

# MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

Volume 3



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By and for Marconi Employees



CHARLES J. ROSS  
COMPTROLLER

## OUR ROLL OF HONOR

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# MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

## FRONTISPIECE

Charles J. Ross, Comptroller of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America, was born in Brighton, Ohio, and educated in the public schools of Cleveland. He then, like others in the Marconi service, chose a telegraph office in which to gain his initial experience as a wage earner. At 15 he entered the employ of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company in Cleveland as messenger, afterwards becoming, in turn, checker, delivery clerk, receiving clerk and operator.

The Cleveland Telephone Company offered excellent opportunities for young men of Ross' caliber and he joined the Telephone Company as a line inspector. Promotion eventually placed him in the chair of the manager of the main exchange, where he served for several years.

He came to New York in 1901 to become auditor and accountant in a large department store. The next five years he spent in department store work, being employed by Simpson-Crawford Company, O'Neill Adams Company and Chapman & Co. During this period he was engaged not only in figuring statistics and striking averages, but in studying men and methods of fitting them to their work.

Public accounting attracted him as a vocation in 1907 and he became connected with the Audit Company of New York. He remained in the employ of this company for several years, acting as auditor, supervisor of business systems and bank examiner. He was afterwards employed by Arthur Young & Co., of New York, accountants and auditors, becoming chief accountant and supervisor of business systems. He left this firm on April 1, 1915 to enter the service of the Marconi Company.

As a public accountant he has audited and systematised more than 100 corporations. These include the International Agricultural Corporation, the Indian Refining Company, the Newport News & Old Point Comfort Street Railway Company and subsidiary companies, the American Cement Company, the Granby Consolidated Mining, Milling and Smelting Company, the Western Savings Fund Society of Philadelphia, the First National Bank of Baltimore, Gimbel Brothers of Philadelphia, Simpson-Crawford Co., Moore & Schley, Dick Brothers & Co., Finley, Barrell & Co., brokers, of New York; the National Light, Heat and Power Company, and the United Textile Corporation. The extent of this work can be better realized when it is understood that each corporation requires a different auditing system and separate systemising method.

Mr. Ross is also Vice President of the Wireless Press, Inc., and Secretary of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph & Telephone Company. He is an affable gentleman and a wise executive, deeply interested in nature, human nature, brass tacks and literature, and makes friends of all with whom he comes in contact.

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS



### SUBMARINE A LA MODE

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

By Clarence Cisin

(Reprinted in Marconi Service News by permission of Leslie's Weekly)

Prelude—

To the S. S. Albert Watts—oil tanker—

"They built me in a hurry and they skimped about the job,  
My engines were constructed on a bet.  
My body writhes and moans with every single engine throb  
But I'm splashing thru the briny waters yet.  
I've braved the North Atlantic and I've braved the wintry blasts,  
I have tarried in the War Zone for a spell,  
I've lost a new propeller and quite nearly lost my masts  
And my dynamo's not doing very well.  
But I've got real men to sail me,—men whose hearts are strong  
and true

From the gunners to the lads who scrub the pots.  
You may be an ocean liner but don't think I envy you.  
I'm quite glad to be—Yours truly—

Albert Watts."

Superstition and lurches are far from exceptional among seamen. But the first-mate on the S. S. Albert Watts, an oil tanker, had often scornfully laughed at those who believed in the "Under the ladder and salt over shoulder" kind of theories. He had made two trips through the War Zone on the Watts and had intended sailing again. The day before we were to sail he reported that it would be necessary to sign another mate

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as he had a hunch that the ship would never return. No amount of reasoning would change his decision, and we shipped another first-mate.

We carried a cargo that by comparison, would make a munition factory or train load of dynamite, seem safe and secure as a churchyard in Colorado, submarines included. In our tanks we had 777,240 gallons of gasolene, 120,000 gallons of benzine, and 400,000 gallons of fuel oil.

Fate had been rather unkind to the Watts, as on her maiden trip, she had lost a propeller while in the War Zone and had a serious collision with an English destroyer the same trip.

She was a long, low, rakish-looking craft, with the customary placing of bridge and cabins aft.

What it took to make speed, the Albert Watts did not have. At nine knots every inch of her writhed and moaned and protested; at ten, a wailing sigh gave promise of a speedy break-down; at eleven,—but why figure on impossibilities.

We pulled out of New York at 6 p.m. the evening of October 29th. It was a dark, gloomy, misty sort of night. Miss Statue of Liberty seemed to be saying, "I hope you make it, but—." In order to cheer things up a bit, some opera singers, traveling incognito, as members of our gun crew, started to sing, to the tune of—As we go marching—

"As we go sailing

And the ship begins to sway

You can hear us shouting

The good ship Albert Watts is on its way."

The monitor, guarding New York Harbor, flashed us permission to proceed and, with every light covered and the decks in total darkness, we stole out into the Atlantic. The only thing that stood between us, and our destination (Genoa,) was a little matter of some 4,000 miles and a few submarines. Were we downhearted? No!!

We carried a cargo that for efficient utilization of carrying space, made the New York Interborough, look like amateurs. Before we cleared Sandy Hook our decks were all awash, even though there was not a very heavy sea running, and as we dropped the pilot, he cheerfully remarked, "Well good-by and good-luck. I guess you'll need it."

For the next week and a half we had rough weather as was: rough weather. We rolled, pitched, side-stepped and one-stepped in the most approved manner. We did everything but loop the loop. Time and meals passed as though in a dream.

According to the press reports, which I received by wireless the first few nights out: from New York, it was rather hard to foretell, whether, when we arrived at our destination, we'd be greeted by a delegation of spaghetti speed champions, or a long and continuous line up of German Beer Gardens; at the time we all felt strongly in favor of temperance.

Toward the end of the second week, we ran into the most delightful mid-summery weather. What, with a gentle breeze, a clear blue sky, a peaceful ocean glistening in the sunshine, and a steamer chair to loll around in,—who wouldn't sell his farm and go to sea?

We had started without convoy and for the first seventeen days

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at sea, saw but two vessels. About a days run from Gibraltar, we sighted a convoy of twenty ships heading for the same destination. They were being escorted by a small converted yacht, mounting guns of little worth or ability against the powerful weapons on a modern U-boat. The vessels were from England and it seemed extremely peculiar and careless to allow so valuable an amount of cargo to be escorted by such inefficient protection.

We had two good-sized guns and a complement of nineteen American gunners. After we had signaled our destination to the commander in charge of the convoy, we were allowed to proceed in their company. Had any enemy submarines appeared at this time, it would have been a simple matter indeed to do enormous damage. However, we arrived safely at Gibraltar the next morning after being at sea twenty days.

One of the always-present incurable humorists, had informed several of the sailors that they would be able to see the Prudential Life Insurance sign upon the Big Rock. As we expected to pass the Rock early in the morning some of the men decided to forego their sleep in order to see it. The incurable one later explained that probably, as a safety measure, the sign had been repainted a war color.

The Mediterranean, during the winter months, is to a submarine, what syncopated music is to a tango lizard. They just naturally feel at home there.

Submarines come sneaking in the night  
Or hide behind a haze;  
They send a fake distress call  
And they thrive on foggy days.

Upon leaving Gibraltar we hugged the Spanish Coast with the greatest affection. Submarine war warnings came in with a persistent regularity that spoke well for German efficiency, which partially explains our fondness for Spanish scenery. Practically every warning said in conclusion, "Beware off Cape Berta." Cape Berta is approximately forty miles from Genoa, along the Italian Coast. The imposing grandeur of the Spanish mountain ranges, varying in exquisite coloring from dark brown to light shades of purple, coupled with the picturesque little villages gleaming snowy white against the mountain background, formed scenery, which for harmonious splendor, is unequaled in any part of the world.

We arrived at Marseilles and dropped anchor awaiting further orders to proceed. As we did not have any passports from the French Customs, we thought it would be impossible to go ashore at this place; but a Frenchman, who came aboard suggested a plan which we decided to try out. He explained that there was only one place where passports and other documents were examined and that if we went ashore that evening with him, attempting to speak as much French as possible, we would undoubtedly be able to pass without trouble. In his company, we walked past the dock officials, loudly exclaiming, "Oui, oui, oui" to each other. I am convinced that the sentry must have been a Chinaman as we were allowed to pass without being stopped or questioned.

Marseilles has, at this time, the most cosmopolitan and interesting group of inhabitants. Soldiers and sailors representing the various

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allied countries are rubbing elbows with each other in shops, moving picture houses and cafés. In one café, a French soldier, feeling slightly over-joyful, was rendering classical selections in a remarkably fine voice. The mixed audience showed their appreciation by stamping, hooting and throwing several empty bottles.

We left Marseilles with a small converted yacht as a convoy, for Ville Franche, which is directly on the border line of France and Italy, arriving there the next day. I had picked up two distress calls from ships attacked by submarines and as we drew nearer our destination the feeling of tense expectancy increased.

Leaving Ville Franche, we joined a convoy of four other merchantmen, all armed, and two Italian destroyers. We made rather a formidable group.

Wednesday, November the 28th, made its appearance exactly the same as any other Wednesday night. At 7:45 a.m., we were just about off the much-bewarned Cape Berta. The knowledge that we had only forty miles further to travel, lent an air of false security to the atmosphere. At 8 a.m., a submarine's periscope was sighted by one of the destroyers which immediately opened fire upon it. That was the beginning of the end of a perfect day. Two armed merchantmen began shooting at what appeared to be the wake of a submarine, moving swiftly under water. The destroyer joined in the fray with two large calibre guns and a depth bomb dropped in for luck. Hardly fifty yards astern of us we sighted a submarine running just beneath the surface of the water. It looked like a huge dark animal running wild. Our after guns spoke up with a thunderous crash. We fired six shells in rapid succession. The lookout on the forward gun reported a moving object, directly ahead of us and our forward guns opened fire upon it. The S. S. Westoil, an American oil tanker in our convoy, also commenced shooting and one of their shells struck the water directly above the spot where the submarine had been sighted. Dark smoke rose from the water above this place for the next few minutes. We didn't linger around and look for pieces of wreckage, but it is probable that the U-boat had been struck. The destroyers continued swiftly manoeuvring around us, and the merchantmen kept up an almost continuous firing at every suspicious activity in the water. Cape Berta was making good and living up to her reputation. Around nine o'clock there was a lull in the firing and several of us went below to get our unavoidably delayed breakfast. But the German schedule read differently. We were hardly seated before a severe shock rocked the ship to its very foundations. The vessel felt as if it had struck bottom. A destroyer had dropped a depth bomb in our vicinity and the shock we received was due to its extremely powerful discharge. We decided that breakfast was a pleasant but not an essential duty, and came up on deck again. Undoubtedly there were three or four submarines operating in our locality.

It did not take a great imagination to mentally picture a huge, highly explosive missile, speeding through the water toward the immense quantity of benzine and gasoline we were carrying. The fact that it might arrive at any moment, unseen, unheralded, and assuredly unwelcome,—did not add to the pleasures of the morning. Can you im-

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agine yourself shackled to a post on which a mighty steel girder was expected to fall, wondering when it would start? That is, in a greatly moderated sense, the feeling one gets after nearly two hours of continuous shooting at a group of the Kaisers favorites. Three Italian aeroplanes had come to our assistance and were swooping about overhead, occasionally dropping a depth bomb.

At about ten o'clock, we were heading the convoy, and the firing had died away to an occasional shot or two. Suddenly we felt a terrific explosion. The whole forward part of the ship was lifted into the air as if it were in the clutch of some giant hand and an immense cloud of dark smoke rolled back over the entire ship. The vessel quivered and tingled as if its every seam was about to give way. A heavy wash-basin, clamped securely to the wall of my wireless cabin was completely snapped from its pipes, lifted from its fastenings, and thrown upon the floor. A geyser of water from the broken pipe drowned everything in the room. Pictures, lamps, books, and chairs tumbled around the cabin and upon the floor. Fumes of benzine and gasoline penetrated everything. Most of us felt a queer giddiness and breathing was very difficult. We had been struck in the forward tanks on the starboard side and the vessel began to sink slowly, taking a heavy starboard list. The ponderous eight inch steel decking was literally ripped apart and pieces of the exploded torpedo flew in all directions. There was a cry of all hands to the life-boats. Everyone expected the gasoline to ignite and there was a mad rush to the boats. The wind was blowing aft, and had fire started, a boiling sea of flames would have made escape impossible. Several of the seamen and firemen commenced to lower their life-boat before the command to abandon ship was given. They succeeded in getting half way down the side of the vessel, when the lines fouled in the davits and they were suspended where the fumes were strongest. Two of them were overcome by the poisonous gas fumes and fell into the water, and the two remaining ones fainted dead way in the life-boat.

The ship, badly damaged and leaking excessively, gradually righted itself and as the sudden rush of air had damped the explosion in the tanks,—the danger for the moment was over.

The two men who had fallen into the water were picked up by a destroyer. We succeeded in hoisting aboard the other men who had been overcome in the life-boat. Their faces were a chalky white with several blotches of purple. By administering artificial respiration they were brought back to a normal condition.

If the torpedo had struck us fifteen yards further astern, it would have entered the engine room and hurst the boilers. As we had 150 lbs. of pressure to each square inch of decking, the remains of the ship and its crew, had this happened, would have been too small to mention.

And yet some people don't believe in luck!—

We decided to try and reach our destination and got under way about two hours after the torpedoing. The water around us was covered with gasoline and benzine and as we steamed ahead, we left an over-flowing trail of it upon the waters surface.

The same evening, about 6:30 p.m., we were nearing the harbor of

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Genoa. A signal rocket to call a pilot was lit on the starboard side of the vessel, and sparks from it dropped into the water, which immediately caught fire. A serpent of flame, slowly gaining headway began to creep towards us. As the flames spread, a dull red glow illuminated our immediate vicinity throwing a ghastly light upon the strained, tense, faces of the men. The entire crew was lined up on the after poop watching what seemed to be inevitable death, knowing that the flame had only to reach the torpedoed tanks to spread hundreds of thousands of gallons of liquid fire around and upon the vessel. It was like being the chief furnace-tender at your own cremation.

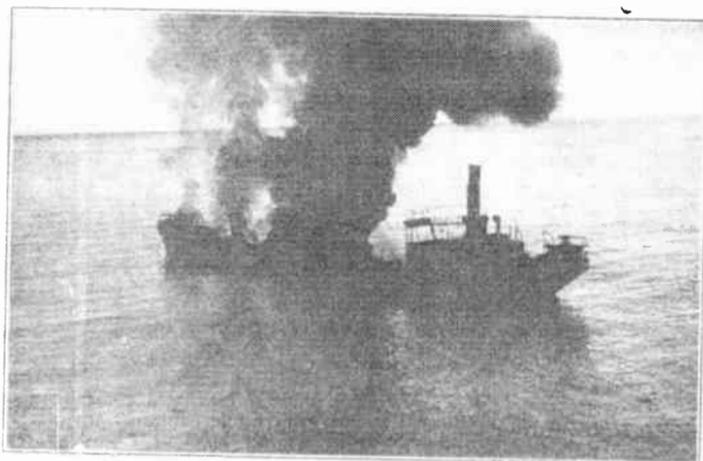
We had been going at slow speed, and, as the fire gained headway, the full speed ahead signal was given. The vessel was also brought up sharply to one side in a zig-zag fashion. The increased churn of the propeller and the sudden swerving of the ship broke the chain of fire.

We explained to the pilot, the danger of taking our ship into the port. The fact that we were likely to flood the harbor with our inflammable, leaking cargo, and expose the other ships and even the town of Genoa itself, to destruction by fire, did not seem to concern or greatly interest him. He apparently understood English very poorly and the gravity of the situation less, as he took us through the nets and we anchored in the center of the harbor. The captain immediately went ashore to try and make arrangements to have the entire crew removed and the ship pumped out at once. Owing to the Italian belief that it is necessary to smoke innumerable cigarettes over countless drinks before rendering any decision, he was forced to return that evening without having accomplished his purpose.

The next morning, Thanksgiving day, we were visited by numerous bum-boats, carriers and officials of every description. It was impossible to keep them away. The captain went ashore again to hasten arrangements for pumping out the cargo, and as the Italian government needed it badly at that time for their aeroplanes and motor transports, it seems strange that they did not take some immediate action to save what we had left of it.

Around noon-time, the third assistant engineer and I started for shore to get a real Thanksgiving dinner. A young Italian lad about fifteen years old, selling fruit and wine, approached the vessel on its starboard side, near the exploded tanks. He lit a cigarette, and carelessly threw his lighted match into the water, about ten feet from the side of the vessel. The water immediately caught fire and reached the tanks. In a second there was a sing-song rumble, like a symphony orchestra of fifty kettle drums growing louder and louder as the fire gained headway in the tanks. A mass of flame shot upwards, reaching to the top of the masts and enveloping the entire forward part of the ship. The boy who had lit the match was burned to a crisp. One of our seamen, became confused by the flames and extreme heat, and jumped overboard on the starboard side. Later when picked up, his remains were hardly recognizable. The rest of the crew rushed aft and fell over each other in their haste to dive overboard. One man, a Porto Rican, hesitated about taking the dive. The third mate seeing this shouted—"Jump you Porto Rican swamp hound," and gave him a helping

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Incineration of the Watts at Genoa

shove. The vessels in the harbor kept up a continuous blast of whistles, the naval station sounded its danger siren, and the bells of the city were ringing violently. Small boats of all descriptions came hurrying out to us and picked up the members of our crew who were swimming around in the water. Some of the men picked up by the life-boats, were almost crazed by the experience. Their faces were distorted with fear and had the expression of men who had lost all consciousness of their true being. My mascot, a little fox terrier pup, seeing the rest jump overboard, took a running leap into the water and was rescued.

Our lively trip of over 4,000 miles was wasted, a two-million dollar cargo destroyed, much needed supplies for our Allies delayed, and our ship a total loss.

Conditions in Genoa, regarding food, coal, and other necessities are really pitiful, coal selling at about \$140.00 a ton. It might just as well have been \$1,040.00 as practically no one could afford to use it. The bed-rooms gave one a good idea of how Peary must have felt in his North Pole explorations.

During the first meal ashore, sugar was asked for. The proprietress of the restaurant did some hand gymnastics, and exclaimed "Madonna," accompanied by rolling of eyes and an emotional quiver or two of body. Butter has the same effect when mentioned. White bread is a dead language. When more food was requested the waiter informed us that "police say so much each peoples," and with an apologizing shrug walked away. Our daily after-dinner query was—"When do we eat?"

The town is overrun with inspectors. There are inspectors of bag-

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

gage, tobacco, jewelry, meats, sugar, etc., etc. The only inspector we didn't run into was an inspector of inspectors. They'll probably have some as soon as they think of it. If half of the inspectors were put to work tilling the soil, there would be no necessity for food shortage, or if put into active service, they would make a formidable army by themselves.

Most of the people in Genoa feel that anything that is worth doing is worth doing slowly. And they do it—slowly. They are behind the times in almost everything. As far as they are concerned, modern efficiency, is something that is mixed in a drink. They are, however, very hospitable and courteous, with a decided leaning toward cafés, moustaches, cigarettes and drinks.

We left Italy after stopping there nine days, traveling across the border to France, and sailed from Bordeaux on the French liner Chicago. Our voyage home was welcomingly uneventful.

Almost every evening, some opera singers, still traveling incognito, as members of our crew, scared away enemy submarines by singing, to the tune of—As we go marching—

“As we go sailing  
And the ship begins to sway  
You can hear us shouting  
The good ship Albert Watts has passed away.”

### MARCONI BUDS

That the interest of the company in its employees extends to their families, even unto the second generation, is evidenced by this chubby youngster Robert Roy White, whose father Laurance S. White of the M. R. & I. department at N. Y. challenges the entire system to beat. Robert is 17 months old and is equally proud of his daddy.

We will be glad to reproduce here portraits of Marconi infants under 18 months when taken; and at the close of the year, the Editor will award a cup to the one voted to be the best baby by a committee of envious bachelors and maidens to be selected by the Editor who will act as Chairman. The year ends with April edition.



## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

### BRASS TACKS, DRIVEN BY C. J. ROSS



#### YOU

*If the word of our Lord as its written is true  
In millions of bibles for all and for you,  
If the word of our Lord as its written is true  
Then what do you think of the creature called YOU?*

It's so easy to doubt, it's so simple to pray  
When there is no reply to the prayers, that you say  
If you'd just hear a tick or a tap in the wall  
You'd think that perhaps someone had heard your call.  
But the tick doesn't come, nor the tap don't relieve  
The phantom of doubt, so you just must believe,  
Just lie in the dark and into space stare  
And hope, if you can, that He hears you—out there.  
I've a thought in my mind that has made me believe;  
I will tell it to you—It may make you believe  
The words that you don't understand—that you've read;  
Just suppose for a moment, my friend, that you're dead.  
What do you think of it now that you're dead,  
And six feet of earth is piled high on your head,  
And a mantle of dampness is all 'round you there,  
And a box of rough wood is all meets your stare.  
Just suppose that the soul that you never quite found  
Doesn't leave your cold clay when you're put in the ground,  
And you know you're boxed and they fast the last screw,  
That you've nothing to do—but to think the thing through.  
What do you think of those words roughly said  
Heaped in cold scorn on somebody's head?  
What do you think of that underhand deed  
Which caused so much anguish and made those hearts bleed?  
What do you think of those dollars you got  
That brought you soft beds and left victims a cot?  
Man's law could not reach you, the way it was read,  
But what do you think of it now that you're dead?  
What do you think of that wild, startled look  
Which spreads o'er the face of the girl you forsook?  
And the words that you spoke when she started to cry,  
Would you speak them again if your tongue were not dry?  
What do you think of that job you obtained  
Through the twist of a fact, and a co-worker blamed?  
Much power it brought you—to others distress,  
And now that you're dead, do you call it success?  
What do you think of it now that you're bound,  
In a little black suit way down in the ground,

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And endless eternity drifts o'er your head,  
What do you think of it now that you're dead?  
*If the word of our Lord as its written is true  
In millions of bibles for all and for you,  
If the word of our Lord as its written is true  
Then what do you think of the creature called YOU?*

### PERILS OF THE SEA

The S.S. Mobila, (Fr.) had a trying experience on her recent attempt to make the run to France. Frank W. Payne, her Radio officer, tells the following story.

"We left New York with a convoy which proved too fast for us. Our top speed was  $9\frac{1}{2}$  knots and we were soon left behind. Nasty weather set in and the convoy scattered. Our main engine broke down and we had to rig up sails and slowly make our way into Halifax, developing a leak on the way.

"We reached Halifax the day before the explosion and wired to New York for instructions regarding repairs. At the time of the explosion we were at the dock and I was in my bunk. The explosion snapped our lines and we drifted into the stream, but having steam up, we were quickly under control. On gaining the deck I found the greatest confusion everywhere. When we re-docked the ship I went ashore and assisted in transferring injured men from a tugboat to an ambulance. They were just being landed from a ship in the harbor. One was a wireless operator, and he died while being transferred. I think he was a foreigner.

"Finding that on account of the explosion our repairs would be delayed two or three months, our captain decided to return to New York, and the entire crew volunteered to take the ship back, temporary repairs having been made to the engine, and the leak stopped. Our return trip, which consumed 5 days, was decidedly unpleasant. We should have made the passage in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  days. We ran into a continuous storm with awful seas, and bitter cold which soon enveloped the ship in ice. In the wireless cabin the water was waist deep, the dynamo was flooded and we had no auxiliary power. The old leak opened up and all hands, including yours truly, were compelled to bale water from the fire room into the engine room where the pumps could reach it. We had no sleep or food for 3 days. At one time we gave her but 4 hours to remain afloat. We approached Sandy Hook in a fearful gale during a dark night and had to lay off till daylight, when we managed to wallow alongside a dock in South Brooklyn and get assistance from a wrecking tug with powerful pumps. We will soon be on our way again to France, hoping for more favorable weather conditions. What I think of the North Atlantic when it gets its back up, would not look well in print."

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS



### WIRELESS WOMEN

#### Elizabeth Lonsdale Du Val

I have been asked so often how it happened that I ever thought of taking up wireless. Well, I heard, through a friend, that women were taking this course to help out in the war by joining the Naval Reserves. They were to hold positions in land stations relieving the men for ship stations. I called to see a Lieutenant of the Naval Reserves, and was told that this was true.

I started my studies at the Southern Wireless Institute. In a few weeks I was run into by an automobile truck, losing the use of my right hand for a month. I am not sorry for this, however, because I immediately learned to write and use the wireless key with my left hand as well as my right.

The hardest part came when the family moved to our summer home on South River, and I stayed in town during the hot weather, completing the course in four months.

I took the examination at the Custom House and received a first grade commercial license. On applying for the promised position was told that there was no such opening for women. I then wrote to Secretary Daniels and received a very discouraging letter from him. While waiting for something to turn up I took a course in wire, at the same time keeping in touch with my wireless. I had my license and wanted to use it, so the next best thing, I thought, was to try to get on one of the Merchants and Miners steamships. Superintendent Chapman of the Marconi Co—Baltimore—took it up with the main office in New York and was told that although they had never employed a woman as wireless operator they were willing to give me a trial.

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

My first trip was to Jacksonville, on the S. S. Howard. I find the work most interesting but business very dull as there are so few messages to send or receive.

We happened to be in Jacksonville during the first snow storm there for twenty-one years. On our return trip we struck ice at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and found it impossible to run further than New Point, the ice there being two feet thick. Here we stayed all night and the most of the following morning. I was on duty from 1:30 to 8:30 a.m., and had the full benefit of the moonlight and sunrise on that great expanse of ice, there being nothing in sight but three British schooners which were within talking distance. I could well imagine myself with some exploring party in the Arctic regions and it seemed queer to see some of the men from one of the ships climb down and walk around on the ice out there in the middle of the Bay.

One night we struck a terrible storm between Baltimore and Savannah. We rolled quite a little and it was as much as one could do to walk on deck without being blown off. About 8:30 p.m., there was quite a crash on the upper deck and the wireless outfit was put out of commission. One of the life-boats had broken loose, knocking down the lead and disconnecting the aerial. The ship was stopped but it was impossible for anyone to go on the upper deck to make repairs, in that gale. The next morning, when we reached Savannah, I went with Mr. Rodebaugh, the senior operator, to help make repairs as I am very anxious to learn all the ins and outs of the business and want to do my part.

So far I have made four trips and have not yet had the pleasure of being seasick. The reason for this, I reckon, is because I always have loved the water.

### WHEN THE WAR WILL END

"Absolute knowledge have I none  
But my aunts, sister's washerwoman's son  
Heard a policeman on his beat  
Say to a laborer on the street,  
That he got a letter just last week,  
Written in Latin, or maybe Greek,  
From a Chinese cook in Timbuctoo,  
Saying that the negroes in Cuba knew  
Of a colored man in a Texas town  
Who got it straight from a circus clown  
That a man from the Klondike heard the news  
From a gang of South Americans  
About someone from Borneo,  
Who saw someone who claimed to know  
Of a swell society female  
Whose mother-in-law would undertake  
To prove that her seventh husband's niece  
Had stated in a printed piece  
That she had a son who has a friend  
Who knew just when the war would end."

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

### EASY LESSONS IN FLYING

An interesting letter has been received from an American in the Flying Squadron stationed abroad, the censor not permitting the divulging of locations.

"Since writing last I have finished my elementary flying training and have been transferred here for advanced flying in a scout squadron. This is a single-seated fighter for fighting fifteen to twenty thousand feet up. They may transfer me to something else later. We had our elementary flying at Doncaster, after leaving the ground school at Oxford and going to machine gun school at Grantham. The 41st, T. S. R. F. C. (Training Squadron Royal Flying Corps) was equipped with Rumpteres Farman pushers; a pusher has the propeller behind. We started off with a joy ride for about fifteen minutes just to get used to the air. After that I did not go up for three or four weeks but one morning the instructor took me up in a dual control machine for instruction. It was too windy for me to try and fly the machine in the air; but just where we landed was fairly quiet and so every time we made a circuit of the aerodrome the instructor would put the nose of the machine down, shut off the engine and then give me control of the machine to take to the ground in a glide and land, and this gave me a chance to get in six or eight landings for about forty-five minutes in the morning and fifteen in the afternoon, until it was necessary to stop on account of the mist. The next favorable time, which was two or three days later, he took me up for an hour's landing and in addition, flying the machine in the air, and finally making one or two take offs. He would of course wave his hands for me to push the nose up when I got going too fast, or down when I started to stall the machine, or to bring the right or left wing up or down. One is usually forgetful of something when one is beginning. After forty-five minutes on another flight he said he would send me up solo the next time. So later in the day he took me up in a solo machine, which was one identical with the dual except they are equipped with a seventy horse-power engine instead of an eighty. After twenty-five minutes in this machine to get me used to it he got out and told me to make a circuit by myself, which I did. A man's first solo is a rather ticklish piece of business and he often "gets the wind up" as they say here, (instead of getting rattled,) and carries an undercarriage away or breaks a few wires on landing. However, I finished my two hours solo and ten landings, the required amount for elementary flying, without a mishap. At first one feels a little nervous, to say the least, and even forgets which way to pull the controls when one wants to increase or slow down the speed. However, if one don't jerk the controls one has lots of time to figure it out or correct a mistake. On landing we put the nose down until we are making about sixty-five miles an hour on the air speed indicator and throttle the motor all the way down and let the machine glide about fifty-five miles an hour. Several yards above the ground we gradually flatten out, slowing down, and if we have done everything right we strike the ground without a jar; but if we flatten too soon, or too late, or have one wing low when we strike, if we are lucky, we simply bounce but usually smash up an

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

undercarriage. Very different from the scout machines here which land at seventy to one hundred miles an hour. But taking things all in all there are very few men hurt. I don't know just when we are going to fly here. The squadron is full and it may be several weeks before it comes to my turn, but they may push the Americans through ahead. In fact they have started some of them through already."

### FACTORY NOTES

Thursday evening, January 31st, was a historic night in the annals of the Marconi Wireless Band. Last July a few of the men at the works interested in music, proposed that they bring their several instruments together and practise both for the cultivation of their musical talent and for the social hour together. Under the direction of Mr. James Emery and Mr. Arthur Osmon the band was formally organized.

The members under the leadership of Mr. Osmon have been practising faithfully and on January 31st, the band made its first public appearance at Arcanum hall, in Elizabeth. A most delightful musical followed and the men of the works, and their wives and friends mingled and became acquainted; and all agreed when the last strains of Home Sweet Home were rendered, that it was indeed the end of a perfect day. The guests of honor were the officials of the Company. It was such an evening as will long be remembered. Messrs. Stein and Benson could not conceal the pride they took in the band's achievement.

Mr. Collins speaking for the band in a few well-chosen words thanked all present for their patronage, and especially the officials of the Company for the encouragement and assistance given the band, and placed the band at the Company's service at any time.

### DROWNING ACCIDENT

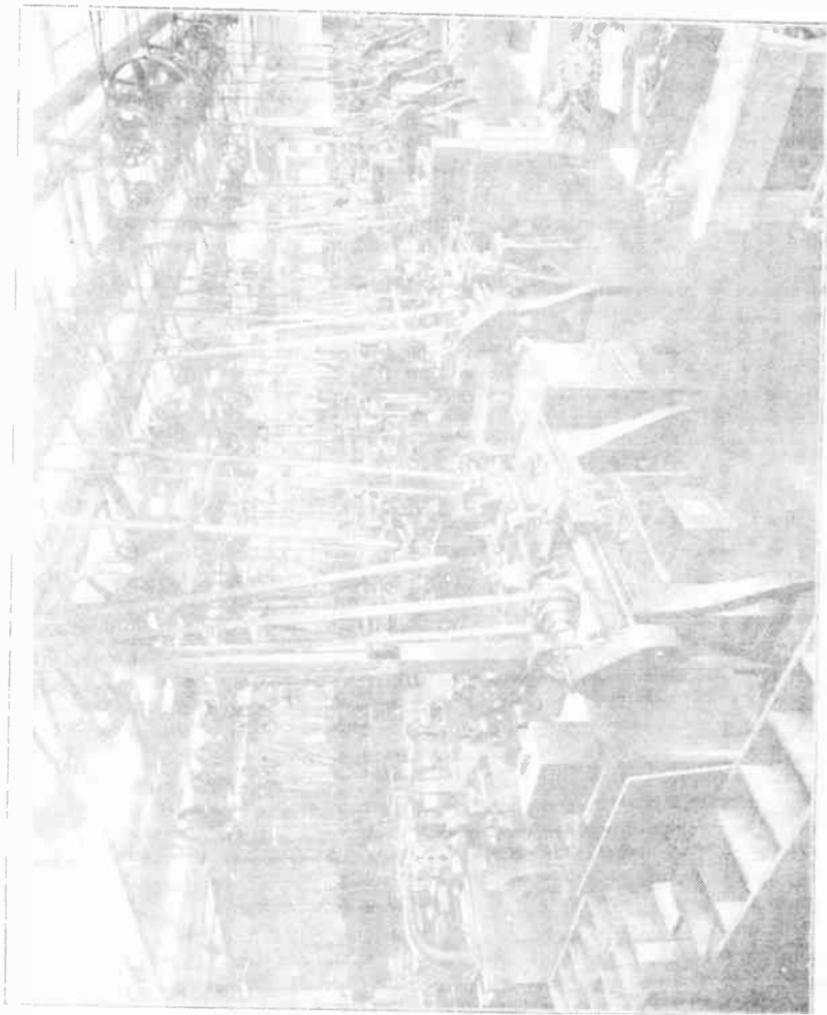
We regret to record the death by drowning of operator A. C. Zoutendyk of the Belgian Company, attached to the Dutch ship Winterswyk, in Baltimore harbor. He had been ashore together with 15 other officers from Dutch ships, to attend a meeting for arranging a soccer game to be played on Christmas day. They left the pier in a motor boat after midnight, in fair weather, and apparently struck a log and capsized. A tug-boat went to their rescue and saved nine of the party. The missing bodies were recovered two days later. The six victims were buried in Baltimore, all operators from the Dutch ships in the harbor being present.

### WAIL OF THE WITLESS

My Tuesdays are meatless,  
My Wednesdays are wheatless,  
I'm getting more catless each day,  
My home it is heatless,  
My bed it is sheetless,  
They are all being sent to the Y. M.  
C. A.  
The bar rooms are treatless,  
My coffee is sweetless,  
Each day I get poorer tho' wiser,  
My stockings are feetless,  
My trousers are seatless,  
By Gosh, I do hate that old Kaiser,  
I am losing my fat.  
Now, What think you of that,  
I am actually thin and bony,  
Put it down in my log,  
That now for my prog,  
I must go for Egg Nog to Samoni.

Anonymous.

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LATHE SHOP—MARCONI WORKS

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### NOTICE

New York employees are requested to inform Mr. Payne of any change in residence address in order that the insurance and other records may be kept up to date.

### CODE INSTRUCTRESS

Miss Elise Owen is the first woman in the United States to pass the test of the Board of Education for the position of Code Instructor in the "Buzzer" classes to be instituted for men entering the Signal Corps. U. S. Superintendent Jenkins of the Board of Education says: "Miss Owen impressed me as possessing exceptional ability, poise and dignity. She is a splendid operator. She passed a brilliant examination, securing a 100 per cent. rating. Men selected for the national army and showing technical ability, qualifying for buzzer work, will have it count on applications for commissions in the Signal Corps."



Miss Elise Owen

### CHEER UP:

By J. R. Link

It's easy enough to be cheerful and  
gay  
When things are a'goin' right,  
It's a cinch to be happy  
When your future seems rosy and  
bright.

But when the clouds begin to darken  
And troubles loom up ahead,  
Don't give up the ship, just hearken,  
Sail on, anchor not with a heart of lead.

For there's many a man worse off  
than you  
Keeps on sailing in spite of the winds,  
Cheer up, chap; you can make it, too,  
But,—its going up with a smile, that  
wins.

### BETROTHAL

The engagement is announced of Alma V. Lawson, Telephone operator head office, to Robert F. Miller, Chief Electrician Radio, U. S. Navy. Miss Lawson has served Marconi valiantly for 5 years, and has won the blue ribbon for efficiency.

Mr. Miller only recently enlisted after yeoman service at Head office dating back to United Wireless days. They are being smothered with good wishes.

### EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Vice President Bottomley, accompanied by Mrs. Bottomley sailed for Porto Rico recently per S. S. Carolina.

Mr. E. M. Thurston has left us after 14 years service to engage in other business. Everybody wishes

## MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

him success. Mr. L. H. Cullman succeeds him.

A shower party was given for Miss Lawson recently in which about 50 of the staff participated. She was nearly smothered in packages, and a happy evening was spent enjoying a buffet supper, followed by dancing and a general good time.

### SPOKES FROM THE HUB

Superintendent Nichol's recently made a trip to South Wellfleet in the interests of the Company.

Constructor Swett re-equipped the E. L. Doheny, Jr., with a 2 KW standard set at Providence.

The Belfast has laid up and operator Barber is on the waiting list.

J. S. Dodge, who comes from the Southern Division has been assigned to the Calvin Austin.

The Governor Cobb has been transferred to the Boston-Yarmouth service while the Northland is undergoing repairs. Operator Gardner has transferred to the Camden which takes the Cobb's place on the Portland run.

Operator Pratt of the North Star has been dismissed from the service. S. C. Tennery, a New York man, is now junior on the Star.

Operators Eastman and Platt of the City of Rome have been temporarily relieved by operators Grant and Wells.

H. B. Whipple has transferred to the Currier relieving operator Jefferson, who is making a trip across.

### EASTERN DIVISION

J. C. Kephart of the Evelyn is now on the waiting list.

H. Ades, junior on the Cascapedia, sailed on the Sagua as junior; H. V. Grifing, of the Norman Bridge, sailed as senior on the Sagua; G. M. Braiton,

junior on the Norman Bridge, has resigned.

D. R. Kell, of the Olinda, sailed on the Texas Co's New York.

The E. F. Cragin, new equipment, sailed with J. P. Hunter, a Southern Division man.

M. L. Bergin, senior of the St. Louis, sailed as senior on the Santa Anna, a new equipment; A. Darlington, junior on the St. Louis, took H. T. Solway's place as senior on the Korona; L. F. Muck, a new man, served as junior for a few days on the Santa Anna, but is now junior on the Madison, taking S. C. Tennery's place who sailed on the North Star in place of P. W. Pratt, a Boston Division man, who was dismissed for failing to join the steamer to which he had been assigned.

J. Poppele, senior of the Osage, sailed as senior on the Santa Elena; W. J. Quinn, junior on the Osage, was transferred to the Pioneer as junior.

The Coamo sailed with F. A. Schneider as junior.

J. G. Woltall, of the Paraiso, took G. S. Kirtley's place as junior on the Corning for four days and was then placed on the Perfection; Kirtley sailed as junior on the Caloria.

J. P. Flagg took J. A. Quinlan's place on the Republic, Quinlan sailing on the Bella, new equipment.

O. Pfaltz, of the Sabine, sailed in J. H. Weikle's place on the Wellington, the latter having resigned on account of being drafted; J. Feingersh sailed as junior on the Alamo in place of J. F. Barstow who sailed on the Sabine.

P. T. Brown, a re-engaged man, sailed as junior on the Crofton Hall in K. E. Smith's place who has resigned.

J. P. Huckaby, of the Ruth E. Merrill, sailed on the Monterey in place of L. G. McKellops.

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N. Steward, senior of the Paulsboro, is now on the waiting list; the junior, R. Venegas, has been dismissed for intoxication in an American sailor's uniform in England.

D. C. Smith sailed as senior and C. L. Diderich, formerly junior on the Corning, sailed as junior on the Santiago; its former operator, G. Lipsyte, sailed as junior on the Cushing replacing T. L. Dakin, who was transferred to the Apache as junior when her former junior, E. Dynner, was dismissed for too frequent detention by the Department of Justice; G. O. Pedersen, a Gulf Division man, sailed as senior on the Cushing in R. Pierce's place, the latter being on the waiting list at present.

J. Houlberg, formerly junior on the Nassovia, has been placed on the Brammel Point as junior, P. Leschhorn, having resigned.

S. Gaskey, senior of the Deepwater, has resigned; P. E. Riese, formerly of the Rio Grande, sailed as senior on the Deepwater; R. S. Savage, of the Santa Paolo, took Riese's place on the Rio Grande.

J. F. Furst, formerly of the Munplace, after serving for three months on the El Capitan, resigned.

J. T. Crosby failed to report for duty on the James Cudahy and has therefore been dismissed from the service of the Company.

J. S. Spinale, of the Florida and H. R. Lee of the Daylite have resigned.

A. S. Cresse, formerly of the Owasco, sailed on the Senola.

C. E. Stevens, of the DeSoto, sailed on the Mobila.

G. L. VanAuken, of the Caddo, has returned to the Pacific Coast, he is replaced by J. J. Voss, also of the Pacific Coast.

H. Decker, junior on the Owasco, is at present on the unassigned list.

G. D. Richardson, formerly of the

Seneca, sailed on the Tanamo.

E. J. Smith, senior of the Charles E. Harwood, sailed as junior on the Ascotney in place of L. Walters who has resigned; G. Gray, junior on the Charles E. Harwood, is now on the waiting list of the Gulf Division.

J. O. Johnson and J. S. Killgore, senior and junior respectively on the Wilhelmina, and H. E. Wright and G. R. Macken, senior and junior respectively on the Seneca, Pacific Coast ship, have all returned to the Pacific Coast.

W. C. Bahls, a new man, sailed as junior on the Gulfight.

G. O. Pedersen and M. Dreyfus, senior and junior respectively on the Herbert G. Wylie, are at present on the waiting list.

### SOUTHERN DIVISION

Constructor Manley installed standard KW panel set equipment on the new steamship Santa Ana at Philadelphia. The Edward F. Craigin was also equipped with a  $\frac{1}{2}$  KW panel set.

John Canfield has been assigned to the Cretan as junior.

J. W. Harte relieved R. Rosen as senior on the Persian at Philadelphia. Rosen has been transferred to the Black Hawk as junior relieving J. W. Casebeer who has been called into Government service.

U. K. Stagg, of New York, was assigned to the Borgstad at his home port.

J. S. Spinale, formerly of the Augusta has resigned.

A. A. Angell was assigned to the Augusta at New Orleans.

Earl August and H. R. Butt of the Norlina and Alamance have returned from the war zone and both report pleasant voyages.

J. M. Bassett of the Beatrice rides to and from his ship in his new automobile. He says he is going to try

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and find some way to take the machine with him every trip.

We have heard of the death of Constructor Gerson's father. Mr. Gerson has our deepest sympathy in his bereavement.

### GREAT LAKES DIVISION

The severe cold weather which has prevailed in the Great Lakes Region for the past thirty days has made ice conditions such that vessels plying on Lake Michigan have been compelled to lay up, this being the first instance on record that vessels in the Chicago District have had to lay up on account of ice.

The Alabama has been stuck in the ice off Grand Haven for three weeks. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to break her way back to Grand Haven. Food and supplies are taken across the ice for the crew remaining on board. Mr. L. L. Lynn, Chief operator of the Lake Michigan District who was assigned to the Alabama was relieved by operator J. F. Born.

The Arizona, Georgia, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, with operators H. A. Lebkisher, J. F. Born, R. W. Eling, W. J. Ferris and E. Prenzel were compelled to lay up.

The Ashtabula laid up for the winter at Ashtabula. Operator Jas. Whalen has returned to his home at Detroit.

The Maitland laid up at Ashtabula and operator Otto Berg returned to his home at Gallatin, Mo.

### PACIFIC COAST DIVISION

O. Wihl, formerly the operator on the Motorship Nuuanu, was assigned as operator in charge of the Steamer Ernest H. Meyers relieving E. I. Pyncheon, who has been assigned to the Santa Isabel of the W. R. Grace Co.

J. M. Heiligenthal, a new man and coming from Milwaukee, was assigned as junior aboard the Beaver.

J. Spatafore was assigned as junior on the Celilo.

J. W. Morrow, formerly of the Wahkeena, which suffered severely in a storm off the coast of Mexico, has been assigned as senior on the Colusa relieving J. Dickerson.

K. D. Dogan, a new man in the service has been assigned as junior on the Colusa relieving P. U. Clark who has resigned.

G. A. Jensen who has experienced the delights of being submarined about 900 miles off the coast of Spain, was assigned to the Johanna Smith, relieving W. G. Ludgate who has been called into active service.

G. L. Van Auken is now acting operator in charge of the Lidvard, (Nor.)

C. Hemenway was assigned as junior on the Lurline, relieving H. Cunferman who has been assigned to the Oil Tanker Asuncion.

T. Bradley, who has proven his worth in the coastwise trade, was assigned to the Manoa as junior.

G. C. Owen was assigned as junior on the Steamer Multnomah. Owen is a new man in the service, also a graduate of the S. F. Marconi School.

R. Diamond, formerly of the Colusa, was assigned as operator in charge of the Santa Rita of the Grace Co.

F. T. Cookson, a new man in the service, also a graduate of the S. F. Marconi School, was assigned as junior on the Wapama.

The San Francisco Construction department has equipped the following vessels: The Lidvard, with a 2 KW 500 cycle panel set; the Santa Isabel and Tug Undaunted, with ½ KW 500 cycle panel sets; the Coronado, of the U. S. S. B., has been equipped with a Canadian Marconi ½ KW 240 cycle, cabinet type set.

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