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AUGUST, 1920

Number 2

## FEDERAL CLUB ON A RAMPAGE

Saturday, July 10, at 2 p. m., were seen, leaving Green Square one auto (a Franklin) and two Buicks. By the looks of the suitcases and wardrobe trunks which encumbered the passengers, it was very evident that the party was leaving for a week-end and at quite a distance. Sure enough, they were the personnel of Mr. E. F. Bailey's office, who under his tutelage, together with wives, sweethearts, etc., were on their way to Indian Rock Camp, at Howard Lake, Hanover, Maine.

Sully, the last one to leave Berlin, arrived at the camp much ahead of the others. Elizabeth insisted on journeying to Grafton Notch but both Mr. Bailey and "Goldy" got sick of wandering around and finally decided to do without Elizabeth's direction and got to camp in time for supper, none the worse for their pilgrimage.

The first thing the girls insisted upon doing after our arrival, was to go in bathing, no doubt they needed it. "T," short in height but very ambitious, insisted on going out as far as the rest. The consequences were she lost her breath and proceeded to lose her head, when her faithful attendant did the heroic act and brought her ashore where, after being rubbed awhile, she recovered from her first ablutions in 1920.

Just about then the bell rang

for supper and it goes without saying that the water was soon deserted. After a good feed, for which the Indian Rock Camp is well known, we went boating till dark. Then we proceeded to Camp Contentment where dancing, games, etc., were enjoyed by most of the party.

Sunday was spent in bathing, boating, and mostly eating. Ask Sylvester where the boats were from nine until twelve.

At 4:30 the party departed for home. Stopped at Sunflower Inn where Mr. Bailey insisted that all have ice cream and cake.

Outside of a few serious cases of sunburn, every one was able to appear at work Monday morning.

Here's hoping that the Federal Club has many more outings in the future.

Sh-sh, she's asleep.

## GOT A GOOD JOKE?

What's your best joke?

The Bulletin wants it. Hundreds of funny things happen around the plant every day. If you're hep to any of them, send 'em in, names and all. But it isn't necessary to confine yourself to the plants—a really good joke is always readable. But don't send in that joke that, when we first heard it, caused us to laugh until the tears rolled down over our pinafore. Doesn't have to be original, but if you clip it, give credit.

## MY THREE OR FOUR VOYAGES TO SEA

While reading the Bulletin, when I turn over the leaves to Sulphite Mill Gas, I am surprised at the small quantity of gas there is in it. I don't know much about the manufacture of pulp, I will leave that for others who are better qualified to write on the subject, but for the benefit of the Bulletin and the amusement of my fellow workmen, I will write an article entitled "My Three or Four Voyages to Sea." In this article I will give my readers my views of the American Merchant Marines.

I was brought up in Liverpool on the Mersey River in England. There young boys are not men until they have made a voyage to sea, the longer the voyage the bigger the man when he comes back. Well, like all others I, at the ripe old age of fourteen, made my first voyage across the Atlantic Ocean on board the steamship Arizona of the Guion. At that time she was called the greyhound of the Atlantic, making the trip across in nine days.

We left the river Mersey and everything went well until we reached the banks of Newfoundland. There we met foggy weather and ice. We were going at a good rate of speed, but owing to the fog we could not see the bergs, so we struck one head on. The ship's bow went up and her stem went down and hundreds



## 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.

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### Editorial Staff:

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

of tons of ice came down on the forecastle head or what was left of it. The engines went full steam astern and she slid off with forty feet of her bow stove in, and the forecastle filled with water. But the bulkhead stood the strain although she was well down by the head. She reached port safely and had a wood bow put in. She was then navigated back to Liverpool where a steel bow was put in. So my first trip came very near being my last.

I guess I got scared as I did not go out on the Arizona again, but I did make two voyages to Australia. But these voyages were too long for me, about 25,000 miles, so I gave that line up.

I then made four voyages to Bombay and Calcutta, calling at Colombo, in the island of Ceylon. This was a long voyage and very hot, passing through the Mediterranean and Red Seas, also the Indian Ocean and Bay of Bengal. This voyage I made on the Ir-ranadi of the P. and O. line.

I quit this route and my next venture was on the Sesostris of the Moss line, up the Mediterranean for fruit. On one of these voyages I was on a steamship named the Dressong and had the good fortune to be on her when she brought Cleopatra's needle from Alexandria in Egypt to New York. The needle is in Central Park and is called the Obelisk. I deserted the Dressong in New York, but she sailed for a long time on the Savannah line between New York and Savannah.

I now made my first venture on American ships. I signed

articles on the British Empire of the Alexandre line running from New York to Havana, Vera Cruz and Tampico. I made three or four trips on this one, but could not stand the prosperity. I had too much money and had to get rid of it. I sure had to go home to England to spend my American money. Well, I could not get a job so I stowed away and that was breaking the law. We got across all right. This was on the Baltic of the White Star line. When the ship reached Liverpool I seemed to be very popular. The ship's officers ran a flag up to the mast head to notify H. R. H., Queen Victoria, that they had an American visitor on board. Her Majesty sent two of her officers on board and they escorted me ashore. I was invited to spend a month as a guest of Her Majesty in one of her castles that was not royal. Of course I could not refuse the invitation and I accepted, the castle being on the outskirts of Liverpool. Everything was very clean and nice, but Her Majesty's tables were set very poor. You can judge for yourself when I tell you I lost twenty-nine pounds in twenty-eight days. Well, most everything has an end, so had my visit and I left Walton without any regrets.

(To be Continued)

### ANY SNAPS?

Now that you've dragged that camera out of winter quarters and begun a little snapshotting, let's suggest that you give your Bulletin friends a squint at your work. The Bulletin will take pleasure in publishing real good photographs taken by Brown employees—especially those that show originality. Picturesque scenery, unusual events, unique situations—all these make good camera subjects, and when you get a good clear picture, why not share your pleasure with Bulletin readers?

Drop the picture or film in a Brown Bulletin box; if accompanied by name of owner, we will take care to return all films submitted.

## VISITING NURSE SERVICE

At the same time that you secure your life insurance, you secure the privileges of the service of the Visiting Nurse. This means that if you are ill or injured, and live in a nursing district, you may have the service of a professional visiting nurse. This service costs you nothing, and no deduction will be made from the face value of your policy for it.

### What to Do Now.

1. Read carefully the pamphlet "Your Friend, the Nurse."
2. Find out the name and address of the nurse in charge of the district in which you live.
3. Secure a mailing card and put it in a handy place. (Our Company has a supply of these.)
4. Put your insurance certificate in a safe place, so that you can show it to the nurse when she comes.

### What to Do if You Are Ill.

Do at once one of these things:

1. Notify the Company that you are ill and want the nurse.
2. Post the mailing card which has been given you.
3. 'Phone or send someone for the nurse.
4. Notify the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's office.

### What the Nurse Will Do.

As soon as possible after you send for her, the nurse will call at your home and make you comfortable, carry out the instructions of the doctor, and give you general bedside care.

Although the nurse will not remain in your home, she will call as often as is necessary. The length of her visits varies from fifteen minutes to one hour, depending upon the care required by the patient.

The Company has arranged with our Insurance Company to furnish those of us who are covered by our Group Policy with this Visiting Nurse Service *with absolutely no cost to us*. It is part of our Group Insurance Plan.

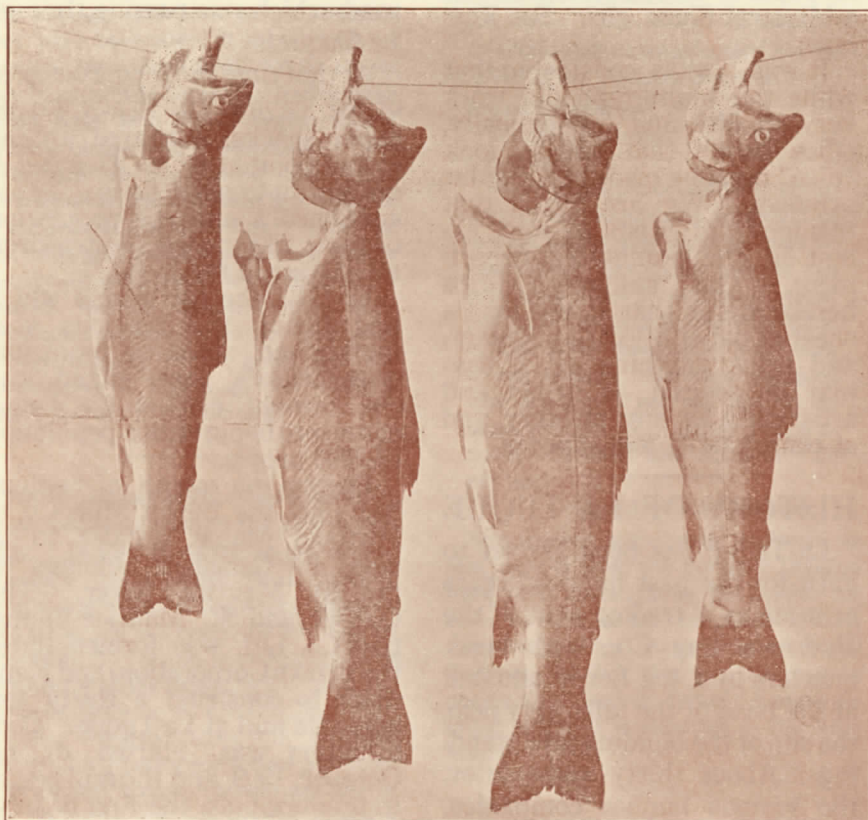


## BERLIN WINS AGAIN!

For the past ten years La Tuque has been the Mecca for the disciples of Izack Walton, who have traveled Northward ostensibly for business, but have been accustomed to tarry a week-end to try their wiles against the finny denizens of the St. Maurice. George Richter and C. B. Barton were in La Tuque on Saturday, July 3, on the occasion of the meeting of the American Institute

overhauled his car and fishing tackle. Instead of "The Compleat Angler," he carefully studied the Fish and Game Laws of New Hampshire. On Wednesday afternoon his flies were ready and he started in the direction of Errol. That evening at 8:00 he came back with his vindication, the trout shown in the picture. Numbering them from left to right, the weights are as follows:

- (1) 1 lb. 15 oz.
- (2) 3 lb. 4 oz.



of Chemical Engineers. George determined to stay over the Fourth and display his knowledge of the principles enumerated in "The Compleat Angler." He did. He says he got some fish. Barton, however, signified his intention to pit his knowledge of Androscoggin trout however small against George's ignorance of the British variety however great.

Barton returned to Berlin and

- (3) 4 lb. 3 oz.

- (4) 2 lb. 0 oz.

Barton says that there is a six-pounder in the same place that he got these. It rose to his fly once and did not register again, while he was catching the ten pounds that the law allows. George asks, "Where did you say, Barton?"

## FOR THE GOOD OF OUR CITY

What has become of the parks that the Park Commissioners were going to build this summer?

Why not give the police field glasses? Perhaps then they could see autos using plain glass head lights.

A cover on the garbage carts would prevent a lot of the stuff being blown off again into the streets.

The railroads are supposed to maintain proper plank crossings. Why not get after them?

Nobody needs a yellow town sign to know when he has left Milan for Berlin. The bumps in the road are sufficient.

## COMING?

We have heard that the Portland office does not employ women. Perhaps because they are conducive to clean collars and clean language among the men. At Berlin Mills, however, we find them very helpful to morale, as well as important factors in making the wheels go around. On June 16, the Berlin Mills girls all primped up and went to a little party given by the photo section. John Graff's camera and Smithie's smile both survived the ordeal and if it wasn't for the long distance from electrotypers we'd publish the results in this issue, they'll be ready next time. Portland office and Woods Department, attention!

## OFFICE WINS

Last week came the finish of the Baseball League at Burgess. The Office team proved to be the winners, beating the Maintenance and Electrician.

Now for the feed, boys—are we ready? We'll say we are.



## "FROM THE MULTIGRAPH"

Have the clerks in the Brown Company offices noticed, of late, when they receive many of their office forms from the printer, a neat little Kraft label announcing that the contents of that particular package came "from the Multigraph?"

About ten years ago the Sulphite mill office purchased a queer looking machine that was supposed to be a rather advanced type of duplicator. It would print circular letters that had the appearance of typewritten work, and its makers claimed that it would do a fairly good job printing some kinds of office forms that were not too large or complicated. In no sense was it considered a regular printing press.

This first "multigraph" was installed in a tiny room, located about where the desk of Mr. Taft's stenographer now is. There was no regular operator. Main office clerks ran it in their spare time. Mr. Estabrook and Henry Gosselin invented a worm drive that made it possible to print letters at the rate of 800 a minute, if the unlucky operator could push them in fast enough. Everything but the actual turning had to be done by hand.

In a year or so the multigraph business had increased to the extent that it was given a home downstairs, where the lunch room is now, and "Hank" Porter has the distinction of being the first regular operator. A new machine with many improvements was added about this time.

Later, the multigraph occupied larger quarters in the old chemical laboratory on the third floor. The operator had a regular assistant, and several irregular ones from the Curve Room force.

In the winter of 1920 the building formerly used as a sub-station in the west yard was remodeled, and is now occupied by the multigraph, with a working force of three, and more needed, unless Mr. Hoyle eases up on orders. New steel shelving, cabinets, etc., have been installed, and the main office has nothing on this department in appearance and efficiency. We have two of the latest

type machines, two setting-up drums, a full line of special type, a paper cutter, perforating machine, etc. A new wire stitcher has recently been added.

This is not a multigraph ad, but to the casual observer it is really wonderful to watch the machine in operation. After the first adjustments are made, the operator has nothing to do but put in a stack of blank paper, cut to size, and remove the printed product occasionally. Making the first adjustments is not as easy as it sounds. A sheet of 13 lb. paper is as temperamental as a Minstrel Show girl. See Rae-burn.

It was always considered that while the multigraph did work very rapidly and economically, office forms that had to look "nice" must be made at a regular printery. We are afraid that this idea still exists to some extent in the purchasing department. The multigraph force hereby states that it will take a sheet of paper 8½x11 or smaller, and print anything on it that may be desired, as neatly and artistically as any printery, and at considerably less expense.

## HISTORY OF LA TUQUE

La Tuque has been known to exist for the past hundred years or more as a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Co., with headquarters in a log house situated at the head of the falls, very near the site of the building now standing. About thirty years later, the various lumber companies, then operating in the St. Maurice Valley, established their woods headquarters below the falls on the western bank. This afforded them a supply depot which they could supply by boat from Grand Piles some 65 miles distant, as the St. Maurice is navigable between La Tuque and this point for small craft.

During the next seventy years, La Tuque remained a busy logging centre with its huge log store houses, some of which still remain and are in use today.

Around these woods headquarters at the foot of the falls, grew the first real settlement, consisting of some twenty houses. It was not until 1907 that any settlement was made on the present town site, at which time the Canadian Northern Railway built into La Tuque their branch line from La Tuque Jct. in order to handle the supplies required by the lumbermen, and to assist in moving material to construct the National Transcontinental Railroad, which was passing through La Tuque.

At that time the town consisted of log cabins and black tarred paper shacks, scattered around at any point at which their builders saw fit to place them. These contained a shifting population of some 1800 people, drawn from all nations of the globe.

In 1910, the two towns which had during the previous year maintained separate municipal governments, were joined, and the present city of La Tuque came into being with a population of 2000 people.

During the month of September, 1909, the Berlin Mills Co. of Portland, Maine, decided to develop its Canadian holdings on the St. Maurice River. The Quebec and St. Maurice Industrial Co. Ltd. was formed, (later the Brown Corporation) and plans made to construct a thirty ton sulphate mill at La Tuque. Construction was started during October, 1909, and the mill began to produce pulp the first of July, 1910.

During the past ten years, from this small beginning, has grown the present modern plant with its yearly production of 62,000 tons of sulphate pulp, 15,000,000 feet B. M. of sawn lumber and 13,000 gallons of turpentine.

The growth of the town has kept pace with that of the mill until now it contains 6000 people, has well laid out and maintained streets, modern sewerage and water systems, electric light and telephone service, a fine theatre, City hall, good schools, churches, hospital—in fact all that a modern town should have.





## UPPER PLANTS NOTES

FOREST NURSERY AT  
CUPSUPTIC

Three-year-old trees for field planting were bought this year from three nurseries—the Northeastern Forestry Company at Cheshire, Conn.; the Keene Forestry Association at Keene, N. H., and the Maine State University nursery at Orono. Two-year-olds were also purchased and transplanted at the new nursery site at Cupsuptic. These will be ready to go into the woods next year. At the same time different varieties of spruce and pine seed have been sown at the nursery so that in a few seasons it will not be necessary to go outside for stock. Native trees raised right here in the region should prove to be the most satisfactory.

An ideal site for a forest nursery has been found at the Company's storehouse at the head of Cupsuptic Lake. Good soil and drainage conditions, together with a near-by shipping point, leave little to be desired. Several thousand young softwood trees are already getting their start at the Nursery before going into the woods—only a beginning, and worth a visit if you are in the vicinity.

Forest planting has been undertaken on an experimental scale by the Brown Company. During the past spring several thousand young white pines, Norway spruce, and white spruce were planted on two areas, one at Copperville and one on Township "D," Maine, near Bemis. The re-stocking of the Company's burned and cut-over lands with valuable and fast-growing softwood trees—in localities where such young growth does not come in of its own accord—constitutes one of the problems put up to the Forestry Division.

Two large burns were selected for this spring's experimental work. Both areas are supporting an open growth of young quaking aspen, or "popple," and are typical of hundreds of acres over the Company's holdings. White pine, Norway spruce, and white spruce are being tried out, and a few seasons' growth should demonstrate clearly which trees are best adapted to this class of land in this region.

The trees planted are six to 10 feet apart, making from 600 to 1000 per acre. They are three years old when set out and stand about six inches high. Don't expect them to look like Christmas trees for some years yet! They are rugged

little trees, however, and will survive almost anything except fire and prolonged drought in the first season. On May 20th, toward the end of a two weeks' dry spell, a Grand Trunk train went through as usual—this time leaving a wake of fire all the way from Shelburne to Groveton; as a consequence 12,000 of the young trees at Copperville were destroyed. They're pretty tough, but somehow they aren't fireproof!

More planting will be done this fall, after the growing season.

The following communication has been received at the Forestry Division:

Brown Company,  
Forestry Division.  
Gentlemen:—

May I respectfully call your attention to the deplorable condition of two old maple trees right in front of your office! Gus Carter says he can remember when those trees were first put there—nothing wrong with them in those days—now look at 'em! Now if you forestry fellers are any good why don't you get out and fix up those old-timers? Charity begins at home,—likewise tree doctorin', I'll tell 'em!

(Signed) OLD RESIDENT.

Anticipating some such outburst as this, experts from the Forestry Division have been investigating the trouble for some weeks since the occupation of their fine new quarters. A preliminary report discloses the fact that the two trees in question are dead or dying! A more detailed diagnosis is expected in the near future.

## MAIN OFFICE

Vacation time seems to be the ambition of everyone in the Main Office these days. It is sometimes a difficult matter to arrange a vacation schedule in each department owing to the fact that the majority prefer July or August, but since the burden of each one's work is borne by department mates it is usually first apply, first choice. It is interesting to note just how each selects a place to spend that two weeks. Several have already returned after spending their vacation as follows: Mr. Bailey chose to mingle with the G. O. P. at the Republican Convention at Chicago; Fyvie Riva preferred Peak's Island and Portland; Orena Mor-

ris decided she wanted a quiet place this year and chose Willoughby Lake, Vt., as the ideal spot; Grace Feindel thought New York the place and spent two weeks there with friends; Hazel Hughes stayed at home and took as her enjoyment the opportunity to prepare for a real journey; H. McMillan Warfield was in seclusion somewhere in New Hampshire for two weeks; Beede Parker visited various parts of Canada; Ralph Sylvester spent one week of his vacation at Lake Winnepesaukee, the remainder in Canada; Mr. T. W. Estabrook was with his family at Bailey's Island.

Mr. Bryant makes his usual "flying" trip to the only spot, "Success Pond," nearly every week. Are fish plenty? Mr. Bryant says he hasn't brought any meat up to the pond yet this summer.

Because of the increasing business of the Brown Company the office force is constantly growing. New additions are: Margaret Curley, Labor Department; Gaston Cournoyer, Electrical Department; Walter Thoits, Accounting Department.

Promotion was rapid with Russell Os- well. He was with us about one week in the Purchasing Department when he left to accept a better position in the Engineering Department at the Cascade.

Mr. Linton of the Traffic Department manages to have the Grand Trunk R. R. in such a condition that he is able to be with his family at the beach week ends.

Mr. Tankard is covering so much territory these days that it is hard to tell just what town in New Hampshire or Vermont he could be found in at any particular time.

Charles Baker entertained relatives this month with a trip through the White Mountains.

M. McCarthy enjoyed a week at Concord with the State Guard. "Mac" says that it is the only life.

Mr. Robert Smith of Mr. O. B. Brown's office is taking a much needed rest.

Mrs. Daphne Mooney Reid of the Labor Department has resigned her position, that she may closely attend to Mr. Reid's comfort. We feel assured that Daphne will prove to be a successful housekeeper.



## TUBE MILL No. 2

Godfrey Johnson has come to the conclusion that attractions in our locality are not exciting enough for him so has gone to Boston to take in some of the attractions of the "city." We sincerely hope that our young friend will not have any "gold bricks" or wooden nickels passed on him.

Our two representatives of Co. H, New Hampshire State Guard—namely, Wilkinson and Boisselle,—have returned from the annual manœuvres at Concord, N. H. From their remarks we should say that the time was not all spent doing "Squads east and west" and that Concord has other interesting features, for instance, the "nut factory" (Insane Asylum). It pleases us to know that neither of the two were recognized as eligible for board and room in that noted establishment.

Mr. Sloan, one of the core department workers, is now enjoying the first days of married life. We, his fellow workers, wish to extend our congratulations and best wishes for his future.

Ronald McDougall, commonly known as "Mac," has returned to work at this mill after several weeks delivering mail for "Uncle Sam." He is quite satisfied that government jobs are not always the easiest.

John Gallant is now operating the pointing machine and according to all reports John is some speed boy. He makes "Little Joe" do a bit of worrying keeping up with him and Joe has a reputation as a scorcher himself.

John McCormack has regained his good spirits again. We wonder why. Perhaps it is because of the fact that the Groveton Baseball team defeated the Nibrocs at Groveton. John is a resident of Groveton and of course such a result might go a long way toward cheering him up.

Who said the war was over? From the heated arguments between Hobbs and Langis it is apparent that such is not the case. However, they can be easily excused when even Congress refuses to end the war.

Although our clerk, Gordon Wilson, passed considerable time in the army, and although he was rated as musician first-class, he still persists in saying that the officers are not in it at all and that "the Buck" has no equal (Buck Private).

## ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT NOTES

Things are being rushed at the new Riverside Paper Mill in order to complete it so that an early start may be made in production. All available men have been used to help in laying concrete floors, which are necessary to allow starting the machines again.

Because of this demand for men it has been hard to supply various calls for one or two men at a time for small jobs.

Also because of the rush to complete the Riverside job it has been necessary to slow up the work on the new Hydro-electric development. The cofferdams are in place, however, together with the towers for concrete distribution and in a short time work will be commenced upon the gate house opposite Tube Mill No. 2. Later the power house itself will be started opposite the Sulphite Mill.

This department has recently acquired two new members for its staff. The first arrival, who has been with us a month or more, is "Bud" Jacobs, well known to baseball fans. The latest is Morton Stern, who is filling in during his summer vacation from Dartmouth College.

## RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

The gold medal of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers has just been awarded to Hugh K. Moore for the best original contribution on applied chemistry presented to the Institute during the years 1913 to 1919.

New employees of the Research Department are Harold E. Brakewood of Whitefield, who graduated this year from Colby College; Harold J. Campbell, Thomas A. Pickford, and Jere Steady, graduates of the local high school. Among the summer employees are Malcolm R. Bean of Boston University Law School, Marie Hodgdon, Eli Marcoux and John McCrystle of the University of Maine, and Robert Rich of Harvard Law School.

Dr. H. G. Byers has rented Barney Quinn's camp near the Ice Gulch at Gorham. Mrs. Byers and the children are here for the summer.

The Philotechnical Society has elected the following officers for the coming year: President, G. A. Richter; Secretary, G. L. Cave; Executive Committee, Mark Taylor, G. E. Wightman, F. M. Jones, Henry Chase and Henry Eaton.

Can you spell Lake Pennesseewassee? Anyway, VanArsdel can, for they had a house party down there over the Fourth. They included Mr. and Mrs. VanArsdel, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones, Dr. Curtis W. Thing, Alma Murray, Vira and Beatrice Hodgdon. VanArsdel acted as Treasurer and Ticket-keeper. Unfortunately, however, he did not take his little black Methodist bag nor wear his Sunday go-to-meeting clothes. And the conductor on the train didn't know him. So Van's party rode free of charge from Norway to South Paris. The conductor took his name and at Norway Van telephoned to the Ticket Agent at South Paris to find out whether the tickets had by chance been found on a bench in the station. Moreover, he bought new tickets at South Paris. The conductor was quite well pleased with them. Van found the others in his coat lining a little while afterwards and sent them in to the G. P. A. for adjustment.

These stories about Berlin that the boys write to their homefolks are very interesting. The Hopkinton, Iowa, Leader recently published an item in which it was said that Berlin, N. H., is a city of 180,000 people, half of whom are employed by the Brown Company. Curtis says it was a typographer's error. H. P. Vannah says that Berlin is growing fast enough now. He has sent his wife and children back to mother until a rent can found.

Rumor has it that "Smithie" indulges in pipe dreams and imagines himself at Palm Beach. Well, "Smithie," you may be there in September but you're not there now and WE would advise that you keep the Palm Beach suit out of sight until,—as before stated, SEPTEMBER.

The Photo Section is keeping a photographic record of the Brown Company. The collection covers in good shape the developments at Berlin during the past five years, but lacks important photographs taken on other operations in the United States and Canada, and during the earlier years of the Company's history. From the standpoint of the Company it is essential to have centralized photographic records. An appeal is made to men who possess valuable collections to make arrangements for duplication. Original films or plates are preferred, but prints can be used. With this material should come full data concerning names, places and dates. All loans will be returned in good order, and credit to the owners will be given on the list to be published. Some of the pictures may well find a place in the Bulletin. See that your operation is represented in the Photo Section exhibit of Brown Company activities.



D. H. White attended Commencement at Colby.

G. L. Cave presided at the annual meeting of the Bates Chapter of Delta Sigma Rho, the national debating society.

### KREAM KRISP DEPARTMENT

Thomas Currier has started work on his new home in Liberty Park.

Delphis Ramsay also has the building fever. He already has a running start on a new home on Hillside Ave.

Ed Reed and his crew of craftsmen are comfortably located in their new shop. Ed says that it is now possible to run a hack saw without knocking the skin off your elbows or knuckles on the walls.

Napoleon McNeil, an ex-YD man and employee of this plant, has returned to us after an absence of three years. We are glad to welcome him back and call him a friend.

Jim Pye, piper extraordinary, has signed up with this department. It looks like old times to see Jim on the job.

Alf Lavoie has a cow that gives forty quarts of milk each day. Alf says so himself. That sounds like "bull."

After wandering all over the North woods, getting wet, tired and hungry, and using considerable Italian, Henry Miller discovered that he had forgotten to put a hook on his line and for that, and no other conceivable reason, was catching no fish. Henry says now that he was just out for the hike and had no intentions of fishing.

Erwin Rines caught several nice trout recently but no one knows where.

After completing a seventy-two weeks course in Burdett's College, Boston, in the record time of thirty-five weeks, Miss Lepha Pickford has returned to this department, and the office has taken on a busier aspect and a brighter one. We are indeed very much pleased to see Lepha making the old Royal talk again.

Joe Lauze recently returned from an extended trip to Canadian points. Joe says that Canada is still a pleasant and prosperous country. Joe came home absolutely empty-handed as regards merry mucilage. Of course, that is what Joe says. We would hardly suspect Joe of coming home as he says he did because we think that he knows better.

## SULPHITE MILL GAS

Construction work is being held up by shortage of cement due to the general lack of cars and the inability of purchasing department to obtain delivery.

Suggestions for improvements to apparatus or anything relating to safety devices, will be gladly welcomed and receive prompt attention. John Dickey is nearly caught up on safety work, so find something that needs his attention and notify the engineering department.

Owen McCarty, by exercising his inventive ability, has saved a good deal of time and hard work in framing timbers for walls of blow-pits. By combining an air drill tool and a circular saw, with a wooden frame, the machine will square off 6" timbers and gain back the ends for framing roof.

McCarty and crew have been transferred to chemical mill to build a large salt shed.

Still waiting for boiler tubes.

What's the matter with you sulphite mill men? We have the best safety organization of any mill and are always ready to make things safer and yet the monthly returns show that we are having more accidents than any other branch, and all absolutely foolish accidents caused by your own carelessness. Such as men cutting themselves with axes, hitting themselves with hammers, sticking pickaroons in their feet, etc.

Wake up and see if you can't make this accident list shorter. If you cut out the careless ones there will be a very short list next month.

## BROWN CORPORATION

The pictures in the June issue of the Bulletin, of the "Burgess Minstrel Show" were almost the cause of serious unrest among the unmarried men of the office staff. One was overheard to say when he looked at the "Burgess Bunch of Peaches," "If that's the sort they have at Berlin we ought to get a job there."

Good progress is reported on most of our construction jobs, although in some cases work is delayed for certain material and skilled labor.

An extra furnace is in process of being built in the recovery room, and in the wood room we have a new Knotter screen.

We have four piles at La Tuque, viz: Coal, pulpwood, lumber and pulp. The first is attaining comforting dimensions, the second and third are gaining every day just as we like to see them, while the fourth and last is being gradually reduced. This is chiefly due to our being able now to load the pulp in coal cars. We cannot help wishing this could have been done some time sooner. To facilitate this loading a special conveyor is being installed.

Our Safety First organization is still a wide awake body and weekly inspections take place and regular reports are made, also every recommendation carefully considered and where possible acted upon.

A new digester has been ordered which with an additional storage tank in the new wash room will help to increase our daily production.

The lumber yard is making a conspicuous land mark viewed from almost any point around La Tuque. This is due to good steady work in the saw mill and the work of the new piling machine recently acquired.

In view of the proneness of humanity to indifference and carelessness it behoves every individual to back the efforts of the Company in its efforts to save life and limb.



On our last fire inspection we attained the best mark ever, the report being "excellent."

Our statement that Henry Much had reformed was evidently premature, for sad to relate he now sees snakes on his fishing trips and of very uncertain length. What next, Henry?

Mr. John Heck of Portland has been paying us a visit for the purpose of coordinating the systems of Woods Department accounts in the various places in the Province of Quebec with that used at La Tuque.

Mr. Ed Moore, we regret to say, was compelled to go into hospital at Montreal, where he had to undergo an operation. This was successful and "Ed" is now recuperating at the home of his mother at St. Stephen, N. B. The main office has certainly felt his absence and so has the boarding house.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Maxwell are at time of writing taking a well earned rest at Gorham, N. H.

Many of the boys are just now making up their minds where is the best place to spend their vacation, and thinking of all those "sweet nothings" they will pour into willing ears down home or elsewhere.

## AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CHEMICAL ENGINEERS VISITS LA TUQUE

The American Institute of Chemical Engineers having decided to make a tour of Canadian Manufacturing centers it was only natural, in view of Mr. H. K. Moore's connection with both the Institute and the Brown Corporation, that the members should accept the hearty invitation of the Brown Corporation to visit La Tuque under the guidance of Mr. Moore, to whose work La Tuque owes so much.

The special train conveying the Engineers arrived at La Tuque early on the morning of July 3rd. On alighting from their temporary home on wheels all had a printed program of the day's proceedings, which showed the following items:—

- 9.00 a. m. Inspection of Plant.  
Automobile sight seeing tour of the town for the ladies.
- 12.00 Noon Leave mill for Sorting Gap. (via train and Bostonnais).
- 1.00 p. m. Lumberman's Dinner.
- 2.00 p. m. Songs of the Canadian Lumberjack.  
Log rolling contest.  
Breaking down the jam.  
Bateaux race.  
Log race.

Log chopping contest.

4.00 p. m. Leave for Ha Ha Bay, on the Saguenay.

After the inspection of the mill was completed the party was conveyed to the Sorting Gap where the sorting of logs was in full swing, and after watching this with interest a regular lumberman's dinner (plus a little Quebec beer) was served in the Sorting Gap cook house.

In a short and kindly worded speech Mr. Simmons Brown welcomed the President and members of the Institute to La Tuque, and after a graceful reply by Mr. R. S. Weston, the president, the excellent repast was enjoyed, following which there was given a glimpse of the woods and lumbermen's amusements and contests. All the items as shown on the official program proved highly interesting and entertaining. As the proceedings were concluded about 3.30 p. m., the members of the Institute rejoined their railway cars leaving La Tuque about 4p. m., everyone expressing delight at the pleasure their visit had afforded them.

The committee having charge of the arrangements were Simmons Brown, B. Bjornlund, W. L. Gilman and Fred Gilman, every one of whom exerted himself to insure the pleasure and happiness of all the visitors.



## CASCADE JUICE



H. R. Titus is assisting in the plant laboratory for the summer season.

A visitor now coming "looking around" to see how we made pulp and paper, would think that the outer entrance was over a mud heap. We will have to make some excuses due to the excavation of the wood room basement, but when the actual operation of the new dryer starts, we will not make any excuses, because we won't have to.

Spike Hennessy is taking four men's jobs for a couple of weeks at the River-side mill.

Maurice Thurlow is employed in the chart department for the summer, during his vacation from Bates college.

Mike Murtagh is working at his old position in the main office. Looks kind o' natural.

Ike Webber of the Research is on the Research-Cascade staff. We've got to have a Webber, and when we lost Al, we had to have Ike.

Jack Williams is working in the Kraft shed.

Jack Reed has been transferred to the sulphur chloride plant from the Research Cascade staff.

There was considerable excitement in the Horne beater room, when the stuff pipe from the Kraft shedders burst, through some unaccountable reason, and Nibroc was smeared over the floor worse than they smeared the Gorhams. That's pretty good, eh, George.

Mr. Bean spent the week-end in Bethel, in fact any spare time seems to be "kind o' divided" up with the Maine town. May be something to it, I don't know.

Mr. Jack Ward, expert on limestone, is searching for some new specimens. Did you know that there was a quarry in Groveton, Jack?

Ludger Tanguay of the machine room was married the 12th of July, and is looking normal again; meaning that he has lost that worried look of wondering about the girl, only to start trying to figure out how to beat the old H. C. L. Jack says that he wishes he had studied chemistry, that H. C. L. stuff is the only thing that comes easy to him.

The fakirs are holding the stage nearly every morning, and you can procure anything from a razor to cut iron, and then shave, to corn remedies that would take the corns off a tobacco store Indian. That's what they guarantee, and it must be so—although they don't wait for the cure to be made.

The Nibroc team is meeting with good success, and has been defeated only twice this season. It is a hard proposition for any locality to pick a team of such good material all through, without taking into account individuals who are as fast as many semi-professional teams. When they play such teams as Sanford put on the field, and are only defeated by going extra innings, with such men as Freddie Parent, the ex-Red Sox star, and "Hypie" Rowe whom Connie Mack led off the batting order for the Philadelphia Athletics, when Phillies were playing real baseball some years ago, I'm telling you, Steve, they're there. There seems to be a great deal of enthusiasm over trimming teams of lesser abilities, though, and some Gorham men now come in the back way, according to the Dryer Room-Swift tour weigher. Jimmy Larmey is still with us, regardless of reports to the contrary.



## PAUL BUNYON'S COOK SHANTY

The following woods story is taken from the collection of Professor P. S. Lovejoy of the Department of Forestry of the University of Michigan. Stories of a similar nature have been told in bunk shanties all over the country. Among the old-timers there must be memories of those that have gone the rounds in our own camps. In case you have heard one, send it in.

"Once the King of Sweden drove all the good farmers out of the country and a Senator from North Dakota he wanted all the fine upstanding timber cleared off the whole State so as to make room for them, so he asked Paul Bunyon for to do the job and Paul took the contract. Paul cut lumber out in North Dakota at the rate of a million foot an hour, and he didn't hardly know how to feed his men, he had so many in the camp. The worst trouble was with his hot-cake griddle. It weren't near big enough though it were a pretty good size. The cookees used to grease it with telephone poles with bunches of gunny sacks on the end, but it weren't near big enough. Paul knew where he could get a bigger griddle but he didn't hardly know how to get it to the camp. When it was got up on one aide it made a track as wide as a wagon road and it were pretty hard to lift. So Paul thought, and finally he hitched up his mule team. That mule team could travel so fast when they had their regular feed of seven bushels of wheat apiece that nobody couldn't hold them, and Paul had to drive them to a flat-bottomed wagon without no wheels. This time Paul hitched a couple of these here electro-magnets on the back as he drove off to where the griddle was, and

he swung them magnets round till he got the griddle on its aide, and then he drove of sliperty cut to the camp, and he got the griddle a-going round so fast he didn't hardly know how to stop it, but he got her near the place where he wanted it, and then he let her go by herself, and she went round and round and round and round, gittin' nearer and nearer the center, and finally she gouged out a hole big enough for a furnace and settled down on top. Then Paul he built a corral around the griddle and put a diamond-shaped roof over it, and built some grain elevators alongside, and put in eight of the biggest concrete mixers he could find. Long in the afternoon every day they'd begin to fill the elevators and start the mixers, and then the cookees would grease the griddle. They all had slabs of bacon on their feet and they each had their routes. Paul he fixed up a fence of chicken wire round the aide, in case some cookees didn't get off quick enough when the batter began to roll down, so's they'd have some place to climb to. When the batter was all ready somebody on the aide used to blow a whistle, and it took four minutes for the sound to get across. Then they'd trip the chute, and out would roll a wave of hot-cake batter four feet high, and any poor cookee that was overtook was kinda out of luck.

"Paul's cook shanty was so big that he had to have lunch counters all along the wall so's the hands could stop and get something to eat before they found their places or else they'd get faint a-looking for them. Paul he had the tables arranged in three decks, with the oldest hands on the top; and the men on the second deck wore tin hats like a fireman's with little spouts up the back, and away from the

third deck Paul ran a V-flume to the pig-pen, for Paul he did hate waste. The problem was how to get the grub to the crew fast enough, because the cookees had so far to go from the cook-shanty that it all got cold before they could get it on to the table. So Paul he put in a stop-clock ten foot across the face so he could see it any place in the eating shanty, and he got in one of these here efficiency experts, and they got it all timed down to the plumb limit how long it ought to take to get that food hot to the table. Then Paul he decided to put in some Shetland ponies on roller skates for to draw the food around, and everything seemed fine. But them ponies was trotters and they couldn't take the corners with any speed, and Paul he had to learn 'em how to pace, and a whole lot of victuals was wasted while he was a-learnin' of them, and Paul was losing time and he knowed it. So finally he done away with the ponies and put in a train of grub cars with switches and double track and a loop at the end back to the main line, so that when the cars got started proper they came back by themselves. And Paul put in a steel tank special for the soup, with an air-compressor cupola, six hundred pounds to the square inch, and they used to run the soup down to the men through a four-inch fire hose which the feller on top used to open up as he came through.

"Once Paul planted a grain of corn and it grew so fast that nobody could see the top. Big Swede Charlie climbed up it to have a look at the country but he couldn't climb down again because she grew faster than what he could slide. After a while Paul he decided that Charlie must be getting hungry so he got out his shot-gun. Usually he loaded her with a dish-pan full of



powder and brickbats, but this time he rammed her full of dough-god biscuits, and they must have kept Charlie a-going for a while, because later when the corn begun to get ripe a lot of little corncobs begun to drop down, showing that Charlie was eating the corn. One day the commanding officer of the Great Lakes Naval Station come round all fixed up with ribbons on his uniform, and he says to Paul, 'Sir, I got orders for you to cut this here cornstalk down.' Paul says, 'That ain't got nothing to do with me. The President of United States or the Secretary of War or Admiral Dewey can't make me cut down that there cornstalk ef I don't want to.' 'But,' says the officer, 'the roots of this here cornstalk go down so deep and spread out so wide that they reach in under Lake Michigan on the one side and in under Lake Huron on the other, and the level's goin' down so fast it interferes with navigation.' So Paul he decides to cut down the cornstalk, and he sends for his best broadaxe man, and he signals for them to begin a-chopping by shooting of his gun. But the cornstalk grew so fast that they couldn't chop twice in the same place and they couldn't make a chip. So Paul goes to the logging railroad and he rips up a rail out of the wreck, and it were a quarter of a mile long and foot square, and he makes a cable out of it and ties it in a knot around the cornstalk, so the faster she grew the more she cut herself, and finally after a long while she began to topple over. They had to warn the people which way she was going to fall, and the logging engineer had to get off two miles before he could sight the top of her with a telescope and see which way she was leaning; and they could hear the wind a-whistling through her two and

a half days before the top of her ever struck the earth. They never did find out just how tall she were even when the dust was all cleared away for she was all ravelled out by the wind, falling. One ear of corn drove plumb down into the earth and stuck so tight Paul couldn't get it out even with his blue ox hitched to it, so he hitched up his mules, but then he only got the cob, and the grains filled up a well forty-foot deep."

### THE EXECUTIVE

[By Rufus T. Strohm.]

I met Hoke Higginson last week  
A-lookin' mighty slim an' sleek,  
Sez I to him: "Well, I'll allow  
You've got a real job jus' now."  
An' Hoke he luffed an' winked at me;  
"I'm an executive," sez he.  
"I wish that you'd explainify  
Jus' what you mean by that," sez I.  
Sez Hoke "I'm one of them there men  
That git to work at nine or ten,  
When every common office clerk  
Has done about a half-day's work.  
I look a pile of letters through  
An' maybe answer one or two,  
An' then my innards git a hunch  
They're due for somethin' like a lunch;  
So out I go to some cafe  
An' stow a good square meal away.  
"I saunter in again at three,  
To see if there's a job for me,  
Although my six assistants keep  
The work from pilin' in a heap  
I pause to tell the newest joke,  
An' then I have a little smoke,  
For though there are 'No Smoking' signs,  
No true executive opines  
That any sign could possibly  
Be meant for such a bird as he.  
"An' while I smoke I sit an' scan  
The details of a little plan  
That I've arranged for puttin' through  
Some work that I don't have to do,  
I love to set folks on the run  
An' have 'em sweatin' to git done  
A nasty bit of labor such  
As I myself 'ud hate to touch.  
"Then, when the clock is strikin' four,  
You'll see me waitin' at the door.  
While Jackson in the gas coupe  
Chugs up to carry me away.  
But let me whisper in your ear,  
If things don't moderate this year  
An' sort of ease the strain, by heck,  
I'm gonna be a nervous wreck!"

## ACCIDENTS FOR JUNE

### CASCADE MILL

The following is a list of all accidents which occurred at the Cascade mill during the month of June, 1920.

Serious accidents	1
Without loss of time	9
Minor accidents	5

Total accidents	15
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### SERIOUS ACCIDENTS

John Toohey, got asbestos in both eyes.

### WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

Leo Hamel, jammed between motor truck and truck loaded with sulphite.  
Leonal Halpin, hit on right side of head by board, cutting gash 1½ inches long.

John Smith, dropped core on left knee.

Leon Spears, tripped by wire stretched across path.

Leo Rancourt, foreign matter in right eye.

Geo. Oullette Jr., hit on right arm by drill.

Earl Gill, fell from platform, hurt left side.

Henry Tuttle, stuck pickaroon in right ankle.

Gabriel Gatania, jammed second finger of left hand.

### MINOR ACCIDENTS

Ludger Tanguay, sprained right ankle.

Arthur Farladeau, hit on right leg by stick of pulp wood.

John Bigl, smashed big toe of right foot.

Laurent Favreau, hit on back by roll of paper.

Eddie Tash, eye strained by arc from electric welders.

### SULPHITE MILL

Accidents without loss of time	45
Minor accidents	18
Fatal and serious accidents	0

Total number for June	63
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### ACCIDENTS WITHOUT LOSS

#### OF TIME

Andrew Cots, pushing big piece of wood into chipper, small piece of wood flew and struck him over right eye.

Fred Durant, cut third finger on rough part of shaft.

Albert Frechette, tightening joint of acid line at digester house, wrench slipped and struck left eye.

William Zolnerick, Struck thumb of right hand on grease cups of shaker and strained ligaments of thumb.

Alec Goodreau, cut little finger of right hand on axe.



Alfred Royer, cut foot slightly on pickaroon.  
 Angus Trembly, cut foot slightly on pickaroon.  
 Charles Fountain, caustic spurt into his left eye.  
 A. F. Coulon, lacing belt, lacing broke and hook struck eyelid left eye, lacerating it.  
 Joseph Lapointe, got sliver into fleshy part of thumb.  
 William Barriman, caught left hand between hopper and bar.  
 Wm. S. Innes, foreign matter in eye. Eye became inflamed.  
 Perley Hall, tube flew back off belt and struck him on the nose.  
 Harry Cough, acid dripped in eye.  
 Clarence Dupill, caught middle finger between pan and truck.  
 Joseph Frenette, sliver stuck in thumb under the nail.  
 Armand Lambert, punctured foot with pickaroon.  
 Pat Dorion, caught finger between wrapping table and pulp.  
 Grante Antonio, pickaroon struck and punctured left hand.  
 Arthur McKenzie, sprained right wrist.  
 Emil Ouellette, pickaroon struck foot.  
 Ernest Parisee, Pekoski swung pickaroon back and hit Parisee on head.  
 Henry Murphy, jammed finger between iron plate and bolt of motor.  
 Herbert Hjelm, dirt flew in eye causing it to be inflamed.  
 Adlard Lemerise, slipped on wet floor and skinned shin.  
 Edmund Gagne, cut gash in shin with axe.  
 Steve Melnick, cut shin with axe.  
 Joe Arsenaault, pickaroon slipped off log and cut him over left eye.  
 James Rabieau, cut big toe, right foot with axe.  
 Jules Gracrio, dust flew in left eye.  
 A. T. Coulon, struck back of hand with hammer.  
 Joe Couture, got long scratch on left shoulder.  
 Fred Dupuis, dust blew in eye.  
 Con. Snigger, axe slipped from wood and cut small gash on head.  
 John Choghsy, slipped and scraped shin.  
 Alp. Chalifour, struck right leg with pickaroon.  
 Stuben Ochunchuk, got struck by pickaroon.  
 Richard Legere, got right ankle punctured with pickaroon.  
 Joseph Marcou, cut thumb of right hand with axe.  
 Fred M. King, foreign matter in eye.  
 Mike Carrier, small pieces of wood flew and cut his right elbow.

## MINOR ACCIDENTS

Martin Ross, punctured top of left foot with pickaroon.  
 Scifo Pieiro, jammed fingers between pump and truck.  
 Adolph Lacroix, struck left wrist on axe cutting gash 1 inch long.  
 Alphonse Deroche, fell and cut left eye.  
 Louis Brunnelle, felt roll fell off rack and struck him on left foot, fracturing same.  
 Ivan Olsuk, caught finger between log and carrier, bruising and lacerating same.  
 Ed. Routhier, steam burned both hands.  
 Alec McLean, small plank struck him on head cutting gash 2½ inches long.  
 Arthur Lamontague, cut big toe of right foot with axe.  
 Joseph Gobel, punctured knee with pickaroon.  
 Louis Martel, caustic in right eye.  
 Jos. Lapointe, caustic in left eye.  
 Delphi Caouette, dirt in right eye, eye became red and swollen.  
 Andrew Mox, dust flew in eye and inflamed it.  
 Herman Montminy, struck on little toe with hammer.  
 Wallace Graves, fell and injured right foot.  
 Archie Lemieux, small piece of graphite in left eye.  
 Tom Rooster, caught two fingers between wood and splitter.

## UPPER PLANTS

Accidents in Upper Plants during June.

Number of accidents	. . . 28
Without loss of time	. . . 18

Louis Coarr working on new construction was using a rip saw and board flew back hitting his hand, breaking it. This man was out five weeks.  
 Wilfred St. Pierre working on new construction was climbing up wall on new form and hit his knee on nail sticking nail in knee cap.  
 Otto Garland working at New Riverside Mill was walking up form and a rusty nail sticking out of board punctured his instep.  
 Joseph Turcotte was trying to straighten up saw guard as saw was stopped and it started of its own accord and cut left hand in four places.  
 Ed. St Clair working at New Riverside Mill with another workman, who threw a rock and it struck St. Clair's little finger, right hand, crushing it badly.  
 Albert Fisher was tightening a coupling and neck of coupling turned quickly and wrench slipped and struck him

on head in back of right ear.

Nazarre Bergeron was cutting belt with jack knife and knife slipped and cut a deep gash on inner part of right knee.

Ed Blinn was working around locomotive and a heavy bolt slipped and struck him on his foot.

John McDonald brushed some small blocks away from saw with index finger instead of using a stick and cut end of finger off.

Peter Champoux put clip on press as lever was depressed and his thumb was jammed badly.

## TIMBER RESOURCES OF ALASKA

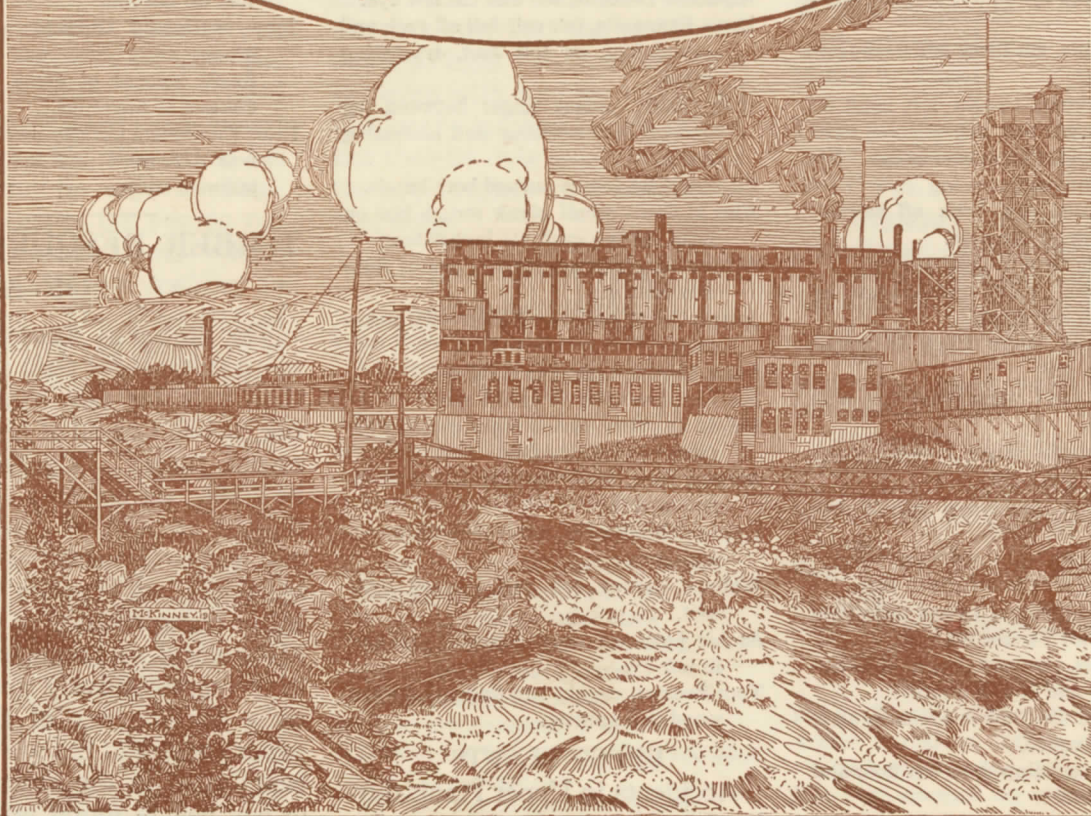
The timber in Alaska is much more suitable for pulp and paper than it is for saw timber, says the British Consul at Seattle in a recent report. "Consequently," he adds, "on account of the unlimited amount of cheap wood and immense quantities of cheaply installed water power with deep water transportation to the doors of the world, southeastern Alaska in the comparatively near future must become one of the great paper centers of the world." The best timber in the coastal region or wet belt is found in the Tongass National Forest which comprises nearly all of southeastern Alaska. It is estimated that this region contains 70,000,000,000 board feet of merchantable timber, of which hemlock makes up 65 per cent, Sitka spruce, 20 per cent, red cedar, 7 per cent, yellow cypress, 5 per cent, and other species, 3 per cent.

During 1918, nearly 18,000,000 board feet of hemlock piling was cut on the Tongass National Forest, this being used chiefly for fish traps and wharves. From 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 feet of Sitka spruce is cut annually on the Tongass and Chugach National Forests.

During the war, Alaska furnished large quantities of the very best airplane lumber that was secured, this being practically the only lumber that Alaska has ever exported.



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OUR daily production of 600 air-dry tons of Bleached Sulphite Fibre from our mill at Berlin, New Hampshire, ensures uniform quality, prompt shipments and market prices for our customers.



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