



THE BROWN BULLETIN*



VOL. VI.

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No. 4



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Keystone Photo

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Vol. VI.

OCTOBER, 1924

No. 4

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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

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Open to all employees except those eligible to Burgess Relief Association

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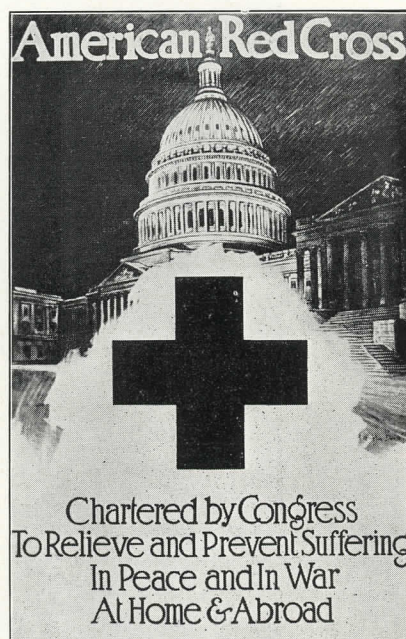
BE PREPARED FOR DISASTER

Nobody knows when disaster will strike.

Tempest and flood, earthquake and fire, accident and calamity are things beyond human control.

It may be your city next, and what will you do about it when the tragedy comes?

Alone you can do but little, but united with a great organization, chartered by Congress especially to relieve suffering and distress, you can do much. Even before the flood has receded or the embers ceased to glow the American Red Cross will be on the job.



In the past 43 years the Red Cross has spent \$33,000,000 for Disaster Relief. In 220 disasters last year it directed or participated in relief work.

But the Red Cross can not do this work alone.

It needs you as much as you need it.

You can help by joining the Red Cross during the Eighth Annual Roll Call. The dates are November 11 to 27. The membership fee is one dollar.

LIST OF DEATHS

CHEMICAL MILL

Fabien Dumond was born May 16, 1831. He first came to work at the sulphite mill, September 5, 1917, and was transferred to the chemical mill August 12, 1918. He retired from active work on January 6, 1922, on account of old age. He died August 22, 1924.

NORTH COUNTRY HIGHWAYS

Able representation of the North Country in the governor's council, and the general court and cooperation of municipal governments with state and federal authorities are resulting in the rapid improvement of the roads in this section, making them an attraction both to the home people and to tourists from without.

ter, consisting of 0.98 miles of gravel in the town of Gorham and 0.88 miles in the town of Randolph was 85 per cent. completed on the first of September.

On the Daniel Webster Highway, Federal Aid Project No. 174 comprising 1.38 miles of bituminous macadam in the town of Whitefield is under

money on this road in the near future.

A Reuter message recently commented upon a motor trip recently made by King Alfonso from Santander to Madrid in seven hours representing an average speed of forty miles an hour that "This is believed to be a record for a motor journey by a monarch over such a distance." Lucio of the Manchester Guardian waxed poetical over this newsnote and wrote the following, which is an apt commentary upon our present advantages under state construction of highways.

Easy Odds

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Norman Bill;
Some think Queen Bess was grander,
Or Cromwell grander still.
But which of these could motor,
For all their pride and power.
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
At forty miles an hour?

Did Xerxes e'er go on so?
Darius—could he drive?
Why no—the fleet Alfonso
Has got them skinned alive!
When Alfred burned the biscuits,
Or Richard hacked and mauled
Fierce Paynims to their briskets,
Kings didn't move; they crawled.

This record, then, convinces;
But let it not be hurled
Too hard against the princes
Who ruled the ancient world.
One thought should check the gloaters,
One thought that wildly springs—
Their world was short of motors;
Ours—rather short of kings.

AUGUST ACCIDENTS

UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	14
Without loss of time.....	39
Total	53

SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	5
Without loss of time.....	35
Total	40

CASCADE MILL

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



Photo by State Highway Dept.

GRAVEL—EAST SIDE ROAD—PINKHAM NOTCH, N. H.

During the past season, Federal Aid Construction 2511 comprising 2.22 miles of gravel with bituminous surface in Pinkham Notch on the East Side Road has been completed and it is proposed to extend this work to the Glen House if funds are sufficient. There has also been gravel resurfacing at Dixville Notch.

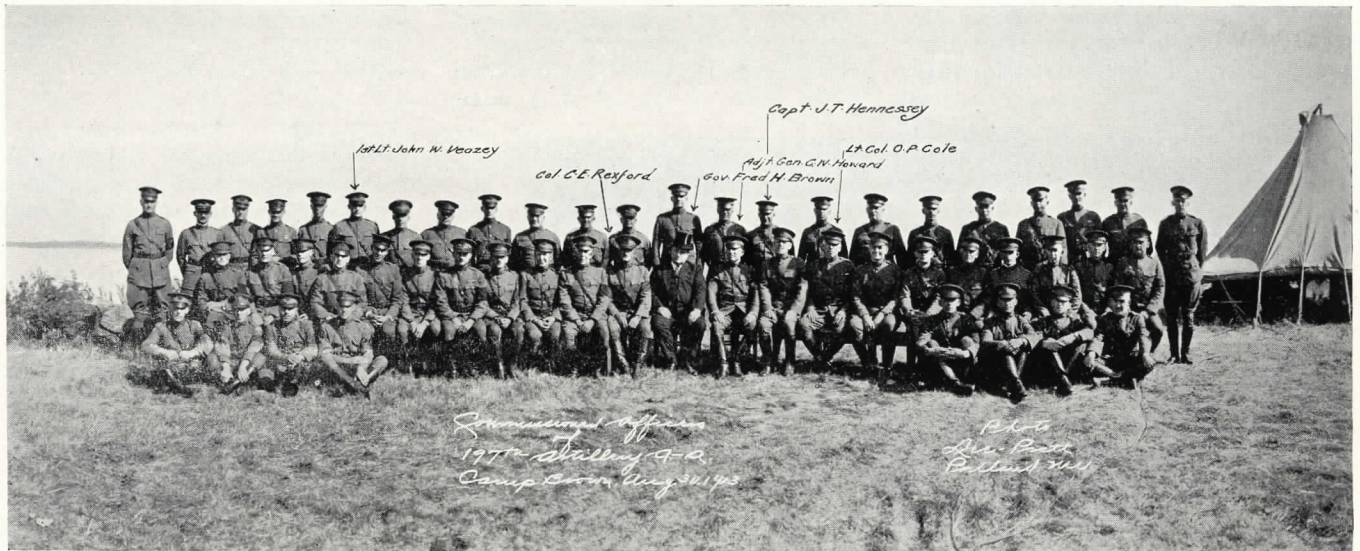
Federal Aid Nos. 200A and 200B on the Gorham Hill Road, which is a part of Route 15 from Gorham to Lancas-

ter, consisting of 0.98 miles of gravel in the town of Gorham and 0.88 miles in the town of Randolph was 85 per cent. completed on the first of September.

On the Daniel Webster Highway, Federal Aid Project No. 174 comprising 1.38 miles of bituminous macadam in the town of Whitefield is under construction. There is also state aid bridge construction in Stratford Hollow. Improvements are being made in Columbia.

The city of Berlin is performing this fall 1.87 miles of grading on the East Side Trunk Line. The Berlin-West Milan road, which is not a through route is at present 8 per cent. completed. There has been gravel construction in West Milan this summer. It is proposed to expend quite a bit of state

Annual Camp of Battery F, 197th Coast Artillery (ANTI-AIRCRAFT) New Hampshire National Guard



Battery F of the 197th Coast Artillery (Anti-Aircraft) went into camp at Fort Terry, N. Y., August 16th to 30th, inclusive, with the largest organization in camp. The following officers and enlisted men, most of whom work for the Brown Company, attended the 15-day tour of duty.

Captain, Joseph T. Hennessey; First Lieutenant, John W. Veazey; Second Lieutenant, Ronald J. McDougal; First Sergeant, Arthur W. Coyle; Sergeants, Mess Sgt., Ledore J. Belanger; Supply Sgts., Matthew P. Ryan, Benny F. Arsenault, Odias J. Buteau, William Laflamme, Victor E. Dutil, Adelard L. Gregoire; Corporals, Henry J. Bedard, William E. Boyd, Alfred A. Cadorette, Ernest J. Corneau, William E. Desrochers, Gilbert J. Fontaine, Joseph W. Roby; Privates First Class, Chief Mechanic Nelson Ayotte, Karmine W. Barnett, Jesse A. Bunnell, Larry Catello, Fred Gogan, Alfred W. Laflamme, Arthur Landry, David D. Osborne, Adelard Rainville, Joseph A. Rheume, Bernard J. Roy, Roger O. Wakefield; Privates, Sam Alphonse, Doicty F. Arseneault, George A. Aubey, Joseph A. Beland, James T. Berry, Joseph C. Biladeau, Willie T. Blais, Henry N. Brien, Edward S. Carlin, Edgar J. Carreau, Joseph E. Coulombe, Alfred Croteau, Oscar L. Dale, Emanuel Desrochers, Dominic D. Devlin, James

Dipuchio, Magor Doyon, Willie Drapeau, Antonio A. Dutil, Patrick L. Dutil, Arthur L. Falardeau, Louis M. Fisette, Alphonse Gagne, Joseph A. Gagne, Aubin Gallant, William R. Gaulin, Joseph E. Gogan, Philip Guay, John H. Hickey, George F. Howe, George King, Paul H. Lafrancois, Emanuel Lambert, Alex L. Lavigne, Romeo Lavine, William Lessard, Edgar N. Lettre, Leo J. Maillhot, Joseph McDougall, George E. Murphy, George M. Murphy, William Pelchat, Alcide Pepin, Adelard Remillard, Arthur Rivard, Walter M. Santy, Floyd M. Smith, Walter L. Taylor, Fred Toppi, Joseph A. Vallis.

Fort Terry is situated on Plum Island in Long Island Sound, N. Y., and is about 12 miles from New London, Conn., 50 miles from New York City, and 5 miles from Fisher's Island or Fort Wright. The island is about three miles long and in some places is about a half mile wide. There are numerous 6-inch, 10-inch and 12-inch guns and mortar batteries for coast defense on the island. At the present time there are about a dozen non-commissioned officers on the island as caretakers. It is a shame to see the beautiful barracks, hospital, etc., going to pieces on this island, due to the fact that the strength of the army has been cut so low, and also to lack of sufficient

appropriations for their upkeep. It is an ideal place for a camp. It has good drill and parade grounds, and is ideal for Anti-Aircraft work where all the firing is done in the air. The Regiment, and especially Battery F, did some wonderful work bringing down hydrogen balloons, which were used as targets.

The usual daily drill period was divided up as follows: 7.30 a. m., to 11.30 a. m., Artillery drill and balloon shooting; 1.00 p. m., to 3.00 p. m., Infantry drill; 3.00 p. m., to 5.00 p. m., Recreation, bathing, and also cleaning period for evening parade and guard mount at 5.30 p. m. Three nights a week were devoted to night firing with the aid of Battery A, the Search-Light Battery of Concord, N. H. On Monday, August 25th, the entire regiment with the exception of fire guards, cooks, and men in charge of quarters, left for Fort Wright at 5.45 a. m., on board the mine planter, Brig. General Absalom Baird, where they were inspected by Brig. General Hersey, U. S. A., Chief of Coast Artillery of New England. The 243rd, Coast Artillery, Rhode Island National Guard, which was at its 15-day camp at Fort Wright, was also inspected at the same time. In the opinion of the writer, it was one of the most rigid inspections he has ever seen, not even barring those

he went through during the war. The men of Battery F, having the longest distance to travel to their home station, had to arise at 1.00 a. m., Saturday, August 30th, march to the wharf and board the Transport Brig. General John E. McIde for New London, Conn.,

where they boarded the 4.45 a. m., train on the Central Vermont R. R. for Berlin, arriving at Berlin about 9.30 p. m. They were met at the station by the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps. The Battery has been commended for its soldierly appearance

marching down Main street to the armory. Although the men had been up practically all night Friday and rode all day Saturday, their tanned faces were held up, each man in step, showing that they were ready as in the past to answer their country's call.

CASCADE JUICE

Carl Johnson, the six-foot-four shipping clerk and John Haney, the electrical engineer, are running in Ward 3, on the Democratic ticket for supervisors of the check list. This is a good sample of the never-say-die Nibroc spirit.

Fred Studd picked Firpo to defeat Wills. The writer knows someone who is waiting to see who he is going to pick to win the World's Series.

Ed Lapointe says, "If you want to be on the right side of a fight, follow Thurston of the beater room." "Squinty" ought to know for he has been supplying Thurston with gas, cigars and chewing tobacco for the past several years. After the Firpo-Wills bout, "Squinty" had to purchase ten plugs of chewing for Thurston.

Cascade Mill's Tribute to the B. A. A.

The B. A. A. is about to celebrate its first birthday. Time and space do not permit us to say all we would like to in complimenting those men who gave up their time, energy and money to put this organization over in the successful manner that it was done. To close a wonderful hockey season—and also to put out the brand of baseball that we had the pleasure to witness this summer with such a small financial loss is a feat of which they should feel highly proud. Let's make the 1925 membership fee \$5.00 instead of \$3.00.

On August 16th, 1924, Battery F, 197th Coast Artillery (A—A) received a reward of \$500 from the town of Charlestown, N. H., said reward being given for the capture of one Arnold K. ("Old Man") Hull. The Old Man was captured at the Boston & Maine station in Berlin and was kept prisoner in the baggage car of the troop train. Upon arrival at Charlestown, N. H., the

police department (the whole of him) was at the station and took over the prisoner. After unloading about 25 dress suit cases and traveling bags, said Arnold K. Hull and bags were loaded into the "old one horse shay" and driven to the village "cooler," where charges were preferred against him for calling Spike's army "tin soldiers." The charge of larceny was also entered against the aforesaid old reprobate. It seems that back about 150 years ago, when Arnold was a young man and Moses was found in the rushes, A. K. had stomach trouble and went to see one of the doctors in the township about his case. The doctor told A. K. to take iron for his stomach, so he took a neighbor's stove. The police have been a long time locating him, and if it hadn't been for the so-called "tin soldiers," a desperate desperado might still be at large. When last heard from the "Old Man" was fishing for "Suckers" in the Connecticut river. No more severe sentence could be dealt out to any man.

Have You Heard

That Mary Johnston has her hair bobbed.
That John Smith has gone back to Warsaw, Russia.
That Lepage has stopped going up to Forbush Park.
That "Chevrolet" Thurlow has stopped going up to Third avenue.
That Tom Gorham can do the 100 yards in 10 seconds flat.
That "Short Pete" Gagne has bought a house lot at Cascade.
That Jack Sharpe has bought a "beanery" in Portland, Me.
That John Hayward has given up chewing tobacco.
That "Skibby" McNally is backing "Careful Cal Coolidge."
That "Honey" Cameron regrets bobbing her hair.
That Archie Soule has cut out the

playing cards.

That "Butsie" Astel is a supporter of Mr. Volstead.

That Frances Hinchey never gets mad.

That Artie Eastman can play a piano.

That Al Streeter isn't running for representative.

That Radio Andersen can get California on his set.

That "Pat" Hinchey is a LaFollette supporter.

That Ward 3, Berlin, will go Democratic this coming election.

That bleach liquor, when rubbed on the head, will make hair grow.

That Ralph Grant can get 50 miles on a gallon of gas with his Gray car.

That Alfred Lapointe is a woman hater.

IF YOU HAVE, then, old timer, somebody has been kidding you.

Walter Riff and Foss Hammond attended Norway Fair. Foss couldn't seem to work up much interest or enthusiasm until the ox-pulling contests started. Riff says he hasn't got the mud (or was it mud) off his shoes yet.

If it is taxi service you want, call Bill Helms.

The "egg baron" has raised a pretty good crop of hair this summer. Had to be mowed twice.

The "battler" is laid up with a broken paw. It has been whispered about that it happened in a recent petting party when he got his hand caught in the spring of the couch.

Al Reid and "Fitz" got lost during the recent rain storm. Couldn't get out of town.

"Coon" Morris spent his vacation at Lakeside. When he came back, he couldn't get his shirt off. He had swallowed so many fishbones.

Married, Sept. 13th, Mr. Raymond Summers of the finishing department. Yes, we all smoke.

Al Boucher is getting ready for the hunting season.

Walter Riff is now living (I mean existing) on a soup and milk diet. Getting his mouth hardened up for his new store teeth.

"Ged" Morrisette is going to publish a book entitled, "Ford-ing it from Berlin, N. H., to Detroit, Michigan." "Ged" left the first of August and got back September first, and admits he had a wonderful time.

Congratulations, "Tut," old boy, we knew you were going to step off soon, but admit you gave us a surprise. Thanks for the smokes.

Barret's drug store at Gorham, N. H., reported a fifty per cent decrease in the sale of chocolate milk shakes during the month of August. Page Mr. McConnell of the Cascade laboratory.

"Short Pete" Gagne was busy during the past month campaigning for the Democratic Party. Ask "Spike," he knows.

Archie Soule is smiling again. His buddy, Joe Buteau, is back from Fort Terry, N. Y. Archie says, "I didn't miss Joe at all," but Archie has always been known to handle the truth carelessly.

Of course election couldn't come around without mentioning Frank Felix Xavier Skibby McNally, the old Baltimore ward heeler who was in his prime at the primary election. Although not seen, at times he is often heard.

Councilman Bertram Rumney, where from, (N'York State, of course) is quite happy these days, the reason being that an old enemy of his was roped in as candidate for representative from Ward 2.

Mike Moffett, the "Sphinx" of the sulphite department, (place of birth unknown) doesn't have much to say lately, but we still notice Mike leaning back on her.

Al "Pa" Perkins has ordered another car load of straw hats for his vacation next summer. Al starts his "daily dozen" by jumping on his hat. Where do you get that "Kangaroo Spirit," Al?

"I am the Republican Candidate for Representative from Ward 3." So says the notice on Albion Streeter's desk. Gee, Al, we didn't know you had so many enemies.

Our little Frances of the Main Office now has a "shingle bob." She hasn't been very pleasant lately. Probably the "shingle" doesn't agree with her.

Irene Thomas of the printing department has returned from her vacation spent in Massachusetts and other foreign countries. Judging from the smile that Irene wears, no doubt she must have had a good time.

Some people ask this question, "Why is it that the employees at the Cascade mill are always in good health?" Our answer is that it is due to our nurse, Miss Kennedy. She has a smile for everyone, and who could be sick when they hear Miss Kennedy's cheery "Good morning" or "Good afternoon." That cheery smile has all the medicine this side of the Mason and Dixon line stopped a mile.

Chairman Patrick James Hinchey of the Democratic City Club is preparing for a strenuous campaign for the coming elections in November. He is a good man and has a hard job ahead of him but the spirit of Jefferson and Wilson will guide our young Patrick Henry through to victory.

Some people have been known to go to Canada and on their return trip home lose their baggage, but we can't understand why our young "Chevrolet Ray" of the recording gauge department who does not drink the Anti-Volstead Spirit, lost his collars, neckties, etc.

Algerian Boxing Bout

John Smith and Joe Barron are seen on the road every morning training for their 15-round bout to be held at the Cascade Flats on St. Patrick's Day next.

Wedding bells will soon be ringing in the printing department. Our Joe is beginning to feel the strain, and

"Oh! girls, ain't love grand?"

Our little Dave Osborne survived the "Battle of Fort Terry" and is back with us again wearing a broad smile. When last seen David was hitting the pike for Third avenue.

Johnnie Lepage, our politician from the time office, says, "Election time will soon be here and my good old Republican Dodge car will be available for the use of all "Koolidge Supporters." John must be looking for some new tires.

The end of the world's best seller, "And they lived happily ever after, in Mexico, Maine."

Jack, having finished his logging job, has turned his car into a meat wagon and gone into the meat business. If that was a sample you were carrying around, Jack, please don't call at my house.

"Coon" Morris had his hand jammed not long ago and had to go to the doctor. The doctor fixed him up and told him he would be able to go to work in a couple of weeks. Morris asked the doctor if he would be able to play the piano when his hand got well. The doctor told him "yes." "Wonderful!" exclaimed Morris, "I have never been able to before."

The gang have a fine show every night watching "Blondie" Harriman get his "Uncovered Wagon" in many parts started.

Brighten Your Corner

Whatever you may think of Billy Sunday, the world is indebted to him for the spreading of the idea in his famous song, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are."

The whole office may have a grouch, but if you smile and keep on smiling the rest won't seem so grouchy.

Wife may be out of sorts, and the coffee may be weak, but if you grin and bear it uncomplainingly things won't be so bad.

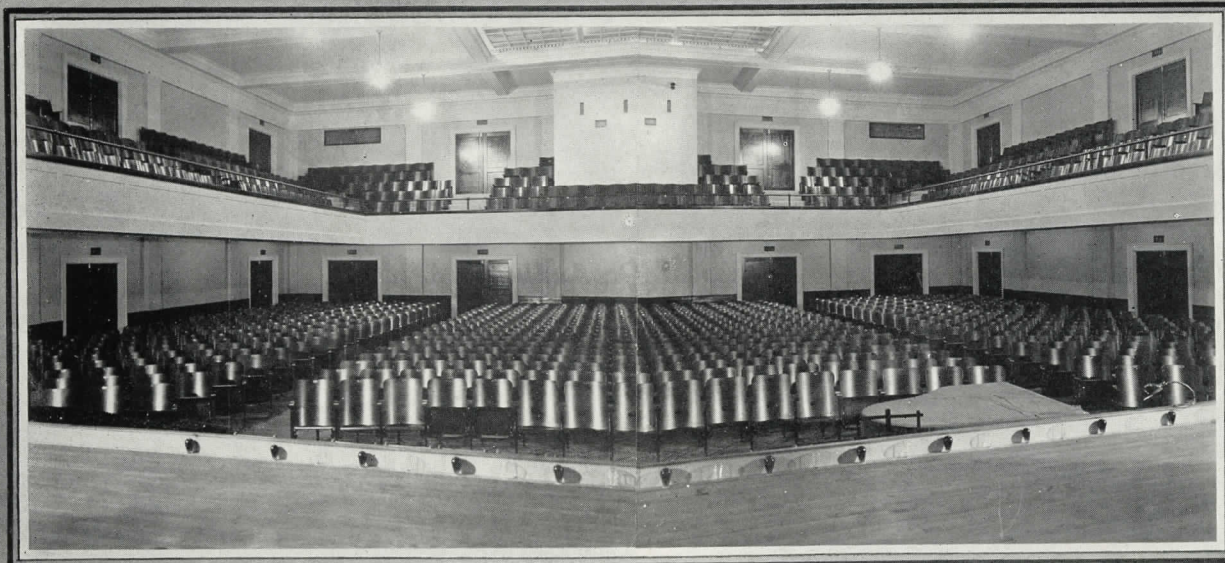
Your street may be a string of hovels, but if you plant flowers and vines on your corner the entire block will be improved.

Hypocrisy may be rampant on this earth, but if you are honest and straightforward your example will set 'em going your way.

All together, now—

Brighten the corner where you are,

BERLIN SCHOOLS



AUDITORIUM OF BERLIN HIGH SCHOOL

Somewhere Thomas Babington Macaulay has made a statement to the effect that half of the problem of society is rightly the education of its youth. In the last twenty years the City of Berlin has acted upon this principle. We have had an era of school building such as is paralleled by few municipalities. Our schools, both public and parochial, are housed in modern buildings and lavishly equipped for the leading out of the possibilities of each individual child. These privileges and these advantages are paid for from the wage fund of the community. They mean higher taxes to those who own property here, somewhat smaller wages for those who work here. The price though indirect and perhaps unseen is heaviest there. But the community tackles its load gladly because of its love for its children, its desire that they shall live a fuller life than did their parents.

The last building of the series, the new Berlin High School, costing over half a million dollars, is one of the best in the country. It went into operation some two and a half years ago and it will take some seventeen years more for the city to earn the money to pay for it. Municipalities in New Hampshire usually borrow money on a twenty-year basis and the prin-

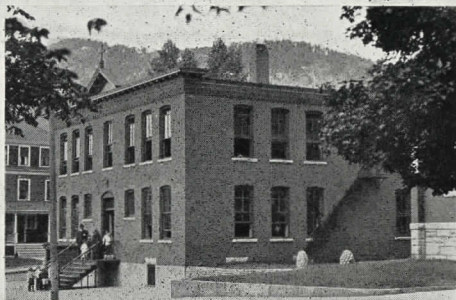
cipal paid each year is over \$25,000, while the interest charge approaches \$20,000. The city has pledged its future earnings in no uncertain terms for the betterment of its youth. The salary scale of Berlin is one that sets a standard for the other municipalities of the state.

In publishing the pictures representing the great school plant of the City of Berlin, the Bulletin labors under no impression that the value of education is measured by the money rating of its equipment. "You can pay your teachers, you can put them in palaces, and yet you have not secured the secret of education. What education wants, and what the teacher wants, is spiritual appreciation on the part of the great mass of the people with whom he is living." In providing buildings and teachers, Berlin has only begun upon the eternal problem of the education of youth. The period ahead is one, in which we must look for new spiritual awakening among teachers, parents, and pupils; a renewed interest in the foundations of our national genius. We need teachers imbued with a love for learning for its own sake—teachers "like the unique race of schoolmasters in Scotland, where every little village has its schoolmaster, who has gone through a university, and who with all the

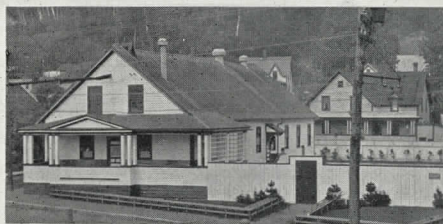
affection of a father and the tenderness of a mother" watches "the first tottering steps of youth along the hard and dusty road of life." We need a love for learning more than learning itself. We need a spirit of helpfulness among our teachers—a willingness to do the day's work. John Dalton, founder of the atomic theory in its modern form, an immortal among English chemists, was such a one. Dalton's ideas and name went abroad among the universities of the continent and a great German scholar made a pilgrimage—as German scholars do—to Manchester really expecting to find a man with crowds of mature pupils around him. At the Royal Institution, he wandered through the rooms and finally asked a man, who seemed to be teaching arithmetic to some boys, where he could find John Dalton. The man in question stated that he was John Dalton and would be glad to talk with him, after he had helped a boy with his sums. The German gasped. We need teachers who are not afraid to spend themselves in the service of learning—men like Robert Bunsen who lived over his laboratory at Heidelberg and who attracted there the best students in Europe, who gave an eye and an ear in his search for truth.

We need light upon many dubious

SCHOOLS OF BERLIN



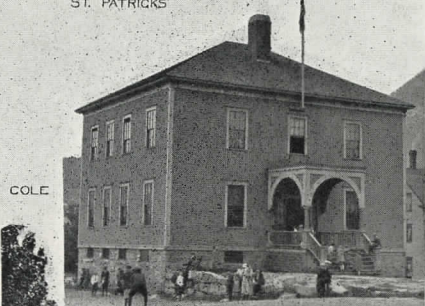
ST. PATRICKS



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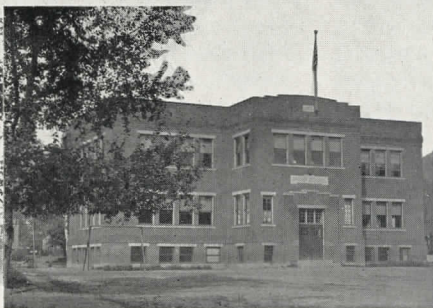
BARTLETT



GUARDIAN ANGEL



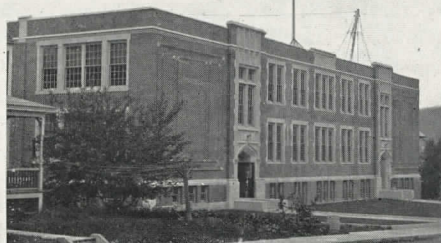
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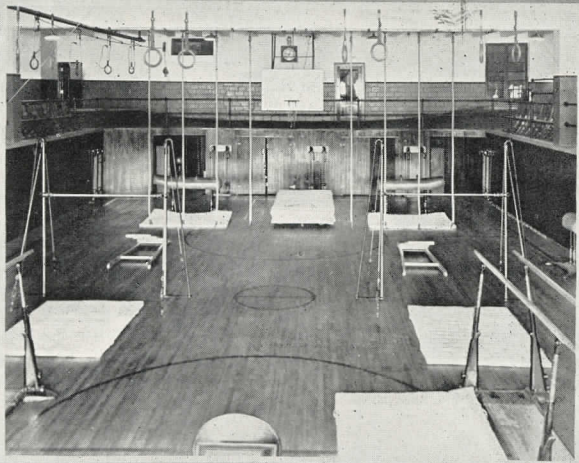


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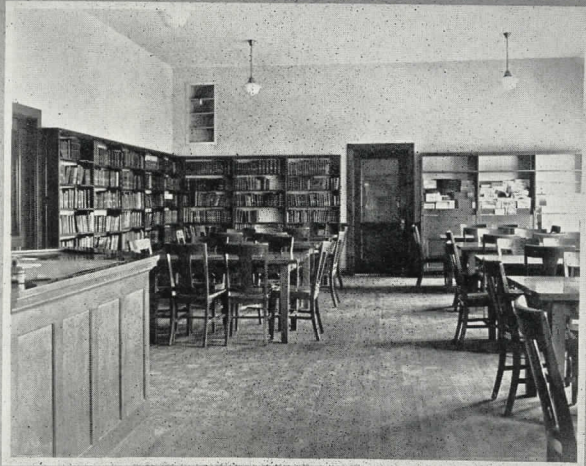


HIGH

BERLIN HIGH SCHOOL



GYMNASIUM



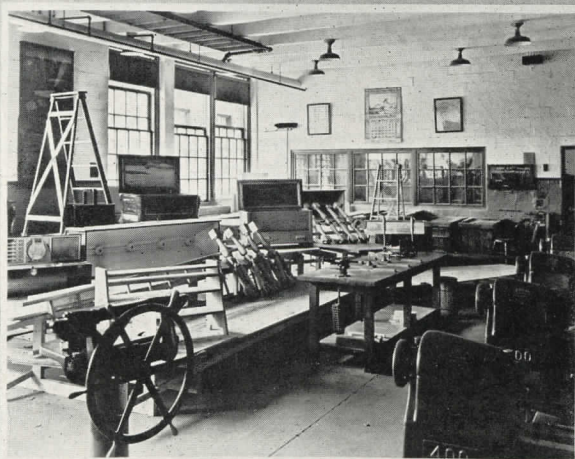
LIBRARY



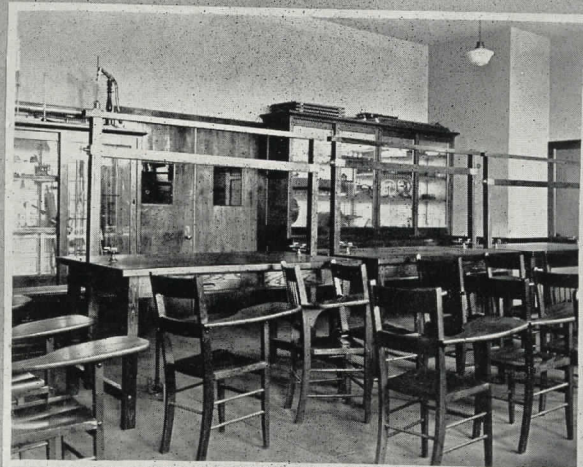
IRON WORKING SHOP



CHEMISTRY LABORATORY



WOOD WORKING SHOP



PHYSICS LABORATORY

points in school administration at present. The problem of vocational training is one of these. As Captain Bain of the United Alkali Company has said, "The business man remains doubtful as to how far it is practicable for teachers to give really valuable vocational training when they themselves know little about the vocations which must be the lot of the vast majority

of their pupils." The short-sightedness of many pupils and parents who are impatient because of time required to lay solid educational foundation, is an ever-present problem. As Aristotle told Alexander, the son of Philip of Macedon, "There are no royal roads to learning." We need parents who realize this truth.

At the beginning then, of the new

school year, the Bulletin greets the teachers and scholars of Berlin and leaves with them the words of Principal Nunn, "A man's education, whatever his economic destiny, should bring him into fruitful contact with the fine elements of human tradition, those that have been and remain essential to the value and true dignity of civilization."

MR. AND MRS. ESTABROOK

BROOK ENTERTAIN

On September 17th, the employees of the purchasing department were royally entertained at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Estabrook. The invitations issued were accepted with enthusiasm and early in the evening a party of twelve was ushered into the beautiful new home of the host and hostess.

The first part of the evening was spent in admiring the artistically arranged rooms, all finished in a soft ivory tone—and equipped with real old styled furniture. Everyone had an opportunity to view a real old-fashioned American home, which is remembered as being so beautiful in its simplicity and so rich in perfect homelike atmosphere.

The generous part of the evening was spent in games for which prizes were awarded, the lucky winners being Mr. and Mrs. Hoyle, Miss Jackson and Charlie Gobiel. Music followed the games with Miss Fiendel presiding at the piano and the rest of the party forming a hearty chorus.

Mrs. Estabrook served refreshments of coffee, sandwiches, sherbet, cake, cookies and nuts which were arranged around a beautiful setting of nasturtiums and tall silver candle sticks with their soft light shedding its beams on the happy faces of the guests. Mrs. Hoyle presided at the coffee urn.

Charlie Gobiel, who submitted to an operation some time ago, was able to be present, this being his first appearance at any social affair. He was most cordially greeted by all who greatly rejoice to know that he is improving steadily.

The purchasing department employees greatly appreciate the hospitality extended by Mr. and Mrs. Estabrook which makes Sept. 17th a very memorable evening to all. And at this time the group wish to extend the very best and heartiest of wishes that the new

home may be always flooded with sunshine and happiness and its occupants be blessed with perfect peace and prosperity.

FOURTH ANNUAL

On Wednesday, September 19th, at Bill Costello's camp, Shelburne, occurred the Fourth Annual Outing of the Cascade-Riverside executives.

The day was perfect, the place ideal, and the members of the big family party in such holiday spirits that the affair could not fail to be a real success.

Al Perkins, Geo. Edwards and Bill Costello as committee of arrangements outdid themselves. They left nothing undone that would in any way add to the comfort and pleasure of those present.

As usual Mr. Corbin carried off the honors in the shooting event. Libby managed to nose out the field at real golf, while Brosius proved to be an easy winner at barnyard golf.

The banquet prepared by the committee and competent assistants served in the open was a huge success. Much credit is due Mrs. A. N. Perkins, whose tireless work had much to do in making the banquet "the best ever."

The park in front of the camp was lighted by Japanese lanterns hung among the trees, and all received inspiration from a large American flag swinging directly over the driveway.

The banquet over, the younger members of the party repaired to the camp where dancing was enjoyed. Excellent music was furnished by Mr. George Edwards and Mr. Corbin, the former playing the "Golo" with rare skill while the latter performed on the "Wimpus" as only Mr. Corbin can.

Tom Brennan was the outstanding star as dancing artist—in fact it was hard to realize that it was really our Tom and not the shade of Vernon Castle moving so gracefully over the ball room (kitchen) floor.

The party broke up at a late hour, voting it the best time of the year.

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Orders drawn on the treasurer for the month of August, 1924, were as follows:

Archie Gonya.....	\$ 14.90
Louis Findson.....	67.00
Marie L. Parent.....	13.35
Alphonse Lacross.....	46.50
Domnick Basile.....	92.50
Dagna Oleson.....	17.00
John Turner.....	60.00
Wm. O'Donnell.....	41.50
Geo. Pinard.....	107.50
Henry Ploude.....	60.00
Mrs. Carrie Johnson.....	160.80
Felix Shorey.....	67.00
Z. Robichaud.....	77.00
Chas. Johnson.....	23.60
Damas Long.....	17.00
Aurel Ouillette.....	47.00
Vincenzo Alonzo.....	8.00
Fred Steady.....	61.60
James Kearns.....	22.00
Ed Brosseau.....	32.42
Alfred Laliberty.....	24.00
C. J. Gendron.....	145.30
Wm. Barlow.....	30.00
S. Knudson.....	18.10
A. Rousseau.....	18.00
Onezime Marois.....	5.73
Terry Burns.....	48.00
Eli Tardiff.....	40.28
Jos. Hamel.....	36.00
Ed Billodeau.....	14.84
Albert Trahan.....	52.00
S. R. Sullivan.....	108.00
Arcade Biron.....	22.00
Ralph Roberge.....	75.00
Joseph Fabasiak.....	95.33
Wilfred Roy.....	67.73

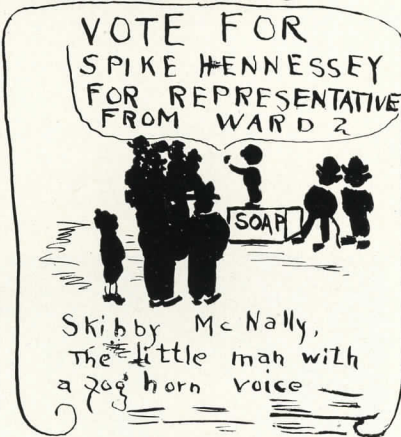
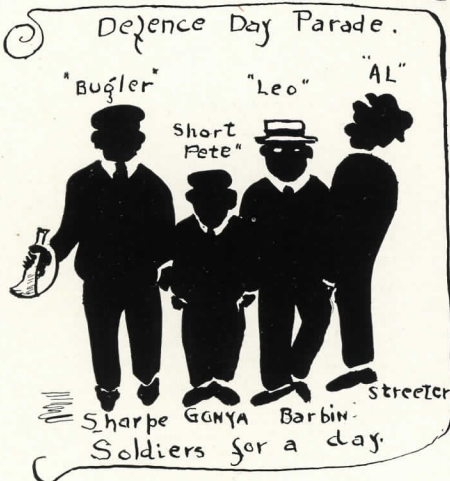
Total\$1,836.98

Friend: "The air is like wine."

Prohibitionist: "I shall have to report that fact to the enforcement officials at once."



DARK STUFF



PORTLAND OFFICE

It is singular and somewhat coincident, that Merrill S. Flint, agent of our New York office should decide to be connected with the company on the same day and year as Mr. Burke. Good opportunity to celebrate a silver anniversary.

Hugh Lloyd, credit department, has resigned his position and entered the University of Maine freshman class, and has cast his lot for a course in forestry. We are sorry to have you leave us, "Old Top," for your betting instinct was a feature in our department and no longer can we look forward to your "dope" on any contest, whether polo, cricket, boxing, or a real sport, football.

The office closed Friday afternoon, Defense Day, to enable all the boys who cared to take part in the exercises for the day. Many of the boys lined up with 8th Reg., U. S. Artillery at Deering's Oaks. Maybe there would not have been some fun to run through "setting up" exercises.

Mr. Richardson and Mr. Costellow recently returned from their vacation. Frank wearied away at the shores of a lake and "Sir Maurice" hit the high spots down around the "Port."

Mel is still a big rooter for "Patt."

"Who does not read books is out of step with the march of progress."



EDMUND BURKE

On Sept. 1, 1924, Edmund Burke, manager of window frame and Kream Krisp departments in Portland office, passed his 25th milestone of service with the company. In his long career he has seen many changes, personnel and physical in the company and could no doubt relate many interesting anecdotes.

SAFETY LAST

Lies slumbering here one William Lake; he heard the bell, but had no brake.—Detroit News.

At 50 miles drove Allie Pidd; he thought he wouldn't skid, but did.—Rome Times.

At 90 miles drove Eddie Shawn; the motor stopped but "Ed" kept on.—Little Falls Times.

Here he sleeps, one Johnny Fonker; he rounded a turn without a honker.—Scrantonian.

Down in the creek sleeps Jerry Bass; the bridge was narrow; he tried to pass.—Wilkes-Barre Times-Leader.

Beneath this stone sleeps Willie Raines; ice on the hill; had no chains.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Here lies the body of William Jay, who died maintaining his right of way.—Boston Transcript.

And here's what's left of Samuel Small; he paid no attention to "slow" signs a-tall.—Capper's Weekly.

(From Pulp and Paper Magazine, August 21, 1924.)

"I'm spending the week-end with Marge in New York. Any message?"

"What! That cat! . . . Give her my love."

SULPHITE MILL GAS

We are glad to believe that Mr. Jim Moody (one of our efficient (?) carpenters) has gone into the gasless auto business. You see he purchased a car from a reliable party (?) and the car was carburetor-less but Jim just can't say anything but, "She can run with out one."

Now, Jim, if you have something new, there are a lot of the boys that would like to get the inside dope, especially Mr. Al Burt as his car also needs something, but we haven't found out what it is yet. Maybe you can tell us, Al.

The other day one of our curve room girls was informed that she would be substituting in the engineering department. That was all right but what we can't understand is why she wants to be fumigated, unless she is a manhater.

Dorothy Multigraph: "What do you think of our new operator? I think he is cute, don't you?"

Ruth Multigraph: "Yes, he is cute but he is married, and we don't have a ghost of a show with him. He works us too hard, so I will be glad when our single operator gets back. Won't you be glad also?"

Dot replies: "Yes, I will be glad, but I overheard a rumor the other day that he was on the verge of slipping."

Ruth: "You don't say? Yes, but you see it cannot happen for at least two years."

Dot: "How is that?"

Ruth: "Well, it takes three years to train for a nurse."

Dot: "I guess, Ruth, you and I are in for a series of hard knocks, so must be silent for another period."

Another main office vacationist has returned. Frances Fiendel spent her vacation at Grove Beach, Conn., and New York City. She took in many interesting shows as well as seein' the sights.

Who's Next?

In the last issue we wondered "who was next" in the engineering department. Well, now we know. Since the last issue we have two new sparklers, that of Dorothy Sloane, who is to marry Alpha Routhier (Sam) in the

near future, and the other is Lillian Butler, whose engagement to Leroy Hughes (another Sam) gives us another wedding to look forward to. The old gang is fast disappearing. This is a record year—since April we have had three weddings and three engagements. Can any other office beat this?

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

There are a number of men in the mill who should have their beneficiaries changed in the Burgess Relief Association. Failure to do so may cause misunderstanding and delay in case a beneficiary is to be determined. If an employee, who has been married within the last two years or whose wife has died, wishes to change his beneficiary for these or any other reasons, he may call at the time-office and the necessary form will be filled out.



MR. J. J. MacKINNON
Mr. and Mrs. MacKinnon celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary on August 26.

Fred Marois, pipers crew, sustained a severe injury to both eyes, the result of a gas explosion, confining him to the hospital.

John Pevin of the wood room crew severed the top off his right thumb with an axe. Blood poison set in and the whole thumb was removed. He

has been disabled about four months but his thumb has now healed and he is expected back shortly.

Arthur Gagne, wood room, has suffered a nervous breakdown. At present writing his condition is much improved.

Patrick Peters, boiler house, lies seriously ill at his home. His full recovery is hoped for.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Patrick Doiron.....	\$ 32.00
Chas. Rainville.....	48.00
Peter Lavigne.....	8.00
Mrs. John Haney.....	48.00
Victor Lecombe.....	15.00
Fred White.....	79.20
Onesime Anctil.....	4.56
Mrs. Herbert Neil.....	71.50
Joseph Lapointe.....	24.00
Joseph Duguay.....	34.00
Jorgen Johansen.....	24.00
Victor Mortenson.....	66.40
Mark Hickey.....	104.00
Octave Pelletier.....	52.00
John J. Keating.....	38.40
George Oswell.....	49.20
Eddie Obert.....	26.40
Frank Fermia.....	48.00
Andre Doiron.....	24.00
Total.....	\$796.66

On September 18, the bunch went over to Minnie's to see her trousseau. We were admiring her hope-chest and as we reached the bottom what did we discover but a "shower" for Dot Sloane, and what a lot of pretty things we saw. Lots of pep and then the eats followed, and now everybody is marking time till we give Dot a good send-off.

The bunch extends to Julie the best of wishes for a long and happy married life.

Of our radio experts, Ernest Cook seems to be getting the most distant stations. Recently he got Havana, Cuba, and Oakland, California.

Anyone knowing Dot Thomas, ask her what she loves—she'll tell you.

Mildred Sloane has been transferred from the storehouse to the engineering department to fill the vacancy left by Minnie.

Have you noticed that we've moved the typewriter desk in the curve room? Well, there are two kinds of showers that affect the girls in the curve room. Watch us float away in the next rain storm.

Graphic record department girls would like to hear from some reliable source an answer to this question: "Do married men love their wives after ten years of married life?"

The Burgess Band played fox trots for the foxes Saturday, September 13th, at Chapman's estate, Shelburne, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rivard are at home to their friends at 175 Madison avenue.

We welcome Mr. Wm. B. Raymond to our midst and wish him success in his work in the laboratory. Mr. Raymond is a graduate of Bates College, where he specialized in chemistry. Hailing from Maine, as Mr. Raymond does, he will find many natives of that state here in Berlin.

The boys in the office are asking Harry Bishop if he knows that the world war is over. This is because, on the night of the Wills-Firpo fight when Harry was invited to go to a friend's house to listen to the radio returns of the fight, he innocently inquired: "What fight?"

Say, Harry, you might look over the newspaper occasionally, heh!

Congratulations to Mr. Farquharson on his recent marriage. Thanks for the smokes.

BURGESS BAND NOTES

The third city concert was held Thursday, August 21st. A collection of "Old Timer's Waltzes" was featured on the program and the storm of applause which followed showed that these quaint melodies brought back in the memory of many present, those good old days when the tuneful strains of "The Sidewalks of New York" and "After the Ball Was Over" were fea-

tured on every dance program.

Thursday, August 28th, Bandmaster Stevens called a special meeting at our music room in the Y. M. C. A., in order that the bandsmen as a body might bid good-bye to one of our most esteemed members, Adelard Coulon. Mr. W. E. Taft, manager of the band, gave a masterly address in which he spoke of Mr. Coulon's efficiency both as a musician and as a trusted employee of the Brown Company. He expressed regret that "Pete's" new work would carry him to another city, saying that the vacancy made by his leaving would be difficult to fill both at the mill and in the band.

Mr. Stevens spoke a few words in behalf of the bandsmen present telling of Mr. Coulon's important part in building up our organization and of his unselfishness in giving his services whenever patriotism or charity demanded the aid of the band without remuneration. Mr. Steven's closing remarks expressed the sentiments of everyone present when he said: "We're going to miss you, Pete."

Mr. Taft then presented Mr. Coulon with a velvet case containing a twenty dollar gold piece together with a card on which was written, "To Pete, from his fellow members in the Burgess Band."

Mr. Coulon leaves soon for Manchester where he will take up music professionally, a calling for which he is preeminently fitted.

The band participated in the golf festivities at the Waumbek in Jefferson recently at which time the pennant won in 1923 was raised on a flag pole by the victorious golf team. A parade headed by the band and made up of the opposing teams and caddies started at the garage and marched around the various buildings of the estate, stopping a short distance from the links. After addresses were given by the president of the golf clubs and captains of the various teams, the band played a two-hour concert.

The members of the band are high in their praise of the reception given them by Mr. Frank F. Shute, manager and owner of the New Waumbek Hotel. Mr. Shute entertained the men at lunch in the main dining room at noon and served sandwiches and beer in the club rooms directly after the concert. Mr. Shute is a fine trombone player and took part both in the pa-

rade and concert.

The fourth city concert attracted a record-breaking crowd and was the last of the short series of band concerts provided for this season. No other entertainments given in the city this summer have been so well patronized, showing plainly the wisdom of our city government in making provision for them. The wish was expressed by many hearers that next summer the concerts will be held weekly from June to September.

The bandmen gathered at the B. & M. station recently to greet the Home Guard and conduct them to their quarters on Mechanic street. An error in train schedule, however, set back the time of arrival over three hours and made it impossible for the band to officiate, as many of the men were engaged to play in dance teams that evening.

The band was engaged by Professor Chapman, famous as conductor of the Maine Musical Festivals, to play during the opening of his estate in Shelburne for the sale of Silver Black Foxes, under the management of Dr. Gordon. A fine program was given under Mr. Steven's direction, calling forth very favorable comment from Professor Chapman, Dr. Gordon, and several other men in musical prominence.

Defense day was observed in Berlin by a parade preceding the exercises held at City Hall. The band headed the parade. During the war every patriotic and militaristic demonstration held in the city was gladly supported by the Burgess Band gratis.

A Bargain

A local attorney had just brought to a close a successful defense of an old negro named Rastus, who had been charged with chicken stealing.

The lawyer and his client were conversing.

Rastus: "Well, boss, I ain't got no money, but I reckon I'se got to pay you."

Lawyer (seeking to have a little fun): "Well, Rastus, do you reckon you could steal me a few chickens?"

Rastus (moving up close to lawyer): "Well, boss, is you sho' you can cl'ar me again?"

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

The towel business seems to be holding up fairly well, even with a bunch of local salesmen on the road. One in particular has done notably well, for he sold seven cases in Errol and five in Wilson's Mills since the first of August, all to be shipped local freight. Now most folk around these parts know that a railroad doesn't go within several miles of either place and we don't expect the B. & M. or C. N. will put in a branch line to deliver these twelve cases. They can wait until it is time to fish pickerel through the ice in Lake Umbagog, then Joe Streeter would just as soon deliver them as not.

Louis Findson, who lost a part of his foot some time ago, will soon be able to return to his job.

There are a lot more around here who could spare some of their feet and then have plenty for all ordinary uses.

Willie Goodreau is contemplating getting married soon. Bill is a good kid and we hope he will always turn off the gas before retiring and will come across with the stuff that makes the Old Man smile.

One day quite recently we were all much surprised and somewhat shocked to hear from Joe Streeter's own lips that he had traded cars on the previous Sunday. The chances seemed to be good for him to get the best of it whichever way he traded. He will soon have David Harum trimmed to a frazzle. It goes to show that it takes a pillar of a church to make an advantageous trade on Sunday.

Syl Peters and Romeo Tourangeau, (known as Mutt and Jeff by their fellow workers) and their two lady friends are using lots of gasoline these days. Syl buys the gas and Romeo furnishes the company. Quite an arrangement, we should say.

We would like to ask Mr. Butler if the drinking fountain behind No. 6 machine cannot be fixed, so that we won't get a shower bath with every drink.

How the "Old Man" Spent

Part of His Vacation

Our party consisted of three, my father, young at eighty-three, a boy of about thirteen and myself. A rather mixed lot as to age, but there was never a small party that was more congenial or knew how to enjoy themselves living away from home for a week in a camp. Not only was the fishing and camp life enjoyed but we found time to enjoy wild plants, trees and shrubs of all sorts native to New



LAST YEAR'S SUCKERS

England. Our camp is most beautifully situated on the west bank of the Connecticut, under the edge of woods at the foot of one of the noted green hills of Vermont. As we were located quite a bit higher than the New Hampshire side, we had a clear view of a thousand or more acres of the great meadows of the Connecticut, a truly wonderful sight to those who have always had a love for nature and all its glories.

The fishing was not as good as we have had in the years gone by. Water was high for the time of year for one thing and then I think perhaps the

sight of so many syrup cans floating down stream all the time might have frightened the fish clear down to Long Island Sound. We never used to see any of these cans before the 18th amendment was passed. The shores used to be lined with flood wood, etc., but now they are lined with these cans. Alas! they were all empty.

We had no trouble getting what fish we three wanted and on one or two occasions sent some home.

Our largest fish was an eel of 3½ lbs. We had a 2 lb. pike, a pickerel, a 2½ lb. pike perch and several black bass to our credit. I will say that the pike perch was the most delicious fresh water fish we ever ate. But if you really want to eat something fit for the gods, just fasten on to a nice big piece of an eel, that has been properly dressed, parboiled ten minutes and then fried in salt pork or bacon fat.

We had perfect weather for the week and we left it all with great regret, but fully decided that just as long as we were able to get to this camp we would be sure to go, if some of us had to go on crutches.

"OLD MAN:"

John and Emile Michaud accompanied by their mother and John's girl have returned from a two weeks' auto trip through Quebec. As usual they forgot the Old Man's smile, and we understand the Canadian officials did not want to let John's girl back into the States. Knowing the girl, as we do, we do not blame them for we think she is a peach.

Pete Remillard and Henry Bedard came safely through the ordeal of military training for two weeks, but Pete is now on the sick list.

Leodore Couture, third hand on No. 5 machine, left on his motorcycle some time ago for California. En route he will visit the principal western cities. Quite a trip and all his friends wish him good luck.

All our vacationists are back on their jobs and things are in normal shape for no doubt a year.

After seeing the Old Man's garden in last month's issue, several have inquired as to what kind of fertilizer was used. The garden you saw has been used for fourteen years and no other fertilizer except Bradley's Potato or Eclipse Phosphate has ever been used and from the looks of the picture, it speaks for itself. One of the best features of the use of phosphate is that you don't get any weed seed from it as you do from animal fertilizer. It is also easy to handle and it gets quick returns.

We are pleased to note the great strides taken to give us a proper place for bond storage. Many thanks from all most concerned.

It was very clearly demonstrated during our last big rain that we are working in a million dollar mill with a ten-cent roof.

It is surely wonderful how much interest is taken to put items of import-

ance in the Bulletin box. Last month there was just one, this month four, from 175 to 200 employees, that surely looms up big. It is certain that one man isn't going to keep our mill represented in the Bulletin always.

Archie Tourangeau has taken to animal pets. He has a wee bit of a dog about as big as a good sized cucumber. Well, that is all right but we would like to ask why with lumber way up he should deem it wise to build a story and a half dog house for this little son-of-a-gun pup. Most people think it is a garage. Perhaps he is going to raise dogs. Perhaps he can do better at that than trying to raise hair on his head.

We have noted with pleasure that there have been many new converts to the growing of the beautiful and stately gladiolus. As the trout is the aristocrat of the water, the gladiolus in the Old Man's mind is the aristocrat of the flower garden. To those who perhaps might not know, we ad-

mit that you must take up your bulbs before the ground freezes, cut off stems fairly close to bulb, and also take off the old bulb and all roots. Let them dry a couple of hours in sun, then put away in a cool fairly dry place, but do not let them freeze.

Esther finds it quite a problem to keep her towel machine going and flirt with all the towel room boys at the same time.

Eugene, Ethel, Alice and Irene are looking more cheerful as the Home Guard (tin soldiers) are home again.

Lydia Bedard is back on her old job after having spent the summer at the Hotel Alpine, Bethlehem. By her looks mountain air and dew and good eats agreed with her completely.

Marie Parent is back on her job after a long illness. All of us boys and girls are glad to see her again.



CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS



"Reddy" Thomas, known as the wizard of baseball games and boxing bouts, had to spend \$5.00 towards the Firpo fight.

Denis Driscoll thinks that the 5 and 10c store should sell umbrellas, as he can't afford to have more than one a day.

Media Morin has returned to work after a two weeks' vacation. He spent one week in Lewiston, and one week at his camp up river.

Cecil Manton, our radio enthusiast, is building a new set. We wish him luck as he is very anxious to get in touch with London.

Duke, "Man of many cars," has returned from his vacation and reports a good time.

Hadley Parker and his assistant, Noel Lambert, are painting the boiler fronts, which brightens up the boiler house.

Mr. Wm. Barker and his family are frequent visitors to Newport, Vt., traveling in their Essex.

John Laffin had to be an hour late coming to work on his last midnight shift. The reason was that he had to escort a timid lady over to the East Side.

Carl Johnson advises his friends to use his new hair tonic, although his discovery came in too late for his own benefit.

John Labrie is back from his vacation to Canada. He enjoyed his trip very well and the only difficulties he had to face were the weather and the roads. He traveled over 2,800 miles without a mishap to his car, except tires and tubes. He visited Coaticook, Sherbrooke, River-du-Loup and frequently Quebec. The thing that John regrets the most is that he now has to drink the water of the Androscoggin river instead of his usual bottle of "Black Horse Beer."

McKay and Berwick visited New Brunswick lately. According to reports they didn't stay long, as the water was so high the herring wouldn't bite.

Matt Ryan, Joe Vallis, Jr., and Walter Santy spent their vacation at Long Island enjoying the "Mud Guard."

Frank Roy has the most wonderful car in the world. It stops within 100 feet of his house for repairs.

George Gale is doing a wonderful business this fall as the sweet corn season has opened with a "bang."

"Lord," prayed the old colored brother, "don't send more blessings than I can take care of, but when they git a good start, an' act like they want to keep coming, don't stop em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Politician: "Well, dear, I was elected."

Wife: "Honestly?"

Politician: "Well, what difference does that make?"



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



MAIN OFFICE

NOTHIN' HAPPENED HERE

There ain't much happened around here for quite a spell, 'cept rain, and that's happened a whole lot. It happened so much for a coupler days that our mutual friend, Avery Lord, who was goin' somewhere could not go because there was a river which divided the place he was from the place he was goin' and there wan't no bridge because it was washed away before our hero got to it. Therefore Avery's still here and nothin's happened 'cept the afore-said rain.

However, just because nothin' happened there's no knowin' what's goin' to happen in the very near future.

There's nothin' like lookin' ahead and some very dear folks who are blessed with the eyes of an eagle, the neck of a giraffe, ears like a newly ground axe and a mind that works seventy ways for Sunday, seem to be distributin' the impressions around that about one-third of our fair ladies are goin' to equip themselves with the yoke of matrimony. Well, some poor fellows need a guidin' hand—which is all right so long as that hand keeps right on guidin'. When the guidin' hand don't guide any more there's libels and judges and witnesses to think about which is rather a bore to both parties which was once one party before it was severed in twain. Anyway, there's the rumor abroad that the weddin' bells are all tipped up edgeways ready to peal forth the glad tidin's that there's a few more pairs and not so many ones,—a few more Benedicts and a few more women who have adopted the catalogue of Home Rule for a standard for the life of wedded bliss.

What with vacations and days off and one thing and another there's no chance to scrape up much news—no interestin' article to wind up with 'cept that there are a whole lot of folks missin'. Nothing to worry about, for they are alive and well in their new fields of work which may or may not be strenuous. And right here let me say to those left in the old office,—If a half a dozen folks disappear, all of a sudden,—if you don't see a face to-day which you saw yesterday or the

day before,—if you had a friend yesterday and you have none today—don't let it worry you a bit. Just take it for granted that a few more are being sent to try out the nice beds and the comfortable chairs at the Copley Plaza—the warm, sunny days of California,—the picturesque life of a town in Texas, or a bracing cold vacation with the fur-clad Eskimo folks. Just travelin' around takin' in the scenery and handing out a few paper towels.

It is well for a man to respect his own vocation whatever it is, and to think himself bound to uphold it, and to claim for it the respect it deserves.

—Charles Dickens.

Where the Pinch Comes

Customer (in shoe store)—This shoe pinches my joints.

Salesman—Sorry, madame, but all the joints in town are pinched.—American Legion Weekly.

The other man maintained an intense silence and the bore was moved to inquire: "Don't you subscribe to that?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"I've seen plenty of men wearing medals inscribed 'For Valor.' But I have never yet seen a man with a medal marked 'For Discretion.'"

THE WORLD MUST LAUGH

The world is so full of a number of things,—

I am sure we're not all as happy as kings.

Not all of us know how to smile as we should;—

Not all of us know how to sing if we could.

Some folks are so crushed by the hard things of life

That they have no courage to stand the rough strife.

Disheartened by failures, crushed down by their griefs,—

The world seems all hopeless,—they have no beliefs.

Oh, where is the sunshine that should shine in—

That those folks might venture a victory to win?

Oh, where is the smile that should break through the gloom—

And bring forth some flowers to flourish and bloom?

The world's got to laugh—at least once every day—

To keep the old cobwebs and shadows away.

So close up your shower-stick and put it aside,—

And send out your smiles with the turn of the tide.

Some folks are just puzzled and sort of confused

About the strange ways they are being abused.

They don't dare to turn either this way or that—

Because of fresh worries that come up to bat.

Oh, where is the word that they so much need?

The touch of a friend,—the bright cheering deed?

Oh, where is the finger that touches the pain—

And makes everything look all peaceful again?

The world's got to laugh—at least once every day;—

You might make it twice—a far better way.

So put your old hanky away in a box,—

And let all your troubles just go on the rocks.

There's a lot in a smile, there's a lot in a word,—

A kind deed is just like the song of a bird.

The world's got to laugh—laugh loud and long,

Make sure that you're serving just where you belong.

BERLIN PUBLIC LIBRARY



STORY HOUR ROOM
MAIN JUVENILE ROOM

REFERENCE ROOM FROM LOBBY
PERIODICAL ROOM FROM LOBBY



It is hard to know where the mission of the public school ends and that of the public library begins. They merge in one another. In the city of Dover in our own state, the practical identity of the aims of schools and public library is recognized by administering the library as a part of the work of the school board. In Berlin, the public library comes under a separate com-

mission. In practice, however, there is cooperation between the respective boards and there should be no overlapping of functions.

Berlin owes her public library partly to the generosity of Andrew Carnegie and partly to initiative of her citizens. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, you find examples of the benefactions of Carnegie. In New York City is the Engineering Societies Library, one of the best technical collections in the world, which owes much to him. In the library of Cambridge University in England is the valuable collection of Lord Acton, great Catholic and greatest among historical students of the



last generation. When Acton died, it was bought by Carnegie, who gave it to John Morley, who, appalled at the value of the collection, willed it to Cambridge. We in Berlin like hundreds of other cities and towns in the country have our library, a place for individual improvement for both children and adults. We ought to use it more.

The Legend of the Ravine of the Cascades

By JOHN H. SPAULDING

ONE hundred and sixty-five years ago next Friday, October 3, 1759, Rogers and the New Hampshire rangers destroyed the Indian village of St. Francis and returned through the edge of Coos County, carrying with them not only memories of terrible hardships but knowledge of fertile lands on the Connecticut, which resulted in the prompt settlement of the western part of the county. Legend and tradition say that a party of the rangers lost their way and perished in the Ravine of the Cascades on the side of Mt. Jefferson. Because of their timeliness, we reproduce two pages of Volume II. of Jeremy Belknap's History of New Hampshire written in the seventeen-ninties, which gives a good historical account, and also the legend of the Ravine of the Cascades as told by John H. Spaulding, in Historical Relics of the White Mountains first published in 1855. Both of the volumes mentioned are in the Gorham Public Library, which possesses a valuable collection of White Mountain literature assembled by Judge A. E. Evans. To those interested about further reading about Robert Rogers, the account in Parkman's Montcalm and Wolf can be cordially recommended. A very important historical movement is under way to dedicate the highway between Sherbrooke, P. Q., through Coaticook, Norton Mills, Island Pond, Vt., to North Stratford and thence to Northumberland on the Daniel Webster Highway as the Robert Rogers Trail. (Officials in Quebec, Vermont, and New Hampshire are interested.)

"In the retreat and pursuit following the result of Rogers' expedition most of the rangers followed their leader's command, while small detached parties, throwing off all martial restraint, made independent homeward trails for themselves. One small party of nine, leaving the waters running northward, passed the highlands, and came upon a stream that evidently fell into the Connecticut. Here they resolved to strike that river at the head of the falls (now called Fifteen Miles Falls), southerly of Upper Cohos, and, following up the stream (John's river) that came from the "Crystal Hills," pass over to the valley of the Amonoosuc, and through the Notch, homeward.

This party had expected to meet a detachment on the Connecticut, from old No. 4 (now Charlestown, N. H.), with supplies, and, being disappointed in this, in a most travel-worn and destitute condition, after waiting several days they yielded to the guidance of an Indian runner, who offered to conduct them to the great pass of the "Crystal Hills." They did not dream that this Indian was acting false, by knowing the prophecy of the gray-headed Indian, who in the St. Francis church said to the plunderers of the treasure there, "The Great Spirit will scatter



235—In the Ravine of the Cascades, White Mts., N. H.

Shorey Studio

darkness upon the path of the pale-faces!" How literally this prophecy was fulfilled, the end shows more clearly than facts seen in the mists of dreams. The Indian guide led his charge up the Connecticut to the mouth of the next river, which he called Singrawack, and from thence they followed up to near the foot of the White Mountains, where he left them. This little party had in charge the plunder taken from the Indian church, and to him who bore the treasure, the Indian gave a rude birch-bark map, descriptive of their route thence. The reason given by the Indian guide for going no further was pretended fear that the Great Spirit would kill him, if he left

his footprints in the shadow of the great snowy Agiochook. The ranger who received the birch map did not notice an apparently accidental scratch given him on the back of the hand by the guide on the receipt of the map; but when his hand began to swell, suspicion rested upon the false guide. Symptoms of poison became strikingly apparent, and the increasing inflammation gave speed to his blood, and fear mingled with pain pressed madness into his brain, and with frightful shrieks of rage he rushed to a high rock, and, throwing himself down, was dashed to pieces. The gloom of death in their midst, combined with the startling circumstances, was like a black night-shadow upon the future prospects of this little party; and, holding a brief council, the decision was that their companion came to his death by a slight wound from a rattlesnake's fang, designed by their Indian guide. With the remembrance of the Indian prophecy fresh in their minds, they resolved to bury the mangled remains of their mate, with his knapsack containing the stolen treasure, carefully in a rude cave, where the red hunter dared not leave his footmarks.

"According to old tradition, of that party of nine, but one ever reached the settlement below the mountains. Being misled by their false guide, they miscalculated as to the certainty of passing down the mountain notch; and, being the distance of two river valleys to the northward of the point from which they might have passed through safely, they wandered many days in vain attempt to attain their object, and, after extreme suffering from hunger, and the rigorous storms of approaching winter, one only arrived to tell the sad story of misery and death. This ragged and forlorn-looking mortal had with him six knives, and in his bloody knapsack was a piece of human flesh, of which for the last eight days he declared he had eaten to support the flickering spark of life that now but faintly burned within him.

RANGERS' RELICS FOUND

"When the early hunters came to the valley of the Cohos (meadow of pines), on a pine-tree standing up in a wild gorge, on what the Indians called Singrawack, was a barkless spot, whereon

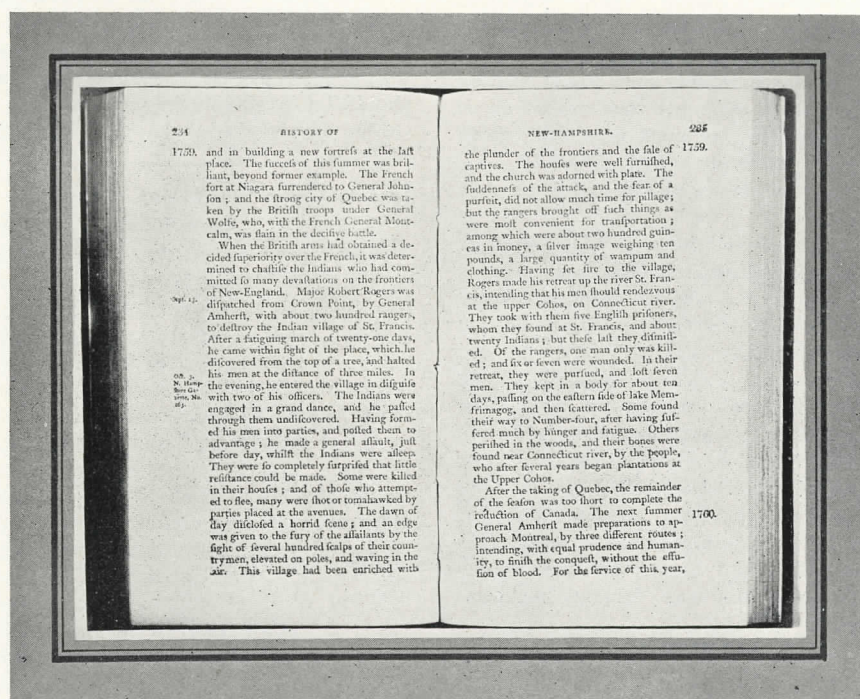
was a curious mingling of storm-worn hieroglyphical characters. Near this was found the remains of a military dress—rusty buttons, etc., with a gun-barrel, lock, rotten stock, and a small copper kettle. In another place, while digging away the rubbish at the foot of a steep bank near which a block-house had lately been erected, in place of an expected spring of water were found six old gun barrels, and what appeared to be a pile of knapsacks, containing a quantity of frogs and fish-bones. A certain old hunter, by the delusive influence of three similar dreams, fancied that he should become wealthy by untiring search for precious treasures among the White Hills. One day, while engaged in his exploring operations, a terrible mountain storm obliged him to seek shelter under an overhanging cliff. While there he noticed back in a dark corner, among the shadows of this rude cave, several flat stones piled up in a manner too curious to be natural. On examination under this pile, he found a rusty old hatchet, and a roll of birch bark, neatly encased in a wild-bees' wax. A disagreeable stench rose from the damp mould within the crevice wherein these relics were secured, and a silent fear of he knew not what caused the old hunter to instinctively withdraw from further examination. Within the birch roll he found a parchment, formed of an Indian-tanned fawn-skin, on which were written many characters, which to the unlettered hunter were mysterious. He carried his unaccountable prize to the nearest settlement, and, being void of all antiquarian spirit, sold it to a distiller of spirits for two quarts of potato-whiskey. Here the mysterious manuscript disappeared, and by many it is believed to have been burned with the whiskey shop in 1804. Be that as it may, the old hunter now fancied he could lead a party of treasure-seekers to the hiding place of the silver image, and other treasure supposed to be there somewhere, in sacred keeping of the mountain genii. Ere we proceed to notice the party in search for the secrets of the mountain cave, we will note other wild traditions, that stalk before us like gigantic shadows, speaking from the past, saying, "Whether false or true, time-honored fictions, in this imaginative age, are as much of a legal tender for the literary world, as dry modern facts."

STRANGE SIGHTS SEEN

"Years previous to a settlement near

these mountains, a hunter brought from thence what was considered by many a vague report of a strange vision seen. He was alone, and what part imagination had to do with what he fancied to be true, judge ye who please. He was camping far up among the White Hills, on a stream called by the natives "Singrawack," one night when his camp-fire burned low, and a dreamy restlessness mocked his desire to enjoy profound sleep; and to his sight, on a background of deep blue sky, arose the craggy mountain, enlivened by the magic splendor of a moonlight night. The mountain's northern side was hid in its own dark shadow; but silvery moonbeams were glittering upon its

the altar appeared a tribe of savages kneeling in profound silence. A change came the wind; a song loud and long rose as a voice-offering to the Great Spirit; then glittering church-spire, church and altar, vanished, and down the steep rock trailed a long line of strange-looking men, in solemn silence. Before all, as borne by some airy sprite, sported a glittering image of silver, which in the deep shadows changed to a fairy sprite, and with sparkling wings disappeared in the rent rocks. A loud laugh of brutal triumph, combined with the strange vision, startled to consciousness the hunter; and, musing on what had passed, he rekindled his fire by the light of morning over the eastern



JEREMY BELKNAP'S ACCOUNT

pointed rock, and around its top hung a still, thick mist. Above the murmuring of mountain waterfalls rose a strange noise indistinctly; but, being of a stout heart, he heeded it not, save as the ominous hoot of some solitary owl, or the lone howl of a hungry wolf, giving zest to his hopeless employment by keeping up his spirits with a rude serenade for the moonlight night. The hunter's nerves were like steel, but a fanciful influence changed the mist to a great stone church, and within this was an altar, where from a sparkling censer rose a curling wreath in incense smoke, and around it lights dispersed a mellow glow, by which in groups before

mountains.

"Another report declares that, not far from the period of which we speak, another hunter was startled from profound sleep in the dead of night by most hideous screechings, as of a man in the last agonies of extreme torture. At intervals, through the remainder of the night, above the roar of the mountain stream rose strange noises, either through fancy or reality.

"Connected with the same odd train, so much in keeping with the spirit of wild legendary adventure, comes another account, that, in a superstitious, witchcraft age, might cause some credulous ones to become confident. There

once came a great storm, out of which came a voice, saying: "That pagan treasure from St. Francis may not remain a secret to adventure till the Great Spirit's thunder dies on the crags of Agiochook." When these words were pronounced, the apparition of a skeleton Indian, with ribs like loud-sounding harp-strings, was followed by an armed train of pale faces; an Indian village was burning, and from the blood and ruins of the fire-lit night a soldier appeared, bearing a silver image, money and wampum away to the woods."

"HEALTH FIRST"

The Safety Slogan for the Body

All the "Safety First" warnings should not be pointed at the reckless drivers and Jay Walkers. A lot of the energy along safety lines might well be directed at the most conservative of us—those who are most particular about traffic regulations and generally keep within the limits of our rights as pedestrians.

There should be a special series of health warnings for each human body. Practically all of us have peculiarly reckless health habits—or should we say unhealthy habits? We eat too much, or too little, too often the wrong kind of food. We fail to exercise—we put off seeing the doctor when we have a cold or slight pains—in short, we neglect ourselves. We overlook the fact that our future is dependent on the immediate repair of the body. Our very jobs and means of earning our livelihood may pay for our recklessness.

Do you know that practically ten times as many days are lost in industry from sickness as from accident? Do you know that human beings who would hesitate to take a risk with the machinery at work unconsciously risk their health many times in the course of a day?

Do you know that most of the days off are due to the following diseases, in the order in which they are named—colds, stomach diseases, and diseases of the pharynx and tonsils? We let the slightest illness eat up our wages.

This situation, typical of American industry, brings about suffering and anxiety to the workman and his family; loss of wages; loss of production to the company; large expenditures for medical care; and, greatest of all, impairment of health.

The impairment of health means cutting down the future earning power. Each time sickness occurs it collects on future energy and consequently cuts down a man's ability to carry on.

The way to heed the "Safety First" message of health is by regular physical examinations and seeing the doctor as soon as one is ill—and especially taking preventative measures.

Under our Group Insurance Plan, provision is made for nursing service in case one of our insured employees is ill or injured. As soon as you are ill, call the doctor and then give the Metropolitan nurse a ring. She will help your family bring you back to health and will incidentally help cut down most of your accidents due to sickness.

The little books on health preservation and disease prevention and cure which are regularly distributed to you should be invaluable in your home.

Let "Health First" be your slogan!

Insects Cause 130 Million

Loss to Trees Yearly

Insect enemies of the forest trees would appear to the layman to be very particular about climate or geography and the kind of forests in which they carry on their destructive warfare, some liking the bracing air of the North, some the higher temperatures of the South, some the breezy West, but there are no forests so located as to be free from these pests, and all alike show a preference for certain kinds of trees, says the New York State College of Forestry.

Many of these enemy insects have received their names from the localities in which they carry on their work of devastation. The Western pine beetle is found in the Coast States and in Idaho.

The Southern pine beetle commits its depredations in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Virginia, and to a lesser degree in Georgia and Florida.

The mountain pine beetle frequents the mountainous regions of Idaho, Oregon, Montana and California.

The Eastern spruce beetle operates principally in Maine, with small colonies in New York, Pennsylvania and some of the lake States. Black Hills beetle holds forth from Arizona to Canada.

The spruce bud worm is prevalent in Maine, Minnesota, Idaho and Canada, the Engleman spruce beetle in the West, and the gypsy moth, which

is making a strong drive into New York State, against a well-organized opposition, is entrenched in New England.

The annual damage to the forest and forest products by insects is put at \$130,000,000 by the college, which says that in proportion to the damage done or the damage these insects are capable of doing, the expense of controlling their inroads into our forest resources would be comparatively small. It is estimated by the United States Bureau of Entomology that the damage by tree-killing insects can be greatly reduced by an annual expenditure of less than one-half of 1 per cent. of the yearly loss.

Melancholy

Melancholy,

I've no use for you, by Golly!
Yet I'm going to keep you hidden
In some chamber dark, forbidden,
Just as though you were a prize, sir,
Made of gold, and I a miser—
Not because I think you jolly,

Melancholy!

Not for that I mean to hoard you,
Keep you close and lodge and board you
As I would my sisters, brothers,
Cousins, aunts and old grandmothers,
But that you shan't bother others
With your sniffing, snuffling folly,

Howling,

Yowling,

Melancholy.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

We can all afford to be exceedingly charitable towards others. The fact that every one of us has his failings, and also the fact that every one of us has stumbled and fallen—and at times fallen flat—gives us a very broad basis for that admirable and kindly quality—charity. While each of us is in his present incomplete state we should be very slow to judge another. It may uncover the hypocrite in us more quickly than we may be aware; and to condemn another is, if we will consider it in this light for but a very brief moment, richly and consummately asinine. "To speak wisely," it has been said, "may not always be easy, but not to speak ill requires only silence." We need more sympathy in our common life. It is always a mark of wisdom. It expands the individual life also into the other lives around him.