



March 29 61.  
Stockton.

Dear Ed:

Thanks for your list. You may be sure that I will respect your confidence.

I will go thru it and add the whereabouts of the ones I know about.

Ray Newby will write to you and give you his address and the dope on him. He may be able to supply you with some pictures. Ray is quite a fellow. If you can get his cooperation it will help you with your project materially.

I found Bill Erick's address in the Lodi phone book and dropped him a card telling about our desire to assemble all the old time operators in the near future, also asked him to get in touch with you. Hope he does.

On your list---

The Bill Anderson I knew lived in Honolulu for years. When I knew him he had forsaken radio and was skippering a vessel which explored the outlying Pacific Islands in the employ of the Bishop museum. I knew he was married and had some sons. My wife, who is a Hawaiian girl, tells me that Bill died several years ago.

Charlie Austin was the son of the owner of a large sheet metal shop in Portland Ore. I imagine Charlie is still in Portland and owns the shop. Watson should know something about him.

Incidentally, in 1912, when I was operator on the Str. Beaver, our ship was hit by a tidal wave of tremendous proportions as we were passing over the bar. The entire superstructure of the Beaver was badly smashed when the wave hit us. The radio shack was in splinters and the equipment badly mauled. I had the job of rebuilding it so our ship could sail. Charlie Austin, bless his heart, helped me with the job, supplying talent and material to make it a success.

As the result of my success in rehabilitating that old spark set I got a job in the construction dept. of the Marconi Co. So I owe considerable to Charlie.

Art Baxter died many years ago. His brother, George, was working for Federal as Mgr in the Manila Office when the Japs took over. George was captured and spent years in Jap prison. He died of TB soon after his release and return to the States.

H.C. Capwell 574 Lake Park Ave. Apt. 3 Oakland Cal. Still in good health 6 months ago.

Tim Furlong died several years ago.

George Hanscom, known as the father of radio at Mare Is. Navy Yard--Died many years ago.

Jack Irwin dead.

Miss Kayo Address unknown--She was my secretary when I was Dist. Mgr. for RCA in the Maritime Bldg in Seattle. Great gal. Once when Malarin, then Marine Supt., came to visit our office and got real snotty with me, I looked at Miss Kayo questioningly. She shoved out her chin and nodded suggestively toward Malarin. I took it as a green light to work him over. I arose and said, "If you aint down these five flights of stairs in ten seconds I am going to heave you out the window!" He left hurriedly. I expected to be canned but it seemed that Miss Kayo wrote to Dist Supt Isbell and told him of my provocation. I never heard anything more about the incident.

✓ George O Hara is dead.

✓ Malarin is dead. (Went to Hell, I am quite sure)

✓ O.B. Moorhead dead.

Hugh Sprado--You didnt have his name. He died approx 9 years ago in Honolulu. Closely associated with Moorhead.

The last I heard of Frank Shaw he was chief op at Radio City NY.

Arthur Rice dead.

I knew Herb Slocum in Honolulu. He was Sales Mgr. for Hawaiian Elect. for years. Died over there.

Ned Stevens Was employed at Mare Is. 1945.

I think the Lee Tassett listed probably was Lee Fassett. You have his address.

Cliff Cannon can give you J.O.Watkin's address, I believe. They're old friends.

You list Jesse B Weed-- Could this be Jesse Wood who was radio op and freight clerk on the S.F. and P. Co Bear when I had the same job on the Beaver? Havent heard about him for years. Polished and pleasant chap. When I knew him he was having wife trouble.

I don't know if this will be of any help to you, but it is all I have. Many of the other names are vaguely familiar. Sometimes they conjure a face-- but that won't help you. When one is doing his seventies his memory is liable to play strange tricks on him.

I think I will use the names you have so kindly supplied and make a circular letter announcing our intention of attempting to get a group of the old timers together in the near future and ask for suggestions. From the reaction I get perhaps we can gauge the practicability of the idea.

I sincerely hope that we will be able to meet personally one of these days. I am anxious, too, to again meet Hallock and Watson. They were kids when I last saw them. So was I.

Kind regards

*Geo. D. Hubbard.*