

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

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OF AMERICA**

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**RADIO CORPORATION EXHIBIT—TRAVEL SHOW.
NEW YORK**

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

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BIG FOUR-NATION RADIO STATION

OWEN D. YOUNG, Vice President of the General Electric Company, on his way to Cannes, with Thomas N. Perkins, of Boston, on a mission in connection with the activities of the Radio Corporation of America for the development of trans-Atlantic wireless communications between Europe and North and South America, gave a Paris newspaper interesting details concerning the various great European organizations which have now reached an agreement with regard to wireless transmission between Europe and South America. These are three, namely, the English Marconi Company, the French Compagnie de Telegraphie Sans Fil and the German Telefunken.

Each had planned to erect a station in South America sufficiently powerful to transmit to Europe. The American Radio Corporation had similarly planned a South American station for communication with the United States. Owing to the great distance and also to the fact that the Equator must necessarily be crossed it was essential that these stations should be of very great power. And the erection of the four stations in Argentina thus planned would have entailed what Mr. Young described as a "waste of waves which the world could not possibly afford." The volume of the messages transmitted, too, could not warrant this expenditure of money.

Consequently Mr. Young, representing the Radio Corporation of America, came to Paris last October and called a meeting of representatives of the three European organizations in order to discuss what could be done. It was decided at this conference to build only one station in Argentina from which news will be transmitted by the various companies to their own several countries.

The accord was signed, patents were exchanged and decided to place control in the hands of nine trustees, each of the four companies involved naming two, while the ninth, acting as chairman, will also be appointed by the Radio Corporation of America. Thomas N. Perkins was chosen to fill the post of chairman. Meetings are now being called at Cannes in order to discuss further developments.

"It is not our intention," said Mr. Young "to compete with the cable companies for what I may describe as news of the more expensive kind, such as for instance, financial news and stock exchange messages. What we wish to do is to provide the cheapest possible form of general private communication. For example we are now building a great station at Warsaw. Well, I want to educate the public to make the same use of wireless as they now make of the telephone.

"The day will come when a Polish business man in the United States will flash a wireless to Warsaw asking how his wife and latest baby are getting on and whether that tooth is now through. And when communication between the various countries has reached that stage of development I think the world will be able to talk of general disarmament."

A JOLLY EVENING

THE Engineering Department held its second MRS. ENGINEER - GET - ACQUAINTED-WITH-YOUR-HUSBANDS'-STENOGRAPHY party Thursday evening, April 6th. The first item on the program was a delightful supper served in the restaurant of the Woolworth Building, except that certain young ladies got tired of waiting for the stragglers to arrive and started a little dance of their own prior to supper. Sad to relate, all the engineers were too fagged out by the day's exertions to volunteer to help them and they had to kidnap their partners. Who cares whether it is leap year or not?

After supper the gang returned to the Engineering Department which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion by the feminine members of the staff. Drafting tables, desks, etc., had been cleared out of the centre of the main office and stacked around the side lines with a row of chairs in front. A liberal application of dope to the open floor space so obtained made of it an excellent dancing floor; in fact it was so slippery there were one or two casualties during the evening among the cutters up.

The Mrs. Engineers having tried the office chairs and, finding them exceedingly comfortable, claim they now know why their husbands come home so late.

It was hoped that dance music for the occasion would have been supplied by Radiophone from WJZ at Newark, but the scheme fell through and we had to fall back on Mr. Clark's portable Corona. Pardon me; I meant phonograph.

Anyway, a receiver and loud speaker were set up and we got the latest news about the cost of vegetables, etc. However, you can't dance to vocal solos or speeches and, besides, somebody had omitted to put a five ton counterweight on the lower end of the antenna to prevent it from swinging in the Woolworth breeze and varying signal strength, so the Radiophone wasn't used very much.

That our experimental engineers are confirmed experimenters, as bad as dope fiends, is proven by their attempting to jazz up the phonograph signals by putting them through the audio amplifier and loud speaker of the Radiophone set.

It boosted the signals all right, but everybody is satisfied now that a pair of telephone receivers does not make a reasonably distortionless microphone transmitter.

The first item after supper was a balloon fight—little rubber balloons on the end of a stick about two feet long and nearly as thin as a match. There were no casualties except to the balloons, which are anything but durable, particularly when subjected to excessive pressure or the lighted end of a cigarette. They do make a lovely bank when they burst, though. Ask Miss Bird!

After that things waxed fast and furious. The expression *furious* applying especially to a "Paul Jones" and to an attempted Virginia Reel. Mr. Clark developed a large lump on his back and somebody with a youthful desire to find out whether or not it was tender swatted said lump. It vanished with a bang.

Life is too short and space too scant to record for the edification of future generations the names of those present at this distinguished event. Suffice it to say that the efficiency was above 90 per cent.

THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS WE THINK

WE are approaching . . . we are plunging headlong into . . . the most frightful epoch in the race's history; an era of ceaseless communication: a period of hellish garrulity. The poverties of our communal mind—of the mob mind, the average mind, of the whole hundred million of us—are to be made more articulate and flung broadcast through space by hideous amplifications of the human tongue. The telephone has been bad enough, but there have been solitudes in which one might escape it. But when this thing called the radio reaches a further development—in ten years—in five years, perhaps—there will be neither peace nor privacy for any human being.

At present, one of us may choose not to hear the rest of us; in a few years, any individual may be reached in the broadest desert or on the remotest mountain top or in a diving bell at the bottom of the deepest sea, reached and *compelled* to listen. For the next step in wireless "progress" (as it is called) will be to do away with all devices; the tympanum of a man's own ear will betray him, it will constitute sufficient receiving apparatus in itself; only the deaf and the dead will be able to escape the mental agony of hearing chaos and bedlam gibbering endless imbecilities at one another.

Imbecilities—for this horrid facility of communication gives us nothing new to communicate. We will ceaselessly communicate in spite of that, because we are that kind of

people. There are only three things worth talking about: Love, God and The Weather; and only a few persons competent to talk about them. The rest of us will talk anyhow; we will talk about nothing; we will talk merely because the mechanism to spread our talk is at hand.

These cursed inventions come at a time when the most of us are already foaming with the rabid wish to Tell All. Indeed, it is probably our disposition as a species to Tell All which has resulted in the inventions. Confession
Publicity Revelation Communication
these are the current manias, the madneses of our hour. Reticence is suspected. We encourage crooks, hat check boys and half baked "artists" of all sorts to flood the world with their memoirs and reward them with wealth and fame. Neither the bedroom nor the electric chair is immune from representation on the stage. It is the age of Expression, Expression, Expression! And most of the Expressionists have nothing to Express. The more shockingly original they try to be the more they run into the banal, the common place, the platitudinous. These orgies of revelation reveal nothing that was not well known. If a free verse poet, no longer able to create a sensation by his inability to keep his shirt on, frantically tears off his bleeding hide and shows us his liver purring at its work, he has not given us any news; we assumed he had a liver. But, communicate, communicate, communicate!—that is the craze. Communicate everything! Millions of Hermiones gabble unremittingly about their Individuality, and none of them has any. And now all these burbling insignificances are to be given an extension of the voice. We have invented a new kind of hell to punish ourselves with.

What thought there is in the world will necessarily perish. For in a very little while all this interchange of phrases and sounds will have the result of making everybody just alike; no one will be able to save himself, to keep himself just a little different. Our communal mind, our herd instinct, listening to itself all the while, will grow to tolerate no minorities whatever; they will be bawled off the earth.

There is already in existence in this country a majority party which resents anything in the way of privacy, and these new inventions lend themselves directly to the ends of the meddlesome matties. Within twenty years neither vice nor virtue can be practiced in secrecy, and that will be the end of Civilization.

DON MARQUIS.

HOME

By Merritt Arbuckle

DO sailors experience many thrills?
Well, son, I'll say they do!
And, seeing that you've asked me,
I'll relate a few to you.
It's not so much the work we do
As the places that we see
And when I get to thinking
Many scenes come back to me.

I've been to dear old Italy—
That far-off, sunny shore;
A land of song and laughter,
One could ask for nothing more.
In London I have had my fling—
Piccadilly and the Strand;
But English fog is not for me
I prefer my native land.

With pleasure I recall the times
I've been to gay Paree
Where I tried to parle the lingo
But could only say, "Wee! Wee!"
And Germany—I've been there, too,
And gazed upon the Rhine;
But that was prior to "Der Tag"
When Wilhelm tried to climb.

Took a sojourn to the Far East,
Looked on many amazing sights;
Felt the thrill that I'll remember
From those Oriental nights.
And I've been to Honolulu—
By the beach called Waikiki,
Where they do the hula hula
In the moonlight by the sea.

Yes, son! It's great to travel
In the free and easy way.
But, somehow, a homesick feeling
Seems to come at close of day.
So I've come to the conclusion
That, to me, the joy of joys
Is to hear the Skipper saying—
"We'll be home tomorrow, boys!"

INTEREST

WHAT is interest? If we were speaking of interest from a financial point of view, we would say that interest was the returns on an investment. However, there is another kind of interest—interest in one's daily work or duty. In order to obtain the first, one must have the second kind of interest. Work is an investment of time and labor; whether the labor be of a manual or a mental kind makes no difference. The greater the investment, the greater will be the interest derived therefrom.

Many operators are investing heavily and whole-heartedly in their daily work, and they are, either directly or indirectly, receiving a certain amount of interest from their investment. These are the operators who are sure to be taken care of during the dull periods of shipping, while such men as the one who painted his brass work with red lead in order to save himself the slight exertion involved in shining the brass, are the type of men who will eventually make away for the ambitious type.

There is an old English saying, "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." Are you watching your investment? Do you take care in making up your abstracts? Or is it merely a side issue with you, with which you cannot be annoyed. Are you "Making hay while the sun shines"? Or are you painting the brass work of your set with red lead, because it requires an investment of time and labor to shine it?

F. H. I.

THE COST OF SPITE

SYMPATHY is costly. Aid of every sort is costly. But, as Dr. Johnson said, so are spite and ill-nature "among the most expensive luxuries in life."

It costs us enormously to be rude, ill-natured or mean. It costs much to give way to unrestrained anger, to harbor spite and bad feeling.

If we must spend so much of our life forces on others, were it not better to spend it in kindness than unkindness?

"Getting even" is a hazardous business. It is much easier to get even with the wrong in a man than it is to get even with the man in the wrong. You can much better afford to remain uneven with such a man than to lower yourself to his level.

Hate hurts the hater more than the one hated. Revenge is a poor investment. Look at it rationally from any standpoint, and you must see that it never pays. You are obtuse indeed if you have not learned from experience that one little drop of kindness holds

more of the real nectar of life than does a whole ocean of spite.

You may search the whole world of philosophy through and find no truer thought than this—that pride, envy, malice, hatred, revenge and all the other evil passions the heart is heir to, work their first and worst injury to their possessors; they corrode, render wretched and destroy first the heart in which they originate.

The man you hate and plot against may know nothing about it or care. If he gives a thought to you it may be only to despise you.

Is it worth while to fill your soul with poison for no better results than this?

Is it wise to skulk gloomily in the bogs of spite, when only a step will take you out into the genial sunshine of kindness?

Is it sensible to dwarf yourself in efforts to make some man recognize that you are his enemy and can hurt him, when you can ennoble yourself by the far less effort necessary to make him see that you are his friend, and can help him?

What you give you get back in kind. Is it not better to have the respect of others than their hatred and contempt?

DON'T SWELL—GROW

It is well for you to have confidence in your ability, but when it reaches the stage of "swellheadedness" your value to yourself or to any one else begins to dwindle.

"Some men grow with responsibility; others merely swell." The man who swells has ceased to grow.

He has reached a place where he thinks he has all the knowledge he needs, and naturally all growth is retarded.

The best way—the most convincing way—to prove one's capacity is by actions, not words.

The fellow who is continually bragging about what he can do is seldom of much account.

It is the man who does things in a quick, intelligent manner who wins.

Such a man will be found at the top because he deserves to be there.

All concerns want him, because he not only accomplishes much as the result of his concentrated endeavor, but his influence is good on the other employees.

Save the exertion it takes to tell what you can do, and use it in performing your tasks. In this way you will get so much consideration eventually that you will not be tempted to brag.

The other fellow will do it for you.



WIRELESS MAN'S A JOKER

HIS VISITORS FIND THE MARVELS THEY SEEK—SOME OF HIS TROUBLES WITH PASSENGERS WHO HAVE IDEAS ABOUT IMPROVING THE SYSTEM

EVER since Jack Binns sent that cry for help through the night from the wounded *Republic*, the wireless operator on board ship has been a personage. Before that he was simply a person. People passed his cubbyhole of a stateroom unconcernedly, save to pause as their eye caught the posted tariff of aerograms. Now all that is changed and the man of the big key has become a man of mark, although the wireless men themselves assume not to believe it. "Do your duty," is their watchword, "we're no heroes, we're paid to do our work." Accordingly they remain in the presence of all persons as placid as the purple pools at the foot of Parnassus.

Which, by the way, is not all metaphor, as they must surely have drunk of the pools or else seized upon poor Pegasus in order to stimulate their imagination as well as that of their visitors upon the subject of wireless telegraphy. In extenuation whereof it may be said that their temptation is very great.

After a dozen or so voyages technical explanations of the instruments in words of one syllable begin to weigh heavily on the mind of the average operator, and he suddenly discovers that he possesses previously unsuspected creative power. Being by this time a fair judge of human nature he is discriminating in exercising this talent, and up to the present time there is no recorded instance of his unexpectedly meeting the other Greek among his questioners.

These last, especially on the coastwise steamers, usually begin to cluster around his little office by the time the vessel passes Sandy Hook. After the usual "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "How perfectly wonderful!" from the more impressionable element, a hard featured Yankee school ma'am wants to know exactly how messages can be sent without wires. She is told that it is accomplished by means of electrical waves discharged from the ship's masthead and traveling through the air to receiving stations on shore.

"But if another ship is between you and the station on shore will it hear what you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, it will."

"Then," pursues the lady, "how does the station on shore hear?"

Life is short and the operator has explained the tuning process a great many times. He tells her therefore that only a few of the waves cling to the ship and that the rest divide, roll over and go around. Apropos of nothing he adds impressively that they are called Hertzian waves, which causes the lady to nod comprehendingly, as though this fully accounted for their remarkable feat. As she is departing one of her fair charges lingers, with one or two companions, for a little further inquiry.

"O, Mr. Operator, do you get the messages through that funny looking telephone thing? And why are they called Hertzian waves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replies the operator, "the messages reach me through these telephones. They come in a faint buzzing sound which cannot be heard unless the phones are over both ears. They are called Hertzian waves because it was discovered that their motions were remarkably like those of Alfred Hertz, conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House."

"How perfectly wonderful! Oh, please let me listen a minute when some one else is sending another message."

"With pleasure. Just allow me to adjust the telephones over your head," says the operator, who has never been known to shirk this stage of the proceedings. "Can you hear that faint purring sound? That is Colon, Panama, sending to Vera Cruz."

It is really only an oil tug five miles away, whose captain runs his own wireless outfit and is painfully spelling out his distance report to the operator at shore station, but it is ever so much more interesting to listen to Colon, as attested by the girl's giggles. Of course all the girls want to hear the Isthmus, and the operator lets them, one after another. The attention of those who are not listening is next attracted to the receiving box, or tuner, with its multiplicity of small switches.

"What are those little disks in the middle for?" asks one, pointing to the potentiometer, a switch which moves over a dozen steel pegs, by which the resistance to the local battery is raised or lowered.

"That is the switch we use to connect this ship with different stations," replies Munchausen II. "It corresponds in principle to a telephone switchboard. For instance, one of those little pegs is New York, the next Atlantic City, this is Cape Hatteras, and so on down the coast. The switch is now set at Colon, but he must be nearly through."

He then takes the phones, and finding the redoubtable tugboat captain still struggling with his reports moves the switch to the next peg.

"Ah, there's Vera Cruz answering now," he says, replacing the headpiece over the fair one's ears.

The increased resistance renders the tug's signals fainter. The girls are quick to note the different sound and shriek delightedly at the demonstration. One, of a logical turn of mind, thinks Vera Cruz is nearer than Colon and wonders why it doesn't sound louder than the Isthmian city. This causes the operator to groan inwardly, as he might just as easily have moved the switch in the other direction, making the tug's signals louder.

He is a resourceful chap, however, and explains that the waves travel over land with greater difficulty than over water, and that

between Vera Cruz and the ship the peninsula of Florida is interposed. This is so convincing that the young ladies depart overjoyed with their investigations. The operator mops his brow, reaches feverishly for a cigarette and enjoys a brief relaxation.

After the dinner hour another group appears. A young couple in the lead step into the operator's stateroom with that easy air of proprietorship which distinguishes all novices at ocean travel.

"Now tell me," explains the lady, who has evidently been arguing the matter with her companion, "is it possible for you to hear what another ship says without having those telephones on your head?"

"No ma'am," replies the operator, removing the telephones, "the sounds are too faint to be heard unless the 'phones are over my ears."

"There, George!" turning to the man at her side, "what did I tell you! Now then, Mr. Operator, could the man at the station you wished to communicate with hear you if you didn't have 'em on?"

The operator admits that this is likewise impossible.

"Well, suppose someone were calling you now, you couldn't hear him, could you?"

Again the operator acknowledges the truth of her deductions.

"Oh! but suppose there was a wreck somewhere and they were sending out that X Y Z signal, or whatever it is, how would you know about it?"

"Well, you see, madam, it's this way. I wouldn't hear him for a minute or two, but then I listen in every five minutes. If a vessel were sending out a distress signal I would have been notified by the shore station before now. There are three men on duty in those stations, and one of 'em has the 'phones on his head all the time. You see the weather is fine and there is no chance of a wreck to-night anyway. Of course in case of stormy weather I never remove the telephones. My meals are sent here and I eat without removing the headpiece."

With unchanging countenance the placid wireless man lets them swallow that tidbit and digest it.

The sweet young thing's escort breaks in here. He thinks it a very faulty system.

"What you need," he goes on, with the air of one blazing a new trail in science and invention, "is a red electric bulb fastened in front of your instruments which would light when some one called you."

This bright idea appeals with great force to the other onlookers, some of whom supplement the happy suggestion by others of which the following are specimens.

"Why not have an electric bell ring when your call comes in? I should think a large, loud bell would be preferable, so that it would wake you up when asleep."

“Why not a buzzer fastened to the head of your bunk?”

“Or why not reproduce the sound through a big horn, like they do with phonographs?”

“Why not have the signals come in in electric flashes, the way they do on cables?”

The operator never loses his sangfroid under this inundation of intellect, and mindful of his traditions and the company's conciliatory policy toward all inquirers, pulls his wits together and returns manfully to the issue.

“Yes, sir,” he says, addressing the red light idiot, “that's a splendid idea. You happen to have hit upon the very thing which the company is trying to perfect. The mechanical application of the idea offers a few obstacles, but our department of invention has a corps of eminent scientists at present busily engaged in overcoming these.” All of which evokes a knowing grunt from the perspicacious one, who in parting, warmly says that they had better hurry up or some outsider will steal the idea and patent it.



Yesterday's gone—it was only a dream;

Of the past there is naught but remembrance.

Tomorrow's a vision thrown on Hope's screen,

A will-o-the-wisp, a mere semblance.

Why mourn and grieve over yesterday's ills

And paint memory's pictures with sorrow?

Why worry and fret—for worrying kills—

Over things that won't happen tomorrow?

Yesterday's gone—it has never returned—

Peace to its ashes and calm;

Tomorrow no human has ever discerned

Still hope, trust, and faith are its balm.

This moment is all that I have as my own

To use well, or waste, as I may;

But I know that my future depends alone

On the way that I live today.

This moment my past and my future I form;

I make them whatever I choose

By the deeds and acts that I now perform,

By the words and the thoughts that I use.

So I fear not the future nor mourn o'er the past

For I do all I'm able today,

Living each present moment as though 'twere my last;

Perhaps it is? Who knows? Who shall say?

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS JOB

Well, sir, I've lost that job, at last. No more I'll stagger down to beat the cold, grey dawn to work and face the boss's frown; some other chap will answer bells and sweep the office floor and punch the time-clock in the spot where I shall punch no more. Some other guy will do my work and draw my skimpy pay—I've lost my job, at last, my friend. I'm getting through today.

What's that you say? Surprised to see I'm not depressed and sad? Why, friend, I'd like to shout and sing, I'm feeling so blamed glad. I thought I'd never lose that job—for two long years I've tried, and all the time I stuck right there as though my feet were tied. I've done my best—I've sat up nights—I've hustled through the days; I've schemed and slaved to shake that job a dozen different ways. Some fellows seem to do the trick as easy as can be—their jobs don't seem to stick to them the way mine stuck to me. The way I tried to lose that place—I'd beat the clock a mile; I'd simply eat up extra work, and do it with a smile; I cut the gossip parties out; I didn't have to smoke a dozen cigarettes per day; I had no time to joke. I strained my mind to learn the game till I could understand the reasons for the things I did—I worked to beat the band. And yet that job just stuck to me as if I'd rolled in glue—and now I've lost it—say, my friend, do I look very blue?

A foolish way to lose a job? Why didn't I just quit? That question shows you overlook the biggest part of it. A fool can leap right overboard if he don't like the boat; but if he hasn't learned to swim, how long will that guy float? 'Most any one can leap, but when I start to jump I want to know beforehand how hard I'm due to bump. No, sir! The way to lose a job is doing what I've done—you see the firm's just handed me a whole lot better one!

It is a wise man who doesn't accept as the truth everything he reads in a poem.

Time always seems to be doled out in inverse ratio to the number of things one has to accomplish in it.

A careless world bestows its laurels upon the many who are successful in conveying the impression that they are successful.

A good executive is like a good pin—sharp, strong, smooth, a goad to the lazy, and possessing above all, the faculty of holding things together.

MISTAKES AND DIRECTION

Neither let mistakes nor wrong directions discourage you. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right; he will grow daily more and more right.—*Carlyle*.

NEWARK LEDGER RADIO SHOW.

The Radio Show, which occupied the entire ball-room floor of the Robert Treat Hotel, Newark, N. J., for four days, commencing April 12th, included a booth of the Radio Corporation of America.

A complete line of our apparatus for the reception of broadcasted programs was displayed and the booth was never without its quota of interested visitors, many of whom expressed a preference for RCA apparatus exclusively.

The management of the show estimated the attendance for the four days to be 20,000.

Our booth was installed by Messrs. Wm. J. Schmidt and F. R. Brick, Jr., who also furnished any information requested regarding the various types of receivers on display.

THE TRAVEL SHOW

UNDER the auspices of the Travel Club of America, the first International Travel Show was held at the Grand Central Palace, New York, from March 25th to April 5th inclusive.

The Radio Corporation exhibit, of which a picture is reproduced on the front cover, played an important and interesting part in the show. A large map of the world, showing our transocean service attracted considerable attention. Our high power and coastal stations were indicated by flashing lights, as were also other principal stations of the world. A graphic outline of the World Wide Wireless system could be seen and understood at a glance.

Another interesting feature of the show was the exhibit of a Kleinschmidt tape perforator, a high speed transmitter and an automatic high speed ink recorder. These instruments were connected and in actual operation, therefore the visiting throngs saw exactly how radio messages are sent and received at our Broad Street office. The tape with code characters was in great demand by souvenir gatherers and was seldom permitted to reach the waste basket.

The main exhibitors were the prominent steamship lines, travel clubs and tourist agencies, but in addition to all these a number of booths were devoted exclusively to radio apparatus, now so popular, as a result of the radiophone broadcasts.

The RCA exhibit included a Westinghouse RC receiver with a Western Electric loud speaker. Immense crowds would gather around our booth and stand amazed, as the concerts,

lectures, stories, sermons, etc., poured forth in such volume as to be distinctly audible throughout the entire building.

Messrs. W. J. Schmidt and E. N. Pickerill were especially busy in answering thousands of questions pertaining to both the traffic connections and broadcast service. Schmidt was somewhat handicapped though, as a sweet little vamp was watching him closely.

A HAPPY OCCASION

THE second annual dinner of the Broad Street staff was held on February 18th at the Hotel Claridge. The gathering was large and representative, and we were fortunate in having as our guests President E. J. Nally, General Manager D. Sarnoff, Traffic Manager W. A. Winterbottom, General Superintendent E. B. Pillsbury and others. Superintendent H. Chadwick presided and at the termination of his remarks proposed the health of Mr. Nally, who was toasted enthusiastically. In responding, Mr. Nally paid a glowing tribute to the operating staff and the splendid work it had accomplished under great difficulties, and with evident emotion voiced his keen interest in and comradeship with the men on the firing line.

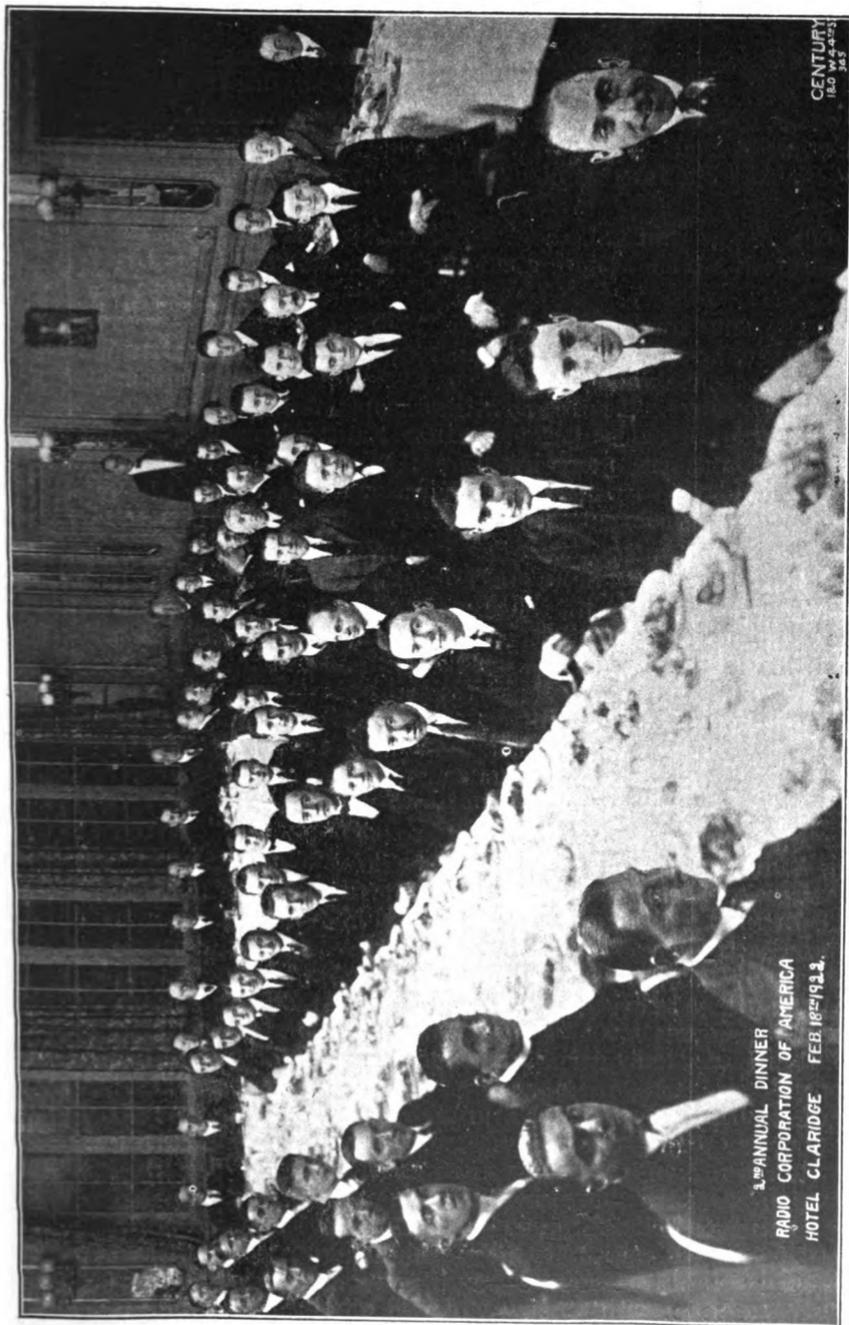
Mr. Winterbottom followed with a brief outline of trans-oceanic wireless from its inception to the present time, and emphasized the important part played in its successful development by the operating staff.

Mr. Sarnoff also inspired much enthusiasm in the course of his rousing talk, and thereafter the evening was given over to entertainment of a musical variety.

Most of the talent was furnished by members of the staff, amongst those contributing the harmony being Superintendent H. Chadwick, who was heard to good advantage in a couple of baritone songs; Mr. Squazzo, violin solos; and Mr. J. Henry, of the Head Office, who presided in his usual able manner at the piano.

Mr. L. G. Hills, head of the abstract department at Broad Street, delighted the audience with a clever ventriloquial entertainment, the witticisms of his friend "Ginger" being keenly appreciated.

The whole affair was a conspicuous success, and reflects much credit on the committee of arrangements. We hope that next year we shall have an even larger representation, and that we shall be able to look back with the pride of the participant upon a year of epoch-making events in the world of radio.



3RD ANNUAL DINNER
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
HOTEL CLARIDGE FEB. 18TH 1933.

CENTURY
180 W. 42ND ST.
N.Y.C.

TRAFFIC STAFF DINNER

A TELEPHONE COMEDY

Heard over the telephone:

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes, what's your name?"

"I say my name is Wat. You're Jones?"

"No! I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"O, beg your pardon."

"Then you'll be in this afternoon if I come around, Watt?"

"Certainly, Knott."

And they rang off, and no wonder!—*Men's Class.*

MEMORIAL DAY

The Empolyees' Committee on a Memorial Day excursion has appointed Mr. E. A. Kaminsky, of Head Office, as Chairman. It is proposed to make an all-day trip to Bear Mountain. All those interested in the plan are invited to communicate with the Chairman as to details at once.

THE KAPE KOD KIDDERS

A COMEDY DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

Scene—Midnight in traffic room of the Ocean-wide Telegraphista Sin Hilos De Norte-America, Chatham, Mass.

Cast of Caricatures—

Soupy Wiser Sam—A 20th Century Simon Legree.

Famished Filbert—Who gives the Mess President a prematurely furrowed brow.

Gluttenous Gilbert—Another master of mastication.

Ravenous Raymond—He caused the waitress' fallen arches.

Hungry Hubert—He also stows a mean cargo.

Avid Alfred—He yodles a synchronous soup.

Devouring Damon—A sky pilot who piles it to the sky.

Empty Edgar—As wedding bells to the bride is the dinner bell to Edgar.

Hollow Horatio—He totes an efficient set of breadhooks.

Carniverous Clarence—Combines all the qualities listed above.

ACT I.

CURTAIN

The curtain rises with the entire motley crew assembled in close proximity to the midnight lunch box. Hungry Hubert possesses the key; the repartee scintillates brilliantly.

Hollow Horatio—"When and what do we eat?"

S. Wiser Sam—"Gather 'round, varlets, and I will deal you a hand."

Hungry Hubert (Key in hand, still in comatose state from penny ante)—"Boys, I open it."

Avid Alfred (anxiously)—"What's the news?"

Chorus (male voices)—"Mystery sawdust sandwiches!!!"

Devouring Damon—"What? the same as last night's offering?"

S. Wiser Sam—"Not only the same kind—the same one's as last night."

Chorus (in proximical order)—"I pass," "I pass," "I pass," etc.

Gluttenous Gil—"I also pass and in the passing it gives me great cheer to announce that if our mercenary Mess President continues to dupe sandwiches that he number them in PR series so we may cancel them forthwith. Am I right?"

Famished Fil—"Nobly said, Gil. We can just say, 'Sysandwiches rpts of Tuesday wednesday Thursday and Friday identical with ours Nr 606 to 612 of Monday stop Pse cancel and file or reroute via ashcan stop fill in these numbers with ham.' That would make him vibrate an industrious lower extremity."

Ravenous Raymond (interested, but confined to the OUI circuit—Ray copies by ear and breaks by note: at present he craves relief)—"Hey! you insatiable Isaacs—you birds that are turning a deaf ear to those rations, listen to this press from Poland. It sez the people are so famine-stricken that stewed rubber-heels with barbwire catsup are a luxury and sandwiches are as prominent as hips on a snake. This is the tenth sheet and I'm getting hungrier every line; about two more sheets and yon waning moon will find me in yon clam bed, digging and yoodling—shells and all."

Empty Edgar (the news from Poland seems to root him in his tracks)—"On second thought I think I'll get in on this pot—dealer, two cards; if the Poles can eat rubber hash I, for one, can inhale one of these sawdust sachets."

Chorus—"That's our sentiments, dealer; deal us a card around."

Carniverous Clarence (relieving Ravenous Ray on OUI)
—“Is he about clear?”

Ravenous Ray—“Clarence, if the traffic I’ve copied tonight was spread out evenly it would cover four acres, and he still has a stack that Mr. Pillsbury couldn’t look over on his tiptoes.”

Carniverous Clarence—“OK, tell him to GA code double but put an MM on it, if he’s going to send Chinese single to watch his spelling.”

Enter A. Lidd—Mr. Lidd is a rising young operator—continually rising—getting lifted; tonite he has missed his calling—20 minutes late. With hollow cheeks and bulging eyes Mr. Lidd scans the interior of the now empty lunch box. A vast and vacant nothingness greets his emaciated stare. After confirming his worst fears by exploring the inner regions with a bony bread hook he turns to the hungry horde and thusly chirps: “Where is all the means of nutrition?”

Avid Al (between swallows)—“Nutri who? This hand has been dealt already and he who has-a-taste is lost.”

S. Wiser Sam—“Mr. Lidd, altho’ we won’t believe you, why are you so un-previous tonite? I mean to say, what’s your alibi for being over-leave?”

A. Lidd—“I’ve been trying to repose for six hours but the fair Morpheus wooed me not; no fault of mine, I assure you, Mr. Legree—’scuse me—I mean Soupy Wiser.”

Soupy Wiser—“Wassamatta, colic?”

Avid Al (with nose for scandal)—“Oh, say not so—how come?”

A. Lidd—“Well at six pm I sought my boudoir and proceeded to repose horizontally hoping to woo the fair Morpheus. But alas! and double-dern, at the outlandish hour of 8.30 p.m. eastern time, the entire feline population of the Cape assembled ’neath my window and started to hold a birth-control meeting. There were more varieties of cats than Heinz has pickles and in addition to the 47 local members there were delegates from North Chatham, South Chatham, Chatham Center, Chatham-off-Center, Chathamport, and the boroughs of Greater Chatham, Chatham Proper and Chatham Improper. The debate waxed strong and fluently pro and con. I, of course, was furious and threw everything throwable, including one or two epileptic fits. One side won the debate about an hour ago. My soul was soaring in the ether and I was inhaling the fragrant balsam of the Cape that filtered thru the atmosphere when something woke me—I think it was my conscience—and lo and behold I was 20 minutes late. Hence, the catastrophe.”

Soupy Wiser—"Well, the only thing that impresses me about your latest alibi is that it's original, although it causes me chronic-chagrin. I'll have to report you 20 minutes A. W. O. L. and now, if it's not asking too much, will you sort of get in circulation—and, by the way, have you a fag?"

A. Lidd—"Quite so, old bean—who hid my glue pot?"

Finis

Curtain

Written adhesively by Roberto Besto Y Roberto Higgino.

Furniture by "Ye Ould Anteeck Shoppe" of Chatham.

Settings by Pfautz, the Engineer.

Costumes by Raymonds (where U bot the hat).

Refreshments by Ephreham—the elegant purveyor of esculents.

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AFTER THE PERFORMANCE TRY A LUSCIOUS LAPLANDERS LOLLY-POP AT "WRECKTORS". MUSIC AND DANCING. BRING THE KIDS.

N. Y. RADIO CENTRAL

The Rev. Hoosis, of Yaphank, extols our plant; the Smithtown Blabber gives six columns to this first big enterprise locating in Suffolk County. Rocky Point, the universal joint of the world—some joint. Consequently RS will become a regular mecca for Aunt Kates and Cousin Olives who come down to visit their Uncle Toms in Suffolk County this summer. Needless to say, each man will be expected to do his part for the rep of the station.

On and after May 1st each and every member of the staff will blossom forth in uniform. No one is exempted, not even the riggers. Uniforms and caps to be brown and blue and patterned after those of messenger boys in our New York branch offices, alternator attendants excepted, who will have uniforms of brown denim equipped with brass buttons, folding thermometers and oil can. Insignia to be as follows and to be placed on right sleeve:

Engineer-in-Charge—One silver bar.

Assistant—Two gold bars.

Machinist—Winged Monkey Wrench.

Shift Engineers—NOTHING (which is significant).

Riggers—Coal shovel and Marlin spike.

Clerk—Crossed typewriters.

Dynamo tenders—Crossed Brooms and Oil Can.

Cooks—Crossed Soup Bones.

The Engineer-in-Charge, or commanding officer, and his assistant, will rate commissions; machinist, shift engineers and chief rigger will be rated non-coms and the remaining

staff will be rear rank buck privates. This will constitute the definite order for passing the buck, or showing visitors around.

A definite demerit system has been devised and will be posted May 1st, e.g., no saying *sir* or saluting when addressing an officer, arriving at work on time, etc., will count as one demerit. Five violations of the code will be punishable by denial of movie night liberty and K. P. for one week. Ten or more violations of the code will place a man in solitary confinement in the cooler, his daily ration to consist of 2 ounces of pie crust and rubber fish. This undoubtedly will cause a reduction in mess rates.

Assembly, mess, taps, and reveille will be sounded on the sweet potato whistle. The bugler will also act as stretcher bearer. Reveille will be blown promptly at 6.30 A. M. (not P. M.). All hands will lash their hammocks and immediately report for roll call in the main assembly room. On the command *fall in*, the company will form in open formation for calisthenics, consisting of eyes right and left, parade rest and a few other strenuous exercises supplemented by two laps at double quick around the breakfast table. Arrangements will be made to awaken the shift men on watch at the power house through the medium of a loud speaker to be installed in the power house to amplify the sweet notes of the potato whistle. They will immediately rush out for a dip in the cooling pond.

Sticks of chewing gum will be provided to hand out to all visitors, with brown and white wrappers marked VIA RCA. Any member of the staff caught swapping gum with young lady visitors will be shot. The office will be converted into a young ladies' rest room with the clerk in attendance, and members are requested to refer all cases to the office for treatment.

Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, one at a time, don't crowd. Hand me another shovel, Henry.

MARSHALL

WELL, you know how it is. Our natural modesty prevents us raving much about what we do out in this neck of the woods—and, besides, we doubt if you believe it. Such being the case, we all feel that it is only right to call your attention to a few of the many things that appear in print about us. The first little matter is incorporated in a letter to the editor of a well-known radio magazine, from a gentleman in Texas. Various remarks are made and a long list of stations copied are given and then comes this interesting part:

“———. I copy KET any evening and along about 9 P. M., if they are working ‘dux,’ can bring in both KET and KIE together, hear them sending to each other and hear when they break each other. This breaking, however, does not occur very often, for the boys on that circuit are some artists and the way they shoot those ten-letter code Japs into each other, when they get warmed up, is a caution.”

Chests out, gentlemen; chests out! The applause is deafening.

One of the well-known wild men from Koko Head, I. B. Brown, has recently joined us and has discarded his whites and silk shirts for the standard uniform consisting of wop panties and a greasy mackinaw—for full particulars apply to Peterson. Another change took place when Hamby packed his trunk and departed for points unknown and Marion joined us again to take on his old job on the wire.

Mr. Walling, the TR hound, recently took a trip on the *Rose City* to Portland to find out just how our old rock-crusher sounds at a distance, and incidentally to bring back his family who had been on a little visit. He reports that while lying at the docks at Portland, old KPH comes pounding in like the oft quoted ton o’ bricks, and puts the Naval station (a few miles down the river) to shame. This at mid-day.

We now lay claim to being the only station having an honest-to-gosh Naval Detachment on the payroll. You see, Tony Gerhard lives across the bay and has been coming to work in a Dodge. Recently he became the possessor of a motorboat, and when it runs he arrives at the dock, throws out the anchor and dashes up the hill to sign the time sheet. Unfortunately, however, it does not always run—but we will not mention a mere trifle like that. You know every good boat has a hole in the bottom to be used for drainage purposes, and his boat is no exception, but under the excitement of the initial launching a little matter like a plug for the hole never entered Tony’s head—so he manfully baled the water out while the rest of the bay ran blissfully in. This lasted for some time and then the new captain abandoned the ship and came back in the morning to find it resting peacefully on the bottom.

Such is life on the ocean wave.

STAVENGER

Following is an extract from a letter received from Operator C. T. McLellan, temporarily at Stavenger:

“Although too soon for very definite impressions of LCM, the following facts seem worthy of mention:

All receiving on radio is now by typewriter and transmitting to America by automatic practically all the time.

A week ago started cutting out rub-outs and glueing the slip, as in New York Office.

Several young men, specially trained for this office, arrived recently and should soon be experts on the klein and radio circuit.

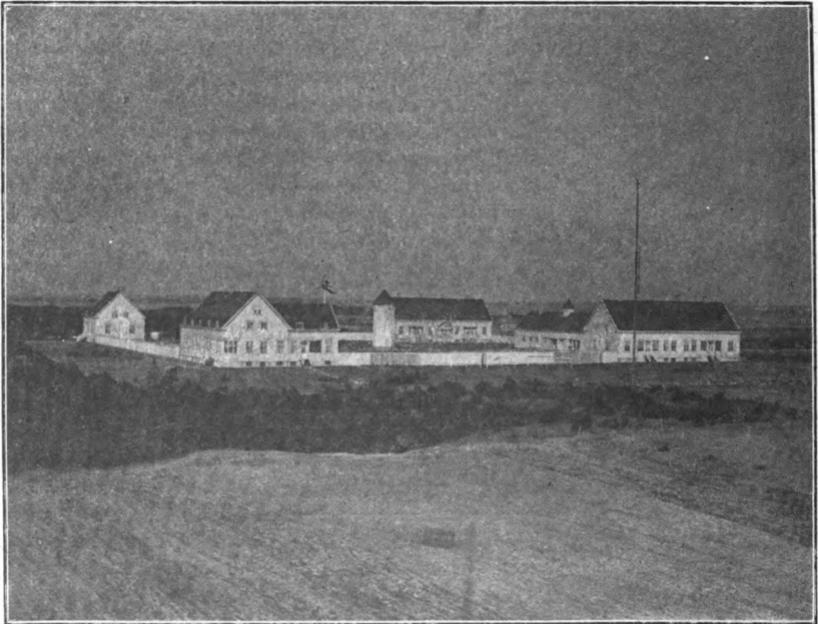
Tried making hourly samples of signals from WGG but the recorder used seems too sensitive to clicks and does not give accurate idea of the real possibilities of the signal. Await the arrival of the American recorder before taking hourly records.

WGG transmitters one and two seem about the same strength, but when both are working number two (15900 meters) varies in strength and frequency. (Receiving conditions much improved here by the change to WGG from WSO.)

Several days ago tested LCM transmitter and dots O. K. up to 55 words a minute, on manual speed relays.

Am studying Norwegian and growing more accustomed to Wheatstone working on the landlines.

Working conditions are very pleasant here and am enjoying the experience."



LIVING QUARTERS GOVERNMENT RADIO RECEIVING STATION
NAERBO, NORWAY

MARION

LAST month the thirteenth came around so fast that before we realized it we were receiving our April copies of the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS. But this time we set the alarm clock, so here we are!

Since we last appeared in print the station staff has undergone considerable repairs. The glamour of the bright lights of Broadway proved irresistible to Lockhart, dynamo doctor extraordinary, so he resigned. Lockhart says he intends to spend the rest of his days and money in the big village.

Michalakis Geer heard a feminine voice calling him out of the stillness of the night from some place in the immediate vicinity of Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, so he, too, has packed his carpet bag and gone his way.

Irving (Speedo) Vermilya, Internationally Known Wireless Expert, resigned to take a position in New Bedford as manager of the Radio Department of a large mill supply house which has gone into the radio game on a large scale.

Fred Stock, erstwhile President of the Dynamo Tenders' Union of America, who was tried for treason a short while ago for standing a Shift Engineers' watch, has also resigned. Stock has been engaged by the same company that engaged Vermilya and is installing radio sets on the Cape.

Melvin (Dinty) Moore, Tube Set Specialist, has also resigned to go into the manufacturing end of radio equipment at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Now for the newcomers. Wilfred Taylor, from Wareham, has been engaged as an alternator attendant. Mr. Taylor was recently connected with an electrical firm in Boston.

Samuel Sadler, formerly of Mr. Duffy's department, has also been engaged as an alternator attendant.

Howard W. Hollis, has also been engaged as an alternator attendant. Previous to coming to Marion, Hollis was the wireless operator on the S. S. *Eastern Soldier*.

Frank Kremp has at last returned to his first love. Excuse us—we mean the second—'cause we have to figure Kate as No. 1.

Willis H. Beltz has joined the staff as a shift engineer. Mr. Beltz came direct from the General Electric Company where he has been employed in the test department.

Walter Wagner has gone and done it! Only what we expected, but he fooled us completely. Didn't know a word



about it until after the knot was tied and they were off on their honeymoon. Good luck, Walter, more power to you!

"Doc" Cumming reports that some kind personage left a "Marine Baby" on his doorstep. Not to be outdone the Doctor has handed the baby over to the Syncopated Order of Shiftless Engineers. Mr. Cumming is leaving us for a short period for special duty at the New York Office.

Walt Wagner rides in to work every day from Mattapoissett on his velocipede. Walt says by the time the Velodrome opens up again in New Bedford he ought to be in good enough form to give Messrs. Seres, Chapman and Kramer a ride for their money.

The Toonerville Trolley that misses all the trains has, we are sorry to relate, gone bankrupt. With Lockhart and Wagner married, the overhead was more than the company could stand. In fact, they took off the last car some time ago.

We know spring is here without even glancing at a calendar. For the warm south wind blew a little Feather, Harold E., right from Rocky Point to Marion. Harold has immediately started in to wreck our Number 1 Alternator.

Harold Higgins has had experts at work on his Overland Flyer and states that nothing pleases him now, not even a Mercer.

When Greek meets Greek! Sam Campbell and Harold Feathers are now rehearsing their old time skit entitled "MUTT AND JEFF."

Long live the QUOHOG!

HEAD OFFICE NOTES

President Nally and Mrs. Nally sailed from Southampton on the *Homeric* April 26th.

The branch office at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, has been re-located in the new Vanderbilt Avenue Building, at 51 East 42d Street.

John Cowden has been appointed Superintendent at Chatham, vice Walter E. Wood, appointed Assistant Superintendent of Broad Street station, New York.

Loyd A. Briggs has been appointed Chief Office Electrician at Broad Street station, New York.

A. B. Tyrrell has been appointed Engineer-in-Charge at Riverhead, L. I., vice F. E. Johnstone, assigned to foreign service.

F. E. Johnstone, receiving expert, sailed for Poland April 18, on the S. S. *Estonia*, to superintend installation of receiving apparatus in the high power station under process of erection at Warsaw by the Radio Corporation for direct communication with America.

COASTAL STATIONS

SAN FRANCISCO station (KPH) recently assisted the U. S. Public Health Service in giving medical advice to a ship one thousand miles west of San Francisco. The ship's chief cook was seriously ill, but due to the instant advice from reliable doctors ashore, he was soon relieved of his suffering and shortly returned to duty.

Cape May station (WCY) also assisted the Public Health Service Hospital at Philadelphia in giving medical aid to one of the mates on an oil tanker in the Gulf of Mexico.

Other stations have given similar aid.

The medical advice service through RCA stations is entirely free to all ships, regardless of flag, radio control, etc.

A noticeable improvement is noted in the marine pages of daily newspapers publishing RCA T. R. reports. Steamship officials, families and friends of members of the crew and the general public are all interested in knowing the position of your ship. Send in your T. R.'s regularly and to RCA stations whenever possible. Ship operators can help one another very frequently by relaying T. R.'s and all kinds of traffic to or from our coastal stations.

We take this opportunity of again congratulating the radio staff of the S. S. *Munamar* on the excellent service being rendered so consistently on that ship.

Interference conditions on 600 meters has greatly improved along the Atlantic Coast during the past year. This is due primarily to the use of C.W. between our Cape Cod multiplex station and the large passenger ships. Very few messages are transmitted from the big ships to coastal stations on spark apparatus, and messages destined to these vessels are concentrated at Chatham for transmission on C.W. This arrangement gives the smaller vessels fitted with spark apparatus the freer use of the ether.

RADIO SAVES SICK SAILOR

Diagnosis by wireless—treatment prescribed by a doctor one thousand miles away and launched into space via the air waves, probably saved the life of John Keating, a cook on the freighter *Blossom Heath*.

Keating, whose boat was en route from New York to Japan, was stricken with a serious illness early one morning 950 miles southwest of San Francisco. Such remedies available in the medicine chest of the freighter were applied without avail. There was no ship's doctor.

Alarm over the man's condition prompted the skipper to

dispatch a radio to the Radio Corporation of America in San Francisco, describing the man's condition and symptoms.

Fifteen minutes later wireless messages went out over the Pacific to the *Blossom Heath* prescribing treatment suggested by the surgeons of the Marine Hospital who were hastily consulted. The message read:

"Put the man in hot bath after which apply mustard plaster to back and chest. Rub limbs freely. Light diet. Recommend transfer to shore as soon as possible."

The treatment proved a success. Radio operators listening in on the ether waves heard bulletins of the patient's rapid progress that were flashed back to the doctors.

LONG DISTANCE SIGNALS

Chatham recently heard FRU (Rufisque French West Africa) calling FCO (Conakry French West Africa) on about 2100 meters spark. Very good signals.

MARINE NOTES

"SVC DE KDLB S. S. *Creole State*.
Radio KPH.

The operators of KDLB wish to thank the operators of KPH for the courtesy and fine service rendered the KDLB during voyage which enabled us to transmit our traffic direct 5292 from KPH.

Payne, Hendrix, 11.38 P. M. March 14, 1922."

The *Creole State*, which plies between San Francisco, Calcutta, Singapore and Manila, is equipped with a 2 Kw. spark set and KPH with 5 Kw. spark apparatus.

Two officers from the Danish five-masted auxiliary bark *Kobenhaven*, recently visited Bolinas. While there they appeared to be much more interested in our 5 Kw. spark set than in the high frequency alternators, and the reason they gave was that their ship had communicated greater distances with KPH than with any other station on their voyage from Denmark.

The *Kobenhaven* is commanded by a Danish baron and is a Government training ship.

EASTERN DIVISION NEW YORK.

THE Eastern division headquarters are now located on the second floor of 326 Broadway and in the best arranged and most comfortable offices the division has ever had. Some of our distant friends may express surprise

that we have moved again, but it is felt here that this is the last move until the big one we all look forward to when all the offices in New York will be quartered in one big exclusive Radio building.

The new suite consists of the superintendent's office, a comfortable lounging room for operators (in which is installed a number of terminals connected with the aerial on the roof, and by connecting a pair of phones the men may practice copying the fast transoceanic traffic or listen to the radio concerts); a neat office for the division accountant; a storeroom wherein is kept an emergency supply of forms and stationery for ships needing supplies after the stockroom has closed, and the main business office.

The night, holiday and Sunday telephone for this office remains Franklin 3197, while during the day that number or any of the following may be used: Franklin 6245, Barclay 4780 to 4795.

On the third floor the Wireless Press has expanded so as to take most of the space formerly occupied by our offices, while the M. R. I. offices have also been enlarged, using the remainder of the space.

The Wireless Press business has increased to such an extent that the new space, as well as additional people, became necessary. One of the new Wireless Press girls is Helen Malone, who sprang into instant popularity. She is an unusually attractive girl with a very pleasing personality.

R. H. Redlin sailed for the Black Sea on the *Sutransco*.

Glenn Van Valkenburgh, who has been on the sick list since his detachment from the *Frederick K. Lane*, sailed as third on the *Old North State*, with F. H. Boyle and O. L. Goertz.

George Lipsyte has transferred from the Eastern to the High Power division. He is now attached to the New Brunswick station.

A. E. Kierstead sailed on the *Franklin* in place of A. J. Reis, who desired a transfer to another vessel.

A. E. Eldridge is now on the *Independence Hall*, running to French ports.

Anthony Tamburino has been promoted to an office position at the Broad Street office. His place on the *America*'s now filled by Leslie Purington who was third on the *America*'s previous voyage. Ben C. Springer is the new third operator and H. L. Estberg remains as chief. The telephone installation on that vessel is still gaining much publicity.

A. W. Storey, after arriving from an extended trip as senior on the *Crofton Hall*, sailed on the *Westwego*, in place of E. G. Weaver.

Ben and Mike Beckerman are back on the Old Dominion line on which they have served so many years. They are together on the *Jefferson* until the *Hamilton* is put on the run, when they will separate, Mike taking the *Hamilton*.

Albert P. Muller is another of our operators who have been transferred to bigger positions in the High Power division. Muller is now at Broad Street, New York.

The *Granite State* sailed on her first trip for the United States Lines. Cameron, who was in charge on this vessel while in the San Francisco and Orient run and who brought her around, is still in the same capacity. Black is second and Koegel third.

J. F. Maresca is now assigned to the *Sunewco*, running to Black Sea ports.

BOSTON

MR. NICHOLLS has negotiated a contract with Coastwise Transportation Corporation covering service on seven vessels.

G. E. Travis, N. W. Filson, R. W. Rice and H. T. Munroe have returned to the old home town.

H. A. Wells transferred from the *Belfast* to the *Camden*.

G. E. Travis is once more at home on the *Governor Dingley*.

W. J. Swett and N. W. Filson are on the *North Land*.

H. T. Munroe and T. F. Collins are on the *Calvin Austin*.

Ralph Rice is looking forward to walking over the *Ransom B. Fuller's* gangway again.

BALTIMORE DISTRICT

THE Old Dominion Transportation Company's steamer *Jefferson* is being equipped at this port with a standard 2 Kw. P-8-A set and vacuum tube detector and amplifiers. A sister ship, the *Hamilton*, will also be fitted.

The new combination oil and ore carrier, *Marore*, now building at the plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company, Sparrow's Point, will also receive our 2 KW equipment.

Thomas L. Hodges took assignment on the *Redondo* when she was recently re-commissioned at Baltimore.

One trip on the *West Quechee* was enough for Willard H. Leeth, ex-Navy operator from the Canal Zone. He has now gone in for farming in West Virginia. Victor R. Good relieved him as senior operator.

Otto A. Knight was recently assigned to the *Santa Malta* which is bound for Russia with grain.

Frank Chapman, former Southern division Superintendent.

ent, who is now handling the radio inquiry column of a local newspaper, recently received a letter requesting information on ohm sifters. Couldn't fool Chap, however, who replied that the information could be obtained from a certain store that sold white stove black. Now don't blame us for the inquiry, Chap. We had to have something to fill up our column this month.

NORFOLK DISTRICT

NOT having appeared in the WORLD WIDE WIRELESS columns for several months you all doubtless believed that we had closed up our little shop and retired to our respective farms. Such, however, is not the case. On the contrary, our business has gone on quite merrily, what with the assignment of an operator here, the installation of audion equipment there, and the general routine of office work.

As before we break into print to announce changes in personnel. Mr. A. B. Brown, inspector and constructor, left us on the first of April after fifteen months' service. We understand he is breaking into Amateur Radio Supply business, in which venture we wish him success. Those of his acquaintances among the operators can get in touch with him at the Woodhouse Electric Company, just around the corner from us.

H. R. Butt has returned to the fold and is now holding down the job vacated by A. B. Brown, to say nothing of again wrestling with the abstracts which many of the operators will remember was his forte. Butt comes back to us from the S. S. *Alliance* which has been running coastwise from Norfolk to New York for a local steamship company.

During March we assigned the following men: T. E. Lipscomb, *Eastern Pilot*; G. M. Wilson, *West Camak*; Simon Golden, *Newton*; John J. Repetti, *Scottsburg*; George D. Richardson, *Eastern Trader*; Arthur L. Bergom, *Santa Paula*; D. Miller Lane, *Puget Sound*; John C. Irvin, Jr., *West Hembrie*.

GULF DIVISION

WE were not in the last issue due to the fact that we have had the spring fever; however, we have recuperated sufficiently to permit our making an attempt for this issue.

Harold O. Zahn, after having laid up the *Romulus* at Mobile has relieved Bernard F. Sloan on the *Lorraine Cross*.

G. G. MacIntosh, after having spent a long period of service in the Gulf on the barge *Socony 85*, is returning to his

home in the North; Thomas Nirgent has taken assignment as MacIntosh's relief.

J. Bruce Swift, junior of the *Coahulia*, and Ernest G. Kroger of the *Steel Inventor*, have exchanged jobs .

O. N. Eddy is now in charge of the *Tamesi*.

Israel Diamond has relieved Alfred Lindquist on the *Gulf of Mexico*.

M. N. Thorp, a new man in the service, has taken temporary assignment on the British steamer *Cardigan*, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Operator James Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald's funeral at New Orleans was attended by Traffic Clerk C. W. Peters, in behalf of the M. I. M. C. Co., and the Radio Corporation of America.

Harry P. Green has been assigned to the enviable position on the *Patrick Henry* which vessel subsequently sailed for ports in the Far East.

M. F. Whitton has entered the service with assignment to the *Hancock County*.

Other assignments, transfers, etc., include James M. Heilegenthal to the *Panuco*; R. Y. Johnson to the *Utacarbon*; H. F. Dyer to the *Orleans*; Paul I. Cassidy to the *West Humhaw*; George H. Pascoe to the *Walter Jennings*; M. T. Gay to the *Pearl Shell*; John C. Hancock to the *Sucrosa*; C. B. Buddecke to the *Cliffwood*.

We cannot understand why a certain parrot, who for three weeks has been fed on bananas, and kept in a dark clothes closet still refuses to talk. What's the matter, Elkins, didn't the parrot have the proper clearance papers from Mexico?

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

THE bubbles has burst, and we are now grinding away at top speed. Seventeen new contracts have been added to our roster, and the jamming has already commenced.

Constructor Weide, who was recently transferred from the Chicago district to the Cleveland shop, has been busy with his force, both night and day, completing new installations, placing ships in commission and eating.

This last month has been the busiest in the history of the Cleveland office, as over eighty assignments were made, and in the neighborhood of one hundred installations were completed or overhauled. However, the rush is not over by any means, but a spring drive is always looked forward to, if for no other reason than to take off the superfluous weight accumulated during the winter months.

The office force has been pushed to the limit, but everybody seems happy, regardless of the extra hours that they are called upon to give to the service. Our newest addition in the stenographic department is Amelia Siegman, sister of our bookkeeper, Margaret Siegman.

Assignments, covering the new blood entering our service this year, will be written up in the next issue of this popular monthly.

PACIFIC DIVISION

SAN FRANCISCO

ANOTHER Robert Dollar vessel, the *Mandarin*, was equipped with a P8A panel transmitting set, a vacuum tube detector and one step amplifier. This is the second vessel we have equipped for the Robert Dollar Company. The *Cathay* was the first, and is giving a very good account of herself on the voyage from Vancouver to the Orient with the able assistance of Operator J. P. O'Leary. At this writing she reports 3,553 miles from the Columbia River.

The new V. T. detector and amplifier units which we are installing on the rental contract ships are giving excellent satisfaction and there is a steady clamor from the unfortunate ones who have not as yet received theirs. Captain Anderson, of the *Broad Arrow*, has taken possession of his outfit and is making some records in the Oriental run. The Captain, we must explain, is some operator himself.

The epidemic of Radioitus has reached the Pacific Coast. We don't mean to cast any reflections on the progressive spirit of the West by that remark, but we must acknowledge that the craze for radio broadcasting developed first in the East. Our plant is full of radio bugs with our District manager last to succumb. Our Chief Operator snatches a few moments from the evening concert to cast a weather eye to the seaward and make a few mental notes of the unsuspecting rag chewers.

Jim Slater is back again pounding the *Matsonia's* key. He can't keep away from it.

Few changes this month and we are having a hard time keeping the boys on the beach smiling. Its hard to say when things will change, but keep smiling; it all helps.

Saverio Gazzano, a graduate of the Radio Institute, is making his first voyage on the *Standard Arrow* as junior.

Harry Kelly is now on the *WTV* and appears contented as that vessel frequently stops at Portland.

James Gleason joined the *China* as junior with his old sidekicker, Phil Thorne. Phil is in love with the Orient and all that goes with it, especially at the port of Kowloon.

Bill Breniman, much against his wishes, left the *Rotarian* on March 22d. A mild case of appendicitis, if such can be mild, was threatening and Bill decided not to risk a four months trip to South America, even though our free medical service is so popular.

Charles Yankey relieved Breniman on the *Rotarian* and his place on the *Edna Christenson* was filled by Charles Sheppard.

SEATTLE

Arrangements have been completed for the installation of a 1-KW combination telephone and telegraph set on the Admiral Line steamer *H. F. Alexander*, formerly the *Great Northern*. This vessel will leave the East Coast some time in May, and will be placed on the Seattle-San Francisco-Los Angeles run. On account of her great speed, this vessel will make a round trip from Seattle to Los Angeles once every week.

A P-8-B set was installed on the *Santa Cruz* during the month, together with vacuum tube receiving equipment, and Operator Morenus reports very satisfactory results.

V. Monnett has been promoted to first operator on the *Queen*, T. A. Kinsey going back to his old ship, the *Spokane*. Roy Massey goes out with Monnett as second.

George Wunderlich, after having been South for some time, returned to Seattle and is now Purser-Operator on the *Admiral Nicholson*.

Arthur Johnson, ex the *West Jessup*, has gone out on the *Admiral Farragut* as first operator. N. Allen, former first, has accepted a position with the Admiral Line as freight clerk.

H. Hassell who has been attending the University of Washington during the winter, is now back on the *President*, as second, relieving Mr. Swank, who has changed over to the *Admiral Farragut*.

PORT OF LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles Harbor (San Pedro) will soon be the possessor of a Maritime Exchange. In fact such an organization is now on the ways and will be launched within a fortnight. The San Pedro organization will work as a unit with the Los Angeles Exchange and Chamber of Commerce, making the new organization a strong combination for what is soon to be one of the finest harbors on this continent.

Heretofore it has been an arduous task to collect shipping news of arrivals and departures of vessels accurately, but with the coming of the new exchange, conditions will be changed, and masters of vessels will be asked to sign the register, covering necessary information appertaining to the movement of their vessels.