

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

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BY AND FOR MARCONI EMPLOYEES



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KING OF THE BELGIANS

SOME WIND

By Stephen Hidalgo

The 10,500-ton tank steamer *Fred W. Weller* signed on a crew of 47 men on August 13, 1919, and sailed for a Mexican port where she loaded full cargo of oil for Baton Rouge, after delivering same returned to Mexico and loaded a cargo for South America.

On September 5th we sailed from Mexico for Montevideo. Everything went well until September 8th, when at nine-thirty in the morning I received storm warnings broadcasted by Key West Radio advising all ships to use precautions. The captain at once ordered the ship prepared for bad weather. At nine-forty p. m. we passed by Habana, steering a course to pass about twelve miles off Piedras Cay, and the weather continued to get bad as we proceeded. At about ten p. m. I was talking to the S. S. *Valbanera* and gave him the hurricane warning at his request. On September 9th, about three a. m., it was necessary to heave to, as the wind was increasing and the sea getting higher. By nine o'clock that morning the wind started to blow about seventy miles an hour, rapidly increasing. At this time I sent a message to the steamship company giving the ship's position and condition of weather, and also heard the S. S. *Valbanera* in communication with Cuban stations. At eleven o'clock the wind was blowing at approximately 120 miles an hour and the seas were running at least sixty feet high. At this time the wireless aerial was blown away and life boats were being washed away one by one. The barometer had fallen to 28.50 giving us indications that we were approaching the center of disturbance, but still gave us no anxiety as to ship's safety, as the only damage we had sustained by this time was to the life boats and the wireless aerial. About the middle of the afternoon the steering gear went out of commission making the ship unmanageable and not as seaworthy as before. It was then decided to pump some of the cargo overboard for the safety of the ship and lives. Later in the day we ran into a very calm spot, no wind, very high seas and birds of all species and descriptions flying about and lighting on the ship. They were exhausted to such an extent that we could pick them up without



LIFEBOAT SMASHED

any effort on their part to escape. This proved to us for a fact that we were in the centre of the hurricane. Taking advantage of this calm spell I at once started to rig up a temporary aerial, but before it was accomplished, the wind again started to blow stronger and fiercer than ever, again carrying away the aerial which was hoisted about half way up.

During the afternoon our third assistant engineer and a junior engineer while trying to pass from their room to the engine room were caught by a heavy sea which carried the third assistant overboard, while the junior managed to catch hold of something and saved himself from his companion's fate but sustaining a very badly broken leg and several serious wounds. He managed to reach his cabin somehow and crawled into his bunk, remaining there for twenty-four hours before any aid could be given him, as it was impossible for anyone to reach him. Next day Thomas Shea, a wiper, volunteered to go to his assistance and with an axe and a line tied around his body went to his room and broke the door, took the wounded man on his back and carried him to safe quarters where he could get first aid treatment.

The ship, being out of control, was swept from stem to stern by the largest and most confused seas ever experienced by anyone on board. Anxiety now began to prevail amongst the officers and the crew, as the ship not being under control and drifting at the mercy of the wind and sea, it was feared she would, by daylight, be somewhere off the Florida reefs, and if this was the case and the wind continued blowing at its present rate, the ship would run ashore and put us in a very serious position. At about four o'clock in the morning, September 10th, which was the most critical moment, the ship struck bottom and came to a complete standstill, giving us all the impression that she had gone ashore. A few minutes later a tremendous sea swept the ship its whole length, smashing in the starboard side of the chart room and wheel house, and carrying away all ventilators, hand rails, searchlights, compasses, etc., and letting tons of water into the quarters below. This monstrous sea acted more like a tidal wave than a sea carried by the wind, and we believe that this same wave was responsible for the foundering of the



WRECK OF BRIDGE

Spanish passenger steamer *Valbanera*, which went down with about 480 passengers and crew. I believe that had the weather been clear we could have seen the ill-fated vessel from our position. This same volume of water also lifted our ship from where she was aground and carried her into deeper water where she was afloat again and she continued drifting.

At this time Captain Slater managed to get a sounding and discovered that the ship was in ten fathoms of water. A consultation was held with his officers, and it was decided to anchor the ship, but this was almost impossible as she was taking very heavy seas forward. The first, second and third officers and one seaman, risking their lives, volunteered to let go the anchors which was done. Soon the anchors took hold and the ship was brought head to sea, thus making much better weather and relieving the anxiety of all hands.

By anchoring the ship it let the hurricane pass on by us instead of carrying us along with it. We were unable to do anything the rest of that day on account of the strong winds and heavy seas, but by the morning of September 11th the wind and sea having moderated considerably I started to rig up another temporary aerial, and after having accomplished this, proceeded to dry out and tune transmitter to 600 meters as best I could; but the set was badly grounded and practically useless. It gradually got better and soon I was able to communicate with Key West, although I could hardly hear him; but later on I learned that the Key West Radio station had also suffered from the hurricane.

All the ship's nautical instruments having been damaged and seeing no landmarks of any description, we were unable to obtain our position. but late in the afternoon the Morgan liner *El Norte* hove in sight and we signaled for our position which she gave us as being 25 miles west of Tortugas.

This showed us that from the time that we hove to about three o'clock in the morning of September 9th, until ten o'clock a. m. of the 10th when we anchored, we were carried by the hurricane a distance of about 120 miles, or at the rate of about four miles an hour. It was a great surprise to all of us to drift so far.

Soon after obtaining our position we proceeded to weigh anchor and get under way, using wire cable on the after winch to steer the ship, proceeding slowly towards Key West, the nearest port of refuge, where we arrived and anchored late in the evening of September 12th. At Key West the ship underwent temporary repairs for ten days, after which we started for New York, where she will undergo permanent repairs. The memory of the most horrible and strongest tropical hurricane that ever swept the Florida Straits and Gulf of Mexico will always be in my mind whenever I receive storm warnings.



BRASS TACKS

Driven by C. J. Ross

THE TOWN OF YESTERDAY

*One day to my Ohio home in Brighton town I went,
From old New York where all my years in struggle had been spent,
I sought old grandad's orchard and to climb the big clothes pole
And watch the agile minnows swim about the swimming hole.
But I never found the little town and all my dreams lay dead;
Where I sought the old red barn, I found a mill instead;
And the sun burned on the asphalt where once wound the leafy road,
And there wasn't one familiar place where I could rest my load.*

I used to live in Yesterday: A quiet sleepy town
That lay along a valley where a river rippled down;
I used to idly listen to the river's quiet song
And gaze beyond the treetops, where the swallows skimmed along;
And everything was tranquil then and all the world was fair,
And days and months and years slipped by before I was aware
That Fortune still was far from me, and I was like to die
Before I ever found it in the town of By-and-By.

And so one day I journeyed forth along the old plank road,
To find the wondrous far off town where fortunes are bestowed.
A cold and grimy town it was; a town of strife and tears
And in its crowded streets I toiled for long and grievous years.
And Fortune sometimes seemed at hand, and sometimes it would seem
To fly above the sooty roofs—a vague elusive dream.
And when my shoulders stooped with care and when my hair grew gray,
I turned my weary footsteps back to seek for Yesterday.

I dreamed about its valley as I took my way along,
I dreamed about its river, with its quiet sleepy song.
"Though Fortune is not mine," said I, "my town is calm and fair
And I shall find it wonderful; for happiness is there."
And then I learned a tragic truth, which Youth can never learn
A sign was set along the road beyond another turn;
A sign in blazing letters, serving warning to all men:
THERE IS NO TOWN OF YESTERDAY—YOU CAN'T RETURN AGAIN.

MY FIRST SIX MONTHS AS A MARCONI MAN

By Jack Kramer

As a wireless operator I have found life very interesting. Each day at sea or ashore in foreign ports brings forth its own interesting events.

On my first trip to sea I was assigned to the S. S. *Medina* bound for Greece, Italy and Gibraltar. Nothing unusual occurred on our way over except that there were five days of severe gales. When in Cosling, Gibraltar, I had the opportunity of witnessing a bull fight in El Linear, Spain.

One morning as we were steaming along the African coast at sunrise we sighted the American schooner *P. L. Ray* flying the American flag reversed—a signal of distress. We hailed her and her skipper replied that the rudder had smashed in a gale. He asked to be towed into Tunis, Africa. This meant that our crew would all receive salvage money and net me perhaps a few hundred dollars. Later, unfortunately, our big rope hawser snapped just as a French naval tug hove to. She took the schooner in tow, we thus unluckily losing out on the salvage.

When in Greece I had the opportunity of visiting all the ancient ruins of Athens, and also saw the King and Queen in a parade on the Greek national holiday. Salonica, which was founded over three thousand years ago, is one of the most interesting cities in the world. During the war over one million troops of all the allies were there as well as refugees from all over Europe, existing in the most horrible quarters. From the deck of our ship we could see passing along the quay an endless stream of ambulances and German prisoners with the large letters "PG" on their backs. Starving refugees could be seen at the water's edge gathering with nets all the decayed food brought in by the tide. Mosques, synagogues and churches are everywhere as there are over thirty races and nationalities represented there.

On our return trip I picked up two SOS calls from ships that were over a thousand miles away, which, of course, was too great a distance for us to go to them. We arrived safely in New York after an absence of three months.

The following week I was assigned to the large Standard Oil tank steamer *Desota* carrying five million gallons of oil in large tanks and bound for Norway, Denmark and Sweden. On Friday morning, June 13th, I was awakened by a violent jar. We were aground on the rocks one hundred yards from Flekerro lighthouse, Norway. The captain ordered me to immediately send out a call for help. In answer to the call a pilot, a diver and pumping boats came out to us. The diver's survey showed that the bottom was punctured and about one hundred gallons of oil and three hundred gallons of water leaked out.

Again in Copenhagen, Denmark, and in Stockholm I had the good fortune of seeing royalty in parades. When bound from Stockholm for New York we had to pass through mine fields.

Most of the mines are charted but floating mines, which break away

from their moorings, are a constant source of danger to navigation. When off the coast of Denmark a floating mine struck the ship aft and sliced two propellor blades clean off.

We managed to limp into Christiania, Norway, where new blades were attached.

The return course was along the sixtieth parallel, which is on the same line with Iceland and Greenland. This was during the month of July and I had to wear all heavy clothes as it was freezing weather. As we neared the American coast we passed through ice fields and some of the icebergs we saw were as high as two hundred feet.

After the trip to the land of the midnight sun I was assigned to the *Huron*, a passenger ship bound for the West Indies and saw many interesting sights.

At the present writing I am on the *Jamestown* on a short run between New York and Norfolk and Newport News, Va., until I can get another ship on a long voyage, for I am anxious to see as many foreign countries as possible.

If my future service as a Marconi man proves as fascinating and instructive as has been my first six months, I will be mighty thankful.

WEDDING BELLS

The marriage of Miss Marylee Nally and Frederic Halsted Hahn took place October fourth at The Trees, Ossining-on-the-Hudson, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Julian Nally, parents of the bride. Several hundred guests attended the ceremony, which was performed by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, Bishop of Illinois, assisted by the Rev. C. V. Mahoney, of St. Augustine's Church at Ossining.

The bride, who is a recent graduate of Miss Spence's school, an active Red Cross worker and sponsor for the U. S. S. *Jouett* (a destroyer named after her great-uncle "Fighting Jim" Jouett), had as her maid of honor Miss Mary Woodward, daughter of General and Mrs. John E. Woodward, U. S. A. The bridesmaids were the Misses Tacie Belle Houston, Alice Acker of Ossining, and Eileen and Mona Elliott of Flushing.

W. Randolph Hahn, brother of the groom, attended him as best man. Brandreth Larkin, Kenneth Woodruff, Arthur Markthaler and James Fitzgerald officiated as ushers.

The groom is a Wesleyan man, class of 1919, and served during the war as a lieutenant in the naval air service.

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn will make their residence temporarily at 130 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, awaiting completion of their new home at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson.

ROMAN NOSES

By Clarence Cisin

Ever since a little tot, my life work and my aim,
Has been to find a person who could rightfully lay claim
To the honor and distinction, to the dignity and pose
That is given to the owner of a PERFECT ROMAN NOSE.

It was not old Saint Peters Church that sent me off to Rome
Nor the monuments or galleries, that led me far from home,
'Twas not the great Colosseum. oh! no. 'twas none of those;
I came because I swore I'd find a PERFECT ROMAN NOSE.

While roaming thru the streets of Rome, I kept a sharp lookout
For in hunting Roman noses, one must know what he's about.
Some were too long, some were too thin, others too wide or short,
I catalogued a hundred types but not the one I sought.

One day I ran across a Monk, whose nose looked good to me.
It was very nearly perfect, yet not all that it might be.
It had flowing lines, and character, but was colored like the rose,
So I quickly knew, it was not true, 'twas not a ROMAN NOSE.

I've traveled long and far and wide, my purpose to attain,

I've gone to England, China, France, to Sofia, and Spain.
To northern lands and countries, buried deep in heavy snows,
Till it seems to me, I'll never see, a PERFECT ROMAN NOSE.

RULES FOR THE UNRULY

- Rule 1—When you enter the wireless-room expectorate on the floor;
We have water, lye, mops and brushes, and we will clean up
as soon as you leave.
- 2—Rub your hand on all polished work; it will give someone
work, and use the surplus polish on hand.
- 3—Put your hand on all apparatus bright-work; you will know
then if you get a shock or if it is smooth. Tell others to do
the same.
- 4—Don't tell the operator who you are; go in, do what you please
and you will please the operator.
- 5—Stay in the wireless-room as long as you can; as the operator
has nothing to do but entertain visitors.
- 6—Be sure and tell the operator if his apparatus is in bad con-
dition or working all right; as he would not know it; he will
stop and make repairs while you wait.

- 7—Advise him what to do, as you would know best; the operator only being around it every day.
- 8—If the operator is busy or making repairs, tell him a good story you heard the other day; if possible get in his way.
- 9—Be sure to tell him all you know; it won't take long.
- 10—Come again and repeat the above.

E. J. Martineau.

BUILDING A CAREER ON FAITH

By Edward Julian Nally

There is a foundation stone to each man's success in business. In my personal experience this is represented by the first of the familiar graces, Faith, and with it is coupled concentration of purpose and energy.

In the years of youth opportunity is a secondary consideration; confidence is the important thing. My start was inauspicious. I began as a messenger boy. But I held firmly the conviction of success, even then; and this confidence never left me.

It is in Faith that courage is born. And thus is bred Hope, the energizer of work. Finally, out of work—constant, tireless, unremitting, is the fabric of achievement woven.

Definite objectives must be sought, and perpetually striven for, one by one, with each attainment the compelling force for the next. Always, there must be a single aim, and concentration upon it.

In commercial life this objective is usually the job higher up, and it is always waiting for the boy who has utilized his spare moments to acquire knowledge outside the prescribed limits of his own routine duties; to familiarize himself with details of work regarding which he is not compelled to be informed.

The boy who is paid fifty dollars a month and earns what he gets, and no more, is the boy who sticks in a fifty-dollar position and is not advanced on the payroll. On the other hand, the boy who draws only fifty dollars but work as if he were being paid eighty is invariably the one to be chosen for promotion to the eighty-dollar place.

Jealousy of holidays and off-hours indicates in a boy the presence of the microbe of failure. The men who are given to signing petitions and round robins also betray the same defect. They petition for opportunities instead of making them.

If I would lay emphasis on one thing more than another, it would be obligation to duty, duty to one's self and to those about him; and, in the simple words of the Good Book, "Leaving nothing undone, and doing all things well. missing naught."

FACTORY—FACTS AND FANCIES

WEDDING BELLS

One of our popular engineers, Mr. Francis Brockman, was married September 20th, at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Roselle Park, to Miss Alice M. Forshaw, one of Roselle's popular young society belles. A large reception followed the ceremony, after which the couple left for a honeymoon trip through Virginia. Our best wishes for a bright and happy future are extended to the bride and groom.

Our best wishes are at this time also extended to Mr. Robert J. McAusland, another of our popular young engineers, who on September 10th also took unto himself a wife, in the person of Miss Hilda Malavase. The ceremony took place at West Side M. E. Church, New York. After the wedding the couple left for New Hampshire where the honeymoon was spent in a little bungalow nestled among the hills beside a little lake. We extend to Mr. McAusland and his bride most hearty and sincere wishes for a long and happy wedded life.

A FISH STORY

On a recent Saturday, a fishing party was gotten up which Mr. Collins is pleased to call the first annual fishing trip of the Marconi Fishing Club. The party was to have consisted of Messrs. Stein, Lemon, Benson, Walter, Elton, Payne, Woodruff, Hoffman, Pres. De Valera (P. J. Collins) and Lloyd George (E. R. Welch).

The party proceeded to Manasquan Beach by automobile. The appetites of the party were pretty keen and Messrs. Hoffman and Woodruff were elected as cooks. Supper being over the party disposed themselves along the beach and Manasquan river where they spent the night trying to induce the fish to come out of the water. Messrs. Welch and Benson were much surprised to find when daylight arrived that they had not been fishing in the surf at all but had been fishing on the beach (for what—say we!).

Collins being of a practical turn of mind decided that as he could not get any fish the best thing he could do would be to return to the bungalow and at least get his night's rest. Woodruff was apparently the most successful fisherman. He succeeded in reeling two good sized snappers, which were enjoyed for Sunday dinner. Elton was quite elated when he had called the crowd to see what he was going to pull in, but when his line was fully reeled up he found that he had Benson's hook and sinker entangled in his line. During the night the lack of fish led to a desire to create some excitement to keep up the spirits of the party so a casting contest was introduced. Hoffman being an old disciple of Izak Walton claimed to have made the longest cast. Having heard that Mr. Stein could make a cast of 150 yards he claimed that he made a cast of 450 yards. This statement he got away with until daylight, when it was discovered that the river was not more than 150 feet across. Had Hoffman's claim been good his cast would have landed pretty well on the other side of the river and some way up the beach.

Sunday morning breakfast was prepared and served by Benson in good old-fashioned Southern style and the party was treated to corn griddle cakes. Judging by the quantity consumed no greater tribute could be paid to any chef.

It is one of Walter's obsessions to desire to know the why of things. He has always wondered why it was that fishermen are prone to use their imaginations and a little, just a little, inclined to exaggerate. He is much pleased for he thinks he has discovered a reason. No man who has stood fishing for 48 hours with no rest cares to say that he has put in so much time with no reward for his efforts. So when asked if he has caught any fish he indulges in a little white lie and says "a few," and then when asked how large says in an off-hand way they were about so long, then on reflection decides that he has not specified a fish sufficiently large to justify the effort to catch it, so he indulges in a little more exaggeration and as the description of each fish is completed, it is a little, quite a little, larger than that previously described. Altogether the outing was a most successful and enjoyable one. Good fellowship marked the day and we look forward to enjoying another trip.

OBITUARY

We learn with much regret of the death of one of our most faithful employees, Mr. Patrick Carroll, who passed away on September 27th. Mr. Carroll was one of our oldest employees and stood very high in the esteem of his shopmates. He was a veteran of the Civil War and it was he who raised the flag which floated over our factory all during the war.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Of all the orders received by our Manufacturing department, probably the most unusual one came from the Brazilian Government and called for the development and manufacture of 15 mule pack-sets, each set requiring 4 mules to carry the equipment. In addition to the pack-sets we have designed and manufactured six cart-sets, each unit requiring four carts, each cart to be drawn by four mules. To transport this entire field equipment requires 156 mules, which in parade formation would make a column half a mile long. The sets are beautifully finished, both as to mechanical design and in outward appearance. On completion of this order, the work was inspected by the Brazilian military commission, the ranking officer of which expresses himself as very much gratified, at the very satisfactory outfits which had been produced. The wireless field throughout the world had been searched for apparatus to meet the requirements peculiar to Brazil, but there was nothing in existence to meet their requirements. It was indeed pleasing to learn that some of our apparatus of a different type had, in competition with similar apparatus manufactured in other countries, made so fine a showing that the commission was prompted to come to the American Marconi Company with their problem. Following the inspection the commission

was entertained at luncheon at the Elizabeth Elks Club. Represented at this luncheon was the General Manager's office, the Commercial, Engineering, Manufacturing and Publishing departments. Speeches were made by representatives of the Commission, and by Messrs. Porter, Weagant and Stein. The luncheon was a decided success due to the efforts of Mr. Pillsbury, who acted as master of ceremonies.

LITTLE JOURNEYS ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

By Willis K. Wing

Foreign visitors to this country never cease to marvel at the first question that ship news reporters always ask them as soon as the important personage has been ferreted out: "How do you like America?" It makes no difference, of course, that if the personage has seen nothing more of the land of Uncle Sam than Ambrose Channel light and the skyline of lower Manhattan, mist-dimmed in the morning. Readers of the Service News have read many excellent accounts of heroic experiences in the war zone, of thrilling adventures with thieving shopkeepers in foreign lands, interesting tales of strange sights abroad;—the only claim that this "Little Journey" has upon your attention is that an attempt is to be made to give some impressions that an operator, who is reasonably familiar with sights to be seen on Great Lakes travel, received on a journey to the East Coast.

There is a comfortable air of bustle and of business being dispatched quickly and well, that pervades the Marconi offices at 25 Eln street—those offices that concern the operator most. When the fateful buzzer under the practised hand of Mr. Fitzpatrick hums out the name of a fortunate operator his brief orders may sentence him to the delights of a Mediterranean trip; he may be thus started on a passage to that beautiful Southern metropolis of Rio; or he may receive an assignment which will take him through the bracing air of the North Atlantic—to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, or to England. There is much of romance in that room, if one can but see it—a sentence or two sends the operator to the four corners of the earth. Yet on the surface it is a commonplace enough affair. After confessing to the powers that be, at Elm street, that my years of experience (!) had been gained on the Lakes—I was soon assigned to a Standard Oil ship—bound for Mexico. It was not long before the ship was to sail, so I packed my belongings down to the ship.

On leaving New York harbor I could not help marveling at the volume of traffic handled by NAIH and her six sister stations. It is all the more wonderful because of the almost constant chorus of testers. The ships that leave each day must be fully certain that the set radiates; and in order to be sure, it is necessary to test the set on the aerial—all of which makes considerable QRM, and it is a tribute to the Navy operators that they are able to get so much business through with the local interference that they have. Of course, once in a while a particular tester becomes particularly obnoxious, and then it is time for a OQ QR'f tester, which hardly ever has the desired effect, because the

chap testing rarely has the phones on. While I am only an humble observer, peering at events from the outside, it seems to me that a bad situation could be easily remedied by allotting a certain time or times to the testers and making them keep out at all other times.

After passing Ambrose light, we were well on our trip, and after that the regular shipboard radio routine that every operator is familiar with followed—the same each day.

I suppose that other operators have mentally noted the same thing that I did while coasting southbound; that is, in most every case, the old calls of the former Marconi stations had been changed by the Navy for calls not nearly so rythnical as the former calls. That is partly, I think, because a call commencing with W starts off with a swing, while the N calls leave the key suspended in mid-air. No amount of argument can ever convince me that NDW is as full of rhythm as familiar and famous WHA. Even her old 120 cycle spark has been changed, and confess that I noted it with a tinge of regret.

After reaching Key West, we started on the run across the Gulf to Tuxpam, Mexico. For the benefit of those Marconi men whose operating has been in other localities—it is about 890 miles across the Gulf from Key West to the two ports on the Mexican coast from whence that black Mexican Crude flows in a never-ending stream to the United States for quick conversion to fuel for your airplane—or your Ford. Most of the time of my first voyage across the Gulf was spent in listening to the vain efforts of ships hailing from every corner of the earth to carry on traffic with NAR. Gone are the days when traffic can be quickly dispatched (here at least). Between the repeated attacks of the shock troops of Old Man Static and the oft-repeated attempts of sundry operators to make NAR answer—the Gulf atmosphere is never silent.

LITTLE COMEDIES

The Bitter Bargain

A little girl who had just celebrated her seventh birthday waked up one morning to find that it hurt her very much to swallow. Her doting mother, in great alarm, phoned the family physician to come over immediately. After a thorough examination, the doctor told the mother that little Ethel's tonsils would have to come out.

Ethel perked up her ears. The word "tonsils" brought her a mental picture of her little chum, Marion, who had had her tonsils removed a few weeks before. So vivid was the recollection that she set up a penetrating howl which brought her father, all lathered for shaving, running into the room.

After much coaxing and coddling and drying of tears, it was decided that Ethel would consent to have her tonsils removed "like a good girl" IF her father would give her a big Angora cat afterward. The cat was promised on the spot.

An anxious mother, a nervous father and a business-like nurse were all bending over the little patient when she came out of the mild anesthetic. She attempted to swallow. Her little eyes filled with tears at the pain it caused and with wet cheeks and trembling lips she whispered:

"Gee! What a bum way to get a cat!"

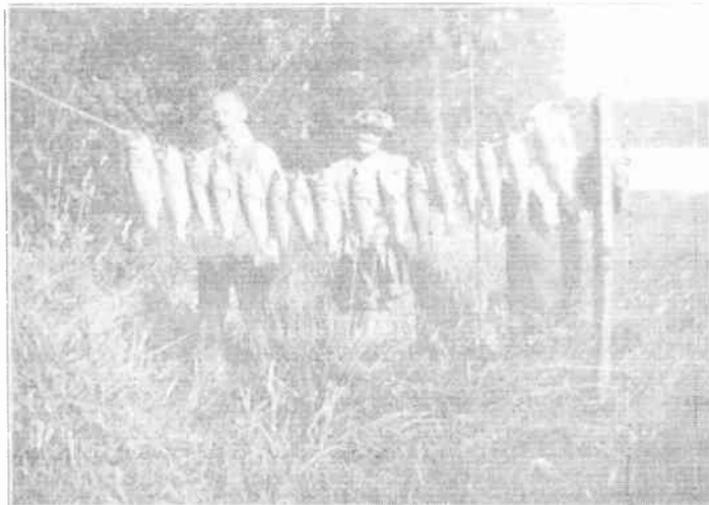
THE BURNING OF THE NORLINA

The steamer Norlina sailed from Baltimore for Liverpool and on arrival docked at the West Alexandria docks, Bootle. Soon after flames were discovered on the next pier. Apparently no great effort was being made to quench the flames which had taken hold amongst a number of barrels of turpentine. The flames spread with amazing rapidity and were aided in their work of destruction by a strong wind blowing inland and directly across our vessel. At the beginning, the fire was not taken seriously and no attempt was made to shift the vessel, but within half an hour the officers came to realize the seriousness of the situation and that if the ship was not shifted serious damage would result. The chief officer took his position forward, securing a line on one of the vessels lying ahead. The third officer was directed to take his position aft and to release all lines from the pier and secure a line on a British steamer which had been moored to our side, but was now slowly moving into the stream. A line was secured after considerable difficulty, but this vessel kept slacking off on her cable. Also this vessel, named the Cottlesmore, had secured a line on the same vessel with us forward, thereby wedging us to the pier, otherwise we would have swung clear at once.

At this stage of the fire I rushed forward, putting my services at the disposal of the chief officer, who directed me to proceed aft and see that everything was clear. Almost immediately, after returning aft, the port lifeboat amidships burst into flame. Both vessels carrying our lines, upon seeing that we were afire, cut our lines almost at once, leaving us helpless. The fire had now taken firm hold and the sheds in two sections of the buildings were involved. Due to the intense heat and the density of the smoke it was not possible for us to return forward. By this time our vessel had begun to move into the stream very slowly and we knew that if we failed to leave the vessel by the pier it would be a case of a plunge over the side. Fortunately everyone aft escaped by way of the pier. Next we proceeded to circle the burning sheds and not five minutes had elapsed before we heard a terrific crash and several explosions, which we later learned had been caused by the walls of the sheds falling across the vessel. Bricks and debris were piled several feet in depth over the after part of the vessel, especially on the poop deck, where we had been standing just a few minutes before. After some time we managed to get on board once more, where we remained fighting the fire which had secured a firm hold amidships and in the deck cargo aft. Several of the men had started a bucket brigade. With the aid of the boatswain I finally managed to connect up a hose. This I played on the cargo aft and at other points where the flames were continually breaking forth. In a short while we had the flames well under control, but the fire continued to spread rapidly along the sheds, and soon after the only hose we had burst leaving us almost helpless. Consequently the flames took a new hold. The fire was gaining great headway along the piers and, due to our nearness, the heat was terrific and

the smoke almost suffocating. The chief officer gave orders for all to leave the vessel. I rushed to my stateroom, securing a handbag and a suitcase, partly packed, which I gave to one of the seamen as he was leaving the ship. My next move was to secure my receiver, but I soon found it was an impossible task. However, I did not leave empty-handed, leaving only after I had secured the captain's safe. Later, after the firemen had managed to get several fire hose on board I again returned. At once I secured a hose and began playing my stream into the main dining saloon and the radio cabin, which were blazing at all ports. At the beginning of the fire several ships were lying alongside the quay, but all others managed to escape without damage. In a very short time the roadway became impassable and the blazing oil ran right across, leaving only ruin in its train. At the time there was a strong ebb tide, and the blazing oil was carried down stream a considerable distance, giving the appearance from the other side of the river as if the whole of the dock wall was a mass of flame. In the shed where the fire started one of the Liverpool Brigade's petrol motor machines was installed, but so quickly did the flames spread that it was impossible to get it out again, and it was destroyed. In order to extinguish the fire in the *Norlina's* hold she was finally scuttled. It will take at least four months to put her in good condition, as the damage is very serious. The losses on the dock alone have been computed at over half a million pounds.

F. Havelsrud



A STRING OF BEAUTIES

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK



Another example of the ability, the resourcefulness and the fearlessness for which wireless operators have always been noted came to light during the month through glowing commendations of the Standard Oil Company, a letter of praise from Captain Taylor L. Harrison, of the steamer A. C. Bedford, a long newspaper account in the *Baltimore American*, and through the operator's own well-compiled report, all descriptive of the remarkable feat performed by Malcolm P. Hanson during the terrific hurricane which recently swept over Florida Straits and the Gulf of Mexico.

The Standard Oil Company's letter about Operator Hanson quoting from Captain Harrison's report said:

"You will note I have put the Wireless Operator on the conduct report this month giving him a mark of 'Splendid' for his conduct, and 'Excellent' for his ability. Great praise is due Mr. Hanson, who at the risk of his life during the recent hurricant strung his antennae three times when it was torn from the mast."

It is only the more strenuous acts about which a hardened sea captain would use the expression, "At the risk of life." Hanson put up the aerial three times and made vital repairs to his apparatus, while a 120-mile gale, producing mountainous waves, battered the ship, loosing life-boats from their fastenings and crashing them through the cabin doors, then over the side, making such an act seem impossible. No small commendation is due him. At one time the ship stuck on a bar off the coast and not until fifteen hours later did she succeed in pounding her way off. Eight life-boats were lost, the bridge and midship deck were torn down and the bottom of the vessel damaged. More than 5,000 gallons of oil were lost through leaks in the vessel's side and bottom, and two boilers were put out of commission.

Malcolm P. Hanson, to whom we are extending a Marconi distinguished service citation, was throughout the war an ensign in the United States Navy. He is a college-bred man, of fine personality. A peculiar feature about him, in view of the war, is the fact that he was born in Berlin, Germany, and obtained his schooling as well as his technical electrical education there. He was, however, born of American parents and has always been an American, and a truly patriotic one, at that.

During the month newspaper reports told of a United States Shipping Board ship being in distress with her location unknown, and while

endeavoring to obtain further information a French vessel was reported on fire, while a sister ship took off passengers and crew. It was not until Gordon G. Chapman arrived in port on the *Isabella* that the case of the Shipping Board ship was partly cleared up. His report in part follows:

"On October 9, at 10.15 a. m., received a call of distress from the *Ammonoosuc*, saying that her pumps had given out and adding, 'Won't be able to use wireless much longer; have about used up my storage batteries and no dynamo to charge with. Ship leaking badly.'

"The KEQE asked for his position and in a few minutes I also asked. At 10.30 a. m. he stated his position on the previous night was Lat. 38:48 and Long. 61:20. I reported this information to the Captain who gave me our position stating that we were 120 miles from the Wednesday night position of the sinking ship.

"I gave our position and distance to the KEQE and he returned his as 39:54, 62:45 at 2.45 p. m. I was prevented by jamming from finding out if the KEQE was going to the assistance of the ship in distress and in obtaining additional information.

"At 11 a. m. I made further efforts to get in touch with the ship in distress. The KETC answered me and stated that the *Ammonoosuc* had told a British ship to stop sending and then told another British ship to come within hailing distance and stand by."

G. G. Chapman is another of the operators who believes in making up his reports in complete form, giving as little trouble as possible to the office force.

J. R. Schricker arrived in New York from two long voyages to Copenhagen and Aarhus, Denmark. On the way back during the first voyage a message was received directing the ship to proceed to Texas. Leaving there the ship sailed back to Denmark, and on her return stopped at Halifax to replenish her fuel. The change in plans resulted in Schricker being away four months. This he would not have minded in the least had he not planned to spend a vacation at home while the girl he plans to make his bride in the near future, was spending her vacation leave from a famous boarding school in Tennessee, at her home which is quite close to his. His disappointment was great, but he felt much better after he had perused an enormous package of fat letters which had accumulated during his absence and which, with one or two exceptions, bore a Tennessee post-mark. Schricker is now in charge on the *Caracas* sailing to Venezuela and Porto Rico.

J. Bruce Swift is back in New York after a full year's cruise on the *Brandon* during which he visited Boston; Norfolk; Havre, France; Newport, Mons, Wales; Huelva, Spain; Hamilton, Bermuda; Barbados and Buenos Aires. He reports having had a very fine trip and seeing many wonderful sights.

E. Carr Stephens, one of the oldest operators in our service, is breaking records on the *Brazos*. Besides reporting big Wireless News sales, his traffic returns are growing bigger, and no operator is taking greater care in keeping his apparatus in efficient condition than he is.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

The offices of the New York Depot of the Marconi International Marine Communication Company has been removed from Woolworth Building to Room 501, at 198 Broadway. Operators employed by Affiliated Marconi Companies should report to Mr. Short at this address.

HIGH POWER

On a Sunday, recently, seven former managers of old WCC station met at the Marion station. They were Messrs. Taylor, Hudson, Campbell, Forrest, Meldrum and Vermilyea.

Bill Adams, another former WCC manager, has turned up, after repeated reports of his death, at the Canadian Naval Station, Barrington Passage, N. S. Bill tasted gas at Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele but is still full of ambition. He states that the war, at the outset, was good in spots, but latterly degenerated into a bloody rotten war. Having exhausted the continents of Asia, Europe and America, he is collecting information on Australia with a view to finding a place to rest.

PERSONAL

J. C. H. Macheth, managing director of the Marconi International Code Company, Ltd., London, sailed for England on the Carmania, October 8.

Melvin C. Steiner has been appointed Purchasing Agent, vice J. A. Sheridan, resigned.

Messrs. Pickens and Wright, of the Engineering department of the English Marconi Company,

who have been at the Louisburg, C. B., station for some months, sailed for London on the Mauretania, October 1.

William Vernon Moore, R. N. R. warrant officer, passed through New York recently, en route from St. Lucia (where he was in charge of H. B. M. radio station) to London, to be demobilized. Prior to the war he was a member of the Marconi transoceanic staff at New York, and expects to return to it. He served in the Belgian-Congo where he had a run of climatic fever and was wounded in the leg. He received several citations from both England and Belgium.

Mr. Nally, Mr. Weagant and Mr. Sarnoff have returned from Washington where they testified before the Senate and House committees regarding radio matters.

S. W. Dean, of the Engineering department, has been transferred from Chatham, Mass., station to the transoceanic station at Marshall, California.

Watson Sidney has been appointed representative at Savannah, with offices at 204 Broughton street, west.

Comptroller and Mrs. Ross profited by the advice of the editor and went fishing. The picture shows the result of one day's sport—17 Oswego bass, ranging from 3 to 6 pounds, truly a string of beauties.

BOSTON

Constructor Elliott has installed a $\frac{1}{2}$ KW QMS set on the City of Rockland.

J. A. Quinlan has left the Belfast and gone to New York.

P. S. Killam is senior on the

Belfast with J. N. Smith as junior.

Harry Cheetham has again left the service.

Thurston Johnson is back at Wesleyan resuming the old grind and high jinks.

M. W. Grinnell of the old guard has returned to the service and is bound south on the Gov. Cobb for the winter. The Cobb will run between Key West and Havana. A young lady and La Coronas have considerable influence on Grinnell's trip and we understand the young lady will return with the Cobb in the spring.

Bill Sullivan is also going on the Cobb. Bill intends to find out how Havana compares with Paris.

G. T. Fuller, new man, is junior on the Calvin Austin.

The City of Bangor has laid up and Ted Barber is standing pat.

E. A. Brown and R. G. Philbrook have resigned.

H. J. Meldrum, formerly chief at WBF, is in Boston on a vacation, having been released from the Signal Corps in which he served as second lieutenant during the war. Meldrum is incidentally on the fence looking over the radio field for a suitable place to dig in, but is very sensitive on the subject of work.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

BALTIMORE

Supt. Chapman has returned from a two weeks' vacation in the Blue Ridge Mountains. As usual, someone resigned in his absence. This time it was Armstrong, our Norfolk representative.

Operator changes in the division are as follows:

Gloucester—H. Butt relieved W. Faries and was in turn relieved by A. L. Shafer, a new man.

Cretan—D. D. Moore returned to college and was relieved by J. W. Foss, just out of the navy.

Santore—E. R. Sanborn took the place of L. I. Wiltse who has resigned.

Quantico—Casebeer left the Quantico at Norfolk. Says she is too dirty for him. Doesn't like colliers.

Persian—Joe Chamberlain of West Coast fame took W. D. Siddall's place on this ship.

Feltore—A. Bickstein relieved T. Peskin who has gone to New York for a West Coast ship.

Grecian—C. R. Robinson took the place of F. Sanaha for one trip and was succeeded by H. Butt who is looking for a senior's job out of Baltimore. We think he will take out the Dorchester.

Toledo—W. D. Lee was assigned to her in September.

Sabine Sun—Jos. Branda was placed on this tanker.

Paraguay—A. Offutt took this vessel out for a trip.

Firmore—K. W. Keller relieved J. Bauder on this coal-carrying ship.

Merrimack—E. H. Thornton took the place of Pyle.

Sucrosa—J. M. Carr relieved C. Sener on this ship at Baltimore.

C. A. Coe, formerly of the Gulf division, is now our representative at Norfolk. Says he has heard a lot about Southern Division operators and would like to meet some of them. Look him up.

There is quite a bit of postage due from Billie Vogel for forwarding letters from Flatbush.

GULF DIVISION

Q. R. M. FROM THE GULF

A. C. Huber has been added to the division office as construction man. Huber was recently released from Naval service.

Miss Odette P. Bendix, division office stenographer, has resigned in order to accept a matrimonial contract with Chief Operator L. L. McCabe of the S.S. Chalmette, early in October. Miss Ada C. Deckbar has been engaged as Miss Bendix's successor.

DuTreil and Huber have completed installation of new P-8 equipments on the steamer Harry Farnum and Gene Crawley. The former is in charge of W. K. Stimers and the latter in charge of K. J. Fruebing.

Serial No. 1 of the new type Q. M. S. set has been installed on Operator Joll's flagship, the tug Ruccaneer. Work was done at Moreaux, La., by DuTreil and Coe.

Effective October first the division office address will be 331 Canal-Commercial Building. Location remains the same.

A. M. Doty has been appointed as Resident Inspector at Port Arthur vice Chas. H. Aerce, who has been released from the Naval service at that port.

M. Lieberman has been transferred from the Eastern division to the Gulf division steamer C. A. Canfield.

D. S. Breitenbach has re-entered the service and has been assigned to the Catania.

C. F. Bailey has been transferred from the Pan-American to the Central American. The latter vessel is doing harbor duty at Tampi-

co. Geo. H. Norris relieved Bailey.

J. E. Hayes has re-entered the service and is now attached to the Chas. E. Harwood.

L. H. Boizelle has been transferred from the Coahuila, where he was serving as junior to the Natenna. P. K. Roche replaced Boizelle on the Conhuila.

H. C. Beaumann has relieved H. S. Marsh on the Edward L. Doheny, Jr. The transfer was made by Superintendent Duffy at New York.

S. H. Wheeler is still on the Freeport Sulphur No. 1. He was assigned to her on December 16, 1915.

J. D. Kilpatrick has relieved B. J. Harvey on the Geo. E. Paddleford.

R. M. Allen has been assigned to the Geo. W. Barnes, relieving G. A. Englebrecht, transferred to the Jalisco as junior.

W. L. Norton, recently returned from service with the A. E. F., has re-entered the service and been assigned to the Gulfport.

The Walter Hardcastle has been re-equipped with a new P-8 set. Installation was made by DuTreil and Coe at Mereaux, La. Operator M. O. Green is in charge of the Hardcastle.

Geo. H. Reachard has been transferred from the H. F. Dimock to the Santa Flavia. He was relieved by V. G. Berry, a recent addition to the service.

Z. A. Thompson has been assigned to the Itampa.

P. R. Ellsworth has been transferred from the Miami to the Senator Bailey, relieving V. C. McIlvane, who left the service in or-

der to return to school. Ellsworth was replaced on the Miami by Operator Schroeder, late of the Li-gonier.

A recent cablegram announces the death by drowning of Operator P. J. Barkley from the steamer Neabsco at Havre, France. Prior to his assignment to the Neabsco, Berkley was in charge of the Key West district, serving on the steamer Miami.

J. W. Ashmore has been assigned to the Paul H. Harwood.

F. A. Church is trading between Tampico and Texas City on the Motorship Pennant.

W. Matthews has relieved L. J. Edick as junior operator on the Ponce. Edick has returned to the Eastern division.

N. E. Fleming has been assigned to the Robert P. Clark, relieving C. C. McCann, who has resigned from the service in order to return to school.

J. Graves has been assigned to the S. M. Spalding.

H. S. Byam has been placed on the Westwego relieving junior operator, H. E. Blasier.

C. D. Sweeney has re-entered the service on the William Green.

C. J. Thompson has been assigned as junior to the Yoro.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION CLEVELAND

A. Comon, a newcomer to our service, has been assigned to the City of Erie.

The State of Ohio has completed her season. Chas. Heffleman has returned to his home.

Miss Vesta Welch is the first woman to invade the Great Lakes

as a radio operator. She holds a commercial first grade license, and accepted her first assignment as operator on the Secandbee. She remained on this vessel until it completed its season and was then transferred to the Eastern States, which assignment she now holds.

H. A. Tieman has been advanced to the senior position on the City of Detroit III. H. R. Grossman is assistant.

M. Lapp was transferred from the Western States to the senior position on the City of Cleveland III. C. E. O'Neil is junior.

The Tionesta, with Carl Flory as senior and Albert Meggers as junior, has completed its season. Flory returned to his home to resume his studies at college. Meggers accepted a transfer to the Huron.

The Juniata arrived at Buffalo on her last trip of the season. W. Phillips, senior, returned to Cleveland and will take up his studies at college. H. Merrill, junior, proceeded to the Eastern division.

C. Russell and Geo. Noack, senior and junior respectively, left for the Eastern division when the Octorara laid up.

H. Cervenka from the Sir Thos. Shaughnessy was a recent visitor at the Cleveland office.

M. L. Cummings also paid us a visit when the Byers came into this port.

H. Wareing was assigned to the John Reiss on her recent trip to Chicago.

Harry Bottrell has been assigned to the Richard Reiss, vice H. Vineski who has resigned.

Otto Berg, after three years of continuous service on the car ferry Maitland, has resigned to take up

duties ashore. Geo. Grostick, formerly Chief-in-charge of the Radio station at Cleveland, relieved Berg.

Ivan Patchin is assigned to the Wyandotte, relieving C. J. Christensen who was called home suddenly on account of illness in the family.

Wm. Shurance, formerly from the Wm. Reis, is on the Alpena.

CHICAGO

J. E. McDonald is purser and operator on the car ferry Pere Marquette No. 8.

Chas. Beazley has been assigned as junior operator on the Missouri.

E. Werlein has been transferred from the Georgia to the Harvester.

I. C. Wiberg is on the Georgia, being transferred from the Florida.

PACIFIC DIVISION

L. Combs, a new man in the service, has been assigned as junior aboard the Celilo relieving W. F. Heckman who has been transferred to senior operator relieving G. W. Werner who is at present awaiting another assignment.

C. M. Vandeburgh has been assigned to the Ernest H. Meyer relieving B. D. Frank who has left the service.

E. Wolcott has been assigned to the steamer Gold Shell as operator-in-charge, relieving G. O. Pederson who has returned to the east.

W. H. Earle, former operator aboard the Great Northern for the trip from the east coast, has been assigned as operator-in-charge of the Klamath, relieving J. L. Slater.

M. L. Lemon, a new man in the service, has been assigned as junior aboard the Multnomah relieving O. E. Norton who has been transferred to senior operator.

F. T. Cookson, formerly operator-in-charge of the Multnomah, has been assigned to the Acme.

W. L. Mitchell, a new man in the service, has been assigned to the President as junior operator relieving E. S. Carter who has resigned from our service to return to school.

H. J. Brennan, a new man in the Marine department, has been assigned as junior aboard the Spokane, relieving T. A. Rose who has resigned to accept employment elsewhere.

V. Bird and C. D. Hill have been assigned to the Senator as senior and junior operators respectively.

F. T. Wiese, recently released from active duty in the Naval reserve, has been temporarily assigned to the San Francisco shop.

G. H. Reachard has been assigned to the Santa Flavia as operator-in-charge, relieving J. B. Cohen.

R. L. Hazelton, a new man in the service, has been assigned as junior aboard the Willamette.

True to his promise, L. A. Peek, operator-in-charge of the President, has broken the newspaper sales of this vessel the fourth time. He increased his sales the third time by 222 making a total of 1,070 copies and the fourth time by 276, making the present record 1,346 copies. Mr. Peek's efforts are deserving of worthy praise and we wish him further success in breaking his present record again.

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