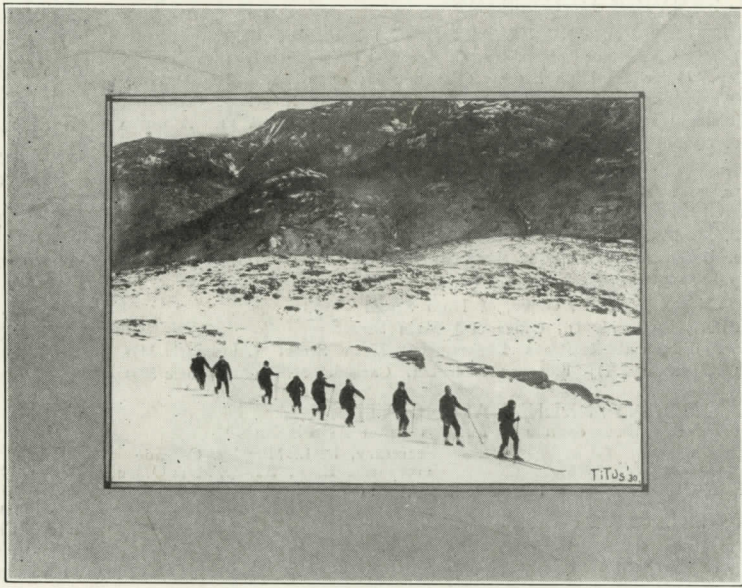


BROWN BULLETIN



CLIMBING EASTERN SLOPE OF MT. WASHINGTON, ABOVE FIVE-MILE MARK

APRIL, 1930

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No. 10

BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

"The object of this organization is to publish a paper for the benefit of the employees of the Brown Company and of the Brown Corporation, in which may appear items of local and general interest; and which will tend to further the cause of co-operation, progress and friendliness among and between all sections of these companies."—By-Laws, Article 2.

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YOU AND YOUR TEETH

By C. O. SAPPINGTON, M. D.

Director, Industrial Health Division, National Safety Council

Teeth should last a lifetime, and they will with care. According to the advertisements some dentifrice manufacturers seem to have discovered the secret of preserving the teeth.

But don't expect too much of any tooth paste. All it can do is to clean the teeth. A dentifrice is not a medicine and cannot correct any diseases of the mouth. That is a dentist's job.

Ordinary table salt on a tooth brush will do an efficient job of cleaning the teeth. Warm salt water also makes a good mouth wash although it hasn't the attractive flavor of the drug store preparations.

Brush the teeth regularly—there is no danger of wearing them out. They should be brushed after each meal, if possible, but be sure to get at it the last thing at night. The greatest amount of decay occurs at night when the mouth is quiet. Elbow grease, as well as the tooth paste, count in brushing the teeth.

Use a tooth brush small enough so you can get in between the teeth. Work in and out, up and down. A large brush won't do the job properly.

Don't try to get too much mileage from a tooth brush. When the bristles get soft and soggy the brush is useless.

It is advisable to use dental floss to clean between the teeth where food lodges and causes decay. Dental floss is more effective than a toothpick and is less likely to injure the gums.

See your dentist every six months for a check up. He can fill small cavities and perhaps prevent a toothache and a lot of painful grinding later on.

It takes two false teeth to equal the chewing power of one good tooth. A tooth is worth saving.

THE MAN WHO QUILTS

The man who quits has a brain and hand
As good as the next; but lacks the sand
That would make him stick with courage stout
To whatever he tackles and fight it out.

He starts with a rush and a solemn vow
That he'll soon be showing the others how;
Then something new strikes his roving eye;
And his task is left for the bye and bye.

It's up to each man what becomes of him;
He must find in himself the grit and vim
That brings success; he can get the skill,
If he brings to the task a steadfast will.

No man is beaten till he gives in;
Hard luck can't stand for a cheerful grin;
The man who fails needs a better excuse
Than the quitter's whining "What's the use?"

For the man who quits lets his chances slip,
Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip.
The man who sticks goes ahead with a shout
While the man who quits joins the "down and out."

The 1930 Eastern International Dog Sled Derby



E. S. GODDARD, FIRST PRIZE WINNER

HHE 1930 Dog Sled Derby was one of the most interesting and thrilling races ever held in Quebec. The race was run, as usual, over the 120-mile course in three heats of 40 miles each.

Fourteen mushers participated, amongst whom were the elite of the musher-world. Leonhard Seppala, the doughty little Scandinavian from Nome, Alaska, ran under the Brown Corporation colors. Emile St. Goddard, the youthful French-Canadian musher from Le Pas, Manitoba, bore the colors of The Tavern Club. Earl Brydges, another youngster from the West, was there flying his own colors. Frank Dupuis, a rugged driver from the Magdalen Islands, flew the colors of the Come-on Travelers Club. Eleven other local mushers were on hand in an attempt to wrest victory from the more experienced drivers just mentioned.

On the first day of the race, February 20, fifteen keen-eyed mushers, their teams in the pink of condition, got off on a flying start for the gruelling forty-mile grind of the first heat. Seppala dashed in at the finishing-point on St. Louis Road, winning the first heat, 3 hours, 52 minutes and 4 seconds later. Following closely on his heels, St. Goddard came second with an elapsed time of 3 hours, 57 minutes, 32

seconds. Hector Chevrette romped in third with an elapsed time of 4 hours, 2 minutes, 35 seconds. Dupuis and Brydges were fourth and fifth, respectively.

The second heat, on the following day, saw all the teams off on another good start. Ovila Dupuis, driving for The Manoir Richelieu, was obliged to drop out

of the race entirely owing to his leader having developed a strain in the fore-leg. St. Goddard won the second heat in 3 hours, 32 minutes, 35 seconds, giving him a total elapsed time, for the two heats, of 7 hours, 31 minutes, 7 seconds. Seppala came in second in 3 hours, 38 minutes, 35 seconds, but still maintained a lead of 28 seconds over St. Goddard, as his total elapsed time for the two heats was 7 hours, 30 minutes, and 39 seconds. Chevrette came in third in 3 hours, 45 minutes and 55 seconds, giving him a total elapsed time of 7 hours, 48 minutes and 30 seconds. Fourth and fifth were Brydges and Dupuis.

The following day only twelve members lined up for the third, and final heat—Georges Savard having been disqualified for whipping his dogs unnecessarily. The championship now rested between St. Goddard and Seppala. These two mushers were out to win at all costs, and with such a slender margin of elapsed time between them—28 seconds—local experts were reticent as to the outcome.

Fully twenty thousand people thronged St. Louis Road to witness the finish of the hard-fought race, where every ounce of courage and stamina was exercised by the mushers and their dogs. St. Goddard repeated his sensational performance of the previous day, won the 1930 race and



PRIZE-WINNING TEAM



L. SEPPALA, SECOND PRIZE WINNER

proved his class by clipping 5 minutes and 6 seconds from last year's record, establishing a new record of 11 hours, 1 minute and 27 seconds for the 120-mile course. Following are the official results:—

Entrant	Driver	Time
		H. M. S.
The Tavern Club.....	E. St. Goddard	11 01 27
Brown Corporation.....	L. Seppala	11 06 27
F. Canac Marquis.....	H. Chevette	11 35 30
Earl Brydges.....	E. Brydges	12 09 22

Bastien Brothers.....	E. Lafond	12 22 57
Come-on Travelers Club	F. Dupuis	12 23 45
La Brasserie Champlain	W. Berube	12 26 23
Paquet Company No. 1	G. Girard	12 27 50
Morton Engineering & Dry Dock Co.....	J. Falardeau	13 20 35
C. E. Migner.....	J. Morissette	14 29 12
Paquet Company No. 2	O. Cote	15 20 47
United Grocers.....	A. Routhier	15 56 15

The two special prizes for breed and condition were won by Seppala's and St. Goddard's teams. Seppala scoring 145 points out of a possible 150, and St. Goddard scoring 130 points.

After the race, the mushers gathered at the Chateau Frontenac for the usual banquet, where the following prizes were presented:

St. Goddard—1st prize for speed, \$1200 cash, a silver cup, right of one-third on the permanent ownership of the Holt-Renfrew Gold Cup, a miniature of this cup, and \$100 cash for second condition and breed prizes.

Seppala—2nd prize for speed, \$800 cash, a red ribbon, \$250 cash, a silver cup, and right of one-third on the permanent ownership of the magnificent cup donated by Mr. W. R. Brown.

Chevette—\$600 and a yellow ribbon; Brydges—\$400 and a white ribbon; Lafond—\$200 and a grey ribbon; Dupuis—\$100; Berube—\$75; Girard—\$50; Falardeau—\$25; Morissette, \$25.



E. BRYDGES, THIRD PRIZE WINNER

Where Will You Spend Your Vacation this Summer?

"The mountains," answers some; "the shore," say others. And, consciously or not, a tiny note of dissatisfaction creeps into the tone of the answer. For, despite the respite from daily toil, there is a sameness about these annual vacations spent at the average summer resort in mountains or at the shore. "Would that we could go somewhere else, and do something different this year!" is the under-current thought.

"Something different"—vastly different—is possible to upstanding young American men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four. It is the Citizens' Military Training Camps. Here, for thirty thrill-packed and yet restful days this summer, it will be possible for clerk, bookkeeper, mechanic, farmer boy, collegian and other typical young Americans to enjoy a unique experience.

Another important factor in considering vacation periods, for the average young man today, is that of expense. At Uncle Sam's nation-wide chain of more than fifty of these outdoor Camps, all necessary expenses are met by the government. Transportation to and from the Camp, the best of wholesome food expertly prepared by experienced Army chefs, uniforms and equipment, quarters in a spotlessly clean tented city, laundry service and skilled medical treatment if

needed—all this is furnished the campers by the U. S. Government. And there is no obligation for further military service entailed by attendance at these Camps. Their sole mission is the upbuilding of clean, healthful American citizenship.

The C. M. T. C. feature a wide variety of recreational and character-building activities. Sports abound—baseball, swimming, tennis, hiking parties, track and field meets. There is the manly lure of rifle, pistol, and machine-gun marksmanship and, at specialized Camps, the added thrills of working with monster big guns of the Coast Artillery and a few Camps also offer C. M. T. C. students an opportunity to go in for horsemanship.

The firm friendships fostered at these nation-wide Camps are cemented at the nightly gathering around a roaring campfire. Here, under the health-giving pines and the twinkling stars, "the bunch" render close harmony in old songs which countless generations of outdoor Americans have sung around many such blazing wood fires. Here grizzled old-timers of the Regular Army hold their youthful audiences spell-bound with yarns of the Far Places—stories that hold the bite and kick of real adventure as told by real adventurers.

Dances, movies, social gatherings and impromptu theatricals also help to speed

the too-quickly moving period. For ambitious youths desirous of furthering their education, there is an added attraction in the many free scholarships offered by first-rank institutions of learning throughout the country.

The thirty-day camping period is held during the months of June, July and August, depending upon the location of the Camp and the particular course it offers. At the end of the month's camping trip the fortunate youths in attendance return to office, factory or home bounding with health and vigor, mentally alert, broad and straight of shoulder and keen of eye; their step is springy, their morale high, their spirits pepped up to the nth degree. There are none of the symptoms of "that tired feeling" all too common after a hectic vacation spent at the average nerve-racking summer resort.

Interested young men are urged to write for illustrated literature and detailed particulars about these Camps, at the earliest possible moment for every year countless late-comers are turned away, each Camp having its authorized quota and the rule of "first come, first served," obtains throughout.

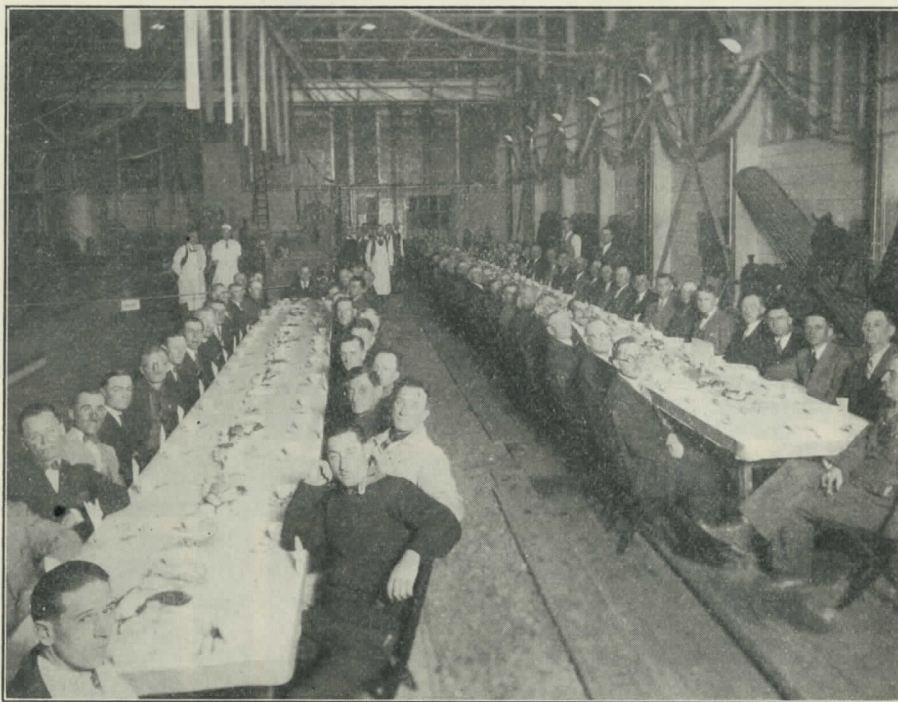
Lt.-Col. G. A. Richter of the Research Department of the Brown Company has been appointed local chairman of Coos County. Application blanks and further information about the Citizens Military Training Camps may be obtained from the chairman on request.

Now that Spring is officially here, you can expect to see the crop of new cars.

Grand Opening

of the

New Berlin Mills Railway Car Shop



BANQUET OF EMPLOYEES AND GUESTS OF BERLIN MILLS RAILWAY AT OPENING OF NEW CAR SHOP, MARCH 15

THE opening of the new Berlin Mills Railway car shop on March 15, will go down in Berlin Mills Railway history as a memorable event.

In honor of this occasion, R. J. Sawyer, superintendent of the Berlin Mills Railway, tendered an elaborate spread on the premises for the boys.

The shop, covering 56 feet in width and 120 feet in length, facilitated matters for the committee on decorations to demonstrate their skill as indoor decorators. This was accomplished with great success. On entering the building, one could easily believe that he was in an auditorium decorated for the purpose of paying homage to a noted celebrity.

The national colors of red, white and blue were suspended from tier to tier with such taste that for the time being the words "car shop" never entered one's mind.

At 8:30 p. m., everything was in readiness for the big spread. Ralph Sawyer, leading his mobilized troops to the battle grounds, addressed them with appropriate remarks. He thanked them for their splendid cooperation and attributed to them the successful achievements of the Berlin Mills Railway.

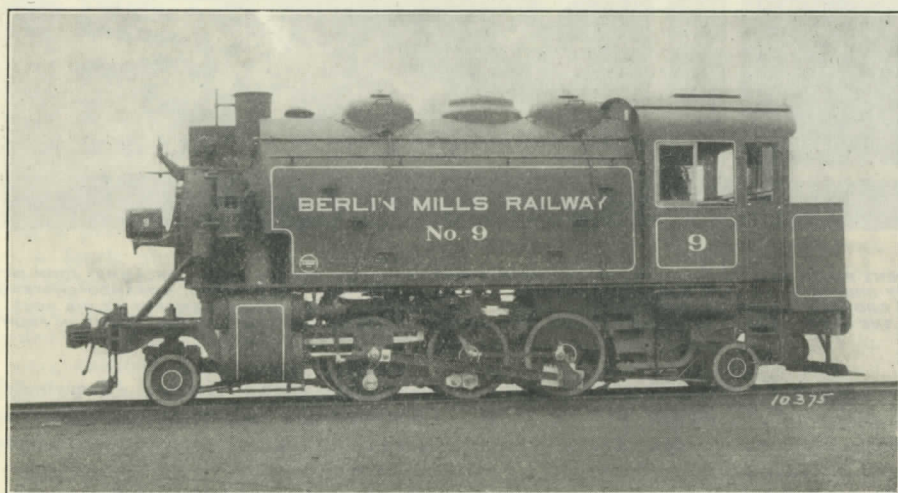
Harry Brown, who acted as toast master, which task was performed with

great ability, broke up the proceedings long enough to present Mr. Sawyer with a watch, a gift from the boys of the outfit. Very much surprised at the unexpected move made by Mr. Brown, Mr. Sawyer arose from his chair as though he had been lifted by a magic hand. For a moment silence prevailed. All eyes were fixed on the warrior anxiously awaiting his next move. All of a sudden the muscles of his face relaxed, his right hand moved with wonderful control toward the watch. The situation was well in hand and another victory was in his favor. With appropriate words he thanked his fellow workers for their generous remembrance.

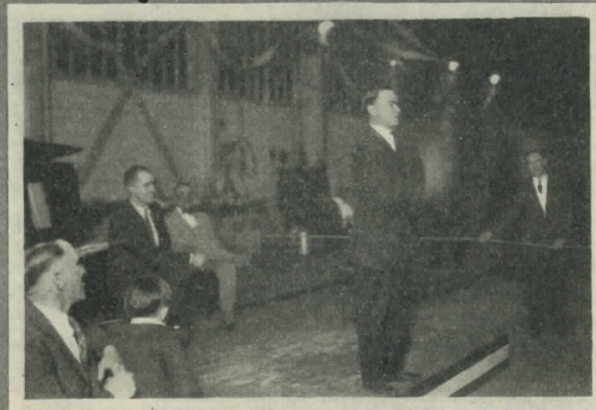
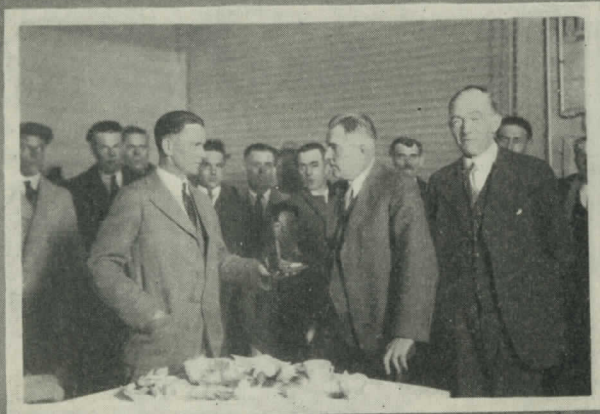
W. F. Everding was next called upon and responded with a very interesting talk on the Florida Plantation.

Engineer A. C. Whitcomb, representing the Boston and Maine Railroad crew, thanked the Berlin Mills Railway boys for the invitation extended them. To him it was an orgy, and the set-up, thanks to the chairmen of the various committees, was to the king's taste.

The next speaker to be called upon was "Jack" Johnson of the Cascade branch. He briefly described the evolution and growth of the Berlin Mills Railway. He recalled a particular incident in the old days when mules were used to draw small loads and when more serious difficulties were encountered.



LATEST ADDITION TO EQUIPMENT OF BERLIN MILLS RAILWAY



1. THE SURPRISE OF THE EVENING. SUPERINTENDENT RALPH SAWYER BEING PRESENTED WITH A WATCH. 2. SEATED--PETE LAFLAMME, JOHN MC-LELLAN, JOHN BURBANK. STANDING--FRED COTE, HARVEY BROWN, EVAN JOHNSON, EMILE JEFFREY. 3. SEATED--JOS. ROBICHAUD, LORANDO CROTEAU, ADOLPH ROUSSEAU, JACK JOHNSON. STANDING--LOUIS CROTEAU, HENRY LAMBERT, ARTHUR MORIN, MAT. GOGAN. 4. HENRY LAMBERT AT HIS BEST, EDGAR PERRY AND JOS. T. HENNESSEY RESTING AFTER THE CLAM DRIVE. 5. CLAMS TO THE LEFT OF HIM, CLAMS TO THE RIGHT OF HIM, CLAMS IN FRONT OF HIM, BUT LAMBERT DOWNED THE 600.

Then came Ernest Gagnon. He offered several helpful suggestions amid prolonged applause from the multitude.

At the conclusion of the banquet a fine entertainment was presented by Henry Lambert, Matt Gogan, Louis Croteau,

and Lorando Croteau. They were assisted by Arthur Morin, pianist, and Jos. Robichaud, violinist. Adolph Rousseau rendered a pleasing solo in French.

The scheduled main sporting event of the evening was a four-round boxing

match between Henry (Everybody) Chouinard and Amedie Morin. This was called off at the last moment. The referee forgot the gloves.

In the wee sma' hours of the morning the triumphant warriors retired to their

barracks ready for another contest at an early command.

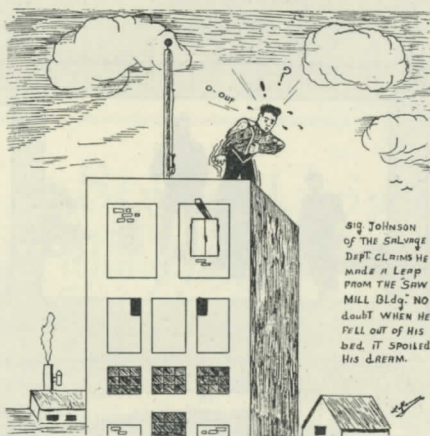
MENU

Celery	Sweet Mixed Pickles	Olives
	Fresh Fish Chowder	
Steamed Clams	Drawn Butter	
	Clam Bouillion	
Hot Rolls	Coffee Rolls	Coffee
Fancy Cookies	Salted Nuts	
	Young American Cheese	
Ice Cream	Fancy Cookies	Cigars

The accessories were furnished by the Y. M. C. A. and Emma's

COMMITTEE ASSIGNMENT

General chairman—R. J. Sawyer.
Food Committee—Ernest Gonya, chairman, Raymond Dutil, Emile Jeffery.
Furnishings—Arthur Clouthier, chairman, Wm. Rhines, Fred Gonya.
Decorations—Paul St. Cyr, chairman, Fred Lafrance, Ernest Corneau, Harvey Brown.



Music and Entertainment—Jack Johnson, chairman, Lewis Croteau, Matt Gogan, Ad. Rousseau.
Caterer—Edgar Perry.
Assistants—Fred Sheldon, Jos. T. Hennessey, Robert Hodgdon.

BANQUET TOPICS

Is digging clams fishing or hunting?

The chairman of the banquet committee wishes to thank the Y. M. C. A. and Emma's Candy Shop for the courtesies extended them.

There were clams and how!

Robert Hodgdon's imitation of "Earl Carroll" was successful, even without the champagne—clam broth is just as good.

Percy Liggett's walk from Berlin Mills to Gorham in one hour, flat, was a prize-winning feat.

A nice rusty draw-bar was pinned on his lapel by Fred Sheldon.

Chester Viger's hospitable offer to Percy Liggett was not accepted.

A Winter Trip to the Summit of Mt. Washington

By Merrill Durdan

AT 5:45 on March 16th, a group of ambitious mountain climbers started for the base of Mt. Washington in a big bus. The main topic of conversation going down in the bus was whether or not we would be able to reach the summit. The twelve members of the party were, Henry Barbin, Robert Barbin, Lawrence Barbin, Robert Chamberlain, Alton Oleson, Robert Knudson, Edgar Johnson, Mendal Beaudoin, Trygve Christensen, Arvid Edbert, Harold Titus and myself, all experienced hikers.

Arriving at the Glen House at 6:45, we mounted our skis and started up the carriage road. The weather conditions were ideal, the sun shining brightly and not a cloud in sight. We found the going very good and made fast time, reaching the Half-Way House at 8:30.

At the Half-Way House the weather had changed to a raw, cold wind. After building a fire, we made coffee and enjoyed a lunch and rest. At 9:30 we started to prepare ourselves for the last lap to the summit. The boys at this point discarded their skis and put on ice creepers, coats, sweaters, goggles, and helmets. Just before leaving for the summit we were surprised to have four visitors arrive, members of the Appalachian Mountain Club.

About one mile from our goal, our course followed across a plateau. Here I

was forced to take off my skis for the wind had blown all the snow into the ravines and the trail was over ice and rocks. The wind being so strong and cold during the remainder of our battle to the summit, we were forced to find refuge behind rocks about every 100 yards.

Arriving at the summit at last, we made a bee-line for the building that is left open during the winter months for people



SUSPENSION BRIDGE ON TUCKERMAN RAVINE TRAIL AT CRYSTAL CASCADE

who venture to the top. To our surprise we found hot coals in the stove, left by a party who had left the summit about a half-hour before our arrival. Replenishing the fire, we warmed our wind-bitten and chilled bodies. Robert Barbin managed to bring back the feeling again in one of his badly chilled feet after considerable massaging.

Just before starting for home I took a few pictures of the summit house and surrounding buildings. The buildings were all covered with about six inches of heavy frost, making them very beautiful, like castles of ice. Those of our party who reached the summit were: Alton Oleson, Albert Barbin, Lawrence Barbin, Edgar Johnson, Robert Chamberlain, Trygve Christiansen, Arvid Edberg, and myself.

At three o'clock we started down the mountain by way of the carriage road. I started down on skis, finding the going very fast. I encountered many thrills and close shaves on my down-hill slide. The wind was blowing so hard in places it lifted me off the road. I was forced to abandon skis for a mile and a half, on account of the wind.

Arriving at the Half-Way House at four o'clock, making good time, we found our comrades enjoying all the comforts of home. Here we had a lunch and a well deserved rest. Talking over the incidents that had happened, Mr. Barbin told us that he had a badly frozen nose and face; the others telling how some of them were affected by the wind and frost.

At a suggestion by Henry Barbin that we had better be traveling, we gathered our belongings together and made ready for the best four-mile down-mountain ride one could ask for.



Photos By Titus & Durdan

1. VIEW OF CARTER RANGE FROM BACK DOOR OF HALF-WAY HOUSE. 2. ABOVE THE TREE LINE, ON THE CARRIAGE ROAD -- ALTON OLESON. LAWRENCE BARBIN, MERRILL DURDAN. 3. ON TOP A SNOW DRIFT IN FRONT OF SUMMIT HOUSE. 4. HENRY BARBIN SIGNALING HOME WITH MIRROR FLASHES 5. VIEW OF WHITE MOUNTAINS FROM BERLIN. 6. HENRY BARBIN RESTING. 7. ON THE CARRIAGE ROAD, ALTON OLESON, EDGAR JOHNSON, MERRILL DURDAN, ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN, TRIGVE CHRISTIANSON. 8. MOVING NEARER TOWARD THE GOAL. 9. VIEW FROM CARRIAGE ROAD, LOOKING INTO THE GREAT GULF, MTS. ADAMS AND MADISON IN DISTANCE. 10. LEAVING SUMMIT FOR HOME.

Allowing ourselves fifteen minutes to reach the Glen House, we all mounted our skis and "let'er-go." Mr. Barbin, thinking that he would go too fast, cut a tree and hitched it on behind himself. Before long he got into difficulties on that score, and he let that go also. The thrills coming down were many. Watching each other fall and making some seemingly impossible turns, acquainted all of us with the ups and downs of skiing.

Arriving at the Glen House, all in as good condition as could be expected, we

piled into the waiting bus and started the lap for home.

The members of our party who suffered serious after effects from this exposure were: Henry Barbin, badly frozen face; Robert Chamberlain and Edgar Johnson, badly chilled eyes, causing both to lose a week at school. Most of the others suffered minor injuries of some sort.

Not until our return did we realize the dangers of our interesting trip and the difficulties encountered. We all were thankful the trip was over without serious

injuries, and, best of all, we had reaped a wonderful experience—one we will never forget.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye,
And yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't forget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

—The Boomerang.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

Chemical Mill Has Strong Grip on Safety Pennant 110 Days Without a Lost-time Accident

THE Chemical Mill winging its way through the past three and one-half months without a lost time accident is not only setting a stiff pace for the other plants to follow but is on the way to a new Brown Company record and, we hope, a national record for chemical mills. The statement has been made that accidents don't just happen—there is a cause. Having an opportunity to be in touch with conditions at the Chemical Mill, we find several reasons why there is no cause for injury to the men, and why accidents don't just happen there.

The foremen feel they are responsible for the safety of their men. That is one of the biggest factors in the prevention of accidents and without it no plant will ever establish a record or have a low accident rate. This fact is generally recognized throughout the country by organizations which have studied the various angles of accident prevention after considerable experience over a period of fifteen years. When a new man begins work he is shown the hazards of his job; the proper and safe way of handling tools or equipment; the best way to operate machinery, in short, how to work safely

and avoid unnecessary accidents, to save himself and fellow workmen and those who are dependent on them from the sorrow and suffering that follow in the wake of accidents.

The foremen are on the alert for unsafe practises that are a real cause of accidents. When their men receive the slightest scratch they are sent to the first aid room, and infection is prevented.

The Chemical Mill is a clean one and it carries one of the highest ratings in the Company. It has been proved by actual experience that the cleanest plant is the safest plant.

Many factors enter into this plant's excellent safety record, and these two just mentioned carry considerable weight.

Congratulations, Chemical Mill.

Accidents during the month of March increased over the previous month's total. The miscellaneous departments took a sharp rise from three accidents to nine, which resulted mainly in the month's increase. In this division repairs and construction accounted for four accidents; the Berlin Mills Railway had a rough month with three accidents; one accident occurred in the Rayon Mill, and one accident in the Window Frame Mill.

The Sulphite Mill is still below their average with eight accidents, while the Cascade Mill jumped to eleven accidents, the high mark of the year.

Another month is on the way. The carelessness and unsafe practises of last month can be corrected. Carelessness is still the cause of most accidents. A little more care will do the trick. As Walter Darling, the blind safety speaker, said: "Safety is the only thing in its practise that costs nobody anything and pays everyone dividends."

HAVE YOU A LITTLE MONKEY IN THE SHOP?

A monkey is an amusing little fellow in his native haunts or in the zoo. In a factory he is just a plain nuisance.

The monkey has the reputation of being the original practical joker. In the jungle one of his playful tricks is bouncing coconuts off his playmates. Maybe man



didn't descend from the ape but the fellow who gets his greatest amusement out of horseplay hasn't developed very far from the tree-climbing state.

Boxing, wrestling and similar sports are fine for working off excess pep in the gymnasium or recreation ground but not on stairways or in factory aisles around machines. The way to develop a good throwing arm is to practice with a baseball where there is no danger of breaking windows or heads, not by heaving nuts, bolts, oily waste, and other ammunition at an unsuspecting fellow worker who is trying to keep his mind on the job.

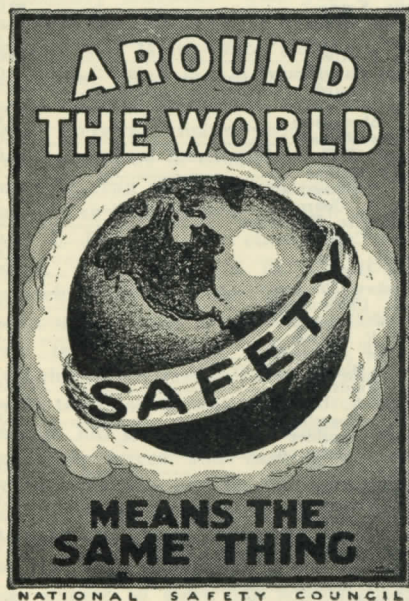
While we're on the subject of jokes and jokers, there is another kind of humor that is out of place at work. If you have a story that's just too good to keep, save it for the lunch hour or the washroom. Don't spring it on a man who is working at a job that needs all his attention, or on a motoring companion who is trying to steer his bus through heavy traffic. Something is liable to happen if he is polite enough to listen attentively and try to work at the same time.

Telephone rings. Receiver is lifted:

"Hello. I want to talk to Sis."

"Sis who?"

Says me! That's who!"—Stone Mill.



FAULTY BOWLING

The main fault with the bowling on the part of the girls is that they show too much form and not enough science. It has been a known fact that many forms of wood (often contained in human beings) have fallen for the weaker sex, namely, the dumbbell. However, the girls have a little difficulty in making the pins fall for them, which is poor judgment on the part of the pins. The old saying, "Practise makes perfect," may work out in this case, but oh! what a lot of practise it is going to take. After watching the girls bowl for the past four weeks, I've decided that the biggest reason for their low score is the inability to keep the ball on the alley. A simple way to overcome this is to place boards in the gutters, and if the ball should tend to go in that direction (and I have no doubt but that it will), the boards will push the ball back on to the alley in the direction desired.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS BOWLING
Girls' Division

The girls of this department have been bowling at the Y. M. C. A. since March 7. Following are the results to date:

Standards Department:

Name	Strings	Pin-Fall	Ave.
Roma Rayner	8	538	67.3
Myrtie Smith	9	486	54.0
Helen Wilson	7	454	64.9
Frances Hinchey	12	853	71.1
Jessie Atwood	12	737	61.4
Florence Reid	11	637	54.9
Olive Hodgdon	2	100	50.0

Other Departments:

Hattie Anderson	12	730	60.8
Lillian Larson	12	804	67.0
Violet Hindle	11	803	73.0
Tessie Derosier	9	744	82.7
Sarah Quinn	8	429	53.6
Vera Fancy	11	691	62.8

I wish to thank the members of the Standards Department for the flowers sent and courtesies shown me during my recent illness.

Omer Ducharme.

"Itchie" Martin has been on the sick list for three weeks. At present his condition is favorable and we hope to see him back soon.

Omer Ducharme, the pride of Lowell, has purchased a Nash Sedan. No doubt he will lead the speed cops a merry chase on his way home to Lowell this summer.

Maurice Thurlow must have thought that the article which appeared in the last month's issue didn't fit him at all. Maurice has gone and purchased a Chevrolet car instead of a good car, namely, a Ford. Nevertheless we must admit that Maurice likes his Chevrolets, whatever they may be.

Angus Morrison has been transferred from the Standards Department to the Service Department. We wish him success in his new work.

"BUGHOUSE FABLES"

T. L. D.

We had another supper. It was about food and about time. The thought of having to hold everything for one thousand fifty-six hours, forty-three dates, and seventeen winks for this supper, after dieting on breakfasts and lunches, would have wrought precocious effects to anyone's anatomical regions. Like eggs, we made a mad scramble for the table deciding it would be better to eat standing up. Wotta gorgeous scenery we made! We distracted everyone's attention, and crowds poured in like noodle soup, you know, kind of stringy-like. And it came to pass that every plate had to be taken away for fear of having the bluebirds and



forget-me-nots eaten off. That proves something—n'est-ce-pas? Back once more upstairs, we took off our respective shoes and attempted to tap dance (and we believe that's why Jessie and Myrtie left early—they couldn't breathe right). Vi and Helen sure can adjust their taps to the rhythmic strains of "Way Down Upon the Sahwahnee River-r-r." They went down three times and only came up twice for air. We had close harmony all around. The vic needles were rusty; and one had to be able to ride horseback in order to budge the player piano. Sarah and Martha rode it a while but had to give up. After clearing the second hurdle, Martha said it wasn't at all like horseback riding but more like riding a donkey. Then Polly got down on the floor and tried to hold up Frances, not her money but for the enjoyment of us spectators. They decided that each was too buxom for the other, so Tessie who is only three pounds short of two hundred, had to be juggled on the tips of Frances' wriggling

toes. Everything came down with a bang! (even the curtains). Over in another corner, Daisy and Flo were drowning their sorrows with laughter. Who wouldn't with those ringside seats? Encore: Roma played that thing, the piano, applying much labor, while we staged a barefoot break-down and Polly did the calling with one foot glued to a pedestal. And who invented the leap-frog business? Ah! It was the hit of the evening. The neighbors, if any, must have thought we were members of the famous Waite family, of Phillie. Permanent waves and our long trail evening gowns were utterly demolished as was our dis positions. This over with, we all fell into a stupor—s'funny, someone was always leaving the lid off. But aren't we all?

Informational Data

Place: Main Dining Hall, Revere Hotel.

Time: Wednesday evening, March 26.

Weather: Heat waves, followed by showers.

Committee: Martha Fagan, Frances Hinchey, Myrtie Smith.

Menu: Fruit cocktail, steak, baked potatoes in shell, string beans, surprise salad, hearts of celery, sweet mixed pickles, clover rolls, coffee, apricot ice cream, macaroons, and paprika!

BROWN COMPANY**RELIEF ASSOCIATION**

Orders drawn on the treasurer for the month of March are as follows:

Alphonse Bernier	\$ 12.65
Oliver Keenan	28.68
John Gauthier	23.32
Joseph Boughtot	36.00
Elzear Bernier	2.00
Alphonse St. Pierre	25.40
Peter Allaire	50.00
Wm. Astle	36.00
Louis Vermette	48.00
Leslie Keene	80.00
Treffley Bilodeau	48.00
Ernest Croteau	2.30
Theo Pilote	28.00
Ernest Castonguay	5.06
Wm. Lessard	24.00
Louis Blake	27.30
Wm. Morrisette	40.83
Delphis Ramsay	36.00
Joseph Goulette	20.00
James Mullins	31.41
Wm. Deschamplain	16.00
John A. Conroy	9.20
Marguerite Thompson	7.53
Oscar Calliso	12.00
Damas Long	60.00
Emile Dube	5.85
Theodore Pinette	47.20
Hans Christianson	48.00
Joseph Giguere	46.80
Fred R. Oleson	221.60
Edward Anderson	35.10
A. T. Blake	64.40
Wm. Findson	48.00
Joseph L. Daley	185.35
Valere Gosselin	8.00
Joseph Gauthier	68.00
Chas. G. Johnson	5.33
George Doyle	20.00
Isadore Albert	108.00
Alex Hanson	24.00
Lena Roberge	21.00
John Haney	24.00
David Labbe	58.00
Sam Teti	8.00
Geo. E. Oswell	7.16
Jos. Roy	36.00
Joseph Boutin	26.00

Thos. Tremaine	7.55
Bertha H. Blake	112.70
Bertha H. Blake (funeral benefit)	100.00
Oscar Christianson	23.19
Napoleon Duquette	18.63
Harry Whalen	11.08
Chas. Watson	30.00
Eug. Morrisette	68.71
Joseph O. Jeffrey	26.47
Wm. Fowler	102.40
Frank Baker	46.25
Wm. Mason	29.00
Wm. Murphy	33.36
John Beaudoin	36.00
Emil Erickson	50.75
Albert Gravel	107.90
Merle D. Cole	51.60
E. J. Noel	178.00
Peter Goodbout	84.00
Romolo Augustine	84.00
Archie M. Soule	16.93
Wm. St. Croix	94.40
J. T. Moffett	117.55
H. H. Cushman	87.30
George Dancoes (death indemnity H. Potvin)	144.00
George Dancoes (funeral benefit)	100.00
Edward Walsh	9.20
Narcisse Letellier	18.20
Jos. Dipacchio	50.00
Andrew Witter	60.00
J. Conrad Hamel	96.00
Peter Tardiff	109.60
Ethel Remillard	39.15
Ralph Giguere	58.30
Alonzo Perrault	84.00
Asa Croteau	97.20
Joseph Goudreau	62.00
Peter Cantin	93.60
Harold Johnson	52.00

Thomas Horne	57.50
Louis Robichaud	94.00
Wm. Ouillette	40.95
Aurele Roberge	16.25
Jos. Buteau	43.75
Alphonse LeBorgne	89.60
Joseph Laliberty	10.00
Chas. Christianson	8.00
Edward Bilodeau	48.66
Alex Bourque	56.00
Xavier Roy	18.00
Odina Paquette	84.00
Lin. Honan	30.00
Joseph Michaud	108.00
Arthur Rioux (Louis Vermette)	100.00
Ovilla Beaudoin	90.00

Total\$5,311.30

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Frank Teare	\$ 12.10
Mrs. Odell Thibodeau (benf. O. Thibodeau)	103.20
Mrs. Margaret McKinnon (benefit Joseph McKinnon)	80.00
Mrs. Margaret Hayes (benf. Patrick Hayes)	112.80
Joseph Steele	31.20
Theophile Gosselin	33.80
Abdon Payeur	12.50
Joseph Beaudet	16.60
Henry Cadorette	36.90
Irene Routhier	31.20
Ferdinand Boivin	45.34

Octave Pelletier	15.87
Benoit Leblanc	28.00
Chas. Roy	32.20
Antonio Paquette	28.70
Leonard Ainsworth	53.20
Alex. Dignard	48.75
Bernard Grondin	25.00
Noel Lambert	15.70
Henry Legere	20.00
Edgar Melanson	18.00
McCarthy Babin	19.30
Joseph Bergeron	20.00
Paul Aubin	24.00
Wm. Roach	24.00
Edward Gallant	18.80
Etienne Vallee	26.94
Joseph Lapointe	62.00
David Washburn	93.60
Lillian Rowe	29.60
James McGuire	37.50
Joseph Simard	54.40
Leo Murphy	66.90
John Litanovich	48.00
Fabien Poulin	30.00
Charles Descoteau	38.40
Roman Mishay	6.60

Total\$1,400.70

He (on phone): "Hello, darling, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

She: "I'd love to."

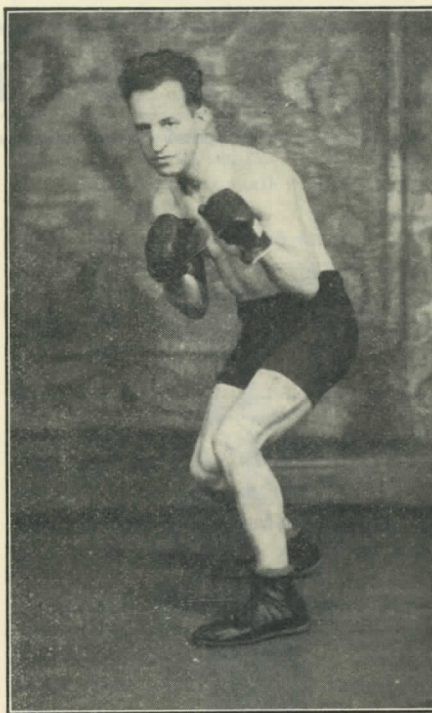
He: "O. K. Tell your mother I'll be there at 6:30."

SPORTS

BASEBALL TOPIC

Now that the baseball season is fast approaching, the numerous teams throughout the mills are beginning to ask the old question, "When do we start the old ball game?"

Well, it won't be long now. The first thing to do is to have the regular meeting in order to settle a few little arguments which have arisen since the season closed last summer, and to draw up the customary schedule. This year we will witness at least one new team in the league, the Main Office sluggers. That particular office should be able to put a good team on the field in view of the fact that there are many young men there who should be in condition. Whether or not they can play baseball remains to be seen. As it looks now, we will be minus the I. P. team, the champions of last year. The old-timers, namely, the Research, Cascade, Tube Mill, and Standards will be back in the league. Most of the teams are well organized and we should witness fast ball this summer. Last year the Cascade was represented by two teams, but this year we believe they will combine forces and have a wonderful team. Nothing can be said in regard to the teams, players, etc., until the meeting is held. The business of the meeting will be published in the next issue. Of course, we expect to start our schedule before



GENE ROCHAN

then—weather permitting. This year will be a banner year for baseball if the boys continue to show the interest they have been showing for the past few weeks.

The basketball season seems to have taken an awful slump lately. Well, in a way, you can't blame the basketeers for slipping now and then. But that is not the case. Many of the players on the various teams have tried to participate in more than one sport during the week, only to find out that they must take either one or the other, bowling or basketball. Another good reason is the working hours of a few good players. The Tar Babies have a team composed of players working shifts, and probably once a month the team will be together. But, this year we have met with a lot of trouble that we will not meet with in the next season. It has been an experiment, and next year the only thing to do is to arrange the bowling and basketball schedules so they will not conflict with one another. Officials of the Y. M. C. A. will no doubt give us all the cooperation we desire to make the next winter's activities good ones.

BERLIN ATHLETIC CLUB

What seems to be the reason we haven't been getting any boxing here lately? This question has been asked me many times lately, but I can't see any reason why there isn't. We had a good crowd the last time; what more is needed? If a good card is lined up, I do not think

the fans will stay away. However, in the last scrap at City Hall the fans were disappointed in not seeing their favorite, Georgie Poulin, who had a large following because of his willingness to fight. But those things will happen. That is not the part that queers, it is the fellow who tells you he knows, and whispers that he is in on it, and then leaves you to guess the rest. Then there is another bird who never goes to a scrap but who has accumulated a gift of gab. He knows every fight is in the "bag," and he stands around broadcasting his mumble. Of course you can't blame anyone for listening to him, but just question him about some fights and nine times out of ten he can't tell you five prominent fighters' names locally or nationally. These are the birds to keep away from; they believe in throwing a monkey wrench into the machinery while it is going. They try to change your mind against a promoter who is trying to give you some fun for your money. Few people realize what a manager or a promoter is up against and the chances he takes. This is true in any line of sport. Just follow your daily papers and you will find how things are going in other states and then you can pat yourself on the

shoulder that you have been getting a break and not spending big dough in other places where you would have been "taken in" plenty. Berlin can well boast of her boxers, dating back from Jim Malloy, Howard Powers, Bill Dooley, and up to this present crop who are just as eager to keep Berlin on the map as the older boys were. Right at this time several of our boys are seeking bouts out of town, and are giving other fans a good time that we are missing. Is this right? Most certainly not. Let us name our present bunch that is ready to go and will make boxing enough for all summer: Axehandle Bernier, heavyweight, who has eleven straight K. O.'s to his credit; Felix King, light heavy, who has a record as long as the 10 commandments; K. O. Dick Lambert, who is known everywhere; Johnny Leroux, conqueror of the great Mendoza; Prince brothers, Herman and Danny, top notch boys who fight and are crowd pleasers; Pancho Rivard, as good a lightweight as there is in the state; Young Jacques and Dynamite Dunn, two good welters; Young Salvos, one of the best we have had in years; Phil Tardiff, who always filled the house and who gave Lou Lambert two good wallopings when

Lou was at his best; Mike Goyette, now in the Army, but willing to fight in Berlin at any time needed, and who recently scored two victories at Portland, Me.; Shadow Hamel, flyweight of the East Side, and a good boy; Wee Ace Hudkins, our latest sensation, who keeps the fans on their toes with his style of fighting and ready to swap any time. Here is a surprise for the older fans who have seen him knock 'em stiff—our old battler, K. O. Leroux. He is back in training and willing to go any time. He is training with Louis "Kid" Roy, the woodsman, who is a good lightweight and has had a lot of experience. Isn't that a real line-up? Put the Berlin boys on a card with outside opposition and appoint Howard Powers as a referee, because every fan in the hall knows that Howard is familiar with the game and that nothing gets by him. He is a second Lou Magnolia.

See you at the next show.

Overweight Woman: "Doctor, what will I do to reduce?"

Doctor: "Take proper kind of exercise."

Overweight Woman: "What kind of exercise would you recommend?"

Doctor: "Push yourself away from the table three times a day."

PORTLAND OFFICE

PHILATELIC CLUB

HOLDS MEETING

The Brown Company Philatelic Club met at the home of Clement W. Phinney on the 5th of March, and stamps were exchanged and different philatelic subjects were discussed. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. Those present were Thomas Dame, Ralph Bradeen, Philip Marsh and Clement Phinney. Kenneth Hawke's wife would not let him come out that evening, and Arlo Jordan had to stay home and take care of the baby while his wife went out for the evening, so they could not attend the Club meeting.

The next meeting was held at Ralph Bradeen's home on April 2.

INDEED!

The accountant is a "Swede."

He goes to Berlin,

And causes a big stampede!

He gets a letter—

"Oh please come back home, my Pede."



OUR DICKY HAS GONE
(Richard Faulkner, Advertizing Dept.)

PORTLAND HEROES

Oke Hallgren and Dan Parker have been recommended for Carnegie medals by the present Mayor of Scarborough for their heroic work in rescuing two people, a plush sofa, seven hens and the insurance policy that covered a set of buildings on the Pine Point Road, on the night of March 3rd.

It was town meeting day, and it is supposed that a heated argument as to how the road commissioner's job should have been filled was the direct cause of the blaze.

It is not known how these two low-brows happened to be out in "Charlie" Pousland's territory, but it is thought that they were trying to get a "scoop" on his particular "racket." However, we are glad that they were able to give the natives their services and hope they will come out at plowing time.

On the 22nd of March, which was a very windy day in Portland, our red-headed golf enthusiast took his trusty club

and went out to Willowdale Golf Club with his friend, R. Dyer. This was the very first attempt of the season. These golf bugs!

Hurrah! Van gets his Essex out. Spring is here.

Delcourt knows who beat Westbrook now.

We welcome Robert Walsh as our latest addition to the statistical force.

R. Vayo is burning a hot trail between Portland and Amesbury; three times in one month.

According to Spear, Lambord is a hypochondriac, whatever that is.

Those who hurried to collect their winnings on the basketball tournament were lucky. The rest did not get any.

Here are ten questions you must be able to answer to qualify for the Spring Croquet Team.

- 1 What famous man was Mussolini Shoals named for?
- 2 What proper name rhymes with raspberry?
- 3 When were maniacs first discovered in Maine?
- 4 What is the so-called danger line and how many people have hireorear?
- 5 If one-half of a wit makes a half-wit, what makes a nit-wit?
- 6 Are great men born or do they just happen?
- 7 What do you do with your spare time and why?
- 8 Do you think ditto means a second impression or was your first guess right?
- 9 Do you think Mr.—(supply a good name) would make a good kipper for herrings?
- 10 Is fifteen dollars a week enough to spend for an office decoration?

Speed, control and form will be given first consideration.

Services stripes, Thomaston, Augusta, or Bull Run, second consideration.

Age, substantiated by a certificate from the aged home for men or women, third and lasting.

It will be a gratification to all the friends of Nelson Worthley to learn that he has been enjoying his stay in Florida. He writes that he has made a visit to Shawano Plantation and unofficially inspected the first carload of potatoes

shipped from there this season. It will be no surprise to members of the Wishbone Club to learn that he and John Kelsey gravitated together as soon as John hit Florida soil, a most logical and natural sequence when Wishboners come within a certain radius of each other.

WOODSMEN TAKE NOTE

Two lumberjacks—a large one and a small one—were pushing a crosscut saw when a city husky hove up. He watched them a while, stepped over and laid the big chap low with a well-placed blow and said, "Now I guess you'll let the little fellow have it."

The Ten Marks of An Educated Man

Albert E. Wiggam, famous lecturer and writer, gives the following as the ten marks of an educated man:

- 1 He keeps his mind open on every question until all the evidence is in.
- 2 He always listens to the man who knows.
- 3 He never laughs at new ideas.
- 4 He cross-examines his day-dreams.
- 5 He knows his strong point and plays it.
- 6 He knows the value of good habits and how to form them.
- 7 He knows when not to think, and when to call in the expert to think for him.
- 8 You can't sell him magic.
- 9 He lives the forward-looking, outward-looking life.
- 10 He cultivates a love of the beautiful.

TROUBLES OF THE TRANSLATOR

Young man passing over very foreign letter: "Would you kindly give me a general idea of this letter; whether they wish to buy, sell or give away, and what!"

Accident Department, Please Note

Q. What part of the automobile causes the most accidents?

A. The nut that holds the steering wheel.

Little Betty had watched her grandmother measure cloth by the original method, one yard from tip of nose to end of outstretched arm. Running to her grandmother one day with some ribbon, she said, "Grandma, would you please

smell this and tell me how long it is."

DENIZENS OF MARKET RESEARCH

There is a long weed named Reed,
Who taxis a Pontiac with speed,
He dabbles in plastic, asbestos and pipe,
And learns with a mashie how to take a good swipe.

And then there is English, the Duke;
As a ball player he's a big fluke,
Seven hours a day he stretches and yawns,
Seeking markets for Onco and chaffing his corns.

Then there's A. Carnegie Langmuir, the Scot,
Who keeps Printy's fingers quite hot
Grinding out his reports of towels so soft
From now until then in the old lumber loft.

And here's to Michael Mandamus Shaw,
The bird with the grin and loud guffaw,
Who runs the boys ragged from nine until five,
"What's the market for this, is it dead or alive?"

Then there's Printy, the boy gambler from Dover,
Who never comes to till all bets are over.
He pounds his heels five hours a day
Shagging copies and whatnot across the way.

And here's to Curran, Francis by name;
How the boys ride his love is a shame.
He moons and croons for the time that is fleeting,
When he puts on the halter and takes his beating.

Then there's L. P. of Worcester, the boss of the ranch,
Who has products to sell and celery to blanch.
He's a pretty good guy for a man of his years,
And has one of the few, if not best of careers.

"Mitt me, boys, have a Blackstone on me,"
Says Shapleigh, the father of three.
He plays with milk bottles of paper and fibres,
And reads heavy books, like "King of the Khybers."

There's a big bloke from Maine, with stories to tell,
That are bigger and better than Ripley can sell.
He bowls and he smokes Sir Raleighs with tips,
And answers to Walter between cracking of hips.

We won't forget Johnnie, the bald one himself,
Who dislikes "Old Crow" on the hip or the shelf.
He's reducing the costs of this and of that
When he isn't parading his crew on the mat.

And last, but not least, is the blondy stenog,
Who roars like a bull and leaps like a frog
When he answers Shaw's buzzer at five with a whirl,
For it means a late date with the best li'l' girl.
—The Fog from the Cape.

Don't sit down in the meadow and wait
for the cow to back up and be milked—
go after the cow.

A piano manufacturer tried to get a testimonial from Will Rogers for his pianos. Rogers, who never endorses any product unless he really believes in it, wrote this letter to the piano firm:

Dear Sirs:

I guess your pianos are the best I ever leaned against.

Yours truly,
Will Rogers.
—Connecticut Industry.

NIBROC NEWS



PART OF RECEPTION COMMITTEE IN HONOR OF WILLIAM BEAUREGARD, WORLD CHAMPION CHECKER PLAYER, AT THE JOLIETTE CLUB

Back Row, Left to Right—S. Leclerc, A. Camire, J. Gagnon, A. Trahan, T. Gagnon, E. Langlois, N. Fournier.
 Second Row—G. Beland, E. Jolin, A. Lerue, H. Blain, A. Trottier, N. St. Laurent, N. Prevost.
 First Row—Mrs. H. Blain, Mrs. A. Lerue, Miss L. Trahan, M. Laforce, A. Lavoie, Mrs. Wm. Morrisette, Mrs. A. Trahan, Miss M. Leclerc.
 Center—Edward Beauregard, Wm. Beauregard, Champion, Charles Trahan, Organizer.
 Several Brown Company Employees Are Shown in This Picture.

OFFICE

A baseball meeting was held in the cutter room on Monday noon, March 31. Several matters were talked over about the proposed mill league. Cascade has some very fine material for this coming season. Two representatives were elected to attend the mill league meeting. They are Danny Hughes and Tony Addario. Joseph F. Teti was elected business manager.

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles with sniffles predominating.—O. Henry.

Our friend, Barbin, will be glad to explain to anyone his latest find—the Twin Invention—"NO ZO and NO ZARKA."

Anyone passing by the storehouse between the hour of 12 noon and one o'clock some day is liable to hear some very funny noises and bellowing emanat-

ing from the throats of Stan Given and Frank Therrien, our would-be opera stars. Rumors are that they are to star in the Gorham Minstrels. I'm afraid the fruit business will be very good that day.

Overheard in the time office during noon hour:

"Move, Trout."

"Get up, Fish!"

"You're beat."

"Jump, Hornpout."

Kenneth Doyle has been transferred to the laboratory to take the place of Bernard Smith who is to go to the yard.

PLANNING AND ENGINEERING

We are glad to have Pat Murphy with us again after his brief sojourn at the new engineering building.

Sidney Bean was with us for a week or so on appraisal work.

Our two roller skate boys, Doyle and Libby, were figuring how much burial expense Reggie's new insurance policy would cover. Said Reg, "It costs about four times as much for burial now as it used to." Doyle replied, "You should have died a long time ago!"

Pete Lepage and Sam Hughes were interested participants in the city election.

Reginald Libby spent a few days confined to the house by illness.

MAINTENANCE

Charlie Watson spent an enforced vacation at home because of illness.

Aime Paradis clipped the tip off a finger.

Philias Nadeau and Bill Sawyer were out a few days with light touches of the grippe.

Fred Andrews, Phil Reid, Ed. Legassie, and Roy Burns have been overhauling the Cross Power water wheels.

Pat McGee has been confined to his home with an attack of grippe. Scott Crockett worked in the blacksmith shop during his absence.

Auguste and Andy Arsenault, Bill Pike, Eddie Guay, and Ambrose Schreenan have all been on the sick list.

Louis Moffett has been laid up with an injured wrist received in a fall.

Albert Gauthier has been assisting in the office of the steam department.

Leslie Keene is back to work after his recovery from an appendicitis operation.

Andy McDonald has traded his Chevrolet touring for a Chevrolet sedan.

Louis Moffett is still trying to figure out who put the mouse in his pocket.

Dennis McKelvey was on the sick list for a few days.

Dan Feindel motored to Durham, N. H., taking his son, Howard, a student at New

Hampshire State University, back to school.

A set of steel clothes cabinets are being installed in the electric shop. They were made in the welding shop from one-eighth sheet metal.

MISCELLANEOUS

Election day was very exciting around Cascade. Cascade furnished its share of successful candidates. Burt Rumney and Eddie Murphy retained their seats in the Berlin Council, and Billy Forest was re-elected as Gorham Water Commissioner. Both elections were closely fought.

Father Michael Murtagh, whom many from Cascade will pleasurably remember, came from Concord to attend the funeral of Father Mackey.

John Lepage of the restaurant has exchanged his open Buick for a Sedan.

Tom McLain is working with George Gagne's shipping crew.

Much interest is being shown in checkers at the time office every noon. If someone would only donate a cup, a tournament could be held to decide who is Cascade amateur champion. Owing to the rating of Albert Trahan, who admits he is one of the best checker players in New England, we would suggest he be barred from competing as the rest of us are out of his class.

Messrs. Kintzing, Powers, and Lindstrom of the Westinghouse Electric Company have been installing a new rheostat on No. 2 paper machine drive.

Pete Godbout of the shipping department has returned to work after a long illness.

Nadell Eafate, Wilfred Albert, and Fred Lafferty of the yard have had enforced vacations caused by injuries.

Napoleon Beaudoin, Raymond Corbett, and Pat Gionet of the rewinders have been on the sick list.

SULPHITE

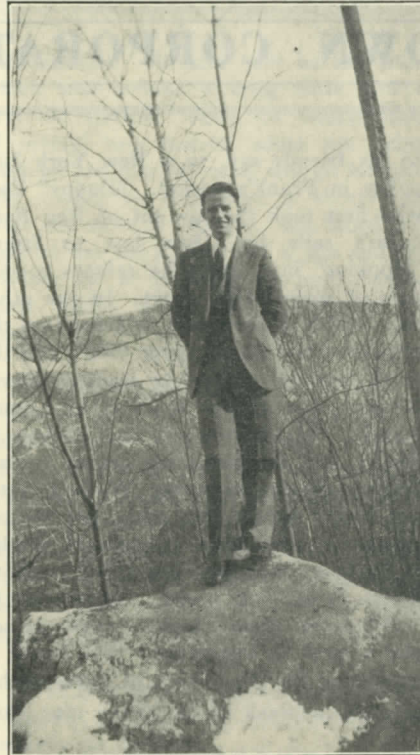
Emile Landry, John Lapointe, and Xavier Roy have been out on account of accidents.

Larry Nollette is convalescing favorably from an appendix operation.

Election is over, with A. Bergeron on the losing end. Bergeron is getting ready to offer for your approval an added attraction to his novelty trio. It is understood he has just signed a contract with none other than William Sawyer, Jr., the dare devil champion on roller skates, who will give an exhibition de luxe on the proper use of roller skates. Watch for grand opening date, which will be announced soon.

SHELBURNE

H. H. Cushman is at the St. Louis Hospital seriously ill.



JOSEPH SMITH, 5TH. HAND, STANDING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Fred Bovaird, Giles Treamer, Eddie Watson, and Eddie Legassie have been welding on the racks and gates. Albert Lennon, Jim Farewell, and Ollie Keenan were down to assist the repair shop crew on repairs being made on No. 2 generator.

LABORATORY

Rube Smith says that when the partnership of Smith & Keating, General Pencil Inc., was dissolved the junior member of the concern disappeared with all the stock on hand. Therefore, he is short of his supply of pencils and the boys of the chemical laboratory are purchasing chains and clamps so as to have a pencil when they need it.

It is a matter of curiosity why Basil McConnell and "Doc" Ross are afraid to answer the telephone.

Nellie, our ambitious young stenographer, is now starting out on her own hook. Business must be good as she is working two shifts, one crew working overtime. We wonder?

The great conundrum of the month in the laboratory is where Freddy Sullivan's neckties are going.

MACHINE ROOM

L. A. Morse was a delegate from Cascade Local, I. B. P. M., to a papermakers' conference at Montreal.

Lawrence Chabot was out with an injured back, and Ira Rosenberg with a broken toe.

We are glad to welcome Adelard Shadow Lemire, who has been out from work for the past six months on account of illness.

Joseph Smith is very quiet during Lent. He does not go to dances or to the movies.

Wm. Marcou, Peter Derosier and Red Farrington will soon have plenty of fish stories for the boys of the machine room.

Jim Corbett was out on a four-day sick leave recently.

As Lemire is now on his old job after his recent sickness, George Derby is back to third hand, and Ralph Nadeau to spare backtender.

Charles Trahan is now reporting machine room news.

Peter Nadeau holds the checker-playing title on the Cascade Flats.

Bill Hjelms, backtender on No. 4 machine has reason to be proud of his son, Borden, who has recently signed a contract to play with the Portland baseball team of the New England League. Although only 18 years old, Borden had a very successful season last year with the Vermont State League, and now he is ready to go places and do things.

Peter Nadeau has bought a new Chevrolet Sedan. Where do we go from here, Pete?

PRINTING DEPARTMENT

Our salesman, George Hawkins, has Billy Eichel all heated up on a new car.

Violet Mullins will be glad when winter is over so she can eat candy and ice cream.

Keough is like all other Ford owners, but Maltais and White will soon be showing him the road.

W. T. Libby and Clayton Walker spent a week-end fishing at Chandler's Camp

at the lakes.

Willard Covio was a week-end visitor at Portland.

Joe Maltais is sitting pretty with a new Ford Roadster.

We are glad to have Lena Roberge with us again after her illness.

E. Stevenson was out a few days with a bad cold.

To love one's friends, to bathe in the

sunshine of life, to preserve a right mental attitude—the receptive attitude, the attitude of gratitude—and to do one's work—these make the sum of an ideal life. To make a man exempt is to take away from him just so much manhood.—Elbert Hubbard.

Shadow owes its birth to light.—Gray.

Traveling Salesman: "Ho, ho, is there a farmer's daughter in there?"

Voice Within: "No, I am a bachelor, but come in just the same."

BROWN CORPORATION

LA TUQUE

The La Tuque Billiard Club held its first tournament on April 1. It was a classic in more ways than one, with the outcome always in doubt till the last drop.

Frank Hopkins, a frequent visitor from our southern neighbors, managed to survive his many trips upstairs and took the final game from "Bucko" Braithwaite, who no doubt found it hard to overcome a mental hazard like Butler's marking.

We have no doubt that the nature of the prize played a big part in Frank's victory, but there are rumors that "Silent Sam" Bennett managed him from the bench. Lucky for "Bucko," Silent Sam's signals only went as far as four fingers. The others who took part in this "knock-out" tournament were: Eddie White, who lost to Hopkins in the first round, all due,

so his friends say, to a New York Life policy in Frank's pocket. "Happy" Day, who first took the joy out of Reg Fairbairn's sails but then lost to friend "Hopkins" in a game he refuses to discuss or make alibis about. In the other half Walsh decided that he'd see that the organizer and handicapper didn't win the much coveted "trophy" by beating "Dave" Moulson (no relation to Dow) by a small margin. Walsh, however, had to bow to Bucko, and attributes his defeat to said Bucko's greater capacity. We had better not forget Butler (his name not his occupation), who gave a masterly display in hurling challenges, but failed to down Bucko in the first round. Brian says the "rub" came when Hopkins tried to sell him a book in instructions that Frank is publishing for the benefit of those unable to make a break of 34. Page nine, huh,

Frank?

The trophy of the winner was carried away by all those present at the very formal feast held in Hopkins' room. Watch for our next big tournament when Hopkins defends his title from his very nervous challengers.

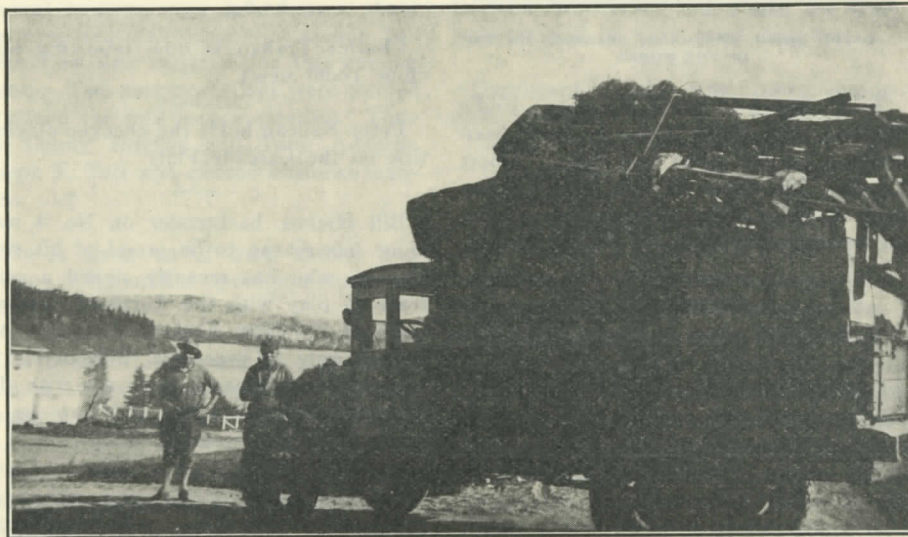
BROWN CORPORATION RELIEF ASSOCIATION, LA TUQUE, P. Q.

Amount paid by treasurer to sick members during March:

Chas. Barrette	\$ 31.25
Wm. Ricard	50.00
Mrs. Leo Hache (Leo Hache).....	62.00
Jos. Pit Bouchard	12.60
Arth Bellemare	15.46
Alex Lindstead	95.90
Oscar Tremblay	12.90
Leonel Beaudet	56.93
Armand Gervais	51.20
Joe Roy	26.40
Jean Bapt. Rheault	34.60
Emile Boudreault	30.92
Arthur Faucher	82.35
Lauriat Germain	4.27
Alfred Jeffrey	40.25
Andre Villela	46.00
Jos. Arthur Daniel	55.50
Total	\$717.61

The storehouse took credit the other day for two Everlasting blow off valves, charging them to the boiler house. It has been suggested that one valve should either be retained in the storehouse office or debited to the personal account of Edward.

Houldsworth attended the safety first lecture at the Empire Theatre with such good effect that the following morning, while shaving, he cut himself a dozen times before discovering that he had omitted to put the guard on his safety razor. He claims that his mind was on the pictures he saw at the lecture the night before.



ROOM FOR TWO IN THE CAB

We have noticed that one of the laboratory staff is frequently buzzing around the mill central booth during the mornings. Wonder if one of the town central operators has anything to do with the matter.

Hal: There was a "talky" at the show last night.

Hen: Go on! Was there?

Hal: Sure, little Willie was there.

Hen: Was there any improvement over

the usual talky?

Hal: Well, the usual talky does stop talking sometimes.

Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it; but likely enough it

is gone the moment we say to ourselves, "Here it is!" like the chest of gold the treasure-seekers find.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"What happened to your face?"

"Had a little argument with a fellow about driving in traffic."

"Why didn't you call a cop?"

"He was a cop."

SHAWANO

THE VEGETABLE DEAL

Kris Bemis has been on the selling job and the boys at Shawano have been on the growing and harvesting job day and night with their crews. To date some fifty-odd cars of produce have been shipped: carrots, cabbage, celery and beets. Meanwhile the harvest continues.

The pre-cooling plant was put into operation some time ago and the two barges were equipped with refrigerating machinery and have been operating with it for a couple of weeks now.

Bemis has a marketing group now. Hunter Cooper is assisting him, and Bill Shearin is Government Inspector.

VISITORS

Shawano has been "looked over" by a great number of visitors during the past few weeks. They come early and they come late and they come on week days and on Sundays. We just can't keep them away.

PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY

Recently the Philotechnical Society met at Shawano. The meeting was held in the general office. The talk of the evening was given by Bob Carlton, the agricultural agent of the Seaboard Airline Railroad. The subject of his talk was "The Relative Effects of Elevation and Air Drainage on Cold Injury to Vegetables on the Lower East Coast of Florida." This proved to be a very interesting paper. About twenty people attended the meeting.

CONSTRUCTION

Since the refrigeration plant has been completed, the carpenter's crew under Frank Goodwin has been busy putting up the new store building down by the base-

ball diamond. A store will be run here which will include a drug store and a first aid station. Then the construction of several new houses, which are being built for the married men, will go forward and should be completed a short time after the store is finished. Mr. Lord will have to use the patience of a Job and the wisdom of a Solomon in apportioning these houses to the many applicants for them.

WEDDING BELLS RING AGAIN

The wedding bells have rung again for some Shawano folks. Herbert C. Barber of the Research was married on March 9 at Fort Pierce. The lucky girl is Miss Evelyn Heifner, of Sebring. Mrs. Barber was graduated from Shorter College, Rome, Ga., in 1928. During the past year she has been teaching at the Lake Placid High School. Congratulations, folks.

W. F. Everding of the Berlin Office was a visitor at Shawano for several days recently on business.

An exhibit of celery, beets, carrots, cabbage and peanuts was prepared and taken to the County Fair the first week in March. Recently three blue ribbons, first prizes, and one red one, second prize, were received. So Shawano products took three firsts anyhow.

J. S. McGee is a new member of the Shawano folks. He is assisting in the general office.

A recent article in the West Palm Beach Post and in the Miami Herald, among other things about Shawano, said the following: "A 16-ton unit pre-cooling plant has been installed at Shawano, one of the most up to date in Florida. It has a storage capacity for four carloads of

vegetables, making it possible to hold or ship produce according to the market. In connection with the above mentioned pre-cooling plant the Company also has lately completed its first unit of refrigerated barges, the only ones of their kind in the upper Glades. Through the use of the barges it is possible to take the produce from the shipping rooms to the cars under continual refrigeration."

John Fogarty paid Shawano a short visit recently. John was here a year ago.

N. H. Worthley of Portland, Me., visited us recently and stayed over night. Mr. Worthley is an old employee of the Brown Company, and always takes pleasure in calling at Shawano when he is in the South each winter.

George Abbott of the Berlin Office was a visitor for a few days recently. He was here going over plans for obtaining more electric power.

Mr. Slauson of the New York Office of the Brown Company, accompanied by Mrs. Slauson, were visitors at Shawano recently. They had just returned from a trip to Havana, Cuba. This was their first visit to Shawano. Come again, folks.

B. A. Boyle who has been ill for several days is again at his old post at the store. Keep well now, BA!

Simmons Brown visited the Plantation on March 11. Mr. Brown is staying at the Hotel Royal Worth, in West Palm Beach. He has spent several days here.

RESEARCH

Ed. Buhrman arrived the first of the month from Berlin to again take up work with us here. After staying a week, Ed

decided he would return to his home at Sanford. He has obtained employment there in the celery operations. We wish you could have stayed with us, Ed.

J. H. Anderson of Greenwood, Florida, has joined the Research group. Mr. Anderson has been assigned to the direction of the peanut work. He has had considerable experience in growing peanuts in northern Florida.

W. B. Van Arsdel of the Research Department of Berlin is expected to pay us a visit soon.

SPORTS

The Clewiston Ball Players have already started their spring training and we are planning daily workouts in the near future. The people of Clewiston seem to feel sure of putting out a winning team, but we have different ideas on the subject. We're glad to see them get off to an early start because they'll need it, and more too, when they try to take the pennant from Shawano.

Doc Buck is president of the Everglades League and he will probably call a meeting soon to discuss plans for the coming season. Teams in the league last year

representing communities around the lake were, Shawano, Clewiston, Belle Glade, Canal Point, Okeechobee, and Moore Haven.

At this date the construction of the tennis court is nearing completion. The back stops have been erected and the first application of asphalt and sand on the playing surface is curing well. An excellent net has been put up and temporary court lines have been laid off. The court has already seen much playing but the loose sand still prevents a very fast game. It is hoped another coat of asphalt will be applied soon to overcome the rough spots and complete the surfacing. When this is done we will have a court which should be in excellent condition by the time the rush of spring harvesting is over.

At present the court is smooth enough to get some good practice and playing will help it more than anything else. So come and show your stuff. The ladies of Shawano have been playing some pretty fast sets lately, but the champion hasn't been announced yet.

JAKE'S SAYINGS

What is "College Bred"?

"College Bred" is made of the flour of

youth and the dough of old age.

Chicago will celebrate next year a centure of progress—"From Tomahawk to Machine Gun."

Eight quarts make a peck of trouble.

"Whoopee" springs eternal in the human breast.

It's getting so a guy can't lie in the gutter these days without being picked up for illegal parking.

They say the effect of love is to drive the man half crazy. The chief effect of marriage is to finish the job.

Only the beautiful can afford to be dumb.

The big paint merger—two flappers kissing.

DEFINITIONS

Spats—Foot corsets.

Macaroni—A long hole with some dough wrapped around it.

Cockney—A London native who can't speak English.

Judge:—What's the difference between a flea and an elephant?

Adams:—I don't know; what?

Judge:—Well, an elephant can have fleas but a flea can't have elephants.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

Mr. Henderson of Portland Office has been a welcome visitor to our 5 and 10 department.

Of course, Mr. Andresen makes us a weekly call, but, sad to say, his calls are not always appreciated. If it wasn't for him and his most inexhaustible supply of imaginary facts and figures, we would soon be in an asylum instead of a sanitorium.

Too bad we can't have Mr. King with us much more often. If he were here, he wouldn't be writing those lovely letters for which he is fast becoming famous.

Though the weather is more suitable for fishing through the ice than even kitchen gardening, nevertheless the Old Man couldn't be stopped. He has Ma's stove buried up with all kinds of pots and boxes from which he hopes to raise a few plants, large enough to set out by July 4th.

Our city sealer of weights and measures should be called at once to check up on Joe Mercier's yardstick. He made a mistake setting his slitters and when told about it, his alibi was that the yardstick wasn't right.

Charlie Dussault has bought a car. We hope it won't be the death of him or any of his will-be numerous lady friends. Watch out where you park, Charlie.

Alonzo Perrault, who was quite seriously injured some weeks ago, is back on his job.

TOWEL ROOM

I will do my bit to help in the Minstrel Show mentioned in the Upper Plant notes in the last issue of the Bulletin. I am interested, and I believe I can help. The writer of last month's item should have signed his name.

Lorenzo E. Faucher.

Owing to the illness of our reporter,

Eva Michaud, and to the fact that no one else is willing to write a little, the towel room gossip this month is a minus quantity.

TO THANK YOU

May this thank you card convey

My sincere wish that every day

Will bring as many happy hours

As did your lovely fragrant flowers.

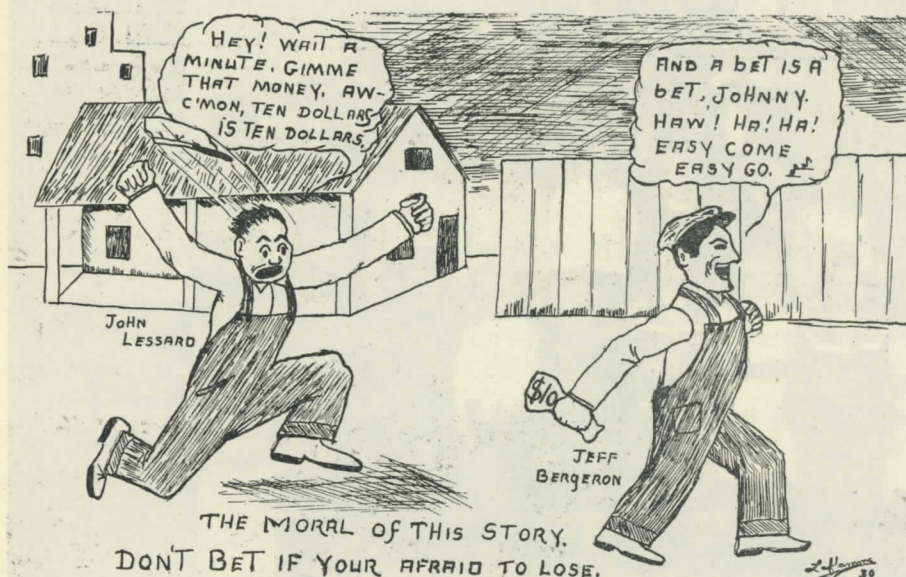
Ethel Remillard.

We have noticed several new faces among our operatives lately. We can say that they don't hurt the scenery to any great extent.

Bill Therrien misses his daily treat of an orange or apple. Too bad, Bill, it won't be long before your benefactress will be back.

All of Raymond Murray's many friends will be more than glad to have him call in to see them. Ray was looking well and prosperous.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS



space for another patch on an inner tube that already has thirty-one patches.

George Hopkins has given up politics for a more practical livelihood, that of billiard king of the east side. By the way, Andy, have you cast your vote in the Literary Digest poll on prohibition?

Hed Parker is going to Bangor in May to fix up his apple orchard.

Why doesn't Austin Buckley join the Fish and Game Association?

Aime Blais and Fred Begin are taking sun treatments for their hair.

Alcide Fecteau would like to know who voted for Evan "Link" Anderson in the recent city elections.

Wife (in letter home): "I have a fine room here with running water."

Husband's answer: "Leave that Indian and come home at once."

A negro parson making an appeal for money one Sunday morning said: "In conclusion, brethern, dis money sho' gotta be raised, and I mus' say dat if day ain't no five dollar bill in dat collection box dis mornin', a certain genman's wife will know what lady he was seed wif a few nights ago!"

There were fourteen five-dollar bills in the collection plate.

Notice to auto dealers—Al Pouliot is thinking of buying a car, but he has been thinking of the same thing for five years.

Joe Vallis is thinking of joining the movies as a lion tamer, having had several attractive offers. We all wish him luck.

Noel Lambert is recovering rapidly from his recent accident, and is expected back to work soon.

Dave Marcotte is certainly glad to see

that Newberry's has resumed business.

Rene Routhier is substituting for Noel Lambert on the ash truck.

Joe Paradis has gone into the poultry business since his parrot died.

Pete Cantin is going into the tire business after he wins the Army-Navy sweepstakes.

Mr. "Doolittle" LaPointe has found

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

MAIN OFFICE

The Mill Basketball League has abandoned its 1930 schedule. While it was in existence it furnished plenty of competition; our own main office boys did not fare so badly. They finished in a tie for first place, winning two games and dropping one to the strong Tube Mill Team. No doubt the league will reopen next year, but on a firmer basis so that lovers of the sport will be furnished with plenty of action.

It seems that Phil Wheeler, popular manager and captain of this year's quin-

tet, did get plenty of action one Friday night. Incidents like this should be investigated, and players who assault their opponents without provocation should be barred from further competition.

When the whistle blows we don't know whether it's a fire or whether one of the draftsmen has escaped.

Now that April is here let us turn our undivided attention to the Industrial Baseball League. The main office will be represented this year by a strong aggregation that ought to make things red hot

for the other contenders. Our promoter got busy this spring and he has signed up quite an imposing array of fly-chasers; it is his belief that he can convert some of them into good infielders, and with a good battery the team will certainly go places. He is keeping unusually quiet about his latest venture. As we know that this is not natural to him it will probably cause no end of worry to the rival managers.

Spring training will start soon at the Y. M. C. A. field. There is a promising crowd of rookies this year; some of the



THIS IS A PICTURE OF A CLASS TAUGHT BY LURA M. PAINE IN THE OLD COLE SCHOOL APPROXIMATELY TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

Left to Right, First Row—Isabelle Snodgrass, Leah Lewis, Minna Wagner, Bernice Rogers, Vera Hawkins, Beatrice Rogers, George Reid, Louis Dlugg, Raymond Hughes, Otto Ortel.
 Second Row—(on post) Harry Sullivan, Alice Gordon, ———, Katie O'Donnell, Rita Lydon, Joel Lewis, Herbert Willard, Matthew Ryan, Alec Ducet, Peter Ryan, ———, Louis Steady, Frank Corbett.
 Third Row—Pansy White, ———, Alphonse Spencer, Harold Johnson, ———, Ralph Ruel, ———, ———, William Pickford.
 Fourth Row—Lura Paine, Adelard Mercier, Ernest Flibault, Clara Markee, teacher.

old-timers will have to step lively to retain jobs on the nine. As we go to press, John Stafford is the only holdout. No doubt he will turn in his signed contract before the season opens.

Any players who have not been approached and who would like to try for the team, please notify either Vallier or Beaudoin.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

Jack Haney and George Sumner have been farmed out by the Main Office to the Standards.

Elections were a disappointment to two of our best known young gentlemen. Both took their losses goodnaturedly. However, absence of these scalpers was noticed directly after the returns.

Skish Oleson had something to say about the election sweepstakes. He claims he was gypped of a quarter. Now we

know who Scotland's Unknown Soldier was.

Barney has more confidence than ever in Top's ability as a racketeer. He was gypped of a quarter, too. Hang on to your money, Barney. This is not South Portland; you'll meet some "slicker" birds than you, up in this part of the country.

Yes, sir, the two wonder teams lost out in the tournament play—Berlin High to Keene, and South Portland to Cheverus. We see a little peace ahead; no more arguments between Winslow and Beaudoin till next spring, anyway.

For the benefit of any girls that may be interested—Barney Winslow announces that he is not signed up for Thursday, April 24, and Monday, April 28, and would be very glad to go calling on both nights. (Gorham papers please copy.)

Margaret took a vacation the last week in March. She stayed home practicing

"flapjacks," as the maple syrup season is near at hand. We hope she will not throw her apron in the dough.

Eleanor Pettingill seems to be receiving quite a few packages through the American Express lately.

Can you imagine the following being so absent-minded?

Wilbur buying a new car because he could not remember where he parked the old one.

Poisson falling overboard and forgetting that he could swim.

Josie, on the morning of March 12, holding an egg in her hand and boiling her watch.

Skish forgetting to call a spade a spade in playing bridge.

Barbara getting up in the middle of the night and striking a match to see if she had turned off the electric light before retiring.

Beaudoin leaving a note on his desk:



THE CUTE LITTLE YOUNGSTER IS ELAINE, DAUGHTER OF ARTHUR SEGUIN, FORMER EMPLOYEE OF THE BROWN COMPANY. THE POLICE DOG IS OWNED BY FRANK SEGUIN OF THE TUBE MILL.

"Back in 30 minutes," and sitting down to wait for himself.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the employees of the Sulphite Mill, the service department and the plumbing department for their kind expressions of sympathy and the beautiful floral tributes sent us at the time of our bereavement.

Mr. Allen Henly,
Mr. Daniel Henly,
Mr. Allen F. Henly, Jr.,
Mrs. Jos. H. Eck.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

We have just received a copy of Geological Survey Water Supply Paper 636-C, entitled "The New England Flood of November, 1927," by H. B. Kinnison. This forms a very interesting souvenir of a memorable experience.

W. B. Van Arsdell has returned after an extended trip through New England, exploring the resources of the graduating classes of the various colleges.

J. J. Priest has resigned to accept a position in a paper mill at Richmond, Virginia.

Dr. Hugh K. Moore was in the office for a short period this month. We were

glad to see him partially recovered from his recent illness and to hear his vivid description of methods used by modern surgeons in removing the stone. He apparently continued his scientific interests while in the hospital at Manchester.

Mr. Richter has the sympathy of all members of the department because of the recent death of his father.

Mr. and Mrs. Jere Steady are receiving congratulations because of the birth of a son.

M. W. Hayes and Phil Glasson report an attempt to ascend Mt. Washington on April 6. Evidently it will be some weeks yet before it can be "clumb" with comfort.

E. W. Lovering reports that Vic Beau-doin is planning to form an archery class.

Phil Glasson is said to have bought another Chevrolet—not new, for he has a predilection for leaky radiators.

To Brown Company, Research Department:

The family of the late Julius Richter acknowledges with grateful appreciation your kind expression of sympathy.

March 25 was the date of another excellent supper at the Girls' Club. This time we were the guests of the Photo Section Group, who displayed artistic as well as "Eat-istic" skill in serving the supper—our little pear-men salads were quite the hit of the meal! The menu is as follows:

Woodcock	Pickles	Rolls
	Pear and Pineapple Salad	
Ice Cream		Cake
Tea		Coffee

Following the supper we were entertained by Hulda Garmoe, whose singing and playing we always enjoy.

LEATHER PLANT

Mr. Marois, the sheik of the dryer boys, says that Donnelly should get a haircut if he wants to keep on trying to beat him around the department.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED

How Clough can gnaw a moustache?
How Mack can sell peanuts?
How Monahan can sing?
How O'Neil can dance?
How Rich can keep his crew busy?
How Fred can draw?
How Leo Morin can do puzzles?
How Jewie can eat?
How Mayotte can chew tobacco?

How John gets excited?
How Cliff can eat peanuts?

Nathan Pike is the proud owner of a new Chevrolet car.

Laura says she likes beachnut gum, so please don't offer her any other kind.

If anyone wants to get signed up for a fight, see promoter Arthur Paulin.

James Monahan has not been heard singing lately. He says it is because no one has composed a song to suit him.

If you want to know anything about Gorham, apply to Fred Marois of the Leather Plant.

Rich is the proud owner of a Majestic radio. He says it comes in so good he got Milan last week.

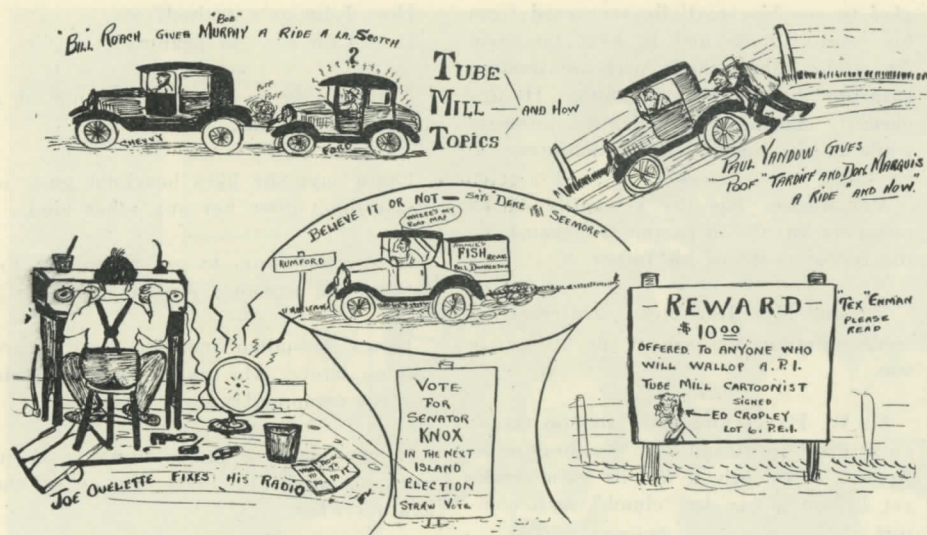
TUBE MILL NO. 2

The many friends of Jerry Beattie will be pleased to learn that he is fast recovering from the injury he received some time ago, and it won't be long now until he will be playing the "fiddle" as well as ever. We hope so.

The millwrights here are planning to take up a subscription to buy Arthur



TROPHIES WON BY ROBT. MORTENSON, AGE 11, NANSEN JUNIOR SKI CLUB



MacKenzie an alarm clock that can be depended upon. The other morning Mr. MacKenzie arrived at an early hour, in fact, much too early to begin the daily toil, so he returned home to rest and came back at eight. The clock was two hours early. Chet Carr says that Arthur may have a slight touch of insomnia. Laugh that off.

Eddie Blais, prominent tour millwright here, appeared on the street with practically a new car lately. He told us how he took the old bus apart, took it upstairs to his room and set it up, dolled 'er up, got in only to find out he had to take it all apart again to get it downstairs. This is like the fellow who built the nice, big motorboat in his basement and never once thought of how he was going to get it out. Perhaps his name was Blais, too.

Have you seen Joe McGillen's Hup? It's a corker. Good work, Joe. Mr. McGillen has aspirations of becoming an aviator, and we believe Joe will make good. He is also a soldier of fortune, having made a conquest at Rye Beach last summer. He is also a chemist in spare time, and when it comes to being a sheik Joe will make the average male fashion plate look like a "calaboose hobo."

Arthur Morin of No. 3 machine has invented a water radiator to cool off the tubes in Fisette's and Joe Ouellette's radios. They must be getting some "hot" stuff.

Speaking of distance in radio, Fisette of No. 2 elevator got the "Man in the Moon" from station C. K. A. C., Montreal.

Joe Ouelette of No. 2 machine, who has been reporting radio trouble of late, says

his set backfires and overheats. Our radio expert, Arthur Morin, says the first thing for Joe to do is to adjust his carburetor, and try one of his (Morin's) latest inventions—a radio water radiator, and all fear of his set going up in smoke will be forgotten.

For Sale—Gray enamel kitchen range, all equipped with hot water facilities. This will be a bargain for the purchaser as the range has had exceptionally good care. Telephone 603-J.

As springtime approaches stories of gardening, etc., are beginning to circulate. Bob Horne of No. 1 machine is planning to go into the chicken business on a large scale. Bob might well be classed as a farmer on a small scale as he raises vegetables, chickens, and hogs. Mr. Horne has been studying up on watermelons and the growing of tobacco.

Bob Sturgeon, our prominent blacksmith, who can do anything with iron that Lindy can do with an aeroplane, and who was an Ambassador to the Court of St. Vitus when Sylvanus Wedge was King of P. I., has received a barrel of fresh herring and several sacks of "blue potatoes" from his old friend "Rory" MacDougall. Mr. Sturgeon is planning a big P. I. banquet in the near future. Among the Island guests invited are: Senator Knox, once prominent in political circles on the Island; Byron Ferris; Mark Baker; Charles "Tex" Enman, sport magnate, boxing instructor, manager of several good boxers, fiddler, etc.; Jack Rodgeron, secretary to Tex Enman; Sylvanus Wedge, prominent bear hunter and ex-Emperor of P. I.; Lock MacKenna, step dancer, singer, etc.; Ed Cropley,

champion clam digger; Chet Carr, clog dancer and harmonica player; and several others that space will not permit us at this time to mention. Further details of this banquet will be given later. P. I.'s please read.

The boys of the tank room wish Albert Quessey would buy a pair of glasses as they think he would not make the same mistake twice. Mr. Quessey stepped up, slapped a man on the back and said, "Hello, Mr. Bernier." The stranger turned around and it was then Mr. Quessey realized his mistake. It may be all right to call a man a different name, but we advise omitting the slap on the back as it is apt to prove wrecking, some time.

George MacCosh, potato farmer from Jefferson, N. H., wins the fur lined B. V. D.'s. The following is a load he hauled over to Berlin from Jefferson last fall in his Essex (B. C. X.): 11 barrels of apples, 21 bushels of spuds, 5 people, each weighing over 150 lbs. Mr. MacCosh, who is employed here as a craneman, never varies from the above statement. It is a good thing MacCosh never ran into the State truck inspectors.

Harold Beroney, West Milan farmer, and at present a clockman in the treating department, has been getting up every morning at 5:30. He is training to wrestle Lemay on the Fourth of July. "Gus" MacCosh meets "Strangler" Joe Doyon on the same card.

Harry Ardell of No. 3 tube machine is still talking politics. The more we hear

AT A RECENT MASQUERADE PARTY LEO L'HEUREUX proved to be a good ENTERTAINER.---WE SUGGEST HE NOW OUGHT TO GO INTO VAUDEVILLE.



Harry talk the more we are convinced he would make a first-class councilman for Ward 3. Harry explains matters relative to city affairs that are so complicated to the average citizen. Most political talkers throw a line of hot air that is neither educational nor entertaining. Keep it up, Harry. It is good work.

Joe Leroux of the shipping department is organizing a new "pitch team." He plans to have a team that will be the champions of New Hampshire by September.

Orders for early fall delivery of new potatoes are now being booked by Henry Croteau of the Rubbish Cleaners Society. Mr. Croteau produced the best potatoes that this writer has seen for a long time. If you want to get first-class spuds, call on Mr. Croteau early, because potatoes like his will sell fast.

Poof Tardiff of the Tube Mill office says he wishes that a certain cold party, who must have come from Chili, would buy an oil stove and park it near her desk so that the others would not all die of heat prostration.

It won't be long now until the baseball season will be on, and we hope to see our mill have a good team. At this opportunity we will take the chance to advise "Skinny" Light to leave all his spare change home or in some convenient place or, in fact, anywhere so long as it won't tie up the game. Henry Holland seconds the motion.

Gideon Dubord of the tanks doesn't know beans from brown bread, as the old saying goes. Not long ago he brought in a nice can of beans, and upon opening the can he found brown bread. Doesn't that prove it?

We are all glad to welcome Jerry Chevaire, formerly of the Cascade Plant, to the Tube Mill millwright's crew. Jerry, who is known to all, is one of the old-timers of the step-dancing school. We will put him up against the best, regardless of age. Mr. Chevaire is looking after the pumps here, and we hope it won't be long before we will have the pleasure of seeing him do his stuff.

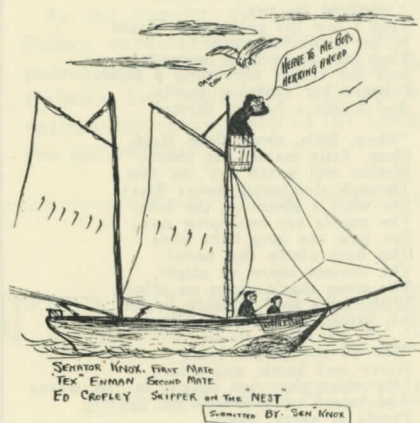
Say, fans, how about a horseshoe pitchers Club? We have several here who are past masters in the art. If you are interested in the sport and would like to join the club, call up Jack Rodgerson, automatic 390.

Bill Ryan of the Dummer yard crew has been seen lately looking over road maps that lead to Prince Edward Island, the land of the luscious herring.

Joe Goudreau, foreman of the tanks and politician of Ward 4, says he is not going to buy any more clams for the reason that his teeth are getting bad and he can't chew the shells.

Frank LeBretton advises Red Donaldson to look up before he looks down the next time, when around the 20-car tanks. Beware of the red-haired female, Red!

John Donaldson is getting his new hen house all remodeled in anticipation of 2000 young chicks on which his incubators are working overtime. Mr. Donaldson hopes to enter several choice birds in the Sherbrooke Fair. He is assisted by Nick Lapointe.



George Beauparlant is planning a trip to Quebec and Montreal to return a fountain pen to a certain party.

Leon Guitard is anxiously waiting for vacation time to roll around so that he can go back East and haul in the old "cod."

THE POET'S CORNER

By "TEX" ENMAN

P. I.'s sun, which was slowly setting
O'er the hilltops at the Brae,
Saw a "clam-digger" in his dory
Rowing slowly down the bay
Saying, "I must leave the Island,
To the U. S. I shall go;
Nevermore will I cut 'longers'
For my old friend, Jimmy Yeo.
Senator Knox and Charles 'Tex' Enman,
Those two birds I'll leave behind,
No more clams will I dig for them;
They will always haunt my mind."
So friend Cropley left the Island;
Thought those boys he never would see.
Wondering where he'd get his herring

In the land of Liberty.
But those two lads knew their onions;
Knew the thoughts in Cropley's brain,
So they flew away to Berlin
In Syl Wedge's aeroplane.
Cropley says now here in Berlin
Never more I'll see those hams.
So he stepped off at the depot
With his satchel full of clams.
As he strode down by the platform
Knox and Enman passed him by,
Stretching out their hands in welcome,
But they got the "fishy eye."

TO RED

By "TEX" ENMAN

Bill Donaldson, whose nickname is Red,
Joined Jimmy Evans' Revue, so 'tis said.
But since then if you wish
Red can sell you nice fish,
The show business it seems is quite dead.

Indignant Wife (to incoming husband):
"What does the clock say?"

Semi-plastered Husband: "It shays
'tick-tock,' and doggies shay 'bow-wow,'
and cows shay 'moo-moo,' and little pussycats shay 'meow-meow.' Now ya shatisfied?"—Flamingo.

"Every one in our family is some kind of animal," said Jimmie to the amazed preacher.

"Why you shouldn't say that!" the good man exclaimed.

"Well," said Jimmie, "mother's a dear, the baby is mother's little lamb, I'm the kid and dad's the goat."

NEW YORK OFFICE

Mr. Slauson has returned from his vacation, and reports a most enjoyable time, with only two days of rain. On his trip he visited the farm at Shawano and the various Graybar offices in the South.

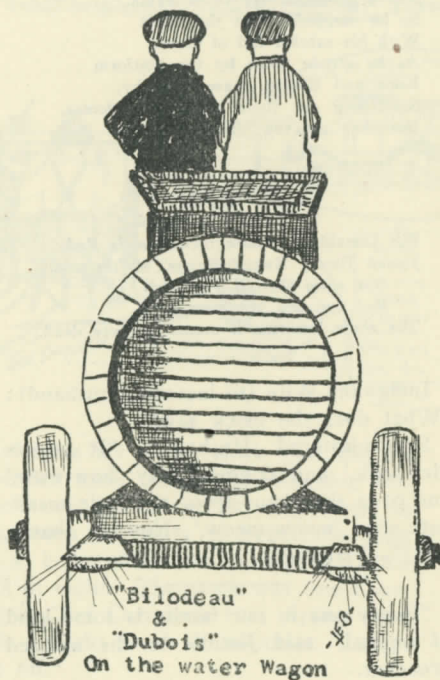
The sympathy of the office is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Pray, whose small daughter, Janet, is ill with scarlet fever. We are glad to report, however, that her condition is much improved, and we all hope that she will soon be entirely well again.

C. C. Cowley has been transferred to the Pittsburgh Office, and will make his headquarters there.

Recent visitors to our office were Messrs. L. G. Gurnett, W. B. Brockway, M. M. Shaw, B. D. Hubbard, J. H. Leo, T. W. Estabrook, and A. Brosius.

A. C. Sewall of the Boston Office is in New York at the present time, working on Onco.

SULPHITE MILL GAS



On account of warmer weather, Leon Labonte will not need any extra woolen socks.

Bob Sturgeon is now taking great precaution when ordering his radio on trial.

Charles Jesky of the yard office has become quite a basketball star. He journeyed to Jefferson recently where he played an exceptional game.

I wish to thank the employees of the Sulphite Mill for their floral tribute and for their kind expressions of sympathy in our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Helen Nichols Belanger.

Traveler (to conductor after being on the train for 24 hours)—When will we get there? I am tired.

Conductor—Why, man, I have been on this train for 13 years.

Traveler—At what station did you get on?

The new No. 7 Heine boiler has been completed and is now ready for operation.

John Marois of the pipers' crew is recovering favorably from an accident. Mr. Marois came very near sustaining a serious injury when a piece of 4 by 4, with

EASTER LULLABY OF ST. ANNE TO THE VIRGIN

As I stood last night on the hillside
When the sunset touched St. Anne's spire,
I saw the gray, scudding cloudlets
All dappled with rosy fire.
A light on the distant mountains,
A gleam in the golden air,
Like a galaxy of angels
Descending an opal stair.

And the gracious St. Anne's statue
That stands like a beacon light
And towers over all the city
And broods o'er it day and night,
It looms through the mists of the morning,
And, seen from each valley and hill,
Wherever one's footsteps may wander
Like a magnet draws one still.

She stands like the Christ of the Andes
Through mountain snow storm and rain,
Eternally telling God's children
Of Love, the redeemer of pain.
She throbs in the magic sunset,
She warns, she blesses, she charms,
In the strength of mother-love watching
With the Virgin in her arms.

Was it a dream or a notion,
A twilight fantasy,
That I saw her gather the Virgin
In her arms in ecstasy?
That just as evening descended
And the vesper bells rang a chime,
I heard her crooning slowly
And fondly a lullaby rhyme?

"Sleep, little, sleep, little Maid,
Sleep, little maiden, so sweet,
Mother will watch o'er thy rest
Through slumbering hours fleet!
See what a gleam on the hills!
The angels are beckoning now;
See how the long light gilds
The halo above thy brow!
The crosses below us alight,
The cross that's above us ablaze,
With God's holy radiance bright,
All bathed in the glorious rays.

"See all the people below
Hurry and bustle and glide!
Like ships that are caught in the waves
And tossed on a wearisome tide!
People of every creed,
Pledged to thy Father's love,
To save those immortal souls
He sent his Son from above!
See, there's one that looks up,
The youngest child of the race,
He lingers to worship the smile
On thy tender and pitying face.

"Maiden modest and mild!
Conferring divine sympathy,
Thou who hast felt human woe,
In the Holy Family,
Sleep, little Maid, slumber on,
Through the hours of darkening night,
Till the rose of the spreading dawn,
Puts the awesome shadows to flight.
Think no more of past grief,
The towering cross forget . . .
The tears of Gethsemane,
The anguish of Olivet.

"Close thy faint eyelids so light,
Shut out the shapes of the hills,
Reminding of Calvary's height,
Sorrow that time never stills;
Dream of pomegranate groves,
On the shores of Lake Galilee,
Of Damascus roses ablow,
And jasmine abloom for the bee.

"Dream of the great white stars
With their liquid, langorous light,
Of the waving cypress tops,
And the scents of an Eastern night.
Fold thy sweet hands in mine,
Lean on thy mother's breast,
Sleep, little Maiden divine,
Rest, my little one, rest."

—Sylvia Tryon.

a spike in it, fell about 50 feet and hit him on the end of the nose.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

June M., Mary Pickford, and Harry Lauder will wear 'em short?

Pete Lafleur is not as big as Primo Carnera; it's just his way?

Mr. Whiteman has not been up to hear Paul Grenier's band, yet?

Tiny Ramsay has not decided to grow up?

Mildred's love of the country came from a bill she received?

Patsy recommends the Ultra Violet Ray dome treatment?

Bob Riva has to stand on a chair to see the top of his head?

Fat Marois can never be a female impersonator?

Bill Johnson can't be a toreador, he just tosses the bovine?

One Pilgrim and no puritans have we?

F. Gibbons does stop talking when she is gargling her throat?

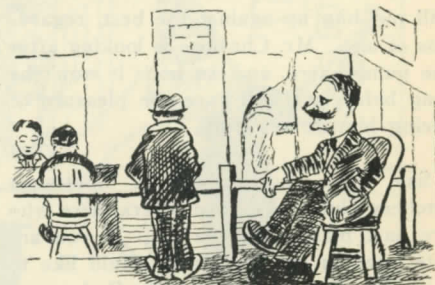
R. Sturgeon will not succeed Mr. Edison this year?

Eddie, our traffic clerk, has moved his desk and will perform his duties in the Pulp Sales Department from now on.

Pete Ryan and Arthur Riva were on the Y. M. C. A. team that defeated Groveton by 75 pins.

Bim is the name of Marian's little dog. She says he is the cutest little thing on two feet.

Placid Caron is now the proud owner of a Chevrolet Sports Model Roadster, and he is planning to give all his girl friends in town a ride. Wait a while, Placid, until you learn where all the parking spaces are.



ADJUTOR DION THE GAIE TENDER
WARD-4

We are pleased to hear that Paul Rheume is doing nicely after a very serious operation in St. Louis Hospital.

The writer is informed that the Glen Road is not open for parking yet.

Because of some men's rapid promotion we call them lucky; it is much nearer the truth to say they were prepared for the opportunity.

It won't be long until the baseball players will be itching for the feel of the "old spheroid," and anxious to "smack one off the lot" with their favorite "clouting pole." Winter passed without one hockey game; let us not pass the summer without a baseball game. Let's get going on this proposition. There are a lot of details to fix up, as those who have managed teams know. The sooner these are arranged, the better for the ball club.

Edmond Louis Belanger, 21, died on Saturday, March 8, at the home of his parents, 5 Cambridge Street. The deceased leaves to mourn him, his wife, father and mother, and five brothers and

five sisters. Interment was in the family lot at Groveton, New Hampshire. We extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved wife and family.

Coos Lodge No. 25, Knights of Pythias, celebrated its 45th anniversary Wednesday evening, March 26.

The excellent entertainment program and refreshments were provided by the Pythian Sisters. The number put on by former members of the Burgess Minstrels was rendered with all the old time pep and snap, and it fully sustained the high grade reputation of these charcoal artists. The cast: End Men, Jack Cavagnaro, Jim Moody, Mike Hazzard, Arthur Thomas; soloists, John Laffin, Amie Lavoie, John Powers; young jig dancer, Ormand Vaillancourt; Ed. Barbin at the piano. Messrs. Hazzard and Vaillancourt are late additions to the entertainers.

At the regular meeting of the lodge Friday evening a unanimous vote was passed that a letter be sent to the Brown Bulletin for publication expressing the enthusiastic appreciation of the Lodge for the performance.

He (twice nicked by the razor)—"Hey, barber, gimme a glass of water."

Barber—"Wassa matter, hair in your mouth?"

He—"No, I wanna see if my neck leaks."

DEFINED

Bachelor—Guy who didn't have a car in his younger days.

House Warming—Last call for wedding presents.

Detour—The roughest distance between two points.

Puncture—A little hole which develops 10 miles from a garage.

Bill of Fare—A list of eats, distinguished from menu by the figures in the right hand column.—The Pathfinder.

In an accident, it is well to have presence of mind, and, if possible, absence of body.

Economy is a virtue which consists of denying oneself necessary things today in order to buy unnecessary things tomorrow.

Ben: "You seem hoarse this morning."

Abe: "Yes, I was talking through a screen door and strained my voice."

A TWENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

By ELIZABETH COLE

WE do not consider a person very old on his twenty-fifth birthday.

On the contrary he is supposed to be just starting out in life—his childhood, adolescence and youth have now passed and he is about to reap the advantages of those habit forming and character training years. At twenty-five he has reached man's estate with a future before him.

In considering the twenty-fifth birthday of one of our oldest organized health movements, however, we are inclined to feel that a decade has been a long period of time. The National Tuberculosis Association which was founded in 1904 and celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday last November has crowded these years so full of accomplishments that we are inclined, and rightly too, to regard it as a grandfather among organizations.

When the National Tuberculosis Association was formed, there was only one other non-official agency of a national

character in the entire United States, the American Public Health Association, which was organized in 1872. It had no operating program, however, and its energies were devoted largely to the publication of a magazine and the conduct of an annual meeting. Thus the National Tuberculosis Association became the first organized health promotion agency of a non-official character in the country, with a nation-wide scope and program and has served as a model for many of the other specialized public health movements.

Laymen as well as physicians were included in its membership from the beginning and its purpose to help the country both economically as well as socially in combating the scourge of tuberculosis has been manifested in many more ways than in the chief outwardly-seen one, namely the greatly reduced death-rate.

For twenty-five years the National Tuberculosis Association has been a leader in organized education of the public in

the ways of health. By emphasizing the need for rest, fresh air, food, cleanliness, sanitary living and working places, freedom from fatigue in various occupations as well as the need of suitable institutions for incipient and advanced cases of tuberculosis, this association has made its greatest contribution. It has made the public health-conscious.

In looking back over the twenty-five years these are some of the actual results they have helped to bring about. In 1904 there were 115 sanatoria in the United States with an aggregate bed capacity of 9,107. On January 1, 1929, there were 618 tuberculosis hospitals and sanatoria with a combined capacity of 73,695 beds. There were no tuberculosis dispensaries or clinics in 1904. In 1928 there were 3,671. The first open-air school was established in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1908 and now there are at least 1,000 schools for children from tuberculosis homes or who are sub-standard in health. There were

not more than ten public health nurses who devoted a definite part of their time to tuberculosis work twenty-five years ago. Now there are 7,115. There are eighty-three preventoria for children. In 1904 there were in existence twenty tuberculosis associations of which number only eight had money or active programs. Now there is a state association in every state and there are local associations in the larger cities and counties numbering 1,454.

The Association was founded for the study as well as for the prevention of tuberculosis and research work has been carried on from the beginning. In 1920 a

formal Committee on Medical Research was organized and the influence of its coordinated studies and discoveries has already been marked.

These are briefly a few of the visible accomplishments of this twenty-five year old movement. In supporting its work through buying Christmas seals the funds of which are used to carry on the campaign it is well to remember that twenty-five years is a comparatively short time and that there is much more to be done. There are still over 500,000 living cases of tuberculosis in this country and in 1928 there were 93,000 deaths. There are far too many patients being admitted to sana-

toria in the late instead of early stages of the disease. Although we can rejoice that the death-rate has been cut in half, yet in the age period 15 to 45 tuberculosis still takes more lives than any other disease. Here is the prime productive group of our nation, with one out of every five deaths occurring then caused by tuberculosis!

There can be no feeling of self-satisfied complacency on this twenty-fifth birthday. Rather should there be a renewed ambition to go forward. Armed with maturer experience, it will be the aim to reach that goal when tuberculosis shall be reduced to a comparative minimum.

WE VIEW WITH ALARM

The persistent wickedness of mankind! In charity, in all kindness it was imputed to the flowing cup. Men, it was said, were not of natural bent so given to evil. The fumes of alcohol mounting to the brain destroyed the character. But the vileness was not, after all, in the wine but in the human heart.

Observe the issue of events since 1920. Skirts have become shorter and shorter; the feminine form shaplier and shaplier; women sophisticate their faces; they have learned to smoke, they have made war on fat. And men have foully applauded. The world has merely turned from Bacchus to Venus. The Volstead Act is of no avail; the blue laws cannot crush the ineluctable urge to worldiness; the censors, even those of Boston and the post-office perform their holy endeavors in vain. The world still smiles; still continues ardent in the pursuit of pleasure. Something must be done.

Let it be enacted that women shall be compelled to wear black bombazine, cashmere hose and boots half-way to the knee; let no square inch of feminine hide show below the ears; sleeves shall be made to cover the arm from shoulder to wrist-bone; petticoats shall be ample. But, on the other hand, compel men to exhibitionism; make them appear in short trousers, with socks and garters as is; let the women see those hairy shins and knobby knees; bring back full beards, make it unlawful to launder them and order that men shall eat onion soup thrice daily. Let the death-bed be the motif of all literature, let it describe the sanctified end of the righteous and the dreadful finish of the sinful. Coffee is a stimulant; it may waken the mind and bring on ideas. Let it perish. Coca-cola and postum cereal are enough for the pure-minded. Tobacco? It must go also. It is asso-

ciated with moonlit nights, with the dance-hall, with the pool-room. Cubeb berries will take its place. They are associated only with asthma.

Thus the human heart will be purged. Thus all sex enticement will cease. Thus will men be driven to read the Bible as the only repository of stories with a wallop. But we shall still eat. My God, how we shall eat! And eat and eat and eat. And thus, aroll in our own greasiness, fat of belly but pure of heart, we shall die. And as we pass out we shall sing with real unction and genuine feeling, "O Death, where is thy sting?"—The Kalends.

INVEST IN YOURSELF

Invest in yourself! It will bring the biggest returns, not only in money, but in satisfaction and happiness as well. Henry Ford once said, "I think that much of the advice given to young men about saving money is wrong. I never saved a cent until I was 40 years old. I invested in myself—in study, in mastering my tools, in preparation. Many a man who is putting a few dollars a week into the bank would do much better to put it into himself."

Dr. J. S. Noffsinger, director of the National Home Study Council of Washington, D. C., makes the following comparison between the returns on investment and on education:

"Department of Labor statistics show that the untrained man averages less than \$1,200 a year. The boy who stays in school four more years and finishes high school averages \$2,200—almost twice as much as the untrained man. In ten years he averages \$10,000 more than the boy who never went beyond the grades.

"If, instead of continuing his education through the high school period, he succeeded in getting a good job and per-

manent employment, he might be able to earn \$4,000 during those four years. If he put all of this \$4,000 in the savings bank and left it there for ten years, he would have, principle and interest, something like \$5,375.67. Even if he succeeded in getting eight or ten per cent. on his money, it would be much less than the additional \$10,000 he would probably earn by having a better education.

"If he takes another four years' training and goes through college, or completes a technical or business course, he increases his earning capacity to five or six thousand a year—more than double the income of the high school graduate. He is making four or five thousand a year more than the unschooled man—fifty thousand dollars in ten years. Often his income goes far beyond this.

"These figures show the average incomes of men with various degrees of education. Of course there are exceptions, men and women without the advantages of formal schooling sometimes reach the highest positions. But if we study their lives, we find that they got an education in spite of the fact that they were denied the privilege of going to school. They study by themselves, in the evening at home. They borrowed books and frequented libraries, they took up correspondence courses, they availed themselves of every opportunity to learn.

"The widespread development of accredited correspondence schools during recent years makes it possible for boys and girls to continue their education, even when they are compelled to quit school and go to work. Home-study courses also offer educational opportunities to adults who failed to get an education in their youth."

A man all wrapped up in himself makes a very small package.

WOMEN'S PAGE

CHILDREN'S Easter Party

By Betty Somerville

THE children will be delighted with a birthday or Easter party decorated similar to the table illustrated. The cheerful table cover with a pattern of bunnies gayly promenading along the edge is a decorated crepe paper cover. Napkins match the table cover design. The jonquil centerpiece with the bunnies and chicks frolics around it should surely prove the center of attraction, especially when bunny and chick favors are concealed in the center.

How to Make the Centerpiece

Make a round box, using a circular piece of cardboard about six inches in diameter. Fasten a straight strip of cardboard about three inches wide around the edge of the circle to form the sides, joining the two together with tabs of cloth gummed tape.

Fasten four heavy wires together for the stem, spreading them out at the top and fastening to the under side of the box. Line the inside of the box with crushed yellow crepe paper and cover the outside with a strip of the same color, cutting it wide enough to form the center tube of the flower. Scallop the top slightly and stretch out in natural shape. Arrange six petals, made of lighter shade of yellow and wired through the center, in position. Finish with a strip of green crepe and wrap the stem, adding leaves as the winding proceeds.

Cut a circle of heavy cardboard about twelve inches in diameter and cover with crushed green crepe paper. Put the stem of the flower through the cardboard, spreading out the wires and fastening them on the under side of the cardboard.



The bunnies and chicks are printed on crepe paper. Cut them out and mount on cardboard. Reinforce the back with wire allowing it to extend an inch or two below the feet. Cover the back neatly with yellow crepe paper. Fasten the figures in place by putting the extending wire through the cardboard, bending back and fastening to the cardboard.

More Favors

A cardboard napkin ring is decorated with a fuzzy chicken made of a narrow crepe paper festoon with fringed edges. This makes another favor for the happy children to take home as well as a diminutive hat box packed with marshmallows or jelly beans.

Illumination Needed

Two little urchins stood with their noses pressed against a barber shop window, watching the white-coated attendants perform their mysterious rites.

"Gee, Mickey, look at that one!" said one, pointing to a barber, wielding a singeing taper: "He's lookin' for 'em with a light!"

About the only person we ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel.

Jack: "Did you know that 17,000 elephants were used last year to make billiard balls?"

Jill: "Oh, dear, isn't it wonderful such

big beasts can be taught such exacting work."—Tid-Bits, London.

Loyalty is the great lubricant of life. It saves the wear and tear of making daily decisions as to what is best to do. It preserves balance and makes results cumulative. The man who is loyal to his work is not wrung nor perplexed by doubts—he sticks to the ship, and if the ship founders, he goes down a hero with the colors flying at the mast, and the band playing.—Elbert Hubbard.

Man, like Deity, creates in his own image. When a painter paints a portrait he makes two—one of himself and one of the sitter. If there is a sleazy thread in your character you will weave it into the fabric you are making.—Elbert Hubbard.

We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs,
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest,
Acts the best.

—Philip James Bailey.

Stage Hand (to manager): "Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the living statues has the hiccoughs."—Blue Gator.



GLEN ELLIS FALLS