

# MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

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BY AND FOR MARCONI EMPLOYEES



*Sam. F. B. Morse.*

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## FRONTISPIECE

### THE FATHER OF THE TELEGRAPH

Professor Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of one of the greatest modern discoveries, the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. His father was an eminent clergyman, and one of the founders of Andover Theological Seminary. His great grandfather was a distinguished president of Princeton. Young Morse graduated with honors from Yale in 1810 at the age of 18. He was a youth of remarkable personal beauty, with very attractive manners, of most enthusiastic temperament, of pure heart and blameless life. His ardent patriotism knew no bounds, sometimes endangering his personal safety.

Having a decided leaning towards art, he went to England in 1811, accompanying Washington Allston, then in the height of his fame, with whom and Benjamin West he intended pursuing his art studies. Under the tuition of these eminent men he developed rapidly, and produced some portraits which were not unworthy of his instructors. He also tried his hand at sculpture, and so successfully that, in 1813, he won the gold medal from the Adelphi Society for the model of a "Dying Hercules."

In 1815 he returned to the United States and opened a studio in New York, where he formed the acquaintance of the principal artists of the city. Having witnessed the beneficial effect of art schools and academies in Europe, he believed that the same influences might be set at work in America with the same advantageous results. His suggestions were received with favor, and a drawing association was formed, which, eleven years afterward, in 1826, took the name and form of the National Academy of Design. Prof. Morse was unanimously elected the first President, and served in that capacity for sixteen years.

While a student of Yale, young Morse was enthusiastically devoted to the studies of chemistry and natural philosophy, having for his teacher in the first Prof. Stillman, and in the latter Prof. Day, gentlemen whose fame in their respective walks of science has never been eclipsed by any of their successors. During his sojourn in Europe the young artist lost none of his zeal in the studies he pursued so successfully while in college, but continued to alternate painting and sculpture with experiments with the magnet and blowpipe.

In 1832 Prof. Morse, having spent some time in Paris, embarked at Havre for New York on the packet ship Sully. At that time experiments had been making in France with the magnetic battery, and the peculiar powers of electricity had been largely developed. In the course of the voyage, Prof. Morse conceived the idea of a magnetic recording telegraph, the same in effect as the present system, and immediately upon reaching home commenced a series of experiments, the result of which confirmed him in the correctness of his theory. His first instrument was rude and imperfect, but in 1837 he constructed one little inferior to those now in use, and gave public exhibitions of its merits in New York to large audiences. In December of the same year he laid his discovery before Congress, and asked for an appropriation to enable him to build a line from Washington to Baltimore,

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so that a perfect test might be made of his invention. A hearing was given, but so strong was the prejudice of the members, most of whom believed him insane, that the petition was tabled. Despairing of reaping any benefit in his own country from the invention, and inwardly convinced of its value, Prof. Morse sailed for France, where he made the same proposition, but with the same result; the French nation, however, acknowledging its recognition of the merits of the discovery by conferring upon Prof. Morse the *brevet d'invention*, a barren honor, though still an honor.

From Paris, Prof. Morse went to London, where he applied for letters patent from the English government. These were refused, and, worried and discouraged, he returned home. By the advice of friends, he again visited Washington, and strove to interest the leaders in both branches in his behalf. Four years passed without result, but on the closing night of the session of 1842-3, an appropriation of \$30,000 was granted for the purpose of testing the vexed question and setting it forever at rest. It was the turning-point in the life of the inventor. Work was immediately begun, and, in 1844, completed. Never was success more complete. Those who had supported the petition were delighted, and those who had again and again declared the thing impossible were confounded. There was no longer any room for doubt. New lines sprang up as if by magic. Telegraph poles bristled all over the land, and the click of the magnet was soon heard in every part of the continent. An opportune incident brought the telegraph into instant public recognition. The National Convention to nominate a president was in session in Baltimore when the line was completed; James K. Polk had been nominated president; Senator Wright, then in Washington, was named for the vice-presidency. Mr. Vail, who was operating the Baltimore end of the wire, informed Mr. Morse at Washington, who told Mr. Wright. In a few moments the convention was astonished by receiving a message from Senator Wright respectfully declining the nomination. The presiding officer read the dispatch. The convention could not and would not believe its authenticity, but adjourned to await the report of a committee sent to Washington to confer with the Senator. The committee confirmed the telegraphic message. This led to a conference between the committee and Mr. Wright by wire. The fact was, of course, soon known, and the fame of the telegraph at once took wing. The line was opened to public traffic April 1, 1845. The tariff was fixed by the Postmaster-General at one cent for each four letters.

During the construction of the line a certain good dame whose ideas of discipline were somewhat stern and fundamental, after surveying a pole recently planted near her door, placing her hands on her haunches exclaimed somewhat bitterly, "Now, I suppose, no one can spank their brats without its being known all over cree-a-tion."

While in London in 1856 the telegraph companies tendered him a banquet in public acknowledgment of his services to science and mankind. It was a large and brilliant assemblage. Shortly after his return to New York he was tendered a banquet of welcome by a company of the most distinguished and representative men of New York. It was held at Delmonico's and some of the most eminent persons in the country were present to do him honor.

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Hon. Salmon P. Chase, the Chief Justice of the United States, presided, with the guest of the evening on his right and the British Minister on his left. It was one of the most notable dinners ever given in this country.

In 1868, at the age of 77, Professor Morse served as Commissioner at the International Exhibition in Paris. When at the height of his fame as a portrait painter he was commissioned by the City of New York to paint the portrait of General Lafayette which hangs in the Mayor's reception room in the City Hall. The General was then in this country and a warm and life-long friendship was formed between the two.

Professor Morse dabbled in wireless and made some experiments in communicating through the water without wires between the Battery at New York and Governor's Island. He was also one of Cyrus W. Field's ardent supporters in his several attempts to submerge a cable across the Atlantic, and lived to see it consummated.

Morse had the rare privilege, in his eighty-first year, of participating in the dedication of a statue to himself. This testimonial was erected by popular subscription of the telegraph operators of America, as evidence of their affection and veneration, and the Editor is proud to have been one of the contributors. The

statue, which is of bronze, stands in Central Park, New York, near the Fifth Avenue entrance known as Inventors gate. It was unveiled by Governor Claflin, June 10, 1871. In the evening a public reception was tendered to the Professor at the Academy of Music, delegates being



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present from nearly every state and territory and from all the Canadian provinces. On the platform was one of the original Morse registers, which by courtesy of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was connected with every telegraph station in America and Canada, to which prior notice had been sent that a personal message would be transmitted by the Professor. The actual message was transmitted by Miss Sadie E. Cornwall, as follows: "Greeting and thanks to the telegraph fraternity throughout the world. Glory to God in the highest. On earth peace. Good will to men." (A duplicate of the first message ever sent by telegraph on the completion of the Baltimore-Washington line). At the last click of the instrument the Professor was escorted to the table, and as his fingers touched the key tremendous cheers rung through the house. Slowly came from the sounder "S. F. B. Morse," his hand fell from the key, and, as by a common impulse, the entire audience rose, a wild storm of enthusiasm sweeping through the house. Morse was visibly affected and sat for several moments with his brow pressed between his hands. The whole scene was thrilling and impressive, the tableau furnished a subject seldom awarded to an artist. The Editor well remembers listening to the message in a small station in Maine. The list of speakers was a notable one and the response of the Professor was most gracious and modest, and full of gratitude.

The occasion was a fitting climax to his life, which ended a few weeks later, on the fourth of April, 1872. He died full of years, honored in death, as in life, and mourned in every quarter of the globe. His funeral was a notable one, and appropriate action in his honor was taken by the Congress, by the legislatures of New York and Massachusetts, and by various societies all over the world. On the day of the funeral every telegraph office in America was draped in mourning.

The system was at once seized and utilized in Europe. The name of Prof. Morse became in one day a household word, and all the world did it honor. From the King of Prussia, the King of Wurtemberg and the Emperor of Austria, came gold medals; Napoleon III. made him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor; the King of Denmark conferred the cross of the Knight of Danneborg upon him, and from the Queen of Spain came the cross of the Order of Isabella. The Sultan of Turkey created him a member of the Order of Istichar, the decoration of which was composed of diamonds set in solid gold. A Congress of European States convened at Paris by the Emperor Napoleon, voted him an honorary reward of 400,000 francs. Hardly a year passed after that in which the first pole was raised but some valuable testimonial was presented or awarded by the ruling powers of the nations of Europe, by scientific bodies, colleges or individuals. It might truly be said that honors were heaped upon him, and as truly added that they were deserved.

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## DESERVED COMMENDATION

Superintendent G. W. Nicholls, of Boston, has been successful in signing up with the Eastern Steamship Lines for equipment and operation of Marconi service on ten of its ships. The following letter explains itself:

## Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America

233 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY  
WOOLWORTH BUILDING

EDWARD J. HALLY  
VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER

April 4th, 1919.

Mr. G. W. Nicholls,  
Superintendent,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Nicholls:

Mr. Sarnoff has called my attention to your splendid work in landing the contract with the Eastern Steamship Lines, and I rejoice with him and with you in your success. I knew you would never let go until you had accomplished what you set out to do, and the manner in which you did it is deserving of heartiest congratulations, which I am very happy to extend.

With best wishes.

Sincerely,



Vice-President and General Manager.

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## GOING OVER THE TOP

BY A MARCONI LAD

Dear Pop:

*In the Hospital*

I've had it in mind to write you a screed for some moons, and now it looks as if the pendulum of chance would swing me back to New York. If I am to square myself, I'll have to write at once.

My wife and her mother are here—her father is in the 4th Division Staff in Germany—so I've had no lack of company. As you know, possibly, my parents live here. They take me around in a motor and bring me chow; as hospital food, even good stuff which is served us here, grows tiresome.

A fine gray squirrel and numerous crows hang around outside my window. A brook runs close by, and a gopher as well. He's a little brown ball of fur, amusing to watch. Some days ago a black cat rambled into the reservation. The squirrel rose to the occasion and made remarks that would make George Harvey look like an amateur. The crows are disreputable Bolshevik fowl that yell "Hoch! Hoch!" on all occasions.

Speaking of Bolshevik. I don't take them very seriously on this side of the gray Atlantic anyhow. For weeks past I've been reading a series of books on early American history, and if the country could weather such storms as it met in those days, these Anarchist fizzings do not seem particularly impressive. However, it may be that we are in for a spell of hard times before labor realizes it has got to produce value before it can make money. I've sometimes thought that a balance of living standards here and abroad would be struck by the depreciation of the buying power of the dollar, till it approaches the actual value of the mark or the franc. If a foreign workman can turn out machine parts on a lathe for 3 or 5 francs a day, for which the American workman is paid 3 or 5 dollars, it seems to me that the tide of value, like a fluid, will find a level. So with forks and typewriters. The true standard of value is not the dollar or the guinea, but the work a man can do in a day. If the miner asks \$6.00 for the same coal output he previously got \$3.00 a day for, the price of coal has not gone *up*—the *dollar* has gone *down*. But how to break the vicious circle of higher and yet higher pay to meet higher and higher prices I do not see. But this I do see—people are not eating meat as they used to; they are not living as well as they used to; we are, I think, approaching the European standard. However, I did not set out to write an essay on economics.

Everyone, probably, pictures a soldier who goes into the attack as experiencing some exultation or intense "do or die" feeling. I hadn't any. I didn't notice any of the others pulling any of that hero stuff either, and for good reasons. The night before, about five o'clock, we officers were called down to regimental headquarters, cheerfully located in a Hun cemetery on the woodside, deep in the tangled forests of the Argonne. Here we got word that we were going into the line to relieve another division, and the march orders were issued. It was nearly mess time when the Old Man finished. As it was no use spoiling the men's supper, we said nothing till after they had finished, though I wondered how many of us would mess together tomorrow night.

Though it is a practical working rule that no order is complete till it

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has been countermanded at least once, blanket rolls were made up, as soon after supper as word could be sent around, and stacked in the graveyard where the regimental band was left behind to guard them. We carried two days' rations and an overcoat each, with a hundred rounds of rifle cartridges per man, and three hundred and twenty odd for the Chauchat automatics. On account of the all-night march ahead, extra ammunition—two handloaders per man, and all the 8-millimeter stuff the automatic crews would carry—bombs, rifle grenades and rockets for signaling, were to be hauled with us and issued later.

At dusk we formed up in the road, took our distances between platoons and fell out in the bushes waiting the "forward march." There was a little hitch at headquarters, as there generally is, and a thundering big regiment of six-inch artillery came cameling down the road we were to march on. A six-inch gun takes up a good deal of road space, to say nothing of caissons and camions—high-wheeled, high-topped French army wagons. Before the commanders got it straightened out we got peremptory orders to hike—*pronto*.

For miles and leagues and versts and kilometers and parasangs we stumbled along in the dark beside those blundering guns till we finally got rid of them in a wrecked village where two roads crossed. Remember it was blind dark, and no one dared show a light even to get a smoke. Beyond the crossroads, and a howitzer battery of unknown caliber that nearly blew our heads off as we passed it, the battalion halted and closed up. Men were missing here and there—many of us were down with dysentery—and it was hard enough anyhow for a strong man to hike through the mud in the gutter on the side of the road, dodging mules and gun wheels.

Presently the order came down through the darkness to move out again. I don't remember a more tiring march for the distance traveled. At the first gray of day we were well up among the batteries, and occasional shells whirled overhead—77's we judged. The outfit was used to shell by that time and plodded along. We were strung along both sides of the highway, leaving the center clear, and down the center of that road was a trail of blood. Stretchers began to come through with pale, filthy men lying on them, wrapped in red first-aid dressings. Most of them were quiet enough, but the bearers pleaded with us to give them a lift "just to the top of the hill." A wounded man is a dead weight and desperately heavy for two to carry. Going into action as we were, not a man could be spared.

Daylight caught us still on the road. No guide had been furnished and in the gray light and mist it was impossible to locate our position on the map. Shells came near, but the fog saved us from any hits. Ultimately we turned off to the left into a field, and were told to get into some woods that loomed up through the mist. Just before broad daylight we got the company under cover, deployed after a fashion in the tangled bush. Two platoons had the benefit of a shallow trench that paralleled the outer edge of the scrub, but the rest had to take their chance, as it was too rooty and full of stones to dig in. Behind us, somewhere along the road from which we had turned, a battery of 75's was banging away in a half-hearted manner. With the road for the Huns to range on, and a battery behind us in the woods, our position was thoroughly bad, as we found out quickly enough. Before the company runners had established connection with the major, a shell



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swished above us and burst with a tremendous bang. Dirt and leaves flew, and along the line came the call, "Stretcher bearer." Others followed in two's and three's, falling up and down, back and forth, as the Hun searched for that battery in our rear. On my way over to headquarters I noticed an Italian sitting comfortably against a tree with his Enfield across his knees. I admired his nerve, sleeping under those conditions, till I saw the top of his skull had been sheared clean off. The major was standing shoulder deep in an enviable hole among the trees; at his feet lay an officer, gray of face and very sick. I had read of old Mulvaney getting sick in action, but had not seen it before. It is not cowardice, but a physical nausea which I have experienced myself, though in most cases the bowels rather than stomach are affected. The "burnin' question," to quote Harry Lauder, was where in hell the ammunition was. The combat limbers had been tangled in the artillery regiment and were miles away on a shell-peppered road. I allowed we could do without cartridges if we could get the men some hot coffee, but that was out of the question. Then a couple of shells came our way and the meeting broke up till the dust settled.

When I got back to the company, the men were breakfasting on cold canned beef and hard bread, which is packed in boxes like soda crackers. These littered the ground and gave the place a picnic look. From another officer I pinched some crackers and a handful of cold roast beef, and poked around through the scrub to look after the men. Cold meat and cold water, on a cold stomach, are not inspiring rations on a cold morning after an all-night march. The shells were hitting too hard to allow much sleep, even to men as weary as we. Shellfire is a horrible thing. They come with a quick, loud hiss, and a stunning report, through which you can hear the ring of rending metal. The ground shakes, everything flies. Your stomach heaves straight up. There is a physical shock that saps a man's vitality even if he is not hit, and the constant gnawing fear which you disregard by force of habit takes the life and energy out of you and leaves you weak and listless. Add to this the sight and sickening smell of a badly mangled man, and you arrive at a state of mind which is most unpleasant. On top of that I found that my coat, which I had strapped into my pack, had gotten lost, and with it my official record book. While I didn't mind tramping around on government business, I hated to take chances to find that coat, and though I hunted a little, it was without enthusiasm.

Hours passed in this shell-shattered scrub. Finally we had word that the limbers were up, and to send a committee down the pike, where the road dipped into a cut, to bring the crackers. We had managed to get enough bombs to go 'round the night before, but the detail had enough to carry without. It was not a healthy detail. Shells were coming over in salvos and the road was very dangerous. Before all the men had returned, officers were called to the major's station and rough orders were given for the attack. Ground unknown; object uncertain; artillery support nil; quality and quantity of the Huns in front a conjecture; a mile of open fields to cross; a river to ford; wooded bluffs to clear; azimuth due west magnetic; "let me know when you are ready to move." It was anything but the definite and fierce attack order, after due reconnaissance, which we were

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drilled to carry out. Just a blind drive into the shellfire. I went back and routed the company out, gave hurried orders to the platoon leaders and went back the trail to the road as far as I dared, to hasten the ammunition carriers. On my return the platoons were formed as best they could be among the trees. The two leading platoons moved out into the open, deployed in wave formation and lay down like chess men on a board. The two rear platoons were in the ditch along the edge of the trees. Between the two waves lay the company headquarters group, top sergeant and runners in an irregular line. There was no eagerness, no enthusiasm, no dash, just a weary, hard, dangerous job of work to do, and tired, chilled, shaken and hungry men to do it. When the company commander got up, looked around and blew shrilly the signal to advance, all of us, I think, in spite of the clouds of black smoke and dirt that leaped into the air ahead of us where the shells were bursting, had a feeling of relief. At last the waiting was done and we were in for it.

As I read this over it sounds rather matter-of-fact and dull. It was at the time, at least to me. To younger, more impressionable, enthusiastic men the situation would, perhaps, have been thrilling. But we were cold, hungry and tired. We'd have been thrilled at the order to go to breakfast, but to go over the top was just more weary, dangerous work that had to be done.

See you in New York soon I hope.

Cordially,

D.

### THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

The recent census discloses these interesting facts regarding our new possessions.

The average size of farms is 162.5 acres, of which an average of 91.7 acres was reported as improved and 70.8 acres as unimproved. The total value of farm property is given as \$3,706,911.

The number of farms reporting livestock was 381, the value of which was given as \$582,921. The total value of all crops for the year ending October 31, 1917, was given as \$522,606, sugar cane contributing \$442,120 and hay and forage \$67,589.

The number of manufacturing establishments in the islands was eighty-four, of which sixty-five were located on St. Croix, three on St. John, and sixteen on St. Thomas.

The number of persons engaged in manufactures was 842, of whom 685 were wage earners. The capital invested was \$1,429,524; the value of materials used, \$781,417, and the value of products, \$1,292,247.

Of the total value of products, cane sugar contributed \$978,188; bread and other bakery products, \$192,544, and bay rum, \$38,745.

The manufacture of sugar from cane employed sixty-two per cent of the wage earners, seventy-six per cent of the capital, and produced eighty per cent of the total value of the products of manufactures.

The census of the fisheries of the islands, the first ever taken, shows a total of 380 persons engaged in the industry, with capital invested of \$11,002, and a total catch for the year valued at \$44,436.

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## TELEPHONE MANNERS

Do people hesitate to call you on the telephone? Some of us might be amazed to learn that this is so. For many an otherwise well-bred, courteous man or woman makes telephoning unpleasant for the person at the other end of the wire, perhaps without the slightest realization of this. The crucial point is the first instant of answering the call after one's telephone bell has rung. There are two ways of doing it. One way—and the only right way—is to answer with a welcome in one's voice. The other way is to answer either in an impatient tone or in a cold, colorless tone. Many who never answer the telephone impatiently answer in such a cold, impassive way that the person who has made the call wishes he had not.

The way to test ourselves is to consider with what look on our face or with what tone of voice we would greet a friend, or even a stranger, who stepped into the room in order to see us. Most of us would welcome such a one courteously, and with at least a hint of a smile in our looks and in our voice. That is the way to answer every telephone call—with a bit of welcome in the voice. It makes not a particle of difference how much of an interruption the call happens to be at that moment, nor what our feelings may be, because of circumstances, just then.

If we answer the telephone with anything less than a note of genuine greeting in our first word, we are, perhaps unconsciously but none the less really, rebuffing the person who has called, and we give the impression that we are saying, "Well, what do you want?" Have you not noticed how often the tone of a person's first answer at the telephone instantly changes when it is discovered that the one calling is a personal friend? Often the change in tone is made hurriedly, and with just a note of apology in the voice. Let us never answer a telephone call in a tone that makes it necessary to begin all over again when we have recognized our caller.

## QUICK REPAIRS ON SEIZED VESSELS

It is interesting to note in the annual report of the Naval Bureau of Engineers the wonderful dispatch with which shipworkers executed repairs on the German ships which were supposedly wrecked by the German crews prior to their seizure by the United States at the outbreak of the war.

The public is now permitted to know the extent of the German vandalism and the manner in which American ingenuity and skill accomplished what the Berlin authorities, who ordered the complete disabling of the vessels, confidently believed to be impossible from an engineering viewpoint.

When hostilities were declared, 103 of these ships, docked at various American ports, were taken over by the government, and of these practically all were found to have been damaged wilfully by their German crews.

The importance of the speedy repair of these ships is shown by the fact that 20 of the 103 afterward converted to transports had a carrying

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capacity of 70,000 troops. The work of repair, conversion, and outfitting was pressed with the utmost energy, and within about five months was virtually completed.

Indisputable evidence of Germany's premeditated plan to render the vessels unserviceable is contained in various memoranda found aboard the ships. One note written by the chief engineer of a big liner said he began wrecking her machinery January 31, 1917—one day before the Berlin government resumed unrestricted submarine warfare.

Memorandum found aboard the S. S. Hamburg gave in detail the parts broken and damaged on the two main engines of the vessel and after each item appeared the notation: "Cannot be repaired."

American naval engineers found it possible to use to an unprecedented extent both electric and oxyacetylene welding in patching and repairing the huge cracks in damaged cylinders. Before the ships were pronounced ready for service they were taken to sea for a minimum full-power test run of 48 hours.

Perhaps the most striking commentary upon salvage, conversion and utilization of these former German ships is the fact that one of them was the George Washington which carried President Wilson on his historic mission to France.

The strength of the naval forces operating in European waters, during hostilities, is given as 246 ships, carrying 42,000 officers and men. At the signing of the armistice the regular vessels operated by the navy numbered 570, not including 93 ships drawn from the Coast Guard, 937 converted merchant vessels and 247 vessels operated for the army.

It is disclosed that in navy yards and private plants there are now under construction 376 combatant and auxiliary vessels and 52 tugs for the navy.

The report contains the interesting announcement that radio telegraphic communication from aircraft in flight to stations on land is now possible at a distance of 200 miles. Communication from land stations to flying aircraft is practical up to a distance of 50 miles.

By use of the radio telephone an aviator can actually talk to his commanding officers at the land stations at a distance of 60 miles. The converse of this—telephone communication from land to flying aircraft—is practicable at a distance of 15 miles. Patrol planes and dirigibles are now able to report to land stations at regular intervals for distances up to 100 miles by means of the remarkable developments in radio equipment.

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Every one who would be a saviour must be willing to be crucified in exact proportion with the value of the thing he would save.

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There are two genuine, vexatious, and interrelated "Can't's" in life; that one can't be really happy unless he is doing his best work, and that he can't do his best work unless he is happy.

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## LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE GREAT LAKES

### GREAT LAKES RADIO TRAFFIC AND MARINE SYSTEM

By Willis K. Wing

Operators who are wont to think that the best part of the voyage of their ship is the time spent in port, probably consider that what has been called the great American trait—hustle and speed—has been brought to the highest possible degree of perfection in the marine system on the Great Lakes,—those huge inland oceans, upon whose bosoms more grain, coal and iron ore is transported than by the railways. Where the ocean sailor speaks of days, the Great Lakes man figures in hours and minutes.

The war has taught us much. Especially in ocean maritime circles have the accomplishments of the lakes been evident. Keeping close behind the salt-water shipyards in construction, inland, fresh-water shipbuilders have shown that the Great Lakes do not lack speed, if they do lack size, in comparison to oceans. No more surprised sailor is on record than a funny Scotch second engineer who was sent by the Cunard Line, along with a complete ship's crew from England to man a vessel, built for that company at the yards of the Great Lakes Engineering works at Ecorse, Michigan. The crew arrived some weeks before the ship was ready to leave the yards and the Britons had ample opportunity to inspect the yards. The Ecorse yard is some miles below Detroit, and right on the Detroit River, where all the shipping from the upper lake ports passes to Lake Erie ports. The ships carry grain and ore down and carry coal up. All was going well on the ship, the vessel was within several days of being completed and the crew was anxious to be off. It was Saturday afternoon, just after lunch and the boys were smoking a pipe or so before resuming work. All the crew from the other side were absorbed in watching the never-ending stream of ships, passing up and down. The men in the f'ord crew could not get over their disgust at the ungainly,—to them,—appearance of the big freighters.

"That's no ship," said the first mate, "why her wheel house is 'way f'ord and her engines and stack are far aft. A real ship looks like a ship, not like a barge."

One vessel in particular attracted attention, because she was so large. The Scotch engineer asked what her name was and what her length and tonnage could be. He was told she was 619 feet long and had a net tonnage of 14,000. That surprised him, and he could not take his eyes off her as she passed slowly down the river to an Erie port to discharge her cargo.

It was Monday ~~morning~~ when the Marconi installer looked up from a comfortable position behind a 2 kw panel, midway between the generator and condensers, to answer the skeptical questions of the Scotch engineer.

"Say," said he, "have ye two ships o' the same name here? I saw a big ship a-goin' up wit' the same name as the one we saw a couple-days ago." When told that it was the same ship, bound up loaded with coal, his merry laugh rang through the whole ship.

"Ye be a kiddin' me, bye," he laughed.

He left Ecorse, unconvinced.

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Another instance of the incredulity with which ocean men view stories of vessels discharging a 10,000 ton bulk cargo in 8 hours and reloading in a less time was met when a well-known lakes operator who went to the Gulf Division some years ago. He was telling some operators there, gathered in the New Orleans "static room" how speedy the vessels cleared with a cargo, and was laughed down, it must be admitted, by a majority. Tales like that get little credence among men who are accustomed to waiting two or three days, or even longer, for ships to discharge cargoes. He was only believed when a Great Lakes operator who was well-known in the Gulf Division, and was then operating there, came in and corroborated him.

Radio operating conditions are vastly different on the lakes from those found on the gulf and coasts. The different methods of dispatching freight have a direct influence on radio traffic.

In the first place, the distances on the lakes are short; few trips are more than three days long. For instance, it is a two-day trip from Duluth to the Soo, probable the longest single distance on the lakes. It takes a freight vessel about a day, sometimes a day and a half between Chicago and Mackinac. From Detroit to Buffalo it is about 18 hours for the freighter; other Lake Erie runs are, of course, shorter. It costs on the average very nearly \$1,500 a day to maintain a lake freighter. With the distances short as they are, the season not more than nine months, the most must be made of available time. Competition among carriers is rife, docks are busy continually; the ship which docks first of course, makes the best time.

In general, radio on the Great Lakes is not installed for the sake of safety—of course, excepting the passenger boats, on which installation is required by the act of 1912. Radio is installed, in the main, for the sake of convenience and commercial advantage and for no other reason. You cannot convince a hard-headed ship-owner on the lakes that he needs a radio installation because of the safety precaution it affords. Vessels are almost always in signalling distance of shore, or of another ship, so that very few avoidable accidents occur.

The radio is worked for its commercial advantage to the limit. All ship-owners maintain some kind of dispatching system. A certain company may have a contract to bring ore from Duluth down to railroads with terminals in Lake Erie cities. The roads have large lake-traffic terminals at Toledo, Lorain, Huron, Cleveland, Ashtabula, Erie and Buffalo. Sometimes congestion is great at several ports and it is desired to send the down-bound ship to the port where the roads can handle the cargo and the docks are free. The ship has cleared Duluth and goes to the Soo, without orders, she may even reach Detroit without knowing where she will discharge her cargo. The ship-owner finds that Lorain is clear; he calls the W. U. and files an order to his captain. The shore station at Detroit sends it out and the boat goes directly to Lorain and discharges. She will then clear and go to another port to load coal. Then she starts on the up voyage.

The system of weather forecast and wind reports sent out by radio is of great benefit to the navigators. The shore stations send official bulletins out twice each day. Some of the more ambitious operators copy NAA's press at 9. This is not always done because only one operator is carried

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

and he usually stands an eight-hour watch, beginning at 6 in the morning on most ships.

The importance to ship-owners of this system of radio dispatching cannot be overestimated because if one steamship line saved a day for each of its boats in one season, with 20 boats, between \$20,000 and \$30,000 would be saved. The radio equipment in such a case would more than repay its cost and rental. Each year a greater number of vessels are being equipped and steamship men are perfecting their systems. The "long arm of the radio" is silently stretching and doing its work, quietly and efficiently.

Practically all of the freight vessels are bulk ships, it not being very profitable to run a line of package freighters, because of competition with railroads it has not been found financially successful. However the passenger traffic is developed to a high degree.

The well-known D & C line maintains a line of ships between Detroit and Buffalo, giving 13-hour service between those two points. A great volume of package freight is handled by these ships. A line runs from Detroit to Cleveland, a day and night boat are provided each way. A line of D & C boats also runs from Toledo, Detroit and way ports to Mackinac Island. These ships carry a great deal of Michigan fruit in season and not a little of the tourist and vacationist trade to the Island. Another line, the C & B Company, maintains ships between Cleveland and Buffalo with 9-hour service between those points. One can leave Cleveland at 9 in the evening and be in Buffalo at 6 the next morning. All of these short passenger runs have proved quite popular with travellers and they are very popular with travelling men and those whom business takes between those cities. The radio traffic is largely paid business on these runs, the great number of business men on the ships making the radio a great convenience to them.

On Lake Michigan a number of passenger lines run. With Chicago as a hub, vessel lines run to Michigan City, to Milwaukee, Racine, and up the east shore of Michigan to all the numerous summer resorts of that state. One line of ships, complete cruising ships, are on a week's cruise between Chicago and Buffalo and Chicago and Duluth. Farther up the lake, huge car-ferries take whole trains across the lake. The radio here is of great value; a list of the entire contents of the train is sent from the ferry to the station on shore, making a great saving of time. It is all done in cipher and sounds fully as complicated as the navy five-letter cipher. Some excellent operators are required to expedite this traffic.

The Anchor Line maintains a luxurious fleet of passenger-freight steamers between Buffalo and Duluth and way ports. Our Canadian brothers have two excellent passenger lines as well as numerous fleets of freight steamers. With Detroit as a southern terminus, the Northern Navigation Company maintains a fleet of vessels running to Port Arthur and Duluth in Lake Superior. Another Canadian Company runs three steamers from Georgian Bay ports to Fort William and Port Arthur, Lake Superior. All of these vessels were built in England, on the Clyde, and are marvels of comfort and convenience.

In Georgian Bay the most ridiculous little log raft tugs are equipped with 1 kw sets. Some Georgian Bay blows get serious and the nearest the

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

writer ever came to hearing an SOS on the Great Lakes was when a big log boom broke up in a storm one day and almost sunk the tug.

As for the stations on shore, there are on the American side stations at Buffalo, Ashtabula, Cleveland, Detroit, Alpena, Mackinac Island, Calumet, Duluth, Chicago (Great Lakes Naval Training Station), Milwaukee, Manistique, Benton Harbor, Ludington, Frankfort and Manitowoc. All these stations are of 2 kw capacity except NAJ, Chicago, which is a 5 kw navy set. The Canadian Marconi Company maintains a chain of 5½ kw stations at Port Arthur, Soo, Tobermory, Midland, Sarnia and Port Burwell.

Other Canadian stations are located at Kingston, Toronto, and straight down the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. They are well operated and efficient.

The volume of freight handled on the lakes is enormous. Annually more traffic passes through the Soo locks than through the Panama Canal—hundreds of millions of tons. Iron ore, grain, coal in huge quantities are freighted about on the broad waters of these inland seas. In one Lake Erie port over 10,000,000 tons of coal alone were handled in the season of 1918. The port was Toledo.

Previous articles have dealt with the scenic charms of these inland oceans, the wild beauty of Georgian Bay and the St. Mary's River, the fascinating, ever-changing St. Clair Flats district, the rapid change of location and port, the fine ships, excellent operating conditions,—all have long appealed to operators of the Great Lakes Division.

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### SAILOR BOYS—ATTENTION

The Central Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, has opened a course of 36 lectures on our new Merchant Marine with the view of fitting for that service young men of ability and some degree of training in the principles and problems of shipping. The demand for men is positive and immediate. The course is distinctly commercial, not navigational, not military, not academic. Lieut. R. E. Lambert of the Navy Paymasters' Corps is the instructor. He has had 10 years active nautical experience, was engaged 4 years in the export trade, and has had long and varied experience in training young men.

It is hard to find a single vocation or industry or branch of commerce that is not in some way affected by water transportation. For those students who enroll for reasons other than immediate advancement in maritime commerce, this course is exceptionally well-adapted to impart not only a grasp of the business of shipping in all its ramifications, but also to give a thoroughly related study of the many elements that comprise this most romantic of man's occupations—commerce of the sea.

Maritime law, Marine insurance, losses and adjustments, Charters, Lloyd's, etc., will be fully covered. For circular containing full information apply to C. N. Gibney, Associate Director, 55 Hanson Place, Brooklyn.



# MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

## DAYLIGHT ECONOMY

It is estimated that 1,250,000 tons of coal were saved during seven months of last year through the operation of the Daylight Saving Law in this country.

The plan was adopted in the United States after its success had been demonstrated in Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Portugal, Australia, and Iceland. In European countries the period during which the clock is advanced is in most cases shorter than the seven months adopted as the United States plan, because Europe is farther from the equator than this country, and early sunrise prevails during a much smaller portion of the year.

In Great Britain the plan is operative only during four and a half months, while in France the clocks are moved forward for a period of only three and a half months.

## TEACHING SAILORS TO SWIM

Merchant mariners must know how to swim. The United States Shipping Board has added lessons in swimming to its courses for apprentices. It is said that any number of seamen, picked at random, and compared with an equal number of men picked from land industries, will show about 25 per cent. fewer men able to care for themselves in the water. Many sailors are unable to swim even a few strokes.

## SHOP NOTES

Why can't some of the engineers arrange to give the shop men a talk on how the wireless works.

The shop would like to take this means of thanking Mr. Nally, our Vice President and General Manager, for his generous action in our behalf in increasing the amount of life insurance carried by the Company for its employees.

## OBITUARY

Sam E. Brooks, of Stockton, Cal., aged 24, died of sinapox at Manila, March 7. He was junior operator on The Manoa. His remains were cremated and brought to Stockton, where the funeral service was held. We extend sincere sympathy to the family.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. C. Voss in the loss of her husband, Mr. C. Voss, on March 24th, and her son, John, on March 29th, a period of five days having elapsed between their deaths. At the time of his death, John was at home, having been successful in obtaining a leave of absence from his duties at Harvard University which he was attending in the service of the Government.

John Voss was in the service of this Company from May 29th, 1917, to August 1st, 1918, on which date he joined the colors.

## HOLLAND NEWS

We have been notified that in November, 1918, the Dutch Wireless Operators belonging to the staff of the Belgium Marconi Company of Brussels and the Telegraph Company Radio Holland of Amsterdam organized the Vereeniging van Radiotelegrafisten ter Koopvaardij (Association of wireless Telegraphists of the Mercantile Marine) with headquarters at Westeinde 5/1 Amsterdam. The board is composed entirely of members of the staff of these Companies. Secretary is Mr. T. A. van der Vlies. The purpose of this Association is to further the interests of all operators by all lawful means and by co-operation with similar associations in other countries. The association has been recognized by the companies as representative of the operating staff.

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

### PERSONAL

Mr. John Cowden, Chief Elec. Radio, formerly manager of Siasconset station, has been released by the Navy and assigned to the h. p. station at Chatham, Mass.

Supt. J. B. Duffy of the Marine division has removed his offices from 42 Broad street, New York City, to 25 Elm street.

Mr. J. E. Hudson, Chief Elec. Radio, formerly of h. p. station at Marion, Mass., has been released from the Navy and resumed his former position.

Mr. C. H. Taylor, Engineer, has gone to Louisburg, C. B., in the interests of the Canadian Marconi Co.

The Eastern S. S. Lines has signed contracts with the Marconi Co. for wireless equipment and operation of ten of its ships. Superintendent G. W. Nicholls of Boston acted for the Marconi Co. in completing the arrangement.

### EASTERN DIVISION

Since demobilization of military forces began the Marconi Company has done its part in giving positions to discharged men. The record of the Eastern Division in this regard compares favorably with that of any employer, despite the many obstacles in the way. Since our last report, twenty men have been placed. Thirteen of these were honorably discharged men—nine from the navy and four from the army. Thus far every operator who left this Company to join the colors and has made application for re-instatement after receiving discharge papers has been placed with but a single exception—an exception we could not help because M. R. Beckerman, having just taken unto himself a bride does not want to sail on a long trip and is waiting for one of not more than a week or so.

The naval men placed during the

month are: Ensign W. J. Roche to the Creole, Frank Orth, C. P. O., to the Maracaibo, H. M. Case, C. P. O., to the Brazos, Anthony Pasquale to the Sierra Morena, E. J. Smith to the Brilliant, P. R. Nickerson to the Daylite, H. A. Sanders and Fullerton Ford to the Munamar, and H. Kinsler to the City of Montgomery.

The soldiers who were taken into our service are: Lieutenant Reid S. Shipley on the Howick Hall, Arthur Lynch on the Creole, A. M. Mitchell on the Lenape, and Louis Korn on the Plymouth.

While taking care of all the naval and army men we also assigned three graduates of the Marconi Institute. L. L. Yost, of Morgantown, W. Va., went as junior to G. J. Hamilton on the Concho; E. D. Otto, of Hartsdale, N. Y., went overseas on the Hungaria, and J. J. Bodine, of Jersey City, went as junior to W. F. C. Hertz on the H. D. Asche. P. R. Nickerson, listed among the discharged naval men, is also an Institute graduate. He enlisted in the navy immediately after leaving the Institute and before he had opportunity of making a trip in the Marconi service.

Other operators placed are E. N. Shinn, E. D. Bamburakis, W. W. Redfern and R. A. Worrell—all former Marconi men. Shinn went as junior on the Arapahoe with John Lohman; Bamburakis went with George Kavanagh on the City of St. Louis; Redfern went with E. Emberston on the Matura, and Worrell went in charge of the Trontolite.

Arthur R. Brogan, of Greenwich, Conn., who entered the Marconi service last November, is showing his worth as a real Marconi operator. All reports about his conduct and ability are highly favorable and the feeling runs high among all who know him that if ever the chance comes he is going to prove that he is really a member of that famous craft of whom it is written "Marconi

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

men have never failed." Arthur is a graduate of the Greenwich High School and shows many evidences of being an educated and cultured young gentleman. (Greenwich papers please copy).

Lieutenant Reid S. Shipley is the envy of all Marconi operators—and in saying this we feel safe in including those who have advanced to high, as well as to minor, official positions in the service. The Lieutenant is the Marconi man on the Howick Hall which is now on a trip around the world. He will have the opportunity of seeing the principal South American cities, then, after a stay at San Francisco, will leave for Hawaii, then on to two ports in Japan. From there he will sail to the Philippines and further on to Calcutta and other ports in southern Asia and the East Indies; then after passing through the Suez Canal and visiting some Mediterranean ports he will pass out by Gibraltar on the way to England, whence he will leave for New York, arriving here in about ten months. There is only one feature about the voyage to which the Lieutenant might object. He is a man who likes to travel East, and the traveling on this trip is to be all West.

Roger B. Lum was all packed up to accompany Lieutenant Shipley on his 'round-the-world voyage but at the last minute the steamship company decided that no junior operator was needed so Lum had to transfer his effects to the Coamo and all the circumnavigating he will do between now and the time he enters college will be around the island of Porto Rico.

We have a real Westerner in our service. He was born in Deadwood, South Dakota, and later moved to Coffee Creek, Montana. There's proof that George H. Catlin is a Westerner and as proof that he is thorough American we might state that when we entered the war he immediately joined the army

—and to show his western nerve he went in the air service. George is right there, sure enough, but while acting as junior on the San Jacinto how is he going to pull off any of that big western stuff when it's almost impossible to get C. L. Fagan mad, or to lose his temper, or otherwise change his manner from that kindly smile he always wears?

Doc. Forsyth is now on the Paloma running to the West Indies, which is quite a change from his past year's experience of trans-Atlantic voyages.

M. G. B. Rabbitts left last week on the Pearl Shell for San Francisco. It is expected that the ship will run between that port and the Orient and it may be some time before we see Rabbitts with his familiar British uniform around these parts again.

H. B. Conway, ex-Marconi operator and brother of J. B. Conway, senior on the Mohawk, was a recent visitor at the office wearing foreign service chevrons and a wound stripe. His descriptions of the battles he went through were highly interesting.

C. J. Quinn is undergoing an extensive operation on his nose; which was badly broken when he was a youngster. His brother, W. J. Quinn, took his place on the Socony 83.

A very rare experience is awaiting operator E. W. Rogers. When he gets back he will have the novelty of reading his own death notice and find out what a wonderful man the obituary writer of his home town paper thinks he is. Rogers left here on the Brynhilda during the time the German submarines were operating off the coast. Nothing was heard of the ship and some time later wreckage bearing a similarity to the name Brynhilda was found by a coast guard cutter, which gave rise to a report that the ship had sunk with all on board. The news was conveyed to his father and his brother, who is operator at a Central

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

American wireless station, and he has been mourned as dead by them as well as by his friends among the operators. Word has now been received that the Brynhilda arrived safely in Africa after an exceptionally long voyage. The glad tidings were immediately telegraphed by Mr. Duffy to Rogers' relatives.

Letters from France convey the good news that the well-known ex-Marconian, Edward M. Joyce, has been promoted to the captaincy of his company. Captain Joyce was among the first assignments of American soldiers to France and is still there. He has taken part in several battles, was wounded in one, gassed in another and received a citation. He also survived attacks of Influenza, pneumonia and pleuresy, but has safely recovered.

A memorandum from Brigadier General Malome, after speaking of Captain Joyce's earlier work, says: "Under most adverse circumstances he successfully maintained communication throughout the St. Mihiel offensive, demonstrating his capable fitness for the duties involved. Later, in the Argonne-Meuse offensive, October 14 to 21st, Captain Joyce exhibited unusual courage and capacity in establishing and maintaining our lines of communication under very severe bombardment and frequently under machine gun fire."

Captain Joyce was later placed in charge of the Fifth Division Training school at Tetange, Luxembourg.

An operator who is making an excellent record for himself is Leo Samuels, in charge of the equipment on the Socony 92. On his first trip he had occasion to send an SOS call when the vessel's steering gear failed, and on the same trip he received two such calls from other ships. All reports about his work show ability and are highly commendable.

Theodore E. Simonton, the youngest operator in the service, returned from his first trip highly elated over the wonderful time he had. He saw all the important ports in the British West Indies, and up to the time of sailing again had not finished describing them to everybody he met. He is on the Standard Oil Company's El Capitan under D. C. Smith, who reports that Simonton has the making of a good wireless man in him.

Philip Petlicki is now running on the Lenape with A. W. Mitchell.

G. L. Windenburgn arrived in New York on the Starlite after a voyage covering six months.

An attractive bulletin board containing a small card for each ship in our service, opposite which are hung two smaller cards showing the operators attached, was installed in the office about three months ago. At that time an entire column of blank pegs was left and it was thought it would be sufficient for all the new ships signed up for some time to come. Since then the number of ships operated by this division has been about doubled and the board is in process of enlargement. The idea is an excellent one, as it shows at a glance the ships, when each was installed, the call letters, the operators attached and when they were assigned to the ship. This division has now more ships and operators under its control than at any time in its history.

James A. Quinlan arrived in New York last week from a voyage that occupied one year and a week.

This office is about to move from its present location to 25 Elm street.

At a well-attended meeting of the Marconi Operators' Association a short time ago President Benjamin Beckerman was presented with a huge silver loving cup in recognition of his services at Washington in bringing about the increased wage scale.

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

Miss Luvena Jayne Stephens has been appointed stenographer to the Superintendent.

### SOUTHERN DIVISION

The first day of Spring brought with it the Merchants and Miners ships. They are now under our service contract.

Operators on M. & M. ships are as follows: S. S. Persian, J. P. Hunter and C. E. Onens; Grecian, Thos. Peskin and H. W. Miller; Gloucester, H. G. Hopper and J. Dodge; Merrimack, R. J. Liedel and Berkelbach; Ontario, Lindauer and Wittmer; Kershaw, Leach and Barstow; Nantucket, Flagg and Warner; Juniata, Bassett and Tyrrell; Cretan, Sherman and Navy man.

T. E. McCauley was assigned to the Munwood.

J. F. Flagg returned from a long stay on the Italian ship Eugenio Cantoni. Johnny is real woppish.

No doubt the boys will be glad to learn that Phil Grantlin is back from the hospital after a 4-weeks layup with the flu. Phil looks pretty good and says it is due to "good nursing." Rumor has it that the old boy is slipping. They say he gets in the storeroom and sings the old song "Good night, nurse," etc. It is quite a shock to us for we considered Phil a confirmed bach. However we expected something unusual must have happened for he is getting to be quite a fight fan. No doubt picking up a few pointers to prepare for the future.

Lloyd C. Driver who has been confined to a hospital here for several months returned to his home in Kenosha, Wis. He writes that he is feeling better but still weak. Brace up, we are all pulling for you.

The new wage scale has brought some of the old boys back. We have several applications on file from former Marconi men.

### GULF DIVISION

The installation of a new 2kw panel set aboard the S. S. Tegucigalpa has been completed. William Macke is in charge with G. W. Shuman as junior.

J. E. Broussard, our Travelling Inspector, reports everything is running smoothly in the Key West District.

H. L. Crandall is in charge of the Marina with E. Krause as junior.

C. D. Sweeney remains aboard the William Green.

The Mexican steamer Jalisco is manned by W. L. Hille and H. E. Blasier as senior and junior.

T. J. Alderman and L. H. Boizelle have just left for another trip aboard the S. S. Coahuila.

D. W. Jollis is in charge of the Buccaneer.

A. P. West is still on a long voyage as operator on the Roy Hooper.

Operator J. H. Jensen has been relieved by L. B. Asadorian aboard the tug Gulfport.

L. J. Yuhl is now in charge of the Robert P. Clark.

P. R. Ellsworth is assigned to the Miami as junior.

J. E. Kane and H. Bodin are both out in the Key West District assigned to the Mascotte as senior and junior respectively.

C. F. Bailey is assigned to the Pan American.

### GREAT LAKES DIVISION

#### LAKE ERIE

W. H. Jones completed installations on the Western States and the new wrecking tug Favorite; both vessels being equipped with type C 296-B 1/2 K. W. panel set.

Harold Chittenden, formerly of the Tionesta, is assigned to the Western States.

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

J. A. McCaffry, who put in the season of 1918 on the Wyandotte, is on the Eastern States.

The car ferry Ashtabula has resumed service. L. B. Schermerhorn is acting as purser and operator.

Otto Berg was a recent visitor at Cleveland, while the car ferry Maitland laid up for repairs.

Lisle Wright, a newcomer to the Great Lakes, is assigned to the C. O. Jenkins.

W. A. Liggett, a recruit from Valparaiso, is holding down the assignment on the F. B. Squire.

C. R. Young, formerly from the Pacific Division, is on the Sir Thos. Shaughnessy.

### LAKE MICHIGAN

The Chicago office which was formerly located in the Transportation Bldg., has recently been moved to the Bonheur Bldg., 326 River St.

Supt. Nicholas, of Cleveland, paid us a visit recently.

L. B. Schermerhorn, of the Alabama, has been released from duty for a short home visit, after which he expects to return to the Lake Erie District for the coming season.

Miles Newton relieved L. B. Schermerhorn on the Alabama. A short time later the Alabama went to dry-dock for painting, being replaced by the Carolina. Miles Newton was transferred and is now in charge of the Carolina.

"Old Faithful," E. Prenzel, is still in charge of the Indiana, but expects to be transferred to his summer home shortly; this being the Fayette Brown of the Lake Erie District.

### PACIFIC DIVISION

R. A. Galer, a new man in our service and a graduate of the Marconi Institute, was assigned as junior aboard the Klamath, relieving R. S. Williams who is now on leave of absence.

W. E. Chesebrough has been assigned to the Multnomah, relieving C. Langevin who has resigned from our service.

K. Diamond was recently released from active duty in the Naval Reserve and after a brief vacation returned to our service. He has been assigned to the Wahkeena.

F. T. Cookson has been assigned to the Idaho, recently turned back to us from the Navy Department.

The China of the China Mail Steamship Company was recently equipped with a standard Marconi 2 K. W. 500 cycle set. G. L. VanAuken is in charge with R. H. Burr acting as junior.

J. A. Miche assumed the duties of Instructor in charge of the San Francisco branch of the Marconi Institute, relieving G. Murphy, who has been transferred to the Marine Department.

An interesting letter was received recently from Edwin Kraft. Mr. Kraft, with other operators assigned to the U. S. S. George Washington, while in France, was taken in a Y. M. C. A. truck to the battlefield at Chateau Thierry. Mr. Kraft has many souvenirs, which he picked up on the battlefield.

J. Stirling called at the office recently. He was stationed at Camp Fremont for some time and is keenly disappointed that he did not get across. Mr. Stirling was on his way to New York when the armistice was signed.

Wayland D. Sunderland, who, during the war, was stationed at Washington, D. C., in connection with wireless work, has returned to Seattle. Mr. Sunderland is now taking his belated honeymoon. He was married to Miss Pearl Parker of Seattle the day before leaving for the East.

Norris Kumler has returned from Ellington Field, Texas, where he has been in wireless work in connection with the aviation service. Mr. Kumler left last week for San Francisco where he expects to engage in a new line of work.

# Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America

233 BROADWAY (WOOLWORTH BUILDING) NEW YORK

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