

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

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BY AND FOR MARCONI EMPLOYEES



Thomas A. Edison.
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MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

FRONTISPIECE

Thomas Alva Edison, the distinguished telegrapher and inventor, was born at Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847. He is a man of marvels, who has concentrated his mind for most of a long lifetime on various material applications of science to the uses of mankind, with amazing results which have made him one of the few living world-figures of our time. Other nations may point to greater men in various fields—music, philosophy and the like. In his own field, Edison is unsurpassed. The nation has established with him, as it long ago established with Mark Twain, that peculiar bond of comradeship, at once respectful and intimate, that is given to few men in a generation.

At the age of 12 he began his business career as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. He soon purchased a lot of type for his den in the baggage car and proceeded to issue the *Grand Trunk Herald*, which ran through forty numbers. He also used his den for experiments in chemistry, and one day upset a bottle of phosphorus, set the car on fire and was evicted without ceremony.

He next turned his attention to telegraphy and rapidly acquired the art, soon becoming an expert operator and during a period of several years served in many important offices on fast circuits. His habits were those of the student, and his investigations and experiments were ceaseless. He invented a stock printing telegraph, an automatic telegraph and then the imperishable quadruplex telegraph, making possible the transmission of four messages over one wire at the same time. This was followed by inventions in acoustic telegraphs and telephones, electric railways and many others of lesser importance. In 1877 he invented the phonograph, probably his most widely known work, and in 1879 the incandescent lamp, and a complete system of generating, regulating, distributing and measuring electric current for light, heat and power. His name is thus indelibly connected with electric lighting, the advances which have been made in that art being largely due to his indefatigable labor and exhaustless genius. He has taken out more than 1000 patents and built up some of the largest and most successful manufacturing institutions in the country. His laboratory at Orange, N. J., is the only one of its kind in the world and is a marvel in its variety and completeness of equipment. It covers about thirty acres, all fenced in with high pickets and barbed wire. There are guards at the gates and the would-be visitor is challenged as if he were an enemy.

During the war Mr. Edison has given his talents freely to the Government and has rendered invaluable aid. It is not strange that Americans feel a national pride in this exemplar of Yankee ingenuity. Long may EDISON live to enjoy the honors and affection with which his genius and his personality have surrounded him.

"Know thyself," says the optimist. "Familiarity breeds contempt," says the pessimist.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

NOTES ON PROHIBITION

By Clarence Cisin

THE STATES GO DRY

We received the news with bared heads. There was a hushed silence. Then someone said in a hoarse whisper: "It can't be. I don't believe it." Yet there was no answering echo of hope from the dozen-odd men present. Gloom—deep, sincere, intense gloom. Thoughts of bygone joyous days. Ills forgotten, woes laid aside, troubles cast off, comradeship and joviality—gone forever. "Doomed," croaked another, between expectorations of tobacco juice; "doomed to raspberry frappés and orange phosphates. Shades of Billy Sunday—it's hell!"

HE MIGHT JOIN THE SALVATION ARMY

Oh, what's to become of the autocrat bold,
Who rode in his car, domineering—
Who dabbled in politics, trafficked in gold,
And paid for professional cheering?

Is there no justice, or mercy, or pity?
With saloons every day getting fewer,
With alcohol banished from village and city
Oh, what's to become of the brewer?

The song, so full of pathos, which runs, "There's a little spot in Ireland," etc., can now be sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," by merely changing the words to: "There's a little spot that's Dryland." etc.

TOO LATE

That excellent law, regarding the muzzling of dogs, should include Prohibitionists and other animals.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

Better get after them before they substitute Hershey's Milk Chocolate for chewing tobacco.

Mr. Demon Rum raised himself up on his death-bed, and with parched lips and feverishly glowing cheeks, softly sang the following, dedicating it to the victorious Prohibitionists and reformers:

"I made you what you are today, and you're not satisfied,
I gave you easy jobs to do, I filled you up with pride;
I placed you high on pedestals, for all to come and see—
But oh, what a fall will come to you all
When you cause the death of me."

IT'S POSSIBLE

Can't a League of Boozers make the world safe for the Brewers?

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

Omar Khayyam with his jug of wine—
With his book of verse and his girl divine—
Would find, if brought right up to date,
That it's mighty hard to meditate
And write great lines, which none forget—
With an ice-cream soda and a suffragette.

VACATION TIME

BY THE EDITOR

We have once more come to beautiful summer and vacation time, and cannot too strongly urge upon all, the necessity of utilizing it to the best possible advantage. Some of us have cobwebs in our brain which need removing; others have tired arms and bodies, or spirits which need renewing. Whatever form of relaxation we may adopt, it should be something that will bring us all back feeling refreshed and fit for energetic action in our daily task.

Wherever possible, we should break away from our ordinary surroundings, not merely from our business life, but also from our home atmosphere. There is nothing like a complete change, to renew our spirit and to get back our bodily vigor. Take to the woods or lake, or to the sea—anywhere so you may draw the breath of the great outdoors, untainted with the smoke and dirt of the city.

For the vacation period let us forget that we work, and concentrate our mind on an indulgence in the lighter pleasures of life. If you think it is not necessary to take a vacation of this kind, change your mind. Frankly, it doesn't pay not to do it. Follow your own taste, of course, but as for us, we know a beautiful river where the fishes are beginning to jump; in the nearby woods the birds are singing and the flowers are in full bloom; and, we tell the world, unblushingly—we are going fishing.

9 EVERYDAY BUSINESS ERRORS

1. Neglecting to get receipts when bills are paid in cash.
2. Neglecting to keep receipts where they can be located.
3. Neglecting to check up items in current bills.
4. Inability to keep checkbook balanced.
5. Too easy optimism in starting credit accounts.
6. CARELESS HANDLING OF VALUABLE BUSINESS PAPERS.
7. Signing documents without knowing their contents.
8. Tendency to establish living expenses which would exceed income and eat into savings.
9. Tendency to invest money on dangerous hearsay—without proper knowledge of facts.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

BACK FROM FRANCE

By George A. Bellis

It is with a sense of satisfaction that I look back over the months of military service, spent in the training camps in this country and on the battlefields of France. After four and one-half months of intense training, we embarked, April 16, 1918, on the English transport *Czaritza* for Brest. The voyage was without incident until the last night out, when we were attacked by a German submarine that had been following us all day, the torpedo missing our stern by only thirty feet. After a three days' sojourn at Brest we entrained, in cars built to accommodate either eight horses or forty mules and nicknamed "side-door Pullmans," for the little town of Montmartin, forty miles from the front line. Here during the hot month of May we trained in all the arts of modern infantry warfare, including a new form of attack adopted by the French.

On the morning of June 2, with a pack consisting of one-half of a shelter half ("pup") tent, two blankets, one suit of underwear, three pairs of socks and a few toilet articles, we entrained for the beautiful town of Gererdmer, a resort of the tourist, situated within range of the Huns' shells, but protected by mutual agreement between them and the French, that if they would leave this town unmolested, a town of like importance behind the German lines would be spared by the French. Some four miles from here we were billeted and trained until ordered to the Anould sector, not far from the Swiss border, occupying a section of ground which had been wrested from the Hun. Here we arrived in the early morning of June 15, after a night of strenuous hiking. It was here, on the fourth day, we learned, never to forget, the song of the Boche shell, as it whistled through the air and exploded with terrific force a few yards in front of where we were standing. I can assure you we needed no pressing invitation to seek the shelter of a nearby dugout. After thirteen days of rain and chilly weather, keeping vigil both day and night over the valley below us for German patrols and surprise attacks, entertained by the enemy artillery as they sought to destroy our machine gun emplacements, we were relieved by Company D of the First battalion. Our first tour to the trenches was ended, and with glad hearts and tired bodies we moved on, leaving behind us, sleeping in the little cemetery just behind the line, five of our comrades. By hard hiking and American auto trucks, we were transported to the town of Arches, thirty miles behind our front, and again trained in the nearby hills until July 12. On the afternoon of that day, auto trucks were again put into use and we were hurried through that part of beautiful France, untouched by the shell of the Hun, and dropped in the village of Moyennoutier, a few miles to the rear of the St. Die Sector. After dark, July 14, we were placed in the line for a week, when we were relieved and taken back to the little village we had left a week before, having suffered no losses. For one week we remained there, then back to the support trenches we hiked. August 11 found us again at Moyennoutier to remain another week, after which we went back in the line until August 23, when the 92nd division of colored troops relieved us from

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

this sector. This ended our second tour to the trenches, and as we looked for the last time on the mountains of Alsace-Lorraine we were glad that our work there was finished, for we were tired and dirty. Hansonville was our next scheduled area to train, where we remained until September 6, when we again started, this time for the St. Mihiel sector, hiking all the way, sleeping in the forests and fields, existing on hard bread and "corned willy" and walking one night in the mud up to our knees, until the morning of the 12th, the morning on which the St. Mihiel drive started, and on which the heaviest artillery barrage up to that time was thrown over the German lines. We did not, however, participate in the first day's attack, the 10th brigade of our division being assigned to this task, which they performed with credit to themselves, driving back the enemy many miles and capturing prisoners by the score. All that day prisoners were being brought to the rear in large numbers, many with a smile on their face, happy that the war, for them, was over. The end of that sultry Sunday, September 15, found us on the way to take our position in the line. Our first operations in this sector, however, were not with the rifle, as we had anticipated, but with pick and shovel, digging a set of trenches to hold the advance accomplished by our division. For some reason we were unmolested in our work by the shells of the Hun, and at 2 o'clock were withdrawn to take our place in a set of trenches, hastily dug, and affording poor protection, to act as support of our 2nd battalion. That we might get to our place it was necessary to pass through a piece of woods, using for a path a narrow gauge railroad track, which was the target for the enemy artillery and which made our position quite perilous. We were placed in single file, five feet apart. Hardly had we entered this woods when the familiar sound of the German three-inch "G. I. Can" came to our ears, and with one accord we sought protection by falling into the ditch on the side of the railroad, waiting in breathless suspense to learn if "our number" was stamped upon it. By ditching and walking we found ourselves, just as the red tints of that beautiful September morning appeared in the east, at the other side of the woods with a casualty list of eighteen men, three of whom would never fight again. All that day we remained, under heavy shell fire, waiting every minute to be blown to pieces. We escaped without further casualties, and the next morning gave our places to the 78th division, our division having made its objective. That night, after resting in the woods all day, the packs were slung and we marched until 6 the next morning, when, tired and disgusted, we pitched tents in the woods. It was on this hike that I laid down with my feet in a ditch and fell asleep, so tired that when I did awaken I walked off leaving my rifle in the grass to the tender mercy of the weather. My poor gun, how many times did I work over it, cleaning and polishing it, to save myself the humiliation of spending a hot day removing the grease stains from the crockery in the mess hall, or reducing a tree trunk to pieces that would fit the kitchen stove. Alas! it was gone! However, I couldn't let a little thing like the loss of a gun bother me, so, with a sigh, I trudged on to seek the comforts of the wet grass beneath a pup tent, which my partner had erected. The next morning I found another gun, thus saving myself the

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

embarrassment of an empty pocketbook the next pay day. In a few days we were transferred from the woods to a group of wooden barracks, equipped with the comforts of a hard wood floor on which we reposed during the night, until the order to move was given, and after walking the greater part of a night, we established ourselves at Chalmers (I couldn't determine whether it was a village or a town), two hours' walk from the city of Toul, to which some of the boys walked, but for some reason or other they did not walk back, but made their abode in this beautiful city until apprehended by the majestic form of an M. P., who, of course, is held in high esteem by the doughboy. All kinds of rumors were now afloat; we were to go here and there and everywhere except the place we were destined to go, until the afternoon of October 4 we were placed aboard French auto trucks and carried to a position just north of Verdun. Without giving the details of it, we were hiked night and day until the morning of October 12 welcomed us to our place in the famous Argonne forest. The Huns shelled, and shelled, and shelled until the number of dead and wounded became appalling. Litter after litter we saw coming through the fields, blood-covered and burdened with poor boys whose work on the battle-field was over. Every company commander in the regiment, except one, was either killed or wounded; in one case it fell to the lot of the first sergeant to take command of his company, the rest of the officers having been crippled.

In the morning we were ordered to hold the line at any cost, and I was sent back to the battalion commander's dugout, situated in a clump of woods, to the rear of where our company was holding the line. This wood was shelled incessantly, one shell exploding but a few yards in front of me, the concussion of the shell tearing my raincoat collar. The next afternoon we were relieved by another division and retired under a heavy bombardment to the friendly shelter of the shell-hole to prepare for an attack we were to make in the morning. At 4.30 a. m. we were awakened, details formed, and sent to a town a few miles in the rear for food and ammunition, the food consisting of corned beef and round loaves of bread. At 8 o'clock we started behind our own barrage, and through a barrage the enemy were using in order to destroy our artillery. We kept our schedule, taking refuge occasionally in the kindly shell-holes, traversing newly-ploughed fields, until we came to a narrow gauge railroad track, coming from our right until it ran parallel with our advance. It was just above this time that something hit me under the knee, and my experiences with the 61st infantry were over. A German machine gun sniper had concealed himself in a tree on our flank. My dodging abilities not being of the highest, I became the victim of this Hun rascal, who I'm mighty glad had a low range on me. All day, until after dark, I lay there listening to the music of this fellow's bullets until he quit and four huskies carried me, dirty (for I hadn't had a bath in six weeks) and bloody, back to the dressing station, where some kind friend gave me three little cakes and a smile, and then, with three others, I was placed in an ambulance, riding until dawn. Again an ambulance, this time a French one, came to our assistance, and we were hurried to the Evacuation hospital No. 6; operated upon, placed on a hospital train and taken to a base

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

hospital at Perigueux, then to Bordeaux, and, last of all, we bade farewell to France at the city of Brest, lying in a neat and comfortable bunk on the U. S. S. America, the third largest American transport, which landed me in New York City April 28, with a grateful heart to the good Lord, who, I know, took care of me. This ends the story of one American soldier amid the war-stricken country of sunny France.

(Mr. Bellis, who was one of the experts in our Auditing Department, is now hobbling around on crutches at Camp Dix, nursing a shattered bone in the leg, but with good prospects of a full recovery, in the near future.)

THE TONGUE

The tongue is really a group of muscles, some running from root to tip, others crossways. Any one of these muscles can be used separately or in combination with the others, so that we can move the whole tongue in any direction—lengthen or shorten it, hollow or arch it.

The tongue is moistened by the mucus, made by the mucus membrane that lines the mouth, and by saliva from the salivary glands. The mucus of the mouth is controlled by the nervous system and can be greatly disturbed by worry or fear. That is why when we are very much worried or suddenly frightened our mouths become so dry we can hardly swallow.

The surface of the tongue is closely covered with little points. In each one of these points is the end of a nerve of taste that runs from the brain to the tongue. These little points are called taste bulbs and they are most abundant on the sides and the tip of the tongue. They are fewer on the back of the tongue, because that part of it is used mainly to roll food and throw it into the throat.

The human tongue is comparatively smooth, showing we are descended from creatures that were vegetarian. A tiger's tongue is so rough it will draw blood if you allow him to lick your hand. The tongues of all carnivorous animals are armed with a number of small sharp projections that curve backward.

PROMISES

I think the easiest of all our mental processes is to promise. It is perhaps the greatest of human weaknesses. It is so easy to promise—especially in the heat of effort to carry conviction. You want your prospect's business; it needs just a molecule of argument to turn the balance in your favor, and you promise—perhaps a delivery date you are unable to keep, or a profit the dealer cannot earn, or an advertising campaign your firm cannot afford, or a stock turn-over the merchant cannot possibly make. That unfulfilled promise is a millstone you must carry on every future visit to that customer. If you have a tender conscience it may totally unfit you ever to approach that man again. And even if you overcome his distrust of your subsequent promises and advice, he has you ever after at a disadvantage any time he chooses to recall your failure to keep your promise.—*Lee Anderson.*

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

THE JOYS OF TRAVEL

Having recently undertaken a voyage from New York to Buenos Aires on the Company's behalf, and having been invited by our worthy editor to send him a few notes concerning same, I am making an effort to select and relate a few of the many interesting phases of the journey. An effort must be made (to ensure publication) to appeal to the tastes first of our editor and second of the readers. Remembering a quite recent occasion on which our editor was accused by an unimpeachable authority of listening unattentively to a long story of travel and finally demanding to know "How was the grub?" I shall endeavor by dwelling on that point to satisfy party number one, but how to even interest party number two I am at a loss to know. To commence, the affair began with the contemplation of the journey and preparation therefor, which included visits to numerous steamship offices, police courts, pawnshops, consular chambers, censors bureaux, intelligence department courts and many other places of which he who stays at home is happily ignorant. Finally a berth is secured and permission to occupy it is given by the Government. All is ready for departure in the month of January 1919. Had the would-be traveler been at all fastidious as to the size of the vessel and accommodation thereon at that period, it is quite probable that he would never have passed the "would be" stage of the game. Eventually, however, we were ordered on board at 9 A. M. on a certain day, and sailed about noon the following day, having waited a day for another hundred barrels of cargo. In the meantime did they let us off to once more bid good-bye to our friends in N. Y.? By no means. Having once secured our presence on board they kept us safe under lock and key.

However, being on board we could at least examine the ship. She was about half the size we had all been led to expect; the cabins had also diminished in the same proportion. We also examined one another. We were from all corners of the world. Our own country well represented by Navy, Army and civilians. There was a goodly party from South America, and representatives from England, Canada, Newfoundland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal; such a cosmopolitan company it would be difficult to surpass.

After passing through various degrees of seasickness we all became good friends; and largely due to the efforts exerted by each and all to entertain the rest, what might have been a long, hot, uncomfortable and tedious voyage, was passed very pleasantly.

I have not as yet mentioned that our ship carried the flag of a Scandinavian country, with corresponding crew and habits of life. And now about that grub. Our first lunch was a puzzle; entering the saloon a few minutes late, we were astonished to note an entire absence of table stewards. The tables were set, empty plates in front of each place, and in each corner of the saloon a group of passengers all carrying plates and waving forks, wrangling and fighting to get near something which was in the center of each group. Closer examination showed that this central object was a table with food on it; and providing ourselves with plates, etc., we, the latecomers, joined the

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

fray and eventually came out with plates filled with sardines, raw herring, salmon salad, pickled beets, potato salad, cold beef, smoked ham, stewed pears, a few cold peas and several other articles. Watching the Scandinavians, and following their example, we took our places at table and ate what we had secured, together with a little bread found on the tables. Most of us were rather disappointed, and as we finished our fare we thought it was a pretty poor kind of lunch and little better than a miserable practical joke. Some left the table feeling disheartened and disgusted but the wiser ones among us watched the Swedes, and noticing that they courageously kept their seats, so did we. Then came our reward, stewards, and a real lunch from soup to nuts. So, after all, our free fight had only been for the Chef d'oeuvres (French for preliminary canter). Later, when we had sobered down to the realization that on board ship a little dieting is wise, we chose between the



JAPANESE BRIDGE IN PARK AT BUENOS AIRES

preliminaries or the real lunch, but never took both. The only other thing about the grub, the Scandinavian pastry; I strongly advise any sweet-tooth to travel on a Scandinavian ship, but to beware of seasickness.

Six days out we called at St. Thomas for coal, and our Danish friends told us how much too much our improvident government had paid for these poor Isles.

We called at Bahia where a bevy of beautiful American girls left us to teach to Northern Brazil the mysteries of domestic science. Heaven help them. That is, the girls. Bahia, by the way, was once the central distributing point for North and South America for the old Portuguese slave trade. Its population is today 90% of African race.

Then our destination, the beautiful Rio de Janeiro. One of our friends who had traveled far insisted that Rio was the most beautiful spot in the

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

world. A week later when leaving he said, "Yes but you can't live on scenery." There were more than one of the same mind.

Our company of 78 broke up at Rio after 22 days of very pleasant voyage. Latterly, there had been amateur concerts, the Ancient Ceremony of Neptune's Court crossing the line, which was just sufficiently rough-house to make it interesting to all, even to Neptune and his wife; a masquerade fancy dress ball at which a Norwegian Sinbad the Sailor carried off one prize and a Brazilian lady, as a New York newsboy, the other. All of which goes to prove that luxury is not an absolute necessity, and that high spirits and a sense of humor can alone provide a reasonable enjoyment of life.

From Rio to Buenos Aires the journey was more or less mundane, being made on a regular passenger steamer where everything was according to Hoyle. And the arrival at the Metropolis of South America, thirty-five days after leaving New York, finishes my narrative.

A. E. Roach

A RARE LETTER

Executive Mansion,
Washington, September 4, 1864.

Eliza P. Gurney,
My esteemed friend:

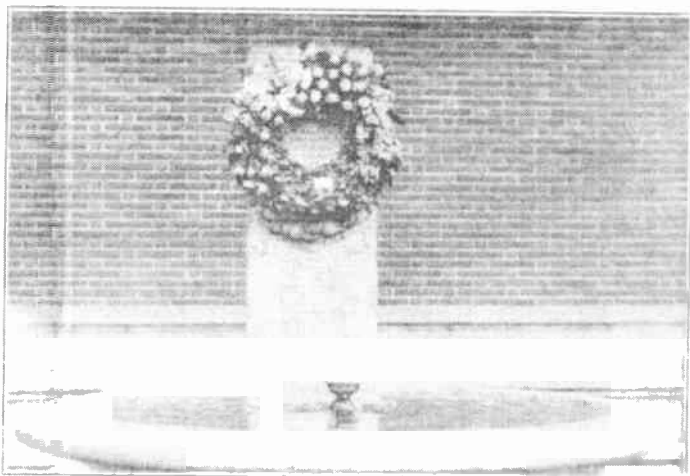
I have not forgotten—probably never shall forget—the very impressive occasion when yourself and friends visited me on a Sabbath forenoon two years ago. Nor has your kind letter written nearly a year later ever been forgotten. In all, it has been your purpose to strengthen my reliance on God. I am much indebted to the good Christian people of the country for their constant prayers and consolations, and to no one of them more than to yourself. The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this, but God knows best and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom, and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light he gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends he ordains. Surely he intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make and no mortal could stay.

Your people—the Friends—have had, and are having a very great trial. On principle, and faith, opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this hard dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other. For those appealing to me on conscientious ground, I have done, and shall do, the best I could and can, in my own conscience under my oath to the Lord. That you believe this I doubt not, and believing it I shall still receive for our country and myself your earnest prayers to our Father in Heaven.

Your sincere friend,
A. Lincoln.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

HONORS TO THE DEAD



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD A. BERNSTEIN

On Memorial Day the Wireless Memorial Fountain in Battery Park, New York City, was decorated with a handsome wreath in the name of the Marconi Company, by a committee composed of Messrs. Pillsbury, Duffy and Fitzpatrick. Several operators were present.

WATER IN FOOD

All of us remember, from our geography days, that three-fourths of the world is made up of water. We realize also that some foods that we eat, the sort that appear watery or juicy to us, must be largely water. But we do not realize that every bit of food we eat contains a great percentage of water—even the solids. Flour is, possibly, the food that contains least water, and yet twelve parts of flour out of one hundred are water.

A raw egg appears slightly watery. In reality, the egg is two-thirds water. When it is hard boiled anyone would be willing to wager that there isn't any water in it, yet it lacks only a very little of the two-thirds it had originally—just the part that was able to evaporate through the mildly porous shell while it was boiling.

The food that contains the most water is the cucumber. The cucumber is ninety-five parts water to five parts of solid matter. Most fish are four-fifths water. Strawberries are ninety per cent water. Apples are eighty-two per cent. And potatoes are three-quarters water.

No matter whether you drink many glasses of water each day or not, you can't help taking a certain quantity into your system as long as you eat.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

DID YOU?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man,
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road,
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you,
But the grasp of your hand might have helped him through.
Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares,
That is every man's load and that sympathy shares?
Did you try to find out what he needed from you,
Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of man
To find what the grief is and help when you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,
Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh, I know what you meant—what you say may be true—
But the test of your manhood is, what did you do?
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road,
Or did you just let him go by with his load?

BELL BOYS

Not long ago we heard one bellboy confide to another, "Oh, we're only bellhops, and we'll never get anywhere." The casual remark brought back to our mind the story of the two frogs who fell into the can of milk. You remember the tale—how they both kicked around for awhile, and one, easily discouraged, remarked to the other, "Oh, what's the use; we'll never get out." Thus, giving up the battle, he sank to the bottom and drowned. The other resolutely persisted in kicking about until morning, when the farmer found him cheerful and happy, sitting on a lump of butter.

To feel that the position of bellboy is lowly or one without a bright future is foolish and erroneous. Many of the country's most successful and prosperous hotel owners began their careers as bellboys, and to the schooling derived from such work they owe their start on the ladder of fortune. One of the greatest factors tending to success is the understanding of human nature, and to the bellboy and the hotel clerk are unusual opportunities to glean such knowledge.

Do not think that your ability is not appreciated or recognized. When the position just ahead is vacant it is certain to be filled by the employee best fitted for it. You may not believe that the manager observes and mentally notes your merits, but it's to his business advantage to do so. Remember the story of the frogs—keep going.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

AN INSTANCE OF MARCONI LOYALTY

A few months ago, Mr. E. R. Riddle, caretaker of the Bolinas High Power Station, while hunting in the foothills several miles from the station, came upon two baby coons, which he picked up and carried back to the station. He built a small house for them, in which, in due course of time, both coons grew up and were then allowed the freedom of the grounds. They became very much attached to the personnel of the station, and were like brothers to the station dog.

Recently, while running about the place, one of the coons climbed into the terminal structure of the 11,000-volt power line, touched some of the high voltage apparatus and was so badly burned that it died soon after.

The remaining coon was disconsolate, and Mr. Riddle, feeling very much grieved over the loss of the coon and sorry for the bereaved one, decided to return him to his native haunts. He, therefore, carried him about five miles from the station and left him with food in a canyon alongside the stream near the place where he was originally found. This happened on a Tuesday. The following Sunday, while Mr. and Mrs. Riddle were walking in the same vicinity, Mrs. Riddle called out the coon's pet name and, to their astonishment and delight, the coon came running down a tree and climbed on Mrs. Riddle's shoulder. After considerable trouble he was dislodged and placed on the ground, but persisted in following them all the way back to the station, where he was received with pleasure by the station force, and with *open arms* by the station dog.

If all of us will be as loyal to the Marconi Company, and to our friends, as this particular coon, the affairs of the company, and ourselves, will make rapid and profitable progress.

A. A. Isbell

CHOCOLATE

Christopher Columbus, when he discovered America, discovered the cocoa tree.

By the year 1709 chocolate was the fashionable drink of all England. Cocoa pods grow right out from the trunk of the cocoa tree. The pods are cut off, allowed to lie on the ground for a day and then split. The beans are removed and put in trenches in the blazing sun. Every once in a while the beans are turned over so that they all get the heat.

When they are ready they are shipped to the factories, where they are roasted. After roasting they are pulverized. This cocoa powder is mixed with fine sugar and melted by great heat into a liquid paste, so that it can be poured into molds and come out cakes of chocolate.

The cocoa tree grows most abundantly in the country of Ecuador. It needs a very hot climate, a deep, rich soil and abundant moisture.

Enthusiasm is essential to success, but not the kind that you carry in a bottle in your hip-pocket.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS



WIRELESS POST AT THE FRONT WHERE INFORMATION FROM OBSERVERS ABOVE IS RECEIVED

The observers in the sausage balloons when they get their information, send it by wireless to the operator below who in turn sends it to the commanding officer of the post where the information is required. In this picture the operator is shown receiving the wireless messages from the men above, who perhaps may be hovering over the enemy lines, daring the foe to shoot them down.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Lighthouses built on land, or near land, are comparatively easy in construction. It is the lighthouse in the open sea, where it is exposed to the continuous pounding of the water and high winds, that is one of the most difficult feats in building.

If the lighthouse is built on a rock, holes have to be drilled, so that iron rods, the foundation for the lower iron platform, can be driven in. When the first Eddystone lighthouse was built it took the men four years to drill twelve holes in the rock. First they had to scrape off thick layers of seaweed, then every time a wave would wash over them it was necessary for them to fall flat and cling to the slippery surface to keep from being washed off. Under these terrible difficulties it is no wonder that it took four years.

The living rooms of a lighthouse are generally at its base. From these rooms a winding staircase ascends to the top of the tower, where there is only one room. In this room the great lamp is kept.

The work of the lighthouse keeper is to polish the glasses, keep the lamp filled and the wicks trimmed, and never, under any condition, to allow the light to go out or grow dim at night. The life of a lighthouse keeper is the most lonely in the world. They are relieved at stated periods. Otherwise they would go insane.

The room next in importance to the lamp room is the store room. Every time men bring supplies to these outside lighthouses they run a great risk of being dashed up against the rocks. Therefore, as large a stock as the room is able to hold is put in at one time. You can imagine that spice is not the variety of a lighthouse keeper's diet.

HOW FAST SOUND TRAVELS

Sound travels at the rate of 400 yards a second, but there are exceptions to the rule: Scandal, 1,000 yards a second; Flattery, 500 yards a second; Truth, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards a second; an alarm clock, hardly a foot!

WHAT?

In a newly mustered Irish regiment a conscientious lieutenant was haranguing his men before starting for the front.

"It all depends on yez boys," he exhorted. "Will yez fight, or will yez run?"

"We will!"

"Will what?"

"Will not!" responded the men with one accord.

"I knew yez would!" said the satisfied officer proudly.

It is because a man is the architect of his own fortune that there are so many of them broke.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

NOTES FROM THE WORKS

People have been thinking all along that our efforts have been confined to Radio. But our remarkable discoveries have expanded into the field of horticulture. Just in front of the office entrance, our gardener, Frank, has produced a flowering privet. The bloom is bright yellow in color, and strongly resembles a dandelion.

Mr. Sarnoff told us a story about promises the other day. And he has promised us snappy contributions. We hope it won't be a very long one, but we hazard the guess that it will be long enough before we get it.

There have been some fat pay envelopes recently, as everyone who has looked in evenings will realize. It seems like old times to see the IN racks full of cards long after quitting time. And those were the happy days, eh, what?

One little problem that is being discussed on the second floor just now runs something as follows: Twenty-two men are at work in seven offices. Each of these men believes in the principle that a private office for each man is the best plan. The question is, as the book says, what is the answer?

We do not suppose there is any connection, but we cannot help noting the fact that ever since Mr. Stein has been spending several days a week at the New York Office, the weather has been gray and gloomy.

George A. Bellis, who left us over a year ago to add his 165 pounds to the weight of the Expeditionary Forces, came back the other day to prove that 153 pounds of him is still alive and kicking, despite the severe machine gun wounds in his leg. George's report of the glorious doings in the Argonne forest were quite as interesting as any we have heard.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS EASY

- To apologize,
- To begin over,
- To admit error,
- To be unselfish,
- To take advice,
- To be charitable,
 - To be considerate,
 - To keep on trying,
 - To think and then act,
 - To profit by mistakes,
 - To forgive and forget,
 - To shoulder a deserved blame,

—BUT IT ALWAYS PAYS

Don't wait until you are broke before you begin to make your way.

Never hit a man when he has you down.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

NEW STENOGRAPHER

I have a new stenographer—she came to work today,
She told me that she wrote the latest system,
Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play,
And word for word at that—she never missed 'em!
I gave her some dictation—a letter to a man,
And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:
"Dear Sir: I have your favor, and in reply would state
That I accept the offer in yours of recent date.
I wish to say, however, that under no condition
Can I afford to think of your free lance proposition,
I shall begin tomorrow to turn the matter out;
The copy will be ready by August 10th about.
Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly.
Thanking you for your favor, I am yours, very truly."
She took it down in shorthand, with apparent ease and grace;
She didn't call me back all in a flurry.
Thought I, "At last I have a girl worth keeping 'round the place;"
Then said, "Now write it out—you needn't hurry."
The typewriter she tackled—now and then she struck a key,
And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:
"Dear sir, I have the Feever, and in a Pile i Sit
And I except the Offer as you Have reasoned it,
I wished to see however That under any condition

can I for to Think of a free lunch
Preposishun?
I Shall be in tomorrow To., turn the mother out,
The cap will be red and Will cost 10, about.
Material of this nation should not rust
N. Doolcy,
Thinking you have the Feever. I am,
Yours very Truly."

TWO MEN DROWNED.

Two enlisted men, Frederick E. Powers, of Hartford, Conn., and Fred Booth, of Needham, Mass., were drowned opposite the Marconi Radio station, New Brunswick, N. J., recently, while canoeing. Edward McLaughlin, of Roxbury, Mass., who was with them, was saved when the canoe overturned.

PERSONAL

L. C. Everett, engineer, who has been in Buenos Aires, Argentina, several months on business of the company, has arrived in New York.

William A. Graham, of the commercial department, has returned from a business trip to Cuba.

A. C. Forbes, of the engineering department, who was formerly located at the Marconi station at Bolinas, Cal., has been released from the Navy and re-entered the Marconi service at Marion, Mass.

Alex E. Reoch, engineer, is engaged in special engineering work for the company at Buenos Aires.

Lawrence O. Malarin, superintendent of construction at San Francisco, has been promoted to the office of marine superintendent of the Pacific Division at San Francisco.

TRANS-OCEANIC NOTES

M. Svendsen and L. Lynch, formerly operators in our Trans-Pacific Service,

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

are now assigned to the Belmar Station.

James Vincent Maresca, A. C. Crutenden, Frank S. Fisher, C. Schiavi and Edward Carr Stephens have been assigned to the Belmar Station.

O. F. Sodeman, six years with the Commercial Cable Company, 2½ years with the Central and South American Cable Company, has joined the Broad Street Staff.

William R. Holligan, Jr., has been engaged for registration work and assigned to the Broad Street Staff.

Owen Deighen, seven years with the Commercial Cable Company and two years with the Central and South American Cable Company, is now attached to the Broad Street office.

Bard Frankhouser, late of the Marconi Institute, has been assigned to the Broad Street office.

William H. Barsby and Walter E. Wood, late of the British Post Office service and former Marconi men, have been released from the Navy and appointed Superintendents of the Belmar and Chatham Stations, respectively.

Harry Chadwick has been appointed Superintendent of the New York City office.

W. L. Trumbull, P. M. Jeffreys and C. C. McClellan have been added to the Belmar staff.

EASTERN DIVISION

This Division has never experienced such a rush of business as we had during the past month. On one day there were counted ninety-seven Marconi ships in the harbor of New York. The average number in port is probably much over fifty.

During May fourteen new men were engaged and ten former operators were re-engaged, making twenty-four additions. Offsetting this there was one resignation, one suspension and two left without notice. Thus far this month

nine new men and eight former operators have been assigned.

Mayhew Wainwright Sheridan, who was assigned on May 19 as junior on the City of St. Louis, died at sea while en route from Savannah to New York, June 8. His body was brought into port and he was buried the following day. George Kavanagh represented the Company at the funeral. Deceased was 18 years old and a native of New York.

John Lohman is the proud father of a baby boy and the Mohawk, to which Lohman recently transferred, cannot complete her voyages fast enough to get him back to see his young son. John says the boy already shows signs that indicate he might be president some day.

Our old friend Bill O'Neill has returned from France and was a visitor at the office where he entertained us with an absorbing account of his battle experiences and his impressions of the French girls. Bill has grown stout and better looking.

Captain E. M. Joyce, also fresh from the battle fields, was another visitor, as was also Lieut. E. W. Pickerill.

BOSTON

The Belfast apparatus has been re-installed in her new section, and Rice and Valente have been assigned to the ship.

Munroe has been assigned to the Camden, which has been placed on the Bangor line.

Barber relieved Munroe on the North Land and now waits to sell his National.

J. V. Maresca has transferred to the Transoceanic Division.

Bob Philbrook has realized one of his ambitions and is senior on the North Star.

L. F. Martin is making a trip to France on the Brazilian steamer Caxambu.

W. H. Farnum, a new man, is junior on the North Star.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

SOUTHERN DIVISION

BALTIMORE

Constructor Grantlin equipped the Nortina. Frank Hovelsrud, a former Southern Division man, just released from Naval service, took her to Liverpool.

H. Moulton left the Quantico at Norfolk when she laid up.

Moulton and W. Hoffman took out the Cretan after her lay-up.

J. B. Butler relieved J. F. Barstow on the Kershaw.

Barstow relieved L. C. Noble and M. W. Ghen relieved T. S. Brown on the Essex.

R. E. Whitcomb relieved H. W. Henkle on the Ontario.

Johnny Flag got tired of the M. & M. ships so took a trip to England on the Carolinian, recently equipped.

H. M. Rodenbaugh, recently returned from a trip to the other side on the Munro, is now on the Nantucket.

W. M. Schubert took one trip on the Nantucket, relieving C. Thatcher, who resigned hurriedly. Schubert is now junior on the Gloucester, relieving J. S. Dodge who was called home.

The Merrimack laid up early in the month, and Ainley and Berkelback transferred to the Howard.

E. August relieved W. Neumann on the Persian. Neumann is hard to keep track of; he has been on three different ships since then. Wonder when he will settle down?

Hedges of the Annetta was in to see us. Says he does not like the trip south.

H. G. Helgeson is still in the service and says he can't get released. Told him they needed good men and that was the reason.

Phil Grantlin is getting ready to get married, but says he will have to go to sea in order to save money. Who wants his job at Baltimore?

PHILADELPHIA

The Grecian has changed her usual run from Philadelphia to Boston, to that of New York and Venezuela. Operators T. Peskin and H. Miller.

Miss Grubb, our new office assistant, has assumed the position of beauty judge. After looking over our heroes she has finally decided that W. E. Neumann is her choice; and we therefore take this opportunity to warn said gentleman that we will not be responsible if Cupid steps in.

Operators Short, Mousky and Davis, all old timers, had a reunion in this city. First time they have been together in years.

Constructors Schwab and Jackson broke a record by removing Naval apparatus on the Bramell Point and the Charles M. Everest, and installing Marconi sets in two and a half days.

Ones, the worlds greatest wireless operator, will meet any other wireless operator at a competitive contest and prove his right to the title. To date he has not been challenged and we fear that several years must pass before he will be. At present we would be afraid to hack our young champion against a good amateur, but you old champions just wait, and you will see. Clarence says so himself.

W. Ferris and L. Townsend have been assigned to the Merrimack.

Louis M. Clement, an old timer from the west coast, is now the proud father of a baby girl.

GULF DIVISION

J. E. Broussard of the Key West District reports everything is running smoothly and there have been no changes in assignments the past month.

D. W. Jolls has again been transferred to the Tormentor, and is beginning to wonder from day to day if he is to sail on the Tormentor or the Buccaneer.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

H. L. Crandall stands by the Marina alone, his junior, E. Krause, having resigned from the service.

J. Houlberg of the Herman Winter is on sick leave; L. E. Brasher has taken his place temporarily.

Paul T. Platt has been assigned to the Casiana.

P. J. Barkley arrived at New Orleans after a long voyage to England and immediately left on another long trip to France aboard the Neabsco.

We are wondering how William Mackie is enjoying himself aboard the Zavalla.

The Coahuila remains in port just long enough for Alderman and Boizelle to take a walk along Canal street, then back to Mexico.

W. L. Hille and H. E. Blasier remain on board the Jalisco. Blasier is wishing for one of our famous wooden ships going across but somehow his dreams don't materialize.

Our Division Inspector, C. A. Coe, is working hard on the installation of a new set on board the Freeport Sulphur No. 1. Ask Coe what is going to happen in July.

It will be a long time before C. M. Morenus will see a copy of the Service News with his name in it, as he has again left on a long cruise aboard the Santa Cristina.

We had a visit from Mr. L. C. Everett of the High Power Engineering Staff, en route from Buenos Aires to New York.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

W. H. Jones and W. W. Neely completed the installing of 1-K.W. 60 cycle sets on the car ferries Grand Haven and Milwaukee, at Grand Haven, after which Mr. Neely was transferred to the Chicago District and assigned to the

Indiana. Jones proceeded to Detroit, where he installed 1/2-K.W. panel sets on the City of Alpena II, City of Detroit II, City of Mackinac II, and the S/Y Delphine.

W. Scull, temporarily transferred to the Great Lakes Division from the M. K. & I. at New York, is assisting Jones.

J. A. McCaffry has been transferred from the Eastern States to the City of Alpena II, vice Chas. Macomber who takes the assignment on the Eastern States.

P. L. Fischler, who has been absent from our service since 1917, is acting as Senior on the City of Cleveland III. R. J. Nichols, a new recruit, is junior.

H. Cervenka has been assigned to the Sir Thos. Shaughnessy, vice Chas. Young, who is very much pleased with his berth on the S/Y Delphine.

Harold Chittenden has replaced Lagassee on the F. B. Squire.

From all reports, W. A. Liggett rendered some good service on the A. M. Byers when she was in collision with the John B. Cowle on Lake Huron. The Cowle was sunk and the Byers seriously damaged, but managed to reach port under her own steam. There were no lives lost.

C. Erickson, who has been a permanent fixture on the F. B. Squire for the past two years, returned to the service too late for his old assignment, and is now on the John Reiss. He says he doesn't want his old job back.

Wm. Shurance relieved Mariano on the Richard Reiss.

E. W. Kreis, who has been on the Pere Marquette car ferries for the past three years, has accepted an assignment on the lighthouse tender Sumac.

CHICAGO

Roy Demeritt is still holding down the Alabama. He was recently on leave for a few days. A. Mehrhof operating the Alabama in his absence.

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

E. D. Bryant is still on the Harvester, and says he likes her fine, so we presume he will stay all season.

The U. S. Naval Communication Service has just opened the Radio Station in Chicago, which will now be open for Public Service. All Chicago traffic which was formerly routed through the Great Lakes Station will now be handled by the Chicago Station.

We were much pleased to be honored by a visit from Supt. Nicholas during the past month.

The E. J. Earling and John P. Reiss of the Lake Erie District sailed from Milwaukee this season with operators assigned from the Chicago office. J. F. Born took out the Reiss, and M. C. Lapp, a new man, went on the Earling.

PACIFIC DIVISION

B. D. Frank, formerly junior operator of the Willamette, was assigned as operator in charge of the E. H. Meyer, relieving R. H. Brower.

J. L. Stevens, a new man, also a graduate of the Marconi Institute, has been assigned as junior aboard the Multnomah.

P. E. Thorne is now acting as junior aboard the Humboldt, relieving J. Summers.

G. F. Bowes, a new man, was assigned as junior aboard the Klamath, relieving R. A. Galer.

C. Heck has been assigned as operator in charge of the Wapama, relieving E. D. M. Fabian.

M. L. Principe has been assigned as junior aboard the Willamette.

The Manoa of the Matson Navigation Company was recently equipped with the standard Marconi 2-K.W. 500 cycle set. Operator W. J. Erick is in charge with G. Brown as junior.

The Pearl Shell of the Shell Oil Company was recently equipped with the standard Marconi 2-K.W. 500 cycle set, with G. B. Rabbits in charge.

The Santa Rita of the W. R. Grace and Company, was recently equipped with the standard Marconi 2-K.W. 500 cycle set, with Operator G. L. Van Auken in charge.

The Colusa of the W. R. Grace and Company was recently equipped with the standard Marconi 2-K.W. 500 cycle set, with Operator W. P. Giamb Bruno in charge and A. D. Mair as junior.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Jorgensen in the loss of her son E. T. Jorgensen who passed away at the Naval Hospital at Pasadena, Calif., on May 1st, 1919, at the age of 19. He was in the Marconi Service from November 2nd, 1912, and had worked both ship and land stations until he was called into active service in the Naval Reserve on July 2nd, 1917.

It is a painful duty to record the death of Roy J. Hansen, who was drowned on May 2nd, together with three members of the crew of the Centralia, when the boat in which they were going ashore off Minizio, Mexico, in Tehuantepec Bay, capsized in a heavy sea. The boat was half way between the shore and the Centralia, which was anchored in the open roadstead, when she overturned. The men perished before assistance arrived. Their bodies have not been recovered.

Mr. Hansen joined the Marconi Company on March 9th, 1918, leaving on June 20th, and re-entering on September 1st. His services can be well spoken of and his loss to the company has been deeply felt by all concerned. Our sincere sympathy is extended to his mother.

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Jagers on the birth of their son, Russell Donaldson Jagers, who was born on March 21, 1919. Here's hoping that in future years, provided he becomes an operator, he will be as good a man as his father.

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