



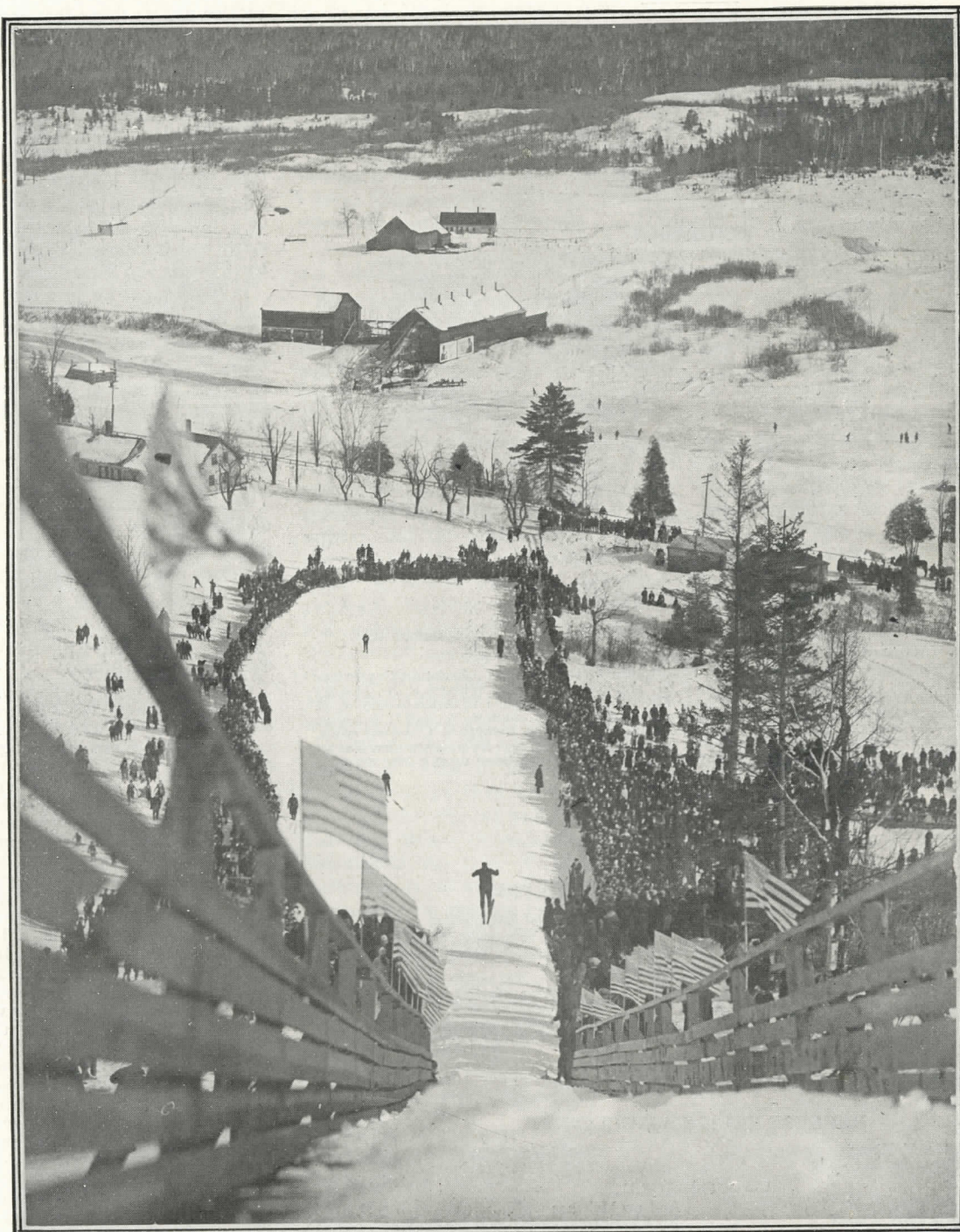
THE BROWN BULLETIN*



VOL. IV.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
BERLIN, N. H., MARCH 1, 1923

No. 9



SKI JUMP—BERLIN WINTER CARNIVAL

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. IV.

MARCH, 1923

No. 9

Editor—G. L. Cave

Associate Editors—A. L. Laferriere, H. A. Chase

Assistant Editors—Jos. Hennessey, Lynn Madan, Harold Moreau

Cartoons—Stark Wilson

Poetry—C. H. Goldsmith

Business Manager—Gerald Kimball

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

UPPER PLANTS

P. W. Churchill
Walter Elliott
G. A. Richter

SULPHITE MILL

A. L. Laferriere
Stark Wilson
Harold Moreau

CASCADE MILL

Jos. Hennessey
O. P. Cole
Arnold K. Hull

BROWN CORP.

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

PORTLAND OFFICE
C. G. Means

REPORTERS

UPPER PLANTS

Peter Beaudoin
M. H. Griffin
W. E. Haynes
Flora Howell
Avery Lord
H. E. Malloy
Elizabeth McLellan
M. McCarthy
Wm. Roach
J. J. Tellington
Gordon Wilson

SULPHITE MILL

Stanley Cabana
Benny Dale
M. C. Frost
Herman Richel
Emile Oliver
Merle Stone
Elsie Porter
John Powers
Arthur Thomas
Jos. Vaillancourt

CASCADE MILL

E. A. Byrd
Edward Fitzgerald
H. L. Hayden
Leo Landrigan
John E. Lepage
Frank X. McNally
Joseph W. Means
R. A. Smith

BROWN CORP.

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

PORTLAND OFFICE

R. E. Brown, Jr.
W. T. Callahan
H. B. Chase

G. M. Fozzard
G. E. McGlaflin
W. E. Perkins

P. G. Peterson

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, R. N., Assistant Supervisor and Child Welfare Nurse; Miss Dorothy Goodwin, R. N. and Mrs. Margaret Willard, R. N., District Nurses; Mrs. Martha A. Fagan, R. N., Miss Gertrude Kennedy, R. N., and Mrs. Maurice Hutchins, R. N., Industrial Nurses. 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, telephone 283-W 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 March, Dr. Wilkinson

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., Mark Frost
TREAS., Jas. McGivney

INVESTIGATORS

Leo Frechette, Acid, Dig., Steam, Office
A. W. O'Connell, Chemical Plants
W. C. Thomas, Machines, Screens, Bleachery

Andrew Mellenson, Maintenance
John McDougall, Wood and Barker Plant
John Powers, Yards, Electrical, SO2

Riverside Products vs.

Heinz's 57 Varieties

Most everyone knows what a Woolworth store is like, also a Sears Roebuck, Charles Williams, or Larkin Soap catalogue, but if you really want to get next to a curiosity or variety shop, you should visit our humble home.

Now the Heinze products, as you all know, include fifty-seven varieties and are widely advertised. We cannot make pickles, but we think that someone must be well pickled with ideas of how to turn a paper mill into a curiosity shop, and as far as a variety of paper is concerned, as being manufactured under one roof, we are entitled to consideration.

Perhaps if we were more widely advertised we might increase the sales from fifty or a hundred pounds to five hundred or a thousand, scattered over forty-eight states and territories, Philippine Islands, Nova Scotia and West Milan.

In Bond Paper we have ten colors, plain and watermarked, each in five different weights and each weight in six different sizes. In Kraft we have eight solid colors, including the regular brown, and also the following: Winter gray, battleship gray, blue, pink, chocolate brown, black and green, with one-eighth and one-fourth inch stripes of various colors to go on these.

We are now making towels; three kinds of folded towels, standard, household and junior, in rolls, one size containing one hundred and fifty towels; 10x15 and a 10x10 school pad and a standard 10x15 pad, each pad containing one hundred and fifty towels; also there will be other sizes in the near future.

If according to an old saying, "Variety is the spice of life," we are sure our lives don't need any more spice.

You can see at once by using paper and pencil that this is no pipe dream. Naturally it is some problem and no amusement to ship six or seven hundred pounds via local freight; two hundred, parcel post, or a half ton by express. We are almost educated to the idea that we can furnish it as a grocer can furnish cheese; slice off what you want, while you wait.

Our shipping clerk feels that he is well qualified to act in like capacity for the Larkin Soap Company or Sears Roebuck. With all this conglomeration of paper, we need a better storeroom in which each kind could be kept in proper shape. As it is, it all has to be piled together more or less, which requires more handling.

But with all our troubles, we like our old Riverside Mill, and appreciate the chance to work full time so we can help out our poor wood and coal man, and last but not least our barber.

The Old Riverside Mill is making and will continue to make the paper novelty trade to sit up and take notice.

"OLD MAN."

SULPHITE MILL GAS

IT'S "KETCHIN"

Did you ever stop to think that grouchiness was really contagious? Well, it is, and believe me, it's one of the meanest diseases ever contracted. For instance, haven't you at one time or other started on your way to work just full of the joy of living, and perhaps "bumped into" someone who was sadly afflicted with this self-same grouchiness? Didn't you feel just a little less happy when he left you? I'll bet you did, and if by chance you went through the time office and perhaps heard another grouch kicking about the weather or the telephone service (two subjects dear to the hearts of veritable grouches) perhaps you, too, then found the weather less inviting, and you began to think you'd had to wait a few minutes while others were being answered, (or was it an hour; a second at the telephone seems so long and the operator is often a target for unkind remarks). Then you perhaps said to yourself, "Gee, this *has* been a disagreeable old winter and, why come to think of it, the telephone service is *awful*." Yes, friends, it surely is "ketchin."

Then perhaps you come to your place of work, whether it be in the mill or office. The fellow next you says, "Aw, what's the good of slaving all our lives? This is a wonderful job we have, *yes*, it is *not*! Lot of thanks we get for what do anyway." Straightway discontent creeps into your heart and you, who came to work with hope and joy, feel that life isn't worth living, and that the weather man, the operator, or perhaps your employer are all to blame. So, my friend, shun a grouch (yes, even the "small" grouch) lest he make life as miserable for you as he does for himself; and just keep smiling no matter what may come, because good humor is just as "ketchin" as grouchiness, and the best known cure for the latter is a good broad grin.

Don't you think that before we criticise the work of a fellow employee, whether it be telephone service or office work, that we should be very sure that our own work, whether it is to be sent to Portland or done in the home office, is always done promptly and correctly?

We understand that there is a new disease "going around" the mill known as "Sulphur Eye." Mr. Laferriere has the distinction of contracting it first. Then he visited the curve room in his

affliction and Mr. Grenier, by merely "looking him over," caught it. His case proved so serious that he sped to the first aid room, where, to his dismay, he found "Bud" blossoming out under under treatment. Anyone desiring information in regard to symptoms can not only get an earful, but also an "eyeful" from either of these gentlemen.

A reporter (to Jimmy Evans): "Say, if you see any mistakes in my spelling, correct them, will you?"

Jimmy: "Oh, my word, Frances Feindel is my spelling book." But then, I never knew anyone with any *literary* talent who *could* spell, did you?

AUTO CALL SERVICE

Some years ago, what is known as the "auto call" was installed in our plant for the purpose of quickly locating foremen and repair men. This was meant to be a helpful way in case of emergency, such as a "breakdown" or any other important matter, of summoning the man called to the desired spot. Lately we have heard this same auto call ringing repeatedly the same number, and we wonder what the cause may be. If this machine is to be of service to us or to others it should surely be answered promptly. So it behooves each of us who has a call to answer immediately, so that the next call may also be completed, and the other fellow not kept waiting through our neglect of answering. Have you ever said when asked the reason we did not answer, that we did not *hear* it? That makes us think of that admonition, "Listen and ye shall hear." Have we ever said that the old bells didn't ring in half the places throughout the mill? Maybe that was true, yet it was up to each of us to report such a thing at once to the electric shop or auto call repair man. The auto call can only serve us insofar as we let us serve us and others. So let us, as the boys say, "clean out our ears" and "sit up" and take notice and make the auto call serve the purpose for which it was installed.

MY PHILOSOPHY

I allus argy that a man
Who does about the best he can,
Is plenty good enough to suit
This lower mundane institute—
No matter if his daily walk
Is subject for his neighbor's talk,

And critic minds of ev'ry whim
Jest all git up and go fer him!

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions, and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise er blame
That follers that counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed grate success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—Selected.

Mr. James Fagan of the acid room and digester house department of the Sulphite Mill is leaving to accept the position of Superintendent of the Spruce Falls Company's Sulphite Mill at Kapuskasing, Ontario. The Spruce Falls Company is a subsidiary of the Kimberly-Clark Co. This mill which is of one hundred and twenty ton daily capacity is a new mill and has been running a very short time.

Jimmie Fagan came to the sulphite mill in 1907 soon after his graduation from the University of Maine. During his long employment at the Sulphite Mill he has made a thorough study of the sulphite business. His many friends in the mill, while regretting his departure, prophesy success for him in his new position and wish him the best of luck.

Heard at the hockey game at Boston:
Boston to A. E. Michaud: "How many people in the town of Berlin?"

Michaud to Boston: "1500 and there are 1499 of us here, we had to leave one man to watch the town while we were gone."

Who was it Michaud?

Situation wanted: Radio expert, I have had (?) years of experience on all parts of radio, known all over the world for my ability as a radio man and would like a permanent job as a radio expert.

Apply Paymaster Dept.

Among the rooters that followed our hockey team to Boston, the Burgess was well represented with the following:

Miss Juliette Marcou, Harold Moreau, Herbert McLellan, William Arguin, Urban Rogers, Al Buckley, Clarence Sullivan, Wilbur Sullivan, Hank Porter and our esteemed Sec.-Treas., Eddie Chaloux, and if you don't think they rooted for Berlin ask the Bostonians.

The way to have a friend is to be one.

We notice that a fellow of the Ice Plant force is always shooting the hot air about hockey. We'd like to know where he is when there is a hockey game going on. We never see him there.

Basil Connolly has been presiding over the storehouse in a very efficient manner since he was promoted to the position vacated by Harry Raeburn. Batch's long experience in the storehouse is standing him in good stead.

PIERRE'S WARNING TO HIS FRIENDS

Wel, mon frien', you say you not see me one longue tame? Wait minute an' I tell to you one ver' good reason. Since two week I have leave my good home on top Canada. Wel' my good wife he have pack to me a little bag I have lend from my ol' frien' Jean. Den, I go so far as Sherbrooke an' meet a frien' w'at say: "I giv' you one good grip wid my han' for 'tis one longue tame I hav' see you." Den I wait on top de depot for come my train. W'at you t'ink, a man she queek pic' up my bag an' she say: "Here's your train, take de grip an' get on board." I don' see no board but I shake his han' in de same way w'at my frien' do an' say: "Wel' anyway, if I don' acquaint wid you long tamo jus de same I—w'at you call hit?—oh oui, I giv' to you de grip on the han' before I get on top de train."

Wel' believe it to me, w'en I am on dat train everybody she is cough and cough. Poor tings! I weesh I brung some medicine for dat, but my wife he hav' say: "Non, Jean, no more dey don' dreenk in de states." But he hav' forget to feenish an' say, "but jus so much."

Wel' anyway, w'en I hav' get a' Berlin I hav' been so much on dat coughin' I can make one cough jus' so well myself wid-out for make a try.

Den, my Uncle she meet me and she say: "I am so ver' sorrow Pierre, but my family she have one bad col' but to you is welcome jus' same."

So I go on top his house, an' believe it to me all his wife an' his enfants, dey are cough an' cough an' make de nose run all de tame.

Prett-y soon right off, I feel so fun-ny. My legs to me dey do w'at dey call de shim-my (eh?) an' I feel for sit down all de tame. Den I see all kin' spots an' my head she turn roun' an' roun', an' my stomeek she come up. Right away I say, "Oh, me I am so ver' tire I feel lake go to bed." Den I t'ink I hav' lost me for one longue tame. Firs' t'ing I hear way off a man say, "Oh, yes, yes, he only hav' de grippe." Mon Dieu, everywhere I heard

dat word—grip, Grip—Grippe. Den dat man she say, "Keep heem warm," an' believe it to me, I was den so warm I feel lake I was en de nex' world, "unless he get de Pneumonia." Wel' I tink I have get it 'cause every tame I turn my back over I make w'at you say, a new moan, an' for two week, mon frien', I hav' stay on ton dat bed. Now I am feel myself some more an' believe it to me I am go bac' so soon de nex' train she come, an' never no more do I lend from even my best frien' any grip (I take my ol' shoot-case) an' never jus' so long I live giv' no frien' de grip on de han' (I wonder if dat man on de depot she ketch heem from me) 'cause it's one dirty treek, eh?

So, mon frien' never lend w'at dey call a grip from nobody, or take a shake w'at dey call de grip or, believe it to me, you get de wors' grippe yet.

JANUARY ACCIDENTS

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	9
Without loss of time.....	25
Total.....	34

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	4
Without loss of time.....	24
Total.....	28

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	10
Without loss of time.....	51
Total.....	61

PROMOTIONS

CASCADE

Wm. Morrisette from 4th hand to 3rd hand.

Edward Lapointe from 6th hand to 4th hand.

Edmond Nadeau from 8th hand to 5th hand.

Leo Cameron from broke hustler to 6th hand.

Profanity is used by poor talkers to fill in blanks in their conversation when their brains are missing fire. By using it a man can talk for hours to his own satisfaction and to the utter disgust of those who hear him. Unfortunately he seldom sees the real effect of its use.

Rotary Bulletin.

NEW KAND BOOZE

One custom man was on de train that sailed from Montreal

To watch for booze that's smuggled out both summer, spring and fall,
And everyone dat come on board she watch with eagle eye,
To see that they don't smuggle out some brandy, gin or rye.

Bamby one fellow come on board dat's very much excite,
She look before, she look behind and to de left and right.
She have one big dress suit grip dat's heavy same as lead,
And hang it in rack above the custom man's own head.

De custom man don't took her eye from off de grip at all,
She tell herself "Upon my soul, I'm goin' to make a haul."
Bamby some drop like water come leak:
ing from de grip,
She ketch some on her finger and taste it with his lip.

And then she make some awful face and spit on de floor,
Such booze as dat in all her life she never taste before;
She say, "I've tasted many kinds of booze, how many I can't tell,
But I can't name dat awful stuff to save my sole from h—."

When de train reach Rouse's Point, de customer she say,
"I want dis grip but you, ole man, can go upon your way."
And den she open wide de grip to find out what is up,
And never find no booze at all, jess tree-four boul pup.

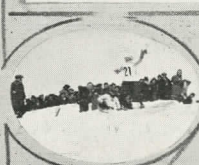
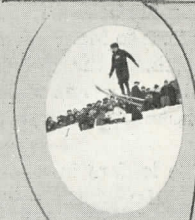
A man's job is his best friend. It clothes and feeds his wife and children, pays the rent and supplies them with the wherewithal to develop and become cultivated. The least a man can do in return is to love his job. A man's job is grateful. It is like a little garden that thrives on love. It will one day flower into fruit worth while for him and his to enjoy.

If you ask any successful man the reason for his making good, he will tell you that first and foremost it is because he likes his work. Indeed he loves it, his whole heart and soul are wrapped up in it. His whole physical and mental energies are focused on it. He walks his work, he talks his work; he is entirely inseparable from his work, and that is the way every man worth his salt ought to be if he wants to make his work what it should be, and make of himself what he wants to be.

From "Trained Men."

PORTLAND WINTER CARNIVAL

FEB. 10th
1923





PORTLAND OFFICE



THE BIG STORM

Saturday, February 10th, Portland held its second winter carnival. It proved to be such a success in every way that it will no doubt be an annual event in the future.

In the morning the junior races were held at the Eastern Promenade and were well attended but the big event of the day was the ski jumping at the Western Promenade in the afternoon. Portland people have had very few opportunities as yet to witness sports of this nature, and, long before the time for the event to start, thousands lined the sides of the Promenade.

Of the thirty entered in the jumping, Berlin was represented by the following: Olaf Olsen, Clarence Olsen, Margaret Towne, Herman Olesen, Victor Mortenson, Erling Anderson and Dewey Couture. Portland people were especially interested in the performance of Miss Towne who attended the carnival as the guest of the Winter Sports Committee who looked after her and entertained her during her stay. She made several wonderful jumps landing safely each time.

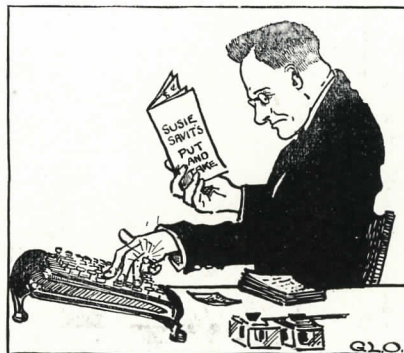
Berlin was well represented among the winners, Erling Anderson capturing first place in the jump for form, making 81 feet. Dewey Couture won third place with a jump of 76 feet, second place going

to Adolph Oleson of Portland with a jump of 78 feet. In the jump for distance, Dewey Couture won 1st place with a leap of 84 feet, landing safely.

At the present time much sickness prevails among the employees of the retail department. The absent ones are Maurice Dee, George James, Frank McCarthy, William Curran and James O. McLean.

Sympathy is extended to Albert and Fred Sylvester upon the death of their mother in South Portland on February 7th.

Tom Horton recently had the misfortune to cut himself quite badly. Stitches were necessary to close the wound.



Although general appearances are against any immediate use of automobiles in the country, the two Hupmobiles are being overhauled and prepared for anticipated spring business. Harry Currier and Harry Horton are superintending the work.

At a recent fire on Commercial street in a house near the general office of the company, Harold Carlton was one of the "near" heroes.

C. R. Gulick of our Los Angeles office, was a recent visitor at Portland office.

Says France to Germany: Dig coal or be shot; take your pick.

John Vance announces he is now a grandfather. Congratulations, old man!

Be a live wire, but don't fool with one.

L. G. Gurnett, financial department, is on a trip to his ranch in Arizona and will also visit the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. A. T. Spring, who was operated on this month for appendicitis, is showing a rapid recovery.

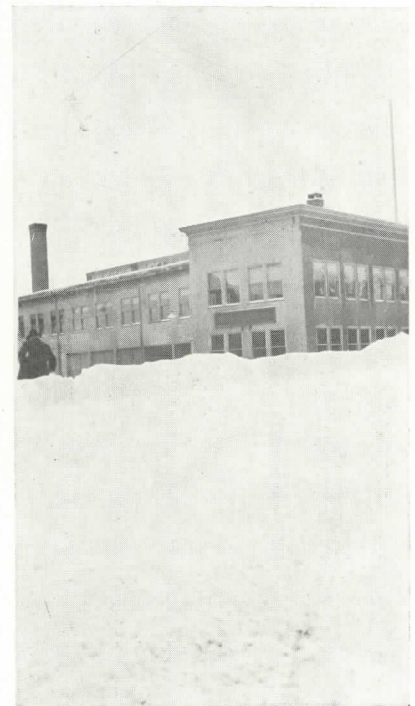
Eighteenth Amendment is now called the Leak of Nations.

Harold Green, financial department, was host to Mr. Vanier on February 2nd and 9th, at the Bolodrome Alleys. Mr. Vanier reports he was entertained royally—smokes and everything.

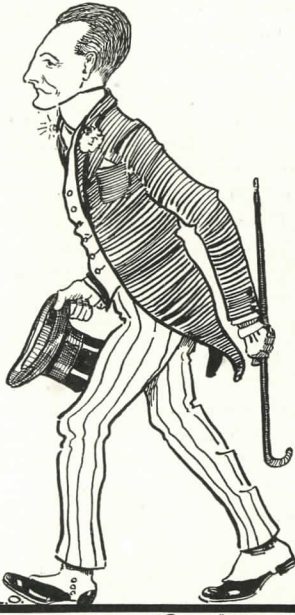
The loafers in a city have it all over the loafers in a country town. They watch the structural iron workers.

Robert Chase; accounting department, has resigned and accepted a position with Jones, Gould, Bartlett & Clark, bond brokers. He has the best wishes of everyone for success in his new work.

The coal dealers of Portland have put a watchman on their supply since George McGlaulin got that ton of coal at Lehigh Coal wharf.



SNOWED UNDER



We have never seen "BRAD" when he's been dressed like this, but we'd sure like to - just once - down at the office!

Thomas D. Churchill, Jordan's Heights, South Portland, is being considered in

politics for next year's nomination for alderman.

Many of the boys in the office have been out during the month with grippe.

Hugh Lloyd says, according to the law of averages, his native country will repay America her debt in 200 years, and furthermore, will pay every cent. Mr. Lloyd was born in London, E. C., England.

Charles G. Means was a recent visitor at Berlin on important business.

"Bob" Nichols has issued an official denial of rumor of his being lost in the Five Cent Limit Woods and says Vanier was alone. Cherryfield papers please copy.

Major Stack was a recent visitor at Nasson Institute, Springvale, Me., attending a week-end dance party.

"MAINE"

Maine's "The Playground of America," That may be very true,
But living here the whole year round,

I can't agree with you.

Oh, I enjoy the summer,
I don't mind spring and fall,
But when it comes to winter,
Well, I just can't lie, that's all.

Tourists come and tourists go,
They praise our dear old state,
But while we have our winters,
They're at the Golden Gate.

A few come here to snowshoe,
And to hear the jingling bells,
But when its down to zero,
They'll be in warm hotels.

I wish that they could follow me,
Just for a week or two,
And face the howling blizzards,
And the drifts I wallow through.

I'd like to see them waiting
For the car that never comes,
Standing at a crowded corner,
Freezing fingers, ears and thumbs.

Oh, you may think I'm spleeny,
And afraid of ice and snow,
I don't mind just a little,
But I'm no *Eskimo*.

Remember the Maine. It was celebrated last month.

CASCADE JUICE

A certain piper going out of the time office at 5.00 p. m., met a friend and this is what took place.

Piper: Hello there, this is you!

Friend: Yes, 'tis, and you!

Piper: Oh I yes, this is me. Say, have you got two dollars to spare on you?

Friend: Sorry, I haven't got it on me.

Piper: And at the house?

Friend: Oh, everybody's well, thank you.

We want to take this time in wishing our old friend, Joseph Washington Means the best of luck and wishes. "Joe" who has for some time been a silent partner in the firm of Langis & Means, shoe dealers, on Main street, leaves us the 1st of March to take an active interest in the shoe business. Joe has been employed in the Cascade storehouse for some time and has been a strong factor in assisting Leo Barbin and Alfred Lapoint in running a model storehouse. So now, kind friends, whenever you are in need of any footwear give our friend, Joe, a trial, and if he fits your feet as he handled supplies here at the storehouse, we know you will be satisfied.

Al Reid and Gene Jolin have got all "het up" over the winter carnival sensation: *Dogs*, and are making a deep study of all breeds of dogs. Both are proud possessors of one "dawg" and are preparing to exhibit at the Jimtown Winter Carnival. Fitz, one of the leading citizens of the said Jimtown, admits that he has a string of full-blooded German hot dogs. He is feeding them on garlic, so they should make a *strong* team, and they are going after the S-T-E-A-K-S, porterhouse or any other cut.

Alexander McLain, father of John McLain, boss painter at the Cascade mill, passed away January 26, 1923, in the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston, Me. He worked at this mill since 1919 on the pond, but for the past few months had not been feeling well. He was also employed on the construction of Gorham gate house and building the canal at that place. His wife and John have the sympathy of the Cascade mill friends in their bereavement.

Billy Bouchard got Skinner, N. Y., on his radio outfit. I looked up on the map

and found there was a place by the name of Schenectady. You're on the wrong wave length, Bill.

George and Phil are planning on an auto race this summer. Phil says that his Chevrolet can beat any Oakland in this section of the country.

Felix's dog evidently didn't of the reputation that Felix had given him at the mill; in the Gorham Winter Carnival he only took third money.

Rufus says that Henry Tenny is all wool and a yard wide, won't rip, ravel, nor run down at the heel, and the buttons are clinched on the under side. You tell em, Henry.

Ray Grenier, the "hero" or rather pro tem fire chief, came to the rescue when the reel got on fire. The only hitch we could see was that he used "Essence of Rockefeller," instead of good old Cascade Hill spring water.

Our idea of nothing at all: Stealing a buck saw.

What's this we hear about Coon Morris carrying a soup bone around in his pocket? Must be training, eh.

Heads up, Smith. Frank O'Hara has a pail. Water cold, Smith? Later—All who wish to buy flowers for Frank O'Hara should do so soon, as Rufus says he is going to take a trip where he won't need his heavy underwear.

Wanted: A movable leaning post. Apply to Wm. Richardson, boiler house or engine room.

LEAVE IT TO BARBIN!

Barbin will help you.
Barbin is ready for anything.
DO YOU WANT

To have an evening off?
Someone to tend to your babies?
OUR RUSSETT HAired STOREKEEPER WILL
DO IT

TWINS NOT OBJECTED TO

Any number of children cared for.
Address applications to Leo L. Barbin,
Storehouse, Cascades.
LEAVE YOUR CARES TO BARBIN!

Phil Finette says one of his friends presented him with a handsome picture not long ago, no, not Xmas. He says its a handy thing, you turn the first page over, and it gives a lot of numbers and the man's name at the top, "JANUARY."

A recent acquisition to the reporters — "Jintown Eddie" Fitzgerald wishes to thank the Hon. Spike for giving him a job and as he has the necessary qualifications thinks that he can make good, having had most of the crime assignments on the "Jintown Sentinel" for a number of years, working from the ranks, (newsboy to reporter). He says, "any feller in the machine room wot won't want his name in the Bulletin, had better 'come across' with cigars and chewing gum, and Apollo chocolates are alright for the 'goirl' as he will fearlessly expose any malicious or otherwise intent."

At the Cascade lunch, Lepage eating a piece of cream pie; "By gosh, Fred that's the best lemon pie I ever ate."

Anybody who lost a bowl of soup some-time ago, call up the watse turbine. George says, "That fellow's wife can sure make good soup". All right, George but be sure it is your own basket before you eat the soup next time.

Walter Dwyer says this year's Electrical Ball was the best one he ever saw. We know why, Walter.

The boys on the wrapper machine are feeling pretty good, no more shutdowns for stock. We hear that John Lepage is going to salvage his 1922 home building catalogs.

They say that the Berlin St. Railway is soon to be changed to Berlin Smoking Shop. By the way, don't you feel like a ham after you have had a ride in one of them.

AT THE STOREHOUSE COUNTER

Gimme a short piece of rope.
Gimme "some" nails.
Gimme a bushing.
Gimme some half-inch bolts.
And they don't specify size and quantity.

KORNER KLUB NOTES

Vice-President "Nuckus" Johnson appointed himself financial secretary of this organization. He claims that dues are 1c a day and payable every day. Johnson collects 1c a day from each member. The membership totals ten. All "Nukus" endeavors to collect is 8c. Treasurer Haney is trying to fathom out whether he is the treasurer of this Klub or E. W. Gross, as every night Johnson takes the eight pennies that he collects and gives them o the car conductor.

Moved and seconded on account of the legislative experience that the following men will get at Concord Legislature, that they be admitted as members without a vote. Hon. John A. Hayward, Hon. John E. Kelliher and Hon. Alfred E. Mortenson.

It was a unanimous vote that if Librarian "Silent" Fealey did not say something before February 10, 1923, that he be expelled from this organization. It is the voice of this club that we have no use for anyone who can't yip at least once a month.

The following were elected to membership, Daniel Fiendel, Nap. Martel and Robert Johnson.

The following were refused membership, Joseph Patrick Murtagh, Chub Ford and Oliver Keenan.

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Indemnity payments for the month of January, 1923:

Albert Morris.....	\$79 32
Thos Finnerty	81 20
Eddie Guay.....	14 80
Paul Putevich	75 32
Herbert Dickenson	11 30
Geo Williams	6 40
Geo Collins.....	11 30

Frank R Olliver.....	75 00
Arthur L Whitcher.....	84 50
M Malloy.....	64 00
Zenon Couillard.....	49 50
Jos. Morin	36 00
Jos. Giguire.....	22 60
Brigette Anderson.....	34 00
Sylvio Dion.....	30 00
Henry Dufresne.....	56 50
John R Gagne.....	11 30
Paul Dauphin.....	46 86
Paul Lauzer.....	2 00
W J Buckley.....	33 50
Geo LaFlamme.....	4 07
John Johnson.....	12 60
Jos Murphy.....	24 90
Milbury Boutallier.....	22 60
Chas A Johnson.....	13 00
Norman McKelvey.....	14 23
Earl Mitchel.....	78 00
Alfred Laliberty.....	37 67
Ingver Anderson.....	12 80
Geo Lessard.....	33 90
Ingver Knudson.....	2 14
Fred A Andrews.....	14 80
Felix Namey.....	20 70
Eddie Hanson	18 52
Edward Beach.....	34 80
Tom Hamel.....	15 46
Louis Giguire.....	22 00
Alfred Fecteau.....	18 70
M. H. Mortinson.....	36 00
Total.....	1262 69

The Hostess (sweetly): "Two lumps?"
The Guest (absentmindedly): "Why, I'd like to have two tons, but if that's the best you can do—"



BIG JACK?

Bing Anderson Wins Second Place

at Revelstoke, British Columbia,
Making a Jump of 172 Feet. :::

On February 15, the Montreal Star published a flash from Revelstoke, British Columbia, which gave the first exact new of the accomplishment of Bing Anderson at the Rocky Mountain Mecca of Norwegian sports. It says:

"Nels Nelson, a local boy, yesterday afternoon broke the world's amateur sk jumping record, made by him last year leaping 202 feet at the tournament here Nelson bettered his own jump of 201 feet made last year by a foot. Ingvald Anderson, Berlin, N. H., jumped 172, coming second, A. Rhenberg, Manitoba champion, was third.

"The awards as given out by the judges follow:

"Longest jumping class, a championship of Canada: 1. Nels Nelson, Revelstoke, 361 points; 2. Ingvald Anderson, Eastern American Ski Association, 328 points; 3. A. Rhenberg, Manitoba, 303 points."

Bing's showing at this jump is a source of joy not only to his fellow workers at the Chemical Mill and his followers in the Nansen Ski Club, but also to the people of Berlin, his native city, and to the Eastern Ski Association, of which the Nansen Ski Club is a charter member. It was hardly to be expected that Bing could excel Nelson after but a short practice upon the champion's own slide. Nor would it perhaps have been a good thing for Bing to have beaten the older man at the first meeting. Like Alexander he would have sighed for more worlds to conquer and would perhaps cease to progress. As it is, he comes back with another laurel tied in his extensive chaplet and the satisfaction that he has made a consistent and conspicuous advance in the sport and that his previous achievements have not been a mere flash in the pan. He has the Helmenkollen to work toward next year.

Bing Anderson was born in Berlin on March 6, 1902. Perhaps he was born under a ski jumper's star, but in addition he has worked hard and consistently to attain his present position before reaching the age of 21.

In the local contest of 1921, Anderson made the longest jump on the old slide on Paine's Hill, 80 ft. 7 in. He lost points,

however, by falling and was awarded third place behind Wendell Murray and Oscar Erickson. In the Gorham contest of the same year, he won second prize behind Gunnar Michelson, while to Albert Hanson went the record of the longest jump, 91 feet. During this year he was laying the foundation.

In 1922, it began to be whispered shortly before the Berlin Winter Carnival, that Anderson would displace Michelson as local champion. At this contest, he established the record for the new slide, 111 feet. He made three perfect jumps. The field included F. McKinnon, N. Berger and I. Weiner of Montreal.

He next went to Stowe, Vt., where he won first and his best jump was 74 feet, 3 in. At Montreal, he won the Quebec Ski Jumping Championship, his best jump being 97 feet, one foot less than the mark of the year before. Then followed consecutive victories at Saranac Lake and Lake Placid, the best jump at the former place being 84 feet. Then followed the establishment of the present Eastern record on the Overocker slide on the perfect hill at Brattleboro, Vt. At Ottawa, Anderson contented himself with third place behind Ragner Omtveldt, the Westener, and Munson. At Portland, he was second to Adolph Oleson on the latter's own jump. He also won first at Conway.

This year, Anderson has won a championship cup at Brattleboro, Vt., where under sticky snow conditions his best standing jump was 151 feet. In one jump of 162 feet, he failed to stand. At Bristol, he set a new record of 104 feet for the incline there. In the Berlin Winter Carnival event, the weather was warm and the jumping around 90 ft. Anderson was first over Frank McKinnon and Rolf Munson of Montreal. Now comes the second in the jump at Revelstoke, where he also won third in the run. May next year bring him even greater successes.

AMUNDSEN SKI CLUB

The Second Berlin Winter Carnival of the Nansen Ski Club held on February 1, 2 and 3, had a serious competitor in the Second Junior Winter Carnival held by

the Amundsen Ski Club, February 10. The results of the former have been illustrated elsewhere in this issue and a complete story has been told in the Berlin Reporter. We doubt the wisdom of repeating it here and will devote our space to the results of the Junior Carnival, which have not appeared in print.

The Amundsen Ski Club is a full-fledged outing organization of boys from 8 to 12, many of whose fathers and big brothers work for the Brown Company. Herbert Johnson is president of the club, which conducts all its business according to parliamentary law. The club stands on its own feet and its members say to the older boys: "We run our own business. You have a club of your own. We do not interfere with it."

Charlie Hanson won the jumping competition with a total of 166 points for three standing jumps of forty feet and over. In the trial for the longest standing jump, he made 43 feet but fell. Roy Gunnarson was second with three jumps of 37½ feet and over. He won the trial for the longest standing jump, leaping 35.4 feet. Robert Arnesen was third. He fell on one jump, in which he covered 44 feet.

Raymond Finnson won the ski race over a course of 3½ miles in 28¼ minutes. The time of John Jackson, second, was 29 min. 25 sec. and of Robert Arnesen third, was 29 min. 35 sec.

Homer Gregory and Eldon Murray were first and second respectively in the two-mile dog race.

Other contestants in the ski events were Paul Anderson, Lief Thorn, Buster Brown, Trygve Christianson, Walter Oleson, Chack Paulsen, George Anderson, Robert Knudson and Vernon Erickson.

Pictures of this organization and its jump will appear in the April issue of the Bulletin.

Hiking through a small French town, an ignorant chicken, unversed in the appetites of American darkies, crossed the road in front of a colored detachment. With much zeal a doughboy broke forth from the ranks and set off in pursuit. "Halt!" bellowed the officer in charge. Both fowl and negro only accelerated their paces. "Halt! Halt!" repeated the officer. The dusky doughboy made one plunge, grasped the chicken by the neck and stuffed it, still struggling, inside his shirt. "Dere!" he panted, "Ah'll learn you to halt when de captain say halt, you disobedient bird."

American Legion Weekly.

SECOND BERLIN



MUNSON



Some Style



MC KINNON



SERVIN



From The Parade



Start of Race



BING



Look Out



Winners Obstacle Race



Ski Towing



Mushing



Last 10 Hands



MUNSON IN FLIGHT



Receiving The Ribbon



B O B



Some Crowd



Olsen Landing



Driver & Leaser Price Bros.



Holt Rennew Team

WINTER CARNIVAL



Float



One of The Valkyries



Starting for Carnival



BERLIN HOCKEY TEAM



Ready for Business



Taking The Puck Up



From The Woods Events



Papa



CLARK on The Road



Resting



Eric arriving in Town



Down The Chute



Getting Cardish



Winning Team



Doing a



A close Heat



Ready to Snatch



Quite Different



Making Fire



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



MAIN OFFICE GIRLS ENTERTAIN

February 5th was celebrated by another one of those Brown Company Main Office affairs.

Can the Main Office girls entertain? Well, they most certainly can.

With Mr. Swan as chef, ably assisted by Misses McLellan, Fein'el, Austin and McLaughlin, they served a sumptuous feast for their fellow workers.

The dining room was artistically decorated with hearts, both great and small, and they all beat as one. Some of the guests may have lost their hearts—there were plenty of opportunities—but we are sure that no one lost their appetites. Yes, the decorations were lovely, the little hearts were cleverly arranged, but the table, beautifully spread with delicious wholesome things to eat, was the main feature from six o'clock 'til seven.

THE MENU

Heart—y Soup

Celery Olives Pickles

Fruit Salad

Ham a la Research Style

Lamb a la Dubois Style

Mashed Potatoes Brown Gravy

Green Peas, southern style

Rolls

Apple Pie and Cream Coffee

Henry Holland ate the most pie. Mr. Flewellyn kindly willed his second piece to Henry, who blushed and declined. The young man is very fond of pie, and some are still wondering what became of the one he purchased at headquarters.

After the supper the evening was devoted to playing games and dancing. McLellan simply couldn't keep off that paper on the floor. And—did someone ask a question about Ralph's *mustache*?

Everybody reports a good time at these affairs, and those present at the last one are eagerly looking forward to the next one, which will be some time, considering the committee chosen to take charge.

MAIN OFFICE

There are several in the accounting department who are fortunate enough to receive sufficient salary to permit them to indulge in buying valentines. Several of the girls were the lucky receivers. Many thanks to the senders.

Recent business visitors from the Portland office were Messrs. Means, Hoffses

and Sherman.

Mrs. Bailey, mother of Frank Bailey, passed away Feb. 10th, and was buried Feb. 13th. The entire office force extend to him their heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

Among the out-of-town visitors at the Berlin Carnival were Messrs. Chellis, Stack, Perkins, Spring and Roscoe Brown of the Portland Office. We hope more of the "boys" may come up next year.

Frank Farrington took quite a little time from his work one day recently, and devoted a bit of hard labor washing one pane of glass in the window near his desk. Frank wants to know how long it has been since the windows were washed. At the present time the windows have to be lowered to discover whether it is still storming or not. Frank doesn't like to wash windows but he has more courage than the rest of us when he undertakes to clean even one pane.

We regret that among the list of promotions in last month's bulletin the name of Frank Holbrook was unintentionally omitted. Mr. Holbrook has been promoted from the electrical department to Mr. O. B. Brown's office, and is to act as private secretary to Mr. Brown.

Miss Ida Austin spent the week end of Feb. 12th at her home in Gorham, Me.

Warren Oleson has been transferred from the window frame department to the office at Tube Mill No. 2. Orena Morris is filling the position vacated by him.

Miss Leota Palmer is assisting Mr. Heck of the pulpwood department.

When Ida gets so she can't sleep nights,
Because she misses her home's bright lights,

When she even forgets to sing
And jolly the boys and girls, by jing,
There's just one thing that will set things right,

And make her eyes aglow with light—
Put her aboard the 4.01 train,
And let her visit home again.

We very much appreciate the holiday so generously given us at the time of the Carnival, and wish to express our sincere thanks to those responsible for the outing

that we enjoyed.

A committee has been appointed to serve at the next main office supper at the Y. M. C. A. It will probably be March 17th. So watch your step and plan to be there.

The new switch board has been installed on the third floor. When will they finish the job.

Bill Swan is getting his breakfast and supper again. Mrs. Swan is on a visit to Philadelphia. No wonder the last supper was a success at the Y. M. C. A. Bill must be some cook.

Has anybody heard from "Dutchey?"

Our old friend Mr. Means of the Portland office called on us the other day. Had not seen him for a long time.

Congratulations to G. C. Kimball, who was appointed as business manager of the Brown Bulletin. Kim is a good square fellow and he will give everybody a square deal.

Mac McCarthy and Bill Swan our well-know bookkeepers have been seen lately studying up the motor laws. Don't be nervous, boys, while taking the examination, even though we do understand it's a tough one.

Oscar Paulson was treasurer of the winter carnival this year. We wonder what his commission was?

Bill Poisson, our hand man, is still dealing out dope on the hockey situation.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

The photo-section girls entertained the Jolliettes at the Girls Club on February 7. A unique valentine supper was served and a social evening enjoyed.

Francis Swan of the bureau of tests has accepted a position with the Peshtigo Paper Company of Peshtigo, Wis., and will leave Berlin early in March to assume his duties.

Harold Brakewood of the experimental pulp department, will leave March 1st for Rittman, Ohio, where he has accepted a position with the Ohio Box Board Company.

Both "Duck" and "Bill" have the wishes of all for a successful future.

C. H. Goldsmith announced the birth of a son. Charles Gilman, on February 7th.

On Saturday night, February 10th, the research department held its second supper and assembly of the winter at the Y. M. C. A. The boys catered and served this time and an excellent supper was enjoyed, after which there was dancing, pool, bowling, etc.

Mr. James A. Mooney, of Wallingford, Vt., has accepted a position in the Bureau of Tests. Mr. Mooney is a recent graduate of Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

Mr. Gordon E. Wightman has accepted the position left vacant at the Sulphite Mill by Mr. Fagan's resignation.

BLACKSMITH SHOP SPARKS

THE BLACKSMITH

Anvil Ringer and Hammer Swinger

The blacksmith is the greatest man
Of all the people in the land.

Don't sneer because his hands are soiled,
His hours are long of earnest toil,
His anvil rings from morn 'til night,
He'll work for you by candle light.

Who is the man that makes the tools
That build your houses, church and
schools?

The blacksmith.

Who makes the tools that till the soil,
And build the palace for the royal?

The blacksmith.

Without his skill no ship or boat
Could ever on the ocean float,
Without his skillful brain and hand,
No railroad train would cross the land.
We would not have a store or mill
And then we all would starve and chill.

Who is your friend so kind and true,
Who, when you're broke will see you
through?

The blacksmith.

He extends a helping hand to every man,
And is a respected gentleman,
The blacksmith.

The old main line boys meet every noon
in the shop office, Pete Noonan, Tom
Hanley, Bob Southgate, Bud, and Andy.
They set off cars and double up the grade,
and surely use the scoop, when they get
going high speed.

Jerry Kid Cantin did not race on snow
shoes this year; he let John do it.

Ed. Fornier bought a new car recently.

Black Jack says liquor has a peculiar
way of getting the best of a man after he
gets it down.

Hugh McDougal went into a clinch with
Blondy Jack Albert recently. Karracutt
Jack had the winning point, which was
the point of an anvil in McDougal's back.
Little Hugh had been trying to match
Wild Bill Willet with Blondy Albert, but
Bill does not wish to fall.

Pat Collins was coaching the runners
in the snow shoe race. Pat was some
speed on snowshoes himself over in the
old County Clare.

George Pinard has gas fever and is
itching for the spring to come.

Bud, the ex-chef, is cookee for John, the
harness maker. Pat Collins says that
Bud is showing signs of a great business
man in the future. But over in Clare
they don't believe in signs.

Pete Noonan and Little Fred Perkins
are making the sparks fly over in the
busy corner. Pete claims a man needs a
gas mask when Bill Willet starts coaling
up his forge.

TUBE MILL No. 2.

We wish to thank the directors of the
Brown Bulletin for allotting to this de-
partment a certain number of copies of
the bulletin this month. We are quite
able to appreciate this favor, as they are
the first that we have been able to obtain
since the publishing of the first Brown
Bulletins. We hope that this practice
will be continued from now on.

Jos. Leroux tried to stop an emery
wheel with his bare hand before shifting
the lever. Strange to say the wheel con-
tinued to rotate, and before Jos. decided
to let go his hand, he was somewhat
burned.

Arthur Langis is "teaching" a number
of boys to play "pitch" during their
noon hour. Some of his pupils are very
apt while others are—well, they say it
is because they have no luck.

We wish to extend to the several em-
ployees of this mill who are ill at the
present time our sympathy, and hope
their recovery will be speedy.

Chesley Carr narrowly escaped serious
injury when an emery wheel that he was

operating bursted and struck him on the
chest.

We understand that Harold Lawrence
goes out walking in the evening for ex-
ercise now, and generally towards the
"east side." Look out, Jos., he may be
trying to put something over on you.

Things that never happen :
Yensen more than five minutes early for
work.

John McCormack wearing an overcoat.
Charlie Watson not chewing tobacco.
John Oleson when he had nothing witty
to say.

Henry Larrivee with a smile on his face.
Leonard Bowles making any noise.

Jim Kitteridge says the reason that he
likes to live on the top of the hill is that
the one hope of his lifetime was to rise
in the world.

Information regarding current events
of the day can be had at any time by
consulting Jos. Ware.

The feud between Leo Kelley and Geo.
Goodenough is still in a critical stage. We
hope that nothing serious results.

Frank Croteau's recent marriage gives
the "Benedicts" one more member in this
department. Congratulations, Frank, and
best wishes for the future.

SALESMEN ALL

Everybody sells his product by talking
about it—by pointing out why the buyer
should purchase, by showing him the ad-
vantages that go with the goods.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to "sell"
our good working conditions as we sell
our product? There are many things
that we don't realize until our special at-
tention is called to them, and one of them
is the protection furnished us by means
of Group Insurance. We all appreciate
the fact that an uninsured man is in no
more danger than an insured one, but—
his family is.

The war taught us the meaning of the
word "morale" and it can be applied to
every industry in this country today. We
can all work better knowing that unfor-
seen troubles can be met and overcome
and that our families will not suffer in
the event we are taken away.

A little discussion of the advantages of
Group Insurance at odd times during the
day gives us a comforting realization of
protection provided, and helps to bring
the new employee nearer the "family
life" of the Company.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

John Labris and "How Do" Hopkins are in Concord several days weekly attending the Legislature.

Bill Hogan is the proud father of a wonderful girl.

Fred Clark and Hed Parker of the boiler room are taking dancing lessons, and rumor has it that Remi Lambert starts in soon. Looks as if some of the old men are getting younger and younger.

Some carnival, eh? You bet! J. A. Fogarty put the pep in it.

"Bing" Anderson of the Caustic is some little Yumper, we'll say.

Alf. Watt swings a wicked foot with his snowshoes.

Dog for sale, or given away. Apply to Rube McCutcheon.

We have bought another supply of soap, boys, so don't be bashful. Just call on Fatty Manton or Fatter Laffin.

While Carl Mason was taking the snow off his house, he fell into a pile of snow and almost got smothered.

There has been so much snow lately that we all wonder how Nap. Dechamplain gets to work on time.

Buck Whitehouse is thinking of joining the Barnum & Bailey circus—he can do lots of stunts, but how about shaving that mustache off first, Buck?

Bill Farnham is around again after having a hard battle with the Grippe.

Charles Pinnette says that Al. Dubey is all done doing his thinking now.

Willie Fournier was sure surprised when he got his yearly return for income tax. Don't be surprised, Bill, you still have it all yet.

Joe Bussiere says that he will have to pay income tax. Get married, Joe.

Amie Devost is now learning to talk English since he works with George Meehan.

Austin Buckley is kicking on his laundry bill. Don't kick, Buck, you know it is all your fault.

George Gale has gone into the hen fruit business.

Attention of Perley Hall! Please reserve some tobacco in case you have to work overtime.

Rumor has it that Oscar Davidson is going to get a haircut as soon as the moon changes.

Joe Fillion kept the half-way house on Mt. Washington warm for the ski racers carnival time.

Eddie Obert has bought a Dodge and has graduated from the Ford class.

There was a very elaborate wedding at St. Leo's Church in Gonic, N. H., on Tuesday, January 30th, when Miss Helena Lebrun, of Gonic, became the wife of Alphonse Ramsay, of Berlin. The officiating clergyman was a brother of the groom, Rev. Father L. A. Ramsay, now stationed in Manchester, and formerly a chaplain in the American Expeditionary Forces. The bridal couple were attended by Joseph Ramsay, father of the groom, and Peter Lebrun, uncle of the bride. Miss Lebrun is a graduate of the Dover Business College and is very popular in Gonic. Mr. Ramsay is employed at the Brown Company Caustic Plant. They will reside in Berlin.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

Syl. Peters had a pair of practically new shoes given him some time ago. Though the size was No. 12, he said they pinched, so Nils Jackson offered him a five spot for them but Nils squealed after awhile when he found out there was some danger of their being too small for him. The shoes are down to a dollar now. It seems there ought to be somebody who would take them for what good leather there is in them.

Miss Alice Cote, of the cutter room force, is recovering rapidly from a serious operation, much to the satisfaction of her many friends.

If anybody wants to know anything that is going on anywhere in the world, but more especially in Berlin, or anything that has happened or is liable to happen just ask Eddie Dennis.

Through the kindness of Mr. Palmer, Adjutor Rheame has helped us out in the cutter room for the greater part of three weeks. Many thanks, "Bill".

Alice Waite, Lucy Royer, Eva DesLauriers, Joe Pete Hamel, Andrew Schroeder and Romeo Tourangeau have all recently made the acquaintance of La Grippe.

During the Carnival a cross-country run was pulled off. One of our color mixers, Mr. Arthur Anderson, entered. All we can say in praise is that he finished, which is more than some did.

Of all jazz bands I ever heard, Mr. Sylvio Turcotte has them beat before they start, as far as noise making goes.

We now have with us Mr. Bernier, king

of jazz, inventor of the shimmy, and expert contortionist.

Daily lessons in pool playing are given free of charge by Mr. Herman Davidson.

In next year's cross-country run, Mr. Bob Blair, a speedy old timer will compete. It is rumored that he will soon start training for this event. The reason for starting so early is, that it is quite a number of years since he did any fast running.

Probably our good natured watchman Mr. Martin Elstad, will act as pace-maker.

Joe Couture, our local backtender on No. 6 machine, wanted to know if they played hockey thirty eight years ago. We never heard of playing hockey but, of playing hookey. Joe, don't bet for you are liable to lose your five spots.

Skeeter Nolan is keeping expenses down as much as possible this winter. His toes have been sticking out to the weather for some time. The boys say he is looking ahead to the auto season when it will take all his cash to put shoes on the old tub.

We have with us today, Shorty Teare, who doesn't believe in patronizing home industry, for after deciding that the local brands of the feline tribe were not good enough for him, he separated himself from a five spot and sent away for one.

The poor little cat couldn't stand the climate of the arctic regions, so she up and died. Now it looks as though Shorty

belonged to the cat-fish species.

Rosy Belanger is still training for the Big Marathon Run, and so is P. Bisson. The only difference is that Rosy does his training on Western avenue while Bisson goes to Lowell, Mass. Probably he wants to get used to the different air in Massachusetts.

Bisson on No. 6 is joking about Boston. We understand that he was recently there. Will you please tell us, Bi, what the attraction is there, and what the joke is? Hurry up.

We have with us a fellow who, during

the baseball season, sees all the games without ever paying a cent, and then knocks the management and players. This same guy never goes to a hockey game because he would have to pay, but amuses himself and makes good sports sick by knocking both management and players.

A paper hog is a man who doesn't shut down his machine till from five to fifteen minutes past eight Sunday mornings.

Bounder: "What do you tell your wife when you've been out late? Everything?"
Rounder: "No—anything."

BROWN COMPANY GET-TOGETHER CLUB

On January 25th, about one hundred members of the Get-Together Club, with their friends gathered at the Y. M. C. A. for a social evening together.

John Graff opened the evening's program by a short talk on the growth and progress of the club, at the close of which he introduced the entertainers of the evening, "Scott & Byrd" of Boston. These two men were real comedians and held the interest of their audience in a fine manner. Dancing was one of their specialties and they did great credit to their profession in all their dancing features, some of which were wholly humorous, while others were up to an A-No-1 standard of grace and ease. Both men were gifted with excellent voices and swayed their audience back and forth from laughter to sober interest with their songs. Jokes, too, were tossed about and a number of those present were surprised, confused and quite dismayed to find themselves the object of much hearty laughter. The entertainment lasted about one hour and every minute was filled with laughter, dancing and song.

Immediately following the entertainment, the "Sultans of Syncopation" started the dancing program with lively selections of music. Dancing is always a leading feature at these Get-Together affairs and this time proved to be no exception. Everyone danced and romped over the hall and called again and again for more.

Some of the ladies patronized the bowling alleys, and judging from some of the scores made, it is quite plain that they could make as good a shot as any man who had had even more practice.

The refreshment committee were right in the foreground and the ice cream, cake

and punch were royally distributed. This committee bears mentioning and the individual should be printed in plain print with the suggestion that they be remembered at the next entertainment. Lora Rowell, Flora Howell and Albion Streeter are the ones responsible for the cooling, dainty ices and cakes.

These Get-Together times are promoted by the Brown Company employees with the idea that by these social times the clerks etc., of the different departments may, not only get acquainted, but really come to know one another. It is a most excellent way of showing and intensifying a feeling of good fellowship and the organization should be justly proud of its aims and accomplishments.

The meeting of January 25th closed at about eleven o'clock and the general feeling exhibited was that another time like this in the near future would be most royally attended.

PIED PIPER STEVENS AT THE CARNIVAL

Caesar had his Brutus; George the third his Washington; Napoleon met his Waterloo, and the Burgess band it's—but thereon hangs a tale. 'Twas the nineteenth of January, during the carnival festivities at Gorham, that a brave body of men faced the Siberian froideur and, boldly marching down Main street, filled the air with magic sounds. Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin in his march toward the fatal mountain, the Burgess band was also followed by the young and the old who plodded on thru the snow spellbound by the ecestasy of celestial melodies. Then behold a huge snowdrift rising directly in the roadway with every snowflake like the heroic Frenchman who shouted "they shall not pass."

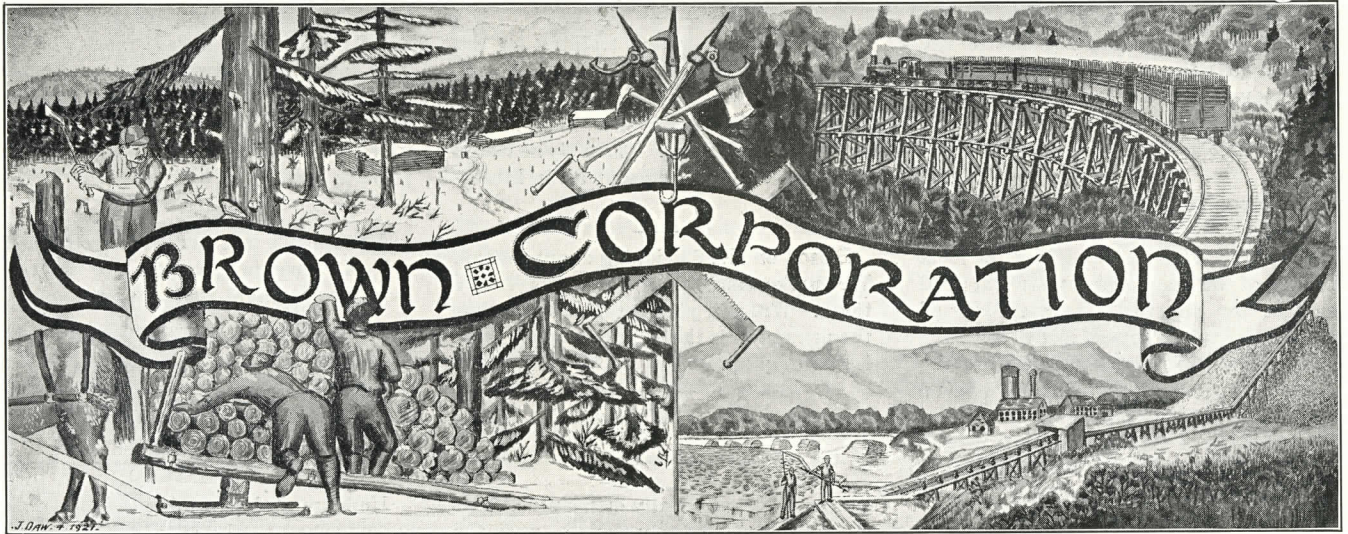
Undaunted the trombones entered and were hushed to the silence of the tomb. Bravely the cornets followed and soon were gone from the view of man. The saxophones, sadly squaking, played heroically 'till the last faint toot was smothered. Then in the rear the flute and piccolo chanted "Nearer My God to Thee," in a deep minor key, andante sostenuto. They, too, passed on.

And the drummer, left alone at last, played Taps.

THE IDEAL MAN OF CASCADE MILL

(What he should possess)

Edwin Howe's superb physique.
Johnny Lynch's beautiful hair.
Hayward's or McGivney's moustache.
Fordy's innocent baby blue eyes.
Constant good nature of McIntyre.
Haney's gift of singing grand opera.
Paul Dubois' vocabulary and Delsarte.
McGee's ability as a nimrod.
Palmer's ideas on prohibition.
McNally's "four hundred" pound voice.
Del's glasses and ability to wear them with his scholarly look.
McLaughlin's speed from here to Lancaster.
Martel's knowledge on all subjects.
Jeff's "tent."
Moffett's knack of relating without exaggerating.
"Denny" McKelvey's assortment of hats.
Bouley's view of the sport called hockey.
Goss' stride.
Daley's dynamic energy.
Maines' jaw muscles and supply of gum.
Bovard's knowledge of everything pertaining to New Brunswick.
Albert Lennon's bank roll.
Some man!



SCOTT STREET

LA TUQUE

La Tuque at last has a ski club and a jump started over on the side of the mountain back of Mr. Ernest Desbiens' house at the foot of St. Joseph street. Although we have had a number of good skiers here for years there has been very little interest in jumping or racing. We all look for a healthy growth in this line of sport among all ages.

I went to a big hotel one day,
The doorman said: "Please walk this way."

But he was bow-legged like my wife
And I couldn't walk that way to save my life.

We hear that the city council is considering the erection of a wind-shield along the north side of St. Joseph street,



TELEPHONE OFFICE

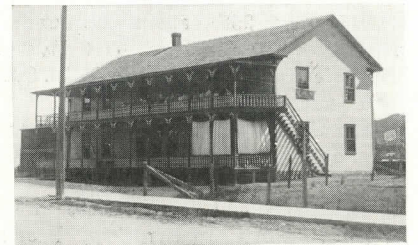
where it crosses the Canadian National tracks. This has been long needed and the people who reside on that side of the town will be as pleased with it as a girl is pleased with the fur around the top of her rubber boots. That's lovely, that fur,



STATUTE OF THE SACRET HEART

isn't it? And the idea is so clever! To take the fur off their necks and put it on their suffering rubber boots. And now the men, so I am told, are to have fur trimmings on their trousers, Kolinsky bottoms, Astrakhan seats and Buffalo knees.

According to the oldest inhabitants of La Tuque this has been the coldest winter for fourteen years. The coldest weather

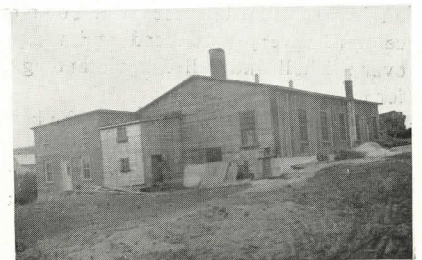


THE ORPHANAGE

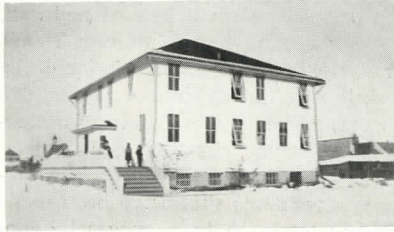
to date has been 51 degrees below at seven o'clock in the morning. But cheer up, at Lake Edward which is situated at the height of land between the St. Lawrence and Lake St. John watersheds, the mercury registered the same morning 63 degrees below. One morning since then the bottom fell out of the thermometer while making a vain effort to get down low enough to register the extreme cold. Vallyfield and White River Junction have always held the undisputed distinction of being the coldest points in Eastern Canada up till now, but Lake Edward this past winter has wrenched their laurels from them and established a record that should stand for some time.

Anniversary Ball at Community Club

The first anniversary of the opening of the Community Club was celebrated on



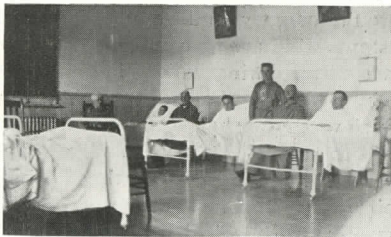
THE FOUNDRY



ENGLISH SCHOOL

January 18th, with a grand ball. In spite of a dreadful blizzard which raged outside at least three hundred people made merry within, having chartered every sort of conveyance to get there.

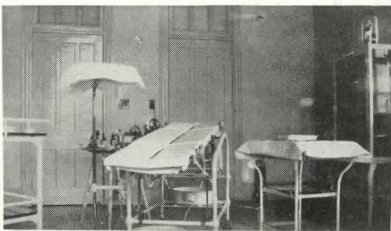
The hall was tastefully decorated with three rows of colored lights across its spacious vault, and colored spot lights were in play throughout the evening. Gillard's orchestra supplied the dance music, being most advantageously placed on a raised platform in the centre of the dancing floor. To the orchestra much of the success of the evening must be attributed. The vari-colored gowns of ladies contrasted pleasantly with the sombre evening dress of the men, and their beauty was enhanced by the continuous play of colored lights upon them.



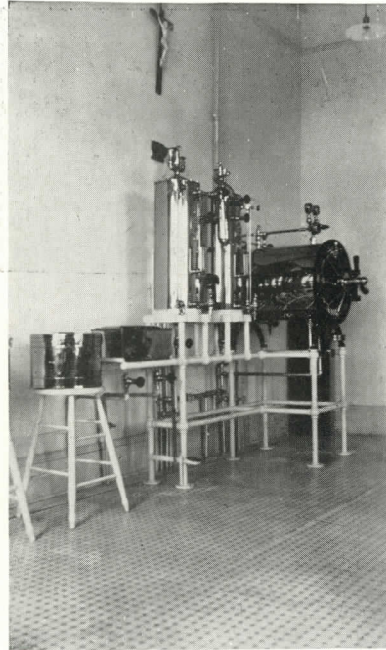
PUBLIC WARD

At 11 P. M., a pause was made to enable guests to partake of delicious refreshments served in the Banquet Hall, after which dancing was resumed and continued until 1 A. M., when the strains of "Home Sweet Home" brought the successful and highly enjoyable evening to a close,

Inter-club bowling games results to date:
Cercle Paroissial Points—12½
Community Club Points—7½



OPERATING ROOM

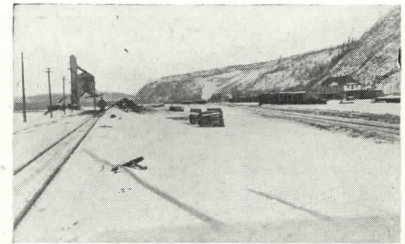


STERILIZING EQUIPMENT

First Annual Smoker at Community Club

On Tuesday, January 9th, the gentlemen members of the Community Club spent a unique and enjoyable evening at a smoker given by the club. The Community orchestra furnished the music, and as smokes of every description were in abundance everyone thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Mr. Edward Belleau was chairman, and to him is due credit for much of the success of the evening. Mr. Jimmy Rice of Montreal, well known as an entertainer, soon had everyone in the hall convulsed with laughter by his stories and jokes. His songs both in French and English, proved an enormous success, everybody joining in the choruses.



RAILROAD YARD, FITZPATRICK, P. Q.

Speeches were made by Mr. Simmons Brown, Rev. Eugene Corbeil, Rev. R. J. Shires, His Honor Mayor Gravel and Mr. J. Barraclough. Refreshments were served continuously throughout the evening, and at its close the singing of the English and French National Anthems left all with a warm glow in their hearts, and an eagerness for a similar entertainment another year.

Standing of the Ladies' Basketball League to date:—

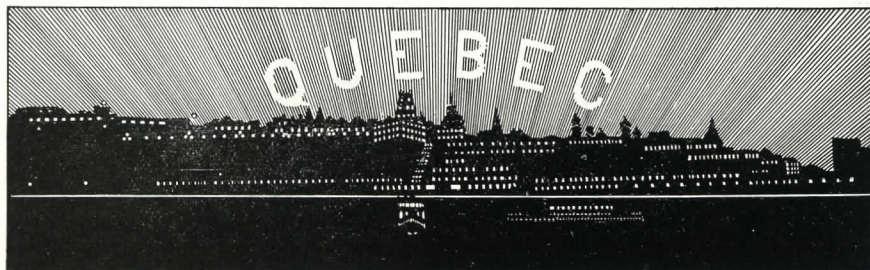
Name	Games Played	Games Lost	Games Won
Paddies	6	1	5
Roughnecks	7	2	5
Beavers	5	3	2
Canadiens	6	5	1

Business is not only a great civilizer of nations and of people, but also the greatest educator and developer of character in the world, for it is a perpetual school, a great life university where we do not go to recite and hear lectures for three or four hours a day for a few years, but where we are constantly studying and practicing, almost from the cradle to the grave.

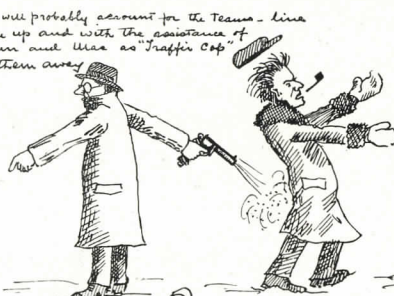
Any business that is not continually advertised will never grow.



BRIDGE ON THE WINDGO ROAD



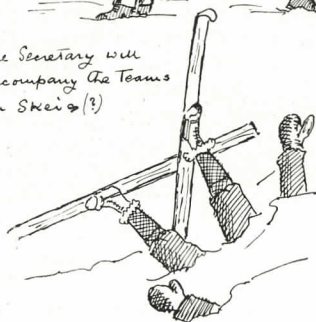
Bill will probably account for the Teams - line them up and with the assistance of a gun and like as 'Traffic Cop' get them away



a reliable Stop Watch will be used



The Secretary will accompany the Teams on Skis (?)



Whilst Pete will follow them on skates.



Deke will be at the Turning point



And a Doctor with a staff of Trained Nurses will await the casualties at the finishing Point



Latest notes on the International Dog Sled Race

BY the time this is in print, the great dog sled race will be lost and won, but for the benefit of our friends across the line, a short description of the conditions under which the race will be run may be of interest and the accompanying sketches by our special artist will serve further to elucidate the elaborate arrangements that have been made to bring the race to a successful conclusion.

The secretary has deluged the post-office with letters with particulars of the race, addressed to persons interested, from Halifax to Vancouver and from Behring Straits to Cape Horn. So far the two latter places have not been heard from nor has much interest been shown by residents on the Equator.

The dogs will be started from the Drill Hall and carefully timed. As the start of the course runs through the city, Mac has kindly accepted the position of traffic cop, whilst Bill will start. Up to date no official has been appointed to work the stop watch. The progress of the race will be carefully watched by members of the S. P. C. A., who in turn will be also carefully watched by the secretary and Pete.

The course will run out some 20 miles into the country and return. The contestants will have to complete the round once a day, during which time they will be buoyed up by the thoughts of the Cup which will await their return. Teetotalers and others will be catered for according to their religion, and at the finishing point, arrangements have been made with a well-known medical practitioner to be in attendance, with a staff of trained nurses to look after any casualties. Deke will be in charge at the turning point.

John Lebel is in great shape after his trip to Berlin, which was a good try-out for him. He hopes to repeat his victory here. By the way, Spike, "He who laughs last laughs loudest."



JEAN LEBEL AND HIS DOG TEAM—WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL DOG DERBY



DOG TEAM OF PRICE BROS.—TAKING FOURTH PLACE



TAKEN FROM WINDOW IN BROWN CORPORATION OFFICE SHOWING ST. LAURANCE RIVER

NOVEMBER 11TH AT CREUE

From all along the front you hear how at eleven in the morning of November 11, 1918, in a single moment of time, the four years' pounding of the guns broke off for good.

But not from Switzerland to Flanders was there a better mark for the end of the war and the dawn of peace than the little ceremony that took place at Creue, in front of St. Mihiel on that Monday morning. It was the work of the 303d Field Artillery.

At about six in the morning we got, at Creue, the text of Marshal Foch's great order, that hostilities should cease at eleven that day. All morning, however, the guns kept on and about ten the firing seemed to grow astonishingly heavy.

A little before eleven the 303d band formed in the square. We saw there was to be some kind of ceremony—everyone went out to watch. No one there will ever forget the picture.

It was the first day of clear skies for weeks; the sun was shining but through a thick, white mist. There were four American officers there; a few men in the French blue-gray; two ambulances, painted on top and sides with a great red

cross, standing by a door where a red cross flag was drooping; a hundred or two of our men in khaki; some army trucks; and off at one side a pathetic handful of French civilians—old men, women and children, who had lived there four years under the Boches—with one fine old fellow in an ancient soldier's cap of the vintage of the Franco-Prussian war, who held himself apart from the rest, stiffly erect. All this was against the background of the muddy square and the drab, shell-marked stone houses which made the once happy town of Creue.

Right up to the last moment you heard the guns, as you could have heard them at that place almost any time for the last four years, and at the final moment, with the same startling quality as a sudden noise, silence fell. The guns had stopped all at one instant. The last shot had been fired.

A moment of absolute silence. You found yourself listening with an effort. Then, from a high portico at one side of the square, very slowly, an American bugler sounded Taps.

A second's pause,—the French civilians were crying—and quick and clear the bugler blew reveille. Everyone got the idea and smiled a little. The French people looked up and smiled. There was

a tension released. After that the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Brabanconne" for Belgium, then "God Save the King," and ended up with the "Marsaillaise" for France.

And so the war ended at Creue, by St. Mihiel.

Obituary

Alex McLean was born in Canada, January 2, 1862. He first worked for the Company, November 6, 1917, at the box shop and was laid off on account of lack of work March 17, 1918. He again began work with the Company, November 24, 1919, at the Cascade where he was working at the time of his death, January 26, 1923.

Jesse Charlton was born August 29, 1862, in Milford, N. S. He began work with the Company, November 27, 1918, at the Cascade where he worked at the time of his death, February 1, 1923.

North: "Maine has been dry for many and many years."

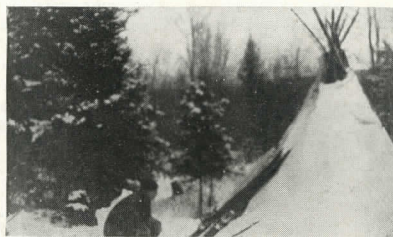
West: "And why not? It's almost totally surrounded by Canada."

Using Paper Tents in Winter Time

Portable, Collapsible and Comfortable, Guaranteed Against Rain, Wind, Snow and Ice

By Two Guests of a Cascade Mill Laboratory Experiment

The foregoing might possibly be the gist of an advertisement depicting the new, modern sportsman's shelter, namely, the "Paper Teepee." To make use of a paper tent in winter time, when there is anywhere from two to four feet of snow and the wind blowing a gale, may sound fishy to you, dear reader, who are perhaps at this moment sitting in an easy chair with your feet next to a fire, but to two tired, inexperienced hunters, it seemed much more fishy. We, (the other poor fish and I) were very skeptical about the efficiency of a shelter, the walls of which perhaps actually measured about 0.007 of an inch in thickness, but we had our choice of walking two or three more miles after having walked ten, thru sixteen or eighteen inches of fresh snow, to a log cabin that we hadn't seen for two years, or sleeping in the tent. When log cabins in the Ammonoosuc Valley are not completely demolished, they are sometimes as good as nothing at all to stop at. Hence our decision to accept the invitation we had received from one of the owners of the tent whom we had met that day, and to bunk right where we were. We were so hungry we could almost smell the coffee boiling. So we made short work of getting settled.



I might here describe the tent itself and our impressions getting into it. It was banked all around with a layer of soft snow over the hard crust of a previous storm, and the door was half hidden. With its poles shooting off at all angles thru the top and amidst a background of young balsams, it looked for all the world like an Indian wigwam. Looking at it in the moonlight, as we did in our first glimpse of it, with the moon's reflection in the tiny, frozen brook in the foreground, it brought back memories of our old Hiawatha school days, even as tired as we were. After digging out and removing the door, (hinges aren't very well adaptable to paper) we crawled in half expecting to be greeted by a gang of warriors. I bumped my head against something and caused it to sway back and forth, hitting me every time it came my way. It later proved to be a plumber's candle, cleverly held by a piece of haywire hung from one of the poles. In jig time we had the home-made tin stove set up, with its collapsible stove pipe shoved out thru the hole provided for it, got a fire going and say,—this was great.

A feed improved us a hundred per cent. After supper we spent our time thawing out our boots (and feet, too) and locking around. The tent was about ten feet in diameter at the bottom and as for height, why the six-footer who was with me had no trouble in getting around at all. There were two bunks at about right angles to each other on the ground at the sides of the tent. These bunks were fashioned out of balsam boughs held in by two boards, staked into the ground on either side. We also used those as seats and tables. One corner (if corners there are

in a round tent) was piled up with a supply of dry wood and over it, hung from one of the poles, there were a few pots and pans and other cooking utensils. All together it impressed us being a very compact, neat and easily put up shelter. The paper, by the way, was all one sheet. At about nine o'clock we rolled in, and although the roar of the wind kept us awake for some time, we finally fell asleep and spent a very comfortable night, surprising as it may seem. Morning found the tent rather chilly, to be sure, as was evidenced by the ice in our pail of drinking water, but getting breakfast and starting out hunting made us forget all about it.

As usual, we didn't get much game, in fact we didn't get any, but we had lots of fun bragging about our novel experience when we got home. For souvenirs, we took home pieces of some of the paper that had been left over in the construction of the tent. *They are all watermarked "Nibroc Kraft."*

Yours till next fishing season,
Two Guests of a Cascade Mill
Laboratory Experiment.

