



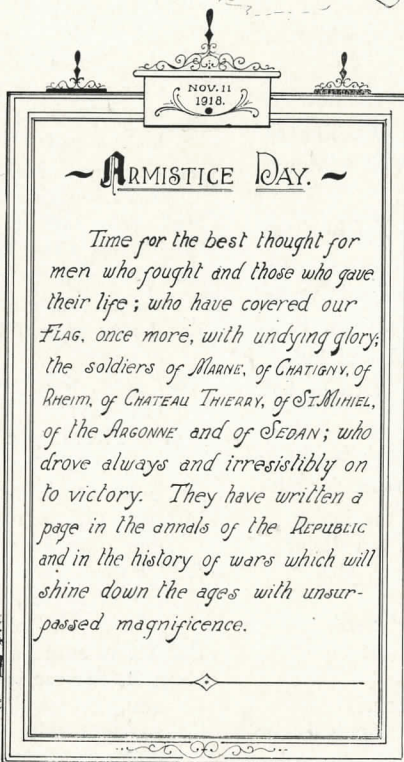
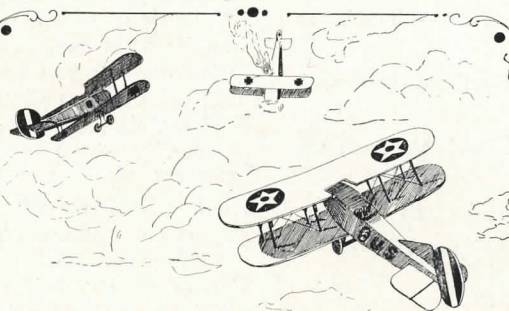
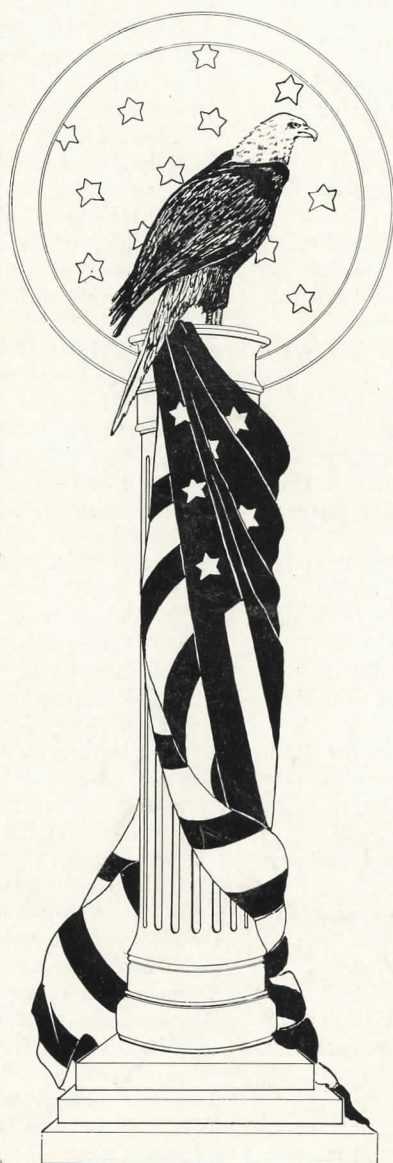
# THE BROWN BULLETIN.



VOL. VI.

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BERLIN, N. H., NOVEMBER 1, 1924

No. 5



## ~ ARMISTICE DAY. ~

*Time for the best thought for men who fought and those who gave their life; who have covered our FLAG, once more, with undying glory; the soldiers of MARNE, of CHATIGNY, of RHEIM, of CHATEAU THIERRY, of ST. MIHIEL, of the ARGONNE and of SEDAN; who drove always and irresistibly on to victory. They have written a page in the annals of the Republic and in the history of wars which will shine down the ages with unsurpassed magnificence.*



## PIERRE AND THE POOL

By ELSIE PORTER

"Well, mon cher ami Jean,  
Et ees one longue tame I hav' not write  
On you one lettre.  
So I mus' try for mak' for tell you  
Somet'ing fun dat dese American  
Hav' do it to me. Dis las' week  
Already pass my Boss he hav' say,  
"Perre, you lak for go en one pool?"  
"By Gar, non," I hav' say, "W'at you  
t'ink!  
Et ees too—w'at you say—oh oui, too  
freeze  
For tak' one bath on top ony pool,  
aujourd'hui,  
W'at you tink!" I hav' tak' from my  
trunk  
Out my bottom-coat jus' dis morning.  
Don't it, you hav' see dat peecture in  
de Post?  
Dat beeg mounting w'at hav'  
Mak' for name Washington, wid  
On top de head all snow?  
Believe it to me, I know me how  
W'at for dey hav' call et 'Washington.'  
Et nevaire lies for tell w'en winter  
She is come!  
"Non, non, Monsieur Boss," I hav' say,  
"I hav' finish wid de col' water  
An' I not tak' one bath until de winter  
She ees pass." Den w'at you tink?  
My Boss he mak' for laff and laff.  
For w'at I don't can tell. Den he hav'  
say,  
"But non, Pierre, don't hav' 'fraid.  
I am giv' you one beeg chance for mak'  
Easy ten dollar." I say me inside,  
"Ten dollar!" Bien, yes, ten dollar  
She soun' ver' good for me, eh?  
An' maybe you hav' hear  
De tame she ees ver' ver' hard,  
Because dey are try for put  
Nudder man on top de  
White-house a Washington.  
Den somebody yes and somebody no  
Hav' say dat beesnes' will run fas'.  
I hope et ees true.  
Jean, mais mon ami, I hav' tink  
Sometame dere ees too much bees-nes'  
Up dere yet an' somebody ees get stung  
alrht!  
But onyway dat ten dollar  
She ees look more good now to me  
Den befor' so I hav' say,  
"Oui, Monsieur Boss, I go on top de  
Pool for get ten dollar,  
Mak' no difference how she is col'."  
Well, w'at you tink?

Dere is water not one drop in dis kin'  
pool.  
De Boss he hav' put on top my eyes  
A hat wid all leetle paper fold hup an'  
she hav' say  
"Well, Pierre, here's dat chance."  
Me, I jus' hav' look—w'at you say,  
Oh oui—fooleesh, an' I tink he hav'  
play nudder fun on top me  
Lak' all de tame dese American play  
wid me.  
But Jean, et ees de beeg Boss to me  
an I hav' fraid for say non.  
I tink I get fire sure,  
An' Marie de wife he ees kill me sure.  
Den de Boss say,  
"Well w'at for you wait, Pierre?  
Tak' out de hat one paper."  
So I tak' de paper. Den de Boss hav'  
say,  
"Unfol' it."  
An I unfol' it an' w'at you tink, Jean,  
Et ees one nombre t'ree write on top  
dat paper.  
Den de Boss he hav' say,  
"Wel, Pierre, if w'en de beeg game she  
ees finish  
An' de Giant an' de Senator hav' mak'  
t'ree point you hav' win ten dollar."  
So at las' I wake hup an' I keep me  
jus' so still  
'Cause I hav' hear all dose boy w'at  
work longside of me  
Mak' talk, talk, talk all tame  
'Bout dose Giant an' Senator  
An' believe it to me, some tame dey  
get so excite an' sometame so mad  
Dat I tink et mus' be someting interest  
onyway.  
Den, Jean, w'at you tink, de Boss he  
hav' say,  
"Well, Pierre, you mus pay it to me  
one dollar for mak ten dollar."  
Oh, Jean, me I hav' one dollar  
Dat was giv' to me bac' for one divi-  
den' onsurance.  
(An' I don't hav' tole Marie for dat.)  
Believe et to me, I hav' hate for say  
"Au revoir" on dat dollar,  
But I feel sure de Boss  
He goin' fire me jus' so soon I hav' say  
non,  
So toute-de-suite I giv' to him dat  
dollar.  
(Nex' tame to Marie I giv' et jus' so  
scon I get it.)  
Den all dat after dinner, I hav' stick  
out my ear for hear w'at dose boy  
hav' for say.  
Oh, Jean, I am so sorry  
Me for lose dat dollar an' I am sure,  
sure de Boss she hav' mak me one  
beeg fool  
An' I feel—w'at you say, oh out—kin'  
burn  
On top under my collar.

Mais, Jean, I not so beeg fool dey tink.  
I keep myself so still  
All tame but I don't miss nutting.  
Firs' one boy den nudder she hav' ring  
all de tame dat telephone  
An' hav' say, "W'at de news, Centrall?"  
Some tam he hav' laff an' mak' for  
jump on floor  
Wid excite an' some tame he laff an'  
say,  
"Oh, boy, dat ees de 'bee's knees!'  
My ten dollar she look good, eh w'at."  
Oh ho, I hav' tink, de Boss she hav'  
mak' one fool you too.  
Den I feel me better inside an' I say  
inside  
To me, "Two fool mak' for better den  
one, N'est-ce-pas?"  
An' I tink if dat ten dollar look now  
good for dat garcon,  
Well onyway she can't no look ver' bad  
to me.  
All dat after dinner dat telephone she  
ring an' ring  
An' I hav' hear nutting a nutting—one  
a nutting—  
An' all bout dose Giant an' Senator a  
Washington.  
Some tame dey say dey hav' tink dose  
Giant goin' mak' for lick dose Sen-  
ator  
An' I hav' hope et be true  
Den beezness she come better an' de  
mill she run all de tame.  
Well onyway nex' I hav' hear dat feller  
say two a one flavor Washington  
An' den I don't know me nutting.  
Both de Giant an' Senators dey be in  
Washington, ain't it?  
So I say, "Please, Monsieur Boss, who  
hav' lick?"  
An' de Boss he hav' laff an' say,  
"Well, Pierre, I don't know me if dat  
joke she be on top of you or me,  
but Washington she hav' win."  
I feel ver' sorry for hear dat 'cause I  
tink beezness she will be more bum,  
But w'at you tink, Jean, dat Boss she  
giv' it to me one nice ten dollar.  
Den all dose boy dey hav' say, "Can  
you beat it!"  
An' dat five o'clock whistle she hav'  
blow and you can bet it  
I mak' for beat it on top my house,  
An' I hav' giv' dat ten dollar to Marie  
queek right away.  
But, mon ami, nex' tame my Boss she  
asked to me for go in pool I say  
"Yes, I guess so ain't it?"  
So I say aurevoir 'till nex' year  
W'en dat pool, de Boss say, will come  
some more  
An' if you want for get a nombre den  
why just come nex' year  
For stay at my maison. De votre Ami,  
Pierre.

## Production and Uses of Sulphur

At a meeting of the Philotechnical Society held at the Y.M.C.A., Wednesday evening, October 15, Dr. Raymond F. Bacon of New York City gave an illustrated lecture upon "The Production and Uses of Sulphur." The moving pictures used were prepared by the United States Bureau of Mines in co-operation with the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company of Matagorda, Texas.

Dr. Bacon has been engaged in chemical work for the past twenty years. From 1905 to 1911 he was chemist in the Bureau of Science at Manila. During the following year he was assistant chemist with the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, from which he transferred to become senior fellow of the Petroleum Fellowship, Department of Industrial Research at the University of Pittsburgh. He then became Associate Director of the Mellon Institute. In 1914 he succeeded Robert Kennedy Duncan as Director of the Mellon Institute serving in this capacity until 1921, when he began practice as a consulting chemical engineer in New York City. During the war he was a Colonel in the Chemical Warfare Service, being chief of the Technical Division, C. W. S., A. E. F., in which some of the chemists in Berlin served. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal in 1922. Dr. Bacon's lecture was of great interest, because one-sixth of the sulphur consumed today is used in the pulp and paper industry. The following is a much abbreviated account.

America now dominates the sulphur industry. American sulphur comes from three deposits in Louisiana and Texas. Of these that at Matagorda is the latest to be developed. As late as 1903, sulphur came principally from Sicily and in minor quantities from Japan. Large supplementary quantities came from pyrites imported mainly from Spain. By 1907, Sicilian sulphur was no longer imported in large quantities and in the last ten years American sulphur has been rapidly displacing pyrites. The price of sulphur is now below the prewar quotations.

The main deposit at Matagorda has a diameter of about 4000 feet and is situated 800 to 1000 feet below the surface of the ground. The sulphur occurs in an almost flat stratum, whose general shape is like that of a flat-topped umbrella. Above the sulphur stratum is an unconsolidated sediment

consisting of bands of shale, gumbo, and boulders. Below is a layer of salt and gypsum, and then a layer of salt of undetermined but very considerable thickness. The sulphur content of the deposit runs quite uniform with a slightly higher percentage of sulphur on one side of the dome. The mining operations are carefully checked, and a large-sized model of the deposit enables the engineers constantly to visualize what is taking place underground.

Driven wells are sunk into the deposit. In each well are four concentric lines of pipe ranging in diameter from 10 inches to one inch. Superheated water (say 165 to 170 degrees C.) is forced down between the 10-inch and 6-inch pipes, and passing into the crevices of the sulphur-bearing rock, melts the sulphur, which runs into the pump at the foot of the well. Through the 1-inch pipe, compressed hot air is forced to the bottom of the well, where it mixes with the melted sulphur, forming an aerated mass, which the water and air pressure cause to rise through the 4-inch pipe to the surface; the mixture of melted sulphur, hot water, and air is discharged into large vats made of boards. In these the sulphur cools and solidifies. These vats are sometimes built up until there is a solid block of sulphur weighing 100,000 tons. From these blocks the sulphur is blasted off with dynamite, so that cars are loaded with ordinary cranes.

The fuel efficiency of the process adopted in mining the sulphur is very low, generally under 3 per cent, comparing the heat units in the fuel with the heat necessary to melt the sulphur. A great deal depends on underground conditions. In some cases, large water courses are present which dissipate the

hot water and reduce the efficiency. None of these openings have been found at Matagorda, however, so that a high heat efficiency is obtained. It has been estimated that four and a half million gallons of fresh water are required daily. This comes from wells and the Colorado river. Fuel oil is used to heat the water. Steam for power for compressed air and pumping, etc., involves but a small part of the boiler capacity, which is used mainly for production of superheated hot water. Besides the wells actually producing sulphur there are "bleeder" wells from which water is pumped out. Owing to the quicksand formation over the sulphur, the ground gradually sinks after withdrawal of the sulphur.

American sulphur is of remarkably high grade. Unlike Sicilian sulphur, it is free from arsenic, tellurium, and selenium, which formerly gave much trouble in the cooking of pulp. Sulphur companies selling crude sulphur on contracts guarantee the purity to be over 99-99½ per cent. One impurity occurring in minute quantities in sulphur is oil, which has a peculiar effect on the burning qualities and also on the color and odor of sulphur. Sulphur and oil at moderate temperatures react together to form asphalt, and, if the reaction is carried to completion, the final result is carbon. The film of asphaltic substance formed on the surface of sulphur will prevent its burning in flat burners, but there is no particular trouble in modern burners of the cascade or rotary type.

Because of the fact that under present conditions sulphur can be produced faster than it is consumed, the sulphur companies are interested in finding new uses for the material. One-half of the sulphur produced is used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. The pulp and paper industry takes care of one-sixth. Smaller consumers are agriculture, the rubber industry, minor industries utilizing sulphur dioxide as a refrigerant, fumigant, bleaching agent, antichlor, food preservative, etc. A 40-60 sulphur-sand mixture can be used as an acid-resistant cement in pipe joints, etc.

Experiments are being carried out in the impregnation of concrete, sandstone, transite board, and fibrous products; in compounding with coke dust, etc.; and in the preservation of telegraph poles.

### PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY

At the opening meeting of the coming season of the Philotechnical Society held at the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday, October 1, 1924, Hon. D. J. Daley, of the local law firm of Sullivan & Daley, spoke upon the "Workman's Compensation Law of New Hampshire," giving many facts concerning the operation of the law and legislative changes that have been made from session to session to make the law more equitable. Mr. Daley had hoped to prepare an abstract of this talk to be printed in this month's Bulletin. Pressure of court business has been such that he has been unable to do it, but he has promised to give us an article for the December issue.

## The Last of the Erics

"Vikings of the Air" is the name the New York Times applied to the American Round the World Flyers, who followed the track of Eric the Red and his son, Leif the Lucky, on the last lap of their journey, from Iceland to Greenland, and from Greenland to the North American coast. It is particularly fitting that one of those who completed the flight should be a descendant of the North, another Erik. Lieutenant Erik Nelson was born in Sweden, and before he emigrated to America fifteen years ago, followed the sea. His skill as mechanic secured him a job in the Curtiss Aeroplane factory, and when we entered the war, he became an army aviator, spending most of his time as instructor. He was one of those chosen for the Berlin night raid which did not come off, as the Armistice intervened. In 1920 he took part in the American air expedition to Alaska. Lieutenant Nelson's companions on the flight call him "the Old Viking." His mother still lives in Stockholm, and has followed the progress of the flight with keenest interest, tracing the course of the flyers on the map, and preserving every bit of printed matter regarding the high adventure in which her son took part.—American Scandinavian Review.



ERIK NELSON

### ERICA

It was Eric the Red, so the Sagas say,  
Who was first of the Vikings to find  
the way

Through the fog and ice of the frigid  
North

To find the land he named "Greenland,"  
by Eric's-Forth.

It was Eric's son, Leif—the "Lucky  
Leif" called

In the Saga once sung by many a  
skald—

Who was first to discover our "skrael-  
ing" shores

In his single-sail ship with its spuming  
oars.

It was Eric the Flyer, in sail-winged  
plane,

Who was one of the planet-encircling  
twain

To alight, like the eagles from Jotun-  
heim,

With their pinions outstretched and  
covered with rime.

So here's to the Erics of sail and wing,  
The Vikings of farthest adventuring,  
From their mist-guarded coastlands of  
Erica

Stretches "Vinland the Good"—our  
America!

Fionnleagh in American Scandinavian Review.

### THE RED CROSS ROLL CALL

Support for the various activities of  
the American Red Cross for which that

organization is chartered by Congress,  
is being asked this year through the  
annual Roll Call, November 11-27. This  
is the only appeal made during the  
year, and is simply the opportunity for  
the renewal of memberships and the  
payment of the one dollar membership  
dues for the coming year.

The record of Red Cross achieve-  
ment in the field of public health since  
1918 is worthy of being set beside the  
war work. It is as systematic and  
thorough, if less spectacular, and the  
field is continually widening. Work  
for the disabled ex-service men is be-  
ing continued also, as well as Disaster  
Relief, First Aid, and service to the  
regular Army and Navy.

This is YOUR Red Cross—these are  
YOUR services. Give your confidence  
and support through membership.

Perhaps the fact that the United  
States uses more perfume than any  
other country in the world is to be  
attributed to the necessity for neutra-  
lizing the gasoline smell.

### SEPTEMBER ACCIDENTS

#### UPPER PLANTS

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	10
Without loss of time.....	38
Total .....	48

#### SULPHITE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	5
Without loss of time.....	37
Total .....	42

#### CASCADE MILL

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	19
Without loss of time.....	42
Total .....	61

At a golf club one Sunday morning  
a member turned up late. Asked why,  
he said was really a toss-up whether  
he should come there that morning or  
go to church.

"And I had to toss up 15 times," he  
added.

## SULPHITE MILL GAS

Does anybody know Michael Pomerleau, alias Michael Cigarette?

Mr. Cyprien Morneau has just completed his two-rent house on Burgess street. All finished and ready before Christmas, too.

An expert on scales was working at the scales at the new dryer building lately. All went well until it was time to wash his hands and he inquired: "Where is the sink to wash up?" Where is it?

It is too bad there is not some big locker where the tape-men could hide all the good tape they can get, so we would not have any on Thomas's shift.

Mr. C. Morneau nearly had a nervous shock the other day when he discovered that his jug was gone. We would not blame him as it was the third time, and second jug (one didn't come back) but finally she came back full of water. Oh, joy!

If anybody wants brand new \$5.00 bills, all you have to do is to go to the bank and give your order. They will print them for you right there.

If you don't believe it, ask Simard, he knows. He had some not long ago when they cashed his check.

The old radio fever is still brewing in the Burgess time office, especially when Stan Cabana and Charlie Martin come together.

Anyone who can argue on the public schools with J. W. Oliver AND WIN is the man for President.

Did Jimmy Snyder go to the corn roast? He did not! Why? Because he had to adorn himself in one "Tux" and report to the Country Club for the Mah Jongg tournament.

### "TIN PAST TIN"

No, this isn't a Ford story—it's all about a shower. No, honest, "it ain't goin' to rain no more." But there was a little shower in the curve room last Saturday morning (but not enough to make the roof leak). At about "tin past tin" Dot Sloane received an ur-

gent but mysterious call from "above" (Oh, no, she didn't die) saying that her pal, Frances, wanted her at once in the vicinity of the curve room. So Dot made a dash and came up the winding stairs two at a time and didn't even stub her toe, oh no, because that would have been fatal, with her wedding a little more than a week away. On reaching the top all out of breath, not seeing Frances, she rushed on and pulled open with a jerk the folding doors in the rear. Mercy on us! Such a clatter of falling tins and ohs and ahs, from Dot, and laughs from the office crowd behind those same doors! Yes, as we were saying, it was only a little shower for Dot, who is leaving us soon, but to judge from the assortment which she, after recovering from her surprise, found scattered all over the floor, we think she'll be able to stir, to beat, or shake and give good measure to Sam all the days of her life. And, although our numbers are growing smaller and smaller and we hate to lose her, we sure do hope she'll be very happy in her new occupation and find a use for all the pots and pans, not even forgetting the "spoons."

### WEDDING BELLS AT BURGESS AGAIN

Yes, once more the wedding bells rang for one of the Burgess girls. The time, September 22nd—the place, St. Kieran's church, the girl, Minnie Ryan. Did the sun shine? They say it did! But it wasn't shining at six o'clock in the morning and all the bunch agreed with our friend "Harry" that although "it's nice to get up in the morning, it's nicer to lie in bed." Nevertheless, quarter to seven found them all gathered at the church entrance because, as usual, they never miss anything—especially a wedding. Why they were even there when the bridal party arrived and said "Good morning, Miss Ryan" for the last time. Then it was time for the ceremony and surely a church never looked more beautiful with all the fall flowers generously and gladly donated by friends of the bride. And if once or twice a lump arose in their throats at the seriousness of the wedding ceremony or when Mrs. Mooney sang "Ave Maria" so clearly and sweetly that it almost brought the

tears to their eyes, it was quickly suppressed as they never indulge in tears at a Burgess girl's wedding, because they expect them to be the happiest ever. Finally the ceremony was over and the bridal party came out of the church to pass down a long line of friends anxious and willing to give them the proper send-off. Oh, such showers of confetti fell on such a happy bride and groom in all their wedding finery. Next came the reception which was at the home of the bride at 9.30. But that was a whole hour later, so George's restaurant was then the scene of much merriment, as of course no one had even thought of breakfast before that. Then 9.30 came and they were all there to "do honor" to the bride, looking so cool and charming in her green silk reception gown, (and to her husband, of course). Of course there were many beautiful gifts and many people and dainty refreshments, too, but the Burgess bunch didn't seem to be eating much which was unusual for them, and they seemed ever on the alert lest the bride and groom slip away unawares. And it is a tradition that that is never allowed to happen. In the meantime, a traveling skirt and a key mysteriously disappeared, and it is rumored that if that had not happened certain friends of the couple would have succeeded in spiriting them away to catch a train at Groveton. However, they were forced to take a trip to West Milan and were well chaperoned, as there were six or eight cars in attendance. It is believed, to judge by the appearance of the bride and groom and the station platform, that there must be a shortage of confetti and rice in some of the stores. At last the Montreal train came into view to the sorrow of the bunch, and the relief of the bride and groom, who immediately went aboard amidst showers of rice and confetti and good wishes for a long and happy married life.

We regret to have chronicle the resignation of Mark Frost, loading shed foreman on Johnnie Lavoie's shift. He has gone to Daytona, Florida, to spend the winter with the hopes of being sufficiently benefitted in health to return to Berlin in the spring. Mark came to the Burgess mill in 1912. He

has been foreman at the loading shed since 1917. Before coming to work with us, he worked a great many years at the Berlin Mills end. He has the good wishes of a host of good friends who wish him "bon voyage" and promise a warm welcome on his return.

On the evening of October 16th, the officers of the Burgess Relief Association gave Mark a farewell party at George's. Those present were: J. J. MacKinnon, James Moody, James McGivney, Edmund Boutin, A. S. Cabana, John Cavagnaro, Leo Frechette, E. Chaloux, A. W. O'Connell and W. C.

Thomas.

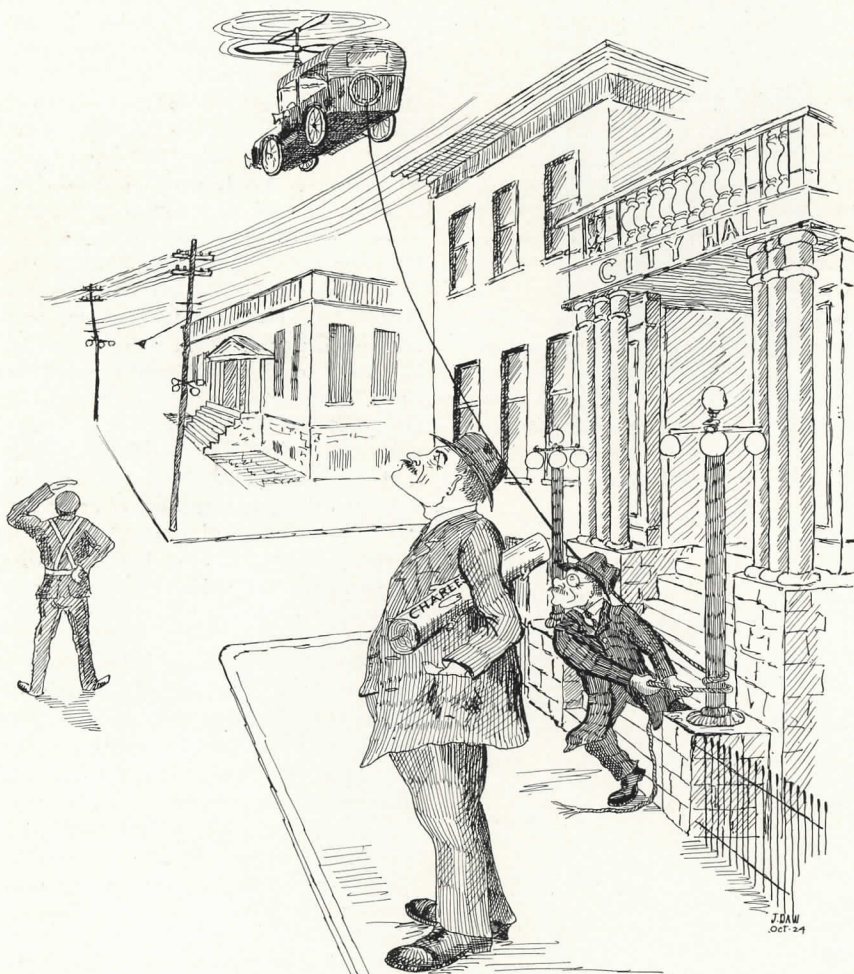
(Nearly all of them showed up at work the next day.)

#### BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Mrs. John Haney.....	\$ 48.00
Eddie Obert.....	26.40
Geo. Oswald.....	22.55
John J. Keating.....	51.20
Fred White.....	79.20
Hrebert Neil.....	57.20
Joseph Lapointe.....	38.00
Victor Mortenson.....	66.40

N. M. Johnson.....	63.70
Henry Massey.....	14.58
William Aikens.....	12.00
Octave Duschene.....	27.20
Ernest G. Gagne.....	17.50
Aubin Gallant.....	24.00
C. A. Hawkins.....	43.50
Con Snigger.....	48.00
Henry Coulombe.....	41.80
Mrs. Amanda Landry.....	100.00
Arthur Gagne.....	66.00
Patrick Peters.....	36.00
Arthur Montminy.....	30.80
Joseph Bourbeau.....	39.60
Total .....	\$953.63



The Gibbons-Edison Heliocopter Safety  
Parking Device.  
(Patent Applied for)

"With all due deference, my boy, I really think our English custom at the telephone is better than saying 'Hello!' as you do."

"What do you say in England?"

"We say 'Are you there?' Then, of course, if you are not there, there is no use in going on with the conversation."

#### BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

John Turner.....	\$ 48.00
Louis Findson.....	53.60
Domnick Basile.....	18.50
Geo. Pinard.....	21.50
Zinon Robichaud.....	10.28
Aurel Ouillette.....	14.10
Fred Steady.....	46.20
S. Knudson.....	18.10
Jos. Mercier.....	18.26
Wm. H. Mann.....	11.25
Iver Anderson.....	39.00
Alfred Demers.....	60.00
Lloyd Hardie.....	28.24
Jos. H. Arsenaault.....	66.00
Wm. Lemieux.....	63.35
Jos. Thibodeau.....	78.00
Alma Deschenes.....	130.00
Geo. L. Lafleur.....	80.40
C. G. Fredette.....	37.50
J. B. Pauquette.....	46.80
Aurel Ouillette.....	30.55
Arthur McKenzie.....	30.82
Arcade Biron.....	16.00
Aime Paradis.....	42.00
Mildred E. Perkins.....	38.40
Louis Vallier.....	112.54
Pat Hughes.....	68.88
Ralph Roberge.....	30.00
Ernest Croteau.....	21.16
Harry Freeman.....	15.84
Ed McCarthy.....	12.00
Edgar Perry.....	30.00
J. L. Guarin.....	137.50
Edgar Perry.....	15.00
Peter Lachance.....	24.00
Marie Andresen.....	244.00
Albert Lachance.....	74.00
Eli Tardiff.....	53.50
Mike Gorman.....	72.00
Albert Trahan.....	65.00
Total .....	\$2,022.27

## RIVERSIDE SMOKE

Johnson went to Akers Pond one Sunday lately and came home with seven birds and four pickerel. When Jackson, Hull, Streeter, and Butler go fishing, it will pay them to take Johnson with them to show them how. Although they are a splendid quartette of fishermen and hunters, they come back empty handed every time they go out. If you were around when they had lunch, they would tell you some wonderful fish and game stories.

We have in our gang a champion onion eater who eats one peck of onions every day and claims he can eat more. If there is anyone who wants to try it with him, let Johnson know and he will make arrangements.

Arsene Monroe tells a story of how he and his father and brother cut down a tree about three feet thick at the butt. It took them one hour and a half to fell it and when cut in stove lengths they had 15 cords of good hard wood. Arsene recently went to see how the potatoes and apples were somewhere above Bangor. When he got to Lewiston he got cold feet and turned back to the old home.

It seems that the Riverside has its speed king. He is some speeder, too. Ask him how fast it can go. We noticed that it cost \$8.40 of hard-earned money to run a car around 10 miles an hour.

NOTICE:—A Nash car for sale cheap. Inquire of Mr. Butler's helper.

Joe Streeter is selling potatoes. If you haven't bought yours, you had better see Joe.

Every time that Mr. Rainville of the yard gang has to work, he has to stop and clean his fingernails.

"If there isn't room in the paper for all our stuff, make the paper larger. We furnish the paper, I believe." A note direct to the Editor.

"I would like to call your attention to the way in which the director representing the Riverside mill in the Brown Bulletin has been using his space in that publication. Perhaps you

are aware of his slack journalism." "The Brown Bulletin is not a Jim Jam Jems, and I don't think it should allow items of that sort (published in the October issue) to be printed." "And these items do not distinguish the October issue from any other. They are but typical of all the Old Man's (as he monotonously styles himself) work in the Bulletin." Another note direct to the Editor, from one whose command of English shows that he ought to be reporting for the Bulletin.



Joe: "Say, Johnson, you laughed at me when I bought a Chevrolet car, didn't you?"

Johnson: "Yes, I did. What of it?"

Joe: "Well, at the Cascades the other night by the big curve a Chevrolet ran into a big Packard from Massachusetts and smashed it all up."

Johnson: "What happened to the Chevrolet, Joe?"

Joe: "Why all it did was to knock a hub cap off one of the wheels."

If you don't believe this, ask Mr. Goodwin. He saw it.

Charlie Hennessy and Mike Lacroix got off the other night to take part in Defence Day proceedings. Nap Nolan says: "Where would we be if we didn't have such men to defend us?"

Yes! We have a budding foreman in our finishing room. Eh, Bill?

James P. Howell and friend, shown in the picture are surely giving us the evidence that they got some real fish, not suckers, during the latter's vacation at Lockes Mills, Me. The five fish include four bass and a pickerel. The largest bass and the pickerel weighed 3½ lbs. Probably there are not so many empty syrup cans floating on Maine ponds and lakes as is the case on the Connecticut river, where they seem to be all frightened away.

Amedi Morin, one of our veteran cuttermen, is having a hard tussle with pneumonia and its after effects. His many friends wish him a speedy and complete recovery.

Jacob Couture of the machine room has been having a set-to with Old King Rheumatism with Jake getting a little the best of it at the present writing.

Nap Nolan expects to do quite a lot of hunting this fall. He has given up his game call and clubs that he had such luck with a year ago and is going to depend on his old shot gun, he has spent considerable time cleaning the rust out of it. He says soda ash and sand make the best and cheapest cleaner there is. He was inquiring about the number of ducks a man is allowed to shoot. He says that when he gets started he is apt to forget and run over the limit.

We have in the crew of the finishing room one by the name of Joe Arsenault, who is some whistler. His mother must feed him real birdseed for he is so good he can imitate various song birds like the bluejay, the crow, and the English sparrow. We would be pleased to point him out to all visitors free of charge.

We often hear it said that a good many persons pick out the wrong job in life; that is, they have talents for a higher class of work. Now, Skeeter Nolan picked out paper making. Anyone who has seen the dryer felt patches he put on his pants wouldn't have the nerve to say that he would have made a good tailor.

Chick Hennessy claims he has the only 4-cylinder car in the city that can make Cambridge street on high, but he failed to convince Slim and Rosie that he could do it. Rosie and Slim say they had rather make Cambridge in low gear than to come down it backwards. Rosie's dome seems much better than it did a couple of months ago. Nature covers up many queer objects, doesn't it?

Ed Nolan bought an old Ford last spring and his brother, John has been keeping it in shape. He says he has to take up the bearings about once a week. It runs a couple of hundred miles and the engine vibrates so much that it makes him think of a bucking broncho. He can't figure out what causes it. Ed has just purchased another Ford, a pretty good one this time for he paid \$10 for it. John thinks he can take the two of them and produce a car that will surprise the fellows around here. We shouldn't wonder a mite if he did.

Alphonse Lacroix' wife asked him to bring a small roll of white paper home. She wanted some for the cupboard. So he gets a roll and takes it home and when she goes to use it, she finds a core full of sand. So he gets another one for her and he says to the boys, "I won't wrap it up and I'll know what I have got." So he gets as far as the time office and Mike says: "Got another phony roll, Alphonse?" "Oh, no, this one is O. K. Look at it." So Mike looks it over and he finds another core wrapped up in white paper with dummy ends. He was pretty well disgusted.

Charles Hennessey, brother of our

noted "Spike," recently returned from an auto trip to Quebec. He reports everything was lovely except for the fact that a Canadian officer thought he was way over the speed limit, so requested the said Charles to appear before a magistrate, who thought he had broken the Canadian traffic rules to the extent of a ten spot.



Every Home in the Queer Little Town of Jin in Japan is Engaged in Manufacture of Paper. On Bright Days the Narrow Streets are Lined With These Drying Boards  
Keystone View Co.

Anyone wishing celery seed for next year's planting can receive any amount up to a bushel by applying, right away, to Mr. Fred Sheldon. He has quite a large quantity as most of the plants the "Old Man" gave him were "seeders." Fred thinks he did it knowingly, but it is false, simply a case of bad luck and poor seed.

Captain "Spike" Hennessey, Laconia's noted literary genius and monarch of most all he surveys, wherever he happens to be, is deserving of a lot of praise from the "Old Man" for the write up in the last Bulletin and doubtless will get it in a later issue of the Bulletin.

Hang up your hoe and your watering pot and take down you ash sieve and your coal shovel, as most thrifty and sensible home janitors do. Those who don't, know not what they miss. It is such delightful fun to sift ashes, especially when the wind blows, for no matter how you pick out the windward side the whole business will strike you right in the face. And then it is such fun to pick out the clinkers, you get most a handful, then try for one more and lose the whole business. All this sometimes with the weather below zero. All home janitors should have the sympathy of all good people.

The more amateur salesmen that are sent out on the road selling towels, the fewer orders we get, though we have the towns of West Milan, Percy and Stark to hear from. We can't expect much more from Wilson's Mills and Errol before 1925.

A short time ago Old Man Ouilette, living on Cambridge street, was disturbed in his slumber by a violent jar in his house. He got up and ran outside but everything appeared to be the same as usual, so he came to the conclusion that we must have had an earthquake. He looked the ground over again the next morning and discovered that about two feet of the curbstone was broken off and there was a queer looking mark on the clapboards. At last reports he was still wondering what caused it. We believe there are three popular young men in the old Riverside who could enlighten him, if they cared to do so. Enough said.

#### RIVERSIDE INTERCLUB

##### WINTER BASEBALL

Washington Team		New York Team	
France .....	p	Lars Larson .....	p
O. M. Hull .....	c	Joe Monroe .....	c
S. Peters .....	1b	Joe LaPoint .....	1b
R. Blair .....	2b	A. Johnson .....	2b
J. Streeter .....	ss	Martin Elsted .....	ss
M. Egan .....	3b	Ed Butler .....	3b
A. LaPoint .....	rf	Alec Murdock .....	rf
Goodwin .....	cf	F. Arsenault .....	cf
D. Driscoll .....	lf	John Connelly .....	lf
Washington Team Mascot—Archie		Cantin.	
Shorty Teare, bat boy.		American Team Mascot—Fred Valis. Nils	
Jackson, bat boy.		Napoleon Nolan, umpire Jericho League.	
		Sam Sprowl, base umpire Copperville League.	
		Game called at 11.95 p. m.	

The snappy Washington team are expected to do wonders. France, the wonder twirler of the team, is expected to pull the team through. However, he has a wonderful support in the infield. Robert Blair, the speedy runner who holds down 2nd base, is the star of the team. A. LaPoint starred last year on account of his long and wonderful runs catching flies. In order that the game may be finished before bedtime, they will start before dinner.

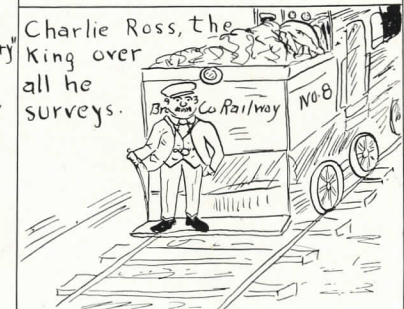
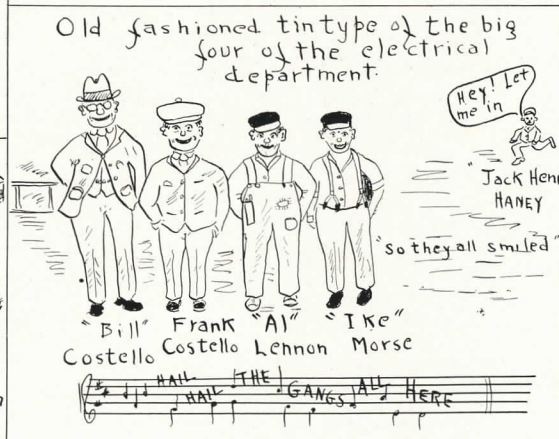
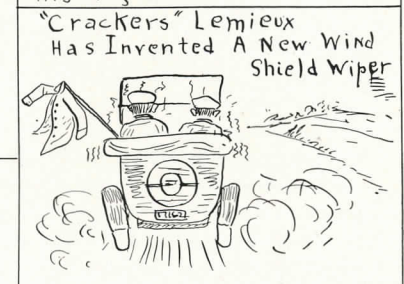
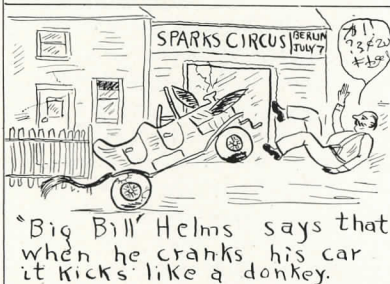
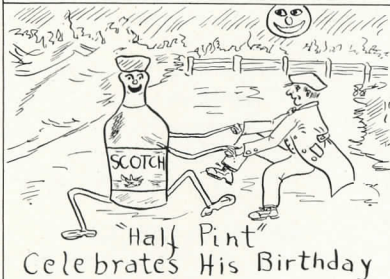
The stars of the New York team this year are as follows: Larson, p; A. Johnson, 2b; Martin Elsted, ss; John Connelly, lf. Martin Elsted on account of his ability to cover ground has held down ss for quite a few years.

John Connelly on account of his profanity to the umpire, was put out of the first game but will be back for the last game.

By the time you read this it will be time to be sure and have your gladioli and dahlia bulbs in, where they won't freeze or decay.

# CASCADE JUICE

PICKED UP DURING THE MONTH -- We all get it sometime -- By Rowell



Joe Maltais has already started training for a strenuous hockey season this coming winter. Joe can be seen most any morning at 5.30 sawing wood. What do you mean, snoring?

James Dipuchio of the Cascade pond crew is the proud dad of a big baby boy. Jimmie says, when he is seventeen years old, he can take his dad's place in the National Guard.

Arthur Laplante of the printing department, who swore off shooting the African domonoes a short time ago, could not resist Dame Fortune. The World's Series came on. So Arthur plunged. Now he says, "I'll have to cut out betting or I will lose my shirt."

Paul Whitman Fitzgerald of the machine room and his famous jazz orchestra are kept pretty busy playing for dances. This keeps Fitz pretty

busy remembering what shift he works on. Ask "Coon," he knows.

We have had many great men at the Cascade mill, and still have some here, but we have had none like our good old friend, Archie Soule of the cutter room. Mr. Soule, who was the champion card player of Coos County when Sherman took his famous ride, can still sit up and play whist, cribbage, etc., seven days a week and is seldom beaten at any of the above mentioned games. Butsie Astel, another young old man was one of the few men who disputed Mr. Soule's claims to the championship, but after a few games of cribbage, he had to admit that Archie was champion of champions. Odias Joseph Buteau also ran up against Archie. After paying for steamed clams several times, he had to admit defeat from his hated rival, Archie. All hail to Archie, the Grand Old Man of the cutter room.

Groveton papers please take notice.

Walter Riff and Foss Hammond took a trip down to Maine the other day visiting relatives. Must have imbibed too freely of that old State of Maine drink, hard cider. On the way home Foss got kind of scary and told Walter to drive just a little slower and more carefully, and Walter answered, "Gee Whiz! I thought you were driving."

Jack Greening says, "You can't raise potatoes on Mt. Forist, they all go to tops."

Latest on No. 4 machine, We got the blues.

There was an error in last month's Bulletin. It stated that King Tut was married, it should have been engaged. Apologies, Mr. Lemeux.

Tut wanted Fitz to buy him a wind shield wiper when he was down to Lewiston. It seems Fitz forgot so he made one out of what material he had on hand, namely, one broom handle and a couple of old shirts.

Morris laid off the other day with his sore hand. Sands says, "It he lays off again he'll be playing with either a harp or a shovel, and he won't need any lessons."

### BOXING

Eugene Jolin, champion of the machine room, has been challenged by Fighting Angus Graham of the finishing room. Angus says, "Gene, I'll take you down to my farm and train you on sulphur and molasses and then probably you will be a match for me."

"Tubby" Evans, the well known deadly enemy of such big game as rabbits, red squirrels, chipmunks, etc., has at last persuaded Bert Barnett to lend him some of his bear traps. "Tubby" has not caught anything yet, but he has high hopes, as he climbs to the top of the mountain once a week.

George Prowell, the "Bud Fisher" of the Brown Bulletin, is a great admirer of fine paintings. Johnny Bull on No. 1 paper machine says, "George is great at painting 'red noses.'" Witness October 9th, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

Archie Ouellett has just blossomed out with a second hand "red devil" Ford, model of 1926. He says, "The speed cops have nothing on me. He can't go fast enough."

"Joe Knowles" of the machine room crew, originator of that famous song ballad, "Adam and Eve," also founder of the Rocky Mountain Trout Club, has gone on his annual three weeks' trapping expedition. Last year's spoils was a skunk skin. Hope he does a little better this year.

The employees of the Cascade mill will be sorry to hear that during the past month Alfred Lapointe of the storehouse crew left the mill to assist his father in the taxi business. The best tribute that we can pay Fred is that, if the service he renders in the taxi business is as good as the service given by him in the store house, then he will have many satisfied customers.

Democrats may come and Republicans may go, but Pete "La Follette" Landers goes on forever.

On the first of every month there are enough Brown Bulletins sent to the Cascade mill for every employee, but it seems that some people don't care about the other fellow, when reaching for a Bulletin their fingers seem to stick to two or three of them. The result is that a lot of the men who really want the Bulletin are S. O. L., so try and be a good fellow and let the other fellow in on this Bulletin game.

On walking down the Main street of our fair village a short time ago, lo! and behold we saw the Hon. Joseph Streeter, famous iceman of Brooklyn, N. Y., but now foreman of the yard crew at the Riverside mill, driving a new car. Joe's conscience bothered him, so we understand he pensioned off the noble old Saxon car he bought about twenty years ago. If that old Saxon could only talk, many a weird tale it would tell of fishing trips taken by our old friend, Joe, and that great apostle of Izaak Walton, Mr. Arnold "Old Man" Hull.

Most people have heard of some of our great auto racers, such as Ralph De Pama, the late Jimmie Murphy, Mulford, Oldfield, etc., but little does the world know of our own little speed demon, "Galloping Jerry" Gauthier of the Cascade mill. Jerry, who is one of our speed merchants on the hockey team can almost make his Ford car talk. Why go to Coney Island for a ride in the roller coaster? One ride with Jerry and you can sleep on a corkscrew.

Edgar Perry of the Cascade Cafeteria, who has been seriously sick with typhoid fever and pneumonia for the past eight weeks is now able to sit up and enjoy life again. A short time ago his many friends at the Cascade mill presented him with a purse of money to help him out during his sickness. Mr. Perry wishes to thank each and everyone of his friends for their kindness to him during his sickness.

Floral wreaths have been coming in for one of our young labor clerks. The reason? He picked the "Giants" to beat "Bucky" Harris.

The World's Series between the

Washington "Senators" and the New York "Giants" has come and gone, and as usual, "Big Jack" Nollett was on the winning side. Two days after the series ended, four tons of coal and three cords of wood donated by some of our young sports at the Cascade mill were delivered to our big friend John's home.

And now if the audience will remain seated and keep their hands in their pockets, Mr. Williams will sing that old familiar melody, "Lace up your shoe, Lizzie, your tongue is hanging out."

### WEDDING BELLS

On October 13th, Mr. Joseph W. Roby of the Cascade printing department and Miss Irene Cameron, a former employee of the Cascade office, were united in marriage. Both are well known young people, Miss Cameron has worked in the Cascade office two years. Mr. Roby is employed in the printing department as compositor, having come here from Island Pond, Vt., three years ago. Joe, as he is commonly known, went to Norwich University for a year, but, feeling that he needed more military training, he enlisted in Battery F, the local Anti-Aircraft Battery. He is now a corporal in that organization.

If these two young people face the hardships of life with the same spirit that they faced the jinx number 13, then Old Gloom will have to take a back seat. The young people were presented with a purse of money as a gift from their many friends at the Cascade mill. Many thanks, Irene and Joe, for the cigars and chocolates.

### LIST OF DEATHS CASCADE MILL

James E. Noyles was born November 17, 1863. He first came to work for the company at the Cascade mill in November, 1910, where he was working at the time of his death, September 16, 1924.

### CHEMICAL MILL

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

### SAW MILL

George Lafleur was born December 3, 1869. He first came to work for the company at the window frame mill, October 26, 1921, where he was working at the time of his death, October 6, 1924.



## UPPER PLANTS NOTES



### MAIN OFFICE

An alarm was sounded through the main office Tuesday morning, September 14th, for the purpose of mustering together an army to fight the great menace which has been threatening to break forth for years. The enemy made a mighty charge about 10.00 a. m., and at 10.02 a. m., the main office folk were on the firing line all keyed up for a good fight.

Captain Warfield was in command of the gas spraying machine, while Lt. Morris with his group of blood-thirsty privates drove the enemy from behind their barracks to the open field of battle.

The battle lasted one hour and forty minutes, the victory going to the main office army. There is another battle scheduled to come off just as soon as a new army of cock-roaches can be raised and trained for active duty.

Mr. Norwood, of the auditing staff, is with us again this year. We all extend a cordial welcome.

Mr. C. P. Kimball visited the main office September 6th. Mr. Kimball is a former employee who retired about a year ago and moved to his new home at Bryant's Pond.

The purchasing department employees have moved into their new quarters on the second floor, formerly a part of the ladies' dry goods department. Carpenters have been at work for some time and the painters have improved upon the smooth finish by tinting the walls a soft cream and white color. The long room now occupied by the purchasing department and the lobby between that and the two front offices make an attractive appearance and greatly improve the building.

While the World Series Games were in progress there were a goodly number of folk in the Brown Company who labeled themselves as regular "sports." The fact remains that there are no good sports in the Brown Company unless there are those who are sports enough to come across with a good gift of appreciation for the operator. For her continued interest, good nature and kind heartedness to the multi-

tudes who called without ceasing to get the score, runs made, and all the other stuff, it is only fair that she receive some token of appreciation from those for whom she worked.

The old purchasing department is being thoroughly cleaned and repaired and after it is ready for use again it will be the headquarters of the traffic department.

### RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Rev. Daniel Gilevich has severed his relations with the Brown Company. He has left Berlin to accept the parish in Lawrence, Mass. The research department extends to him Godspeed in his new field.

We are informed of the arrival of a 7-lb. boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Webber. Mrs. Webber was formerly "Tot" Tollen, stenographer to Mr. Moore.

Mr. W. B. Van Arsdell was in Washington on the day that the pennant winners returned. He never saw so many people or heard so much noise.

Eli Marcoux has returned from a two weeks' training at Camp Weirs, N. H. He reports that hydroplaning over Lake Winnepesaukee does not furnish a thrill as anticipated. It's just like riding in a Rolls-Royce.

Charles Bennett, R. T. Roach, and Robert McKee have joined the staff of the bureau of tests. Clarence Snyder has entered the University of New Hampshire, Harry Wilson, the University of Vermont. The following have returned to school: Paul Leavitt to Tufts College, Paul Hannah to Dartmouth College, and Donald D. Stafford to Berlin High School.

Leo McGivney and Edmond Fortier have been transferred to tube mill No. 2.

The Jolliettes held their first meeting of the season at the Girls' Club, Oct. 15, 1924. The girls of the main research office were hostesses at an autumn party.

Dr. C. W. Thing, who had anticipated living in Washington during the winter, has changed his plans and returned to us.

Dr. Hugh K. Moore is strenuously campaigning for the office of state senator. His candidacy has much favor among those who believe that the man elected should have a thorough knowledge of the principles of economics. Dr. Moore has reviewed the history and incidence of taxation very thoroughly in the past few years and has written a valuable series of essays upon this subject.

N. L. Nourse and H. P. Vannah are holding heated discussions upon the relative merits of the Colby and Bowdoin football teams. Swasey and Goldsmith are more taciturn but we will undoubtedly hear from them in case of favorable news from Lewiston or Orono.

If there is anything that you want to know about goobers, ask Vannah. He's way up on this subject.

Fred Pilgrim is at present manufacturing ski wax for storage in anticipation of sudden demands upon his manufacturing capacity during the winter months. He is preparing for increased orders from both foreign and domestic customers.

R. A. Webber recently had a session with one of the city's best tonsilectomists. The operation was thoroughly successful and Al is back at work.

John Graff was a business visitor at Lancaster recently. Photographing fingerprints is his latest field.

On Saturday, October 18, the research department held an introduction party at the Gordon Fox Farm at Shelburne, where 180 foxes are on exhibition. A feature of the afternoon games was a football match between the lightweights and heavyweights, in which all the men participated. This resulted in two touchdowns for the lightweights. Our senatorial candidate recalled the days of '93, when Tech men were allowed to play football and

when the flying wedge was in vogue. Although he participated this time, the nose broken against Harvard remained intact, and he was fortunate enough to keep his hat on throughout the game. A splendid oyster stew supper was served at the Shelburne Town Hall. This was followed by speeches and a dance with music by Perkins' Orchestra. The exhibition dances of Mr. and Mrs. Graff, and Mr. H. P. Vannah and Miss McGivney were much appreciated.

#### WINDOW FRAME MILL

Fellow Workers at the Window Frame and Box Shop:

We gratefully acknowledge and thank you for the flowers and your kind expressions of sympathy.

Mrs. Geo. Lafleur and Family.

Seen in a Berlin Mills store window: "Golden Bantam, 16c dozen." Sounds like a disillusioned poultry farmer.



UPPER PLANTS ELECTRICAL CREW

Left to Right—Eph. Wentworth, Edgar Wentworth, Jos. Napert, Ralph Petersen, George Mar, David Napert, Jos. Roi, John Horton

## CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Arthur Lemelin is the proud father of a nine pound baby girl. Best wishes from the boys and we expect a "smoke."

Joe Tardiff, welterweight politician of Ward 4, says: "If Coolidge is elected, we will work short time; if Davis is elected, we will have some good times; but if La Follette is elected, we won't have to work at all."

The "Duke" will soon take a dive into the sea of matrimony. Back from his honeymoon trip he will reside on Willard street. Friends are invited, poker players preferred.

"Capt." James will open a meat market just as soon as deer season opens.

"ZR-3" Gade, the big Zeppelin of No. 6 shed, was not built in Germany but in Herringbone, Norway.

"Matt," the painter with "Bouleau" Gilbert of the caustic plant, were lately seen stepping high at the Jack O'Lantern.

John Laffin La Follette is to take up a residence in Ward 4 as chairman of the Woman's Club.

"Doc" Merrigan was called out at 5 a. m., the other morning. Mother and daughter are doing well.

"Soupbone" Manton is training King Mac of County Mayo for the coming hockey season.



C. B. Barton is on a hunting trip to Canada. What a vast difference the prohibition does make.

John Reid is visiting friends and relatives in Boston and Rockland. John likes the sea breeze.

Ben Brann was seen lately at 6 a. m., whirling Joe Vallis along Main street. By all appearances the boys claim he was advertising Camel cigarettes.

Great improvement in the boiler house. George Gale is going to install a new cabinet for the light system. Oh, boy! Wouldn't that be great.

Labrie, Parker and Lambert attended the Fryeburg Fair on October the 2nd. During the day Lambert disappeared but was later found playing with the monkeys.

"Andy Gump" Hopkins has to lay off every Monday from now until election day in the interest of the Volstead Act.

The Gilbert Brothers under the leadership of Foreman Paradis had to break camp sooner than expected. Their intentions were good but their hearts were weak. We think they bought their wood.



# PORTLAND OFFICE



Harold Willis has taken on a side line, namely second-hand automobiles for which he has a ready market. He has specialized in two makes, Saxon and Chevrolet, and at the latest information he has a few prospects down on "Park Avenue."

Mr. Costello's favorite pastime—Running to the extreme end of the wharf every time a steamer blows for the South Portland draw to open. He claims that they have nothing but the "Old Creek Bridge" in Kennebunk.

One of Frank Richardson's pals hands this one over on him. It seems the boys were tripping the light fantastic over in a South Portland dance hall, and his dancing partner, after a short acquaintance, said, "I think you have an awful kind face."

"Do you really?" replied Frank.

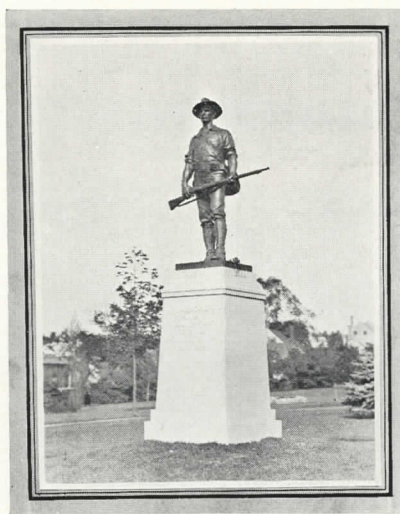
"Yes, one of those awful funny kind," replied she.

Mr. "Barney" Kavanaugh has reported a tremendous increase in his Jumbo peanut business. He expects to open up his peanut stand in the Chapman Arcade. "Peanuts, get 'em hot, boys."

Mr. D. W. Linton has on file in the traffic department literature concerning the third-class tours arranged by the United States Lines for veterans, teachers and students. Because of the loss of immigrant traffic occasioned by the operation of the new immigration law, the United States Lines is launching a campaign to interest people in America in the idea of taking a trip to Europe at a reasonable price. Ships which are being fitted to handle this class of traffic include the Leviathan, George Washington, and America. Cost of round trip for these tours runs from \$275 to \$350. These excursions are expected to develop into an all-the-year-round business. Those who contemplate a trip to Europe either to see the battle fields or to visit old homes would do well to consult Mr. Linton about the advantage of the United States Lines. Veterans who fought in the world war do not require a passport to enter France.

In Portland office there is a quiet, modest man who could tell much about the war, if he only would, but all that we could get from him last year at this time, and we have given up trying to get any more, was the following war record of Reginald B. Cooke:

Enlisted at McGill University, Montreal, in the Fourth University Company, re-inforcements for Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry,



Portland Monument to the Boys of '98

## FORESTRY DIVISION

On October 17, Ed Madan, son of Lynn Madan of the forestry division, won second place for the Springfield Y. M. C. A. College in the dual meet with Bates and Lewiston. Springfield won the meet. Lynn was down to see the race.



A Diver From the Hudson-Baker Company of Portland Recently Repaired the Racks and Cleaned Out Under the Gates of the Upper Plants Power House. The Water Was Twenty Feet Deep

October, 1915.

Drafted from Shorncliff to Poperinghe, June, 1916, and served with the Princess Patricia's in the Ypres Salient until the Canadians were withdrawn in August.

Transferred to the 26th Canadian Battalion, New Brunswick Regiment, 2nd Division, and served with them upon the Somme (September and October), at Bully-Grenay (October to January, 1917), upon and beyond the Vimy Ridge (February to May, 1917), and at Hill 70 (August, 1917). Three times "over the top."

Transferred to Headquarters, 5th Canadian Infantry Brigade, September, 1917, and served in that capacity until the armistice, and subsequently upon the Rhine and in Belgium, visiting also Italy, France and Scotland.

Left Le Havre, April 1919, exactly 34 months after landing there and discharged at Montreal in May.

"Picking a winner" by Sterling and Callahan.

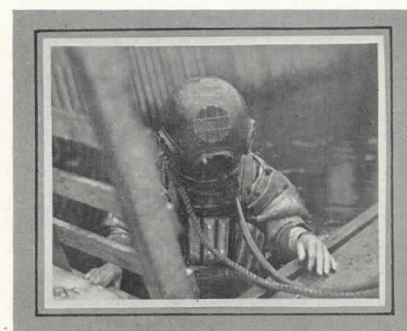
Mr. Willis, credit department, was very busy the first week in October passing upon the credit and general ability of a former employee of this office.

Joe: "Shall we sit this out?"

Nancy: "Oh, Joe, I'm so tired, let's dance."

Landlady: What part of the chicken do you wish?

Boarder: Some of the meat, please.



# Retirement of General Pershing

General John Joseph Pershing retires from the United States Army with the best wishes and the gratitude of his countrymen. Pershing is the fifth in the history of the Republic to hold the title of General of the Armies. Only Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan have preceded him. His achievement ranks worthily with the heroic deeds of those who have held the most exalted military office within the gift of the American people.

Hardly six years ago there marched through Napoleon's Arch at Paris the representatives of the embattled democracies of the earth. At the head of the column there slouched forward on a horse the absolutely unmilitary figure of one who "alone among the commanders on any side stands out in full heroic proportions. By whatever standard we judge him, Ferdinand Foch must take his rank among the dozen greatest of the world's great captains. Long before the outbreak of the war he had made himself a master of his art, and a happy fate gave him the chance of putting into practice in the field the wisdom he had acquired at leisure. He had studied closely the work of Napoleon, and had brought his mind into tune with that supreme intellect so that he absorbed its methods like a collaborator rather than a pupil." "Few soldiers have been more learned in their profession, and few have carried their learning more lightly. In the splendid company of the historic French captains he will stand among the foremost—behind but not far behind the greatest of all." Joffre and Castelnau had through the first difficult years laid the foundations of victory. Petain showed a supreme talent for defensive warfare and for the organization of armies. Mangin and Gouraud, Fayolle and Franchet d'Esperey had been the equals of any generals of equal rank on the enemy side. The first Marne had been reckoned among the sixteen decisive battles of the world along with Chalons, also fought on the fields of the Marne, where Christian Visigoth and Roman had beaten Attila, the Hun and Scourge of God. Against the great and dangerous sally of the Imperial Crown Prince at Verdun, the beleaguered French had held firm, while the German tried in vain to win that "battle without a morrow," of which he dreamed, and while Britain and America developed that preponderance

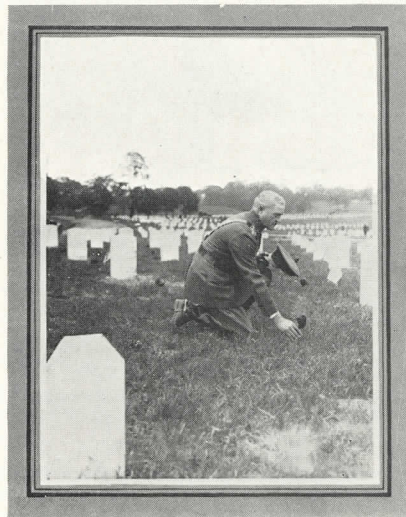
of men and material with which the allies made actual their potential human and economic superiority. In the midst of the great German drives of 1918 the allies faced facts. A "slight, grizzled, deep-eyed man of sixty-six," "the master mind among allied generals," "strongly urged by Milner, supported by Clemenceau," "accepted by Petain and welcomed by Haig," "offered by Pershing every man, gun, and lorry which America had in France," became Supreme Commander-in-Chief after the conference of March 26. For long his genius had been hampered, but he had organized the defense and with the hearty support of all had finally played an "arpeggio" on the German lines

of the campaign." From the day in August, 1914, when members of the 2nd Middlesex and the 2nd Royal Irish of the "Old Contemptibles" fired almost the first British shots at Mons against Von Kluck until November 10, 1918, when a few of the same men entered the same loop, Britain had travelled a road as long as that of the Romans from Trebia to Zama.

Roberts of Kandahar, who was in the Mutiny in '57, who avenged Cavagnari at Kabul, who marched 313 miles in 28 days from Kabul to Kandahar, who paid for Majuba at Paardeburg and Bloemfontein, had been too old for responsibility, when Germany invaded Belgium. But he had died at the front among his loved Indian troops, who, led by native princes whose names were old and proud when their forbears fought under the banners of Darius against Alexander at Arbela, had come to the support of the British Raj. The old opponents of Plassey and Sobraon were allies at Ypres.

Kitchener of Khartum, who had fought with the French in 1870, who had mapped the Holy Land, who had tried to relieve Gordon in the Sudan, who as Sirdar under Cromer had beaten the Mahdi at Omdurman, who had made Botha and Smuts friends of England at Vereeniging, had died, the only Field Marshal in the world's history to fall by a direct blow from the enemy, on his way to assure the brave armies of old Russia that British credit and Schwab's American munitions were pledged to their support. "The great armies that he called into being are his living monument, and no nobler monument has been raised to man."

French, the leader of cavalry at Kimberley and Paardeburg, had been at Mons and LeCateau, Ypres and Neuve Chapelle. To his assistance in the second Battle of Ypres had come the First Canadian Division, worthy sons of worthy fathers, who had been on both sides at Louisburg and Quebec. In the face of the first use of gas in warfare, the whelps of the Old Lion had shown the promise of April 9, 1917, when they took the Vimy Ridge. At Festubert and Loos, French had failed and had been recalled. At the same time Foch failed to take Vimy, but he was not Commander-in-Chief then. The taking of Hill 70 by the 15th Scottish had been the brightest



GEN. PERSHING HONORS WORLD WAR DEAD ON MEMORIAL DAY

General John J. Pershing is seen kneeling beside the Graves of the World War Heroes, in the Arlington Cemetery, Placing a Poppy in Memory of the Sacrifice Made by Those who Lie Here.  
(c) Keystone View Co.

from the dunes at Nieuport to the Swiss frontier.

Behind the Marshal of France slouched the scarcely more military figure of Douglas Haig, the master of five fighting armies, the first lieutenant of the Commander-in-Chief, who more than any other man had made the conception of Foch possible. "He had not the great Frenchman's gift for strategy, but he had the scarcely less valuable talent of creating the weapons for the strategist to use. He was master in the art of training troops, the greatest Britain had seen since Sir John Moore, and under his guidance the British army produced most of the tactical develop-

point of the year, when Haig assumed command of British field forces, although lack of support kept them from holding the ground.

In Haig's first year, 1916, Britain could not break through on the Somme, although the attack relieved pressure at Verdun and the tank had proved its usefulness. In his second year, the German had retreated to the Hindenburg line, leaving his plans for a great offensive demoralized. The local success of Cambrai was temporary, because of lack of reserves and the bravery of German counter attacks. But the Australians, the greatest troops in the history of warfare, had come from Gallipoli opposite the old battlefield of Troy, and America was no longer "too proud to fight."

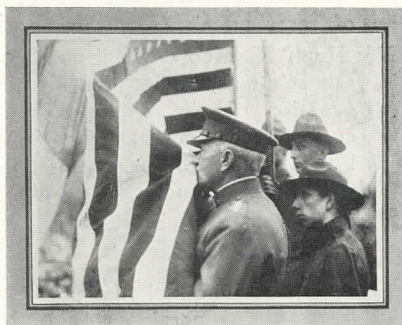
With a numerical superiority of 300,000 Germany began in 1918 the series of drives to end the war, before the United States could land a blow. They smashed Gough's Fifth Army between Lens and La Fere, but a scratch corps of American engineers gained fame in filling a gap in the weakest part of the line. On the Lys around Ypres, the German drive for the Channel ports began. Haig's order of the day of April 11 was: "There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment." Kemmel fell, but Australians at Hazebrouck filled the gap and won from the Commander the praise: "No more brilliant exploit has taken place since the opening of the enemy's offensive, though gallant actions have been without number." They answered him, when in the counter attack against Villers-Brettonneux, they saved Amiens. The Battle of the Lys ended, a tactical German success but a strategic failure.

In May, June and July, Germany reached her Gettysburg in contact with the French. In September against the advice of his home government, which did not expect a decision before July, 1919, Haig advised Foch that the British should make a major attack through St. Quentin-Cambrai to cut the Siegfried line, while Pershing took the Meuse-Argonne route to Sedan. His judgment was as unerring as his resolution was unshakable. The crack armies of Rawlinson and Byng containing

Australian, American, and Canadian divisions did their work, while Pershing's attack kept all available reserves of enemy engaged in an equally vital sector.

And so on that day of triumph in Paris, Haig slouched. His place among British heroes would never be with Marlborough and Wellington. He was not among the twelve captains of history, but he and Pershing had won the last battles.

Behind Haig at Paris rode the second lieutenant of Foch, General Pershing—straight and military in his bearing. His was a just conscious pride. After a decisive battle fought at home with the La Follettes and the Bryans, America had prepared armies with a speed unrivaled in history and had arrived late—but not too late to save a world in flames. On February 3, American troops were officially announced on the Lorraine front near Toul. In April, the first



HE IS PROUD TO KISS THE FLAG  
General John Pershing Kissing Old Glory  
Before Thousands of Boy Scouts and School  
Children Gathered in Central Park.  
Press Illustrating Service

division had gone into line with the British near Amiens, Bullard's First. On May 28, it proved itself a shock division by the capture of Cantigny and gave the lie to German propaganda that Americans would not fight. At Chateau Thierry on the Marne on May 31, Bundy's Second and Dickman's Third with the French of Degoutte and Mangin had not only stopped, but driven back the rushing tide of exultant Germans toward Paris. They had stood at Gettysburg. In June and July the Third took Belleau Wood. Next two corps (8 divisions) of Americans were found in this area, and among the divisions were National Guard divisions. The 26th New England relieved the Second. "No regiment in the world's history ever followed a barrage closer than the 103rd Infantry, which included the old 1st New Hampshire Infantry, of which

Company L came from the City of Berlin. Torcy, Belleau Village, Boursches and Hill 190 are names that we remember in the push of the 26th from Belleau Wood to Etrepilly Ridge. On July 4, Chicago troops had been with the Australians at Hamel. There is a story that Pershing's orders went astray, but the troops won high praise from John Monash himself for their part in the operation, that relieved once and for all the pressure on Amiens. From August 8 to November 11, the 2nd Corps comprising the 27th Division from New York and the 30th Division from Tennessee were with the British at the Somme. Englishmen from the North Midlands were closely paralleled by the lads from the South in the first breach of the Siegfried line—while the New Yorkers were the spearpoint over which the Australians catapulted leapfrog to the capture of Bony. Canadians could have the major credit in the taking of Cambrai, Australians of St. Quentin, but Americans of both North and South were there among the crack troops of Rawlinson to redeem the promise of Haig to Milner. They won from Haig the testimonial:

"The deeds of the 27th and the 30th American Divisions, which took Bellcourt and Nauroy and gallantly sustained the desperate struggle of Bony will rank with the highest achievements of the war. . .

"I am proud to have you in my command."

Four divisions were on the Lys with the British near Ypres from August 19 to November 11.

Not only was American strength maintained with the Allies, but on September 12 the First American Army in its own name with over half a million Americans smashed the St. Mihiel salient looking toward Briey. Here the Germans had held since 1914.

But the largest effort began September 26, when Pershing with over a million men—and millions more coming—started the Meuse-Argonne battle, the flank attack considered by Haig absolutely essential to his center rush on the Somme. It was in the country from which the French came before the decisive Battle of Valmy at the time of the birth of the First French Republic. It was towards Sedan, where Lafayette had once commanded. For 47 days Pershing kept the pressure that was required. It meant new battles of the Wilderness. The cost was expected to be large. It was, Montfaucon, Romagne, Cunel took their

places in American history alongside of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna. On November 11, Sedan could have been their Appomatox, but by courtesy the French beaten there in 1870 entered in triumph.

On this day in Paris, Pershing had

the right to be proud. With Haig, the leader of the Britain defeated decisively by Americans at Saratoga, he had been loyal to Foch, his Commander-in-Chief, as Grant had been to Lincoln. A colonel in the Spanish-American War, he had justified the

faith placed in him in rapid promotions by Roosevelt and Wilson. His Americans had won a place beside the Australians of Monash and the Canadians of Byng, and there had been more of them.

#### PERKIN MEDAL AWARDED TO HUGH K. MOORE

Upon October 23, 1924, Hon. Hugh K. Moore received a night letter from Secretary Allen Rogers of the Society of Chemical Industry as follows:

"I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the Perkin Medal Committee held this evening you were unanimously selected as the recipient of the Perkin Medal, the awarding of which will be made at January 15 meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry."

The first Perkin Medal was presented in 1906 to Sir William Perkin by W. H. Nichols, who called attention to the fact that this medal was "to be given hereafter annually to the American Chemist who has most distinguished himself by his services to applied chemistry." The following list of Perkin medalists is now the honor roll of American chemistry. Dr. Moore will receive the eighteenth impression of the medal.

- 1907, Sir W. H. Perkins, Discoverer of first aniline color.
- 1908, J. B. F. Herreshoff, Metallurgy; contact sulfuric acid.
- 1909, Arno Behr, Corn products industry.
- 1910, E. G. Acheson, Carborundum; artificial graphite.
- 1911, Charles M. Hall, Metallic aluminum.
- 1912, Herman Frasch, Desulfuring oil and subterranean sulfur industry.
- 1913, James Gayley, Dry air blast.
- 1914, John W. Hyatt, Colloids and flexible roller bearings.
- 1915, Edward Weston, Electrical measurements; electro-deposition of metals; flaming arc.
- 1916, L. H. Baekeland, Velox photo-print paper; bakelite and synthetic resins; caustic soda industry.
- 1917, Ernst Twitchell, Saponification of fats.
- 1918, Auguste J. Rossi, Development of manufacture and use of ferro-titanium.
- 1919, Frederick G. Cottrell, Electrical precipitation.

1920, Charles F. Chandler, Noteworthy achievements in almost every line of chemical endeavor.

1921, Willis R. Whitney, Development of research and application of science to industry.

1922, William M. Burton, Achievements in oil industry; efficient conversion of high-boiling fractions into low-boiling fractions.

1923, Milton C. Whitaker, Great constructive work in field of applied chemistry.

1924, Frederick M. Becket, Manufacture of calcium carbide, processes for the extraction and reduction of rarer metals from their ores.

1925, Hugh K. Moore, Electrolysis of salt solutions, evaporation, hydrogenation of oils, explosion process of recovering soda salts from black liquor, processes in pulp making, bleaching, etc.

She—Since I inherited that property I've had three proposals.

He—For the land's sake!



ADRIEN, THE WONDER OF HIS AGE  
The Son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Gagne



#### Fiction

The Little French Girl—Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

The story of how a charming French girl fell in love with a magnanimous Englishman. A very beautiful and well-written book.

The Snob—Helen Martin.

A delightfully written story of the provincialism of a small town of the Pennsylvania Dutch. The Snob inherits a great many of their peculiarities as well as an acquired hypocrisy which is not only revolting to his attractive young wife but to the reader.

A Pilgrimage—Johan Bojer.

One of the finest books this author has ever written. It is a psychological study of the maternal instinct.

The Enchanted Hill—Peter B. Kyne

A very gorgeous novel of the Southwest, written with all the charm and romance of which this author is master.

#### Other Good Fiction Added in September

There is a Tide—J. C. Snath.

Three Hostages—John Buchan.

The Twisted Foot—Wm. P. White.

The Belle Helen Mine—B. M. Bower.

Rose of the World—Kathleen Norris.

Visible and Invisible—E. F. Benson.

The Singing Season—Isabelle Patterson.

Mrs. Paramour—Louis J. Vance.

Gardens of Omer—Henri Bourdeaux.

Peacock Feathers—Temple Bailey.

The Green Stone—Harold MacGrath.

Marbocka—Selma Lagerlof.

Temperamental People—Mary R. Rinehart.

America—R. H. Chambers.

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