



THE BROWN BULLETIN.



VOL. IV.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

BERLIN, N. H., DECEMBER 1, 1922

No. 6



BROWN COMPANY DISTRICT NURSES

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. IV.

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 6

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

Cartoons—Stark Wilson
Athletics—G. Lovett, Jos. Hennessey,
H. T. Raeburn
Business Manager—J. H. Briggs

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

UPPER PLANTS

G. A. Richter
P. W. Churchill
Ray Smith

SULPHITE MILL

C. A. Martin
A. L. Laferriere
W. E. Taft

CASCADE MILL

O. P. Cole
Jos. Hennessey
H. A. Chase

BROWN CORP.

John Heck
W. L. Bennett
W. L. Gilman

PORTLAND OFFICE

Arthur T. Spring

REPORTERS

UPPER PLANTS

H. E. Malloy
M. H. Griffin
H. D. Bevins
Wm. Roach
Flora Howell
Elizabeth McLellan
M. McCarthy
W. E. Haynes
J. J. Tellington
Peter Beaudoin
Henry Holland
H. E. Brakewood
Lynn Madan

SULPHITE MILL

Theo. Belanger
Guy Fortier
Fred Snyder
B. Covio
M. C. Frost
Harold Moreau
Amie Lavoie
Archie Belanger
Elphage Charest
Elsie Porter
C. E. Thayer
John Powers

CASCADE MILL

Wm. Foren
Geo. Snow
E. Byrd
D. Fogg
J. Toohey
L. Hughes
R. Cox
A. H. Eastman
H. Hayden
F. X. McNally
Dionysius Gillis
Edwin E. Howe

BROWN CORP.

H. B. Curran
F. E. Howell
J. C. Corbett
W. L. Gilman
John Carter
L. P. Jutras
F. J. Smith
V. A. Beede
A. S. Meland
R. Guimont
J. S. Cassidy

PORTLAND OFFICE

C. G. Means
W. T. Callahan
R. E. Brown, Jr.
P. G. Peterson
W. E. Perkins
H. B. Chase
G. M. Fozzard

SERVICE DIRECTORY

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 November, Dr. Marcou

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

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Irving Teare, Riverside
J. B. Morneau, Riverside
B. L. Barnett, Cascade
T. D. Walsh, Cascade
A. N. Perkins, Cascade

Alec. Martell, Cascade
C. J. Oleson, Upper Plants
Olaf M. Nelson, Saw Mill
Walter E. Haines, Box Mill

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

PRES., J. J. McKinnon
VICE-PRES., James Moody

SEC., H. T. Raeburn
TREAS., J. H. Briggs

INVESTIGATORS

John Cavagnaro, Maintenance
John McDougall, Wood and Barker Plant
W. C. Thomas, Machines, Screens, Bleachery

Harold Moreau, Yards, Electrical, SO2
Leo Frechette, Acid, Dig., Steam, Office
A. W. O'Connell, Chemical Plants

NOTICE!

There will be a meeting of the Brown Publishing Association at the Y. M. C. A., Tuesday, December 5th, at 4 p. m., for the purpose of electing directors for the year 1923 and transacting any other business that may legally come before the meeting. All employees of the Brown Co. and the Brown Corp. are members of the Association and entitled to vote.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

How eagerly as young folks we look forward to a vacation or a party or any very pleasant coming event. How the time drags beforehand, and how it flies during the enjoyment of the good time. As we grow older, however, the time seems to fly twenty-four hours of the day, and we are constantly amazed to note the swift passage that has occurred while we have been busily engaged in our daily pursuits.

All at once we realize that we are no longer children looking forward to coming events, but grown-ups with a good number of past events to look back upon, and *not until then* can we see the wasted moments and neglected opportunities that we have passed on the way.

We suddenly realize that we have assumed responsibilities and accepted duties that we didn't know existed when we were younger. We see our loved ones looking to us as their protection against the cross currents and buffets of the world and the solemn thought comes to us that our unexpected removal from this earth will bring much hardship to those who are nearest and dearest to us.

And then we give a thought to Insurance. It is a known fact that from fifteen to twenty persons out of every hundred are unable to get insured under the ordinary individual policy method, which requires a medical examination.

But a means has been provided to give this very considerable number the same protection that their more physically fortunate neighbors are enjoying.

Our company, by providing Group Insurance for its employees, is doing the greatest good for the greatest number, and is helping to rid this community of one of the spectres of the working man's life; the fear of leaving his loved ones in want after he has been taken away.

Obituary

Robert A. Smith, employed for the last eighteen years as private secretary to Vice-President and Treasurer of the Brown Company, died at his home on Washington Street on Friday, October 27th. His illness had extended over a period of two years, during the last six months of which he had been unable to attend to his usual occupation.

"Bob" Smith was born on a farm in Munnsville, Madison County, New York, on February 20, 1880. He was the son of George Smith and Esther Hollingsworth and one of six children. Of these, two brothers and two sisters survive him, Albert of Kenwood, N. Y., and John, Martha and Lucy of Munnsville, N. Y.

His father was born of English parents in New York State, while his mother was a native of Enniscorthy, County Wexford, Ireland. To this happy blending of desirable traits in both nationalities Bob owed much.

He was educated at Munnsville Union School and at Chaffee's Phonographic Institute of Oswego, N. Y., which was at that time one of the most important business schools in New York state. Following his graduation, he entered the office of Mr. O. B. Brown at Berlin in 1904.

On October 8, 1908, he married Sarah McPherson of Gorham, N. H. Their home was made a happy one by the birth of four children, three daughters and a son. The wife and three daughters, Flavilla, aged thirteen; Florence, aged

seven and little Martha Jane, aged eleven months, survive him. The little son died about six years ago at the age of four.

While never seeking political office, he was always ardently interested in the affairs of the country. He was a Republican. He was affiliated with the Congregational Church. He was a member of the local Y. M. C. A. from the date of its organization and was always a welcome figure in the business men's gymnasium class.

Robert A. Smith was an active and consistent Mason. He became a Master Mason in Sabatis Lodge No. 95, June 10, 1906. He immediately took an active interest and was elected Worshipful Master in March, 1910.

On May 28, 1907, he was made a Royal Arch Mason in Mt. Hayes Chapter No. 27. He participated in its activities and served the Chapter as High Priest from 1913 to 1915. He was its Secretary at the time of his death. He also was a member of North Star Commandery, Knights Templars, of Lancaster and of Bektash Temple, Ancient Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

Funeral services were held Monday, October 30th, at 2:00 P. M., at the First Parish Congregational Church with Rev. Edward Moore officiating. The services were in charge of Sabatis Lodge with the Officers of Mt. Hayes Chapter acting as escort. The local offices of the Brown Company were closed and the entire force attended in a body. The floral gifts were an impressive tribute to the man, whom all loved and esteemed. The bearers were his personal friends, Arthur W. Martin, Fred R. Sheldon, Albert W. Chase, Gilman Chapman, John H. Briggs and Harry Bartlett, all of whom were associated with him in the employ of the Brown Company. Interment was in the family lot in the Evans Cemetery at Gorham.

"He is gone

Where our feeble straitened vision
Is too dim to follow on;
His short years on earth are ended,
Now the years of glory dawn.

"Toil is done,

Life's weariness is over
In that land that needs no sun;
He has heard the Master's greeting,
'Welcome, my beloved one.'"



ROBERT A. SMITH



SULPHITE MILL GAS

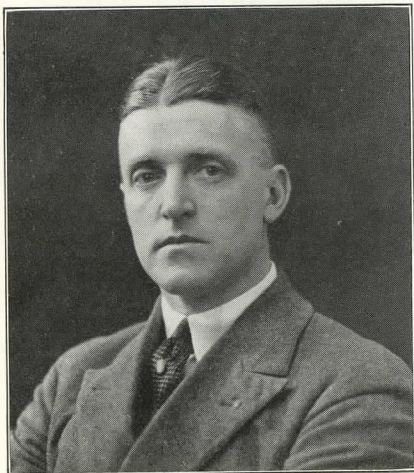


Briggs & Raeburn—some team as we all know from past performances. They have been the ones who were always called for when anything unusual had to be put over from baseball activities to minstrel shows. We have been in the habit of thinking of them as fixtures, but now suddenly wake up to the fact that they have been in training here for another opening.



JOHN H. BRIGGS

A pulp mill would hardly seem a place from which to graduate into the theatrical line, but the boys have made the jump and are going to make good as owners of the Brown Costumers Company of Portland. Everybody is going to miss them not only in the work of the mill, but in the different social activities connected with the sulphite organization.



HARRY T. RAEBURN

Mr. Briggs has been with the company since 1907, coming as a stenographer and leaving as assistant office manager. He has been especially prominent in the Relief Association and as business manager of the Brown Bulletin.

Mr. Raeburn arrived here as a member of a vaudeville act in 1911, evidently liked the place or the young lady whom he afterwards married, so settled down, we hoped for good. He has filled various positions and was at time of leaving in entire charge of keeping the mill supplied with the varied storehouse materials needed to keep the mill producing.

We wish them both the best of good luck and hope that in their new activities they will not forget their long association with the Sulphite Mill crowd.

In speaking of his recent visit to Quebec, Mr. Bishop informed several members of the office force that while in Rimouski he had seen the sun rise in the West and set in the East. Mr. Bishop evidently studied astrology while in Canada and had just finished taking up the Big Dipper, when he observed these peculiar phenomena in the sun's behavior.

Lang: "I haven't seen my girl for three days now, I must see her tonight."
Amelia: "Three day, how's that?"

Lang: "Well, the last time I saw her was Tuesday night and today's Thursday—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday is three days. I've got to see her tonight."

Louis Farladeau to Arthur Roberge at 5.00 p. m., in the tin shop.

Louis: "May I use your wash sink?"

Arthur: "Help yourself."

Louis: "Have you got a little hand soap?"

Arthur: "Yes."

Louis: "Have you got any face soap?"

Arthur, with a growl: "Yes."

Louis: "Where's your towel. I left mine home on the piano."

Arthur: "Here. Get out."

Louis: "So long, see you tomorrow night."

When Sheldon and the shifter crews are not busy they fill in their spare time shunting empties in and out of the sulphite wood yard—all of which has a tendency to disturb Howard Powers' peace of mind.

Whitman has the [matching fever. He will match for anything, any place, any time. First come is not first served with Gordon, he believes in matching and giving the other fellow a show.

The Burgess Relief Association tendered a banquet to Messrs. Briggs and Raeburn at YMCA on last Tuesday evening. A large attendance enjoyed an elaborate menu. There were many expressions of regret at the loss that will be felt by the Association in the withdrawal of these men from the annual Minstrel Show. As a slight token of remembrance Mr. Laferriere, on behalf of the Association, presented each with a \$20 gold piece.

John Fogarty was recently scheduled to be present at a banquet at the Mt. Madison. He finally arrived, but thereby hangs a tale.

John, as you all know, is a prominent hockey fan. He started for Gorham, but stopped for gas at the Northern Garage. On going inside he began to fill everyone with "Hockey Gas," stayed his limit, stepped into his limousine and proceeded, but unfortunately forgot to take any John D. gas.

He was next heard of as seated in the middle of the road near the power house dam, obstructing traffic, in fact waiting for traffic and speculating on the possibility of good ice forming at that point for hockey purposes.

At last a car came along, and in time, by relaying gas from Gorham, John arrived in time to tackle the second course with a full sized appetite.

On November 25th, a very enjoyable banquet at the Mt. Madison House, at which Messrs. Briggs and Raeburn were guests of honor, was given by some twenty of their associates who took this opportunity of wishing them success in their new undertaking.

Once more Thanksgiving has passed and we again have the opportunity of expressing our thanks to the Management for the turkeys enjoyed in so many homes on that day. Many do not realize what it means to provide around three thousand birds for this purpose. It is something more than just going out in the market and buying them. All lists of employees have to be studied, the married men picked out and the sizes of families considered as the *big* families need the *big* turkeys.



PORTLAND OFFICE



If one may judge from appearances, it would seem that the boys in the paper sales department are planning on joining the House of David baseball team next spring, as they are all growing one of those baseball moustaches, "nine on a side."

A boy tells us he is afraid his school has enough coal.

Mr. Worcester:—"Mr. King, have you seen Arthur this morning?"

Mr. King: "Arthur who?"

Mr. Worcester: "Our thermometer."

Louis Stack and party and Arthur T. Spring and party, were among those who motored to Boston to witness the Harvard-Princeton game.

According to statistics South Portland is the only city in the United States without a railroad station.—Boys in the office from Puddick please take notice.

"Here's where I pull a good one," said the dentist as he fixed his tweezers on a sound tooth.

Horton King, sales department, finally got an automobile ride to the Maine-Bowdoin game on November 5th last, and advises he could see the game fine from the trees.

There is something stirring in the headline "Famous War Charger Dead," but it was a horse, not a profiteer.

The trouble in arguing with Walter Logan is, that he has your number but you can't get it.

Now John Vanier says the Gulf Stream never ran wrong while the Democrats were in office.

Clifford Offen of the Kream Krisp Department who has been as far as Biddeford several times, has been to Boston three times in succession now and each time comes back with a broad smile on his face. Why?

Bob Chase, who has been occupied for several weeks in the ticket office at the Maitland Theatre, is every day taking on the appearance of a Thespian, he is now wearing spats and undoubtedly will follow with a cane.

Mel Pray, of the sales department, has been made manager of the new office opened by the company in Minneapolis, Minn. Mel has the best wishes of his former associates in Portland office.

Bill Barry bought two tickets for Keith's the other night, and after waiting on a corner several hours, decided she was not going with him that night. Then Bill sold his Dort car to a lady in South Portland, and, after she tried it for several days, putting it to such a severe test that the engine was out of commission, headlight smashed, mud guard bent and bumpers damaged, she put it down gently on Bill's front lawn early in the morning, and when he woke up he found it staring him in the face. Bill brought suit but lost the case and now has decided to have nothing more to do with women.

Grover Hanson, accounting department has resigned from the company and

accepted a position with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The members of the "Cold Feet Club" in the front part of the office will evidently get some comfort and relief to their lower extremities this winter as several carpenters have been seen loitering about the outside door, taking measurements and evidently some fortification is going to be erected to keep Jack Frost away. Thank you, Mr. Purcaasing Agent, we are all duly grateful.

Several new faces are noticed in the accounting department, Messrs. Harris, Stebbins, Vance, Oliver.

Vigorous thought must come from fresh brain.

Don't save your money and starve your mind.

ATTENTION OF SALES DEPARTMENT

"THE RECIPE"

When others were spilling calamity dope

And shaking their heads with the gloomiest air,
Bill Jefferson simply remarked, "There is hope!"

And worked like a beaver and hustled for fair.
While others were hesitant, doubtful, afraid,

He advertized widely wherever he could—

For this was Bill Jefferson's slogan of trade:

"For them that goes after it business is good."

"For two or three seasons," Bill Jefferson said,

"Most any old dub could get coin in a rush;
It didn't require no particular head

To gather in shekles when people was flush.

But now times is altered, and now comes the test,

The flush days is finished, that's well understood;

But here is the truth, very briefly expressed:

"For them that goes after it, business is good!"

"You won't boost your business by waitin' about

For this thing or that which mebbly will break;

Get busy right now an' you'll find, beyond doubt,

There's business to get an' there's money to make.

The hustler don't wail at his troubles an' quit,

Or whimper an' whine like the Babes in the Wood;

He jumps in the game with his nerve an' his grit—

"For them that goes after it, business is good!"

—Berton Braley.



CASCADE JUICE



WALTER BOUCHER'S MAGIC COW

Walter has a little cow
 Its coat is softest silk
 And every time that Walter nods
 It gives a quart of milk.

It follows him about the yard
 Its life is like a dream,
 And every time that Walter smiles
 It gives a pint of cream.

This other fact amazing,
 I hesitate to utter,
 And yet 'tis true if Walter laughs
 This little cow gives butter.

And even more astounding,
 Does Walter chance to sneeze,
 His pretty little Jersey pet
 Produces Edam cheese.

We are sorry to learn of the demise of James Fraser, a former watchman at Cascade. Mr. Fraser was a faithful, honest employee and "Jimmy" will surely be missed, although he has not been able to work for about two years. He was stricken "on duty" on one of the night shifts.

James Hurley has been dangerously ill, but at last reports was improving. We hope the improvement will continue.

We extend our sympathy to Wm. Boiley who had the misfortune to lose his wife.

The turkey list is again the important topic and everybody is looking forward to at least one feast. For our part we thank the Brown Company for our turkey.

A flock of deer passed over here recently, one man trailing six, but he never even brought in a track. Poor hunting, we'll say.

Leave your orders for venison at Doc Ross'. He's hunting.

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

Mr. Libby is a golf enthusiast, so they say, but he hasn't told us any records "over the course"—how about it?

Wm. Barrett of the laboratory was a visitor recently, making a short business trip prior to going to Boston for further treatment for his wrist. We hope that the treatment will prove successful, as

Mr. Barrett has shown the proper spirit, and deserves to win over this unfortunate affliction. Keep up, Bill, we're with you.

Don't be a tightwad—loosen up and join the Berlin Hockey Association if you want to put over a team that will show some of these Boston and mid west critics just where Berlin is on the map. Be a booster, it doesn't cost any more than to be a knocker.

Spike says he doesn't believe in minstrel jokes anyway—he says Mrs. H. isn't as bad as they try to make out.

The Colonel won—Lieutenant-Colonel, pardon me.

Edgar Perry is still unable to locate his young daughter, who was kidnapped from the school yard about a month ago. Funny how they got by the Berlin police!

Maurice was hunting up in Pittsburg recently—no, not Pennsylvania, that's another kind of place and another kind of animal.

The electrical department is having some alterations in their office—Ed always gets heavier in the winter.

I haven't seen any of Vic Brawn's cigars yet, have you? Turkey for three now, please.

The squirrels lay in a supply of food for the winter, and some of the laboratory crew look as though they were following their example. Funny how they always talk about Freddy so much—I mean the boy pitcher.

I heard a good one about the automatic telephone. It seems that a certain young fellow working about an office where one of these instruments is installed, was eating his lunch, and when he had listened for a length of time, finally answered it. When the party who was wanted came in from lunch, the telephone operator said, "The telephone rang 18 times, and I thought that was our ring so I answered it." That's service, I'll say.

Some of the Gorham boys are actually refusing to ride in automobiles. I should think some of these touring car owners would get sedans, and have heaters for

the comfort of their friends. Think it over, boys.

Arthur Rivard, our friend "Matoo" is on a visit to his home in Grand Mere, P.Q.

As a party who is interested in hockey I would say for the benefit of a few good sports, the Ford will be raffled.

Mr. Goodwin is willing to sell his new Ford or rather an old one made new.

The destruction gang has made quite an improvement in the floors about the sulphite mill.

C. C. B. Oldham seems to be jovial these days.

"Coon" Morris is getting into shape for a come-back. We all enjoy seeing a fellow of that sort reap the harvest.

Mr. Hannaford has become interested in hockey. At any rate he is selling association tickets.

THREE HUNTERS BOLD

Once upon a time, there ventured into a dense Thirteen Mile Forest three men who felt bold, brave and gay. They left our village in a horseless vehicle which chugged and sputtered and sometimes revolved, and each one carried a powerful and borrowed weapon with which to hunt the wild beasts. And the people of our village saw them depart and said unto one another, "Yea, and they shall bring forth from the Forest big game and we shall feast and make merry," and they returned to their humble abodes to await the coming of the feast.

And, lo and behold! when they returned to our Village, these men who felt bold, brave and gay, they bore not big game nor yet small game, nor yet the powerful and borrowed weapons with which they fared forth to hunt the wild beasts. And the people of our Village were saddened to behold one with a dejected countenance who lacked that which at one time permitted him to masticate freely and joyfully.

And the people of our Village met one another and said in sorrow and amazement: "Verily, my friend, this looketh bad to the eye, where hath our good neighbor deposited his teeth? And why, do our friends return without their

powerful and borrowed weapons? Mayhap some wild spirit hath given fright to these men who felt bold, brave and gay. It looketh bad, it looketh bad." And they shook their heads gravely—and wondered—and passed on.

Charley "Pick the Egg" Dauphiney, has finally got settled with the pipe crew. Charlie and Frank Larmey spent quite a vacation at the Gorham power house this last summer.

Bert Rumney of the digester house takes the cake when it comes to having alibis, Bert don't you think it's queer how the hinges will rust on some of the thermometers and pressure gauges in the digester house.

Daniel "Groveton" Hughes of the machine shop, has a beautiful horseless vehicle. When the new garage was completed at the Cascade, why Dan thought he had an automobile so he drove it right into the garage. Dan don't kid yourself, we know that it isn't an automobile.

Lewis Morrison, John Smith, and Bill Palmer of the Cascade mill are some of our fearless hunters. Smithy, if you buy a deer this year, be sure and tell Morrison and Palmer how much you paid for it.

John "Bugler" Sharpe of the time office, forgot all about Armistice Day, last Saturday. Some of the boys were looking for him but they found Jack pounding the feathers. Jack, if you had been around, your days in the second Battle of the Marne would have been a picnic compared to the battle we had Saturday. (Ask your old buddy, Herbie.)

John Lepage of the time office is the proud owner of one of Mr. Ford's tin cans. John thinks so much of his car, that some day we expect to see him drive it right into the time office, so that he can gaze on it while working.

"Coon" Morris has got a swelled head since he came back from his vacation (one side only). The football team in the machine room has disbanded for the season. Taking it all around it has been a very successful season except for a few minor injuries and a lay off for Bushey and Fitz.

Wilfred Boisselle, back tender on No. 2 paper machine, said: "I lost out on elections, but I'll be d—d if I lost any sleep."

Bill Foren was so mad over the election results, that he chewed up four pounds of spikes and half of the wet end, and then tried to polish it off on Ruggles' ear.

Walter Helms took a short course in forestry, and after getting his face full of splinters decided to let the woods alone, especially Harold.

The machine room having closed a very successful football season, wish to announce that they are organizing a basketball team to be known as the "Treat Em Rough" or "Home Brew" gang. Now if any other department has any rough necks send them on as our boys sure can use the sand paper. Make arrangements with Manager Morris or Capt. Fitzgerald.

The machine room can have a rest as the election is now ancient history. All Foren campaigned for his old friend, Boisselle, was for naught. How could Boisselle win, when his wife and the rest of the family voted against him, besides he was in the wrong party, or shall we say wrong ward. Boisselle had to lay off from work election night so his wife could wash his clothes.

OUR IDEA OF NOTHING AT ALL

The fellow who got married at 6 a. m., Tuesday, October 31st, so that he could put something over on the crowd. We don't mind not getting cigars, but when we heard that he tried to have the price of the marriage ceremony cut down, it touched a tender spot in our heart. Don't forget, brother, you didn't put anything over on us, we knew all about an hour after you were married.

Joseph Perron, better known as Piazza Joe, or Joe Platform, is telling the wide world that if any of his friends run out of chewing tobacco, why they can call on him and he will lend them a chew. Joe is very fond of Red Cross Nurses, and for that reason he uses Red Cross Chewing tobacco, either that or he knows nobody else likes Red Cross Chewing tobacco.

Big Jack Nollett, who relieved some of our younger element here at the mill of their loose simoleons during the World series, says, "I sure do like to accommodate some of these 'Rusty Haired' fellows by saving their money for them." Hot Dog! It's safen el, alright.

WEDDING BELLS

Rufus Smith, when will thou get married? Rufus has sent out the following notice. I am in the matrimonial field for

a wife, anyone between the ages of 16 and 65, one that can cook, carry in wood, take care of the furnace, get my meals, take care of the house, wash clothes, outside of that her time will be her own. Apply to Cascade boiler house or write to Rufus Smith, Chief Selectman, Gorham, N. H.

Fred Studd, our congenial head piper, has been doing some piping for our old friend Leo Leoandes Bolts Squash Barbin. If poor Fred has to wait for his pay for as long a time as Leo had to wait for Studd to do his work then I am afraid that bill will have whiskers.

Jimmie Lanterio of the pipe shop, when he first came to Berlin, invested \$4.00 in the poultry business, after paying the amount mentioned, he found that he could only stand \$2.00 worth, so he lost the whole amount. Jimmie says, "I'm going into the business again but they will never put anything over on me this time." Jimmie is a foster son of William G. (Big Bill) Forest.

"Short Pete" Gagne of the cutter room is wearing a big smile these days. Pete was on the right side of the fence this election.

Politicians may come and politicians may go, but Gillis will live on forever.

Representative John Hayward of the electrical department, is planning on a busy time this coming season. John is now raising a moustache, and he has challenged "Big Steve" to see which of them can raise one the fastest. By the looks of things "Snoopy" seems to have the edge on him, "Big Steve" has ten on each side, and "Snoop" has eleven on each side of his nose.

We didn't get much news from the machine room or the electrical department this month, these are two of our old stand-bys. Come on, fellows, you know how to write up the dope about yourselves better than we do, so shoot it across next month.

Wouldn't it be a grand and glorious feeling:

If old Volstead had never been heard of?

If Morris chairs were furnished to the Androscoggin Valley Club, for some of the old timers to use while going over the golf course?

If the upper plants, sulphite and Cascade mills would bury the hatchet and

remember that they are all working for the same company?

If Mr. Gross would take the passengers into consideration when he tries to stop the car at the Cascade waiting room?

If they never had a law on ducks?

If John Graff gave dancing lessons?

If we all could have visited the Bungalow at Bryant's Pond?

If "Pinkey" Oswald could wear a red neck-tie and carry a cane?

If "Honey" Cameron had millions?

If Berlin had a live Athletic Association?

If we could take a walk alongside of some of our country roads without taking a chance of getting hit by some of our Barney Oldfields.

A WONDERFUL MOONLIT NIGHT

The wonderful night of November third, found,

"Big Chief Nibroc" and Foreman, at Dolly Copp Camp Ground.

Maidens, Squaws and bold Indians made A gay party to Libby, the "Big Chief's" aide.

Indian Edwards and squaw early went out To build camp fires and a table quite stout.

Twenty-seven in the party, all most gay, A most fitting conclusion to a perfect day. The moon shone brightly, many stars were a sight,

For such an occasion a most gorgeous night.

The menu was luscious, fried steak, lamb and dogs,

And we had some chicken prepared by the Foggs.

There were oysters fried nicely, a la New York,

And our "Big Chief Nibroc" fried some good pork.

Good sandwiches, cheese, cake, cigars and candy,

And all did agree, everything was just dandy.

All expressed their opinion, that the meeting was fine,

And they all should meet often, in the good summer time.

ONE OF THEM.

A school teacher while instructing the class in composition said:

"Now, children, do not imitate someone else. Write exactly what is in you."

As a result the following composition was handed in:

"I'm not imitating someone else: I've got a heart, a liver, and a few more little things and I've also got half a pie, a soda, a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee."

ACCIDENTS FOR MONTH OF OCTOBER

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	1
Minor accidents.....	7
Without loss of time.....	35
Total for month.....	43

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	7
Without loss of time.....	66
Total for month.....	73

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	20
Without loss of time.....	47
Total for month.....	67

Obituaries

OFFICE

Robert A. Smith was born February 20, 1880. He commenced work with the company as Mr. O. B. Brown's secretary, October 26, 1904, where he worked until the time of his death, October 27, 1922.

CHEMICAL MILL

Henry Rocheleau was born in Canada November 12, 1898. He went to work for the company May 31, 1920, at the sulphite yard. He went to work at the chemical mill August 17, 1920, where he worked at the time of his death, October 14, 1922.

GET-TOGETHER CLUB

Dues for the half year, October 1st, 1922 to March 31, 1922, are slow in reaching the hands of the secretary.

The directors are planning on giving you as good a time this winter as you had last summer at Bryant's Pond.

They cannot go ahead with any definite arrangements until they know what amount of money they have at their disposal.

A special appeal is now being made to members, to those who have been members, also to those who are eligible to membership, to give this matter your consideration and thereby let the directors know that they have your support.

PAPER

Thair is menny kind of papers, such as news, rapping, note, wall, oil, waste and others to numerous to menshun.

Peepul offen gets rapped in the news-papers, but good stoakeepers don't rap nothin' in newspapers, but have rapping paper.

Note paper is sumtimes rapping paper. When yew send a dunning note on note paper yew userly don't care a rap how hard yew rap.

Paper is said by some authorities to keep peepul warm, especially note paper. My paw sez a 30-day note of his kept him in a sweat for a hole month onct.

Wall paper is yewsful mostly for landlords to raze rents on. They raze it onct when they promis tew paper yoar house and raze it again when they do it.—Adapted.

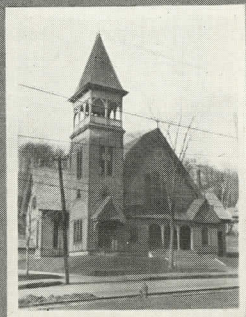
Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect to retain, you weaken its powers, and you lose your authority to command its services.



AMERICAN LEGION MINSTREL SHOW GROUP



Berlin's Places of Worship



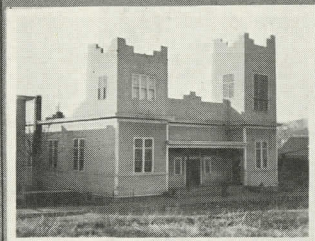
CONGREGATIONAL



RUSSIAN



ST. HIERON'S



GUARDIAN ANGEL



SALVATION ARMY



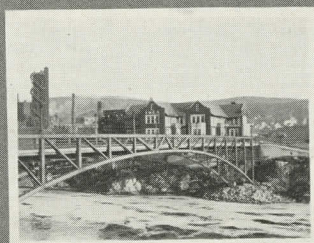
UNIVERSALIST COMMUNITY HOUSE



SCANDINAVIAN METHODIST



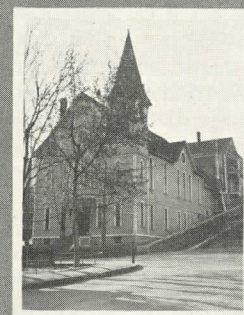
BAPTIST



Y.M.C.A.



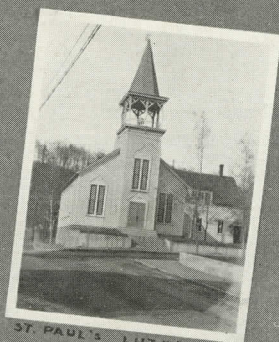
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE



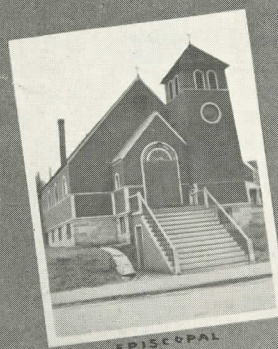
METHODIST



ST. ANNE'S



ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN



EPISCOPAL



SYNAGOGUE

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

THE RIVERSIDE MILL SPORTING NEWS

CONTESTANTS AND HANDLERS IN THE SEVEN ROUND BATTLE IN WHICH EGAN LOSES TO FRED LEMIEUX
THE FLYING FRENCHMAN
 NOTE THE GATE RECEIPTS WENT TO HELP THE MEMBERS OF THE HUNTERS UNION

RIVERSIDE LONDON-PRIZE RING RULES WITH SKIN TIGHT GLOVES

ROUND ONE
 SPARKING FOR AN OPENING

ROUND TWO
 EGAN MISSES WITH A RIGHT SWING THE FRENCHMAN LAUGHS AND KIDS THE GROUND

ROUND THREE
 THE FRENCHMAN KICKS LOW AND IS WARNED TO BEING TIGHTER THE GROUND KICKS FOR SPARK AND CALLS HIM A RUMNEY

ROUND FOUR
 EGAN CROUCHES AND GETS A STIFF ONE ON THE JAW

ROUND FIVE
 EGAN'S FIRST FOOTWEAR SAVES HIM FROM A KICK OUT

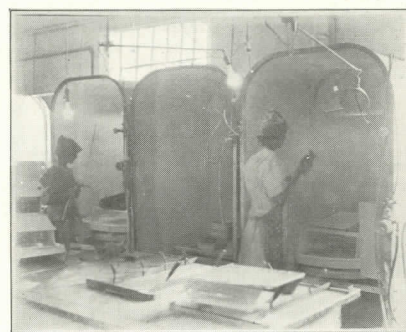
ROUND SIX
 MORE SLAUGHTER

ROUND SEVEN
 "KO'D"

THE END
 BY ST. ARCHIE BOWCHER



ASSEMBLING TOWEL CABINETS



SPRAYING CABINETS IN THE BAKERS

RIVERSIDE DOINGS

We of the Riverside mill, claim to have the snappiest dancer in seven counties in the person of Archie (Tincat) Cantin. We do say Archie shakes a wicked hoof. Watch us, "SMILES."

Sil Peters of the cutter room claims the championship of the Brown Company when it comes to bumming chewing tobacco. Every time "Spike" Hennessey comes here Sil chews up most of his plug.

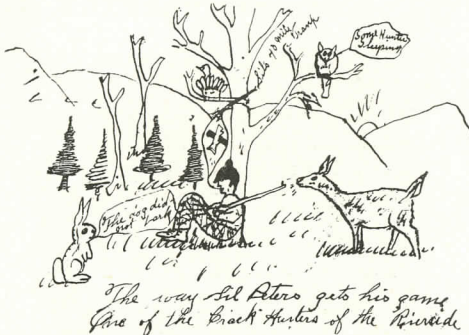
"Shorty" Teare and Nils Jackson are the only and original Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean. These two old cronies seldom argue, even though Nils does think that he is the best poultry fancier in the North Country.

If you ever want to know anything about baseball, fighters, politicians, Mexican athletes (more commonly called bull throwers) etc., why look up Andy Mullins, our happy-go-lucky watchman. Andy knows the above mentioned like a



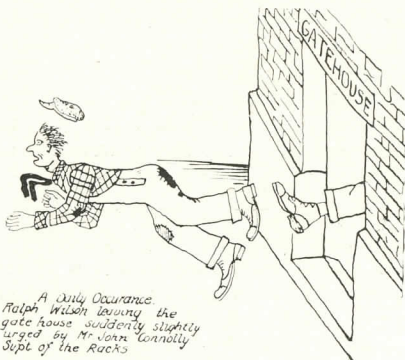
GROUP OF TOWEL MAKERS

book, as Andy says: "None of these jokers can put anything over on me."



Sil Peters came back from a hunting trip on October 16th, with a tale of a wild deer hunt in which he claims he walked all of forty miles before finally capturing his quarry. The truth is bitter, Sil, but here goes. Snoozing at the foot of a tree with his gun over his shoulder and making a noise like an old-fashioned auto horn, he attracted the attention of a bold young deer who decided to investigate. Sil was awakened with such a scare that he accidentally pulled the trigger, and—alas! the poor deer was shot. We also hear that his dog was named Joe, Joe Couture to be exact.

Archie Tourangeau has recently been interested in a revival of Joe Knowles' method of hunting deer, namely, without a gun. Reports have it, however, that he weakened in his theoretical convictions and on his recent trip to Dummer he stopped off at Milan and bought a rifle. Incidentally, Archie, courses in memory training are cheap and numerous.



GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Herbert Sheridan of the furniture department is some sharp shooter, he is rough on rats.

MACHINE SHOP

J. J. Scammon is taking count of stock.

Our sympathy is extended to Jos. Morin who recently lost his wife.

William Lemieux is raffling off his Chevrolet. He intends to buy a Ford next season.

Silas Paulsen got a big deer the first of the season on the road from Errol to Colebrook. Buster Knudson had his usual luck after four days' hunting—nothing at all. Harry Garland and Mike Lowe also went off hunting. Mike got a rabbit and Garland a partridge. Just a little better than what Buster did.

The machine shop is mighty dark on these short afternoons.

BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

Sylvanus Wedge says that every dog has his day but Hans Johnson's cat has a monopoly of the nights.

Ed Fournier says that an ounce of keeping your mouth shut saves many a man from a pound on the jaw and a sore right mitt.

Our Tom, who sings such sweet songs to his forge fire and hand hammer, has Bob Southgate and Sylvanus Wedge all "het" up trying to get the title of Tom's latest hits. Bob would call them Song Bird Tom's Air Bluers.

George Pinard, the traveling horse-shoer, is down at Gilead shoeing horses for Mr. O. B. Brown. He was with Mr. W. R. Brown on the three hundred mile endurance race recently. George is doing good work on all the horses at the stock farms.

Jerry Kid Cantin had his luck with him the first week of the hunting season. He shot a big eight-point buck up above Errol.

Blond Jack Albert, the old Karracut tiger, expects to hit the trail soon to the tall timbers. Jack says that a blacksmith shop is no place for a timber beast during the deer hunting season. He and Baptisie are going to travel together and they expect to break all records.

Bill Willet, the old iron spanker, is very pleased to be over in his little cozy corner with Clean-Shave Couture.

Fred Perkins is kept very busy repairing cant dogs and pick poles. He has made some fine driving dogs recently.

Pat Collins, the little harp, has just completed two railroad frogs. Little Bud is swinging a mean sledge for Sir Paddy.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

WANTED:—One low-priced, second-hand poet with college degree. Long hair and flowing necktie preferred. Otherwise dressed like a millionaire. Hours 10-3. Must be able to furnish rhyming dictionary or possess sufficient tact to borrow the Burgess copy. Apply Research Department, Brown Company, Berlin, N. H.

Donald I. Gross, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has had considerable postgraduate work along analytical lines with Professor Gill, has been employed by the Bureau of Tests.

Eli A. Marcoux has returned to work with this department. He graduated last June in the Pulp and Paper course of the University of Maine. While at Orono he also had practical experience as stock man in the university laboratories. During the past summer, he has worked with the Newton Falls Paper Company under the direction of Robert B. Wolf. Marcoux was first employed with the Brown Company at the Burgess laboratory. During the war he was a second lieutenant in infantry. Following the armistice, he was employed with the research department, leaving in 1920 to complete his course at Orono. We are all mighty glad to welcome him back.

Other new graduate chemists are Russell M. Wiggin, a resident of Whitefield, who received his Bachelor's degree last June from New Hampshire State college, and Lowell M. Cushing of Medford, who was recently granted the degree of Master of Science in Chemistry from Tufts College.

S. L. Swasey suffered a painful accident recently. While engaged in opening a bottle of fuming nitric acid, gas pressure in the bottle caused the acid to spatter.

Harold P. Vannah is very happy. The Democratic party held its own in the recent Gorham elections. As chairman of the democratic committee, Harold felt his responsibility keenly. It is said that melon seeds instead of money were used to influence votes.

William E. LaRochelle, a graduate of St. John's Preparatory school at Danvers, Mass., has been employed as a chemical assistant.

Born, November 10, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McMurtrie, a son, Robert Lempereur.

Hugh K. Moore has been elected to the General Court. He recently filed an account of his expenditures for election expenses. No money was expended on his own account.

W. B. Van Arsdel recently consulted with the experts on color at the Bureau of Standards.

Frank M. Jones has sent us a picture of Woodrow Wilson's birthplace at Staunton, Virginia. He passed through this town on his way to Tennessee.

Messrs. Hoffses and Sherman of the Portland office visited us one day this month.

SALVAGE DEPARTMENT

Mr. C. E. Barker of the salvage department has just completed twenty-one years of continuous service with the Brown Company. During that time he has had a part in a number of operations, that have not been mentioned in the Bulletin before. The following is his own story of the mills that were operated at Madrid and at Farmingdale.

Twenty-one years ago the first of this month I was employed at Rumford Falls as assistant foreman of the machine shop of the Portland and Rumford Falls R. R. (now the Maine Central). When I read in my home town paper, *The Maine Woods*, of Phillips, Maine, that the Berlin Mills Company had purchased the large saw mill of the Readington Lumber Company, by whom I had formerly been employed as engineer, and were to move it to Madrid Station in Phillips and to erect it again to saw out the large amount of lumber they had acquired in that vicinity, I immediately had a great desire to get back into the lumber game again. This business, together with railroading, had been my business since I was old enough to work. As I desired to get back to the old home town where my parents were living, I at once wrote the Berlin Mills Company asking for a position, and was referred to the late F. D. Bartlett who as a superintendent has never been beaten. He answered my letter, telling me to report at once at Phillips. I did this after working a week's notice at the R. R. shops, and was assigned to the work of installing the engines, boilers, and doing the steam fitting. When the plant was ready to run I was given charge of the steam plant, which position I held for seven or eight years, as long as the mill was running. I was then transferred to a similar position at the Farmingdale mill on the Kennebec River and held this

until the last three summers' runs during which time I took over the millwright's position. As this mill sawed only summers I was given employment in Berlin most of the time during the winters. One winter I was sent to Lyster to work for Jim Taylor to overhaul the steam plant there. This winter was extremely enjoyable even though I spoke no French, for everything was so new to me that I had no chance to get homesick. After the company decided not to operate the Farmingdale mill any longer, I came to Berlin and have remained here with no regrets that I came, and with a great deal of respect for the company that regards its employees as men and for the superintendents of departments with which I have been connected. In my position as foreman of the salvage shop, I find many very interesting problems to work out. Although many never stop to think there is anything in the salvage game worth while, I find a satisfaction in knowing that even this is a part of the great network of interests that, banded together, make the Brown Company one of the greatest and best companies it had been my fortune to be connected with. I am proud to say that I work for the Brown Company.

PROMOTIONS

SULPHITE MILL

Victor Willette from laborer to back tender "B."

Wm. E. Church from back tender "A" to foreman.

Joe Aube from wood cleaner to bleach wet machine.

Octave Roy from pan man to bleach wet machines.

Joseph Simard from baling man to bleach wet machine.

Charles Fournier from pan man to bleach wet machine.

CASCADE MILL

Emile Bineau from laborer to wood fireman.

Adolph Blair from fourth hand to third hand.

Joseph A. Morrisette from fifth hand to fourth hand.

Merle Evans from broke hustler to fifth hand.

RIVERSIDE MILL

Arthur Guillette from spare hand to back tender.

Alphonse Lacroix from third hand to spare hand.

Leodore Couture from fourth hand to third hand.

SAW MILL

Oscar Nelson from latheman to machine tender.

Joseph Tellier from laborer to machine tender.

Ezra Yandow from laborer to dryer foreman.

James Hurley from laborer to dryer foreman.

Harold Lawrence from laborer to dryer foreman.



At a conference of members of the woman's clubs in Northern New Hampshire held during this last month, the Berlin Woman's Club successfully represented "The Weddings of Foreign Nations." Among those who took part were Miss Mary Anderson, of the photo section and Mrs. Nils Jackson, whose husband is employed in the Riverside office. The former acted the part of the groom and the latter that of the bride. The picture shows the costumes used at weddings in Norway.

Tens of thousands of people fail because they love their ease too much. they are not willing to put themselves out, to sacrifice comfort.

By proper training, the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life and the good emotions rendered permanently dominated.

A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.



COMMERCIAL STREET

LA TUQUE NEWS

The new dairy barn and house for the farmer are fast being completed and by the time this paper is printed we will see the cows in their stalls and the farmer in charge comfortably settled in his new home.

Mr. Moose Bjornlund is spending a few days in New York, with Mrs. Bjornlund visiting friends.

We wish to impress on you all the necessity of conserving your coal supply this coming winter. We expect to have plenty for all, although we regret that we are not able to fill your order except in small quantities.

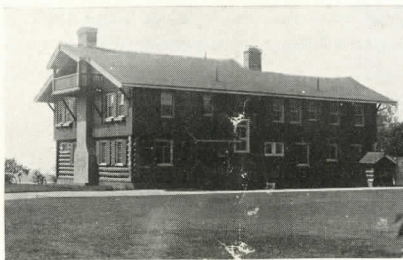
Sift your ashes, watch your drafts and make it as easy for us as possible to keep you supplied.



THE WINDSOR HOTEL

At a general meeting of the La Tuque Hockey Association held at the Community Club recently the following officers were elected: President, Simmons Brown, secretary, R. Babineau, executive committee, "Sweede" Johnson, R. Ducharme, Walter Arnott.

Mr. Tom Cleland has been appointed manager of the senior hockey team for the coming winter and Mr. George McNaughton elected captain. Mr. Chas. Fox will again be trainer.



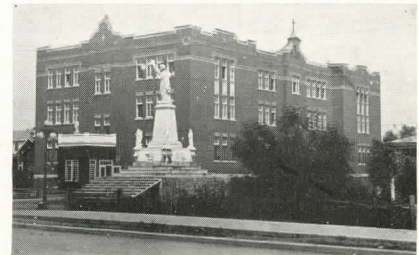
MR. SIMMONS BROWN'S RESIDENCE

The La Tuque Hockey League (Intermediate) held its annual meeting at the Community Club, November 16th and the following officers were elected for the season 1922-23: President, W. L. Gilman, vice-president, F. X. Lamontagne, secretary, J. O. Arsenault.

The franchise of the "K of C" team of last season was requested to be transferred to the "Canadian Hockey Club" which was satisfactory as the K. of C. find it hard to find sufficient players in their fraternity with the hockey ability to turn out a strong team.

The league this season will be composed of the following clubs: Zouaves, Beavers, Canadiens.

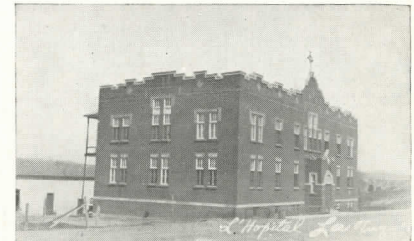
We all look forward to a banner year in this city league and hope the boys will



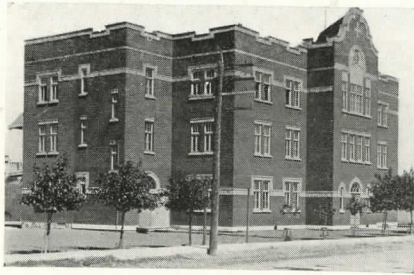
CONVENT

stick together and play hockey and not let little differences break up the sport. Will announce the schedule next month.

The drawing classes supported by the Provincial Government and the Brown Corporation and held in the Community Club are now under way with the largest enrollment of their history numbering eighty-four pupils. These classes in mechanical and architectural drawings under the instruction of Mr. D. Beaupre, Mr. M. Packard and Mr. J. K. Nesbitt, afford the men of the town a grand opportunity to improve themselves and we want to urge them to attend each night if possible. Do not let little things keep you away. Come to your classes and do those other things some other evening.



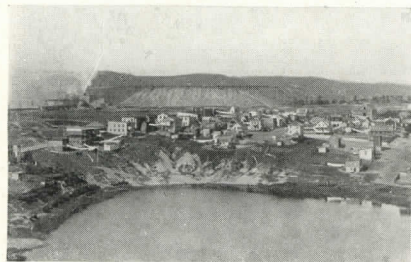
HOSPITAL



COLLEGE

The classes in conversational French for the English speaking people and conversational English for the French speaking people will be under way before this appears in print and classes in English literature and mathematics a week later. These classes will be held at the Community Club every Tuesday and Thursday evening. The evenings upon which the classes in English literature and mathematics are to be held will be announced later.

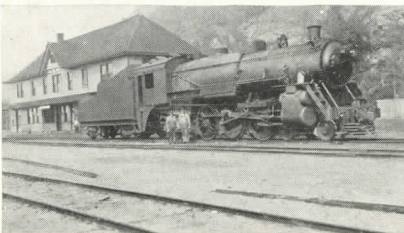
We all regret the sad outcome of the little hunting trip that resulted in the

LOG PILE LOOKING FROM
C. N. R. TRACKS

death by exposure of one of our old employees, Nelson Morrison, on Wednesday, October 17th, and we send a heartfelt sympathy to those left behind.

Mr. Morrison was born in Orono, Me., on April 2nd, 1886, spending a large part of his early life in Orono, coming from there to La Tuque in 1911. He first worked as millwright under Dave Lawrence, later becoming foreman in charge of repairs in the pulp mill.

He was 36 years old and leaves a wife and baby son, Nolan, and two step-sons Stanley and Percy Gorham.



ONE OF THE C. N. R. BIG LOCOMOTIVES

Mr. John Barraclough, the new manager for the Community Club, is with us at last and taking up his new duties. We all wish him success in his new undertaking and stand willing to give him 100 per cent. co-operation.

Mr. Rene Decroux, the new physical instructor, is also here and has his classes well organized and some of them under way. We also wish him success in his new field.

The senior hockey squad has started in their gymnasium work which is the first stage of the training for the coming hockey season.

We hope these young athletes fully realize the opportunity that is theirs in having such an institution as the Community Club at their disposal and the support of the people of La Tuque. It is the duty of each one to train conscientiously, to give the best in him and play the game.

La Tuque is again thinking seriously of hockey. The Provincial Hockey League of which we are members has arranged a twelve-game schedule to be played in two sections; the winners of each section to play off in home-and-home games, the team scoring the most goals being declared champions.

The following teams make up the League for the season of 1922-1923: Quebec, Chicoutimi, Three Rivers, La Tuque.

The schedule is as follows:

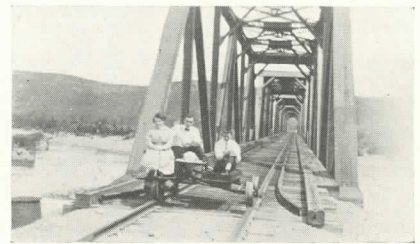
Sun. Dec. 17th,	Three Rivers	at La Tuque
Wed. Dec. 20th,	La Tuque	at Quebec
Fri. Dec. 22nd,	La Tuque	at Chicoutimi
Sun. Dec. 24th,	Quebec	at Three Rivers
Fri. Dec. 29th,	La Tuque	at Three Rivers
Wed. Jan. 3rd,	Chicoutimi	at Quebec
Fri. Jan. 5th,	Chicoutimi	at Three Rivers
Sun. Jan. 7th,	Chicoutimi	at La Tuque
Wed. Jan. 10th,	Quebec	at Chicoutimi
Fri. Jan. 12th,	Three Rivers	at Quebec
Sun. Jan. 14th,	Quebec	at La Tuque
Sun. Jan. 14th,	Three Rivers	at Chicoutimi

2ND HALF

Sun. Jan. 21st,	La Tuque	at Chicoutimi
Sun. Jan. 21st,	Quebec	at Three Rivers
Tues. Jan. 23rd,	La Tuque	at Quebec
Thur. Jan. 25th,	La Tuque	at Three Rivers
Sun. Jan. 28th,	Three Rivers	at La Tuque
Sun. Jan. 28th,	Quebec	at Chicoutimi
Wed. Jan. 31st,	Chicoutimi	at Quebec
Fri. Feb. 2nd,	Chicoutimi	at Three Rivers
Sun. Feb. 4th,	Chicoutimi	at La Tuque
Fri. Feb. 9th,	Three Rivers	at Quebec
Sun. Feb. 11th,	Three Rivers	at Chicoutimi
Sun. Feb. 11th,	Quebec	at La Tuque

La Tuque has an abundance of good hockey material this year and we look for a championship team.

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

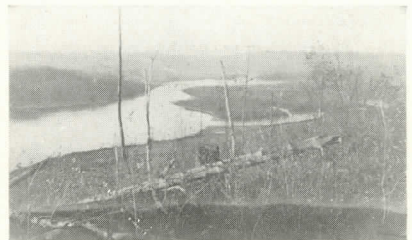
BRIDGE ACROSS THE
ST. MAURICE RIVER

LAB NEWS

Paderewski (Loken) and Heifitz (Cash) have decided to make a contract with the Victor Co., to reproduce a series of musical numbers entitled "Melodies of a Dying Calf" in C Major, or "While There's Life There's Hope."

Sidney Nesbitt is often heard training his voice. The voice is alright but some of us must have awful poor ears.

Gingras always looks well into the corners of the pulp testing room upon entering. It must be a case of once bit twice shy.

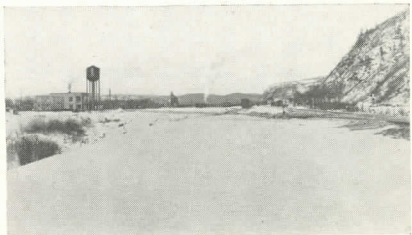


LOOKING UP THE ST. MAURICE RIVER

Jos. Bone has been showing up in about three overcoats every morning. The snow is not here yet so heaven help some people when we get zero weather.

Jos. Bouchard will open a feed store soon. He claims some people do not eat enough oats.

We are pleased to announce that anyone who suffers from boils may, upon request, receive expert advice and treatment from W. D. Beckler of the research department.

FITZPATRICK, TWO MILES NORTH
OF LA TUQUE

A dead moose was found near Lake Lang tied to a tree. This must be the one that was waiting for Gailey last month, dead from starvation.

If Charlie Chaplin can make folks roar just by walking, what would happen if theatre goers could see Ernest Vogel doing a square dance.

Anybody wanting to know how to run a Ford car should watch Ritchie Johnson feed the juice to the Oliver Filter Press.

Hayes' cat is no longer hungry. It apparently had a good lick at Jeff's upper lip. That is if appearance means anything.

The company's employees together with help from the "Quebec Streams Commission" employees now working at La Loutre dam, have in their spare time commenced the construction of a hockey rink 210'x65'. Hoping with good luck to have first whack at the puck in a couple of weeks' time. Teams to be made up from staff of both concerns now at La Loutre. On speaking to Jerry McCarthy, I find that he hopes to take winning team down to La Tuque and say "How-Do" to Bill Gilman and his puck chasers.

Best wishes from all at La Loutre to the folks at Berlin for Christmas.



BROWN COMPANY POWER HOUSE



FALLS OF THE LITTLE BOSTONNAIS
BELOW LA TUQUE

QUEBEC OFFICE

The Quebec office has had quite a number of visitors this month.

We were very glad to see Mr. W. E. Corbin, Geo. Lovett and Tom Brennan the first of the month. They paid us a short visit, took in the usual sights of the

city and departed for La Tuque.

Later in the month Mr. W. R. Brown and S. S. Lockyer were with us a few days.

J. T. Heck and F. W. Thompson also have visited Quebec office this month.

At the present time auditors from Niles & Niles, New York City, are making their annual examination of our books.

We are glad to welcome Mr. W. L. Bennett and Miss Rhoda Patterson to Quebec City. They were transferred from Berlin office October 1st. Mr. Bennett has charge of the accounts and Miss Patterson is working in the same department.

THE CRUISING PARTY

One day last summer Mr. W. R. Brown was sitting on the piazza of his summer home, gazing at the Arabian scenery, when the thought came to him that many of his camp foremen, scalers, clerks and walking bosses were also "out to pasture," so to speak, and were very apt to be soft and out of condition when the winter endurance race began along the muddy banks of the Diamond and Magalloway. Accordingly he drove to Berlin and by merely pushing several buttons arranged a grand, free-for-all cruising party in which everyone was to start even, with a given territory to cover, the race to finish in Berlin on August the fifteenth.

A great commotion then took place in the headquarters of the race committee, otherwise known as the Forestry Division office, where Scotty Lockyer and his lieutenants packed up a wangan for twenty crews in four days' time, the equipment being complete, even to the broom ordered by Phon Curtis, a Milan and Dummer cross-bred, who never before showed any Boy Scout tendencies in his long career on the turf.

On Monday, July 15, the race started, the contestants scattering to the wilds of Maine, Vermont and Northern New Hampshire. Up hill and down they plodded, counting trees and making tremendous guesses as to areas, cords per acre and bugs per square inch.

The results of the race were chalked up each night with the red and green pencils that Madan had thoughtfully supplied.

The first few days were hard ones for the Woods Department entrants, most of whom had done no work for many years. The Forestry Division boys, who are always in fighting trim, forged rapidly ahead, but gradually that old fighting spirit that has won through in many a

battle at the Umbagog House, was re-awakened in hearts long since gone dry, and the old-timers finished in fine style, though travelling on sheer nerve. The race finished in Berlin on the fifteenth, but all contestants were ruled out of the competition the next morning, as every one pulled up quite lame and stiff after a night in Berlin's least known hotels.

HOOF PRINTS FROM THE RACE

About the fifth day of the race, a telephone message was received at Race Headquarters from Big Jack Murray in Chain of Ponds town. As Judge P. W. Churchill answered the 'phone, he was startled to hear Big Jack ask for a wheel chair, to be sent at once. "What do you want of a wheel chair, Jack?" "Gentle wheegis, don't you know, I've got to get Bill Underwood up these mountains somehow."

It's a proven fact that a camp boss can't raise a beard or moustache in the winter time, because they are always dropping off to sleep and singeing their hirsute adornment on the red-hot stove between their knees. However, Jack Haley managed to raise a corker on the drive and took it with him on the cruising trip. One day, however, the wind caught in the abundant foliage of the Haley moustache and wound it around a clumb of alder bushes. Before Frank Kitttridge had cut Jack clear with a spotting axe, over a foot was gone from one side of the moustache, so Jack came home clean from Rumford.

Dan Murray and Earl Sylvester had a great time at Massachusetts Gorge. They lagged behind in the day time but made a great record nights. They were constantly cheered on by the girls of Camp Arnold, and their gallant fight against overwhelming odds made a strong impression on everyone in that section. After a trip to Woburn in record time, Sylvester was nicknamed "Gingham Sylvest" and a petition has been forwarded to Berlin requesting his return to that section next summer.

George Anderson and Elliot Bragg passed an easy trip to Millsfield. Anderson pulled the fastest sprint of the race, while passing a certain house on the Clear Stream road, where he intended to board way back in 1921, but for some unknown reason suddenly changed his mind. Yes, very suddenly.

In justice to the Canadian entrants it must be stated that their percentage would have ranked well up with their American cousins had not one of their number experienced an embarrassing barrier in crossing the Line. They also complain that the drinking stations are

not as plainly marked as on the other side of the line, which worked against their obtaining a high average.

The management showed wonderful acumen in placing the entrants on the ground best suited to their style of gait, especially so in the case of "Dark Horse" Woodward, for had he been assigned to the beaver bogs around Tim Pond, it is doubtful if he had been able to finish at all. Whitcomb has always found it much easier to cover ground in the more isolated sections. In regions like Errol, Carroll and Guildhall he usually attempts to show his form and often breaks badly.

MAIN OFFICE GIRLS ENTERTAIN

You may believe it or not, but it was some supper. It lasted for over one hour and during that time there was not an idle moment on the part of the guests and the committee on arrangements. Always something coming, always something doing, and everybody doing it.

However, let us tell you about by "beginning at the commencement." Being closer descendants of Adam than of Eve, we cannot say how it started. But one day last week, some of the Main Office girls went around with pad and pencil asking the men folks, "Do you want to go to the supper Monday evening, the 20th, at the Y. M. C. A.?" Of course we did not ask any questions, but said, "Sure," with a capital "S," and down on the pad went our names. The Main Office girls had been having weekly feeds at the Girls' Club and from what we had heard (not what we had seen) the mornings following these feeds, we judged that the girls are some feeders and, of course, good eaters. By Saturday everybody knew that the girls were to give the boys (everybody is young here) a supper followed by an entertainment. At 6:30 Monday evening, fifty of the Main Office force rushed into the dining room. Some of us tried to get in at 5:30 but Miss Feindel was on "guard duty" at the door. As we did not have the counter-sign, there was nothing doing. Once in the dining room, we saw who was Master of Ceremonies and who was to wait on us. First there was Mrs. E. Bailey as Big Chief, I should say "Chef," assisted by Walter Elliott as K. P., and Misses Rosamond Moffett, Flora Howell and Marguerite Monahan as waitresses. This strong combination proved once again that they were Master and Mistresses of the Art. The menu consisted of fricasse of chicken, mashed potatoes, squash, rolls, celery, pickles, ice cream and cake, etc.,

etc., and, Oh boy! what coffee. There was plenty of everything. After everybody's appetite was satisfied, Mr. H. S. Gregory, acting as toastmaster, made a motion that we extend a rising vote of thanks to the girls. Before the motion was seconded everybody was on his feet.

Interesting remarks and stories were made and told by several of the guests, but when Mr. Flewellyn, from the remarks made by Mr. Linton, discovered that Mr. Bailey, Mr. Bryant and others—including Mr. Gregory—had been in the wrong place, the latter decided that he would not call on anybody else, but would ask all to retire to the auditorium and enjoy a social and entertainment. This was done and the girls proved once more that they are loyal entertainers.

At 11 p. m., everybody said "good night" with one unanimous remark, "The best supper, and a jolly good time."

All the boys join to thank the girls for the good time and hope to return the compliment some day in the near future.

Burgess Relief Association payments for the month of October:

Jos. Rheame.....	\$ 38 67
Alf. Marvois.....	45 20
Felix Croteau.....	45 73
John Provencha.....	21 27
Ralph Duguay.....	14 17
Irene Fillion.....	22 60
Chas. Jekoski.....	30 16
David Lessard.....	46 00
Geo. Godin.....	13 18
Mrs. P. Vaincour.....	68 50
Albion Burt.....	64 00
Jos. Parent.....	59 20
R. E. Pennock.....	56 98
Mrs. O. Lacroix.....	42 00
Frank Seguin.....	56 00
Thos. Potter.....	99 74
T. Dupuis.....	58 66
Wilf. Pelaquin.....	100 00
Albion Burt.....	32 00
Ernest Holt.....	28 60
Ernest Holt.....	7 15
Jos. Rochford.....	80 00
Total.....	\$1056 34

MR. JOHNSON TAKES EXCEPTION

Mr. Why Not?—Because:

I notice in last month's Brown Bulletin you did quite a lot of knocking in regard to the way boxing was handled in Berlin, I also notice that you as one individual, would like to know why the Judges System of refereeing was discontinued, which I will explain. In nine cases out of ten the judges disagree, then it is up to the referee to give the decision. This

has happened several times here in this city.

The so-called Judges System does not meet with the approval of the fans and has been discontinued in most of the large cities except New York and Boston, and in both of these cities it has proven a failure. If you are a boxing fan and read the daily papers you will readily understand, I am sure, why it was discontinued here in Berlin.

One incident I have in mind, Johnnie Dundee was boxing Charlie White in Boston. Dundee beat White in every round and still the so-called judges gave the decision to White. The decision did not meet the approval of the fans or the sporting writers of the daily papers.

Another incident more recent, Paul Doyle was boxing Charlie Herman in Brooklyn, N. Y. Herman beat Doyle all the way, still the so-called judges gave the decision to Doyle. I can name a dozen other incidents but I will not take up too much space.

J. L. JOHNSON,

One of the "biased" referees.

P. S. Mr. Why Not?—Because, where was the signature to your article?

THE OLDEST LIVING THING

A huge cypress tree in a churchyard near Santa Maria del Tule, in Southern Mexico, according to biologists who have made investigations, is believed to be the oldest living thing in the world, being between 5,000 and 6,000 years old.

This age is based on the gigantic bore of the tree and the slow growth of the species. The figures mean that when the seed from which the tree sprang fell upon the earth King Menes was holding the first reign in Egypt of which we have an historic knowledge, 3,000 years before the birth of Christ.

Humboldt discovered the tree more than 100 years ago. He nailed to the tree a wooden tablet containing his autograph and, although it is now partly hidden by the subsequent growth, the autograph is still legible.—*Canadian Chemistry and Metallurgy.*

Mr. Meant-To has a comrade

And his name is Didn't Do;
Have you ever chanced to meet them?
Did they ever call on you?

These two fellows live together

In the house of Never-Win
And I'm told that it is haunted
By the ghost of Might-Have-Been.

Telephone Topics.