

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

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BY AND FOR MARCONI EMPLOYEES



THE GOLDEN GATE

THE GOLDEN GATE TO HOSPITALITY

The ocean traveler enters San Francisco Bay between two stern and formidable looking cliffs that seem to frown upon rather than welcome his entry, but he soon learns that they are but to cover, in the usual rough western way, a cordiality and hospitality that surpasseth all understanding. That is why San Francisco is a city known and loved around the world, and as the western port of entry to the United States it has been a credit to the nation. It has been with no mean difficulty that San Francisco has attained its present high standing as a city. She has had more than her share of troubles since a small company of Spanish padres, in 1776, established a mission on the peninsula, called by them the Mission de Los Dolores. For fifty years Spanish rule was supreme, and in 1835 the first house was erected in the village, then known as Yerba Buena.

In 1846, during the war with Mexico, California was occupied by American troops and a United States man-of-war took possession of the Bay of San Francisco and the surrounding country. In 1847, after many vicissitudes, the little settlement of Yerba Buena adopted the name of San Francisco. In the year 1848, gold was discovered in California and two years later the population of the city had increased to 25,000, and its ill-kept streets were thronged by eager adventurers of many nationalities. It became, and remains to this day, the most cosmopolitan city of North America.

San Francisco has been devastated by five fires, but the conflagration of April 18th, 19th and 20th, 1916, was incomparably the greatest in the history of the world. It laid waste nearly five square miles of compactly-built business and residential buildings, destroying over 28,000 structures with contents, conservatively valued at one billion dollars; but the indomitable energy of the pioneer still strenuously manifests itself, and San Francisco, the city by the Golden Gate, has won the admiration of the world by the greatness of her achievement in reconstructing a more modern and substantial city than the one destroyed.

The first vessel to enter the Golden Gate was the old weather-beaten San Carlos, of a few hundred tons, contrasting strongly with the giant liners now using the famous portal, which is a mile wide at its narrowest, and three miles at its greatest width. Its name is generally imputed to Fremont, who fought for California's independence, and who saw the glorious golden sunsets over the entrance to the bay from the summit of Telegraph Hill.

The Bay of San Francisco covers an area of some 450 square miles, of which more than eighty are considered safe anchorage for vessels of every type, having a natural depth varying from eighteen to sixty feet at lowest tide, for a distance of sixty miles north and south. It is practically an inland sea, land-locked and storm-proof, and capable of

accommodating the navies of the entire world. Typhoons and hurricanes are unknown, ships docking without difficulty in any weather, at all stages of the tide. Old Fort Winfield Scott, long since dismantled, and now a federal prison, stands picturesquely on one point of the Golden Gate and at its narrowest part, facing Marin county.

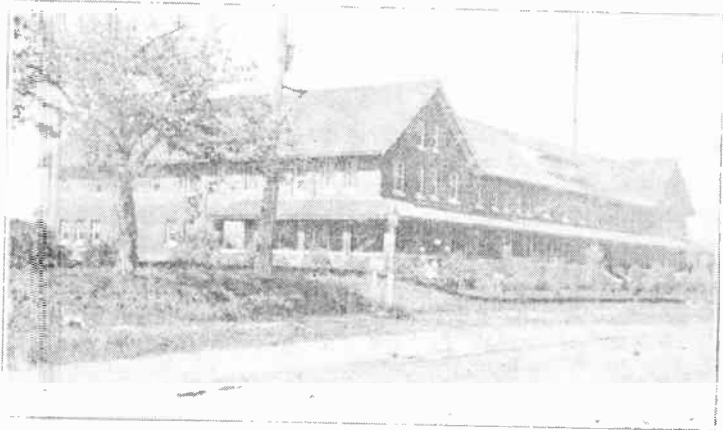
AN ESSAY ON CLAMS

A little neck clam who was far from loquacious
Used to ride on the tide in a bay,
And his friends all believed him extremely sagacious
Because he had little to say,
"He doesn't waste hours in argument futile,"
Cried the mussels that basked in the sun.
"He knows that loose talk is in vain and inutile,
He's a long-headed son-of-a-gun."

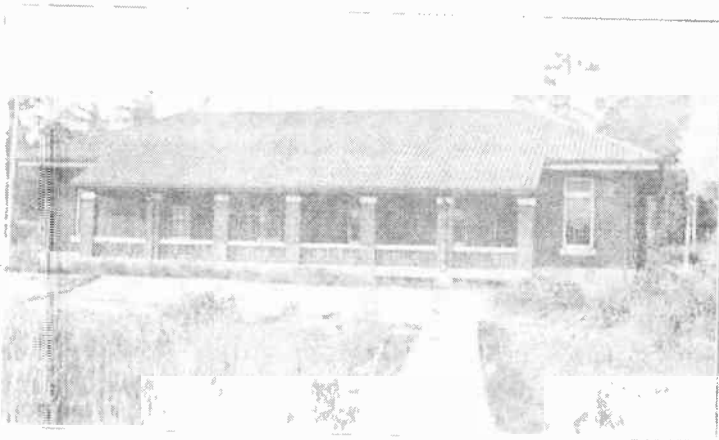
This habit of cutting out all conversation
Wherever he happened to be
Soon gained for the clam widespread reputation
As the wisest old fish in the sea.
Crustaceans and bivalves looked on him in wonder,
And pilgrims repaired to his home
To poke in the sand he lay slumbering under
And gaze at his marvellous dome.

But when an old man with a spade and a dreener
Came down to the beach at low tide,
The lobsters and crabs, with affrighted demeanor,
Stepped nimbly and deftly aside.
While the tactiturn clam they had fancied so knowing
For the reason his words were but few,
The following evening was busily throwing
A fit as he boiled in a stew!

You've often met clams in your daily relations—
Untalkative, reticent guys,
Who somehow achieve rather big reputations
Because they sit round and look wise.
Their silence was golden—they profited by it,
But this fact, notwithstanding, remains:
*The actual reason that kept them so quiet
Was their lack of all semblance of brains!*



MESS QUARTERS

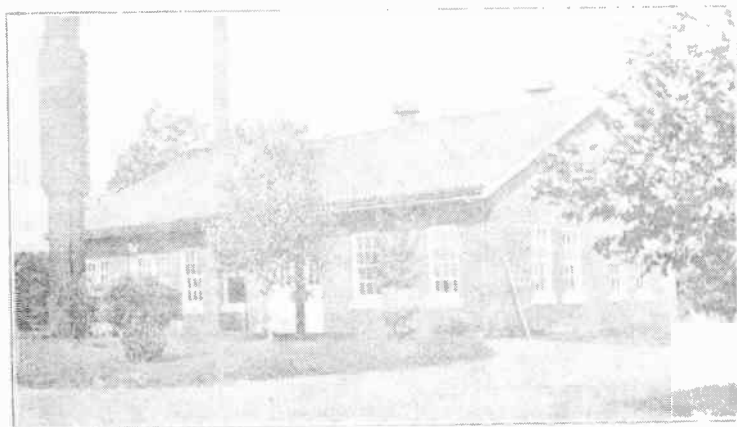


OPERATING BUILDING

HIGH POWER STATION, BELMAR, N. J.



SUPERINTENDENT'S COTTAGE



POWER HOUSE

HIGH POWER STATION, BELMAR, N. J.

ANNOUNCEMENT

At a special meeting held November 20th, the shareholders of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America voted in favor of the merger of the company with the Radio Corporation of America, effective December 1st, from which date the Marconi Company ceased to be an operating company.

Edward J. Nally was elected President of the new company; Owen D. Young, Chairman of the board of directors; Charles J. Ross, Secretary; George S. DeSousa, Treasurer; Hon. John W. Griggs, General Counsel; Lewis MacConnach, Assistant Secretary; Marion H. Payne, Assistant Treasurer, and a strong board of directors.

The new company is exclusively American. Agreements have been made with the British Marconi Company and the Compagnie Generale de Telegraphie sans fil, by which the Radio Corporation will obtain enlarged facilities in Europe and in South America. Previously the American Marconi Company has been limited in its activities to the United States and Cuba.

Plans for the inauguration of a transoceanic wireless system are maturing which will place the company in position to furnish service equal to that of the ocean cables.

The General Electric Company is interested in the new corporation. The research laboratories and the engineering force of the General Electric Company have been at work for a number of years on radio matters; apparatus of great value was developed during the war. The Radio Corporation will take over all the radio patents and inventions of the General Electric Company and will also retain the highly specialized staff of the American Marconi Company.

FALSE THRIFT

There is a lot of difference between thrift and parsimony. Conservation does not mean patched clothes, niggardliness in diet and curtailment of all expenditures to the absolutely indispensable necessities.

Thrift is essential, but not in the personal, penny-pinching way that many persons mistake for thrift. In war times, as always, we need amusement, the broadening that comes with educational advantages, and some things that, because they are not necessary to life, are commonly called luxuries.

Real conservation lies in the way of elimination of waste, the correction of uneconomic habits and a thorough investigation of costs.

False thrift—a mere curtailment of expenditures—saves nothing in the end. It merely disturbs the producing and distributing industries of the country at a time when they are, at best, passing through an unprecedented crisis.

Postponed expenditures usually cost more in the end. Living efficiently, cutting down waste, saving what was formerly spent without a fair return—that is real thrift.

LITTLE JOURNEYS ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

By Willis K. Wing

This Mexican metropolis is the most northern port of any size in Mexico, but even then is some distance removed from the southern boundary of Texas. Tampico's claim as a port is entirely wrapped up in her oil. And a great deal of it she has, too. On entering, the ship passes (at least we hope so) over the Tampico bar, which is always a menace to masters of vessels, from thence up the river to load at any of the numerous oil-loading docks that line the shores of the Panuco river. On passing up the river scores of fast little launches, throwing up the muddy yellow spray of the river water, slide past the ship on divers errands. There are two American men of war—of truly ancient lineage, it must be confessed—anchored in the river. A gunboat and a monitor were there at the time of my visit. When the tanker has been berthed and the loading hoses attached, then is the time to contemplate a journey ashore.

There are several means of transport at Tampico. There is a railroad which runs parallel to the river which runs trains at intervals (do I see some experienced one smile?), and there are launches, and finally there is the most reliable method of all—that very common method of locomotion, which I believe certain of our citizens who recently visited France were wont to call the Shoemaker's Express. The city also boasts of a trolley line, but it is not very accessible to the territory where most of the ships dock. He who walks to the city is indeed courageous—it is a mere trip of four miles along a railroad track—there being a paucity of roads—a lack, which is by no means confined to this Mexican city—others may lay claim to the same doubtful honor.

On reaching the city one sees that it is quite large—some 100,000 people admitting their residence there. More than 8,000 of the populace are foreigners, chiefly Americans and English, with some Spanish and French and a sprinkling of Dutch. We are silent as to the number of Huns. There are a number of fair-looking shops and fair-looking restaurants and fair-looking hotels with forbidding names. The restaurants cheerfully charge white men 20 or 30 cents American money for a cup of coffee, and I am told other prices are in proportion. The idea is, of course, that if the gringos have so much money (in comparison to the Mexicans)—let them spend it. They do; in fact, they must.

The gentle art of bull-fighting, so earnestly applauded by the Spanish-Mexican element among the population—and perhaps even some of the Anglo-Saxon branches, too—seems to have sadly declined. There are several excellent itinerant fighters—toreadors—still in Mexico; but according to best local information, the quality of the animals is on the decline and has been so for some time. I asked what was the matter with them, and one Mexican who could parlez a bit of English,

disgustedly said: "The bulls are too friendly!" Occasionally in Tampico there is a bull-fight, but the excitement dear to most Latin hearts has been gloriously replaced by the pure red, white and blue, deeply American sport of baseball. There are several diamonds in the town and on Sundays—and other days, too—they are put to excellent use. There are diamonds—by appearance improvised in some hurry—in fields near the river front, and the natives as well as the foreigners disport themselves.

The life aboard the American naval ships on duty there is rather monotonous at best, and is happily broken by regular encounters between nines from the ships and teams of American oil men. Along the river, both above the town and below it, are the residences of the Mexican laborers—peons is the term. Residences is not the correct word at all—but how is, one to describe a structure of boards, with a well-packed earthen floor, an arrangement that a stiff blow would convert to matchwood—according to appearances. The shacks vary in quality—suited to the industry and worldly goods of the owner. They are almost always surrounded by wandering pigs and chickens—animals that are treated exactly as any other member of the family and subsisting on the same ration—parched corn. The chickens are permitted an high estate, having a roost some eight feet or so above the ground, presumably to protect them from the ravages of the rattlesnakes, which are rather numerous. In the daytime the shacks and the surrounding ground is about as hot as anything anywhere in Mexico. Most of the grass in the side yard has been trampled away until there is naught left but hard, sun-baked earth—an excellent reflector of heat. The back yard and the front yard are in exactly the same condition. A quarter of a mile back from the river bank there are trees and lots of shade, but this the Mexican family shuns. For what reason I cannot say, unless it be to escape the prowling mosquito, which sallies forth during nocturnal hours, seeking whom it may devour.

All the heartrending descriptions of the much-advertised Jersey mosquito are mild compared with what one might write concerning the mosquito that is native to the banks of this river. They are as big as bees and as persistent. If one remains aboard ship some degree of escape is possible, but not otherwise. I expect to be challenged in this statement by those operators whom duty has taken to the vicinity of Sabine Pass and Port Arthur, Texas—but they are pretty bad, boys.

Because of the few roads, outside of those in the city itself, travel is highly restricted. Most of one's riding is done in launches—before mentioned. Some of these launches are beauties; one in particular makes 28 miles an hour, has luxurious capacity for fifteen people and is a work of art from the standpoint of marine design. She cost some \$8,000. Other launches in use appear to have been built more for utility and do not appeal so much to the aesthetic sense. One gasoline-propelled ship—I hardly know what to call it—is employed by an American oil company to bring its quota of Mexican laborers to the plant each morn-

ing. It is a huge, flat bottom affair, with no upper works at all, but it makes an excellent transport.

On holidays—and they are numerous—and on Sundays, all native Tampico (or so it seems, at least) goes a-boating on the river. Craft of all kinds is pressed into service, and happy Mrs. Villa and Mr. Villa and young Mr. Villa and young Miss Villa and divers others who can crowd in, all gaily take to the boats. And what a riot of color. That part of the excursion really beggars description. And all this motor-boating, with gasoline at a cost of 40 cents a gallon. Although there is plenty of raw crude oil about—and lots of it floating on the river surface, by the way—very little refining is done, the companies refining merely enough for their own use. So the price is high.

Those who have lived on the Ohio River, or on the Mississippi, or who have seen elsewhere those big, picturesque stern-wheel river steamers will have an excellent idea of the larger steam river boats that ply the River Panuco. These ships, all flying the Mexican flag, carry passengers to points up and down the river, and as a kind of side-line, tow big flat barges with fuel oil. There are oil tankers from many ports in the river all the time, and I am proud to say that the greater portion of them fly the Stars and Stripes. One oil dock alone, in a rather slack month, supplied 24 ships with crude. Each one of those ships carried not less than 7,000 tons. Other companies are doing the same thing, showing the huge amount of oil moved monthly from this port. There are many English ships—and fine large ones they are, too, and not a few big, clean Norwegian ships, and of course those belonging to the Mexicans. Few other nationalities are to be seen here.

At present, according to information a Tampico oil man gave me, the American interests in oil are the largest. The British have several large companies and the Dutch have interests, too, but strangely enough, they are not worked. Holland has some excellent oil property in the interior, but according to my informant, they have a good deal stored in tanks and unknown amounts in the earth, never withdrawn.

It is almost time to bring up the question of interior conditions in Mexico. That problem is always broached when the country is mentioned. It is a very significant thing, but every white man one talks to who has had any experience in the country, invariably opines with more or less heat that intervention with a well-supported big stick of the Rooseveltian variety is the only way to bring conditions in Mexico to the point where it will be safe for white men. It is not only the Americans down there who feel that way about the matter. An Englishman, a well-educated Norwegian, a cultured Spaniard, each of whom I talked with on the subject, felt the same way about it. This may be far removed from secret reports to the State Department or confidential advices from the American Embassy, but at least it is the frank opinion of those who have intimate dealings with these people—untamed is the best word, I think. More of this in a later article.

Tampico boasts of a radio station, as do numerous other Mexican

coast towns. Indeed the radio connection between Tuxpam, Tampico, Port Lobos, Merida, Vera Cruz, Chepultepec, Campeche and other cities is notably superior to the wire. These radio stations are owned and operated by the Mexican Government, and were installed, I understand, by the Telefunken people a few years ago. They are uniformly constructed with a self-supporting steel mast with an umbrella aerial and a 5 KW quenched gap transmitter, and the usual German multiplicity of variometers and elaborate receiving devices. These stations handle all their traffic on 600 meters, and it frequently causes quite a little interference. The luckless American or English operator who approaches Mexican shores for the first time and has a message for the Mexican representatives of the ship will have a merry time getting his traffic through if he does not know the ropes. The thing to do is to wait around until there is a lull in the traffic and the station you desire to work sends out a CQ. Then you want to call him muy pronto, and very probably all will be clear sailing after that. Another thing is that these Mexican stations do not have continuous working hours, even during the day—and they close at 10 in the evening. That is another thing that makes it hard. As operators, the Mexicans are as polite as any I have ever worked, and they are very good at the key. I wonder if other operators have remarked the peculiar style of sending that Spanish or Mexican operators have? It seems to be a light touch or in some cases an excellent spacing of individual letters but a dreadful running together of words. I suppose American operators do the same thing to a certain extent, but it seems particularly noticeable here.

The chronic American habit of collecting souvenirs distressed and surprised many of the natives in France when the hordes of Yanks were there, but the Mexican seems to be well aware of this tendency and certainly makes the most of it. One day a sharp-eyed follower of Carranza—Villa (that is the way—they are on the side of the nearest leader; in some ways a wise policy) came down to the ship with a load of parrots, of striking color but of unfathomed linguistic ability. I think that all the bos'n's crew are the proud and happy owners of a fowl, and at least half of the engineer's crew have one. Such a building and improvising of cages as went on for a few days! In the afternoon the same salesman arrived, with a broader smile than before, with aigrettes and stones purporting to be opals. On the dock vieing with his fellow-countryman was a man and his wife with several armfuls of very excellent Mexican drawnwork. If this history is to be entirely accurate, mention must be made of the fact that infinitely more interest was manifested by certain of the crew in collecting bottled souvenirs to be had, so I am informed, at rates much lower than now prevail in the more arid country immediately north of Mexico. But woe unto him who absorbs much of the innocent-looking white Mexican tequila. It is about 75% alcohol.

While the Mexican of the lowest class lives in deep and abounding squalor, the higher class Mexicans are very well educated, cultured,

thoroughly interesting and congenial people. They, unfortunately, are deeply in the minority. The homes that are furnished to the Americans and other foreigners are uniformly of pleasing architecture and comfortable interior. They make it as pleasant as is possible in a country that has many unpleasant sides.

PERSONAL

Major Charles P. Bruch, for many years Vice-President of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, has entered our service, effective January 1, and has sailed for Buenos Aires, in the interests of the Radio Corporation of America and the Pan American Company. During the war he served on the staff of the Chief Signal Officer, also as a member of the Commission on Telegraphs and Telephones, of the Council of National Defense, and subsequently during the period of government control he was General Manager of the Postal Telegraph system under the Postmaster General.

Mr. Pillsbury recently visited the New Brunswick high power station, accompanied by Captain Powhatan Page, of Buenos Aires, and Mr. L. Elsass, of Copenhagen.

A WORD FROM MR. NALLY

In the approach of the holiday season and in connection with the inauguration of the Radio Corporation of America, it is an especial pleasure and privilege to extend to each and every employee my sincere and appreciative thanks for the loyalty and efficient service rendered during the year which is nearing its close, and also my cordial good wishes that all may enjoy a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We are emerging from a protracted period of arduous labor unrest and perplexities resulting from the war, and we may reasonably expect during the coming year the return of more normal conditions. The outlook for our new company is extremely good, and we look forward with confidence to enlarged activities, unfortunately interrupted by the outbreak of war in 1914. The prosperity of the company will react beneficially on the staff, and to the end that we may attain the maximum of good results, I confidently rely on the firm support of all.

Sincerely,



President.

WEDDING BELLS (ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT)

Carl Henry Taylor, Engineer, was married at Boston, November 22nd, to Mabel Steele, daughter of Mrs. William Henry Tubman, at Emmanuel Church.

Lynn Cory Everett, Engineer, was married at Newark, N. J., November 19, to Helen Kate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Quinby James. They will be at home at 107 Court Street, Newark, after January 1st.

RALEIGH'S FAREWELL LETTER TO HIS WIFE

A GEM OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

You shall receive, dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my last will present you with sorrows, dear Bess. Let them go to the grave with me and be buried with me in the dust. And, seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you in this life, bear my destruction gently, and with a heart like yourself. First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my pen express, for your many troubles and cares taken for me, which—though they have not taken effect as you wished—yet my debt is to you nevertheless; but pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bare me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travail seek to help your miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child. Your mourning cannot avail me that am but dust. . . . If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on Him; therein you shall find true and lasting riches and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts on all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by Sorrow in the end. . . . Remember your poor child for his father's sake, that chose you and loved you in his happiest times. . . . And know it (dear wife) that your son is the child of a true man, and who, in his own respect, despiseth Death, in all his mishapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much. God knows how hardly I stole this time, when all sleep; and it is time to separate my thoughts from this world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you; and either lay it at Sherbourne if the land continue, or in Exeter Church, by my father and mother. I can write no more. Time and Death call me away. . . . Written with the dying hand of some-time thy husband, but now (alas) overthrown. Yours that was; but now not my own.—RALEIGH.

MAKING GOOD

If you would make good you must understand
That the work which counts is the work in hand—
It's the things you've done that show what you can,
Not the bigger and better things you plan.

The work you do now must be done right
If you reach your goal or your utmost height,
So keep your aim but watch your step,
Doing your part each day with PER.

For it's not what you do but how you do it
That counts in MAKING GOOD.

YE EDITOR

There are people who think anyone can be an editor. All an editor has to do is sit at his desk six days in the week, four weeks of the month, and twelve months of the year and "edit" such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Lost Creek let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Matherton threw a stone and struck a companion in the alley last Tuesday."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise home from a church social Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"Isaac Trimmer was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. White, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corncrib."

OUR ENEMY THE RAT

The damage to human health and prosperity wrought by the common brown rat is so great that physicians, farmers and underwriters unite in calling for some systematic action by government or other wise, which shall check effectively the ravages of the hateful beast whose capacity for harm is so great.

A conservative writer in *Successful Farming* sets the value of food consumed annually by each individual rat at \$2. This does not include what is contaminated or destroyed, but even if we reckon but 10 per cent. of this sum, considering the minimum estimate of the rat population, the total loss is stupendous. The British government estimates the loss

of food by rat depredations outside of and excluding all cities at a most enormous sum; in America there are no official statistics but "it is well within bounds to estimate the destruction in the United States alone in one season as far exceeding the value of all food destroyed by German submarines in the four years of war." And the margin of food supply between plenty and famine is never very great.

Moreover, the rat is now notorious as a disease carrier. The bubonic plague is disseminated by the rat and by no other means; trichinosis, infantile paralysis, scarlet fever, typhoid, diphtheria and other infectious diseases owe their spread largely to the activity of rats. Rats are responsible for very many fires which are so destructive as to wipe out their actual traces: the insulating material of electric wires is good food for a hungry rat; an occasional electrocuted carcass shows what often happens.

In prevention the writer urges a free field for cats, as the natural enemy of the rat, but animal aid in the fight is seen to be insufficient. Some modern builders make provision against channels in the joists above studding, since the back curved teeth of the rat cannot attack a plane surface. Traps—which must not bear human scent—poisons, liquid and gaseous, and starvation (by stopping up holes), all are urged as useful, and all are needed to produce results. The rat is seldom considered a dangerous creature for a man to attack, yet a hungry rat is by no means a negligible beast should he be in a position to attack a man.

ARE YOU BURNING MONEY?

"Life is gay and blithe and sunny since the peace dove hit the breeze; every one is burning money just as though it grew on trees. I insist on thrift and saving, but there's none to heed my words; johnnies say that I am raving, and throw money to the birds. Men are drawing princely wages, and their breasts are filled with mirth, and they jeer foreboding sages who predict a day of dearth; but that day will come as surely as tomorrow's sun will rise; things will then be going poorly with the giddy spendthrift guys. Things won't boom along forever as they're booming now, my friends; and the man who's truly clever saves as ably as he spends. It is patent to the knowing, in expansive times like these, that the kopecks won't be growing always on the shrubs and trees. There will come a day of trouble, when this boom is left behind, and the kopeck and the ruble will be mighty hard to find; happy then the lads whose wages have been safely placed in brine, who obey the seers and sages, when the saving graft was fine, and how sick will be the mortals who like spendthrifts now behave, who reply with jeers and chortles when we call on them to save."—Walt Mason.

The sea is infinitely more productive than the land. It is estimated that an acre of good fishing will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will yield in a year.

A GOOD TIME

The Head office employees had a Get-together dinner and theatre party on November 10th which was unanimously voted a great success. It was strictly a Dutch treat throughout from the table dough (!) to the Broadway success "Boys Will Be Boys" and that long trip back from Jamaica. It is still the topic for much conversation and there are rumors of another!!!! Such parties are specially recommended for all division offices, for getting acquainted, when the staff consists of more than one stenographer.

RADIO EXAMS REVISED

What effect has it on the emitted wave if the captain's wife hangs the wash on the aerial?

Name six reasons and remedies for a motor generator!

What is electricity? Give simple sketch.

What are the most common causes of profanity on the part of the operator?

Will the normal amount of antenna current shock the fishes?

How many times would you call the other operator a ham?

Diagram complete modern radio inspector.

Why is wireless? Give diagram.

What would be the effect on a lead acid battery if you charged it both ways at the same time?

How do you increase the frequency of an Edison cell?

If your pay stopped coming in give order in which you would look for the trouble.

What is meant by the capacity of a motor blower?

Name two devices for the cooling of a hot-wire ammeter.

A. Ham.



With deep regret we learn of the death by drowning of Paul Robin Perkins, operator on the scow *Limit*, who fell overboard on the night of October 23, in Lake Superior, while the scow was homeward bound on her regular trip. A cry for help was heard and the vessel was stopped but no trace of the unfortunate lad could be found. He was 18 years old and a native of Climax, Michigan. We extend sincere sympathy to his bereaved family.

ATTENTION, OPERATORS!

District managers have been appointed as shown below:

- L. H. Gilpin, Merchants & Miners Pier, Norfolk.
- Watson Sidney, 204 Broughton Street, West, Savannah.
- Chas. H. Acree, 410 24th Street, Galveston.
- J. S. Sabo, 607 Panama Building, Portland, Oregon.
- H. L. Bleakney, Southern Pacific Co.'s Bldg., San Pedro.
- J. E. Broussard, P. O. Box 485, Key West.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Mr. Nally has returned from a brief stay, with Mrs. Nally, at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

Mr. Pillsbury enjoyed his belated vacation taking a trip to Maine, his native state, and stopping in Boston to renew old friendships.

Mr. Ross spent Thanksgiving at his old home, Cleveland.

R. C. Edwards, Supervising Architect, has removed his office from 25 Elm street, to Head office.

Lee Lemon has been transferred from the Works to the General Managers office.

Misses V. Spence and R. Halpern have been added to the stenographic force.

Eugene S. Pearl has been appointed assistant to Mr. Hayes.

Captain Powhatan Page, Manager Pan-American Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Co. at Buenos Aires, arrived in New York recently, for conference regarding preliminaries to large extensions of wireless service in South America.

EASTERN DIVISION.

NEW YORK.

The outstanding news feature of the month is contained in the following telegram received from Joliet, Ill.:

"Just one dandy nine pound boy, E. Carr Stephens, junior, born Saturday noon, November eighth; everything fine." The message was signed by its mother and dated one day later, assuring us that everything was very fine. At the same time—possibly at the same moment—that his son was

born, E. Carr Stephens, Sr., was sailing from New York for Portolito on the Brazos. A radio message conveyed the happy tidings to him and that evening, no doubt, saw the radio operator of the Brazos passing cigars, at least among the officers.

Mr. Stephens' record of service with the Marconi Company in four divisions—the Great Lakes, the Pacific, the Gulf and the Eastern—covers several years, and Mrs. Stephens is a former stenographer in the Eastern division office, resigning June 30, last, to visit with her parents in anticipation of the event which happily came to pass November 8.

This month's Marconi Distinguished Service Citation must be awarded to Leslie Walters of the Montrolite, who through being on the alert heard two distress calls and as a result both ships from which the calls originated were rescued and brought into port. His report in full, which is as commendable as was his radio activity, follows:

"S. S. Montrolite,
at Montreal, Canada,

October 14, 1919

Mr. J. B. Duffy.

Superintendent, Marconi Wireless Tel. Co.,

25 Elm Street, New York.

Dear Sir:

In compliance with the rule to report to you any unusual incidents, distress calls, etc., I give the following accounts of two experiences on this past trip:

On Saturday, September 27, while in the Gulf of Mexico, I intercepted a message relating to the

S. S. Juneau being relayed to Havana. I reported this to our Captain and he decided to see if we could be of assistance. We headed for the Juneau, her position being 70 miles to the South. She had been ashore two days and the British steamer San Gregorio had tried to pull her off but had been unsuccessful, so continued on her way leaving the Juneau as she found her. We arrived at the scene about 7 p. m. and sent a life boat to the Juneau to make preparations for our lines. Soon after the S.S. San Ricardo came along, but seeing us continued on her way. Early next morning we got two lines to the ship and pulled steadily until about noon when she moved slightly. After that she seemed to be stuck and we were just about to give up the job when, at 7 p. m. a last strong pull brought her clear—so suddenly that we almost ran ashore ourselves. In the morning we found that we had lost our starboard anchor. We had pulled the ship off with her stern first and, being dark, and with rough weather, we towed her in that way very slowly all night. It was our intention to take her to Tampico but we received orders from Vera Cruz, her destination, where we eventually arrived. It was found that the Juneau had a leak in her fore peak and had lost some cargo. Further damage was caused by the line from the San Gregorio, which when parting, had become entangled in the propeller. The Juneau is owned by the Alaska S.S. Company but was chartered by the Ward Line and was bound to Vera Cruz with general cargo.

LESLIE WALTERS.

His second report, written aboard the ship during the happenings, follows:

Received SOS call from S.S. Ainwell at 10.15 a. m., Saturday, October 11, 1919. Call was faint but we appeared to be the only ship within her radius. She was about 250 miles away, her position being 30.05 N., 74.17 W. Kept in touch with her throughout the day and night and reached her this afternoon (October 12th) at 3 p. m. We immediately got a cable to her and are now proceeding to Norfolk with her in tow. We are favored with good weather. After leaving the ship at Norfolk we will continue our voyage to Montreal. The Ainwell is a Shipping Board vessel operated by Columbia Pacific Shipping Company of Portland, Ore., and was bound with a cargo of lumber for Grimsby, England. Her boilers are entirely disabled and will have to be removed.

LESLIE WALTERS.

Leonard H. Marshall, a former old-time Marconi man, was re-employed in this division November 18. He has been in the navy during the past two years with a rating of electrician, first class, radio.

Marshall was operator on the U. S. submarine patrol 397, the flagship of squadron 8, when that boat was rammed and sunk immediately by the U. S. submarine 013. Admiral Gill, who was aboard at the time as president of the trial trip board, later died from the effects of exposure and submersion resulting from the collision. Marshall spent some little time in the water but escaped without harm.

Joseph Wyckoff is an enterprising student at the Marconi Insti-

tute who expects to be chief operator on a big trans-Atlantic liner in time—how long neither he nor the instructors venture to speculate upon.

It is noted that E. J. Martineau is in feverish correspondence with a fair one whom he addresses as Honey B. Her real name is thought to be Beatrice.

BOSTON

Constructor Elliott replaced the old apparatus on the *City of Bangor* and *Camden* with $\frac{1}{2}$ KW QMS sets.

The *Belfast* and *Calvin Austin* have laid up for the winter and are to be converted to oil-burners. Kilham resigned and Noel Smith went back to Block Island for another brief vacation. Sloane and Fuller of the *Austin* went to the *Lake Winthrop* and *Cowan*, respectively.

G. E. Travis is still on the *Dingley* and refuses to be beguiled by the allurements of tropical climes and foreign lands. St. John is foreign enough for Gerald.

Owing to pressure of business Roger Leason was temporarily assigned to construction duty.

A. T. Barber is doing odd jobs around, mostly doing nothing. He recently made a trip on the *Kershaw* and now has no desire to revisit Norfolk.

Title in *Pullman* T5638 has passed from W. J. Swett to H. T. Munroe. The Boston Elevated now furnishes Swett with transportation whenever shank's mare fails to fill the bill.

H. J. Meldrum is busy renewing old acquaintances and taking an occasional cruise for adventure.

Our old friend, L. F. Martin, is

back in Beantown and dolefully states nobody understands him.

The apparatus on the *Matoa* has been dismantled.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

The following vessels were equipped recently: *Bombay*, *Santa Rita*, *Toledo*, *Sabine Sun*, *Chester Sun*.

Two Baltimore construction men. One wears silk gloves while on the job and the other carries his tools around in a paper bag.

Vogel is running Harvey a close race for honors as Beau Brummel of this division. Both regular devils, too. Mail formerly came for Vogel reading, Mr. Wm. Vogel, then Wm. Vogel and now it's Billy Vogel. What's the next step Bill? Wonder what innovation H. R. B. will spring on us.

Phil Grantlin lost his hat in the cafeteria the other day. Pope, who was being treated to a good lunch, discovered it, or rather, discovered a young lady sitting on it. Oh you 7.50 chapeau!

Shorty Warner, as regular as our office clock, arrived off or from the Great Lakes for his winter sojourn in the Southern division and was promptly assigned to a big one of the Shipping Board. Shorty's first words after arriving were, "I want a steel ship, no wooden tubs for me, they never get across," etc.

Freddie Crone is back after a two-years' trip on the *Santino*. He wants a short run now. So we have put him on the *Perstan* in place of Bill Vogel, who wants the best freighter we've got. Think we will sign him up on the *Lancaster*. Now

Harvey, you have a clear field as far as Baltimore is concerned.

Changes of operators has been so rapid that it would fill the SERVICE NEWS to record them, so we will only give you a few:

Persian—A. W. Turner is now junior.

Tunica—L. A. Barber and J. V. Pohlman took her out.

Battahatchee—R. B. Green is on her.

Howard—Rodebaugh and Landon changed with Ainley and Berkelbach of the *Nantucket*.

Kershaw—L. C. Noble relieved our old reliable F. E. Leach, who has resigned and taken a government ship across. L. P. Neal is junior.

Essex—H. Elfbaum is junior.

Covalt—I. N. Eney was on her when we took her over.

Lake Marion—The same applies to L. S. Ward.

Borgestad—J. F. Foreman relieved L. M. Temple who, returned home.

Santino—F. H. Crone off, no one as yet assigned.

Dorchester—Three juniors on this packet during the month. Guess Butt is too severe with them.

Ontario—Also three juniors on her during a month. T. S. Brown is the latest.

Grecian—This ship had five juniors in one month. Guess they didn't dress good enough for Bill or Joe.

Lake Sapor—H. H. Leighton on her.

Sanine Sun—Branda was relieved by E. Godfrey, a new man.

Sun—H. H. Leighton was relieved by J. Branda.

Paulsboro—J. A. Bauder took H. H. Long's place.

Firmore—J. A. Bauder didn't like this one so K. W. Keller took her.

Paraguay—F. E. Herron took this one because A. Offutt wanted to spend the week-end at home.

Transportation—L. Vikers was assigned to this vessel for one trip.

Juniata—Bassett took another vacation and E. T. McCauley grabbed her for a trip or so.

Folsom—P. P. Seivers was assigned to this shipping board vessel.

Maurepas—L. E. Mason is on this vessel.

Chester Sun—P. S. Berryman relieved J. H. Jackson.

Klamath—W. J. Phillips of WST fame, returned to our fold and went out on this wooden ship.

Our Philadelphia representative has worked so hard and faithfully that it has been necessary for him to take a month's vacation. We trust his well-earned trip will benefit him and bring him back ready for another hard year. Mr. W. P. Grantlin is in charge during Mr. Manley's absence.

We have opened offices in the M. and M. Building at Norfolk, foot of West Main Street. Operators can readily get in touch with Mr. Gilpin by fone.

At Norfolk we have Mr. L. H. Gilpin, Miss E. M. Potter, Mr. C. A. Coe and Mr. V. F. Soukup. Southern division men may get their SERVICE NEWS from there.

W. F. Vogel has tired of passenger ships and is now on the

Plymouth bound for the other side. Bill says: "Can't save any money on short runs." Especially when they are to Flatbush, eh?

T. E. McCauley is standing by for the *Eurania*.

F. Hovelsrud is figuring on taking the *Norlina* when she returns to this coast. She burned down on him when he was on her before.

Helgeson, who had such a hard time getting released from the U. S. N. R. F. is back with us once more. He was assigned out of Philadelphia. He wants an M. & M. now. You ought to have spoken to Vogel about his ship.

H. C. Van Reuth relieved J. M. Carr on the *Sucrosa*. Carr is going down to Florida and enter the Gulf division.

The old timers might be interested in knowing that George Warmbold is Radio Supervisor for the Shipping Board at Baltimore. This brings us back to United days.

E. T. McCauley is taking out the *Shenandoah* of the Shipping Board. She is going to Colon.

W. J. Phillips, whom we assigned to the *Klamath* has been called to active service in the aviation corps. His trip to Rotterdam has been canceled.

G. M. Spratley is now on the *Paraguay*, relieving F. E. Herron.

C. G. Genter was placed on the *Lake Sterling*.

Geo. Eyth is now on the *Buttonwood*.

L. P. Neal is now on the *Ontario* in place of T. S. Brown.

Our Savannah representative says he would like to meet some of the Southern division operators at his office, 204 West Broughton Street.

Here's wishing all hands a merry Christmas and a very prosperous new year.

Q. R. M. FROM THE GULF DIVISION

Charles H. Acree, formerly in charge of the Naval Radio station at Port Arthur, has been appointed District Manager at Galveston with office at 410 Twenty-fourth street. Mr. Acree will cover the ports of Galveston, Texas City, Houston, Sino and Aransas Pass.

J. E. Broussard has been designated as Manager of the Key West District with headquarters address at Key West (P. O. Box 485).

J. G. Leitch has been assigned to the Lake Pontenet.

W. J. Mocker is in charge of the Fourth Alabama.

W. L. King has been assigned to the Coahuila as junior, vice R. K. Roche, resigned.

F. L. Henderson has been assigned to the Eastern King and is now enroute to Copenhagen.

R. Maixner and H. H. Edwards have been transferred from the Eastern to the Gulf division, steamer Westwego, to fill the places vacated by L. E. Brasher and H. S. Byran, who have left the service.

H. E. Hamilton has relieved Vance Nall on the Panuco. Hamilton is a new man.

C. A. Schroeder has been returned to the Eastern division from the Miami, where he had been attached as junior.

Miss Edna M. Brugier has relieved Miss Ada C. Deckbar as Secretary at the Division office.

R. G. McCulam has been detailed to the newly-contracted steamer

Argenta, at Gulfport, Miss.

J. F. Bront is now on the Chaparel.

M. O. Green has returned to the Eastern division from the Walter Hardcastle. He was relieved by T. A. Cone, formerly of the Great Lakes division.

L. M. Stephenson has relieved D. S. Breintzenbach on the Catania.

K. L. Blakeley took the Lake Farlin at Port Arthur.

J. E. Croney, formerly of the Pacific division has been detailed to the Herbert G. Wylie.

Superintendent Pohl has returned from an inspection trip of the western section of the division.

C. M. Sellman has relieved A. H. Brogan on the J. M. Danziger, and returned to the Eastern division.

G. G. Norris has been transferred from the Pan American to the Shenandoah, out of Beaumont.

P. E. Cassels of the Joseph R. Parot is looking a bit lonesome, his fair divinity of Cuban fame having gone on a little vacation.

The Governor Cobb has arrived and taken up her run between Key West and Havana for the season, Operators M. W. Grinnell and Wm. H. Sullivan being senior and junior. Grinnell is on old stamping grounds and has seen several welcoming faces, hut Sully is in virgin territory. Since the vessel's arrival Sullivan has been transferred to the Mascotte.

Ely, of the Flagler, recently complained of having a sore spot on him the size of a dollar. On investigation it developed that Ely, his two-cylindere benzine consumer, and a flivver, mispassed each other. The flivver is doing nicely.

J. E. Kane has replaced R. I. Young as senior on the Mascotte. Young is no longer in the service.

Louis Jurgensen has been assigned to the Salmon at Beaumont

L. O. Gorder has been detailed to the Saguache, taking cotton out of Galveston for Bremen.

G. F. Holy has been assigned to the Bayou Teche at Sabine, Tex.

C. A. Astleford took the H. F. Dimock at Mobile vice V. G. Berry resigned.

W. R. Hoffman is attached to the Lake Gardner.

GREAT LAKES

CLEVELAND

Irving Wallace has returned to our service after two years in the Navy. Wallace is assigned to the *Harry W. Croft*.

H. Grossman has been transferred from junior on the *City of Detroit III* to the *City of Buffalo*. 1. Patchin is now junior on the *City of Detroit III*.

M. C. Lapp, senior on the *City of Cleveland III*, has been transferred to the Michigan district where he is assigned to the *Indiana*.

Chas. Macomber is senior on the *City of Cleveland III*, with H. Henkel as junior.

W. E. Weckel, from the Michigan district, is assigned to the *E. J. Earling*.

Clair Mowry has returned to our service after a year's absence and is assigned to the *F. B. Squire*.

Carl Eisenhauer is on the *W. F. White* and reports that he will remain there until the close of the season.

H. E. Fraser was transferred from the *F. B. Squire* to the *Peter*

Reiss. The *Wm. Reiss* was the first of the wireless-equipped freight vessels to complete her season. She was placed in winter quarters at Toledo, Ohio. Ludwig Langseth has been transferred to the Michigan district.

Ralph Sayles, who spent his vacation at his home at Milan, Ohio, has returned to the *Wyandotte*.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of P. R. Perkins, who was lost overboard from the barge *Limit* on the night of October 23rd, in Lake Superior. Perkins joined the Marconi Service on April 23rd, 1919, when he was assigned to the Barge *Limit*, which vessel he had been on continuously.

CHICAGO

Earl Bryant of the *Petoskey* is spending a few days with his wife and children on his farm in Indiana. The *Petoskey* has laid up for the season.

R. L. Wilson has been assigned as junior on the *Missouri*.

A. Towner has accepted a position as purser and operator on the *Ann Arbor No. 5*.

Miss Margaret King has been assigned to duty on the *Alabama*. She has the distinction of being the first of her sex to operate radio on a vessel in this district.

PACIFIC DIVISION

H. Cunferman has been assigned as operator in charge of Barge 91, relieving J. Summers, transferred to the High Power Station at Bolinas, California.

R. H. Burr is now senior aboard the *China*, relieving C. C. Lengevin who has resigned. R. B. Price,

a new man, has been assigned as junior aboard this vessel.

E. Howard, a new man, is acting as junior aboard the *Curacao*, relieving Wm. Johnston, resigned.

R. J. Sharp is operator in charge of the *Ernest H. Meyer*, relieving C. M. Vanderburgh who is on leave on account of sickness.

M. R. Holbert relieved C. E. Goodwin as operator in charge of the *Katherine*, the latter having resigned.

L. A. Peek and A. E. Hapeman are on the *Lurline* as senior and junior respectively, relieving M. H. Mears and R. V. Cramer.

G. E. Knudsen takes the *Rosc City* as senior operator, relieving F. I. Throop who resigned to work ashore. Mr. Throop advised us, although it was his desire to continue with the company, his better half wanted him ashore, and he already realizes when orders are orders.

G. W. Werner is now on the *Silver Shell*, having relieved J. E. Croney who resigned on account of sickness in the family.

W. A. Vetter, formerly with this company in the construction department, and resigning to take charge of radio installation work at the Union Iron Works during the war, has returned to our service and is in charge of the construction work.

The San Francisco construction staff has two more men added to it in the persons of W. C. Handlan and H. Malarin.

During the month of October, the *Lurline* was equipped with a standard 2 KW 500 cycle panel set.

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