

MEMORY OF AN OLD WHALER CARRIES HIM BACK TO THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF THE 80'S

(Boston Traveller)

One of the whaleboat's six men would have to go when the time came for casting lots for the next meal. The whaler John Howland, Capt. Greene, had lost the boat and crew. They had been left afloat in a stove boat alongside the captured, but dead and fast disappearing whale.

Tropical sea scavengers—tiger sharks—were getting their fill—hundreds of them. The mammal was going fast, William A. Jordan shivered in his boots—but not from cold. Five other men there probably were thinking the same thoughts with Bill—about the "next meal" and drawing lots. And then, after nights of drifting, shaking with the horror of unnamable phantoms.

"We could just see the tips of the Howland's masts coming up over the horizon," said Bill. "I saw them first and I felt like giving a yell, but I took another hitch in my belt and waited. Then everybody there saw her and we all let out a weak shout. We were pretty empty to yell loud."

Bill, a small figure of a man with luminous brown eyes, is one of the last of a race of men who hunted whales.

Memory Reverts to 80's

He is today a carpet layer, lives at 66 Bowdoin street and comes and goes at his tasks in connection with the large carpet and department stores of the city. He likes his present job—but memory reverts to the 80s, when Bill, then about 20, was steerage boy and later boatsteerer aboard the John Howland, built by the Bartlett family of New Bedford, voyaging first out of the Bristol county city, later out of San Francisco, where Bill picked up the Howland after hobnobbing his way on the bumper beams across the country.

"That is another story all by itself," he related today.

"Taking a hitch in the belt was a common occurrence then," he said.

"Cap'n Greene took a shine to me, I guess, after I substituted and hit the whale after the regular boatsteerer had missed. I was in at bow oar and I grabbed the extra harpoon while the fifth mate was fumbling with the lines after his failure to hit.

\$690 in Gold

Next voyage out of San Francisco I was boatsteerer and at the end of that voyage (11 months) I had \$690, all in gold, handed me. That was some handful—34 20s and some small stuff. I lugged it to the bank pronto—and sent father a \$200 draft.

Except for the role of the seaman, Bill remains today a genuine son of the seas.

"The Howland was commissioned as an American fisherman and had no business in foreign ports. But Cap'n Greene was a shrewd man. Whaling was his objective, but he took out of San Francisco 500 bags of white potatoes and took back 2000 bags of sweet potatoes, after swapping the fish spud for the yam that went like a hotcake in the states. He kept laying in pigs, chickens, coconuts, plenty of fruit and other warm country vegetables—even though we were not supposed to enter foreign ports—and when we had gone about a hundred miles to the southwest of Honolulu we ran into in a school of whales that would make your eyes bulge. There were more than a hundred whales in that bunch.

Cruised Pacific

"We cruised in the Pacific north of the equator among the Ladrone, the Gilbert Islands, over around the east coast of Japan and Asia, until the ice went out and we could get up through

the straits into the Arctic.

"I was there two seasons, 1880-81 and 1881-82.

"We took not only whales, but walrus in wholesale lots. Capt. Greene shot 450 on a single cake of ice. We would take the dinghy, one of us in the stern and the captain in the bow. Coming up to leeward, his old rifle would pick them off, one after another. The noise didn't frighten them, because of its resemblance to the sound of the water slapping up underneath the ice.

"He killed perhaps 30 at a distance, he hopped on to the ice and shot right and left. Some of these monsters were a little rough—the males with tusks particularly.

Crushed by Walrus

"Capt. Palmer of another vessel, sitting in a dinghy, was laid up the entire Arctic season through misadventure with a walrus. The brute mistook the dinghy for a berg, came shooting out of water and, in the usual fashion, drove his tusks into what he mistook for the ice. It was really the back of Palmer's coat collar and down his back, which was terribly torn.

"We didn't mind the Arctic—in summer season," recited Bill. "I wore my straw hat and dressed about as I did at the equator. The water was a trifle chilly for swimming. Three of us took sea baths up there, but we just hopped in and hopped right out again."

Arctic Whales Gone

"The seas were full of the finback and the blue—sulphur bottom—species of whales that they catch nowadays," said Bill. "But we were more or less content to pick and take the medium sized whales, for the big ones gave a lot of trouble with the primitive gear we had then.

"I wouldn't say from what I know that the whale is disappearing, but he will undoubtedly thin out if the slaughtering goes on as at present. Best whaling today is around the Bay of Whales in the Antarctic. There are fewer whales in the Arctic. They have been hunted there until they are petering out."

The veteran's goods—clothes, oilskins, all his aboard-ship possessions—were appropriated after his boat disappeared his shipmates, believing he was "gone for good," preferred to take his effects rather than have the captain appropriate them and return them to the ship's slop chest.

"But little by little, about everything was shoved back into my bunk when I was picked up and resumed my duties aboard the vessel."

Vancouver, B.C., July 7—The slight Scottish voice of Bill Hay, leading radio announcer who assists the "boys" Amos 'n Andy with their nightly dramas of taxicabs and reducing cabinets was heard in Vancouver tonight as the former Hastings, Nebraska, choir leader, with Mrs. Hay boarded the Canadian Pacific coast liner, Princess Louise for a nine day cruise to Alaska.

Taking his first vacation in many a moon, Hay was greeted by a big crowd of radio executives and fans who accompanied him from the C.P.R. station to the boat. The W.M.A.Q. studio executive whose slogan "Bill Hay Speaking" is heard nightly by an estimated audience of 60,000,000 people in the United States and Canada, was welcomed by another Scot, Captain A. Slater, Master of the Princess Louise.

WHERE RADIO OPERATORS ARE GIVEN THE TEST — GIRLS ARE PERMITTED TO QUALIFY

(Boston Traveller)

The boy—from some place out in country—yearned to be a radio operator on board a steamship, and the chief examiner for Uncle Sam in Boston sat him down at a table with earphones and put him at the task of showing what he could do.

The office in which they do this, day in and day out, when applicants for either the amateur or the commercial licenses come in to take their examinations, is that of the department of commerce, radio division, 12th floor of the custom house; Charles Clarence Kolster, supervisor.

Women Included

A small army of young men, some older men, and not a few women, sift in and out of this spacious room daily with the urge to secure a radio operator's license.

The youth, perhaps 19, who came in was succeeded by two others, neither more than 25, and then there followed a scattering group, all young men, who represented the day's batch of applicants.

You are handed over to the tallish, blue-eyed man, Waldo J. Butterworth, examiner, and there your test begins. One, or 10, or whatever the daily quota may be, each writes his personal specifications on an application blank and ultimately comes to the little flat-topped wooden table, with its earphones and a small automatic transmitter, pencil and paper and the opportunity to see what he (or she) can do.

Ten Words a Minute

A host of youngsters have been halted in their attempts to get their sending licenses here. If you can receive at the rate of 10 words a minute, Examiner Butterworth may fit you out with an amateur's license. Receiving at the rate of 16 to 20 words and 20 to 25 words per minute qualifies you for two classes of commercial licenses respectively, and ability to receive 30 words per minute puts you up in a special class.

Many of the applicants come from

various radio schools, but by no means all.

There are 3200 amateurs in New England and the number is increasing. More than 600 applicants for commercial licenses drift in and out of the district office in the custom house in 12 months and this number is increasing all the time.

Perhaps 40 per cent. of applicants for licenses fail and have to come back later and try again. Applicants are not confined to young prospects. Recently a veteran of 85 took the test and walked away with an amateur's papers. Elderly women sometimes carry off amateur licenses—but rarely does an older woman try for a commercial license for few passenger or other ships will carry a woman as a radio operator.

Technical Tests

Queries regarding the intricacies of sending and receiving, the motor, generator, batteries, and receiving apparatus, as well as the rules and regulations, form another phase of the test which either class of applicant must answer.

"Any ship that carries 50 or more persons plying between ports 200 miles apart must carry two operators and must maintain continuous radio service," the director tells you. The fate of human life at sea is in the balance, often depending on the man at the radio key.

You sit at the little table with earphones fitted on, and the oscillator giving you back sequences of those weird whining sounds—as if they were actual rhythmic words flung in from across a distant, and perhaps storm-ridden, sea where ships struggle with the elements—and you are inspired with a new sense of what the test means to the youngster and his pals scattered about the room hard at work with pencil and paper.

The applicant may be young. He knows, however, what the big job out there aboard ship at sea will mean in responsibility and keen alertness.

THE BRITISH HAVE UNCOVERED AN OLD ROMAN CITY ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM LONDON

Twenty miles from London there is now being unearthed the city of Verulamium which was flourishing when the Crucifixion was an event but of yesterday. It lies within a mile of the city and Abbey of St. Albans—the great church dedicated to the first martyr to suffer in Britain. London was a mere upstart amongst towns when the mosaic pavements and the walls of flint and tile now being uncovered, were laid by the Roman builders. Every British child has heard of how Boadicea, the early Anglian Queen, headed the tribes in revolt against their Roman oppressors. Colchester, a newer but a stronger Roman settlement than Verulamium, fell before them. Verulamium, too, was swept by fire and sword. The city was rebuilt and prospered exceedingly for a century or more until it again fell with the coming of the Saxons. St. Albans Abbey, as we see it today, was built with bricks from the ruins of the Roman town.

Within the last 12 months thanks largely to the practical interest of the Corporation of St. Albans and of Lord Verulam, an elaborate scheme of excavation, an elaborate scheme of progress. The work is being conducted under the superintendency of Professor Robert E. M. Wheeler, Secretary of the London Museum, one of the greatest archaeological experts in Britain. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler have the capable assistance of bands of students from all parts of the country, who voluntarily spend a week or more of their vacation in searching over the ruins of one of the most powerful settlements ever established by a foreign invader. Many visitors who enter the area under excavation will perhaps find the experience reminiscent, to some degree at least, of their earth-hunt introduction to the trenches of Flanders during the war. Ordinarily laborers do the rough preliminary work with pick and shovel. In the places thus left bare the visitor will behold young men and women scrapping with careful diligence the earth

from tessellated floors, the exquisite patterns of which have been hidden for 10 centuries. The area which was originally enclosed by fortifications alone exceeds 250 acres. There is no suggestion the whole of this will be upturned.

What has already been done makes fairly clear that the Roman city was built mainly from A.D. 120 to 140, although there are distinct traces of a much earlier foundation. Some of the buildings have been preserved for the present generation to rediscover by the curious circumstances that when they became unfit for further habitation by their Roman owners they were merely filled up and either left derelict, or other buildings were placed upon their foundations. The defence walls of the city are very well marked. Outside one of these has been discovered a cemetery. The dead in most instances has been interred in a crouched position, within oblong coffins. One of the most interesting sites uncovered is that of a Roman shop. The two doorways are clearly discernible, and a millstone is upon the floor.

Verulamium came upon its final dissolution largely because the builders of the Abbey used it as a quarry. It also seems that the early Abbots were much troubled because the wreckage of the city of the Romans provided a resort for thieves and malefactors. The Saxons used these Roman bricks for their churches more than 1,000 years ago, and 300 years later the Normans used them again in the great tower which still crowns the hill.

When there must be bloodshed in the cinema drama, chocolate syrup is used for the sanguinary fluid; and could the movie stained pugilists in the ring be called "chocolate heroes," for the time being?

Remember what Napoleon said about answering letters. He said: "Any letter will answer itself in three weeks if you pay no attention to it."

Red Rose Tea

The New **20[¢] 1/2 lb.**
BROWN LABEL, 40[¢] lb.

"It is good tea or it would not be in a Red Rose package"

A woman who marries for money The young ladies attending the works more than eight hours a day. Teachers' Institute put the "Queen" One can be famously indignant in Queen street yesterday. without losing his temper. Why If a mob had any sense there would be no mob.

Come To — A Printing Office FOR YOUR PRINTING Requirements

LETTER HEADS

ENVELOPES

CIRCULARS

PROGRAMMES

CARDS

WEDDING INVITATIONS

BILL HEADS

LEGAL FORMS

HONEY LABELS

REPORTS

AUCTION SALE HANGARS

BOOKS

CATALOGUES

DODGERS

STATEMENTS

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

MENUS

RECEIPT BOOKS

BUTTER WRAPPERS

POSTERS

VISITING CARDS

ALL KINDS OF

CIRCULARS AND PAMPHLETS

Printed to Order

PRINTING IS OUR BUSINESS

NOT A SIDELINE

The Entire Printing Department of THE
MAIL is at Your Service in Your Printing
Needs.

Mail Printery

Phone 67

627-29 Queen Street

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Printing That Combines Price With
Satisfaction



WEEK-END GOLF

at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea

Plan a week-end of perfect golf on this celebrated, seaside course... an 18-hole thriller for old hands... a "nine" for beginners. Bathing, boating, bowling, tennis... your home, the ALGONQUIN.

Special Low Week-End Rail Fares from all Maritime Points.

\$8 per Day
and up
American Plan
at the
ALGONQUIN

CANADIAN PACIFIC