



THE BROWN BULLETIN^x



VOL. VI.

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BERLIN, N. H., AUGUST 1, 1924

No. 2



RESEARCH LABORATORIES FROM MAIN STREET

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. VI.

AUGUST, 1924

No. 2

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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

Miss E. A. Uhlschoeff, Supervising Nurse; Mrs. Laura Steady, R. N., Assistant Supervisor and Child Welfare Nurse; Miss Dorothy Goodwin, R. N., and Mrs. Margaret Willard, R. N., District Nurses; Miss Gertrude Kennedy, R. N., and Mrs. Maurice Hutchins, R. N., Industrial Nurses. Office, 22 High Street; telephone 85; office hours, 8-8.30 a. m. Company office, telephone 283-W, or to any Brown Company time office. Working hours (except for emergencies) 8 a. m., to 6 p. m. A nurse answers all first calls from any source, but may not continue upon a case except a doctor is in charge.

BROWN COMPANY SURGICAL SERVICE

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

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Open to all employees except those eligible to Burgess Relief Association

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Vice-Pres., Peter Landers, Cascade
Sec., P. L. Murphy, Cascade
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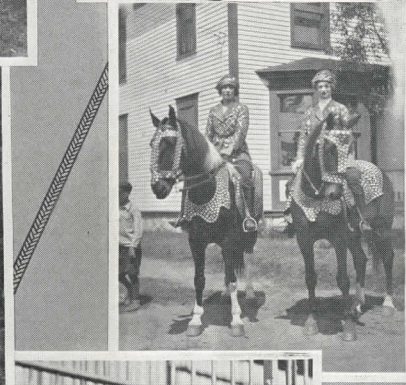
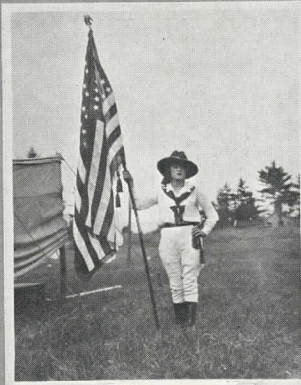
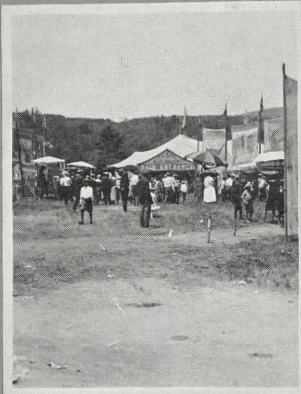
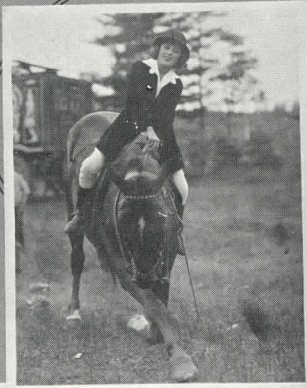
BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Indemnities paid for the month of
June, 1924, were as follows:

Arthur Langis	\$ 20.90
Fortunate L'Heureux	13.80
John Oleson	27.80
Ed Fortier	27.60
Donald Poirier	24.00
Martin Christianson	13.20
Paul Martinson	20.30
Marie L. Parent	26.70
Dagna Oleson	25.50
James Kitteridge	49.80
Geo. Fecteau	45.90
J. F. Robichaud	42.00
John Turner	64.00
W. O'Donnell	83.04
Pat Collins	83.74
Lucy Royer	16.32
Geo. Pinard	43.00
Emmett Sloane	36.00
Henry Ploude	24.00
Mrs. Mary Myers	484.00
Norman Oleson	11.80
Geo. Clinch	18.10
Pierre Cantin	10.75
Ernest Carberry	8.00
Florence Bennett	232.91
Louis Potter	39.66
John Lolasky	43.75
E. L. Lepage	26.40
Ed Fournier	53.83
Adolph Goebel	68.00
Leo Hinchey	54.80
Gideon Barbin	75.00
John Samson	28.00
John Gauthier	280.00
Tito Sinbald	62.50
Herman Welch	56.00
Jos. Tellier	81.00
Rose Lemeux	27.00
Andrew McDonald	86.00
Nelson Bouchard	12.70
Mike Gorman	72.00
Alphonse Nadeau	25.40
Fred Bergeron	54.40
Herb Deal	28.00
Arthur Houle	16.00
Joseph Houle	12.00
Louis Paradis	24.00
John Fabasiac	38.10
Oscar Erickson	12.00
Sidney Pilgrim	45.90
Jas. Labbe	4.00
Thos. F. Ross	26.00
Geo. Austin	68.50
Total	\$2,874.10

CIRCUS DAY IN BERLIN, N. H.





UPPER PLANTS NOTES



MAIN OFFICE

Our shy and delightfully demure little Brownie has been seen out Ford-ing quite frequently the last few days,—which fact sets us to wondering why someone did not wake up long, long ago. There's nothing like having in-terests in your own home town.

The window frame department folks are all wearing long faces. Our little Jack Horner, otherwise "Skish," has been transferred to the corner where Walter Elliott and Maurice Oleson reign supreme.

Rena Morris recently motored to Portland and back. She reports a fine trip and gives out the astonishing news that the Ford coupe took Spruce Hill on high—almost.

The Main Office Outing

The main office folks enjoyed a picnic lunch and frolic at the Dolly Copp camp grounds, Thursday evening, July 11.

This was the first picnic of the season and over 40 boys and girls (for we are all boys and girls) turned out in the proper mood for a jolly good time.

The lunch was thoroughly enjoyed by all and the great slices of sweet juicy watermelon made a delicious desert.

The ringleaders of the Joy Band were either absent or enjoying a period of relaxation, for the merry-making was dulled by lack of the usual leadership. Captain Nora—well, we'll excuse her this time. A true captain never champions more than one cause at a time—and Nora surely had another cause. The absence of Lieut. Billy Oleson caused quite a drop in the temperature, too. However, Roger and Warren kept things humming in their locality. Everyone joined in and played tag until the game got so far advanced that no one knew who was IT—and everyone called themselves IT and quit the game.

Everyone had a good time but, of course, we have our regrets, one of which is that the sign "Just married" failed to go up river. That must have been one of the jokes that was too good to go through. And, by the way, we also regret that Sonny got stuck

on the Gorham road and held up the supper hour a considerable length of time.

We hereby enter another application for another outing in the near future with the request that the officers of the army be present with a full program for the evening's performance.

All the old songs seem to have been banished from civilization and the only thing we hear now is "Oh, It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More." It's a wonderful song, no doubt, but we do wish folks would sing it with variations, at least.



CAPTAIN ROWELL WAS ALL DRESSED UP ONE DAY A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO

Talking about ads—here's what we might have had in the ad column of our paper. One of our girls in the office might have entered a LOST ad. Somebody might have entered a FOUND ad and some one else might have entered a RECEIVED ad. We know you would like to know what it's all about—but—it is against the rules and regulations of social etiquette to breathe a word about it. You'll just have to wonder.

We enjoyed the circus parade very much, thank you. Yes, we liked the clowns best. And—speaking of clowns—we would like to know just what the clowniest clown meant when he designated the Brown Company store and offices as the Old Maids' Home. And when he called four of our young girls "Four Old Maids in a Row," he said something pretty dangerous. No one knows what might have happened if he had been on this side of the car track.

Clowns may be funny, but they know what they are talking about. We are all anxious for the next circus parade.

FOR SALE.—One Crosley Model XJ Radio set, 4 tubes, including 3 head sets and aerial. This set is practically new. Price right. Apply to Miss Eva M. Young, 85 High St.

At this writing Mr. Swan is enjoying his vacation at Falmouth Foreside, Me. Arline Cooper is also enjoying her vacation.

In the coming primaries, Lieut.-Col. Oscar P. Cole will run against Representative Ed Wason for the Republican nomination for representative in Congress from the second New Hampshire district.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Hon. Hugh K. Moore has filed as a candidate in the coming primaries for the Republican nomination as state senator.

Mr. Harold P. Vannah is out for the Democratic nomination for representative to the General Court from Gorham.

Born, July 2, a daughter, Ruth Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Van Arsdel. The department sends greetings and thanks for the cigars and candy.

The following new men have been added to the department:

Chemists:

Frederick W. Vogel, Dartmouth '22.
M. S. '24.

Edwin C. Goehring, R. P. I., '23.

Malcolm R. Haskell, Mass. Agricul-

tural College '24.

Paul Leavitt, Tufts '24.

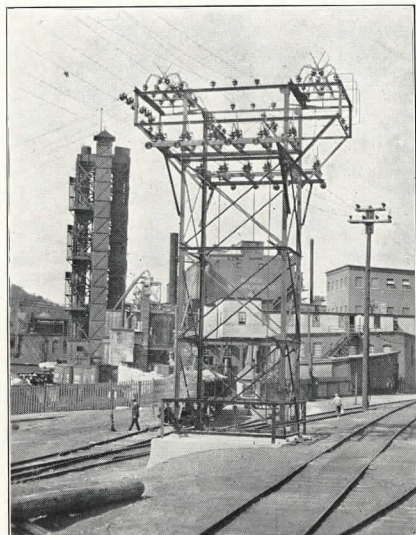
W. Christie Riecker, U. of M. '24.

Chemists' assistants:

David D. Stafford, B. H. S. '26.

Paul F. Hannah, Dartmouth '27.

Charles Rich, M. I. T. '26.



BUILT BY THE CASCADE ELECTRICAL CREW

Jere Steady is moaning a mean saxophone at the Errol dances this summer.

Gordon Cave spent his vacation tramping about the mountains and enjoying our North Country Wonderland from the back porch.

If "Pete" Stafford caught as many fish as he does mosquito bites, all the department would be supplied.

No wonder John Graff liked the circus.

It is hard to distinguish Carl Gunsel from Mr. Moore these days when they come from the calcium-arsenate plant.

Donald White is enjoying his vacation at Shady Nook, near Ellsworth, Maine.

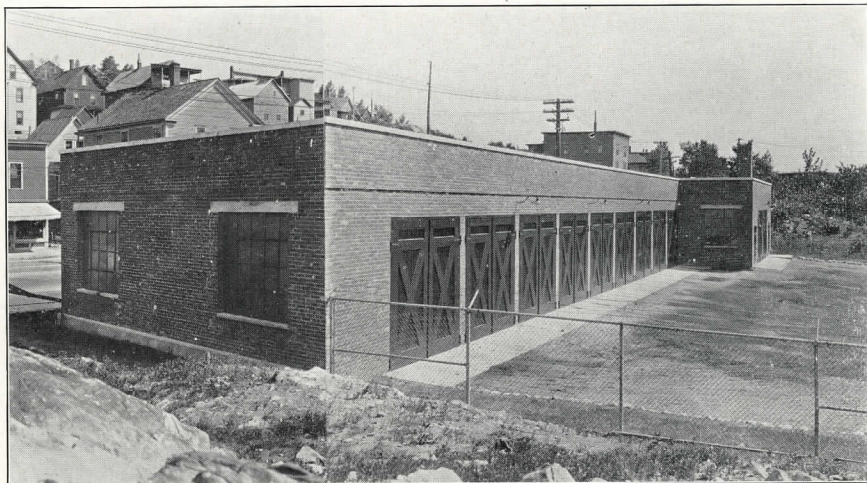
Dr. Thing is back from Iowa, safe and sound after a rousing good vacation among the Hawkeyes.

A clever surprise party was arranged for Geo. Oleson on his birthday by his many friends at Berlin Mills and the Research. Dancing was enjoyed and delicious refreshments served. He was presented with a purse of money and, although surprised, responded gratefully.

July—the month of vacations: Fred Pilgrim at Cedar Pond; Emile Lettre at Little Squam Lake; Molly McKelvey at Orono, Maine; Albert Chase at Ellsworth, Me.; Walter Malloy

roaming around somewhere in Canada and Donald Gross at Quebec of course.

Carl Gunsel motored to his home at Johnston, N. Y., for the Fourth.



NEW BROWN COMPANY GARAGE, BERLIN, N. H.

PORTLAND OFFICE

CHARLES P. LUNT

Charles P. Lunt, who has been in the employ of the company at Portland, as carpenter for the past ten years, died on July 5th at State Street Hospital as the result of injuries received two weeks before at Falmouth Fore-side, when on stepping into the road from the company's truck he was struck by an automobile coming from the opposite direction. He had four broken ribs, a fractured shoulder and vertebra and probable internal injuries the extent of which could not be determined by the several X-ray photographs taken at the time. Although he suffered severely there was some ground for hope that he might recover with time and care, and this hope was augmented by his apparent increase in strength and courage as the days went by. On the afternoon of the Fourth, however, it became difficult for him to breathe, and he passed away about twenty-four hours later.

Mr. Lunt was unmarried, was born in Falmouth sixty-six years ago, and before coming into the employ of the company was in the provision business with Morrill & Ross. He is survived by two brothers, Capt. John H. Lunt, of Falmouth, and Osgood Lunt, of Columbus, Ohio, and by two sisters, Mrs. James E. Anderson, of South Portland, and Miss Belle Lunt, of Welchville.

The outstanding characteristics of Mr. Lunt were his faithfulness and his kindliness of nature. The latter trait was more or less concealed under a somewhat taciturn exterior, but there was ample evidence of his warm-heartedness as those who knew him best could testify, and his circle of friends here included men on the wharf and men in the office. His best efforts were given unstintingly wherever his services were needed. He accepted responsibilities that he was not morally bound to assume, and his quiet, unselfish way of discharging them was little short of heroic. The recollection of his unostentatious life will contain many pleasant and helpful memories, and it is safe to say that he will not be forgotten.



CHARLES P. LUNT

AFTER THE GREEK

THE Olympic games are commanding the attention of the whole athletic world this year. For months before the events we heard of the possible winners of the swimming contests—the best bet in the dashes, the probable winner among the discus throwers, etc., etc. Men and women from every part of the globe try to win honors in athletic races for their countries at these meets.

At the mention of the games comes the thought of the original games on Olympia, and of the time when every Greek was brought up to respect the athlete and to mould his life after his, and of the time when men spent ten months preparing for the contests. We learn that the Greek trained from childhood to develop perfect bodies—that physical weakness was scorned. Every individual was expected to make his body as beautiful as possible; it was the age when strength and beauty held sway.

Not just a few members of society devoted their time to athletics and exercises. Of course, the time came when even the old Olympic games became professional; but even then the busiest business man and the most rushed politician in all Greece is said to have given a definite part of his day to beautifying the body.

To compare the energy of the trained Greek with the working man of today brings sad results. We people of the twentieth century are too rushed, too crowded to throw off our sluggishness—we "haven't the time." Even spring with its natural urging powers touches us lightly. Some days when we feel full of pep, or have eaten too heartily for even an easy conscience, we go through a daily dozen in a half-hearted way. Our main recreation is an evening in a stuffy movie after a heavy dinner.

Did you ever hear of a runner of Greece having dyspepsia?

Yet, the American business man with all his ailments—foremost among which is stomach trouble—is reputed more active than any of his foreign brothers! The trouble must lie in the fact that his energy is directed in the wrong channels. He has a reputation of working on his nerves.

A nation which can develop the fastest and strongest athletes among the nations of the world should naturally be expected to have a higher percentage of citizens with strong bodies!

Every man owes it to himself to take a lesson from the Greeks. It may be a brisk walk, taken at regular intervals every day—it may be a bicycle ride—it may only be climbing the cherry tree in the back yard for the folks in the country, or a race around the apartment house for the people in the cities. It may mean a swim in the old hole at Rock Centre, or at the beaches and municipal pools. Perhaps the best exercise can be gotten in your own garden. Garden vegetables, by the way, are a fine help in the training course. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company provides health booklets every month which point the way to keeping well and show how to treat ills which come.

If you want a strong healthy body, you may have it. There is no expense involved. Like everything else in the world which is free, however, we are inclined to be skeptical of it. If fresh air were sold at a premium, we all would certainly be bidding for it. It's there—we have only to take it. Throw off the sluggishness that has been holding you back mentally and physically all winter!

Look in the glass tomorrow—exercise and get fresh air for a few weeks—then look again! Your lesson from the Greeks will pay!

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

William Petite.....	\$ 45.85
Herbert McLellan.....	30.80
Joseph Croteau (acct. Felix Croteau)	62.50
Amedie Labontie.....	24.00
Edward Nolette.....	34.00
Peter Lavigne.....	36.00
William Landry.....	48.00
Homer Williams.....	46.80
Theodore Albert.....	2.00
Mrs. John Haney (acct. Richard Osborne)	148.00
Lorenzo Leclerc.....	6.00
Dominic Ottoline.....	12.00
Alphonse Badeau.....	13.60
Alfred Peltier.....	28.00
Victor Lacombe.....	90.00
Peter Belanger.....	60.00
Amie Blais.....	19.80
B. E. Brann.....	25.10
Joseph Grandchamp.....	78.00
Narcisse Letellier.....	28.93
Thomas Tardiff.....	51.20
Eddie Obert.....	66.00
Mrs. Effie Neil.....	100.00
Frank Femia.....	48.00
Total	\$1,104.58



LA TUQUE MECHANICS BAND . JUNE 22, 1924



CASCADE JUICE



Mr. and Mrs. Denis McKelvey have motored to New York City to visit friends and relatives.

George Boulay, the Doc. Steinmetz of Cascade mill, and his man, Paul Dubois, were burned out the night that the bucket conveyor was on fire. Their work shop was completely burnt out. Paul has been around looking for charity ever since.

"Honest John" Keleher's name has been changed to "Smiling John." There is a grain of humor in all clams.

"Chub" Ford of Detroit was around for a few days renewing old acquaintances. He said that Berlin reminded him of Detroit. It was so different.

John Lynch and Joe Guerin went to Lowell and Boston visiting friends, they also took in the Elks' Parade in Boston. Tain't gonna rain no more.

Mr. and Mrs. Harland T. Jefferson have returned from their annual 600-mile tour of Canada, visiting friends and relatives.

Andy McDonald is back on the job after being on the sick list for several weeks. He spent the most of his time at Aker's Pond. If any of you ardent fishermen are looking for an alibi to get away from friend wife for several weeks, see Andy and he will no doubt put you wise. One requirement that you will need is to be a member of the Androscoggin Valley Fish and Game Club, and another, is that you are a supporter of the 6-inch trout law.

Levi Paulsen, the Mrs., and all the little Paulsens are enjoying their vacation touring the country in Mr. Ford's ten millionth car.

Our hats are off to Mr. Corbin. He marched the whole length of the Elks' Parade in Boston, and was in condition to go over the march again, while some of the younger Elks stood on the side lines.

Spike Hennessey and Albion Streeter went to Boston during the Elks' Convention, and have very lame necks,

owing to the super-abundance of dampness, and the height of the buildings.

William Cunningham has moved from the suburbs to the village proper into his new home, recently purchased from Alfred Mortenson.

Oliver Keenan is progressing favorably, and was a visitor recently.

The elevator for the chips to the chip loft in the sulphite department is being enclosed in a cement compartment, which will make a future fire improbable.

Our assistant superintendent, W. T. Libby, was "there" in the Martindale-Gorham Golf Tourney at Lewiston, and while he didn't trim his man, his man didn't show him up. Some of the other members weren't as fortunate, and it looks rather like our Maine boys were trying to show this Gorham club up—but Ike had better watch out for the next match—some of the boys wield a mean stick, and when they get going, they resemble a Sarazen or Kirkwood.

Mr. Spear, our sulphite superintendent, was away a week in July.

At last reports there was one more on Hodgman's upper lip. Pete Anderson says he's going after Charlie Chaplin's job.

Harold Eastman says his Overland runs as well with gas as it does without it.

A small blaze in the sulphite department came near doing serious damage, and a timely discovery and quick action on the part of Messrs. King and Bilodeau prevented a serious conflagration.

Some of the route (auto) books are good, but they don't show the parking areas.

Fish are higher and they are so dear now that gold fish would be cheaper—latest advice from the sulphite department.

J. W. Boily and family spent a week in July at Cedar Lake.

About the only good road now is the Glen road, so they say.

Geo. Snow has some kittens to place in good homes. He says they're "coons"—all black.

Rube Smith took a short vacation and when last seen was at the Walter L. Mains circus. Anybody seeing Rube, will please notify Cascade Time Office and receive reward.

Mike Murtagh is assisting in the main office.

Messrs. Brennan and Hannaford are away seeing "our own country first." Guess they are busy for we haven't seen any cards yet.

Miss Kennedy, our popular nurse, is away on her vacation, after a busy year repairing broken fingers, and incidental mill injuries.

Mr. Hinchey, our good-looking paymaster, was at the Elks' Convention in Boston, but the watch went to Philadelphia.

John McCrystle has returned from a very serious leave of absence, and he looks fairly normal, but time will bring him back to earth, and with Mrs. McCrystle, we wish him a long happy married life. Congratulations from the Nibroc organization.

H. R. Titus is away on a vacation.

Miss Hinchey is working in the main office.

Miss Hodgdon is supplying in Miss Kennedy's absence.

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

Al Swift of Gorham is working in Mr. Palmer's office.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

A DAY ON BEAUTIFUL

LAKE UMBAGOG

Our party, including Mr. M. H. Taylor, one of his sons, Fred Sheldon and the writer, were guests, you might say, for the day of Mr. Eldon Pierce. We left Berlin in Mr. Pierce's car at 7 a. m. and enjoyed a most beautiful ride to beyond Errol dam. The ride of itself was enough pleasure for one day. We embarked at about 9.30 and, after a short sail, we found we had to break our way through a lot of logs and lift the boat over a boom, which we did successfully with the help of two river hogs. We then shot along up river about two miles and we were on the lake. The real fisherman of the party, Mr. Sheldon, soon had his line out trolling. Meanwhile a strong wind came up which was with us. We had not gone very far, when Fred said, "Hold up! I am snagged.". The motor was shut off and the oars were worked, trying to get back to his supposed snag. After about fifteen minutes of hard work, we managed to get back somewhere near the hook, and lo and behold we found a three-pound pickerel on it. It is a good thing we could get back to the seat of trouble, for, if that pickerel had taken a notion to go ashore, we would have gone with it. Of course we had lots of fun with Fred, but as usual, it didn't bother him a bit. We got several snags after that, but no more fish like that one. On our trip down the lake we landed on Dutton's Island, the summer home of the late Harry Dutton of the firm of Houghton & Dutton, Boston. A most magnificent place. Before this we had gone ashore and had a very fine picnic lunch. On our way back we stopped at Chandler's camp. We did not catch many fish. Although we had out four lines, about all we got was each other's lines. However, it was a beautiful day and everything went fine from start to finish. In fact as far as the writer is concerned, it was the most enjoyable of many trips he has been privileged to take in this wild and lovely North Country.

We arrived home without incident or accident at 9.30 p. m.

Lucy and Bertha Hamel had a most enjoyable visit in Canada over the

Fourth but they forgot to bring the Old Man his smile. How thoughtless!

Anyone wishing to hear a good story might ask Jim Kearns about the time he went picking strawberries in November up at Copperville.

We are sure Johnnie Michaud will have to buy his own pants, as no one else seems to want to come across.

Edmund Nolan took a trip through the Notch last Sunday in his old tin car. We can hear it rattle yet.

Peter Remillard is the proud owner of a new motorcycle and side car. The first time he went out, he ran it into a building. We don't wonder, knowing him as well as we do.

James P. Howell makes his annual two weeks' pilgrimage to Camp Howell, Lockes Mills, Me., Saturday, July 19. He intends to start a fish market there, if Archie Tourangeau has not got them all caught.

Irving Teare is taking his annual vacation as is also Nils Jackson. Nils is going to write a book on gardening for pleasure, not profit.

We have not received a visit from Spike "Laconia" Hennessey for some time. His many friends miss his fiery and plain spoken manners.

There is certainly a great bunch around here to write items for the Bulletin. This month there were just two in the box that were printable. They are always anxious to get it when it comes out, but are willing to let one man do all the writing.

Both Riverside towel room and cutter room girls are complaining, and for just reasons, that, when they come in in the morning through the G. T. Time Office, they have to crowd through a room full of smoke, sometimes get spit on, have to hear more or less obscene language and are even subject to insult. One was hit in the face by something thrown from the gallery at the back side of the tube mill. They cannot go in or out without a gang

calling at them from this place. They think that there ought to be somebody who would interest himself to stop it and will appreciate it very much.

JUNE ACCIDENTS

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	17
Without loss of time	33
Total	50

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	4
Without loss of time	22
Total	26

CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	8
Without loss of time	43
Total	51

LIST OF DEATHS

UPPER PLANTS

Paul Longton was born in Fitchburg, Mass., January 24, 1869. He first came to work for the company, May 1, 1906. He began working permanently August 21, 1918, as a carpenter. He died July 7, 1924.

Ernest Gregoire was born in Berlin, July 16, 1904. He first came to work for the company, September 11, 1922, at the window frame mill. He was laid off, May 29, 1924. He was drowned June 26, 1924.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

SULPHITE MILL

Elzear Parent transferred to sulphur reclaiming.

Frank Teare from digester helper to head man on blow valves.

Charles McKelvey from head man on blow valves to acid tester.

"Is it the genius of the old Scotch university which I hope will be zealously guarded to flash across the minds of the common people that nothing is more honorable to the poor family of Scotland than that at least one of its sons should be at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, St. Andrews, or Glasgow pursuing the ways of learning and knowledge."

—RAMSAY MacDONALD.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

Jacob Koliada has been out since June 24 with a badly infected finger, but at the present time he is getting along favorably.

Frank Femia sustained an injury to his left wrist on April 16. It was at first thought to be a minor injury, but swelling continued and an operation was necessary.

We are all glad to see Thomas Tar-diff back to work. He has suffered a case of rupture and, although 69 years of age, he has recovered and is back on the job. He is one of the oldest employees of the sulphite mill, having worked here since the starting of the mill.

On June 18, Geo. Oswell of the chemical mill was seriously burned in both eyes by caustic and was confined to the hospital for three weeks. He is recovering very well and is expected back to work soon.

James McGivney is advertising manager for the Berlin baseball team.

Frank Sheridan, after pursuing a correspondence course in diseases of automobiles, has developed a system of tests for determining automobile troubles. By suitable chemical tests of the exhausted gas he determines whether the difficulty is due to carbon deposit, poor timing, lack of lubrication or similar troubles. He has introduced the use of the stethoscope for locating the cause of knocking. This system bids fair to put old-fashioned automobile experts like Bill McCarroll out of business. Bill got the most of his automobile knowledge in the school of hard knocks. At least we should judge so from the sound of his car.

Speaking of baseball fans, we know one (perhaps there are more) who can tell you the names of nearly all the National League and American League players, the names of the leading batters, the standing of the various teams; in short he is deeply interested in baseball, yet we have never seen him at a baseball game in Berlin. I suppose he would say that it is cheaper to buy

daily papers than to pay admission to local games.

Howard Powers sat on the veranda reading with great interest the item concerning the game of baseball to be played in the afternoon in Berlin. Howard certainly was planning to see that game. His little girl and one of her little friends were playing on the veranda steps. One of them suddenly exclaimed to the other: "Oh, here is a spider. Let's kill it and then it will rain." Howard looked up so suddenly that his glasses fell off as he shouted: "Here, girls, let the spiders alone."

HELP WANTED.—R. E. Pennock wants to hire 24 good men to help put his mud scow in the bog. Report at electric shop.

Eddie Chaloux has a Ford car now. What is it going to be next year, Eddie? Oh, baseball!

Barney Google Hazzard almost lost his memory, only that Jimmie McGivney had his, so Barney lost \$104. Better luck next time, Barney.

Mike Howard Page has at last got his steam roller going. Good roads after Mike has gone over a few of them.

George Stevens and his band gave a very fine concert at our first ball game, so the Lewiston Sun says.

Our machinist, Oliver Chamberlain, of the electric crew has some boat. 68 miles per and then some. He says that Packard and Peerless take the ditch when he comes along. 68 miles per—8 hours.

Please tell your friends and relatives not to make calls for you to be summoned to the time office, except in case of necessity. The following is an example of what some of these calls entail.

Timekeeper receives a telephone call for Mr. M. The timekeeper not knowing where Mr. M. is painting, is obliged to have the mill telephone operator put Mr. Perkins, the boss painter, on

the autocall to ascertain Mr. M.'s whereabouts. Mr. Perkins duly answers the autocall, leaving his work so to do. Then Mr. Perkins, not having a messenger boy at his disposal, has to make the trip from the west yard to the basement of the dryer building to appraise Mr. M. that he is wanted at the time office telephone. Mr. Perkins returns to west yard and Mr. M. goes to the time office.

The telephone conversation reveals the astounding nerve of the person calling up. He wants to have a conversation with Mr. M. about a musical instrument.

In view of the amount of labor involved in summoning people to our time office phone, please caution outsiders not to abuse our good nature.

Mr. Omer Laing of the graphic record department married Miss Cora LeClerc on June 23, 1924.

Mr. Laing came to Berlin from Shawinigan Falls, P. Q., in 1920 and entered the employ of the Brown Company in the multigraph department. He is a member of the Burgess Band and formerly played on the Berlin Hockey Team.

Miss Cora LeClerc, during her residence in Berlin has made a host of friends and is very popular.

They were married at 6 a. m., at Ste. Anne's church. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride.

Omer and his bride decided they would put something over on their friends. They planned to board the train at Gorham, but on arriving there they saw a group of friends from the Burgess office staff waiting for them at the station, loaded down with confetti, so Omer and Cora kept right on to Shelburne. All hands, however, trailed them and the bombardment took place in Shelburne.

The newlyweds visited Portland, Boston and Montreal. They will reside here in Berlin on Madison avenue. We wish them happiness.

Jim King, formerly of the Burgess electrical department, has been visiting friends here. He is now located in Detroit in the employ of the telephone company there.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

THE NEW OFFICE BUILDING

IN December, 1923, the staff of the chemical mill moved into a new office and the organization was separated from the parent sulphite mill. This change was occasioned by the growth of the business of manufacturing chemical products and the desire to render to the outside customers for these products the best possible service.

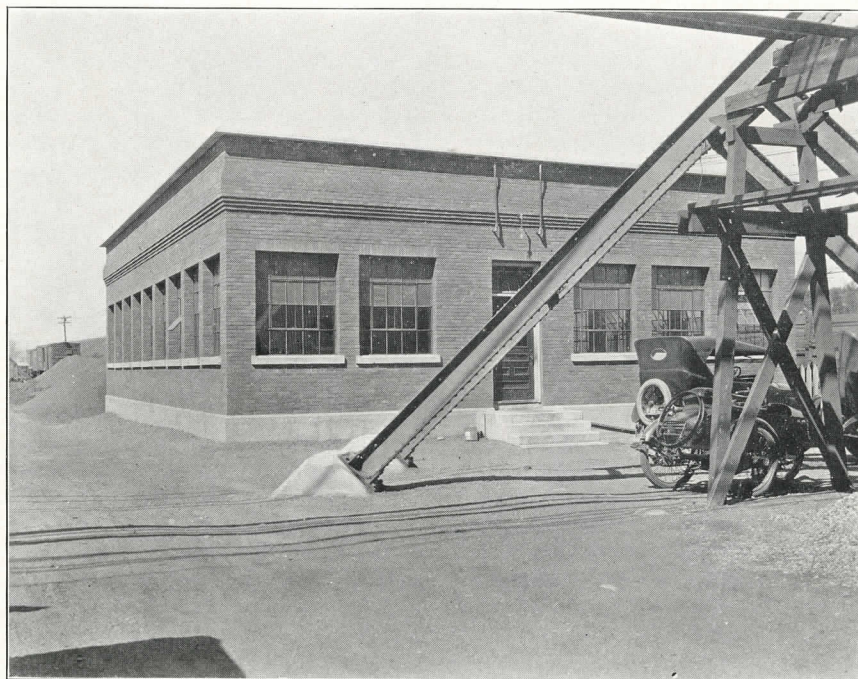
The chemical mill, as everybody knows, was developed with the primary object of furnishing bleach liquor to the sulphite mill. For many years Mr. C. B. Barton had a small office in a corner of the bleach plant. About 15 years ago, this was removed to the old shack, which adjoined one of the cell houses. Here, for the most part under artificial light, were kept the records dealing with the control of the plant and with the quality and quantity of the bleach liquor going to the sulphite mill. This work was entirely subsidiary to the office of the latter mill, which handled all of the more general records. Gradually, however, it became manifest that the chemical mill could not only furnish the local pulp mills with a high grade of bleach liquor, but it could make products for which there is a demand outside. Today the mill ships out bleach liquor to other users; it sells 50 per cent. caustic soda liquor up to tank car lots; it furnishes 75-76 per cent. caustic soda of technical grade, low in iron, in 660-lb. drums; it sends away chloroform, both crude and of anaesthesia grade, in 5-lb. cans packed four cans to a case, in 50-lb. drums, and in 100-lb. drums; it provides carbon bisulphide, which is useful as a rubber solvent, as an insecticide, and as a dispersing agent in the manufacture of artificial silk, in 55-gal. drums; it manufactures hydrochloric acid according to a unique process; it supplies carbon tetrachloride of commercial grade containing 98 per cent. tetrachloride for use as a solvent and as a fire extinguisher and sends it out in drums holding 700 and 1400 pounds respectively; it makes red sulphur chloride containing up to 30 per cent sulphur dichloride, useful in chemical processes of chlorination; it is prepared to ship out yellow sulphur chloride in 100-gal.

drums or tank cars for use in the vulcanization of rubber or of oils and containing over 98 per cent. sulphur monochloride; it manufactures liquid chlorine for bleaching and water purification and sells it in 100-lb. and 150-lb. cylinders, 1-ton drums, and 15-ton tank cars; it refines the crude cymene from the sulphite mill and markets it in drums of 700 and 1400 lbs. for use in the making of carvacrol, certain dye-stuffs, and perfumes. The latest venture is the manufacture of calcium arsenate for use in combating the boll weevil, whose ravages have had much to do with the high price of cotton and its derivative textiles.

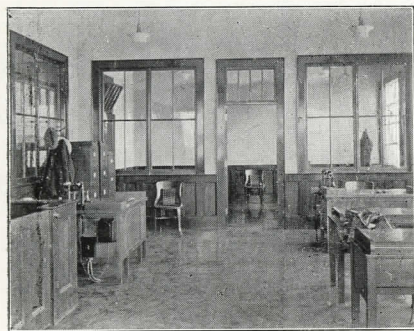
This diversification of interests has increased the number of records to be kept and has made necessary a specialized staff. For their use, it has become necessary to have the new office, a separate storehouse, and a new road, so that auto trucks can make deliveries and accept goods direct from the mill. Until rather recently, goods were delivered to the mill only over the company railroad—a process very sure in its results but often causing a delay of a day in the receipt of less than carload lots.

To get to the new office requires the services of an expert. From the time office at the upper plants you turn left, thread your way through the tunnel under tube mill No. 1, turn left again and descend to the level of the sepulchral subway under the first set of tracks feeding the saw mill, then through the basement of the barking mill to the subway under the second set of tracks. This process brings you in front of the upper river station and in sight of the bridge. You cross this following the board walk until you are level with the huge tanks of the Kream Krisp plant. Then you turn left, keeping the liquid chlorine plant to your right and skirting the left of the loading shed of the caustic plant, follow along until a bridge shows over the canal that leads to the sulphite mill. Across this bridge will be seen the new office spoken of. In fact the way is so long and complicated, that no women are employed at this office. It is a he-man outfit.

The office is a solid brick structure of one story and without basement. The outer door opens into a central corridor. To the left is the private office of Mr. C. B. Barton, who has



NEW OFFICE BUILDING, CHEMICAL MILL



MAIN OFFICE, CHEMICAL MILL

been continuously engaged in the electrolytic diaphragm-cell industry longer than any other man in this country. To the right is the main office, where are arranged the desks of Mr. Barton's cabinet officials, chief of which seems to be Mr. M. H. Griffin, who is apparently secretary of state. Others are Messrs. A. W. O'Connell, Harold Knapp, and Alf McKay. Fill in their titles to suit yourself.

Among the interesting features in this room are the special telephone system with automatic operator and the system of recording chlorine cylinders. In view of the limited number of desks, it was not feasible to have a central operator. In addition to the automatic system communicating with all departments of the Brown Company, the Bell system phones are so arranged that by pressing an appropriate button immediate connection is obtained with any other phone in the building, with Brown Company central at the upper plants or with the Bell central in town. The system for recording chlorine cylinders is one especially designed for the service of customers.

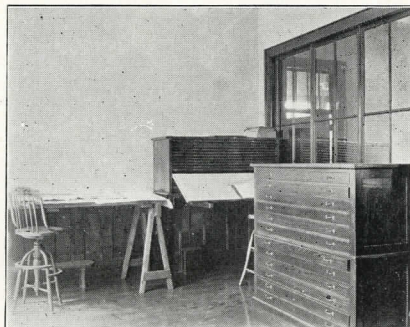
While most of the products of the chemical mill are sold in drums that are not returnable, liquid chlorine is of such a nature that it must be put in gas cylinders of rugged construction and subject to government inspection and control. These are so expensive, that they are returned. The record shows the condition and disposition of every one of hundreds of cylinders owned by the company, those in stock either empty or filled, and those in the hands of customers, some of whom are in the Middle West.

Beyond the main office on the right is the private room of Assistant Superintendent John Fogarty—a soft-spoken efficient man reminding one of President Coolidge, of whom Mr. Fogarty is an admirer and faithful sup-

porter ? ? ? (Correspondents are requested not to mix up jokes and serious matter.—Editor.)

Beyond Mr. Barton's room is the engineering office in charge of Mr. B. E. Brann. In this are the drafting boards upon which maintenance work and ordinary alterations are planned. In one corner is a series of curve boards, upon which are plotted the routine operating data of the mill, while in another part of the room are the blue print files. Up-to-the-minute maintenance and careful plant control are as much features of the operation of the chemical mill as of the other units of the company.

In the rear of the building is the laboratory presided over by Alfred Watt and his assistant, E. C. Dupont. This laboratory deals with all tests involving control of processes and quality of products. It does not deal with raw materials, which are tested at the



ENGINEERING ROOM, CHEMICAL MILL Bureau of Tests.

All rooms of the building are well lighted from windows by day and by indirect illumination by night. Floors are furnished with battleship linoleum. In fact the building is designed for service and the satisfaction of the trade to which the Brown Company looks for orders.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Bob Gendron, our bisulphide foreman, is on a two weeks' vacation.

"Magnavox" Johnson is quite a boy. Ask the Duke.

The two "Als" of the chemical mill motored to Montreal over the Fourth. They reported back to work in good shape, but stated things were pretty smooth while there. The Als were McKay and Watt.

Cecil Spriggings was a recent visitor

to the chemical mill. He looks healthy and prosperous.

"Good-Bye, Caboose" is Joe Vallis' latest song hit. His next one will be "Joe's Super-Six."

Capt. Jim is back in the caustic plant again after quite a cruise on the lakes.

Hank looks pretty smooth in his Palm Beach suit.

"Blighty" Manton took a flying trip to Montreal to see a brother of his, whom he hadn't seen for several years. He enjoyed his trip very much except for losing a few pounds.

William Sharpe is enjoying a visit of relatives from Montreal.

Dukie has made a new record over in Jefferson. Ask McKay.

If you want some nice, ripe tomatoes just call at Jack Reid's on Spring street. He was always singing: Yes, we have all kinds of ripe tomatoes, but it was hard to believe until you paid him a visit, and the sight surely was wonderful. Tomatoes to the right, tomatoes to the left, and in fact tomatoes all around. If you want any real ripe tomatoes, just call on Jack Reid.

Joe Paradis has moved to the East Side. Another strong Democrat gone home.

Parker took Ryan, Manton and McCarthy to Rumford for a ride recently and the first place Parker took them was the police station. What's the dope, anyhow?

John Labrie, our celebrated politician, is on an extended visit to the land of pea soup.



LABORATORY AT CHEMICAL MILL

PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES

Blue Beard—Owen Johnson.

A new story of New York's rich and reckless society.

Leap Year Girl—Berta Ruck.

A charming love story of youth. Written in a thoroughly understanding and humorous manner.

Education of Peter—John Wiley.

A novel of Yale life, well written and interesting to all who are interested in young American people and colleges.

Frozen Trail—Austin J. Small.

A thrilling story of the Canadian wilderness and the Northwest Mounted Police. An unusual story of thrilling interest.

The Token—Louis Tracy.

A new detective story by the author who always writes a "hair lifter."

Pandora Lifts the Lid—Christopher Morley and Don Marquis.

Six young ladies are kidnapped from a fashionable Long Island school by a dangerous radical.

Gold Without Tears—P. G. Wodehouse.

Short stories that every golf enthusiast who has ever missed a "putt" or kept the family dinner waiting, should read.

Third Round—H. C. McNeil.

Another Bulldog Drummond story for those who liked the "Black Gang." On the Lot and Off—George R. Chester.

The life and work of the movies "from behind the screens."

Guilt—H. J. Foreman.

Another new detective story and a good one at that.

Redburn; His First Voyage—Herman Melville.

A splendid sea story by the author of "Typee."

Valley of Headstrong Men—J. S. Fletcher.

Mr. Fletcher's enthusiastic readers will want this mysterious tale immediately.

Coming! New Fiction

Gentlemen in Pajamas—Chas. N. Nuck.

A mystery story with a new plot. Absorbing, exciting, and not without humorous touches.

Diana of Kararara—Edgar Wallace.

Assuredly one of the best mystery stories of the day.

Jondover—Margaret Cameron.

A love story of old California.

These and many others will be found at the Public Library in the near future.

Non-Fiction

Chinese Lanterns—G. Thompson Seton.

A fascinating story of old and new China.

Beginning again at Ararat—M. E. Elliott, M. D.

Conditions in the Near East as they really are in relation to politics and people by a woman more than competent to know.

Price of Freedom—Calvin Coolidge.

A collection of the President's speeches and addresses which reflect his views upon the fundamental problems which confront the nation.

Automobile Blue Book: Book of New York and New England.

Merchant's Horizon—A. Lincoln Filene.

Store management, pensions, etc.

New Encyclopedia of Music—Waldo Seldon Pratt.

This book of reference is divided into three parts. The first deals with the forms and terms of art in a historical and descriptive way. The second gives biographical and statistical facts about some 7,500 musicians. The third presents facts about organizations and institutions of over 200 cities throughout the musical world.

Adjusting Immigrant and Industry—

Wm. M. Lierson.

This book throws much light on a puzzling and important question and has a valuable practical character.

Diet for Children—Dr. Lulu H. Peters.

How to feed children for their best health, growth and development, told in a common sense fashion by a physician who is a most popular medical writer.

All God's Chillun Got Wings—Eugene O'Neill.

Very well written plays by the author of "Anna Christy."

Retail Advertising and Selling—S. Rolland Hall.

The author is an advertising expert. Ariel—Andre Maurois.

The life of Shelley. A most remarkable descriptive biography of the most strange and fascinating characters that ever lived. A book one wants to read more than once and that lingers in the memory indefinitely.

Taxation and the People's Business—Andrew Mellon.

A simple non-technical discussion of the views of Mr. Mellon and the treasury experts.

QUEBEC OFFICE

A FISHING TRIP

The noonday sun was sinking fast
As through Valcartier Village passed
A party, keen on fishing bent.
Jim Taylor led and as he strode
He murmured oft, beneath his load,
"Excelsior."

"Oh, Pa, oh stay," Young Bartlett said,
"And let me rest my weary head.
You said the camps were near at hand,
And we have walked all o'er the land."
Jim only murmured soft and low,
"Excelsior."

Bill saith, "You've missed the trail it
would seem

For at the camps we should have been,
And now we've climbed o'er hill and dale
And tested every dog-gone trail."

Jim simply answered with a shrug,
"Excelsior."

Marcel with anxious accents pleaded
That some refreshments light were
needed.

"Since noon we've walked and now I
think,

It's time we stopped and had a drink."
Jim grumbled through his dried-up lips,
"Excelsior."

Henry then in accents weak
Said he would go the camps to seek,
And, turning, started down the trail
To where they'd branched off some
miles back.

Jim still was heard far up the heights,
"Excelsior."

As darkness fell, a tired party
Trailed into camp with curses hearty.
And when the inner man was fed
With aching limbs retired to bed,
Jim still repeating 'tween his snores,
"Excelsior."

Query: Wasn't it Doctor's Special?

SULPHITE MILL

The following list of names has been submitted to go with the picture in our last issue entitled "Who's Who in the Burgess Curve Room."

1. Lillian Butler; 2. Cecilia Smyth;
3. Lora Rowell; 4. Dorothy Thomas;
5. Lucy Sweeney; 6. Juliette Marcoux; 7. Frances Fiendel.

L. Newell, better known as "Windy" Newell, has been promoted from the chemical laboratory to assistant to Henry Eaton. Mr. Eaton is now in charge of digester house and acid room.