

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

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OF AMERICA**

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AT
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR
EMPLOYEES



David Sarnoff

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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**RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA
222 BROADWAY
NEW YORK**

**HOWARD J. HALLY
PRESIDENT**

EXECUTIVE ORDER

September 8, 1922.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Radio Corporation of America, held today, Mr. David Sarnoff was elected Vice-President and General Manager, effective today.

As such he will supervise and control the operation of the corporation's plant and the conduct of its business, subject to the direction and approval of the Board of Directors; the Executive Committee or the Chairman of the Board, through the President.

He will have authority to employ, remove and discharge subordinate officials, agents and employees; and will be responsible for the proper discipline of employees.

He will have general charge of the corporation's high power, low power and ship stations, and their operation; will be generally responsible for their upkeep and the maintenance of the service, and will exercise all powers necessary to insure these results.

He will be charged with the responsibility of all matters in connection with the business-getting end of the corporation's transoceanic communication system; the sale and rental of apparatus and the solicitation and negotiation of contracts therefor and during the absence of the President, (subject to the direction of the Chairman of the Board) perform the duties of the President;

Effective this day, department heads will report direct to him.

Very truly yours,

 President

MY FIRST DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES

By W. H. Howard

IT was a day on the ocean such as the Ancient Mariner told about in his story. The sun came up out of the east and shone down brightly upon a glassy sea, smooth and unbroken except for the ripples from the bow of the steamer or when an occasional flying fish suddenly left the water and plunged in again an hundred yards beyond. The sun not only shone brightly but positively glared down until the seams of the deck grew sticky beneath one's feet. The heat rebounding from the well-scoured white deck planks seemed, as one fellow passenger put it, to bounce back and hit him in the eye. The glare made one's eyes heavy and passengers leaned back in their deck chairs and dozed.

The chief officer of the steamer in his immaculate white uniform and gold braid passed along the promenade deck. Midway he paused, said two words in a laconic manner, grinned and disappeared up the stairway leading to the bridge. "Luzon ahead!" Sleepy eyes opened with a snap and deck chairs stood in an empty row as the rail became crowded with the travelers, most of whom took their first look at the largest of the Philippine Archipelago.

That first glimpse of our destination did not cause any awe-inspired gasps applauding the stupendousness of nature nor were their any murmurs of appreciation for wondrous colors blended in a fashion to be the despair of artists. It was a silent collection of passengers who strained their eyes at a low smudge on the horizon, unattractive, almost forbidding, but you who know can almost picture the thoughts of the voyagers who thirty-four days before and eight thousand miles of journey between had watched the shores of their home land grow dim in the distance. Through thirty-four days of storm and calm, of accident and uneventfulness, of sickness and boredom we had come, and now before us lay our destination of "the land of beyond," full of Oriental mystery and adventure, where, it was written, a few of us would die, some of us fail in our object and return unsuccessful and where we all would part, each to follow his own pathway. It had been eleven thousand miles of continuous journey for me and as I looked at my destination unfolding through the shimmering heat, I wondered what my own experiences would be and how many years would pass by before I would watch that smudge fade away in the distance instead of unfold.

As the day grew older we passed the northern cape and soon the strip of land became green and reached from one horizon to the other, a darker green near the water's edge

and growing lighter in color as the hills and background of mountains rose majestically to make the skyline. But there was never a sign of life, no ships, no habitations, not even any smoke, nothing but forest. Such was the last view of Luzon as night fell with the remarkable suddenness of the tropics.

At daybreak the steamer entered Manila Bay. Corregidor, Uncle Sam's Gibraltar in the Far East, was passed on our left. On our right was an island named Caballo, and soon we passed another named Carabao. Caballo being Spanish for horse while Carabao is the name given to a water buffalo, it might appear that the Filipinos desired to advise visitors of their two chief means of transportation and so prepare them for what was to come.

To the left in the distance three peaks pierced the blue sky. The word "Mariveles" went around. Who or what Miraveles might be nobody seemed to know. The three were just Mariveles. About an hour after passing Corregidor my eyes were gladdened by the sight of something that looked familiar—nothing Oriental about it, just good old, plain, he, United States—the three wireless towers of Cavite, where Uncle Sam has his principle naval base in the Philippines.

It took about two hours to cover the twenty-seven miles from Corregidor at the entrance of Manila Bay to the breakwater of the city itself. My first view of the city from the deck of the steamer did not leave a very good impression. Beyond the breakwater were three fairly healthy looking wooden docks. In back of the docks was an immense wall of masonry rising to a height of thirty or forty feet with sentry boxes at intervals all the way along. Around the wall there appeared to be a wide moat, but later I found that the moat had been filled in and in the days to come I watched many a golf ball sail over that wall into oblivion and others carom off its solid sides into more oblivion as I endeavored to put it to its present use, that is a golf course.

However, from the ship, the gables and tops of red tiled roofs, harmoniously patched with clusters of green grass and moss growing on the tile, it looked more like an immense prison than a place in which to live. Nevertheless, many were the days spent on the inside of that wall. To the right three modern looking concrete buildings stood apart from the walled city, or, as it is called, Intramuras, in rather splendid isolation. I afterward knew them to be the Manila Hotel, the Army and Navy Club, and the Elks' Club. There was a great stretch of green grass between these three buildings which was used as a park and called the Lunetta. If I had known that one of those buildings was a hotel I might have

been more comfortable the first night, but the experience was useful.

Why describe here medical and passport inspections or going through the customs in the tropics, where a little brown brother casts an appraising eye over all one's worldly possessions, even what one wears? From the look in the eye of the little brown brother, who messed up the few things in my scant collection of baggage as he asked, "No got any more?", it seemed to me that he wondered how I managed about laundry for somewhat over a month, and while I didn't understand his answer to my "No", I expect it was the native for "I wonder how he got away with it."

But finally I viewed the world through the square of light which marked the exit from the pier and stepped forth figuratively speaking from a frying pan into a fire. I had disembarked and set foot on a red-hot land that rocked with a sidewise motion, then pitched a little up and down. It also seemed to wiggle with the heat beside the other motions. Thirty-five days on a boat makes any kind of land wiggle even without heat.

There were numerous curious looking two-wheeled vehicles gathered around the exit. Each one looked somewhat as follows: A black body the size of a large packing case set upon two wheels, with a pair of shafts extending out the front, ending in a fish-hook curve about the ears of the wickedest looking dwarf horse that ever waved a pair of heels over a whiffletree. The driver of this vehicle, afterward found to be called a *carromata*, sat literally and actually upon the tail of this little Man o' War. When the tail became too frisky the driver calmly placed it under him and sat upon it

One of these drivers managed to outstrip the rest in reaching my whereabouts as I emerged from the dock and actually commandeered me. He had a whip in one hand and, seizing my arm with the other, dragged me to his little cheese-box on wheels, meanwhile delivering a stream of vocal noises that made absolutely no impression upon my intellect. He did not seem to expect any answer, so he received none. He appeared to know where I was going and started off by making an odd noise with his lips as he sat aft of the rear deck of the horse. A few blocks up the road he decided that the horse must go faster, so he took careful aim and wrapped the lash neatly around the ears of the horse. Bang! Two cute little hoofs put a dent in the underneath side of the packing case. Once more the whip curled and another dent was beside the first. The horse meanwhile had stopped but now

he commenced to back vigorously and backed almost down to the pier when, just as suddenly, he started forward at a gallop that pretty near tumbled me out of the back end.

The heat soon tired him, however, and we rode along respectably for some distance, which gave me an opportunity to observe my coachman. He appeared as follows: A floppy straw hat all brim and no crown, a brown neck, a shirt embroidered with large red flowers of the genus hibiscus and worn outside of his trousers, if a popular brand of underwear can be styled as such. The rest of him consisted of brown legs and feet, mostly all toes. The original of the above description turned soon in his seat and said something that sounded to me like "Dondy, dondy", so I aired my complete Spanish vocabulary and answered "Siggy, siggy." We finally came to a place that looked prepossessing and emerging from the packing box I entered its portals. It wasn't a hotel as I had hoped, but it was the Ayunimient Government, I think, but anyhow it contained the offices of all the principal Philippine executives.

I thought it was as good a time as any to present my credentials, for I had scant hope of ever finding the place again, so delivered them to the Governor General. He passed them along to his Secretary, who passed them along to the Assistant Secretary. From him they went to the Secretary of Commerce and Communications, etc., etc., until they finally reached the Director of the Bureau of Posts, with me in tow. The route I traveled can be traced by consulting any good treatise upon the form of the government assigned to the Philippine Islands.

The Director of the Bureau of Posts was a native Filipino and during the several years I constructed wireless stations for his Bureau I never found him otherwise than a gentleman and appreciative of the difficulties which had to be overcome. He assigned a desk for my use, introduced me to the various officials and then told me to make use of all the facilities at his command.

However, before starting to construct a wireless system I thought it would be advisable for me to obtain living quarters. I consulted my newly appointed assistant in regard to a hotel and he supplied the information. Outside the building I looked in vain for my coachman. Either I did not recognize him or he had disappeared. In the meantime, however, another one dragged me into his vehicle. Several months later the former driver had me arrested for non-payment of fare, but the court proceedings, held in the street rather noisily, with a native policeman for a judge, resulted in my acquittal upon payment of twenty-five cents U. S. currency

to the driver and one U. S. cigar for the native policeman.

By the time I reached the "best hotel for American families" I was so hot that I didn't care what happened provided that there was no more traveling to be done, so acquired a room from a native clerk. There were numerous Americans about, so although it did not appear much like a hotel I concluded it must be. A dove cement wall raised itself directly from the edge of a three-foot sidewalk for a scant two stories. The entrance was a square hole like a barn door and passing inside to a floor level with the outside walk, one navigated over large flagstones. A desk with a railing around it constituted the clerk's office, while along the walls of the room were large wicker chairs, which made it into a lobby as far as could be discerned.

I seated myself in one of the wicker chairs and said, "Whew!" The fellow in the next chair said, "Warm, isn't it?" I was contemplating murdering him when the thought struck me that he might be useful, so, leaning over, I asked him where one could purchase some white suits similar to those everyone seemed to be wearing. I explained very quietly that I did not want everyone to know that I just arrived. He said that there was a tailor just around the corner and that everyone would know it anyway. "About how many suits is the usual number for the first purchase?" "Oh, about a dozen or fifteen." "Whew!" I said. "Warm, isn't it?" he answered.

That evening, being tired, I went to my room early. I had never met a hotel room just like that one before, and hope I never do again. The room had a flagstone floor, three dove cement walls devoid of ornament, ceiling of the same material and decorated in the same way, a tin wash-basin on a box in one corner, a straight-backed, hard chair, in which I was sitting while looking the room over, an iron army cot with a mosquito net draped over it and a single electric bulb suspended by a cord from the center of the ceiling. The fourth side of the room was composed of a doorway and the rest window. There was no door and there was no glass in the barn-door-size window, but by pulling a piece of cotton drill across the window the room was quite private up as far as one's neck. That is a complete description of the room.

As I sat there ruminating upon the events of the day and the possibilities of sleep during such a hot night and on that iron cot, something that seemed like an old apple whizzed by my head and hit up against the wall with a whack, then fell to the floor. I rushed to the window to see who was throwing things inside, but no one was in sight. I turned

to inspect the missile where it lay on the floor partly stunned and kicking its legs. It was fully three inches long and built like a cockroach. It looked big enough to be called a flying locomotive, but I lassoed the thing with a piece of string and dropped it out of the window.

Sitting in the chair again I was startled by a chorus of chr-r-r-rr's and discovered the source to be about a dozen lizards which now decorated the walls and had noiselessly appeared out of the gathering darkness. The next few moments were devoted to throwing a shoe (which I removed from my suitcase) at them until the fellow in the next room called out, "Hey, you in there, cut out that noise." I explained to him that my room was full of lizards and after a good laugh he explained that they were the common house variety and harmless and that his room had a number of them also. He explained further that instead of harming them, people hoped that they would thrive, as they were the best bug and mosquito destroyers ever invented. He also predicted that before long I would be glad they were there. Later on when I saw the myriads clouding around the electric light and was lulled to sleep by the continuous hum of countless mosquitoes trying to break into the sanctuary enclosed by my mosquito net, I wished my lizard companions the best of luck and a good dinner.

And so ended my first day in the Philippines.

SPEED UP THE TELEPHONE

You will quicken your own service and also that of others if you will cut out every, superfluous word when calling for a connection. When your operator asks, "Number, please", say "John 2360" or "Mr. Peters at Hanover 7177", etc. Do not waste her time and your own, besides tying up the line, by saying, "Anna, please give me", "I want", "Get me", "Call", "Will you call", etc. Superfluous words are omitted instinctively in using the telegraph. Why not, also, in using the telephone?

MAILING NOTICE

All correspondence pertaining to the Pacific division should be addressed to 433 California Street, San Francisco, Calif.

A REVISION

The American youth's three Rs are now: Readin', 'ritin' and radio.

ATTENTION, PHILATELISTS!

There has recently been formed at the main wireless station in Berlin the Telefunken Postage Stamp Collectors' Club, the membership of which consists of members of the staff, the aim being to give the members who are interested in collecting stamps an opportunity of enlarging their collections. The club will appreciate receiving American stamps of unusual denominations and foreign stamps received through the mails, and they will be equally glad to receive frequent duplicates, as they are valuable in making exchanges. The Editor of **WORLD WIDE WIRELESS** will be glad to receive contributions of stamps and will forward them to the club. Perforated stamps should not be sent. The Editor invites correspondence with those interested with a view of distributing in America stamps which may be reciprocally received from the Telefunken Club.

"LAST POST" BY WIRELESS

MARCONI HOUSE CEREMONY HEARD BY SHIPS AT SEA

AT Marconi House in London, on the occasion of the dedication of a roll of honor, Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs, Managing Director of the British Marconi Company, spoke as follows:

We have met here to-day to unveil and to dedicate a Roll of Honor which will perpetuate the memory of those members of the Marconi staffs who gave their lives in the service of their country during the Great War. Within a few minutes when the Union Jack is drawn aside, it will be seen that no less than 348 persons, members of the Head Office, Chelmsford Works, and Depot staffs; of the sea-going telegraphists drawn from Headquarters and the Italian Agency; also members of the Relay Automatic Telephone Company made the supreme sacrifice, and whilst we to-day salute with reverence the roll of those who gave their lives in the performance of their duty it is not inappropriate to recall the fact that, of nearly 6,000 sea-going operators under the control of this company when the Armistice was declared no less than 1,202 had been the subject of enemy attack and were rescued from vessels sunk by enemy submarines. Some of these were torpedoed on three or four different occasions.

I have in mind at this moment the manuscript of a great book written by an eminent author which will never be published for official reasons. This book is rich in narratives of deeds of valor performed by men of the Marconi companies in many seas and in many lands, and it is considered to be in the national interest that the works upon which these men were engaged should not be known to the

world at large. The chapters dealing with wireless at sea abound in instances where Marconi operators upheld the high traditions of British seamanship and there are cases where Marconi men refused to leave their ships when the legitimate moment had arrived for abandonment, and I hope we all of us remember the classic instance of Gardiner of the S. S. *Benledi* who, when under shell fire from a German submarine off the Spanish coast, refused to leave his post even when instructed to do so by the captain of the ship, as he had just established communication with an American cruiser that he believed to be capable of reaching the vessel. Gardiner's action resulted in the saving of 45 lives, but when the officers next visited the wireless room they saw Gardiner's headless body sitting in his chair and before it the completed message of acknowledgment from the vessel whose assistance Gardiner had stayed to seek.

We are proud of these great deeds performed as they were by young Marconi men acting upon their own initiative in the face of death, and we are certain that no records of the war show deeds which reflect greater credit upon the nation or any individual organization.

This Roll of Honor, as already indicated, contains the names of a number of persons who, as members of the Head Office, Works and other administrative staffs, were well known to many present here to-day. The majority of these, together with their surviving colleagues, served in the army, and endured the hardships inseparable from a long campaign in land warfare. They, too, upheld British traditions and by their deaths have similarly contributed, we hope, to a permanent disposal of the idea that Might is Right. The numbers from the office staffs who died for their country are smaller than those amongst sea-going telegraphists, but proportionately, in relation to the men serving from the offices they are large, and it has to be remembered that the very important national work upon which this company was engaged made it imperative that many men who otherwise would have been serving in the face of the enemy should be retained at home.

It is gratifying to note that amongst the surviving members of the office and sea-going staffs are several recipients of honors, decorations and awards. These also bear witness to work well done in the cause of civilization and humanity.

In exposing to your view the names of your late colleagues I feel sure that this memorial will be an incentive to each one of us to follow the high standard of national and personal duty which was established by those whose memory we here perpetuate.

HEAD OFFICE NOTES

Mr. E. J. Nally, President, sailed for Europe, per S. S. *Homeric*, September 9. Mrs. Nally accompanied him.

Mr. David Sarnoff, Vice-President and General Manager, has returned from an outing spent on Nantucket Island.

Mr. E. E. Bucher, Sales Manager, was recently in Chicago on a business trip.

Mr. C. J. Ross, Comptroller, has recovered from a severe attack of la grippe.

Mr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, Chief Engineer, returned from Europe per S. S. *Stockholm*, after a three months' absence, having visited England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board, has the sincere sympathy of the entire staff in the loss of his young son John, who died suddenly at Hood River, Ore., August 21.

Dr. Eccles, of England, was recently entertained by President Nally and the engineering staff at the Lawyers' Club, New York.

Captain Powhatan Page, of Buenos Aires, South American representative of the R. C. A., arrived in New York September 4, per S. S. *Southern Cross*, accompanied by his family.

Mr. E. B. Pillsbury, General Superintendent of the Transoceanic division, has returned from an outing in Maine, his native state.



Our new trade-mark RCA bids fair to rank as an internationally known emblem, such as our WORLD WIDE WIRELESS, both of which were designed by Mr. R. C. Edwards in competition with a large number of professional designers. This insignia has already been nationally advertised and will appear on all radio apparatus and parts manufactured for and sold by the Radio Corporation of America.

TRANSOCEANIC DIVISION

NEW YORK

VINCENT SQUAZZO, of the Delivery department, and Miss Helen Correale, of New York, who is employed by the New York Telephone Company as Supervisor, were married on Sunday, September 10th, at St. Peter's Catholic Church, Barclay Street. Quite a number of the boys

attended the ceremony and then followed the crowd for the eats. A very suitable token of goodwill was sent by the Broad Street Office. The list of married men is increasing and also the papers in which the home-made sandwiches are wrapped. We have not noticed any of the newly-weds eating any home-made biscuits.

Mr. Anderson had a month's vacation, probably at the seashore, it being nearer the three-mile limit.

George Gallagher had a month's vacation and did not lose any time, as we hear he surrendered to a very charming young lady whose name we have not been permitted to divulge.

The ice has been broken and Little Mack has confessed; says he is going over to Norway very soon to be married. Says he won't feel so nervous when the ceremony is taking place because he doesn't understand Norwegian and won't have to pay more than \$2 for a bottle.

Messrs. V. H. Brown and Tucker returned feeling fit.

Miss Hayden and Mr. Griswold were also on the lusk list. We understand Miss Hayden still contemplates changing her name.

Mr. Weaver required two weeks to recuperate after the strenuous duties of Acting Superintendent during Mr. Chadwick's vacation. It has been rumored that he is building a boat with a false bottom.

The week-end over Labor Day Mr. Barsby was the guest of Mr. Winterbottom on his motor yacht. We do not know if friendly greetings were exchanged with any vessels anchored ten miles out.

George Shea has been on the sick list and we are hoping for his speedy recovery and return to duty.

Mr. Moore had the opportunity during his vacation and attended the championship tennis matches and was sorry he was not allowed to give Patterson a few pointers.

Mr. Coughlan says he spent his vacation visiting the scenic spots in Brooklyn—Sands Street, Flatbush Avenue, etc.

New island discovered in the Indian Ocean. HF made enquiries for rate to Jamaica and insisted it was in the Indian Ocean.

A roof has been discovered in Mount Vernon without a radio apparatus.

Our sincerest sympathy to Mr. Reeder, of the Delivery department, whose sister died. The boys at Broad Street sent a beautiful floral wreath as a mark of respect.

Miss Collins returned from her vacation wearing blue eyeglasses. Evidently found difficulty in picking out the hard and soft lumber. Says the porch where she lived was as dark as a prohibition agent's past.

Miss Christensen spent her vacation at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. Says she prefers canoes for comfort and the fact that they only hold two. Having seen the picture of the gentleman who might be taken for a Greek god with his immaculately shaved neck and his passionate purple socks, etc., we are wondering.

Miss Sinnot mentions that she had quite a wild time on her vacation. That accounts for why she had to buy a new hair net every morning.

Miss Hannon return from a long rest at Durham, not of tobacco fame. We understand cattle are not raised in the Catskill Mountains.

Miss Henderson made herself acquainted at Hackettstown and says the boys there are some steppers, but has not come to any decision to step up with any particular one yet.

Miss Miller says she is teaching her fiance to make fudge. We do not imagine he gets more than one lesson a week; it's rather a sticky pastime, but we think he will stick it out.

Miss Blankford located on a farm at East Durham and we hear she has become quite an adept at milking cows; says she knows the difference between a cow and a mosquito, because a mosquito has wings.

Mr. Hills was off for a week's rest, but we have our doubts if he rested all the time. When we rest our heads we don't always rest them *on pillows*.

Otto Stenger spent his vacation in Hog Wallow. (We think it's up in Connecticut, connecting trolleys.) We hear he spent most of his evenings in the front room, the blinds down and the lamp behind the sofa turned down lower than the Barbary Coast in the good old days.

Eckstein visited his old haunts at Indian Lake and sent a daily bulletin to Edythe Polnicke.

Leo Weill has reported at Urlton, N. Y., which place we have not discovered in the Nom. Says he was compelled to return on account of the women having made an awful hole in his pocket, although he says a girl with a kalsomined smile has the same effect on him that a Whitehead torpedo would have on a toy launch.

Jack Rice is very strong on having vacations twice a year.

James Kenny and Peter Olsen have returned to college, having been with us during the summer season. As they have not decided to go to work we conclude they are leaving heartfree.

Douglas McCully has been granted a month's leave of absence. We welcome his return.

Helen Toor is wearing a pin with the number 24 designed in pearls. We cannot say if it has a special meaning. Hardly think it is her age.

Miss Yelland, according to rumors, intended to do some extensive traveling during her vacation. As Niagara Falls were to be taken in, it sounds like a honeymoon trip; but not being in the inner circle we are unable to say anything definite.

Raymond Blanqui, of course, moved to Jersey for a month to save carfare.

Schiavi, we think, is going into light housekeeping, as it is rumored he spent most of his vacation in the residential sections in and around the country.

We heard from Wallace at Vermont. Evidently went back to the farm.

Platt, Nunn, Wells and Gold were also on the vacation list.

Miss Miles is in the country trying to regain her nice color.

The Misses Mullins and Connolly returned from their vacations with no grievances but lots of romances.

Miss Curley has returned from a vacation following a nervous breakdown, from which we hope she has fully recovered.

Miss Grady returned from her vacation with her hair bobbed. She did not intend the sun to miss her neck.

Now we know why Misses Christensen and Flodquist are full of college yells. They are frequently seen at Grantville, College Point, where we understand the censorship of abbreviations has not gone into effect which is clearly shown by sunburn.

The old adage proved true when Miss Collins hesitated under a step-ladder and the carpenter dropped a hammer on her head, necessitating hospital treatment. There have been instances of people recovering from ailments after such occurrences. This may have caused a heart flutter. Who is he, Dorothy?

Harry Heisohn is spending his time with the infantry at Fisher's Island. He took his golf outfit (African) with him and is no doubt having a good time.

Leo, the Billing department mascot, has had quite a lot of bad luck with his straw hat this season, having been caught in the rain several times. He vows he won't buy one next year till the season is nearly over.

Quite a new flivver calls for Bob Smith and three young ladies every Saturday afternoon. Bob evidently believes there's safety in numbers.

A clock is different from a man—
You never catch it shirking.
It does its best, and even when
It strikes, it keeps on working.



WASHINGTON

WELL, here we are. The Washington office of the Radio Corporation of America, and the first of those ambitious offspring to find its way so far from the maternal roof at 64 Broad Street. We are rather proud of that unique position, but must in all candor confess that while at first our knees were very wobbly they are daily becoming firmer and more self-supporting. And don't think it has been easy. With heedless courage we threw ourselves directly into the mouths of the guns and pulled up at 1110 Connecticut Avenue, territory hitherto sacred to submarine cables and untroubled by alien upstarts who chatter through the air. On one side of us ranges the Western Union menace, and on the other the sly cunning of the Commercial. It's no laughing matter to have such dangers ever lurking at each elbow, and never to know at what minute they may feed us a large overdose of TNT. You ask why all the harping on the danger stuff? Because we deliberately came onto the scene and snatched many of their best gilt-edged customers.

Temporarily casting aside all levity, our reception by the Washington cable using public has been splendid and so whole-hearted as to inspire us to our best service efforts. As a result of these same efforts there is practically unanimous commendation of our service by our clients.

We opened our humble doors in an ex-real estate office on March 1st. Shortly thereafter a team of decorators got to us and we were transformed into the best public-service office in Washington. The pictures speak for themselves, but you would have to sit in our chairs and feel the cool, calm, message-inspiring atmosphere to get the full effect.

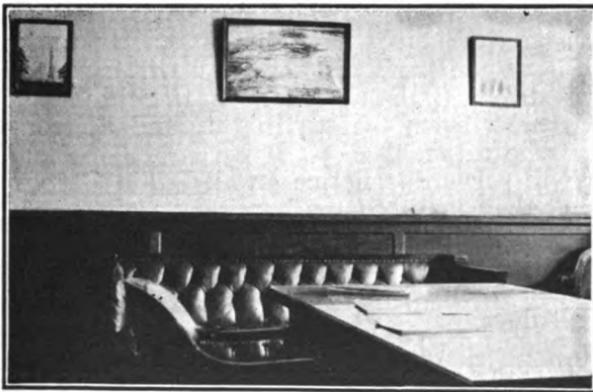
Our family at present consists of John J. Simpson and H. I. Moscow, senior and junior operators, respectively—they work a leased Postal wire which terminates in the operating room at 64 Broad Street, New York; Agnes M. Callen, a most competent bookkeeper and stenographer; Robert Hale, Frank De Mint, and Jack Crown, three fine boys and splendid



CORNER OF OPERATING ROOM

messengers; Samuel Cropper, our faithful janitor and man-of-all-work, and the cheerful but constantly harassed manager.

We are now six months old in Washington and feel that with our age we have become a mature and vital element of its governmental, diplomatic and commercial life. Our growth both in traffic handled and customers added to our list has been healthy and substantial. We reached the peak in June, four months after our inception, and then during July and August, when the population of Washington is literally cut in half, and the excessive heat minimizes what little business still remains to function, we showed a proportional decrease. August, however, brought a material gain over July and we expect to travel back to our high-point of June and then to scale new heights.



RECEIVING DEPARTMENT

There are a large number of customers on our list who file with some degree of regularity—some, of course, in much

greater volume than others. Among our filers are the State, Commerce, War, Treasury, Labor, Agriculture and Justice Departments of the Government; the Italian, Norwegian, Polish, Belgian, Serbian, Rumanian, Swiss, German, Czechoslovakian, Finnish and Lithuanian Embassies and Legations, and numerous individuals, firms of lawyers, and business houses which have foreign correspondents.

We will keep you advised from time to time, Mr. Editor, of our activities and indiscretions, and in that way ward off the depressing, orphan-like feeling that sometimes comes over us.

TUCKERTON

JOY to the World. Unto the House of Eshleman hath been born a daughter, Elvira Elizabeth by name, eight pounds by weight.

Raffy Mott appears with a light step and a broad smile. The reason: A ten-pound boy just arrived.

Shift Engineer Hanks seems to be giving the farmers of Tuckerton some pointers; plants corn and pole lima beans in the same hill to save bean poles. We wonder if he is trying to grow succotash.

"Read the Book." This is the motto set for us by our Engineer-in-Charge. By the book is meant the loose-leaf volume of instructions. We find this a very sure path to knowledge when we are stuck.

"Well, I'll be darn." We want to congratulate old friend Doc Usselman.

Irish Larkin rejoices when the Irish seize the English cables. Keeps him busy now on watch, you know, and we believe he is wondering when the Irish will capture Bermuda.

The Umbrella Club is livening up the old place. A dance in the barracks every Friday night, and a good time for everybody who attends.

This will serve due notice on all Radio Corporation employees that they may become honorary members of the Umbrella Club by simply mailing us a one dollar bill to cover membership fees for one full calendar year, or fraction thereof. W. S. Hanks is the Secretary and will acknowledge the receipt of all dues.

Everybody tells how many fish they caught but Joe Parker, and he just goes along to scare the fish over to the other fellow's hook. Joe hasn't caught a fish this year. The prize party of the season seems to be Messrs. Eshleman, Blanding, Larkin and Breckenridge, and they didn't get home till four in the morning.

Vacations are about over and most everybody back with a big grin and a willingness to dig in for another year; so you may expect to hear big things from Tuckerton.

Good chauffeurs and clerks are hard to find around Tuckerton so everybody please bear this in mind when the next one quits.

Talk about freaks of nature. You have probably heard Kent's experience in catching fish in the alternator pit in January when the snow had knocked out the aerial; but you haven't heard Mott's story of how he caught a rabbit in the dance hall. Anyway, we found Mott giving him a lively chase over the waxed floor; and the rabbit with a bloody nose.

We haven't heard a word of how they are running the Navy since Kent left us. We'd be glad to hear.

Well, we must be to work now; enough gossip for a month. Look out for our next issue.

MARION

A TENNIS tournament is under way for the Clay Court Championship of Southeastern Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Fall River Country Club. We are pleased to announce to the world that our boss, Mr. Clifton, advanced very easily to the second round, winning 6-0; 6-0; 6-0. His opponent failed to show up.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Strausburger, parents of Marcus Aurelius, our Assistant Engineer, were recent visitors over the holidays.

Samuel Sadler has left us for a short while and is acting as Shift Engineer during the vacation period at New Brunswick.

And by the way, if Sadler don't hurry up back to Marion he is in danger of losing his crown as the Champion Chow Scoffer. A new aspirant for the honors has loomed upon the horizon. George Wixon, the other night, entered the International Pie Eating Contest at Bournehurst-on-the-Canal and wrested the honors easily over 432 opponents. His time was 16 3-5 seconds.

Jim Rossi has got so many working for him now that he has started to dress up. His old white sailor hat has been benched in favor of a straw hat of the vintage of 1902.

S. W. Dean, formerly Assistant Engineer at Bolinas, was a recent visitor to the station.

The radio set received from the General Electric Company has been installed in the living quarters and is enjoyed by all. As soon as the loud speaker arrives we intend to run a radio dance.

Albert Kennedy has just returned from a two weeks' vacation spent at Jalappe.

The baseball team finished the season in a blaze of glory. Labor Day afternoon the radio gang trimmed the Wareham All Stars by the score of 11 to 8.

Sam Campbell has started on his vacation, just where we don't know, but we noticed when he left he was heavily loaded down with poles not of the clothes line variety.

Mark Strausburger walked into an ice cream parlor in Wareham the other night. Directly or indirectly he was the cause of a young riot. Right off the reel two young ladies started a hair-pulling match. Just then a patrolman happened to be going by and he stepped in and stopped the combatants. After peace had once more been restored he learned that one had declared that Mark was Rudolph Valentino and the other had been equally insistent that he was none other than Wallie Reed.

Some fellows go out and buy elaborate fishing polies and couldn't catch a salmon in the Columbia River. Our friend, Leon Robinson, emulating the feat of Huckleberry Finn, with a shoe-string and a bent pin for a hook, caught a four-pound bass that was a humdinger.

Anyone heard from Beltz?

NEW BRUNSWICK

ONE of our D. T.'s, who happens to be an inventive genius, has been observing the actions of the firefly and frog. He has, after careful study, prophesied that very soon radio will be extinct. Why, we have been unable to ascertain, but assume he has a few fireflies trained to light up at the croak of the frog. In this manner he expects to relay messages anywhere. This is, indeed, possible, considering the millions of fireflies and frogs idle each year.

There may be situations within our observation where it seems that enjoyment of life is received without an adherence to those rules. But, depend upon it, nature is an absolute accurate bookkeeper and remorseless in demanding an ultimate settlement. Sometimes she is years in presenting her statement of account, but the day of reckoning is inevitable.

In our younger years we are growing—acquiring added strength and new tissues. In the period of this growth our forces of resistance are greater. We more easily throw off, or even overcome, the natural effects of ignorance, mistakes or indulgence. Nature, too, is always working to aid us. Her processes are those of cure and remedy. The new blade of glass comes back more quickly when trampled upon. The cut in the bark of the young tree is more easily healed. But there comes a day when our bodies are finished. No new tissues of the proper kind are added. Even nature is slower

in her assistance. From that day we live on what we have acquired. The accumulation of physical capital is ended.

There are years yet ahead of the average man or woman. Will they be few or many? Will they be periods of comfort or distress? Will they be those of cheerfulness or discouragement? Nothing will have a more important bearing on the answers to these questions than the possession or lack of health.

Anyone interested in a few good cars at good prices—try New Brunswick. Have some very good machines to try and get around in at exceptionally high prices, just right for the beginner who is desirous of learning the do or don'ts of a car from the bottom.

The station anglers, Messrs. Aird, Lown and Bertram, went fishing a few weeks ago, and while purchasing supplies preparatory to camping out overnight, Bertram suggested getting a can of beans. This didn't meet with Lown's approval at all, he suggesting that salmon would be better. He evidently was not in the mood for fishing. They finally landed at the camping grounds, and selected sleeping quarters. Aird and Bertram in the tent, Lown preparing to rest peacefully in the back seat of the car. Suddenly a terrific roar was heard to disturb the calmness of the night, which slowly died down to a laboring buzz. Thus, Bertram proclaimed his challenge to the mosquitoes perched on Lown's feet projecting outside the car. The anglers tried their luck on Sunday, caught a few pickerel, and decided it wasn't the worst trip they had.

A few night ago the hotel was in an uproar. There was a good reason as the Agony Orchestra was at it again from 8 to 12 midnight. Sometimes music hath charms.

Our esteemed friend and Chief Rigger Bill Dunn is sojourning at Cape May. We understand that he is trying to make crooked towers look straight, and that in his spare time he is making an intensive study of beach lizards.

It's a sure thing that winter must be coming, for Belanus has been busy every evening building a nest for his much loved but expensive pet, the Overland. The dear thing has developed a diseased collar bone and Matt has kept the telephone busy hunting a new one for it, but much to his disgust, has discovered that this is a very rare disease and that this particular bone cannot be bought for any money. In the end, he consulted a bone specialist and with good results, for he promised that pet would be running around *almost as good as ever* in a very few days.

Our Assistant E. C. also has an animal of this same breed and has been watching the case with anxious eyes.

TOPICS OF

AS DISCUSSED BY A COUPLE OF

- 1st Opr. Hello, Bill; how's things?
- 2nd Opr. Howdy, Eddie; when did your old tanker drift in?
- 1st Opr. Last week. She's up in the sticks for repairs; had a blow-out off Hatteras. Musta hit a whale or sumpin.
- 2nd Opr. How's yer Aeriola Junior working?
- 1st Opr. O. K. How's 'at set you got rigged up in your house com'n' through? Gettin' anything?
- 2nd Opr. I'll say I am. Getting 'em all—single and in bunches.
- 1st Opr. Did'ja hear that bird over at WJZ last night? Some baby, what!
- 2nd Opr. I'll tell the world. When she gargled that "Aria from Airshaft" the people upstairs over me blew a police whistle out the winder; thought a murder was being pulled off or sumpin. I never knew there was so many of 'em grand opera birds in the world till WJZ started up. Ha! ha!
- 1st Opr. You said it, sweet daddy. No wonder my old woman can't get no maids no more; they're all cuckoos now.
- 2nd Opr. Did'ja see about Sarnoff getting Vice-President?
- 1st Opr. I'll tell the world I did. Some guy, 'at feller. I knew him when he was an op. Bulleve me he could shoot the stuff in so fast it 'ud knock the head phones clear off your dome. O. K. O. K.
- 2nd Opr. He's going some, I'll say; mus' have a pull or sumpin down there.
- 1st Opr. Pull nothin'; the only pull 'at guy's got is pullin' a lot of other guys along with him. He treats 'em ruff but bulleve me, every guy's gotta chanct with 'at bird. Weagant, did'ja know him? He done sumpin for hisself, all right, all right. He's workin' the old static all the time now; knows just where to find it, too. Picks out the places where it's most, all the time.
- 2nd Opr. Yes, I seen 'at. Mus' be thickest down South in the winter and up North in the summer. Eh, what" I was up to a Static Club feed onct. Did'ja ever get a bid to one of 'em blow-outs?
- 1st Opr. Yeh. Did'ja head 'at quartette they got up there? Some yodelers, I'll tell the world. Kaminsky Bros. and Edwards and Mac. Oh, boy; community songs. I'll say it's pretty tough on the community. There's a lotta guys floating round loose oughta be in jail, if you ast me.
- 2nd Opr. 'At there Doc Goldsmith's gotta lotta good stuff while yer listening. He deals it off what you call "impro.nptu"—kinda right off the bat.
- 1st Opr. You said it. Vaudeville missed sumpin when 'at guy started writin' books and tellin' stories. Pretty good bunch, that Static Club. Wisht I was a member to it.
- 2nd Opr. Yeh, me too. The company's gotta place out in Chi now. Did'ja know old Sawyer?
- 1st Opr. I'll say I did. I worked in the M. R. & I. a coupla months for that bird. Had to cut it out 'cause he musta went to night school; had us workin' nights all the time. He's travelin' some now, though. 'At guy's got sumpin under his hat beside the lining. O. K. O. K.

THE DAY

LATORS AWAITING ASSIGNMENT

- 2nd Opr. Tell me he's gotta mahogany office also a secretary out there now what 'ud knock this here Marion Davies clean out the pictures. When the jobbers drop in and lamp her they all start hollerin' camera. She can register anythin' from, casual indifferences to heavy static and so forth.
- 1st Opr. 'At's so, all right. I hear Beyer, Bergin, Parker and 'at bunch out there nearly lost their eyesight till old J. M. put blinders on 'em. Pretty tough on the blind men nowadays, I'll tell the world.
- 2nd Opr. Well, it's a great life if yeh don't weaken. Hel'va way they got the air waves all used up and the time all passed round to the manufacturers and department stores. What? Then we guys gotta sit round and listen to the highbrows tell us how to keep our feet right and so forth.
- 1st Opr. 'At's right. But one thing, O. K., O. K. -The concerts don't cost nothin'. S'all free, ain't it?
- 2nd Opr. Sure s'all free. I hadda coupla cases grippe and so forth and that didn't cost nothin', neither. Lotta free stuff floating round, 'cept it comes in bottles nowadays.
- 1st Opr. 'At's so. What's become a 'at guy what used to sell you the stuff. Eddie?
- 2nd Opr. Oh! he's around, but he ain't sellin' no stuff no more. He's gotta new line now; bigger dough and not so much chanct to take.
- 1st Opr. S'at so? Well, I see we got another fight on Saturday night. Did'ja get the last one?
- 2nd Opr. I'll say so, I did. They gotta feller named Major Sumpin' up there dishin' it out. The way he handed it to us last time, he had Leonard out in front all the way.
- 1st Opr. Yeh, I thought they'd have to call in the coroner for old man Britten eny minute, but the next A. M. the papers said it was a draw and Britten was still alive O. K., O. K.
- 2nd Opr. 'At's right. Wonder what 'at guy was ever major of?
- 1st Opr. Junior American Guard, I guess. He fought all his battles up in the armory. He comes through strong, though O. K., O. K.
- 2nd Opr. Well, old man, I gotta beat it uptown. Drop round the house tonight an' I'll show you a new stunt I'm working out with W. E. tubes.
- 1st Opr. I didn't know the W. E. were selling eny tubes yet.
- 2nd Opr. They ain't. I'm gettin' 'em from 'at guy what used to sell me the stuff.
- 1st Opr. O. K., O. K. Yeh never know what's gonna happen in this game. Well, so long, old man. "73".

C. J. R.

RIVERHEAD

TO relieve the minds of those who have any doubt as to whether this station still exists, we have decided to pull some more of our usual hocus for this issue. Yes, the station is still very much alive and all hands accounted for, even though the vicious type of Long Island lightning picks off assorted and sundry portions of the station.

Dreher announces that if the big guns of the army and navy make any more noise than a direct hit of lightning ten feet away, he is going to apply for berth as operator on a Siamese fishing smack during the next war. In fact, it was necessary for him to retire to the Catskill Mountains for recuperation.

We were all very pleased to receive a visit from our old friend Bev after his sojourn in the land of the hook-worm. He certainly looks healthy after his long trip, even though, as he claims, the chief article of food in the South American wilds is antiquated meat fried in crude oil. Welcome home, Bev, and park your flivver by the town pump long and often.

Once again we have failed in our attempt to get pictures of our notorious staff for publication, but as anticipation is greater than the realization, we will let the readers anticipate a little longer. We can assure you that great is the treat that is in store for you.

This station is now graced with two ministers' sons, the ever faithful Bourne and the new Student Engineer, John Moore. Needless to say, both live up to the titles accorded them. They went to a beach party not long ago and neither of them have been the same since. By the way, on this same party our receiving engineer extraordinary, Dreher, swallowed so much of Long Island Sound that he lowered the level two feet and grounded two mud scows off Point Judith. He corrodes that he does not mind wrecking the ships, but regrets that this great quantity of salt water made him ill and he could not enjoy Bourne's hot dogs served with wood ashes. However, he recuperated sufficiently to participate in the throwing of small-sized boulders at all present, which broke up the party with a few minor casualties.

The town board has asked Williams to share half the expense of laying a new sidewalk on East Main street, claiming that he has worn it out in his hourly walks in that direction. If we remember correctly, this illustrious owner of the under-sized moustache stated for the benefit of the press that he would have nothing to do with the local belles.

We cannot attempt to compete with the transmitting stations in the biggest eater contest, but we do claim, however, that we have the strongest man in the company. Our handy

man, Jack Barnes, is the talk of three counties, having heroically picked up an overturned Hudson roadster in a motor accident and righted it single handed. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we wish to warn all persons of Bolshevistic attitude, not to approach the station with anything but a peaceful frame of mind as Barney was champion of the U. S. Navy for seven years and even now we have reasons to believe he packs a mean punch.

Ty and his ever-present Dodge still patrol the Long Island roads and is on speaking terms with all the town sheriffs. Recently he purchased two new tires in order that he might take a tour when he gets his vacation, but at the present writing he is getting quotations on tire chains for winter touring.

Before closing, we wish to thank Broad Street in discrediting the statement that there are no operators at Riverhead and wish to announce that we challenge any transmitting station to a speed contest, the winner to receive a hand-carved, hammered glass monkey wrench.

BOLINAS

SINCE we were last heard from, the most important social event of the year has occurred. The fellows all got together and resurrected the Hermit's Club, and immediately proceeded to celebrate by giving a dance. It was the first time for many moons that this station had seen such gaiety. A three-piece orchestra was secured from Oakland, and they certainly made everybody sit up and take notice. The poor old piano had forgotten it could give forth such jazz, until that young fellow from Oakland touched it.

Oakland must be a lively little town. This last conclusion from acquaintance with a few fellows from there. Take our friends Hersam: The last time we reported to the magazine we were extending him a welcome. Now we have to say a sad farewell—sad, because we all hate to see him go. He was promoted to Shift Engineer and sent to explore the wilds of Kahuku. Last heard from, 700 miles out, sick but having a glorious time. Larsen, also from Oakland, has been promoted to Shift Engineer. A third one, George French, from the Bay City, hardly gave us time to welcome him until he was gone. He came out and stayed with us a few weeks, but there wasn't enough excitement, so he hurried back to the city. By the way, Pat came from Oakland, too, didn't he?

Recently two ex-operators, Messrs. Lee and Harlan, came to join our force. We always knew this was the most interesting side of the game. Ray Camp also belonged to this class

but he left us before he had time to see how interesting it was. Sherman Smith is the last newcomer. He came to relieve Pepper, who was temporarily raised to Shift Engineer.

Chief Rigger Nidros has moved his family out from the village to occupy one of the cottages on the station grounds. We are glad of this, for we like to keep our family close together.

Kraft, our Machinist, came back from Kahuku where he has spent a few weeks warming up. We missed the dry humor from the head of the table while he was gone. He brings a good word for the Kahuku gang, all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Feathers are spending a few weeks with us now. Mr. Feathers is dolling up our alternators, while Mrs. Feathers is scouting about the country and regaining her pep, she says. We're mighty glad to have them with us, for we feel that Mr. Feathers is a man we can all look up to he is 6 feet 3 inches high.

A while ago somebody hinted that KPH was sounding a little feeble. We couldn't stand for that, so Scotty and the gang got together one Sunday and hoisted her up in the air several feet higher. And now what do you think of our record—5,000 miles in midsummer! A brand-new marine set has been received. We haven't been allowed to examine it yet, but are all anxiously awaiting the time for prying open those big packing cases.

I think you remarked one time, Kahuku, that our friend Elmer was a sketch when attired for swimming. Bolinas authorities claim that for a god laugh, Walter in a bathing suit runs a close second. And we surely don't mean the thin Walter.

Rumor has it that several former Hermits expect to hibernate with us next winter. Strange how they prefer wind and fog to perpetual sunshine, isn't it?

BOLINAS

DEAR EDITOR:—

Us boys at Bolinas got together and we decided that I had about the most literary talent of any one here and I was to write to you telling you a few facts that would do for our paper.

Voting day in Dawg Town and Bolinas was a busy day. Candidate-for-Constable Slattery hitched Jiggs and Maggie to the spring wagon and was rustling votes fit to kill. He did a right smart to make the election a success and it's too bad he didn't get nominated. Invitations were sent out to McGah and the other democrats in this county, saying they could

vote this year and would have the full protection of the law. Ordinarily they don't invite the democrats to an election of no kind but this year there is an uncommon lot of grasshoppers and some of the citizens are blaming it on republican administration and had a caucus and roused the whole county by reviving the democrat party.

Also I read where a Swedish man named Nedros (same name as our head rigger) argued for himself before some judge. The judge had all the law and most of the evidence on his side and because Nedros don't pronounce his "h" and his "j" very well it only cost him ten dollars. I don't think this was our Nedros, though, because he says he knows everybody in Olema and they're his friends.

Nobody can kid anybody like one kid can kid another kid. Wehrle and Cross, given in the order of their seniority as alternator nurses, razz each other something outlandish. Cross thinks that whenever the sky gets pink that it's morning, no matter whether the pink is in the East or the West, so out he piles at 8 P. M. and pans the boys out for not waking him at midnight so's he could go on watch and not sleep till morning the way he did. Well, Friend Wehrle thought this was a good joke and laughed, but the next evening Wehrle hears a funny sound like a steamboat whistle and right away figures there's a scow on the rocks and was for sending out a general alarm when Myers turned over in bed and changed the tone of his snoring and Wehrle's chance to be a hero was all shot.

Taking it by and large, I reckon this station has about the most athletes of any station its size, bar none. For wind and endurance the boys are re-markable. In mess formation I put this gang, man for man against all comers. We got no individual stars but every one does his share nobly. Without any doubts Handsome Alexis Larsen can talk more and miss less chow while doing it than any one around these parts. A sure-fire point winner for us is Kraft—his big event is the long-distance sit. He had six weeks' practice to and from and at the Islands, and he's in fine form. A few nights ago he sat from 5:45 P. M. till 10:15 the same evening and I figure he would have made a house record but the fire got too hot and he had to get up and move. We're thinking of holding an elimination contest to find the best Mexican athlete around here but it's most impossible to find any judges because everybody will be in the contest.

Our Engineer-in-Charge, Mr. Philbrick, is building nine miles of antenna for the boys at Marshall. They must use their aerials an awful lot because this is the second or third they've had and our first one is still as good as new.

We had advance word that Mr. and Mrs. Beltz were coming out to live in the house that Miss Frances Dean had occupied with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dean. Well, sir, Mr. Dean got all set to go East and return to school and was wondering when the new assistant and his wife were coming in and by and by out comes Riddle with the new assistant but he didn't have no helper with him. Nobody has figured it out and I guess he hasn't either. He comes from Cape Cod and always talks about Mattapoisett and Sippican and Quohogs and the rest of them small towns up there.

Also we have heard from reliable sources that a man named Patrick Michael Flanigan was coming to this station from the Honolulu Islands. We already have two Swedes here now and another one more or less won't make no difference to our League of Nations.

This station is awfully afflicted with a runt variety of Ford automobiles, but I figure the rainy spell will rid us of most all that haven't got webbed feet attachments.

Another thing that has caused lots of comment among the boys is the deer-hunting season being in blast. The woods is full of 'em. Pepper and Harlan chased one with Pepper's French Ford for about half a mile and finally she got in and rode to town with the boys.

Well, sir, I guess I have told you most of the importantest things so I'll clothes. Hoping this finds you the same,

Very respectfully,

No Sig.

HONOLULU

CANNING THE OPERATOR

WE sometimes hear of operators being pickled, but ours are just merely canned.

On the night of June 2nd, an army of flying ants were attracted by the office lights in such swarms that it was almost impossible to clear the night traffic. Operator Hatch, on duty, got busy and used his ingenuity and soon found a Chinese tailoring shop open from whom he purchased a few yards of mosquito netting and had them sew it in a sort of square, boxed shape so the netting covered himself and the typewriter as a means of self-defense, and then told the impatient sending operator at Kokohead to shoot. Hatch in that way sort of canned himself, so to speak.

The incoming customers at the counter got considerable of a kick out of this make-shift ant defense. The customers, however, also found it necessary to work fast and furious to avoid as much of the attack as possible from this army of late flyers. Next morning the early force swept up half a

dozen dust-pans full of wings that fell in battle in their mad flight. It's to be hoped the next batch of hatching will pick on someone else.

The messenger boys finally located the source of these small birds, emerging in regular platoons from a grating in the sidewalk under the Matson Navigation Company building nearby, and proceeded to form a bucket brigade and soon quelled the mad rush for air and liberty. Apparently the swarm had just hatched out, and being of a wavy nature, decided to try boardcasting first, isasmuch as that is the most popular feature nowadays, also because they found our wireless offices so handy to their incubator. These ants are anything but harmless. After they shed their wings they become what is known as borers.

The woodwork of this office has no doubt fostered many of their ancestors, as the window frames, door frames and other woodwork is honey-combed. They have also devoured one end of the projection of an oak office desk. The harder the wood the better they like it. Operator Hatch has carefully placed his defense net in the vault with the other valuables, and is also obtaining the cost figures on an aircraft portable gun for further protection from these pests and the self-same canning.

SALES DEPARTMENT NEW YORK

THERE are rumblings of great doings beginning to show up, and it looks to us that we should expand much more. Visitors talking real business are coming in increasing numbers. Extensive re-arrangement of the office and that sure is some job. Mr. Brunet will be responsible for improve the workings of this department considerably. The functions of this department have been definitely allocated to various men. Mr. Edwards, in addition to his many other duties, has been given charge of the traveling representatives, and that sure is some job. Mr. Brunet will be responsible for factory production, and will have to hustle to keep the warehouse stocked at all times. Mr. Gawler is now in a man-sized job. He is our sales excitor. His slogan is "Oh! we will get rid of them this week." Mr. Adams has been given charge of all order allocations and shipments from the warehouse. Mr. Boucheron has all his people segregated in one place.

Orders have been coming in such gratifying quantities that we are no longer impressed with them. Especially when one morning a goodly batch came in for the Export division, Mr. Pieri exclaimed with much hauteur, "Oh! give 'em to Nelson. I have no time for them."

We welcome to our midst Messrs. Scull, Blount, Lee, Berg, Wanslow and Cole. These men are to be our traveling representatives and in a very short time will be sent out to instill the spirit and the wonderful qualities of RCA apparatus and to spread the gospel of our policies. They have recently been on a tour of inspection to the Springfield works of the Westinghouse Company, and the Schenectady works of the General Electric Company. The information they obtain will be used in their work. We must compliment Mr. Edwards on obtaining such a fine body of men.

We also welcome to our midst Miss Wankel, who is assistant to Mrs. Belanger. Mr. E. S. Pearl is back again into the fold after his short stay with the DeForest people. He will assist Mr. Adams in his work. Mr. Flynn was taken on to replace Mr. Chadeayne in the Advertising department, who is leaving us to return to college. We regret Mr. Chadeayne's leaving, as he started a much-needed work and carried it on in the most efficient manner. Rose McDevitt has been transferred out of this department to assist on the telephone switchboard. We regret this loss. However, what is one department's loss is another's gain. Miss Rose made an impression amongst us, and her presence will be missed.

Our curiosity had arisen as to where Mr. Edwards has been going several evenings each week accompanied by Eddie Kaminsky, who always carries a black bag, which he guards very zealously. After some very clever detective work we learned they were attending rehearsals of the Static Four, who will soon appear in public. However, we must admit defeat in not learning what the heavy black bag had to do with rehearsals; but in the days of old I have heard of whiskey tenors.

The adage, "Where there's a will there's a way" is well illustrated in this department. Until the new office arrangements were made by Mr. Edwards, we had seventy-two people and everybody said this was over the limit for the space; but we now have eighty-two, and there is room for a few more. Of course some of us are crowded, but satisfied.

Greetings from Press Agent Lee Galvin. He reports heavy casualties during a gas attack which took place in his office. Those unable to put their gas masks on in time were as follows:

General Debility	Sargent Hardware
General Nuisance	Corporal Punishment
Major Cement	Private Business

Apropos J. L. Bernard's nightly wanderings—as Shirley says, "No, he has got a wife to keep him *in the stable*."

We do not know the attraction in golf, but we feel sure

there must be considerable, as Al Genet has fallen for it. He sure must look very cute in a golfing costume, especially with the long stockings. We now have enough golfers in this department that we feel Walter Hagan should look to his laurels.

Van Ness Philip has recently returned from a several weeks' journey, during which time he visited many of our distributors.

Mr. Melhuish is still on the road, and evidently doing a great work.

Alan Stevenson has gone on an extensive business trip to Pittsburgh and vicinity.

Mr. Bucher has been to Chicago where he spent a few days. We know the Chicago Office was proud to show the great work they are doing.

Mr. Pierre Boucheron recently acquired a Nash car in which he and his family toured extensively the state of Connecticut and vicinity. Outside of a few punctures and being stranded ten miles from nowhere at 2 A. M. without gasoline, he says an elegant time was had by all.

Mr. Berger has returned from his vacation, during which he toured New Jersey state in search of retail radio dealers, and says that the most wonderful scenery can be seen in the Orange Reservation, without interruption by retail dealers' stores.

CHICAGO

MR. BUCHER paid us a visit during the past month and told us many new and interesting things. The boys at the Chicago warehouse were disappointed because Mr. Bucher did not have the time to look over their place. It is hoped that he may be able to come out again soon and spend a little more time with us. We promise cooler weather.

J. M. Sawyer returned to New York with Mr. Bucher for a short business trip. Kind of rough on the other New York boys who had to stay behind.

H. T. Melhuish and J. D. Cole were assigned to this office from New York as salesmen and Mr. Melhuish is already on the road. Mr. Cole will leave in a few days.

The entire office and warehouse forces had their pictures taken in small groups as well as one large group of the office personnel and one of the warehouse crew. Comments on the results were many but they all seemed to boil down to the following:

Mr. Sawyer looked like "The boss." How could it be otherwise?

Mr. Beyer could substitute for Rudolph Valentino. Slick as they make 'em.

Mr. Bergin looked like a railroad magnate. He says that's O. K. with him as long as it isn't an electro-magnet.

Mr. Parker was so darn brown he looked—— Well, the rest of us were white, and we don't play golf so much—that's all.

Mr. Chapelle, our cashier, looks like he was trying to find a ten-dollar bill. So are we.

The group picture has been said to represent Doctor Sawyer and his Sunday School class.

Miss Florence Carney left us to be married and go on a honeymoon. Miss Marguerite Kilgallen has taken her place.

John Krahenbuhl resigned and is succeeded in the Billing department by A. G. Pickle.

Miss Helen Marjoribanks has joined us as typist.

Miss Signe Johnson has been transferred to bookkeeper and Miss Betty Graham is on the files.

MARINE DIVISION

NEW YORK

MR. STEVENS has returned from an enjoyable vacation during the course of which he visited old friends in Louisiana and Texas.

Grace D. Leonard has been assigned to the office of the Assistant Traffic Manager (Marine), Miss Rines having resigned.

Following a strenuous summer, vacations have commenced for the staff at Siasconset, Mr. Baer being the first to leave. Mr. Holden and his staff deserve great credit for the efficient manner in which the station has been operated. Mr. Perreault, who has been at Siasconset all summer, has reported at the Head Office for further detail.

In our efforts to improve the service in every way possible, we will welcome suggestions from ship operators and others, all of which will be given full consideration and adopted, if found practicable, due credit of course being given.

Chatham has ably supported all our publicity efforts and furnished superior service consistently and at long range. Incidentally, our reputation for long range work is producing material results and is another instance of the willingness of the general public to adopt and accept modern achievements as a matter of course. We recently received a vigorous complaint from a gentleman who filed a message for transmission from this side. The complainant stated, "The ship was three

hours from Cherbourg and message should have been delivered." In a sense, we consider this a compliment to our service.

Ship operators can assist the coast stations materially by quoting full references in service messages. The original can thus be located and answered promptly and the necessity of sending additional services for needed information is eliminated.

LONG DISTANCE MARINE WORK

KPH continues to turn out extraordinary records for summer-time. It held communication with the steamer *Maunganui* every night direct from the time it left San Francisco until the vessel was 4,980 miles away, on August 21st, en route to Australia.

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK

UPON arrival in port of the tug *Wellington*, it was learned that the radio man, Lester J. Clink, was found missing from the vessel at 10 p. m., on September 9, while at sea off the Jersey coast. The news brought sorrow around our offices, especially among those who knew the operator. Clink made a large number of friends who admired his many good qualities. It is with deep regret that we record his sudden passing from our ranks.

Louis G. Ainley, a well-known radio man who was in our service almost ten years, recently serving on the *Porto Rico*, the *Old North State*, and other large vessels, but more recently in the service of another radio company, also met sudden death during the month. He was instantly killed by three revolver shots alleged to have been fired by the landlady of his home, on the eve of his expected sailing on a Clyde Line steamer. His wife was a witness to the shooting. At the present writing the woman is still in jail awaiting trial.

Seymour H. Wheeler is now on the *Japan Arrow*, after having made a trip on the *Munamar*.

H. L. Estberg, who attained fame through the exceptional records he made with the CW telegraph and telephone sets on the *America*, has transferred to the High Power division and is now one of the staff at WNY.

William Friedman, after completing several voyages to Constantinople on the *Acropolis*, is now on the Boston district's vessel *Hampden*.

H. R. Wolfe took out the tug *Wellington* left vacant through the death of L. J. Clink, and James F. Forsyth took Wolfe's place on the *Haiti*.

Fred Salim is on the *Marore* in place of A. D. Bernstein, who is on sick leave. Salim recently returned from Naples, where he and Frank Reb were stranded when the *Philadelphia* of the New York and Naples Steamship Company, got into difficulties there.

Willard Sulley sailed on the *Bethore* in place of R. H. Redlin.

John H. Harfield is now on the *Norlina*. Good news awaits his return to New York. On the afternoon of the day he sailed, August 19, the Evening World announced that he won a prize of \$15 in a contest being run by that paper.

BOSTON

MR. NICHOLLS is spending his leisure hours in the sticks, communting since his return from vacation. Although railroad tickets cost money he enjoys it.

We welcome Mr. Kennedy, who will be commercial representative for RCA at the new Boston transoceanic office.

Just for fun, if you meet him, ask Bud Sloane of the *Camden* if his C-W set is working, and why not.

George Robinson is on an unwelcome vacation while the *Suffolk* is tied up.

Addison Eldredge has gone over to the transoceanic division as dynamo tender.

Although he has managed to keep out of the limelight for three issues we've got to mention Jerry Travis for local color. Jerry has done nothing unusual that we know of but we like to trot him out occasionally.

Harold Kelley was almost glad to get back to Boston. He thinks New York is also a nice place. Kelley has Fred-eric Hue as second op.

BALTIMORE

CONSTRUCTOR GRANTLIN is at present installing a 2 KW P-8-A set on the steamer *Pacific* of the Argonaut Steamship Company.

Vacuum tube installations have been effected on the steamers *Tuscan*, *Dorchester*, *Mangore*, *Santa Clara* and *Caloria* by Inspector Sterling.

Operator John E. McMillan, ex steamer *Cerro Azul*, has been transferred to the *West Quechee* as senior operator. Junior Operator Mathers of the *West Quechee* relieved McMillan.

Ralph A. Smith, a new man in our service, was recently assigned to the *Clement Smith* when she was re-commissioned.

The *West Islay*, recently purchased by the Garland Line, has been placed in commission with John B. King in charge.

James Schultz, formerly of the ill-fated *Charles Braley*, is now holding forth on the *Sucrosa* of the same line.

GULF DIVISION

NEW ORLEANS

FOLLOWING are some of the ship-station personnel changes made since our last appearance in our little magazine:

S. R. King, from the *Ophis* to out of service; Harry Backman, from Gulf division sick leave to the *Ophis*; L. H. Boizelle, from the *City of Fairbury* to out of service; Charles L. Oliver and Arthur L. Brown, to the *Cuba* of the Key West district, as senior and junior respectively; Harold O. Zahn, from the *Lorraine Cross* to junior on the *Jalisco*; George A. Englebrecht, junior of the *Jalisco* to the *Lorraine Cross*; Stanley C. Reed to the *Pioneer*, relieving John W. Henderson, resigned on account of ill-health; Robert N. White, to the *Harry Farnum*; Harold C. Ely, from the *Cuba* to leave of absence; David F. Fisher, from the *Braddock* to the *Pioneer*; Willard D. Ryen, from the *Kenowis* to the *De Bardeleben*; Vincent Fertitta, from leave of absence to out of service; C. C. Moseley, to the *Kenowis*.

The Gulf division staff was recently honored with a visit from our old friend Tom Stevens, Assistant Traffic Manager (Marine) of the 64 Broad Street office.

At the present moment we are busily engaged removing the Gulf division office from 1001-03 Canal-Commercial Building, to our new and enlarged quarters at 709 Carondelet Building (corner of Carondelet and Gravier Streets).

Our Chief Inspector, W. P. Elkins, has just returned from his vacation; he has been followed by Inspector W. L. Rothenberger, who is now roaming the backwoods of Pennsylvania.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

BY the time we go to press, practically seventy-five per cent of our Class A boats will have laid up for this season of navigation. It has been a good season, as passenger traffic exceeded that of 1921. In addition to the regular commercial equipment, most all of the larger Class A

vessels were equipped, during the summer schedule, with broadcast receiver units. A new wrinkle for the traveling public, but one that was put across in great style.

Superintendent E. A. Nicholas, accompanied by U. S. Radio Inspector Edwards, recently completed the semi-annual inspection of upper lake ships.

Mr. Nicholas has just closed contract to equip the *Pere Marquette No. 8* and the *John A. Kling*. Mr. Thomas, Jr., Chicago District Manager, supervised the *Pere Marquette No. 8* installation, while Constructor Frank Weide of Cleveland, completed the P-5 installation on the *Kling*.

The largest side-wheel passenger vessel in the world, the *Seeandbee*, recently wound up her summer schedule with a special five-day trip to Sault Ste. Marie, having a full list of pleasure seeking Clevelanders on board. Our equipment on the *Seeandbee* was in charge of S. Edward Leonard, formerly one of our constructors, while the junior's work was taken care of by R. E. Mathes.

Guy Harden is now on the *Eastern States* vice Charles F. Steinhoff. Charles has been given a combination, purser-operator, position and may be found any day on the car-ferry *Ashtabula*.

Howard C. Looney, who was with us for but a short while, has been loaned to the Limestone Company for assignment to the *Calcite*, on which vessel he will carry out a dual role as operator-clerk.

John Aitkenhead recently relieved Albert T. Miller on the *A. M. Bradley*. Miller returns to his school work.

Arthur H. Freitag is now on the *J. J. Sullivan*, having taken over the duties of Irving Lindow, returned to school.

Ralph E. Jacks, a new man in the service, is at present attached to the *Cleveland III*, as junior operator. Senior Carroll has had several juniors during the past month, but feels assured that Jacks is with him to stay.

F. Arthur McPhillips is now attached to the *Croft* vice C. J. Taylor, who has returned to school.

Henry R. Grossman is again filling the air with his typical snappy sending, having been assigned to the *City of Erie* vice Ralph C. Folkman. Ralph has succeeded in securing a likely shore position. Success be with him.

After spending two months in the Ecorse Shipyard, the *Samuel Mitchell* was again placed in commission. Howard C. Gronberg, an Eastern division man, is in charge of her equipment.

Donald S. Booth has left the *John P. Reiss* to return to his college work. Ralph F. Cole, an ex-navy man, has taken over Donald's berth.

Fred R. Schreiber, a new man in the service, has taken over the duties of Leonard Bailey, who recently resigned from the *Amazon*. It is Bailey's desire to secure employment on the West Coast. Bailey's work, while in this division, was entirely to everybody's liking and we will miss his ever-present smile.

Harry I. Marks was relieved from further duty on the *Harold B. Nye*, by Julius Katona, a Connecticut product.

During the month of September, Edgar W. Steinike, a first year man, was kept on the jump, shifting every trip or two, from the *J. T. Hutchinson* to the *Polynesia*. Fuel shortage, etc. It takes a good man to hold down two jobs successfully. However, Edgar did it.

Pleasant surprises were the order of the month, frin-
stance:

Norman S. Walker, a veteran of Great Lakes fame, waved a *bon voyage* to the life of a benedick. Miss Frances Inghram of Buffalo was the lucky girl. Announcement that Miss Eleanor Marie Wittasek was to wed John H. Mitchell, was the second surprise. Walker and Mitchell have both been with us since the opening of navigation this year and have expressed a keen desire to complete the sailing season, regardless of honeymoons and all the other frills that go hand in hand with the plunge into the unknown. The entire Great Lakes staff extend to both couples, generous wishes for a life-long happiness marred only by added sunshine as each day rolls by.

LOST—Miss Margaret Siegman, Cleveland office book-keeper! For two years and six months Miss Siegman, her smile, willingness and conscientiousness, had graced our outer office, answering questions, helping all who needed help, etc., etc., but—it was too good to last. Ability to accomplish things and get results has won her a position with a large local coal industry. We miss her, will miss her, but you can't hold a good (what should it be) man? down. May greater success and the best our earth can offer, be hers.

Miss Earla Rebele has assumed the bookkeeping duties and there is no question in our minds, after watching her wade through the maze of detail, but that she will be returned a victor in a very short time.

Miss Gertrude Simon, stenographer, has been added to our clerical force. Though she doesn't claim a middle initial, everybody agrees it should be *P*, as she sure is full of **PEP**.

PACIFIC DIVISION
SAN FRANCISCO

IT has been disclosed that we have a sleuth in the S. F. shop. During the fire chiefs' convention at the civic auditorium here District Manager Dorchester installed a 200-watt combination telephone and telegraph set for use by the fire chiefs. A fire truck was also equipped with a signal corps 'phone set for communication with headquarters at the Auditorium while the truck was in the parade. Tests were made with the signal corps equipment on the truck and proved satisfactory. However, while the truck was moving about the city their set went on the fritz and consequently the whereabouts of the truck remained an unknown quantity for quite awhile. It was necessary to locate them before the parade started and we were all at sea until Installer Radio Nose King loomed up at the Auditorium. Now for the benefit of those who don't know King we will say he is the champion oscillation smeller of the Pacific Coast, bar none. Radio Nose offered to locate the truck gratis, so Mr. Malarin, our Marine Superintendent, told him to go to it. King spun around a few times then stopped suddenly with his nose pointing in a southwesterly direction. He said the truck lay in that direction but almost immediately contradicted his statement by saying, "No, that was only Mr. Graff's Essex starting up over in Kahuku." With that King left the station and in 15 minutes telephoned that he was on the truck, having located it at North Beach. We can offer no explanation and hope some of the eminent scientists of the RCA can explain this uncanny sixth sense of Radio Nose. King installed the Auditorium set under the direction of District Manager Dorchester while J. L. Slater, formerly operator on the *Matsonia*, operated the set during the 10 days of the convention.

On the first trip of the Matson liner *Matsonia* carrying our 1,000-watt combination telephone and telegraph set a new wrinkle in radio was tried out when the *Matsonia* telephoned paid traffic to the liner *Mau'i* in mid-ocean. This, we believe, is an innovation in radio circles out here. Operator J. L. Slater and B. W. LaFetra were in charge of the *Matsonia* while Eddie Smith, senior of the *Mau'i*, did the speed work on the receiving end. The telephone sets are giving excellent results and frequent conversations are held by the captains, pursers and passengers of the *Matsonia* and *Mau'i*.

The 1,000-watt tube transmitted on the Admiral liner *H. F. Alexander* is shown in the accompanying photograph with Operator H. M. Hassel in charge. There are still a few bugs left in the set which prevent Hassel from making a reputation for himself, but we have a remedy in mind which



will clear up the situation and vindicate the clever design. The set was not damaged in the slightest degree in the recent collision of the vessel with Cake Rock on the rocky shore line of the Washington coast. This is remarkable when it is considered that the vessel was under full headway at 22 knots when she struck and the shock was tremendous.

Three new Matson ships were added to our fleet during the past month and will ply in the triangle run from San Francisco to Seattle and Honolulu. They are the lake type vessels *Coverun*, *Cowee* and *Cowboy* purchased from the U. S. S. B. by the Matson Navigation Company and renamed *Mahukona*, *Makaweli* and *Makena*.

Another of the lake type boats, the *Lakeshore*, owned by the E. K. Wood Lumber Company, has been secured under service contract and will soon be placed in the coast run.

The China mail steamer *Nile* sailed on August 24th for the Orient with Operators C. M. Morenus and M. Hulderman as senior and junior respectively.

Howard K. Peckham was recently assigned to the *Broad Arrow* en route to the Orient.

Harry Kelly is now on the *Richmond* and we hope and believe he is well satisfied.

George L. Van Auken recently relieved Phil Thorne as senior on the *China*. Phil had been on the *China* 14 months, and didn't like to leave as he will miss his usual visit to Kowloon over in the Orient.

J. L. Slater, of the *Matsonia*, was relieved by Phil Thorne and is getting along nicely with the combination 1,000-watt telephone and telegraph set.

Chief Operator Johnstone has just returned from a much-needed rest, having spent a two weeks vacation on short trips

through the state, including a trip to Lake Tahoe with Instructor Fassett of the Radio Institute of America, and Eddie Smith, senior operator of the *Maui*, his former partner in the good old galena days. Camping, especially on the banks of the Truckee River, in the early morning hours does not agree with Eddie, and unable to sleep, he stood at the foot of our bed from midnight until daylight, hat and coat on, 50 miles from the nearest railroad. Oh, boy, was he mad! We admit it was cold, frost on the ground in the morning, but it was a change and good experience.

Ralph Gerber, of the S. F. shop, and Rudolph Jenson, junior on the *Maui*, took care of Fassett's students while he was on the trip. We have to hand it to Fassett for his driving ability, having covered over 470 miles, mostly mountain roads, using about 26 gallons of gas.

SEATTLE

THE Seattle division office force (all two of 'em) welcome the advent of WORLD WIDE WIRELESS each month and read with interest and amusement the doings of the other districts and the humorous anecdotes.

In reviewing the last edition, it occurred to us that our little paragraph at the tail-end of things looked kind of dry and uninteresting and sort of gave the impression that nothing interesting ever happens in this upper left-hand corner of the map. Ah, but such is not the case!

We sincerely believe we can surpass all other districts in several accomplishments; in fact, we are willing to compete with all comers in one of these. We, indeed, will go further. We challenge any district in the United States to bring forth a member who can produce, in a given time, as luxuriant and abundant growth of whiskers as can our Construction Engineer, Henry W. Barker. We stand ready to meet all comers, regardless of age, color, sex or nationality.

Another advantage to be had in our district. Did you ever notice on the map how close we are to the Canadian border? So close we can occasionally spend a week-end, and a few bucks, in Victoria, where one's cup of life is filled to overflowing and— Well, ask Miss Cayo. She planned a little trip up that way over Labor Day. The bracing Canadian atmosphere benefited her great!

A young lady of our acquaintance recently suggested that the caption of one of our display ads, "When Marconi Heard the Aeriola Grand," might be successfully used as the title of a new radio song hit.

Edwin Kraft, who has been attending summer school at the University of Washington, has re-entered our service. He

left on the *H. F. Alexander*, as junior.

Lee Dawson, a new man, is on the *Spokane*, as junior.

STATIC CLUB

THE sixth stated meeting and dinner of the Static Club was held at the Hotel Astor, New York City, Thursday evening, September 14, 1922. In the absence of the President, Mr. G. Harold Porter, who was unable to attend through illness; and on account of the sudden indisposition of the Vice-President, Mr. Alexander E. Reoch, the chair was taken by Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, who officiated in his usual inimitable manner.

After a short address Dr. Goldsmith introduced Colonel Nance, who delivered a highly interesting and humorous talk on some of his many experiences in the Philippine Islands, during the period in which he was an officer in the United States Army.

Following Colonel Nance the Chairman called upon Mr. David Sarnoff, Vice-President and General Manager, who was present. Mr. Sarnoff responded with a short address, which met with the spontaneous appreciation of all present.

The Club Quartette, composed of Messrs. MacConnach, Edwards and Kaminsky brothers, accompanied at the piano by Mr. W. J. Schmidt, entertained the members by singing many of the latest song hits of the day.

There were fifty-two members in attendance and from the expressions ye Editor noted they indicated a good time was enjoyed by everyone.

The next meeting of the Club will be held on Thursday evening, November 2, 1922, of which due notice will be sent by the Secretary. Every member is requested to attend as the annual election of officers will take place at this meeting.

TRIP THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

The annual fall dance of the Radio Provident Club will be held at the Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, on Friday evening, November 3. Tickets \$1.00.

The St. George is conveniently located in Brooklyn, the Clark Street station of the Seventh Avenue subway having an entrance to the hotel.

All members of the staff of the Radio Corporation and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT

G. S. DE SOUSA, Treasurer

M. H. PAYNE, Assistant Treasurer

A. B. TUTTLE, Credits and Collections
(Trans-oceanic and Marine)

C. G. TERWILLIGER, Credits and
Collections (Sales)

J. V. HENRY, Cashier

COMPTROLLER'S DEPARTMENT

C. J. ROSS, Comptroller

H. A. SULLIVAN, General Auditor

E. H. KEELER, Aud. of Disbursements

A. NICOL, Auditor of Receipts

L. G. HILLS, Auditor Transoceanic Dept.

G. A. BELLIS, Auditor Sales Dept.

SALES DEPARTMENT

E. E. Bucher, Manager

NEW YORK OFFICE

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M. Brunet
M. Berger
F. J. Brick, Jr.
P. T. DuBois
R. C. Edwards

H. C. Gawler
S. W. Goulden
A. R. Genet
J. G. MacKenty
C. H. Nance
V. N. Phillip

Donald Pieri
J. W. Power
A. Stevenson
J. M. Sawyer
D. Stoner
W. J. Schuidt

CHICAGO DISTRICT OFFICE

M. L. Bergin
A. R. Beyer
L. Bennett

C. C. Chapelle
J. P. Francis
E. Lange

P. G. Parker

TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT, 64 BROAD ST., N. Y.

W. A. Winterbottom, Traffic Manager

John B. Rostron,
Asst. Traffic Mgr. (Trans-Oceanic)

T. M. Stevens,
Asst. Traffic Manager (Marine)

H. Chadwick,
Superintendent

John Cowden,
Superintendent, Chatham, Mass.

C. J. Weaver,
Assistant Supt.

G. E. Baxter,
Superintendent, San Francisco

W. H. Barsby,
Assistant Supt.

F. M. Roy,
Asst. Superintendent, San Francisco

Walter E. Wood,
Assistant Supt.

H. A. Oxenham,
Superintendent, Koko Head, T. H.

L. A. Briggs,
Chief Office Electrician

W. P. S. Hawk,
Superintendent, Honolulu