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Number 3

## Beatin' the Hog

A Story of Kream Krisp

"HERE'S to the American hog; may he march triumphantly through the markets of the world with the curl of happiness in his tail, and the smile of content on his oleaginous jowl."

But the Senator from Kansas who uttered this touching and greasy sentiment little counted that the lard-producing monopoly of the hog would be attacked by a powerful alliance between a light-weight gas, going to waste at caustic plants, and the humble peanut, then sold only at "The Great American Show" of P. T. Barnum. Let's see how it happened and the part we have in the progress.

The lowly peanut grew in favor. The corner grocer roasted and sold cold peanuts, the Italian set up his ubiquitous hot peanut stand, the candy maker shelled and salted them, and the peanut butter industry began to thrive. For these reasons, Southern farmers learned how to grow them. Meanwhile about eight years ago, after the cotton boll weevil had ravaged the Southern cotton fields, the Department of Agriculture made a serious study of the oil value of the peanut. Its tests proved that oil from clean, ripe nuts is unsurpassed as an edible oil. Southern farmers were encouraged to try the crop and one by one took it up instead of cotton. Several oil mills began pressing oil in small quantities. In the last six years peanut oil has grown to be one of the most important vegetable oils.

There are three varieties of peanuts: Virginias, Runners and Spanish. Of these the Spanish has the highest oil content. Peanuts grow much the same as potatoes and are dug from the ground by similar machines. They are then stacked around poles to dry for about three weeks. When suffi-

ciently dried the pods are stripped from the vines by a peanut picking machine, roughly cleaned, and bagged. The vines are baled and used as hay. The pods sold for oil are shipped to the crushing mill, where the peanuts are cleaned, shelled, cracked and run through presses to squeeze out the meat. This oil, if pressed from good sound nuts, is edible. The meat or cake left after the oil is pressed out is cracked, ground to meal, and sold as cattle food. Although edible, the peanut oil thus obtained is a liquid and changes to a solid only at a low temperature. But most people prefer that fatty materials have the soft pasty consistency of butter. In order to beat the hog, the Brown Company uses the "one part of hydrogen," which is the only thing that the Chemical Plant has left over from its "pound of salt." In this way it uses a material that would otherwise go to waste, and also helps out the wood fibre market, because land used for raising peanuts does not produce cotton and cotton fibre is a competitor of wood fibre.

Peanut oil is a mixture of two liquid compounds and one solid substance. These two liquid components can be made firm and hard like the first by adding hydrogen. This hydrogen can be added in but one way. That is, by the help of a catalytic agent. Pure finely divided nickel is the best catalytic agent. It picks up the hydrogen forced in contact with it and hands it to the oil, which alone is unable to pick up hydrogen.

The meeting between the peanut oil and the hydrogen takes place in a machine called a capsule, a tank about six feet in diameter with a curved top and bottom. The catalyzer is laid in a filter bed in the center of the machine, leaving a space above and one below. The peanut oil is received here in tank cars, stored in tanks of a million pounds capa-

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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. SEPTEMBER, 1919. No. 3.

## Editorial Staff:

Editor-in-Chief .....	W. E. Taft
Associate Editors.....	{ F. W. Brawn
	{ G. E. Richter
Business Manager.....	J. H. Briggs

## Watch The Car

TO do this the pedestrians and automobile drivers who do obey the traffic laws in and about this city, need to have more than the allotted number of eyes.

At the corner of Main and Mason Streets is stationed a traffic officer, apparently for the benefit of motorists only. At times when quite a few pedestrians (women with baby carriages not excepted) are crossing the street, the cry "watch the car!" is heard, and an auto shoots thru the crowd at from 15 to 20 miles an hour. If this is in accordance with the traffic laws, all well and good, if not, something should be done to protect those who are obliged to walk.

When alighting from an electric car, especially between Mason Street and the end of the car line at Berlin Mills, this familiar cry "watch the car!" is again heard, and if you are lucky an auto shoots by you, sometimes going as fast as 40 miles hour; if you are not lucky you take a fall in trying to dodge it, or worse still, are knocked spinning. We always supposed there was something in the traffic laws about using care in passing an electric car while passengers were alighting from it, if so, something should be done here also.

How our traffic laws are enforced is best shown by a woman, upon entering the city after a long trip thru Maine, leaning over and remarking to the young man driving the car: "My, but it seems good to get back to Berlin where you do not have to worry about the traffic laws."

Most autoists do intend to obey the traffic regulations, and these should be able to enjoy a drive in and about the city without having to keep one wheel in the gutter for fear of these reckless speeders, and it is *certain* that pedestrians and passengers getting on and off electric cars have some rights, and it is surely up to someone to see that they may enjoy them.

Instead of having the officers yell "watch the car!" to us, why should we not yell to the officers

"watch the car!"

There are many men in the mills who are so fortunate as to own automobiles, pay their state license fees, and entitled to enjoy the legitimate use of the highways, and they have a right to expect protection from the authorities when on the road, and not be subject to being driven into the ditches.

A copy of the regulations covering the use of motors is furnished to each car owner, describing what he may or may not do. This seems to be all that the State considers necessary for our protection up here in the woods.

Within the last few weeks a number of serious collisions have occurred, one attended with loss of life, several, from general reports, caused by drivers being under the influence of liquor.

Our local newspaper, in an apologetic manner, mentions the accidents, but evidently fears hurting some one's feelings should a campaign for proper enforcement of the law be started. When a person was killed recently by a reckless driver, the city officials got busy, explaining how they were just getting ready to have the driver warned, arrested or something; but in the meantime, while they were collecting their thoughts to take action, he was so inconsiderate as not to wait. The police momentarily woke up, but the effort very quickly died out.

By the way, we understand that this same driver is still driving a car, either with or without a license.

Everyone but the authorities is aware that one garage man in this city is notorious for driving his cars when in an intoxicated condition.

We have no objection to these miserable, half-baked, drunken specimens of humanity killing themselves by reckless driving; in fact, the community would be improved should it happen; but we have a right to demand of both the city and the State officers that we be protected from their absolute disregard for the safety of other people.

## Use the Boxes

Boxes for news items and contributions to the *Brown Bulletin* have been placed at the following points in the Upper Mills:

- Main Office.
- Berlin Mills Time Office.
- Riverside Time Office.
- Boston & Maine Gate Time Office.
- Hydrogen Plant.
- Tube Mill.

Material should be in by the 15th of each month, in order to give time for the editors and

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## UPPER PLANTS NOTES

### MAIN OFFICE

Albert Morin, Victor Beaudoin and Alfred Barnier are going to Success Pond for a week to renew the sign boards on Goose Eye, Black and Speckled Mts. and Mahoosuc Notch.

Paul Burbank, who just returned from Service in France, is working in the Office.

### RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Homer M. Galey, a graduate of Wabash College, has recently been employed to act as an assistant of Mr. Dumit at the La Tuque Mill.

A bill recently introduced in the National House is of considerable interest. It provides for the appropriation of \$20,000 for the investigation of the nature and habits of fungi and bacteria, that cause decay of pulpwood, and to devise methods of control.

W. C. O'Kane recovered in record time from his appendicitis operation and is back at work.

M. O. Schur has joined the mountain climbing sorority. On the evening of August 9th he climbed to Madison Huts by moonlight, reaching the huts at 2:00 A. M., to find fifty-five other guests ahead of him. He endured more hardships sleeping on the floor without covers than he did in the Chemical Warfare Service at Washington, and after the journey over the Gulfside Trail to Mt. Washington and down the Crawford Bridle Trail, his shoes were strangely reminiscent of those worn by Washington's army at Valley Forge.

Fred Pilgrim is busy after hours upon his hat-pin protector invention. He has a machine for making the heads, and now his greatest problem is to get a suitable lacquer. The Patent Office has not yet acted upon the application for patent, but Fred realizes that government bureaus work very slowly and sometimes it takes many months to determine the validity of patent claims.

Eli Marcoux is planning to spend next year at the University of Maine, taking the pulp and paper course.

Work on the additions to the Research Laboratory is well under way. The plans involve lengthening the present building some sixteen feet, and adding a second story. A parallel building of the same size will be erected next to Main Street and connected by a corridor with the original building. The Photographic and Engineering Departments will also be housed in the same building.

Geo. Pucher said that God was so well satisfied when the White Mountains resulted from His small scale production experiments that he immediately set about making the Rockies. Then someone told George of the theory that the earth once had four moons, three of which were nearer to the earth than the now remaining satellite. The three successively fell into the earth, and the three geological periods of mountain building resulted from the disturbances. George was not fazed by the theory, but merely remarked, "Humph, I hope the present moon will fall on Connecticut."

W. B. Van Arsdel recently took the Air Line to the tops of Madison and Adams. As a result of wind velocity observations at the top of the latter he descended by the Valley Way.

Albert Chase has returned from Overseas and has taken the place at the Kream Krisp left vacant by A. J. King. Mr. King has accepted an excellent position with Falkenburg's in Seattle, where he will be at home and have an opportunity to come in intimate contact with the Oriental oil trade.

Miss Marie Hodgdon of the Microscopical Unit of the Photographic Department has decided to prepare herself more thoroughly, and will take a four years' course at the University of Maine. She leaves about September 1st.

### WINDOW FRAME MILL

Shakespeare said, "To mourn mischief that is past and gone, is the next way to draw mischief on." So forget the old license days, or you will be wasting raisins, sugar, and yeast and the bubbles formed may lead to serious troubles.

Several of the men in the Planing Mill have been talking of buying cows lately, the cost of milk and butter being the reason given, but if the truth were known they have been reading this stuff in the papers about alcohol in buttermilk.

It is hard for us to sense the suffering of others until it is forcibly brought home to us. We may read of some awful accident, but we do not sense it unless we see it or it concerns someone we know.

Homer Smith says that he has often read of the awful suffering of men who have been lost on the desert without water, but he never knew the sensation of thirst until lately.

### PLUMBING DEPARTMENT

"Bill" Haggart is being considered as a prospective member of the Ananias Club. Bill's speedometer on his Chevrolet reads 6000 miles. It has remained at this point for some time, although Bill must have covered somewhere around 20,000 miles in this car. It has been whispered that he intends to put this car on the market soon, and a 6000 mileage will sure be a bigger inducement than the naked truth. Bill, you're a wise guy, but you've been spotted, and we feel that the other members of this noteworthy club will both honor and cherish you even unto the end.

We have heard of the Lost Legion and several lost rivers, but Mark Frost's lost pond is fast gaining a niche in the Hall of Fame.

Delphis Montminy of the Machine Room has just returned from his wedding trip and is handing out the smokes. The bride's name was Mrs. Amelia Demarse.

### SULPHUR CHLORIDE PLANT

Joe Lambert is farming on the road to Success.

Jack Reid is visiting Boston, New York and Canada on his vacation. We wonder if he stopped at Rumford Falls. (Later.) He did, and was three days late on his schedule on account of the bumpy S. & R. Railroad.

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## UPPER PLANTS NOTES

(Continued from page three)

Recently Bill Green went berrying and picked 35 qts. in 1½ hrs. Could Bill do it again? We think he is going to keep house this winter during the high cost of living.

Thirty-five quarts of what, Bill?

Sailor Pat Monahan, chemist at No. 6 Cell House, who has been living at the Berlin House for the past few weeks, has returned to his home at 520 Burgess street.

We understand outside influence was brought to bear on Emanuel Christiansen, compelling him to refuse to work on the four to twelve shift.

### KREAM KRISP DEPARTMENT

Joseph Cote of the millwright force, who was recently painfully injured by the falling of a pump upon his leg, is rapidly recovering and will soon be back with us, we hope.

During the past month a few changes have come about in the personnel of this department. Miss Lepha Pickford of the office force resigned her position to take up a course of study at business college; William Lemerise, packing house foreman, left the company's employ to enter the grocery business; Rubin "Kosher" Band resigned in order to give his whole attention to the grocery business which he recently established at Cascades. While we are very sorry to lose the companionship of the above mentioned people, we cannot but wish them all the best of luck in their various enterprises. During the years that they have been with us they have all made many friends with whom they have left fond memories.

Miss Bridget Laroque is the latest addition to our office force, having taken up the position recently vacated by Miss Lepha Pickford.

Mathias Gagnon of the Refinery force recently paid Austin Newell, a local barber, a new, bright four-bit piece to cut his hair. We think that Newell did the job for a very reasonable consideration.

Fritz Finsen, better known to the mill men as Dempsey, caught a ten-inch hornpout in a quart bottle while fishing at Head Pond one day last week. After two hours of weary travel he arrived home with his prize. Fritz's better half and all the little Fritzes gathered around while the hero recited just how he had conquered the terror of the depths. When the recitation had been finished, Fritz's wife anxiously inquired how Fritz happened to have the quart bottle about him. We wonder.

Who was the mill employee who said that John Quinn should send some of his pipers to the fountain of youth?

Robert Burns McKinnon—or "Eli," "Squash," "Bishop," "Live Wire" McKinnon, as he is sometimes called—and Fritz "Dempsey" Finsen have formed a League of Spare Time Workers. Eli has been doing odd carpenter jobs in spare moments, while Fritz has been following his beloved art of daubing—or painting, as he calls it. The above actions have gained the disfavor of the Carpenters' Union and the Painters' Union. In fact, the carpenters have been talking of lynching Live Wire. But the spare-time laborers believe that their L. S.

T. W. will eliminate all trouble from the above mentioned sources.

After four long years Joe Ramsay has at last broken the ice and purchased a new suit of overalls. Blondy Joe makes several trips per week to the Chloroform Packing Plant to inspect the water pressure and we suppose that he wants to make a favorable impression.

"Bishop" McKinnon of the mill force must believe in the law of opposites. During the hot spell last July Mac wore his overcoat to work, but during the recent cold spell he wore no coat of any description to work.

### SALVAGE DEPARTMENT

We are getting something every day that is of value to some one or more departments, and the heads of these departments are beginning to realize that a number of things can be found in our yard which will help them in keeping their construction costs to a minimum.

A scheme of periodical visits by different foremen to the Salvage Yard is up for consideration at present, and if such an arrangement can be worked out successfully, it will be of benefit to everyone who has the interest of his department at heart.

Let us all use this slogan:

"The Salvage Department may have it,"

and then call us by telephone; or call in person, which would be better. You may find something which you need in addition to the particular thing you are looking for.

### MACHINE SHOP

Edward Wildes, better known as Reddy, can tell the sizes of all the nuts in the machine shop now, but the other day Reddy got hold of a left-handed one. He was getting up a sweat, when someone came along and said, "It must be a left-hand nut." Reddy scratched his bean. You know how much hair Red has on his nut. "Well," he says, "what's the difference? They're all nuts, ain't they?" You can't slip anything over on Red. He has been in the army too long, Boss.

Jack Johnson has been working on car wheels for the last two weeks. Anyone who didn't know him would think he had lost one of his own. Now, Hans, there is a small balancing wheel that the boys might repair up for you, if you say the word. Boring car wheels is a big snap, and Hans is always looking for it.

Julius Dion lost the end of his thumb recently. All the boys hope he will soon return, as we like to hear his "How, how!" stuff.

Herbert Kelley and Mike Lowe have been seen motoring a number of times this month. One of the boys asked Mike what the idea was and he said, "Wait until the first of October and we will show you some game." That's what Mike said last May, and now I wonder if history will repeat itself. A hunting outfit for sale.

We have some absent-minded painters around here. They paint in one place, then turn around and forget where they put their tools. Be careful, George.





## BASE BALL

AT this writing the Gorham team has the City League pennant won to all intents and purposes. This is not unexpected for if Gorham can come up here and trim a team picked from the whole city, it is only natural that this same team strengthened with two or three Y. M. C. A. players should walk away from the two Brown Co. teams, who are restricted in the matter of selecting players.

The Burgess team, which at one time enjoyed the lead in the race, has blown badly and suffered inglorious defeat in its last four games, which could not be averted by the much heralded return of the supposedly invincible "Crabby" Newell. They simply lay down with all four feet in the air and let everyone walk all over them without protest.

The Berlin Mills who, after a string of eight straight defeats, started out to win the pennant, fell by the wayside, being trimmed in good style by the Gorham-Y. M. C. A. combination. This B. M. team, which is practically the pick of the City, is capable of playing the most indifferent baseball imaginable when one or two "breaks" go against them. If it were not for this failing we believe they would now be on the top of the heap.

The Brown Co. boys enjoy the reputation of being good losers (where we got it we do not know as we never lost before), but we certainly hate to think we were trimmed by a Y. M. C. A. team that resorted to presenting men with memberships to enable them to play baseball, and as is rumored going so far as to pay one of the Gorham stars. We also object to seeing our teams quit under fire. If we must accept defeat, let's go down fighting in the few remaining games.

	Won	Lost	Percent.
Y. M. C. A.....	10	6	.625
BURGESS.....	7	9	.437
BERLIN MILLS.....	7	9	.437

### Short Stops

Record game, of all time and all leagues was the B. M.-Burgess, 29 runs, 32 hits, 17 errors. Of these, B. M. got the most runs, Burgess the most hits and "Babe" Smith the most errors.

The more we see of Lafayette and his lame arm, the more we wish the Brown Co. pitchers could lame their's.

Sure death for ball players—suggest to O'Connell that his eye sight is bad.

For a catcher that used to throw, McGee can make the most beautiful rainbows about half-way down to second.

"Doc" Stewart, who started after the batting championship, is now after the strike out record.

Things you never see—"Coon" Morris strike out and Lewis Morrison make a wild throw.

## Borrowing

If a man goes to the bank and borrows a sum of money for a period of time, he usually gets a notice about two weeks before the expiration of the period. This reminds him of his obligation and if he is the kind of a citizen he ought to be, he is very careful to discharge his obligation on or before the date due.

If you borrow your neighbor's lawn mower you don't keep it all summer; if you borrow your brother angler's fishing pole, you generally return it as soon as you get back home; if you buy from the grocer on a week's credit, you pay Saturday night to be ready to do likewise next week (this is also only borrowing).

Now if you are a good upright American, or Frenchman, or Russian, or anything else, you do all of the things noted above at some time or other; but you may borrow an axe, or a valve, or a bushing, or a couple of pounds of nails, or apparatus from the Laboratory (as some do), and yet you seem to forget your obligations. Why not return these, treat them as personal obligations?

## The Knockers

I know he must be doing well,  
I know he's getting on;  
His work has now begun to tell  
His struggle time has gone;  
He now has passed the dreary days,  
The lonesome ones and grim,  
And now is treading better ways,  
For folks are knocking him.

His skill has caught the eye of men,  
His worth is seen at last;  
He's left the throng that knew him when  
The skies were overcast,  
He's won the laurel for his brow  
By toil and pluck and vim  
And he is doing real work now  
For folks are knocking him.

The Knocker is a curious cuss,  
He never starts to whine  
Or fling his envious shafts at us  
Until our work is fine.  
It's only men with skill to do  
Real work he tries to block,  
And so congratulations to  
The man the Knockers knock.

*Detroit Free Press.*





## SULPHITE MILL NOTES



Installation of two large lime tanks is completed and eventually we hope to handle our lime from cars by a vacuum system.

While not expecting a fire at our log pile, we have prepared by placing three large deluge fire hose nozzles at different points on the pile. Each of these nozzles is supplied from three 2½-inch fire hose.

Mr. Dick Treamer, although not a member of the Ananias Club, recently stated that he wounded a deer, and after tying up one leg persuaded the deer to be led by a rope to the road by Dresser's camp, where it could be conveniently loaded on a team. Some deer.

The Editor is informed by Bill Garahan of the Maintenance Department that while General Joffre was visiting New York some time ago he was asked by the city officials what make of a car he preferred to use on his tours around the city. He named a car of French manufacture. At that time Bill's eldest son, Wm. J. Garahan, was driving the largest Renault in New York City and had the honor as well as the distinction of driving the famous French General in all his tours about the city. That is one for Berlin.

(Continued from page one)

city each. From these it is fed into preliminary tanks in the mill and heated before being forced into the space above the catalyzer in the capsule. The hydrogen is collected from the cells in the chemical plant, stored in an ordinary gasometer, such as is used for city gas lighting systems, and supplied to the upper space in the capsule under pressure. The peanut oil and hydrogen, both being brought into the space above the catalyzer under pressure, are forced through it to the space below. It is during this short period that the catalyzer picks up the hydrogen and hands it to the oil, the liquid parts of which are thereby changed to firm, solid fat.

From the lower space in the capsules the hardened oil goes to the collecting tank. When a batch of 20,000 lbs. has collected, fuller's earth is added and the whole mass violently agitated. While the earth is held in suspension in the oil, the batch is run through a filter. The clear oil goes on to the deodorizer and the fuller's earth, which has picked up minute particles of the red skins of the peanut and other foreign coloring material, is held back by the cloth filters in the press. After the whole batch has been filtered, this fuller's earth, still damp with some oil is scraped from the filters. The waste product of oil-soaked fuller's earth is used in the making of Dutch Cleanser, Lighthouse Cleanser, etc.

The clear filtered oil is then treated with steam

Mr. Nadeau is exercising his skill on a 30-foot acid tank and Mr. McCarthy is getting busy on the boiler room addition.

Charles Thayer had not seen his wife, who had been on a vacation, since April 1. August 19th she telephoned that she was at the Grand Trunk station. Charles left a sentence half finished on the typewriter and his card stuck in the time clock and went, not even stopping to light his pipe. Some devotion.

The rising cost of living had no terror for Arthur Goulette of the Refrigerating Department. Arthur was married to Miss Bouchard on August 4th.

"Bill" Thomas and Freddie Lambert, Machine Room and Bleachery Foremen, took a trip to Akers Pond recently. While out on the pond a thick fog settled down upon them and the nearest thing to land they were able to find was an old stump out in the middle of the pond. They spent a pleasant day circling this stump and are able to give a very accurate description of same. "Freddie" says it was a beautiful stump, as stumps run, and they are intending to visit it again in the near future.

in the deodorizer and comes out odorless and tasteless. From there it goes in a thin film to two hollow steel chill rolls, through which refrigerated brine circulates. The rolls revolve slowly, and in one revolution the fat is chilled or set. The peanut oil has now become Kream Krisp, and as such it is scraped off into a trough between the rolls, from which it is pumped to the filling machines.

One filling machine is used for cans of different sizes made in the company can-plant. After being filled, the cans are capped automatically, fed by conveyors to a machine that puts on the label, and then to a wrapping machine. From the wrapper they are put into cases by girls. After the covers are nailed on by a nailing machine, roller conveyors carry the cases to the cars in which they are shipped. At another filling machine, bulk packages such as tubs, kegs and tierces are filled.

From peanut to Kream Krisp, the Brown Company method of "Beatin' the hog" in the pigpen is a clean, wholesome process. Kream Krisp is chemically different from lard and is a hygienic improvement on it. Animal fats are not considered as digestible or healthful to eat as fats of vegetable origin. Kream Krisp also meets a special need among those people whose religious beliefs forbid them to eat animal fats.

### New Member

Mr. Geo. W. Reardon has been appointed Superintendent of the Riverside Mill. Mr. Reardon is considered an expert on Bond Paper and comes to us from the American Writing Paper Co.



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printers to get the paper out promptly on the 1st of the next month. Contributions may be signed or unsigned, but unsigned articles will be published only at the discretion of the Editorial Staff. We particularly want snappy news concerning actual plant happenings, real good jokes, comic verses, write-ups on operations, interesting photographs, and suggestions for making the *Bulletin* of greater service. We are glad to print free one advertisement a month for any employee who wants to buy, sell or exchange something. Use the boxes and help make the *Brown Bulletin* the best plant newspaper in the country.

RECENT articles in Pulp and Paper journals, as well as editorial comments in some newspapers, call our attention to the great revolution made in our sulphite mill by a former superintendent.

While we would not think of trying to belittle the various improvements made during that period, we do resent the exaggerated statements appearing in the Press, and the evident intent to emphasize that this was all the result of the effort of one man's brain. Great progress in our methods of manufacture; also in the design and installation of better apparatus, have been carried out during the last three years, as well as previously.

We have not reached the point at which our human intellects refuse to respond, though we are not perhaps doing much advertising concerning the theoretical betterment of mankind. We are making better pulp than ever, and it is being done by the efforts of a very harmonious organization.

This mill is too large for any one person to assume that he "did it all," and we feel that it is about time that credit should be given where due, meaning that everybody connected with the organization has done his part, and it cannot be justly absorbed by any one person, whatever his position may have been.

### Efficiency

WHEN I used to go to school, our schoolmaster used to teach us slow and sure is sure to do well; later that developed into quick and accurate, and still later it developed into efficiency. That is the subject I am writing on. We, all of us, do not define this word just alike. When I look around, it seems to me some people think a lot of talk and no result is efficiency. My opinion differs. If it takes two men eight hours to do as much work as one man ought to do in the same length of time, that, in my mind, is not efficiency. But if one man will do as much work in eight hours as two men, then

I believe you are getting efficiency down to a science. This rule applies to horses and machinery as well as men.

We will look around the mill a little. We see a couple of men with a chainfall, they want to carry it on their shoulders; they look around for something and see, for instance, a piece of new 1¼ in. conduit pipe 10 ft. long is very convenient; they take it and carry the chainfall. When they are through with it they throw it in some corner, and the next time we see it, it is all covered with rust and acid, and goes to the junk pile. I should not call that efficiency, but pure waste. But there is some excuse; the men perhaps do not know the value of the pipe; if they did they would not use it.

We will go a little further; suppose (everything is supposition) a couple of millwrights want some second hand pipe to make stancions or something; they cannot find what they are looking for, so they cut 20 ft. lengths, when by asking the person who has charge of this, they could have got exactly what they were looking for. I do not call that efficiency.

Perhaps the same men want some lumber. Well, they cannot find just what they want on the top of the pile, consequently what they do not want is thrown around topsy-turvy, and soon gets warped and split and is good only for waste wood. I would not call that efficiency. You have often heard it said that small leaks sink big ships; that is very true, and it is just as true that the small leaks I have just spoken of are the kind that help bankrupt big companies.

I often think if the employees of the Brown Co. would use the Company's material just as they use their own what an efficient crowd we would be.

If we did the income of the Company would be increased, and a natural result, our wages would be raised, and that is something I have never known a man to refuse. We are all looking for that raise in pay. From the Superintendent down to the little fellow who follows Joe Oliver around with this distinction: one is an increase in salary, the other a raise of wages. Let's do something to deserve it.

My idea in writing this article is not to knock anyone, but to help give the Company a square deal and help fill the *Bulletin*. I have often heard men say, "I would like to have the dollars represented by the waste of material, both raw and manufactured, in and around this mill for one year." I have often said the same thing myself. If I had, would I buy Bill Milligan's Ford. No, but I would buy a steam yacht, with triple expansion engines, and sail across the western ocean, give Ireland Home Rule and bring Belfast into the League of Nations. Then we would surely have a world peace.

Yours for a square deal.





## ITEMS FROM CASCADE MILL



Our efficient shipper at the recent meeting stated in regard to cucumbers that he had soaked seed for three days in milk and when he planted them, before he could completely cover them up, the vines were so rank they tripped him, and when he did get on his feet he had picked a half bushel of fruit. Shades of Immortal George Washington!

In regard to Ed Holleran's *20 gallons to the mile*, we would like to ask if he had melted some part by speeding so fast when we passed him on the Milan road a few days ago.

Nos. 1 and 2 Parker Wet Machines were started up the first of August and it seems like old times in "Dead Man's Corner of the Wet Room."

Two hydraulic presses have been installed in the Wet Room to take care of the stock from the Parker Machine.

It would be advisable if the drivers of the Electric Truck would be a trifle more considerate of the ordinary mortal who has to walk, for it would be unfortunate if some of the boys were disabled by carelessness or foolishness.

Joe worked hard on No. 2,  
He liked to play and joke,  
But when it came to singing  
He would always choke.

Barney Thomas regrets the loss of two nice 12-inch salmon which he had to put back into Success Pond last Sunday.

It is gratifying to note that William Simson, who was disabled by a fall of some sixty feet, has returned to work.

Messrs. Claude Hughes and Louis Bisson motored to Rumford, Me., to visit their relatives and friends.

George McMulkin, head of the Ananias Club, wishes to announce that he will have many cucumbers to sell, both for pickling and eating, since he took this up as a side line this spring and planted two acres of them. George says that he has cucumbers now that will average a pound and a half.

God Bless the Workers of the Machine Room! Since the Boisselles are back they had to put in extra lights and windows.

Mr. Hayward has hired a new McGinnis. Joe has been building ships for Uncle Sam.

Horace Files, one of our oilers on Nos. 3 and 4 paper machines, has been keeping Bachelor's Hall, owing to his wife being on a vacation, leaving Horace to do the cooking for himself and brother Allen. Everything went well with Horace until he threw some of the remains from the table to two of his hogs that he was fattening up for the winter. Both hogs died within two days, and his brother is now under the doctor's care, while poor Horace is taking his meals at a restaurant. Horace is some cook.

The automatic telephone is a great invention, but it seems strange that one of our office force gets the Electric Stock Room every time she uses the 'phone.

A certain young man on beginning his vacation was very attentive to the Berlin girls, but after having taken them to the seashore, he changed his mind and preferred girls from Southern New Hampshire. When last heard from he was undecided which he liked best, but was making a hard try to decide.

Our Sulphite clerk is very busy nowadays engaged in selling farm products out of the garden he has just bought. He says he hopes to be able to sell enough to pay for the garden and also get his crop of potatoes free. At the rate he is selling his peas, it ought to be paid for now, as he says 5 lbs. 2 ozs. is a peck, at the rate of 75 cents a peck. No doubt it is well paid for.

Eli Paulson is quite interested in house plans of late. We wonder why.

How do Georgette waists take at the Cascade office? Ask Artie—he knows.

How are Blueberries selling?  
Ask the Blue(berry) Bird.

Charles Leman induced a friend to go fishing with him by telling him of the wonderful trout on Phillips brook. They took some bread, salt and pork and a frying pan for supplies. Well, they ate everything but the fry pan, but got no fish, and his friend says he never was so hungry in his life. Charles, when you go fishing again, take some canned salmon or sardines with you.

Anybody wishing potatoes this Fall leave orders with our Sul. Supt. Looking from the road at the potato field when the wind is blowing, you would think the high tide was in on Old Orchard Beach. Some tops, you can't tell, it may be potato greens he's raising.

Mr. A. Begeron, second hand in Bleachery, has started a canning factory, blueberries his specialty. He reports them not quite so thick as last year but some larger; anywhere from the size of a peanut to a crab apple.

Mr. J. D. Arsenault and wife are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter.

Mr. Rube Smith has bought a home in Gorham on Pleasant Street.

John H. Hoffman, who recently resigned to leave for International Falls, Minn., where he has a position as Ground Wood Supt., left during the first week in August to assume his new duties. He was employed at the Cascade Mill for nearly fifteen years and during that time he only lost about forty-seven days, that on account of illness.

Anyone who requires the real dope on the Bolshevik Question should apply to our Shipping Clerk.

Mr. Fred W. Brawn, our Sulphite Superintendent, is on his annual vacation with his family at Old Orchard. He is making the trip in his car, but before he started he inquired in regard to the widest road. No more chances for F. W.





## ITEMS FROM CASCADE MILL



No. 1 Paper Machine, which has been running pulp since June, has been shifted back to Paper.

Everybody is glad to see business picking up again. Orders are coming in better and they are surely making a grade of bleach pulp here that will sell, for it has the three things necessary, strength, cleanness and color.

Mr. T. D. Walsh has purchased a new Chevrolet.

Mr. J. H. Gullison has sold his faithful horse and purchased a new Maxwell.

Claude Hughes went for a ride the other day and broke his pinion gear and was towed home. Chas. Gifford officiated at the towing.

The Ammonusuc Valley has been yielding a plentiful supply of blueberries this year. A number of the paper makers have been picking the pie makings and report good luck.

Our Foreman, F. J. Costello, has been enjoying a much needed rest. He has taken several trips through the country and now he returns looking like a new man indeed.

Our Machine Room Foreman, Mr. Hannaford, is with us again after two weeks' vacation at "The Weirs." He reports a very enjoyable outing and he looks as if he has had a good time somewhere.

Mr. Gene Devost has just returned from Coaticook, P. Q., where he was called by the death of his father.

John Lynch is well advanced in his house repairing. When completed, it will have all modern improvements, chimney included. It is reported that he is employing scab workmen on his construction. This must be a mistake, as Mr. Lynch is a Union Man himself.

The stork has been very good to the Electrical Dept. during the last few days. He visited the homes of Walter Dwyer, Pat Shevlin and John Querm. Judging from the looks on their faces he was a welcome visitor. Call again, stork.

If you want to see someone get real mad, ask George Boulay what he thinks about the immigration law. Don't ask him in public, but get at the subject easy and perhaps he will tell you about it.

## The Window Frame Mill

### An Example of Industrial Economy

The building trade is a good barometer of the general prosperity of the country. When business in general is good, the building trade is busy, but it is one of the first to feel a depression. During the past two years the Window Frame Mill has been as busy on war work as many other departments of the Brown Company, but domestic orders have been few.

Today the mill is receiving many orders from old customers for house frames and box frames for general construction, showing the country is recovering its prosperity.

In the mammoth structures with which our modern building era has made us all familiar, more important than ever is the necessity of having good sound material for their erection so as to withstand the severe strain now imposed upon all of the builders' and constructors' work.

So vast and elaborate are the structures of our modern day that not only the building of them must be undertaken by specialized labor, directed by various contracting and sub-contracting firms, each responsible for its own assigned task, but even the materials must be standardized and manufactured in yards, workshops and factories where specialized work can be done on a large scale.

The window-frame mill is a modern wood-working plant, illustrating this principle. Owing to the large daily capacity of window-frames, the large stock of selected pine kept on hand, the equipment especially adapted to turn out regular or special sizes of frames with unusual promptness, the storehouse with a capacity of one hundred thousand window-frames, which are made in the winter months during the dull season, customers can place orders and receive shipment in a short time.

The exceptional facilities are utilized to give customers full value both in product and service. That these exceptional facilities are well known was shown when, during the recent railroad embargo, the Ashland Cotton Company of Jewett City, Conn., sent a large motor truck to Berlin, a distance of three hundred miles, in order to get a load of special window-frames to be used in their mill construction work.

## News of an Old Friend

The following is taken from the "Log" of the Champion Fibre Co. of Canton, N. C.:

"Johnny" Bache-Wiig and "Sec" Dennett, of the Bache-Wiig Co., appeared on Saturday evening last attired in their pretty, nice, new, white flannel trousers. These articles of apparel certainly gave the boys a fine appearance and we couldn't help but think that many people would look better in white flannel pants than they would without them."

"Sec" Dennett will be remembered as the "Buster" Dennett, formerly a member of the electrical crew at the Sulphite Mill, and is still maintaining his reputation as a swell dresser.





## BROWN CORPORATION



## Notes of Interest

During Exhibition period in this city there will be one of Perrin's Boar-Goats on exhibition at this office.

Some of our recent visitors have been enjoying the Scotch National Game, a south-paw from this office is rewinding some clubs and nursing a sore wrist.

James Cassidy may be some umpire; but Messrs. Fahey and Morisette are kicking.

Some of the dynamite Harry has been using on his brooks was placed, by mistake, in the driving gear of his Reo, which made the wagon go some, costing Harry a fine for exceeding the speed limit in the town of St. Raymond.

Father Allaire says "that's the hell of it."

In talking Golf at Trois Pistoles, Jim Taylor, Norman Brown and Paul Brown got Cassidy interested to the extent that he bet Paul he could make nine holes without missing the ball three times; Jim has not played the game heretofore and we are waiting to help Paul blow in Jim's good money.

Messrs. Heck, McCrystle and Curran wish to thank Joe Robichaud for the musical treat he furnished them in buying tickets to Vessela's Italian Band Concert. You may have a chance to get back at 'em, Joe.

Our baby Boar-Goat is doing splendidly; but according to Ed. Linn his appearance has changed greatly. This is how it happened. While doing research work on the diet of our mascot, Harry Curran recklessly offered it the latest copy of the *Brown Bulletin*; the kid scrutinized the heading closely and the devoured the whole thing with evident relish. The custodian of the youngster says it should never have been done. The alarming change which has taken place in our baby he blames directly on the *Bulletin*. To quote Taylor: "The poor kid now has hair like shingles, his horns are fibre tubes with a perfect thread, his gait is lumbering, his power is doubled, he smells like carbon bisulphide, his temper is caustic and he refuses anything to drink but La Tuque Turpentine." To the above we will add that the chief diet of this wonderful animal is now sulphite pulp, with a thirty per cent. mixture of sulphate, and his appearance is beautified by fibre silk whiskers.

Miss Nellie Butler has returned from Dorval, where a very pleasant vacation was enjoyed.

Being on St. Peter Street we naturally expect a bit of preference when we reach the Gate and hope to have less trouble than D. W. L.

One of our La Tuque visitors, while out with auto, dodged thru a blacksmith shop at a twenty-mile clip. Why did he do it?

John Heck ought to know that he cannot shave and sing "Yankee Doodle" at the same time without cutting himself.

Peter McCrystle remarked, after a severe attack of indigestion:

"I want to join the ranks of the Bolsheviks, hundreds of cooks are making a battlefield of my stomach, every meal I eat scraps with the previous one." Personally, we think Pete has been eating German sausage.

## La Tuque

Since the close of the war the La Tuque Mill is gradually being put into good shape to meet requirements of greater efficiency and production. The old auxiliary engines and gas producers have been taken out and a new steam turbine installed which will generate 1500 H. P.

The gardens and lawns around the Company's Boarding House and Cottages are looking their best, the green lawns being very attractive.

Our pulpwood pile has grown very rapidly this season and judging from appearances our stock of raw material will be larger than usual. There is quite a fascination in watching the logs racing along the board chutes to their proper places in the pile. To build a good pile seems simple, but, like other jobs, it can be done well or otherwise. The men on this work have twice had cigars handed to them for breaking records.

Bill Gilman swears he's not a "Blueberry," but one fine Sunday in July he got a horse and rig in the regular local style and took Mrs. and kids right out to where the berries were plentiful. Altho he won't own up to it, we think he had a good picking stowed under the seat before they returned home in the late evening.

Everyone around the La Tuque Mill was glad to see Mr. D. P. Brown back. He appears to have lost none of his solid interest in both the work at La Tuque and the men who do it.

It has been said, "Adversity makes strange bed-fellows," and R. E. Hartley says, "Fishing trips make strange sleeping places," as he recently slept in a canoe on a mountain side. This trip was taken along with Mr. C. Cash of the main office and his son Percy. A route was chosen which took the party over a very rough country. It had been traversed the previous year but as the trail was blazed on that occasion it was thought Saturday and Sunday would be enough for the journey, but the growth was this year so dense that the marks could very seldom be distinguished. This caused delays and rain compelled an early camp to be made on Saturday. The journey was continued all day Sunday and when darkness set in they found themselves on a mountain ten miles from home. Bivouacing in the open the party had to sleep as best they could. At daylight on Monday another attempt was made to get back to La Tuque, which was reached at 6 P. M., when their friends were relieved of a considerable anxiety as to their safety. Mr. Martinson, always solicitous for the welfare of the Company's employees, did not mean anything to go by default if assistance had been needed. On the non-arrival of the fishing party at the time specified he had men all under instructions and ready to search the whole area Tuesday. This kind of interest, taken so spontaneously by the company and officials, is much appreciated.





## BROWN CORPORATION



Who shot a moose recently and found it was only a pig?  
Ask R. A. B.

\* \* \*

Who sees a bear every time he goes fishing? Ask Henry Murch.

\* \* \*

There's another returned man in the main office now, R. E. Hartley.

\* \* \*

Mr. M. Packard, who joined the American Army, is now back at La Tuque as assistant to Mr. C. A. Johnson.

\* \* \*

Considerable gloom was cast over the whole staff on the night of August 4th, when news came in that Mr. Paul Frereault, the mapping draughtsman of the Forestry Department, and his two sons (one of whom was a timekeeper at La Tuque) had been drowned thru a bathing accident. Mr. Frereault and his son had been with us less than a year, but both had won the highest respect of all who had made their acquaintance. The Company, represented by Mr. Bartlett, rendered all the assistance possible to the widow and daughter in their bereavement.

## Temiscouata Pulpwood Operation

WANTED—A bright young man to write Temiscouata notes for the *Bulletin*. No one hampered by scatteringly blazed range-lines of fact or a poorly swamped imagination need apply. Must be able to protect our name from innuendos published in these columns. No responsibility whatever need be assumed for resultant libel suits.

We have asked the Manager of the Trois Pistoles Operation to release the two boar-goats captured by his ranger, as we feel that Mr. Cassidy, accustomed as he is to rearing in the lap of luxury milk-fed, hand-suckled bull moose does not appreciate the fact that such hardy animals must not be molly-coddled by fattening diets like spruce slabs. It is the custom of these animals to range over large areas, some of the flock having been seen as far away from civilization as St. John de Dieu. There can be no question as to the health and happiness of these goats, as Dr. Gibbons' wire in reply to our telegram was accepted as the medical certificate required in Quebec under the Scott Act, so now remedies even more effective than separated temperance beer can be readily procured.

The pulpwood driven to Isle Verte is now out of the river.

The peeling season in this locality closed about August 1st.

We would like to know if the practice, discovered we believe by one of the chemists in the Research Department of Wilfrid Morel, of putting 2 percent. temperance beer through a cream separator, thereby getting a "skimmed milk" that is about 99 percent. pure kick, is an infraction on any patented process now recorded, or a violation of the prohibition laws. The liquid corresponding to the "cream" seems to have no commercial value.

## Amqui Pulpwood Operation

Mr. W. E. Bartlett, bookkeeper of Amqui Operation, took his vacation and has he like to fish, he thought it would be nice to go fishin' during his vacation. So one day, a very fine day, he went and invited Mr. H. Currant who was at Amqui at that time to go with him at Lac Pitre, so they decided to hire a fellow by the name of Adam Banville, alias Flakatown, with his team to take them at the lake. Old Adam was filling funny that day. Adam had a few shots of Flakatown. Anyway he took them up and promise to wait for them at the house, but at 10 o'clock that night Adam was feeling far an eye opener and Adam thought it was best for him to come home and go to bed, has he didn't see anything of the two great fisher man Adam came home and about 10 minute after M. W. E. and H. call for Adam but Adam was gone home and the two fisher man had to walk home a dozen miles but they decided to log all their fish home just the same. They had a very poor luck that day. Lucky Bill caught only one but a mighty good one 4 inches long. They came home by a short trail and arrive at Amqui at 2 o'clock A. M. and all hin.

Great improvement at the Salmon Lake sorting gap. Bruce, the walking Delegate of the association, has reduced his crews so that we have purchased genuine Gaspé bark canoes to take our raft down and in the same time to save on gasoline because we have to keep our gasoline tug in the motor house and at the end of the month our gasoline bill will be smaler. With our canoes we will be able to take all the stuff away from the gap and in the same time our loading plant will be shut down for a month and the biggest part of our Pulp wood will have a good storage for the winter in the Matapedia River. If Bruce keep on sending man off our captain Christophe Cormier with his bark canoes will have a real snap and we will be able to load all the cars that Mr. Linton will send down.

## UPPER PLANTS OFFICE

A good one is told of Roland Oakes, recently returned from service. Roland wears three gold service stripes. He was with the 20th Engineers, and made good everywhere. During his eighteen months service he got but one "growl" from his officers, and we don't know whether we can call it a "growl" or not. It was for not saluting an officer. They had been instructed how, when and where to salute. They were told not to salute with a cigar, cigarette, or pipe in their mouth. On the following day, Roland was having a little walk, all by himself, thinking of "the girl he left behind him" and enjoying a 7-20-4 cigar, when he met the Instructing Officer. When he had gone by, the Officer shouted "Tenshun." Roland came to attention facing the Officer. The latter walked up to him and said, "Why did you not salute when you met me? Don't you remember what I told you yesterday in regard to saluting?" Roland answered, "Sir, I do." "Well, repeat what I said," roared the Officer. "Sir," replied Roland, "You told us not to salute with a cigar, cigarette, or pipe in our mouth, and Sir, when I met you I was smoking a cigar."



## The Editor Has a Snap

An exchange says:—"Most anyone can be an editor. All the editor has got to do is to sit at a desk six days out of a week, four weeks out of a month, and twelve months out of a year, and edit such stuff as this:

"Mrs. James, of Cactus Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Piketown threw a stone and struck Mr. Pike in the ally last Thursday."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"Isiah Trimmer, of Running Creek, was playing with a cat Friday, when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. Fong, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn crib."

## Accounting Department Outing

### Portland Office

The boys in the Accounting Department (Portland office), together with their wives and families and friends, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Brockway at their cottage at Great Diamond Island, Saturday afternoon, August 9.

The party went to the Island on the 12.20 P. M. boat, and were conducted to the cottage by Mr. Safford. Lunch was served immediately upon arrival. Sixty-four were present.

There was an exciting baseball game during the afternoon, at which the Goats were the victors over the Sheep by a score of 6 to 5, 5 innings. As the sheep deny the veracity of this score, it is understood the official score keeper has taken out a new insurance policy. He also went home feeling somewhat indisposed the afternoon when this article was written. The personnel of the team follows:

	SHEEP	GOATS
Ib.,	Staples	Martin
P.	Lambord	Foster
Rf.	Worcester	Dame
C.	Barry	Todd
2b.	Bradbury	Peterson
Ss.	Logan	Mountfort
Cf.	Nickels	McGlaufflin
Lf.	Vance	Hanson
3b.	Judkins	Means

There were two casualties during the afternoon; Charlie Means received a "busted" thumb during the game, and Bob Chase performed a similar service for a tennis racket while playing a strenuous game of tether ball with Fozzard.

Ice cream and cake were furnished during the afternoon, and entertainment provided for the children.

It was a delightful afternoon, and all enjoyed the trip immensely.

## Camera Talks for the Amateur

[By H. Y. Po.]

From time to time H. Y. Po. will endeavor to write instructive and helpful articles on amateur photography, and those who are interested are requested to send in questions on photographic subjects of interest to them, so that the writer will be in a better position to write something of real interest to the reader.

Terms and expressions are often very confusing, both for the amateur and professional; therefore, at the start, it is best that we get acquainted with some of the

### TERMS USED IN PHOTOGRAPHY

**Amateur.** A Photographer who tries, without keeping a studio or shop, to teach the professionals, and when possible, carries off some of the spoils.

**Art.** My photographs. (To create a better understanding, the reader should say this over gently to himself.)

**Criticism.** Opportunities to get even with rude persons who have said nasty things about your own work or behavior.

**Dark Room Lamp.** An illuminating, hot subject which always smells badly and goes out at the wrong time.

**Focusing Cloth.** A place where two heads are better than one.

**Hypo.** A useful and cheap chemical which we pretend to wash out of plates and paper, and for economy, use until exhausted.

**Kodak.** A form of press photography, universally attractive.

**Measure Glass.** Something which is always broken up. A place for storing samples of old solutions. The one thing missing when solutions require to be made up.

**Mount.** A support for a print, guaranteed not to buckle.

**Night Photography.** A diversion in plate-wasting. A branch of photography which always makes by-standers spring up miraculously.

**Passe-Partout.** A form of framing which may stick, and later forms the undoing of many a picture.

**Photography.** A scientific game popular in society.

**Plate Speeds.** A device on the outside of plate boxes to induce photographers to buy exposure meters.

**Quality.** That which is possessed by few and desired by many, but strangely enough is most often encountered in one's own work.

**Shutter.** The eyelid of the lens, whereon lies are sometimes engraved. Like a wise chauffeur, it never knows its speed.

**Tone.** An elaborate way of excusing a poor print. To obtain a good color in a print by means of a horrible smell.

**Tripod.** Something that shakes when the camera is doing time.

**Veterans.** An elaborate and tactful way of describing the out-of-date "have-beens."

**Washing.** A fiction believed in by the amateur.

I hope the glossary is taken in the spirit in which it is given, and that those interested will send in questions to the editor in time for preparing the next article for the paper.