



*Here is KAY THOROLD, our nomination for the Kiwanis Fall Show Queen. Kay is one of nine Queens that are in the running for the throne and is representing the Paper Industry, so it will be a feather in our cap if she is elected. Every ticket sold on the Buick car that is to be given away has a vote, so let's give our Paper Queen support by getting all the votes we can for her. Books of tickets can be obtained from Max Bailey. Every book sold means 24 votes for Kay and four free tickets for the seller.*





## THE HY - G DISPENSER

*Published monthly in the interests of  
the employees of the Westminster  
Paper Co.*

*Co-Editors*  
MAX BAILEY  
RANN MATTHISON

Vol. I

June, 1944

No. 8

### THE ADVENTURES OF LANCELOT THE LAMB

I was born in the Fraser Valley, of humble parents, one of a large family, but like many country fellows decided that life on the farm was too dull, so packing my bag I set out for the bright lights.

On my way into the Big City I saw, several times pictured on huge billboards, the cutest little lamb, my dream girl. You know, the little lamb that accompanies Mary in those Purex ads.

Later I found that Purex was made by the Westminster Paper Company, so with hat in hand I approached the plant to see if I could get me a job so that I could be near my dream girl. I was interviewed by an awfully nice man named Down, or Hound, or Brown, or sumpin, and after going through selective service I started my career as business man, unloading pulp from a boat. Gee, but it was hard work. I was having a hard time lifting the big bales but finally a big man called May, or Hay or Day or sumpin, showed me how to get by without working too hard.

This is the life, I thought. Here was I at last, a working man, making my own way in the world, and seeing for the first time in my life a real boat. During the day lots of men wearing white collars came out from the office and disappeared into the cook's quarters on the boat—no doubt stowing away something. One of the hearty marines with a far away look in his eyes and a bundle under his arm, tripped merrily into the mill. He seemed at peace with the world, oh lovely day.

Everything went well until late in the afternoon when I spied the cook from the boat,

butcher knife in hand, leering at me. No doubt he was thinking about lamb chops for dinner.

Will the cook get his lamb chops? What happens to Lancelot the lamb? See our next issue for another thrilling episode.

\* \* \*

*You probably have your own ideas on this lamb chop business and could write a better second installment of this thriller than the author could. If you think you could, have a crack at it and send it to the editors. As a matter of fact, let's make a contest of this literary conundrum. Send in your second episodes to the above and the best one (or the one chosen by the editors, such things happen, you know) will receive a valuable prize.*

### UNION NOTES

"Greetings" to all our Brothers and Sisters in the Armed Services from the Officers and Members of New Westminster Local No. 456, International Brotherhood of Paper Makers.

Many of you who have been in the Armed Forces for some time will probably be interested in some of the following news about your Union. The International Brotherhood of Paper Makers is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, Union Label Trades Department, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada. Newfoundland Federation of Labor. We have recently affiliated with the Vancouver-New Westminster and District Trades and Labor Council. Delegates to the Council are: Blanche Day, Lilian Mahoney, Max Bailey, Louis Pumphrey, Len Cutting, and Herb Halverson. The Union is recognized by the Company as the sole bargaining agency for all the employees.

I am sure that all our Brothers and Sisters in Uniform will be pleased to know that the employees oversubscribed their quota in the last Victory Loan.

During the past year the Local has had several dances which have been very well attended and much enjoyed by the members and their friends.

July 19th has been tentatively set as the date of our Annual Picnic to Bowen Island. The Committee is busy making all the necessary arrangements to assure a good time for everyone.

Faternally yours,

Corresponding Secretary.



## Servicemen's Page

### WITH THE BOYS IN UNIFORM



*Mel Beagle*



*Walt Grasby*

Pictured above are two more of the Westminster family that are at present serving in the Armed Forces. Top is Mel Beagle who came to work for us in April, 1941, and when he left for the Army in August, 1942, he was one of our better Toilet operators. Mel can be remembered as the lad that pitched our Softball team to the city championship in 1942. We sure missed him the next year. The last we heard was that Mel was doing a little pitching in the Bermudas. How about a letter, Mel?

Below is Walt Grasby, who came to us in June, 1942, and joined the Army in November, 1942. Although only with us a short while, Walt's pleasant smile and happy disposition won him many friends. He was working in the Machine Room while here, but fortunately did not catch anything too serious from this exposure. Walt is in the thick of things over in England now and we were very pleased to hear from him this month.

### LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

P.O. E. W. Bourne, J-19355,  
RCAF, England.

Dear Max:

Hello Max, how is the world treating you these days. Still getting your ration of the good old amber fluid. It is quite some time since I last wrote and thanked you for the copies of the "Hy-G." I look forward to receiving them very much. I must say, though, I don't know half the people mentioned but then it is almost three years since I left and a lot can happen in that time. This is short and sweet and I must away for now. Say hello to all the guys and gals I know around the mill. Cherrio Max. Thanks.

Sincerely yours,

ED. BOURNE.  
K-N9734 GDSM Grasby, W.  
22 C.A.R. (CGG)  
No. 2 Sqd.  
C.A.O.

May 4, 1944

Dear Max and Rann:

I am extending my hearty appreciation for the carton of cigarettes which I received the other day from the Westminster Paper Co.

I have also enjoyed receiving copies of the "Dispenser." It is a really and truly good book and I look forward to getting it. I keep them in the tank with me, so I can occasionally look through them as I go riding merrily along.

Yours truly,

WALT GRASBY.

\* \* \*

### SERVICE NEWS

Last month just after the "Dispenser" published a letter from Bill Kennedy in England, who should walk into our office but Bill himself. You could have knocked us over with the proverbial feather. Bill has been posted home to Little Mountain because of illness.

Merlin Radatzke was also a visitor last month on his embarkation leave. When he left us he was on his way overseas and we have yet to hear any more news from him.

Just as we were going to press we noticed Bill Murray walk in the door, home on his furlough from Bamfield, Ontario. Glad to see you again, Bill.





#### FAMILY STUFF

This month we present the Musgrove menage of manhood—Percy, Ted, and Steve. This mighty mass of muscles make many men meek and meagre when mingling masterfully midst meticulous manipulation of manual and mechanical mysteries. Ted, one of the members of the Twenty Year Club, was first associated with Westminster Paper in September, 1923. He, with his brother Percy, are two of our reliable backtenders on the Paper Machine. Percy joined us in March, 1925, and is due to join the Twenty Year Club next year. Steve, the newcomer, came here in March, 1943, and is a member of Vic Hakkinen's black gang.

#### FOUND IN THE BROKE BOX

Bill Jacobson, Bill Houghton, Roy Ross, Tom Brown, and Rick Foote attended the City Ten-Pin Bowling banquet held on May 1st. They report that the consumption of solid and liquid refreshments was enormous. The cup, which was later presented to the winning team, was filled to the brim with fine old Rye and was passed around from time to time with reckless abandon. Tom Brown and Rick Foote were seated next to the cup—naturally.

Frances Markley has returned to work after an attack of measles. She reports that she received the very best of attention in the Children's Ward at the hospital.

Herb Halverson again stole the limelight in his neighborhood when he offered to assist a friend to get his car started. Having a few ideas of his own about ignition, Herby changed the wiring on the distributor, primed the cylind-

ers, replaced the spark plugs, and stepped on the starter. The resulting explosion rocked houses for blocks around and had the neighbors rushing to their basements fearing that an enemy attack had come.

Both Percy Musgrove and Joyce Allen are shopping around for big juicy steaks these days, anticipating the day when they will receive their new upper plates and try out the crockery on said steaks.

Millie Pearce drives a hard bargain. When approached to buy a ticket for the Kiwanis Queen Carnival, she whipped out several books of tickets and demanded an even trade.

Those people who live in the same district as Eli LeVasseur give the roads a wide berth these days. Eli has purchased a motorcycle and nobody is taking any chances. Jesse Hewlett rides with him and occasionally pilots the machine. Together they have lots of fun weaving from one side of the road to the other.



## Westminster's Own Winchell

Elsie Bereska gave us an envelope from which to copy Ray Moran's army address. We have deciphered most of it but are puzzled by the initials S.W.A.S.K. which are written on the flap.

One of our Victory Bond salesmen reports that while canvassing Mary Calko he learned that she was buying furniture and was casting about in the marriage mart for a likely looking prospect. At least, he says, she didn't deny it.

And Flora Darken tells us that when she mentioned a trip to the First Aid Room to have a finger bandaged by a good looking First Aid Man, Mary Calko sighed and wished she could have been the patient.

Watson Clark has bought a lot on 10th Avenue in New Westminster and is formulating plans for a new home as soon as circumstances permit. He says his present home is too small to allow for any expansion of his family. Hence the preparations for the building of a ten-room house.

Peggy Moore received a nasty wallop on the head some weeks ago and had to be taken home. She must have been quite groggy because the driver tells us that as he neared her house she turned and exclaimed, "My goodness, its daylight already. You know, I don't often stay out this late."

Doreen Brown was rushed from the Mill to the hospital and operated on for appendicitis. We are glad to report that she was fully recuperated and is back at work now.

Alice Olsen is vacationing in Minnesota for a month. Now what attraction could there be in Minnesota for anybody by the name of Olsen?

Pat Dunkinson has returned from a vacation in Calgary where she was a bridesmaid at the wedding of Peggy Summers, also on vacation. Peggy will be coming back to work after the honeymoon.

Cal Stoney and Ellen Archibald spent a delightful week end at Cultus Lake recently, so Ellen says. Cal denies this but won't say where they were, so Cultus Lake will have to do.

Could it have just been coincidence that one of the members of Len Cutting's crew happened to pay a visit to Squamish during the week-end that the Eastholm called there.

## First Aid

### BEWARE OF CARBON MONOXIDE

... that insidious enemy you neither see nor smell, deadly as a rattlesnake and stealthy as a thief in the night. Here's the symptoms that may follow when adequate ventilation is neglected where carbon monoxide may be present.

- 1.—Tightness across the forehead with possible headache.
- 2.—Definite headache and throbbing of the temples.
- 3.—Headache increases, dizziness and dimming of vision.
- 4.—Nausea and vomiting; increased pulse and respiration.
- 5.—Coma; convulsions; collapse; death.

### ACCIDENT REPORT—MAY, 1944

<i>Number of lost time accidents</i> .....	1
<i>Number of accidents requiring medical aid</i> .....	2
<i>Number of accidents requiring First aid</i> .....	9
<i>Days lost due to accidents</i> .....	36

### MARCH—1944

<i>Number of lost time accidents</i> .....	4
<i>Number of accidents requiring medical aid</i> .....	4
<i>Number of accidents requiring First aid</i> .....	23
<i>Days lost due to accidents</i> .....	83

**SLOGAN FOR JUNE—No accidents in June will keep you in tune.**

### TEN SAFETY RULES FOR HEALTH

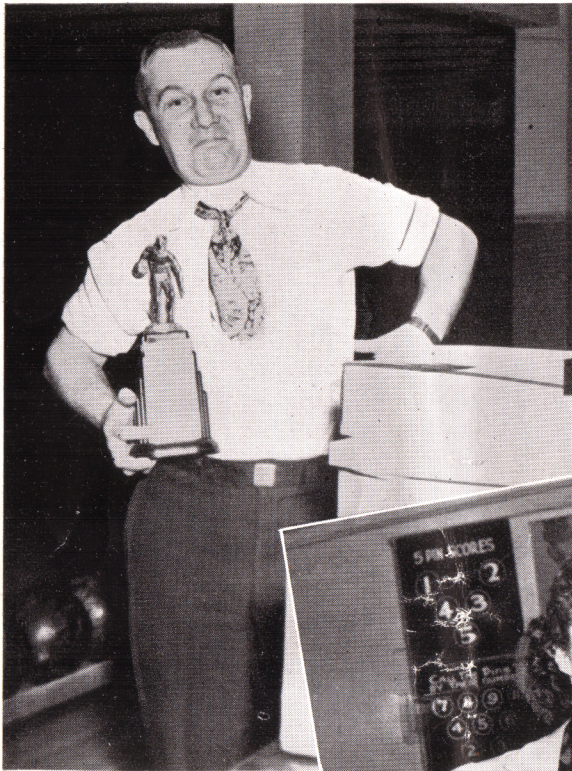
1. *Go less, sleep more.*
  2. *Ride less, walk more.*
  3. *Talk less, think more.*
  4. *Scold less, praise more.*
  5. *Waste less, give more.*
  6. *Eat less, chew more.*
  7. *Clothe less, bathe more.*
  8. *Idle less, play more.*
  9. *Worry less, laugh more.*
  10. *Preach less, practice more.*
- General Mills "Safety Guide"



# LIFE

## AT WESTMINSTER

### The Bowling Tournament



*Clarence Taylor,  
Men's Champion — looking  
proud after his third succes-  
sive win.*



*Ladies' Champion,  
May Gibson*



*Edna Engeseth, Good form*



*Eli Le Vasseur, Tom Brown and Steve Musgrove,  
Three Blows by Three Joe's*



*John Ashby — Poor Form*





It took three guesses to fathom who is behind this mustache. Yes, it is our red-haired friend, Ernie Day, who is right now with the Westminster Regiment in the midst of the heavy fighting in Italy. Ernie arrived in the land of Latins in early December and according to one of his letters to Blanche, spent Christmas there midst bottles of Italian wines and bebies if Italian beauties. But the mustache really intrigues us. What color is it, Ernie, flaming red or a shade of dark maroon? How about growing it a little longer and waxing the ends? All kidding aside, Ernie, it is good to see a picture of you. Now how about a letter giving us a little news. Until then, the best wishes of all of us go to you, one of the first of our boys in the army to experience actual combat.

Aggie Smarge handed us this latest scoop on her wedding.

At last but not at least we have now been able to find out some more details about our June bride, old pal Aggie. Her wedding to Mr. T. Watts of Essondale will take place on June 28th, at 4 p.m., at St. Margaret's, corner Windermere and Georgia, Vancouver, B. C. After spending a lengthy honeymoon at Banff and Calgary, they will be at home at 1159 Pacific St., Vancouver, B. C. Ah, sweet mystery of life at last I've found thee.

## Remember When . . .

Pete Onkels, now Superintendent of Pacific Coast Paper Mills in Bellingham, used to accompany brother Ray on rat hunting expeditions to the city dump which was then situated where Alaska Pine is now located?

\* \* \*

Ray Onkels, then running Machine, used to rely on onion sandwiches and sulphur and molasses to tone up his system, especially on the day before a wire change?

\* \* \*

Bill Dynes, who is working at Bellingham, used to inveigle Louis Pumphrey and Max Bailey into laying off on Saturday nights to attend the dances at White Rock?

\* \* \*

Bill Herb, Manager of the Bellingham Plant, used to work here in the summer holidays and pestered the life out of the Machine Room Crew until they chased him into the Finishing Room?

\* \* \*

Louis Pumphrey's shift had the misfortune to find that some practical joker, whose name has been forgotten, had shaken the fleas out of a bird's nest into their working clothes?

\* \* \*

Elmer Herb used to be timekeeper during construction days in 1922, and took great delight in making several false motions toward the whistle before really letting a blast go, thus keeping the boys on edge for the last five minutes?

\* \* \*

Clarence Taylor was much perturbed at the fact that Louis Pumphrey and Pete Onkels had used his mother's best frying pan to fry some ill-gotten chickens over an open fire with sad results to the frying pan?

\* \* \*

John Ashby, just newly arrived here from Port Alice, fooled everybody for a long time by placing a sign "Chemist" on the door of his daytime lounging room?

\* \* \*

Johnny Corder was so shy he couldn't even look at a girl without blushing? No!! Neither does anybody else.

\* \* \*

Paquette was the name of our No. 2 Wrapping? Now it is the name of one of our No. 1 Wrappers.





## Victory Loan

Once again we can proudly report that we went over the top in the current Victory Loan Drive that ended last month. The accompanying picture shows the pennant that was presented by George Cassidy, member of the New Westminster Victory Loan Committee, to Max Bailey, chairman of our Loan Committee, for our record of subscribing well over 100% of our quota with 100% participation. The picture shows a portion of the large crowd that witnessed the presentation and also the drawing for prizes. The lucky winners were Alex Marshall, Pat Clancy, Steve Musgrove, Dick Wood, Vic Manson, and Jack Day. After the imposing list of male winners were drawn we heard some female cries

of "cooked draw", etc. However, with Johnny Corder handling the draw if there was any "cooking" to be done we have a fair idea which sex would be favored.

We can well be proud of our achievement in the Sixth Victory Loan and congratulations are due to our hard-working committee of Phyllis Paddock, Blanche Day, Frank Bourne, Herbie Halverson, Jack Morrison, Pat Clancy, Clarence Taylor, Jay Corder, and Max Bailey.

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One Thursday morning last month Joe Whalen did not show up at his desk. He arrived in the afternoon wreathed in radiant smiles and upon being asked what day it was, he replied "June". Our snoop informed us that he had met the train from Toronto that A.M.

\* \* \*

Our eastern scribe tells us that Cliffe Radcliffe, who is at present in the east on a business trip, cut quite a figure in his new sport ensemble. The story relates how Cliff, flanked by two 6 ft. 6 ins. Australian officials in full uniform, was the centre of attraction around the Chateau Laurier. In fact one female elevator operator was heard to remark: "My, ain't he cute." Maybe she mistook him for the Premier of Australia, who happened to be in Ottawa at the same time.

Add to the stories of the absent-minded professor, our Rick Foote, the hunter who mistook a cat for a rabbit, has pulled another one for the books. This keen and ardent fisherman went on a long-awaited fishing trip to Powell River last month and on arriving at Powell Lake 25 miles inland, found that he had left his tackle on the boat.



## The Bowling Blues

By Tom Brown

In the last issue of the Dispenser, there appeared a poem which cast several reflections on my ability as a bowler. While not denying the truth of the various statements contained therein, I nevertheless was more than a little annoyed that my bowling should be ridiculed by such amateurs (as I thought) as the authors of this poem. Consequently I threw all caution to the winds and challenged them, separately or collectively, to bowl me to determine whether or not I was such a dub as they seemed to think. Disregarding all advice from cooler heads than mine, I stuck to my challenge and insisted that the necessary arrangements be made. The night of May 19th was picked as the time for this bowling classic and in due course the event took place. What happened to me that night shouldn't happen to a dog, but inasmuch as I believe that my story might be of interest to our readers, I have asked for and received permission from the editors to recount my adventures in my own words. I say this in all fairness to them, that not one word of my story has been changed, nothing has been deleted.

At 5 o'clock that night, the four of us, Mel Oke, Rann Matthison, Max Bailey, and myself, left the mill and proceeded to a tavern a mile or so away. There I started to put into action a plan I had been turning over in my mind. Calling loudly for beers, I insisted that we drink them up as fast as possible as time was short and the tavern would be closing. As soon as the glasses were empty I would order more. Occasionally, when no one was looking, I would push my glass over to one or the other of my companions, or fill their half empty glasses from mine. In this way I managed to get rid of 6 glasses while only consuming 1 myself. This, I thought, would be a way to befog their minds while keeping my own head clear. After some three-quarters of an hour I gave up this plan. It seemed to have no effect other than that of pouring the beer back into the barrel. Finally, to my relief, the man in charge called "time" and we resumed our travels.

We journeyed to Johnny Corder's residence to pick up a bottle of sun-tan lotion I had ordered and then made our way to a local cafe where we had arranged to fortify the inner man in preparation for the strenuous night ahead. Our

meals ordered, I sat back and contemplated my next move. Pointing out a stunning blonde who had just entered, I easily diverted the attention of my companions long enough to pour a generous quantity of the sun-tan lotion into their water glasses and then mentioned how warm the weather was. This had the immediate effect of making them gulp down the mixture and after some little lip smacking, calling for more of that delightful water. I followed this course 2 or 3 times until our dinner arrived, but could observe no noticeable effect.

During our meal I managed several times to bring my knife smartly down on the knuckles of my companions, apologizing profusely each time for my clumsiness. I figured that if I could somehow cripple their bowling hands I might stand a chance of winning. They took this in good part and brought out a bottle of nerve tonic with which to quiet my nerves. This tonic, they said, was very hard to obtain, permission from the government being required before it could be purchased, being a valuable prescription of a certain Dr. Calvert. I took several doses and felt somewhat amused at the easy way I had fooled them. Several times during dinner I brought my foot back and kicked each of them in the shins. In between kicks I would lurch forward and punch them viciously on the muscles of their right arms. I had calculated beforehand that these tactics would discomfort them to the extent that their bowling would suffer as a result. Each time I apologized and each time a dose of nerve tonic was prescribed. I think that by this time they too were a little shaky, because I noticed that they were each taking big doses now and then. About this time I noticed that a 5th fellow had joined us at the table. The funny thing about him was that at times he sat right next to Mel Oke and looked identically like him and then he would slowly move over to Rann or Max and resemble them so much in appearance that I would have sworn they were twins. They seemed to pay no attention to him and did not offer to introduce him to me. So I assumed that the waitress had placed him there due to a shortage of tables.

We finished our dinner and started to leave. As we did so I caught sight of Josephine Janislovsky, a waitress who once had been an old



flame of mine. I drew her to one side and asked her to give me a couple of pats of butter, which I needed for yet another plan I had in mind. At first she demurred, but a pat in the old familiar way soon brought her around to my way of thinking. (A pat for pat I think it says in the Scriptures). I hastily pocketed the butter and rejoined my companions outside. We then proceeded to the bowling alley.

Once in the bowling alley I felt much more at ease. I carefully chose a good ball and sought out the pin boy. Acquainting him with the situation I endeavoured to enlist his aid and secured his promise to help me in various ways which I do not think necessary to describe here. I sealed the bargain with an old familiar method I have found very effective—that of crossing his palm with a piece of silver.

By this time my companions had readied themselves for the contest and were calling for me to join them and get the bowling underway. With a last wink at the pin-boy I turned and made my way back to the alley and the game was on. The first game was uneventful and turned out much as I thought it would, although I had figured on doing better than I did. I nosed my closest opponent out by one pin. I admit that I was a little lucky in this game, getting my fair share of lucky strikes and being unnoticed when I went over the foul line which seemed to be anything but stationary. In the second game I realized that I had underestimated my opponents and was soundly beaten by all 3, the best trimming me by more than 2 hundred pins. Before the game was ended I had frantically called Ray Onkels on the phone and asked him to hurry down to keep score. You see I wanted to make sure I won the last game and by this time I was desperate.

Ray arrived shortly after and we all retired to the dressing room for refreshments. While there I managed to whisper to Ray that I needed to win the third game in the worst way and Ray replied that the worst way was probably the only way I would win it. During the third game I must admit I tried every trick in the book. I took the butter I had brought with me and at every chance I greased the thumb hole of my opponent's bowling ball. I ran up alongside them, yelling and shouting just as they were about to bowl. I smeared little wads of chewing gum on the soles of their shoes, crawling

under the benches in order to do this. If I made a spare I would rush right behind Ray as he was marking it and give his arm a shove, thus making it into a strike. I kept this up throughout the game, pausing only long enough to join the boys in the back room.

During this last game I was much annoyed by the actions of Mel, Rann, Max, and Ray. They kept insisting on pulling me up off the floor where I lay. I had no recollection of lying down on the floor, and anyway it was my own business, if I felt more comfortable that way. However, that is neither here nor there. With the bowling of my last ball the game was over. I rushed over to the score sheets quickly, glanced at them, and announced that I had won the deciding game by 1 pin. I quickly tore up the score sheets and stuffed them in my pocket.

We left the bowling alley and proceeded homeward, stopping at the mill long enough to pick up some eggs that Mel had left there. We then wished each other a pleasant good night and agreed that it had been a grand evening.

In conclusion I again wish to thank the editors for allowing me to write my own story. I also wish to thank all concerned for the wonderful way in which I was treated, and to commend my opponents on their sportsmanlike attitude throughout. My only hope is that if sometime I find it necessary to challenge them again that on the next morning I do not find in my pockets, as I did this time, the following items: I paper napkin filled with melted butter, I badly cracked egg, and I torn score sheet of the last game, reading—Matthison 159, Bailey 161, Oke 164, and Brown 165, with the 5 looking as if it had hastily been changed from a 3.

---

Wonder what Elsie Fenton and Mary Miller were investigating aboard the SS. Teco the other day. Could be that they were fulfilling a luncheon date or on the other hand, were trying to find a seagoing chocolate giver such as one of the members of Len Cutting's crew has on the Eastholme.

*The Steamship "Teco" was moored at our dock  
When sharp at high noon by our office clock.*

*Mary Miller and Elsie Fenton climbed aboard all  
aquiver,*

*To find out if there was a chocolate giver.*

# *Cheer Up My Boy, Think How Important You Are!*

Dear Sir:

In reply to your request to send a check, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it almost impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to Federal laws, state laws, county laws, corporation laws, liquor laws, mother-in-laws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws and out-laws.

Through these laws I am compelled to pay a business tax, amusement tax, head tax, school tax, gas tax, light tax, water tax, sales tax, meat tax, carpet tax, income tax, food tax, furniture tax and excise tax. Even my brains are taxed. I am required to get a business license, car license, truck license, meat license, not to mention a marriage license and dog license.

I am also required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life; to women's relief, the unemployed relief and the gold diggers' relief. Also to every hospital and charitable institution in the city including the Red Cross, Black Cross, Purple Cross and the Double Cross.

For my own safety I am required to carry life insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, burglar insurance, accident insurance, business insurance, earthquake insurance, tornado insurance, unemployment insurance, old age insurance, and fire insurance.

My business is so governed that it is no easy matter for me to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, examined, re-examined, informed, reformed, required, summoned, fined, commanded, and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race.

Simply because I refuse to donate to something or other I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am almost ruined.

I can tell you honestly that except for the miracle that happened I could not enclose this check. The wolf that comes to many doors nowadays just had pups in my kitchen. I sold them and here is the money.

*Reprint from Butcher's Advocate.*