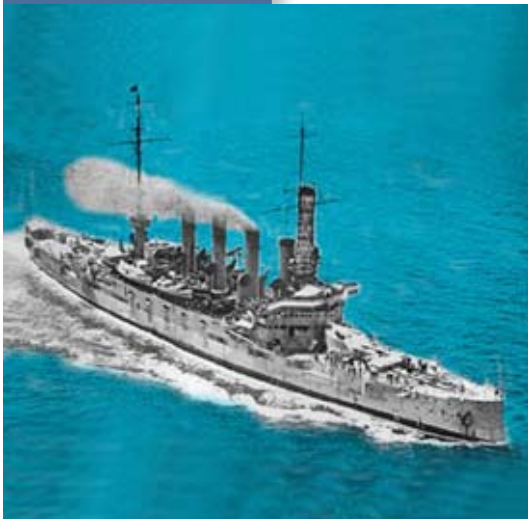


# K9YA Telegraph

Robert F. Heytow Memorial Radio Club

Volume 5, Issue 9, September 2008



## CQ USS Seattle

*Amateur Radio Aboard the US Navy's 1925 Goodwill Tour*

**Philip Cala-Lazar, K9PL**

We left Lieutenant F.H. Schnell, 1QP, on leave from his job as the ARRL's traffic manager and about to embark aboard the heavy cruiser *USS Seattle* for the U.S. Navy's 1925 "Southern Cruise" of the Antipodes. Following the successful

experience with short wave gear aboard the airship *USS Shenandoah*, Schnell was tasked to install and test short wave gear aboard the flagship *Seattle*; callsign NRRL. (See: *K9YA Telegraph*, "USS Shenandoah," July 2008.)

**Chicago Daily Tribune, March 8, 1925**

### ADMIRAL PICKS FLEET TO MAKE AUSTRALIA TRIP

Admiral Coontz, commander-in-chief of the United States fleet announced the composition of the 168-vessel united fleet for its six-month cruise; it was divided into scouting and battle fleets.

The scouting fleet: one battleship, eight cruisers, thirty-six destroyers, thirteen submarines, eight supply and fuel, five mine sweepers and mine layers, four air squadron tenders and one flagship (*USS Seattle*).

The battle fleet: ten battleships, four cruisers, thirty-six destroyers, twenty-four submarines, sixteen supply and fuel, four mine sweepers and mine layers, three air squadron tenders and two flagships. "It is possible the latter may be reinforced by the great dirigible *Shenandoah*." (On September 3, 1925 the *USS Shenandoah* crashed after encountering a severe storm over Ava, Ohio.)

**Grand Fleet itinerary: Depart San Francisco, April 15, 1925, for Hawaii.**

**Arrive Pearl Harbor, April 27.**

Depart Pearl Harbor, July 1, for goodwill cruise to southwest Pacific to visit Melbourne, Australia; Dunedin and Wellington, New Zealand; and American Samoa.

**Return San Diego, September 26.**

**Chicago Daily Tribune, March 15, 1925**

### AMATEUR RADIO FANS TO FOLLOW FLEET BY AIR

Direct radio communication will be maintained with the fleet and the navy department at Washington through the Bellevue naval laboratory located in the outskirts of the national capital.

*"...flagship Seattle; callsign NRRL."*

*During the time the great United States fleet is on the cruise to Hawaii and Australia amateur radio fans throughout the country will have the most unusual opportunity for listening in that has ever been afforded to them in the history of wireless. Likewise they will have an unprecedented chance to cooperate with the navy*

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# I Could Have Become a Ditty Bop

**Mitch Gill, NA7US**



Mitch, WN4TUT - 1972,  
Miami Lakes, FL  
Shown with prized HW-16  
and Vibroplex Bug.

On June 10, 1969, I received my Novice call-sign: WN4TUT. I could not contain my excitement as I watched the 6146's glow light up my room. My adventure and new life began as my hand key and I became one with the world. Tapping that key my heart pounded right along anticipating my first QSO. In my fourteenth year little did I suspect that simple brass key and those first taps would lead me to meet presidents, prime ministers, princes, senators

and other dignitaries. Or be responsible for my part in history as a radio operator in the hostages' return from Iran, for my five-year residence in Europe or for the many friends I would make.

I had no idea that thanks to passing the Novice test I would one day end up in the Middle East pounding on a key with one hand and holding an M16 in the other hand. Never could I have known that one day I would be writing this or that I would write at all. That young, excited teenager had no inkling that as much as he would come to love Morse code there would come a day he hated ever touching that key. Little did he know how close it came to ruining his life! But I am moving ahead of myself and I need to calmly tell you my story. The story of how I could have become a ditty bop.

After four years as a Novice I could send and receive somewhere around 45 words-per-minute, but passing the theory was not so easy. Back then my dad had to drive me to downtown Miami to take the test at the FCC office. I failed. Since the Novice was non-renewable and I failed the General theory test so badly, I sold my radios and gave up on ham radio.

For the next three years I went to college, chased girls, went to parties, chased girls, and worked at a job loading trucks for a department store. I rarely, if ever,

thought of ham radio but still loved radios. I reverted to CB. No intelligence needed to pass any test, just some catchy (or goofy) name like, "Sunshine Kid" and I was back on the radio. No Morse code but at least a radio to communicate on. I even became engaged to another CB'er and she had a tricked out 1969 Mustang, which I drove whenever we went out.

Life was pretty good, that is, until the spring of 1976 when I flunked out of college, my radios were stolen and my fiancé broke up with me. I think I missed the Mustang more than her but it still hurt. Then I was promoted to supervisor one day and demoted back to loading trucks the next. One of my disgruntled employees who felt they should have had the job set off the fire sprinkler system and ruined several thousand dollars worth of equipment. I was now almost 21 years old and my life was going down the drain.

So what was a guy to do? I went to talk to a recruiter for the United States Air Force! It was just after

Vietnam and many had left the service. Recruiting was slow as well and in I came with two years of college (at least two good years) and I was a former ham radio operator. Just those two items made him smile from ear to ear and I was about to be served the largest plate of camouflaged manure I had ever seen or ever saw again. And I am ashamed to say I ate it all! I was told about how I

could go anywhere in the world I wanted and that if I signed up for six years instead of four I would make twice the money as those who only signed up for four. He described the Morse System Operator and told me it was a critical career field. He explained it meant we were critically needed for national defense. I would have a top-secret clearance and my twelve-week course would be right next to the ocean. Yep, he hooked me, played me and slowly reeled me right in. Now don't get me wrong, I loved being in the Air Force and eventually spent 11 years serving, five in Europe and six in the American northwest. It was just not quite the paid vacation he made it out to be. Also, six years was a long time so I decided on four. I was then instructed to take a physical and some tests that included Morse code.

*"top secret  
clearance"*



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Though I had not listened to Morse code in almost three years I breezed through the test. It was hilarious to me. They sent three letters at five words per minute following a short lesson on what the letters sounded like. They sent these three letters in a packet of three and then changed them: VCY, YCV, CVY and so on. They were looking for those of us who had the gift of learning the code. I, of course, never missed a letter. I was a little smug and showed how bored I was by occasionally yawning and letting out a little giggle now and then. When I completed the test they passed it around to all the testing people who whispered to each other, shook their heads and smiled with glee. I imagined that they were whispering how intelligent I was and what a gift I had. Looking back, I should have run. I should have seen that something was wrong with only two years of college, I was still a little naive. Ok, I was just naive.

I completed the barrage of tests to see how smart you were, the embarrassing physical that I don't care to describe, but would not wish it on anyone, and I passed the simple Morse code test. Immediately I was sent through the paperwork line to sign up. At that time, the USAF required a four-year commitment, which was OK with me, but they flashed an extra stripe if I would sign up for six. The Vietnam War was over so why not go for six and make twice as much money as all the others (that turned out to be the first of many exaggerations).

Now my parents were aware that I was joining, but they thought it was for a year, maybe two. My mother almost passed out when I told her it was six. I was on a deferred enlistment so I had a few months at home before I had to report. I had and still do have a very close relationship with my parents though they live in Georgia and I am on the other side of the country in Washington. It was hard getting out of that car as my parents and I said goodbye. But I had made the decision, signed the papers and was ready to explore this new world using the means of communication I dearly loved. With mixed emotions I wiped the tears from my eyes, straightened my back and proudly entered my new life. I was given the oath of allegiance and sent to basic training.

Basic training was easy and after six weeks I was allowed to go home on one-week's leave before reporting to Keesler Air Force Base in Mississippi. It was a great time at home with all my favorite foods and visiting with my relatives and friends who admired my new haircut and wished me well. It was 70 degrees in Miami where

I lived at the time and 35 in Mississippi when I arrived in October. It was cold and the beach was miles away. No surprise there!

I arrived on Friday and classes did not start until Tuesday. I completed the initial paperwork to begin the top-secret clearance process and was scheduled for my interview to complete the process on Monday afternoon. I was off for the weekend. Now that may sound strange to any of you who are serving or have served in the military, but this was the USAF and not the Army, and since I was 21 years old they figured I was responsible enough to be on my own. I went to the Base Exchange and looked around, went to the base theatre and watched a movie and ate out everyday. I felt like I was on the top of the world. I had money in my pocket, a brand new uniform with two stripes instead of one and I was excited to begin my classes and my new career.



**Mitch, DA2GL - 1972**

Receiving a message from Warren Christopher to be sent to the White House as the aircraft took off to retrieve the hostages taken in Iran. The phones were connected to Collins KWT-6's located in another room.

Monday morning I decided to see where the Morse System Station was. I had heard that there was one on the base and you could not miss it. They were right as the massive antennas surrounding the barbed wire enclosure could be seen anywhere on the base. Wow! Beams up hundreds of feet and so large that they looked close to the ground. Man, I could do some serious DX'ing with those babies. Signs were posted that the use of deadly force was authorized. I was going to be doing something really important! A smile crept upon my face, as I would not only be doing something important but using Morse code as well. Cool!

As I stood in awe, two airmen came up to me. "Hi, you must be here for the ditty bop school, right?" Proudly I replied, "I am here for the Morse Systems School! What's a ditty bop?" Then things became hazy as the two airmen explained how they were Morse system operators. "Don't do it. Find a way to get out!" My mind reeled, "What? Why?" I stepped almost tripping over my own feet. They proceeded to tell me they had been assigned there for almost four years. Continuing, they explained a Morse System operator copies and

*"What's a ditty bop?"*



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sends all day long encrypted top-secret messages. They were coded and the operator never knew what they said or whom they went to. Nothing at all!

It was not until they had years in the air force and achieved much higher rank before learning what was contained in the messages. Besides all that, once in the program, they would not let you out. The top of the world feeling I had was now replaced with dread and that sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I was trapped and knew no way out. Then one turned towards me, "Oh yeah, you asked what a ditty bop is." I slowly nodded yes. "Well," he continued, "the story goes that there was an airman who had been here for two years and one day he cracked. He just stopped, took off his headphones and started

laughing. Then he started yelling dit dit bop bop over and over until they took him to the hospital. No one ever saw him again. So now we call all the newbies ditty bops until they make it past two years. By the way, did they tell you that this was a critical career field?" I nodded yes not wanting to hear more. "Do you know why it's a critical career field?" Not eliciting a response, he continued, "It's because they can't get people to go to the school and they can't keep them in the career field. Ninety percent never re-enlist, so good luck as I only have six months and I am going home!" The Morse system test I took flashed through my mind. I gloated over how easy it was. Now I understood why the testers smiled when I passed the test. They were gloating over the prize catch they had! What an idiot!

Lunchtime came and went but I could not eat. I just lay in the bed until my appointment. Walking into the office an officer greeted me and explained he would go over my paperwork and clarify any areas to insure my clearance was approved. I was now scared, upset and nauseated, but answered the questions to the best of my knowledge. "So Airman Gill, I see here that you never smoked marijuana, is that correct?" A thought flashed through my mind. "Sir, how many times would it take to NOT get a top secret clearance?" The officer looked at me with a questioning look. "Well sir, what

I mean is how many times would it take NOT to be a Morse systems operator?" He leaned back in his chair with a slight smile, "At least 12 or 13 times" he stated. "Fourteen," I blurted out without thinking of the consequences, "Yes, it was fourteen times." The officer then made a phone call. "You are to report to personnel at 0800 tomorrow morning" and showed me the door giving me no indication of what was to become of me.

The sun crept through the window as morning finally arrived. I was exhausted. I accepted the fact that I was probably going to be booted out of the military or worse. I had made it so far, loved wearing the uniform and wanted to serve my country. I now was faced with having to go home with my tail between my legs, short hair, no job and no future at best. My dream job had turned into a nightmare.

At 0800 I reported to personnel. The sergeant told me to sit down and I would be seen shortly. The waiting room was large but I was the only one there, which made me feel even more insecure. Twenty minutes went by but it seemed like it was hours as the clock slowly ticked off the seconds, then the minutes. "Airman Gill, please go down the hall to the first office on the left." I slowly got up and walked down the hall and stepped into the office. A Master Sergeant was reading my file. "Have a seat, this won't take long," as he slowly lifted his head. "Airman, we have to make a choice and there are only two options." I immediately started imagining those options, jail or boot me out? He continued, "We can send you to the admin school (glorified secretary) or separate you from the service. What is your choice?" I was in

shock, "That's my only choice?" I was relieved but still wanted to be involved with radios. "What about Ground Radio Operator?" "Nope, we have no opening there right now so what's your choice?" So here it was, I was not going to jail and that was good, but I was now faced with becoming a secretary or getting out. I could just see my friends now laughing at me. Six years! Six years of typing letters in a boring job or return as a failure. At least I was not going to jail. "Since you can not get me into the other school I wanted, I guess I will separate." I looked at the master sergeant and he smiled as if I had made the right decision! "Ok, let me see what I can do." He made a phone call and advised me to report to the Ground Radio Operator School in the morning. It was that quick. I was not going to

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Mitch, NA7US, with XYL, Jan, on vacation, just after return from Iraq.

*"yelling dit dit  
bop bop over  
and over"*



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# A Contester in the Making

5

**Melinda Alsobrook, KI4CIA**

I am mostly a CW op now, though I still use the mic on occasion. I've been licensed for almost five years and have spent the last two-and-a-half on CW. I've had more fun than I ever dreamed was possible with amateur radio! How is that possible you may ask? Well, I knew nothing about amateur radio, did not know any amateur radio operators; so was basically coming in blind (other than what I learned while studying for the Technician license). My initial draw was emergency communications, but I'm glad I found out it's more than just that!

## Me, Contests?

I enjoy ragchewing on CW most—I love hearing about other towns, finding things in common such as hobbies and ideas, and never dreamed I would find contests appealing. But recently, I started playing in some CW contests and participating in state QSO parties, mainly because I was only a few states shy of getting WAS on CW, so thought that might help me catch the rest. Granted, I'm not a serious contester, but discovered I enjoy the rush and challenge contests offer. Most ops in the contests are still too fast for me, so I spend most of the time getting the exchange before trying to contact them.

*"See you in the contests!"*

## Field Day

Field Day, 2006, was the first time I sat at the radio during a CW contest and ran solo (I was with the club and the other CW ops were taking a break). I was a little scared, but scanned and listened until I found exchanges I could copy. Other than that, I was the "logger" and handled sending CQ and other messages with the computer. I had fun trying to pick out the calls and exchanges before the other op got them. I "tried" to help out the year before with logging, but the other CW op had to tell me what to log. But he was good about it and would ask, "Did you catch that?" He sent such and such. So it was fun to actually be able to help this past year! Now I look forward to Field Day annually.

I listened to a few other CW contests shortly after that, but was never able to work up the nerve to "jump in." Then, in August, 2006, the Straight Key Century Club started a straight key sprint. I found it was just what I needed—much easier than the usual sprint or contest and the speeds were a good bit slower.

## I'm Hooked!

After a couple of those, I heard about the Pennsylvania QSO party and decided to give it a try. What a rush! I managed to work ten stations (seven counties). It also happened to be the same weekend as the FISTS Sprint, so I spent some time with it and made a whopping 18 contacts!

Next came the granddaddy of them all—November Sweepstakes! I practiced and practiced and practiced on my copying and sending, and worked as many ops as I could find who would push my speed. I probably worked more CW in the two weeks before Sweepstakes than I normally do in a

whole month. But it was well worth it—I managed 34 contacts, and discovered it didn't take quite as long to get the exchanges.

The Alabama QSO Party is coming up, so I plan to work it solely on CW. Not sure yet if I'll use the straight key or paddle, or maybe I'll have my laptop and rig set up so I can use the function keys. Who knows?

Field Days to come I'll be back with the club sitting under the CW tent and hopefully "running with the big dogs..."

See you in the contests! ■



Melinda, KI4CIA



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# Roy's Rhapsody in Blue

*A Lazy Morning Becomes Electric*

Rod Newkirk, VA3ZBB/W9BRD



Mercury Vapor Rectifiers

Many years ago when I was about ten, my family visited friends in Union, Illinois, a tiny town just northwest of Chicago. For me it would be a boring day listening to the grown-ups gossiping, puffing pipes and sipping lemonade.

I did have a favorite book along to pass the time, *Huckleberry Finn*. This was mostly over my head but I was just getting to the part where angry townspeople tarred and feathered the Duke before riding him

out of town on a rail. Then one of my elders said “Let’s go see neighbor Roy’s ham station.” That was the end of Mark Twain for the day. A real radio station!

Roy Peterson, W9UDO, was a close friend of our friends. He was a consummate craftsman, a plasterer by trade, and had turned a corner of his garage into a ham shack par excellence. It was tastefully furnished for visitors, dimly lit with plush carpeting. No fireplace, but maybe that was coming.

I knew no radio nomenclature at that time but looking back, the two 40-foot masts in his backyard supported a flattop and counterpoise. An ARRL survey in the early 1930s established that eighty percent of all amateur radio activity took place on 160 meters. Roy was a 160-meter man. Not much interested in DX, he preferred to emulate an AM broadcast station. This he accomplished in classic style.

To the room’s one side was a neat desk with a Hallicrafters Skyrider receiver and a king-size microphone stand with a spring-mounted, double-button, carbon microphone. Along one wall, behind glass, was his Class-B modulated transmitter, no doubt built from QSTs, filling a tidy bookcase nearby.

Roy welcomed his guests and sat us down, turning on the rig. A soft blue glow emanated from 866s in

the power supply. He scanned the band and called a short CQ. With every voice peak the rectifiers flashed a spectacular blue. I was spellbound, along with the other visitors.

W9BRY in nearby Rockford answered Roy’s CQ. The two were old on-the-air friends. Perfect audio—W9BRY could have been sitting in the room with us. We took turns saying hello to our new Rockford friend although I was nearly speechless.

Then and there I vowed some day to become a ham and have a radio station like W9UDO. Those 866s had me transfixed. About four years later I would become W9BRD but I never came close to the stature of Roy’s shack. I became a CW man inhabiting spare corners of my home. But I had fun.

That first visit to a ham station and Roy’s mercury-vapor rectifiers was thrilling. Now I’ll always associate amateur radio with flashing blue. These days we must

graduate to high-power amplifiers to gain the same effect. First impressions are important. If W9UDO had been in a barn I would always link ham radio with the smell of livestock.

Reading letters to the editor in ancient QSTs reveals that many old timers left the hobby with the demise of spark.

They missed the sound of a dying rotary gap and whiffs of ozone. Most returned after vacuum tubes proved their superiority but the game would never be the same. A flavor was gone. Well, we should always have the fragrant aroma of hot solder from the workbench. ■

*“the fragrant  
aroma of solder”*

## The Moment You Knew...

Of course you remember the defining moment when you had to get your ham ticket. Your eyes opened wide and you couldn’t soak it in fast enough. Tell us about it—your Elmer—your first contact—your first rig, etc.

Send us an e-mail at: [telegraph@k9ya.org](mailto:telegraph@k9ya.org)



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department at Washington in keeping a closer watch on the fleet en route.

The fleet “will be able to talk to amateurs all over the United States even when our ships are far away as Australia and New Zealand, which are at the opposite end of the earth and a distance of about 10,000 miles.”

Clinton B. DeSoto, W1CBD, in his book, *Adventures of Short Wave Radio Operators*, described Schnell’s radio installation and operating conditions aboard Admiral Coontz’s flagship *Seattle*:

*His first problem was installation of the station, or, more correctly, finding a spot to install it. The radio officer warned him that the Seattle was already overcrowded and that he would have to find a place where he would not be in the way. After searching from stem to stern it became apparent that there was only one available location, the compass shack. This was the structure just forward of the mainmast on the boat deck, about fifty-three feet above the water line. It was about six feet square and completely surrounded by heavy boiler plate except for five small portholes.*

*Fred had his equipment installed and the antenna strung by the time the fleet sailed for Honolulu on April 14, 1925 [sic]. Maneuvers were carried on in Hawaiian waters until the end of June. During this time Schnell made many contacts on the air, but his real work was yet to begin.*

In addition to a navy laboratory transmitter operating on 5,700 kilocycles and an RG receiver, Schnell was permitted to install his own, 200-watt, transmitter “which covered a wide frequency band.” This transmitter served alongside the flagship’s primary, 8,000-watt, long wave transmitter, which had “a reliable range of only sixteen hundred miles.” The 200-watter proved essential as Schnell “maintained direct communication between the fleet and the American continent through amateur and naval stations . . . even when his ship was anchored in Australian and New Zealand harbors, seven thousand miles or more from home.”

Conditions in the compass room were far from ideal. Shipboard electrical equipment caused interference and the ship’s movement underway made precise tuning difficult. Engine ventilation ducts through the room, plus tropical heat and humidity ran temperatures “between 126 and 130 degrees.” Field Day veterans will recognize this behavior: “Fred perspired

so much while he operated that frequently he was forced to tape the headphones to his head to keep them from falling off.”

Schnell arranged to handle navy traffic via amateur stations. This was a brilliant strategy; involving amateurs in the tests assured that any time he made a call at NRRL thousands of attentive operators were “standing by to get Schnell’s traffic through to Washington.” It also enhanced amateur radio’s value to America as the premier “go to” and “can do” volunteer communications service.

**Chicago Daily Tribune, May 10, 1925**

#### FLEET MESSAGES HEARD IN U.S. AND ENGLAND

Lieut. Schnell, operating the amateur experimental station NRRL, “has succeeded in piling up some enviable records in the way of constant communication on short wave lengths”: *British station G5NN picked his message out of the air and relayed the information back to league headquarters in the United States.*

**Chicago Daily Tribune, October 25, 1925**

#### ADMIRAL SEES AMATEURS AS NATION’S AIDS

In a letter, Admiral Coontz praised Lieut. Schnell’s efforts “...as a step toward perfecting the amateur organization as an instrument of communication in times of great national need or public calamities.”

*Upon departure from San Francisco the fleet had no experience in superhigh frequency radio. Upon completion of the cruise six months later the successful application of these frequencies for the fleet long distance work had been thoroughly tested and proved.*

and

*The work you are doing in endeavoring to make the amateur organization ready in event of national need is an exceedingly important one. Through you may I express my wishes for its happiness and success?*

Returning to League headquarters Schnell was expected to help structure amateur radio’s participation in a planned army-radio amateur net organization. This organization was to assist national guard and reserve units to “make the army independent of ordinary communication systems” during national emergencies.

**Chicago Daily Tribune, December 13, 1925**

#### ADMIRAL COONTZ FINDS PACIFIC RADIO BETTER



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Pointing to improved communications between naval radio stations located in San Diego, California; Honolulu; Balboa, Canal Zone; and Samoa, Admiral Coontz said, "it is now the usual thing to raise shore stations at maximum working distances, whereas two years ago it was only occasionally that this was possible when using continuous frequencies."

Chicago Daily Tribune, February 21, 1926

#### U.S. FLEET SHY CASH FOR RADIO ON ITS SHIPS

Despite great success with its recent short wave tests, the navy was coming up short of funds. According to a respected periodical, *Army and Navy Journal*, "Particular attention is invited to the statement by the commander in chief, battle fleet, that 'with the present radio equipment, the battle fleet is not ready for battle.'" Admiral Coontz added, "...this is equally true of the other major subdivisions of the United States fleet."

Money allocated for radio was not cut directly; rather funds were indirectly reduced due to cuts in the bureau of engineering budget, forcing a reallocation of funds available for communications. As a result \$300,000 needed for "necessary repairs" was cut from the 1925 budget.

Of Schnell's accomplishments, the 1927 edition of *The Radio Amateur's Handbook* said, in part: *This station was with the Fleet throughout its long cruise to Australia and New Zealand. Its performance demonstrated to our Navy the usefulness of the amateur and his short-wave apparatus! At times when standard Navy equipment could not cover the required distance the amateur-Navy short-wave station put messages halfway around the world to their destination.*

Now at a time when most new technologies emerge from multi-national corporations, we can survey a time when not only was a ham positioned at the cutting edge, but the worldwide amateur community was invited to participate in the dawn of a new age in naval communications. ■

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CONTINUED - DITTY BOP FROM PAGE 4

be discharged after all! I was now going to be a radio operator. I could hardly believe my luck. I firmly believe that if it was not for my love of code I would have never been involved with communications. I also firmly believe that if I had continued to the Morse Systems School, I probably would have ended up somewhere in a padded room yelling, "Dit dit bop bop!"

It would be five more years before I met another ham (W3IK) in Germany who helped me pass the General. It was around this time that I began to meet all those dignitaries I mentioned earlier, but that's for another story. ■

*Mitch is now an Extra. After a 17-year break in service he returned to the military and joined the Washington Army National Guard. In addition, he is a freelance writer and contributing editor for Popular Communications.*

#### Ham History DICK SYLVAN, W9CBT



REMEMBER THE HALLICRAFTERS SX-73? ALSO USED BY THE MILITARY IN 1952-53



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