

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

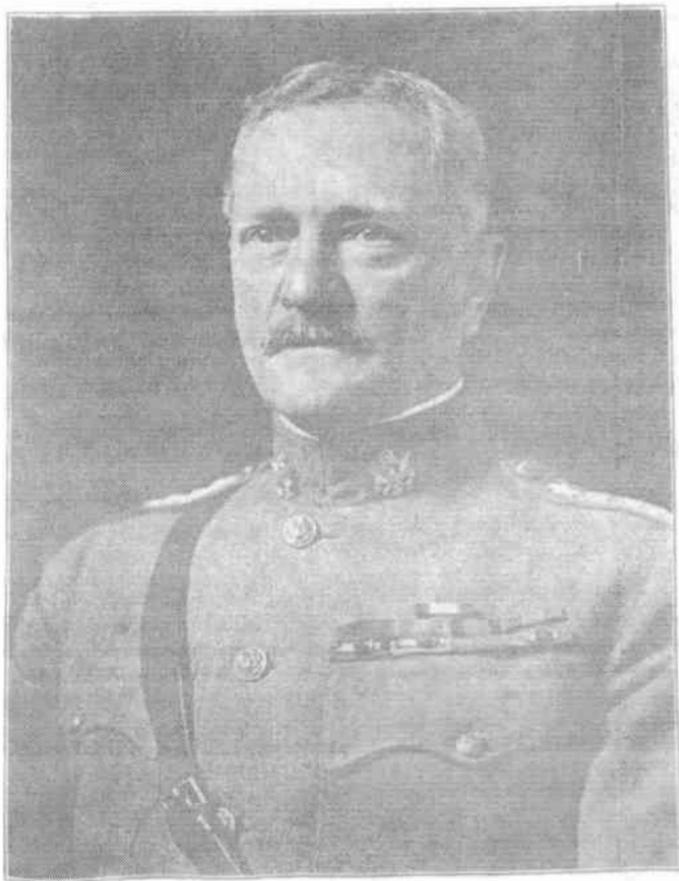
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BY AND FOR MARCONI EMPLOYEES



GENERAL PERSHING

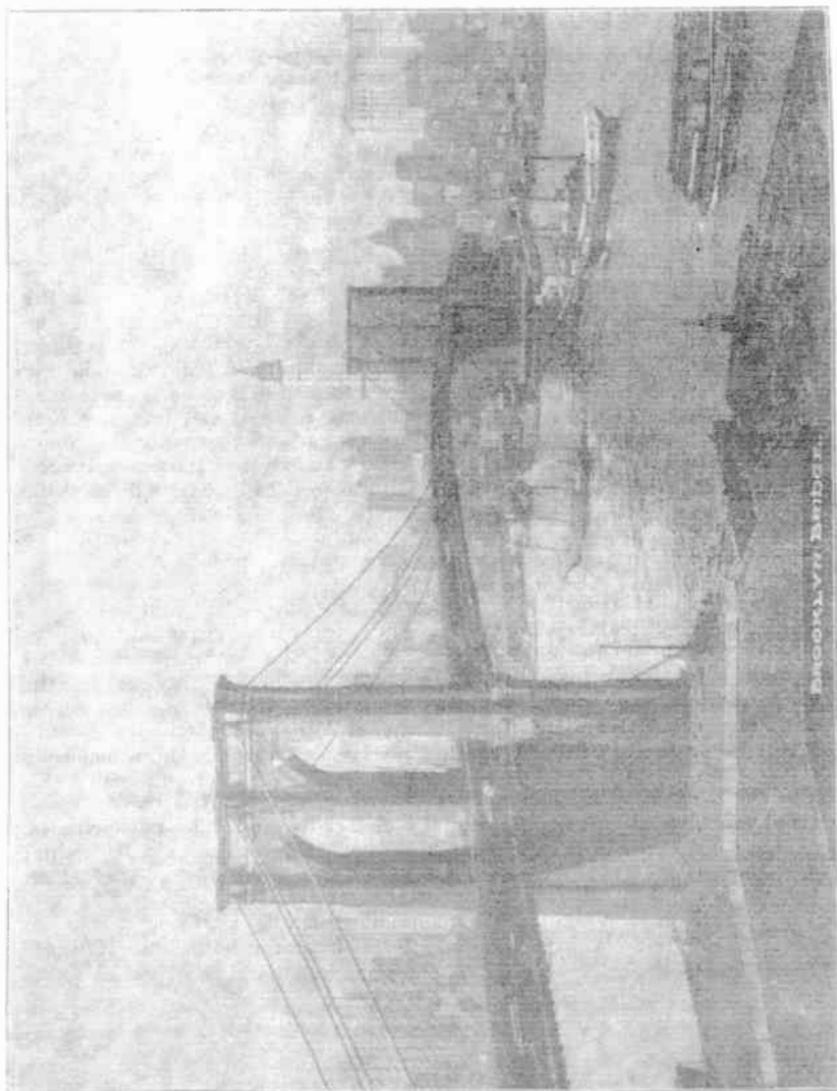
THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The Brooklyn Bridge which spans the East River, connecting the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, has its Manhattan terminal at the City Hall Park. To see the bridge, it should be viewed from the river, or by walking across it. Only by actually going out on the bridge can one gain adequate conception of its tremendous construction. The view of the river, harbor, and city is comprehensive and interesting, and gives one a realization of the magnitude of the city, of its vast expanse to the north, and the mountain of masonry to the south. The ridge of high buildings on the lower end of Manhattan, as seen from the bridge in the afternoon, has much of the character of a mountain; its heights cast in shadow the district to the east, just as a mountain shadows the slopes and valleys behind it long before the sun sets. At the middle of the river span one has the novel experience of looking directly down on the water craft, 135 feet below. The largest steamboat takes on an appearance curiously suggestive of a toy boat.

The bridge was begun in 1870, and opened to traffic thirteen years later, costing \$15,000,000. Alterations and improvements have increased the cost to \$21,000,000. It is one of the largest suspension bridges in existence, and in the field of bridge engineering, it is one of the wonders of the world. It was designed by John A. Roebling, who had previously built the Niagara Falls suspension bridge and others. While engaged in the preliminary work he met his death. He was succeeded by his son, William A. Roebling, who in turn was injured by a fire in one of the caissons, and became a permanent invalid. He was removed to a residence on the heights of Brooklyn, where with indomitable resolution he watched the details of construction from his window by the aid of a telescope, and assisted by his wife, directed the progress of the work to its successful completion.

The bridge consists of a central river span from tower to tower, two land spans from towers to anchorages, and the land approach on either side. The channel span from tower to tower is 1,505 feet 6 inches; the land span is 930 feet. The Manhattan approach is 1,562 feet 6 inches; the Brooklyn approach 971 feet. The total length of the bridge is 5,989 feet, and with the extensions 6,537 feet. The towers rise 278 feet above high water; from water to roadway, 119 feet, from roadway to roof coping 159 feet. The floor at the tower is 119 feet; the clear height at the center of span 135 feet above water. The width is 85 feet. The cables are 15¾ inches in diameter, and 3,578 feet 6 inches in length.]

The towers rest on caisson foundations. The Manhattan caisson rests on bedrock 78 feet below the high water mark, and the Brooklyn one on a clay bottom 45 feet down. The caissons are of a size which was previously unknown; that in Manhattan being 172 x 102 feet, that in Brooklyn 168 x 102 feet. Each weighs 7,000 tons and is filled with 8,000 tons of concrete. The towers are not solid masonry, but consist



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

of three buttressed shafts, joined by connecting walls up to the roadway and arched above. At high water line the towers are 140 x 159 feet and at the roof course 136 x 153 feet.

The New York ends of the four cables are imbedded in an anchorage 930 feet back of the tower; the other ends are fastened in the corresponding anchorage in Brooklyn. These anchorages are masses of masonry which measure 129 x 119 feet at the base, 117 x 104 feet at the top, with a height of 89 feet front and 85 feet rear. Each one has a dead weight of a million pounds, and is capable of resisting two and one-half times the pull of the cables on them. Each cable consists of 5,296 oil-coated and galvanized steel wires, 3,578 feet 6 inches long, laid parallel, and closely wrapped into a solid cable 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter. Expressed in another way, each cable consists of 3,515 miles of wire wrapped in 243 miles of wire. Each wire has a breaking strength of not less than 3,400 pounds. The ultimate strength of each cable is 12,000 pounds, and the four cables weigh 6,800,000 pounds. Where they pass over the towers, the cables rest in saddles weighing 25,000 pounds each, which rest on steel rollers, so that each cable may have a movement forward and backward to accommodate itself to changes of temperature and variations of load. The suspender ropes, which support the superstructure, are of twisted steel galvanized wire, and are capable of sustaining five times the load they will ever be called upon to bear. Expansion and contraction of the floor system are provided for by expansion joints in the centers of the three spans. The natural life of the bridge is 20,000 years.

The bridge has a central promenade for foot passengers, two elevated railroad tracks, two roadways for trolley cars and carriages. The volume of traffic is something of which bare figures fail to give any conception. One must see for one's-self the confluent streams of humanity which at the day's end flow to the bridge through all the converging streets—up Nassau and Park Row, from Broadway across the Park, and down Centre and Chatham. In all the multitudes constantly crowding across the bridge since it was opened, there has been but one fatal accident. The latest traffic figures are for the year 1915, and show that the bridge in that year carried 1,399,785 trolley cars; 1,383,842 elevated cars; 100,375,000 pedestrians, and 1,950,000 vehicles.

The high building to the north of the bridge is the new Municipal building. The Woolworth building with its pointed tower, the tallest building in the world, can be seen just to the south.

Since the Brooklyn Bridge was built the East River has been spanned by the Manhattan, Williamsburg, Queensboro and Hellgate bridges, all gigantic structures.

Woman never wants the last word; she wants to keep right on talking.

Remember that the most universally useful tool, the hair pin, was not invented until the sixteenth century.

THE WRECK OF THE NORTH STAR

By E. A. Brown, Chief Operator

About four miles to the eastward of Yarmouth, N. S., lies Green Island, known to mariners on the Nova Scotian coast as the graveyard of ships, and it was here that the good ship North Star, whom many of you knew as a home, met her fate on the morning of August 8th.

Running on the Yarmouth division of the Eastern Steamship Lines, we left Boston at 1 p. m., Thursday, August 7th, bound for Yarmouth with freight and passengers. The weather was fine and good time was made until about 2 a. m. the following morning, when thick fog was encountered about four hours out from Yarmouth. Still, fog on the Nova Scotian coast is as regular as Mexican revolutions, and no fears were entertained until suddenly at 6:21 a. m. there was a heavy crash followed quickly by a second, then a few minutes of grinding and the old North Star had come to a sudden stop. Picking myself up from the deck where I had been thrown by the crash, I examined the set and found it intact and in working order, so went to the side and looking over found the bow badly smashed in and resting across a jagged ledge of rocks. Thick fog prevailed, and as we were making 15 knots at the time of striking, we had driven well in across the ledge. The whistle was sounding distress signals by this time, and the Captain came to the wireless room and filed a message saying, "North Star on the rocks somewhere south of Yarmouth. Send help at once." This was sent at once to the steamship company's agent at Yarmouth via Cape Sable (VCU), and as the captain had no definite idea of his exact location, he requested that a bearing be obtained from Bar Harbor. This was done, the result placing us on the western side of the southern end of Green Island. This was sent out in a message in order that rescuing vessels might know where to find us. By this time the other operator, N. W. Filson, had reached the room, having been thrown from his bunk by the shock. I might say that Filson got up quicker than he was ever known to have done before. The ship was pounding heavily by this time and water was entering fast, so not knowing how long we would have the use of the dynamos, the batteries were placed on charge in order that they would have as full a charge as possible in case of necessity. At 8:10 a. m. a message was received from Cape Sable stating that 2 tugs had been dispatched from Yarmouth to our assistance, this being all that was available at the time. At 8:45 a. m. the engine rooms and firerooms became flooded and had to be abandoned. This was done just in the nick of time, as the bursting of the auxiliary steam line a few minutes later flooded the engine room with steam. This escaped through hatchways, skylights, and ventilators, and made walking on deck impossible, as only a precarious foothold could be maintained due to the pounding of the vessel, the escaping steam obscuring all vision. The advantage of the batteries was now made apparent, as without them we would have been without any source of power. About this time a message was received from Cape Sable saying

that the Canadian Government steamer Stanley, which had been ordered to our assistance, was fog-bound and unable to proceed, so no help could be looked for from that quarter. It was decided to await the arrival of the tugs and then transfer the passengers in the lifeboats. At 10:15 a. m. the first tug arrived and this work was started. The other tugs arrived a few minutes later, and by noon the 280 passengers had all been taken off and were on their way into Yarmouth. The tugs then returned, and by 2:30 p. m. only about 15 of us remained aboard, the remainder of the crew having also been taken ashore. It was now known that the ship would be a total loss, and the question of saving her had narrowed down to how long we could stand by her with safety. The captain was desirous of remaining aboard all night, but by 4 p. m. the heavy sea that was rolling in, coupled with the fact that the bottom was pretty well pounded out by this time, made this impossible; and very reluctantly the word was passed to abandon ship. VCU was notified, constant communication having been maintained with him from the time of striking. Also with Bar Harbor (NBD) and the Canadian Government steamer Stanley (VDE). I wish to especially mention VCU for the service he gave us. It was excellent, and very much appreciated. At 4:35 p. m. we left the ship in a lifeboat, saving all our effects and what parts of the set could be easily removed, and after about 45 minutes' strenuous work on the oars, were taken aboard a fishing trawler and landed at Yarmouth. The crowded condition of the town made the securing of hotel accommodations impossible, so after a hearty supper Filson and I were taken in for the night by a private family. Having been up for 19 hours, I could have slept on a clothes-line myself. The next day we sailed for Boston on the S. S. Northland.

Thus ended the career of a mighty good ship, and I think those of you who sailed on her will join me in mourning her loss. And if ever that misguided organization known to the world as the prohibition party will give me the chance, I want to offer one more toast:

"To the best ship that ever sailed the coast—the NORTH STAR."



NUT PROFITS

Cultivation of the English walnut is a rapidly growing industry in the United States. The reason for this is readily traced to the fact that this country is producing only about one-half enough of these nuts to supply the demand. The famous orchards of France and Italy fell before the ravages of the Hun, and we can no longer look to this source for our supply.

The Persian, commonly called the English walnut, was named "Nut of the Gods" by the Romans nineteen hundred years ago and by them was distributed throughout southern Europe, where descendants of these original trees are now standing, lasting monuments to the men who conquered these countries.

Experts say there is no good reason why this country should not raise enough English walnuts for our own needs and even export a few million dollars' worth. And what fitting memorials these beautiful trees would make for our own revered heroes who gave up their lives that their country might live. As an ornamental tree the English walnut is unsurpassed. Its light bark and dark green waxy leaves blend harmoniously with the surrounding landscape. It is an exceptionally clean tree and, as far as is known, has not been troubled with fungus or insect pests.

In some of the old missions of California there are English walnut trees more than one hundred and forty years old, with trunks four feet in diameter. There are many of these individual ancient trees throughout the State, but the oldest of the orchards are from thirty-five to forty years. Some of these trees have a spread of eighty feet or more, and the growers consider that an English walnut orchard will bear profitably for more than one hundred years.

The demand for this nut is increasing rapidly, as its great food value is constantly becoming better known. The meat contains more nutriment than the same amount of beefsteak.

The price is keeping pace with the demand, the growers now receiving four times as much for a pound of nuts as they got a few years ago, when they were producing only one-tenth of the present output.

Thus it may be seen that the planting of English walnut trees not only is an exceedingly lucrative venture for the present generation, but means the conferring of a priceless boon upon the generation to come. Some States are considering the advisability of planting these trees along the new State roads after the custom abroad, where practically all the walnuts are distributed along the drives or serve as ornamental shade trees upon the lawns.

As the nut trees are notoriously deep rooted, the cultivation should be very deep, and the use of explosives for making the holes and for tillage between the trees is common.

Who was George Washington's opponent when George ran for the Presidency?

THE END OF THE SANTA CRISTINA

About noon, on the 8th of July, I was sleeping in a deck-chair when I was suddenly awakened by a call of "Fire"! I immediately arose and called the second assistant, who was also sleeping in a deck-chair, and started for the radio cabin. Just before entering my room, the fire alarms started ringing and I shouted to an oiler and told him to tell one of the engineers to put on the juice for the wireless. I then went in and put on the phones. Shortly they started lowering the lifeboat just outside and I called out to the second mate that I was still without juice.

The captain came in and got his watch which I had been checking the time signals with and said he didn't think we would control the fire. I told him I was still without juice and asked him to see if he could do anything about it. (Imagine a wireless operator asking the skipper to run an errand!) But he tore out and was back in about a minute and said it was impossible to get any juice as the fire (caused by some burning alcohol from the torches dropping on the deck plates which were flooded by alcohol from a leaking tank, spreading from there to the bilges) was under the deck plates and the dynamo was the first thing that was put out of commission.

As it was impossible to get off a call, I suppose it would have been all right for me to hang up the phones and pack up some clothes, but as we were in a position where there is considerable traffic, I had a hunch some ship might see our smoke and send out a C.Q. that they were heading for us. However, my hunch failed to materialize, as will be seen later.

All this time smoke had been coming through the cracks in the bulkhead between the engine room and the wireless room and soon it was so bad one could hardly see or breathe, there being considerable ammonia gas mixed with the oil smoke, the ice machine pipes having cracked by the intense heat. The smoke finally got so bad I was forced to take off the phones for a moment and wet a towel. After putting on the phones, I put this improvised gas helmet over my head. This was a great relief, but a new danger appeared. As I only had a pair of light slippers on my feet I noticed the deck was getting hot. As it kept getting hotter I knew the engineer's rooms under me were afire, and I began thinking the old home was about lost; but when the flames started coming through the bulkhead from the engine room I was sure of it. So I picked up a suit of clothes and started to change. I forgot about the deck being hot at the time, but when I took off my slippers I soon regained my memory. Some of the fancy steps I made while trying to get into the clothes and keep both feet off the deck at the same time would have made a champion buck-and-wing artist green with envy. I had just succeeded in getting into the clothes when someone shouted into my room. I couldn't make out what was said so I removed my gas helmet and the phones and heard the call, "All hands to the boats!"

Needless to say, I didn't hesitate after that, in fact, I think I moved quite rapidly. I pulled down my license, reached in a drawer and got my reports, a wallet containing my passports, etc., jammed a hat on and went on deck. The decks were flooded by fuel-oil and it was plain to see that once this oil caught fire the ship would be in flames from stem to stern. Just before going down the Jacobs ladder I called out to a fellow in the boat to catch my license. Just as I tossed it, another fellow got up from his seat and the license hit him squarely on the head, the glass going up in the air, the ticket in the bottom of the boat and the frame around the fellow's neck. As there were quite a lot of sparks and burning material falling in the boat, the ticket was punctured in a number of places before I retrieved it. Luckily, it didn't burn up completely.

We had no more than started and the skipper was deciding what course to steer when a sail was sighted. That little speck of canvas on the horizon certainly looked good to me, and on further inspection all hands agreed that the little schooner *Tenerife*, of Havana, was the finest little boat they had ever seen.

When about half a mile away from the burning ship, the oil tanks started exploding with a low, rumbling sound, and by using the glasses one could easily see the ship shaking with each explosion. Two hours after we left the ship we were safe on the *Tenerife* bound for Havana, which port we made the following morning. The Cuban authorities decided to put us all in quarantine. The American Vice Consul seemed very much in favor of this plan, but a delegation of three put in a protest to the Consul General, and in the end we won out.

We arrived in New Orleans safely on the *Excelsior* and all hands took a long breath and said, "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

Yes, she was a great little ship, 1,464 tons, two 320 horsepower Boller motor which shot her through the water at a scandalous speed of some five knots, but she was a home, and I was on her from her trial trip in Frisco Bay, March 24th, 1918, till the fireworks in the Gulf, July 8th.

C. Morenus

HE DREW THE LINE

Mike O'Grady had twenty-five men working for him. Mike was a big, burly fellow, proud of his muscular powers. "I want it understood," he said with the glare of a lion, "that I can lick any man on the job."

Another athletic-looking Irishman straightened up and said, "What's that? Ye think ye can lick any one av us?"

"Shure," replied Mike with assurance, "I can lick any man that works under me."

"Well, ye can't lick me," said the other,

as he threw down his pick and spat on his hands.

"All right," said Mike, "go to the time keeper and get your pay. I won't have a man under me that I can't lick."

My heart goes out in pity to the man whose heart is not in the work he is paid to do. And my heart goes out in joy to the man, whose mind, whose soul and whose heart are riveted to the thing he has selected as his part in the scheme of life.

—*The Country Doctor*

FRONTISPIECE

General Pershing's photograph, which we reproduce this month, is considered the best taken in France, and has been used by him for personal souvenirs. The many ribbon bars represent decorations as follows: single at top, American distinguished service medal; top row, left to right, Indian wars badge, Spanish war badge, Philippine Insurrection badge, Mexican service badge. Foreign decorations, Legion of Honor, France; Order of Bath, England; Order of Leopold, Belgium; Order of St. Maurice, Italy.

SUMMER SEAS

By E. J. Martineau

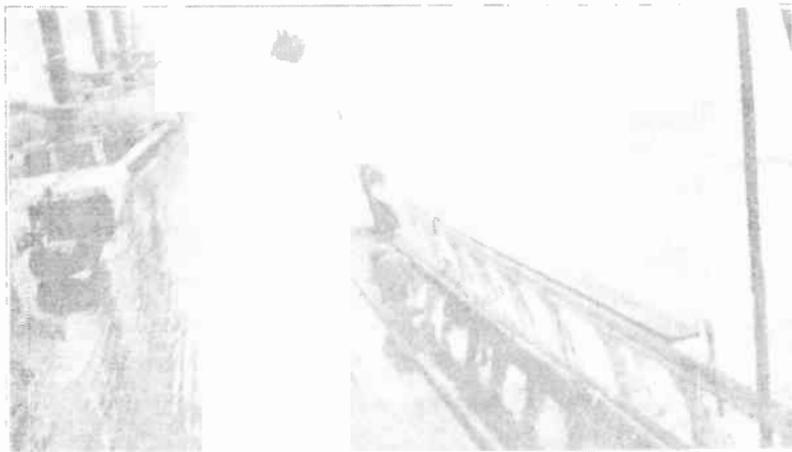
All about my last voyage aboard the five-masted schooner Dorothy Palmer, from New York to Marseilles and Cette, France, and back to New York.

Undertaking a voyage on a schooner that is rather old and cranky is nothing pleasant to look ahead to, but when I joined her I felt pleased with myself, for I had often heard that the only sea romances are staged aboard schooners these days, BUT . . . read the last sentence carefully. On the fifth of January we left New York, a tow-boat tugging at our lines. Dorothy seemed reluctant to start on a crossing of the Western ocean in winter time. We finally had to anchor off Liberty, as the tow-boat could not pull us to sea on account of a strong head wind. We remained there until the next day, when we set sail and passed away. From appearances we were already a wreck. All of our heaving gear was in a turmoil and dirt about a foot thick covered the deck. At ten that night we had our last glimpse of terra firma while we all settled the question that for days to come we would see nothing but aqua infirma. The night was cold and cloudy with occasional snow flurries and a fresh northeast wind pushing us to the southeastward full and by. The next day was one of those aggravating calms, only making 20 miles in the twenty-four hours. But that night it breezed up and the wind kept increasing until the next night, when it was blowing a howling gale and snowing like the mischief. Old Dorothy began to heave and sigh and moan and creak and then started to crack and whistle and then BANG! The storm had reached its full force. Blow after blow struck at the weak and old Dorothy with unabated fury, every blow telling on her as she



began leaking. All our tops'ls and fourth and fifth jib had already been taken in. It was high time we took in all our large sails, for Dorothy was laying over at an alarming angle and they threatened to blow away. At one a. m. we started taking the jigger in; the spanker was already down. It came down O. K. but while we (I say WE, as I had my boots and oilskins on and was on deck helping) were taking it in the fores'l bursted and blowed away, leaving nothing but ribbons such as a Hawaiian dancer wears to Hoo-chee-coo-chee, and old Dorothy was Hoo-chee-coo-cheeing too. Standing aft and looking forward a man's head would completely disappear behind the midship house, so much she would bend. Next in attempting to lower the mizzen the throat halyard got stuck in the block and the wind was batting that sail as good as Ty Cobb, yes, better, as our mizzen gaff was broken in two, and then the sail made her exit for parts unknown. While taking down the mains'l it also made its exit, but with more grace and less noise than her sister the mizzen. We were then in a fine fix; no sails and leaking one and a half feet per hour, both pumps (that was all we had) were running full speed. To make matters worse one threatned to go on strike for more steam, while the chief engineer (it was really a title for effect, as he was only a donkeyman) was danning the . . . small boiler. A little while after a comber wishes to take a bit of constitutional and test its strength, so it hops aboard over the stern and tears away our only life launch. Enter Chief Engineer. "Captain, the water is gaining on the pumps. We are now making two and a half feet per hour."

When I heard that, I think I would have felt better if it had been my death sentence instead. Were you ever in the same predicament? No? Well, those words act on the human system as the hollow needle.



But instead of sending you to a nigger heaven, it sends you to the limbos. Your heart either beats faster or slower (had no time to analyze), your tongue seems to drop in your throat and gives you a choking sensation, your stomach feels empty and you crave for a drink of water, while your legs rhyme with Shakespeare's *Autumu Leaves*. They shake. Then visions upon visions cloud your brains and . . . but this is not a philosophical narration. We were in a tight place, so tight we never expected to get out of it, but kind Providence came to our aid and—the wind died down and out.

We were then about 200 miles N. W. of Bermuda, so we made for that port in distress with our two remaining sails, the lame duck arriving off Bermuda three days later in a pitiable condition. We remained there two months while repairs were being made.

On the eleventh day of March we sailed away, leaving many a broken heart behind, as the people ashore had learned to love the crew of the *Dot Palmer*. For three days we went along at a pretty good jog with a fair wind, putting us about 480 miles off, when the wind came ahead and down south we started. Five days of that and the wind died out. Seven days in a dead calm drifting about with the current, when the wind came ahead once more and remained there for a few days. The glass began to descend, finally falling down to 29.10. Then the wind struck with a rush. I think it must have blown hurricane force. Once more old *Dot* opened up and began leaking three feet per hour and . . . but what is the use to repeat the same story. We had trouble spelt in capital letters and underlined twice. When my antenna came down it was quite a job to go up the top of that mast and get it hooked again during that storm, but we had to get it there in our condition. We finally made *Ponta Delgada*, Azores, on the first of April and put in there in distress. We were there one month, repairing, and then proceeded to France without further mishaps. We left France the eighteenth of June and arrived in New York the fifteenth of August. I had all the salt junk I ever care to eat during those two months coming home. All in all, it is good experience and gives one backbone. Talk about ROMANCE, love is not in it!

FIGURE IT OUT

"A ton of coal am equal to a negro."
"G'wan, man, whar yo' all get dat stuff?"

"Yes, sah; I'll prove it to yo', black boy. A ton of coal am a weight; a weight am a pause; a pause am a shortstop; a shortstop am a baseball player; a baseball player am a foul grabber; a foul grabber is a chicken thief, and a chicken thief am a negro."

THE TERRORS OF ENGLISH

If an S, and an I, and an O, and a U,
With an X at the end, spell Su;
And an E, and a Y, and E, spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S, and an I, and a G,
And an H E D, spell side,
There's nothing much left for a speller
to do
But go, commit siouxeeyesighed.

JUGO SLAVIA

RAGUSA, DALMATIA

By Clarence Cisin

"Every day a holiday," may be just a quotation. Every *other* day a holiday, in Ragusa, is a reality. Ragusa is permeated with that magic which changes commonplace things and ordinary persons into colorful adventures and interesting, lovable personalities. It is the fairyland of the old world. It is all the light operas and musical comedies rolled into one, with the inharmonious and discordant left out.

Ragusa is an extravagant mixture of colors, music, old-fashioned courtesy and quaint architecture, blended together by a superlative artist. It is light-hearted and care-free. It is joyous without being boisterous. It is impressive without being loud. It is fanciful and dreamy, and as soothing as sweet melodies hummed by unseen singers.

Ragusa, dressed for a holiday, imparts all the fascination, all the call to the imagination, and all the happiness of spirit that a Christmas tree, with its decorations and flickering candles, affords children. Surrounded on one side by hills, tinted with grasses and foliage green all the year around, looking out in the other direction upon the clear blue waters of the Adriatic—it defies photographic attempts at reproduction, and makes picture postcards blasphemous.

An ancient castle, surrounded by a moat crossed by means of a drawbridge, guards the main gateway to the town. A winding road lined on both sides with stanchions carrying the national colors of the new Republic, and encircled with cedar wreaths, twists its way along the grounds of the castle, through a passage built under the castle itself, and opens up, with unexpected suddenness within the heart of the town.

In the evening, a soft, yellow radiance is diffused from numbers of tall, peculiarly-shaped lamp posts, giving everything the golden glow of mellow moonlight. Buildings and stores draped with flags, woven tapestries and colored silks form a bizarre setting for the throngs of men and women, leisurely sauntering along in animated conversation. Military uniforms, of many nationalities, faultless evening dress and picturesque peasant costumes intermingle with exquisite effect. A military band, in bright red uniforms and black, peaked caps, seated upon a platform in the center of the principal square, give a final touch to an air of gaiety which is neither forced nor unnatural.

A large coffee house, seating about 200 people, is situated at the head of the street. It is within easy hearing distance of the band, and its comfortable, cozy corners, dull illumination, and splendid refreshments make it the town's central gathering place. The majority of the men and women are strikingly well-built, clean-cut and intelligent-looking. The men are tall and dark, with high, broad foreheads, well-spaced eyes, regular features and aggressively formed chins. The women dress be-

comingly and present a pleasing and dignified appearance. They are of medium stature, have rather small brown eyes, and full, sympathetic lips. The Slovak language is the most commonly used and understood, but the majority of the people speak three or four other languages. The loud talk and excessive hand motions of most European countries is conspicuous by its absence in Ragusa.

At the present moment there is an extremely hard feeling toward the Italian Government, due to Italy's political desires to govern Dalmatia. The difference in ideals, the lack of common understanding between the two countries, and the fervid desire of the Slavs to form an independent government make the thought of being under Italy's control unbearable to them.

French colonial negroes are doing the policing of the town, guarding warehouses, docks and Austrian prisoners. It is difficult to conceive a more inhuman picture than that presented by these negroes, savage, uncivilized and brutal, driving their prisoners along by means of kicks and blows with clubs. Prisoners of war, their uniforms in tatters, unwashed, unkempt, sickly and starved-looking, their feet showing through the make-shift pieces of leather they use for shoes—the picture of misery and hopelessness—kicked if they don't work fast enough, beaten if they stop to rest and stuck with bayonet points if they try to argue. Undoubtedly the Germans and Austrians treated their war prisoners as bad or worse, but that far from excuses the practice.

The Slovak people, as represented by the Dalmatians of Ragusa are an idealistic, intelligent, sympathetic race. They have suffered long under the Austrian yoke, and now, that the rights of small nations are to be respected, they are determined to have the freedom and national unity to which they are entitled.

A PLAINTIVE PLEA

Hong Kong belonged to China,
Boston's streets were straight;
The Navy gave good ratings,
And there was a Golden Gate.
It wasn't so hot in Panama,
No good ship could be called a tub;
Cape Town wasn't civilized—
The ships all put up swell grub.
There were few dogs in Fort de
France,
Few mosquitos in Sabine;
Iquique was a beautiful place—
The Savannah river clean.

But I've been and seen and know
better;
I learned I was all wrong,
But hadn't been taught a lesson,
For I thought life on shore was a
song.

But—I was sadly disillusioned,
So I'm back at the radio key;
Another "comeback" — much
wiser;
Don't "come from Missouri" like
me.

James W. Harte

OBITUARY

John J. Harrigan, Chief Electrician (Radio), died at Brooklyn, May 19th, after an illness of three months. He was born in Baltimore, November 12th, 1888, served four years in the Navy, and joined the Marconi service in 1912. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve last April while stationed at Virginia Beach, and was detailed to the U. S. S. Allaguash on transport duty. He was widely and favorably known in the Marconi service. His funeral was from St. Edwards Church, Baltimore, with a guard of eight Naval Reserves as pallbearers, and his younger brother as altar boy. He left a widow and infant daughter. We extend deep sympathy to the family.

We learn with deep regret of the death, by drowning, at Le Havre, France, of Patrick J. Barkley, of the S. S. Neabaco (Am.), who was one of our oldest and most expert operators. His home was in Larne, Ireland. No details of the sad accident have been received.

White money is plentiful, put your house in order, brother. You never had such a chance to fortify yourself.

Pay up your back debts, clean your slate and lay aside every dollar you can as a reserve nest egg. By this I don't mean to stint yourself unnecessarily, but cut out the excess baggage you are carrying thoughtlessly and needlessly. Because money comes easier than ordinarily is no reason why it should be spent foolishly.

A dollar spent foolishly is gone forever. A dollar saved and invested wisely now will come back two-fold to help you later when you may need help.

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9,567 KILLED ON RAILROADS IN 1917

Casualties on American railroads during 1917 resulted in the death of 9,567 persons and the injury of 70,970. During the previous year 9,476 lives were lost and 66,982 persons were injured. Accidents on grade crossings of steam railroads during 1917 numbered 3,673.

PERSONAL

W. J. Hernan, of the Wireless Press, Ltd., returned on the Baltic from a trip through the war zone.

T. Engset, Secretary general, and Hermod Petersen, Chief Radio Engineer, of the Norwegian Tele-

graph administration, arrived on the Royal George to study the radio situation in America.

Eugene Stalinger, Radio Engineer of the Polish Department of Posts and Telegraphs, accompanied by T. B. Zwolinski as interpreter, have arrived in America in the interests of radio expansion in Poland.

Mr. Nally returned from England on the Aquitania, after a hurried business trip.

Mr. Ross spent his vacation in the Thousand Islands.

Mr. Bucher has returned from an extensive automobile tour.

President Griggs is home from a trip to the Canadian Rockies and Vancouver.

BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Podell, New York, September 16, a son, 7½ pounds.

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK

Operators in this division who remained in the Marconi service throughout the war received a pleasant surprise last week and felt highly appreciative when presented with neatly engraved certificates testifying to their loyal and patriotic service in the war. "During which wireless communication was a strong arm of defense, the United States Government having designated the production and upkeep of wireless apparatus as an essential war industry."

Aside from being a work of art the certificates are documents of real value and, after framing, make highly prized reminders of the days

when the men showed their mettle in casting aside all fear of danger and went out to sea in ships carrying no lights and continuously on the lookout for treacherous submarines.

Almost every man to whom a certificate was presented had occasion to send at least one distress call, some sent as many as five and six, while practically all heard numerous such calls for help and warnings of approaching danger during the strenuous period.

For those who went from the Marconi service to the navy or army there is an attractive roll of honor being distributed. This is also suitable for framing and contains 456 names of prominent Marconi men.

Charles L. Fagan is now in charge on the San Juan running to Porto Rico. He is known as one of the most loyal and reliable operators in our service. In making up a list of some seven hundred operators in the employ of this division since Mr. Duffy became superintendent Fagan stood fifteenth. Of the fourteen who preceded him in the service only eight now remain. They are Mr. Duffy, the superintendent; Mr. Fitzpatrick, assistant superintendent; Mr. Miller, chief operator; J. F. Forsyth, L. C. Nunn, R. W. Young, F. W. Harper and E. J. Marschall. Two—Ben Beckerman and Sam Schneider—are with the Railroad Administration; two—M. G. B. Rabbits and K. M. McAlpine—were transferred to other divisions; O. C. Temple is in the navy and I. T. Carpenter has left the wireless field on account of illness.

Another of our operators played the hero role during the past

month. This time it fell to the lot of William F. C. Hertz to prove the sticking qualities of Marconi men. It was when the Munaries was rammed by a British ship just outside Sandy Hook at 12:15 a. m. on August 29 last. The ship had left dock in the afternoon, but anchored in the bay until about 9:30 p. m. Hertz had retired when the first danger whistle was blown. This was about a minute or so before the crash, so Hertz had already started to dress. Looking out his window he saw the bow of the other ship but a few feet from him, scraping along the side of the Munaries.

Hertz reported to the Captain for orders and was directed to send out the call. He did this and remained at his post while all on board, with the exception of the Captain and ten of the crew, took to boats from which they were rescued by the ship which had rammed them. One quartermaster was drowned.

When asked why he had not gone off with the others in lifeboats, Hertz replied that he was so busily engaged in sending out the distress call and listening to answers that it had not occurred to him. Help came through the work of Hertz and the Munaries was towed into port.

This is Hertz's second experience this year. On February 22 last he sent an SOS call when the Paloma went ashore on the coast of Cuba. At that time also Hertz remained in the radio cabin, making no effort to leave the ship and with thoughts only of attracting help in the interest of the ship and the crew rather than thinking of his own safety.

Hertz has been continuously in the service of this division over two years and has an unblemished record. He is known to the office force as a man in whom the greatest reliance can be placed.

W. P. Kent, former manager of the Jacksonville station, was assigned to a ship from this office on September 2, following his release from the navy, in which he served during the war.

H. H. Long is enjoying a short leave of absence, during which he is showing Mrs. Long the sights of New York and introducing her to American customs. Mrs. Long is a Chilean heiress. It was while attending a society event during his stay in a city in Chile two years ago, when he was running on the New York-West Coast of South America run, that he met the girl whom he made his bride shortly after. Mrs. Long arrived in New York last week in response to his communications, and this is their first time in each other's company since their marriage.

Mrs. Long's arrival in this country was by way of New Orleans, where she was courteously taken care of and assisted to the train by our New Orleans office, for which both Mr. and Mrs. Long are very grateful to Superintendent Pohl.

George Lipsyte has arrived in New York after a trip of a little over four months on the Starlite to South America.

It is rumored that John Lohman was seen about the Radio Inspector's office enquiring of Major Krumm just how old a boy must be before obtaining a license, and it is thought that he is endeavoring to obtain one for John, Jr. John has been in the Clyde Line so long

it appears that he is there for life, and should the junior, if he is successful in obtaining a license for him, be assigned to the same line it would make quite a novelty. Perhaps it may not be so long before we see father and son on the same ship.

E. J. Martineau is safely back with us again after a successful eight months' voyage on the Dorothy Palmer, on which he gained quite a little knowledge of Africa. He was since assigned to another vessel, but was prevented from sailing because of an unfortunate occurrence of having his entire effects stolen from him.

There is a student at the Marconi Institute whose name is Early, and according to Instructor Howell, he always comes late for class.

What's in a name? Sometimes it means something. We have an operator named Seaman and another named Shipley. Both go to sea on ships. But, then, we have Operator Young who is not young, Brown who is of the whitest white men variety, Kling who does not kling, Long who is by no means long, a Love who is too young to be in love and probably don't know what it is outside of his name. Lohman who is the high man on his ship. Miller who is not one, Muck who is not, Nunn who is not one, a Welch who never would, and a Taylor who is not one. For parts of ships we have a Hatch, a Hull and a Hall.

And we have a man who is Noble. Another who smiles a lot is named Bliss. Brogan does not wear brogans. For a real nice suggestive name we have Lovejoy, but best of all we have John Jamieson—that is, we haven't any (we wish

we had right now), but an operator by that name came in our service August 13.

BOSTON

L. F. Martin has returned from France and is on the farm awaiting another assignment.

Fred Zahn was assigned to the Caxambu and is on his way overseas.

W. H. Farnum and L. E. Boyden have resigned.

C. A. Sears relieved M. W. Ghen on the Essex, of the Southern division. Sears was relieved on the Dingley by Norman Filson, an old-timer, who returns to the service from the Navy.

E. A. Brown has returned after serving overseas in the destroyer force, where he made C. P. O. His hair-raising experiences did not end with his release from the Navy, as is evident from the fact that he, with Filson, piled up on Green Island, N. S., with the North Star. The Star is still there, but Brown is on the Gov. Cobb.

Harry Cheetham is another old-timer who has re-entered the service. Cheetham served on the good ship Harvard Radio during the war and also on the Housatonic. Of the two he preferred the latter. Harry has at last joined the ranks of the Benedicts and is holding down the Calvin Austin on the New York run with Sloane.

P. S. Killam has returned from the Navy and is on the Belfast. Mr. and Mrs. Killam are residing at Reading, Mass.

Walter Swett has abandoned plans for a transatlantic flight in his car—says flights are no longer novel and he has decided to stay on the ground. He had already

become expert at passing over corner curbsings and was about to practice on hydrants. Walter is at home on the North Land.

It is said that nobody loves a fat man, yet Bill Sullivan holds the local record for correspondence. Bill gets into port every two or three days and gathers up his mail to make room for more. Good thing he is on a short run. The North Land is moving considerable traffic, consisting in part of Bill's messages, which are not PDH's either.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

A. Jensen, who has been assigned to the Harry Croft, decided to leave his vessel at Duluth without giving the required notice and waiting for his relief to arrive. Jensen accepted an assignment on a vessel operated by the Shipping Board, and upon his arrival at a lower lake port his license was taken up by the United States Radio Inspector and revoked.

Floyd Woodson, who has been senior on the City of Cleveland III, has been transferred to the M. A. Bradley.

R. Brown, from the City of Buffalo, was transferred temporarily to the Peter Reiss.

The City of Erie made a special cruise from Cleveland to the Soo. M. Limb was in charge and F. J. Kaehni acted as junior.

The State of Ohio, which has been making excursion trips from Toledo and Cleveland to Cedar Point, has laid up for the season. Chas. Heffelman has returned to his home.

The Seeandbee also completed

her season, and Harold Morarity returned to his home in Toledo.

C. Macomber was transferred from the Eastern States to the Harry Croft.

Harry Fraser, who has been senior on the City of Detroit III, was transferred to the F. B. Squire, H. Tieman taking the senior position on the City of Detroit III and E. Clark, a newcomer, is assigned as junior.

Lisle Wright was advanced to the senior position on the City of Cleveland III. Chas. Beazley, formerly on the Harvey H. Brown, was assigned as junior.

The City of Alpena II finished her season and laid up at Detroit. Roy Wenning, formerly of the Peter Reiss, had the last assignment on this ship.

H. Vineski was transferred to the Richard Reiss, after the City of Detroit II laid up.

Ollie Fishtorn was transferred to the E. J. Earling, after the City of St. Ignace finished her season.

The Tionesta has laid up and Carl Flory and Ralph Sayles returned to their homes at Eaton, Ohio, and Milan, Ohio, respectively, prior to returning to college.

Geo. Commerford, an old-time Marconi man, who spent the past two years in the Naval Reserves, finished the season as senior on the Juniata. His junior, Herbert Merrill, returned to his home in Connecticut. He will report later to the Eastern division for an assignment.

Conrad Russell and Geo. Noack completed the season on the Octora.

Carl Eisenhauer, a newcomer, is on the John Reiss.

S. E. Leonard, recently dis-

charged from the Naval Reserves, accepted assignment on the S. Y. Delphine, relieving C. R. Young.

Albert Meggers was transferred from the Juniata to the Huron.

H. S. Scott accepted his first assignment of the season on the Alpena.

CHICAGO

L. L. Lynn, former manager at Chicago, has secured a position as Radio Instructor with the Chicago Telegraph Institute.

Edwin Werlein is operator on the Georgia, having relieved Harold Leighton, who resigned to go to the Atlantic Coast. Werlein was on the Indiana before the war.

G. F. Holly has been transferred from the Indiana to the Alabama, taking the place of R. A. Demeritt, who resigned.

B. B. Minnium has been assigned as second operator on the South American in place of E. C. Mathis, who resigned.

Many old-time Lake Michigan operators have returned from Over There within the last month, and it is a pleasure to have them back with us. The boys can't forget the happy days on the Lakes. They say: "There's no place like home."

SOUTHERN DIVISION

BALTIMORE

W. P. Kelland came back to the fold the first of September. W. P. Grantlin, who was his predecessor, has tired of making repairs for high-salaried ship operators and has started a wireless school. He says his graduates are going to be able to do all their own repairing. Says it isn't going to be a ham factory, but a real school. Here's wishing you luck, Phil, we certainly need some real operators.

The following changes were made during August on our ships:

Grecian—F. R. Smith didn't like the steward, so quit. Miller was made senior and Samaha from the Juniata went junior.

Juniata—H. R. Butt took Samaha's place for one trip. M. M. Schulze is on her now.

Nantucket—J. H. Barron relieved L. M. Temple, but only lasted one trip. Too rough for him. E. B. Landon says he is a sea dog and succeeded Barron. He seems to be holding his own.

Gloucester—W. Faries, one of our old fellows, relieved C. Aymar. Faries expects to return to school.

Borgestad—We have at last found a good man to take her. Haake quit her as a bad job, but we now have a likely young man on her, L. M. Temple.

Persian—W. D. Siddall relieved L. C. Palmer as junior.

Essex—C. E. Sears took the place of Ghen, who has returned to school.

Merrimack—J. T. Portman, an old-timer, is senior in place of J. A. Bander.

Firmore—J. A. Bander has tried a one-man ship, taking out this one.

Quantico—J. Casebeer was assigned to the collier. He wants another assignment.

Sabine Sun—W. J. Ferris's license expired, so he left this good ship. S'matter? Can't you take another exam?

Santa Rita—H. C. Bucholz relieved C. Dietsch on this tanker. The latter took out a Shipping Board ship.

Hopper and Basset want to know why we pick on them by giving them all the new men. We expect to give Hopper another soon. He breaks 'em in right.

W. J. Phillips, formerly at our Hatteras station, and later in the aviation service, called to see us. Says he is on one of our competitor's ships, but wants to get back with a real company. We are going to accommodate him.

How many senior operators in this division besides Hopper ever turn in the monthly inventory of tools and spares we asked for in our special letter to M. & M. operators?

We have a representative at Norfolk. Look him up at the M. & M. Co.

The old reliable Bill Vogel returned from a long stay in the Eastern division and was assigned to the *Grecian*. By the way, sweet-scented letters came here, three and four every day. Bill must have been playing havoc with hearts in Flatbush. He was anxious about a certain handwriting, though. Said it was his cousin. S-O-S. Is that the way you broke in Charlie?

While on a trip to Philly recently I had the pleasure (!) of taking a night spin with the Philadelphia representative and his right-hand man. Said fivver ran fine, downhill, but on the grades Lee would make Freddie get out and adjust first one thing and then the other. They said they were trying out a new substitute for gasoline that they were working on. Now they are using it for a truck; \$1.50 a load. Wonder where they shanghaied F. R. Smith to? Second payment due! ? ?

PACIFIC DIVISION

W. E. Chesebrough has been assigned as operator in charge of the Alliance, relieving J. W. Millar, who is away on sick leave.

E. D. Fabian, of the steam schooner Fame, has been assigned to the Asuncion as operator in charge, and now he says he has a name.

C. E. Soderstrom, recently away on sick leave, returned to his assignment, the D. G. Scofield. Upon his return he informed us that the doctor said his heart was weak from the effects of the flu and not to do any hard work. We are now waiting for him to ask for something easier to do.

M. L. Principe, formerly junior operator aboard the Willamette, has been assigned as second aboard the Enterprise.

R. B. Price, a new man, was assigned as junior aboard the Humboldt, relieving W. Bates.

J. M. Heiligenthal, formerly in our service, was re-engaged and assigned as operator in charge of the J. B. Stetson. He says it is the first time since he left the service that he has been perfectly contented.

J. L. Slater, formerly in our service, was re-engaged and assigned as operator in charge of the Klamath.

M. H. Mears, who was recently released from the Naval Reserve, has been assigned to the Lurline as operator in charge.

F. T. Cookson and O. E. Norton have been assigned to the Multnomah as senior and junior respectively. Mr. Norton is a new man in the service, having been released from the Navy a short time ago.

F. I. Throop, who left our service about a year ago, returned and was assigned to the Rose City as operator in charge. Mr. Throop informed us that he is now married, although not a daddy just yet.

T. A. Rose, a new man, also a graduate of the Marconi Institute, has been assigned as junior aboard the Spokane, relieving Mr. C. W. Mason, who has resigned to return to school.

C. M. Vaudenburgh, who was released from the Naval Reserve a few months ago and then became ill, has returned and was assigned as operator in charge of the Willamette.

W. S. Davis, a new man, has been assigned as junior aboard the Willamette.

The motorship Katherine has been equipped with a standard 2 K.W. 500 cycle panel set. C. E. Goodwin has been assigned as operator in charge.

During the month the newspaper sales record held by the President was broken by Mr. Peek on his first trip by 78, totalling 820, and on his second trip he broke his own record by 28, totaling 848. We are now waiting with confidence to hear that he has broken the record a third time. During Mr. Peek's service as junior to Mr. Ahern of the Governor, they attempted to break the record held by the President but fell short by three papers. Mr. Peek now feels confident that Mr. Ahern will have to go some to beat him, although Mr. Ahern only smiles in a peculiar fashion whenever mention is made of his former partner's success, as if to say, "Never mind, he who laughs last laughs best!"

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