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Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives

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JULY, 1930
1903 Continued

IX

Emmor H. Millard writes, "I have been on a new proposition for the past two years, although I am with the same organization that I have been with for the past twenty-five years." His company, Steel Frame House Company, which is a subsidiary of McClintic-Marshall Corporation of Pittsburgh, is prepared to deliver steel frame cottages built ready to live in, shipped on a truck or trailer. He says it is a Ford cottage. -- FREDRICK A. EUSTIS, Secretary, 131 State Street, Boston, Mass. JAMES A. CUSHMAN, Assistant Secretary, 89 Broad Street, Boston, Mass.

1905

Everyone will be interested in hearing of the Class Boy, Jimmie Barnes, who has been with us at several reunions. Big Jim wrote in March: "He graduated from Harvard-- Class of 1929--with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, having relinquished his original intention of having music as a career, and substituting therefore, one of the stiffest of Harvard's courses--that in American History and Literature. Last August he sailed for France, going to the University of Grenoble for the courses in French conversation and literature, and has stayed on there until now, taking economics at the University, continuing his study of French, and commencing the study of German. We expect him back toward the end of May for a few weeks with the family. He expects to return this summer to Europe, spending enough months in Germany to get a working grasp of that language, together with a discriminating taste in beer (he already fairly understand French wines, I believe) and, after his German residence, expects to go to Spain for enough month to attain a catch as catch can superiority of that sunny language.

"The ultimate objective of all this additional activity is as yet somewhat obscure. Whether we are preparing a college professor, a literary fountainhead, or a world banker, remains to be seen. The most probable outcome just now appears to be that he will, in some minor capacity, join the foreign department of one of the New York banks and strive to right lustily earn a little butter for the daily bread, without too many promissory note exchanges with Dad. You will remember he is a blond giant of six feet four and three-quarters inches, and I believe that Class of '05 will yet be pleased with him. Just now the greatest real problem in my life is the difficulty with which the pounds come off, despite a haughty scorn of butter and potatoes, and a reasonably assiduous attention to the occasional round of golf."

In the April notes we said, referring to Percy Hill, "The card on the envelope, however, reads, 'Vice-President in charge of engineering' which is doubtless his modest way of making the announcement." And the Review Editors put it even more definitely in the Adversaria. Well, our hunch was all wrong, and we hasten to make the correction and present our apologies to the Vice-President.

George Jones writes: "I am sorry that my son Bayard never found an opportunity to look you up in Middletown during the two years he was at Amherst. He now attends Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, where the boys alternately work and study on shifts. He just finished his ten week shift in Chicago in the factory of C. F. Pease Company, manufacturing a continuous blueprint machine, and has returned to Antioch to study for ten weeks, exchanging places with another student who works on the same job."

Herbert Bailey brings his record up to date with an interesting letter from



Ontario, Calif.: "I think it was just about the close of the World War that we last saw each other in Washington. Anyway, to begin at that date, I would say that shortly before the Armistice I left my work in the Bureau of Chemistry and the Food Administration, for I had two jobs during the war, and went to the duPont Research Laboratories in Wilmington, Del. There I spent nearly two years developing substitutes for castor oil in artificial leather and camphor in pyraline. About 1919 Frank Smalley '96, then chief chemist of the Southern Cotton Oil, Company, persuaded me to come to Savannah and take charge of that company's research work. Frank died about a year and a half after we moved to Savannah, and I succeeded him as chief chemist, with twenty laboratories stretched from New Orleans to New York, and a corps of forty-five or fifty chemists. I enjoyed this work immensely, and the Bailey family quite fell in love with Savannah. Then came the V. C. receivership, with the usual result that economy started in the technical department. They gradually ordered the closing of one laboratory after another and the dismissing of all research men and curtailing of control work, until finally one September day when I returned from a brief business trip for the company, I found on my desk information to the effect that I had terminated my services three days previous to my return from the trip. This abrupt dismissal, however, did not stick, and I succeeded in collecting my stipend for a couple of months more, until I had located a job out here in California.

"To Leave the fixed oil field of chemistry and go into citrus products was a considerable jar, but during the time I had been with the Bureau of Chemistry I had been detailed for two seasons to California to work on citrus oils and juices, so that in a way when I came here, it was a return to a previous line of work. I can't say that the present job, manager of The Exchange Orange Products Company, is everything that one could hope for. It is the biggest thing of the kind in the world, but at that is not so very large. Our capital stock is only a million dollars, and our annual sales not more than twice that amount at the present time. If it were not for the fact that Mrs. Bailey's health is so much better here in California than it was in the east, that the educational facilities for our children were better than anywhere else in the union, and living conditions in general more delightful to us than any place else we have lived, perhaps I would at times be dissatisfied. At this point you write in all the bunk that people generally ascribe to California boosters, and after you have written it, you can take it or leave it, just as seems best. So far as I am concerned, there is no place like sunny Southern California, and I would not take a good deal for the view from my office window of snow-capped range of mountains beyond the low-lying foothills which are covered with happy homes in citrus groves. If you do not believe it, come out some time when the snow is knee-deep and the Connecticut River full of cakes of ices, and we will show you what it is to really live in the finest as well as the biggest county in the United States."

We have received several steamer letters from our travelers, but believe that the file contained nothing previously on the stationery of the Fall River Line. Tom Estabrook spent a pleasant evening on the sound composing the following: "Five years ago, as I think you know, I came to Portland to reorganize and take charge of the purchasing of the Brown Company, with whom I have been connected for the past twenty-three years with a treat deal of pleasure and satisfaction--to myself at any rate! We have buying offices with resident buyers and staffs, at Portland, Maine, Berlin, N. H., Quebec and La Tuque, Que., and Belle Glade, Fla., and my work takes me at intervals into each of these places. Our buying covers a multitude of things as we have a railroad, a steamship line, a plantation in Florida and the many plants at Berlin, to say nothing of the woods operations which use everything that a home or hotel needs. New plants and products are frequently coming up, using new things,

and this makes the game very interesting. For instance, we are going into artificial leather, and a large supply of rubber latex, a completely new material to my ken, had to be arranged for. I never know what the demand will be next, which certainly eliminates any chance of monotony!

"When I was at Berlin many opportunities for accumulating goat feathers (as Ellis Parker Butler calls them) presented themselves and, in addition to running various money-raising campaigns for the Y. M. C. A., I started the Berlin winter carnivals and ran two of them, also beginning the International Dog Sled Derby, which later was taken entire by the city of Quebec and is now an annual affair. Since coming to Portland, however, I have passed up these jobs and find I manage to get along about as well, if not better!

"In the winter I am away more or less, but in the summer get a lot of fun out of a power cruiser that I have acquired, getting on the water for weekends, and cruising during my vacation with my wife and my son Dick, now seventeen years old and one of the best anchor-hoisters and first and last mates in

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