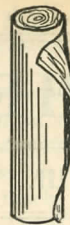




THE BROWN BULLETIN^x



VOL. III.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
BERLIN, N. H., NOVEMBER 1, 1921

No. 5

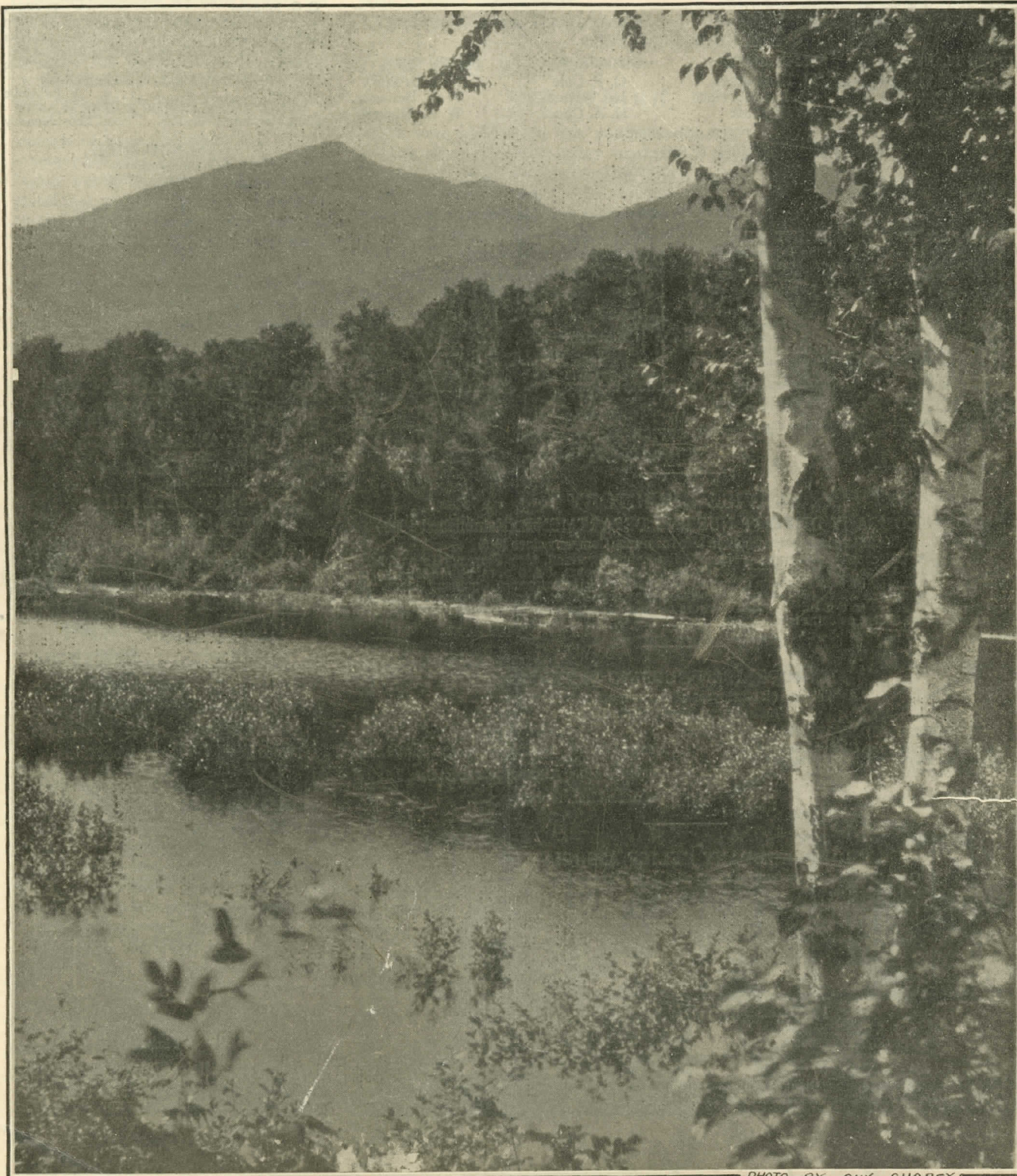


PHOTO BY GUY SHOREY

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. III.

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 5

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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

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

METROPOLITAN NURSING SERVICE

Available to all employees of one or more years service

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FIRST AID STATIONS

NURSE IN CHARGE, Miss Gladys Blasland
CONSULTING PHYSICIAN FOR NOVEMBER,
Dr. Marcou

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

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J. Marois, Asst. Chief
J. McDougall, Shift "A" Asst. Chief
W. Plummer, Shift "B" Asst. Chief
M. Myler, Shift "C" Asst. Chief

HOSEMEN "A" SHIFT

Digester House
G. Adams
P. McIntyre

HOSEMEN "B" SHIFT

Digester House
C. Holmstead
E. McKee

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. Theborge

Wood Room

J. Violet
H. Mader
A. Holt
B. Dillon

Wood Room

D. McNichol
A. Labelle
C. Picard
C. Murphy

HOSEMEN "C" SHIFT

Digester House

W. Berryman

Machine Room

L. Stewart
N. Couture
M. Frost

J. Keating

W. Baker
P. Grondin
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A. Nadeau J. Dickey
L. Frechette J. Moody
P. Thomas

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J. Caie, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "B"
F. Donahue, Heine Fire Pump, Shift "C"
P. Larochelle, Repair Inspector

STOP THIEVES

It takes all kinds of men to make a world, it is said, but how some of these low-down, disreputable, dishonest specimens must hate themselves.

They are the ones who ought to have been used for cannon fodder but they stayed at home. Every community has its share of these rascals. Berlin has its quota and naturally we have some in the mills.

One of the specialties of these miserable apologies for human beings is stealing electric lamps for the few paltry cents they may obtain from some other dishonest "critter." The value of the lamps taken is of course a direct loss to the company but that is not the only thing. Lights are provided throughout the plants, not alone as being necessary for carrying on the manufacturing process, but to enable the men to do their work under safe conditions.

These contemptible thieves do their stealing especially where lights are installed to illuminate dark and dangerous places and their absence causes a greater hazard to men who are obliged to visit such places in performing their duties. Recently in the sulphite mill, Mr. Howard Page suffered severe injuries, directly due to one of these thefts.

For their own safety, men should report such occurrences if they see this sort of thing being done. You honest men do not want to associate with thieves. The company does not want their service and would gladly get rid of them. It is up to you men to help weed them out.

1920---1921---1922?

How much longer must we minions of pulp and paper submit to the extortions of the Princes of Razors and the Lords of Shears in Berlin! With all in the mill, and all laborers in the city, too, working at a decreased wage, those artists in lather and dandruff, wax fatter with their war-time prices of two bits for a maltreatment of the face and four bits for ten minutes' bobbing of our bald heads.

And they do that, too, with soap selling at thirty bars for a dollar and towels, shears and the few other accessories of a barber shop at greatly reduced costs.

When they have put their sedans in winter storage, however, and their barber's itch has smitten our last spear of hair, too, perhaps they will then shave their prices with their razors, and trim their rates with their shears, excellent uses for those tools, we claim.

If they would only give trading stamps, or free matches, or a new line of gossip,

we might endure their profiteering better, but as it is now, we are as usual—we are in the chair, the lather is in our eyes, their thumb is in our ear, they have cut our lip, and—the razor is just two inches below our chin.

A BROKE-HUSTLER.

P. S. They may be cousins to those skim-milkers here who feed their cows grain at sixty cents a bushel and sell the juice at fifteen cents a quart.

Third Hand on the Milking-Machine.

CASCADE EVENING SCHOOL

The town of Gorham has put in an evening school for elementary work in English for residents at the Cascade. The same need for such a school has developed there as was recognized and provided for by the Burgess Memorial Schools in Berlin. The instruction and method of handling the work parallel those of Berlin. The total enrollment of scholars is, of course, less than that in the Berlin school, but the actual number attending is large enough—from thirty-five to forty—to justify the work begun.

The Cascade evening school was first opened in 1919-1920. Last year, however, the school was not open at all. Consequently, the school begins its second year with an interrupted record of good work done. However, with its need so apparent, and the school board's offer for meeting this need so generous, the Cascade evening school should make good progress this year. It can and will do this rapidly and thoroughly if everyone

takes a hearty interest in the school. A little encouragement given to those attending regularly and a careful word of caution to those who miss an evening occasionally will help very much.

The evening school is free, it is a public institution, it is supported by the taxpayers, it asks only for full classes. It must work intensively, and has a vital purpose—better English for all of us.

Give the school, therefore, your attention and support. Attend it if you need the instruction. Advise your fellow-worker if he does not understand its aim. Make it a big thing at the Cascade.

ACCIDENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

SULPHITE MILL

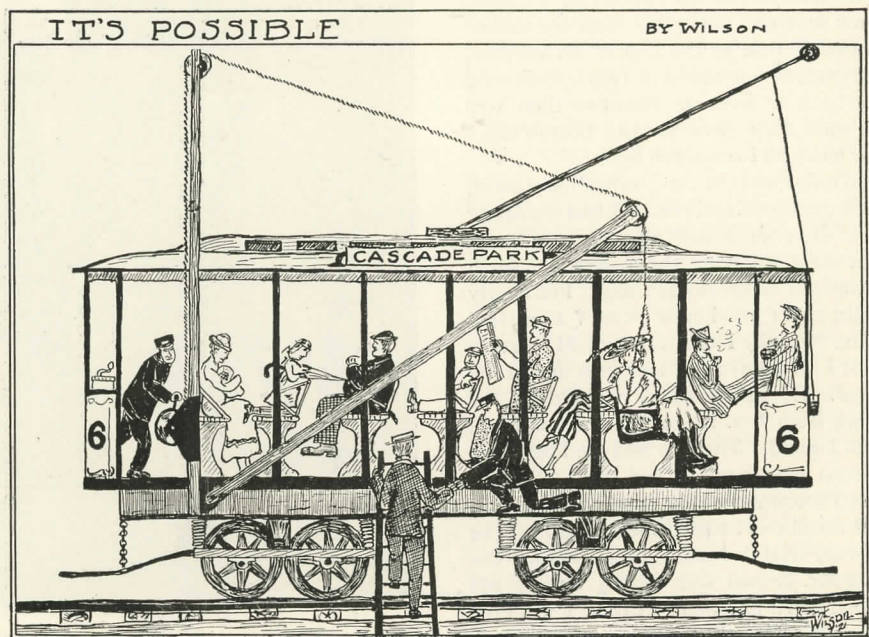
| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents..... | 0 |
| Minor accidents..... | 5 |
| Accidents without loss of time..... | 46 |
| Total..... | 51 |

CASCADE MILL

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents..... | 0 |
| Minor accidents..... | 12 |
| Accidents without loss of time..... | 59 |
| Total..... | 71 |

UPPER PLANTS

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents..... | 0 |
| Minor accidents..... | 9 |
| Accidents without loss of time..... | 24 |
| Total..... | 33 |



MY FORTY-ONE YEARS WITH THE BROWN COMPANY

I have been asked to give a sketch of my forty-one years (next January) with the Brown Company. I am no Editor, so please excuse any errors, never having written anything for the public (excepting two years ago, describing the points of interest of the beautiful city of St. Petersburg, Fla.)

On January 9, 1881, after spending the best ten years of my life with the Boston & Maine R. R. (hard work and small pay) I left them. The next day while walking down State Street, Boston, I ran across the Boston agent of the Company, with whom I was well acquainted, and told him I had just given up my position and asked him to keep his eyes open for me to obtain something, and he said, "Nat, I have got to have someone in the office to assist me," but said, "you know nothing about lumber." But I told him I could learn. Consequently, the next morning, January 11, 1881, I started in and worked three and one-half months for nothing. (Do not do that way now.) He soon started me out on short trips to get orders, gradually extending them. After eight months I could sell more lumber than he could, but he got all the credit of same. After being there twenty months, business got so good they did not feel like keeping two men, but they wanted me to stay, and at that time Mr. Parker took charge of the mill and the late Emil Oleson the store. They needed a bookkeeper, so on September 11, 1882, they sent me to Berlin with the understanding that at the end of six months, if business warranted it, they would send me back to Boston. Business then was so good they gave up the Boston office for good, so I remained here.

What is now the Hardware Department, was the Clothing Room. I had charge of that department and also kept my books out there, carrying them back and forth a number of times each day. For nearly eight years my hours were 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Finally I told the late Mr. Brown that I must have my evenings to rest my head. He asked me if I could do the work from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., and I told him I could. Then he told me I need not return evenings. I had from 1,500 to 2,000 accounts on the books all the time.

I recall one little incident while getting out my trial balance. One evening the late Mr. Brown was sitting by my old wood stove and said, "Cram, I will give you ten dollars if you get your trial bal-

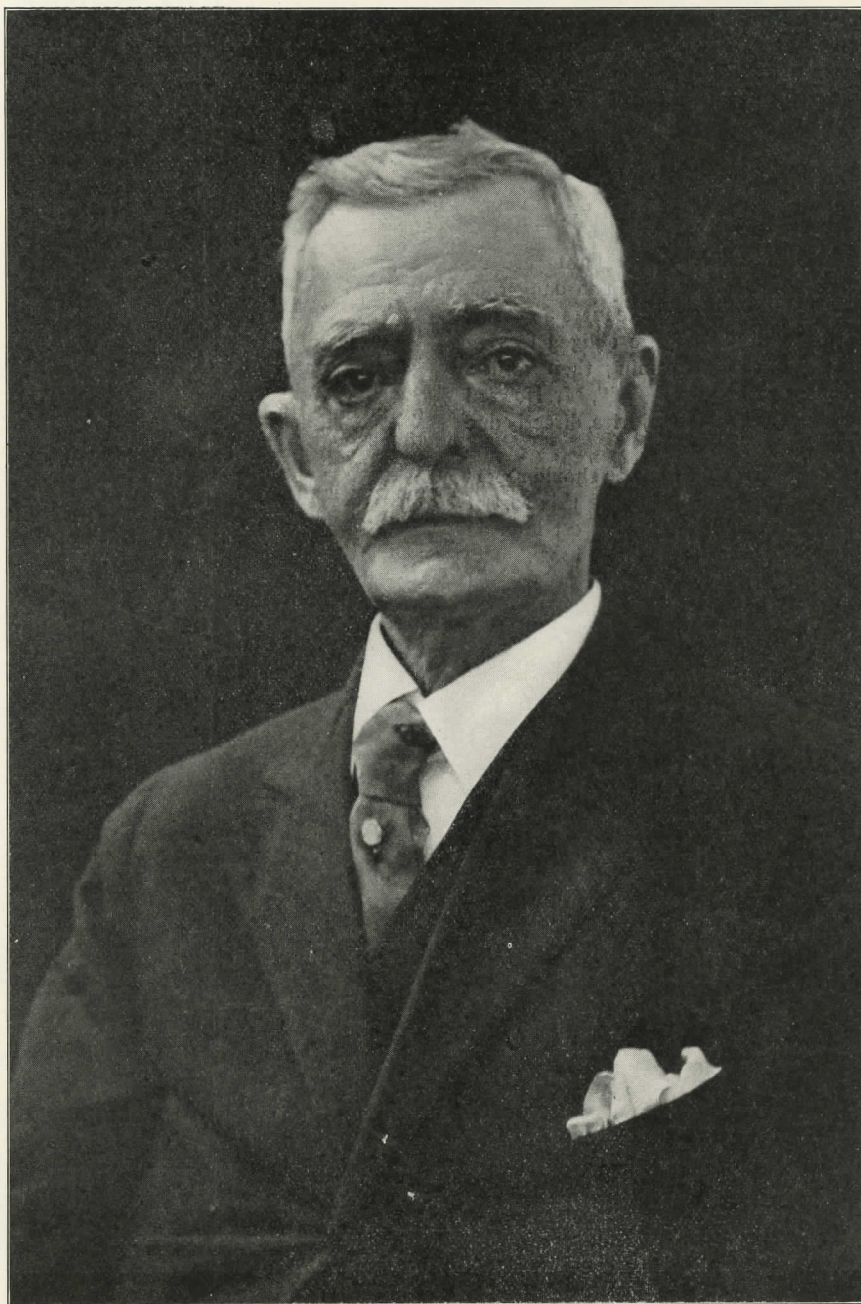
ance the first time." But in hurrying to get it, I skipped one account of three dollars, but soon discovered it. I lost the ten dollars.

I gave Mr. H. J. Brown and Mr. W. R. Brown their first instructions in bookkeeping.

I knew the late Mr. Brown very well

for a number of years. When a kid, returning from school, I met him quite often on his way to dinner. He lived very near me. He used to stop and talk with me. A finer gentleman I never met, and his sons are just like him, kind and generous and always willing to do all they can for their help.

For about twenty-five years, on account of my wonderful memory, I did the work of two or three men. For a number of years I worked most every Sunday and holidays. When they added the new



NATHANIEL G. CRAM

clothing room they moved me to where the Teller's desk is now, and I gave up the clothing department, it being so noisy there I could not keep my books, and they moved me into the office. There were only two of us at that time. Now there are nearly one hundred, business has expanded so.

After a while I did about three-quarters of the paying. When the men went into the woods in the Fall they would purchase a lot of goods from the store, and in the Spring when they came out many of them sold their time bills at Errol and skipped. I kept track of them all. From three to five years after, most of them returned and gave their right names, and when they presented their bills to me I looked them over carefully and said, "your name is not John Smith, but years ago it was Peter Jones," and I deducted the old bills, and they would kick like steers. They finally said I was right, and in this way I saved the Company hundreds of dollars. No vouchers used then. Cannot do it now, business is down so fine.

Quite a while ago I caught a defaulter as he was about ready to depart to some foreign point.

Many nights I worked in the vault after all had gone and finally got the information that I wanted. I took this matter up with Mr. Parker and the late Mr. Brown, and in this way saved the Company a lot of money.

For the last two years I have been taking it easy.

Trusting this little sketch will be worthy of printing, I remain

Yours truly,
N. G. CRAM.

YOUR BENEFICIARY

It is the privilege of those insured under our Group Insurance Plan to change the beneficiaries whom they have named for their insurance.

If circumstances at home have changed, if someone has died, or been married, or left home, and you think it advisable to name a new beneficiary for your Life Insurance, do so immediately.

Take out your Certificate of Insurance tonight, turn to the first page, and see whom you have named as beneficiary. If you wish to name someone else, bring in your certificate tomorrow and give it to H. S. Lee, who will give you a "Change of Beneficiary" slip to complete.

Your certificate and the slip which you complete will be sent in to the Insurance Company, and they will make the official change on your certificate, at which time it will become effective. *This is the only way to change your beneficiary.*

After the beneficiary has been changed on your certificate, it will be returned to you.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

CASCADE MILL

September 23, 1921.

Harold Wood, from 6th hand to 5th hand.

Fred Morris, from spare hand to 6th hand.

Lawrence Lemieux, from broke hustler to 6th hand.

Jos. A. Devost, from broke hustler to spare hand.

October 13, 1921.

Jos. A. Morrisette, from 6th hand to 5th hand.

Geo. Vautour, from broke hustler to 6th hand.

Edgar Berquist, from 5th hand to 4th hand.

SAW MILL

October 4, 1921.

Raymond Oleson, from stock cutter (695) to foreman (78.)

Geo. Markee, from machine man (695) to foreman (78.)

Obituary

SULPHITE MILL

SEPTEMBER 20, 1921

Hyacinth Vien was born August 15, 1842, in Quebec. First came to Company July 7, 1920. At the time of his death he was employed as a laborer in the Maintenance Department at the Sulphite Mill. He died September 20th, 1921.

MY HOBBY--POSTAGE STAMPS

By T. D. CHURCHILL

My first experience with Postage Stamp collecting was when I was a wee lad attending school. An older brother of mine was a collector of stamps at the time; several of my schoolboy chums were also collecting them, and I naturally followed suit. What became of my original collection, I do not know, as it was a passing fad with me, the same as with most other schoolboy collectors.

My first real collection was started in 1898, when I entered the employ of the Burgess Sulphite Fibre Co. at Berlin, N. H. The large fireplace in the main office was the receptacle for the contents of the office waste baskets, and my desk was located nearby. One day I noticed a peculiar envelope among the waste papers. Through curiosity I picked it up and examined it. There was a pretty stamp on it, which I tore off and placed in a drawer. As time passed by, I found other stamps which also found their way into the same drawer.

Shortly after this the Spanish-American War started, and no doubt many of you remember the beautiful set of revenue stamps that were issued at that time, showing a picture of the ill-fated battleship "Maine." I purchased a set of these stamps, and then the stamp fever took me in real earnest. I purchased a stamp catalogue and album from the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., and I have been more or less active in the stamp line ever since. I still have my original album, vintage of 1898, but most of the stamps have since been transferred to blank albums.

Since we entered the World War, I

have done very little with my collection. Today I have about 12,000 varieties, from every corner of the globe. Many people ask me why I collect "those things." It is a hard question to answer satisfactorily, as no one but a collector knows the real fascination of stamps, so I simply answer that it is my hobby. A real stamp collector does not give very serious thought to the monetary value of his collection, although he knows that fully 99 per cent. of his stamps are increasing in value as the years roll by. There are many vacant places in his albums to be filled, and his one great desire is to see those spaces filled. A stamp that costs but a few pennies is almost as dear to him as another costing as many dollars, if it fills one of those vacant places.

Stamps have a great historical interest. From them you can read all modern history, changes of dynasty, battles, heroes, statesmen, etc., and the knowledge of historical events in a concise and definite form, is one of the possessions of the thoughtful stamp collector. No knowledge gained in school escapes us in later life so easily as the geography lessons. Stamp collecting brings repeatedly to the mind of the collector the situation of every important nation, and is thus a very valuable asset from an educational point of view.

There is a vast amount of study in connection with stamps, as the stamp collector must take into consideration design, color, paper, watermarks, separations, perforations, gum, surface printing, lithography, embossing, reprints, re-

mainders, fakes, counterfeits, bogus stamps, errors, proofs, essays, etc., etc., too numerous to mention. To enter into all these details, it would take the space of several complete Bulletins to tell the story. I will therefore mention a few of the most interesting ones only. Most of this information is taken from an old catalogue published by the Scott Stamp & Coin Co. of New York City.

Color—The principal colors are red, yellow and blue; and the secondary colors are orange, green, violet and brown.

I have a color chart describing 200 different shades, but I estimate that 100 shades will cover the various colors used for postage stamps.

A very slight difference in the shade of two stamps printed from the same identical plate may make one of them much more valuable than the other.

This might be caused by an error in mixing the ink, and the stamps printed therefrom would be termed "color error" or "wrong color." If the error was discovered quickly, a very limited number of stamps would be printed in the wrong shade before it was corrected, and the price of this stamp would soar in value owing to the scarcity of it. The colors in which stamps are printed are usually of mineral origin, and any color may occur in a variety of shades. Some shades are much rarer than others. The collecting of these shades of color of the same stamp is much followed by advanced collectors. Some colors are permanent; that is, they are not affected seriously by light or water, while others fade or change tone from either or both. Such colors are known as "fugitive colors."

Paper—The fibres most used for paper on which stamps are printed are linen and cotton rags, straw, wood and certain grasses. There are a variety of different papers that a collector has to take into consideration, a few of them as follows: If the surface is smooth and even, composed of felt or blanket, the paper will be of uniform texture throughout, showing no light or dark figures when held against the light, it is wove paper. If the frame is of fine wire netting, the paper will show little light dots or points, very close together, and is called "wire wove." If the frame has parallel wires, it is evident that a greater thickness of pulp will settle between these wires, and that the paper when held to the light will show alternate light and dark lines. This is known as "laid" paper. These laid lines may show geometrical squares, when the paper will be known as "quadrille" paper. When the laid lines form rectangles instead of squares, it is known as "oblong quadrille."

We also find paper where the laid lines form diamonds, or they may be wavy. Paper is also distinguished as thick or thin, hard or soft, or by its color, as bluish, yellowish, greenish, etc. Pelure paper is a very thin semi-transparent paper, which may be either wove or laid. Native papers of India, Japan and China are made of silk or rice fibre, and present a distinctive appearance and feel. Manila paper is a coarse paper made of Manila or hemp fibre. It is used for cheaper grades of envelopes and newspaper wrappers. It is usually light brown in color, but is sometimes colored, as in the United States Amber Manila envelope. It may be wove or laid. Silk paper in philately is of two kinds: First, that in which one or more threads of silk embedded in the substance of the paper extend across the stamp. Second, that in which short silk fibres are strewn over it, and impressed into it during manufacture. This is

called simply "silk paper." Where the fibres are so small as to be scarcely distinguishable by the eye, and worked into the substance of the paper, it is called "granite" paper. Double paper has been experimentally used, consisting of a very thin sheet pasted to a thicker one. Any attempt to wash off the cancellations on the stamp separates the two sheets.

Watermarks—These are closely allied to the paper, as they are usually formed in the process of manufacturing the paper. Watermarks consist of small designs, such as crowns, stars, anchors, etc., which are formed of wire or cut from metal and soldered to the frame or roll on which the pulp is caught. The action of these is precisely similar to that of the wires causing the laid lines, and the designs form thin places in the paper and show by transmitted light.

(Continued in December Issue)

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,
Give us a man with mind not so light.
Give us a man who is manly and true,
Who won't choose the girls who are all peek-a-boo.
Give us a man—no matter what age—
Who won't look at life through so narrow a gauge.
Give us a man not so free with his purse
Before marriage—and after—reverse.
Then give us the dances of days long gone by—
When "bach" danced with maiden and clean love ran high.
Give us the man who doesn't caper and spring,
And inhabit the streets with his heart on a string.
Oh, let us feast our tired optics once more
On a genuine man, a real man of yore.
Just one who doesn't haunt the gay, thoughtless throng,—
Half dead all day—run wild all night long.
One who won't marry—wildly, of course,
And in a year and a half—why—get a divorce.
Give us a man with a mind of his own,—
Who knows a good "chick" if he don't see the bone.
Yes, Time, turn back to that page in thy book
To a man that's a Man—and give us one look.
Turn backward, oh, please, and grant our request:
We're so tired of "shams" who pose for the best.
Turn backward, and grant us a thing of good grace,—
A Man who can meet his own glass face to face.



THE BERSIMIS INDIANS

The Indians on the Bersimis Reserve belong to the Montagnais Tribe. There are about a hundred families—a total population of somewhere between four and five hundred. Although the death rate among American Indians in general is greater than the birth rate, here the number has remained fairly constant for several years, fluctuating whenever an epidemic (against which they have little resisting power) strikes them. Measles terroize them, and curiously enough, frequently prove fatal to an Indian.

They are not attractive to look upon, their picturesque appearance (if they ever appeared that way) having been made burlesque by the incongruous acquisition of white man's attire. The exception to this is the head-gear and coiffure of the women, who wear ear-rolls that would

make the modern society girl envious, and colored beaded caps that they alternate with felt hats designed for feeble minded or impecunious males. They are undersized as a rule. Most of the large men show traces of white blood.

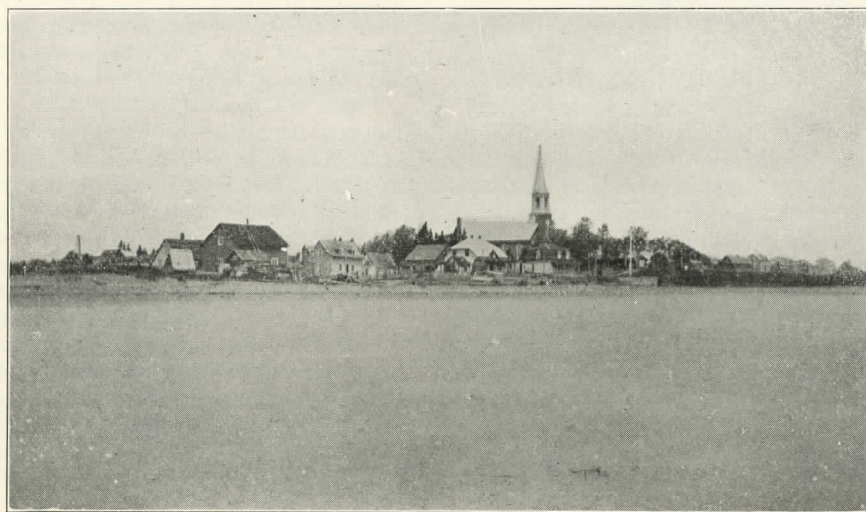
These savages own about 90 square miles of land along the North Shore of the St. Lawrence, extending from the Bersimis and How-How-Nipi Rivers to the Rosier.

With the exception of two or three summer months, they spend the entire time hunting and trapping, leaving Bersimis in canoes early in September with their provisions, dogs and entire families, travelling up the rivers to the North hundreds of miles to the territory allotted to them, or handed down from father to son. There they pass the long winters,

coming down in the spring, after the ice has come out, with their catch of fur. Only the very old and decrepit remain at the Post. Such are supplied with food and clothing by the Indian Department, whose agent, Dr. Powers (who is also the Brown Corporation physician) looks after their affairs here.



INDIAN CHILDREN



BERSIMIS—INDIAN HOUSES AT NIGHT

Contrary to the custom of many tribes, the Chief is elected by the Indians themselves from time to time, instead of this office being hereditary.

Beaver, otter, mink, muskrat, martin and bear are the animals principally trapped. The Bersimis beaver is said to produce the finest fur of its kind in the world. They also net salmon in the Bersimis River in the early summer. They are supplied with nets by the Government, which fills an ice-house with snow for packing the fish for shipment. Snow is considered much better than ice for this purpose. The salmon they take weigh from 10 to 50 pounds. For some reason not understood, the salmon that run up the Bersimis will almost never rise to a fly, so from a sportsman's standpoint, it does not compare with other rivers on this side.

Most of the families have wooden frame houses, painted with every known color of paint, in which they live while at Bersimis. When hunting, they dwell in tents. The houses scattered along the sandy shores, or clustered without semblance of orderly arrangement about the imposing brick Catholic Church, have the appearance of having been shaken and rolled out, as dice would roll, and present an odd sight to one approaching the land.

The Mission is in charge of Father Geoffre and two other old-country French Priests. They are intelligent, educated gentlemen, and show commendable courage in isolating themselves and devoting their lives to administering to the spiritual and physical needs of these children of the forest.

The language has been grammatized by the missionaries. All the children attend school in summer and are taught to read and write. Father Geoffre claims that many of the roots bear a marked similarity to the Japanese, which fact may be a possible explanation of their origin. They use few words, but each word is a complete expression of a particular action. The arrival of a man in a canoe from up river, for instance, would be expressed by one word. Some speak French, and a few have a limited knowledge of English.

The furs are sold to the Hudsons' Bay Company or Reveillon Freres, each of whom has a store at Bersimis, or to

some of the independent traders, several of whom have lately established themselves here, entering the competition since fur prices have advanced to extremely high marks.

Formerly the Indians were supplied on credit by the Hudsons' Bay Company, turning in to them the season's catch in the spring to liquidate, or partially liquidate the debts. Now, however, when an Indian gets in from his hunt he sets himself down behind his yellow-green-blue door, lights his pipe, and waits till all have come to bid. They are not at all particular about selling to the man who has grub-staked them, and will stolidly grunt when urged to take debts seriously. An Indian is a minor in the eyes of the law, so no attachments or other legal



WHITE PARTRIDGE (PTARMIGAN)
SHOT AT BERSIMIS

Indian this year crossed over to Rimouski in the mail boat and returned with a pair of high-heeled buttoned yellow shoes, a derby hat and a Ford automobile. The hat and shoes he wears, and the car was pushed thru the sand to his front yard where he feasts his eyes upon it with the proud feeling of ownership.

They rarely work, except to go into the bush as guides and canoe men. If by any chance one has been unable to squander all his cash before he strikes out for his hunting ground, he cannot be induced to deposit one cent in the bank (there is a branch of the Banque Nationale here now) but will tote it with him over river and portage till he returns next year.

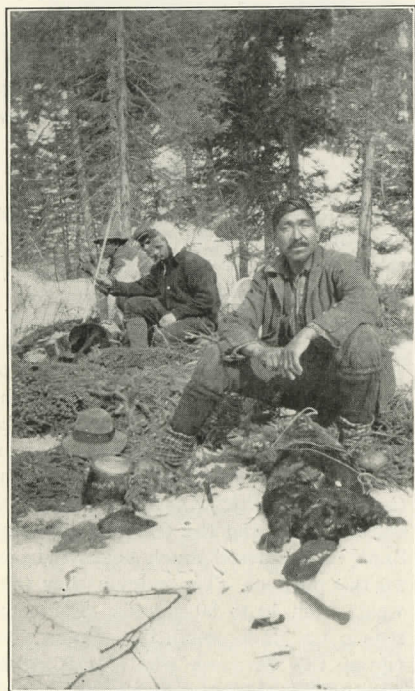
There are those who hold that the Indian is dirty in his habits, that honesty is not his strong point, and that his morals have to be bolstered up by the arm of authority. Rather than discuss his bad qualities, or remark (as is frequently remarked with some truth no doubt) that most of his serious shortcomings may be attributed to our civilization, I would wish instead that every wearer of costly furs could be brought to realize how much of suffering, hunger and hardship those furs cost the men who trapped the animals that first wore them. I would rather wish to put before them a picture of heavily laden canoes, with turbanned squaws squatting in the bows, and swarthy braves paddling in the sterns, with little bright-



INDIAN COOKING BEAVER

pressure can be brought to bear in the way of compulsory settlement.

During the last few seasons peltry has brought such fabulous prices that frequently an Indian receives three to five thousand dollars for his winter's hunt. He will spend this money for colored soda water—and for the more potent liquids that unscrupulous traders manage to smuggle into the Reserve in spite of the close watch kept by Dr. Powers—with a freedom that easily outclasses the manner of the proverbial drunken sailor, and will buy shining patent-leather shoes, cheap glittering jewelry, gaudy near-silk handkerchiefs or anything else that catches his fancy, with child-like abandon. One

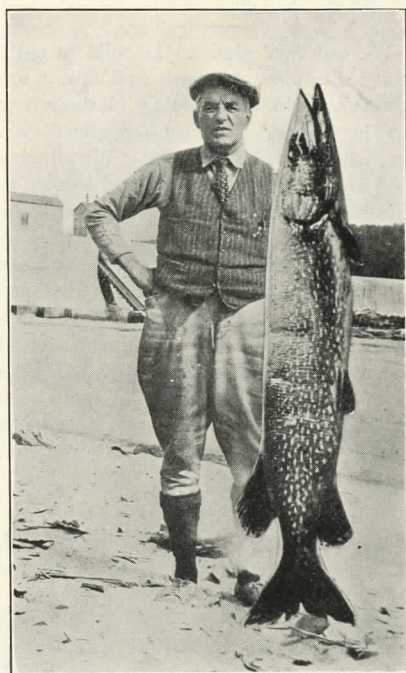


TYPICAL INDIAN WITH BEAVER
JUST KILLED

eyed redskins of all ages packed in among dogs and duffle at intermediate thwarts, balanced and motionless, headed off into the waves toward the snow and ice and cold of the long northern winter. But what good would it do? An Indian is an Indian, and these are his ways.

LA LOUTRE

The following hunting parties have visited us during the last month: Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bradley of the forestry department, Quebec, with a party of three; Mr. Clarke D. Williams of New York who spent two weeks at Marteau Creek; Messrs W. R. Brown, Norman Brown and S. L. de Carteret; Mr. W. L. Carter with a party of three from Nashua and Boston; Messrs Foss and Hamelin

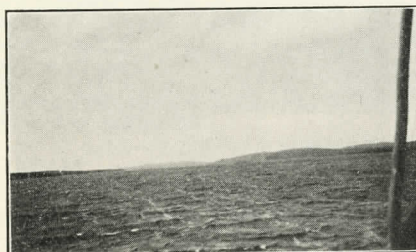


CAPT. ROWELL AND A LA LOUTRE PIKE—BERSIMIS TAKE NOTICE

from Portland; Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Bjornlund of La Tuque and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman of New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brown with a party of eight from La Tuque, Quebec and Portland. We regret to state that although numerous moose were seen, there were only two killed, one by W. R. Brown's party and one by Mr. Bjornlund's party.

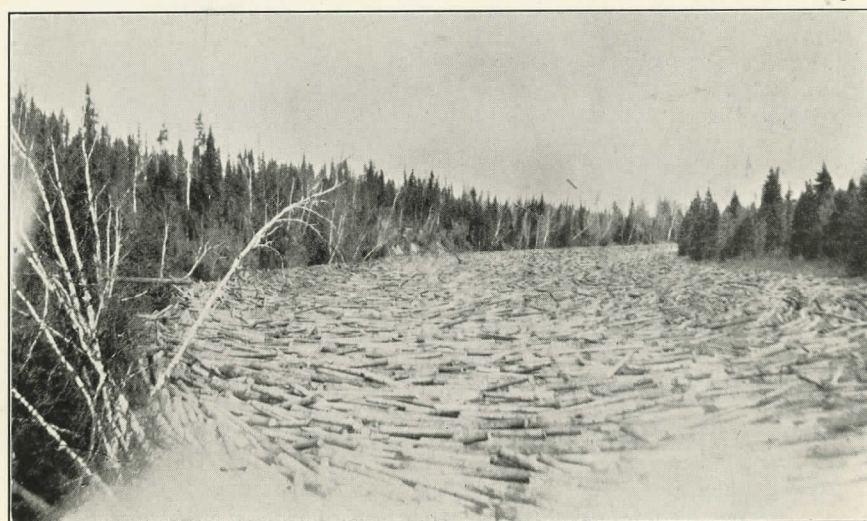
Our old friend, Joe Cote, has spent a busy month as master of ceremonies for three hunting parties here at La Loutre and four parties at Clear Lake, via Windigo.

Mr. H. J. Brown's party decided that they had come to La Loutre for the winter sports instead of hunting, as we had a snowfall of nearly a foot while they were here. In the evening before they left it looked as though we might have to call out the dog teams to take them down the track but thanks to the brooms on the trucks we were able to run down without much trouble.



SMALL BAY—LA LOUTRE LAKE

Captain Rowell is still with us, impatiently waiting for us to finish sawing the lumber for the Indians' houses at Obijouan. He has three scow loads, 75,000 feet of lumber to tow 80 miles before the lake freezes, hence the impatience. We will try and send a picture of the fleet, starting on its journey, for next month's Bulletin.



WINDIGO—PIERRISHE JAM

LA TUQUE

BE THE BEST, WHATEVER YOU ARE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill

Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;

Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
Some highway some happier make,
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass—

But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,

There's something for all of us here.

There's a big work to do and there's lesser to do,

And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,

If you can't be the sun be a star;

It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are!

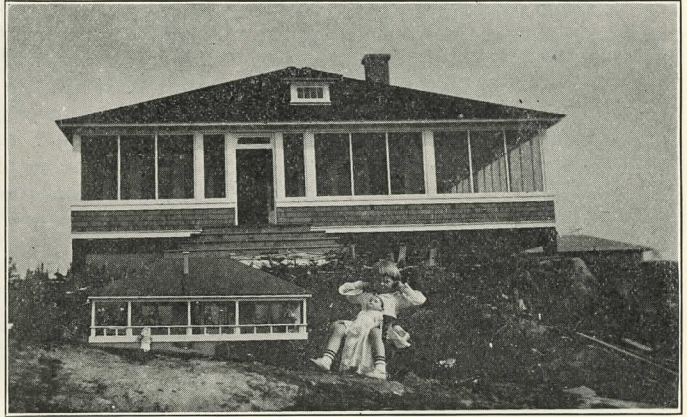
SULPHATE FUMES

The Yanks and the Giants may be battling for the world's championship on the Polo grounds in New York under summer skies, but up here in La Tuque we are battling with our first snow storm and the school boy has put away the horse-hide sphere for the crystal ball and is looking around under the cellar stairs for his hockey skates and trying to remember what he did with the dandy hockey stick he had last winter.

We are beginning to have inquiries about hockey prospects for the coming



PERCY DALE SERVING TIME AT BERSIMIS



MANAGER'S HOUSE AT PAPINACHOIS

winter and suppose we'll have to get busy soon and see if they really are interested and to what extent. Of course short time and the recent $16\frac{2}{3}\%$ cut makes us feel rather poor, still if we have a team and keep La Tuque up in the fore where she finished last winter we must have support. We hope the boys and Mr. Brown will come across as generously as last year. All we need is the right kind of support, boys.

"Moose" Bjornlund, Mrs. Bjornlund and friends from New York slipped away into the North Country around the La Loutre dam about October 1st, and judging by the size of the chunks of nice juicy moose steak that his friends have received, must have shot a big bull moose. This makes two years running that "Moose" Bjornlund has brought home the bacon.

Mr. Pelletier of the electrical department took a flight up through the top of

Paquin's automobile top while taking the short cut up from the C. G. R. station to the Windsor Hotel. In going up, his nose came in contact with one of the cross bars of the top and was badly damaged. On his trip back to earth our friend Pelletier's cries caused Paquin to jam on the brakes with the result that Pelletier was thrown into the front seat with such force that all his front teeth were knocked out. After the local doctor got through with Pelletier he was quite himself though badly damaged, and spent the next couple of days explaining that there wasn't any other fellow connected with the affair—just a little too much speed.

We have not heard anything from Walter Arnott of late about the raffling of that Nash car down in East Angus that the boys chipped in on. I'll guarantee that someone will now.

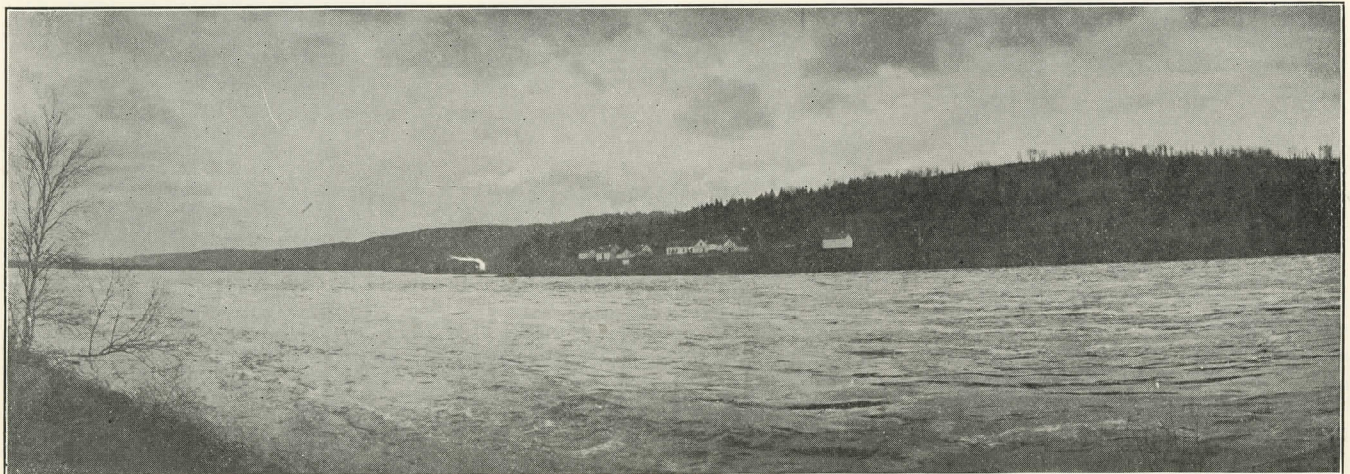
If anybody has got any old horse or

new one that they want raffled off get Tom Garvin to do it for you. Tom surely knows how to run a raffle.

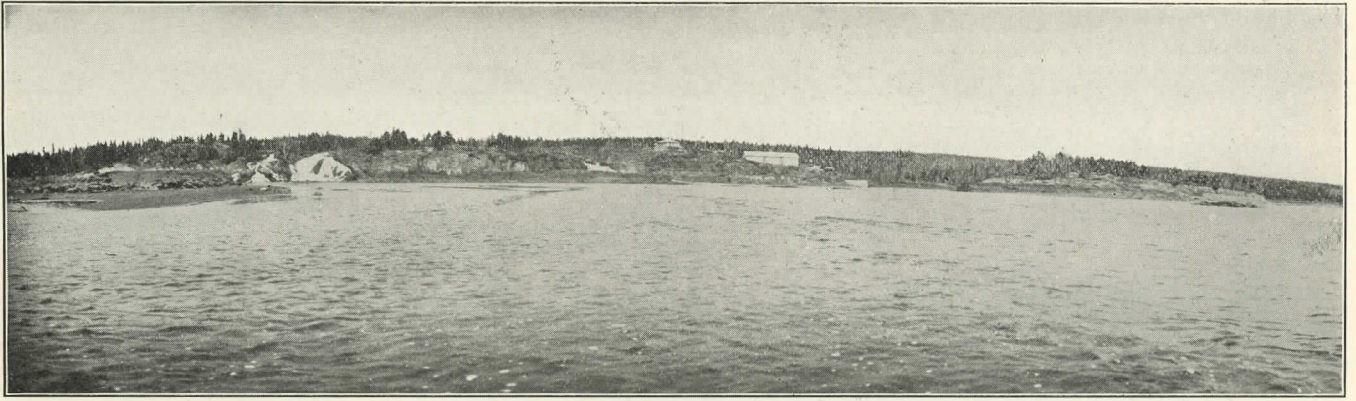
We are very glad to be able to state that Mr. Simmons Brown and family are with us again and settled in their new "Swiss Chalet," built on the site of Mr. D. P. Brown's old log camp. We all wish him health and happiness and extend to him our hearty co-operation.

Mr. Tom Mack and Mrs. Mack have left for Rochester, Minn., to visit the famous Mayo Brothers, where Tom expects to be dissected and a few worn and damaged parts removed or repaired. We hope to see Tom back with us again soon as well as ever and able to do his part as he has during the past twenty years that he has been among us.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bradbury of St. Raymond are in La Tuque occupying the



View of the rapids at the foot of the falls, from the same bank as the town of La Tuque is situated. The buildings shown is the Woods Headquarters of the St. Maurice Lumber Co., which is controlled by the International Paper Co. These buildings have been built for over 80 years and are entirely built of logs, and in excellent condition today. This picture also shows you the pond in the river and the opposite end of the island.



FALLS AND HARBOR—PAPINACHOIS

residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mack during Mr. Mack's absence, and looking after the woods department. We are glad to have Harry back among us after several years at St. Raymond as resident manager.

Mrs. H. J. Brown and Mrs. Brown of Portland, Maine, are making an extended trip to the big La Loutre dam, Windigo and Clear Lake camps. We hope Mr. Brown and party will find time to drop off at La Tuque and inspect the La Tuque plant, as there have been many changes in the plant and town since his last visit three years ago, and if we remember rightly we have never had the honor and the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Brown during the thirteen years that we have operated here.

The stork presented Mr. and Mrs. James Keenan of the electrical department with a bouncing 7½ pound baby girl, Ellen Agnes, on Sept. 28th.

We are greatly grieved to learn of the death of Mr. J. E. Trottier of the electrical department, due to heart failure while attending to his duties about the mill on

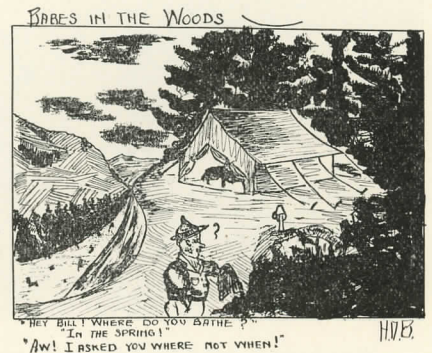
October 5th. We extend our sympathies to Mrs. Trottier in her great sorrow.

Barney Keenan was discovered standing before the "Greek's" window the other day which was displaying a large sign "Nut Sundaes." He was heard muttering reflectively "Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday—say, this is a new one on me."

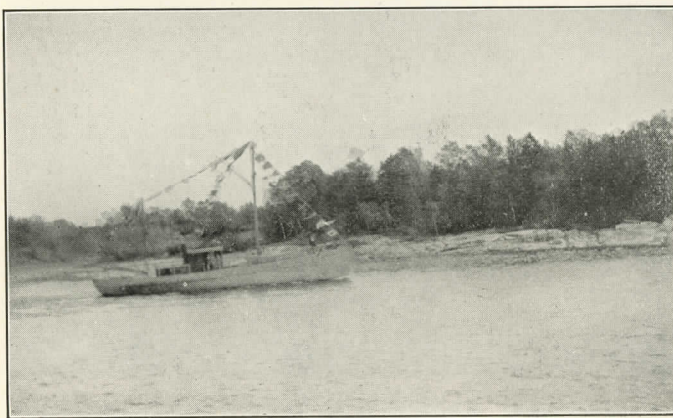
A woman's fond, a woman's fair,
We hunger to possess 'em
And yet the less that women wear
The more it costs to dress 'em.

We are sorry to have aroused the jealousy of our friends at Bersimis by publishing a picture of Steve Maloney and his big square-tailed trout. We have no doubt you have big salmon at Bersimis but they are out of our line up here. We have heard that whales are plentiful on the North shore and expect to see the smiling face of Jimmy Perron perched on a leviathan of the deep, in some future edition of the Bulletin. In this neck of woods we are limited to fish that only attain a certain size. But if it were moose we might talk, as our mighty hunters are

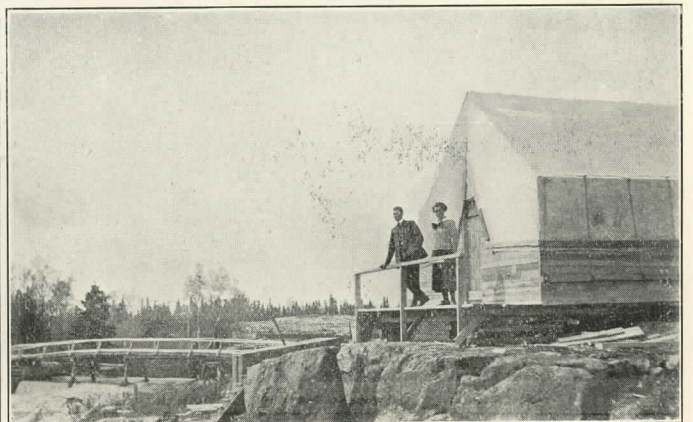
now going forth into the forest headed by Joseph Bergeron, Fred Gilman, Steen Gillard, B. Bjornlund, Bill Nelson, Medee Paquin, Nelson Dube, S. J. Bennett and John Cleland. When they get back we will have something to show the world. We are not sure whether Bennett took a gun or not but we are counting on him strong.



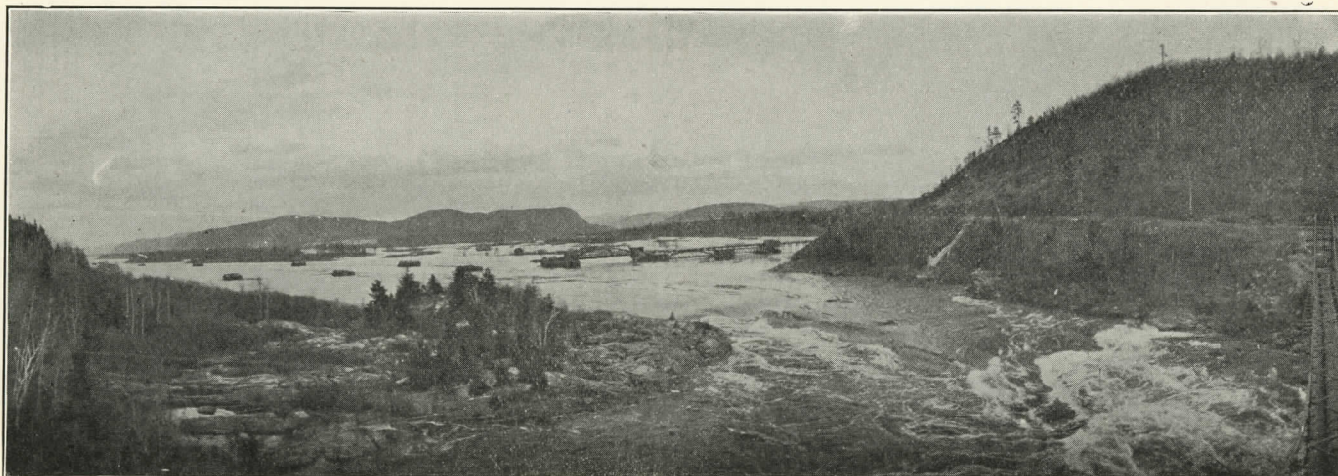
NOTE—The picture on first page is of Mt. Adams, from Milliken's Pond, Glen Road.



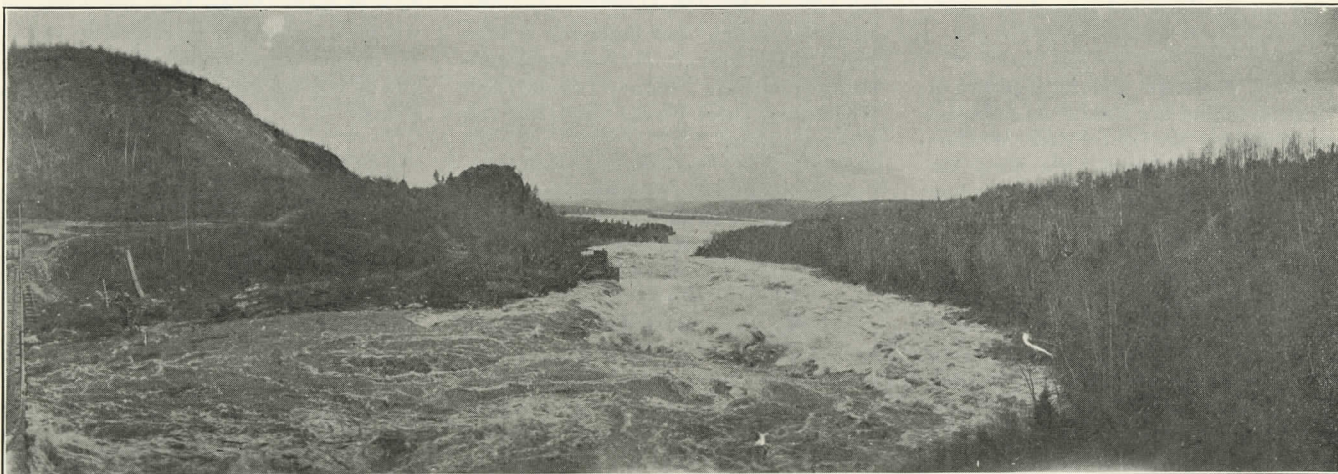
LOUIS L AT PAPINACHOIS



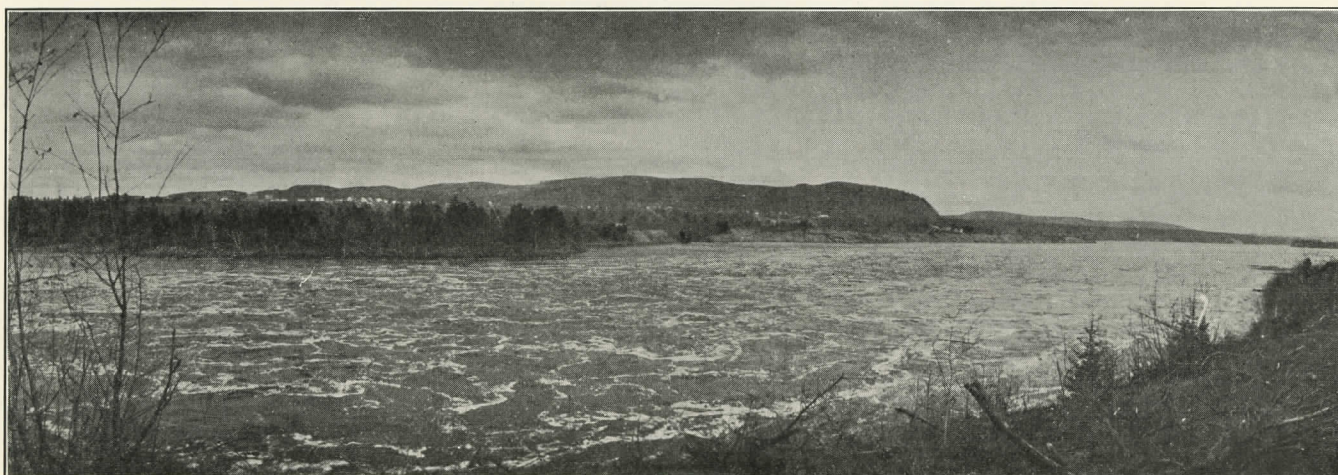
AT BERSIMIS OPERATION



View looking up the falls from the tower of the suspension bridge. The piers of the log holding boom can be seen with but four or five of their thirty-five feet above low water height still showing. At the extreme right, the suspension is seen with the pipe line that supplies the mill and town with water. Mill is located back of the hill at extreme right.



View looking down the falls from tower of the suspension bridge, showing the falls extending down toward the power house, over half a mile away. During this distance there is a drop of 95 feet. The old pump house is seen in the centre of the picture, with the new power house at the foot of the falls. The minimum H. P. before the new dam at La Loutre was built was 60,000, but today the minimum H. P. is 120,000, due to the regulation of the flow by the dam.



View of the rapids at the foot of the falls and just a little below the power house. The town of La Tuque is seen in the distance on the high ground. On towards the right the rapids widen into a big pond in the river, with a large island, the point of which can be seen, if you look closely, to the right.

GEORGE E. BURGESS MEMORIAL EVENING SCHOOL

The first evening school in Berlin was started in 1902 by Mr. George E. Burgess. At that time one of the owners of the Burgess Sulphite Fibre Company, and a man highly respected by all. Mr. Burgess, wishing to assist men in his employ who were unable to understand English, conceived the idea of giving them instruction in the evening, and for this purpose obtained the use of the old Marston school, with Mr. White, the principal, as teacher. Two men availed themselves of this opportunity. The next year there was a class of four, most of whom were millwrights. Before the third term started, Mr. Burgess died, but his wife continued the school, securing from the city the Cole school, lighted and heated. Mrs. Burgess furnished the supplies and paid the salaries of the teachers, of whom there were three. Mrs. Mahaney, the present supervisor of the evening schools in Berlin, started in the work the third year. Three teachers were employed for several years, until 1908 or 1909, when the classes were held in the High school because of the greatly increased enrollment. Courses in cooking, dressmaking and commercial subjects were instituted for the women, and there was one class for non-English-speaking people. This class had to grow because of the demand for English, and dressmaking, cooking, shorthand and typewriting have gradually been dropped and the classes converted to the study of English.

At the time of the great Americanization wave which swept the country during and immediately following the war, the state of New Hampshire, realizing its lack in this respect, caused to be passed a bill which included provisions for schools for the non-English-speaking population. Persons, from sixteen to twenty-one, who cannot read and speak English understandingly must attend an evening or special day school if one is maintained in the district, until a certain minimum course of studies prescribed by the State Board has been completed. Every district in which reside or are employed fifteen or more such persons is required to maintain such a school, and every district in which reside or are employed twenty or more such persons over twenty-one is also required to maintain such a school under prescribed conditions. No person or corporation is allowed to employ a non-English-speaking minor who does not attend a school, unless excused

by the commissioner of education for some satisfactory reason.

When the above bill was made a law in 1919, the City of Berlin took over the evening school supported by Mrs. Burgess, who still maintains an interest in it. At the present time the evening school work is under the supervision of Mrs. Mahaney. Classes are held in English at the High school, also at the Angel Guardian school on the East Side. The pupils are divided into four general groups: beginners, an intermediate class for those who can read and speak a little, and third and fourth classes for more advanced students. This year special classes are being held for men who are to receive their final citizenship papers at the next term of court. The registration for the present year is in the neighborhood of 200, two-thirds of whom go to the High school and the others to the school on the East Side. Fourteen teachers are employed. The accommodation for men working shifts has always been a problem as they must lose one week in every three, but it is hoped that this condition will be remedied in some way. The schools continue for sixty nights, the prescribed amount, from the first week of October to about the middle of March, with vacations conforming to the day school schedule.

The pupils return year after year and

those who are faithful in attendance show remarkable results. Each year more women are attending, doubtless due to some extent to equal suffrage. It is an exceptional opportunity for those persons for whom the school is intended to obtain a knowledge of English, and all who can should avail themselves of the opportunity. The teachers use the methods recognized as the best by Americanization authorities, and have a liberal equipment from the city.

It is interesting to note that in these days when so much is being attempted to link the industries with Americanization work that our evening school was started by Mr. Burgess, a representative of an industry. Through his foresight and benevolence, Berlin found itself in an enviable position when the time came when the evening school should be a public institution. In honor of him the evening school is called the George E. Burgess Memorial Evening School.



THIS IS YOUR COUNTRY
IT WILL BE AS PROSPEROUS AS YOU MAKE IT

MAKE YOURSELF MORE PROSPEROUS
SAVE AND BUY
U.S. GOVERNMENT SAVINGS SECURITIES

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

KREAM KRISP

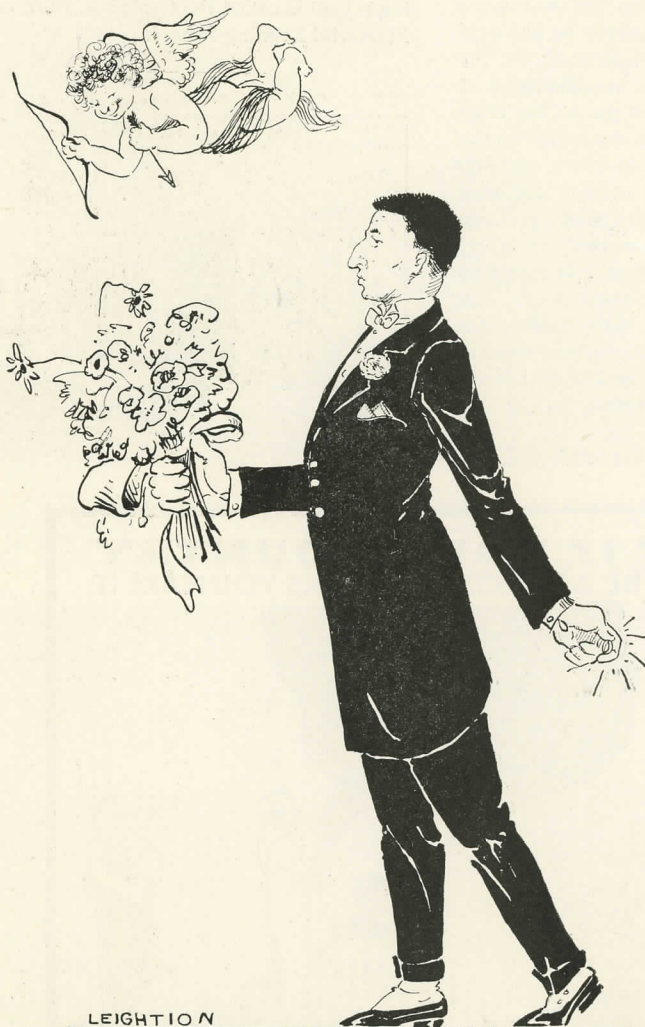
This month the Kream Krisp Department rivals Greenwich, Conn., that Mecca of parson-hunters, with its two weddings within a week of each other. Can any other department equal our record of a total of four since May?

Pol Dubey, our esteemed and progressive packing room foreman, with the Jewish physiognomy, that belies the generous warmth of heart he shows when called on by the subscription list, was married in Williamantic, Conn., (well known to Berlin Post Office officials since Labor Day, 1920) to Miss Agness Trembley of that city, on Monday, October 24th. Mr. and

Mrs. Dubey are spending their honeymoon in New York City.

The "life of the office," otherwise known as Miss Alice Marie Lott, gave up her freedom to her "Josef" Murtaugh at the little church not around but between the corners, on Monday, October 31st. After a short honeymoon they will dwell in New York City. If Mrs. Murtaugh is as successful juggling a frying pan as she has been juggling figures, Joe is a much-to-be envied man.

Good luck and happiness to both our adventurers and may they always stand as high in the estimation of their "better halves" as they do in the hearts of their friends at the Kream Krisp.



WHO WOULD EVER KNOW
OUR POL?



OCTOBER 24th

Elmer Christiansen's home on the Milan Road is finished and he moved in about the middle of October.

John L'Hereux has joined the refinery, after working for Fred Bell all summer.

Gus Corneau says he'll pick something softer than a stencil ink can to sit on the next time he catches his heel and falls.

Emmett Sloan and Emanuel Christiansen have returned to work in the hydrogenation department, after working at the saw mill all summer.

Mitchell Fournier from the refinery has been working this summer at Aziscoos dam.

"Scouts" Hansen is still keeping bachelor's hall, while his wife is visiting in Norway.

Jos. LeMoine has opened a grocery store on Second Street. Good luck to you, Joe.

"Egg" Gregoire is fond of chlorine gas. Ask him.

Ernest Bushway now hopes to be able to rest a few Sundays. Lucky boy.

"Bush," looking at the wing spread of a bird Elmer shot, said it sure was some partridge. (The bird was an owl, but "Bush" didn't see its head.)

Jos. Pelletier says it is a poor policy to try to keep rabbits in the same cellar with vegetables. (We'll bet the rabbits weren't poor.)

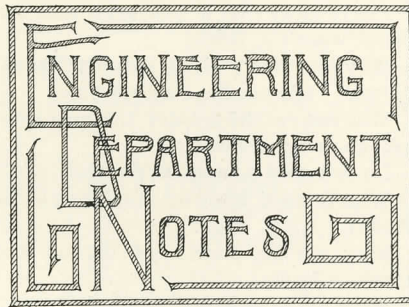
Robert MacKinnon has been initiated into the order of "Sulphite Gas Inhalers," and after receiving the initiation immediately severed connections with the Fraternity.

Roers and Beanie are waiting for Harmon's Ford to recuperate, so that they can go to the pond.

Fred Gilbert is spending his spare time dealing out hash and a thousand on a plate at Smith's Dog Cart down street.

Beanie is corralling the elusive pool balls in the trough at the Regal Pool Room evenings, and incidentally corralling some good substantial American dollars

in payment for his ardent work and sunny personality.



Work on the Gorham power house is progressing rapidly, concrete for the first two water wheels is being poured and the forms for the third and fourth will be in place soon.

The inside of the tube mill is being plastered in preparation for a long and hard winter.

A 16x50 foot addition is being built at the Kream Krisp plant.

Norway Johnson of the Nansen Ski Club has recently drawn up plans for the new ski chute at Sam Paine's pasture. The top of the chute is 65 feet above the top of the hill and has a 170 foot run from the top of the chute to the edge of the takeoff, which is seven feet high and has been moved 30 feet up the hill from its previous position. This will allow a jump of from 100 to 125 feet. The chute itself is built of wood and work is being started on it at once. There should be some fine exhibitions this winter.

John Graff has been a frequent visitor from the photographic department. Ask Norway.

Bud Jacobs has returned from a vacation spent in New York watching the World Series.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

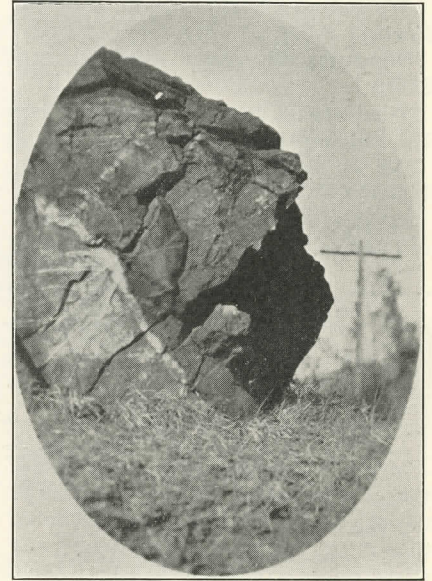
"WIGGLE"

On October 6th at the Girls' Club, a reg'lar feed was served; wiggle, shortcake and ev'rything. Joliettes were the guests of the electrical department.

Ethel and Margaret Pilgrim, daughters of Fred Pilgrim of the Research department, recently found a pay envelope in which was the weekly wages of a girl in one of the offices. Inasmuch as there were no marks on the envelope they were somewhat at loss to find the owner.

They advertised in the Berlin Reporter and as a result three people were much happier, the girls who found it and the one who lost it.

The Philotechnical Society has started its fourth season. Two meetings have been held. Professor F. T. Moore of Technology spoke upon John Mayow, a seventeenth century chemist and physiologist and F. M. Jones of this department related his experiences in climbing Mt. Rainier, the second highest peak in the United States.



PUZZLE—FIND THE MAN'S HEAD

RIVERSIDE MILL

A shift worker in the Riverside mill, who believes in safety first and is anxious for light, would like to suggest that lights be placed on the walk that leads from the Grand Trunk Time office to the Riverside Mill. It is a dark place to travel nights, and in addition to the great handicap of the darkness, there are pipes and pieces of wood laying on the walk for us to stub our toes on.

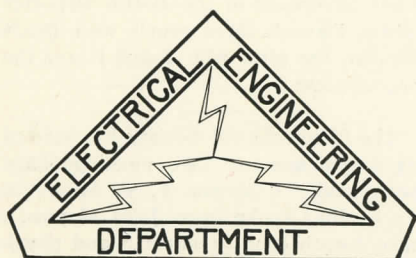
MAIN OFFICE

On Sunday, October 9, Augustus M. Carter celebrated his 81st birthday.

A certain "arc light" among the wizards of Portland's business community must have received a rude shock a short time ago while attending a performance at Keith's Theatre when he was informed by the Miracle Girl that there was absolutely nothing on his mind. Is there anything to the art of thought transference, or was this merely a strange coincidence?



A.LOTT OF FILM FAME



S. O. S. QUESTIONS

What would the S. O. S. Club have done if John Spinney and Carl Garret were not present to get up the feed?

What about the transformer question, Horton?

What was the matter with your car, Shorty?

What was the trouble in climbing that hill, Bill, were you out of gas?

Did the old flivver get home all right, Morrill?

What was the trouble, Joe, that you couldn't do business Saturday morning?

Pretty good chauffeur, Kelly, but how about getting "specks"?

Why was Kelly No. 2 absent from supper?

Pretty lucky that a tree grew near the camp, wasn't it, Herb?

Why the hurry about another party, Nilson? Did you have a good time?

Why not eat the lobster the next time you go to camp, Porteus?

Do you need a compass, Smithy?

Who dressed up your number plates, Andy?

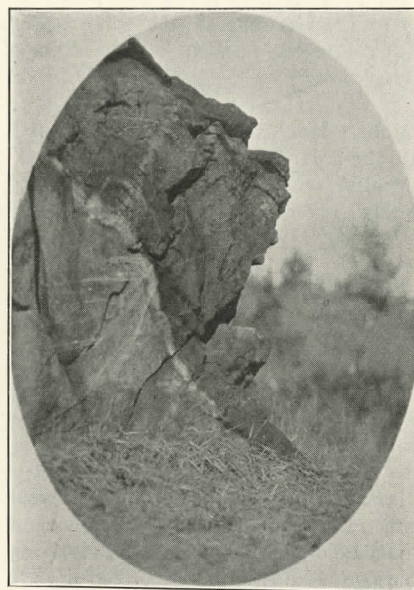
Why not go down and dig up the treasure, Boyle?

What did Stilson find under the camp?

Why work for the company, Locke, when gifted with such a voice?

"It is said that paper can be used effectively to keep a person warm."

"That's true; I remember a thirty-day note that kept me in a sweat once for a month."—Exchange.



DO YOU KNOW WHERE THIS ROCK IS?

PORTLAND OFFICE

Mrs. W. B. Brockway had a rather unique though very trying experience recently, through the loss of a small purse containing three rings. They simply disappeared, and ads and other action failed to bring results. They were eventually found by a young man who noticed the purse practically buried in the dust, where automobiles had run over them. He had no knowledge of the value of the rings, so put them in his pocket. A short time later he noticed an ad. in the papers and as the description of the rings tallied with those he found, they were returned, much to the joy of Mrs. Brockway.

P. G. Peterson, accounting dept., took his son Elmer to Boston recently for treatment. He was a very sick boy, augmented, no doubt, by the tedious journey, but is now out of danger and getting along nicely.

The vacation season is over in Portland office, as the vacation schedule has been removed from the bulletin board, and conditions are becoming normal and everybody is doing his own work.

Louis S. Hogan, formerly with the U. S. Shipping Board, is now connected with the Portland office in the accounting department.

Recent expressions from members of Portland office as to how they enjoyed their vacations, indicate that motor trips seemed to be the favorite and a stay in the mountains the next choice.

R. D. Chase, library desk, has returned from his vacation spent at Boothbay Harbor and says that it was the best vacation that he ever had.

L. G. Gurnett, financial manager, spent a few days in Washington on business.

Edmund Burke, sales manager Kream Krisp department, has returned from an extended business trip to Chicago and Middle West.

J. E. Marriner, manager pulp sales division, spent a few days recently in New York and Washington on business.

There is on exhibition in the Research dept. a gallon jar of coal mine water, taken from the Hamilton Mine in Linton, Indiana. C. C. Chase informs me that this sample was sent on to show what they had to contend with and the excellent service Bermico Fibre Pipe gives in handling this water. The water, the color of new cider, is strong in acid content and saturated with iron, will eat out the ordinary iron pipe line in three months

time. Bermico pipe was put in use with excellent results in that this pipe will stand up for a year, thus saving a great labor cost of installing the iron pipe twelve or fifteen times to one installation of fibre pipe. To give an idea of the strength of this water, Mr. Chase states that its action on the feet of the mules destroys the hair.

J. C. Sherman, research department, is away on an extended business trip.

Another member has been added to the Portland office force, though as yet no name has appeared on the payroll. It is "Nigger," the new office cat and as black as coal. It seems to have taken a great liking to Chas. Means, as it sleeps most of the time in his chair at the information desk.

W. B. Brockway, comptroller, and E. H. Maling, tax dept., visited New York and Washington recently on business.

EPITAPH

Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

GOING ! GOING !! GONE!!! IN 3 JUMPS

By WILSON



One! Two! Three! Four! Which consisted of McIntyre, Matthew, Lynn and Thayer. That makes a squad but they were not very brave when they saw a black bear. Even if they made a squad they turned and ran, not minding knapsacks or axes. The bear sat up on his haunches and watched the four run a Marathon for home. We cannot tell who won for our only judge was the bear and he is somewhere in his own lair. Please forgive them because they ran for their Captain or Corporal. Pete R. was not with them.

We've got the real goods this time on one of the new pan men, who was found washing one pair of old overalls back of No. 1 wet machine with cup grease, thinking it was soft soap.

On Saturday, October 1st, Paul Rheume and Mrs. Emile St. Hilaire were united in matrimony. Both are well known in this city and their friends extend to them their most hearty congratulations.

Felicitations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Majorique Dugas of Lancaster street, Forbush Park, on the birth of a

daughter, Doris Marie Louise, on October 7th.

Wood for sale. Apply to Joe Mercier, wood chopper on Thomas' shift.

We extend to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Thebargue our deepest and most sincere sympathy for the loss of their baby boy on October 1st.

David Hazzard says that cats are about as tame as she panthers with a litter. They are supposed to be mousers but so far David has had to catch the mice first and then the object is to catch the cats.

We will start a collection pretty soon for Pitre Belanger of Burgess street to buy a pair of black spectacles. We think he will lose his eyesight looking at those pretty women on Main street.

Hector Gagne went fishing on October 12th, confident that he would catch nothing smaller than a shark. He had not been fishing long before an enormous finny monster grabbed the bated hook and then started a wild and woolly battle. Hector found his pole was too small to land the fish with ordinary methods and thereupon placed a weight on the rod and jumped into the water to catch the fish by main strength. But just as his feet touched the water's surface a jerk broke the line and the fish swam swiftly to safe waters. Hector declares the thing was three feet long and must have weighed at least ten pounds. He also claims that he could trace the path of the monster's disappearance for 100 yards by the blood and foam it left in its wake.

Boy Wanted—By Henry Loughton at chemical mill, to take care of his glasses, while going down to the Cascade on Sunday.

Pat Gagliuso having returned from a four months' visit in the old country and bringing with him a number of interesting things including a violin used in the trenches, also a valuable violin which Pat says is a wonder and which he is going to use to give instructions. Having studied under Professor Hoffman of Boston Symphony and also with a noted professor in Italy he will give his spare time to those who wish to become violinists. Pat has resumed his duties at the laboratory with the best wishes of all.

A visitor at the mill recently ventured the remark that he could hardly believe that this was a sulphite mill, due to the absence of dirt and clutter in and around the mill. Luckily, it happened that he passed through the alleyway between the boiler and acid rooms and the passageway to the machine room shortly after a general clean-up of the same, for most of the time both of these places resemble a recently vacated circus ground, being thickly strewn with gum wrappers, tin-foil and the like.

Wouldn't it be just as easy to wait before throwing these down until we came to a suitable receptacle to deposit them in? If receptacles are not to be found, we are sure the management would be glad to furnish them and thus make sure that visitors at any time of the day would

have cause to remark on the cleanliness of the Brown Company Sulphite Mill.

ADV.—Dividend checks bought and sold. Apply to Elsie Porter.

The hunting season certainly is open. Leon Theborge, the wet machine man, is beginning to tell stories worse than last year.

They can all talk about their baseball players but Michael Bouchard has it over any of them when it comes to imitating an ox.

A couple of weeks ago Cyprien Morneau went on a hunting trip back of Black Mountain. When he was in the woods he heard something moving in the dead leaves and got his gun ready and fired two shots, then looked at it with a big smile. "Gee," he said, "that's a bear." He came right back home with it and the very next morning told everybody in the machine room about his trip and his bear. Croteau and Theborge wouldn't believe it unless he showed proof of it, so the next day Cyprien brought one of his bare legs, but as it happened, Cyprien got mixed some way—this was not the leg of a bear but the leg of a procupine.

We want everybody to know that we remove ink stains. Ladies dresses our specialty, prices right, work not guaranteed. Apply Burgess Lab.

Lin Condon chops wood for exercise and saves six dollars a year.

Pat is back with us again. He says the old world is all right, but he would rather be in the United States even if it is dry.

GAS MASKS

Of late the gas mask has become an important addition to the safety equipment of the sulphite mills. Are you sure that you are using your mask as it is intended to be used?

To adjust the mask, first support the harness on the chest by means of the neck straps. Next, tighten the body straps so that the harness is brought snugly against the chest.

This means that the canister holder must be supported by the body and not by the mask straps on your head. As soon as you feel a tension on the tube to the canister, your face piece is liable to pull away from your face and allow the gas to come in at the edges.

Before you enter the gas, be sure that

the mask is adjusted as it should be. The head straps should lie flat against the head and may be adjusted to fit by means of the small buckle on the straps. Place the palm of the hand over the opening in the bottom of the canister so as to seal the inlet completely. Inhale deeply. Face piece should draw tightly against the face without leakage.

The makers of the mask say: "This mask must not be used in places where there is any deficiency of oxygen." In other words, it is possible to have a gas strong enough, in the mill, so that you cannot draw enough air from the mixture you are in, to breathe as you should.

The man who complains the most about the mask not being right or that the canister is used up, is, in 80 per cent of the cases, one who does not know how to use it. How often in the mill have you seen a man rush out of the gas, tear off a mask and throw it into the corner with a few well chosen words. Remember the drill after drill that they had in the army to accustom the boys to the mask and to working with the mask on. No one really likes to wear one or any impediment when doing a hard repair job but treat your mask as if it were a friend. They can be repaired in most cases.

About the cleaning and disinfecting of masks. Return them promptly to the time office. They are collected from there to be sent to the laboratory. At the laboratory they are looked over for broken straps, breaks in the face piece and the canister is tested over strong gas. They are disinfected at every part by immersion in a strong solution of creolin. This is washed off in running water and they are allowed to drip and dry out in the air. It is impossible for a single germ to exist anywhere in the mask. The smell of creolin is sometimes noticed about the mask and is objected to by some users. This is a sign of a pure, clean mask and should instill a sense of security.



CASCADE JUICE

Upon the recommendation of Marshal Foch and the approval of the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F., Col. O. P. Cole, paymaster at this mill, has been awarded the French Order of the Black Star for services in the Provost Marshal General's Department at Gievres, France.

The following is a general history and description of the Order of the Black Star:

"Colonial Orders—The most important of these orders is the Black Star, which has been conferred on about five hundred Americans. It was originally simply a colonial order, from the colony of Benin, French Congo, but recently the French Government has adopted the policy of using it as a French order junior to the Legion of Honour, but for the same class

cross. In the center is a black five-pointed star. A closed wreath of oak and laurel surmounts the decoration. The ribbon is light blue."

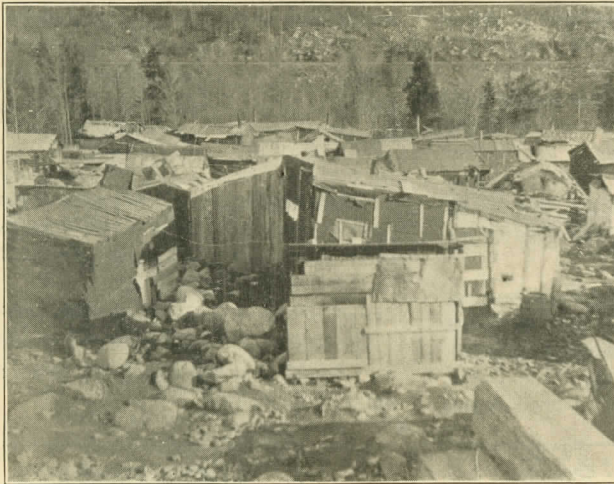
Have you seen the new automatic telephone directory cards. From the writer's point of view they are very nice, as far as the Upper Plants are concerned, but why stop the heavy faced classification entirely with the Upper Plants, with the exception of the First Aid Room at the Cascade. According to the Sulphite Plant directory, they have no First Aid Room. The Sulphite Plant was the first to install a First Aid Room. As for Cascade, it would be quite an improvement to class its Electrical Dept. under one head, as it would consist of nine telephones and nine fore-

other department of the Brown Co. for a series of games. The Neversweats preferred.

Theo. Rix, who has been a forest ranger for the U. S. Government, has returned to work for the winter months. Rix looks the picture of health, which proves that Mother Nature is the best friend that mankind has.

Mahaney, Ford, Keenan and Johnson have gone into the chicken business.

Cascade Mill is literally pasted with Safety First signs, still they are not heeded. Only a short time ago six or seven men were working on a staging where a little forethought and inspection



SETTLEMENT AT CASCADE, 1903



SITE OF CASCADE MILL

of services. It is therefore now given in cases where the person is too junior in rank, or where the services were not of sufficient importance to warrant admission to the Legion; also where the individual is already a member of the Legion, but is not eligible for promotion therein. By using the Black Star of Benin in such cases, the French can now reward services that they could not previously without violating the rules established for the Legion of Honour.

"This order was instituted by Toffa, King of Porto-Novo, Dahomey, under the protection of France, in 1889, and was recognized by the French Government in 1894. The badge is a Maltese Cross, of silver for Chevaliers, gold for the higher classes, enamelled white with a blue border, and rays between the arms of the

men.

Leo Landrigan, Walter Dwyer and Wm. McGee have each purchased leather vests in anticipation of a very cold winter. Are they weather prophets? Well, let's wait and see.

Alfred Mortenson has returned to work after a three weeks' vacation. He went to St. Louis, Mo., to attend the Constitutional Convention of the I. B. E. W.

Wm. Murphy, whose hand was very seriously hurt at Gorham Power House a few weeks ago, expects to be able to return to work in the near future.

The Tanks have organized a bowling team and they issue a challenge to any

would have disclosed the fact that it was unsafe. These men did not realize the fact until part of the staging gave way and they all took a fall of about eight or ten feet to the ground, narrowly averting several serious accidents and maybe a death. If you don't wake up when the alarm clock goes off, you should wake up when you punch the time clock.

Bill Arenburg is saving up for that 20-cent piece of tobacco for Xmas. He has tobacco annually—every Xmas.

Westbrook is still on the map and if the other two young ladies get the stamps, Harold and Jo are going down.

Alf. McKenney had an auto accident recently.

Harold Titus explored the wilds of Mt. Madison on the 14th ult. No, we haven't had venison yet.

Pat Hinchey got double-crossed in one of his recent deals and then squealed on settling. What did you mean, "heads or tails," Pat?

Henry Chase motored to Fitzdale on the 19th ulto.

Mr. Allen of the General Electric Co. was a business visitor recently.

Mr. Thorwald Anderson of the shipping dept. was operated on for appendicitis on the 20th ulto. Mr. Irving Teare of the Riverside is assisting during Mr. Anderson's absence.

Honey Cameron was very busy during the World's Series, and her willingness to acquaint other departments is certainly appreciated.



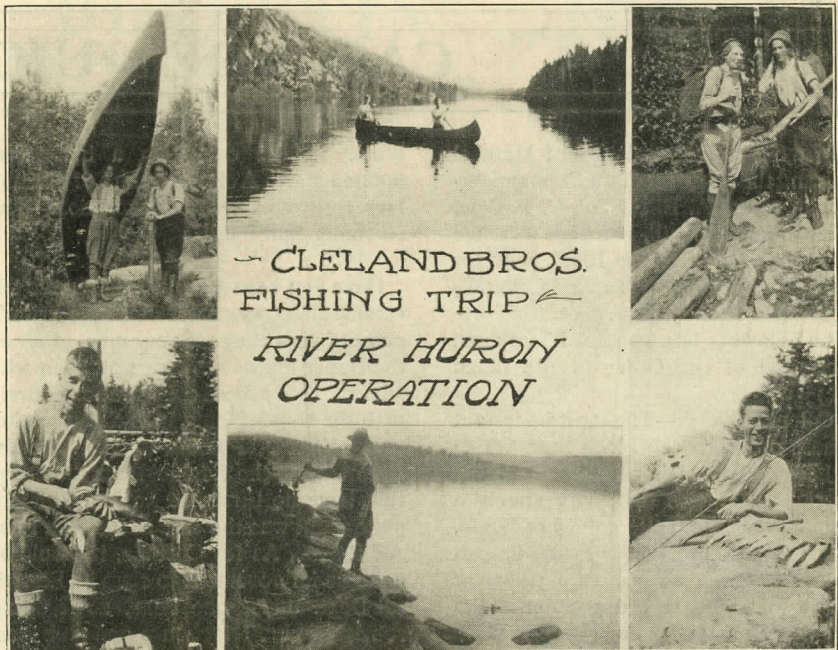
40 FEET OF WATER NOW OVER THIS SPOT AT CASCADE DAM

Bill Barnett is thinking of making his Saxon into a motorboat, so he can ford any stream. (A Ford is proper, Bill.)

There is a very worthy movement in progress to put the Cascade Mill up with the "Cleaner Mills" and a big start has been made. This needs your co-operation, Mr. Employee, and an affirmative attitude to this factor, with an ultimate absolutely spotless mill and grounds will certainly be welcomed. However, the "clean idea" has come to stay, and you will be called upon to do your part.

Bill Sawyer was in Portland during the shutdown in September. Bill says its awful hard to get your name in the paper.

Rube Smith was one of the Oxford County Fair exhibits. He says that the farmers who used to exhibit calves there now have daughters who do the same thing. That's right, Rube.



J. A. Delen of Montreal was a visitor the middle of October.

Everett Bird has his house nearly completed. He expects (?) to occupy it the second week of November.

Rusty Oswell "cleaned up" big on the World's Series. He bet on the New Yorks.

The Pipe Shop also had their betting, but the men handling the bets were not as well up on the base ball game as the fellows who were betting. One fellow who held the money said, "How is it, you

are betting on the Boston Giants, eh!"

Theo. Aube started to run down a deer that was supposed to be dead one Sunday recently. "By gosh, bad luck, Theo."

Three-fourths of the mistakes a man makes are made because he does not really know the things he thinks he knows.—James Bryce.

Through an error, we neglected to state on page 12 that these pictures were all taken at La Tuque.

