



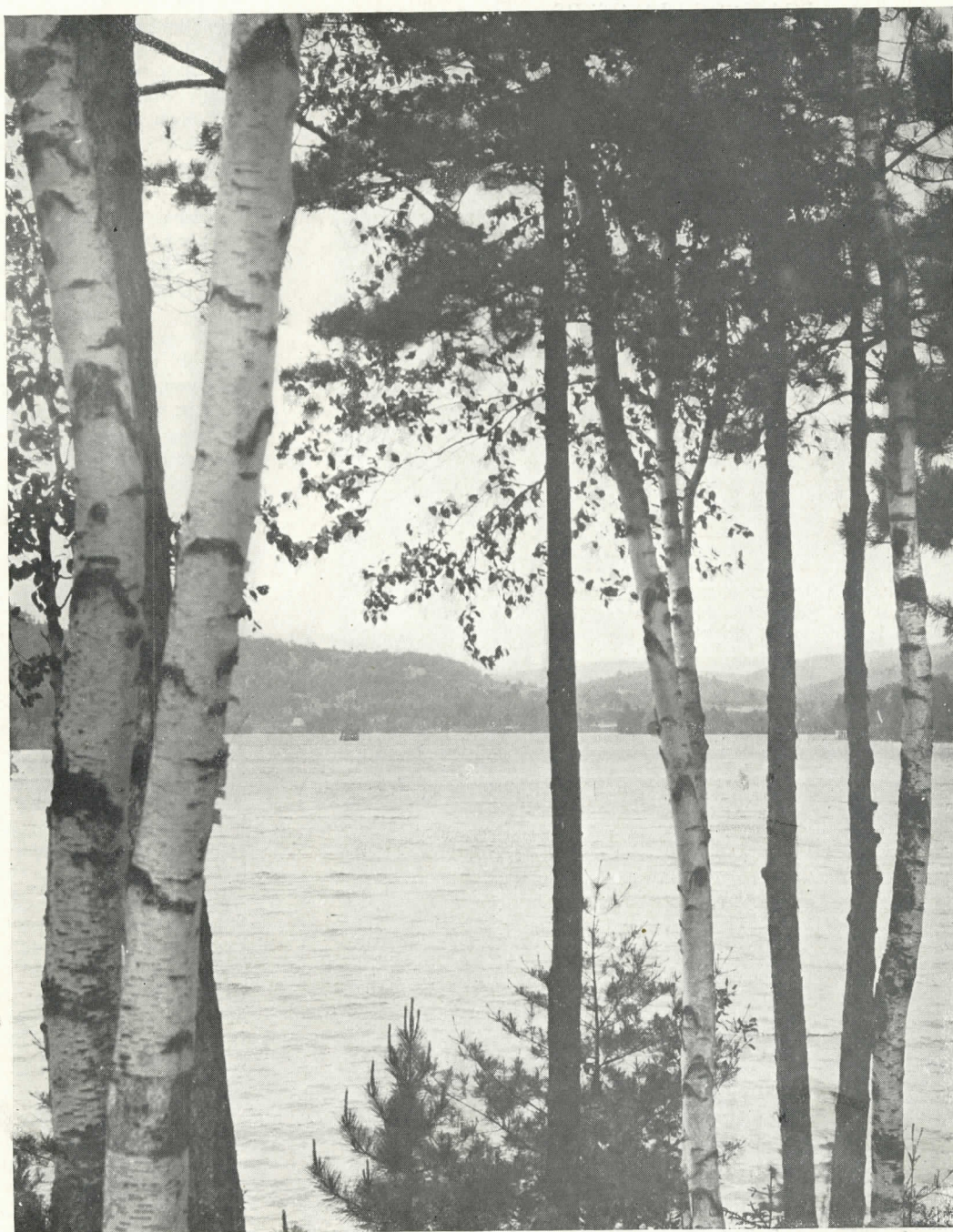
THE BROWN BULLETIN*



VOL. V.

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BERLIN, N. H., SEPTEMBER 1, 1923

No. 3



BRYANTS POND, MAINE

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. V.

SEPTEMBER, 1923

No. 3

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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

Miss E. A. Uhlschoffer, Supervising Nurse; Mrs. Laura Steady, R. N., Assistant Supervisor and Child Welfare Nurse; Miss Dorothy Goodwin, R. N., and Mrs. Margaret Willard, R. N., District Nurses; Miss Martha A. Fagan, R. N., Miss Gertrude Kennedy, R. N., and Mrs. Maurice Hutchins, R. N., Industrial Nurses. Office, 22 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.

BROWN COMPANY SURGICAL SERVICE

L. B. MARCOU, M. D., Chief Surgeon, 275 School Street
 H. E. WILKINSON, M. D., Assistant, Office 33 Main Street
 On call duty: February, June, October, April, August, December
 NORMAN DRESSER, M. D., Assistant, Office 143 Main Street
 On call duty: January, May, September, March, July, November

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Open to all employees except those eligible to Burgess Relief Association

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Philotechnical Society

Gives a General Talk on the Subject of "Radio"

A general talk on the subject of "Radio" is practically assured for the first meeting of the Philotechnical Society to be held early in October. The society is selecting a speaker who will instruct and entertain the many Brown Company followers of this popular scientific development. The meeting will probably be held on Wednesday evening, October third, and will open promptly at 7.45 p. m.

A special invitation is extended to everyone to attend this first meeting of the season. From time to time during the year open meetings are announced because it is felt that the subject to be treated is broad enough to be enjoyed by a large group outside the society. It should be noted, however, that everyone is welcome at any meeting. If the subject of any talk interests you, do not hesitate to come and hear it.

Those who have been able to attend the lectures during the previous seasons will be pleased to learn that a total of fifteen lectures will be given this year. Of these six will be given by out-of-town speakers, all of whom are well known in the scientific world. On alternate Wednesday evenings, talks will be given by local speakers and by representatives of some of the large firms from whom the Brown Company purchases basic commodities such as salt, brick, belting, sulphur, etc. The society believes that these latter speakers will be of very great interest to the men working with these materials in the mill. Local speakers are being asked to prepare their data for the lectures expected from them this winter.

For the benefit of those who cannot be present at the meetings, except by unusual effort, a summary of each lecture will be given in the subsequent issue of the Bulletin. Announcement of future meetings will be made through the same medium. Watch for the usual posters which will be out a few days in advance of each meeting.

Make it a point to "listen in" on the first lecture of the season. The call is R-A-D-I-O and the station the Berlin Y. M. C. A.

Anyone can spend money—that's the easiest thing in the world. The test of character comes in what we spend it for.

Augustus Mellen Carter

A Sketch of His Life. By a Friend

THE subject of this sketch was born October 9th, 1840, on the old Carter homestead place in Bethel, Maine, known as the Willow Brook Farm, which had been occupied by him and his ancestors continuously since 1799.

He was the son of Elias M. and Rebecca Williamson Carter, and one of a family of eleven children, four sons and seven daughters, named respectively, Augustus Mellen, William L., Timothy C., John H., Fannie A., Mary C., Emily J., Julia E., Lydia S., Helen L., and Anna G., only two of whom survive him, John H. Carter and Mary C. Wiley.

He is survived by five grandchildren and twenty-one nieces and nephews.

His maternal ancestors were Scotch and his paternal ancestors were English.

He was married in Bethel, Maine, December 25th, 1867, to Mary Frances Stanley, whose helpful and congenial companionship he enjoyed during a happy married life, which ended with her death November 6th, 1899.

This union was blessed by the birth of two children, a daughter, Frances A. Carter, who survives, and Edward M. Carter who died at Bethel, July 23rd, 1923, as the result of accidental injuries.

Mr. Carter was a practical Christian, but not an active member of any church organization, although he frequently attended religious services in local churches.

He has never been affiliated with any social organization or secret society, but had been an active and loyal member of Brown Post Grand Army of the Republic of his native town since its formation.

He was what might be termed a "liberal" in politics, always supporting the Republican ticket in national and state affairs, but in local affairs he voted for the candidate deemed by him to be best qualified.

Although of small stature and light weight, he had always enjoyed good health and was active and alert physically and mentally in all the affairs of life with which he had to deal until about three years prior to his death, when his health began to fail.

Due to his industrious habits, courage and optimism, however, he gave constant attention to his business affairs until the spring of 1922, when his fail-

ing health compelled him to abandon many of the activities with which he had so long been identified, and he retired to his old ancestral estate, where he spent the remainder of his life and received the tender care and attention of his devoted daughter, Frances, who was his constant companion until the end.

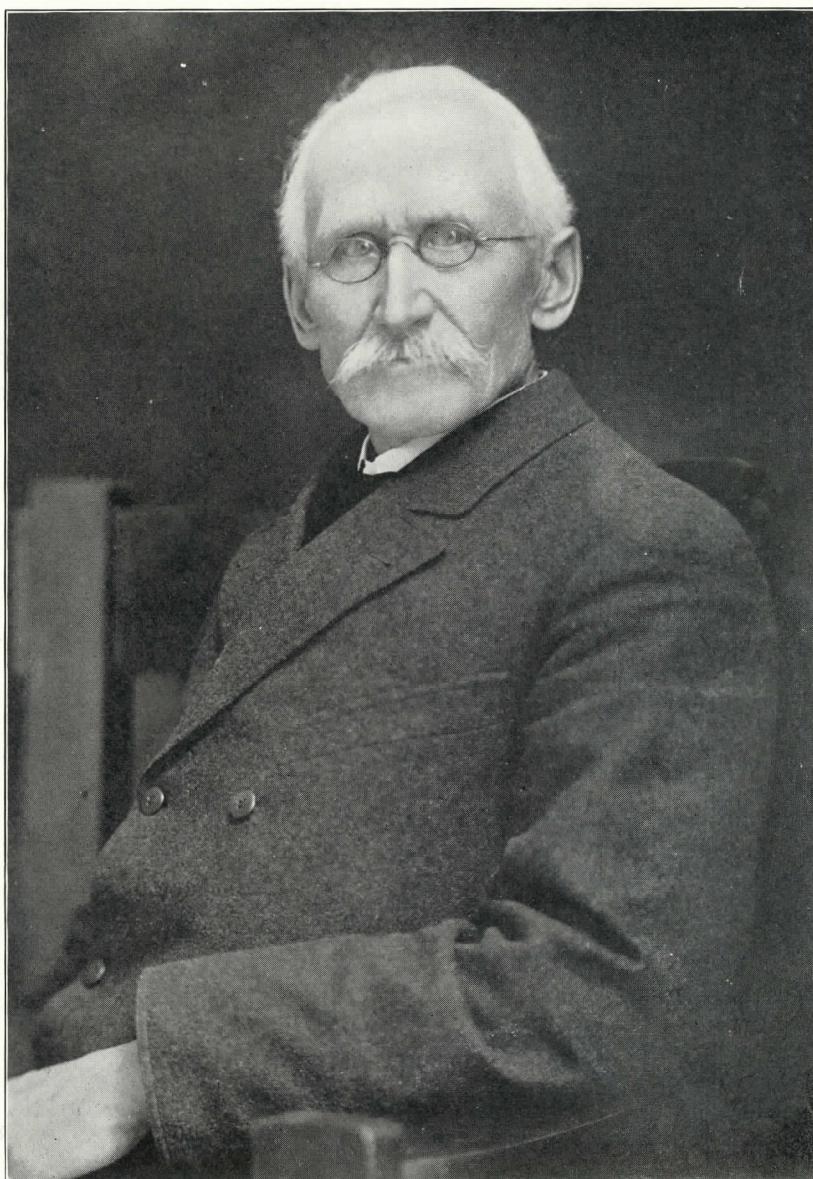
Mr. Carter was educated in the common schools of his native town and at the academy on Paris Hill, Maine, at which latter institution he acquired his early education and training in civil engineering and land surveying, which he later adopted as his vocation.

Like so many other successful men, his early life was spent on his father's

farm, and after the completion of his education he worked on the farm, taught school winters, and clerked in the country store of Robert A. Chapman in Bethel.

In 1861 he was employed on a truck farm in Flushing, Long Island, and marketed its products in New York City.

Later he was employed for a short time by the Ames Arms Company, in its machine shop in Chicopee, Massachusetts, and after completing this service he returned to his home in Bethel, where he remained until the late fall of 1863, when he enlisted in the Seventh Maine Light Battery, and was listed as a corporal in the original roster.



AUGUSTUS M. CARTER
OCTOBER 9, 1840—AUGUST 17, 1923

This battery was mustered into the military service of the United States at Augusta, Maine, on the 30th day of December, 1863, and was organized January 1st, 1864.

It was quartered at Camp Coburn until February 1, 1864, and was transferred to Washington, D. C., where it arrived February 5th and was assigned to Camp Barry for artillery instruction, and there received its military equipment. April 25th, 1864, this battery joined the Ninth Army Corps in transit through Washington on assignment to the Third Division Brigadier General O. B. Wilcox commanding, and was soon engaged in active service.

On or before June 18th, 1864, Mr. Carter was promoted Sergeant, in which capacity he served until the close of the Civil War.

Sergeant Carter with his battery participated in many battles and engagements, among which may be mentioned the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Reams Station, Poplar Spring Church, Bethesda Church and Fort Sedgewick the seven engagements first named being inscribed on the battery's flag.

He was exposed to the enemies fire for 167 days and escaped serious injury.

This battery was mustered out of the service at Camp Coburn, Augusta, June 21st, 1865, and Sergeant Carter received an honorable discharge, again returned to his home, and engaged in agricultural pursuits which he followed until a short time after his marriage, when demands for his services as Civil engineer and surveyor became so insistent that he decided to take up this work as his vocation.

He soon became connected in these capacities with the Androscoggin Water Power Company, the Berlin Mills Company, and Hugh J. Chisholm, the first paper manufacturer to locate in Rumford Falls, Maine.

While associated with these companies, and at the request of E. S. Plummer of the first named company, he made a preliminary survey for the construction of a railroad from Rumford Falls to Bemis, and was instrumental in securing favorable action by these companies on this subject, and the road was soon completed and equipped and later extended to Oquossoc, Maine.

Mr. Carter worked a year as civil engineer on its permanent location, and was considered a very considerable factor in this enterprise.

He became very successful in this

class of work and followed it until 1896, when he entered the service of the Berlin Mills Company, now the Brown Company, and there remained during the remainder of his active life.

He proved to be an especially valuable and useful man for this company in various capacities, among which may be mentioned civil engineering, land surveying, exploring and estimating forest growth, conveyancing, drawing contracts, examination of land titles and adjusting disputes, in all of which he displayed marked ability.

He was recognized in Maine and New Hampshire as an authority on all questions relating to timberlands, ancient boundaries, and disputed lines, and was Maine's representative on the proposed commission to establish the line between these two states.

Mr. Carter never held an elective public office and never manifested any desire to do so.

He was well informed, however, on civic and political affairs, and his capacity and education qualified him for public service which he undoubtedly could have secured if his consent could have been obtained.

He was a typical New Englander; a rugged, active, industrious, generous, kindly man.

In all the relations of life, he was the soul of honor; his character was above reproach, and his word was as good as his bond.

He was affable, agreeable, and companionable, and always a gentleman.

His modest, simple ways, his loyalty to his employers, friends, and acquaintances, his helpful and cheerful assistance to all in need, his devotion to his family, and his clean personal record made him a valuable asset in any community.

Those who knew him most intimately speak most highly of his many good qualities, and this, after all, is the most reliable test of a man's worth.

He departed this life at the old homestead on the 17th day of August, 1923, sincerely mourned, not only by his immediate family, but by all his former friends and acquaintances.

The funeral was held at his late home on August 19th, 1923, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and was largely attended.

Many officials of the Brown Company, a large number of Mr. Carter's friends, and associates and members of the local Grand Army Post were present.

The religious service was, as the deceased would wish, brief and simple,

consisting of the reading of the Ritual, prayer and the Benediction, and was conducted by the Rev. C. B. Oliver, a local clergyman, and the Rev. W. T. Green, a friend of the family.

A profusion of floral offerings gave mute testimony of the high esteem in which the departed was held.

The casket, draped with an American flag, a fitting tribute to a brave and patriotic soldier, was borne to Middle Intervale Cemetery, near his birthplace, where the pall bearers, Harry F. Carter, John W. Carter, Howard R. Carter, and John H. Carter, Jr., nephews of the deceased, tenderly and reverently lowered the mortal remains of their beloved uncle to their last resting place, and Augustus Mellen Carter now sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

The modern man thinks he is roughing it if he walks in the park wearing a soft shirt with the collar open.

A Real California Ford

We think that readers of the Bulletin will be interested in the following abstract from a letter recently received from Fred Olson, who is in California recuperating from a severe illness and who, from reports, is making fine progress towards regaining normal health.

Speaking of Fords, I thought I had seen about everything attached to a Ford that was possible until the other day. I was down in front of the Colfax garage when a Ford came up in front of the place, that just made me gaze at it in astonishment. I will try and describe it.

The car was one of the old models, about '16 I should say. On the top lay an old mattress and three crates of live chickens and one crate with a duck in it. These crates and the mattress were fastened on with hay wire. By the hood on one side was a roll of old quilts and on the other side what remained of an old trunk. On the back was an old box full of tin cans and old cooking dishes. In the front seat was a white woman about six feet four who would weigh about two hundred and fifty pounds, dressed in overalls and big heavy boots. The man was a little bit of a cuss about the size of LeRoy Shipman, and had a voice about like Giles Holt's. Believe me that pair were some combination and would make a great attraction for a circus side show. In the back seat were two kids about four or five years

old, so darn dirty and hair so long you could not tell whether they were human beings or just dogs. On one running board was a shepherd dog and on the other a nanny goat. When the car came up to the garage the woman was driving and her head nearly touched the top inside the car. When she got out she looked husky enough to pick up the whole outfit, car, dog, goat and all, and carry it off on her back. While they were in the garage the goat went to a grass patch, on the other side of the street and got a feed. That bunch was sure some sight. I wish I could have gotten a picture of it, but I did not have my camera.

Burgess Relief Association

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

Forest Stewart	\$ 97.60
Mrs. Clara Chaloux	60.00
Narcisse Letellier	34.50
Onesime Anctil	5.68
William Turley	64.00
Eddie Blanchette	24.80
John King	120.60
Mrs. Thos. Sullivan	140.00
Michael Hickey	108.50
Edward Routhier	30.00
Jules Lantegne	22.60
Carmin Lustre	32.02
Amedie Landry	69.00
Wm. Lafrance	21.00
Alfred Deshais	3.77
Karmine Barnett	50.40
Andrew Phair	39.60
Mrs. William Hogan	100.00
Alex Reid	48.80

Total\$1072.87

Obituary

SULPHITE MILL

William Hogan was born in Quebec, September 2, 1869. He has worked for the Company a number of years. He was working at the sulphite mill as a millwright at the time of his death, July 14, 1923.

Felix Croteau was born in Berlin, September 16, 1896. He has worked for the Company on and off in different departments since August 26, 1913. He was working at the sulphite mill at the time of his death, August 6, 1923.

Electric Steam Boiler Installation

THE latest addition to the plants of the Brown Company is the electric steam boiler installation shown in the accompanying photograph. The apparatus was built by the Electro Furnace Construction Company of Philadelphia which controls patent rights in the United States for the Kaelin boiler.

Electric boilers are a comparatively new invention. The first of such boilers was designed and placed in operation in 1917 by Mr. F. T. Kaelin, chief engineer of the Shawinigan Water and Power Co. It was installed at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, for the Electro Products Company, which made chemicals during the World War. This first boiler had a capacity of 5000 KW at 6600 volts. It has been operated practically continuously since 1917.

In the intervening six years rapid strides have been made. Boilers have been built for 25000 KW 3 phase, 60 cycle, 6600 volts. At the present time boilers of a capacity of 30000-40000 KW are being designed.

The electric boiler in Berlin is unusual. It is designed for 18000 KW, 3 phase, 60 cycle, 22,000 volts. Before the construction of this boiler, the highest potential in use was 12000 volts.

The operating principle is very simple. On the system in Berlin, the current from the 3-phase line of 22,000 volts is fed directly into the boiler. In each tank is located one electrode made up of 24 $\frac{5}{8}$ in. rods on a 15 in. bolt circle. The water in each tank acts as a resistor and through it the electric current passes from the electrode to the sides of each tank. Through this action the water in the tanks is brought to its boiling point and steam is generated.

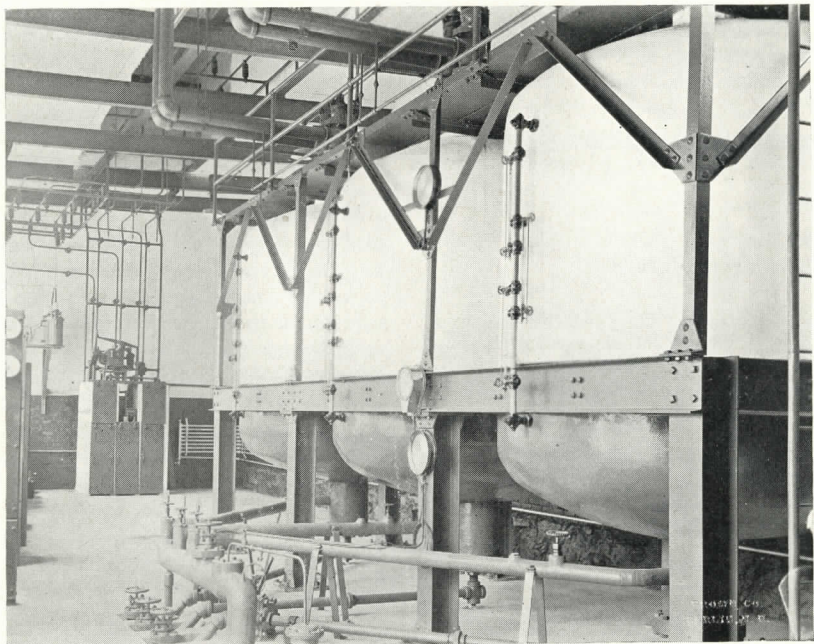
The boiler is used on Sundays when the mills are shut down. It takes all the surplus power and transforms it into steam. By so doing, it effects a great saving in the coal needed on Sundays to operate the Heine Boiler Plant.

The Night Before Payday

'Twas the night before "payday,"
And all through my jeans,
I was searching in vain,
For the price of some beans.

I looked and I looked,
'Till I was content,
That I hadn't a copper,
No, not a red cent.

Forward, turn forward,
Oh time in thy flight,
Make it tomorrow,
Just for tonight.

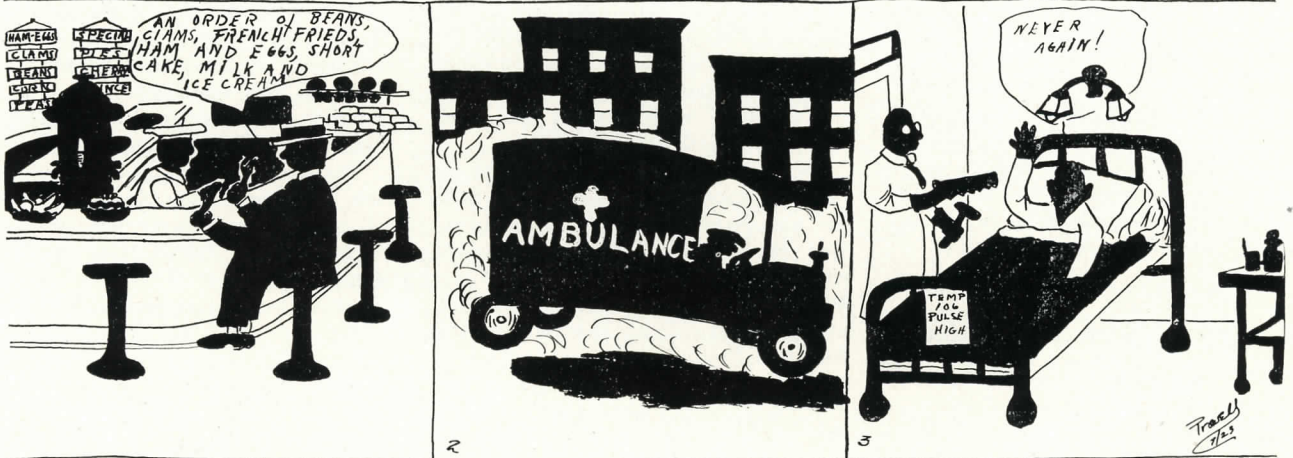


ELECTRIC STEAM BOILER INSTALLATION

This saves electric power, that was once wasted on Sundays and during the off-peak periods

CASCADE JUICE

Cascade Silhouettes ———— 'Coon' Was Hungry.



Mr. 'Coon' Morris says that in the future he will eat according to his stomach and not his eyes.

Mac says golf may be good exercise, but the sand pile furnishes a very satisfying pastime (at meal times).

Mike Murtagh is supplying in the office during the vacation period.

Capt. Hennessey is attending the Legion convention at The Weirs, preliminary to the attendance of Co. F, Anti-Aircraft at Portsmouth Tercenary.

Jos. Tanguay is spending his vacation in Canada.

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

Dr. Malone of Three Rivers, P. Q., visited our mill recently.

Wm. Foren of the Cascade machine room has left for Bastrop, La., where he has a position with a mill now under construction.

The mill is presenting a very commendable appearance in the newly painted sections. When the bleachery is completed, the sulphite department will be very advantageously equipped.

The printing department has outgrown its quarters, and a portion of the cutter room is being used for a part of its new equipment.

Following Col. Oscar P. Cole's transfer to the Main office, Mr. Hinchey has been transferred to the time office, his place being filled by Mr. Albion Streeter.

Leroy Hughes is away on his vacation.

Some of the bunch in the Kraft shed aver that they won't go fishing again. Somebody steal your bait, Bill?

Bert Marcou has purchased a new Chandler sedan, and the cops are all after him—not for speeding, but persisting to obstruct traffic by that famous five-mile-an-hour gait of the new Chandler. Step on her, Bert.

Mr. Libby, assistant super- of the machine room, enjoys golf but his time seems too short on the links.

Some of the recent Canadian visitors from the electrical department: Oliver Keenan visited relatives in La Tuque; Gerald McGivney attended the Supreme Convention of the Knights of Columbus at Montreal; Henry McLaughlin was in Montreal renewing old acquaintances, (Note: John Lynch took care of his tomato ranch while away); Albert and Alphonse Fowler have gone to St. Patrick's, P. Q.; Denis McKelvey and family have gone on a two weeks' tour through Canada; Frank Costello and family are touring Canada, visiting relatives and friends.

Rather late, but the Nibroc organization wishes to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Freeman the best wishes for a happy future. Mr. Freeman is our boss millwright and a popular man around the mill. His marriage to Mrs. Clara Holmes of Gorham, a local girl, during July with a honeymoon trip thru Maine with the Chevrolet, was omitted through an oversight. Mr. Freeman during his trip in Maine, met Sam Leavitt, who will be remembered by Burgess and Cascade employees, as well as many Gorham friends not employed by the Brown Company.

BRAINS

A friend, remarking that BRAINS are a necessary commodity, urges us to take up the cause of the brainless, or rather the near-brainless. **Why must we all bow down before the man or woman brimming over with brains and leave out from our consideration without even a nod, the person with more heart than head?** The gray matter is the thing we are told and yet what a world of trouble ahead of the man that's full of it. Let nature stock a head with an extra supply and immediately that same head takes on a load of ambition, and a cargo of potential trouble for himself and the world. It's the man that has just enough brains to steer him to his home after his day's work, and leaves him to enjoy his evening's rest, that is happy, and not the man whose head

is so full of brains that he must perforce spill them out to the gaping audience at the club. For a real-all-round-good-fellow, give us a stupid person. He doesn't distress us with problems solved, or unsolvable; he doesn't rise to the occasion with a few

(never-ending) remarks and when he contemplates, he doesn't analyze each individual, and go eternally wrong in his judgments. What if your stupid friend does make mistakes? The worst, he or she does is to make us laugh. And goodness knows, we need

all the laughter we can get.

If you seek to make one rich, study not to increase his stores, but to diminish his desires.



PORTLAND OFFICE



Mr. L. P. Worcester has purchased a country home in Stroudwater and is now busy studying farm journals, etc.

Bill Matthews drinks "Dreco," according to the Portland Daily Press, and says he has had no further trouble sleeping nights. Question is,—What does a night watchman want to sleep nights for?

Mr. L. G. Gurnett has been entertaining his brother-in-law, Mr. A. W. Wilson, of Wilcox, Arizona, for the past two weeks.

The following clipping was taken from the Portland Sunday Telegram: "Harry Todd was a little off form yesterday, misjudging a long fly in center and taking three healthies in a jam. But the boys let him alone, most of them having read in the morning papers of his signing a new manager."

Yes, you have guessed it, Harry has gone and got married.

George E. McGlauffin, Jr., announces the birth of another boy at his home on August 12th last. This is getting to be an annual affair with George, as he now has four boys and three girls. We wish him luck and he deserves it.

Messrs. Vanier and Green are very anxious to know if Mr. Callahan received the Brown Bulletin while he was away last month. We wonder why they are so solicitous.

Mr. Harold Chellis visited Aroostock County on his vacation and now knows they plant potatoes down in that section. He was a "doubting Thomas" before he went away, but now he is convinced, after riding miles and miles and seeing nothing but potato plants and potato bugs. Harold can tell you all about a potato now—ask him if you don't believe it.

Bill has been hitting the ball on the nose this season. It's Barry when he gets them and Berry when he don't. Must have a pull with the newspaper editor.

Mr. Hugh Lloyd (alias Charley Toth) practices every night on the East End Beach for endurance swimming. He enjoys the company of several colored athletes from Lafayette street, and wants to take on Louis Mortenson for any distance.

In spite of the numerous warnings and advice from the members of the cost sheet department, Harry Todd has joined the ranks of the benedicts. His marriage to Miss Myra Blackmore of Portland took place at the home of the bride on Monday evening, July 30th.

Harry Todd does not have to watch the clock to know when it is near 12 o'clock. At exactly 11.30 each morning he receives a telephone call. If for any reason she is delayed a minute Harry becomes worried and calls her up.

Phillip Grover, our efficient watchdog of the storeroom has returned from his vacation, which he spent mostly in giving the fish he didn't catch three meals a day. For months previous to his vacation Phil worried about what was going to happen to his stock while he was away. Now that he is back again, he has started to worry about what will happen during his vacation next year.

Obituary

Portland office was saddened by the death on July 26th, of Mr. Charles F. Safford of the accounting department, after an illness of a few days. His death was caused by blood poisoning as a result of an infected tooth.

Mr. Safford has been with the Brown Company for 17 years, all of which

period he served in the accounting department, where he had charge of the posting of the numerous ledgers. Although Mr. Safford was the oldest employee, in point of age, in the Portland office, being in his 81st year, he was second to none in his ability to carry out his work and to do his work in a manner that was a credit to both himself and the Company.

Mr. Safford's work among us will always be an inspiration to his fellow employees. No one could possibly be more faithful to his company than he was, always at his desk regardless of the weather or his health. On the very few occasions when he was away from the office, we knew that he was indeed very ill. He leaves after him a monument of faithful service.

Funeral services were held on July 28th at the Wilde Memorial Chapel at Evergreen Cemetery. The following members of the accounting department acted as pall bearers, Messrs. F. W. Thompson, C. J. Birkenmeyer, L. W. Worcester and C. F. Means. Mr. Safford is survived by a daughter, Miss Agnes Safford, who has the sincere sympathy of all.

THOSE SIGNS

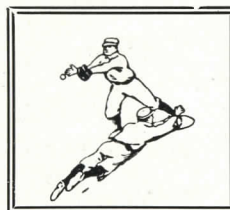
A conscientious autoist, approaching a strange town, read all the signs along the right-of-way. Here is what he learned:

Eat at Holmes—chew Jersey plug—Wearover shoes last longer—the flavor fingers—call Dr. Bunkum—time to retire—3½ miles to Fuller's garage—200 good beds—Stylecut clothes—removed without pain—Stop, Look, Listen—Coming this week—Women's Ready to Wear—Dodge Bros.—Safety First—Visit the Zoo—Welcome to our city.

—Exchange.

Patterson—"Say, Bill, can you tell me how to make my trousers last?"

Davis—"Surest thing you know. Make the coat and vest first."



SPORTS

Be Loyal to Local Sports

If Berlin is to make a success of sports, there must be a great deal of cooperation among the various interests. There must be an abundant spirit of give and take. There must be an understanding on the part of the spectator concerning the problems of the various managers. There must be a willingness on the part of those, whose major interest is winter sports, to turn to and help those, whose primary enthusiasm is base ball. By mutual aid each interest will in the long run be better served.

Last winter Berlin had a hockey team that was second to none in New England and which ran neck on neck with the best in Canada. Yet attendance faltered somewhat and the season was not a thorough going success.

Now the base ball players are meeting with a little of the same difficulty. There is in Berlin sufficient material for several good teams. The major fault seems to be in the attendance. There are too many people who stand outside the fence or else slip through the fence without paying admission fees.

Certainly we should all do our best to put Berlin sports on a paying basis. Help the other fellow.

Base Ball

The Berlin Industrial Base Ball League opened August 1, 1923, with a large parade composed of the Police Dept., Burgess Band, Mayor King and Councilmen Derosier, Hinchey, Hannah, Lovett, Parent, Quinn, Horton, Myler and Couture. Robert McGee, three years old, dressed in a regulation base ball uniform with a sign "Babe Ruth was big as me onct"; Jasper A. C., led by Laurier Brooks with a sign, "My record—41 times at bat, No Strike Outs" (this team also carried a sign proclaiming them the 12-year old champions of Coos County); the Mt. Forist A. C., the Jerico Bears, Burgess, Berlin Mills and Nibroc Baseball clubs were also in the procession. The rear of the parade was taken up with a truck load of 1941 all-stars. Council-

man Lovett threw the first ball, starting the initial game which was between Berlin Mills and Burgess, Berlin Mills won 4 to 3.

Aug. 4, 1923, Berlin Mills defeated the Nibrocs, 7 to 0.

Aug. 8, 1923, Nibrocs defeated Burgess, 4 to 1.

Aug. 11, 1923, Berlin Mills defeated Burgess, 5 to 4.

Aug. 15, 1923, Berlin Mills defeated Nibrocs, 8 to 2.

Industrial League Batting Average August 16, 1923

Name	Team	G	AB	PC
Ryan	Burgess	3	11	.454
Holland	Berlin Mills	4	12	.416
Cantin	Berlin Mills	4	13	.384
Morin	Berlin Mills	3	8	.375
McGivney	Burgess	4	12	.333
Witter	Berlin Mills	3	6	.333
Reid	Burgess	1	3	.333
McConnell	Nibrocs	1	3	.333
C. Oleson	Berlin Mills	3	8	.250
McGee	Nibrocs	3	8	.250
Morais	Berlin Mills	4	13	.230
Anderson	Berlin Mills	3	9	.222
Lemlin	Nibrocs	3	9	.222
J. Veazey	Nibrocs	3	9	.222
Gorham	Nibrocs	2	5	.200
Mortenson	Berlin Mills	3	10	.200
Haney	Nibrocs	3	10	.200
Doyer	Berlin Mills	2	5	.200
Sullivan	Burgess	1	5	.200

Lists of Promotions

SULPHITE MILL

Andrew Arseneau from laborer to wood foreman.

Henry Plummer from stock grader to back tender "B".

CASCADE MILL

Victor Ayotte from broke hustler to 6th hand.

Pete Nadeau from 6th hand to 5th hand.

Geo. W. Wambolt from spare machine tender to machine tender.

Indemnities paid by the Brown Co. Relief Association for the month of

July, 1923.

J. P. Howell	\$103.00
Emile Gagne	45.20
Annie G. Hayward	30.00
Peter Lachance	22.60
Nelson Nault	45.20
Jos. H. Caron	47.20
Peter Lacombe	11.30
Joseph Hamel	41.42
Joseph Ford	62.00
Ernest Cote	5.95
Mark Rix	37.20
Isaac M. Bennett	74.85
Annie O'Donnell	466.00
Ben Bailey	38.40
Joseph E. Talbot	36.80
Irene Frechette	3.45
Alex Hanson	3.67
F. H. Ball	32.00
John Rivard	37.66
J. E. Noyes	23.60
Hector LeClerc	25.20
John Glinka	7.52
Alphonse Lessard	45.30
Adelard Gagne	38.81
F. H. Ball	22.60
Jos. Cowette	15.06
Arthur Dougherty	25.08
J. B. Paquette	33.00
Paul Beach	68.00
Theo St. Hilaire	23.83
Ludovic Gosselin	56.50
Elmer Christianson	100.00
Jos. Cote	33.96
Clinton Noddin	88.00
Hilda Knudson	40.15
Joseph Boutin	13.40
Peter Noonan	51.20
Karn Paulson	100.00
Leon Sevigny	81.06
Ernest Laliberty	48.59
Sylvia Disalets	18.82
Leo Legere	8.00
Wm. Goodreau	28.00
Alfred Blanchard	38.10
Herman Davidson	22.00
Joe Lavallee	39.54
Alfred Rouleau	251.32
Chas. Johnson	18.66
Wm. J. Oakes	8.90
Victor Chaloux	18.26
Adelard Vallier	14.00

Total\$2550.31

"Who belongs to de army of de lord?" shouted the colored preacher.

A man in the back seat jumped up and said, "I does."

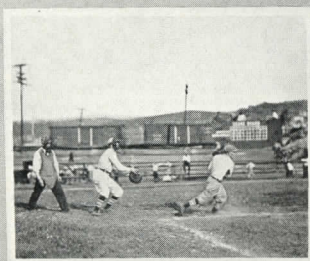
"To what branch of de army do you belong?"

"To de Baptist."

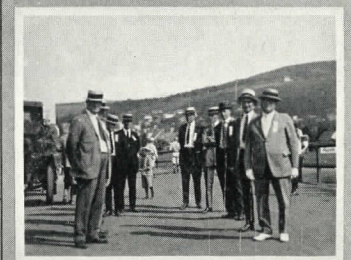
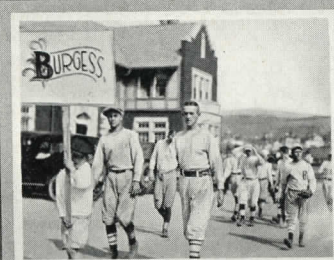
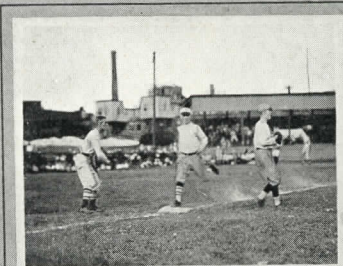
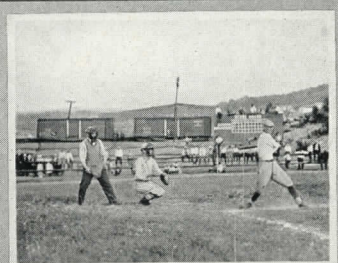
"Get out, yo' don't belong to de army, yo' belongs to de navy."

—Square D Tales.

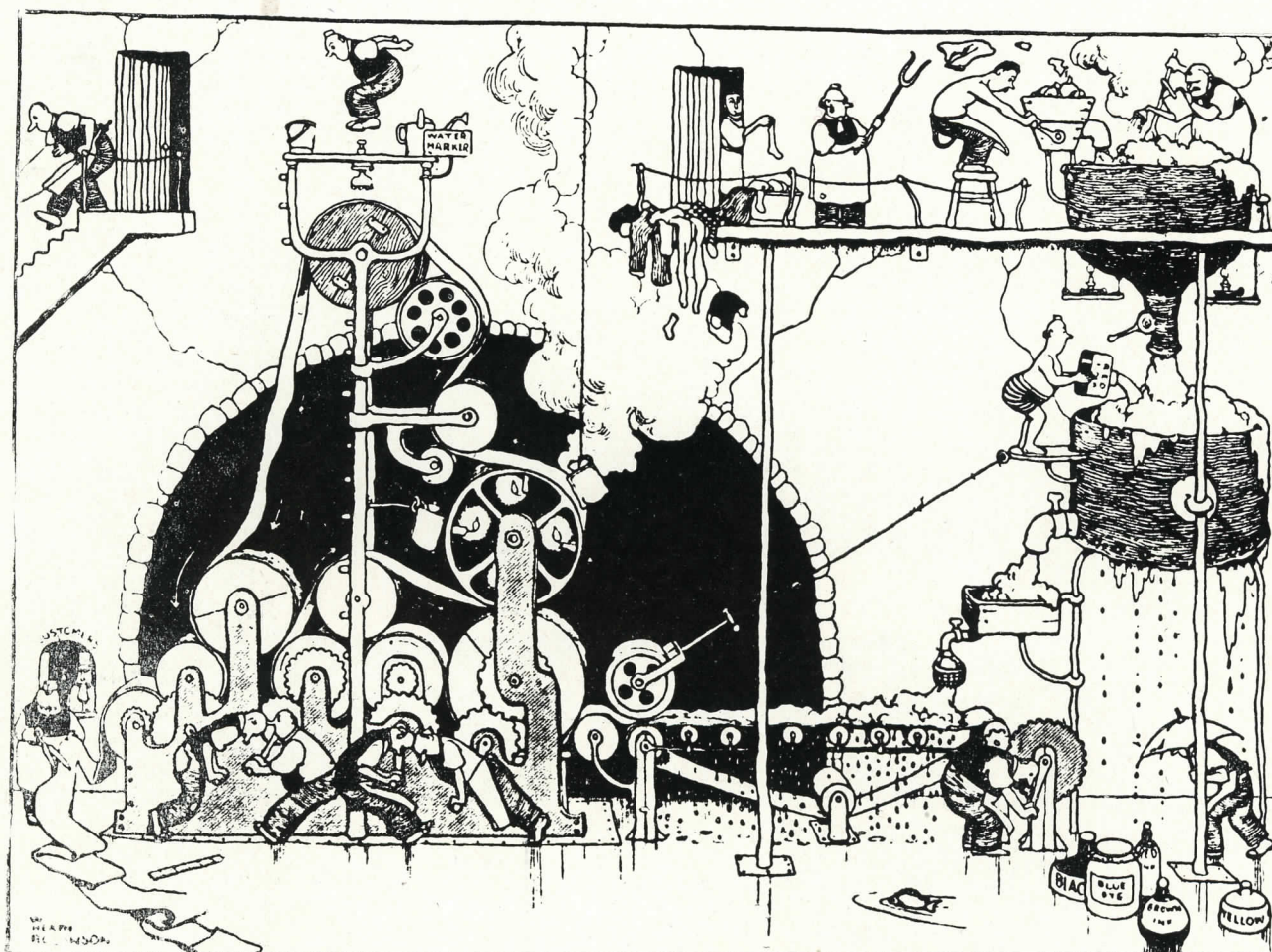
INTER-MILL LEAGUE OPENING BASEBALL GAME AND PARADE



STARTING THE GAME



RIVERSIDE SMOKE



NEW IDEAS IN PAPER MAKING

The above cartoon was originally published in the *World's Paper Trade Review*, an English publication. It has been widely copied in American magazines. We refer it to the "Old Man" as a possible solution for his loading problem. We also suggest that he take over the operation of the watermarking device, because he can use his garden sprinkler this winter and keep his hand in for his spring planting.

Our superintendent, with his family, left Saturday, August 4th, on his vacation, going by auto via Plattsburg, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, N. Y., to Salem, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana, and returning practically the same way. We all wish him good luck and a splendid time.

Irving Teare returned from his vacation spent on an auto tour of Northern New England, New York State and Quebec.

The game of ball between the Philadelphia Giants and an all Berlin team, played August 7th, resulted in a score of 17-13 in favor of the colored boys, as was expected. Our boys did very

well for six innings, or else the other fellows didn't try. Anyway they opened up their heavy artillery in the seventh and it was simply one dark shadow after another flitting across home plate until they had piled up 11 scores. Our boys realized then that they had played under a dark cloud all thru the game.

The Giants were a gentlemanly, good natured bunch and played good all-around ball.

The features of Berlin's play were Williams' work at third, the fielding, and Holland's batting.

Joe Streeter says he would just as soon work for a living as to spend most of his time cranking that Ford truck of his.

Lucy and Bertha Hamel have just returned from a week's visit in Canada.

Rosaire Belanger left Tuesday, Aug. 14th for a vacation to be spent with relatives and friends in Canada.

The ball game between Burgess and Berlin Mills, July 21st, resulted in a score of 11-5, in Berlin Mills' favor. A very small crowd in attendance including the deadheads. The features of the game were the bad playing of about all the eighteen players, although Ryan made a good catch and Williams a three bagger, which with proper training could have been stretched to a homer.

Speaking of vacations, the "Old Man" leaves on Saturday, Aug. 18th, on his annual pilgrimage to Charleston, N. H., for a ten-day camping trip. No doubt in the near future a real fish story will appear in the Bulletin, as the party has plenty of "real live bait" engaged There

surely will be some big fish caught.

The opening of the Mill League occurred August 4th, with the Cascade and Berlin Mills nines opposing. The game ended in a defeat for Cascades, 7-0. Cantin was invincible in the

pinches and was backed up by some sharp fielding, especially by "Chuck" Oleson. The game was played on the new grass field which is a great improvement and ought to be appreciated by all.



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



Main Office

Arthur Sullivan and family are spending two weeks at Bryant's Pond.

Dagna Olson is vacationing at Portland and vicinity.

Ida Austin is spending two weeks' vacation which will take in her home at Gorham, Maine, Portland and other points of interest.

Warren Oleson is spending a week of recreation at The Weirs.

Charlie Baker motored through the mountains with friends, August 6th. He reports a wonderful day and a wonderful trip.

Edgar Morris motored to Old Orchard, August 10th, and spent the week end.

Rena Morris and "Honey" Cameron FORDED it to Portland and back recently. Both girls report that they had some trip and we believe every word they say.

AT THE OUTING

Story telling hour, Harry Philbrick, Edgar Morris, Charlie Baker, Morris MacCarty and Robert Sample. Experts—every one of them. But they've got an awful line, and if you don't believe it just "listen in" some time.

Somebody monkeyed with Eli Stilson's car.

Warfield went sporting with Mercedes.

Nora discovered that her beloved marshmallows were a piece of sod. We wonder who played that trick. So does she.

Frank Holbrook proved that he knew how to toast marshmallows—and to eat them.

Rosamund went for a ride.

Eli Stilson was spanked good and hard while he was held over some one's knee. People always pick on good

natured folks.

Henry Holland sang a solo entitled "The Old Grey Mare." We wonder why he looked at his poor little car while he sang.

Above everything else we heard:

Charlie Baker's hearty laugh.

Harry Philbrick's short story.

Frank Holbrook rushing for the fire.

Eli Stilson trying to start his car.

Henry Holland yelling for another sandwich.

Edgar Morris laughing at somebody's antics.

Bob Sample's golden silence.

Mac's witty remarks.

Mrs. Edward M. Carter, Miss Frances A. Carter, Mr. Herbert Carter, and Mrs. Murray Wiley wish to thank the members of the Woods Department, through the columns of the Bulletin, for the flowers and deep sympathy extended to them at the time of their recent bereavement.

At the Harding Memorial Service held in the City Hall in Berlin on August 9, Colonel Oscar P. Cole delivered a most fitting eulogy on our late President.

We very much regret the recent resignation of Mr. H. S. Lee, who has left us to accept an unsolicited position of a confidential nature with a prominent Iowa business man. Mr. Lee came to us about six years ago from the Barrett Company. Of a quiet, unobtrusive nature, Mr. Lee has proved himself a steadfast friend of all the Brown Company employees. He has interested himself particularly in the installation of the Group Insurance Plan and has rendered valuable assistance in the establishment of the Get-Together Club and the Brown Bulletin. The many friends of Mr. Lee join us in wishing him success and happiness.

A party of good will was given on the evening of August 20th at the Congregational church to Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Kimball. Mr. Kimball has been a deacon of the church for more than thirty years and superintendent of the Sunday School for a large part of the same period. The friends present gave Mr. and Mrs. Kimball a set of andirons to be used in the new home they are building at Bryants Pond.

Brown Company Main Office Outing

The Village Green was nowhere in sight or reality compared to the long, beautiful stretch of sloping green turf where the Brown Company Main Office employees met and enjoyed a picnic lunch and social evening together on Thursday, August 9th. Nor did the Village Queen reign supreme. But the office girls, every one a Queen of her own Realm,—and the boys, every one an A No. 1 sport in his own field—met and mingled and helped to make the outing worthwhile.

The lunch was well taken care of long before seven and the "remnants" were pounced upon and hastily swallowed up by Mac and his partner, Roy. Immediately after every one's hunger was entirely satisfied a sight-seeing tour was suggested and every one went his or her way—singly or in groups—in different directions. The little bear owned by Homer Gregory received a generous amount of attention, and the attractive little tea room was fairly crowded throughout the evening. But the greatest and most attractive and most mysterious of all were mountains. Beginning, it seemed, somewhat below the picnic grounds the mountains rose in majestic splendor, clothed in the richest of deep blue which gradually developed into royal night black—untouched by the flood of humanity which rested contentedly in their shaded depths—unmoved by the emotions which rock thousands of souls

that dwell within the shelter of their mighty arms. They awe even while they give confidence,—they rise and tower above and guard, even as good shepherds,—even as the faithful sentinels.

After twilight had deepened into deep night shades, a great bonfire was built and a great bag of marshmallows was brought forth, whereupon the merry-makers gathered around the fire and toasted marshmallows while gay laughter and song intermingled with jests of all sorts rose and drifted off into the night.

After the fire had died out, preparations were made for the home trip. The following little verse will tell a whole story:—

Some of the folks got home at twelve
Some got home at ten,—
Some to other realms did delve
And they got home at—When?

Every courtesy was extended to the crowd by Mr. and Mrs. Gregory who helped in their usual kindly way to make the affair a real success.

Everybody reported a good time—such a good time, in fact, that another outing is being arranged for August 16th.

The committee on plans and arrangements was as follows:—Nora Bailey, Rosamund Moffett, Maurice Oleson, John Roy, Morris MacCarty. Three cheers for this committee and we hope they will serve again in the very near future.

Grocery Department

Born, July 20, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Lepage of 5 Cambridge street, a ten pound boy.

Theresa (at the phone): "Hello!"

Mrs. Customer: "Hello! I would like to talk to a grocery clerk, please."

Theresa: "Do you wish to give an order?"

Mrs. Customer: "Yes."

Theresa: "Well I'll take your order."

Mrs. Customer: "Have you cauliflower?"

Theresa: "No'm, we have not."

Mrs. Customer: "Have you string beans?"

Theresa: "Yes, very good ones."

Customer: "Well, send me one pound of lean pork chops."

Salvage Department

John S. McLellan, our old friend who drove one of the first locomotives in the Berlin Mills yard, has made

a record trip of some 1500 miles through some half a dozen states with his automobile. Mrs. McLellan, whose spare time is engaged as president of the Woman's Auxiliary of Ryan-Scammon Post No. 36 of the American Legion, accompanied him. With Mr. McLellan at the throttle and Mrs. McLellan holding the guide book, their trip was accomplished without conflict with the numerous traffic officers, who make so much trouble for younger and less careful men.

They drove from Berlin to Portsmouth, the oldest town in New Hampshire. From there they visited Hampton Beach and thence journeyed to Newburyport and over the turnpike to Everett, Mass. Here they left the car and went into Boston.

From Everett, they rode to Worcester and thence to Athol, where the Mohawk trail begins. The Mohawk trail leads to North Adams. On the way, Mr. McLellan was particularly impressed by the Berkshire Hills. He noted also the beautiful bronze Elks' monument, representing a listening elk.

From North Adams they went down through Stockbridge and Canaan where the dolomite lime is made. They crossed the corner of Connecticut to Poughkeepsie, New York, where they crossed the Hudson to Highland. There they went down the Hudson to Newburgh and Tuxedo. Glenridge, N. J., marked the most southern part of their trip. There they stopped with a niece.

They came back through Springfield, Worcester, Cambridge, Lynn, Revere, Salem, Old Orchard, and Portland, visiting many of the beaches on the way.

Mr and Mrs. McLellan have reason to be proud of their achievement.

Blacksmith Shop Sparks

The old song bird is back in his old form once more. He surely has a fine set of new teeth. Silv Wedge has sent in an order for a new crop of hair. Can you beat it?

Abe Fred Perkins, dealer in auto tires and tubes, is ready for business at any time. Call and see him at the rear of Bat Couture's forge near the chain house.

Arthur Malloy went down for the fatal count with Angel Collins as victor.

George Pinard is going at high speed with his new Overland bus, while Ed. Fournier is hitting a mean clip with his little old Dodge.

Our old mate, Pete Fournier, was lost on a bright moonlight night recently away down East in Maine.

Sockum Kid Cantin just returned from a pleasant trip to Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Lester has the auto bugaboo and is trying to get old Bat Couture to set a price on his old road-eater.

John Albert, the only pure Norman in the crew, is at his old trade making fish hooks. He surely made a raft of them lately.

Research Department

Francis Swan, formerly employed in this department, has been placed in charge of the sulphite mill of the Peshtigo Paper Company at Peshtigo, Wisconsin.

July Accidents

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	11
Without loss of time	36
Total	47

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	8
Without loss of time	34
Total	42

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	8
Without loss of time	48
Total	56

Thursday was one of those frequent rainy days in early spring. Tony had been to school in the morning but absent on the afternoon. Upon his return Friday he brought the following excuse:

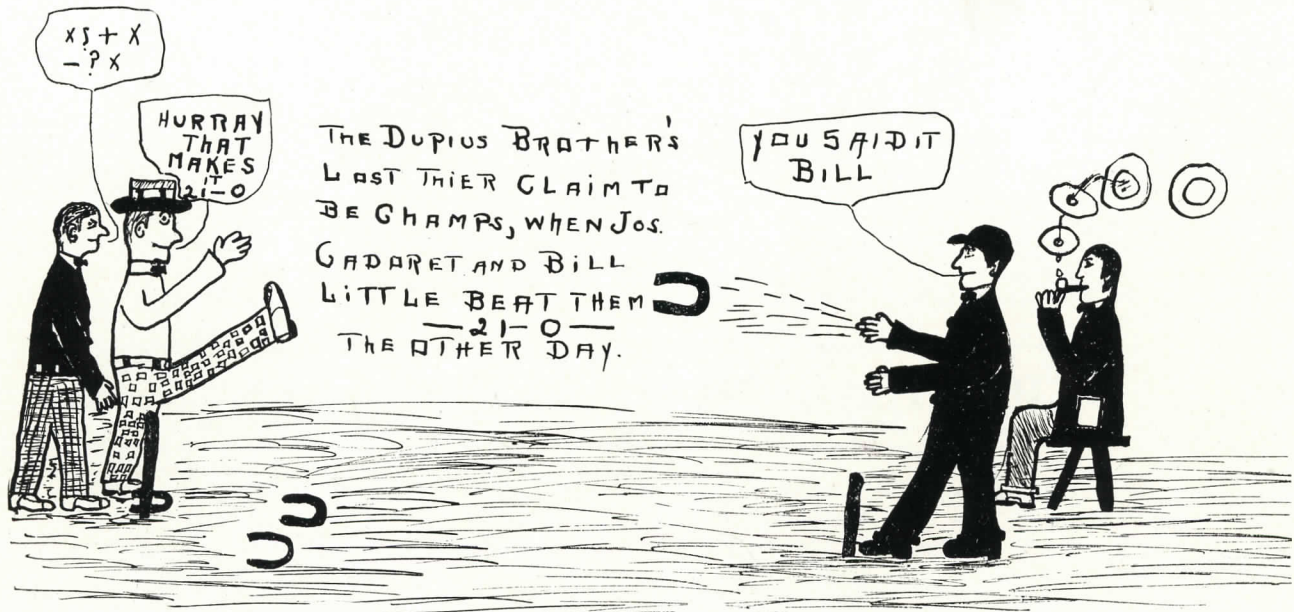
"Dear Miss P——: Please excuse Tony for being absent yesterday as he got wet in the A. M. and I had to dry him in the P. M.

Yours truly,

Mrs.——."

—Square D Tales.

SULPHITE MILL GAS



RELIEF ASSOCIATION NOTES

Pat Hayes, who has been ill for over a year, has returned to his old job as loading shed foreman. Welcome, Pat!

Mr. Neal Plummer of the machine room makes frequent calls down in Maine of late. When is it coming off, Neal?

Last month there was a very pretty marriage, when Miss Moody and Mr. Emery Roberge were united. We wish them happiness.

WANTED:—I will buy all second-hand cars, regardless of make, year and condition and will sell them in A-1 condition. Apply, Jim Snyder, Sulphite Mill.

"Bud" Laferriere can't get over the idea that the rear wheels of his car won't follow the front wheels. You see he took part of his garage away with him the other night.

The Burgess Band has been giving some very good concerts of late. We all hope that they will continue as they are very well received.

We see Stark Wilson has purchased a new car, an Oldsmobile. That-a-boy, Bill, you got a good boat.

We miss Jim Fagan's "line" and also his "rattle trap," but he always fired on all six, both he and his car.

From all reports Bob Briggs and Harry Raeburn are making good. But don't forget us, boys, as there are a few of us "would-be" actors left. We hope you continue to succeed.

Miss Amelia Lavoie, who left us to take up nursing, reports that she likes and is very much interested in her work.

Fan 1: "The Burgess ball team reminds me of the Red Sox."

Fan 2: "How is that?"

Fan 1: "Because they are always in the cellar."

Bill Little, our newly found horse shoe champ, is going to Norway Fair to try his luck. We wish you luck, Bill.

"Babe" Smyth will always talk about New York, as he went there on his vacation this year. He was delighted with the "burgh," but he couldn't get over the idea that when there was a fire no whistles blew. So on looking at the papers he found there were a lot of fires every day. He didn't see one. You see, "Babe," they don't have "fog horns" there.

"Connie Mack" of the Burgess Club, namely "Hank" for short, has quite a number of recruits but he can't quite figure them all out yet. But give him time and he will succeed.

While Bill Thomas was at Old Orchard on his vacation, a peculiar thing happened. You see Bill is a movie fan, so he thought he would take in the pictures. While in the show his car parked outside was decorated with a tag, telling him that he was wanted at the police headquarters at once. So Bill waltzed over. Alas, it was signed the "Cheese" and not the "Chief."

A conversation was heard in the office the other day that proves that we have a "Doc" amongst us.

Cole to Ebie, "Say, Ebie, did you ever have any corns? Well, I have one and it's a dandy."

Ebie's system naturally responded, "Well, Cole, did you ever try corn plasters?"

Cole: "No, I never thought of that, Mr. Ebie."

Mr. William Hogan, a millwright, in the maintenance department, passed away on Saturday, July 14th, after an illness of about a week. He was stricken with a paralytic shock at the mill and did not recover from the illness

He was well and favorably known throughout the mill. The Association joins in extending their sympathy to the bereaved family. A picture of Mr. Hogan will be given in the next issue of the Bulletin.

Running through the insurance applications, it was found that a number of men who had married after they joined the Association failed to change their beneficiary and a few men whose wives have died have also failed to change their beneficiary.

To correct this situation and save possible trouble and controversy, it was decided to get a new application from each member of the Association. This

is being done at the present time.

Rennie Pennock is back after spending his vacation at a camp at Jack Knife Hill. Rennie is very fond of camping and he often slips up to Jack Knife Hill to enjoy the solitude and to observe wild animals. He keeps a very accurate account of all wild animals he sees.

He blew in one morning at the mill and reported having seen on the way down the night before, 11 deer, a fox, a racoon, and a hedgehog. To test his eye in driving, he stunned the coon with a blow of his front wheel as he boomed along. Oftentimes as we see

Rennie driving across the Y. M. C. A. bridge, we think he is apt to be separating the quick from the dead but if he can hit a fox on the nose I guess he is a safe driver anywhere.

Mrs. Pennock it seems is not as fond of wild animals as Rennie is. One evening a bear was roaming around the camp and as one of the windows was open, Mrs. Pennock earnestly requested it be shut. It was quite a task so to do as Rennie had installed a pump so near the window, which was of the swinging type, that it couldn't be shut without dismantling the pump.

Some plumber, Rennie.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

The cell house force extend congratulations to Albert Dubey and F. R. Bouchard upon the arrival of a child to their respective families.

Eddie Obert says a Buick is a pretty good car, but don't run very well on flat tires.

Paul Gauthier is a painter now during the dull times at the chemical mill.

Amie Devost is getting quite a reputation as a fisherman. At least he always gets his share.

Hakon Gade is trying to reduce by grading his new lawn.

The biggest topic on Charles Pinnette's mind is—how to spend the city's money.

Bill Simpson has answered the call of: "Go West, Young Man, Go West."

George Reid likes the roads at Berlin Mills these days. What's the dope, George?

Bjorne Hanson, since purchasing a motorcycle, is spending most of his time either riding or repairing.

Carl Johnson is at the present time ill, but we hope to see him back again soon.

Nap DeChamplain has broken cell house records and bought a cake of soap.

CHEMICAL MILL VOICES

Mac:—"Join the Get-together."

Benny:—"What you going to do now?"

Nickie:—"How do you get that way?"

Mike:—"Let's go."

The Duke:—"All ready, O K."

Jack Reid:—"Give me an order."

Chas. Barton:—"Well, let's do it."

J. Fogarty:—"Get Gale."

Knapp:—"How's she going today?"

Bill Sharpe is a busy man these days. The other day he had a union-all on.

There has been a "Frost" every week at chemical mill this year.

Ed Schambier gets up every morning at 3 o'clock to water his cucumbers. He is afraid they will freeze.

George Gale reports the egg business is still going strong.

Matt Ryan and Joe Vallis, Jr., are enjoying two weeks at Portsmouth with the boys.

George Meehan has been haying in New York state.

Joe Bourbeau is still on the sick list.

Paul Gauthier is still playing tennis.

Sam Savage's daughter was run down by a motorcycle. We are glad to hear that she has been brought home from the hospital and is improving rapidly.

We notice that Buckley's Ford aero-

plane is back in active service again.

Cecil Manton does not enjoy going to the "Red Squirrel" now—the part that he likes is burnt.

Cecil Spriggings is gone—but not forgotten—to Canada.

Arvid Niclason enjoyed the scenery at Old Orchard recently. He was up in the air most of the time. He says he did not lose any weight on his aeroplane trip.

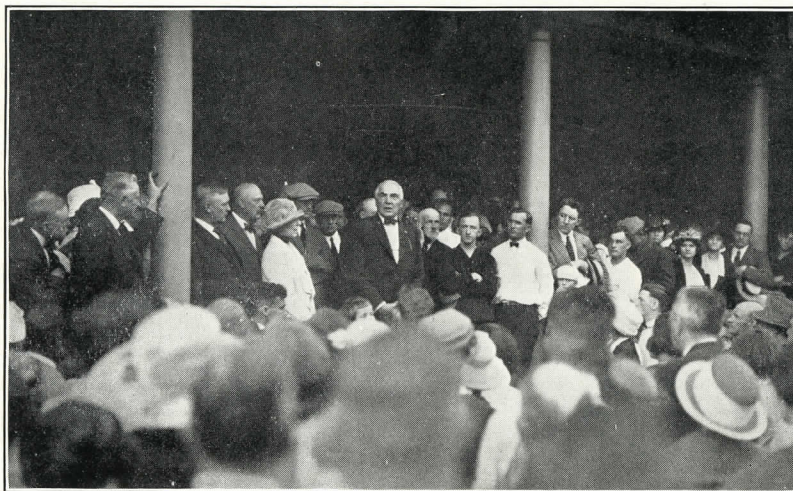
Teacher: "William, name the chief invention of Thomas A. Edison."

William: "The questionnaire."



HARDING MEMORIAL DECORATIONS, BERLIN CITY HALL, AUGUST 9, 1923

Brown Company Employees Suffer a Personal Loss in the Death of President Harding



PRESIDENT HARDING GIVING ADDRESS AT GORHAM ON AUGUST 5, 1921

WE, who are employees of the Brown Company in Berlin and Gorham, feel that we have suffered a great personal loss because of the death of President Harding. Hardly two years ago, it was our good fortune to see and hear the great-hearted leader, who has now gone from us. At that time in these pages, it was remarked that his cares were greater than had rested upon any other American since the reconstruction days following the Civil War. Under the weight of these worries, President Harding has overtaxed his strength and has given his all to his country.

During the period of his service, great things were accomplished. Living as we do close to them, we sometimes fail to realize their magnitude. We are prone to impatience, because a nation does not rebuild itself rapidly after the loss of men and treasure entailed by war. We desire miracles, when time is required to mend the ravelled sleeve.

We believe, however, that when affairs can be seen in their true proportion, the brief term of President Harding will take its place among the great administrations of our history. In that term Britain quietly gave up her historic supremacy on the seas—a supremacy that had been continuous since the days of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The integrity of our currency has been maintained. The country is gradually recovering

from its war effort. Much credit is due to the wholesome man, who did his best to bring these about.

In the Court House in Berlin there is a chair upon which there is a plate commemorating the fact that President Harding stood in it, while addressing his people in the northernmost part of New Hampshire. In this issue of our paper we republish the Shorey photograph of President Harding at Gorham on August 5, 1921. It is our conviction that these memories will mean more to us as the years go by.

President Coolidge

THERE is a story of Daniel Webster, New Hampshire's greatest son. He was called upon to speak at a banquet, at which were gathered the representatives of richer and more populous states. Each speaker was to give a toast to his own state. Webster was one of the last to be called upon. The speakers before him had rehearsed the advantages of their own states, had referred to their wealth and natural advantages, their seaports teeming with ships, their fields flowing with wheat and corn, their mines productive of useful minerals.

During these boastful speeches, those present watched Webster curiously, wondering how the greatest orator of his time could rise to the occasion

and find parallel resources in the boulder-strewn state of New Hampshire.

Webster's turn finally came. His exact words are not at hand but his answer was of this tenor:

"When the Almighty visited the various states of our union to distribute amongst them the bountiful evidence of His great kindness, He came to New Hampshire and up among the eternal hills placed 'The Old Man of the Mountains' as a pattern to New Hampshire men and women, signifying that while other states might be great in material resources, it would be the men of New Hampshire, who would be the measure of her greatness among the states of the union."

The attitude that Webster faced that evening is one that New England people will always have to meet. In our intercourse with the natives of other sections, we continually meet the uplifted eyebrow and the turn of lips, when we own to being New Englanders. They are not slow to tell us that our best sons have gone from us to build the West and to make the destinies of richer states. They tell us that the least worthy have always been left behind. They are free with their advice and their remedies prepared in wild untamed regions.

It is these things that we recall when once again a New Englander is called to serve the nation in time of need. New England's proudest boast is of her men. Today we have a conscious pride that Calvin Coolidge, born in New England and in our own neighboring state of Vermont, has become the thirtieth president of the United States. As we study his life and his record, we have confidence that the name of Coolidge is a worthy addition to that galaxy, that, among others has included John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Hannibal Hamlin, James G. Blaine, and Henry Wilson. The New England breed is not dead and will never die.

The express from Montreal had just pulled in and the nervous and heavily laden passenger had accosted a porter.

"Careful with those suitcases now, young man," he warned him.

"Suh," replied the red-cap, drawing himself up proudly, "Ah's toted hundreds of dese. an' nevah once does Ah let de bottles rattle."

Introduction of Paper into Europe

By Henry Hallam

The following account of the introduction of paper into Europe was taken from Henry Hallam's Literature of Europe written in 1847. At the time it was written, rags were the only materials used in the manufacture of paper. Wood pulp and esparto were unknown. Many historians emphasize the great importance of the invention of printing in bringing an end to the Dark Ages. Some of them are inclined to forget that paper had to be introduced into Europe before printing could be invented. The art of paper-making was begun by the Chinese, who passed their knowledge to the Arabs. The Arabs carried the art to Greece and Egypt and finally to Spain. From them the Christian nations learned it.

A DEMAND for instruction in the art of writing would increase with the frequency of epistolary correspondence, which, where of a private or secret nature, no one would gladly conduct by the intervention of a secretary. Better education, more refined manners, a closer intercourse of social life, were the primary causes of this increase in private correspondence. But it was greatly facilitated by the invention, or rather extended use of paper as the vehicle of writing, instead of parchment; a revolution, as it may be called, of high importance, without which both the art of writing would have been much less practiced, and the invention of printing less serviceable to mankind. After the subjugation of Egypt by the Saracens, the importation of the papyrus, previously in general use, came, in no long time, to an end: so that down to the end of the seventh century all instruments in France were written upon it, we find its place afterwards supplied by parchment; and, under the house of Charlemagne, there is hardly an instrument upon any other material. Parchment, however, a much more durable and useful vehicle than papyrus, was expensive; and its cost not only excluded the necessary waste which a free use of writing requires, but gave rise to the unfortunate practice of erasing manuscripts in order to replace them with some new matter. This was carried to a great extent, and has occasioned the loss of precious monuments of antiquity, as is now demonstrated by instances of their restoration.

The date of the invention of our present paper, manufactured from linen rags, or of its introduction into Europe, has long been the subject of

controversy. That paper made from cotton was in use sooner, is admitted on all sides. Some charters written upon that material, not later than the tenth century, were seen by Montfaucon; and it is even said to be found in papal bulls in the ninth. The Greeks, however, from whom the west of Europe is conceived to have borrowed this sort of paper, did not much employ it in manuscript books, according to Montfaucon, till the twelfth century; from which time it came into frequent use among them. Muratori has seen no writing upon this material older than 1100; though, in deference to Montfaucon, he admits its occasional employment earlier. It certainly was not greatly used in Italy before the thirteenth century. Among the Saracens of Spain, on the other hand, as well as those of the East, it was of much greater antiquity. The Greeks called it **charta Damascena**; having been manufactured or sold in the city of Damascus; and Casiri, in his catalogue of the Arabic manuscripts in the Escurial, desires us to understand that they were written on paper of cotton or linen, but generally the latter, unless the contrary be expressed. Many in this catalogue were written before the thirteenth, or even the twelfth century.

This will lead us to the more disputed question, as to the antiquity of linen paper. The earliest distinct instance I have found, and which I believe has hitherto been overlooked, is an Arabic version of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, the manuscript bearing the date of 1100. This, Casiri observes to be on linen paper, not as in itself remarkable, but as accounting for its injury by wet. It does not appear whether it was written in Spain, or, like many in that catalogue, brought from Egypt or the East.

The authority of Casiri must confirm beyond doubt a passage in Peter, Abbott of Clugni, which has perplexed those who place the invention of linen very low. In a treatise against the Jews, he speaks of books, "ex pellibus arietum, hircorum, vel vitulorum, sive ex hiblis vel juncis Orientalium paludum, aut ex rasuris veterum pannorum, seu ex alia qualibet forte viliori materia compactos." A late English writer contends that nothing can be meant by the last words, "unless that all sorts of inferior substances capable of being so applied (among them, perhaps, hemp and the remains of cordage) were used at this period in the manufacture of paper." It certainly at least seems reasonable to interpret the words, "ex rasuris veterum pannorum," of linen rags; and, when I add that Peter Cluniacensis passed a considerable time in Spain about 1141, there can remain, it seems, no rational doubt, that the Saracens of the peninsula were acquainted with that species of paper, though perhaps it was as yet unknown in every other country.

Andres asserts, on the authority of the Memoirs of the Academy of Barcelona, that a treaty between the kings of Arragon and Castile, bearing the date of 1178, and written upon linen paper, is extant in the archives of that city. He alleges several other instances in the next age; when Mabillon, who denies that paper of linen was then used in charters (which, indeed, no one is likely to maintain), mentions, as the earliest specimen he has seen in France, a letter of Joinville to St. Louis, which must be older than 1270. Andres refers the invention to the Saracens of Spain, using the fine flax of Valencia and Murcia; and conjectures that it was brought into use among the Spaniards themselves by Alfonso X. of Castile.

(Continued next month)

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