

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

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**RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA**

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VOLUME 3

AT
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR
EMPLOYEES



HONOLULU OFFICE
OPERATING ROOM ON SECOND FLOOR

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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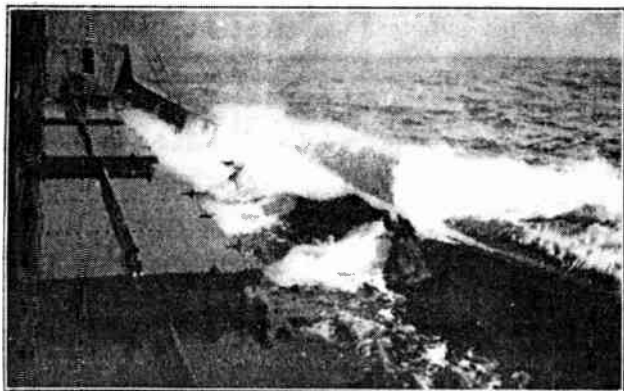
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STRANDED

By W. E. MacLeod



THE *Middlesex* was headed for the entrance of Portland harbor, enshrouded in impenetrable fog. At 5 A. M. the captain requested me to get compass bearings, which I did from N. B. D. At 11 o'clock this was repeated and the mate said we should sight the lightship, which we soon did, and straightened out for Portland harbor. All of a sudden my chair and I shot across the cabin and landed in a corner, and then things began to happen. I gathered

myself up and opened the door, but couldn't see the poop, so decided I was better off inside. The captain came in and handed me a message for Boston, which I sent to N. B. D. at noon. Soundings showed three feet of water in number one tank, and rising fast, so we decided to call for assistance. The U. S. S. *Ossipee* quickly responded, and two tugs arrived at 2 o'clock. We were hard and fast on Trundy's reef and three boats tried until 6 o'clock to pull us off. Then the tugs gave it up, but the *Ossipee* and also the Coast Guard stood by all night. About 9 o'clock the quartermaster advised me to pack up, as he expected the ship would sink any minute. Conditions began to get worse and by midnight she was taking water from stem to stern. One could hardly stand up or sit

down as the ship was cavorting like a big snake. We were all sleepy, but it was impossible to sleep. About daybreak a tug appeared and the crew wanted to abandon ship. The captain said "Any one who wants to go ashore may go." All but seven of us boarded the tug. I began to get hungry and started for the galley and was busy frying bacon and eggs and making coffee, when the whole bunch filed into the mess room and elected me cook. With the quartermaster's help we fed them until, with a favoring tide and a powerful tug, we were pulled off the reef and towed into Portland. After temporary repairs we proceeded to Norfolk for dry-docking.

PLEASE REMOVE ALL CORRECTIONS TO THE CORPORATION

MAINE LIFEBOAT COMPANY
 LEWIS & CLARK, PORTLAND
 CHAS. W. WILSON, CHAS. W. WILSON

CHAS. W. WILSON
 COASTWISE SERVICE

CHAS. W. WILSON
 CHAS. W. WILSON
 CHAS. W. WILSON

COASTWISE TRANSPORTATION CORPORATION
 STEAMSHIP OWNERS, SHIP BROKERS AND STEAMSHIP AGENTS

160 STATE STREET

CHAS. W. WILSON
 CHAS. W. WILSON
 CHAS. W. WILSON

BOSTON, MASS.

June 5, 1922.

Mr. Walter McLeod,
 Radio Operator,
 U. S. "MIDDLESEX".

Dear Sir:

By request of our President, Mr. Harrie Livermore, I am sending you herewith check for \$100.00 as an appreciation by Owners of SS. "MIDDLESEX" of your courageous conduct in standing by your ship through the night of May 18, while stranded in a dangerous position on Trundy Ledges outside the harbor of Portland, Me., and also your able assistance while salvaging and bringing the vessel into port.

Yours very truly,

COASTWISE TRANSPORTATION CORP.

Chas. W. Wilson

Chas. W. Wilson
 Marine Capt.

OS:B

Y. S. Please sign and return the enclosed receipt.

**RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA
NEW BRIDGEWAY
NEW YORK**

June 27, 1922.

Mr. G. W. Nicholls,
186 Federal Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Nicholls.

I have read with such gratification the letter addressed to Operator Walter McLeod of the S. S. MIDDLESEX by direction of President Livermore of the Coastwise Transportation Company, enclosing an honorarium of \$100. in recognition of his fidelity and devotion to duty while his ship was stranded recently.

Will you please extend my congratulations and thanks to Mr. McLeod. He has upheld the traditions of our service in a manner most creditable to the Radio Corporation and honorable to himself, and has set an example for his associates which I have no doubt they will emulate should they encounter similar exigencies.

Sincerely yours,



President

eja ph

Mr. Edward J. Kelly,
President, Radio Corporation of America,
235 Broadway,
New York.

Dear Sir,

Mr. G. W. Nicholls, Boston District Superintendent, has presented me with your letter of June 27 addressed to his chief referred to as duty as Radio Operator on the S. S. Middlesex while stranded on Trundy Ledges outside of Portland, Maine.

I am very sorry to sincerely thank you for your thoughtful congratulations as expressed in your letter.

My experience during the unfortunate hours of the S. S. Middlesex was nothing more than the plain duty of a radio operator. Any radio operator, I feel, could have duplicated my action had he been under similar or more trying circumstances.

Your letter will be preserved as a treasure that is most gratifying to a Radio Corporation operator.

Yours respectfully,

Radio Operator
S. S. Middlesex



RADIO

By Archibald Rutledge

O, not a word and not a thought
In the wide world shall come to naught;
No little love with sails of white
Shall vanish homeless in the night.

This wind that moves with fluting song
My plumed and purple pines among,
Shall wave dim palms in tropic nights,
Shall storm the white Himalayas' heights.

And every dream I mourn as dead
Or lost, is lyrically fled
Out of my heart into another's,—
While I have taken home my brother's.

At length shall break on Hatteras
The wave that Breton sailors pass
Blue-rolling westward, or shall run
To thunder on the dreadful Horn.

The tingling air is thrilled with spirit;
The universe I can inherit;
Mysteriously great and near,
Creation's throbbing heart I hear.

Of those elusions, farewells, flights,
That dim my days and haunt my nights,—
In all the lonely strength of wings,
Some heart shall make recoverings.

Scribners.

THE CLICKS

On Thursday, September 7, an evening boat-ride will be on the program for all those (Clicks or not) who wish to participate. The meeting place is Room 1887, Woolworth Building; the time, 5:15 P. M. Invitations have been issued and notices will be posted before the date so that everyone will have all necessary information.

A HAPPY CHANGE

THERE are few of the young women at Head Office who do not remember the little rest room in Room 1868, where not more than ten could be accommodated at one time. To those few let it be known that it was little more than a cubby hole and was made to serve many purposes. Rooms 1887 and 1889 have now been allotted to the women of the Radio Corporation, whether located at Head Office or visiting from any of the other offices, for their special use. A hearty welcome from Mrs. McLaughlan awaits all comers. She has been appointed matron and, by the way, this is the same Mrs. McLaughlan who was so very popular with the young men at Belmar and Chatham stations, where her duties as housekeeper for the last couple of years brought her into daily contact with them. The home-like feeling which pervades these rooms is principally due to Mrs. McLaughlan's presence. The furnishings also produce this feeling and will bear inspection. First of all, try the upholstered wicker chairs, of which there are six, one being of the type that holds two or three so comfortably. They are in the lounge where there is also a great library table, about which the girls chat and eat during the luncheon periods. Then there is the kitchen, where cleanliness and order prevail and all the necessities are kept, and where Mrs. McLaughlan brews tea and coffee for the chatterers. In the third room there are two cots and two cabinets for blankets and linen. The floor lamps must not be overlooked, one being in the lounge and one in this third room. They are fitted with very attractive parchment shades and make the rooms so cheery and restful that loitering there will always be excused in the future. Just try it some fine hot morning when the cool breezes are blowing only from the west. I say, just try it.

The attention of the girls on the twentieth floor is especially called to this article, as the growth of the Sales department has made the necessity for these additional rooms more marked, and it is hoped that Sales department girls will use them freely.

SOME BREEZE

The report of the final destruction of the Cape San Antonio station by a hurricane is illustrative of the type of men employed by the United Fruit Company at its stations, and of the force of these storms. The following are extracts from the report made by John A. (Jack) Cole, one of the old-time radio operators who was at that time (1915) in charge of the Cape San Antonio station.

"About 9 A. M. the entire aerial was blown away and from that time on the wind blew stronger and stronger and about 11 A. M. was blowing with hurricane force. The Cuban Government wind gauge had by this time been blown away, but I judged the velocity of the wind was not less than 100 miles an hour and the barometer still falling.

"Our kitchen was the first to go, then the gas plant, warehouse and roof of water storage plant were blown down, and some of the iron roofing carried for miles into the woods.

"Next the tower, which had been guyed with four one-inch steel cables, broke in two about half way up, snapping the guys which blew straight out with the force of the wind.

"The roof of the operating house was next blown off and the windows and doors blown in. Myself, the cook and engineer were inside at the time and we then took shelter in the engine house. The operating house, although of steel construction on concrete foundation, was moved about eight feet off its foundation. The roof and floor of the veranda were wrenched from the house, but the house itself stood, although badly damaged.

"The engine house, where we went for shelter, stood only about twenty minutes after we got there. This being the last house, we started for the woods.

"We got a little protection behind some large stumps. After being there for about an hour, there was a lull. The wind subsided and we returned to the station. We found that the Cuban Government barometer (the United States Government barometer was destroyed early in the storm) which has a scale graduated to read from 27.6 to 32.00, was down to the lowest mark; in fact, the indicator was against the pin at 27.6. I do not know how much farther it would have gone if the pin had not been there.

"When I found that the barometer was as low as it would go, and the wind again increasing, we decided to go to the lighthouse, three miles away. This is a stone structure and we thought it would stand. In the meantime the wind had gotten stronger than ever. It took us about four hours to reach the lighthouse, which we did at 7 P. M., having had to crawl most of the way amidst flying sand, timbers, falling trees, etc. On our arrival at the lighthouse we found that the prisms had been blown in, putting the light out of commission. We found there the wreck of a Honduranian schooner. The captain had come in as close as he could get, but before he could get a boat out, the anchor chain parted and the vessel started out to sea. All hands jumped overboard and somehow got ashore. The vessel was blown to sea and disappeared in less than 30 minutes."

Radio Broadcast.

S. O. S. FROM THE ADRIATIC

RCA RIGHT ON THE JOB

"*Honi soit que mal y pense*" is sometimes a hard mouthful to swallow. Especially is this true when one reads the newspaper articles following the explosion aboard the *Adriatic* early in the morning of August 11th.

The Navy Department got the credit in the papers, but we will give the facts to be presented in our own little journal, which the writer hopes will go down in history of RCA as one more example of the efficiency of our personnel.

Amidst the turmoil and bustle which we experienced due to the cable situation, it would seem surprising how it could come about that such service could be rendered. It speaks well for the orderly state of affairs that prevailed during the night—no confusion; every man and circuit going at top speed.

At 1:59 on the Friday morning, the Supervisor was standing close to the Chatham wire when CM said "Stand by for S. O. S.!" At 2:01 A. M. the S. O. S. was in 64 Broad Street and at 2:10 A. M.—30 minutes after the explosion occurred—an official of the White Star Line was out of his bed listening to the official details of the disaster.

The *New York Herald* quoted the first message was not received by White Star people until 9:30 A. M., and that the message had been delayed. This is absolutely false. Ask Captain Williams—he knows! As a matter of fact, Captain David received a reply to that message within an hour.

Now for the Marine department's work. Our Chatham station was the only coast station to get the S. O. S. This distress call was broadcasted by MHC on CW, as she was out of range of land on 600 meters, and Chatham broadcasted it for her on both CW and 600 meters.

The Navy people knew nothing about the disaster until 4:00 A. M., one hour after we had received from MHC a cancellation of the S. O. S. and that she was proceeding at 12 knots, all well.

All honor to the boys at Chatham. Their praises might have been published in all the newspapers. But it is pleasant to think that everyone concerned thought more of his loyalty to RCA and thought more of his license than to divulge any news to press agents.

Another little bit of service rendered was in press matter from MHC to the *New York World*. CM advised 400 words coming for him; we immediately got in touch with the *World* asking them to put an operator on their private wire. Consequence was message was in the office of *World* in less than five minutes after it left ship, and then MHC said "Stand by, my motors are red hot"!

These are some of the little things we do among ourselves which the great big public never hears about.

However, between you and me, Mr. Editor, we are "Tickled to death".

THIS SETTLES IT

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

OPERATING DEPARTMENT

AMERICAN LINE
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
DOMINION LINE
LEYLAND LINE

PIERS 28, 29, 30, 31, 32
NORTH RIVER

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE
RED STAR LINE
WHITE STAR LINE
WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE

New York

August 19th, 1922.

Radio Corporation of America,
64 Broad Street,
New York City.

Gentlemen: ATTENTION of Mr. F. M. Stevens,
Assistant Traffic Manager (Marine).

Your note concerning the S.S. "ADRIATIC'S" SOS call received.

I very much regret that due credit was not given your Company for the prompt dispatch which you gave to the original message, and I will be more than glad to do what I can to correct the impression conveyed by the newspapers to the effect that the Naval Stations at Bar Harbor and Boston were entitled to the credit.

I will hand your letter to our Publicity Manager, and will make a report of the whole matter. It was my intention to express my appreciation of your promptness in this instance, but owing to press of business I neglected to do so. On the night of the accident when the message was telephoned to me at my home, and after I consulted the chart and observed that the ship was over a thousand miles away, and that the accident occurred only a few minutes before I was informed of it I was greatly impressed by the efficiency of our Radio service.

Yours very truly,

Roger Williams
Manager.

RWecMB.
c/o Mr. Thompson,
Publicity Manager.

MARINE SERVICE

CHATHAM log July 22nd reports working *S. S. George Washington* at 9:08 P. M., the vessel having arrived and left Plymouth on her eastward voyage, being in the English Channel bound for Germany.

Miss Rines has resumed her duties in Mr. Stevens' office, returning from her vacation with a coat of tan acquired in the country.

Messrs. Winterbottom and Stevens have returned from an extended inspection trip down east, visiting Chatham and other stations en route.

Ship operators are again reminded that RCA coastal stations are making every legitimate effort to give the best possible service. Your intelligent co-operation is appreciated and our stations frequently have called our attention to good work on the part of several ships. Send your TR's regularly and as soon after noon as possible. Six newspapers are anxious to have them daily, and the reports are eagerly awaited by steamship owners and friends and relatives of those on board.

Improve your value to the company by relaying traffic to RCA stations and assisting in every proper way.

DIET

RIGHT living is the basis of happiness, and one factor in right living is an obedience to the laws of health. A proper diet, in quantity and character, is undoubtedly the most important consideration in the preservation of health. Many volumes have been written on the subject, some elaborating on the fads and fancies of theorists and some setting forth facts the truth of which has been demonstrated by experience. When new and strange sensations or pains, known under the head of symptoms, drive us to the gentleman of the medical profession, after reference to their tubes, meters, and tests, they will give us their diagnoses in terms of pressure and percentages of calorics, proteins, vitamins, and the like, plus or minus and vice versa. In the great majority of cases the suggested remedy will be a change or elimination of some foods in our diet. Translating the language of therapeutics into that of daily life, they will mean that our food is of the wrong kind or that we are eating too much. Food bears the same relation to the body as fuel to the engine. The use of a certain amount of fuel develops the maximum power of the engine. Added fuel does not proportionately increase power. In fact, the engine will be strained and parts more quickly wear out when the furnaces are jammed. The fireman does not shovel more coal when

his gauges show satisfactory results. He does not fill the furnace when the boiler has sufficient steam for the work of the engine just because it is eight, twelve or six o'clock.

The seasoning of food and its flavor or richness bears no relation to its nutriment and the energy we gain from it. The efforts made to assimilate food of that character are quite likely to be later reflected in the "symptoms" before referred to. Let your food be simple and wholesome. Above all, remember that "enough is plenty".

Nature always gives her warnings. The person who blindly yields to his appetite, in the matter of an excessive or wrong diet, or who does not even wait for appetite just "because the food is good," or because it is a given hour of day, at some time will be told in various ways of "breakers ahead." The sensible person will change his course. There are inevitable penalties for the indifferent.

The foundation of health must be laid before its need is apparent. When health is gone or impaired, wishes will not undo the results of a failure to observe its laws.

BROADCASTING RADIO CENTRAL

THE latest thing to be broadcasted concerns the Radio party down Rocky Point way. When Engineer-in-Charge Al-Ternator called on Shift Engineer Billi Condenser to arrange the function and to relay the messages at high speed to the rest of the staff the current of excitement ran high.

At last came the great day and Fil-Ament and Eddy Current drove the bus to Electri-City to collect the ladies. Ant-Enna who was to chaperone the party was picked up first. She meant to keep her eye on little Hete-Rodyne and detector in any gaps of propriety. Bobbed hair Milli-Henry came out dressed up like a new tuning coil, then Dy-Natron, who used her sleet melting smile to amplifier charms whenever Mo-Tors was about. Eddy Current now popularly known as the twin conductor was along to look after Dyna and Ana-Mometer. I almost forgot Mag-Netic who was clad in a fetching rain shield. She was just furious because Mic-Rofarad had promised to meter with his new tractor, and she would never forgive Fil-Ament for his interference. When peace was restored and the circuit completed the party assembled in the Community House. Soon Con-Denser and Eddy Current were tuning their instruments, and started up with "I never raised my voltage for an op," now enjoying a continuous wave of popularity, and the couples oscillated around in cycles.

Ant-Enna was so busy watching Hete-Rodyne that she failed to see Billi Condenser whisper to Milli-Henry and slip out of the side door with her. Al-Ternator soon missed the strays and traced the pair to the cooling pond where they sat within sparking distance. Old Al was wise and when he saw Billi tickler with his moustache he knew she would soon collector ring and they would be hooked up for better or worse. He switched right around and returned to the hall and Ant-Enna failed to pump a thing out of him. He gather that when Ant-Enna collected the strays she would radiate a few sparks. When at last the party broke up the close coupled pair had not been heard from.

AN INVALID WRITES HIS APPRECIATION OF RADIO

"I am a bedfast shut-in whose life has been greatly brightened by the wireless. From the leading stations I am able to bring to my bedside the best of talent.

"My outfit consists of a three-tube set and a loud speaker. Often the sounds are so loud as to flood the room with music and voice.

"In a very short time I honestly believe that a wireless telephone will be as common in the home, and especially in any room where there is sickness, as the electric fan and other conveniences.

"Hospitals are installing radio to facilitate recovery among the sick. Having listened in to daily entertainments, I declare myself less susceptible to fatigue, more alive to everything, and a more contented person. Radio has done for me what medical science failed to do."

Radio Broadcast.

RADIO OPERATOR DIED AT HIS POST

A. W. Hardwick of London, the senior wireless operator, who went down with the steamship *Egypt* on May 21st, died gallantly with his hand still on the Morse key, in the act of sending the dismal signal S. O. S.

Mr. Hardwick was not on duty at 7 P. M., when the collision occurred. He was having his dinner.

Directly he heard and felt the shock he rushed to the wireless room and there took the place of the third operator, who was on duty.

He told his assistant to go up to the boat deck and help the officers of the *Egypt*, adding, "I will look after the wireless myself."

When the last boat was about to leave the *Egypt* one of Mr. Hardwick's assistants spoke to him; but he refused to leave his post, saying that it was his duty to go on sending as long as the wireless instrument worked.

TIMELY AID

S. S. "Steel Mariner",
Hampton Roads.

Mr. Duffy,
Radio Corp. of America,
328 Broadway, New York.

Dear Sir:

I am taking this means of notifying you of an incident which occurred recently, in which the operator of the S. S. "Charles E. Harwood" (WID) rendered us a very valuable service. Our captain was taken sick with appendicitis while off St. Augustine, Fla., and it was necessary for me to secure medical advice from that station (NAP). The static and commercial traffic interference on this particular night was unusually heavy, making it almost impossible to receive the information which was so important to us at that time.

The operator on the ship named above, who is one of the RCA men, immediately offered his assistance and it was through him that I was able to obtain all of the instructions correctly. I would appreciate it if you would thank him for his assistance, as we are about to leave on the remainder of our voyage to Genoa and India, making it impossible for me to thank him personally.

Having followed the instructions, the Captain was greatly relieved from the pain and we headed for Hampton Roads, where we are now anchored awaiting for orders from New York. It is a pleasure to know that the RCA men can be relied on to help you all they can in a situation like this, and I hope that this will receive your

attention.

Respectfully yours,
Edw. J. Stockheimer,
Operator KUVK.

AN S. O. S. FROM THE SKIES

*By J. L. Bernard,
of the Publicity Department*

THE passing of an aeroplane in the wisps and fluffs of a midsummer's sky command only an upward glance on the part of our average citizen these days. More concern is given the other earthly sources of attraction.

Little did I realize until the spring of 1919, just what the flying game was all about. I soon learned, however, and when the early days of June came, I found myself flying for the Air Mail Service on the New York and Chicago route. If the story which is to follow contained only the every-day experiences of a pilot, I should not attempt to present it, but radio plays the part throughout and her role in this particular case is in the lead.

The Post Office department purchased a number of big ships for carrying mail from New York to San Francisco. For many good reasons they were all equipped with radio. A one-half K. W. air-driven spark transmitter and direction finding equipment with a seven-tube amplifier constituted the installation. I was assigned to all the installation work at the airplane plant at Cleveland and watched the construction of the radio installation as well as the ships, which required about six months. At the end of this time four twin-engined planes weighing over five tons each, with a carrying capacity of over a ton, were delivered. I made the trial flights and tested the radio outfit with the ground stations situated at Newark, Cleveland, Chicago and Omaha. It was during these first tests that I was introduced to some honest-to-goodness thrills.

My particular objective here is to set forth one experience, the memories of which are ever present and pop up before me on many occasions when flying or radio experiences are the subject of discussion.

My schedule called for two return flights between Cleveland and Chicago each week. With no mishaps, we usually covered about twelve hundred miles during this period. The country in this region is monotonously flat and uninteresting, but there was an ever-present supply of excellent landing fields beneath us—the heavens of an aviator. On June 10th

I jumped into the ship with an old standby, my Pilot Stevens, and a mechanic. In the early stages of the game I made every attempt to fly with the most conservative men, for I was engaged in making a series of antenna measurements while in flight, and the smoother the flying the smoother the curves I could plot for my galvanometer observations. This is not the only reason for my careful selection of cloud associates.

We left Cleveland field and started west at 3:55 P. M., so the log reads. We carried 950 pounds of first-class mail and the usual supply of cigarettes which all hands smoked incessantly during every trip. Nothing disturbed a few casual chats with the Naval Station at Cleveland by radio until after an hour from Cleveland, the operator informed me by radio that thunderstorms were moving rapidly southward along the lower lake region. Enough said! I knew enough by this time to appreciate the significance of a Naval Station storm warning. Fifteen minutes later we were in the midst of storm clouds. The lightning was having quite a party, dancing promiscuously from one cloud to another, paying no attention whatever to our tiny ship, which by this time was altogether out of Stevens' control, bouncing around from cloud to cloud, just waiting for a chance to trick us into a dive or spin through a thick rain to dear Mother Earth. We passed through the storm and entered warm, dry air again near Bryan, Ohio, our emergency field. One motor had heated up during the storm, as it had been wide open for over half an hour in a driving rain, and usually on such occasions trouble develops. It did in this case, so we set her down at Bryan.

It was after six o'clock when we took off and headed west again. Extremely heavy winds followed in the wake of the storm and by the time we reached Lake Michigan it was growing dark. I don't know why Stevens persisted in driving on when he knew we would surely crash in an attempt to land at the Chicago Field in the darkness. But he pushed on until all that I could see was the dull red glow from the Gary Steel Mills about 35 miles south of our landing field. I was worried. I had never flown at night before but what could be done? If the field were illuminated we could land without trouble. How about an S O S. by radio from the sky? Better still, a Q. S. T.? I unreeled the antenna and pounded out the following message:

Q. S. T: Forward this message Air Mail Service, Chicago, ship 206 lost in dark. Flash searchlights, start flares on field.

We flew over Chicago for fifteen minutes awaiting the response to our message. The relief I experienced when I saw that searchlight waving upward toward us I well remember, but I am at a loss to know how to describe my feelings. To shorten the story, we landed without serious accident. Only swiped off a wheel on the landing gear—that's a very small matter. The important consideration was that I had my feet on ground again, only to be anchored there until daybreak the next morning when we shot east to New York.

On my return to Washington I visited the Postmaster General. He was highly pleased with the service our radio apparatus had rendered and prepared to release the story to the Associated Press newspapers.

This was not an unusual experience. It seems that each trip held new material for thrills, and sometimes thrills hardly described the sensation.

PERSONAL

Mr. Frank G. Siegel, Chief Operator of the Great Lakes division, who according to our record has rounded out his twelfth year in the radio business, the majority of which time covers service in the Great Lake division, has been promoted to the position of Assistant Superintendent of the Great Lakes division with headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio.

The Great Lakes division staff extends its hearty congratulations to him on his promotion.

LONG DISTANCE WORK ON THE PACIFIC

By A. A. Isbell

KPH is still turning out extraordinary midsummer wireless records.

The early morning hours of July 23rd, KPH handled traffic *direct*, both directions, with the *Tahiti* 4,300 miles away, or in other words, while the vessel was off the South Sea island of Rarotonga.

Several years ago I had the pleasure of going ashore at Rarotonga and being driven around the island by a native, the total circumference of which being only 20 miles.

The *Tahiti* is now en route from San Francisco to Sidney. When she was bound for San Francisco, KPH picked her up 5000 miles away and handled traffic *direct* each night until she reached San Francisco.

I have heard of no C. W. transmitters of similar power accomplishing such great distances as the 5 K. W. spark set at Bolinas.

LAKES-TO-COAST VOYAGE HAS THRILLS

By Julian K. Henney

ONE day I sauntered down by the docks at Cleveland to watch the busy tugs puffing laboriously around, and to listen to the waves of muddy Lake Erie swishing against the blue-gray hulls of two Shipping Board steamers tied to the wharf.

"Where are you bound?" I shouted at a greasy individual in faded blue jumper, evidently a member of the below-decks crew.

"Boston, I guess," was his disinterested answer.

Now Boston meant that the steamer would have to go out the St. Lawrence, a voyage I had always wanted to make. Perhaps, I thought, there are other Shipping Board steamers; some might even need wireless operators, so I hustled to the Radio Corporation Office, and applied to Superintendent Nicholas of the Great Lakes division for a ship.

Two weeks later he sent for me and assigned me to the *Lake Harminia*, a new vessel, which was to sail from Superior, Wisconsin, for the coast. Another pleasant surprise was in store for me at Cleveland. I was to have company on the trip to Duluth and Superior. Keuhni, an operator friend, was to take the *Lake Glaucus* from the Globe yards where the *Harminia* was being finished.

We were told to hurry to Duluth, but it took a long time to pump eighteen cars of heavy oil into the steamer through a one-inch hose with a wheezy engine that threatened to expire at each breath.

When the *Lake Harminia* had taken her last supplies, the skipper came aboard, and when the compass had been adjusted, paraded us over a good part of the west end of Lake Superior. Then we tied up at a grain elevator in the Duluth-Superior basin to have sixty thousand bushels of wheat shot into the hold. The next morning the rest of our ninety-odd thousand bushels came aboard, bringing us down to the maximum depth with which we could get past Cove Island into Georgian Bay.

The two days' trip across cold Lake Superior and down the winding St. Mary's River gave me ample time to test the radio equipment on board.

A wireless operator's life aboard such a steamer as the *Lake Harminia* is a pleasant one. The radio room was a large, well-lighted and ventilated cabin on the afterdeck across from the Chief Engineer's room. The panel and desk took up but a small part of the large cabin, which provided a cozy haunt for all the ship's officers. The bunk room was equipped with three bunks, but as I could use only one at a

time, I could shift around according to the weather and the movement of the vessel. Electric fans in both rooms, clothes closets, brass Seth Thomas clocks that actually keep time, curtains at the port holes—all this and more proved to me that a radio man's life was not so bad as I had sometimes found it. The motor generator was in the engine room with a push button near the receiving tuner to start it, so that the whine of this high-speed, 500-cycle generator did not bother the operator while receiving.

Late one afternoon we anchored off Cove Island at the entrance to that winglike projection of Lake Huron, Georgian Bay. A fog had come down on us as we attempted to steal past the sentinel-like island, forcing us to lay up until the next morning. The next day we tied up at a grain elevator at Port McNicoll, around the corner from Midland, VBC., and a fishing party was organized among the officers. By noon our party of Isaac Waltons had pulled nearly a hundred fish from the blue waters near the ship.

Early on the next morning the elevator men were ready to drop their long proboscis-like chutes into the hold to take out our wheat. The elevator gear got mixed up with the aerial in the process with the result that I made an impromptu trip up the mast. Forgetting that the aerial might be as heavy as myself, and not realizing that I could not snub a steel cable as I could a rope, I unloosened the wire rope. When the last turn was taekn off, whist! I started up the mast; the wires started down. Had it not been for two sailors nearby I might have suffered more damage than a pair of bruised hands.

Coming out of Georgian Bay we passed Cove Island at midnight. The *South American* called shortly before asking about weather conditions in the Bay. She, too, had been running through fogs from one of the lakes to another. The evening of the next day we passed the many lights of Detroit. On account of the thick weather, the skipper anchored as soon as it grew dark. A message to the Marine Post Office at Detroit failed to get any results, but the music that came floating over the aerial a half hour later appeased the crew.

The short distance through the canal between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario proved to be like the old road to Rome—long and tedious. The steamer had been built as large as possible, and in the small canals and locks she was hard to manage. Even the eight hundred tons of coal were insufficient to keep our head up in the wind. The slightest breeze threw us around until the clank, clank, of the propeller on the stony bottom forced us to tie up. Messages went back to Cleveland, "Tied up in strong gale near St. Catherine's."

After a long siege with the canal and its locks it was good to steam out into open water once more, and then to enter the beautiful island-dotted waters near Clayton and Alexandria Bay, which were passed in a cold drizzle, yet the magnificence of the far-famed Thousand Island district was not dimmed by the weather.

Taking a pilot at Ogdensburg, we entered the first of the St. Lawrence locks shortly after noon, passing around the Rapid Plat rapids that tumbled beside us or left us peacefully puffing along while they hurried in a welter of foam around the rocks and islands. At supper time we anchored in a small widening of the river called Garbage Lake by our uncomplimentary mate, an incongruity that I could not understand.

Just as we were clearing the last of the forty-eight locks, and mates, engineers and deck hands were eagerly looking forward to Montreal and the end of canals, and were congratulating ourselves on the progress, when, Bang! three distinct thuds reverberated through the ship. The last jar was so sudden and accompanied with such a decided list that I went out of my chair, up against the outer wall.

The captain was shouting; so was the mate and the pilot, and by the time I had the receivers off my ears a dozen of the crew were running wildly up and down the lock wall. A glance out the wireless room revealed the stern of the vessel high in the air, the after cabin more or less wrecked, and a disabled rudder post and quadrant hanging loosely like a broken arm. In some manner the rudder had caught on the cement base of the rear lock gate, so that when the water was let out, the steamer sat down on her foot, figuratively speaking.

Another Shipping Board steamer coming up behind us in the gathering dusk had heard the noise, had seen us list, and soon radioed asking if we needed assistance.

"A week in dry dock," was the consensus of opinion.

Two tugs came for us in the morning, towing us through the last of the Soulanges Canal, then through the Lachine Locks. Aided by a third blue, red and white stacked tug later in the day we were finally pulled into Montreal shortly afterward, thirteen hundred miles from the *Harminia's* home port, a city she would never visit again.

For the next ten days we sat around in intense heat, in an evil-smelling slip, watching repair men grapple with a job that was evidently too large for them.

Finally, I jumped on a Canadian Pacific train, traveled past Lake Nipissing, Algonquin Park, through the rocky wilderness of the north to the Soo from where I went by "bus" to Les Cheneaux Islands for a fishing trip to last until the rudder would be fixed.

After receiving word that the steamer would sail soon, I went back to Montreal to find that the boat had been in Quebec for nearly two weeks. Arriving in the city at night I found only French speaking people, and discovered too late that I should have worked a bit harder on my school languages. Over the phone I learned from an English-speaking operator—may her days be blessed!—where to find the steamer, across the river from Quebec, and three miles from there. Stumbling over the many labyrinth-like tracks of a dry dock and ship yards, I unavailingly walked the plank of the *Harminia* to find the second engineer arguing with the mate that "Sparks" had jumped the ship.

We bid goodbye to drydock, finally, one month after being towed into Montreal with a wrecked rudder. The next day we made a trial trip around the harbor, had our compass adjusted again, and at 2 o'clock sailed past the Isle of Orleans bound for Chatham, New Brunswick, for a cargo of pulp wood.

The St. Lawrence began to show signs of its greatness as soon as we had passed the Falls of Montmorency, which are higher than Niagara, and beautiful in the afternoon sun. The river increased in width, and the shores became higher and more rugged, and soon the fresh water became salty. Toward evening we passed the mighty promontories that guard the entrance to the Saguenay River, and at four in the morning we dropped our pilot at Father Point, the spot where the great *Empress of Ireland* sank a few years ago.

During the night the receivers were bothered some by static, but signals of ocean-going vessels were not scarce. Once I heard one send a long string of supplies that some one would need for the long winter soon to fall on the inhabitants of that north country, and an hour later heard the same message being repeated along the river from point to point like a distant echo.

The evening of the next day we ran into a heavy north-east sea off Pluris Point that tumbled the *Lake Harminia* about like a cork. When the darkest of St. Lawrence nights came down on us, the captain slowed down and drifted and coasted slowly along the shore until daybreak should allow him to make sure of his position.

Late in the afternoon we dropped the hook in the mouth of the Mirimichi River, patiently waiting until the pilot should come up in his sail boat to take us up to Chatham, fifteen miles away. We rode at anchor off the village that night, and in the morning moved to the pulp-wood dock. Here I saw the tall masts of a Canadian high-power station at New-

STATION OONG-THE K

Radio Phone Local

P. D. Q.,

Direction

MONDAY

- 8:00 P. M.—Musical program by The Saw and Hammer Musical Five, composed of members of the Shipping department.
- 8:30 P. M.—Fashion Talk by W. P. S. Hawk, leading authority on Hawaiian costumes.
- 9:00 P. M.—Hour of well-known songs by Feline Glee Club.
- 9:30 P. M.—Mr. Roy A. Weagant, celebrated static baritone, will sing for the radio audience his well-known ballad—“When Lakewood was in flower.”
- 10:00 P. M.—Official Weather forecast for Labor day for the benefit of Capt. Winterbottom and the Clicks.

TUESDAY

- 8:00 P. M.—Flour song from Pillsbury—“Till we eat again,” by the Legal Tenders, Brown and Adams.
- 9:00 P. M.—Lecture by Prof. Sarnoff of Mt. Vernon on “Net sales billed” and “The future of Radio on Jupiter and Mars.”
- 9:30 P. M.—Health talk—“Should Jobbers be skinned before serving?” by Dr. Bucher.
- 10:00 P. M.—Official Daylight savings time for stenographers.

WEDNESDAY

- 8:00 P. M.—Fancy juggling by the accountants and bookkeepers.
- 8:30 P. M.—Song by Dr. Goldsmith of the University of Discords, “What are the ether waves saying?”
- 9:00 P. M.—Lecture by Alexander Reoch, Canadian geologist, on “Fuel oil” and “Purchased power.”
- 10:00 P. M.—Official time—plenty of it—for the caretakers at high power stations.

S

3:00 P. M.—Sacred music

4:00 P. M.—Sermon by c
may come a
forever.”

RIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

at Arverne, L. I.

OUNCER

C. J. Ross

THURSDAY

- 8:00 P. M.—Operators' Insomnia songs by the world-renowned Radio quartette composed of Messrs. Rostron, Chadwick, Sandbach and Weaver.
- 8:30 P. M.—Paper on the Art of purchasing, by Van Wyck. Subject, "Christmas cigars."
- 9:00 P. M.—Lecture by Sullivan—Teaching multiplication music—"I hate you, I hate you, I hate you." Correct answer is three hates are twenty-four.
- 9:30 P. M.—One moment, please. Station OONG, P. D. Q., A nouncer. Owing to an accident to our antenna light has gone out for the night.

FRIDAY

- 7:00 P. M.—Bedtime story for children, by Dr. Alexanderson—"Alternators vs. Vacuum Tubes."
- 8:00 P. M.—Recitation—"I have to make twice as much as I worth in order to earn half enough to live on." Anonymous.
- 9:00 P. M.—Duet sung by Messrs. Porter and Stevens—"O coast stations are a credit to us, but who gets the credit?"
- 9:30 P. M. Bass solo by Major White—"Have you seen my picture yet today?" Good night!

SATURDAY

- 8:00 P. M.—Fashion talk by Graham—"Are radio dots necessary to polka dot neckties?"
- 8:30 P. M.—Economy lecture by Messrs. Edwards and Rypins—"From manufacturer direct to ultimate profiteer."
- 9:00 P. M.—Song of insurance by DeSousa and Brent—"Love me and your insurance is mine." Composed by Landrum.
- 9:30 P. M.—Instructive talk by Secretary Elwood, subject "Interior decorating."

DAY

Static Club—Anvil chorus.
Reverend President—Text, "Sales
may go but expenses go on

castle, VAL, I believe. We took a thousand cords of wood at this port while the chief and I went trout fishing in the wilds behind the town. While here I watched a German steamer under a British flag burn at the dock, and saw a four-masted hooker from Norway unfurl her sails and fly away like a huge white butterfly.

Clearing for Portland, we followed the southern coast out through the Gut of Canso to the Atlantic. In the evening the receivers were filled with a medley of notes ranging from the pure tone of the *Mauretania*, MGA, to the buzzsaw of a lonely Jap trying to get through the jam to WSE. Before Arlington time, 1HAA, 2JU, and 2NF came buzzing in with their low-toned, low-wave sets. It seemed like home to hear those 200-meter fellows pounding away, and when NHR at Cleveland came roaring in louder than NBD at Bar Harbor, the Lakes didn't seem so far away as I had thought.

The following day was spent blundering south in a fog that came down early in the morning. We were off Cape Sable, but because of some oversight the captain did not have a book dealing with the Canadian fog whistle characteristics. A message to VCU brought the captain the information he needed to proceed. During the morning we nearly ran down a lone fisherman who had anchored in the fog off the Nova Scotia coast. Once we scraped a black buoy that marked a reef, and once were too close to a white vessel that rushed at us out of the mists and then flitted past like a bat at night. At noon I worked PUH, the *Joaziero* of Rio, who was coming across from England with a cargo of chalk.

Several times I secured an answer to my QTE request from Bar Harbor, enabling the captain finally to clear the Cape and head across the Bay of Fundy for Portland. Here we anchored, and I decided that night as we watched the *Joaziero* drop anchor near us that radio life aboard such a steamer as the *Lake Harminia*, and on such a voyage as the Great Lakes to the Atlantic coast was a great life.

RADIO PHONES ON AUTOS

Wireless telephone installed on the automobiles of the anti-burglar motor fleet of the Pasadena Police Department recently enabled officers to communicate with headquarters while their machines are in motion. Every machine operated by the department has been so equipped, it was announced.

The appliance enables officers to telephone for reinforcements, if necessary, while pursuing motor bandits. Installation of the phones on regular beats to obviate the stringing of wires for enlargement of the old call box system also is contemplated.

SALES DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

MR. GOULDEN has returned from his vacation. We are glad to see the smile on his sunburned countenance. Wonder if he has found that little birdie and if it has roosted?

Mr. Gawler is back from his vacation, which he spent in the mountains of Virginia, and he has sure acquired a goodly stock of pep. Sales should hum from now on. He tells us that the people living in that part of the country make large quantities of moonshine whiskey of very inferior grade. How do you know this, Mr. G? The reason why it is called moonshine is because it is made only when the moon shines.

As Frank Brick, our wizard on RCA installations, is spending more time at his desk, we deduct that the average public is getting full satisfaction from our apparatus.

Mr. Terwilliger, our worthy Credit Manager, has recently returned from a short stay in the Catskill Mountains near the Ashokan Dam, and is much impressed by the quantity of water he saw. He delivers the message to us not to worry as there is a sufficient supply on hand to care for any vacuum created by the Volstead act. Mr. Terwilliger took an auto trip around the Ashokan Dam and was much impressed by the magnitude and beauty of construction of the works. An awe-inspiring sight is the aerating system whereby a column of water is continually shot into the air to a height of 80 feet or more, creating brilliant rainbows.

This talk about static lessening radio activities does not apply to this office. We are certainly busy and must hustle to keep up to date.

Would we could learn who "butted into" the air with that constant 1-2-3-4 during the broadcasting of the Leonard-Tendler fight; there are eight of us right here who would like to tell him a thing or two.

We would ask you all to become acquainted with some new additions: Mr. Melhuish, Mr. Power, Mr. Kelly, Miss Bowne, Miss Helen Hansen. Yes, Helen is Marion's sister.

We are gradually developing the scribe's sixth sense of hearing and seeing things. This is what we heard in crescendo tones sweeping throughout the office nearly every Monday morning during these hot days:

"Oh, Sunburn! Sunburn!
What joy in seeking you,
What woe in losing you."

We miss Mr. Sawyer. His jovial smiles and tales are

sure a good tonic. Even though he is accomplishing great things in the west, we would like him back in our midst again.

We notice Don Stoner has acquired a habit of making facial contortions of various kinds and after investigation we conclude that this condition will soon pass away as he is breaking in his first pipe.

Evidently the howling of that feline creature, the cat (or howling of vacuum tubes) has inspired Don Pierie, judging from his frequent use of the expressions—"cat's whiskers", "cat's meow", "cat's joy".

We are glad to have Lois Lord with us again, as she has passed through an extremely trying attack of appendicitis.

Julio Avandano has been parading around with a coat of sunburn as thick as that worn by a beach life-saver. We envied it and wanted to know how come? He has acquired his beautiful shade by means of X-Ray treatments. These treatments are guaranteed as painless.

As Julio says, *Muchas gracias. Adios.*

CHICAGO

Paul E. Atkinson has been taken on as accountant.

Margaret Winterfield has joined us as stenographer and Bernice Siefert has charge of our new telephone switchboard.

Walter Marszusch, who was formerly employed in the Marine division at New York City as radio operator on ship-board, has been assigned to our service bureau.

J. H. Histed has entered our service as stock report clerk at the warehouse.

One of our office boys reported recently with a very much bruised and blackened eye caused by slipping in the swimming pool on Sunday—at least that's what he said.

Harry Irish is a firm believer in the old adage:

"Blessed are they who sit on a pin
For they shall rise again."

We have just experienced a street-car and elevated railroad strike and are proud to announce that every one reported each day on time—or nearly so—in spite of having to walk about half-way.

The Pageant of Progress is well under way and is proving a huge success. The pageant is a general trade exposition. The RCA has a booth and is well represented by Mr. George Clark, of the New York office.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Sawyer are stopping at the Evanston Hotel. Evanston is one of the beauty spots of Chicago and is famed for its parks, fine homes and beach.

M. P. Parker has settled himself and family in a nice little home in Hinsdale. Oh, yes! it is quite handy to the Hinsdale Golf Club.

M. L. Bergin hunted all over Chicago for a house with enough ground around it to build a good antenna for his tube transmitter and finally located himself, Mrs. Bergin and the hound in a pretty bungalow home at North Austin.

BROAD STREET NEW YORK

TWO days after Mr. Chadwick's return from vacation the cables were put out of commission, so naturally we are being put to the supreme test of proving the reliability of the radio service and without any hesitation we can say we are there.

By the pleasing countenance which our Traffic Manager, Mr. Winterbottom, has adopted, it is evident that everything is moving to the greatest satisfaction. The enormous amount of traffic which we are disposing of without any of the ordinary delay is proving that with the facilities we will be able at any time to meet all demands. It is the talk among the cable men, "Well, the radio must be jammed"; but we have the grease and plenty of it, so no jam.

Naturally all the staff are being taxed to the utmost. But what matter that if we show results; with everyone co-operating we will pull through with flying colors? The cable loss has been our gain and without a doubt our customers will greatly increase, as will be seen by several messages of a very gratifying nature that have been exchanged.

As Old Man Static is in his element this time of the year we are proud of our achievements.

With these facts in hand it is only necessary to point to one more conclusive proof of the assertion that the Radio Corporation is preparing to furnish adequate facilities to our expanding business. The added evidence is the establishment of our new branches.

For the success we have attained in the past, may we enjoy the endeavors extending over many years.

We are doing everything possible to stimulate interest in radio transmission and feel assured that business in the near future will greatly increase.

Mike Svendsen spent his vacation at Chestertown, New York, but the peculiar part about it is he sent postcards of Friends Lake, New York, which boasts of having trees only on one side. We will have to wait till Mike gets back to find out which side of the lake Chestertown is situated. It is understood that it was Mike's intention to take his bow and

arrow with him, so won't be surprised if he spends a few days apartment hunting before his resumes.

Little McClellan left Christiania on Saturday, July 29th, after having spent two weeks sightseeing there. A peculiar coincidence: A certain young lady operator returned to Stavanger from a two weeks' vacation at Christiania a day after the ship had left. By observations: Will not be surprised if we have to fix Mac up for special leave in the near future. The young lady in question is good looking and is anxious to get over here. We hear the young lady is some cook. Well, the best of luck to you, Mac.

Owen Deighen, of the Service department, had to undergo a slight operation at St. Luke's Hospital, which was successful. During his lay-up the boys sent him a basket of cheer.

Joe Lynch is acting Supervisor. We notice that his moustache is receiving more attention, as he is frequently seen at the water fountain which adjoins the official mirror.

Henderson has moved to the third tabulation for his income tax. A boy arrived on Saturday, July 29th. The following day he was singing "Someone has come to our house, someone has come to stay."

RADIO CENTRAL

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. and Mrs. Usselman are in order. Its name is Mabel Bournman Usselman, and tips 7½ ringside.

Wednesday evening, August 2nd, the Community House was the scene of the light fantastic sublime. The success of the party was largely due to the herculean decorating efforts put forth by W. A. R. Brown, Houseman, and Cook, who were right there with the trimmings, and purple punch, too. What with some forty sweet mamas to pick from, little wonder that the stag element of about twenty-five were sometimes quite lost in the forest of trees, with which the porch was decorated. Mrs. Kent serves admirably as hostess, and Special Deputy Sheriff Kent makes a good-looking master-at-arms. Rau is quite a snapp Thespian, and as master-of-ceremonies he is O. K., while the other half of our entertainment committee, F. C. Halsey, our new office manager, sure likes to step out among 'em. Our fire-eating Ford Wrecker Manca, likewise is quite stuck on the way he is able to mingle also.

We were all sorry to see our Matador, H. G. Ritz, pack his sea-bag and leave us to seek a nobler field for his activities.

Carl Appel, who was here for about seven weeks, has gone back to Allentown, and Ye Scribe is looking for another to go swimming with.

W. Tesch is a new arrival and is going to get on famously here, he being from Nebraska.

Likewise Joe Robbins, another new aspirant, has arrived on the field of activity; looks good to us.

We are pleased to announce at this writing that P. E. Slade is the proud (?) father of two bouncing babies, one a Chevrolet and the other, of course, a Ford. He has been doing some tall thinking of late. Shall he connect them in series or parallel? However, he has doped it out that while navigating the one, after having taken out all the bugs from each, of which about 75 more or less have already been taken care of, he will control the operation of the other by the simple means of Radio.

Rau doesn't think much of riding his gasoline broncho on oily roads evidently, any more. You see, one fair day, on trying to pass the Holiday-House (the place where the girls come from) he took a natural finale hopper slide and soiled his golf stockings too horribly for anything.

Harry Kohl is getting up in the world. He is now Captain of Cox's Army, and has them all busy just now painting our towers.

Saltman is engineer on the road scraper and tends dynamo during his spare moments.

G. W. Schaefer is home on account of sickness. The fellows sure miss him and hope that he will soon be able to be back in the service.

Our Machinist, A. A. Beeching, has acquired a submar on wheels, but needs considerable more practice on real deep diving in our puddles on the property.

We have had a short visit from Mr. Finch and Mr. Kroeger, and a long one from Mr. Cummings of Marion, who upheld the Bay State tradition, as far as apple pies go.

C. W. Hansell is hardly considered a visitor here any longer, his work seeming to require him to be here so steadily.

Our 80-foot iron pipe mast is about to be erected for our new Community House receiving set, due to arrive any day. The first attempt gave the appearance of a snake floundering in the air, while the second was more like a string of spaghetti; however, the third time never fails, therefore the next time the cook feeds us extra heavy for breakfast, up she goes.

Now we beg to state that Charlie Ray has absolutely nothing whatever on our Assistant Engineer when it comes to "the egg crate wallop". One early morn, on rounding the sandy bend at the foot of a hill on the road to the powerhouse, Kent's progress was really quite suddenly interrupted by a direct hit broadside by one of Henry's antiques rolling along way up around twenty-five miles an hour, with some

three crates of eggs aboard hitting the heavy seas on the way to market. Mr. Kent expects the next time he meets up with some of these Hicks caught in the same mad rush to get their wares so strictly fresh to market that the reflection from the new badge will back them completely off the road, directly into jail.

Now, as Ye Scribe is really quite modest, being a fair-haired vixen, it will be necessary that the typist add a little footnote*

* Schou sure goes to the heart of anything when he gets interested. When he goes out, he first gets in soft with the chaperone herself, and then the stage is all set for the evening. He sure is a home wrecker.

The broadcast receiving set presented to the station by the General Electric Company has been installed in the staff quarters and is greatly enjoyed. We can hear everybody, the most remote being Austin, Texas.

MARION

CHATHAM came; they saw; they conq— I mean they got a good walloping. Chatham was looking for an argument on the tennis courts. They got it! On the afternoon of the 31st of July, Chatham came down here to do unto us terrible things. Round one—Sabine received the decision over Strong of Chatham by the tune of 7-5, 6-2. Round two—Clifton and Sadler took on the Chatham Davis Cup pair, Cowden and Pfautz; Cowden and Pfautz succumbed 6-2, 6-0. Round three—Clifton and Sabine showed Cowden and Strong finer points of the game 6-0, 6-3. Round four—Battle of Bosses; Marion boss defeated Chatham boss 6-0. Round five—Pfautz and Strong were too "strong" for Sadler and Sabine and handed them the only setback of the afternoon tea party 6-3, 6-4.

Mr. and Mrs. Doc Cumming and the little docs, together with Mr. and Mrs. White and son and Mrs. Higgins and her children spent their vacation camping at a place called White Island. Now to go back to ancient history. Shortly after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, the White family taking a dislike to the brand of quohogs upon the shores of Massachusetts Bay, cranked up their five-ton White truck and shoved off and discovered this little island where they would be safe from attacks by Indians. So this is the spot three hundred years later where a descendant of the Whites makes his summer camp. No more gentle or prettier spot could be found anywhere. Perhaps some of the gentle readers will

wonder how the original Whites got their piano and furniture over to the island. Wait and I'll tell you,—they moved it over in White Birch canoes.

Doctor Cumming tried walking a la Indian fashion for a week. Fine! But Doc found his shoes several sizes too small when he went to put them on. The shoe dealer in Wareham says it would be a great idea if everybody would go barefooted for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Higgins returned to the station with a coat of tan that will be visible next Christmas.

White was the proud possessor of a universal costume. It served as underwear, pajamas, and last but not least, for its original purpose—a bathing suit.

The party all went out rowing. Oscar Sadler, who was visiting the camp, was elected. By accident or design they failed to lift the anchor. After about ten minutes of the hardest work Oscar had ever done in his life and during which time the boat had moved as much as forty feet, he sent out an S. O. S.

Doc went fishing! All of a sudden he hollered, "Hey, fellows, I've got a monster. Help me yank her in." And they did—the anchor.

Bill Beltz, our popular Assistant Engineer, has departed for the land of eternal sunshine and flowers. No, we don't mean dead, we mean Bolinas, California. Everyone was genuinely sorry to see him go and we all join in wishing him all the luck and happiness in the world.

Marcus Aurelius Strausburger has been appointed acting Assistant to take Beltz's place.

Wixon reports that he has now on hand 737,497 Line-man's Trouble Trip Report cards. Mr. Pillsbury, please note.

Carl Flory has been appointed Shift Engineer temporarily. He reports that he likes it fine, especially the midnight watch. Says it's the best job he ever had.

Fred Blanik, one of the riggers from New Brunswick, who in the last issue of WORLD WIDE WIRELESS was reported as sojourning with us for the summer, is at the present time sojourning in bed. Fred was piling brush out in the field and accidentally hit his knee against a tree stump with the result that he is now suffering from water on the knee.

Since the last issue the baseball team has added three more scalps and lost one when the burglar alarm failed to work. The Union Street Railway Company team of New Bedford came over with plenty of determination, rooters and street cars, but the combine could not offset the work of Toot Adams in the box for the radio wizards. The best the

nickel chasers could do was beat up the static. Result: 10 to 3.

The auto mechanics from the Cadillac garage in New Bedford were the next victims. They showed the inhabitants of Marion quite conclusively they knew more about carburetors than the national game. However, it proved an interesting game to watch. We won, by the score of 5 to 4, and in this game looked ripe for the big leagues.

All automobile mechanics are not alike. The Velie repairmen, representing the Clinton Street garage of New Bedford, came down next. We lost by the score of 9 to 7, and in this game looked like very useful utensils for a well known oil company.

We took a trip up to Rochester the other night and handed the town team, that had been going great guns, a walloping by the score of 7 to 4. Of course, in justice to Rochester, we must admit they did not have Eddie Collins and Ty Cobb with them in this game. This now evens up the series at two all. The deciding game of the series will probably be played at the Polo Grounds next October. The game didn't get under way till very late, and the seventh and last inning was played by candle light. Adams, although wild, threw them up so fast their bats were blistered.

On August 10th, Marion fulfilled her social obligations and paid Chatham a call. Naturally the talk drifted to tennis. Chatham invited the Marion boys to try out their courts. The first match of the afternoon was between Clifton and Sabine of Marion and Strong and Pfautz of Chatham. The former were returned the victors by the score of 6-2, 6-4. Sadler and Hollis of MN then took on Bickford and Ray of CM and won 6-0, 6-3. Strong had a strong desire to play Clifton, but lost 6-1, 6-0. Sabine was being entertained by Pfautz on one court and had tucked away one game by the score of 8-6, but was behind 8-9, when Jupe Pluvius interfered. In the other match Sadler and Hollis had tucked one set away 8-6, and were leading 5-3 when they were forced to seek a dryer spot. Marion wishes to congratulate the Chatham boys on the showing they made and their fine sportsmanship throughout. We wish that Chatham were a little nearer so that we could have more athletic competition. At the present time our tiddle-dy-wink team is training hard, so be prepared.

QUITE A FEAT

"This 'ere government," said an English soapbox orator, "is like a hostrich rushin' blindly forward with 'is 'ead 'idden in the sand."

WEDDING BELLS

In Brooklyn, July 29, Paul C. Ringgold, of the Marine department, to Clare Eleanor Mooney, both of Brooklyn.

HEAD OFFICE NOTES

C. W. Latimer, Engineer, sailed from San Francisco, August 18, on the *Manoa* for Hawaii.

G. S. De Sousa, Treasurer, spent his vacation in the Adirondacks.

G. J. Eshleman, Engineer-in-Charge at Tuckerton, N. J., station, is receiving congratulations on the recent birth of a daughter.

George S. Hubbard has been appointed District Manager at Seattle, succeeding W. F. McAuliffe, who has been transferred to San Francisco as assistant to Arthur A. Isbell, General Superintendent.

Vacationists are returning. Ira. J. Adams, Patent Attorney, and Charles J. Ross, Comptroller, are back from the Adirondacks.

Lewis MacConnach, assistant Secretary, has returned from Belmar, N. J.

Alex. E. Reoch, assistant Chief Engineer, and family are rustivating at Belmar, and Major Charles P. Bruch at Delaware Water Gap, Pa.

Paul Ringgold, of the Marine department, was recently married to Miss Clare Eleanor Mooney, of Brooklyn.

Lee Lemon, Director of Traffic Production, has returned from a business trip to Chicago and Philadelphia.

The high power station at Saint Assise, France, was opened to traffic on August 5th and will handle all of the Franco-American traffic. Congratulatory radiograms were exchanged between the President of France and the President of the United States; also between Monsieur Emile Girardeau, Managing Director of the Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie Sans Fil, and President E. J. Nally, of the Radio Corporation of America.

W. A. Winterbottom, Traffic Manager, is spending his holidays cruising about Long Island Sound with his family on his motor-boat.

Mrs. R. McLaughlan, until recently matron at Chatham, Mass., has been transferred to the position of matron at the Head Office, New York, which employs ninety-four girls.

E. B. Pillsbury, General Superintendent, has returned from an inspection of the company's lines between New York and Marion.

H. H. Beverage, Engineer, recently arrived home from Brazil via England.

William H. Howard, Engineer, sailed for Buenos Aires August 24, per S. S. *Pan American*.

EASTERN DIVISION NEW YORK

THE news has just come to us that Herbert L. Crandall, the popular operator in charge on the *Caracas* and our traveling traffic supervisor for southern waters, is about to be married; in fact, by the time this issue is in print it will have taken place.

The date set is August 21 and he will immediately start housekeeping on Twenty-fourth Street, New York. Other than this we have no particulars, not even the bride's name. Mr. Crandall is now at sea and will not be back until a couple of days before the wedding.

We have also heard that he is so elated over the coming event that he walks the decks of the *Caracas* singing "My Rosary" and other sentimental songs.

Steffen F. Nielsen, one of the best known and highly competent operators of our system, was assigned to the *Porto Rico* and Lester O. Marholz went as his junior. The *Porto Rico* is now under service contract with this company.

Philip B. Kimball, a former operator in our service, was re-engaged during the month and sailed for overseas ports on the *Abron*.

Vincent J. Doyle is en route to West Coast ports on the *Steel Inventor*.

Royal Sterling is relieving J. N. Smith for two trips on the Boston district's ship *City of Atlanta*.

Otto Krause, a new man in the service, took out the *Fordonian*, which after a pleasant trip through the St. Lawrence River, will run on the Lakes until the close of navigation there.

Marcel de Valez is now on the *Santa Veronica* en route to the West Coast.

Benjamin G. Tempest sailed for England on the *Eastern King*.

Robert B. Mosher is making a voyage to South America, via Gulf ports, on the *Clearwater*.

Andrew R. Hamilton was transferred from the *Jonancy* to the *Satartia*.

Raymond S. Henery, who has been running for some time on the *Josiah Macy*, is now in charge on the Red D liner *Philadelphia*. James E. Ward continues as junior.

Through the death of his youngest child, Stephen Hidalgo was forced to remain ashore for a trip, but has now rejoined the *M. F. Elliott*, on which he has been running for almost a year. Joseph McConnell made the relief trip.

Meyer Grossfield is now on the *Jonancy*; Louis Weintraub is on the *Gulf of Mexico*; George Schmatzinetz is on the *W. G. Warden*; M. G. B. Rabbitts is on the *Munwood*; and George P. Turiga is on the *Steel Worker*.

Our office is enlivened and back to normal since the return of Miss Florence Levy from her vacation.

The following interesting letter was recently received from Joseph B. Milkiewitz of the *Santa Isabel*:

"Of all the voyages I have made this is proving the most eventful. We ran aground off Miami, Florida, and conditions were such that we had little hopes of reaching our destination. It happened while we were at breakfast about 8 o'clock. A general conversation was in progress then, without a word of warning the ship's bow rose high in the air and with a dull, scraping sound came to a dead stop.

"The men were exceptionally calm and collected and there was no excitement. Every order was carried out with careful precision. The engine was immediately reversed to full speed astern in an effort to pull the vessel off the beach, and various ways and means were employed to attain that end, all of which, unfortunately, were failures. The ship had firmly wedged herself in the hard, sandy bottom.

"The captain, realizing the futility of his various disappointing attempts to release the vessel from the beach, stopped the engine and sent a radiogram to the Coast Guard, giving the necessary information and requesting assistance.

"Communication with the naval station at Key West was constantly maintained.

"About 2:30 that afternoon the ship lurched and calmly slid off the beach, stern first, into deeper water. Soundings of the bilges were taken to determine the nature of the damage to the ship's hull.

"With no evidence of a leak present, we proceeded on our way to Galveston."

Mr. J. A. Pohl, Superintendent of the Gulf division, was a visitor at our offices during the month. Everybody was delighted with Mr. Pohl's presence for the few days and all were sorry to see him leave.

BOSTON

MR. WINTERBOTTOM and Mr. Stevens, accompanied by Master Arthur Winterbottom, visited Boston recently. Arthur found little of interest in our spare parts section, but the boat ride to Maine was great.

George A. Chute spent a week at home and then relieved L. Veader on the *Swiftscout*. George has nice control over his mail. Several letters were received from Newark for him daily up to the day before he sailed, and none since.

B. L. Cook has taken over Stanley Wade's duties on the *City of Rockland*. Wade has moved over to the *Bristol*.

Emery Neff has obtained an electrical engineering diploma but has not yet found a use for it. Meanwhile, he has located on the *Swifteagle*.

Walter E. McLeod is touring southern Massachusetts in his Buick. His courage in sticking to the *Middlesex* while aground has won him commendation from Mr. Nally and the ship's owners.

BALTIMORE DISTRICT

AFTER being laid up at this port for nearly two years the steamer *Lydia* has been re-commissioned with Operator E. J. Olson in charge.

Ralph G. Freeman was relieved on the *Cubore* by Robert S. Howard. Freeman recently received serious injuries while in swimming, but is now on the road to quick recovery.

M. Karl McBride is back with us again after an absence of nearly three years. Mac has been tuning pianos in Cambridge, Maryland, but as he has fixed everybody up down on the Sho he is taking a trip on the *Conehatta* to England.

John T. Hovan, ex-third officer of a Shipping Board vessel, was recently placed on the *Steel Scientist* as operator.

The *Cowboy*, a recent addition to the Matson fleet, sailed for the Pacific coast with M. J. Magill in charge.

J. C. Shaw is on the *Santore*.

After two trips to the Orient on the *Tuscaloosa City*, our old friend J. Hubbard McCauley writes us from Frisco that he is now bound for England.

NORFOLK DISTRICT

DURING the past month a number of vessels in the Shipping Board laid-up fleet at Camp Eustis have been purchased by private concerns and have sailed for either the Great Lakes or the West Coast. One of the vessels was the *Elabeto*, to which T. W. Bean, late of the *Winding Gulf*, was assigned as operator.

William H. Sparks, a new man with the company, was assigned to the *Elcedro*.

David W. Fowler, the Virginia mountaineer, has been assigned to the *West Hembrie* for a trip to England.

D. A. Larsen, an old man in the game but a recruit with our company, has been assigned to the *West Imboden*.

Carl T. Ulven, late of the *Opelika*, is still enjoying a vacation at the various nearby beaches.

GULF DIVISION

NEW ORLEANS

JAMES M. HEILEGENTHAL has relieved Harold G. W. Peters on the *Norman Bridge*. Peters has subsequently been assigned to the *Samuel L. Fuller*.

We have as a new entrant into the service Earle L. Thomas, on the *Lake Florian*.

Fritz B. Von Ohlen, after a short period on the *Rajah*, has been assigned to the *Mexicano* through Texas City.

William W. Ehmer, late of the *Huguenot*, is now in charge on the *W. C. Teagle*, vice Rex G. Bettis, granted leave of absence.

With the laying-up of the *Cecil County* at Mobile, Julian C. Shannon has been assigned to the *Santa Rosalia*.

George L. Hayes, a new man in our service, has relieved Hugh S. Knowles on the Shipping Board steamer *Elkhorn*.

Robert M. Watson has re-entered the service on the *Munisla*, relieving Harry Backman, who has been granted sick leave.

William M. Cline has relieved Ernest B. Smith on the *Afel* at Galveston.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

THE installation of one of the 200-watt combination telegraph telephone sets in our Cleveland shop puts us in the 100 percent radio class.

The set was recently installed for experimental purposes and results obtained will be broadcasted in our next issue.

Shipboard radio is certainly proving its worth during the present fuel shortage, and there isn't a question of a doubt but that ships so equipped are not only getting the fuel but are beating the less fortunate ships in securing dispatch.

By way of commendation, vessel masters of equipped ships apparently are highly elated with, to them, the new wrinkle or aid to navigation in the form of bearings which they receive from the naval communication service compass stations located at White Fish Point and Detour Point, Michi-

gan. The early fall with its fog and the late fall with its snowstorms will certainly impress every one with the importance of these stations.

Garrold E. Flower, while endeavoring to make time between a suburban district and Detroit, where he was to join the steamer *Huron*, drove his tin can head-first into an out-bound interurban car. Flower passed out of the picture temporarily while the can adds to the quantity of scrap tin now on the market. The exact details of the mishap are not to be had but we are glad to write that Garrold is with us again, having been in the hospital for but a short period. Two scars which he will carry as mementos of the incident for the remainder of his earthly existence will prove good identifying marks for his identification certificate.

H. M. Case, of Benzonia, Michigan (whether this refers to Standard Oil or not is a question), has been doing vacation relief duty on the car ferries of the Ann Arbor fleet.

Charles E. Zimmer, a new man in the service, is now on the *Fayette Brown*, a one-man cargo vessel.

Percy C. Reynolds recently joined the *Carolina* as junior.

The *City of Detroit II* and the *City of St. Ignace* were recently tied up, releasing A. M. Fenton and Robert Morris for a short vacation.

Fergus M. Sloan is now attached to the *Westland*, vice Guy Harden, on relief.

William Mockler is temporarily relieving D. S. Peckham on the *Huron*. Peckham is on a short leave attending as best man our old friend Irving Wallace's severance of diplomatic relations from single blessedness to that of wedded happiness. This change of Wallace's personal status has loomed over the horizon for some time, but now that it is a reality we all combine in extending to him our 73's and a *bon voyage*.

The Halberg brothers, George and Carl, have been relieved as senior and junior from the *Manitou* by Edward Stanko and Fred Crentsburg.

Another new man has been added to our service, Lyndell Duell by name, who recently replaced Raymond Eversole on the *Puritan*.

The *Clemens A. Reiss* equipment is now in charge of Glenn H. Piccktt, a new man in this region.

Robert J. Ritchie, Jr., acted as junior Marthens temporary relief on the *South American* while the latter secured a license renewal.

Carl Jones is now holding down the *W. H. McGean* billet, vice William W. Anderson on leave.

Constructors Weide and Covey completed re-installations on the *Chas. O. Jenkins* and *John P. Reiss* during the past two weeks.

Superintendent Nicholas consummated the closing of two new contracts on the passenger ships *City of Holland* and *City of Saugatuck*. These vessels come under Lake Michigan district control and installations were made by District Manager Thomas.

PACIFIC DIVISION
SAN FRANCISCO

THE combination telephone and telegraph sets have been given a thorough tryout on the *S. S. Matsonia* and *H. F. Alexander* with results which fully meet our expectations. A few problems remain to be solved before they will come to be universally accepted and in the same favor as the spark sets, but the engineers who designed and developed the equipment are to be congratulated on the thorough manner in which they anticipated all the functions. One of the problems in connection with operation is to find a way to signal the desired station. The emitted wave is so sharp that it is very difficult to get the attention of a station which is not expecting a call. Telephone tests during two voyages of the *Matsonia* and one voyage of the *Alexander* to Honolulu have proven that this method of communication as far as distance is concerned is equal if not superior to the 2 K. W. spark sets. No trouble is experienced carrying on voice communication between the *Matsonia* at Honolulu and our KPH station using the spark, during the early morning hours, a distance of 2,080 miles. Daylight communication has not had a thorough tryout, but it has demonstrated that 500 miles is a certainty and on one occasion the signals received with perfect modulation over 750 miles.

The ICW finds favor next to the phone on account of the clear, sharp note, and compares with the phone for distance. The CW has not come into its own on account of the peculiar note and the difficulty of tuning through the arc mush interference.

The vacation fever has approached the form of an epidemic in San Francisco and Installer King was the first of the local force to succumb for a two week period. The rest of us are sure to follow and are keeping a keen eye on the calendar.

W. S. Freund and Earl W. Shippe, both graduates of the Radio Institute, were assigned this month, Freund to *Barge 93* and Shippe to the *Admiral Goodrich*.

Milton Holbert, of the *El Dorado*, is enjoying a two month vacation but we doubt if he will return, knowing of his intention to enter some other line of business. Sorry to see you

go, Milton, but whenever you want to stage a come-back drop us a line. Percy Vettel has taken Holbert's place aboard the *El Dorado*.

E. F. Wilmhurst has temporarily been assigned to the *Montebello*, relieving Albert Lusey, who is making a trip to the Orient on the *Algonquin*, relieving G. L. Van Auken, on sick leave.

C. M. Morenus and George Renish were relieved by J. W. Morrow and J. C. Franklin when the *Santa Cruz* sailed for South America. Morenus is on a vacation awaiting the sailing of the *Nile* some time in August. Renish has been transferred to the high power circuit at Marshall, but has been operating on the KPH circuit, so we understand.

B. C. McDonald is now senior on the *Nanking*, relieving H. D. Hancock. A. D. Mair made a flying jump from the shop force in order to sail as junior on the *Nanking*.

George O. Last has been temporarily assigned to the *H. F. Alexander* in order to obtain first-hand experience with the new combination sets.

Ordinarily our best marine work records are made in the winter months, but on June 15th KPH station worked with the *S. S. Tahiti* 5,000 miles, or 19 days from San Francisco. KPH is equipped with a 5 K. W. non-synchronous rotary gap set, and the *Tahiti* with a 2 K. W. rotary spark set.

One June 23rd, KPH copied eight messages from this vessel when she was 3,295 miles from San Francisco. The vessel reported having heard the KPH spark while in Sydney Harbor, New South Wales.

SEATTLE

Oscar Anderson, first on the *Admiral Evans*, was transferred to the same position on the *Admiral Schley*, relieving M. Newton, who is now freight clerk on this vessel.

Charles Laird is now on the *Spokane*, T. Haire relieving him on the *Stewart Dollar*.

Elmer Thureson is making another trip to the Kuskokwim River, this time on the *Admiral Nicholson*.

All rental vessels in this district have now been equipped with vacuum tube receiving installations.

Mr. George Hubbard relieved W. F. McAuliffe as District Manager, effective July 31st. Mr. McAuliffe has been transferred to the San Francisco Office.

PORT OF LOS ANGELES

In a recent letter from Editor Holmes, of the *Daily Shipping Guide*, we were asked to explain the terrific speed made by the *S. S. Sandon Hall*, as given by positon experts.

Mr. Holmes, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, could not but question a speed of 153 1-3 miles per hour, sustained for a period of twenty-four hours, and he immediately sent his office boy for a two-cent stamp to ascertain the details by mail.

In order to cover the subject fully, the writer enriched Uncle Sam to the extent of two cents by replying as follows:

"The report covering the position of the *Sandon Hall* really does seem to be somewhat exaggerated, or if true, would give this vessel a speed of 153 1-3 miles per hour at a sustained run of twenty-four consecutive hours.

"We can hardly believe it possible for a boat to plow through the briny deep at such a terrific speed, but as radio development is traveling at such a break-neck pace, the writer did not at first question the *Sandon Hall's* movement, and thought possibly it was radio-propelled—in which case 153 1-3 miles per hours is as a turtle's gait.

"Radio waves, as you know, travel at the rate of 186,500 miles per second, and with the new equipment that the Radio Corporation of America is installing on *most* of the vessels afloat, when we 'step on it' and go in 'high', we encircle the globe with etheric waves—and who knows, but at some not far distant day a vessel may actually travel by radio propulsion, radio-captained, an' everything radioized to such a degree of perfection that human intelligence, so far as the ship is concerned, will be eliminated, and operated in the office of the owner by a freckle-faced kid who needs only to touch a button—and radio does the rest.

"We are glad to receive your letter on the subject, and for the present will ask that boats carrying our equipment reduce their speed to at least equal to the imagination of present-day intelligence."

The *Los Angeles Commercial News* recently published an article on bugs and animals as "radioites".

Not having a copy of the article, we cannot quote correctly, but the story ascribed to the lower animals the power of transmitting and receiving ether waves, using their tails, whiskers and feelers as the antennae. While at first thought it might seem ridiculous, but as the article in part, as quoted from an eminent authority on the subject, we cannot question the truth which might be contained therein.

Perhaps it might be well for us to pause before taking the life of our dumb animals—we might be killing a fellow workman.

The fellow who believes in transmigration of souls won't kill a monkey—he's afraid he might be killing his great grandfather or aunt.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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