

BRACE BITS



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Thrilling Experiences of Our Special Representative in Russia

Told in Mr. Wilner's Own Words

Some readers of "Brace Bits" may be interested in hearing how the Millers Falls Company's Russian representative recently escaped from Bolshevik Soviet Russia.

The Bolsheviks came out of a clear sky just as I was as busy as could be, selling our tools, and before I knew it, I was not allowed to leave the country but was held as a sort of hostage, just because our Washington administration was level headed and did not recognize them. So there was nothing to do but to stay and wait for a chance to get out, which by the way did not come for three years. While the crazy Bolsheviks kept me there three years they compelled me to work for them; they paid me 4800 roubles per month (about \$25.00 per month) and besides gave me one half pound of poor rye bread daily and that is all. The 4800 roubles I always invested in a small bar of soap which could be obtained at the profiteer bazaar. I had to sell all my belongings and borrow money besides to keep from starving and to keep away infection from the raging epidemic of typhus (over 10 million died of this disease in 1920).

In November, 1919, I tried to escape and was caught. For this I was kept seven months in the Bolshevik jails, which

was no picnic, let me tell you. I would have been there to this day if my friends had not intervened for me, and received my pardon from the Bolshevik leaders. So that in July, 1920, I was liberated from prison, of course not to escape but to go back on my 4800 rouble job.

I hung on to my job till October and then could stand it no longer. There was

nothing to eat, nothing to wear and no fuel to heat the lodgings. I decided to attempt my escape a second time. I got away with it this time by walking over eighty miles thru marsh lands from Petrograd to Finland and it took five days to do it. When I got to the Finnish border, the soldiers there put me back to Bolshevik Russia on the strength of general orders to keep out everybody from Russia and my American passport did not help me any; and the Finns robbed me of all I had in the bargain. So I was back again in the Bolshevik "paradise" against all expecta-



E. R. Wilner

tions. The Bolshevik Red Soldiers told me that I was supposed to be shot right on the spot but their commander was away that particular day and they would send me to the next post where the commander was present and he would "fix me up" all right. Bright prospects indeed! They sent two Red soldiers to see me down to the next post, but I

talked to them and after giving them some money they let me go back to Finland. From this new landing spot in Finland I had to walk about 15 miles more to a railroad station. Then I took a train to Wiborg where our American Consul took good care of me till I got funds from New York to return home. And here I am in God's Country getting over the above nightmare and waiting for the Bolsheviks to go and give me a chance to push Millers Falls tools again.

Selling Is Like Praying

There are two ways of selling goods, just as there are two ways of praying. The difference between the methods is well explained in old Aunt Mandy's experience:

"W'enebber I pray de lo'd to sen' one o' Massa Peyton's fat chickens fo' de ol' man, dere is no notice took ob de partition; but w'en I pray dat he sen' de ol' man fo' de chickens, de t'ing is 'tended to befo' sunup nex' mo'nin' dead sartin."

The Guy With the Hoe

From the Kansas City Star

We recall long ago, when the guy with the hoe

Was a mark for poetical pity,
The "wooden domed serf" who busted
the turf
And furnished the grub for the city.

'Til the boob took advice and boosted the price

Of his buckwheat, his spuds and his fodder.

It had the effect of increasing respect
And he rose to "the poor honest plodder."

Then the gent in the jeans raised some more on his beans,

And his turnips, and this and the other,
When the poets quit spouting and all started shouting

"Long live the dear suburban brother."

Thus, the horn handed guy kept inserting the pry

'Neath the fruit of his humble vocation,
'Till we join to-day in the popular lay,
"God save the backbone of the nation."

J. Ward Williams.

"Gee, I Wish I Had His Chance"

B. Gosh Johnson Breaks Into Print
By Bill Barker

I wouldn't have to save for nothing if I was him. Gee, I wish I had his chance. He's got a pull with the big guys. I know, cause he gets more'n I do and he gets in on all good stuff.

I ain't gonna mention any names, 'cause that ain't just right. Damn it! He never tells anything, anyhow. I asked him lots of times whoz gonna be fired, and whoz got a raise and all about that inside stuff. He's narrow-minded. I know darn well he knows, but he won't tell anything. Gosh, I don't see why. Gosh, I sorter like him and then again I don't.

Ya see the boss calls him in and out and tells him things and he's just like a clam. I heard said he was gonna get another job, better one, I guess. Gosh, I tell everything I know and he never says nothing. Gosh, when I finds out a thing I tell him and damn it. I can't loosen him a bit. I don't see why he keeps things to himself.

He works over time, too. Gosh, I don't. When that whistle blows, I'm the first one to punch that damn clock, and it ain't the way I'd like to punch it, either.

Gee, when I see the boss I work like Hell, but he don't notice me at all. And when I stop work, gosh, he is right there and has something to say. Asks me if I got this thing and that thing out. I says, "No, because—" and he starts right in saying in a nice way, but damn it, he gets you, "Get it and let me have it in the morning."

Gosh, this other buy, he has easy things to find. Gosh, he says, "Yes, I found it," and the boss says, "All right, that's fine," and all that. The boss never says, "That's fine," to me. Gosh, I don't see why.

Well, this guy has got promoted and the boss says I gotta look things up for him. I ain't gonna do his work. Gosh, I don't see why I don't get promoted and have people look things up for me. Gosh, I don't work any over time. I punch out first. I tell everything I know, and always has a good 'scuse for things I don't do. Gosh, I don't see why I don't get promoted.

G. T. D. Helix.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

Although they love—
By the gods above,
Their troubles have just begun!