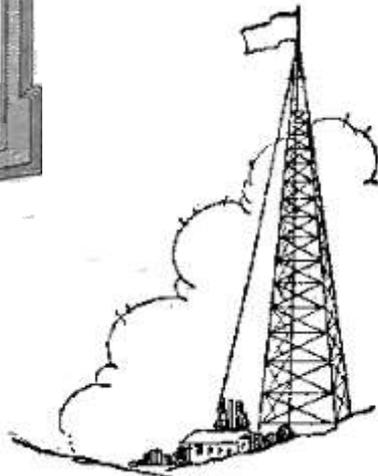


The Carolina Antenna



Summer 2006
Volume #12
Issue #2

Carolinas Chapter
of the
Antique Wireless
Association





ISSUE # 12

SUMMER 2006

VOLUME 2

EDITOR'S CORNER

By Barker Edwards



NEW NEWSLETTER GUIDELINES

One of the topics discussed at the last Board of Director's meeting was the newsletter and the fact that they have not been published on any sort of regular schedule. Judy and I have always tried to fill each issue with quality articles and not just print a brunch of reprinted articles from other sources or publications. This has not been easy to do as the only contributors have been Ron Lawrence and Robert Lozier.

We need your help; you can help by submitting something for publication. If you are not comfortable writing an article, how about sharing a restoration tip or product or source that you like. Have you brought something interesting on Ebay, an auction, or antique store? Well, take a picture and let us know about your find (like Ron did with

the American Bosch radio he found – see page 6). The newsletter will only be of interest to you and others if more articles, pictures, and information are shared and contributed.

On that note, we established new guidelines for the submission of articles to the *Carolina Antenna*. The newsletter will be published the first week of each quarter – January, April, July, and October. The deadline for articles and sale items will be two weeks prior to the quarter. A reminder of the deadline will go out a month prior to publication through the *Carolina Reflector*.

For the Winter issue:

December 1 – notice for January articles will be sent

December 15 – deadline for article submission

January 1 to 7 – 1st quarter newsletter will be mailed

For the Spring issue:

March 1 – notice for April articles will be sent

March 15 – deadline for article submission

April 1 to 7 – 2nd quarter newsletter will be mailed

For the Summer issue:

- June 1 – notice for July articles will be sent
- June 15 – deadline for article submission
- July 1 to 7 – 3rd quarter newsletter will be mailed

For the Fall Issue:

- September 1 – notice for October articles
- September 15 – deadline for article submission
- October 1 to 7 – 4th quarter newsletter will be mailed

Thank you to all the past contributors who submitted an article or ads for publication in the *Carolina Antenna*.

FESSENDEN UPDATE



Reginald Fessenden

Since December 24th will mark the 100 anniversary of Reginald Fessenden’s broadcast from Brant Rock, Massachusetts, Judy and I have been going to the NC State Archives looking for information for an article. We found they have over 100 boxes of his personal papers, which his son gave to the State of NC back in the 40s.

I think Fessenden must have kept ever scrap of paper he ever had.

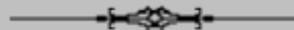
There are boxes full of pictures for his experiments - and they are very detailed. We spent hours looking through some of the boxes. There are drawings, pictures, patents, and letters in the boxes dating way back. They even have his daily calendar books. Judy even found his original manuscript from when he wrote a year long article for the Radio News magazine in 1925.

We had Archives make us a copy of the Brant Rock transmitter site photo and some other pictures that we can use in the newsletter. We plan on going back soon to look through some more of the boxes. We hope to have a big section on Fessenden in an upcoming issue of the *Carolina Antenna*. Stay tuned, more to come!

CC-AWA DATES
TO REMEMBER

- Oct 21 - Fall Swap Meet Greensboro NC
- Dec 16 - Christmas Party
- March 22-24, 2007—31 st Annual Conference Charlotte NC

Rain date is the following weekend. Check the club web page for notices of rescheduling. A decision will be made by 6pm the day before the meet.



BOARD OF DIRECTORS
MEETING DATES

- August 6th
- November 5th

LOZIER RESIGNS

By Ron Lawrence

A few weeks ago, longtime CC -AWA Treasurer Robert Lozier informed me that he intended to “retire” as treasurer after the 20 conference. At the club Executive Committee meeting on Sunday March 21 we discussed this pending change and are going to try to split what Robert has been doing into three jobs for three people.



going to take care of pre-registration for the Conference. And our Secretary Clare Owens has agreed to add the remaining Treasurer duties to his club secretary job. This is mainly taking care of the membership roster and the clubs checking account. Instead of waiting for a year for Robert to retire, we hope to institute the changes ASAP

First, Robert is going to continue taking care of the Auction at the conference. Stephen Brown is going to let Robert oversee them for the next year.

WANTED

Need restorable chassis for a Zenith Model 8S548 Chairside, circa 1941. Same chassis was used in Models 8S531 & 8S563 - so it is not unique to the Chairside. I have finished the cabinet restoration and need a better chassis (due to incontinent mice which once inhabited the chassis) to complete the set for my own collection.

Wanted: speaker for Zenith console model 10 or 12, circa 1930. Both models used the same speaker. Condition of cone unimportant. Needed to complete restoration of a Zenith model 10.



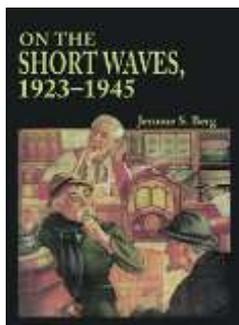
Ted Miller
935 Polo Street
Kannapolis, NC 28081
(704) 932-2530
ccawa@juno.com





The following are some radio books that are available from McFarland Books, which are published in Jefferson NC. They list about 75 books in their catalog which cover all aspects of radio including radio programs, radio personalities, and the history of radio. If you are interested in any of these books, you can go to their web page and see a table of contents and excerpts as well as reviews.

www.mcfarlandpub.com



Title: *On the Short Waves, 1923-1945*

Author:
Jerome S. Berg

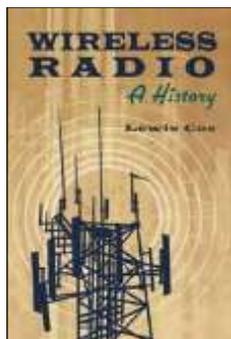
Price: \$49.95

Book: 280 pgs, hardcover with 171 photographs and illustrations.

Description: As radio developed in the early 1920s, the focus for most people was the AM band and stations such as KDKA, the first broadcast station. There was, however, another broadcast method that was popular among many early enthusiasts—shortwave radio. As is true today, the transmission of news and entertainment programs over shortwave frequencies permitted reception

over great distances. For many in America and beyond, shortwave was an exciting aspect of the new medium. Some still tune the shortwave bands to enjoy the programming. Others pursue broadcasts for the thrill of the hunt.

This book fully covers shortwave broadcasting from its beginning through World War II. A technical history examining the medium's development and use tells the story of a listener community that spanned the globe. Included are overviews of the primary shortwave stations operating worldwide in the 1930s, along with clubs and competitions, publications and prizes. A rich collection of illustrations includes many QSLs, the cards that stations sent to acknowledge receipt of their transmissions and that are much prized by long-distance collectors.



Title: *Wireless Radio, A History*

Author:
Lewis Coe

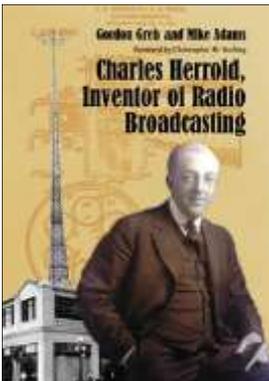
Price: \$29.95

Book: 204 pgs.

Description: In 1873 Scottish physicist James Clerk Maxwell first advanced the idea that there might

be electromagnetic waves that were similar to light waves, a startling concept to the scientists of his day. About 13 years later, German physicist Heinrich Hertz demonstrated in his laboratory that electromagnetic radiation did indeed exist. But it was not until after Hertz's death that a young Italian named Guglielmo Marconi got the idea for a practical communications system based on Hertz's work.

Marconi was surprised and disappointed that the Italian government was not interested in his newly discovered wireless communications system, and thus he took his equipment to England. From that point on, the wireless became identified with Britain. From these beginnings, wireless radio became the basis of a revolution that has resulted in the satellite communications of today. This history first looks at Marconi's invention and then explores its many applications, including marine radio, cellular telephones, police and military uses, television and radar. Radio collecting is also discussed, and brief biographies are provided for the major figures in the development and use of the wireless.



Title:
Charles Herrold, Inventor of Radio

Author: Gordon Greb and Mike Adams

Price: \$45

Book: 259 pgs, soft cover with 72 photos.

Description: Still broadcasting today, the world's first radio station was invented by Charles Herrold in 1909 in San Jose, California. His accomplishment was first documented in a notarized statement written by him and published in the Electro-Importing Company's 1910 catalog: "We have given wireless phone concerts to amateur wireless men throughout the Santa Clara Valley." Being the first to "broadcast" radio entertainment and information to a mass audience puts him at the forefront of modern day mass communication.

This biography of Charles Herrold focuses on how he used primitive technology to get on the air. Today it is a 50,000-watt station (KCBS, in San Francisco). The authors describe Herrold's story as one of early triumph and final failure, the story of an "everyman," an individual who was an innovator but never received recognition for his work and, as a result, died penniless. His most important work was done between 1912 and 1917, and following World War I, he received a license and operated station KQW for several years before running out of money. Herrold then worked as a radio time salesman, an audiovisual technician for a high school, and a

A GOOD RADIO DAY

By Ron Lawrence



It was a good collecting day here in the Charlotte area today. I got a call from the lady that runs a local antique mall Sunday a week ago about a radio she had gotten in. She said it was a Bosch radio and looked like a treasurer chest. I didn't get there that day and since they don't open until Wednesday I forgot about it. I remembered it again last Sunday night and again it was too late to get there. This time I made myself a note and stuck it to the dash of the van. I went by there right after work.

hard to haggle her down, I just bought it. I got it home and took it right out to the little work shop. After a quick look over I plugged it into my AC volt/amp meter box that's plugged into my variac. For about 20 minutes I slowly brought the power up, at about 90 volts I start hearing static. I turned the tuning knob and there's a station. NO HUM. It's an American Bosch model 200. I don't have a schematic on it yet, does anyone know what the pull switch is on the front panel? Maybe band change? Also what's the third wire in the power cord for? It's cloth covered and comes out before the original plug. Maybe antenna? I'll post some photos on the binaries newsgroup and maybe on a web page if I get time.



I almost couldn't believe how nice a shape it's in. It's completely original finish, original cloth power cord in nice shape. And full of mostly globe shape tubes. I didn't even try very



She also had a couple of other things, one is another American Bosch, this time it's just a cabinet.

It's marked Amborola, looks like it's for a late battery set, low cabinet with lift up top. There's a small dial window in the top that lifts up.

There's also a Zenith floor model, couldn't find the model number but I think it's 40 or 41. Black dial small tear drop push/pull buttons on either side of center dial. Really nice

original cabinet. missing the two concentric knobs. Looks really nice, I wish I had room for it. If anyone's interested in either of these items let me know and I'll tell you where they are.

Even for a work day it was a good radio day.

In The Spotlight

BOSCH



Robert Bosch at 27 years old

Robert Bosch

Sept. 23, 1861 to
March 12, 1942

Bosch was born in Albeck, a village to the north of Ulm in southern Germany. He was the eleventh of twelve children. His parents came from a class of well-situated farmers from the region. His father, a freemason, was unusually well-educated for someone of his class, and placed special importance on a good education for his children.

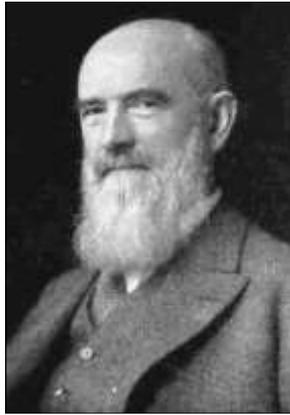
From 1869 to 1876, Robert Bosch attended the Realschule (secondary-technical school) in Ulm, and then took an apprenticeship as a precision mechanic.

After his school and practical educa-

tion, Bosch spent a further seven years working at diverse companies in Germany, the United States (for Thomas Edison in New York), and the UK (for Siemens). On November 15, 1886, he opened his own 'Workshop for Precision Mechanics and Electrical Engineering' in Stuttgart. A year later, he made a decisive improvement to an unpatented magneto ignition device made by the engine manufacturer Deutz. This gave him his first business success. The purpose of the device was to generate the electric spark needed to cause the air/fuel mixture in a (stationary) combustion engine to explode. And in 1897, Bosch was the first to adapt such a magneto ignition device to a vehicle engine. In doing so, he solved one of the greatest technical problems faced by an automotive industry still in its infancy.

Even before the 19th century came

Even before the 19th century came to an end, Bosch expanded his operations beyond Germany's borders. The company established a sales office in the UK in 1898, and other European countries soon followed. The first sales office and the first factory in the U.S. were opened in 1906 and 1910 respectively. By



1913, the company had branch operations in the Americas, Asia, Africa, and Australia, and was generating 88% of its sales outside Germany. In rapid succession in the years following the First World War, Bosch launched innovations for the motor vehicle, including diesel fuel injection in 1927. In the 1920s, moreover, the global economic crisis caused Bosch to begin a rigorous program of modernization and diversification in his company. In only a few years' time, he succeeded in turning his company from a small automotive supplier founded on the skilled trades into a multinational electronics group.

From the very beginning, Bosch was greatly concerned to promote occupational and further training. And prompted by his keen awareness of the entrepreneur's social responsibility, he was one of the first industrialists in Germany to introduce the eight-hour working day. It was followed by other exemplary social benefits for his associates. Neither did Robert Bosch wish to make any money from the armaments contracts awarded to his company dur-

ing the First World War. Instead, he donated several million German marks to charitable causes. A hospital that he gave to the city of Stuttgart was officially opened in 1940.

In the 1920s and 1930s, Robert Bosch was also politically active. As a liberal entrepreneur, he sat on a number of economic committees. He devoted a great deal of energy and money to the cause of bringing about reconciliation between Germany and France. He hoped this reconciliation would bring about lasting peace in Europe and lead to the creation of a European economic area without customs barriers.

But the National Socialist regime in Germany brought Bosch's peacemaking efforts to an abrupt end. The company soon accepted armaments contracts, and employed forced laborers during the war. At the same time, however, Robert Bosch supported the resistance against Adolf Hitler: together with his closest associates, he saved people of Jewish descent and other victims of Nazi persecution from deportation.

Robert Bosch was keenly interested in agricultural issues, and owned a substantial farm to the south of Munich. He was also a passionate hunter. When he died in 1942, he was survived by four children from two marriages. A further son, from

his first marriage, had already died in 1921 following a protracted illness.

In 1937, Robert Bosch had restructured his company as a private limited company (close corporation). He had also written up his last will and testament, in which he stipulated that the earnings of the company should be allocated to charitable causes. At the same time, his will sketched the outlines of the corporate constitution which was formulated by his successors in 1964 and is still valid today.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

American Bosch Magneto Corporation was the outgrowth of a business established by Robert Bosch in Stuttgart Germany in 1885. In 1906, Robert Bosch and Otto Heins organized an American sales agency under the name of Robert Bosch New York, Inc. which in 1912 changed its name to Bosch Magneto Company upon construction of a plant in Springfield Massachusetts. Bosch and Heins, being German subjects, returned to Germany at the outbreak of the war; in 1918 the Alien Property Custodian seized the company's assets and sold them to businessmen who formed the American Bosch Magneto Company in 1919.

Robert Bosch, having formed Robert Bosch A.G., Stuttgart in 1917 and an American sales agency Robert Bosch Magneto Company Inc. in 1921, fought a series of lawsuits with American Bosch during the twenties

for possession of the "Bosch" trademark, finally winning a decision by the Commissioner of Patents in May 1929. The two companies combined in December 1930 as United American Bosch Company and while the U.S. company was said to have acquired the German branch, it is in fact that by 1940 three-fourths of the company was owned by, or in the name of, Swedish interests.

Radio Manufacturers of the 1920s,
Vol. 1 by Alan Douglas

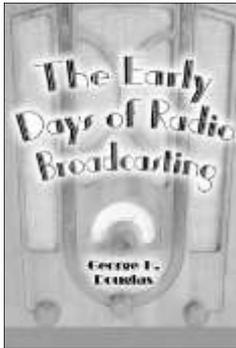
BATTERY SET COMPENDIUM

In the June issue of *Radio Age* there was an article about the Battery Set Compendium that Greg Hunolt of Plymouth, WI put together. The BSC covers battery sets from 1914 through 1929 and has a listing 1,244 radio companies, 4,967 radio set types, and 82 radio information sources. The radio company lists the city and state of the manufacture and the radio types list information about the sets as to type of cabinet, number of tubes, type of tubes, etc. He also has a list of sources of information.

If you collect battery sets, I think you will be interested in this Compendium. Greg Hunolt is offering his BSC to collectors at no charge. All he asks is that you provide him with input about what you think of the BCS. He would like you to point out errors or omissions, and how he could make it more useful to you. He will e-mail you the Excel file or send you a CD. You

can contact him at e-mail address ghunolt@excel.net, or contact him at (920) 893-0422. His address is Greg Hunolt, N5412 State Hwy 57, Plymouth, WI 53073. He said he will provide you with future BSC updates if you request to be added to the update list. He has done a lot of work on his BSC, it is a good reference for collectors—and the price is right. FREE!

(continued from page 6)



Title: *The Early Days of Radio Broadcasting*

Price: \$29.95

Author:
George H.
Douglas

Book: 256 pages.

Description: Precisely how and why radio developed as it did is a fascinating story, told with authority in this book. Of interest to both the specialist & the general reader, this history concentrates on the years between 1920 & 1930 in the United States when radio was rapidly growing and changing. It covers all important areas in the development of the radio industry: business, programming, regulation, finance, the manufacturing of radio sets and equipment, the development of technology, the rise of networks, and the flowering of radio as a medium of entertainment and news.

SOLANDER'S RADIO TOMB

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

This story first appeared in the December 1923 issue of *Radio News*. Illustration by Frank R.



Paul.

I first met Mr. Remington Solander shortly after I installed my first radio set. I was going in to New York on the 8:15 A. M. train and was sitting with my friend Murchison and, as a matter of course, we were talking radio. I had just told Murchison that he was a lunk-headed noodle and that for two cents I would poke him in the jaw, and that even a pin-headed idiot ought to know that a bulb set was better than a crystal set. To this Murchison had replied that that settled it. He said he had always known I was a moron, and now he was sure of it.

"If you had enough brains to fill a

hazel-nut shell," he said, "you wouldn't talk that way. Anybody but a half-baked lunatic would know that what a man wants in radio is clear, sharp reception and that's what a crystal gives you. You're one of these halfwits that think they're classy if they can hear some two-cent station five hundred miles away utter a few faint squeaks. Shut up! I don't want to talk to you. I don't want to listen to you. Go and sit somewhere else."

Of course, this was what was to be expected of Murchison. And if I did let out a few laps of anger, I feel I was entirely justified. Radio fans are always disputing over the relative merits of crystal and bulb sets, but I knew I was right. I was just trying to decide whether to choke Murchison with my bare hand and throw his lifeless body out of the car window, or tell him a few things I had been wanting to say ever since he began knocking my bulb set, when this Remington Solander, who was sitting behind us, leaned forward and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned quickly and saw his long sheeplike face close to mine. He was chewing cardamon seed and breathing the odor into my face.

"My friend," he said, "come back and sit with me; I want to ask you a few questions about radio."

Well, I couldn't resist that, could I? No radio fan could. I did not care much for the looks of this Remington Solander man, but for the last few weeks my friends had seemed to be steering away from me when I drew near, although I am

sure I never said anything to bore them. All I ever talked about was my radio set and some new hookup I was trying, but I had noticed that men who formerly had seemed to be fond of my company now gave startled looks when I neared them. Some even climbed over the nearest fence and ran madly across vacant lots, looking over their shoulders with frightened glances as they ran. For a week I had not been able to get any man of my acquaintance to listen to one word from me, except Murchison, and he is an utter idiot, as I think I have made clear. So I left Murchison and sat with Remington Solander.

In one way I was proud to be invited to sit with Remington Solander, because he was far and away the richest man in our town. When he died his estate proved to amount to three million dollars. I had seen him often, and I knew who he was, but he was a stand-offish old fellow and did not mix, so I had never met him. He was a tall man and thin, somewhat flabby and he was pale in an unhealthy sort of way, but, after all, he was a millionaire and a member of one of the "old families" of Westcote, so I took the seat alongside of him with considerable satisfaction.

"I gather," he said as soon as I was seated, "that you are interested in radio."

I told him I was.

"And I'm just building a new set, using a new hook-up that I heard of about a week ago," I said. "I think it

is going to be a wonder. Now, here is the idea: instead of using a grid --"

"Yes, yes!" the old aristocrat said hastily. "But never mind that now. I know very little of such things. I have an electrician employed by the year to care for my radio set and I leave all such things to him. You are a lawyer, are you not?"

I told him I was.

"And you are chairman of the trustees of the Westcote Cemetery, are you not?" he asked.

I told him I was that also. And I may say that the Westcote Cemetery Association is one of the rightest and tightest little corporations in existence. It has been in existence since 1808 and has been exceedingly profitable to those fortunate enough to hold its stock. I inherited the small block I own from my grandfather. Recently we trustees had bought sixty additional acres adjoining the old cemetery and had added them to it and we were about ready to put the new lots on the market. At \$300 apiece there promised to be a tremendous profit in the thing, for our cemetery was a fashionable place to be buried in and the demand for the lots in the new addition promised to be enormous.

"You have not known it," said Remington Solander in his slow drawl, which had the effect of letting his words slide out of his mouth and drip down his long chin like cold molasses, "but I have been making inquiries regarding you, and I have been meaning to speak to you. I am

drawing up a new last will and testament, and I want you to draw up one of the clauses for me."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Solander," I said with increased pride, "I'll be glad to be of service to you."

"I am choosing you for the work," Remington Solander said, "because you know and love radio as I do, and because you are a trustee of the cemetery association. Are you a religious man?"

"Well," I said, a little uneasily, "some. Some, but not much."

"No matter," said Mr. Solander, placing a hand on my arm. "I am. I have always been. From my earliest youth my mind has been on serious things. As a matter of fact, sir, I have compiled a manuscript collection of religious quotations, hymns, sermons and uplifting thoughts which now fill fourteen volumes, all in my own handwriting. Fortunately, I inherited money, and this collection is my gift to the world."

"And a noble one, I'm sure," I said.

"Most noble," said Mr. Solander. "But, sir, I have not confined my activities to the study chair. I have kept my eye on the progress of the world. And it seems to me that radio, this new and wonderful invention, is the greatest discovery of all ages and imperishable. But, sir, it is being twisted to cheap uses. Jazz! Cheap songs! Worldly words and music! That I mean to remedy."

"Well," I said, "it might be done. Of

course, people like what they like."

"Some nobler souls like better things," said Remington Solander solemnly. "Some more worthy men and women will welcome nobler radio broadcasting. In my will I am putting aside one million dollars to establish and maintain a broadcasting station that will broadcast only my fourteen volumes of hymns and uplifting material. Every day this matter will go forth -- sermons, lectures on prohibition, noble thoughts and religious poems."

I assured him that some people might be glad to get that -- that a lot of people might, in fact, and that I could write that into his will without any trouble.

"Ah!" said Remington Solander. "But that is already in my will. What I want you to write for my will is another clause. I mean to build, in your cemetery, a high-class and imperishable granite tomb for myself. I mean to place it on that knoll -- that high knoll -- the highest spot in your cemetery. What I want you to write into my will is a clause providing for the perpetual care and maintenance of my tomb. I want to set aside five hundred thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Well," I said to the sheep-faced millionaire, "I can do that, too."

"Yes," he agreed. "And I want to give to my family and relations the remaining million and a half dollars, provided," he said, accenting the "provided," "they carry out faithfully the provisions of the clause

providing for the perpetual care and maintenance of my tomb. If they don't care and maintain," he said, giving me a hard look, "that million and a half is to go to the Home for Flea-Bitten Dogs."

"They'll care and maintain, all right!" I laughed.

"I think so," said Remington Solander gravely. "I do think so, indeed! And now, sir, we come to the important part. You, as I know, are a trustee of the cemetery."

"Yes," I said, "I am."

"For drawing this clause of my will, if you can draw it," said Remington Solander, looking me full in the eye with both his own, which were like the eyes of a salt mackerel. "I shall pay you five thousand dollars."

Well, I almost gasped. It was a big lot of money for drawing one clause of a will, and I began to smell a rat right there. But, I may say, the proposition Remington Solander made to me was one I was able, after quite a little talk with my fellow trustees of the cemetery, to carry out. What Remington Solander wanted was to be permitted to put a radio loudspeaking outfit in his granite tomb -- a radio loudspeaking outfit permanently set at 327 meters wavelength, which was to be the wavelength of his endowed broadcasting station. I don't know how Remington Solander first got this remarkable idea, but about that time an undertaker in New York had rigged up a hearse with a phonograph so that the hearse would loud-

speaking suitable hymns on the way to the cemetery, and that may have suggested the loudspeaking tomb to Remington Solander, but it is not important where he got the idea. He had it, and he was set on having it carried out.

"Think," he said, "of the uplifting effect of it! On the highest spot in the cemetery will stand my noble tomb, loudspeaking in all directions the solemn and holy words and music I have collected in my fourteen volumes. All who enter the cemetery will hear; all will be ennobled and uplifted."

That was so, too. I saw that at once. I said so. So Remington Solander went on to explain that the income from the five hundred thousand dollars would be set aside to keep "A" batteries and "B" batteries supplied, to keep the outfit in repair, and so on. So I tackled the job rather enthusiastically. I don't say the five thousand dollar fee did not interest me, but I did think Remington Solander had a grand idea. It would make our cemetery stand out. People would come from everywhere to see and listen. The lots in the new addition would sell like hot cakes.

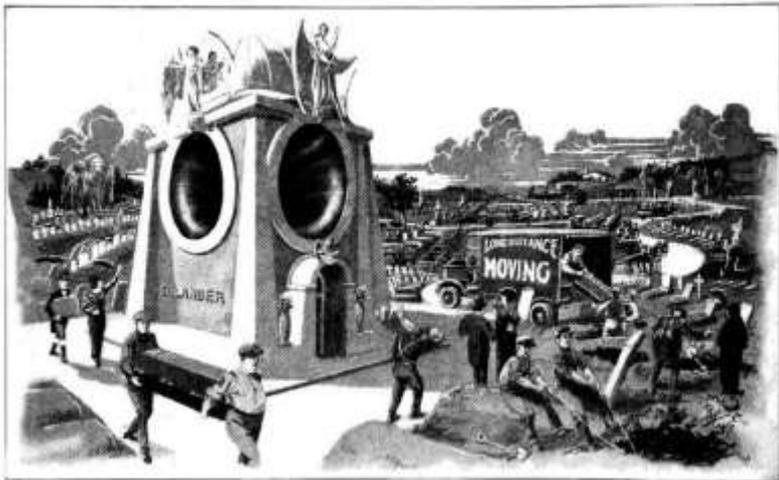
But I did have a little trouble with the other trustees. They balked when I explained that Remington Solander wanted the sole radio loudspeaking rights of our cemetery, but someone finally suggested that if Remington Solander put up a new and artistic iron fence around the whole cemetery it might be all right. They made him submit his fourteen

volumes so they could see what sort of matter he meant to broadcast from his high-class station, and they agreed it was solemn enough; it was all solemn and sad and gloomy, just the stuff for a cemetery. So when Remington Solander agreed to build the new iron fence they made a formal contract with him, and I drew up the clause for the will, and he bought six lots on top of the high knoll and began erecting his marble mausoleum.

For eight months or so Remington Solander was busier than he had ever been in his life. He superintended the building of the tomb and he had on hand the job of getting his endowed radio station going -- it was given the letters WZZZ -- and hiring artists to sing and play and speechify his fourteen volumes of gloom and uplift at 327 meters, and it was too much for the old codger. The very night the test of the WZZZ outfit was made he passed away and was no more on earth.

His funeral was one of the biggest we ever had in Westcote. I should judge that five thousand people attended his remains to the cemetery, for it had become widely known that the first WZZZ program would be received and loudspoken from Remington Solander's tomb that afternoon, the first selection on the program -- his favorite hymn -- beginning as the funeral cortege left the church and the program continuing until dark.

I'll say it was one of the most affecting occasions I have ever witnessed. As the body was being carried into



the tomb the loudspeaker gave us a sermon by Rev. Peter L. Ruggus, full of sob stuff, and every one of the five thousand present wept. And when the funeral was really finished, over two thousand remained to hear the rest of the program, which consisted of hymns, missionary reports, static and recitations of religious poems. We increased the price of the lots in the new addition one hundred dollars per lot immediately, and we sold four lots that afternoon and two the next morning. The big metropolitan newspapers all gave the Westcote Cemetery full-page illustrated articles the next Sunday, and we received during the next week over three hundred letters, mostly from ministers, praising what we had done.

But that was not the best of it. Requests for lots began to come in by mail. Not only people in Westcote wrote for prices, but people away over in New Jersey and up in Westchester County, and even from as far away as Poughkeepsie and Delaware. We had twice as many

requests for lots as there were lots to sell, and we decided we would have an auction and let them go to the highest bidders. You see, Remington Solander's Talking Tomb was becoming nationally famous. We began to negotiate with the owners of six farms adjacent to our cemetery; we figured on buying them and making more new additions to the cemetery. And then we found we could not use three of the farms.

The reason was that the loud speaker in Remington Solander's tomb would not carry that far, it was not strong enough. So we went to the executors of his estate and ran up against another snag -- nothing in the radio outfit in the tomb could be altered in any way whatever. That was in the will. The same loud speaker had to be maintained, the same wavelength had to be kept, the same makes of batteries had to be used, the same style of tubes had to be used. Remington Solander had thought of all that. So we decided to let well enough alone -- it was all we

could do anyway. We bought the farms that were reached by the loudspeaker and had them surveyed and laid out in lots -- and then the thing happened!

Yes, sir, I'll sell my cemetery stock for two cents on the dollar, if anybody will bid that much for it. For what do you think happened? Along came the Government of the United States, regulating this radio thing, and assigned new wavelengths to all the broadcasting stations. It gave Remington Solander's endowed broadcasting station WZZZ an 855-meter wavelength, and it gave that station at Dodwood -- station PKX -- the 327-meter wavelength, and the next day poor old Remington Solander's tomb poured forth "Yes, We Ain't Got No Bananas" and the "Hot Dog" jazz and "If You Don't See Mama Every Night, You Can't See Mama At All," and Hink Tubbs in his funny stories, like "Well, one day an Irishman and a Swede were walking down Broadway and they see a flapper coming towards them. And she had on one of them short skirts they was wearing, see? So Mike he says 'Gee, be jabbers, Ole, I see a peach.' So the Swede he says, lookin' at the silk stockings, 'Mebby you ban see a peach, Mike, but I ban see one mighty nice pair.' Well, the other day I went to see my mother-in-law --"

You know the sort of program. I don't say that the people who like them are not entitled to them, but I do say they are not the sort of programs to loudspeak from a tomb in a cemetery. I expect old Remington Solander turned clear over in his

tomb when those programs began to come through. I know our board of trustees went right up in the air, but there was not a thing we could do about it. The newspapers gave us double pages the next Sunday -- "Remington Solander's Jazz Tomb" and "Westcote's Two-Step Cemetery." And within a week the inmates of our cemetery began to move out. Friends of people who had been buried there over a hundred years came and moved them to other cemeteries and took the headstones and monuments with them, and in a month our cemetery looked like one of those Great War battlefields -- like a lot of shell-holes. Not a man, woman or child was left in the place -- except Remington Solander in his granite tomb on the top of the high knoll. What we've got on our hands is a deserted cemetery.

They all blame me, but I can't do anything about it. All I can do is groan -- every morning I grab the paper  and look for  the PKX program and then I groan. Remington Solander is the lucky man -- he's dead.

Ellis Parker Butler, American humorist and author, wrote and published 2,200 stories, books, essays and poems during a career



spanned... more

WORD SEARCH - RADIO ELECTRONICS

The words can be horizontal, vertical, or diagonal.

Answers on inside back cover.



WORD SEARCH LIST

acceptor
amplifier
anode
antenna
audio
azimuth
battery
beacon

capacitor
cathode
ceramic
coaxial
conductivity
current
decibel
deviation

frequencies
grounding
impedance
ionosphere
junction
logarithm
propagation
rectification

resistor
scatter
station
suppressor
tantalum