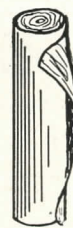




THE BROWN BULLETIN.



VOL. III.

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BERLIN, N. H., APRIL 1, 1922

No. 10



THE RANGE FROM MOUNT JASPER

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. III.

APRIL, 1922

No. 10

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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

Miss E. A. Uhlschoffer, Supervising Nurse; Miss Laura Swetland, Mrs. Florence Keenan, Miss Dorothy Goodwin, Miss Gertrude Kennedy. 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.

Consulting Physician for March, Dr. Wilkinson

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THE ADVENTURES OF OLA CHRISTIANSON

Ay yost bane coom over from Sweden, tree, four, five years ago, and ay bane told you vot my name bane, Ola Christianson. First place ay bane land vas Noo Yourk and ay bane told you, Noo Yourk vas almost big as Stockholm, Sweden, vere ay bane coom from. Yost ven ay coom down gandy plank off boat, ay hear Svede mon say, "Hello, Ola," and ay bane tank he sproke to me so ay bane say, "Goo dag, Herr." He ask me if ay see his brother Sharlie on boat, and ay say no. After vile ven he found Sharlie vasn't on boat, he ask me if vant yob. "Sure ay vant yob," ay say, so ve vent to rail rode station and took train to Duluth, Minn,

Ven ay coom der ay vent to vork on farm, und bay yimmitay ay vork hardt. Ven coom sommer time ay bane meet noder Svede mon, and he say, "Ola, ve can make money vid fish net on Lake Superior. Dom are har mong fiska der." So ve are rig op vid fiska takle, and take small boat to Nort shore Lake Superior. Vell, ve are fiska and fisk upon Nort shore, und bay yimmitay ay don't ketch von fisk. Den ve go sout shore, and ve ban ketch yackler mess. Last vinter ay tink ay take trip to old country, so ay leave Duiuth for Noo Yourk. After ay bane yomp on train, yimminy mon, ay feel so gude, ay feel for faite. Den ay hear Svede mon talk, so ay take leetle stroll over dere vere dey sid down. Boom, boom by, von off dem ask me if ay like play cardts, and ay do. And ay bane told you von ting, dat dose Svede mon ban yost some bad som yew, so ven ay coom Noo Yourk ay don't have price for buy can Copenhagen snoos. Den ay bané tank ay har uncle vot take sharge for Brown Company, Berlin, N. H., so ay bane talk mid telephony mit him. He bane send me money for coom Berlin, and ay find yob mit him at toob mill. Also ay find boarding house, und lots Svede mon har oper Berlin. So ay bane tank ay stay vile. Ay bane like Brown Bulletinging and ay vatch for paper vot print about yost vot ay ban rite.

Tanking you first time for print me, Ola Christianson oper Brown Bulletinging.

Ay bane yost der same,
OLA CHRISTIANSON.

Lettuce is served young because it must be washed and dressed.

Watering places are being more patronized as summer resorts.

AN ALARM

A great epidemic is spreading. It has already entered all of our plants and extended into the camps. It is entirely incurable at this season of the year and unlike most epidemics it attacks the strong and red-blooded and avoids the weak and anaemic. This malady is confined to the brain, a purely mental disorder and is known, to me at least, as the "Fisherman's Itch." Its common symptoms are a frantic rambling about the house in search of anything pertaining to fishing that a loving wife has mislaid, a disgusted look at the patches of snow still remaining on the hillsides, and an almost flirtatious attitude toward the beams of sunshine which portend an early spring.

This is entirely my own diagnosis, and I do not care to tread in any way upon the toes of an over jealous medical profession. The alarm is out, the victims are accumulating but relief is expected about the first day of May.

Be hopeful, my patients, remember that your "high time is fly time" and that you soon will be radiant in your glory and your red blood will carry you out into the haunts of nature to tempt the finny tribe.

AN INSULT

To look at the floor of the Sulphite Mill smoking room these days, one is forcibly reminded of the story of Noah and his Ark—and not the beautiful side either—but the dirty, swirling, turbulent flood and while anything that makes us think of the Bible should have an element of good in it, we cannot consider this unsanitary pastime of spitting on the floor anything less than a direct insult; an insult to those who try to keep the floor clean, an insult to the management who request you not to spit on the floor and an insult and a direct menace to those who eat their lunch there. There is no need to go into detail as to the danger of transmitting disease by spitting, it was taught us in the primary school, we have heard it lectured from the platform and public health bulletins shout it to us from every billboard.

In the smoking room there are a generous number of cuspidors, one or more for every table and yet we see men every day spit over, around and no where near them, in fact one man playing cards was seen to move a cuspidor because it interfered with his stretching his legs, and then proceed to direct a small Niagara at the spot where the cuspidor originally was.

Can any decent, self respecting individual watch this most filthy of indoor sports without a shudder of disgust and loathing, and why pass it off with a shrug and say it cannot be helped; it can be stopped and it most certainly should be stopped. How? you say. Just suppose one of those men should come into your home and start his favorite pastime of decorating the floor with filth and disease germs. Would you shrug and say it cannot be helped? I do not think so.

Now for the remedy. Consider this mill a home and the management the head of the house.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

SULPHITE MILL

Frank Theborge from stock grader to dryer foremen.

Henry Plummer from bleach wrapper to stock grader.

Arthur Turnel from laborer to coal fireman.

Joseph Clouthier from laborer to coal fireman.

Ernest Gendron from maintenance to multigraph.

Romeo Roy from bailing man to back tender "B."

CASCADE MILL

Allen Files from fourth hand to third hand paper machine.

Henry D. Decoteau from spare hand to sixth hand, paper machine.

Paul Guay from sixth hand to fourth hand, paper machine.

Fred Morris from sixth hand to fourth hand, paper machine.

FEBRUARY ACCIDENTS

SULPHITE MILL

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents..... | 3 |
| Minor accidents..... | 5 |
| Accidents without loss of time..... | 35 |
| Total..... | 43 |

CASCADE MILL

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents..... | 0 |
| Minor accidents..... | 7 |
| Accidents without loss of time..... | 48 |
| Total..... | 55 |

UPPER PLANTS

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents..... | 0 |
| Minor accidents..... | 8 |
| Accidents without loss of time..... | 25 |
| Total | 33 |

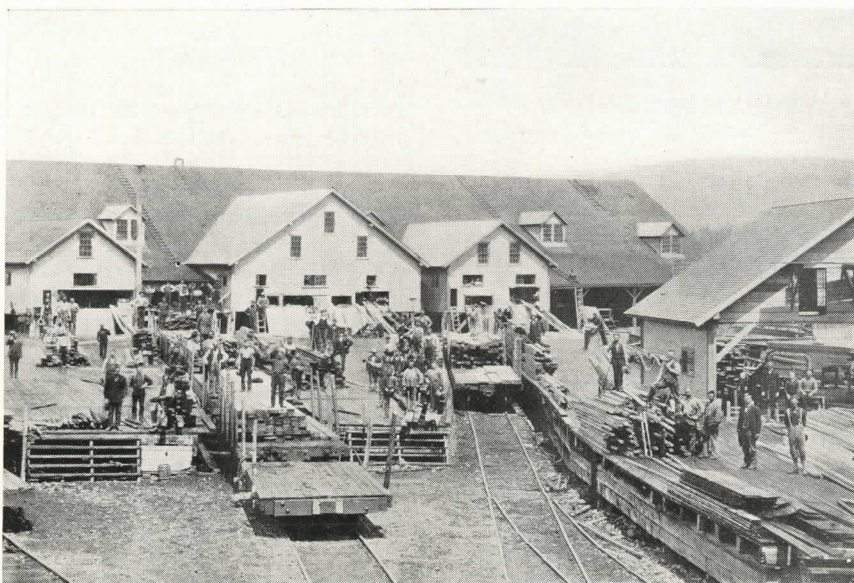
Obituary

Ed. C. Nowell, born April 17, 1853, and commenced work for the Company Sept. 23, 1903, and had been employed continuously until his death, which occurred February 23, 1922. He was employed as watchman at the Cascade.

O WAD INDEED!

O wad some power the gifte gie 'em
To see their legs as others see 'em!
It wad frae monie a short skirt free 'em,
And foolish notion
That toothpick and piano legs
Inspire devotion.

Exchange.



ORIGINAL SAW MILL, BERLIN MILLS

SULPHITE MILL GAS

At ten o'clock a man tried to call Bill Innes on the phone. At noon he tried again. Then Elsie said impatiently, "I told you two hours ago that he was talking, didn't I!"

Jack Buckley in the bleachery had been working hard for a while, his tanks were overflowing, the liquor run short, his temperatures were away off and someone had got away with his chewing tobacco. Imagine his grouch. Along came one of the storehouse crew with an armful of packings for the bottom worms. "Where'll I put these, Jack?" he inquired. "Put them down, put them



This man (if you know him) has invented a new way of getting a free ride

down," bellowed old Jack. "Yes, but where'll I put them?" "Great bull-rush-in' moses," shouted Jack, "just turn them loose, they'll drop themselves."

HEARD IN THE TIME OFFICE

Mike: "Look here, this is the only pair of shoes I have bought in a year and they are new yet."

Herman: "That's nothing, I have one pair here that outwore four pair of pants."

Arthur Gagnon, one of our most faithful screen men in the bleachery, a few months ago wanted to keep hens. He went to a farmer and bought some young

chicks, thirteen in number and guaranteed all ladies except one. Later, as time went on, Mr. Gagnon found out he had twelve roosters and one hen.

Adv: Anyone who wants to swap a hen for a rooster, please call on party mentioned above at Champlain Street, East Side.

Mr. Gagnon wants to have fresh eggs in the future.

There won't be anything that Joe Vaillancourt won't see around the ice plant after this, because he is now wearing glasses.

If anyone has an automobile bumper that has a bend in it, take it to Alfred Marois and he will fix it.

Fresh eggs for sale. Apply to Alfred Marois, ice plant.

The tool house is very glad that the job at No. 5 Generator is done. Mede Labonte won't break any more cantdogs showing his man how strong he is.

You tell him, Mede, we know how wide you can open your mouth. Sam measured it the other day and it measured just 6 7-16". That isn't much for a small boy like you.

Here is something that might come in handy. Sam Montminy says if you have a sore throat, when you are going to bed take off your left stocking and put it around your neck and in the morning it will be better.

Are Lavoie and Myler still discussing politics? How's the fighting spirit?

To judge from the various sounds in the curve room they are doing "spring cleaning." However, Mr. Grenier says they are to make a better showing in curves and figures at the new table. If you doubt it, ask Mr. Briggs, as he is overseeing the job.

We hear that Byron "takes the cake" at all Juliettes parties?

Is it true that Miss Ryan sometimes holds a "winning hand?" Ask Juliette.

The Grumblenots had a very good opportunity to live up to their name the

other night at the club. At least no one was heard to "grumble" at the supper served by Mrs. Snodgrass and Miss Lavoie. Some chicken pie wasn't it, Grumblenots? Now we envy Arthur, don't we? Anyhow, we know that Agatha is just as effi-



JERRY COULIE AND BLEACHERY CREW

cient at cooking as she was at the storehouse, and that Arthur certainly gets his "desserts." Here's to the next meeting, and may it be soon.

OUR VISITOR

A man who had erred had often heard

Of the sulphur flames at play,
So he strolled around and Fagan found
On a hustling, bustling day.

Said he to him, "I have a whim,
Which satisfy I must;
Concerns a foe whom you may know—
A friend of the sulphur trust.

"In my dreams at night I shiver from
fright,

As I see his tongue of fire;
His eyes they seem to have a gleam
That clearly shows his ire."

To the burner room with tales of gloom
The two then quickly sped,
Where shafts of light were shining bright,
As Satan's fires were fed.

"My head it aches, my heart it quakes,"
Quote he of restive air.
He turned about and then fled out
With Fagan standing there.

A lesson learned, his system churned
By all that he had seen,
He homeward went with good intent
To make his future clean.

With resolves anew he hired a pew,
And faithfully attends.
So now my dope is: "All have hope,
My many, many friends."

George E. Whitcher, of our sulphite mill, has during the past season kept an

itemized account of expenses accrued from operating his Ford car. This account has been assumed by many interested friends to be complete and correct, until another Ford owner slyly slipped the following list into my hand:

| Items | Cost |
|--|------------------------------------|
| Loss of wife's false teeth by travel over rough road | \$ 25 00 |
| Killing flock of chickens..... | 15 00 |
| Changing wife's hair from black to gray..... | Month's supply of gasoline and oil |
| Attack on right flank of loitering cow..... | 10 00 |
| Overspeeding with attractive widow..... | 15 00 |
| Loss of wife's affections..... | Fine Indefinite amt. |
| Burning up of car through faulty carburetor..... | 525 00 |
| Total..... | Experience |

Berlin, N. H., March 15, 1922.

To the Editor of the Brown Bulletin.

Dear Sir:

You will note, by this pekuliar writing, a phew mistakes in my spelling. The reason phor same is that a siklone must have struk my typewriter and knocked the letters "Eph" and "See" out of order, but I will try and write to you in the best way I kan.

The objekt ov the letter is an answer to the many inquiries reseived konserning not sending in any kontributions.

Phor instance: A man in Gorham reporting phor the Boston post kannot send in as many kontributions as one in New York.

Phor the last phive months I have been working every day, at hours when the whole world was asleep. I kould have done like the reporter ov The Boston Advertiser, going about asking one and another what a wonderphul dream they had; but, at that time ov day I phelt more like going to retire and dream myselph.

I am now working on tours, as most ov the others are, and in that way I will have an opportunity to send you more kontributions.

You may rest assured that in the phuture I shall do my best to send in items to the Brown Bulletin, our wonderphul monthly paper that we are all interested in.

Yours truly,
A REPORTER.

A Burgess man, who predicts the passing of human legs through their becoming

useless as flivvering replaces walking, seems to forget that legs and feet are highly useful members in connection with operating flivvers.

Loredo Dupuis says the Central and Western states are in for a renaissance in art. So look out for a lot of Main Street change to High Street.

What's the matter, Michel Boudard, you are not coming to see us any more at the new dryer? We'll tell Joe Marcou and his bunch to keep quiet the next time you come up.

If St. Patrick predicted and St. Brandon effected the discovery of America, and if St. Brandon lived for seven years on the Maine coast, we would like to know why he didn't drive the mosquitos out of Maine, just as St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland.

Now here are suggestions offered by members of the Burgess Fixit Club, which may be of help to citizens of the up country city. Get a Fixit for the little bothersome jobs. We have the tools, the brains and the ambition; all you need to furnish is the task and the pay and even then your job will cost you just what it is worth and no more. The Fixits are strong and no task is too hard for them. Each Fixit is a Hercules for work. Just try one and he can show you how the ancient Egyptians raised and put in place the immense stone of the Pyramids.

Do you get cold shoveling snow? Fix-it doesn't.

Does the broken window pane pain you? Let a Fixit doctor it.

Do you get dirty sifting ashes? Let a Fixit do it.

Do you get tired filling the coal hod? The Fixits don't.

Do you want someone to help you more? The Fixits will.

Does your baggage need smashing? The Fixits know how.

Do you want an errand boy? A Fixit is one.

Do you want to give a party? Let a Fixit help you.

Does your stove need a shine? A Fixit can handle a brush.

Do you want your rugs cleaned? You can't beat the Fixits at that.

Do you want a carpet taken up? The Fixits tacks collectors.

Do you want help with your garden? The Fixits will do it all.

Do you want someone to care for your hens? Let a Fixit.

Do you want a hinge or catch put on? Tell it to a Fixit.

Do you want your windows cleaned? Let the Fixits do it.

Do you want your grass cut? The Fixits can cut it.

Do you need a waiter? The Fixits are waiting for you.

Do you want a tutor for your boy? The Fixits have brains also.

Mr. Elphege Charest is the President of the Fixits. If anybody wants to join, just call on him.

A CONDENSED MILL DICTIONARY

Time Office—A centrally located spot where men from all over the mill gather to "kill" time.

Wood Room—A department full of "tanks," where both wood and tobacco are chewed.

A Digester—A piece of apparatus tired by frequent "blow-outs," but never punctured.

Barking Plant—A dog house.

Lunch Room—A training station for men requirihg meals at least ten times a day.

Baby Press—A mother's arms.

'Wet' Machine—A piece of apparatus used for making home brew.

Vomit Spout—Plain seasickness.

Our "Fire" Department—A group of foremen, who have been very active reducing their forces during the business depression.

Acid Room—Built for a scent (cent) but earning dollars every day.

Dryer Building—A receiving station where a product born in the woods arrives badly soaked.

Curve Room—A place where curves are studied, "figure"atively speaking.

Peter Ryan, during the war was associated with the Marines but during the past winter he has been "sharp shooting" at the Y. M. C. A. bowling alley, running up an average of 101 in the three man team tournament and receiving a cup for the highest average. Pete is quiet and unassuming but he does things.

The Sulphite Mill team, composed of Oscar Gonya, Arthur Riva and Pete Ryan, came in second in the above tournament, which comprised eight teams.

Peter McCrystle has returned to the Sulphite Mill after a winter's sojourn at the Woods Department Office. He is now located in the "cooler" (an appropriate name for the new scaler's office).

Leon Leonovitch of the wood room, read a paper, "What I Wish to Do for the Night School," at the graduating exercises held a short time ago.

Cook: (looking at cartoon) "Well, Wilson, I did think you were a better cartoonist than this."

Wilson: "Cartoonist nothing, if you rode on Gross' cars as much as I do, you wouldn't expect me to make any kind of a tune, least of all a car-toon."

Yonny Yonson: (in lunch room) "Say, feller, how do you get that way, I came here first?"

The other feller: "Aw, wait till I get a nickel out of my pocket."

Yonny: "Go to it, boy, I'd wait a year to see you spend a nickel."

Fagan: "Say, operator, when I have a call, you ought to call me more."

Operator: "Yes, Mr. Fagan, you ought to answer your auto-call more."

It is small wonder that Mr. Martin's favorite slang expression is now, "dog-gone it."

DO YOUR BIT

Everyone cries, "Where's Burgess Pep,"
Everyone cries, "We've lost our rep."
No one cries, "Here's my wee bit,
To help old Burgess make a hit."
Come, ye Burgess men, one and all,
To answer your editor's urgent call;
With story, joke and even more,
Make our page as peppy as before.

Last month Frankie was thinking of inserting the following ad in our paper:
WANTED—At any reasonable fee, an expert hockey teacher.

As he is no longer interested in hockey, he suggests that Arthur Thomas use it.

Anyone desiring information on that all important subject: "To Marry or Not to Marry," see Paul Grenier in the curve room.

We understand that Mr. Bishop has taken out another insurance policy. Why? Oh, he sits under the curve room elevator and gets all that is coming to him. Is it that you have a bad case of dropsy, Dorothy?

It is understood that Mr. Briggs and Mr. Fagan are frequently heard cussing under their breath. When questioned, they say Mr. Fowler has requested them to swear off swearing in the foremen's room.

SPEAKING OF STONES

Chong: "My-ee flather one verlee smartee man-ee. He slee a yellow-stone park."

Black Sammy: "Aw, dat aint not'ing, mah faddah done smoke a blackstone."

Pat: "Shure, and thot's nawthin', I heard me maw tell me paw that he had swallowed a blarney stone, and if he wasn't a-coughin' up of it soon he'd be after bein' under a tombstone smellin' brimstone."

Chaloux: (after his daily smoke)
"Operator, was that my wife calling me?"
Operator: "I should hope so."

When in answer to his chiding,
A saucy damsel, her time abiding,
Had simply replied, without pretext,
I am just as good as the next;
A wise old preacher then chose his text:
"Be thou, then, a little better than the next."

THE CHIPPER

The Chipper is a beast of ugly mood,
For twenty-four hours he cries for food,
Cries and snarls with an ugly bite
From morn till dark and from dark till light.

The Chipper is a beast with digestion good
For all he eats is knots and wood.
He gulps them down in a careless way
With relentless speed from day to day.

When Sunday comes, as if in awe
He ceases for once his awful gnaw,
He spends the day as well he should,
For in spite of his acts he may be good.

So as I look around and hark
To the ceaseless talk of men who bark,
I wonder that if beneath the skin
There is not a tender heart within.

The electrical crew are going to present J. King with a pair of mittens on a string to hang around his neck. These are to

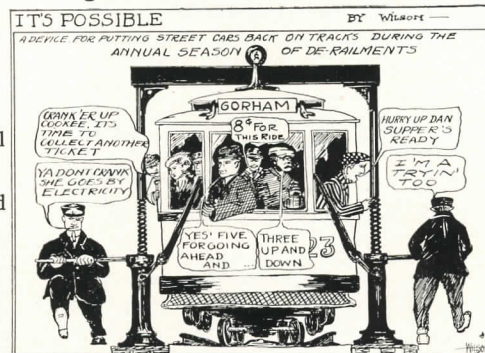
be worn with the homespun middy blouse.

A ten round bout is being arranged between F. Olson and J. Fagan. This is not to be a fistic encounter but a verbal one. The odds favor J. Fagan.

Frank Benoit will have different hours hereafter for his barbering business. Schedule to be announced later.

If James P. V. Fagan had been a General and had had his Brown Relief System in the front line trenches, he could have won the war for the allies in four months.

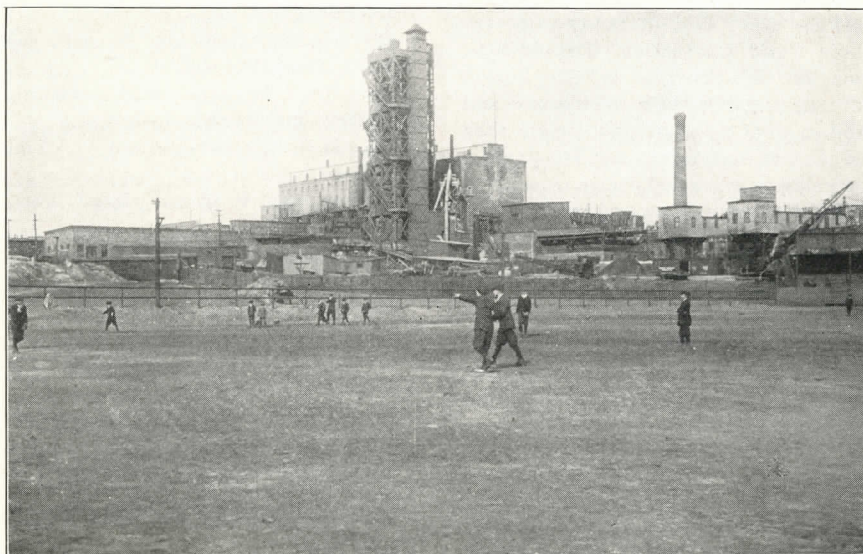
Ed. Goyna is an adept in installing electric ranges, but we would like to have Ed. explain why the ladies are objecting to wearing rubber gloves when using said ranges.

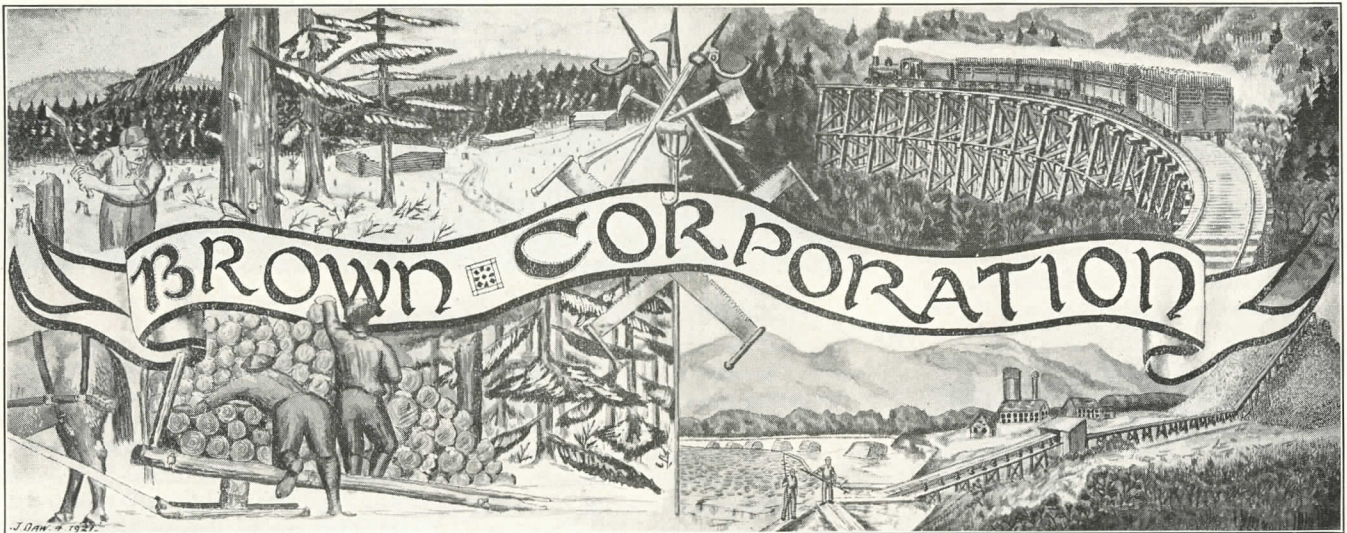


Some people are disagreeable because they know no other way to attract attention.

After thanking the Lord for your meal, don't find fault with the cook.

Having ox tail soup and calves' brains for dinner is one way of making both ends meet.





ST. GEORGE

We extend to Mr. Brady our heartfelt sympathy for the death of our beloved mother.

Three crews are looking after scaling this season with Auguste Lessard, J. A. Thibaudeau and L. S. Dostie as scalers.

The mill at St. Mary's is still closed down, but work is expected to be resumed at some future date.

Repairs are being made to piers and dams preparatory to the drive.

Mr. Corbett of the Quebec office, twice visited this operation during the last month.



TWO HOURS' FISHING AT
CHAUDIERE

TEMISCOUATA

Mr. Paul Sperry, a maker of decoy ducks from New Haven, visited this district recently, having come this far afield in search of white cedar, or arborvitae, for the manufacture of his product. He tells us that the best decoys are being made from a tropical wood known as "balsa," very light and workable, which is imported from South America and sells in New York city at a very high price.

"Balsa" ducks are thus necessarily expensive and according to Mr. Sperry there is a growing demand for a light and cheap decoy, for which white cedar seems to be the only native wood with the proper technical qualities. At all events plenty was found in this region, and Mr. Sperry took a carload home with him.



LOADING PLANT, SALMON LAKE

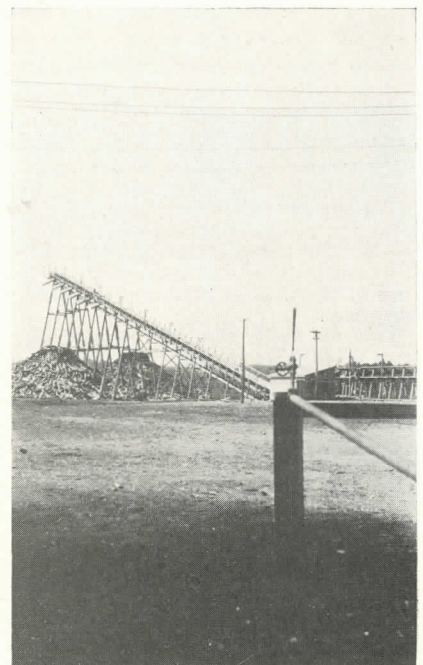
Our research department will be interested to know that an enterprising decoy maker of Bridgeport succeeded in making a very fascinating looking duck out of wood pulp. For a time this bird threatened to revolutionize the duck business. When put into the water, however, the creature proceeded to swell up, and—ah—bust, so to speak. I had forgotten to mention that it was a little hollow duck, and a few stray doses of duck shot did not render her any more seaworthy.

Outside of that the wood pulp duck was a very satisfactory decoy. Will the Papinchois Times please advise us how many will be needed at Bersimis next season?

The comings and goings of C. W. Alden of the S. D. Warren Co., are difficult to follow and still more so to chronicle. Since his now famous dash from Cabano

to Portland, made in a Franklin roadster (any Franklin fan can get the details of the trip from Mr. Alden,) we have been too bewildered to properly inform his friends in the Brown Corporation of his activities. Doubtless they all know by this late date that C. W. A. has opened an office in Cabano, Que., for the extraction of pulpwood, popular variety, from the beautiful hillsides around Lake Temiscouata. We are delighted to have a State-of-Mainer for a neighbor.

At the present writing we have had several false alarms in the form of thaws, but we old timers don't pay any attention



PILING OUT CONVEYOR,
TROIS PISTOLES

to talk of spring until the crows arrive, and no crows have arrived in Riviere du Loup as yet. Consequently we are resigned to a few more weeks of winter, during which time we hope to complete the maps and cruising reports upon which we have been engaged since the first of the year. The work has consisted, briefly, in an effort to assemble a complete set of individual maps of the Company lots in this district, together with information as to the amount and distribution of the remaining cut.

Peter is glad to be back at Riviere du Loup though his reception was not as pleasant as he had anticipated. It appears that, before his trip to Isle Verte, he had become quite friendly, in a platonic way of course, with the Crockett lady cat who had in fact taken quite an interest in him. Now, while he was absent, this creature, with the well known fickleness of her sex, had become enamoured of a very *striking* "Tom" from across the street who deeply resented Peter's attempts to renew his former friendly footing with the lady. The result is that Peter is feeling sore; indeed quite sore—in spots.

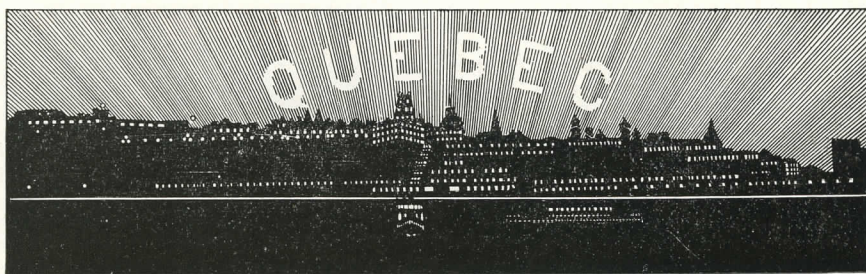
Peter was anxious to leave Isle Verte which he found quite dull, and "John," as a catch as catch can wrestler, is not in his class so he arrived at the station a little ahead of time and found that the train was a few minutes late. "Peter" was disgusted and voiced his feelings quite openly. However, he calmed down after a while and remarked, "After all how can one expect a train to be on time in a country situated within barking distance of the North Pole. Why don't they move the stations to meet the trains and have them 'always on time,' as the Temiscouata Railway folder says?"

Peter claims that the back end of an automobile moves faster than the front end. He was out last fall running along by the front wheel of the luxurious Rolles Royce driven by his master when the rear wheel sneaked up and poked him in the hump.

This, he feels, though rather a dirty trick to play on an American dog by an English car, was probably the result of the heated articles in the Hearst papers on the subject of "Who Hit Maginty? The hated English, of course." However, Peter says that he did not make a howl about the incident as he considers the occurrence as somewhat of a family matter.

Personally we have our doubts of the above explanation, as it has come to our ears that at about that time a considerable amount of drink, much stronger than Riviere du Loup water, was found in a cellar very closely related to his home and much frequented by Peter and his master.

P. B. K.



GUESSING CONTEST

Four million German marks or three cents in Canadian money will be awarded to the person correctly guessing what the gentleman in the accompanying cartoon said when he dropped the bottle, which unfortunately contained something more desirable and pleasing to the palate than ink.

We have been authorized by the Naval Department of the Brown Corporation to contradict reports to the effect that under the terms of the Washington Disarmament Conference, the S. S. "Lewis L." is to be scrapped. As proof of the falsity of this report, a large staff is now engaged in the repainting of the name of this vessel.

It is true that the Japanese delegates argued long and eloquently for the destruction of this boat, claiming that while it existed the peace of the world would be insecure.



FRONTENAC MONUMENT

While the conference was going on, we endeavored to secure a statement from Commodore Rowell, as to whether or not there was any possibility of this ship being scrapped, but as everything was a deep, dark secret at that time, the Commodore refused to be quoted.

Spring is here and, as usual, all "shop" talk centers on the various drives. In a few weeks water will be the most precious thing in the world to the operation managers, including those on the wrong side of the line.

Henry Page of the Windigo operation, recently stopped off here for a few hours, and then continued on his way to the

balmy shores of Florida.

Claude and Mac recently shared a room for the night. Claude placed his watch under his pillow and Mac placed his on a mantle shelf half way between the two beds. At 4 a. m., Mac roused Claude and asked him what time it was. Active service makes a man resourceful, doesn't it? Mac won't tell us what Claude said.

What's the matter with the Trois Pistoles air? Bob Cumming went up there a few weeks ago and after working a couple of days had to return to Quebec on account of a very sore leg, which he contracted on the job. Daw also returned from there a few days ago, hopping about on one pin, and was obliged to rest up for a few days. We are glad to report, however, that both Bob and Daw are O. K. again.

Marcel, the versatile young man who looks after our books, has decided to go in for skiing this year. He promises not to jump any more than 200 feet for a start.

Taylor, McCarthy and Warner recently invaded Lyster with the intention of bringing home enough game to keep their larders and those of their friends well stocked with game for the winter. The accompanying cartoon shows them laying down a barrage, with no ill effects on the intended victims.

Pat Bradley recently wrote to a Canadian furniture house, and asked them to advise him when his order for some chairs and a table would be shipped. They replied that his order would go forward in a short time, and placed the following postscript on the bottom of their letter:

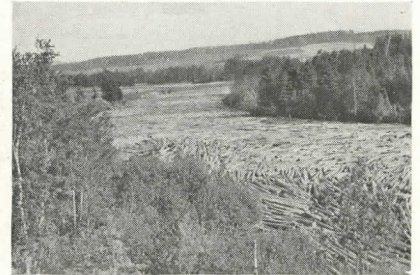
"Our new baby carriage line will be ready October 1st. Do not order until you see it."

We agree with Pat that this is rushing things a bit.

Being a shipping clerk does not qualify a man for the navy.



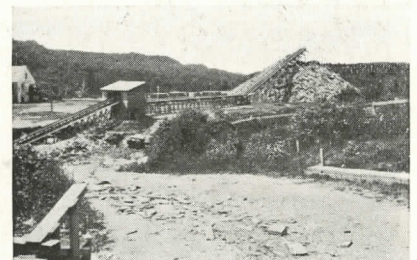
JAM PIERS, TROIS PISTOLES



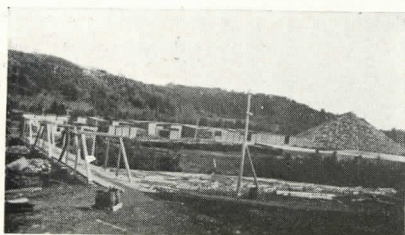
JAM, MATAPEDIA RIVER



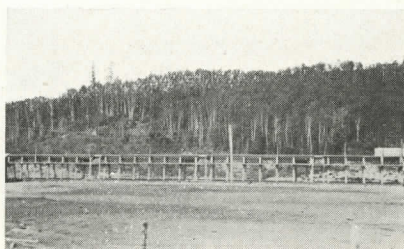
BIG SORTING GAP, SALMON LAKE



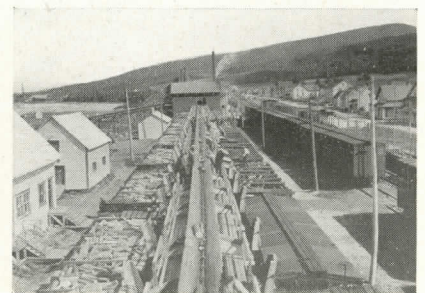
LOADING AND PILING OUT CONVEYOR, TROIS PISTOLES



LUMBER YARD, TROIS PISTOLES



LOADING CONVEYOR, TROIS PISTOLES



LOADING CONVEYOR, SALMON LAKE

THE COMMUNITY CLUB

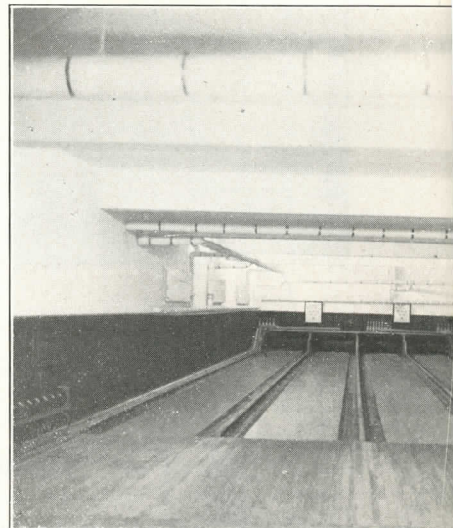
LA TUQUE, QUE.



The new Club House at La Tuque, that has been the dream of the older members of the organization and the early settlers of the town, at last became a reality on Feb. 19, 1922.

This beautiful building is situated just east of the old boarding house, command-

ing a view of the St. Maurice Valley from its wide verandas, yet convenient to the town and near enough to the rink to allow the members of the various hockey teams of the town to use the locker rooms, shower and swimming pool. Its setting is beautiful; its colonial architecture har-

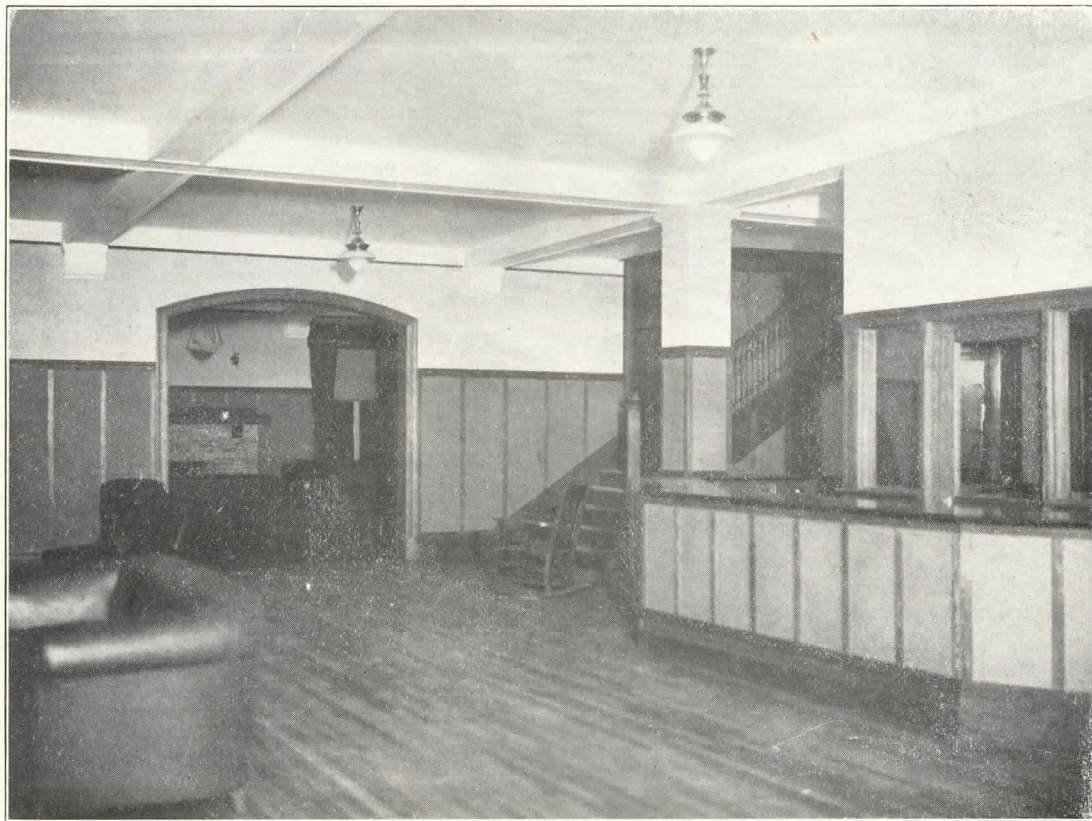


BOWLING ALLEYS

monizes beautifully with its surroundings and its interior arrangement, its furnishings and equipment are all that could be desired, being on a par with the best clubs and Y. M. C. A.'s in the large cities of the country.

In the basement is located the boiler plant, bowling alleys—four in number—fully equipped with the latest equipment and a roomy elevated stand for the spectators. The locker rooms, shower baths, men's toilets and swimming pool are also in the basement, being very conveniently located and equipped with the very latest equipment. The swimming pool is 20' by 60' being 7' 6" deep at one end and 4' 6" at the other end, and is the most popular part of the building, being in use continually from 1 p. m., until 11 p. m.

The boys' department is separated from the men's throughout the entire building, and has a separate entrance. The boys have their own pool and reading rooms on the ground floor, also separate locker rooms, toilets, shower baths and entrance to the swimming pool



LOBBY



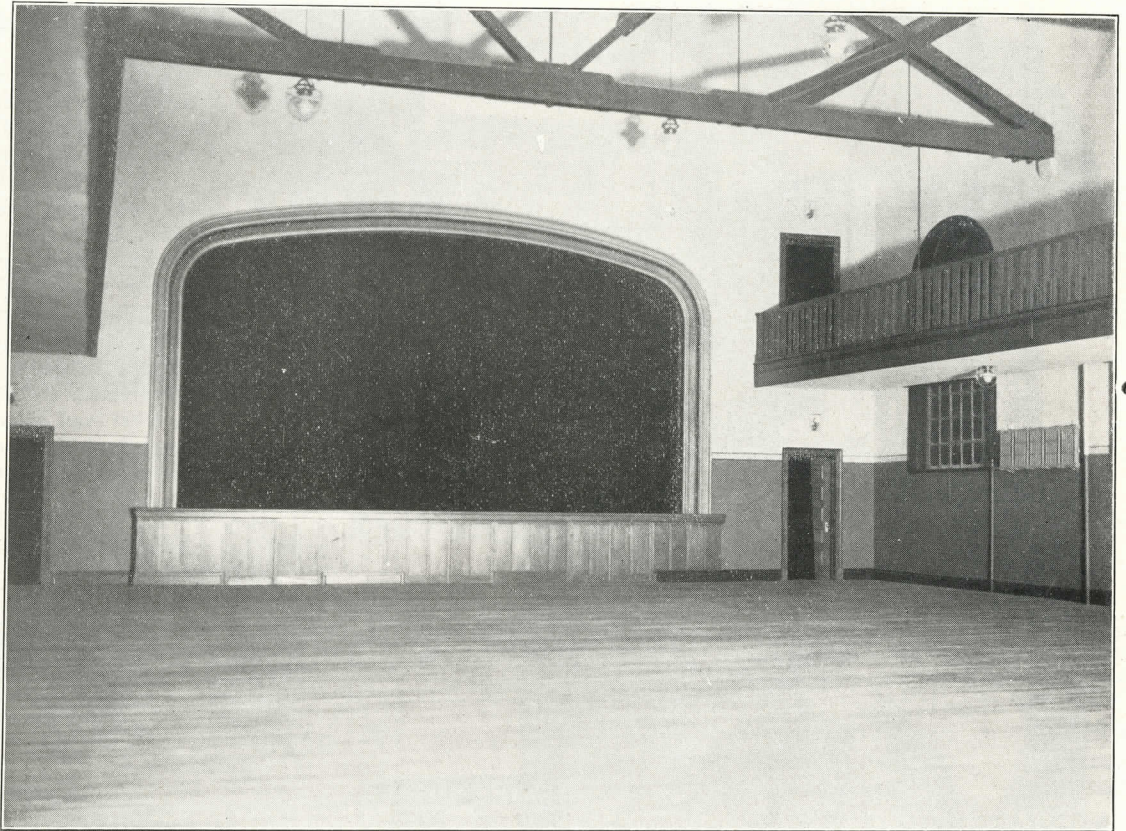
EYS

in the basement.

On the ground floor is the large lounge and office, the reading room, ladies' room, pool rooms, gymnasium, club rooms and offices of the staff.

Two spacious stair cases lead up from each end of the lounge to the foyer above, which gives access to the billiard room, dance hall, banquet hall with kitchen complete with electric stove, dumb waiter and full equipment of dishes. Entrance to the balcony of the gymnasium also leads off from the foyer as well as a small committee room where meetings of the various clubs are held.

On the third floor are the caretaker's apartments of four rooms and bath, and seven rooms completely furnished where the Company's guests and employees on business in La Tuque are accommodated. These rooms are very bright and airy, and the toilets with bath and shower bath conven-



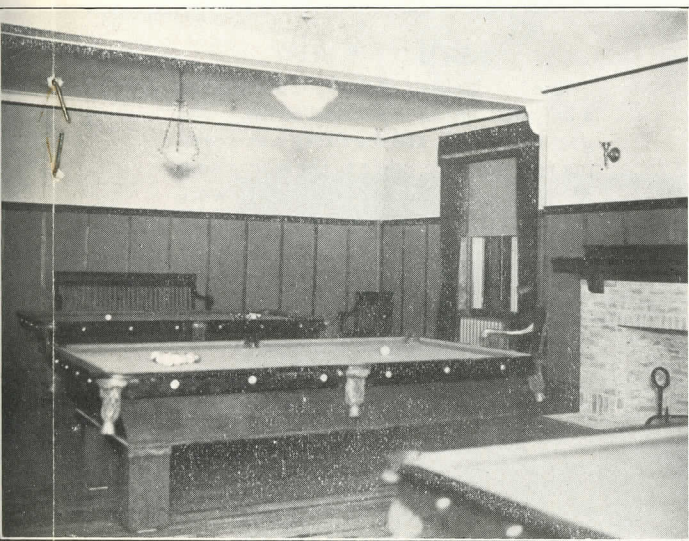
AUDITORIUM

iently located at the end of the hall.

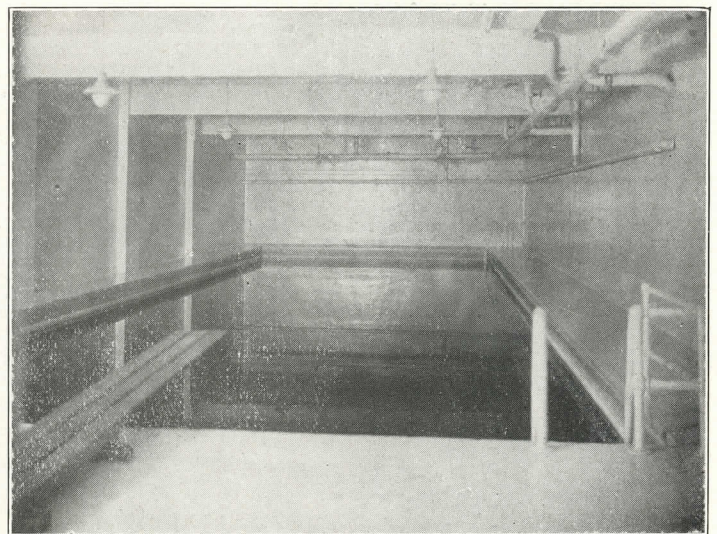
The Brown Corporation has spared no expense to make this Club House complete in every detail. They have furnished it with wonderful taste and judgment, and we can thank Mrs. Simmons Brown who spent a great deal of time in selecting these furnishings, and taste in carrying out the color schemes that are so

pleasing to the eye.

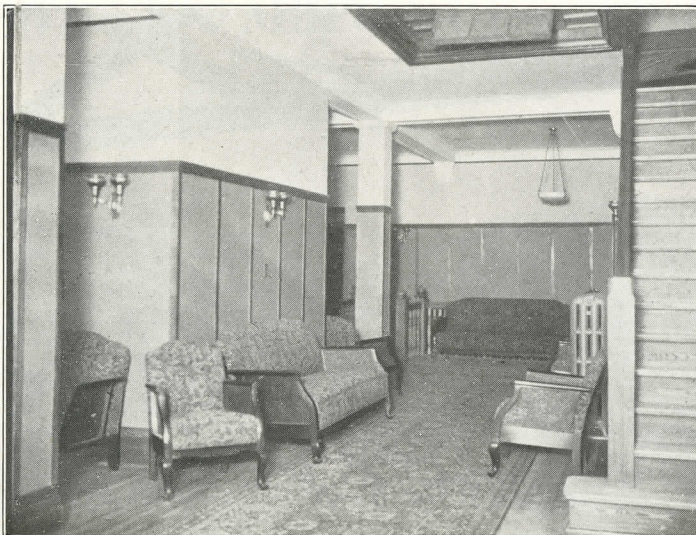
The opening night was the biggest social event in the history of La Tuque, and the gymnasium with its seating capacity of 650 was packed to the doors, while fully one thousand people were turned away. The evening's program as given below supplied a very enjoyable entertainment.



POOL ROOM



SWIMMING POOL



FOYER

Overture Shea's Orchestra, Montreal
 Opening Address Mr. Simmons Brown
 Address Mr. R. H. McDonald, designer
 of the building

Address Rev. Fr. Eugene Corbeil

Address Rev. Robert Shires

Address Mayor Real Gravel

Musical program supplied by Jimmy
 Rice & Company of Montreal, including
 such artists as

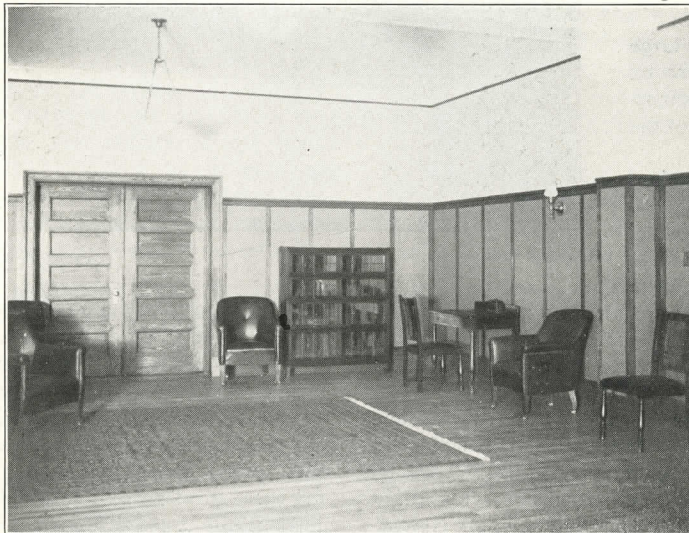
Mr. Thomas M. Cowan Baritone

Mr. Emile Gour Tenor

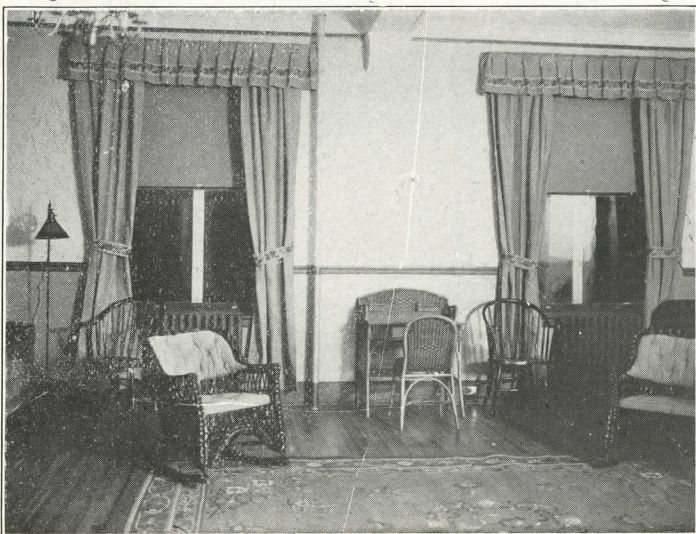
Mr. Joseph Beauchamp Basso

Mr. James Rice Songs and stories
 assisted by J. J. Shea's Orchestra from
 the Capitol Theatre, Montreal.

The following evening a grand ball was
 given in the gymnasium attended by 120
 couples, who danced to a packed gallery
 until 3 a. m. This ball was the first full-
 dress affair ever held in La Tuque and



READING ROOM



SALON

rivalled in splendor the balls of the 400 of
 New York or any other city. As this
 event had been looked forward to for the
 past year by all the ladies in town, the
 splendor of their gowns rivalled Solomon's.
 Many of the gowns had been in cold
 storage for months waiting for the occa-
 sion, and models from the leading shops
 of New York, Montreal and Paris were
 present in number and graced the grand-
 est time that this little town away up
 here in the cold north ever saw.

La Tuque just forgot everything for
 two days and everybody joined in to have
 a good time. In fact, our friends from
 Montreal (and these were many) stated
 that they would have to go back to Mon-
 treal to get some sleep.

Eating with your knife does not sharpen
 your appetite.

WANTED HIS GOAT

One hot day a small darky was dragging
 a billygoat up an American street. The
 goat hung back, and the darky was sweat-
 ing and swearing, much to the amusement
 of bystanders. Finally the darky, worn
 out and ready to cry, said:

"Lookee yar, white folks, if you all
 know any way to make this goat go I
 wisht you would."

Just then a doctor stepped up and said:
 "Boy, do you want that goat to go?"

"I sho' does, boss."

The doctor took a small bottle and
 poured a few drops on the goat's rump.
 The goat tore over the hill. The boy got
 to his feet, looked after the goat, then at
 the doctor.

"Say, boss, whut dat stuff cost whut
 you drap on the goat?"

"Oh, about a nickel."

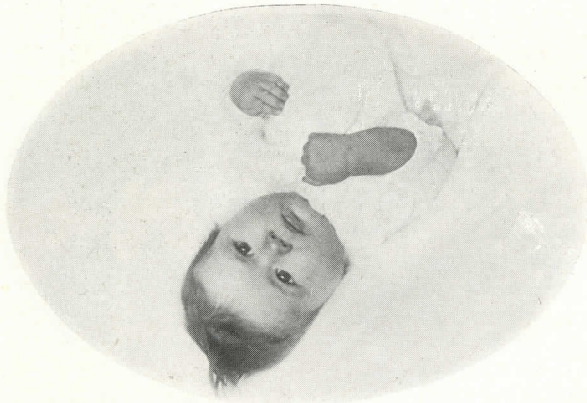
"Well, drap about two nickels' worth
 on me, 'cause I got to catch dat goat for
 sartin."



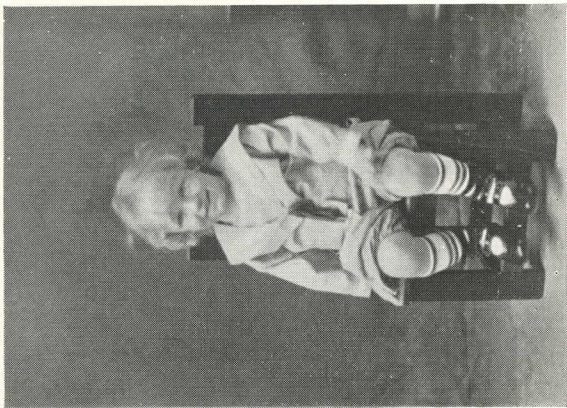
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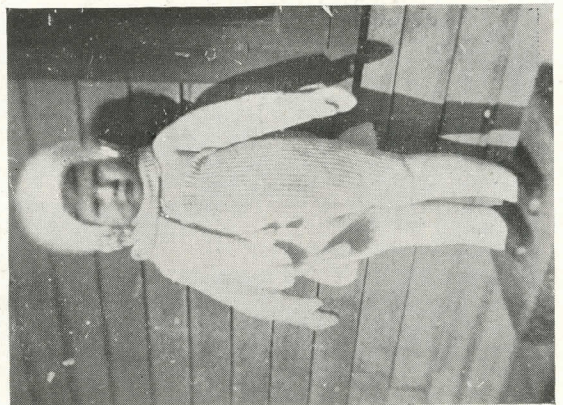
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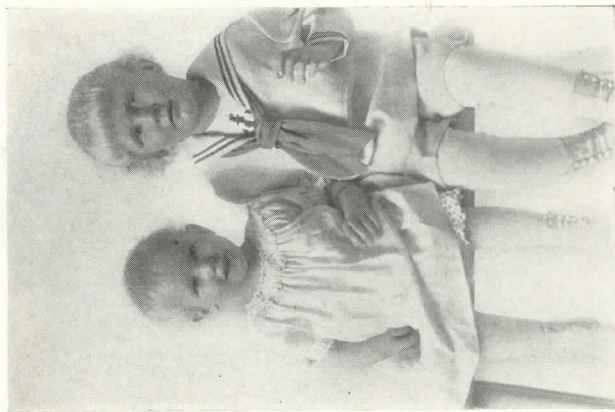
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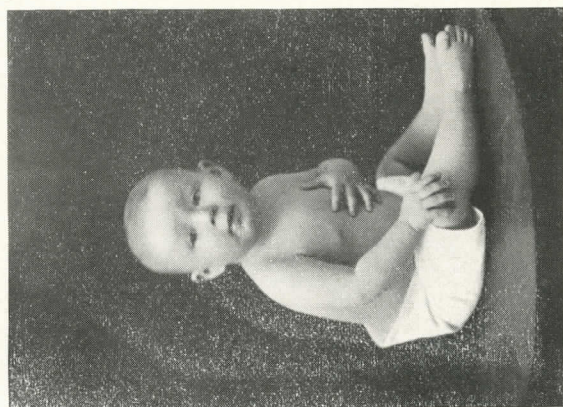
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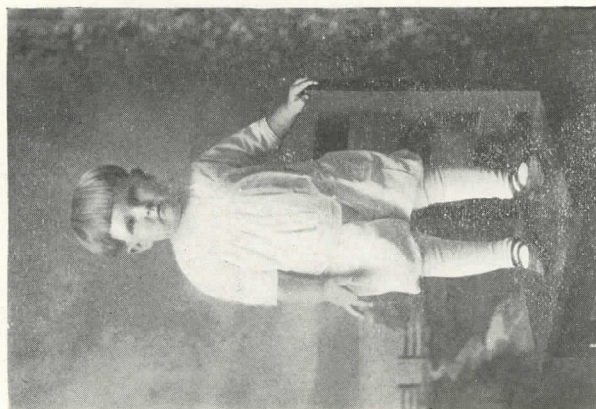
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CASCADE JUICE



"Herbie" Landrigan and "Bugler" Sharpe, two good old "buddies" of the late war, are strong advocates of the Adjusted Compensation Bill. Says the "Bugler" to "Herbie," "Get in with your three dollars, we are fighting for you."

Mr. R. H. Grant has moved from Western Avenue, Cascade, into Mr. Nelson Ayotte's new cottage on Main Street.

Why can't we hear from some of the old employees of the Cascade mill? To you, old boy: How long have you served with the Brown Company?

If you have built castles in the air your work need not be lost, that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.

Cascade time office, Dubey looking for the business end of it:

Perkins: "How do you pronounce Hjelmer?"

Andresen: "Oh! the same as Yelmer."

Perkins: "I see, but where does that name come from?"

Andresen: "Well, from the Saxon language."

Cole: "Oh! h—I, Andreson, what are you talking about?"

Dubey: "Enough said. I can see now that you fellows will get into an argument and feel sore at each other and I'll lose that trade. Go ahead down and have that cup of coffee."

Andresen: "Come, Oscar, let's go."

What has become of our assistant paymaster's old mackinaw?

Since Mr. Grant has got into the hen business he more than likes to brag about how many eggs he gathers every day. Alf. McKenna thinks it's funny, because Ralph has got only one hen and a rooster. Keep on Ralph, old boy, you'll win.

You may call him "Billy," the boy artist, or Billy, the "fiddler," but call him Joseph W. and it's all off.

Felix Perry surprised the boys Monday by appearing to work in a new shirt.

At the time this is taken up, our able broke supt. Ruski, has a boil on his neck and by the time it is distributed will probably have a dozen.

Albert Boucher is troubled with a bad cold, and as he lives on the East Side can see no relief for it at present.

Lemieux has a lot of fine friends in Berlin. They like him so well they take his overcoat.

NOTICE—On account of the high price of butter, the cream drinking contest which was to be held in Jim Town (Championship held by large Willie) has been postponed until further notice.

Per order,

J. T. Creamery.

Walter Boucher entered the matrimonial field with this announcement: My hat is in the ring for a wife between 18 and 26 years of age; weight, 90 to 107 pounds; color, white.

Our wages were reduced, the wages of the Berlin Street Railway workers were reduced; now how about a reduction of fares?

Big Bill is carrying a grouch these days and it will not be healthy for the guy that sent Bill the joke box and made Bill pay the express charges, if he is caught.

Edward Goulette, our eminent bear and fox hunter, is working in the machine room as broke hustler, and is taking lessons from Peter Nedeau on trapping bears in pork barrels. Some method, we say, but hasn't anything on Nedeau on the way he says his father, way up in the wilds of Canada, used to catch geese. One fall a flock of geese came his way, he opened the barn door, in flew the geese, he closed the door, and had geese the rest of the winter. This beats any 10-gauge shot gun we ever knew. Anyone having a better way of catching geese, we would like to hear from them. We believe Nedeau should have a license, but we are all out.

Speaking about improvements, the company should furnish larger sample tables in the machine room, for at the present time the tables are not large enough to permit back tenders to cut out their samples and to furnish the rest of the help with a place to roost, especially on the two night shifts.

"Pete" says anything he starts never falls through. But ask him what happened to that party he started?

We hereby agree to pay the sum set against our name to buy Mr. Lapointe a new shirt.

Mr. Morrisette, 2c

J. Corbett, 3c

F. C. Philbrick, 1 Burned Match

G. Farrington, 3 Smiles

M. Burns, 1 Lucky Strike

P. J. Laflamme, 1 S. F.

G. Dougherty, 1 lb. of Cheese

Geo. Doucet—when you get the suit, give it to me.

Since Fred Leeman ran that fox to death, he had to buy a whistle to use in the machine room. He thinks he has some whistle, because he is the only one who can hear it.

Ed. Hall, "old reliable" machine tender on No. 1, has gone into the second hand clothing business.

If Hank expects to have Big Bill's friendship, he (Hank) will have to show more respect for Jim Town products. We don't come down very often, but when we do—

Fred Gorham was restricted to the house with Quincy sores.

Jos. Tanguay tried to follow in his side kick's foot steps and injured his knee. They were trying to imitate "How to Ski Right Sky." The snow is disappearing so Joe will be safe till next winter. Joe said, "It was never as bad as that on the Mount Vernon."

Work on changing over the main office is nearly completed.

Politics are the chief subject at the time of writing, and with several discussions in different sections of the mill, one would think an ox-team was about. "Gil" has an awful high voice, so we say.

The boys in the new waiting room with their tops keep the watchmen busy. One boy told a watchman that he'd have to work an extra if he caught him. The watchman agreed the working extra would surely make him mad, it has been so long since he had.

Leo Landrigan is one of the late benedicts. Congratulations, Leo.

Politically speaking, Jim the piper is there. It's a hard road, Jim.

Charley Duffy objects to the transom being open on the Electrics, some times. Too much air is hurtful anyway, "Duf."

Speaking of the elevated, how about our jitney from the machine room to the new cutter room? Some "jit," eh Pete.

A BUNCH OF GOOD FELLOWS

L. A. Morse is a boy from "Old Dixie," "Pop Gene" is the man who hunts cows. "Snap Shot" is the boy who takes pictures,

While Piette made the "bachelor's vows."

J. Justard's a man from old Norway, O. Getch is the boy who sells shoes. Bill Foren is a man of "Inventions," While Giff has the "Fitzdale Blues."

H. Oldham is dealing in "Flivvers," Ed. Hall bought some new "Navy Pants." Mulroney's a son of "Old Ireland," And Fred Leeman, all good fellows, yes thanks.

"A MENTAL EXPERT"

Do you know what a "Mental Expert" is? No! Well, a mental expert is what we call a "wise guy," a fellow that knows everything, or at least thinks he does. Now we have one in the machine room working on No. 4 machine. If you need any information on the following subjects, please inquire: Checkers, the old "grandmothers' game," Foresight or Mind Reading and Mathematics. In regard to checkers, he is the President of the Grandmothers' Checker Club of the East Side. Has played all the blind old ladies in Gorham and is still an undefeated Champion. Some record I'll say. In regard to foresight, his foresight vision is something wonderful. He can tell you just which ticket to draw on a base ball pool to win (sometimes). Last summer he drew a \$2.00 winner for himself and it only cost him about \$30.00, so that it is a fair investment, boys. As to mathematics, he can't be beat. In five minutes he can figure out just how long it would take the Sun to catch the Moon at the rate of a two inch gain per day, or how long it would take to measure the water in the Pacific Ocean in a thimble, or any such difficult problems as these. It doesn't seem right that an "expert" like this fellow claims to be should take such an unfair advantage over the rest of the boys who are not so well educated. For

example, last summer he collected all the Grand Prizes offered by the Boston Post in their "Limerick Contest." The rest of the boys didn't have a ghost of a show against his master mind. Now boys, don't be bashful, if there is anything you do not quite understand, just call around and test this genius' wonderful intelligence. What is his name? Now that would be telling tales out of school, but just look the boys over that work on No. 4 and when you see a guy with a lot of excess baggage stored in his attic wall, that's him.

P. S. We need a man with a brain like his in our City Government, so we have decided to run him for "Dog Catcher" at the coming election.

Mr. C. C. B. Oldham acknowledges defeat.

Fred McKinney has been defeated and is positively unconscious of the fact.

Assistant Mr. Hannaford has the best recipe for a remedy for a cold the writer has ever seen demonstrated.

Lapage: "Well, Dubey, I'm cutting down expenses now."

Dubey: "How are you cutting down expenses?"

Lapage: "By eating only two meals a day."

Dubey: "Where are you getting these two meals?"

Lapage: "At the Cascade Lunch."
Dubey: "Oh! that's all right."

Mr. Dan Donnelly was called to Bangor, Maine, on account of the death of his sister, Mrs. John Duran.

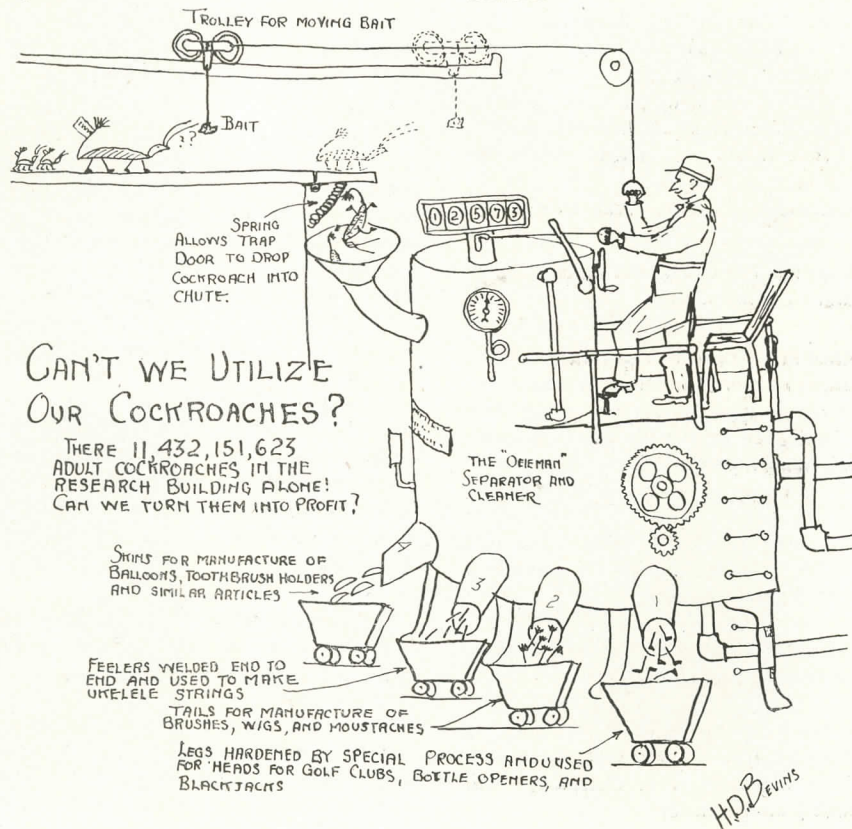
Say, Al. McKenna, it's about time you bought a new clock; you have been blaming the old clock for the last ten years.

To automobile owners only—John Sharpe wishes to announce to anyone who is against the Soldiers' Bonus Bill on account of the extra one-cent charge on every gallon of gasoline, to call at the time office and he will try and reimburse the same, so as to keep things quiet. Adv.

There is a difference between being as fit as a fiddle and being as tight as a drum.

Poverty is the self sharpener of wit.

Many a man has obtained a reputation for wit through the ability of his interviewers.





PORTLAND OFFICE



Mr. Grover, our conscientious store-keeper, says he is so busy he cannot keep track of all the names of ball players but that the name of John McCormack *sounds* familiar. Will somebody please page Boob McNutt?

Mr. L. W. Mortenson, of the Kream Krisp department, in addition to his side line of raising flowers, has added a few *cream* specialties, namely, shaving cream and ice cream. Some combination.

Mr. J. H. Vanier of the financial department is the proud father of a bouncing boy, born February 26th last.

Messrs. Green and Chellis of the Brown Company Basketball Team, won a game for Scarboro the other night against the Brown Company Team. Mr. Green dribbled the ball towards his own basket and Mr. Chellis completed the Merkle by putting the ball in his own basket. Scarboro won by one point, thanks to Messrs. Green and Chellis.

Among the latest improvements in the Portland office is a "Spring" on the credit department door.

An individual came into the office the other day with his wages receipts to be cashed. One read Sherman Zoblaskey and the other Bub Sherman. He said they were one and the same. Can you beat it?

Birthdays of notables and of celebrities are always observed, sometimes by eulogistic newspaper comment and in the case of the most illustrious, by public holiday. Contemporaneously with Lincoln and Edison as to the day and the month was ushered in our Todd, our own Harry, and many and fitting were the gifts showered upon him, in celebration of his natal day. May he have many more is our wish.

DON'T LET YOUR WIFE SEE THIS

An employee of the Marathon Paper Mill Co., tired of hearing men boast of their importance, dug up the fact that, according to scientific investigations, the ingredients of a man, plus water, are as follows:

Fat enough for seven bars of soap.
Iron enough for a medium sized nail.
Sugar enough to fill a shaker.
Lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop.

Phosphorus enough to make 2200 match tips.

Magnesium enough for a dose of magnesia.

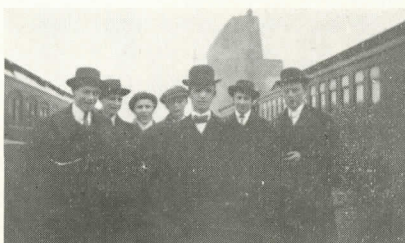
Potassium enough to explode a toy cannon.

Sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas.

This whole collection is worth ninety-eight cents, and that in a day when things are three times as high as they used to be.

Our idea of nothing at all:—"Walter" Green *trying* to throw "Fat" Willis.

Little question for today:—Have you ever asked Walter Logan for a match? If so, did he want to shake hands with you?



Left to right, front row:—John H. Vanier, William T. Callahan, Robert Sample. Rear:—Geo. E. McGlaulin, Lee Currier, Wm. Curran Thomas Horton. Missing from picture:—Roscoe Brown (who snapped the picture), Jeff Foster and P. G. Peterson, who left by automobile.

Above is picture of the members of Portland office, leaving Grand Trunk station at Portland, on their initial visit to Berlin in 1913, to bowl the members of Berlin office (and we were defeated by Berlin), which visit resulted in the most pleasant relations established between members of both offices and in the enjoyable Field Days given in succeeding years by each office until terminated by war conditions. It is hoped that the Field Days may be renewed when normal times return and the boys of the two offices resume acquaintances.

Mr. C. C. Chase of the advertising department, has accepted a position with the Columbia Chemical Company of New York City.

Two Boston men were talking in a street car.

"Boston has the rottenest set of bank-

ers of any city in the world," said one. "There isn't one of them who knows he is alive. If those bankers would go to digging sewers and let the sewer diggers run the banks our financial matters would be in more competent hands, but we would all die of typhoid fever or something before the sewers were done."

"I couldn't borrow any money, either," said the other man mildly.

Bill Barry is a great booster for the South Portland Basketball Team—he would almost bet a plugged nickel on them.

Mr. E. H. Maling of our income tax desk, is a busy man these days, answering questions and explaining how to make our returns, which the boys all appreciate as he is never too busy to give a helping hand.

T. J. Foster, accounting department, was presented with a baby girl on Feb. 18.

W. B. Brockway, comptroller, is now a proud grandfather. His daughter, Mrs. A. S. Hocker, gave birth to a baby girl on February 17th.

Miss Magurite Monahan and Miss Rena Morris, accounting department, Berlin, paid a visit to this office on their recent visit to Portland, and while in the city attended the concert of John McCormack in City Hall. Our genial Charlie Means conducted them through the office, and they had a pleasant chat with Messrs. Lombard, Barry and Logan.

Charles Safford, accounting department, has shown your reporter a sketch of the garden he intends to cultivate at his summer home on Great Diamond Island this season, and if the scheme is carried out he will keep up the reputation of having the best garden in Casco Bay.

F. W. Thompson, Carroll Mountfort and George McGlaulin, cost department, have returned to the office, having been confined to their homes with illness.

In the last issue of the Bulletin Phillip Grover's engagement was announced, but we are unable at this writing to learn when the event is to take place. Phillip Grover is our accommodating store keeper.

Some queer things have been accomplished by legislation, like the eighteenth amendment, but here is a new one. Jimmy now says the spavin on his pig was legislated off by a resolution of the Wishbone Club. We have always suspected those Wishboners of having some resolution hidden away somewhere, possibly Dutch courage or "red-eye." Anyway it must be something that affects the eyesight.

The old banjo clock that has hung in the office as long as anyone can remember, ticking away solemnly without cessation, has suddenly stopped, like the Old Grandfather's Clock, though whether it is "never to go again" depends upon the skill of the clock doctor who has it in hand for diagnosis and operation. Many of us still raise our eyes mechanically to note the time and see only the discolored banjo-shaped space where it hung over Mr. Eaton's desk.

We shall miss the familiar sight of Mr. Perkins' old Cadillac which he has been driving back and forth for the last half century, more or less. He has disposed of it in connection with the purchase of a smaller but thoroughly dependable Nash 4, which he says will climb a steeple on high. But then, he is a Wishboner and so his stories have to be discounted about fifty per cent.

R. E. Brown, Jr., and M. F. Pray of the paper sales division, were recent visitors at Berlin. The information which they obtained from Mr. Corbin and his able assistants should prove to be very beneficial and tend for closer co-operation between the production and sales departments.

Mr. E. L. Richardson, pulp sales division is away on a two to three weeks' business trip.

Although rather late to extend our congratulations, Portland office employees who were visitors at Berlin during the winter carnival, want to go down in print as saying that they certainly enjoyed the program of events. Much praise is due the committee who fully realized the importance of punctuality. All events started on scheduled time, a new and most welcome departure from the usual. We want you to know that we had a "bully" good time.

G. R. Parker, formerly of the paper sales division, is making good as bond salesman for Hornblower & Weeks. He is a frequent visitor at the office where he is always welcome.

To be an unsuccessful candidate for office in the City of South Portland, and then appear in the shipping department the morning following the election in his customary good humor, is one qualification of our head shipper, Mr. Sylvester. Better move to Biddeford, Albert, where democrats have a better chance.

Archie Hawthorne has resumed his duties as chief of the boiler room after an absence of about three weeks, caused by a severe cold.

At this writing Earle Kavanough of the door, sash and blind department is sick at home with a "flu cold."

The many friends of James O. McLean leaned with regret of the death of his mother, Mrs. Adelaide McLean, on March 11th, at the age of 89 years.

After a visit to the recent auto show in Portland and a careful inspection of the thirty-seven or more varieties displayed there, our two Harrys appear to be thoroughly satisfied with the "Hupps" they already have.

Unless appearances are again deceitful Tom Horton will soon be the possessor of an automobile, and not a Ford either.

One example of economy was noticed when an employee thinned down the mucilage.

Considerable jealousy is being manifested among some of the surveyors on the wharf following the appointment of "Bud" Jordan to the position of inner guard of a certain local lodge.

Our popular salesman, Harry D. Currier, and a small party of other men, entertained themselves immensely during a so-called week-end fishing trip at Sebago Lake recently. As usual there were no "results" to pass on Monday morning, although some of Harry's associates in the office were cautioned by him not to purchase Monday's dinner until the return of the fishing party.

The basket ball team lost the last game to Sawyer-Barker Co. and now will soon play another game to decide the championship.

It is some salesman who can write up an old man for a million of life insurance and then marry his only heir.

You cannot weigh genius—the lightest literature has the heaviest sale.

LINCOLN'S BLUE PENCIL

A Suggestion to the Research Department

In our use of the English language for scientific purposes, we are all prone to forget the example set by the members of the first scientific society. To use the phrase of Sprat, the early historian of the Royal Society, the results of science can be expressed "without amplification, digressions and swellings of style." The Royal Society early sought to recover "the primitive purity and shortness, when men delivered so many things almost in an equal number of words" and accordingly "exacted from all its members a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions, bringing all things as near mathematical plainness as they can."

There are few scientists writing today, whose contributions cannot be cut in two by a judicious use of the blue pencil. In a time when it is customary for scientists to poke fun at the statesmen, it might be well for them to consider their own failings and study the writings of that greatest of American statesmen, whose birthday comes this month. Lincoln lives in the world's literature in virtue of perhaps a hundred sentences of printed matter, but in these he lives intensely and imperishably. In the chapter on Lincoln, written by Professor Stephenson for the Cambridge History of American Literature, a comparison worthy of careful study is made between Seward's draft of a peroration for the First Inaugural and the same sentences after they had passed through the fiery crucible of Lincoln's mind and soul. Seward, "never doubting that he was worth a dozen of the President in a literary way" submitted the following:

"I close. We are not, we must not be aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriotic graves, passing through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation."

"This was well enough; just what a clever secretary would compose for his master's delivers. But it became something far more moving.

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and every patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

UPPER PLANTS NOTES



NANSEN SKI CLUB—EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM

BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

Jerry Kid Cantin, the little French bear-cat that at one time was the best little bantam in this neck of the woods and a great K. O. artist, has started an Academy of Boxing. Jerry Kid has some very speedy boys under his wing, and he is showing them how to put the chloroform in their mitt, so that they can knock all comers for a goal.

Jim Lowe, the old raw potato smasher, is as full of vim as ever. Jim can take a large potato in his hand and with the power of his grip he can crush it into a pulp. Jim, as all the boys in the shop know, goes down Gorham way to set his traps for otter and bear. One day recently Jim set his trap for an otter, but

otter are somewhat rare down Gorham way, and he told Tom Gravel he didn't care now for otter for he caught a swell chicken instead. Tom wants Jim to catch one for him the next time.

Jerry Kid Cantin and Chick Canada Bowles were waging mean tongues recently regarding the Berlin athletes. All the good men live in Canada now, according to the argument Chick put up. Chick says that the Berlin hockey team hasn't played a hockey team that was any good—they were all set-ups. He says that the local boxers can't box, the ski jumpers can't jump, and the ball players can't play ball, and the basket ball players can't shoot a basket. Jerry said, "I know a man in Berlin who is an all round athlete." "It can't be possible," replied

Chick, "who is it?" "Oh, he is your cousin and he came from Canada," returned Jerry.

Mr. James Lowe, who at one time was a member of the blacksmith shop crew employed at the sulphite mill for several years, has a fine little work shop on Willard street. Jim is a great old spark eater, as well as a great raw potato smasher. Jim has several new inventions in traps for catching bear, otter and other fur-bearing animals. He recently completed an otter trap that catches otter by the head, an improvement over the old type that would catch them by the paw, so that they could chew the paw off and escape. Jim makes razors by hand, also carving sets and hunting knives; he is a first-class workman and his prices are very reasonable.

Black Jack Albert, the Karracutt Tiger, was telling old Baby Couture a yarn about one Angus McDougal who worked on the river with him in the days of old, when Tiger Jack could tread the tall timber without getting the palms of his feet wet. Jack gave Angus a twenty-dollar bill to get changed and Angus did not return. Jack met old Abe Mulhearn and asked Abe if he had seen Angus, but Abe did not seem to remember what Angus looked like, so Jack began to describe him: "You know Angus McDougal, hees have on homespun hat and straw jacket, and twenty-dollar bill on his pocket and the half of it is me."

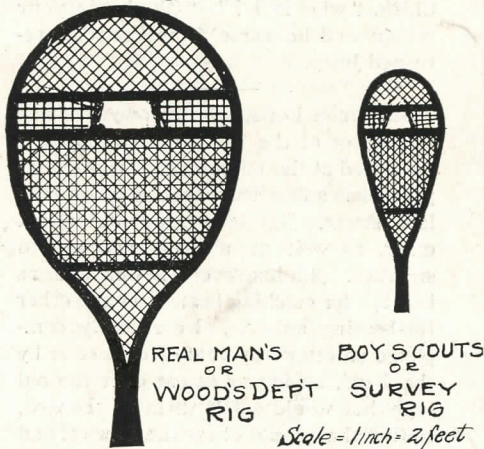
WOODS DEPT.

George Anderson seems to have made more than one wonderful discovery. He was overheard telling Mrs. Bowker how to manicure a hen's beak so that it could not eat eggs.

There is a small body of water near Camp 45, which is shown on the Forestry Department map but which has no name. We would like to suggest that it be called Paddy Pond.

"Al" and friend Wife wish to announce through the pages of the Bulletin that the harvest of eggs from the before mentioned hens has greatly increased since the camp on the hill closed.

Mr. Lockyear blew into my cabin a couple of days ago with a pair of boy scout snowshoes under his wing. He left taking mine in their place. Mine were a real "he man rig."



Will you see that the woods dept. gets \$2.00 per day credit for the use of my snowshoes.
R. J. SAWYER.



St. Paul's Lutheran Church, corner of Seventh and Norway streets, taken thirty-three years ago, showing the first temperance society in Berlin. Photo was taken just after the society had had a little celebration.

The man in white at the door, is the carpenter who built the church.

Some of the others in the picture are as follows: Albert Hansen, Anton Davidson, Morton Arnesen, Eric Ericksen, Michael Ericksen. The following are at present working for Brown Co., Otto Halvorsen, August Hansen, John Johnsen, 1st, Edward Anderson, Oscar Davidson.

Without doubt there are also some others in the photograph who are working for the Brown Company at present, but as they are not very clear in the photo, their names cannot be mentioned here.



FIRE DEPARTMENT—COMPANY No. 1. (Year 1893.)

This Company raced with Companies II. and III. on July 4th, 1893, from the Berlin House to where the Berlin Savings Bank and Trust Company is now located, covering the distance in fifty-eight seconds. Won a trumpet on this occasion. Hose cart, 1800 ft. hose. Place, about where Time Office is now. Photo was taken in 1893, a short time after the race. Names of men are as follows:—F. D. Bartlett (holding pistol), Mathias Christiansen, Mike McCann, John Wilson, Theo. Pinnette, "Spike" Oleson, Sigward Anderson, John Farrington, John Oswell, John Johnsen, Pete Lambert, Peder Pederson, Freddie Oleson.

HELLO, BERLIN!

Here we are, the R. C. C., with a hearty welcome to all. Berlin is justly proud of her ski club and hockey team, and we, the ladies of the Riverside Community Club, propose to make Berlin Mills as justly proud of us. Our aim is to achieve a better neighborhood, both socially and morally, and to distribute charity and good fellowship as freely and boundlessly as the beautiful river, beside which we live, bestows its wonderful flow of water to our great Brown Company's plants.

We intend to give some socials later and hope Berlin people will give us a helping hand, as in helping us you will enable us to help those less fortunate than ourselves.

In Charity, Liberty and Good Fellowship,
One of the R. C. C.

Fast colors should not run, whether washed in stationary washtubs or not.

Many a man is buried in oblivion long before the undertaker gets him.

If those who know nothing would only keep it to themselves.



THE ORIGINAL STORE

