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Volume I

JANUARY, 1920

Number 7

THANKSGIVING

GRATITUDE

We were at one time bewildered to know, just what benefit the *Brown Bulletin* was to the employees or to what extent it could be made a benefit, but as copy after copy appears monthly, we changed our attitude, and if for no other purpose or reason, than because the paper affords the employees the opportunity and privilege of extending their gratitude and appreciation to our benefactor and friend, W. W. Brown, the originator of our Thanksgiving dinner.

As we all gathered around our tables on Thanksgiving day and saw in the center a fine roast turkey gracing the table, we were glad that such a

MAN had lived, the founder of our company and father of our community, whose heart and spirit was not for self and self alone. Little did he ever dream when coming to Berlin Falls, and starting in the saw mill business, giving a few turkeys to his employees on Thanksgiving day, that the day would ever come

when there would be thousands of turkeys coming by the car load, as a gift to the company's employees.

Well may we honor and respect the attitude of our late benefactor. Though being dead, yet his spirit speaks to us, and again we see that same spirit manifested in his

descendants, in our group insurance. If we employees should give the benefits of group insurance the same consideration as did the

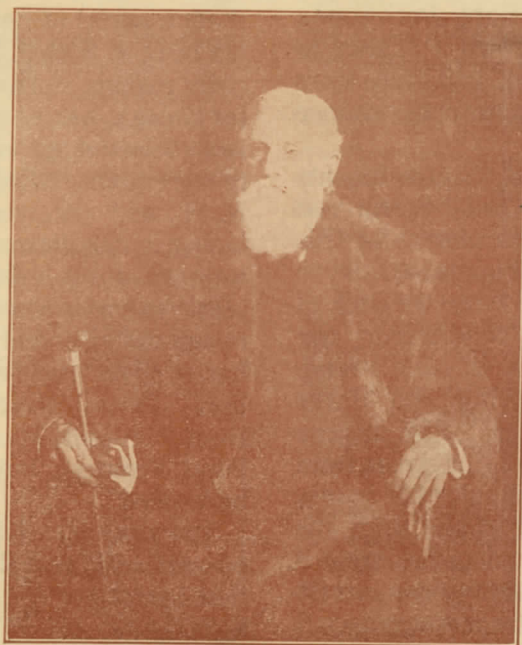
officials of the company (who pay the bills) the attitude of some employees would be far different, and would show an active spirit of co-operation.

It behooves each and every employee to try to attain higher efficiency, not in words but in practice and to work for the interest of the company.

AN EMPLOYEE.

KICKERS VS. WHINERS

In dealing with these we wish to show the difference between the two. Anyone who "kicks" with an object in view is justified, but one who constantly "whines" is contemptible. For instance anyone who has to patronize Gross' rapid transit de luxe and is unable to get to work in time and gets a cut is justified in kicking. But the one who changes up and is waiting for the shift to change from 30 to 45 minutes before the hour and then, because his time is docked, whines, has no excuse. The one who kicks because of unsafe conditions and dangerous places is right, but the one who whines and complains about everything and everybody is the one who is radically wrong. But in all vocations we have the two, and we find the one with a justified "kick" keeps climbing while the "whiner" keeps whining.



W. W. BROWN

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. JANUARY, 1920. No. 7

Editorial Staff:

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

We have received two or three cartoons which we were unable to use due to their being drawn with pencil. In order to have cuts made all drawings must be made with ink.

GET-TOGETHER

CLUB DANCE

The old found youth again, the young grew old, and the middle-aged folks were all at the Brown Co. Get-Together Club dance at Gorham Town hall on Friday evening, December 19th. Many of the older folks were heard to remark that they felt and "would love to be" young once more, while the younger set voted that it certainly must have been wonderful to live a generation or two ago. There was entertainment for all—young and old.

Things started rolling nicely when two special cars left Green Square at 7.40 p. m., loaded to capacity with members and friends. Transportation of members was under the hand of John Roy, our diligent traffic expert. The service rendered by the Berlin Street Railway was of the highest class. The merry party, consisting of about one hundred and fifty people, cast anchor at Gorham Town hall about 8.15 and things started at once. Guests were received and introduced in a very gracious manner by the reception

committee, headed by George H. Fowler, who had a fine corps of fair assistants. This committee had not been at work long before the whole gathering was like one large happy family.

Entertainment for the occasion was in the hands of J. Arthur Sullivan and, it is needless to say, "Sully" had laid out only the best of entertainment. Miss Lila Murray, Captain Sullivan, and "Jeff" McGivney of Sulphite mill fame, rendered solos in their usual pleasing manner. The other number on the program was an exhibition fox trot by John (Jeff) McGivney and Miss Eleanor Hinchey. These two young artists of the waxed pavilion are well known to Berlin people and their exhibition displayed in its every movement the grace and charm of the dancers.

The dance program was unsurpassed. Music for the occasion was furnished by the Liberty Orchestra and was of the finest quality. There were square and round dances galore. Both young and old were given a chance to shuffle their feet, and there were very few who passed the chance by.

Promptly at 10.30 refreshments were served. "Bob" Smith was the gentleman in charge of this end of the entertainment, and to him must go a large amount of credit. Harry MacArthur, our popular "dog house" man, attended to the catering and Harry surely can cater. Ask anyone who was present. Ice cream from the parlors of Pickford & Smith, doughnuts and cakes from the Cash Bakery, and coffee brewed by Mr. MacArthur were served. Each item on the menu reflected nothing but credit on its maker.

About midnight things came to a close and since John had his fliers waiting and in readiness things ceased to move in Gorham.

One reason for the grand success of the dance was the fact that members returned their answers on time. This gave the committee a chance to plan ahead in order that all might be served. This answer of yours, fellow club member, is all important. Try to get it in again on time when there is another time on and always hereafter. Another reason for the success of the whole thing was the hard work of H. G. Spear and M. McCarthy, general chairman and secretary-treasurer respectively.

Good times may come and good times may go but this one goes on forever—in memory.

AN UNSOLVED

MYSTERY

On November 26th the Woods Department held their annual outing and banquet. The refreshment committee, wishing to procure a special treat for this occasion, requested their old friend and colleague, Mr. Carter, to ship them a barrel of new cider from his farm in Bethel, Maine, where cider making is an art. Mr. Carter chose a barrel of cider made from selected apples, conveyed it to the station, billed it to Berlin, N. H., and received his bill of lading in due form, happy in his service to his fellow men, but alas! there is many a slip between the cup and the lip—that barrel never reached its destination. Tracers were sent after it from Portland, Maine, to Island Pond, Vermont, but it could not be located.

The only consolation to the consignees is that the contents of that barrel are improving every day and if it can be found and retrieved before it reaches that state where the revenue man will consider it his duty to seize it, much of the disappointment and inconvenience caused by the delay in receiving it will be forgotten.

WOODS DEPARTMENT



GUIDE WANTED—One capable of telling the difference between a tote road and a two sled road. Apply to Arthur Martin.

Some of the older ones of the Department, I should say, were attending the latest dances by their appearance on the street the other day. Ask Alphonse how that step goes, the one between the highland fling and the buck and wing, before you sit down.

THE BOUNDARY LINE

We read about the New Hampshire hills, All sorts of dope and Kream Krisp pills, But if you want to get used fine Call on us at the Boundary Line.



There is a trail from Diamond Dead
And on the trees are spots of red.
So all the men that come across
Can find their way and not get lost.

The drivers and the lumber jack
We see them coming with their sack
They say this is the place to feed
No other camp can take the lead.

The Brown men always feed the best,
The poor tote teams get little rest.
The miles are measured to each camp
To tell the cost for each day's tramp.

Toting expense is quite a sum
So Frenchmen must make all saws hum,
They cannot stop to smoke their shag
Or cut and fill their empty bag.

The walking boss is on his job
To watch them critters as they log.
He knows they're cunning as a fox
They pile their pulp on top of rocks.

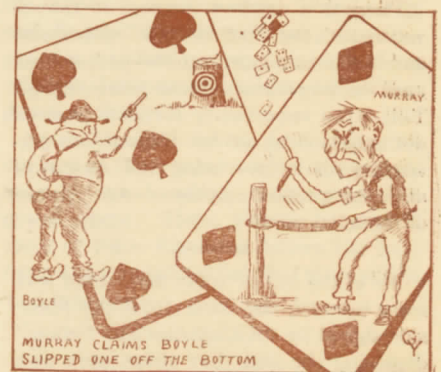
The pencil pushers they do cough
Wrist watch and bandage they throw off,
They all work hard until it's late
To keep their new book up to date.

Times have changed; not long ago
The men were fed on beans and dough,
They can't sleep now on a bough bed,
But have to have good springs instead.

You never hear the men have struck
The Brown folks have the best of luck
They run their business night and day
And all the men are pleased to stay.

The Company use their men just right,
They never try to have a fight,
The men are sure of a square deal
And all take hold to turn the wheel.

STOREHOUSE BILL



Magistrate—"What is the charge against this old man?"

Policeman—"Stealing a lot of brimstone, your honor. He was caught in the act."

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"My aged friend, couldn't you have waited a few years longer?"—Pulp Press

A Happy New Year



CASCADE JUICE



On Saturday, December 13, a fire which started about 3.00 a. m., completely destroyed the Cascade restaurant. The restaurant was under the management of Fred Gogan, a popular young man of Berlin. The building was owned by the Brown Company and has always been used as a waiting room. It is reported that a considerable amount of money was burned up with the building. Mr. Gogan, who was sleeping upstairs, jumped out of the window to escape the flames. We all hope that the Brown Company will build a new brick building and that Mr. Gogan will be back pushing out the lunches to us once more.

There were not many *lives* lost in the blaze. In fact not as many as formerly as Mr. Gogan had the right idea of cleanliness. He appeared with a white coat on and not coat that was *white* once, but in reality spotless at the time of wearing. No place for cooties where Fred is.

Ernest Richardson went skating the other night with a young girl named "Jack." He says she is some "Jane."

Work on the acid room continues at a fair rate, considering the amount of drilling necessary to permit the placing of the sewers.

There is a marked increase in the advocates of the "Safety First" movement and indicates a more general personal regard for this feature in our surroundings. This is an opportunity for each man of not only looking out for himself, but preventing his errors being the means of maiming a fellow employee. Are you one of the advocates?

We of the beater room have read with some interest, the item from the Riverside signed by "A Cupboardless Fellow," deploring the fact that there were only fifteen lockers to accommodate twenty-four men. Now when the beater help at the Riverside are compared with the Cascade beater help in regard to lockers they have no "kick" whatever. We wish to register a very pronounced and we hope an effective complaint on the locker conditions in our beater room. There are thirty men and no closets or lockers whatever and the floor is always wet. We have to change our clothes coming on and going off the tour and with no place to change in. The situation leaves much to be desired. We are not asking for an expensive dressing room or costly lockers,

but we do think we should have at least a dry place to change our clothes and each man a locker, wherein he could have his wearing apparel and belongings safely locked and not have them hanging on the wall where the cockroaches are the self-appointed caretakers.

THE BEATER ROOM BUNCH.

They say that "Reddy" is too lazy to walk over to No. 1 after large plugs so he sends his sixth hand. Is that right Reddy?

Ernest says "No more Sherbrooke for me, I got pinched down there on a false charge of theft."

Mr. George Derby appeared recently with a new pair of pants. He looks very happy. It's the first pair he has had in the last three or four years.

"Shadow" Lamere, third man on No. 2 is a model of efficiency. He takes great care in making splices and never speeds the winder. All backtenders take notice and watch your step.

We have a big improvement in No. 1 in the form of a suction press. Here's hoping we will have a couch before long.

Fourth hands on No. 3 and No. 4 say that they have a pull with the company. (Pulling the company's shavings.)

Fred Gorham is saving his arm for next summer. He is going to play League ball.

One of the 5th hands on No. 3 claims he can turn the reel both ways at the same time.

The new filter plant under construction is commencing to assume proportion and will, at its completion, be second to none in size and efficiency of operation.

Dave Markee had the misfortune to cut his hand and have blood poisoning set in.

Peter Derosier has taken his place with all the big benefactors of the human race in the wrestle with the H. C. L. He is going into the poultry business and has shoveled away the snow to build a hen house.

Christmas came early this year for some people. Frank Costello, while walking through the mill the other day, received a nice large brick on the head. Wonder is he will return the compliment next Christmas.

"Interesting Moments in a Paper Maker's Life." Look for them soon. Taken by an eye witness.

Our Broke Hustler on No. 1 and No. 2 divides his time between watching the clock and dreaming of Hyde Park, Vermont, and consequently we get very little fresh water.

We wonder when Ernest Richardson will set up the cigars to "Bill" Sands' shift.

Pat Murtagh has been unable to work for several weeks due to illness. Pat has grown so thin that the boys hardly knew him when he came to work last Monday.

Dan Fiendel has just recovered from the mumps. Dan says the mumps are not bad at all. He says he felt better than he ever did before.

William Noddin, formerly employed with the pipers, but for some time past at Kenogami, P. Q., has returned to his former department.

The work in the boiler house progresses very rapidly and when the entire equipment has been supplied with the Traveling Grate Stokers, will present a very up-to-date appearance as well as proving a maximum of efficiency in operation.

Electrician John Lynch gave us the pleasure of a visit with his brother Thomas, Chief Petty Officer, U. S. N. Thomas recently returned from England, where by way of recreation, he was engaged in taking up the mines that the Sammies placed over there to protect certain waters. Mr. Lynch said that the number of mines that was placed was very large, and the experience very thrilling. He volunteered for this service, resigning a position of Asst. Provost Marshal in England to take up this work. To use his own words, he preferred being "blown up" to being "knocked down" every day. Mr. Lynch has about two more years in the service when he may retire with pension. Early in the war he was attached to Admiral Sims' fleet in European waters, and has since held responsible positions, both in submarine craft and instructor on oil burning craft. He is very modest about his activities, and it is a very pleasant experience to hear him relate his many experiences in the convoy work.

BROWN CORPORATION

LA TUQUE

R. A. Bartlett, our office manager, established an office record which may take years to equal or surpass when on December 8th, he completed and dispatched to Portland the whole year's trial balance, combined costs, and the inventories of the La Tuque Operations.

To be able, eight days after the close of our financial year, to place a complete resume of all receipts, expenditures and values before the Comptroller, speaks for itself, and shows not only Mr. Bartlett's organizing ability, but also that the staff were all working with one accord to prove the interest everyone is taking in the company's work.

On the company's behalf, Mr. Bartlett handed around cigars and later a gratifying message was received from the Comptroller, W. B. Brockway, expressing thanks and appreciation, a graceful action which the La Tuque officer was not slow to recognize.

At last Steve Maloney is feeling happy having now some visible prospects of occupying a new pipe shop which has been built for the increasing needs of his department.

When the water commenced to freeze at the end of November, considerable trouble was caused for a week or so by the frazzle ice which so reduced the flow of water that there was a shortage of power each night. A new crib was put in and this so raised the water that all difficulty is overcome.

In connection with the installation of the new steam turbine a complete set of superheaters is now ready to be placed in position.

Frank Fabyan, who has a speeder which will travel at any time or any place, refused to be budged when out with some young ladies about three miles from home. Was it engine trouble?

The new barn is growing daily and will soon be ready to receive the equipment necessary for the horses' care and comfort.

Plans for a new precipitation plant are near completion and as soon as possible this work will be put in hand.

It was generally regretted that owing to indifferent health Mr. Simmons Brown was compelled to leave La Tuque for a time and it is hoped to see him return in the New Year completely recovered.

Messrs. Beaton and Sargeant have been with us this year end auditing our books and besides carrying out their duties in a most affable manner, they proved themselves good sports among the boys at the boarding house.

Why did E. A. White have to pay five dollars for a season ticket for the skating rink when the rest of the boys only had to pay three?

La Tuque social life has been much enlivened during the past few weeks by a succession of oyster parties. The bivalve is always the centre of attraction for the earlier part of the evening but after the inner man is satisfied the remainder of the session is spent in song. Both French and English ballads are sung and the practice acquired is very helpful to those who are desirous of learning either language perfectly.

Some excellent voices have been discovered at these parties which if properly trained would admit their owners to grand opera. There are to be several more of these functions before the holidays and it is safe to bet that they will be well attended.

TROIS PISTOLES

If the Woods Department was about to have a conference after two years' intermission and you had planned to go down and shoot and see all the prizes Mr. W. R. Brown won at Camp Devens and Madison Square Garden, and hear Doc. Gibbons growl about his balky Buick, and Mr. Carter's stories, and Pete McCrystle's description of the radiating process whereby pulpwood in transit decreases in bulk but not in weight, etc., etc., and then while all those "stunts" were being pulled off you were holding a wake over the ashes of two years' work, "wouldn't it jar you?"



A serious car shortage was threatened in mid-November but D. W. Linton and others got busy so that recently there has been an ample supply which has enabled us to clean up all the pulp piles in the open besides taking care of our daily production.

If the oil shed caught fire and incidently the pipe shop, how about oil and pipe repairs for the mill at La Tuque?

Some one asked Glenn Morgan the other day if he knew of anyone who could give them a few pointers on the game of Five Hundred. Of course he sent them to the master of this game, Gillis.

An additional boiler and Dutch oven is being installed in the old boiler house to provide steam power for the saw mill, chiefly from the sawdust made in W. L. Gilman's department.

We read an article in last month's *Bulletin* entitled "Loyalty" that opened with the question: "Do we all know the meaning of the word loyalty." Doubt if we can answer such an abstract question, but it reminds us of a story. A man owned a sheep farm a short distance from the city and invited a friend for a visit. As they approached the bars all the sheep began to bleat and run towards them. "See," said the owner, "how they love me." "Love you," said the visitor, "they don't bleat because they love you, they bleat because you are going to feed them."

Clipping from *Montreal Star*:—"Residents in the vicinity of St. Raymond report a strange and inexplicable activity on the part of lumberjacks thereabouts. Instead of the usual equipment of axes and saws each man had a small unique contrivance under his arm, perfect shape, and about three for a quarter size. They could not imagine what the machines were for but presumed it had something to do with lumbering for the forest was alive with men running from tree to tree. Zip, and a mighty monarch of the forest falls to the ground. Zip, zip, zip, and the huge conifer representing a century and a half of growth is instantly severed into four foot bolts, ready for the maw of the shippers. Through all the uproar of falling trees and running men could be heard

a strange buzzing sound like the singing of many rapidly moving saws, and scattered along the roadside were hundreds of new saws and axes evidently discarded as useless.

"We understand that there was a spectacular movement in the shares of saw companies on the Stock Exchange, yesterday, thousands of investors seeking to sell their shares at any price."

Gee Whiz! Wasn't Norman Brown lucky the snow came and prevented that game of golf.

Up to this time we have not hauled one stick of timber, having only about six or seven inches of snow and as we haul logs on a six mile road, if we do not get started pretty soon there will be some thin horses next spring. As Doc Gibbons used to say: "Now is the time to take an inventory of their bones for they are all visible."

For pure contrariness we have seen nothing to equal the winter weather hereabouts. During December there was very little snowfall and most of the other operators started hauling long before we can. When it starts to snow, however, it snows all the time and one is never able to make a decent road. In two storms last winter, four days apart, 52 inches of snow fell.

We had a visit from Mr. Fred Thompson recently which, as usual, we enjoyed very much. Fred's abilities as an accountant are so generally recognized that comment on our part is superfluous, but we wish to inform a confiding world that he has ability as a fisherman equally great. While here he walked up the river and caught a fine mess of trout and we can furnish dozens of affidavits that a trout was never caught there before nor since.

TEMISCOUATA OPERATION

We are having an unusually late winter. The ground is still bare (December 6th), and not a stick of pulpwood has been landed. Ordinarily there are several hundred cords hauled on the *premiere neige* before Christmas.

River Du Loup, with her new street lights, is now a well lighted town.

There are several cases of small pox in this vicinity. St. Honore, on the Temiscouata Railway, one can neither enter nor leave by train on account of the quarantine placed by the Provincial Authorities.

Those who attended the conference at Berlin from here all report a remarkably good time, and think it one of the most successful ever held.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

WINDOW FRAME MILL

In filling a certain order the shipping clerk received instructions to load a specified lot of window frames in one end of the car and note information on the invoice that would enable the consignee to locate them without unloading the entire car. He obeyed instructions and information went to the customer that the special lot was in the north end of the car. He is now having trouble in answering the question "Which was the north end of that car?"

Mr. Peter Patenaud, filer and one of the oldest employees of the window frame mill, has been confined to the house for the past month with a slight attack of paralysis.

On November 27th, Thanksgiving day, Hector Gogan of the box shop crew took a trip to his old home town, Dover, New Hampshire, and was married to Miss Marrienne Ouellette of the same town.

Mr. and Mrs. Gogan have returned to Berlin and will go to housekeeping.

A careless use of matches in Massachusetts this year caused an average of four fires a day. Loss of property probably reaching \$2,340,000 and death and injury of hundreds of children, according to a report of the Fire Preventative Commission. Fire is a great menace to all manufacturing plants, especially so in woodworking plants.

While the Company takes every precaution to prevent fires it looks rather disconcerting to see some poor brainless simp come into the mill with a match behind his ear or chewing the end of one, which when his vicious appetite is satisfied will be cast into some corner, he cares not where.

It is not of infrequent occurrence to pick up matches on the floor or in some place where if they were to ignite, they would cause thousands of dollars worth of damage.

Recently the window frame mill received in one day orders for 10,000 window frames. This is a little out of the ordinary for this time of the year.

December 8, Peter Tardiff cut his thumb off while operating a power feed rip saw. This is the second accident of similar nature within two weeks. Let's try to be more careful.

Our stack of 1¼" dry pine was getting rather low but we are expecting a consignment of 100,000 feet, which will relieve the situation until some of our own stock, which was sawed this summer, is seasoned enough to use.

A careless man,
A speeding saw,
A cotton glove,
A lacerated paw.

One of the men in the window frame mill met with a painful accident while working a table saw. He attempted to remove a block of wood away from the saw, using his hand for the purpose, instead of the stick as he should have done. He lost part of one finger. Many of these accidents are caused by a "block" of some kind.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

The new laboratory building is very nearly completed. A little light furniture, plaster and paint and all will be ready.

The work on the new Riverside Paper Mill extension is going forward rapidly in spite of the cold weather. The concrete is nearly all in and the steel is being erected.

Frank Brennan has just returned from a month up river. He has been helping in the laying out of the new tote roads for this year's lumbering operations.

MAIN OFFICE

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." That is what we think of the chirography of one of the Riverside office force. But say, do you know the joke? He puts so many little curliques in it that often he can't read it himself. That is what they say at the upper office.

ELECTRICAL REPAIR SHOP

Mr. Robert Erickson and Miss Jennie Hanson were married in Detroit, Michigan, November 22, 1919. Mr. Erickson was formerly employed in the tin shop and Miss Hanson at the Electrical Repair.

RIVERSIDE MILL

The new time office at the Grand Trunk gate meets a long felt want in the minds of the girls; they were getting so fat that they were worried whenever the time came to squeeze through that little old shack.

December 12, 1919, 12 to 8 shift, according to oldest inhabitant of the beater room.

About 4.30 a. m. was the highest tide on record. The briny deep rose irresistibly to a height which flooded the beater room to the depth of twelve feet. All took to boats with life preservers.

Mr. Hull is very proud of the new loading machine. He says it saves a lot of work and gives time to the finishers to sing, which he likes so well to hear Things that never happen.

GO KO CLUB OUTING

The third outing of the Imperial Go Ko's was held at Willis' camp in Shelburne. Upon arriving at the camp the first thing that greeted them was the delicious odor of one of Chef Maine's great feeds.

After supper, speech making was in order and Fred Sheldon opened up by saying that he could not talk on any subject but box cars and that he was glad to be numbered as one of the Imperial Go Ko's.

Wally Maines gave an interesting talk on food productions.

"Old Man" Hull gave an interesting speech on ideas and principles. He emphasized the fact that the idea did not amount to as much as the principle behind it.

Andresen had a bad cold in his head and could not express himself as well as he would have liked to.

George Gagne and Butsie Astle played the scientific game of mutt but could not find who was the biggest mutt.

The Go Ko quartet consisting of Reardon, Palmer, Barbin and Maines entertained the party with various selections.

Everybody was unanimous in saying that this outing was the most enjoyable of any we have up to date.

A Research Traseor

Once upon a time
There was a little mouse
Who lived in the Research Dept.

He got his living—

By eating

Crumbs that fell

From the lunch baskets

And—

Peanut oil drippings

And

Kream Krisp samples

One day however—

The Stenographers

Left.

Two chocolates

in a

Desk drawer

Mouse found them

And

Ate them all

It was a serious shock
To his digestive system
For—

Sugar is very scarce

This winter—And

He had had

No sugar cord

He got out of the

Drawer

Into the Desk Casing

And laid him down

And DIED—

But his spirit went

Marching on—

Mils Johnson took the

Desk apart And

Now—we wonder

What a

Stenographers

Stomach is

Made Of?

THANK YOU.

B.U.D

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

"Stubby" Newell is always hollering: "Change, change." We wonder what kind of change he wants. Please tell us, "Stubby."

When coming in our grocery department, don't forget that it's uncomfortable with the door open, so kindly close it when going in or out.

The Engineering Department must very shortly bid the Research men farewell, for they are to take up their new quarters soon and much as we like to have them with us, perhaps the extra space will be appreciated. Things won't be half so exciting, though; no deceased mice seeking quiet resting places in the desks; no one forgetting the girls are present and emitting large volumes of profanity and no one to "cuss out" for the mysterious disappearance of instrument, pen or pencil.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

It is rumored that one of "Mich's" able assistants (Arthur Roberge) has signed a contract with B. F. Keith of Boston as a sleight of hand performer.

Frank Seguin has accepted a position as drummer with the Salvation Army.

Fred Durant of the tin shop bought a real car last week, a Metz, with which he hopes to rival Jos. Rochford's 7 cylinder Studebaker. Watch for new records.

Our Superintendent, Mr. Rahmanop who is a stickler for neatness, especially around the office, stopped the other morning on his way through and whittled two-thirds of his walking stick all over the office floor.

The Wood Department has made a good start on their usual winter troubles by blowing up the dynamite house and then trying to push the Filter Plant down with the log pile. The first operation was very successful and the second one was only prevented by some inside bracing which took the blow of their tidal wave.

Mr. Fred Olson recently made a trip to Boston. That was all right, but the abrupt change from the Berlin High Cost of Living to the Boston High Style of Living gave Fred acute appendicitis and he was promptly operated on at the Emerson hospital. Reports are that he is now on the road to a rapid recovery.

Joe, our office janitor, becoming disgusted with the "dry" state of affairs started out to make the mill wet on his own account a few days ago. First he went upstairs and sprinkled enough water around to come through the ceiling and thoroughly wet down Harry Fowler's private office. Next he got a 10 gallon bottle of water and carried it to the head of the winding stairs and then dropped it to the floor below, evidently having in mind to wet down the timekeepers, and then as a final measure went into the chief engineer's office and gave everything a thorough bath of oil.

Several changes are to be made in the auto-call system since the coming of the new nurse in the First Aid Room. The names of Fowler, Olson, Fagan and Innis are to be taken off, as these four can now be found, singly or severally, at any and all times, in or around the First Aid Room. We sort of suspected that this would be the case with the last named three, but we are much disappointed in staid and sedate Mr. Fowler, but evidently as with the girls in France—"a uniform gets the best of them."

A few years ago the Sulphite Mill laid claim to the championship of Coos County. Mr. L. H. Shipman, "Shippie" for short, (a ship can carry a lot in its hold) although only weighing 90 lbs., could put away more food under his belt than any man in the county. He was the champion, being able to put away any and all kinds of food.

We have in our employ a Mr. Harvey Haines who claims the championship of banana eating. His record is nine dozen in one hour, before retiring of course. No one ever saw him do it, but he says he did. Come on, you banana eaters, let's have a little competition or Mr. Harvey Haines will be the undisputed champion.

Joe Sylvain built a new house this summer at Forbush Park which he claims to be the "wasmest house on the East Side." The man who lives upstairs uses one stove to heat seven rooms and the other morning he was very much surprised to find that his water pipe had frozen. On investigating he found that it had "caught" between the first and second floors. We think this house is so warm that the family living downstairs don't require any heat at all.

Usually to get game it is necessary to go a long way from the city, but Paul Couture's son recently bagged a goose from a flock which was flying over the Berlin Mills village. Paul says it was a fine goose but hardly worth \$5.00.

Obstacle race. Start any cold morning, walk down loading shed platform towards machine room, after passing the first hazard consisting of vestibule doors, a blinding cloud of steam is encountered, in which are hidden numerous trucks, men pools of water and an occasional flying ball of wet pulp. After passing through this an elevator well and a wet incline are encountered. If you reach the dryer unscathed you win.

Note—This cause loses most of its hazzards if the outer vestibule doors are kept closed.

Robert Sturgeon is one who is not particularly fond of deer meat, in fact Bob says he has eaten some that you could hardly tell from veal.

Joe Ramsey is back to work in the store yard after being off for a time with an injured toe caused by dropping a casting that he was unloading from the team.

Charlie Martin, who is always pursuing one hobby or another has earned the sobriquet of "dynamite Charlie" since the recent fire at the dynamite house due to his talking, walking and sleeping dynamite. The only conclusion he has drawn from his studies is that sometimes it will and sometimes it won't.

Mr. Eugene Gagne the genial guardian of the West Side gate has recently moved into his new house.

Fred Snyder recently sold his house on Hillside avenue, and has moved into one of Bill Jolbert's new apartments.

One of the readers of the *Brown Bulletin* has overheard several other readers of this paper criticize it because it did not contain more Sulphite Mill news, and we would like to suggest to these readers that they deposit what news they have to offer into the box that is located in the time office for this purpose. If this is done by all who like to read this paper it will be more interesting to all of us.

PORTLAND OFFICE

With turkeys selling at 60c per pound, beef stew would have been about the limit for many of us if it were not for the generosity of the company.

Bill Fozzard, private secretary and confidential clerk to the Comptroller, has moved from Brentwood street to his new home on Stevens avenue.

Tommy Dame went to sleep in the barber's chair the other day and as a result the flies now have to wear rubbers to keep from slipping off his dome.

Mr. Thompson was in Tros Pistoles for a few days in connection with the adjustment of the fire loss at that point.

Discretion being the better part of valor, Lambord now takes the opposite side of the street whenever he sees George Sterling.

It is the mark of a small man to be obstinate about the things that do not matter.

Contributions are now being received to the George Sterling Umbrella Fund. After that seven and a half million dollar bond issue it does not look well to see George out in the rain carrying an umbrella that is not an umbrella.

Mr. Birkenmayer is no longer connected with the bookkeeping end of the accounting department except in an advisory capacity. He now has charge of all the timberland records, and some of the new ideas he has inaugurated should greatly facilitate the keeping of these records in accurate and useful condition.

It has been suggested that "Birdseed" should take a few lessons from Lee Owens of the retail department in the art of rapid invoicing, or else relinquish the "managership" of the billing department to Harry Todd.

Old "Atlas" was recently accused of profiteering, but he only rubbed his hands and smiled.

A PLEA FROM THE SULPHITE PAINTERS

If painting makes anything look new, wear longer as well as preserving it, I want to make this suggestion that if we painters could only drop into a *new* paintshop, we certainly would look new and wear some clothes to work without stealing spots of paint home on our clothes. We are nine painters in this small old shop and when we all get in to get our material in many cases it takes almost a half to three-quarters of an hour to get on the job. What is the reason? I can tell you why. We just have to line up and take turns in getting prepared because the shop is too small or in some cases barrels have to be pushed and moved to find enough room

to work. There are some days when the whole crew is in the shop at work and when we have a clean job to do it is impossible to do it right, for there is no room to place it after it is finished.

We have about six or seven barrels of paint lying outside of the shop which should be stored inside where it is warm. It would prevent some unnecessary work and save time, not to have to use a snow shovel to dig them out in the winter. One of our witty painters suggested that we ask the boss to get hold of a part of the west yard sub-station. Oh joy! If we could only get it and some lockers to keep our clothes from spots of paint.

Christmas comes but once a year so I make this suggestion that there is no better time to equip us with a nice new paintshop.

COMMON SENSE

By "Uncle Ed"

"Honestly now, would you employ yourself?" Did you ever put that question to yourself? Did you ever answer it fairly and squarely, way down in your heart and way back in your head; answer it the way you know it should be answered? Did you answer it with any other feeling but that of commercial disinterestness? You say that can't be done. But it can. You've done it hundreds of times. I've done it; our neighbor has done it. The real true answer is in that way back feeling—that innermost consciousness—that obtrudes itself whenever the question comes up and we wrestle with it.

When you're dissatisfied with your job, when everyone else seems to be doing better than you, when you feel that your services aren't appreciated as substantially as they should be, when you rail at what the mill doesn't

do for you, when you spend a couple of hours of each working day nursing your woes instead of putting your shoulder to the wheel, when, in fine, you're absolutely certain you're getting no square deal, then ask yourself the question, "Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

Don't start envying the pull that the other fellow seems to have, the raises in salary that he gets, or the nice things said about the work he does; don't begin to cuss the boss, to damn the department head, to villify the super, to accuse the company because you seem to keep stationary, because you don't go up faster. Instead, just put that question to yourself and let your innermost consciousness answer it for you. If your innermost consciousness says: "You are right to kick, old man. The deal isn't just square," then kick—but do your kicking where kicking will do some good, if there's merit behind it. And the only place it will do good is to the face of the man to whom you are responsible, or someone over him. When you think you have got a kick coming register it with the right party—or else strangle it.

If, however, your innermost consciousness says: "I'll be blamed if I'd employ you" then, for goodness sake, keep mum and hustle for all you're worth—because if you're not worth hiring you may be worth firing. It's the balance on the credit side of the ledger that makes fortunes, the balance on the debit side that breaks them. Now, therefore, is a good time to strike a balance. "Honestly now, would you employ yourself?"

You can always tell the English,
You can always tell the Dutch,
You can always tell the Yankees,
But you can't tell them much.



SPORTS

The skating enthusiasts will be interested to know that the new skating rink is now ready for use. The rink is under the management of the Berlin Rink Association and promises to be a popular spot this winter. The rink will be open to the public from 2 to 5 and from 7 to 10 p. m. except on holidays when it will be opened from 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m. Admission to rink will be as follows: Women and children 5c, men 10c plus war tax. No children under 16 years of age will be permitted on the rink at night. The management is planning to have band nights and skating carnivals from time to time and, if possible, special attractions, such as exhibition skating contests. A hockey league is now being formed with teams from town and several mills. A little later it is planned to secure some of the best hockey teams from out of town to play. Get the old skates out, sharpen them up and let's go.

The Cascade mill is to be represented by some first-class athletic teams during the coming year. An athletic association to be known as the Cascade A. A. has been formed and the following are officers of the association: W. H. Palmer, pres., F. W. Brawn, vice pres.; E. A. Hannaford, vice pres.; J. T. Henessey, sec.-treas. Directors: J. T. Henessey, chairman, Leo Landrigan, John Veasie, John Haney, John Hayward and P. J. Hinchey. Plans are under way for a fast hockey team, so all you fast hockey players report to any of the directors. A fast baseball team will be on the field next summer in charge of coach Henry Chase who will have his colts out for early spring training. A bowling team has also been formed and is ready to battle for the mill title of the city.

The Portland office notes the suggestion of the La Tuque office that a bowling match be arranged between the La Tuque, Berlin and Portland offices, and state that they would be very glad to get up a team for such a match if candle pins are to be used.

You Burgess fellows, get your names in now for the hockey team. Some of us are good, we admit it, but let's get out and see who is the "goodest" so we can turn out a real peppy team.

Louis Mortenson, Cady and Rounds of the Kream Krisp department at Portland recently issued a challenge to meet any three men in a ten-string candle pin match at the Bolodrome in order to demonstrate that the strength of their team was greatly underestimated by the other departments. Messrs. Bradbury, Foster and Horton were delegated to stop the noise, and they did so by defeating them to the tune of 308 skinny sticks, taking each of the ten strings as well as the total. Louis has since decided not to challenge Poehler and Pride and will henceforth confine all his energies to the cultivation of the famous Mortensen Gladoli. The following is the score of the contestants:—

Bradbury	118-89-102-99-87-135-116-87-108-100—1041
Foster	80-77- 90-84-93-108- 96-97-106-108— 939
Horton	107-89- 86-88-98- 93- 87-89-81 103— 921

2901

Mortensen	87-77-79-84-87-82-89-98-74-88—845
Cady	104-79-84-96-84-80-91-81-77-77—853
Rounds	104-87-96-72-83-82-98-80-93-99—894

2592

Someone has suggested Bill McCaroll's name for the Burgess hockey team. Bill ought to make a good goal tender but can they freeze enough ice to hold Bill up.

The Cascade is busy at this time organizing a hockey team. Mr. Smith of the sulphite department has about thirty candidates out for workouts for this team, and we all expect to see a fast hockey team representing the Cascade this winter.

Mr. Smith is an old hockey player, having played on a league team in New Brunswick for eight years.

A CHALLENGE
FROM LA TUQUE

In both the November and December issues of the *Bulletin* we notice that Berlin Sports are becoming interested in Canada's National Winter Sport, Hockey. These items are of particular interest to Brown Corporation employees in La Tuque and the hope is expressed by all hockey fans here that some kind of international Series of games can be arranged between Brown Company and Brown Corporation teams of Berlin and La Tuque.

So go ahead, Berlin, and get your teams organized and pick out the best combination of your players and La Tuque will send down one of its teams and show you how the game should be properly played. Either our Office, Machine Room, Recovery Room or Yard teams would do the job in good shape. Even our Ladies Hockey Team might make it very interesting for you Berlin Hockeyites.

It is up to you. We are all ready now.

A TRAGEDY
IN ONE ACT

With All Kinds of Scenes and Much Music

Scene. Cascade Waiting Room. Or where it ain't.

Time. Any day from 5 p. m. to later.

Dramatis. Personalle. 250 to 350 hungry tired men.

Weather. Cold and snowing some.

An Electrician: How late are the cars?

A Piper: How the bxlzt do I know, were they ever on time?

Another Electrician: Why I thought when we began to furnish them power that they were never going to be late.

A Millwright: Say fellows there is something wrong with your blank heads.

Chorus: Where is that car???

Word from the office: Car is on time. Correct time. 5.35 p. m.

Chorus: Blank! Dash! and then some.

A Hopeful Voice: I see it coming.

Chorus: Like B** lkyhbm you do.

As a Filler. Song: "Oh How We Like Our Car Ride."

Ding Dong: Car for Gorham. All aboard for Berlin Mills. Men first, never mind the women and children. Even if they live at the Cascade and wish to leave the car.

Ding Dong. 150 in first car, 135 in the next and the Lord only knows how many in the "Hearse Car," commonly called the "Bob-Car."

Finale. Large streaks of warm air left by the departing crowd. How much longer, oh how much longer?

INFORMATION WANTED

Mr. H. Y. Po,
c/o Brown Bulletin.
My Dear Mr. Po:

In a recent issue of the *Bulletin* I note your very helpful article on Photography, also your kind offer to answer questions relating to this subject. My brother and I have long wished to ask a few things about this, and several of our friends suggested that we write to Mr. Newton Newkirk, Boston, and we always believe in patronizing home trade whenever possible, so we are writing to you instead. The queries are as follows:

1st. Why, when one is especially anxious for a picture to come out good, and takes no end of care in "snapping" it, does the picture always fail to come out at all, while the last one on the film—of nothing in particular and taken just to "finish up the roll"—invariably develops splendidly?

2nd. Why does one always find that when studios, drug stores, tea rooms, etc., are miles away and the best picture ever is before one's eyes that one has left that roll of film on the library table at home?

I had intended to inquire what the little do-dabs on the top of the camera are intended for; you know the little tabs you pull up and down—one is short and fat and the other long and slim. However, my brother says he knows all about them—that they are a big joke put there to make little girls like me ask questions. I don't quite understand about the joke, but he said that was on account of my ancestors. What did he mean by that? I'm sure they were perfectly respectable English people. Anyway isn't it simply splendid in a great big company like the Eastman Kodak concern to go to all that trouble and expense with all their cameras just to cheer up this old world of ours a little and give us something to laugh at?

Thanking you for any assistance which you may give me, I am

Gratefully yours,
LITTLE SISTER.

XMAS AT THE
ALBERT THEATRE

Through the kindness of the Burgess Relief Association and Mr. E. O. Gilbert about 1500 children of this city were entertained at the Albert Theatre on Christmas morning and it would be impossible to find a more enthusiastic and delighted crowd of young people anywhere. It was a great privilege to look into their happy, smiling faces and to hear the shouts of laughter and applause with which they greeted each event on the program. At the end of the two comedy pictures which were shown on the screen, the curtain rose on a slap stick farce written by Alf. Michaud entitled "School Days at Michaud's Academy," the part of the schoolmaster being ably taken by the author. The other characters were very acceptably filled by Messrs. Cole, Nolan, Lavoie, Belanger, Moody and Snyder. This farce showed great originality and in the opinion of many, play writing is not the least of Mr. Michaud's many and varied accomplishments. The singing of those exquisite ballads "Turkey in the Straw" and "The Old Gray Mare" by the sextette brought tears to the eyes of many who profess to know music and who have a partial idea of the value of harmony. This part of the program will doubtless long be remembered by those fortunate enough to be present.

The next was the Christmas tree, a blaze of light and color, and a selection by the Burgess Military Band, then singing by Albert Seguin, the children joining in the chorus. At the conclusion of the entertainment each child was presented with a bag of candy by Mr. Jos. MacKinnon and Mr. Louis Roberge who were dressed as Santa Claus. Much credit should be given to the

committee in charge of this entertainment Messrs. Briggs, Raeburn and MacKinnon and their able assistants.

JOLIETTES' MEETING

The second meeting of the Joliettes was held at the Girls Club on the evening of November 17th, under the auspices of the Research Department. Grave fears were expressed by the new-comers lest they suffer some injury while "riding the goat," but the evening closed with all bones intact. The time went all too soon for everyone and it was with regret that the Joliettes finally went their several ways. The Misses Haney and Tollen were congratulated by the club on their supper menu.

"THE FOREMAN"

The United States Training Service of the Department of Labor has just published a timely bulletin, entitled "The Foreman. A Treatise Upon the Qualifications, Powers, Duties, and Relations of a Foreman in Manufacturing." "It is written for the foreman who wants to know how to be a good foreman; not for the employer who wants his foreman to be a good foreman."

It is a well written practical book of 77 pages.

"What can be obtained for nothing is usually worth it." Such, however, is not always the case with government bulletins. As long as the department supply lasts, this one is free to anyone willing to spend the effort required to ask for it by a postcard or a letter to C. T. Clayton, Director, United States Training Service, United States Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

In the public library at Flint, Mich., "Worm Gearing" is listed under Medicine and Biology.—Illustrated Daily News.

COMPANY MEN OF 25 OR MORE YEARS SERVICE

Anderson, Anton	Saw Mill	Jodrey, Alb.	Woods Dept.	Reed, Bradley	Saw Mill
Anderson, Ed.	Saw Mill	Johnson, Carl J.	Riverside Mill	Remillard, Joseph	Cascade Mill
Anderson, Iva	Saw Mill	Johnson, Carl M.	Saw Mill	Richardson, L. E.	Woods
Arsneau, Wm.	Sulphite Mill	Johnson, Even, Jr.	B. M. R. R.	Robenhymer, Fred	Saw Mill
Barbin, Fred	Saw Mill	Johnson, John, No. 1	Saw Mill	Roberge, Elzear	Saw Mill
Bastille, Tom	Saw Mill	Johnson, John, No. 2	Saw Mill	Rouleau, Alf.	K. K. Refinery
Beaudoin, Peter	Sulphite Mill	Johnson, John Hans	Machine Shop	Royston, Richard	Saw Mill
Belden, Sam	Woods Dept.	Johnson, Wm. M.	Saw Mill	Sanborn, Chas.	River and Const.
Berquist, A. P.	Saw Mill	Justard, Anton	Saw Mill	Sanborn, W. H.	River
Blanchette, Chas.	Saw Mill	Justard, John	Cascade Mill	Scammon, Joe	Machine Shop
Brown, Herbert J.	President	Keenan, James	Woods	Scott, Jack	Woods Dept.
Brown, O. B.	Vice President	Kimball, Columbus P.	Accounting	Sloan, John	Saw Mill
Brown, Ned	Woods Dept.	Laflame, Peter	B. M. R. R.	Smith, W. J.	Plumbing
Bryant, W. D.	Main Office	Lambert, Edw.	Saw Mill	Stenburg, Carl	Saw Mill
Burbank, John	Saw Mill	Larrivie, Frank	Saw Mill	Stewart, James	Riverside Mill
Burke, Chas.	Cascade Mill	Larsen, Harold	Saw Mill	Sylvester, Alfred	Cascade Mill
Butler, Ed.	Riverside Mill	Lause, Jos. L.	Kream Krisp	St. Clair, Tof	Saw Mill
Cadorette, Ed.	Cascade Mill	Lavoie, John E.	Sulphite Mill	Talbot, Jos. E.	Cascade Mill
Cantin, Jerry	Milan Drive	Lecroix, Jos.	Saw Mill	Thompson, Thomas	Cascade Mill
Cantin, Peter	Saw Mill	Lettre, Jos. L.	Dept. Store	Tracy, Thomas	Woods Dept.
Christianson, Christian	Woods Dept.	Lunt, James B.	Portland Office	Turcotte, Fred	B. M. R. R.
Christianson, M.	Saw Mill	Malloy, Jas. J.	Saw Mill	Turcotte, Thomas	Sulphite Mill
Christianson, Ole	Dept. Store	Marriner, James E.	Portland Office	Turley, Wm.	Saw Mill
Churchill, W. E.	Dept. Store	Martinson, Aug.	Saw Mill	Vaillier, Adolph	B. M. R. R.
Clinch, Geo.	Saw Mill	Mason, Fred	Saw Mill	Walsh, David	Saw Mill
Coad, George	Woods Dept.	Mason, Hans	Saw Mill	Wentworth, E.	Stable
Coad, Pat	Woods Dept.	Merritt, Manford	Woods Dept.	Wheeler, James	Sulphite Mill
Conway, Patrick	Portland Office	Monroe, J. B.	Riverside Mill	White, Fred	Saw Mill
Coolen, Jesse	Woods Dept.	Monroe, Randolph	Cascade Mill	Wilson, Alex	
Cooney, John J.	Saw Mill	Morin, Eli	Saw Mill		
Cooper, J. W.	Dept. Store	Mortenson, Alfred	Saw Mill		
Corbin, W. E.	Riverside, Cascade	Mortenson, Moreus	Saw Mill		
Cota, F. J.	Construction	Murdock, George	Riverside Mill		
Cote, Fred	Saw Mill	Murray, Arch	Woods Dept.		
Couture, Fred	Saw Mill	Murray, Billy	Woods Dept.		
Couture, Sam	Woods Dept.	Murray, J. J.	Woods Dept.		
Cram, Nat. G.	Accounting	Myers, John	Saw Mill		
Crowley, Pat	Woods Dept.	McCann, James	Stable		
Curtis, Alphonse	Woods Dept.	McCurdy, George	Woods		
Dahl, Otto	Saw Mill	McKinnon, Joseph	Sulphite Mill		
Delaney, John	Woods Dept.	McLellan, John S.	B. M. R. R.		
Dennis, Ed.	Saw Mill	Napert, Joseph	Saw Mill		
Dillon, Henry	Plumbing	Nickelson, Ed	Saw Mill		
Donnelly, Dan	Cascade Mill	Nickelson, John M.	Cascade Mill		
Donnelly, Frank	Cascade Mill	Nickerson, Jim	Woods Dept.		
Eagan, M. F.	Riverside Mill	Nilson, Nils	Saw Mill		
Ek, Arvid	Portland Office	Oleson, Christian J.	Saw Mill		
Elstad, Martin J.	Riverside Mill	Oleson, F. R.	Saw Mill		
Ferris, Wesley	Woods Dept.	Oleson, George J.	Saw Mill		
Finnessey, Mike	Woods Dept.	Oleson, Henry	Saw Mill		
Fortier, Ed.	Saw Mill	Oleson, John	Saw Mill		
Fortier, Sam	Cascade Mill	Oleson, L. C.	Saw Mill		
Foucher, Joseph	Riverside Mill	Oleson, Olaf	Mill Pond		
Gagne, Joseph P.	Sulphite Mill	Oleson, Oscar F.	Mill Pond		
Gibbons, Ed.	Horse Dept.	Oleson, Rang	Saw Mill		
Goggins, Chas.	Woods Dept.	Oleson, Villum H.	Mill Pond		
Gosselin, Theo.	Sulphite Mill	Oleson, William J.	Saw Mill		
Gregoire, Dave	Saw Mill	Oswell, George E.	Log Pond		
Grover, E. H.	Saw Mill	Oswell, John	Saw Mill		
Gullison, John H.	Cascade Mill	O'Donald, Andrew	River		
Gunnerson, Ole	Saw Mill	Palmer, A. G.	Sulphite Mill		
Gunn, Peter	Sulphite Mill	Paquette, J. B.	Saw Mill		
Halvorsen, Otto	Saw Mill	Paulson, Gus	Saw Mill		
Hannaford, Ernest	Cascade Mill	Paulson, Oscar F.	Accounting		
Hanson, Aug.	Saw Mill	Pederson, Otto	Saw Mill		
Hanson, Carl	Saw Mill	Perkins, J. B.	Const & Repairs		
Hanson, C. M.	Saw Mill	Picord, Joseph	Sulphite Mill		
Harris, Bill	Woods Dept.	Pierce, E. E.	Retail Lumber		
Henderson, John E.	Gorham Dam	Pinette, Theo	Saw Mill		
Hindle, Henry	Woods	Plaisance, Peter	Saw Mill		
Hobbs, F. T.	Saw Mill	Pauquette, Peter	Sulphite Mill		
Hoffses, Wm. M.	Portland Office	Pray, Jack	Woods Dept.		
Hooke, Joseph	Cascade Mill	Preo, Joseph	Saw Mill		
Houle, Frank	B. M. R. R.	Pye, James	Plumbing		
Houley, Thomas	Saw Mill	Quinn, Chas.	Stable		
Ingalls, Asa	Sulphite Mill	Quinn, John T.	Plumbing		
		Reed, Al	Woods		

Who is the 'oldest man? Send in your claim.

SAFETY FIRST

When the Safety First Committee was inaugurated at the upper plants it met with a great deal of criticism and was even ridiculed by some who were ignorant of its purpose and the benefits that might be derived thereby, but as the Committees have visited the different plants from time to time and have recommended changes to safeguard the workmen, all can see that a great deal of good has been accomplished in that line.

Some of the departments may be slow in making changes, but we believe everything recommended will be done as soon as possible. In line with this movement, would it not be a good idea for the Committee to be empowered to inspect and report the sanitary conditions in and about the different plants, thus safeguarding against disease as well as injury.

Ode to Hank of the Sulphite Lunch

Often when I'm sad and weary and for food I'm famished nearly,
I go to our lunch room to ask for something I've never had before,
But the cook is soundly napping,
And to all my talk and rapping,
He'll rise up and stretch while gapping,
Say the same things o'er and o'er:
We have ham and cheese and doughnuts,
Pea soup, pies and franks galore,
Only these and nothing more.