



THE BROWN BULLETIN*



VOL. V.

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No. 8



HIGH STREET, BERLIN, N. H.

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. V.

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 8

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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

Miss E. A. Uhlschoeff, 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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Vice-Pres., Peter Landers, Cascade

Sec., P. L. Murphy, Cascade

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RELIEF ASSOCIATIONS

Upon another page we publish copies of the reciprocal by-laws adopted by the Burgess Relief Association and the Brown Company Relief Association. The amendments followed correspondence published in previous issues of the Brown Bulletin. They deserve the careful attention of all readers of this issue. The list of new officers of the Burgess Relief Association elected on December 30, 1923, appears upon this page.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

The Yankee is proud of the persistence of Peary, who discovered the North Pole. He will not forget that at a college by the side of the Andros-coggin are displayed the mementos of a thoroughly American victory. The Irish love to recall the exploits of the breezy and irrepressible Shackleton, who to the amazement of the members there recruited one of his hardy bands at an exclusive London club. By his exploration of the Antarctic Continent he added to human knowledge. The English find the expression of their own silent, dogged, dignified traits in Scott, who, while he crossed the South Pole second to Amundsen, left a page in the annals of British courage, that will not be forgotten by a nation that honors its past. The Scandinavians, however, will tell you that Nansen was the pioneer of them all, that he blazed the trail that others pushed to ultimate success. With all their pride in Amundsen, their loyalty to Nansen is undimmed. The recent award of the Nobel prize to him indicates that he belongs not alone to the Scandinavian people but to the world.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

The indemnities for accident and sickness for the month of December, 1923, are as follows:

Mrs. Thos. Sullivan.....	\$ 40.00
Mrs. Wm. Hogan.....	58.00
Hans Hawkinson.....	7.41
Lucien Martin.....	73.50
Hormidas Lefrance.....	36.40
Policarpe Barnier.....	120.60
Jacob Sheptor.....	20.83
R. A. Riva.....	23.34
Wassum Lithcomb.....	12.00
Alex Maslow.....	36.00
Mrs. Vincenzo Baldessara.....	48.00
Peter Belanger.....	120.00
Ernest Nolette.....	19.95
Elphage Chaurest.....	28.20
Jos. N. Filion.....	18.20
James Mangan.....	66.40

Total\$728.83

A Viking of the Twentieth Century

If the World Contains a Hero, He is One

EDWARD COTTON

NOW and then a student of living personalities makes out a list of the ten greatest men and hands it to the press. Such a list would have to include Fridtjof Nansen. During a recent visit to Boston, Mass., Nansen was introduced to the Boston City Club as "the greatest, best, and most courageous man in the world." The audience smiled. But a review of the extraordinary career reveals that if he is not **the** greatest, best, and most courageous, he is one of that number.

At the age of twenty-eight he performed a feat which seasoned Arctic explorers said could not possibly be done, a feat his valorous Norsemen ancestors themselves might have envied. He crossed Greenland from the east coast to the west. The journey took seventy days. Terrific gales swept the treacherous glaciers and iceplateaus. The temperature averaged forty-nine degrees below zero. After incredible hardship the expedition got through, establishing a record for courageous endurance.

Shortly after, Nansen made his memorable voyage in the Fram, a vessel only 128 feet long, though it had sides more than two feet thick, built of the toughest oak. The craft was modeled to slide up on the surface of the ice when the deadly floes closed in. The explorer proposed to sail as far north as possible, allow the Fram to be frozen into the ice, and then to

drift from west to east across the North Pole with the Arctic current, which scientific experiment had convinced him flowed entirely across the Arctic Ocean. Finding that the floes in which the Fram finally became imprisoned would probably cross the Arctic sea 350 miles south of the Pole, he abandoned the vessel, and with a sole comrade, Lieu-

a single other human inhabitant, and in the spring returned to Norway with the F. C. Jackson Arctic expedition.

Nansen busied himself up to the World War with lecturing, writing, scientific investigation of ocean currents, and diplomatic work for the newly formed nation of Norway. In the course of the war he went to Washington to

secure supplies for Norway. He also interested himself in prisoners of war. He was Norway's representative in the Versailles Treaty and became an enthusiastic supporter of the League of Nations. During the years since, he has been before the world in a capacity as remarkable as it is unique. It was the spirit of knight-errantry which sent him on that hazardous, startling sledge journey across the bleak gla-



Fridtjof Nansen

Courtesy of American Scandinavian Foundation.

tenant Johansen, and three dog sledges, headed north. The venture was hazardous in the extreme. Their only hope after getting as far north as weather and ice conditions would allow was to turn south and make for the nearest land. This they did after reaching a point 184 miles farther north than that recorded by other expeditions.

The return trip would have daunted any but one in whose veins ran the blood of Vikings. After prolonged suffering and a number of the narrowest escapes from destruction, Nansen and Johansen reached Franz Josef Land, managed to exist through the winter, though the island was without

chiers of Greenland; and out onto the frozen Arctic sea on a quest which looked to the friends he had left on the Fram like certain death. It was the spirit of chivalry, equally developed among his Norse ancestors, which led him into the humane work he has done since the armistice. He was appointed high commissioner for the League of Nations. In this capacity his first task was to secure the return of a half-million German and Russian prisoners. No sooner were these prisoners repatriated than a famine of unprecedented devastation broke out in Russia. It was Nansen who directed the European relief work. Following the demand

from Russia came the Greek debacle, when 1,000,000 homeless, starving refugees crowded into unprepared Greece. He performed the seemingly impossible task of feeding, clothing and housing them.

In view of achievements covering a period of thirty-four years, the claim of the chairman of the Boston City Club meeting was not so far amiss.

What is the philosophy of life of this man of astounding accomplishments? In his youth he was a lover of hazardous adventure. No explorer of his time has so joyfully entered on the most desperate undertakings. Yet there was always judgment and careful preparation. From each of the Arctic expeditions he brought back valuable scientific information. But back of it all, we suspect, was that passion for stirring adventure which had driven the Norsemen to embark in their open, high-prowed boats for explorations across uncharted seas. With the coming of the war, all the chivalry and humanity of Nansen's sensitive soul was aroused. In the sad years since, no one has done more to bind up the wounds of the wretched victims of famine, misgovernment and international greed.

He believes in Russia, saying that the country is nearing a solution of its gigantic problems. For the wrangle between France and England which resulted in the abandonment of Christian minorities in Turkey and Asia Minor, he has no sympathy. His chief fear is for Germany, where, he declares, "everything is breaking down—morals, character, industry, even life itself. No one who has not been there can possibly understand the pressure those people are under. The farmers are prosperous enough, but in the towns it is horrible. There is nothing to buy food with, nothing to save, nothing to depend on from day to day. The government will not be able to control the break-up that might result from starvation; a break-up, I fear, will happen unless something is done very soon—if it is not too late already."

"Had the United States joined the League of Nations," he states, "the world today would be a different world; for instance, the Ruhr question would have been solved long ago." Mentioning the European situation he declared, "If Europe goes down, she will go down a victim of desperation and hate."

Nansen is a heroic figure to look at. All he needs is the helmet and corslet of those hardy adventurers of the tenth and eleventh centuries, to resemble them in appearance as well as actions.

He is grandly built, with a height above that of ordinary men, broad, muscular shoulders, and the rugged face of one who all his life has successfully contended with obstacles which to other men were insurmountable. The secret of personality lies in the eyes. Those of Nansen are kind. Infinite compassion for the despoiled, the homeless, the starving is written there. For many years he has been going up and down the world in search of the Great Adventure, making grand plans, searching out the unknown, doing the impossible, ministering to the distressed, binding up the hurts of the nations, opening the door of the prison house, feeding and clothing the children.

His mission is similar to that conducted two thousand years ago by the Prince of Peace. Due to his courage and humanity, and that of others like him, the world may yet go on its way rejoicing..

—From the Christian Register by special permission.

DECEMBER ACCIDENTS

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	14
Without loss of time.....	22
Total	36

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	12
Without loss of time.....	34
Total	46

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	16
Without loss of time.....	31
Total	47

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

SULPHITE MILL

Arthur Thomas from assistant printer to operator.

CASCADE MILL

Chester Veazey from pressman helper to pressman.

Arthur J. Laplante from printer to pressman.

CHEMICAL MILL

Carlo Bartoli from charcoal fireman to tour foreman.

John Sullivan from repairs to exp. repairs.

ASSETS

THE most valuable asset to any organization is its employees. A towering factory with the most up to date equipment in the world, cannot be made to produce dividends without the help of human beings, the employees of the organization.

The most valuable asset to each employee is his or her good health. In these days of sedentary living, mechanical means of transportation and a constant drift towards doing away with manual labor wherever possible, we have constant need to watch our physical well being and take extra pains to avail ourselves of any agency that will assist us in keeping our good health.

What causes ill health? Worry, neglect of minor physical complaints, ignorance or disregard of sanitary precautions, these are three of the prime causes.

How are we equipped to avoid these causes? Worry can be avoided by knowing that our loved ones will not be destitute in case we are suddenly taken away by death or permanently disabled by injury or disease. Serious illness can be avoided by having a trained nurse at your disposal when you are first taken ill. The importance of sanitary precautions can be realized through reading books on the subject.

These three means of avoiding ill health are available to you through our Group Insurance Plan which provides financial protection against death and total and permanent disability, gives you the service of a trained nurse absolutely free of charge in case you live within any one of the 4,000 Metropolitan nursing districts in the United States or Canada and sends you from time to time health pamphlets written by some of the greatest specialists in the country on subjects of vital interest to you and your family.

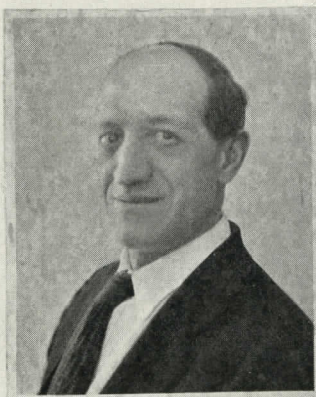
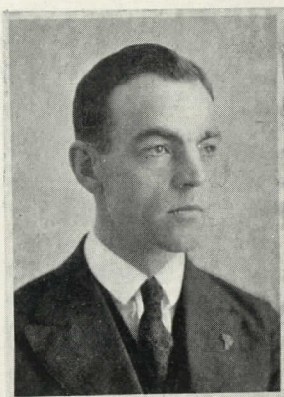
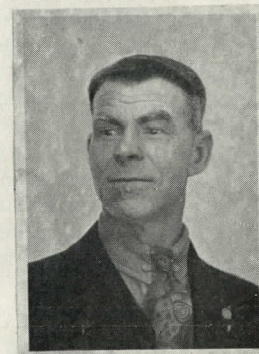
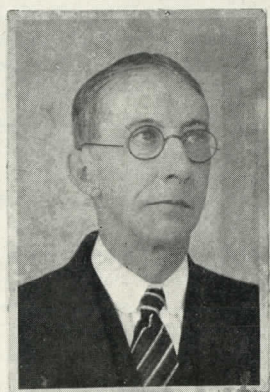
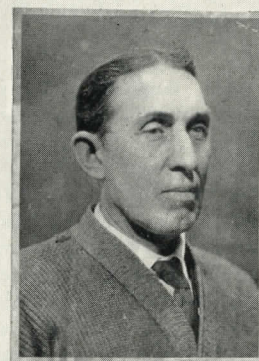
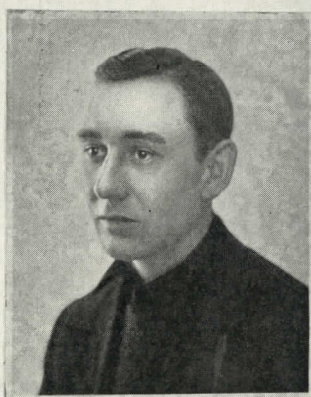
Are you taking full advantage of these benefits and conserving your most valuable asset?

1st Wise Cracker:—"Aw, them ski jumpers up here can't jump. Say, once I jumped one hundred and fifty feet."

2nd Wise Cracker:—"Aw gawan, did ja, and then?"

1st Wise Cracker:—"Why then I woke up."

2nd Wise Cracker:—"Yes, and now you're going to sleep again."



BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

A. S. Cabana, Director.
Mark Frost, Secretary.
James M. McGivney, Treasurer.

John Cavagnaro, Director.

Ed. Boutin, Director.
Ed. Chaloux, appointed auditor.
Joseph MacKinnon, President.

A. W. O'Connell, Director.

W. C. Thomas, Director.
James Moody, Vice President.
Leo Frechette, Director.

BROWN COMPANY**RELIEF ASSOCIATION****Amendment****ARTICLE 8**

Section 1. Any employee of the Brown Company who, while a member in good standing of the Burgess Relief Association, is transferred to any mill, the employees in which are qualified to become members of the Brown Company Relief Association, and any such member of the Burgess Relief Association who voluntarily leaves the employ of the Brown Company, or is temporarily laid off because of lack of work, and within thirty days after being laid off or after the cessation of such work re-enters the employ of said Company in any mill, the employees in which are qualified to become members of said Brown Company Relief Association, not having within said thirty days been employed otherwise than by the Brown Company, upon entering the employ of said Company in any of its mills, the employees in which are qualified to become members of the Brown Company Relief Association, shall thereupon become a member of the latter Association unless previously suspended by it, without making formal application therefor; and

as such member shall be entitled to all the benefits, privileges, and indemnities accruing to, and subject to all the obligations and liabilities of, members in good and regular standing in said Association, except as modified by this by-law.

Sect. 2. The first sentence of Sect. 6 of Article 5 of these by-laws shall not apply to any person becoming a member under and by virtue of this by-law.

Sect. 3. This by-law shall take effect when a reciprocal one covering the same ground is adopted by the Burgess Relief Association, and shall remain in force only so long as such reciprocal by-law continues in force.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION**Amendment****ARTICLE 8**

Section 1. Any employee of the Brown Company who, while a member in good standing of the Brown Company Relief Association, is transferred to any mill, the employees in which are qualified to become members of the Burgess Relief Association, and any such member of the Brown Company Relief Association who voluntarily leaves the employ of the Brown Company, or is temporarily laid off because of lack of

work, and within thirty days after being laid off or after the cessation of such work re-enters the employ of said Company in any mill, the employees in which are qualified to become members of said Burgess Relief Association not having within said thirty days been employed otherwise than by the Brown Company, upon entering the employ of said Company, in any of its mills, the employees in which are qualified to become members of the Burgess Relief Association, shall thereupon become a member of the latter Association unless previously suspended by it, without making formal application therefor; and as such member shall be entitled to all the benefits, privileges, and indemnities accruing to, and subject to all the obligations and liabilities of, members in good and regular standing in said Association, except as modified by this by-law.

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CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS



David Marcotte was seen in the blacksmith shop with a pair of skates. Hockey fever, we guess.

Eddie Gagnon finds it very slippery, walking to Cascade.

John Labrie has almost decided to buy a Star.

The wood room is well supplied now, as Joe Paradis' cutting has arrived.

Harold Thomas has returned to work after his illness at the hospital. We are glad to see him back.

John Laffin (Laughing) assisted George Gale in wiring up the instrument room.

Ed. Chauvette is much pleased this winter as he has plenty of water in his well.

Sam Savage has a five-room tene-

ment to let, with nice view of the coal yard.

Oscar Davidson is much interested in the new Essex.

James Joseph Leahy is assisting Amedie Morin of the coal unloading crew.

It would pay anybody to come in the cellhouse and hear Devost and Blais sing "Over There."

Joe Vallis, Jr., is back from an exciting and most hazardous voyage, having traveled from Lowell to Boston by boat and experienced a bad case of seasickness.

Pedro McKenzie entertained several friends at a banquet held recently at his bungalow at the Cascades.

"Handsome Mac" is sure playing

some hockey this winter and we sure take off our hats to him.

Wanted—A cheer leader for the boys of the gauge department. Adv.

How about it, Red, old boy.

Patsy Legere, the clean-up artist, has been transferred to the yard, and Father Barker has taken his place.

Henry Coulombe, champion tobacco man, bought a cut of chewing tobacco last month.

Boys, remember the Ford that went to Colebrook in 59 minutes is for sale. For price and facts see Austin Buckley.

Mother (arriving home)—And what makes Susan so quiet?

Willie—Oh, don't pay any 'tention to her. She's just tryin' to remember all the things she said she was goin' to tell you 'bout me.

Glimpses of River Trois Pistoles

Past and Present

By JAMES S. CASSIDY, Local Manager, Brown Corporation

WHERE the Trois Pistoles River empties into the St. Lawrence it spreads out in a broad, shallow delta. At high tide there is eight or nine feet of water, at low tide none. A shelf of stratified sandstone extends out for two or three miles and ends abruptly at the deep channel of the St. Lawrence. Scattered along the shelf are hundreds of huge boulders left there long ago by the melting glaciers. Farther out are rocky razades, where the sea birds hatch their eggs. Back from the beach are sand dunes, brought down by the river and blown up by fierce northwest gales.

A narrow road winds along the beach skirting the base of the hills that descend in undulating terraces to the water's edge. The road comes from Levis, River du Loup and Isle Verte. It goes to Trois Pistoles, St. Simon and Rimouski. Pedestrians and horses ford the river, for there is no bridge. When the tide is high they sit and wait for nobody hurries. An occasional farm dots the landscape. The house is small and warm and air-tight. The barn is large and not so warm. The farmer has a garden, and raises a few pigs, cattle, sheep and a little wheat. There is a tannery and grist mill at Trois Pistoles. Each family has its own hand loom. The habitants grow their own tobacco, they fish, they use a flint and steel.

Money is not abundant—perhaps superfluous—certainly rare. I am speaking of River Trois Pistoles, nearly one hundred years ago, when a man came there to build a sawmill and dam.

His name was Boiteau. His first name is forgotten and everything else about him, for he exists here principally as a legend. He seems to have had a little capital borrowed in River du Loup and to have done most of the work himself. His dam was twenty-two feet high, although the river was much narrower than to-day. The mill was very primitive as judged by modern standards, and was located about 500 feet above the present mill. It was driven by three water wheels working independently of one another.

It was not equipped with live rolls, transfer chains and similar devices. When anything was to be moved it was by hand. In front of the 8-foot gang saws there were small trucks and men pushed the logs forward and back. He built a water sluice 3000 feet long from the mill to the beach with a large water tank at the end of the sluice. The lumber dropped from the transfer saws into the sluice and floated down into the tank. Men lifted the dripping deals from the water and carried them on their shoulders to the piling ground where they were stacked to dry. These were the highest paid men. They received souixante sous (about 50 cts.) per day.

The lumber was shipped to England. There was no anchorage near the shore and the boats anchored out in the channel. At low tide the lumber was hauled out to lighters and transhipped to the boat, which lay outside Basque Island.

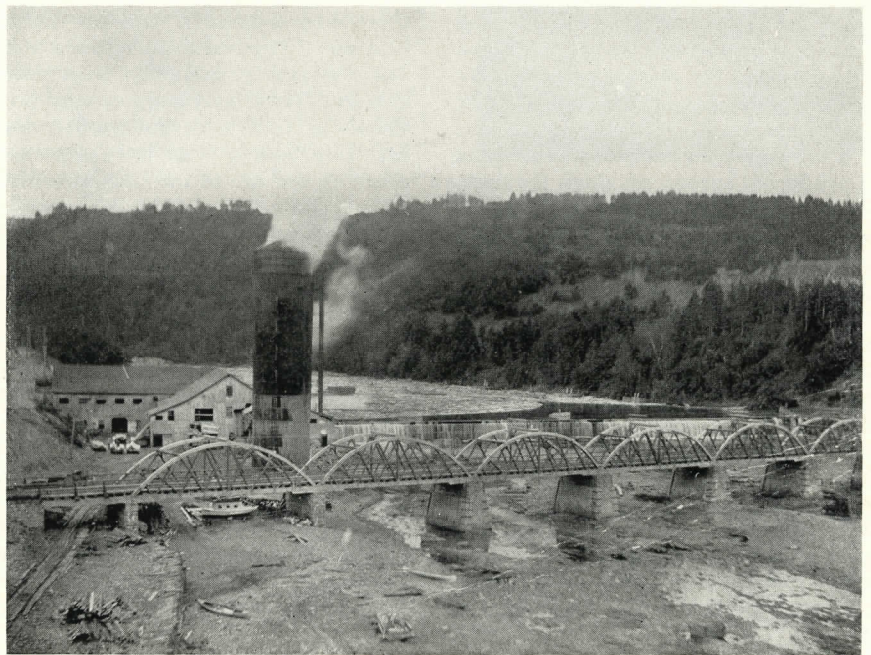
I will divert for a moment to mention that Basque Island was named after the Basque whalers who came here

long ago whaling. Just when is unknown, but tradition here places the time before Christopher Columbus. The ovens which they used for boiling the blubber are wonderful masonry and are practically as good to-day as when built. There are some around here but many more on the north shore between Les Escoumains and the Saugenay River.

The Basques came from the south of France near the Pyrenees Mts. and were wonderful sailors. They speak the Basque language, which is a very strange one. Philologists have discovered a distant root for most languages but nothing remotely resembling the Basque language.

After running his mill a short time, Boileau shut down. Most of his capital was used up on construction, and also his drive was jammed on Renouf Falls and stayed here all summer. His creditors took over the property.

While he was building his mill, Price & Tetu (David Price and Cyrus Tetu) operated a mill at Les Escoumains. They rented this mill at Trois Pistoles



Lower Saw Mill



Lumber Yard at the Beach. Basque Islands in the Distance.

from his creditors and operated many years under the management of Nazaire Tetu. Two or three years later they built another mill up the river about 100 yards below the old grist mill. The lumber was hauled to the lower mill, dropped in the sluice and floated to the beach. The sluice does not appear to have worked well. It was built of rough lumber, was not caulked and the bents were set on fine sea sand that had blown in from the St. Lawrence for thousands of years. It leaked badly and the water running through the sand undermined the bents. Nevertheless the mill seems to have worked well with a day and a night shift.

They employed many men and quite a settlement sprang up along the river. They had no housing problem for real estate was low in value. In grading lumber, culls were thrown away. If a man needed a house, he built it from culls. I find a record that two men wishing to go away sold their houses for \$4.00 each. There is another case of a two-hundred acre farm being exchanged for a horse. The farm is now worth \$8,000. The horse is dead. Of course you understand these men received no money. They received a slip giving them credit at the store. If they took grain to the grist mill to be ground, the miller kept one-fourteenth for the grinding. The same at the tannery with calf skins. The same with wool. There was very little money and, what there was, was coin. A good

housemaid would receive about \$2.00 per month, sometimes with a pair of shoes for a bonus at the end of the year. Of course, she was expected to help with the planting in the spring and the harvesting in the fall. The first paper money seen here was found on a man who was drowned.

About 1844 the highway was changed from the beach to the present location, and a bridge built across the river. There was the usual fight between those who favored the change and those who opposed it, and the former won out. There was no railroad then and everything came by boat from Quebec. They must store enough provisions in autumn to last until spring. Mr. Tetu built a large storehouse and office on the site of the Company Club House and a large residence on the site of the Manager's House. They were long, low, two-storied buildings. On two occasions, supplies ran low and the town was put on rations.

For many years the ownership of the property is not very clear. My opinion is that it rested in the hands of the original Boiteau creditors, but in 1862 it passed definitely into the hands of Nazaire Tetu, and embraced in general the land now owned outright by the Brown Corporation (it was then called the "Establishment") and the land now leased by the Brown Corporation (it was called the "Farm").

Shortly after there was a fire (1865) that burned Mr. Tetu's house and the storehouse and office. He then erected

the two buildings, now known as "Manager's House" and "Community Club House." The former was much larger than it is today, having an annex about thirty feet long on the end facing the St. Lawrence River. It contained the kitchen and servants' quarters. In the main building, the first floor was used for dining room and lounging room, the second floor for dances and receptions, and the third floor for bed rooms.

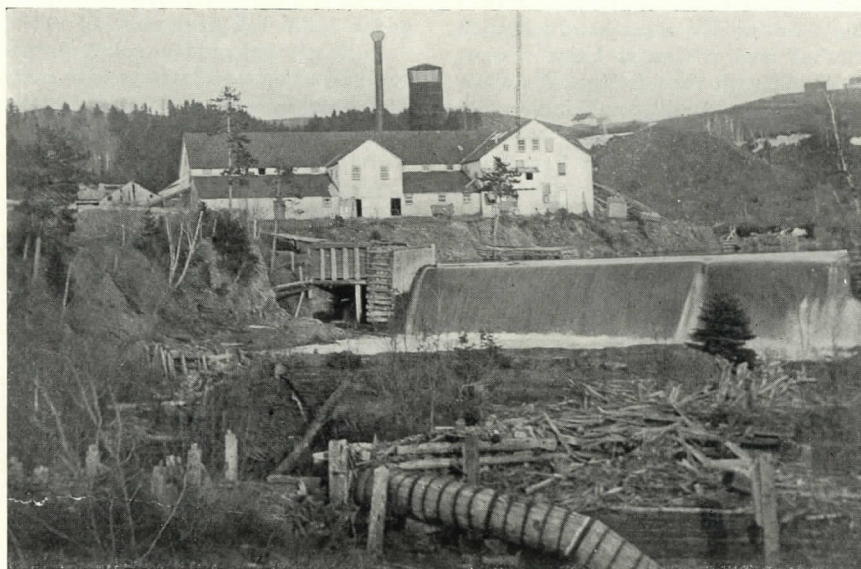
About 1870 the saw mills burned down and Mr. Tetu retired from the lumber business, and built himself a house (it is now the post office) and a tannery across the road. He sold the mill property (Establishment) to Edwin Marchmont and the "Farm" to Alexander Sewell. Marchmont built a mill on the site of the present mill. He continued to use Boiteau's dam and built a penstock down to his mill. He tore out the water sluice and hauled the lumber to the beach on lorries.

He made a large cut one winter but had hard luck with his drive. On one stream the drive was "hung up." Fifty years later, when clearing out the stream, we had to slash through. Later in the spring, his boom gave away. A "dead man" pulled out on one side of the river and his drive went into the St. Lawrence. By a fortuitous combination of wind and tide, he managed to save most of the logs, but the accident was very expensive, the salvage being practically equal to value of the logs. Shortly after he failed. He had been backed by George Benson Hall of Quebec, who then took over the property to liquidate his loan. He did not operate the mill but rented it to one McKenzie, who operated it for a couple of years, manufacturing shingles and ties.

The Intercolonial Railway had just been built and they built a small station and siding on the south side of the river. It was called McKenzie. There seems to have been a boom in wages, and good men were getting 80 cents a day. First-class carpenters as high as \$1.10.



Tetu's Dam



Upper Saw Mill

Mr. Hall died shortly after and in 1882 Price Bros. bought the mill property from the Hall estate. Mr. Sewell died and his widow sold the "Farm" to Mr. Eugene Leblond who had been woods foreman for Mr. Marchmont. I continue to refer to the Farm, for eventually it lands in the hands of the Brown Corporation. When Price Bros. bought the mill, it had been idle for seven or eight years, and they had no intention of operating. They operated at Les Escoumains, and bought this property as a reserve for the time when that operation wound up which happened about 1892. Consequently the mill was idle for about 18 years. Most of the men moved away, and the few who remained worked on railway construction summers and sat in the house winters. The dams, piers and booms rotted away, the mill fell down, and the town reverted to the pre-Boileau period.

Finally, Price Bros. cleaned up at Les Escoumains, moved the boilers, engines and machinery to River Trois Pistoles and rebuilt the mill. This was a steam mill. All previous mills were water mills. They built the dam that is here to-day, also the piers and boom, and a tramway with light rails to the beach.

Heretofore everything had been hauled to the beach, and loaded on boats. Price Bros. continued to haul some to the beach and some across the bridge to McKenzie siding.

During the long shut-down, Eugene Leblond had died and the "Farm" was inherited by his son, Andre Leblond. Price Bros. bought and leased considerable land from him around the mill at

the beach. They brought their men from Les Escoumains and leased them the land for building lots for 99 years at a small rental per year. Mr. Leblond did the same. It is a survival of the old seigneurial system and explains all the land leases on the Brown Corporation books today. Price Bros. then installed a water system. On the north-east side of the town is a large clay hill bubbling all over with springs of clear cold water. They built a reservoir with a system of conduits from many sources leading into the reservoir and piped it through the town. Later the Trois Pistoles Pulp & Lumber Co. wished to increase the quantity of water and leased another spring in the next farm from Armand Leblond which also drains into the reservoir. The yearly rental for the last spring is 35 loads of slabs which is one of our fixed charges. During the last two years we renewed all the pipe in the water system. The meanderings of that water system through the town reminds one of Theseus, searching for the Minotaur in the labyrinth of Crete.

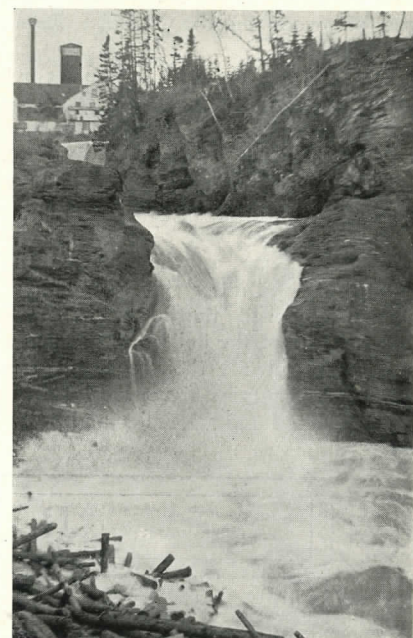
We will now move up the river two



Grist Mill

miles. About 1895 one Gonzague Renouf built a small shingle mill about 500 feet below the present "Upper Saw Mill" and a small dam on the site of the present dam, and a penstock about 500 feet long. He operated in a small way for a few years. About 1902, E. W. Tobin came here and bought out Renouf. He also bought the Nicolas Rioux Seignior from the Drapeau heirs, and acquired some government limits in Raudot and Bedard.

He then organized the Trois Pistoles Pulp & Lumber Company, built the mill now called Upper Mill, raised the old Renouf Dam, and built a siding down to the main line. A few years later (seven or eight) he induced the railway to move the station (McKenzie siding) from the south side of the river to the present site and changed the name from McKenzie to Tobin.



Renouf's Falls

Heretofore there had been but one company on the river. There are now two, Trois Pistoles Pulp & Lumber Co. above, and Price Bros. below, and war clouds began to darken the horizon. Like causes always produce the results. Both companies painted the ends of their logs in the woods, T. P. P. & L. Co. blue, and Price Bros. red. When you met a man on the road you would know his employer by the paint on his clothes.

Wages were going up. Good men received as high as 90 cents per day. They built a string of piers above the Upper Mill, splitting the river for sorting. The ice tipped them over the

following spring. And then Price Bros. mill burned down, and they decided not to rebuild.

They sold mill property, timber limits, houses, everything (including their land leases) to the T. P. P. & L. Co. Shortly after the T. P. P. leased from Mr. Leblond the remainder of the property reuniting the "Farm" and "Establishment" that had been separated 50 years before. They rebuilt the Lower Mill and continued to operate both. The Lower mill was a rotary mill, with a Kendall circular 36 inch gang, and ten shingle machines. The Upper Mill was a single cutting band mill with six shingle machines.

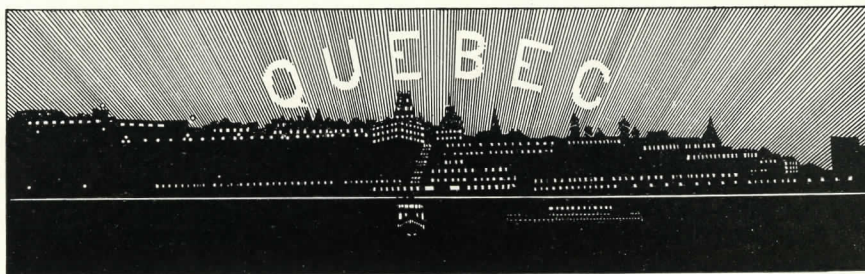
The business like that of all its predecessors was lumber and shingles, but about 1910 it began to handle pulpwood in a small way. In March, 1917, it was bought out by the Brown Corporation, who continued to cut logs on the limits and pulpwood on the Nicholas Rioux Seigniory.

The corporation built a hauling-out plant, cutting-up mill, loading conveyor and piling-out conveyor above the saw mill. It burned down in November, 1919. The corporation then built a piling-out conveyor and loading conveyor, using this side of the river for pulpwood, threw a bridge across the river using the other side as a lumber yard, abandoned the lower mill and moved some of the boilers to the upper mill, and put all their eggs in one basket. It contains about 100,000 acres of timberland (60,000 limits and 40,000

seigniory), a saw-mill equipped with a single-cutting Waterous band mill with gunshot feed, a Carrier Laine re-saw, a tie mill with rope feed, a Waterous cutting-off band mill, ten shingle mills, a lath mill, edger, slashers, trimmers, etc., all driven by a twin 350 h. p. steam

engine, a single 200 h. p. steam engine, and a 12,000 volt generator.

A 50-ton locomotive and two and one-half miles of railway provide transportation. This is a good-sized basket and a long journey from Boiteau's 3-wheel water mill.



Brown Corporation, Quebec Rifle Team

Quebec Office Rifle Team has heard indirectly that the LaTuque office has made many boasts about the great shoots they have in that office. This office is in doubt as to what their shooting is. To satisfy this doubt, the Quebec office hereby challenges any five-man team from the LaTuque office to a rifle shooting contest to be shot off in the armory at Quebec City.

Conditions

Service rifles to be used, which will be furnished by Quebec office.

Team shall consist of five or seven men.

Two targets to be used. Ten shots at each target.

Service gallery ammunition.

Two sighting shots allowed. Not to count in scoring.

Targets to be regulation targets as used by miniature practice.

Targets have one-inch bulls eye with half-inch center.

Distance, seventy-five feet.

The winner of match must have the highest total score.

Match to take place some time during Quebec Winter Carnival.

Note:—If above challenge interests LaTuque, details or changes in this challenge can be arranged.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

COOPERATION

Cooperation must be considered as one of the main props to every successful enterprise whether it be for sport or business.

The management and the foremen of the different departments must work together as one, and each crew of men should work with its foreman from starting to quitting time. This means smooth sailing over rough seas, and we will say right here, that we have been mighty near sea sick a good many times during the last four or five months.

An all-star baseball or hockey team is not as successful in winning championships as one where the whole team plays together, as one thoroughly in accord with its manager, and not as

individuals. Look at "Babe" Ruth's record for last year and you will see readily what the spirit of team work over individual effort did for the New York Yankees, who won the World's Championship. Now we don't propose to win any World's Championship or anything else, except the one we have already cinched, that is being the only BOND mill in the world probably, without either finishing, cutter room or storeroom, which we have in name only. Even so we "old timers" are willing enough to jog along and do the best we will, as the French fellow says.

The banquet given by Mr. Corbin at the Mt. Madison House in Gorham, January 9th, to the heads of the manufacturing and shipping departments and sales managers throughout the

country, and advertising department, is a long step forward, towards the co-operation needed to get better and more business for our company and to give better service to our customers, therefore benefiting all the employees from the lowest to the highest. What we want is team work, not individual stars, and from what was said and observed at that banquet, that is what we are going to have. Let us hope there will be another held soon so that we may again meet these fine fellows and enjoy the nice things to eat, and cement the goodfellowship formed at that time.

Let us all remember our Thanksgiving turkey, and the many kind and charitable deeds that the Brown Company has done for the benefit of its

employees and their families, and in fact the whole community. By so doing we believe most of the employees will do their best to give full value in honest labor and take a personal interest in the future welfare of our company.

We don't know as the 18th Amendment has affected our writing as it has our after dinner speaking, maybe it has. It's up to you readers to decide, anyway it won't hurt anyone to read it, so we thank you in advance for your kind attention.

A. K. HULL,

A. K. Hull has lost two of his teeth. The reason, no doubt, probably was because he thought he had had those particular teeth long enough. There seems to be quite a lot of interest taken by those not concerned, and for fear that not all the curious ones know of the fact, he wishes this put in the Bulletin. He also wishes to say that he lost a collar button a short time ago, and as yet it has not been found.

Sylvio Turcotte is in the hospital, having had an operation for appendicitis. He is a good chap and we wish him a speedy recovery.

It is a good thing that the machine tenders on No. 5 can fall back on Drug Wrapper. If they didn't they would not get much production some days.

Anyone desirous of learning how to seal cars, kindly consult Mr. John Goulette.

Pete Remillard of the finishing room, seems to fight shy of the towel room of late. Pete, does your conscience trouble you?

Visitor: "Who is that bunch with brooms? Do they belong to the city department?"

Citizen: "No, it's the Riverside hockey team going to practice."

There is a certain flagman on the company's railroad, who says he doesn't believe in night work, and takes all kinds of time to get on the job on his day shift, while the other two men come in a half hour ahead of time.

The cutter room girls had a very attractive Christmas tree and many cards, gifts and good things to eat were exchanged. This showed good spirit and we hope this feeling will continue throughout the year, and also those to follow. The "Old Man" was very much pleased with his box of

cigars and hopes to be worthy of another one next year.

J. R. Streeter and A. K. Hull gave the pickerel fishing at Lakeside a try-out, December 23rd. We think they didn't have enough of the right kind of live bait, for they only landed ten. However, it was a good day and they enjoyed the outing.

Armand Plaisance, of the finishing room, thought he had too many finger nails so he had one jammed off between a couple of rolls. Probably he will try a different way next time.

We expect to see a good game of hockey pretty soon, as Manager Lemieux has given Ed Butler an order for hockey sticks.

We were visited on January 10th, by the head of the paper sales department, namely, Mr. Ek, and his assistant, Mr. Roscoe Brown of Portland, Mr. Flint, manager of New York office, Mr. Moore of Chicago, Mr. Pray of Minneapolis, Mr. Boius, of Atlanta, Ga., Mr. McEwen of St. Louis, Mr. Lucas, of Pittsburgh and Mr. Collins of the advertising department. We trust these visits will be permanent and often.

Fred Sheldon recently sent in a car load of salt for an empty, which naturally sent the Old Man up in the air for a few precious moments. We know some of us are pretty fresh, but haven't got to that stage of freshness, that we need a whole car load of salt. Fred said if we couldn't use it all, that Joe Streeter could have the rest to keep his tommycods alive, that he has been saving to go pickerel fishing with.

We have a Queen entered in the race for carnival honors and she is quite some Bird of Paradise. Though we realize we have not much show of having her win out, as we are a smaller aggregation to draw from, therefore having fewer workers, and although we are sorry and ashamed to say that there is some spirit of jealousy shown by a few of the most narrow-minded, we will stick to our guns and go down with colors flying and our hearty good wishes and congratulations will go to the winner, who ever she may be.

T stands for "Tony" our towel room shiek,

O is Isabelle's best letter, why?

W stands for Alice's favorite bridge "walk,"

E is for Eugenie's long desired ring

L goes to Lorianne, our little floor lady.

R is for "Reddy" our one and only.

O Stands for oranges, spread on every machine,

O is for "orders" that we always like to get,

M is for "Mary" L. Waterfall combing style.

Wanted—Anyone able to mend gloves, see Albert Saucier for work as he has a dozen pairs but is unable to use any of them.

"LET'S MAKE IT RHYME, GIRLS"
Watch Isabelle's baby stare

And peroxide hair—

Aline's smile

Measures a mile—

Alice's haircut

Fashioned after King Tut—

Ethel's laughing ways

Will bring her happy days.

Bella's fluffy hair

Makes her look like Peggy O'Dare.

By the length of Bertha's skirt

We can see that she's a flirt.

Eva Michaud is her name,

What she likes is hockey game.

Jennie's complexion is brighter,

With the use of face powder.

Baby Irene, the youngest of all,

Just as round as a rubber ball.

Ida, like the rest,

Always tries to do her best.

Hazel is a newcomer,

We all think a lot of her.

Edna's pretty complexion

Is our admiration.

Lydia's big black eyes

Would sure cop a prize.

Our Annette, short and fat,

Mighty cute with her red hat.

Eva surely can make a hit,

When she wears a "kiss-me-quick."

Lorianne, tall and slim,

Wears a smile when she comes in.

Alice's small income

Is partly spent for chewing gum.

LIST OF DEATHS

UPPER PLANTS

Howland C. Bates was born October 31, 1869. He commenced work with the company, April 29, 1918, in the engineering department, where he was working at the time of his death, December 15, 1923.

Michael Malloy was born June 24, 1860. He first came to work for the company at the blacksmith shop, Jan. 9, 1918, where he worked up until about a year ago, when he left on account of ill health. He died Dec. 29, 1923.

Third Annual Berlin Winter Carnival Candidates for "Miss Berlin," Carnival Queen



Top, left to right: Miss Evelyn Bartlett, representing Berlin High School; Miss Gertrude Kennedy, nurse at Cascade Mill; Miss Eva Bedard, the aspirant from Old Riverside. Bottom, left to right: Miss Lillian Butler, the favorite of the Sulphite Mill; Miss Anna LeClerc, the choice of the Upper Plants; Miss Lucy King, daughter of Mayor King, city contestant.

Pictures of the Carnival will be a feature of our next issue.



PORTLAND OFFICE



To introduce the new director from Portland office.

Mr. Harry D. Currier first came to Portland to enter the employ of the Berlin Mills Company in July, 1902, as salesman for the planing mill department, under Edmund Burke as superintendent.

After the mill fire in March, 1904, Mr. Currier was superintendent of the McDonald Manufacturing Company in Portland until 1911.

Since that time Mr. Currier has been salesman for the retail department, traveling through the eastern part of Maine and part of New Hampshire.

Mr. Currier is not a stranger in Berlin, as he frequently motors there through the summer. His home is at 71 Lawn Avenue, Deering District; but from early spring to late autumn he can be found during most of his leisure time at his cottage at Sebago lake.

Announcement of much interest has been received by several employees of the retail department, of the marriage of Andrew Lee Owen to Carmen Sylva Fiset, on Tuesday, December 25th, 1923. Lee will be remembered as former billing clerk in the retail department, and recently has become office manager of the National Cash Register Company at Elizabeth City, New Jersey. We extend our hearty congratulations and best of wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Owen.

Edward Jackson recently had the misfortune to injure his ankle, caused by the falling of a pile of lumber.

John Montgomery has changed his residence to Munjoy Hill and every night after work, he and his friend, Charlie, make the distance on foot. 'Tis said they arrive on the hill around the "curfew hour."

The first snow of the winter discouraged many of the automobilists in the office, and they have finally put up their machines for the winter. Horton King will use his "bike" all winter; riding the car rails between the office and "Puddock."

After much study and time in running down clues, Harold says he has finally eliminated the "Boy" and has

reached a decision in the "ice" mystery. He can now name the party who threw the "ice" wrapped up in a neat snowball. And that's that.

Talk about the big "woods" in South Portland. They say the boys from Deering Center shake the hayseed from themselves daily before boarding the car for the "City."

Harold Greene, financial department, at last reports was doing very well at the sanatorium in Fairfield where he has been a patient for several months. A letter recently received from him expressed his thanks for the kind remembrance which the "boys" in the office sent him for Xmas.

How some of the auto owners in the office do like to tear up over High street hill with only a spare tire holding down the rear.

After three years of faithful service, Mr. Callahan has resigned as a reporter. As an appreciation of his association on the Bulletin, Mr. Means presented him with a "rubber razor" which "Bill" treasures among his curios.

Walter Logan certainly put it over as Santa during the holidays. He acted the part for the Peaks Island Community Club which distributed goodies to the children on the Island. Walter was quite jovial and his smile and hand shake made a hit with the youngsters. The job was big and much of the success was due to Walter's friend, Al.

Mr. Spring has purchased a new radio. The way it is acting, he expects to tune in about the time someone discovers something to eliminate static.

Our friend, Hugh Lloyd, returned to the office from his vacation very tired. He bucked parcel post for Uncle Sam for Xmas week and the only thing he broke was a maiden's heart, but he did not fall for her Xmas present.

Our efficient clean-up man, Mr. Marshall Batchelder, was a recent spectator at the ringside on New Year's day. Mr. Batchelder thinks prize fighting is very rough and states that he is through for good, and will not accept any more passes to boxing exhibitions.

Mr. Googins, of Kennebunk, Me., is becoming acclimated rapidly and is now getting interested more and more in Mr. Clarence Perry's daily monologue.

It is now "REX" Chase—Harold has a new radio and says it is impossible for him to get any sleep. "Drink Dreco, Harold, it helped me," says Bill Matthews.

Mr. Churchill has finally jacked up his Buick for the winter, and we all would be relieved if he would jack up that 1898 T. D.

John Montgomery has no fear of electricity. Watts seems to be his favorite hobby, and John will go right up and shake hands with it. Mr. Googins, of Kennebunk Village, is priming his Ford for another busy season on the road between Portland and the Village. He had some trouble getting his license, but finally got permission to operate. Says Saturday mornings is good time to react from over-exertion.

Tom Churchill's no politician, but he can get the South Portland fire department up bright and early for other reasons besides fire fighting. Tom was catching codfish in his cellar before the "tide receded."

Ralph Dyer has put up his "twin-two" for the winter. Although this car is a "super-fliv," as Ralph calls it, the drifts around Scamman street, South Portland, are a little too high, and he thinks it had better rest until spring.

Much of this present-day whiskey is aged in the wood, but the wood is provided by the undertaker.

Here is our idea of the meanest man in the world: One who gets up before the rest of the family on Christmas day, fires off a six-inch fire cracker out the window, and when his children wake up and come running down stairs, he tells them that Santa Claus was on the way down street, but someone shot him.

Tom Churchill can no longer dig clams on his front piazza when the tide goes out. Since the cold weather has settled in, the clams have migrated to the warmer climate of Deering.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

In reply to the challenge of the Riverside mill hockey team, the Sulphite mill wishes to state it has organized a team, which for speed and general ability cannot be equaled.

Below is the line-up and a brief summary of the individuals comprising this remarkable outfit.

Goaler—William McCarroll. Please tell us, gentle reader, how it would be possible to get a puck by Bill, who would fill the net and have some to spare.

Left Wing—Amie Ramsey. He is a marvel of speed and has earned the name of "Mercury."

Right Wing—Louis Therrien. In Louis the team has its best shot, or probably we should say "half shot."

Left Defense—Homer (Beef) Williams. It will be hard to get by him because the writer has seen him stop a good many shots before they got started for the goal.

Right Defense—Howard Powers. There has been some objection about placing Howard on this team as some of his enemies claim he is muscle bound (from the ears up), but nevertheless the writer has seen fit to place him.

Center—Fred Moreau. Nothing can be said in his defense.

Manager—Rennie Pennock. If Rennie can stop talking radio and automobiles, he will make an ideal manager.

Coach—Jack Buckley. The reason for making Jack coach is because we understand he once drove a hack in Quebec.

Trainer—Jack Duggan. One look at Jack will convince you why he was picked. He could stand plenty of it.

This team challenges any team in the company at 135 lbs., soaking wet.

The banana question has been finally settled. The controversy was over the question whether bananas grow pointing up or down. Pictures produced by Mr. Taft and Mr. Martin show that they grow up. As they are generally hung in fruit stores one gets the impression that they grow down. Not so, however. We acknowledge in this instance we were right.

The readers of the Brown Bulletin have undoubtedly seen in various newspapers, accounts of the "stingiest person in the world." He has been found

and works in the Sulphite mill, sad to state.

In none of the following does his name appear: Red Cross drive, B. A. A. drive, Carnival ticket selling drive.

We do not expect a man with a large family to contribute or buy tickets to these things but when a man has only a few poodle dogs, there is no reason to renege.

ROGERS-VAILLANCOURT

Announcing the marriage of Miss Bernadette Vaillancourt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Vaillancourt, of School Street, Berlin, N. H., to Mr. Urban C. Rogers, son of Mrs. Minnie C. Rogers, High Street, Berlin, N. H., on January 16th, 1924.

Miss Vaillancourt was formerly a member of the graphic records department at the Sulphite mill and Mr. Rogers is now with the time office department, Sulphite mill.

The employees take pleasure in wishing every happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers.

On December 2nd, Paul Chaurest of the dryer building suffered a severe injury to his left forearm when a press roll fell and crushed it. We understand his arm is healing very well.

On December 14th, Jos. Tracey of the wood room crew was severely cut on the wrist by an axe, severing the tendons. He reports that he is on the gain.

John Duggan, digester house foreman, who was in the St. Louis Hospital for an operation, has returned home and is reported to be on the gain.

Joseph Ramsey of the storehouse crew was operated on for a serious disorder and despite his age is improving very well.

Arthur Riva, while at his work in the drafting room, was stricken with an attack of appendicitis. He was immediately removed to the hospital where an operation was performed. It is reported that he is resting comfortably.

Bill Innes recently built an eight tube radio set and, after some difficulty,

tuned in on Portland, Oregon. We think Bill got mixed up and heard Portland, Maine,—this sounds more reasonable.

We are glad to see Foreman Duncan MacLean back in his position at the barking plant. Duncan was away on a leave of absence for the winter to do some logging. Duncan says that the winter is so mild the bears refuse to stay denned up so he got out. He has never had any craving for the company of bears since one scared away his horse while Duncan was on a berrying trip up at Success a year or two ago.

There seems to be an argument over the nationality of Thomas Lawson, famous for starting Fords in cold weather. When Tom was taking out his nationalization papers a short time ago, he was registered as an Irishman and a subject of King George. Some of Tom's friends are asking if Tom is not in fact a Swede.

The following is of interest as settling an argument among some Sulphite mill men. We beg to acknowledge that we were in error and that Isaac Wedge and Arthur Nadeau are correct dirt farmers.

Dear Sir:

The generally accepted notion that our cultivated varieties of potatoes have lost their ability to produce true seeds is not true. While it is a fact that many of our present commercial varieties rarely produce seed balls, and in many cases where they do, they do not contain seeds, yet it has been demonstrated conclusively that when the flowers of these varieties are properly fertilized with good pollen they will develop seed balls containing an abundance of good seeds. There are some varieties that set seed naturally almost every season when they are grown under favorable climatic conditions. One of these varieties is the McCormick, or as it is known in the South, Lookout Mountain, which sets seed balls rather freely.

The real reason for the failure of most of our cultivated varieties to produce seed balls, without artificial pollination, is that the pollen they bear is sterile. In other words we have male sterility. This is well represented in

varieties such as the Triumph, Irish Cobbler, Early Ohio, Early Rose, and generally speaking, the Green Mountain and Rural New Yorker. Occasionally, however, these last two varieties do produce seed balls.

Very truly yours,
WM. STUART,
Horticulturist.

To Mlles. Sweeney and Rowell,
Curve-room Queens,
Brown Co. Sulphite Mill,
Berlin, N. H.

Received of Mlles. Sweeney and Rowell of the City of Berlin, County of Coos, State of New Hampshire—50c each—or the sum of one dollar—for value received, as per agreement of Jan. 12, 1924. The undersigned, Frances Cleveland Feindel, Main Office Stenog. of the Brown Co. Sulphite Mill, acknowledges with many thanks your generous contribution toward the lately

acquired "bob." Might I add that the writer considers the two above queens "good sports." Her hair is cut—long live the "bob."

Signed—FRANCES C. FEINDEL.

Witnesses—FRANK J. SHERIDAN,
JAMES C. EVANS.

Dated at Berlin, N. H., the seventeenth day of January in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-four.

AN EVERY DAY SERMON

Don't whine. Take what comes to you and do your best with it. Make the bravest fight you can. Train yourself to see the cheerful side of things, even the funny side of mishaps. You can help strangle complaints with a laugh. A cheery laugh is good for the heart and brain and clears the mist from the eyes of faith. Endure what

needs must be endured. Go forward bravely. A day is not a day well spent unless you have tried to send a ray of sunshine into some clouded life. What will you do today? You must be busy here and there with your household cares or the various details of your business but you should take time to make someone happy. Taking up one's cross means simply that you are to go the road you see to be the straightest one, carrying whatever you find is given you to carry as well and stoutly as you can without complaining or calling people to come and look at you. Who, watching over lives and following us as we go about our daily vocations, would dream that we are laying the foundation for an eternal mansion? Who, viewing our conduct would ever imagine that we are convinced our actions and thoughts are all stamping with an indelible mark our life beyond the grave?



CASCADE JUICE



Our idea of nothing at all: John Guerin telling us what big fish he used to catch when he was in Canada. The only fish that John ever caught was at the Cascade gate house.

We note that our friend, Captain "Spike" Hennessey, has been using up a lot of his spare time at the City Alleys, bowling for the different teams, including the American Legion, the Town Team, the Cascade Nibroc Team, where he was very fortunate in not having to pay for his strings, and also not losing any points, but when it comes to bowling for his own team, he not only loses three points, but also has to pay 75 cents. Tough breaks, eh, Joe.

We have noticed since the big snow storm that "Short Pete" has been seen carrying snow shoes and skis, to overcome the obstacles in going up and down Cascade Hill.

One of our time-keepers will have to be a little more cautious hereafter with his hands while telling stories, because fountain pens are pretty expensive. Eh, Johnny?

We have been informed that our live-wire reporter, answering to the name of Eddie Fitz was seen at the Grand Trunk station smashing baggage. Come clean, Eddie, who is she?

WEDDING BELLS

A very pretty wedding took place on Dec. 26th, 1923, when Mr. Albert Bouchard, a popular employee of the Cascade cutter room was united in marriage to Miss Jennie Frechette of Berlin. The employees of the cutter room, printing department, and waxing department, join in extending to the newlyweds their best wishes for a happy wedded life. On January 9th, the employees of the above mentioned departments presented Mr. and Mrs. Bouchard with a large purse of money, and the recipients wish to take this opportunity to thank everyone who so generously donated towards this gift.

ADVERTISEMENT

Business and Visiting Cards a Specialty
JOHN E. LEPAGE

JOB PRINTING

Phone 185-M

25 Mason St. Berlin, N. H.

"West Paris" Frank Perkins is always complaining of sore feet from too much walking around. I would suggest that Frank buy himself a pair of roller skates so that he wouldn't have to walk. What say you, Frank?

One of our prominent shippers from the finishing room is doing a lot of pickarel fishing at Lakeside but unfortunately, he catches nothing but suckers

and chubs. I would suggest that for that kind of fish he would fish below the mills and save the expense of traveling up to Lakeside.

Walter Riff has gone out of the hen business. He is planning on buying Foss Hammond's "Glue on the Hoof" and entering him against Barney Google's "Spark Plug."

Ed. Hall of the machine room is doing jury duty at Berlin.

There is just one of three things, Al Reid and Lachance have got to do. Eat less, exercise more, or bust.

Ruski has changed boarding places,—I wonder why?

So I took the \$50.00 and bought yeast cakes to fatten King Tut.

When it comes to wild-goose hunting, Louis Morse wins the little brown derby. Two dollars for the goose, cooked three days, and then can't eat it. Who's a goose, I ask you.

Hank Hammond will not enter the ski jumping contests this year; can't afford to take any chances—he's married now.

"So this is leap year," said the frog,

as he watched the children play leap frog.

Who's the guy that, when you ask him a question, suddenly raises his hand and says, "Oh, Teacher, I know"?

What was it all about? A few evenings ago, the chief of our office staff and the head of our printing department missed the 5.10 car for Gorham. These two gentlemen stood at the waiting room at the Cascade talking about automobiles, fish and game, politics or something else that was quite interesting. The car came to the Cascade station, stopped, as Berlin Street Railway cars will stop, and then started for Gorham without the two above mentioned gentlemen. The result was that they had to wait until 5.50 for another car. Gee, it must have been interesting, Carlos and Clayton?

Mr. Gauthier of the hockey team is now in our main office.

Watch the East side guys—Earl Liedemon is training some of the

"would-be" athletes (?).

Henry says the women from Gorham are quite attractive—but the men are something terrible. Yes, he attends the Moose dances, and of course lives in Berlin.

Rube Smith doesn't know about this Chile station on the radio, but gets WHY real often. He has gone out of the wood business.

Arthur Rivard, our hockey sport, is now with the electrical department.

Jos. P. Tanguay, having been trained to seafaring, has taken an extended journey on the sea of matrimony. The Nibroc organization wish Mr. and Mrs. Tanguay a very happy journey.

We hear that Ike Webber has gone and done it. The boys are waiting to see you, Walter, and the brand of cigars they furnish. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ike.

Mr. Thompson of the Portland office

was a visitor during the month.

The Brown Company salesmen paid us a visit early in the month. One of the salesmen in a jaunt in the sulphite department, made the remark that he had been in this mill about twenty times already, but would like to be shown just where to get out once more. We trust to be favored with many visits in the future. It is some plant.

Savannah, Cuba, is the latest radio station to be heard from.

Arthur Ross reports a very pleasant Xmas somewhere in Maine.

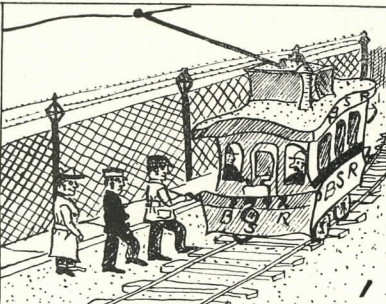
Nelson Martell, our wire expert, is back on the job after a second operation.

Charles McDonald of the dryer department, reports a wonderful fishing trip to the lake region.

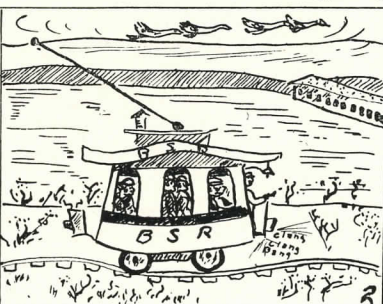
The photos of the boiler house were very worthy of commendation, showing a neat-looking department, which in no small way can be attributed to

ALL IN A LIFETIME ----- G. G. F.

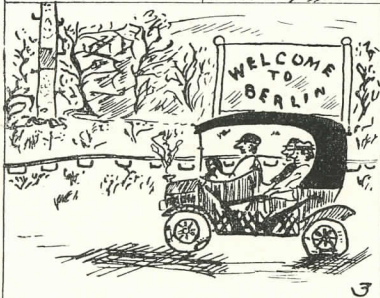
Three certain law abiding men recently took the car for Gorham one day.



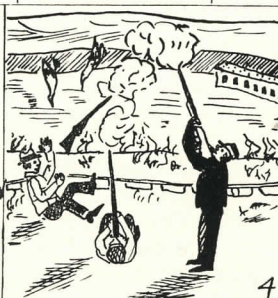
When by the power house they sighted a flock of wild geese. The plot now thickens.



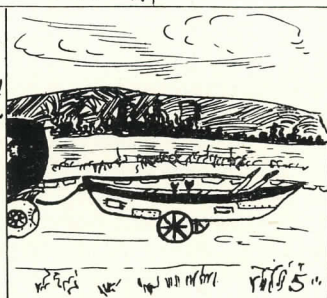
Our heroes made a mad rush for home to secure their artillery and return to the sight for poor eyes.



But it must have been on Friday the 13th because the wild geese when bombarded fell into the pond.



So back home once more our heroes plod their way. But they returned and not empty handed.



Brrrrrr—Don't say a word to any one but money exchanged hands and one of our heroes left our story.



So the remaining two decided to cook the spoils and enjoy a grand feast.



But alas the only one that gained by this little experience was the M.D. The fun was all his.



My thanks to Fountain Fox for the use of his Joannerville Trolley THE END G. G. F. 124

Mr. Edwards, our steam department superintendent.

Yes, we make Orange Kraft wrapping paper.

Merrill Myers is employed in the screen room under Foreman Bilodeau.

How is your loud speaker, Mr. Maines?

Basil is not the only ski fan—he has competition now. Bring your skis.

Who said our calendar last month wasn't a success? It started something, eh, Spike.

Albert North, our cutter room re-winder man, says the Grand Trunk ought to furnish alarm clocks—"Next station, Coaticooke," (snore from Mr. North).

Signs of spring—when Blondy leaves the radio for the night.

The most satisfactory job is that of the efficiency expert. The boss never can tell whether he is loafing or thinking.

First Drunk: "Shay, do you know Bill Talbot?"

Second Drunk: "No, what's his name?"

First Drunk: "Who?"

1924

CALENDAR FOR JANUARY

1924

1. Fred Studd and "Spike" Hennessey are on the outs again.
2. Adolphus MacIntyre sings "Bonnie Annie Laurie."
3. "Snoopy" Hayward buys a plug of tobacco for the hockey game.
4. W. H. Palmer says, "I don't tell a man the same thing twice."
5. John "Pie Crust" Smith signs up as a reporter for the Bulletin.
6. The "Battler" is still in love.
7. Jack Aylward still has Johnson hanging around him.
8. Johnson says, "It's my hard luck."
9. Bill Forest adopts Jimmie Lantero.
10. The R. P. Cigars are going good.
11. Nothing doing on the Madison Better Made shirts.
12. "Butsie" Astle says, "You can't keep a good man down."
13. Archie Soule wins the booby prize at a whist party.
14. Short Pete and Setscrew attend a 40 and 8 meeting.
15. "Milly" Perkins sells tickets for the Winter Carnival.
16. Fred Lapointe eats six pork chops, two pounds of potatoes, that's all.
17. Jack Sharpe quits the "Battler."
18. The "Battler" signs up for a fight in Claremont, N. H.
19. Clayton Walker elected president of the Gorham Fish and Game Club.
20. Ralph Grant getting the car ready for next summer.
21. "Magnus Johnson" Hinchey still has the corn cob.
22. "Smoky" Boisselle beats "Pie Crust" playing pitch.
23. "Buddie" Landrigan still keeps his New Year's resolutions.
24. "Captain at the Head" Tanguay is now a hen-peck.
25. "Pocohantas Canvass" McConnell is now ski running.
26. "Buch" Bouchard swings a mean pair of skates.
27. "Artie" Eastman says, "Yes, we have no radio today."
28. "Radio" Andresen takes the \$50,000 to the Carnival.
29. "Danny" Hughes is now reporting for the Bulletin.
30. One more day till the Berlin Winter Carnival.
31. Today, America's Greatest, The Berlin Winter Carnival.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

I hereby apply for leave on

Jan 3rd to 12th inst.

Reason Explained to Mr. Moore.

Signature T. J. Tollen

Granted Hugh K. Moore

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Born, Dec. 26, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. Sanford L. Swasey, a son, Robert Alden.

Harold Vannah attended the annual meeting of the Society of American Bacteriologists from December 27th to 29th at New Haven, Conn. Many interesting papers on bacteriology and allied sciences were presented in the Sterling Hall of Medicine on the Yale campus.

On January 9th, Mr. C. E. Hinman of the Johns-Manville Company, Inc., showed films before the Philotechnical Society telling the "Story of Asbestos." On January 23rd, Mr. L. C. Kramer of the Heine Boiler Plant gave a talk on "Steam and its Production."

Carl Gunsel spent the holidays at New Orleans, La., going by way of Chicago and coming back through Atlanta, Washington and New York. He remembered his friends of the Research with postcards and delicious

Creole Pralines, "The Candy of New Orleans."

For efficiency and the habit of getting in on time mornings, we heartily recommend bobbed hair. Two of our girls have tried the experiment and it works well. We hope to see more.

The photo section group enjoyed an outing at Quinn's camp, Jintown, where various winter sports, hiking, and a good feed served to pass the time of day.

Ralph Rogers recently received a postcard from Tuinicu, Cuba, stating a radio program broadcasted from there which he is now enjoying evenings.

During the month Messrs. Moore and Van Arsdel have been on business trips to New York City.

It's Leap Year! Look out!

Just wait until spring comes and won't the new cars blossom out! Everyone is turning in the old ones and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new glossy-enameled spring models.

The Research team of the American League in bowling at the "Y" is composed of Jerry Steady, Lewis Dickinson, and "Brad" Whitten. They stand second in the tournament to date. The National League team, Fred Djerf, "Doc" Wiggin, and "Mose" Hescok, also stand second. Come on, boys! We want to see the Research win in both leagues.

The photo section girls entertained the Jolliettes at the Garden with a dainty supper, after which dancing and games were enjoyed during the evening.

Married, at Berlin, N. H., on January 2, 1924, Walter W. Webber and Beatrice Tollen. Sorter slipped one over on us, but then we saw them buying furniture about a month ago!

At the January 7th meeting of the Jolliettes, Mrs. Webber was given a shower. Kitchen materials with bits of pottery attached were tied on an endless string which, as she unraveled, finally led to a silver tea service, the gift of the Jolliettes. A pleasant evening was spent in the usual Jolliette manner and there was a wedding cake decorated with a bride and groom.

Sanford L. Swasey spent three weeks in La Tuque at the laboratory, and on his return enjoyed the sights of Quebec.

Fred Pilgrim reports increasing business and good sales for his "Speed-Up" and "Finland" ski waxes.

The game of Mah-Jongg has hit the research and bids fair to put auction and poker in the discard. To date Gunsel, Goldsmith, White and Rasch are the chief exponents and feel confident enough in the arts of pung, chow, and kong to challenge any member of the research for a Saturday night game.

Mr. Henry Levine, the pianist at the Woman's Club January musicale, visited us and was shown around by his brother-in-law, M. O. Schur.

Speaking of Tot's marriage reminds us of a story. A negro mammy who

worked on a large plantation in the South went to receive her pay every month from the overseer, and signed the voucher with a cross as she could neither read nor write. One month instead of the cross after her name she put a circle. The overseer said, "What's the matter, Linda? You always have made a cross. Why do you make a circle today?" Linda replied, "It's dis way, boss; yesterday I was married and don' change mah name."

Miss Rita Sloan of the Main office substituted for nearly a week in the Research while Mrs. Webber was on her honeymoon.



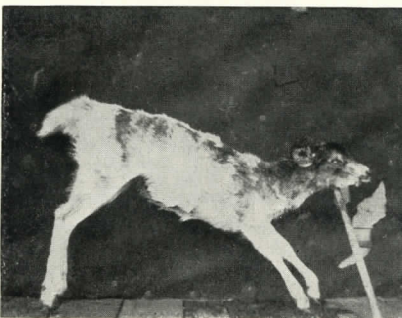
WOODS DEPARTMENT

Albert Bowker had trapped six wildcats up to December third. Joe Mooney had only one.

The new boarding house at Cupsuptic will be ready for occupancy in a few days, and will be much appreciated by the "Long-Ears" who have to stop there.

Rear-Admiral Bragg is getting his Aziscohoos fleet in condition to take to the high seas early in the spring.

A chimney sweep was recently discovered on Abbott brook, who turned out to be Bill Lavis. He had a rule in one hand and broom in the other. Bill uses the broom to find out whether he is measuring sound wood or rotten. He didn't say what the rule was for.



Jim Barnett arrived at camp one evening with a large piece of fresh pork. The rest of the pig did well to escape. Roast pork was on the menu for supper and enjoyed by Layes and Curtis.

It is a great winter for winter bathers. George Anderson takes his cold bath regularly, having no difficulty in keeping his swimming hole open at Aziscohoos lake. They say he is still very spry and active for his age, due no doubt to his daily bath.

HELL GATE STOREHOUSE

Business is very quiet here on the Diamond, as far as logging is concerned, this winter. It would have been a hard winter to log at that. At the present time, Dec. 26th, we have about three inches of snow.

For entertainment we are doing fine. We have installed a radio and are getting all the concerts and prize fights going.

We held a shooting match on Thanksgiving day and made some good scores at 100 yards, with 22 rifles. Card games every evening also help out.

Am sending two pictures, one of the largest pets out of the six wildcats that we have got so far, the other is an albino deer which was shot by City Marshal Stewart's party at Camp 7, this fall.

The deer hunting was very poor this year. Quite a few of the hunters that were here from one to three weeks, did not even see a flag.

MAIN OFFICE NOTES

Some of our office girls are seriously contemplating the adventure of training to become nurses.

Question—What is the difference between an efficient office girl and an efficient nurse?

Answer—About \$30.00 difference.

We have with us The Cat's M-e-o-w—Joe Dube.

Messrs. Beaton and Smith were at the auditors table the last week of December and the first two weeks of January.

The auditors have completed their work and departed from our midst. Every year increases the feeling of good fellowship that exists between the

regular office employees and the auditors, and it is with a real joy that we welcome them each year and with much regret that we see them go.

Maurice Oleson spent the New Year holidays in Boston.

Mr. Swan recently enjoyed a trip to Philadelphia where he spent the Christmas holidays.

Warren is still broadcasting the latest song hit entitled,—"Dee-di-dee—di-di-dee."

It is rumored that the electrical department employees are going to move to new quarters in the Electrical Engineering Building. We shall miss them very much but, of course, we shall wish them the best of luck in their new home office.

Mr. Nesbit of LaTuque was with us for several days in January.

MRS. BAILEY SURPRISED BY MAIN OFFICE FORCE

January 16. A wild night on the shore of the Androscoggin River—wild because of the snow, sleet and rain,—wild because of the—Oh, here's the whole story boiled down to a few plain facts.

The Main Office employees defied the weather man and gaily piled into a long sled at the stable. Toboggans were tied securely to the rear of the sled and everyone was off to Gibbon's camp at 5.30 p. m. The big black horses jogged along the road at a good pace, while the noisy group of girls and fellows made the air ring with jollity.

Arriving at the camp the crowd was warmly welcomed by the three cooks, Nora Bailey, Ida Austin and Josie McLaughlin, who, after a half hour of gay confusion, bade us gather around the long table to partake of the evening's feast. And it was a feast. Fish chowder a la veri-best, hot rolls, crackers, pickles, sugar and chocolate doughnuts and coffee. A feast seasoned to the king's taste and devoured by thirty real kings and queens of great repute.

Billie Oleson acted as toastmaster and called upon Harry Philbrick to tell one of his famous stories, but being taken with a very sudden touch of bashfulness, Harry reluctantly excused. Little Flora came to the rescue and valiantly kept the crowd around the table until—suddenly—a great birthday cake, glowing brightly with sixteen candles,

in the hands of the toastmaster made its way down the long room and settled down majestically on the table before Nora. Fifteen of the candles flickered and went out when Nora got her breath enough to perform the magic rite. One stubborn little flame flared triumphantly which means that Nora has to wait just one short year before—well, you know what it means.

The cake was cut. Warren Oleson got the thimble, while Josie salvaged the coin. The ring failed to appear, but there are some pretty warm suspicions as to where it went. Because of the kindness of a special few, a month's grace is given for the guilty possessor to "fess up." After that the mystery shall be explained. 'Cause somebody knows.

Ralph Sylvester presented a gold coin to Nora with the best wishes of the crowd, and of course, when Nora got her breath again she thanked the crowd for their thoughtfulness. Complete surprise made her little "thank-you" speech very sweet and the crowd gave her some rousing cheers when she had expressed herself so genuinely surprised—and pleased.

This birthday stunt was worked up to express the appreciation of the untiring efforts on the part of Mrs. Bailey who has been the promoter of many, if not all, successful office activities. And, with the spirit of the evening it could but go down as the very best social time ever enjoyed by the office folks.

When the cake was devoured, the main bout was over and then followed a rollicking good time with such foot-swinging activities as Virginia reel, Boston fancy, alternating with spin the cover, fortune telling and other features. The butterfly dance given by Skish Oleson won much applause and much admiration. Skish is some little butterfly. Eli had some difficulty in subduing his red and black checker-board shirt which tried to be a hair raising event.

The crowd wish to thank Mr. King of the Portland office for his gift of fish, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons for their hospitality and kindness, and Mr. Hamel for his part in the good time enjoyed.

BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Indemnities paid for the month of December, 1923, were as follows:

Louis Pelchat.....	\$103.20
Eugene Morresette.....	39.90
Wm. Johnson.....	21.40

Alphonse Nadeau.....	25.40
Wm. Therrien.....	59.27
Malcolm Roberge.....	43.00
B. L. Barnett.....	57.37
Jos. Buteau.....	45.67
Frank Gimetti.....	64.26
Jos. Hamel.....	84.00
Esdras Hamel.....	146.90
Nelson A. Martell.....	68.88
Thos. Finnerty.....	136.00
Alex Touaskey.....	14.00
W. J. Page.....	14.00
Henry Welch.....	31.97
Wm. Johnson.....	10.70
John McDougall.....	12.50
Oliver Keenan.....	34.44
Harry Whalen.....	70.00
Wm. Boiley.....	5.51
John Hayward.....	30.80
Nap. Lambert.....	60.03
Ross Williamson.....	19.07
John Q. Farrington.....	103.80
Andrew Perry.....	81.00
Joe Plourde.....	60.00
August Hanson.....	27.80
Emil Aubert.....	44.70
Jed Bisson.....	13.70
H. M. Quinn.....	44.40
Ovid Guay.....	48.00
Paul Longton.....	84.50
Arthur Valliere.....	29.80
Emelia Desilits.....	40.00
Fred Paradis.....	49.98
Albert Finson.....	52.00
Henry Smith.....	10.00
John Nolan.....	18.75
Emmons Christianson.....	26.00
John Johnson.....	18.00
Arsen Monroe.....	48.00
John Paquette.....	78.00
Everett Christianson.....	16.66
Alphonse Dumont.....	22.00

Total\$2,115.36

CONVENT, LA,
Jan. 4, 1924.

Editor Brown Bulletin,
Berlin, N. H.

Dear Sir:—

As I sat in a coach of the I. C. (coming from the city this morning) perusing the "Times-Picayune," I was strangely attracted to an "ad" setting forth the merits of paper towels—and then it came to me in a flash, when I saw the name "NIBROC," why the ad appealed.

The "ad" by Dameron-Pierson Co. Ltd., (a wholesale printing and paper company down here) is so good that I couldn't resist the temptation of cutting it out and sending it to show that even New Orleans believes the Berlin product is "the goods."

Respectfully,
CYRIL J. HAYES.

332 Customhouse,
New Orleans, La.



NIBROC

You can reduce expenses by equipping office or washroom with
NIBROC TOWELS

Created to meet the demand for a better
and more economical towel service

BETTER, because Nibroc Towels are made only of clean, long fibres, stout and yet softening to a velvety smoothness when moistened in use. No bleaching chemicals are used—the rich, golden-brown color of Nibroc proves that the natural emollients of the unbleached fibres are present.

MORE ECONOMICAL, because they cost but little to begin with, and—

ONE WIPES DRY

To make it easy for you to test NIBROC Towels yourself, we offer them in sealed packets—just right to throw into your traveling bag or your automobile kit. One packet is sent free and prepaid to any inquirer

Just write NIBROC on a postal and sign name and address

Dameron-Pierson Co., Ltd.

*Exclusive Distributors in and Around
New Orleans*

MAIN---400---CAMP



T3-11

(See letter on Page 19)

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