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Number 10

## THE GRAVEYARDS OF THE CAMBRIAN

The Source of Our Lime and Limestone

GRAVE robbing is not a respectable profession. It is frowned upon in the best society, and oppressive legislation makes it an unprofitable occupation. You can read the Directory of the Woolworth Building to the bitter end and find the cards of no professional grave robbers. In China and Boston, that dear "city of old women of all ages and sexes," business must wend its devious ways around the cemeteries, for there is a sentiment against moving them. These feelings, however, do not apply to the graves of Trojans, Egyptians, Babylonians, Incas, Montezumas and Druids. To dig up the remains of these ancient peoples is not grave robbing; it is archaeology eminently respectable, even in Boston, and a means not only of satisfying the feminine trait of curiosity to be found in scientists, but also of showing what the past has meant to the present and what ancient peoples have contributed to the life we now know.

Moreover, it is on the grave-

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## HOCKEY

EVER since the La Tuque Hockey team played Berlin last January at the Berlin rink and was beaten to the tune of—2, it has been a source of great interest and discussion whether Berlin really had a superior team or whether it was just plain luck that gave them the game. In order to discover the answer it was necessary to meet the La Tuque team again, this time on their own rink, so through the kindness and interest of Mr. D. P. Brown it was made possible for the Berlin team to take the long journey to the Land of Hockey. On February 27th, the Berlin team consisting of L. Beaudoin, E. Dupont, C. Dubey, A. Dupont, L. Fleury, O. Gregoire, A. Morin, O. Montminy, G. Brown and H. T. Raeburn started on the 11.30 train from Berlin.

In order to make the trip interesting a game was scheduled with the East Angus Hockey team to be played at their rink Friday evening, February 27th. This game was a mighty interesting one from start to finish, the East Angus team being composed of men that outweighed the Berlin boys. However, Berlin started

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## ARE YOU PLAY- ING SQUARE?

I TRUST it is not amiss to use space in our mill organ for an article under this caption, and if it gets into one system, then the space will not be wasted. I do not desire to give the impression either that my personal defects are none the less human—but the faults are as well known to myself as anybody, and I endeavor to give every man, woman, child or dumb animal a square deal—if I fall short then you will please give me the usual benefit that every mortal is entitled to.

The only perfect man was crucified nearly 2000 years ago. This need not infer that all good men will be crucified, and any of us, I surmise, are free from any possibility of meeting a like fate. The caption was not intended for a eulogy of the writer by any means, but the idea was suggested by the different attitudes which as many different employees take of their duty to their employer. Do you give 100 cents for a dollar, or do you give as much short of that as you can get away with? Perhaps, you may say to yourself, that doesn't mean ME; yet, does it not? Do

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# The Brown Bulletin

Contributions of news items are requested from every employee. It is not absolutely necessary that you write an article. If you have any news to offer or an article to suggest, drop a note in the suggestion boxes placed in the different mills for that purpose.

Vol. I. APRIL, 1920. No. 10

## Editorial Staff:

Editor-in-Chief ..... W. E. Taft  
Associate Editors..... { Oscar P. Cole  
G. E. Richter  
Business Manager..... J. H. Briggs

## HOCKEY

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at the sound of the whistle and went right in with a dash that carried their opponents off their feet. A. Dupont scoring two goals for Berlin in the first period with no score for East Angus. The second period opened fast and furious, each team playing fast hockey. East Angus scored two goals in that period and Berlin one, making the score at end of second period Berlin 3—East Angus 2. The third period opened with each team determined to win. East Angus after a fast combination down the ice succeeded in tying the score, with two minutes to play it looked like an extra period unless another score was made. This score came along very shortly. Dubey and Dupont by a clever combination play succeeded in passing the puck to Fleury who shot from half way down the rink for a goal. With thirty seconds to play the teams faced each other again. Hardly had the play started when the referee's whistle blew for the finish and Berlin was the winner 4 to 3.

The hospitality shown by the East Angus boys will not be forgotten, they are good sports and we hope to meet them again next season. After spending the night

at East Angus the team took the 8.40 train for Quebec. Mr. D. P. Brown and Mr. F. W. Rahmanop were on the train and to say they were greeted by a happy bunch would be putting it mildly. The trip to Quebec was uneventful. A game was scheduled for Quebec but owing to poor train accommodations it was impossible to play there. After a trip around the famous city the team left on the 5.25 for La Tuque.

On arriving at La Tuque the team was quartered at the Windsor Hotel. Sunday afternoon, February 29th, was the time for the big game with La Tuque, but owing to the ice being rather soft it was decided to postpone the game until evening. The whole town was out in full force to see the game and when the whistle announced the start of the game the side lines were blocked with people. The La Tuque team was given a mighty ovation when they started out on the ice, and when Berlin came on it was found that while the number of rooters was lacking the noise they made was not.

The game was a fast one, the Berlin team that started was as follows: L. Beaudoin, D. P. Brown E. Dupont, defense; Dubey, A. Dupont and Fleury, forwards; with G. Brown, Gregoire, Morin and Montminy as subs. The first period started with a snap, Berlin playing the fastest hockey they knew how. Fleury, Dubey and A. Dupont made an ideal combination for speed and D. P. Brown, E. Dupont and Beaudoin played a great game at defense.

The La Tuque goal keeper was kept mighty busy by the long shots but he could not stop them all. At the end of the first period Berlin had scored 4 goals, La Tuque 0, A. Dupont making three scores and Fleury one. The second period looked a little more like La Tuque for a while, Ma-

grain skating down and shooting a goal. Then Berlin came back with a fast combination and Dupont scored again. Score at end of second period: Berlin 5—La Tuque 1. At the beginning of the third period La Tuque decided it was time to start if they were ever going to and in the first few minutes of play Lacroix shot a goal. After the face off, Lacroix started down the ice and succeeded in putting another one in. This was the last time La Tuque ever got near the Berlin goal for Brown and Dupont put up one of the finest defense games imaginable. To make the game sure Dubey skated around the Berlin goal with the puck and started down the ice like a flash, passed all the La Tuque men and shot another goal. When time was called the score was Berlin 6, La Tuque 3. Berlin being the winner, all doubts as to who had the better team seemed now at rest, even Bill Gilman being convinced that Berlin had the better team.

The following day was spent in visiting the Brown Company mill and looking over the town. The Berlin team wish to extend to La Tuque their thanks and appreciation for the mighty fine way they were treated while there, also to Mr. D. P. Brown who made the trip possible. The following day the team left for Quebec where a tour of the city was made, leaving Quebec on the 5.30 train for Berlin. It was some trip, the boys all agree and the best thing about it was that we accomplished what we went for and that was to trim La Tuque.

Who can remember when we used to call up the landlord (not request) but command him to pay out on repairs the equal of the rent and then some, if he refused we would move. Now we wouldn't dare call him up if the house was on fire for fear he'd raise the rent on account of the extra heat.



## THE GRAVEYARDS OF THE CAMBRIAN

(Continued from page one)

yards of millions of years ago, that modern industry is founded. One of the foundation pillars of the pulp and paper production of the Brown Company is made of limestone, as every acid maker and bleach king knows. The source of this limestone is among the remains of the earliest life on our planet, deposited in a geological age called the Cambrian. Woe to the man who would suggest to Fagan or Fogerty that the despoiling of Cambrian graves is impious or sacrilegious; and the sovereign state of New York punishes ordinary grave robbers by setting them to work, quarrying in the Cambrian deposits of limestone at Sing Sing.

The limestone used to make our lime and to fill our acid towers is younger by but a few paltry million years than the hard rock beds that made possible the rapids and falls of Berlin. The history of the time previous to the Cambrian is somewhat vague, but a general series of events had already happened somewhat as follows. The earth was formed from gases and solids existing in space. Laplace believed that gases collected and condensed to form a liquid and that this hardened on the surface and made the earth's crust. Some believe that the earth is made up of meteorites. The view of Chamberlain and Moulton is the one commonly taught today. According to this theory the earth was formed very slowly from spiral nebulae such as exist in the heavens. These nebulae were made up of both solids and gases which generally collected to form a solid earth with an atmosphere of gases around it. The pressure of the earth on the outside made heat and liquified much of the matter below the surface.

As the earth became sizable, changes of three general types began to take place. At times the liquid rock in the center of the earth was squeezed up through the crust and covered various parts of the surface. These cooled and formed granites and it was this process of vulcanism that determined that New Hampshire should be known to man as the Granite State. Then, too, water began to collect in holes on the surface, either coming out of the original rock or being condensed from the atmosphere. As a result, the land under the water became heavier and exerted more pressure than that above the water. It pushed outward against the lighter layers and folded them up into mountains. It was in this way that the White Mountains and the Adirondacks were uplifted to much loftier heights than at present.

Conditions were now appropriate for our limestone to form. The White Mountains and the Adirondacks were high mountains, a part of the Appalachian system. A great sound was between them extending from Labrador and southward to Arkansas. The Androscoggin, if it existed at all, was a drooling infant and no men were there to foresee the time when grown in strength and power it would turn the wheels of pulp mills and cotton factories. The moment, however, that the mountains began to be uplifted, the wind and the rain and the snow and the ice and the little streams made by them began a tearing down process. In general, water can dissolve and carry away for a long distance only alkaline materials, such as the salts of lime, magnesia, soda, etc. The lighter acid rocks and materials being undissolved are left behind. Because of this quality the lime began to leach out of the White Mountains and the Adirondacks and to be

dragged down to the quiet and shallow water of the sound between as well as to the Atlantic Coast. Geologists believe that shell fish then extracted the lime salts from the water together with carbon dioxide, a gas very abundant in the air of that time, and thereby made their shells. As these fish died, the shells formed a layer on the bottom. Of course, the process was very slow and it probably took more than a hundred years to form a foot of limestone made from shell fish graves. The purity of a limestone depends upon the conditions in the water under which it is formed. If it contained little sediment or dirt the limestone is pure. If not, the limestone is unfit for papermaking.

With these facts in mind, we are not surprised to learn that there are no limestones in New Hampshire. There are a few along the coast of Maine, principally near Rockland, but the most of the deposits on the Atlantic Coast are covered up, for the Atlantic Coast is slowly sinking. In Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, however, are valuable outcrops of the limestone deposited at about the time of the Cambrian. Along the Housatonic River conditions were unusually favorable for the formation of dolomitic limestone, which is the best for pulpmaking. This limestone contains but little sediment and a great deal of magnesia as well as lime salts. It is supposed that magnesia salts carried down from the mountains to the sound acted upon the shell fish deposits to form dolomite. The conditions have been exceptional, for good dolomitic limestone is scarce.

After the shell fish had their day, other sediments were washed in which pressed on the lime deposits. New foldings occurred in the earth's crust. And as a result of the pressure, the lime deposits were changed to marble and there is little trace of the shell fish whose lives were given that we might make pulp by the sulphite process. The Brown Company used marble from Vermont in its acid towers and lime burned on the Housatonic River in its milk of lime systems.



## ARE YOU PLAYING SQUARE

(Continued from page one)

you feel towards your work that well, another four or five dollars, or does it mean another opportunity for you to industriously occupy your time in the performance of your particular duties? Is your position such that you can take an advantage over your brother workers, by many and various means, and can I usurp my advantage to procure *my* entire nine cents, and have the other fellow get six for the same inclination or perhaps a more loyal devotion to his duties? There are many men in positions in industry today, who daily *plan* to get around to their places of employment for a little while every day, and when the opportunity arises for him to see some trivial matter that he can use as an advantage to "get up" and make himself solid with headquarters, to do so. Which reminds me of an incident in the Chicago meat packing headquarters. The executive in this particular case was a man of strict punctuality at the *business*, and business first was his motto, and the other individual was a young man not particularly desirous of spending his energies elsewhere than in the dance hall. Fate was with him, when on this particular morning, after an exceedingly strenuous night—and then some—of expended energy, five a. m., found him on the way home. Knowing his lack of applied energy if he should go to bed for an hour or so, he went to the office and took his coat off and went to work. He had not been long at it before the manager arrived and found Mr. Diligence on the job—result, he was chosen for a higher position. This advantage he readily seized upon and he became a real factor in the organization from then. He got out of

his old way of doing things then and made good. But his manner of getting there has always been a source of pleasure, which he often speaks of today. This may seem humorous but many ways and means are devised whereby some inefficient, dishonest worker does get up, but if you ever notice, never to the top. Honesty and loyalty are *always* rewarded if followed strictly to the end, and even if *your* chance has not come the personal satisfaction is worth all the effort exerted.

This epistle is submitted not as a discourse to any individual, nor class of individuals, for the men who plan to give sixteen ounces for a pound far out-number the don't-care-as-long-as-I-get-my-pay class. There are *no* circumstances, long service nor any other extenuating causes which should justify any toleration of dishonesty, either in service or otherwise, by any corporation. Which class are you in? Think it over.

"NED."

## COULDN'T RECOMMEND IT

The sloppiest soldier in the 355th infantry if not in the whole army, had been taking company punishment for dirty equipment so regularly that now he reported as a matter of course to the wood pile instead of the mess hall after reveille every morning. As this had no effect upon him, his commanding officer determined to appeal to his sense of pride or shame.

Accordingly when the soldier appeared at the next inspection with his gear in its usual condition, the officer summoned him in front of the company, opened ranks, about-faced the front rank, and ordered the soldier to march at attention between the two files.

At the end of twenty minutes he stopped the offender and asked: "Well, what do you think of it now?" The soldier hesitated. "Well, Captain," he replied, "I hate to hurt your feelings, but I must say it's the rottenest outfit I ever inspected."

Change your job often and you will build a wall against success.

## A PROBLEM ON CELLULOSE

Suppose wood was cooked a certain number of hours with a known strength of acid, the pressure carried in usual manner and the product was No. 1 for paper making of different weights.

Pulpwood of the same grade as above should be cooked a different number of hours with stronger acid and brought to pressure in the customary way, according to various strengths of acid. Now can these two different stocks be made to make the same grade paper. If so, would it be possible to take a short, soft fibre and make the same grade as No. 1 and 2? To make my question clear, I will say that what I want to know is can a short fibre be made to make as good a sheet of bond paper as a long fibre? If not, why not? Do we beat fibre to lengthen it or otherwise? Stock is brought to a certain slowness before dumping into stock chest. Now, there must be a reason for cutting up the pulp through the assistance of the beater. Everyone knows the fibre is shortened to some extent by beating and in case of the soft stock it takes less time to cut it or to become slippery to the feel. Be careful not to get confused with the terms beating and cutting. Don't we dispense with the stock from the preparation tank at about the same interval, whether soft or hard pulp?

I WANNA LEARN.

## THE RESPONSIBLE PARTY

The silence of the night was broken by the crashing of glass, and the lone M. P. rushed to the spot with drawn gat just in time to receive in his arms Private Gipp, pursued by a howling Frenchman. With unintelligible explosions of rage the latter gesticulated toward his broken shop window.

"What's the big idea of smashing the guy's window?" roared the M. P.

"I didn't go for to do it," retorted Private Gipp.

"How do you make that out, you broke it didn't you?"

"Yeah, but I tell you it's his own fault, I aimed at his head and the son of a gun ducked."



## CASCADE JUICE

The water turbine room presents a very creditable appearance, and compares favorable with any of its kind in the country. The turbines and room receive constant care and show it. The walls also present a favorable impression through their immaculate white with a contrasting border. Visitors are many to look this department over.

Orrin Brown has been transferred to the Electrical Department as helper. He has gone into partnership lately, but the girl refused to change her name.

The toilet in the Sulphite Department is not what it should be, and far from sanitary, entirely from abuse. The company went to a great deal of trouble and expense to provide something "good" for the men and expected it would be appreciated, but, for some reason or other, the appreciation is not evident by conditions. Boys, do you think that's right?

It is demonstrated daily that there is a toll in human life to be paid to industry and it does not discriminate, when very often it takes our favorites. This time it is our fellow worker, John D. Arsenault, commonly called "John D.," not from financial reasons, but from charitable reasons, I presume as well as the coincidence in initials, for Jack was always "there" to help some worthy project, and donated much more freely than perhaps he could afford through his good fellowship. He was untiring in his work for the betterment of the community, and he will be missed daily, not only in his home, but among his friends at the mill. He was unfortunately killed about 9 p. m., the 13th day of March, being struck by a yard engine. It is with sincerest sorrow that all Cascade co-workers express their deepest sympathy to his widow and children.

Rube Smith has been transferred to the Laboratory from the Sulphite Department, succeeding V. B. Brawn, who "went to the woods" in New Brunswick with former Sulphite Superintendent Brawn.

Our super has issued orders whereby no machine helpers above fourth hands shall participate in any Xmas functions that will necessitate acting as Santa Claus. Rather late or early for this notice. It is the writer's fault for which he apologizes to our paper mill super.

No. 1 machine has been furnished with a new suction press roll. We shall look for a drop in the price of kraft.

Mr. Doucet has promised to help put our show on, but George is so bashful, you know.

The writer has been requested to ask our Mr. Elliott if he won't kindly confer with the men in the machine room regarding a new mercury motor truck for transportation purposes about the mill.

Mr. C. C. B. Oldham is again talking baseball.

Mr. Edwards, our chief engineer, is collecting gas for his refrigerator plant. Good work, chief, keep out of the time office.

Work is progressing nicely around the boiler, (at times).

Mr. Morrison has finished working for Mr. Edwards, who finds it hard to get along without ball players.

Our representative manager has notified all men to appear for spring football practice. We all anticipate some very good games next fall.

Our bowling team is putting in its time in its new restaurant.

None of us know just what position our new sulphite super plays on the ball team but we do know his position in the mill team.

Our old friend Pete Laflamme, known as a well-to-do man, is planning to help his country by patrolling the back side of the machines, especially No. 3, in order to prevent influenza. It's a good idea, Pete, and efficiency from your part on that subject should be remarked.

Mr. Archis Houle went to the restaurant to eat egg pie. I wish to say that in mentioning this I do not infer any facial or other resemblance.

Mr. F. W. Brawn was the recipient of a fine solid gold watch, chain and charm suitably engraved, as a testimonial of the regard and esteem in which his (sulphite) department employees held him. The presentation was made just prior to his departure for Edmundton.

The excessive snowfall of March 6th with a real western cyclone attached proved too much for general transportation, and through the courtesy of the Grand Trunk an accommodation train carried the Gorham men to and from the mill. The Nibroc cafeteria did a thriving business, and demonstrated the necessity of having such accommodation for men held over their tour periods.

The new size house is a model of efficiency with all the modern conveniences, and promises to be a creditable addition to our paper department. Jim Sheridan has made size for some thirty years, starting at the Riverside mill, and has had some real thrillers in that time; he almost found a man one day in the tanks when he was cooking the soda ash size, in fact he found the shoes, and ran for help, "Man in the size tank," but it seems that somebody thought Jim needed some other size (11's) to make real good. Jim was to have laid the cornerstone for the new building, but he was too late in joining the masons' union.

The extension to the Core Department was made necessary through the demand for paper cores, and the different size cores. We make anything from the small towel core to the rewinder cores, and then some, and they are *some* core too, in fact have to be when they are used for rewinding Kraft in our own machine room.

### "FOR IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER--"

There is a kind of local patriotism which makes us Berlinites think we have about the most extreme weather conditions which could be boasted by any populated spot on the globe. Of course, any of us who have ever known a Californian realize that our climate (if there is such a thing here) leaves something to be desired, but at the same time, the weather man is authority for the statement that some other sections of the United States have a little might of a hair on us.

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# SULPHITE MILL GAS

There is a saying that one usually gets what one looks for in this world. Speaking of "looks" we'd like to say that anyone desiring information on the art of "making up" must need apply to Miss C. Smythe, otherwise known as "Smythie." So you thought the paint came from the drug store. "Not on your life." Smythie was in league with the painters' devil. She procured a kind that surely would not come off when applied by main force and with all the Powers behind it. In fact it took a large quantity of Dutch Cleanser (even then you were in dutch if you did not scrub with all your might) to run over it together with a large portion of your cheek. When you were through you didn't have enough cheek to face anyone and it didn't need any "paint" to make you turn all colors of the rainbow when anyone mentioned it. If you did buy out the whole drug store it would only be Smythie's cough drops to help you "cough up" the moisture accidentally (?) thrust into your mouth. So please, gentle readers, listen to my plea, even the devil isn't always as bad as he is painted.

## GRAPHIC DEPARTMENT

There is up on the third floor of our office what they call the Curve Room. Some people wonder what they do up there. Well we would like to write a few lines, through the columns of this paper, if our mill editor will kindly allow it.

A few things we do first: We get reports from all parts of the mill, the figures are used for proper curves, efficiency curves and weekly's, and most all of these are to be used comparatively and we have at the present writing 846 curves. Reports are also sent out daily showing in form of figures what the men did the day before. Can they tell exactly what they did the day before without reports? Now, if a man works hard all day who is going to tap him on the back and say "you have done well?" The answer is that through our reports we give a man credit for what he does.

While the reports are being distributed through the mill we hear the following remarks: Mr. — in SO2 plant when his shift is ahead, "We are the boys that can do it." We also hear Mr. Dion, who is doing the same work on another shift, say "Darn it! I fell on the combined yesterday." Mr. Dobson, the stock grader in the machine room, is seen comparing pulp moisture test with our reports. Mr.

Cowie in bleachery is heard saying, "I will have the thickness of stock up to 12 per cent or bust," and Mr. Duggan is heard saying "The report must be right, I am ahead today." We also hear Mr. Morin say "I did not flood that riffler that day, it must be a mistake."

Mistakes are made but in most cases can be rectified. Kindly let us know by phone or personally and we will gladly rectify them for anybody.

## THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why Billy holds the booth for two (?) hours every morning.

Why Ogla watches that train go by.

If Eddie would like a job in the Curve Room.

If Lin Condon "has an axe to grind."

Why there isn't any more Cy-ing in the Engineering Department.

Our bleachery operator, Jack Buckley, bought a horse. Now Jack is complaining of hay fever. "Better sell the horse, Jack," I said, but Jack said "No, I am out to beat Duggan and Ellis and I don't have to send my horse to school to do it. I can educate him myself. So bring on your college bred horses and I'll make you fellows look like snail drivers."

When the camping season opens it is expected that the green woods around Berlin will be dotted with white objects. A great demand has developed for midge proof army nets which can be obtained for a very small sum and they are being bought by the dozen.

He: (when connected with our operator) "Ha! Ha!!"

She: "Well, what's the joke?"

He: "Some joke when they give a fellow the coco cola place when he asks for you."

She: "That's where you usually get Porter, isn't it?"

Miss Gillis: "Well, Mr. Condon, what do you think of matrimony?"

Mr. Condon: "Don't ask me, because I chose a pearl among women; ask Raeburn."

Mr. Raeburn: "Don't get personal, Lin, just because I've had my Phil."

## WHAT'S THE COME BACK?

Mildred: "Dot, when are you going to get the lamp that Sam made you?"

Dot: "Well, you see, I'm afraid to go over in the dark and I don't need the lamp when we come back."

She: "Mr. Stewart, have you put in an order to fix the pane in my window?"

Stewart: "What pain? Who do you think this is, Doc. Stewart?"

She: "Well, if you are Doc. Stewart, you might test L. B. Paine to see if he has the correct weight."

## CHEMICAL MILL

Teacher, to little Johnny Fogarty: "Johnny, where is Ireland?"

Johnny: "In America."

Teacher: "What makes you think Ireland is in America, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Well, papa says it soon will be, anyway."

## WOODS DEPARTMENT

LOST—Between Camp No. 9 and Hell's Gate, 1 pair of snow plow wings. Finder by communicating with Jesse Conlin will be suitably rewarded.

Young, new recruit in Forestry Division, on arriving at Hell's Gate: "What is the name of this place?"

Harry Carter: "This is Hell's Gate."

Young: "How can this be Hell's Gate with swell camp, excellent food and nice, comfortable beds?"

Harry: "This is Hell's Gate just the same."

Young: "I will have to be showed."

Time, 1.30 a. m. Young, sitting on edge of bed, thinking out loud, after trying vainly to remove one very active bed bug, that was tangoing up and down the middle of his back: "Harry is right, this is Hell."

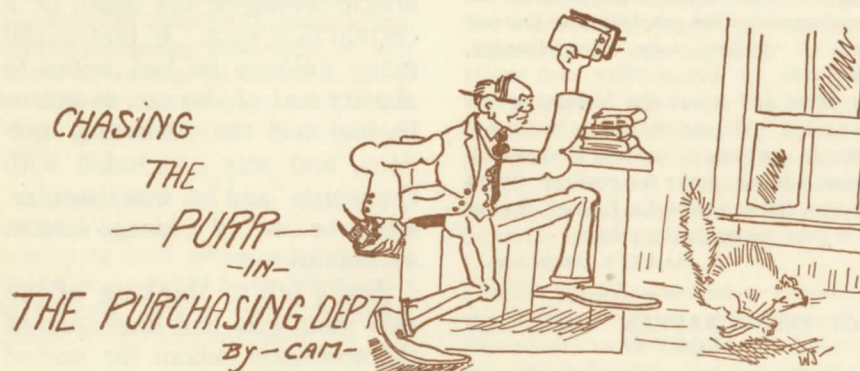
FOR SALE:—A few excellent bow wows. Several colors and varieties. For further particulars inquire of Freeman Marquis.

Whitcomb of the Forestry Department claims to have been bitten somewhere between No. 6 and the back of his shoulders by a very small but ferocious animal that inhabits that region. The wounds though irritating are not at all dangerous and Harold has suffered no serious injury except to his feelings.

Paddy Brown was a week-end visitor in Magalloway Plantation, March 6th.



## UPPER PLANTS NOTES



### GROCERY DEPARTMENT

We wonder where Mr. Jos. Lettre gets all his "Canadian money." Keep it up Mr. Lettre and you may have a fortune some day.

### PAINTERS

When the painters start a job, the bosses always are worrying about the cost of it. Now if they would only stop and think how good it will look when the job is done, they would do a lot better.

The only thing with a kick in it nowadays is La Tuque turpentine. It ought to sell good.

### RIVERSIDE MILL

Someone seems to be practicing for the safe breaking profession, judging from the number of lockers that have been broken into recently in the machine room.

If it is soap they want, probably they could be supplied at our free nursing station,—because as a rule that is the only thing missing.

We have one millwright who says he does nothing but repair broken lockers. Ask Jim Monahan—he will tell you.

### TUBE MILL TOOTS

Lugging lucky last lines to Limericks is what Frank Croteau has had the mailman doing for several weeks. Frank has been doping out "last lines" since the Post started its Limerick contest. Someone suggested that he might be using too many L's, and he said if he wins L's to pay anyway. Now whenever he sees anyone sacking a pack, or packing a sack, there's a longing look which leaps into his lamps, but alas! nothing doing on the returns. Pretty tough—tough on the Limericks.

It is reported that J. H. Croteau is going on the road the coming season with a "dodger" show that has the Brooklyn Trolley Dodgers looking like a lot of "also rans." It is said that he has had wonderful training by one who is 100 per cent efficient, who has marvelous control and the speed of a Johnson, and can burn them over the pan for nine innings and then seizes pan, plate, platter and all and puts them over; whose batting average is around the thousand mark, and who can make a home run any time—yes, run for his life.

Joe Eagen says if the Prohibs had used a Dryer in their campaign the largest desert would not now be in Africa, and that they would soon have made the Atlantic a safe place to wade in.

Asa Croteau has purchased a "flivver" and there isn't one place from Sam Paine's bridge to San Francisco or Duluth to Dallas that he has not mentioned that he is going to see this summer.

It is rumored, so Mac (who performs in the Eats Emporium in the yard) says, that Byron Brewer is teaching the gentle art of playing "63." Well, a sideline is not the worst thing a Brewer might have nowadays. Ask Ann Heiser Bush.

Mr. Roberts from the Milan road says, "Ya hafta watch 'em putty close; they'll fool ye sometimes the best ya kin dew"—meaning the tubes in the Dryer most likely.

Frank Croteau says that he can remember when there used to be a trolley line past the Brown Company's store, which goes to show that we are going to have the primitive days back again.

### ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

We get all kinds of mail now addressed to "Councilman Lovett." We gather that the reference is to his sweeping victory in ward two over Cory Davis.

Work on the new power plant is being rushed to the limit. It will not be many months before the first water wheel will be in place and running smoothly.

The Riverside paper mill is nearly finished. A little more concrete and roofing will see it through.

A short time ago three of our staff were laid out for several days because they were working close to the electric welding outfit and the peculiar light emitted seriously affected their eyes. You can't get them within half a mile of an electric welding outfit now, and they seem to seriously consider removing the entire apparatus surreptitiously to other realms.

Picking up items in this department is tough work. If anybody knows of anything they would like us to speak about, we wish they would let us know.

### RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Hugh K. Moore says that the writer of "The Mind of the Hen" sent a good round check to the editor of *The Brown Bulletin*. He states emphatically that he has not sold his hen farm and has no intention of so doing. We are glad to know this, for we have just learned that Earle Ovington, a Tech 1904 man, has devised a trap for hens, so arranged that when the hen lays an egg, she stamps it with her name, the date, and the time of day. This idea ought to be tried out in time for Easter.

The Research Department recently ordered two patents, apparently pertaining to the pulp and paper industry; one was for a stock waterer and the other was for a sizing machine. The first proved to be a device to water cattle and the other was for sorting fruit.

The Philotechnical Society held two important meetings recently. On February 25th, Mr. E. D. Fletcher of the United States Forest Service talked on "Forestry of the White Mountains," and on March 17th, Mr. C. W. Fulton of the Gould Pump Company discussed "Centrifugal Pumps." Watch the bulletin board for future programs.



## KREAM KRISP DEPARTMENT

Bill Richards is happy just at present. Bill is a grandfather now to a baby girl.

WANTED—One good row boat and one diver's suit. The row boat to be used to navigate from my home to dry land and the diver's suit to be used to bring coal, potatoes, etc., from their respective place in my cellar. Would lease either or both for the remainder of the spring. Communicate with Cy Baillargeon

Miss Constance Bostwick was confined to her home with an attack of tonsillitis during the past month.

Delphis Ramsay recently had the misfortune to burn his face quite badly on a steam pipe.

John Thoits has shoveled more snow this winter than ever before in his life, he says.

Henry Miller has left our happy family to find his fortune at the Brown Company Stable. Henry says that being housekeeper for a horse is not so bad after all.

Jos. Lauze is learning the tin knocking business.

Did everyone see the fine jumps made by Albert "Scouts" Hansen at the Gorham Winter Carnival. Also the fine acrobatics by Henry "Spot" Oleson? Henry surely deserves a lot of praise for his nerve after that first tumble.

At the recent city election Bill Richards cast his first vote. But Bill's voting was so Haz(z)ardous that he did not work the next day the nerve strain was too much for him. It is not very often that you see a person feel so bad over an election result that he is forced to stay home after it is all over.

We have received inquiries concerning Eli McKinnon. Yes, Eli is still alive and with us but not the same mischievous gentleman that he was some months ago. Maybe there's a reason.

Still the service record claims come in. John Johnson, first watchman at the Kream Krisp plant, has hitherto been omitted. He has faithfully served the company for thirty-nine years and has worked for no other concern since coming to the city. Surely he has earned some mention.

## MAIN OFFICE

A rumor to the effect that the old time outings, shared by the Berlin and Portland offices, are to be resumed the coming summer. The project seems to be for the above named office employees to journey forth to Quebec, some fine Saturday, where the La Tuque office men would join them and where the blowout would take place. We are anxious to find out if there is anything to this; if it is only a rumor, why not make it a reality? What say you, Portland and La Tuque? Let us have your views on the subject.

BAILEY'S BEARCATS.

## THE STENOGRAPHER TELLS ALL ABOUT IT.

The Research Lab's just moved you know,  
The office force I mean;

"Three times and out," the saying goes,  
And this makes three we've seen.

Oh! there's the phone, just wait a bit;  
Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!

It's Jones you want? I said—Hello!  
—This phone fills me with woe.

The desks came slowly down the stairs,  
And safely through the door;  
The files and tables followed suit,  
And chairs, a score or more.

The blotters, pencils, clips and—what?  
What's that you cannot see?  
The drawing ink? Right over there.  
Files locked—yes, here's the key.

Where was I at? Can you recall?  
Oh! there's the phone again!  
I surely hope we'll move no more—  
A stub or pointed pen?

Our office now is clean and neat,  
With room our work to do;  
No longer need we strain our eyes,  
We've lots of daylight, too.

We truly do appreciate  
The change from what we've known;  
We'd like to thank the—Ting-a-ling!  
—Once more—that telephone!

## IF THINGS CONTINUE

Will a storm be allowed to brew?  
Will the moon be allowed to get full?  
Will a ship be allowed to anchor over a bar?

Will a captain be allowed to put in some port?

Will cock-tails be allowed on the farmer's roosters?

Will parents be allowed to name children Tom and Jerry?

Will a man be punished for getting half shot in battle?

Will "hops" be allowed in dance halls?

Will mourners be allowed to pass the bier at a funeral?

Will a person be allowed to become drunk with success, or intoxicated with joy?

## WANTED---

## A DEFINITION

Last week I saw a newspaper article telling of the death of a certain rich man. It told of the many millions he had willed to charity and of the son to whom he had left the remaining millions, and was concluded with the words "and he was considered to be one of Chicago's most successful men."

And I fell to thinking of the rich man who had died—and of the son upon whom the load of millions had descended, and of the meaning of that word "success;" and while the shifting winds of thought blew the leaf of reflection hither and yon, there burst in upon my mood Louis, my neighbor, from across the way, with cheery talk of the weather and the family at home, and the coming spring. And much talk he made of a promotion that he had achieved ("four-thirty-five a day now, maybe more bimeby later") and of the newest baby's newest tooth, and of what Antoinette's teacher said of her work at the high school, and of how Joseph (oldest of the seven) was soon to have a chance "on the store."

And when my friend had gone whistling upon his way, I recalled how this man, my good neighbor, never before earning more than four dollars a day, unable to read or write the language of the country of his adoption, was nevertheless raising a family of seven clean, honest children who were loving and considerate to one another, honoring their father and mother and preparing daily to take their places as citizens of our great country.

And I thought again of the rich man who had died and of his millions, and of his son, and again of the meaning of the word "success."





# PORTLAND OFFICE



Arthur Spring, manager of Credit Department, has temporary quarters adjoining the Accounting Department on west side of the building. He formerly occupied the office on the east front, which is now being reconstructed as the president's office.

Portland office has been fortunate in the small number on the sick list, thereby keeping the work on schedule. The following have returned to the office after a brief illness: Messrs. Foster, Bradbury, Sample, Pray, Dame and Perry.

On February 29, Mrs. Horton, wife of Harry Horton, Retail Department, passed away with pneumonia. Mr. Horton has the heartfelt sympathy of his fellow workers.

Edmund Burke is out and about, having been confined at St. Barnabas hospital where he underwent an operation.

Mrs. Birkenmayer is convalescing from her recent illness with pneumonia.

Mr. Hoffses, purchasing agent, has been busy the past eight months, keeping things going on the new construction of the new office.

Portland office extends a cordial invitation to everybody when in our vicinity, to inspect our new office building.

The construction crew from Berlin created a sensation here last fall, with their unique method of applying cement with a cement gun. They are scheduled to visit us again the last of March and finish the front of the building.

A new truck has arrived to relieve the overtaxed one now conveying Accounting Department books and records between the vault and desks. The old book wagon has had service for the past ten years.

Edward Moody, Pulp Sales Department, was presented with a bouncing boy.

Theodore Marriner, son of Mr. James Marriner, manager Pulp Sales Department, has returned to his post in the United States Legation at Stockholm, Sweden.

A heavy snow slide carried three 2x6 ft. sky lights into the dock from the main lumber shed roof, during a recent thaw. The nails and iron fastenings in frames tore the roof in several places.

Mr. Brockway reports traveling conditions very severe and tiresome, on his recent trips to Ottawa, New York and Washington regarding Company matters with the United States and Canadian Governments.

This winter was, up to March 5, one of severe trials here, and some old-timers admit that it is possible to again have an "old-fashioned" winter. March 6th was the climax for a windup, to make it the most arduous winter this section has experienced in a long time. Car service was confined to main lines because of great masses of ice on the rails in the outlying districts, and those who live in the suburbs commuted on foot for a while.

James McLean, manager of Retail Department, has been separated from part of his office force, having temporary quarters in the new office, while the shipping department has been moved to the Kream Krisp building across the street. The lower office is being remodeled to accommodate the needs of Retail Department.

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We think we have cold winters and hot summers; but in Northern Minnesota the winters average ten degrees colder and the summers five degrees hotter than they do in Berlin. One regular weather bureau station in that region has observed a summer temperature of 108 degrees, and not far away another station has on its records a mark of 54 degrees below zero. The total amount of rain and melted snow which normally falls here would be perfectly satisfactory to almost any Middle Western state; but if you don't melt the snow it's a different matter. There are few places which receive annually more raw material for ski-

jumping than we. One of the few is the upper peninsula of Michigan, where the annual snowfall averages 130 inches to our 95 inches. We think the growing season here is short, but North Dakota almost as a whole gets along with at least a month less time between frosts. As for cloudiness and humidity, any Middle Westerner finds nothing new in Berlin so far as sunshine and moisture are concerned.

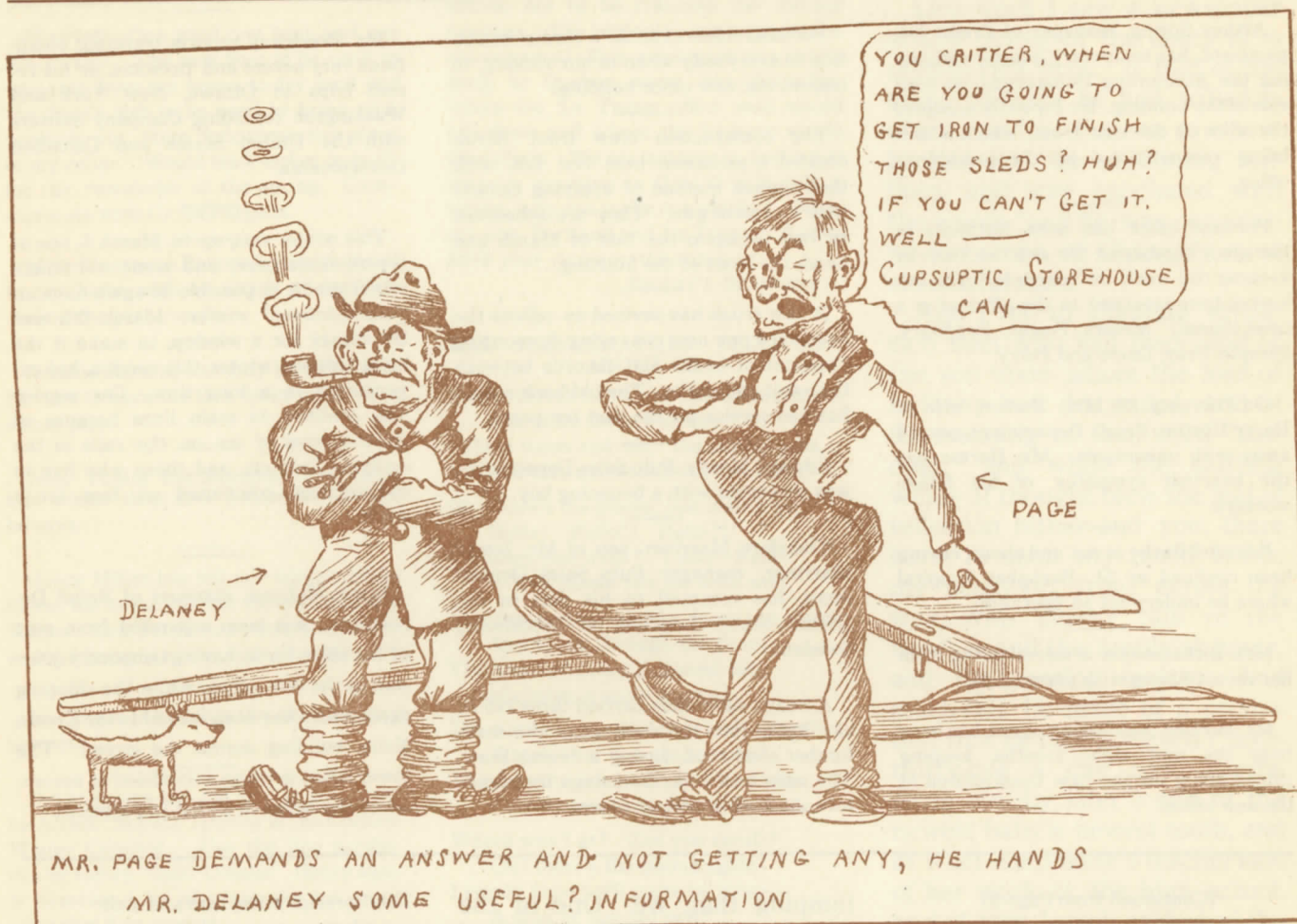
A few averages for the year 1919 may be of interest, some of them having already appeared in the Berlin Reporter. The data was secured by the Research Laboratory.

Average temp. of year.....41.3 °  
Highest temp. of year, June 3, 4, 5...98 °  
Lowest temp. of year, Dec. 18 .....22 °

Total precipitation, rain and melted snow.....34.85 in.  
Greatest in 24 hrs., Sept. 11-12..... 1.82 in.  
Total snowfall.....94.0 in.  
Greatest in 24 hrs. Nov. 4-5 .....13.5 in.  
Greatest depth on ground, Nov. 4-5 13.5 in.  
Longest period without precipitation, May 27-June 6..... 11 days  
Longest period with 0.01 inch or more pptn. every day, Aug. 23-31..... 9 days  
Last snow in spring.....April 25  
First snow in autumn.....Nov. 4  
Last killing frost in spring.....May 6  
First killing frost in autumn.....Sept. 18  
No. days with 0.01 inch or more precipitation..... 160  
No. days with 0.1 inch or more snowfall..... 56  
No. days clear..... 116  
No. days partly cloudy..... 94  
No. days cloudy ..... 155  
No. of "zero days"..... 24  
No. of 90 ° days..... 14  
Prevailing wind direction..... NW  
No. of thunderstorms..... 14



## WOODS DEPARTMENT



## NOT LOST BUT ASTRAY

## A Two or Three Part Story

(By the Author Himself)

(Continued from last issue)

## PART 2.

I hadn't raced far before I knew by the deluge of blood that if that deer's name wasn't Tom Longboat I had him going.

I guess he had decided on the figure eight line of stuff, because where he would have met himself coming back I overtook him, passed him and turned around for a look to see just how he was making it on the second lap. Spike had him guessing, the critter had stopped and was making a few fond passes and hooks at the pup but he couldn't seem to reach my well trained hound. Spike hadn't dodged Lizzies around Bethel all summer for nothing. While the deer's attention was thus attracted I marched up with my small, young log, cried "Verdun" and walloped the King of Somewhere over the intake. He went down with a crash, got

up, bang, and the battle was nearly over all but my part of it which you will get later on.

I dragged the deer and Spike out onto the main road, looked up and down the road a couple times and began wondering where in the devil I was and which was the way to go to get home. I always believed in taking a chance so I flipped a coin with myself and the road, heads I go south and tails north. The coin landed edgeways in the mud, so I followed the dog who had started down the road and was now nearly out of sight in the growing dusk.

We walked and walked, we trotted and trotted and about seven-thirty came to a traveled trail and overhead was a telephone line. I followed along the trail a couple miles and noticed that the phone line was in very fair repair, not over one-half of the wire dragging in the mud, so I said to myself "this must be a Brown Company line, and as it is in such good

repair it must be the main line between the Brown Farm and the Long Pond operations." In this guess I afterwards found out I was right. Sometime around eight-thirty I came to a set of camps and crawled into the cook room, being what you might call all in about this time. As I never believed in carrying matches around in the woods with me, the way I found out in I was in a cook room was certainly funny. Upon entering the door I immediately fell over the cook stove in the utter darkness. I said "I wish I had a match," and a few other things. You know there are times a fellar says things he wouldn't put on paper. I'd have given six dollars for the two matches they passed out to me at an egg-boiling contest a day or two later.

I knew it wasn't any good to pray for light until around five-thirty in the morning and after all I had said a few seconds

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before, I well knew it wasn't any use to pray for anything, even for a bone for poor little Spike, so I started stumbling around the camp feeling on the shelves, tables and bunks for the fire-starters. Up to this time I had never realized that the Brown Company furnished such an assortment of food supplies, tin pans, etc., for their logging camps. I found every darn thing but matches and bedding. Of course I could get along without either of them, I didn't really need a fire and bed, but they would have come in awful handy.

I dug a hole into one of the boughed bunks, pulled the enameled table-cloth from the table, tore a couple sheets of sheathing paper from the walls of my domain and proceeded to turn in for the coldest night's rest I ever put in in my life. Right off the bat I re-named Spike. I took him in bed with me and shall always call him my Goodyear Extra A No. 1 Hotwater Bottle. He registered 85° in the spots where he hit me as we lay and thought it all over as far as we had been. I shifted the position of Extra A No. 1 several times during the night, told him a few bed time stories and swore to myself that I would never kick again on the worst boiling camp cook possible to hire out of Boston, if by seven o'clock the next morning I could make our camp and get the swell chuck we had to offer there. The rats were coming thick and fast, I never cared for rats and if I let Spike out of the bunk to give them a chase by the time I got him settled back to bed once more, I had to start in all over again shifting him round and thawing myself out in sections.

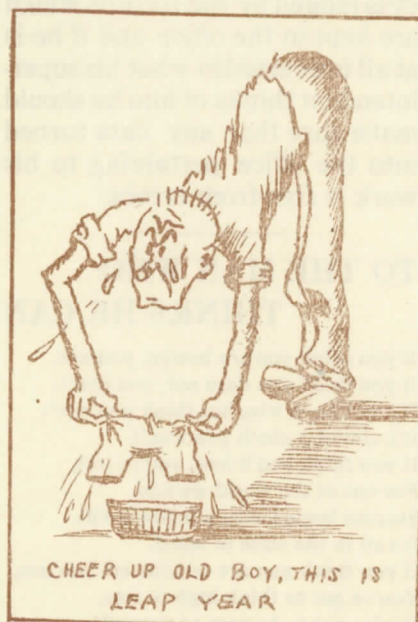
I dozed off once or twice during the long night but the dreams that came to me were not the best. Once I thought that a fellow was standing beside my bunk with his arms full of blankets and his hands each holding a box of matches, then again some table girl would show up with a tray of eats, but dreams don't keep you from shivering your dog out of bed or fill an empty stommie. Nevertheless, after about fifty-nine long hours, morning finally came and as soon as I could see Spike wag his little tail, I hit the trail again. I took the only road or path I hadn't traveled the previous afternoon and evening, and after hiking about two miles I fell over the wood pile in our own camp yard. The boys ran out and grabbed me before I had time to get out of sight again or I might have been going yet.

I didn't eat any breakfast, Oh! no; I swallowed everything whole, drank four cups of hot coffee, in between whiles feed-

ing Spike, and all the time telling the cook that he was some steamer.

Now a word for the boys that were left at home, in camp. When I did not show up at supper time, or later, nor later, they began to think that something terrible had happened to me. "He's shot himself," (they didn't know that I never carried my rifle loaded while hunting, although that has always been my idea of playing safe; I also understand that it is one of the new hunting laws in Maine this year, you can't carry your gun loaded while going faster than five miles an hour, in the woods.) "We'll have some job lugging him out of here, he's a heavy cuss." And I will not begin to tell what they thought had happened to Spike's master. All but one of the fellows, our chief; his version was all his own. He said "That damn fool might have gone astray but he isn't lost, he's like a bad penny and will show up in the morning, kicking because the Brown Company got by without giving him two square meals for nothing, let him go to Haven's Rest and if he doesn't show up by eight o'clock in the morning, we'll go out and locate his dog anyway, I certainly miss that Spike being around and hairing up my bunk in his napping contests."

One word, fellows, if you ever get lost in the woods, never say you were lost, you've just gone astray and if there are roads and trails enough and your legs hold out you'll get back home some time.



Housewife—How do you tell bad eggs?

Grocer—I never told any, but if I did have anything to tell a bad egg I'd break it gently.

—Dallas News.

## TWO GOOD PALS

The other day there came to our attention an incident that so forcibly impressed us with the value of making some provision for the future, that we are going to pass the story on to you.

In a little town in Ohio there is a factory that turns out automobile tires. Up to about a month ago there worked there two good pals, Kenneth Baker and William Whitmore, familiarly known as "Kenie" and "Whitey." "Kenie" had been there less than a month when he came down with the "flu." It went unusually hard with him and within 48 hours he had passed away. He had not been with the company long enough to come under their insurance plan—which is similiar to ours—and so his mother received nothing from the insurance company. The day of "Kenie's" funeral was a cold and rainy one, and "Whitey" was unlucky enough to contract a bad cold, which developed into pneumonia—and within a week he, too, had passed away. But "Whitey" had been with the tire company over a year, and, of course, was protected by its insurance plan. Today his mother, now alone in the world, takes up her burdens a little more hopefully than she otherwise might, because she has received a check for \$1000.

Of course, money can never fully make up for the loss of a member of the family, but if he must be taken away, it is much better that those left behind be strengthened and assisted by some provision made for just such a situation.

That is why we are protected by our group insurance plan.



## WHAT IS A FOREMAN?

Most employees of Brown Company when asked "What is a foreman?" will answer "The Boss." This article will attempt to show that a foreman can be something besides a "boss."

Any large productive organization is made up of a manager, superintendent, foremen and manual laborers. A record of what these different elements do is maintained in the office for the information of the owners.

No manual work is ever accomplished without having first been performed mentally. A result is always thought of before the method of obtaining that result. With the result in mind the manager asks a superintendent to devise a way to accomplish that result. When the plan of accomplishment has been approved by the manager and owners the details of the plan, together with the laborers needed to perform the manual labor called for, are turned over to the foreman, and the mental picture takes material form under his guidance.

### RESPONSIBILITIES

The workman holds his foreman responsible for the conditions under which he is asked to labor; viz., the valuation which the employer places upon his labor; the tools and material which he is allowed to use; also the sanitation and conveniences of the place in which he is asked to work.

The employer holds the foreman responsible for the quality and expense of the finished work.

It will be seen from the above that while the foreman asks for the utmost for his work the employer asks for the utmost for his money. It is the duty of the foreman to please both sides.

### KINDS OF FOREMEN

A few years ago an employer's

ideal foreman was what a workman of today would call a "slave driver." This brings to mind a sergeant in a southern army camp who came from a Georgia plantation. He was quite typical of that type of foreman, but if given charge of a crew of men in one of our mills would probably need a new crew of men every month, and in a short time he would have an accumulation of the dregs of the labor market which the manager of today knows to be expensive at any price.

The ideal foreman of today obtains low cost of production by an entirely different method. He has a carefully thought out plan to start with, and knows that the final cost depends on how closely he follows that plan. He is therefore careful to avoid any waste effort which would result from any deviation from the plan.

It is quite obvious that the foreman occupies a very important place in the present type of business organization, but his efficiency is judged by the records which are kept in the office and if he is at all interested in what his superintendent thinks of him he should make sure that any data turned into the office pertaining to his work is free from errors.

## TO THE MAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

If you think you are beaten, you are.  
If you think you dare not, you don't;  
If you like to win, but think you can't  
It's almost a cinch you won't.  
If you think you'll lose, you're lost,  
For out of the world we find  
Success begins with a fellow's will,  
It's all in the state of mind.  
If you think you are outclassed, you are,  
You've got to think high to rise,  
You've got to be sure of yourself  
Before you can win a prize.  
Life's battles don't always go  
To the strongest or fastest man,  
But sooner or later the man who wins,  
Is the man who thinks he can.

## AQUA PURA.

Little drops of water,  
That fall among the hills  
Make the mighty river  
That runs the paper mills.

Little drops of water  
Make hemlock and spruce,  
The very best of timber  
For the papermaker's use.

Little drops of water  
With grains of sand to help,  
We use to grind up timber  
And make it into pulp.

Little drops of water,  
In the digester tight,  
Cook the spruce and hemlock chips,  
That's where we get sulphite.

Little drops of water,  
By pressure and by screen,  
Are used to spread the fiber  
As it goes to paper machine.

Little drops of water  
When turned into a vapor  
Run the big paper machine  
That turns out rolls of paper.

Little drops of water  
Are the papermaker's friend,  
If we but mentioned half their tricks  
We'd scarcely make an end.

## LOVE'S LIMIT

I'd swear for her,  
I'd tear for her,  
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her;  
I'd lie for her,  
I'd sigh for her,  
I'd drink big Muddy dry for her;  
I'd cuss for her,  
I'd "wuss" for her,  
I'd kick up a thunderin' fuss for her;  
I'd weep for her,  
I'd leap for her,  
I'd go without my sleep for her;  
I'd fight for her,  
I'd bite for her,  
I'd walk the streets all night for her;  
I'd plead for her,  
I'd bleed for her,  
I'd go without my "feed" for her;  
I'd shoot for her,  
I'd boot for her,  
A rival who'd come to "suit" for her;  
I'd kneel for her,  
I'd steal for her,  
Such is the love I feel for her;  
I'd slide for her,  
I'd glide for her,  
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;  
I'd try for her,  
I'd cry for her,  
But—hang me if I'd die for her.  
N. B.—Or any other woman.  
—Exchange.