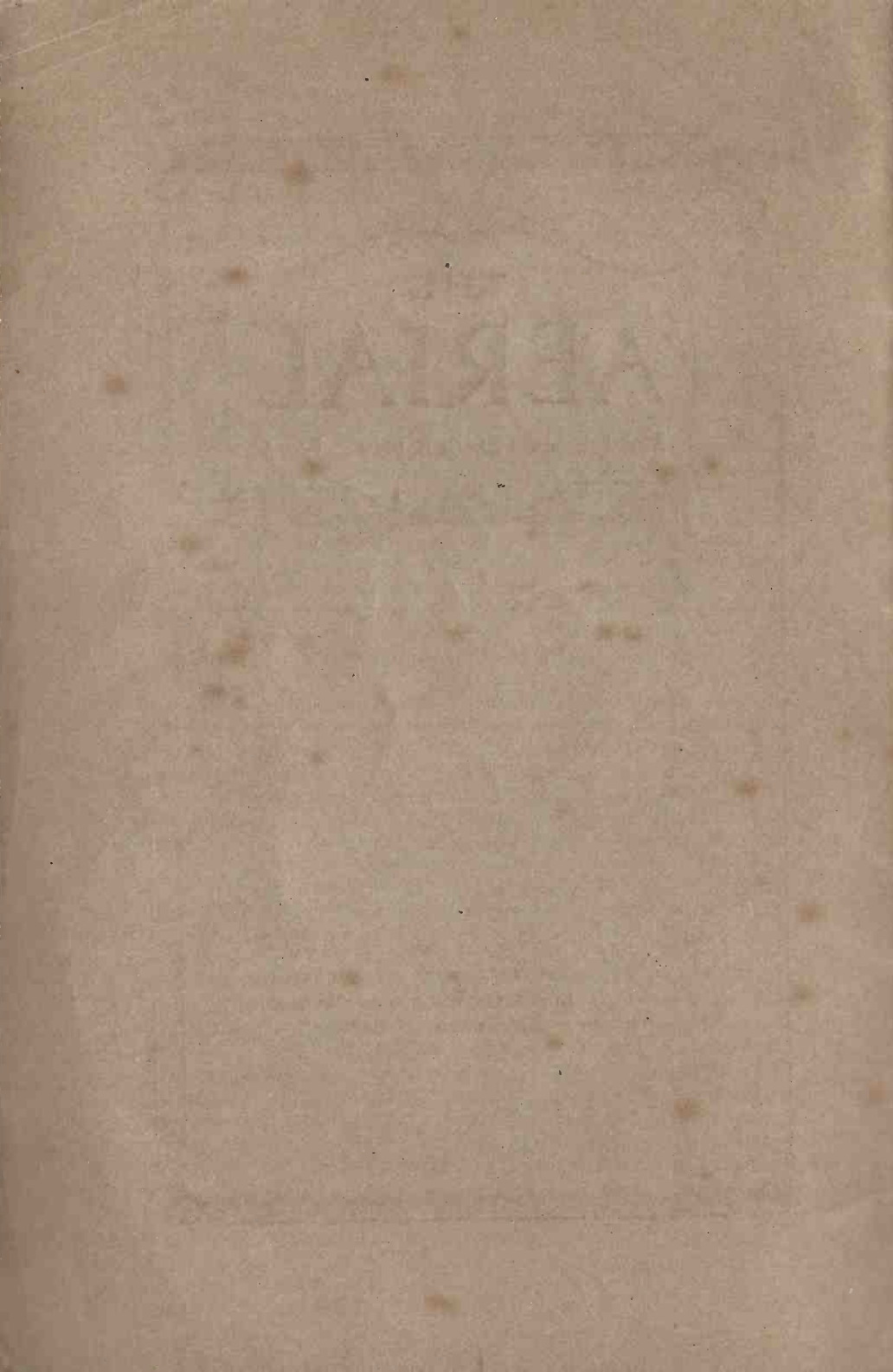




THE
AERIAL

Vol. I SEPTEMBER 1919 No. 3

*"Would you call a friend from half across the world?
If you'll let us have his name and town and state,
You shall see and hear your crackling question hurled
Across the arch of heaven while you wait."*



are commendable subjects, but would not in any way lose in value if extended to *all* in the employment of the various agencies of the Company, but would prove of inestimable value, more particularly to those who are numbered amongst the workmen.

As *The Aerial* has only reached its first issue perhaps this may appear somewhat premature, and likely enough it is in the minds of those in authority to extend these benefits.

Having been elected by the shop, as chairman of the Committee, to the Benevolent Club, I am naturally anxious of extending the benefits to all, and for this reason I am certain you will accept my apologies for troubling you.

Wishing *The Aerial* every success,

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) W. J. BARKER (Tool Smith).

(With regard to the first paragraph of this letter, I should like to point out that the Works have elected no less than four Correspondents. If these gentlemen will send us the "copy" the Works shall have its fair share of space. Also, when we use the word staff, we certainly include all employees of the Companies. Our correspondent implies a distinction between "workers" and members of the Staff which does not exist. The Savings Bank scheme is open to the Works' employees.—ED.)

♦ ♦ ♦

12th August, 1919.

To the Editor of "*The Aerial*."

DEAR SIR,—I am delighted with your first edition, and find it has a particular charm for me on this occasion, as it gives me the splendid opportunity of conveying the united thanks of my wife and self to one and all of those very kind friends of the Marconi Staff who subscribed to the very handsome present, which we very much prize and appreciate, on the occasion of our marriage.

Success to the future of *The Aerial*.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) ARTHUR T. POLDEN.

♦ ♦ ♦

Wireless Students. Save money and time by lunching at Lyons. P.M.G. in eight lunches.

Overheard outside the tanyard at Chelmsford: "That's sumthin' that is. Work all night for three bob a day, and then get nuthin'. 'That's sumthin' that is."

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## Facts and Fancies

SOME IRRESPONSIBLE EXPERIENCES OF MR. A. R. BURROWS.

LAST year with a few others I was privileged to tour Belgium at the Government's expense. No maddening rush through a dust-clouded countryside in an extravagant motor, but a leisurely trip off the beaten track. We had free board and lodgings and all sorts of "extras" thrown in. Facilities were forthcoming for picking up the language (not all Belgian) and other little things which the Germans left behind them. My best souvenir is a Wireless Press Diary containing tit-bits of Army humour which came my way from time to time. No guarantee is given regarding the truth of the stories or their originality.

At a certain depôt, shortly after the German push in March 1918, categories rose like mushrooms in an autumn night. C1's and B2's became A1's, or, as we termed it, C France. Men who had been considered unfit for anything except boxing and professional football began to tremble at their fate. One well-known character developed a distressing cough. Taking his turn before the Medical Board he did his worst. "What's the matter with you, my man?" said the President, when the coughing subsided. "Consumption, sir," pleaded the sorry figure.

"A1," said the Senior M.O. "*Just the man we want to SPIT at the Germans!*"

For some reason better understood by psychologists than myself such humour as Tommy possessed generally came to the surface in hospital or when dealing with morbid subjects. Perhaps nature was tending to counteract the monotony of routine and the longing for a square meal which hospital dieting creates. I have in mind at the moment the case of one long-suffering individual whose food for very good reasons had been strictly limited, who in reply to the usual M.O.'s query, "How's your appetite," murmured that he had not had a chance to test it since he had been in that "d—d 'ole."

Shortly before the Armistice I was hurried back from a little village east of Courtrai to the 64th Casualty Clearing Station at Ledeghem, suffering, like thousands of others, from the prevailing influenza. This station, contained in large marquees, stood on flat ground, and the heavy rains had made the surface highly treacherous. For days and nights there had been an endless procession of stretcher cases through the camp. Some forty of us were dumped down in one of these marquees late in the evening. The tent orderly, leaving for the night, parted with the following remark:

"For Gawd's sake, if you are going to die, die in here—it's straight through to the mortuary. The roads from the other tents are slippery."

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Brown, Jones and Co., late of Ypres, Poperinghe, etc., who have started a chipped-potato business on the strength of their experience in the trenches, recall with much joy the reply of one of these "flu" cases to the Battalion M.O. This man had reported sick on many occasions for ills which the worthy physician refused to take seriously. "Well, my man," said the M.O., "what would you do in private life? I am sure you would not keep coming to me like this." "Not likely," was the unexpected reply: "In private life I should *send* for a doctor."

Far be it from my desire to cast any reflection on the devotion of our wonderful nurses, but the man with "flu" and its various complications was always puzzled by the matter-of-fact and seemingly unsympathetic treatment which he received. One evening, however, the truth came to me from one who had apparently enjoyed the welter of blood and mangled flesh. "You medical cases, Burrows," said this ministering Angel, "are so uninteresting; nothing to be compared with the fascination of 'lovely wounds' and 'beautiful amputations'!" How thankful I was to be "found wanting" in such charms.

But enough of hospitals. An Australian friend of mine, on a staff job in a quiet French village, turned into the local church one Sunday evening in time for the address by a particularly arrogant type of priest. In French places of worship men and women are separated by the central aisle. During the sermon the preacher stopped and, fixing his eyes on a small group of women, said half in anger, "Someone is talking." Against this charge there was a revolting spirit. A woman rose from the group and said, "Monsieur le Cure, we are not talking; it is someone over there" (pointing to the men). "*That is more satisfactory*" was the Cure's reply; "*the sooner will it be over.*"

It is up to me to maintain the good reputation of my sex.

♦ ♦ ♦

## RECIPES FOR SUCCESS

### No. 3: F. Handley Page, Esq.

I am afraid I know of no recipe for success. There are three things which undoubtedly help, namely, brains, luck and a good constitution, and the best recipe for success is to be born with a large amount of all three.

(Sgd.) F. HANDLEY PAGE.

# THE AERIAL

THE STAFF MAGAZINE OF THE MARCONI COMPANIES  
 EDITOR: MR. E. BLAKE, Room 17, 12-13 Henrietta Street, W.C. 2,  
 to whom all communications should be addressed.

## Editorial Notices

(1) It is intended that each Hon. Correspondent shall act as receiver and forwarder of all contributions made by those members of the staff whom he represents, and collect news and notes of interest relating to his department, section, depôt or station.

(2) The contributions desired include departmental notes of transferences, promotions, resignations, etc., sports and social events, interesting non-technical news of daily work, articles on topical subjects, sketches, photographs and letters.

(3) Contributions for any given month should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the previous month; they should be written in ink and on one side of the paper only: yet it is desirable, but not essential, that "copy" should be typewritten.

(4) The Editor will welcome suggestions with a view to improving the Magazine.

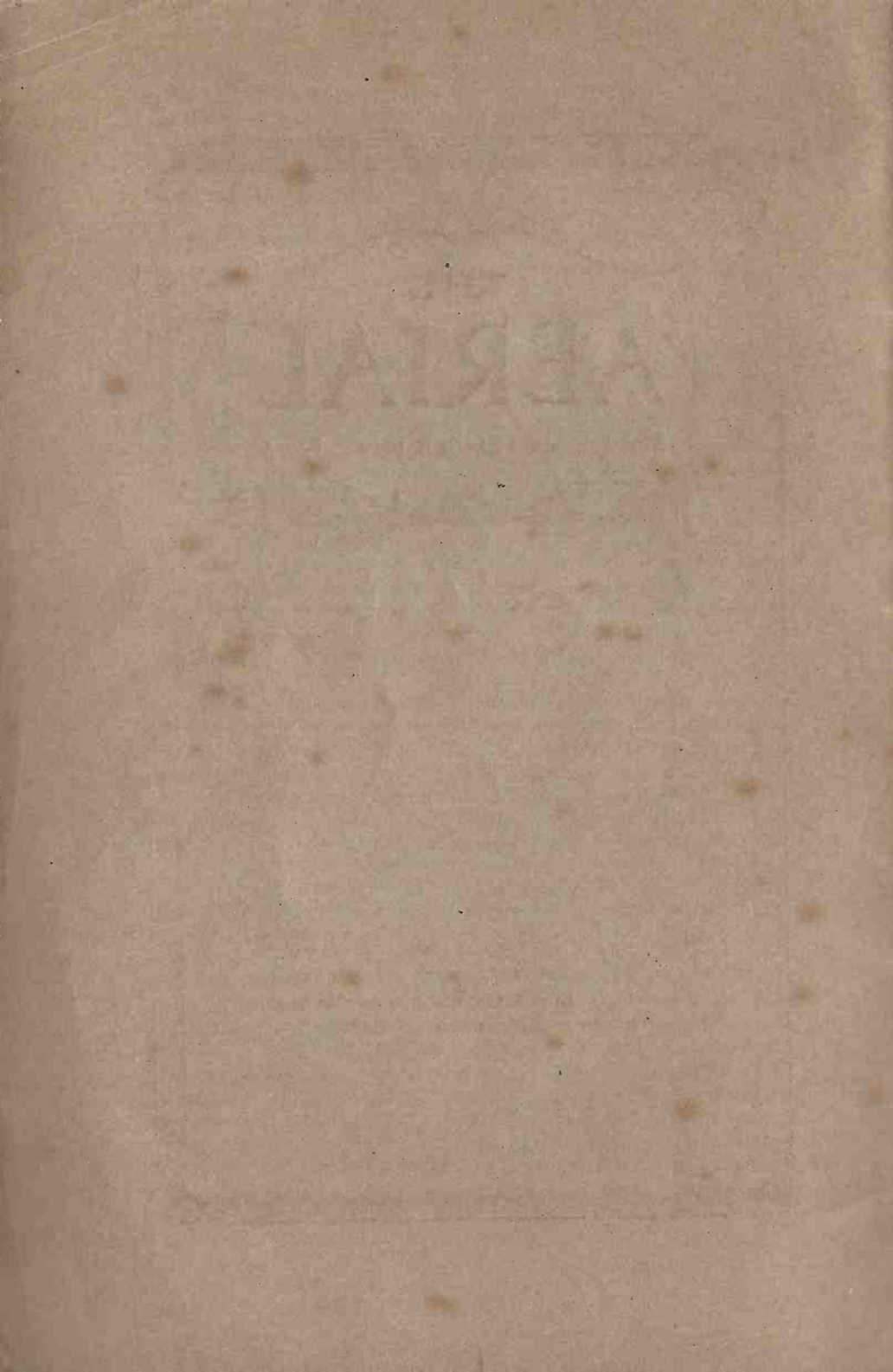
## Honorary Correspondents to "The Aerial"

### Marconi House

|                                                |                                 |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Accountant's Department . . . . .              | Mr. A. B. Whetham.              |
| Claims and Insurance Department . . . . .      | Mr. D. French                   |
| Contract Department . . . . .                  | Mr. G. Elkin.                   |
| Drawing and Designs Office . . . . .           | Mr. Ainsley.                    |
| Chief Engineer's Department . . . . .          | Mr. H. Ingleton.                |
| Engineering Order Department . . . . .         | Mr. A. Dalgairns.               |
| Field Station Department . . . . .             | Mr. A. Shore.                   |
| Marconi House W. T. Station . . . . .          | Mr. T. A. Wood.                 |
| Order and Shipping Department . . . . .        | Mr. F. W. Perks.                |
| Patent Department . . . . .                    | Mr. A. Benjamin.                |
| Research Department . . . . .                  | Mr. J. Malin.                   |
| Secretary's Department . . . . .               | Mr. F. Atkin.                   |
| (Typists)                                      | Miss D. Courtial.               |
| Ship Equipment Department . . . . .            | Mr. A. T. Cadman.               |
| Superintending Engineer's Department . . . . . | Mr. J. P. Clark.                |
| Traffic Department (M.I.M.C. Co.) . . . . .    | Mr. A. J. Chesterton.           |
| Traffic Department (M.W.T. Co.) . . . . .      | Mr. Walton ( <i>pro tem.</i> ). |
| Transfer Department . . . . .                  | Mr. H. G. Garrett.              |
| Direction Finding Department . . . . .         | Mr. Keen.                       |

### Stations, Depôts, etc.

|                                |                                                    |                  |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| Cardiff . . . . .              | Mr. F. Jones.                                      |                  |
| Carnarvon . . . . .            | Mr. G. E. Hindson.                                 |                  |
| Chelmsford {                   | Athletic Club . . . . .                            | Mr. R. A. Young. |
|                                | Research Department . . . . .                      | Mr. C. S. Agate. |
|                                | Testing Department . . . . .                       | Mr. C. H. Ford.  |
|                                | Works . . . . .                                    | Mr. C. H. Moth.  |
| Clifden . . . . .              | Mr. C. A. MacKay.                                  |                  |
| East Ham . . . . .             | Mr. H. A. Whitmore.                                |                  |
| Fenchurch Street . . . . .     | Mr. A. J. Petty.                                   |                  |
| Glasgow . . . . .              | Mr. F. Jefferies.                                  |                  |
| Hull . . . . .                 | Mr. W. E. Snow.                                    |                  |
| Liverpool . . . . .            | Mr. J. Connell.                                    |                  |
| Montreal . . . . .             | Mr. J. C. Hawkhead.                                |                  |
| Murcar . . . . .               | Mr. H. W. Taylor.                                  |                  |
| Naples . . . . .               | Mr. Emanuele Cofano.                               |                  |
| Newcastle . . . . .            | Mr. E. G. Hake.                                    |                  |
| New York . . . . .             | Mr. L. C. Stein.                                   |                  |
| Oxford (Cumnor Hill) . . . . . | P. O. W. H. Ponsford.                              |                  |
| Poldhu . . . . .               | Engineering . . . . .                              | Mr. B. Pontifex. |
|                                | Operating . . . . .                                | Mr. P. Treacy.   |
| Rio de Janeiro . . . . .       | Mr. J. Maurice.                                    |                  |
| Southampton . . . . .          | Messrs. J. Moody, S. W. Sloggett<br>and B. Newton. |                  |
| Towyn . . . . .                | Mr. W. G. Sutherland.                              |                  |



# WHY DOES A WOMAN

read the fashion paper? Because she believes in keeping up-to-date in matters which interest her. She realises the importance of "the very latest," and he who pays the bills may growl, but he realises it also. Why not

## LOOK

at your business interests from the same point of view? If you wish to progress at the same rate as the art of wireless you must keep in touch with what goes on in the world of wireless. The earlier forms of apparatus and the

## OLD

methods are being superseded, and if you are not familiar with what has taken their places you run the risk of being superseded yourself. Once convinced of that, you would willingly bestir yourself

## SOONER THAN

be forced to make way for the man who has kept abreast of his job. *Do it now.* Subscribe to the *Wireless World*. The current number of that may save you from being a "back number." Possibly you have not seen it since its price was 6d. Magazines progress like other things, however. It now costs 9d. and is worth 1s. 6d. Get a specimen copy.

## A MAN

cannot judge a magazine unless he sees it. The September issue, for example, contains an article describing the "Timed Spark" system of transmission as used at Carnarvon and Stavanger. It also has a double-page chart of the R.34's radio work on her Atlantic flights, with an article by her Wireless Officer. In the same issue begins a *Competition for Commercial Operators*.

Is it worth your while to miss the *Wireless World*?

If you cannot make up your mind, write and ask the Editor. The subscription is 11s. per annum, post free. Specimen copies free on application to The Wireless Press, Ltd., 12 and 13 Henrietta Street, W.C. 2.



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# THE AERIAL

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VOL. I

SEPTEMBER 1919

No. 3

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## Editorial

I WANTED to write this month about a man I saw in a train, and about the book he was reading, and while I was arguing the matter out with myself—you remember my threat to resume the solo on the harp—I stumbled upon what I think is an hitherto undiscovered copybook fallacy. Obedience to some force difficult to define has led me again to the one-stringed harp of lofty tone, much as I desired instead to explain about the man and his book. According to the ancient wiseheads, whose sayings are as musty as their volumes, to be successful one must pursue with unswerving aim one sole purpose, nor be turned to the right or left by passing attractions. One must not have a multiplicity of irons in the fire; Jack of all trades is master of none, and so on. All wrong, and very dreary rubbish, too.

There is a saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." Well, I have been to the ant and I find that this curious beast was evidently the inspirer of the futilities which evoked the scorn of the preceding paragraph. For if an ant wishes to go from A to B, these points being two inches apart, and if the intervening space is occupied by a line of five grass-blades, he will climb up one side and down the other side of each, sooner than swerve round them. Also, I have watched an ant travelling for hours on end and have never yet seen him get anywhere in particular. With all due respect to the late Lord Avebury, I say the ant is an ass.

Truly, the second essential to success—the first is to realise that you are not a genius, but we rarely achieve this until we are twenty-five or so—the second essential is to know quite definitely what you wish to do. Yet there is no paved way to success, and you must perforce make the track as you go. You will be obliged to take long and painful detours, yet depend upon it these will lead to hills from which you may see the distant goal—an encouraging sight to a traveller.

To know perfectly well what you wish to achieve is, as the untutored savage would say, "Heap Big Medicine"; to go straight for it is heroic, but in nine cases out of ten unpractical. Paths up steep cliffs are cut in zig-zag fashion. If you give a wise old horse his head he will "tack" when going uphill—hence the phrase "Horse sense."

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There was once a boy who made up his mind to become a newspaper man. He was a poor boy. Instead of going to Printing House Square and offering to take over *The Times*, he became a messenger boy; he had to because his father made him do so. Yet he gained a priceless knowledge of the London streets. Then he got a job as a sorter of glass eyes at an optician's, and here he acquired the knack of looking at life through spectacles of various colours—invaluable to a journalist. Next he accepted an appointment as the middle section of the sea-serpent in the Drury Lane pantomime, and became a first-class wriggler—invaluable to a newspaper man. After that he ran a cocoa-nut shy pitch, and the necessity for subtle and convincing replies to customers, regarding the lack of milk in certain specimens of the nuts, made him a master of the art of "explaining things"—invaluable to a journalist. Lastly he served as a judge at Baby Shows. This gave him a thick skin and unlimited patience—invaluable for journalists. Thus he equipped himself with the real essentials to the career he had planned, and the mere acquisition of the requisite second-rate vocabulary and second-hand jargon presented no difficulty whatever. Yet that boy, had he regarded the decayed maxims of the sort indicated at the outset of my remarks, might well have despaired as he manipulated the strings of the sea-serpent's dorsal fin, and undulated over the Drury Lane boards. Not much of the Philip Gibbs touch about *that* job.

I have not told you about the man and his book, but I have practised what I have preached, in so far as I have only reconnoitred my subject.

Still, perhaps, by that means we have seen glimpses of the road to success. We have cleared the ground of a number of unforeseen obstacles and next month may see us in our stride. "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive."

\* \* \*

## A Few Yarns

By D. HASLER.

THE writer was installing a set on one of the wooden drifters engaged in patrol work and had completed the work with the exception of tuning up. On the way down to the ship it was noticed that the two inside wires of the aerial were slightly long, and I drew the attention of the Lieutenant in charge to the fact and he arranged for a C.P.O. and men to have it altered forthwith. As the few inches that would be taken off the wire would make no difference to the tuning I proceeded to tune up.

The men not having arrived, and the wireless cabin being below deck, I commenced to tune the closed circuit. This being completed I plugged in the aerial and started sending "V's," but from all indications concluded that there was something wrong. After having made a few adjustments to no purpose I was about to go on deck when the C.P.O. walked in and said, "Please, sir, would you mind stopping until we have put the aerial right?"

It appears that the men had taken the aerial down and were busy with soldering iron and pliers when I commenced sending "V's."

The panic that ensued may be better imagined than described, and the crew of Scottish fishermen were spectators of "R.N. men getting a move on."

At Kingstown harbour during the height of submarine activities in the Irish Sea one of the trawlers on patrol returned with a defective converter on the  $\frac{1}{2}$ -kw. set.

The time at my disposal for effecting repairs was short and I had taken the converter out of the small silence chamber, and by the aid of various temporary wires was endeavouring to locate the trouble. It proved a difficult task and the situation was fast becoming serious when one of the crew came up to me, touched his cap, and said, in broad Scotch, "Please sir, when you have put this right would you please have a look at our gramophone, as it won't go?"

In a certain Naval Base where trawlers were being fitted for patrol work the writer was installing a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -kw. set assisted by two joiners of the old school, and to them even eighths of an inch were needless refinements. One day I heard them discussing the necessary length of a piece of wood. Finally one said: "Aye, Bill, cut him off *one foot sixteen and a bit*."

Later, I asked Bill to bore an inch and five-eighths hole through the deck to take the Bradfield. He scratched his head for a few minutes and then said: "Would inch and a half do as I have nothing *smaller*?"

Victoria Dock Road, which leads from Canning Town Station down to the Victoria Docks, is well known to most of the ship-fitting staff and to a good many operators.

It was down this road that Princess Mary came a few weeks ago on her way to lay a foundation stone at Silvertown.

The route was beflagged in her honour, and, standing out prominently amongst the rest of the decorations was a large banner over a fried fish shop, bearing the legend "Welcome Home"!

## THE HEAD OFFICE

### Drawing and Designs Department

**A**S the nature of the work of this Department keeps the members continually at Marconi House, there is little in the way of change of employment to report from month to month.

Mr. S. R. Groser, who recently returned from Mauritius, has just spent a month with us, replenishing his mind with mathematical signs and symbols, and delving into the mysteries of the set square and compass. He has now left for Carnarvon.

Our sports member, Mr. C. M. Jones, who was at the recent meeting of the Athletic Club elected Secretary of the Football Section, is recognised as one who takes a keen interest in all matters connected with sport.

He speedily lightened our pockets with a subscription list.

Mr. P. W. Hill, late R.F.A., has recently joined the Drawing and Designs Department Staff.

♦ ♦ ♦

### The Ship Equipment Department

MR. C. DAVIS, E.R.A., who has been assisting Lieut. F. E. Robinson, R.N.V.R., at Granton Naval Base, has now been demobilized and transferred to the Glasgow District.

MR. F. E. RUDD, now at Liverpool, is under orders to proceed to Belfast.

♦ ♦ ♦

### The Aldwych Entrance Lift

Good news! We are informed that this invaluable time and breath saver is scheduled to re-enter the ups and downs of life somewhere *about* October 8th.

♦ ♦ ♦

Will the wireless telephone shortly develop to such an extent that a person on the Continent will be able to ring up a musical instrument shop in Oxford Street, ask for a selection of gramophone records, listen to them being played, and then give his order for the ones he decides to have?



## The Home Depôts and Wireless Stations

### TRANSFERS OF THE STAFF (M.W.T. Co.)

Messrs. Pickup, Gibbs (P.H.), Greenwood, Bruton from Marconi House to Fenchurch Street,

Messrs. Dutchman, Fasham, Hafekošt from Fenchurch Street to Towyn.

Messrs. Aston and Charlton from Fenchurch Street to Marconi House.

Misses Murphy, Robson and Cresswell from Towyn to Fenchurch Street.

Messrs. Groves and Bentley from Cumnor Hill to Marconi House,

♦ ♦ ♦

### RESIGNED.

Miss Hyman, Traffic Department, 8th August.

♦ ♦ ♦

### SICK LEAVE.

We regret to record that Mr. E. P. Skeggs has been absent through sickness since 18th July. May he derive much benefit from his stay on the East Coast, and soon return to us fit and well.

Mr. E. G. Mushens, who has been absent since 23rd June, undergoing another operation, is now, we are glad to say, well on the way to convalescence.

Mr. J. McKee (Clifden) has been to a Liverpool Hospital in connection with an old shrapnel wound. We understand, however, that a further operation is not at present necessary and he will return to duty shortly, at Towyn.

Miss Beresford who has been absent on prolonged sick leave, returned to duty with the Company at Fenchurch Street on 12th August.

♦ ♦ ♦

### HOLIDAYS.

Mr. F. H. Teague, Clifden, commenced leave on the 9th August, and will be a married man when he returns to duty. He and his bride have the best wishes of all for future happiness.

We also understand that Mr. A. Bisping, Fenchurch Street, who commences his annual leave on the 18th instant, intends being married during his holidays. We wish him the best of luck.

There are rumours to the effect that Mr. Skeet (Clifden) also contemplates a similar step. Up to the time of going to Press, these are unconfirmed.





## Messenger Staff

Messenger Hulgrave transferred to the Secretary's Department.

Messenger Putz resumed duty from sick leave 11th August.

At the present time the Messenger Staff of the Transatlantic Department consists of 101 boys of which 48 are stationed at Fenchurch Street and 35 at Marconi House. Four are acting as Messengers at Aberdeen Wireless Station, and the remainder are spread over various Departments as holiday reliefs, etc.

In order that they may be fitted to take up positions on the Company's Staff after the expiration of their four years' messenger service, the Company has arranged classes at the L.C.C. School in Wild Street, Kingsway, which the boys have to attend for two hours on three days a week, the subjects taken being English, History, Geography and Arithmetic. An examination is held annually and prizes are given for the best work.

Cricket and Football teams already exist, and are at present managed by the Messenger Superintendents.

The boys' wishes in regard to their future career with the Company are studied as far as possible, and they have the opportunity of either qualifying for the clerical staff, Sea-going Wireless Operating Staff, or may become probationers on the telegraph staff of the Transatlantic Department when vacancies occur.

They are not, however, allowed to commence their official part-time studies for positions as wireless telegraphists until they have been two and a half years in the Company's service, or are 16½ years old, whichever first occurs, but those boys who mean to get on can in certain circumstances obtain a fair amount of practice in their own time, which would of course result in their ultimate benefit.

It is more or less up to the boy to make himself sufficiently efficient in the particular subjects required to qualify for positions on the clerical or land station staffs, with of course the general educational assistance obtained at the L.C.C. classes.



The war record of the old boys is excellent, and so far as we are able to trace, sixty-three joined H.M. Forces or the Mercantile Marine. Ex-Messenger Bishop was gazetted a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps and Ex-Messenger Sapwell, now an Inspector at Fenchurch Street, was mentioned in dispatches. Inspector Vicars, who first proceeded to West Africa as a Colour-Sergeant in 1916, was subsequently promoted to Captain during the East African Campaign, but unfortunately however, he was drowned when coming home on leave on the S.S. *Burutu*, sunk in collision with the S.S. *City of Calcutta*, on the 3rd October, 1918, when only a short distance from England.

\* \* \*

## The Stamps of Thibet

**T**HIBET, or Bod-yul (hand of Bud), sometimes spelt Bhotiyal, is one of the mystery places of the East, with a wretched population, a high-class religion and an unpleasant reputation for shutting its doors on white strangers who never again emerge. No one who has read Kipling's masterpiece, "Kim" (we hope all the members of the staff have done so), can fail to be interested in Thibet, simply because of the love one bears for the dear old Abbot of Such-Zen, with his quaint blending of asceticism and the pure milk of human kindliness. Philatelists may be pleased to note the following, extracted from *The Stamp Lover*.

1911. The first stamps were issued in 1911, and were Chinese stamps of Dragon design, *perforated*, and overprinted in Chinese characters with value in English.

- |                                           |                                       |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. 3 pies on 1C., ochre.                  | 6. 3a. on 16C., olive.                |
| 2. $\frac{1}{2}$ anna on 2C., carmine.    | 7. 4a. on 20C., lake.                 |
| 3. 1a. on 4C., brown.                     | 8. 6a on 30C., carmine.               |
| 4. 2a. on 7C., claret                     | 9. 12a. on 50C., lt green.            |
| 5. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a. on 10C., green.     | 10. 1 rup. on 1 dollar, red and rose. |
| 11. 2 rup. on 2 dollars, pink and orange. |                                       |

1913. In this year the Dalai Lama's government issued a set of 5 values, *imperforated*, depicting the sacred white lion of Thibet in a circle, bearing the words "Postage Thibet" and native characters. The values are:—

- |                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1 anna, green.     | 3 anna, violet. |
| 2 „ blue.          | 4 „ red.        |
| 6 anna, vermilion. |                 |

These complete the postal issues of Thibet.

## Fenchurch Street Office (M.W.T. Co.)

*"All the worlds a stage, and we the actors,  
And in his time each man plays many parts.  
We have our entrances and our exits."*

WITH this hackneyed quotation the Fenchurch Street station makes its *debut*, though somewhat belated, upon the stage of *The Aerial*, and although this magazine is the realization of an idea which we attempted to carry out some years ago in the publication of a small monthly, known to a few of us as the "Buzzer" which died at birth, we realize that there are greater possibilities open to *The Aerial*, by reason of its application to all branches of the Company, than the "Buzzer" ever could have hoped to attain, as it was intended as a purely telegraph staff magazine. We therefore wish the venture the success it deserves and which, judging from the first number, seems assured. However, realizing how necessary it is that each member of the Marconi family circle should do their bit if this initial success is to be perpetuated, I take this opportunity to urge upon the whole of our staff, including the ladies, for I feel sure we have talent among our fair sex, to look upon their contribution of MSS. to the editors' basket (though we sincerely trust that our efforts will not be relegated to a permanent tenancy of that lowly position, but will blossom forth as useful and interesting articles on the pages of *The Aerial*) as a duty devolving equally upon all, irrespective of rank, and perform it religiously.

The Company have very kindly supplied the artillery, now roll up with the ammunition, keep the guns well supplied with the right stuff and victory, complete victory, is assured.

Let us understand that we are the actors and we each must play a part. A certain amount of shyness, or shall I say stage fright, may act as a deterrent to would-be writers. Do your best, and if at first you don't succeed, dig your teeth into the task and show the stuff you are made of by doggedly persevering until success is attained. Let your motto be "Excelsior" and rest not until the pinnacle is reached. Lord Bacon left on record "that reading maketh a full man, writing an exact man," so get busy and read more widely than you have done before. This will enlarge your vision; will increase your vocabulary and supply you with a store of information upon which you can draw for your future literary efforts. Note the style of the author, and try to imitate it\*; then search for a subject which you think will be of interest to others. Having found a suitable theme and evolved a few ideas upon which to expand

\* We regret to find ourselves strongly at variance with our correspondent regarding this advice.—ED.



your title, set about the task of writing your essay and you will be surprised to find how much more easy is the art of writing than you anticipated.

Times are changing and so is the staff at Fenchurch Street, it is a case of here to-day and gone to-morrow. We have just said a tearful good-bye to three of our promising youngsters, Messrs. Fasham, Dutchman and Hafekost, who have left to take up duty at Towyn, and we feel sure they will do well in their new surroundings. We therefore introduce them to our colleagues at T.N. with confidence.

We also welcome the return to our midst of Misses Murphy, Cresswell, Robson and Beresford, who after a sojourn in the wilds of North Wales have returned to the land of Promise. Miss Cresswell having done her bit in the W.A.A.C.'s was allocated to Towyn on demobilization, and it is now our pleasure to welcome her back to home and the many friends she left behind her.

We are anxiously awaiting the time when we will be able to move into more commodiously equipped premises, and trust that the "powers that be" will use every effort to hasten "der tag."



Sapper G. E. Pohu (of M.W.T.Co.)  
at Cologne Station.



"PLAIN" TRUTH.

The more we know, the more we know how little we know, and the more we wish we knew less than we know.



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## Poldhu

THE operating Staff at Poldhu is composed of the following: Messrs. P. Treacy, A. Moore (on sick leave), P. J. Hibberd, G. A. L. Anderson, T. C. C. Maycock, J. Dudden (on leave), J. S. Smiddy and G. Smith.

The first-named has been here for over nine years and hopes for an early transfer to the Isle of Saints (?) and Scholars.

Messrs. Moore and Hibberd, who have been here for a number of years, feel the spirit of change casting his spell on them, and are also anxious to be on the move.

Mr. T. C. C. Maycock, who was lent by the International Company, longs to be back at sea again. We believe his desire will be gratified in the near future. There will be universal regret when Ted goes. Messrs. Anderson and Dudden are quite satisfied to remain until the next catch of pilchards (the last was in 1909).

Mr. Smith, who claims to be the namesake of Adam, is only here on holiday relief; he also hopes to flit with the autumn.

Mr. Smiddy, who has had five years in France, is quite willing to be left in peace for a time.

The housing problem is sadly affecting the Staff here. Some have to live eight, five and three miles away from the station. Just fancy these men in the winter walking or cycling this distance along unsheltered roads in rain and storm. Poldhu is noted for its S.W. gales—wind has been recorded at 90 m.p.h.—and it takes us nearly an hour to walk one mile, not to speak of eight. No covering will keep out rain with such high winds.

The Welfare Department may be able to devise some means of overcoming this disability.

Yesterday, 11th August, at noon, this station passed back to the Company from Admiralty control, and (it is announced) we automatically become demobilized. Like the chameleon we changed our coats and now they are of biblical colours. Some had greatness forced upon them; others the wrong end of the stick; the majority, however, hail the change with pleasure. One man in particular sends up a mighty sigh of relief. Demobilization was rumoured so often that he clung to the remnants of a uniform ('twas a mutual cling) and in the endeavour to preserve a show of decency he was compelled to cultivate a chest like a pouter pigeon. In such circumstance has the war left its mark on him.

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We were extremely interested in the report of the general meeting of the Wireless Company. We are looking forward to the autumn meeting for the announcement of the new schemes to be undertaken by the Company, as mentioned by Mr. Isaacs. After five years of stagnation we will welcome any work which will help us to feel that we are advancing.

\* \* \*

## Cumnor Hill Station

**M**ARRIAGES the Vogue.—Really this constant succession of marriages is making us out of breath—we won't say out of pocket. It is my pleasing duty this month to record the marriages of P.O. F. W. Bentley and P.O. F. Mitchell. As usual, the staff came up to the scratch, and C.P.O. Irvine was called upon to make suitable presentations to the latest deserters of St. Benedict. I fear C.P.O. Irvine must find it as difficult to say something fresh at each presentation as I in recording them. Our application to H.O. for printed subscription forms has been ignored.

\* \* \*

Houses to let are as rare in Oxford as at most places. We hear of one of the wealthy members of the staff who has been disseminating notices in vain for the last two months, offering £5 for the key of any house in Oxford.

\* \* \*

We passed P.O. Harvey the other day returning from a shooting expedition, but could not distinguish whether he was pushing a bicycle or a barrow-load of pigeons.

\* \* \*

## Towyn Notes

**W**E extend a cordial welcome to Messrs. E. A. Rotherham, C. A. Ashwell and J. T. Dawson; also to Messrs. W. F. Dutchman, H. H. Fasham and W. L. Hafekošt, transferred from Fenchurch Street to replace our late lady members of the Staff.

What a surprise we received when news reached us that we were to lose our ladies! Some of the latter we know were not sorry to renew acquaintance with London, but one at least, we feel sure, was sorry to leave us.

Our F.S. confrères will no doubt have discovered ere this that the "girls" can make a cup of tea. Cheerio, Girls!



As anticipated in our last notes, we're "getting on with the business" in the matter of a Sports and Recreation Club. A committee representative of all branches of the sport has been elected.

The Welfare Department will no doubt have heard from us by the time these notes appear

*Angling.*—The trout season, closing at the end of September, has been a source of much pleasure to our increasing number of fishermen. Much sport has been enjoyed by all. The mountain streams have been very fruitful; the waters nearer home have yielded larger fish and a little fun was available on the Broadwater. The record trout caught with the rod by one of our anglers weighed twenty-four ounces (a fine fellow, that trout, with a beautiful head and rainbow colouring). The record catch was twelve nice brown trout in half an hour.

It is to be hoped that our enthusiasm will not wane during the close season, but perhaps our adventures will, as related, enliven many a dull winter evening.

*Gardening.*—The gardens, so kindly provided by the Company for its Staff at Towyn, have again been utilised and appreciated to the full. There is a grand show of vegetables of all kinds. Sweet peas and other flowers are in profusion. Our new-comers appreciate to the full, on their arrival at Towyn, the difference between the spirit of the Marconi Company and of the Post Office. They just remark "Fancy the Post Office providing gardens for their employees!" This spontaneous and unanimous opinion of the new men should be a source of great satisfaction to the Management.

We have successfully defeated the onslaught of the sheep. It was at first thought they would (in fact they did) jump over everything to eat our produce, but wire netting has solved the problem. It is to be hoped the operators will keep the gardens at their present high standard. A garden bringeth contentment beyond all things.



## Queries from Various Sources

**T**HE Sports Ground is a long way from North London. Will those who cannot get home the same night be allowed to sleep on the grass if they are hobbled?

Could cushions be provided for the use of the Relay staff? They must find the floor quite hard during the lunch hour.

The "old sea dog" compartment of the operator after his first voyage; does it go down with the girls?





## THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT



### Notes from the Superintendent

I THINK the first thing for me to do this month is to congratulate Mr. Blake on the first number of *The Aerial*. Very obviously a great deal of work has been put in to make the magazine a success and I am sure the publication of future numbers will be looked forward to.

♦   ♦   ♦

With regard to the paragraph in the first issue of *The Aerial* on the Philatelic Society, I would like to point out that this society and others of a like nature will be the natural result of a healthy success obtained by the Marconi Athletic Club. I am sure the meeting to be held mentioned by the writer of the paragraph will be welcomed.


♦   ♦   ♦

The first meeting of the Welfare Committee took place in the Board room on 31st July and lasted two hours. During that time considerable discussion took place, and it is hoped that the monthly meetings of the committee will have many results of a pleasing nature for the staff generally. I append the names of the Committee for the information of the staff.

W. Randell (*Chairman*).  
 W. J. Everett.  
 A. Willey (*Chelmsford*).  
 O. Rochs.  
 F. B. Rushworth.  
 E. Blake.  
 E. R. Tuck (*A.W.T.*).  
 E. A. Watkinson (*A.W.T.*).  
 L. D. Graham.

♦   ♦   ♦

A meeting of the Messenger Boys was held on Thursday, 14th August, at the Head Office with a view to fostering keenness for games. Mr. W. Randell who was accompanied by Mr. Jones of the Fenchurch Street Office, addressed the boys and urged them to show keenness in cricket and football. He suggested a scheme whereby they should continue as before under the Secretaryship of Mr. Jones who had already done so much for them. The scheme to be approved by the committee of the Marconi Athletic Club is that they should continue their Subscription of 2d. a week and that the Marconi Athletic Club should give their



secretary an annual cheque to help run the club, and in addition should offer prizes for the best all-round player and sportsman. It was pointed out that should any boy later on join the clerical staff, he would then be ready to join the House Club. A similar meeting is to be held at the Fenchurch Street Office, and it is hoped that good games may result, and that the Messenger Boys' doings may be noted in *The Aerial*.

I would bring to everybody's notice that I am moving from Room 59, and will in future be found in Room 37, Floor No. 3.

W. RANDELL.

## Cricket

### Marconi Messengers v. St. Bartholomew (East Ham), July 5th, 1919.

A match was played between the above teams on the 5th July last, with the result that the former lost by seven runs. The scores were:—

|                 |    |
|-----------------|----|
| St. Bartholomew | 46 |
| Marconi's       | 39 |

## The Marconi Works C.C.

### "A" Team Averages to August 6, 1919

#### BATTING.

|             | Innings | Runs | Highest Score | Not out | Average |
|-------------|---------|------|---------------|---------|---------|
| C. Eales    | 7       | 117  | 33            | 2       | 23.4    |
| H. Warner   | 11      | 171  | 74            | 1       | 17.1    |
| A. M. Young | 9       | 112  | 27            |         | 12.44   |
| C. Glynn    | 8       | 82   | 39            |         | 12.12   |
| H. Hawkes   | 9       | 106  | 47            |         | 11.77   |
| J. Leggett  | 7       | 38   | 25            | 1       | 6.33    |
| J. Aylett   | 5       | 17   | 7             | 1       | 4.25    |
| W. Taylor   | 9       | 36   | 16            |         | 4.00    |
| W. Beeton   | 8       | 30   | 10            |         | 3.75    |
| W. Tasker   | 7       | 25   | 13            |         | 3.57    |

#### BOWLING.

|             | Overs | Runs | Wkts. | Maidens | Average |
|-------------|-------|------|-------|---------|---------|
| H. Hawkes   | 56    | 166  | 30    | 8       | 5.53    |
| A. M. Young | 69    | 172  | 24    | 19      | 7.16    |
| C. Glynn    | 50    | 140  | 17    | 9       | 10.33   |
| W. Tasker   | 44    | 195  | 18    | 16      | 10.83   |

#### TEAM RECORD.

|        |     |      |       |          |         |                   |
|--------|-----|------|-------|----------|---------|-------------------|
| Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Runs for | Against | Average per Match |
| 9      | 6   | 2    | 1     | 1030     | 836     | 113               |

## "B" Team Averages

### BATTING.

|                 | Innings | Runs | Highest Score | Not out | Average |
|-----------------|---------|------|---------------|---------|---------|
| R. G. Keeble    | 10      | 217  | 50            |         | 21·7    |
| W. Pratley      | 4       | 17   | 13            | 3       | 17·00   |
| R. E. Young     | 5       | 57   | 31            | 1       | 14·25   |
| P. Howlett      | 9       | 86   | 22            | 1       | 10·75   |
| S. Pitts        | 5       | 50   | 38            |         | 10·00   |
| F. Strange      | 10      | 77   | 23            |         | 7·71    |
| A. B. Stapleton | 7       | 45   | 25            |         | 6·42    |
| A. Stanley      | 9       | 46   | 19            | 1       | 5·75    |
| G. Davis (Jr.)  | 7       | 28   | 11            | 2       | 5·6     |
| A. Eve          | 3       | 9    | 5             | 1       | 4·5     |
| G. Davis (Sr.)  | 5       | 18   | 11            |         | 3·6     |
| H. Archer       | 10      | 32   | 10            | 1       | 3·56    |
| G. Ryder        | 6       | 15   | 10            | 1       | 3·00    |
| J. Long         | 6       | 5    | 3             |         | 0·83    |

### BOWLING.

|            | Overs | Runs | Wkts. | Maidens | Average |
|------------|-------|------|-------|---------|---------|
| F. Strange | 38    | 128  | 17    | 5       | 7·52    |
| R. Keeble  | 44    | 146  | 17    | 3       | 8·59    |
| J. Long    | 49    | 122  | 13    | 8       | 9·43    |

### TEAM RECORD.

|        |     |      |       |          |              |
|--------|-----|------|-------|----------|--------------|
| Played | Won | Lost | Drawn | Runs for | Runs against |
| 10     | 5   | 5    | 0     | 694      | 800          |

♦     ♦     ♦

## Marconi Athletic Club

**A** GENERAL meeting was held in the school on Friday evening, 8th August, when the following were chosen to act on the General Committee of the above club:—

- W. Randell (*Chairman*).
- W. Platt (*General*).
- F. W. Bates (*Cricket*).
- F. Menear (*Football*).
- R. D. Bangay (*Tennis*).
- Miss Bourne (*Lady Member*).
- T. Stubbs (*East Ham*).
- F. W. Noakes (*Fenchurch Street*).
- To be elected (*Swimming*).

It was decided that the above committee should draw up a book of rules and submit them to a General Meeting. It is to be hoped that when that meeting is called that it will be well attended. The following resolution was passed with regard to the meeting called for the 8th: "That



it is regretted that so few were present at the First General Meeting of the Marconi Athletic Club." It was decided that in future reminders should be sent round the House on the morning of meetings.

*The Sports Ground.*—I am glad to say that matters are going ahead with regard to the New Athletic Ground and possession should soon be ours. Work will be started at once on the ground, especially on the football ground, to enable us to start playing as soon as possible.

The club has opened an account at the London County and Westminster Bank, and judging by the donations received, the enthusiasm for the good of the club is in plenty, and of the right sort.

I am glad to be able to state that before long I hope to see installed on the Second Floor, outside the Accountant's Office, a show-case to contain cups and shields, which are open to competition either to the staff of the Head Office or between Head Office and the Works.

It is proposed that the Marconi Athletic Club should be affiliated to

The Amateur Athletic Association.

The London Business Houses Association.

The London Football Association.

The Southern Counties Swimming Association.

We shall soon have a House Flag, the same design being used for the flag to fly over our pavilion at Beckenham.

Water drinking facilities are being fitted on each floor, and in the Messenger's Office.

W. RANDELL.

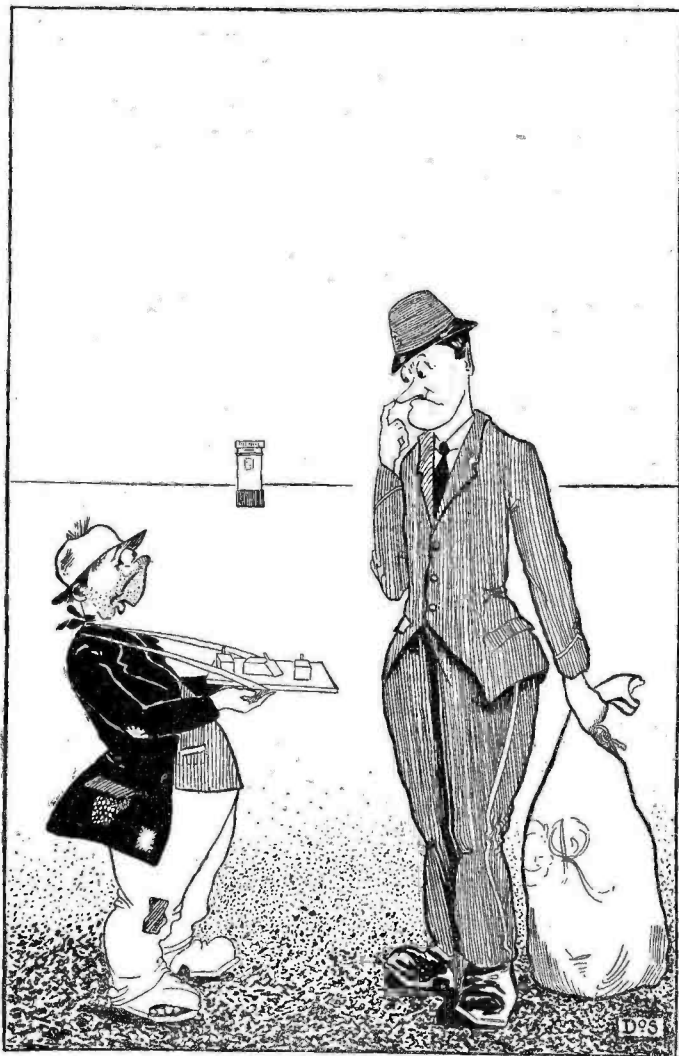
## Athletic Sports

THE Sterling Athletic Club held their Annual Sports at Dagenham on Saturday, 28th June. Representatives from the Marconi Works at Chelmsford competed, and were very successful, seeing that sixteen competitors carried off twenty-four prizes, including the fine challenge cup, presented by G. C. Isaacs, Esq., which was won outright by P. Howlett. Perhaps the finest performance was put up by a lady, who must have created a record in winning the 100 yds. in 13 secs. Much interest was shewn in the display of prizes at the Works. The following is a list of the Works' successes.

|                   |                             |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| 100 yds. (Ladies) | Miss Gerrard, Time 13 secs. |
| High jump "       | Miss Gerrard, Height 4 ft.  |
| High jump         | G. Royffe " 4 ft. 8 in.     |
| 440 yds. (open)   | (1) P. Howlett              |
|                   | (2) P. G. Dumenil.          |
|                   | (3) B. N. Aylett.           |



# 'The Great Question'



Postman to Hawker: "'M yes! But can you guarantee that your mousetraps are entirely free from Marconi patents?"

With only three runners the works were able to fill the first three places, a very fine performance.

Miss D. Knight was second in the Ladies' Walk. The Marconi Team consisting of Messrs. P. G. Dumenil, B. Aylett, W. Clark and P. Howlett easily won the three-quarter mile relay race.

The Marconi Team were also successful in the tug of war, those pulling were Messrs. H. Hawkes, A. Hills, B. Jewell, — Wilkinson, O. Young and — Poulter.

In the Veterans race the second and third places were filled by W. G. Holmes and P. Dumenil, senior respectively.

The above constitutes a list of successes of which the Marconi Works may feel justly proud, and they are to be congratulated accordingly.

♦ ♦ ♦

Messrs. Hoffmans, Ltd., Athletic Sports were held at Rainsford End, Chelmsford, on 12th July, and once again the Works competitors did well.

B. N. Aylett was second in the 100 yds. open handicap. G. Royffe tied for third place in the high jump, whilst in the evening H. Hawkes won the Middleweight Boxing Competition and G. Davis (senr.) won the lightweight, both opponents being knocked out in the final rounds.

♦ ♦ ♦

## Reading—"On" and "Off."

**I**S it advisable to read by system? (Is it advisable to read at all?). This question must occur repeatedly to thinking people—even to members of the Marconi Staff. What an enormous mass of publications, increasing and increasing, confront the searcher after knowledge. The opinion is often put forward that the most pleasurable way of reading is to choose books haphazardly—to flit from flower to flower. This is open to the objection that owing to the vast range of literature, a large amount of first-rate material will be missed. Take the case of a young man (do ladies read?) interested in, say, evolution—he is desirous probably of reading as many as possible of the available works on the subject. But, without guidance, he may remain unaware of the existence of certain of such works. Would he gain by having a system to control his reading? Of course the interest of a person in a "dry" (interpret the word as you will—unless you are an American, when it will have but one application at the present time) subject would be sufficient spur to ascertain and keep



in touch with the books published thereon. So let matters be simplified by turning to the reader of fiction. We all read fiction, even those of us who concentrate on scientific works—at least, so the cynics say. There is the person who reads purely for amusement, who perhaps picks on books the titles of which attract his fancy—or the book may have a pretty cover (have you ever seen a young lady buying music?). Such an one will miss many good things—almost as many as the globe-trotter who has never struck the Underground Railways of London between 5.0 and 7.0 P.M. through having no guide for his travels. But why worry over a loss which is probably not realised? Well, if a system in reading increase the benefit gained from reading, is it not worth while inventing one or being guided by one already in use? Perhaps the very fact of having a system (of whatsoever kind) would destroy all the pleasure, it being well known how a system is liable to control an individual even whilst the individual is under the firm impression that it is he who is doing the controlling. This, however, does not take into account the fact that you may look on reading as a task to be performed. What is more heart-rending than the sight of a husband reading the latest news about winners, hats, etc., in order not to let his wife see that his education has been sadly neglected? In a recent notice in the press of a book written on how to form a library one reviewer was of the opinion that a system in reading would destroy the pleasure. But think of some favourite book and then shudder (if you know how) that it might not have been read but for the recommendation of some friend—or enemy. If it be decided to systematise one's reading, how can this be done? How, for instance, to keep *au fait* with new publications? Read the lot! Any time left over could be devoted to charitable works—although the reading of some authors is in itself an act of charity. If that solution does not appeal (some people being extraordinarily lazy) what of relying on the press reviewers as a guide through the maze? A check could be kept by having the reviewers reviewed. Until a law is passed making it an indictable offence on the part of any writer to attempt to publish a book, pamphlet, etc., within a lesser period than ten years of his previous spasm (a suitable reward being given to those who refrain from ever again inflicting themselves on the public), the avalanche must be met. Why not get an ambitious publisher to obtain and issue in a collected form the opinion of each author, etc., on his own works? Then pick out the modest ones and read only their books. The problem (I have forgotten by the way what the problem is, if there be one) would be solved. —Nothing to read.

(Next month.—The Cabinet Minister with a Conscience. In six parts.)

H. J. S.

## THE WORKS

WE have pleasure in welcoming back Mr. F. W. Monty-Herring and Mr. A. Garner who have re-joined the Works Staff on being demobilized from the Service.

Miss D. Collis and Miss E. Empson, members of the Works General Office, have left to get married, and have the best wishes of the Works Staff for their future happiness. Miss Collis was presented with a spirit kettle, crumb brush and tray and a fern bowl.

Miss Empson was the recipient of a silver-plated cruet.

We regret to hear that Mr. W. Sheekey, of the Works General Office, has been admitted to hospital to undergo a serious operation, but we all hope that the operation will prove successful and that he will have a speedy recovery.

Mr. C. Dowsett, steward of the Luncheon Room, Chelmsford, commonly known as "Charles," was married on the 2nd August, 1919, and has the wishes of all for his future happiness. He was the recipient of a handsome canteen of cutlery from the Chiefs of Departments at Works and Head Office.

Mr. E. A. Evans, of the Test Department at the Works at Chelmsford, entered into the bonds of matrimony with Miss D. Collis of that town on Saturday, August 23rd last. We offer our hearty congratulations and best wishes for "Connubial Bliss."

The staff of the Test Department presented Mr. Evans with a handsome clock and two pictures in sepia to mark the occasion and to express their good will. The ceremony of presentation was performed by Mr. A. Eddington, the Assistant Works Manager, in the absence of Mr. H. M. Dowsett, the Chief of the Test Department, who was at the time absent on annual leave.

### A Few Works' Queries

Would the captain of the Marconi Works' cricket team have made more runs in the Hoffmann match if he had worn cricketing togs?

When is Mr. Randell coming down to play the Works at cricket again?

Is it true that ten other men played on the London Office side in the first match?

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## Works' Man Decorated by the King

ON Thursday, 24th July, 1919, at an Investiture held at Buckingham Palace, Lt. C. A. Moth was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross by His Majesty the King.

The following is a record of the deed for which he and his pilot (Lt. J. R. Smith) won the Cross, this being taken from the fifth section of the latest list of Awards to officers of the Royal Air Force in recognition of gallantry in flying operations against the enemy :—

### DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

*Lieut. C. A. Moth and Lieut. J. R. Smith (France).*—“ On the night of Nov. 4-5 these officers started out to bomb a railway station, but after two hours they were compelled to return owing to engine trouble. Obtaining another machine, they again set out, although from the weather chart they realised there was every probability of a gale before morning. Reaching the objective, they obtained three direct hits. On the return journey they met the storm, and landed at the aerodrome in a sixty-miles per hour gale after a flight of six hours and fifteen minutes, in addition to the two hours' flight on their first attempt. It is difficult to speak too highly of the fine spirit of determination and devotion to duty displayed by these two officers on this occasion.”

Lt. Moth was navigating officer and observer on Handley-Page long-distance bombing machines in France, and with his pilot carried out a good number of successful raids over the enemy country. He had several narrow escapes, and was wounded in the heel on one occasion from a piece of bomb from his own machine, through bombing at too low an altitude.

He has now been demobilized and has re-joined the Works Office Staff none the worse for his exciting experiences.

His is the only decoration gained at the Works by anyone joining the Service from there.



Lieut. C. A. Moth, D.F.C., R.A.F.

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## Field Station Dept. (Works)

MR. J. H. WELPLY has rejoined this Department after spending the last 4-5 years in charge of an Admiralty Station in St. Vincent. Mr. H. M. Wickers has joined this Department after being in Brazil two years and St. Vincent four years as Mr. Welply's assistant. Mr. G. H. Lever has rejoined from the Company in order to take up Army life again; we wish Mr. Lever every success in his new post.

We hear that Mr. Bangay is spending his annual leave careering about the country on a "Doug." We trust it will not prove like Harry Tate's, because as twenty-two was not a multiple of seven he had to borrow one.

♦ ♦ ♦

## Wisdom While You Wait—II.

**W**HILST ambling in a leisurely manner round the field during the course of A Square Meal a Cow trod on an Ant's Nest. The Sole Survivor, an elderly Ant who had Seen Life, and who was withal of a wise countenance, drew himself up, and towering with rage addressed the Cow in this wise: "Assassin!"

He paused for a reply. The Cow finished up with a mouthful of buttercups and lowered herself by sections on to the Greensward. Every fly in the field made for her with Bared Teeth.

The Elderly Ant climbed up on a pebble, and raising his whiskers to Heaven, declaimed aloud, saying, "Colossus though you are, I am going to Tick you Off. With one idle step you have laid waste an entire community, resolving its industrious members into little more than Formic Acid. With Bovine Stupidity, and in Bestial Self-seeking, you have Completely Squashed the most Perfect Municipal System, Flattened Out a marvel of Architecture and Obliterated a myriad Workers, a Queen, and I don't know how many Pupae."

The Cow whacked the Greensward twice with her tail and began to Chew the Cud—counterclockwise.

The Eloquent Ant scrambled off the pebble and mounted a dandelion stalk. He said: "Fifthly, and in conclusion, take note and tremble. *We shall rise again.* Again we shall build and burrow, building the Perfect City. Future generations, filled with hate of you, shall make your Blessed Old Field—(here he nearly fell off his pulpit)—Old Field a Veritable Honeycomb. Listen! I hear the Tramp of Millions; the earth shakes (*the Cow was getting up*), the skies fall, and You, Base Slayer, you Parcel of Grass and Self-righteousness. . . ."

~~~~~

The Cow then quite accidentally trod on the Ant, who instantaneously retired from the Building and Burrowing Trade. A man appeared, carrying a pail.

“Now I suppose I’m going to be milked again,” muttered the Cow. “’S always the same. Here am I, a perfectly respectable and hardworking lady, At it all day, and then comes this hulking brute with his bucket, and . . . *etc., etc., ad lib.*”

MORAL: When you feel downtrodden, go to a quiet place and try to gauge your actual importance in the Scheme of Things.

♦ ♦ ♦

Positive and Negative

THE effect of the first issue of *The Aerial* was speedily noticeable in the form of an avalanche of contributions. We are “snowed under.”

That sounds rather chilly, but there are no signs of a frost about the magazine; on the contrary, the warmth of its reception swelled it, temporarily, to the extent of eight extra pages.

As promised, the editorial steam has been reduced to a mere jet, so that the staff may have more room for their own.

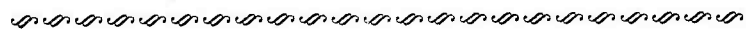
Birds—(no, not that sort)—*will* whisper. One says that members of a most useful (and ornamental) section of the staff have remarked that there has not been very much space devoted to them so far. Hon. Correspondents with guilty consciences please note. There certainly has been a dead silence on the part of certain depôts and stations, and amongst them are one or two which have each elected two correspondents. Why two? No need to collaborate in order to write nothing.

Euclid insulted our intelligence by saying “Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another.”

The staff = The Companies’ employees.
 The workers (for the Cos.) = The Companies’ employees.
 Therefore, the staff = The workers.

It seems that the above demonstration is necessary. If a man’s job is sorting screws, or punching holes, or painting fences, on behalf of the Marconi Companies, he is on the staff. The thought may be new to him; it may even annoy him if he is so minded that he imagines labour to be necessarily an affair for brawny arms—but there it is. You cannot escape Euclid.

The Editor wishes to thank all concerned for the many very encouraging letters he has received since Number One Aerial appeared. He hopes to repay kind appreciation by service.



Unpacking

THE unpacking department which forms a spoke in the large wheel of the Marconi Service might, I think, with advantage be introduced to the readers of *The Aerial*. The Department is situated at the Fenchurch Street office, adjoining the telegraph office. There is in charge of this department an unpacker who thoroughly understands all work appertaining to the unpacking of messages received for delivery and distribution. Most business people who are in communication with their offices abroad have what is called a telegraphic address. Now these addresses are registered by the Marconi Company, the registrations being kept in a card index file. A registered address saves several words in each message, and therefore it is economically beneficial to the customer. Directly messages are received they are handed to the unpacker who prepares them for delivery and distribution. If the message has a registered address the unpacker looks up the index files in which registered addresses are recorded on cards arranged alphabetically, and finding the one he requires, sends the message to the address given, *i.e.* unpacks it. The message is then sent to the delivery department by a Lamson compressed air tube, where they are despatched for delivery. Occasionally the unpacker has a message for which no registration appears in the files; he then looks through "Sells" Book of Telegraphic Addresses, and failing this, enquiry is made of other telegraphic companies, including the Post Office, asking if they have the registration required. If a reply is received giving the address, the message is at once despatched. Receiving all our replies marked "not registered" the message is treated as a non-delivery, and the sender is duly advised. This information may be useful to present-day messengers who have ambitions of becoming unpackers and thence probationers in the instrument room. A. J. DICKINSON.

A "Full Hand."

AMONGST all games of "chance" Poker probably most nearly resembles the contest of life. It is not enough for a man to have good cards dealt him by Fate; he must be alive enough to recognise the value of his "pips." The following anecdote shows the way in which even a Scotsman may fail to recognise a "full hand" when he has it.

An old handyman who hailed from Caledonia and was attached to one of the S.W.S. Stations received instructions, soon after entering upon his job, to carry some accumulators to a certain hut and to bring back therefrom the "empties." Upon arrival at his destination, Sandy found himself completely nonplussed. He stood for some time weighing the accumulators in his hands and finally in utter perplexity burst out with: "I dinna ken, but the empty anes seem just as heavy as the fu' anes tae me!"



Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of "The Aerial."

DEAR SIR,—Like many others, I am guilty of having waited to peruse the first number of the Staff Magazine before venturing to assist in filling its pages. Having at last been enabled to see the magazine "in being," I must heartily congratulate the Editor, first of all on the general get-up, and secondly on the editorial article. Surely if a magazine was ever destined to succeed ours must be. With the good wishes of the Management and the almost unlimited supply of travel stories which the Staff can provide, if they will so incline, your task, Mr. Editor, should be not to find copy, but the greater task of finding room for all the interesting and enjoyable articles which our travellers could furnish. Will the Directors write us a few kind words occasionally? The Staff would much like to be reminded now and again that someone has a thought for them. Most of us already know it, but it would bear repetition. To conclude, I believe there was once a lift at the Aldwych Entrance. Could you start a competition for designing a new one. It is a long way up to the seventh floor, and when we are all Directors we will have rest-houses placed *en route*. Good health and long life to *The Aerial*, its promoters and its supporters.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) A. B. BLINKHORN,
Chief of the Ship Equipment Department.



11th Aug. 1919.

To the Editor of "The Aerial."

DEAR SIR,—As an old member of the Staff I desire to record a few thoughts in support of the Staff Magazine known as *The Aerial*. Being one of the drifting members of the Ship Equipment Department, I can thoroughly appreciate the new medium by which we can now keep in touch with each other. I understand that articles to the new magazine must not entail intricate technicalities of a Flemish character, hence my reason for crawling out of my shell now. Before the inauguration of *The Aerial*, units of the Staff drifted together by chance, or otherwise; just a greeting, perhaps a drink, and a "good luck," and they drift apart again to their respective duties, possibly to be out of range of each other for months or perhaps years. Well, here is a welcome to the new link. Speaking from experience I may state that the life of an engineer on ship-work is not altogether a "picnic." He has a lot to put up with and little to put down with; but although his job may not compare



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favourably with a better one, it is "canny" when compared with a worse, and the latter is the point of view that I favour. Personally I meet with a lot of cross currents, and even cross threads, but there is a right way to meet every situation—although I don't always see it. If a brass nut won't screw on then allow it to screw off. Scrap it and try another. A good rule to remember is that two  $\frac{3}{8}$ -in. nuts of like dimensions do not always fit the same bolt, even though the threads are supposed to be equal in all respects. When dismantling a half-plate condenser it is well not to mix the brass washers, for although they are all of the same size, they are not to be trusted for the return journey in any order.

I remember repairing a half-plate condenser one frosty evening while a ship's officer amused himself by smoking and taking mental notes of my language. He requested to know if wireless engineering required much brain work! After re-shuffling the brass washers for another try, and extracting some glass splinters from my hands, I replied and said that the brain factor could be almost eliminated provided the worker was blessed with abnormal patience, and healthy skin that easily heals. Well, it is best not to worry, but to smile. Of course I know it is not always easy to smile when things are contrary, but there are times when things are not nearly so black as they at first appear. I once had occasion to approach a foreman labourer with a request to place some cases on board a certain ship. Unfortunately for me, he was in a disturbed state over something and he promptly told me to go to ————. Of course I did not go, but went for a coffee instead. On returning to my ship later I found that the rude creature had changed his mind, and the cases were on board awaiting my attention. So everything comes right in the end, so why worry over a little trouble? There are times when it pays to prevent a trouble rather than endure it. For instance, it is silly to lock the ship's tool chest if the tools are left outside. It is well to remember that a thief is not a thief unless he steals other folks' property, and success in any walk of life depends on the proper use of opportunities. I don't blame the thief, I blame the man who locked the tools outside instead of inside the box. Again, although it is very unfortunate to lose anything it is useless to worry after the horse has gone. I remember once getting upset at losing a train home at night, but after being informed that one of my colleagues had lost his footing while walking the docks of a certain town, and had to swim ashore on a wavemeter, I realised that he had more reason to get upset than I had. Now Mr. Editor I must switch off as the night is far spent and I have another lump of broken glass to attend to in the morning.

Good luck and success to the "Antenna."

E. E. T.

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To the Editor of "The Aerial."

Fenchurch Street.

DEAR SIR,—Now that the great war is over and D.O.R.A. is nearly extinguished, I suggest that all members of the Staff should as far as possible return to their hobbies. Some may like photography, drawing, painting, model-making, wireless telegraphy, etc., everybody has a hobby of some sort. By means of our "Aerial" magazine communications on most interesting subjects could easily be made between any readers. Those who send in accounts should accompany them with photographs, if possible. This would be, I am sure, greatly appreciated by many members. There could also be following these accounts a "Questions and Answers" column which would certainly prove most helpful to many members who were requiring knowledge of some hobby they had just started. Considering the great number who would read these questions, the enquirer would, I am certain, receive some very interesting and valuable information. Again, by permission of the Editor, we could have a "Sale and Exchange" column which would enable any members wishing to dispose of any article by sale or exchange, to do so by inserting an advertisement of the same in the magazine, a small charge for which could be imposed. Trusting that these suggestions may meet with your approval.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) A. J. DICKINSON.

(I fear that a Questions and Answers Column would create the need for a Dr. Know-all on the staff. The Sale and Exchange suggestion is under consideration.—ED.)



Marconi Works, Chelmsford,

To the Editor of "The Aerial."

14th August, 1919.

DEAR SIR,—It is generally easy to find fault with any movement or action, but fault-finding is not the sole cause of this epistle. Rather—it is to make a suggestion that in future issues of *The Aerial* a more universal note should be adopted, so as to include the workmen as well as the Staff; it will be readily admitted that both are inter-dependent on the other, like the well-known story of the organist who found his dependence on the blower as soon as he failed to operate the bellows.

Thus it is to be regretted that so little is heard of the worker while so much is spoken of the Staff.

Also in all the privileges mentioned the same idea seems to be prominent. Take, for instance, "The House Purchase Scheme," "Savings Bank," "Pensions Fund," etc. Without doubt all these, and many more,

