



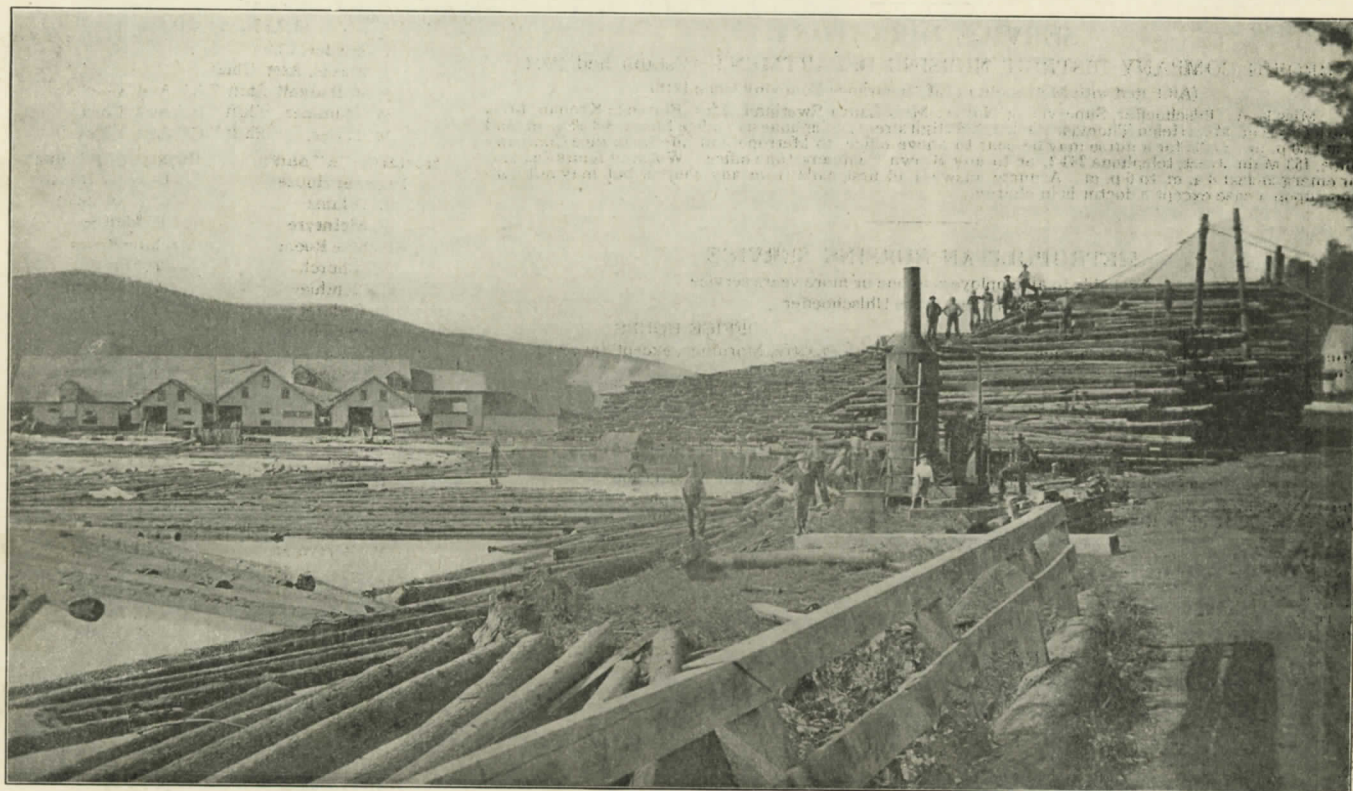
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

Volume II

DECEMBER, 1920

Number 6

ORIGINAL SAW MILL, 1884



At that time the only mill of the Brown Company. Four log runways and a part of the old grist mill are shown. Spruce lumber was the main product. In the foreground is the west bank of the Androscoggin. Then there was nothing on the east bank of the river. The Boston & Maine had not yet come to Berlin. The blacksmith shop is hidden by the far end of the log pile. The machine shop had not been built. This first saw mill burned July 11, 1897.

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 6

Editor-in-chief—W. E. Taft
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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

Miss E. A. Uhlshoeffer, Supervising Nurse; Miss Laura Swetland, Mrs. Florence Keenan, Miss Laura Croteau, Miss Helen Thomas. Office, 226 High street; telephone 85; office hours, 8-8.30 a. m. and 12.30-1.30 p. m. Calls for a nurse may be sent to above office, to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company office, 153 Main street, telephone 283-2, or to any Brown Company time office. Working hours (except for emergencies) 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. A nurse answers all first calls from any source, but may not continue upon a case except a doctor is in charge.

METROPOLITAN NURSING SERVICE

Available to all employees of one or more years service
 CHIEF NURSE, Miss Uhlshoeffer

FIRST AID STATION

NURSE IN CHARGE, Miss H. R. Thomas
 CONSULTING PHYSICIAN FOR NOVEMBER,
 Dr. Lavallee

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UPPER PLANTS, Mornings, except Sat., 9-12; Sat.,
 9-10.30.
 SULPHITE MILL, Afternoons, except Sat., 2-5;
 Sat. 10.30-12.

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HOSEMEN "A" SHIFT

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P. McIntyre

Machine Room

W. Church

J. Clouthier

E. Cadorette

E. Perron

F. King

W. Rosseau

Wood Room

J. Violet

H. Mader

A. Holt

B. Dillon

HOSEMEN "B" SHIFT

Digester House

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E. McKee

Machine Room

P. Hayes

C. Bergeron

C. Locke

F. Francour

A. Dion

F. Theborge

Wood Room

D. McNichol

A. Labelle

C. Picard

C. Murphy

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J. Keating

Machine Room

L. Stewart

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N. Couture

O. Beaulac

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F. Gagne

Wood Room

T. Belanger

A. Croteau

F. Dupuis

F. Biladeau

EXTRA HOSEMEN

A. Hamilton

F. White

A. Nadeau

J. Dickey

L. Frechette

J. Moody

P. Thomas

W. Tremblay, Manning Fire Pump, Shift "A"
 J. Woods, Manning Fire Pump, Shift "B"
 E. Lagassie, Manning Fire Pump, Shift "C"
 J. Brunelle, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "A"
 J. Caie, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "B"
 F. Donahue, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "C"
 P. Larochelle, Repair Inspector

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The annual meeting of the Brown Publishing Association will be held at the Y. M. C. A. at 5.00 p. m., Tuesday, December 7th, for the purpose of electing officers for the year 1921 and all members are requested to be present. If you feel that the Brown Bulletin is fulfilling its purpose come and show that you are actively interested. If you feel that it is failing to do so, come and tell why.

W. E. TAFT, Chairman.

The suggestion boxes mentioned in the advertisement on the last page of this issue are the Brown Bulletin boxes to be found in the various time offices. Signed suggestions for material improvements are referred directly to the management. In a number of instances favorable action has been taken before the Bulletin went to press.

SOME PEOPLE ARE
NEVER SATISFIED

Getting out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling for news.

If we rustle for news, we are not attending to business in our own dept.

If we wear old clothes we are slovenly.

If we wear new ones they are not paid for.

If we don't print the contributions from the boxes, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them the paper is filled with junk.

What is a fellow to do anyhow?

Like as not some fellow will say we clipped this from an exchange. So we did.

SOMEWHERE ON THE DEAD DIAMOND



PHOTO TAKEN BY MRS. NELLIE BOWKER

CHRISTMAS

A time to remember our loved ones.

When we think of Christmas most of us think of a family reunion, a Christmas tree, lots of good things to eat, and presents for our loved ones.

"Presents for our loved ones—" things to amuse them, toys, candy, books, pretty things to wear. How much they all add to the happiness of the holidays!

But how much more important than all these little things—for they are little things after all—to make some provision for our loved ones in case some Christmas some one of us should not be with them to provide all of these!

How much more important to make some provision for their shelter, food, clothing—the things they really *need*—should the unexpected happen, and the bread winner be taken from them!

That's why our Company adopted its Group Insurance Plan.

Your Life Insurance Certificate is a remembrance from the Company, not only you, but to the folks at home.

Kindness and courtesy would be seen more often if some people didn't mistake the former for weakness and the latter for cowardice.

TEMISCOUATA DISTRICT

Received too late for publication in regular space

"Isle Verte

A 35

B 10

C 16

D 0"

No, this is not a bunch of football signals; it's merely the Temiscouata District office trying to 'phone one of its daily car reports to the beautiful blond telegraph operator at Riviere du Loup, for transmission to Quebec. The good Lord knows what her version of it will be by the time it reaches there. But what do we care, Mr. Editor, the cars are loaded and headed for Berlin, and haven't we sent out our flock of little ol' Confirmation Post Cards to Quebec and Berlin and Portland? I suppose after we get organized a little better, we'll be sending them to the Kream Krisp and Research departments!

Will Topping is making every effort to sustain his maximum of 18 loaded cars per day at Isle Verte, and is certainly doing his part in speeding things up to take advantage of the present available car supply. Topping has had a great assortment of empties at his plant, and says he can get pulp into anything from an oil tank to a refrigerator car.

Foreman Morel at St. Rose has a little loading under way on the Temiscouata, too. And, by the way, Morel recently completed one of the first fall drives that has been necessary in his part of the country in a long time. Owing to low water, and a neighboring driver's overzealousness, we had about 800 cords hung up on the River Perche last spring, which Morel succeeded in bringing down after the rains this fall.

SAFETY LIMERICKS

There once was an onery guy,
Who oft made the safety man suy,

As he worked he would swear
That no goggles he'd wear,
Now he's wearing a patch on his ey.

Another nut fooled with the juice
In a high voltage line that was luice,

He always was scoffin'
Now he's lining a coffin,
If they must die to learn, what's the uice?
—Pulp and Paper Magazine.

Teacher—"How is it that you are so late, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Cause there was a man pinched for stealin' hens and setting a house on fire, an' knockin' down five policemen an' mither sent me roon to see if it was father.—London Blighty.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

Occasionally the digester and acid plants greet us with odors very far from pleasing, but the other morning when Chef Felix opened a can of "clams" for one of his special customers in the lunch room, there blossomed forth, even unto the far corners of the offices, an odor that put acid and gas in the carnation class. Business was mighty dull in the lunch room for quite a period after the opening of this lily. Appetites left for parts unknown along with many occupants of the lunch room. Briggs was probably high bidder on these clams at some auction.

If the "Home Brew" is banned by the Volstead Act, why not have it enforced in the main office. This "home brew ink" being produced has got any "kitchen home brew" stopped forty ways. It is great stuff to paint with and it has been moved and seconded that it be passed on to the sign painters and no questions asked.

When we are paying \$10.00 for less than half a cord of wood way up here in the North Country, we often wonder what this wood costs if it ever reaches the big cities. This charge seems to be almost unreasonable, and it would seem that the profit must be excessive. Even paying men \$4.00 per cord for cutting, and figuring \$6.00 per cord for miscellaneous handling there would be a good 50 per cent profit. Is the public the goat on this wood question, as usual, or are the wood men really justified in asking such high prices?

If there is a sealer of weights and measures in this locality we think it would be a good plan to size up some of the carts going around town marked 80 cubic feet in box car letters. To the naked eye some of these carts look suspicious. The wood being thrown into these carts loose, the ultimate consumer, even though the carts measure up to standard, gets probably three cord feet of darn poor wood. We stand for it meekly and consider they are doing us a favor in sending us the wood at all. If the wood is dumped within twenty feet of where we want it we feel we ought to give the teamster a cigar.

A young deer was recently seen eating cabbage leaves near the convent on the East Side. A full grown deer with antlers about a foot long was also seen. Where they came from is not known but they seemed to be pretty tame.

Cheer up, Mr. Raeburn, you'll soon be Mayor of Copperville.

Mich, to Arthur: "The more talking I do the fewer votes I get."

Arthur: "That's right, Mich."

Jos. Bergeron, who is a fast and wonderful man at unloading wood, recently challenged any man. Leon Labonte got the challenge over him. This winter Mr. Bergeron is to have a job on the pond blasting. He is afraid to go on the boom.

Mr. Haskell of the laboratory had better keep an eye on the pipettes. The papers say they are using them to draw the strong water from their pockets and shoot it into ginger ale.

On Monday morning, November 8th, Sam Hickey woke up to see Mother Earth covered with snow. So Sam shouldered his rifle and boldly marched through the wild and wooly woods of Cate's Hill. As he walked stealthily through the woods to avoid making any unnecessary noise, he noticed in the distance something that moved. Living up to his reputation for bravery Sam advanced to see what he could see. Instead of the bear walking over the mountain to see what he could see, Sam walked through the woods to see a bear. (?) He fired repeatedly with a steady aim and wounded the bear, but lost track of it after following it some distance.

Fred Lambert does not have to go to sea to get sea sick. Fred and a party were on Long Pond in a motor boat and Fred was telling the boys how sick he was. "I would get sea sick if I looked in a tub of water," he said. It was all right to tell them you were sick in the old days, Fred, and expect someone to respond, but that doesn't work when it costs twenty dollars a quart.

L. Z. Morel of the lime room has returned from a two weeks' vacation spent at Fitchburg, Mass., Providence, R. I., and Sanford, Maine.

Abraham Haddad of the lime room has been visiting in Manchester, N. H.

From a room upstairs: "O'Neil Plummer, what did you do with the curling iron, you were the last to use it."

When Fred Lambert heard of the Democrats' defeat, he said he was going to a place where Republicans were never heard of. If you cannot find such a place, Fred, you might follow this suggestion, move over in Ward 4 and let John Lavoie move up to ward 3.

Ambrose Hickey went out hunting recently and was not having very good luck, but on the way home Ambrose ran into a bear, took one look and kept on running. When he was a short ways from the house, Ambrose started to call: "Mother, Mother, open the door, I am bringing him home alive."

Wanted:—A boy to carry sample tags from the multigraph room. Apply Harry Wheeler.



A discussion with flavor took place one evening in the time office, which goes to show that the timekeeper's watchful eye is ever on us. When one of our department heads started to cross the threshold with a lady friend his attention was called to the sign which reads: "No visitors allowed after 5 p. m." He was finally identified by a machine room foreman and permitted to enter the mill. The timekeeper mentioned above, being a new recruit, was from Missouri.

One touch of nature makes the whole wonder if you will stand for another touch. Ask any cigarette smoker.

SULPHITE MILL GAS---Cont.

THINGS WE CAN'T
UNDERSTAND

What has become of Jim Fagan's old straw hat?

Who passed Amie Lavoie's wedding cigars around?

Why Michaud does not make as much noise now as he did before election.

Why Henry Cadorette and Mr. Larue, the politician, are such good friends.

Our little captain. John Lavoie, is going to move his family somewhere in Ward three. All his hens and cats are for sale.

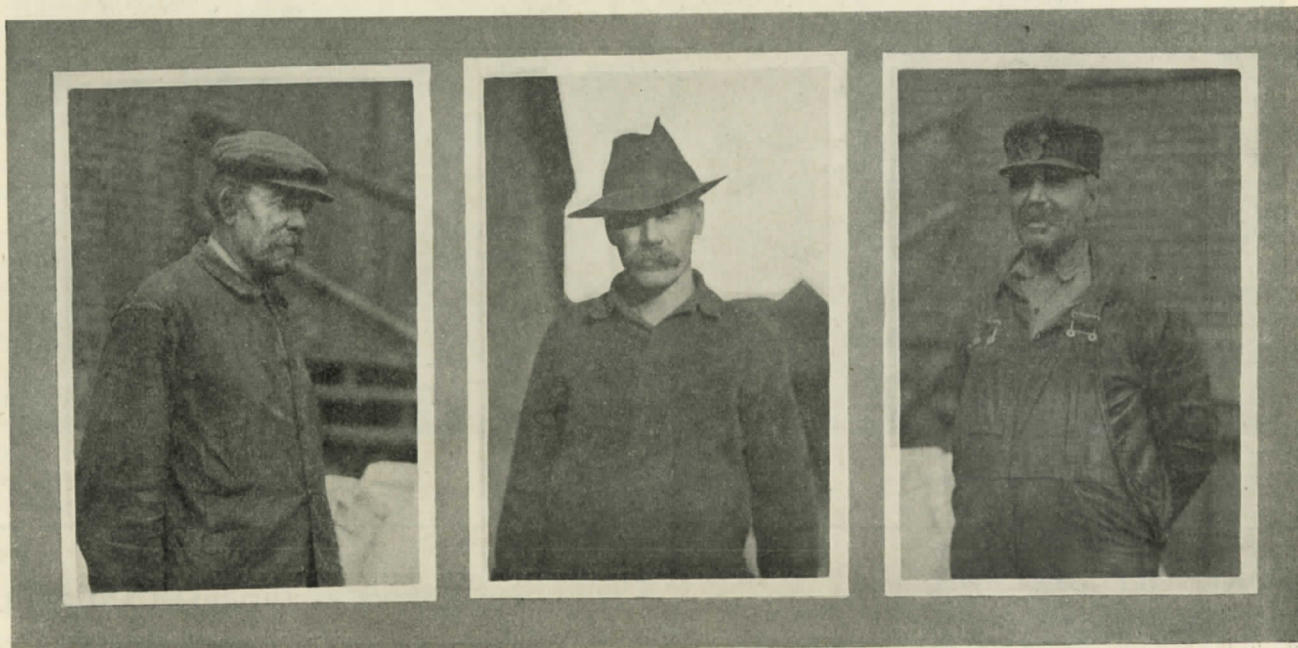
If you have any old watches for sale or exchange apply to Fred Bass' office, the dryer bailing press.

W. Rousseau raised a pig on his farm. After thirteen months he killed the pig which weighed 80 pounds. Rousseau should have the record for raising pigs. He gave Victor Willette a piece of the pig saying that it was very good. After cooking it, Victor gave some to his chickens and found two choked to death the next day.

It is too bad that Joe Therrault got married so late in the month. He lost his turkey. He was married the 22nd of November.

I think the Brown Company should have a place down town where we can cash our checks after three p. m. All the banks are closed and the only place we can cash our checks is a drug store, and we can't cash them then unless we buy something, and few stores want to cash them at all unless they keep the pennies.

OLD GUARD OF MAINTENANCE CREW AT SULPHITE MILL



PETER GUNN

Peter Gunn was born in St. Mangué, Quebec, seventy-four years ago next spring and claims to be the oldest man in years of service at the Sulphite Mill. Pete came here before construction of the mill was started in 1891 and with Jos. Cote and Alex Bouchard built a shed where the Burgess house now stands, for storage of cement to be used in building the mill.

He worked on the construction of the mill as a millwright and has been employed at this work ever since. For the past few years he has had charge of all repairs on wagons, wheelbarrows, pickaroons, etc., used at the mill.

ASA INGALLS

Mr. Asa Ingalls was born in Ellerslie, P. E. I., in 1866. He started with the Berlin Mills Company in 1888, working in lumber mill, woods and on river, then shifting to Riverside Mill as millwright. In 1893 he joined the Burgess force and for the first year was in charge of mill at night. He was then general spare foreman for six years and for the last twenty years has had general charge of the hydraulic press equipment.

Jos. Picord was born at Montuaguy, Quebec, May 4, 1854. He came to Berlin in 1892 and went immediately to work for the Sulphite Mill as a millwright which

JOSEPH PICORD

trade he followed up to a few years ago when, at the time air compressors and dir driven tools were installed, it was found necessary to have a man look after the repairs of same and keep them running smoothly. Picord was selected.

At the time when rope drives were plentiful he was usually kept busy splicing same, and today Joe is generally regarded as the most expert rope splicer in the mill.

Mr. Palmer was born at St. John, N. B. He came to this country in 1881 and started working for the company running a lath machine in the saw mill.

SULPHITE MILL GAS---Cont.

He joined the Sulphite mill when it started in 1892 and claims to have dug out for and assisted in placing the first mud sill of the dam. He worked on construction work until the mill started, then had charge of wood room for thirteen years, then returned to millwrighting and for the last seven years has been in charge of all belt drives in the mill.

Irenie Boucher was born at Megantic, Quebec, January 6, 1859. He came to Berlin 31 years ago this fall, first working at the old Glen mill as millwright.

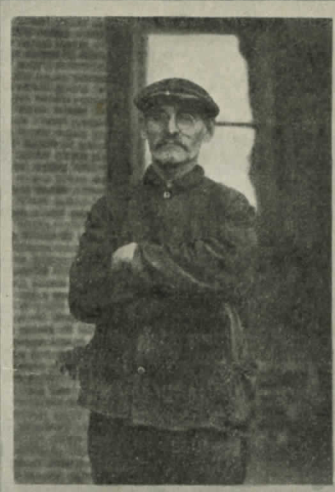
He joined the Sulphite mill force in the spring of 1892 and has been with us ever since, working at his trade of millwrighting, with the exception of two or three years about 19 years ago when he bought a farm at Milan and tried his hand at farming, but gave it up as "no good" and returned to the mill.

Pete Paquette was born at Father's Point, Quebec, January 8, 1860. He first came to Berlin in 1888, working for the Berlin Mills Company in the woods as "wood butcher." Later he worked under Frank Wheeler building the first Riverside Mill.

"Pete" joined the Sulphite Mill force in 1898 working first as millwright under Frank Wedge, who was then millwright foreman. Fifteen years ago "Pete" was made foreman and looks out for the daily running repairs in the mill.



AL. PALMER



PETER PAUQUETTE



IRENIE BOUCHER

FORESTRY DIVISION

That white maple tree in front of the home of the Forestry Division is no more. Science couldn't save it, so John Burbank cut it down. It contained some three-fourths of a cord of wood. The ring count showed that it was about forty-five years old. Up to the age of thirty-five it grew well—something better than one inch in diameter in five years. Since then its growth has been much slower and in later years its health has diminished steadily. Opinions differ as to the cause. John Burbank believes that the severe winter of 1917-18 killed it, but Mr. Madan submits that the rocky soil of New Hampshire is a predisposing cause for root infection. Anyway there are other maple trees of about the same age which are not prospering in Berlin.

RIVERSIDE MILL

Among the many things that should have been on the ballot at the November election. There should have been a referendum to decide whether or not there shall be space left between the cars on the siding, which often block the way from the B. & M. time office to the Riverside-mill. With snow coming in, it is a bad place to go around the end of seven or eight cars every time. A little space would be appreciated by the men who pass this way.

Mr. O. Compagnon has joined the L. L. of C. B. We are very glad to have him join our bummers' club.

What we call initiative in a business man is called skill in a great surgeon. It is knowing the next move and making it at the right time—not tomorrow, or next week—but NOW.

SIT ON YOUR TROUBLES AND SMILE

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with hasp and padlock,
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one of its contents;
Never its secrets share;
Drop in your cares and worries,
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely,
The world will never dream half,
Fasten the top down securely,
Then—sit on the lid and laugh,

And work peacefully.

—Selected.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Mr. A. A. Munro has returned to his home in New York City, after a short sojourn in Berlin as a member of our department. Landing in Canada, after a long visit to Scotland, his native land, he migrated into New England and while with us proved to be one of the old and fast disappearing type of wanderlust fellows who drop down here and there, remaining only long enough to amaze us stay-at-homes with the fascinating tales of the great world and then pass on like ships in the night.

Warren Oleson is now a member of our staff, working with Mr. Vannah.

John Graff submits the following definition:

"A woman is a nervous mechanism with some strings tied to it that a man doesn't have."

Mrs. Herbert Nelson has left the Photographic Dept., deciding that she had rather cook for two than measure fibres.

The Research Democratic Club has elected the following officers for the year: President, Mr. Harold P. Vannah, Vice-President, Mr. H. P. Vannah, Sec.-Treas., Mr. H. Perry Vannah, Chairman Exec. Comm., Mr. Harold Perry Vannah.

Mr. N. L. Nourse and M. S. L. Swasey enjoyed a week-end of hunting at Grove-ton, around the Kilkenney Range. Mr. Nourse got a 100-lb. doe.

Mr. Therma Fancy has resigned his position to accept an offer from the Central Aguerre Sugar Company at Central Aguerre, Porto Rico. Mr. C. D. Vincent has taken the vacancy caused by Mr. Fancy's resignation.

Brer Rabbit sleeping behind a log,
Heard somebody runnin',
Jumped right up and yelled, "Who's dat?"

"Hit's me," said Jones. "I'se gunnin'."

"Golly," says Brer Rabbit, and he sit up straight.

"Where from dat whistle comin'?"

Jones pulled de trigger and yelled, "Hi, yi,

I'se gwine to have a stew dat's hummin'."

Mr. H. K. Moore is enjoying a ten days' hunting trip up in the north country.

The girls from the dry goods dept. and a few from the Research gave a farewell party to Miss Ruth Dahl, at the Girls' Club on November 2nd. Miss Dahl has gone to Portland, Me., to attend Gray's Business College. After a chicken dinner, games, etc., the group (all staunch Republicans) heard the election returns at the Y. M. C. A. and "didn't get home until morning."

You can thank two of our stenographers for your bid to the Jack O'Lantern Dance—"Tot" or Mildred. Know 'em?

Mary (aged three)—"Father, I have spilled the butter. What shall I do?"

W. B. V.—"Rub it briskly with a woolen fabric, Mary."

Mary—"Why."

W. B. V.—"Because friction generates caloric, which volatilizes the oleaginous particles of the stearin matter."

Can't we get up a Research Bowling team? All interested see Mr. Beckler.

Monologue—Mrs. Newlywed call up Hubby at the Research.

"Hello, yes, I want 46—Research department. Hello, hello! Wonder why they are so slow. Hello! Oh yes, Miss Fogg, please may I speak to my husband? What, you don't know who he is? He isn't there, did you say? Oh dear, what shall I do. He left the house just twenty minutes ago. I know something dreadful has happened. You're keeping it from me—oh dear—what's that? You're busy? Well, I can't help it if you are. Oh, you say he was there all the time. Goody—he was in the bosses' office? I'm so relieved. Louder, please! He can't speak to me now? He has gone up to Mr. Graff's? Where all those attractive girls are? Call him back, at once! I *must* speak to him. Send the boy for him. It is important. At last, dear, I hear your voice. Honey, I was so worried. I cried. Yes, I really did—Um, yes. Now I feel better. Are you busy, dear? Don't work too hard, will you, honey? What did I call you up for? Why—er—why—er—honey, what do you want for lunch? Hello, hello! The horrid thing—she shut me off!

BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

Roy Brown is with us once more and we are all pleased to have him at his old stand.

John Albert, the duck hunter and fisherman, is planning on a trip to New Brunswick in the near future. Little Bill Willett told Jack that the ducks in New Brunswick fly backwards. And Jack asked why they fly backwards. Bill told him they fly backward to keep the bird-shot out of their eyes.

Jim Flaherty, the shop salvage man, is very busy looking after every article in the shop.

Lloyd Budway and Bill Willett are making the sparks fly.

Wardwell Gifford and Leonard Bowles are keeping the power shears busy cutting all kinds of rods and flat iron.

Ed. Fournier tore his thumb nail off one day last week.

Jerry Cantin and Fred Perkins are out deer hunting. They are trying to break the record set up by Happy Hines, Duck Walsh, Willie Wardwell and Little Hugh McDougall. But Jerry and Fred will have to walk some to do it.

Baptiste Couture is planning on raising a full beard this winter. He intends to save fuel.

Tom Gravel was heard singing while at work one day last week. Some song, Tom, old top.

Pat Collins is operating the steam hammer, while Fred Perkins is away and he is right at home on that job.

Pete Noonan and Mike Malloy are two old railroad men. And their railroading experience is a great help to the boys in the shop on the locomotive and car repair work.

Anthony Dunn, Pete Fournier and Frank Brisson are very busy shoeing the green horses that have just arrived from the West.

Jim Malloy is keeping the boys hustling these days making new forms and dies to make the work faster and easier on general repairs and river work.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES---Cont.

Hans Bjornsund and Axel Johnson are ski jumpers and issue a challenge to all ski jumpers in Berlin to meet them in a contest this winter.

MAIN OFFICE

A new Ford story:—Elliot Bragg was seen the other morning in front of the Forestry Division building calmly filling his radiator with water with the cap tightly screwed on.

Married at Berlin, N. H., Monday, Sept. 20th, Miss Hazel Hughes, of the Purchasing department, to Mr. Jack O'Connell of Berlin. Congratulations, Jack.

Married at Berlin, N. H., Monday, Oct. 18th, Miss Evelyn Studd, of the Accounting department, to Mr. Clarence Smith of this city. Best wishes, Evelyn.

Messrs. Corson and Sargent of the Niies & Niles Auditing department are with us this year.

The girls in the Pulpwood department certainly enjoyed the treats given them by some of the men during the World Series. Ask Arthur Martin about it.

A late trip over the range was taken Oct. 23rd and 24th by Marguerite Monahan, Fyvie Riva, Flora Howell, Orena Morris, Mr. Prowell and Edwin Madan. The route chosen was the Air Line from Appalachia to Madison Huts, Gulfside Trail to Mt. Washington and return to the Glen by Carriage Road. One of the party was fortunate enough to ride down to the Glen in a Packard. Some people are lucky.

There is a certain young man on the third floor who prefers to use the private line to the Cascade to talk with a young lady, instead of the automatic.

We understand that "Bill" Oleson is thinking of joining the Bob Ott Company. "Zat" so "Bill?"

Engagements seem to be the "style" in the Main office. The most recent is that of Thelma Reagan, of Mr. O. B. Brown's office, to Mr. Lloyd Budway of this city.

Mr. Walter Logan, of the Portland office, was with us a few days recently. All were delighted to meet Mr. Logan.

Mr. N. G. Cram left Nov. 5th for St. Petersburg, Florida, where he will spend the winter. Charlie is to take his place namely, to keep the clock going.

Mr. Maurice Oleson has been transferred to the position recently vacated by Harry Bishop. Harry has accepted a much better position in Bersimis, Que., where he is to work for the Brown Corporation.

Miss Georgia Walters is assisting in the Accounting dept., because of the increased work at this time.

Rosamond Moffett, of the Electrical department, has returned from a vacation spent in Boston and vicinity.

The Main office girls recently gathered at the Girls' Club and once more showered beautiful presents and best wishes on one of their number in the person of Miss Thelma Reagan, of Mr. Brown's office.

It was a complete surprise to "T," for her friends had so uniquely planned the evening that she was led into their presence unaware of what was in store for her.

The evening was spent in song and merriment and all enjoyed the very pleasant gathering until a late hour.

KREAM KRISP

Fritz went hunting. His wife packed his outfit for him, at least he blames her for it. However, our story is this:

Fritz arrived at the hunting grounds with a rifle and shotgun shells for ammunition. As a rule wives are now detailed to supply and pack ammunition for hunting trips. After arriving at the spot where the grizzly lay in waiting for Fritz, preparations were made for the hunt. Hunting companions on that trip claim that the writers of the Bible would never have taken Fritz as a specimen of perfect language. Fritz claims, however, that on the way home he shot at a partridge six times before bringing it to earth.

Alf Lavoie has been vacationing in Canada. He was able to come back to work after his return.

Sam Montminy is now steady company at the Kay Kay building so called. Therein are certain enticing features which have been missing hereabouts for many months. Ask the boys.

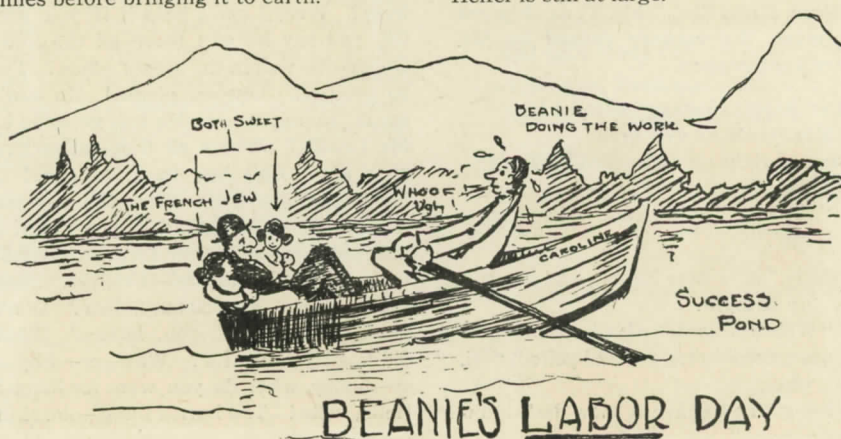
Ray Smith had trouble with a stone that happened in his path recently. He is still limping from the effects—a badly twisted ankle.

The Refinery is again in operation with Cy Baillargeon in command.

Last spring Bill Fowler put a heifer into pasture for the summer. On Sunday, November 14th, Bill, with "Cowboy" Albert Hanson as assistant, journeyed to said pasture with intent and purpose to capture and bring back to civilization said heifer. The intent and purpose part of it was all well and good but the heifer did not seem to appreciate it. After eyeing her would-be captors in a doubtful and unfriendly manner the heifer started for



the woods with scouts and Bill in hot pursuit. Scouts claim that the heifer jumped fences and windfalls 'steen feet high. Bill contends that the heifer gave them the best demonstration of the manly art of self defence that he has ever seen. After chasing the heifer for the greater part of the day over fences, stone walls, windfalls and the like, the obstacle race was given up with the heifer leading. Heifer is still at large.



PERCY RIPLEY
IN REPOSE

RAPID TRANSIT

THOMAS
TRACY

SAWYER RIPLEY CARTER

WARD
STEADY TOM
TRACY

MRS.
W. R. BROWN

WOOD
CHOPPING
CONTEST

PERCY RIPLEY
UPPER MAGALLOWAY
CHAMPION 1919

AT THE GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS

JOE GOSSELIN
AT GORRIS
CHAMPION 1920

SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE WOODS DEPT. 1920

SAWYER'S YARN

ON THE
SIDE LINES

SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE WOODS DEPARTMENT AT BERLIN, N. H., NOV. 2 AND 3, 1920

When the sun's rays grow more slanting
And the frost comes in the air,
And the dying breath of summer
Sheds a fragrance everywhere.
Then my soul is filled with longing
For the merriment and glee
That awaits the Woods Department
At the Conference Jubilee.

Do you know the Woods Department?
Well, it's truly on the map,
It's a hustling aggregation
With a lot of pep and snap,
And its men are always smiling
For this, they surely put across;
They work for a good old Company
And have a good and "regular" boss.

Then with races, song and stories
We will pass the time away,
And the best of all that Conference
Is the happy unity.
You may talk of high-toned parties,
But I think with me you'll say,
That a year would scarce be full
Without an old time Conference Day.

The Seventh Annual Conference of the Woods Department was held at Berlin, November 2nd and 3rd. Every year representatives from the various operations of the department come together at the invitation of Mr. W. R. Brown. The object of these conferences is to promote acquaintance among men, who, though widely scattered, are all engaged in a common purpose, that of supplying pulpwood and lumber to the mills at Berlin and La Tuque. Berlin could not be the "big show" of the Brown Company without the hearty co-operation of every unit in the Woods Department. The visit to Berlin aims to give the isolated operative an idea of the part he is playing in our great co-operative enterprise. The list of those in attendance with their addresses gives us all a faint idea of the complexity of the task of getting out the pulpwood. In some of the places named, such as Riviere du Loup, they find it necessary to lengthen out the telegraph poles, so that the snow won't cover them in winter and the mud will not submerge them in summer. At least we have Mr. Keen's word for this statement.

Men in attendance at the seventh annual Woods Department Conference, Berlin, N. H., November 2nd, 3rd, 1920.

J. A. Allaire	Amqui, P. Q.
L. C. Allaire	Amqui, P. Q.
George Anderson	Milan, N. H.
J. O. Arsenault	La Tuque, P. Q.
V. A. Beede	Riviere du Loup, P. Q.
W. L. Bennett	Berlin, N. H.
Harry Bishop	Berlin, N. H.
A. L. Bowker	Berlin, N. H.
T. M. Boyle	Errol, N. H.

T. W. Estabrook	Berlin, N. H.
F. W. Farrington	Berlin, N. H.
Jos. Gosselin	St. George, P. Q.
Chas. Goggins	Houghton, Me.
H. S. Gregory	Berlin, N. H.
John H. Graff	Berlin, N. H.
R. Guimont	St. George, P. Q.
R. E. Hartley	La Tuque, P. Q.
Jack Haley	Houghton, Me.
J. F. Heck	Berlin, N. H.
Henry Hindle	Berlin, N. H.
George Horne	Milan, N. H.
D. J. Horan	Riviere Jaune, P. Q.
Barney Johnson	Berlin, N. H.
L. P. Jutras	Lyster, P. Q.
P. B. Keens	Riviere du Loup, P. Q.
J. W. Keenan	Berlin, N. H.
Frank Kittridge	Carthage, Me.
Frank C. King	Oquossoc, Me.
Stanislas Labbe	Trois Pistoles, P. Q.
J. E. Laffin	Berlin, N. H.



AT MAYNESBORO ST

C. B. Bradley	La Tuque, P. Q.	A. L. Laferriere	Berlin, N. H.
W. J. Brady	St. George, P. Q.	Wm. Layes	Berlin, N. H.
E. L. Bragg	Berlin, N. H.	Roch Lindsay	Windigo, P. Q.
L. H. Bragg	Errol, N. H.	D. W. Linton	Berlin, N. H.
W. R. Brown	Berlin, N. H.	S. S. Lockyer	Berlin, N. H.
Norman Brown	Berlin, N. H.	Avery P. Lord	Berlin, N. H.
D. P. Brown	Berlin, N. H.	T. E. Mack	La Tuque, P. Q.
W. D. Bryant	Berlin, N. H.	L. E. Madan	Berlin, N. H.
A. M. Carter	Bethel, Maine.	A. W. Martin	Berlin, N. H.
H. F. Carter	Berlin, N. H.	J. W. Marcotte	St. George, P. Q.
J. H. Carter	Sanmaur, P. Q.	J. S. Mooney	Berlin, N. H.
J. S. Cassidy	Trois Pistoles, P. Q.	Hugh K. Moore	Berlin, N. H.
S. L. deCarteret	Quebec, P. Q.	J. A. Morency	Trois Pistoles, P. Q.
G. C. Cave	Berlin, N. H.	C. H. Mott	Riviere Jaune, P. Q.
P. W. Churchill	Berlin, N. H.	E. W. Morissette	Trois Pistoles, P. Q.
J. C. Corbett	Quebec, P. Q.	J. W. Murray	Madison, Me.
Harry Coombs	Up'r Magalloway, Me	P. McCrystle	Berlin, N. H.
J. A. Crawford	Lyster, P. Q.	J. H. Page	Windigo, P. Q.
H. B. Curran	Amqui, P. Q.	Henri Pelletier	St. Raymond, P. Q.
A. Curtis	Gorham, N. H.	Harry T. Raeburn	Berlin, N. H.
P. C. Dale	Berlin, N. H.	Edward Richardson	Pontook, N. H.
E. J. Daley	Craigs Road, P. Q.	Percy Ripley	Wentworth Location
John Delaney	Berlin, N. H.		N. H.
J. A. Dube	Berlin, N. H.	S. Redmond	St. George, P. Q.

J. E. Robichaud
A. E. Rowell
Marcel Savard
R. J. Sawyer
F. J. Smith
Ward Steady
W. F. Swan
Earl Sylvester
J. A. Taylor
F. W. Thompson
T. J. Tracy

W. B. VanArsdel
Harold Whitcomb
G. E. Wightman
Ralph Young
Roland Young

Rosaire, P. Q.
Berlin, N. H.
Quebec, P. Q.
Bethel, Me.
Quebec, P. Q.
Berlin, N. H.
Berlin, N. H.
Eustis, Me.
Quebec, P. Q.
Portland, Me.
Magalloway Plantation, Me.
Berlin, N. H.
Berlin, N. H.
Berlin, N. H.
Bethel, Maine.
Berlin, N. H.

The serious part of the program was held on the evening of November 2, when the party gathered at the Main Office for a trip through the plants. The itinerary

poor Cox quite blue,
We think that Cox ought to stop his cry
or he will get in Dutch
He's sore because he hasn't got as much!
With Carpentier and Dempsey we are not
concerned at all,
A fight between these actors would result
in but a stall—
With Taft and Johnson in a ring the fight
would please all hands
If they'd both explain at once where
Harding stands.

Ray Stevens is a candidate for Senator,
he says
But Moses has him on the run in forty
different ways
Ray thinks that he has got the men, but
Moses has the women
And you can bet that they'll sew on the
trimming.

Now this is all we've got to sing, there's
not another verse
And though our rymes were bad to start,
we've gone from bad to worse,
We hope nobody's feeling hurt, 'twas all
a bit of fun—
And we hope to see you all in '21.

The following morning, field sports at Maynesboro Farm were the feature of the program. These were carried forward according to the time-honored traditions of previous conferences. Because of the international character of the gathering, guests fell naturally into two groups, representing the United States and Canada. The games included the Shooting Contests, the Log Chopping Contest and the Egg Boiling Contest. The first shooting contest was an eliminating one at 100 yards. From it the 10 high Americans and 10 high Canadians were chosen to contest for the championship at 200 yards. The American team won. Following is the condensed score.

UNITED STATES

		Total
1 Bowker, A. L.	10-10-10-10-8-8-6-5-3	80 166
2 Bragg, L. H.	10- 7- 7- 6- 6-5-5-4-2	57 139
3 Boyle, T. M.	3- 2- 2- 2- 2-0-0-0-0	11 84
4 Churchill, P. W.	6- 5- 5- 4- 4-2-2-2-0	32 120
5 Coombs, Harry	9- 9- 9- 9- 7-7-6-4-2-2	64 146
6 Dale, P. C.	5- 3- 3- 2- 2-2-2-2-0	21 107
7 Laffin, J. E.	10-10- 9- 6- 5-4-3-3-2-0	52 136
8 Laferriere, A. L.	8- 8- 7- 7- 4-4-4-2-2-2	48 133
9 Anderson, Geo.	10- 3- 2- 2- 2-2-0-0-0	21 95
10 Kittridge, Frank	4- 3- 2- 2- 2-2-2-2-0	21 99
Total		407 1225

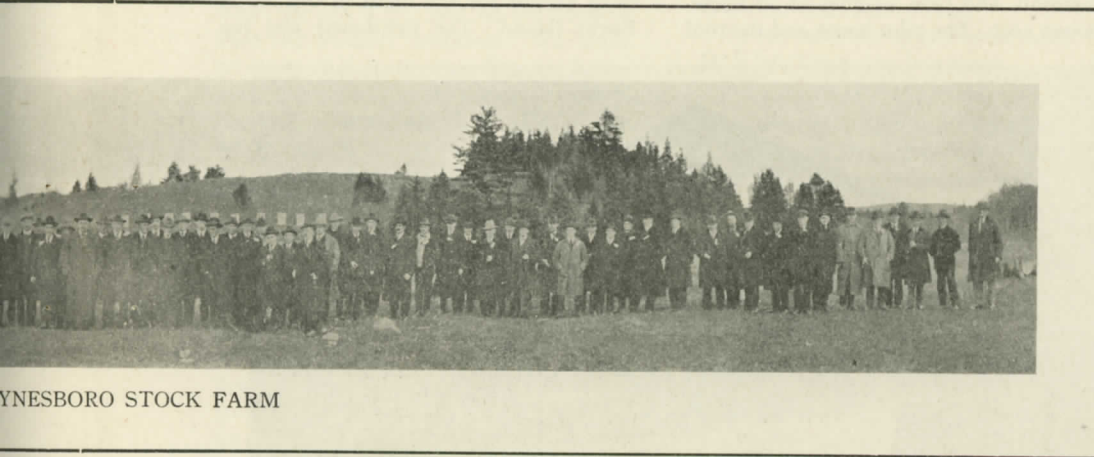
CANADA

		Total
1 Beede, V. A.	10-10-9-8-7-7-3-2-0	63 134
2 Brown, Norman	8- 3-3-2-2-2-0-0-0	20 97
3 Mack, T. E.	10- 6-4-3-3-2-2-2-2	36 106
4 Bradley, C. B.	6- 5-3-3-2-2-2-0-0	29 94
5 Marcotte, J. W.	8- 7-7-6-4-3-2-2-2	43 116
6 Brown, D. P.	7- 6-6-6-5-5-3-2-2	48 124
7 Rowell, A. E.	8- 8-7-7-7-7-3-2-2	58 131
8 Horan, D. J.	8- 8-6-4-2-2-2-0-0	34 101
9 Carter, J. H.	9- 9-8-8-5-3-2-2-2	50 125
10 Oleson, "Spike"	3- 3-3-3-2-2-2-2-2	24 101
Total		405 1129
	Total 100 Yds.	Total 200 Yds.
United States	1993	407
Canada	1662	405
Difference	331	2

PRIZE WINNERS

	Total Score 100 and 200 Yds.
1st. Bowker, A. L.	166
2nd. Coombs, Harry	146
3rd. Bragg, L. H.	139

In the Log Chopping Contest, the honors passed from the United States to Canada. Joe Gosselin of St. George, Canadian champion, won from Percy Ripley of Magalloway, American champion and last year's International Champion. Each was given an axe and a log to cut through, which was 15 inches in diameter. In the Egg Boiling Contest, the team chosen to represent the United States proved its superiority. Of the



MAYNESBORO STOCK FARM

included the Research Department, Chemical Mill, Riverside Mill and Sulphite Mill.

After a tour of the plants named, the party adjourned to the Y. M. C. A. where Bill Bennett read the election returns, all of which were reassuring to the Republicans. The Burgess Band played and the Maynesboro Quartette, T. W. Estabrook, John Heck, Harry Raeburn, and G. E. Wightman, with Ward Steady as pianist, sang. Among the selections were the following prepared especially for the occasion.

In Bible times we learn that Moses made
the people sore
He led them round the wilderness for
forty years or more,
And now in 1920 he's at it once more,
when
George Moses tries to lead them in again.
It's money makes the mare go and it
helps a party too
And Harding has got a fund that makes

Now W. R's a sportsman and he stands
for all that's square
But in the great endurance race we think
him hardly fair,
The Arab horses seldom drink—the
desert's dry—that's why
They were right at home—this country's
also dry.

Pat Bradley sent to Berlin his big husky
hockey team
He said we dreamed we knew the game—
he'd wake us from our dream,
But it was so warm Pat's team perspired,
they couldn't seem to go
It only rose to 42 below.

They say that monarchies today are really
out of date,
But Keenan is the monarch of the land
around Hell Gate,
If you go to raising Hell (Gate) just be
careful what you do
For Jim Keenan's sure the man who'll
see you through!

three individual point winners, two were Americans. The winners were T. M. Boyle, H. B. Curran, and Harry Coombs. In this event, each contestant was provided with an axe, block of wood, three matches, small pail, an egg, crotched stick, and a small pole. The game was to light a fire, fetch water, and boil the egg hard in the shortest possible time. After the contests the conference photograph was taken.

In the afternoon, the party returned to the Y. M. C. A., where a banquet was served. The following older men of the department sat at the speakers' table: W. R. Brown, A. M. Carter, John Delaney, Henry Hindle, George Horne, James Keenan, Tom Tracey, Alphonse Curtis, Jack Murray, Chas. Goggins, and D. W. Linton. After the banquet Mr. W. R. Brown spoke, giving as reasons for the conference the great need for co-operation and good fellowship between all departments. Mr. A. M. Carter, one of the oldest employees, replied. He considered the Brown Company the best company going. He had found its word as good as its bond. He asked the men to be as loyal to the company as it is to them. In closing he called for three cheers for Mr. Brown and these were given lustily. At this time prizes were given to the winners of the morning contests.

The afternoon closed with a baseball game, resulting in a score of 19 to 17 in favor of the American team. In the evening, the visitors joined in the parade and fireworks in honor of Harding and Coolidge.

The keynote of the conference is summed up in the words of Kipling, that were printed on the menu cards.

CO-OPERATION

It is not the guns or armament
Or the money they can pay,
It's the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It is not the individual
Or the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul.

HOCKEY

To the enthusiasts of hockey and skating, it might be interesting to note that the Berlin Rink Association has leased the property of Henry St. Laurent on Pleasant street for a skating and hockey rink. Specific plans have not been perfected as yet but the building of the fence and rink will begin immediately. A mighty interesting schedule of hockey is being arranged and it is hoped that Berlin will have a chance to see some of the best American and Canadian amateur hockey teams clash with our local team this winter.

THE CRUISE OF THE "LEWIS L"

(By the Air Compressor)

If you are going with us on this cruise of nearly one thousand miles, you should know your boat. The "Lewis L," a younger brother of Holman Day's "Nancy P," has two masts and a fo'castle, but is in all other respects a different type of vessel. Built at Friendship, Maine, in 1919, and bought this fall by the Brown Company and sold to the Brown Corporation for use on the St. Lawrence River as a supply boat for their lumber camps. The vessel must cross the river, a distance of about 40 miles, in all weather. The hull is 65 feet long, 15 feet wide, and draws seven feet of water; has a jib and mainsail, and twin engines of 30 horsepower each. The pilot house and the roof

to go ahead with the cruise and a permit would be telegraphed that afternoon; so the bunch started along, although a storm was brewing, and the ocean was about as hubbly as it was off White Head the day when Norman told the skipper to "roll her over." We sail down thru the Roads, and out thru Broad Sound, and take the waves bow on as we head for Seguin; now we roll awhile in the current of the Kennebec, and guess how long it will be before that fog bank to the eastward will shut in on us. We make the Cuckles and lay our course for Boothbay Harbor, but that fog bank compels us to anchor for the night in the lee of Burnt Island. The lighthouse and fog



of the engine room are above deck. Mr. Percy Dale, fleet engineer of the Brown Company's 36 boats, is to be credited with the selection of the boat, and with the exceptionally practical, complete and efficient equipping of same.

Your shipmates are the Admiral, the Purser, the Captain, the Steward, the Cook and just Pat, and the Air Compressor, that's all; but every man a briny salt and eager to sail the raging main.

With our consular and clearance papers in hand, we are about to cast off, but are hailed by a messenger from the Custom House, who says that someone there just happened to remember that we have a Shipping Board at Washington, and that we must have a permit before chartering a Yankee vessel to a foreigner. Well, yours truly had a little talk with a member of the Shipping Board, and was told

bell are barely one hundred yards from us, and it seems as if that big bell were right on our deck.

At supper the cook promises to give us flapjacks for breakfast—the kind he used to make when he cooked for the lumber jacks in the woods—but we don't get them, because we make an early start for Rockland, and the gale has increased; barometer fallen 2.9; and hurricane signals are flying from the lighthouse. On our run to Rockland we fairly stand on end, and it does seem as if every fifth wave must break over our bow. We appreciate the good work done by the stevedores in storing our cargo securely. The engines are working steadily; the governors prevent racing when the propellers are out of water; the sails steady the boat somewhat and add about two miles per hour to our speed. Our purser

has not yet got his sea legs and while hanging on to the rigging said: "So this is life on the ocean wave; well give me four wheels on a gas buggy and you can have my berth."

We reach Rockland Harbor about 5 p. m., and at six o'clock the southeast hurricane is blowing fifty miles an hour, and it is raining for a flood. We have come 80 miles on 32 gallons of kerosene (27c a gallon); the captain of a 50 ft. boat said that he had used 40 gallons of gasoline (32c a gallon) from Boothbay to Rockland, a distance of 40 miles. Figure that out and you will find that our fuel costs only about one-third as much as his.

We have fresh mackerel for supper, and with our new ventilator which the Admiral put through the roof of the cabin, we shall be much more comfortable than we have been. My, but wasn't it hot there!

At sunset the wind has hauled into the west; the sun is red, and we are likely to have fair weather tomorrow. We make an early start in the morning for Jonesport by an inside route across Penobscot Bay to Mt. Desert Island, a mighty pretty sail through Eggemoggin, Blue Hill, leaving Swan's Island to starboard and Mt. Desert Island to port; then across Frenchman's Bay. The fresh southerly wind raised a lively sea in Frenchman's Bay, and reminds us of what our Admiral did for us at the steering wheel in the stormy seas of the second day's run. For a man who has not been on the ocean for twenty-five years, the Admiral is a wonder, steering by compass with big waves smashing against the weather bow; it was a whole man's job to keep the vessel on her course. Now while crossing Frenchman's Bay in a sea running ten to fifteen feet high, a man must be a veteran to stand at the wheel and in the following sea, and keep the vessel on its course every minute.

We pass Petit Manan light, through Moosebac Reach to West Jonesport. The reach is some crooked, and while working through in the dark, we find our search light mighty handy for picking up the bouys. The Admiral decided not to stop at Jonesport; the sea is smooth here; and with the tide fair we lay our course for Quaddy Head. Everybody moves with the tide on this coast, no use to buck against it.

We are passing Cutler, a pretty little village with a fine harbor; the breeze is south and fresh, and with our sails winged out and both engines going the limit, say boy, don't we fly! Well, we have reached Eastport one hour ahead of estimated time. The tide rises and falls here twenty-eight feet, about three times as high as in

Portland. Eastport Harbor is a busy place, so many sardine boats coming and going; many of these are old vessels with two masts and an engine.

The Steward has bought twenty-five codfish (about seventy pounds) for a dollar; he is skinning them and will sliver the meat from the bones, so your dinner will be free from bones and nicely browned in meal. Is it good? Just you ask the Purser the next time you meet him!

Well, duty calls us back, so you and I, the Admiral and the Steward, with a God-speed to our hardy shipmates, who have many hundred miles to sail before arriving at Quebec, must leave the little ship and take the train for Portland.

CALL THE NURSE

If you're ill and need the nurse,
Call her quick, before you're worse,
Ask your family not to fail,
To summon her by 'phone or mail.
Or if by chance you live alone,
Have a neighbor telephone.

The nurse will call and care for you,
She will tell you what to do,
She will go—she cannot stay—
But she will visit every day,
So, if you're ill and need the nurse,
Call her quick, before you're worse.

We have arranged with our Insurance Company to furnish this Visiting Nurse Service to all our employees who are covered by our Group Insurance Plan, and who live within the nursing district, at absolutely no cost to them.

If you are ill, and hold a life insurance certificate, you may send for the nurse.

You can find the nurse's name and address on the bulletin boards. You can secure mailing cards from our company, decide now how you are going to call her if you are ill.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. John Duggan and family wish to express their heartfelt thanks for the sympathy and assistance so kindly rendered by the Sulphite mill men.

Usually the man who is putting up a job on somebody else forgets to look behind him to see who is putting up a job on him. He generally falls into the pit he digs for another.

Thinkers are paid only when they think aloud, provided dynamic Mr. Doer is around to translate the thought into a fact.

GUARD DUTY

In the home, on the street, in the factory, you should make guard duty a part of your daily routine. It is all well and good when you take your wife's hand in yours for the last time, to leave two or three thousand dollars in it for the first time, but how much better to guard your life and health so you can give your family an education, and place them in a position to face the problems of the future and the greatest of all problems when they must face the world alone, is a livelihood. From the time you get up in the morning until you go to bed at night you should watch your step. Take your time and you will get there as well as the fellow that is in a hurry and you will not land all smashed up. Don't be like the fox in the fox and tortoise race. The tortoise challenged the fox to race. "Why you can't run," said the fox. "Try me," said the tortoise, "and I will give you a length start." So the fox certain of victory placed himself in front of the tortoise and they were off. A few feet from the finish line Mr. Fox sat down to wait for the tortoise when he was startled by a voice behind him and turning round saw Mr. Tortoise. "I may be slow," said Mr. Tortoise, "but I got here just the same. When you started I got hold of your tail and when you turned round I dropped off and crossed the line, winning the race."

So take your time, look where you are going and you will cross the tape with the speedy chap every time. Have you ever seen a man trying to lift something that it would take six men to lift and then get mad because he couldn't do it? In the machine room I have seen a man pulling a truckload of pulp, run between two other loads and get stuck. He will pull and tug and try to drag all three loads. He gets mad because he cannot accomplish this and picks up the handle of the truck, swings it around or pushes an empty truck across the room and a fellow passing is the victim of his rash act. Stop and think what you are doing. If a man runs into you and tells you to look where you are going, tell him to go where he is looking, and if you go where you are looking, or look where you are going, no one can say you are not on guard.

THE VERY EARLY BIRD

"Now then, my hearties," said the gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone, then run. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now.—*The Stars and Stripes*.

CASCADE JUICE

Maurice Babb has left the Laboratory staff for the acid making department. Arthur Ross has replaced him in the laboratory.

Joe Hooper and Elwood Ebie were business visitors the middle of the month.

There were some rapid change artists the day following election. Harding buttons were in great demand.

We are getting new street car tickets now. As papermakers, we naturally resented over-working the pasteboards too much, yet on some trips passengers wishing to buy tickets had to wait till the conductor collected the passengers' pasteboards for a supply.

Have you put in your fuel supply? Fred Dube of the Sulphite dept. buried a man in the woods, with dirt—no, chips.

Marshall Smith, formerly of the Laboratory, was a recent visitor in the city.

Promoter Snow, of the Athletic Association in the Sulphite dept., is looking forward to a bigger, busier baseball season for 1921. Nothing like preparedness, George.

The blacksmiths and painters are wearing that evergreen smile, on their good fortune to decorate such auspicious quarters. It's sure some home, Pat.

Doc Ross is "putting the fear" into the game around these parts, so if you have any idea of going hunting, wait till Doc gets back. You'll save time and shoe leather.

Wallace Kenney and Chas. MacDonald are anticipating to get their quotas of deer meat soon.

With so many wood choppers it seems strange that there should be a scarcity of fuel.

We have recently heard of Edward Kellog's hard luck. He has been for some time confined to a hospital in Pittsburgh, Pa., and reports are not as favorable as we would wish for Ed. We extend our sincere sympathy and trust that he will soon be entirely cured. Mr. Kellog was a member of the Research dept. and was very well known by the La Tuque and Canada forces.

We are very sorry to record the loss of one of our employees, Clarence Duggan of the Wood Room dept., who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his shot-gun, the injury resulting in his death a short time after.

We desire to extend our sympathy to his bereaved parents through these columns.

The roosters in the Sulphite dept. occasionally cackle, although not as much as previous to November 2nd.

Steve seems to be having numerous phone calls lately. Who is she, Steve?

The natives were not aware that the sun was in eclipse, and many have not been acquainted of the fact the Forestry division of the mill laboratory were "felling lofty pines," (and other species), but Zene certainly makes the chips fly between milking times.

The "glad hand" politicians are commencing to disapprove, yet the Colonel (our paymaster), the successful candidate to the State Senate, appears as social as ever. Here's luck, Senator.

Along about Thanksgiving, the female sex is in great demand, and even Pat's daughter, Helene Margaret Hinchey, was asked to go to the Thanksgiving Ball. She didn't say, because you see, she was born earlier in the month and referred the young man to Papa. She's some girl, eh, Pat? Congratulations.

CHIEF REPLIES

Say, boys and friends, don't worry about the Chief's meals this winter, for the rabbits have served an injunction on the Camp Grounds. So it will be open to the public all winter. Therefore, we expect to have many a pleasant meal at the well-known place (the Camp Grounds) on the Glen Road. Come now, ye that haven't had the extreme pleasure of taking your car with a load of friends, also your ham and eggs, sweet corn, hot dogs, etc., this season. Go out to the Camp Grounds next season, get acquainted with the outdoor life, spread broadcast your social life and you will be repaid a hundredfold. Say, boys and girls, are you aware that there were about 1000 people that registered, from all walks of life, at the Camp Grounds this year and I presume as many

that didn't register. Laborers, merchants, doctors and men and women of prominence, from the far west to the far east, all have heard of our beautiful mountain trips. The beautiful Camp Grounds, the not less beautiful spring water, that is so refreshing to the passer-by.

The Chief has met hundreds of these cheerful people, who are always ready with the right hand of fellowship and glad to get acquainted and express their gratitude for ever coming this way, and nine out of ten say they are coming again next year.

Well, what does it all mean? It means simply this: that as they go to their different homes, they scatter broadcast their beautiful trip through the mountains. So you see that the woods, Glen Ellis, Glen House, the great Mount Washington, the beautiful Camping Grounds, Gorham, Berlin and the beautiful trip through Dixville, has been scattered broadcast throughout our great country. Does it mean anything to us as citizens of Gorham and Berlin? I should say it means a world of social life among the mountains.

Now, neighbors, get your kit ready for the 1921 season, for there will be twice as many next year as there were this year and if you lag behind you will miss pleasure untold. The Chief will be there on time.

ACCIDENTS FOR OCTOBER

SULPHITE MILL

Accidents without loss of time.....	54
Minor accidents.....	5
Serious accidents.....	0
Total.....	59

CASCADE MILL

Accidents without loss of time.....	16
Minor accidents.....	13
Serious accidents.....	0
Total.....	29

UPPER PLANTS

Accidents without loss of time.....	39
Minor accidents.....	13
Serious accidents.....	1
Total.....	53

A man without ambition is like a busted bank, all fixtures and no assets. Ambition is an active asset and draws dividends with clock-like regularity.

BROWN CORPORATION

LA TUQUE

Last month we missed our place in the Bulletin. This was due in part to the visit (much earlier than usual) of one lone auditor.

One of your contributors in the last issue wrote a verse or two about these gentlemen stealing tobacco and other trivial things. This gentleman however, merely stole some of our time and being such a jolly nice chap, whom we recognized as one of the same pair who came last year, we forbore to do him injury.

La Tuque intends to keep its place "in the sun," for twice since we last wrote notes to the Bulletin we have had to hand out cigars for broken records of production.

Wood pulp is made into so many articles nowadays, if some ingenious person could make good cigars of it we would save quite a bit at our mill.

Most of our operations are going along satisfactorily and good progress is being made in various new constructions and additions to our equipment.

The new generator at the power house has just recently been started up and gives an additional 4600 H. P., which will provide all requirements for some time to come.

Two new Heine Boilers are being installed, which will very considerably strengthen the supply of steam.

The problem of the new washing machine has been completely solved and we are confident of being able to record an average of 150 tons per day passing through it.

A very useful set of storage sheds for soda ash, nitre cake and salt cake have been erected in a convenient place near the track outside the mill yard.

"Safety First" is a slogan of importance with our executive at La Tuque, and inspections are made regularly to keep things right up to the minute. At each inspection there are two or three men who do not often go through the mill and in this way anything unfamiliar or dangerous is quickly noticed. On the last inspection

Mr. Thos. Cleland of the Main office discovered without delay that a conveniently placed handrail was not a handrail but a steam pipe and gave orders for same to be covered at once.

From recent indications it would appear that safety precautions are going to be carried a little further than machinery and buildings and will extend to men also.

The weather at La Tuque for 1920 will be remembered for long as the best we have known. The boys have had a large majority of five week-ends, which enabled them to thoroughly enjoy their fishing trips.

We also got an extraordinary long and pleasant fall, lasting to the early part of November when Winter came down on us without a warning and caught many of us without our storm windows and doors put up.

The heavy snow and frost also caught the contractors a bit sooner than they desired, but they are making great efforts to get the new Club House and other structures covered in so that work may proceed inside.

The new Club is being looked forward to by all the boys with much eagerness, now that the building is taking shape, and many pleasant hours are dreamed of to be spent in the "gym," the swimming pool, the bowling alley or the billiard room.

The devotees of hockey and skating are pleased that the skating rink is to be enlarged to two hundred feet by ninety feet, and our hockey team this year promises to be the best ever. Many good matches are expected.

Mr. R. A. Bartlett, who was head of the Main office for over ten years, has resigned his position through ill health.

Last month our Super., Mr. Bjornlund, had a very enjoyable and successful trip to La Loutre and came back with the carcass of a fine moose.

The day after his return many of his friends were the recipients of pieces of the meat, which were much appreciated.

Speaking of Moose hunting, "Moose," our worthy Supt. and Philip Martinson were informed the other evening that two moose had been seen on the other side of the river from the big chain, so

they grabbed their guns and set off after the tasty quadrupeds, but by the time they had crossed the river and arrived at the alleged spot, they were just in time to see the east end of the moose going west over the top of the hill half a mile away.

A certain party from La Tuque went moose hunting and camped on an island in the middle of a lake five miles wide. Probably they intended to attach the telescope which they left on the train, to the rifle and do some long range shooting.

Curious isn't it how queer some people are when they see the woods. This same party, in the excitement of disembarking from the train at Cressman, left behind them on the train three perfectly good bottles of "liquid sunshine"—three-fourths of their ammunition, and telescope.

Now comes the mysterious part of it.

Same party wires the train's destination, asking for the safe return of the aforementioned articles. But the railroad authorities replied that they would do their utmost to return the cartridges and telescope, but the er—, well, even railroad men need a ray of sunshine once in a while.

P. S. If you don't believe the above, ask either Nelson Dube, A. Pelletier or Harry Smith.

MUST HAVE BEEN A WILD, WILD TWILIGHT

It was midnight on the ocean
Not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly
For it rained all day that night.

'Twas a summer's day in winter,
The rain was snowing fast;
As a barefoot girl with shoes on
Stood sitting in the grass.

It was evening, and the rising sun
Was setting in the west
While the fishes in the trees
Were cuddled in their nests.

The sun was pouring down,
The rain was shining bright,
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

Then the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir,
While the sexton rang the dishrag,
Someone set the church on fire.

"Holy smoke," the preacher shouted,
As he madly tore his hair,
Now, his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.

—Selected.

PORTLAND OFFICE

John Quinn, Berlin plumbing department, spent a few days in Portland office on business.

In the November Bulletin it was incorrectly stated John Kelsey is with the traffic department. This should read with accounting department.

L. P. Worcester, accounting department, was in Washington and New York recently on business.

Geo. McGlauffin, accounting department, was presented on October 31st, with a boy. George will be kept busy from now on.

Arthur Spring, credit department, was called to Boston on business recently, and on his way home took in the Andover and Exeter football game.

Walter Logan, telephone exchange, spent a few days in Berlin recently, to familiarize himself with the various mill departments which come under his daily calls.

C. C. Chase, advertising department, was the fortunate winner of a \$100 prize at the American Legion Armistice celebration, held at Exposition building, week of November 11. Some lucky, Charles.

W. E. Perkins, President's secretary, spent a few days in Boston recently on a business trip.

J. C. Sherman, advertising manager, spent his vacation in Miami, Fla. He escaped the first real snow storm of the winter.

Louis Mortensen, Kream Krisp department, has a hobby of raising gladioli, in which he is quite expert. His garden contained over 5000 bulbs in many varieties and all species. Some of the later names special varieties are "Alice Tip-lady," "Gold Drop," "Sunburst," "May Toy," "Prince of Wales," and many others. He has also ordered some of the late prize winners in the Boston show, such as "Le Marshall Foch," "Field Marshal Haig," "Muriel," "Mrs. Doctor Norton," and "Rose Ash." Louis has joined the ranks of creators of new species, and his propagation of a new and wonderful flower which he has named "Sunrise" is the reward for his labors. He is a congenial chap and willing to help others to obtain results, and disposes of bulbs or flowers at a reasonable price to the boys.



ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT OUTING AT SCARBORO PARK

The "Lewis L" has reached her destination on the St. Lawrence river, and from all accounts the sail from Portland must have been a great trip.

W. B. Brockway, comptroller, spent a week in Washington and New York on company matters.

Bob Chase, accounting department, was at the Red Cross rooms for two weeks during the recent membership drive. His experience in that work during the war made his assistance of great value during the recent drive.

Carroll Montfort, accounting department, has been transferred from detail work on the books to the cost section.

Harold Willis, financial department, is very busy feathering a nest at Deering Centre.

Since the first fall of snow, Arthur Spring, credit department, and George Parker, paper sales division, have had their heads together planning for the season's skiing parties.

Messrs. Eaton and Callahan are great boosters for Deering Centre—they already have one recruit from the financial department.

J. E. Marriner, pulp sales division, was in New York recently on business.

Harold Chase, purchasing department, was in Manchester, Vt., recently on business.

CAPITAL ADVICE

WILLIAM H. WOODWELL
Drug and Chemical Markets Magazine

The cheimis has no E Z life,
And if he would X L,
He must get all the A D can,
R E cannot do well.

He will become a C D man,
And oft be called A J
Unless he gets what L P can
Obtain in N E way.

So if he fondly hopes 2 B
Successful ere he die;
In K C he wants to stand with men
Who R A counted high.

Let him work hard, and take A Q,
B E so very wise,
If every deed D D does is right,
He surely must A I's.

Let him keep B Z every day,
And C K task to do
Or L C cannot hope 2 C
The N D has in view.

MY THREE OR FOUR VOYAGES TO SEA

(Conclusion)

Here in New Hampshire, I very often hear it said that blood is thicker than water, meaning, of course, that we are very great friends of our English brothers. From what little experience I have had in traveling and from what I have seen, I should call that "piffle." I will not say the English hate us, as that would be putting it rather strong, but I will say they cordially disliked us and I can assure you we returned the compliment. We used to meet them often in foreign ports. Generally we would be piloting schooners across the bar, then it would be blow, Lime Juices, and blow, Yanks, a regular gale of wind on both sides. I remember once in Rio harbor, we were lying close to one of Lamport & Holt's boats. Some of our crew had been ashore and were coming aboard in boats, among them was a little hunchback sailor. The English crew were at their ship's rail and one English fellow shouted: "Hey, Yank, what is that on your back?" The Yankee hunchback replied: "That is Bunker Hill, don't you remember it?" This sounds very commonplace in print, but I wish you could have heard that Yankee sailor say it and the Yankee cheer that followed it.

Just before the Spanish war I happened to be in Havana and the Spaniards were blowing about what they were going to do to the Americans when Cervera's fleet got across. At that time the Americans were getting lots of supplies into Key West, coal among other things. We used to ask the Spaniards what they were going to do for coal for their ships. The answer they gave us was that there was plenty in Key West and they were going there to take it. I cannot remember that they ever took any.

Three or four months before war was declared I joined the El Norte, one of the crack ships of the Morgan Line. We used to sail up and down the coast without a single light that could be seen from another ship. Of course, the inside of the ship was just the same as usual, but the dead lights were all closed at night. In daylight we had to take chances. We were always looking for the Spanish fleet. At that time there was quite a fleet of U. S. battleships lying off Key West, among them the Maine. That was some sight. They were lying a short distance from the lighthouse. I passed them six or eight times, sometimes at night others

in daylight. I understand Mr. Kramer, foreman of Sulphite boiler room, was on board one of those ships. If I had known him at the time, I would have waved my cap to him. Finally we heard the Maine had been sent to Havana and the next we heard she had been blown up. War was then declared and the U. S. Government began to hustle for men and ships and they took everything that was good, and lots that were no good. Among those taken were the four crack ships of the Morgan Line, they names were the El Rio, El Norte, El Sol and El Sud. They

My next trip was up the Androscoggin. When I got as far as the Burgess dam, I could get no farther, so I dumped my mudhook overboard and it is there yet. One of the Brown Company employees asked me if I ever was in Southampton. I was not but that was not my fault. I tried once to get a job on the St. Paul of the American Line to go there, but I was told afterwards my head was not square enough to get a job there, and, mind you, this line was supposed to carry nothing but Americans or American citizens.

My principal object in writing this article was to give you my opinion of the American merchant ship's chance for success. They cannot be successful, competing with cheap European labor and poor board and accommodations of foreign ships, unless the U. S. Government will grant them such subsidy as will put



Weather deck S. S. El Mar, Morgan Line, Southern Pacific Co. The author of "My Three or Four Voyages to Sea" is the serious looking gent with folded arms

were renamed Yankee, Prairie, Yosemite and Dixie. The whole crews were taken as emergency men. Every man went, including your humble servant, on the El Norte. They were overhauled, six guns mounted on each and were called auxiliary cruisers. We served during the war and I had the good, or bad, fortune to be present when the Spanish fleet was captured in the Battle of Santiago. Our principal job was carrying troops. Everyone knows the war lasted only a very short time. When peace was declared, the government did not give back to their owners all the ships, they kept the Yankee, Prairie, Yosemite and Dixie. We were discharged as we were only emergency men.

them on an equal footing with the foreigners. If the government will do that they can hold their own. Thirty years ago there were just two American ships crossing the Atlantic, they were the St. Paul and the St. Louis of the American Line. Just a word about the St. Paul. She was what we called an unlucky ship. I remember once, on a day she was going to sail, she burst her main steam pipe and killed two men. Another time she was coming into New York and got off her course in a fog, she ran up on the beach at Long Branch, New Jersey, and she stayed there about six months before she was floated again and since that I have heard she turned on her side and sank at her dock in New York. She was

raised again and is still sailing. Since that time I do not know of a new American ship that has been added to the fleet, if there has been they do not fly the American flag. I believe all the fast ships of the White Star, Cunard and Anchor lines crossing the Atlantic are financed heavily with American money but they all sport the R. N. R. flag and their captains are R. N. R. men. Those letters mean Royal Naval Reserve. The Americans I suppose get the dividends but in case of war England gets the cream, that is the ships for cruisers. Those ships that fly the R. N. R. flag are granted a subsidy by the British Government. In my opinion, American ship owners should build a fleet of the fastest express steamers, that will compare favorably with either of the above mentioned lines, also including the French line, and reach out to secure the American travelers. It is they that support those big liners with their patronage and they will travel on the biggest and fastest no matter what flag they sail under.

Now about the crews of American ships. They are supposed to be at least 50 per cent American but they are not. I have yet to sail on one that was less than 90 per cent foreigners. In the engine and stewart's departments you would hear more billingsgate than you would in the seven dials. On deck the language they used originated at the farther end of the Copenhagen ferry.

Now, dear reader, if you have followed me closely, I have brought you around the world, but it has taken us eighteen years. If I have given you any amusement, I am satisfied.

"RIDE UP"

A friend of mine was a cowboy once upon a time. He was perhaps not a fancy one for he broke into the game after reaching the age of twenty-one. He has told me about some of the advice that he used to receive while learning the trade.

The best advice he received was from a wise brother cowpuncher who told him to always "ride up." The idea was that by riding up in the front he would always be among the best workers of the outfit. So he always had his horse saddled among the first in the morning and he rode as near the head of the procession as he could. If he fell behind his friend would sing out "ride up."

Think it over, Mr. Reader. If you want a chance to do something "ride up." If you wish to be regarded as a good man, be right up at the head of the crew when there is something doing. Don't be one of those fellows that can't be found when needed. Maybe you will be able to shirk a great deal of work by hanging back but you will never gain promotion that way. When it comes to cutting the crew down the boss is apt to keep the men who "ride up" and send away the stragglers.

"EATS" AND THEN SOME

Who said "eats?" Yes that is the password of the Jolliette Club, and they surely lived up to their name as well as their by-word, on Monday evening, Nov. 8th, when all hands took possession of the Berlin Street Railway and went to the Mt. Madison House for dinner. To

say that Edel likes soup is putting it mildly and she sure did show us how to maneuver the spoon.

After having spent the evening with "eats" and running a marathon to the end of the car line, the Jolliettes left for home, vowing it was the "best yet" and looking forward to another of those jolly meetings. (You next, K. K.)

GRUMBLEKNOT SEWING CIRCLE

The lucky 13 met again across the way. Smythie and Boots were the hostesses and with "Saint Cecelia" at the coffee urn and the Butler serving, each were given their deserts. Lorry was the guest of honor, and if she received more olives, celery, chicken a la King, filled cookies and chocolate cakes than the rest everyone agreed it served her right. Anyway, everyone was so glad to have her back and hear all about her experiences in Boston town that the time sped all too quickly. Porter-house finished what she started and was as quiet as usual at the club, but when they reached Coe & Mac's there seemed to be an added spirit which proved too much for her and Fido and the rest. In fact it was so contagious that even the air was so full that it made Boots blush to think that she and Smythie were making their debut in such special society.

At 10-30 everyone said "good night" and agreed that if they all reached home safe and sane there would be much to be thankful for on Thanksgiving.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Jos. Vallis, Jr. was the lucky winner of a 32 special Winchester. Jos. believes his luck will continue on his next hunting trip.

The Chemical mill has a bowling team of three men, headed by Alfred Watt, who would like to bowl against any team of three men from any department in the Brown Company. Mr. Watt says that the Y. M. C. A. will put up a cup for the season's winner, if enough three-men teams can be induced to enter a league. If any department would like to bowl against the Chemical mill team, please see Mr. Watt.

Erick Holt and Fred Lambert found several deer ready for them near Long Pond.

Mr. James Barnes had a successful hunting trip this Fall.

All the fans are looking to "Hank" O'Connell to start something in the basket ball line this Winter. The basket ball men should get busy and practice.

Some of our boys were at Long Pond storehouse, where they met our old friend, Johnnie Laffin. John is raising a Charlie Chaplin moustache.

Carl Gonsel is so busy going north evenings, that he does not have time to visit his Chemical mill friends as often as he used to.

WONDER WHY

Oh! all the men they smile at me
At home, abroad, where'er I be.

Wonder why?

Once when perhaps I wore a new creation,
But now, even when I look like carnation.

Wonder why?

Once I almost ran a mile
Just to win one little smile.

Wonder why?

Now they almost scrape and bow
Just the best that they know how.

Wonder why?

Lawyer, clerk, fact every man of note,
Passed me by before I had the vote.

Wonder why?

—Selected.

BERLIN FALLS, 1884



Starr King called this, "the most remarkable passage of river passion in New England." In September, 1878, Lucy Larcom wrote the following poem at Berlin Falls.

UP THE ANDROSCOGGIN

Shining along its windings
I behold the river rush,
Hinting of lakes deep hidden
In a far off mountain hush.
It flashes their mystery hither;
It carries it onward—whither?
Like the ocean-moan in the heart of a shell,
I hear that steady monotone tell
How all great action reveals at length
Ungessed resources of lonely strength.

Swift traveler, hurrying river,
Whence hast thou come today?
From tenantless forests of Errol,
Green glooms of Magalloway.
White lilies in careless order,
Thronged out through thy rippling border,
And the moss-hung limbs of the aged fir
Waved over thee weirdly, in farewell stir,
And the old cliff-eagle screamed after thee,—
Umbagog's wild nursling, escaped to the sea.

Where the foot-hills of Waumbek-Methna
Descend to the woodlands of Maine,
Down fliest thou, as unto thy kindred,—
A steed with a loosened rein.
No art may depict the fierce fashion
The impulse, the plunge and the passion
Of brown waters bounding through barriers strait,
To gaze on the solemn, crowned summits, that wait,
Advance, then recede into distances gray,
While, moaning and sobered, thou goest thy way.

Beyond are the fields of Bethel,
The meadows of perfect green,
Where, a fugitive weary and listless,
Thou sleepest in silvery sheen.
But lower and less are the mountains
That dip their rough feet in thy fountains,
And thy onward journey, thou wilderness stream,
Is as when one wakes from a morning dream
Unto daily labor, where earth and air
Grow dull with a tinge of pervading care.

Thy song rolled clear, Androscoggin;
Like the rune of a seer it ran;
The story and life of a river
Are the life and the story of man,
The resolve, the romantic endeavor—
The dream that fulfils itself never—
With freshness that urges, and full veins that boil,
Down the hillsides of hope, over levels of toil,
Till the Will that moves under our purpose is done,
And the stream and the ocean have met and are one!





An "Inside" Advertisement

OUT of many thousand military suggestions contributed to the American Government by private citizens during the war, it is said that twenty-five were good.

THAT seems a small percentage, but in fact it was big enough to win the war!

AND there was only one way to get the useful suggestions—namely to call on the brain power in America for voluntary service and to sift and select the ideas that would serve.

Now, the big enterprise of making pulp and paper, and all the products that follow on, is not so much a question of horse-power as of brain power. The Brown Company will succeed, as a Producing organization, just so far as it succeeds as a *Thinking* organization.

YOUR bit of paper dropped into the suggestion box may or may not be important in itself, but it is mighty important to *you* because it marks your enlistment as a *Producer of Ideas*, and your second—or your hundredth—idea may be a hummer.

So, go to it!