

BEACHCOMBERS IN GREATER BOSTON PICK UP QUITE A LOT IN MONEY AND VALUABLES

(Boston Traveller)

Charles Anderson dug with a short-handled, stout shovel before the crowd began to pour across the beach and young Charles, 7½-year-old son, watched like a terrier at a mouse hole—and they both spotted a dime when it dropped into Charles, Sr.'s screen.

King of Beachcombers

Beachcombing at Greater Boston beaches is just what the word means—100 or more persons get their living at the work and through the long summer beaches at Revere, Nantasket, Swampscott, Rye, Hampton and Salisbury are carefully combed by this army of diggers of whom Charles Anderson is one—today king of the Greater Boston beachcombers.

You would not believe it, but lost valuables—mostly money, wedding ring, engagement rings, sometimes strings of precious stones, even pearls, now and then a picketbook with greenbacks—lie hidden in the swimming beach sands.

There are tens of thousands of money losses monthly at the beaches and the highly-schooled group of men who have studied the art of salvaging these valuables already is on its mark ready to "go" as soon as cool weather comes.

But beach-combing of this class goes on the year round. Police officers of the metropolitan district commission assigned to the beaches will tell you tales of men who rake in \$10 to \$15 daily digging over the sands.

Not always—an average may not be more than \$3 a day, take it the month around, when you are working at it every day—says the beachcomber king, Anderson.

Charles has paid for a summer cottage on Revere street, where he stays all summer, through earnings obtained from raking the beach. Hot summer months when the sands swarm with tens of thousands he maintains a parking privilege and tries to keep his thoughts away from the lure of "mining" on the beach.

So do Dave and Frank Lawrence, 27 and 26, of 90 Malden street, Revere; so does the 40-year old veteran beachcomber, "Canadian Pete"; do so at least 35 other diggers keep themselves in leash, as it were, until the cooling water and air sends the crowds scurrying indoors and the beach is left for the beachcomber.

Sift Sand For Dollars

Mornings these days, however, almost before the sun is up, at Nantasket, "way down along the beach," you will find from one to a half-dozen youngsters and some grown-ups out with the shovels and sieves sifting the sand for dollars. The same at Revere.

"Eight hours' digging and you may get a day's pay," said Charles today.

"Me, brother, I was born over in Shelsea and brought up in Revere and ever since I was knee high I've beat over the sand now and then—sometimes all day long the winter round—and made it pay. The cottage stands by me now because of the pay dirt, out there on the beach."

Charles, with his small son, was idling up at the upper part of the interminable stretch of whitish-yellow shore line, turning up a few "spoonfuls" of sand close against the high tide line—there was no stone or cement abutment up that far—in hope of uncovering a few dollars before the crowds began to flock out.

Looking far down toward the swimming pool a thousand "little ants," two-legged, in indiscriminate colors from high reds to smoky blacks, were beginning to cluster toward and into the water. They were spreading up toward where Charles sifted and looked and sifted again, and little Charles looked on all the time with sparkling eyes. The dime had done that. There might be another dime.

Charles senior hated the crowds—they were highly advantageous to his business, but he never dug up the beach when the crowds were there—so he began packing up his 12 by 15 screen box, shovel, etc., and getting ready to be home by the time the 10 o'clock sun was on its mark.

A little farther up the beach you watched another, older sifter fold up and tramp off in a trail of pipe smoke.

Three Rings in Pocketbook

Charles had in all the dime, three other dimes, a quarter and a half-dollar. No rings that morning. In his pocketbook, however, he had three, two engagement rings and a wedding ring.

Turning the pocket microscope on the inside of that gold band you read "R.B.B.—2-9-15." Neither of the others had marks inside.

Down at the cottage the beachcomber showed you a part of his collection.

A "cartwheel"—one of those old-time silver dollars that you never see now; a gold dollar, "Lewis-Clark Exposition" stamped on one side; a shiny 10-cent piece of 1854, a number of ancient 2-cent pieces (Charles saves all those), and rings.

When he has a galaxy of rings he pops down to Boston, he tells you, and gets what he can for them. He prefers to find 18-carat rings; they bring most.

"It don't take long for 10-cent pieces to count up to a day's pay," he told you. "Of course, when it comes in half-dollars, that's better." The pay dirt is close up to the high-tide mark, near the base of the boulevard bulwark.

"It's just like prospecting," said the veteran. "You make a bet on a spot and then dig. If you strike it, you keep at work. I have dug down until the top of my head showed, all the time finding pieces now and then. You don't stop when you get into a little pocket like that. People lie on the beach and the money rolls out of their clothes into the sand; then they get up and go home. We come along weeks or perhaps months later and take what they have left, if we can find it."

Same at All Beaches

It's the same at all the beaches. The silver is lost close to the surface. A gale kicks up the swells and they swoop up the sand and swirl the precious metals up against the wall. Little by little if they are not found near the top immediately, they begin to work down deeper and deeper. When they reach the hardpan they stop, but, as the beachcomber king declares, hardpan at the beach is sometimes a long way down.

Beginning in October, the business commences with a rush. Summer months bring out early morning sifters only. If the digger can make more money with a "land job" he may stay with that. But comes cool weather and the departure of the boulevard crowds, and the squads of beachcombers emerge, neither storm nor cold deterring them from their daily activity.

"Thousands of dollars are never found," declares Charles today. "We know the mine will not give out on us, but we know that we will never get rich. It's a job that lures you along, just as a prospector in the mountains finds fascination in his task whether he pans out big or merely affords himself a day's pay."

Charles's big day was a \$17 one. times a string of beads proves of higher value than appears at first glance. You may delve and perspire for 10 hours and find perhaps less than \$1—then again Lady Luck may sit on your shoulder and you make a big haul.

Sometimes a stray greenback comes up out of the sand, usually pretty well debilitated as to strength and printing, but it can almost always be redeemed for its full value. Sometimes a lucky sifter finds a diamond set in an earring, or in an engagement ring. Some-

CIRCUS IN NEW YORK THRILLS ONE DEVOTEE

From the moment the circus struck town this year, a former actress was seized with a yen to smell the sawdust—however, many things prevented, so she glowingly as a child tells of the next best experience she had the night the troupe pulled up stakes and moved on to the next stand.

She lives in the East Fifties, and from 9.30 on through the night, horses and brilliant wagons moved by her window toward the East River.

"I can't remember when I have had such fun," she was telling her friend. "Several times as I heard the clop-clop of horses' hoofs, I jumped from bed to take a peek, and then when I should have been asleep, the sound came in greater volume, so I threw on a bath robe, and kneeling at the window, decided to stay put until the show was over.

"There must have been hundreds of horses, an army of them, stepping rhythmically over the pavement, three abreast, a bareback rider mounted on the one in the center, each of them speaking in subdued tones to his charges, as though in accord with the hour, which seemed to give the whole affair a whimsical twist, considering all the shadowy heads visible in window opposite me. When the traffic lights flashed against them, all down the line bands went out and the horses came to a clock-like halt.

"At the end of the line was a group of piebald ponies, trotting briskly along to keep up with the others—they were rounded up by a gayly costumed rider with a flashy Mexican saddle. As his gay trappings disappeared, I wondered what was the matter with me—then I knew—with a choky, heart thumping sensation I was back on the road, moving night, and oh how I wanted to be up and on my way—where? Oh, any place, the next town of course!"

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"SALADA"

TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

of the index finger (meaning half a their own—such as two hands pillowed minute) and a position of the thumb under the head, with eyes closed, and forefinger showing a quarter of chewing imaginary food, and rolling an inch and meaning a quarter of a the eyes in diverse directions.

The performers, even the youngest As a young man remarked yee- appreciate the necessity for perfect terday there are a lot of new girls in silence and use a sign language of town.

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THE NUMBER OF DIRECTORS TO BE REDUCED

Ottawa, Sept. 6—Reduction in the number of directors of the Canadian National Railways may be recommended in the report of the Transportation Commission. The document will be placed before the Dominion Government on Saturday or early next week.

The present personnel of the Board is 17, with these directors coming from all parts of Canada. Rumors are that the inquiry Commission will likely recommend a decrease to seven, or more probably, five.

With the railways to maintain their separate entities—and upon this point there has never been any doubt—the possibility exists that some kind of an "umpire" body of three may be set up. If constituted this body would be for the purpose of carrying out economies recommended for both the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways. On this question, it is understood that the Commissioners will make their definite decision when they convene again for the signing of their report.

Emphasis will be laid on proposals for economies. A rumor that the Commissioners might suggest improvement of the revenues of the railways by an increase in freight and passenger rates is given no credence.

A camper, back from a windy sojourn in the Northern wilds, plans to take along an experienced Arab next time, to fold the tent.

THEY MADE HAY WHEN THE SUN DID NOT SHINE

Washington, Sept. 6—The farmer of 1932 isn't embarrassed by lack of sunshine when the time to make hay rolls around, according to authorities of the Bureau of Agricultural Engineering of the Department of Agriculture.

The technical procedure involved in making hay in wet weather is just as simple as that of the housewife who dries her wash in the cellar on a rainy day. The farmer simply uses what is called a forage drier. At this stage of the game the forage drier offers a rather expensive even though sure way of making hay. But the Government experts are looking forward to the day when it will be as cheap, or nearly so, to make hay with forage drier as in the rays of the sun.

When this millennium arrives, it is said that hay and forage growing will be much stimulated in localities where it is not now profitable owing to uncertain weather conditions.

HOW MUCH SUGAR WAS ONE BRIDE'S PROBLEM

(New York Sun)

It was very apparent from her bewildered manner that she was a young bride and very new to the business of purchasing provender. So the grocer tried to aid her.

"These sweet potatoes are exceptionally good and I'd advise you to serve them tonight," he suggested.

But the new bride shook her head.

"I don't know how to prepare them and I'm afraid I'd put on too much sugar," she confessed.

Quite the best of summer are the mornings from daylight until noon, but we have to have the afternoons to fill out the time.

Where's all our nerve, anyhow? This depression is nothing but the empties on the gravy train going back for more.