

MARCONI SERVICE NEWS

FEBRUARY, 1919

VOLUME 5

PUBLISHED AT 233 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BY AND FOR MARCONI EMPLOYEES



WILLIAM ARTHUR WINTERBOTTOM

OUR HONOR ROLL

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*Deceased

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Thompson, Wesley C.	Connecticut	Zelphyr, Turner	Illinois
Ticknor, Reginald.	Washington	*Zihala, Joseph.	Connecticut

*Deceased

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FRONTISPIECE

We have in the limelight this month our new Traffic Manager, William Arthur Winterbottom, who first saw the light of day May 31, 1884, at Liverpool, England. After passing successfully through the whooping cough, public schools and measles, he entered the British Post Office Telegraph service at Manchester in 1901, served two years and then transferred to the service of the Commercial Cable Company at Liverpool and was shortly afterwards transferred to New York. For eleven years he progressed through the grades of operator, branch office manager, cable solicitor and assistant to Superintendent.

With the anticipated inauguration of the Marconi high power services Mr. Winterbottom carefully studied the possibilities of successful radio communication in competition with cables and decided that the opportunities in this new field were almost unlimited, and were fully appreciated by very few, particularly in the ranks of experienced international communication experts. In June, 1914, he joined the ranks of the Marconi high power service and engaged actively in the organization of the trans-Atlantic service to Great Britain. When just about ready to open the service the European war broke out in August, 1914, and the English radio station was commandeered for government use, causing indefinite postponement.

Mr. Winterbottom was then appointed Secretary to the General Manager. In 1916 he made a tour through Alaska, inspecting the company's high power stations, and then proceeded to Hawaii to complete preparations then under way at the Kahuku station for the inauguration of the trans-Pacific service to Japan. The Japanese circuit was opened in October, 1916, and a high grade, long distance commercial radio service was introduced to the business world and continued until the United States entered the war, when the stations passed temporarily into the control of the Navy department. While in charge of the trans-Pacific and Alaskan high power services, Mr. Winterbottom was stationed at San Francisco as Division Superintendent.

With the organization of the Pan-American Wireless Telegraph and Telephone Company new possibilities loomed large in South America, and Mr. Winterbottom was sent to Argentina and Brazil to study the telegraphic opportunities. Three months later, in company with Mr. E. J. Nally, Vice-President and General Manager, he made a complete tour of South American countries and assisted in the selection of sites and other preliminaries in Argentina. Work is already under way on the station designed for direct communication with New York.

On January 1, 1919, Mr. Winterbottom was appointed Traffic Manager of the Marconi Company, and is now actively engaged in preparing for the resumption of commercial international radio communication which is expected with the signing of the peace compact. The subject of this sketch possesses qualifications of a high order for his new duties, being himself an expert cable operator and having a distinct talent for administration, together with the gift of making friends for his company and himself, as well as building up a loyal staff. He is married and very proud of his son and heir. His only fads are motor boats and automobiles.

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K. P.

A Training Camp Ballad (with apologies to Bill Leonard)

BY BERTON BRALEY

Oh, Kitchen Police is the duty that creases
A lot of new lines in your brow,
It keeps a guy hustling when detailed for rustling
The daily allowance of chow;
The murphies I'm peeling have set my mind reeling,
I've done seven billion and three,
When I get away from this job I'll be gray from
K. P.

But there's no escaping from scrubbing and scraping
The pans and the pots and the plates,
And bringing in fuel and ladling out gruel
And paring the onions by crates;
My nerves are all shaken from smelling the bacon,
The coffee, the beans, and the tea.
My hunger's departed; who was it that started
K. P.?

I thought I'd be fighting the Germans, and righting
The wrongs that the papers portrayed,
And here I am wearing an apron, and bearing
The task of a scullery maid;
Why, drilling is easy compared to the greasy
Hard labor they've handed to me.
This cleaning of fishes and juggling of dishes,
K. P.!

Say, when by a drive at the Boche, we arrive at
The widely known town of Berlin,
And cheerfully—rather!—we reach out and gather
The Kaiser and Hindenburg in,
I've got a suggestion to settle the question
Of what we shall do with 'em; Gee!
I'd thrill to be viewing the pair of them doing
K. P.!

THE EDITOR AGREES

"Old bachelors are nuisances. What the Scriptures think about them is made plain i' the record o' the flood. God drowned every one o' them. Na one o' them went into the ark."

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INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE WESTERN FRONT

Belleray (near Verdun), France.

Dec. 3rd, 1918.

My dear Bob:

There is not much need of my rehearsing the happenings here on that memorable Monday (11th hour, day and month), for I have already mentioned same in a previous letter. The boys simply went wild yelling "finis la guerre" (the war is finished). Every one was so jubilant that we had a regular 4th of July celebration. I fired my automatic pistol many times, and others their rifles. Some d—fools even went so far as to take captured German machine guns on some of the numerous hills which dominate Verdun and fired hundreds of rounds of ball ammunition. It's a miracle that no one was hit by stray bullets. The night was even livelier, as rockets, flares and star shells were shot up all around, which, only a few days before had been used for other purposes (signals from the infantry to govern artillery fire).

After all I've seen, am heartily glad it's all over. I made a trip along the front lines the day after the armistice was signed, through "Death Valley" Etraye, Brabant, Consenvoye Woods and Belleau Woods, and believe me, it was ghastly, numerous dead all around—Americans, Huns and Austrians, who had not yet been buried.

"Death Valley" seemed to be permeated with a deathly odor. Talk about your souvenirs! If one could only carry them and it were permissible, what a collection could be obtained, ranging anywhere from helmets to machine guns, automatic rifles, ordinary rifles, all kinds of bayonets, swords, etc., etc. I have some relics, but don't know whether I will ever get them back. General orders say "Everything captured from the enemy or found on the field of battle shall be turned in to a Government salvage dump." So there you are! German helmets are excepted and they can be sent home. Some of our boys took from dead Hun officers' bodies their belts and pistols (Lügers and Mausers). They make a good souvenir to take back and are not so hard to carry.

I ran across a pathetic case while going up hill No. 279, captured the day before from the Huns. Behind a large wooden reel of barbed wire I found a dead doughboy of the 308th Inf. (79th Division), who had been shot clean through his head—steel helmet and all. He was undoubtedly advancing on a "pill box" (machine gun nest) when a sniper got him. The poor fellow appeared to be a mere boy, with large blue eyes, which were wide open, even in death. We carried his body to a nearby road, so that it could be properly buried by the Chaplain. He was picked off at the eleventh hour, when peace was almost in sight. I passed numerous Hun "pill boxes" with the dead operators beside their machine guns.

We have been under almost continuous shell fire and aerial bombs since coming to this sector early in September (Argonne—Verdun—Meuse). I believe some of the hardest fighting of the war has taken place here, especially in the Argonne. Considering the hazardous nature of the work, our outfit has come out of it with comparatively few casualties.—principally

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gassing, although a few were struck by shrapnel. Our motor trucks carried the 3 and 6 inch shells from the ammunition dumps right up to the gun pits of our brigade (104th, 105th and 106th Field Artillery). All of this hauling was done by night and without lights (lights are absolutely forbidden in the advanced zone, for Jerry's planes make a specialty of dropping bombs on all lights that are visible). Our drivers had to feel their way along the dark and shell-shot roads, which were generally under shell-fire. Our wagon company hauled rifle and pistol ammunition, as well as grenades, to the infantry dumps. They met with an accident one day while carrying grenades on their limbers, when a case of grenades went off (due to the jouncing) and killed the driver, 4 mules, and wounded several others. These grenades are deadly things. The doughboys throw them in enemy dug-outs and machine gun nests.

The "big fun" in this sector started at 11:30 p. m. on September 25th, when the artillery opened up their big barrage, and over 2,700 guns of all calibres (from 3 to 12 inches) barked in unison for almost 72 hours. This cleared the way for the doughboys' advance. Our Navy had four or five gigantic 16" naval guns stationed near us at Theirville, which were supposed to have a range of about 60 miles. They were mounted on large platforms (cars) on railroad tracks and had powerful American locomotives marked U. S. N. to haul them. The guns were manned by blue jackets, called the land forces of the Navy. They were dressed like soldiers in olive drab, and the only distinguishing mark was the letters USN on their caps. Believe me, those guns made some report when they went off; the ground for miles around seemed to tremble.

We haven't seen anything of our old Division (the 27th), since leaving the United States. They have been in Flanders with the British, whereas we have been in the Verdun—Argonne—Meuse sectors. Our old Division has had *many, many* casualties (so I am told by an officer who recently returned from there) principally among the infantry and machine gun battalions. Quite a few of our old Cavalry boys in the M. G. Battalion have been picked off. It is perhaps fortunate that I transferred from the 104th M. G. Battalion. We are billeted in a small village called Belleray, about three miles from Verdun, awaiting rail transportation that will take us back to the 27th Division, which is supposed to be near Le Manne, about four hours ride from Paris and near Orleans. We may be here another week, as rolling stock is very scarce on the French railroads. According to the Stars and Stripes, the 27th, 30th and 76th Divisions are due for an early return to the States. I hope this is true, for I am anxious to see the good, old U. S. A. again and my family and friends. I trust there won't be any hitch in our rejoining the 27th Division, for if they leave before we get a chance to catch up with them, we may be "orphans" and remain here indefinitely.

I expect to get away for seven days at one of the leave area resorts. Am hoping it will be Nice, a popular winter resort of the Riviera, on the Mediterranean Sea, a few miles from Monte Carlo and only a short distance from San Remo (in Italy). Another popular resort we may go to (assuming the leaves go through all right) is Aix-les-Bains, near the Swiss

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Alps,—a famous watering place. We are only a short distance from Metz (less than 40 miles) and I have been figuring on getting there, but it is under martial law and no soldiers are permitted there, except those in the army of occupation,—so guess I am out of luck, unless they remove the ban. Some of our officers have been there and say it is a wonderful city. Food there is scarce, however, and at a high figure. Have been out practically all day on a detail, on one of our motor trucks, up in the Argonne, beyond Clermont, on the Grande Pre Road. Will now have to close as it's getting late. With kindest regards to all, I remain,

YOUR BROTHER JACK.

P. S.—I got rid of the cooties at our last place (Faubourg Pare) and now don't have to play the banjo any more.

Tell mother I received her Thanksgiving card and father's letter, which I will answer later, as I have given you most of the "news". Ma is mistaken about turkey for the AEF boys, for we haven't received any.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE GREAT LAKES

DETROIT AND THE SAINT CLAIR FLATS

Someone who once traveled through the St. Clair Flats and thence to the Detroit River and the City of Detroit, and who was duly impressed with the magnificent scenery the trip afforded, exclaimed, "Why, this is the Venice of America." And so it has ever been known. The traveler on America's great inland seas, coming down from the upper lakes must pass through, in his downward journey from Lake Huron to Lake Erie, first the St. Clair River, then Lake St. Clair and then the Detroit River, which flows directly into Lake Erie. That may take care of some who find their geography a bit rusty.

The journey from Lake Huron to Detroit is one of the most fascinating to be found on the lakes. On entering the St. Clair River from Huron, the two cities, Port Huron and Sarnia, are passed. Sarnia is an Ontario city and is one of the most important Canadian lake ports. Lumber, grain, ore, and oil are some of the chief products she deals in. One of the largest refineries in Canada is located here, and, to all appearances, is not idle. It is the property of the Canadian branch of the Standard Oil Company. Sarnia is the home port for the largest and most luxurious Canadian lake line—the Northern Navigation Company. This company runs three steamers between Duluth and Detroit which are as good as any on the lakes. It will be noticed that the termini of the trip are both American cities. By far the greater number of passengers on these ships are Americans, and some years ago the company was forced to make Detroit the starting-point of the cruise because the American tourists objected to starting from Sarnia. These vessels, the Noronic, Hamonic, and Huronic, are equipped by the Canadian Marconi Company and have a 1-kw. non-synchronous rotary transmitter with the ordinary Canadian receiver. Immediately outside of Sarnia is one of the chief Canadian stations, Point Edward (VBE), one of the links in the Marconi-Government chain of stations. This station, like all the others

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of its type in Canada, Port Arthur (VBA), Soo (VBB), Tobermory (VBD), Midland (VBC), Toronto (VBG), Port Burwell (VBF), and Kingston (VBH), is equipped with Marconi 5½-kw. 240 cycle disc discharger set, in duplicate, with the usual valve receiver. The aerials for all these stations are the T type, two wire, suspended from masts 180 feet high. The masts are painted white, and of wood and can be seen from a great distance.

The thriving American city of Port Huron is directly across from Sarnia. This city is not so great a commercial city as Sarnia because there are many better American ports further down the lakes with superior railroad connections. In earlier days, Port Huron built many wooden ships, but since the advent of the steel ship, the existing yards have been allowed to run down. It may be that all will again be bustle and activity here because of the pressing demand for ships to bridge the Atlantic. Further down is Marine City on the Michigan shore. It is a small town, but important as the residence of many Great Lakes sailors, and as a supply center for marine needs.

Navigation in the St. Clair River and in the Detroit River is no easy task for several reasons. One is that the current is very swift—about 15 miles per hour. Another is that the river is none too wide for the immense amount of traffic passing up and down. It is no light matter to steer a ship with some 12,000 tons of ore aboard at a speed of 20 to 25 miles per hour, down a channel as crowded as this. Michigan summer colonists have seized upon the banks of the St. Clair and Detroit Rivers as legitimate summer camping ground. The American shore from Detroit to Port Huron is lined with cottages of vacationists. Most of these have their own individual dock, each with its little launch or rowboat tied up. Some of the boats are not so small either; many good-sized cruising launches and steam yachts were to be seen before the war. This has been changed to a great extent now, because many of the owners patriotically sold their boats to the Government. These speedy light-craft boats make ideal "sub" chasers and many of the Great Lakes pleasure boats are guarding against the machinations of the Hun, both on the ocean and on the lakes. It is in a small, out-of-the-way spot on the Detroit River (Algonac) that some of the fastest racing gasoline boats on the lakes have been built. Miss Detroit III, and her sisters, past and present title holders, have been built in this locality. It is, or has been, a common sight to see the prodigiously speedy craft race about the calm water of the rivers, and play rings about the lumbering old freighters.

The St. Clair Flats are probably familiar to many. It is from the flats of the St. Clair River that the term "Venice of America" has really come. One may go along for miles and see cottage after cottage in all varying styles and varieties of architecture (or lack of it) suspended above the clear, blue waters on ridiculously small piles. Some have quaint old rustic bridges connecting. Others rely entirely on the water method of travel. During the season of navigation, there is no break in the continual stream of vessels, bound up or down, with their cargoes of grain, wood, ore, oil, or package freight. Intermingled with the more sombre merchant vessels

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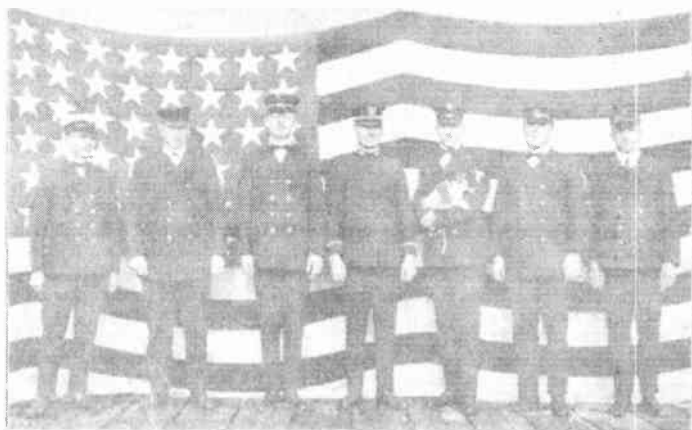
are the passenger ships, some pure white in color with a gay crowd of excursionists from Detroit, bound for the flats, or a picnic island, (of which there are many); some larger with an interested crowd at the rails glancing at this ever-changing scene as a part of the many in their cruise through the lakes.

About a half hour before reaching Detroit, one can see the pride of the city—Belle Isle—said to be one of the most beautiful parks in the world. It is an island, with beautiful macadam automobile boulevards leading around the island and to every part of it. There is a splendid bathing beach, the delight of young and old alike, and every form of amusement known for the relief of the tired business man and his family. Two years ago a bridge connecting the island park with Detroit's boulevard system, was burned and the only access to the park is by boat. The speedy little two-deckers run every fifteen minutes and afford good connection. Another great attraction of the park is the aquarium, said to be one of the finest in the country.

Detroit is handicapped in that she has no harbor. The city is built along the river, offering no harbor at all. There is an immense amount of dock space, but other lake ports surpass this one in amount of tonnage discharged. One of the main reasons why Detroit has been forced to retain a back seat in this connection is that as a railroad center she is not to be compared with other Lake Erie ports, as Toledo, Cleveland, and Buffalo. A large amount of package freight is handled through Detroit on passenger-freight steamers which make daily trips to Cleveland. In the summer there are two day boats and two night boats. Travelers much prefer the lake ride as it is cheaper and cleaner than the rail trip. One of the largest fresh-water steamers in the world plies between Buffalo and Detroit—the City of Detroit III. Those who have traveled on the ocean are sometimes inclined to entertain the idea that lake vessels are small and with poor accommodations. Their eyes would be opened if they could make a trip on some of the floating palaces of the lakes.

Almost everyone is familiar with Detroit itself. It is known to be the greatest automobile city of the world. It is an education in itself to make the circuit of the great factories. In shipbuilding, too, Detroit is second to none on the lakes. The Great Lakes Engineering Works has turned out a great portion of the vessels now on the lakes and not a few now in the possession of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and the Shipping Board. There are several other smaller shipyards. A good portion of Detroit's working population does not come from Detroit at all, but from its Canadian neighbor across the river—Windsor. Ferries connect with this city. There is too much traffic on the river to permit of a bridge being erected. In municipal government, public works, parks and boulevards, beautiful streets and residences, Detroit is second to none. The city itself is very old, having been first settled in 1610. It passed into British and Indian hands, and an American expedition to retake the city failed, under a chicken-hearted American general; and with the close of the revolutionary war passed into American hands. It became American territory in 1796.

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Staff at Naval Radio Station, Astoria, Oregon.
Left to right—Hamilton, Baxter, Roy, Julien, Helken, De Champlain, Dunlap.

A MARCONI BOY GASSED

The following letter from William E. O'Neill, who for more than five years was stock clerk at the New York office, will prove of interest to his many friends in the Marconi service:

Base Hospital 115,
Vichy, France.

Dear friend W. S.:

Well, after all is said and done with Germany and her allies, I am still alive and kicking, and now that I am becoming myself again my thoughts turn to the office and my many friends among the operators. I wrote you and Mr. Duffy some time ago stating my first experiences in the army and overseas. I said then it was Hell and I didn't think I would live through it. My previous occupation in no way fitted me for a daily hike of twenty kilometers or sleeping under the sky during heavy rain, or speaking of the early-to-bed and early-to-rise grind. When reveille would sound at 5:30 a. m. I would sit up and gape and picture the good old days when I would arrive about 9:15 to find an angry mob of operators waiting for me wanting a full set of stationery, some scratch pads or pencils or a bottle of mucilage—you know the old programme!

Anything I felt or said then I now take all back. Those days were lightly burdened compared with the days of a month ago. Little did I

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ever dream that I would some day be ducking high explosives and machine gun bullets or have to keep my ears pitched for a gas alarm in a self-made dugout a foot and a half deep! Well, Fitz, making a long story short, while up in the Argonne Forest and Verdun fronts I could picture my folks spending my ten thousand government insurance and having a big time. Human life wasn't worth a nickel on those fronts. It was surely Hell on earth for all hands. The whole air seemed full of flying shrapnel.

The fifteenth day of October, the last day of my battling career, I will never forget. The order was given at 5:05 a. m. to go over the top amidst shells, machine bullets and gas shells. The latter is what put me out of the game and blinded me. For two weeks I lay without my sight and, although I am fairly well now, I am still in the hospital. There's a big difference now for I am having the time of my life. Nothing to do but eat, sleep and drink—hot chocolate donated by the Red Cross; and, my good looks put me ace high with all the nurses. They are treating me so nice that I told the doctor to-day that I don't want to get well.

I suppose you folks back home are tickled foolish over the grand victory. The way it was with the boys along the line was: "Take it or leave it, Jerry." And for every one of Jerry's shells sent over our lines, our artillery would shoot five back. At last we had them retreating so fast they didn't have time to change their minds. We captured many prisoners and guns. Some of the boys who came back after me said they captured a woman. So, you see, we were fighting both sexes! Yes, and Thanksgiving is near and Turkey is all in—and so is Germany. All lights out in a few minutes so I will have to bring this to a close.

Wishing you, and yours, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Miller (better known as Dolly), the Boss and all the operators A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain,

Your friend,
WILLIAM O'NEILL.



MORO CASTLE—HABANA

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ARE YOU ON TIME?

Caesar's delay in reading a message cost him his life when he reached the senate house.

Alexander the Great was asked how he conquered the world. He answered quickly, "By being on time and not delaying."

Franklin said to a servant who was always late, but always ready with an excuse: "I have generally found that the man who was good at an excuse is good for nothing else."

Grouchy failed to be on the job, the imperial guard was licked, Waterloo was lost. Napoleon was yanked off a prisoner to the rock at an early age—all because one of his generals was behind time.

The grand old man of Regent Street, William Ewart Gladstone, was an early riser. One of our greatest retailers has this for one of his favorite sayings: "The better the tardy man's excuse, the worse the reason."

Peter the Great always rose as the little stars were fading from the sky; so did Alfred the Great. In the small hours of the morning Columbus planned his voyage of discovery. Napoleon planned his great campaign in the early morning hours. Copernicus was an early riser. Bryant rose at five, Bancroft at dawn.

A THRILLER

Extract from a letter from a returned Marconi boy

"The one question everyone asks me is, "Were you scared when you went into the battle?" No. I've been scared out of ten years growth out in No Man's land on patrol, but I was too busy running the company as we went over to be scared. Shellfire never did bother me much—I don't know why. It's dangerous enough. When bullets came too close, I had a way of striking at them, exactly as if a bee got after me. This was purely reflex, and looked ridiculous.

The worst scare I ever got was in a little wreck of a town called Marvorism near Xevray in the Toul sector. I had a couple of squads on night patrol backed by an automatic rifle squad with two guns to cover our get-away. It was pitch dark and deathly still. The village was a ghastly ruin—no house having more than portions of two walls, reminding one of Alloway's auld haunted kirk. In addition, we and Unser Heine both had tricks of waylaying stray patrols and bombing merry h— out of them. There was only one way in through the wire—a dark, broad path. I went up that on my hands and knees, and got into a lot of high grass. Suddenly the wire on my right clinked through the dark and I flattened out like a cockroach. Then on my left I heard a dull click, click, exactly like the throwing of a rifle safety lock to "ready." I wished I was home. However, the patrol was behind me and I had to go on. I squirmed forward flat on my stomach till an owl hooted twice on my right and another answered three times on my left. I put my head down and wondered what it felt like to have a potato masher land and burst on one's back. I was

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dead sure we were in a trap, and that we must either fight or run. It was not a happy moment. I think after I got through cold-sweating I got up and trotted into the town, with the connecting file bringing on the patrol. I know darned well I got into Marvorism, and there wasn't any ambush, though their picket took a shot at us in the dark and beat it. All the same, between the rats in the wire and the owls in the trees, my nerves were tied up so next day that if anybody moved behind me I'd jump out of my seat and reach for my gun."

DOGS OF WAR (MEXICO)

By Clarence Cisin

Said the Mascot Pup to the Mexican hound:

"This place isn't really so bad

As those newspaper hoboes would have us all think,

When they rave and they swear and start singing their ink

'Cause a newspaper dog feels so punk without drink

That his nature is naturally sad."

But the Hairless hound said: "By the hair on my head

This heat's surely got you, poor pup.

I've lived in this country for many a year

And there isn't a snake or a spider I fear.

I'd rather drink water than imported beer.

But take this advice," and he barked in his ear.

"As soon as you can, get to h— out of here."

STOP—LOOK—LISTEN

Genius is intensity. The man who gets anything worth having is the man who goes after his object as a bulldog goes after a cat—with every fibre in him tense with eagerness and determination.

It takes force and fierceness, gimp, git and gumption to run down success. Life is no dressing gown and slippers game. It is a fight fiercer than a street riot. Destiny is trying to down you. Square off and hit out at her as hard as you are able.

You alone can save yourself from failure. Be on your guard against your weaknesses. Get a grip on yourself. Take your habit of puttering and dawdling by the throat and choke the life out of it.

Stop loitering. Quit lagging at the tail of the procession, where you have to take everyone else's dust. Hit up the pace; break out of the rear ranks; make a dash for the front of the parade, where you can get a view of the prospect ahead and hear the music of the band wagon. Bring all your power into play; go in for all you are worth. Do something—if it be only for a single occasion—with all your earthly might.

Don't be a lump of dough. Set a little yeast at work in yourself and see if you can't rise.

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U. S. WIRELESS BILL KILLED

House Committee Tables Measure
by Unanimous Vote.

Washington, Jan. 16.—The House Merchant Marine Committee by a unanimous vote to-day tabled the bill for Government ownership of wireless.

WANTED—EXPERT RADIO OPERATORS

On the re-opening of the Marconi High Power Transoceanic Services there will be vacancies for a number of high grade operators.

Some junior operators on probation will also be engaged.

All applicants will be required to pass a satisfactory examination in operating.

Applications should be made at once in handwriting (not typewriting), giving full particulars of previous experience and addressed to Traffic Manager Marconi Co., Woolworth Building, New York.

A DESTROYER'S SAILING ORDERS

BY ENSIGN CHARLES W. KIMBALL, U. S. N., Reserve Force
At the first meeting in Paris of American naval officers with the commanders of our army, early last year, the story is that one of the Generals spoke feelingly of the work expected of the fleet. "You will not be in the limelight," he is reported to have said to an Admiral present. "We know well that all we fighting men on land duty will be featured in the press. But you of the navy will scarcely be mentioned. We soldiers want you to know, however, that we understand perfectly our dependence upon you for everything, and that if we win any glory the credit will be largely yours."—Editor's note.

"Sail at four a. m.," says the captain, laying down the long manila envelope marked "Secret." "Acknowledge by signal," he directs the ship's messenger, and looks inquiringly about the wardroom table.

"Aye, aye, sir!" says the executive. "Ready at four, sir," reassures the engineer officer, leaving his dinner for a short trip to the engine-room to push some belated repairs.

"Send a patrol ashore to round up the liberty party," says the executive to the junior watch officer. "Tell them to be aboard at midnight instead of eight in the morning."

None of the hustle and bustle that you associate with sailing orders. Blowers begin to hum in the firerooms. The torpedo gunner's mates slip detonators in the warheads and look to the rack-load of depth charges.

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The steward makes a last trip across to the depot ship. Otherwise, things run on very much as before. *Ready to fight and ready to go is the normal condition in the flotilla.* At midnight, the junior watch calls the captain to report welcome news, "Liberty party all on board, sir," and turns in for a few hours' rest.

At three a. m. he rouses out a sleepy crew to hoist boats and secure for sea. Seven bells strikes on the flagship. The cable is slipped from the mooring buoy. Ports are darkened and Number 155 glides out past the silent town on the hill and lies to, breasting the flood tide a bit outside the channel and just within the net. Morning coffee is served on deck. Another destroyer joins; then another. Running lights of two more appear in the channel as the clock strikes four a. m. The senior naval officer leading makes his number to the guardship at the net. You ring up two-thirds speed, shut off running lights, and fall into column. Rain begins to spatter. Clearing the light the five spread out like a fan into line formation. "Standard speed ahead!" You're off!

A division of Yankee destroyers, tearing through the Irish sea on a rainy morning—five abreast. You *know* there are five, but all you can *see* is your guide, a black smudge against the blacker morning, a few ship-lengths away on your port hand. A rain squall blots her out. You lose her. You flash running lights, get her flash in reply and pick up the shape again.

You watch her close. You keep an eye out forward, but you do not worry for what may be in the darkness and mist ahead. If it comes, it will not be judgment that saves you, but luck or intuitive reaction, wherein you act first and think afterward. If you win out—it's all in a day's work. If you lose—never mind. As the poet sings, "There's no greater sport than a general court." The destroyer's business is to get there and it's yours to get her there.

Toward noon the weather clears. Sunset comes in the late evening of the long northern day and the lookout reports to the lightship off — bar. You ring up one-third speed and circle around in a slow column, watching the clock.

On time the convoy comes, roaring down the swept channel at her full twenty-three knots. Camouflaged like a zebra. Rearing out of the sea like a chalk cliff. Truly a leviathan of ships. You've drawn a man's size job this trip, and you feel a bit proud. You ring up for twenty-five knots and swing into position.

Again the mist shuts down and a light rain begins to fall. You feel easier. In thick weather "Fritz" has a bad time in his hunting. In the dog watches you clear the channel and stand out into blue water. The fog lifts and gradually the long twilight merges into darkness. The phosphorescent bow-wave of the great convoy glows gently and guides your steady patrol. In and out you swing—eyes ahead, abeam, and astern. It is ticklish work now. Many things to watch—position, convoy, and the sea ahead. A bright wake shows, crossing your bow. You feel for the alarm button and think fast. It crosses and fades. Only a porpoise.

Descend the manhole in the deck. The cover is closed and secured be-

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hind you. A door, gasketed with rubber and locked with toggles, faces you at the foot of the ladder. As it opens, comes a pressure on your ear-drums like the air-lock of a caisson. It is the forced draught. You thread your way amid pumps and feed water heaters and descend still further to the furnace level.

Twenty-five knots—twenty-eight land miles an hour is good going. You think of dust, of heat, the clatter of shovels, of grimy, sweaty firemen. Instead, a watertender stands calmly watching the glow of oil jets feeding the furnace fire. Now and then he casts an eye to the gauge glasses. His two firemen give a turn to a fuel cock—a shot of oil to a pump. The vibration of the hull and the hum of a blower are the only sounds. Fresh cool air sweeps through in a steady stream.

You have purchased absolution from the Service's burden of coaling ship—but you pay in oil. You smell oil in the smoke from the funnels, you breathe it from the oil-range in the galley. Your clothes gather it from stanchions and rails. The destroyer is not built whose bulkheads will stand oil-tight in the weaving hull, and the watertanks are flavored with the seepage from neighboring fuel-compartments. You drink petroleum in the water and taste it in the soup. The curry in the lamb "kills" it, but the rice reeks of Mexican crude. The butter, absorbing the vapors, tastes like some queer vaseline. At first your stomach revolts. You starve yourself for a trip, grow used to it, and come back with renewed appetite.

The wind draws ahead. A short sea is running with a tremendous ground swell. Fourteen knots would ease her, but twenty-five—drilling ahead into it—is cruel work for a long, lean hull; no depth; no beam; lines like a jackknife. The convoy is bowing gracefully to it, just filling her hawse-pipes. You are submarining, taking spray in sheets clean over the stacks.

Your ship lurches up on top of a crest, looks about for a second and dives head-first into the trough. She sputters around in it, like a hen bathing her feathers in a roadside dust heap, then picks herself up and runs full tilt into the next. On the bridge and on deck you feel the heave and pitch subconsciously, but the eye is busy and the mind occupied. Below decks the sense of motion becomes dominant. Sides and ceiling of the little white wardroom heave and whirl. You go up, up, up, and then drop lightly down for an infinite time, bringing up with a whack that rings the silver in the pantry closet and makes you sense the fillings in your teeth.

At every touch of the helm she vibrates like a freight locomotive on a stretch of ill-kept roadbed. There is noise intensified, everywhere—an incessant jiggle, squeak, and tinkle of bulkheads, shelves, and metal fixtures. The light plating of hull and fo'c'sle-head (officers' quarters on destroyers are forward) relays to the interior the sound of this steel tank boring at high speed into resistant water, the steady "whoo-oo-oo choo-oo-oo!" of each dip into wave is varied with a long "whow-w-w!" as she dives. The spray rattles overhead like buckshot.

At meal-time you feed—dining is out of the question. The rolling boards (designed, too, by an experienced destroyer carpenter), well enough for easy weather, are a mockery in such a sea. Saucers lollop from batten to

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batten. Butter balls shoot from plates and defy capture on the wardroom deck. You drink soup out of a teacup and eat such solids as you can hold in your hand.

The convoy's glowing bow-feather dims. Her outlines begin to show against the rose and copper of the horizon where day is dawning. The senior naval officer hoists International Code "Bon Voyage" to convoy. You pick up her "blinker" (occulting light) (British) message in reply: "Thank you for your good work. Best of luck!"

From the S. N. O. (senior naval officer) comes another message. "Drop convoy. Set course 188. Execute. Keep bright lookout for inbound convoy ten ships." You swing into line, scouting distance. At four p. m. lookout reports "smoke ahead." You sight nine rusty English tramps of eight thousand tons or so, and a fine big liner auxiliary, flying the Royal Navy ensign.

Maximum speed of convoy seven knots. It will be easy going. You form on the flanks and pick up zig-zag. Presently, upon the horizon appear two "liney" sloops and a Yankee "flivver" (a 740-ton destroyer) and take position at head and rear.

The trim lines and tandem stacks of sloop and destroyer make them look their part of men-of-war, built to work in formation—elbow to elbow. Even the smart converted liner is not out of her element. But there is something irresistibly funny in the look of nine grimy cargo wagons, jiggling solemnly along in line. They remind you of a flock of muddy ducks, bobbing and turning on a cruise in the barnyard pond.

A night and a day you run with the convoy. The wind dies. Quiet surface and long ground swell make easy watching for you and risky work for "Fritz," who loves the days when the sea, whipping the foam off the crests, hides the "feather" of his periscope.

Leaving to your division team-mates the nine tramps, bound north, you join hands with sloop and flivver to see the liner safe to home port. Evening comes. She fades to a great black shape—now silhouetted clear in the moon's heaving silver path, now bulking black against the gray of sea and sky. Your two companions range this way and that, noses to the ground. One moment they are invisible in a sheet of mist, the next they glow faintly phosphorescent as the moon reflects on the white stripes of their camouflage.

Off ——— light at two in the morning, as per instructions, you drop her. Captain is called. Radio to C. in C. for further orders. Comes the answer: "Proceed on patrol of Areas X and Y." The captain sets a course, watches a half-hour and goes to his billet in the chart-house below.

"This destroyer game is like driving a taxi," grumbles the officer of the deck. "Here's the sixth time I've been off this blooming port and never so much as put a nose inside. Drop your 'fare' and back to the 'stand' for another call. I've steamed sixty thousand miles since last May. Been to France eighteen times, to Scotland six, all around Ireland and England. Seen what? Three ports—barring six days' leave in London. What you get for being efficient. Wish she'd bust once for a change."

Lights of trawlers flash up ahead. Interest on the bridge picks up. "Object off port how, close aboard—looks like periscope!" reports quarter-

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master. The officer of the deck snaps his binoculars on a bobbing black spar. "Buoy and fishnet," he decides, after a quick scrutiny.

Daylight reveals a row of cheerful stubby faces strung across the for'd weather screen of the bridge, smiling out above the woolly collars of sheepskin-lined canvas jackets. In the crow's nest the mouth, nose and eyes of an Eskimo-like creature peep from the cowl of a khaki wind-proof smock. He wears trousers of the same material with great flopping legs. Aft the chart-house, over the galley-hatch, sit the standby gun's crew in Red Cross sweaters of gray and blue warming themselves and sniffing the heavenly odor of frying flapjacks.

Aft, the gunner's mate of the depth-bomb watch, in undress blues with a C. P. O.'s (chief petty officer's) shirt relieving a décolleté effect of sailor collar, sits on a 300-pound canister of TNT and smokes a cigarette. A fireman in spick and span dungarees comes up for a wash. About deck, the rest of the watch set things to rights after the morning washdown. White hats, watch caps and helmets top the close-cropped heads. Leather boots, rubber boots, and footgear of all fashions cover the feet. Every odd and end of naval togs you see on a destroyer's crew at sea.

The watch is relieved and "chow is down." Below decks in narrow passageways, lined with pipe-berths—three to the tier—they sit at breakfast at mess tables whose supporting dish-lockers barely yield room for knees beneath. The whole space is cut up into tiny compartments with water-tight doorways from room to room. There is space to eat and sleep and rest—no more. Thanks to the blower, there is air to breathe. In this is incubated the T. B. D. (torpedo boat destroyer) man, always growling, always cheerful; smudgy of face but clean of body.

The tension of escort duty is a bit relaxed. You are on the offensive now—on the hunt—across channel and down. "Tell Radio to bring in the press," say the officer of the deck as he sends down to call his relief. Going below, he looks at the bunch of handwritten sheets. "In French! What d'they think's a joke?" he ejaculates, stepping to a speaking-tube. "Radio room? What's the big idea, sending up that stuff for press?"

"Captain's orders, sir! Told us last trip. We're to listen in for Admiralty on the big set and we can't read Carnarvon's press on the emergency set."

"What d'you know about that?" growls the O. D. "This blanked propaganda they call 'press' is poor enough apology for news. But to get it in French—!"

The annunciator on the bridge buzzes. It is the radio room calling on the voice tube. A messenger answers. "Says he has picked up a radiogram from *Hibiscus* to Admiralty," reports the messenger. "*Hibiscus* engaged a sub; caught one prisoner. Radio hasn't de-coded the rest."

"Send it to captain direct when it's worked out," orders the officer of the deck. Shortly, appears the captain on the bridge with the radio blank in hand. The navigator follows: "Sounds like a party," remarks the captain. "I'm not side-stepping any D. S. O.'s. We'll go and see what's doing. Let her go on course 160. Tell them to give her both firerooms and make twenty-five knots when steam permits."

At four a. m. the officer of the deck is relieved and turns in. At five.

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he climbs out at the jingle of the general alarm, pulls on his sea-boots and comes up on the run in time to see the exchange of recognition signals with His Majesty's ship *Hibiscus*, which came plump onto a sub while he was on surface in the fog, recharging batteries, rammed him, depth-bombed him, and blew out one lone prisoner. The *Hibiscus* blinker light tells the story briefly.

"Can we assist you?" we inquire.

"Thanks. Drop a few depth charges," he replies.

You let go a dozen or so for good measure and secure. Then you go your way. The late O. D. again turns in.

At six-thirty, he wakes with a jump and puts one leg tentatively out of bed. "Waur-r-r-rh! Waur-r-r-rh!" shrieks the warning siren followed by the "Brump! Brump! Brump" of three depth bombs. Inside the hull the shock is keener than the sound. He listens for the alarm. Silence again. He sighs with content and turns over to sleep till eight.

Now you approach a "bad spot," the turning point off — light. Ordinarily commonplace objects floating by, boxes, timbers and boards and birds become centers of acute scrutiny. You pick up the tower of the light through the haze of afternoon and head for C—. A radio changes your course across channel. The "listeners" have picked up sounds of another undersea boat.

At four p. m. you encounter M. L. No. 532 and a trawler prowling about off —stown. There is some conversation relative to the whereabouts of reported submarine. The cross-channel's mail packet sails by at twenty knots and the captain debates if he shall escort her across. "Fast enough to take care of herself," he decides. You circle round for an hour. Comes another radio from Admiralty and back over your course you go.

Something glitters above the mast. It is His Britannic Majesty's dirigible balloon No. XX392Z, out on patrol. He sails lightly down to easy semaphore distance and circles around you. From a cage below a long cigar-shaped aluminum envelope appear three leather-helmeted heads. Number One, forward, rises and with his hands makes signs to talk.

"Please keep an eye on me," he semaphores. "I am running out of gas." "Certainly," you reply. "Seen any subs?" "No luck. Not a sight of submarine," his gauntleted hands answer.

He tails contentedly astern. By and by he thinks to inquire: "Are you going to H—?" You tell him yes and give him course and distance, he bids you "So long!" rises into an easterly current and buzzes home.

Six days out! At dinner, Radio brings in a pink slip. "'Bill' Bayly says 'come home,'" announces the skipper.

At three in the morning the lookouts on port side of bridge utter a hoarse, simultaneous cry. A shell ricochets by—a hundred yards or so abeam—and bursts ahead of you. The sound of the gun-fire comes from astern. You ring for general quarters. The quartermasters make hasty Allied recognition signals sternward.

"She's British!" you exclaim, as a rocket goes skyward and bursts in a

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blue shower. "What in —?" queries the captain, who is on the bridge in an instant.

"Ask her: 'What were you shooting at?'" he orders the quartermaster.

"We thought you were a submarine," answers H. M. S. *Gryphon*, a venerable coal-burning destroyer.

"Yes. But what were you shooting at?" you persist.

The point gradually works in. Disdaining reply to your poke at his shooting, he goes on his way. At seven in the morning you pass in through the net again.

In port. Over the side goes the mail orderly, in the first boat. You tie up comfortably, fourth in a brood of destroyers moored alongside the flagship. The wardroom shifts into bathrobes and watches intently the captain's slippers, marking first option on the shower. "No baths at sea," is unwritten law in the flotilla.

Mail arrives and baths are forgotten. Up come two queer parcels from the ship's "godmother" in the States. A phonograph and fifty records! Even letters go in the discard. The executive feverishly selects records. The engineer with his own hands assembles mechanism. The captain, on his way to report at Admiralty, stops to hear the opening march and to remind you "Five days 'in' to clean boilers this trip." Your tour is ended. —(From *The Guaranty News*.)

WAR SAVINGS STAMP 1919 PROGRAMME

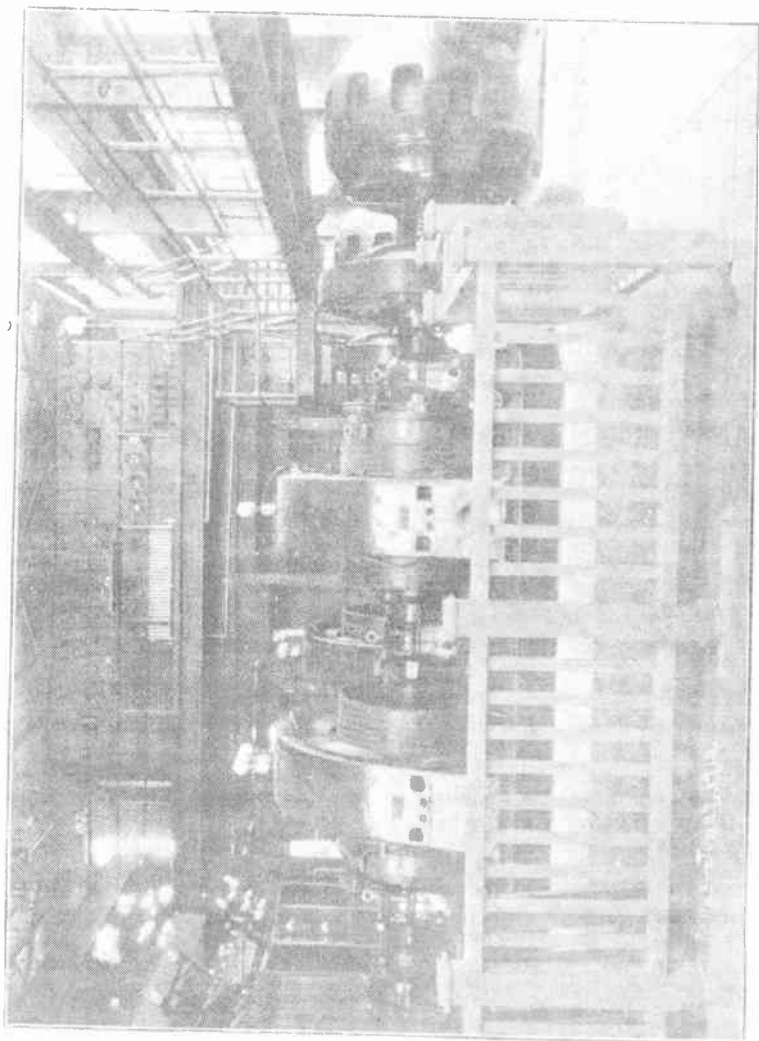
The programme for sale of War Savings Stamps in 1919, announced by the Treasury, is almost identical with that followed last year, as relating to cost of the stamps in various months. In January the stamps worth \$5, face value, will be sold for \$4.12, and will increase one cent a month until next December. They will not mature until January 1, 1924, or one year later than the stamps of 1918.

Thrift Stamps costing twenty-five cents each will be sold throughout the year. They will be identical in design and size with the present Thrift Stamps, but will be blue instead of green. The War Savings Stamps, also blue, are considerably smaller than the present issue.

New cards, on which War Savings Stamps are to be attached, will be issued, and 1919 stamps should not be attached to old cards. If a War Savings Certificate has been only partially filled with this year's War Savings Stamps, it will be entirely valid, and may be redeemed eventually at the maturity value of the stamps it bears. The new stamps are now on sale.

Indications now are that the sale of War Savings Stamps last year will be about a billion dollars, as \$930,090,000 in sales have been reported to date, and belated reports are expected to swell this considerably.

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MARCONI TRANSMITTING STATION, MARION, MASS., 10,000 Volt. d. c. generators

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NOTICE

The directors of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America have declared a dividend at the rate of five per cent on the outstanding stock, payable July 1, 1919, out of the surplus profits of the company to stockholders of record at the close of business June 1st next.

METROPOLITAN HOTELS

As a hotel center New York City leads the country, a position which has been made more than certain for some time to come by the approximate completion of the two largest buildings of this character in the country—the Commodore, in the Grand Central Terminal, and the Pennsylvania, on Seventh avenue, facing the Pennsylvania Station.

With the addition of these huge caravanseries, the modern high-grade hotels of the city have a capacity in round numbers of approximately 25,000 rooms. While these would seem an enormous capacity and sufficient for whatever floating population the city may have need to cater to for years, the outlook, as viewed by prominent hotel men today, is that hotel construction will be one of the leading activities in the future building here. Focussing of the world's business in this city, they say, will make new hotels a necessity.

INFLUENZA

Never more than while this epidemic of influenza prevails is it true that people who are ill should call a doctor instead of trying to treat themselves, but, unfortunately, a call for a doctor now does not always bring one at once, or even at all, and large numbers of people must necessarily rely more or less on what they can do for themselves. Highly commendable, therefore, was it that a committee of the Advisory Council of the N. Y. health board, headed by Dr. Abraham Jacobi and including

seven other eminent physicians, have drawn up a series of simple suggestions as to precautionary measures that can be taken in any family when one of its members shows the easily recognizable first symptoms of the disease—measures which, if taken intelligently and thoroughly, will greatly increase the patient's chances of quick recovery.

SUGGESTIONS

Obey all the orders of the Health Department.

If you feel sick all over, with chilliness or aching of the bones, and with feverishness and headache, perhaps with a cold in the head or throat, you are probably getting influenza.

Go to bed and, until you get a doctor, do these things:

Take castor oil or a dose of salts to move the bowels.

Keep reasonably but not too well covered, and keep fresh air in the room, best by opening a window at the top.

Take only simple, plain food, such as milk, soups, gruels, or porridge, or any other cereals. Eat bread and butter and any kind of broth or mashed potatoes. Eggs may be eaten, but not more than two a day. Do not take any meat or any wine, beer, or whisky, or other spirits, unless you are ordered to by the doctor.

Do not get up unless absolutely necessary, and then do not walk about and expose yourself to cold, and do not go about in bare feet. In this way you will avoid getting pneumonia or bronchitis.

Do not take any medicine unless ordered by a doctor.

Do not cough or sneeze in the face of other people.

You should drink plenty of plain water all through the sickness.

Stay in bed until you have no fever and are feeling much better. Stay in the house two or three days longer.

If you are not much better, or practically well in two or three days, call a

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doctor, if you have not already done so, or ask the nearest hospital for help, or call the nearest nursing center, or notify the nearest board of health clinic.

SMALL COINS MINTED

Small change required to pay war taxes on many retail articles caused the mints to produce 307,614,000 1-cent pieces in 1918, a record output, according to a report by the director of the mint. A total of 538,160,000 coins were minted, more than ever before in the nation's history, but owing to the large proportion of pennies the value of the output was \$31,745,000, or lower than in 1917. The number of nickels minted was 45,334,000; dimes, 68,654,000; quarters, 32,692,000, and half-dollars, 83,856,000. Neither silver dollars nor gold coins were struck off.

WEIGHT OF BIG BUILDINGS

Three of the largest office buildings in New York City, the Equitable, Woolworth and Municipal, have a combined weight of 1,086,800,000 pounds, their total being 494,000 tons. The heaviest structure is the Equitable, which is also the world's largest office building, its weight being 203,000 tons, and the Municipal Building is the next heaviest, totalling 188,000 tons, while the Woolworth, which ranks as the loftiest office structure in the world, weighs 103,000.

NEW YORK'S CHEAP BATH HOUSE

An immense bathing pavilion with room for 7,000 persons was recently built at Coney Island by the city of New York. A fee of ten cents is charged for the use of rooms. In contrast, private bathing establishments charge from 25 cents to \$2, and more, during the rush on Sundays and holidays.

BOOST

Boost your city, boost your friend,
Boost the lodge that you attend,
Boost the street on which you're dwelling,
Boost the goods that you are selling,
Boost the people round about you,
They can't get along without you,
But success will quicker find them
If they know that you're behind them.

Boost for every forward movement,
Boost for every new improvement,
Boost the man for whom you labor,
Boost the stranger and the neighbor,
Cease to be a chronic knocker,
Cease to be a progress blocker,
If you'd make your city better,
Boost it to the final letter.

THINGS TO FORGET

Forget the slander you have heard,
forget the hasty, unkind word,
Forget the quarrel and the cause, forget
the whole affair because
Forgetting is the only way. Forget the
storm of yesterday,
Forget the chap whose sour face forgets
to smile in any place.
Forget the trials you have had, forget
the weather if it's bad.
Forget the knocker, he's a freak; forget
him seven days a week.
Forget you're not a millionaire, forget
the gray streaks in your hair.
Forget the home team lost the game,
forget the pitcher was to blame.
Forget the coffee when it's cold, forget
the kick, forget to scold.
Forget the plumber's awful charge, forget
the iceman's bill is large.
Forget the coal man and his ways
(weights), forget the heat in summer
days.
Forget, wherever you may roam, forget
the duck who wrote this poem.
Forget that he, in social bliss, forgot
himself when he wrote this.

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TRADE WITH JAPAN

Trade of the United States with Japan last year showed a tremendous gain, especially on the export side. A compilation by the National City Bank of New York gives the value of merchandise exported from the United States to Japan and its leased territory in China as about \$250,000,000, against \$134,000,000 in the fiscal year 1917. To Japan proper the total for the ten months ending with October, 1918, is \$223,000,000, against \$126,000,000 in the same months of 1917, and only \$81,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1916, while to Japanese leased territory in China the total for the ten months of 1918 is \$5,780,000, against \$3,624,000 in the same months of 1917, and \$922,000 in the corresponding months of 1916.

AREAS OF CITIES

From the viewpoint of area, Los Angeles, since the annexation of Westgate and Occidental, is the largest city in the United States. It has now an area of 337.92 square miles. New York, with 314.75 square miles, is the second largest; Chicago is third with 198, and Philadelphia fourth with 129 square miles.

OBITUARY

Earl Standish Wellington of New York, operator on the S. S. El Sud, died at sea January 5, 1919, according to a dispatch from the captain, which gave no details. Deceased entered Marconi service in 1912 and his service was continuous until his death. For a few months recently he was assigned to duty in the auditing department, but returned to sea at his own request. He was 27 years old and leaves a widow, to whom we extend sincere sympathy.



January 8, at St. Mary's Church, Baltimore, Beatrice V. Deichelman to Thomas Hawkins, both of Baltimore.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Vice-President and General Manager sailed for Europe on the Olympic January 25 on a brief business trip.

William A. Winterbottom has been appointed traffic manager, with headquarters at New York, vice George S. DeSousa, elected treasurer.

William E. Brock is in Mexico City on business of the company.

Robert C. Hock has been appointed cashier at head office, vice Miss Reynolds, transferred to treasurer's department.

PERSONAL

Capt. Richard Douglass, U. S. A., a former Marconi man, has been invalided home from France and is now at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington. We wish him speedy and complete recovery.

EASTERN DIVISION

NEW YORK

The period of readjustment has passed in this division and everything has taken on a rosy appearance. The office is busier than ever and the future looks as bright as a summer sunrise. The operators, with very few exceptions, are

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enjoying the new wage scale and all are happy with their lot. Those who remain under direct Marconi control express themselves glad of the fact, while the operators who now receive their salary from the steamship companies retain a warm regard for the Marconi service.

Never before has this service proven of such value to steamship companies as during the past two months. Mr. Duffy continues to employ, transfer and dismiss, where necessary, operators for all the ships. What has been in the past renowned Marconi service is still up to the old standard, thanks to the excellent work of our officers.

Four new men were put on during the month. F. S. Fischer, former chief operator of the Chicago office, operator on Great Lakes ships, assistant government radio inspector and Western Union operator, who has just received an honorable discharge from the signal corps, was assigned to the Cherokee. Barney Frankel, former American-Hawaiian Line man, went as junior to E. W. Harris on the Jamestown for one trip, and was then transferred to the Concho as junior with G. J. Hamilton, who was promoted to senior when C. L. Fagan went over to the San Jacinto. G. H. Catlin, recently discharged from the air service of the U. S. Army, sailed as C. L. Fagan's junior when the San Jacinto took on commercial operators instead of naval men. F. M. Crafts, an ex-Marconi man on both the Atlantic and Pacific, and who served in Uncle Sam's army during the war, was appointed junior to W. Sirkin on the Apache.

A. Crutenden, who attained fame as an instructor at the Marconi Institute and who a few years ago operated on the famous Mississippi River barges between New Orleans and St. Louis, got

an old longing for the sea and is now sailing to South America on the Santa Lucia in place of Matt Uergin, who was taken ill. R. G. Martin is junior.

The Quinn brothers, who have been enjoying a short leave at their home in Wisconsin, have returned. William J. went out as junior with Carl Jones on the Maracaibo and Cornelius J., whose last experience was an extended stay in England when the J. M. Guffey was taken over by the government while there, took out the oil barge Socony 83.

R. W. Young has returned from a trip around Africa which occupied fourteen months. With a stay here of less than three weeks, he again left on a similar trip, this time to be gone eighteen months.

P. H. Nisley went as operator on the newly-equipped tug Neptune. E. J. Martineau was taken from the waiting list for the schooner Dorothy Palmer. H. H. Hall was assigned at Baltimore to the Mount Rainier, which was recently equipped there.

D. C. Smith and R. S. Balzano are off again on another voyage on the Standard Oil ship El Capitan.

When the steamer Onsk arrived from France her three operators were relieved by naval men. S. C. Tennery, first operator, went on the Princess Anne with Ben Beckerman. The second operator, H. J. Scott, sailed on the Philadelphia in place of H. Koehler, who resigned. R. S. Henery, the third operator, is on the unassigned list, and while awaiting a ship is assisting in the taking of the annual inventory at the Broad street storeroom.

L. C. Nunn is now running on the tug Security; L. D. Payne is on the Mayaro; E. A. Pope is holding down the post on board the Socony 90; H. A. Sanders is on the Socony 84, and H. S. Van Cott is still on the Olinda.

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Boston

Frank Flood has resigned and is at the Technology School for Deck Officers. He expects soon to get his ticket. We hope he will not forget his own days in the wireless shack when he becomes a skipper.

W. J. Swett is on the North Star with E. W. Vogel as junior.

We regret to learn that George McEwen is ill at Savannah and all extend best wishes for his rapid recovery.

J. F. Sullivan was recently sent over to the Currier to relieve Operator Falknor, but was somewhat disappointed to find there a Navy man already on duty.

R. G. Philbrook of the Cobb is a frequent visitor to the division office and we wonder if his ship ever puts to sea. Robert recently looked up the matter of his salary on his ship and judging by results apparently knows the ropes. At any rate he is rapidly buying out local clothiers, and what he does it for is a mystery, inasmuch as he has to wear a uniform.

It is said that Mr. Gardner, former constructor, is about to establish a garage. We wish him the best of luck.

A. T. Barber is on the Northland, having relieved H. Q. Horneij.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Baltimore

We equipped two vessels this month.

W. A. Sinclair left our service and we can't say in good standing either. W. P. Grantlin is now with us at Baltimore.

Wm. Haake is going to relieve Gough on the Borgestad when she arrives here.

Our stenographer recently took a day off and secured a meal ticket as well as a job for life. Yep, sure enough. She done gone got married. Boys, this means that you won't see the smiling

face of our Miss BVD, as she is now Mrs. Thomas Hawkins, effective January 8, 1919. She has many admirers among the staff of the Southern Division. She says good-bye to Johnny and Harvey.

GREAT LAKES DIVISION

CLEVELAND

Old man Winter paid us his annual holiday visit and froze over our sailing surface, which permits all ops to go home and get acquainted with their families and make their New Year resolutions before the opening of navigation of 1919. So we will have to fill our space in the SERVICE NEWS the best we can until they return.

William H. Jones, who has had his name annexed to a Marconi payroll for the past six years or more, excluding the last ten months, for which time Uncle Sam paid him thirty iron men per month for hanging around no gentleman's land somewhere in Omaha, breaking up aeroplanes trying to learn how to fly one, returned to our ranks. Bill has been assigned to the carferry Ashtabula as purser-operator. He claims he has turned over a new leaf, resolving to always keep one foot on the ground. We think Bill is lucky to have one foot after his experiences.

Then there is one Fred J. Elliott, who has adorned one of our office chairs for the past year. Fred requested a furlough twenty minutes before the annual train left for Jackson, Michigan, claiming that it was urgent that he be in Jackson on New Year's day in order to turn over a new leaf. He has since returned with a brand new wife. The first one he has ever had. He has resolved to remain a benedict the rest of his life. After reminding Fred that butter was selling at one iron man a pound, he assures us that he knew which

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side of his loaf was buttered before he flopped it over.

This turning over a new leaf on New Year is the bunk. Whether you turn it over or let it lay, it is the same leaf. Ever since Eve decided to wear a new leaf on the first day of the second year in the cabaret of Eden, folks pick on January the once as the date on which their bad habits are going to abdicate.

The leaf that got the most reversing around these diggins was the old tobacco leaf. It got flopped so many times that it's dizzy. It doesn't know whether it is an all-Havana or a rope leaf. Neither does the cigar store man when he soaks you two-bits for a jitney cigar.

Some of our ops were out of luck trying to turn over a new leaf. They meant well, but got home after the first day of the New Year had made its exit. Some were like an old lady trying to pat a porcupine. They always pat it the wrong way. There ain't any right way to pat a porky. Both ways are the wrong way.

If you're wrong, why not be wrong right? Look at Wilhelm Hohenzollern. He knows that he is a down-and-outer. But he refuses to turn over a new leaf.

He turned over his navy.

He turned over his U-sub.

He turned over his artillery and air-planes and about eleven gazillion dollars. But danged if he will turn over a new leaf.

The old sap is sore because he tried to turn over the world and sprained his royal suspenders in the attempt. He's scared of leaves. Every time he turned over a leaf on the western front about a dozen Yankees would pop out from under it and knock him for a goal.

Which is why you should be careful before fooling around with leaves in this age of camouflage.

You can't tell what's under 'em.

CHICAGO

The Barge Limit laid up for the season. J. R. Pell returned to his home in Parkersburg, Va.

W. E. Smith was relieved on the Indiana by E. Prenzel, who has been sailing in the Lake Erie district during the past summer.

F. Spickerman was relieved on the Alabama by L. Schermerhorn, who was transferred from the Lake Erie district.

PACIFIC DIVISION

J. A. Gilliland of the Nuuanu was replaced by G. W. Woodbury, the former resigning from our service.

O. H. Wihl of the Rose City is now in charge of the apparatus aboard the Willamette.

R. S. Palmer, who has been replacing Mr. Barker at our Seattle shop during the latter's vacation, will shortly resume his service as operator in charge of the Yosemite.

A very interesting letter was recently received from Operator O. Mock, a Marconi man, who joined the Naval Reserve at San Francisco as first-class electrician. Mock has since made the rank of gunner (radio), passing the regular examinations and is serving his time somewhere in the East. Congratulations are heartily extended not only for making the higher rank but for acquiring a better half.

Tom Lambert, formerly in charge of the San Francisco branch of the Marconi Institute, has resigned so as to give his entire time to his new line.

J. A. Miche, formerly with this company and lately from the California University Radio School, has rejoined our service and is stationed at the San Francisco shop.

George Murphy has assumed the duties of director of instruction of the San Francisco Marconi Institute.

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