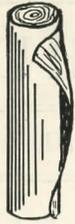




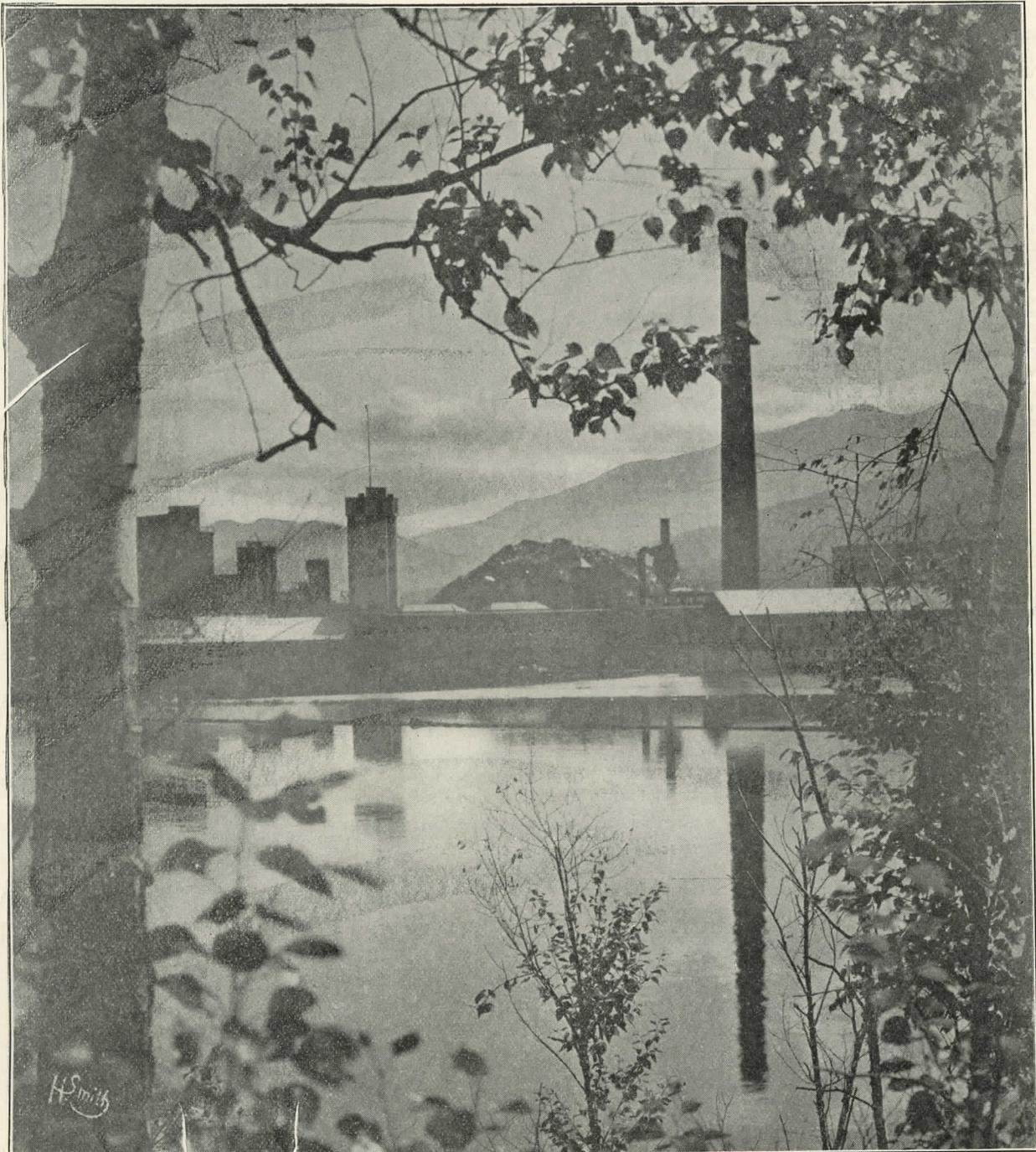
THE BROWN BULLETIN*



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BERLIN, N. H., OCTOBER 1, 1921

VOL. III.

No. 4



CASCADE MILL—BROWN COMPANY

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. III.

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 4

Editor—W. E. Taft
 Associate Editors—G. L. Cave, H. A. Chase, W. L. Bennett
 Photographs—John Graff, Howard Smith

Cartoons—Stark Wilson
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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)
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METROPOLITAN NURSING SERVICE

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

FIRST AID STATIONS

NURSE IN CHARGE, Miss Gladys Blasland
 CONSULTING PHYSICIAN FOR OCTOBER,
 Dr. Wilkinson

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UPPER PLANTS, Afternoons, except Sat., 1.30-5;
 Sat., 9-10.30.
 SULPHITE MILL, Afternoons, except Sat., 2-5;
 Sat. 10.30-12.
 CASCADE MILL, Mornings, 9-12.

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Machine Room W. Church J. Clouthier E. Cadorette E. Perron F. King W. Rosseau	Machine Room P. Hayes C. Bergeron C. Locke F. Francour A. Dion F. Thebargue
Wood Room J. Violett H. Mader A. Holt B. Dillon	Wood Room D. McNichol A. Labelle C. Picard C. Murphy

HOSEMEN "C" SHIFT

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 W. Berryman J. Keating
 Machine Room
 L. Stewart W. Baker
 N. Couture P. Grondin
 M. Frost F. Gagne
 Wood Room
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 A. Nadeau J. Dickey
 L. Frechette J. Moody
 P. Thomas
 J. Brunelle, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "A"
 J. Caie, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "B"
 F. Donahue Heine Fire Pump, Shift "C"
 P. Larochelle, Repair Inspector

We all know that business conditions in our industry have been particularly poor during the past nine months. Everybody has been expecting a "cut" for some time and at last it arrived. We have enjoyed a long period of prosperity and the management certainly treated us well during that time.

Business conditions have changed, competition is keener; the politicians are allowing foreign pulp manufacturers to dump their products on our markets and sell at a low price, receiving their profits by taking our money which is worth double that of their own.

One way in which we can help in overcoming this handicap is by reducing waste. Any waste is a dead loss to the business and should be avoided. This means not only loss caused by waste of materials but loss caused by allowing dirt to get into pulp or paper. To compete in the market we must uphold our reputation for turning out the best of pulp and paper. That means both strength and cleanliness.

Every man, no matter what his position can do his part to help turn out the best, and it needs the help of all.

Periods of prosperity and depression always come at intervals and it is up to us to do what we can by united efforts, so that our products will continue to hold so high a reputation in the markets for excellence, as to create a demand which will cause the consumers to want more and more of the Brown Company products.

The Cape Cod Canal is declared by Secretary Weeks to be the busiest costal waterway of the world. It has more traffic than the Suez Canal, and is regarded as one of the chief arteries of commerce in New England. Its purchase by the Government for \$11,500,000 has been recommended by Secretary Weeks, on account of its military and naval potentialities.

THE CARELESS SMOKER

(Apologies to Kipling)

By HARRIS A. REYNOLDS, in "The Open Road"

A fool there was and his pipe he lit
 (Even as you and I)
 On a forest trail where the leaves were fit
 To become ablaze from the smallest bit
 Of spark—and the fool he furnished it
 The day was windy and dry.

The forest was burned to its very roots,
 Even beneath the ground,
 With the flowers, the birds and the poor dumb brutes,
 Old hoary oaks, and the tender shoots
 Which might have made logs but for such galoots
 Allowed to wander round.

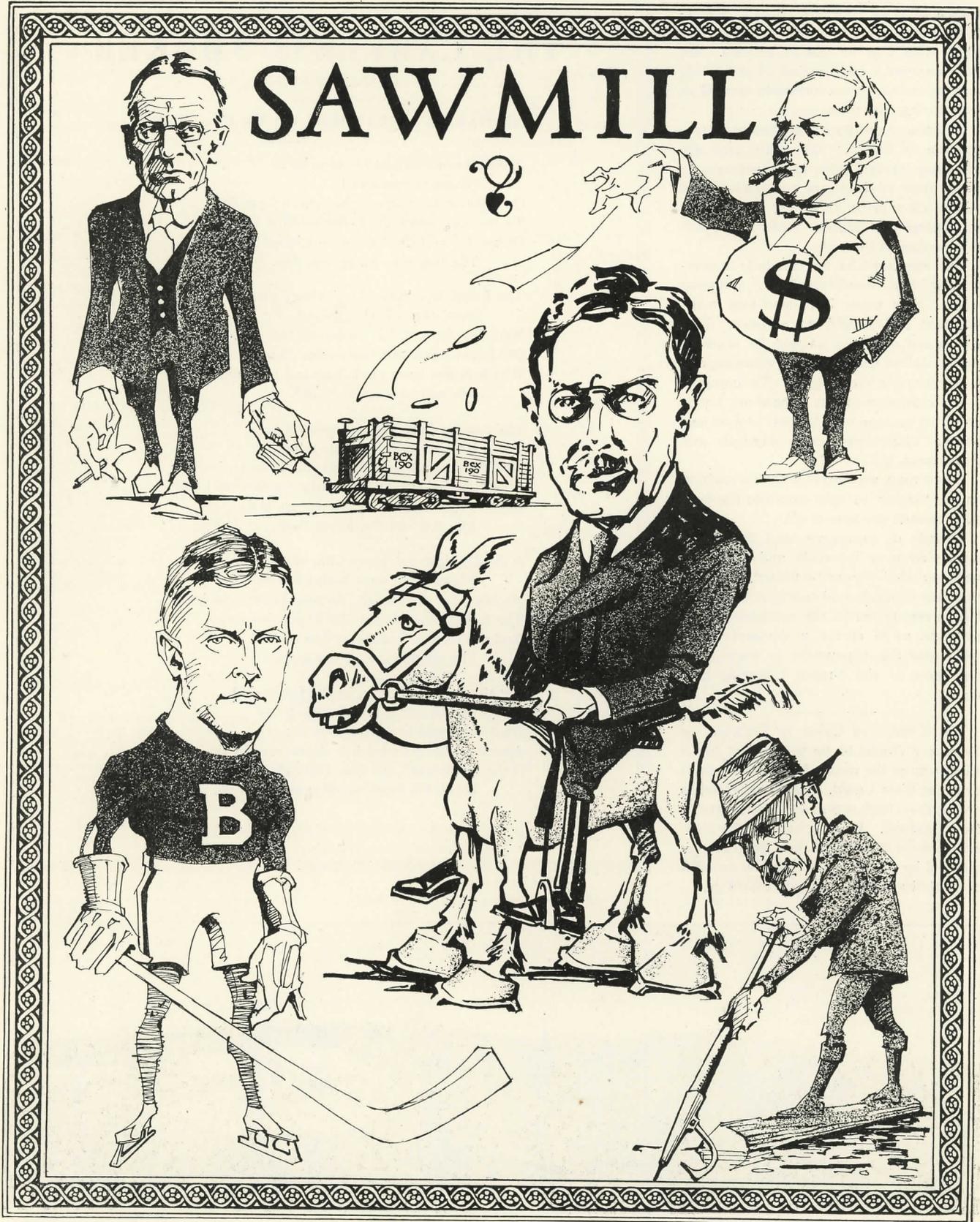
The lumber jack has now passed on
 His pay-day comes no more
 And the screech-owls haunt the camp at dawn
 Where the cook's tin pan woke the men of brawn
 But the mill is silent, the trees are gone,
 The soil and the forest floor.

A deadly sight are those hills of rocks
 Which once were beds of green
 No hope for the human, no food for the flocks
 The floods must be held by expensive locks
 And the harbor is silted to the docks
 The ships no more are seen.

But the fool smokes on in the forest still
 Leaves camp-fires burning too
 While the patient public pays the bill
 And the nation's wealth is destroyed for nil
 If the law doesn't get him, Old Satan will
 When his smoking days are through.



CAMPS AT PAPINACHOIS



UPPER PLANTS NOTES

MAIN OFFICE

Mr. J. C. Sherman of the advertising department, Portland office, was a recent business visitor here.

Maurice Oleson of the accounting department enjoyed a two weeks' vacation in Boston and Portland.

Mr. Clinton Bishop and Mr. Bryan Cady of the Portland office were up to attend the Brown Company Outing. Some of the girls are still wondering how Cady ever did it.

Margaret Curley, Margaret Gifford and "Molly" Fancy, all three employed in the labor department, were given a surprise shower at the Curley residence on Sept. 13th by the girls of the office and store. They were presented with many beautiful gifts that will help to make their new homes most attractive. Refreshments were served and a good time prevailed in this jolly gathering until a late hour. The girls recently announced their engagements: "Molly" Fancy to Mr. Frank Oeschger of Berlin; Margaret Gifford to John Kailey of Berlin and Margaret Curley to Stanley Merchant of Ontario.

Married at Berlin, N. H., Sept. 17th, Miss Evelyn Fancy of the labor department to Mr. Frank Oeschger, and on Sept. 19th Miss Margaret Gifford of the labor department to Mr. John Kailey of the electrical department. Best wishes.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

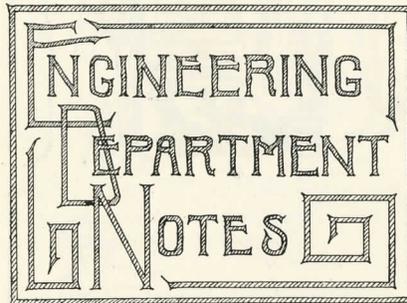
Born, Sept. 9, 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Chase, a daughter, Anna Muriel, weight 9½ pounds.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN

The Research Department girls entertained the Jolliettes at the Girls' Club, Thursday, August 25th. Quite a number of the Jolliettes were present and filled the supper table to capacity. The girls were honored to have Miss Chaffey join them at supper, both Miss Chaffey's presence and the supper being very much enjoyed.

From the Club, the girls went over to the Chautauqua, and after the entertainment there, they finished the evening by a visit to Coe & Mac's where they had some of that Jolliette Special. We thank you.

Ralph Leighton says if he was a farmer he never would send Frank Jones to the store to buy pitch forks.



The biggest social event of the year for the Engineering Department took place on Tuesday, September the 6th, when Mr. Arthur Snodgrass was united in marriage to Miss Agatha Gillis. The entire personnel of the department was present at the wedding reception and after accompanying the bridal couple on a farewell tour of the town, went with them to West Milan to help them make the proper arrangements and announcements regarding the train for Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass, after a wedding trip to Canada and return via New York, are making their home in the Gerrish Block on Main Street.

George Lovett is still very much in the baseball game. We are informed that he caught an excellent game for the Good Roads Association recently.

Work on the Shelburne Power House is practically finished and the reconstruction of the Gorham plant is progressing rapidly. The completion of these projects will practically finish the Brown Company's power plant changes, for the present at least.

P. F. Evans has given up his position in this department in order to attend Dartmouth College.

It is rumored around the office that "Norway" Johnson has already decided which two deer he will shoot this Fall. Well, we've picked the two partridges we expect to get.

RIVERSIDE MILL

We wonder where Charles Gray got the cigar he was smoking the other day.

A man that makes a practice of stealing pencils around the cutter room at night is a pretty poor kind of a man, yet he expects to be trusted and promoted. We say stealing, because the pencils are never returned. Wake up to yourself; don't be so dirty, go to the office and ask for one like a *man*.

It takes 20 years of hard work for a mother to make a man of her son, while it takes just 10 minutes of any girl's time to make a fool of him. Is that right, boys? Give your answer in the next issue.

BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

Lloyd Budway is being taught how to sing in French, by Profs. Tom Gravel and Sylvanus Wedge.

Sylvanus Wedge has invented a great hair tonic, and he is trying to get Roy Brown and Fred Perkins to use it.

Pete Noonan paid a visit to us recently. We were all pleased to see him and we hope he will regain his health in the near future, for we will all be glad to see him back to his old form again.

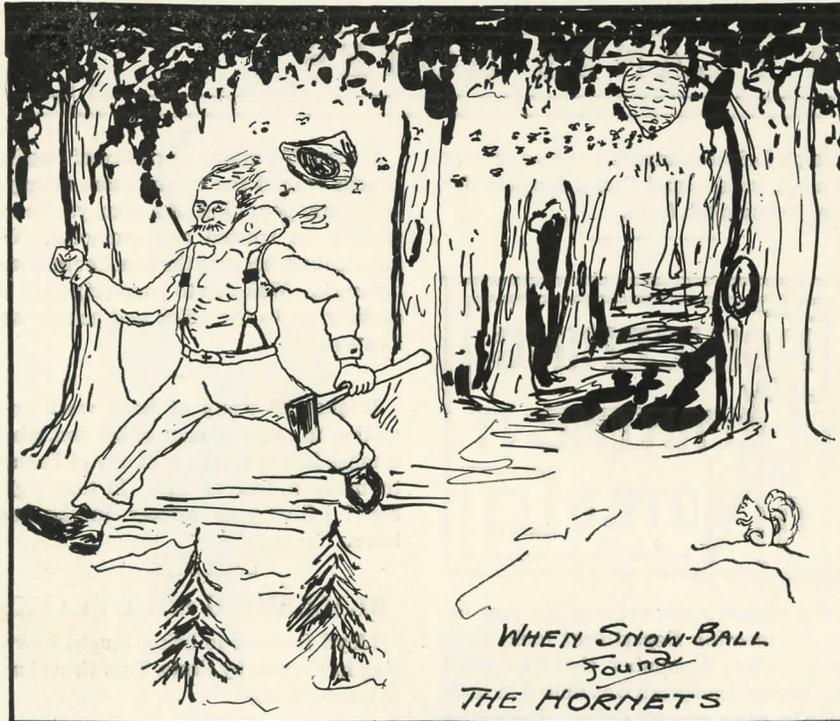
Jerry Kid Cantin, the hard hitting pug, is taking the place of the old fire eater at the forge for a few weeks.

Roy Brown is trying to put a bug in Tom Gravel's ear, but Tom don't like bugs and intends to stay away from Sherbrooke until his old mate, Pete Noonan, is well enough to take a trip with him.

Pat. Collins is building a stone wall for Ed. Cutler. Pat is a great lover of stones and feels right at home with a stone in each hand.

Baptiste Couture, the old boy with the long, black whiskers, has been out of the shop for a week. He is repairing the three-in-one car and has the old boat hitting a wild clip.

John Albert and Sylvanus Wedge are taking a few days off. Jack is trying to get Sylvanus to take a trip down to Karracutt with him.



THE TIM POND CREW

We started for the town of Tim,
 Two months and a half ago,
 And with our packs upon our backs,
 Our hearts were filled with woe.

We left the village of Bethel, Maine,
 In an an auto that couldn't speed,
 And when we reached the Stratton House
 We had a good big feed.

We got up early the next morn
 And started for our job,
 We took the team at Eustis Ridge,
 It was some awful mob.

The boss' name was Woodard,
 The cook he was some guy,
 In fact the whold d—ned outfit
 Was certainly some spry.

At last we reached the Vilsis camps,
 All made of logs so cute,
 The college boys thought this would be
 Some place for an Institute.

So "Snowball" started one morning
 And how the rest did laugh,
 And one said to the other,
 "We will have him in the chaff."

But in one month Jack Haley
 Came and joined the happy bunch,
 And there was something doing
 When Jack could have the stump.

We would rise up in the morning,
 And, boys! the air was blue,
 When he looked around him and could see
 So much he had to do.

Sure Jack is some good fellow
 And so is "Snowball," too—
 And the rest of the bunch, God bless 'em,
 Didn't know a thing to do.

But the cook he got some sore,
 And away he gently flew,
 And then Jack Nashan took the job
 To cook for our dear crew.

Now little Steve got in his work,
 A row boat he would hire
 And with the widow he would row,
 Then stick in the mud and mire.

Arnold Page he was our artist
 And our pictures he did draw,
 When the bees got after "Snowball"
 He certainly did claw.

Now ere a month and more had passed
 The school boys changed their minds,
 For Tom he had them coming
 With one lad far behind.

Snowball's friend, young Ketridge
 Was no good with a boat,
 But if he had a "Lizzie"
 He would have got their goat.

Boys! this is some job,
 And if you do not know,
 Just take a pack upon your back
 And then for Tim Town go.
 E. M. G.

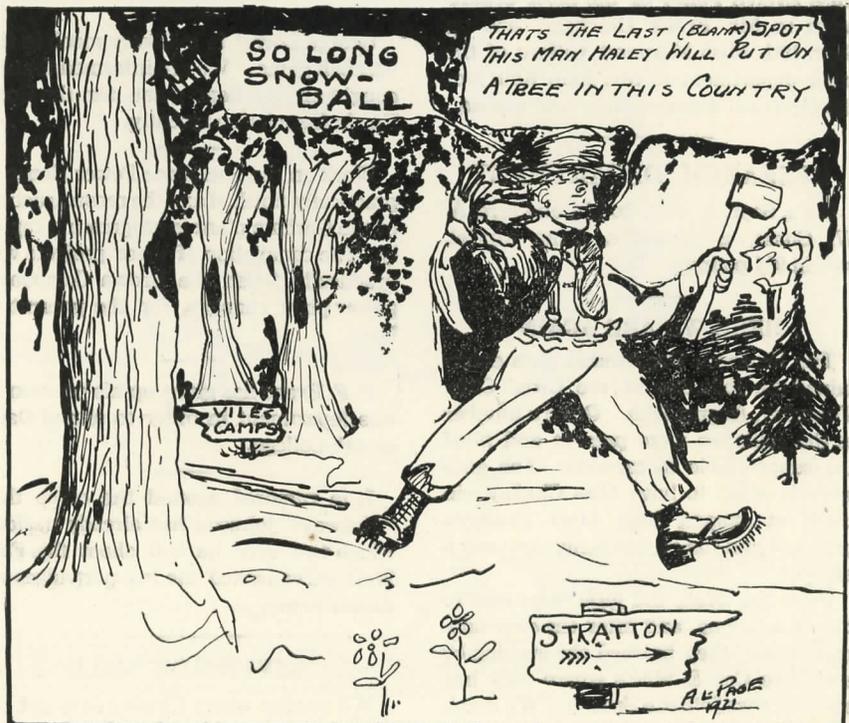
LIST OF DEATHS

SULPHITE MILL

Phil. Lemay was born June 20, 1878. He first came to the Brown Company Oct. 13, 1917, and has worked continuously at the Sulphite Mill. At the time of his death he was employed on the wet machines. He died Sept. 12, from injuries received in a motorcycle accident.

SAW MILL

Telesphore Trahan was born May 19, 1881, in Canada. His first employment with this company was December 29, 1920. At the time of his death he was employed as a carpenter at the Window Frame Mill.



CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Jos. Bussiere has returned after visiting points in Massachusetts. He went in his Dodge and reports a very good time.

Political questions are now being heatedly discussed in regard to who shall be the first Mayor of Akersville, N. H. A few names have been mentioned, such as Harold Johnson, yard foreman; R. Christianson, chloroform plant foreman; Carl Johnson, bleach plant foreman and a few others, but who will be the honored one is hard to tell. Ask Harold Johnson.

George Reid reports the road in good condition to Lancaster.

Mooney came back from his vacation happy and smiling. The rest must have done him good, as he gained four pounds. He says he was fishing at Diamond Pond most of this time, so if anyone hears fish stories, don't be surprised. The best one so far is about the big trout he missed.

Al. Pouloit has stopped logging until next Spring.

Sam Savage reports high lead content in the chemical mill salt mine.

Any information wanted in regard to auto trouble or in buying new cars, apply to Carl Johnson, bleach plant, as he has had experience with motorcycle, steamer, Buick, Ford, Maxwell, and is now thinking of buying another make, as his Maxwell seems to run best when it is home.

Jos. Rabichaud is with us again after spending some time with the city.

The stork visited Aime Devost's home recently, leaving a baby girl.

The hunting season will soon open. There are signs of it around the Caustic Plant. Ben Brann, our engineer, is getting his Remington Automatic ready. Pity the poor deer this Fall.

Hedley Parker visited Maine, looking over the oxen at the Fairs.

From all indications, Gunsel must be studying a new language, as whenever anyone enters No. 5 Cell House odd sounds are heard from within.

Mike Griffin is our expert farmer. He can raise anything from a radish to a pumpkin. He will gladly give any information on farming for a nominal fee.

Cecil Manton is again with us in the Caustic Plant. Still smiling and full of pep.

Hakon Gade fell off the water wagon. He is using Brown's Relief now.

Charles Barton is very restless these days, as the fishing season is over. Next month he will be happy again.

Joe Vallis is stocking up with guns and ammunition as somebody seems to like his chickens.

George Gale and family enjoyed a picnic dinner near Randolph, September 11th.

We wonder why Buckley has given up Cole's store as a hang out. Competition, "Buck"?

Charles Pinnette has an addition to his family. Congratulations, Charles.

Speaking of girls. C. Gunsel says nowadays it is bobbed hair and bobbed skirts.

Henry Arnold was a welcome visitor at the chemical mill. While vacationing in Berlin he was kept busy renewing old acquaintances and visiting his former haunts around town.

THE WRECKERS

Now I've sat me down with a cig in my mouth after a good supper and a hard day's work. I've a story to tell about Joe Vallis tearing his house down on Pine street. There was Joe, Steve Gallant, Dave Marcotte, Henry Conway and last, but not least, myself. Well, we were working right along and Joe was taking charge of operations, when John Fogarty suddenly appeared in one of the doors and said: "Well, Joe," and Joe forgot all about taking charge and started to work like the dickens. Believe me, it was some job. The first thing done was to take up the floors and then lay them again so that we could tear the plaster from the walls. At noon a halt was called and a sumptuous repast served at Joe's house and then everybody concerned felt too

lazy to begin operations again. Doors, windows, screws, nails and everything was saved, and I think John Fogarty was right when he said even the plaster would be saved. Well, the 5 o'clock whistle is blowing and it's time to quit.

By Member of Wrecking Crew.



LITTLE FALLS, JOLIE RIVER

LIFE INSURANCE FACTS

"A Dead Lift is what insurance is. It takes hold where others leave off. It is the strength of years of plenty applied to the weakness of years of want."

"Life is a Chance. Life Insurance is a dead Certainty."

"The Uninsured are in no more peril than the insured—but their families are."

"You will feel better off every way, if you have underneath you the all-sustaining arms of life insurance. Insurance boosts a man a long way up the ladder of independence."

Your Group Life Certificate Protects You and Your Dependents.

ACCIDENTS FOR MONTH OF AUGUST

SULPHITE MILL	
Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	7
Accidents without loss of time.....	44
<hr/>	
Total accidents for month.....	51
UPPER PLANTS	
Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	8
Accidents without loss of time.....	23
<hr/>	
Total accidents for month.....	31
CASCADE MILL	
Serious accidents.....	0

September 10, 1921—Wm. B. Farquharson, from millwright helper to office.

GET-TOGETHER CLUB

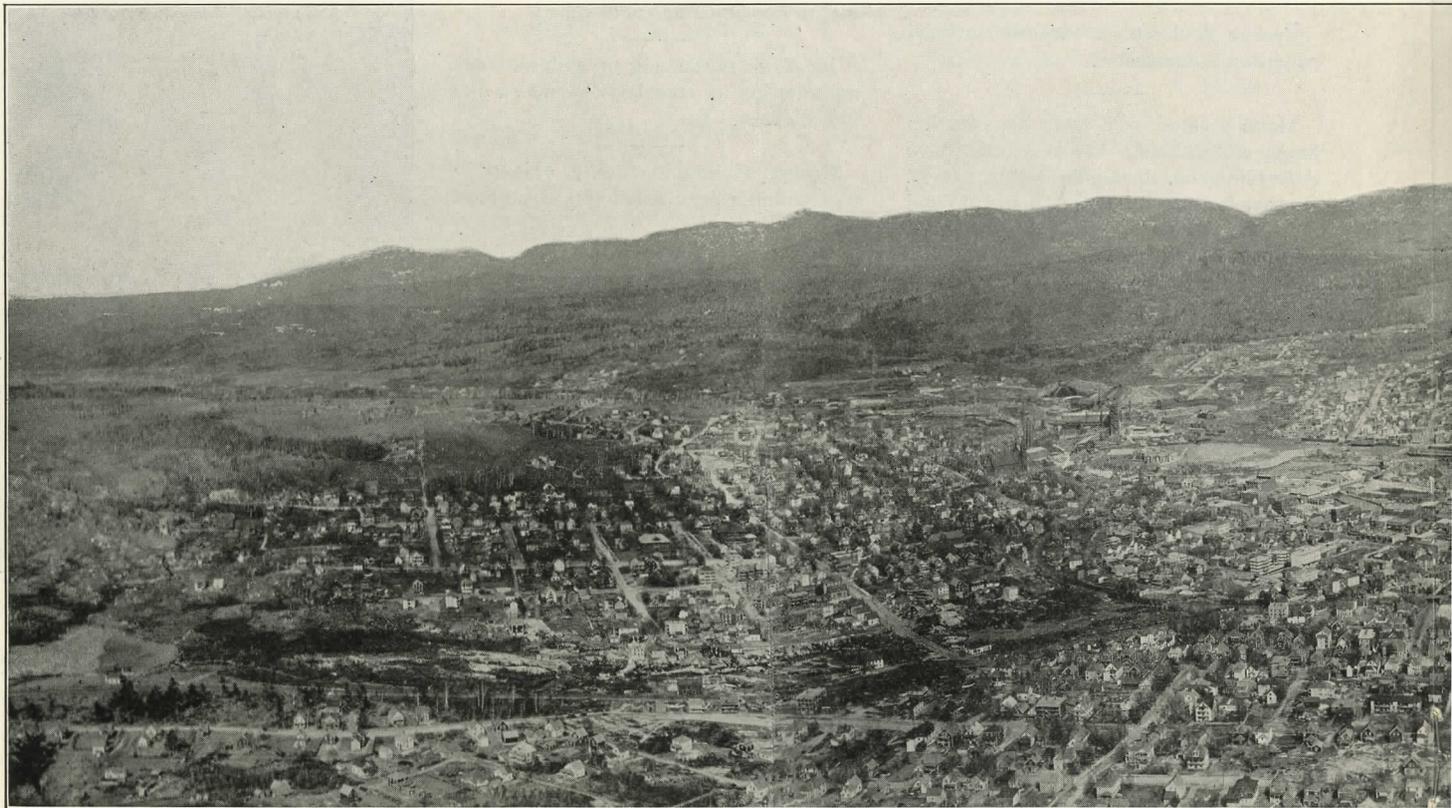
“The outing will not be postponed on account of weather.” Such was the confidence of the officers of the Get-Together Club in the flexibility of their plans for the outing of September 17th at Cascade Park. And though Jupiter Pluvius threatened all the afternoon, the outing was a most enjoyable one to the two hundred employees who attended and a credit to the unobtrusive and faithful committees who looked after the innumerable and petty details that are unnoticed when things go off right.

After a strenuous game, however., the single men won by a score of 9 to 6.

Lineups were as follows:

Single		Married
Riva	c	Letourneau
Holland	p	Hennessey
McGivney	1b	Morris
Nourse	2b	Knapp
Watt	ss	Stillson
Oswald	3b	Tellington
Bragg	lf	Poisson
Johnson	cf	Kimball
Olson	rf	Bennett

In the baseball-throwing contest for girls, Lillian Percival hurled the ball 137 feet, a remarkable record, winning an Eversharp pencil. Rita Sloan captured the box of chocolates with a throw of 128



BIRDSEYE VIEW OF BERLIN, N. H., T.

Minor accidents.....	4
Accidents without loss of time.....	79
<hr/>	
Total accidents for month.....	83

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

- SULPHITE MILL
- August 12, 1921—John Hart, from laborer to crane man.
 - August 15, 1921—William Coleman, from laborer to mason helper.
 - August 15, 1921—Remizio Serana, from laborer to mason helper.

The cloudiness forbade the taking of photographs and a drizzle at the time scheduled caused the girls baseball game to be omitted. Otherwise events ran as outlined in the original program and the reserve plans of the committee were not drawn upon. The announcement carried the picture of the last outing printed in the Brown Bulletin for July.

The accession of Knapp to the benedicts raised high the hopes that the married members would win the baseball game against the unattached and unappended.

Victor Beaudoin gathered potatoes with such speed that he was given a fishing rod with which to get away from his father's jokes. Elliott Bragg and Eli Stillson tied for second. In the girls' potato race, Mildred Haney won the thunder-and-lightning-proof parasol and Amanda Smith was the second best spud collector. William Poisson won the pipe lighting contest and William Palmer was lighter-up. The barette for drinking a bottle of ginger ale in record time went to Mildred Sloan. In the banana relay

race, the fountain pen and pair of gloves were won by Rita Sloan and Amanda Smith. The kiddies were not forgotten by the enterprising committee. They scrambled for nickels in a pile of sawdust and no record is available concerning the actual winner. The substitution of sawdust for flour in this ancient game affords an interesting reflection upon "these modern times," but its use was another example of the thoughtfulness of the sports committee, A. L. Laferriere, Jos. Hennessey and Alpha Noyes.

Other features of the afternoon were the band concert by the Burgess Band and the merry-go-round operated by Jesse Tellington, our local P. T. Barnum.

The Get-Together Club is famous for

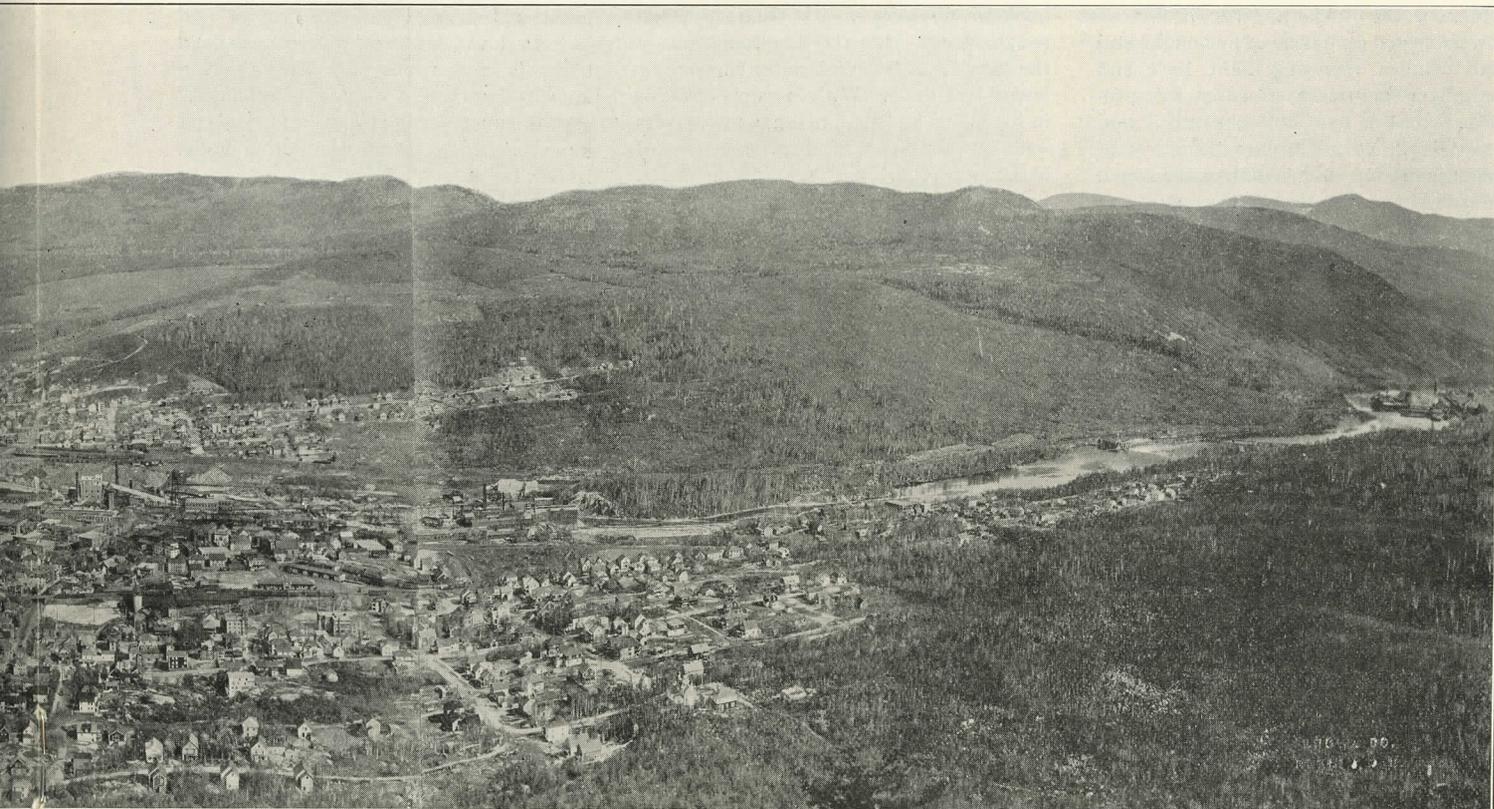
summer outings of the Get-Together Club, President Bennett stated: "The directors are planning to have a meeting soon to determine on policy for the winter term. As soon as this is done, we shall announce our plans and ask the old members to renew their membership dues and get as many new members as possible." This would seem to be a welcome assurance of more good times to come.

THE AWAKENING OF JIMTOWN

For many years to come the peaceful inhabitants of Jimtown, the metropolis of Sugar Hill, will gather around their hum-

sound of approaching automobiles. Onward they came, and together the dull sound of the motors, the low voices of men and the "light" laughter of women could be heard. Dogs barked, horses neighed in their stalls, and hens left their accustomed parking places in the road and sought safety in their nests as these gasoline terrors, three in all, sped thru the town and made their way to a cottage in one of the suburbs.

Arriving at their destination the cars came to an abrupt stop and the last flicker of sunlight playing around the camp revealed the newcomers to be none other than the members of the Purchasing Department on an evening's frolic as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Estabrook.



H., TAKEN FROM TOP OF MOUNT FORIST

its "eats" and Walter Elliott, Albion Streeter and Juliette Beaudoin saw that the gastronomical inclinations of all were satisfied by the lunch and corn roast as well as by the constant service at the buffet in the casino.

During the evening dancing was enjoyed until eleven o'clock, music being furnished by an orchestra directed by Mrs. Brann. Members of the committee for the evening were John H. Graff, Henry Eaton and Teresa Studd.

Commenting upon the close of the

ble firesides after the evening meal and with the shadows of night gently descending upon their quaint abodes, relate to their offspring the happenings of that eventful day of September 9, 1921.

It was at the close of an unusually clear day. The sun was slowly returning to its resting place among the pines on the hilltop, the birds were singing evening sonnets and the little hamlet of Jimtown was nestled in its cradle of peace and contentment . . . , when from out of the deathlike stillness came the

Our pet ground-hog, the narrator of this escapade, was overcome by heart failure at this particular point and was forced to leave the scene of action, so this tale must be completed by one of the participants.

After having admired the flower plots in front of the camp, and gazed about at the green walls of earthly matter separating us from the outside world, Mr. Estabrook quietly led the way to the rear of the camp. Some thought something was brewing and others whispered tales of

cellar explosions, but everyone followed and there, just beneath the kitchen window, we beheld Mr. Estabrook's '22 model ice box which, he *claims* will keep ice indefinitely, (provided it is refilled occasionally). We heartily endorse the above refrigerating system and believe that if the people of this town should adopt this system the local ice dealers would be forced to give away, free of charge, a bale of hay with every ten cent purchase of ice.

Having fully inspected each and every detail of interest in sight and having verified the distance between the horse-shoe stakes according to "Hoyle" we sauntered into the camp where a delightful supper awaited us. (It is needless to say that it did not wait long.) In the center of the table a large basket of flowers rested on a base of fir boughs and with candles throwing light here and there over the table, an effect was presented to the eye both beautiful and appetizing. To our hostess in the way of compliment for such a delectable lunch we can only say that "Actions speak louder than words," and unless our memory fails us, speech, at that particular time, could be found in but one place, in the dictionary over the fireplace. And when the gentler sex are too busy to exercise their vocal organs, there must be some extraordinary attraction.

After supper the men sought the "hoofing" grounds and there until darkness intervened, participated in the National Amateur Horseshoe Match. Kimball finally brought home the bacon but not until McGivney had snatched the ham as second honor. It was unanimously agreed that Berwick should be taken at once to an oculist as he had considerable trouble in locating the stakes, and that Cantin should be furnished with horseshoes with nails in them for the next match, so that they might stop where they struck instead of bounding half way up the mountain.

Shortly after the above match the entire group gathered in front of the camp and staged a track meet. We have lost the records of the final outcome of same but it must be stated that Miss Fiendel showed signs of becoming quite a broad jumper (but who believes in signs), and both Miss Buck and Miss Flynn starred in putting the shot, throwing the bull, or rather the hammer and all such *heavy* feats. Misses Anderson and Oleson wound up as winners of the three cornered 50-yd relay race. No serious accidents occurred during the strenuous outdoor activities except that one *little* boy, while nonchalantly gazing at the stars, was struck by a meteor, or rather what he *thought*

was a meteor and as a result carried one foot in a sling the rest of the evening.

After the prizes had been awarded to the winners of the meet and the "track" had been taken in for the night, the vagabonds entered the camp and draping their graceful forms over the piano, rendered music that could have appeased the fearless Brutus and prevented the *passing* of Caesar. Just as harmony was at its height, Mr. Hoyle performed a complicated card trick and our pianist even went so far in her search for the clue that she inspected the door lock to see if she could find the key to it.

The final and biggest feature of the evening was the indoor dry land fishing expedition. This is a great way to fish. No bait to dig (or buy?); no line; no hook or no long weary tramp through rough woods. It's the simplest thing in the world. Mr. Estabrook showed us how it was done. With a pack of cards in his hands he began his man maneuvers and by simply asking a question of McGivney regarding the nine of hearts, he caught the biggest sucker in the north country. For details regarding this new idea kindly interview Miss Flynn or Miss Fiendel as they enjoyed the joke so much we're sure they *understood* it.

With the termination of the above act came the lowering of the curtain and the greatest performance of home talent ever staged in Jintown came to a close. There was a hustle and bustle for wraps and Mr. Berwick was appointed traffic cop to keep order and to enforce parking rules in front of the *mirror*. Finally, after a little skirmish had been peacefully settled all were ready, and after bidding farewell to our host and hostess who had "put over" such a delightful entertainment, we scrambled into the waiting cars and made our way to our respective domiciles. True it is that we left the camp but the spirit of goodfellowship which we found so evident there we took along with us, each and everyone, as a token of the human side of everyday business life.

ON DRESSING BABIES

Most knowledge is the result of practical experience. However, some accomplishments are a gift. Among these are the ability to make out a correct income tax report, to open a soft-boiled egg, to pick good cantaloupes, to convince your wife that you were really working at the office and to dress a child correctly.

The last is by far the most difficult. Someone has said he would much rather change a tire than change a baby. There are demountable rims for tires but no demountable clothes for babies. You

either know how to put them on, or you don't. You must be born with the knowledge. It can't be learned—it's a gift.

Some babies are hard to dress while some are harder. That's the only difference. Have you ever tried to dress up a baby before taking him or her—it makes no difference which—out for an airing on a cold day? Don't speak, if you are going to choke up and cry like that. I didn't mean to awake such distressing memories.

In a general way, clothes are wrapped around a baby in layers until it resembles an onion. There are layers of flannel and then wool and then cotton and then flannel—and after that they start with wool and run through the list again—Bands and shirts and overshirts and petticoats and dresses and overdresses and jackets and sweaters and shawls and blankets and robes and only heaven knows what else! "Ask dad—he knows," says the advertising slogan, but he doesn't know anything about dressing a baby. In fact he doesn't know anything about babies at all except that if you try to hold one, you either get stuck with a pin or else it wiggles out of your hands and mother grabs it back again, saying: "I declare, I never saw anything so awkward in my life as you are! It seems to me you ought to know how to hold your own child!" It does look that way for a fact, doesn't it? But I've tried it on my own two and I would sooner try to hold an armful of eels or a lapful of squirrels.

The dressing of children is made more complicated for the masculine mind by the strange assortment of fastenings used. They include straps, buttons, pins, hooks and eyes, snaps, loops, ribbons and strings. You never know which fits in which or who fastens to what, and the baby never stays quiet long enough to let you have more than one guess. And the crowning blow is that as soon as you solve one set of baby clothes, the mother gets jealous, throws them away and rings in a new combination on you.

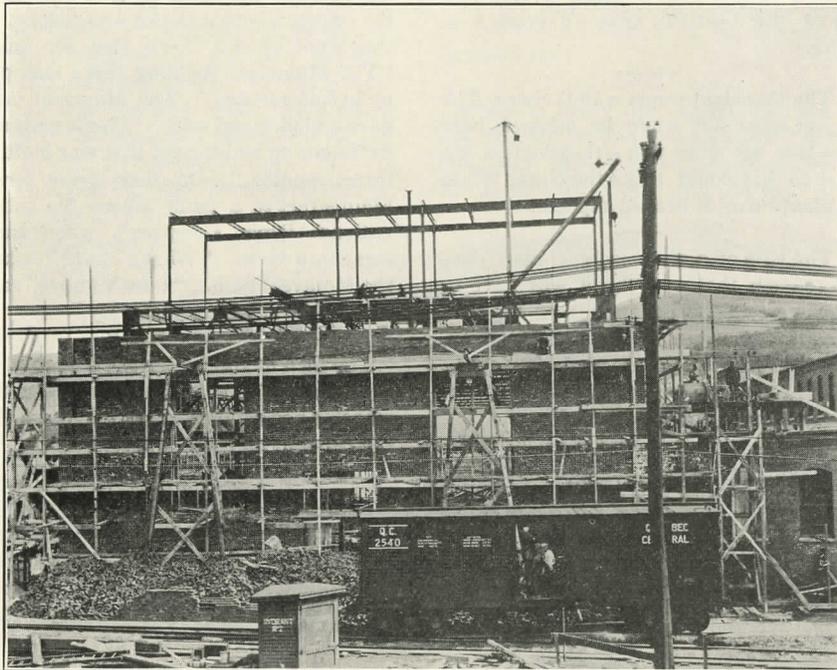
What is the remedy? This:—"The organization of the Benovelent and Protective Association of Fathers who will Point Blank Refuse in Ringing Words to Dress or Cause to be Dressed Any Baby, Any Time, Anywhere!"

J. P. MCEVOY in Boston Herald.

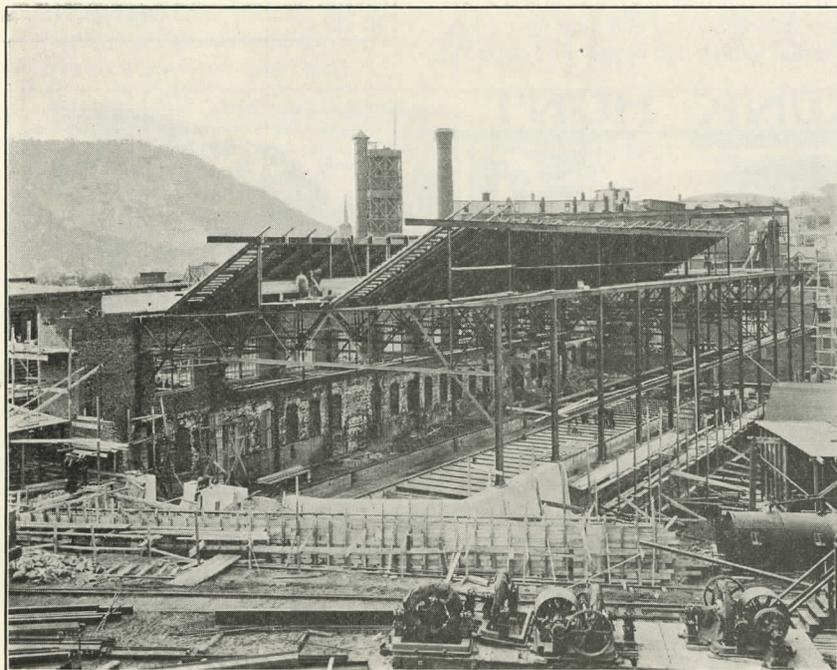
A man who had been injured in an accident and was suing for damages was asked by his friend: "Can't you get along without crutches, Tom?"

"My doctor says I can," replied Tom, "but my lawyer says I can't."

SULPHITE MILL GAS



In our June issue we showed progress pictures of the Dryer Building taken on May 5th, while excavating the site. The accompanying pictures were taken Sept. 14th, and show the building nearly ready for installing machines. This work was done in less than four months, as during two weeks no work was done. The first machine is now being set up.



We express our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Croteau, who suffered the loss of twin babies who were born on Sept. 2nd, passing away on the next day.

We regret the loss of Mr. R. Stewart who has left us for a position with the General Electric Co., in lamp department, and Mr. Fred Dobson who has entered the tea business, both being located in Boston.

Louis Fendsen has returned to the mill. He has been enjoying a leave of absence during which he has painted most of the steel bridges around Berlin.

Miss Agatha Gillis of the Sulphite mill, became the bride of Mr. Arthur Snodgrass, engineering department, Brown Company, Sept. 6th. Her friends regret her departure from their midst and wish her happiness and prosperity in the years to come.

Friday evening, September 23, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Thomas celebrated their silver wedding at their home at Berlin Mills. Professional entertainment was furnished by the well known team of Beaudoin and Rowell, Mrs. George Brown and Miss Oleson, pianists, while solo dances were given by Mrs. Hennessy and Mrs. Briggs.

Fred Lambert, while pickerel fishing recently was attacked by an infuriated buck deer and thrown several feet into the water where he remained until the buck saw fit to let him come out. The rest of the party sought safety in a tree and on a raft which were luckily near by.

John Dickey has lost his faith in the honesty of the human race. John recently bought and paid for a load of wood with the understanding that the seller was to deliver same and saw it into stove lengths. He delivered it all right but the man he sent to saw it evidently lost his way as John has waited several weeks for him to show up.

When is a pitchfork not a pitchfork?

The other day when I went upstairs in the office, I saw the Wild Man from Borneo named Joe making war on the poor little cockroaches. His gun consisted of a gallon can of creoline which hasn't a very good smell when he spreads it around especially near the desk. This gives you an idea of our wild man from

Borneo. If you want to know anymore about his private hunting ground ask him. He knows.

Boivin of the filter plant bought himself a new ten cent pipe a short time ago. Clouthier told him that his old chimney was getting too strong and made him throw it into the ash heap. It must have been strong for we all know what kind of pipes Boivin smokes.

Leo Blais was confined to hfs home from the middle of July by an accident that happened in the coal field storage when a pile of pulp fell on him. He is now back with us.

M. Wiswell returned to his duties at the mill after having been laid up for about three months.

We wonder what Amie Blais is going to do with his new car. Some more business for Officer Stewart. The chickens and telephone posts are going to catch the H. L. Now Amie says he bought a Hudson Super-Six but we are willing to gamble that it is related to a tin Lizzie.

LOST:—From my pen pocket on my street suit in the hall on the roof of No. 6 cell house the sum of \$1.25. Return the same to Louis Nichols and get Marshal Shorey after you.

If one is to believe the accounts from all over the state there have been innumerable beauty contests in the past spring and summer. A number of fair maidens have been adjudged by experts in their respective towns or cities as

being the most beautiful girls in New Hampshire, of which the old Granite State is proud of course. But it must be remembered there is many a flower whose beauty is destined to blush unseen and these may beat the season's prize winners.

The President wears a 10 D shore. The secret came out when he stopped here not long ago when two girls asked for the size so they could make the Great White Father a pair of beaded slippers.

The wife of a wet machine man rises to remark that everybody will have to sacrifice a little ere prices of all commodities go down to the pre-war level. She says that employers and employees, middlemen, profiteers and honest men must be prepared to suffer a loss.

Majorique Theriault was united in marriage to Miss Clara Poirer of Grand Anse on Tuesday, September 6th, and his workmates extend to him and his wife their most hearty congratulations.

Mr. Wilfred Morrissette and wife of Trois Pistoles, Quebec, stopped here for a week on their honeymoon around the New England States and Canada. Mr. Morrissette is bookkeeper at the Brown Company office, wood department, Trois Pistoles.

Born, September 8th, a son, Adrien Joseph, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Theriault of Champlain street. Congratulations.

What happened to Fred Lambert? He went fishing Sunday and didn't get a fish. Marshal Shorey had better find out what

Lambert was doing all that time.

Joe Girard was entertaining a man from Montreal and took him around in his flivver. Thinking to give the man the impression that Berlin was snappy, as they went by the Town Hall Joe said: "The Municipal Building there was put up in four months." The Montreal man gave a glance and said: "That's nothing, we've got an auditorium that was built in three months." On they drove down Main street to a point where the International Paper Company's water tank came into view. "What's that?" asked the Montreal man. "I don't know," said Joe, "it wasn't there yesterday."

The men in the boiler plant should be proud of their record for August as the monthly accident report gives them the 100 per cent mark of no accidents.

WORK

Set it down as a fact to which there are no exceptions, that we must labor for all that we have, and that nothing is worth possessing, or offering to others, which costs us nothing.—John Todd.



CASCADE JUICE

Maurice "Wild West" Thurlow the Litchfield Kid, is showing George how to lay the shingles on the new garage. Maurice says that George is pretty handy kicking over the saw horse, but when it comes to shingling he's not in it at all.

Rusty Oswell, the dare devil Saxon driver says that next year he is going to swap the Saxon in, for one of "Echo" Bird's sailing "Bots."

Miss "Honey" Cameron was one of the ardent baseball fans that attended the Oxford-Berlin game at the Y. M. C. A. grounds a short time ago.

"Doc" Ross enjoyed the Berlin-Oxford game also. Doc says he hopes Oxford comes here again next year.

Henry McLaughlin raised an exceedingly good crop of tomatoes this past summer and the boys now call him the Tomato King. Johnny Lynch took exception to calling Henry the Tomato King and he voiced his disapproval by bringing to the mill two specimens of his tomato crop and presented them to Henry. Henry realized that his title was at stake, so he gathered all the nice, big, ripe tomatoes he had in his garden (and the gardens surrounding his) and brought them to the mill. The consequence was, we had a small sized agriculture show with two exhibitors,

Henry Aloysius McLaughlin
Blue Ribbon Farmer of the Tanks
and

John Augustus Isaac Lynch
Rocky Villa Farm
Cascade, N. H.

Patrick Murtagh, Oliver Keenan and Henry McLaughlin went to the Sherbrooke Fair.

Someone made the remark the other day, that we haven't had a smoke in some time, but things look promising now. You know the kind we want, John.

Wallace McKenna has been sojourning in Boston for a couple of days.

"Bouch" has returned from Porto Rico. Looks as hard as ever.

The Speed King visited Portland the other day and intended to make a flying visit, but the message "Auto broke down" foretold his fortune. High speed cars get that way, anyway, you know.

The Cafeteria is keeping up with the cutting of prices and is putting a special feed out for 37 cents.

Romance is creeping into the laboratory and the boys are anticipating a trip to Portland and suburbs. Jo is some smasher, or masher. They are undecided as to the method of transportation, but the Grand Trunk seems to be the surest.

H. L. Hayden was a business visitor in Fitchburg, Mass., the early part of the month.

The Twilight League is again in session and there are many aspirants to defeat Babe Ruth's records.

News is rather scarce owing to the vacation periods of the numerous correspondents conflicting with the issue of the

Bulletin.

Sam Hughes is taking his vacation in Washington, D. C. Harding came up and now Sam is going to repay the visit.

We haven't seen Snow lately. We wonder if he is still following the ball games. What say, George?

Say, William, what do you want that rubber tubing for? Planning to have a little maple syrup, Bill? Watch out for Casey.

The laboratory welcomes a visitor from our research department every now and then.

Mr. Titus spent a pleasant outing touring the mountains back of Cascade mill. He reported plenty of rough roads.

Our Mr. Hinchey has returned to our midst. Welcome, Pat.

Mr. McKinney hasn't decided whether he will attend the fair or not. Expect to talk with his auto. You know we don't control some things and an auto is one.

Our sulphite superintendent has lately gone over his machine and found that the gas he has been using was most all wasted. There will be much less used in the future.

Mr. Hannaford is a very successful discoverer of good apples.

There has been a number of improvements made in our machine room recently.



STAND OF SMALL SPRUCE—BERSIMIS INDIAN RESERVE

PORTLAND OFFICE

Arthur M. Craig of Bangor has entered upon his new duties as stenographer in the paper sales division.

Messrs. Mayhew and Streeter, woods department, Berlin, visited us while here on their vacation. Mayhew was formerly employed in the Portland accounting office.

H. Sylvester, retail yard, visited Old Orchard recently with some of his associates and while in the Temple of Fun would not take part in any of the sports. He was at last persuaded to sit on a stool and, while talking with Mr. Morse about the high cost of coal, the operator pressed the button, whereby Mr. Sylvester got up in a hurry.

Little? for today: Have you contributed to the Conscience Fund yet?

The City of Portland on September 12th, rejected the Commission-Manager form of Government. It was, however, a close shave and threw a scare into the other camp.

Earl Kavanough, retail department, can compete with the Aroostook potato planters. He recently put on exhibition five potato specimens of the Early Rose variety that are the largest freaks ever seen here. They were raised in his East Deering garden. A picture on another page more fittingly describes them.

E. H. Maling, tax department, has returned after spending a week in Bretton Woods, N. H., attending the meetings of the Tax Association.

W. B. Brockway, comptroller, and family spent a few days recently touring the White Mountain region. Mr. and Mrs. Brockway had as guests during the trip Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Emery of New York City. Mr. Emery is connected with Ford, Bacon & Davis of that city.

Edmund Burke, sales manager window frame and Kream Krisp departments, has returned to the office after a short stay at St. Barnabas Hospital. Carbuncle.

E. L. Richardson, pulp sales division, and R. E. Brown, paper sales division, spent an enjoyable motor trip through Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut, while on their vacation.

W. T. Callahan, financial department, on his return from his summer home on Long Island, was presented a brand new T. D. pipe by his admiring associates. He has given up cigarettes in preference to his pipe. Mr. Callahan is captain of the Brown Company famous Deering Centre hockey team.

J. H. Vanier, financial department, reports everything quiet on the Border since he returned on his vacation.

Paul Brown recently received from Holland a German shepard dog which is a beauty, and has taken many blue ribbons.

T. D. Churchill, pulp sales division, has returned to the office, having spent his vacation with his folks in Coaticooke, P. Q.

J. E. Marriner, manager pulp sales division, enjoyed his vacation by motoring through sections of New Hampshire and Maine. Mr. Marriner divided his time between Intervale, N. H., and Douglas Hill, Me., later attending the meetings at Poland Springs of the New England Rotary Clubs.

H. B. Chase, purchasing department, spent his vacation at his cottage at Sebago Lake.

John Graff, photographic division, was in Portland recently on business.

Leon Cole, formerly of pulp sales division, and now private secretary to Congressman Beedy, is on from Washington during the short recess and visited his former associates in Portland office.

Walter P. Brockway, son of W. B. Brockway, comptroller, has returned to his studies in Exeter, N. H., in preparation to enter Dartmouth College.

Charles Means, information desk, spent his vacation on Great Diamond Island, occupying Charles Safford's cottage during that period.

It was pleasing to note the large number of Berlin folks who took advantage of the many resorts along Maine's coast to spend their vacations, and familiar faces were quite often seen among us.

It is regrettable that Portland office members could not take advantage of the invitation to attend the annual outing of the Get-Together Club at the Cascades in Gorham. Coming as it did in the midst of the cleaning up of August balances, it was impossible for the boys to get away. Your Portland reporter can vouch for the good time that was missed as it was his good fortune to attend one of the outings held a few years ago.

W. M. Hoffses, purchasing agent, Nelson Worthley and James Lunt, attended the Franklin County Fair recently held in Farmington, Maine.



WINDIGO—1,000,000 FT. ON FIRST LAKE, JOLIE RIVER



BERSIMIS

The first pulpwood to be shipped from Bersimis was loaded last month, when we gave six or eight schooners a cargo for Point Levis, from which point it was sent by rail into Berlin. This wood was loaded by water sluice at the mouth of the Papinachois River.

Cal Prarie is with us again, engaged in setting up a sawmill half a mile up the Papinachois, where he will saw out some lumber to be used next year for construction purposes.

Two fourteen-foot life-boats are being placed on the Lewis L and other slight changes made, so that she may carry paying passengers and still keep within the law. When one sees the red tape that has to be unwound to get a simple passenger license for a boat here, it is small wonder that so many of the local

mariners dispense with that unimportant technicality and take a chance that they won't meet up with any mean winds or sharp rocks. However, it does add a feeling of safety when you are outside in rough weather and know there are rough shores not far off behind the fog, if you can see sea-worthy life-boats hanging from the davits.

The Lewis L (we knock on wood when we say this) has not missed a trip on account of rough weather this season, but has always crossed when expected—an average of two or three round trips each week.

Mr. Payzant, engineer on the Lewis L, recently spent a week at his home in Halifax.

Mr. de Carteret has been down to see us a couple of times the past month,

making a trip up to Nipi Lake with Messrs. Cumming and Perrin the last time.

Another visitor from Quebec was Jim Taylor, who brought his son Bartlett down to do some fishing, and incidentally try the Bersimis air on his cough.

Most of our summer visitors at Bersimis (meaning the mother and two sisters of Mrs. Powers) are leaving these shores. Probably it is because summer is nearly over, but there may be one other reason. At any rate, we hope they return next year, for they have helped in many entertaining hours which have been greatly appreciated by Papinachois and its guests.

ST. GEORGE OPERATION

R. Guimont left on his holidays on the 11th of July and spent 10 days in Manchester, N. H., visiting Boston, Mass., and returning by way of Montreal and Quebec.

J. W. Marcotte was away from the 8th to the 25th of August and spent most of his time in Chicoutimi.

J. S. Clouthier, who has been with us for several years, has been transferred to the Riviere Jaune Operation.

We have completed piling out at St. Mary the wood we had in our booms and the mill is now closed down till we are able to get down a fresh supply.

We are now engaged at taking inventories, as requested.

Occasion may be the bugle call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers nor win battles.—J. A. Garfield.



AT BERSIMIS—DAVIES, ANDERSON, CARTER, VINEO, GREIG, YOUNG

TEMISCOUATA DISTRICT

Mr. P. B. Keens spent his vacation with his son, Oswald Keens, of Levis, Que. They visited Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Niagara Falls during the first part of September.

Announcement has been made of the marriage, on September 12th, of Miss Alma Gagnon of l'Isle Verte, Que., to William Topping.

Mr. L. C. Allaire of Amqui was with us for parts of the months of August and September, going over lots in Viger with V. A. Beede and Ludger Perreault. Mr. Allaire is at present on his vacation in Abitibi.

AMQUI OPERATION

Mr. L. C. Allaire has been transferred to the Forestry Department, Quebec, and at present is on the River du Loup lands.

All our drives are in and wood in mill boom at Salmon Lake. We expect to finish cutting up and piling within ten days.

H. B. Curran enjoyed two weeks vacation at Richmond, Maine, during August.

Amqui, Matane County, 1500 population, is situated on the banks of the Matapedia River in the beautiful Matapedia Valley, two hundred and forty miles east of Levis and sixty miles west of Campbellton, N. B., on the main line of the Canadian National Railways from Montreal to Halifax, N. S.

The name Amqui is of Indian origin, meaning in French "lieu ou l'on s'amuse," or in English "a place of great amusement." The Indians, when out on hunting and fishing trips, always named the various places of their camp fires. The Matapedia River is, and has been for many years, famous for its great salmon fishing. Years ago the Indians came up the Matapedia River on their annual fishing trips. This is the reason of the great quantity of Indian names in the valley.

Some of the oldest settlers have been here about seventy years, but the actual opening up of this section dates back about thirty years.

At the present time the government is opening up sections of land to settlers. These settlements extend from Amqui to a radius of thirty miles and include the new villages of St. Leon and St. Zenon on the Amqui River, Albertville, on the Matalik River, Langis, on the Inconnue River, also on many of the range lines new roads are being constructed and lots taken up by the settlers.

We are very fortunate in having good train and mail service; four passenger trains each way per day, one limited train, one express, one local and one mixed. The limited is one of the finest and the mixed one of the poorest.

As a sportsman's country, this is Paradise. The surrounding country is mountainous; streams emptying into the Matapedia from all sections, streams and lakes in great abundance. Moose and deer are plentiful and game birds and trout may be found at any point. My house is so close to the Matapedia River that I can sit on the back piazza and catch trout weighing from one-half to three pounds. If this statement is doubted, have a five seconds' talk with John Heck.

The chief products are pulpwood and lumber. There are two or three sawmills on every stream; on the main river, one sawmill to about every six miles.

The Brown Corporation operates and drives from Matane Township, eighteen miles west of Amqui, to Matalik Township, twenty-two miles east of Amqui. Our loading plants are located at Salmon Lake and Matalik Siding. Several photos of these plants have been shown in the Bulletin during the past year.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC OPERATION

After a summer of vacations and bankers' hours, we are glad to get back into real activity, and are at present very busy making the preliminary scale of our peeled wood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robichaud and children motored to Mr. Robichaud's old

home in New Brunswick during the month of August and spent a very pleasant vacation at the seashore.

Mr. Norman Brown motored down from Quebec early in August. He did not seem to think very highly of the roads by which this operation can be reached, and started back towards Quebec about two hours after his arrival, in order to be certain to get out of this part of the country before the setting in of winter.

A HABIT IT HAS

A safety director tells this one apropos the difficulty of teaching some people to observe the rudimentary principles of "safety first."

Wash White got a job in a sawmill. The boss put him in charge of a buzz saw, showed him how the saw worked, warned him of its dangers, and then went away.

Wash was fascinated by the shining, whirling saw. But was it truly as sharp and terrible as the boss had said? To test it, he touched it gently with his finger. Zzz, and the finger was no more.

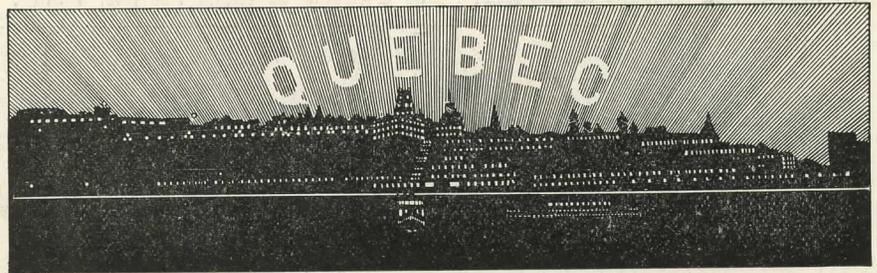
As Wash was ruefully tying up his hand in his bandana the boss came back. "Hullo there, Washington. What's the matter?"

"Buzz saw done cut off my finger, sah."

"How the dickens did that happen?"

"Ah dunno, sah," said Wash. "Ah just touched the darn contraption like this an'-fo' de land's sake, der's anudder gone."

I know a friend who is a hindoo,
He always does the best he kin do;
But he has no clothes, so he makes his
skin do.



McCarthy, of the Traffic Department, recently left for Berlin on his vacation.

Earl Bryenton has just returned from a few days' vacation spent in the vicinity of Quebec. Earl claims that there are more points of interest in and near Quebec than there are in the rest of the world.

We extend our most profound sympathy to J. M. Knowles, of this office, for the loss of his brother, who died on August 14th.

At the exhibition recently held here, Claude Corbett was observed trying to throw a two-inch ring around a four-inch clock. Of course, Claude came home without the timepiece.

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