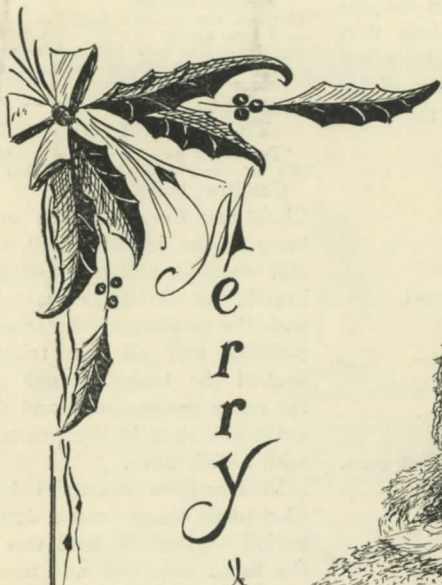




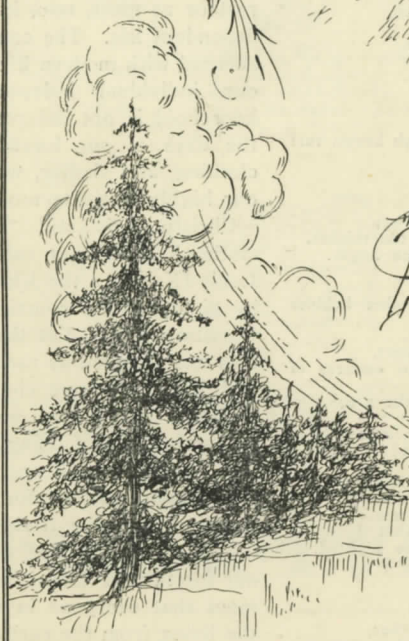
THE BROWN BULLETIN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
VOL. VII BERLIN, N. H., DECEMBER 1, 1925

No. 6



Christmas



HB.
1925



BROWN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Brown Publishing Association will be held December 8 at the Berlin Y. M. C. A. at 5 p. m. Active membership in the association is open to all employees of the Brown Company and the Brown Corporation, and such employees as can be urged to attend this meeting.

The by-laws of the association provide that at each annual meeting each of the following groups elect a director: Cascade-Riverside group, Sulphite Mill group, the Berlin Mills group of the Brown Company, the Brown Corporation group, and the Portland Office group. The names of the directors whose terms expire on December 8 are A. K. Hull, Riverside; G. A. Richter, Upper Plants; Paul Grenier, Sulphite Mill; John Heck, Brown Corporation; and W. B. Brockway, Portland Office.

PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY

The fifth meeting of the current season of the Philotechnical Society will be held at the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of December 2, when Mr. H. D. Evans of the Bates Manufacturing Company of Lewiston will speak upon "Cotton Manufacture." This address should afford the interested public an excellent opportunity to get acquainted with some of the more salient features of one of the great industries of the Androscoggin Valley. An arrangement for another outside speaker for December is pending. In case this does not materialize, Mr. Van Arsdell of the research department will speak. Watch the bulletin boards for timely announcements.

On November 4, Mr. W. L. Isherwood of the automatic telephone department of the Brown Company addressed the society upon the subject: "The Automatic Electric Telephone System." Mr. Isherwood was formerly connected with the automatic system at New Bedford and later with the South Atlantic Telephone and Telegraph Co. (Southern Bell System) at Miami, Fla. He illustrated his talk with a full working model operating actual telephones and with lantern slides showing the intimate details and circuits of the Strowger system used here. These included the calling device or dial, the line switches, the selectors operated by the dialing of the first number, and the connectors actuated by the last two numbers dialed. He showed the operation of the "busy" signal and of circuits for trunking between automatic and manual switchboards. Mr. Isherwood is preparing an illustrated article for publication in a later issue of the Bulletin. In it he will include some

of the material taken up in his address.

On November 18, President Vannah addressed the society upon "The Relation of Chemistry to Agriculture." He emphasized the dependence of plant life upon phosphates, nitrates and potash, bringing out in an interesting fashion the influence of agricultural demands upon the development of chemical industries. The science of chemistry in its turn has contributed to the art of agriculture by analyzing the soils to locate their deficiencies, studying the food requirements of various plants, and supplying the nutriment that the soil lacks. Mr. Vannah was optimistic that with the help of chemistry agriculture can continue to cope with the problem of increasing the food supply to meet the needs of growing populations.

THANKSGIVING

By WILBERT SNOW

I.

Thanksgiving!
And I, far away
From the shores of Pilgrim New England,
In the sun-baked heights of the West,
Ponder the smoke from my pipe
Till into its rings of beech-blue
Seacoast pictures are set,
Gilded like coves at dawn
On the kelp-fringed coasts of Maine.

II.

I stroll again along the shore
Kicking away the snow on the tawny marsh-grass,
Listening to the voice of the sea.
The tide is ebb, and the khaki rocks
Come out like lost battalions
Ready for festive maneuvers
On the yellow-green field of the bay.
Round them breakers, like civilians
Crowding, wave congratulations;
And the sunlight sparkling on the rockweed
Close to the water's edge
Kindles the periwinkles into radiance,
Dazzling the foam where the headland
Plights troth with the changeable tide.

III.

From the windy wave-battered beach,
With its iodine odor of kelp
And its salty infiltrate of freshness,
I enter a little clump
Of birch trees and chocolate spruces,
Whose limbs droop over the path
With a whispering, soothe
Benediction,
And whose roots stream away through brown turf
Knotting themselves in a cluster
Like myriad-branched candelabra
On moss-draped granite altars
Beneath the blue nave of the sky.
In the distance a church bell is calling;
But the chant of the wind through the thicket,
And the incense from boughs bid me linger.

IV.

From her down-stairs room grandmother hobbles
Mumbling half to herself
The comforting words of a psalm:
"Fret not thyself because of evil-doers,
Neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity;
For they shall soon be cut off like the grass,
And wither as the green herb."
The mother glows to see the large brood
Gathered contentedly round her;
The father, his pride held in leash,
Warns the boys to remember their manners,
As he raps the board twice for a blessing;
Then silence, and all through the circle
Runs a thought for their father's God
Whom they awkwardly feel they have slighted.
At the secular end of the table
Two sons on vacation from college
Bantering, cry for the wish bone;
In their faces a voluble joy
Only matched by a flush in the mother
They long to show love for,—instead
They garnish with praises her turkey.
And Mary, the stay-at-home sister,
Seizing her one autumn chance

For a glimpse into less stony pastures,
Proposes, "Let's go on a sleigh ride
And dance in the New Harbor Grange Hall."
The curve of her neck as she turns
To hold back the protests of grandma
Flashes ruddy memories
Of a long-buried favorite sister;
And smouldering glances reveal
Yearnings, . . . infinite longings,—
Flickers that die in the embers,
Choked by the slag of restraint.

V.

Twilight thickens over the New England landscape.
Snow begins falling, adding a hush to the spirit
of the late afternoon.
The gray and white shading sculptures a more
intimate world;
Heaven is nearer earth than we had ever suspected.
The gradually falling snow seems to come from
the weather-worn roofs of heaven
Whose eaves encircle the earth to shelter her
fugitive children.
Through the gnarled limbs of an old apple tree
I look again:
Big flakes are now falling, the earth is still,
And a warmth filters into the dusk enveloping
stone walls and fences.

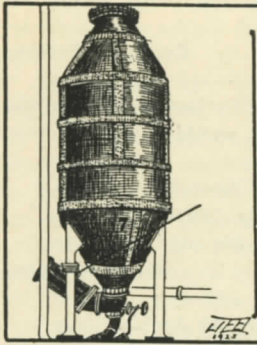
THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

"For never as yet, it was counted a crime,
To be merry and cheery at that happy time."
Candles still beckon to carollers on
Christmas Eve, mistletoe and holly still
hang in the entrance hall, the Yule logs
still smoulder and spark on the Christmas
hearth, the Christmas board is still loaded
with the produce of the season—the plum
pudding and all the trimmings which
decked the tables of our grand-parents
for many generations—and the Christmas
spirit still lives in the hearts of men, but
with a difference.

In Northern countries long ago, the
Christmas season came during "the rest
period"—when the land was fallow, when
the barns were full, and men had enough
stored away until the ground again was
ready to yield food. It was the period of
the year when men hunted and women
wove clothing. Today, it is one day of
rest or at most, two, in a strenuous and
dependent life. The comforts which have
accrued with modern life have taken away
our individual independence—for each
household is not independently run as in
the days of our forefathers. For food,
clothing, and shelter, we must depend on
our highly intricate modern system.

Christmas is still "the day of new
clothes," as it was called in France by
Louis IX., when the King marked the day
by giving all his courtiers new cloaks on
Christmas Eve. Yet the corporal Christ-
mas has changed as radically as the spirit
and life itself have changed. There are
penalties which we must pay for our
elaborate scale of living.

It has made us keener and of necessity
more apprehensive for the future. In
families now, the trades and professions
of each member are often different—in
our forefathers' time it went without argu-
ment that everyone in the family gather
the living from the earth—except the very
few people who followed the trades in the
towns. (Continued on Page 24)



NIBROC NEWS



CASCADE COMICS

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS *Powell*

<p>For Gene Jolin</p> <p>SPARK PLUG</p> <p>Sparky could help.</p>	<p>For 'Grease Cup' Gonyea</p> <p>Fire away boys</p>	<p>For Joe Gauthier</p> <p>Now I'll get you.</p>
<p>For a ride he went one day. But he had a little mishap Because of all the fun he had Well we had to haul him back</p>	<p>Big lead shoes for Grease Cup Whose feet are very small But now when anything drags He will not make a squeal</p>	<p>A small toy cannon for Joe. And a little toy duck. So that he may practice And later have better luck.</p>
<p>For Felix Perry</p> <p>Shut up</p>	<p>Old St. Nick Himself.</p>	<p>For Samson Yatour.</p> <p>HANK HANDED SAMSON YATOUR</p>
<p>A great blue bin for Perry That will hold for half an hour. So that he will wake in the morn. And go to work on the right tower.</p>	<p>Here's the boy that gave these gifts. Big, fat and fair And for us all at Christmas He gives an equal share</p>	<p>The fine crusher is on the job. And takes it very easy. He puts them in and out they come And doesn't even get greasy.</p>
<p>For Edgar Perry</p> <p>Sure, just more work</p>	<p>For Fred Arenburg</p>	<p>Our Thanks To The Brown Co.</p> <p>Before After</p>
<p>A great big mixing bowl For mulling so fine For the boys that can make them And it don't take him much time</p>	<p>A big cigar from Leo Morelli. For Freddy boy to smoke He can puff all day and night But we hope he doesn't choke</p>	<p>We thank the Brown Co. For the turkeys so fine We all enjoyed them And we had a good time</p>

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Charles W. Clough, formerly an employee of Winslow and Co., in their sawmill at Berlin Mills, passed away at his home in Bloomfield, Vt., at the age of 84 years. On Oct. 23, he went to his woodlot, and whether he had done any work prior

to sitting on the log where he was found, is not known, but there he was found unconscious, and was removed to his home where he passed away. He never saw the new sawmill, and never returned to Berlin after he left as a boy of 16 or 18 years of age, although a great many efforts were made to have him do so. He first sought work in Gorham, and was proffered a job by D. R. Hitchcock, probably on the old site of the Alpine House; he inquired what the duties would be, and Mr. Hitchcock stated "Everything but to preach in that church over there." Mr. Clough thought that this was a little too numerous for a real job, so he walked to Berlin, and got work as stated before in the Winslow & Co. sawmill. Mr. Clough was very active, as is attested by the fact that he went to the woodlot on the fatal day; a man of the old school, everybody was honest in his estimation. Only within a year or two, he sold a cow on 30 days' trial, which you must agree is not according to 1925 methods, but his personality was such that he got along in this manner very well, as everybody respected him for his honesty. It would have been interesting for him to have gone over the old ground again and seen the many changes, but he stuck to the old home place all his life. Mr. Clough was a relative of Mrs. H. L. Hayden.

Several of the Cascade boys tried to see the auto races at Salem, on several occasions; and one went so far or so fast that he never got back for three days. As near as we can find out, the only race worth mentioning was the Chinese. Either the police were called by Rube or the Chinese, we haven't found out, but Rube left.

Manassah Holmes has taken to d-e-e-r hunting, and we expect venison for dinner soon. Randolph papers please copy.

Adelard Lemire, spare tender, returned to his labors after a couple of months' layoff with an appendicitis operation.

Talk about your Boston department stores, they have nothing on the revolving doors in the digester department.

Eddie Gautier is employed in the digester house.

Red Corr is back with us again. Welcome to our city.

George Pinhero, baggage smasher at the Ravine House this summer, has returned to his labors in the printing department. The balmy air of Randolph proved beneficial as George's condition will prove.

Rube Smith has a rather ingenious method of getting back at the boys; he first sought a paper-buyer in the beater room, and finally landed Frank McKay. After two or three weeks, McKay got married; then he thought the other end of the mill would be the proper place for a good buyer, and Herb McCarty took the position—Mac's married. Rube says that he has a good mind to try Freddie Gorham now, just to get back on him for some of the things he says about him. Anybody else, gents.

Some of the boys saw the Dartmouth-Cornell game, and others saw it (k)not, but they got so close to the knot-hole, that Basil's upper lip has been covered with slivers. Some have called it a mustache, but the comparison is far-fetched.

O'Neal Twitchell, he of theatrical fame in a recent minstrel at Gorham, is daily trying out his voice, with Mr. Bovard as accompanist on a suitable instrument of the welders' department. It promises to be more successful than before in a minstrel, which will be later announced. Mr. Twitchell has a wonderful technique, and it would be a wonderful opportunity for the fish dealers to hear him in action. Watch for handbills.

Ernest Gendron of the sulphite office has a new aspirant for cornetist substitute for the Radio Five. He says with his lungs he would make a corker on E flat bass. Of course, we don't smoke though, Ernest, thanks.

Clyde Smith of the yard crew has some very interesting views taken on Mt. Washington, and one view particularly shows some birches nearly submerged by snow and resembling bushes, and it looks like a good place to stay away from. He received a check from the Boston Advertiser for one of the views that he took.

The Misses Gilbert just made the Gor-

ham "smoker" the other morning and the boys had already laid down a successful smoke screen, so that had there been any seats vacant, the harsh smoke would have made the use of a gas mask necessary, especially George Watson's Chesterfields.

A double wedding took place at the M. E. Church in Berlin in which two Cascade boys, Herb McCarty and Robert Justard each took unto himself a wife. The brides were Misses Ina Hodgdon and Evelyn Larsen. The newly married couples have the best wishes of the Nibroc force, who trust that they will have better luck than they did on their getaway.

Our boy, Spike, has a heavy in a theatrical engagement this month. If all of the items are laid up against Spike, please deduct a fair percentage. Mr. Studd of the pipers department, has promised Spike something good and ripe in the way of hen fruit, and is trying to get his gang ready for Spike's debut. Later developments will appear in a future issue, and watch Spike come back. Mr. Studd will do well to use caution, as our Spike is a "vilyan."

CUTTER ROOM

N—ibroc
I—taly
B—arbin
R—oberge
O—ra
C—orine
N—ews
E—thel
W—atson
S—t. Hilare

"LIMERIX"

There was a young man, named Artie,
Who wished to be hale and hearty.

He found that by shaving his mug,
An excess beard he wouldn't have to lug.

That's why he's a dear at a party.
By Ima Nutt.

Another young man named Vance,
Who is filled with love and romance,
Got punk tickets for a show,
The rest you would know,
If you could have seen him rear and prance.

By M. T. Bean.

From Gardiner came a man named Bird,
The sweetest orator ever heard.

At Litchfield Academy, they say,
On most any Recitation Day,

He would gesticulate like "Teddy," the Third.

By F. U. Preeze.

Young Maurice Thurlow is quite a joker,
As Steve Emery would say, he is mediocre.

In his little Chevrolet,
He can surely "Parley Francais,"
This boy is sure the cats' pazooker.
By Hans Uppe.

We now come to old Archie Soule,
Who always kicks Buteau for a goal.
On whist party nights,
His old eyes shine bright,
When he wins the "Booby," poor old soul.
By Tom Cod.

We will close with our friend, Scott
Crockett,
The emergency brake on his car he always locks it.
Going up over Tinker Brook Hill,
Friends, you don't have to swallow this pill,
Zip, forty miles an hour, his emergency he forgot to unlock it.
By Dedd Shott.

JUSTARD-LARSEN McCARTY-HODGDON

A double wedding of unusual beauty and charm was solemnized at Mt. Forist Church at high noon, Saturday, Nov. 14th, by Rev. Milan J. Smith.

The parties to the high contracts were J. Robert Justard and Miss Evelyn H. Larsen both of Berlin, and Herbert A. McCarty of Berlin and Miss Nina Hodgdon of West Milan.

As the hour of noon approached the church was filled to capacity, the Justard guests on the left aisle and the McCarty guests on the right. A beautiful voluntary consisting of wedding marches was played on the organ by Mr. Wallace Van Arsdell, and as the strains shifted into the Lohengrin the bridal procession entered from the right led by the four ushers, Mr. John Reid, Mr. Maurice Oleson, Mr. Mr. Edward McCarty and Mr. Wendell Poley, Miss Larsen leaning on the arm of her father, Mr. Harold Larsen, and Miss Hodgdon was escorted by her brother, Mr. Dewey Hodgdon. As the party approached the center aisle they were met by the groomsmen followed by the pastor approaching from the left. Both brides were most charmingly dressed in traveling costumes and coats and hats, and carried bouquets of pink roses.

The service was distinctly beautiful and impressive. The church was beautifully decorated with festoons of green,

potted plants and ferns, and baskets of chrysanthemums, added distinctly to the charm. Soft strains of "Oh, Promise Me" were sung by George Pinhero through the ceremony.

Mr. J. Robert Justard and Miss Evelyn Larsen were first united in marriage. Miss Larsen was given away by her father, Mr. Harold Larsen, and Mr. Herbert McCarty acting as best man. This ceremony was followed by the marriage of Mr. McCarty and Miss Hodgdon, Mr. Justard acting as best man for Mr. McCarty and the bride being given away by her brother, Mr. Dewey Hodgdon. The double ring ceremony was used for both weddings.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McCarty tendered a reception to relatives and close friends at the Nurses' Home on High Street, while at the home of Mrs.

Justard's sister, Mrs. John Horton, Mrs. Justard received her relatives and close friends.

After the reception the parties left on the 4 o'clock train for points of interest in Maine and Massachusetts. The questions are when and where and how did Mr. and Mrs. McCarty get the train. They were an unknown quantity at Berlin and Gorham, but we learn they arrived. At least some one said they heard McCarty laugh.

Both of the bridal couples are well known in Berlin and have a large circle of friends. Mr. McCarty is the son of Mrs. Mary McCarty and employed at the Cascade Mill. Mrs. McCarty is the daughter of Mrs. Abbie Hodgdon of Milan and is well known as the Sulphite Mill nurse. Mr. Robert Justard is another Brown

Bulletin reader, being employed at the Cascade Paper Mill. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Justard. Mrs. Justard is the daughter of Mr. Harold Larsen, and since leaving high school has made her home with her father.

On their return Mr. and Mrs. McCarty will be at home to friends at 540 First Ave., and Mr. and Mrs. Justard will make their home at 621 Fourth Ave.

All the Bulletin readers join in wishing these couples the acme of happiness.

If the marriages and social events continue to increase we believe it will be necessary for the Bulletin directorate to relieve Editor-in-Chief Cave by creating a Society Editor. What do you say, who wants the job? Lynn Madan has been nominated for the position. Are there any other aspirants?

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

FOR NIBROC TOWELS

Nibroc Towels are themselves a substitute, of course. The millions of users know, however, that they are the closest approach to cloth towels obtainable. They certainly are different from all other paper towels in superior strength and greater absorbency. They can also be proven by analysis to be entirely free from any harmful substance. They are made from new spruce pulp only and left in the natural color of the wood. Because they are not bleached in any way, they still retain the tang of the forests.

Many of our readers know that exhilarating smell of the fir trees, on their fishing and hunting trips. The resin in the trees adds its share to that treat. Nibroc Towels would not have their wonderful qualities if this resin were removed. To make a homey comparison, they could be likened to the pleasing smell of rye bread. Rye bread has that taste because it contains all the value of the grain.

Has the question of towels for your business been settled to the entire satisfaction of all? To those who have not tried them, we say, you don't know towels until you use Nibroc Towels. We are always ready to have one of our men call and give all the reasons why Nibroc is known as the perfect towel.

There are still some who say they wouldn't use paper towels on a bet. They have been peeved many a time by the poor

work rendered by cheap linty things that are found in some places. Their opinion has been prejudiced against all paper towels. But Nibroc Towels will do the work the way it should be done. They are as big an improvement in the paper towel field as cord is over fabric tires.

Just as every other good article has been imitated, and it is a well known fact that anything made, can be made poorer and sold for less, the Nibroc Towel imitators are trying to duplicate it. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Any attempt at duplication is an admission of superiority of the article which is the standard.

Nibroc Towels are being used by the largest business houses in the country, who after rigid tests and comparison find them more economical and satisfactory than any other form of towels, cloth or paper. Allow us to repeat our headline—**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR NIBROC TOWELS.**

From "The BookanWrap" of the Pilcher-Hamilton Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Robert Blair, machine tender at the Riverside Mill passed on to the Great Unknown, Tuesday, November 17th.

He was one of our oldest and most faithful employees. Though quite severely handicapped physically, he kept plugging on, always doing his best in a good-natured way. His presence will be truly missed by all of his fellow-workers and officials.

We all join in heartfelt sympathy with his family and hope that Old Father Time

will always be generous to them in sympathy and all worthwhile things.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kearns, through the Bulletin, wish to thank from the bottom of their hearts all the true and kind friends who by kind words of sympathy and gifts of beautiful flowers helped to alleviate the sad burden of having to lose their infant son.

TOWEL ROOM

At the rate of notes Eva Bedard writes in one day she doesn't need a nigger. She wants a mail carrier.

Some people take great pleasure in laughing at others but they never take a good look at themselves.

Eva Michaud claims that three chocolates for half a dollar must be good.

Ida is sore these days. No wonder, she works on two machines, E. B.'s and hers.

The only person kicking about the lavatories upstairs is the one who gets them dirty.

Marie Parent likes Boston but it's too big a city and she might get lost.

Our Ethel is back with us again after a few weeks' illness.

Raymond is promoted. He is oiler now. Hope he does a better job at it than as machinist.

Tony is very quiet these days. Oh, yes, he is going to get married.

Esther has quite a toilet shop in her bag.

Jennie Parent is making a lot of money these days. It pays to take a rest.

Alice Dion is going camping now.

Margaret Forrest is back with us again.

Erma Demars is wondering how it feels to get a big bonus. Work harder.

Our Bill is pretty quiet since he got married. He only speaks to a few girls.

Mr. Marois is quite a machinist but he gets mad when they go bad. Good work is what he wants.

Raymond is handy with a hammer.

We would like to know very much what kind of cheese it is that the watchman, Mr. Larsen, brings in the mill. We won't say he eats it, because we can't see how he can. But we do know that it perfumes the office and cutter room in good shape. The smell is enough to drive a bear out of the Thirteen Mile Woods.

What is there funny about the number "seven," Tony?

To the seven wonders of the world
Add this as number eight,
Ida's hair grows curly on the sides
And in the back grows straight.

If Wrigley's went bankrupt, what would Zine do?

Now that the efficiency experts have gone Bertha looks lonesome.

Esther is going to get Edna a soap box, so that she can give a sermon on the subject, "Towel girls, never pull out your eyebrows!"

Our two opera singers, Bertha and Eva Michaud, had an accident. The box they were singing from collapsed and the music came to a grand finale.

Jennie's bob is showing new signs of a permanent wave. How much, Jennie?

Some girls of the towel room seem to

think that the Brown Bulletin is a slam or an insult, they take things so seriously, but a good sport takes it as a joke which it is supposed to be.

Doing fine, Raymond, but have you lost any nuts lately? Mr. Marois has a hard time looking for some.

Eva Bedard would like to have Walter's kiss-me-quick when it rains. Her's is a vanishing one.

Lyd won't be here for the Brown Bulletin this month. We all wish her success and happiness.

Julia is back again after a long vacation. We are certainly glad to have her as she is so jolly.

Chas. Murray, one of our oldest paper-makers in point of service with the company, having started as a mere boy thirty years ago, has severed his connection with the company and gone to the far North-West to accept a more lucrative position. His associates and many friends wish him a full measure of success and prosperity. Jacob Couture falls heir to the position vacated by Mr. Murray.

Syl Peters and William Johnson of the cutter room are taking their annual vacation in the woods, trying to outwit the elusive deer. We certainly hope one or both of them get one as that is the only way the writer ever knows what deer meat is like.

Laurianna Couture tried to carry off a section of the floor in her foot and in fact did get quite a piece of it, causing her much pain and several days' lay-off.

Joe Mercier counted the wrappers he had made, so many times and figured so hard on what he expected to make for his eight hours, that it gave him a severe headache, and he had to go home at four o'clock, thereby losing most of his profit.

TUBE MILL NO. 2

Joe Savoie called at the desk recently and told us the expedition is all ready to start for their adventurous trip up the Magalloway River. Geo. Amundsen Knox is commander of the squadron and at present is located on Pine Island in the Androscoggin, getting everything in ship shape. Their flagship and gunboat is named the "Herring" and manned by Capt. Joe Savoie, once Rear-Admiral of the P. I. Navy, retired. The flotilla consists of four scows and twenty dories. The captain thinks they can reach Seven Islands the

first day. The only difficulty the Islanders will meet will be rowing over Pontook Falls. The vacancy advertised for a fiddler has been filled by Chas. Enman of the electrical crew, as he is a past master of the art. Watch the Bulletin for further progress of the expedition. Good luck, boys.

"Gene" Lassard says its great to go to "din" and come back after "din."

Ask the boys of the shipping crew the name of the latest Bob.

Frank LeBreton has shipped his "Lizzie" to the "sanitarium." She has developed a severe case of T. B.

We wish to extend to relatives of our deceased fellow-worker, Mr. Reginald Watson, our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

(See Pages 23 and 24 for additional notes from Tube Mill No. 2.)

LIST OF DEATHS Sulphite Mill

Mike Carraher was born Aug. 7, 1858. He commenced work with the Brown Company Aug. 31, 1916, at the Sulphite Mill and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred Oct. 29, 1925.

Chemical Mill

William Farnham was born July 28, 1857. He commenced work with the Brown Company May 2, 1916. At the time of his death, which occurred Oct. 12, 1925, he was working at the Chemical Mill.

Cascade Mill

John Thomas Suffill was born March 29, 1864. He commenced work with the Brown Company Nov. 25, 1918, at the Cascade Mill and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred Nov. 2, 1925.

Peter Lachance was born Feb. 5, 1866. He has worked on and off for the Brown Company in different departments since Feb. 10, 1915. At the time of his death, which occurred Oct. 17, 1925, he was working at the Cascade Mill.

Upper Plants

Charles Oleson was born Feb. 5, 1895. He commenced work with the Brown Company May, 1912. At the time of his death, which occurred Oct. 16, 1925, he was working in the Saw Mill.

Forestry Department

Edward Brown was born Dec. 13, 1876. He commenced work with the Brown Company in 1894 and has been employed continuously until his death which occurred Nov. 7, 1925.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

While going through the digester house a few nights ago, I was surprised to hear a Ford horn, but couldn't hear the wonderful rattle of our beloved Henry. Finally I decided to ask a few questions about the queer noise. I asked the acid runner if this was a digester house or a Ford garage, his answer was, "It's a digester house but we use Henry's horn for signals."

Mr. Chaurest—Say, M. Bouchard, I thought you told me you weren't going to smoke cigarettes any longer.

Michael—I am not, those are the same size.

His Girl—You drive awfully fast, don't you, Buck?

Roy—Yes, I hit 50 yesterday.

His Girl—Did you kill any of them?

For those who object to the smell of oranges being eaten near them in the mill, rub a quantity of castor oil in the hair. This will guarantee you the solitude you desire.

Bill Church wants to know how he can drive a nail without hitting his fingers. Let your wife hold it, Bill.

It was good to see Harry Raeburn back in Berlin to coach the Elks' Midnight Revue. Harry was the leader of the Burgess Minstrels for almost a decade, and in spite of his autocratic ways, we are all mighty glad to see him when he comes to town.



HARRY RAEBURN

Saleslady—I'm sorry, Miss, that's a lampshade.

Peter Ryan left for the hunting grounds, Nov. 2, for two weeks. If he can shoot deer like he can bowling alley pins, we pity the deer.

William Farquharson of the time office attended his brother's funeral in Lawrence, Mass.

Our time office has been enlarged, making more room for our famous pitch players.

Most of our graphic department girls have joined the gym class at the high school, and they are hoping to grow thin, but we wonder why Dot Thomas didn't join.

Father—Son, what do you mean by swearing before your mother?

Son—Oh, excuse me, mother, I didn't know you wanted to swear.

I was passing through the machine room last night, and I was the star witness of one grand fight.

There were six cockroaches and two rats engaged in battle over some poor boy's dinner pail. It wasn't quite fair, because the cockroaches are almost as large as the rats and there are more of them. The cockroaches were the winners.

The boys of the dryer building would like to have a wash tub put in so that a certain man may wash his socks in it and not in the new wash basins. Where were you brought up, man?

One of the Cascade boys has stolen our nurse. See the Nibroc column for particulars. Best wishes to them.

Did you know that:

Helen attended a Hallowe'en party in a hencoop in Gorham?

Louise fell for Bill Raymond?

Katherine is now well acquainted with Ponzi?

Marian is still wearing funny stockings?

Dorothy T. has her hope chest all ready? Did her man Oscar?

Alma is still receiving her daily calls from Armour's?



BOB LEGASSY

Bob Legassy shot a 10-point buck on November 7, 1925. Bob was sitting down when this big buck walked right up to him. Bob lost no time and shot between the shoulders. Lucky boy, Bob.

Francis is still saying "Hello, kids?"

Dorothy M. is now all smiles since her man came back?

Lucy was very stunning in her Northern costume in the Midnight Revue?

Lora made quite a hit in the Midnight Revue?

Mildred is still figuring how much horsepower it takes to run the mill?

Katherine, of the graphic department, is going to take up a correspondence course in banjo playing. Her teacher, Ponzi, (not original) will give her lessons free, so we can't blame her.

Our machine room foreman, Bill Thomas, won a violin. How about a couple of tunes, Bill? Can you play it yet?

Miles Evans is the speediest man they ever had in the digester house. Congratulations, Miles.

Our telephone operator, Miss Elsie Porter, was united in marriage to Mr. J. James McLellan, of East Angus, P. Q. The bride has been employed by the Brown Company Sulphite Mill as operator for several years, and is a graduate of Berlin High School. The groom is a young man of splendid character and is employed in a sulphite mill at East Angus. A number of friends came down to see them off on the afternoon train. With rice and confetti they expressed their congratulations and best wishes. Mr. and Mrs. McLellan will reside in East Angus, P. Q.

Jake Caron, after his dinner, told his wife he thought he would take his beauty nap. His wife said, "Take a good long sleep, Jake dear, please."

Herr Horaz, the German actor, will soon try to beat his own record, 20 hours talking for a non-stop record of 48 hours, but Pete Belanger, (little cream) says that he can make it 60 very easy. We'll say he can.

Let's put the old Burgess pep on the Bulletin next month. Are all the reporters dead?

Willie Rousseau—What's an incubator?
Answer—Oh, some sort of a development scheme.

You know Hank broke into the movies.
Fine, what's he in?
Jail.

Four out of five get pyorrhea. The fifth man is a dentist. Ask Dion, he knows.

My wife kisses me every time I come into the house.

Affection?
No, investigation, Perley said.

Let's bring the bowling laurels back to Burgess. What do you say, Pete?

Austin Buckley has returned from the happy hunting grounds. Buck failed to get a four-legged deer this trip—seems to have had hard luck. However, he lost a perfectly good tooth up there. Was the home cooking as tough as that?

Cyprien Morneau of the dryer room is our new pig killer. He kill Luiji, bossa pig, start one Monday and went to finish on Tuesday.

A man's first attempt to hold his girl on his knee might be called a trial balance. What do you think of that, Ovila Gagne?

To a certain lady of the Sulphite Mill:
The Lady—I'd like to try on that hat, please.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Ernest Nolet	\$ 60.00
Alec Nailer	88.00
Ernest Coates	24.00
John Melnick	8.80
A. J. Reid	41.80
Fred White	59.40
Cliburne Locke	31.55
Richard Christianson	93.20
Delphis Montminy	48.00

Joseph Bourbeau	52.80
John A. Lambert	25.20
Aurele Decoteau	36.00
Michael Tupick	48.00
W. H. Hickey	14.82
Lorenzo Leclerc	24.00
Albert Lavoie	12.00
Napoleon Rheume	32.90
Thomas Potter	14.30
Ed. F. Therrien	48.75
Camille Sabalone	
acct. Pete Sabalone	100.00
Chas. Baker, adm. estate Nils Johnson	145.50
Arthur Vezima	12.00
Joseph Vallis	149.46
Mary Louise Guay, beneficiary Louis Guay	100.00
Ulderic Gilbert	44.67
Tony Black	36.00
Joseph Lapointe	16.00
Perley Hall	24.00
Joseph Cantin	54.00
Patrick Doiron	48.00
Edmond Labrecque	54.40
Nicodemo Galluze	66.65
Thomas Donahue	132.30
Walter Taylor	12.00
Paul Grondin	24.00
Oscar Anderson	16.50
P. J. Devlin	41.40
Alec Reid	20.90
Adelard Vezina	37.00
Gustave Nolet	24.00
Prudent Dion	63.20
Wm. Ryder, guardian	48.00
Edward Gilbert	28.20
Harry Gould	12.40
Germain Theriault	27.30
Total	\$2,101.40

BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Orders drawn on the treasurer during the month of October were as follows:

Charles Johnson	\$ 60.00
E. N. Nichols	14.50
Frank Belmore	52.08
Roland Marsh	34.76
Ernest Guay	69.50
Even Johnson	74.00
Joseph Couture	48.00
Tom Thompson	74.50
Marguerite Gilbert	19.50
Harry Lowe	62.50
Wm. Frechette	36.00
John Boyle	12.50
O. E. Blais	86.00
Alfred Fecteau	85.00
Joseph Ramsey	14.90
Harry Aldrich	46.66
Fidelle Arsenault	60.00
Earle Studd	43.75
Rose Laffamme	5.42
Jos. Madore	62.50
Henry Frechette	22.00
Alcide Filteau	60.00
E. L. Yandow	24.30
Everett Palmer	54.12
Ernest Carberry	18.75
Joseph Allard	58.24
A. Rousseau	16.62
Jeanette Dutil	7.58
Emil Aubert	44.70
Delia Laforce	250.00
Alfred J. Croteau	58.33
John Guerin	62.70
Paul Remillard	60.00
Sam Delphonts	70.00
Lucian Roberge	78.00
Thos. Morreau	18.00
Emile Landry	37.50

Arthur LeBlanc	50.80
George Boucher	46.00
Emile Parent	95.00
Dennis Kilbride	60.00
Adelard Lemere	55.00
Everette Gatchell	18.27
Bazil McConnell	36.00
Harold Donnolly	10.00
J. Morrisette	46.00
Katherine Daley	100.00
Lydia Gilbert	27.00
Alfred Devost	14.90
Paul Langlois	8.86
Fred Haggart	17.20
Theo Rix	28.40
P. M. Quinn	43.00
Omer Lachance	244.00
Arthur LeBlanc	12.70
Arthur Croteau	14.00
Thos. Gagne	60.00
Wilfred Bilodeau	12.00
Herbert Dickinson	12.00
John Lessard	24.00
L. D. Fraser	12.50
Remi Lambert	60.40
Arthur Routhier	29.16
Henry Pelky	25.40
J. B. Morneau	24.00
Edmond Nolin	12.00
James Buckley	16.21
Wilfred Hamel	8.32
Emile Derocher	22.00
Eva Corneau	14.60
Adelard Lacasse	25.00
Ralph Plaisance	10.42
Alfred Lambert	21.00
Andrew Phair	14.58
Florida Oleson	411.40

Total \$3,645.03

PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES

Have you read these?

The Professor's House—Cather.
Portrait of a Man with Red Hair—Walpole.
Possession—Bromfield.
Wild Geese—Ostenso.
Channing Comes Through—Seltzer.
False Scent—Fletcher.
The Emigrants—Bojer.
The Dream-maker Man—Lea.
Three Farms—Stockley.
Caravan—Galsworthy.
Queen's Folly—Weyamn.
Queer Judson—Lincoln.

Non-Fiction

Twenty-five Years—Viscount Grey.
Senate and the League of Nations—Henry Cabot Lodge.
Roving Through Southern China—Frank.
Gone Abroad—Goldring.
Fruit of the Family Tree—Wiggam.
New Decalogue of Science—Wiggam.
Map that is Half Unrolled—Powell.

Ask for them at the Public Library.

The present board of directors and editorial staff are responsible for the January issue of the Brown Bulletin. They cordially invite the new board and new staff to their last meeting to be held Wednesday, Dec. 16.

The Gold Star Mothers

By LT.-COL. O. P. COLE

Extracts from a Speech given at the Unveiling of the Tablet to the Gold Star Mothers at Berlin, N. H., Nov. 11 1925



THIS ground is sacred. Upon it have stood many individuals with varying degrees of reverence. Many have been drawn to this monument by motives of mere idle curiosity, but to these we pay no heed at this time.

Seven years ago this day the roar of carnage ceased and the day of big problems began. In common with all other communities in this state and the United States, the City of Berlin had its problems of readjustment and re-habilitation. No matter how difficult appeared the

solution, how intricate the paths leading to industrial prosperity, social tranquility, and national peace, it was in the minds of a grateful community that some memorial, permanent in nature, should be erected to the memory of those from this city who served in the World War. To this end was erected and dedicated this shaft, and to it come in many numbers those who do not forget and are thoughtfully grateful.

But there is another class of visitors, necessarily limited in number, who attend as at an altar or sacred shrine. They are

those who served; these buddies of mine, who unmindful of the others, seek out the names indicated by a star. To them appears a halo about the name that indicates something of divine inspiration. A memory of a Buddy who did not come back, a memory bequeathed to him as from man to man like which there is none other in existence except that of kinship. That is the reason why today is our day and why this morning the tented mounds soon to be white with winter's snow located in the cemeteries in this city and neighboring towns have heard the rifle volley and the bugle sound as a message to the spirit world, that we, their Buddies, know and understand.

Today we add new lustre to this spot by unveiling this tablet, recently placed by the city government upon this monument and hereby dedicated to the mothers of men; mothers who just as surely as did those of ancient Sparta say to their youths, "Go forth with thy shield and return either with it or upon it." These youths returned upon their shields and left to us the mission of "lifting high the torch" lest their sacrifice be in vain. These Gold Star Mothers may not have suffered during hostilities any more than many of your mothers, but they were deprived of the joy that thrilled the reunited family. They lost the comfort and the solace of youth in their declining years. They are, therefore received into our especial regard, and the relation is here preserved in bronze.

Here in the presence of these Gold Star Mothers, we renew our obligation to our departed Buddies and I charge you, each one to "keep faith with them lest your soul have no treasure only the ashes of the patriotic impulse that died with the fading clamor of war. They laid away the world, poured out the red, sweet wine of youth, gave up the years to be of work and joy, and that unhopd serene that men call age, and those who would have sons. They gave their immortality." sons, they gave their immortality."

OCTOBER ACCIDENTS

Upper Plants

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	41
Without loss of time	56
Total	97

Sulphite Mill

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	15
Without loss of time	61
Total	76

Cascade Mill

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	18
Without loss of time	51
Total	69



He's gone and I would think of him as one released
And loosed from all the little cares of men;
Gone—and I would think of him where pain has ceased,
Where human measures fade, grow dim and yet again—
Child—seen deep in my heart there hover golden gates,
Padlocked and stately, all agleam in sun
And just inside I dream his body waits
—With touch of flesh to welcome me—
When I am done. —Katherine Haviland Taylor.



BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES



No reports from Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Minneapolis and Pacific Coast.

NEW YORK

The visitors to the New York Office during the last month were Norman Brown, J. A. Fogarty, A. T. Spring, H. A. Chase, E. F. Moody, H. K. Moore, J. E. Laffin and Mr. Vogel.

Mr. Flint is making a business trip through the South and is being accompanied by Mr. Thomas of the Atlanta office.

We are pleased to announce two new additions to our office force in the persons of Mrs. Link and Miss O'Connor.

Our D. D. Patterson is the proud owner of a blue ribbon shepherd dog, which answers to the call of Byng. In a recent dog show held in New York, she ran two firsts, a second and a third in different classes. Adv.—Good puppies for sale.

ST. LOUIS OFFICE

This office has been very active during the past month in assisting in the merchandising and advertising of our towels at an exhibit at the American Hospital Convention at Louisville, Kentucky, and at the American Public Health Convention at St. Louis, held during the week of October 19th to 24th.

The big event was the American Hospital Convention. Both the Convention meetings and the Exposition were held in the large county Armory at Louisville, at which there were registrations of about four thousand people from all parts of the United States and Canada. More than seven hundred booths occupied the tremendous floor space where manufacturers of hospital equipment and supplies exhibited their wares to a very interested gathering of doctors, hospital superintendents, head nurses and public health officials. Through the Advertising Department, all hospitals in the United States were invited to visit our booth, and for the information of our other offices, there was not a day passed that we did not have people come to us and tell us how good Nibroc Towels were and that they were thoroughly satisfied with this product. Many brought their friends who were not using Nibroc Towels, to our booth and a demonstration soon proved to the doubtful that

we really had a product of merit and one worthy of their consideration. This was also true at the Booth in the Hotel Statler at St. Louis where the Public Health Officials and Sanitary Engineers of city, state and county organizations were present. In both exhibits Brown Company had what we believe to be a very attractive booth, and photographs were made and forwarded to our advertising department.

It is the opinion of those attached to this office that our entrance as exhibitors, particularly at the Annual Convention of the American Hospital Association, is a valuable advertising medium. It is possible at these conventions to get an approach without having to break down resistance which is always received at hospitals and other institutions of a like nature, because as a rule it has been found that these officials are very busy people and hard to reach. In every instance we found them interested and willing to listen to our story and demonstration, and thus by our exhibiting we were able to have an interview where the prospect was free from his exacting daily duties, and in almost every instance, we believe those interviewed are absolutely sold.

The booth at Louisville was in charge of W. H. McEwen and J. I. Heyer, while at St. Louis, H. W. Leffingwell was assisted of Aaron Orchard of the Orchard Paper Co. our St. Louis distributor. We also wish to acknowledge the courtesies and assistance extended by both our St. Louis distributor, Orchard Paper Co., and by the members of the firm and the employees of the Miller Paper Co., who represent us in the Louisville territory.

Brown Company radio fans and those of Brown Company's distributors will be mightily interested to learn that there is being erected in St. Louis, the biggest broadcasting station in the country, which is being backed by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and eight or nine leading local manufacturers. The station will be known as the "Voice of St. Louis," and the towers for this station are 200 feet high and erected on one of the high spots in the City of Kirkwood, about 18 miles from the business section of St. Louis. It is expected that this station will be in operation on Christmas night. The estimated cost of the station is \$110,000, and it is stated that the cost of maintenance will

run close to \$135,000 per year. The station will have a 5000-watt capacity and will carry programs to the four corners of the nation. The Western Electric engineers, who have charge of the erection and installation of this equipment, state that they are about three years ahead of the times with their equipment and that there will be practically no interference whatsoever. The station is known in engineering circles as of the "remote control" type, and the temporary studio is to be located in the Mayfair Hotel in the center of the down-town section, and upon the completion of the new Ambassador Theatre, a complete station will be built on the top floor of this building. Great care is being given the details of the construction of the station. When the Ambassador Theatre is completed, there will be installed in the broadcasting studio a \$20,000 four-manual organ from which it is proposed to furnish music both classical and popular, in addition to a well arranged program covering general business information and the usual broadcasting programs. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat suggests that all fans listen in Christmas night for "The Voice of St. Louis."

Our Tulsa, Oklahoma, distributor, Tayloe Paper Co., have equipped 133 filling stations of the Marland Oil Company in the past month.

The Kansas City Paper House has succeeded in securing trial installation in the State Capitol at Topeka, Kansas.

In St. Louis the Orchard Paper Co. signed up contracts with three good sized department stores during the month and are working on other good prospects.

TRUTH—NOT POETRY

You can crab about our column
And knock it all you like,
But that won't make it better,
You know that.
But, if you'd just send in a story
Or a joke or snap or two
Or a piece of rotten poetry like this,
You'd find our column growing
And good friendship you'd be sowing
And every fellow waiting
At the bat.

The job of writing topics
For a Bulletin like this
Isn't quite the cinch it may
Appear to be.
But with your good assistance
Instead of only knocks
And maybe some encouragement as well,
We can make our little section
Be the acme of perfection
You and me.

—E. A. White.

Reminiscences of Earlier Berlin

By Louville Paine, Sulphite Mill.

IN talking over "old times" and studying a map of Berlin Falls as it was in '61, it was suggested that the map and a collection of reminiscences would be interesting material for the Bulletin. The suggestion brought forcibly to mind the oft-repeated saying, that also occurred to the highly bedecked negro girl in the audience of the colored help on General Gordon's plantation, when they were assembled for the annual Christmas talk by the General's daughter, now Mrs. O. B. Brown. When informed that it was over 1800 years since Christ was born, the girl exclaimed, "Fo de Lor's sake, how time do fly." My father moved from Milan to Berlin in 1866, when I was three years old. That time has thus flown, and one is old enough to write reminiscences is food for thought.

History has it that the settlement at Berlin Falls was the result of the pine-lumber business. It is said that pine clapboards were sawed here before the railroad was built, and were hauled with ox teams 50 miles to Harrison, Me., where they were put on canal boats, taken down Long Pond, Songo River, Sebago Lake, through the canal to Saccarappa, now Westbrook, to tidewater. Traces of the old road over the hill to Shelburne, just back of Forbush Park, can be pointed out by Hon. John B. Noyes.

Before the railroad came in the early fifties, the Hutchinson Mill was built near the mouth of Bean Brook. Later on, H. Winslow & Co. built on the site of the present Brown Company sawmill. Horner and Hastings built on the site where City

Hall stands; Gower and Wilson, where Feeney's drug store is; Dexter Wheeler, a few rods back of the C. M. Hodgdon block. Daniel Green operated a steam sawmill at the foot of the "Bog"; J. W. Wheeler, one at Jericho; and A. H. Gerish, a water-power mill at the Cascade, from which he hauled the lumber to Berlin station with ox teams.

The pine "boom" collapsed. The Horner & Hastings dam went out. The mills of Gower and Wilson and of Dexter Wheeler burned. Berlin Falls was left without much business, and its unused buildings were going to rack and ruin. This state of affairs existed about a dozen or fifteen years. Then the lumber business picked up, and spruce logs were worth \$3.50 per M, landed on the banks of the Androscoggin. This news was hailed with much joy by the settlers on the river.

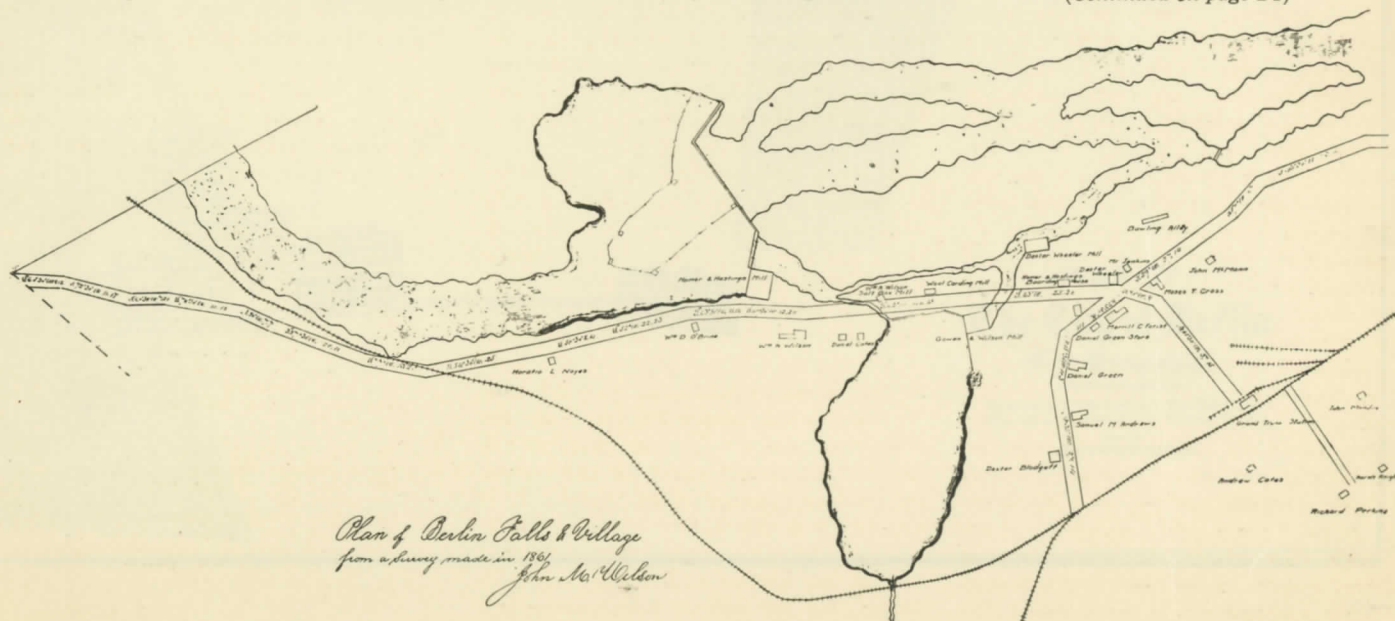
At the time my father came to Berlin, all was alder swamp, mud, and brush between the occasional houses. In a mill built by their father, Wm. A., the Wilson "boys," George, Frank, and William, made salt boxes from poplar, shingles, and spools out of white birch. Daniel Green made shingles and spool stuff on the Gower and Wilson site.

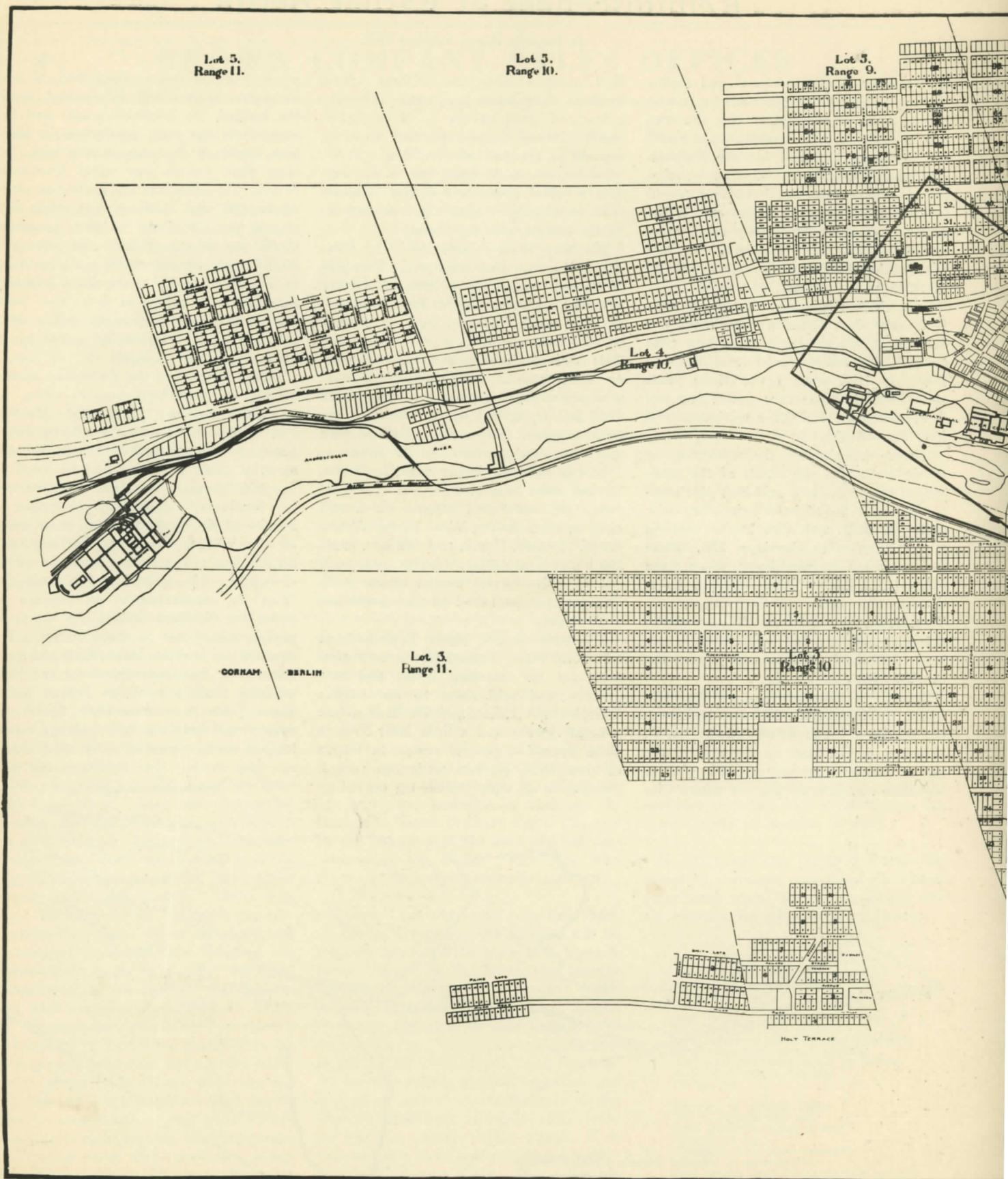
For early traders, Moses T. Cross kept a general store; Daniel Green kept supplies for his boarding house and employees, and sold some to the public; Wheeler and Paine, and Ira Mason had general stores; and a little later Wilson Bros. opened a general store. In length of time Wm. Moffett made the record. Because of an injury to his leg caused by

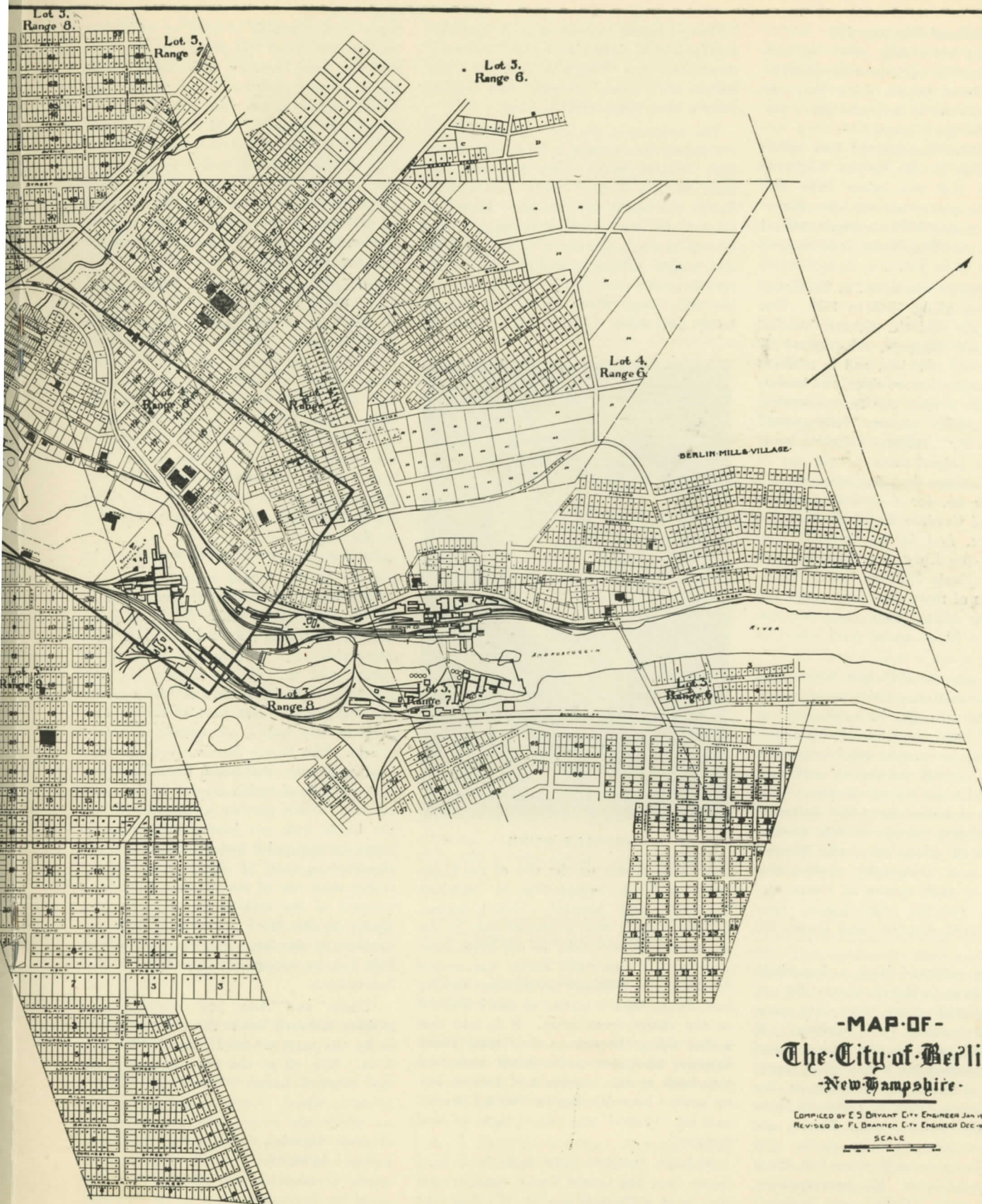
a colt when he was a young man, he was prevented from doing able-bodied work. He learned the cobbler's trade, and for more than fifty years conducted the business, most of the time in the little old shop that stands yet upon Exchange Street. His shop was the gathering place of the idle wise (perhaps you might call them), and all of the weighty questions of the day were profoundly discussed and settled there. A few chairs in a store were as much a necessity as the stock in trade. Sometimes it looked as if a man were more comfortable in a store sitting on a nail keg or barrel than he would be in his rocking chair at home.

Daniel Green had the distinction of becoming the wealthiest man in town. It was justly due him that he did. He had a firm conviction that the wonderful water power would some time be needed for manufacturing purposes, and he lived to see his "dream come true." After the pine business "petered out," he began to acquire all the land possible in the vicinity of the village, "while the getting was good." His mill activities are referred to elsewhere. He drained and planted the "Bog" to cranberries at an expense of about ten thousand dollars, but the frost proved disastrous to the venture. He donated the land for Eagle Hall and gave the site on Exchange Street for the Universalist Church, now the Jewish Synagogue. He was somewhat "quick to anger," and naturally many things would happen in his varied activities that would vex him sorely. One time someone was

(Continued on page 14)







-MAP OF-
The City of Berlin.
New Hampshire.

COMPILED BY E. S. BRYANT CITY ENGINEER JAN 1907
REVISED BY F. L. BRANTEN CITY ENGINEER DEC 1925

SCALE
0 100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800 900 1000

(Continued from page 11)

trying to "put something over" on him. This caused him to exclaim with considerable heat, "Some people think they are doing God's service if they can get a dollar out of Old Man Green!"

The first boom that started land values up, came when H. H. Furbish built the Forest Fibre Mill just below Tube Mill No. 2; and the next, when the Glen Manufacturing Company built its paper mill on the island at the "Big Pitch"; and the end doesn't seem to be yet.

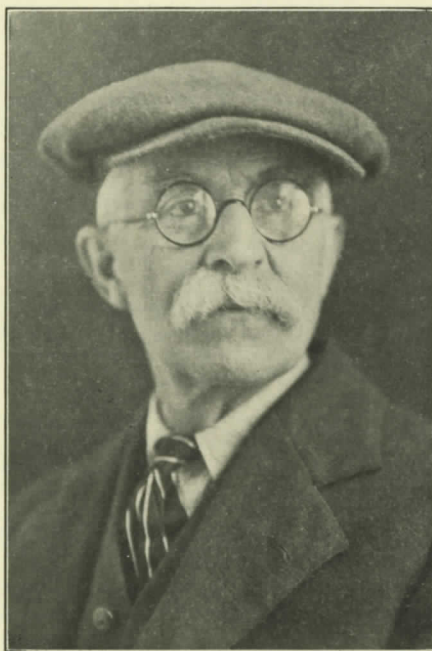
Dexter Wheeler was agent at the Grand Trunk Station along 1860 to 1870. One man did it all, sold the tickets, handled the freight and baggage, telegraphed by tape, tended the switches, and in addition sold confectionery, sweet cider, and lemonade. He was a very thrifty, economical man and therefore became "forehanded." With his kindly qualities of heart, he is said to have helped more people out of financial difficulties than any other man in town. Later on, for a period of eleven years, he and Gardner Paine conducted a general store, first in the building now occupied by the Chevrolet Company and lastly under Eagle Hall on Green Street. After a lapse of more than fifty years, old timers from Milan have said to me, "Wheeler and Paine, awful good fellers to deal with."

A. K. Cole succeeded Dexter Wheeler as station agent and was there many years. He saw great changes in railroading in the way of improvement and efficiency. There are many people who remember his superior mental equipment, and, had not his ambition for a medical career been thwarted by sickness, he would undoubtedly have become famous in that profession. A list of young men who learned railroading and telegraphy under him would contain such names as Oscar Os- well, Chas. Gerrish, Jim Lavin, Geo. Twitchell, Frank Gerrish, and Owen, his son.

Ira Mason returned from a financially successful trip to California about 1868 and moved his family down town into what was afterward called the "Beehive." It was formerly used by the Horner and Hastings Company as a boarding house. Mr. Mason bought the building at the north of Green Square (recently torn down to build the Margolin Block) and ran a general store until his death. His very agreeable personality drew him many customers and friends. His interpretation of my child name, "Villie," was "Villain," just to tease me. Mrs. Mason, now nearly 90 years of age, and four children, Bret, Maria, (Chamberlin), Persis (Rich), and

Althea (Linton), survive him. A fortunate acquisition of land from the "Narrows" down, including "Fibreville" and "St. Giles" before the "boom," brought him and his heirs a very substantial fortune.

The keeping of the New England country tavern was almost a profession by itself. Nearly every town had one, and most of the keepers were "characters." Berlin had one in the person of Merrill C. Forist. He was a school teacher, justice of the peace, postmaster, a fine penman and taught writing school, a good talker, and a famous story teller. His tavern was the old Green Block on Green Square, lately torn down. Afterward he built the



LOUVILLE PAINE

Mt. Forist House on the site of the Newberry store in anticipation of "summer boarders" and became a hotel keeper. Quite a number were attracted here by the wonderful scenery, and he did some business in that line. Mt. Forist was named for him. The wild and picturesque scenery has always been a matter of much interest to the visitor from away. It is told that a man riding through on the Grand Trunk dropped his paper as the train came to a standstill at the station and looked out, up against bare Mt. Forist, "Well, I swum," said he, "I never was out of sight of land before!"

Richard Perkins built and lived in a house near the Grand Trunk Station. He was head millwright for H. Winslow and Company. His son, James, has held the same position for the Brown Company for many years. From lack of school advan-

tages he was unable to read or write, but his daughter read the papers to him, and with the keen memory noticeable in such cases, he was reputed to be the best informed man in town. He was said to be somewhat "tempery," and woe to the man who did not let "discretion be the better part of valor," and aroused his ire. It is told how he chased a prominent citizen around the stove in the G. T. Station, until he got "one to the jaw" straight from the shoulder. "There," he said, "I guess he will not shave again for a while."

Among the most pleasant, lingering impressions is the memory of Mrs. W. W. Brown, wife of the founder of the Berlin Mills Company. She was a woman of such a winning personality and kindly spirit as to endear her to all who came in contact with her. Perhaps some of the old timers will remember a birthday party given for her son, Herbert, at the edge of the woods back of the Brown House. The watchful care with which she looked after the comfort of the guests made the children feel at ease and enter into the spirit of the occasion.

Fashion decreed that for a man to be dressed up, he should wear a black suit (which lasted him four or five years as "best"), long-legged calf or hip boots (cowhide for working), a "boiled" shirt with detachable cuffs, a little bow tie, a paper collar; and to cap the climax his hair should be well oiled. Hair oil was a standard commodity. But best of all for that purpose was bear's oil, usually a scarce article. The Noyes family were our next door neighbors and some hunters. They had a bottle of bear's oil out in the snow cooling. While playing in the yard, I saw the bottle and, not knowing its valuable contents, crushed it under foot, which they thought an act of "pure cussedness," rather than one of innocence, probably on account of my reputatoin. By the way, Harry of the third generation, with two notches on his bear gun for last season, bids fair to uphold the reputation of his forefathers.

"Uncle" and "Aunt Joe" Blodgett lived a short distance below the territory taken in by the map, where Herman Miles now lives. The ell of the present house was the original house. "Aunt Joe" had a spinning wheel, of course, and also a loom on which she wove cloth for the family clothes. Herman Alton, a son, was a carpenter and builder and was known by the whole community. A job done by him could be depended upon to be thorough and substantial. He built Eagle Hall, and was the first Santa Claus in it. Daniel another son, was a carpenter. He served

his country through nearly all of the Civil War. He met his death when the G. T. Station burned in 1872. As he was trying to salvage a trunk for a neighbor, the chimney fell on him, killing him instantly. He lived on Green Street next to Samuel Andrews in a house built after the map of '61 was made. Of two children, Edward and Lizzie, Edward survives.

Dexter Blodgett moved down near the Gorham line, and, with some farming, he plied his trades of sled, wagon and boat building, mill repairing, blacksmithing, and bear hunting. He built a wire bridge across the river and made it possible for people to go over and see the beautiful Alpine Cascades. Mrs. Blodgett conducted a refreshment stand at the head of a long flight of stairs up the high riverbank. There she dispensed such articles as peanuts, candy, cigars, cheroots, etc. Her strong card, however, was a very excellent

pop beer, put in quart stone bottles with the corks tied down with a strong string. From sad experiences with blackened eyes, several of us learned to hold those bottles pointed the other way, when we untied the string.

The old Alpine House at Gorham (now a part of the Mt. Madison) was run many years by John R. Hitchcock. He became wealthy and among other things sported a very fine team. He often drove to Berlin. How we boys did look with awe at the outfit and people! The high sleigh, the fur coats and caps and robes, gauntlet fur gloves, tall high-stepping horses, silver-mounted harnesses and a long string of bells around each horse presented a picture of wealth that we might envy but hardly appreciate.

"Tinker" Robbins lived near the brook and hill that bear his name, on the Gorham road. He was a man who laid down

certain rules concerning the conduct of his household. He claimed a serious infraction of some of those rules by his wife. He went to town and bought an old-fashioned salt codfish, and took it home and gave her a good spanking with it. "After that," he said, "she was always jest as good a woman as a man need have to live with."

From the nature of the items in this contribution to the Bulletin, it is impossible to present them with much semblance of chronological order.

A word of explanation concerning the map. It was given to my father by the maker, Capt. John M. Wilson, an old surveyor from the Magalloway. He was an intimate friend of the Paine family in Milan. The names were not on the map originally, but fortunately Hon. John B. Noyes, who came to Berlin in 1861, remembered and supplied them all.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Hank O'Connell was elected president of the Hockey Club and now has that worried look on his face again. As usual there is "no dope."

Rube McCutcheon and Fred Maloney have smoked the pipe of peace and are now fast friends.

George Frost, our noble battler, has entered the amateur boxing show to be held at the City Hall.

Oppy Opkins is still throwing his usual line and is thinking of joining the drum corps.

Louis Gilbert went to the barber shop one Saturday and was gone for three days—must have got a real application of bay rum.

The Sheik is attending church regularly but enters by the back door.

Hed Parker is busy in the woodshed every evening.

Did you ever see the camel walk?
Jim Barnes and Al Watt went hunting and as usual got nothing.

The Chemical Mill and Main Office were represented at the Brown-Dartmouth game at Providence, R. I., by Messrs. G.

Reid, Alf. McKay, Gillespie and Toohey. They saw the Dartmouth boys trample the Brown "Bear," 14-0.

Ben Brann has returned from a two weeks' vacation which he spent in hunting around the Connecticut Lakes.

Willie Rivard suffered a very painful accident when the electric crane jumped the track and struck him a glancing blow, breaking several ribs. However, he is progressing very favorably and the boys all wish him a very speedy and complete recovery.

Gene Dionne's little boy, Richard, is laid up at present with scarlet fever.

Austin Buckley has gone on a week's hunting trip.

Everyone is very pleased to see Erling Anderson, the popular skier, who suffered such a painful accident a short time ago, able to be around once more.

J. A. Fogarty, manager chemical sales, paid us a three days' visit and still is the same John.

Alfred McKay did a Barney Oldfield on Tinker Brook Hill and it nearly turned out to be a "Steve Brody." All that saved the

car from going into the creek was the fence, which now looks like the car.

C. B. Barton took a party up to Gaspe again this year. He returns with a tale of being snowed in miles from nowhere, that sounds much like the experience of Scott returning from the South Pole. Happily the party was not too small, and they were able to break their way back to where snowshoes could be obtained. They only took out one caribou because of the adverse conditions, but could have shot more if there had been a possibility of taking them out.

NANSEN SKI CLUB

Alf Halvorsen, president of the Nansen Ski Club, announces that preliminary arrangements are now taking shape for the Eastern United States Amateur Ski championships, which will be held at Berlin on February 12 and 13 of next year. In past years these events have been held at Brattleboro, Vt. Gordon Brown, who has been making a record in ski events at Williams College during the past few years, will return to act as general chairman of the championship events. C. N. Johnson is in charge of improvements to the local ski jump. These aim to increase the records obtainable. Fifteen feet have been added to the height of the chute, and the pitch of the hill has been increased by excavations at its foot.



BROWN CORPORATION



Transportation of Bersimis Pulpwood

By J. V. Perrin

THE method used this season for transporting pulpwood from the Bersimis Indian Reserve forests to the Berlin mills was as follows:

The wood, cut into four-foot lengths in the woods, was hauled over one-horse sled roads to the landings, driven down the Papinachois River from one to six miles, and floated through a flume about six miles into a natural gully near the Bersimis River. It was then passed over band saws cutting the bolts into two-foot pieces, dropped back into another flume carrying it 2,000 feet to loading towers on a wharf on the Bersimis River about five miles from its mouth, and there dumped into steam barges. Next it was boated 180 miles up the St. Lawrence River to the Brown Corporation wharf at Quebec, unloaded with crane-operated orange-peel buckets into hoppers, carried on roller chains to a table, slid into open-top B. C. X. cars and hauled by rail into the Berlin yards.

The necessity for the long flume, or water sluice, is that, at the mouth of the Papinachois River which empties into the St. Lawrence about five miles east of the Bersimis, there is insufficient water to permit the navigation of boats capable of carrying pulpwood in large quantities. This is true of most of the smaller streams discharging into the St. Lawrence in this region. Ledges and extensive shifting-sand shoals make dredging out channels impractical, or too expensive. The wharf, to which the flume leads, on the Bersimis River, as well as the dredging and other improvements made at this point, will also be central for handling wood from other parts of our holdings in this territory later on.

This sluice is V-shaped, with 18-inch straight sides; has for a supporting "backbone" eight-by-eight timber cut diagonally to form a flat bottom about 11 inches wide; is three feet wide at the top; and carries about 14 inches of water. It is constructed entirely of wood, with bents 10 feet apart resting upon spruce mud sills. There is the extremely low grade of .01%—one foot to each 1000 feet of length. The lower end or outlet is 60 feet above low-water level in the Ber-

simis Harbor, so there is ample elevation to allow delivering the wood to the saws and into the boats by gravity. Wood travels along the sluice at the rate of a little less than three miles an hour when moving freely. Men were stationed at intervals along the plank walk over the flume to patrol, break such jams as occurred and keep the sticks moving. Its



BERSIMIS STORAGE PILE SHOWING DISCHARGE OF FLUME

daily capacity is between 300 and 400 cords.

When the wood reaches the top of the Bersimis Gully it may be sent directly through a box-sluice built into the ground at the bottom of the gully, or it may be dumped off a storage pile, to be broken down into the box sluice when needed. The box-sluice is about 5 feet wide and 4 feet deep, and is covered by heavy ties which support the wood piled over it, and which are removable when breaking down the pile. The part of the gully used will hold 15,000 cords of wood when level full.

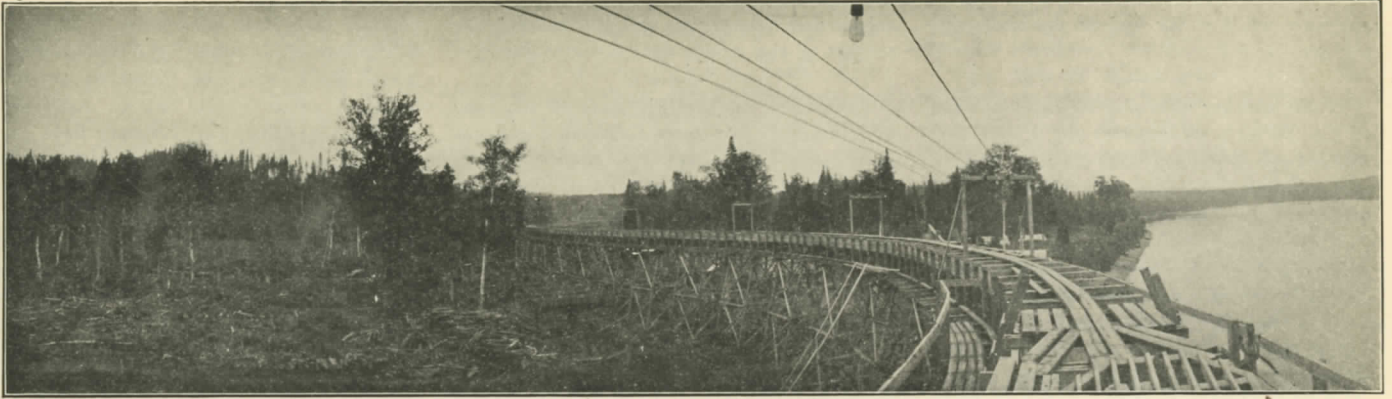
The two loading towers at the wharf are so constructed that the water carrying the wood is released through iron pipe grid-work just before the wood drops into a vertical box or tube. At the bottom of these tubes are slides attached in such a manner that they may be suspended at any decided angle over the holds of the boats to deliver the wood where required, or drawn up to a vertical position against the tubes when not in use to give a clearance for boats docking or leaving the wharf. The tubes themselves are on rollers within the towers so that the whole as a unit may be raised or lowered by chain falls without disturbing the delivery of the wood, to suit any position of the boats, changing tides, or varying levels of the deck loads. The slides may also be revolved horizontally over an arc of 30 degrees each way, which gives further elasticity to the contrivance, and makes it possible to drop wood at practically any part of the boat and does away with the necessity of having men to stow or place the wood.

In order to prevent the deck loads on the boats sliding or rolling off, heavy wire fencing, supported by wire cables stretched horizontally thru iron posts attached at intervals of about 6 feet, was installed on the boats used.

These boats, two of which were chartered for use last season, were about 220 feet long, had three large hatches, carried between 400 or 500 cords of two-foot wood piled loose, were twin-screw steam-operated lake type, and drew from 11 feet to 14 feet of water loaded, depending upon the amount of wood carried and the amount of water ballast forward, which was governed by the height of the particular tide at the time of departure.

The cycle of operations for a boat was 12 hours (one tide) loading, 24 hours up to Quebec, 12 hours unloading and 24 hours coaling and return trip. This schedule had to be maintained pretty closely, as only on the high tides can vessels enter or leave the Bersimis River, and an hour lost in the down trip might mean an eleven-hour wait outside the Bersimis River.

At Quebec, the wood was unloaded by



BERSIMIS LOADING SLUICE, LOOKING EAST FROM BERSIMIS WHARF

means of orange-peel buckets—one $2\frac{1}{2}$ yard standard and one 3 yard. These buckets averaged .4 of a cord a bite, and made an average of one complete swing or trip a minute. Practically no men were needed in the boats, excepting at the clean-up, to throw the wood from the corners under the hatches into the centers of the holds where the buckets could reach it.

From the buckets the wood was dropped into hoppers, similar to those used at St. Mary and St. Casimir, with roller chains moving along the bottoms towards a reversible table, upon which the wood dropping was shot into empty cars placed on sidings on either side of the hopper.

Shifting was done by a small locomotive, which placed the empties and ran the loaded cars out upon the main marine spur, when the trains were made up for Berlin.

The cars while being loaded were moved slowly ahead as required by means of a car-haul, so that, as one end was filled to the top, it would be advanced to make room for filling the remainder of the car.

The hopper chains, car-haul, water-pumps and lighting of the plant were operated by electric power furnished by the Quebec Power Company.

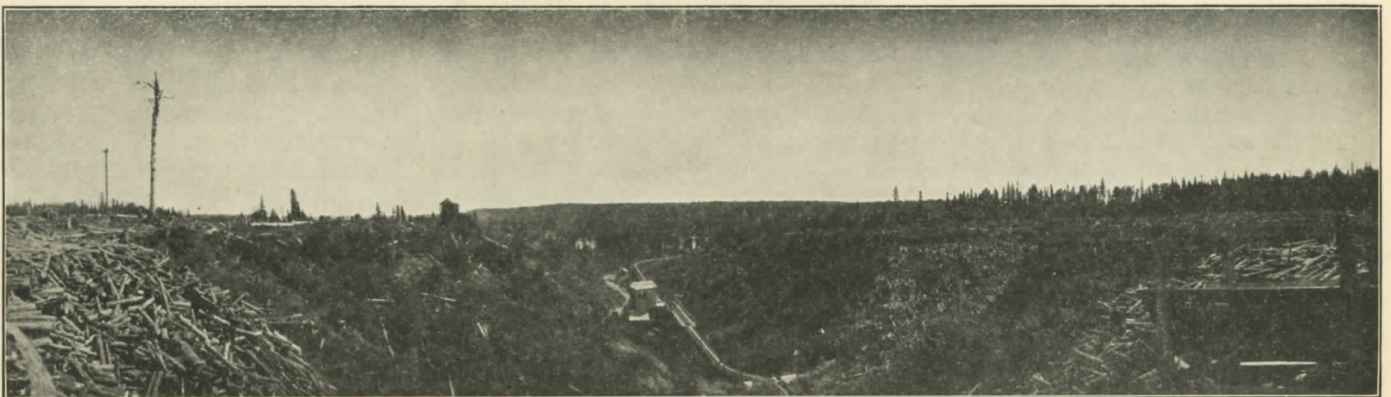
The several novel features introduced made this movement one of great interest, and showed the possibilities of new developments of importance in this field.

BERSIMIS OPERATION

By the time that these items appear in the Bulletin, we here on the North Shore will be practically isolated for the winter. Navigation will have closed, and our only means of communication with the outer world, the Lewis L., will be laid up in Quebec for the winter, and her crew enjoying a well-earned rest. Although many things have appeared in print about our Navy, some of which was written by John Heck attempted to ridicule our noble flagship, we here on the North Shore take our hats off to her and her crew. It is she that makes the tri-weekly trips between Rimouski Wharf and Papinachois, carrying mail, supplies and passengers. At times some of the latter are seasick but that cannot be charged against the seaworthiness of the ship or the ability of her crew. Ships are built for sailors, and the Lewis L. can only guarantee a safe passage and does not furnish sea legs. All summer long from early spring until late fall, this staunch craft makes the tri-weekly crossings regardless of the weather.

Along the North Shore folk still date events from the time that the Lewis L. crossed from Rimouski to Papinachois during a terrific gale, when green water broke over the pilot house. It was during this storm that several large ocean-going ships were tied up off of Father Point, because the pilot boat could not get out to them to put pilots aboard. The staunch Lewis L., however, crossed the forty miles of heavy cross seas in under five hours. At the end of the trip when asked if it were rough, Capt. Joe nonchalantly puffed his pipe of Shag and replied, "Oui, Oui, fine crossing." We are sorry that you are gone, Lewis L., and anxiously await your return.

During the last election in the Dominion of Canada or rather prior to the election, many wagers were made upon the outcome. The most interesting wager made locally was between Joe Murphy and Cal Prairie. Cal bet that if the Liberals did not win that he would walk from Papinachois to Bersimis in his bare feet. He also wagered a sum of money that the Liberals would have a majority in the House. Well, the next day after all the votes were counted, Cal found himself on the wrong end and paid up the cash. We



BERSIMIS GULLY, LOOKING WEST FROM LOWER END OF STORAGE PILE; SHOWING LOADING SLUICE AND CUTTING-UP MILL

are now waiting for Cal to do his walking act.

While looking over the November issue of the Bulletin we noticed our friend, Jim McGivney, watching the Legion Parade at Omaha. Now, Jim, why were you not with the New Hampshire delegation?

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Pazant have closed their summer residence on the corner of Girade Avenue and Deschanes Street for the winter and opened their winter home in Lewisburgh, Nova Scotia.

The camp at Bersimis River has been closed for the winter. Ever since the loading stopped in early September, a large crew of men have been busy making repairs and needed improvements to the plant. The mill has been changed, and a new cement box sluice built. The river has been dredged in several places. About forty thousand yards of rock and gravel have been removed, and the turning point in front of the wharf made wider. The dredging was in charge of W. J. Brady, who certainly did the job to the Queen's taste. Warner Wickgren of La Tuque, checked the barges.

Charlie Houde, of the scaling gang, has returned from a week's visit spent in Quebec and vicinity. While there Charlie visited the zoo at Montgomery Falls and is fully convinced that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Some time during the past month some miscreant broke into the Star Steam Laundry and damaged the washing machine so that the Laundry had to suspend operations until repairs could be made. The matter has been reported to the police department and Chief Pierre Dechane is working on the case and expects developments within a few days.

Leon Galloping Turcotte, our local Ben Hur, decided to take the fresh-air cure, but after spending one night in the open has come to the conclusion that fresh air is not all that it is cracked up to be.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Desbiens, on Nov. 2, 1925, a son. Mother and son are doing well.

Work is rapidly progressing on our new hospital at Papinachois and will be completed within a short time. Cal Prairie is in charge of the construction.

Dr. Douglas B. Johnson of Toronto has been appointed medical officer at Papin-

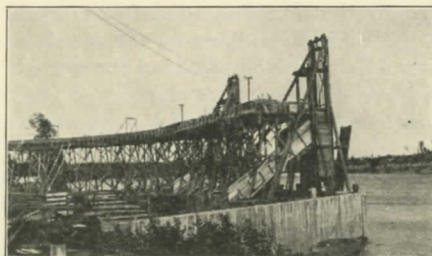
achois and is spending his time making the rounds of the camps getting acquainted.

Prosperity Jacques has severed his connections with the Parie Construction Company, and has accepted a more lucrative position at Rioux City. Pierre Dechane has moved into the apartment vacated by Mr. Jacques.

Mr. Smith of Niles and Niles was a recent business visitor at Papinachois.

Percy Chisholm has concluded his fishing operations for the winter and has returned to his home in New Carlisle, P. Q.

Anyone desiring tailor-made clothing is requested to see Gordon Aheir, the Papinachois tailor. Suits for all occasions. Evening clothes a specialty.



BERSIMIS WHARF AND LOADING TOWERS

Lost, strayed or stolen, one corn cob pipe. Finder please return to Dan. J. O'Hurley. No questions asked.

An informal dancing party was held at the residence of Jos. Bouchard, on Martel Creek, in honor of Mr. O'Hurley. During the evening light refreshments were served.

Mr. Henri Pelletier entertained at a card party recently. Two tables. Legion of the North Shore.

THE RETURN TO MONS

The Battle of Mons, 9th to 11th November, 1918, translated from an account written by a Belgian, resident of the City of Mons.

"It was well known that one of the four offensives undertaken with success by the British Army on the front, St. Quentin, Cambrai, Valenciennes, had as its objectives, Mauberge and Mons. The 1st, 3rd and 4th British Armies took part in this offensive. The 1st Army took Cambrai, the 3rd and 4th took Valenciennes by a flanking movement, much more advantageous than a frontal attack. Mauberge fell during the night of the 9th-10th, and finally Mons during the night

of the 10th-11th November. From the beginning of October, the inhabitants of Mons knew that the Germans were retreating. For several weeks, columns of artillery, cavalry, and infantry kept passing through the town. What a contrast between the soldiers we had seen four years before, under the bright sun of August, passing triumphantly through our country to the conquest of Paris and Europe, and these bands of men, sad and discouraged, plodding through the mud and the dreariness of autumn, making their way home. The roads were crowded with traffic wagons and motor lorries loaded up with munitions of war and with loot; carts loaded with food for man and beast, and sometimes was seen attached to these wagons a basket containing hens and rabbits stolen on the way; Red Cross ambulance cars, field kitchens, droves of cattle formed a long procession, a scene worthy of the pencil of Callot. This spectacle, which was very pleasant to us, was nevertheless saddened by the sight of the unfortunate prisoners of war, French and British, who owing to the lack of horses, pulled the carts under the observation of their captors. In their misfortune these men behaved as soldiers, and pride of race shone in their eyes. Woe betide the person who offered them help. The village of Jemappes was fined 25,000 marks by General von Bulow because the inhabitants had, for the sake of humanity, given food to a convoy of prisoners.

During these last weeks, also, aeroplane reconnaissances and attacks became more frequent. Rare indeed were the days and nights that the bells did not sound the alarm. Nor were these the only signs of the victorious advance of the allies. The members of the German administrative services, both civil and military, showed extreme uneasiness. Acts contrary to military discipline were frequent among the soldiers. Even the newspapers, circulated by the enemy, could no longer conceal the true state of affairs carefully kept dark up to this time. La Belgique on the 7th of November, published the following: "Between the Escaut and the Oise and between the Oise and the Aisne, the Germans are making a great retreating movement." The propaganda leaflets dropped from allied aeroplanes strengthened our confidence and our deported countrymen, returning from France, gave us the latest news of the progress of our friends. One day, we heard of the taking of Cambrai. Again we heard of the taking of Douai, then of Valenciennes; later, we heard the British patrols had been seen in the forest of Mormal. Finally, on the 6th of November, we knew

that the Count von Bernstoff, Camp Commandant, was leaving the town, accompanied by the members of the auxiliary services. This place was taken by Captain Wittman, a combatant officer. These departures convinced us that the deliverance was at hand. On Friday, the 8th, the frequent reconnaissances by the aeroplanes made us quite certain, whilst at the same time we learned that scouts had arrived at Jemappes in the morning. On this day, there was a continual passage of troops, who, having evacuated the region between Valenciennes and Mons, were making toward Rœulx, Houdeng, forced back by the 1st British army under General Horne. The following villages had been abandoned without resistance: Wasmes, Dour, Pommerœul, Boussu, Hainin, Quaregnon, Paturages, Frameries, Jemappes, Bourgnies, Asquillies and Noircchain. During the nights of the 8th and 9th, Sars la Bruyere was also evacuated and on the 10th, Mesvin, Nouvelles and Spiennes, which fell into the hands of the 2nd Royal Irish Regiment.

At Mons, preparations for resistance had been made. On the 9th the Germans had established their principal line along the river, "La Trouille," which runs parallel to the boulevards, Saintellette and Dolez. After destroying six bridges, one infantry battalion, 14 artillery batteries and 4 machine gun companies took up positions commanding the crossings. The machine guns were posted between the avenue of Jemappes and the rue du Jonquois, the batteries were in position at the following places: Rond Point de Baviere, place d'Avesnes, Avenue de Bertaimont, rue de l'Epargne, chemin des Brasseurs, chateau Hardenpont, Ermitage, route de Beaumont, chaussee du Rœulx, near Havre Wood, near the cemetery of Mons and the Tir communal, behind the brewery Segard. Hyon was in particular strongly defended by guns and machine guns. Trenches had been dug between the powder magazine and the cemetery and towards Mesvin.

Subsequently, machine gun nests were scattered about the town and two guns were in position on the Grand Place, pointing towards rue de la Chaussee. In the morning a notice from Headquarters informed the inhabitants of Mons that the town was now in the danger zone. We were instructed to buy sufficient food for from 8 to 14 days, to remain in the cellars, and not to leave our houses.

All day long, aeroplanes were very active; the German artillery also kept up a bombardment without drawing a fire of the British batteries. At about 7 a. m., a French aeroplane was seen flying over the town at an altitude of about 150 metres.

German aeroplanes gave chase without success.

In the afternoon, several scouts of the Princess Patricia's Own Regiment advanced to the Avenue du Commerce and the Trieu de Bertaimont; towards evening a company under Captain Burness occupied the road from Cuesmes to Mons and the surrounding district, also the upper part of the Avenue de Bertaimont. The darkness, instead of putting an end to the combat, aided the attacks by the infantry against the enemy posts. At Nouvelles, Mesvin, Hyon, important engagements, all to the advantage of the British troops, took place on Sunday. The troops continued to advance slowly, but surely, without artillery help.

At sunrise, three Canadians, guided by an inhabitant, stealthily advanced to the neighborhood of the viaduct of the Pirte du Parc, killed the sentries on guard, and cut the electric wires connected to 60 mines, placed in readiness under the bridge. Shortly after a platoon with a machine gun took up position to defend this bridge, which the Germans did not attempt to retake.

An artillery bombardment would have facilitated the victory. But the British Commander-in-Chief, actuated by humanitarian motives, chose an infantry attack, so that the town and its inhabitants should suffer as little as possible. It was not until 10 a. m., that these tactics changed. Now stronger action was necessary and the last action was given artillery support. In the artillery duel, the Canadians were successful. One after the other, the German batteries in the Chemin des Brasseurs, Mont Panisel, Ermitage, Route de Beaumont, Tir Communal and Wartons were silenced, the machine guns along the river were put out of action. The defense of the Avenue de Jemappes, route de Valenciennes had been carefully prepared by the Germans, who considered this place to be a key position. On Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, D Company of the 42nd battalion (Royal Highlanders of Canada) commanded by Captain Grafftey, who were encamped at Jemappes, received the order to proceed to Mons to give help to a company of The Princess Patricia's Own Rifles, at the corner of the Avenue de Jemappes and the route d'Engies, which was suffering heavy losses because of machine gun fire, coming from Place de Baviere and Avenue de Cuesmes. During this time, other companies of the Princess Pats were not idle. After three days' fighting, reinforced by other units of the Canadian Corps, they continued to attack on the hills of the Eribus.

The attack was launched in the even-

ing. At 10 p. m., the railway was cleared and the boulevard Gendebien was reached.

"The key of Mons was then in our hands," so wrote Captain Grafftey. In the middle of the night, a first party reached Place Leopold, whilst the second reached Place Nervienne by the rue Lamir, at the same time cutting off the retreat of the Germans, who still held Place de Baviere. A third detachment, driving the enemy before it arrived at Place de Flandre, by way of Boulevard de la Prison and Boulevard de l'Hopital. At 3 a. m., C Company 42nd battalion held Boulevard Dolez and the adjacent streets. At 4 a. m., the whole town was in the hands of the British troops.

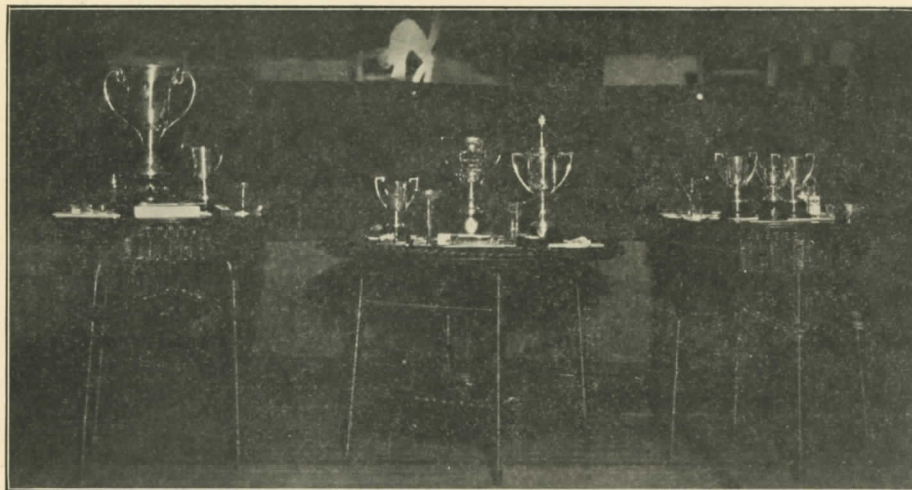
So ended the Battle of Mons, which had waged for 30 hours. On Monday, November 11th, at 3.10 a. m., the first patrol crossed the Grand Place. At 10.30 a. m., General Clark, of the 7th Canadian Infantry Brigade belonging to the 3rd Division Canadians, under General F. O. W. Loomis, formally handed over the town to the civil authorities.

The inhabitants of the town were overjoyed.

Pride shone on every face. Belgian, British and French flags flew from the windows.

The great bell of the "Chateau" and the church bells were rung, whilst the chimes pealed out the Brabonconne, God Save the King, The Marseillaise, Home Sweet Home and the Doudou, a melody very popular among the people of Mons, and which our soldiers had sung at Liege, at the Yser and which our forefathers had heard sung in Egypt at the foot of the Pyramids and at Berlin, the 26th October, 1806.

At 3 p. m., the divisional staff 3rd Canadian Division) with General Currie at its head made the triumphal entry of the town. Crowds of inhabitants lined the route of the procession, enthusiastically cheering their liberators. We were deeply touched by the sight of a detachment of the 5th Lancers, a regiment which had taken part in the first battle of Mons on August 23rd, 1914. The sight recalled to us the story spread in Britain of the appearance of angels in the sky, at the darkest moment of the day. Whether the story is true or not, it gives a certain poetical glamor to the events. It pleases us very much to think that four years later, the same horsemen, lance in hand, like St. Georges returning from the conquest of the dragon, marching as conquerors through the retaken town, saw once again the Angels of Mons, in their radiant beauty handing them crowns of laurel."



PRIZES OF LA TUQUE RIFLE ASSOCIATION, 1925

Part of the old electrical stock room was badly gutted by fire on Sunday morning, November 1st. Quite a lot of electrical equipment was burned. The cause of the fire is unknown. Mike Gillard's 8-tool box was placed where the fire was the fiercest, and according to Mike he lost \$600.00 worth of tools.

Our old friend, Eddie Butler, is back from Lake Edward Sanatorium, where he has been trimming the old T. B. bugs, also breaking all the nurses' hearts and raising Cain in general. We are very glad to have him back with us, as it surely makes us feel like carrying on when we see his smiling face.

Henry Gilbert the red-hot politician of the salvage department was a little upset by the results of the recent Dominion election. It is known that Henry hates to be on the losing side, so our advice to him is to vote for Ducharme in the anticipated election next spring.

CELEBRATION OF EX-SERVICE

MEN OF THE ALLIES

The ex-service men of La Tuque celebrated "Armistice Day" with a concert and smoker held in the Community Club banquet hall. The hall was decorated suitable to the occasion. There was also placed in the center of the hall a chair for "Our Absent Comrade." The program consisted of songs, stories, piano-forte solos, recitations and talks. Among the out of town guests, were Mr. Robert McBride, auditor for Niles and Niles, and Mr. Ed. Knowles of Quebec Office. Mr. Ed. Davies was chairman and performed his duties excellently. Mr. W. D. M. Bone was the star performer with his recitations, etc. Altogether the evening was a huge success and it is the only day that

Old Soldiers have a chance of getting together and having a good rousing time, such as only Old Soldiers and Sailors know how to do.

RIFLE ASSOCIATION

The La Tuque Rifle Association celebrated the close of another successful year by holding a masquerade ball at the Community Club on October 29th.

The outstanding event this year has been the splendid shooting of an old-time member of the association, Bernard Olsen.

The Brown Trophy and Cup for "Best Shot" are among the many prizes which his great shooting have won for him.

The masquerade ball was like a great many masquerade balls, except that it was a good deal better. Everybody had a gorgeous time.

Following is a list of retiring officers who are to be congratulated on the result of the energetic support which they have given to the work of improving this excellent organization:

Messrs. Dumit, Ullstrand, Martinson,

Olsen, A. Hollywood, W. Hollywood, Jamieson, St. Laurent, Tischuk, Hansen, Bone, Nesbitt, Hayes, Barraclough and Bjornlund.

A list of the prize winners is as follows:

Final Handicap Winners

1st, J. F. Page, \$3.50; 2nd, W. Peterson, \$2.50; 3rd, U. Rivard, \$2.00; 4th, W. J. Jamieson, \$1.50; 5th, P. J. Martinson, \$1.00; 6th, P. Brassard, \$1.00; 7th, J. K. Nesbitt, \$1.00; 8th, B. Ullstrand, \$1.00; 9th, B. Olsen, \$1.00; 10th, W. Hollywood, \$1.00.

Gaunt Trophy

Won by Bernard Olsen, 1925.

Best Shot of Association

1st, B. Olsen, cup; Runner-up, W. J. Jamieson, cruet.

Anderson Trophy

1st, P. J. Martinson, cup; 2nd, W. D. M. Bone, jam jar; 3rd, B. Olsen, bonbon dish.

Tyro Trophy Winners

1st, O. St. Laurent, cup; 2nd, P. Brassard, silver medal; 3rd, F. Dingle, butter dish; 4th, U. Rivard, wallet, 5th, J. Babin, ash tray; 1924 miniature for J. F. Page

Brown Trophy Winners

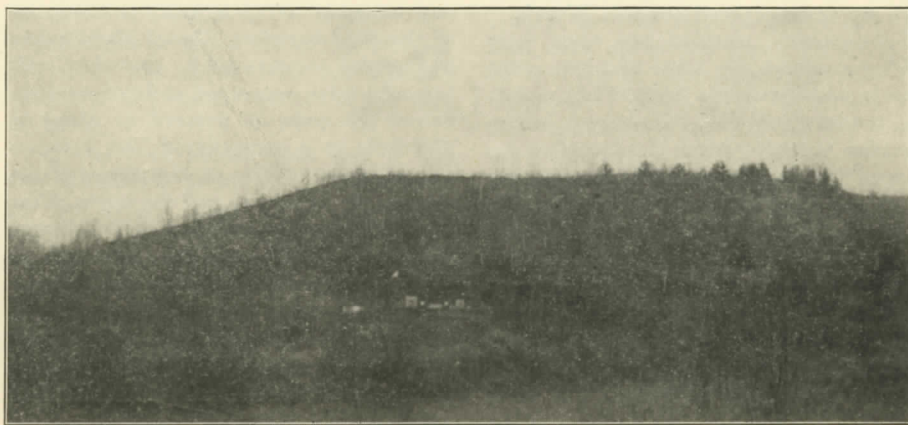
1st, Bernard Olsen, cup; 2nd, P. J. Martinson, \$5.00; 3rd, C. Guilbeault, \$4.00; 4th, W. D. M. Bone, \$2.50; 5th, M. J. Dumit, \$2.00; 6th, W. Hollywood, \$1.00; 7th, B. Ullstrand, \$1.00; 8th, W. Richards, \$1.00; 9th, O. St. Laurent, \$1.00.

Carter Prizes

Tyro, O. St. Laurent, ½ doz. coffee spoons; 1st Shot, Bernard Olsen, ½ doz. coffee spoons.

Rapid Fire Winners

1st, W. J. Jamieson, cup; 2nd, B. Olsen, candle sticks; 3rd, E. Demers, bonbon dish; 4th, B. Ullstrand, spoon; 5th, M. J. Dumit, spoon; 6th, W. D. M. Bone, spoon; 7th, C. Jensen, knife; 8th, W. Hollywood, pencil; 9th, W. Peterson, two bonbon dishes; 10th, J. K. Nesbitt, jam jar.



LA TUQUE RIFLE RANGE

Snap Shooting Winners

1st, P. J. Martinson, cup; 2nd, B. Olsen, flower vases; 3rd, J. F. Page, bonbon dish; 4th, E. Demers, spoon; 5th, B. Ullstrand, spoon; 6th, W. J. Jamieson, spoon; 7th, W. D. M. Bone, pencil; 8th M. J. Dumit, knife; 9th, J. J. Hayes, pencil; 10th, W. Peterson, knife.

Running Man

1st, B. Olsen, \$3.24; 2nd, W. J. Jamieson, \$1.85; 3rd, P. J. Martinson, \$1.39; 4th, B. Shallow, \$.92; 5th, B. Ullstrand, \$.92.

Disc Snap Shooting

1st, W. Hollywood, \$5.95; 2nd, J. F. Page, \$3.40; 3rd, B. Olsen, \$2.55; 4th, W. Peterson, \$1.70; 5th, A. Hollywood, \$1.70.

1st Handicap Shoot

1st, P. Brassard, \$2.01; 2nd, J. Filion, \$1.15; 3rd, U. Rivard, \$.86; 4th, C. Guilbeault, \$.57; 5th, W. Peterson, \$.57.

Spoon Winners

1st Class—W. D. M. Bone, 1; E. Demers, 1; G. Hansen, 1; W. Hollywood, 1; W. J. Jamieson, 1; P. J. Martinson, 1; B. Olsen, 2.

2nd Class—E. Demers, 2; W. Hollywood, 2; O. St. Laurent, 2; W. Peterson, 1; B. Ullstrand, 1.

3rd Class—P. Brassard, 2; O. St. Laurent, 2; C. Olsen, 2; L. R. Jensen, 1; O.



BERNARD OLSON
Winner of Brown and Gaunt Trophies and Other Prizes

Lejeune, 1.

ARMISTICE BALL

The ex-soldiers formed a committee to take care of the arrangements for an Armistice Ball. Needless to say everything went off in order according to K. R. O., and a dance took place at the Community Club on the night of November 10th. The Melody Boys performed in their usual snappy manner, and a good time was had by everyone.

BERLIN

We would like to know the brand of perfume or powder that the young lady (or gent) uses who types the statement of charges between La Tuque and Berlin offices.

"The Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry" is now publishing in instalments the Perkin Medal Address of Dr. H. K. Moore, entitled "The Complexity of the Industrial Chemist." This was originally published in the "Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry." It is of interest to Canadian readers because it gives many facts concerning the development of recovery processes now used at La Tuque.

PORTLAND OFFICE

Edmund Burke, sales manager, fibre conduit division, spent a few days recently at Meadow Brook, Azischohos Lake, Magalloway Plantation, Maine, in conquest of a deer. He was rewarded with a large buck.

J. A. Fogarty, sales manager chemical division, has been travelling through New England on a business trip.

Verne Clough, chemical sales division, just got another hair cut. Funny, every time Verne gets all spruced up the boys know he is about to take a trip homeward. You know Verne lives in that far-off town of East Rochester, N. H.

Mr. Gurnett was a business visitor in Boston and New York during the past month.

Mr. Googins takes issue with Mr. Barry when it comes to praising the feats of "my brother" on the gridiron.

Fred Clark of the building supplies division, who has been quite sick for several

weeks, is now improving and expects to return to his work very soon.

Albert Sylvester, shipper in the building supplies division, the last one of the season to have his vacation, used his spare time to good advantage painting his house and making general improvements.

The teacher was explaining to a class of small boys and girls the meaning of the word "collision."

"A collision," she said, "is when two things come together unexpectedly. Now can anyone give me an example of a collision?"

"Twins."

A certain man and another certain man agreed to have a shore dinner at the Island recently. One furnished the shore, and the other furnished the dinner.

Helo King is on a trip of several weeks to Florida. He has some matters of Company interest on hand and also is expecting to benefit in health by the balmy breezes and sunshine in that land of

oranges and bathing beauties and booming real estate.

Walter Logan is no longer an Islander. He has moved with his family to Portland, at 71 Gray Street, and is rapidly becoming a real city feller.

Friday, the 13th of November, witnessed a gale of hurricane proportions accompanied by a deluge of rain. It was an unlucky day for the young lady on Congress Street who had her skirt blown off. No casualties of that sort, however, are reported among our office force.

Among the long trainloads of coal moving through Commercial Street was recently noticed a car of grayish coal. We are likely to be educated in the use of various substitutes before the winter is over.

The complete mastication of two soda crackers in the record-breaking time of sixty seconds (one minute) is the latest feat attempted by our sorrel-topped friend, Robert Spear.

R. V. Spaulding of Niles & Niles is here with us for the winter, to take charge of the yearly audit.

John W. Vance, accounting department, submitted to an operation recently and from latest reports is improving slowly.

James F. Powell, accounting department, put one over on his friends recently, for he was secretly married last August. The discovery of the event broke up the trio, "The Three Musketeers," Powell, Forest and Prescott, in their bachelor quarters at the Wadsworth.

W. B. Brockway, comptroller, was a recent business visitor to Berlin and Boston.

The Bowling League has the center of the stage now and every morning two or more of the boys have to be separated in order that an additional name may be kept out of the death list in the paper. Cilley and Separ seem to be running neck and neck.

Gilford Henderson has just returned from a vacation in Philadelphia, and from all reports "Gil" is a big city man.

One of our boys in the paper sales division thinks a pomegranate is a precious stone.

Speaking of radio enthusiasts, "Bill" Barry can compare with the best. This last month, Bill put the ear phones on and rested in his Morris-chair for a good concert and a quiet smoke. The "Jazz" just suited Bill and for our part, we believe it must be on a par with last summer's Pier Orchestra, which was his nightly haunt. Well, Bill dozed off and at 4.00 a. m., he came to, with both tubes going and nothing coming in but a little static, now and then. Bill then disrobed and turned in for a three hours' nap, claiming that one could not go wrong on a Simmons bed.

Let's hope that Phil Grover has purchased a radio. His daily questions on Radiolas, Super-Hets, Freed-Eisemans, etc., have become more or less a part of our office routine. We really believe you are sincere in your efforts to have a radio, Phil, but they don't give radios away, and you must part with a small portion of that "roll" which you have hoarded in a local bank.

MARKET STUDIES

To round out any study of Brown Com-

pany's possible markets, the joint action of many of the company's men and departments is needed, and the work spreads out into far fields that were hardly to be thought of at first. As a typical case consider our Florida commitments.

There is an instance in which the study of outlets for hydrogenated oils led us to the investigation of cheap sources of raw materials, to the end that, with fairly well estimated costs of materials and conversion, we might form some notion of the sales prices to be hoped for and hence the potential tonnage of the product that might be marketed within certain price limits.

Studies of cheap oil sources embraced Oriental oils from different plants and of various grades, together with all available domestic sources.

Field experiments were conducted in various parts of the south, and for years a digest of price and volume fluctuations in the world's supply of edible oils was kept in graph and tabular form.

No one department directed all such work. The task required the efforts of the hydrogen plant, the research laboratory, the purchasing department, and it took also the idle moments of this office.

Each responsible worker was merely contributing his quota to a fund of information (right or wrong) to help the House decide issues as they arose—and in particular—to help it chose wisely any further lines of study to be conducted.

In the end, since edible oil is, at its best, a product of tropical conditions, our studies were founded mainly on the extreme southern tip of American territory where a combination of soil and climate seemed to offer favorable indications, not only for growing but for shipping the raw materials we wanted. Neither climate nor traffic facilities would answer our problem alone, while the combination of both, which that locality seemed to offer, might spell success.

Next followed a three-year period during which three distinct lines of inquiry under different heads were pursued, first, at the hydrogen plant and laboratory, a study of the technical development of oil-converting processes; second, in the far south, a series of actual field operations to find the proper equations governing seed and soil, these operations embracing everything from pure sand to deepest muck and all sorts of seed and methods of handling it; while, third, also in the far south, this entire period represented a persistent search for any lands that might be available at a price which speculation had never inflated and an which

an economic return might be expected in large-tonnage production of oil.

In the first of these three studies the research laboratory and the hydrogen plant bore the brunt of the work of technical tests and data-recording. In the second item this office cooperated with the laboratory, and in the third item with the executive office.

The extent to which these lines of study are coming to a head need not be reviewed here, since all parties to whom the matter is of direct importance are fully informed; but for us there are two valuable conclusions to be drawn from this history.

First: To bring to a head any projected process or project, the wholehearted cooperation of widely scattered departments of the company is absolutely requisite.

Secondly, the House, once disposed to feel that progress may be made on a suggested line, will stand by that project with a sort of bull dog grip which, while suggesting many unkind comments from ill-posted critics, still forms the very foundation for success in the end. Without this consciousness of being backed up, no single investigation could long endure the gaff.

As an interesting sidelight on this particular problem of the humble peanut, one may note how far afield from the main stem of the corporate tree the investigator may have to stray. There is no root or branch of American invention, industry, or agriculture, in which something of future consequence may not be found. All one can do is to select those lines of study which seem most likely to come together in useful result, and follow that lead, whether six weeks or six years are spent on the way.

Possibly the Florida enterprise marks about the extreme limit of remoteness to which our corporate thinking and planning may have to go; but one would be foolish to close his mind to still further stretches of the business imagination if future trends in business should seem to beckon on.

JOHN C. SHERMAN.

O vitamins, O vitamins!
Whether one breakfasts, lunches, dines,
With your assistance to dispense
Is simply tempting Providence;
With you in every dish and plate
We are the masters of our fate,
And need no fortifying wines,
O vitamins, O vitamins.

O vitameens, O vitameens!
Ye vital spark in eggs and beans—
An hour ago an expert came
And taught me how to sound your name
As men of science have decreed:
And, as it dislocates my screed
And knocks my rhymes to smithereens,
Farewell, O blighted vitameens!

—Selected.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

W. E. BROWN

By the death of W. E. Brown at Portland, Maine, on Nov. 7, 1925, the Forestry Division loses the first of its personnel through death.

W. E. Brown, known throughout the North Country as "Ned," was born in Penfield, N. B., Dec. 13, 1874, and was the son of Frank Brown and Alice Spear Brown.

Ned first entered the employ of the Brown Company over thirty years ago at the Brown Company stable, later going with the woods department, working in the woods and on the drives in various capacities, and gaining considerable reputation as a first-class woodsman and riverman and an excellent cook. With the exception of a short period of about one year in 1921, when he worked with the American Realty Co., he was continuously in the employ of the Company. He came with the Forestry Division in 1922, his experience as a woodsman making him a valuable addition to the surveying crews.

He was a valuable friend to have, always ready to do his part of the work, and, if working with a new man, ready and willing to help the other fellow out, either speaking a good word or keeping silent. Members of the Forestry Division deeply feel that they have lost a friend.

Mr. Brown is survived by his mother, Alice Spear Brown, and four brothers and one sister: George W. Brown, Delbert Brown, Henry Brown, all of Berlin, Byron Brown of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. John Oswell of Berlin.

The funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. Brown at 2.00 p. m., Tuesday, Nov. 10th, Rev. E. W. Moore officiating. Interment was in City Cemetery.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Mr. Nourse has returned from a business trip for the Paper Sales Division.

Robert Sheridan has terminated his work with the Brown Company.

Many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bellefeuille for the chocolates and cigars.

Miss McKelvey is spending the remaining week of her vacation in Boston.

New men in the department this month:

Orton Elliott, B. H. S., '25, Philip S. Glasson, M. I. T., '25, Henry Burbank, Gorham High School, 1924.

Miss Mary McIntyre has been transferred from photo section to the position vacated by Charlotte Nichol Bellefeuille in the Bureau of Tests office. Miss Duval has accepted the position of stenographer in the photo section.

The department extends its thanks to Mr. Vogel for the chocolates and cigars.

E. W. Lovering was secretary of the Connecticut Valley Section of the American Chemical Society before coming to Berlin.

Jere Steady is making the pins fall at the Y. M. C. A. in the same fashion as in previous years. The "80" class consisting of Van Arsdell, Cave, and Lovering (order of height) look on in amazement while Jere rolls his routine "112's."

On October 19, Dr. Hugh K. Moore delivered an illustrated address on "The Paper Industry" before a joint meeting of the New Jersey and North New Jersey Chemical Societies.

Messrs. Merry and Cooke of the department of market studies were welcome visitors on Nov. 17-18.

H. I. Baldwin, Yale 1919, who has been connected for some time with the forestry activities of the Company, has been assigned room for forestry research in our building. With this and Vannah's botanical gardens, we no longer have a strictly chemical outlook.

Dr. Hugh K. Moore has been nominated for the presidency of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers.

E. A. Marcoux is red hot after the dollars for the Red Cross Drive and hopes to surpass the mark of \$50 obtained last year in this department.

D. H. McMurtrie recently passed around the office watermelon raised in his garden at Gorham. It was a good thing for us all that he never heard of the failure of the Green cranberry bog and of the starch

mills at Milan and Randolph. Otherwise, we might have missed the treat.

TUBE MILL NO. 1

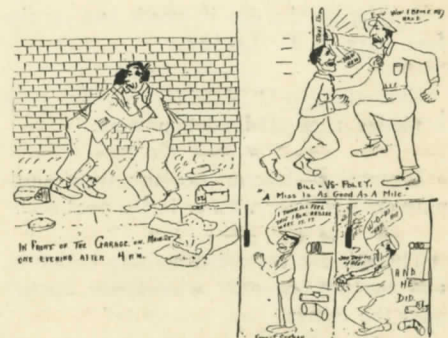
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tarbox are proud parents of a baby daughter, born Sept. 22nd.

TUBE MILL NO. 2

Information regarding back-handsprings, somersaults, sitting "down" exercises, etc., can be furnished by our instructor, L. D. Frazier, who has reached a high rating for his gracefulness in performing.

Bert Sweeney and "Lem" Hyde are at present practising duets, their latest hit being "I love my moonshine still."

Speaking about radio marvels Adrian Rodgerson and Johnny Thibault were able to get P. I. on the air the other night, and they said it came in so clear that they could even hear the "Herring" in the bay.



Wee Willie Stone, Jack Rodgerson and George Collins were to Rumford to see the Legion bouts. Wee Willie wanted to challenge K. O. Baker but his manager, Mr. Collins, thought it would be better for his protegee to train a while longer.

"Poley" swung heavily—"Bill" ducked like wind; result is a busted "bread hook" for Poley, (exit, tout finis.) See illustration.

Ask Frank LeBreton to tell you what a "Gink" is.

Bill Hogan has the most human-like motorcycle ever heard of in this section or in fact any other section of the North Country. While travelling along the Jericho highway, "bootleggers' drive," at

a reasonable rate of speed the "Le-mon" shyed to one side of the road. Bill says the darned thing got scared of a rabbit and immediately started for the woods, minus Bill. Sitting in the road somewhat annoyed at such a curious action, Bill got up and gave chase through the woods among the firs and spruces, the "Le-mon" finally got exhausted and laid down to rest. Mr. Hogan stole upon it stealthily and recovered his property without further mishap. Watch her, Bill. She's a "Le-mon." P. S. Anyone having motorcycles that can equal these stunts, kindly correspond with Mr. Hogan, care of B. A. Laliberte.

A few of our latest editions:—

How to screen coal—by Mathias Vachon.

How to train hounds to hunt for fox or rabbits—by Fidele Martin.

The proper way to chew snuff—by Lucien Ruel.

Eat candy and grow thin—by George Goodno and Herman Ey.

How to regulate your duties so that you will get to work on time—Jensen.

Hurry up, "Mac," the boys are waiting for a smoker.

A sock on the eye is worth two on the feet, says K. O. Leroux.

Everything is O. K., since "Daddy" took a pledge against dandelion wine.

Promotion—Hector Leblanc from shipping crew to floor washer in the pool room

There is a certain girl waiting patiently, and the boys wonder why Emile doesn't pass the cigars.

Expert advice on autos can be had by communicating with B. A. Laliberte, foreman 412- shipping crew.

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

On October 12 and 13, George Abbott was the guest of the Canadian General Electric Co. at Toronto.

FORESTRY DEPARTMENT

Howard T. Woodward, formerly with the Forestry Department, is now answering to the name, Daddy. Norma Christine, born Sept. 20, 1925, Berlin, N. H., being the cause of the new title.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Stark Wilson is the secretary of the new organized Men's Class of the Gorham Congregational Church.

THE BROWN BULLETIN

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Two hundred boys and men attended the Father and Son banquet at the Y. M. C. A. on November 17th. Col. Oscar P. Cole was toastmaster. The address was made by H. W. Gibson of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island State Y. M. C. A. on the subject "Standardizing Father." His talk was well received and made a deep impression. Special musical features were furnished by George Pinhero of the Cascade Plant and James Evans and Rene Gagnon of the Sulphite Plant. Mothers of the boys served the meal.

The Swedish National Quartette will give a concert in the High School Auditorium on December 10th as the third number of the Y. M. C. A. Entertainment course. They will give a part of their program in costume and will sing a number of Scandinavian songs. After the concert an informal reception will be given to the singers at the Y. M. C. A.

The industrial bowling leagues on the Y. M. C. A. alleys are having a great deal of spirited competition this fall. The leagues have been playing for four weeks and are closely bunched. In the "Eastern League" the Burgess veterans, Watt, Riva and Ryan, are in the lead but a team consisting of Whitten, Simmons and Mac Arthur are close behind. A Research team made up of Steady, Hescocock and Roach are tied with Oleson, Sheridan and

DeMars for first place in the "Western League."

Y. M. C. A. members and their lady guests will hold an informal social in the "Y" gymnasium on the evening of December 3rd. There will be a program of vocal and instrumental music followed by dancing, and refreshments. Paul Grenier with his orchestra will play. These informal affairs of the Y. M. C. A. have in the past attracted large crowds, and no doubt there will be many out to the coming one.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 2)

Now the greater part of the population live in the towns and cities and when the head of a family is carried away, income automatically stops—the wife and children can not hire a man to run their farm "on shares"—nor can the sons and daughters "hire out" to other farmers, they must learn trades—town trades.

Meanwhile, their only hope of carrying on or tiding themselves over in this complex civilization is savings and insurance.

At this time of year, when peace and happiness should abound, it gives us a feeling of satisfaction to know that all of the employees of the Brown Company who have been with us 12 months have been provided with group insurance. We trust that the feeling of future security will help make their Christmas happier, and that their New Year will be prosperous and fruitful.



WINDOW IN BROWN COMPANY STORE FEATURING RALPH SAWYER'S DISPLAY CAN

B97.445