

From the Claire and David Harper Archives

RECEIVED

Office
Date Stamp

POST OFFICE TELEGRAM

NOTE—This form, together with the envelope in which it was delivered, should accompany every telegram.

FROM	Sent at	To	By
<p>Appear to wireless operators If you can keep your nerve When all about you are stations jamming hard and blaming you if you don't hold the air though others don't you until you get the longest message through if you can send and not grow weary sending nor over-tire the man who has to read if your mistakes are rare and prompt the mending if you believe that has to be never speed if you can calmly contemplate the chatter of amateur open stars fresh from school if you can sit with me that matter and wait until</p>			

4271:15109 3.000m 4.38 S.S. 1.0 51-1051.

or C5.

Date Stamp
Office

TELEGRAM POST OFFICE



RECEIVED

NOTE - The only messages which are accepted for delivery are those which are properly addressed and stamped.

From
To
By

Header in FROM TO By Sent at To

They are finished and be cool
 if you can read through
 half a dozen stations
 the weather signals that
 are meant for you and
 pick them out with few in
 newspaper news set we feel ask
 to ask those but if you
 are a pack of all trades
 timber lumber if they
 should bring you cannot
 do if you are an electric
 and so parlor telegraphist
 accountant lawyer so
 if you are propelled by energy
 that's unless I can don't
 bear the job that's more
 done the take my word you
 can fit to work at wireless
 and any thing you'll get
 you'll eat my son.

A Poem to Wireless Operators

{found amidst her notes on wireless training, part of the Claire & David Harper Archive collection}

If you can keep your nerve when all about you
are stations jamming hard and blaming you.
If you canst hold the air though others flout you
Until you get the longest message through.

If you can send and not grow weary sending
Nor overtire the man who has to read.
If your mistakes are rare and prompt their mending
If you believe that haste is never speed.

If you can calmly contemplate the chatter
Of greenhorn operators fresh from school
If you can sit with messages that matter
And wait until they are finished and be cool.

If you can read through half a dozen stations
The weather signals that are meant for you
And pick them out with few interrogations
And never feel ashamed to ask those few.

If you are a jack of all trades tinker tailor.
If there's scarce a thing you cannot do
If you're an electrician and a sailor,
Telegraphist, accountant, lawyer too.

If you're propelled by energy that's tireless
If you don't fear the job that's never done
Then take my word, you're fit to work at wireless
And any thing you'll get, you'll earn my son.

{Using the rhythm of If by Rudyard Kipling}

Typed by alw in going through C&DHarper archives – 9th May 2022

Reviewed by David Harper May 14th 2022