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THE BROWN BULLETIN^x

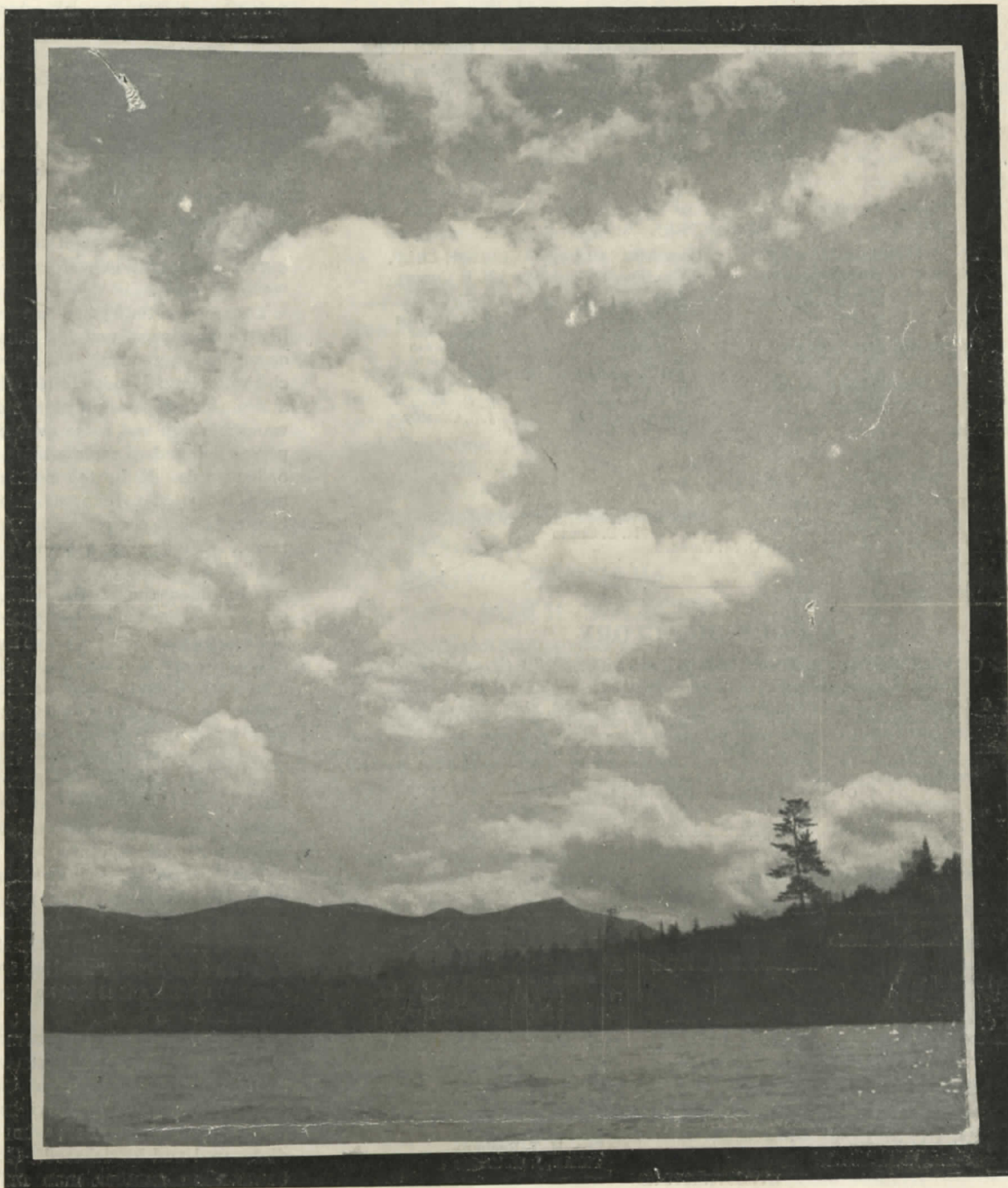


VOL. III.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

BERLIN, N. H., JUNE 1, 1922

No. 12



GOOSE-HIGH FROM SUCCESS POND

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. III.

JUNE, 1922

No. 12

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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 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. Lavallee

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A. W. O'Connell, Chemical Plants

WHERE ARE WE AT?

Michel Malone, who was greatly concerned over the marriage of his daughter, Nora, to an English Lord, unwittingly taking a nap during the ceremony, caused much amusement among the guests by suddenly awakening and loudly demanding, "Where am I at?" So we today, after a little prosperity nap are awaking to the fact that the whole resented readjustment condition has suddenly married into our own family and we as a nation, as a state, as mill men, as individuals, are loudly demanding "Where are we at?" Whether we like it or not the entire beggarly situation is up to us individually and must be accepted and dealt with.

It does not necessarily follow that this is cause for despair, however. Noah, through co-operation saved a world when all the earth was plunged into a watery waste. And today a craft of understanding and co-operation will safely ride this wave of unrest.

There was a time when one could mind his own business, pay his bills and be considered a good neighbor and a loyal citizen. Not so today! He who would attain this envied position now must watch his step lest some over observant person demand an explanation of his acts or his words. Be he too silent a man he may be invited to express himself perchance he have something under concealment. That "no man liveth unto himself" if far more in vogue today than it was in olden times. But taken in the sense of brotherly love we should be "our brother's keeper" as truly as in the days of Cain for we are inexorably tangled in a network of souls. Our relation to our fellow men here and now is not our only consideration. Loyalty and justice demand that we shall maintain the highest standard set by those who have gone before. The future hope of the world makes it imperative that we look to the well-being of those yet to live.

The business of living, someone has said, is like walking a tight rope. It is a matter of balance. Facing the question of taxes, of high costs, of reduced incomes and the many other matters that make demand upon us, it is truly a time to look to our balance.

It is not enough that a man means well. It is not enough that he lives within the law. This is negative and ineffectual. Duty demands that what is right be made public and made popular; what is low be discovered and be debased. One man is better than another man only as his thoughts and his acts are better. Find the reason for discontent, if discontent

you feel, and meet it squarely. But first look well within. Reflect diligently upon your own activity and duty. Are you working every minute for which you are paid? Are you giving value for value received? Are you shouldering your share in this trying time or are you resting on the oars and loudly exclaiming, "No hope. The world was never so bad. We are lost." Such leaden words only create added eddies in the already too turbulent waters upon which the Ship of State is sailing.

Look to your conscience, to your honesty, then when the winds of adjustment blow and the thunder roars forth its boom of discontent, grasping firmly your sense of justice and moral obligation, reach for unanchored brothers as they are hurled madly by in the whirling current of public opinion.

This we must realize: The interests of this country are our interests; the interests of this town are our interests; the interests of this mill are our interests; our personal and vital interests. We are all partners and as such we may expect certain rights and we must assume certain duties, but let no man speak of his rights until he has thoroughly and intelligently performed his duties. The days of the self-sufficient man are past. We must have co-operation. It is co-operation or obliteration. We all go up or we all go down together.

We are the chefs on this Ship of State and nothing will so effectually keep the pot boiling as the red hot flame of co-operation. Nothing will produce such savory results as a dash of peppery loyalty, a clove of understanding and a brimming cup of the milk of human kindness.

ACCIDENTS FOR APRIL

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	1
Minor accidents.....	8
Accidents without loss of time.....	30
Total.....	39

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	12
Accidents without loss of time.....	38
Total.....	50

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	15
Accidents without loss of time.....	17
Total.....	32

Obituary

Bradley Reed, saw filer, who had been continuously employed by the Brown Company since 1891, died at his home on Maple street on Saturday afternoon, April 29th. Mr. Reed was born in Harmony, Me., sixty-nine years ago and came to the Brown Company from Bath, Me. He worked all this time at the saw mill except for a few months spent at La Tuque. It is a noteworthy fact that he was never known to have missed a day on account of sickness. Although his health was not of the best for some time, he had worked up until within two weeks of his death.

Funeral services were held at the home on the afternoon of May 1, Rev. E. W. Moore officiating. The interment was in the family lot at Bangor, Me.

Mr. Reed is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. George W. Brown and Mrs. George Witcher of Berlin. One brother, Fred, lives in Bangor. Mr. Reed was a member of Sicasset Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

Napoleon Morrisette was born December 25, 1868, and commenced work with the Brown Co. in July, 1910, where he worked continuously until November 8, 1921. He died April 21, 1922, in the Concord hospital.

TECHNICAL PHOTOGRAPHERS FORM SOCIETY

The Technical Photographic and Microscopical Society was fully organized at a meeting held in the Chemists' Club, New York, on Wednesday, May 10th. The nucleus of the organization was formed at the annual meeting of the American Paper and Pulp Association last month. Charles F. Roth, who acted as chairman of the meeting on Wednesday, gave an account of the organization work to date and outlined future possibilities. It is planned to hold a general convention of industrial and microscopical photographers in connection with an exhibition of photographic work, chemicals and apparatus to be used at the Grand Central Palace, Lexington Avenue and Forty-sixth Street, New York, during the National Exposition of Chemical Industries, September 11-16, 1922.

After hearing from nearly all in attendance, it was suggested that a permanent organization be formed by naming a president, vice-presidents and a secretary-treasurer.

James McDowell, of Sharp & Hamilton Mfg. Co., Boston, was put in nomination for president and elected unanimously. John H. Graff, of the Brown Company, Berlin, N. H., and Bennett Grotta, of the Atlas Powder Company, Tamaqua, Pa., were chosen vice-presidents, while Thos. J. Keenan, editor of *Paper*, 251 West Nineteenth Street, New York, was elected secretary-treasurer.

An active committee on membership and publicity was appointed consisting of A. E. Buchanan, chairman; Charles N. Winter, D. H. Killeffer, Douglas G. Wolf, Ernest Eberhard, J. A. Scheick and M. D. Crawford.

The next meeting of the Technical Photographic and Microscopical Society will take place at the Hotel Astor, New York, and be preceded by a luncheon for which a nominal charge will be made. All interested in the development of the new society are urged to get into communication with the secretary at the address given above. The annual dues for membership have been fixed at five dollars.

WAYS TO INDEPENDENCE

Make your money stay with you and work. Why shouldn't it? You worked for it.

"A penny saved is a penny earned" is an old proverb. How often when it is too late do we wish we had followed this advice and saved up for a rainy day. By practicing a little thrift, and setting aside a few pennies each week, this sum has often carried us over a period of sickness or loss of work.

This building for the future can be done in numerous ways—by joining a Thrift Club and setting a definite sum aside each week,—by using the Postal Savings Bank,—by purchasing regularly on pay day Thrift Stamps or other Government stamps and certificates, and last, but as experience has taught us one of the most important means, by investing in health or life insurance, which meets our needs at a time when expenses are heaviest, and affords protection for our home folks.

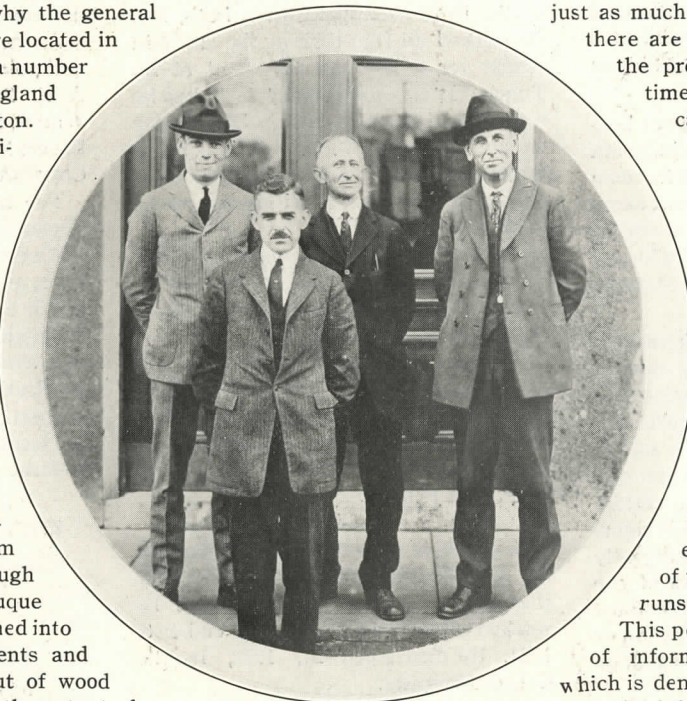
Our Group Life Insurance is a thrift club to which we all become eligible and join receiving its protection and benefits. You, yourself, can realize the real worth of this plan as the total and permanent disability clause which all of our certificates contain, has been like a savings account to some of us. This sum came when the doctor's expenses and loss of work offered a most serious problem, draining whatever we had managed to set aside.



GENERAL office, especially of a large corporation, differs from other offices, not only in the work done but in the necessity of its location. It is practically impossible to carry on the business of a large corporation with a general office located where it is difficult of access to the public with which it does business. That is the reason why the general offices of so many companies are located in New York City, and why quite a number of the general offices of New England companies are located in Boston. Contact with financial and business centers is compelling in this.

Work done in a general office differs largely from the office work elsewhere in the same organization, inasmuch as it has less to do with the early details, and more to do with final results. In this general office, as in many others, all of the records of production and accounting, including all of the many kinds of cost records, as well as quality of production records, are led on from the office of original entry through offices at Berlin, Quebec and LaTuque where the information is combined into necessary comparative statements and records. In this way the output of wood at the various operations, and the output of products at the various mills commences to be combined with other operations and other mills. When the information is finally gathered together at the Portland office it has assumed proportions of the whole Company, and then a further adding together takes place so that all of

The Why of a General Office



PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

the companies controlled by the Brown Company are put together into one set of small-sized statements where the entire property can be seen.

As all of the product of the United States Company is sold from the Portland

office, likewise all the product of the Canadian Company is sold from the Quebec office, the collection of customers' accounts is made by those offices. Financial, accounting, purchasing, sales and credit generally follow one policy, which makes it more convenient for the general office in its dealings with the public.

There are just as many problems and just as much "grief" in a general office as there are anywhere else in the property; the problems are different and sometimes are rather harder to solve because the outside public is a part of it and there is the same joy over good work and success for the Company.

This Company allows much more freedom of action to the mill and other local offices than is customary with large corporations. There are many matters left to the discretion of the local offices that with other companies are decided entirely in the general office. The contact also between the local offices and the Portland office is generally more free and sure because of the private telephone line which runs between Portland and Berlin. This permits full and easy interchange of information and prompt decisions, which is denied many companies because of the lack of this facility on account of the distance between the general office and the mills. It is undoubted that an appreciable amount of co-operation that exists in this Company is brought about because of this.

No other company in the same line of business as this Company has its general office in so easy access to the other offices, and the various mills.



ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT.



GENERAL OFFICES, PORTLAND



OLD PORTLAND OFFICE

Mrs. Mortensen, mother of Louis E. Mortensen of the Kream Krisp department, passed away Tuesday, May 2nd, and was buried Friday, May 5th. The boys in the office extend to him their heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

"Walter" Greene was a great booster of a local lunch, until one rainy day recently while drinking his coffee, the cup was filled twice by rain water dripping thru the roof. And to cap the climax, "Uncle Cliff" came in and flopped in the next seat. Now he claims that the soup houses are all alike.

We understand Jim Lunt urged one of the city fathers to vote in favor of the daylight savings. Jim must have thought *Daylight Savings* was a bank, because he is some sore since he found out the bill passed.

Pomerleau says:—"I thought Walter was playing tag, so I run."

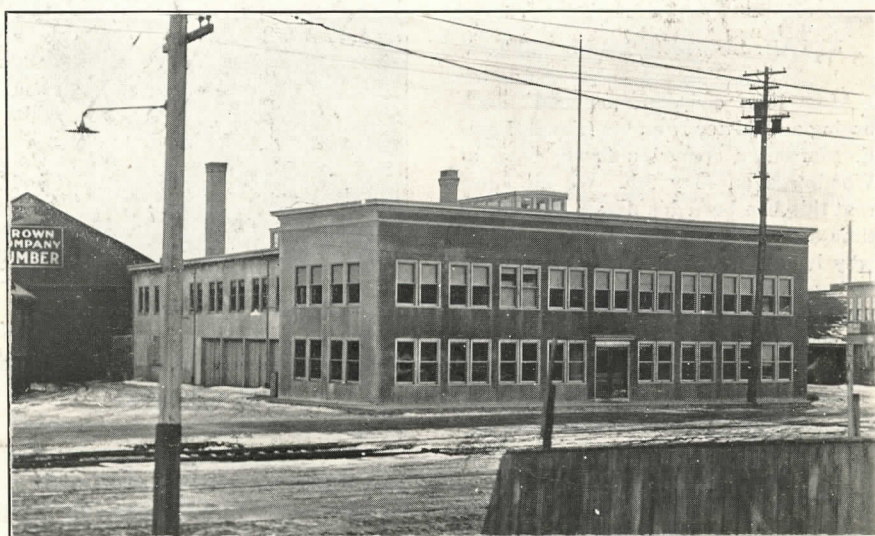
W. M. Hoffses, purchasing agent, recently returned from a quick trip to New York.

We understand Mr. Willis does not intend to renew his subscription to *The American Issue*, as he firmly believes prohibition has finally triumphed.

Mr. Walter Greene, in addition to being a "sign painter" is also an expert truck driver. At Peak's Island, on Sundays, he cuts quite a figure on the main highway. He has just purchased a tire pump; but we understand he is running low on "air" himself. Is the pump really for the tires, Walter?

Sunday, May 7th, W. H. Logan of the Telephone Exchange became the proud father of a girl, eight and one-half pounds. He was so elated that he had to stay out Monday and celebrate the event. Mother and baby are doing fine.

Phil Twitchell is off the Western Union forever and advises his friends to deliver their own packages and *never* to prepay.



PORTLAND OFFICE NOW



WINDOW FRAME AND K. K. DEPT.

Leonard Stack, formerly major of the Portland High School Cadets, and now of the purchasing department (military experience "None" fame), cannot understand how, with six reporters in Portland office, it escaped the attention of the whole staff that he caught the first fish at Sebago, especially when it was in the headlines of every important paper in New England. Lenny says "That is my idea of nothing at all."

Mrs. Geo. M. Sterling underwent a serious operation this month and from last reports was recovering rapidly from same and showing a marked improvement.



RETAIL LUMBER SALES DEPT.

After long consideration and much urging and advice from his friends, Louis E. Mortensen opened a flower shop at Woodfords on May 9th. We all know that this has been his dream for a long time and there seems to be no reason why he should not make good. Surely he loves the business and that spells success from the start. He will not sever his connection with the Brown Company, at least for the present.

Here's to Louis and his howling success in his new venture.

CHECKING UP

A Negro sauntered into the office of a white friend. "Good Mawin', Mr. Withrow. Kin I use yo' telephone a minute?"

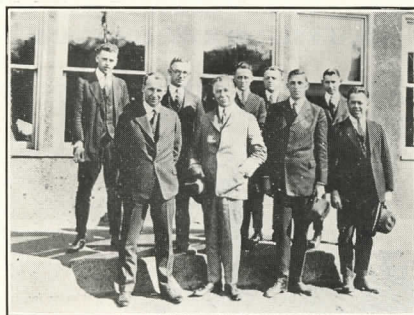
he asked.

"Why, certainly, Sam."

Sam called his number and after a few minutes' wait, said: "Is this Mrs. White-side? Well, I senn in de papeh where you-all wanted a good cullud man. Is you still wanting one? Then the man youse got is puffedly satisfactory, and you doesn't contemplate makin' no change soon? All right, ma'm. Good-by."

Mr. Withrow called to Sam as he left the telephone. "Now, that's too bad, Sam, that the place is filled."

"Oh, da's all right, Mr. Withrow, I'se de cullud man what's got de job, but I just a wanted to check up."



FINANCE AND CREDIT DEPT.

PORTLAND OFFICE MINATURE MARATHON

Contestants: The Fleur de Lys and the Peak's Island Painter.

Route: From Telephone Operator's desk to Mr. Burke's private office.

Handicap: In favor of Fleur de Lys—distance from operator's desk to door.

Time: Unofficial—all records broken.

Winner: The Fleur de Lys by 10 yds.



PULP SALES DIVISION

THE MALE OF THE SPECIES

(With Apologies)

A fool there was and he made a deal

(Even as you and I)

For a rubber rag and a hunk of steel.

We called it a tub with a steering wheel

But the fool, he called it an automobile,

Even as you and I.

Oh, the toil we waste and the oil we waste,
And the work of our blistered hand
Is spent on a motor that would not go,
And now we know that it never could go,
And we did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent,
Even as you and I.

On a wreck of a motor that never went
And a body with many a yawning dent;
But a fool must follow his natural bent,
Even as you and I.

Oh the gears we stripped and the tubes
we nipped,
And the excellent trips we planned
For the sake of the woman who didn't
know why—

Who raged as she waited and time went
by

And did not understand.

The fool was stripped of his foolish hide,
Even as you and I,

When he came to explain that they
couldn't ride,

And the lady daintily cast him aside,
So some of him lived but most of him
died,

Even as you and I.

It isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That sting like a white-hot brand.

It's the coming to know for what we fell
While the crook that stung us laughed
like H—,

And we didn't understand.

—Motor World.

IMPORTANCE OF COURTESY

One of the most frequent criticisms we hear these days is the seeming lack of courtesy prevalent in certain business quarters, a disregard for the feelings of others and disinclination to render efficient service in a cheerful and accommodating way. How often do we hear a story similar to this told by a writer in an exchange.

I asked to see one of the understrappers in a bank and word came back to me that he was "in conference." Not a word of inquiry as to what my needs might be! Not even an invitation to come again at some definite time! The same day I asked to see the president of another large bank. He was busy, but I was invited to wait; was told how long I would have to wait, and at the end of my wait I was received most courteously. It was the difference between a big man and one who would always remain a little man.

The value of courteous attention in business cannot be overestimated and right now is an excellent time to encourage this habit in every way possible. It is a significant fact that the biggest and busiest man always "has time," while the man who sits with his feet cocked upon the desk pondering over his own importance is the one who is "too busy" to see his callers.—Exchange.



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

H. K. Moore, J. H. Graff, Harold P. Vannah, and S. L. Swasey were summoned as experts in a recent milk case, that was tried before the local courts. Mr. Moore owns a large dairy farm and has lately written a book on the proper care of cows and milk. Mr. Vannah was for a number of years following his graduation from Bowdoin College a chemist for the Department of Agriculture of the State of Maine and was later chemist for the H. P. Hood Company, the largest distributors of milk in New England. Mr. Swasey was a sugar chemist in Porto Rico before coming to Berlin and has always kept well informed on matters pertaining to food chemistry. Mr. Graff was called to give microscopical testimony concerning the containers.

RECIPE FOR HOME BREW

Chase a bullfrog three miles and gather up the hops. To the hops add the following: Ten gallons tan bark, one-half pint of shellac, one bar home-made soap. Boil the mixture 36 hours, then strain through a sock to keep it from working, then bottle and add one grasshopper to each pint to give it a kick.—Author still at large.



MAIN OFFICE GIRLS AT PORTLAND

Someone's wife saw the Get-Together Poster and remembering that hubby always attended the outings last year remarked, "I think I have been missing something, so this year you can stay home with the baby and I will go."

Messrs. Brakewood and Goodwin spent the first week-end of the fishing season on a hunting trip—hunting for a dry place to eat their lunch. "Bill" said, "It rained mudworms anyway so how could you expect the fish to bite."

"Ike" Webber "dodged" his way to Auburn and vicinity and incidentally saw Maine and Bowdoin play. Who won, Ike?

Chester H. Goldsmith has retired from the local commuter's club and is now living on Willard street in the city.

Vannah's tomato plants which he is nursing in his laboratory under scientific methods, are growing amazingly. "Tot" Tollen mistook them for palm trees.

Elwood Ebie and Roger Brown have taken up offices recently in the experimental pulp mill at Burgess but they say Miss Fogg still insists on a daily report promptly at 9 a. m.

Fred Pilgrim is building a summer cottage at Cedar Pond.

John Graff was a visitor in New York this month and attended the annual convention of the T. A. P. P. I.

Theresa Studd of the Bureau of Tests office force leads off the vacation season for the department. New York and Washington are said to be on Teresa's sightseeing list.

It is rumored that Hooper is now buying his own tobacco. Steady is successfully competing with the Berlin Street Railway for its noon patronage.

Pickford can go through doors without opening them.

Miss Fogg is trying to find the person who anonymously left some flowers on her desk. She wishes to thank him ever so much.

One week was set aside recently to be observed as "Good English Week."

White got his daily report in on time one day last week.

Roger Hill is working on several secret processes, the nature of which cannot be divulged at this time.

Goodwin had a bang-up good time recently, at least that was the impression that Brakewood is said to have gathered from the reports that were in the air at the time.

WE WONDER!

We wonder, and still the wonder heightens,

Why Johnson trails the auction sales,
And buys and buys and brightens.

'Tis said, and still the sayings savor
That cousins, aunts, and sundry ones,
Are those whom Nils will favor.

'Tis also said, and no one shakes their noodle,

That some fair dame across the main
Will get the whole kaboodle.

One thing is sure, and can't be circumvented,

That single life, without a wife,
Makes Nils quite discontented.

But time will tell, and narrate all the actions;

And so we'll wait and see what fate
Results from these transactions.

Vannah has been hunting conscientiously for the publishers of a magazine called "Ibid," which, according to chemical abstracts, recently contained some articles upon wood-destroying fungi. Cave has been unable to help him. In fact he would like to get in touch with an author who signs himself "Anon." This author has been writing a great deal about pulp and paper and it would be interesting to know just what his authority is.

PULPWOOD DEPARTMENT

We were pleased to see Mr. J. V. Perrin, manager of the Bersimis operation, once more in Berlin. Mr. Perrin and family passed through Berlin a short time ago en route to Stamford, Conn.

Mr. C. J. Prairie of Bersimis operation spent a few days with us the first of May. Cal is always a welcome visitor in this office.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Gregory are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but in those days there were no clubs.

There are closed seasons for hunters, but then a bachelor is not an animal.

The Pioneers of the Electrolytic Cell Industry



UPERINTENDENT Charles B. Barton of the Chemical Mill of the Brown Company enjoys the distinction of having been continuously in the

business of operating diaphragm electrolytic cells longer than any other man in this country. Associated as he was with Ernest A. La Sueur in the first commercial venture with electrolytic cells in the United States, he has seen the industry start from humble beginnings and slowly become an essential part of the manufacture of pulp and paper. In that time, bleaching powder, made in England from chlorine produced by the Weldon and Deacon processes, has ceased to be included in the list of American imports, and the Le Blanc process no longer supplies the world market with caustic soda. The way by which electrolytic bleach processes have supplanted all others has not been strewn with roses. The experimental failures have been many. The Brown Bulletin is glad to have the privilege of publishing the picture of the first chemical mill of the Brown Company and of abstracting the following information concerning it from the published writings of Mr. Barton.

In 1892, ground was broken by the Electro-Chemical Company of Rumford Falls for the first regular commercial plant in the United States to employ an electrolytic process for making alkali and chlorine. The process used was that of Le Sueur, who had spent five years in preliminary laboratory work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and in a demonstration plant at Bellows Falls. In 1893, the first manufacturing commenced. In 1894, Mr. Barton went to work in this plant at Rumford Falls as a laborer and twenty months later was made superintendent of the plant. The venture was not a success, because the company did not have capital enough to carry them over the rough spots. A great deal had to be learned and this took money. The period 1893-97 was one of hard times. There was a drop in the demand for the products and a consequent drop in prices.

The plant was not in direct contact with users of its products. Under these conditions, the Electro-Chemical Company failed.

During this same period the Burgess

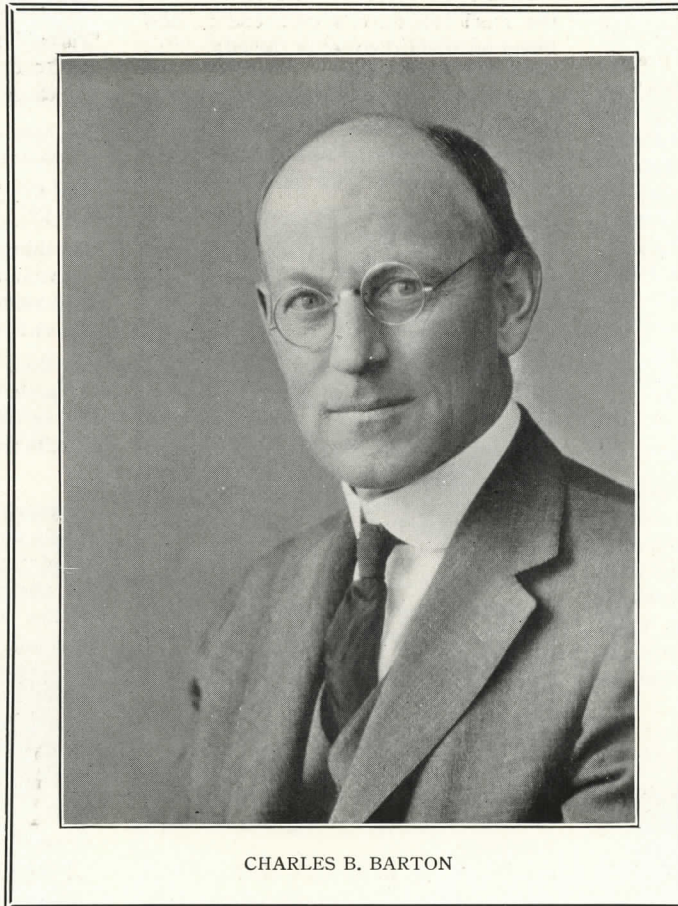
the face of the calamity howlers, who did not see how the country could use so much pulp, and because of business depression there was difficulty in selling it.

Mr. T. P. Burgess, however, was a far-sighted man. He made up his mind that, if he could bleach some of his pulp, he could sell more of it. He decided to buy the equipment of the plant at Rumford Falls and to transfer the experienced men to Berlin. Mr. Burgess was a good deal like Napoleon. He liked to snatch victory out of defeat. He said that he believed in the future of electrolysis and he didn't care if the Rumford Falls venture was a seeming failure. So in October, 1898, the equipment was moved to Berlin.

"The original electrolytic bleach plant in Berlin consisted of 72 cells which took a normal current of 800 amperes at a voltage per cell which we like to think of as five, but which was more apt to be between seven and eight. The anodes were of platinum wire, which was then as now very expensive. The plant ran for a year or so and, after Acheson graphite had been perfected for anodes in place of the original platinum anodes, it was increased to 125 cells. Acheson graphite has made electrolysis possible and profitable. At that time our power

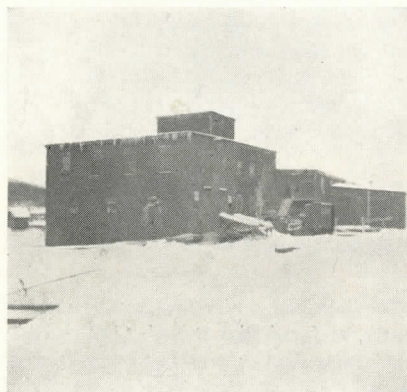
was generated by water wheels in the old Berlin Mills Company saw mill. There were ten wheels installed and the saw mill had the use of six and the chemical mill could use the other four when there was sufficient water to run them. There was plenty of water about five months in the year and a precarious existence for the other seven, and you know an electrolytic plant calls for constant power 365 days a year, 24 hours a day to do good work. In the winter of 1899-1900 it was necessary to shut down the cells and close up the plant for lack of power."

During this time, some experimental cells of a type invented by E. A. Allen and H. K. Moore were set up in the digester house at the Burgess Mill. These employed the principle of the unsubmerged cathode, which is used in all the newer



CHARLES B. BARTON

Mill here in Berlin had been built and had attained a production of 75 tons of sulphite pulp a day. It had been built in

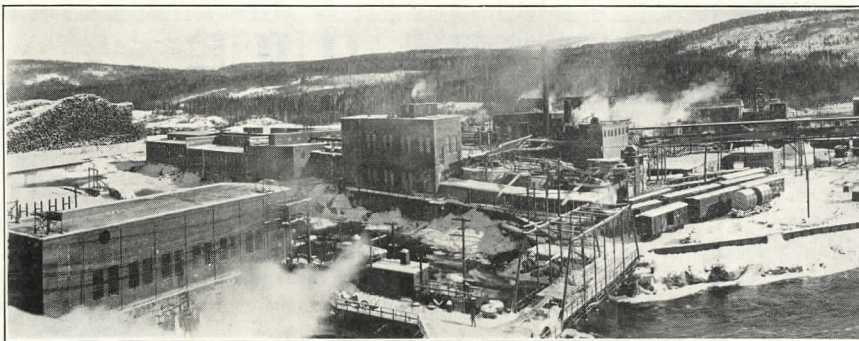


ORIGINAL CHEMICAL MILL

cells. Tests were also run on the new Acheson graphite which had just come on the market. During this winter, Mr. Barton discovered that there is a definite relation between the amount of physical flow of the electrolyte into the cathode compartment and the chloride-decomposition efficiency.

This winter's research was so encouraging, that a cell was immediately designed with unsubmerged diaphragm and 160 of them were installed in the chemical mill. Inevitable mistakes in construction were made. "The frames were made of slate put together with wood screws. The graphite was not impregnated and the brine was not purified. The gas space in the cells was too small and they vomited chlorine continuously. We lived, I don't know how, with them nine months, and then threw them out of the back window and called it good riddance. The principle was all right but we did not work it out to its logical conclusion. I had been steeped in chlorine for nine months and cared nothing about principles or conclusions."

A great gain had been made, however, in that Acheson graphite was available for use in the Le Sueur cells. The sulphite mill demanded more and more



PRESENT CHEMICAL MILLS

bleach liquor and new Le Sueur cells were installed until today there are over 600. In the meantime Allen had improved the original cell with unsubmerged diaphragm and the last installation made at the Chemical Mill was one of 160 Allen-Moore cells of the very latest type. These resemble the original ones only in principle.

Although the real success was attained in Berlin, Mr. Barton is particularly proud of his connection with the pioneer work at Rumford Falls. He says:

"We did some awfully foolish things then. We had no appliances; little money; we were only twenty-two or twenty-three years old, but we did accomplish something and I take pride in the fact that I think we laid the foundations of the industry. Other people went ahead and took out better patents than we did, and no doubt they made better cells than we did, but if you investigate, you will find

that all the development started right there at Rumford Falls, where we breathed chlorine and lived with it for some time. McDonald and Mercer were foremen of the cell houses in Rumford Falls and have played significant parts in the development of electrolytic cells in other mills. Mc-

Donald invented the McDonald cell used at Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania. The Nelson cell was developed from the McDonald cell, which was a variation of the Le Sueur cell. H. K. Moore had his first experience with electrolytic cells at Rumford Falls." Mercer put a cell into practical operation at Haverhill, Mass., which was the forerunner of the Wheeler, Gibbs, Vorce and Merry-and-Noble cells.

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, the Le Sueur electrolytic patents were the foundation of all electrolytic porous diaphragm cells, and credit should be given E. A. Le Sueur as being the real founder of the industry. In his patents, the principle of having on the anode side of the diaphragm a greater hydrostatic head than is carried on the cathode side, is first mentioned."

SULPHITE MILL GAS

Reddy may wake up some morning with white hair if Mark Frost catches him.

If you want to know anything about rheumatism, see Mark Frost. He is trying to advertite rheumatism pills.

Mr. Gagne, safety man from wood department, failed to show up at recent Safety meeting, owing to the fact that he stepped on a nail and injured his foot. We suggest that he be reappointed.

Mr. F. W. Rahmanop returned recently from a business trip to Dayton, Ohio.

Additional protection has been given to our north wood pile by a pipe line with seven more high service fire nozzles.

Owing to decayed timbers the high chip elevator on wood room roof collapsed and narrowly escaped going into the river. It was found necessary to rebuild this from roof up and proved to be a three day and night job. It was completed without interruption to production.

In grandmother's day girls used to blush, nowadays, they make the boys blush.

Generally dogs are better judges of men than men are of dogs.

A man is not married when he is engaged; but he is engaged when married.

No woman likes a husband that flirts—unless he belongs to some one else.



Don't be afraid of making mistakes. Success is built upon a foundation of mistakes that will not occur again.

CASCADE JUICE

Fishing is good, but—fish are scarce, so the fishermen say.

No word from Mr. Leeman as yet.

Doc Ross, our Graphic Artist, would like a rent, or, he says, one room would suffice for a time.

Mr. I. W. Fogg, our machine diagnostician certainly has been successful with two cases recently. The results may be seen in the paper testing department.



?

Col. Cole has had a rather enticing vacation offered him for a short while by our friend, Uncle Sam.

An amusing feature always connected with our base ball situation is this fact—whenever we start a ball team or athletics we start alone, or when anyone else starts we must push. No matter whether we have ball players or not, (we usually try to have some ball players) the minds of all interested are one and the same, you have all the players. Now who furnishes the opinion, is it the same party or person or might it be hereditary environment, or acquisition. Let's change the attitude even though it might be wrong.

Mr. Maines, our paper inspector had some busy days recently.

Mr. Hannaford's office has been taken over by McKenney and Chase as a temporary repair shop and experimental room. You know he seems to want more tell-tales and reports every few days, so they are fixing machinery for extra power, same to be utilized from heat coming from the source of chemical phenomena and hot air.

The writer humbles himself willingly to apologize for not procuring a photo of our Mr. Palmer, who says that he put the 'ore in CORE. At any rate, he has an excellent product and works fast.

The yard and surroundings certainly are getting the twice over and frequently they tell by their appearance that inspection has again taken place.

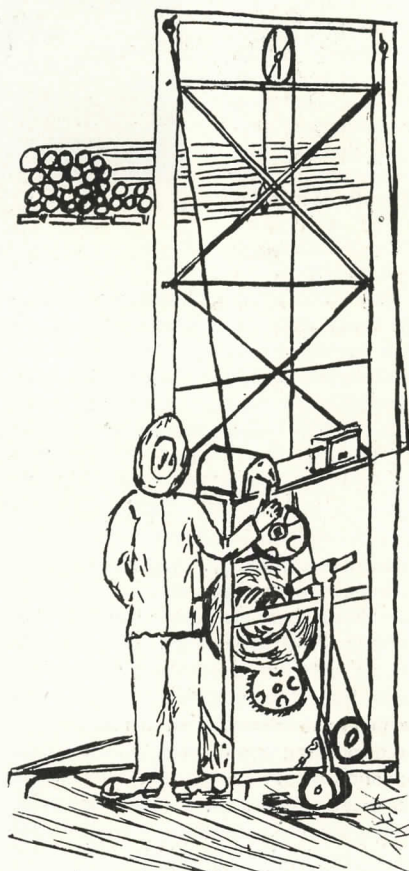
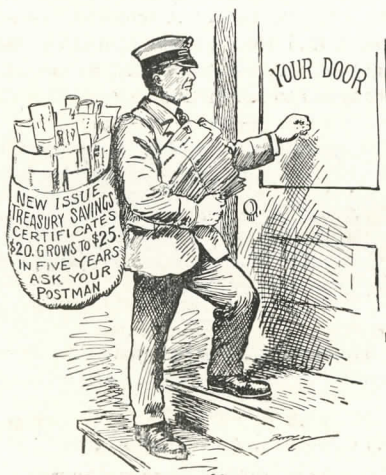
Our Chief made the laboratory a call recently for some information which was forthcoming. Come again, old scout.

Mr. Patrick Hinchey has recently been promoted to Mr. Paulsen's job, who will assist Mr. Elliott. Mr. Hinchey is a hustler and the work will surely be taken care of in the right was.

The baseball season has opened and true to name, the Never-Sweats haven't yet, by the looks of the scores. Rusty is quite nimble on his feet; Matoo's sweater puts the pitcher's eyes out, so that he can't put 'em over. Thurlo, the ex-Bates star, has put up his usual game. Who said it was rotten?

By the line-up, it looks as if the baseball management had been handed some

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS



Jos: who's the chink.

Jack: ssit! That's the core man

money. The old timers from Gorham say so.

"Going to Gorham, mister?"

Jerry McGivney has did it. Good luck, Jerry.

Rube Smith has joined the painters. Bring on the ether.

Our beater engineer carries his lunch in something that must have been a basket long, long years ago. The darn thing looks more like a bundle of wire than a basket. Why don't you buy a new one, Jack?

HE STARTED ALL RIGHT

"You are the sunshine of my life."

"Oh, Jack!"

"You reign alone in my heart."

"Darling!"

"With you at my side I could whether any storm."

"Jack, is this a proposal or a weather report?"

Say, "Hank," who did you buy the white gloves with the black trimming for?

Say, "Pike," what do you mean by asking Fred Haggart to buy a setting hen for you? Now that he has it, you could at least pay the hen's board.

Any widow who wants to get married, please write to Alphonse Dupont, Cascade Pipe Shop.

For the information of all concerned, Kid Mulroney and Kid McKenna of the pipe shop are going to start a boxing school in the near future and are ready to teach any would-be champs for the love of the sport.

FIZZIOLOGY

"Name two large joints," said the teacher of the class in physiology. "Mike's and the Dutchman's," replied the sophisticated pupil, "only prohibition's put them both on the blink."

GREENAN AND THE JORDAN MAN
Old Jack came running across the room,
As fast as he could go,
And yelled out to the Jordan Man
"Your stock will be too slow."

Jack gives the wheel a turn or two,
To start the stock for free,
And then he pulls for the machine room,
To see what he can see.

Now the Jordan Man begins to fret,
For he knows that Jack is wrong,
And in a very few minutes
It will be another song.

And now the stock is lots too free,
And half way back on the wire,
And Jack comes rushing back again,
As if he was all on fire.

He pushes up to the Jordan Man
And smashes his fists together,
And rakes poor Gregoire up and down
'Till he trembles like a feather.

Well Jack knows himself is to blame,
But the Jordan Man's out of luck,
For Jack is the Beater Engineer,
So he must pass the buck.

So please let the Jordan Man do his job
And all will be quite well,
For if you mix your nose in his bizz,
The stock will go to H—I.

Wilfred Boisselle, better known as "Smoky" or "Nigger," Gideon Morrisette, better known as Kid, Albert Jacques and Joe Baillargeon took a trip to Success Pond recently in the hope of catching some fish, results show that the fish heard them coming and departed for

parts unknown. Tough luck, boys! Try again. One of the many adventures encountered was the wounding of "Smoky" by a porcupine. "Smoky" seeing the animal in the woods, took it to be a dog (never having seen a porcupine before) going up to the animal and patting it at the same time saying, "Nice dog, good dog, you lost in the woods!" "Smoky" said afterwards he counted forty-seven quills that he took out of his hands. He now says it is alright to be kind to dumb animals but to leave lost dogs alone.

STANDING NIBROC TWILIGHT LEAGUE, MAY 16, 1922

	Games Played	Won	Lost	Tie
Tanks.....	2	1	0	1
Towels.....	2	1	0	1
Neversweats.....	2	0	2	

"Red," our famous backtender, or part of the spare crew, was asked to go on a fishing trip recently and he accepted the offer, but, did he get there is the main thing the fellows would like to know. If you wish to know how many fish he caught ask the young man, or apply to E. Leeman, the Fisherman.

The next time that Joe Baillargeon goes to Success Pond with "Smoky" Boisselle and Kid Morrisette, Joe says he will let them buy their own steak, as he says he had to pay two dollars for two pounds of steak, but he told me confidently, that he was only trying to make enough money to pay his share of the expenses in hiring the team.

VITAMINES

Nowadays the newspapers are having a lot to say about vitamins. We are overwhelmed with advice to eat yeast, drink cod liver oil, and suck lemons, because they contain something that will give us pep. One of our contemporaries seems to think that this is a fad and takes the following whack at an authority who advised that a single lettuce leaf would give enough vitamins to last a fortnight.

"Strange, is it not? For when a boy

I kept a lettuce-loving rabbit—
A large, lop-eared, impassive toy
Of grave and pensive habit.

"For lettuce leaves that beast would thrust

Its nose out fast as I could buy 'em—
And, lor, the vitamins it must
Have polished off per diem.

"And yet it did not seem to 'vite':

It lay about rolled up and snuggish,
It had no pep, it showed no fight;
Its ways were downright sluggish.

"Moreover, when it scaled its wall

And ate till it was lettuce-loaded
The beast was not bucked up at all—
It more or less exploded.

"In other words, too pleased about

A meal—at last—that wasn't scrappy,
It passed away, too well blown out
But (I imagine) happy.

"The obvious moral is, I guess,

You might as well take some corrosive
As vitamins which in excess
Behave like high explosive."

THAT CHEMICAL WEDDING

One of the most delightful and prepossessing events of the season took place when Miss Io Dine, one of the most charming of the Halogen sisters, entered into a union with Ben Zene, one of the distinguished Hydrocarbons. The wedding march was effectively rendered on the blowpipe by the accomplished young organist, Miss Moll E. Cule. The bridal party appeared, led by the youthful ushers, Cy Anogen and Peter Oleum, and the bridesmaids, Ethyl Alcohol and Molly B. Date.

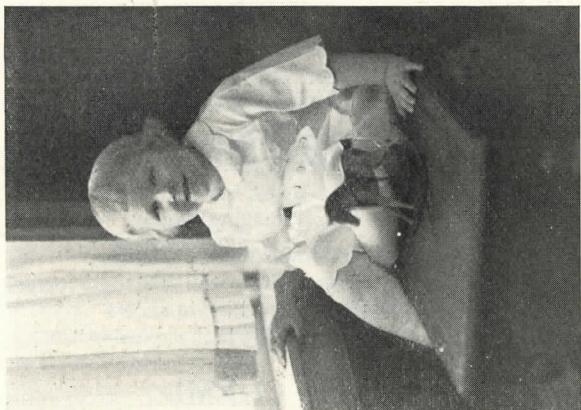
The bride charmingly veiled in a wire gauze, carrying a beautiful bouquet of flowers of sulphur, tied with a magnesium ribbon, entered on the arm of her father, Ben Z. Line. At the same time the groom with his best man, Nickelous Hydroxide, came down the aisle and met the bride by the mortar, where by the soft light of a Bunsen Burner a short but impressive service was held by the Reverend Bro. M. O. Seltzer.

The Main Office girl bows her stately head
And fixes her pretty lips
In a hard, firm way and lets 'em go,
And sips, and sips, and sips.
Ask 'em.

The Kream Krisp girl has a way of her own,
In a soulful clinging way,
She takes a kiss that's just as big
As a wagon load of hay.
Ask 'em.

The Cascade girl gets a grip on herself
And carefully takes of her hat;
Then grabs the man in a frenzied way
Like a terrier shaking a rat.
Ask 'em.

But the Burgess girl never says a word
She's so gentle, timid and tame;
But she grabs the jay by the back of the neck
And gets there, just the same.
Ask 'em.



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BABY CONTEST

This contest will close in the July issue. Prizes will be given as follows: First prize, cup; second prize, set of silver; third prize, large size mounted photo. No photos will be considered unless sent to Business Manager Briggs by June 15th.



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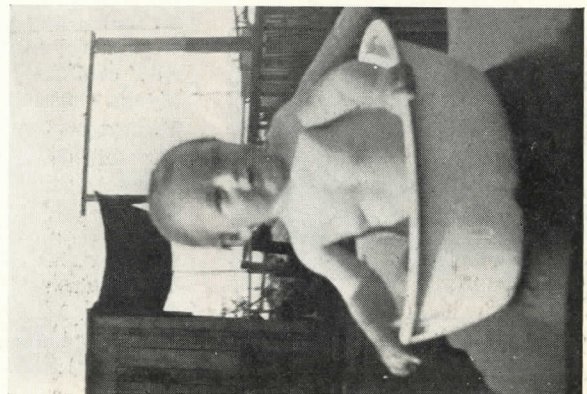
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CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

It makes us remember old times when we hear Amie Blais singing "Over There."

It took Henry Coulombe only half a day to get used to his teeth. (It took Jimmie Griffin a week.)

After looking at his overalls for four years, Devost finally bought a cake of soap to clean them up with. He must have seen the "clean up" cartoons down town.

There is a shortage in the drug market these days. Sanschagrín and Vic Smith bought up all the hair tonic.

Joe Tardiff has at last found the truth.

Charles Fountain is trying to regain his title from Amie Devost.

During Hakon Gade's absence, Fred Begin will take the lightweight title.

Cecil Manton, alias "Isaac," has been seriously thinking of taking part in the Passion Play in Europe. He tried to grow a beard.

Archie Lemieux is now back at the chemical mill.

We haven't heard a report from C. Manton or Bennie Brann about the nuxated iron they are trying out.

Joe Vallis, Jr., is traveling these days. He went to Lewiston last week, next week he's going to Stark.

Ed Howard is thinking of swapping the coal pile for an orange farm in New Brunswick.

They say that Hedley Parker shakes a mean foot. He attended two May balls and one social dance in one week. The older a man gets the,—but what's the use of talking.

Joe Sanschagrín has gone into the trucking business.

Harry "Irish" Henderson is now working in the caustic plant.

Richard Christianson has extended his grocery business.

C. B. Barton is now the proud possessor of a new Buick.

Bernard Preo is the chemical mill candidate for the Burgess-Berlin Mills team in the Mill League.

Albert Gilbert has returned to work with the dipping crew at the caustic plant.

Cecil Manton has stopped buying chewing tobacco since Hall has changed onto Laffin's shift. Laffin, not being very well acquainted with Hall, thinks he will not have to buy any tobacco for a while yet.

Ed Howard has got an old flivver which he believes has Hazzard's trimmed for efficiency. It is a 1913 model and keeps up with the best of them.

Cliff Mooney has been getting up early these days, planting his garden. He says it is a healthy pastime.

Hank O'Connell has moved over to the East Side. It is rumored that one of the reasons is that he expects to get in stronger with the Democratic Party.

Remy Lambert is on the sick list.

Captain Jim Barnes is on the big ship and Smiling Jack Laffin is taking his place.

PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY CLOSES 1921-22 SEASON

An illustrated talk by Mr. F. A. Burningham describing the Mt. Wilson observatory closed the 1921-1922 season of the Philotechnical Society. Officers elected for the ensuing season include Mr. G. E. Wightman, president; Mr. D. H. McMurtree, chairman executive committee; Messrs. Goldsmith, Ebie, Estabrook and M. Taylor, executive committee, and Mr. Burningham, secretary.

The papers read before the Society during the past season have covered a wide variety of timely and interesting topics. A list of the speakers and subjects follows:

Prof. F. J. Moore (M. I. T.).....
The Life and Work of John Mayow
Mr. F. M. Jones.....Mt. Ranier

Prof. R. E. Wilson (M. I. T.) Solid Films
Mr. W. B. VanArsdel.....Color Notation
Prof. G. F. Hull (Dartmouth).....

.....Projectiles in Flight
Mr. H. Farrand.....Physic Research
Mr. G. L. Cave.....

The Humanistic Case of Education
Mr. Mark Taylor.....Banking
Mr. W. O. Nivling (of Boston).....Starch
Prof. G. W. Cavanaugh (Cornell)...

.....Desiccation of Foods
Dr. C. N. Camac (of New York).....

.....History of Medical Discoveries
Mr. C. Gunsel.....Phenol (Carbolic Acid)
Mr. F. A. Burningham.....

.....Mt. Wilson Observatory
The meetings are held at the Y. M. C. A. and are open to the public.

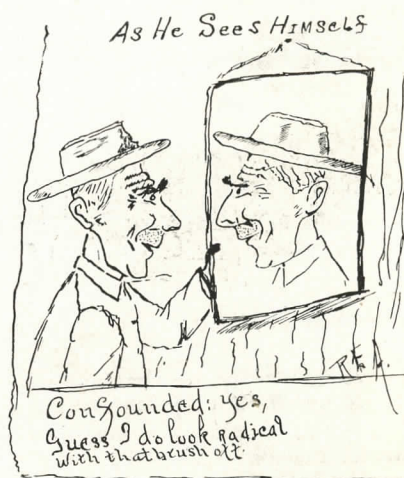
THE CHIPPY CHIP AND THE NAUGHTY KNOT

A chippy chip met a chippier chip,
As he went about his way.
Said the chippy chip to the chippier chip:
"I feel quite spruce today."

A naughty knot met a naughtier knot,
Who he held for a time in check.
Said the naughty knot to the naughtier knot:
"I'll pound you to a speck."

The common speck or the speckled chip,
From a naughty knot, I'll vow,
When multiplied sufficiently
Will surely cause a row.

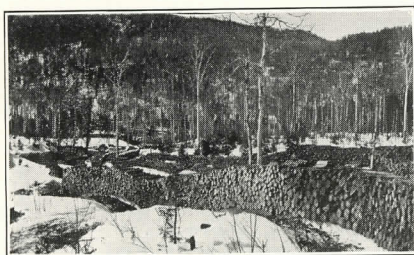
The chippy chip and the naughty knot
Will never quite agree,
For the naughty knot is but a blot
To the chip from the good spruce tree.





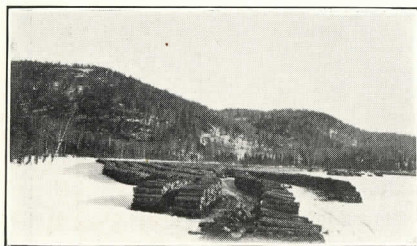
RIVER HURON OPERATION

For several months we have not done our share in providing news for the Bulletin, although we have been requested to send in news several times, we have not been able to find time to get around to it, however, we are doing what we can for this month.



LOADING HEAD

After getting through a rather strenuous logging period the driving season is at hand. Although water has been none too plentiful we are making pretty fair headway.



2500 CORDS

We commenced piling out at Riviere Jaune on April 18th, and expect to commence loading at Stoneham around May 20th. Mr. Alphonse Simoneau of Lac Au Saumon is up doing some repair work on the loading plant just now.



AFTER REMOVING WOOD

Earl Bryenton of the Quebec office is out here at present assisting in making up the report for Seminary of Quebec, of wood cut off their lands this past season.



DAM AT HEAD RIVER HURON

Recent visitors were, Mr. J. F. Heck who spent one day with us, also Messers. Jim & Jim, namely, Jim Corbett and Jim Taylor. Doc Gibbons also was out for a few hours.



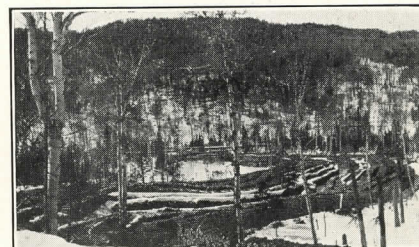
FULL BANKS

Mr. P. J. Prince suffered a rather painful accident a few days ago. While driving along the bank of the Huron River with Mr. Octave Tessier, the bank gave away and the buggy in which they were riding capsized, broke away from the horse and rolled down into the river. Fortunately both men were able to jump clear in time but in jumping Prince wrenched his leg. At present he is at home but we are glad to be able to report he is doing fine and expects to be back within a short time.



1000 CORDS

A Ford truck is the latest addition to this operation. At this time of the year with so much toting to do and men to haul it comes in very useful.



LOADING HEAD

Now that the fishing season is here no doubt we will soon be hearing of the

great catches that are being made. Byrenton has hung up a new record for fishing for this part of the country. He was out trying his luck the other night and managed to land a trout weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and measuring 28 inches. Byrenton is very modest about it but nevertheless one can see he is very pleased with himself.

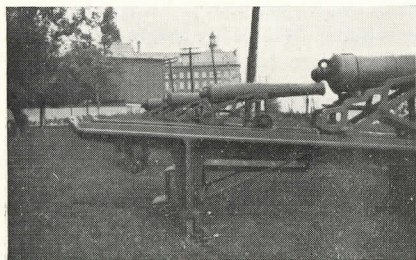


RIVER HURON COUNTRY

AMQUI, P. Q.

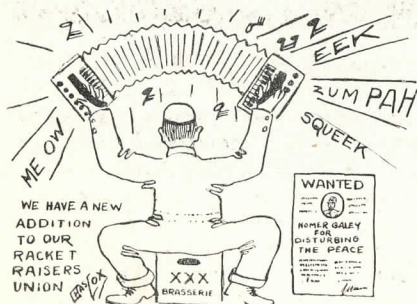
Not much activity in our section this year, a matter of cleaning up the yards, picking up some freshest wood and getting things under cover.

Mrs. Harry Curran and children have moved to their home in Richmond, Me.



CANNON ON CITY WALL, QUEBEC

A famous fisherman of the Quebec office staff has developed a noise like a clam, we no more hear his pleasant voice telling of how he catches 'em in Lac Metis, Lac Pitre and along the portage leading to above mentioned lakes; there was a time when this fisherman could catch 'em in birch trees (so he stated); but if this worthy fisherman and Bill Bennett will visit Amqui with a quantity of the right kind of bait there may be an opportunity to send in some real fish stories.



WOOD SLICED ON TUGEON RIVER

THE LITTLE BLACK HEN

Said
the little
red rooster:
"Gosh all hem-
lock! Things are tough.
Seems that worms are get-
ting scarcer, and I cannot
find enough. What's
become of all those fat
ones is a mystery to me
there were thousands thru
that rainy spell—but now
where can they be?" The old
black hen who heard him didn't
grumble or complain. She had gone
through lots of dry spells—she had lived
through floods of rain. She flew upon the grindstone, and she
gave her claws a whet, as she said, "I've never seen the time there
weren't worms to get." She picked a new and undug spot; the earth
was hard and firm. The little rooster jeered: "New ground, that's
no place for a worm." The old black hen just spread her feet, she
dug both hard and free. "I must go to the worms" she said, "the
worms won't come to me." The rooster vainly spent his day, through
habit by the way, where fat round worms had passed in squads back
in the rainy days. When night-fall found him supperless he growled
in accents rough: "I'm hungry as a fowl can be. Conditions
sure are tough." He turned then to the old black hen and said
"It's worse with you, for you're not only hungry but you
must be tired, too. I rested while I watched for worms
so I feel fairly perk; but how are you, without
worms, too, and after all that work? The old
black hen hopped to her perch and dropped
her eyes to sleep, and
murmured in a drowsy
tone: Young man
hear this and
weep:
!!!!
!!!!
!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"I'm full of worms and happy, for I've dined both long and well,
The worms are there, as always, but I had to dig like —!"

In certain firms red roosters are at rest in sales positions,
They cannot do good business now, because of poor conditions,
But as soon as business starts again, they'll sell a lot of firms,
Meanwhile the old black hens are out a-gobblin' up the worms.

Are these your sentiments?



SALMON LAKE

Mr. L. C. Allaire and son, J. A. Allaire, are engaged by the St. Lawrence Lumber Company at present.

Ice two feet thick on the lakes, about one foot of snow in the bush and a snow storm every second day. Gott mit us!

The death of our old friend "Nat" Cram is keenly felt by his friends in this section. One of the features of the visit to Berlin was the pleasant greeting and conversation of our departed friend.



FIND THE RABBIT.

During the past few months the two Jims have been absolutely dumb regarding the Boar-Goats. What is the reason? Before the ram got Jim Perrin's goat we had the pleasure of reading his articles on the critters; someone or something has tied Jim Cassidy's goat out in the back yard for he is as dumb as his friend to the north.

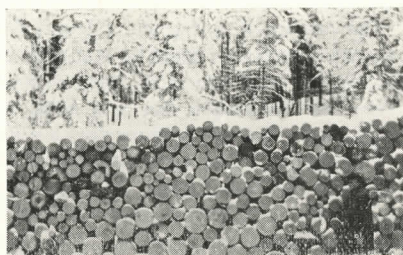
RIVER HURON OPEOATION



LAKE DEMERS



LEISURE TIME



PILED 8 FT. HIGH



UPPER END RIVER HURON

BERSIMIS OPERATION

Our idea of nothing at all—A telegram from Quebec saying the Lewis L. will start in four or five days if the weather permits.

Donald Greig has come out of the woods with his crew after a winter in the Papin-achois River country.

Bob Cummings blew in here with Joe Miller's schooner the last week in March. Joe crossed from Bersimis to Rimouski this year March 20th, which was eight days earlier than he did last season.

We have no objections if "Spike" publishes the letter sent him from one of the staff here, explaining why it was that the Bersimis dog team finished no better than second. In a couple of years it will be different, for we are assembling a bunch of pups from which we expect to pick a team that will bring home something else besides the driver. We plan to have two cross-bred greyhounds and four huskies, the former for speed and the latter for endurance, with possibly a mongrel or two for strength. This we think will make a well balanced team, and should be able to carry a couple of reporters and a photographer or two besides the drives.

Messrs. Bishop, Dubé and Greig went up to Bersimis Easter Sunday in a canoe, and started back to Papinachois in the afternoon with Dr. Power as a passenger. There was quite a sea running, and about fifty feet out from land there was a shipwreck, which mused up the Easter clothes, filled Doc's medicine satchel with salt water and sent the crew, with chattering teeth and numbed limbs, home on



HORAN INSPECTING HIS CREW

foot. Harry says a canvas canoe is too frail a craft for these waters, Fred says the boat was too heavily loaded, Don says the passengers weren't low enough seated and Doc says there was too much sea for a canoe anyway. They were probably all right.

When this reaches you, you will know the little question of the week,—When will the Lewis L. get here?—has been answered.

ST. RAYMOND, P. Q.

Replying to your telegram of the 6th instant we regret that we have no pictures to send you to publish in the Brown Bulletin. As to writings we wish to say that as this operation has been doing nothing since last August there is no news we can think of to publish. You might, however, mention that our manager, Mr. H. L. Bradbury, who has been replacing Mr. Mack in La Tuque since last October has definitely been transferred to La Tuque where he will have charge of the woods department, and that all that is left of the St. Raymond organization regret his departure very much and wish him the best of success in his new position.

LA TUQUE

Suggestions for new construction work to house the accumulation of blue prints which Mike has put away in trunks, boxes and other receptacles.

"Accuracy" is Mike's first name, and he acts accordingly, and whether threading a pipe or in making a joint, he's never without his faithful blue print.

Why does Harry Smith carry a fire-brick when he goes fishing? Is it to keep his feet warm?

Conversation overheard between Ernest and Doc Hartley, who was sporting a brand new "knuckle duster."

"Say, Doc, I didn't know you were engaged." Doc's reply was unprintable. Maybe there's more in Ernie's polite enquiry than appears on the surface.

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Andrew's church held a very successful card party in the Community Club Thursday evening, April 25th.

Bridge, euchre and five hundred were played, and the prizes carried off as follows: First prizes—500—Miss Turgeon, Mr. Lindstrom; first prizes, bridge, Mrs. Bellau, Mr. Nesbitt.

The net proceeds were over fifty dollars—a credit to the committee, of which Mrs. W. L. Gilman was convenor, and Mrs. C. Johnson and Mrs. B. Bjornlund aides.

The new tennis courts have at last arrived and should be in operation by June 1st by the latest. These En-Tous-Cas courts are supposed to be the last

word in tennis court construction and the boys are looking forward to some good tennis.

Judging from the way the ladies took hold of basketball these courts will be busy afternoons as well as evenings and La Tuque should develop some splendid players among the ladies.

BROKE AGAIN

'Twas the night before pay day,
And all through my jeans,
I was searching in vain
For the price of some beans,
But nothing was doing,
The milled edge had quit,
Not a penny was stirring
Not even a jit.
Forward, turn forward
O Time, in your flight,
Make it tomorrow
Just for tonight.



RIVER HURON OPERATION

On April 29th the members of St. Maurice Lodge of Odd Fellow gave a card party and dance at the Community Club which was largely attended and proved a great success.

The coming of spring at La Tuque this year was much welcomed by many as the past winter was the first taste of hard times that La Tuque has ever seen, although our mills operated six days a week right through. The good times that we had become accustomed to, made the past winter look pretty hard, but still it might have been much worse. The flush days of easy money are past and it behooves each and every one of us to pull all the slack in our organization and cut out all the lost motion and dead wood and give an honest day's work each day. By cutting down waste in time and material we can do much to reduce the cost of production which will in time cut down living cost and bring us back onto a sound footing, when industry will have the courage to go ahead.

W. H. Churchill and Mrs. Churchill recently returned from Miami, Florida, where they passed the winter owing to

Mr. Churchill's health. Mr. Churchill has regained his health and seems as strong and ruddy as in the past.

Mr. John Heck dropped in to see us a few days the last of April and we were all glad to hear that Tom Mack was getting along well with his new duties at Berlin.

The fishing season is again in full swing around La Tuque, and a party of young enthusiasts consisting of Johnny Cleland, George Matte and Godfrey Johnson hied their way to Chemistry brook to lure the festive trout from his native element, as our friend, Reginald, would eloquently put it.

Johnny, being the veteran of the party, yanked out five, George's share was two, and Godfrey after much persuasion induced one solitary trout, who happened to be half asleep, to allow himself to be hooked and brought to land.

Godfrey may not shine as a fisherman, but when it comes to eating, he can make the champion pie eater of Missouri turn green with envy. The party took enough rations for six men for the day's trip: Johnny and George consuming their share and Godfrey putting away the balance besides eating the eight trout, bait and worms and talking of eating his rubbers. If his success as a fisherman had equalled his eating abilities, it would have needed a team to bring his catch home.

Charles Cash has started a class for instruction in the mysteries of "500." What he doesn't know of the game would fill a volume—and then some.

Ernie Vogel, relying on his past bowling averages (about umpteen seasons ago) was enlarging on what he was going to do at the French Club Bowling Alleys, and in his bean had already a mental picture of the cup which is presented to the one with the highest aggregate, resting on a specially prepared niche in his front parlor. His assurances were that one and all would go down before his invincible skill. Well, what happened, Ernie? Tell mother all about it!

STUNG

Waiter—Thank you very much, sir.

Diner—What do you mean? I haven't given you anything.

"No, sir, but I bet a half dollar that you wouldn't tip me."

"Oh, you did, eh! Well, here's a nickel. Now you're out 45 cents and serves you right for your confounded impertinence."—*Boston Transcript*.

VOCATIONAL TEXT BOOKS

The Executive Committee on Vocational Education representing the pulp and paper industry of the United States and Canada have just published Volume III of the series of textbooks upon "The Manufacture of Pulp and Paper." This new volume deals particularly with the manufacture of pulp. It includes sections on the following subjects: Properties of pulpwood; preparation of pulpwood; manufacture of mechanical pulp; manufacture of sulphite pulp; manufacture of soda pulp; manufacture of sulphate pulp; treatment of pulp; including screening, pressing and drying; refining and testing of pulp; and bleaching of pulp. Loan copies of this volume have been placed in the office of the Sulphite Mill, Cascade Mill and Research Department. Personal copies can be purchased at \$5.00 each from the Technical Association of the Pulp and Paper Industry, 18 East 41st Street, New York City.

THREE GATES

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold.
Three narrow gates—First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind."
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes thro' these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

THE CREATION OF KNOCKERS AND BOOSTERS

In the beginning when the Creator had made all the good creatures in the world, the Spirit of Evil brooded mightily and he introduced into the minds and hearts of insects, reptiles, beasts and men the seeds of jealousy and ill-will. When this evil had become manifest in many deeds of hate by living creatures against each other, the devil gathered all the worst thoughts of all these creatures, caused them to take man's shape, clothed him with suspicion, shod him with envy, gave him a yellow streak for a backbone, and christened him "A Knocker."

This product was so fearful to contemplate that the all-wise Creator decided to make something to counteract it; so he took a sunbeam, the heart of a child, the

sense of beauty in flowers, fields and the Great Outdoors, formed them into the shape of an upright man, clothed him in civic pride, girded him with equality and justice, armed him with mercy, righteousness and good-will, and named him "A Booster."

Ever since these two were created, man has had the privilege of choosing his own associates.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

The rain it poured
The sea it roared,
The sky was draped in black!
The old ship rolled,
She pitched and bowled,
And lost her chartered track.
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
Sir, will she clear?"
Loud wailed a dame on deck.
As they heaved the lead
The skipper said,
"She allus has, by heck!"

THE SWARM OF BEES

By Dr. Frank Crane

There is a swarm of bees. If you can attend to them, they will make you the honey of success. And if you neglect them, you are apt to get stung.
Be polite. Politeness will get you out of more difficulties, climb you more hills, cut you more barbed wires, find you more smiles, than any other quality you can acquire.
Be sure. Don't guess. Don't suppose. Find out exactly. Know. And if you don't know, ask.
Be clean. Water and whiskbrooms are cheap.
Be honest. Even when nobody's looking.
Be on time. People that have to wait for you don't like you.
Be patient.
Be cheerful. And if you can't be cheerful, look cheerful anyhow.
Be considerate. Don't be officious, nor meddlesome, nor a nuisance, but, you know—be considerate.
Be careful. Better be careful one hundred times, than get killed once. Look out for these bees.

"JUST TO REMIND YOU"

(We clipped this from a Mill Bulletin—Ed.)

Not so very long ago, when there was a shortage of pulp and paper, we increased our efficiency and produced a quality product in quantities not considered possible before. But what are we doing now?

Our equipment is in better condition now than ever before to make a quality product in quantities. Quality is the

thing that counts, and to permit us to meet present day prices we must produce quality and quantity more efficiently than ever before; but we have failed in a few instances in the very recent past. Our shortcomings were not due to machinery or process, but due to the personal factor, the men who do the work. A little neglect here, a little indifference there, not very much as a whole but just enough to make a few tons of inferior product, and what is the worst of it, the men who were at fault used their efforts to deceive themselves by hiding these defects so that it would not be noticed around the mill and thus escape the criticism of their foremen. What have they accomplished?

You all know that every ton of pulp we ship is re-used and if anything is wrong the mill using same will find out about it, and you all know that every roll or sheet of paper is not used in the whole as shipped by us but sheet by sheet unfolded or unrolled, and consequently the slightest defect will become visible to the user.

Therefore, you who are paid to perform a certain work, do your duty and do not let things happen which affect the quality of our product; if you see anything wrong correct it, if you see anyone else do something wrong bring it to the attention of your foreman, because if allowed to go on unnoticed it will affect you and all of us.

There is not enough business to go around and the one who makes the best product will get it. If we want to keep our mill running we must all work together and work hard to make the best that can be made; if there are some men working with you who are indifferent it will be to your advantage to report them, because when the mill closes down due to their fault you will be the sufferer just the same.

Think it over at your leisure and realize the consequences that can be caused by the indifferent worker.

An Indian chief living on one of the Western reservations acquired, in the course of a long and happy life, six wives. Federal agents generally ignored the fact, for the sake of peace, but one conscientious individual advised the chief that the law of the United States forbade such wholesale marriages, and urged him to pick out the wife he liked best from the six, and then inform the other five that he would have nothing more to do with them.

The chief pondered a moment and then, between puffs, replied: "I pick; you tell em."

"Institutional" Advertising

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is not an "Institution" because of its noble buildings and lavish equipment.

It is an institution because of its methods of work and the quality of its product. These fixed its high place in education and in industry long before it had any equipment worthy of its name.

When its necessities call for some extra spurt of publicity, the task is easy because the public already knows and respects it. It cannot fail, because the people of all countries are its friends and patrons.

Its thousands of graduates are the beneficiaries of that "institutional" prestige. Back of them is the solid standing of that "house". Before them are the markets of the world. So they do not fail.

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Great business enterprises also seek for themselves a similar "institutional" position in the public heart and mind.

If, by the quality of their workmanship and the excellence of their product, they can win their way to the public favor, they become as landmarks and lighthouses of American business.

They endure from generation to generation.

Back of every workman is the standing of his "house". Before the products of his brain and hands the great world-markets open wider than to other men. Such economic security as is possible in industry is his.

For a business structure so firmly established, the problems of advertising, of building up new markets, of testing out new products, are simplified and more safely answered.

Back of the advertisement is the man in the mill who is proud of his results — and in front of it is a public already more than halfway won.

BROWN COMPANY
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
PORTLAND, MAINE

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