

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

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BY AND FOR MARCONI EMPLOYEES



GEORGE W. HAYES

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

FRONTISPIECE

At a dinner given in honor of our Vice-president and General manager upon his return from Europe, Mr. Nally called especial attention to the efficient work performed by Mr. George W. Hayes, and said that he had watched his development with interest, and commented very favorably on how well he had adapted himself to the diversified duties which had been assigned to him, as Works Manager and Purchasing Agent. He has now been advanced to the position of Commercial Engineer.

Mr. Hayes was born in Rexford, Saratoga County, New York, in 1884, and attended the high school and the electrical night school in Schenectady, afterwards obtaining employment in the engineering department of the Schenectady Railway Company. His next step in the working world took him into the employ of the General Electric Company in Schenectady. During this time he showed his interest in wireless by conducting experiments in the art at his home. He remained in the employ of the General Electric Company for three years, leaving its service to become Assistant superintendent of a wireless factory in Jersey City.

When the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America extended its field of operations in 1912, Hayes was appointed Superintendent of the Marconi factory at Aldene, N. J. Some idea of his responsibilities at that time can be gained from the statement that practically all of the American wireless sets in commercial use were manufactured in the Aldene factory. In fact, the demand for apparatus was so great that it was necessary to keep the factory in operation both day and night for long periods.

On October 22, 1917, Mr. Hayes was appointed Purchasing agent of the company, and reorganized that department throughout all its branches. In this position his past experience stood him in good stead, and the efficient manner in which he handled it is shown by the fact that during the Marconi Company's large part in manufacturing wireless apparatus for the United States Government for use in the world war, he personally placed all orders and saw that more than \$2,500,000.00 worth of wireless equipment and supplies was delivered to the Aldene plant.

Notwithstanding the multitude of details devolving on him, Mr. Hayes has found time to cultivate two fads—photography and the collection of rare stamps and coins, amidst which he can be found in his leisure hours with Mrs. Hayes, also an enthusiast, at their pretty home situated on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, overlooking the lower bay. Also he is a disciple of Izaak Walton and recounts tales of fish he has caught, which are well-nigh unbelievable.

PEERLESS PETS

I wonder if I ever told you of Rupert, my pet flea? He lived for a week in the area north of the top of my right puttee. Rupert was the last and most intimate of my army pets. The first was Toby, a small gray lizard, some five or six inches long, that I extracted from under the bark of a pecan log on the banks of the historic Medicine Creek in Oklahoma.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

He used to roost on the outside of my shirt, just between my shoulders, at the end of a shoe thread that was looped about his body just for'ard of his after legs. For fear of hurting his feelings, I hated to tow him over my shoulder and generally asked someone else to "turn Toby." This involved chasing him around in front where I could get at him. Indoors, Toby climbed around on the barrack window pane and ate flies. He was dryer than Oklahoma—I never saw him take a drink. Perhaps such small lizards drink the dew from leaves in the early morning and evening. But with the button he wore on the end of his tongue he could nail a bluebottle every shot at the range of two centimeters, or maybe three. During firing practice with Lewis guns he was perfectly quiet. I believe Toby would have gone to sleep on the "radiator casing, rear," and snoozed peacefully until melted off.

When Toby proved unfaithful I took up with a horned toad named Cynthia. She was a fat, ugly, stupid, prickly shapeless, brown and white blob of scaly laziness that slept under my foot-locker and did nothing at all. After a week of effort that brought not even a glance from her heavy-lidded, reptilean eye, I turned Cynthia loose on the parade ground.

Feeling lonely without a pet, I searched some canyons about the foot of Mt. Scott for material, and with the hope of trying out my .45 on a rattler, which never showed up. The rocks yielded prickly pears and an occasional jack rabbit that made an excellent snap-shot running target; but the most promising pet I got was an uncompanionable tarantula. Him I hopefully took home in a tomato can, but the rest of the bunk house drew the line at spiders, so I turned him over, with half a dozen ant-lions, to a bug collector.

Next I tried to tame a colonel, but he was worse than the tarantula.

In the trenches up on the line, two privates stationed at a ditch-crossing used to share their chow with a family of rats that had a dug-out under a heavy growth of burdock. For awhile, I used to poke my stick among the leaves to hear them swear and scuttle away. The two privates, however, objected, so that I was compelled to envy them in my loneliness.

Then came Rupert, my German flea. We had helped evict the tenants of some very well-built Boche positions on the Moselle River. After sleeping out one day in the rain, propped up against the woodwork of a communication trench, my striker found me a dug-out. Here I got some cabbage-leaf tobacco, which an "unter-leutenant" had been too proud to smoke (I wasn't) and a straw tick. Rupert shared the tick with me. Occasionally I could feel him scrambling around, and finally he took up his position just below my right knee, where he settled down to "ring" my leg with a well-spaced series of bites. For several days I was too busy to notice him much, but at length, fearing that by peeling off a circle of bark he might kill the limb, I took time off to investigate. Presently I located him under my knee and chased him out. Rupert was no ordinary flea. Instead of being black, he was of a light brown color, like the bleached-out crickets that live in the Mammoth Cave. Across his quarterdeck were three darker stripes—service chevrons, probably. But his size was astonishing—more like an able-bodied black ant than a flea. I looked at Rupert. He eyed me sullenly. Tentatively I put out a forefinger to rub him behind the ears, but he bit the finger viciously,

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

and leaped away in the direction of Vandieres. After all, Rupert was a typical Hun.

Adios,

DICK

GRIT

When the friend you've tried and trusted, in the end he lets you down,

Don't let your spirits leave you limp, nor meet it with a frown;
When your best girl turns her back on you and things are pretty blue,

Don't get at all excited and think the game's all thru.

But get your shoulder to the wheel, do some damned hard thinking,

"Carry on" with the dirty work, and don't give way to drinking;

Slip right into the job to be done, ward off the brunts with a grin,

There's no time for worry on things that are gone,

With the fellow who's out to WIN.

Samuel Chadwick

SIDE-LIGHTS ON SEA LIFE

D. Mann Taylor, an old Marconi man, well-known in Pacific waters, and now Chief Electrician (Radio) on the Atlantic Transport *Hwah Jah*, writes interestingly of his experiences. His ship was an Austrian vessel interned in China, and now under the Chinese flag. He came around on her from Shanghai via San Francisco and Panama to the east coast and has made several trips to France, during one of which she sunk a Hun submarine in a running fight. The ship had many narrow escapes from disaster. On New Year's eve, homeward-bound, the Captain's dinner was a jolly affair. Captain Butland made a few remarks, in the course of which he made this complimentary allusion to wireless: "It sounds such a little when we say 'Wireless operators,' but I assure you, gentlemen, that we have to thank these men for our being here tonight. They have been ever faithful in their duties, untiring in their efforts to catch news, submarine and war warnings, etc., for our safety; and great credit is due Mr. Taylor and his staff for our safety in dodging the ocean pests." Mr. Taylor has been studying navigation and is ready to take examinations for promotion.



SHOOTING THE SUN

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

TARANTO

By Clarence Cisin

Taranto is to Italy what a tooth-ache is to a tooth.

It's there—but you wish that it weren't. It should be removed. Or at least cured. Do I suggest removing the tooth? Certainly not. But one does not have to be a dentist to know that teeth should be cleaned. And if Taranto were cleaned, it's native sons would swear it wasn't Taranto.

The contour of Italy's coast line is shaped very much like a boot. Taranto, quite properly, is at the heel. This heel is run down. It might be O'Sullivanized and saved. Question—Is it worth saving? Answer—Question ruled out as irrelevant. Anyway, there are no O'Sullivans in Italy.

Taranto is a sea-port. It is a geographical misfortune, and not a desire to cast a slur upon sea-ports, which makes me state this. It has one distinctive advantage over every other sea-port. A mariner needs no light-houses or buoys to guide him safely to its harbor. This is particularly true when the breeze is blowing from the shore.

Italians in general, should feel gratified that the man who advertised—"When in Rome do as the Romans do," came from Rome and not Taranto.

As I write this, the King of Italy's private yacht lies anchored in the harbor. If the King himself had to live in Taranto—there would be no king—or no Taranto.

A real Tarantonian can be sensed before he is seen. The story about the gentleman, who turned to his lady companion in the theatre, and said—"Don't you think the acoustics are bad?" and to which she replied—"Why, I don't smell anything," could not have taken place in Taranto.

There are theatres here.

Travelers stopping in Taranto are advised not to stop. Upon arrival this advice will be regarded as superfluous.

Taranto is divided into two parts called the old town and the new town. If X is equal to the old town, Y is the new town. Mathematicians, philosophers, scientists, and optomists are challenged to answer that. The answer is Y.

The old town is a slowly decaying heap of mouldering tenements, narrow filthy streets, prematurely old men and women in shabby and threadbare raiment, fragile and diseased children, and starved-looking cattie. There is no attempt at any kind of sanitation, sunlight is excluded with all the ingenuity of human ignorance, the atmosphere is permeated with a mixture of nauseating odors, and the only event which breaks the monotony of existence is the passing of funerals,—ornate almost to the point of grotesqueness,—of which there are many.

The new town boasts of two variety shows and a comic opera company. The comedy is supplied by the patrons. The opera is not opera. There is also a "gay café," which is not gay, and a "small but beautiful park," which is not beautiful.

Seen by moonlight, and at a distance, Taranto seems an inviting and romantic town. The greater the distance the more inviting it becomes.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

A MARCONI VETERAN REMINISCES

Life at best is a rather difficult puzzle, but in the Army it's worse than that. After having been looked upon with various degrees of scorn by four branches of the service, and satisfying myself with the explanation that I was as useful to the Army or Navy as cooties to a rabbit, I settled down to business and consoled myself by imagining all was going to go well. Then my erratic Uncle Samuel put out his finger and said, "You seem to have spent some time at radio, so I'll put you in the Engineer's where you can use your knowledge to aid you in chopping down trees, digging ditches and erecting steel buildings." So, just as there are ham radio men, I became what might be very truthfully classified a ham engineer, and it's a great deal more agreeable to be the former.

It doesn't make a fellow feel any too darn important to play on a pick all day or shovel coal, or carry nice, cold steel without gloves in the middle of winter, or to have to take orders from some fellow he feels superior to (even though he's the only one who feels that way), but it's done, and done so well that we've cleaned up a very nasty little job in very much more like jig time, than could have been done without American men and material and money; and if the little game had lasted another couple of months, things would have been moving so rapidly in the direction of Germany that even our dailies would have had a job keeping up to them. And, now, pal, as you're sitting back in your desk chair listening to some fellow up on the Jersey coast piling in on you and everyone else, just let me have your attention for a minute or two and I'll do what little I can to amuse and entertain you.

Some little time after the war started a job was undertaken by one of our allies which was as follows: Several large locomotive repair shops were to be erected and equipped for the handling of the war traffic. That was some four years ago. When we got into the muss some of the buildings were partly completed and they certainly were very nice buildings. One of them would have served very well for the queen of a horticultural show or a velodrome, but as an engine repair shop—well, it couldn't be, that's all. A regiment of expert railroad men was recruited here, and they were all anxious to get over to do what they could, and each man longed to be at his machine. Can you picture their disgust when, on arriving at their station, they had to finish building the project and install all the machinery before they could go on with the job they went over to do? That particular project has been completed, and under the most trying conditions, and it has been turning out the work it was designed to do. It may be hard to see what I am batting at, but the main idea is this; Americans, under the most severe working conditions, did a real job in less than a year which another nation took more than three to get under way. People seemed to have a notion a few years ago that anything made in Europe was just a little better than the same article produced in America; that the United States hadn't come into her stride just yet; that we were young and had to learn from the past masters. Well, I imagine that dope has been entirely exploded and American products and American methods are due to be supreme in the world's markets.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

Now we're going on a joy ride—I'll explain. Most of us were, and some of us still are, insured by Uncle Sam. Said uncle began to lose quite a little money by having to pay funeral expenses and all the rest of it for some nice little fellow who went aeroplaning, 'cause he wanted to say he'd been up. Yes, they gave a lot of fellows jobs pushing up daisies, and paid for flats in the Bronnix for such activity, and old boy uncle says, "When any of you kids go up you better be sure to have written permission, 'cause if you don't you'll just be planted and your folks won't be able to blow in the fifty-seven fifty I'd give 'em every month." So, you see, you haven't any pass and I'm going to take you up for awhile. We're at the training school at Tours, and hangars running at right angles remind us of the grand-stand at some suburban baseball field. The weather is great, and several machines are in the air, while others are being made ready for flight. We're going up in a dual control Sopwith. You have just climbed into your electrically-heated suit when you notice a couple of radio towers with a small camouflaged hut between them, and "Dew Drop Inn" in bold letters on the roof. You point to me and then to the hut and breathe a fervent "Don't."

Then you wrap your head in a leather helmet in which there is a pair of telephone receivers, and then hang a microphone before you by placing its supporting straps around your neck. You then climb into the rear cockpit and connect up all your wires and fasten the big leather lifebelt about your waist, throw in the switch on your wireless set and tell me you're ready—we're going up to test a new-type wireless phone, you know. Then everything is ready and I smile back at you with the assurance that your folks will have a pretty nice little time on that fifty-seven fifty per, and that I hope it won't be bumpy, so you won't be sick.

Yep, she's on Contact, Sarge. Go to it! The old rotary engine goes off with a bang and settles into a very pleasingly regular drone, while a cloud of dust sails heavenward from our stern. The wind from the propeller has started driving the little dynamo which delivers current for your outfit and as the juice slowly increases, your valve filaments get redder and redder and a terrific hum is heard in your 'phones. We taxi to the center of the field and then open up a little and our tail comes up. We're making about eighty now and are leaving the ground on a nice angle and just as you look over the side we're passing "Dew Drop Inn." We're about a thousand feet above terra firma now and you begin to feel more at home, even though the difference in air density does make the little old canvas bird buck a little; so you tell me that you're going to let out your antenna.

"Not quite time yet, better wait till we get above the rough spots. Look over the side. See that large building with the two spires? That's the Tours Cathedral you've heard so much of. We're going right along rue Nacional now—but hold on, we're two thousand now and some distance from the field, drop your wire, bo, drop your wire.

"We're turning around now, making for Vouvray—you get *some* wine from that little town, bo—and we're getting right along; the air speed indicator shows a hundred and fifteen.

"The devil there goes the sun. Feel as though you have been separated from your wind? Well, we'll have to get up a bit higher to get out of

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

these clouds, so here goes. Not a thing to be seen on either side now but the clouds, golden from the reflected sun on one side and a cold, sullen blue on the other. Some five thousand feet below is the cloud bank which makes it impossible for us to have any definite idea as to our bearing.

"We've both been thinking of home and other things which have no bearing on war; we're six thousand feet nearer heaven and about the same distance from death.

"Hello, hello plane 15, this is 'Dew Drop.'" There's no need of you grabbing the 'phone and looking over like that, there are no ghosts and no one is snitching on behind. Swing over your switch and get busy. 'You're finding it hard to get good radiation,' you say? 'A ought to do, try it. 'Yes' you say, 'Yes, Dew Drop, this is 15, how do you hear me?'

"Never mind how I hear you, you birds bring back that hurricane cart or I'll court-martial both of you."

That's plenty, so we drop into a wing slip from that to a tight spiral and sneeze as we pass through the cloud bank and finish reeling in the antenna as we pass the bumpy altitude, and eventually land without any mishap, climb out feeling as though we'd been pulled thru knotholes and acting like a couple of kids who'd been on the hook for a week and were caught by the truant officer.

Now that our little ride is finished and we're back safely to earth let's call it a job, and some day if you like, we'll put a 900-cycle transmitter on a plane and go over the line where the Archies will bang away at us and we'll do a little artillery fire control, using radio. And can you picture, old boy, me driving into my home just at supper time, Christmas Eve, and what a grand and glorious feeling it is to be in a country where the climate is fine, and the girls are the best in the world, and you can stick your fingers to your nose at the clock, and tell anyone you don't like to go to the devil, without being put in the coop? Gee, but it's great to be alive—and out of the Army.

Arthur H. Lynch

FARMS FOR SOLDIERS

Bull frog culture is looking up. It is proposed by certain war enthusiasts, some in the government service and others in private life, to reward our soldier boys returning from France with farms on government-owned land "somewhere in the United States." But it seems, upon investigation, that Uncle Sam has no lands capable of immediate crop production. The only lands available are arid tracts in the West and swamp lands in the South. On the latter the boys might undertake to raise bull frogs for the northern market, or establish alligator farms.

What is needed just now is more practicability and less theory. The recent great war has developed an increased crop of idle dreamers and theorists who are hampering real after-the-war progression.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

A MARCONI LAD GETS HONORABLE MENTION

Headquarters, First Battalion, 328th Infantry, A. E. F.
France, March 25, 1919.

From: Commanding Officer, First Battalion, 328th Infantry.

To: Commanding Officer, 328th Infantry.

Subject: Recommendations for Special Mention in Brigade and Regimental orders.

The following officers, either now serving with this Battalion or having previously done so, are recommended for citation in Brigade or Regimental orders for meritorious conduct in the operations of this Regiment as shown under their names:

Captain Richard Douglas (of New York.) Company B, 328th Infantry.

This officer successfully commanded his company in the Toul and Pont-a-Mousson fronts, through the St. Mihiel offensive, and until severely wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. When wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, he had skilfully conducted his company across the shell-swept field east of La Forge, had crossed the Aire River, and was reorganizing in attack against Hill 223. This officer at all times showed great coolness in action, and a disregard for his personal safety.

QST de P E A

Here Svc:

I am just a plain operator with some eight years radio experience, now senior on the well-known ocean greyhound Rotterdam bound from France to New York, bringing the boys home from Over There. In my leisure time I read various plays and have always noticed they usually are divided into three parts, just like a parson's sermon and a radio message. They all have a preamble, I mean a prologue, a text and then the end.

Reading Shakespeare, Shaw, Goethe and other guys like them, I really wonder why they got so famous, as writing plays seems to me the easiest thing in the world. So I just tried to do the same and leave it to you to criticise the result.

It is a play in three acts, named "Revelations, or The Mysterious Voice," Time is the present, scene of action, Brest harbor.

Act I.

Chief wireless operator in bed after night-watch. Dreaming peacefully of Home, sweet Home, and the girl he left behind.

Assistant operator on duty, listening in for messages concerning the embarkation of the troops. F F K (Brest radio) working ships at intervals.
(End of Prologue.)

Act II.

American naval base station calling up the Rotterdam by radiophone. "Hello Rotterdam, Hello Rotterdam, here Base calling, here Base calling, got a message for you, come in please."

Then the chief operator is awakened by the humming of the motor, hears the spark spell out: "Here Rotterdam, got u Ok but aint got no phone ere, g a pse I'll answer bi buzzer."

Page Nine

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

Silence for a few minutes, then suddenly the assistant's voice is heard, shouting in an excited way in the direction of the Universal crystal receiver, "Yes, thank you, got all Ok, received, thanks old man, please by for reply."

The mysterious voice is asking again: "Got it Rotterdam? got my message?" "Sure old man, sure old man," the assistant is yelling to the aerial tuning condenser. "Got it all Ok, thanks ever so much."

Mysterious voice: "Hello Rotterdam, here Naval Base speaking, why dont you answer."

(Roaring laughter, smothered by sheets and blankets comes out of the sleeping-cabin.)

Suddenly a light dawns on the assistant's brains; jumping at the Morse-key he sends out: "Ok Base, got it a———" then realizing the fun of the situation, breaks down in a fit of laughter. The senior is unconscious by this time.

Act III.

Happily both operators survive the nerve-trying experience. It is whispered that detectives are busily engaged to find out whether the assistant actually made a mistake, or merely wanted to fool his senior, or if the senior is perhaps fooling YOU here.

Curtain.

I thank you.

WHAT IS MAN?

(From the Electrical Experimenter)

A man weighing 150 pounds will contain approximately 3,500 cubic feet of gas—oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen—in his constitution, which at 80 cents per 1,000 cubic feet would be worth \$2.80 for illuminating purposes. He also contains all the necessary fats to make a 15-pound candle, and thus, together with his 3,500 cubic feet of gases, he possesses considerable illuminating possibilities. His system contains 22 pounds and 10 ounces of carbon, or enough to make 780 dozen, or 9,360, lead pencils. There are about fifty grains of iron in his blood and the rest of the body would supply enough of this metal to make one spike large enough to hold his weight. A healthy man contains 54 ounces of phosphorus. This deadly poison would make 800,000 matches, or enough poison to kill 500 persons. This, with 2 ounces of lime, make the stiff bones and brains. No difference how sour a man looks, he contains about sixty lumps of sugar of the ordinary cubical dimensions, and to make the seasoning complete there are twenty spoonfuls of salt. If a man were distilled into water, he would make about thirty-eight quarts, or more than half his entire weight. He also contains a great deal of starch, chloride of potash, magnesium, sulphur and hydrochloric acid in his wonderful human system.

Break the shells of 1,000 eggs into a huge pan or basin, and you have the contents to make a man from his toe nails to the most delicate tissue of his brain. And this is the scientific answer to the question, "What is Man?"

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

NOTES FROM THE WORKS

We rejoice with Mr. Benson over the birth of a little daughter, Cora Jane, who began life on March 27th, weighing 8 lbs.

J. Henry Slinger of the screw machine department, received news from the War Department, that his son, Frank P. Slinger, met death by accident, February 16th. Mr. Slinger joined the 12th Engineers at Philadelphia, December, 1918. Our sympathy is extended to Mr. Slinger, Sr. We are sorry indeed that his son's patriotism should have cost so dearly.

Died, Saturday, April 5th, at Roselle Park, Mrs. McDougall, wife of Mr. Alexander McDougall of our aeroplane-submarine department. Mr. McDougall is one of our oldest employees of the factory and we regret that he should be deprived of the companionship of his wife.

We are glad to welcome back to our midst Frank Peters of the assembling department, who enlisted May 26th, 1918, at Camp Dix and served in France with the 335th Artillery, Battery C, 87th Division. Glad indeed are we, Frank, to be able to shake you by the hand and congratulate you on a safe return. We are proud of the fact that we are able to look you in the eye and say that though we were not able to go across with you we did our utmost here in the shop to supply the Army with nerves in the shape of wireless apparatus, and to help in this way to bring victory to your arms.

We want to congratulate Mr. G. Faust of the model room on his rapid recovery from the dangerous operation which he recently underwent. Mr. Faust is a member of the band; and by the way, speaking of the band, Mr. P. Helwig is very proud of his new saxophone.

We have had occasion before to refer to the remarkable progress made by the band under the able direction of Mr. A. Osmun. There is a saying that, "Nothing succeeds like success." This is truly so of our band. Hardly a Friday evening goes by that there is not some new recruit appearing at the rehearsals in the shop. The band is also a social factor in our organization. It pulled off its second annual spring dance at Arcanum Hall, Elizabeth, Saturday, May 10. The attendance of employees and friends was large and the affair was a great success. We noticed many handsome gowns and everyone appeared to enjoy the occasion to the utmost.

The Get-together Meetings which were planned at the last Efficiency Club Banquet proved to be a very popular idea and it is spreading through the organization. It needs very little to fan this little fire into a blaze.

Commodore Stein has added two more to his fleet of automobiles. Mr. M. C. Steiner, of the Purchasing Dept., having joined in the parade with a new Klein car and Mr. R. C. Edwards, our Maintenance Engineer, with a Veile car. If there is ever an automobile parade in Roselle Park, the Commodore need not be ashamed of the showing he will have of cars owned by Marconi employees.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

The total purchase of the fifth Liberty loan bonds at the works amounted to \$42,350, and we captured an honor flag.

WEAK EYES

Do your eyes pain you?

Does your head ache after you have worked a few hours or read for an hour or two?

Is it hard for you to read fine print?

Do you make mistakes in your work?

Perhaps the trouble is in your sight.

Have your eyes tested by an eye specialist whether you wear glasses or not.

Do not neglect your eyes. If you take care of them you may avoid the use of glasses.

"I wish I could get into some business where you don't have to begin at the bottom." "Try well digging."

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE

Two Irish soldiers are retreating before a brisk German advance when one of them is wounded in the leg.

"Up on me shoulders, Pat," says the second. "Oi'll do me best for ye."

"Lave me be," replies the fallen man. "Oi'll take me chances here."

"Up, man!" urges the unwounded soldier. "Oi'll carry yez t' safety."

"Foine enough that sounds," replies the wounded man, "and sinsible y'are to propose it. I'd get a couple more bullets in me back an' you'd get th' Victoria Cross."

AT THE MESS HALL

Lieutenant Arnold—This for the men's dinner? Soup, I suppose?

Cook—It's really tea, sir; but I can put a few carrots in and call it soup. They won't know the difference!

Huns receive first message from Americans over the Telephone

A month before the armistice was signed, during the rapid advance of the Americans northwest of Verdun, several German officers had an unexpected audience in one of their confidential wartime conversations.

Private Jacob Etter of Pennsylvania and six other privates entered an enemy dugout and discovered a German central telephone exchange. Etter at first supposed the wires had been cut, but was much surprised to hear voices in German when he removed the receiver.

The Pennsylvanian understands German slightly and listened to the conversation being carried on. He called a comrade to the receiver who also understands the enemy tongue.

The speaker evidently was a German artillery officer making a report.

Someone said, "Shelling us heavily here." Whereupon Etter's comrade snickered.

The conversation paused and then the German said, "Someone is listening on this wire."

The German paused for a moment and then questioned:

"Who is there?"

"A couple of Americans," Etter responded. "I hope they give you hell. Good day."

Slamming the receiver on the hook, Etter then tore the 'phone from the wall and sat down to enjoy a hearty laugh at the German's expense.

The interruption in the telephone connection evidently tipped the Germans off to the exact location of the Americans, and a few minutes later six shells burst within a radius of seventy yards of the dugout. The Pennsylvanian and his comrades beat a hasty retreat from the vicinity.

Incidentally this telephone exchange represents but one of several that we have captured.—*Telephone Review*.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

THE DINOSAUR

Behold the mighty dinosaur,
Famous in prehistoric lore,
Not only for his weight and strength
But for his intellectual length.
You will observe by these remains
The creature had two sets of brains—
One in his head (the usual place),
The other at his spinal base.
Thus he could reason *a priori*
As well as *a posteriori*.
No problem bothered him a bit;
He made both head and tail of it.
So wise he was, so wise and solemn,
Each thought filled just a spinal column.
If one brain found, the pressure strong
It passed a few ideas along;
If something slipped his forward mind
'Twas rescued by the one behind;
And if in error he was caught
He had a saving afterthought.
As he thought twice before he spoke
He had no judgments to revoke;
For he could think, without congestion,
Upon both sides of every question.
O, gaze upon this model beast,
Defunct ten million years at least!
—B. L. T. in *The Chicago Tribune*.

Father O'Hanlon, of Dubuque, was passing down the street when he noticed one of his parishioners digging in a trench, while a little way off stood a swarthy superintendent.

"Well, Pat," said his reverence, "how do you like having an Italian boss?"

Pat looked up, and, mopping his brow, replied:

"Faith, father, how do you loike havin' one yerself?"

Upon being informed that his friend, another Pullman porter, had a birth at his house, the other remarked, "Boy or girl?"

"Both," said the informant. "Twins."

"Man, that ain't a birth; that's a section," said the other.

REMOVAL

The Marconi office at Chicago, has been removed from the Transportation Building to 510 Bonheur Building, 326 River Street.

COST OF CLOTHING

Common pieces of apparel have advanced since July, 1914, all the way from 64 per cent. in the case of women's blouses, to 185.7 per cent. on men's overalls. Men's and women's coats which sold for \$10 in 1914 advanced to \$19 and \$20, and suits which retailed for \$15 advanced about 75 per cent.

SAFETY OF TRAVEL AT SEA

In the annual report of the Supervising Inspector General of the Steamboat Inspection Service to the Secretary of Commerce it is stated that during the last fiscal year 335,141,118 passengers were carried on steam vessels that are required by law to report the number of passengers carried. Dividing this number by 77, the total number of passengers lost, shows that 4,352,482 passengers were carried for each passenger lost. The total number of lives lost from all causes, passengers and crew, was 500.

JOHNNY'S ATTENDANCE

Johnny had been in the habit of arriving at the office from fifteen to thirty minutes late each day. One day a friend of Johnny's pointed out to him the possible consequences of such a bad habit, whereupon Johnny made a point of getting up a little earlier in the morning and getting to the office on time. A week went by before anyone remarked on the change, then one day Johnny's employer said: "John, I notice you have been coming rather early of late; you always were behind before, but now you are first at last."

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

SAFETY FIRST

1. We have yet to learn that what affects one affects all.
2. That co-operation between employer and employee will transform the spirit of selfishness into a common service for each.
3. That a man with a chip on his shoulder can always find cause for conflict.
4. Good will and loyalty are valuable assets between an employer and an employee.
5. We do not always have a chance to be leading man or woman in the show, but if we do our part well and thoroughly some day that chance will come to us.
6. There is some satisfaction in seeing the other fellow hum to keep up with you.
7. Think of yourself and the doctor won't have to.
8. It is cheaper to KEEP WELL than to get well.
9. A man at work is worth two in the hospital.

HEALTH HINTS

Now some more of "them Health Hints." About plenty of water inside. Drink when you get up. Drink before you go to bed. Drink a half hour before meals. Drink 6 to 8 glasses of water a day. A glass of clear water promotes digestion, helps the action of the bowels and rids the body of injurious waste products. Don't muddle your brain by drinking beer, whiskey or other alcoholic drinks—they always harm you. Drink plenty of water and enjoy good health.

Learn to love Fresh Air! Fresh Air—a friend to health; a foe to disease. When you come in from out-of-doors and find the air in your room stale and stuffy and foul-smelling, open the win-

dows wide and let in plenty of fresh air from outside. Open the doors, too, so that the fresh air can drive all disease-laden air from the room.

Become a fresh air crank—even at the risk of being disliked. Better a live fresh-air crank than an almost lifeless hot-house invalid.

Avoid large crowds in closed or poorly ventilated rooms. Not only does the bad air lower your resistance, but you are in danger of catching disease from others.

Don't ride in a crowded street car when going a short distance. Walk! Walk a mile in the open air twice a day. It will add ten years to your life. If you don't believe it, try it and see.

Keep the windows of your bed-room wide open, day and night, even in the middle of the winter. You can't overdose yourself with fresh air, and disease germs can't endure it. UP WITH YOUR WINDOWS!

WHO AM I?

I am the tub of the universe,
The predicament of the moment,
The jewel in the contractor's crown,
The crimp in the pay envelope.
I am the friend of the wasteful cook,
The nigger in the woodpile,
The little thing to look for,
The large thing to find.
I am greater than a hundred howitzers.
And ten army corps,
And Josephus Daniels.
I am the difference between winning and losing.
I am the reason why.
I am the garbage pail.

A man's relatives and the dissensions arising among them, are like unto a field of golden wheat, and the tares therein. And many are the enemy sowers!

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

SUCCESS SECRETS

What is the secret of success, asked the Sphinx—

"Push," said the button.

Never be "Led," said the pencil.

Be up to "Date," said the calendar.

Always keep "Cool," said the ice.

Don't do business on "Tick," said the clock.

Never lose your "Head," said the barrel.

Do a "Driving" business, said the hammer.

Aspire to "Greater" things, said the nutmeg.

Make "Light" of everything, said the fire.

Make much of "Smaller Things," said the micrometer.

Never do anything "Off-Hand," said the glove.

Spend much time on "Reflection," said the mirror.

Be "Sharp" in your dealings, said the knife.

Find a good thing and "Stick" to it, said the glue.

Do the work you are "Sooted" for, said the flue.

Moses and Aaron were partners in business when Aaron was called up and had to go to camp. About a month after Aaron had departed, he received a telegram from Moses which read:

"Business burned out. Got \$10,000 insurance. What shall I do?" To which Aaron wired back: "Start another business."

One month later he received another telegram from Moses: "Business burned out again. Got \$13,000 insurance. What shall I do?"

Immediately Aaron wired back: "Keep the home fires burning!"

VERS LIBRE

(TAKING IT ON PERCENTAGE WITH MOTHER GOOSE)

I.

Megilla maculata,

Return instantly

To your residence.

A conflagration

Is consuming your domicile,

And your progeny

Are in danger of

Incineration.

II.

Jack and Jill

Ascended a slight eminence,

To obtain a pailful

of H²O.

Jack, losing his equipoise.

Precipitated himself

upon the ground.

Sustaining injuries

Of the cranium;

Jill participated

In the disaster.

III.

A man, residing

In our metropolis,

Was eminently erudite.

Jumping into a bush

Of the species "*rubus fruticosus*."

He became totally blind.

Perceiving his loss of vision,

He immediately precipitated himself

into a bush of the same genus.

Whereupon his visionary organs

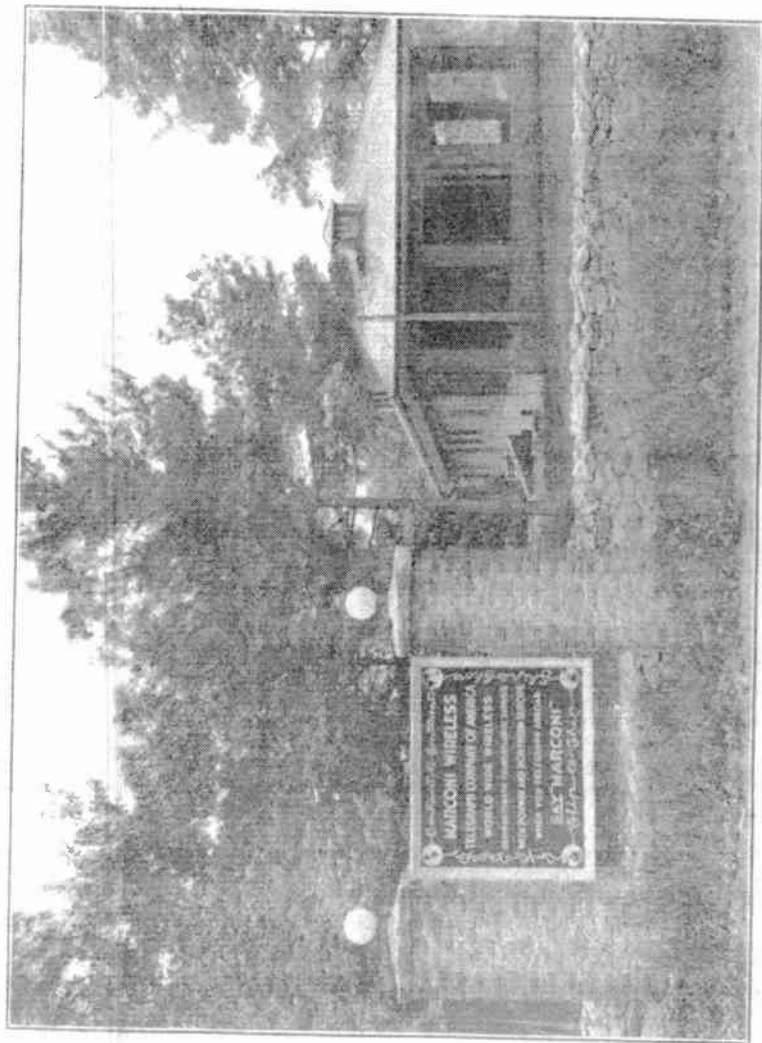
Resumed functioning,

Normally.

THE SUBWAY PROSPECT

There are 341 track miles in the Dual Subway system of New York, all of which excepting about thirty-five track miles will have been completed at the end of this year.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS



ENGINEER'S COTTAGE, MARCONI STATION, MARION, MASS.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS



In Jersey City, N. J., April 23, at Grace Church (Van Borst), Henrietta, daughter of the late John Pleines, to James A. Templeton, both of Jersey City. The bride is a popular member of the office force of the Commercial department, at Head office.

At Chicago, December 7, 1918, Leonard L. Lynn, Marconi Chief Operator, to Muriel M. Metzger.

At Honolulu, April 19, in the parsonage of the Central Union Church, Wallace R. Gompf, Yeoman, U. S. N., to Edith B. Ashley. The groom is officer-in-charge of the Radio station at Koko Head. The staff welcomed them to the station with an old-fashioned shivaree.

Born—At Brooklyn, N. Y., May 7, to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Winterbottom, a son—10 pounds.

NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, April 23, 1919, Messrs. Marcus Goodbody and Charles J. Ross, both of New York, were elected Directors to fill vacancies existing in the classes of 1921 and 1920, respectively.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, at Jersey City, April 21, 1919, Messrs. James W.

Pyke and J. Van Vechten Olcott were re-elected directors for the term of five years.

PERSONAL

George A. Bellis, U. S. A., late of the Auditor's department, and recently invalided home from France, is at the Greenhut Hospital, New York, nursing a bad wound in the leg. He is on the road to recovery.

Capt. Richard Douglas, U. S. A., late of the Wireless Press, has returned from France, and is at the Polyclinic Hospital, New York, undergoing treatment for an obstinate wound in the foot, which, however, is slowly mending.

L. E. Taufenback has been placed on the Reserve force of the Navy, and resumed service in the Auditor's department. He returned from France as Radio Officer on the Auguste Victoria, one of the largest German ships.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Messrs. Nally, Sarnoff, Weagant and Ogden have returned from Washington.

Messrs. Pi Isbury, Winterbottom, Stein, Kroger and Edwards recently visited the high power stations in Massachusetts.

We are glad to see Mr. Porter back at his post after a brief illness.

Mr. Nally was recently called to Chicago by the illness of Mrs. Nally, who is now out of danger.

Mr. F. H. Kroger, late of the International Signal Company, has entered the Marconi service as Assistant Chief Engineer.

The offices of the Wireless Press have been removed from 25 Elm street, to the Woolworth Building.

Mr. Sarnoff has returned from Cuba, where he went on business of the company.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

Lynn C. Everett, Engineer, who has been in South America some weeks on company business, is en route from Buenos Aires to New York via Valparaiso and Panama.

George W. Hayes has been appointed Commercial Engineer. John A. Sheridan succeeds him as Purchasing Agent.

The Marconi Company purchased fifth Liberty loan bonds to the amount of \$500,000.

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK

The Eastern Division offices are now comfortably located at 25 Elm Street and the office force, as well as the operators, find the convenience far superior to those at Broad Street. There are three well-appointed offices with a store-room, and adjoining is the Maintenance, Inspection and Repair department, which makes an added convenience for the operators.

C. S. Thevenet, who was for a number of years one of the star operators of the Marconi service, from which he resigned at the beginning of the war to join the navy where he held the rating of Chief Petty Officer, has just been released from the naval service and immediately signed up with Marconi. He was placed in charge of our station on the F. D. Asche and took R. B. Lum with him as junior.

Three other naval men were placed this month. M. R. Beckerman went out on the San Juan, I. Ellingham is now on the Apache, and G. W. Harvey is on the Trieste.

Two soldiers, both of whom wear foreign service chevrons and wound stripes, having seen active service at the front, were assigned this month. They are A. E. Kierstead, who went in charge on the Socony 92, and H. B. Conway, who sailed on the Maracaibo.

A. D. Bernstein, who went as junior to M. R. Beckerman on the San Juan,

and J. H. Reimers, who is now on the Oranje Nassau, are graduates of the Marconi Institute who were assigned to good ships since our last report. G. W. Harvey, listed among the naval men, is also an Institute graduate.

P. A. Visconti, a former Marconi man, was re-engaged and took out the Italian steamer Trieste, and with Harvey as junior is now en route to Italy. Another former Marconi operator was re-engaged when C. Stellmach went out on the Salto.

C. J. Quinn, who has been on the sick list undergoing an operation, has fully recuperated and is now running as senior on the Nacooche.

F. B. Parsons, a new man, was assigned to the Philadelphia as junior to H. J. Scott.

H. H. Long arrived in New York last week after being away for several months on a voyage to South America and overseas. He shipped again for South America on the Munaires and is again en route for South America.

A. S. Cresse returned from his Holland trip and, as on his previous visit to New York, immediately took out another ship for the other side. This time he goes to Egypt on the Paulsboro.

H. A. Carder and A. R. Brogan transferred from the Caracas to the Ponce upon the lay-up of the Caracas.

Hugo Estberg is now senior on the Maracaibo and has as junior H. B. Conway.

John A. Nash is on the Paloma. John needs no introduction to the Marconi fraternity even though his name has not appeared in our columns in some time. To those who haven't seen him lately we might state that he is the same old Jawn.

Edward A. Bernstein performed a good service while his ship was laid up when he took an inventory of the store-room and re-arranged the stock of books in scientific book-store style.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

When the Huron is ready he will be ready to sail on her.

John M. O'Herin has been engaged as storekeeper in the company's main stationery and printing stockroom which is under the supervision of the Eastern Division.

Ray D. Giles has been promoted from senior on the Comanche to Inspector in the M. R. and I. Division. Charles Murray, another former operator in this division, has also been assigned as inspector in that department.

BOSTON

The Belfast, Calvin Austin, Gov. Cobb and Gov. Dingley of the Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc., have been equipped with 1/2 K. W. Type C-296-B panel sets.

Operator Martin, who was on watch when the Belfast collided with the Sagamore Bridge over the Cape Cod Canal, narrowly escaped serious injury. The wireless cabin was wrecked, but through some fortunate circumstance the apparatus was only slightly damaged, although it will be necessary to completely re-install it.

Operators Sweet and Munroe are attached to the Northland, now on the New York run, and say she is the best ship on the coast.

Operators Rice and Martin are on the Camden which takes the place of the Belfast on the New York run, while the latter is undergoing repairs.

Gerald Travis is glad to be back on his old home, the Gov. Dingley.

Sloane and Whipple are on the Calvin Austin now on the St. John run, and are fast learning Canadian ways. Sloane has already acquired a St. John haircut.

Barber and Philbrook are on the North Star running to Yarmouth, N. S. Barber has recently purchased a National Roadster. Evidently he is not considering the marriage question.

A. A. Grant, a former employee was

recently assigned to the Gloucester, a Southern Division ship.

GULF DIVISION

There have been very few changes in the operating personnel of this Division during the past month; things in general remain quiet, although the new Service Contracts keep us wide-awake.

One of our old employees, R. I. Young, has been released from the Naval Reserve and is now assigned to the Mascotte as senior, with J. E. Jane as junior.

D. W. Jolls of the tug Buccaneer, is now paying a visit to New Orleans after spending most of his shore leave in Beaumont.

Operators H. L. Crandall and E. Krause are enjoying a trip to New York on the Marina, after having traveled around the Islands for about two years.

T. J. Alderman and L. H. Boizelle remain on the Coahuila as senior and junior respectively.

The Freeport Sulphur No. 1 is now laid up at this port and operator S. H. Wheeler is taking in the sights of New Orleans.

J. H. Jensen has relieved Y. de Bellefeuille aboard the Freeport Sulphur No. 2. Mr. Bellefeuille is now assigned to the Santurce.

L. V. Asadorian is still stationed on board the Gulfport.

All is well on the Miami, J. E. Broussard and P. R. Ellsworth remaining aboard.

The Herman Winter and H. F. Dimock having been transferred from the Eastern Division, operators J. Houlberg and G. H. Reachard have also been added to our list of operators.

R. G. Curry has sailed on the Beechland. This is one of the wooden vessels built for the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

H. L. Hille and H. E. Blasier have returned to New Orleans aboard the Jalisco.

The Ponce has been returned to us with operators H. A. Carder and R. Brogan as senior and junior.

A. Krog calls regularly at this office for mail while the S. S. Yoro is in port.

A. P. West is cruising southern waters on the tug Roy Hooper.

Due to the tug Pan American laying up for repairs at New Orleans, C. F. Bailey has been enjoying a long stay in port.

L. J. Yuhl is still assigned to the tug Robert P. Clark.

C. M. Morenus of the Santa Christina, admits he raised a growth on his upper lip in order to have his name appear in the service news.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

BALTIMORE

The Philadelphia office was too busy to send in their notes this month. Guess they were too absorbed in other things besides Marconi. Dame rumor has it there will be a triple wedding in that district and they are all Marconi men. Our reporter can't get anything out of the principals, but appearances substantiate said rumor.

Schwab put a 1/2 K. W. Canadian cabinet set on the War Horse, renamed the Henry Clay. Also put in a rush equipment on the Sudbury. Fred says the faster they come the better he likes it.

Grantlin put a 1/2 kw. panel on the Carolinian. John Flagg left the Nantucket to take her across. The steamship people wanted a good man, so we gave them one of the best we had.

W. E. Neuman, just released from Naval service, relieved J. P. Hunter on the Persian. We understand Hunter took out the Sudbury.

R. J. Rochowiak says he has enough

of English ships. He took the Sedberg across and back.

Our old friend L. W. McKee managed to get away from friend wife and paid us a visit. Looks good too. Says married life certainly agrees with him. Says he has money in the bank now. Take notice Lee, Freddie and Roy.

H. E. Lundauer and W. P. Mittmer took out the Ontario. Wittmer only lasted one trip, said he got seasick. H. W. Henkle, a new man relieved him.

I. B. Sherman is on a short vacation while the Cretan is laid up at Baltimore. He looks good and plump. Must like the M. & M.

L. C. Nible and T. S. Brown took the Essex out after her layup.

C. W. Thatcher relieved J. F. Flagg on the Nantucket. Inspector Grantlin says Thatcher and Warner have the cleanest room in the fleet.

L. L. Ainley left the British ship War Gazelle up in Canada, and returned to Philadelphia for assignment out of this Division.

A. A. Grant relieved Dodge on the Gloucester.

H. Moulton is on the Quantico, but would like a ship on a regular Boston run. Who wants to swap?

McKee says he expects to get paid off soon, and wants a good billet.

W. P. Kent, former Manager at Jacksonville, is now in charge of the Baltimore station. Says its the softest job he ever had. Even better than WJX. That's going some.

Alan P. Smith, former Southern Division man, writes from Princeton that he will soon be back with us. We need good men.

W. J. Ferris, one of our old men just released from the service, has filed application for re-employment. Glad to hear from the old boys; getting tired breaking in recruits.

Continuing from last month's issue. W. P. G. He has passed the slipping

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

stage, he has fallen, and fallen so hard that it won't be very long before we will be able to announce the big thing. He is giving us this advance notice in order that he will receive some gifts. He used to have a swell ring, but no more. His case is more serious than the Philadelphia ones.

We have not yet received inventories from all ships of the M. & M. line. Get busy. How about your monthly report of tools and spares? Come clean.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

Harold Chittenden was transferred from the Western States to the F. B. Squires. L. F. Fenelon, a new-comer, is assigned to the Western States. Fenelon is a discharged Navy operator.

A. O. Weller has returned to our service after eighteen months with the Navy. He is assigned to the City of Buffalo.

Conrad A. Russell, formerly of the eastern division, is holding down the assignment on the City of Erie.

Wm. H. Kunnar has returned for his third season on the Carl D. Bradley, which was one of the first vessels to be put into service.

L. F. Bremmer, who spent the winter working in a local shipyard, has returned to the Harvey H. Brown.

Elmer Prenzel has returned to the Fayette Brown for his third season. Prenzel put in the winter in the Lake Michigan District.

The City of Detroit, III, has opened season of navigation between Detroit and Buffalo. Harry Fraser is acting as senior and Olly Fishtorn, a new-comer, as junior.

Wm. Shurance is assigned to the E. J. Earling.

Clarence Heister is the "one and only" on the Samuel Mitchell.

Adelbert Rusfeldt, a discharged Navy

man and a new-comer to the Marconi service, is on the C. O. Jenkins.

H. J. Burhop has returned to our service after two years with the Navy. He is assigned to the Sir Thos. Shaughnessy.

Liste Wright, after spending three weeks in Cleveland waiting for navigation to open, has been assigned to the W. F. White.

W. A. Liggett, a new recruit, has been assigned to the A. M. Byers.

Roy Wenning joined the Peter Reiss as she passed up the Detroit River on her first trip. He reports everything working fine and is well pleased with his assignment.

Edwin Abraham, a Valparaiso recruit, is on the Otto Reiss.

Carl Chapman, a Valparaiso product, is on the Clemens Reiss.

L. Langseth, who is still supporting his Army uniform, has been assigned to the Wm. Reiss.

C. D. Morris, who spent the winter in the eastern division, is on the Conneaut. His "side-kick," A. L. Shafer is on the Huron.

C. J. Christensen, after several months of Army service, has been assigned to the Wyandotte.

Eldon Brisson is on the Alpena. Brisson was recently discharged from the Navy.

Inspector W. H. Jones and W. W. Neely are completing the installations on the Grand Haven and Milwaukee, at Grand Haven, Mich.

CHICAGO

Roy A. Demeritt, formerly of the Lake Erie District, is in charge of the Alabama.

E. Schoepfer, a new man, is holding down the Carolina.

The Indiana has laid up for painting, and E. Prenzel has been transferred to the Fayette Brown, in the Lake Erie District.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

The Harvester went into commission with E. D. Bryant as wireless officer. Bryant is an old timer, working the Chicago Station in 1913, after which he put in about three years on the Pacific Coast.

To the many operators who have heard Bryant declare he "wouldn't marry the best woman on earth," we wish to announce that he is married and talks of nothing except his little three-year-old daughter. They all flop sooner or later.

The Barge Limit went into action April 12, and in the first round put one operator out of the fight.

P. R. Perkins, of Valparaiso, is now holding down the job, but we expect him to resign as soon as he has a round with the steam driven alternator. How we long for Operator Pell to return to this ship. He really liked the place.

A TARDY CONFESSION

CHICAGO, APRIL 9, 1919.

Mr. E. A. Nicholas, Supt.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Nicholas:

Since my letter of April 7th has "spilled the beans" we may as well admit this "has been going on" since shortly before Christmas. As all such happenings are usually reported in the Service News before the ink on the license is dry, we thought we would see if we couldn't put something over for once.

The details are as follows.

THE TIME—December 7, 1919.

THE PLACE—Chicago, Ill.

AND THE GIRL—Muriel M. Metzger.

You may be sure that your congratulations are appreciated very much and we hope to be able to return them in the near future. We are sure that Mr. Elliott will join us in saying "come on in, the water's fine."

Very sincerely,

L. L. LYNN

PACIFIC COAST DIVISION

R. H. Brower, who has been recently relieved from active duty in the Naval Reserve, returned to our service and was assigned to the E. H. Meyer as Operator-in-charge, relieving C. Heck.

E. Diamond and J. W. Summers have been assigned to the Humboldt as senior and junior respectively.

A. R. Montgomery, a new man in our service, has been assigned to the Idaho as operator-in-charge, relieving F. T. Cookson.

The Santa Alicia, of Grace & Company, was recently equipped with the standard Marconi 2 K. W. 500 cycle set, with J. U. Meyer as operator-in-charge.

Michael O'Bradovic has recently received his discharge from the U. S. Naval Reserve and is planning on spending some time on a farm at Issaquah, Washington.

John MacGowan has returned to Seattle after a year's duty overseas. MacGowan has been stationed at Cardiff, Wales, for the past eight months doing electrical repair work on ships.

George Wunderlich was married to a young lady from San Francisco a few weeks ago. Wunderlich has been on the Curacao for over two years and the officers and crew of that vessel presented him with a chest of beautiful silver.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Geo. Nicholson and son in the sad loss of her husband, who has been ill for several months, finally culminating in his death March 12, in a Bellingham hospital.

Mr. Nicholson was in our service from April 1, 1912 at Seattle, Washington, resigning on April 30, 1916, to take charge of the Dry Goods Department of the Carter Department Store, at Friday Harbor, Washington, where he was employed up to the time of death.

Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America

233 BROADWAY (WOOLWORTH BUILDING) NEW YORK

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