

BROWN BULLETIN



VACATION DAYS

JULY, 1930

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BROWN BULLETIN

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Vol. XII.

JULY, 1930

No. 1

BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

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

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Items, original articles and photographs are invited from all employees of the company. These may be handed to any member of the Editorial Staff or Board of Directors, or sent directly to Editor, Brown Bulletin, Berlin, N. H. All contributions must be signed.

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BROWN COMPANY DISTRICT NURSING DEPARTMENT (Established 1903)

Supervisor, Esther Anne Uhlschoffer; Assistant Supervisor, C. Gertrude Kennedy; District Nurses, Dorothy Goodwin, Eunice C. Studley. Office 226 High Street; telephone 85; office hours 8-8:30 a. m., and 12:30-1:30 p. m. Calls may be sent to the above office, to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, telephone 283, or to any Brown Company time office. Working hours, 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. A nurse answers all first calls, but may not continue upon a case except a doctor is in charge.

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L. B. MARCOU, M. D., Chief Surgeon, Office, 275 School Street
C. L. GARRIS, M. D., Residence, Berlin National Bank Building. On daily duty in the Industrial Relations Department, Main Street; Automatic 340
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The Directors meet on the first Tuesday of each month at 4 p. m., at the Sulphite Mill

CLEANLINESS DIS- COURAGES THE GERMS

By C. O. SAPPINGTON, M. D.

Director, Industrial Health Division, National
Safety Council

Washing the "lunch hooks" before eating has been urged to prevent harmful germs being carried into the mouth on food, but there is also a strong argument for washing up between meals. The cleaner the skin, the less danger there is of infection in case of injury. Whenever there is a wound there is as much danger of infection from germs on the skin as from germs on the instrument causing the wound.

Writing in The Cleanliness Journal, Dr. Lloyd Arnold points out that the normal skin, when clean, disinfects itself rapidly, and that accumulation of dirt on the skin retards this germ-killing action. Accumulations of dirt and oil provide a lodging place for bacteria which wait to be carried to the mouth or find a break in the skin to do their dirty work.

Certain experiments have shown the benefits of cleanliness. In one case bacteria cultures were applied to the hands before and again after washing at the end of a day's work. After ten minutes the dirty hands showed no reduction of bacteria; the hands which had been washed had lost 85 per cent.

After 20 minutes the dirty hands had lost only five per cent of the bacteria; the clean hands were entirely free.

After 30 minutes the dirty hands still retained 85 per cent of the germs.

Which hands would be better able to resist infection from a cut or bruise? Which hand would you rather shake? With which hand would you rather eat?

VACATION PICTURES

Happy days are here again. The call of the forests and streams and beaches and open roads are ringing in our ears again, and soon that long anticipated vacation, with its change of scenery and much needed rest, will be a realization. A vacation clears out the cobwebs, releases some of the blood pressure, and renews the old fight and enthusiasm for the game of life.

When you pack up the family bus with all the necessary vacation paraphernalia, don't forget to include the camera, and when you return give the readers of the Bulletin a glimpse of some of the scenery you have enjoyed or of that great big fish you actually caught. Send in your vacation pictures to the Bulletin.

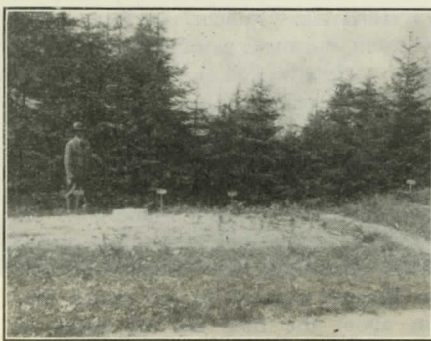
Where Does Your Seed Come From?

By HENRY I. BALDWIN

REFORESTATION by planting has acquired a tremendous momentum in the last decade. While we are told that the area planted annually is small in comparison to the area devastated by fire and other causes, yet it surely represents a very considerable area when all the trees planted in the United States are considered, and the investment is far from insignificant. In 1927 in the eastern states only, over 50 million trees were distributed gratis under the Clarke-McNary Act, not counting the trees purchased, nearly as many, no doubt. In New Hampshire alone at least 5 million trees are planted annually, or roughly 5000 acres are reforested. This represents an expenditure of around \$75,000, exclusive of the value of the land dedicated to forest production. Even for America this is no small undertaking. It shows our characteristic optimism, and that the missionary work of foresters and conservationists during the past quarter century is beginning to bear fruit. What of the results to be expected from these plantations? Let us examine for a moment the foundation for the tree-planters' optimism.

Some men plant trees for beauty, some for profit, but all in hope that they may grow into sound, healthy specimens. The basis of this hope is as follows: first, the planter has usually seen, though not always, mature trees of the species he is planting, growing, it may be, on the same soil and under identical conditions. These trees are nearly always of natural origin. Secondly, if he has not seen such trees, he has read or been told of the yields to be expected at different ages from fully stocked stands on different sites. Is not this a certain promise? The yield tables are based on measurements of actual stands, though quite often natural stands. So far so good, but can we safely assume that the seed or trees received from the great reforestation grab-bag will be able to duplicate those of his neighbor received from a different source?

Is it not time to consider a little more carefully where this enthusiasm for reforestation is leading us? It would be emphasized that nothing said here should for a moment be construed as depreciating the planting program or against the admirable efforts at reforestation; quite the contrary. The purpose is merely to make a plea for a little more intelligence in choosing our seed and stock; for the fact is, as a rule, we do not know what we are planting.



THE ADLISBERG EXPERIMENTAL GARDENS, ZURICH SWITZERLAND. ON THE LEFT, NORWAY SPRUCE FROM THE ENGADINE; ON THE RIGHT, FROM THE RHINE VALLEY. ALL TREES OF SAME AGE, PLANTED IN THE SAME WAY. FORMER ASS'T STATE FORESTER VICTOR A. BEEDE, STANDS AT THE LEFT.

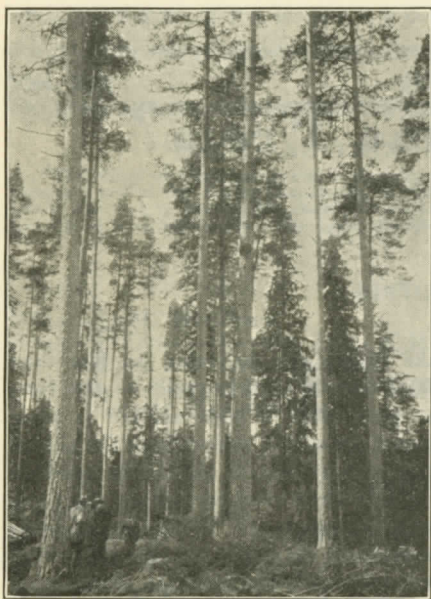
The Nigger in the Planted Woodpile

No better exposition of the present situation in seed collection and planting can be given than a quotation from the 1927 Report of the Lake States Forest Experiment Station at St. Paul, Minn.:

"No less than 10,000 bushels of cones of Norway pine were collected in this region (the Lake States) by two agencies in 1927 alone, taking advantage of one of the periodic crops of this species. If we had knowledge of all the small-scale collecting which was stimulated by the prevailing high price of Norway pine seed, we should probably find that 20,000 bushels of cones were collected, which means no less than 12,000 pounds of seed. Or, looking at it on the basis of average annual collections, the nurseries in the

Lake States can be using no less than 1000 pounds of seed annually, mostly Norway pine, while a large amount is being shipped out of the region from the annual crops such as that of 1927. The question is, is this good seed for use in the Lake States or elsewhere? When one observes the methods employed by either the Forest Service or other agencies in obtaining cones, he is forced to the conclusion that much of it must be seed "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity," for much of it will never produce commercial timber. This is true of many plantations in existence today, and in 20 years we have not changed our seed-collecting methods one iota. This is startling when one considers that we might double our care (and expense) of seed-collecting without increasing the cost of planting more than 20 cents per acre, and possibly not at all if better cones resulted in higher seed-yields and more successful nursery developments, as would quite likely be the case.

"To get to the point, therefore, it is evident that we dare not let the reforestation program in the Lake States develop rapidly by the present slipshod methods as applied to seed-collecting. Every country in the world which has gone into reforestation hastily, and on a large scale has learned the terrible lesson of seed source after thousands of dollars and years of effort has been wasted in fruitless planting. We do not propose to assume a destructive, or even a pessimistic attitude toward an expanded planting program. On the contrary we propose to encourage reforestation by every possible means, but to begin immediately to learn of the pitfalls which must be avoided if this program is ever to be carried through to maturity, and to see that as much common sense is applied at all stages in its development as an intelligent people might be expected to exercise. We believe that a seed-control laboratory or station is needed in this region, and in this country, as much or



SCOTCH PINE CAN GROW STRAIGHT. 180-YEAR-OLD STAND AT MALINGSBO, SWEDEN.

more than in any country in the world, both because of the enormous size of our undertaking and the wide territory from which seed of most species may be drawn. We must begin now to study the problems of seed source, from both the standpoint of geographic origin and specific parentage, and ultimately the seed-control laboratory must assume definite administrative functions for the protection of forest planters. This implies a study of the sources from which seeds come, and a considerable knowledge of all present and possible seed-collecting activities; examination, testing by different means and identification of the sources of seeds in doubtful cases; certification as to both source and quality of seeds submitted where the evidence is sufficient to justify it.

"On this basis only can the planter have a guarantee that his original investment in seed or nursery stock, in planting expense, and in rental value of his land over a period of years will not prove futile or at least wholly unprofitable. And what could be more disheartening to the individual and to the reforestation movement as a whole, than the discovery that the painstaking effort of years has produced nothing but weeds!"

Naturally what is said of the Lakes States region applies to New England in even greater measure, because of the greater and more heterogeneous planting activity in the east, and the probable more extensive use of foreign seed. Commerce reports show that nearly 50,000

pounds of tree seed are imported into the United States annually. Curiously enough much of this is seed of American species, which has been planted abroad; and because of more systematic methods of collection and extraction, the seed competes favorably with that collected in America. But it is no secret that much seed sent over is of inferior race or quality, turned down by the more discriminating European purchasers. No buyer of seed for forest planting in Europe would be content with buying "just seed," but in the United States seed needs no pedigree to find a buyer, in fact it doesn't even have to germinate.

The Danger to Our Native Stock

There is another factor which deserves attention: what will be the result when these plantations "without pride of ancestry" mature and begin to perpetuate themselves? Most trees used in reforestation are so-called dioecious, or bear both male and female flowers on the same tree; but nature has guarded against excessive inbreeding by wind pollination or fertilization. Pollen, the fine yellow dust from the male catkins, blows freely from tree to tree and the air is full of it at certain seasons, as hay-fever sufferers know to their sorrow. Now what may happen when a white pine, grown, say, from seed from Wisconsin or Germany, scatters its pollen among some good old New Hampshire white pines, whose ancestors antedated the Mayflower, and who became adapted to our rocky hill-sides about the time the ice began to retreat from Mt. Washington. Suppose now that this planted tree is not as perfectly adapted, and shows it by crooked form and marked susceptibility to the many and various enemies of white pine; it is only reasonable to assume that some of its weaknesses will be perpetuated by mixture with the native stock, and transmitted to some of its offspring. The very real danger of this happening is not lessened by the possibility of a superior race enhancing the quality of the native stock, which is unfortunately not equally probable. The point is we do not know.

The principles of genetics are fairly well worked out and applied in cattle breeding and even with field crops. It is in our power to enact immigration laws to protect our trees also, but it will soon be too late.

But, it may be objected, what proof is there or what evidence leads us to suspect that the outcome of the arboreal melting pot will be worse than that of the first families? Will not pines from Pennsyl-

vania adapt themselves to our rocky lands as well as the Italians who farm them? The evidence may be drawn from two sources, European and American. Were this a scientific paper it would be easy to quote sources of authorities in support of these suspicions; but the traveller at home or abroad can see, without seeking far, results of plantations from seed of improper origin.

European Experience

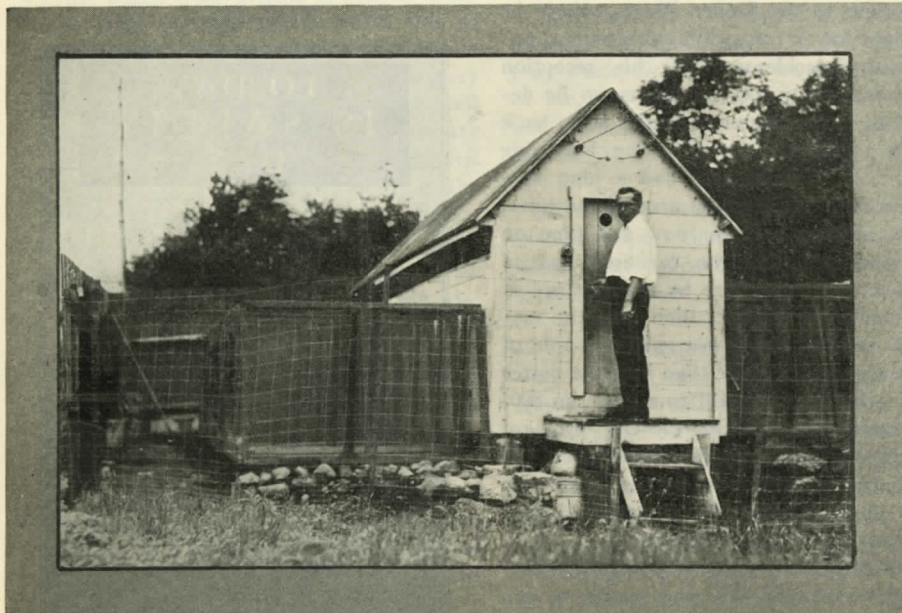
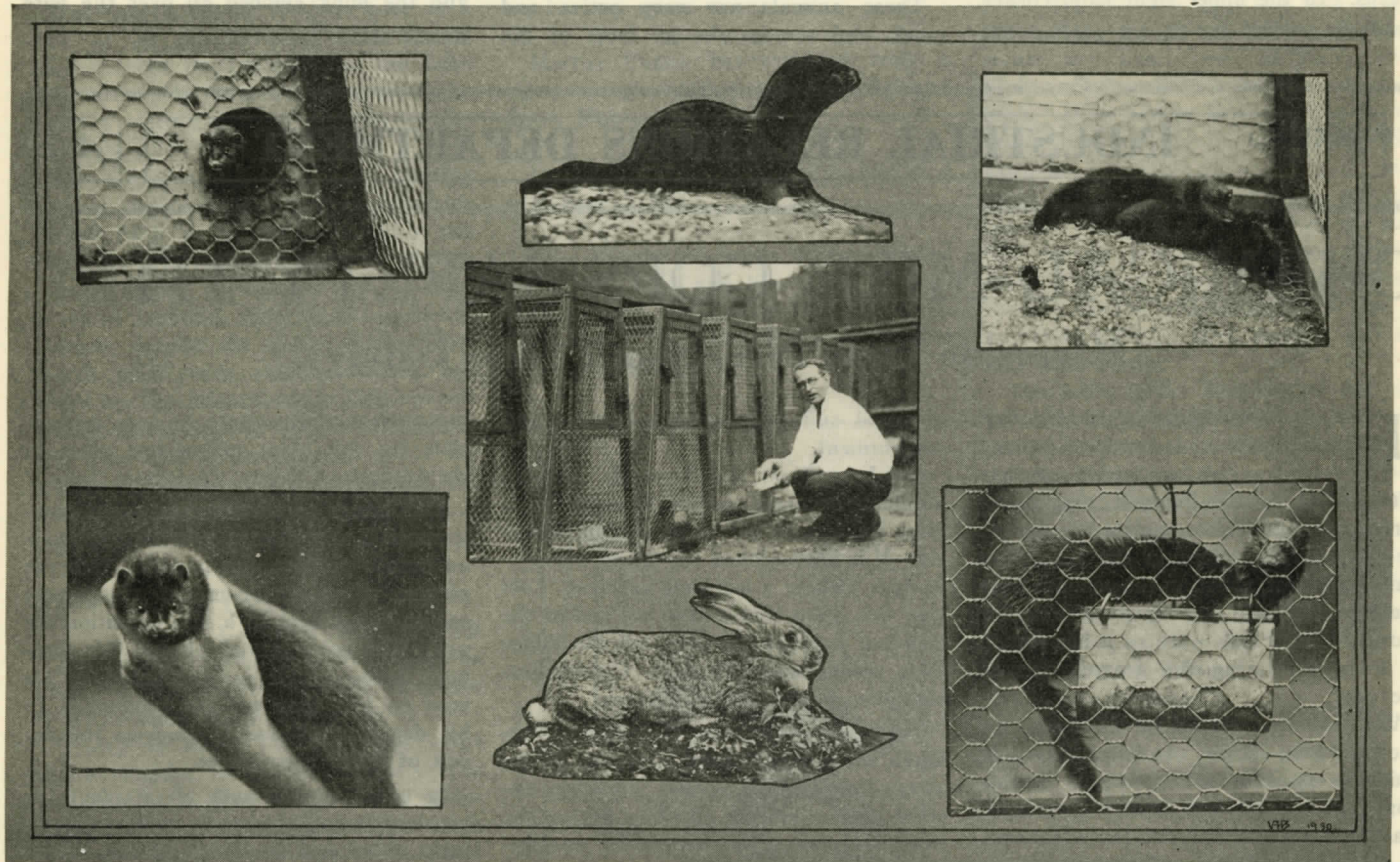
In Germany it was recognized early that Scotch pine seed from France and Holland gave unsatisfactory results when planted in north Germany, but it was remarkably late that steps were taken to prevent the movement of unsuitable seed. Now seven regions are distinguished as containing different races of Scotch pine, each adapted to its own region. Use of seed from other regions is regulated by a government board. Similar requirements are in force for Norway spruce and other important species. Not only are these geographical or climatic races kept separate, but certain stands only are certified by the government as proper collecting places for seed. In some cases trees of undesirable form, or showing undesirable racial characteristics, such as coarse branching habit, must be removed from the stand so that no risk may exist for crossing the pines with another race.

(Continued Next Month)



GOOD BREEDING STOCK. SCOTCH PINE SEED TREES AT MALINGSBO, SWEDEN. THERE IS EVERY REASON TO EXPECT THE PROGENY OF SUCH TREES TO BE OF GOOD FORM AND HIGH QUALITY.

Plenty of Mink and Rabbit Fur



EDWARD GOULETTE, AND HIS MINK KENNELS.

IN the very near future, Milady, with a weakness for furs, will look to Western Avenue for the mink coats and neck pieces, because of the excellent mink farm already established there by Edward Goulette, tour foreman of the sulphite dryers at Cascade Mill.

An interesting hour was spent at Mr. Goulette's residence, watching the various antics of this small, weasel-like animal whose fur, like diamonds, is dearly bought for ladies.

In the upper left hand corner of the above plaque is shown a curious mink watching the camera from a safe vantage point. In the lower left hand corner is a 3-months-old mink. He doesn't feel very good because he was bitten on the nose the day before by one of the older minks. In upper center is shown a two-year-old mink in characteristic pose. In the center is Edward Goulette, the owner, feeding the mink. Notice the sturdy construction of the kennels.

In the lower center is shown one of his prize rabbits, which weighs 15 pounds. Mr. Goulette is also a rabbit fancier, and has about 30 rabbits of rare and valued breeds. In the upper right hand corner, two young ones are shown playing like

kittens. Minks like water. In the lower right hand corner two of them are taking a bath.

Mr. Goulette has 16 minks in all, ranging in age from 3 months to 2 years.

These animals are very active and quick, and are on the go most of the

time. The owner said they will kill a chicken or small animal in an instant, with just a bite on the neck. A large rabbit was held up to the wire enclosure and the mink climbed all over the wire to get at it.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

CHEMICAL MILL COPS SAFETY TITLE

Riverside Goes Ninety-one Days Safely

THE Chemical Mill has decided that the exterior decorations around the plant are not quite complete without the Safety Pennant, and therefore have decided to complete the picture by copping first place in the Interplant Safety Contest, wresting the pennant from the Riverside Mill and replacing it on the Caustic Plant flagpole where it has rested, at intervals, during the greater part of the year.

We feel that this plant is ready for another long seige of Carefulness, in which every man will strive to do his work safely, will not indulge in unsafe practices, nor take unnecessary chances in his work. With only one accident since December 21, 1929, the Chemical Mill has done remarkably well. Working safely is a benefit to everyone—less sor-

row and suffering—more happiness and contentment.

On June 26 at the Riverside Mill, an accident occurred which brought to a close the longest safety record the Riverside Mill has enjoyed for many moons—91 days without a lost time accident. Last year this plant was on the tail end of the standing most of the time, but the tables have turned and Old Man Carelessness has taken a terrific tumble there.

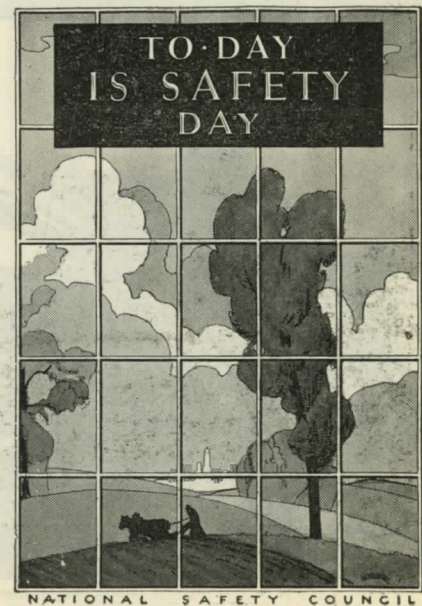
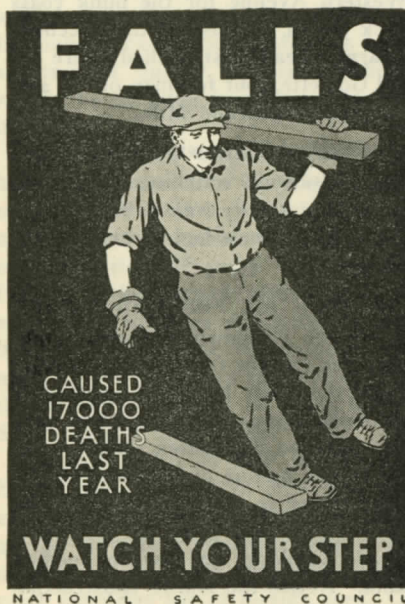
This same Old Man Carelessness has taken an erratic course in trying to get away from the continual pressure exerted against him by all of us during the past two years. For awhile he was apparently firmly stationed at the Chemical Mill, but he found the going too hot for him there and he moved across the Androscoggin to the Upper Plants, where he wrought havoc for awhile with several unnecessary accidents. But his reception there was none too boisterous, so he decided to move into more fertile fields back again across the river to the Riverside Mill. Mr. Carelessness had a long stay in this mill. He hovered around the towel room, nipping a finger now and then on the machines, then he caroused around the beater room where he took charge of the trucks for awhile, then into the machine room where he wrapped a couple of arms around the rolls, then into the cutter room where he brought to a close an 800-day safety record. But the Old Man got too greedy and was therefore given the bum's rush as evidenced by the recent fine work of the whole mill completing 91 days without a lost time accident.

This wily and unexpected old bird journeyed back over the river again to the nearest field for his dirty work and is apparently resting in the Tube Mill at

the present time, where he was responsible for this plant taking last place in the Interplant Safety Contest in June.

This brings to mind the fact that carelessness is not always a mental slip nor an unsafe practice, but it enters into the picture when equipment of whatsoever nature is not kept in a safe condition for use. The oft-repeated phrase, "A foreman is responsible for the safety of his men no less than for the production in his department" was coined as the result of bitter experiences.

In order to eliminate all accidents in his department, a foreman must everlastingly check and double check the equipment his men are using. On the other hand the crew, to avoid injury to themselves, must report to the foreman any



unsafe equipment or condition that might arise in the course of the day's work.

Accidents are outlawed in the Company. No one wants them; no one benefits by them; and everyone pays in the long run.

Lost-time accidents in June rose to a total of 33, the increase being in the Miscellaneous Departments and the Tube Mill. The only redeeming feature of the increase is that a large majority of the accidents were minor ones.

The Chemical Mill won the bunting with a no-accident month. Riverside slipped back to second place with one accident. The Sulphite Mill is holding its own among the leaders and remained in third position with eight accidents. Cascade moved up three notches into fourth place with eight accidents, followed by the Miscellaneous Departments in fifth place, Upper Plants in sixth place, and Tube Mill at the bottom.

First Aid is Safety for the Injured, but—Safety is First Aid to the Uninjured. Play safe.

KEEPING HIM GUESSING CAUSES ACCIDENTS

In war it is considered good strategy to keep the other fellow guessing. In traffic it is the worst possible blunder.

Trying to figure out what the other fellow is going to do next is one of the problems of modern traffic. It is sometimes hard to avoid hitting a fellow when you don't know which way he is going to move, and the raw material for an accident doesn't seem at all sure either.

Just watch some drivers in action. They can't make up their minds which side of the road is better for driving and weave from one side to the other. When they stick their hands out you can't tell whether they are going to turn or are just flicking the ashes from a cigarette.

Also watch some people crossing the street. They step from the curb before looking both ways, then hesitate about what to do next. The driver slows down—if he doesn't, it may be just too bad—and the two of them do an Alphonse and Gaston act in the middle of the street. The hesitating pedestrian may finally decide to move on and perhaps he will get in the way of a motorist who has decided to pass the patient driver.

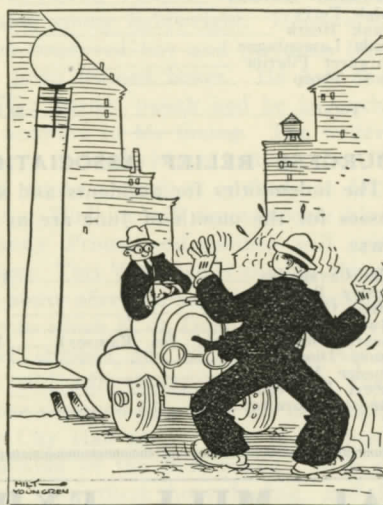
Planning the job carefully prevents many accidents in the factory. Planning what you are going to do before stepping from the curb will prevent many mishaps on the street. Dodging among cars is dangerous business, but if you are caught in traffic it is often better to stand still

and give the approaching driver a chance to avoid you. It is harder to hit a moving target with a rifle but it is easier to miss a stationary pedestrian with an automobile. If you keep the other fellow guessing he may guess wrong.

Martha Fagan has returned from a three weeks' vacation spent at Highland Lake, Maine.

Pat Hinchey is the proud owner of a new Ford Sedan.

Miss Hattie Anderson has concluded her duties here and has taken up new duties at the Twin State Gas & Electric Co. office. We wish her success in her new undertaking.



Jules Larivee, jr., enjoyed a two weeks' vacation in Manchester, N. H., and Asbury Park, N. J., where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Leeds, formerly of Berlin.

Miss Jessie Atwood, who underwent an operation some time ago, has returned to work. The office force is certainly glad to see her again.

PALMER-DEVOE

In the presence of a large group of friends and relatives, Miss Irene Mary Devoe and Edward Michael Palmer were married at seven a. m., Monday, June 23, at St. Kieran's Church, with the Rev. Father Francis Butler officiating. The impressive double ring service was used.

Marriage vows were pledged before an altar banked with beautiful flowers, plants, and lighted candles. Mrs. Gertrude Thompson played a program of nuptial

music assisted by Miss Margaret Fraser who sang "Ave Maria" and "O Promise Me." The bride was very attractive in her wedding gown of white satin with touches of rare old lace. Her veil of sheer net bordered with lace was caught about the head with a coronet of rhinestones and small knots of valley lilies. She carried a bride's bouquet of calla lilies. Miss Bertha Devoe, sister of the bride, attended her as bridesmaid. She wore an attractive gown of shell pink crepe with large picture hat of corn colored horsehair with touches of pink. She carried a showed bouquet of pink roses and wild lilies. William Palmer, brother of the groom, attended him as best man. Little Miss Beverly Johnson was train-bearer.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Devoe, 873 Fifth Avenue. She attended St. Agatha High School, St. Agatha, Maine, and was a student at Bliss Business College, Lewiston, Maine. Mr. Palmer is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert G. Palmer, 191 Willard Street. He is a graduate of St. Patrick's School, Berlin High School, and St. Anslem's College, Manchester, N. H. He is employed in the Industrial Relations Department of the Brown Company.

A wedding breakfast was served following the ceremony at the home of the bride. The house was attractively decorated with potted plants and ferns, while the table was attractive with vases of old-fashioned garden flowers. After the breakfast, the young couple left by automobile for a trip through Massachusetts, New York, stopping off at New York City, and Washington, D. C., after which they will make their home in Berlin, in an apartment ready for occupancy on Madison Avenue. The bride was attired in a modish suit of blue covert mixture with close-fitting imported black hat for traveling.

A number of pre-nuptial parties were given honoring the young couple, among them a stag party for the groom at Cedar Lake. An innumerable assortment of lovely wedding gifts were received, which alone evidences the high esteem in which they are held. The employees of the Brown Company extend congratulations and good wishes to the newlyweds.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

Cascade Mill

Arthur Boivin from poler to scaler

Upper Plants

John Travers from laborer to tour foreman.

LIST OF DEATHS

Cascade Mill

John Nichols was born June 29, 1872. He commenced work with the Brown Company at the Cascade boiler house in April, 1915, and has been employed continuously until his death which occurred June 8, 1930.

Napoleon Martel was born Oct. 15, 1878. He commenced work with the Brown Company at the Cascade Mill Jan. 1, 1918, in the electrical department. He has been employed continuously until his death which occurred June 7, 1930.

Roger Jodrey was born June 29, 1884. He commenced work with the Brown Company in July, 1919, at the Cascade Mill in the maintenance department. He has been employed continuously until his death which occurred June 12, 1930.

Sulphite Mill

Eddie Roy was born Aug. 14, 1874. He commenced work with the Brown Company Oct. 29, 1906, at the Sulphite Mill. His death occurred June 20, 1930.

BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Joseph Fortier	\$ 48.00
John T. Moffett	68.80
Fred Desjardain	48.00
Benny J. Arsenaault	53.20
Rupert N. Vale	58.00
Thos. Bellifeulle	58.00
Victor Decosta	54.00
Ovila Beaudoin	36.00
Jos. Remillard	45.00

Emanuel Cote	30.00
Thos. Horne	55.20
Thos. Thompson	48.00
Yvonne Dion	46.20
Stanley Albert	24.00
James Gelluzzo	54.00
Alphonse Rousseau	40.13
David Boisvert	60.41
Matt Cogan	44.65
Peter Landers	13.70
Ed. Bilodeau	36.55
Julia Michaud (funeral)	100.00
James Monahan	16.00
John Travers	111.80
Mrs. Louis Blake (funeral)	100.00
Harold Brown	12.00
Mary Ferrari (funeral)	100.00
Philip Laroche	88.00
Conrad Bergeron	24.00
Florence Baker	8.70
Wilbard Covico	6.85
Louis Desjardain	72.00
Joseph Gauthier	116.16
Chas. Ray	36.00
Herman Hanson	12.00
Joseph Chabot	24.00
John Fortier	24.00
Arthur Belanger	40.00
John McGee	65.60
Ed. Nadeau	6.80
Wm. L. Baker	24.00
Yvette Williams	36.00
Jos. Jeffery	39.60
Mike Roberge	22.93
Ferdinand Schroder	16.00
Ralph Perry	4.83
Frank Heath	32.00
Emile Lamontagne	24.38
Margaret Pilgrim	18.00
Thos. Thorp	18.00
Total	\$2,162.05

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

The indemnities for accidents and sicknesses for the month of June are as follows:

John Cavagnaro	\$ 31.55
Wesley Robinson	23.70
Alfred Guay	8.00
Edward Therrien	34.40
Lacardie Ramsey (benf. Jos. Ramsey)	100.00
Henry Dion	18.00
Amedee Morin	24.00
Robert La Francois	2.00
James Obukowitz	52.80

Joseph Aubin	14.00
Gustave Thorne	28.00
Arsene Bokman	49.60
Napoleon Rheatume	55.80
Fabien Paulin	12.00
Alfred Begin	59.00
Annie M. Johnson (benf. Geo. Johnson)	188.00
Helen Belanger (benf. Edmond Belanger)	48.00
Rosana Brian (benf. Octave Brian)	48.00
Charles Ordway	66.00
Octave Gosselin	48.00
Wilfred LaPerle	52.80
Joseph Marcoux	68.80
Mike Vacovitch	48.00
Nicholas Pavlow	72.50
David Marcotte	34.40
Albert Dubey	77.08
Martin Paulson	24.80
Chas. Christianson	95.08
Joseph Lapointe	24.00
Ernest Gagne	62.60
Total	\$1,391.53

A RUSH JOB

I am a Rush Job. I belong to no one age, for men have always hurried.

I prevade all human endeavor.

Men believe me necessary, but falsely.

I rush today because I was not planned yesterday.

I demand excessive energy and concentration.

I override obstacles, though at great expense.

I illustrate the old saying, "Haste makes waste."

My path is strewn with the veils of overtime, fatigue, mistakes and disappointments.

Accuracy and quality give way to speed.

Ruthlessly I rush on. The goal must be reached. I am a Rush Job.

—Contributed.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Dave Marcotte is back with us again, having been on the sick list for the past month. He is thinking seriously of visiting Biddeford, Maine, in the near future.

Joe Vallis has sold his farm in Lancaster for a very tidy sum.

Zoning has caused much furore among some of the employees of the Chemical Mill who reside on Ramsey Hill, especially Albert Gilbert and Eugene Lauze.

George Frost has taken up smoking again.

Barnes and Pelky have their berry machine in shape for the coming season.

Carlo Bartoli is in the market for a good second-hand car.

If Hed Parker, when driving his car, would look where he backed and backed where he looked, he would save himself a lot of trouble. Also, when working in the sun keep your hat on, Hed.



MEMBERS OF DIXON'S AIR CIRCUS AT AIRPORT

Jack McCarty is back with us again after a two weeks' layoff trying to take the brine out of his hair.

Anyone with a good second-hand alarm clock, please get in touch with Jules Lantaigne.

Eugene Lauze, the bantam ash man, with the assistance of an expert painter painted four rooms in nine days and used only fifty gallons of paint. This is what we call speed plus economy.

Two more of the boys have joined the ranks of the Benedicts, namely, Aldie Dionne and Joseph Bilideau.

Our butter-and-egg man has paid the price. The price that all speed demons pay—ten dollars and costs.

SPORTS

BOXING

By JACK RODGERSON

Many of the fans are asking, "When are we going to have another boxing match?" This question seems hard to answer and we know of no reason why. We have plenty of boxers, but if you will read the sporting columns of our daily papers you will notice that boxing is just dragging along even in the big game, although indications point to good winter performances. There are so many new qualifications to be met since the Boxing Commission has taken over the game, and the small club which used to do business is practically washed up, that is, they cannot take chances like they used to. As I understand it, a boy has to be 18 years old in order to get in under the new ruling, whereas before, some of our best talent came under that age and composed the most of our genuine bouts. The older lads who have been over the road can do their stuff more scientifically in their own favor and can get away with it even though we have a commission. This was demonstrated not so long ago. I would like to have some commissioner make a statement in some paper explaining just what benefit has been derived, if any, from the commission in this state. I have been asked this question by a great many fans, and for the life of me I can't see much difference. I know of a case when one of our boys was suspended for non-appearance for a period of 90 days, and just a short time ago, the same thing was pulled. I know the boy is still fighting and did not draw suspension in this state or any other. This is the part that seems unfair. I suppose they know their business but you can't tell the average fan that. The fans are not dumb and can see those things and as far as fouls and rotten decisions are concerned, all the commissions in the universe cannot stop them. A good referee is the most essential part of the game and the same holds true with the fans. Why squawk when our home town referee makes a mistake, when referees in world championship matches make them? Our Berlin referees are to be congratulated on their ability, especially Howard Powers. He is our most outstanding one wherever the game is talked. When he hands out a decision, the fans rarely, if ever, make any comment because they know his presence in

the ring assures them that the boys will either do their stuff or get out. He plays no favorites and is unbiased in all his decisions. So, fans, as I am consuming valuable space, I will advise all to hold fast to the rigging so that when the weather gets cooler we will be back again stronger than ever. One of our boys, who left Berlin and is now boxing in Brooklyn, N. Y., is back in town for a few days and is gunning to get a shot at Young LeBrun of Sherbrooke. Our boy is none other than Herman Prince, who conquered Pancho Rivard, Berlin's promising young lightweight. Herman is a much improved boy and performs like a big town trained boxer. He has developed a harder punch and he is much more accurate in his timing. The writer can see a decided change in him. But if Rivard wants a crack at anybody at 135, Wee Ace Hudkins will accommodate him or Danny Prince and neither will ask questions. This Wee Ace is coming along like a house afire and has a bone crashing wallop to which K. O. Dundee can testify. Dundee stopped one of the Wee Ace's rights and still thinks someone in the audience crowned him with the back half of the City Hall and, at that, in the first half minute of the first round. It is a pity to keep these boys loafing, and I know of no time when Berlin has ever had such good boys as they have right now. Here's hoping we'll see some action. More next month.

BASEBALL

To date, the Mill League baseball teams are having a good fight to reach the head of the league. The famous "Bottle Washers" of the Research have shown that they can outplay the other teams, and now lead the league. The Upper Plants were leading until a short time ago when they showed a little weakness, which gave the Research team the opportunity for advancing. The weaklings of the league, the Cascade team, had a terrible time to get started. It seems odd that a team having the material they have cannot make a better showing. Great things are expected, however, from the Cascade's new south-paw hurler, "Pete" Stafford.

"Itchie" Martin, pitching ace of the Office team, will be back in the game

after a forced lay-off.

Great interest is being shown by the baseball fans who witness these games played at the Y grounds.

All games are now starting at 5:30 daylight saving time, and will be nine innings.

League Standing Week Ending June 28

Team	Won	Lost	P. C.
Research	6	3	.666
Upper Plants	3	2	.600
Burgess	4	3	.572
Office	3	3	.500
Cascade	1	6	.143

"NOTHING BUT MONEY"

No duty of any organization stands ahead of the regular payment of the agreed wage to its employees. Dividend payments can be passed, creditors can be asked for an extension of time, but the payroll has first claim. The pay envelope is at the head of the line.

Men and women receive their envelopes, count their money and throw away the envelopes. "Nothing but money," as the castaway on the desert island said when he discovered a box of gold. But isn't there something else? Are we able to see company good-will, cooperation and interest in our envelopes? Aren't these shown in such things as provision for the uncertain future in the form of our Group Insurance plan?

Edgar A. Guest, the well-known poet, reflects some of this spirit in the following stanzas of his poem "The Pay Envelope."‡

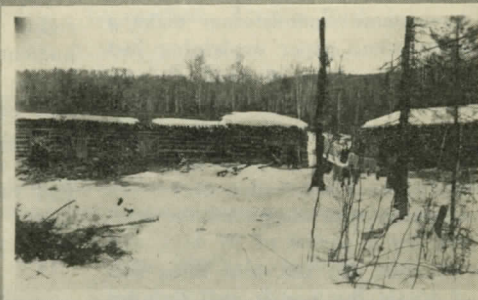
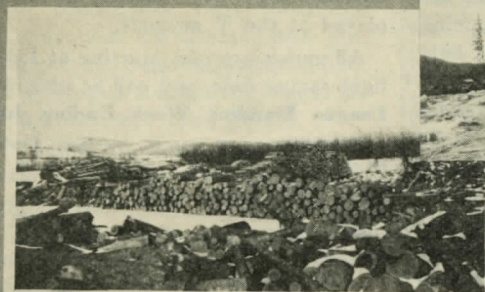
Is it all in the envelope holding your pay?
Is that all you're working for day after day?
Are you getting no more from your toil than the gold
That little enclosure of paper will hold?
Is that all you're after; is that all you seek?
Does that close the deal at the end of the week?

If you measure your work by its value in gold
The sum of your worth by your pay shall be told;
If all that you're after each week is your pay,
You are doing your work in a short-sighted way;
For the bigger rewards it is useless to hope
If you never can see past the pay envelope.

Let's stop being mentally near-sighted, and let's look at some of the things lying beyond the current wage we are receiving. This will result in better work and better team-play, which will eventually mean MORE in the pay envelope.

‡Reprinted by permission from Mr. Guest's book "The Path to Home."
Copyright 1919.

BROWN CORPORATION



NO. 1 PILED PULPWOOD ON THE RIVER. 2. DRIVER POINTER IN THE RAPIDS. 3. PILED PULPWOOD IN THE WOODS SHOWING GROWTH OF TIMBER LEFT.
4. SLUICING PULPWOOD. 5. HAULING PULPWOOD TO THE RIVER. 6. DRIVING CREW AND THEIR CAMP. 7. JOBBER'S MEN CUTTING PULPWOOD.
8. PILED PULPWOOD IN THE RIVER. 9. JOBBER'S CAMPS.

LA TUQUE AROUND THE PLANT

As the mill at La Tuque has been growing slowly but surely year by year, and as every employee is busy with his respective job, it is evident that to keep in touch with any department outside the one we are actually employed in is a pretty difficult job, unless of course we happen to have work that takes us from one department to another.

Therefore, in this series of articles, we will endeavor to take the reader for a

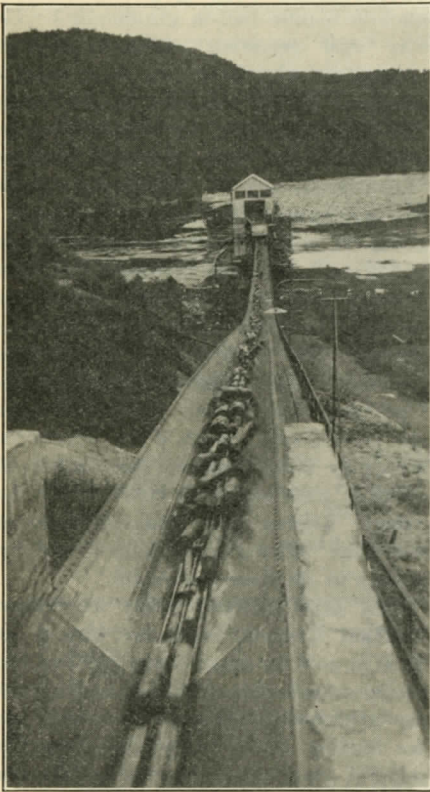
stroll through one or two departments of the mill every month, with introductions to the different members of the Company as they are met in our ramblings, with maybe a snapshot or two to make the acquaintances more realistic. And before we leave we will ask a few questions, probably foolish ones, and in turn will pass on what information we have acquired in hope that it may prove of interest.

The first department we are going to visit is what is officially known as the "handling wood to mill department." And right off, we'll say that they certainly do

handle the wood. Most of us only handle wood for the kitchen stove, which is probably looked upon as a necessary chore, and naturally we could not be expected to take the same pride in our work that this outfit does.

This department, which covers quite an area of space, begins at the log haul where the logs leave the river, so we just had to choose a nice sunny afternoon in May to take our stroll. Come along.

A cool breeze is blowing up the river and the conveyor chain is squeaking its way up to the mill with its load as we



THE LOG HAUL

walk down alongside the log haul to the level stretch which holds the saws that slash the logs into four-foot lengths. A climb up a few steps brings us to the saw filers' room where we are greeted with a melodious song heard above the screech of the slasher.

The filers' room is at present in the hands of the painters and is emerging fresh and bright after the smoke bath it got last year from a small fire. Joe Bonefant, the filer, ceases his song, looks up from his work while fixing a dingus, and waves us a cheery greeting. "Yes," he says in answer to our query, "It's great to be back down here on the river again. No, the flies aren't bad up here; see, we open the windows on both sides and as the wind always blows either up or down river, it blows the flies right in one side and out the other and they have no chance to stop off on the way." Joe, by the way, is just finishing his tenth year as filer for the Brown Corporation. He likes to live in La Tuque, evidently.

Coming out of the filing room, we take a look at the length of the chain which hauls the logs directly out of the river. This is raised or lowered by chain falls as the height of the river requires. The scalers sit here, just at the top and keep tally on the logs as they pass them, noting

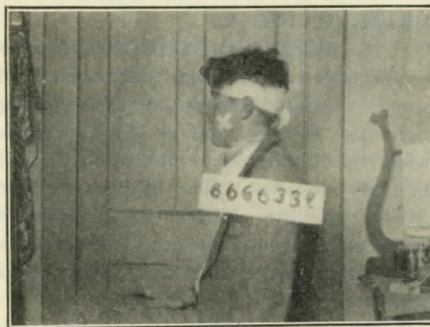
here and there those that belong to other companies which are skillfully dumped back into the river by a couple of husky employees.

We are told that the flies are bad here in the summer, especially at night when the flood lights attract them.

Coming back up the chain and directly under the filers' room, the logs are straightened out to pass through the slasher, being held down in position by four large finger-like beams. Immediately after being cut, they drop into the trough below and commence their journey to the mill.

On the way back, who should we meet but smiling Archie Bilodeau, foreman of this department. Archie, who has been employed with the Company 31 years, has working with him as shift foremen, Joe Pollette, O. Delamaire, and A. Simard, with a total of 57 years' service handling wood between them.

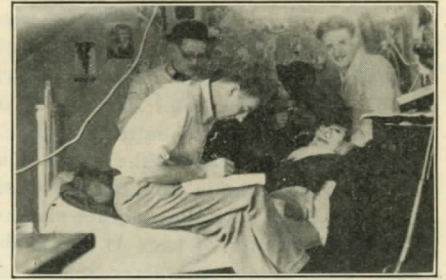
Archie tells us that if we come out to see him again sometime when he's not so busy, he'll tell us what happens to the



logs when they reach the mill and lots of other things too, if we care to listen. And maybe he will pose for us alongside the log pile.

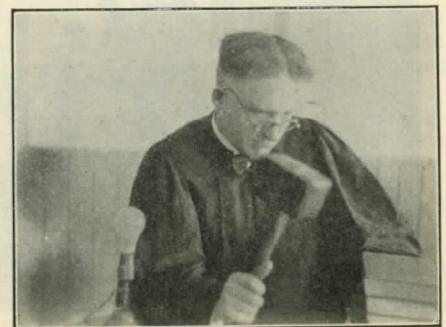
MURDER WILL OUT

Dawn broke clear, bright, and frosty over the boarding house a few weeks ago. The hour was around 7:30 a. m., Sunday morning (that's why it was 7:30). Peaceful snores could be heard within. The hands of the clock crept forward, it would soon be five minutes to eight, there would be a mad rush to the dining room before the door would be locked at 8 a. m. However, about 7:45 a piercing scream rent the air, (it was only Ed Moore trying to imitate Fred Gilman). But to get back to the story, during the breakfast period a murder was committed in room 13, a very mysterious murder. The house cop and Doc were soon on the job. The Doc said that the spirit had flown the coop, the coroner said it was a plain case of



murder. Poison was thought to be the cause of death. (You see, the Doc and the coroner were still half asleep and of course didn't see the knife sticking in the body.) An autopsy was performed which revealed nothing but a molson or two, and Dave swears that he had nothing to do with the murder. A bottle which was standing on the dresser was brought to the attention of the house cop. He reads the label, takes a smell of the contents and sits down to think. Suddenly, he jumps up and says, "I've got it!" Then Happy says, "Har, har, I've had it for the past half hour!" "Then keep it to yourself," says the cop, "I want to solve this puzzle myself." With that he flees from the room. He is back again in ten minutes with the murderer. The murderer broke down under a severe grilling and confessed to the murder. He said he had been out the night before and awakened the next morning with that "db" taste in his mouth. He started to hunt for a bottle; the victim had one; he wouldn't give him any; the murderer got mad; a blow was struck; the murderer was seeing red; he reached for a knife; he struck; a low groan; a creak of the springs as the body fell back on the bed; the murderer slunk from the room; and quietness.

The prisoner was tried before Judge Moore and found guilty, but when he pleaded for mercy the judge got soft-hearted. "Young man," says the judge, "I see by the calendar that it is nearing the first of May. Do you intend doing any fishing this coming summer?" "I



do," the prisoner answered. "Good," said the judge. "Case suspended till September 15, and I hope I am on my vacation on that date. Hey, youse guys in the back of the court room, order back there or I'll have youse bounced outta this place."

The judge also warned the prisoner to buy his own listerine and not go bumming it or there would be another murder.

Picture in center of page 11 shows the police mug of the murderer known as "The Big Swede."

Top, right, showing Doc, the coroner, a newspaper reporter, and the "chuckerout." Bottom, right, showing Chief Justice Moore thinking it over.

WINDIGO JOTTINGS

Among the recent visitors to Windigo were Mr. and Mrs. Leon Page, newlyweds, Miss Jeanette Page and Mr. Jean Normand, all of Three Rivers.

Mr. Svenningson and Mr. Lindsay, both of the Power Engineering Company, Montreal, were here for a few days looking over the country to be flooded when the Shawinigan Power Company builds their new dam at the Rapide Blanc, some 25 miles below Windigo.

We are glad to report that we have had no forest fires this spring season anywhere upon the Company's limits, even though it has been one of the driest seasons for a number of years.

To date, most of our drives are out despite the dry season. With over 50,000 cords of pulpwood coming down the Windigo and Jolie Rivers, and with over

250 men passed through here for the drives, and no serious accidents to report, we mark this down again as a very successful season.

Donald Greig and Jos. Robichaud of Quebec were here for a couple of weeks making their inspection of the cut areas and stumpage, etc.

C. Mott paid us one of his usual visits recently, and found everything about the same as when he was here last fall. He will be pleased to know a certain photo negative has been located, and will be forwarded to the Brown Bulletin at a later date for possible (?) publication.

Miss Stella Larrivee, sister-in-law of Doctor Pat Powers, once the Company's doctor at Bersimis, was a recent visitor here.

Miss Geraldine Bertrand is spending a few days with her brother and sister-in-law.

PRIZE GIVING AT WINDIGO SCHOOL CLOSING

The morning of June 18 marked the yearly closing exercises of the Windigo School in the main hall of the Club House with the distribution of prizes to the successful students. The Reverend Cure Michy of the Parish of La Croche acted as chairman for the ceremony. All the parents and a number of visitors were present.

After an oral examination by the Cure, during which several droll anecdotes were told, the students sang "La Feuille d'Arable," and Germaine Hervieux fol-

lowed with a monologue entitled "Pour quoi je n'aime pas la grammaire." This was well received, especially by the youngsters who have had their share of grammar during the past season. After "Le Petit Canadien," by Roland Bertrand, was rendered, Edna Hervieux rendered "Le devouement de Nannette." Before the applause and laughter was over, a group of students were reciting "Reconnaissance." Mariette Bertrand then came forward to sing as her part "A nos bien-faiteurs," a song well sung for one so young. She deserved all the applause tendered. This was followed by "Mes Opinions," by Roland Bertrand, before the prize giving. With a few appropriate words by Miss Fournier, the teacher, the children were named to come up for their prizes. During this pleasant ceremony, the Cure offered good advice and best wishes to all those successful.

The prize winners were as follows: Rachael Lasante, book for history and \$2.50 in gold for good conduct; Edna Hervieux, crucifix for catechism and a statue for arithmetic; Mariette Bertrand, book for reading, medal for writing, rosary for general good work; Germaine Hervieux, book for good conduct, and statue for arithmetic; Francoise Chabot, set of beads for politeness and good behavior; Yvonne Lasante, book for geography, and crucifix for being most studious; Roland Bertrand, \$2.50 in gold for geography, and book for perfect attendance; Simone Lasante, rosary for piety. The two special prizes given by the Cure, miniature catechisms, were won by Simone Lasante, and Mariette Bertrand. Blanche Lasante won a rosary for good writing and spelling.

With the prize giving over, an address was read by one of the girl students, extending thanks to all who had given prizes and who had helped to make the closing such a pleasing affair. Cure Michy then gave an interesting talk to the gathering, going over the year's work of which he has an intimate knowledge. He emphasized the great value of close personal contact between parents and their children with their studies. He hoped to have the pleasure of again occupying the same position next year, and of keeping in touch with all the children whom he had seen grow up at Windigo. In conclusion, he congratulated the youngsters, and their teacher, and wished them all a happy vacation.

With a few words by Mr. Page, expressing the thanks of the parents and his own keen appreciation to all who had in any way helped make the school pos-



PRIZE GIVING AT WINDIGO SCHOOL

sible, and the closing a success by donating prizes, the ceremony came to a close with the students singing "Les Vacances."

REAL SAFETY

We have been actively engaged in accident prevention and first aid campaigning throughout the woods this spring. Every available opportunity has been taken to teach the woodsman and river driver the importance and necessity of always being on guard against carelessness and taking unnecessary risks while working. They were also taught to get treatment at once in case of accidents, no matter how trivial the accident. It is gratifying to note that on the drives alone with over 8,000 days' labor by some 200 odd men, that only five minor accident cases were reported, two of which were treated at Windigo, with no loss of time. This record is indeed an

improvement over last year for the Company men.

Progress has also been made with the jobbers and their men. Our last jobbers' season, as will be seen by the following figures, is much ahead of the 1928-29 season, and with everyone cooperating to capacity, we shall be able to better results yet.

The most serious type of accidents occur with either axes or saws. In 1928-29, 65% of our total jobbers' labor was done with axes and saws, and 43% of the total accidents were caused by these two tools. In 1929-30, 70% of the jobbers' labor was with axes and saws, yet only 24% of the total accidents were marked against these tools. This is in itself proof that our program of teaching the care with which these tools should be handled is bringing good results and should be a source of

satisfaction to all who are helping in any way possible, or who have this cause at heart. It should be an incentive to keep up the good work of preventing as many accidents as is possible.

SCHOOL HOWLERS

A brunette is a young bear.

Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst.

A figure of speech is a way of talking or writing by which you say what you don't mean and yet mean what you say.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.

—Passing Show.

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to what the darn girls have been thinking about all winter.

SHAWANO

The news most of us are interested in is whether it is going to stop raining or keep on raining. During the first two weeks of June it rained a great deal. The canal has come up steadily. On May 23 the canal reading was 12.23 feet; on June 1 it was 14 feet; and on June 19 it was 17.50 feet. The elevation of the land in the village is 15.21 feet. The canal has been dyked off from above the gate to well down below the farm and has held successfully so far. The pumps have held the water well down in the fields.

If the rains will stop and the weather clear up for a few weeks we will be all right. The Lake elevation is 17.50 feet, which is high. As long as rains continue in the interior of the state the Lake will continue to rise. Just what the outlook is at this time is difficult to say.

The Miami Weather Bureau states that the heavy rains of the past few days have been caused by a disturbance in the Gulf of Mexico. June 19 this had passed northeast and was centered about 100 miles west of Tampa. It was of very slight intensity and was expected to be dissipated in another day. The result of this was to cause heavy rains all over the states of Florida and Georgia.

Well, we are hoping for the best and are looking for sunshine and better weather.

H. P. Vannah and J. H. Anderson left

the second week in June for a week's trip through the peanut districts of Northern Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Manes and family returned recently from a month's visit with relatives and friends in Webb City, Missouri.

Roy Babcock and his crew have been busy at Loxahatchee, building seedbeds for peppers. They are keeping the water down, they say. The recent heavy rain put an end to their activities for a short time.

The Research Department force has been increased for the summer months by three men: "Bromo" Selcer, of Auburn, Alabama, who has returned for another summer's work; Messrs. William Sherrill and Orville Crozier of the Florida State College at Gainesville.

W. R. Brown of Berlin was a visitor last month. He made a visit of several days and was much interested in the progress being made at Shawano.

Since the last publication of the News, the Shawano Library has been favored with another donation of fine reading books by Mrs. O. B. Brown, for which we express our sincere thanks.

There are now on hand 489 copies, of

which about 20 are duplicate copies which we would like to trade.

Other donations have been made by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Genereux, Mrs. J. L. Huck of Miami, L. E. Van Landingham, and Everett Highsmith.

The Friday night dances at Belle Glade have been well patronized by Shawano folks. The Shawano orchestra furnishes the music, and this is a guarantee of a good time to begin with. Those who have attended report them very enjoyable affairs.

John Newhouse recently journeyed to Miami to attend to some business.

The new cover of the Shawano Plantation News is a conception of Charlie Genereux and was executed by him. Good work, Charlie.

Waiter: "Zoup, sir? Zoup? Zoup?"

Guest: "I don't know what you're talking about."

Waiter: "You know what hash is? Well, zoup is looser."

Small Boy: "Father, how do they catch lunatics?"

Father: "With face powder, beautiful gowns, pretty smiles and soft words, my son."

SULPHITE MILL GAS



THE MAINTENANCE 'OUTING COMMITTEE. LEFT TO RIGHT—JACK CAVAGNARO, JIM MOODY, MIKE HAZARD, JOHN POWERS' IN CENTER - MASTER VIALLANCOURT

MEETING OF THE BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

A special meeting was called in the time office, June 25 at 5 p.m. by Pres. W. Plummer for the purpose of having a field day at Dolly Copp the following Sunday. All employees, including their wives and children, were to be invited to participate in a general good day's outing, transportation to be furnished those not having cars, also free ice cream and cold drinks to be furnished by the Association. The cost was to be from \$100 to \$110, estimating that at least 1200 would attend. This sum was to be taken from the continued fund of the Association, and replaced by a five percent deduction from some future dividend. The outing was to consist of baseball games, tug-of-war, races, music, entertainment, clowns for the children, etc., at an average cost of 12 cents per member. A vote of yes and no was taken and 17 voted yes while 45 voted no. Therefore, the field day was left to rest in peace.

OFFICE

Charlie Ordway, who was struck some time ago by an automobile, which caused him to remain in the hospital several weeks, was operated on for appendicitis. We extend our sympathy to him for his misfortune.

Babe Sullivan and Emile Nadeau went up in an airplane recently, and Emile directed the pilot where to go and when to make the ups and downs. We presume

that the next time he goes up he will be able to pilot it himself. These boys certainly received all that was coming to them and got their money's worth.

Marion MacKinnon spent her vacation in Manchester and Boston.

Our nurse, Miss Bernadette Gunn, started her month's vacation on July 1, and will visit Manchester, Boston, and New York.

Harry Raeburn from Portland paid us a visit last month.



JIM MOODY TAKING JACK CAVAGNARO FOR A RIDE AT THE MAINTENANCE FROLIC.

There's no thrill in easy sailing, when the skies are clear and blue,
There's no joy in merely doing things that everyone can do,
But there is some satisfaction which is mighty sweet to take,
When you reach a destination that you thought you'd never make.

Wendell Young is going to spend his vacation at Cedar Pond. Hope you have a good time, Wendell.

Charles Jeskey is good at washing floors; we found that out during the shut-down.

Francis Gallant visited New York City

and Haverhill, Mass., on his vacation.

Leo Hayes and Wendell Young started out to visit their girl friends in the mountains. Everything went along very nicely until they started for home. They had only five flats, and arrived in Berlin the next noon. Boys, you'd better use a steam roller the next time and eliminate the flats.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE"

A letter was recently received from Detroit, evidently intended for the Burgess Mill of the Brown Company, formerly the Berlin Mills Company. It was addressed as follows:

Berlamin Co.
Berdige Mill
Burlin, New Hemisphere

ALPHA PLANT

You may find the following Alpha men at these various addresses during the shut-down, Fourth of July week:

Couhie, Lambert, Buckley—At home and other places of concealment.

Cordwell—Meredith or points north.

W. Austin—That mysterious place in Boston.

Snyder—Ma, I and the baby at Pittsburgh.

W. Parent—Any place there is a dollar.

L. Lapointe—Milan, with the potato bugs.

A. LaBorgne—Seven relations, one for each day.

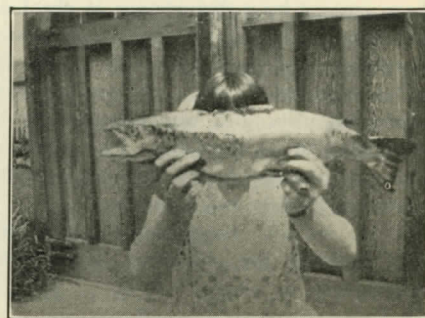
E. Cutler—Hundred and One Ranch and points North.

J. Corriveau—The old front porch.

R. MacKinnon—Canada.

W. MacArthur—Tearing roofs and rocking the baby.

E. Gagne—East Side dance hall.



4 1-4 LB. SALMON CAUGHT BY 16-YEAR-OLD HILDA PENNOCK AT LAKE UMBAGOG



E. Perron—Selling potatoes and taking refreshments.

R. Therrien—Beaches and peaches.

C. Curley—With the lower five at Newport.

W. Richards—Stewartstown. One guess.

R. Babson—Down country. Guess again.

W. Page—Bartlett or Twin Mountain, cutting in on Sturgeon.

D. Devlin—With the insurance boys, shaking pennies.

L. Couture—Making a clean sweep in Canada.

Lovell Cushing, Alpha Plant foreman, will not be so keen for jury duty hereafter, for with him it is a case of pay and suffer. It all happened recently when Lovell was serving at Lancaster. He wanted to stay home nights, so had to motor home from there each night and the painful part of that was the idea of getting back in the morning. One particular morning things did not go so well; something happened to the motor (something always does with those old milk-shakers) and the result was that Lovell was late at the bar of justice. He told them his story and gave them a good argument, but it was of no avail. Mr. Cleveland's long association with judges prompted him to say "ten dollars," and Lovell paid. He then realized that it was time to get a new car so he invested in a Chrysler 70, and with daylight saving time, he ought to be able to make it now. Lovell, if you're looking for justice, you'll always find it in the dictionary.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bill Studd came home and set his clock an hour ahead for daylight saving time. His daughter came home a little later and set the same clock an hour ahead, then the boy came in and set it an hour ahead. Result—Bill got up at 4 a. m.

Murray Hawkins invites all the boys to visit his garden in Liberty Park.

Charles Hawkins is taking walking exercises on the Jericho Beach Road. He says that he would enjoy a ride if the boys would only pick him up once in a while.

Ray McLean has his horse in the pasture for the summer.

Anyone desiring P. I turnip seeds may get some from Peter McIntyre. If it is too late this year, put your order in for next year.

DO YOU REALIZE THAT

The limit of material progress is not reached?

HOME THROUGH THE CLOUDS

Like a homing arrow flying,
Speeds our car when day is dying,
While the windy pines are sighing,
Home we speed, home through the clouds.

To the upland heights we're homing,
In the early mountain gloaming,
Misty torrents roaring, foaming,
Home we fly, home we fly,
Through the clouds.

Into purer air we're coming,
Hear the mountain breezes humming,
Mid birchen shafts the partridge drumming,
Home we fly—home through the clouds.

Sylvia Tryon.

Enough remains for you to still write your name along with the immortals by contributing to the book of human knowledge thereby adding to the sum of progress?

We can only make great progress when there is cooperation and team work on the part of all?

Some of our ball players seem to be playing dead; they should come to life?

We need a bunch of good starters who will be good finishers?

It is far better for you to take the job for which you are suited than to be a misfit in a so-called more genteel one?

That leaders will never be trailers; trailers will never be leaders?

It may be a long time after you start out before you earn as much money as your father?

The Burgess baseball boys wish to thank all employees who so generously contributed to the good cause of baseball. They also wish to thank Arthur Michaud for soliciting funds and Wilbur Sullivan who acted as treasurer. The games have been full of pep, and it is surprising what those boys can do. If everyone in the mill could attend the games they would acquire a new feeling and enthusiasm, which would contribute so largely to the success of the team.

Now that the little, old red house has been moved, Leo Frechette would like to have a sidewalk built from Andy Bigley's house to the timeoffice, so that he won't have to turn around every twenty-five feet to see if a car is coming. It looks as if he didn't have much insurance; yet it might be safety first.

Stanley Cabana, a former employee of the Sulphite Mill, and now with the Graybar Electric Company of Boston, was here on vacation during the middle of June.

A LEAF FROM MY WAR DIARY

By DONALD W. STEWART

July 20, 1918.

Reveille at five forty-five, followed immediately by breakfast, the menu consisting of porridge, liver, bacon, one slice of bread, and coffee. I believe it is a very good idea not to give us any over-feed, for the less we have the less we will have to give the fish, poor fish. From seven to eight-fifteen we policed the ship from top to bottom, at nine o'clock inspection by the colonel, everything O. K. At nine-thirty we lifted anchor, at ten o'clock we passed by the City of Halifax directly opposite the city clock. All ships filed out of the harbor one after the other. Our ship, the H. M. S. Militides, was the fifth to go out to sea, and at twelve noon we



lost sight of land. The convoy consisted of twenty-six troop ships and one British cruiser, and up until three o'clock we had several small destroyers. All troop ships are camouflaged and our course is a zig-zag one. The ships are lined up as follows: the cruiser in the lead followed by two troop ships abreast, about a quarter of a mile apart, then three, five, six, four, four and two, our ship being first in the line of five. At four forty-five we had boat drill and the reading of general orders relating to life-boat drill. The thing about those general orders that we do not like very well is the idea of taking our pack with us; should the ship sink, it would be rather a long swim to shore. Many of the boys are very sick, including the writer. Don't see any reason why we

should be for all we had for supper was beef stew. The weather is fine and the sea as calm as a mill pond.

For curiosity's sake, the following figures are submitted to prove that one may save enough money to buy an automobile by not buying cigarettes and other non-essentials:

10c per day for cigarettes for one year.....	\$ 36.50
6% of 36.50 for one year.....	2.19
4% bank interest for one year.....	1.46
Total for one year.....	40.15
40.15 per year for fourteen years.....	562.10
50c per week for luxuries for one year.....	26.00
6% of 26.00 for one year.....	1.56
4% bank interest for one year.....	1.04
Total for one year.....	28.60

28.60 per year for eight years.....	228.80
35c per week for moving pictures, one year.....	18.20
6% of 18.20 for one year.....	1.10
4% bank interest for one year.....	.72
Total for one year.....	20.02
20.02 per year for seven years.....	140.14
Totals, cigarettes.....	562.10
Totals, luxuries.....	228.20
Totals, moving pictures.....	140.14
Grand total.....	\$930.44
Cost of automobile.....	875.00
Balance.....	\$ 55.44

D. W. Stewart

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheeney.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

MAIN OFFICE

I want to extend my sincere appreciation to the office bunch for the basket of fruit and the beautiful flowers sent me during my illness.

Margaret Pilgrim.

TUBE MILL NO. 2

We were very much pleased to see Leo Nadeau in the mill the other day and we

hope it won't be long before he will be back on the lathes again. Mr. Nadeau is recovering from burns which he received during our recent conflagration here.

Poof Tardiff thinks Merle Philbrick was born in Scotland. It seems that Merle invited Poof to go riding and when they arrived at the car, Merle didn't have

or couldn't find his keys. Poof says the last time Merle invited him, he had to push and now thinks it was a plan to save gas. Hoot, mon!

John Donaldson is planning to buy Bob Horne's henhouse and remodel it into a storage shed for shaving soap.

Phil Tardiff of the electrical crew and in spare time, a West Milan farmer, has made a dicker with Nelson Ayotte to exchange hay for potatoes. "They must be first-class spuds," says Phil. Anyone planning to buy their table stock for the coming winter please send orders in early and Phil will deliver.

Nelson Ayotte, who recently sold his farm to Phil Tardiff and purchased a larger one, reports he grew vegetables too large to sell, and his beans grew so rank and high that he had to cut them down with a cross-cut saw, using them for firewood.

Billy Dutil, who recently lost some coin on the Sharkey-Schmeling bout, still maintains that Sharkey is the best man, but he isn't the only man who thinks so; there's another man, and his name is Sharkey.

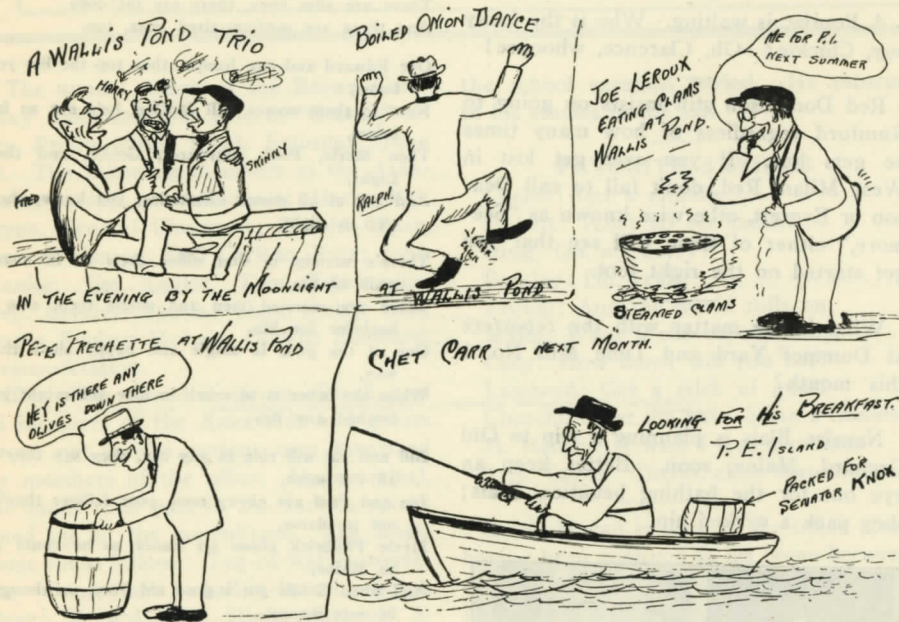
Jimmy Dentino won a buck on the "Canary"-Godfrey fight. He'll win many more dollars too, as Canary won't be



BROWN SCHOOL, CLASS OF 1909. HOW MANY DO YOU KNOW?

HOODATHUNKUT?

BY JACK



licked until he meets Dempsey himself.

Charles "Tex" Enman, who is employed in the Riverside power extension, says the Sharkey-Schmeling fracas was a rotten scrap on account of its being so "foul Schmeling." Come again, "Tex."

George (Shadow) MacCosh had a very narrow escape recently and this is how it happened: While driving along Jericho Beach, some of the rigging on his (BCX) Essex became "discomhobelated" and made the old chariot spew forth in several directions. The fact that Mac is an exteamster and also an expert on hay wire, was a great aid to him for he soon drew the parts together, twisted them with wire, etc., hopped aboard and went on his way rejoicing.

Harold Beroney, spare foreman, and Jerry Beattie of the tank crew went swimming recently near West Milan. Latest reports were that they got their bathing suits wet. They came home the same day.

The Tube Mill Outing Club, recently formed and consisting of the office crew and foremen of the different departments, motored on June 22 to the beautiful Wallis Pond which lies on the border line between the U. S. and Canada. This was their first field day and it proved a success in every way, there being no doubt but

that it will be a regular annual affair. It was noticed that the party chose the Canadian side of the pond; the majority must have favored the atmosphere. Much credit is due Bill McGee as he proved to be an able organizer and had everything in readiness when we arrived. Some of the boys, Henry Holland, Skinny Light, Herb Landrigan, Fred Jacobs, Harry Sweet, Joe Leroux, and Ernest Bushway, went early, presumably to avoid the rush. They were all smiles when we arrived. The day was spent in games of various sorts including some good stunts by Poof Tardiff. Joe Leroux went about the place interpreting the Merry Widow dance. He took too many pains to make a hit, but he couldn't stand it much longer and had to recline. Everyone agreed that Joe was good. Pete Frechette gave a talk on "Olives," both in the forenoon and afternoon; he made a hit all right. Jack Rodgerson did his usual step dancing, and Ralph Wilson did a step dance known as the "Dance of the Boiled Onion." Skinny Light talked for an hour or so on various subjects; being somewhat in the nature of the Einstein Theory. Apparently it didn't soak in as well as some of the other stuff. Phil Lowell amused the boys with many witty stories which he is very capable of doing. In the midst of all this excitement, Bill McGee announced that the banquet was in readiness. As Mr. Charles Barton, our superintendent, had arrived, everybody rushed to the barn where long

tables set for the occasion were filled with eats of all kinds. They consisted of steamed clams, boiled lobsters, potato chips, bread, crackers, cheese, pickles, in fact everything from soup to nuts. Henry Holland, who was toastmaster, spoke briefly. Henry's voice is much like Rudy Vallee's but on that occasion the majority thought his (Henry's) voice was much better. After the banquet, several of the boys, including Leo McGivney, A. Brown, Poof Tardiff, and Lock McKenna, played a game familiarly known as Galloping Dominoes. The boys were then assembled by Buck Perry to take part in a ball game. Everything went along fine that far, but someone had mislaid the baseball and that gummed up the works. Frank Oleson sang a few funny ditties, accompanied by Gus Anderson. Cleve Andrews did a laughing act along with Walter Hearn. All in all, everyone agreed it was a day to be long remembered and they are looking forward to another good time next year. Such an outing tends to further cooperation, good feeling, and mutual understanding, and is of real benefit to all. Every plant should have these outings as they are surely worth the effort. In conclusion, we are again very thankful to Bill McGee for sacrificing his time to see that each and everyone was properly catered to. The banquet was handled by Tom Piper, an army cook, and he was ably assisted by Frank MacKay.

The Independent Order of Herring Chokers will meet once only during the months of July, August, and September, owing to the fact that many of the members will go on their vacations in P. I. and points East. It has been stated by Grand Old Pelican Knox that the Mighty Fish Hawk, Chet Carr, is going to P. I. to confer with some of the Islanders who recently visited this lodge. These fellows were Hal Rodgerson and Matt Gamble. Their reports assured the boys here that herring were plentiful. They plan to return here at a later date as they were very much pleased with our city.

Since the Tube Mill outing, it is reported that Joe Leroux hasn't been buying any chewing tobacco, but Billy Dutil, our new butter and egg man, has purchased three cuts when ordinarily one cut would have lasted him two weeks.

Mr. Dutil, the only poultry man in this section who has trained hens, boasts of having them trained so well that they lay

on three shifts. When one hen leaves the nest another is ready to take her place, thereby keeping Mr. Dutil supplied with nice, fresh eggs with which to meet the demands.

We regret that we could not have a team over to Y. M. C. A. grounds to meet the Burgess Team in the horseshoe pitchers tournament, but it happened that our active team was working the 4 to 12 shift. However, within a week or so we will be there, and we are certain that our boys will give a good account of themselves. We appreciate the kind efforts of Donald Stewart of the Sulphite Mill in organizing a team and we hope to have a team which will make good. We have added Bill Mason to our list of players, and no doubt Bill will prove to be a very good player as he used to throw the shoes some time ago.

Donat Lemay, spare plugman of the treating department challenges anyone at 140-lbs. to a wrestling match; proceeds to go towards buying soap for MacCosh.

Desire Turcotte who shakes a nifty hip at the 101 Ranch says he is going to Canada for his vacation.

Notice: Will the party who took the suitcase that was left near Tube Mill office door please return same to Jack Rodgeron as the contents belong to a friend and cannot possibly be of any value to the party taking them? This is the last warning; so please return the outfit and avoid further embarrassment.

Gerald Beattie of the treating department visited with his folks in Canada, the Province of Quebec. The boys think it about time for Jerry to be passing the smokes as there must be a fair-faced one down home waiting.

Will Jake Harriman please read last month's Bulletin and act accordingly?

Pop Reynolds and his friend, the one who accompanies him home from work every night, are planning a trip back home to P. I. to have a real good time digging clams, diving for herring, and other similar stunts which they used to do when they were younger. We wish them luck.

Dick Treamer, one of our oilers here, went for a ride one Sunday up Jericho way, and from nine to two p. m., he was

on the side of the road. Reports have it that he had a broken auto spring.

A Pontiac is waiting. Who is the lucky boy, Chickie? Oh, Clarence, whoopee!

Red Donaldson still insists on going to Rumford regardless of how many times he gets lost. If you ever get lost in West Milan, Red, don't fail to call Deacon or Everett, otherwise known as "See-more," either of them will see that you get started on the right foot.

What is the matter with the reporters at Dummer Yard and Tube Mill No. 1 this month?

Nazaire Blais is planning a trip to Old Orchard, Maine, soon. Better keep an eye out for the bathing beauties, Blais; they pack a wicked hip.



JACK AND "TEX" AS HI AND SI

Senator Knox made a flying trip to Boston, recently. No, friends, not by airplane, but by auto. He was there in the interests of high tariff. He is endeavoring to arrange to have the P. I.'s get their annual supply of herring without red tape.

Ed Blais, erstwhile middleweight of Tube Mill No. 2, and sparring partner of battling Nelson, was seen recently in a rumble seat. Perhaps Ed was doing his road work. Since he shaved off his moustache, he can use his left much more accurately.

Who said Axehandle Bernier was a P. I.? This was overheard on Main Street by a prominent sawyer of the lathes department.

Employment Clerk: What's your name?
Greek Applicant: Gus Poppapopopulos.

Employment Clerk: Nothing here today. You should get a job selling motorcycles.

THE TUBE MILL OFFICE CREW

There are tall ones, there are short ones
In the Tube Mill office crew,
There are slim ones, there are fat ones
And there are medium-sized ones, too.

Our Edward and our Joseph, they top the list you know,
Next to them comes Bill McGee, he's not so far below,
Then Merle, Poof, Margaret, Goldie, and then Light,
And last of all comes Chickadee, you know, she's e'er so slight.

There's variety in that office crew as in every walk of life,
There are married men and single men, also a bachelor for life,
One of the girls is single and happy she's that way,
While the other is so much in love she might get hitched any day.

Bill and Ed will ride in any car, they say they're all the same,
Joe and Poof are chevy men, poor fellows they're not to blame,
Merle Philbrick chose an Essex so he could go to Maine,
And when Goldie got a good old Ford we thought he was insane.

Now Margaret likes most any car but she prefers the Dodge,
For often such a car is seen near where Margaret lodges,
And Light of course he's different, he got a swell Marquette hack,
And Chickie, how we pity her, there's only one, her Clarence's Pontiac.

Written by "Poof" while under the influence of Limburger cheese.

NEW YORK OFFICE

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph May are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Joseph, Jr., born June 3. The Lindbergh baby may be the baby of the century, but Joseph, Jr., according to his proud daddy, is the wonder baby of the age.

Mr. Flint attended the convention of the Paper Trade Association at Virginia Beach, during the week of June 9.

Miss Lupton headed the vacationists this year, and has been sojourning in South Norwalk, Conn.

Among the many welcome visitors to our office during the month were Norman Brown, W. F. Everding, Harry Starr, J. J. MacDonald, N. L. Nourse, C. C. Cowley, J. G. Skirm, B. D. Hubbard, J. H. Leo, Mr. Keyes of the Atlanta Office, Mr. MacIntyre of Shawano, and Mr. Burke of the Pittsburgh Office. Mr. Burke was accompanied by Mrs. Burke and their little daughter, Anita. Mr. Langmuir also spent some time with us.

PORTLAND OFFICE

The annual outing of the Brown Company Associates was held at "Grants," on the Prouts Neck Road, Saturday, June 21. The following members of the Associates served as committees: Harry Van Dyne, General Chairman; Harold Chase, Grover Hanson, Earl Carlton, Eats; John Vanier, Jim Taylor, Tom Estabrooke, Geo. Beesley, Sports; Chas. Smith, Dick Davis, Reuben McLain, DeWitt Lombard, Transportation.

The office closed at eleven o'clock, and 94 members of the Associates and guests drove out in the various cars furnished by members of the office. Upon arrival, all hands took part in the various sports lined up by the committees. The finals came out as follows: Tug-of-war, Accounting Department; ball-in-barrel, Ralph Dyer; 50-yard dash, Hight Garland; 3-legged race, Bishop and Dyer; pole race, Cilly, Barry, Delcourt, and Garnett; golf—pitch shot to barrel, Harry Bradbury; sack race, Cilly.

These events took up most of the time until dinner which was served at 1:45. Tables had been set up on the lawn, but the gang had to take refuge elsewhere when the deluge came up.

There were two real high spots of the day, one of which was the drawing of prizes by the holders of the lucky number dinner tickets. 1st prize, Gladstone bag, Gene Skillings; 2nd prize, watch, Will Fozzard; 3rd prize, six months' Associate dues, Edward Moody.

The second high spot was the exhibition of driving a golf ball by Bill Curran. It did not work out in accordance with the old baseball slogan, "Hit 'em where they ain't," but as regards Bill and a golf ball it might be, "They ain't where you hit." After 97 tries, Bill said: "I'll hit the dang whang thing yet," and he did after 97 more swings at it.

The baseball game and other sports which were scheduled for after dinner had to be postponed on account of wet grounds.

Golf, probably, will have some new addicts judging from the number of men who have never played before who tried out the nine-hole miniature golf course on Grant's lawn.

Swen Hallgren, a student at the University of Maine, is with us again during

the school vacation period. He returns to his studies in the fall.

FAVORITE SAYINGS

Chellis: Get a muzzle.
Fichett: What do yer mean?
King: Oh, my gorry!
Beesley: Oh, yeah?
Bishop: And the world rolls on.
Malia: Want a clip on the chin?
Cady: How much will you bet?
Lambord: Got a stick of gum?
Churchill: Let me have Mose a minute.
H. Hanson: I wish I had a million.
J. A. Taylor: Chellis, close that window.

Lewis Hogan is back in the office after having been confined to his home because of eye trouble. We are glad to report he is much improved.

It is suggested that some sort of a muffling device be installed on the electric card-puncher, especially so when Howard Holman is at the keyboard.

Dana Yates, formerly of the billing section, has resigned to accept a position in California. His friends and relatives are located there.

NOTICE—GOLF ENTHUSIASTS

Expert information and advice gladly furnished at any time except Sundays and week-days by the undersigned.

W. F. "Billy" Curran.

Phone: F-970R.

It sure comes hard for a Scotchman to pay a bet.

We understand that Tom Barry and Herman Dobson are summering at Mineral Springs, Sebago Lake, one of the smarter cottage settlements. What's the attraction?

DeWitt Lombard's favorite expression is, "Give me a butt, I'm just out." We suggest that Mr. Lombard buy some "makings" and learn to roll them with one hand. It is very tiring to hear this request day in and day out.

Robinson Crusoe and his man, Friday, visited the mills at Berlin and gave the natives quite a treat. They reported get-

ting quite an eyeful on this first long trip from the hill-top. We are expecting all shipments to increase 50 per cent. and less checking up on Cooper and Gendron, and the necessity of putting on 20 more Onco trucks at Haverhill.

HEARD AT THE ANNUAL OUTING

After Billy Curran had made his third fall and sixteenth swing at the elusive golf ball, somebody remarked that he ought to tee the ball. Billy answered that it would take more than tea to start that d—— thing.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

On the ball grounds at Fort Williams, Sunday, June 1, a high foul ball was hit. The big wind of that day took the ball, absolutely reversed its direction, carried it over the diamond, and it was caught by the second baseman, causing the batter to be out.

The baseball game in farmer Jones' pasture broke up in the seventh inning when Joe Spivis slid into what he thought was third base.—The Jester.

Our Reggie is looking forward to his vacation with great longing. His cousin is coming from the wilds of Colorado to see the grand and glorious State of Maine. Dirigo.

Arthur (Pat) Vaughan returned from his vacation victorious after several battles with man-eating trout in the rivers of Buxton.

We welcome Richard S. Bradford as our newest member to the sales statistics department. Mr. Bradford is a recent graduate of the U. of M. and hails from Carmel, Maine.

Spear is still going strong at Willowdale. We expect to see him in the amateur try-outs soon.

There seemed to be some rather warm differences of opinion here at the office regarding the recent Sharkey-Schmeling "bird-hunt." We take this opportunity to invite all those interested to hie themselves to the accounting department, drop

a nickel in the slot and get the low-down from Dickie Davis.

Kid Norton is, we find, an indefatigable mutterer. And yet, one scarcely ever hears him complain, growl, or trot about talking under his breath. Maybe this doesn't sound so practical or logical, but just look out the front window at about five o'clock and you'll surely see Horace "muttering" home in his "mutter-car."

We're mighty glad to tell everybody

that Ray Gardner is on the gain.

Gosh! Inky's signed on the dotted line, too. There's only one thing left for him to do now, and that is to "grow a beard and be an adult."

Picture to yourself a beautiful, sunny day in our fair city of Portland. Aside from the occasional clatter of the street car there is but little to offend the ear. Do you feel sleepy yet? No? Well, suddenly there is a terrific roar, screech,

hurly-burly, etc. Frightened mothers living in the vicinity of High Street snatch their wee ones from their play, flustered dray horses forget their decorum and age, and climb trees, fire whistles blow, and —Yes, you've guessed it, Lambord had made the hill again in high.

We heard a story about a dumb guy who drove up to a service station and asked for a harem. He had seen a sign, "Six Gals for a Dollar."

NIBROC NEWS

NOTICE

In a recent argument between Fred Bilodeau and McCann, the information given by Bilodeau was that Cape Cod mackerel were different from New Foundland mackerel. He says Cape Cod mackerel have worms.

JOHN NICHOLS

John Nichols, aged 55 years, dropped dead at his home at Cascade on Sunday, June 8, about 4:40 p. m. He complained of not feeling well and expired very suddenly. He had seemed in the best of spirits all day, and his sudden death is a blow to his family and friends.

Mr. Nichols, who was employed by the Brown Company at the Cascade Mill, had been off duty for three weeks. He was planning to return to his work on Monday.

John Nichols was born in Poland, Europe, the son of Alexander and Ollana Nichols. He spent his boyhood in his native country. Thirty-two years ago he was united in marriage to Margaret Suskaiska. They came to America 22 years ago, landing in New York and later going to Boston. Seventeen years ago they came to Cascade where they have since lived. Mr. Nichols was a man liked by his neighbors and fellow workmen.

Funeral services were held on Wednesday morning from the Holy Family church in Gorham, Rev. Father Connor celebrated the Requiem High Mass. Singing was by the church choir. The bearers were close friends of the deceased. Interment was made in the Holy Family cemetery.

Mr. Nichols is survived by his wife, four sons, John of Detroit, Mich., Joseph, Andrew, and Felix of Berlin.

—Berlin Reporter.

NAPOLEON MARTEL

The entire community was genuinely shocked on June 7 to learn that a well-known resident, Napoleon Martel, had dropped dead at his home at Cascade. He had worked all day and, arriving home, went into the garden to gather some vegetables. Mrs. Martel went with him, and suddenly her husband dropped to the ground. Help was summoned but he expired immediately, the cause being attributed to heart disease.

Napoleon Martel was well and favor-



PETER NADEAU AND HIS TWO CHILDREN, LEOPOLD AND DORA. NOTICE HIS FINE STRAWBERRY PATCH

ably known in Berlin where he had lived practically his entire life. He was born in Whedon, P. Q., 51 years ago, but came to Berlin when he was less than a year old. He was educated in the schools of the city and was prominent in athletics for many years, especially in baseball.

Mr. Martel was a man of genial disposition. He was a devoted husband and father and a kind neighbor and friend. His sudden and untimely death is a distinct loss to the community in which he lived, and the wife and son have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends in their sorrow.

Rev. Thomas J. Connor, pastor of the Holy Family church, officiated at the ser-

vices held at the home at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. The bearers were Albert Lennon, Frank Costello, John Hayward, Walter Dwyer, Dennis McKelvey and Andy McDonald. Interment was made in Lary Cemetery at Gorham.

Out of town relatives and friends here for the funeral were Elmer Martel family of Rumford, Me., Edward Martel, Colebrook, Mrs. Harold Kennedy, Mr. Reginald Foss, Miss Rose Steady, Island Pond, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Briggs, Portland, Me.

Mr. Martel was united in marriage to Miss Mattie Dunn at Groveton, May 9, 1905. They lived in Groveton a few years and then came to Berlin. Mr. Martel was employed with the Brown Company as electrician at the Cascade Mill. He complained of not feeling well during the day and had consulted the nurse at the first aid room.

Mr. Martel is survived by his wife, Mattie Dunn Martel, one son, Brendon, a brother, Edward, of Berlin; three half brothers, Elmer, Rumford, Me., Wilbur, Woodland, Me., and Nelson of Berlin; one sister, Mrs. Annie Ouellette of Cascade; two half sisters, Mrs. Peter Beaudoin of Berlin, and Mrs. Mathilda Coburn of New York City.

There were many beautiful flowers, tributes of love and esteem from relatives and friends.

HERBERT ABNER STEWART

The community was saddened by the death of Herbert A. Stewart, which occurred at his home on Cottage Street, Gorham, on June 30, after a week's illness. He was taken suddenly ill on Tuesday evening while attending to his duties at the Cascade Mill, and was brought to his home where, after a few days, he

seemed to recover and was able to be up and around the house. The end came very suddenly while he was sitting on the piazza with his son.

Mr. Stewart was born in Nova Scotia, September 10, 1866, and early in his life came to the States, settling first in Ipswich, Mass., where in May, 1886, he was united in marriage to Miss Jean Womboldt. In 1906, he moved his family to Gorham and entered the employ of the Brown Company at the Cascade Mill, where he worked faithfully and efficiently up until his death.

He was a quiet, industrious man, conscientious in the performance of his duties, and was well liked and highly respected by all his fellow employees, and by everyone who knew him. His chief interest was his home and family.

He leaves to mourn his loss, two sons, Ralph C. and Ira R.; two daughters, Pearl, Mrs. Frank Herrick; Hazel, Mrs. Don C. Lary, and seven grandchildren, all of Gorham.

He was a faithful supporter of the Methodist Episcopal church and was a member of Madison Lodge, K. of P. of Gorham and of Cascade Temple, Pythian Sisters, and the Order of Eagles, Berlin.

Funeral services were held at the M. E. Church on Wednesday afternoon at 1:30, the Rev. H. O. Megert officiated. Madison Lodge, K. of P., attended in a body and performed the committal service at the grave. Interment was in the Lary cemetery. The pall bearers, who were all Brother Knights, were E. H. Cady, G. L. Lary, D. O. Holmes, F. A. McLeod, Rupert Vail, and J. A. Fraser.

—Berlin Reporter.

MACHINE ROOM

Club Joliette checker players motored to Lewiston, June 22, and trimmed them to the tune of $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ points. Lewiston plays a return engagement in the near future.

Sister Trahan was a visitor from the Notre Dame Hospital at Manchester, for the St. Louis Hospital nurses' graduation.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Nadeau are being congratulated on the birth of an eight-pound daughter, born June 6.

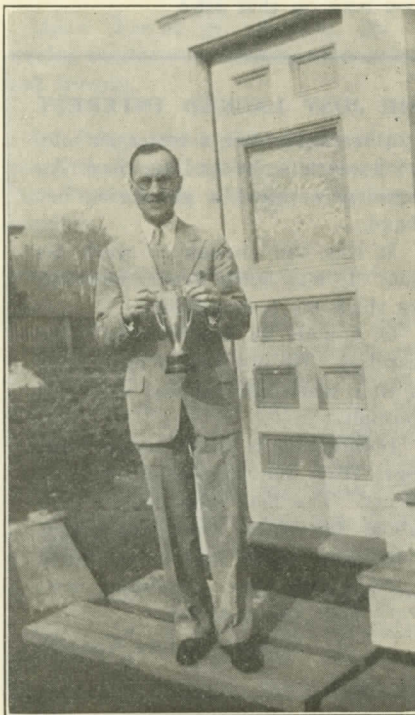
Hank Hammond, No. 2 paper machine backtender, has purchased a new Chevrolet which he claims he will drive from coast to coast. Whoopee, clear the road, boys.

We are glad to have Tommy Thorpe with us again after his five weeks' lay-off on account of blood poisoning.

Bob Justard's son, Gordon, is recovering favorably from a rupture operation.

DRISCOLL-BISBEE

Our congratulations and wishes for many happy years are extended Mr. and Mrs. Earl Driscoll, who were married at St. Kieran's Church, June 16. After an extended trip to points in Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll commenced house-keeping in a flat on First Ave.



ALBERT TRAHAN, CHAMPION CHECKER PLAYER OF THE CASCADE MILL.

PRINTING DEPARTMENT

Arthur Laplante toured all of New Hampshire and Vermont in one day. Wonder if he had a flying machine?

Johnny Lynch did not receive a very warm greeting when he called his old friend, A. Laplante, a "P. I."

George Hawkins says now that his Studebaker has burned, he can drive a real car, a Buick.

Joe Maltais gave the fish a great go the other day. Joe was asked if his car could go only 35 miles an hour. Inquiries may be made of young Poulin.

Keough and Covio must be interested

in the real estate at Songo Pond as they were recently seen looking over some camps there.

Covio has returned to work after recovery from an injured finger.

Lena Roberge came to work all dolled up the other day. Were the occupants of the two big busses in the yard the attraction, Lena?

Dorothy Covell has been assisting in the Printing Department.

Violet Mullin is a "daylight" enthusiast.

If Percy Watson improves much more in his ball playing, we will soon have a big leaguer in our midst.

Jerry Bowles was a recent Keene and Springfield visitor.

Billy Eichel motored to Norway, Me.

TIME OFFICE

Billy Farquharson is assisting in the time office.

Leslie Decosta says he likes Daylight Saving because he likes to sleep in the morning when it is cool, but he cannot seem to figure out that Daylight Saving is costing him an hour of that cool, morning's sleep.

PLANNING AND ENGINEERING

T. L. Brannen has been a business visitor in Boston, Providence, and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy (Sam) Hughes attended the ordination at Manchester of Mrs. Hughes' brother, Rev. Francis Butler. After spending a week at Berlin, Father Butler returned to Manchester, where he will be assistant at the Cathedral.

Bill Cooper has enjoyed the final week of his vacation.

Clifford Dauphiney motored to Keene for Normal School closing.

We expect Reginald Libby will soon be featuring nationally known orchestras when he builds the dance pavilions he is training himself to run.

MAIN OFFICE

Carl Johnson has traded his old Pontiac for a new one.

Leo Barbin has returned from his vacation.

Spencer Ryden spent a week-end in Boston. Joe Teti has also been a recent Boston visitor.

Carl Elliott and Martha Buck accompanied Miss Buck's mother to Portland, where Mrs. Buck entered the hospital for treatment. We are glad to hear she is getting along nicely.

Miss Mary Marcou has been assisting in the office. Miss Marcou is one of the best typists in the state of New Hampshire, having held the State Championship while in high school.

LABORATORY

Once a laboratory man had some gum of his own: the reason for this "unbelievable" happening was that it was given him by an unknown friend.

We wish a certain member of the laboratory crew would loosen up and buy his own paper and eats, for he gets enough extras to buy out the president's chair.

The laboratory office force is wondering when they will be able to get some air.

Our sympathy is extended Linnis Joudrey in the recent loss of his father.

Mr. Chase's car is all right.

Albert Trahan's recent order is that everyone practise horseshoes and be in shape for the coming tournament.

MAINTENANCE

Herb Manzer has our sympathy in the death of his sister.

Dana Fogg, assisted by Ray Emery, shingled the roof of his house.

Dan Feindel, Henry McLaughlin, Rob. Patterson, Leslie Fealey, Barney Thomas, Eli Lozier, Billy Derochers, Pete Topier, Jimmy Monahan, and Albert Jolin have been working at Tube Mill No. 2 on fire reconstruction.

Ray Emery and Billy Derochers have

been out from minor injuries caused by accidents.

Euclid Perry and Antoine Dube are like Pat in his report of a wreck with his train—Off again, on again, gone again. Finnegan. We saw them just long enough to see what they looked like. Then they returned to the Silk Mill.

Billy Lessard has been transferred back to the yard.

A recent order for the kraft screening system was signed S. C. Beater. Is this a new man on that job?

HE JUST LACKED INTEREST

A mechanic left a cotter-pin out of a machine he had repaired. An accident resulted, a girl losing her hand.

It was bad enough to shirk his job. It was much worse, however, to shirk his responsibility.

Of course, he didn't intend to be careless. He just lacked interest at a time when interest was most important.

Indifference is pretty serious business from the standpoint of accidents. The man who doesn't care about his work often encourages conditions which lead to accidents.

As a rule, these conditions need very little encouragement.

—National Safety Council.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the speaker, "before I begin my address I have something that I want to say to you."—Texas Ranger.

Jack Campbell is supervising the construction on the new kraft screening system.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Landers are rejoicing over a new arrival in their family.

Herb Deal and Dan Feindel had children in the Berlin High graduating class.

Bill Pike was out for a few days from a burn.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the mechanics for the beautiful flowers

sent us during our great sorrow, the death of our beloved husband, father and brother.

Ada B. Joudrey,
L. K. Joudrey,
Alton Joudrey,
M. I. Joudrey,
M. A. Joudrey,
Blanche De Arnay.

Following an examination for high school credits the following answers were gleaned from some of the papers:

Geometry teaches us to bisect angels.

The purpose of the skeleton—something to hitch meat to.

The skeleton is left after the insides have been taken out and the outsides have been taken off.

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

Sixty gallons make one hedge hog.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

A mountain range is a large cook stove.

Gender shows whether man is feminine, masculine or neuter.

The function of the stomach is to hold up petticoats.

The first governor of Massachusetts was Mr. Salem Witchcraft.

Achilles was dipped in the River Styx to make him immortal.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of saliva from the Vatican.

A triangle is something that babies wear.

The stomach is located just south of the ribs.

The qualifications of a voter at a school election are that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

—Contributed.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lovely deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

One never knows whether the man-at-the-wheel who continuously sticks his hand out to dump the ashes off his cigar, is going to turn, stop, or salute the colors.

If a man will begin with certainties, he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties.—Bacon.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

Louis Mortenson put something, some months ago, over on his comrades when he got married. But like all other secrets, it sprung a leak, and the happy victim was a real sport, he passed real cigars. As is usual in cases of this nature, we extend congratulations and good wishes.

Ovilla Vaillancourt thought he would advertise his coming marriage by passing cigars to the men and candy to the girls beforehand. However, we are not a bit particular about the way anyone arranges it as long as they bring around real smokes.

Charles Dussault is another one of our boys who thought it easier, happier and cheaper for two to live on one pay check than one. At any rate, we wish him and his young bride very much happiness. Thanks for the cigars.

Joe and Percy Cooper are enjoying the flies at Lockes Mills, for two weeks. This is an annual affair, both for the flies and the boys.

We should feel very proud of the fact that the safety pennant has waved from our flagstaff for the past two months. Good luck, watchful care, common sense, and ability to sense dangerous situations has made this possible. As we have had one accident with lost time we will have to surrender the flag for this month, but let us not let it be for long for we want to win it again and keep it.

Johnny Laroux had two fingers badly injured in the baling machine.

Eugene Thibault was the victim of bad sunburn and was unable to do his work for a week or so. Probably he has learned a little something about old Sol and what he can do.

Charlie Ray is getting along nicely and we expect him back on the job soon.

Joe Mercier is out sick. We haven't, as yet, found out why, but suspect it to be simply a run-down condition, perhaps brought on by his worrying and hurrying to get to work before 8 a. m. and 1 p. m.

On the whole, we are as well in general as those connected with any asylum, and we sure did enjoy our freedom over the Fourth.

Joe Pete Hamel is enjoying his vacation by visiting several cities in Massachusetts, and Connecticut, traveling, of course, by auto.

Marie Parent is spending her two weeks' vacation in Canada, with relatives and friends.

Syl Peters, with a party of friends, spent the Fourth and week-end somewhere in the Province of Quebec, enjoying the scenery.

Life is simply a matter of concentration; you are what you set out to be. The things you read today are the things you become tomorrow. You are a composite of the things you say, the books you read, the thoughts you think, the company you keep, and the things you desire to become.

Hector Lettre has resumed his duties in the office after a vacation. We are glad to note that he seems much improved in health.

Vacation time is in full swing, and from now until September, there will be many substituting in the different departments. Owing to the ability of the substitutes, we don't think any of our systems will become dissatisfied.

Esther Johnson sometimes looks as though she had stuck her face into a flour barrel, either intentionally or by mistake.

From late government reports on surplus freight cars, we need not worry about getting enough cars to take care of our sales, even to single towel cabinets by local freight. Several orders received lately call for shipment that way.

Those rubber stamps certainly make many things look as though there was a leaky roof somewhere.

TOWEL ROOM

We are wondering why Margaret West stays in the rest room so long.

Edna Erickson will have to wait longer now for darkness to come, for she doesn't care to park in the daylight.

Anna Baker has a zebra-striped sweater. Some style.

It's just too bad that Mildred Champoux dislikes hot water. Why not go to the spring, Mildred?

Bill Therrien is still in hopes of entering a baseball pool.

Eddie Marois is vacationing in Canada.

Tony Landry has left us. Of course, he's a soldier. We'll miss him.

Pete Vien was out on account of sickness.

Ask Arsene Morneau how he likes a cold shower-bath during the noon hour.

No. 22 and No. 23 machines will be glad when the machine room boys get stocked up with towels. Let us know when you do.

Eva Michaud is with the sports in Canada, visiting.

Florence Baker certainly surprised the towel room girls when she got married, July 7. Best wishes.

Esther Johnson is working in the office. Easy for her.

Believe it or not, Delia Roy is still wearing her coat.

Eva Marois knows her onions all right; she carries an extra umbrella.

Those who wish to have their truck handles made smooth, please see Archie Montminy or Joseph Croteau. They have an outfit which consists of sand paper, glass, and files.

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

SAY, what's the use in taking stock in all the things we hear? Why rip the lining out of Jones, and make Smith look so queer? You cannot always tell, my boy---perhaps it's all a lie. Just get around behind a tree and watch yourself go by.

You may find things look different; the crooked paths more straight; that Smith is not the only one that sometimes stays out late. Perhaps your wife's own husband sometimes gets all awry. You'd better get behind a tree and watch yourself go by.

In business, as in pleasure, or in the social life, it doesn't always pay, my boy, to let yourself run rife. So try to do the best for those who in your pathway lie, but sometimes get behind a tree and watch yourself go by.---Anon.