

up 2:30 p.m.; out shopping -
down to Milan & Library. — Ronan
Prov. in Col. Times - **12** Atark
return to 169 - write letters -
Stay up LDG 1111

1925-2025

un an avec Howard Phillips Lovecraft
#249 | 12 septembre 1925

***City Swelters in Hottest Sept. 11 in Ten Years;
Three Men Overcome; Humidity Excessive***

Yesterday was the hottest Sept. 11 in ten years and the humidity made it seem even warmer than it was. The temperature reached 84 degrees at about 1:40 o'clock and the forecaster had to search his records back to 1915 to find a day like 11 which matched this. In that year, however, the temperature rose to 87 degrees and in 1912 it got to 88. The record for the highest temperature ever, though, is 89°, set in 1897, when the thermometer touched 100.

The hourly record does not show the peak of 84°, but the forecaster says the thermometer dropped back after reaching this mark, and at 3 o'clock showed only 82°. The relative humidity at the temperature given first, and humidity following, was: 9 A. M., 73-98; 10 A. M., 72-90; 11 A. M., 74-96; 12 M., 77-79; 1

1 P. M., 82-78; 2 P. M., 80-78; 3 P. M., 83-75; 4 P. M., 79-74; 5 P. M., 78-81; 6 P. M., 78-1; 7 P. M., 77-1; 8 P. M., 76-88; 9 P. M., 75-1; 10 P. M., 74-1. The humidity is not measured at 6 and at 7 o'clock.

Although the day was no record-breaker, it did end up being the prostration of three men. Alexander Kaufman, 60 years old, of 345A Douglass Street, and John O'Farrell, 50 years old, of 30 Cortlandt Street and was taken to the hospital. Henry Rogers, a soldier of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, 50 years old, of 201 East 113th Street, was overcome in front of 1,611 Third Avenue and was taken to the hospital. Henry Rogers, a soldier of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, 50 years old, of 201 East 113th Street, was overcome in front of 10 East Sixty-second Street and was taken to Fort Slocum after he had been attended.

« À Paterson pendant le repas, James Ferdinand m'a indiqué où je pourrais obtenir des informations sur saint Ronan — l'encyclopédie catholique de la Public Library. Il semble qu'il y ait eu douze saint Ronan, tous de bons Irlandais, mais je vais voir si l'un d'entre eux n'était pas un peu plus distingué que les autres, de manière à constituer un sujet

assez probable pour le tableau qui est à l'origine de la présente quête. Il semblerait que deux des Ronan soient vénérés en Écosse comme en Irlande. Ronan était, selon mes suppositions, un personnage celte ancien associé à des guérisons miraculeuses et auquel était consacrée une fontaine en Écosse. J'ai cherché le mythe précis en vain, en fouillant ma bibliothèque pendant quatre heures (une procédure ponctuée par la lecture de morceaux intéressants découverts au cours de cette quête infructueuse),

mais je transmettrai l'information dès que je l'aurai trouvée à la bibliothèque publique. Sir Walter Scott a écrit un roman sur ce thème, intitulé *St. Ronan's Well*, que je n'ai pas lu et qui est considéré comme sa production la plus médiocre. »

Multiplication, toutes ces semaines, dans les lettres à Lillian, de ces recherches concernant un saint Ronan d'Écosse : un projet de poème, à cause de ce mot « tableau » ? Probablement. Se souvenir aussi que Lovecraft connaît, de Flaubert, la Légende de Saint-Julien l'hospitalier (mais pas besoin de cette hypothèse, juste pour comprendre). Il a enquêté auprès de tous ses amis, et moultes fois, et là va partir en recherche à la Public Library, notamment via d'anciens numéros de la revue Atlantic. Le roman de Walter Scott, commencé juste après son solide Quentin Durward, est effectivement bien erratique. Mais nulle mention du saint lui-même, juste du lieu éponyme, cette fontaine où s'est installé désormais un « spa » auquel certainement Lovecraft n'aurait pas eu accès.

[1925, samedi 12 septembre]

Up 2:30 p.m. — write — out shopping — down to Milan & library —
Ronan Atlantic — Prov. in Col. Times — return to 169 — write letters
— stay up. LDC///

Levé 14h30. Écrit. Je descends pour des courses, puis dîner au Milan avant bibliothèque. La revue Atlantic à propos de saint Ronan. Puis le livre Providence aux temps coloniaux. Retour au 169. Écrit des lettres.

Nuit blanche. Lillian.

Retour horaire quasi employé de bureau : se lever à 14h30, puis le verbe « écrit » sans préciser si c'est l'infenal caravane des lettres (ce qu'il fera toute la nuit ensuite), ou, dans un premier temps, pour lui-même (et cette question évidemment sans réponse, mais que nous continuerons de maintenir pour horizon, à savoir si cette notion de « pour soi », ou pas, vaut pour la correspondance. L'occasion de la lire en fac-simile, puisque nous en avons la chance. Descend-il à la grande bibliothèque au fronton orné de grands lions de pierre, parce que cette quête en impasse d'un saint Ronan l'obsède, et qu'il continue d'avaler — mais lentement, coriacement, progressivement — le livre sur l'histoire de Providence (bientôt trois mois qu'il y revient épisodiquement) ou simplement pour un prétexte intérieur d'échapper au confinement des murs, le petit studio avec ses alcôves (ah non, plus de souris depuis au moins trois semaines) — et c'est dans le *NYT*, jamais eu si grande touffeur et humidité pour un 11 septembre (prononcer sans émotion la date, y parviendrons-nous ?). Sachant aussi que la spécialité du Milan, 42^{ème} rue, pile au milieu entre Grand Central et la Public Library (il y est allé si souvent avec Sonia mais souvent aussi, cet été, seul), c'est leur minestrone à volonté, qu'il utilise comme plat complet et calant à souhait. Et puis : nuit blanche. Dans le journal : interviews des cinq rescapés du vol San Francisco Hawaï, presque pas à manger, mais l'eau de pluie tropicale à volonté. Pas de possibilité d'émettre, mais ils parviennent à capter les messages signalant l'abandon des recherches : comment tient le moral ? Allez, et parce que les temps sont âpres, on se consolera avec cette belle métaphore ouvrant conférence londonienne de Marconi, l'inventeur de la radio « sans fil » (à l'époque, on doit encore traduire *wireless*).

New York Times, 12 septembre 1925. LONDRES, 11 septembre — « À mon avis, la radio existait déjà lorsque l'homme préhistorique a compris ou ressenti pour la première fois la signification du sourire d'une jeune fille préhistorique », a déclaré le sénateur Marconi dans un discours prononcé aujourd'hui à l'occasion de l'ouverture de l'exposition sur la radio à Londres. L'inventeur de la radio venait de parler des discussions qui reviennent régulièrement sur la question de savoir qui a réellement le

mérite d'avoir découvert la radio, et sa référence à la radio préhistorique a suscité beaucoup d'amusement. De nombreuses spéculations humoristiques ont été faites sur ce qu'Ève a pu entendre lorsqu'elle a écouté, l'opinion générale étant qu'il devait s'agir d'un message d'Adam. « La radio a réellement commencé lorsque les êtres humains ont réussi pour la première fois à se parler ou ont été capables de comprendre ou de déchiffrer des signaux ou des signes qui leur étaient adressés à distance », a poursuivi M. Marconi. « Ce que je pense avoir découvert, c'est que les ondes électriques sont capables de voyager et d'être reçues sur de très grandes distances. L'art de la communication radio est actuellement en pleine évolution, dont les effets sont encore difficiles à prévoir. Les résultats extraordinaires obtenus ces dernières années grâce aux ondes courtes et la possibilité de projeter ces ondes sous forme de faisceaux couvrant uniquement un angle ou une zone limités semblent indiquer que les stations puissantes et très coûteuses prévues auparavant ne seront plus nécessaires pour les communications à longue distance et qu'un service meilleur et plus fiable peut être établi et maintenu grâce à des stations beaucoup moins coûteuses, fonctionnant à une vitesse plus élevée et utilisant une quantité d'énergie électrique bien moindre. Les ondes électriques s'avèrent beaucoup trop précieuses pour être toujours diffusées dans toutes les directions, en particulier lorsqu'on souhaite communiquer avec un seul espace ou une seule zone particulière. C'est également pour cette raison que de nouvelles stations fonctionnant selon ce que l'on appelle le système de faisceaux sont actuellement mises en place pour assurer la communication entre l'Angleterre, les dominions et les pays étrangers. L'Inde, les dominions et les pays étrangers, sont susceptibles de fournir ce qui pourrait presque être considéré comme une nouvelle méthode de communication, destinée à occuper une place de la plus haute importance pour faciliter et réduire le coût des communications à travers le monde.»

Marconi Calls Origin of Radio Prehistoric, Starting With Girl's First Smile on Man

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Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—"To my mind, wireless existed when prehistoric man first understood or felt the meaning of a smile from a prehistoric girl," said Senator Marconi in a speech opening the radio exhibition in London today.

The inventor of wireless had just spoken of discussions which are revived from time to time as to who is really entitled to the honor of having first discovered wireless, and his reference to prehistoric wireless caused considerable amusement. There was much humorous speculation on what Eve heard when she listened in, the general opinion being it must have been some message from Adam.

"Wireless really began when human beings first succeeded in talking to each other or were able to understand or decipher signals or signs made to them from a distance," continued Signor Marconi. "What I think I did discover is that electric waves are capable of traveling and being received across very great distances. The art of radio communication is now undergoing a process

of evolution, the effects of which are still difficult to foretell. The extraordinary results obtained in recent years by means of short waves and the possibility of projecting these waves in beams covering only a limited angle or area seem to indicate that previously planned powerful and very expensive stations will no longer be necessary for long distance communication and that better and more reliable service can be established and maintained by means of much less costly stations, working at a higher speed and utilizing a far smaller amount of electrical energy.

"Electric waves are proving to be far too valuable to be always broadcast in all directions, especially when it is desired to communicate with only one particular space or area. It is also for this reason that new stations operated upon what is known as the beam system and now being erected for communicating between England, India, the dominions and foreign countries, are likely to provide what might almost be considered a new method of communication, destined to fill a position of greatest importance for facilitating and cheapening communication throughout the world."

'MISS CALIFORNIA' WINS BEAUTY TITLE

Becomes "Miss America" as Name Is Drawn at Atlantic City Pageant.

300,000 WATCH THE PARADE

Crowd Jams Boardwalk as Three-Hour Line Passes—Two Are Picked From 64 Contestants.

Special to The New York Times.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Sept. 11.—The West triumphed over the East tonight in Atlantic City's beauty contest when two Western coast girls walked off with first and second prizes. Miss Fay Lorraine, "Miss California," was crowned "Miss America of 1925," while Miss Adrienne Dora, "Miss Los Angeles," was the runner-up in the contest in which girls of almost every State and every large city in the country participated.

As the crown of Miss America was placed on the California girl's brow by the Million Dollar Pier this evening by the official hostess, Miss Lee Bartlett of Atlantic City, the band played "California, Here I Come," while 16,000 people cheered and applauded.

Miss Lanphier is 19 years old. She was the heaviest girl in the contest, weighing 130 pounds. She has long golden hair and blue eyes. In build she is medium. Her measurements follow: Height 5 feet 6 inches, neck 17½ inches, bust 34 inches, waist 26½ inches, hips 37½, arm length 22, weight 12½, calf 12½, ankle 8. Miss Lanphier resides at 1098 Eighth Avenue, Oakland, Cal. She is a phonographer.

300,000 on Boardwalk.

Three hundred thousand persons thronged five miles of Atlantic City's Boardwalk today to witness the grand parade of the Fall Pageant, chief feature of which were the sixty-four girls who came from sixty-four towns hoping to be crowned Miss America, the "most beautiful girl in the land."

Spectacularly decorated floats and rolling chairs bearing the splendidly-garbed contestants were led by officials of the pageant and its escort, accompanied by brass bands, and here and there, for art's sake, possibly, and the encouragement of future candidates for the honor of Miss America's crown, appeared an advertisement for a cosmetic, a railroad and a telegraph company.

For three hours the crowd watched the pageant. Questions were the re-examinations of previous days, when charges of professionalism and commercialism were made by beauties who had maintained their amateur status and resented the entry of girls who made their livings by their looks. Every beauty who came to Atlantic City was in the parade, amateurs and professionals, contestants and non-contestants.

Intended to Refuel and Go On.

We still had plenty of gasoline to land, refuel and take off again for Honolulu. This was in accordance with the pre-arranged plan to meet the situation with what we found on ammonia.

We received radio bearings from her indicating that we were south of her and that on reaching a point where I thought she would be visible and not being able to see her, we changed our course to approach on these bearings.

It became evident that she would not be found on this course. I started to write a message which would give her some clue to our whereabouts, but just then the gasoline gave out. Both engines were cut out simultaneously and we started to glide from about 800 feet.

Lieutenant Connell, who had the controls, made a beautiful landing in the heavy swells, both engines being dead, having no power. Due to total expenditure of gasoline we could not use radio and were therefore out of communication at twilight. I determined our position to be fifty miles north of the Aroostook's station.

We rigged a radio antenna on the plane and received without much difficulty everything that was in the air. We sailed before the wind, endeavoring to work the plane in toward the Hawaiian Islands, hoping to make Oahu. We made fifty miles a day—that is, an average of two miles an hour, although the plane appeared to be making much better speed.

We cut the engine from time to time and emerged a seashell. Weather conditions were moderate, although during the afternoon the seas were high.

The plane at all times behaved very well. After the first day we felt sure that unless the weather changed very

HAWAII FLIERS TELL OF 9 DAYS' PERILS; LITTLE TO EAT, SAVED BY RAIN WATER; HEARD RADIO REPORT ALL HOPE GONE

Rodgers Tells Story of His Flight; Failure of Fuel Forced Descent

Wind Also Broke Unfavorable—Missed Station Ship but Made Perfect Landing—Credit Given to Wilbur and Moses for Aid in Project.

By COMMANDER JOHN RODGERS, U. S. N.

Commander Seaplane PN-9 O. I.

HONOLULU, Sept. 11 (R).—For the benefit of the interested public, I desire to make at this time a definite statement of facts in regard to the voyage of the PN-9, No. 1, from San Francisco to Honolulu. Other statements heretofore published by the press are unauthorized by me.

The PN-9 No. 1 and No. 3 left San Francisco approximately at the same time on Aug. 31. No. 3 leading by about twenty minutes. The PN-9 No. 3 was not sighted by No. 1 after departure. Plans PN-9 No. 1 proceeded as per instructions, sailing on a straight course to Kahului.

The wind out of San Francisco was very light from the northwest, gradually hauling to the north. The navigation was done entirely by dead reckoning, the compass being used to determine our position to within ten miles. We flew between 200 and 300 feet below the clouds during the night, the sky being thickly overcast and all destroyers were picked up at expected distances easily visible from the PN-9, while at the same time the plane was easily visible from the destroyers.

The engine worked perfectly and there were no signs of leaks or any other trouble. The wind changed to northeast, as expected, about 600 miles from San Francisco, but was much lighter than had been hoped for.

In the morning it became evident that the gasoline supply was running short and it would be doubtful if we could reach Kahului, due to the fact that expected favorable winds were not countered.

About noon we decided that our gasoline supply would carry us about halfway between the Aroostook and the Tanager respectively, the next to the last and the last station ship. I, therefore, decided to land at the Aroostook, which is a fully equipped airplane tender.

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small original supply of water, about two canteens a man, stretch over seven days).

On the eighth day a heavy rain squall passed over us and we caught about two gallons in the fabric which had been cut from the lower wings. This enabled us to survive and consequently we were in very good condition when we arrived off Nawiliwili.

All during the trip we realized that the unexperienced radio sending set would not be worth much, so we sent messages by giving our position to the searching ships. We tried rigging one up, but were unable to make one which worked a sufficient distance. The receiver, as I have said, functioned perfectly all the time. We knew just what was going on about us.

Steamed Five Miles Away.

Crossing the steamer lane from Honolulu to the Coast, a steamer crossed our bow about five miles ahead in the early morning. Due, perhaps, to the fact that the sun was low and directly in the eyes of the observers, we were not seen.

On the 10th Lieutenant Connell devised ice boards, which enabled us to "grab off" the wind about fifteen degrees and were of great assistance to us in getting across Kauai Channel. Without them we could not have made Kauai.

We passed Oahu about forty miles distant, the island being clearly visible, the afternoon of the 8th and headed and close hauled for Kauai.

We had reached a point about fifteen miles west of Nawiliwili and were trying to signal that we were in sight by the patrolling submarine ten miles off Nawiliwili, were taken in tow and towed into the harbor, where the whole island was out to receive us.

The most exciting part of the whole journey was getting the plane anchored safe in the Harbor of Nawiliwili. Finally we got it well secured in a safe place and went ashore. We were taken care of by the good people of the island, who insisted on treating us as honored guests, whereas, as a matter of fact, we were in very good shape and perfectly capable of taking care of ourselves.

Men and Plane Stood Test.

The outstanding feature of the trip was that there was no failure of material at any time either in the air or the water. We believe that the PN-9 is a great plane in the air capable of maintaining itself on the surface of the water in ordinary weather almost indefinitely.

The morale of the crew was high. They were always cheerful and worked with as much energy as if they had been getting a full ration every day.

As a matter of fact, it appears from what we heard after our arrival that we were the least concerned people in the world as to our safety.

It should be understood that the flight was planned to be a non-stop flight, if favorable winds were present.

It was arranged that we should refuel from a station ship along the route and take off for Hawaii.

The only miscarriage of the plan was due to our failure to find the Aroostook, the ship we had selected to refuel from, having passed close above all other station ships en route.

ONE SHIP PASSED THEM BY

But Aviators Say They Never Gave Up Hope of Making Shore.

RODGERS'S HEROISM PRAISED

Men Agree They Owe Lives to Him and Tell of His Skill and Sacrifice.

GOING TO HOSPITAL TO REST

They Are Now at Pearl Harbor Leaving Plane Riding at Anchor, Practically Unharmed.

HONOLULU, Sept. 11 (R).—Commander John Rodgers and his four companions completed their San Francisco-Pearl Harbor journey tonight, entering Pearl Harbor on board the destroyer MacDonough, while whistles of navy and commercial vessels serenaded a welcome. A formal welcome for the aviators had been planned, but it was all but forgotten in the overwhelming demonstration of spontaneous enthusiasm by the crowd which went to Pearl Harbor from Honolulu to greet them. The whistles well expressed the exultation of the crowd at the rescue of Commander Rodgers and his crew.

LIHUE, Island of Kauai, T. H., Sept. 11 (R).—Refreshed by more than eight hours of sleep, Commander John Rodgers and his four co-aviators of the seaplane PN-9 No. 1 awoke today to find themselves the heroes of the hour.

A brief physical examination showed the fliers to be in good shape except for the natural effects of the exhaustion they suffered while drifting on the nonstop flight for nine days, with scores of ships, submarines and airplanes hunting for them.

The aviators stepped ashore a few miles from here just before 11 o'clock last night after being rescued fifteen miles east of Kauai Island by the submarine R-4 and, towed to the beach.

With Commander Rodgers were Lieutenant Byron J. Connell of Pittsburgh, assistant pilot; Shlesis N. Pope, of Jacksonville, Tenn., aviation pilot; William H. Bowlin of Richmond, Ind., aviation chief machinist's mate, and Odie G. Stanta of Terre Haute, Ind., chief radio operator.

Big Breakfast After Hardtack Diet.

Coming from the aviators' room after they awakened, the navy doctors were confronted by a squad of newspapermen.

"How are they?" was one question. The physicians considered, then one replied:

"Well, they all need a shave!"

Commander Rodgers awakened at 8:45 A. M. and called for breakfast. The other airmen soon joined him in devouring milk, coffee, fresh fruit, cereals, eggs and toast. It was their first real meal in more than a week, as the only food they would accept from the submarine R-4, which picked them up, was some canned peaches, and all they ate was a sandwich each. The meal last night was a few soft boiled eggs.

The food question was one of the troubles of the trip. When they left San Francisco, the fliers had what was looked upon as plenty of food for the journey.

Saturday - Sunday Mid-night
Sept. 12-13, 1925

My dear Daughter Lillian : -

your car duly arrived, & pending receipt of the promised letter I will take my pen in hand to bring my diary down to date. Let me see - I think I left off Tuesday evening; when, having returned from the Barber's, I set out for Loveman's to confer about his poetry book & go exploring. Well - I went, found my host in, conferred, & duly set out on the nocturnal expedition; stopping at Loveman's favourite Spanish restaurant to get a 25¢ dinner (enormous value) of beef, spiced & stuffed in the piquant manner of old Castle & Aragon. We then fared eastward, following the Brooklyn shore through the overhauled ex-villages of Wallabout & Williamsburg to Greenpoint, in an effort to discover the landmarks mentioned in one of Fawcett's books. Fawcett, you may recall, is the forgotten N.Y. author whose Loveman is trying to popularise. Williamsburg seemed to present an aspect considerably different from that of Brooklyn proper, it includes an enormous public market district (like Dyer or Canal St.) whose existence I had never before suspected. Greenpoint - which is the section across the river from 14th St. Manhattan - turned out to be almost exactly the same as when Fawcett so vividly describes its unrelieved dreariness. It is a tedious, semi-symbolic region of incredibly ugly wooden houses; & though the piles of cedar lumber which the author locates near the waterfront have given place to warehouses & factories, it cannot be said that the change has contributed anything to the aesthetic tone of the region. In one block we came across the glare of an Italian fiesta much like that which we saw near Brooklyn Bridge the Saturday before, but on the whole less picturesque. Finally we took the car back to Borough Hall & dispersed - agreeing to meet at 8 on the narrow River outling of the Longo. Sonny, by the way, sent his grandpa a final cautionary notice of such quaint picturesqueness that I will enclose it for you. I returned home, wrote letters, read some, & started out again at 7:45 a.m., arriving at Loveman's on time & taking the subway with him for Belknap's. Reaching 96th St. long before the appointed hour of 9:15, we stopped at a cafeteria for light refreshments; finally reaching the Long establishment on time & chatting with Sonny till the entire party was ready. About 9:30 all bands saluted forth - Dr. Long, Mrs. Long,