

TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER
20 February, 1925.

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- Staff -

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- CORRESPONDENCE -

Dear Editor:

Please note that my address is 1917 Eye St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

I am serving in a most interesting job with the following very terrific title- Assistant Chief, Division of Electrical Equipment, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce. We are supposed to know everything that might be of interest to American manufacturers of electrical things, and to aid them in all ways in selling these goods abroad. This involves, among other things, sales possibilities; methods of selling, as agencies, dealers, etc.; local peculiarities and market abnormalities; shipments; duty in foreign lands, credits; statistics; commercial laws as influencing our exports; and a lot more. If we don't know, and we often don't, we will find out. Sometimes an enquiry that looks easy on its face will require lengthy correspondence with officials in several countries, and the labors of a statistician for weeks. If you want to know anything about anything electrical anywhere, ask me!

Since the dinner in New York the night of the Dartmouth game, I have seen none of our bunch except Reynaud. He and I sat together in my room in a hotel in Philadelphia a few days ago and talked old times from 10 pm until well after 1 am. In my opinion, the New York dinner was three-quarters spoiled by nearly everyone leaving too soon. I observed that the last five to go were the old group.

Dave Wegg.

Dec. 18, 1924.

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Dear Editor:

Nearly two months have gone by since I wrote you last. One month of that time I spent quietly at Orleans, the other in and near Paris. In this latter period three things have occupied me: enjoying the Christmas vacation in lordly style, establishing myself at the address from

which I write, and hearing lectures at the University of Paris.

It was a week before Christmas that I left the Orleans household which had made me feel so much at home for the two and a half months that I had been there. Again a free being! Not so much in the way of possessions to encumber me, all connections broken. I went to Paris, to a boarding house in the Rue Honore-Chevalier. No, I could not have a room right away- would have to wait two days, till one of the boarders, a student, would be going home for the holidays- I could have it while he would be away. I left my two suitcases, saying I would come back to take the room.

In Paris it is no task to discover compatriots. I dined with two Harvard friends, and we passed the evening with more Americans. I had no idea I could talk so much. Suddenly being released in English after it has been denied you for two and a half months is enough to make merely the sound of the language a delight. It was a continuous sound that evening. After it was over, I installed myself in an attic room on the top floor of the Grand Hotel Corneille, at a total outlay of some forty cents. Morning burst in upon my eyes at ten. I felt indeed guilty to make a waiter climb seven stories to find out what I would have for breakfast, then ascend again to bring the breakfast up.

But I must not load you with an hour-by-hour account of what I did. Back to the boarding house the following day, to enjoy a complete room and three meals each day for the price of one dollar; the fellow boarders English, Swiss, American, French, many students. Several Christmas parties for the benefit of forlorn and unattached Americans; bridge now and then; the wedding party of the daughter of the proprietress, done up in true French style, a continuous performance for all the guests from noon till two in the morning. Meanwhile American student friends, mostly acquaintances made coming over on the "Pittsburgh", were turning up, from all over France and England. Jerry Thompson, a savant in things French, occasionally mingled with the multitude. He holds to his plan of returning to Ithaca for finishing his law, and says he will be at the house the beginning of the second term.

Of course I had to try the theatre. Two Melindres, a Beaumarchais, "Pier Cynt", and two operas, succeeded in

giving me a most delightful introduction to the French stage. The most impressive was the grand opera, combining as it does a superb presentation with the majesty of a palatial edifice. Promenading, between the acts, about that marble palace is an indelible experience- particularly if you happen to be in acceptable company. The opera itself wasn't so bad.

I had been looking around for a place to live after the vacation. Of course a relapse like that, in an English-speaking environment, could not last long with any profit. I wanted to find a place near enough Paris to make going back and forth easy, and yet out far enough to be decently quiet and isolated from foreigners. At last I found this household where I now am. The only boarder, accepted in the family, I find myself comfortably and profitably located - twenty minutes southwest of Paris by train or tramway.

Ten days ago, I started in hearing some public lectures at the Sorbonne. That name seems to be used now for that part of the University of Paris under the direction of the faculties of the letters and sciences, or for the large building which houses it. I find the lectures easy to understand and generally interesting. After hearing a few I decided to enroll in a course which the Sorbonne conducts for foreigners, consisting chiefly of lectures. The aim of the course is to serve as an introduction to France, through a brief study of its history, art, literature, politics, philosophy, and economics. The lectures are good, the exercise in the language is excellent, and the treatment of the subjects is clear and instructive. I am immensely pleased with the course. I go in to Paris in the morning, listen to lectures, lunch in town, have a class or two in the afternoon, and return here to Bourg-la-Reine for dinner. At the present, I have also lessons in French from a private teacher.

My experience with French since I have come to Paris is quite encouraging. I can understand lectures, rarely missing a phrase; can follow a play which I have read, or most of one which I have not read; can generally catch a conversation; and, on almost any subject, would attempt, in a jerky way, to make myself understood. Fluency still evades me, and I presume will for along time, perhaps always. My sympathy to all in the season of finals.

8 Rue Le Bouvier,
Bourg-la-Reine,
Seine, France.

Sincerely,
Cabot.

Dear Ed:

It has been my practice in the past to give the News Letter one growl, as Johnson calls it, each year. As I think it over, perhaps I neglected to do so last year for I have some faint recollection of the above mentioned yellow journalist calling me names at last convention. So, I shall not lay myself open to a similar attack from the new and perhaps somewhat less yellow editor.

No doubt most of those interested know, by this time, that I left the U.S. Bureau of Standards last April and returned to my former employers, the Carrier Engineering Corporation. Since that time I have been collaborating with Mr. Carrier in the writing of a series of purely technical papers which we later plan to combine into a book of some length. The first of these was presented in December before the annual joint meeting of The American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the American Society of Refrigeration Engineers. This paper is being published in the Feb. issue of Mechanical Engineering and the March issue of the Refrigerating Engineering, the journals of the above societies. It has also been selected among a limited number of papers to be included in the annual bound volume of the Transactions of the A.S.M.E. We feel somewhat complimented by that.

I am sending a copy of this paper to the House not to impress anyone nor with the vain hope that it will be read but to have it entered in a collection which, it seems to me, ought to be kept of all the published works of members.

With the first of this year, I took over another phase of work for the firm, that of directing the advertising. This is in addition to technical writing and research and differs only in that it is a more popular presentation of our field of science for the purpose of educating the industries to the use of "MANUFACTURED WEATHER". One of my first shots appears this month in the annual review number of the Textile World Journal, a full page directed at Mac Parker, the chief engineer of the Cleveland Worsted Mills who permits them to struggle along at the mercy of the weather when we could make for them: "Every day a GOOD day."

This and that about the Telluride men in New York: Doc Bonnett has just finished his study period, thinks he passed and breathes a typical blockweek sign of relief. Butch Worn had Bonnett and the writer at his home for a real Christmas dinner. We heartily recommend Mrs. Worn as an hostess and the Worn table to other hungry and homeless Telluride men. The two Worn amendments are fine fellows well worth knowing while Butch is the same old Butch unchanged by this prosperity. Scott entertained Managhan, Bonnet and the writer in his sumptuous, third floor back Greenwich Village Apartment last Saturday night. He returns to Europe this month. Abe Ashley is conducting daily explosion tests for the Carrier Engineering Corp. Since the first one which he sat on, "in order better to observe the resulting phenomenon", he has resorted to remote control of the ignition spark.

Many letters have appeared in the News Letter relative to prospective members. How many members are doing their part in seeking likely applicants? I am at present grooming one, Alfred Stacey, a star student in his first year of high school. It seems to me better to look two or three years ahead in this manner than to put boys off who are ready to go on, as we have done with many cases in the past.

Before closing I want to present the following quotation from an address delivered at the Franklin Institute Centenary, Sept. 19, 1924, by Dr. Arthur D. Little. This should hold some meaning for Telluride Association:

"The Fifth Estate."

"The fifth estate is composed of those having the simplicity to wonder, the ability to question, the power to generalize, the capacity to apply. It is, in short, the company of thinkers, workers, expounders and practitioners upon which the world is absolutely dependent for the preservation and advancement of that organized knowledge which we call science. It is their seeing eye that discloses, as Carlyle said, 'the inner harmony of things, what nature meant! It is they who bring the power and the fruits of knowledge to the multitude who are content to go through life without thinking and without questioning."

My sincere regards to all the reads and to you, Mr. Editor.
Carrier Engineering Corp., Fraternally,
750 Frelinghuysen Ave., Dan. C. Lindsay.
Newark, N.J. - 6 -

- DEEP SPRINGS -

Dear Editor:

I think you are in a conspiracy to extract a letter from me; if so, it worked. You saw me in Ithaca last June, so you know I was not geologizing in Nevada last summer; yet in the recent News Letter you deliberately accuse me of having written an article which was composed and signed by my brother Jim. (It wasn't signed at all, Harvey-Ed). I hereby wash my hands of it.

Deep Springs has not yet organized a debate squad, but it has emulated the other famous Cornell Branch tradition: the devotees of Orpheus are well organized, and an octet, coached by Prof. Seeger our King of Ivories, performs at Sunday services and on various secular occasions as well. When we get a piece sufficiently pat so that we don't end up more than half a note off pitch we dispense with the piano accompaniment, in order that the melody of our voices may not be alloyed and debased by an extraneous noise. Inasmuch as when we do get off key, we do it gradually, all together, and with no particular preference for sharp or flat, and considering that the audience have not a sensitive ear, trained to the detection of such atrocities, it seems to get by.

I am not trying this year to fill the position Wallace Cook held here last year: rather, I am acting as a sort of personal assistant to Mr. Suhr, trying to relieve him of as much of the detail and routine of operation and of coordination of effort, as to both the student and the regularly employed labor, as I am capable of; and while he is in Los Angeles, as he frequently is, to carry on what he wants done as best I know and can. Isham Bailey is handling the office work. I remain on a student basis: a private citizen of the Student Body, carrying a little scholastic work, receiving the regular student allowance. So far as I know, this is my last year here; I expect to go on to college next fall.

Regular work here is continuing about as usual; this week it is broken up by our fourth lecturer of the year, Dr. David Bjork, Professor of Mediaeval History in the Southern Branch of the U.C. in Los Angeles, who is talking to us about the rise and establishment of Christianity.

Winter here so far has proved a farce. There has been nothing in the shape of snow more than half an inch deep on the ranch, and unless we get further reinforcements, the prospects of a water supply are about the same as last year.

According to present expectations, the Deep Springs contingent to the Convention in June will be unusually large. Six or eight at least are definitely planning to attend now; perhaps a couple more.

Aprpos of Ed Meehan's letter and the editorial comment thereon, I cannot see that there is anything but the most absolute inconsistency between service as the Association ideal and atheism. What beside ourselves could we serve if there is no God? It does seem to me, however, editorial opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, a rather academic question, for genuine atheists are very rare, and we have none among us. As for our all agreeing on one method of service, that is both impossible and highly undesirable. Kipling puts it:

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing
tribal lays,

And- every - single - one - of - them - is - right.'

There are more things than one to do, and more ways than one of even skinning a cat. I believe we all should agree on the fundamentals- as Ed Meehan says, we have room for no others- but, also as Ed Meehan says, we need to choose a method of carrying them out, and carry them out. Because Ed Meehan chooses one way, and I another, is no reason why I shouldn't support him, so far as my efforts can. That is my idea of the Association's reason for being.

Deep Springs, Cal., . . . Sincerely,
Jan. 22, 1925.

Harvey C. Mansfield.

The following selections from Deep Springs were not at all meant for publication, but were written as themes in the English course at Deep Springs. We could not refrain, however, in spite of the protestation that they were never intended to have unusual merit, from picking out two or three to publish. We feel sure that if these are but examples of the ordinary routine, the English work at Deep Springs must be meeting with a high degree of success!

FAITH

Life's meaning as the borders of a sea
Is clear and calm within the daily round,
But fraught by questions of a stormy soul,
It tosses as the wind-whipped billows do,
Is restless, shifting as the moving waves
That slap and moan about the founts of Faith,
And barnacles our reason with a fear,
That all we hold as truth in naught but vain.
Vain phantoms that deny the faiths of men
And treacherous leads us to the doubting rocks.
Mocked for having loved too well, we
By reason led to question reason's self.
Doubt-broken in the folly of our code
Upon the wheel we thus agnostic die;
Or destitute, we cry but feebly 'gainst
Our finity, and turn once more to Faith.

B.H.

SAP-TIME

by
Charles L. Morris

It was the first warm day of spring, so father took a day off, and he and I went up to our farm in central Connecticut to start work on the maple sap. We have fifteen large maples well over a hundred years old, and five smaller ones, barely large enough to tap.

The first half-day was the hardest, because it was then that the task of tapping the tress came in.

We found a brace, and a bit half an inch in diameter; and while father went after some elderberry branches, I started boring. I might say a word about elderberry for those who are not already acquainted with it: it is about the only kind of wood in New England that is not bitter, and yet that has a soft pith in the center of it. So, by pushing this pith out with a wire, a sweet clean shell, about half an inch in diameter and cut off about ten inches long, is left; and this is driven into the tree an inch or so, and through it the sap flows into the pail below.

Father found the elderberry, and followed me as I bored two holes in each tree, two feet from the ground, going into the tree four inches, and about three inches apart; and as each hole was finished, he fitted a "spigget" into it. Then when all the trees were done, there was a rush for the house, and a wild search for pans of all (or any) kind. There were only a few in our house, so while father put these under the trees- which were already rapidly running- I went over to the farmer's house, and, as he wasn't there at the time, I managed to get enough to take care of the rest of the trees. To be sure, the road bordered by these trees was a rather peculiar and motley spectacle; but the pans, no matter how motley, served our purpose, which was all we wanted.

The next task was cleaning out the old open fireplace in the orchard behind the house, and getting wood for the fire; so while I did this, father looked around in the garret for the old boiling-pan, - a flat one, not more than four inches deep, but fully three feet square. And by the time I had the fire started, father had the pan ready, and the more interesting part of the work began.

We scraped two old water-pails, in which to collect the sap from the tree-pans, and then went around emptying all of them, changing the larger pans from the slower trees to the faster ones, so as to get the ratio as nearly correct as possible. And then, with the kitchen sink as a reservoir for the extra sap which we couldn't put in the boiling-pan, we filled the latter about half full, and put it on the fire behind the house.

As the water boiled out of it, we filled it up again

with sap from the reservoir, until finally the color began to darken, and we started tasting it to see how it was. At last this first panful was rich enough so we began to think about taking it off. Father had disappeared somewhere, and as I couldn't lift the pan alone, I looked around for something with which to siphon the syrup out. I found a quarter-inch piece of rubber-tubing about eighteen inches long, so I took a pail and started siphoning- forgetting that the syrup, which I was trying to siphon was boiling. I had to start it with my mouth- the only real way, anyhow- and the first- and only-time was most unsuccessful: for the syrup, not having time to cool off in the little siphon tube, entered my mouth nearly as hot as it was in the pan! That method both unprofitable and painful, I resolved to wait until father should reappear; which he did shortly, and the pan was emptied, an entirely new filling being put on.

After we got a good deal of this rich syrup, we put it on the kitchen stove and boiled it down until it was almost as thick as molasses, when we took it out on the back porch and started whipping it furiously. Soon it turned to a whitish color- just as taffy in a taffy-pull,- and when we could whip it no more, we let it stand and cool off; but before it was entirely cool we cut it into square pieces, since it is easier to do this then, than after it is completely cool and hard.

One morning it started raining, so we cut squares from an old piece of canvass, tacked them to the trees above the spiggets, and draped them down over the pans, so rain wouldn't dilute the sap any thinner than it was naturally. This made the already amusing road view still more amusing and laughable.

Every night at about one o'clock, it was our unenviable duty to go around to the trees once more, and empty the pans.

But one morning after breakfast, when we went out to see how things were, a rather heavy wind was blowing, and our pans were nowhere to be seen. We searched for fully fifteen minutes before we found them, piled up about a quarter of a mile away, in the corner of a stonewall, evidently put there by the wind.

The next day following the wind, came off cold, however, so the sap wouldn't flow well. So we boiled down what we had left in the reservoir, stopped up the trees with pulgs of wood, so as not to waste the sap when it should start running again with another warm spell, and started back for the city, after a wonderful week of hard, but joyful work, with a supply of pure rich maple sugar and syrup to show for it.

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- GENERAL NEWS AND CLIPPINGS -

The Casper Salvation Army has just finished a new three-story building. The structure contains shower baths, dining facilities, sleeping-quarters, Sunday school room, administrative offices, and other space necessary to the Army's activities. The whole is the result of the contributions of labor and material by various unions and firms in Casper, the Natrona Power Company giving the Army all the necessary lighting fixtures. The funds and material were collected by a committee of prominent local businessmen; Mr. E.P. Bacon served as chairman of this committee. At the banquet on 10 January which celebrated the official opening of the new building, Mr. Bacon served as Chairman to the valient trenchermen, and the program announces "remarks" by him.

The newspaper accounts of the new Army quaters tempts the Editor to drop in on them as a permanent guest.

The following paragraph from President Farrand's Report on the progress of the University during the academic year 1923-24 will interest readers of the News Letter:

"On January 1st Emeritus Professor George L. Burr took his seat as Faculty Representative on the Board of Trustees in succession to Emeritus Professor E.L. Nichols, whose term had expired."

CORNELL BRANCH NEWS

The members of Cornell Branch are delighted to have Burnt Olsson back safe and sound after his recent trying period of typhoid fever in the Ithaca City Hospital. Burnt appears to be in good health now, but returned to the house extremely emaciated. He declares that he lost forty pounds. We think that with this experience following so closely on his operation for appendicitis that he rates a period of immunity for a while.

Jack Townsend recently enabled us to establish a very pleasant acquaintanceship with Nikolai Sokoloff, Conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra, who brot his organization to Ithaca on 22 Jan. Mr. Sokoloff reports that Jack, with whom he has been doing recording work in the Brunswick company laboratories in New York City, is equally a busy and energetic person. We thank Jack for Mr. Sokoloff's entertaining visit.

During Junior Week, Harvey Gerry and Jerry Thompson arrived. Gerry from Washington and Thompson from Europe, to be with us for the remainder of the year. This brings the total number of students at the Branch up to seventeen, and further strengthens the stronghold of the lawyers to seven.

Jerry reports a very pleasant year in Europe. Bob Washburn, of whom he saw a good deal, he tells us sailed for America on the thirtieth of January; and plans to visit the Branch upon his return, he thinks. Cabot Coville, he says, was seen dining in Paris with a fair young lady. We suspect that this may explain his very delightful trip over to Europe.

The Branch recently had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Biersach. Mr. and Mrs. Biersach made a fairly extended trip through the east, returning west by way of New Orleans.

The Branch recently received an announcement of "the Formation of the Partnership of Lyon, Walcott & Co., for the Purpose of Doing a General Business in Investment Securities," to be located 325 Fidelity Building, Buffalo, N.Y. We are sure everyone joins the News Letter in wishing Sid Walcott the greatest of success in his new business.

On the Christmas trip of the Cornell Musical Clubs, of thirty-three men chosen for the Glee Club six were Telluride men. These were Welti, who was prominent in solo work, Falconer, the Danns, Steward and Schaaff. The trip met with its usual success, but was of especial interest in that three of the concerts were given in the south.

Eight concerts were given in all. The first of these was given in Baltimore. In Wilmington, Del., where the second performance was held, the club men were given the opportunity to visit the DuPont estate, with its vast and sumptuous grounds and enviable hothouse. Several of the DuPont girls were present at the dance that evening, but the boys remained curiously unimpressed.

The most delightful part of the trip was the three days spent in the south visiting Birmingham, Ala., Atlanta, Ga., and Greenville, S.C. "Sunny south" seemed to be a misnomer, for the sun kept well out of sight and during those three days it rained constantly. But who cared for the rain when one had the opportunity to meet the best the south had to offer in the way of feminine charms? Soft, mellow voices, that melodious and unequalled southern accent, and the most startling beauty have left longing memories with every member of the clubs. And the far-famed southern hospitality well deserves its reputation. We most heartily recommend the south!

The sixth concert was given in Washington where Telluride friends and families turned out strong. Young John Coolidge was also present, and at the dance after the concert the boys had the pleasure of cutting in on him. Perhaps the most interesting episode of the whole trip was the performance at the New Jersey State Prison in Trenton the following day. Never on the whole trip had the clubs received so enthusiastic a welcome, and although it was early in the morning and the Glee Club sang badly off key, while the Mandoline Club was not much better, the convicts seemed immensely pleased. After the per-

For the members were shown through the prison, visiting the work shops, the education rooms, the cells, and the electric chair where the warden described several executions with great pride.

The trip ended with the New York concert. Scotty put in his appearance back-scenes during the performance, and later Dan Lindsay and Linkel turned up. By the time the concert was over, sleep was the chief interest of the members, and most of them returned to Ithaca that night or the following day to snatch a little rest before resuming work.

Dr. Theobald Smith spent a few days with the Branch while in Ithaca to give a number of lectures before the faculty and university public. Dr. Smith, now at the head of the work in animal pathology at the Rockefeller Institute in New Jersey is the leading authority in this country in the study of animal bacteriology.

Mrs. Newell, the mother of Johnny Newell, spent several days with the Branch during a short stay in Ithaca.

A new method of grading in public speaking was adopted last term by the House. Instead of the weekly grades, general ratings are given at the end of the term, and from the several highest so determined will be chosen the name for the Pemberton Cup. The ratings for last term placed Johnson, Austin and Laylin at the top of the list.

Herby Reich, radio expert of Telluride House last year, and employee of the General Electric Company's Radio Department during the past summer, had the opportunity to place his knowledge to the use of the University Department of Physics during the recent total eclipse of the sun. He conducted tests to determine the influence

of the darkening of the sun upon the direction of the transmission of electro-magnetic waves. His results, we understand, have been of great value to the Physics Department.

One more letter which came in just as the News Letter was going to press:-

Dear Editor:

"How the mighty have fallen." Think of it! Deep Springs fallen to the level of betting! Hardly a day goes by without some bet, foolish or otherwise, being made.

The sign of conviction, here, is the outstretched hand, accompanied, when only mildly sure, by "wanna bet?" Almost every meal, the server, sitting at the head of the table, can see three or four bets closed by the famous boarding-house reach of Deep Springs.

Deserts and books are the more common forms of stakes. Nine times out of ten, when you see some fellow in the livingroom, reading such books as "Faust," Peabody's "Moral Philosophy," "The Social Message of Jesus," "Les Misérables," Milton's "Metaphysics," or a thousand and one others, and you ask the reason, the answer will be, "On a bet." And it is a regular occurrence to see the deserts being sent promiscuously from one end of the table to the other.

Even the faculty have taken it up, among themselves; and you can occasionally hear of a bet between some instructor and a student, (generally going unpaid).

These bets are on anything and everything. They were started a year ago last November, when three of the fellows took up a bet with a fourth that they could walk 24 miles in eight hours, crossing a pass twice! A month's deserts to each if they did it, and then days more to each for every hour under eight. They made it, as I remember, in six hours and something.

Then a bet on time for the round trip to the lake

(14 miles altogether). Then on mail (sometimes specific, sometimes general), on the amount of milk per milking, marks in exams, the correct way to work out a math problem; and it has even gone so far that if someone calls someone else an ass, the accused wants to bet that he isn't.

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And so the craze has spread. Everyone has fallen at one time or another, and I expect at any time to find the Dean betting with Mr. Suhr. But I believe it is only a temporary ailment, and will go the way of all good fads, such as Mah Jong, and the Cross-Word Puzzle.

Lester Morris,

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

D.S. Wegg:- 2917 Eye St., Washington, D.C.

Cabot Coville:- 8 Rue Le Bouvier,
Bourg-la-Reine,

Saint-Denis, France.

W.D. Whitney, %Stetson, Jennings and Russell, 15 Broadway, NY

Does anyone know the whereabouts of the following men:

D.R. Smith,

J.C. Squires,

Mc Rea Parker,

Ray Ute,

Dr. W.A. Squires,

O.L. Larson,

Doddwin Knight,

V.E. McClellan,

M.R. Parker.

- WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS -

The News Letter feels that with two wedding announcements coming right together it must devote a special section to this important news.

Here they are in toto:

Mr. and Mrs. Eli Punshon
announce the marriage of their daughter
Gladys Hutchins
to
Mr. Harold Ray Owen
on Wednesday, the thirty-first of Dec.,
nineteen hundred and twenty-four
Oakland, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Mahoney
announce the marriage of their daughter
Elizabeth Ann
to
Mr. Daniel H. Beck
on Wednesday, December thirty-first
nineteen hundred and twenty-four.

The News Letter feels sure that everyone joins
in extending Harold Owen and Dan Beck heartiest
congratulations and warmest felicitations.