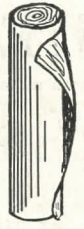




THE BROWN BULLETIN.



VOL. IV.

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

No. 4



SULPHITE MILL FROM BEYOND Y. M. C. A. BRIDGE

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. IV.

OCTOBER, 1922

No. 4

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BROWN COMPANY DISTRICT NURSING DEPARTMENT (Established 1903)

(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

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

Consulting Physician for August, Dr. Marcon

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Open to all employees except those eligible to Burgess Relief Association

PRES., A. K. Hull, Riverside
VICE-PRES., Peter Landers, Cascade

SEC., P. L. Murphy, Cascade
TREAS., E. F. Bailey, Main Office

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A. W. O'Connell, Chemical Plants

PICTURES WANTED

The small number of pictures in this issue is due to the fact that our supply is exhausted. Take some or draw some and send them in. Thank you.

ACCIDENTS FOR MONTH OF AUGUST

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	9
Accidents without loss of time.....	32
Total for month.....	41

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	29
Accidents without loss of time.....	33
Total for month.....	62

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	16
Accidents without loss of time.....	42
Total for month.....	58

Obituaries

CASCADE MILL

Delphis Therrien was born May 16, 1871. He commenced work with the Company, October, 1904, and worked until January 27, 1922. He died August 25, 1922.

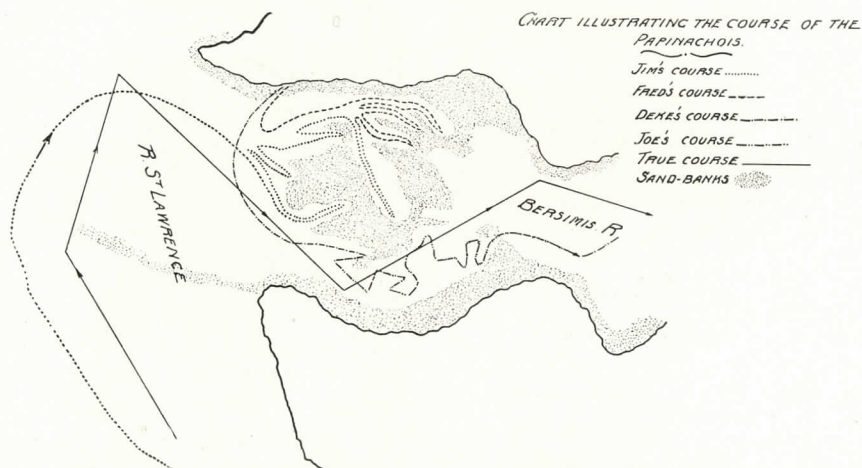
Patrick Shevlin was born in Ireland, February 12, 1891. He started to work at the Cascade mill in the sulphite department in April, 1913, and was transferred to the electrical department, April 7, 1914, where he worked continuously until the time of his death, August 31, 1922.

UPPER PLANTS

John E. Thoits was born November 30, 1877. He began working for the Company, June 11, 1900, in the time office. He was transferred to the Kream Krisp office, November 25, 1918, where he worked until June 1, 1922. He died August 29, 1922.

James McCann was born July 7, 1860. He first came to work for the Company in 1882 and worked until August 16, 1922. He died August 30, 1922.

A TOUR OF THE BERSIMIS OPERATIONS



It was recently my privilege as a novice to be attached to a scientific party visiting this operation and a short story of my experiences may be of interest.

Papinachois is the port of entry to this district and to get there, you set sail from Rimouski Wharf and cross the St. Lawrence which can be, when it likes, as dirty a piece of water as there is between here and Cape Horn.

We were to spend a week there diagnosing the ages of trees on the various properties (who the "we" were will appear in the course of the narrative) but as all the party are still alive names have been disguised to avoid causing offence.

From Quebec you reach Rimouski by train and think yourself well on the way but you are not, you still have a three mile drive over a road which when it is not bumps is holes, to Rimouski Wharf where the far famed Lewis L. awaits you at the pier head. This pier stretches out into the St. Lawrence and can only be compared with Euclid's definition of a straight line, length without breadth and was apparently started with the intention of reaching the North shore had not some Governmental earthquake stopped its completion. Beauty is conspicuous by its absence, except at night when you can't see the pier but only the illuminating lights. The Lewis L. was there and as far as we could see, out to the North a lot of nasty looking white-caps also. If you are a fair gymnast you will have no

difficulty in getting aboard and receive a hearty if somewhat sympathetic welcome from the Captain and crew. You realize where the sympathy comes in later. If you are old and stiff as I am, the crew will get you aboard somehow or other, chiefly somehow; if you are a good sailor you will be able to listen to the praises of the good old boat and of the wonderful trips she has made in the face of terrible weather; if you are not you will wish the Lewis L. in Hades. She is as proud and disdainful as a lady treading the waves with her nose tossed well in the air, pirouetting about like a ballet girl in the front row, in fact behaving in every way except that in which all respectable ships should. If you can imagine a motion in which "Looping the Loop" a toboggan slide, and an old time Saturday night jag are all mixed up together, you've got it pretty near. They say that she is a good sea boat (maybe she is not used to river work) and in calm weather, perfect. Now according to nautical language a ship is a "she" and are not all the female sex perfect under those conditions. You married men who are reading this ought to know. She certainly loves the water, she fairly wallows in it. In the course of four or five hours you will find yourself, if still conscious (?) in Papinachois, where you will be welcomed by Mayor Jim, the Corporation and anybody else who happens to be around. When we were there most of the aldermen were away and Fred was the only one present to assist in the ceremony. You will receive con-

gratulations or sympathy as the case may be, a bath and a good meal or you may prefer to retire to your bed thanking your stars that you are again on "Terra Firma," wondering at the same time why your interior anatomy still seemed to be on the way from Rimouski; Donald will tell you.

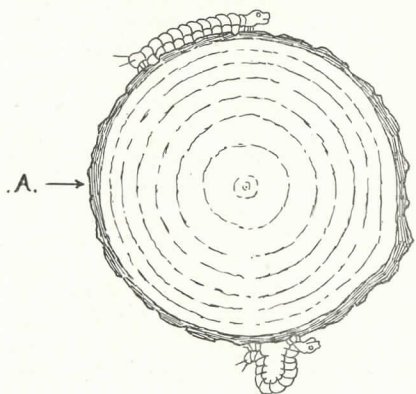
We were to make age studies, to make these you go into the "bush," Jim and Deke generally picking the roughest parts they could find and at a considerable distance from the dinner table. When you get there you blaze all the trees for miles around, calling the different species and the diameters. When this is completed and you have killed all the black flies and mosquitoes that are attached to you, you proceed to cut down four or five trees that are generally in the most awkward places to get at and take exhaustive measurements. D. O. S., D. B. H. and Merch., if you know what that means, I didn't but I do now. Really, all this could be done comfortably in the office using the following formula,—Think of five numbers having decimal fractions tacked on to them, each under say, 18, these will be D. O. S., for D. B. H. add .375, multiply the result by three and you will get Merch.

But it is worth going into the bush if only to watch the skilled axemen. The Mayor, the surviving Alderman and Donald were doing the cutting, Deke telling them which tree to cut. There would then be a long consultation as to which way the tree should be felled. I found by experience that it was safer to stand in that direction as except in cases where trees got hung up in another tree, they never fell where they were expected to.

I started to try and cut down a tree once but Deke suggested that it would be better for me to use a saw. It was a very tactful way of putting it, as he did not want to hurt my feelings. You see I am only a draughtsman but then the pen is always mightier than the saw (d). Then the excitement of taking D. O. S., D. B. H. and Merch, they sound like abbreviations for swear words but are not. These are taken with a diameter tape, which tape is marked out in spaces about three inches apart. You need not be too particular in the markings as before long the darn thing gets so covered with gum that nobody can read it.

We discovered a caterpillar which came in very useful for this work. Its mode of locomotion was by planting its fore feet firmly and drawing the hind part of its body into a loop somewhat in the shape of an inverted U, then, fastening its rear legs it extended its body to the full extent and repeated the operation. Each of

METHOD OF EMPLOYING CATAPILLARS
TO OBTAIN DIAMETERS
"A." STARTING POINT.



these operations covered exactly one inch and by starting two of them tail to tail in opposite directions so that they would circle the log until they met in head-on collision and counting and adding together the loops made by each one, we were able to estimate the diameter with a fair amount of accuracy. They took a little training but we found them docile and intelligent and if somewhat deliberate in their movements, they got there all the same. Having exhausted all the mean pieces of bush near Papinachois, Deke decided to go East to the Bartholemy River and the day following to the Riviere des Rosiers.

The Mayor now donned the uniform of Lord High Admiral, and Fred that of Chief Engineer of the sloop Papinachois, Deke as pilot had nothing to do on this trip as they had all the St. Lawrence to play around in and so long as they went ashore somewhere in or near these rivers it did not matter much. I don't know whether they hit the right rivers or not, but they said they did and everybody seemed satisfied, anyway the flies appreciated our visit, I do not think that they had had a feast of real good, rich, healthy blood, such as they got off the writer, in years.

The work here was similar to that described previously except that D. O. S. and D. B. H. did at times represent abbreviations for swear words but of course only in the minor degree, the portions of bush picked out for plotting were a trifle worse and the flies bigger and more ferocious but practice had improved the axemen and it was almost safe to stand in close proximity when they were felling a tree. Fred had a little misfortune with a wasps' nest here and in beating it realized that discretion was the better part of valor, but there was some little trouble with one of the inmates when he sat down on a log later on.

We noticed quite a lot of animalculæ in the river on these trips, seals, porpoise, ducks and things like that, at least "Sut" who had now joined us, said they were, but to my lay mind more like stray pulp logs and I think that Jim Taylor should go down and look 'round the district.

Now that we had sampled all the beauty spots (?) East of Pap, Deke decided to go West up the River Bersimis and in visiting Bob's camp seek fresh fields and pastures new.

This was a very ticklish trip, requiring good seamanship and very skillful piloting owing to the fact that the mouth of the Bersimis is full of sandbars and at low tide the channel is very narrow and, as will be seen, hard to navigate.

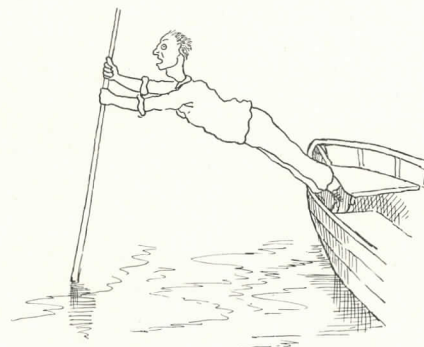


THE FLIES WERE BIGGER
& MORE FEROCIOUS.

At the East a bar (Volstead) extends out into the St. Lawrence for some distance according to charts, but you cannot depend on them as sandbars have a habit of shifting, this one must have done some humping as we went nearly to Rimouski to get round it.

After considerable debate between the Admiral and Chief Engineer, we started up the river and were successful in locating nearly all the sandbars. Losing hope of finding any more they handed the job over to Deke, so Donald and Sut were pressed into service for sounding, which nearly led to disaster. We had disengaged from one of our friendly sandbars when Donald's pole stuck in the mud while the boat was floating out with the current, Donald held onto the boat with his hands and onto the boat with his feet. The distance between boat and pole gradually widened and it was only Sut's presence of mind in grasping him by that portion of his pants that he was wont to sit on, that

he escaped a watery grave. Later Sut had a near shave, he was poling in shallow water and suddenly struck a hole, with the result that the pole went out of sight, nearly taking Sut with it. Shortly after this we went up high and dry on the only undiscovered sandbar and decided to seek information from the natives, who in-



THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE BOAT AND
THE POLE WAS GRADUALLY WIDENING.

formed us that the channel was a mile off on the other side of the river. We waited for the turn of the tide, Deke in charge. He quickly found a channel and as quickly lost it again, and in disgust resigned. The writer then had a shot at it and by careful observations took the boat through a channel which we were afterwards informed did not exist, finally reaching Bob's camp.

Bob is a regular Alexander Selkirk, monarch of all he "surveys," and with his man Friday (Gordon) and the cook reigns supreme. Bob fell in with Deke's ideas completely, he knew of a lovely spot for plots, somewhere up the sluice line. Leaving the camp after a splendid feed we passed through one of the finest mosquito incubating grounds it has been my lot to visit since leaving the West Coast of Africa, then through the gully and up the sluice line. Up it was, up a hill as straight as the wall of a house, D. O. S. was not in it, it was D. B. H. and as hot as you can make it. Anyhow we got to the spot and started the usual preamble, I don't think this part of the property can be very healthy, there are so few flies about and the absence of the usual buzz gave one the impression that bush life had a struggle for existence. On completion we returned to camp, from which the party set sail for "Pap," leaving the writer to carry out some confidential work effecting volumes which cannot be explained here.

On returning to Papinachois I was taken down the real channel which, however, did not look any different from the one I

found.

I am looking forward to a similar trip next year if all goes well, but I will take good care to take a bottle of fly-dope with me.

THE LEWISTON SUN

A member of the Forestry Division has been offered a position as consulting editor of the Lewiston Sun. This man has read the Sun from cover to cover ever since the business management of the Sun scored on its competitors and got the Sun into Berlin hours ahead of its other morning rivals. Being a Republican by conviction, his ideas have crossed with those of the writer of the Sun's editorials. He therefore wrote a letter to the Sun requesting better editorials. If they had been poor ones he might never have noticed them.

We don't think that he knew that the editor of the Sun has been a life-long Democrat and among those who know is recognized as one of the keenest students of European and American politics in New England, that for over twenty years the Sun has consistently published more foreign news and more Washington reports than the average newspaper in its field, and that upon constitutional questions it is ably critical. Its editor stands alone among the editors of the Androscoggin Valley. He is one of that vanishing race of newspaper editors who believed that it was their duty to instruct the public, to lead it into the path of righteousness and not be led by it along those broad paths that lead to destruction. Whether we agree or disagree with the editorials of the Sun, we know that they are written by a scholar and a gentleman and by a man who knows his Jeffersonian principles.

It is the function of a minority party to act as an effective check upon the excesses of the party in power. The genius of the Jeffersonian principles shines best in adversity. As some one has said: "Out of office the (Democratic) party often display public spirit and sometimes real statesmanship. Once in control of the government, the Democrats are likely * * * to forget their own principles and become mere imitators of the Republicans. Opinions may differ as to whether it is admirable to be a Republican, but certainly it is better to be a real Republican than a poor carbon copy. Republicanism can best be practiced by men who are Republicans year after year, in office and out, and not by diluted imitators who no sooner find themselves in control of the Government than they begin to wonder rather frantically, how the Republi-

cans would do it, and then try their best to do the same." As long as the Democrats are not in office, they are useful and the Sun is one of their best organs in these parts.

And so our advice to our Forestry friend is this: "Accept the offer of the Sun, but arm yourself well with the principles of Hamilton before you clash with the Jeffersonian steel of the editor of the Sun. Otherwise he may make a Democrat out of you, which might or might not be a calamity."

OWN YOUR OWN HOME

How many of you readers are aware of the fact that there are two Building & Loan Associations (Berlin and Gorham) that are prepared and anxious to loan you money to build a home. We are not favoring either association in this article. Both are prosperous, well managed and ready to help you own a home.

If you have a lot and wish to build or to buy, it is generally possible to make arrangements with the Association so that in about eleven and a half years you will have your home free and clear. This means that while paying off the loan you will be paying the Association from \$15.00 to \$30.00 a month, gradually reducing the principal and not costing you more than you are now paying for rent.

The average man who buys or builds a home, borrowing on a bank mortgage, at the end of ten years is still paying interest on the money borrowed and is no nearer owning his home than at the beginning. Borrowing from Building and Loan Associations means that the principal is gradually being reduced until at the time the shares mature the entire amount has been paid.

Both the Associations issue new shares October 1st and the secretaries, B. C. Smith of Gorham, and W. D. Bryant of Berlin, or any of the Directors will gladly give you further information.

WHY NOT

For the past two years, Berlin, a city of approximately 16,000, has been practically without sports of any kind and the reason as given by our various sport promoters is that Berlin will not support them and point to the following:

Two years ago Berlin had a baseball team that ranked with the best in the state and was a credit to the city. This team showed a loss at the end of the season. Last winter we had a hockey team that was one of the best in the country and a basketball five that ranked well with any in New England and yet

both showed a loss as far as home games were concerned. As late as this past summer our high school had track, tennis and baseball teams that were as good, if not better, than any school of its size and yet their various meets and games were attended by a mere handful, and, to cap the climax, late this September two out-of-town baseball teams in whom practically no one in the city had any interest, came here and played a farcial, uninteresting, seven inning game and six or seven hundred turned out to see them, and, bear in mind that neither of these teams are ranked with the best semi-pro teams in New England. If one-half of this crowd would turn out and pay to see a Berlin team play one or two games a week, we could have some team, and why not.

KING SPRUCE

They call me King Spruce and my praises they sing,

But in the woods where I dwell I'm but the commonest thing,

For around me standing as thick as can be Is the kingly appearing but servant spruce tree.

They call me King Spruce but for gluttonous gain

Goliaths attack me and Samsons are slain.

They hew me, they skin me, and when this is done

I find that their insults have only begun.

They call me King Spruce but what's in a name?

The course of my treatment has caused me much shame.

For, once my coat was a dark green of renown—

Now it is faded, and I'm given to Brown.

King Spruce they have called me and I welcomed the sound

But serving mankind is my principal round.

Servant! not King, I demand of you all, For King I am not and my power is but small.

Whenever we achieve some success and have an attack of swelled head, we may be made to see how insignificant we are if we remember that if our sun were a hollow body more than a million earths could be dropped into it. When we compare ourselves to the size of our earth—well surely it isn't necessary to say any more.—One of Tom Dreier's Sparks in *Forbes*.

Now that tires are cheaper they seem to last longer.



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



TITLE LOST—WHO ARE THEY?

MAIN OFFICE

On Wednesday evening, September 13, the girls of the Main Office gave a surprise and farewell party to Miss Rhoda Patterson, who has been transferred to the Quebec office of the Brown Corporation. The scene of the party was the home of Flora Howell. Early in the evening, a Jack Horner pie was brought in. This had ribbons hanging from it. Each girl present drew out a ribbon, to which was tied a slip of paper, on which was prescribed a stunt for her to perform. When it came Rhoda's turn to pull a ribbon, she found at the end of it a beautiful silver mesh-bag, a gift from the girls. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and music.

BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

Baptiste Couture did not get his old "Three-in-One" speed back even once this season, but claims he will soon have it in good order and that he will be able to turn back hand-springs with it once more.

Fred Perkins and his son, Frank, are all set for the hunting season.

Big Jerry Kid Cantin is out scouting for his hunting equipment. Jerry expects to bag another cat and bear the coming season.

Our old friend, Tom Gravel, is on the gain; we all wish him a speedy recovery.

Flying Pete Fournier purchased a gray

mare recently.

Goldy George Pinard bought a car recently. He intends to show the boys that he is high speed when it comes to outdoor events. He says he will be even more reckless than Bill Willett when he does hit the trail.

Paddy Collins, the little lad from County Clare, and his mate, the blond-haired boy from Lot Nine, make a great team. Sylvanus and Pat keep Black Jack dodging the gas and sparks from eight to five every day—and Mr. Jack is some dodger.

Hugh McDougal has returned to his old job. He is helping Slasher Willet and they sure are kept busy.

Sylvanus Wedge claims that his dog, Rex, can say more with his tail in a minute than Black Jack can express with his tongue and both hands in a month.

Paddy Collins says that Bat Couture and Black Jack are like hens, they can never find anything where they laid it yesterday.

Hugh Wilde, Bill Fowler and Syl Wedge are racing to see which can raise the best looking chicken for Thanksgiving.

Little Lloyd Budway says it is always unlucky to play cards with a woman that has winning ways.

Pat Collins says, "A boil in the pot is worth two on the neck."

Bill Fowler claims that nature must have been preoccupied when she filled the woods with burrs and put long shaggy hair on hunting dogs.

MACHINE SHOP

Ora Garland visited the Norway Fair this month, taking with him Mrs. Roy Brown and Mrs. Jack Spinney. They picked up Mrs. Brown's father at Bethel. He had little time to see the horse races. The ladies showed their appreciation by presenting him with a balloon.

Auster Knudsen recently saw the old timers play ball in Boston and was present at the match between Lee Anderson and Kid Norfolk, middleweights.

J. H. Scammon has returned from his vacation at Long Island, Me.

The machine shop recently turned out a set of locomotive drivers for the Groveton Paper Company. This work was done under difficulties, but in an emergency the machine shop crew rises to the occasion.

Harry Johnson is working at the Caustic Plant.

Arthur Whitcher has returned to work in the machine shop.

Ludger Morin is thinking of buying an automobile this spring. He will have to dig down into that long money bag of his and we doubt if he will finally shell out the long green.

There are days when we wish that either the machine shop or the stable could be moved. Mike Lowe believes that he will lose his health if something is not done.

Two firemen recently left Berlin in a Ford car for a business trip to Canaan, Vt. On the way back they discovered a cherry tree that they did not see on the way up. They claim a bee flew into the car, but we leave it to your own judgment.

Skinny, of the Salvage department, thinks she is wonderful, but Gus thinks she is a second Alice from Wonderland.

What a lot of things there are to disagree about at home.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Charles Taylor has accepted a position as head master at the South Paris high school and has taken up his ferrule there.

Hugh K. Moore is running for the General Court in Ward 2. He also acted as local manager of the Whittemore campaign.

Paul Brown, son of H. J. Brown, the president of the Brown Company, has recently signed up with this department.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster L. Burningham have taken an extended trip to St. Paul to visit the parents of Mr. Burningham.

Geo. A. Richter. John E. Graff and Frank M. Jones were visitors at the Chemical Exposition. Among celebrities in his own field, Mr. Graff had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Minor, Dr. Chamot and Dr. Mees. Mr. Jones called on Dr. Byers who worked here one summer, and met many others of his old Seattle friends.

W. L. Owen has resigned his position with the Bureau of Tests to become head master of the Bath high school. Before leaving Berlin and Gorham Mr. Owen was married to Miss Mona Coffin. The members of the department extend to Bill their congratulations and wishes for a successful future.

Scene: Bureau of Tests Office, Aug. 31, 1922. (R. A. Webber looking worried, because several men are out and analyses are piling up. Nourse trying to look nonchalant, but evidently carrying the dead-weight of a great secret.)

Nourse: Well, Al, I hate to leave you in such a pickle as this.

Webber: I don't see how you can go. Is it very important?

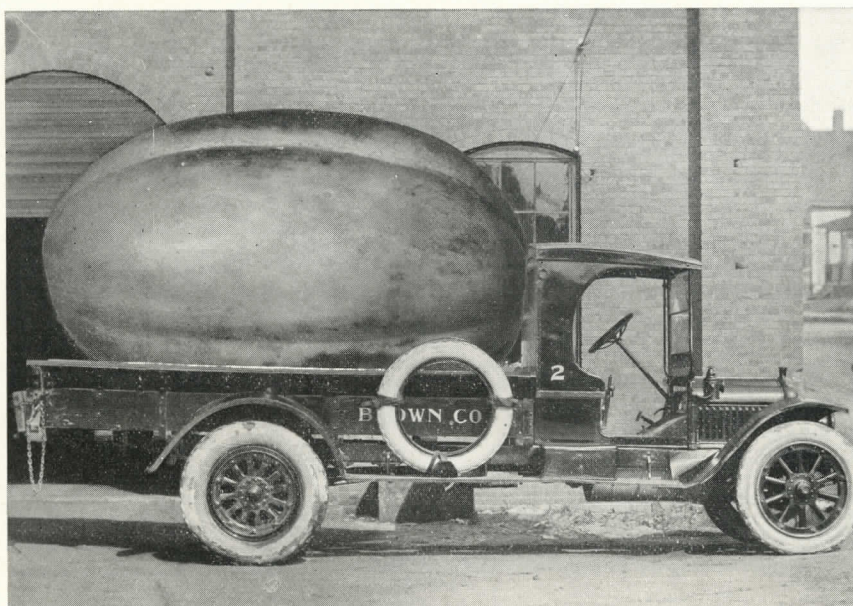
Nourse: Yes, you might say so; I am going to get married.

The cigars and chocolates have duly arrived, but specific details are still lacking. It is rumored that he went to Waterville and acquired a lease in Gorham before going.

M. J. Dumit of the La Tuque Laboratory was a recent visitor at the Research. He reports that Beckler is well and that business is picking up.

Leon J. Corcoran of Gorham has been employed as a laboratory assistant in the Bureau of Tests.

Born, September 11, to Mr. and Mrs. D. H. White, a son, William Gerrish.



Harold P. Vannah of this department claims that he has raised the largest melon of the year. The melon shown in the picture weighs 1500 grams. It was so large that the skill of the photographer was taxed to display it effectively. Our friends in Colorado are accustomed to brag of their success in melon raising. It should be a great source of joy to us that New Hampshire can so well. Credit for the photograph is due to Howard Smith.

Oscar Taylor has a new ambition—nothing less than reading Mellor's Comprehensive Treatise from the initial cover of the first volume to the final cover of the tenth. Schur has a similar encyclopedic thirst. If you want Glazebrook's Physics, see him.

Harold A. Knapp is getting to be quite an expert on the utilization of liquid chlorine. During the past month he was called to Rumford Falls and to Manchester to advise concerning mechanical difficulties involved in the use of liquid chlorine for bleaching.



PORTLAND OFFICE

Mr. Clarence E. Eaton and Mr. Leonard W. Stack were attendants at the Lewiston Fair this month.

Mr. Wm. Fozzard of the accounting department, has purchased a home in South Portland.

Mr. Harold Collins of the advertising department, announces the arrival of a baby boy. Harold is neck and neck now with John Vanier.

Mr. T. D. Churchill of the sales department was a recent visitor at Sebago Lake. Tom "fell in" love with the place.

Roscoe Brown is enjoying a two weeks' vacation. We take it he is golfing as he departed from the office with a taxicab full of bags and golf sticks.

Peaches are cheap this year—see L. W. S., sole agent for Portland.

Mr. Wm. E. Clarke, a new addition to the Portland office, is out with a challenge to anyone, barring none, to meet him in a boxing match. Mr. Clarke is an all round athlete—he says so himself, so it must be true.

On account of the vacation season most of the reporters, including Charlie Means, are away on a vacation—hence the scarcity of news this month. Assistant Editor J. H. Vanier, has returned to the office, and we expect better service next issue.

Every man tries to give himself a square deal.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

One thing that delayed the Jewett car in arriving at Glencliff was that Patsy spent an hour in Bath, N. H., looking for the shipyard.

Renny Pennock has recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia.

O. Thibedeau has temporarily retired from the pickerel and horn pout business, having disposed of his power boat. This is now on the lookout for another and faster one. His generosity in loaning it to others has been much appreciated, and it is hoped that his retirement from the Umbagog fleet is only temporary.

Chas. DeCota is back on his job with the oil cans. It seems strange that Charley should have got caught by appendicitis after keeping himself oiled up for so many years.

Our little flower lover, Lucy Sweeney, has left us to go into training at Groton, Mass., at a school of Horticulture. She ought to make good in that line, but who will keep the flowers in the curve room blooming?

Dave Washburn has been enjoying duty as a juror.

Mr. Charles Barton has recently had shock absorbers put on his Buick car. He found this to be necessary unless as an alternative he drove at less speed. His family will probably appreciate the added security when in the rear seat.

We often look from the sulphite mill, across the river where the new and attractive power plant has been built and wonder how anyone gets in. The only visible means is a very steep sort of of ladder on the edge of the embankment. Why the delay in a nice ornamental approach? It is rumored that George Abbott is developing some sort of a flying machine which at each change of shifts, will convey the new crew to the roof, from which entrance to the interior may be gained.

Burgess scores again. Stanley Cabana, a member of the electrical crew, won the first golf tournament at the newly organized Androscoggin Valley Country Club.

On September 7th the Burgess band motored to Glencliff Sanitorium where a band concert was given for the patients. This trip meant quite a little sacrifice to the members of the band and those who donated their time and automobiles, but the appreciative manner in which the concert was received made everyone feel doubly repaid for going. After the concert, Mr. Michaud, our former tin-knocker, entertained with some of his "actually happened" French dialect stories and you can bet "Mich" never performed before a more enthusiastic audience.



Al Buckley, our enthusiastic fisherman, has turned his attention to hunting and reports some very good "caches."

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Haskell on the birth of a boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Emile Nadeau wish to thank the members of the Burgess Sulphite mill for the appropriate gift received on the occasion of their wedding.

Burgess employees extend their sympathy to Mr. Nadeau of the laboratory, in his late bereavement.

A LA SOUP

A tireless talker, Felix;
A man of vast attainments
Is stationed in our lunch room,
To pass out tea and doughnuts.
How unkind fate, so thoughtlessly
Could place so great an orator,
(A second Socrates perhaps)
At dishing soup—is sad indeed.

When first you open up the door,
To eat a dog or take a sup—
This phrase will greet you, never fear,
"What you want, there, come, you spik-up."

A Cantique from the Mass he'll sing,
Then just as quickly quite reverse it,
For if a single thing goes wrong,
He'll take five minutes off to curse it.

He learned his trade in years gone by,
When Pleasant street was business doing,
And no man thought of staying home
To spend the midnight hour a-brewing,
If Daniel Webster ever lived,
I'm sure that Felix never knew it,
Yet Webster could some new words learn
By listening to Felix chew it.

But when it comes to serving us
And making soup that hits the spot,
If you think Felix isn't there
Just stop and think another thought.
Our only fear is that his voice,
Will go upon a strike some day—
And Felix could not live an hour
Without a thousand things to say.

L'ENVOI

Then on a stone above his head,
We'd 'grave these words with tearful eyes
"No man yet lived who spoke so much,
Made such good soup, or told such lies."



Feel discouraged? Remember the goal worth reaching isn't reached easily.—
Forbes.



LA TUQUE

Mr. and Mrs. Bjornlund and party of friends from New York are spending a few days of well-earned rest at Clear Lake fishing and hunting. We are all looking forward to that little hand-out of moose steak that he passes out each year after one of these hunting trips.



The school year is again under way and we hope to have as successful a year as last. Our local Model School has made a remarkable showing and offers unusual opportunities to the parents of La Tuque. There are few towns of twice the size of La Tuque that have as good a school, and we sincerely hope that the parents will see that children avail themselves of the opportunities that are theirs and keep them in school as long as possible.

All the members of the Community Club are looking forward to the fall opening of the gymnasium classes. The new apparatus is all installed, the floor refinished and everything ready for a successful year. We hope that everybody will take hold this winter and fill up the classes, and also be on hand each night that their class is scheduled.

We also hope to inaugurate in the Club

a night school with competent instructors which will open during the early part of October and continue through to March. Get in line, boys, and touch up those dull spots. Full particulars will be announced later.

Don't hear anything from Berlin about hockey this season. La Tuque hoped there would be a few live ones left in Berlin to support a good team as the boys were looking forward to a trip to the little City in Northern New Hampshire this coming winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Bradley of the Forestry Department, Quebec, paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Churchill and tried out the new tennis courts. Pat classed them as A 1, and we all know that when Pat says a court is right you can bank on it.

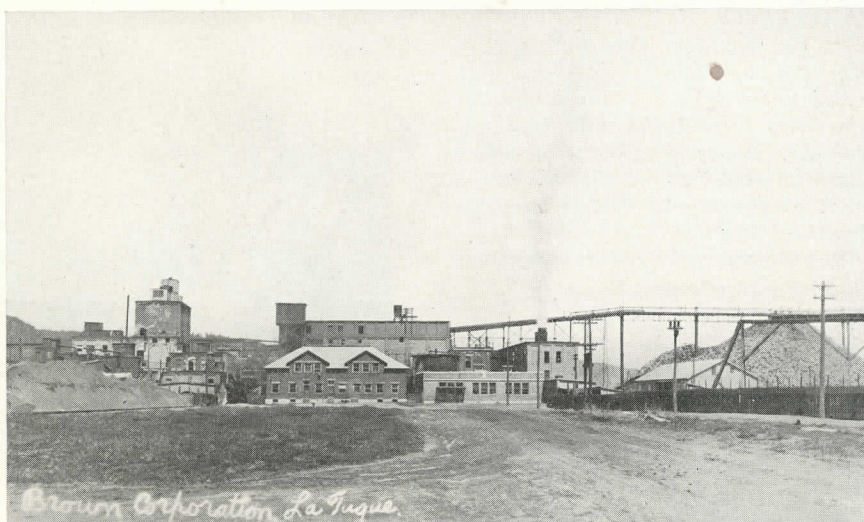
Mr. Dave Lawrence has just returned from Berlin where he spent a few days with friends.

Malborough Packard has returned from a few weeks' vacation spent in the wilds of Northern Maine. He seems much refreshed after his much-needed rest.

Reggie Fairbairn has returned from a month spent in dear old London. He seems very well pleased with conditions in the Old World and regretted greatly that circumstances obliged him to return so soon.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT VERMILLION

Henry Murch recently spent a week at Vermillion with Stanley, and returns with weird and creepy accounts of mysterious happenings there.



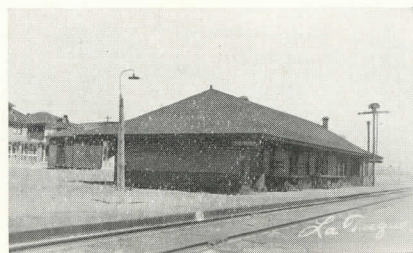


Shortly after his arrival and when they had retired for the night, Henry was awakened by Stanley's cries for help and on questioning Stanley as to what had happened, was informed that he had been kicked on the head by a lusty jack rabbit. The Canadian rabbits, being under the Union Jack, are naturally of a pugnacious nature, consequently this would account for the attack on Stanley, which attack is vouched for by Henry—whose veracity is of a known quantity.

The usual mystery moose was seen, and this time Henry had his trusty camera trained on him and took two direct shots. On the films being developed it was found that the moose still remains a mystery, as he apparently ducked under the water at sight of the machine and presumably remained there.

No less than three deer were seen at one time by Henry's party—ordinary potatoes enable one to see double but the liquid refreshment this time was evidently overproof. Bruin of course appeared on the scene, but was in too much of a hurry to wait to have his "picture" taken.

Tom Cleland spent a short vacation at



the same spot and backs Henry up in his report of the jack rabbits, as he claims that his sleep was disturbed by the bunnies climbing up the guy ropes and tobogganing down the sides of the tent—at least he says that's what it sounded like to him.



A Rotarian is a man who does not grab the stool when there is a piano to be moved.—*Rotarian Bulletin*.

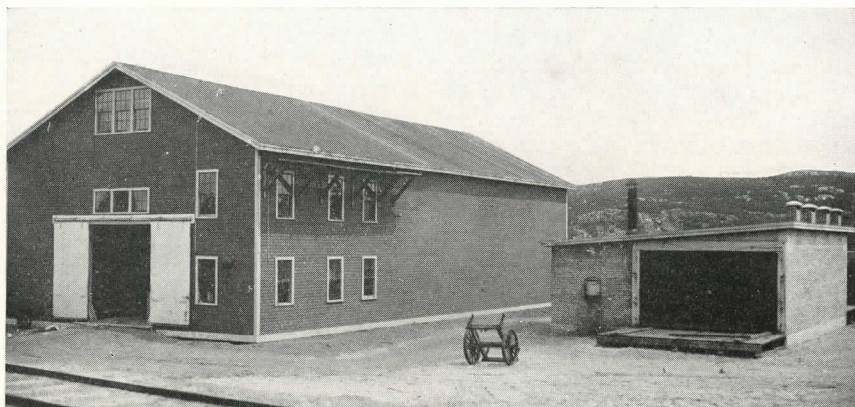
QUEBEC OFFICE

We understand that some nimble-fingered gent lifted Harry Curran's roll at the recent racing meet here. Too bad, Harry, but if it's any consolation, we assure you that this feat was not performed by a Quebecer.

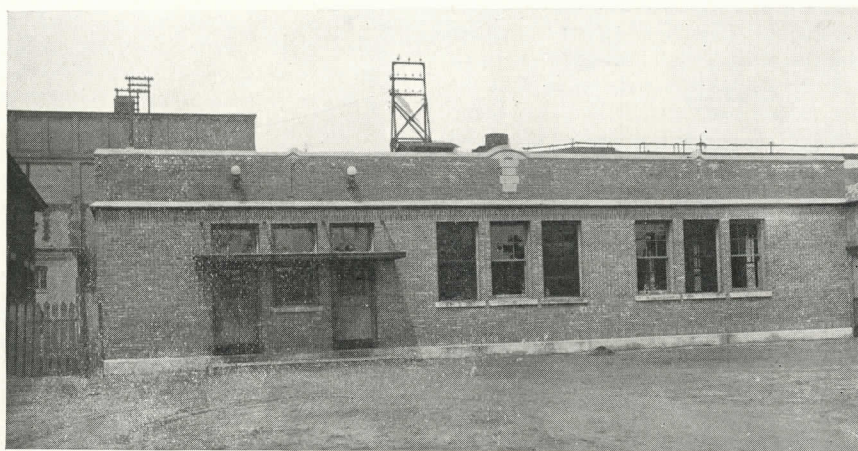
After a man finds out he can make a speech he begins to on the slightest provocation.

Take time to think—you can do more work with your head than you can with your feet.

I would rather be in jail in America than to live "free" in Russia—*Emma Goldman*.

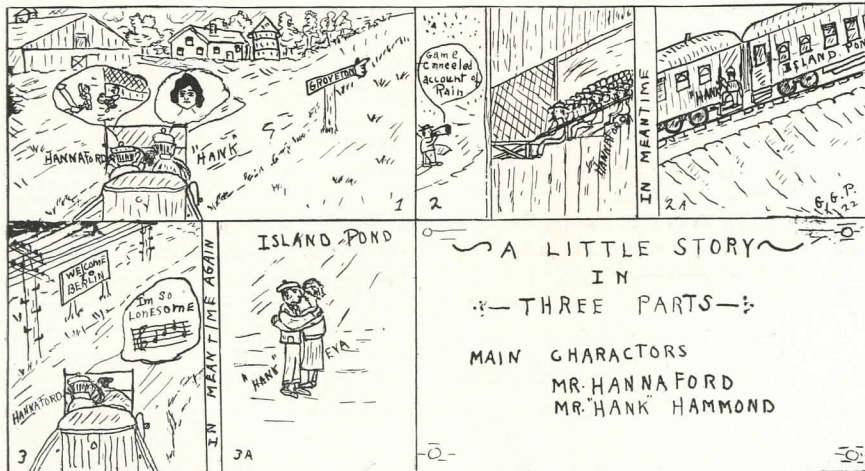


DRY LUMBER SHED AND DRY KILN—RETAIL DEPT., LA TUQUE



TIME OFFICE, LA TUQUE.

CASCADE JUICE



Mr. Kiley of the Alexander Hamilton Institute was a business visitor recently.

She didn't call up once, Norton, while you were away.

Pat Murtagh of the electric department was called home by the death of his sister.

Jo wants to know who has got the key to the sulphite department Bulletin box. If anybody knows, let him speak.

We haven't heard about Ed Holleran's garden yet. Didn't you have one, Ed?

Mr. Dumit of the Brown Corporation at La Tuque was a recent visitor at the mill.

Visitors are almost daily inspecting our plant. We'll say that it's a worth while pleasure.

Spike's back!

Quite a bunch attended the fairs.

The new alum plant is about ready for use.

Those six fellers haven't come across with the article mentioned in the last issue.

Gardner Webb of the size department, is taking a vacation.

Rube tried to make a merry-go-round out of one of the ventilators, but he thought he saw things so he stopped on he first round trip.

John Goodwin returned from his vacation early in September.

Fred Gorham took a short vacation and pitched for the Star Taxis at Lewiston Fair.

Harry Hayden is making a lot of money on the jury at Colebrook.

Harold Titus was in La Tuque on business.

All the Hudson sharks seem to think Lewiston, Portland and Boston only a short distance away.

If Asst. Mr. Libby can play golf as well as he could baseball, the game he would play ought to be satisfactory.

Spike Hennessy doesn't seem to be puffed up any over his recent success at Concord.

Mr. Hannaford would like some one to furnish him with a receipt for wetless water as wet water annoys both Mr. Edwards and Bill Costello.

Harold Titus has become interested in tents.

Uncle Jake says that the things that bother him are the things he doesn't know.

Mr. Hannaford at present is satisfied with his new car.

From a casual observation one would judge that the wood season is here as our

Mr. McKenney has started sharpening up his machinery.

Mr. Getchel, since being promoted to tour foreman on paper machine seems to have lost none of his skill in handling paper on wire end.

Golf seems to be soaking in, but slowly.

Mr. Moffett is wearing a broad smile lately due to everything running along fine, which makes production.

Our sulphite super apparently is pleased with things in general.

Freddie Gorham says he thinks the Maine ball teams are good at any gait. He had a taste of the quality during his sojourning in that vicinity.

Just about the time Hannaford seems to be getting along all right, Allen shows up.

Mr. Perkins ought to be able to build roads, sidewalks and sewer pipes of a superior quality as his experience has been quite abundant.

During Mr. Andersen's absence, Mr. Hawkins assumes responsibility of the delivering of paper.

Thos. Murtagh and Albert Fowler visited their parents in St. Patrick, P. Q. Merle Ford accompanied them, "Chub" has not been the same since he returned. Why didn't you bring her back with you, "Chub"? The most successful marriages are often attained on short acquaintances

Sympathy of the electrical crew is extended to Pat and Thos. Murtagh on the loss of a beloved sister who died September 14th at St. Patrick's, P. Q. Thos. and Pat went to Canada to attend the funeral.

Henry McLaughlin (the well known Tomato King) took in the Sherbrooke and Lancaster fairs. Henry claims he saw more things at the Sherbrooke fair than he did at Lancaster. We wonder why.

"Snoopy" Hayward spent Labor Day in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

"Shady" Palmer visited the Norway fair.

John E. Kelliher spent his vacation and some other stuff visiting his relatives in Providence, R. I.

Irving McGee has given up the lunch room and automobile business and is back with the Cascade boys again.

Sympathy is being extended to Theo. and Mark Rix upon the death of their mother.

Albert Lennon, Nap. Martell and Walter Dwyer are contesting for the amateur golf championship of the electric shop. The only club they have is a mashie loaned to them by Irving McGee, and one golf ball loaned to them by Louis Moffett. The betting was all in Dwyer's favor until he made the second hole, when he started on the third hole he began from the Green and drove to the Tee, so he was disqualified for not being posted on how to play golf.

Born, on September 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. Leo L. Barbin, two baby boys. Leo is wearing a smile a mile long, and we of the Cascade mill offer Mr. and Mrs. Barbin our congratulations.

Now that Mac has gone and did it, we wonder if he will stay away from Legion meetings along with "Bolts."

Rufus Smith of Gorham (efficiency engineer) recently proposed to a young lady in the cutter room, but she told Rufus he would have to have his legs straightened out first. Rufus became bowlegged from riding the high seas, serving in the navy. Rufus had quite a position, his rating was "Captain at the Head."

Russell "Pinkey" Oswell, the hard hitting outfielder of the Imperial Never-sweats, took in the Norway and Lancaster fairs while on his vacation, and Lo and Behold! when he appeared back to work, he wore a pair of monocles. My word! but the ocean is awful dusty.

We notice that our poet and our mental expert are very clannish of late. I wonder why. It must be that the two get-rich-quick artists are getting their heads together on the Ford-a-Day contest now running in the Boston Post. Here's hoping they win what they usually do—*nothing*.

Lost Pond was discovered in January,

1922, by Walter Boucher.

We wish to inform the readers that Coon Morris lost 15 pounds during Fitzgerald's absence but is getting along nicely now. When Fitz came back he ran around like a young colt just let out to pasture.

Coon—"Au revoir."

Fitz—"What does that mean?"

Coon—"Why, 'good-bye' in French."

Fitz—"Carbolic acid."

Coon—"What does that mean?"

Fitz—"Good-bye' in any language."

We haven't seen Bill Laflamme on the flats lately. Tough luck, Bill.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Goss, Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Burns, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell Johnson are the proud parents of bouncing baby boys, born during the month of September. Phil Goss says he hopes to see his boy library trustee some day, and Leroy Burns says he hopes that his boy can shoot a better game of pool than his father, while Newell Johnson says his boy is going to be a regular Harry Hooper on a base ball team. Congratulations are being extended to the above named parents by the electrical crew.

Things that never happen (in the machine room):

Russki washing his feet.

Woods getting in on time.

"Hank" staying in town over Sunday.

Bushey refusing a drink.

"Coon" without his grin.

Prowell washing up late.

Al Reid getting thin.

Fitz keeping still on 8 to 4 and 4 to 12 shift.

Prowell's wife must be fussy, he washes for an hour before going home.

My idea of nothing at all—Coon Morris in a derby hat.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Second-hand set of false teeth. Apply to Frank Hamel.

The meanest man in the mill,—a fellow who got married Labor Day and refused to set up the cigars.

Seems strange all the fellows are vacationing up in Canada this year.

A. Boucher has purchased himself a new two seater baby carriage.

Arthur Rivard of the Anti-Aircraft

company was in camp at Concord. I said "camp."

Basil McConnell is assisting in the laboratory during the vacation period. He's still roarin'.

Fred Morrisette is erecting a house on Union street, Gorham.

A wedding of interest to the men of the Cascade mill took place during the month when Miss Blanche Langis and Adolphus B. McIntyre were united in the bonds of matrimony. Miss Langis is a popular local girl having been employed at the American Express office for a number of years. Adolphus, better known as Mac, has been employed in the Cascade Electrical crew for quite a few years. The best wishes of the electrical crew, also of his many friends in the other departments of the mill are extended to Mac and his bride.

PATRICK SHEVLIN

On August 30, 1922, four men employed in the electrical department, Cascade mill, met with a very serious accident while en route to the Sherbrooke Fair. They were Leroy Burns, L. J. Landrigan, Wm. McGee and P. J. Shevlin, (deceased). These boys were in a Ford car and they were run into by a Franklin car driven by a man from St. Johnsbury, Vt. The result of the accident was that Shevlin received a fractured skull. Burns and Landrigan received cuts and bruises about the face. Shevlin died a few hours after the accident. Pat's death was a terrible blow to his chums, friends and fellow workmen and for several days the electrical crew was a downhearted and gloomy crowd of men. Pat Shevlin, with quite a little responsibility upon his shoulders, was always of a congenial nature and his company will be missed very much by his fellow workmen. He was employed in the electrical department for the past eight years, and was considered an expert in different lines of electrical construction. His fellow workers are to be complimented for the respect they extended to him, everything they could do was done with a free will. The pall bearers were Gerald McGivney, Walter Dwyer, D. Livingston, Patrick Murtagh, A. Lennon and A. MacDonald.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

SULPHITE MILL

Peter Michaud from baling man to back tender B.

Arthur Napere from baling man to back tender B.

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