



THE BROWN BULLETIN

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DEERING OAKS, PORTLAND, MAINE

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. VI.

APRIL, 1925

No. 10

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PERSPECTIVE

EDWIN A. ALDERMAN

His countrymen will not forever remember the volubility and histrionic arts of Theodore Roosevelt, but they will never let die the memory of the valiant force of him penetrating the nation's spirit, increasing the sum of its energies, awakening youth to high adventure and stridently proclaiming the glory of upright living. They do not tattle about Washington's blazing profanity at Monmouth, but see his state-ly figure riding into the storm of battle beneath the tattered flag of a new nation he would fain bring into the world. They do not whisper about Lincoln's choice of companions or his taste in anecdotes, or his cunning in politics; but they read incised on white marble walls the sacred poems which his literary genius has left to posterity, behold him in the night watches correcting his mistakes and using even his humility as a sword with which to carve out the victory of his cause. And so it will be with Woodrow Wilson in the long perspective of the years. The destiny in his blood decided that he should possess—

The unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else, not to be overcome.

GOOD TIMBER

Copyright, "American Lumberman"

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood out in the open plain
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king
But lived and died a weakly thing.

The man who never had to toil
Or never stooped his hands to soil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
Never became a super-man
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease,—
The stronger winds, the tougher trees;
The farther sky, the greater length;
The more the storm, the more the strength.

By sun and cold, by rain and snows
In tree or man good timber grows.

Where thickest stands the forest growth,
We find the patriarchs of both,
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife—
This is the common law of life.

—Douglas Malloch.

Insects and Human Disease

By Prof. W. C. O'Kane, Entomologist, Durham, N. H.

Photos furnished through courtesy of the United States Dept. of Agriculture

WEEK by week and month by month we are making new discoveries about the transmission of human disease by insects. In the whole list of charges against these pests there is none that is more important than the fact that they are responsible for spreading a number of the most serious ills from which human beings suffer.

To understand how insects transmit human disease it is helpful to know, first, certain facts about insects themselves—their method of feeding, the changes that they go through in the course of their lives, how they breathe, and so on.

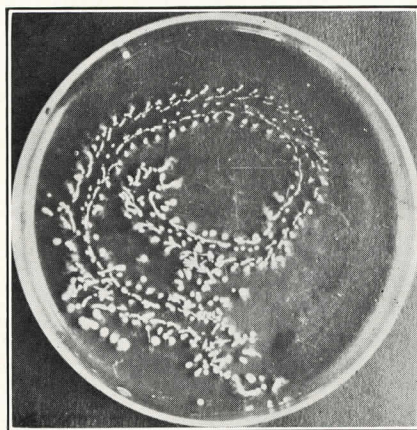
Insects are complicated animals with an exceedingly varied and complex way of going through life. To begin with, there are enormous numbers of species. Not only are the numbers of individuals large beyond computation but the number of species, entirely distinct from one another, is well toward a million.

In general, they have a well-developed digestive system, with specialized mouthparts, a gullet, a crop, a gizzard, a stomach, and intestine. They have a breathing system that is made up of a great number of tiny tubes extending throughout the body and opening to the outer air through a series of holes down each side of the body. The body contains a sort of blood, which flows freely within the body walls and is kept moving by a heart. The mouthparts are of many different types. For example, grasshoppers have strong jaws which can bite off and chew up solid food; the house fly has a fleshy proboscis with a rasping lobe at the tip, and can take only liquid food; the female mosquito has a slender beak containing sharp lancets, and structures that serve as tubes both for injecting saliva and for sucking blood.

Insects bring about disagreeable or abnormal conditions in the human body in several distinct ways.

First, many insects possess poison glands and are able to inject the venom from these glands into human tissues. A number of species, such as the browntail moth caterpillar, have on the body, tufts of hair which are developed as poisoned darts. In the case of the browntail caterpillar these hairs are connected to poison glands by tiny

ducts and the hairs themselves contain minute amounts of an active poison. The hairs are easily dislodged, they are sharp pointed and barbed, and they readily penetrate the skin of human beings. The point breaks off in the skin and the poison is thereupon released in or under the skin. Other insects, such as black flies, midges and mosquitoes, have glands in connection with their piercing mouthparts that enable them to inject poison when they bite. Still others, as the bees and wasps, have poison glands that operate in connection with a sting. In all these groups the poison injected is an active chemical substance capable of causing severe irritation, even though injected in minute amounts.



COLONIES OF BACTERIA TRANSPLANTED BY A FLY'S FEET

Second, insects of many species live as external parasites on human beings. This is true of bedbugs, lice, many fleas, and others. Some of these remain on the human host throughout the insect's life while others are present on human beings only through a part of their existence, spending the remainder of their lives on some other host or in some other location.

Third, there are insects that enter the human body as internal parasites. Sometimes they enter by way of food that has not been cooked, sometimes by way of the nostrils or the eyes, sometimes in wounds. Some of these species travel about beneath the skin, remaining in the human body for many months and causing severe suffering.

Fourth, there are insects that serve

as mechanical carriers of microscopic organisms causing human disease. A typical example is the common house fly. The story of the way in which the fly carries disease illustrates the importance of this means of spread of infectious diseases.

The house fly, as well as a great number of other insects, goes through four distinct stages in its life. The adult female fly lays eggs, depositing these on decaying or fermenting animal or vegetable matter, especially on horse manure. It lays the eggs in batches of one hundred or so, and in the course of its existence of two or three weeks a single female fly may lay five or six batches. After a few hours the eggs hatch, a tiny white maggot emerging from each one. This maggot begins feeding at once on the adjacent food material, increasing rapidly in size, and in a few days is full-grown. It then changes to another stage, called the pupa, in which it does not move or feed but in which the living material that composes its body is made over to the form of an adult fly. After this process is completed the skin or shell of the pupa splits, the fly comes out, and thus the life round is finished.

The adult fly is a hairy insect. Its body and its legs bear numerous long, coarse hairs, all of which tend to collect any filth that it happens to walk over. In addition, each foot is provided with a pair of pads covered with short hairs that secrete a sticky liquid. This liquid enables the fly to walk on window panes or to travel rapidly across a ceiling. It also serves as a medium for picking up filth.

Unfortunately, the habits of the fly are such as to make it an effective agent for carrying filth to our food supplies. It breeds in decaying material and it habitually frequents out-houses, garbage pails, and all sorts of places where disease-causing microscopic organisms are prevalent. At the same time, it is attracted by the odors of food from kitchens and is skillful in making its way into our houses. The result is that flies travel back and forth, now crawling over garbage or human excrement, now walking over food in kitchens or on dining tables.

Typhoid fever is easily and frequently transmitted by flies. The organism

that causes this disease is found in large numbers in the waste material from the human body. Flies, because of their habits, collect these organisms on their feet and bodies and transmit them to food.

Various types of dysentery are carried in the same manner. Tuberculosis may be transmitted through the fly's habit



EGGS OF BODY LOUSE ON BLUE CLOTH
—ENLARGED

of feeding on the sputum from tubercular patients and then walking over food. Even fly specks have been found to contain active germs of tuberculosis, and food over which flies have been permitted to walk has been proved capable of transmitting tuberculosis to guinea pigs.

The number of diseases that are transmitted by flies is surprising and the list is growing. Flies collected in the open, in ordinary surroundings, and examined for the presence of organisms causing disease, have yielded a list of such organisms to the number of forty-four different specific diseases, including typhoid fever, paratyphoid, tuberculosis, dysentery, cholera, gangrene, infantile diarrhoea, conjunctivitis and many others.

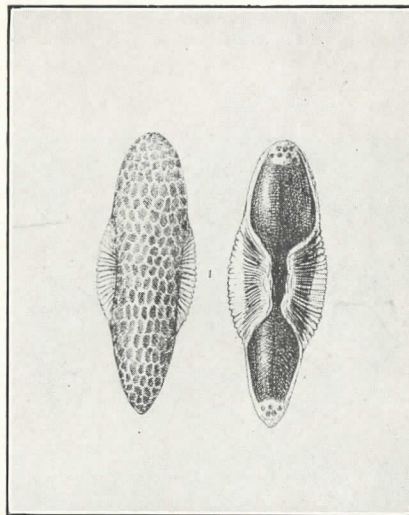
Control of flies in a community ought to consist of a more thorough program than screening houses to keep the pests out. Screening is desirable, but it is not attacking the problem at its source. The only really effective measure is to prevent the breeding of flies, especially by enforcing regulations with reference to horse manure.

If manure is carted out and spread over fields every week during the summer season, the flies that would otherwise mature in it will die before reaching adult stage. Sometimes manure heaps can be enclosed so that flies cannot get at it. Where neither of these plans is possible, breeding can be prevented by treating the manure with chemicals. An effective substance is borax sprinkled over the fresh manure each day it is added to the pile. The borax should be the powdered form and

should be used at the rate of 1¼ oz. per bushel of manure. After it is sprinkled on it should be wet down. Manure that has been treated this way may be used safely on gardens or fields provided it is not applied at more than ten tons to the acre.

Fifth, insects are now known to carry diseases by what we speak of as direct infection, wherein the insect serves as a specific carrier of the disease in question and sometimes is the only agent by which the disease can be spread from one person to another. Here, again, our understanding of the situation is a matter of recent knowledge and the list of such diseases is constantly growing.

For example, we know now that the terrible scourge that is called plague, which has been responsible for the



EGGS OF MALARIA MOSQUITO SHOWING
FLOATS—ENLARGED

deaths of more human beings than all of the wars in history, is transmitted by fleas. We know that typhus, a terrible epidemic disease which has carried off human beings by the hundreds of thousands, is transmitted by body lice. We know that malaria is carried from one person to another by certain species of mosquitoes and in no other way. And we know that the same is true of yellow fever.

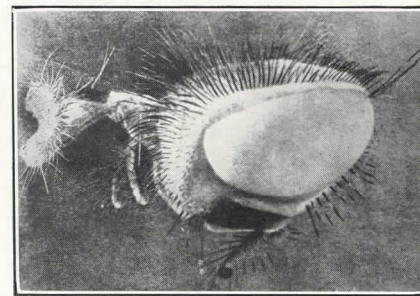
The diseases that are transmitted thus by insects are always in the class of human ills that are caused by microscopic parasitic organisms, such as protozoa or bacteria. In some of the most important of these diseases the insect serves as a specific host of the parasitic organism, which cannot complete its own life round without being able to go through certain changes within the body of the insect. The mosquitoes

that transmit malaria are a typical example, and the manner in which the organism that causes malaria goes through certain changes in the body of the mosquito is remarkable.

Malaria is caused by a microscopic parasite known as a plasmodium. This parasite occurs practically throughout the world in the temperate and tropic zones. The disease caused by it has been known since the beginnings of history and is referred to in the earliest writings. Within the blood of a human being the organism attacks the red blood corpuscle, entering it and multiplying within it.

By the time it has consumed the substance of the corpuscle it has divided into many new individuals. Thereupon the walls of the corpuscle break, releasing this new lot of individuals into the blood stream. Thousands on thousands of corpuscles rupture at about the same time. Since a toxic substance is thrown into the blood stream along with the new lot of individual parasites, the patient thereupon has a chill, which is later followed by a fever. In a typical species of this organism a period of forty-eight hours is required for the parasite to reach full growth in a corpuscle and to burst the walls of it. The chill and fever therefore occur every two days. This process may go on for many weeks, the parasites gradually increasing in number and the patient gradually growing worse.

If a mosquito of certain species bites such a patient, sucking a drop of the patient's blood, it takes into its stomach



HOUSE FLY—SIDE VIEW OF HEAD

some of these organisms along with the blood. Thereupon the parasites go through another stage in their complicated existence. They form new and different bodies, some of which are male and some female. Individuals of the two genders unite, and the resulting form penetrates the wall of the mosquito's stomach.

On the outside of the wall the parasite makes a cyst. Within this it grows and sub divides. After a period the cyst bursts and the many individuals that have formed within it are released in the body cavity of the mosquito. They promptly make their way to the salivary glands of the mosquito which they enter.

The mosquito, then, is loaded, so to speak, with these parasites in its salivary glands, and is ready to infect a new person with the disease. When it bites a person it injects a drop of the fluid from its salivary glands. In doing this it injects also some of the organisms of malaria. In due course of time the person that has been bitten will develop the symptoms of the disease.

In similar fashion the scourge known as yellow fever is transmitted by certain other species of mosquito. Here, again, these mosquitoes serve as the only means by which the disease can possibly spread from one person to another. In no case is the disease ever carried from person to person by clothing or by any other such means. The mosquitoes alone can transmit it.

Body lice transmit at least two destructive human diseases. One of these is relapsing fever, caused by an organism known as a spirochaete. This parasite multiplies in the body of the louse, being found in various internal organs. After a period it appears in the body cavity. Infection of a person takes place through scratching, the bodies of the lice being ruptured or crushed and the organisms that they contain thus given a chance to enter areas that have been bitten or scratched. Transmission of typhus fever occurs in the same manner.

A disease known as filariasis is caused by a small parasite called a nematode. Recent studies have shown that an immature form of this nematode occurs in the blood stream of persons suffering from filariasis whereas a mature form of the parasite occurs in the lymph ducts where it causes the serious and often terrible symptoms of the disease.

The immature parasitic form in the blood stream is found in the outer circulation of the body only in the evenings and at night. During the day this form is found within the large blood vessels deep within the body. The significance of this fact is apparently made clear by recent discoveries which show that a night-flying mosquito, which is common in the regions where the disease occurs, serves as a host of

the parasite. In the stomach of this mosquito the immature parasites taken up from the blood stream of the patient go through certain transformations. They enter the tissues of the mosquito, change to a somewhat different form, and presently migrate to the mosquito's head. They are then ready to be transmitted to any person that the mosquito may bite.

THE ORIGINAL PRACTICAL JOKER

Long before there were men on the earth, the apes in the primitive forests amused themselves by playing practical jokes on each other. Some human beings still do it. Perhaps it was the survival of this crude type of humor that gave Darwin the idea that men were descended from apes.

April 1, dedicated to fools and fooling, has long been regarded as a special opportunity for the practical joker to do his stuff. But every day is "All Fools' Day" to the incurable joker.



The Original Practical Joker

"How did I know it was going to end that way," is his stock alibi when the object of his playful trick is removed to the hospital for repairs.

There is no objection to harmless sport outside of working hours. But at work when a man's attention is needed to work safely, is no place for jokes, even those that may be harmless at other times. When the joker uses electricity or compressed air in his pranks, the result is sure to be serious.

The place for monkey business is in the circus ring or the zoo. No plant is safe with the joker running wild.

BERLIN PUBLIC LIBRARY

Best Books of the Month Released to the Public

FICTION

- Loudon from Laramie by Joseph B. Ames.
Seven Sleepers by Francis Beeding.
Cottonwood Gulch by Clarence Mulford.
Sacrament of Silence by Noel Sylvestre.
With this Ring by Margaret Widdimer.
Green Goddess by L. J. Miln.
Man Eater by H. M. Rideout.
Cup of Silence by Arthur Reese.
Wolves and the Lamb by J. S. Fletcher.
Challenged by Helen Martin.
Pimpernel and Rosemary by Baroness Orczy.
Best Short Stories by E. O'Brien.
Soul of China by L. J. Miln.
Black Cargo by J. P. Marquand.
Love of Monsieur by George Gibbs.
Red Mass by Valentine Williams.
Gates of the Morning by H. Stackpole.
The Fog by W. D. Pelley.
Young Mischief and the Perfect Pair Drag by W. D. Pelley.
Arrow Smith by Sinclair Lewis.
His Wife-in-Law by Oemler.
Secret Gold by Alice Williamson.
Cross Trails by Harold Bindloss.

NON-FICTION

- Illiterate Digest by Will Rogers.
And Even Now by Max Beerbohm.
Modern Use of the Bible by Harry Fosdick.
Windows of Westminster
Immigrant to Inventor by M. Pupin.
With Lawrence in Arabia by Thomas Lowell.
Manual of Law by Edward Spencer.
Auto Repairing by Elliott.
Land of Andes and Desert by Carpenter.
Life of Joseph Pulitzer by Don C. Seitz.
Evolution of French Canada by J. C. Bracq.
Practical Mysticism by Evelyn Underhill.
Noon by Kathleen Norris.
Joseph Conrad by F. M. Ford.
Criminal as Human Being by G. S. Dougherty.
Best Plays by Burns Mantle.

Many people believe there is enough money in this country to double all wages without increasing prices, but statistics prove that even a ten per cent increase in all wages, without an increase in prices, would wipe out the average profits of all business of the United States.—Seen Through the Meshes.



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



MAIN OFFICE

We are all glad to see Barney Quinn back again looking hale and hearty from a nine weeks' vacation during which he underwent surgical treatment at Portland. Gerald Kimball, who courageously looked after the trucking during Barney's absence, is particularly well pleased.

Daniel Linton is on his way to the West Indies. He has dealt with railway pirates so many years that he has long entertained a desire to visit those havens from which sailed Morgan and others who hoisted the black flag.

BROWNIES—SWEET SIXTEEN

Date—March 10th.

Present—Sixteen (all sweetened).

Committee—Orena Morris, Rosamond Moffet, Genevieve Flynn, Rhoda Patterson.

Menu—Chicken salad, rolls, olives, pickles, fruit jello, nut cake, brownies and coffee.

The supper was one to cause many oh's and ah's, and the committee received many sincere comments and compliments upon the results of their work. The committee referred a great deal of their success to their mothers and friends, and we all agreed that those mothers and friends were just wonderful.

Songs were sung, stories were told and the evening was spent in rather a cozy, comfortable family style, which we all find so restful after a series of gaieties.

BROWNIES BEGIN

SECOND SEASON

Date—February 24th.

Present—25 Brownies (100%).

Supper Committee—Beede Parker, Ethel Flynn, Violet Hindle and Anna LeClerc.

Menu—Crabmeat salad, pickles, rolls, pineapple shortcake and coffee.

This was the first supper of the second season, and it was opened with a hundred per cent attendance. Two extra tables were set up, and every available place was filled.

The supper was excellent both in quality and quantity and the service was A No. 1. The supper hour ended with a cleverly arranged

Surprise for Miss Flora Howell

At the close of the supper hour Miss Elizabeth McLellan brought before the crowd a well-constructed and gaily decorated Washington pie. From the depths of the pie little white strings appeared at the end of which were attached small pieces of white cardboard upon which were written names. Each girl found the bit of cardboard bearing her name, and the fun began. Twenty-five fortunes were pulled out of the pie, and a gay time followed while the prophecies were being scanned. Accompanying the fortune which Flora pulled from the pie was a small envelope which upon being opened was found to contain a sum of money. Flora stared for a moment, had an idea she wanted to cry, and then firmly decided she didn't want to do any such thing. Finally, she spoke in a very small, little voice and gave up a very pretty if somewhat tremulous "thank you" speech.

After a great deal of chattering and laughing over the fortunes the girls retired to the Club Room. Before the crowd had settled down to any games, Elizabeth again appeared in the doorway bearing the Washington pie. The pie must have been a younger sister to the miraculous pitcher in that it, too, was miraculously filled with good things. Flora was asked to "stick in her thumb" (and fingers) and "pull out a plum" which she very obligingly proceeded to do. Forth from the interior of the pie she drew a suspicious looking small box. Upon investigation the box was found to contain a white gold Gruen wrist watch. She had to call for help before she could get the slender band securely fastened about her arm but willing hands and a little time worked the proper results and Flora was soon all toggled up in her brand new finery. She took a long breath, summoned the remnant of her small voice, and again said "thank you" in her own sincere manner.

Rhoda Patterson and Elizabeth McLellan were in charge of the evening's entertainment, and they kept things going every minute. Their games were very popular and everyone joined wholeheartedly in all the games suggested. The games, prizes awarded, and the winners were as follows:

Presidents—1st, miniature auto with candy tools, Mary Anderson; 2nd, small box caramels, Marion Brown.

Pigs—Hearty laughter, everyone.

Buzz—Hearty laughter, everyone.

Cross Word Puzzle—Geo. Washington bust (candy), Margaret Ericksen.

At nine o'clock the committee served refreshments consisting of almond ice cream and cake. Following the refreshments more games were in order and it was ten o'clock before the party broke up and the girls trailed happily across "No Man's Land" to High Street corner where they divided and went their several ways.

The sum of money and the watch which Flora received were gifts from the main office employees and all those connected with the pulpwood department.

Mr. Means of the Portland office called on us March 12th. We are always glad to see him.

Miss Flora Howell has concluded her work with the Brown Company and is situated at the Congress Square Hotel at Portland. Reports come to us that she likes her new work very much.

During the years that Flora has been with the Brown Company she has made hosts of friends, and it is with regret that we let her go from our midst. But we are glad to sacrifice when we know that our loss means gain to those we hold dear. And so with a smile we let her go amid a heavy storm of the "very best wishes in the world" for her future happiness and prosperity.

By the time this Bulletin is published Miss Marion Brown will have completed her work with the Brown Company. Marion's quiet ways and friendly smile have won her many staunch friends, and she will be greatly missed in all the Brown Company social affairs as well as in the usual office routine.

It has been wisely suggested by our office sage that the Portland office would be a great deal better off, if they would employ girls to do their clerical work. If they would stoop to such a degree it would be an assured fact that the figures given to Berlin each month would be given "correctly"

and that the cost sheets would not have to be sent back and all made over every month. A word to the wise is sufficient. Come on, Portland, get some girls on your payroll and get things RIGHT for a change.

Edward Thomas has accepted a position with the Brown Company, taking the place recently vacated by Miss Howell.

The main office has been painted throughout, and the change is well worth mentioning. The bright, clean walls are just a lovely playground for the sunshine, and work just glides off a hundred per cent easier. The whole crew has taken heart and turned to their various duties with a real jolly song and a real courageous smile.

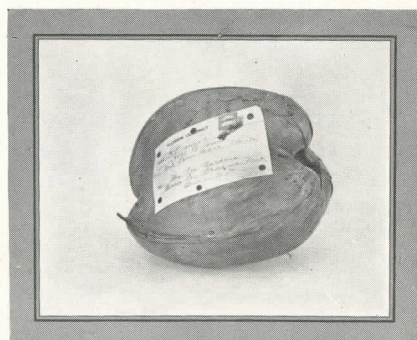
The girls' rest room on the top floor of the main office building has been thoroughly cleaned and painted and completely refurnished with a day-bed and six chairs. Hot water has been put in and the rest room is now a place where a girl can get completely away from her work for twenty minutes and relax in her own way.

This comfortable room has been re-decorated and refurnished through the kindness of Mrs. D. P. Brown, who has personally supervised the change.

Through the Brown Bulletin the main office girls wish to express their sincere thanks to Mrs. Brown and it is hoped that these splendid comforts which she has provided for our use and enjoyment will return to her a hundred fold and that the goddess of happiness will ever keep pace with her as she walks life's pathway.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs.



FLORIDA COCOANUT

Robert Snodgrass on March 2nd, when their daughter, Florence Beatrice, be-

came the bride of Raymond A. Dyer of Littleton. After the ceremony which was performed by the Rev. E. W. Moore of the Congregational Church, a buffet lunch was served to the immediate relatives and friends. The young couple planned to leave quietly on the noon train for a trip to New York and Washington but were surprised to find, on their arrival at the station, a goodly bunch from the research who showered them with rice, confetti and good wishes to say nothing of overshoes. Their quiet journey was again interrupted at Littleton by the bunch from "Parkers" with still further contributions.

Upon their return, Mr. and Mrs. Dyer plan to locate in Littleton, where they have their home all furnished.

H. P. Vannah is editing the monthly newsletter of the New Hampshire Academy of Science.

We congratulate Donald White upon his promotion to the electrical engineering department.

Dr. C. W. Thing was elected to a place upon the Gorham School Board at the district meeting of March 10th.

George A. Richter and family sailed from New York on March 19th on a three weeks' trip, during which they will visit relatives at La Romano, Santo Domingo. George once spoke a piece in his youth upon Toussaint L'Ouverture, and has waited these many years for a chance to visit the haunts of his hero.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Ebie of the sulphite mill bleachery upon the birth of an 11-lb. boy born March 16th. Mr. Ebie was formerly a member of our department.

Messrs. Moody, Babbitt, Gilman, Taylor, and Norman Brown of the sales forces were welcome visitors in our department during the past month.

The Joliettes gathered at the Girls' Club on March 18th, for their yearly St. Patrick's supper. The hostesses for the evening were the Misses Studd, Nichol, Snodgrass and Pickford. The table was tastefully decorated for the occasion with green flags and shamrocks and real Irish candles. A vase of green carnations graced the center of the festal board. After having partaken of all the goodies, the girls adjourned to the living room to await

church time and to read and sing while waiting.

N. L. Nourse is out of town a few days on company business.

T. J. Carlin, who has been assisting at the chemical mill for the past month, has returned to us once more.

Not much excitement going on this month, for most of our boys are at Cascade. They call us once in a while to let us know they remember us.

Our department has discovered something new, namely Irish mice; they are quite fond of the shamrocks in the office but we gently reminded them that limburger was more to their taste.

On Monday, March 2nd, the Joliettes all gathered at the B. & M. station to give Flo a royal send-off. The confetti flew in all directions, so one could hardly tell the bride and groom from the rest of the bunch. Large signs on the outside of the car and also on the suitcases proclaimed the newly weds arriving. As the train departed the groom sent back from the rear platform the old shoe, to keep for our next wedding. Everyone wishes Flo and Raymond much success and happiness in their new life.

Some people are very much against the number 13, but Mike was not afraid to try his luck over the jump Sunday, March 8th, tagged 13, and to show he was not superstitious he even had a pipe in his mouth (when he started). Mike arrived at the foot of the hill in quite a heap but came up grinning. Cheer up, Mike, better luck next time.

THE RADIO INSTINCT

Irate Wife (discovering scofflaw husband on front steps fiddling with door-knob)—"What are you doing there, Webster?"

Husband (continuing to turn knob)—"Ssh-h-h, I'm trying to get Pittsburg."

Ain't it fine when things are going
Topsy-turvy and askew,
To discover someone showing
Good old-fashioned faith in you?

Ain't it good when life seems dreary
And your hopes about to end
Just to feel the handclasp cheery
Of a fine old loyal friend?

—Edgar A. Guest.

SAWMILL

WHEN YOU COME TO THE END
OF A PERFECT DAY

A saw mill man one morn got up
And found the sun was bright,
His breakfast food, each plate and cup,
And ev'rything was right.
He heard the morning whistle blow,
And heard the saws begin
Their singing in the vale below,
The day to usher in.

And then he wandered to the mill—
Found every man in place
And each one working with a will
And with a smiling face.
The logs came up without a hitch
To saws as sharp as swords;
Each cut produced a perfect flitch,
Each flitch the best of boards.

And not a pulley slipped a belt,
And life was just a song;
The logs to lumber seemed to melt
And not a thing went wrong.
The morning mail some orders brought
And cancellations none;
In all the letters there was not
A kick from anyone.

All day the mill, from early dawn,
Till night began to fall,
Kept working on and sawing on
Without a break at all.
At last the mill man homeward sped
Without a woe or care
And, kneeling by his little bed,
He prayed this little prayer.

"O Lord, I know that sometime I
Will have to perish, too—
I know that sometime I shall die,

For people often do.
Today we never spoiled a board
And everything went right—
If it is all the same, O Lord,
I'd like to die tonight."

Author unknown.

A Scotchman was found dead in
front of a one-cent punching machine.
The coroner found that death had been
caused by overexertion. Investigation
disclosed a sign reading:

"Your penny returned if you hit hard
enough."

Sometimes the bread is so good you
know it is not home made, and the
beans are so nicely cooked and digest-
ible that you know they came from a
can.—Seen Through the Meshes.

PORTLAND OFFICE

WALTER B. BROCKWAY Director from Portland Office

MR. BROCKWAY, the new Portland director of the Brown Bulletin, has been comptroller of the Brown Company for the past ten years, having come to Portland May 1, 1914, to take charge of the accounting of this concern. Many changes in the efficiency of the accounting have taken place since his arrival, and it is safe to say that not many systems are nearer perfect.

He was formerly connected with the engineering firm of Ford, Bacon & Davis, New York City, when he was known practically from coast to coast, as his duties necessitated a great deal of traveling between New York and "Frisco," as well as to other parts of the country.

While Mr. Brockway's mind is practically never off business, he has found time to interest himself in many worthy objects and causes. For several years he was director of the Portland Boys' Club, an organization for the boys of "lesser opportunities" and was instrumental in carrying the club through some trying times. He was also active in the organization of the Portland Council of Boy Scouts, and it is doubtful if the Scout Council in Portland would have got the excellent start it did without his energy behind it.

During the war Mr. Brockway was active in Red Cross and War Savings

work, and owing to his efforts at that time, reports furnished by him to headquarters were conceded to be the most understandable and thorough reports sent in by any Red Cross branch or War Saving station.



WALTER B. BROCKWAY

Not the least interesting of his activities is found in a group of 17 high school young men who are members of his class at the Church School of State Street Church. Anyone who has had

dealings with young men of high school age knows the difficulties entailed in their management. It is sufficient to say that the boys look forward to Sunday, and that the class is growing in knowledge of good and in numbers.

Mr. Brockway is blessed with a happy family. Mrs. Brockway is well known for her hospitality, and she has made many friends since coming to Portland. She is interested in social service work and has given unsparingly of her time and energy to many worthy causes. They have one daughter and two sons. The daughter is Mrs. Hocker of Cumberland Mills; Walter, Jr., is in the United States Navy, now stationed with fleet in Chinese waters; and George is a fine young chap who was born shortly after the family came to this city. They are now making plans to build a new home soon in the Woodfords district. Their summers are spent in a cottage which overlooks the entrance to Portland Harbor, out on Cape Elizabeth.

He is a member of the Portland Rotary Club and also of the Economic Club.

Mr. Brockway is generous to a fault, and no organization looks to him for assistance in vain. If sickness comes to an employee or to one of his family, he is always first in sympathy and cheer.

Harold S. Chellis was the reporter for the Portland office for this month. Peter G. Peterson will be next month's reporter.

Mr. B. K. Babbitt of the Chicago office was a recent visitor in the Portland office. Mr. Babbitt is to take over Mr. Moody's former territory for the sale of bleached sulphite, but will continue to work out of the Chicago office.

Walter was a little astonished and somewhat disturbed the morning after the earthquake, when he was sternly admonished that a reasonable practical joke was all right, but he had carried it a little too far. "Why?" he asked. "What have I done?" "You ought to know," was the response. "The scientists say the earthquake was due to a depression or something in the bottom of the sea off the Maine coast, and they call it 'Logan's fault.'" A smile of relief overspread Walter's visage, and he allowed he could prove an alibi.

On a certain Sunday evening, George Bradbury, accounting department, attended a meeting of the sect known as the Holy Rollers. George says that from what he saw he doubts very much if they could convert him.

F. W. Thompson, accounting department, was in New York recently attending a meeting of the National Cost Accountants' Association.

W. B. Brockway, comptroller, attended the Cost Accountants' meeting in New York, returning home with Mrs. Brockway who has been visiting with friends in New York.

The desks in the bookkeeping section of the accounting department have been rearranged to a good advantage to all.

John Heck, Berlin office, was a recent visitor to Portland office, and very welcome.

Mr. Stack claims that a "truffle" must be an awful slow animal to let a pig overtake it.

"Say there, black man, can't yo play honest? Ah knows what cairds ah done dealt you."

When it comes to a "loyal, royal" rooter, pass the honor to "Bill" Barry.

Bill follows the S. P. H. S. teams in his dreams, and can tell you the best player on the team—without winking an eyelash.

John Vance, in an outburst of generosity last week, brought in a bushel of delicious Gravenstein apples for the boys in the accounting office. They were raised on his small farm in Buxton. Good work, John, keep it up.

Tommie Dame, whose middle name should be Thrift, was discovered last week doing up the wooden parings from the pencil sharpener. When asked what he was doing that for he said, "I mix them with bran and feed them to my hens." Voice in rear—"Look out, Tommie, they don't grow wooden legs."

Googins, whose native heath is Cranberry Hollow, North Kennebunk, after reading the headlines in a newspaper, thought that Muscle Shoals was a disease like barbers' itch, and so the next time he had a lame shoulder he went into Hank Gooseberry's drug store and asked for some Omegy oil for his muscle shoals.

The accounting office was shocked beyond description one day last week when John Vance, who is ordinarily a rigorous church member, (we do not know what church as he has never informed us) gave vent to a loud and emphatic damn. This is the first time we ever heard John go as far as this. Be more careful in the future, John.

Grover Hansen, who by the way is very popular with the fair sex, acted as doorkeeper for a lodge of 40 or 50 women the other night, thereby causing much jealousy in the heart of one Thomas Dame, who is no slouch among the women, and admits it, even though his wife keeps pretty close tabs on him.

W. L. Gilman has been transferred from Quebec to handle sales of bleached sulphite for the New England territory.

"THINKING ON YOUR FEET"

We recently heard a remark made of a speaker who seemed to become confused in an address he was making, "He doesn't know how to think on his feet."

The probability was that the speaker had committed his address, and had forgotten a cue in his transition from

one stage of thought to another. The obvious remedy for an embarrassment of this sort is to acquire the faculty of "thinking on your feet," as suggested by the above criticism.

We do not do enough thinking. Our minds naturally follow the lines of least resistance, and we encourage this tendency by our indolent mental habits, our indulgence in mental pleasure rather than mental exertion. Even if we have the faculty of thinking connectedly and logically under favorable conditions, however, the ability immediately to formulate and follow new lines of thought, to meet parry with riposte in debate, is a desirable and an enviable attainment. It can only be acquired by putting together our own thoughts, by studying the thoughts of others and analyzing them, and after examining all sides of a given subject by holding in our memory a reserve store of information and thoughts upon which we can draw at the instant of need.

BIBLICAL STORIES AND PROPHECIES MATERIALIZED

Very fortunate were those who were at the Odd Fellows' Hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 13, and heard Major Vivian Gilbert lecture on the "Romance of the Last Crusade." Major Gilbert's lecture was replete with Biblical and historical lore and delivered in a fashion that pleased his audience very much. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Saturday Club.

Major Vivian Gilbert was with the British Army in Palestine and told a series of amazing incidents of that advance against the Turk, which he called the Last Crusade.

He told of Cockney privates struggling on the battlefield of David and Goliath and of picking up there small round stones, companions to those with which David loaded his sling.

He told of young heroes dying on the ground where Christ appeared to his followers at Emmans. He told of camels, quietly nibbling grass as bullets riddled their hides, but who died of fright at the bursting of a paper bag before their noses; of Egyptian soldiers, who killed themselves by will power; and of the 100-mile roads of wire netting laid over the sand and supporting armies as the web of snowshoes support men on the snow.

History says that General Allenby captured Jerusalem. But he didn't. Not first, anyway. According to Major Gilbert it was a British private, a cook,

who first accepted the surrender of the Holy City.

The night before the main attack on the city was to begin, some of the British officers thought it might be a refreshing change to have eggs for breakfast. They detailed one of the cooks to make his way to the captured town of Lifta and get some. Private Church was the man detailed.

Late at night, little knowing he was on his way to the Holy City, he started on his mission. He became lost and without knowing it, passed through the British outposts and advanced far beyond. When morning was well under way, he came in sight of an unusual village with great walls and towering spires.

"I made my way up to the gate," as he afterwards told Major Gilbert, "and I had hardly come in sight when out came a great crowd of cheering people. They were all mad and making an enormous noise. They stooped down so I had to step lively to keep from tramping on them."

"Look here," I says to them, 'I don't know what you want, but I want to get my officers' mess some eggs'. Then they cheered more loudly and carried me along with them behind the gates, and they pushed me on, until we came to a great affair that looked like a Town Hall, but what they called the Tower of David. A great man came out of the hall and bowed to me and made a great speech. Then he bowed to me again and they all cheered. Then he gave me a bunch of keys.

"But I gave him back the keys. 'I want eggs,' I says, 'eggs.' But a big gent comes over and throws his arms around me and tries to kiss me. That was the limit, so I turned back and here I am, and I haven't any eggs."

Private Church, cook in the British Army had fulfilled the dreams of the crusaders. He was immortal. He had taken the Holy City.

The army had not known till then that the Turks had left the city. Word reached the brigade commander, Brigadier General Watson. In a flash he was on horseback and to receive the surrender of Jerusalem. While he was on his way, word reached the division commander, Major General Shea. "Stop the Brigadier," he sent a telegram, "I myself will accept the surrender." But he was too late. The crowds who had welcomed Private Church, had welcomed General Watson. The Mayor of Jerusalem, who was a descendant of the Prophet of Mohamet, had made

his speech over again and handed over the keys. Then Major General Shea roared up in his car. General Watson had to go back and give the Mayor the keys. The Mayor again gave his little speech and gave the keys to General Shea. General Shea reported to General Allenby, "I have this day accepted the surrender of Jerusalem." But back came a special order, "General Allenby will himself accept the surrender of Jerusalem."

And two days later, in the presence of the mobs of Jews, Christians, Arabs, Bedouins, Syrians, Turks, and the rest, the Mayor again made his speech and again handed over the keys to General Allenby, even as he had done to Private Church, the cook.

Two weeks later the Mayor of Jerusalem, descendant of the Prophet, died of pneumonia. "We often wondered," remarked Major Gilbert, "if the Mayor didn't die of exposure handing over the city." At any rate, Private Church, well named, had received the surrender of Jerusalem.

Major Gilbert was one of the first to tell the real story of the British advance. His lecture was unusually interesting, told graphically, but with fine humor. His stories were not simply "war stories." They told of the everlasting human adventure of life, stories of tragedy, of suffering, of sacrifice, of humor and of irony. They revived holy scenes and biblical days.—Brunswick Record.

EXCITEMENT IN THE D. S. & B. DEPARTMENT

A brave man surely is Maurice Dee, With his pony trot, we saw him flee Across the tracks to ring the alarm, For fear the building would come to harm.

His feet were so startled because of his haste,
The heels of his shoes flew out into space,
While the rest of the fellows quick to respond
With articles handy, the building did throng.

Rube McLean, with his hands spread wide
Around the thermos bottle rushed inside.
With the fire extinguisher Conley stood,
It was wrong side up, but his heart was good.

And Patsy Hinds in frantic scare
Tore off his coat in his despair.

With all his might the stove he beat,
And pushed and kicked it with his feet.

Tom Horton kicked the fire outside
That's how it's done he said with pride.
"Come out of your corner, Carleton,"
he cried,
"The fire is out, no need to hide."

"And you say you lost control of your car?"

"Yes. I couldn't keep up the instalments."—Credit.

Mr. Gurnett has returned from his vacation, which he spent on his ranch in Rodeo, New Mexico.

The advertising department has moved its quarters downstairs, where it lost no time in making itself feel quite at home. It seems likely that the change will work to the advantage of all concerned, as the former quarters were somewhat crowded.

We are all glad to learn that "Gil" Henderson has a new Maxwell. The roads are getting pretty good now, "Gill," and we are ready to try her out.

Vern Clough is soon to take up his new duties in the newly organized chemical sales division. We wish him all kinds of luck in his new duties.

Now that the Colby interscholastic basket-ball series is over, we can get down to work until South Portland comes out in her baseball togs.

Mrs. C. J. Burkenmeyer is in Boston for treatments and is improving rapidly, expecting to be home again by the first of April.

In rearranging the bookkeeping section of the accounting department recently, one of the men moving the heavy filing cabinets used a lone tier of three sectional book cases as a brace for his back with disastrous results.

W. B. Fozzard, formerly secretary to the comptroller, has been transferred to Mr. Norman Brown's office for compilation of sales statistics.

Mr. Daniel Linton breezed into Portland office recently on his way to the land of onions and Easter lilies—Bermuda. We are always glad to see Mr. Linton and hope he returns rested, refreshed, and rejuvenated from his southern trip.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

It seems too bad that we have had
So much dissatisfaction
About the daylight saving time,
Especially Lunt and Jackson.

Though weak and wabbly is your step,
It really is surprising
How quickly you'll regain your pep,
If you practice early rising.

Talk gently, boys, don't make a noise,
And, Jackson, stop your raving,
Though you and Lunt may groan and
grunt,
We'll still have daylight saving.

Mr. E. H. Maling of the accounting
department, will be able to catch up on
his sleep now that the 1924 tax re-
turns have been filed.

Harold Chase has been wearing a
saccharine smile as he has been around
taking the usual spring orders for the
best grade of syrup ever extracted from
the succulent maple. Harold does not
extract the syrup, but is good at ex-
tracting shekels,—always for good
value, we'll whisper to the universe.
His smile is customarily sweet, but at
this season it is fairly sugary.

James B. Lunt gave a radio party
to Messrs. Callahan, Vanier, Smith and
Perkins on the night of March 14th.
Despite some heavy static a good and
varied concert was enjoyed, including
a part of the program from London
re-broadcast by WGY. It was in-
teresting that listeners who have never
been in England could say that they
heard the booming tones of Big Ben.

Ice cream and cake was served, and
when the neighborhood squealers and
howlers disturbed the radio reception
for a time, Mr. Lunt resourcefully
filled in the interim with some of Car-
uso's and McCormack's best songs on
his fine Victrola.

Nelson Worthley spent the second
week of March with his brother, Mr.
Herbert Worthley, corporation counsel
of New York City. He was there to
say bon voyage at the time of the
sailing of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Brown
for England on March 14th.

After two days' arduous work by
Ralph E. Dyer on a monkey-cocanut
problem, he finally solved it within one
cocanut. We asked Ralph what be-
came of the nut and he said he was it.



CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS



Our friend, Fred Maloney, is very
worried. He has tried all the decoctions
and potions in town in order to
make hair grow on his old bald head.
In fact he filled one cupboard with hair
tonic, has now confiscated another cup-
board, and has started to fill that one.
Bill Farnham made the remark that
hair won't grow on eggshells, but Fred
is still trying, and we hope he is suc-
cessful in the end.

The local fans of the chemical mill
have arranged a contest between Hugh
Smith and Morris Savage for a
hundred-yard dash. Some speed to
these boys.

Joseph Tardiff and Alfred Begin are
turning Ward 4 from "Dem." to "Rep.,"
so Joe says.

Austin Buckley, don't say that your
Hupmobile is better than your old Ford
before you have made Colebrook in 49
minutes, you know the Ford did it.

Henry Coulombe says there is no
other like his boy, Robert. We don't
blame you, Henry. Stick up for your
own family.

George Meehan is getting absent-
minded. The other morning when leav-
ing for work he picked up the alarm
clock instead of his basket. Did you

want to have the time to get to work,
George?

Charles Belanger claims to be a
heavy smoker, but Nap. Deschamplain
gave him a pipeful of tobacco and he
got sick. Time to learn to smoke a
man's tobacco, Charley.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

SULPHITE MILL

Alderic Croteau from laborer to
screen tender.

Ernest Gagne from screen tender's
assistant to screen tender.

Adelor Goulette from laborer to coal
fireman.

Wilfred Parent from screen tender's
assistant to screen tender.

Chester Ripley from laborer to crane
man.

Norman McRae from laborer to as-
sistant yard foreman.

CASCADE MILL

Alec Arsenault from rewinder helper
to rewinder man.

Florence Laflamme from layer minor
to exp. cutter girl.

Archie Landry from laborer to
wrench man.

Ora Vallieres from layer minor to
exp. cutter girl.

CHEMICAL MILL

Ernest Barker from yard man to
level man.

FEBRUARY ACCIDENTS

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	18
Without loss of time.....	41
Total	59

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	9
Without loss of time.....	38
Total	47

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	37
Minor accidents.....	13
Without loss of time.....	0
Total	50

LIST OF DEATHS

CHEMICAL MILL

Edward C. Hall was born January 12,
1842. He came to work at the Cascade
office July 19, 1918, where he worked
until December, 1919, when he went
out on account of sickness. He died
March 1, 1925.

SAW MILL

Dan Carron was born June 4, 1855.
He first came to work for the Company
at the saw mill in 1908, where he worked
until December, 1920, when he was out
sick. He died February 14, 1925.



RIVERSIDE SMOKE



TOWEL ROOM BOBS

Annette Lapoint is very busy corresponding lately. Try a typewriter.

Bertha Chamberlain is giving dancing lessons. Apply in person only.

Ethel Gagne is still busy filling up her hope chest. Keep it up, Ethel.

Eva Michaud is wondering if Bill Therrien knows it costs money to feed him on candy. It's your treat, Bill.

Alice Dion said they must have made a mistake for she still chews gum, but just one hour a day during Lent.

Did anyone notice Ida with her fur coat? She claims she is cold. Get an oil stove, Ida.

Lately the two Bedards are a little late. Try this "early to bed and early to rise makes a person healthy, wealthy and wise."

Bella is still taking care of her beautiful hair.

Irene Frechette is still carrying her complexion pack around.

Julia has a new smile lately. Who is he?

Olive, our newcomer, is trying to make hamburger steak with her fingers. Keep it up and you will succeed.

Esther Johnson is applying for a dancing partner. She wants to learn the tango.

Florence is still running for the car. She saves time.

Did anyone notice Alice's red nose lately. How did you get it, Alice?

Tony Landry has reformed and given up dancing.

Emile is losing in weight. He must be in love.

Poor Bill claims it breaks his back, picking up broke. Get a new back, Bill.

Archie is still taking good care of the clock.

Armand is greeting the girls with a big smile. Which do you want, Armand?

We were wondering why Gideon Bisson was using his handkerchief in the mill so much. We know now. Because he has invested 40 cents in a bottle of Florida Water.

I wonder if Eva and Bertha will ask Tony for another bath.

We will soon have some opera singer in Gideon Bisson if he keeps on singing Barney Google.

Beware, you voters of the cutter room. Thibeault has the full right to talk politics now. He was allowed to vote this year for the first time.

Alfred Vallis, champion broke hustler of the Riverside, but better known by his fellow workers as "Pea Soup," was coming from the beater room one day, when his nose came in contact with one of the broke cars that he was pushing. Result, a swelled nose and a black eye.

Since Theodore Couture came back from the west all we hear is cowboy and Indian talk. If he is so interested, why doesn't he start a ranch here or else do his talking to himself.

Larson, the watchman is quite an authority on clams, he also can eat quite a feed of them. If he gets a chance he is very fond of steamed clams, but says it is aggravating to have the other fellow eat them all up, especially fellows that wouldn't chip to pay for them. He claims to have spent a number of years around the water front and has seen a good many clam eaters, but says Billy McCarty can eat more clams than any five men he ever saw. His opinion in regard to some of the other clam eaters around here wouldn't look very good in print.

You can hear Pete Vien once in a while singing a simple sonnet, entitled "Don't Chew the Hand that is Feeding

You." More modern and of value to those treading the primrose path of etiquette, is the motto, "Don't bite the nails." It tends to make them jagged and deformed and difficult to clean, besides giving a stumpy appearance to the finger tips.

W. R. has come into his own. Washington borrowed one of his horses to pose for his picture on the next to the last issue of the Bulletin. If you don't believe it, ask Mike.

Gid Bisson of the cutter room is trying to get into the Valentino class, he is noticed early every morning in the towel room, sharpening pencils for the girls and generally trying to make himself popular.

Lucy Royer, one of our cutter girls, ended her services March 14th. Her friends wish her good luck in her present occupation.

Willie Goodreau, one of the faithful employees of the finishing room, failed to report one afternoon recently. It was learned on good authority that Bill partook of some fudge at home and that he and wife were placed hors de combat for the rest of the day. Too bad to lose a half day and be sick, too.

George Parent was lately given a cigar by a friend. As George doesn't smoke, he thought for once in his life he would be generous, so meeting Joe Mercier, a fellow worker, he gave the cigar to him. Joe lit up when, lo and behold! there was a flash and a smudge, and Joe's face looked like an end man's face in a minstrel show. Moral: Beware of any Coulombe cigars.

Our friend, Joe Streeter, and his Eskimo fishing chum must be slipping, for Joe was sound asleep at the early hour of 6.30 p. m., when the fire at Cascade happened. Anybody whom that blat of a sick cow called a fire alarm would not wake up to think there was something the matter in the barnyard, must be about to be classified as already slipped. The "Old Man" never knew anything about the earthquake, but oh!—that was three hours later in the evening, which beats Joe

by an eye lash. Never mind, old chum, we may be slipping but we can yet do a little farming and take our regular trips to Lakeside at 20 below, in the puddle jumper.

On the 1st of April people should begin to clean up their back yards, for trash in the back yard means the doctor or the undertaker at the front door.

Yes, we still have no finishing room. Isn't it strange? Shove up the production, at the same time shove the poor finisher up against the wall.

A dancing school is about to be opened. Only advanced pupils taken,

no beginners. Apply to Alfred Turcotte.

We are much pleased to be relieved of some of the 5-and-10 business that we have been doing so long. It seems to reduce the number of orders from certain sections very appreciably, for which those most concerned are most grateful.

We hope there were a lot of converts to kitchen gardening made last year, although today (March 16th) with zero weather we couldn't expect many to think of such things. It will be time when you read this to start your tomatoes, peppers, pansies, petunias, asters

and various other vegetable and flower seed, and by the 15th those who have hot beds should be ready for business. Even when it is cold and stormy, you can make your plans for your garden, which can't be much of a one unless it is planned out beforehand. Anyway, whatever you do and however you do it, save room for at least two or three dozen gladiolus. You won't regret it.

Our friend, Mr. Egan, who was called a ladies' man in last month's Bulletin, wishes to have a committee appointed to investigate a new parlor game which Mr. Jackson has been raving about of late.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

STOP! LOOK! THINK! LISTEN!
April 1, 1925

Wilfred Peters has joined the errand boys' crew.

Edmond Chaloux has decided to change the name of his car. Ask him what the new name is.

Roy Brown and Odule Routhier are with the electrical crew.

Jack Cavagnaro, Sam Hickey, Arthur Montminy and Herbert McLellan of the electrical department called on Bill Sweeney recently.

Leon Noel of the electrical department announces the arrival of a 7½-lb. boy, March 2, 1925. Best wishes, Leon.

Fred White of our pipers' department is very proud of his boy after the recent election, as Albert was elected councilman of Ward Four.

Miss Alma Powers has accepted a position in our graphic record department.

Miss Elsie Porter was on the sick list recently with an infected tooth.

A concert is to be given to mill employees; watch for the date and get your admission tickets early.

Have you joined the yeastcake eaters yet?

Mr. Cabana of the time office was on the sick list recently, with a severe attack of appendicitis. He is now a strong believer in sick-benefit insurance. Just ask him about it.

Band Notes

When will the band broadcast?

An article was seen in the Boston Post giving the returns the day after our city election. Berlin is certainly going on the map.

Taking of Jericho

The city of Jericho was surrounded by very thick high walls. Joshua with his army trying to invade the city for several months found it impossible, 'till one day a new idea came to him. He would change his method. So he made a brass band to parade around the city seven times, and play as loud as they could. A number of trombone, alto, and bass players were detached from the band and presented with picks and shovels to dig at the bottom along the great wall and set props. All those on the wall observing the parade did not notice the digging. At a signal the trumpeters blew a mighty blast. The props were taken away, the wall fell in. The army rushed in, took possession of the city, hung up the sign of the three balls, started in business and advertised a fire sale one week later. We'll say that was some band.

Yanks of American League

Peter Ryan, Watt, and Oscar Gagnon

were just nosed out of first honors in the American League by a margin of two points. Part of this was due to the fact that their first game was forfeited because the famous Pete and Oscar Gagnon were away on a hunting trip, but Pete simply had to get away with some honor on the "Y" alleys, and so he pulled the highest prize with a high mark of 101.66.

Bob Riva certainly did not lose any of his old time stuff this year shooting at the ten-pin game. His team won the championship of the National League, but was defeated in the little world series at the Y. M. C. A. by Hannah's team. Good showing for the Burgess Bob.

To Golf Players

Get your sticks in shape;
If one is cracked, use tape;
With stick in hand stand on two legs,
Wallop anything round you see but eggs.

Applicant for a position: "Say! Jo, want any help?"

Boss: "No, there isn't much doing these days."

Applicant: "Well! You know it doesn't take much to keep me going."

"You will find the Doctor any time of day or night by the bedside of his dying patients." Rather a doubtful compliment, Mike, but we know you meant all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron E. Ferris, on February 26th, received a visit from the stork. The newcomer's name is Richard Winston. —

Grumblenot Girls' Outing

Sunday, March 1st, ten Grumblenot girls left Berlin for Gorham, and at Gorham they hit the trail for Mr. Gregory's camp on Gorham Hill.



A GOOD PICTURE OF THE SIGN BOARD

Everyone carrying their share of eats for two meals, first meal was at noon time. The afternoon was taken up with games and music. Supper was then in order. This being done, everybody started doing her bit. Soon cleaned up and hit the trail for home. Everyone reports a very good time, and, by the way, if anybody wants to know if the wind blew that day, just ask one of the girls. You tell 'em, girls.

Burgess Relief Association Notes

Xavier Goulette of the maintenance crew has entered the St. Louis Hospital for an operation for appendicitis.

Wm. Arsenault, maintenance watchman, has been confined to his home with a severe case of pneumonia. Despite his age he has passed the crisis and is well on the road to recovery.

Joseph Ramsey, one of the oldest employees of the mill, is on the sick list. He was operated on a year ago and after three months returned to work. Recently the same trouble came back, and he is confined to his home.

Alfred Begin of the chemical mill was operated on for appendicitis at the St.

Louis Hospital. It is reported that he is on the gain. —

On February 9th, Joseph Lacroix of the machine room fractured two ribs. At the present time he is getting along very well. —

Neil McInnis of the machine room suffered a painful accident on February 23rd, when he slipped and fell fractur-

ing a leg.

It is reported that John Roy of the

Mr. Moody, manager of the pulp sales division, accompanied by two new pulp salesmen recently came up to Berlin to visit the mills. A dinner was given at George's Garden on the evening of Wednesday, March 11th, in order that the visitors might mingle with some of the representatives of our pulp mills in Berlin and of the research department, especially connected with the manufacture of pulp. About twenty-five were seated at the two tables. After the fine dinner had been consumed and cigars lighted, Mr. Rahmanop started the ball rolling by giving a short, breezy discourse on the troubles of pulp mill superintendents, after which he gave the research and salesmen opportunities to give their ideas. Messrs. Moody, Gilman, Babbitt and Taylor spoke for the sales department, Messrs. Richter and Van Arsdel for research, Mr. Spear for the Cascade sulphite, Mr. Libby for Cascade paper, and Messrs. Taft and McKinnon for Burgess sulphite.

From a good fellowship standpoint, the dinner was a decided success. From an organizing standpoint nothing better could have been done to afford an opportunity to bring out the need for and good results of co-operation. The discussion was informal, candid and good-natured, and was really very interesting to all present.



THE GRUMBLENOTS' OUTING

Sitting, Left to Right: Dorothy McGivney, Dorothy Routhier, Rita Sloan.
Standing, Left to Right: Lora Rowell, Dorothy Thomas, Olga Christianson, Mildred Sloan, Bernice Erickson, Lucy Sweeney

dryer room crew, who fractured an arm on November 20th, is getting along well and is expected back in a short time.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Patrick Conway on the loss of his wife, who died recently after a long illness.

A fine atmosphere of enthusiasm and optimism prevailed during the talks. The keynote of the meeting seemed to be that the Brown Company is making the best pulp made anywhere, and that when better pulp is made the Brown Company will make it.



CASCADE JUICE



RADIO FAN

There was a man on No. 4, they call him Pop Devost,
He walked the streets by night and day to buy a radio.
And looked at sets both large and small, and all that he could see.
At last he said, and shook his head, they will not do for me.

Cascade Mill has its radio fans, now right here bear in mind,
He spent ten and one hundred iron men to buy a Tridyn.
Quite content with what he spent, he thought he'd settle down,
And stay at home most every night to turn the dials around.

Pop had stations by the score, by his log book you can see,
He had them logged from KGO to WBZ.

All was well as you could tell while spellbound with the craze,
Until his side-mate, Justard, bought a Grebe Synchronphase.

The Grebe is a nifty set, a wonder to behold,
The dials turn in edgeways style and the panel's set in gold.
And when a band begins to play, or a church choir starts to sing,
Their music sounds for miles around and makes Mt. Forist ring.

So up went Pop on pleasure bent to hear a set he'd like to own,
The evening spent and quite content he started back for home.
As down the hill all sheathed with ice, he picked his way alone,
On level ground he stumbled down and broke his ankle bone.

Now, Pop Devost is not around, We miss him from the crew.
And the paper running o'er No. 4 Has changed from brown to blue.

But, brothers, heed this warning, Of the tale that's told to you,
When he went and heard the Grebe He met his Waterloo!

The machine room boys won't have to worry about patching their pants any more. Ernest Thurston is now reading the Sewing Circle of the Boston Post.

CASCADE COMICS



Shorty Gunn of the wood room was struck with a piece of wood from the carrier in the wood room.

Mr. Rowe had the misfortune to injure his hand badly, through an accident in the beater room.

Rube Smith decided he could bounce off the stairs coming down from the wet end of No. 2 paper machine, but he didn't figure out the bottle. It injured his speech not a little.

Levi Paulsen has been reading the fire records of all the big cities, and

staged a rehearsal at the conflagration on the flats, but I am not positive of his taking charge of the Berlin, Gorham and mill fire departments; they were all there. Spike was going to elect him fire-chief of the Copperville department, pending his apprenticeship.

Mr. A. L. Allen of Pittsfield, General Electric Co., has been with us several times within the last month; he knows good company.

Mr. Babson made a trip to Providence, R. I., because of the illness of his sister-in-law.

There was quite an elaborate wiring system for Mac's diamond at the K. of C. Barn Dance, so we are told; but he didn't comply with the law with the dimmers; lots of sore eyes the next morning.

Bert Rumney, foreman of the digester house, was confined to the house for a week or ten days with la grippe.

The barber shop at the waiting room gives the long-haired faces an opportunity of having them mowed, early and often.



We understand that the Sheik of Jefferson is in our midst, and there are many schemes on foot to keep the Essex from bothering the Ford coupes. His disguise was so perfect that it was many moons before he was finally discovered, but the "vilyan" has been recognized.

An omission in these columns last month of the announcement of Archie Leclair's severe attack of pneumonia leads us to comment on the impossibility of following all of the various departments up, unless we have the co-operation of the foremen, by giving us a record of marriages, births, deaths, sickness, council appointees, etc. In fact, anything that is interesting is NEWS.

If you wish to call the Alpha Cellulose Laboratory at Cascade, the number is 572; many who saw Alphace Clous Plant on the directory thought a new comer from Canada had arrived and been assigned a phone.

The summer season has commenced; the boys are preparing for a busy season, and Henrys pass Packards, as though they were posts, with no

thought of speed laws or speed cops, in order to make the 8 o'clock shift.

Tom Tremaine has not been able to resume his duties since his accident.

Al Swift is able to be around, and all his old pals in the sulphite department look forward to the time of his return. We hope it won't be long, Al.

Everett Gatchell started the summer schedule via Essex, on the 24th of February, but on the 26th he rode on Gross' Limited.

Rube Smith has been talking to his hens; a customer, bewailing the fact of the fertility and over-ripeness of the store eggs, confided to Rube that a half-dozen eggs that were not here when Columbus arrived would be a distinct luxury; Rube counted up but found there were only five, so he went out and spoke to the henhouse fore-(wo)man, and the customer departed happily.

H. G. Spear of the sulphite department, was called to Newton, Mass., recently by the death of his mother.

At the meeting of the Nibroc A. A., the same officers were re-elected for the ensuing year.

Spike Hennessey admits that his militia needs a new armory.

A hobo asked Mrs. Kavanaugh for something to eat. "Yess," she replied, "I'll fix you some supper if you'll saw and split some wood, sweep off the walk, fix the hole in the fence, tidy up the dooryard and burn that rubbish piled up at the cellar door."

"Lady," said the hobo, as he started away, "I am only a hobo, I ain't your husband!"

A ROYAL RASH SWASH- BUCKLING SONG

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny, brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in the flagon of sack;
Yet Whoop, Barnanby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

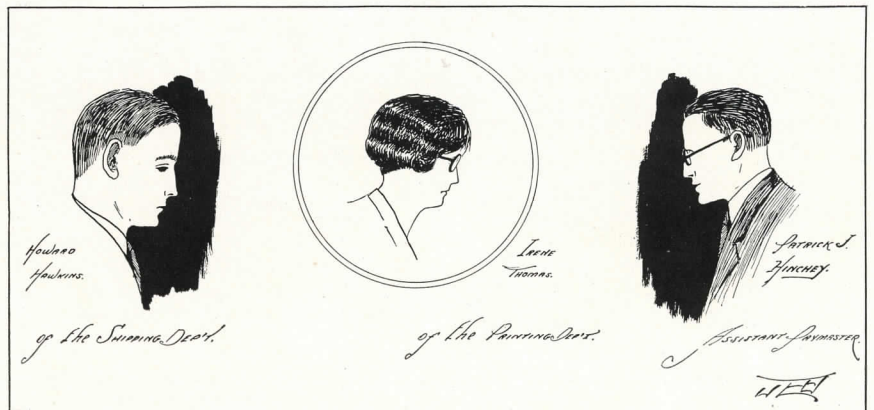
Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's sweet lip,
Says that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! Kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

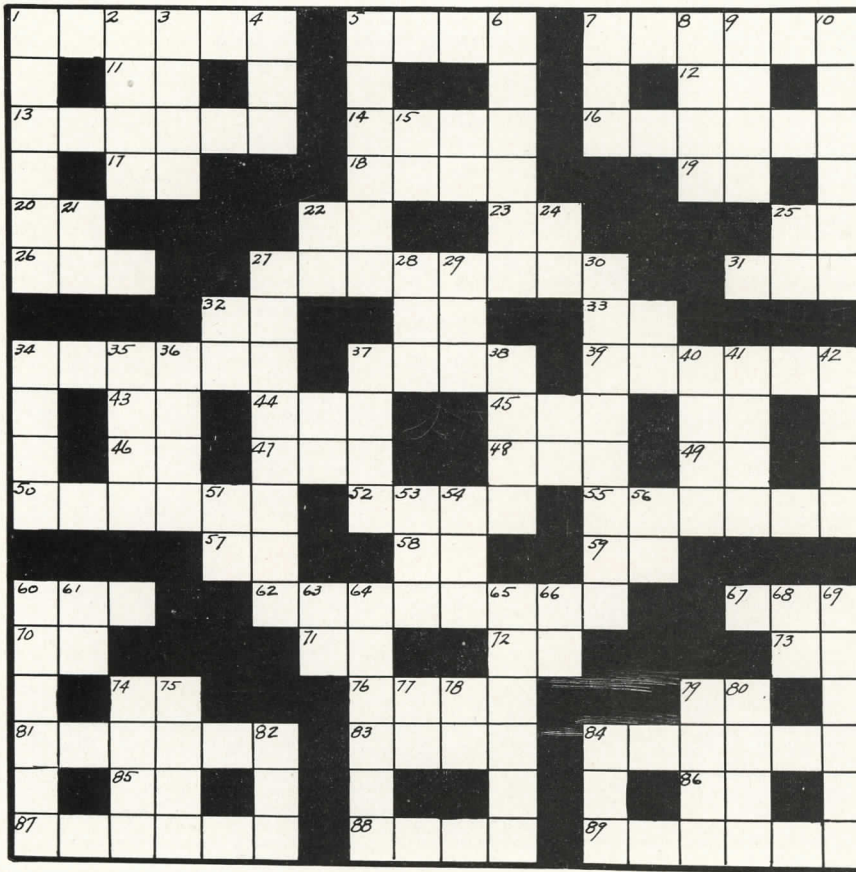
Our vicar thus preaches,—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

HENRY FORD

Is pretty well known, but he found it necessary to spend seven million dollars in 1924 to let the public know that he was still making Ford automobiles.

This ought to make YOU think.





HONORABLE MENTION CROSS WORD PUZZLE

Submitted by W. W. Webber, Berlin

Horizontal

- 1 A town in New Hampshire, also a Cascade boss.
- 5 A vault.
- 7 A town in New Hampshire.
- 11 That well-known sloth.
- 12 Athletic association (abbr.).
- 13 Heavy wooden hammer.
- 14 Any loud noise.
- 16 A bird.
- 17 Tellurium (symbol).
- 18 Mountain range between Europe and Asia.
- 19 Plural ending.
- 20 Army officer (abbr.).
- 22 Province in Canada (abbr.).
- 23 One of Berlin's mills.
- 25 Man's name (abbr.).
- 26 Unit of work.
- 27 A well-known man around Burgess Sulphite Mill.
- 31 A pronoun.
- 32 New England state (abbr.).
- 33 A pronoun.
- 34 Whom do you work for?
- 37 A popular organization of Berlin.
- 39 One of the products of the Brown Company.
- 43 The Keystone State (abbr.).
- 44 An organ of sight.
- 45 The top or summit.
- 46 That sloth again.
- 47 To feel pain.
- 48 Industrial Welfare Workers (abbr.).
- 49 A prefix to give a negative or contrary meaning.
- 50 A rope for leading a horse.
- 52 Any spotted beast.
- 55 The Brown Co. is looking for them every day.
- 57 Direct current (abbr.).
- 58 Sun god.
- 59 A preposition.
- 60 Much in demand for Easter dinner.
- 62 A plant of the aster family.
- 67 A chemist's workshop.
- 70 Own country.
- 71 Remain.
- 72 New England state (abbr.).
- 73 Advanced degree given by colleges.
- 74 The sloth for the last time.
- 76 Determined.
- 79 An after-thought.
- 81 Allied.
- 83 An animal found in this vicinity.
- 84 A mariner.
- 85 In accordance with.
- 86 Each (abbr.).
- 87 A well-known man around the main office.

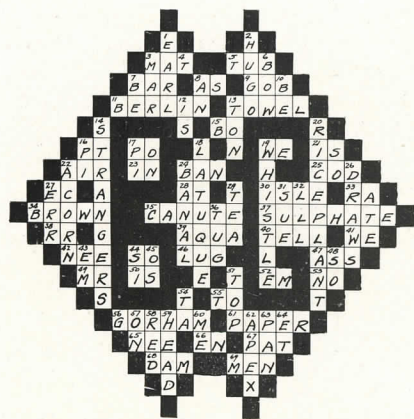
- 88 A file.
- 89 A well-known man around Cascade mill.

Vertical

- 1 A low continued sound.
- 2 Used in a brew.
- 3 A river in Egypt.
- 4 However.
- 5 A song bird.
- 6 A city.
- 7 It aids digestion.
- 8 Scarce.
- 9 Headpieces.
- 10 A loose cape.
- 15 Conjunction.
- 21 Initials of an American president.
- 22 Sodium (symbol).
- 24 Postoffice (abbr.).
- 25 An exclamation of emotion.
- 27 One of the departments in the Brown Company.
- 28 Silent.
- 29 A small child's first lesson.
- 30 The Brown Company couldn't operate without it.
- 32 Manganese (symbol).
- 34 A Saturday night rite.
- 35 A gem.
- 36 Watch.
- 37 A sharp bark.
- 38 Another product made and used by the Brown Company.
- 40 A girl's name.
- 41 All there is left of those Thanksgiving turkeys.
- 42 Hastens.
- 51 Boy's nick name.
- 53 Noah's salvation.
- 54 In the natural state.
- 56 Position on a baseball team (abbr.).
- 60 Uproar.
- 61 Form of the verb, to be.
- 63 A college degree.
- 64 Two of them in the research department.
- 65 Inveigle.
- 66 An exclamation of question.
- 68 Forenoon.
- 69 Not fertile.
- 74 Against.
- 75 An object of worship.
- 77 A technical degree given by some colleges (abbr.).
- 78 A continent (abbr.).
- 79 Wharf.
- 80 A flat piece of anything.
- 82 Period of time.
- 84 Indian tribe.

Doctor (examining patient who has been knocked down by an automobile) —"Just where were you struck?"

Patient—"On Main Street half way between the bank and the post office."



SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

SAFETY LESSONS FROM HISTORY Braddock's Defeat

Back in 1755 when Pittsburgh was known as Fort DuQuesne and the surrounding country was a forest of trees instead of blast furnaces and coke ovens, it was the headquarters of bands of French and Indians who made merciless raids on the American colonists. Public safety demanded that this hazard must be removed.

Consequently an army of 5,000 British regulars was mobilized and marched on Fort DuQuesne. At the head of the expedition was General Edward Braddock, a gallant soldier with a long and successful experience in European wars. His courage was exceeded only by his bull-headedness.

The expedition started off with the band playing and from the advance advertising the French and Indian scouts knew more about Braddock's plan than he did himself. With the expedition was young Major Washington and a small group of colonials. Braddock regarded Washington as a necessary nuisance, like some regard the safety inspector. When Washington politely suggested that they move cautiously and quietly and keep under cover as much as possible, Braddock, who was a little hard boiled, went up in the air.

"Forget that safety first stuff. I've been soldiering since I was 16 years old and have fought the best French troops in Flanders. That mob at Fort DuQuesne will run when they see regular troops. What's the matter—have you lost your nerve?" were his words in effect.

As the ill-fated army approached Fort DuQuesne, it ran into an ambush and the red coats were shot down by bullets from invisible enemies. Braddock fell mortally wounded while trying

to rally his panic stricken troops, paying the penalty for his recklessness. Washington and his colonials, accustomed to Indian warfare saved the army from complete annihilation. They took advantage of the natural safeguards of the forest which Braddock ridiculed and enabled the remnants of the expedition to escape.

The man who later became known as the father of his country believed in it and practiced it. When it was necessary to take a chance he never hesitated but he never risked either himself or his men without good reason. His caution and wisdom, no less than his courage, prevented the complete destruction of Braddock's army, and later guided America through the trying War of Independence when a reckless act might have been fatal to the cause. A really brave man is never ashamed to be careful.

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Orders drawn on the treasurer for the month of February, 1925, were as follows:

Josephine McLaughlin	\$ 38.25
Victor Dutil	48.60
Nils Ronning	37.50
Joseph E. Gogan	14.10
Oscar Loven	28.24
Aurele Napert	57.60
Emmett Sloane	24.00
Louis Glidden	36.00
Wm. Fowler	57.60
John B. Pauquette	35.10
Arthur Cantin	25.50
Mach Labbe	36.00
Dennis Shallow	17.80
Geo. Hopkins	49.20
Joe Plourde	36.00
Ernest St. Hilaire	39.60
Anton Justard	4.30
Joe Arsenault	25.00
Emil Erickson	58.00
Emil Francour	39.60
Joe Cote	12.00
Juliette Boucher	20.75
James Kailey	37.50
Wilfred Tardiff	49.30
D. H. Bonney	8.00
Harmon Boers	112.50
Dedia Guay	100.00
Gardner Hanson	24.30
Stephen Gallant	24.00
Jas. Walker	12.00
Thos. Murtagh	56.80
John Rivard	48.00
Geo. Fountain	32.00
Chas. Given	33.52
Jos. Billodeau	50.80
Henry Hanson	35.10

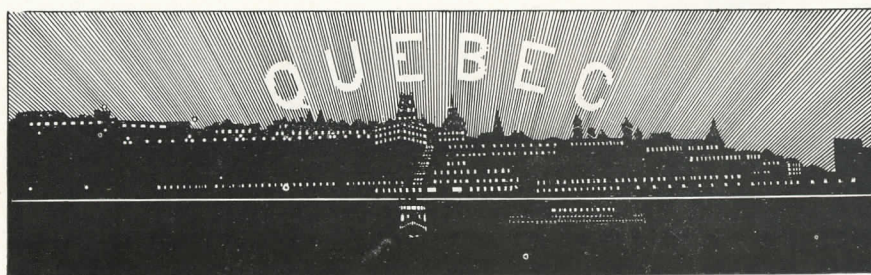
Alex Correau	93.20
Chas. Provencher	72.00
Robert Hamilton	32.00
Kenneth F. Harvey	12.00
J. F. Gauthier	10.00
John Delphonts	60.00
Wilfred Roy	14.82
Chas. H. Welch	60.00
Wm. Garneau	12.50
Biggah Anderson	72.00
Frank Dimont	13.30
Peter Laflamme	11.80
Wm. Cormier	60.00
Alphonse LePage	40.00
W. E. Sawyer	42.12
Thos. Tremain	106.40
Daniel Hughes	8.67
Jos. G. Hamel	46.23
Wm. J. Murphy	40.00
Total	\$2,171.60

What we call bad luck is often the result of poor judgment.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Onesime Hachey	\$ 36.00
Mrs. Margaret Peters	72.00
Rocco Memelo	24.00
Arsene Lebel	52.80
Paul Grondin	60.00
Edmond Roy	50.00
Charles Hawkins	58.00
Peter Belanger	68.80
Lewis Frechette	35.41
Joseph Lapointe	24.00
Joseph Gilbert	72.00
John Hart	12.00
Charles Johnson	16.00
Jacob Sheptor	54.16
Emile Bouchard	86.00
Louis Robichaud	60.00
Wm. Pelchat	36.00
Fred Hud	158.40
Romuald Ancia	108.80
Frank Cole	32.00
Stan Montminy	50.76
Joseph Martin	11.80
Dennis Driscoll	28.68
Edmond Labonte	34.40
Andre Doiron	36.00
Samuel Savage	55.50
John Roy	60.30
Wm. Petit	19.65
Argenes Croteau	24.00
Henry Labbe	2.08
Leon Noel	30.80
Total	\$1,470.34



THE QUEBEC DOG SLED DERBY 1925

The Quebec Dog Derby, which has become an annual event, run under the auspices of The Eastern International Dog Sled Derby Club, Inc., lived up to expectations by being bigger and better than ever in 1925. It was run on February 19, 20, and 21.

First Day

On the opening day of the race twenty-two teams were lined up, and all got away to good starts with the exception of Jack Robert's team, which clashed with that of Madden & Son and forced the former to start with only five dogs instead of his original seven.

Madden's, the first team to leave, was sent off at nine o'clock sharp and was followed by Roberts at nine three, and the others at intervals of three minutes. Hardly had the last team left the starting point when word was received that the first teams were reaching Charlesbourg.

At Riviere Jaune the three first teams to get off were bunched closely. Roberts had gained nine minutes on Chevrette and fourteen on Madden. Stoneham was reached with little change in the running order. Then, when it was expected that the next news would

come from Lake St. Charles, a telephone message was received at the Drill Hall from Indian Lorette saying that two teams had already passed the church there and giving the time as eleven fifty-nine. The officials discredited this report at first as it was so much faster than last year's time, but it was confirmed a few minutes later by a wire from Loretteville to the effect that Roberts and Chevrette had passed there running a dead heat, with Dupuis of the Gulf Pulp & Paper Co. only 16 minutes behind.

Then came news of Malloy, Belanger, Price Brothers, Madden, Russick, and the others one by one until those assembled at the Drill Hall realized that dog history was being made and that record time would be established for the first leg of the race.

With most of the teams past Loretteville it was thought that the long climb up the Suede Road to St. Foye roads would slow up the pace, but St. Foye reported that Chevrette and Roberts had passed there at one twenty-two, still dead heated, in which position they remained till almost at the post where Chevrette forged ahead, finishing fifteen seconds ahead of Roberts. Shorty Russick was next to arrive, eleven minutes after the first pair, plac-

ing third on elapsed time for the first day, with St. Goddard first and Earl Brydges, second.

Second Day

Emil St. Goddard, who drove Jack Bacon's team of huskies under the colors of the Franquelin Lumber Co., who made a record for the course of 4 hours and 6 minutes on the first day, seven minutes ahead of Brydges who placed second, again placed first on the second day of the race and increased his lead to 25 minutes. Starting in tenth place, young St. Goddard gradually made up ground to flash across the finish line second, only 16 minutes after Therrien, driving for Holt Renfrew, who had been the first to be sent on his way, had broken the imaginary tape on Grand Allee. St. Goddard was the ensconced favorite to win the race, although an hour separated the first ten teams.

Five teams did not face the starter on the second day, while Clouthier dropped out after passing Stoneham. The following are the teams which dropped out: McCombe, Citadel Brick, Malloy, Fonderie de L'Islet, and Brown Corporation.

Two drivers made better time on the second day than on the first, Therrien of Holt Renfrew, taking five minutes off his time, and Dupuis of Gulf Paper, making up one minute.

Last Day

The weather conditions on the last day were not good for making up time, due to a strong wind and snowfall, but nevertheless Chevrette bettered his time for the two previous days and came within one minute and fifty seconds of the record set up by St. Goddard on Saturday, taking second place on the three days' racing. Earl



THE PICTURES

FIRST ROW, Left to Right: 1—MacDonald. 2—Henri Skeene with the Brown Corporation team from La Tuque. 3—St. Goddard.
 SECOND ROW, Left to Right: 1—Shorty Russick of Le Pas who finished fourth. 2—J. Bacon of Le Pas, owner of winning team with St. Goddard, driver, near sled. 3—Arthur T. Walden of Wonolancet, N. H., starting from Drouin Bridge.
 THIRD ROW, Left to Right: 1—MacDonald. 2—MacDonald with two of his dogs. 3—Earl Brydges, winner of last year's Derby.
 FOURTH ROW, Left to Right: 1—Philip Malloy of Berlin, N. H., Exhibition Grounds where dogs were quartered. 2—Chevrette of Quebec, who made the best time on the last day on Grand Allee. 3—La Cie de Balais de Montmagny.
 FIFTH ROW, Left to Right: 1—Bacon and St. Goddard at Exhibition Grounds. 2—A small part of the crowd on Grand Allee down which the dogs raced to the finish. 3—MacDonald.

Owner	Driver	Time 1st Day	Time 2nd Day	Time for Two Days
Franquin Lumber Co.				
J. Bacon	St. Goddard	4.06	4.28.45	8.34.45
Chevrette	Chevrette	4.26	4.34.30	9.00.30
Holt Renfrew	Therrien	4.33	4.32.00	9.05.00
Russick	Russick	4.19	4.57.30	9.16.30
Roberts	Roberts	4.22.15	5.02.15	9.25.30
Walden	Walden	4.43.50	4.48.10	9.32.00
Ontario Pulp & Paper	Brydges	4.13.45	4.57.05	9.10.50
Gulf Pulp & Paper	F. Dupuis	4.39.30	4.34.25	9.13.55
Laporte Martin	Beauvais	4.31.30	4.48.35	9.20.05
Price Brothers	J. Dupuis	4.29.00	5.06.00	9.35.00
Blouin & Freres	Blouin	4.50.00	5.15.35	10.05.35
Mir. de Balais	Belanger	5.04.55	5.38.00	10.42.45
MacDonald	MacDonald	5.18.45	5.38.00	10.56.45
N. B. The remaining teams dropped out after the first or second day.				

Latest Publications

How to eat and live one hundred years,
by A. E. Sl- -n.
Cribbage as it should be played, by
F. J. G-lm-n.
Life and habits of a wood-pecker, by
G. G. G-ll-rd.
Some cross puzzles I have solved, by
S. J. B-nn-tt.
How the Beavers won the champion-
ship in 1925, by S. M. R-b-rts-n.
Why the ear protector has disappeared
from society, by E. M. M- -r-.
The nutritious value of the prune, by
E. Sv-n- -.
Care and preservation of trees, by W.
E. Cr- -ght-n.
Running cost of the motorcycle, by W.
M. B-n- -.
Strategic points of Badminton, by H.
Cl-ff-rd.

**ROUGHNECKS**

Back Row, Left to Right—Beatrice Olsen, Hazel Garvin, Fred Burger, Irene Davies, Lillian Hansen
Front Row—Charlotte Bennett, Ethel Gilman, Eva Morgan, Capt., Ada Steele, Clarice Barraclough

Basketball

The ladies' section have finished their schedule. There was a lot more interest taken in the game than there was last year, and some very good games resulted. Roughnecks are champions with the Paddies in second place. Canadians although they did not win any matches, never gave up trying.

Men's Section

The Granites are still ahead in the league standing with the Leones one game behind. The Leones have to play one more game with the Granites, and providing they win it will most probably necessitate a deciding game. There are only three more games on the schedule, which should finish by the last of March.

Hockey

La Tuque boys are still in the running for the Intermediate Championship of the Province of Quebec. They have only to meet one more team, and providing they win these games they will return champions of Quebec. The first of the elimination games was played at Chicoutimi, La Tuque winning 2 to 1. This is the first game that La Tuque boys have won on Chicoutimi ice. The second elimination game was played at Quebec against St. Valier, winners of the Quebec City League. La Tuque whitewashed their opponents, 3 to 0. The third and fourth elimination games were played with Sherbrooke Wanderers. La Tuque won the first encounter at Quebec 5 to 1. The second game took place at Lennoxville, Que. This game ended 2

not win a game they kept trying, and the last game they played resulted in a draw, so that they had one point to their credit in the league standing.

Brown Corporation Inter-Department Hockey League

Barney's Spark Plugs vanquished Dave's Buck Saws in a very wonderful exhibition of shinny. The score was 4 to 2. Mike Gillard, the Lionel Hitchman of La Tuque, demonstrated his ability as a puck chaser and was responsible for at least three of the Spark Plugs' tallies. With a little more training Tom Gagne, the Benedict of La Tuque, should be able to take his place in professional ranks. Tom stopped them with his eyebrows and anything that he had handy. Brod Poitras, the captain of the Buck Saws, demonstrated his ability as an aquatic star and brought tears of merriment to the eyes of the spectators.

Dave's Buck Saws, who are wonders for punishment, and are not in any way daunted by their defeat at the hands of the Spark Plugs, challenged Sam Arnott's Papermakers. The only reason for the Papermakers' winning was the rough way in which they handled the Buck Saws who average 175 lbs. per man against the Papermakers' 145 lbs. Dave's team are good sports though, and, although they will be unable to get their revenge this season, have decided to start training in ample time for next winter.



to 2. The result of the two games gave La Tuque the right to play in the finals.

La Tuque City League

The schedule of the Local League left the Canadians the champions who won all their games except one which was a drawn game. Royals were second with the Brave Beavers bringing up the rear. Although the Beavers did

Final Standing of League

	Played	Won	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
Roughnecks	6	5	1	164	123	10
Paddies	6	4	2	161	81	8
Canadians	6	0	6	65	177	0
High Scorers						Points
Ethel Gilman—Roughnecks						140
Mrs. T. Cleland—Paddies						83
Anita Roy—Canadians						52



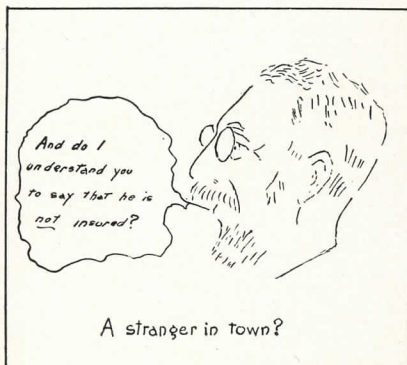
PADDIES

Front Row, Left to Right—Mrs. C. Fox, Mrs. W. J. Sharpe, Mrs. E. A. White, Capt., Mrs. A. Bayne
Back Row—Mrs. J. B. Martin, Mrs. Thos. Cleland, Mrs. L. R. Gorham



CANADIANS

Front Row, Left to Right—Mrs. P. Mongrain, Anita Roy, Capt., Jeanne Filion
Back Row—Elsie Hebert, Lucia Ballaire, Mariette Bergeron, Mary Banville



SADI CARNOT

To the man of the street, the name of Nicholas Leonard Sadi Carnot signifies but little, for the fame of this Frenchman, who a little over one hundred years ago formulated the fundamental law of the relation between heat and mechanical work, has never passed beyond the boundaries of a comparatively small circle of scientists and engineers.

As Dr. Pupin recently said: "Car-

not's Principle as originally formulated by the discoverer is the only trusty guide in our studies of the operations by which heat is harnessed to do mechanical work and render service during its passage from a higher to a lower temperature level, an operation so well illustrated by the performance of the steam engine. But in order that heat may perform that service it is necessary to guide it in its passage from higher to lower temperature levels by a suitable mechanism. Carnot described an ideal mechanism by means of which the maximum service is obtainable. Carnot was only a youngster of barely twenty-eight, and perfectly unknown to the academicians of France, when in 1824 he published his epoch-making essay on "The Moving Power of Fire." The concepts of "work" and "energy," so clearly defined in Carnot's mind, had only just begun to find their way into scientific thought, so that as we look back today we cannot help thinking that Carnot was far ahead of his time; he was a prophet, and a prophet is always hard to understand."

Carnot's principle can be summed up briefly as follows:

"Heat can do mechanical work by passing from a higher to a lower temperature level, if suitably harnessed. When that passage is effected by means of a reversible cycle, the maximum amount of work will be obtained, and this amount will be independent of everything except the initial and final temperature."

The first to decipher Carnot's message was William Thomson, who later became Lord Kelvin. It enabled Thomson to construct a new and absolute scale of temperature. With an absolute scale of temperature it became an easy matter to express Carnot's Principle in the various mathematical forms known today as the Second Law of Thermodynamics. After him came Maxwell, to explain dynamically the efficiency of the transformation of heat into mechanical work; Willard Gibbs, to apply it in the study of chemical reactions; and William Rankine, to make the calculations upon which our uses of steam are based. After them came Corliss engines, Parsons turbines, and Curtis turbines.

"The measure of (our) dependence on power drawn from heat as a source is the measure of the obligation which we owe to do honor to the name of Sadi Carnot."



DAVE'S LUCK & SAWS

Back Row, Left to Right—N. Dube, T. Gagne, J. Gagne, D. Lawrence, J. Dion, A. Lindsay
Front Row—R. Belanger, S. Lacombe, W. Poitras, A. Morin



BARNEY KEENAN'S SPARK PLUGS

Left to Right—A. Plante, O. Decaire, G. Gillard, B. Keenan, B. Bilodeau, M. Creighton, P. Boudreau, M. Purcell
Kneeling—C. Gauthier, G. Matte, S. Guilbault, W. Hayes
Center—Cup Donated by the Buck Saws

ANECDOTES OF GEO. F. BAKER

As told by Charles E. Mitchell

Incidentally, he had an uncle by marriage whom he knew as "Uncle John," and he used to see Uncle John sitting up on the porch while others were at work, and he asked a boy and inquired how it was that Uncle John did not have to work, and he was told that Uncle John lived on interest money, and he thereupon, after some thought, declared to his fellows that some day he was going to live on interest money, too, and he made an early start.

—Selected.

THE SAFETY LITANY

From the pinhead who takes chances to show his nerve;
From the unmitigated boob who doesn't believe in guards and removes them when the foreman's back is turned;
From the pest who plays practical jokes on his fellow workers;
From the conceited ass who knows too much to take advice;
From the poor nut who leaves tools, nails and boards all over the place for others to step on or trip over;
From the non-essential citizen who

boasts of his law-breaking exploits;
From the guy who throws lighted matches and live butts around without thought of the consequences;
From the road hog and the drunken driver;
From these and all the other accident makers you can think of—
GOOD LORD DELIVER US!

A BARE-FOOTED ARMY

The Christmas number of a farm paper has this gem, which might apply to a kraft mill as well as to a news print one:

There are few things more interesting than a visit to one of these immense paper making plants, with its huge and complicated machines, in which ground up and digested wood (mixed with liquid to about the consistency of a sloppy mash) is converted at tremendous speed into miles and miles of clean, strong paper—paper that is later to be shipped in prodigious rolls to the four corners of the earth and to carry to you and me the startling news of murders, elections, and zero weather at White River. There is the astounding whirr of machinery, the bare-footed army of "Trouble Shooters" whose work it is nimbly and quickly to repair breakages in the unending strip of paper that is passing through each machine (in performing which work they must clamber over, into and through the paper machines), and the ever present sense of speed and efficiency.—Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada.

WHAT IS NEWS?

One ordinary man plus one ordinary life—0.
One ordinary man plus one ordinary adventure—News.
One ordinary husband plus one ordinary wife—0.
One husband plus three wives—News.
One bank cashier plus one wife plus seven children—0.
One bank cashier plus \$10,000—News.
One chorus girl plus one bank president plus \$100,00—News.
One man plus one auto plus one gun plus one quart—News.
One man plus one wife plus one row plus one lawsuit—News.
One man plus one achievement—News.
One woman plus one adventure or achievement—News.
One ordinary man plus one ordinary life of 70 years—0.
One ordinary man plus one ordinary life of 100 years—News.