

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

PUBLISHED BY
RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA

APRIL, 1922

VOLUME 3

AT
233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR
EMPLOYEES



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

233 BROADWAY

WOOLWORTH BUILDING

NEW YORK

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WORLD'S RECORD

BROAD STREET OPERATOR CREATES NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR RADIO RECEPTION

The caliber of Broad Street operators was convincingly demonstrated on Friday, March 10th, when in the speed contest held at the Radio Show at the Hotel Pennsylvania, a new world's reception record was created, and three out of the first four places were secured by Broad Street men. Premier honors went to Jose M. Seron, with George Otten third, and Carl C. Henderson fourth. Incidentally, Office Electrician C. Schiavi, who has done no operating for more than a year, entered the contest, and in finishing seventh demonstrated that notwithstanding his long lay-off he is still up there with the best of them. A speed of 49½ words per minute was necessary to win the coveted first place, thereby creating a new world's record. The winner came through with only two errors, and the closeness of the competition can be judged from the fact that Otten in third place had only four errors, Henderson five, and Schiavi eight.

Charge to the account of

RADIOGRAM			
WORLD WIDE WIRELESS			
TO CONTINENT	TO SHORE	TO SHIP	TO SHIP
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA			
EDWARD J. NALLY, PRESIDENT			
"VIA RCA"		"VIA RCA"	

Send the following Radiogram "VIA RCA", subject to terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to. CheckNEW YORK
MARCH 11 1922NALLY
EZPARSC
LONDONOPERATOR SERON BROKE WORLD'S RECEPTION RECORD RADIO SHOW FRIDAY EIGHT FORTYTHREE
AND ONE HALF WORDS PER MINUTE OPERATORS OTTEN THIRD HENDERSON FOURTH ALL OF
BROAD STREET

INTERBOTTOE

FULL RATE RADIOGRAM UNLESS MARKED OTHERWISE

The women's competition was won by the Radio Corporation's lone entry, Miss Ruby Yelland, Manager of HF branch office and formerly of Broad Street. Miss Yelland turned in

the creditable performance of 30½ words per minute with no errors. This is particularly noteworthy in view of the fact that typewriters were not allowed, and the contestants had to copy by hand. As Miss Yelland is an expert touch system operator, we are sorry the opportunity was not afforded her of rivaling or surpassing the figures of the men.

Hearty congratulations are due these doughty upholders of RCA prestige, and Broad Street is to be complimented on the splendid showing made by its representatives.

RADIO CORPORATION
OF AMERICA
333 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

MAR 13 1922

OFFICE OF THE
MANAGER OF THE BOARD

120 Broadway,
March 13, 1922.

Mr. W. A. Winterbottom,
Radio Corporation of America,
233 Broadway,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Winterbottom:

Inasmuch as I am obliged to leave for Europe on Wednesday, may I ask you to express my personal congratulations to Mr. Jose Eron, Mr. George C. Otten, and Mr. C. C. Henderson of your Broad Street staff. The Radio Corporation is very proud of them, and I read of the account of the contest in the newspapers with real pride.

The success of the Radio Corporation depends upon the enthusiastic cooperation of so many men that I desire particularly to express my appreciation to you as the head of the Traffic Department for the work which you and your associates are doing.

Yours very truly,

Edward J. Fox

Charge to the account of _____

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NEW YORK
MARCH 11 1922

NALLY
EXPENSE
LONDON

SATURDAY MISS TELLARD OUR ONLY LADY OPERATOR JUST WON #2MANS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
RADIO SHIP BOTH MALE AND FEMALE CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS NOW WITH RCA

#INTERBOTTOM

FULL RATE RADIOGRAM UNLESS MARKED OTHERWISE.

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"VIA RCA"				"VIA RCA"								

RECEIVED AT 84 BROAD STREET, New York, AT _____ M. DATE MARCH 11 1922.

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LONDON 23

#INTERBOTTOM RADIOCORP NEWYORK

THIRTYSEVEN TWELFTH BULLY FOR OPERATORS TELLARD SCROB UTTER AND HENDERSON AND WORE
POWER TO THEM ABC GLORY FOR BROADSTREET

PRESIDENT

TELEPHONE: _____

To ensure prompt action on inquiries, the original RADIOGRAM should be presented at the office of the Radio Corporation in whatever manner meets the number appearing on the back of original.

RADIOGRAM

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS



CONTINENT
TO
CONTINENT



SHORE
TO
SHIP



SHIP
TO
SHIP

"VIARCA"

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

EDWARD J. HALLY, PRESIDENT

"VIARCA"

RECEIVED AT 233 BROADWAY, New York, AT _____ DATE MARCH 13 1922

BB45/EDJR 320 PM

LONDON 45

WINTERBOTTOM RADIOCORP BERTON

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS FROM STAFF RADIO HOOSE TONY PURSER AND JELP OR GARIBO
CHAMPIONSHIP CUPS MALE AND FEMALE STOP KINDLY GIVE OUR BEST WISHES TO SUCCESSFUL
COMPETITORS AND TELL THEM WE ARE PROUD OF THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS LONG MAY THEY RETAIN
THE CUPS

ROCKS

TELEPHONE:

To secure prompt action on inquiries, the original RADIOGRAM should be presented at the office of the Radio Corporation. In telegrams observed quote the number protecting the place of origin.



C. SCHIAVI



C. C. HENDERSON

PERILS OF THE SEA

THE time was when a navigator had to be a man of good eyesight, but recently on board the Lighthouse tender *Tulip*, far out at sea, it was proved that the navigator of the future may be blind as a post, as long as he has fairly good hearing. At the same time it was demonstrated that fog as a peril of the sea is passing rapidly into the same category as sea serpents.

Standing with back to the window of the pilot house, man after man, land lubbers whose experience in steering was limited to lawn mowers, put the trim little tender on her course toward Ambrose lightship, and otherwise comported themselves as if they had spent a decade or two as pilots on the Atlantic coast.

It was of course a radio stunt and marked a decided step in the process.

A coil, consisting of ten turns of insulated copper wire mounted upon a frame which can be rotated, is the heart of the radio direction finder. When the plane of this coil is parallel to the direction from which a radio signal emanates, the intensity of the signal received will be greatest. In other words it will be heard most loudly. As the coil is revolved the intensity of the sound in the ears of the operator diminishes until a minimum is reached when the plane of the coil comes to a position at right angles to the line of direction.

Thus a navigator in the thickest fog on the darkest night can instantly, without moving from the wheel, determine just where he is by listening to two or three stations and marking his place on the chart. Ambrose lightship, Fire Island lightship and the radio station at Sea Girt, N. J., were the stations which sent the call. Ambrose sent a single dot rapidly for twenty seconds, was silent for twenty seconds and resumed again. Fire Island sent two dots for twenty-five seconds and was silent for twenty-five seconds. Sea Girt sent three dots for one minute and was silent five seconds. The radio signals were sent on a 1,000 meter wave, so as not to conflict with ships, which use 600 meters. The Sea Girt signals can be heard 100 miles; those on the other stations forty miles.

Experiments proved that it is possible to navigate the vessel to within one or two degrees, which is as fine a course as the best of quartermasters can steer.

The advantages of the system over that by which ships obtained their position from stations ashore are numerous. Navigators have the means of finding their position right at their elbows; any number of ships can get their positions at once; no knowledge of radio by the navigator is necessary; the transmitting stations are automatic, and the direction finder may be used in locating other vessels at sea and in preventing collisions in fog.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Don't you hate to be late?

I do.

That sheepish, slinking feeling that comes over you just as you hit the door! You walk in nonchalantly, vastly unconcerned apparently, but all the time inside you are feeling like a little old last year's two-cent piece.

I know a man who is never a half minute late. He says he would rather be late a half hour, because half-hour lateness looks as if there was an honest-to-goodness reason, but a half minute has no alibi whatsoever. It just screeches to the world that he got up late and dashed madly, and just escaped making it. And as he cannot afford to be half an hour late, he makes it a point to get in on time.

Let's all do likewise.

MEMORIAL DAY

ATENTION, New Yorkers and Jerseyites! Reserve this date until you see an announcement in May issue. It will interest you and your friends of either sex.

HAWAII

TO begin with, folks, I have just concluded an article in one of the local dailies on the wonders of these tropical isles, and as this has been a daily diet for a long long time, I rise herewith in rebellion against unrestrained and uncensored publicity.

For the sake of those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the history of the South Seas, let it be known that the white man first set foot on Hawaiian soil about the time the patria was chasing Cornwallis out of Trenton, or to be more explicit, in the year of 1778. This man was the English explorer Captain James Cook, who had been commissioned by one of the Peers of the time, the Earl of Sandwich, to explore the South Seas, and his landing was made at Waimea Bay on the Island of Kauai, one of the six Islands now comprising the Territory of Hawaii. For many years the islands were called the Sandwich Islands, having been so named by their discoverer in honor of his benefactor.

The natives, of course, were completely awed by the sight of a white man, for they believed him to be their returning God who had departed this earth, and was destined to return with fire emitting from his mouth. The fact that the Captain was smoking was conclusive to the simple natives that he was a God, and he was treated accordingly, until the suspicions of the natives were aroused when he was observed to flinch from pain caused when he

was accidentally struck. The legends told that a God knew no pain, and when they found that the white man was not a God, a fight occurred between the explorers and the natives, in which Cook was killed, and a monument now marks his grave at Kealahou Bay, Hawaii.

Soon after the discovery of the islands they became a rendezvous for explorers and later on whaling fleets that frequented the central Pacific. Not long after the whaling fleets came the missionaries from dear old Boston, with their bibles and their Mother Hubbards, the latter to cover the nudity of the natives, who at that time believed in fresh air on all sides. The government of the Islands was monarchistic from the time a stable one could be formed until the early nineties when a republican form of government was adopted, the latter existing for a period of approximately four years. In 1898, by popular vote, they were annexed to the United States as a territory. Today it is just a matter of history repeating itself, the native has the religion, and, to a great extent, those things which follow in the wake of civilization which are not particularly advantageous to the aborigine. The Hawaiian, is a fast-dwindling race. In a few years it will be difficult to find one of full blood, and it is indeed regrettable that this fine race should pass into history. Those of the Hawaiians who have been fortunate enough to be favored by the chosen few (and they, by the way, are very few) are to a great extent eking out a living along the ocean shores, sheltered by rude shacks made of scrap lumber obtained here and there, keeping an ever-watchful eye on the sea, for it is there that they obtain most of their food. The Hawaiian diet is composed chiefly of fish and poi, the latter produced from taro root, and the manufacture of which is now in the hands of the Chinese who have advanced the price far beyond the purse strings of many of those who formerly depended on it for their daily bread.

To the average mainlander the mention of Hawaii, and more particularly Honolulu, bespeaks wide, sandy beaches on which dusky maids gaily disport to the harmonious chords of steel guitar and ukulele; but it is a case of dream on, for the beaches are few, and if there were ever any Hula maids, they are, as some songs declared, all away singing in some cabaret. It might be well here to tell the truth, and that is, the Hula is just about as scarce in Honolulu as it is at Mattapoisett or Boundbrook, and if you do see one it is just a model, that is, an imitation of the real thing.

Honolulu is a city of 83,327 people situated on the lee side of the Island of Oahu, and as a city, is as alive and awake as any of its size on the mainland, as the efforts of the tourist bureau amply attests. It is six days journey by the regular mail boats from San Francisco, the schedule being so arranged that the boats arrive off port at day-break on the sixth day. The approach to

the city is very impressive, with the famous Diamond Head standing guard to the right, and Tantalus frowning over the city, in the background. While the ship is being given practice by the quarantine officials a launch takes off the coveted mail, and a few others with large canvas signs on them circle the ship advertising the Mother Jones Eating House or the leading hotels, and you suddenly awaken to the fact that it is not all romance here for the people really work for a living. You anxiously search for the famous Waikiki Beach, and some Kamaaina (old timer) on board points over to a place where a good old suction dredger such as will be seen anywhere from Kankakee to St. Louis, is pumping mud from the bottom of the Pacific and depositing it where it is needed most.

After practice the ship enters the channel for the dock, and she is soon surrounded by large numbers of boys composed of all races who dive for the coins thrown overboard for the purpose. They are all expert swimmers and it is a pleasure to watch them.

As the boat docks the Royal Hawaiian band renders appropriate music and the crowds on the pier, many who are there to meet friends, make your arrival a very pleasing one. If you happen to be a distinguished tourist the newspapers train their main battery on you, and you suddenly find yourself telling of the wonders of Hawaii, and this before you have set foot on terra firma.

The first thing you want to see, of course, is the Waikiki Beach; so, by machine, you wind your way thru the business section of the town, which is modern and up to date in every respect. At the Beach you take one look, and if you think as most every newcomer does, your first remark will be—"Where's the beach?" and such a question is absolutely justified, for the beach that has been boosted the world over as the greatest of them all, is a most ordinary one, which is surpassed by many from Bar Harbor to Miami; and in your search for maids you find that most of them lying about hail from Milpitas or Hoboken. The one redeeming feature of Waikiki is its proximity to town. There are many other beaches on the islands which excel Waikiki in every respect.

The three principle hotels of Honolulu are modern and comfortable, and while rates are high, they are not much higher than at any other places frequented by tourists.

Hawaii exists principally by virtue of the human desire for sweet things, as the territory literally breathes sugar, altho the pineapple industry is also very important. Large sugar plantations exist on all the islands, each plantation being owned and controlled by one of the "Big five," that is, one of the five main corporations which control the industry on the islands. The earnings of these corporations during the high price of sugar was enormous, and was to an appreciable extent shared by the workers; however since sugar has dropped, things are again normal.

Hawaii is considered to be the out-post for the defense of the Pacific coast of the United States, and owing to its strategic position, and the fact that by far the greater percentage of the inhabitants of the islands live on Oahu, it has been chosen as an important military and naval base. At Pearl Harbor, the navy department has spent millions, and has one of the best equipped Navy Yards in the world. It is at Pearl Harbor that the Government has one of their 200 K.W. arc transmitting stations. The War Department has constructed large Army bases on Oahu, the most important being Schofield Barracks, containing approximately 8,000 men. Many forts guard the city of Honolulu, and a large number of men are stationed at these places:

The transmitting station (KIE) of the Radio Corporation is located at Kahuku, on the windward side of the island 46 miles by road from Honolulu, and 72 by railroad. Most of the road by the most-used route is excellent, thanks to Uncle Sam, the rest being very poor.

It would appear from the isolated site of Kahuku plant that those who chose it must have been bored to death with the obligations of civilization and thought the future personnel of the station would be similarly affected, for it is just as far away from a community of any size as the law will allow.

The immediate station grounds are quite attractive, the original landscape being greatly improved by fast growing iron wood trees and shrubs. The hotel is designed for the semi-tropics and is very well constructed, and equipped with every possible convenience, making a most comfortable place to call home.

The power house is now equipped with two, 200 K.W. Alexander alternators and one 300 K.W. spark transmitter held for emergency.

The antenna system consists of two separate units. The one termed the Japan antenna is supported by 12 steel towers 455 feet high, and the San Francisco antenna towers are 325 feet high. The antennae are of the multiple-tuned type, and the entire plant is absolutely the latest in radio development. It is one of the most important in the world, for with the exception of the cable, it is the only reliable and expeditious means of communication between Hawaii and the mainland, and between the former and Japan. All traffic from the mainland to the Orient via Radio Corporation service is relayed by Kahuku (KIE) of course, with the able assistance of the Koko Head station, the receiving station of the Hawaiian unit.

The Koko Head station is located fourteen miles from the center of Honolulu, and while those located there can rejoice as to its proximity to town, it has some handicaps as well. The last few miles to the station are over precarious bridges and board runways, and after arriving, you feel lucky. The buildings at

Koko Head are duplicates of those at Belmor and Chatham, so it is not necessary to elaborate on them.

The communication system of Hawaii so far as radio is concerned is good. Traffic between islands is handled by the Wireless department of the Mutual Telephone Co., and their service is excellent in every respect.

One of the most interesting islands in the group is Hawaii. It is on this island that the active volcano of Kilauea is located. This is a day's journey from Honolulu by boat and stage via the city of Hilo, which is the largest on the island, and second to Honolulu in the territory. Hilo owes its existence principally to sugar. It is wideawake and progressive and its important industries, judging from personal experience, are rain and heat.

The volcano is a three-hour journey over rough roads from Hilo, but one is well repaid for his trials, for the volcano is the one thing in Hawaii which justifies the advertising in the publicity folders. It is wonderful and awesome beyond description, and is well worth a trip to the islands to see.

The islands of Maui, Kauai and Lanai are sugar producers, and in many places the cane fields cover acreage beyond one's sight. The plantations are large communities, each having its own townsite, railroad, and communication system. The great mills for grinding the sugar are extremely interesting, and little does the average person realize the various processes through which sugar must pass before it reaches one's morning coffee cup.

The plantations employ thousands of laborers, most of them being Japanese and Filipinos. They are comfortably housed in individual cottages provided for them by the plantation, free of charge. The Sugar Planters' Association believes to a great extent in human engineering, and each plantation has its corps of welfare workers, whose duties as implied, are to provide amusement and education for the plantation help.

The climate of Hawaii is wonderful, particularly to those who desire a warm and unvarying one. The average temperature is 75 degrees, and of course under these conditions outdoor sports such as tennis and swimming can be carried on in any season of the year. The delightful climate, however, has its price, and one soon finds that retrogression is difficult to combat. One cannot judge Hawaii in a week or two, but from the writer's conversation with many people, it would seem as though it were a land of home-sick people. Most any conversation with one who has been in Hawaii for any length of time includes a proposed trip to the mainland.

As previously implied, Hawaii, and particularly Honolulu, has been undergoing an extensive campaign of publicity throughout the world, which in a large measure has made it the Mecca for thousands of tourists. During the war and up to the present

time outgoing passenger accommodations have been as hard to find as a Hula maid on Waikiki. In many cases it is necessary to wait one's turn on a list for a month or two in the future. When the coveted ticket is at last obtained and your boat pulls away from the dock to the strains of Aloha Oe, played by the Royal Hawaiian band, you feel, even though your previously held mental picture of the islands has been torn asunder, you are glad to have had the opportunity to visit Hawaii, for it is interesting, and there is no other place like it. And if you do as people who have been here for years claim they all do, you will come back again, some day.

A HUNDRED MILES UP THE DANUBE

By F. Pearson

Immediately I heard that the ship I was appointed to was bound for Rumanian ports, memories commenced to crowd in my mind of tales I had read about the "Mighty Danube," and the "Blue Danube," and in consequence I prepared my artistic faculties for the sight of a gigantic waterway sweeping down to the sea, and reflecting from its bosom the blue dome overhead. How quickly are one's most cherished ideals shattered in this cruel world. Arriving at Sulina, a desolate-looking town at the main entrance to the river, my eyes were greeted by the sight of a dirty lane of water reflecting, not the illimitable expanse above, but the muddy bottom below. "Never mind," I said to myself, "this is only part of the delta. The main river will make up for this disappointment." Hope does indeed spring eternal in the human breast.

We left Sulina early morning for Galatz, which is ninety miles up river, and I stationed myself at a point of vantage to enable my soul to feast upon the wonders which were soon to burst into view. Mile after mile was passed, and still no change in the general aspect. On either side stretching for miles was an unbroken wave of tall grass, fully twelve feet high. This is used by the "paysans" for thatching. From what I could gather there didn't seem to be any shortage.

Occasionally a whitewashed hovel is seen, breaking to some extent the monotony, and one catches a glimpse of numerous children and farmyard denizens, which look pathetically out of place in that grass-covered wilderness.

The river proper is entered forty miles from Sulina, and just above Tulcea, another nondescript town, which the German army partly demolished in their whirlwind invasion. Here the river broadens out a little, but one looks in vain for anything approaching grandeur, or even common decency. The same grass lines the banks, similar hovels are to be seen, although I must admit that the scenery is made a little more varied by the addition of an oc-

casional young mountain or an aspiring tree.

We arrived at Galatz late at night, and as I had had its good points dinned into me by members of the crew who had already tasted of its sweets, I was naturally impatient to get ashore to see things for myself, and to console my wounded spirit amongst noble buildings and spacious avenues.

Strolling ashore next morning I received the first shock just outside the dock gates when I found myself amongst a throng of bullock carts, droskis and about two feet of mud. Half an hour of this brought me to the centre of the town (and almost to insanity), and I took a long breath and looked around. Nearby stood a statue of some bearded patriot, but of other signs of an enlightened race there were none. The streets narrow and dirty, the houses small and ugly, and such public buildings as there were looked very much like Mexican prisons.

At last I decided to discontinue my search for architectural beauty, and take stock of the people who were passing to and fro. The male section struck me as being exceedingly polite to each other, not too courteous to the fair sex, and altogether too fond of loud ties and corsets. The more attractive pedestrians appeared to have walked straight out of *La Vie Parisienne* and I spent many minutes in intense admiration of the way they got over the ground on shoe heels at least six inches high.

Before returning on board I visited the market, and had the satisfaction of purchasing a dozen eggs for ten-pence, and several other edibles equally cheap.

The night life of Galatz is moderately swift, and the centre of the stage is occupied by the Café Royal, where sailors and civilians congregate to drink coffee, beer or champagne, and to criticise or pay tribute to the fair divinities who "honor" the café by their presence.

From Galatz the ship took us up river another ten miles to Braila, where I ventured ashore as soon as possible in order, if possible, to find some feature to make up for the many previous disappointments. The streets are certainly more easily navigable than those of Galatz, and there are one or two buildings with pretensions to magnificence, but again there is nothing to linger over or admire, except, perhaps, the Strada Regala, which looks well on a postcard. The shops are very disappointing and very expensive, and curiously enough, the high rate of exchange does not seem to benefit one at all. Perhaps this is due to the habit several foreigners have of accommodating the "mad Englishman" by sending up prices a hundred per cent.

There are plenty of outward and visible signs of religion in this part of Rumania. At a small place named Ismail, in the Kilia branch of the river, I counted no fewer than six churches.

All of them are white with two or three green domes, and large gilt crosses surmounting all. From a distance these buildings look rather striking, although the clash of color seems to be in bad taste. This latter impression is emphasized upon closer inspection. The outer walls are made of reinforced mud, covered over by what, no doubt, was originally intended to be cement, but which ended by being a somewhat pasty whitewash. The green domes are only green in places, the rest is brown or yellow, and the crosses are in various stages of decay, some inclining at an angle of forty-five degrees. My opinion of Rumania developed in a minus sign here, and I never saw anything later to bring it up any.

I kept to my room when the ship went down river for open sea, and read all about the great rivers of the world. I have come to the conclusion that one is really happier by just reading of the world's wonders instead of going to see and coming away disillusioned and cynical. Anyway, I have a short history to relate to the next person I hear casting reflections upon the one and only Father Thames.—*The Aerial*.

PINCH HITTING

IT sometimes happens in baseball that near the end of the game opposing teams find their scores nearly identical. As this condition arises, the managers frequently call upon men to go to bat who are known to be particularly good batsmen with steady nerves, who in past performances have shown that the tight score and the short remaining period of the game are being called on in the beginning. a wallop. Such batsmen are called *pinch hitters*.

We have almost the same condition in business today—especially in the radio business. The only difference is that these pinch hitters instead of being called on near the end of the game are being called on in the beginning.

The stam pede for radio apparatus has taken the country by storm. Manufacturing facilities have been expanded to a point which, a year ago, would have been considered absolute folly, but they are still far from what is necessary to even approach supplying the demand. Dealers throughout the country are being swamped with orders from their customers for new apparatus which they cannot supply and the dealers in turn carry their tales of woe to the manufacturers through the distributors.

We, in the Radio Corporation, must bear the brunt of this threefold demand for apparatus, information and service. At the present moment we are pinch hitting. If our nerve fails now the possibility of our team being victorious is greatly reduced. On the other hand, if we stand up to the plate and exert every effort to pinch hit as we never have

done before, it will be but a short time before the wheels of our Corporation are properly greased and set in motion, and we will be able to sit back as the village blacksmith in the evening, secure in the knowledge that a good day's work has been done.

It is up to us, therefore, to remember that the Radio Corporation of America is our team, and time is our opponent. Every effort we make to reduce the time necessary for the delivery of satisfaction to our distributors, our dealers, and the ultimate consumer will go up on the score as one more pinch hit to our credit.

The world loves a pinch hitter.

—A. H. L.

SEA TRAGEDY

THE story of a tragedy of the sea dealing with a ship and thirty men lost 600 miles off the coast was brought to New York by Edward Hansen, wireless operator of the Baltic-American liner *Estonia*, from Danzig.

Only six days previous, almost within sight of the bridge of the *Estonia*, the Danish freighter *Grontoft* went to the bottom of the Atlantic with all hands, and when the liner reached the scene of the tragedy there was not so much as a splinter afloat to mark it.

At 10 o'clock in the morning of March 2, floundering in mountainous seas and with the smoke being literally snatched out of her funnels and shot astern in a straight line by a sleet-laden gale, the *Estonia* was making four and one-half knots an hour. Captain Gorgensen was in the chart house and Hansen was in his place in the wireless room with the receivers to his ears, idly listening to the messages coming to him through the ether.

He sat up as he distinguished the S O S call. Intently he listened as the wireless operator on the *Grontoft* told, rapidly, almost incoherently, how the vessel had become unmanageable in latitude 48.6 north, longitude 41.90 west. The *Grontoft*, her wireless said, was doomed, and haste in rendering aid was imperative.

In two minutes Captain Gorgensen had the message. He knew his position. It was about 48 miles east by north of that of the *Grontoft*.

"Tell him," said Captain Gorgensen to Hansen, "that we are on the way to help him."

Against the muttered protests of his officers, Captain Hans Gorgensen swung his ship and headed back in the teeth of the storm. Only a seaman can understand what he risked in turning his ship in such a sea. As the helm was put over

the *Estonia* seemed to drop into a chasm that had great waves for walls. Pushed to her limit the steamer doggedly fought her way toward the *Grontoft* at six knots.

Meanwhile Hansen listened tensely in the wireless shack. He heard the nameless operator of the *Grontoft* passing flip-pant comments on the weather.

"God pity the poor boys at sea such a night as this," sent the *Grontoft*. It is a stock jest of seamen and it was followed by the "Ha, ha" that indicates laughter on the wireless. "The Old Man thinks it may breeze up by night," the *Grontoft* operator continued.

At 11 a. m. the *Grontoft* sent a second S O S. It was followed by more comment by the operator. "Well, the steward is making sandwiches for the lifeboats," he sent. "Looks like we were going on a picnic."

At 11.30 a. m. the *Grontoft* cut in again. "The old wagon has a tilt like a run-down heel," her operator told his listeners. "This is no weather to be out in without an umbrella." "Hold on; we'll be alongside soon," the *Estonia* sent back.

The *Grontoft* did not reply. Her operator was silent until 12.10. "We are sinking stern first. The boats are smashed. Can't hold out longer," the message read.

"The skipper dictated that," the operator added. "He ought to know. . . . Where did I put my hat? Sorry we couldn't wait for you. Pressing business elsewhere. Skoll——"

And that was the last word of the Norwegian tramp, *Grontoft*, from Norfolk to Esbjerg.

The *Estonia* reached the last position given by the *Grontoft* at 4.10 p. m. and cruised four hours without finding a trace.

Who dares to say that gallantry and heroism and high courage and the noble jest at fear are dying out of the world?

NEW YORK BROAD STREET

WE are glad to report that Mr. E. F. Norrito, who was recently operated on for appendicitis at St. Vincent's Hospital, is making good progress towards recovery, and we hope to see him back with us within a short time.

Reggie Mason has secured three months leave of absence and is off to see his home folks in South Africa. We shall miss Reggie's cheery countenance around the office, but wish him a most enjoyable trip and a speedy return.

We extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Sunde, the second Norwegian operator to visit us, and express the hope that he will soon find himself at home with us. Mr. Larsen will no

doubt introduce him to the wide circle of feminine friends he has made in and around Brooklyn—or will he?

Fred Johnston, Signal-Purveyor-in-Chief at Riverhead, blew in the other day en route for Poland. Johnny expects to be away about a couple of years, and by the time he's through showing the Poles how to grab 'em while they're hot, Riverhead will probably be as dead as, well, say Belmar. Here's luck to you, Fred, and may you soon return.

OFFICIAL CHANGES

J. M. Sawyer, Superintendent M. R. I. Division, has been transferred to Sales Department, 233 Broadway, N. Y.

Lee L. Manley has been appointed Superintendent M. R. I. Division, New York, 326 Broadway, vice Mr. Sawyer.

E. M. Hartley, District Manager, Philadelphia, has been promoted to be Assistant Superintendent M. R. I. Division, 326 Broadway, N. Y., vice Mr. Manley.

F. H. Illingworth, Chief Operator, Philadelphia, has been appointed District Manager, Philadelphia, vice Mr. Hartley.

N. Y. RADIO CENTRAL

CHARITY for Charity's sake, that's Doc all over. Doc Usselman recently signed up to make weekly contributions to the John D. Rockefeller Foundation through the medium of a new Dodge car which he purchased at the recent Brooklyn Auto Show. They all flop sooner or later.

The latest addition to the Usselman household, however, is a mascot: a pretty kitty whose *nom de plume* is Freckles, more familiarly known, however, as Measles.

Honorary mention is given to F. A. Blanding, pilot, deck-hand, brakeman, and charioteer in our Mud Chariot, Henry Fordson No. 62. Above is a very apt contrivance, a combination dump wagon and Fordson hooked in series, painted a battleship gray with polka dots of mud and used to haul human freight to and fro from power house to community house.

Pug Riley, rigger, is sweet mamma to a couple mean lunch grabbers, you bet. A couple members, who were persuaded to throw their hats in the ring, came out with their hats, and that ain't all. After each evening of encounter, black eyes and split lips are very much in vogue.

Perc Risley is departing this life at Rocky Point on March 15th and we half suspicion that the Titian-haired Russ Brittain of Tuckerton will replace Percy as chauffeur.

Harold E. Feathers treads a heavy foot on the exhilarator of his new Rolls-Nice (Studebaker) and most any movie night

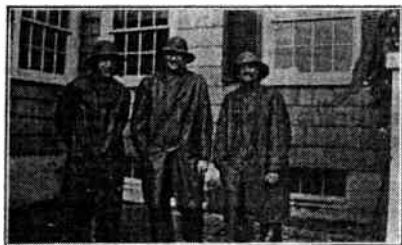
can be seen rolling into town to see "Why Men Leave Home" in two parts—the Toonerville Tractor, or some such.

We have a boy here, with raving locks and dimpled cheek, who hails from Marion, and the one great desire of his young life is about to materialize: like a pimple, it comes to a head. We don't like to have this mentioned, but rumor has it that Frank is about to be transferred back to Katy—our mistake—Frank is about to be transferred back to Marion. And maybe you wouldn't believe it, but that boy's face is like enough to bust with smiles.

For the edification of interested parties at Tuckerton, Mott says that while Trenton has its charms, he hasn't even begun to pucker up yet, leave alone whistle.

On a recent trip of inspection to Brooklyn: Nephew Ritz—Uncle Henry, why is a Dynamo Tender? Uncle Henry—Sh-h-h-h! Georgie, come on out back, mamma says we mustn't swear in the house.

W. A. R. Brown, according to rumor, is soon to graduate from the coal shovel, oil can, thermometer, floor broom and such. In other words, less work and more pay. You've guessed it—Shift Engineer.



The above depicts the only survivors of the S. S. *Never-leak*, which sank in a terrible hurricane on the Sea of Olive Oil. Reading left to right, the first mate, skipper and crew, landed at Rocky Point after 16 weary days in a small boat on the open sea.

CHATHAM

WHO threw that brick? Said remark applying to a cruel thrust by Riverhead in the last issue of our little magazine. Verily, the pen is mightier than the sword. However, we have nothing to apologize for. Our correspondent is a great booster of home industries and why

shouldn't he relate the heroic deeds of Chatham. We have a well-developed hunch that right now WSO is receiving more traffic from OUI than the RD-NY combination is receiving from any of the European stations.

However, as the convict said when they gave him a job in the basement,—“A man may be down but he's never out.” Which goes for Chatham. Our arch enemy RC has captured a goodly number of our star performers and has moved them to the concentration camp at Broad Street. But the conflict goes on as merrily as ever.

The first sign of spring has arrived. 'Arold 'Olm's second pair of socks were seen floating to the breeze on the family wash line. Fourteen robins gathered abreast on the line and sang Mendelssohn's “Spring Wabble.”

Charlie Heiser is having a selling-out. Rigby bought his decrepit motor boat, and Reeves, while in a subconscious state of mind, contracted for his flivver. All Charlie has to do now is sell his red flannel shirt and he will be prepared for light traveling.

We notice the Honolulu City Office is back in print. We have an advertising suggestion to make to them. Why not get a Hula dancer (from somewhere south of Geary Street), put her in the window and have some sixty cycle juice tacked to the metal floor space to keep her going. Give her a coconut and a half for overtime.

Eastman, our morbid Marine man, has had a change of heart. In days gone by he was wont to discourse freely on the wicked ways of the world. But lately we have noticed on several occasions Mr. Eastman's physiognomy buried deep in a motion picture classic. His motto is: “'Ave a 'art for arts' sake.”

The Kiddies Kolony of Chatham is growing. Since Richards' arrival in a cottage on the station his two young Dempseys are quite in evidence. Sonny Wood is a constant visitor at their domicile. They give vent to their momentary feelings in true Young America style. First Sonny crowns Charles Jr. with a turnip. Charles Jr. then fends him off with a mallet. Leslie Richards, the youngest of the embryo Kleinschmidt punchers, has a hard time keeping out of the maelstrom. Half an hour later you can find them all asleep together in all the innocence of youth.

Doc Flood says the Mess fund is in a pickle this month. Doc forgot to count in the floating fund somehow and as a result we aren't floating any more—we are sinking. Just now Doc is tighter than a Bronx flat. He even walks to town to save tires on his bus. We call that the height of skillabog-wooch. But judge ye not rashly. “Oh, eczema”. As the psychoanalysts have it, Doc has a “love motif”. He figures on taking a trip next fall and his bus will “mote” if he nurses

it till then.

We noticed on the cover of the March issue the photo of Our Mary holding phones to her ears while listening in on the S. S. *Paris*. Those couldn't have been signals from WCC. She could have hung the 'phones on the wall, if they were. Still, those little waves in Mary's tresses might have had a very devastating effect on the other little waves. Isn't that a cute sentiment? If Mary sees this she will throw rocks at Doug and start for Chatham.

Well, Dr. Wellington Koo and Mrs. Koo has departed our midst along with Mrs. Sze and all their little ones and in the parting they have returned from Washington our long lost Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Heiser. But even at the moment of this writing he is once more leaving us. If good things die young, Mr. Heiser should have had a daisy in his hand long ago. But dadgum it, if it weren't for fellows like him we would lose our faith in humanity. However, our loss is another's gain, and we are not poor losers.

*Since brevity is the soul of wit,
We think we've done our little bit;
And in the end we're glad to say
Regards to all the R C A.*

NEW BRUNSWICK

THE gang visited the Rivoli Theatre a few nights ago and bumped into Stage-Door Johnny Burchard, who had a bouquet of ancient dandelions in his hand. Very much abashed at seeing us, he dashed madly to the rear of the stage, and evidently did not make a good impression, for he arrived home before the rest of us.

Captain Carter has returned from Tuckerton (somewhere along the Atlantic coast) where he spent his evenings catching fish from underneath the alternators. Now that he is nearer to Brooklyn—well, there's a lady in the case, and he is as cheerful as can be. Wonder if she feels the same way. It has been noticed that more gray hair has appeared on his noble dome since he left for three months' stay at 'T. U., and perhaps he will soon be in Leuteritz' class, unless rescued by his girl from Paris. If so, Blue Boar tobacco will have to be discontinued and a better brand used, as the odor is indescribable.

Mike has again risen from the dead, having been in a state of coma for almost a week. He has been busy looking on a receiving outfit of some kind, but so far has received nothing but jocular remarks. It works wonderfully, especially during meals.

W. Higgins just finished two weeks vacation at Bound Brook, N. J. Pretty classy, Wes. Must be great to be able to go away to a beautiful winter resort, seeing all the pretty

flappers with brand-new goloshes and such.

Bill has told us considerable about leather collars—no, not dog collars. Seems as though they could be worn only by leathernecks. From the description, they are real pretty with brass studs, ring and buckle. We have seen quite a few styles in the hardware stores, but maybe not the kind Bill means, what?

THE MYSTERY OF THE BOARDING HOUSE

By J. J. M.

'Twas it, or 'twasn't it, that is the question. 'Twas what? Why the mystery of the chaotic condition as represented by the accompanying photo.

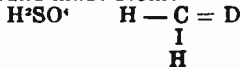
For many moons the staff at N. B., N. J., U. S. A., has been kept in a state of suspense and nervous breakdown due to the nocturnal visits of a spectre which leaves its visiting card in the form of a shake-up as herewith illustrated.

The latest victim of this nomadic and pestiferous radiotuatara is the Honorable and Esteemed Dynamo Tender who has contributed largely to the pages of *Ye WORLD WIDE WIRELESS* by exposing the activities of the Ancient and Dishonorable Order of Mutilated Camels, an organization composed of select and exclusive members of the N. B., N. J., U. S. A., staff.

Not only has Ye Hon. D. T. suffered mental anguish through the depredations of the Camel mascot, but he has been the recipient of a noose-gay made up of a select variety of twenty different grades of rope, to which was secured the following epitaph:

"Gignus Vindice Nodus".

After consulting the E. C., Ye Hon. D. T. was advised to sprinkle a compound made from:



about his room in order to prevent any future visits of the Camels or their nefarious emissaries.



MARSHALL

WELL, you know how it is. You get all full of good intentions and have something sort of lined up and then the old month sort of slips by and you find it's too late for the little contribution to these pages. Now take

this here month of March. Being sort of the second anniversary of our opening, it seemed like a fine chance to write up a few columns on that topic, and then we remembered that by the time this gets into print March would have flown and another month arrived, so we nearly gave up the idea.

Remember that 12.01 a. m. on the 1st day of March, 1920, when WII and MUU officially opened the circuit? And now, only two years later, you pick up the rate card and see that "Via R C A" reaches to places you never even heard of—and we are still reaching out. That is progress. Of course, out here on the Pacific it was an old story and it was not such a novelty to resume where we left off a few years before. Some improvements between then and now, though. It is interesting to look over some of the old log sheets, back at the beginning of 1915, when they stopped and made an entry each time a message was sent or received successfully. Quite an event it seemed to be.

Right now the insidious little wireless germ is undermining the morale of the troops on the station and everyone wants to have a ham set. You have all heard of the postman who takes a little walk on his day off? Well, 'its a pathetic sight to see Peterson work from four till midnight, hike the mile and a half to his home in Marshall and then sit up till four o'clock listening to the ships on his home-made set. Poor old Pete was suddenly rushed to the hospital a short time ago, and we expect him back soon, after having all of his appendix, and most of his bank balance, removed.

Another project under way is the construction of a telegraph line between the houses of Butcherknife Anderson and Roehrig in Marshall. Of course, Alibi Ike says it's so the Sweet Woman can clear the circuit to Mrs. Andy but we don't see why he should be ashamed of it. The houses are separated by the seventy-five feet of the one and only street in the town, so the constructional difficulties are not great but it's startling, to say the least, to be strolling peacefully through the twilight when a window shoots up, a head appears and the silence is shattered with such choice bits as, "Hey, for _____'s sake, close that little lever!"

Our most important addition to the staff, an eight-pound Marine operator, arrived recently, via the Stork Navigation Company, at the home of R. B. Walling. This promising brasspounder will soon be helping daddy hold down the third trick and in the meantime Mr. Walling wishes to flatly deny the rumor that the youngster will be christened Franklin Woodbury.

SOCIAL NOTES FROM THE HOTEL MARCONI

The winter social season is now at its height at this well known hostelry and at night the main dining room presents an entrancing scene of bright lights, gay colors and dazzling beauty, and a glance at the register shows the names of many famous, and infamous persons. Philbrick's troupe of riggers have been with us for some months in large numbers, and Dining Room Manager Pepper has been as busy as the one-armed paperhanger you have all heard of.

Among the names of those who have checked out recently appears that of Dapper Dan Reidy, known in financial circles as the greatest enemy of the shaving soap trust. Reidy packed his other shirt and departed for the wilds of Koko Head, where he can let his beard grow till it drags in the cockleburs. Accompanying Mr. Reidy was Jerry Neville, the youngest speed artist we have seen. At a later date we lost one of our oldest guests, L. E. Nichols, who also left for Honolulu. W. F. Lindholm, an old-timer of the Alaskan circuit, parked his hat in one of our choicest suites for a few short weeks and then departed for Hawaiian shores to try out the warmer climate. Marion, an old Morse man, left us to go to a radio school at the invitation of a more or less grateful government.

The famous sea-going sidekicks, Little Joe Arensburg and Big Dick Parachini are once more together. Arensburg graduated to the high-power room and Parachini, after nursing the alternators at Bolinas for a time, took his place in the Marine department and is doing splendidly, having already received a TR from the barque *Golden State*—which never has had a radio set.

Our latest arrivals are W. F. Lindauer, who carries on the good work of Dapper Dan in the service room, and G. A. Burke, an old hand at the game, who has won the admiration of his fellow workers for his capacity in absorbing large quantities of the very strongest tobacco known to science. We have also had the pleasure of entertaining many transient guests during the season.

AROMA FROM GASOLINE ALLEY

The latest acquisition to our flock of buggies is the chariot possessed by Mr. Gerhard, who now resides across the bay and rides to work in his Dodge—so called because it dodges nine out of ten mud-holes and get stuck in the tenth. Goodger owns a Chevrolet which has seventeen more rattles than any other car recorded in the annals of automotive history—and it still runs. Anderson also owns a Chevrolet, but his has a Russian top—the wind, rain and mud just keep rushin' right through it. Otherwise the wagon is O. K.

And the rest of the cars are doing nicely, thank you.

BOLINAS

IT has been some time since we have been represented in this publication, and since that time our staff has changed considerably.

Engineer-in-Charge Bollinger was relieved by Mr. Philbrick, former resident Engineer during the re-construction work at this station.

We welcome to our midst again Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dean. Mr. Dean was recently transferred from Kahuku as Assistant Engineer to the same position at Bolinas. Dean says he "likes the land of ukuleles but that the land of sunshine and flowers is better."

We extend the hand of welcome to Dynamo Tender W. E. Lufkin, of recent army fame, as a radio operator. Lufkin holds an extra first grade commercial radio license, and that means an operator in this district.

Now for the farewells. Mr. Bollinger has left our midst but is still sojourning in California. He was an out-and-out Easterner when he came here but we notice that he elects to remain in our sunny clime. Mr. and Mrs. Bollinger, we wish you luck.

Shift Engineer Howard resigned from our staff very recently. He says he has a job in a civilized country now (San Francisco).

Mr. Jagers resigned from our company to become a switchboard operator for some power company. He is located at one of their remote mountain plants. Mr. and Mrs. Jagers evidently like the jungles.

Mr. Havel recently resigned to go to school. He and Mrs. Havel were a charming couple, and they believed in the national pastime (penny-ante). We wonder where those enjoyable and uplifting games will be held now.

Here is a secret. It is a recipe for making the eight long hours of the mid-watch pass quickly. Stir up ten gallons of concrete floor primer, one 4-inch paint brush, and plenty of elbow grease. Apply this mixture to a rough concrete floor, duration of application to be about seven hours. If these directions are carefully followed the mid-watch should pass very quickly.

Speaking of concrete floors, ours looks fine with its new dress of paint. We are inclined to believe it would make an excellent dance floor.

That gives us an idea. Why not hold a dance in the power house, and dance to the tune of the alternator?

We believe that the idea is good and that if the proper publicity is given it that permission could be obtained to hold such a dance.

SECOND ANNUAL RADIO SHOW

At the second annual Radio Show, which was held at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, March 7th to 11th, the Radio Corporation of America exhibited complete lines of broadcasting receiving apparatus manufactured for them by General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, and Wireless Specialty Apparatus Company.

We departed from the practice in effect with most of our other exhibitors by allowing the visitors to enter the booth and examine the apparatus on display. Visitors were ever present and their interest in the various types of receivers which we displayed was unlimited. It is estimated that 40,000 people were present throughout the five days.

The booth was installed under the supervision of Mr. William J. Schmidt, who also handled the affairs at the show throughout the entire time. Messrs. Arthur H. Lynch and F. R. Brick did excellent work in explaining the many functions of the apparatus on display and furnishing valuable information to the interested visitors.

The Show was concluded with a banquet at which there were approximately 1,100 guests. Messrs. Sarnoff and White and Dr. Goldsmith made interesting addresses.

HEAD OFFICE NOTES

PRESIDENT NALLY has arrived in England and reports having had an unusually tempestuous voyage.

Charles P. Bruch has been added to the staff in the Traffic Production department.

R. A. Weagant, Consulting Engineer, is in Nassau, B. W. I., on a business trip.

RADIO PROVIDENT CLUB

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the Radio Provident Club whereby the members may purchase hosiery, shoes, leather goods, umbrellas, jewelry, etc., at special discount prices. In order to avail themselves of these special discount prices it is necessary for the members to have a card showing their membership in the Radio Provident Club. Such cards may be obtained from Mr. Paige, Mr. MacConach, Mr. G. Heisel or Mr. Kaminsky, of the Head Office. The stores where these discount prices may be obtained are all within convenient walking distance of the Head Office, namely:

Richmond Hosiery Mills, 350 Broadway;

Lewis Richard Corporation (shoes), 29 Park Place;

Van Gytenbeek, Inc. (jewelry, etc.), 258 Broadway.

The House of Hochman (men's clothes), 752 Broadway.

BIRTHS

A baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Lee L. Manley, at Brooklyn, March 13, weighing 9½ pounds. Mr. Manley has recently been appointed Superintendent of the M. R. I. Division.

A baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Muller, at Woodhaven, March 9. Mr. Muller is an operator in the RCA service. Mrs. Muller was Francis Cressy and was formerly employed as clerk in the M. R. I. Division.

RADIO INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

NEW YORK

Our new 1,000-watt tube, telegraph and telephone set, is now completely installed, and instruction for its operation is being given daily to ship operators and students.

Mr. Bergin, former Director of the Institute, was transferred to the Sales department during the first of February. Before his departure the students of the night class presented him with a handsome gift expressing their regret at losing him.

MARINE COASTAL STATIONS

CHATHAM

WCC has some busy days ahead during the coming travel season. With the two C.W. tube transmitters and several receiving sets we expect to meet all requirements.

During the spring and summer WCC will find it necessary to take care of three or four ships simultaneously. With the greatly improved receiving apparatus and sufficient transmitters, ships may expect service never heretofore available.

The Newport station (WCI) was permanently closed March 1, 1922.

The New London station (WLC) is now open from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m.

Siasconset is doing fine work on short wave (spark).

RCA coastal station service is now in a class by itself. The public and steamship lines are now receiving reliable radio service over distances such as were thought impossible only a short time ago. Our engineering and traffic staffs are still far from being satisfied, however, and when our entire program is finished, there will be no reports of weak signals or requests for repetitions.

John Cowden, a coastal station man since the earliest days, has been appointed Manager of Cape Cod station. Mr. Cowden was at Siasconset for many years prior to the war. We welcome him back to our coastal station service and predict great records for him and his efficient staff.

TR reports are now being printed in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Pacific coast papers. Ship operators are urged to get their noon positions to RCA stations promptly each day whenever possible, in order to insure publication in time to be of value.

GOOD WORK AT K. P. H.

The following long distance records have recently been accomplished by the 5 KW 60-cycle non-synchronous transmitting set at KPH:

Dec. 28—	<i>Wolverine State</i>	3,379	miles	west	San Francisco
" 29—	<i>S. S. Edmore</i>	3,085	"	west	Columbia River
" 29—	<i>S. S. Hoosier State</i>	4,427	"	west	San Francisco
Jan. 1—	<i>Transport Manila</i> ..	3,220	"	west	San Francisco
" 2—	<i>S. S. Hollywood</i>	4,636	"	southwest	San Francisco
" 4—	<i>S. S. Broad Arrow</i>	3,603	"	west	San Francisco
" 6—	<i>S. S. Creole State</i>	4,672	"	west	San Francisco
" 6—	<i>S. S. Caddo</i>	3,437	"	south	Vancouver, B. C.
" 9—	<i>Tahiti</i>	3,542	"	west	San Francisco
" 9—	<i>Tjileboet</i>	3,210	"	west	San Francisco
" 17—	<i>S. S. China Arrow</i>	3,349	"	west	San Francisco
" 22—	<i>West Jena</i>	3,650		west	San Pedro
" 22—	<i>Levant Arrow</i>	3,056		west	San Francisco
" 23—	<i>Selma City</i>	3,150		west	Cape Flattery
" 24—	<i>West Oriwa</i>	3,034		west	San Francisco
" 28—	<i>Tuscalusa</i>	4,423		west	San Pedro
" 28—	<i>Royal Arrow</i>	4,443		west	San Francisco
" 28—	<i>Nanking</i>	4,235		west	San Francisco
Feb. 1—	<i>Transport Logan</i>	3,021		west	San Francisco
" 2—	<i>Granite State</i>	3,342		west	San Francisco
" 3—	<i>Apus</i>	3,908		west	San Francisco
" 8—	<i>Steel Scientist</i>	4,030		west	San Francisco
" 11—	<i>Elkton</i>	3,713		west	Panama

Vessels desiring medical advice can secure prompt service by addressing radiograms to any of the above mentioned coastal stations with which communication is established. Such radiograms should be signed by the master and should state briefly the symptoms of the person afflicted.

The medical advice given by the above mentioned hospitals will be phrased in language (English) intelligible to a layman.

This free medical service has been established primarily for the benefit of ships not carrying physicians; however, should occasion require, consultations may be held by radio, with ships' physicians and the hospital staffs.

THE
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

announces that, in cooperation with the Seamen's Church Institute of New York and The United States Public Health Service, free medical advice to ships at sea is now available through the coastal stations operated on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States by the Radio Corporation of America. The coastal stations and hospitals designated to furnish this service are as follows:

COASTAL STATIONS—	CALL LETTERS—	HOSPITALS—
San Francisco, Cal..	KPH	U. S. Marine Hospital No. 70, 67 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. (Alternates—Hospitals 38, 43, 61)
Chatham, Mass.....	WCC	U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 49, Gray's Ferry Rd. & 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Siasconset, Mass.....	WSC	(Alternate—U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 56, Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.)
New York City (Bush Terminal)	WNY	U. S. Marine Hospital No. 19, 14th Ave. & Lake St., San Francisco, Cal.
Cape May, N. J.....	WCY	(Alternate—U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 24, Palo Alto, Cal.)

EASTERN DIVISION
NEW YORK

FREDERICK G. SCHENKEL is the latest radio man to be cited for bravery and devotion to duty. In the Weekly Radio Service Bulletin of the United States Shipping Board, we read:

"The following is taken from the port log of the S. S. *Cerosco* (at present laid up at Norfolk) under date of February 22, 1922:

"The wireless operator, F. G. Schenkel, showed great courage after being burned and blinded by explosion aboard this ship. He insisted that he be led to the wireless room by one of the crew, which was done, and he at once started to flash out conditions to the flagship. I heartily recommend him for his actions and also the crew."

Much favorable comment is being heard about the excellent radio work of H. L. Crandall on the *Caracas*. During his entire round trip he is never out of communication with RCA stations. On his last trip he gave twelve messages to WNY on 450 meters while in sight of the Venezuelan coast. The *Caracas* was the first of the RCA rental vessels to be fitted with vacuum tube detector and amplifiers.

Douglas and Mary have a little baby boy, born on their first wedding anniversary, January 30, 1922, weighing eight and a half pounds. They have named him Douglas after his famous father. Perhaps some outside of the radio game might think we mean another popular pair by the name of Douglas and Mary, but those within our ranks know we refer to the famous Douglas C. Smith, manager of Wana-

maker's New York radio station, who is as good looking as the other Douglas, and wears the same kind of mustache. Mr. Smith is exceedingly proud of his little junior.

Paul T. Platt, operator on the *W. L. Steed*, was instrumental in saving the life of the ship's second officer on his last voyage. The vessel, en route from Mexico, was 180 miles off Charleston, when the officer had an attack of appendicitis. Platt was awakened by the captain, who requested that he get a doctor by radio. A service was dispatched to NAO requesting him to get in touch with a doctor, while the captain wrote out a 77-word message describing the symptoms.

The operator at NAO was unsuccessful in obtaining a government doctor, so 'phoned a private practitioner. Within five minutes a reply came back saying: "From explanation diagnose as acute appendicitis; advise patient get immediate attention."

Immediately upon receipt of this the captain turned the ship off her course for New York and headed for Charleston. The engineers increased the speed from 12 to 15 knots, and the race to shore was on.

"The weather was rainy and overcast," Platt reported, "and several radio compass bearings from NZW and NZV helped us in shaping our course for Charleston light, which we made about 4 p. m., and not long after, at quarantine, the sick man was taken ashore to the hospital, and the *Steed* proceeded on her way to New York."

It was later learned that the man was delivered to the hospital in the nick of time and that the operation was successful, scoring another victory for the radio, the radio compass and the always-on-the-alert radio man.

An operator, signing himself "An Old-Timer", addressed a communication to this publication requesting that "some dope" be published regarding uniforms. In it he very kindly gives us Mr. Webster's definition of the word "uniform". Perhaps we may oblige the aspiring operator in the near future, but in the meantime will he kindly communicate further, giving more details of his idea with his reasons? And why not sign your name?

Victor Woodward is back in the service and is running on the *Lake Arthur*. Andrew J. Walker also re-entered our service during the month and sailed as junior with Redfern on the *Munamar*. Joseph R. Baker is another to re-enter the RCA ranks and is now en route to the west coast of South America on the *Santa Olivia*. Still another former operator to come back is Aaron D. Bernstein, who sailed on the *Byron D. Benson*.

R. C. Holtzclaw is now on the *Mundale* in place of P. W. Harrison.

E. W. Rogers sailed on the Grace liner *Santa Rosa*, on March 9, three days after he was detached from the *Levant Arrow*, on which he made a lengthy voyage of several months.

Leslie M. Purington sailed as third on the *America* with H. L. Estberg, who has been chief since the vessel went into commission, and Anthony Tamburino, second operator, who has also been on this vessel from the beginning of her present run.

The *America* has been doing excellent long distance radio telegraph and telephone work. Except for the times the ship is in the English Channel, where local interference prevents, they are in direct communication with WCC. With the radio telephone they have talked direct into homes and offices while considerable distance at sea. When approaching New York last trip, and about fifty miles east of Ambrose, Mr. Estberg called Mr. Duffy, who, while seated in his office, carried on with a moderate voice, a telephone conversation lasting more than fifteen minutes, with perfect ease. Last trip they were in telephone communication over a thousand miles away, and this trip expect to carry it all the way over.

BOSTON

THE *Clement Smith* is undergoing repairs at the Fore River shipyards. This vessel was badly damaged as the result of a collision with some submerged object at the entrance of Boston harbor. Ed Colby has been paid off.

The boys are pleased with the new Radiotron outfits. The masters of the one-man ships so equipped are showing considerable interest in radio, and especially in the Man-in-the-Moon.

C. L. Jones of the *Newton* is on three months leave. Abe Bernstein now has the *Newton*.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munroe have gone to Bucksport, Me., for the remainder of the winter. Cherryfield is now off the map.

John H. Cushing is on the *Nacoochee*, an ex-passenger ship.

Orlof Edey has taken L. M. Purington's place on the *Frederick Ewing*.

BALTIMORE DISTRICT

THE new combination oil and ore carrier *Bethore* recently sailed from this port for Mexico with Operator J. H. Deardorff in charge.

Harold O. Hogan, ex-Assistant Shipping Board Radio Supervisor, has been employed in place of Inspector Smith, resigned.

Vacuum tube detector and amplifier units have been installed on the steamers *Swift Arrow* and *William H. Doheny*. Guy H. Cassidy was recently assigned to the Shipping Board steamer *Bannack* at this port.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION CLEVELAND

THE last two months have been more or less mild, and large ice floes are noticeable only by their absence. Although the month of April officially opens navigation in-so-far as the insurance underwriters are concerned, the threatened coal strike and continued lack of call for ore makes it problematical as to whether or not the bulk carrier fleet will get away much before May 1st. Of course, we all agree that an early opening would be most beneficial; but, on the other hand, the powers that be who control the situation will start things moving at their discretion.

Applications, though not quite as heavy as in 1921, still show a surplus of experienced men awaiting assignment or re-assignment. Approximately sixty of the 1921 personnel have expressed a desire to return to the ships which they laid up last Fall. In itself, this means even better service for 1922 than was rendered last year, and will prove most satisfactory to not only our divisional headquarters, but also to the various steamship interests.

We have high hopes of adding several ships to those now equipped with RCA apparatus, and have reason to believe that the next eight months will find a congestion of traffic at various points on the Great Lakes that will all but rival the New York zone.

Due to the marvelous and unthought-of furtherance and general acceptance of the pleasure and instructive possibilities derived from the reception of broadcast 'phone concerts by the public as a whole, both our Chicago and Cleveland office forces are about worn out answering questions and making suggestions on the how and the wherefore of the necessary equipment for such reception. In the vernacular of the old-time cowpuncher, "The public sure am loco."

PACIFIC DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO

ANOTHER notch was added to the butt of our Colt when the steamer *Cathay* was equipped with a P8A panel set and a vacuum tube detector and one step installed. The *Cathay* has just been purchased by the Robert Dollar Company from the United States Shipping Board. She was built in China and is considered to be exceptionally well made because of the superiority of hand work in riveting over

pneumatic. The design, of course, is American and the accommodations are very fine. Operator J. P. O'Leary has been given a chance to prove the merit of equipment on the initial voyage and will be ably assisted by Operator F. T. Cookson. The installation was made in record time and required all hands for two days and one night. This, of course, included the installation of a ten-inch spark coil auxiliary set.

The French type one KW set on the *John C. Kirkpatrick*, formerly the *Robert C. Sudden*, was given an overhauling and put in working condition by Installer King. Operator Jim Caldwell will attempt to break long distance records on the initial voyage. The activity of the lumber trade on the Pacific is bringing to life every conceivable type of vessel so as to participate.

Operator F. Victor Griffiths, of the British steamer *Roxburgh* (British Marconi), has been handing out bouquets to our efficient marine station at Marshalls (KPH), as will be noted from the following comments in a letter to our Chief Operator: "I should like to say a few words in appreciation of your station at San Francisco. It is one of the best stations I have ever worked—with the old crystal set which is standard here I worked KPH a good 1,800 miles."

The new vacuum tube units have been installed on quite a few ships and all are reported to be giving excellent results. They are no doubt a distinct achievement on the part of the G. E. Company, both mechanically and electrically. We have but one suggestion, and that is to use a little more care in the assembly of the filament rheostat so as to assure better contact with the movable ram.

We are attaching a picture of the tallest operator on the Pacific coast. In fact, we are inclined to believe he is the tallest on any coast. His name is Charles E. Lowell and this photo was taken on board his tanker *Royal Arrow* en route to the Orient.

As usual, few assignments were made this month but we made several exchanges. Richard Sadler from the *Admiral Nicholson* to the *President*; J. J. McNally from the *Manukai* to the *Granite State*; Frank Geisel from the *F. H. Hillman* to the *Col. E. L. Drake*.

A. W. Baxter and Geo. Mull-



nix were re-assigned to the Matson steamer *Lurline*. She has been completely overhauled and refitted and is on the S. F.-Seattle-Honolulu run.

Carl English is taking a pleasure cruise on *Barge 91* bound for Aberdeen.

The beach is still full, many old-timers included, and we hope that the tankers will soon start up and relieve the congestion and reduce the disappointments to a minimum.

SEATTLE

The steamer *Queen* has been placed on the Northern run, with T. A. Kinsey in charge and V. Monnett as his assistant.

The loss of the *Northern Pacific* was felt badly on this coast because that vessel was well-suited for the run between this port and San Francisco. We hope, however, the Pacific Steamship Company will succeed in getting the *Great Northern*.

Mr. Clark, local Radio Supervisor, has resigned his position to enter the Navy. Every one connected with radio in Seattle regrets his departure very much, at the same time wishing him every success in his new field. J. A. Buchanan has been appointed in Mr. Clark's place.

The *Admiral Watson* has gone into commission, with C. E. Newbill in charge and R. Sadler as second.

The two principal newspapers in this city are now each carrying a special radio page. Seattle is surely getting her share of the nation-wide enthusiasm over wireless.

Elmer Moe is now senior on the *Senator*, relieving Vernon Bird, who is on a leave of absence.

PORT OF LOS ANGELES

According to rumor, "Pullman air liners" will be used between Wilmington and Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, the new service to be inaugurated in May. Three two-motored 14-passenger converted flying boats of the United States Navy F5L type, it was announced, will be used. It is said that these planes will be four times as fast as railroad trains, and incomparably faster than the present means of travel to Catalina.

The flying boats will be equipped with all the facilities and comforts of a modern Pullman car, including easy wicker chairs and electric lights.

Accurate daily schedules will be maintained and bus connections with the Pacific Electric's Wilmington cars at Wilmington will be made.

It is planned ultimately to extend the service to San Diego and Santa Barbara.