

**NEWBERG'S**  
population is 3000  
A \$40,000 High School building is in course of construction, and a \$20,000 building for Pacific College is soon to begin.

# NEWBERG



# GRAPHIC

**Newberg Has**  
the lumber mill, flour mill, brick and tile factories, saw & door factory, iron foundry, ice plant, milk condenser, gravity water system; no saloons; ten churches; high school, and college.

VOL. XXII.

NEWBERG, YAMHILL COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1910.

NO. 42

## UNITED WIRELESS DOWN AND OUT IN YAMHILL

Newberg, Headquarters for "Yamhill Amateur Wireless Telegraph Company," Which Monopolizes Local Field—Stations in Constant Communication with Outside World.

### PAUL H. LEWIS, WIRELESS WIZARD, AT HEAD

Constructs His Own System—Receives Messages from 103 Land and Ocean Stations—Received the Big Johnson-Jeffries Fight in His Room, Round by Round.

It's a far cry from the boyish diversion of playing telephone from house to house with an old piece of clothes line wire with a tin can at each end for receivers, to sitting, businesslike, in one's room and gathering in the world's news from a radius of a thousand miles. Nevertheless it has been cried. To wit: The other evening the writer visited Paul Lewis at the slightly new Lewis home in the Springbrook neighborhood. Having heard rumors of what this young man was doing in the realm of the invisible, I went to be shown.

The first dope handed out to me was a poser and enough to test the credulity of the most credulous. It read: "Portland 3 San Francisco 2." Portland had been hitting the toboggan slide at the rate of six games dropped in succession. I looked at Paul reproachfully and skeptically. It was a shame to play with vain hopes, if the report were a fake; there was danger of the sudden shock to over-strung nerves, if true. My faith in wireless hung in the balance. But as sometimes happens, that which was too good to be true, proved true. It was easy after that—I believed anything and everything. Before I left we were receiving messages from Seattle to San Francisco and from Uncle Sam's battle ships out on the Pacific. Had a message been put before me purporting to be wafted in by one Dr. Cook from an apparatus hung up on the North Pole, I wouldn't have blinked a blink.

#### Yamhill Amateur Wireless Telegraph Co.

It is under the auspices of the organization weighted down with this imposing title, that messages are being continually gathered in from over our wireless heads. There is just about one boy to each word in the company name. The head and shoulders of the concern is Paul Lewis, as president. His right hand man is Paul Moore, who has a station at his home in town. The boys have worked in co-operation with each other and their calls and conversation back and forth have aided materially in their progress in the mastery of wireless telegraphy. Paul Moore, in moving with his folks to Whittier, California, goes to an excellent field for continuing his studies in wireless, for amateur stations are as thick in Southern California as nickels in a contribution box. It is even said that the possibilities are great down there for effective wireless communication without any special equipment whatever, but we will leave Paul to work out this interesting little problem through his own investigations.

The third member of the company is located up West Chehalis way, in the person of Dean Calkins. He has a good receiving outfit rigged up but has not been at the work long enough yet to acquire ease and proficiency in manipulation. He has the "sav-

vey" and it's only a matter of time and application with him. The latest recruit is Melvin Elliott who is putting in a complete system at his home above Dundee and will doubtless soon be "wig wagging" his colleagues.

Paul Lewis, the premier operator of the local enthusiasts, began studying wireless a year and a half ago. He owes much of his proficiency to a severe and extended illness of last winter. And vice versa who knows but what he owes his life to his wireless outfit, which turned his darkness into day, attention from himself, kept his interest aroused and made long and otherwise monotonous and painful hours endurable. During the three months he was bedfast he learned the wireless telegraphic code thoroughly and with his apparatus at his bedside, kept in touch with the outside world. Steady practice at the instrument has given him a speed of one hundred and twenty letters per minute—a highly creditable showing for an amateur.

#### Lewis Station and Equipment Almost Entirely Home-Made.

It is something of a feat to have mastered the principles underlying wireless telegraphy—it is decidedly one to have built and equipped a station practically in its entirety and even making some original improvements in the intricate electrical apparatus. And this is what young Lewis has to his credit. But first, a brief general description of the station.

The mast consists of one pole forty feet in length, lashed to the top of a fir tree, giving an aerial of ninety feet. From the top of the pole are stretched six aerial wires which receive the incoming waves. The latter are caught by the receiving set, consisting in part of tuning coils and the condenser. By means of the tuner, the operator can adjust his instrument to the vibrations of any particular station from which the message is coming. If several are coming at the same time he can tune to the one desired, eliminating the others largely. The condenser transforms the vibration caused by the incoming wave into an electric current that can be heard through telephone receivers, like the clicking of an ordinary telegraph instrument. There are other instruments connected with the equipment as will be observed in the accompanying illustration, but the writer will not venture on further elucidation which might fail to elucidate.

With this system, Paul is able to catch stations at a distance of one thousand miles, that of Point Loma, near San Diego, being the most distant land station he has heard. He can not judge so readily of distances which messages come over the Pacific except when the ships sending give latitude and longitude. Each station on land or sea has its own call, or number which it gives on starting a mes-

sage. A list of the calls of over two hundred stations are before Paul, by which he thus readily recognizes the sources of the aerograms. Up to a few days ago he had received messages from one hundred and three different stations.

But this ambitious young wireless experimenter has already outgrown his present equipment and is planning a wholesale enlargement and improvement. He is giving attention first to his aerial. The forty foot pole is to be replaced by a seventy foot one now lying at the foot of the tree into which it will be raised and held securely in position by four guy wires. This will give an increase in elevation of thirty feet here. In addition to this a second and higher mast is to be raised from a second fir tree, many rods from the first. Receiving wires will be strung from these elevations of one hundred and twenty and one hundred and thirty feet, respectively. Paul says this will give him a better aerial than any of the Portland stations have and that he can then receive aerograms from twice the distance he now does—from Hawaii and all over Alaska.

And besides this he is continually at work experimenting upon and perfecting his interior apparatus, making new instruments and improving his "plant" generally. Some of these times some new theory or invention in wireless telegraphy will be heralded and credited to Paul H. Lewis, president of the Yamhill Amateur Wireless Telegraph Company!

#### 'Tis More Blessed to Give Than to Receive.

Sending messages is distinctly another proposition from receiving them. It is the difference between the active and the passive voice. The given message is dependent upon the strength of the electrical current behind it, varying with the strength of the latter

of night, to receive which there is no need of special mechanical "tuning." But "woe is me," quoth he for it is more blessed to give than to receive. And we had all thought Paul a bashful, reticent young man!

If Springbrook gets an electric lighting system this winter as is talked, the sending problem will be partially solved. This will furnish electricity which will give him a sending power enabling him to communicate to a distance of one hundred miles. He can then visit to his content with the young Portland operators and—and with "many other articles too numerous to mention."

#### Some Interesting Things Pulled Down Out of the Sky.

I had been gradually and cautiously leading up to "the object of my appointment." For the truth of the matter was, I had broached the interview with the idea of getting on to something which would make exciting reading. I sprang my lead with what I considered a very guileless sounding suggestion: "I suppose you get some very interesting things through your wireless instrument"—with visions of a long string of sensational disclosures which would give spice to my narrative. "A lot of things I do not dare tell," was the prompt and distressing reply which dashed me with the thought, "Now I've lost my story!"

My disappointment must have been visible for he half relented, and hauling out a stack of messages received he handed them to me as much as to say, "If you'll be a good boy and promise not to tell anybody, I'll let you look through these." Considering what I wanted them for this was like offering the lost a glimpse of paradise—but I took the glimpse. And before I left I was half inside. For with a promise to suppress proper names I succeeded in coming off with a few fairly characteristic samples. A few others I plead for, but with



OPERATOR PAUL LEWIS AT HIS WIRELESS INSTRUMENT

order wafted on the wings of night, very appropriately, to the Salem Brewery by a Newport dealer in wet goods for ten kegs of beer. As a probable sequel, the public has been reading of how drunken Siwasches and worthless whites have been carousing and running amuck in our popular seaside town, thus furnishing ammunition for the "Oregon dry in 1910" campaign.

Here is an interesting message sent from the United Wireless station at Seattle, May 5th:

"To all operators. Please keep lookout for Halley's comet until after May 18th and report promptly to Wireless News, Seattle, whenever it is visible to naked eye; also altitude in degrees." Paul caught a reply to this which came from the steamer Assuncion which at Latitude 42 north and longitude 124 west, reported an observation of the comet on May 12th.

Sometimes it is the signal of distress and tragedy that arrests the attention of the amateur operator, who is able to keep in continual touch with the circumstances and situation and is not dependent, like the rest of us up-

canal!"

Shortly before my arrival Paul had picked up an aerogram sent from an Oregon station to a Washington benedict which read—"Congratulations. Best wishes for happiness and prosperity. Sis." An operator at a third station, with one well known propensity of the goat, asked the fair sender how many fellows she was sister to, to whom she replied that her sisterly capacity was unlimited. And there was poor, helpless Paul, taking all of this in, unable, for the mere lack of a little electric juice, to speak up and ask her if she wouldn't be sisterly to one more who might stick even closer than a brother.

#### Got the Big Fight While He Waited.

On the late glorious Fourth all the local sports of this vicinity were over at the celebration grounds pretending to watch a ball game but really giving their time to vain inquiries and speculation as to the outcome of the Reno battle. If it had been known that at a little distance northwest of town the story was coming in round by round, punch by punch, it would have been a case of "We love baseball but Oh, you fight—we must be on our way."

Every evening Paul gets the day's ball scores from all over the country, not only of the Pacific Coast League but of the American and National leagues. If Charlie Wilson and Dr. Geo. Larkin get on to this, they will be seen shinning up the first tall fir they reach in their mad rush to get the latest dope as to whether "Honus" Wagner has really "come back" with the stick.

#### Gets Morning News Before Going to Bed.

From 9:30 until 10 each evening the United Wireless gives delivery of its news service to its floating stations all over the Pacific, from which many ships get out on board a daily paper. Much news of importance that is to be found in the morning dailies, thus finds its way the night before into the scratch tablet in the Lewis wireless den. Talk of getting the world's news over the breakfast cups! That's obsolete nineteenth century lingo.

#### "And It Shall Come to Pass in Those Days."

In answer to a leading question, Paul confessed to an ambition to operate a regular wireless station. He is really capable of doing so now. But while adding a few more years to the eighteen now credited to him by the family bible, he will re-enter Pacific College this fall and continue his general education. Herein does he show himself

(Continued on page 4.)

Form 1910B

**YAMHILL AMATEUR WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO.**  
(NON INC.)

**RADIO TELEGRAM**

DIRECT COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN STATIONS.  
WE DODGE NO HOUSES.

P. H. LEWIS,  
President

General Office  
Newberg, Ore.

NUMBER	SENT BY	RECEIVED BY	CHECK	TIME
1	DZ I	L	16 Pd	7:35 P. M.

RECEIVED at the Y. A. W. T. Co's station at SPRINGBROOK, ORE. Portland, Ore., 6/2 1910

To Mr. Harry L. Smith,  
On board Steamer City of Pueblo.

Bless you, enjoy your trip. Love mother, be good.  
Love. Kisses. Come back. Lonesome. Love you.

Sig. Gladys Smith.

Reproduction, with the exception of the proper names, of a juicy message between a couple of newly weds, caught by Operator Lewis.

in the distance to which it will carry. For this part of the work the young Springbrook operator is dependent upon a light storage battery. As a result his vibrations don't carry beyond this immediate neighborhood. This is a vexation and trial of spirit to him. There are some adept boy amateurs in Portland who are conversing with one another continually. Paul has listened to them until he feels well acquainted but it's wholly a one sided acquaintance as he can't even make his existence known in return. And then again many tender feminine messages come floating in from afar to Paul under the kindly shades

of an "It hurts me worse than it does you" expression, "like mother used to make," he denied me, gently but firmly.

The first to attract the attention of an impressionable bachelor was that which appears life size on this page. But the necessity of suppressing the real names is heart breaking, for since the message was sent one of the parties concerned has been very much in the public eye in Oregon, and Portland society especially would be fairly agog were this to appear with the real names attached, in the city papers.

We are rudely jolted from the realm of romance by a hurry up

on an occasional "extra." It will be remembered that the ship Santa Barbara went down off the Northern California coast several weeks ago. Operator Lewis heard Ureka and the Santa Barbara in communication up to within a half hour of the time when the doomed ship went down.

Many personal messages are received, of no interest except to the immediate parties concerned, but some times diverting. Before me is one sent from the steamer President en route to San Francisco, to a Seattle man and signed "Wee Wife," assuring hubby in effect that "all is quiet along the alimentary