

*What**Hath**God**Wrought*

The Official Publication of the Morse Telegraph Club, Inc.

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A TELEGRAPH CODE MYSTERY

*Was this silk dress worn by an early employee of the National Weather Service?
Mystery code in the pocket tells a story about early forecasting.*

December 14, 2023 — Sometimes a dress is just a dress. In this story, a dress becomes a kind of time travel portal, where we get to return very briefly to the Industrial Revolution and learn about the history of weather forecasting on the frontiers of North America in the 1800s.

The story starts in 2013 in an antique mall in Maine, where Sara Rivers Cofield sees a beautiful brown dress for sale. Rivers Cofield is an archeologist who also collects old dresses and

handbags for fun. She loved this particular dress's beautiful metal buttons and elaborate bustle.

Once she got the dress home she found a secret pocket hidden under that bustle, inside the seams of the skirt. Upon further inspection, she also found crumpled bits of paper inside the secret pocket.

She recognized that both the dress and the paper were likely from the 1880s. What she couldn't decipher was the meaning of messages written on

continued on page 10



Three views of the 1880s silk bustle dress in which crumpled bits of paper containing a code were found. The pocket where the code was found is located under the overskirt at the right hip. (Image credit: Sara Rivers Cofield)

Dots & Dashes

The official publication of

The Morse Telegraph Club, Inc.

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Donations of telegraph instruments, telegraph ephemera, historical materials or requests for assistance with museum exhibits, telegraph demonstrations, or other consultation should be directed to:

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Local Chapter Members: Members of local chapters should send all correspondence regarding address changes, membership renewals and similar information to their local Chapter Secretary/Treasurer. If you do not know your Chapter Secretary/Treasurer, please inquire with the International Secretary/Treasurer to obtain the necessary contact information.

Your Articles and Stories: MTC is always looking for original photographs, stories and articles about your experiences in telegraphy or radiotelegraphy. Please send articles and news stories to the Editor of *Dots & Dashes*.

Telegraph Talks and Demonstrations: If you or your local chapter should schedule any demonstrations, talks or other special events, please notify the International President so he can publish your event in our on-line calendar.

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The next issue of *Dots & Dashes* is scheduled for publication on March 30th, with submission deadline three weeks prior to that date.

➡ This ad runs routinely in the *World Radio News*:

Morse Telegraph Club

Landline Morse is Alive and well!

Dots & Dashes newsletter

The Ace Holman national telegraph office & hub

Internet Telegraphy Railroad Telegraphy

Morse Telegraph demonstration

Learn more about the history of the telegraph or simply enjoy using American Morse Code and authentic telegraph equipment.

www.morsetelegraphclub.com



Sidewire

Comments from the
Editor of *Dots & Dashes*

By Jim Wilson



As the New Year 2024 begins, we have a new Graphic Designer for Dots & Dashes journal. Our long-time Graphic Designer, Eric Bland, did a splendid job, but he has retired, turning the job over to McClung Companies, which has printed Dots &

Dashes for countless years.

So, you ask what does a Graphic Designer do? After I compile all the articles, chapter news, list of new members, Silent Keys, photographs, cartoon, and more, I email these to my Graphic Designer – who places these items on each page. Then I edit proof #1, typically catching typos and making about two dozen revisions and adding articles to fill any blank pages. Proof #2 follows, then proof #3 which typically goes to the printers.

During 2023 we added one more layer of editing, resulting in proof #4, before Dots & Dashes is printed. A thousand thanks to MTC Vice President, J. Chris Hausler, for adding this additional layer of editing. Chris typically catches errors that I missed. Perfection is the goal, and I believe we have reached that goal.

So, the copy of Dots & Dashes which is your hand or on your screen has been written and carefully edited several times. The resulting product is a journal that is intended to be read by you and by readers a hundred years from now, telling the world about the wonderful invention of the electric telegraph. Enjoy!

Keep on tappin'

Jim Wilson

President's Line

Jim Wades, President
Morse Telegraph Club, Inc.



This issue will probably arrive after the Christmas Holidays, but I thought I might share one of my favorite poems on the subject of Christmas written by Edgar Guest:

If I were Santa Claus this year
I'd change his methods for the day;
I'd give to all the children here
But there are things I'd take away.

I'd enter every home to steal,
With giving I'd not be content,
I'd find the heart-aches men conceal
And take them with me when I went.

I'd rob the invalid of pain;
I'd steal the poor man's weight of care;
I'd take the prisoner's ball and chain
And every crime which sent him there.

I'd take the mother's fears away,
The doubts which often fret the wise--
And all should wake on Christmas Day
With happy hearts and shining eyes.

For old and young this is my prayer:
God bless us all this Christmas Day
And give us strength our tasks to bear,
And take our bitter griefs away!

Edgar Guest lived a life that probably paralleled the lives of many telegraphers in an era when children often worked to supplement the family income. Just as many telegraphers started as messenger boys for the telegraph companies, Guest took a job as a copy boy for the Detroit Free Press in 1895 when his father, Edwin, lost his job. He would work for the Free Press for almost sixty-five years.

Guest's father died when the poet was seventeen, forcing Edgar to drop out of high school and work full time at the newspaper. He worked his way up from a copy boy to a job in the news department. His first poem appeared on December 11, 1898. His weekly column, "Chaff," first appeared in 1904; his topical

continued from previous page

verses eventually became the daily “Breakfast Table Chat,” which was syndicated to over three-hundred newspapers throughout the United States.

His verse quickly found an audience and the Chicago firm of Reilly and Britton began to publish his books at a rate of nearly one per year. His collections include *Just Folks* (1917), *Over Here* (1918), *When Day Is Done* (1921), *The Passing Throng* (1923), *Harbor Lights of Home* (1928), and *Today and Tomorrow* (1942).

From 1931 to 1942, Guest broadcast a weekly program on NBC radio. In 1951, “A Guest in Your Home” appeared on NBC TV. He published more than twenty volumes of poetry and was thought to have written over 11,000 poems.

Guest has been called “the poet of the people.” Most often, his poems were fourteen lines long and presented a deeply sentimental view of everyday life. He considered himself “a newspaper man who

wrote verses.” Edgar Guest died on August 5, 1959.

In an era in which people admire sports stars and celebrities, it is easy to forget that perhaps those most deserving of honor are not the wealthy or famous, but those who live a life of virtue and noble purpose, often doing work that is purposeful and essential but not held in particular esteem. It is the man or woman who does his best to provide for his family and lives an exemplary life that is often more deserving of admiration.

Edgar Guest and many of his generation understood this and honored it by seeing the good that exists in the common man who, to paraphrase Proverbs 24:27, prepares his fields, then builds his house.

Happy Holidays to all. May the season bring each of you good health, peace, and prosperity.

73!

IT HAPPENED AT FIELD

Way up in the Rockies is a small town in British Columbia Canada, just a stones throw from the Alberta border called Field on the CPR's mainline.

When I was posted there in 1956 we had a number of freight trains a day and 6 passenger trains. 1 & 2, 5 & 6 and 7 & 8.

Being right next door so to speak to the world famous spiral tunnels and a number of other points of interest like the Natural Bridge, Emerald Lake, Lake Louise & Banff we had a great deal of tourist traffic in the area.

I worked in the telegraph/repeater office as the swing wire chief and one afternoon I had a call from Tony, the superintendent for a company called Creaghan & Archibald. They had the contract from the CPR to cement in the spiral tunnels. This was a multi year project as you can imagine with the crews trying to do their work and avoiding all the trains back & forth..

Needed to be done as dripping water in the tunnels would freeze and the first time they brought a few flat deck loads of automobiles through they did considerable damage to the top deck of these beautiful jalopies.

Tony and his crew lived in converted boxcars at a spot called Yoho on the CPR line. Superintendents office and quarters, a dining car for him and his foreman, dining car & sleeping cars for the crew

and a cook car. As you can imagine, up there in that lonely spot being able to pick up a CBC radio station from the transmitter in my office was essential.

He asked me if I could come up & fix his radio... and he said come hungry & bring a friend. So I picked up Henry S, one of the telegraph operators from the railway station and up we went. I arrived there about 4 PM & while fixing Tony's radio, the cook brought in a large turkey platter of Kentucky style chicken. Can you imagine the delight of a couple of bachelors?

So then after I fixed his radio and Henry & I had a few pieces of delicious chicken I tried to take my leave of Tony... Hmm...he said oh no! We are going to have supper. Now wait a minute. We had just dined on chicken & now it's time for supper? Well Tony prevailed. About 8 guys and Henry & I. Big steaks and all the extras. Sheesh.

Just before we left Tony asked me if I worked weekends which I did and he said don't bring any lunch to work as I will send your dinner down. Wow, for as long as I worked swing, his secretary would bring dinner down. Cabbage rolls, steak, turkey etc etc. What a amazing course of events ...

We had a messenger boy who would meet the passenger trains during the day with news of the day, telegrams for passengers, pick up as well and

stock market reports that we had copied off the Morse wire in my office.

I had a German Shepherd type dog who always spent the day with me and one day the messenger asked me if he could take “Silver” with him to meet number 8. At first I said no but he coaxed & I gave in.

Gee...what was I thinking.....of course I gave him explicit instructions to keep the pooch on his leash at all times....uh huh.... I hear number 8 pulling out of town with the hammer to the floor heading for the “big hill” & the spiral tunnels. I am leaning out the window as it went by.....

WOWEE,,,,,,,,Silver is on the running board of the lead engine..... OMG.....Thankfully he saw me and bailed off. Rear end over teakettle of course & both of us were ok in spite of the event. Needless to say I had a few words for the messenger boy when he got back.

Some readers will recall my item about the Asst Supt and I. He was transferred out to another posting soon after that event and a new gentleman took his place. As it happened the CPR provided a house for him right behind my office and although I had not met him yet I often saw him walking down to the platform to go down to the RR station.

However, one morning at 8 my office door opened and here was the new Supt. He introduced himself, then immediately held both hands straight up in the air and declared “now wait a minute....i just wanted to say hello and to tell you that I want nothing to do with this office”... Think he may have been tipped off not to mess with the place?

We became good friends and often ran into each other later on. Nice guy.

One day a lady came in the office. 1959..I knew here quite well...Her husband worked in my office

as the evening wire chief, She had just popped in to chat. It was a beautiful early summer day as only Field BC could provide. We chatted about a number of things and for some reason I happened to mosey over to the East window of the office across the room from where she stood at the customers counter.

As we spoke I said to her “hey there is that big bear that everyone is talking about”. Living in a National Park, Yoho, we frequently had wild animals in town. She screamed “my baby is outside”.....

Good thing I did not have time to think about things...I just ran across the office, jumped over the counter and out the door. The bear and I arrived at the baby’s stroller at the same time ...kissing distance that is.

It must have startled him as he just rared up on his hind legs, rolled over and walked away. I took the baby inside to his mother. She never said a word. Nothing. Just walked out, put baby in his stroller and went home.

Her husband came to work later and also did not say anything about the incident. Just business as usual. I found this whole thing quite unusual to say the least. Many years later I spoke to the “baby” ..He had become a airline captain for Air Canada as did his son.

He had never been told about it by his parents who said to him that they knew nothing about it and as time went on he and his family appeared to think that it was just something I had made up. I noticed the other day that the “baby” had passed away at 61.

30
Cliff Hine

Welcome Aboard!

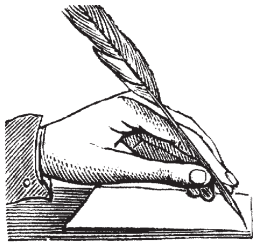
NEW MEMBERS OF MTC

Wayne Frye of Edinburg, Virginia

Garry Lang of Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin

Ray Oden of Lake Stevens, Washington

Hank Perritt, Jr. of Charlottesville, Virginia



Letters to the Editor

July 2nd

As to the legality of transmitting Continental Code or any other code on the amateur radio bands, it is my understanding that any code is allowed, so long as the intent is not to obscure the communication. A ham radio operator should be OK using any published code That's why people can exchange chess moves by CW in what looks like a strange cipher: BXF3 QE7 + RB8#. While I might not understand it, this isn't obscure to a chess player.

73, Bascombe J. Wilson W0AIR

October 19th

I am an MTC member and a volunteer at the B&O RR Museum. I would appreciate your help in resolving an issue of where the first telegraph message was sent from and received at in Baltimore.

The museum is trying to get some definitive documentation of the location of where in Baltimore the message was sent and received. There are a lot of references in old newspapers citing the Pratt Street station where others state it was Mt. Clare Station (not the present station which was built in 1851).

If you have references or data that can answer the question, it would be greatly appreciated.

MTC member Joe Meagher, W3KJT

October 31st

I was very disappointed when reading the latest issue of Dots & Dashes. The article on page 14 described the Morse code versus Text Messaging, a now famous event. I am the one who contacted the Tonight Show with Jay Leno, who set up that event.

73, Ken Miller K6CTW

November 1st

While reading Dots & Dashes, I had a thought to Google Lego & Morse Code. You likely know about this, but MTC members might want to share this

site for holiday gift ideas. Here is that fun site:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dIgSKPzLC9g>

Stay Well, Professor Linda Lopez, friend of the Morse Telegraph Club

November 10th

Member Robert Weare delivered to me this afternoon the box of Dots & Dashes that our Chapter has collected over the years. The box weighs 16.6 Kilograms (36.59 pounds) and contains many issues. Bob Weare took on the task of offering the collection to two organizations that he thought may be interested in acquiring this collection -- but there were no takers.

The chapter is still offering the whole collection to any organization that has the capability of keeping these in satisfactory museum quality condition and appreciates the historic value of this approximately eighty-year publishing period with contents centering on telegraphy.

I intend to catalogue the publishing dates and the total number of copies and then, with that information, canvas prospective hosts to take on the ownership of this collection for the public good.

MTC member Chris Ricketts

November 12th

The Morse Telegraph Club maintains an archive of historical records, telegraph instruments and ephemera in a climate-controlled facility. This is not open to the public but the archive is used to respond to various inquiries and to provide photos and documentation to researchers and others. For example, we recently received a request for a photo of Walter Candler, who developed a method of teaching Morse code back during the 1930's. The authors could not find any photographs of Walter, but we were able to not only provide a photo but newspaper articles about his life as well.

We currently have a fairly good, albeit incomplete set of Dots & Dashes going back to the 1980s, with scattered issues dating back to the 1960s, as well as some newsletter collections from various chapters.

James Wades, International President of the Morse Telegraph Club, Inc.

November 13th

The issues of Dots & Dashes that were published in magazine format can be easily scanned with most of-the-shelf combination printers/scanners. However, the earlier format issues of Dots & Dashes were much larger than the size of the typical scanners, so one would either have to pay a professional scanner or have access to one. [In 2004, I changed the format to magazine size, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, for easier reading ~ Editor Jim Wilson]

During the summer of 2003, I visited the Silver Creek and Stephenson RR Museum in Freeport. Keith Lebaron was a volunteer there. A video was made showing Keith Lebaron, Lester Fouke and Jim Adkins, now all Silent Keys. This video is still available on <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Rvbf00NT4g>.

MTC Vice President, J. Chris Hausler

November 17th

Several years ago, I developed a PowerPoint presentation which I have given to several ham radio organizations as well as the Antique Wireless Association Museum, where I am a telegraph docent via Zoom. The AWA recorded my presentation. But it is a long talk, so the AWA asked me to break it into two 40-minute-long talks. These can be seen using these links, which are also on the MTC web site:

Talk Part 1: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ciljrR7GE80>

Talk Part 2: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xqevlA5bzA8>

73, J. Chris Hausler, MTC International Vice President

November 17th

As a member of the Maple Leaf Chapter of MTC in southern Ontario, I have been approached to assist the chapter secretary-treasurer as he is in his early 90's and I am still a young 79!

My electronics background includes over 50 years of ham radio experiences plus a summer spent during my college years working for the Canadian Pacific Railway as a T&R Wire Chief. Learning the railway Morse was a bit of a challenge after previously learning International Morse code.

I am hoping to solicit local amateur club members to get involved with the Morse Telegraph Club

to help us provide Morse demonstrations to the public.

Meanwhile, I am preparing a power point presentation with a KOB and other telegraph items which I hope will stimulate new interests. Does the Morse Telegraph Club have any material that would assist my creating such a presentation?

Cheers,

MTC member Norm Freidin VVE3CZI



November 19th

It's an absolutely gorgeous day here in Reston, Virginia. I stopped in at the restored Herndon depot/museum to check on the its telegraph exhibit. The sounder was clicking away quite nicely at 15 to 18 words per minute, with wire feed 135, the Herndon depot 1863 News Wire. This telegraph installation was opened on March 1, 2020 but it then closed abruptly because of the COVID pandemic. One of the really neat features of Adam's build was the use of vintage cloth covered wires.

However, the museum is now open and thriving. It is quite nice. Adam Winsor did a great job at putting all the pieces together. I found the resonator box and telegraph key used in this exhibit online for about \$150 on eBay. I may be asked to give a talk at one of their future Historical Society Meetings.

MTC member Dr. Dale Lichtblau

December 13th

Good morning and thanks for your mention of my books and writings about Morse code in the Fall issue of Dots & Dashes. Much appreciated. Debbie and I are doing a large, live, in-person

continued from previous page
90-minute class for the Chippewa Valley Learning Center in Retirement (CVLR) organization on May 29, 2024.

We had over 100 attendees at our last presentation for them regarding our active lives as writers and shepherds. We believe that this one will be big too. Could



we please get 100 – 150 copies of the 2023 Fall Dots & Dashes to give out as part of this course for next May?

We will also be doing smaller regional and state talks and Zoom on the same Morse code topics, so we will be able to readily get copies of Dots & Dashes into many hands. Please let us now the costs. Hope we can get 'em! People that we have shown that issue are totally fascinated with it, and we are proud to be included!

***Thanks, and 73 and Merry Christmas all.
MTC members Tom (WF9I) & Debbi
(N9GLG)***

THE GREAT CABOOSE FIRE

*By Bob Currie,
Engineer (Retired), Missouri Pacific Railroad*

I worked for the Missouri Pacific Railroad from 1972 to 1986 when we merged with the Union Pacific. One of the conductors I worked with quite a lot was Murphy Smith. Murphy was quite a character. Back when all of the brakemen were black, Murphy was the UTU local chairman for the brakemen.

I was one of the first white brakemen on the MP DeQuincy Division.

Murphy was my conductor quite a bit during the 1970s, and his son, Elmo, worked with us a lot also. They both were top-notch men. Elmo was killed in a head-on collision just east of DeQuincy, LA (car- not train) years after this story happened.



Me at New Iberia Yard, 1977

I was working on the East Local at New Iberia. I had a fireman, Andy Cheselka (from New York). Andy was a cutoff engineer working as a fireman. We were making our train up in the yard at New Iberia one morning. It was very cold outside, and we were switching on the north end of the yard

(we departed from the south end to go to Garden City). The caboose was ahead of the engine (we usually dropped it onto the rear of the train- I know, it is against the rules to drop a caboose, but we were always gentle!). I was taking signals from Elmo and Murphy, so I was turned around backward looking out the window. Murphy

was about 20 cars away, and Elmo was at the switch, about 10 cars away (don't remember the other brakeman or where he was- I think he was making up air in another track). I noticed Murphy pointing my way and yelling at Elmo. Elmo turned around and yelled at me, "Looks like your engine is on fire!" I asked Andy to check it out. It was the caboose. Murphy had started a fire in the heater before we started switching. Smoke was pouring from the windows and doors. I told



Switching at New Iberia Yard with the caboose that burned

Andy to pull the pin, and I kicked the caboose down the track away from the engine. Murphy and Elmo then realized it was the caboose and started running toward the caboose. When Murphy saw that Elmo was about to climb aboard, he slowed down. Elmo went into the smoking inferno, and he came out carrying his grip. His hair was smoking like Michael Jackson's when he set his hair on fire during the Pepsi commercial.

Murphy yelled at Elmo, "Junior, get my grip! It's got my uppers in it (his false teeth)." Elmo yelled back, "The heck with you, old man! I got mine; you get yours!"

While all of this was going on, I had called the freight agent by radio and had him call the fire department. They showed up about this time and began unrolling their hose. Murphy asked me to toss him the air hose wrench, and I did. Murphy then began to try to break out the window at the conductor's desk, and he could not. The firemen got there about that time and turned their hose on the caboose. All of a sudden, we heard a series of pops. The firemen asked Murphy what that noise was. Murphy said, "Must be my pistol!" Well, I never saw anyone roll up a fire hose and retreat as fast as these guys did. They said sorry, they didn't

work fires with weapons going off, and they left the scene.

It took about 2 hours for the caboose to finally use up all the fuel from the heater.

Now, you know Murphy was upset about losing his uppers, but it was Monday, and we had all come in from home (Houston, for Murphy), and he had all of his clothes and everything else in his grip. When the claim agent finally got in touch with Murphy, he told him that he could not pay for his pistol, because it was against the rules to possess firearms while on duty. Murphy mulled this over for about 10 seconds, then he asked the claim agent, what about my alligator boots, and my silk shirts. The claim agent, no dummy (an old friend of the family- I had known him since I was born), told him okay, but he knew he was really paying for a pistol. Poor old Murphy- he finally got some new dentures, but they did not fit as well as the old ones, and he was in constant pain when he wore them.

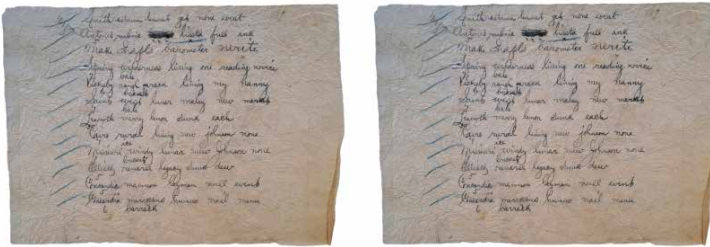
By the way, when he got up to the caboose, he whacked Elmo on the head with his switch list and timetable (we had orange timetables, and they made excellent hand signal enhancers) for not getting his grip.

continued from Cover

the paper – lines of text, many beginning with a place name, followed by seemingly random verbs and nouns.

Bismark, omit, leafage, buck, bank
Calgary, Cuba, unguard, confute, duck, fagan
Spring, wilderness, lining, one, reading, novice.

“There are also numbers between the lines, each line is marked off with a different color, and there are weird time-like notes in the margin; 10pm, 1113PM, and 1124 P. I feel like those clues actually DO point to code of some kind,” Rivers Cofield wrote soon after on her blog about old costumes and dresses. “I’m putting it up here in case there’s some decoding prodigy out there looking for a project.”



The code sheets found in the hidden pocket of an 1880s silk bustle dress. In 2022, the codes shown here were considered to be one of the top 50 unsolvable codes in the world. (Image credit: Sara Rivers Cofield)

Soon after, her online plea went viral, as the sentences began intriguing people from all over the world. Subscribers to online forums like Reddit put forth theories:

- Love notes?
- Dress measurements and orders?
- Illegal gambling?
- War code? Maybe the woman who owned the dress was a spy!

Several theories were quickly dismissed by the more experienced antique dealers and code breakers – the messages couldn’t be from the American Civil War, for example, because the dress seemed to date from the 1880s, some twenty years after the conflict ended.

Many online comments argued that it was likely a type of telegraphic code, related to the new communications infrastructure that began crisscrossing the globe in the 1800s. This seemed much more likely.

The invention of the telegraph changed how news was shared in the mid 1800s. Suddenly, people

were able to send messages from town to town quickly. In the United States, a series of long or short taps made by a person on one end of the wire were recorded by an operator on the other end as dots and dashes. This meant messages could be tapped into a machine in one town and heard and recorded in another town hundreds of miles away in just a matter of minutes.

To keep wired messaging via telegraph inexpensive, a sort of shorthand was developed.

“Since telegraph companies charged by the number of words in a telegram, codes to compress a message to reduce the number of words became popular,” wrote researcher Wayne Chan from the University of Manitoba, when explaining the topic in an academic paper published in August of 2022.

For example, Chan notes, “A phrase such as “The crew are all drunk” may be substituted with a codeword such as “CRIMPING.”

It’s not all that different from what people do with texts on their cell phones today, Chan explains.

Chan knew that telegraphic codes were also often created to ensure privacy, since telegrams passed through so many hands before and after being sent. Law enforcement agencies, for example, often used secret codes. But so did mining companies, grocers, seed companies, banks, railways and even movie makers in the early days of cinema. During the telegraph era, hundreds of codebooks were published. What bothered Chan – and many other code breakers across the internet – was that no one could figure out which particular codebook this series of words came from.

What did the messages mean?

Although ten years had passed since Rivers Cofield had first found the messages stuffed in the hidden pocket, no one had cracked it. The silk dress cryptogram, as it came to be known, was considered by expert and amateur cryptogram lovers the world over to be one of the top 50 unsolvable codes in the world.

Chan, who works as an analyst with the Centre for Earth Observation Science at the University of Manitoba but solves codes as a hobby, decided to dedicate himself to answering those questions once and for all.

After a fruitless search through approximately 170 telegraphic codebooks, he decided to learn more about the era of the telegraph. Chan came across an old book called “Telegraphic Tales and

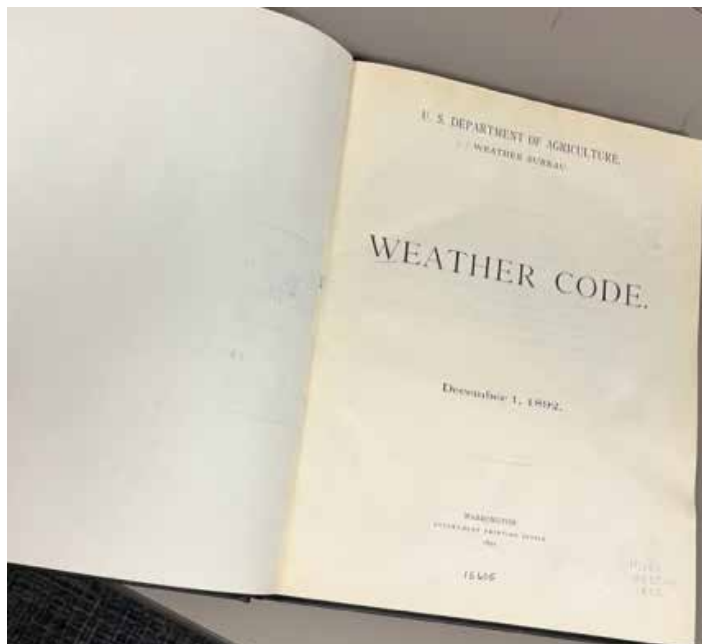
Telegraphic History” which contained a section about the weather code used by the U.S. Army Signal Corps. The examples in the book seemed to look similar to the codewords from the dress, leading him to believe that the code was related to weather.

The invention of the telegraph had transformed many things, including weather forecasting. For the first time in history, news about the weather could travel faster than the weather itself, Chan explains. But weather observations, consisting of a number of meteorological variables, had to be condensed, just like other telegraph messages to save money. Code books were published for the weather observers to use. So it seemed likely that the book he would need to translate the code from that dress was one used by the Army Signal Service Division of Telegrams and Reports for the Benefit of Commerce in the 1870 to 1891, a bureau that would eventually become NOAA’s National Weather Service.

There were some excerpts of such books online. But Chan knew he needed the entire book if he really wanted to decode all of the messages conclusively.

Many hours of dedicated sleuthing and academic research brought him to Katie Poser, the librarian at NOAA’s Central Library in Silver Spring, MD, who was able to provide a PDF copy of a weather telegraph code book, published in 1892. It wasn’t the exact book Chan needed, but it did help him realize he was on the right track.

Using the NOAA resource that Poser sent to



The title page of the Weather Bureau’s 1892 Weather Code book. (Image credit: Sean Jones, NOAA Central Library)

him and some other resources, Chan deduced that the messages were from Signal Service weather stations in the U.S. and Canada.

Each line written on the papers indicated weather observations at a given location and time of day, which was telegraphed into a central Signal Service office in Washington, DC.

The format of weather messages at the time were as follows:

Each started with the station location, which was unencoded, followed by codewords for temperature/pressure, dew point, precipitation/wind direction, cloud observations, and wind velocity/sunset observations.

So for example,

Bismark, omit, leafage, buck, bank
Was code for:

BISMARK Station name: Bismarck, Dakota Territory (in present-day North Dakota)

OMIT Air temperature: 56 F Barometric pressure: 0.08 in Hg (Note that only the fractional part of the pressure value was telegraphed, unless the station was west of the 97th meridian or the pressure was below 29.4 in Hg or above 30.38 in Hg). In this case, the actual reading was 30.08 in Hg)

LEAFAGE Dew point: 32°F Observation time: 10:00 p.m.

BUCK State of weather: Clear Precipitation: None Wind direction: North

BANK Current wind velocity: 12 mph Sunset: Clear

Code cracked! Mystery solved!

Further research using old daily Signal Service weather maps provided from the NOAA Central Library also allowed him to deduce that those observations were taken on May 27, 1888.

Poser notes that although this particular call had an unusual outcome, calls of this sort are not unusual for the NOAA Central Library, which is a public resource open to all citizens.

“It was interesting to see how far the impact of the Weather Service went,” Poser says, noting that she didn’t know about weather code books before the inquiry. She did know about NOAA’s relationship with the former Army Signal Service.

TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Tuesday afternoon At The Exchange

Dear friends,

The Exchange Gallery in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, where I work, will have an open-call show in mid-2024 called “Train of Thought”: Show us your artwork about trains and railroading! As always, we accept all media in every size up to that of our front door, and we encourage artists of all ages and levels of experience to participate. With work due by Saturday, June 8th, the show will run June 10th through July 19th, with a reception on Friday, July 5th (we do our receptions to coincide with our downtown’s First Fridays). Artists can price their work however they see fit and will receive 80% of the sale price; the Gallery takes a 20% commission.

Right now the Gallery has a show called “Cash & Carry”; we gave away small MDF panels for artists to make work on, and the show opened with more than 540 2D and 3D pieces:

The 270 artists in this show range in age from 3 to 70 something and come from eight central-Pennsylvania counties -- but we welcome artists from any- and everywhere; a handful of the people receiving this message and who live in other states have already exhibited work here. You can



see more of what The Exchange does, including all of our Gallery shows going back to 2016, at ExchangeArts.org; we will do five other open-call shows in 2024 (ExchangeArts.org/calls-for-entry), and perhaps some of those themes might intrigue you as well.

Let me know what questions you have; I look forward to having your work at the Exchange Gallery!

All the best,

Oren Helbok

“30” SILENT KEYS

News of our brothers and sisters who have closed the key



Winnipeg “WG” Chapter

Kenneth Stanley Warren of Winnipeg, Manitoba, passed away in August 2023.

Thanks to Karin Streu, daughter-in-law of Ken for this brief notice.

Chapter not sure

William Jaeger, 79, formerly of Teaneck, New Jersey passed away on July 25, 2023. Bill was born on March 4, 1944. In his free time, Bill found joy tinkering in his garage. He had a passion for fixing things and was always eager to lend a hand to anyone in need. He was dedicated to his hobbies and was known for his corny jokes.

Darned if I can find who sent this to Dots & Dashes – but thanks!

CHAPTER NEWS

Evergreen "SX" Chapter

We had a great meeting on Saturday, October 28th at the Foss Waterway Seaport Museum with six members and one guest present in person plus three members and International V.P. Chris Hausler joining by Zoom. Our next meeting is planned for April 27, 2024, MORSE DAY, hopefully at Foss again.

I want to thank all members who have sent in their 2024 membership renewals. And on Veterans Day, November 11th, I want to recognize with grateful appreciation our veterans and service members who have contributed so much to our nation's successes. Our own longstanding member, Gary Emmons, recently sent a history of his uncle, Gene Tone, who was an NP telegrapher and who served during the Korean war.

The very best wishes to you and yours for a safe and festive holiday season.

73, Kevin Saville

Washington-Baltimore "WA" Chapter

Our chapter has 14 loyal members. The pandemic took a toll on activities for two years, but events are rebounding. The next two important dates are Morse Day April 27th and "Civil War Camp Day" in June at Fort Ward Park & Museum

in Alexandria, Virginia.

Most of our members have email addresses which can be used to forward information on these and any added events. Already, two members are chafing at the bit to participate in the Fort Ward event.

Cheers, Jim Wilson, Secretary-Treasurer of the WA Chapter

Calgary "CG" Chapter

The newly reestablished Calgary Chapter includes active members who are volunteers at Heritage Park. These members report having a terrific, fun filled summer. Other members support the chapter by interpreting what we do and by serving as technical experts who keep old equipment in good working order. We couldn't do what we do without everyone sharing their knowledge and skills.

Once each week, on Tuesdays, a group of ten- to twelve-year-old summer day camp kids come to learn what it was like to work in a station back in the good old days. The young people then split into two groups with one group in each of our two stations. Each group composes a telegram message to be sent to the other group.

On Wednesdays, another park volunteer and I have been teaching the 14- & 15-year-old summer day camp kids about Morse code and some of the historical stories involving telegraphy. Several of the highly motivated kids may join us. We will keep our fingers crossed that we can recruit a new, younger generation of telegraphers.

Thanks for your help and encouragement.

Marilyn Maguire, MTC Secretary-Treasurer for the Calgary Chapter

Maple Leaf "ON" Chapter

If we have room in this issue, a biography of member Claire Conlin is attached. If not, look for this interesting story in a future issue.

Doug Roblin



WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE A REAL TELEGRAPHER

When I was only 19 years old, I got the opportunity to train as a telegrapher with Bob Robinette at Bothwell, Ontario, on the Canadian National/Wabash St Thomas division. This was my first full time job, plus being married.

Using words to describe it, how could four 1750 Horse Powered units move 100 rail cars in stride? It was mind boggling. Also could I learn this vocation and how could I remember everything in order to keep myself and others safe? Only fools think they know everything. Case in point; at Thamesville, the next station to the west after being classed I had two sets of train orders for a eastbound and westbound. Not knowing the dangers of being between the two trains I attempted to stand in the middle of the tracks and the greater power gave the westbound engineer the sense not to advance as he was setting off cattle.

When I entered a station, I observed the mechanical details of the telegraph and phone circuits along with patch boards in the station which were used to patch past a faulty electrical circuit. And I observed the engineering of the train track which made for a fluid operation.

The chief dispatcher (rail traffic controller in Canada now) would call me at home and advise me, "report for duty at station X at 12:01 AM / date. The station key is in the waybill box, and do not fall asleep!"

One night my home phone rang in the middle of the night and the night chief advised. "Immediately go to Aylmer and advise the dispatcher the minute you are on duty because the operator drank a 24, and had a passing out ceremony with a Wabash Westbound passing by and he did not lower the manual gates". These gates were not electrical activated yet used cables under the soil for activation. "The minute you report to the dispatcher that you are on duty; he is discharged!" AS this discharged operator also lived in my home town St Thomas; when we met on the street afterwards, there were no words to say.

As it always seems that your first time at an unknown station location is in the dark. You

develop an inner homing device to just follow the rail.

As telegraph was on the way out, I personally did not have to send/receive many messages. Teletype at Windsor and at St Thomas was another learning experience. As I went to a trade school and planned to be an electrician but did not have typing training or experience. However, on the railway I had to type on the teletype board and pre-type on the paper tape system where, if you could only type 5 words a minute, the paper tape transmitted at about 40 words a minute.

In my telegraph training at Bothwell, I was able to receive faster than I could send. Today I can send without a letter chart yet can not receive? To the exception when the Maple Leaf Chapter went to the Toronto ON roundhouse rail museum; another member was working the key and I saw his text - I could feel and remember the code in my stomach. I believe that on my mother's side of the family they were musically inclined as I feel the code in my stomach. At Chatham, Ontario on the second shift. We had to send an eastbound lift to the Toronto, Ontario "C" office. The poor "C" operator at Toronto had to have the patience of Job, as my code was so slow. Yet in later years I was told I had a good fist.

While working at Port Robinson, Ontario I had the privilege of receiving one train order from the Hamilton dispatcher over the wire; After repeating it to him - under my breath I thanked him. At another station location as a relief operator at Welland Junction (and in the process of locating Welland Junction I entered the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Welland yard office asking for advise for the location of Welland Junction.) Finally arriving at Welland junction the second shift man when he saw me wanted to immediately leave. I pleaded with him that I knew nothing about this job. So he gave me a quick round up of what trains were coming and going. And as a side note the bank was full of broken whisky bottles and the billy club for personal protection is behind the door as this station was in the sticks, if self protection was needed.

continued on page 20



A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Recall that this column, "A Penny for Your Thoughts," had its debut in the Spring 2022 issue of Dots & Dashes. This unique column is intended to be a safe place for you to air your thoughts. In past issues, nine of your questions were explored. The previous issue answered the question:

IS THERE INTELLIGENT LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS?

The answer was Yes.

When God created the heavens and the earth, people of earlier eras did not realize that the heavens are teeming with millions of other inhabited planets.

The question for this issue:

Is nuclear war inevitable?

Unfortunately, the answer is YES.

The United States and Russia or the United States and China are likely to engage in a future nuclear war. The Doomsday Clock predicts the high likelihood of nuclear war. *[You can Google Doomsday Clock for details.]*

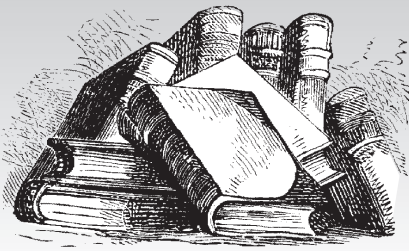
Ruthless dictators will likely start this terrible war, incinerating hundreds of millions of people in an instant.

Or, with 12,512 hydrogen bombs owned by eight countries, somebody is likely to make a huge mistake.

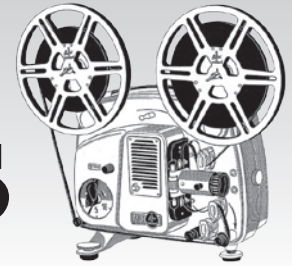
Either way, millions of innocent people will die instantly, not knowing what hit them. *[Countries with nuclear warheads include Russia, the United States, China, France, the United Kingdom, Pakistan, India and Israel]*

The prediction of nuclear war gives new meaning to the urgency of the common good wish phrase:

Have a nice day!



J. Chris Hausler's BOOK & MOVIE REVIEWS



The book I am reviewing this time is, *The Philadelphia, Reading and Pottsville Telegraph Company* by Edward R. Breneiser, first published in 2017. Mr. Breneiser is an amateur radio operator, call sign WA3WSJ and the book is dedicated to amateur radio operators who love to operate Morse Code on the airwaves. It is available from a number of booksellers including Amazon for about \$25, its ISBN-13 is 978-1365805899. This book was recommended to me by MTC member Durell Roth, thanks Durell!

The author, with his interest in Morse Code, was studying the early development of the telegraph and came across repeated references to this company. He had never heard of the PR&PT even though he was born in Reading, PA which is centered in Berks County, the area in which this company operated. This book is an interesting compilation of the contents of old documents selected by the author. In particular, he used two books, a *History of Berks County in Pennsylvania* by Morton L. Montgomery, published in 1886 and *Rules and Instructions for the Government and Guidance of Telegraph Employees of the Philadelphia, Reading and Pottsville Telegraph Company and the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad*, published in 1876, as well as some other sources including old newspaper accounts. Both of these original publications are freely downloadable in .pdf form from Google Books.

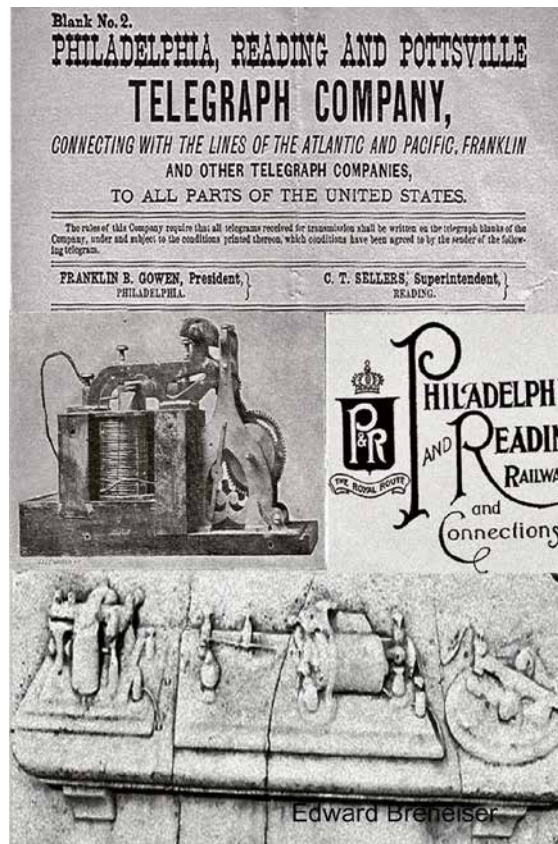
The author states that his goal in pursuing this approach was that the closer material is recorded to the time of occurrence of the actual events, the

more reliable the information will be. I also found it interesting in that it thus gives an account of these events from the perspectives and the understandings of people who actually lived in the times in which they occurred, not from more modern perceptions. That said there is overlap between some of the various sources which led to a somewhat confusing time line so if I had one wish for the book it would have been that the author had included a time line of the events so recorded. It would have made it easier to follow the narrative.

The book begins by presenting an overall history of how communications occurred in the early 1800's before the development of the electromagnetic telegraph, when such communications could travel no faster than the speed of a horse. Thus it first looks at the development of stage lines, then canals and then railroads in the Berks County area. Then of course, the telegraph is

addressed in some detail both as to the telegraph service itself and the development of controlling train movement by telegraph.

Mr. Breneiser quotes the rules book almost in its entirety in his Chapter 6. It provides a very detailed look at the operation and maintenance of the telegraph including the use of train orders and again as it is a view from that time frame a good look at the perceptions of that era. I did find a couple of copy errors in it when compared to the original. One quite detailed section on the setting up and maintenance of gravity cells says that to start a new cell, put 12 inches of blue stone (copper sulfate) lumps in the bottom of the jar. As I know



continued from previous page

the standard gravity cell jar is only about 8 inches deep this sort of stuck out to me and the .pdf of the original has the correct amount of one and one half inches.

Although apparently the telegraph company had a rough start, under appropriate leadership, in particular a Calvin T. Sellers who got his start at age 8 on the PRR, it developed into a finely operating organization. After telegraph service in the Civil War, Mr. Sellers became superintendent of the PR&PT in 1865. Later, Western Union apparently tried to buy the telegraph line from the railroad but it was believed that when such happened only Western Union was the real beneficiary and the railroad usually a loser. Western Union finally gave in and due to its good reputation turned all their telegraph business in the area over to the PR&PT in 1879.

Chapter 7 describes some of the important players in the telegraph company including Mr. Sellers. The next two chapters, 8 and 9, take a more general look at the US economy in the 19th century, the types of work and the workers including growing labor unrest, with focus mostly on the railroads. A bad railroad strike in the Reading area in 1877 is examined in chapter 10. In chapter 11, the author notes that as the PR&PT rule book quoted made reference to impacts of the Aurora Boreales on the telegraph in the 1800's he has searched out and included various original reports about such events. Finally a short chapter 12 titled, The End of the Beginning (remember the famous quote by Winston Churchill at the end of the Battle of Britain) looks at what followed the telegraph up into modern times. I found it quite an interesting read and think many of you will as well.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUNTER

As a longtime Morse aficionado and in my years as a club member, I have been fascinated with all the stories of you who worked “behind the counter”. If I may, I think some of you would like to hear from the other side. Here goes.

I was born in Pittsburgh, PA in 1944; a time when both telegraphy and the railroads were critical to my father's manufacturing business. His prime customer, Chevrolet, often requested price quotes late in the day. Dad would work up the numbers, then (if my homework was done) off we'd go to the Western Union office to send out the quote to Tonawanda, NY or Flint, MI. Early on, I was fascinated that the sounder's clattering, driven by a well worn Vibroplex key, could be simultaneously repeated over 300 miles away, transcribed, and hand delivered to dad's customers within an hour or two. That was it; I decided to learn the code.

Off to our family friend and amateur radio operator Lou Killmeyer, W3WAN. (Lou died in 1971.) After his briefing, and an on-the-air demo with his 1950s vintage Collins gear, I return home with a pair of Western Union DeLuxe (!) Radio-Telegraph Signal Sets and an armload of two-conductor wire. After several weeks of diligent work with my Cub Scout buddy, we we're quite proud of ourselves – we we're up to 10 WPH (words per HOUR), and arranged a demo in front of our grade school class.

They're impressed. I'm hooked.

That winter, time for the big test arrives. Dad takes the family to North Miami, Florida, during our 1955 Christmas vacation and I, as the (self appointed) official family telegrapher, am assigned to transcribe holiday greetings for the relatives “up north” onto the Western Union forms, and hand them over to be sent from the Florida East Coast RR station on Arch Creek Road. I was prepared. I had, in the most precision penmanship an 11 year old could muster, copied all the messages on notebook paper, and written the code characters, letter by letter, under the words. I was ready. The circuit opens. Two letters out. Two letters back. Then, after a blur of clicks lasting no more than a minute or two, it's all over. I had copied one, repeat ONE “did-it dit”. The operator, seeing my long face, rescued the situation by giving me a tour of the operation's back side – batteries, relays, Prince Albert cans. Telegraphy goes on the back burner – for a while.

Fast forward to the spring of 1963. I'm in my first year of college in DeLand, Florida. Mom and Dad think I'm spending my off hours studying – wrong. I'm actually sneaking out to the airport in pursuit of my other love. I'm taking flying lessons, spending all the money I'd so carefully saved in high school when I worked as a bag boy at the local supermarket. Having learned the code paid off – my instructor

is impressed that I can identify all the radio navigation stations just by listening to their three letter Morse identifier.

The conflict in Vietnam is heating up, the draft is on, so it's time to get serious. Two choices – go in as an Army Morse Intercept operator, or finish school and go fly for the Air Force. A high school friend chooses the Morse route, and comes back on leave with a report. Old Sarge is up front, reading a magazine, with a paper tape machine sending out the Morse. All the convicts, er, students are copying through headphones. Every once in a while, a blood curdling yell goes out; a pair of headphones go flying in one direction, telegraph key in another, and a student goes running out the door. Outside, stomping and yelling continues. Old Sarge just sits there and says nothing. A short time later, the door opens; the guy picks up his 'phones and his key, straightens out the bends, sits down, and resumes copying. Doesn't take too much time to realize the motivation here – it's either rice paddies with a rifle, or Morse intercept in a much safer air conditioned environment. For me, the choice is easy – I go back to school.

In the fall of 1968 I'm on my way to Air Force Flight School in Oklahoma with a new pair of gold bars on my shoulders. Since radio navigation stations identify using International Morse code, it's an early course. On day one, "Hey, Sarge, can I test out?" He glares. "Have a seat, Lieutenant" is the answer. Sarge goes back to reading his magazine. (He's ex Army.) Week one is agony – time goes really slowly with 3 letter groups sent at 3 WPM. It gets worse – our weekend homework assignment is a book where you have to fill in the blanks with dots and dashes. I ignore the assignment. On Monday, "Hey, Sarge, can I test out?" "The book, Lieutenant, if you please". That night I stay up until 4 AM filling the damn thing out. After more than half a century, that book still gives me nightmares. Morse is designed to be heard, not seen (-: Now, I'll share a few Morse related memories from flight school:

I'm on my first instrument checkride, and the check pilot gives me a stern warning about being sure to identify all navigation stations. We're cleared for the ILS (instrument approach); I tune into the station just in time to hear the "ident": I E N D. I close the monitor switch. He watches this, then says "Are you sure it's the correct station?" "Yessir," I answer – "it said I E N D."

"It SAID?", he asks.

"Yessir, it said di-dit dit darr-dit darr-di-dit."

He sits there quietly for a long, long time, listening to the identifier. I pass the checkride.

Occasionally we students got extra time off when

the instructors had a training day. On a beautiful day in the early Spring of 1969 we have one. On the spur of the moment, I jump in my 1930 Model A Ford Tudor Sedan and decide to take a quick tour northeastern Oklahoma. Passing the railway station in Blackwell, a railroad employee gives a friendly wave. I stop. After the obligatory tour of my Model A's engine compartment and interior, I'm invited in for a coffee, and given a seat at the telegrapher's operating position. Next to me is a prominent poster with a massive 4-8-4 steam locomotive barreling down the tracks at full speed. It says "Do not disturb the operator – the safety of trains is at stake!"

When I joke about the Prince Albert can in one of the sounders, the telegrapher says "you must be a ham". I admit it. My cover is blown. "Crack open the key and talk to Topeka Kansas." says he. "But, but, I only know International code", hoping to be excused from a dreaded "Morse in public" embarrassment. "Don't be silly, the op in Topeka is also a ham; just call CQ and he'll answer you." I turn red as a beet. "I'll up the stakes on you – if you ask Topeka, he'll open the circuit to the west coast, and when you get to be an old man, you can say you talked halfway across the country on a wire line." Embarrassed, I turn him down.

Not many months after that, the AT&SF pulls all the telegraphy equipment. It is offered for sale at the Topeka office. Just before graduation in the fall of 1969, I drive up there and buy two keys and two sounders from piles of them about 3 feet deep. They're all still in use*. As for the chance to talk on a wireline, over 54 years later I'm still kicking myself for not doing it.

After the Air Force I spent my working career as an airline pilot, retiring in 2004. I was active as an airborne radio interference tracker on the communications frequencies. Our two big nemeses were CBers with illegal amplifiers, and paging transmitters. A malfunctioning 50 kW pager could disrupt aircraft radios for miles. Fortunately, they regularly identify in Morse. Although I could usually capture the call sign by ear, I always carried a tape recorder. It was great fun to call up their technicians (who regularly insisted "There's nothing wrong with our transmitters!") and play it back for them.

And now that I'm 79? It's all a wonderful memory, thanks to Samuel Morse, Alfred Vail, and all you wonderful telegraphers I've met over the years. Thank you!

* My wife Leslie – K0KI - holds a 20 WPM Extra class license.

30,
John Zimmerman, K4ZI

continued from page 15

Within a half hour, I had train headlights in three directions. I was advised by the second shift operator to give the proceed signal to the west to north movement using the operator's light plus OS to the dispatcher and away he went. Personally I did not have a clue after the train passed where he went! Thank heavens the train dispatcher knew what I did not know.

Now that I am 79 years old. Starting my railway career at age 19, I have learned many valuable lessons in life. All the while because there were hundreds of 100-year old railway stations needing replacement and there were constant pressure to cut costs. I figured I would be lucky to make retirement. I learned to never make a mistake or assume anything because it could be putting lives at risk. Another lesson learned was when you are in charge; you are responsible for the results. This has/is creating interesting results when volunteering at the railway museums and railway shortlines I have been part of.

Retiring as a firefighter (captain), I did save a few lives. Case in point, we were advised that a poorly constructed hotel in St Thomas had bricks that were not properly fastened to the building. While fighting a fire at this hotel in later years when lightening set it afire. I ordered six men NOT TO ENTER through a window as some of my men were angry that I did so. In a split second a 15 foot by 50 foot rickety brick wall collapsed. They sure counted heads in order to make sure everyone was safe. And no one was under the Bricks! To this day no one has said a word about this near disaster!

In summary, I always look from both sides

of the fence before making decisions and a few sleeps before opening my mouth when dealing with complicated dissensions. And in life "expect a train in any direction at any time," has become my lifetime motto.

At a BBQ I believe I met my replacement. As I was only employed for a 1 1/2 years as an operator my replacement did NOT HAVE TO KNOW TELEGRAPHY WHEN HE STARTED IN 1964.

Another observation when I worked at Simcoe, Ontario on the Cayuga Subdivision there were three class ones serving Simcoe. Today there are none. As in the past they also had a yard engine to serve the customers. Today with no rail service and no heavy (weight) industry Simcoe is in an industrial desert. Even rumors of a rail line abandonment have prospective industry cancel plans for that location. The first time I realized the economic importance of a rail line was when I was twelve years old. In a trains magazine photo I saw an electrical interurban motor move ONE FORTY FOOT BOX CAR. This little used rail line had the caption that the local county administration kept this little used rail line in order to keep a factory open thus employing local labour.

Looking back to 1962 when I was a 19-year-old telegrapher. I wonder if I am one of the youngest telegraphers in North America?

Thanks to MTC member Robert Weare for sharing his life experiences with us.

73
Robert Weare.

DO YOU KNOW?

All your life you may have wondered:

Do you know why a chicken's egg is oval shaped?

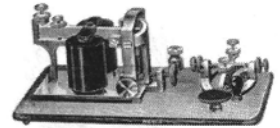
The shape of the egg provides strength and keeps the egg from easily cracking. The oblong shape of the egg also keeps it from rolling out of the nest.

Next you may ask:

How do chickens world wide know to lay oval shaped eggs?



THE MORSE TELEGRAPH CLUB



Are you interested in the history of telegraphy and the telegraph industry? If so, we invite you to join the Morse Telegraph Club (MTC).

The Morse Telegraph Club is an association of retired railroad and commercial telegraphers, telegraph industry employees, historians, radio operators and others with an interest in the history of telegraphy.

MTC projects and activities include:

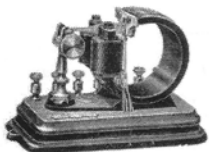
- **Museum Exhibits:** MTC members design and construct historically authentic telegraph offices for public museums throughout the United States and Canada.
- **Telegraph Demonstrations:** MTC chapters are active throughout the United States and Canada demonstrating telegraphy at historical events, steam train excursions, US Civil War encampments and other historical functions.
- **Presentations:** MTC members present talks on the history of telegraphy and telecommunications for museums, historical associations, engineering societies, amateur radio clubs and similar organizations.
- **Historical Archive:** MTC maintains a historical archive containing documents, photographs and antique telegraph instruments.

"Dots and Dashes"

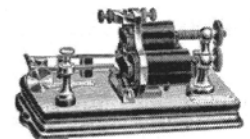
"Dots and Dashes" is the Quarterly Journal of the Morse Telegraph Club. In addition to articles detailing the history of telegraphy and the telegraph industry, "Dots and Dashes," contains news from MTC members and local chapters throughout North America. This high quality journal is one of the major benefits of MTC membership.

MTC Telegraph Network:

MTC maintains and operates a telegraph hub serving the US and Canada as well as the International "MorseKOB" network, which allows retired telegraphers and others to communicate using authentic telegraph instruments and the American Morse Code. The telegraph instruments behave just as they would on a standard current loop. All that is required to connect to the network is a computer, free software and simple interface device.



MORSE TELEGRAPH CLUB





MORSE TELEGRAPH CLUB

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION/RENEWAL

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State/Province: _____ Postal Code: _____

Telephone (with area code): _____

E-mail: _____

How and where did you learn or hear about the Morse Telegraph Club?

What is your interest in telegraphy?"

Radio amateurs, please provide call sign

Delivery method: Electronic delivery US \$20.00: _____ Postal & Electronic Delivery US\$25.00: _____

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Your participation in *Dots & Dashes* is important. We need your stories, club news, announcements and reminiscences to keep it lively and interesting for everyone.

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Dots & Dashes

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For membership changes, address updates, dues and other information dealing with membership or with chapter operation, contact your local Chapter Secretary or:

Richard Williams
International Secretary-Treasurer

PO Box 181591, Coronado, CA 92178
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Please do not send address changes for Dots & Dashes, dues renewals, etc., to the Editor. All mailing lists and membership rosters are prepared through the office of the International Secretary.

Ham Radio Web Sites

For those of you who are amateur radio operators, here are four current web sites that I find useful:

www.arnewline.org
www.usrepeaters.com
www.qth.com
www.qrz.com

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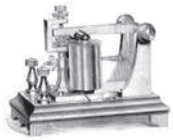
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