

BROWN BULLETIN



THE SKY RIDER, ROBERT COUTURE

MARCH, 1930

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BROWN BULLETIN

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MARCH, 1930

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"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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BROWN COMPANY SURGICAL SERVICE

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HEART DISEASE—

REAL AND IMAGINARY

By C. O. SAPPINGTON, M. D.

Director, Industrial Health Division, National
Safety Council

Heart disease leads as a cause of death among middle aged people. Frequently we read in the newspapers of some person apparently in the best of health dying suddenly from that mysterious ailment "heart disease." Most of the cases of chronic heart disorder go unrecognized for years. The yearly health examination is the best way to detect such a condition.

The person with a defective heart is not necessarily doomed to an early grave. Many a person with a bad heart has lived a long and useful life by following the advice of his physician and adjusting his living habits to his physical condition.

Many people suffer needless anxiety because of symptoms sometimes classified by the term "nervous heart." Some of these conditions have nothing to do with the heart and practically all of them can be cleared up by proper treatment.

Some cases are the result of excessive use of tobacco, alcohol, coffee or tea. Relief invariably follows when the cause is removed.

Many people consult physicians because of suspected heart trouble. They feel pulsations in the neck or abdomen, or they hear heart beats in the ears. They have pains in the region where they think the heart is located. Usually the trouble is aggravated by worry. Sometimes an examination will reveal a heart disorder but the heart itself is seldom the cause of the unpleasant symptoms.

The physician can render an important service in such cases. If there is a serious organic condition he can prescribe medical treatment and personal hygiene. If the patient is sound physically and the trouble is of a minor nature he can help by calming unnecessary fears and worries.

SHUCKS!

Two faces were close together, the man's grim and tense; the other small and white, with two slender hands pressed tightly against it. The frail hands riveted the man's gaze.

"Heavens!" he said, still staring, and his voice was tragic, for that other face was the face of his watch, and those little hands told him that he had missed the last train home.—Pearson's Weekly.

FAMILIAR HIGH-STEPPERS

By LOUVILLE PAINE



CAPT. WARREN NOYES' PAIR OF BAY MARES

(Continued from February)

HERE are some horses that were familiar on Berlin's streets for years: Daniel Green's "Jim," high-spirited, long-lived, said to have been in the Civil War, would start prancing at the sound of band music. Was ridden by Joe Hicks, marshal of the day in the centennial celebration of July Fourth, 1876. Was represented in the pageant in Berlin Celebration, July Fourth, 1929. He was kept a long time after his usefulness was over. At the request of Mr. Green, his grandson, Fred D. Green, and Ed. J. Blodgett humanely "laid him away."

Jack Howard, from Cates Hill, started the first milk route about 1875, with his old, white horse, "Lijah," somewhat decrepit but efficient. C. C. Gerrish and Co.'s white "Tom" on the grocery team, intelligent and attractive. Gardner Paine's delivery horse, "Jim," tall, rangey, great roader. W. W. Brown's "Doctor," very intelligent, everybody's pet. Used to be driven from the Mills to the Falls to carry mail. Dr. Wardwell's dark bay, "Old Kit," tough, reliable, long-lived and

mother of some fast colts. Archie Blodgett's trick horse, "Charley," at the Cascades. C. H. and Z. E. Gilbert's beautiful white horse, "Pat." Used to be driven between their Jericho mill and Berlin. Very intelligent. Would respond to his name with a whinner. Jacob Dresser's "Little Jenney." Wonderful roader. Formerly owned by old Dr. Wiley of Bethel, Maine. Jesse Tuttle's little "Mig," smart and intelligent. Wm. Wilson's "Dick," and Geo. Wilson's "Bess," making a matched pair, sorrel in color. Used in their shingle, spool strip, and salt-box mill business. Were sold later to Harvey Smith. S. E. Paine's "Old Spot," black and white calico. Said to have some Rocky Mountain blood in him, whatever that is. Was a striking looking animal. Was owned and used by Mr. Milliken, of Glen House fame, several years in mountain stagecoach business. Was a very showy meat-cart horse for Samuel E. Also S. E. Paine's pair of matched chestnut mares, "Kit" and "Jen." Fine saddlers; used to let them sometimes for that purpose. J. Fred Bell's horse, "Black Diamond," and John Green

with his old "Joe Davis." L. A. Dresser's "Ned," a noble looking family horse. Dan Daley's sorrel driving horse, "Sir John." John R. Horne's stallion, "Durock." X. F. Wardwell's white mare, "Mabel."

Lambert Bros. & Co., grocers, built the steam laundry block and traded there. For a delivery horse they had a beautiful young mare, "Tuckey." Irving Stearns bought her in Kentucky as a colt, raised her in Newry, Maine, and brought her to Berlin. She was dark chestnut. She got frightened one day and ran onto the Grand Trunk tracks and into the Green Street underpass. She was right side up with all four legs down between the ties. Fortunately there were no trains moving; and, strange to relate, by careful maneuvering, they got her out very little the worse from the seemingly hopeless situation.

My own "Sappho," small, dark chestnut mare. Good at anything, driver, saddler, worker. Could and would jump any pasture fence in town. As I was riding her up Exchange Street at a pretty good clip one day, Sam Duke's small brother, Ralph, ran down some steps and into the road directly in front of her. With a leap she went completely over him. Ralph dodged, lost his balance, got up and looked around to see what had happened. "By Gorry," he exclaimed, "she never touched me."

Lewis Brown had a pair of light, lively horses for his up-river trips. One time Mr. Edwards of the Portland Office was here and thought he would like to have a sleigh ride behind them. They had been standing in the stable some little time and were feeling good. The team was hitched up and Mr. Edwards started towards the Falls. The horses became unmanageable and ran away with him! Jos. Tucker helped stop them just below the Grand Trunk station, preventing them from going down the railroad. Mr. Tucker, being in good muscle, offered to drive them back to the Mills, but Mr. Edwards thought he was all right, declined the offer and started back. They ran away with him again! Luckily no harm was done and the conclusion was drawn that office work by a middle-aged man doesn't develop muscle enough to control a pair of lively

young horses.

When H. H. Furbish came to Berlin and established the Forest Fibre Co., he brought with him a well-bred, speedy mare for a driver. He was a lover of good horses and did something in the line of raising fine stock. A daily chore, after business was over, was to take the mail to Gorham to catch the early morning train starting from there. The mare would go down sometimes in twenty minutes, passing everybody on the way. John Maker, the driver, got something of a surprise one day when he attempted to go by Mr. Wilson's "Bess." Now "Bess" was smart and sporty and had that proud characteristic, found occasionally in a horse, never to allow another horse to go by her if it was in her power to prevent it. John didn't get by. Mr. Furbish gave the mare to John R. Horn, who raised some fine colts from her. She was particularly intelligent and affectionate, and consequently a general favorite. Her career ended when she walked into an opening in the river made by the ice cutters. Buckboard and all went to the bottom of the river. The driver narrowly escaped going down with her.

The late George Burgess was passionately fond of horses. His experience with them began when as a small boy he owned a pony and rode him at top speed through the streets of Dedham, Mass. He had a stable of horses here in Berlin and derived great pleasure from driving a tallyho "coach and four." He also had saddle and hurdle horses. It is told that Fred Tapley, the old trainer and driver, was exercising one of the hurdlers in harness one day, and coming to the watering trough on the east side of the river in Milan, he thought the horse might be thirsty and reined him toward the trough. The horse took it as the customary signal to jump. It was only by quick action that Tap diverted the horse's course and escaped by a few inches being "hurdled," buggy and all, over the trough with its possible disastrous consequences!

The small boy's pony brings to mind the late Judge R. N. Chamberlin's son, Lafayette, and his broncho, a very nice saddler. Lafayette would come home from school, rush to the stable, saddle and bridle the pony, spring to the saddle and go off down the street like a whirlwind! What a pleasant memory for a fellow to carry through life!

John Burke, an interesting character, did the trucking for the Forest Fibre Co. and was a familiar figure on our streets for years. During that time he used many different horses. He had the faculty of

building up a rundown horse while working him pretty decently hard. He used this faculty as a business asset. He would get a horse into good trim and then swap, always getting some "boot" along with another rundown horse, and repeat the process. The one horse of his that stands out in memory was a tall, red mare, pretty well played out. Under John's careful usage and the daily dose of linseed oil in her feed, she began to pick up; and as John was getting along in years, was quite stout and somewhat clumsy, she soon became so spirited that John was unable to manage her. He named her "Crazy Jane." He didn't keep her long.

Riding is gaining in popularity each year and it is good that it is so, for reliable doctors tell us it is the best physical exercise. Even the presidential electric horse in Washington has its merits. Thos. Donahue, long of the Burgess digester crew and Mrs. Donahue are enthusiastic riders, deriving great pleasure and good health from their eight or ten miles done every day. The familiar figure of Father Mackey taking his daily drive will be sadly missed.

Dr. Pulsifer says that practically all the fast trotters have more or less Hambletonian blood in them. The doctor has raised some well-bred colts himself.

Berlin has had its fling at the horse-racing game. Hardly any community escapes it. From the time the small boy hitches the kitchen chairs into teams, with the clothes line for reins, until the time comes that he can't climb onto a sulky (it used to be high wheeled and called a "gig"), the ordinary male of the specie genus homo is ambitious to win in horse contests. There would have been more racing had there been better track facilities. With the track four miles out of town, it was difficult to get a crowd. You must have a crowd at a horse race, firstly, for financial reasons, and secondly, for "the enthusiasm of numbers," to make it interesting.

The Track Association, with the track at John Horne's farm, was in operation several years. While not a financial success, the participants drew large dividends in exciting outdoor recreation. On racing days, it was an off day when there were not several lively "brushes" on the return trip from the track.

Some of the devotees of the sport and their horses come handily to mind. Fred Tapley with his "Fred S"; Will Paine and his "Little Wilkes"; Fred Hamlin and his "Elmer"; Chas. Clarke and his "Lady MacBeth"; Rob. Chamberlin and his "Mamie Strike" and "John R"; Jack Dug-

gan and his "Maud S 2nd" and "Little Isle," the latter, a speedy young mare, was accidentally killed on the Lewiston track; Corey Goddard and his "Golden Isle"; Andy Bigley and his "Claronic"; Hazen Paine and his "Stiner Boy"; Pat Element and his "Nell Sable"; Foss McNally with his "Baby Mack"; John Lary and his "Dandy Boy"; Dr. St. Germaine and his "Maggie J."

This trotting fraternity formed a habit of getting together at Chas. Clarke's store in the evening, discussing matters in general and horse matters in particular. There was no danger of dull moments or lagging conversation with this keen-witted crowd. These gatherings were often so interesting that midnight found them still in session.

There was a movement on foot to build a track at the Cascade Park several years ago, and a considerable start was made, but the project fell through.

There has been some racing on the ice in times past, on the "bog" and on the river. For a while, horse racing was a feature of the winter carnival.

Down in Maine, and probably in other states, there were horse stealing associations, not to steal horses, but to recover stolen horses and apprehend the thief. These were a sort of cooperative organizations the beginning of which dated back many years. Some of them were still in existence forty or fifty years ago. Under the prevailing condition of the times, horse stealing was easy and prevalent. In case of a theft, each member was under obligation to use every means in his power to get out and catch the thief. Many times this meant long, hard rides, drives and sentinels, ordeals that taxed the strength to the utmost. Under modern conditions of communication, transportation and policing, this crime has become very rare, and there is no more need of such organizations.

Some of us can remember the epidemic of "epizootic" that put practically all the horses out of commission for a while, about 55 years ago. It wasn't extensively fatal but it was quite severe for two or three weeks. The symptoms were those of a very bad cold with excessive running at the nose. The best treatment found was smoke from different burning substances, especially old leather. In the emergency, clerks with helpers got out and pushed wagon loads of merchandise, and all the available oxen were pressed into service to keep the business of the country going.

(Continued on Page 27)

BERLIN WINTER CARNIVAL

THE Berlin Winter Carnival held March 1 and 2 under the auspices of the Nansen Ski Club drew enthusiastic crowds from all parts of the City and surrounding towns to witness the various interesting events which were carried on exceptionally well. The carnival grounds were bare up until Saturday when snow had to be hauled, and to hasten everyone's anxiety, old King Winter favored all by blanketing the grounds Sunday with wet snow.

On Friday night, the eve of the Carnival, a masquerade ball was held at the Berlin Mills Fire Station Hall. Much fun and merriment reigned throughout the evening. The masqueraders danced to the entrancing music of Paul Grenier's orchestra, and later prizes were awarded for the best costumes.

Through the wholehearted cooperation of the contestants and through the untiring efforts of Henry Barbin, leader of the Nansen Junior Boys, many outstanding exhibitions were witnessed. The junior girls and boys made fine appearances, especially in the military drill, each feature being put over remarkably well.

The senior events, especially the ski-jumping contest at the big jump Sunday afternoon afforded unlimited thrills to the spectators as these daring jumpers hurled through the air.

The crowning event, the Carnival Ball, which was held at the City Hall, Saturday night, afforded a pretty scene when the Carnival Queen, Miss Vera Thorn, was coronated. Miss Thorn is a popular student at B. H. S. She received numerous congratulatory wishes from her many friends on the occasion of her being chosen Queen. The exercises were carried out by Mayor E. R. B. McGee. The stage decorations, consisting of flowering plants and ferns, were most artistically arranged by Gill, the florist.

The Nansen Ski Club wish to express their gratitude to all those who helped in any way to make the Carnival a success.

The sports result are as follows, Class A., age 12-16 years, Junior ski jumping, Alton Oleson, 144.3 points; Robert Knudson, 140.5; Robert Hermanson, 136.3; Edward Mercier, 135.36; Theodore Mortenson, 135.3; George Marrier, 134.2; Law-

rence Gilbert, 133.1; Paul Deal, 131; Francis Gendron, 129; Cecil Manton, 128.7; Thomas Roy, 126.4; Lester Hale, 125.9; Thomas McKee, 125.7; Leon Costello, 124.5; Arthur Roy, 123.6; Roman Rasmussen, 122.7; Philip Johnson, 121; Roger Hanson, 120.6; Leo Anctil, 115.6; Leon Doyer, 115; Michael Mulrooney, 113. Class B, under 12 years, Robert Mortenson, 127.8; William Halvorsen, 123; Henry Lepage, 118.6; Francis Benoit, 113. The longest standing jump was made by Law-



VERA THORN

rence Gilbert in Class A, with 50 feet, and Robert Mortenson in Class B, with 37.

Robert Hermanson showed the best form in Class A and Robert Mortenson in Class B.

The three mile cross country race was won by Albert Barbin, with Edward Mercier second. Summary: Barbin, 31 min. 37 sec.; Mercier, 34:7; Roland Rasmussen, 33:56; Lawrence Gilbert, 34:07; Roger Hanson, 34:35; Michael Mulrooney, 34:50; Irving Mann, 35:03; Alton Oleson, 35:19; George Marrier, 35:34; Theodore Mortenson, 36:44; Norman Nelson, 37:22; Robert Knudson, 37:37; Philip Johnson, 37:46; Harvey Blanchard, 39:43; Leon Doyen, 40:45; Melvin Brungot, 42:02; Leo Doyen,

43:11; Norman Dion, 45; Douglas Sawyer, 55:34.

Combination jumping and running record combined, Class A: Edward Mercier, 18.037 points; Alton Oleson, 17.5; Lawrence Gilbert, 17.252; George Marrier, 16.95; Robert Knudson, 16.843; Theodore Mortenson, 16.706; Roland Rasmussen, 16.67; Roger Hanson, 16.350; Michael Mulrooney, 15.812; Philip Johnson, 15.06; Leon Doyer, 15.272. In Class B: Robert Mortenson won the Kiwanis cup with 19.12 points; Henry Lepage, 16.971; Francis Benoit, 16.433.

Class A—Junior ski dash, 75 yards—Albert Barbin, Robert Knudson, Harvey Blanchard, time, 36.3-5 seconds. Class B—Lawrence Dyer, Stanley Nelson, Norman Connolly, Harold Hartshorn. Time, 38 seconds.

Class A—Junior barrel race, time 41.4-5 seconds. Norman Dion, Robert Knudson, Leo Doyer, Philip Johnson. Class B—Robert Mortenson, Millard Young, Lawrence Dyer. Time, 44.3-5 seconds.

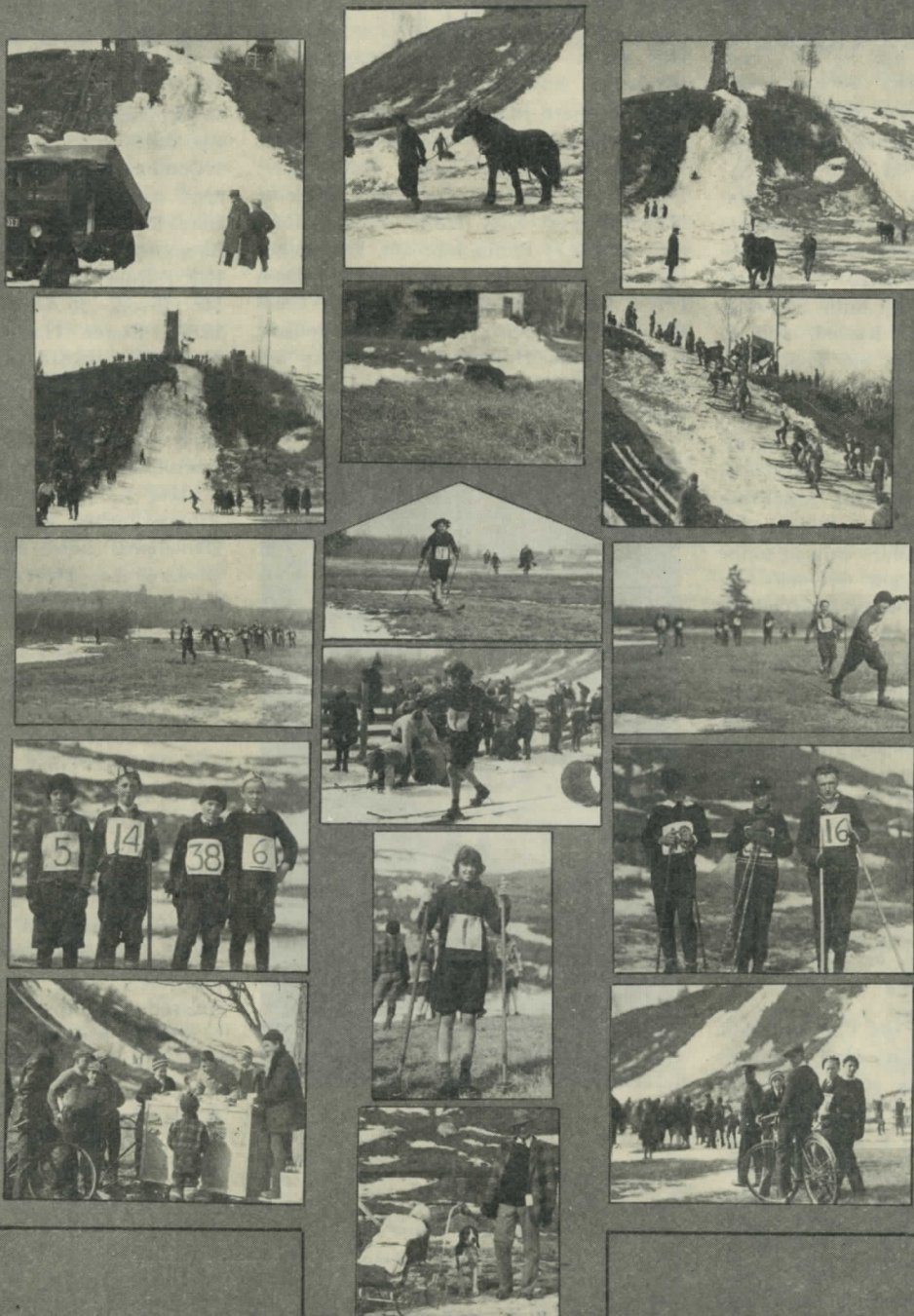
The junior girls also played an important part in the program with the following results: Cross country ski run—one mile—Phyllis Marrier, 5 min., 42 sec.; Eva Rasmussen, 7 min., 34 sec.; Eleanor Marrier, 7 min., 53 sec. Girls' ski dash—Phyllis Marrier, Catherine Collins, Roma Hanson. Girls' barrel race—Eva Rasmussen, Catherine Collins, Phyllis Marrier.

Sunday afternoon Senior events were held. In Class A the following were winners of prizes: Anton Lekany, New York, first; Arthur Christiansen, New York, second; Erling Anderson, Berlin, third; Axel Anderson, Berlin, fourth; Jos. Thorne, Berlin, fifth; Milton Laroche, Rumford, sixth, and S. Mikkelsen, Greenfield, Mass., seventh. Class B—Robert Couture, Berlin, first; William Moen, Boston, second, and Lawrence Barbin, Berlin, third.

In the cross country ski race Merle Davidson was first; Victor Johnsen, second, and Harvey Edberg, third.

Engineering Prof.—Are there any questions on the subject of this lesson before we pass to the next?

Freshman—Yes, sir. I'd like to know how you calculate the horse power of a donkey engine.



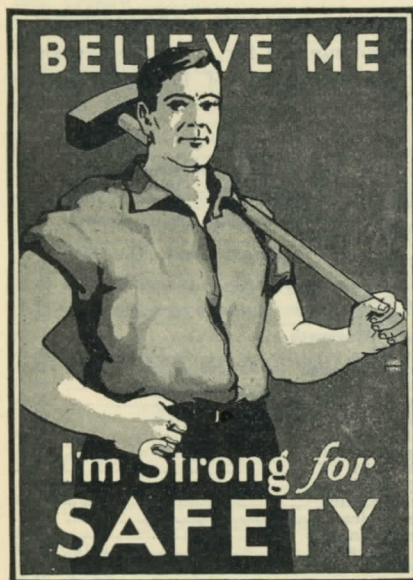
BERLIN WINTER CARNIVAL

First Row, top to bottom, Carnival Chairman, Alf Halvorson, directing snow hauling. Junior Jump. Junior 75 yard Dash. Lawrence Dyer, Stanley Nelson, Norman Conley, Harold Hartshorn. Candy Stand.
 Second Row. Hauling Snow for the hill. Hitting the hay offered plenty of amusement. The Girls' Ski Dash. Girl's Barrel Race. Phyllis Marrer, winner of 100 yd. Dash. Olaf and family.
 Third Row. Joe Thorn riding the bucket. Tracking the hill. Junior B. Class Dash. Albert Barbin, Robert Knudsen, Harvey Blanchard, winners of Ski Dash. Even the bicycles were there.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

New Accident Record Made in February

Chemical Mill Holds Pennant by Going Eighty-four Days Without a Lost-time Accident and Still Going Strong.



The month of February closed with the lowest lost-time accident total of any month in the past seven years, and the previous month's total was lowered 33 per cent. The whole story means that there was less carelessness and more safe practices.

After listening to the recent speech of Walter Darling, blind safety speaker at the Brown Company safety rally and entertainment on January 26, most of us realized that, after all, safety is something that affects our everyday lives, and without it, the very course of our journey through this world can be turned into paths of misery and misfortune. The picture of that young man, in the prime of life, totally blind as the result of an accident, should have been sufficient to instill in the minds of all of us that carelessness carries a pretty stiff penalty and one from which there is no appeal. A man sentenced to years in prison through an unthinking act of his own has a chance to be pardoned, and he can be replaced in society after the State has exacted its penalty. But nothing can ever replace the loss of a leg or an arm or an eye or

a life. As Mr. Darling stated, "First aid is Safety for the injured, but—Safety is first aid to the uninjured."

A total of twenty-five lost-time accidents occurred in February. The Chemical Mill with nearly three months to their credit without a lost-time accident still has possession of the prize-winning pennant for the safest plant. They are continuing their good safety record made last year, and if the present downward trend keeps on, an impressive safety experience at this plant will be recorded.

The Upper Plants, usually in the running, have slipped a cog or two in recent months, but in February, they resumed their former place in the sun and took second place, with one accident of five days lost time checked against them. The Cascade Mill with six accidents came back to its normal level and captured third place in the standing. The Tube Mill with three accidents slipped from second position to fourth. The Miscellaneous Departments with four accidents, held fifth place, the Sulphite Mill with eight went to sixth position, while the Riverside Mill again went into the cellar.

The Chemical, Riverside, and Tube Mills equaled their previous month's accident total, while all the other plants lowered their totals.

The trend is still downward; let's keep it on the run. March got away to a good start; let's make a real safety record. Again, "First aid is Safety to the injured, but—Safety is first aid to the uninjured."

THE RIGHT IDEA

The youngster who has been taught to pick up his toys has learned the first lesson in safety. When he starts working for a living he won't leave objects lying around where other people must step.

Any object in a person's path may cause a fall. People have skidded on lead pencils and tripped over things that seemed too small to be dangerous. Of course, the victim wasn't watching his step, but is anybody on the alert all the time? In

the dark or in places that are known to be dangerous we are on our guard, but ordinarily we have a right to a feeling of security. That comfortable feeling can come only when everyone does his part in removing the little hazards.

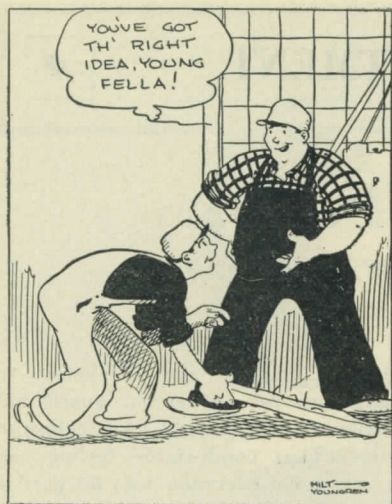
The board with projecting nails is in the same class as the rattlesnake. The rattler, however, will give a warning before he strikes. When a nail punctures a foot, it means lost time while that foot is healing.

When you see a hazard which you can correct, the only right thing to do is to correct it at once. If you can't handle it alone or if it involves something beyond your authority, report it at once.

When you see a fellow who puts tools and materials where they belong and picks up things that others have dropped, you may be sure he has had the right training, either at home or in the shop.

Keeping the place orderly gets to be a habit and a new man will hesitate to litter up the aisles when other men are trying to keep them clean. What the men do will have more influence on him than what the foreman says.





"OUR WHALINGTIME PARTY"

By T. L. D.

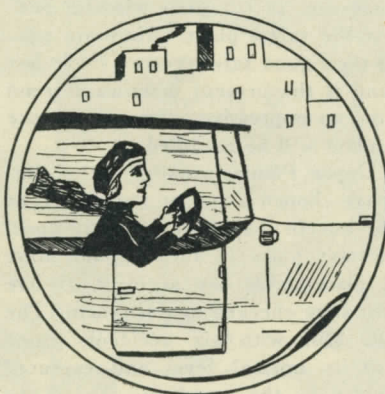
We must have a plot. Yes, what we mean, a plot, not the kind you're already thinking of, but you know, "the thick plottens," well, that's just what we need for this story.

To commence by and without, we were all smoked out, not from the smokehouse but, mind, right in our own office. The old air-blower got so hot one day that it froze up, down, and all over, thereby necessitating its deliberate and immediate dismissal. We wept unknowingly over this sad affair as the blower's last remains were escorted out through the window during our lunch hour. But when we heard about the red hot steam pipes—hoot, mon! All sadness ceased. The plight of the dissipated air-blower was soon forgotten and blown away. And man-o-war! were they hot? (we mean the pipes). And it happened thusly on the day of our Valentine fete that we were driven out into the cold, gray dawn. The room became filled with smoke. What! No fire? We could hear the faint cries of the bewildered captain who was barely visible through the overhanging clouds of disgust. "We're lost!" he shouted, as he staggered up the stairway. "This is a cold, cool land, where many are frozen but few are cold!" Hugh? The girls rolled up their hose. The fire was out. We were all out. And again, to remind you, it was thusly that we grouped ourselves together in rubber bands and galloped down to George's Egyptian Hanging Gardens. The cocktails were darling. Everyone surrendered. One grapefruit even reached its main objective—the ceiling! But then we must get down to tacks. The dinner was splendid and the committee, Polly, Boots, and Vera, are thanked for their ability in making the affair a

complete success. "Oo-la-la-la-la! Eef you want to see goot times, beeg boys, jus' look eento our eyes!" (a la Fifi Dor-say). Merci.

Omer Ducharme of the standards division was operated on for appendicitis in Lowell, Mass., recently. At the present time, Omer is making a favorable recovery and his many Berlin friends hope to see him back in the near future.

Maurice Thurlow is thinking of buying a new Ford. Maurice was a great man for the Chevrolet but he claims that the Ford can walk away from both the old and new Chevrolets. Anyone caring to buy a Chevrolet cheap may get in touch with Maurice.



A CLOSEUP OF OUR
TESSIE DEROSIER
"FORDING" IT TO WORK ONE
MORNING

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

Upper Plants

Milton McLeod from electrician to motor man.

Sulphite

Henry Trembley from unloader to foreman.

Joseph Trembley from unloader to foreman.

LIST OF DEATHS

Cascade

Frank Donnelly was born May 6, 1856. He commenced work with the Brown Company in 1882. He has worked continuously since 1903. His death occurred

Feb. 1, 1930.

Henry Potvin was born Nov. 13, 1871. He commenced work with the Brown Company in January, 1918. His death occurred Feb. 26, 1930.

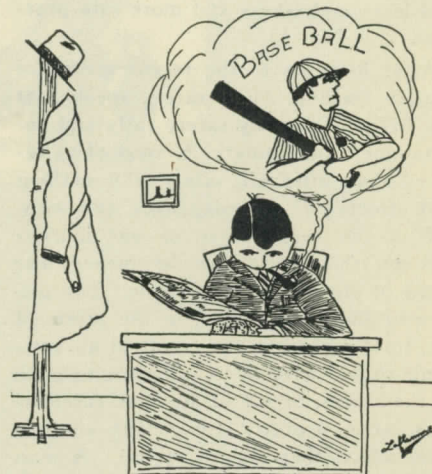
Upper Plants

Archie Blake was born Feb. 25, 1877. He commenced work with the Brown Company in 1899 and has been employed continuously until his death which occurred March 2, 1930.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Sam Montminy	\$ 75.00
Wm. Sweeney	15.40
Mrs. Odelie Tardiff (benf. Onesime Tardiff)	48.00
Mrs. Odelia Thibodeau (benf. Odelon Thibodeau)	58.80
Mrs. Gertrude Willoughby (benf. Alonzo Willoughby)	88.20
Mrs. Margaret McKinnon (benf. Jos. McKinnon)	80.00
Mrs. Margaret Hayes (benf. Patrick Hayes)	75.20
Lillian Rowe	22.20
Jules Montminy	24.00
Leonard Ainsworth	39.90
Charles Roy	64.40
Antonio Paquette	36.90
Joseph Beaudet	66.40
James McGuire	50.00
David Washburn	93.60
Joseph Simard	54.40
Irene Routhier	53.60
Leo Murphy	55.00
Henry Cadorette	36.90
John Litnovitch	24.00
Emile Nadeau	19.25
Antonio Dinorsee	12.00
John McCarthy	45.00
Leo Godin	26.00
Paul Collins	27.80
Albert Hickey	8.00
Louis Frechette	3.04
Mike Sulloway	24.00
Thomas Frechette	13.60
Stanislas Montminy	48.34
Alex. Simard	12.00
Adelard Landry	16.00



ANYONE SEEKING INFORMATION
REGARDING BASEBALL SEE "BILL
SHARPE, HE HAS ALL THE HOPE
ON THE TEAMS NOW IN TRAINING

Felix Gagne	11.28
Abdon Payeur	25.00
Arginas Croteau	42.66
Fabien Paulin	24.00
Theophile Gosselin	67.60
Paul Aubin	36.00
Wm. Roach	36.00
Joseph Bergeron	24.00
Total	\$1,593.47

BROWN COMPANY**RELIEF ASSOCIATION**

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

Treffley Bilodeau	\$ 36.00
Louis Vermette	36.00
Joseph Michaud	36.00
Wm. Lessard	36.00
Eug. Morrisette	35.46
Theo. Brown	32.00
George Viger	26.00
Alex. Cormier	44.00
Romolo Augustino	44.00
Alphonse Leborgne	29.86
Peter Tardiff	22.83
Alfred Levesque	52.91
Henry Poirier	8.46

Geo. Gauthier	33.83
Peter Frechette	6.94
William Fendson	86.00
George Marquis	12.00
James Lowe	75.00
Theodore Pinette	165.20
Patrick Demers	12.00
Aurel Bedard	24.00
Elmer Page	25.49
Chas. Dusseault	16.93
John P. Fraser	125.00
Margaret O'Connor	36.00
Charles Gray	26.90
Antonio Letellier	26.00
H. J. Holland	21.50
Jacob Koliada	6.00
William Williams	18.00
Arthur Belanger	24.00
Hans Christianson	28.00
Wm. Fowler	57.60
James Donovan	25.00
Alfred Roberge	31.43
Peter Cantin	46.00
Stephen Byrd	111.00
Ralph Guigere	62.10
Romeo Drapeau	42.00
Billie Dubois	47.32
Evelyn Oleson	21.90
Delphis Ramsay	24.00
August Seguin	12.00
Louis Blake	46.80
Emile Duby	23.40

Joseph Lettre	35.60
F. C. Hamel	24.00
Joseph Bernier	26.40
Edw. Anderson	58.50
Joseph Lettier	48.15
Albert O. Veigney	124.80
A. T. Blak	16.10
Amie Dion	37.50
Leodore Couture	46.65
Wm. Astle	54.00
George McLain	14.00
Ovila Beaudoin	36.00
Leslie Keene	48.00
Romeo Barbia	54.80
Wm. St. Croix	35.40
Peter Allaire	64.53
Peter Goudbue	38.00
Wm. Marcou	38.40
Amie Lemieux	52.00
Joseph Boughtot	36.00
Gene Devost	101.20
Rufus Hjelms	62.00
Victor Decosta	60.00
Felix Chabot	14.00
Martha G. Buck	20.83
Alphonse Paradis	34.00
Jos. Boutin	58.00
Andrew Witter	32.50
D. Long	90.00
Emile Erickson	72.50
Total	\$3,233.27

SPORTS**INDUSTRIAL BOWLING LEAGUE****Standing, March 1,
FIRST DIVISION**

1. Yanks	69	21
2. Red Sox	60	20
3. Browns	58	20
4. Braves	57	20

SECOND DIVISION

5. Pirates	45	20
6. Tigers	39	19
7. Senators	38	20
8. Phillies	37	22

THIRD DIVISION

9. Reds	36	21
10. Athletics	35	20
11. Cubs	33	18
12. Cards	33	20

FOURTH DIVISION

13. Giants	32	19
14. Robins	25	18
15. Indians	25	20
16. White Sox	13	20

RECORDS

High Average—Alfred Watt	100.4
High Three String—Archie Perrin	364.0
High Single String—Archie Perrin	152.0

TAR-BABIES VS. STANDARDS

The first basketball game of the Mill League was played Friday evening, February 14, at the Y. M. C. A. between the Tar-Babies, that fast aggregation representing No. 2 Tube Mill, and the Standards team. The Tar-Babies playing a wonderful passing game defeated the Standards, 29 to 10. The Tar-Babies went into the game a heavy favorite due to the long basketball experience of their players. The Standards can also boast of good players, namely, Martin, Wheeler, and Veazey. Itchie and Phil, are two who have been playing the game for quite a

while. Veazie is one of the old-timers and when he hits his old stride once more there will be something doing. The stars of the Tube Mill, Tardiff, DeChamplain, and Pettis, are three boys that bear watching at all times.

The remainder of the players who make up the roster of the two teams will no doubt, in time, prove valuable to their teams. As it is at present, the boys have played little or no basketball, but they are willing to get into the game and fight, so what more can one ask for. DeChamplain and Tardiff were the outstanding stars for the Tar-Babies, while Itchie Martin played the best for the Standards.

TAR-BABIES	POSITION	STANDARDS
DeChamplain	Right Forward	Murphy, Hunt
Condon	Left Forward	Veazey, Barney
Tardiff	Center	Potter
Pettis, Yandow	Right Guard	Wheeler
Coulombe	Left Guard	Martin

Referee: Donovan.

Time: 4 seven-minute periods.

Score by periods:

	First	Second	Third	Fourth
Tar-Babies	11	0	8	10
Standards	4	0	6	0

Individual scoring: DeChamplain, 14; Tardiff, 9; Martin, 8; Wheeler, 2; Condon, 2; Pettis, 4.

BASKETBALL—MAIN OFFICE**VS. STANDARDS**

The Main Office, playing their first league game, took the Standards team into camp, 20-13. The wonderful shots pulled off by the Oleson brothers was a big feature in the Main Office's win. The Martin brothers worked great together for the Standards team and accounted for

all the points. Shooting for the basket in mid-floor was the game the Office played, and what shots they pulled off.

Main Office	Position	Standards
Wheeler	R. G.	Coulombe
Snodgrass	L. G.	Martin, Archie
Oleson, Bill	C.	Potter
Oleson, Warren	L. F.	Martin, Arthur
Gonya	R. F.	Murphy

Score by periods:

First—Main Office	6	Standards	5
Second—Main Office	4	Standards	4
Third—Main Office	6	Standards	2
Fourth—Main Office	4	Standards	2

Main Office—20. Standards—13.

Periods: Three seven-minute periods.

Referee: Donovan.

TUBE MILL VS. RESEARCH

In one of the most exciting games ever witnessed at the Y. M. C. A., the fast Research team defeated the Tar Babies of the Tube Mill by a score of 7 to 6. In the first period, the Tube Mill basketekers were able to put across a tally of six points, but were unable to hold the Research in the remaining periods. The wonderful work of Ed. Haggart, center for Research, was a feature of the game. Haggart scored every point for his team, ably assisted by Ernest Herman, a former Tufts basketball player. The Tube Mill team put up a good battle, but the shooting eye of Haggart was a little too good for them that night. Tardiff and DeChamplain played well for the Tar Babies.

Research	Position	Tube Mill
Clarke	R. G.	Condon
Hayes	L. G.	Pettis
Haggart	C.	Pierce
Wardwell	L. F.	Tardiff
Herman	R. F.	DeChamplain

Score by periods:

First—Tube Mill	6	Research	0
Second—Tube Mill	0	Research	4
Third—Tube Mill	0	Research	3
Fourth—No score.			

Research—7. Tube Mill—6.

Periods: Three seven-minute periods.
Referee: Donovan.

MILL LEAGUE STANDING				
Team	Won	Lost	Tied	P. C.
Research	1	0	0	1.000
Main Office	1	0	0	1.000
Tube Mill	1	1	0	.500
Standards	0	2	0	.000
Team points:				
Tube Mill	36	Opponents	26	
Standards	32	Opponents	50	
Main Office	20	Opponents	13	
Research	7	Opponents	6	

BASE BALL

If you glance at the sporting pages of the numerous papers, you will see here and there where so-and-so was traded or sold, say, from the International League to the Detroit team or to the Cleveland team. If you are a lover of the sport, your thoughts will turn to Spring and to the possibility of seeing some games in your own locality. For instance, last season there were some mighty fine ball games played at the Y. M. C. A. grounds in what was called the Mill League. The various teams, with the exception of

the Burgess and the Cascade Machine Shop teams, went through the season and furnished some real hard-fought games. And what was the reason for the Cascade team withdrawing? Just this: The Upper Plant teams were made up of former high school and college players and were picked to represent their mill, whereas Cascade had two teams which made too much competition, thus causing the disbandment of one team. As the season ended, Cascade ended in last place. Last season the showing of the teams that represented the Cascade Mill was far from being what it could have been, due to the lack of a complete mill team. With such talent under the right management, and with the support and loyalty that the Mill has always shown in former years, the writer believes the team could have easily finished in either first or second place. In looking over the list of prospective players, it appears that Berlin has been

slighted, but we believe the following explanation will clear the matter up and bring back the rivalry of olden days to the players and also to the fans. The Cascade Mill, as everyone knows, is in Gorham, and there is a greater percentage of young fellows from Gorham employed there than there is from Berlin, who have attended high school and who have played ball for their school. Whereas, in the Upper Plants, each and every team is made up of former Berlin High School boys, and that's where the rivalry comes to the front. It means only one thing in general, and that is to have a Cascade Mill team which can compete with the best of them. Every employee is eligible for a try-out, and with the backing of the Cascade Mill, the team ought to come to the front. This is merely a suggestion. Why not have a smoke talk some time soon?

A Phan.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Tom Phair has returned to his duties at the Chemical Mill, having been working at the Sulphite Mill for the past five weeks.

Link Anderson, Cell House sweeper, says he had only to buy thirty-nine cigars, as that is all the votes he got.

Austin Buckley went to a dance recently. Buck danced every dance, but still some of his admirers didn't have a chance to dance with him. Such being the case, Buck lost some of his admirers. You know, Buck, popularity has its drawbacks.

Aime Devost has put in his application for a job on the police force.

"Putting on Weight," a very delightful lecture by Henry Vezina. Henry gained four ounces during the last six months.

Al. Pouliot, Cell House foreman, has had a special cement pail made for Charles Fountaine.

Pouliot is out of the kindling wood business. All clients please take notice.

The following boys from the Chemical Mill took part in the recent carnival: Charles Anderson, Arvid Edberg, Erling

Anderson, Fritz Jensen, and Victor Mortensen. Erling Anderson placed third in the Class "A" jump, and Arvid Edberg placed third in the Senior Cross Country Ski Race.

George Hopkins is part owner of the East Side Billiard Parlor.

"G. O. P. Political Outlook," by Charles Pinette, will be published in the near future.

Cecil Manton took part in the recent minstrel show, given by St. Barnabas Church.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THIS IS A PHOTO OF PLEASANT ST. TAKEN ON FEB. 26
NOT A SNOWFLAKE IN SIGHT

PORTLAND OFFICE

THE MAN FROM THE CAPE

There is a young man from the Cape
Who at putting out copy's an ape,
Just give him the making
And, boy, what a raking
Some innocent fellow must take.

Now take this young man from the Cape,
For him words are naught but a fake,
Under art he must hide
To give some one a ride,
This dapper young man from the Cape.

He spends most of his time in composing
Some bit of art that's exposing.
If he wasn't "our Dick"
We would give him a kick,
Under ground we would have him reposing.

He's escaped a good razzing so far,
For jokes on himself he would bar,
So kindly take note
Of this great big bloke
And aid us with feathers and tar.

SEEKS BALMY CLIMATE

Harold Chase has recently returned from a winter vacation spent with Mrs. Chase on a cruise to the West Indies, Nassau in the Bahamas, and Bermuda.

LEASHED

Tommy Dame almost squandered a dollar on the dog race in Quebec, but he found he had a string attached to that dollar as he has on all his other dollars

WEAR YOUR OLD CLOTHES, BOYS

It is understood that George Bradbury is going to take the boys of the cost department up to his camp again this year on a good time.

John F. Heck visited us recently on business.

F. W. Thompson has been on a business trip to Berlin, Quebec, and La Tuque.

We are pleased to see John Vance back in the office after an illness of a few days.

Rumor has it that Leather Stockin' Bill Mullin has been scouting on a new trail in the North Deering district.

Arlo Jordan believes in "balanced" menus for roadstands, so that our motor traffic may not swerve from the straight and narrow path.

W. B. Brockway, comptroller, was elected to the advisory board of the Portland

Athletic Club. Mr. Brockway's acceptance of this election means a great deal to the club, for the members will profit from his wide experience.

Some of the would-be politicians in the front of the office who were looking for jobs in the city government of South Portland, such as city auditor, etc., have been rather quiet since their candidate was slaughtered in all the wards. The "Royal Family" is still in power on Pine Street, the Post Office and "Dug Out" are still in Masonic Temple, the schools are still over-crowded, and the streets juicy and rough.

xx\$***!!— B — L — K — H — GR — R
— R — R-R-R —

Above is shorthand for expression of feelings of one M. M. Shaw after spending 63½ evenings manufacturing a low wave length radio receiver for European eavesdropping and finding that the set won't work.

Oh, death, where is thy static?

GETS HOT!

John, Jr., and Mary, John Vanier's small children, after listening to a church sermon, decided that they must baptize their family of cats. The kittens made no objection. One by one they were put into a big tub of water. But when it came to the mother cat, she rebelled and fought and scratched, until at last John, Sr., remarked, "Just sprinkle her, Junior, and let her go to H—1."

TOO CLOSE

Policeman (looking for a culprit named Patrick Murphy)—What is your name? Is it Patrick?

Bystander (whose name is Joe Murphy)—No, my name isn't Patrick, it is Joe.

Policeman—Where do you live?

Bystander—At home most of the time.

Policeman—You are pretty wise, aren't you? Do you know how far you are from a fool?

Bystander—Yes, about three feet.

NEUTRAL!

We welcome "Slim" Gray as a new addition to our sales statistical force.

WELL SPENT

Reggie Vayo spent the holidays in

Amesbury. He reports a fine time but spent the following week recuperating. It's a hard life, Reggie.

A BREAK FOR CHELLIS

C'mon, Van, get the old Essex out of the camphor.

Foolish question No. 8,000,001: Who is the best basketball player in the Sales Department? Why, Red Spear, of course. What a reach!

We were dazzled one day last month by Gabo, Sr., who was adorned thusly: One dark suit, one large rose-pink tie, light grey spats and a top coat. We wonder if George had been to a wedding, funeral, or christening.

GIVE THEM ROOM

Spring is here!! Tommy Dame and Ralph Dyer are in training preparatory to taking their annual dose of sulphur and molasses.

HAMS ARE STAMPED

The stamp collectors in the Portland Office have formed a club known as "The Stamp Hams." Officers are: The Big Ham, Phil Marsh; Boiled Ham, Thomas Dame; Smoked Ham, Ralph Bradeen; Fresh Ham, Clem Phinney. The hams meet at another ham's house once a month, and swap stamps, stories, umbrellas, rubbers, or what have you. The first meeting was a huge success as Clem. Phinney and Thomas Dame, after much arguing, swapped two stamps for five.

"What are those holes in the wood?"

"Those are knot holes."

"They are holes! Don't you think I know a hole when I see it?"

MINNEAPOLIS OFFICE

We were glad to welcome as visitors to this office during the month of January, Messrs. Gilford Henderson and J. H. Leo of Portland and Messrs. Arthur Brosius and W. F. Everding of Berlin.

California and New York had nothing on Minnesota recently in the way of weather. We were basking around in June weather for about a week with temperatures ranging from 55 to 60. Someone must have bribed the weather man.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

A delightful party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Bigley, Burgess Street, when a number of their friends gathered there Saturday evening, Feb. 22. Bridge and whist were played and vocal selections were rendered by friends. Following this a very delightful lunch was served after which all departed, being well pleased with their evening's entertainment.

Swiftly aroused passions are the main reason for most of our ill feelings.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Gagne and Mr. and Mrs. Philip King were called to Island Pond recently to attend the funeral of William Murphy.

Miss Alma Powers, a former employee here, and now a student at the Maine School of Commerce, Portland, was elected President of Theta Pi Sorority of that school. Best wishes, Alma.

We wish to thank the employees of the Sulphite Mill for their many acts of kindness to us during our recent misfortune. Denis Metivier and family.

The vault in the west yard has been cleaned and additional shelves have been put in to accommodate the records of the upper offices.

Messrs. Thompson and Worcester of the Portland Office were business visitors last month.

Fred Hayes of the laboratory motored to Lewiston, Me., with the Berlin All-Star Hockey team, of which he is a member, and participated in a thrilling game

with the St. Dom's of that city.

Marion MacKinnon has purchased a little dog, and how! This may sound simple, but first she had to pay for it; next a name must be found for the little beast; and then comes the problem of taxes. You see, there are two rates of

EMBER DAYS

Under the ashen skies the March wind mutters,

Over and over menacing accents utters,

From sullen slope to vale makes mournful moan,

Scarce dies upon the air its ominous tone.

But now one gleam from peak to pasture thrills,

As if God's golden finger wrote upon the hills.

It writes a sacred Word, and as it writes,

It points the up trail leading to the heights,

It wanders down from the eternal snows,

And pencils yonder cross with rays of rose.

Bright symbol soaring toward the sky,

Spreading your pleading arms on high,

Above the clash of class and clan,

Dissolving man's distrust of man,

Teach us throughout these Lenten days,

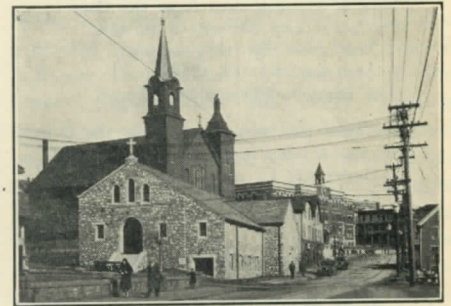
To look toward heaven with wider gaze!

—Sylvia Tryon.

taxes; and again, she must buy a collar or a harness, and perhaps a blanket for cold days; it must be taught good manners at home, and last, but not least, it should be fed right. So you see, the actual purchase of a dog is not all.

Antonio Paquette was operated on for appendicitis. He has recovered sufficiently to be back on the job.

Robert Sturgeon of the laboratory is a hard customer, and says he will not buy



A SECTION OF MAIN STREET FOLLOWING THE RECENT WARM WAVE

a radio until he finds the best. In the meantime, isn't it rather expensive to try them, Bob?

We are proud to mention that Arthur Riva and Pete Ryan were two of the five men who won the Y. M. C. A. Championship Bowling Contest.

Henry Cadoret who was out on the sick list has returned to his work. We are glad to see him back.

Messrs. Chellis and Crowe of the Portland Office were business visitors here last month.

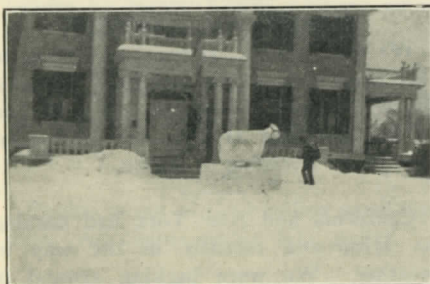
Wilbur Sullivan is now the proud father of a baby boy, born March 1. Congratulations!

The whistle of the Sulphite Mill held its shrill tone for an exceptionally long time on Saturday, March 1, at noon. We wonder if it was in honor of our paymaster.

Lost: \$30. Between the Post Office and Berlin Mills, Thursday, Feb. 27. Finder please return to Charlie Ordway at the Sulphite Mill Time Office and receive a good reward.

The first part of February gave us real old-fashioned winter weather, with an abundance of snow, frost, and storms. Owing to this fact, Tom Donahue was unable to make his regular daily trips along the Jericho Beach road.

Several of the boys spent their spare time in the woods during the shut-down, hunting rabbits and other game of the



ICE SCULPTURE OF SHARKEY, THE GOAT, AND THE MAILMAN IN FRONT OF A FRATERNITY HOUSE DURING DARTMOUTH WINTER CARNIVAL



wilderness. We hope that some of their experiences will appear in the next issue.

General regret is expressed over the illness of William Roach, and all hope that he will be speedily restored to his former health.

Someone in the last issue of the Bulletin calls upon us to sound our tocsins, beat our tom-toms, honk our horns, blow our bazoos, or whatever it might be, to arouse our righteous wrath for a field-day with the Burgess Relief Association. Is there any hope? Yes, a lot can be done. It is not possible to have just one field-day, because someone would have to stay to run the mill. My suggestion is that the Burgess Relief Association be made into three units, each unit having a field-day of its own.

In the matter of selecting a city in which to make one's home, Berlin, New Hampshire, continues to offer advantages unmatched in the Androscoggin Valley. In health, comfort, surroundings, social life, educational and other cultural advantages, it holds a place all its own. The charm of the life of this community is made up of a variety of elements. Some of them may seem trifling, but to those who go away to larger or smaller cities, these imponderable things become of real importance. Many families return to Berlin after having experiences elsewhere, because in no other place can they find the simplicity of living, the delights of social contact, and the small city atmosphere they enjoy here to such a marked degree.

We are sorry to learn that Frank Teare met with an accident on February 17. It is hoped that his recovery may be a speedy one.

Everyone is glad to see Joseph Steel with us again after having been confined to his home on account of sickness.

The fad of growing moustaches has

fallen upon George Johnson. Believe it or not, he sure has grown one that looks like the reforestation division.

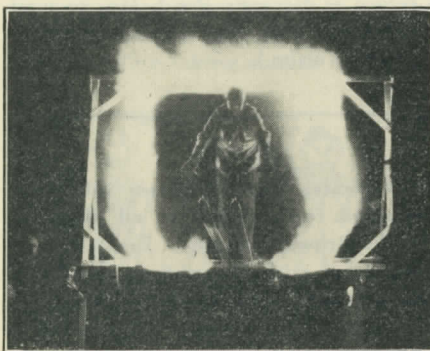
Murray Calkins is anxious for Spring to come so that he can try his new garden tools.



CASCADE FALLS BLANKETED WITH SNOW

Maurice Savoie received a box of smelts from Caraquet, New Brunswick. He informs us that they were captured on Prince Edward Island.

Clem Petrie has moved to Ward 1.



SKIING THROUGH FIRE HOOP AT BERLIN WINTER CARNIVAL

SHADES OF BURGESS MINSTRELS

The minstrel show staged under the auspices of the Men's Club of St. Barnabas Episcopal Church on Feb. 25 made a decided hit with the large audience that saw the performance. The wise cracks, songs, and antics of the end men, James Moody, Jack Cavagnaro, and Arthur Thomas (famous minstrel men of the old Burgess shows), and Mike Haz-

zard, kept the audience bubbling with laughter throughout the evening. All solos were rendered in a pleasing manner and they were well received. Rounds of applause brought encores with each selection. Drum imitation by Fred Russell, a former head-liner on Keith's Circuit, was one of the hits of the show. Another specialty, a song and dance, by Master Vaillancourt, was also a big hit. His clear, strong voice and his eccentric dancing would be a credit to a professional.

The well-trained chorus was snappy, with plenty of harmony and volume in every number. The soloists were: Thomas Gill, E. Wesley Enman, John Powers, Aime Lavoie, Arold Brown, and John Laffin. In the chorus were included: Wm. Gerraghty, Cecil Manton, George Cunningham, Louis Potter, Erwin Potter, Benjamin Dale, and Alex Wilson.

James McGivney was interlocutor. Arthur J. Bassnet was director, and William Sharp, business manager. Costumes were by our old friends, Briggs and Raeburn, of Portland.

A large crowd enjoyed the dance in the gymnasium following the Minstrel Show. There were many favorable comments on the music furnished by Bassnet's orchestra for the dance.

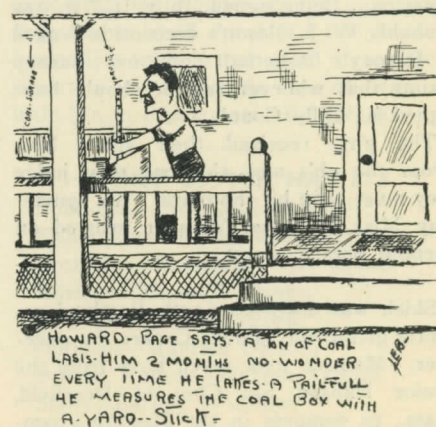
Peter Alexander, long and lean and limber,
Did go once a year to the tall timber,
Where he was wont to elude the elusive deer,
With a plentiful supply of old synthetic cheer.
Donald, our only model of obesity,
Never questioned as to veracity,
True connoisseur of wine, women and song,
A gallant gent with whom you can't go wrong.

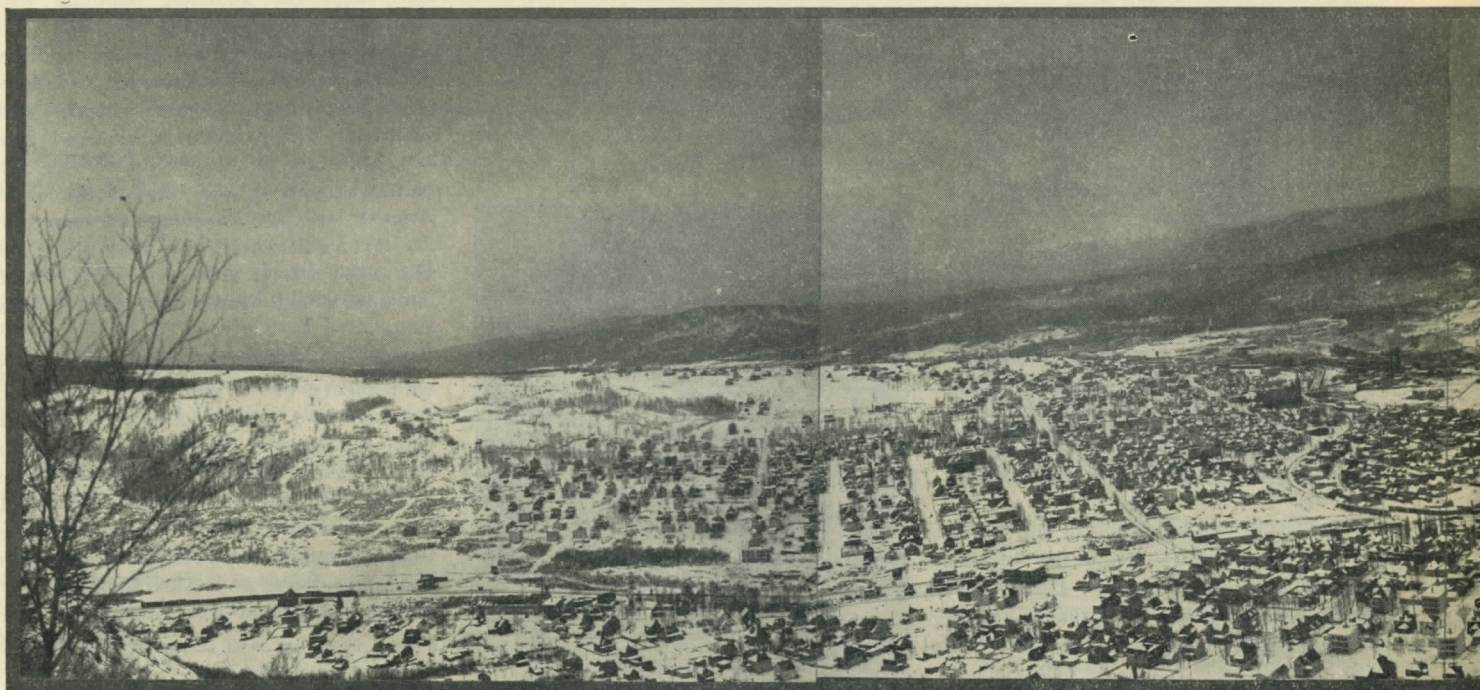
Helpful Waiter: "What about some tongue, sir?"

Mr. H. Peck: "Had that this morning."

Helpful Waiter: "Well, then, how about some cold shoulder, sir?"

Mr. H. Peck: "I'll get that tonight."





JUST BEFORE THE STORM--VIEW OF

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

MAIN OFFICE

We do not hear much about Rumford, lately, but on the other hand Beaudoin has been paying visits to Lancaster, regularly. Just the other night he missed the return bus. Wonder what's up? "Quite a town, yes, sir; quite a nice little place," he reports.

Some of our most popular boys received valentines from their many admirers. Barney Winslow's made a distinct hit with everybody. It was certainly suited to the occasion. Being signed "Billy, Jr.," it was probably W. J. Oleson's decision in regard to Barney's basketball opinions. Barney claims that whoever sent it should have signed it "Billy Goat."

The girls received their share also. From the oh's and ah's, we may judge they must have hit the mark. We wonder why Miss Margaret Wagner insisted on keeping hers a secret.

Skish was down to South Portland recently giving the famous Capers the once-over. Maurice took seven boys from the Junior Nansen Ski Club to Deerfield, Mass., to compete in the Eastern cham-

pionship for High School Winter Sports. He also visited Worcester, Mass., Brattleboro, Vt., Hanover, N. H., and stopped on his return at Bryant's Pond, Me., to mail a few letters. (Any way that is what some of the girls claim.)

NOTICE

Beginning April 1, passes will be required for entrance to all plants of the Brown Company. Employees connected with the various service departments, such as the Research, Electrical, Purchasing, Engineering, and other departments, having work at the different plants are reminded to get the required passes from their department heads. Visitors and salesmen passes may be obtained at the time offices of the respective plants.

Who is in favor of having a Brown Company Minstrel Show, proceeds to go toward a slam-bang outing this coming summer? With the talent we have within

the Company, we surely would go places and do things. Let's have some reaction on this subject. Send in your suggestions for the next issue of the Bulletin.

ECHOES FROM CEDAR POND, FEBRUARY 1ST

Top and Adrian missed the train, then it turned out that the latter gentleman had forgotten the keys to the camp. Next, Leo and Top left "It" at Aime's.

Did You See

Leo Campagna ski-joring?
Eleanor and Margaret, the toboggan fiends?

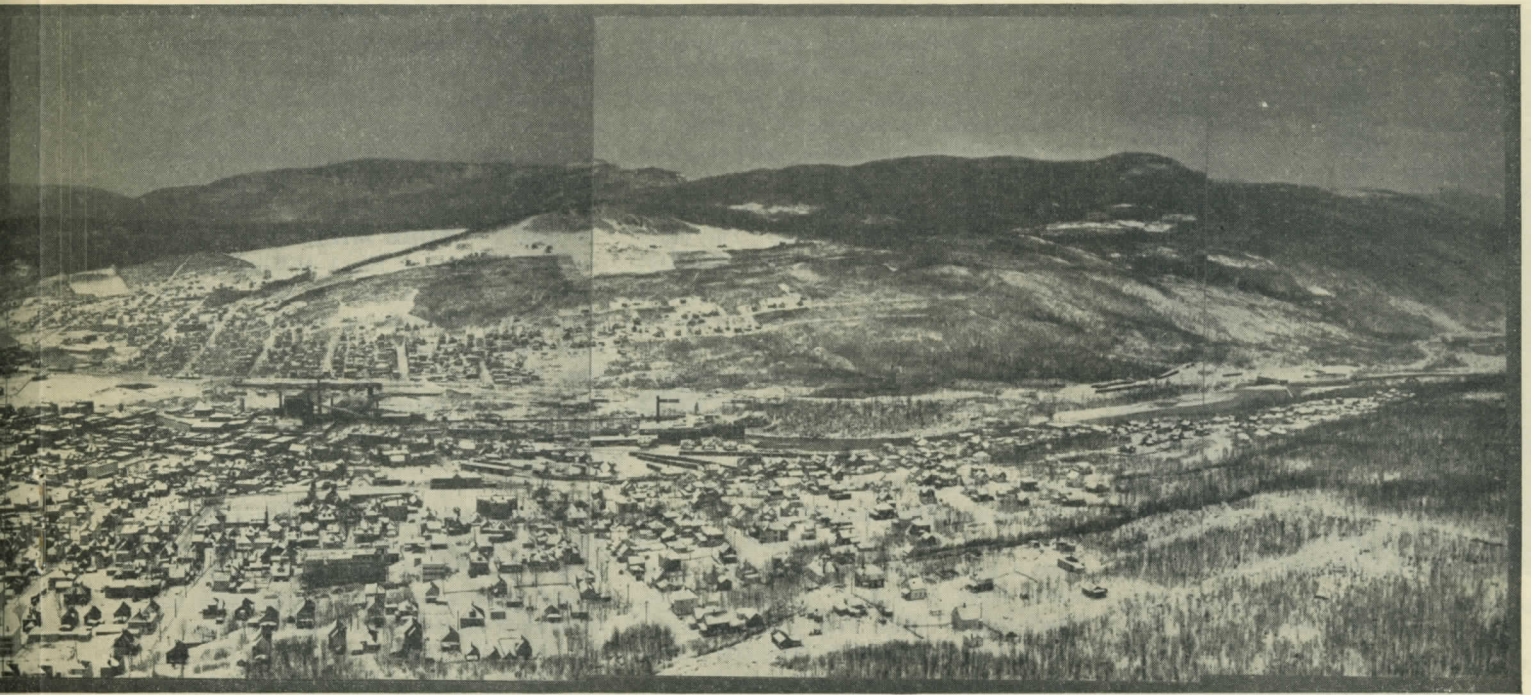
Pat and Peggy, the ski artists?
Joseph driving with one hand and Priscilla doing her best to help him?

Leo Couture sawing wood?
Top trying to do the split on the back porch?

Barbara eating chicken pie?
The French fried potatoes? (The last question by Mac).

Who was eating all the rolls?
Who forgot his skis?

And last, but not least, when Joseph, Jr., came into sight of Berlin's bright



OF BERLIN FROM THE TOP OF MT. FORIST

lights he turned his car around to go back for more, but turned in such an awkward way that he stayed stuck in the snow until Eddie Delisle did him the kindness of pulling him out.

A cluster of former basketball stars, under the coaching of Professor Phil Wheeler, have formed a team to compete in the Mill League. They annexed their first victory last week by taking the strong Standards Team into camp, 20-13. Billy Oleson, Phil Wheeler, John Stafford, Gonya, and Winslow accounted for the team's scoring. Snodgrass guarded very efficiently while Skish's playing was one of the high spots of the game. With a little practice, and under the splendid coaching by the professor, no doubt our boys will develop into champions. Well, they might challenge Berlin High or even the mysterious South Portland Capers. If anybody wants to bet on this team, see either Beaudoin or Tourangeau.

Carrol Mountfort, Maurice Oleson, and Leo Campagna were voted the most useful men to their team—off the floor. Even though hampered by the absence of some of the "big noises," they did wonderful work at cheering. For implements, they had cowbells and horns galore. We think that with the addition of Poisson, Tourangeau, and Teare it could certainly be improved. Mac might help with his wise-cracks. How about some of the girls do-

ing their share. Yes, sure, Peggy, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Josie (when she is not busy playing bridge).

None of us won prizes in the Derby. It must have been a heavy blow to Urban's plans. We noticed that he was absent when the event was run. Someone said he had gone to Quebec to collect his anticipated winnings, but it was later revealed that he had only been to the Sulphite Office taking a much needed rest.



We think the Main Office boys ought to get together for the purpose of electing a judge and two attorneys who would be able to decide "Who's Who" and "Which is Which" whenever any discussions arise. We have never seen a place where such divergence of opinions exists. Basketball teams, pictures, politics, in fact everything causes arguments. With a properly selected board everything would be settled to

everybody's satisfaction. We would suggest having Mr. William Oleson, Jr., for judge, Skish for prosecuting attorney, and Mac for defense attorney, with Urban Rogers and John Stafford as alternates.

Bob Oleson is champion whistler of the Main Office, with Wilbur Winslow running a close second.

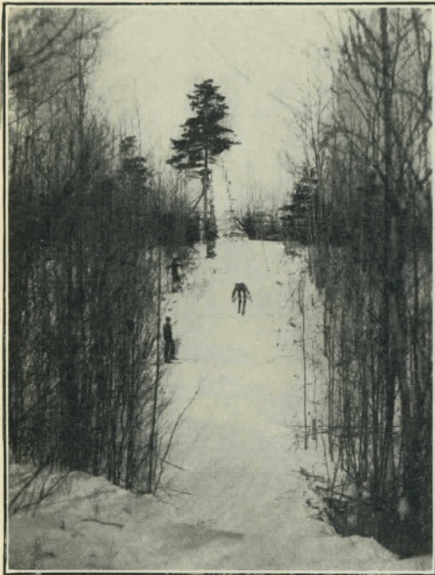
Maurice has had a hard time keeping his furnace going all winter. Cheer up, Maurice, better and warmer days are coming.

Top, Phil Wheeler, and Alcide Vallieres will vote for the first time this year.

With our section resembling a college periodical, we wonder if the purchasing department could develop a few budding journalists to help our staff of mediocre reporters in varying the type of items. A little life in department "B," please.

EVERY OFFICE HAS ITS

Politician—Josie McLaughlin.
Fisherman—Morris McCarthy.
Promoter—Beaudoin "The Great."
Adviser—Elizabeth Baker.
Pessimist—John Stafford.
Optimist—Maurice Oleson.
Bridge Author—Warren Oleson.
Sport—Barney Winslow.
Racketeer—A. Tourangeau.



BUDDING CHAMPS MAKE THEIR OWN SKI JUMPS
AT BERLIN MILLS

We wish to take this opportunity to express our thanks for the valentines which the boys sent us. We are glad that the boys' feelings toward us are no longer a secret.

The Girls.

On February 13 the girls of the Main Office had their monthly supper at the Club. It was a Valentine supper and the table with its decorations looked very pretty. The Valentine place cards with verses were very much enjoyed. The supper which was delicious consisted of ravigote, heaps of it, pickles, ice cream, cake and nuts. The committee in charge was Beede Parker, Hattie Anderson, "Kitty" McGillan, and "Bee" Campbell, and they are to be complimented on their pretty party.

Rosamond Moffett and Genevieve and Ethel Flynn are spending a vacation in Havana and Palm Beach.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Josie forgetting to vote on election day?

Urban Rogers getting here two minutes late?

Shorty growing shorter?

Peggy growing taller?

Mac enjoying Margaret's rubber cigar?

Top hanging around the Kindergarten?

Jos. Dube No. 2 anxious to go berrying on Cates Hill?

Stafford going into Skish's Smoke Shop in Bucksport to buy a 15c cigar?

We never knew that post-climbing was a part of physical education training down in South Portland, but now it appears that Mr. Carrol Mountfort has mastered the art completely. Not to be outdone, Barney makes a practice of parking his car where the other fellow can't miss him.

Mac claims that Peggy is so crooked she can't lie straight in bed. The other day they made a bet on the Sharkey-Scott fight, the stakes being two cigars or three pieces of candy. Mac won, of course. The payoff came and so did Peg with her two cigars. Mac had been telling the boys about his good luck. He does not smoke them very often since he depends on John Stafford to supply him. "Don't you remember the one I gave you last Easter?" says John. "You owe me one." "That's right," says Mac, "stick around and we'll have a good smoke in the furnace room when there is nobody around." "Gee, Blackstones. Why, Peg, you're a brick! Thank you very much." "Oh, don't mention it," answered our little sunshine girl.

With greedy hands he opened the package while John stood watching and thanking the heavens that he was around. But oh, terror, the cigars were not what they seemed to be. One was made of rubber.

"just like a snake with a broken back," says Mac, "and I'll bet my shirt this one was dry before Sir Walter Raleigh dropped his Old Gold in front of Queen Elizabeth and put his coat on it so she could not pick it up. Yes," says John, "a dirty gyp, you can't trust these women anyway."

TUBE MILL

Alfred Lepage of No. 1 Mill has a 1925 Essex. He would like to have a race with Jimmy Richards on the Rockingham oval. Mr. Richards is the owner of the Blue Bird Mud Turtle, which won fame for him in his recent race from Portland. Details of the above are hard to extract from Jimmy.

Fireman, save my child! Henry Bourbeau of the pipe shop has joined the call gang. Just watch his smoke. Henry should make a first-class smoke-eater as he worked on the tanks some time ago.

Richard Arguin of Tube Mill No. 1 has joined Battery "F" and expects to become a soldier by and by. He is busy taking "rookie lessons" and doing squads east and west. We hope he does not become absent-minded there.



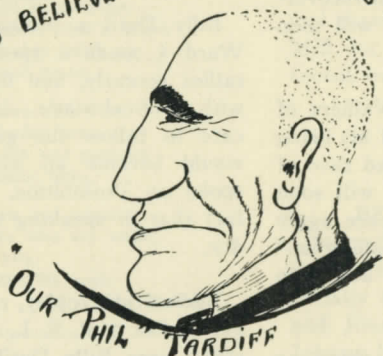
CLASS OF 1909, BROWN SCHOOL

Back—(1) Alf. Halvorsen, Louis Couture, Russell Cumber, Hjelmar Stenberg, Teacher, Sadie Farrell. (2) Madeline Stickney (Mrs. Simpson), Luna Elliott (Mrs. Burningham), Hjordis Anderson (Mrs. Erickson), Albert Morin, Arnold Nilson, Gunnar Oleson. (3) Richard Forest, Theodore Anderson, Paul Oleson, Edwin Nelson, Joseph Thorn, Carl Hanson, Einar Christianson, Harry Johnson. (4) Carl Hanson, Charles Enman, Mendel Beaudoin, Evelyn Oleson, Hulda Nilson, Margaret Gifford (Mrs. Kailey), Levi Paulson, Arnold Hanson, Earl Clinch. (5) Arthur Anderson, Louise Philbrick (Mrs. Larson), Amelia Godbout, Ermina Holt (Mrs. Nudge), Ruby Garland, Ingeborg Martinson (Mrs. Johnson), Ruth Erickson (Mrs. Larson), Rudolph Rasmussen, George Oleson.

TUBE MILL TOPICS — BY "JACK"

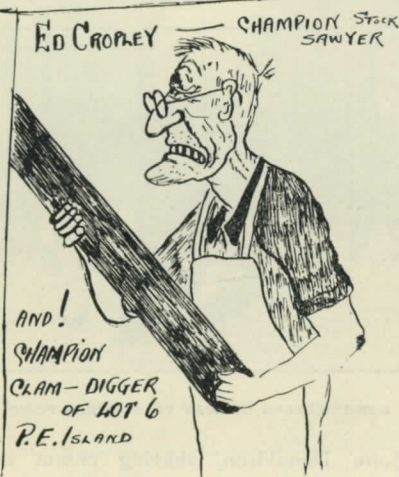
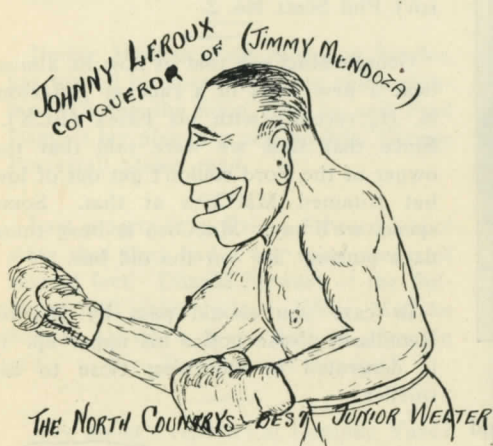
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT?

THIS "HAIRCUT" BELONGS TO



JACK: SAY LOCK DID YA EVER SEE THE SUN AND MOON
AT THE SAME TIME — LOOK OVER THERE

LOCK: THAT ISN'T THE SUN AND MOON THAT IS
PHIL TARDIFF WITH HIS HAT OFF



An interview with Senator Knox by Charles Tex Enman, on Prohibition in question and answer form:

Q: "Are you in favor of prohibition, Mr. Knox?"

A: "Are you in favor of being electrocuted?"

Q: "Do you think the dry law is a success?"

A: "Was Phil Scott?"

Q: "Could you tell me something about Mr. Volstead?"

A: "Do you want me to be arrested?"

(Tex Enman butts in, "I think that would be a good idea, Senator, please don't express yourself so personally.")

Q: "Are you in favor of light wines and beer?"

A: "Are you in favor of another Scott-Sharkey fracas?"

Q: "Which party is the wettest, Republican or Democrat?"

A: "Which river is the wettest, Androscoggin or Mississippi?"

Q: "What is the difference between a bootlegger and a dry agent?"

A: "What is the difference between 'oui' and 'yes'?"

Q: "Don't you think the people should forget all about prohibition?"

A: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Bill Carrier of No. 1 Mill is a card shark. He uses his spare time in feeling the spots. He even took a day off not so long ago to practice for that evening's game.

Bill Donaldson joined Jimmy Evans'

Revue, Berlin, for one night to act as the Brick Top Clown, and in Rumford as Sonny Boy. Bill, however, got the streets in Rumford rather mixed and he would appreciate it very much if someone would send him a map or diagram of that town. "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

George Goodno of No. 1 Mill Research has a Plymouth Sport Roadster. He wishes the show which was here recently would return, because he says "They go simply wild over me."

Wanted (we don't know for what reason) by Sterling Henderson: One 1910 Ford, in good condition. Anyone having such a car and who would like to dispose of said antique, please call Tube Mill No. 1 and Mr. Henderson will do the rest.

Hector Despres of No. 1 Mill is a real estate dealer in his spare time. Call him if you have anything to sell, trade, buy, or transfer.

Link Locke, formerly employed in the Tube Mill has gone to New York to take up his new duties. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Locke the best of luck. Thanks for the cigars.

Ralph Perry of the beater room has a new radio invention which will eliminate static. Believe it or not. But why not try it on yourself, Ralph?

Fisette of No. 1 elevator, who has had considerable trouble with his radio, has discovered its cause. He remedied it by shortening his antenna wire six feet and 29 inches. He asked Morin of No. 1 machine if a good ground could be made by fastening the ground wire to the spring on his easy chair. Ask Ann Tenna, she knows.

Albert Hanson of the pipe shop is anxious to see the ice clear out of Umbagog Lake, as he is getting motor boat fever. Mark Baker has applied for a marine license and will act as second mate.

Ed Holloran of Tube Mill No. 2, a first-class farmer of Milan in spare time, is confronted with a serious problem and is all "at sea" over it. He has been feeding "Lay or Bust" to his ducks. Mr. Drake immediately took to the nest and then Mr. Holloran noticed his choice rooster was on the nest continually. Ed says: "You may not believe me, but after that bird left the nest, I found an egg."



JACK ROGERSON, THE ENERGETIC NEWS WRITER
OF TUBE MILL

Joe Goulette, of No. 2 machine, says he can't see why radios could not be built of Bermico Fibre Tubes. He is using his spare time trying to invent a short wave set. Mr. Goulette is a rival radio expert of Arthur Morin.

Arthur Morin has a new short wave set (name withheld) and claims he can bring in foreign stations any time, night or day. "The foreign lingo Mr. Morin gets," says Joe Auelette, "is just plain static." By the way, Morin has purchased a book on the pronunciation of foreign lingo.

Harry Ardelle of No. 3 machine is an enthusiastic political worker. He can talk politics locally and nationally. We have good reasons to believe that Harry would be a very good prospect for councilman of Ward 3.

Wilfred and O. Fortier of the tank crew spent a day at Jericho Beach recently. They didn't get back in time for work but report a wonderful time.

Jerry Beattie of the treating department is widely hailed as a "fiddler nonpareil." He has delighted the patrons of the Cascade Community House with his jigs played in real old-fashioned manner, characteristic of an old-time fiddler. In "Miss MacLeod's Reel" and "Devil's

Dream," two old-time jigs, we have yet to hear his equal.

The many friends of Asa Croteau will be pleased to learn that he is fast recovering from his recent injury and will soon be back with us again.

The many friends of Ovila Valliere of the lathes will regret to learn of his being confined to his home with a bad case of blood poisoning. We hope he will soon recover and be back with us once again as he is greatly missed at "washing up" time with his pleasing songs and step dances.

Albert E. Light, known to many as "Skinny," and to the office crew as "Sandy MacLight," received a valentine recently. It was rumored that "Skinny" registered displeasure and thinks the sender is employed somewhere in the Tube Mill. But after all, it was just a joke. Soap funds are now due.



MERRYMAKERS ON WAY TO SUCCESS POND

John Donaldson, shaving cream and soap expert, known under several aliases, is very much pleased with his new radio and says he enjoys programs of every station except the one named Static. John says he can't see any necessity for that station being on the air because he does not see any reason for broadcasting such stuff.

Paul Yandow and Prof. Tardiff, erstwhile rabbit hunters, have vainly tried to beat each other, but the last accounts showed they are even. Recently they demonstrated for us the manner in which they rounded up a herd of rabbits, then giving us the low-down on the finer points of marksmanship.

Hec Leblanc of the shipping department, also a rabbit and fox hunter in his spare time, sent out west for a thorough-

bred rabbit dog, and has been training him lately. Joe Leroux says if the hound could handle a shotgun, Hec might get some rabbits once in a while.

Billy Dutil a prominent Democrat of Ward 4, made a speech at one of the rallies recently, and filled Forbush Park with political static. If Mr. Dutil should care to follow the game, no doubt he would become an able politician. He spoke on Prohibition, but reiterated the fact that in speaking so long he became dry.

Eddie Kid Crolepy, champion clam digger of Lot 6, P. E. I., recently won a decision over Billy Dutil, champion of the East Side, on a foul. Mr. Dutil was well out in front when his left foot suddenly left the floor, and in an upward motion collided in violent contact with Mr. Crolepy's anatomy. Referee Pete St. Clair awarded the decision to Kid Crolepy, although the fans would have liked to see the bout continue. We hope Mr. Crolepy isn't Phil Scott No. 2.

George MacCosh told us how he almost beat a new Ford in a race at Jefferson, N. H., recently with his Essex (BCX). Since that time we were told that the owner of the Ford couldn't get out of low but trimmed MacCosh at that. Some speed, we'll say. MacCosh is busy these days putting "ile" on the old bus.

In case you should pass by Blackie Remillard, please notice his upper lip. It is decorated in mourning close to his smeller.



SANDY MacLIGHT ALSO GOT A
VALENTINE LAST MONTH.

NANSEN JUNIOR CLUB SONG

Hear the leader calling
For the Junior boys,
Hear the skis go slothing,
That's the Junior boys.

We're for speed in jumping,
That's the sport that's brave
And the sport that helps us
Up to manhood grave.

Who's got brawn and fibre,
That's the Junior boys,
Who'll have time and patience
Why—the Junior boys.

We'll help town and country
And the boys who are weak,
Obedience, loyalty,
Are the things we seek.

—Mrs. Olaf Nelson.

Harold Beroney says if you do not want to sleep over, do not depend on any of those MacCosh alarm clocks. They make a lot of rattle, but like their inventor, go to sleep often.

George Laflamme says MacCosh slides around the dance floor with the ease of a Holstein.

Jimmy Mullins, East Side hog fancier, has turned his spare time into violin making. During the noon hour he and Fred Daggett lay plans for new models. George Forrestall please read.

Last reports from Prince Edward Island state that they had a big snow storm of several feet. Donald Stewart of the Sulphite Mill says cyclone Eddie McCabe had to shovel a great deal of snow in order to dive for "luscious herring."

How about a reporter at Dummer Yard?

Chet Carr and Jack Rodgeron were seen talking together the other day. No doubt they are planning a trip East to the old home on the Island. What Island? "Rory, get your dory, there's herring in the bay."

Bob Sturgeon and Byron Ferris are planning a trip to their old homes, back on Lot 17. Bob says he can remember when Ferris lived on Lot 15 and used to make trips to his home when the fresh herring came in. They were the happy days!

Nelson Ayotte wants to thank the sender for the nice valentine he received, February 14. It was very appropriate.

Joe Bernier of the tanks will not be

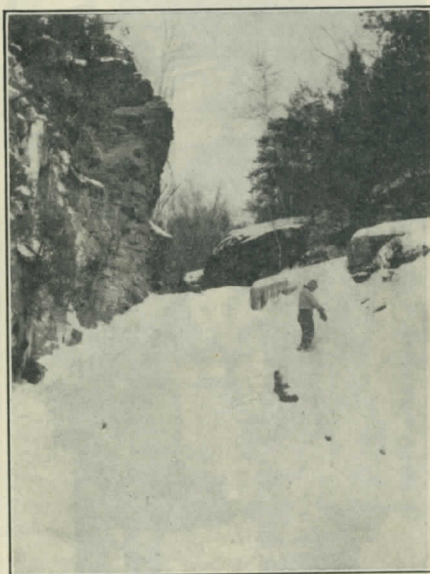
late for work any more as he received a nice alarm clock through the mail, a gift from the treating room boys.

We wish to express our appreciation and thanks to the employees of the Tube Mill for their tribute to us during our recent bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gravel
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gravel,
and family.

BERLIN ATHLETIC CLUB

Since the last issue of the Brown Bulletin, we have had some great battles, especially the one between Johnny Leroux and Jimmy Mendoza, which resulted in Johnny becoming the winner, clear of all dispute. Another 10-round battle which was full of action, although being one-



THROUGH THE DIVIDE AT CASCADE FALLS

sided was the main bout on Friday night, February 14, between Dick Lambert of Berlin and Jimmy MacGonigal of Rumford, Me. The latter was one of the cleverest boxers ever to invade the north country and was in command in every round. Lambert, although being outclassed and possessing unbelievable courage, weathered the route at the mercy of MacGonigal, who used a systematic way in handing out punishment. He is a master boxer and a hard hitter. Some boxers possess one quality but not the other, and when one has a chance to see a ring marvel such as MacGonigal and passes it up, the writer will say that if the chance comes again be sure to get your tickets early as you'll miss something worth seeing. MacGonigal won the decision unquestionably, and many think he can duplicate

this same trick over Johnny Leroux. However, there is the matter of weight, there being 10 pounds difference. But if it could be arranged, the fans would be handed a real treat and this writer will string along with Leroux for the simple reason that while Mendoza was rated with the "None Such" and the papers issued headlines of what would happen to Johnny, nevertheless, Johnny put Berlin on the map with that scrap and proved he is a drawing card equal to the famous Felix King, kayoing the great Mendoza into the bargain. We have a right to feel proud of Johnny Leroux, and we hope to see him soon in action. There are many rumors afloat of a return match with Johnny Leroux and Dick Lambert as the principals. It would not be a song and dance either. There is "beaucoup" rivalry between those two chaps. To those who have not had the pleasure of seeing Leroux in action recently, I will say that he has improved 100 per cent. and has found a punch that used to be conspicuous by its absence. In the past Johnny would box his opponents all the way, but now he goes in for a fight and invites toe to toe slugging.

In the last bouts here, Wee Ace Hudkins lost a decision to Danny Prince which many thought was very unfair. A draw would have been bad enough, but the referee went to extremes, holding up Prince's hand as the winner. Ringsiders thought he had made a mistake in the boys' hands, while others insinuated he had been influenced. This, to me, seems incredible, as the referee has had a good deal of experience in the game. I understand the third man is to render a decision according to his best judgment, being fair in every way, regardless of sect or nationality. There are times, however, when a referee is criticised unjustly and when the bunch who are doing the criticising are given the once-over, it will be seen that they have only one man in view and see only one side. Then there are other fans who come to see a certain man win, and when he fails to accomplish their desire, they leave the hall complaining it was a frame-up. If you see what seems to be a "fluke," don't ride the promoter; he is just as disgusted as you are. Come again to the bouts at City Hall and consider you are lucky to be in a city where fights are run on the square.

Here lies what's left
Of Jeremiah Best;
He told his wife part—
She guessed the rest.

NIBROC NEWS

MAIN OFFICE

Miss Barbara Freeman of Gorham was with us on extra work for several weeks.

Earl Henderson of the finishing room substituted in the office during the absence of Martha Buck.

W. H. Palmer and Gideon Barbin were business visitors at Cumberland, Maine, for a week.

Miss Alzie Barrows is out from work on account of sickness.

Anyone desirous of being guided or getting information on how to get through a crowd should consult Sam Hughes. Sam was one of the players at the Spanish War Veterans' whist party and also saw "Sunny Side Up" at the Albert.

There was once a man named Barbin,
Who fell down on his punkin,
But who was to blame? It was Bush
That gave him a great big push.

We have a young fellow called "Gil,"
Who came in one morning dressed to kill.
How the girls did stare,
But the boys said, beware
Of the fellow who wears his best to the mill.

Barbin has gone to the dogs completely.
He waltzed in the other day with a box
of Copenhagen "snuff." S'nuff said.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Gendron ever shaved.
Carl Johnson ever won a game of checkers.
Barbin lost his "Nozo."
Gene Gilbert could borrow an adding machine.
Levi's radio wouldn't percolate.
Albion ever got good and mad once.
Artie didn't have a burned out tube in his radio.
Honey never played bridge.

MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT

It is claimed that the reason Fred Bo-vaird moved to Berlin is because he could not get his Auburn car up over Cascade Hill.

Euclid Perry of the lead burners is still working up at the Silk Mill.

Leslie Feeley was out from work for a few days with an injured chest.

James Brandon Martel has traded his Ford for a new 1930 Chevrolet Sedan.

Paul Dubois was on the sick list for a few days.



WM. BEAUREGARD, CHAMPION CHECKER PLAYER OF THE WORLD, AND CHARLES TRAHAN, CASCADE MACHINE ROOM, BERLIN CHAMPION

George Bouley has become quite a devotee of the talkies, going to the Albert at the six o'clock show and to the Princess at the eight o'clock show.

A General Electric saw filing machine has been installed in the carpenter shop.

The boys in the electrical department would very much appreciate a drinking fountain in the shop.

"Waco" Dauphney attended the Carnival at Rumford recently.

John Moffett had the misfortune to lose the ends of two fingers on a jointer, Feb. 1.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. William Forest in the death of Mrs. Forest's father.

Oliver Keenan was out several days with a sprained ankle.

Billy Lessard is again working with the leadburners after recuperating from a broken hip.

Sam Alphonse and Albert Gauthier have been doing pipe covering at the new office building.

Earl Caird spent a few days in the woods.

Paul Dauphin was called to Bath, Me., by the death of a brother, and Malcolm Roberge to Canada by his sister's death. Charlie Dauphney also attended his brother's funeral in Montreal. Our sympathy is extended them in their bereavement.

MACHINE ROOM

The boys of the machine room were very pleased recently when Adelard Lemire, better known as "Shadow," paid them a visit at the mill. "Shadow" looks fine, and we are in hopes that he will be with us very soon.

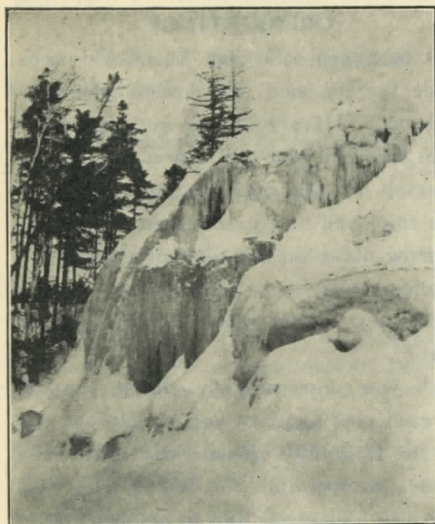
John Justard says that Spring will be with us shortly, and believe it or not, he will take his motor-boat out.

Our prize-fighter, Pete Chabot, is training hard for his coming bout with James Corbett. Fight to a finish, boys. Winner take all.

Walter Boucher, third hand on No. 3 paper machine, says that he is through hunting rabbits.

Bill Helms, our puzzle-maker, still holds the machine room title.

Gene Devost is back with us after being out five and one-half months. Pop looks just as young as ever.



ICE FORMED BY CASCADE FALLS

Pete Nadeau, our star strawberry grower, says the boys should give him their orders soon for his coming strawberry crop.

On the 15th and 16th of February, the Club Joliette cordially received the champion checker player of the world, William Beauregard. A fine musical program was arranged. Charles S. Trahan presented the champion with a silver loving cup which was donated by the Club Joliette. The organizer, Mr. Trahan, wishes to thank each and everyone who aided him in making the eventful two-day program a great success. Through the efforts of Mr. Trahan, the Club obtained Mr. Beauregard who came here from Holyoke, Mass., for the purpose of playing two exhibition games of checkers (Canadian games) with Mr. Trahan, who is the Berlin champion. The first game lasted four hours, ending in a draw. The second game was played in one hour and forty minutes and was won by Mr. Beauregard. This was the first time that a champion checker player of the world ever came to this city. Mr. Beauregard was accompanied here by his father. During their short stay here, they expressed their gratitude for being so cordially received, stating it will remain as a memorable occasion to them at all times.

LABORATORY

The new laboratory office is now being occupied by Harold Titus and his corps of assistants. Owing to the separation of the two forces, the firm of Keating & Smith, General Pencil, Inc., had to be dissolved.

Montana Corriveau has joined the laboratory Fuller Brush crew.

Bernard Smith is wondering what kind of lipstick creates cold sores.

BEATER ROOM

"Rocky" Howe supervised the arrangements for Ladies' Night at the Gorham Odd Fellows' time recently. A banquet was served to 175 people and a fine program was enjoyed by all.

Alphonse Bernier is out from work with an injured foot.

Ernest Castonguay is out from work with an injured side, caused by falling on steps leading up to a beater.

Harry Whalen stepped on a nail and was out from work for a week.

SPENCER-AINSWORTH

A quiet wedding occurred at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. G. E. Edgett, Berlin, on Friday morning, Feb. 21, when Miss Edna Ainsworth, daughter of Mrs. Helen Ainsworth, Gorham, was united in marriage to Mr. Percy Spencer of Cascade. The young couple left by the afternoon train for a short wedding trip to Portland, Me., and Boston, Mass. They will make their home with the bride's mother for the present.

PRINTING DEPARTMENT

C. A. Walker, accompanied by W. H. Palmer, Barta and Griffin of Worcester, Mass., and Cilley of Boston, Mass., spent an enjoyable week-end at the Glen House recently.

Jerry Bowles and Joe Maltais were at Lewiston, Me., to play hockey recently. Lena Roberge underwent an operation for tonsils at the St. Louis Hospital recently. We all hope to see her back with us soon.

Bill Eichel claims he would like to pick up an old oil can.

Dorothy Covell was a week-end visitor in Dummer.

Dunny Keough purchased a Ford Roadster recently.

George Harkins is getting ready to do a big automobile selling business this Spring.

HERE AND THERE

Wilfred Paradis, formerly of the Cascade lunch room, has purchased the restaurant at the end of the car line in Gorham. We wish him much success in his new venture.

Conrad Poisson of the Sulphite is still trying to find out who filled his pipe with fine sand.

Ramolo Augustine is still out from work with an injured back.

Fred Michaud of the rewinders is the proud father of a baby girl, Janet Anita, born Feb. 25.

Butsey Astel of the cutter room has returned to work after being on the sick list for four months at his home in Groveton.

Tom McCarthy of the time office and Melanson of the Sulphite assisted at the whist and dance given by the Spanish War Veterans.

Cascade Alpha lab.

Notice to All Comers and Goers.

OUR

Novelty TRIO-SINGING-DANCING

with

SEX APPEAL TO ALL

STARRING

BELLEFEUILLE

FITZGERALD

BIXBY

Bellefeuille, our leader, with a smooth voice
Fitzgerald, our dancer, with a wicked line

Bixby, our fiddler, with a wild bow
COME ALL. ADMISSION FREE OF CHARGE

CHILDREN HALF PRICE

Under the Management of A. Bergeron

Dan Donnelly is working in the store-house.

The Grand Trunk Station neighborhood seems to be furnishing all of the fire excitement lately. There was a big fire in a six tenement house on First Ave., a bad chimney fire in George Birt's house on Second Avenue, and the wood shed at Hodgdon's coal yard burned—all within two weeks.

Temple Birt and the other bleachery runners are now punching clocks as watchmen in their spare time.

Louis Gregoire was also visited with a slight blaze at his home on the East Side.

Fred Bilodeau of the screen room is getting to be quite a sprinter. A few days ago he made the length of the Sulphite platform in 28 seconds—flat.

CARD OF THANKS

We gratefully acknowledge and thank the Cascade employees most sincerely for the beautiful flowers and their kind expression of sympathy.

Mr. Eugene J. Nolet.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Reid.

When rolls are being run in the dryer room, Bouchard and Maxwell become rivals as expert (?) drivers of electrical tractors.

Ralph Maxwell has moved to the Cascade Flats. He says he is badly in need of rest, having lived in a noisy neighborhood for so long.

Antoine Dumont is hauling hockey players to Lewiston and other places. His version of time is 2 hours 30 minutes—Berlin to Lewiston. The boys claim that the time was nearer 5 hours and 30 minutes.

Bill Sawyer of the inspection department wishes someone to donate roller skates to him so he can get around faster.

A. Bergeron is now managing the alpha Minstrel Show as well as prophesying the weather.



NEWBERRY'S DEPARTMENT STORE FIRE

Frank McCann and A. Savoy are the local broadcasters for the Cascade Mill and Ward 3 of Berlin.

Clerk: This is the finest cigarette lighter on the market, madam.

Young Thing: It certainly looks cute. How many cigarettes does it light to the gallon?—O. B. Bulletin.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

Our visiting list of notables that are, and of those that think they are, has been small during the past month, much to our deep regret.

Regarding an item in the February issue referring to someone who should go to night school to learn to count Joe Degrossillier's family, we say that this party ought to get an adding machine.

John Goulette is the proprietor of our bond storage, which means that it will be efficiently and honestly taken care of.

Joe Croteau and Charles Dussault thought it a good idea to have their towel truck fixed so it would run alone. After using enough oil to oil a paper machine they found it wouldn't run, so they decided to change the wheels. They put the front wheels on back and the back ones on front. They did this same thing to

half the trucks in the mill, and when the time came to try their's out, a horse couldn't even drag it; so they gathered



ONLY ONE MORE MOUNTAIN TO CLEAR

the fifteen or twenty spare wheels and truck frames and took the whole mess out to genial Mike Egan who, in his most natural manner, was very much "regusted."

ARE YOU HOLDING TO A COURSE OR DRIFTING?

It has been said that "the world steps aside for the man who knows where he is going." Have you, as a worker, a fixed plan whereby you can expect to advance yourself in the organization where you are employed or are you simply a drifter, drifting along on the tides of chance and change, expecting to anchor safely in some prosperous harbor without effort on your part?

Do you conscientiously address yourself to each task assigned you, or are you one of the misguided genius who shirks and avoids co-operation for fear it may help the man above you, and in helping him to make a good showing, fix him more securely in his position and perhaps hinder your own progress?

Suppose you look at the matter from this standpoint: The better the boss is, the sooner he will be promoted, and any assistance that you can render will hasten his promotion and speed the day when you will have the opportunity to succeed him. Furthermore, by helping him you will become familiar with his duties and responsibilities, and thus equip yourself to become his logical successor.

We have been quite fortunate during the past month regarding sickness and injuries, and most of those who were out previously have returned to work. We may win that Safety First pennant again soon. It's certainly worth trying for.

We have been doing an exceptionally good retail business in toilet crepe and white dental bibs. We wish to thank those who in their eagerness and greediness to carry supplies of the crepe home opened several cases of bibs and scattered their contents all over the basement.

Joe Mercier, Cates Hill jazz king, is on sick leave. Joe tried to burn the candle at both ends too long. The results being bad. How will we ever continue to jog along without his services?

TOWEL ROOM

Margaret Forest tells us that she knows

what that precious little thing called "love" is.

Edna Erickson has an assortment of hats and shoes.

Ethel Remillard is out from work on account of an injury to her eye. Best wishes for her speedy recovery.

Julia Oleson was on the sick list a few weeks.

Esther Johnson says that nothing can be as bad as an aching wisdom tooth. Get a set of false teeth, Esther.

Have any of our girls seen Eva Turcotte's brand new sheik?

Marguerite Coulombe had a big surprise party and the only one missing was that

certain sheik from the yard.

Florence Baker is so good-natured lately. What has happened?



LOUVILLE GREEN, RETAIL DEPARTMENT

Yes, Spring is here. Eva Michaud wears no rubbers and that's a sure sign.

Some of the towel girls would like to know what "whoopie" really means. Will someone kindly explain?

Our Tony Landry certainly can juggle oranges and apples.

Alice Cote took a few days off to visit Groveton on important business.

Marie Parent almost broke her New Year's resolution lately by coming to work as the bell rang.

Olive Arsenault has an assortment of love stories. Is that where she learns her stuff?

THE BEARS

READERS of the local paper may have observed a few comments and articles regarding a basketball team connected with the "Y," otherwise designated in "pro" circles as the "Bears." Let me state immediately that the term "pro" in this instance indicates a distinction in rules only. The dissimilarity in the professional and amateur rules is as great as the difference between ping-pong and tennis.

Where the amateur game demands speed, endurance and rapid thinking, the latter type requires, beside these qualities, the ability to take cruel body punishment, agility, quickness of eyes and hands, aggressiveness of an entirely different standard, and, above all, sporting spirit, for the game is of such a nature that the same treatment in any other game would result in instant battles.

Every member of this club has known each other for years. All have played on High school teams. Most of them were stars in their particular lines. Four members were on the team which traveled to Chicago in '28, namely, the three forwards, Donavan, Witter, Martin, and a guard. This same group were on the team which defeated the two biggest high schools in the state, Manchester Central and Nashua, although losing to some little out-of-the-way towns in the finals. Playing three games within twenty-two hours with only five hours sleep is rather hard.

Georges, the center of this club, is a

prominent athlete in Berlin sport circles, has height, and extreme reach, which is of great importance for the tap and advantageous in guarding the extensive center position. Also being a boxer of experience, his foot-work is excellent. He keeps himself in good condition with gym and home exercises. He is always on the alert to snatch any high bounding balls off the backboard, thereby eliminating the liability of baskets made on the rebound by opponents, thus giving the guards support sometimes badly needed.

Both forwards were as brilliant in track in their high school days as they were on the court. Donavan was first in the high jump in the State track meet. He is an aggressive forward-line worker and a defensive ace. During the N. H. Interscholastics Basketball Tournament, Berlin faced Manchester Central, former N. H. champions for five years. Five baskets were sunk in the space of thirty-five seconds, by actual count, and it was this same capable, rugged little player who managed to steal the ball each time from Manchester. The manner in which he handles the big fellows is amazing. Although weighing but 140 pounds, he gave Dewey Powers, who tips the beam at 180 at least, such grueling punishment that they took Powers out at the end of the half!

Witter, his team-mate, is a rangy, audacious chap, keen in diagnosing plays, deadly with corner shots, and tenacious

as the well known bulldog on defense. He has extremely long arms and large hands and knows when to pass as well as to shoot, a quality usually missing in those possessing good shooting eyes. The peculiar thing about this fellow is that he has developed from rather ordinary material in high school into a star of the highest order in this game. Although weighing but 133, he is as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Hanson, a tall, raw-boned Norwegian, had to leave school in his second year high, a star in the making. He has height a-plenty and built proportionally. Although inexperienced, he is learning rapidly, in fact, is one of the best guards in the North Country at present. Pro ball seems to be his "meat" and he is never happier than when tossing opposing forwards around. His position is dangerous territory for any opponent with any "evil designs on the basket." He gives the impression of "slow motion" on the court but is "action personified" when points are needed.

The Martins, known throughout these regions because of their baseball activities, are as fully adept with the inflated leather as they are with the horsehide. Archie is an agile, flashy forward, able to find as many holes to pass through as he found in the opposing batters. And those were legion! He is a deadly shot, displaying the control which he possessed with the baseball, and he manages to split the



Front Row, Left to Right:—("Poof")—George Tardiff; ("Hanney")—Hanford Donovan; ("Joe")— Joseph Fournier, Captain; ("Scotchman")—Lester Witter; Norman Hanson.
Back Row, Left to Right:—"Bill"—William DeChamplain; ("Art")—Arthur Martin, Manager; ("Itchie")—Archie Martin; ("Eddie")—Edward Haggart.

netting with amazing monotony.

Then there is Arthur, the receiving end of the battery and a leading batter in high school and the league. There will be no dissention among those who have seen him in action when the writer states that he is one of the best, if not THE best shot in the "Y." Shooting from any angle, either hand, or any positions are his specialties. On at least two occasions, two opposing guards have strived to wrest the ball away from him—with dire results.

Eddie (Slats) Haggart is a chap but one year out of high school who has developed at such a rate that he is considered by his teammates as the most reliable on the squad. Inexperience was his chief obstacle at the beginning of the season, but with that fault overcome he became one of the most formidable basket-men in the club. He understands the game from A to Z and all the intricacies of the game are an open book to this chap.

One advantage which the pro game possesses is the fact that a losing team in a runaway game can make it mighty interesting for the spectators no matter what the score may be. It has been pretty hard for the boys to keep on playing, however, as they have to pay their own way out of town, but the game has an appeal so intense that they have man-

aged to overcome that difficulty by leaving out other enjoyments.

All the games are played at the "Y" with a nominal charge of twenty-five cents. Recently large crowds have attended, and are getting larger with every game. Attend one game and you will become a "BEAR" fan.

The following are abstracts taken from the newspapers with descriptions of games and results:

The Bears pinned a 46-14 defeat on the Rumford Institute last night, the same team that the Auburn Pro's could only beat by a matter of 10 points.

Lancaster defeated the Bears in an extremely fast game last night, although the local club were ahead at the half 22-14. The game became so rough in the last half, and the game being new to the "Y" boys, that they were unable to stand the pace.

The Bears unloosed an offensive drive which netted a 66-18 victory over the Groveton Cubs in a professional engagement last Tuesday night. The local club started slowly but gathered momentum, rising to the lead in the third period when the players dropped all individual play for that of teamwork resulting in from 15 to 20 points in approximately two minutes of play.

Although playing before a small throng, the Bears managed to obtain a lead acquired during the second quarter, which landed the Bears on the long end of a 30-20 score against Peacham. This team has ambitions of acquiring the pro basketball championship of Vermont and, thus far, possesses a record of twelve wins to one defeat, ample evidence that they are serious about the matter. They have taken Lancaster, Gilman, and Littleton into camp by large scores.

The Bears gained satisfaction for the defeat at Lancaster last night when the local club had a lead of 20 points before the first half was over. The Bears had gathered 18 points before Lancaster got one, and Lancaster was so disgusted that they refused to keep on playing even though a large crowd was present. Their alibi of the game being too rough is extremely ridiculous in comparison to the exhibition displayed on its own court.

KNOWLEDGE AND GOOD FAITH

The primitive man was a lucky soul—from a health view-point. Enjoying none of the little luxuries and conveniences which modern civilization affords us, at the same time he suffered few of the ailments which attack the unsuspecting individual in these days of material prosperity.

Consider, for instance, that ever-present problem of the teeth. They may be vigilant guardians of health and happiness; or they may become vigorous agents of disease and worry. Eating raw meat, herbs and roots—food made to order for both strengthening and cleansing the tooth structure—the savage had little trouble with pestiferous molars.

Again, there is that matter of the common or garden variety of cold, a minor ailment at its inception, but in whose wake lurks a whole train of troubles. The primitive man's "uniform," like that of Kipling's Gunga Dhin, was "nothing much before, and rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind." His body became hardened and inured to the extremes of weather and climatic changes, and medical history tells us that he was rarely subject to those head colds that beset a great many people more or less constantly today.

Those of us who enjoy uniformly good health would scarcely change places with the savage. Others, however, who have a penchant toward recurrent minor ailments—perhaps not so serious in themselves, but certainly annoying and painful—might think twice before committing themselves on this point. These are the

people we are concerned with.

In a vast number of cases illness and poor health are attributable to either an individual's carelessness or his ignorance of a few fundamental rules of healthful living. Health means freedom from disease—and knowledge, not luck, is essential if this freedom is to be guaranteed.

Under our group insurance plan, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company makes available to all insured employees of this organization a series of interestingly written health booklets, which contain instructions for prevention of the common diseases, and also describes methods of treating them should they occur. These pamphlets outline the essentials of healthful living and are made up of illustrations and simple rules. Eyesight and Health, Good Teeth, First Aid, and Overweight are a few titles which indicate the subjects dealt with.

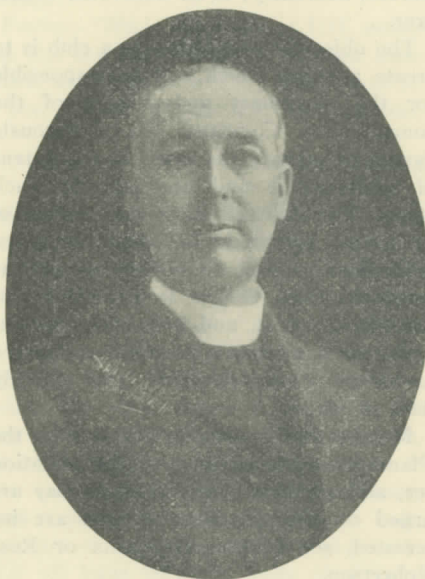
These booklets make interesting reading for an employee and every member of his or her family. A knowledge of the causes, prevention and treatment of various maladies is certainly more effective than trusting to that greatly overworked goddess, Fortune. This knowledge is yours for the asking, and is presented in a readily understandable form.

Illness and disease can dwarf our earning power, reduce our savings, and cause

us untold worry and misfortune. Hence it is wise to keep well.

REV. E. D. MACKEY

Rev. Edward D. Mackey, beloved pastor of St. Kieran's Church, passed away on



REV. EDWARD D. MACKEY

Feb. 20, following a sickness of short duration.

Father Mackey was born in Kilkenny County, Ireland, December 8, 1862. Being

too young to be ordained a priest, following a college course, he came to America at the invitation of Father Moran, of Adams, Mass.

On June 24, 1886, he was ordained at Manchester by the late Bishop Bradley. In June, 1889, he was appointed rector of St. Paul's Cathedral. From the time of his ordination to this appointment he had been assistant pastor in several churches in the Manchester diocese.

Father Mackey came to Berlin in January, 1894. Through his wisdom and business ability and indomitable courage he succeeded in developing the fine residential district surrounding the parish.

Through his efforts St. Kieran's church was completed in 1895 and St. Patrick's school in 1903.

Funeral services were held on Feb. 25. A solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. John A. Casey, D. C. L., of Lancaster. Absolution was pronounced by Rt. Rev. George A. Guertin, D. D., Bishop of Manchester.

Bishop Guertin in paying a well-deserved tribute to Father Mackey spoke of his untiring efforts as a pioneer priest in Berlin and of the wonderful work he had accomplished during his many years of faithful service as pastor of St. Kieran's Church, and of his deeds of kindness and charity.

SHAWANO

PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY MEETS

Friday night, Jan. 31, the local members of the society attended the regular meeting of the group at Clewiston Inn. Several members had gone over to Clewiston early in the afternoon where they were shown through the sugar mill by Dr. Bourne and Prof. Smith. They reported a very interesting time. The group all ate dinner together at Clewiston Inn. It being a chilly night there was a fine fire going in the fireplace there, so the members drew up their chairs and had a fine visit with each other.

H. P. Vannah was the speaker of the evening and had for his subject "The Manufacture of Industrial Alcohol." Mr. Vannah gave an interesting paper on the subject.

Mr. O. B. Brown left us February 1 after spending a week at Shawano. Mr. Brown always enjoys his visits here and

we like to have him also. During this visit he stayed up one night to see the frost pumps work.

On Feb. 10, Prof. A. C. Gilbert and Mrs. Gilbert were visitors at the research. Prof. Gilbert is professor of botany and plant pathology at the University of Miami. He was formerly connected with the University of Vermont. This was his first visit to the 'Glades, and he was much interested in the plant and soil problems of this region.

The construction crew is busy laying the foundations for a number of new residences. These new buildings will make quite an addition to the village.

The new equipment for the cooling systems on the barges is expected any day and it will not be long until they are ready for business.

The installation of the machinery in the new pre-cooling plant is nearly completed, and we expect to see this plant in operation before many days.

Dr. Bourne of the research staff of the Southern Sugar Co., Clewiston, was a visitor recently. This was Dr. Bourne's first visit to Shawano. Dr. Bourne has been working with sugar cane for a good many years. He will be remembered as being connected with the Government Cane Breeding Station at Canal Point until recently, when he joined the Sugar Company.

W. H. Vannah, father of H. P. Vannah, is a Shawano visitor for the winter. Mr. Vannah spent several months at Shawano two winters ago and made many friends. He has been going about revisiting old friends on the plantation and making many new ones.

Chris Bemis made a trip to Jacksonville last week. Chris is having a lot of work arranged for the sale of Shawano products.

Radio sets at Shawano have all been performing in excellent shape most of the time. During stormy weather, static cuts capers, and when Genereux uses the automatic printer telegraph, particularly in the period right after supper, not much else can be heard. On a recent Saturday night between 7 and 12, 75 different stations were heard.

During the past five or six weeks many robins have been inhabiting Shawano. To those who came from the north they are quite familiar, but seem strangely out of place at this season of the year. Also another feature about them is that they do not sing down here. Once recently a bluebird was seen. This would indicate that the spring season for the north can not be far away.

During the recent cold snap, the pumps were run at night for frost protection for a few hours. The temperature got down just so close to the frost line that they were run in case it should frost. So far this winter we appear to be having a repetition of the warm season experienced during last winter.

The Shawano Orchestra holds nightly practices and they are getting very good. Recently they played for several dances at nearby places.

We understand that a Rotary Club is to be started in Belle Glade. This is a good move. We wish the folks success with this. The Pahokee branch of the Rotary was installed a few weeks ago.

The baseball season is approaching. Already some of last year's stars on the Shawano team have been out passing the ball evenings. It won't be long now. Let us hope for another successful season.

TENNIS CLUB ORGANIZED

On Thursday evening, Jan. 23, a meeting of net and racket enthusiasts was held and the "Shawano Tennis Club" was officially organized. Mr. Lord acted as temporary chairman of the meeting, and the following were recorded as charter members:

Roy Alsbaugh, Warren Badger, Herbert Barber, Doc Buck, Hugh Clifton, Doug. Douglas, Charlie Genereux, Major Hastings, Buford Highsmith, Vonne High-

smith, Sam Hauser, Pop Lord, Mac Mac-Donnell, A. C. Ormsby, Joe Pitts, Ross Robertson, Dot Smith, H. P. Vannah, and Carl Warner.

The following officers were elected:

Ross E. Robertson, President; H. O. Barber, Secretary; C. E. Genereux, Treasurer.

The object of organizing as a club is to create a group which will be responsible for the equipment and upkeep of the court. The Company has generously agreed to prepare the court to the extent of surfacing it and erecting the back stops. The club will stand the expense of all further equipment including net, posts, reel, markers, and floodlights, as well as future upkeep. These items will be of considerable cost, and it is with this expense in mind that the members agreed to an initiation fee of \$2 and monthly dues of 50c.

Membership is open to any one on the Plantation upon payment of the initiation fee, and all those who intend to play are urged to join at once. If you are interested, see Charles Genereux or Ross Robertson.

At this date the filling and grading of the court has been completed and surfacing will probably start this week. Construction foreman, Spangler, has done a fine piece of work; and if everything goes smoothly, we should be ready for action before March 1.

And now, we wish to extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Lord, the man who has really made possible the construction of the court. We certainly appreciate your interest, Pop, and hope that you will forget many things we've said in past issues, on this subject. Want to bet a dollar on the first set?

"Fore," yelled Warner, ready to play golf, but the woman ahead of him on the course paid no attention.

"Fore," he shouted again, but with no effect.

"Aw," said Robertson, "try her once more with 'three ninety-eight.'"

Shine, applying to Pete for work: "Say, mister, you don't know nobody what wants to hire nobody to do nothin' fer 'em dis mornin', does yuh?"

Hunter Cooper says that once he was standing on the brink of Vesuvius during one of the eruptions. There was a party of tourists standing about. All were tremendously impressed by the grandeur of the scene. One of the Americans turned to his companion and said:

"Say, don't this beat hell?"

An Englishman overheard him and said:

"It's wonderful how you Americans travel."

"ACCIDENTS JUST HAPPEN?"

It was a quarter past seven in the morning, and in a servicing and repairing garage workmen were settling down to new tasks or those that had been left from the previous day. In one corner of the shop a mechanic was working under an electric truck which he had moved into the aisle—to give him, perhaps, more freedom of movement or a better working place.

Another mechanic, who had just registered the time clock, hurriedly changed his clothes in order to deliver a finished repair job which had been promised for seven o'clock. It so happened that the repaired automobile occupied a stall directly behind the electric truck—which, of course, had to be moved. Apparently not knowing of the mechanic under the truck nor seeing the extension light he was using, the second workman mounted the truck's cab and before the mechanic underneath could indicate his presence or extricate himself, moved the truck its entire length, crushing the mechanic so badly that he died before medical aid could be summoned.

Various explanations were made of the accident by the workmen in the shop at the time, but it all seemed to be summed up in the statement that "It was just one of those things that happen." From this attitude of the men employed in the garage, it can be readily seen that no organized program was in effect to prevent accidents such as had just occurred.

Familiarity with a job or a certain routine breeds carelessness and carelessness breeds accidents like the one just related. The productivity of the accident incubator could be reduced almost ninety per cent., statistics tell us, if carelessness of this sort were avoided and our minds were alert to the dangers surrounding us on all sides.

Safety in the home is just as important and necessary as in the factory, office or shop, for accidents are decidedly prevalent here—and possibly because this is a place where we least expect to encounter them. The person who attempts to blow out the gas, smoke while lying in bed, runs the engine of his car while it is in the garage with the doors closed, or balances boxes on chairs instead of using a step-ladder, is tempting Fate—and the latter is a very susceptible individual.

Things, such as accidents, "don't just happen," for it is an axiom that every effect must have a cause. In a few cases, these causes are not under human control. In the vast majority, however, we ourselves wield this control and by a little thought can prevent these accidents from happening. From the mechanic in the garage, mentioned in our little story, to the person who practices jaywalking on the traffic-ridden streets of a city, the

sanest advice that could be given would be—"Think of the possible results before you act!"

TIME ENOUGH

"What time do we get to New York, George?"

Porter—"We is due there at 1:15, unless you has set your watch by Eastern time, which would make it 2:15, then, of co'se, if you is goin' by daylight savings time,

it would be 3:15, unless we is an' hour an' fifty minutes late—which we is."

"Hello! Is this you, Bill?"

"Yeah."

"Is this Bill Squires I'm talking to?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, it's this way, Bill. I want to borrow ten dollars—"

"All right. I'll tell him as soon as he comes in."

(Continued from Page 4)

From a contribution to "Nature" magazine for March, by Uthai V. Wilcox, one would infer that the Arabs are more attached to their horses than any other people.

For hundreds of years they have bred for quality, beautiful lines and endurance. That they have been successful has been proven by severe tests.

Mr. Wilcox states that some of the great soldiers of the world, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, and George Washington rode Arabians.

In his Egyptian campaign and his disastrous attack on Moscow, Bonaparte rode his "Marengo," a white Arabian. The skin of this horse is stuffed and is preserved in Paris.

The picture of the nine white horses made by Mr. I. E. James and published last month attracted unusual attention. Its publication disclosed another interesting coincidence. A man called on Mr. James a few days ago and introduced himself as Walter Santy. He said he was a small boy living in Lisbon and was near by when the picture was taken, and that an uncle, Frank Santy, owned a pair of the horses. Mr. Santy grew to "man's estate," married, and both he and Mr. James are making Berlin their home. Mr. Santy is an employee of the Brown Company at the Chemical Mill.

Concerning Jas. McCormick, mentioned last month as an expert driver at the old Glen House, Fannie Wardwell Bean writes that he told of many interesting experiences, including the exciting adventure of being a horse teamster in the Battle of Gettysburg, and also the fact of driving a twenty-horse team in the Stone and Murray circus parade.

Wm. Kromberg Aston, Shelburne, drove to Berlin sometimes with a large, tall, dark horse whose head towered above the top of the barouche. The style of the carriage was something like the "One Hoss Shay," only it had four wheels. Joe

Goodnow, Gorham, in his G. A. R. uniform usually accompanied him.

Along in the '70's when John R. Hitchcock, proprietor of the old Alpine House, Gorham, when out for a drive, people paused for a second glance at the outfit. The tall, lively matched pair of chestnut horses, the silver mounted harnesses, the long string of bells around each horse, the high sleigh, the occupants arrayed in furs adequate to this rigorous climate, made a picture worthy of a second look, a picture of elegance, comfort and luxury.

Of all local matched pairs of drivers, the bay mares, "Kate" and "Gyp," (see picture) owned by Capt. Warren Noyes of Gorham, led all others in every particular. Capt. Noyes was master mechanic on the G. T. R., Gorham to Portland Division. He found these colts, aged three and four in Stanstead, P. Q. They were full sisters, Morgan blood. Weighed about 980 each. They were exceptionally well matched in color, disposition, speed, endurance and intelligence. They were great roaders and could reel off twelve to fifteen miles per hour. Judge Harry Noyes says he and his father (the captain), have driven to Errol dam in two hours and forty minutes.

Judge Noyes in his boyhood days trained the mares, all harnessed, like fire horses, to come out of their stalls at the sound of a gong and take their places beside the pole. The Captain was offered \$1,500 for them by a wealthy sojourner at the mountains, but refused to take it. It was a big price in those days. They were 33 and 34 years old when "laid away." In those 30 years of service they took the Captain and his friends on many sporting trips and had become well known from Bethel to Magalloway.

There is a story afloat concerning a certain Billy Gray who lived down in Maine. Now Billy owned a very nice horse, intelligent and reliable. Billy had the habit of overindulging in stimulants. After his carousing affairs he would hitch

up his horse, get into the wagon and go to sleep, allowing the faithful animal to take him safely home. This procedure was well known. Some of his cronies met him in this condition once on a time, stopped the horse, unhitched him from the wagon, led him into the bushes and awaited developments. Missing the sway and rumble of the wagon, Billy slowly came to. It took him a few minutes to realize the situation. "Well," he exclaimed, if my name is Gray, I've lost a horse; if it is not, I have found a wagon."

There is a story that reminds one of the flight of time and the rapidly changing conditions in this old world of ours. It was away back in the horse and buggy times. A young man had invited a Miss to go for a drive. The invitation was accepted. When the young man got to the livery stable there was only a very dilapidated affair of a horse left. As there was no other way out of it he took the horse and drove to the young lady's home, and let it be known that he was there and waiting. The girl said she would be ready directly. Now it happened that this young lady was of the moderate sort and consumed much time getting ready. After the style of the times there was much more to put on than now. Well, the young man waited—waited—waited. After a seemingly long time the girl appeared. She looked at the horse and stopped abruptly, exclaiming with much emphasis, "You don't expect me to go to ride with you behind that horrid old rack-o-bones, do you?" "Madam," the young man replied, "when I drove into your yard, this horse was a prancing colt."

When we sing "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way, oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh," how many of us can give a personal hearty amen in agreement with the sentiment?

"The old gray mare ain't what she used ter be, ain't what she used ter be."

(The End)



FORM

AXEL ANDERSON OF THE NANSEN SKI CLUB