

"Brownie"

An
Autobiography
of
Robert Brown.

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A few good
copies.

Published by
Robert Brown, Inc.

Excellent work!
Neat arrangement!
Interested by
hope you realize
your ambitions!
Hr
H.L.J.

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Dedication

I dedicate this book to

My Parents

Who have given me invaluable
aid,

And to my teacher

Miss Justice,

Under whose able supervision
this book was made.

My Family

There are five members of my family, my father, mother, and my two sisters, Harriet and Betty. I had an older brother who died before I was born.

My father is a Presbyterian minister, who was pastor of a church near Pittsburg, 'till we ~~most~~ moved to Summit. He is now General Secretary of the American Bible Society. He went to Washington and Jefferson College.

My mother went to Park, and Vassar College. Her father was also a minister and now is a General Secretary of the Board of Foreign missions.

Harriet is in fifth grade and Betty in fourth. "Het" wants to be either a nurse, or a movie star, but "Bet" wants to be a school teacher. She is a tom boy and we have many games of football, and basketball together.



The Members
of my Family

Bet, Bob, Mother, Net, Dad



My two
sisters and
myself.

Bet Bob Net

1920



Progress.



1933

My First Years

I was born on May 28, 1920 in Carthage, Illinois, which is a town with a population of about two thousand people.

My father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church there.

I do not remember a thing about this town, for when I was six months old, we moved to Carnegie, Pennsylvania, which is a suburb of Pittsburg. I never went to school there, for when I was five years old, we moved to Ben Avon, a town on the other side of the "Smoky City".

I had a friend there, Heber Harper, who had a great imagination. We made up two characters with whom we played almost every day. We (or rather He) named them Mr. and Mrs. Linvor. Of course they lived in Linvor Town, and we informed everyone that when we "grew up" we would go and live with them.

Another
amusement (if it
can be called one)
was keeping away
from Heber's older
brother.

After certain
narrow escapes
we made many
vows as to what
we would do to

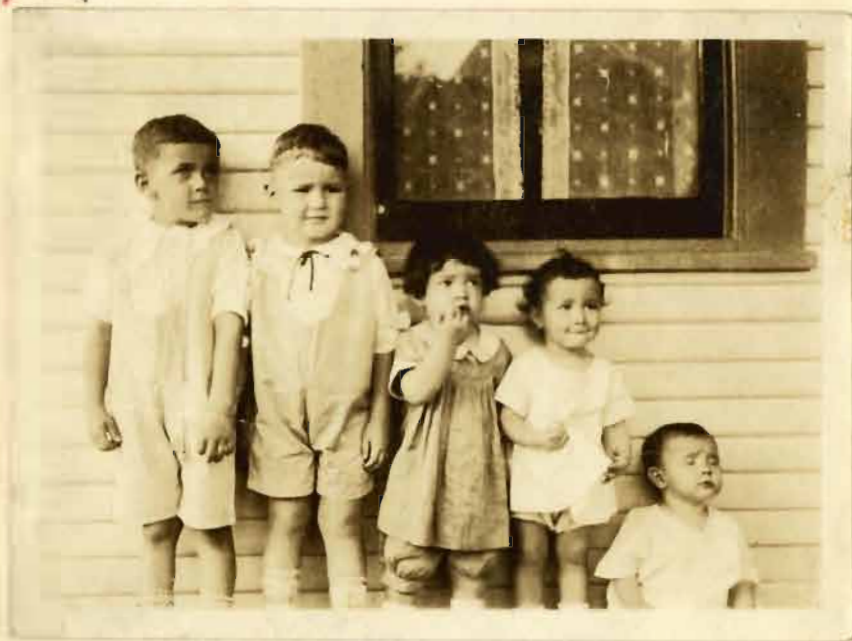
Bobby Heber

him when we "grew up".

Once we saw some older boys
starting a museum, and of course we had
to have one. If I remember correctly
our first days' search netted us a
bird's nest (found under the porch)
and a couple of old books (for our
circulating library.)

This was the start of the museum
I have today. It is referred to in the
Chapter "Hobbies".

The picture below was taken when some missionaries from China came to visit us. They are cousins of mine, and their father is now president of Hanover College.



Bob Albert Het Ann Bet
Brown Parker Brown Parker Brown

First School days

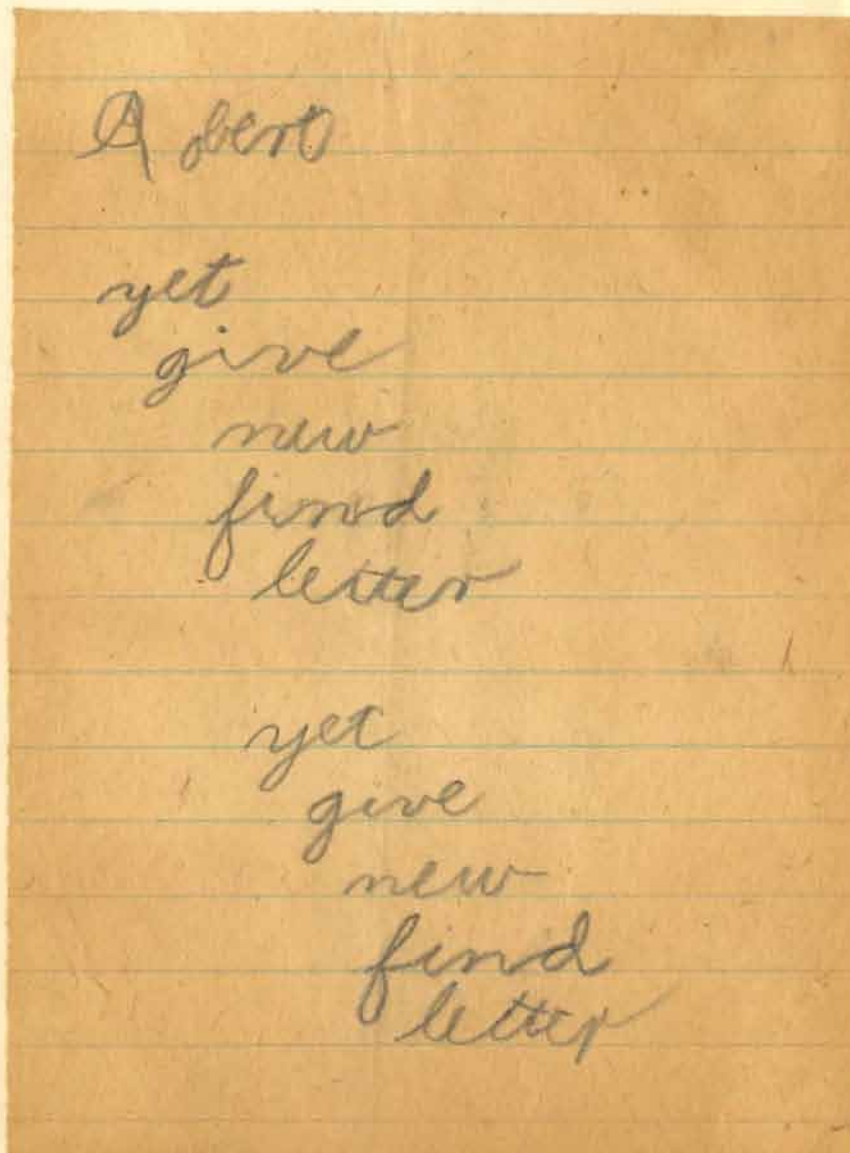
I well remember my first day at kindergarten. There was not a kindergarten at the public school, so I went to a private school one. It was on the "other side of the street car tracks" so I had to be escorted about three fourths of the way every day. The rest of the way I walked with head high. "Wasn't I a big boy to be going to school?"

After I had crossed the tracks perhaps sixty times or after thirty days of school, I caught cold. The cold grew worse. Finally I came down with Pneumonia. I had a longer case than usual for the crisis did not come for twenty-one days. The average case is three or four days long. I was out of school twelve weeks, before I finally returned a skeleton of my former self.

My first day at school - first grade - was very interesting.

I learned the primer by heart, and thus
passed Reading easily.

It was fun learning to write
which we did one letter at a time.



One of my first Spelling Lessons.

The school was a very formal

affair. There was a grade on each floor. I never saw any higher than the second floor, and was never in any room but my own. Each night we marched out to music.

My first fire drill! Oh, the horror of that day. Suddenly I heard a loud bell, which almost startled me out of my wits. I looked around, and saw Heber, practically doing a pole vault over his desk en route to the door. I followed his example and escaped from. I didn't know what. At any rate I was scared and was ~~not~~ very glad to get out of the building.

My teacher in second grade was Miss Moore.

During the Christmas holidays I had my tonsils taken out. This stinned up my ear, and I developed mastoid. I was operated on, and missed the entire second semester of school.

Outside of school time, Heber and I

started a dictionary of the "Animal Language." We had been playing animals quite a while, and had also been reading

Heber Bob

"Doctor Doolittle", which is a book about animals. When I moved we used to write letters to each other in the animal language. My name was "Blombo", and his was "Nabo". The following are a few samples:

Car - carcarici

House - hupp.

On my eighth birthday we moved to Summit I didn't want to leave Ben Aron, but after getting acquainted in Summit, I found it quite alright.

Summit Schooldays

I like the Summit schools much better than I did the Ben Avon ones. As I said before the Ben Avon school was very formal. Summit ones are not so stiff.

My third grade teacher was Miss Maynard. I was secretary of the class.

In fourth grade I was the vice-president. I enjoyed this year very much, and was interested in the studies. Mrs. Becker was my teacher.

In fifth grade I had Miss Earles.

My sixth grade teacher was Mrs. Husk. Of all my grammar schooldays I think I enjoyed Sixth Grade the most. Mrs. Husk was in many ways responsible for this. She was not only a teacher, but a true friend whom I will long remember. I was vice-president of my class, and a patrol for

the first semester.

Then came Seventh Grade. The first day, my teacher was Miss Mair, but the next day I was transferred to Miss Justice's class.

What I think of Junior High can best be expressed in an article I wrote for the "Lighthouse".

Pupil Gives Opinion of School

Since coming to the Junior High from grammar school, although it is different, I like it.

I like the citizenship point system, for it gives a chance to be rewarded for work in responsible offices.

I think the Handbook is a good idea, and I, for one, am sure that during the first few days of school I would have gotten "lost" more times than I did, without its instructive aid.

I am glad that we have an orchestra and band, as it gives people with musical talent more of a chance in school life.

The assembly programs are always just what I would like. Being well planned, they are always interesting and instructive.

I always look forward to The Lighthouse issues, which are always excellent.

I admire the way the teachers have the periods planned so that we can do all the necessary work in the scheduled time. This shows how carefully our work is planned.

Another helpful feature is the "Make Up" periods after school, which have helped me on occasions when I have been absent. Also, if I don't understand the work, I know where I can find out about it.

Yes, I feel quite at home in Junior High and quite happy. Other things, too numerous to mention here, have helped me to get along in my studies and make me feel like "a part of the school."

—Robert Brown, 7J

I had the good fortune to be class-president, for the first term.

Extensive Variety Shown In November Assemblies

Miss Mildren Allen had charge of the talent program which was presented in the regular assembly of November 2. It included a piano solo by Elizabeth Woodward, 9B, a Spanish dance by Marion Kohan, 9C, and a group of cowboy songs and stories by Robert Brown, 7J; Budd Welsh, 7J; Charles Cheney, 9O; Gabriel Piccozi, 9A; William Singleton, 9O; and Chester Lane, 8S. Eleanor Bailey, 9A, was the announcer.

—Lift flat

Junior High football team and added to the spirit of the game. Summit got its first tally late in the first quarter, when Paten "Red" passed the ball to Lamagna, who dribbled and passed to Mackay, who shot the ball between the bars. Hodgson had a bad piece of luck that quarter when he booted the ball for what seemed a perfect goal, but the opposing goalie dived and hit the ball out of danger.

Second Quarter Stars Pannullo

After a few quick exchanges of kicks in the second quarter, Captain Pannullo got possession of the ball on the five-yard line and rushed the ball through the goal so fast that he carried the goal keeper through with him. A few minutes later, in the same quarter, Summit again was in a scoring position and made good. Pannullo, again the hero of the goal, took a pass from Cromwell, dodged till he was in the clear, and rifled the shot a good twenty yards past the bewildered goal guard.

During the third quarter a record was made in the annals of Junior

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seventh grade. The
her was Miss Mair,
was transferred
class.
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thouise".
I had the good
fortune to be class-
president, for the
first term.

8S Holds Scholastic Record For First Report Period

8S leads the school with 23 pupils on the academic honor roll for the first term. 9B is next with 16, and 8G third, having 11.

The eighth grade is led by 8S, having six members with 20 points. Norman Garis of 9B has the highest rating in his grade, with 16 points to his credit. The seventh grade is led by 7J, with six pupils on the honor roll. Robert Brown stands highest in

(Continued on Page 5)

7th Graders Receive Buttons

Having proved themselves good citizens during their first six weeks in Junior High, five seventh graders received citizenship buttons in assembly on November 9. They were Robert Brown, Robert Alesbury, Budd Welsh, Jean Macbride, and Patricia Albert.

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-Lift flat

Summit Moves.

The first house we lived in, at Summit was located at 16 Myrtle Avenue. At the time I was eight years old. We liked this house, but at the end of a year we moved. "Sixteen" was an English style building. I had slept of on the third floor, and didn't feel very comfortable during a thunder and lightning storm, so in some ways I wasn't sorry to make the change.

We moved to 50 Ashland Road, but this house was much too small so we moved up three houses to 34 Ashland Road.

We lived in this house two years. It was a Dutch-Colonial house. It had a fairly sizeable back yard, and I tremble to think how many windows we broke playing baseball.

Around November of the second year, we began to get dissatisfied

with our house - for the same reason -
because it was too small.

We began to think about building.
With an architect, we made plans, and



My Present Home

on December 1, work was started.

I certainly learned a great deal
from building, and architecture became
one of my hobbies.

On April 22, we moved in - 52
Oakland Place - and expect to live
there till we move away from Summit.



The house and the car.



My Travels

Camp

My Tentmates

Dick, Red, Joe, Blaine, Tom, Bob, Budd, Davis

Last summer I went to camp for the first time. Budd and I went together. The "Y" camp, Wawayanda, that we attended, is about thirty-five miles from Summit.

We were assigned to "good old tent 21", with five other boys who all knew each other. We soon became acquainted and had many good times. Dick, and Dave, were rather quiet, but both were "swell guys". Red, was younger than the rest of us, but we had fun with him just

the same. Joe was the talker ~~we~~ and was nicknamed "Safety Joe". Blaine, we found out, admired Jean Harlow's hair, and we sometimes kidded him about it. He got back at us, though, when he found we had been sending, (and receiving!) letters from a girl (whose name is carefully left out of this chapter.)

Our consulor was Tom Brooks, who had just graduated from Dickinson College.

I joined the camp orchestra, and played first violin. At the end of the first week, Budd had his violin sent up, and joined also.

Perhaps I got my biggest thrill when I told the "Adventures of an Absent-minded Professor", and won first prize in the Story Telling Contest.

I took \neq two crafts; metal and wood. In "metal" I made a wrought iron floor lamp, and in "wood", a bookcase for my museum.

Another great thrill was when I swam across the lake. This made me eligible for Canoe Instruction.



Worship in the Out-of-Doors, Kilborne Chapel, Camp Wawayanda, Andover, N. J.

In chapel I played a violin solo for the offering, the day my father spoke.

The most laughable of our tents' experiences was the time we took an overnight hike. Charley Gwynne, the Music Director, was our counselor in the absence of Tom.

After get the allotted provisions we "borrowed" (?) some cookies and started

We rowed across the lake, and climbed a couple of steep hills, not to mention a few hills in the form of corn fields, railroads, and barbed wire fences.

We finally arrived at our destination, dead tired. After much laborious hunting we found wood enough to make a fire. I was second, to cook a hot dog. I immediately picked up the hot iron toasting fork by the wrong end! It took about half the butter to cool off my hand, and then Joe accidentally upset the salt in the mustard!

We each had two rolls apiece. Dave Whittimore put his under a blanket to keep it clean. A few minutes later Budd sat down on the blanket. When he got up - the roll was flatter than a pancake. You should have seen Dave then..... and Budd.....

After it got dark, we were entertained with a few ghost stories, and then tried to go to sleep. When I say tired, I

mean just that. I didn't sleep much that night, for every time I moved a sharp rock would hit me.

I finally got through the night, and we finally got back to camp. No more hikes for me that week.

The next Saturday I left camp, after a two weeks stay. I hope to go back next summer, for I certainly had a "swell" time.



"Tom" - My
Counselor.

My Pals.



"The Hut"

Budd, Bob, Mit, Paul, "Soup".

Milton Fleming, and Budd Welsh, are my best pals. Together with a few older boys, we have a sort of gang, called "The Hut". This name is derived from a hut we built a few years ago. In the summer of 1931, we took a twenty-seven mile bike hike to Jockey Hollow Park. The above picture shows us "starting out". We came home by way of Morris-town, and I don't think I ever climbed so many hills in my life as I did that

day. A year later we took another hike, this time going twenty-three miles.

Mit's



"Mit"

passion is football, and during the football season our side-yard saw many a lively scrimmage between Mit and myself.

I think that all fall I only beat him once;

21-12. We had great fun

playing; joshing, and chiding each other, when we made fumbles. We would each represent a college when we played.

Also, during the football season, Mit, Budd, and myself

have many heated discussions as to which has the better football team, Syracuse, Dartmouth, or Washington and Jefferson. Milton always maintains Syracuse is superior, while Budd and I, do the same for Dartmouth, and W. and J., respectively. We have to let the records determine. In '32 W. and J. won, but last season, Mit was victor.

The Welshes own a cottage at Budd Lake and every year, Budd invites me up, for a weekend.

One year we decided to play some tricks on Budd's parents. Unfortunately (for us) our plans were heard. Every trick we tried was turned on us.

One night we hid the alarm clock under Mr. W's bed and set it for 3:30. We went to bed but Mr. Welsh missed his clock. He woke up Budd, and asked him of its whereabouts. Budd replied with a yawning "Go away."

I'm asleep". So they woke me up and put
the same question to me. I tried to appear
innocent. It failed. Finally I had to
tell them where it was. "Heck".



"Budd"

Hobbies

My hobbies change from time to time but I ultimately come back to them.

One of my favorite hobbies is my museum. I have two bookcases with curios. My grandfather and grandmother went abroad a few years ago and brought back many foreign things for me.

I also have some old currency; the oldest being dated 1775. Perhaps the most valuable is a \$100.00 bill, used by the Confederate States.

My grandfather gave me a letter from ex-president Hoover, and I also have Ramsay MacDonald's secretary's autograph.

I have the original paper issued the day Harding died, and many other interesting things (to me)

Another hobby of mine is football: I usually play center, or end. I also get a great kick out of College Football

and follow the teams each week.

(Baseball is referred to in the next chapter)

Electricity and Radio, are other interesting hobbies of mine.

Since we built our house I have become very much interested in architecture, especially Early American Colonial, and Gothic. In my spare time I often make house plans and elevations.

I am also interested in collecting college pennants. I have about twenty-five to date.

I have collected stamps since I was seven years old.

Another hobby of mine, (if it can be called one) is public speaking. In this same line is my love for writing compositions. One the next page I have one of my best ones.

I have taken the violin since third grade, and have at different times taken piano, so I think Music should be

Classed as a hobby.

The Newsboy

"Extra, Extra! Read all about the World Series game in the New York Sun. All about the World Series. Extra!"

The newsboy pauses to catch his breath, and then starts all over again. Again he pauses, this time to make a sale which nets him perhaps half a cent.

Whenever a new edition comes out, he gets a handful of papers and goes out to sell them. Perhaps he does; perhaps he doesn't. But the next day he is out again striving his hardest to get a few pennies to help his mother and sisters who work in a steam laundry.

The place he calls home is a small, dingy, dark room on the fourth floor of an old weather-beaten building. Many times he doesn't know where the next meal is coming from. Many long winter nights he has been cold and numb, not knowing the joy of being warm.

Yet he is happy. Perhaps it is because he enjoys the competition with the other "newsies." Perhaps it is because he loves to see the smile in his mother's face when he gives her his hard day's earnings. Perhaps it is because of the kind man who buys a paper from him every day and sometimes leaves a nickel or a dime as a tip for quick service. I do not know. But I do know this, that he has not given up life as a hopeless and useless thing. He is always working to overcome odds which have daunted many like him.

One day he may be down in the Battery, and the next day at Fifth Avenue and 55th Street. But wherever he is, he always has that smile and cheerfulness which sell a lot of papers for him.

—Robert Brown, 7J

Another hobby
of mine is reading.
This is one of my
favorites. I am
a voracious reader
and have a good
time at it.

One of my
"Compositions"

Baseball

Baseball is my favorite sport. I am very much interested in the Big Leagues, and follow the teams all season. My favorite team in the National League is the Pittsburg Pirates, and in the American, the Washington Senators.

Of all the two-hundred forty Major League players, I like Lloyd Waner best. He is called "the best outfielder in the National League" by many managers. Though he

is not so heavy a hitter as his brother Paul, I consider him far the better player.

In the American League, one of my favorites is "Mickey" Cochrane. He is now catcher, player-manager with Detroit.

Other favorites of mine are, Hal Schumacher, Mel Ott, Ben Chapman, and Floyd Taugman.

When I play I am a catcher. I have read much about baseball strategy, and have a fair idea of how to size up a batter. I know how to arrange a batting line up, how to "drag" bunt, etc.

To me baseball is the "All-American Game".

Castles in Spain

In third grade I wanted to be an aviator like Lindbergh, in fourth a musician like Handel, and in fifth an explorer like Magellan.

In sixth grade, I began to settle down a little, and gave up some of these wild ideas.

.....

I want to graduate from Junior High, with high honors, go on to High School, make the football team, and do a few trifles in the way of dramatics orchestra, and so forth. I will again graduate with high honors, and go to Washington and Jefferson College. (I may have to wait on tables to get there but I'll go.) I will be quarterback on the football team, and graduate a cum laude student.

I think I will follow in my

fathers footsteps and be a minister.
If so I will go to M^c Cormick Seminary,
graduate, marry, and live happily
ever after.

