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No. 10



WINTER VIEW OF GOOSE EYE

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. IV.

APRIL, 1923

No. 10

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GOOSE EYE AGAIN

Through the courtesy of Victor Beaudoin, we are able to print upon our front cover a winter picture of Goose Eye Mountain, taken by him between Camps I. and IX. In the June issue of last year, we published a picture of the mountain which featured Success Pond more than it did the peak itself. We were also misled into the use of the erroneous spelling, Goose High, and had to use over a page in the August issue for an abject apology. We did not, however, describe the mountain itself.

A climb to the top of Goose Eye reveals a view that is both extensive and picturesque. The mountain itself "consists of a long wooded ridge running nearly east and west, with a bold projection of rocks rising into a pronounced cone. In the northeast corner of the mountain is one of the deepest and boldest ravines in the region, cutting directly down from well-marked walls. North of Goose Eye is the picturesque pass of the Mahoosuc Notch. There are three eminences on the mountain ridge, of which that on the north is 100 feet the highest." The altitude at this point is 3854 feet.

From the summit "the Carter-Moriah and Presidential ranges are seen in the southwest with parts of the remote Franconia group; and in the west are the blue undulations of the Randolph and Pilot Mts, with the white Percy Peaks. Nearly south are Kearsage (Pequaket), Baldface, Moat, and Pleasant. But the characteristic feature of the prospect is the vast forest of Maine, extending away to the north and east for many leagues. Portions of the Androscoggin Valley are seen, a little south of east, and to the north is the great basin of the Umbagog country. The massive peaks of Speckled Mt. and Bear River White Cap, at the Grafton Notch, are near at hand; and beyond them the view sweeps away over scores of nameless peaks in the remote forests toward the Rangeley Lakes. This is one of the most favorable watch towers from which to reconnoitre the bold peaks toward Mts. Bigelow and Abraham, and throughout the Kennebec section of the White Mountains."

This is certainly one of the peaks that every mountain lover plans to climb once at least. Why not, this summer?

Mother: "Do you always ask the Lord to take care of grandpa?"

Willie: "Naw, I cut that out. I figured he was old enough to shift for himself by now."

BUYING ON A LARGE SCALE

The next time you happen to be in the vicinity of City Hall Square, New York, look up at the Woolworth Building and try to realize the tremendous buying power that made possible this monument to large scale merchandising.

The reason for exceptional bargains obtainable at a low price in the big chain stores of this country is found in the fact that concentrated buying for numerous outlets eliminates a tremendous amount of overhead expense and therefore allows the merchandise to be sold at a lower figure.

This same principle applies to insurance, and the holders of Group Insurance policies are profiting by their "wholesale" purchase in very much the same way they would if they bought merchandise in large quantities. This is a recognized business axiom, and in no way does it affect the quality of the purchase, be it merchandise in the form of shoes or protection in the form of Group Insurance.

STEEL BOAT CONSTRUCTION

The Admiral of the Brown Company fleet has written an interesting report for the Bulletin regarding the boats that are now being constructed for use on the Rangeley Lakes in the process of getting pulpwood to Berlin.

He was at the Upper Dam on Richardson Lake from January 23 to February 23. During this time there were but four days when the temperature was above zero. The coldest was 28 below zero. During thirty days of the time, there were thirty-two inches of snow and the prevailing winds were northwest.

In spite of these handicaps, progress as shown in the pictures on the opposite page was made in the assembling of the steel hull of the steamer Rowell, which will be used on Richardson Lake. This will have a length of 75 feet, a width of 18 feet, and depth of 7 feet. The weight of the shell is estimated at 85 tons.

During the first week in March the steel was ready at Bemis for the construction of the steamer Berlin for use on Lake Mooselucmaguntic. This will be a larger craft, 90 feet in length, 18 feet in width, and 7 feet in depth. The weight of steel is 110 tons without the machinery. Both boats will be of the winding-drum type.



RESEARCH DEPARTMENT TEAM—WINNERS OF Y. M. C. A. BOWLING
N. L. Nourse, Duck Swan, Jere Steady

Obituary

CASCADE MILL

Al. Goodridge was born April 16, 1870. He commenced work with the company November, 1915, at the Cascade Mill, where he was working at the time of his death, March 2, 1923.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

CASCADE MILL

Antoine Dube from laborer to sub. boss.
Archie Barnaby from broke hustler to sixth hand.
Arthur Lemieux from broke hustler to sixth hand.
George Prowell from sixth hand to fifth hand.
Antonio Paradis from sixth hand to fifth hand.
Fred Morris from fifth hand to fourth hand.

CHEMICAL MILL

Hilton Whitehouse from repairs to exp. repairs.
Fred Silts from repairs to exp. repairs.

Man a Tool-Using Animal

Man is a tool-using animal. Weak in himself, and small of stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough; has to straddle out his legs lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds! Three quintals are a crushing load for him; the steer of the meadow tosses him aloft like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use tools, can devise tools; with these the granite mountains melt into light dust before him; he kneads glowing iron as if it were soft paste; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his unwearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without tools; without tools he is nothing, with tools he is all."—*Carlyle*.



20 day on St. Rowell

THE TAMING OF A MODERN PEGASUS

MANY of our readers will recall the article published in the Bulletin a year or more ago about one of the Brown Company's electricians shooting in the vicinity of Black Mountain on Chickwalnopy stream, a large bear. Those familiar with the circumstances certainly appreciated the joke, but nevertheless must hand it to the man behind the gun, as two more perfect shots could not be made, and if a real live bear had been where the dummy was he certainly would have been very short of breath.

Now, the above is history and the writer simply uses it as a sort of prelude to the following report of a most thrilling experience this same hunter had last fall. He had been hunting from early dawn and, led by many fresh tracks and signs, found himself late in the afternoon along way from camp. He seated himself on an old log and was in the act of filling his



old corn cob for a good smoke when he was startled by a tremendous noise from behind. Now, this same gentleman can move with a speed, when the occasion requires, that would put to shame any red skin that ever roamed these woods, but it was of no avail in this case. A large buck deer slabbing the mountain had got a sniff of that old corn cob and evidently did not approve of the brand he had been smoking. (Note the keen scent of the deer as he had not yet lighted his pipe.) It was too late to change the brand of tobacco then, the battle was on, and not even time to swing his 45-70, it was close in fighting. Of course, there being no witnesses, it will never be known just how long the battle lasted, or how it really happened, but when the scene cleared and the trees, rocks and earth had stopped falling, there sat our hero astride the deer, and such a docile animal was never seen. He had found his superior and was willing to acknowledge it.

Now, this hunter has a great mind and has solved some very perplexing problems and it did not take him long to make some dope on this situation. This huge buck had been beaten into such a docile state, that he simply took his drag line and passing it through the deer's mouth for reins, jumped onto his back and started for camp, and talk about your well trained saddle horses—! No Arab ever had anything on that deer.

Now, owing to the extreme modesty of this hunter, this thrilling experience would never have reached the public had it not been that the writer happened to be travelling along the old road, and hearing the animal coming, turned just in time to get a snap shot, which we here publish as proof of the story.

MAIN OFFICE FORCE ARE ENTERTAINED

Oh, Reader dear, an' did you hear the news that's goin' 'round?

The Main office force held another cleverly arranged program at the Y. M. C. A. March 17th. Yes—on St. Patrick's Day—in the evening.

The lecture room was beautifully decorated with the season's colors—green and white. Green, a symbol of Spring as well as significative of St. Patrick's Day, and white, the symbol of Friendship. Green and white everywhere—curled, twisted, frilled and interwoven in long, artistic, sweeping curves and lines, a very fairy land of beauty.

At six o'clock a bountiful supper was served piping hot, the menu being as listed below:

Soup a la Chicken		
Roast Beef		Roast Veal
Mashed Po'tato	Mashed Turnip	
Green Peas	Pickles	
Rolls		Coffee
Apple Pie a la Ice Cream		

The after supper speeches were humorous, helpful and altogether fitting, and were especially appreciated by the committee in charge of the program. Mr. McCarty, chef and master of ceremonies, called on several of the men, all of whom responded in the hearty, friendly way that is so characteristic of all Brown Company employees. Immediately following the speeches, Mac suggested that they all adjourn to the gymnasium, where an entertainment and social was to be enjoyed.

The main feature of the evening was a series of jokes, songs and dancing given by Arthur Thomas and Henry Lavoie, who were dressed as typical representatives of Coontown. Their whole perform-

ance rang with the old darky minstrel spirit, and every minute was filled to the brim with spicy jokes and songs and lively dancing. Does anyone want to know what these entertainers are? Well, they are the very best coons in the whole white man's Coontown. That is saying a whole lot.

Flora Howell, who is always ready and willing to do her 'bit' for these social times, gave two readings which delighted her hearers and even attracted the attention of some of the—a group of men who were passing through the hall to the rooms above. They wanted an encore but did not dare applaud, as they were not members of the party which was being entertained.

After the entertainment was over the evening was devoted to dancing and games. Everybody joined in the good time and the spirit of good fellowship and jollity reigned supreme.

Somebody asked if Gauthier danced.

Did he? We do not know. However, we do know that Walter Elliot likes to play Paul Jones, and we wonder why. And Bill Oleson likes to play Tucker. Bill led and everybody followed—upstairs, downstairs, up the sides of the wall, under ropes, over ropes, through hoops and every other conceivable place where any human being could wiggle his way thru and where some couldn't—almost. Bill led on and the crowd followed. Bill makes a good Pied Piper.

Three cheers for Mac and his quartet of efficient assistants, and three more for the good time enjoyed by all.

The spirit of good fellowship and friendliness is steadily growing among the employees and it is agreed that these social times are wholly responsible. All are looking forward to the next affair with the eagerness that each one of these times intensifies.

The committee wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those who so royally contributed to the success of this get-together, especially Messrs. Thomas and Lavoie and Misses Howell and Lavoie.

The committee on arrangements were: M. McCarty, Misses Eva Young, Ethel Flynn, Vera Fancy, V. Davenport.

Maurice Oleson and Barney Johnson offered their services as K. P.'s. after the supper and their aid was very much appreciated by the committee. They are some K. P.'s., with all kinds of pep.

"What do you immediately think of when you hear the word mint?" asked the famous psychologist.

"Money!" exclaimed the New Yorker.

"Julep," murmured the old Southerner.



LA TUQUE

We are glad to be able to report that our newly-organized ski club is well away and another winter should be able to give a good account of itself.

Late in February races were held over a course of about four miles, starting at the Community Club down past the Hospital to the St. Maurice River, and back to the Club.

The Class A event was won by E. Svanoë second, C. Oleson; third, H. Loken.

Class B was won by C. D. Goodwin; second, G. Cash; third, A. Annable.

At the first ski-jumping contest held March 11th, first place in class A was won by E. Svanoë with 95.2 points and a jump of 40'4"; second by H. Loken with 67.9 points and a jump of 39'; third, by G. Johnson with 66.2 points and a jump of 39'. The longest jump of the day was made by C. Oleson but his form was bad. He fell each time.

In the class B event first place was won by S. Nesbitt with a jump of 26'7" and 69.2 points; second by Alex Walker with a jump of 24'9" and 64.7 points. Third went to Geo. Cash with a jump of 19'9" and 41.6 points.

Another year we hope the club will be in a financial position to improve their jump, draw in a larger membership (which at present is about 25) and put this popular sport on a sound footing in La Tuque.

We presume you have all heard about the boarding-house mystery, at least all the boarding-house boys have, judging from reports. If Cale Maxwell had laid hands on the big meat-hound, there would have been a good supply of fresh sausage meat available. Those desirous of facial

treatment should communicate with Merritt Walsh at the Community Club.

We extend our heart-felt sympathy to the widow and four children of Mr. Fred LeTemplier, who died in his 51st year, in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on March 1st as the result of a serious operation.

Mr. LeTemplier some years ago was employed by the Brown Corporation, but at the time of his death was a member of the office staff of the Laurentide Company at Bostonnais.

He was buried with Masonic rites from St. Andrew's Church on March 4th, and interment was made in the local cemetery.

An epidemic of the flu has been raging in La Tuque and in fact throughout this

section for the past two months. This has crippled our operation and reduced our staff at times to sole survivors. We have been able to maintain our production and the quality of our product nevertheless. The death toll to date has been very light compared with the "Flu" epidemic of several years ago, at which time 150 persons died in La Tuque alone. Chest complications have been lacking in all cases in the epidemic, except in cases of relapses, and we wish to warn you all not to go out too soon or try to go back to work until your strength returns.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons Brown have left for a trip to Bermuda, where they will take a much needed rest of two weeks in company with Mr. H. J. Brown and family of Portland, Me.



Canadian Hockey Club. La Tuque Hockey League Champions, 1923



Mascot of Canadian Hockey Club, La Tuque Hockey League Champions

Mr. and Mrs. B. Bjornlund have left for Boston, where Mrs. Bjornlund expects to make an extended visit with her brother and friends.

The close in our hockey season in the La Tuque Hockey League resulted in a victory for the Canadian Hockey Club who were tail-enders in last season's race. This season, hockey was very well supported, and great credit is due the boys for the brand of hockey displayed.

The Zouaves, last year's champions, were second in the race, due in a great part to their lack of spares. The Beavers were in third place, due to a slow start at the beginning of the season. As the season drew to a close, the Beavers became a dangerous team in every match they played, but were also handicapped by the lack of spares.

The teams finished as follows:

	Won	Lost
Canadians	8	1
Zouaves	5	4
Beavers	1	9

The hockey season in the Quebec Provincial Hockey League, in which league our Senior team participated, was not altogether as successful as we expected. Senior hockey in Quebec Province has passed through a stormy season with many splits and shake-ups, and the Provincial League was no exception.

At the annual meeting in November, professional sporting interests in Montré-

al very nearly broke the league in an effort to freeze La Tuque and Chicoutimi out of senior hockey competition on account of the distance out of the beaten track in Chicoutimi's case and on account of La Tuque's lack of a covered rink.

Sherbrooke and Montreal desired to enter teams and Three Rivers wanted two teams which made along with Chicoutimi, Quebec, and La Tuque too big a circuit and too expensive a proposition to cover for the limited purses of the majority of the clubs. To overcome this it was proposed to operate the league under one head and in two sections, to play off in home-in-home games for the Championship. This, had it been brought about would have been the biggest and strongest hockey organization in Eastern Canada, as the results of the season's hockey proved. The Sons of Ireland, champions of the Provincial League were Provincial champions and the Three Rivers, Champions of the Province of Quebec Hockey League, (which was the league formed by the clubs that drew out of the Provincial League), were runners-up for Provincial championship honors. This Three Rivers team defeated the Nationals, champions of the Montreal City League, on their own ice by 9-3 and proved their superiority in every department of the game.

In the middle of the season, the Three Rivers Hockey Team, which was in the Quebec Provincial Hockey League, dropped out, reducing the league to three teams; namely, Chicoutimi, Sons of Ireland and La Tuque, while, in the outlaw league, Quebec and Montreal were obliged to drop out leaving only Sherbrooke and Three Rivers to carry on. There are some of us still who are deeply interested in amateur hockey, not alone in La Tuque but in the province as a whole and shall make a strenuous effort before another season opens to put amateur hockey in the Quebec Provincial League on a sound footing.

La Tuque's showing in the standing at the close of this season was not as good as expected. Still they were considered dangerous in every match they played. As a defensive team there was not another team in the east to match them, but they were very weak in the scoring end.

We were greatly surprised and grieved to learn on Thursday morning, March 8th, of the death of Mrs. Pearl Hull Hillier, beloved wife of Harry Hillier, from pneumonia resulting from a relapse of the grippe.

The husband and two sons, Edgar and Lawrence, also the bereaved mother

Mrs. Hull, have our deepest sympathy in their great sorrow. Mrs. Hillier was very prominent in social circles in La Tuque, was vice president of the Woman's Auxiliary, a member of the Guild and choir of St. Andrew's church for several years.

A short service was held at the home of the deceased after which the body was taken to Quebec, her former home, where a service was held in Trinity church and interment made in Mount Herman Cemetery.

"MY HEART'S DESIRE"

I'd like to be an actress,
A star before the screen,
Like Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee,
And others I have seen.

I'd like to have the stunning gowns
That those girls always wear,
With a maid to hook me up the back,
And one to comb my hair.

I'd like to have a pair of pumps
To match each dainty frock,
And stockings, too, that's silk way up,
Oh! how my friends would talk.

Then I'd like to have a little dog,
All fluffy, soft and white,
With a nurse-maid for him all day long,
And a crib for him at night.

I'd like the kind of parties
A moralist would scorn,
That finish with a breakfast
At the first grey streaks of dawn.

I'd like to drink the colored wine,
They keep 'neath lock and key,
And smoke the perfumed cigarettes,
All monogrammed for me.

I'd like to have a limousine,
To ride in when it storms,
And a chauffeur and a footman,
Dressed in pretty uniforms.

Some girls may call it working,
But it wouldn't be for me,
To make love to Richard Barthelmess,
Or sit on Rodolph's knee.

I may be just a foolish girl,
Building castles in the air,
But I'll take a chance and try it,
If someone would put me there.

Little Bobby, aged eight, seemed puzzled over his story book. At last he inquired: "Mamma, did they used to applaud when people went to jail?"

"Not that I know of, darling. Why?"
"Well, it says here: 'They were clapped into prison.'"

He: "And we'll go through all our trials together,"

She: "At least the first one, dear."

LEBEL AND SKEENE WIN

BROWN CORPORATION TEAMS TAKE FIRST AND SECOND PLACES IN THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL DOG TEAM DERBY



STATEMENT SHOWING TIME MADE BY VARIOUS TEAMS WINNING PRIZE MONEY

DISTANCES:—Feb. 22, 53 miles; Feb. 23, 36 miles; Feb. 24, 42 miles. Total, 131 miles.

NAME OF DRIVER	22ND HRS., MIN.	MILES PER HOUR	23RD HRS., MIN.	MILES PER HOUR	24TH HRS., MIN.	MILES PER HOUR	TOTAL TIME 3 DAYS	AVERAGE MILES PER HOUR FOR 3 DAYS
Jean Lebel	6 30¼	8.154	3 57¼	9.114	5 22½	7.80	15 50	8.274
Henri Skeene	7 03¼	7.518	4.30	8.00	5.52	7.16	17 25¼	7.524
C. E. Letourneau	7.14	7.33	4.26½	8.09	5.52	7.16	17.32½	7.464
Jos. Dupuis	7 03¾	7.50	4.31½	7.97	6.14¼	6.74	17.49½	7.346
Edward P. Clarke	7.40¼	6.91	4.54¾	7.32	6.28	6.50	19.03	6.876

Henri Morin (St. Regis Paper Co.) and Hector Chevette (Holt, Renfrew & Co.) were disqualified the first day.

Three solid days and even the waking hours of the nights have been taken up in the organization of and discussions on this great race and during that time the whole office went figuratively and literally to the dogs, for it must be borne in mind that this was the first race of the kind that had ever been held in the historic Province of Quebec.

More teams were originally entered for the race, but at the last moment Walden from New Hampshire, and the Gulf Pulp and Paper Company from Clarke City pulled out leaving two teams of the Brown Corporation, Jean Lebel of Quebec City and Henri Skeene of La Tuque, Price Bros., with Joe Dupuis driving, Holt Renfrew's with Hector Chevette, the St. Regis Paper Company with Henri Morin, C. E. Letourneau of Montmauy and E. P. Clarke of New Hampshire.

It is possible that the small number of entries for such valuable prizes is accounted for by the fact that the race was only advertised at a comparatively recent

date, which prevented teams coming in from long distances. This is to be regretted as one would have wished to see more representatives from across the line and also some of the crack teams that exist both on the north and south shore of the St. Lawrence, out of reach of the railways. The long distances that these teams would have had to come to get in touch with railway communication would have rendered them unfit to compete on arrival.

Of the teams there is no doubt that Clarke's team of Eskimo dogs was the best looking of the lot, Price Bros. following second with their team of huskies. The most useful looking team, however, was Letourneau's big, strong dogs, not speedy but built for endurance. Holt Renfrew's team of half-bred boar hounds took the ladies by storm. They were graceful and pretty but quite useless for the work ahead of them. Jean Lebel and Henri Skeene both had mongrel dogs showing speed and strength, such as

would be required for a race or what may be termed three separate sprints, but in a straight race of 150 or 200 miles, the consensus of opinion was that Letourneau would have beaten the lot.

The course was laid out as will be seen from the maps in three legs, north, east and west, the eastern course being probably the hardest. Had there been bad weather it is probable that few of the teams would have finished. The weather being favorable on the first day, this was the course chosen.

The starting and finishing point on all three days was at the drill hall on Grande Allee, Quebec's show street, for on this street are the residences of the high and mighty of the ancient capital, members of parliament, leaders of society and leaders of commerce. Nearby are the Houses of Parliament and further out the goal. Down this street Montcalm was carried dying into the City of Quebec followed shortly after by the victorious British army and the dead body of Wolfe and



View of the Ramparts. Chateau and Post Office on Left. Laval University on Right. Citadel on Extreme Left—From the Top of the Citadel Hill is the Famous Terrace Slide

now a little more than one hundred years after English, French and Americans crowded on the same street to cheer to victory the teams representing the three nations.

Leaving the drill hall the course dropped abruptly down St. Augustin Hill, a drop of 200 feet in $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile, with a sharp turn on to Cote D'Abraham at the bottom. (It was here that Price's sled got turned over and Dupuis slightly injured). From thence through Lower Town to the Drouin Bridge over the St. Charles, through Limoilou where the famous or infamous Bugot hunted and defied the Volstead act in years gone by, Beauport a village of hospitals to Kent House, the whole distance from Limoilou being a steady climb on a rough and exposed road, overlooking the Isle of Orleans and the St. Lawrence. Here crossing the Montmorency River within sight of, but above the famous falls, the road follows the crest of the hill, through the quaint old time village of L'Ange Gardien, Chateau Richer famous for its maple syrup and trout fishing, to River aux Chiens (very appropriate, being literally Dog River), where the teams swung down a steep hill to the River St. Lawrence with five miles in front of them of an ice road. This was the most trying part of the race and it was here that both Holt Renfrew and the St. Regis teams got into trouble. At Beauport the course turned up of the river into the village, which formed the turning point, the return journey being through Ste. Anne's with its famous shrine, now in ruins from the fire last year, up the Hill to River aux Chiens and from there a straight run back to Quebec taking the same road as they came out on, 53 miles and Augustin Hill facing them for the finish. Holt Renfrew's team did not finish, the St. Regis team finished but left two dogs at Beauport which disqualified them as the rules laid down that sick dogs were to

be brought in on the sled. This team, although out of the racing, in a most sportsmanlike manner turned out the remaining two days to make a field. Holt Renfrew retired.

Taking the same route on the second day as far as Limoilou the dogs turned off west and north through Charlesbourg, in which stands one of the oldest churches in Quebec Province, to River Jaune church and in the village, Jean Lebel's home. One could almost hear the cheers in the city as Jean passed through in the lead and received a cheery wave of the handkerchief from the proud wife. To the church is a stiff, straight, steady climb of 1200 feet in 9 miles from Quebec, turning west from here by the south end of Lake St. Charles, there was a corresponding run down hill, through Lorette, the ancient Indian village of Huron to Auciennne Lorette, where they joined the Montreal road. The long coast down was appreciated by both men and dogs, giving them the opportunity to pull themselves together for the mile climb to the St. Foye road. From here on it was comparatively hard going, past the Monument des Braves, erected to commemorate both British and French that fell in the last attempt on the part of France to recapture Quebec, up the avenue, swinging down Grand Allee with a spurt to finish. Thirty-six miles and nearly half of it up grade and were it not for the fact that it was good road all the way, would have been nearly as bad as the 53 miles on the first day, but all the teams finished.

The third and last day was the easiest as it was decided over night to cut the course and make the turn at Neuville, reducing the run to 42 miles and well it was for all teams turned out short of dogs. Running over the same course on which they had come in on the previous day to An.ienne Lorette, they followed the Montreal road, through St. Augustin, an old time French village with its old

church, old store houses with picturesque mansard roofs, and a stiff hill both going in and out to Neuville, and returning by the same route to the finishing point.

This was the most exciting race of the three, owing to the close time between 2nd, 3rd and 4th teams. In fact during most of the run home there were four teams all close together. Jean Lebel held the race after the first day, barring accidents and although he started last on the final day, he in a close finish just beat Skeene, who started first, at the stable door, the third and fourth teams being close behind,

At the conclusion of the race, Mayor Lansom of Quebec presented the prizes. The Brown Corporation, Quebec, secured the gold cup and Jean Lebel \$1000 and a silver cup; Skeene as driver of Brown Corporation La Tuque team won 2nd prize of \$400; C. E. Letourneau 3rd prize, \$300; Dupuis for Price Bros., 4th prize, \$200; and E. P. Clarke 5th prize, \$100.

The race was the most popular event that has taken place in Quebec since the Tercentenary Celebration and both at the starting and finishing point crowds lined the street on each day, not only here but at all points on the route; in fact they were so great that it was hard work to obtain photographs and in some cases hampered the teams. Jean Lebel who at the time was running 2nd, had to take the sidewalk behind the crowd which had crowded in on the leading team and Clarke's team was driven onto the sidewalk by passing traffic, but considering the crowded and narrow streets there was very little interference, although at times the dogs were scared by passing street cars and other traffic which could not be held up. Many of the dogs had never seen a street car and were unaccustomed to city traffic which made it hard for the drivers to make time until they were clear of the city limits.

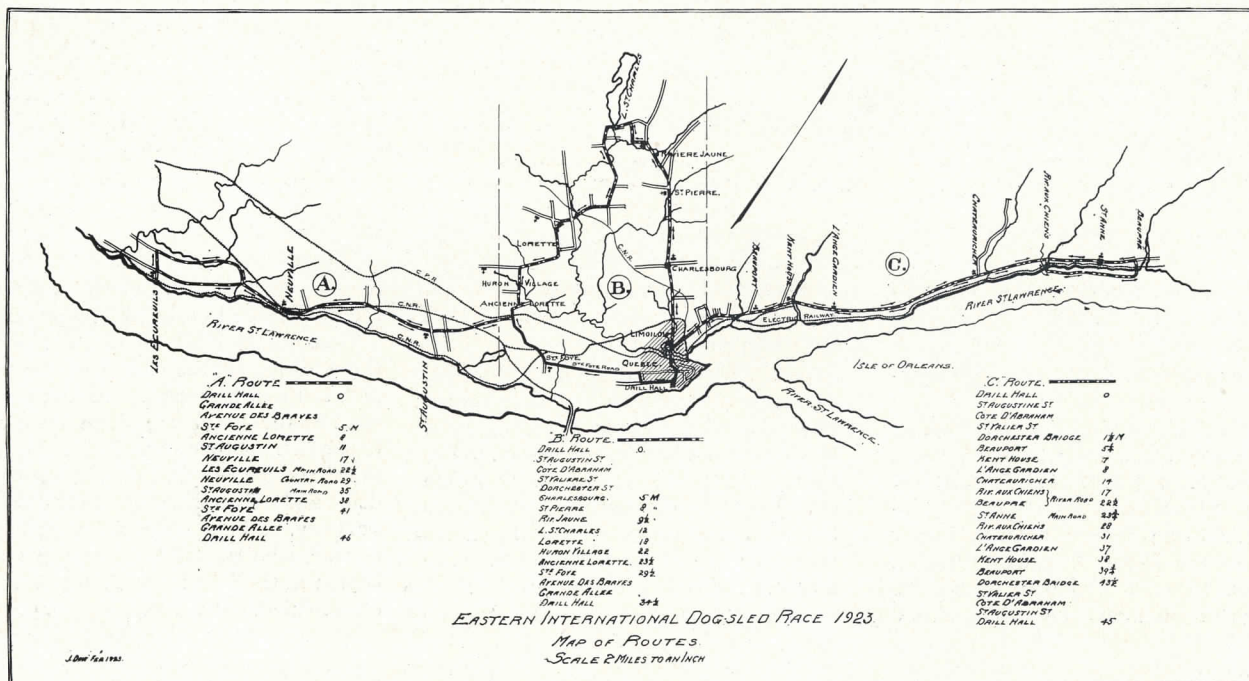
A bulletin service was arranged and

the position and times of the various teams reported by "phone" from points on the route and at no time during the three days were the teams out of touch with the city, being reported every two or three miles en route. On the first day a special train was arranged by the Quebec Railway to follow the teams to River aux Chiens and back. This was a

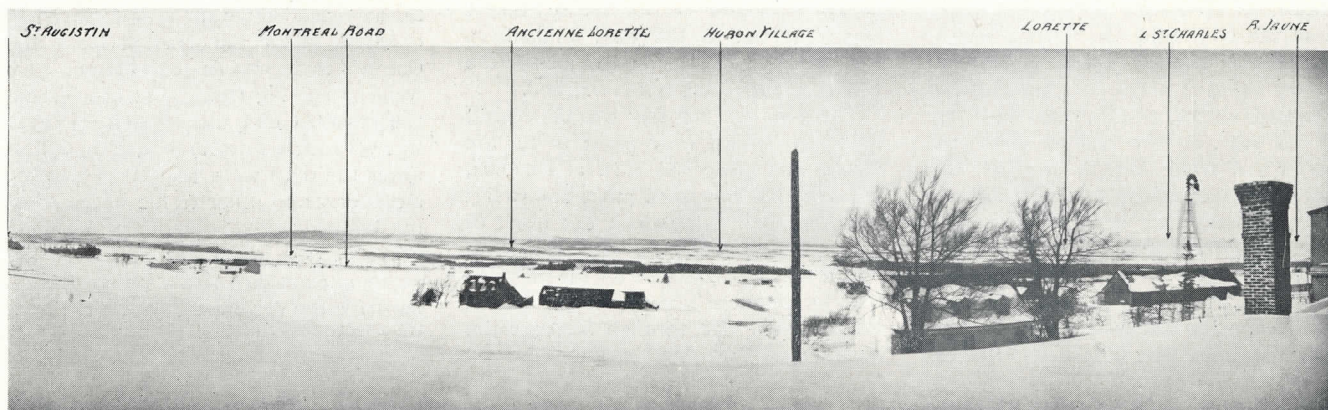
most interesting trip, as the teams were nearly all the time in sight, the car line paralleling the road a very short distance away. As a proof of the popularity of the race, already local dog races have been organized in the country districts and next year's race now that it is known from town to town should bring in double

the number of teams.

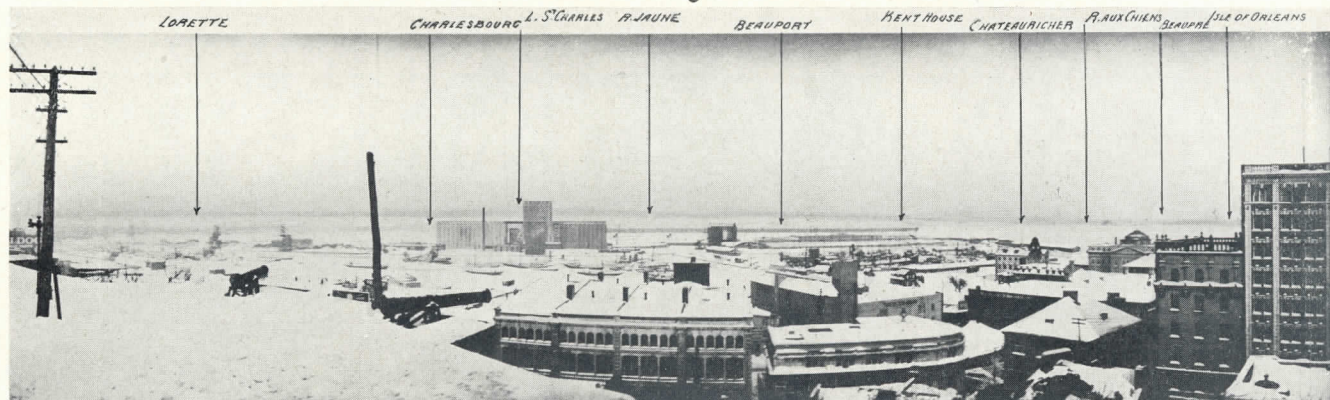
Great credit is due to the management, especially to the secretary, Frank Smith, who worked like a Trojan; in fact at the finish he lost his voice answering telephone calls. Credit is also due to our office Mercury for the manner in which he handled the bulletin service.



Avenue des Braves and St. Foy Road at Bottom. The Teams Pass Down the Avenue and Turn Sharp to Left



View from St. Foy Showing Part of River Jaune-Lorette Course on Right and the Beginning of the Les Ecureuils Course on Left. Intervening Hills Prevented Further Pictures of This Leg. The Distant Mountains Have an Elevation of 2200'



View of Quebec and Beaupre Course Taken from the Ramparts. Part of the River Jaune and Lorette Course is seen on Left. In the Foreground is the Business Section. Inner and Tidal Basin of Docks and Grain Elevator



QUEBEC—1.—St. Peter's Street. 2.—Mountain Hill. 3.—Church of Notre Dame de Victoire. 4.—Post Office. 5.—Chateau Frontenac, New Tower. 6.—The Terrace. 7.—Citadel. 8.—River St. Lawrence. 9.—Levis

SMOKING

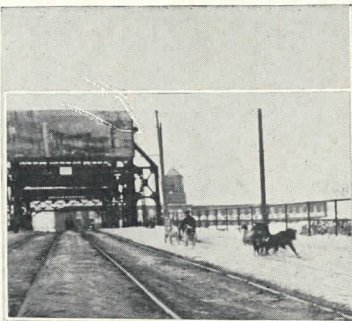
I thought I'd take up smoking;
 So I bought a new T. D.
 And filled it up with fine cut,
 As quick as quick could be.
 My wife's ma was visiting us;
 So thinking it a joke,
 I lit up with a flourish,
 So she could see me smoke.
 "By mighty," now says mother,
 "How long has this gone on!
 You're doomed for ruination
 As sure as you are born."
 But heeding not her warning,
 I filled and smoked some more.
 But this time I grew dizzy,
 And sneaked out thru the door.
 There was that funny feeling,
 So close beneath my chin,
 That soon I was a'reeling,
 As if filled up with gin.
 But this was just a warning;
 So going to the stove,
 I took off all the covers
 And hove and hove and hove.
 At last came up by boot taps,

And then I went to bed,
 Leaving my folks laughing,
 While tears of shame I shed.
 No more I'll smoke tobacco,
 'Tis surely Satan's weed,
 I'll save my dimes and dollars
 And buy my wife some tweed.

Tis better to keep silent and be thought
 fool, than to speak and remove all doubt.



AMUNDSEN SKI CLUB



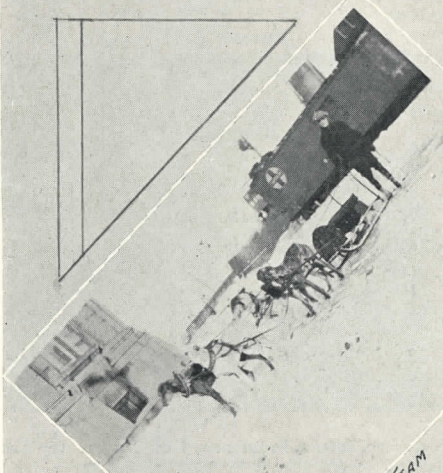
PRICES' TEAM IN A MIX-UP



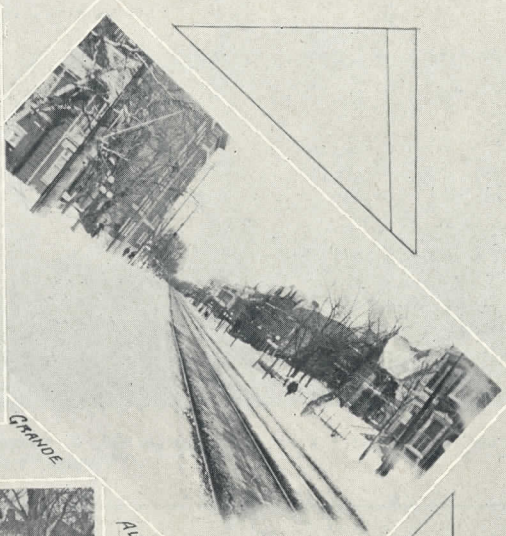
J. LEBEL & HIS TEAM



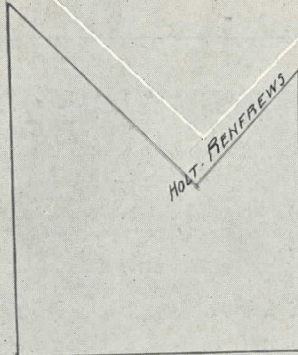
CLARK'S TEAM TAKE THE SIDE WALK



AUGUSTIN HILL



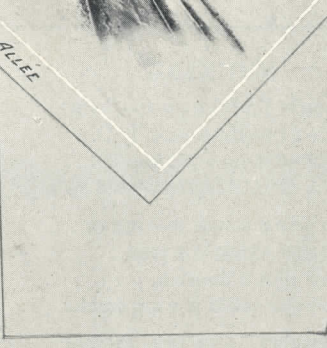
GRANDE



HOLT BENFREWS



J. LEBEL PRICES ST. REGIS
3 MILES FROM HOME 2ND DAY



ALLEE

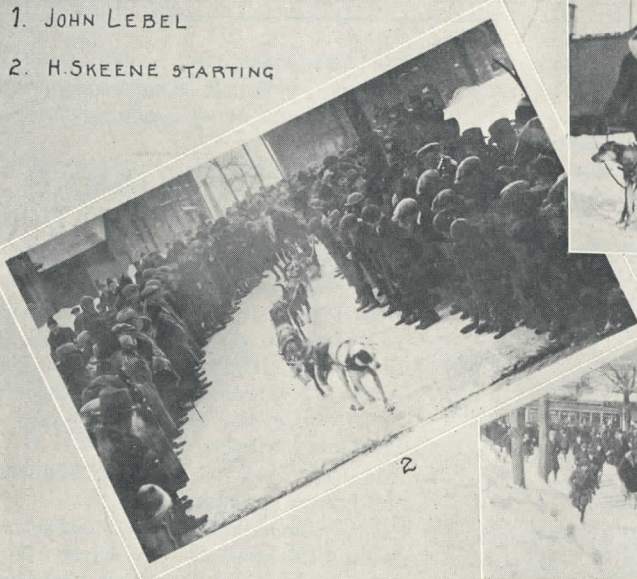


J. DAW

CLARK'S TEAM

1. JOHN LEBEL

2. H. SKEENE STARTING



1

3. LETOURNEAU

4 J. LEBEL FINISHING



4



THE DRILL HALL.

5 LETOURNEAU FINISHING

6 THE FIRST FOUR R TO L



6



5

7 SKEENE ON THE ROAD

8 THE MAYOR PRESENTING THE CUP



8



7

J. DAW.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

When a hog grunts, he is either satisfied or has been disturbed by somebody. We got a grunt out of him last month.

Larkin Soap trade is booming these days. The poor B. & M. will soon have to put on more mail and express ears.

We have a young fellow working on Archie Tourangeau's shift whose name is Fish, and his name does not belie him, for his mates say he uses a powder puff and carries it with him all the time just as the girls do. Now, what do you think about that?

We notice that some of the girls of the Riverside Cutter room are pretty good hockey fans, and, as a rule, they (the girls) have a good backing from the Cascade machine room.

Alfred Turcotte received a letter from his partner in Percy, who is one of the prominent wood dealers in that part of the country. Billy Geron has been thinking of joining the partnership.

John Michaud is back with us again after a short illness.

Joe Couture, back tender on No. 6, came in one day recently with a new shirt and a new pair of pants on.

Pretty cheap, we'll say. The fellows, that have been stealing the items out of the Bulletin box, would steal hot milk from a sick kitten.

Mr. Joe Streeter and Mr. Walsh have been assisting Fred Sheldon more than usual this long winter, all of which Fred is very thankful for.

The "Old Man" is being led to believe that some time during the year 1923, he will have another door to load from, though he has his doubts. Is it too cold to do it now, and no doubt it will be too hot to do it later.

The towel business is rushing, but is handicapped because we cannot get cabinets to go with them. A cat can look at a King, but you cannot make a King furnish cabinets to help out a growing business.

Billy Geroux, the French comedian back-tender, is taking an unlooked for

vacation. We hope it is not as serious as it seems.

There has been a lot said about the meanest man, but after all that has been said we have formed the opinion that our idea of nothing at all is: The man who robbed the Bulletin news box.

Deacon Sheldon has been keeping a sort of home fish market this winter, having had a large supply of pickerel, which he caught early in the winter and kept frozen up. The "Old Man" says he is still waiting for his treat.

Fish: "Say, Mich, how do you ask a girl to marry you?"

Mich: "How do I know? I never had any experience. Ask Joe, he knows."

Irene Frechette, one of our towel machine girls, jammed her fingers in a machine and received a very painful injury, which necessitated the taking of several stitches on them. She has the sympathy of her mates, with the "Old Man's" thrown in.

Alice Cote of the cutter room force, is still in the hospital, and seems destined to be there for some time. Her many friends extend their sympathy and hope for her speedy recovery.

Mrs. Philip Vien, who before she took the fatal step, was Andrea Lemlin, is on her old job on the cutters to help out, and we are all glad to have her with us.

The "old man" was sort of worried for quite a while last month for he heard that Fred Sheldon, of the traffic department was going to have him pinched and prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law, for stealing a box car. It was not a B. & M. for there hasn't been any of that breed seen around here since B. C. Don't hurry about prosecuting, Fred, for the "old man" will be able to square it up when his backyard garden gets going good.

While putting on a new third felt, James Johnson's arm came in contact with the first bottom dryer felt. The result was the loss of quite a piece of bark. We understand he is going to see the safety-first committee about getting a fence around it. Well, James, it was all right and proper to tear the fences down

all around Paine's Hill so as to give you plenty of room, but as to fencing up the paper machine, it can't be done.

THE CLOCK WATCHER'S LEAGUE OF NATIONS

In the beginning we will say this is a real League of Nations, that we are going to write about, not Wilson's but Brown's. In it there are representatives of all nations worth mentioning. This particular league is fast becoming a real menace to honest labor and to the employers of labor.

In order to qualify for membership in this league, you must:

1. Be sure and not start from the time office until eight or one o'clock. This gives you five minutes to get where you can work if you want to.
2. Get together in a bunch and hold a convention, until the boss gets disgusted and drives you to work.
3. Go to the fountain every fifteen minutes, whether you are dry or not.
4. Go to the closet and make a long stay, reading the daily paper, if nothing else.
5. Be sure to keep your eyes on the clock, so you don't miss beginning to get ready for dinner by 11:45 and to end the day about 4:45. This gives you a chance to brag about beating the company out of a half hour every day.
6. Never draw an extra breath before 8 or before 1, as you might strain yourselves and be voted out of the league.
7. Hang around the door about 10 minutes before leaving time, near the office, so that the Super and any other high dignitaries can see you. Then when the gong BLOWS, fall all over yourselves like a herd of wild cattle on a stampede. That is when most of you begin to show real signs of life.
8. Be sure and think that the boss doesn't notice all these points.

There ought to be at least 14 points to this league, but if these few are taken in and digested properly and acted upon in the right way, it will be enough for this month. Anyway the Old Man can't spare any more time this month, as he must peel a peck of small potatoes for dinner. Wouldn't that make a cow climb a ladder?

An explorer says he found where Noah's ark landed. A more timely job would be to find where the dove went.—*Exchange*.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Cecil Manton has postponed his ski race until June. He thinks it will be more interesting.

Reddy Thomas and family have moved to Willow Street, Berlin, N. H.

Fred Clark is looking over flivvers now. He will be riding around in one soon.

A new doctor, alias Ed. Schambier, is selling pills.

D. Poisson has changed his motorcycle for a flivver.

Hedley Parker came to work one morning pretty sleepy. His chimney was on fire, but everything's O. K. now.

Ed. Gagnon is some fast boy. The other day going home to dinner, he sprained his foot.

Fred Roberge has an increase in his family. It's a girl.

Capt. Jim Barnes is thinking the time will soon be here when he can sail on Lake Umbagog again.

George Gale is quite a business man

these days. His hen business has increased enormously.

Joe Paradis is in the business of making hammer handles. Orders taken at the boiler house.

William Hogan has bought a motorcycle.

Mr. Thomas Perreault of the yard crew has accepted a job in the sulphur chloride plant as millwright.

Dennis Driscoll bought a nice new pair of overalls and having to work at the liquid chlorine plant, he decided he would wear his old ones for a day or so longer, not wishing to burn his new ones. Anyway, when he put his new ones on, he found that the mice had done the same thing that the chlorine would have done, viz., eat large holes in them.

Joe Vallis, Sr., has a Ford auto for sale. Price \$350.00. Inquire at caustic plant.

There are good fellows at the Chemical Mill, but they very rarely meet outside of work. Why not a jollification some evening, a bite to eat, and a little song? It might bring the downness out of us.

Farmers are getting anxious these

spring days, especially Henry Conway our expert farmer.

Our friend, Pedro McKenzie, of the bleach plant has come to the conclusion that his room and board stuff is all bunk, so a wee bit friend o'his'n hae hired a small cottage doon tae Cascade and they air going tae batch it. He moved his chattels last Friday night and is settled nicely noo. We hae no name for this nice wee cottage but that Billy Hogan suggests Hotel de Gink; but that's tae course, why not Haggis Hoose.

Mr. William Reid of Rockland, Maine, who recently returned by Cunard Liner Tyrherria after a four months' vacation spent in Scotland and England, is visiting his son, John Reid.

Charlie Fountain is spending a few days at the Maine General Hospital, Portland, recuperating from an operation on his knee. He has informed the boys that he is getting along nicely.

Charles Pinnette won the election as councilman from Ward 3, after a lively battle with C. J. Oleson. Charles says he will work for the best interests of the city. The boys at the mill wish him a successful term of office.

CASCADE JUICE

When is milk, milk? and when is cream cream? Fred Bovard and Frank Gorman got into a controversy over who's cow gave the richest milk and they each agreed to bring a pint into the mill and permit Pat McGee to act as judge and that they would both abide by Pat's decision. The milk was brought to the blacksmith shop as per agreement and placed in Pat's ice house, but some time during the morning someone stole the two pints of milk. We have been informed that this was a cream contest and not a milk contest, as the two contestants agreed to bring in milk but instead they both brought in cream. It was pretty fair cream, we understand.

As a member of the B. A. A., I would ask permission to inquire as to the financial standing of our association and

if plans are under way for a base ball team this coming summer.

If one calls to inspect Mr. Hannaford's office please note that his roof has been fixed.

Bill Palmer got in wrong at home recently, he stole his home carpet sweeper to use on spot cutter. Some unkind person informed as to its whereabouts and Bill installed a suction box.

Our esteemed Mr. Elliott is considering putting wings on his Hudson.

Mr. Rivard, our hockey R. W., is ill.

Mr. Perkins is busy these days, trying to make water run up hill or down hill,

any place to get rid of it.

The Hudson Club has ordered a convention to take place immediately after two fair days in succession.

The Y. M. C. A. meet is causing some enthusiasm.

Mr. Gifford, paper maker on No. 2 machine, has gone with the Great Northern Paper Co., Millinocket, Me. We are sorry to lose him as he was a good hockey fan. David Markee assumes the responsibility of caring for No. 2 machine in place of Mr. Gifford.

Doc Thing's new alum plant so far has merits in that the alum handles easy and control seems to be of the eager manner. Let it come, Doc.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all those who sent beautiful flowers and kindly assisted us during our recent bereavement, and especially to the fellow workmen at the Cascade mill.

Mrs. Laura Goodridge,
Ralph W. Goodridge,
Mrs. Estella M. Goodridge,
Libbie Lynne Goodridge:

If you wish to see Chas. Dauphiney of the pipe shop, between the hours of 6 p. m., and 11 p. m., his office has been changed to the Gorham Bowling Alleys. They close at 11 precisely. (Adv.)

What are you carrying that "Danger" sign around on your back for, Jack? Yes, I mean the pipe shop.

Jos. Hennessey, or Spike, was confined to the house for two or three days with la grippe.

We are sorry to be obliged to record the passing of two old-time members of the wood room staff; Albert J. Goodridge and Elmer B. Twitchell, the former being an especially old-time resident, and the latter, coming later. Both were familiar commuters on the rapid transit, and the boys will sincerely miss their companionship. Of two different attitudes, but both of the 100 percent friendship variety, they always maintained a sunny Jim disposition to the many changes of life. Mr. Twitchell has been a sufferer for years with the malady that finally proved fatal,

yet with all his serious affliction, there were few that ever heard him complain. The boys extend their heartfelt sympathy to the families of both in their loss of a sincere and loyal friend, husband and father.

Hank Hammond has been chosen captain of the "Ross Hounds," a new organization in the village of Gorham, celebrating particularly the election of our curve room artist, Doc Ross, to the honored position of selectman. Geezer said "I knowed it all the time."

WANTED:—A Wife: Short plump lady of 85 summers (winters immaterial) weighing not over 400 lbs., avoirdupois, not over 4 feet 12½ inches tall, of the bond type (not drug store), heavenly blue eyes, not overfond of chocolates, especially of the higher priced varieties; and one that could put in a happy existence on three squares, with not a thought of Doug and Mary to mar the martial happiness. Object: widowhood, if of sufficient means to enable a short dark man to live comfortably with ordinary care. Apply to Shorty, wood room department.

Philip Goss, of the electrical crew, has transferred to the sulphite plant. We are sorry to see Phil go as we have no one to argue with now. What did you do with the hat, Phil?

The stork has been busy around the electrical crew lately. The following

families were visited, and the young gentlemen are staying with their respective parents.

HERSCHEL MAURICE HOWE

Parents: Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Howe.

FREDERICK O'NEIL TWITCHELL

Parents: Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil Twitchell

THOMAS JOSEPH McNALLY

Parents: Mr. and Mrs. F. X. McNally

The boys congratulate the parents and extend best wishes to them and to the new arrivals.

Walter Dwyer has received his first and foremost lesson in poultry raising. Lesson 1: He had a flock of 12 pullets, and only seven of them were laying; this seemed strange to Walter, so he called in one of the neighbors to find out how he could pick out the ones which were laying, and those which were lying. His neighbor informed him that the five roosters did not lay eggs.

There will be some class to John (Hot-foot) Lynch when he gets out his new Boiled Rice touring car.

Our little French timekeeper says, looking at his hands: "I tell you those are hard working hands." No wonder, that's what he talks with.

We didn't know until recently that some of the papermakers at Riverside had discontinued their daily newspaper, and are broadcasting their social gossip. Even radio can be abused.



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



MAIN OFFICE

We wonder who the main office girl was who caused all the commotion by wearing a diamond ring on February 19th. We understand there were some hard feelings, but we don't know whether it was over the ring or the man. (Gossip).

We have been requested by Misses Flora and Vera to give you a brief outline of their late trip to the virgin shores of Cedar Pond.

On March 3rd, at the Grand Trunk terminal, Vera, Flora, Hannah and Annie, reinforced by Milton, Albion, Ernest, Harold and countless pieces of other luggage, such as canned beans, snowshoes, beef tongue and other eatables, boarded the 9:30 (per G. T. time table) Montreal Flyer at 10:40 for Cedar Pond. We're off.

We have a vague idea that they stopped at Dresser's Lodge. We gather from their various uncertain statements that they enjoyed motor-boating in the moonlight and other aquatic sports. Much to their disappointment, it came to an end altogether too soon, and after a cold night's sleep, it was with heavy hearts and other excess luggage that they had to leave for the West Milan station in the wee hours of Monday, and it was a still greater disappointment that they caught a glimpse of the train leaving when they were still a mile away, and with Tommie's music they trudged along on foot, arriving home in time for work Monday afternoon. Tommy finished in good condition, but Aunt Vera was rather fagged.

For further information please consult Flora and Aunt Vera.

As far as we know, McCarthy is the only man who has entered the sacred precinct of the girls' rest room and came out smiling.

We are all glad to see Marion Brown back to work again after a week's illness.

Our sympathy is extended to Rosamond, who on March 11th went out skiing with the intention of breaking all records, and to her disappointment broke her finger instead.

Joe Letourneau of the tube mill department, has resigned his position with the Brown Co. and has accepted a position in Worcester, Mass.

Our "spark plug," Joe Dube of the

traffic department, must have bought his hat at Raymonds. Some hat, Joe.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Mr. M. O. Schur enjoyed a business trip to Parlin, N. J., for consultation work with the Hercules Powder Company.

Mr. Donald Gross has been transferred from the Bureau of Tests to the Experimental Mill.

Born, March 12, a son, Harold Perry, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Vannah at Gorham.

The many friends of Dr. Horace G. Byers are glad to learn that he has been elected President of the American Institute of Chemistry.

The Joliettes gave a very unique St. Patrick's Day party at the Girls' Club. The table decorations were shamrocks and bits of green, while a very pretty Irish scene formed the centerpiece. There were Irish recitations, folk dances, jigs, and songs by John McCormick on the Victrola to help create the atmosphere. The souvenirs were Irish-costumed Kewpie dolls and briar pipes.

"Everybody's One of 'Em"

No longer little Mickey Hare,
Whose ways are wild and meek,
Will keep my clothing in repair
For 50 cents a week.

He now demands a larger sum,
Which I esteem too dear,
For lately Michael has become
A Pressing Engineer.

The days when Tonio Dorio
Would clip and trim my lawn
And make my kitchen garden grow
For ten a month are gone.
He now is making wads of pelf,
Takes contracts by the year,
And on his billheads styles himself
A Mowing Engineer.

The lads from Greece who cleaned my shoes

Once in a cheaper time,
Now with a haughty scowl refuse
My little proffered dime.
One sees them by appointment now,
They're risen, it appears,
And have become, so they avow,
Shoe Surface Engineers.

Old 'Rastus Johnson comes no more
To take the cans away,
Or knocks upon the kitchen door
To seek his weekly pay.

He's found a way of getting his—
The dusky profiteer—
His card informs me that he is
A Garbage Engineer.

—New York Tribune.

TUBE MILL No. 2

The employees of this department wish to extend to Mr. Gus Anderson their sympathy in the death of his late relative.

Two ambitious young men in this department have recently purchased skis and have started intensive training. We won't mention their names at this time owing to the fact that they are modest. However, if the tube mill is not represented in next year's carnival by Goodno and Leroux it will not be their fault.

George Budway has returned to work after a leave of absence. His return has caused considerable worry for the "Pitch Champs." In fact they have worn out several decks of cards trying to hold their own with him. But cheer up, fellows. He is more experienced and you know an amateur generally lacks the experience of the "Old Timers."

George Cunningham of late has been taking in all the entertainments and we are told that George sure can shake a "light fantastic." Good luck to you, George, but tell us the reason for all this high life. We would like and introduction ourselves perhaps.

The enameling plant is very busy these days and "Joe" says it takes all his time keeping the girls supplied with paint—not the kind that is classed as a cosmetic, however.

Anyone wishing to debate on the local politics should consult Arthur Langis, as he is always ready to furnish an argument on that subject.

Traffic has been so heavy on the "Toonerville Trolley" that "Mac" had to oil the wheels, they were getting so hot.

The boys were glad to see the smiling faces of Douglass and Perkins again after their vacation.

There is so much talking about hogs at the Riverside Mill that it reminds one of a farming center rather than a place where paper is made.

BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

Roy Brown, Peter Fournier, Tom Gravel, George Pinard, Ed. Fournier, Lloyd Budway and Big Bull Willett are all very anxious to get their old gas wagons out in the air once more.

Pat Collins intends to take a trip to the old dirt in the near future.

Big Bull Willett gets all het up when he starts talking to our friend, Tom Hanley. Tom wants Pete Noonan to put a muzzle on Bill.

Hugh Wilde owns a ripping battler of a Cuban game rooster. This bird has beaten all the roosters, Tom cats, bull dogs, including Sil Wedge's Rex, and in fact every living thing over in Liberty Park. Ed. Hynes does not dare to lay the bird from Hugh, for if he should get his muzzle off his teeth are so sharp, that he might bite Ed.

The bear trap king, Mr. Jim Lowe, has turned out some very good traps recently. He has traps, razors, knives, carving sets and all kinds of hand-forged articles for sale at his Willard Street forge shop. Jim is a former shop mate of ours and we wish him good luck.

FEBRUARY ACCIDENTS

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	40
Without loss of time.....	6
Total.....	46

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	1
Minor accidents.....	13
Without loss of time.....	40
Total.....	54

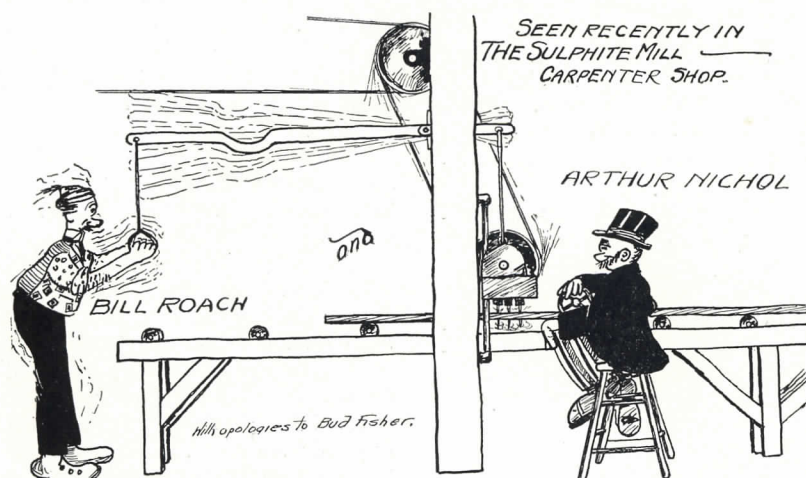
SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	3
Without loss of time.....	28
Total.....	31

One of the most attractive pieces of advertising matter that has crossed the editorial desk for some time is a circular being sent out by the Brown Company of Portland, Me., relating to their "Nibroc Kraft Towels." The circular is accompanied by one of the towels, neatly folded to envelope size, and printed in three colors in a manner which, incidentally, is a powerful argument in support of the printing qualities of kraft paper.

—Paper, February 28, 1923.

SULPHITE MILL GAS



Mr. Reichel of the storehouse was lately called to Lewiston by the illness and death of his mother and of his brother. Mr. Reichel in the discharge of his duties formerly at the time office and lately at the storehouse, has by his courteous conduct made a host of friends who extend to him their sincere sympathy in his bereavement.

We observed Duncan McLean giving boxing lessons to K. O Lambert recently at the drum building. Duncan was demonstrating the proper method of uppercutting with the left accompanied by an overhand swing with the right. Unfortunately he was unable to continue further on account of the drum mill starting up.

Why doesn't Jules Berube take his hat off when entering the electric shop? We know, Jules, but all of us will be bald headed some day.

Miss Smyth of the curve room says women cannot be tamed. Look out, Smyth, Dick was in a circus once.

ACCORDING TO RULES

There is an order in the sulphite mill relating to the practice of throwing stock in and about the machine room.

It seems that Mr. Rahmanop picked up a handful of stock the other day and stuck it upon the window of Harry Wheeler's weighing office to inspect it, departing shortly after.

Not a great while later Johnnie Lavoie, making his rounds discovered said stock and rushing into Harry's office demanded

to know who threw it, threatening immediate discharge to the culprit.

They say Johnnie was rather surprised upon Harry's replying: "Yes, sir, I'll tell Mr. Rahmanop you wish to see him."

Well, well, Frank Seguin is still busting out, trying to bust up. Never mind, Frank, keep on trying, sit down again and in spare time get a few pointers from the boy on how to play the drums.

They say northeastern Siberia is the coldest place on earth, but have you ever been in the Burgess laboratory?

We would like to know how much Stark Wilson was getting to advocate the new tax law.

The recent storms reminded one of the winter the boys from Burgess went down to Littleton to shovel snow to open the B. & M. road. When they reached Littleton they were as hungry as wolves and rushed to the nearest restaurant. A young lady standing near the window saw the crowd coming and rushed to the door, locked it and ran to the rear of the shop. One look at that Burgess crowd and she thought the days of Jesse James were back again.

Everybody is anxious to have a rematch of the last fight at the drum room, but not "Kid Henry." He says: "It ain't fair to hit on the nose." Better luck, Henry, next time.

Say, Farlardeau, don't you know enough to choose a better man than Chaisson to start training for a fight? Why don't you

see Gilmet, your manager, and make him choose the Trainer.

Business experts tell us that "A good man is willing to be shown." Let us suggest hiring Pete Dubey, McLean's electrician, into the Burgess electrical crew. Might put him on the motor job.

We all missed the valuable services as well as the smiling countenance of the regular sulphite mill nurse, Miss Fagan, who was called to Wilson's Mills, professionally to help check an epidemic of the grippe. However, we were fortunate to receive attention from Miss Kennedy, the Cascade nurse, who was here afternoons looking after the ills of the sulphite workers.

Coal, did you say? Oh, cold, yes plenty of that.

We were sorry to hear of the accident in which the young son of John Lavoie injured his eye to such an extent that he was taken to Portland for treatment by Dr. Holt and we are glad that he is rapidly improving.

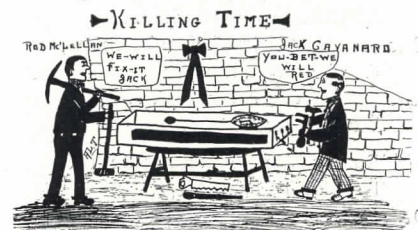
It seems like old times to have the curve room crew complete once more with Amelia, Julie and Smythie back on their jobs.

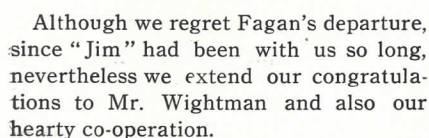
Moody: "Say, Webb, you know down at Cape Cod they—er—"

Webb: "Cape Cod, what's that, a fish?"

Moody: "Haw, haw, you big fish, don't you know nothin'? All the fishes I know don't wear capes."

Many political arguments were in order the past week and we heard Bill McCarroll proclaiming loudly: "Let's put in some good staple men who will know what they are doing." We wondered what he meant by "staple" and if he were campaigning for himself.





The Burgess Band held a meeting at the Y. M. C. A., Thursday, March 12th, for the purpose of electing officers for one year.

With these men behind the band, not only the City of Berlin but the entire

**BURGESS RELIEF
ASSOCIATION**

Harold Connolly.....	\$ 24 48
Ralph Campbell.....	45 20
Fermain Gosselin.....	15 06
Sifrois Picard.....	22 26
David Lessard.....	23 00
Patrick Hayes.....	70 00
Alf. Legere.....	33 90
Mrs. Henry Rocheleau.....	45 20
Odilon Thibodeau.....	66 80
Mrs. Solomon Lovejoy.....	78 00
Frederick Dion.....	56 00
Eugene Legendre.....	34 50
James Perry.....	54 00
Phillip Bernard.....	39 30
A. D. Bigley.....	76 50

The indemnities for sickness and accidents for the month of February are as follows:

Jos. Rheame.....	\$119 87
Jos. Bouchard	56 50
Alec Therriault.....	27 00
Arthur Thomas.....	11 40
Domonic Descanio.....	24 70
Wm. Arsenault.....	8 50
Thomas Tardiff.....	3 96
Ernest G. Porter.....	23 00
Chas. Fournier.....	58 80
Robert Hutchinson	22 60
Domonic Baldessara.....	22 60
Gustave Godin	36 73
A. T. Coulon.....	37 34
Dan Clark.....	98 16
Michael Bouchard.....	9 67
Vlademar Talaika	19 10
Wilf. Bailby.....	13 70
Francis McKee.....	34 00
Hakon Gade.....	34 60
Arthur Gagne.....	6 15
Francis Roy.....	44 20
Mrs. Henry Rocheleau.....	45 20
Odilon Thibodeau.....	33 40
Mrs. Solomon Lovejoy.....	78 00
Fr-derick Dion.....	44 33
Eugene Legendre.....	46 00
Ralph Campbell.....	56 50
Phillip Bernard.....	52 40
Wm. Arsenault.....	17 00
Theo. Chaloux.....	70 00
Cecil Springs.....	37 48
Joseph Simard.....	50 40

Total\$1243 29

A black and white oval portrait of a man with short, dark hair, wearing round-rimmed glasses, a white shirt, a dark tie, and a dark suit jacket. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and textured.

We wish to extend our congratulations to Albert A. Sylvester of the retail department. During the recent municipal election of the city of South Portland, Mr. Sylvester was elected alderman of Ward 4, the only democrat on the board, despite

There seems to be an epidemic of "grandfathers" in Portland office. Chas. Means is the latest to announce he is a member of the select circle.

New York city.

Jeff Foster thought he had left his watch at home the other morning and took it out to see if he had time to go back for it.

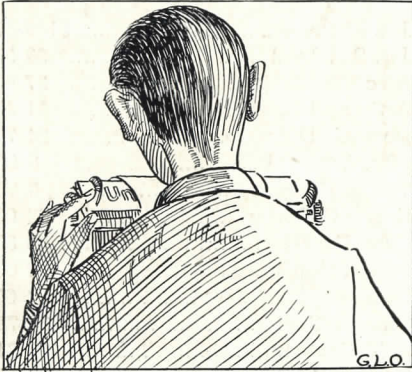
There was not a "dry" eye at the bootlegger's funeral.

Arthur Spring says that one advantage in wearing a derby hat is that no one wants to steal it.

W. E. Perkins, secretary to the president, spent several days in New York city this month.

George M. Sterling, financial department, won first prize at a masquerade held recently at Union Hall, Peaks Island, dressed up as a "bad coon." George must have shown them a few of his latest clog steps.

If you see Messrs, Kelsey, Perkins and Peterson together and talking about let-



THE PERSON WHO FIRST GUESSES WHICH MEMBER OF THE ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT THIS IS, WILL BE AWARDED AN OBSOLETE LOTTERY TICKET BY CARROLL MOUNTFORT.

ters in the alphabet, don't get alarmed at their condition. They are recent converts to the "radio bugs."

Next month we expect to give a long and interesting article on "How Ralph Dyer was marooned on Cape Elizabeth in a snow storm." Very harrowing.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEED
A little more kindness and a little less

creed;
A little more giving and a little less greed;
A little more smile and a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we" and a little less "I";
A little more laughs and a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of life,
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

—Times of Cuba,

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Indemnity claims paid for the month of February, 1923.

Melbury Boutallier.....	\$ 22 60
Anna Morressette.....	9 69
Thos. Thompson.....	22 60
Albert Maurice.....	19 82
Geo. Lessard.....	11 30
Thos. Suffile.....	64 76
Jos. Giguire.....	79 10
Arthur L. Witcher.....	67 60
Frank R. Oliver.....	52 50
M. Malloy.....	38 40
Alfred Dion.....	12 00

Henry Dufresne.....	\$ 15 07
Archie Cormier.....	23 20
Henry J. Ouilette.....	12 80
John Oleson.....	96 00
Ole Oleson.....	11 30
Maurice Hutchins.....	35 70
Wm. Murphy.....	110 00
Wilfred Laland.....	24 18
Annie McLain.....	235 60
Oliver Keenan.....	26 21
Rose Lemeux.....	8 30
John McKay.....	11 30
Wm. Desrochers.....	29 60
Maurice Landers.....	13 00
Herbert Kelly.....	161 70
Nicholas Cormier.....	32 86
Wm. J. Williams.....	33 90
Evrette Gatchell.....	7 85
Elmer Twitchell.....	26 60
Ernest Carbery.....	45 20
Meril Evans.....	22 60
Alex Morin.....	16 95
Andrew King.....	15 06
Herbert Whittemore.....	16 00
Eddie Guay.....	19 73
Louis Vallier.....	15 41
Al. Goodrich.....	35 78
Geo. Roberge.....	20 70
Louis Gregoire.....	11 00
Alfred Fecteau.....	37 40
Joe Savoie.....	14 97
Ernest Turgeon.....	11 56
Joseph E. Oliver.....	17 60
Wilton W. McLeod.....	27 20
Thomas Bastille.....	17 40
Arthur Anderson.....	5 65
Jos. Murphy.....	40 80
Alice Cole.....	24 60
M. H. Mortinson, Sr.....	48 00
Sverre Knudson.....	94 80
Arthur Cadorette.....	90 00
Fortunet L'Heureux.....	11 30

Total.....\$1975 25

CAPITALISTS

Want to be a capitalist? Do you envy the capitalist class? Save one dollar and put it in the bank. You will then be a capitalist.

Money employed in or available for production is capital. Your dollar placed in the bank immediately becomes available for production, and the bank pays you for the use of that dollar. The money is working for you while you sleep.

Save another dollar and you increase your capital and also double the amount of your earnings outside your regular employment.

Keep on saving dollars and soon you will have a capital which will start you in a small business of your own, or be a source of comfort in time of adversity, or simply continue to work for you through the bank and constantly increase in amount.

A large income is not necessary to begin saving. Many with large incomes do not save a cent. Others with very small earnings save a surprisingly large amount. The point is to set aside a certain sum and live on the rest. You would have to if your income were reduced. Do it anyway. It is easy if you make up your mind and stick to it.

Want to be a capitalist? Save a dollar. Then keep saving.—Exchange.

