

BROWN BULLETIN

Safety
Week

Oct. 28
to
Nov. 2



Safety
Week

at work
on the
street
in the
home

OCTOBER, 1929

PRINTED AT BERLIN, N. H., U. S. A.

BROWN BULLETIN

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OCTOBER, 1929

No. 4

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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ME AND MY SYMPTOMS

By C. O. SAPPINGTON, M. D.

Director, Industrial Health Division, National Safety Council

It is often said that "exchanging symptoms is the principal indoor sport whenever the afflicted gather together." Some hospitals, therefore, have signs which ask patients not to discuss symptoms because sometimes they are "catching."

Women are popularly believed to be the worst offenders in this respect. Bridge parties and afternoon teas are supposed to be incomplete without a detailed account of at least one ailment or operation. But men do it also.

Here are a few points to keep in mind regarding symptoms:

1. Subjective symptoms, or unpleasant sensations are much like children. Too much indulgence spoils them and makes them wilful and obtrusive.
2. Even an experienced physician will not make a diagnosis entirely on symptoms. Trained observation and methods of examination are needed to locate the trouble.
3. Nervous people usually have many symptoms.
4. Subjective symptoms are often warnings, and therefore blessings in disguise if treated with respect and intelligence.
5. Quacks and manufacturers of patent medicines get rich by suggesting symptoms to people with vivid imaginations. Take your medical problems to a medical man.

Only a trained doctor of medicine can interpret your sensations properly. If there is something seriously wrong, treatment can be applied promptly; if not, it is a great satisfaction to find it out. One of the finest services rendered by medical men is to relieve unnecessary worry.

Senator Hiram Johnson was criticizing in San Francisco a move on the part of the power trust.

"The motives of this move shine out," he said. "The move is very transparent. It reminds me of a story.

"In the days of the World War a husky young colored man wanted to be exempted. He said in the registry office:

"'Ah can't go to wah nohow—they hain't nobody to look after mah wife.'

"A colored man of a lighter shade stepped forward briskly.

"'What kind of a lookin' lady is yoh wife?' he asked."—Springfield Union.

SAFETY WEEK

OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 2

at Work, in the Home, on the Street

CHEMICAL MILL WINS PENNANT

THE second annual safety week in Berlin and vicinity will be observed from Monday, October 28, to November 2. Once more our attention is brought to the fact that accidents are increasing throughout the United States at an alarming rate and precious lives are snuffed out in seeming regularity, not only in industry but in the home and on the street.

President Reninger of the National Safety Council in a radio speech at the close of the Universal Safety Series said: "96,000 victims paid the supreme sacrifice on the altar of accidents. Autos lead in this frightful toll with 27,500 victims. Next came home accident fatalities with 24,000 victims, and, mark you, nearly half of these were from falls. One wonders if, after all, there is anything in the oft quoted statement that the home is the haven of refuge.

"Industry contributed 24,000 victims and there were 20,500 fatalities in public places not involving automobile tragedies. And all these totalled 96,000 victims. Think of it! A record of tragedy that looms high above any other country on earth. And why? Just because men fail to consider the devastating cost of accidents, costs that run into cold cash over three billion dollars a year. Yet the financial cost is but a material incident. The deeper cost in suffering and human misery can only be imagined. Isn't it worth while to consider the matter from your own personal viewpoint—in your own interest—and in the interest of your family—and the other fellow's?"

Albert W. Whitney in discussing "Death Through Accidents" said: "The first thing to do and the absolutely necessary thing to do is to get right on the matter ourselves. Accidents come from within, not from without and safety is primarily a

matter of mind. Let us get rid of the idea that accidents are a necessary part of life. Let us get into our minds the fact that accidents can be controlled and that failure to control them is a failure to control ourselves and a personal disgrace."

Patrick E. Crowley, president of the New York Central Lines said that safety is absolutely essential to successful opera-

in a modern factory, in a street—or in a home. We are not 'waging peace' successfully when 96,000 of our citizens are killed annually in peace times."

Dr. Miller McClintock, noted traffic expert, who, after summing up the many things that can be done, are being done, and should be done, in line of regulation, better streets, uniform laws, came right back to the individual in the following statement:

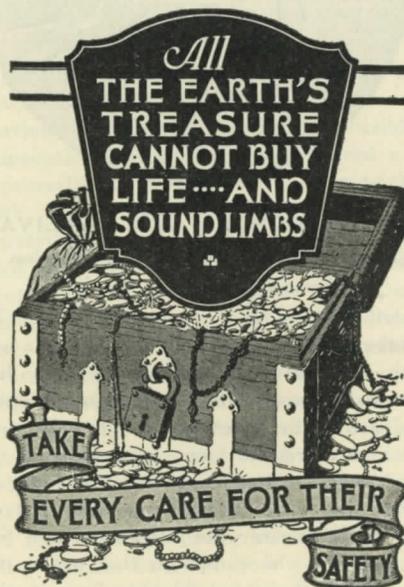
"All these things help the individual in avoiding accidents. But the reckless, foolish or careless driver can still kill himself, even though all these conditions are ideal. Every individual must assume the full responsibility for his own safety and the safety of others."

Grover Whalen, police commissioner of New York, pointed out that we must have uniform laws among cities and states. Also that we must have strict enforcement of all traffic regulations. He called attention to the fact that "Back of it all is the one dominating urge—the conservation of human life."

Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, in an eloquent appeal to the workers of America, asking their cooperation for and with safety, said: "To every worker let me say: Your country needs your product; your employer needs your skill; and your wife and children need their breadwinner. Avoid accidents. Help your employer and your associates to keep you safe."

Recently, several thousand delegates from all over the country and representing the main industries of the country attended the National Safety Congress in Chicago to discuss their experiences of the past year and to exchange ideas.

Some exceptional records in accident prevention were made in the pulp and paper mills in the various parts of the country. To those who say that a certain



tion. He traced the remarkable achievements in railroad safety during recent years and showed that of the millions of passengers carried in the year 1928 there were only sixteen who lost their lives. He urged that the same safety principles be applied in our every day lives.

Robert P. Lamont, Secretary of Commerce, said: "Surely it is important to provide safety for our citizens in peace times. A life is a life, a fatality is a fatality—whether caused in a modern war,

amount of accidents will always happen and that they are unavoidable, the following will be interesting. In a six-months accident prevention contest between paper and pulp mills, the Falls Mill of the Kimberly-Clark Corp. with a total of 653 employees, and averaging a total of 861,364 hours, went the entire six months without one lost time accident. A wonderful record. The superintendent of the plant in accepting the prize winning plaque stated that the secret of their success was the whole-hearted cooperation of the foremen in accepting their responsibility for the safety of their men. They were continuously on the alert for replacing safeguards, seeing that unsafe conditions were remedied and unsafe practices stopped. When a man was put on a new job, he was instructed in the correct and safe way to do his particular work and was warned of the hazards. A foreman is responsible for the safety of his men no less than for the production in his department.

Five other paper and pulp mills went the entire six months without a lost-time accident. One of them, the Riley Mill of the International Paper Co., with 52 employees is on its third year without a lost-time accident. These records are authentic and it shows without a question of a doubt that accidents are preventable.

Good housekeeping is considered to be a big factor in the prevention of accidents. A clean plant is a safe plant. Fifty per cent. of falls were due to poor housekeeping. Loose material in aisles and around machinery caused 45 per cent. of falls. Good housekeeping means "a place for everything and everything in its place."

What is going on in the local plants of the Brown Company? Comparing the first eight months of the year with the corresponding period of last year, we find that there has been a 52 per cent. decrease in accidents, accounted for in the various divisions as follows: Upper Plants, 79% decrease; Tube Mill, 62% decrease; Chemical Mill, 61% decrease; Cascade, 59% decrease; Sulphite, 52% decrease; Riverside, 13% decrease; Miscellaneous Departments, 10% increase. A large increase in the number of employees in the Miscellaneous Departments on extra hazardous work affected the standing of that department. The Shelburne dam project, which is included in the Miscellaneous Departments, has finished the year with a fine safety record. From September, 1928, to September, 1929, the safety record for this operation was 71 per cent. lower than the national average for this type of work. That shows cooperation all along the line.

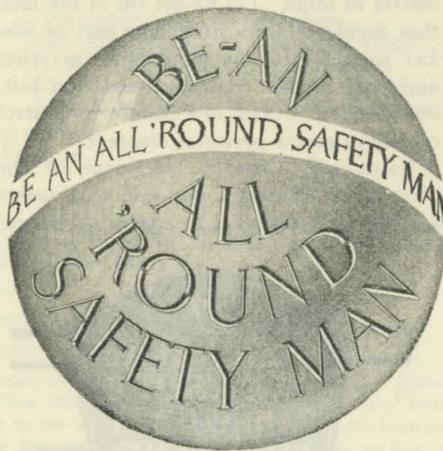
The Chemical Mill's fine record of over four months without a lost-time accident was spoiled on September 7 when one employee spilled hot tar on his fingers. It was a good record while it lasted. How about six months without an accident?

The Chemical Mill is now in possession of the Safety pennant, having won it back from the Riverside Mill. It is going to be a hard job to get it away from them.

During Safety Week, there will be safety movies in the local theatres, sermons in the churches, and other means taken to emphasize the safety movement.

There has been less sorrow and suffering during the past year as the result of the 52 per cent. decrease in accidents.

Let's make it 52 per cent. the coming year. DON'T GET HURT.



FULLER HONORS GEN. SULLIVAN Secretary of State Speaks at Dedication of Memorial to N. H. Soldier

NEWTON, N. Y., Sept. 30.—Enoch D. Fuller, secretary of state for New Hampshire, on Saturday paid tribute to a distinguished son of his state when he spoke as part of the program for the dedication of a memorial to Gen. John Sullivan on the Newtown battlefield. It was here, in 1779, that General Sullivan won one of his victories over the Indians of the Six Nations, in the campaign that broke the power of these formidable allies of the British in the American Revolution.

In his address, Mr. Fuller said:

"One hundred and fifty years of American history, inscribed upon the pages of time, attend us today; 150 years since this spot was made historic ground.

"We are about to dedicate a monument to the memory of General John Sullivan, his troops, and a battle fought against savage forces, augmented by the forces of His Majesty King George the Third. Time has healed many wounds among the English-speaking peoples of the world.

We are reverent in our gratitude that this is true. One hundred and fifty years ago, however, this country was a wilderness, inhabited and controlled by tribes of American-Indians known as the Six Nations. They recognized and submitted to the dictation of His Majesty's forces.

"General Washington was forewarned as to the strategic plans of General Howe and General Burgoyne against him. He determined to break the chain which held the British and the Indians in an inseparable union. To permit of a full military cooperation between the Northern and Southern colonies, it was essential to his purpose that the ever-widening wedge being forced in the Hudson and Mohawk valleys be forever eradicated. He so devised his plans and their operation was successful. The battle of Newtown was one incident, which contributed to the victory of General Gates over Burgoyne at Saratoga; Saratoga which marked the high tide of our struggle for independence. That Washington should have chosen General John Sullivan to conduct the campaign was an expression of great confidence in the man. Historians now recognize the supreme fitness of General Sullivan for the task. They agree that had he failed, the cause of liberty might have been lost. New Hampshire has ever been and will ever be proud of this man, her own son.

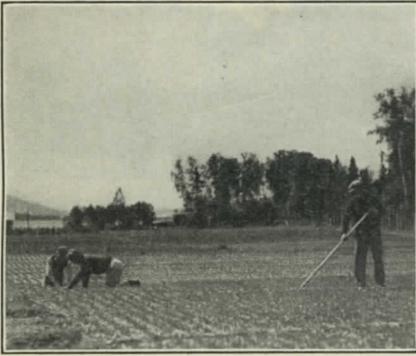
"History is a story of people and events. We accept the thesis that no man can be properly prepared for the full responsibility of citizenship, without an understanding of the past. Today the modern biographer writes of personality. He attempts to analyze and explain the development of character, believing by so doing that history will be of vital interest to the reading public. This is as it should be.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We should make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

"To you, General John Sullivan, patriot, inspiring leader, strategist, statesman, and to your heroic troops, we dedicate this monument. Ever mindful of the living past and present, we renew and pledge our faith to our country's destiny. The State of New Hampshire, proud of your citizenship, is forever honored that the great commonwealths of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, our sister states, should join with us, in doing honor to your memory. May this incident ever be a reminder of your services to a grateful nation, one and inseparable."—Manchester Union.

CUPSUPTIC NURSERY

By ROGER WILLIAMS



Nursery care in transplanting beds.

FOR many years Cupsuptic has been the headquarters for logging operations on the Upper Androscoggin. It was not wholly by chance that Cupsuptic Nursery was established here in 1919. Located near the geographical center of the Company's holdings in Maine and situated on Cupsuptic Lake, one of the most beautiful of the Rangeleys, the soil is as fine as can be found for growing evergreen trees. The gentle southern slope is enough to furnish ample drainage and not too much to cause soil erosion, which is a distinct feature where cultivation is as intensive as nursery practice necessitates. Isolated in a clearing made in the forest so that insects and fungous diseases are practically unknown, the most noted foresters agree that the location of the Nursery is ideal.

In 1919 a few seedbeds were put in, and thereafter for three or four years only an acre or so of ground was used for growing trees. Since that time the Nursery has steadily grown until twenty acres are now used for trees, much of this ground being cleared as the demand of more area required. The growth of the project has warranted the building of a modern house to feed and house the men, the erection of a new office; and this year a road is being completed connecting the Nursery with Oquossoc so that the trees can be more readily transported to the railroad. This fall a new packing house

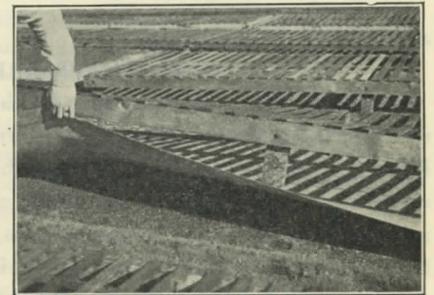
will be built that will adequately handle the packing and shipping of two to three millions of trees each spring.

Originally the purpose was to supply sufficient trees for the reforestation of burned-over lands and old farms that the Company had acquired. The surplus stock in the early days was offered to the public and found ready sale. In fact people could not seem to get trees enough for forest planting and the landscaping of their grounds. At first only a few desirable species were raised for forest planting, but now six important forest species are raised, and eight or ten kinds which are valuable ornamental trees. In the spring of 1929 nearly two million trees were shipped to thirty-two states in crates made in the Nursery's own box shop from spruce lumber cut nearby.

Because of the rigorous climate, an elevation of 1450 feet, and the use of northern-grown seed, so far as possible, Cupsuptic Nursery stock has proved exceptionally hardy and has been received with special favor by landowners and nurseries throughout the country. The seed is sown during early June in beds containing forty-eight square feet. During the first summer the tiny seedlings are shaded with lath racks, carefully weeded and watered, and in the fall mulched with straw. The second summer no protection is required; the trees become quite strong and reach an average height of about two inches. The next spring they are transplanted into beds, six feet wide containing about 5000 trees. They remain in these beds from one to two years when they are ready to be lifted and packed in sphagnum moss and shipped to their new homes.

Trees that are raised to a larger size for ornamental plantings are transplanted again after they are four years old and spaced in the transplant beds or else planted into rows much like corn. This develops the root system so that the tree will be able to exist after being planted on its final site and enables the top to develop and becomes a beautiful, bushy tree.

Many phases of nursery work are interesting. In fact, no part becomes monotonous. As the seasons change the work progressively changes. Experiments are constantly carried on to see what species are hardy, what will grow best on different soils, and the amount of seed of each variety to plant to get the best stands in the seedbeds. This year thirty-two different kinds of pine seeds were planted in experimental plots, many of them rare species and all of them exotic to this region. We knew that many of them were not hardy and when the first hard frost came, these tender trees froze and wilted much like garden crops. The origin of seed has much to do with the sort of trees that it will grow. This is especially true with Scotch Pine, which is mostly imported from Europe. Douglas Fir from the Pacific slope does not prove as hardy at Cupsuptic as that from Colorado, collected at an elevation varying but little from our own. Added to the ecological aspect, the problem of raising trees cheaply is an important factor in nursery management, especially the production of reforestation stock. Many people do not realize that forty to eighty years are needed to grow a timber crop and on such a long-term investment the initial cost is an important one. It has been proved that the cost of the plantation cannot be lessened through rapid hap-hazard methods of planting. The saving must be made in the growing of the trees in the nursery. Constantly new methods and new tools are developed for all kinds of work from the time the seeds are sown



One year old beds.



Transplanting Beds with Office and Mr. King's Cottage in the Background.

until the trees are lifted and packed in moss and delivered to the railroad.

One problem, which made the erection of three-quarters of a mile of eight-foot wire fence necessary was the damage from deer. Nurserymen from other regions look at us with disbelieving eyes when we

tell them the fence is to keep out deer. Certainly, deer do not eat the trees; there are plenty of trees growing nearby. But, deer are inquisitive creatures, and during the night wander into this clearing in the woods to see what it is all about, or to get away from the flies, and suddenly be-

come alarmed in the early hours of the morning, possibly by the big pan of bacon rattling on the cook-room stove. Up go their tails and they can run through a quarter of a mile of seedbeds to reach the safety of the woods again, and several hundred small spruce plants are destroyed.

AUTUMN'S PARADE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

Melancholy days have no part in nature's gorgeous parade in New Hampshire. Frost has spiritualized and glorified the mountains. There may be a splash of rain occasionally, but seldom; there may be a bluster of wind, but rarely. It is mostly sunshine winging down through the clearest, bluest sky of the year. Na-

ture is out for a holiday and dressed for the occasion. Purple and gold and green mantle the mountains. The sumach flame like fire along the thicket edges. The maples have donned their robes of glory, and the vines along the fences creep crimson like fire in the grasses, a soft haze mellows the outlines of the timbered lands and rough-faced peaks; birds of many hues weave graceful curves in the skies as if hesitating to bid the nestling home

goodby. Children reluctantly pull on their shoes and start for school, for life is too glad, too happy, and is crestfallen that it should be shut in. Sweet-flavored nuts are falling from the trees, squirrels are chattering the gossip of the woods and songs and laughter echo along the fields. Rivers and lakes sheen and shimmer as at no other season of the year, and nature's smile reveals a contented glory over a summer's work well done.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

THE SAFE MAN IS THE BEST MAN.

NEWS IN THE MAKING

Every time the fire engine and hook-and-ladder truck go clanging down the street there is news in the making. It may be only a small blaze or it may be a conflagration with thrilling rescues and all the details that make a front page newspaper story. But large or small, a fire is always news. The public wants to know where it occurred, how much damage was done, and how many lives were lost.

Careless smokers make many columns of news every year. The tobacco habit is expensive enough but the amount we pay the nicotine venders for cigars, cigarettes and pipe tobacco isn't the total cost. There is another heavy bill for live butts and matches thrown in wastebaskets, piles of shavings, excelsior and other combustible litter.

Poor housekeeping isn't usually a direct cause of fire, although piles of oily rags and other combustible materials sometimes take fire without any outside help and the result is called "spontaneous ignition." Whatever the original cause of fire may be,—smoking, matches, putting hot ashes in wooden boxes, or defective electrical equipment, chimneys or stoves—accumulations of rubbish give the fire plenty of material to feed on. You can do your part in preventing fires by helping to keep the place clean—both at home and at work.

When you come to the end of a perfect



smoke, dispose of the butt safely. This isn't an asbestos world.

INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE BASEBALL

Since the last issue of the Bulletin, the supporters of the industrial league have witnessed four fast games. The I. P. team, champions of the league, defeated the cellar occupants, the Cascade A. A., by the score of 9 to 2. The second game played between the Standards and the Tube Mill, was won by the former, the score being 4 to 0. The third game was won by the I. P., their opponents being the Research Department. The outcome of this game was 2 and 0. The last game, played between those two ancient rivals, the Research and the Standards, resulted in a tie, 3 and 3.

Owing to the football practice and to the early arrival of darkness it has been impossible to finish the schedule. However, as only a few games remain to be played, the fans may witness at least another game. As you will notice by the following standing of the league, we have done our level best to finish this schedule, but owing to the tie games played it has been really hard.

Three of the six teams have completed their sixteen games. The league standing to date is as follows:

Team	Won	Lost	Tied	Percent.
I. P.	12	4	0	.750
Standards	9	5	3	.643
Research	9	6	2	.599
Tube Mill	7	8	1	.466
Y. M. C. A.....	7	9	0	.437
Cascade A. A.....	4	12	0	.250

Take notice that the Standards have played seventeen games and the Research seventeen also. This is due to the games which were the outcome of tie-game play-offs. Before tie games became the fashion in the league, Standards had two ties to play off, one with the Research and the other with the Tube Mill Tar Babies. The Standards did not play off their tie game with the Tube Mill, but they did with the Research and that game also resulted in a tie, leaving the Standards with three tie games, Research two, and the Tube Mill with one tie game.

First place was captured by the I. P. team, and at this time the remainder of the teams, through the columns of the Brown Bulletin, hail the champions as a wonderful team and true sportsmen.



Second place is vacant as the Standards and the Research cannot determine which is the better team. And what a whale of a game when these two teams get together. On the diamond it was fight from start to finish, but after the games—true friendship was evident. The Tube Mill could not reach second place by winning their tie game and if they lost they would be in a tie place with the Y. M. C. A.

The Cascade A. A., although finishing in last place, had a good team, but it just somehow couldn't seem to get going. Perhaps they carried a jinx with them this year, but next year we assure you, the Cascade A. A. will give the leaders a merry chase.

Many readers, no doubt, will form the opinion that the league has been one of the many flops which have occurred when one tried to keep baseball in Berlin. When one realizes that all the players of this league, did not finish their day's work until five o'clock and then would change into their baseball togs, playing ball until dark, you will agree that the players certainly put themselves out quite a bit for your entertainment.

We assure the baseball fans that everything possible will be done to finish the schedule, and the concluding write-up on the league will be published in the next issue.

The Standards Division of the Industrial Relations Department, wish to congratulate the I. P. team and are happy to call them "champs." To the other teams

which we had the pleasure of meeting, we have but a few words to say but they mean a good deal. You are excellent baseball players and wonderful sports.

WINTER ACTIVITIES

As the baseball season is over, and football is too costly a game, not so much cost for the equipment as for the doctor's bills, we turn to indoor sports and leave parlor games out for the present.

In case the reader of this article has not been keeping in touch with the activities of the Standards Division during previous winters, we wish to state that the winter time is when we show our stuff.

Bowling, indoor baseball, and rifle practice under the able direction of Capt. "Spike" Hennessey, and feeds of steamed clams under the leadership of Mr. Tellington, seem to be the prevailing winter sports.

There is always a better attendance at the bowling sessions than at any of the rest, with the exception of the clam feeds, which is only natural.

Within a week or so our bowling matches will start, and the lameness will start also. But after the boys hit their stride, competition is keen and some great old matches develop. It is planned to have a bowling session once a week, and also another form of recreation once a week.

Harold Donnelly spent his vacation motoring through Canada and the Southern states, with a stop-over at Miami and West Palm Beach, Fla.

Maurice Thurlow, the Squire of Cascade Hill, has purchased a new home. He also intends to build a small garage for his Chevrolet.

Now that the bowling season is fast approaching, "Itchie" Martin is all smiles. And he has reason to be happy, for when Itchie starts that old ball rolling, a pin-boy's job is our idea of nothing at all.

"Shorty" Teare, nature's gift to carpenters when step-ladders are not around, spent his vacation in New York City.

Ralph Sylvester motored through New York state during the first week in September, stopping three days in New York City.

The Worst Poison Known

Heard while gazing at two aeroplanes flying in the horizon: "One drop and you're gone."

On Tuesday evening, October 8, Miss Hazel Locke, industrial nurse, was guest of honor at a very attractive shower given at the Girls' Club. Miss Locke had been invited to attend a party given by Miss Uhschoeffer and on arriving at the Club was completely surprised when the girls gathered there greeted her with "surprise" and she became aware that the party was in her honor.

A large pink and white decorated basket was presented Miss Locke. On examining it she found linen, china, silver, pyrex, and all sorts of gifts for the "bride-to-be." After the gifts had been duly admired and Hazel had invited each and every one to help her enjoy them, bridge was in order. The high score was held by Miss Violet Hindle and consolation went to Mrs. Dorine Labonte.

At 10:30 the dining room became the center of attraction. Pink and white were carried out as a color scheme and a large bouquet of tea roses gracing the center of the table completed the picture. A most delicious luncheon was enjoyed, consisting of chicken patties, hot rolls, olives, coffee, cake, and ice cream in the form of miniature "cupies."

The affair was given by the nurses in view of Miss Locke's approaching marriage to Harold Taylor, which will take place October 19.

The following were present: Misses Esther Anne Uhschoeffer, Gertrude Kennedy, Dorothy Goodwin, Sally Studley, Martha Fagan, Florence Sheridan, Olive Hodgdon, Violet Hindle, Roma Rayner, Myrtle Smith, Helen Wilson, Sarah Quinn, Mildred Locke, Alma Manchester, Mrs. Dorine Labonte, Mrs. Margaret Brannen, and the guest of honor, Miss Hazel Locke.

Miss Bernadette Gunn, R. N., has accepted a position as industrial nurse at the Sulphite Mill. Miss Gunn is a graduate of Notre Dame Hospital, Manchester, N. H., 1928. She will take the place of Miss Hazel Locke.

LIST OF DEATHS

Upper Plants

Ernest Croteau was born March 7, 1906. He commenced work with the Brown Company in July, 1920. His death occurred Sept. 11, 1929.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

Upper Plants

Franklin Mortenson from laborer to engineer.

Tim Rowe from laborer to foreman.
Pete Sevigny from hose man to foreman.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Sabastien Vautour	\$ 44.40
Oliver Gilbert	6.25
Jacob Sheptor	48.00
Odelie Tardiff (benefit Onesime Tardiff).....	48.00
Odilon Thibodeau	86.00
Ludioine Lemieux (benefit Arthur Lemieux.....	72.80
Eva Fournier (benefit Joseph Fournier).....	58.00
Wm. Martin	5.24
Edward Garneau	12.00
Frank Eastman	14.00
John Klucknich	46.00
Austin Holt	40.76
Jules Couture	14.00
Napoleon Tremaine	20.00
Archie Marcou	8.00
John Turner	4.00
Arthur Mahew	38.00
Abdon Payeur	25.00
William Litcomb	66.00
J. J. McKinnon	40.00
Andrew Perron	48.00
Selben Mailman	28.20
Joseph Sgroulori	24.00
Sam Montminy	75.00
Ferdmand Cote	48.00
Total.....	\$ 919.65

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Ovila Bisson	\$ 15.50
Joseph Fortier	2.00
Willie Labbe	2.00
John Wright	5.67
Pacifique LaPerle	25.00
Arthur Lambert	68.24
David Beaulieu	16.60
Arthur Riendeau	10.75
Edna Erickson	8.90
Julia Oleson	26.79
Mike Roberge	34.40
Maurice Bouchard	24.00
Herbert Dickinson	24.00
Maurice Jeskey	24.00
Donat Lapointe	25.00
Richard Campagna	24.00
Burton Sunbury	25.00
Alphonse Lacrotx	31.00
Abraham Schroder	24.00
Henry Roberge	28.20
Sig Guimond	24.00
Allen Porteus	54.83
Peter Hamel	30.00
Harold Nutbrown	33.90
Edward Roberge	25.82
Jane Gagnon	21.66
John Greenan	26.00
Mary Ouellette	18.00
John Smith, Jr.	48.00
Edward Couture	12.00
James Brooks	58.00
William J. Williams.....	38.00
Alphonse Phillipob	53.20
John Glinka	36.00
Gene Devost	75.90
Adelard Lemaire	29.90
Herbert Schnare	2.86
Paul Dauphin	50.00
Arthur Devost	32.00
Wilfred Roy	4.23
Adrien Vaillancourt	4.00
Necodimo Lentile	70.00
Edmund Gagne	46.66
Harvey Nault	6.00
Nelson Mosso	4.00
Stanwood Given	65.33
Rufus Hjelm	14.00
Charles Vashaw	48.00
Albert Labreque	38.10
Total.....	\$1,415.56

Safety Week

At Work, On the Street, In the Home
October 28 to November 2

PORTLAND OFFICE

SAFETY IS THE BEST POLICY.

THE CLAMBAKE

It was a lowery day over the wide reaches of the Georges River, that eighth day of September. During the early forenoon showers catapulted from the heavens and the landscape became a water-scoop. Nothing deterred by the hostile elements, however, nineteen hardy Brown Company spirits from Portland foregathered at the Failee Farm of William M. Hoffses, tolled thither by Host Hoffses' invitation and his promise of roasted clams and corn and a general good time. George Bradbury had driven down on Saturday afternoon, likewise Nelson Worthley and Charles Smith with William Perkins. Ralph Dyer came along toward noon time on Sunday with a loaded car, then Maurice Dee showed up with Monty, and several other cars came along in quick succession. All arrivals were cordially welcomed by the host and told to make themselves at home and turned loose to amuse themselves as they pleased, with baseballs and bats, horse-shoes and the pigs. Jupiter Pluvius, seeing such a bunch of good fellows, relented and turned off his hose, the grass dried off and everybody had a good time in the open. When the feast was ready Host Hoffses shrieked an automobile horn from the back stoop, and at the welcome summons the boys gathered at the tables under an awning on the sunny side of the house. They ate to repletion,—big, juicy, tender clams from the flats of the Georges River and Golden Bantam corn fresh from the Hoffses acres, roasted to a turn, with the seaweed flavor on them, not to mention wienies and pilot bread and cheese and pickles and coffee, with a bushel basket of red Astrachans handy by, and smokes to top off with. To be sure, Billy suffered a little by mistaking cheese for butter, but made up for his error when it was pointed out to him. The notables present were: William Hoffses, Russell Hoffses, Nelson Worthley, Charles Smith, Tom Horton, Ralph Dyer, Billy Curran, George Beesley, William Perkins, Bob Spear, Oke Hallgren, Earl Kavanaugh, Maurice Dee, Horton King, George Bradbury, Walter Forrest, Herbert Cilley, Charlie Pousland, Nelson Haskell, and John Montgomery. After the feast, throwing the horseshoes provided good recreation and an agreeable means of settling weighty questions. As we remember it, Bob Spear was the shining genius who made a ringer

about as often as he promised. Everybody had a good time, and genuine appreciation of Mr. Hoffses' hospitality was expressed as the boys started homeward bound for Portland at the close of a perfect day.

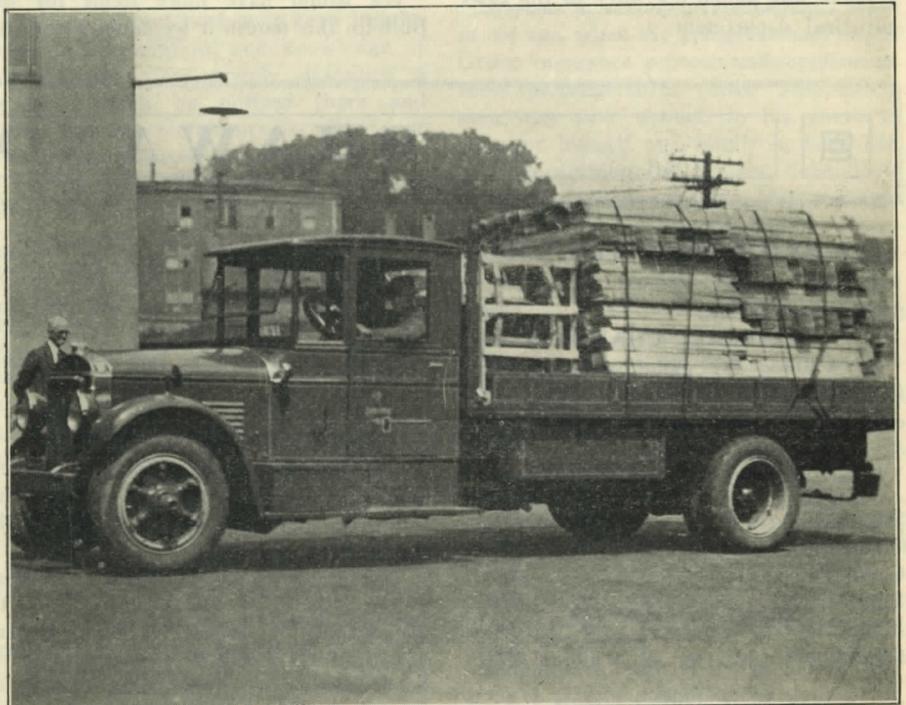
George Sterling returned from his annual duck hunting at Merrymeeting Bay with the same satisfied expression on his countenance that the cat wears after the disappearance of the canary. He showed some fine photographs taken on the trip, demonstrating beyond question that he had a good time and got a full bag.

Some specimens of Stark's delicious apples received by L. G. Gurnett recently, grown on his Linda Vista Ranch in Arizona, were of astonishing size and beauty. At first sight they might be mistaken for honey-dew melons.

A pleasant occasion was the birthday dinner given by members of the Wishbone Club and friends to Nelson Worthley on the evening of October first. It was somewhat in the nature of a surprise party to Mr. Worthley, who went to Dunstan's with Messrs. Perkins and Smith

under the impression that it was to be a threesome affair. Arriving at the designated place, he was ushered into a room where Messrs. Harold Chase, George Sterling, John Kelsey, Tom Horton, Harry Currier, Charles Means, James McLean and Russell Hoffses greeted him, to his manifest surprise and great pleasure. After a good dinner, the party drove to Mr. Worthley's home on Forest Avenue, where they were hospitably entertained, and before leaving presented him with a good supply of smoking material wherewith to solace himself during the long fall and winter evenings. All Wishbone times are good times, and this was no exception to the rule.

We are all subject to some form of reaction after a strenuous or otherwise vacation. It remained for Johnnie Montgomery to do the exceptional. He spent the day he returned checking up the number of adding machines after the period inspection. One could not be found and Johnnie thought Mr. Thompson might have taken a machine home to compute his income tax or something. Mr. Thompson admitted he was not guilty, so Johnnie questioned everyone, but had no luck. By



New Mack Truck of Portland Office.

Billy Curran with a load on, and Monty watching to see that he goes straight

this time Johnnie was getting hot under the collar, when he suddenly remembered he had not included the large electric adder. Johnnie muttered something about dumb-bells, idiots, etc., and then relaxed into his routine work. He thinks, however, we should have an extra week in which to recuperate for work.

Clem Phinney has the stamp collecting bug and is now a full fledged philatelist.

Phil Marsh has been elected "Commodore" of the Brown Company Yacht Club, which is composed of the ten following members: Phil Marsh, skipper; John Crowe, mate; Oke Halgren, able seaman; Don Parker, first machinist's mate; Richard Davis, mate; Robert Spear, Jr., second mate; Ralph Dyer, third mate; Herbert Cilley, lubber seaman; Ernest Malting, admiral of the fleet; P. C. Twitchell, oiler. The fleet consists of the auxiliary sloop, "Golden Girl," of four tons' burden. If you like deep sea fishing subscribe to one of the week-end sails down the harbor.

A very pretty home wedding occurred on September 7th, when Kenneth Hawkes, accounting department, was married to Miss Lila Lufkin at the home of the bride. Congratulations and best wishes from all.

Walter E. Bragdon, formerly of the U. S. Navy, has joined the force of the sales statistical department.

Fred Walker is now convalescing after a very severe attack of hay fever. Fred says that hay fever weakens one so.

We also welcome Robert R. Delcourt, formerly of the Aetna Life Ins. Co., and Horace Norton, formerly with the Maine Central R. R. Co.

thing on Spear and Vaughn. Better luck, next time.

Our gallant Spear, while walking at a brisk pace after a very severe rainfall, tried to jump over a puddle, but his foot slipped and like many a brave swain he was prone in a trice. We fear he got wet.

An expression often heard in the Paper Sales Division,—“Oh, my gorry!”

On the evening of the recent big fire at the Portland Terminal Company pier the new Cape Elizabeth Seagraves pumper under the command of Chief Horton King did valiant service at the hydrant across the street from the office. This engine throws 500 gallons a minute in two streams, and in addition has a booster tank of the latest type, which gives a small stream of equal effect and greater safety than a chemical stream in subduing small blazes. With 1400 feet of hose reaching down to the Terminal Pier and throwing a vigorous stream at that point, the booster line was brought into requisition for quenching a fire that started from a blazing brand that dropped on the roof of the old house less than 50 feet from the pumper. The apparatus has two powerful search lights which are a valuable aid in the dark places.

Safety Week
At Work, On the Street, In the Home
Oct. 28 to Nov. 2



Forrest and Phinney are trying their luck in the Scarboro Marshes early mornings. Their objective seems to be duck but about all they get is the nice brisk air in the dawn.

We would have more items for the Bulletin this month if we could get some-

SHAWANO

SAFETY FIRST ALL THE TIME.

SHAWANO WINS BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

By winning the game on Labor Day from Clewiston, Shawano clinched the championship for the second half-season of the Everglades baseball league.

Club	Final Standing	Second Half-Season	Percentage
	Won	Lost	
Shawano	12	2	.856
Clewiston	10	4	.714
Canal Point	8	5	.616
Belle Glade	8	7	.532
Moore Haven	4	8	.340
Okeechobee	0	15	.000

ENGINEERS CLUB VISITS

The Engineers Club of West Palm

Beach visited Shawano Sept. 14. About 35 members of the club with their wives and friends came and saw the different points about the plantation. They were especially interested in the peanut drier and its operation.

CONGRATULATIONS, SAM

Sam Houser has very quietly slipped one over on us and his other friends. The following item appeared in the Palm Beach Post of Sept. 1st:

“Announcement of the marriage of Miss Peggy Murphy of 324 Jefferson Place to Mr. Samuel W. Houser at Fort Lauderdale on July 13 will be a surprise and of much interest to their many friends in the city. The ceremony was performed at the All Saints Episcopal church, the

Rev. R. D. Tracy, rector, officiating. Miss Helen Houser, of St. Petersburg, sister of the groom, was the only attendant.

“Mrs. Houser is a graduate of the University of Tennessee School of Nursing Memphis, Tenn. She has made her home in this city for a number of years.

“Mr. Houser, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Houser of St. Petersburg, is a graduate of the University of Florida and is a member of the S. A. E. fraternity. He is connected with the Brown Company farms at Belle Glade.

“Mr. and Mrs. Houser are making their home at 426 Colonial Road.”

TOWN ITEMS

The children of Shawano are looking forward to the opening of school Mon-

day, Sept. 23. They will attend at South Bay this year. A new building has been erected there with five class rooms and an auditorium. Prof. Weiss, the principal, has just returned from taking post-graduate work in pedagogy. Mr. Lord has obtained a bus for the transportation of our young hopefuls to and from the school.

Chas. Jacques, our jovial assistant cook, returned from his vacation and is again very much on the job as usual.

Pop Lord suffered quite a scratch from an accidental spiking in the ball game at Clewiston on Labor Day. Five stitches were taken to close the wound. After four days of crutches Pop threw them away declaring he would be a cripple no longer. He is now all right.

CONSTRUCTION NOTES

The construction crew under the direction of Warren Badger and the electrical gang under Roy Alspaugh were busy during the shut-down of the peanut drier, correcting faults discovered during the previous drying operations. One of the most successful improvements was the installation of a new conveyor system for carrying the leaves from the thresher to the grinding mill where they are mixed with the vines to maintain a more uniform mixture.

DUST FROM THE DRYER

Drying operations were resumed the week of September 9 and the boys at the drier are making hey-hey again. Pardon us. That should have been singular. It is hay they are making instead of hey-hey. That's why it is singular.

The results obtained during the first two days prove that the various changes made during the shut-down are successful. More than 25 acres of peanuts have been handled in 43 hours. The changes also permitted a cut in the personnel. Messrs. McIntyre, O'Halloran and Houser, as well as the construction foremen, deserve a lot of credit for the progress which has been made in this new operation.

FIELD CREWS

Preparation of land for the various vegetable crops is progressing steadily under the direction of Clyde Miller and Roy Babcock.

The first setting of celery was made in the field this week. Trial of the new celery transplanter proved satisfactory.

The various seed beds are coming along rapidly under the efficient direction of McClellan and his crew.

OFFICE

The order for our chemical and fertilizer needs for the winter was recently placed with the Nitrate Agencies Co., of Jacksonville. They underbid four other companies for the business. Messrs. Traub and Graves, as usual, stayed for lunch.

RESEARCH

H. P. Vannah has returned from a month's vacation.

H. K. Clifton, our entomologist, left Friday the 6th for a three weeks' vacation. He went to his home at New Holland, Ohio, and expected to visit there for a time and will then go to other points in Ohio.

The little alligators which were successfully hatched out of the eggs all came through all right. They learned to eat minnows and meat supplied to them. All but three have been sent away to points as far north as Ohio and as far west as Texas.

Safety Week

**At Work, On the Street, In the Home
Oct. 28 to Nov. 2**

SIDE-STEPPING THE BREAD LINE

A visitor to New York with keen insight, power of observation, and knowledge of human values, has vividly described a situation which he noticed there and which has its counterpart in all of our metropolitan centers as well as to a proportionate degree in the smaller cities and towns throughout the country.

On a certain corner of Broadway, he says, one may see any night in the week a long queue of hungry men strung out for hundreds of feet around the block. These unfortunates are of all ages but they are united by one common purpose—to devour eagerly the cup of coffee and the roll which have been theirs for the taking every night at midnight for these many years and will be for many years to come. It is the famous bread line, with a tragedy all its own.

Strung out not so far, a few blocks to the north, almost any day will be found a line of clear-eyed, well-dressed, and good-looking men and women, who wait to put the money they have saved in the bank. It is the bank line. It has no fame, for no one has ever written it up.

It has no tragic, no pitiful side. The bank line stands erect; the bread line droops. The bank line moves fast; the bread line slowly. The bank line has other work to do; the bread line has not.

Are you headed toward the bank line or the bread line? Every year a million men become dependent upon their families or charity because they had never learned or been taught the real meaning of the word "Thrift."

It was Ben Franklin who wrote in Poor Richard's Almanac, "It is hard to make an empty bag stand upright," as well as, "If you would be rich, think of saving as well as getting." In the many homely statements he made on the value of saving for the rainy day, the Colonial philosopher never advocated parsimony or miserliness. Thrift, to Franklin, was the avoidance of waste and the securing and keeping of things of worth.

James J. Hill, the great Empire Builder whose railroads pioneered the Northwest, came close to hitting the nail on the head when he said that the individual without the habit of thrift is without the seed of success. A financial background, a reservoir for the future, gives a man confidence in himself and his ability; and it inspires confidence in others. The man who has been unable to save money is not a "going concern," and business executives have learned from experience that employees of this type are decided handicaps to the companies they are working for.

Systematic saving insures against want in old age, when the going becomes rough. Group insurance protects and supplements these personal thrift plans. Although a man may save enough in his youth to care for himself and family in later life, there is nothing left for the dependents when the savings are spent. Again, should the bread winner become totally or permanently disabled before reaching the age of sixty, the savings which have been stored up by years of thrift do not have to be touched for this emergency, as the entire amount of his group insurance is payable in monthly installments under such circumstances.

Sound life insurance as a step to financial security is second only to a ready cash reserve, and it enables you to keep a firm footing as you step along the path of life.

On With the Dance

"Do you dance?"

"Sometimes," said Miss Cayenne. "Other times I simply submit politely to being dragged about."—Washington Star.

WOMEN'S COLUMN

A Bewitching Hallowe'en Party

By BETTY SOMMERVILLE



Witches lead a merry chase to the tune of yodeling cats on this quickly made table decoration.

You are bound to be bewitched at the Hallowe'en season whether it is from the glances of a sham witch in a store window or from an intriguing invitation to a Hallowe'en party.

TABLE DECORATIONS

If you are giving a party and you are the very busy person who wants to see the decorations all completed in a few minutes, Hallowe'en table covers and napkins of crepe paper give a festive air. And Hallowe'en cardboard cut-outs pinned together around a bowl of fruit will complete a gay table. Cardboard cuts that have actually turned green with envy at not being part of the witch table decorations may be perched on each chair back. Green cardboard cats may be cut out at home or purchased all ready to use.

FAVORS

A combined place card and favor may be made by attaching the card to a roll of candies tied up bon-bon fashion in orange crepe paper with twisted petal ends. Chocolate bars, peppermints, and other candies make gay Hallowe'en favors when wrapped in colored paper or cellophane and decorated with Hallowe'en gummed seals.

COSTUMES

The simplest costume to make is called the slip-over, as it can be worn over a slip or a dress. Practically any style or costume may be adapted to this foundation. It is made apron style, the same in the back as in the front, except for the trimming, and it is slipped over the head and tied at the sides.

To make the waist section, measure from shoulder to waist line and cut a piece of the crepe paper twice this length. Fold the paper over, and cut an opening for the neck large enough to slip over the head. The skirt should be made with the grain of the crepe paper running up and down, or in other words, the "stiff way" of the paper. If the 20-inch width is not sufficiently long for the skirt, join two widths of paper together by lapping one over the other about one inch and paste or stitch. Gather the skirt, attach it to the waist in front and back and tie at the sides.

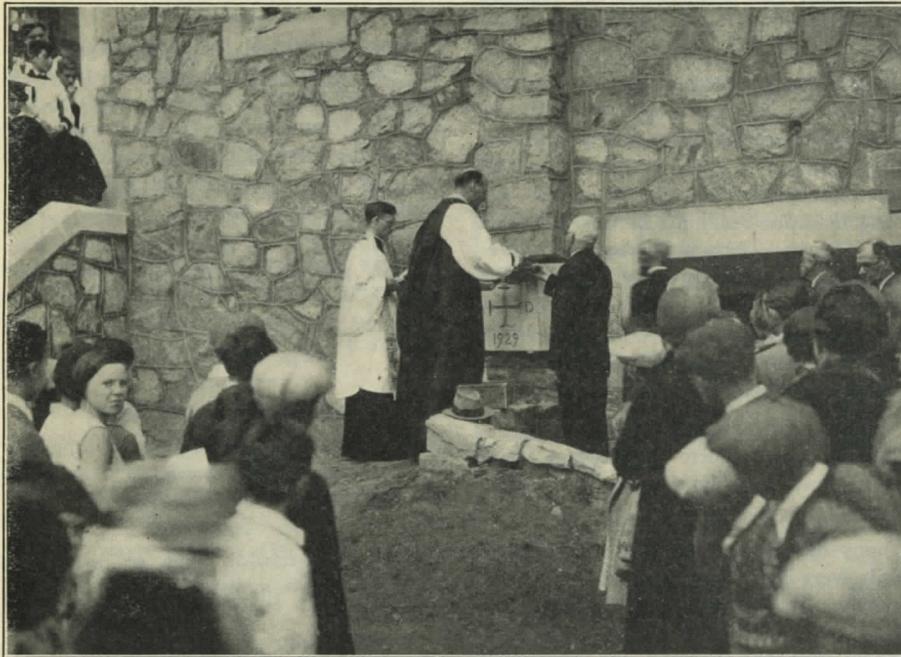
A fluted edge to finish a costume is made by placing the paper on a smooth surface. With the eraser end of a pencil, or with the fore-finger, push in the paper with the right hand while holding the

paper with the second or third finger of the left hand. Fringe to trim the sides is made by cutting strips of the paper across the grain of the crepe, stretching a little and crushing in the hands. Pumpkin-face decorations may be cut from a decorated crepe paper and pasted on the costume, and fluffy bows of florist maline add to the effectiveness of the costume.



Jolly little pumpkin faces group themselves coyly to form a decoration for an alluring Hallowe'en costume. The blouse is of French-blue crepe paper. The skirt is of light-orange crepe with side panels of blue and orange fringe.

SULPHITE MILL GAS



Laying the Corner Stone, New St. Barnabas Church.

THE NEW ST. BARNABAS CHURCH

The laying of the cornerstone of the new St. Barnabas Church by the Rt. Rev. John T. Dallas, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New Hampshire, on Sept. 29, not only came in the year of the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of Berlin but had special interest because it coincided with the 40th year from the building of the original church in Berlin.

Although the Episcopal church was first established in New Hampshire almost three hundred years ago, it has had a scant two hundred years of continuous history. The foundation of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1630 had a restraining influence upon its growth. The earliest settlers of New Hampshire worshipped according to the wont and habit of the Episcopal Church: not only those who came as early as 1623 to Northam, now Dover, with the Hiltons, and to Pannaway, now Little Harbor in the town of Rye with David Thomson; but also those whom Sir John Mason sent in 1631 under Walter Neale to Strawberry Bank, now Portsmouth, and under Ambrose, Gibbons to Newichwannock up the Piscataqua. On the death of Mason in 1635 he endowed a church and a free school

in New Hampshire. As a result the settlers at Portsmouth laid out glebe lands and engaged Rev. Richard Gibson as clergyman. In May, 1640, a chapel and parsonage were built.

About this time the government at Massachusetts Bay began to encroach upon its neighbors, not only at Plymouth, but also in New Hampshire. For nearly half a century, New Hampshire was forced to ride behind the Bay horse as the County of Norfolk in Massachusetts. Richard Gibson was called before the General Court at Boston "for scandalizing the government and denying their title." "He was practically banished, his chapel and manse and glebe were left unoccupied, until the Puritan ministers who went on missionary duty at Portsmouth took possession, and finally they came into the hands of the Puritan minister, first settled there, Joshua Moody, in 1658."

It was not until the year 1732, long after New Hampshire had won her nominal independence from Massachusetts and was preparing to make the great fight for her boundary lines that another Episcopal Chapel was built in Portsmouth. It was consecrated in 1734, and in 1736 obtained Arthur Browne as minister with a salary

from the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts.

Arthur Browne is remembered along with Samuel Langdon, Jeremy Belknap, Joseph Adams, and Joseph Haven among the great spiritual leaders in New Hampshire at the time of the American Revolution.

The history of New Hampshire has been characterized by a greater tolerance and liberty and charity than that of Massachusetts, and the Episcopal Church, whose communicants were first persecuted here, has had a wholesome influence in these directions.

These facts have been recognized by people of all denominations in Berlin, who have contributed to help the small St. Barnabas Parish realize its ambition to have an adequate edifice.

DON'T GAMBLE WITH LIFE.

During his vacation, Mr. and Mrs. Louville Paine took a very interesting automobile trip of two weeks. At Kenogami, P. Q., they visited their son who is superintendent of the electrical department of Price Brothers, the pulp and paper concern. At this place they also saw Lem Decker, Pat Element, John Boyle, Daniel Boyle, and Savage Tremblay, all of whom were employed at the Burgess Mill years ago. Coming back through Maine, they visited Deane Paine

ETERNAL VIGILANCE
is Every Railroad Man's
WATCHWORD

Your watchfulness for the safety of yourself and fellow passengers will help a lot in the fight against accidents ~ ~ ~

(Joe Rancourt), who is employed with the Portland Express Publishing Company. They also visited their son Lorin who is a real estate broker, and sister Lura, who is a teacher at Practical Arts School at Boston, Mass.

To Dave Washburn and family: We realize that nothing we can say can lighten the burden of your grief, but we want you to know that our deepest sympathy is with you in the hour of your affliction.

Lewis Rheame of the acid department reports a pleasant vacation spent in Montreal.

Frank Armstrong is not going to take any vacation this year, but next year he is going to spend his vacation on the Thousand Islands, a week on each island.

Someone has said that Bill Plummer should procure a Ford plane for making quick trips to his farm. How about some rope to tie the bull?

If you want to see the latest jig dance, see Joe Vaillancourt. He is now giving free demonstrations around the acid room.

James Perry and family spent a very enjoyable vacation at Cedar Pond. Fighting flies was the pastime in the evening.

Joe Steele and Charlie McKenzie took in the Norway Fair. They were especially interested in the agricultural division. To be convinced you must hear them.

Ed Gleason and family spent one day at the Norway Fair and reports the best fair he ever saw.

Gus Hawkins (Uncle Heck) got the thrill of his life on Fogg Hill. Would someone locate this hill which is unknown to the writer. It appears that he was up a tree picking choke-cherries when one of the feminine residents of this hill spied him. She gave him a barrage of household effects which brought him to the ground very quickly. All he has to show for a day's picking choke-cherries are a few battle scars and a strong desire not to return to the same place.

Jake Carron reports the biggest vacation he ever spent in Coaticook, Quebec.

Dionysius Gillis of the Cascade Mill, and family were seen on Prince Edward Island recently. It was his first return to his Island home in nearly thirty years. He reports that the herring are somewhat scarcer than in those former days. This scarcity is due to the modern system of diving for them.

Thomas Rodgeron spent his vacation in Rumford and points en route.

The latest reports from Pat Hayes of the machine room are that he is getting better and we hope he will be back with us again.

James Moody of the safety work crew has just returned from the convention of the Loyal Order of Moose, held in Detroit, and reports a very good time. His trip to the Ford plants was most interesting. He says they turn out a Ford every minute and then some.

Frank Armstrong told Joe Landry that they were putting salt in the Errol dam so as to change the pickerel to herring for the P. I.'s when they go fishing.

DIGESTER HOUSE

Holmsted and Hallett Co. of the digester room have finally cornered the apple market in the State of Maine.

John Christianson had an attack of pneumonia last month.

George Johnson was upset from a wheelbarrow. What happened, George?

Lew Mullen lost his supper one night on the poplar run.

George Locke bought a new collapsible lunch box, and we wonder why!

Frank McKee has become an ardent radio bug.

Frank Teare was out sick with the grippe last month.

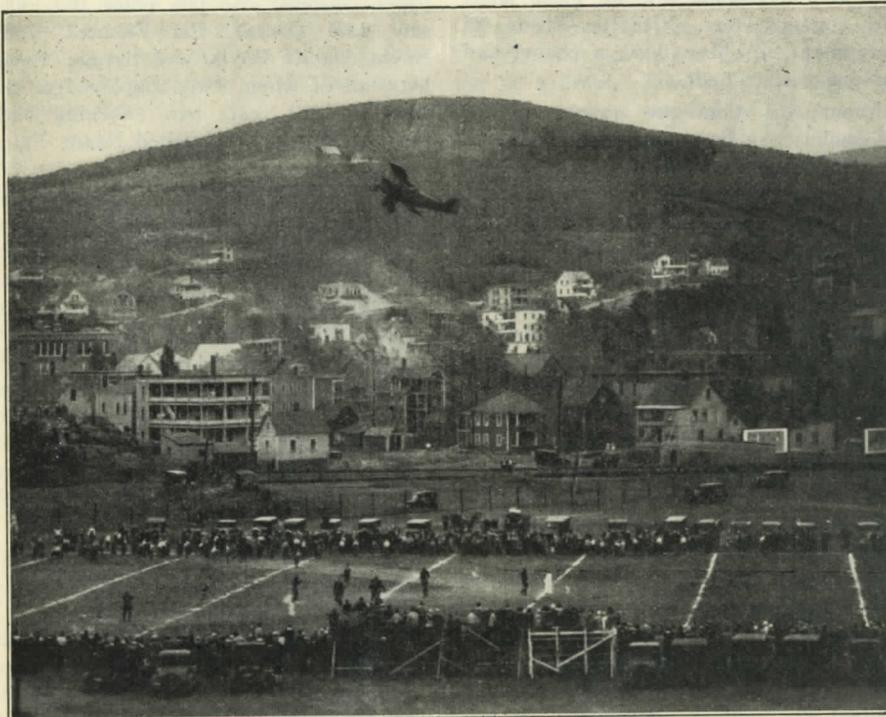
Buck Roy is now a proud married man.

Blanchard caught a calf one night when his watch stopped.

Joe Steele is now taking automobile driving lessons from Fred Drouin, the Speed King of the highways.

Why worry about financial troubles during your old age, when putting one dollar in the bank every week will net you \$5,038.73 in forty years?

Francis McKee spent his vacation in the land of his childhood days, with the old home and the precious associations that cluster around it, such as hills, valleys, rivers and the railroad crossings.



Gordon Brown dropping football from his plane at the opening game of the season between Lyndon Institute and Berlin High.

Peter McIntyre spent his vacation in Boston.

Big Jack's near-end accident at the airport will appear in the next issue with all the details.

OFFICE

Charlie Ordway, the man that made Portland in two hours and eight minutes, is no doubt the champion of the Sulphite Mill.

Joseph MacKinnon, who has been ill for several weeks, was operated on in New York City at the P. G. Hospital. At the time of this writing on Oct. 5th, he is getting along fine; and we are all hoping for the best and are anxiously waiting to see him back with us again.

With the removal of the Industrial Relations Department to its new quarters in the Narrows, our First Aid Room has been moved back to its original place in the Sulphite Mill. What is more we have the same nurse we had before, still smiling and good-natured. We are mighty glad to have her back with us again.

Eddie Chaloux spent his second week's vacation rubber-necking around New York City. What's more, he started out to visit Mr. MacKinnon who was in a hospital there. He must have taken the wrong car, because he landed in the zoo. He thought he might as well remain the rest of the day. We hope that he did better the next day.

Through the courtesy of the Brown Bulletin, we wish to thank the men of the Alpha and Bleachery Plants and the Bleachery Laboratory, who so kindly contributed towards the beautiful wedding gift which we received.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cordwell.

Pete LaFleur, the Cascade terror, has accepted a position as messenger boy in the engineering department. Pete is a boxer and is also known as the Hard Rock from Underneath. He claims he could lick Heeney if he were a little bigger.

Wendell Young of the engineering department has been transferred to the yard office.

Mildred Sloan has just returned from a two weeks' vacation to Detroit, Toledo, and Montreal, and reports a good trip.

Dorothy McGivney is now enjoying her

two weeks' vacation in New York City.

W. E. Taft is entertaining his nephew from South America.

He: Are you going to the big dance tonight?

She: Where?

He: Down to the depot. There are a couple of trains going to Charleston.

Velma Lee is enjoying her vacation in New York City.

OCTOBER

The mountains never loom so near
And sunlight-crossed
As when Mt. Goose-High stands out
pink and clear
And coned with frost.

On snow-tipped peaks the golden
light
Of autumn plays—
On burnished red and russet groves,
Below the snowline strays.

The belt of pines is crusted stiff
with frost—
A coral reef
Of white it bristles in a sea of red
And orange leaf.

In red and orange blaze and burn
the maples;
Great wind-chased clouds
Are sailing, gathering and dispersing
In gold-shot crowds.

On glowing anvils on the hills is
forged October—
It will stay
Till thousands of red leaves, like
flakes of fire,
Have danced away.

— Sylvia Tryon.

Reddy Thomas of the recording gauge department, attended the World's Series.

Renee Gagnon is going to join the big parade. Now, boys, get in line for the cigars and let's see him off. If the writer is not mistaken, he is getting married today.

Leonard Ainsworth is now the proud daddy of a baby girl.

Arthur Riva, Pete Ryan, Bill Raymond, and Oscar Gonya are getting ready for the Big Bowling Tournament at the Y. M. C. A. Now, boys, bring home the bacon as you did before.

MY VACATION

By DONALD W. STEWART

When the siren call of the enchanting word, vacation, reached me my head was turned—literally as well as figuratively. And forthwith, I turned my quickened footsteps "Down East," whence emanated these beatific sights and sounds. I was encouraged by the proffered aid of the Publicity Bureau, who in response to my S. O. S. call wrote me to come right on and they would take care of me. And such care.

I always thought that a publicity bureau was—just a publicity bureau—a conglomeration of cold facts, statistics, road maps and photographs. Now, the name, Publicity Bureau, has taken on a new meaning, an added significance. It is a beacon of light—an oasis in the desert of travel, where the weary and footsore may unload his burdens and shift them and the worries and fatigue incidental thereto, to the broad, capable shoulders of the Bureau's personnel in general, and those of its efficient secretaries in charge.

Before mentioning things of historic interest here it might be well to write a few words about Over-Night Cabins. I left at 6 p. m., and drove. At 11 I had cut off 140 miles and driven right to the door of a cabin. I had no bell boys to bother with and with all the comforts that a traveler needs I enjoyed the sleep very much. At 6 a. m., I started again and at 1 p. m., I crossed the International Bridge, which spans the St. Croix River between Calais, Maine, and St. Stephen, New Brunswick. At 4 I arrived in St. John. So far I had made an average of 29 miles per hour.

As to history, I might say that St. John was a Loyalist city founded by that intrepid body of Loyalists who landed there in 1783. It is the commercial metropolis of New Brunswick, and one of the major attractions is the Reversing Falls at the mouth of the St. John River. I left St. John at 9 a. m., with Bass River my next destination. I had some difficulty in locating the place owing to the fact that it was my first visit. As I paused at farmhouse doors to inquire my way the people would insist that I stay awhile so that they could find out where I came from and where I was going. Finally after many left and right turns I arrived at my destination. I will say nothing of the number of covered bridges to which everyone directed me. When we entered the Bass River Point district we found descendants of some of the first settlers, who came here from Scotland, Ireland and England, and blazed out a home from

what was then a virgin forest. As I looked about, I was held by the sheer beauty of it all. From where I was standing I could see down the valley, the beautiful Richibucto or Main River, widen out until it looked like "Killarney Lake." Nestled in the center is a wooded island and facing out towards this island is the quaint little Episcopal church, St. Mary's, backed up with spruce woods and verdant hills. What held me most was the hearty welcome and genial hospitality I received at the hands of the people of New Brunswick.

Then we started off to Prince Edward Island. The Island! The Million Acre Farm! The Garden of the Gulf! Denmark of Canada! The Cradle of Confederation! But perhaps most significant of all is the placid restraint of "The Island." It is a small island. Its total population is that of a small city. It has no magnificent vistas of towering mountains and thundering waterfalls. Its hills are green-swept and serene; its rivers are silver bands across the deep green of calm valleys; its seas flow about it as a protecting mantle. And yet Prince Edward Island has a distinctive character of its own, which is very intangible and elusive and is very difficult to define. It may be the charming climate. It may be the spirit of friendship or perhaps it may be the place where worries and cares seem of little or no account. No poverty and no millionaires on the Island, I was told, which occasioned in me after a visit to one or two beautiful residences a dark thought on income tax returns; but outward observa-

tion supports the main contention that the same level of living marks the place.

Service is more than a trade slogan with all the business and professional people, and especially the filling stations on the Island. It is a fact. Attendants fairly leap to wait on customers. Drive into an Island filling station and your troubles are ended—at least, for a while. Three or four active young men, wearing uniform smocks, pounce on your car with lightning agility. One starts cleaning the windshield; another grabs the radiator cap. This is all done before one word has been said about gasoline. A third attendant asks, "How many?" The Island certainly knows its tourists. It caters to the man in the automobile. It has drinking fountains along the road where one can be served orangeade, or almost anything else he may desire in the way of liquid refreshments without alighting from his car. Theatres are beautiful, and they are still making them beautiful. But the shows are the same we see in Berlin. Just now the talkies are in favor.

The tourist camps on the Island are all that the traveler by motor could ask for. Some of them are just like home, and the rates are reasonable. Near Charlottetown are camps in which you can pay from \$1 up to \$12 and they are worth the money. I found hot and cold shower baths, toilet facilities, gas stoves and everything to make the stay enjoyable.

All in all, the trip was most enjoyable in every particular. I covered about

three thousand miles of road. The roads are fair to good, and they are making them better, thanks to the Public Works Departments. No one who can drive a car need hesitate to motor to Prince Edward Island.

Safety Week

**At Work, On the Street, In the Home
Oct. 28 to Nov. 2**

OCTOBER EVENING

Silent shapes of hills with rounded bosoms
Flooded with the glory of October sunset;
Each broad mountain steeped in purple
soft-bloom,
Each huge shape is drenched in deluged
wine-red,
While the purple asters and wine-red ones
Glow from tiny gardens on the hillside.

There the wood lot shows the maples in
bright orange
Backed by hills of hazy blue, and over
yonder,
One red maple burning grandly through the
purple gloom of evening.
Through the cold air in the darkening
twilight,
From the chimneys on the thick-sown hill-
sides,
Rise plumes of pale blue smoke and puffs
of whiteness.
Now the lights in the dwellings lead the
workfolk home.

Touched with silver steals the river,
Faintly gray and tinged with rose;
And the clouds are rose and gray,
Like ashes of roses, and roses in ashes,
As day sinks to rest.

—Sylvia Tryon

She—I'm going to sit on the dock
awhile.
He—Doc who?

BROWN CORPORATION

DON'T GET HURT.

LA TUQUE

With the exception of George Matte, Reg. Fairbairn and the juniors, the La Tuque Main Office is entirely manned by benedicts. Wesley Creighton was the last to enter the "bonds," when we had almost given him up as a hopeless case—like Ed Moore, say. It happened Aug. 29th. Anyway, we wish Wesley long life and happiness on his matrimonial career, and give many thanks to him for the cigars. Unfortunate to relate, since his return from his honeymoon, he has been confined to his bed with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

"Gofer" Johnson, of the engineers, was married to Miss Mary Partington of the nursing service on Sept. 3rd, last. We all wish them both good luck and happiness.

Henry Murch returned safe and sound from his trip to "Blighty." He had an exceptionally good trip across, and was not even sea sick—usually a failing with him, on the sea. He had a very enjoyable time in Devonshire, his home county, with a trip to the "Smoke" on the side.

Things we would all like to know:

Why Butler punches his card at the time office, and then returns to the Main Office building to pass out of the main entrance.

Why Joe Bones wears such a worried look since his transfer from the purchasing office to the main office.

Why Eddie White starts selling Xmas cards in the middle of the summer.

Who the miscreant is who "swipes" the sample boxes of matches off our desks, after same were placed thereon by the distributor.

Norman Martinson has left the laboratory staff, and is leaving town at the beginning of October with the intention of taking a chemistry course at Tri-State College, Angola, Indiana, U. S. A. Our good wishes go with him.

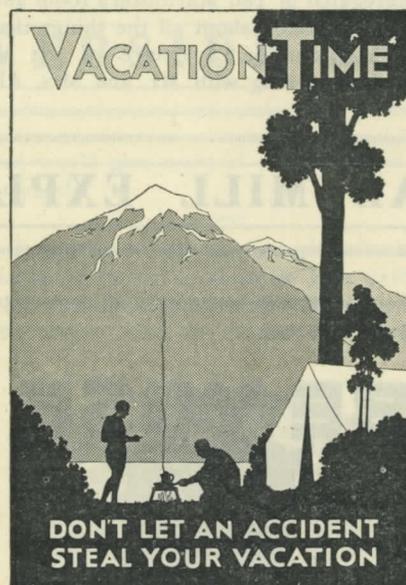
Henry Murch's latest from the wild: Shot a duck whilst on a fishing trip. Full description of the animal as follows: Long, thin beak, crest on head, white back, white belly. These descriptions were given, we presume, to enforce the truth of his latest "Tale of the Woods."

Torolf Loken, of the time office, has a big black Dane which accompanies him to work each day like Mary's lamb. He claims the dog is as intelligent as a human being—in fact, more than some—and says that the hound substituted for Ed Plummer, during the latter's vacation.

A HUNTING TRIP TO LA LOUTRE DISTRICT

The following are the experiences of two nimrods by the names of Percy Gorham and Eddie White of La Tuque, who at the invitation of John H. Carter, Jr. of La Loutre, saw some of the country on the St. Maurice River from Sanmaur to La Loutre. To describe all this country would take the pen of James Oliver Curwood or Robert W. Service; but, as the writer was the one who enjoyed every minute of this trip, he figures it's up to him to tell what he can of this delightful country of trees, mountains, lakes, rivers, and all sorts of game. We, Percy and Eddie, left on THE National from La Tuque at 1 a. m., Monday morning, arriving without mishap at Sanmaur at 4.25 a. m. We were met there by Fred Dube, the manager at Sanmaur, who directed us to the chuck house, there being little time for sleep, as the boat leaves for Chaudiere about 7 a. m. We met an old friend, the cook, Tom Mongeon, who at one time was assistant chief of police at La Tuque. We had a fine breakfast to which we did ample justice. We left Sanmaur at 7.23 a. m. On the boat we met Charles McCarthy who is chief engineer of the good ship Natalie, also Joseph Leon, pilot, and Louis Lefebvre, assistant pilot, and crew. The morning was fine, the sun coming out at 9 a. m. We passed Weymont aux Chene, an Indian Reservation about one mile above Sanmaur. About four miles above Sanmaur we passed an Indian encampment. These Indians seem very peaceful and do not hunt for scalps as their forbears did. We then came to Nine Mile Rapid which proved very tough going for our good ship. We then came to the mouth of the Nashua River and arrived at 15 Mile Camp at 10.30 a. m., where we unloaded supplies. We also stopped at 31 Mile Camp with supplies for H. R. Hillier. We arrived at Chaudiere Landing at 1 p. m., and met Mr. and Mrs.

Carter, Kathleen and Philip Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swann who were going back to the white lights, although they have bright lights at La Loutre. Mr. Carter gave us into the charge of Albert Chateaneuf, who drove us to La Loutre on the Chaudiere—La Loutre Railway by Dodge truck. We arrived at La Loutre at 3.45 p. m., after a glorious trip by water and railroad. Here we met old friends: Ted Martinsen, or Babe as he has recently been christened; Churchill Lary, or sometimes Snipe; Jerry McCarthy; Joseph Dufour; Dr. Eugene Prudhommex; and Philip Gauvreau, who has been with the company about 20 years. Percy and I then borrowed bathing suits and had a dip above the dam. The water proved cold but very refreshing. We then



had supper at the company cook-house, which proved excellent. After supper we went down below the dam to fish for dory and pike. Only one cast was needed before I hooked a 5-lb. dory which I immediately threw back. Percy also caught about ten the same way. Next morning we left the dam for Lac Cypres where we hoped to get a moose. We arrived at Lac Cypres at 1 p. m., after a trip on the Dodge truck and by canoe across the St. Maurice. Lac Cypres is about one-half mile from the St. Maurice and is about two miles long and very pretty. We then sorted out our hunting equipment after arriving at camp and had lunch. By this time it was getting dark. We then paddled around the lake, but had no luck. We went to bed at 9 p. m., feeling good and tired. Next morning had breakfast after touring the lake and then followed the

inlet to the lake about two miles, but failed to come to a lake. We found out after returning to La Loutre that we should have taken the left fork instead of the right, which would have brought us to a chain of lakes in about fifteen minutes from our camp at Lac Cypres. We came back to camp and had a meal of trout, bacon and flapjacks. On our trip up the creek we came across plenty of fresh moose tracks, proving that moose were in the territory. At night we again toured the lake but had no luck. Early next morning we started out for a tour of the lake. Just as we were going to embark in the canoe we saw what looked like a young doe on a sand-bar about 175 yards from the camp. Percy immediately crept up close while I laid down and took careful aim and fired. The darn thing just kept on walking around, so I took another shot and hit it but not enough to stop the supposed deer from taking a wink and flying away. The deer proved to be a crane with a wing spread of five or six feet. The heavy mist on the lake caused this mistake as visibility was very poor. This was somewhat disappointing as it spoiled our chance of getting anywhere near game, but we, however, toured the lake in quest of game but had no luck. We then decided to go back to La Loutre and so we had breakfast and packed. We took several pictures on our way back. We also took a few shots at wild duck with our rifles, but with no effect. On arriving back at the track we did a little target shooting on a target 50 yards away with a 3-inch bullseye. We felt certain we could hit any mortal thing after we had finished as the picture will show. The shooting was done lying down and kneeling, with my Lee-Enfield Match rifle, which is the same sort of rifle as used in the war. A little too heavy for hunting but as I wanted to get my first moose with it I took it along. Percy had an old Springfield Army rifle, which shot O. K. at anything up to 100 yards. The truck came along after a while and picked us up. Gordon Ahier, Mr. Carter's first assistant at La Loutre, was on the truck with his bride. This was Mrs. Ahier's first trip into any country of the like, but she said she liked it, and I do not know how anyone could help liking it. On arriving back at La Loutre we had another of Chef Vachon's meals which proved as good as ever to us hungry nimrods. The La Loutre boys had a good laugh at our story of the flying deer, but they being used to things of this nature gave our story credence as the boys of La Tuque would not. The La Tuque boys think

that we must have been tight. The only reason for them not thinking that Mr. Quebec Liquor Commission had a hand in it, was that they know we never indulge. Next day being Friday, Percy and I took our rifles and fishing tackle to try our luck at a couple of lakes about 30 minutes' walk from the dam. We caught 65 speckled trout in two hours' fishing, but we saw no moose. Saturday morning, Percy left for La Tuque. On Saturday evening, Churchill Lary and Jerry McCarthy took me to Lake McDonald which is about four miles from La Loutre. On arriving there we pitched our tent, had a lunch and went to bed. We heard a fox barking and rabbits scampering around during the night. Early Sunday morning we got up and I went back to the track which is only six minutes' walk, and prowled around looking for that bull moose. On looking down the track I spied a moose but another disappointment. It was a Mrs. Moose. Had it been a Mr.

Moose we would have had a nice steak as when I first saw her she was only 60 feet away. I then went back to camp and we had breakfast, packed, and walked down the track. We saw lots of fresh signs, but no game. That afternoon when things began to drag, Mr. Lefrancois, fire ranger, asked me to go with him up the lake, and I promptly accepted the invitation. We went about 15 miles up the lake to the beginning of Lake Kottie de Wasten. This proved a lovely trip. Water all around you and as you go farther the bodies of water are larger. Lake Kottie de Wasten is about 30 miles long, and there are others just as long. A person can leave La Loutre Dam and travel 128 miles by water. On returning it was Sunday night and several of the town element congregated in Ted Martinson's room and sang and talked about all the things that had happened in La Loutre. I left on Monday morning with Mr. and Mrs. Al-

bert Chateaufneuf for Chaudiere, Sanmaur and home.

This trip was the best that I have ever been on, and Percy and I hope to go again some day. Both Percy and I wish to convey through these pages our thanks to the many friends we met on this trip for their kindnesses. We got no moose, but we had a great time.

Pictures obtained on this trip will be published in the next issue.

Safety Week

At Work, On the Street, In the Home
Oct. 28 to Nov. 2

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,

Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

—Omar Khayyam

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

DAD, DON'T TAKE A CHANCE.

Joe Vallis has returned from his honeymoon all safe, sound and whole. He is now ready to settle down for life.

George Frost had an unfortunate experience while motoring. He had to be towed home from Jackson, and the price charged almost knocked him cuckoo.

Pete McKenzie toured Massachusetts in his Chevrolet and thoroughly enjoyed himself. He had to fix a few flats, but someone heard him say that motoring had old John Barleycorn beat a mile.

Henry Pelkey has had a very successful season on his farm.

It's almost time for Ed Parker to go to his farm in Maine and be digging his potatoes.

Perry Ells has left the welding department to take a position in Detroit. We all wish him good luck.

Leo Murphy was gifted with Perry's car and is now coming in on time.

Buckley has a 1925 car for sale. Thirty dollars takes it.

Fecteau finally saved enough money to register his car.

Joe Tardiff got skunked in a horse-shoe game recently.

Bob Nicholson climbed Mt. Washington with his brother, Arvid, who formerly worked here.

Garage to let, eight dollars per month. See Joe Jodrie.

Gene Dion accompanied H. K. Moore on a fishing trip.

Arthur Toussaint has purchased a car to take up his spare time.

Fred Beland is helping Matt Ryan, the chemical artist, on his big jobs.

Patent pending. Mac is now working on Sam's salt escalator, which he hopes to have in operation soon.

Henry Dion is now welding with Gene Dion, since Perry left.

Paul Therrien is working in the grocery department during vacation time.

George Gale is planning a trip to New York and adjacent cities. He's going with the Buick, the Overland taking up the local runs.

BE WISE



Evan Anderson has added a piazza to his house. Buckley says it looks like a fish cart.

Joe Bilodeau has returned from two weeks' vacation visiting his mother in Canada.

Mr. Watt and family are now settled in their new home.

Bob Gendron and Jack McCarthy had a banquet. The menu consisted of roast chicken and pickled eels' feet. Hair tonic for dessert.

Duke Manton spent his vacation in Chicago visiting his former pals, the racketeers.

George Hopkins has resigned from the Salamy Club and is to join the Jolliettes.

Joe Vallis, Sr., has hooked up on a short wave length.

Owing to the talkies, John Laffin is

losing his job with Sousa's band.

Rene Gagnon took a high dive into the sea of matrimony recently.

Manton may have to go back to Chicago to settle the riot with the coons.

There is Reuben and our Freddy
And little Billy boy,
To know those birds, dear brother,
Is a pleasure and a joy.
They wash and sew and iron
And have a jolly time,
But do a lot of crabbing,
Of course that is their line.

Dedicated to the Three Musketeers,
Rube MacCutcheon, Fred Maloney, and
Billy Keough.

Dave Marcotte is seen a lot on Elm Street. What could it be?

Eddie Pelchat is back from his vacation. He had gained a pound, but lost it the first night in Berlin.

Safety Week
At Work, On the Street, In the Home
Oct. 28 to Nov. 2

Only One Leg Named
Mr. Simms—Say, do you know a fellow down your way with one leg named Wilson?

Mr. Dubb (doubtfully)—Well, now, I'm not sure. What's the name of the other leg?—Chicago Daily Tribune.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

**ACCIDENTS DON'T JUST HAPPEN.
THERE IS A CAUSE.**

RIVERSIDE MILL

W. B. Moore of Chicago Office and Gilford Henderson of Portland made us social and business calls during the month.

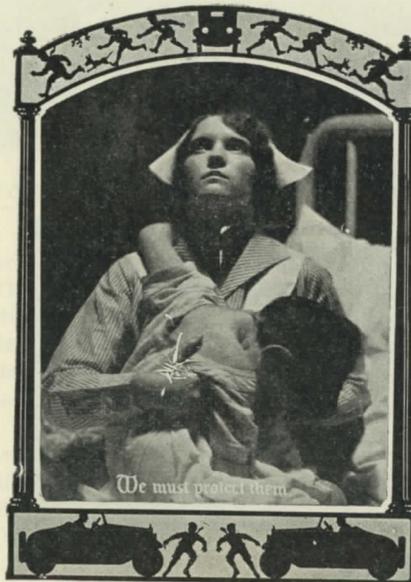
We have had a lot of other visitors, but since we have lost our guest book we can't give the names.

We were surely and gladly surprised to find out we had won the Safety First Pennant for the month of August. We don't quite see how that came about, unless it was that some of those who are unlucky enough to get hurt often happened to be out on vacation or laid up. We will indeed be fortunate if we win it again, but we hope every one will try to be careful and watchful of his own safety for his own sake and for the honor of winning the pennant again and keeping it.

We believe that it is about time our toy suspension bridge was inspected. It is quite obvious to some of us that it is much overloaded on one side and has sprung some. We would advise that it would be a better time to look it over now, than it would be after it had collapsed. If it doesn't seem needful to look it over personally, send someone over and give it another coat of red paint, somehow

red would give more of an impression of strength.

It is time to dig up your gladiolus and dahlia bulbs and to clean up your garden and to burn all the refuse, for refuse is the winter home of all kinds of garden



pests. What you do now toward destroying them will save a lot of wear and tear on your family Bible next summer.

We believe that if our mill was located in the middle of the Sahara Desert and

if it was on wheels we wouldn't have room enough to do our work properly and economically. It is like running a big department store from a hall bedroom.

A thing greatly enjoyed at the St. Louis Hospital lawn party was Lorenzo Faucher's piano-accordion on the first two nights. Really this fellow ought to play oftener than that for us and we should like to see his picture in the Bulletin.

TOWEL ROOM

A shower was given to Edna Lapointe in honor of her approaching marriage. Best wishes from everyone.

By the looks of Florence and Anna Baker you would think they were leaving for the North Pole. Give our regards to the Eskimos.

Edna Erickson takes sick so suddenly when she sees the sun shine.

Marguerite Forest is enjoying a few weeks' vacation at the beach. You'll freeze, Marguerite.

Annette Lapointe will soon be on the East Side and everyone is invited.

SAFETY WEEK
AT WORK, ON THE STREET, IN
THE HOME
OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 2

Nearly everyone is back at work and cheerful.

Annette Perreault is back to work after her two weeks' vacation and she still possesses her golden locks.

Deneige Paquette is working so hard of late that she's as big as a toothpick.

If anyone wants to know anything about waving hair just give Eva Marois the once over.

Olivette Larochelle gave the towel room girls a big surprise when she walked in all painted up.

How can Esther Johnson keep her school-girl complexion? Everyone would

like to know.

Our Ethel Remillard needs a hair cut. Can anyone chip in so we can raise fifty cents?

Yvonne Dupuis has a lot of company and free rides.

Malvina L'Heurieux is seen a lot leaving church. We all wonder why.

Tony Landry has the record for lugging the most cases.

What happened to Bill Therrien while in Montreal? He only says that it's quite a big city.

Machine room boys: Please take notice. After the girls leave for home keep out

of the towel room so we can find everything we leave. Everyone is losing looking glasses, combs, and letters and different things. So please keep out.

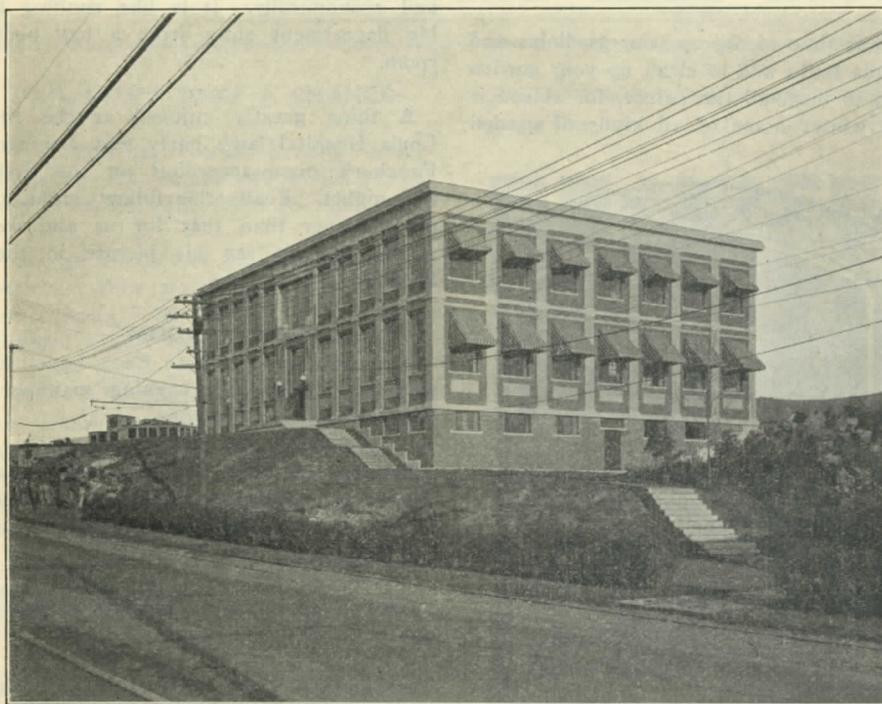
Arsene Morneau must be looking for a wife for he is seen in the towel room at all hours.

One of the yard sheiks, George Derochiers, is greatly missed by the girls.

Edna will soon get a job in the beater room or in the yard.

Joe Streeter knows his onions when it comes to buying skiis. Just look at his shoes. 'Tis said that he paid a whole dollar for them.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES



New Main Office Building.

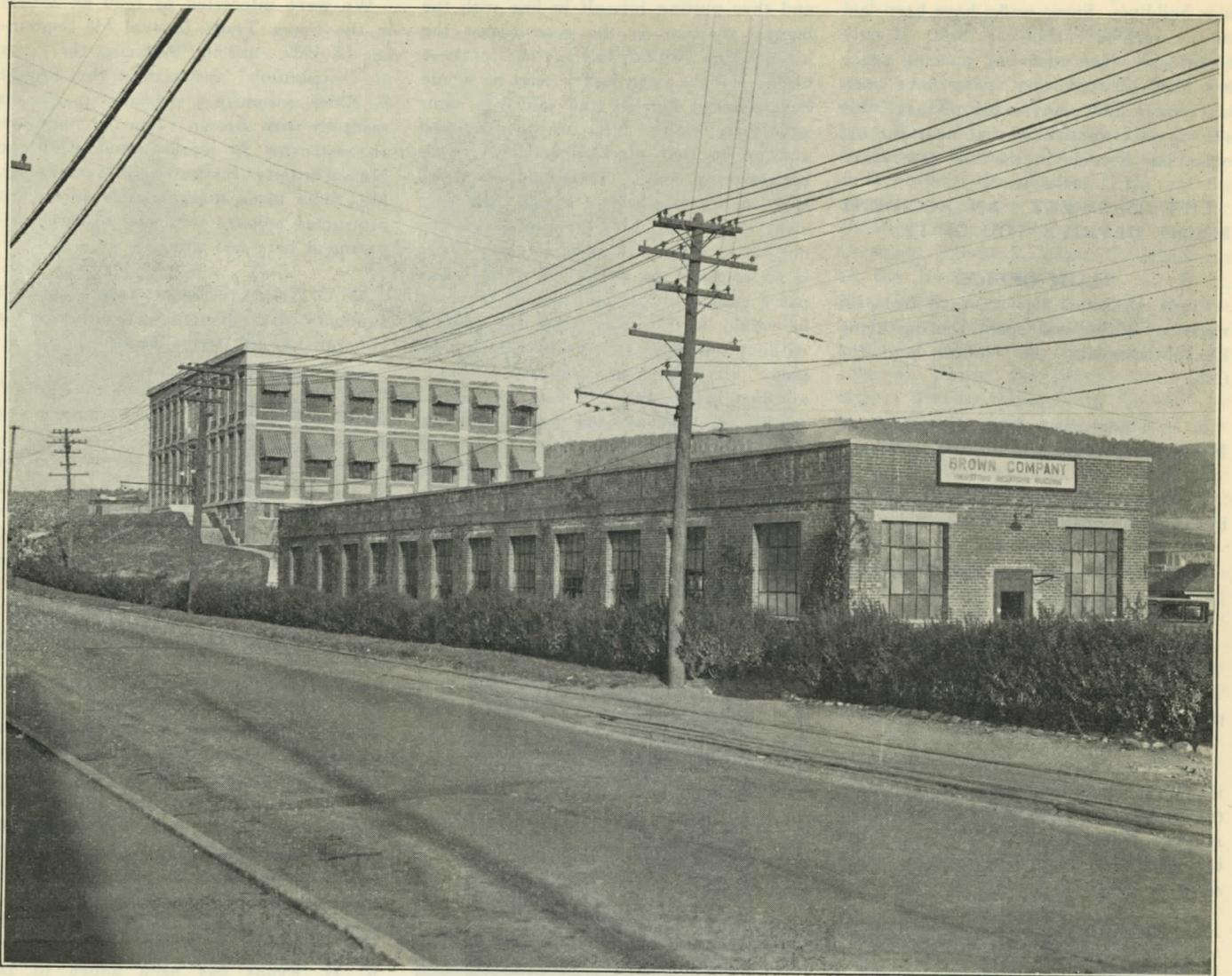
During the last few months one group after another of office employees of Brown Company have quietly removed their work to the new building at "The Narrows" and now the members of the Industrial Relations Department have moved into the adjacent building. These changes have

occurred so gradually and normally that few of us have realized the nature of the whole story.

For forty years "The Narrows" marked the division between the neighboring villages of Berlin Mills and of Berlin Falls, with interests sometimes identified but

more often clashing with each other. The Berlin Mills Company was primarily responsible for the growth of the village at Berlin Mills, while the town at Berlin Falls drew its prosperity from other enterprises. The offices and store and library and hall and boarding houses at Berlin Mills were the community centers, and around them has clustered so much of the romance of the development of Brown Company that to many it will be difficult to think of the general office activities at any other spot than where they began with one or two employees.

"The Narrows," which for many years marked the extreme limit of the activity of the Berlin Mills Company has been for a score of years more nearly the center of the work of its successor, Brown Company, than any other place in Berlin. It has been a bottle-neck to the Upper Androscoggin for a hundred years. About a century ago a road was laid out between Milan and Gorham lines, and it was constrained to take the narrow passage between the beetling ledges at "The Narrows." The road, three rods wide, has doubtless changed from its original course very much with the succession of the decades. It has taken lines of less resistance. It has conformed to the needs and ambitions of abutters. The place at "The Narrows" is perhaps the only spot on the first road that can now be determined with certainty, and here, too, memory is dim about the successive widenings. At



New Main Office and Industrial Relations Buildings.

first "The Narrows" permitted the passage of but one team. Then it was broadened to permit two, and later still more room was blasted out for the planked sidewalk which preceded the present hard-surface one. Despite its increased width, "The Narrows" is still the bottle-neck through which traffic passes up and down the Androscoggin, and very especially that which concerns Brown Company.

The outgrowing of the quarters in the rooms above and adjacent to the store was at first gradual, but has been accelerated in the last ten years. With the building of school-houses and churches, teaching and religious activities were transferred. Then the community library at Berlin Mills was absorbed by the Berlin Public Library. The erection of the Y. M. C. A. made a community hall unnecessary. The barber found quarters of his own. Office

workers always took up the space released. Then they began to encroach upon the store as far as they could, and then to find cubby holes in other buildings, with the result that it took an Admirable Crichton to find the right office.

The new building at "The Narrows" not only contains the executive offices of Messrs. O. B. Brown, D. P. Brown, and Paul Brown, and the accounting, purchasing, and traffic departments, formerly in the old Main Office, but to it have also come the electrical engineering and power departments from the Riverside gate-house and the engineering department from the Research Building and its units, the planning division from Burgess Place and the construction record office from the time office at the Upper Plants. The adjacent Industrial Relations Building now houses the employment, standards, medical, safe-

ty, and legal divisions which have been at Burgess Place for two years and the pay division which has been in the old main office since the beginning. It goes without saying that miles of travel are being saved daily by the coordination of work possible in the spacious new buildings. Among the display features of the new office building are the splendid drafting room of the engineering department, the convenient filing vaults, the well-designed ventilating and heating system, and the central stock room.

The area at "The Narrows" is one of the most sightly in Berlin. From it one looks directly across to the Northern Peaks in one direction and to Goose Eye Mountain in the other. Under the personal supervision of Mrs. Downing P. Brown, the landscape gardeners have already improved the grounds about the

new building. Stone walks have been laid to the various entrances. Rods of ugly fence have been torn out, parking space has been allotted, new lawns have been laid down, and plans made to make this section as attractive as that near the old office has become in the last few years.

LIFE IS SWEET. AN ACCIDENT MIGHT DEPRIVE YOU OF IT.

MAIN OFFICE

Frank Holbrook has returned from his vacation, which was spent touring along Lake Champlain, the Hudson and the Cape.

F. H. Goldermann spent his vacation in Montreal, Ottawa, and Boston.

Joe Dubey went to Detroit and returned by way of Canada.

Lillian Larsen spent a delightful week in New York City.

Eleanor Pettingill vacationed in Maine.

Frances Gibbons has accepted a position in the woods department.

On Thursday, Sept. 26th, the girls of the Main Office held their first supper of the season, at George's Colonial Room. A most delicious supper was served, and we are sorry more of the girls didn't come to enjoy it.

TO A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER

The State of Massachusetts seems to be the home of the hit-and-run driver this year. In order to catch these birds the State is offering a reward for every one that is reported to the proper authorities. We in Berlin do not have to go to one of our sister states to find this road menace as we have one on the parking grounds of the Main Office. On the afternoon of Sept. 13 my car was parked in line with other cars on the new grounds. I left the office a little after five, and most of the cars had gone. As I approached my car I found that somebody had backed into it, evidently the car that was parked in front of me, bending and denting my front fender to the extent that I had to take it to the shop and have it rolled out, hammered and painted. The party that did this knew very well when he did it, but instead of doing like a man, and finding the owner of the car and offering some excuse and to pay for the damage he had done, he simply ran off without saying a word to anybody,

and thus putting himself in line with the biggest menace on the road today, the hit-and-run. Nobody has any use for these birds. Had he been half a man he would have showed himself and said: "I damaged your fender. You can have it fixed and go to that place where they don't hooverize on coal." One would be on the look out for this half of a man, and keep away from him, but running away and not saying a word is another story. There is no doubt in my mind that if this same party should hit a man, woman or child, he would do the same thing and run off without offering any assistance to the party hit. A man who will damage another man's property and not say a word is no man and has no principles at all. In fact if he were as low in stature as he is in principles, he could kiss a rat without bending his knees. As to brains



or intelligence, why he could not pour water into a rubber boot with the directions printed in large letters on the heel. So, boys, keep your eyes open for this hit-and-run menace who is amongst our midst.

License No. 84485.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

John Praetz wishes to announce that he will carry passengers to Lawrence and return. The rates sound like air-mail ones but then John says that atmosphere ought to be worth something. We've heard of the H. C. L., but the H. C. T. (high cost of traveling) stirs us. Take a trip to Scotland some time, John.

We were interested to read an article in the Paper Trade Journal for September 12, 1929, entitled "Reducing the Costs of Distribution" and written by Robert F. Elder, formerly a specialist in market research with Brown Company, but now an instructor in market studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Elder made many friends during his protracted sojourn with the research department here last winter.

M. O. Schur recently wrote a succinct summary of the benefits of zoning for the columns of the Berlin Reporter.

New employees this month are: W. B. Shirey, who took his bachelor's and master's degrees at West Virginia University and further graduate work at the University of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania State College and who has been more recently engaged upon the research of oil-bearing shales with the United States Bureau of Mines at Denver, Colorado; Edward Fenn, a graduate of Harvard last June, who has had summer work with the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company; John K. Taylor, Hyattsville, Md., High School 1929, who has been employed to act as assistant to R. H. Rasch at the Bureau of Standards; and Darrell Silsby, Berlin High School 1929.

E. S. Worth has been transferred to the Technical Sales work from the research department; A. E. Wardwell to the work on permanence of paper from the bureau of tests. Walter Malloy has been transferred to the humidity room. R. H. Evans has been added to Dr. Thing's group.

Miss Studd was very much missed from the bureau of tests during the period of her vacation, when other people had to fumble to find things in the files, which she always consults so smoothly and easily.

John Graff has just read "All Quiet on the Western Front" in the original German.

W. W. Sweet, secretary of the Philotechnical Society, is busy arranging the program for the coming season. Watch for the announcements and plan to hear the speakers, for it is quite unusual for a city the size of Berlin to be able to have programs of this nature.

It is during the period of the World's Series that we miss the interest which Mrs. Ramsay was wont to foster in this contest.



Mrs. D. P. Brown's Gardens at Mill Brook, Shelburne.

The Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada for September 5th contained a picture of the Jericho Experimental Forest of Brown Company and an account of the visit made to it in August by members of the Woodlands Section of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association.

M. L. Townsend is president of the Men's Club, which meets at the Y. M. C. A. every other Wednesday evening, alternating with the meetings of the Philotechnical Society. Ralph Cole is secretary. There is prospect of a good series of talk-fests and harangues as in previous years.

The girls in this office have spent considerable time to good advantage recently in rearranging the books in the departmental library which have become quite congested owing to additions over the past few years.

Dr. H. K. Moore is arranging the list of judges for the New Hampshire section of the Prize Essay Contest sponsored annually by the American Chemical Society.

Lt.-Col. G. A. Richter attended a meeting of the New England Council recently held at Hanover, N. H.

H. I. Baldwin has sent many of us cards from a place called Eberswalde in Ger-

many, where a great deal of forestry and papermaking research is carried on. Some of them were couched in a versatile combination of German and pidgin English, but he dropped back to our vernacular in the last one that he sent.

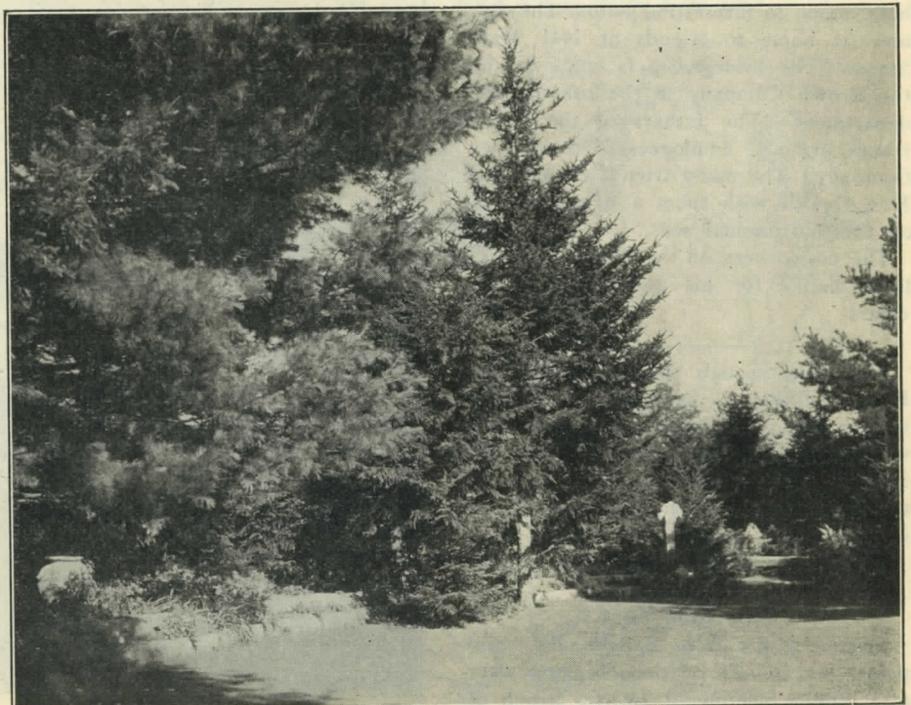
HERE AND THERE

The leading article of the September issue of "New Hampshire Forests" was entitled "Twenty Years of Forestry in New Hampshire" and was written by W. R. Brown, chairman of the New Hampshire Forestry Commission. Other features of this anniversary number were: "The Building of a Forest Service" by Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass; "Recollections of the First Decade" by E. C. Hirst, who was the first state forester under the law enacted by the New Hampshire legislature of 1909; "The Last Decade" by John H. Foster, the present state forester; "Twenty Miles from Quebec" by V. A. Beede, who was assistant state forester, 1914-1916; "Recollections" by Alfred B. Hastings, who was acting state forester, 1917-1918, and who is now chief of state cooperation of the United States Forest Service; "Reminiscences from California" by Emanuel Fritz, who was with the New Hampshire Forestry Department in 1913 and 1914; and "Mapping from the Fire Lookout Stations" by E. Stanley Atkinson, who was field assistant in New Hampshire 1915-1917 and assistant forester in 1919.

Wise Guy

"Say, Joe, do you tell your wife everything?"

"No! Only what I think somebody else might tell her first."



The Sunken Garden at Mill Brook.



Sweet alyssum and evergreens at Mill Brook.

OSWELL-SUNBURY

The wedding of two popular young people took place at St. Kieran's Church, Sept. 9, when Irma Josephine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Burton O. Sunbury of Fourth Avenue became the bride of George W. Oswell, son of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Oswell of Main Street. Rev. E. D. Mackey was the officiating clergyman. After a wedding breakfast served to the bridal party and immediate families at the Colonial Room at George's, the happy young couple left by auto on a honeymoon to interesting points. They are now at home to friends at 1441 Main Street. The bridegroom is employed by the Brown Company in the construction department. The fathers of the young couple are also employees of the Brown Company. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Oswell wish them a happy voyage on the matrimonial sea.

The co-workers of the bridegroom extend thanks for his generous treat of cigars.

May we, through the columns of the Brown Bulletin, extend our sincere thanks to our friends for the many lovely wedding gifts we received? We not only cherish them for their value but also for the loving thoughts which prompted your sending them.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Oswell.

Tube Mill No. 2

Senator Knox from Bangor, P. I., and points east is back on the job again after attending a meeting at Jericho Beach of the Bucksawyers' Fraternity, of which he

is a member.

"Betting on Tommy Loughran was quite prevalent here in some cases," says Harry Lawrence (perhaps Harry knows). But why didn't Sharkey do that to Stribling? Well, anyway, he is in for it when he meets Schmelling.

Lem Hyde, like Lady Drummond Hays, says he prefers a Camel to a piece of cheese. The motto is "Reach for a Lucky but grab a Camel."

Benny Lambert, who returned from a trip to Quebec recently, says he had a wonderful time. Lambert says they had a dry spell in Canada, too. But why bring that up?

Tom Egan of the piping crew, who is the proud and distinguished owner of one of Henry's Best, drove in front of a house one night that was cold and was just in the act of covering the radiator with a blanket, when a kid hollered, "Hey, mister, ya needn't try to hide it. I know what it is."

Basil Bennett says he would like to know what a young lady told or asked him in Sherbrooke recently. Basil says he would have given half of his kingdom to know how to talk French at that time. His chum who can speak the language was across the street at that particular

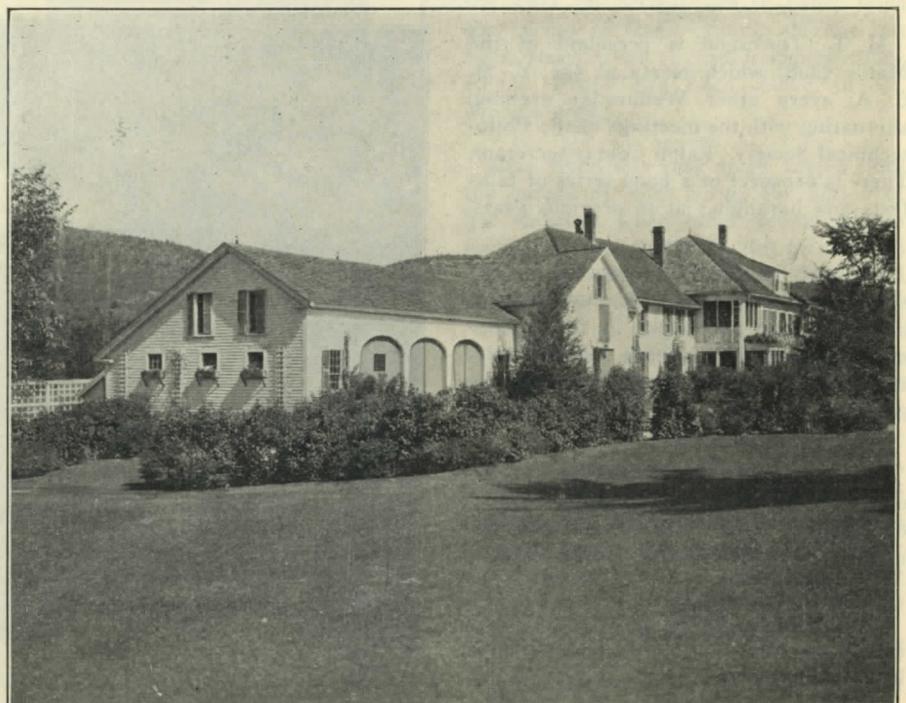
time getting the necessary groceries. Better learn to talk French, Basil, as opportunity knocks just once at every man's car door.

All about Baseball by Red Pettis or Joe Leroux. Discussions held during noon hours. Pettis says any bird who smokes a 7-20-4, while a game is in session has already proved that his mind isn't on his business. Bill Sweeney seconds the motion and says Joe will never in the reign of Hoover be as successful as Babe Ruth unless he discontinues puffing the weed.

Pete Frechette, Ike Dean, and Bob Sturgeon attended the Midnight Frolic at 101 Ranch in Success recently. Pete played a few selections while Bob "stepped-er-off" much to the delight of the audience as Mr. Sturgeon always pleases the bunch with his acrobatic antics. Mr. Dean sang a few solos. They reported a great time.

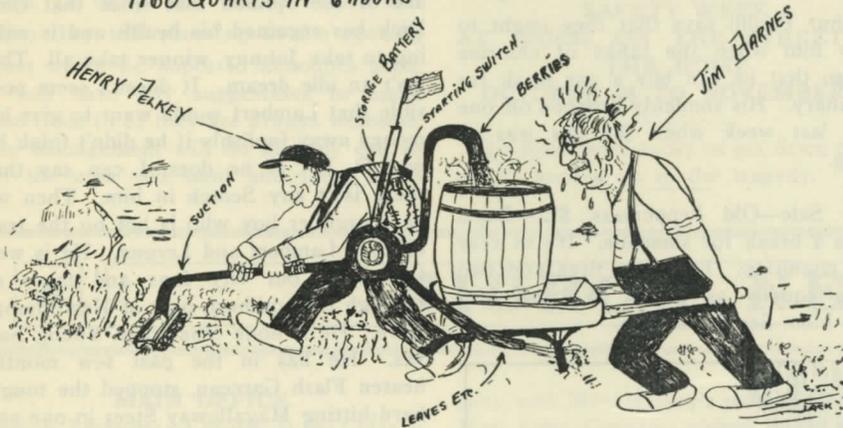
Joe Savoy, champion tube sawyer of this mill, surprised a number of the boys at a party recently by giving a very fine exhibition of clog dancing. He was accompanied by Senator Knox on the harmonica.

Joe Goudreau, orator from Ward 4, intends to "run" against some worthy opponent for councilman. Perhaps Joe will slow down to a walk later.



Shrubbery at Mill Brook.

THE MODERN WAY OF PICKING BLUEBERRIES THE BARNES-PELKEY WAY 1160 QUARTS IN 6 HOURS - BELIEVE IT OR NOT



Arthur Dionne, tube inspector, has caught the "radio bug" and all he can talk about is "Philco." Mr. Dionne is building a set which he hopes will surpass anything they have invented thus far.

Henry Bourbeau of the piping department was out of town recently on business. He spent a few hours at Jericho Beach inspecting "The Chateau Din-nay." Mr. Bourbeau says he was very pleased with the outcome.

Harold Beroney, spare boss, clockman, and several other monikers, has intentions of raising a dog team and no doubt get into the International Dog Races. He was seen one evening lugging home four. That seems to be a pretty good start.

LIMERICKS

By JACK RODGERSON
To shavers who've almost lost hope
I'm going to give you some dope;
Make that razor behave
And have a good shave
By using John Donaldson's soap.

Nelson Ayotte, one of our good men,
Is in the spud business again;
Just call up and say
"Bring some spuds here today,"
And he'll deliver one bushel or ten.

MacCosh's old Ford Model T
He swapped for an Essex, did he;
To his friends that he met
Said, "Boys, I'm all set
To go fishing in Mirimichi."

MacKenzie, a millwright so refined,
Is about the quietest fellow you'll find
But bring on Chateau
And he's rarin' to go
And he'll talk you deaf, dumb, and blind.

On a trip that he thought he would like
Went a Riverside millwright named Mike;
His Buick on the road
By oxen was towed
Now he wishes he'd gone on a hike.

John Blouin went North so they say,
Two weeks he was planning to stay,
Strange sights he did see,
He turned out for a tree,
And came home in a new Chevrolet.

Senator Knox, a P. I. from Bangor,
Bought some garments downtown in a store;
Not a man that I've met
I still say and say yet
Has a shirt like the Senator wore.

Axehandle Bernier, feeling the best,
Says, "Boys, I'm going after a test,

I know what I'll do,
I'll try Johnny Leroux;"
Ask Bernier, he'll tell you the rest.

Frank Oleson on his vacation went south,
Saying, "In New York I'll be out of this drouth."
While there several days
At the tall buildings he'd gaze
And he sunburned the roof of his mouth.

When Frank LeBretton came back from P. I.,
To take off his shirt he did try,
He'd pull and he'd swear,
But herring bones held it there.
Well, this shirt will fall off by and by.

Bob Horne thought he was doing some job
By detouring so he'd miss the mob.
He didn't drive slow
And the reason we know
Is because that pig squealed on Bob.

'Tis funny how news sometimes will leak
That Dionysius Gillis is a P. I. so to speak,
In his Pontiac hack
To P. I. he went back
And he claims he ate fish for a week.

Two belt repairmen named Charles and Paul
Are on their jobs spring, summer, or fall;
Every belt everywhere
Is in first-class repair
And they don't miss a belt, big or small.

Bob Sturgeon, a blacksmith of fame,
Is the best there is in the game.
When other "Smiths" turn down a job,
They come in and see Bob,
Every job to him is the same.

Bill Demers from Tube Mill No. 2
Says, "No more fiddling, boys, I'm all through,
A violin, case and bow
For ten dollars must go,
It's a bargain at that I tell you."



Jimmie Mullins, the sheik, so they say,
Got lost in the field by the Y. M. C. A.
If the story is right
He strayed round all night
And didn't get home till next day.

Phil Tardiff, our pugilist boy,
Who is under the electricians' employ,
Is a bear in the ring,
But the one place he's king
Is eating spaghetti. Oy. Oy.

An inventor named Owen Green
Made a new-fangled washing machine.
Just bring on your duds,
Shake them round in the suds,
In five minutes or less they are clean.

Byron Ferris, who hails from P. I.
Thought Green's washing machine he would try;
He said unto Green,
"Wash these overalls clean."
"Well, call in," said Green, "next July."

Red Donaldson and Ev. Christiansen
Around the small burgs do their prancin',
In most all the small towns
You can see these two clowns
And with corn-fed females they're dancin'.

At a ball game one Sandy MacLight
Blew up in the air like a kite.
That game he resents
Because he lost thirty cents
And he hasn't played ball since that night.

A car owner named Harry Ardell
Had a bus that wasn't running so swell,
When she'd cough, snort and bark
Harry made the remark
That he wished the darn thing was in the hotel.

LEATHER PLANT

Bella Labonte is the champion boxer at the leather plant and also the strongest of the crowd.

Grace Jacques is turning out to be a good cook and is feeding the people here leather with doughnuts.

The Leather Plant flapper is afraid of the dentist.

The boys are anxious to get the dope on the guy that gave Mortenson the sleeping sickness.

For Sale: A human loud speaker. See Arthur Poulin.

Charley Shreenan is awfully glad that the heavy-weight fight is over because he couldn't find a cap to fit him the next morning.

Alcide Audette is very glad of his new job.

It is said that Leo Bolduc's car makes more trips to Gorham than the street car.

Horace Rich claims he is going to be one of Milan's future mayors. Good luck, Rich. We will give you some flowers on election day.

Arthur Poulin says that they ought to notify him when the tanks of chlorine leak so that he can buy a gas mask for his canary. His suddenly dropped off one night last week when the gas was so strong.

For Sale—Old Peppersass, \$15.—Boys, this is a break for someone. It's in very good condition. Four flat tires and two spares equally as good. Will hit fifty down hill. See Buck Roy.



WHEN LEO L'HEUREUX IS NOT BUSY AFTER HIS DAY'S WORK AT THE TUBE MILL, HE CAN BE IN HIS OWN STUDIO DOING THIS.

There must be something in Mildred's eye.

Rose is known as the laughing beauty of the Leather Plant.

B. A. A.

The boxing situation seems to be picking up. If reading between the lines means anything we are at least going to have it back again in the very near future. It is planned to match two of our local boys for the welterweight title of the Granite State. Dick Lambert of Berlin is the welter champion by virtue of a four-round kayo over Charlie Ricardi. In the last few weeks Dick has gained weight and to the writer appears back again where he belongs. When Dick is right

he is there. If the match can be brought about his opponent will be Johnny Leroux, also of Berlin, who already has had two decisions over Lambert in the past. Many are of the opinion that since that time Dick has regained his health and is willing to take Johnny, winner take all. This isn't an idle dream. It doesn't seem possible that Lambert would want to give his money away foolishly if he didn't think he was O. K. If he does, I can say that there isn't any Scotch in him. Then we have another boy who is hot on the trail of both Lambert and Leroux. He is well known to our city fans and more so through the southern part of New Hampshire. He is none other than Young Salvvas. He has in the past few months beaten Flash Garceau, stopped the tough, hard-hitting Magalloway Steer in one and one-half rounds. Bobby Jones strictly refused to step inside of ropes with him and many will recall that this Jones stayed eight rounds with Lambert. At Augusta, Maine, recently Salvvas stopped Tiger Burke, a Bangor light-heavy in two rounds. Wee Willie Woods, who knows the boxing game from every angle, is Salvvas' mentor and says that Salvvas is a real fighter now and has a very bright future ahead of him. This above-named Burke is a colored boy who has an impressive record. He stated that night that he would play with Salvvas, and then put him away. However, he got his wires crossed and when he came to he said he had never before been hit so hard. Salvvas gave away 16 pounds to him. The boys here are very fortunate in having the services of Wee Willie and we hope he remains with us so our boys get the proper instruction. Salvvas has now been started off on the right foot, and being rugged he will no doubt soon be a top-notch. We hope the fans can see those boys in action soon. The other cities are having the sport and why can't we?

There is another boy who is eager to box Axehandle Bernier. His name is Al Beattie, formerly of New York City but at the present visiting his home in Quebec. He has a brother residing here and while spending a few days here is anxious to box Bernier. Beattie is a six-foot man, weighing in the vicinity of 180 lbs., and just twenty years old. He was in Stribling's training camp, and was under the management of Pat Daugherty. This ought to prove a good scene for Axehandle says, "I have never heard of him but I am here and ready any time." It sounds like it would go over big. Cyclone McCabe of Prince Edward Island is also anxious to meet Bernier and with this

bunch ready to mix we surely ought to land some real fun. Mr. Malloy is also anxious to start up again and wishes to thank all those who helped before and hopes they will show up at the opening bouts which he hopes to announce soon. If you have any suggestions to make send them in as they are always welcome. The management will do all they can to get the men you want and there is no

reason why Berlin can't have a very pleasant and profitable winter in boxing circles.

SAFETY WEEK
AT WORK, ON THE STREET, IN
THE HOME
OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 2

Q.—Now, madam, let us get down to the events leading up to the tragedy. What

happened first?

A.—I bid one spade and he kept raising.

Q.—How high did he go before he stopped?

A.—Four spades.

Q.—Was it then that you shot him?

A.—No; not then.

Judge (interrupting in amazement):
Why not?



NIBROC NEWS



MAIN OFFICE

W. T. Libby was a visitor at the Chicago office during the month.

W. H. Palmer was a business visitor in Boston, Mass., for a week.

Ernest Gendron is spending his vacation camping at Connecticut Lakes.

Earl Henderson was a week-end visitor in Coaticook, P. Q. Earl's five year old son, Donald, was a passenger in an aeroplane at the Brown field recently.

W. B. Moore of the Chicago office was a visitor during the month.

Frank Perkins motored to Durham and Boston on his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crockett visited Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Teti are the proud parents of a 7½ lb. son, Joseph Albert, born September 15.

Levi Paulsen has had a very nice looking paint job done on his house.

We should like to have seen the expression on Leo Barbin's face when he gave the waitress fifty cents for the supposedly forty-five-cent dinner.

PLANNING DEPARTMENT

Richard Dunton has graduated to the paper machines. Kenneth Doyle replaces him in the planning department.

Reggie (Lightning) Libby made a trip to Boston. He also took in the opening dance at the Bluebird Pavilion.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Harvey in com-

pany with Mrs. Harvey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Connors, visited at St. John, N. B. Mrs. Harvey brought back an old-fashioned candle lantern, well over a hundred years old.

Vacations are over for another year. Verona Davenport has returned and reports a very pleasant vacation spent at Exeter.



Bill Cooper is now prepared to show us the road with his new gas buggy.

MAINTENANCE

Jim Nollette, after laying a cement driveway from the street to his garage, took a trip to Glens Falls.

Dionysius Gillis and John Johnston were called to Boston by the death of Mr. Gillis' and Mrs. Johnston's sister.

Our sympathy is extended them in their bereavement.

We are glad to welcome Lee Welch back to his bench after his long illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Caird have returned to the city after spending the summer at their Pontook summer home. Earl reports that Julie's Tea Room did a very successful summer's business.

Several of our men had enforced vacations for sickness and minor injuries. Among them are Neal Harris, Herbert Schnare, Louis Gregoire and Alex Correau.

Hilaire Ruel is working with the brick-masons.

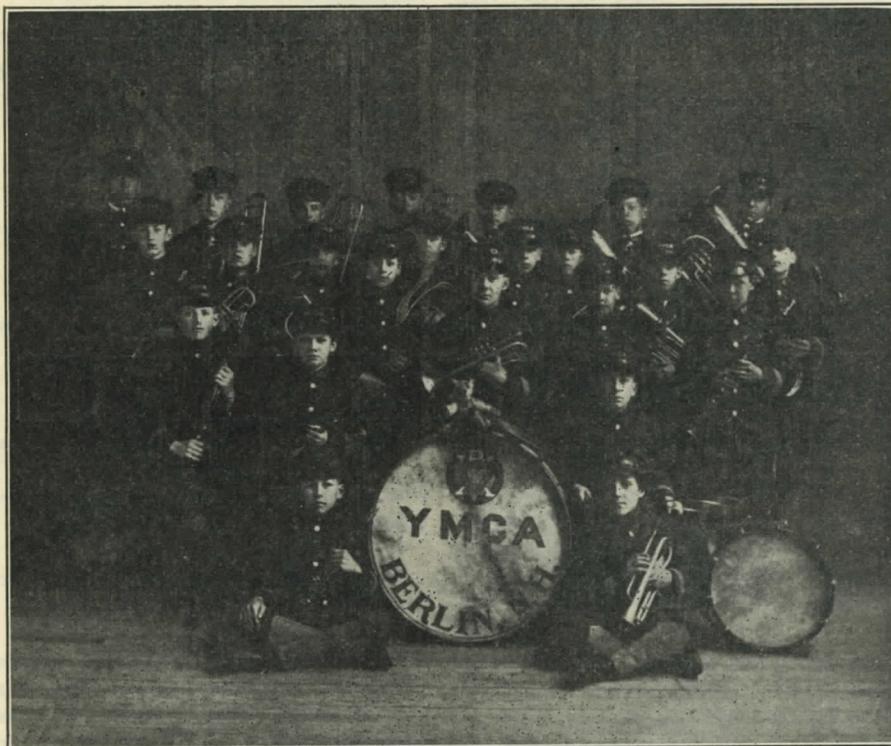
Sammy Alphonse has returned to the pipe covering crew now that Everett Bird has the clams harvested from his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Nollette took an extended trip which covered Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Union, Pa., and New York.

Tom Burke and his two men, Philius Nadeau and Willie J. Arsenault, visited the Riverside and Experimental Paper Mills on beater work.

Harry Freeman, Fred Andrews, Phil Reid, Ed Legassie, Roy Burns, and Eddie Watson have been working on the construction work at Shelburne power house. Legassie became a little wroth when asked if he preferred lilies or roses.

Dan Feindel and family motored to Durham with their son, Howard, who entered as freshman at New Hampshire State University.



Boys Band, Y. M. C. A., 1915

4th Row—Davenport, Edwards, Johnson, Bean, Caird, Reid, Morrison.
 3rd Row—Hayward, Oeschger, Johnson, Stearns, Thomas, Rahmanop, Mooney, Stahl, Morrison, Steady, Stahl.
 2nd Row—Lee, Beaudoin, Director Chamberlain, McGivney.
 1st Row—Steady, Laramie.

Henry Morin was unfortunately struck on the shoulder by a falling bag of sand. He is resting quite comfortably at the St. Louis Hospital while the broken bone mends.

Pete Topier made a few days' visit at Sherbrooke, P. Q., and Barre, Vt.

Frank Costello spent a week's vacation at home. Frank's two boys enjoyed an aeroplane ride at Brown field recently.

Johnny Lynch was fishing at Lakeside recently and all he could catch was rubber boots and old shoes.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Burns and Mr. and Mrs. John Smith motored to Cookshire, P. Q., for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Martel visited for a week in Portland, Maine.

Leroy Maines was off for a few days resting up after a strenuous dancing season.

Luther Hilburn of Gorham power plant was a recent visitor in Portland, Maine.

On Sept. 16, Miss Melvina Guerin, daughter of J. B. Guerin of the electrical department, was united in marriage to Dennis Lavoie of Berlin. A wedding dinner was served at the Guerin home on Cascade Hill to forty-seven relatives. John is the proud grandfather of twenty-nine grandchildren.

Fred Boivard sold his home on Cascade Hill to John Bigl and has purchased a new home on upper Madison Avenue, Berlin.

Joe Oliver, Jimmy Gravel, John Hall, and Alex McKay, of the repair shop were at the plant for two weeks, rewinding No. 4 generator.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lennon and Mr. and Mrs. Oran Hale motored to Montreal for a few days during the month.

Old Man Reid, whose picture figured so prominently in a recent issue of the Bulletin, has been making daily trips to the Spruce Hill road job, for what reason we don't know.

John Lynch spent a week's vacation motoring to Sherbrooke, P. Q., Lewiston, Me., and other points. Johnny was accompanied by Mrs. Lynch and Sylvina Guerin of the cutter room.



Old Marston School, Class of 1902

Front Row, Left to Right—Bella Sullivan, Francis Brannen, Gertrude McGivney, Ruth Caird, Bernard Jacobs, Georgia Walters, Marjorie Gerrish, William Palmer, Glades Lary, William Angelowitz, Lila Perkins, Paul Hodgdon, Leo Hinchey, Cyrus Renolds
 2nd Row—Phil Goss, Edward Walsh, Fern Hutchins, David Babson, Unknown, Ida Jolbert, Unknown, Ray Feindel, Norah Gullison, John Finkle, Evelyn Studd, M. Hogan, Margaret Griffen, Gordon Wilson, Basil Bennett
 3rd Row—Andrew Malloy, James Mitchell, Elizabeth Lee, Gladys Treamer, Margaret Ruel, Unknown, Unknown, Unknown, Allen Henly, Miss Hodgdon, R. Rix, Julia Laffin, Unknown, Nellie Walsh, John Teare, Cloud Treamer.
 Back Row—Albert Arsenaault, Robert Pingree, Hugh Coyle, Pearl Dickie, Edward Oxford, Unknown, Unknown, James McGivney, William Garahan.

Herb Minnick has decided to put off trip down East for another year.

W. R. Palmer is spending his vacation in New York and Philadelphia, attending the World Series.

Duffy Thibault and crew repaired the big steam shovel that belongs to the Cashman Constructing Co. of Burlington, Vt. The Cashman Company has finished the culvert and fill at the B. & M. trestle opposite the plant.

Oliver Keenan was visiting in Canada for a few days.

Leslie Feeley was a recent visitor in Portland, Maine.

Henry McLaughlin was a recent visitor in Lunenburg, Vt.

Stanley Givens of the store house is still on the sick list. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

George Hewitt has been spending his spare time picking pine and spruce cones and selling them to the Company.

Mark Osborne is assisting in the store house.

Frank Therrien spent a few days in St. Giles, P. Q., attending the birthday celebration of his twin uncles, Victor and David Demers, who are sixty years old.

Aubrey Freeman motored to Keene, N. H., to take his daughter, Edna, to Keene Normal School.

Brandon Martel was a recent visitor in Portland, Maine.

John Travis spent a few days visiting his daughter, Mae, in Hartford, Conn.

Dana Fogg and Ernest Hodgman spent a week's vacation at their homes in Gorham.

Emil Poulin motored to Montreal for a week's vacation.

Euclid Perry of the lead burning department is working at the Upper Plants

John McLean has returned to work after spending a two weeks' vacation motoring to points in New Brunswick and Massachusetts.

Dennis McKelvey and family spent a week's vacation in his home town at Wolfstown, P. Q.

Andrew MacDonald assisted in the welding shop for a few days during the month.

PRINTING DEPARTMENT

George Hawkins is sorry that the amateurs' racing season is over. He doesn't know what to do with himself now.

Jerry Bowles is visiting in New York for a few weeks.

Joe Maltais swapped his Ford Touring Car for a new Ford Coupe, for spring delivery.

Dunny Keough and Willard Covio have joined partnership in trapping, and look forward to a big season.



"LE VEUX LEHOUX" FLYING VISIT TO CANADA.

Lena Roberge is in the market for an automobile. Lena says she wants something very special.

CUTTER ROOM

Mary R. Willette has returned to work after being on the sick list for three months.

George Bunnell found a family of cute little kitties in a barrel in the room recently.

Dorothy Covell is back to work on a cutter.

Arthur Labonte, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Labonte, Madison Avenue, and Miss Ruby Watson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watson, Cascade, were united in marriage by Rev. Thomas J. Connor, pastor of the Holy Family Church at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

The bride wore a handsome ensemble of blue velvet with harmonizing accessories. The attendants were the groom's father, Edward Labonte, and Mr. J. S.

Montminy of Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Labonte are enjoying a wedding trip by automobile, visiting in Portland and Boston. They will make their home in Berlin and have their apartment on Willow Street ready for occupancy.

SULPHITE DEPARTMENT

Bob Eisnor went to Nova Scotia for a two weeks' vacation. He got rained in and had to stay another week.

On Aug. 26, Hector Leclerc was united in marriage to Bella Chatigny at the Angel Guardian Church. The honeymoon was spent in Worcester and Boston, Mass. They have taken up a residence on Western Avenue.

It took a long time but Charles MacDonald has been convinced that the Buick is quite a car.

RAILROAD DEPARTMENT

George Noel spent a two weeks' vacation visiting in New York City, Boston and Worcester, Mass., and Biddeford, Me.

Peter Laflamme and family spent a week-end at Wells Beach.

John Johnson spent a week-end at York Harbor.

O. Vaillancourt, section foreman, and crew were at the Shelburne power house putting in a new spur track line.

A horn has been installed near the railway office, to warn the millhands of an approaching train.

MACHINE ROOM

George Prowell has finished work and has gone to Boston, Mass., to study advanced printing and designing.

Edward Fitzgerald is out from work with a bruised right forearm.

Joseph Michaud is laid up with a fractured right arm and dislocated shoulder.

Tommy Thorp, our back tender, says his Ford transmission sounds like a stone crusher.

TIME OFFICE AND STANDARDS

Joseph Hennessey has been transferred from the standards department to the car service bureau.

Herbert Landrigan is spending his vacation visiting in Herrings, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Morrison spent a two weeks' vacation motoring to Montreal, Niagara Falls, and New York City.

Doris Oliver has finished work and has gone to Boston, Mass., to attend the Catherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

On a recent trip around the mountains, Pat Hinchey had the experience of changing two tires on his Ford without a jack or a pump.

YARD DEPARTMENT

The yard crew is handicapped by the loss of Dr. Edmond Babin, who has returned to school in Montreal, P. Q.

Lewis Levere is out from work with a bruised right leg, and Cornelius Murphy is out with a sprained right thumb.

Pa Perkins was a visitor in Beverly, Mass., over a week-end recently.

Pa Perkins says he has tried the back trail mentioned in the September issue of the Bulletin and finds that his Rolls-Ford takes the bumps very nicely, so he would advise those having hard riding cars to change to Fords.

NOTE: We notice, however, that Pa has built a new road on the back trail and has purchased a new Ford Town Sedan.

HERE AND THERE

We note the Tube Mill items, frequently, about Chet Carr's and Jock Rodger-son's exploits at P. E. I., and wonder if they ever tell any of their hotel ex-periences.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barrows accom-panied Mr. and Mrs. George Hamlin of Milan to Maine and Quebec points of interest.

John Lapointe of the Barker Mill is out from work with a bruised right shoulder.

John Paquette of the woodroom, is out

from work with an injured chest.

Edgar Perry, our restaurant cook, was laid up for a few days with the grippe.

Bill Richardson of the steam depart-ment, and Mrs. Richardson motored to Richmond, Va., on their vacation.

LABORATORY

Catherine McGillen was the substitute stenographer in the laboratory while Joud-rey was on a vacation.

Linnis Joudrey, his father, brother and families were Down East visitors. They spent their vacation in Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Stone received a young daughter at their home on Sept. 15. The little lady's name is Joyce Louise. Her weight, 8¼ pounds.

SAFETY WEEK

**AT WORK, ON THE STREET, IN THE HOME
OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 2**



BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES



SAFETY IS THE BEST INSURANCE FOR YOURSELF AND FAMILY.

NEW YORK OFFICE

September 1st marked the 30th anni-versary of Mr. Flint's connection with the Brown Company. The employees and salesmen of the New York Office presented him with a traveling bag and set of golf clubs, in honor of the occasion. We congratulate Mr. Flint on his splendid record, and hope that he may be at the helm of the New York Office guiding the destinies of the Brown Company for many years to come.

The return of Charles Lyons from his vacation marks the close of the vacation period for this year.

In looking over last month's edition of the Bulletin, we notice there seemed to be an epidemic of marriages. Not wishing to be outdone in news of this character, we decided to do some scouting around our office to see what the prospects were for contributing our share of matrimonial news, and for once it seemed that success crowned our efforts. One of the alumni of the New York Office, Francis Smith,

now in charge of the St. Louis Office, will be married on October 15th, and we shall have more news of this character next month.

Recent visitors to our office were Gilford Henderson, William Decker, Edmund Burke, James Taylor, and John A. Crowe from Portland, Chester Goldsmith and Henry A. Chase from Berlin, and Mr. Fairbairn from LaTuque.

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE

Miss N. A. Phelps, who has been with us for the past year, left us August 15th. We are sorry she decided to leave but wish her the greatest possible success in her new position.

Miss Lois Given has taken Miss Phelps' place and we are glad to have her with us.

During the past month we have had the following visitors: R. K. Erlandson and O. W. Mielke, who are associated with Blake, Moffitt and Towne; "Billy" Patten of Honolulu; Robert Webb, associated with the Charles R. Hadley Company, Los Angeles; Fred Hilvert, vice-president, S. A. Gerrard Company; and Howard Murphy, associated with the same concern.

Conditions on the Pacific Coast during the past three months have been very un-settled. Every line of business, without exception, seems to have suffered. It is the general opinion, however, that it is only a temporary depression, and everyone is looking forward to active business con-ditions this Fall.

SAFETY WEEK

**AT WORK, ON THE STREET, IN THE HOME
OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 2**

"I can see through a brick wall as quick as the next one!"

"When can you perform this remarkable feat?"

"When there's a window in the wall, you simp!"

Thief—I hope you will be lenient with me, your worship. I have a good many dependent upon me for their support.

Magistrate—Children?

Thief—No, your honor, detectives.

—Blackpool Times.

Big Game on Mt. Forist

By LOUVILLE PAINE

TIMES have changed. Many great changes have come to our town and so rapidly in the last few years that we can hardly realize their significance. Incidents that roused the moderately moving inhabitants from the usual country drowsiness to a lively interest in affairs were not of everyday occurrence in Berlin back, well, say in the seventies. Furthermore, we are so "fed up" on thrills now-a-days that events which in those times would have been a chief topic of conversation for several days hardly cause a ripple in our swiftly moving era.

On a midsummer's day in the period mentioned, the peace and quietude of Berlin Falls village were very much disturbed by the report that some sharp-eyed person had spied out a large animal on Mt. Forist, about two-thirds of the way up. Sure enough, anyone with good eyesight could see some large creature when the location was properly pointed out.

Speculation was lively as to what kind of animal it could be. Many guesses were advanced, but no one was sure. Bear, deer, and others were suggested. Excitement increased. At last Michael Blais, self-styled skilful hunter, declared it was a moose and with his sawed-off army gun started post haste up the mountain. Now, as most of our readers know, Mt. Forist flanks Berlin on the west, rising precipitously about 900 feet. A large part of its face is bare, smooth, and steep. With its proximity to town, its rugged features are plainly discernable.

It is told that a man journeying through Berlin on the Grand Trunk years ago, was reading his paper and as the train came to a stop he dropped the paper and looked out of the window. His gaze fell suddenly on Mt. Forist, "Well I snum," he exclaimed, "I never was out of sight of land before."

Michael's progress up the mountain was necessarily slow, for it was steep and rough, and the underbrush was thick. Somewhat out of breath, he at last arrived in the close vicinity of the game. He crept stealthily through the bushes without alarming the unsuspecting animal, peered between the trees and discovered Wheeler and Paine's truck horse!

Perhaps a short story of this horse may be interesting. There was no particular point in which he differed from horses in general. He was just a plain country Dobbin, good dispositioned, strong, and a willing worker. He was our first horse! What a world of meaning in the sentence! Most likely there will be now and then a reader who will recall a similar youthful experience and who as a red-blooded boy or girl waxed intensely enthusiastic over driving and riding a horse.

At one time this horse was owned in Portland, Me. He was accidently backed off the wharf into the dock. The accident left him with a shoulder lameness from which he never fully recovered. A man took a job to log a territory including the hill-sides west of the Jericho road, with camps across the road a few rods above the present incinerating plant.

The logs were hauled to J. W. Wheeler's mill at Jericho. This horse was in the outfit brought here to do the job. It proved to be an up-hill proposition, and the jobber came out in debt in the spring. Wheeler and Paine had furnished him supplies and as part payment took this horse and his mate. They sold the mate. Country traders did not deliver goods, but as the expense was small they decided to keep the horse for general use. Mr. Wheeler had cord wood to get out and farming to do on the land now occupied by the city stables and the stone crushing plant.

Riding the horse was my special delight. As before stated, he was regarded as having a good disposition. I discovered to my sorrow that he had ideas of his own as to the proper way to ride a horse. I was in the habit of riding him bareback and with no bridle, to the water tub located near where the New Revere Hotel now stands. I rode him as usual, one spring day and while he was drinking worked myself back on to his hindquarters. This proceeding proved to be not at all to his liking, for when he had finished drinking he whirled quickly and started on the gallop for the stable, kicking his heels high in the air with every jump. I was bounced into space with every kick and on each return trip happened to land

on his back until about the fourth kick, when I went to a glancing landing in the road. The melting snow had left the regulation winter's accumulation on a bed of slippery ice, resulting in a condition much more objectionable than the spot in which Darius Green landed after his ill-fated flying experiment, described as a mess of—"barnyard litter of straw and chaff, and much that wasn't so sweet by half." A surprised, humiliated, but physically unhurt youngster whose clothes had mopped up a large dose of this unsavory mess made all haste to get away from the gaze of the amused by-standers.

Along in the summer there came a time when there wasn't much for the horse to do and he was turned loose to graze near the residence of A. K. Cole, situated on what is now the site of the Bartlett school. He was not seen for several days until discovered on the mountain as narrated. While being led down the mountain the horse stumbled and became wedged between some boulders, and Michael was obliged to come down for help to get him out. He was none the worse from his mountain experience except that he was a sight from blackfly bites. In places where he could not dislodge them there were large blotches, raw, swollen and bleeding from their attacks. And so, in rescuing this suffering animal, Michael performed a more worth while deed, even though he was very much disappointed in not bagging some big game.

WHAT COUNTS

Here's health to the girl who can dance
like a dream,

And the girl who can pound the piano;
A health to the girl who writes verse by
the ream

Or top with high C in soprano;
To the girl who can talk and the girl who
does not;

To the saint and the sweet little sinner;
But here's to the cleverest girl of the lot—
The girl who can cook a good dinner.

**SAFETY IS THE BEST BOND!
FORETHOUGHT IS THE WATER-
MARK OF THE CAREFUL MAN.**

Big Game on Mr. Forist

By [illegible]

SAFETY WEEK

At Work, On the Street, In the Home

October 28 to November 2

66 **A**nd the end is that the workman shall live to enjoy the fruit of his labor; that his mother shall have the comfort of his arm in her age; that his wife shall not be untimely a widow; that his children shall have a father, and that cripples and hopeless wrecks who were once strong men shall not longer be a by-product of industry.

--P. B. Juhnke.

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