



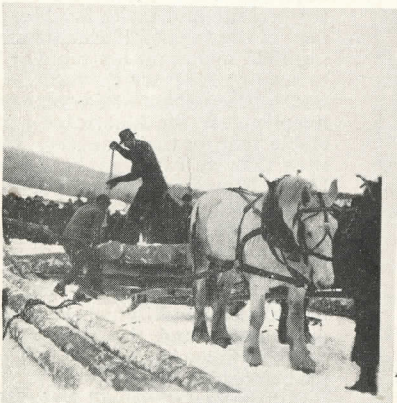
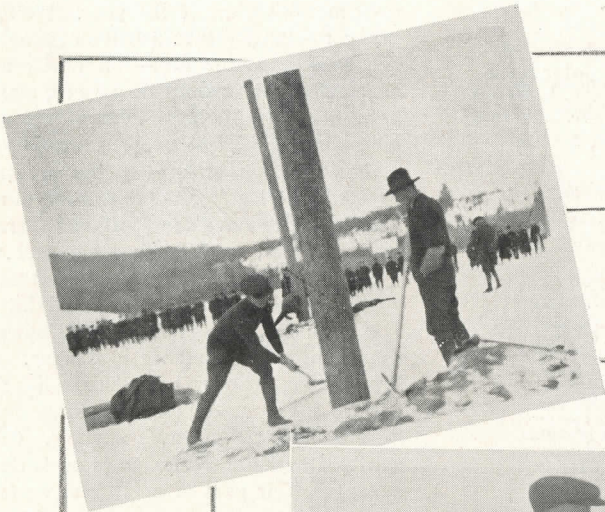
THE BROWN BULLETIN*



VOL. III.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
BERLIN, N. H., MARCH 1, 1922

No. 9



BROWN COMPANY BOYS COME OUT OF WOODS TO WIN WOODSMEN'S CONTESTS

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. III.

MARCH, 1922

No. 9

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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

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PRACTISING WHAT WE PREACH

BY IRVING S. COBB

Most of us are ready to preach thrift for others. Not enough of us are willing to practise it on our own account. Probably the man who first suggested that the rest of the world should put by something for a rainy day didn't own an umbrella himself.

Many people look upon thrift as some of us look upon a boil on another man's neck in the spring of the year. We tell him comfortingly that a boil on his neck is a good thing for him—it'll purify his blood, clear his system of poisons, make his general health better. Later on, we assure him, he'll feel ever so much happier for having undergone the present experience. But for all that none of us would care to have that boil transferred from the other man's neck to our neck.

In a way of speaking the same thing applies to the practice of a rational thrift. Too often the average American follows the line of least resistance in this matter. When times are good he thinks he has no need to save. And when times are bad he has nothing to save anyhow. Our spirit of national optimism is such that across the fair part of a fat year we fail to discern the creeping shadows of lean years coming after. The Arkansas mountaineer who explained that he didn't mend the hole in his roof because in stormy weather he couldn't mend it and in fair weather he had no need to mend it because it then didn't leak, was typical of a whole lot of us.

The United States Government, in carrying on its thrift campaign is striving to combat this common tendency amongst our people. The Government, through the Treasury Department is trying to show us that a reasonable frugality does not mean miserliness; that the possession of honestly-earned, sanely-saved money makes us more valuable to ourselves and to our neighbors as citizens and more useful collectively as a nation. Treasury Savings Securities take the mortgage off the present and make brighter the prospect of the future. If every one of us during 1922, makes up his mind or her mind to acquire Treasury Savings Securities—and to keep them—this year will be a happier year for Americans and a more stable year for their country. We'll know then that we can't go broke unless the United States goes broke first—and that's not probable.

Let us do this and the venders of worthless and fraudulent schemes of investment will lose their main source of income; the fly-by-night promotor will suffer; the bucket-shopper will feel the pinch of sudden poverty and the man who lives by crooked financial devices will go to and fro bemoaning his fate.

But the rest of us will be infinitely better off.

BERLIN. N. H., Feb. 9, 1922.
To the Editor of the Brown Bulletin;
Berlin, N. H.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly print the following in the next issue of the Bulletin?

In one of the recent issues of this paper La Tuque spoke of the great hockey team it had and asked if Berlin would be ready to play them in Berlin without breaking the ice and then giving it as an excuse for not playing.

I think that Berlin has a better team than La Tuque and even if it hasn't it doesn't do a lot of bragging for nothing. La Tuque, we were looking for you and expected to defeat you and we are still looking to defeat you, so wake up and show some Canadian spunk and let's see what you really can do.

A HOCKEY FAN.

Charles Martin announces his candidacy for judge of Baby Contest.

BABIES.

The baby is a necessary adjunct to our civilization and I feel that I am a judge of babies because I have none and am therefore unprejudiced. They are always in contests, sometimes at home to determine "Who's Who" and are now featured in the Bulletin to decide which one is the most handsome.

Every father and mother expects their baby to win the prize, for no baby is really beautiful except theirs. The others are just babies, noisy flabby babies, and nothing more.

Babies are not only in contests but they frequently start contests in the family. "Who is to stay at home tonight to look after Baby?" "Who is to walk the floor when Baby cries?" These and many other questions are always open to debate. Still the world moves on and Baby blossoms into manhood or womanhood, and we who seem so important now gradually fade into the background and are gone. The Baby, developed, wili soon reign supreme.

PIERRE'S PUZZLE.

By Elsie May Porter.

Well, mon frien, you ask wat I was tink so hard, yes? Well, not'n so omport, only I was tink how very comique dis world is. De odder nite ma petite fille have say to me. "W'ats use for leeve anyway." Well, I say rite off, befor I tink, "W'ats the matte', Rosie chere? You bes' feller have got one odder girl, mebbe?" Rite away der prett' blac eye of Rosie (jus' like to her fadder) have snap out. "Mais non non, she have say I have it, no feller. I hate heem—she is foolish (but all de

tame she was pull up her nice black hair, w'at curl jus like her fadder. Well den I say What you call heem den? Dat longue leg good not'n' w'at hang roun all de tame? Mon Dieu, would you believe it, yes, mon fren' she have flew to me jus lake one cat-wild on top de hill on Canada, and believe it to me she have show dat temper w'at she onherit from his mudder. She have say he was not good not'n and dat if dat wot-you-call heem lite complec' fille wid de eye bleu wat look two tame at the same tame, wid de leg like de pole wat I have use on top de jardin for make my long bean stan' up crook' and, Mon Dieu, me I forget de res' but anyway I pick up from off de word dat gean have look at some bleach girl. So I say to Rosie why don't you use it on top your hair, dat. Wait til I get dat bottle. Oh, oui, dat peroxide, for make you hair yellor aussie. Ah, mon ami, it is no wondaire, dat I tank. Mon Dieu, could you see it de hair. It was once so prett' and black just like his fadder and now it is no' green, ou brown or yaller, and for two week, Rosie she wear a w'at-you-call-heem. Oh, oui, a nite cap fancy—Toute les temps and gean be go still and see dat pole bean. Den me I have to don someting rite away. So I say "Stop for cry Rosie, and make dem blac eye smil for dat odder feller w'at you has before Jean he have saw you." Den she snap her eye and she have say like dat cross apple-sass. "I have take you onvice onc' next tame I'll shoot myself." But toute suite she shine her eye and rite away com bac dat odder feller. Poor Poisson. Den Jene he seem tire dat pole bean rite away and come bac and believe to me, my loctric lite bill he is some big dat mont' for Rosie he have de tame of her lif' wid first de odder one den this one. Well six weeks it have happen an' now you believe it, Rosie is one smat fille, like her fadder and she can have both dem feller at onc'. But wat you tink she say, "Oh mon pere, I will have firs' have dat new feller wat go ever' nite for see dat yellor hair pole bean. Dat was two monts ago, mon frein' and Rosie de hair is se same blac and de new feller ask for me to marry her. Wat you tink Jean he walk on dis side of der street and on de odder side and beleve it to me he don look at dat yaller hair, she have more nex' tame, but Rosie she have de heart just like de roc and will not change it, her min'. But me I say Non and me I was rite and now it is two mont more and gene and Rosie dey are marry. But mon fren wat makes me to tink is wat for when you have it sometin' you not want it and w'en you don have it sometin' you

wan it. One ting more, why, I ask, four or five tames, is the new house paint yaller?

SPENDING LESS THAN ONE EARNS

By JAMES ROLPH, JR.
Mayor of San Francisco.

Thrift—the spending of less than one earns, the putting aside each week of as much as can be spared from one's income is a basic element in the career of every man or woman who has, by his or her own efforts, attained success in life.

Being thrifty, a most commendable attribute, the problem of investing one's savings wisely and profitably arises. To those versed in business and finance the matter is a simple one, but to many others the possession of means, however slight, exposes them to the insinuating advances of unscrupulous promoters of crooked investments.

We are all units in the most stable, the most honest Government on earth, and nothing is more safe, for an investment, than our own Government's certificates and bonds—Treasury Savings Certificates. I would council the small investor to buy of these securities as many as he can afford, to hold them once they are purchased, and thereby to feel secure in receiving reasonable returns on his money.

DEATH.

A great many of you men are flirts. Serious flirts I might say, if there is such a combination.

In other words, you flirt with Death. On either hand is Death, held in check as much as possible by guards of every conceivable variety but she is there nevertheless, if any of you are unfortunate enough to fall into her grasp.

She is tricky. She often snarls and bites if she cannot entice and we escape but play with her too often and at last we are her prey. Death is of a jealous disposition and often enters the family to draw you out. She cares nothing for the young and helpless. She laughs while you cry. She is a dangerous enemy which we must fight.

I am writing at this particular time because a young life has been snuffed out which possibly might have been saved by proper care and we as fellow employees mourn him and feel the deepest sympathy for his family. The deed has been done and Death has crept in. This sad example, however, should stand out before us to guide us in our movements that such a disaster may not recur.

BABIES

We are publishing this month the first group of *Brown Company Babies*. They will be numbered consecutively, and no names will be given until the close of contest. It is proposed to have them judged by a committee of three ladies who will submit one or more as the most attractive babies. This contest will continue during the next few issues, depending upon the number of candidates. Further details will be given next month.



No. 1



No. 2



No. 3



No. 4



No. 5



No. 6



No. 7

PORTLAND OFFICE

Lambord:—"Got any old clothes Charley? My pants are wearing out at the knees."

Charley: "Your'e having a (kn) easy time eh?"

Lombard goes away looking dazed. "Too much for me" he mutters.

A fellow pushing a wheelbarrow and paying his debts is getting rich faster than the fellow who is getting all his gasoline charged.

Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone;
Kindness in another's troubles,
Courage in your own.

Many a man mistakenly imagines that he is loyal to his concern because he says he is. He cannot be if he habitually indulges in offensive and destructive criticism of his co-workers. The "knocker" is just so much gravel in the gears, no matter how much power he puts on the drive. Friendly co-operation is as necessary as ability.

A little red pig with a spavin
Jimmy Lunt thought was not worth the havin'
What he's wondering now
Is, in heaven's name how
That little red pig lost his spavin.

When any real problem comes to the fore the Wishbone Club of America, having its humble origin in the Portland Office, is equal to the emergency. It does not hesitate to settle such questions as, for instance, the comparative merit of pigs and pigs. In this connection our esteemed contemporary, Mr. James Bradford Lunt, Esq., modestly admits that what he doesn't know about pigs. Mr. William Hoffses does.

The members of the Nansen Ski Club opened the eyes of about five thousand Portlanders by negotiating the ski jump here in Portland. To most of us it was the first time we had seen anything of the kind and we certainly hand it to the boys for being "there." Young Oleson is the goods and we prophecy that more will be heard from him as he puts on a few more years. He sure has the best wishes of the local folks.

At a recent basket-ball game with Scarboro, Chellis and Greene of the Portland Office team assisted their opponents to win the game by scoring a basket in Scarboro's goal, which decided the game for them. It was only by the poor shooting of Greene that another basket was not added to the opponents score. However everybody had a good time and everybody was happy, particularly Todd and Chellis who had a near ride to the horse-gow, as the constable thought they were having too good a time mixing it with the Scarboroites.

L. G. Gurnett, Financial Agent, has left for the west on a business and pleasure trip. Mr. Gurnett will spend his vacation on his ranch in Arizona.

Arthur T. Spring, Credit manager and George Steriing, Financial Department said they had a wonderful time at the carnival recently held in Berlin.

Our own carnival was very successful though greatly handicapped by the lack of snow and the soft ice, for the ice sports.

An invoice recently came through for payment from Berlin office, covering the purchase of a book entitled "One Thousand Ways to Please a Husband." Several of the bachelors in this office are curious, and wonder if the recipient, could and would after reading recommend its addition to Portland Office Library, or individual purchase.

He was telling her about the members of his bowling team. "Now there's Johnson," said he "in a few weeks he will be our best man." And then she lisped, "Oh Jack, this is so sudden."

OH! DAT SO?

First Darkey: Say, brother, Ah got a car, boy, with a big horn on it and when Ah pass through town all Ah gotta do is blow that siren an' everybody hops outta the way.

Second Darkey: Ah gotta car, too.

First Darkey: What kinda horn is yo' car got?

Second Darkey: Mah car ain't got no horn. All the people in town is gotta look at is mah radiator. and it says "Dodge Brothers!"

PORTLAND WINTER CARNIVAL.

To us in Portland who have never seen anything of the kind, it was certainly an eye-opener and it is not to be wondered that the people in Berlin, N. H., make so much of the event at this season of the year. Through the kindness of H. J. Brown, a great many of the Portland employees had the privilege of seeing the ski-jumping on the Western Promenade Saturday morning and it was certainly a sight long to be remembered. The setting by nature was perfect and every one could see without any trouble. The bright costumes of the young ladies, dotted along the slope of the hill, added much to the occasion. The jumping was all that could be desired and to those who had never seen anything of the kind, was certainly very thrilling. The thanks of Portland people are due the Nansen Ski Club of Berlin for making the for his event such a success and to H. S. Gregory efforts to have Walden's dog team present. The events on the Eastern Promenade in the afternoon were certainly very interesting to a large number of people, although somewhat dampened by the heavy snow storm that came on very suddenly.

There has been on view at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in the trustees' room, a stained glass window, to be placed in the church of St. Andrew, La Tuque, in memory of Montague Brown. This window consists of three painted lights, the centre one representing "The Sower" and the two side lights carrying out the same color scheme of blue and green with a judicious use of browns. A feature of the window is that the whole of the work, save the mechanical part, was carried out by Miss Mary Hamilton Frye, who not only composed the design, but also painted the glass, a very unusual thing in this country.

E. L. Richardson, Pulp Sales Division, has been promoted to salesman for New England. This is the position made vacant by the death of Frank Grey some years ago. Harold Chellis is promoted to the position vacated by Mr. Richardson, and Ralph Dyer has been re-employed having resigned last November.

J. A. Jones, Accounting Manager at La Tuque was a recent visitor to Portland office.

Portland office accounting department has been exceptionally busy the past two months getting out statements for the closing of our fiscal year on Nov. 30th.

It is rumored that Philip N. Grover, Accounting Dept. and keeper of the store room is engaged. We were unable at this time to ascertain the name of the young lady.

It is noticeable around town that the recent heavy snow storm did not interfere with the operation of our big Pierce-Arrow truck. A local manager for a branch house stated he would let someone else break out the roads with their trucks as the previous storm cost them several hundred dollars in repairs in the motive department, and decided he would keep the trucks in the garage until the going was better. There is no question but what the average truck can negotiate most severe storms, but it is a question whether or not the excessive wear and tear is worth the result.

We are sorry to learn of the illness of Ruth, daughter of W. B. Fozzard, Secretary to the Comptroller. Miss Fozzard has been ill over a month, and now seems to be improving very slowly.

The following saying seems to indicate human nature:—

Ask a friend for advice,
Ask a stranger for charity,
Ask a relative for nothing.

Bryan D. Cady, Kream Krisp Dept., has been seriously ill with the grippe, and was threatened with pneumonia, but at this writing is much improved and is able to be about again.

Arthur T. Spring, Manager Credit Department, has been elected to the Board of Directors Brown Publishing Co. for the ensuing year.

E. H. Maling, Tax Department has made several business trips of late, to Washington, New York and Portsmouth, N. H.

H. H. King, Purchasing Department, puts in a lot of his spare time in making changes on his boat, painting and repairing, getting her ready for an early Spring launching.

H. D. Currier and H. Horton, Portland Retail Office, have returned from business trips east of Portland and report business fairly good with the prospects that in another month greater improvement will be shown. They have made estimates on finishes for 36 of the new houses erected by a syndicate, and with the coming of spring we will get a share of this new business.

PORTLAND OFFICE BASKETBALL.

Portland office can now boast of a basketball quintet, and they make a fine outfit in their new togs. In a one-sided game at McArthur Gymnasium, Westbrook Seminary, on January 6, Brown Company team of Portland snowed under the local team of Sawyer-Barker Co. by a 42-8 score.

The feature of the game was easily the work of Barry, the big centre of the Brown Co., accounting department. Barry scored ten of the winner baskets. In his High school days Barry was Captain of the South Portland High School quintet.

Sawyer-Barker		Brown Company
Jones	rf	Hamilton
Willard	lf	Chellis
E. Smith	c	Barry
Lowell	rg	Dyer
G. Smith	lg	Todd

Referee, J. Flaherty; Timer, Willis; Time, Two twenty-minute periods.

Manager Carroll Mountfort says the team will be kept busy filling the schedule of games during the rest of the season. The following is the Brown Co. roster:—

Carroll Mountfort manager, right forward
William Barry, captain, centre
Harold Greene, left forward
Philip Hamilton, forward
Harold Chellis, forward
Clinton Bishop, forward
Dewitt Lambord, centre
Harry Todd, guard
Ralph Dyer, guard
Harold Willis, guard

The more a man's head gets to look like an egg, the more responsive he becomes to the influence of a chicken.—Judge.

**BULLETIN
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, THROUGH THE
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OFFERS YOU POSTAL SAVINGS
FOR THE DEPOSIT OF
YOUR MONEY AND UNITED
STATES TREASURY SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES FOR
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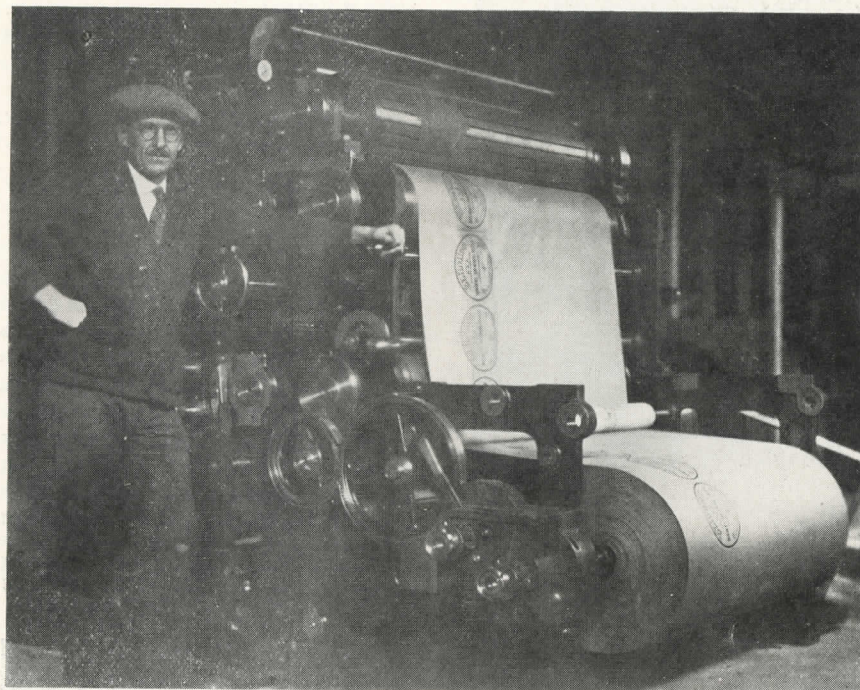
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GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE



CASCADE JUICE



There is to be a new department created at Cascade mill to be known as the printing, waxing and gumming department. This department is in charge of Mr. Clayton A. Walker, whose picture appears on this page. Mr. Walker has been in the printing game for over twenty years. Mr. Walker comes to us from Bellows Falls, Vt., and will make his home in Gorham. At the present time the plans are to make Kraft wrappers on the big press shown in the picture, later on labels for specialty rolls, lunch rolls, bread wrappers, etc., will be made on the different presses. We, of the Brown Co., give Mr. Walker a hearty welcome and want to assure him of our full co-operation.

Paul Guay and Albert Boucher were kind of sore because their names did not appear in last month's bulletin, but cheer up, Bouchey, the next time you get an overdose of O. B. Joyful you'll get yours.

Three travellers were once relating their experiences. The Englishman said that once he had been mistaken for Lloyd George, the American said "That's nothing, I was once mistaken for President Wilson." Then Pat spoke up. He said, "I was walking along one day when a fellow ran up and slapped me on the back and said, 'Holy God, is that you?'"

BARBIN-ANDERSON

On January 15th we were pleasantly surprised to hear of the wedding of Mr. Leo L. Barbin and Miss Thelma V. Anderson. Although rumors had been floating around about this wedding, we did not expect it so soon, which only goes to show that one can easily be mistaken. Miss Anderson is one of Berlin's popular young ladies, having been employed at Oliver's Variety Store for quite a few years. Mr. Barbin, better known to the employees of the Cascade mill as "Bolts," is an ex-service man and has been in charge of the Cascade storehouse for a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. Barbin are now living at 247 High street. We extend our best wishes and greetings to our old pal, "Bolts" and to Mrs. Barbin.

Boucher celebrated his birthday last month and had his hair cut by a real barber. This is usually his wife's job. Next week his year will be up and he will have a shave.

Alfred Lapoint, Amedee Lapoint's small boy, of the Cascade storehouse will soon be tying the ball and chain to his ankle. When a fellow calls on his girl every night in the week and twice on Sunday you can make up your mind that he is soon going to leave this world of happiness and sunshine.

"Short Pete" Gagne of the shipping department would like to inform John Roy that he works in a paper mill, not a cigar factory.

"Jeff" McNally, "Shady" Palmer, "Pug" Ford and "Dusty" Landrigan were in Groveton recently. McNally got home the same day but the other fellows were conspicuous by their absence. What's the matter, Mac, can't you keep up with the young fellows?

Joe Perron, better known as Platform Joe or Joe Piazza, is anxiously waiting to have the Fairbanks scales he is guarding, installed on the platform. Joe says he is sick of having the cutter and finishing rooms give him h—l when he goes in to use their scales.

Russell Oswell, better known as Pinkie, of the engineering department, is now working in the recording gauge department mornings. Pinkie says he likes the job alright, but he doesn't care much about the false whiskers and flashlight that goes with it.

When it comes to walking Old Man Weston hasn't anything on our old friend Pat Murphy. "Jaw done it" when Pat legs it down to the mill mornings. Gross' subway looks as if it were standing still.

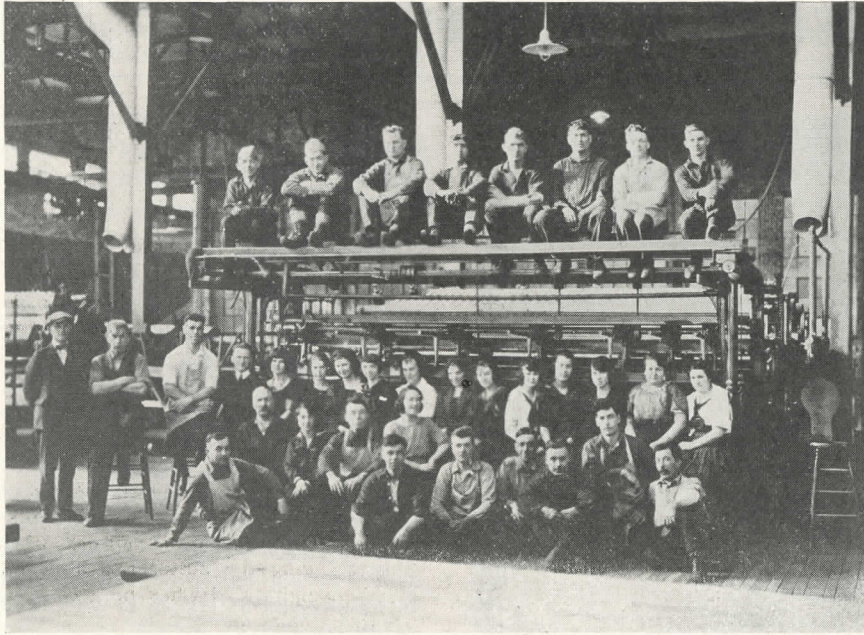
John McKinley is acquiring some skill in the machine operation in the cutter room.

"Jo" Bergeron is showing 'em how to finish paper. I mean rolls in the finishing room.

Tom Tremaine is working with the hard gang. Probably you'd call it Stone's crew, but it's hard to let dirt accumulate so I guess either is O. K.

We understand that the sulphite mill new dryer is showing up wonderful pulp. Well, Cascade pulp can't be improved to any noticeable extent, so that *any* machine would not produce any beneficial results. You can't improve "best," can you?

George Snow is taking a special course in "How to Become an Efficient Watchman," and is doing real well for the short time he has been at it.



THE CUTTER ROOM CREW.

Numerous reports of illness are prevalent and the usual grippe is acknowledged to be "bad stuff."

The new cutter room is nicely situated and running very well as mills go. Business still stays with the Nibroc organization, a further bouquet to its merits.

Work has started on locating the offices in the basement.

We understand Spike got a valentine from Mr. Gompers.

The Berlin hockey outfit is going strong. They play real "long" games, so Pat says.

William Barrett visited the gang recently. He reports that his hand is recovering slowly. Good luck, Bill.

Conversation overheard in the machine room.

Boucher:—Say, Fitz, what are you doing, going to night school?

Fitz:—No, going out nights with a school teacher.

Time and place:—Cascade mill.

Lady visitor:—Coon, who is the little Chinaman?

Coon Morris:—Where is he?

Lady visitor:—Why, right there.

Coon Morris:—That is not a Chinaman, that is little Eddie Fitzgerald.

The basement under the cutter room and adjoining is surely a commodious and pleasant place to work. Who said Nibroc wasn't growing.

"Reddy" Keenan, our fiery spare hand recently asked for a three weeks' vacation to go to his home in Woodland, Maine. There being a lot of new Indian squaws in Woodland at this time, "Reddy" was detained and he had to wire Mr. Hannaford for an extended vacation.

Just a word for Jack Jacque. It doesn't pay to smoke a cigar won on a bet, they sometimes blow up.

Joe Lahouse:—Say, Fred, how do they make matches?

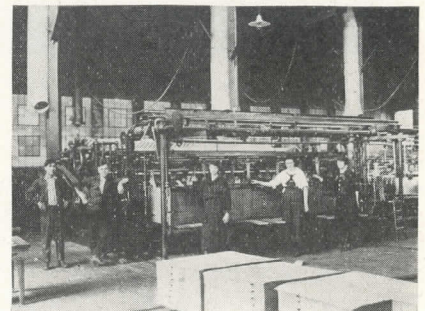
Fred:—I don't know, but I don't blame you for wanting to know.

Joe:—What do you mean?

Fred:—Harry says you have been trying to make one for years.

Ruski's feet are so big that he can't buy shoes to fit them, so he wears the boxes they come in, instead.

A short time ago one of our machine room poets wrote a poem which he called "Adam and Eve." Not knowing that the chestnut had been worn out 19,999 years ago, he sent the same to a New York music publishing house (where they pull in suckers at the rate of one every second). They accepted it and told him it would cost just \$60.00, which he also sent. (Poor fish.) Now he has written to Carey and received permission to work Sundays to make up the loss. How long will it take him to get back the sixty iron men? Some fish, I'll say.



HOTEL FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

GET-TOGETHER CLUB

About one hundred seventy-five members of the Get Together Club and their friends gathered in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of Feb. 21 for the final meeting of the present fiscal year. An excellent banquet was served, Gregoire Brothers acting as caterers. Among those seated with the officers and directors at the principal table were Mr. D. P. Brown, Mr. Herbert Spear, Col. O. P. Cole, Mr. C. B. Barton and Mr. H. N. Lee. The district nurses and the officers of the Y. M. C. A. were also especially invited guests of the club. The pianist of the evening was Miss Laura Murray.

Following the banquet, President W. L. Bennett reviewed the aims of the organization and its accomplishments during the past year. He emphasized in particular that the success of the outings has been due to the fact that they have been in charge of a centralized and responsible board and urged the members to take careful thought regarding the election of the new officers and directors, which under the constitution occurs the first Monday in April.

Further numbers on the postprandial program were:

Vocal Solo	Mr. C. J. Garrett
Reading	Miss Laura Rowell
Vocal Solo	Mrs. Gordon Wilson
Violin Solo	Miss Yvonne Rivest

Accompanist, Mrs. G. Thompson

During the evening the hockey scores were announced and following the program, many of the ladies adjourned to the bowling alley, in order to get an idea of the achievements and conquests of the members of the Grandpa League. Whether or not a suffragette bowling league will be formed is not yet known.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

In all well regulated families such as the Brown Co., it is the general custom to "hide the family skeletons," but, in spite of our world famous Debs and others of his kind, this is still the land of the free and the home of the brave, therefore, as I believe that one who is afraid to show his own colors usually has a streak of yellow in them, I am going to stand right up and shout "What in the devil is the matter?" and please bear in mind that when this question is asked the Sulphite mill particularly is meant, although it may well apply to several other departments.

At the present time we seem to be drifting along on the policy that we don't give a darn what happens as long as it doesn't happen to us. How many times

have you heard the remark in days gone by, after you had proudly stated that you worked at the Burgess: "Gee I'd like to get in there myself, they certainly have great times, they are all for one and one for all." Have those times gone? Now I am somewhat of an optimist, although not a true one (as the true optimists of today are the bartenders who still pay their dues to the union) and my answer is "No", which I realize is wholly contrary to the generally accepted belief that they don't come back, but in proof of the fact that they are really gone at the present time, I wish to cite one or two recent happenings and again ask "What's the matter?"

The Sulphite mill or Burgess has a band, known as the Burgess Band, composed wholly of players working in the various departments of the mill. A band which has practiced faithfully and long (now do not rise up and remark that they get paid for it, as only a very small part of it is paid for), a band which has always been willing to render its services absolutely without charge for any undertaking for any group of employees of the Burgess or, in fact, any department of the company, and a band which is certainly a credit to the company. On Jan. 19, this band gave a concert and ball at the Gem Theatre and the most noticeable feature of this entertainment was the almost absolute absence of Burgess men. What's the matter? If you are not a dancer, there was an excellent concert and if you do not care for concerts, there was an excellent dance program.

The Get To-Gether Club, a really excellent organization for the office employees of the Brown Company, recently gave an entertainment at which there were less than 20 Burgess folks out of an eligible list of approximately 75 and again I rise to ask, "What's the matter?"

For several years the Burgess Relief Association, with the co-operation of the Albert Theatre Management, has given an entertainment and Christmas tree to about 1500 of the poor children of the City. In 1921 this was not done. Was it the fault of the Manager of the theatre? No, he wanted to know when we were going to have it? Once more I venture to remark, "What's the matter?"

Where are our baseball, hockey, basketball, track and field teams of other years?

Let me suggest that we form a Burgess Get To-Gether Club, in spirit anyway. Let's drag this skeleton out into the spot light, put some flesh on its bones, clothes on its flesh, christen him the Burgess Spirit or Pep and have him the Guest of Honor in all our undertakings.

LIST OF DEATHS.

SULPHITE MILL.

Alfred Larson was born Oct. 14, 1897, in Milwaukee, Wis. He first entered the employ of the Company on July 31, 1916 and has worked continuously since at the Sulphite mill, except while serving in Co. L, in which he enlisted on June 27, 1917. At the time of his death, which occurred by accident Feb. 13, 1922, he was employed as a fireman at the barker mill boiler house.

RIVERSIDE.

Charles St. Cyr was born July 5, 1861, in Canada. He first came to the Company Nov. 7, 1919, and has worked continuously since in the yard at the Riverside mill. He died Feb. 9, 1922.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS.

SULPHITE MILL.

Feb. 7, 1922—Dennis Campbell from laborer to weigher.

Feb. 7, 1922—Angus Morrison from bleach wrapper to weigher.

Feb. 7, 1922—Louis Carbonneau from bleach wrapper to weigher.

Feb. 13, 1922—Archie J. Belanger from backtender "B" to back tender "A."

Feb. 13, 1922—Napoleon Rheume from stock grader to back tender "A".

Feb. 13, 1922.—Marjorique Theriault from pan man to back tender "B".

Feb. 14, 1922.—Leo Blais from baling man to back tender "B."

Feb. 14, 1922.—Dominic Chenard from pan man to back tender "B".

Alphonse Terrio from back tender "B" to backtender "A."

CHEMICAL MILL.

Feb. 8, 1922.—Otto Ortelt from laborer to machinist.

JANUARY ACCIDENTS

CASCADE

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	8
Accidents without loss of time.....	46
Total.....	54

SULPHITE

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	6
Accidents without loss of time.....	13
Total.....	19

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	11
Accidents without loss of time.....	21
Total.....	32

THE BERLIN WINTER C

JEAN LEBEL
BERSIMIS
QUE.



HENRI SKENE
LALOUTRE
QUE.



JACQUES SUZANNE
LAKE RACID
N.Y.

EASTERN INTERNATIONAL
DOG TEAM RACE
THE WINNER RECEIVING THE TROPHY



ARTHUR T. WALDRON
WANALANCET
N.H.



LAKE
RACID
DOG
TEAM

BERSIMIS
DOG
TEAM



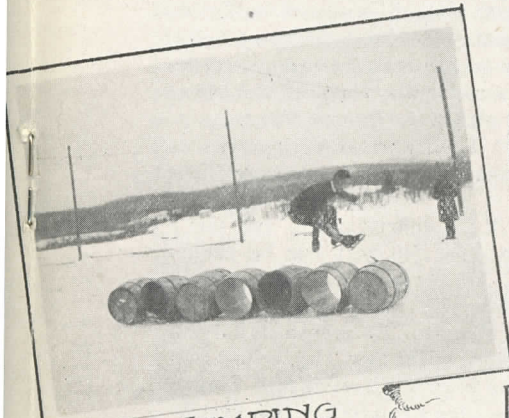
PORTLAND VISITORS



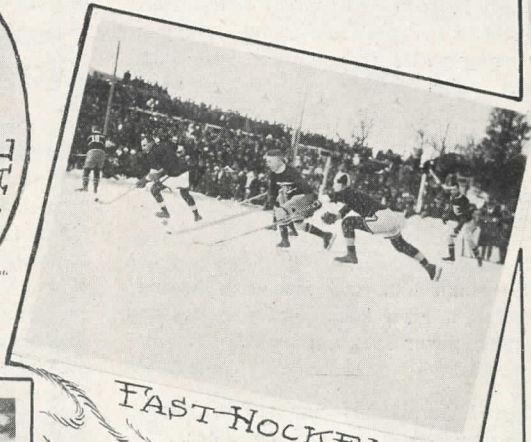
A
MILE
A
MINUTE



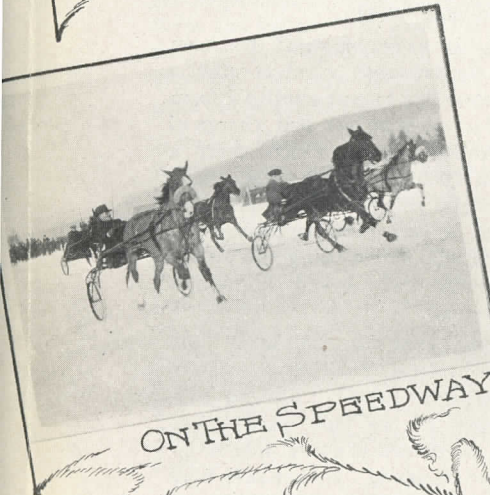
CARNIVAL 1922



SKATE JUMPING



FAST HOCKEY



ON THE SPEEDWAY



SKI JUMPING



SKI JORING



OBSTACLE'S



FIRELIGHTING



THE WINNING RELAY TEAM

SULPHITE MILL GAS

During the last shut down at the Sulphite mill, another form of petty theft developed. This time about a dozen lockers were stripped of their pad locks great pains being taken to select the most valuable locks. In only one instance was the contents of the locker molested. At various times tools have been missed, light sockets stripped, but this is an entirely new departure. What next?

We would like to know why Amede Lapointe holds a cant dog in his hands. We have never seen him use it.

Alfred Marois has changed his name. He is now known as Old Lady Lebee.

ONLY A DREAM.

I had a dream the other night that I must tell. It is too good to keep. I dreamt I was in the Sulphite mill going through the usual grind with that same old crowd, when suddenly my dream changed. I saw the Sulphite mill forty years later. What a change, new methods, new ideas, making pulp out of straw, but there were the same old faces. Along came Mr. Rahmanop, slightly bent and a long white beard. there was Mr. Fagan with side whiskers, white hair and carrying a cane, I saw Mr. McKinnon as spry as forty years ago and I'll be gosh darned if he didn't have a pair of army pants on like he used to wear in the old days. There was Mr. Taft looking as if he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds and he was still chewing gum. There was Mr. Briggs and Mr. Fowler, you remember how speedy they were in the old days, to my surprise they had slowed down at last. I saw the old minstrel show. There was Harry Raeburn down in the pit swinging the stick, but sorry to say his voice was gone. There was some of the old boys doing a turn as in the old days. Harry started to holler and I woke up to find it was my wife trying to wake me up.

The first drying machine was scheduled to start on Feb. 1st, and it was doing some business Jan. 31st. Aside from the minor troubles which were to be expected in starting the largest dryer in the world the machine is running well and the second unit will also be running before the end of this month.

Summer cannot come too quick for Messrs. Thomas McGinnis and Gendron.

OUR OLDER BOYS.

Methuselah lived to be 969 years, a ripe old age, rather over-ripe I should judge but old nevertheless. A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks and the more you scrutinize her the older she seems. Man's hair is often lacking, a woman's is a variable quantity, increasing or decreasing as style requires. Faces may be "lifted," figures shifted until poor man often wonders if she is "better" or "worse."

But I am dealing with men, as my principal associates are men, and I am referring to Methuselah, with his 969 years of experience, simply to give them encouragement.

We frequently read in the Bulletin of men who have served various periods of usefulness with the company. They are not old, they do not "feel" old, and I have tried to point out that looks apply only to women. These men are simply "Our Older Boys."

At one time I frequently appeared on the ball field and now as I sit occasionally in the grand stand and see a ball badly muffed I feel that I could just step out and show that fellow how it should be done. I know that I am young because I feel that way and I know that many of you men who happen to be several years my senior still feel the same interest in the company and remain young on account of that interest.

In a former issue of the Bulletin appeared a list of men who had served at least twenty-five years with the company, but their activities were not elaborated on.

I cannot cover all this list so I will present some of my comrades from the Sulphite Mill, whose stability of character is indicated by their long terms of service.

Joseph Mackinnon is of Scotch ancestry and though I have never seen him in kilts, together with his white hair and military bearing, I should judge him to make a good leader for this procession of "Older Boys." He came to the company in 1894, first working in the boiler house, and has been one of our Department Heads for a number of years. He is also President of our Relief Association.

John E. Lavoie is a Lieutenant of Joseph Mackinnon's, being one of his

tour foreman. It was he who cut off the first sheet of pulp produced in the sulphite mill. Besides being an efficient foreman he has reared a large, attractive and musical family. "Johnny" and one of his sons play in the Burgess Band.

"Pete" Pauquette probably does as much walking and carries as many little details in his head as any man in the plant. It is a difficult test to ask him a question about mill work that he cannot answer. He has been with the company since 1898, with the exception of a six months' absence. He previously did millwright work at the Saw Mill, helped construct the original Riverside Mill, worked on various dams and for the past twenty-three years has been associated with the Sulphite Mill. "Pete" for a number of years has been our repair foreman and is known and liked by all.

Asa Ingalls since his youth has been strong on the "squeeze" which is rather a startling assertion to make until I inform you that for years he has had charge of the hydraulic presses, which exert a pressure of 4,000 lbs. to the square inch. Can any of you younger men improve on this? Asa is very proud of his son, Dr. Ray Ingalls, who is fast rising into prominence and who has worked in the mill at various times.

"Al" Palmer runs our "belt line." Do not misunderstand me that I mean a trolley system for I don't. I mean that he supervises all the belts used in the mill and endeavors in every way to increase their efficiency. He has been here for 29 years and for 13 years had charge of the wood room. His present quarters are adjacent to it.

Peter Gunn has been with the company between twenty-five and thirty years and for years was millwright in the wood room, not an enviable position at that time on account of its tangle of machinery. "Pete" is also kind to his wife, as they have recently celebrated their golden wedding. If any of you enjoy reminiscences he can now be found at the bleachery gate.

Fred White has walked wherever water runs as he is in the piping department. He has seen the mill in its development and is familiar with every ancient pipe line. Previous to this work he was day foreman of our boiler house for a number of years. At present he spends most of his time in the pipe shop.

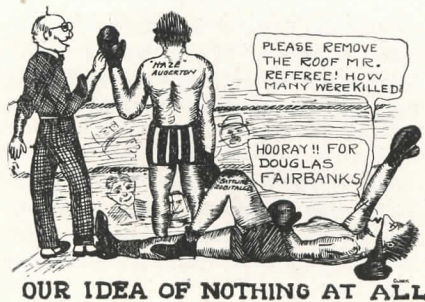
"Billy" Turley is a man whose age can-

not be well judged by the shade of his hair, as the supply is almost too limited. His springy step and happy manner, however would indicate that he is just in his prime. For years he worked in the woods for the company, drove the rivers and helped construct dams. The salubrious fumes from the Sulphite mill finally attracted him and at present he is an efficient foreman, having charge of the unloading of raw materials for the Maintenance Department.

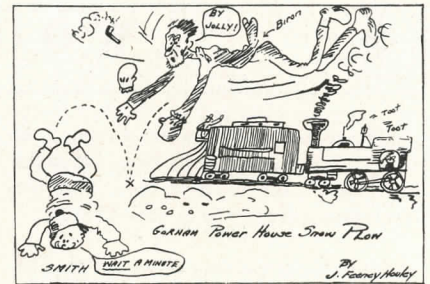
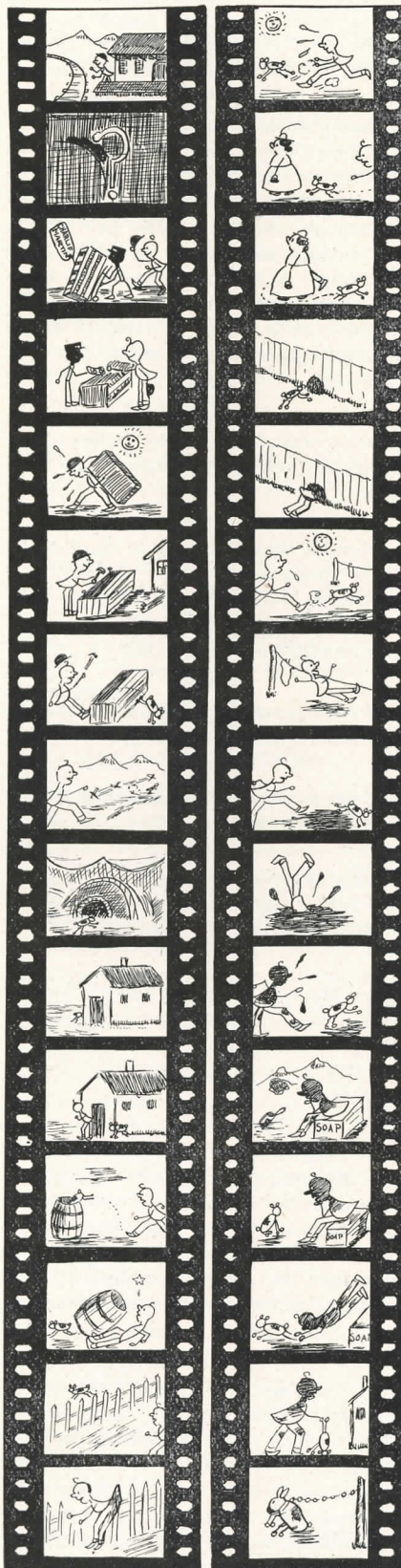
Jos. Picard came to the mill many years ago when it was more or less a ramshackle affair tied together with ropes. In order to make myself a little clearer, I will explain that at one time there were rope drives almost everywhere and it took a competent man to splice them and to look after their condition. It is hard to realize in this day of applied electricity, when our drives are divided into so many small units that at one time power was transmitted from one end of the mill to the other by means of ropes and belts. Jos. Picard is still on duty in the Maintenance department, although our rope drives have almost gone out of existence.

Joseph Ramsey in his younger days used to be a regular night-hawk never at home nights, but I will explain as he has a splendid character and a son in the priesthood. His excuse was and it was entirely true that for nine long years he had charge of the mill at night and anyone who had a bit of trouble rehearsed it to him. Henry, his son, is one of our present night millwrights and another son, Amie, is in the millwright crew. Their father now has charge of the store yard.

I have now placed before you a number of our "Older Boys" whose principal life work has been for the company, and from whom we can learn lessons of tenacity of purpose that can guide us in our own lives. Let us look up to them and honor them for all that they have done.



CHARLIE WAS CHASING HIS DORG'ROUND TOWN IN TWO REELS



'SMILE.'

The smile is a part of every man's equipment. It is an accessory which should work automatically. It is the sunshine of our lives and ought to radiate from all of us to brighten the lives of others.

On a very disagreeable day, I complained to a friend of mine, who retorted: "Why, the sun is out, it is simply obscured by clouds." In all our lives is sunshine, in many cases obscured by clouds. Bring it out! Let it shine!

Working with us, is a lad whom misfortune has crippled, but he always appears happy and from him we can draw a valuable lesson. Many of us who have but little trouble are Pessimists; those who have heavy burdens frequently look forward with hope and are Optimists. Let us come to work smiling, radiate sunshine and spread happiness. Our work will then go smoother, the day will pass quickly and we will be more merry all around.

SAVINGS DIVISION UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT BOSTON, MASS.



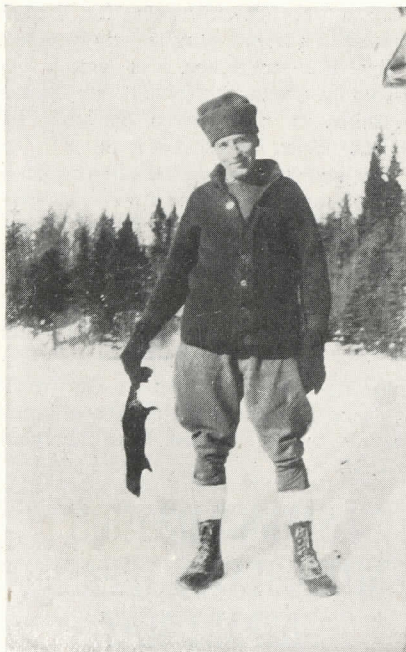
If you are looking for a financial bargain consult the Secretary of your Savings Society, your Postmaster, or correspond with F. C. Ayres, Savings Director, Federal Bldg., Boston.

WOODS DEPARTMENT

When Freeman Marquis, foreman of No. 7 camp, was going by No. 1 camp the other day, Page tried to hire him but Freeman refused to take any chances.

Sharpe's interest was all taken up with automobiles last year. Right now he is considering a large interest in wholesale groceries. Ain't that right, E. L.?

Mister, there has been the greatest ulceration of men in these woods this winter that you ever saw.



Ever hear of a mink freezing its feet in Hell (gate)? This one did and he started up river to warm his toes by one of the brush burners when he fell by the way. George overtook him and finished him with a broom, hence the smile.

Keenan: "Pat, have you seen anything of Briggs?"

Petoine: "I killed two (pigs) yesterday and have ten left."

Can anyone inform Mike Hickey why he has to pay an income tax when the Pollocks don't have to.

We are afraid that Mr. Morrison's reputation as a cribbage player has suffered this winter during his trips among the camps.

Who lives at Concord Junction, Mass?

Did you ever see Dan Kelleher at No. 45 tackle a hind quarter of beef?

Have you seen Raymond Moore's residence at camp No. 7? He surely is a disciple of Hoover for he has a folding bed, a folding table, chairs and everything folding but the stove. The belt for his electric light plant got as far as Hell Gate storehouse before he decided that kerosene was good enough for him. Mr. Moore is some trader in livestock and is the proud possessor of a license.

Anderson and Kittredge are making a poor success of their candy kitchen. They absolutely refuse to distribute any samples.

Wendell Williams, cook at No. 1, had a slight cold the other day. He was told that if he would only send out to Colebrook and get a bottle of Scott's Combustion, it would surely cure him.

We are wondering if Mullen would like any more female boarders at No. 11.

Goggins says Haley owes him \$20.00. What for, Frankie?

John Hood says he had more visitors the other night than he ever saw at Cherry Mountain in six months.

Joe Mooney wants to know what will turn a man's stomach the quickest of anything. In reply we will say there is nothing that will turn Joe's stomach. It can't be done.

It is a well known fact that our friend, Joe Mooney, mine host of the Brown Farm, has got a great ear for music. We have been asked what Joe's favorite tunes are. Sorry we cannot answer that question, lady, but we would suggest "Rock of Ages" as being most appropriate.

The writer has been asked if it were so that our friend, Roy Bragg, has taken up jazz as a pastime. Well, we must say that it is a fact and we have known of the sad affair for some time. The fact is Roy has been known to jazz before now whether the music was appropriate or not. If you do not believe us ask Fosse Curtis and Capt. Rowell.

BROWN FARM

His many friends would be very happy to learn of the return from the "jungles of South America" of Professor G. E. Anderson, after two years spent in the study of the man relation to the monkey and has also made a great discovery for the medical world which is sending out circulars to his many friends and which will be a great aid to the professor in his life's calling.

He has also invented the great "movie" valentine for his last invention and as I have one before me at this time I can assure you that it is a "brainy" piece of work and shows to the world the high aim in life that Professor Anderson is going to attain.



Here we have them: George Anderson assistant to Uncle Sam on the brush burning outfit, and Frank Kittredge, most "traveled" man on the Diamond, both expert fudge makers.

All of the Bulletin news items from the Diamond have to be sent by the way of Colebrook to escape being censored at the Brown Farm. Who can be the suspicious party?

The quintette of clerks on the College Grant can truthfully sing together: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," every time the telephone rings. Any old ring gets them all.

A conversation overheard on the College Grant line.

Operator, calling camp 42: "Hello, may I speak to Kit, please?"

Stewart: "Just a minute. Kit, central wishes to speak to you."

Kit, joyfully: "Hello, Merry Sunshine."

Operator: "Hello, are you?"

Kit, very much embarrassed: "Oh, er, ah, I beg your pardon. I thought"—

Operator: "Never mind, of course, I realize you thought it was the other central."

Kittredge has just returned from Lewiston, Maine, where he spent the week-end visiting his fiancée, who is confined to the Central Maine General Hospital. We extend our sympathy to Frank because we think he needs it. Judging from the number of trips he has made to the hospital in the last twelve months he must have had somebody there all the time, but never mind, Frank, there is hope that she may graduate in the future. Then, how are you ever going to get a vacation?

Speaking about hens, we know of a certain party on the Diamond who hasn't a decent word to say about his hens. Do you blame him? We do not, considering. This party, we will call him Al, is very partial towards fresh eggs, so in order to have fresh eggs and plenty of them and at the same time to give the old H. C. L. a swift kick in the slats, he decided to keep hens. When the hens arrived Al began to have visions of future breakfasts which consisted of eggs, poached, boiled, dropped and even fried on their edge, and Friend Wife was going around with a smile that wouldn't come off as she thought of the cakes, custards and omelets that she was going to build now that she had eggs. Early the first morning Al rushed to the hen house and passed them a dish of cereal and with an expectant smile he tip-toed to the nest but gradually the smile began to fade as nest after nest failed to yield dividends and it was entirely gone as he totaled up the net results which consisted of one solitary egg. As day after day and week after week went by without any noticeable increase in egg production, Al became irritable when hens or eggs were mentioned and the language he used on these occasions would not look well in the Brown Bulletin and Friend Wife still smiles as she hands around the cereal for the hens, but it is a different kind of a smile. It is our opinion that if she doesn't have eggs for Easter she will have hen's gibles.

CAMP NO. 43

The Duplex Apartments are being occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Henderson. Dan McKenzie, the genial filer, furnishes music for these apartments. The sweetest music in the world is produced by the file and saw, it makes one forget all other troubles. We are under the impression, however, that the beautiful home of the Hendersons at Intervale will be opened during the summer. The sublet sign on the Duplex Apartment no doubt will appeal to some flyologist or other individual form of black flies.

Shorty Campbell, our scaler, has adopted a new style of pajamas in the form of several spreads. Kendell is in need of a private secretary to handle his large volume of correspondence.

Billy Ferarri, our new cook has dropped his mud hook and will be anchored here for the winter.

Hancock and Wentworth vs. Mayhew is the next case on the docket. Plaintiffs sued to recover for mental and physical torture by application of fresh air to plaintiffs. However, the office door is now haywired.

HELL GATE ITEMS

The citizens of Hell Gate have started a drive for a bigger and busier and better Hell Gate. As a result business in general has begun to show signs of picking up. For instance, the sawmill has started up with a full crew and with orders ahead for several months, also the tannery and snowshoe factory are both running and operating to their fullest capacity and the storehouses are about the busiest places in town, with immense quantities of supplies and equipment being passed through them to the camps each day. That is not all, we are also running an experimental lumbering operation in conjunction with Uncle Sam. The object of this operation is to find the difference in cost between logging in the usual way and logging and burning the brush. We are not, however, prepared to say at present what the results of this experiment will be, but anyhow we are getting a goodly quantity of logs and we are making some smoke and are getting lots of figures. Last, but not least, we must not forget to mention that not to be outdone by other lines of business, all the hens in town have started up production.

The latest rumor is that several of our young couples are very seriously contem-

plating matrimony in the near future. Thus, we are encouraged to look forward with confidence to a large increase in our population without having to import foreigners, all of which goes to show that we are living up to the motto of our town, which is "Pep."

A FABLE

There was once a young guy from Ber-simis what sent down our way one John Lebel and six cur dogs to sure win the International Dog Race. His name was James Perrin and he had a kind of a second "heifer dust" cousin, John Carter of La Loutre, who also sent out six twice cur dogs for the same purpose. Of course, John Lebel and Henri Skene are real dog teamsters. They had the best curs that their starvation country was able to produce. Along comes Art Walden with his New Hampshire team of real dogs and the story is told.

Jimmie and Johnnie:—

You have a whole year to think it over. Take in both the north and south shore of the St. Lawrence, the whole length of the St. Maurice rivers and include the Hudson Bay country, you might be able to pick up a second rate dog team if you cover ground enough. Can you Canadians play ping pong?

P. S. You take good pictures up your way.

SPIKE.

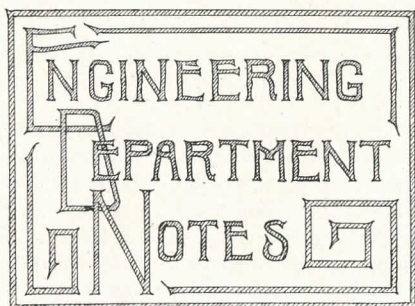
In our late travels in the Dead Diamond region we had the pleasure of a meeting with the "mayor" of Upton, Edward G. Warren, who we learned is looking over the abodes of his many townsmen who have migrated to the "tall timber." He expects to make several changes at his city offices at the coming election and he is very popular in the political world. Best wishes to "Mayor" Warren and the votes he is soliciting.

DIAMOND NOTES

It is noticeable that Kittredge has for some time been burning much midnight oil studying in a book, the title of which is "Helpful Hints for the Prospective Bridegroom" or "What to Do and What Not to Do." Evidently Frank believes in preparedness.

One young lady on the Diamond says she has no objection to a certain party playing Romeo to his Juliette by phone but what she does object to is playing the part of Juliette. Careful, Kit, there is such a thing as getting the wrong number.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES



"Brad" Whitten and his wife were called to Portland a short time ago by the illness of Mrs. Whitten's sister.

Since ski jumping started there has been a much argued question in the office as to whether Carleton of Dartmouth or Bing Anderson of Berlin is the better jumper. We hope to see a meet arranged soon in which these two can get together and jump it off. If this is not possible there threatens to be open warfare started, generated by "Norway" Johnson on one side and "Brad" Whitten on the other. Betting even.

Notes are scarcer than purple kittens this month. We are thinking of starting a competition for the best notes submitted for this department each month. We would probably offer a prize of a team of trained and pedigreed cockroaches raised and trained right in this office. They are gentle and very suitable for pets, that is why we hesitate to offer them as a prize but, we do need notes.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

W. B. Van Arsdel was announced in the February issue of "The Paper Industry" as one of the prize winners in the contest conducted by that publication during the year ending Sept. 30, 1921. The subject of the paper submitted by Mr. Van Arsdel was "The Correlation of Mill Data."

C. H. Goldsmith was called to Beverly, Mass., the last of the month by the serious illness and subsequent death of his father.

The Research team did themselves proud in the snow shoe relay race held on the second day of the Winter Carnival. The team, composed of Swan, Swasey, Brakewood and Watt, covered the mile course in 17½ minutes. Watt, by the

way, hails from the chemical plant but you should have seen the two departments co-operate to win those cups.

Brakewood upset all the dope by winning the snow shoe obstacle race. He shot through that full-choked barrel like a charge of "Ballistite."

WANTED:—A magic master key for the research department; one which will unlock all laboratory and office doors when any member of the force is outside, accidentally locked out, and his coat and hat are on the inside, accidentally locked in; said key should always be in desired keyhole when needed.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Nap Therrien claims he lost his breath at the toboggan chute. We know he did. Hope you find it soon, Nap.

The Big Four! What is it? See Lepage.

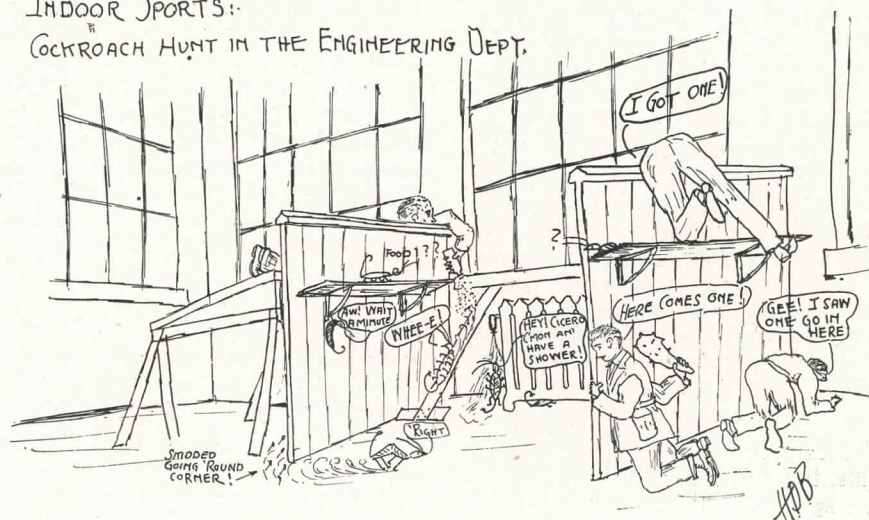
Ole said, "If you save 20 cents every day of the year instead of buying cigarettes, at the end of the year you will have \$73.00 to the good."

Have you received your entry blank in the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company two-hundred dollar contest? If not call at the grocery department and see Lepage.

Nap Gilbert is the greatest hockey fan you ever saw. Every time there is a game he is always going to be on deck, but we have failed to see you, Nap. What's the matter? Cold feet or what?

INDOOR SPORTS:

COCKROACH HUNT IN THE ENGINEERING DEPT.



Barney Johnson the Department's draftsman entered the skating events, but on account of an old injury to his ankle was unable to display his usual speed and was forced to follow the speedy Mayer of the Hockey team across the finish line. Better luck at Lake Placid, Barney.

Only one crew of this Division is in the field at present. Ralph H. Young has a crew in Adamstown making a Type Map and estimate of that section. With Mr. Young are Earl Sylvestre of Eustis, Me., Dan Murray and Tom Vashaw. They expect to finish their work about the first of March.

Our "Comedian" Harold Whitcomb and our "ladies man" Howard Woodward have started on the surveying and inspecting of the winter's cuttings. When this work is completed the summer cruising will be in line.

Mr. Harry Carter has been confined at Bethel on account of illness of himself and family.

Mr. Lynn Madan did not attend the usual Wednesday night "Y" Volley Ball class and supper on Wednesday night, Feb. 8, because "General" Estabrook and his under officers and first class Privates had the floor not for the exercise of their muscles, but their enunciatory organs and gastronomical functions.

BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

Mr. James J. Malloy has been confined to his home for the past few days with the grip and a severe cold. We trust he will recover rapidly and be back to his own good health in the near future.

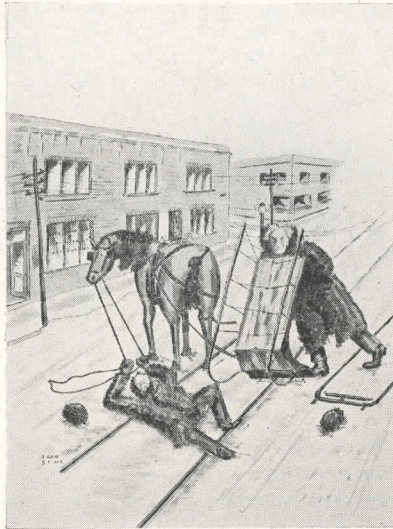
Listening Lester, the fast skater who did not enter the carnival skating contest is very peeved. He wants it distinctly understood that he is the speediest skater in Berlin and will meet all comers

Paddy Collins won a bet from Snowshoe Cantin. Pat bet the snowshoe speedsters that he would be a tail ender in the snowshoe race, and sure enough the snowshoe wizard lived up to Pat's expectations and came in a tired little sport, with nothing behind him but his tracks in the snow.

Tom Song-Bird Gravel is teaching the boy from Lot 7 the art of chicken raising. Sylvanus has a flock of pure blood P. E. I.

hens that lay cold storage eggs.

Black Jack, the Karracut ghost, is getting back to his old stride once more. Jack is raising Turk dogs and hens that walk backwards, and he has a big tomcat that barks like a dog.



Capt. Rowell and H. S. Gregory went down town in a sleigh nearly came back on foot.

Old Batiste has started to shave. He has a very weak beard, but he intends to shave every two weeks. He says he doesn't need to shave that often, but Roy Brown took him for Bill Studd recently, so Batiste got busy and has been tearing the crop off every two weeks.

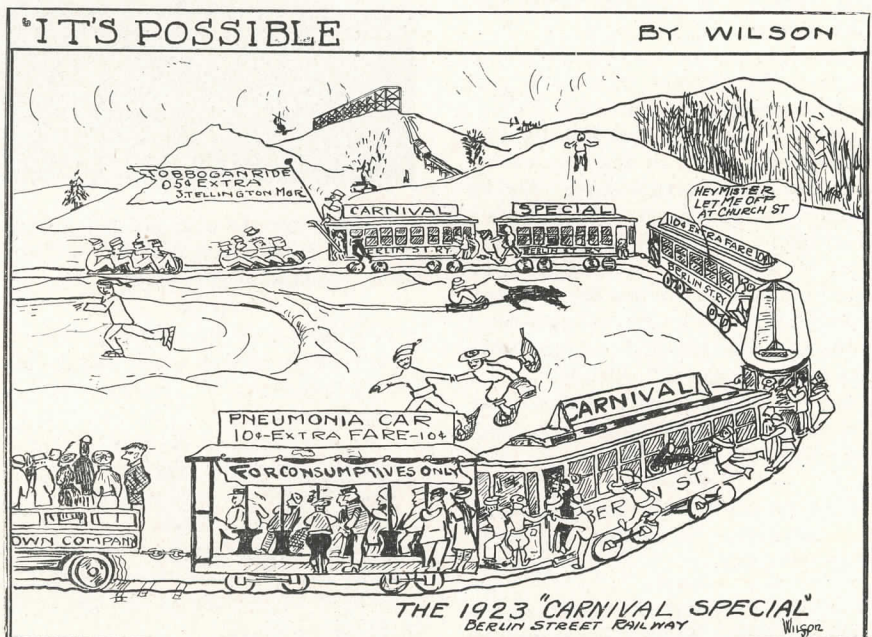
Hugh Wilde is teaching Bud how to be a good boy. Hugh goes to bed every night as soon as it is dark under the table and Bud doesn't even drink coffee now.

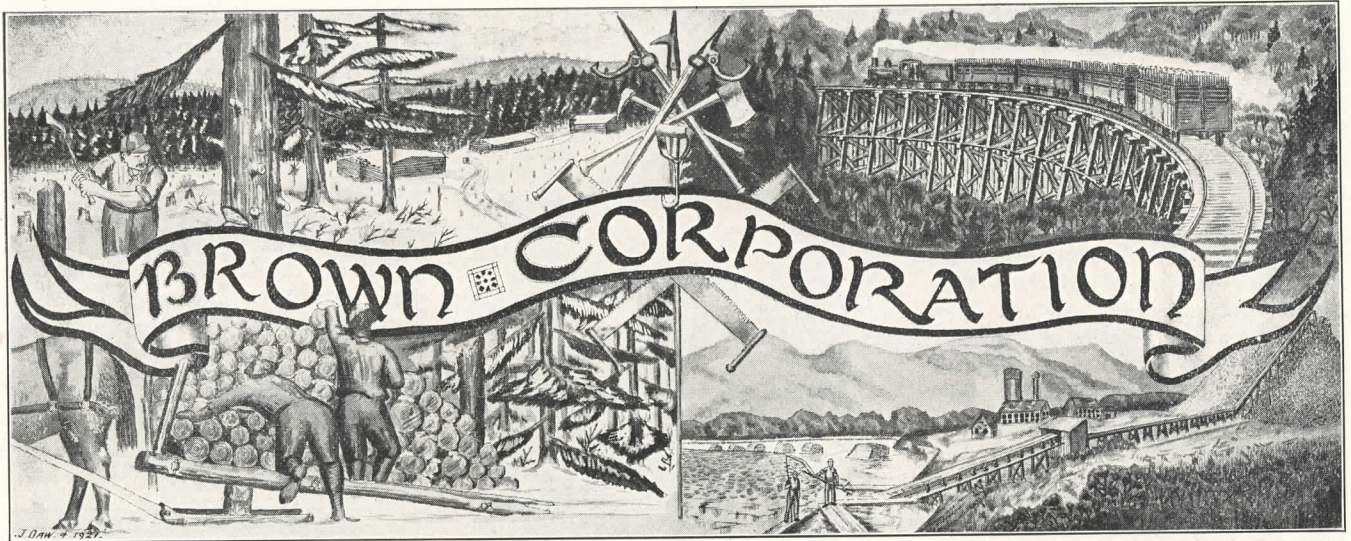
Roy Brown, the old south paw steam hammer swat artist who hits a mean blow with his old Mary Ann, is full of pep. He and Paddy, the County Clare thunderbolt had a sweet little tiff over at big Lizz, the steam kick, and Roy Pep Brown told Paddy he would spank him on the wrist. Paddy gave him the once over, smiled, and passed him by.

A WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY EVENT

On Monday evening, Feb. 20, the Photo Section Girls royally entertained their sister Jolliettes at the Girl's Club, in honor of the MAN who never told a lie. The dining room was very tastefully decorated in red white and blue, and even the eats were befitting the occasion, from steak smothered in onions??? to Washington Pie topped with cherries. We'll say we like the Photo Girls!

Preparations are now being made by the Electrical Repair Girls for a camping party up on the Milan Road, at which time we're looking forward to a little Winter carnival all our own. One of the notable events will be ski jumping by the Misses Solberg and Anderson, and jazzing and tobogganing by THE REST OF US. We'll tell you more next time.





BERSIMIS OPERATION

We see by the Boston papers that one of our dog teams slipped away one night and won second place in the race at Berlin. The next time our da— dogs are borrowed, we want it understood that they finish in the place where they get a blue ribbon pinned to them. (Boston papers please copy.)

For the benefit of the children of the jobbers and other families wintering at Papinachois, we have opened a school for the remainder of the winter, which all may attend for a nominal fee. On the sunny end of one of the log camps a room has been fitted up with benches, desks, blackboard and a couple of extra windows and we were fortunately able to engage Miss Maloney of Bersimis as teacher. She has twenty-five pupils.

There was but one man not in favor of the plan. He allowed that, as he had never been able to cut more than 10 cords in a month, he felt no need of being able to count beyond 10; to which extent he succeeded in educating himself. And he thought that his son, who was perhaps a little brighter, might also teach himself to count even higher, if he proved to be more capable with an axe than his dad. However, this man's vote was over-ruled by the rest, who are glad and anxious to have their youngsters "instruit."

Mrs. Perrin has offered a prize to the pupil who, at the end of the term, shall have shown the most progress.

The saw mill is now running smoothly. Cal Prairie is turning out about 10,000 feet a day.

Lenman, who left the forestry crew last fall to try his luck trapping, broke through the ice on the Rosier last week, and froze

his feet so seriously that he will be laid up for the rest of the winter.

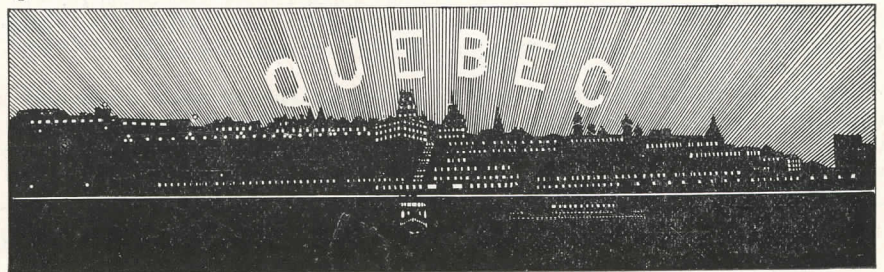
We would like to know how to exterminate the three or four million rats that infest our storehouse. They are doing great damage to the flour and oats and even climb down wires to eat the suspended quarters of beef, to say nothing of nesting in chewed-up underclothes and blankets. Our cats almost caught one, and occasionally one got drowned in a molasses barrel until the syrup got so cold it hardened to a supporting condition; but now nothing checks their in-

crease. If there is any Pied Piper man around the country not working just now, there is a good opening at Papinachois. A young one who would grow up in the business desired.—Advertisement.

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD

The young people here have a new game called "Christianity." Here is how to play it. The Christians, who are girls, get on one side, and the boys on the other side are heathen; then the heathen cross over and embrace Christianity.

It has become very popular.



America won the war, and now she has won the great International Dog Team race. Congratulations, Spike.

The office staff has recently taken a great interest in cocoanuts, and the following fragments of conversation are heard:

How many holes do you bore?
Do you take all the milk out?
Won't Golden syrup do as well?
Is a month long enough?
How much water do you add?
If the cork blows out, does it spoil?
Is there any danger of the roof being lifted off the house?

Sounds like some new confection, does

it not? It does not.

Jim Taylor and Marcel Savard were laid up for a few days with the grippe, but we are happy to report that they are back on the job and feeling fit again.

Due to the great battle he put up to win the dog team race, John Lebel is now a greater hero than Marshall Foch around these parts. No doubt, John will have a seat in the Parliament forced on him in the next election.

McCarthy has recently become a skier, and claims like all the rest, that it is the only real sport.

LA TUQUE SULPHATE FUMES

The Chicoutimi Hockey team suffered its first defeat of the season Sunday, Feb. 12th, at La Tuque by a score of 5 to 1. Although La Tuque was short of McNaughton, their star center performer, and Decaire their strong and steady defense player, both out of the game on account of injuries, the latter for the balance of the season, they skated rings around the visitors and outplayed them at every stage of the game.

The outstanding figure on the ice was Clarence Gowsell who took McNaughton's place at center. His back-checking kept the Chicoutimi forwards up in the air and his work on the offensive was as good as the work of any forward seen on local ice this season. The locals back-checked the visitors off their feet, they didn't get a chance to get started.

Mongrain also turned in a brilliant game, scoring two points on end-to-end rushes, passing through the Chicoutimi defense, drawing Gagnon out. Laliberte at wing was a tower of strength and proved again that he is a bad man around the nets. His back-checking, although not as close as Gowsell's was excellent and on the offensive worked well with Gowsell and Braithwaite.

Braithwaite turned in another of his first-class games of heady hockey. His shooting was of the best and his back-checking consistent.

Duchesne in the nets was in his best form and played as good a game as could be asked of any net guardian. The injury that he received to his eye in Quebec didn't seem to affect his vision judging by the keen bead he had on that puck during the entire afternoon.

La Tuque showed the first flash of real form in this game that they have shown this season, and if they continue to play this brand of hockey, should beat Chicoutimi out for the championship.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bradley of Quebec were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons Brown for a few days during the past month.

A very pleasant sleigh ride was enjoyed by the Out-for-Fun Club Saturday evening, January 28th. The crowd started from the Community Club at 7 p. m., returning at 9 p. m., to a hot baked bean supper and dance in the Banquet Hall. We are glad to see that the young people are taking advantage of the opportunities that the new club gives.

Mrs. B. Bjornlund, who has been con-

finied to her bed of late is about again and fast regaining her strength.

Mr. Jas. A. Taylor of Quebec office passed a couple of days with us and told Maxwell a new stock of lies. No use, Maxwell will stand for Taylor's lies, as he says they are a change from the brand that Ed Moore and Arthur Sloan hand out.

CAVE CANUM

Wm. Nevin, our worthy main office stenographer, is the proud owner of a remarkable sleigh dog, the only difficulty being that when Willie and his family pile on the sleigh, he absolutely refuses to move, either forwards or to the rear. Recently the said dog has been the subject of much debate among his (Nevin's) confreres regarding his (the dog's) disposition.

Those living in the neighborhood of the dog's residence claim that they go in constant fear of their lives, and are compelled to go down town by way of the Power House Hill, the Flats and the Hospital road to avoid this reputed vicious "animile." The school children are also very subject to the dog's personal attentions and many hairbreadth escapes are related by them—the dog being accused of holding up the youngsters and taking off their caps and rubbers and searching their pockets, and even women have not been immune from his attacks, as we have been informed by an eye witness that a lady was recently robbed of her muff and fur coat and other articles by this canine Jesse James.

What becomes of the articles he filches is not known, though articles on a certain

Xmas tree last month had a second-hand look about them—a rather suspicious circumstance.

A vigilance committee has been formed headed by Walter Arnott, and armed with various weapons of offense and defense—shot guns, pistols, clubs and chloroform, to apprehend this ferocious beast, though we understand that up to date he has never actually been known to have used his teeth on his victims.

Our friend, Willie, claims that it is a case of mistaken identity, as his dog is most remarkable for docility and gentleness and wouldn't hurt a fly (out of his reach).

"DOGGEREL DICK."

The newly established branch of the S. P. C. A. in La Tuque, is already having its effect in our community. The other night "Walter," the man who can induce a potato to grow on a rock and a turnip on a tree, was observed leading his team of horses down a hill near Martell's farm, and closely following in his footsteps were two of his able assistants gently helping the sleigh down the road—one holding on the rear end and the other hanging on to the tongue of the sleigh.

It certainly reflects great credit on this leading citizen of ours, that he carries the principles of the society so far, that even inanimate objects as sleighs, etc., receive the sympathy and consideration which the average individual withholds from them.

G. T. PACIFIC OPERATIONS.

Our output this year will total something over 7,000 cords. Hauling has had a delayed start due to the whims of Providence in the matter of weather but we expect that the middle of March will see it all at the railroad as per schedule.



Illustrating an old Proverb.
"That the smoke goes up the Chimney just the same."

What with the mountains of snow, the C. N. R. taking off trains to save money and the widely scattered jobs which we have to look after, our schedule of working hours has gone more badly to pot than usual. We have already discarded watches and clocks as being useless and if it weren't for the Berlin office we would be tempted to throw away our calendars and tend to business by the year. In the latter case months and days would be replaced by the following subdivisions of time:

- 1—Winter.
- 2—Church Holidays.
- 3—August.
- 4—Peeling Season.
- 5—Hauling Time.
- 6—After Mass on Sundays.

Our famous horse is again causing us some anxiety. We will either have to teach him to use snow-shoes or sell him for his hide. We love him devotedly and

all that sort of thing but we cannot afford to feed him all winter for doing nothing and this thing is certain if snow keeps on coming indefinitely the way it has during the past two weeks the beloved brute will simply have to learn to use snowshoes or he won't be able to leave the barn. Of course, we intend to put the matter to him gently and offer him every assistance in his new endeavor but business is business. Either he puts them on and makes himself useful or his hide will soon be thinning on the pavements as a pair of \$15 cordovans.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Robichaud and children spent a few days during the holiday season at the home of Mrs. Robichaud's parents at Victoriaville.

TEMISCOUATA DISTRICT

"Peter," some of whose adventures appeared in last month's Brown Bulletin, wishes to dispel the bad impression that

he feels might be drawn from the rather crude way his wallpaper episode was described. He wants it to be understood that he is not a confirmed or habitual toper and that, on the contrary, he was simply and solely carrying out his scientific investigations.

He had discovered that the wallpaper, made from wood pulp, contained a small quantity of wood alcohol while the flour paste used for adhesive purposes carried a like amount of grain alcohol. This formed a rather interesting combination or blend of whiskey and gave the surprising result, when imbibed, according to Peter, of a well marked disposition of his head end to back up and his tail end to move forward. This action leading, on account of the rear end being heavier than the front end, to an eventual upside down, semi-perpendicular position usually described as standing on your ear. Peter believes that this discovery can be worked out for use by circus acrobats and possibly by ski enthusiasts.

More "Pete" Adventures next month.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Cat fur must be bringing good prices these days. First, Jack Reid has a big business and now Cecil Manton has passed him with a rush, beating him 2 to 1.

Eldon McGivney represented the chemical mill among the fans who accompanied the hockey team to Boston.

Did you notice how thin Hed Parker is getting? Mrs. Parker is sick and Hed has been doing the cooking himself.

Jim Barnes had an argument with a Stillson wrench recently which resulted in a win for the wrench.

Something happened to John Labris' clock last week. He got in five minutes to twelve.

Alfred Watt featured for the chemical mill at the carnival. He won second prize in the snowshoe obstacle race and was a member of the team which won the snowshoe relay race.

McKay found the going rough on the toboggan chute. He has sworn off for the rest of the year.

Mike Griffin is now the proud father of a son, born January 14th.

Ben Brann is afraid to weigh himself since he returned to work after having the grippe.

Richard Christianson was one of the judges of the senior ski jumping contest.

Arvid Nicholason is our skating enthusiast.

Carlo Bartletto had to tend house for a week as he had an addition to his family and could not find a girl to do the house work. Carlo says that judging from the scarcity of hired girls times must be good.

Harold Knapp is convalescent from the results of the bowling matches at the Y. M. C. A. He says he is strong in practice but loses ground in the league matches.

The cell house men say that they can now eat their lunches without wearing gas masks, since Knapp went onto new work.

Trygv Hanson has joined the crew operating the liquid chlorine plant.

Jim Griffin is taking lessons in swimming so if he loses his teeth in the brine tanks he can get them.

Hank and Benny are having their annual election argument.

The caustic plant boys grieve and all hearts are saddened over the bad luck

that befell our old friend, Joe Vallis. For the past year Joe has kept silent vigil at his hen house, and if by chance you have walked towards Jericho you have probably seen Joe pacing back and forth with a gun on his shoulder—like a soldier on sentry duty. But this ceaseless watch grew irksome and so, for one night, he took a rest. Bright and early the next morning he visits the hen coop and, behold! the hennery is bare; some bold, bad thief has made a raid and cleaned Joe out. While we all sympathise with our friend, we think that if he had kept on the job, he would still be having them sunny side up for breakfast every morning.

Harold Johnson keeps the boys in the office informed about the latest exploits of the ski jumpers.

Hughie Meehan is the recruiting officer for the Gorham Fish and Game Association.

Carl Johnson is the president, vice-president and secretary of the newly organized midget ski club.

Cliff Mooney was an interested spectator at the Gorham carnival.

George Sanschagrin had a quiet celebration over the arrival of a new member in his family.