

M. L. Dwyer

BROWN BULLETIN



H. I. BALDWIN ROUNDING THE HORN. THE GREAT GULF AND
MT. JEFFERSON IN THE BACKGROUND.

MAY, 1931

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BROWN BULLETIN

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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.

SERVICE DIRECTORY

BROWN COMPANY DISTRICT NURSING DEPARTMENT (Established 1903)

Supervisor, Esther Anne Ulschoffer; 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

E. R. B. McGEE, M. D., Office, 45 High Street

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The Directors meet on the first Tuesday of each month at 4 p. m., at the Sulphite Mill

SUNSHINE

By C. O. SAPPINGTON, M. D., DR. P. H.
Director, Division of Industrial Health,
National Safety Council

May is health month, chiefly because of the emphasis on child health during this month. Interestingly enough, it is also the month when the ultra-violet rays of the sun begin to make themselves felt after the so-called "dark" months of winter.

After exposure to the sun there is an increase in body energy; the mind becomes more active, there is an increased feeling of well-being and any congestion of internal organs tends to be relieved.

It is said that the number of red cells increases, that the kidneys are stimulated to greater action, that the depth of breathing increases, and that the blood becomes richer in oxygen.

There are dangers, however; the exposure of untanned skin to the sun's rays for a period of more than five minutes for the first time, frequently produces injurious and painful results. The blood vessels of the skin are dilated and congested, producing redness; if a long exposure has been experienced, the skin becomes inflamed and blisters form. In addition to this the systemic effects of severe sunburn are severe headache, lassitude, increased temperature, diarrhea, sometimes vomiting, and in the most severe cases, prostration.

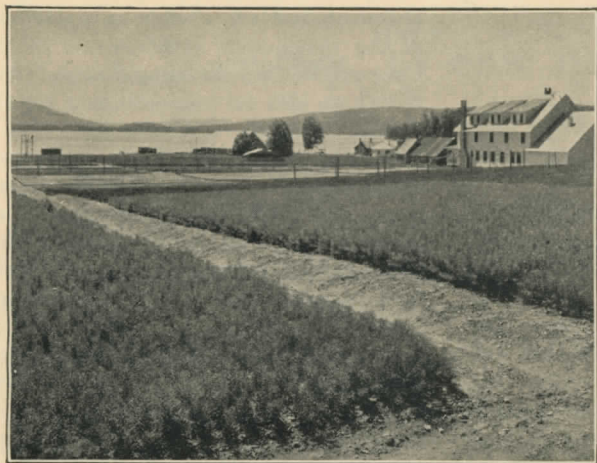
Remember during your exposure to sunshine during the summer months that the first bath should not be more than five minutes. Gradual exposure of the feet and upper part of the shoulders at first is the best procedure, then the time and extent of the body exposed can be increased little by little.

You can be guided by your own reactions. The sun baths should leave you glowing and not exhausted. The early morning hours and the late afternoon hours are the best because one gets more light than heat at these times.

He Lost His Case

A young lawyer had been retained by an Orleans County farmer to prosecute a railroad for killing twenty-four hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury.

"Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen," he said, "just think of it! Twenty-four—twice the number there are in the jury box."



FIVE YEAR MUGHO PINES

Reforestation in Maine

By Philip S. Marsh

(Reprinted from April, 1931, Issue of Sun Up.)

UP in the Rangeley Lake region, on the shores of Lake Cupsuptic, there is a miniature town, nearly self-sustaining, with a private road five miles long leading to it, built to supply small evergreen trees for a fast growing market. This settlement, tucked away in Maine's famous lake district, is known as the Cupsuptic Nursery. It was begun about eleven years ago to supply a quarter of a million transplants annually for reforestation for a paper and pulp concern, but increased demand from other sources has led to an output capacity of four million trees.

These find varied uses in over half of the states of the union. Lumbermen and waterworks are reforesting, homes are being beautified, railroads and private homes are planting windbreaks. Farmers are finding windbreaks profitable for orchards, etc., while idle acres are being made into assets with tree stands, increasing salable value of the land now, and promising good profits in years to come.

A visit to this picturesque place makes a beautiful motor trip. We go first to Rangeley Village, then north along Rangeley Lake toward Haines' Landing, turning off from the main road to the right just before reaching the outlet of Rangeley Lake. Then over a good gravel road through a wild looking country. It goes through a swamp in one place, and must have needed much corduroy construction to keep it as high and dry as it is. After five miles it comes out suddenly upon beautiful Cupsuptic Lake. There we find a large green open space of little trees in long beds, each variety by itself. The entire plantation lies within a high wire fence, but we were made welcome, and assured that the fence was only to keep deer, moose, etc, out at night, and

their own livestock out by day.

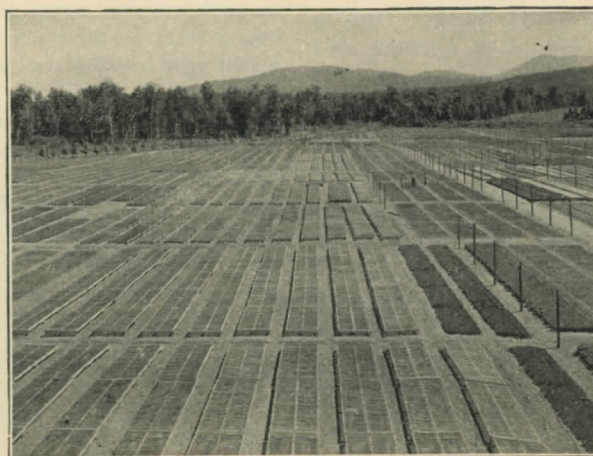
Within the enclosure are large stock barns, a packing shed, a box shop, boarding house, smithy, log bunk houses, office, storehouses, and single houses on the shore. There is also a dock system and a surprisingly large steamboat hauled out after its spring logging duties.

On both sides of the road are large blocks of trees of many kinds and forms, in all shades of green, and other colors from silver through red to blue. The nursery beds are filled with little trees, ranging from dainty ones less than two inches upward. Choosing one of the prettiest of their trees at all its ages. White Spruce, we follow it through from beginning to end. Each size occupied from one to dozens of beds, each about six feet wide by sixty feet long. Seedling beds are all protected with shades built of laths spaced an inch apart. Then in order to develop hardy root systems, these trees are transplanted every two

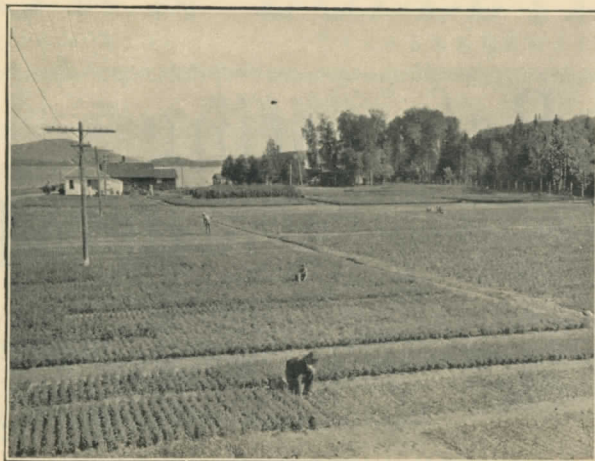
years. Few people can ever transplant a forest tree successfully, and we learn that the secret lies right here, in the roots.

A surprise is in store for most people when they learn that little two inch trees are three years old, and that beds of six inch trees are five years old, and some foot-high trees are actually eight years old. This is explained as being due partly to the temporary effect of transplanting. Upon leaving a nursery the trees grow fast or slow according to environment. For instance, a proper soil, the south side of a building, or medium close forest planting will all induce rapid growth. Opposite conditions and trimming will, of course, retard growth for decorative purposes.

Origin of seed has a great deal to do with rapidity of growth. Brown Company, manufacturers of paper products, to whom the nursery belongs, employs local cone gatherers in order that only seed from a known and vigorous climate may be used.



SEEDLING BEDS



WEST FIELD AND OFFICE, CUPSUPTIC NURSERY

Seed is then extracted and tested for purity and fertility in a model plant at Berlin.

Many people believe that evergreens are slow growing, but once started they do well in this climate. It is estimated that under good growing conditions the following trees should average over six inches growth yearly: Colorado Blue Spruce, Austrian Pine, American Arborvitae (White Cedar) and Hemlock. In addition, most pines, firs and spruces should average twelve inches a year after the first transplanted year.

Profits from Idle Acres

White Pine plantations are on record as producing 17,000 board feet in 36 years and 32,000 feet in 46 years. Christmas trees bring profits within a very few years, and the market has been estimated as five million trees. Trees retail at from fifty cents to three dollars in the streets of large eastern cities.

Wholesalers have met demands by cutting wild trees in swamps and pastures, but there is a growing preference for Christmas trees grown locally. This is because wild trees cut in October, tied tight, stored, and shipped long distances drop sprills when brought into a warm house. Serious pests have been brought into states by wild tree shipments and State Horticultural Boards are already getting defensive laws passed. The public also pays more for a shapely tree, and many raisers capitalize all the above points by advertisements or signs, and sell their entire output by roadside or direct sales. This accounts for reported profits of more than two hundred dollars an acre each year over a period of nine years. This profit includes cost of trees, but not of labor. Incidentally, two men can plant over 2,700 trees a day after the ground is

furrowed.

Large profits come from close cultivation, using a new plan of planting two feet apart each way and thinning every other tree when they first touch. This gives table trees within four years, and three to five foot trees within another four years. Less intensive plantings four feet apart allow horse cultivation the first two years, which helps growth. Stands in rough country and old pastures may be planted with grub hoe or mattock. Two men comprise a crew, the first pacing distance and taking off sod about a foot square, then driving the hoe to the hilt he makes a hole for the tree. The second man follows with trees and may well plant 1,000 trees a day.

As Charles L. Pack, president of the American Tree Association, recommends to the Central States Forestry Congress, more publicity should be given to the necessity of supplying jobs for the jobless acres. Mr. Pack's remedy for the jobless lands or idle lands, is to put these lands to work growing trees. Certainly the re-employment of these idle acres in Maine would tend toward the reemployment of many idle men. Of the 21,145,600 acres of land surface in the state approximately 15,000,000 acres are in timber and woodlots. The annual cut of timber is about 1,000,000,000 feet. The next few years will see much done in Maine in the way of reforestation with an eye open to the business value from now unused waste lands.

C. M. T. C.

Where are you going this summer? The mountains, the lakes, the seashore, Canada?

If you are a healthy American youth, between the age of seventeen and twenty-

eight, and can furnish proof of good character, you are eligible to attend one of the nation-wide encampments of the Citizens' Military Training Camps. And there's an idea for you—planning for the coming summer!

Consider the C. M. T. C., where you spend a glorious month in the great Outdoors, and with Uncle Sam paying all necessary expenses including transportation, camp uniforms, good wholesome food, medical attention if necessary, sports equipment, etc.

For more than a decade the Citizens' Military Training Camps have been conducting their annual project in the building of manhood and good citizenship. Perhaps you know some lad who has received the benefit of one of these thirty-day periods; ask him what he thinks of the C. M. T. C.

At these Camps there is a minimum of military drill, and absolutely no obligation for further military training. But if your ambition is to win a commission as second lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps, you will find attendance at the Blue Camp (fourth year) a big help. Graduates of this blue course who successfully conclude an additional correspondence course and who have the required education, character and physical fitness may be recommended for this commission as second lieutenant, O. R. C.

Citizenship, sports, recreation, American traditions and ideals—these are the outstanding features of the Citizens' Military Training Camps. Usually, the forenoon is given over to elementary military drills—there are branches of Infantry, Cavalry, Field Artillery, Coast Artillery, Engineers and Signal Corps—and in the afternoon hikes, swimming parties, ball games, track meets are the order of the day; at night, if there is no dance, show or other big social event planned, there is usually a gathering about the roaring camp-fire and the spinning of yarns until the silvery tones of the bugle summons all hands to bed.

And how you sleep in these Camps! and eat! It's no wonder the average attendant returns home so well set up, bronzed and healthy, with shoulders squared, eyes cleared and with renewed "pep" to tackle the old job again!

Your future prospects and your value to your employer will be increased a lot by attending even one of these Camps. Detailed information and illustrated literature may be obtained by addressing the C. M. T. C. officer at any U. S. Army post.

Clean-up Week in Brown Company Plants

May 18 to 23

A PLACE for everything and everything in its place. Let's start our Clean-up Week by first giving a little thought and attention to getting and keeping things in a "shipshape" condition. The word "shipshape" has a very interesting origin. There are few occupations more bound by custom and tradition than that of the sailor, and most of these customs and traditions have a sound reason behind them. At sea, safety is the principal aim. To the landsman the rigging of a ship may appear to be confused and tangled, but to the "old salt" it is as systematic in its arrangement and as unchangeable as the strings of a violin. When danger threatens, life may depend upon the certainty of finding the halyards in proper place, made fast to their assigned belaying pin with the knots and hitches approved by all the old laws of the sea. One moment lost in useless search may result in serious injury or even disaster. Everything pertaining to the ship and its crew is standardized. Thus, the word "shipshape" has come to denote anything that is orderly, neat, and systematic.

Of course, we all know that each mill here with its various departments does not represent a ship with its rigging, but that's no reason why we shouldn't be able to keep the departments of each mill in an orderly and clean condition. In fact, there is no reason we can think of to excuse rubbish or waste lying around. Many stumbling and falling accidents are caused by material or equipment left in passageways.

You may have noticed at this time of the year that something like a revolution is going on at home. The furniture is moved around, the canary is hung up somewhere out of the way, the cat stays out of sight all day, and your favorite chair is perched on top of the sewing machine. Meals are usually late, and any protest to the housekeeping department is answered by a grunt, or perhaps a request to "please move that piano over there, and stop asking foolish questions." That denotes that spring housecleaning is at its height, as practised by the New England housewife.

Nothing like that should happen in the mill, but wouldn't a good cleaning be in order at this time? Winter is over, and the snow in leaving has revealed accumulated waste and refuse in several localities. This should be all cleaned out. Roofs and cellars should be inspected and cleaned, especially the cellars. Many men have an idea that the cellar is used for anything and everything they don't want. It shouldn't be; just a bit of effort in keeping the place clean will work a world of improvement.

Every workman should make it his duty to keep his machine and its surroundings just as clear of waste as possible. In these days of high powered machinery, where you can feed a four-foot log at one end of the mill and have it pounded, chipped, scraped, and pulverized enough to come out at the other end in the form of various products, you can imagine what chance a human hand or foot would have once it got caught in the machinery. And yet, we forget about these things and let scrap and waste accumulate around machines, when just a cleaning up would make everything safe and "shipshape."

Receptacles and other containers are provided for the deposit of refuse, scrap, waste, etc., which is bound to accumulate in the mills. Use them. Anything you put in them may mean that an accident is prevented.

The yards and platforms generally are in excellent condition, but much cleaning inside the mills is yet necessary to bring them up to the highest rating. Out of the way places, storage sheds, and unused buildings call for as much attention as central departments because of the ever present fire hazard.

Good housekeeping in the mill is everybody's job. Clean-up crews and foremen can do much, but they need the help and cooperation of every worker. The result will be better working conditions, safer jobs, and better health. Let's all join in and help. The campaign starts next Monday. All rubbish and junk must go.

Life is the acceptance of responsibilities or their evasion: it is a business of meeting obligations or avoiding them. To every man the choice is continually being offered, and by the manner of his choosing you may fairly measure him.—Ben Ames Williams.

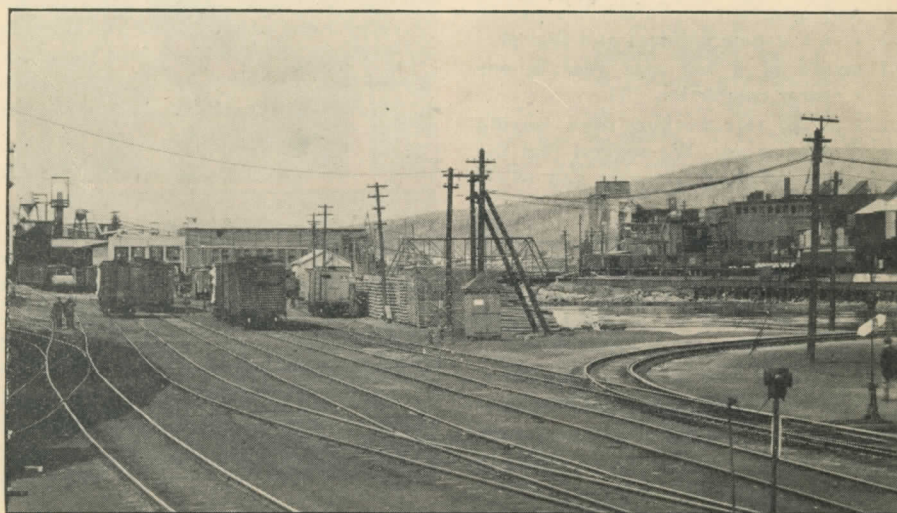
Believe It or Not

Prison Chaplain: "Why are you here again, Tom?"

Convict: "Because of my belief, sir."

Chaplain: "Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"Convict: "I believed the policeman had gone by, sir."



A CLEAN YARD AT THE UPPER PLANTS

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

Chemical Mill Still Going Strong, 77 Days Remain for Years Record. Cascade Mill in the Running



SPEAKING OF FALLS-

Pilot Ford, U. S. N. has boldly stepped off into space 5,000 feet above the earth. He is just about to release his parachute and the so-called "perilous moment" has arrived. But to Pilot Ford it isn't perilous at all. He has carefully tested and inspected his equipment. He is keeping his mind on his job. In short he has planned for safety... which after all is the right way to prevent accidents. Falls kill around 17,000 of our citizens each year but seldom indeed does a parachute jumper become a casualty.

NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

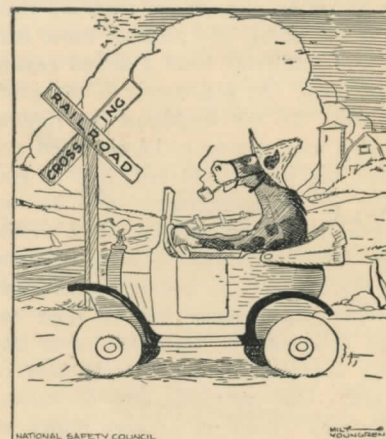
YES, the Safety Pennant is still waving aloft over the Chemical Mill where it seems to be permanently established. Another month of carefulness and attention to Safety has passed without a lost-time accident and that perfect record of a full safe year is one month nearer completion. The score now stands at 288 safe working days, leaving only 77 days to go. We suggest that the band shine up their trumpets and trombones and get ready for July 24, to serenade the Chemical Mill at the end of a 365-day run without a single lost-time accident. Nice work, Chemical,—but keep those goggles on when washing caustic press cloths and we'll all feel relieved.

Cascade Mill was again a close contender for first honors in the Interplant Safety Contest and remained in second place with three accidents, one each in the beater room, pond, and yard. Tube Mill climbed out of sixth place to the

third rung with one accident in the yard. Miscellaneous Departments went up a notch to fourth place with three accidents, one each in maintenance, leather, and salvage. One accident on wood loading at the Upper Plants sent this division into fifth position. Sulphite dropped two pegs to sixth place with seven accidents, four in the wood department and three in yards. Riverside Mill remained in the cellar with two accidents, one in the machine room and one in the finishing department.

A total of 17 accidents occurred during April, a decrease of one from the previous month. The number of compensable accidents and the number of days lost were the lowest on record last month.

The man who is careful to prevent accidents at his work is in 99 cases out of 100 a man who does good work. The reason, of course, is that such a man is interested in his work, uses his head to



think about it, and tries always to do the job in the way it should be done. Accidents don't just happen; they are caused. The best safety device is a careful man.

HORSE SENSE AT THE CROSSING

Perhaps the much advertised horse sense of our four-footed friends has been over-rated. Those who have driven horses know that some of them are just as dumb as any human being. They will sometimes shy at a piece of paper on the road, or get scared for no apparent reason. A few years ago a runaway horse used to be the chief danger of highway travel. But no one has ever heard of a horse running into a forty-car freight train six cars ahead of the caboose.

The horse is governed by instinct, while man is supposed to be guided by his powers of reasoning. This power of reasoning which lifts man above the animals seems to take a vacation occasionally, judging by some of the reported accidents. Running into the side of a train is just one example. The American Railway Association reports that this type of accident seems to be increasing although there has been a slight decrease in the



WHEN stars tragedy threatens the home she gives her all—bravely and unselfishly. There is nothing so sublimely heroic as her care, nothing quite so noble as her love. How true the ancient proverb: "God could not be everywhere so he made mothers!" After all isn't it worth while, just for her sake, to be careful?

NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

total number of crossing accidents.

Psychiatrists explain that a large number of accidents occur because a driver has an overdeveloped ego. This means that he thinks the highways are meant for his private use and he is impatient at delays. Some people are born with this complex; others get that way after a few drinks. The old idea that only the feeble-minded drivers had accidents has been pretty well disproved. But a man may have a keen mind and at the same time show poor judgment.

Horse sense at the crossing will prevent the iron horse ruining the car and those in it.

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Cecilia Lessard	\$216.00
Cecilia Lessard (funeral)	100.00
Louis Gregoire	64.00
Charles Trahan	93.75
Alphe Godbout	120.25
Emile Erickson	76.48
Joseph Faucher	82.35
Fred Turcotte	109.72
James C. Moore	51.62
C. J. Oleson	16.65
Elzear Labbe	48.00
Romeo Drapeau	40.62
Marion Leclerc	40.00
Dennis Pomerleau	92.90
Antonio Chabot	38.70
Walter Bacon	37.40
Jos. Bergeron	56.25
Wilfred Couture	36.00
Jos. Honan	29.00
George McMulkin	25.80
George Langlois	12.00
Charles Cox	57.00
Leander Larocche	24.00
Adelard Gagne	90.00
Lucy Laforce	52.20
Herbert Sheridan	103.50
Emanuel Cote	18.00
Peter Hamel	45.00
David Laliberte	116.20
Onesime Baillargeon	22.17
Philip Reid	20.00
George Forestall	15.00
Robert Hamilton	5.00
Mary Driscoll (funeral)	100.00
Louis McKenna	18.00
Mildred Holmes	13.05
Alphonse Charest	3.00
John Lapointe	39.00
Peter Cameron	20.25
Angus McDougal	17.12
Annie Anstle (funeral)	100.00
Onesime Tardiff	36.25
Richard Ballard	36.00
William J. Eagan	80.40
Rube Smith	80.40
Archie Soule	25.30
Total	\$2,524.43

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Frank Eastman	\$ 5.00
Derwin Wing	5.00
Felix Valliere	42.66
Arthur Savard	15.00
Joseph W. Oliver	60.40
Henry Dillon	71.20
Scaletti Cassimero	12.00
Michael Demers	18.00
Armand Fregeau	31.74
Henry Morrisette	30.00
Aurele Descoteau	36.00
George Ouillette	6.00
Michael J. Cryans	88.87
Marion H. Martin (benf. C. A. Martin)	40.00
Ruby D. Paine (benf. L. B. Paine)	74.40
Evelita Sheptor (benf. Jacob Sheptor)	48.00
Delina Vallee (benf. Etienne Vallee)	130.80

Wassum Lithcomb	48.00
Joseph Devost	41.80
Felix Bugeau	41.50
Cliburne Locke	37.20
James Shestak	96.00
Frederick Beland	60.00
Harvey Gendron	22.20
Ferdinand Bowin	40.80
Wilfred Couture	28.00
Napoleon Rheume	55.80
Allen Henly	54.00
William Kelley	9.00
Edward Gallant	96.26
Charles E. Fountain	66.00
Carmille Tardiff	40.80
Alex Chabot	48.00
Elric Tremblay	30.00
Total	\$1,551.37

ANTON ANDERSON

Anton Anderson was born March 21, 1848, in Oslo, Norway. He commenced work with the Brown Company in June, 1886, at the Saw Mill. He worked off and on in this department for a period of approximately 37 years, with the exception of a short period when he was employed in the gate crew. On August 3, 1923, he was transferred to the sick and disabled list. His death occurred April 29.

LIST OF ACCIDENTS

Lost-time accidents and standing of the mills for the month of April are as follows:

Chemical	0
Cascade	3
Tube	1
Miscellaneous	3
Upper Plants	1
Sulphite	7
Riverside	2
Total	17

Carry Through

What we gain by the wisdom of friends, what we profit from the folly of our enemies, what we owe to some favorable chances, are indeed three tremendous advantages, and yet all these benefits will avail us little if we lack the proper courage to carry our plans through to completion.

SIGNING AWAY YOUR FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

Few things are more precious than the reserve fund we have set aside for old age or emergencies. Systematic saving for these purposes is one of the cardinal principles of happiness, and the reserve which has thus been created—be it in the form of a savings account, investments or insurance—should be scarcely less carefully guarded and cherished than health itself.

The co-signing or endorsing of other peoples' notes is one certain method of

jeopardizing this "stake." When it comes to signing notes, it pays to be—that good old-fashioned word—hard-boiled.

When we endorse a note for a friend, we should be prepared to pay the note when it falls due in case the friend dies in the meantime or is unable to make payment for any other reason. In other words, a note should not be endorsed unless we are able and willing to give the money to this person with no thought of getting it back should he be unable to reimburse us.

One of America's largest organizations has developed a broad program to encourage a deeper interest in thrift and the systematic management of personal finances among its employees. In its researches this company has come upon a great many actual experiences which illustrate the danger involved in co-signing or endorsing notes. Here are a few typical cases.

A man acted as guarantor for an acquaintance who was in need of \$10,000. He signed notes for this amount and when his friend failed to pay he had to make good. In addition to applying all of his savings over a number of years, he was forced to place a heavy mortgage on his home. He subsequently died and his widow was compelled to pay off the mortgage with the proceeds of his life insurance policies.

A woman signed a note for her brother-in-law to enable him to pay bills he owed. The latter was unable to meet the note when it came due and he steadfastly refused to make good the amount which the woman had to pay the collection agency later.

A man co-signed a note for \$200 for a fellow-employee who was afterwards found to be involved to the extent of several thousand dollars on various accounts. The creditor garnisheed the co-signer's wages because the friend did not meet his payments. This same man co-signed another note for \$150 for another acquaintance and suffered the same experience, thereby having his wages garnisheed by two loan companies. He was purchasing a home at the time on the installment plan and was forced to give up his equity.

The above experiences are object lessons worthy of serious thought. Endorsing other peoples' notes violates all principles governing thrift and may result in genuine distress both to ourselves and our families.

PORTLAND OFFICE



LINCOLN G. GURNETT
BORN: OAKLAND, CAL., OCTOBER 28, 1865. DIED: PORTLAND, ME., APRIL 15, 1931

It is difficult to realize that Mr. Gurnett has passed out of the Brown Company, but it will be a long time before his influence will disappear. No man could be as active as he was for 28 years in the work of this Company without being profoundly missed.

Mr. Gurnett came to the Berlin Mills Company in 1903, following a connection with the White Mountain Mill at Portsmouth, N. H. His first work was as purchasing agent for the building of the Cascade Mill in 1903. A few years later,

when the Burgess Sulphite Fibre Company came into closer connection with the Berlin Mills Company, he was transferred to the Financial Department, where he remained. For a number of years past he has had all the responsibilities and activities of Financial Manager. He was well known and highly respected in many of the financial districts east of the Mississippi River.

For some years, looking forward to retirement from business, he and Mrs. Gurnett had devoted their energies to the

establishment of a large fruit ranch at Portal, Arizona, which is close to the Mexican border. In connection with this, large interests were had in an important sheep ranch close by. It is much to be regretted that, as the date of his retirement was not far away, he should not live to enjoy and participate more fully in his vision of the recent years.

He was a friendly man; he excelled in the activities of his leisure as well as in business. Keenly interested in athletic sports, he also had a wide reputation as a player of bridge whist and billiards. He was a member of the Elks Club, the Cumberland Club, and the Portland Country Club, all of Portland, Maine, and the Boston Athletic Association.

Surviving him are Mrs. Gurnett, formerly Miss Elizabeth Wilson, and his son, Lincoln M.

PETER ANDREAS BROWN

We received with deep regret the news of the death of Peter Andreas Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brown, on Thursday, April 16. Peter developed an illness last September from which he was destined not to recover.

Two operations were performed upon him in an effort to arrest the course of his illness, but without avail.

Peter had just passed his sixth birthday. He was born in Portland on February 12, 1925, and was a promising little lad, of sweet disposition and beloved by all.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Brown in their sorrow.

JOHN A MONTGOMERY

John A. Montgomery passed away on April 26, 1931. He was born July 10, 1870. For fifteen years he was associated with the Accounting Department, having come with the Company in 1916. He was an earnest worker and thoroughly loyal to the organization. He was ever in attendance at the functions of the Associates and stood ready to do his share when called upon. He was beloved by all his associates.

Funeral services were held from the Sacred Heart Church, April 28. Pallbearers were James E. O'Brien, Charles R. Pousland, Hight Garland, Grover Hanson, Kenneth Hawkes, and Thomas Dane—all associates of the departed.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Montgomery and her family.

B. D. H.: "You know, last week I had to drive the Austin on the side of the road all the way from Berlin because the center of the road was too rough."

L. P. W.: "Why didn't you pull over and drive in the right hand rut?"

Bart Hubbard, being a conscientious fellow, thought he would close the doors to the Mt. Madison elevator. He did! And they are still trying to pry them open.

Jim English dropped in at the office April 26. (Mark your calendars). Jim is doing sales work and scouting for the Braves and Sox as a sideline.

Bob Spear has turned from basketball to golf with the warm weather, and may be seen every morning and evening plowing up the fairways at Willowdale. The only slices that Bob makes are off his total and who knows but what the future champ may be another Bobby.

Walter Littlefield wrote recently to a Government office in Washington asking for the number of square feet in an average cowhide. The reply received informed him that it was generally believed that a cow has four feet which are round. Questionnaires are being sent to all cows in order to determine if the modern cow has changed since the last survey was made on this subject.

Phil Marsh of the Advertising Department, whose specialty is nursery stock, has an addition to his domestic nursery.

Speaking of soap again, we heard the following conversation between one of the girls across the street and a local drug store cowboy.

Miss (censored): "Have you any LIFE BUOY?"

D. S. Cowboy.: "Lady, set the pace and I am with you."

For the benefit of Jack Norton, who is studying up on telegraphy, we submit this definition. "If you had a very long dog, reaching from Chicago to New York, and you stepped on its tail in Chicago it would yelp in New York. That is telegraphy. Wireless is the same thing without the dog."

We gather from the frequency with

which Ray Gardner is seen taking home the portable typewriter that the next Nobel prize winner may be in our own company.

"A prophet is without honor in his own country." "Whistlin' Rufus" has completed three editions of "Scout Dividends" without the rest of us realizing hardly what a great personage we had in our midst.

"Handsome" Jimmy O'Brien recently went on a fishing trip. Hearing that the party was going to Sebago Lake, he wanted to know where Izaak Walton's camp was and suggested that, if it was not too far away, they plan to fish near it as he had heard that Ike was a great fisherman. May we suggest, Jimmy, that there is a fish market in town that does a big business selling salmon to disappointed Sebago fishermen.

George Bradley went Mayflowering the other day and caught a nice string of brook trout. Never mind, George, we went fishing and didn't even get Mayflowers.

We have it on good authority that "Willie" Grover drank four bottles of Johnson's Pain Killer and has been taking the Kennebec Journal for the past three months hoping to see his picture in the Believe It Or Not column.

Harold Chellis informed Printy that the "Babe" would not be able to play on the baseball team this year. Manager "Print" came right back with, "Why mention only this year?"

"Slim" Pratt and "Fat" Bradeen went fishing and came home with a nice big salmon. Next day, Pratt got a call from Willard & Daggert saying they had some more very nice haddock like the one he bought yesterday.

We notice that Freddie's wave isn't quite so prominent after he washes his hair. What's wrong with it, Freddie?

Reggie has been running between his house and a house on Broadway quite often of late. One evening we even saw him spreading ashes on the driveway there. His father could never get him to do that at home.

Harry Bradbury's new home is now complete and the Bradburys have moved

in. We can't blame them for being pleased with their new home, because it certainly is a dandy.

Merle Bridgham and "Mack" McKay have now joined the "Daddies." Merle is boasting of a boy while Mack is telling us about the future Miss South Portland.

John Langmuir has started his spring planting and boasts that he will have green peas for the Fourth of July. Charts of the garden progress may be seen in the Market Research Office.

Henry Hanson wants to know how many spark plugs there are on the new six cylinder paper machine at Berlin.

Andy Andresen on a recent trip to Berlin carried along a little pig iron for ballast.

Well, folks, Bob Spear and our Ralph are at it again. Some of the phrases heard the other day were: "Wonder if the wind will die down." "Gee, do you think it will clear before five o'clock?" "Ho-hum, as the bird in the cuckoo clock says.

Horton King sure made a profitable week-end over the holiday when he answered some five or six alarms at the Cape. Heaven help the poor taxpayer.

Hudson Taylor's favorite expression of late: "I got a couple, anybody put them up."

Tom Barry requested the following to be inserted: "Wanted: Someone to handle personal fan mail and arrange dates with different femmes."

Strange to relate, approximately one week has elapsed and we have not been touched for "a great big opportunity." You know, one of those derby tickets.

Dot Cushing has deserted our happy family for a position with the Telephone Company. Best of luck, Dot.

Sad news from Camden! We're sorry, Angie.

M. C.: "O, look at the string of fish that man has!"

A. J.: "What kind are they?"

M. C.: "Bass—I heard 'em singing."

We are glad to see Thelma Willis at the office again after her recent illness.

Now that the basketball season is over, we suppose we will have to change "Baskets" Hannon's name to "Home Run."

First Stenog: "How can I abbreviate 'consumption' in this report?"

Second Ditto: "O, write T. B."

W. A. L.: "Well, how long have you been using scarlet grease in the car?"

A. G. R.: "Grease? Oh, er, on the way down from Boston this morning I had

trouble with the car and had to fix it, guess I must have got it on then."

W. A. L.: "How did you get that grease on your lips and face, Al?"

Paging Noah! Hazel Hannon left the water running too long in the dressing room, with dire results.

No other news this month—except that Emily O'Connell was working the other day, according to her own statement.

A man is like a tack. He can go as far as his head will let him, and no farther.

FORE!!

Father spanked his daughter,

She was a golfing star;

She went and bought herself a gun

And shot a hole in "par."

Moral: Don't argue with our golf bugs until they get over their spring fever.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

We were much pleased, as usual, to receive a call from Mr. Henderson, Mr. Pray, and Mr. Pray's father.

Mr. Andresen, who carries a bag full of vital and other statistics with him at all times, is always regular with his calls. Without him we would be helpless.

Our old friends, Mike Egan and Joe Streeter, are very much alive; in fact we think they are both enjoying a second boyhood. We old-timers were mighty glad to see them.

All the men and women employees here are in favor of letting the ice melt in our own fountain tanks instead of in the ice house.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, the finishing crew lost two valuable men, John Goulette, a veteran of eighteen hectic years, and Joe Croteau, with a much shorter but faithful time of service. Their foreman regrets their loss and wishes them the best of luck.

Joe Degrossilliers has been put on the bond storage job, and as there is no one out there to talk to, he tries to find satisfaction in talking to himself.

Alec Beaulac, who was recently operated on for a bad case of appendicitis, is getting along nicely, according to the latest reports. This is good news to his friends.

If you could hear Bill Goudreault talk about his car, you would sure thing he had one; but when you find out that his father-in-law paid for it, oh, well, that is another story.

Emile Lettre of the Research Department got a big surprise one noon recently from a kid of seventeen. It seems that Mr. Lettre wanted to stop some girls from using a public way, but for his efforts in so doing, he received a good lump on the jaw.

It is time to plant your dahlia and gladiolus bulbs. Be sure to use plenty of Bradley's Potato Phosphate, mixed well with dirt. Don't water them until they are up in good shape, as too much water will rot the bulbs.

TOWEL ROOM

Delia Roy is displaying some novelty compacts. Place your order now and avoid the rush.

Mildred Tombs was recently out on account of injury.

It must be summer, for Lucy Peltier has finally discarded her overshoes.

The best riding car is a Chevrolet; at least that's what Lucy claims. How about the parking places?

Alice Baker likes to work in the basement on the Santa Claus machine.

Annette Perreault eats an orange a day to keep the doctor away. Be careful, Annette, you might turn yellow.

The best machine in the towel room is No. 20—no plugging.

Elizabeth Lapointe likes to run Eva Michaud's machine too fast.

Lucy Laforce is convalescing favorably

at her home. She wishes to thank all for the lovely flowers sent her.

Julia Oleson went to Portland for a few days.

Now that spring is here, Margaret Forest will resume her parking on the bridge during the noon hour.

Edna Erickson is still seeking the man after her heart, and is still talking about New York.

Marguerite Coulombe is not riding much of late. What has happened?

Eva Michaud was out a few days on account of an injured finger.

If Anna Baker should ever strike anyone with that wicked arm of hers, it would mean instant oblivion.

Yvonne Turcotte needs a bodyguard.

Have you seen Alberta White's new fashion display? It's a knock-out.

REMORSE

Even in these callous, selfish days, there is no man so heartless as not to think occasionally of the poor devil who bought the car from him.—Montreal Star.

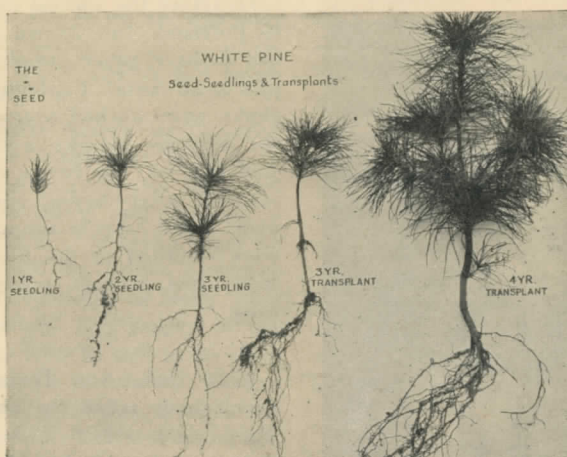
Perfect Accounting

The wife had been put on the budget plan. At the end of each month she and her husband would go over the accounts together. Every once in a while he would find an item, "G. O. K., \$3.00" and a little farther on, "G. O. K., \$6.00."

Finally he said, "My dear, what is this 'G. O. K.?'"

"God Only Knows," she replied.

NIBROC NEWS



PRINTING DEPARTMENT

C. A. Walker made a business trip to Portland.

George Hawkins is again breaking all speed records to Errol and Lancaster.

Covieo's frequent trips to Portland stopped abruptly. The attraction is in Gorham now.

The highways are still safe for democracy. White and Eichel have not yet registered their conveyances.

Believe it or not! Stephenson has not moved for over a month.

The feminine element of the Printing Department must be dismissed without comment this month. If they did anything that would pass as news they are keeping it dark.

Fishing stories will be in order next month. Laplante and Hawkins will then take the floor.

Ann McKee was on the sick list during the month.

Jerry Bowles has set up housekeeping on Goebel Street.

MAINTENANCE

Tommy Ruddy spent Easter at Boston, prior to his transfer.

Euclid Perry has been transferred to the Silk Mill.

John Gullison, Herb. Deal, Scott Crockett, and Emile Gagne are among those transferred from maintenance crews to the yard.

Louis Gregoire, one of our old-time millwrights, was a recent visitor.

Many of our electricians have been changed from our crew to the one at Berlin Mills.

Bernard Covieo and Harold Thomas have been frequent visitors on recording gauge work.

Alec Correau, Joe Cote, and Hilaire Ruel have been working on the brick-masons' crew with Frank Flag.

A nice little office has been erected in the corner of the carpenter shop. Aubrey Freeman is its occupant.

Al Perkins has been with us recently, doing some cement work.

We expect to hear of some good fishing trips now that the season is open.

MACHINE ROOM

Andy King is so used to his moustache now that he says he doesn't think he will get any store teeth.

Gauthier wears pontoon rubber boots when he goes fishing. Ask Pomerleau.

Lewis Morse, one of the veterans in the

Machine Room, has accepted a position as machine tender at Gilman, Vt. The gang all wish him good luck in his new place.

The Machine Room boys extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith, who were married April 27.

The Machine Room farmers are sure doing their stuff (in the mill). Most everything is planted from here to West Milan.

Smoky Boisselle is trying to fool the boys by making them believe he is a fresh air hound.

Guess an apology is due Claude Hughes for the article in last month's Bulletin. That wasn't Claude. It was two other fellows who look like him.

Leo Morrisette has a new Ford Roadster.

Spring is here; ask Ed. Hall.

Jack Jacques still spends his week-ends at East Angus. It won't be long now.

PLANNING AND ENGINEERING

Bill Roach, Frank Holbrook, Don White, and Jack Quinn have been visitors during the month.

HERE AND THERE

Stephen Smith was a visitor at his home in Massachusetts over Easter. The trip was made on business concerning No. 8 paper machine.

Archie Soule's presence will be missed, especially at the noon cribbage game.

The boys took advantage of the early prospects of spring (?) and started their baseball team going.

The boys here are planning to have a horseshoe club, and anyone desiring to become a member will please get in touch with Jack Rodgerson. It is rumored that the Tube Mill has some first-class players, and we hope Bill McGee and Henry Holland will come forward and repeat their challenge. Let's go, boys.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES



PHOTO SECTION CAMP PARTY. "AND A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL"

RESEARCH NEWS

To all who shall see these presents, greeting.

What better way is there to start off another column of drivel than to make public the joyful rumor that Miss Anne Morrison is to move into Berlin and become a permanent resident. After all these years we are sure it must be a relief for her to become as one of us.

"Ho! Hum!" yawned latexer Al Wil-lams, gently dropping off to sleep at a recent Boston conference with Messrs. Brown, Schur, et Cie. "The most naive person I have ever seen," quotes Mr. Schur, in summing up the event.

Our first impression was one of incred-ibility, giddiness, and horror. But when told that Miss Duggan liked that red jacket and paid money for it, we simply shrugged our shoulders. Being only mort-als, who are we to question?

"Ed Fenn, Ted Brown, and Earl Bren-nan to marry in June," quotes informer Thibodeau. Best of luck, boys!

For those of you who are troubled with a constantly growing number of aged and decrepit samples, let me suggest the Auto-matic Sprinkler System. This system has been tried at the Experimental Paper Mill with marked success. Deluge 1: mercury dropped, pipes froze, sprinkler burst, exit samples No. 1. Deluge No. 2: airway heater installed to prevent freezing, air-way heater melted sprinkler, exit samples No. 2. Our old friend, Tom Swift, is being consulted as to the next faux pas to be made.

Brakes screeching and horn blowing, taximan Haggart called recently for one of his routine passengers at 7 a. m. Said passenger, being in the habit of going to work at 8 a. m., hurriedly called another passenger to ascertain the correct time and incidentally arouse the whole family. We have tried to blame this premature arrival upon the current daylight saving time, but it just doesn't work out that way.

The argument that we are constantly becoming a more sanitary race is strength-ened further by the news that Simmons has acquired a new pair of pants.

To assure the success of a hurried trip to Portland, Ted Brown and Pat Coffin had to have paper samples. Paper sam-ples at all costs! Production was stopped, clerks were worked overtime, and finally the precious samples were in readiness. The trip was an entire success and the samples, after having spent a peaceful night in the Lincoln automobile at Gilead, were returned to the files from whence they came, unwept, unhonored, and un-sung.

Elsie Holt, Ann Duggan, and Irene Duval have taken up horseback riding. They were asked if horseback riding gave one a headache, and they replied: No, just the opposite!

The first week-end of the fishing sea-son saw many of the Research chemists on their favorite trout streams. Unfor-tunately the catch of fish was almost negligible, the longest fish being about 6½ inches.

PHILOTECHNICAL

SOCIETY MEETING

At the last meeting of the Philotechni-cal Society on Wednesday, April 15, Dr. H. A. Iddles, Professor of Chemistry at the University of New Hampshire, spoke on the subject of Micro Analysis. The meeting was very well attended and the talk was well received. Dr. Iddles brought with him several pieces of apparatus used for micro determinations. It was surpris-ing to learn what could be done with samples almost infinitesimal in amount with an accuracy approaching the usual methods of analysis and in considerably less time.

The officers elected for the coming year were P. S. Glasson, president, Ed. Fenn, secretary, M. W. Hayes, chairman of the executive board, M. Packard, R. F. Pol-lard, E. Ebie, and John Graff.

NOTE OF THANKS

We wish to express our deep appre-ciation for the floral offerings and the kind words of sympathy during our re-cent bereavement.

Mrs. George Smith and family.

ERNEST JOHN HENDERSON

The entire community was shocked to learn of the death of Ernest J. Henderson, one of Berlin's most loyal and respected citizens. Mr. Henderson was born in Milan, the son of John E. and Rose Palmer Henderson. When he was very young his family moved to Berlin, where he attended the public schools and where he lived his entire life.

Ernest, familiarly known as "Chuck," was a member of Company H, N. H. State Guard in 1917, and served with the outfit until it was demobilized and replaced by the National Guard. For many years he was employed with the Brown Company as cook and his reputation as being "king of bean hole beans" still lingers in the memory of many folks as well as his army buddies, from private to colonel. He was employed in Tube Mill No. 2 when his health began to fail, which was about five years ago, and he was forced to give up his work entirely. His genial disposition and generous hospitality made him hosts of friends everywhere. He will be greatly missed in the locality. Ernest became a charter member of the N. H. State Guard Veterans Association. A delegation from this organization was one of the first to call on the family of their late comrade and to drape the remains with the colors. They were also present as Guard of Honor at the services and escorted the body to its last resting place.

Besides his wife, Myrtle Eastman Henderson, he leaves to mourn three children, Earl, Sterling, and (Elva) Mrs. Jules St. Cyr.

Funeral services were conducted by the Rev. H. S. Stallard of the First Congregational Church. Mrs. Lila Reid sang the favorite hymns of the deceased. The pall-bearers were Herman and Linwood Henderson, Clarence and Harlan Cordwell, John Farrington, and Herbert Richardson. Interment was made in the family lot in the City Cemetery, Berlin.

TUBE MILL NO. 2

The noon hour bridge club, otherwise known as the "Dusky Four," namely, Prof. Bill Sweeney, Joe (Wallis Pond) Leroux, Prof. Billy Dutil, and Arthur (Baron Turnip) Berrouard, is still going strong. The champions are now Dutil and Berrouard. They are at present desirous of meeting some pair who can guarantee them some opposition.

Pete St. Hilaire is getting his "barbotte" equipment all ready and is planning an early trip up the Magalloway River. Pete,

you know, is the man who invented the new pickerel fishing outfit.

We met Ray Oleson on the street the other day after four p. m., and, of course, we thought he was returning for an "ex-try." But upon inquiry, found out that he had taken someone else's "feed bucket" by mistake. Watch your step, Ray, unless you need the exercise.

Dr. John Donaldson is on the job this spring with more pep, vim, and vigor than ever. He sure carries a fine line of toilet preparations. If you should hear a gentle rap on either your front or back door, do not be alarmed, for one chat with the doctor and you will be a customer. His shaving cream cannot be excelled. John is one of our dryer men.

Bill Ryan was a visitor here the other day. He spends most of his time at Dummer yard. Call again, Bill.

Walter Bacon has a serious time with his flivver, and would like some information regarding starters, etc. Mr. Bacon is giving boxing lessons in West Milan, and is ably assisted by Nelson Ayotte, the "chicken butcher" of the same place. Bacon is the Jimmy De Forrest of Stark, N. H.

John Blouin, our able-bodied fire chief of the millwright crew, is an impersonator in his spare time. He can imitate all sorts of animals, barnyard fowl, and what have you. He is managed by Chet Carr.

Arthur MacKenzie, the Sultan of String, would like to purchase a second-hand, seven-passenger Austin. Hoot, mon!

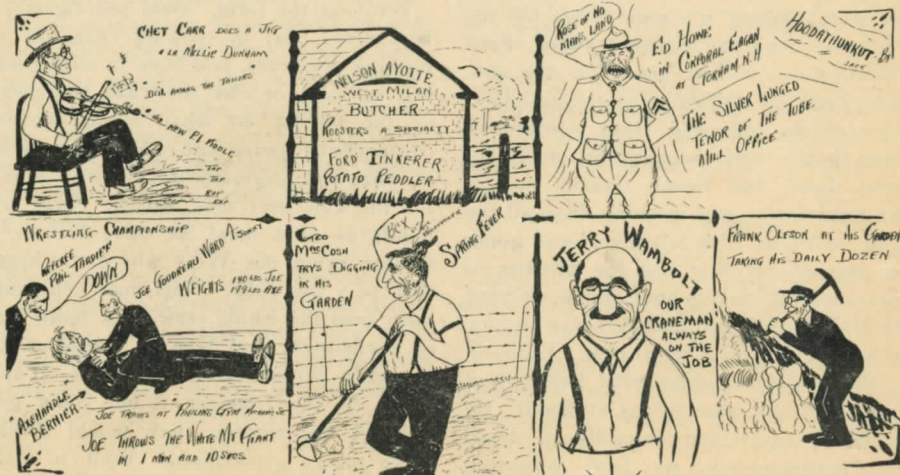
A real second-hand Essex for sale by George "Rory" MacCosh. Any offers less than \$2.50 will not be accepted. Albert Quessey need not make any offers as he was the last man to make repairs on the car and knows the real value of it. It's a rattling good car.

Dick Treamer and Fred Daggett are getting ready to plant their spring gardens. They hope to enter a line of prize vegetables at the Lancaster Fair. Mr. Treamer is experimenting with water-melons, while Mr. Daggett is making progress in growing stringless beans. Good luck, boys.

NEW YORK OFFICE

We, of the New York Office, wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Norman Brown, and to the family of the late Lincoln G. Gurnett, in the sorrows that have come to them recently.

The relatives and friends of Joseph R. Smith, one of our towel salesmen, are greatly alarmed over his mysterious disappearance. Mr. Smith left the Hotel New Yorker, in New York City, on the evening of March 10, after spending the evening there with friends, and dropped completely from sight. No stone has been left unturned in an effort to locate him, but the Detective Bureau of the New York Police Department has been unable to unearth any clues which would lead to a solution of the mystery. That he has been the victim of foul play is considered a certainty, as Mr. Smith was highly regarded by all who knew him, and there is no known reason why he should have disappeared voluntarily.



CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Joe Vallis is thinking of going into the plumbing business.

They tell me that the policemen are patrolling High Street these days, and are highly successful in upholding the law.

Joe Paradis is working on his garden. Just a little tip, Joe, better invent something to keep the bird out.

Jim Barnes is in his glory; fishing time is here. Too bad for the fish now, and too bad for the rest of us poor mortals. You know Jim is a member of the Tall Story Club.

Signs of summer: Perley Hall has taken off his overcoat, Aime Devost and Hughie Meighan have had their hair cut, Henry Hansen has taken off his rubbers, Harold Johnson is wearing lights and cursing the cold.

As the dandelions are now beginning to bloom, we suppose Hed Parker will be going back to the farm.

Arthur Lemelin is going to give the boys a big blowout, that is, after he wins the sweepstakes.

Pete Cantin took Lydia Pinkham Compound to cure his cold.

We extend a hearty welcome to George Lafleur who has returned to us after being employed at the Silk Mill for the past two years. He is assisting Alfred Watt in the laboratory. You know, "there's no place like home."

Jack Reid has taken his spade and hoe out. Take a walk up Madison Avenue within the next two or three months and we bet you will see some beautiful flowers.

Dave Marcotte seems to be interested in Cascade these days.

Charlie Fountain is back to work again, after an absence of two months during which he was convalescing at the Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, N. H.

To whom it may concern: After you have read the safety magazine, please pass it to the next person on the list, which is pasted on the cover.

Cheer up, boys, C. B. has bought a new gun of the latest pattern and has challenged Old Man Depression to a mortal combat. We are betting on C. B.

Fred Beland is back to work, after a serious illness of several weeks' duration. We are sure glad to have him with us again.

BROWN CORPORATION

AROUND THE PLANT

LA TUQUE

SOME time last fall, we said that our next trip in the mill would take us up to the Digester Room. Well, it did all right, but everyone there was so busy that it was of little use to hint that we were looking for some news for the Bulletin. And the reason? Well, Fred Olson, was, or had been, on the job. Many strange things were taking place. Pipe fitters appeared from somewhere down below with perspiration streaming from them; and Frank Gauvin, one of the head cooks, was working days all the time, assisting with whatever was going on, leaving Art Roy and Joe Trottier to carry on with twelve-hour shifts—anyway we could plainly tell that this was no time to be carrying on a social chat. Later on in the week, we buttonholed Fred Olson and asked him what it was all about. He explained everything carefully in detail but, unfortunately, we have forgotten what it was, now. The next time you

see Fred, ask him. We found his talk very interesting. However, we did find out some things about the Digester Room, but in another part of the mill where things were running along a trifle smoother.

We hear the term, "yield per digester." It appears that in cooking chips, as in cooking preserves, you have to cook them just so long, or else they will boil away as the berries do when being cooked, consequently giving you only three-fourths of what you originally put in, with a lick for the kids over that, maybe. That reminds us of a meal we once had in a lumber camp out West where a Chinaman was the cook. This man could almost feed the whole crew on a small box of cornstarch, and how he managed to stretch it out was a mystery to us. If the cooks in the Digester Room could get hold of his system, they would surely make record productions. Well, to continue, we will explain what a "cooking

cycle" is. This has nothing to do with Joe Bones' rattler but, as I understand it, is the period between cooks. You no doubt have seen cooks in restaurant windows making hot cakes—as fast as one batch is cooked and ready to serve, another has to be gotten ready immediately for the next customer. That's our idea of a "cooking cycle." This job of being a digester cook or cook's helper, (cookee, as we say in the bush), is indeed a trade in itself. Each cook knows just how each batch is coming along. They have little tin boxes which contain samples of the semi-cooked chips; and they have many ways in which to test these samples. They feel them with their fingers, sniff at them several times, caress them awhile, and even taste them—at least we saw Loken doing this on one occasion. We asked him if he liked the taste of pulp, and he said that it was only "snooze," not pulp. They say that if any enthusiastic persons want to be shown around the mill, the quickest way to do this is to take them up to the Digester Room. Climbing up four or five flights of spiral stairways and

then being led into a room where the temperature is around 150 degrees, Fahrenheit, would take away most anyone's desire to see any other part of the mill. We have often seen the young man who bangs the typewriter for Mr. Swazey, our chemist, sliding down the spiral railing on the stairs from the Laboratory to the Main Office. He makes quite a neat job of it sometimes, usually landing on both feet at the bottom. We wonder what kind of a job he would make of the stairs in the Digester Room. He surely would get some speed on by the time he reached bottom; and if he landed right side up, we could develop an idea. Instead of the long, weary trudge down these stairs, the men could make a graceful leap onto the rail and, "zoom," in a second they would be on the ground floor.

Next month, if the Editor of the Bulletin shows his faith in us by printing this, we hope to visit the old Wash Room where the pulp, after cooking, is "blown" to be washed. The name of this room suggests a good, clean place to visit. However, we will tell you more about it after we've been there.

A very interesting basketball game was played off at the Community Club on Saturday night, March 21, between the old-timers and the present basketball team. The following account of the game was reported by one of the "junior" players: "Captain Simmons Brown of the 'Old Crocks' quintette shook hands with Captain Richie Johnson of the 'Young Pups.' A split second after the commencement of the game, Joe Bone, dashing center for the 'Old Crocks,' showed acute symptoms of solar plexus trouble, such as beads of sweat on his brow, protruding tongue and eyes, sagging of the knees and general depression, followed by his complete collapse. This condition became contagious to the 'Old Crocks' so that Manager Pop Houldsworth was compelled to substitute a fresh line-up. These went away like hounds from the leash, piling up the score against the 'Young Pups.' The youngsters made repeated dashes up the floor, but the defense of Steen and Bucko was impregnable. John McKechnie of the 'Pups' made a valiant attempt to get past Steen's 250 lbs., but merely bounced back onto the floor amid loud applause from the gallery and deep notes of mirth from the 250-pounder. At half time the score stood at 7 to 2 in favor of the 'Old Crocks.' During the interval, Manager Bert Walsh had a hurried confab with the weary 'Young Pups,' giving them a

dressing down to pep them up for the last period. Pop Houldsworth was all smiles and was continuously emitting his well-known 'coom-cooms.' The second period turned out better for the 'Young Pups'—Bert's exhortations evidently having taken effect, for they quickly got under way and started scoring from center floor. Further confidence was placed in them by the energy of Captain Richie Johnson, who scored from the opposite end of the floor. The 'Old Crocks' then staged a come-back, the most aggressive being Simmons Brown, Warren Beckler, and Bob Cleland, who, shooting all around the basket, seemed to disorganize the 'Young Pups.' Cap. Simmons Brown eventually scored the last basket, leaving the youngsters with a margin of only one point, and the game ended with a score of 18-17 in favor of the 'Old Crocks.'"

CANADIAN LEGION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE SERVICE LEAGUE, LA TUQUE BRANCH

The regular monthly meeting of the above was held at the Community Club, there being 20 members present. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The president, Comrade J. A. Warburton, was in the chair. The financial statement was read by the treasurer, Comrade J. V. Fairbairn. Six new full and associate members were proposed and accepted by the executive committee. The chairman of the sick committee, Comrade Theberge, spoke of the committee's activities during the month, and of the help given to those members and their families who were in need. Comrade E. Davis reported that he had seen practically every ex-service man in the district, and that most of them had expressed the desire to become members. Prospects look bright for a large membership for the La Tuque branch. Matters concerning the different committees were discussed and cooperation promised, after which a very interesting meeting came to a close at 9:30 p. m. After the meeting, refreshments were served. Comrades gathered around and fought their battles over again, and enjoyed a very sociable time, dispersing around 10 p. m.

We regret to report the death of John Morgan at the General Hospital, Montreal. He was on the time office staff at one time, and up to about a week before his death, in the general storehouse. He had been working for the Brown Corporation about five years in all, coming from the Laurentide Co.

when it closed its operations at La Tuque. Interment and burial service took place at Wales, Ontario, his birthplace.

The death of James Lamos (Jimmie to all his friends), occurred in La Tuque on Saturday night, April 18, last. He had been ill for quite a while, and had recently left the hospital here to stay with friends. He had worked for the company for over 19 years, and was well liked by his fellow employees. The funeral services were held at St. Andrew's Church, the Rev. Mr. Bunbury officiating. Interment took place in the protestant cemetery.

BROWN CORPORATION

Brown Corporation Relief Association
claims paid for March and April, 1931.

Martial Harvey	\$ 79.50
Rosario Demers	34.80
Jos. Gingras	32.85
Chas. Larouche	2.53
Omer Journeault	8.19
W. Lortie	56.34
W. Poitras	69.30
Thomas Russell	29.25
Harry Price	20.82
J. Boissonneault	69.20
Daniel Comeau	12.00
Wm. Tremblay	61.56
Frank O'Farrell	71.95
Ald. Potvin	71.91
N. Morin	200.93
Alfred Beauchesne (funeral exp.)	50.00
Philias Beaulieu	16.04
Antonio Hebert	29.81
Philippe Bordeleau	7.80
Chas. Gravel	33.35
Wm. Barrette	7.73
Chas. Banville	2.50
A. Cantin (funeral exp.)	50.00
Wm. Gravel	63.33
E. Dery	11.70
M. Roy	25.76
S. St. Louis	8.49
A. Emond	74.62
W. Bouillanne	12.50
L. Ricard (funeral exp.)	50.00
Jos. Boutin	31.20
C. Leblanc	50.00
J. Labonte	42.24
G. Creighton	107.08
A. Plante	11.68
Oscar Tremblay	48.85
Thomas Garvin	74.83
Nap. Roy	24.34
Frank Dingle	6.92
Mrs. J. Morgan (funeral exp.)	50.00
Mrs. J. Morgan	13.21
H. Demers	3.33
L. H. Loken	19.23
Adjutor Lemay	135.47
Stanislas Tremblay	4.13
Oct. Gauthier	61.44
Jacques Boissonneault	76.96

Total \$2,025.67
Donations out of poor fund \$ 40.00

Executive Committee meets on the first Tuesday of each month at 5 p. m. at Brown Corporation office, conference room.

J. O. Arsenault, Treas.

April 19 was the official commencement of the summer season, according to "Scotty" who was sporting his T. E. & Co.'s Panama on that particular date. He is the first man to wear a straw hat this year, and the weather at that time certainly looked and felt like summer. Unfortunately, since then we have had a con-

siderable drop in temperature, with a fall of snow. Of course, he replaced the tile in storage again.

Rosaire is the unofficial main office mechanic, and in pursuance of his (also unofficial) duties as such, undertook to fix the time office Burroughs. He FIXED it all right, and had enough pieces left over to make another two or three machines when he had finished, not to mention a near case of nervous prostration, caused by trying to replace the said pieces in the original machine.

Owing to the present hard times, Ralph Bercovitch has decided to cut out smoking cigarettes (excepting those presented to him) and has also decided to omit "Irish salmon" from his bill of fare, and to replace his usual morning's cereal with birdseed. With the intention of making money on the side, he is whistling from dawn to dark (and then some) practising for the whistling contest to be held sometime in the future at the N. B. C. studios. Let's hope that future time will be soon, as we are already suffering from nerves as a result of his warbling.

On Tuesday, April 21, at 5 p. m., a 20-minute round bout was fought between John the Jock and Red White, to determine-minute-round bout was fought between office and the special fibre plant. Micky Walsh seconded John and "Wonderful" Wilkins looked after Red's interests. Shanty rules were observed, the only things barred being gouging and kicking, Marquis of Queensbury rules being too restricted. At the sound of the gong, seconds AND referee got out of the ring, and the fight was on. John, weaving beautifully, advanced a-la-Dempsey and immediately bored in, landing a terrific swipe on Red's nose. Red retaliated with a left and right (together) to John's midriff, temporarily putting him down and out. After relieving himself of that sea-sick feeling and getting his wind back, he again resumed operations and got a hammerlock on Red, who thrashed the air and shadow-boxed in his attempts to free himself. On breaking away, Red carried the war into the enemy's country, and after another ten minutes of give and take, John decided that he had enough and declared a draw. Seriously, for a moment though, if John had not received the blow in the solar plexus at the commencement of the bout, there's not much doubt that Red would have gone home in the ambulance. A most enthusiastic

crowd witnessed this encounter, and movies of the most salient features of the fight were shot by Fletcher.

Mrs. Nanna Linstedt wishes to express through the medium of the Bulletin her deepest gratitude to her many friends for their assistance and sympathy during her recent bereavement.

HIGHBROW HYSTERICS

(Charivaria)

With humble apologies to our educators, let us repair to the fountain of Hippocrene, and drink thereof:

E. H. B. B.: "Surely an adoption of Laius."

G. A. W.: "'S'Death! but a very protege of Bachus."

J. K. McK.: "Forgive him, ye sages, he is but young."

Ex. S. M. B.: "Lordly master of us all."

M. V. R.: "I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and careth for nothing."

E. J. H.: "The age of chivalry has not forsaken us."

OBSERVANDA

Ye Knight Wesley, surnamed Kreyton, doth adorn himself with raiment of an ancient period. The scribe hath hearkened unto a voice from the horse's mouth, that hath the wisdom of Solomon, minus his many wives, that proclaims it to be a family heirloom.

It shall be proclaimed from the house-tops, and all sundry places of elevation,

that Billy the Briton had an ancestor serving under William the Conk, 1066, with whom he was in great favor.

Bohun, nicknamed Joe by his fellow conspirators, was chief clown to King Coom-Coom, caretaker of the ancient Cash Box and Office Time Book. His chief conspirator was a cocky young pup, of Hindu (Hoot Mon) origin, and a pet of King Coom-Coom.

FAVORITE SAYINGS AROUND

THE MAIN OFFICE

E. J. H.: "Coom-coom."

G. M.: "One night I had a certain young lady out."

C. E. G.: "I'll go a lot better when I get more practice."

C. R. G.: "Who's going to buy the bars today?"

G. H. B.: "I can't; I'm broke."

G. B.: "The boys had hard luck."

W. E. C.: "Now if! Now if! Now if you're looking for a good program on, say Tuesday next."

W. H. N.: "Beggapard'n!"

H. T. B.: "Beggapard'n! Beggapard'n!" (echo).

R. G. (B. A.): "Say, how many ditto ribbons do you use in a week?"

B. W.: "Sure, Maroons will get in the playoffs."

H. B. T.: "Say, it's only 7:59."

E. J. H.: "Yes, but I go by this watch."

J. A. J.: "Where's the youth?"

D. F. M.: "Gwan, you big farmer."

G. B.: "Say, how many typewriters do you need, anyway?"

SULPHITE MILL

The Berlin friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Shirley will be interested in the following items which appear in the April issue of the Digester, house organ of the Powell River Co., Ltd., Powell River, British Columbia, where the former Berlinites are now located. Cliff Shirley was employed by the Brown Company as digester house foreman at the Sulphite Mill before he went to Canada several years ago.

"Supervising and directing the many and varied activities of Powell River's sulphite plant is Clifford H. Shirley. His experience and intimate knowledge of this important phase of paper making has been garnered during many years of active service in diverse mills on this continent. Cliff was in the sulphite business years before the first newsprint machine was established in Powell River, and tells many

an interesting story of the old sulphite mills and their troubles in the early days. In his position as superintendent of Powell River's sulphite plant he is an authority on sulphite operations and is widely known in pulp and paper circles of Canada and the United States."

"Mrs. C. Shirley's hole in one last month was significant. Mrs. Shirley sank her first drive, also on No. 1 tee. This is the first time a lady member has made a hole-in-one on the course as present constituted and the second time in the history of Powell River that such a feat has been performed. But since the new course has been laid out, none of our lady golfers has passed the sacred portals of the hole-in-one club, until Mrs. Shirley dropped her drive in the cup of No. 1 tee, 150 yards away."



NO. 1. FLAG RAISING. NO. 2. ON THE JUMP. NO. 3. THE SKI HILL. NO. 4. A GOOD LEAP. NO. 5. A FLYING EAGLE CHASING A WOLF UP THE HOME STRETCH. NO. 6. MEMBERS OF 201 WHO TOOK PART IN THE CARNIVAL. NO. 7. LOWERING THE COLORS.

On Saturday, March 7, Troop 201 of Berlin, New Hampshire, held its second annual Winter Carnival at Twitchell's public camping ground. This was held in honor of Sherman Twitchell's birthday. The boys spent the morning practicing jumping.

At one-thirty a skii dash was held. Sherman Twitchell won first place and Norman Rae second. Both boys are members of the Eagle Patrol. Kenneth Stewart and Rene Heroux, both of the Wolf Patrol, tied for third place.

Jumping followed the skii dash. The boys were given four competition jumps and one longest standing jump.

Sherman Twitchell was first in the competition jumping and Rene Heroux second. Brenton Brown placed third. Twitchell also won the longest standing with

a jump of thirty-three feet. The Wolf Patrol was first in jumping and the Eagle Patrol second.

The jumping was followed by a two-mile cross country race. This was a stiff race. The patrols started at two minute intervals. The Wolf Patrol starter first. They were followed by the Beaver Patrol second, Panther Patrol third and the Eagle Patrol last. Two boys, Lionel Donovan and Rene Heroux, both of the Wolf Patrol were overcome with fatigue. Assistant Scoutmaster Norris Twitchell and several Scouts came to the aid of the boys and soon had them back at Twitchell's. Here they were attended by a Red Cross Nurse, and after a few hours rest the boys were themselves. Sherman Twitchell won first place in the cross country, his time being thirty-one min-

utes. Norman McRae and Maxwell Stewart tied for second place and James Gravell and Lawrence Conway tied for third place.

A bean supper, given by Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell, then followed. During the supper Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell were presented with gifts from Troop 201. The supper was topped off with a large birthday cake.

After supper the boys went tobogganing. A fine time was had by all, and the boys are making plans for a bigger and better carnival next year.

We also extend our sincerest thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Twitchell for all they they have done to help us.

Raymond Conway,
Reporter for Troop 201.

SPORTS

NEW FIGHT QUARTERS

The many friends and fans of Georgie Paulin (aspirant of the flyweight title of New England) will be pleased to learn that he has opened training quarters on Mechanic Street, which will be known as Paulin's Gymnasium. He will train boxers and give lessons in physical culture at a very nominal fee. This gymnasium is up-to-date in every respect, having all the necessary equipment to properly train and condition each member under the guidance of Wee Georgie, himself, and several others, including Young O'Brien of Portland, who is a master boxer. Most of the leading boxers of the city and nearby towns have signed up with Georgie, which is a sign of their faith in his honesty and dependable qualities. One glance around the place and you will need have no fear of taking your best girl or mother to witness an exhibition. Everything is conducted in a highly respectable manner, to which Georgie sees that strict attention is given. Mr. Paulin is a boxer of the highest class and his manners are those of a gentleman. These features alone will bring success to his establishment. He is assisted in his new undertaking by his brother, Tex Paulin, a licensed promoter under the laws of the N. H. State Boxing Commission. These boys are former employees of the Brown Company. Prior to entering into the big game, Wee Georgie was an employee of Tube Mill No. 2. We are proud of him, and wish him success.

INDUSTRIAL BASEBALL LEAGUE

On April 17, 1931, preliminary preparations were made to launch the good ship "Industrial Baseball League" for a summer's cruise of competitive fun, furnishing a topic to argue on endlessly, and supplying conversational material for those long mid-winter nights to come.

T. Brown, the popular Research chemist, was unanimously appointed "captain" to pilot the worthy craft through bally pitfalls, financial storms, internal mutinies, and generally direct proceedings.

Arthur Martin, a well-known and admired player and ball fan, will keep the log-book, being voted into office by the directors. These directors represent the separate teams in the league, namely, A. Legassie, Cascade; Delorge, Burgess; Lafleur, Upper Plants; A. Martin, Main

Office; and C. Hayes, Research.

The by-laws will remain the same as last year, generally stipulating that players in a department are automatically included in that club's roster, that directors will distribute the free lance players in the fairest manner possible, such players not being allowed to play for a week after admittance. The clubs are not limited to any number of men.

The following is the first half of the scheduled games:

Mon., May 11—Research vs. Main Office.
Tues., May 12—Cascade vs. Upper Plants.
Wed., May 13—Burgess vs. Main Office.
Thur., May 14—Cascade vs. Research.
Mon., May 18—Burgess vs. Upper Plants.
Tues., May 19—Main Office vs. Cascade.
Wed., May 20—Research vs. Burgess.
Thur., May 21—Upper Plants vs. Main Office.
Mon., May 25—Research vs. Cascade.
Tues., May 26—Burgess vs. Main Office.
Wed., May 27—Research vs. Upper Plants.
Thur., May 28—Burgess vs. Cascade.
Mon., June 1—Main Office vs. Upper Plants.
Tues., June 2—Research vs. Burgess.
Wed., June 3—Cascade vs. Upper Plants.
Thur., June 4—Main Office vs. Research.
Mon., June 8—Burgess vs. Upper Plants.
Tues., June 9—Main Office vs. Cascade.
Wed., June 10—Upper Plants vs. Research.
Thur., June 11—Burgess vs. Cascade.
Mon., June 15—Upper Plants vs. Cascade.
Tues., June 16—Research vs. Burgess.
Wed., June 17—Upper Plants vs. Main Office.
Thur., June 18—Research vs. Cascade.

BOWLING NOTES

With the close of the 1930-31 bowling league at the Y, we find the same unconquerable Watt-Ryan-Riva combination on top with an advanced margin. The other league trios tried intensely to downfall the annual winners, but the gifted bowlers overcame their opponents each and every match. Any team with an average bounding over the hundred mark for an entire season deserves to be credited with the league honors. The Yanks accomplished this feat with a team average of 101.6. Practically all of the records were set by the above team. As a team they were consistent, therefore outplaying their fellowmen in every match. One was not dependent upon the other, which proved that three were victorious instead of one. The other fifteen teams had good courage and fought until the end trying to win some of the remaining honors.

The league as a whole was a success in every respect. Out of a possible 720 match schedule, 616 were completed, 21 forfeited, and 3 remain as yet unplayed. The latter are scheduled to be played soon, but will not affect the standing of the teams.

Following are records of individuals,

team honors, and team standings. Winners of each division, as indicated, will receive a trophy, also those winning individual honors.

*1 Yanks	*5 Pirates	*9 White Sox	*13 Indians
2 Braves	6 Reds	10 Giants	14 Tigers
3 Browns	7 Athletics	11 Senators	15 Cubs
4 Red Sox	8 Robins	12 Phillies	16 Cards

LEAGUE RECORDS

High single string—John Simmons.....	153
High three-string—Peter Ryan.....	372
High average—Peter Ryan.....	102.4
High team average—Yanks.....	101.6

10 LEADING AVERAGES

1 P. Ryan	102.4
2 A. Watt	102.3
3 R. Riva	100.2
4 J. Simmons	97.4
5 Art. Martin	97.2
6 T. Brown	97.1
7 S. Given	96.9
8 M. Hazzard	96.2
9 Arc. Martin	96.1
10 L. Crowell	95.8

BERLIN GIRLS' CLUB

HAS FINE SEASON

The Berlin Cubs in winning a majority of their contests on the court during the past season feel that their showing was quite impressive when the fact that this was their first year of competition is taken into consideration.

The fair basketballers started the season playing the usual six players and under girls' rules, but to meet their competitors they were obliged to change their style and play the faster type of game played by the boys.

In stopping such clubs as the Pittsburgh Comets and the Island Pond Club, the locals were forced to give all they had and the games were red hot. The fast Colebrook, N. H. Club gave the locals plenty of trouble in three torrid battles in which the Cubs fought their most heroic victories, dropping the first to the veteran club.

Throughout the season the work of Oleson and Hinchey at center was masterful and the blanket work of Captain Keating and Hayes left nothing to be desired, while the deadly shooting of McKelvey and McGillen had the fans on their toes at all times. Oleson not only played a stellar pivot game but also went out to ring up high scoring for the season. The Cubs were strongly backed by a group of fast and clever reserves.

He: "Do you believe in capital punishment?"

Him: "Yeah; if I could only raise some capital, I'd sure punish it!"

HERE AND THERE

At the Country Club

"Waiter, this spinach is terrible."

"Sorry, Sir—you'll have to take it up with the greens committee."

"Smilin' Through"

Some men smile in the morning,
Some men smile at dawn,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When his two front teeth are gone.

Should Study Law

"We don't care what you think; we want to know what you know!" shouted the lawyer.

"Well, I may as well get off the stand then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking. I ain't no lawyer."

And Kept It

Piebust: "You mean to tell me that the escaped convict lived for six days in a cave without food?"

Buncrust: "Oh, no, he lived on milk."

Piebust: "Where did he get it?"

Buncrust: "He had the sheriff's goat."

THERE IS A BLUE

MOON—ACTUALLY

The saying "Once in a blue moon" indicates a very rare happening. Very few people are aware that a really blue moon is sometimes visible. One night last February the people of Suva, one of the Fiji Islands, were amazed to see the moon rise vivid blue.

Astronomers believe that the color is due to the refraction of the sun's rays from myriads of pointed crystals on the moon's surface, but it occurs only when the rays strike the moon at a very acute angle.

Safety must come from within, rather than from without. This is certainly an essential task and it is not an impossible one. There are no learned text-books to be digested, no libraries to be searched, no laboratory work to be done. The knowledge required is the result of one's every-day experience and observation. The literature connected with this matter can be quickly gathered from the black headlines of our daily papers.—Dr. Parkes Cadman.

FRIENDSHIP—ITS VARIED DEGREES

Friendship's great stuff! One of those things you can never have too much of. It's one of the wheels that make this old world go round. There are several degrees of friendship, and there are some associations that are called friendship, but that aren't at all.

If you meet a fellow or a girl a few times, and get to know them just enough to speak, that isn't friendship. Friendship goes deeper than that. And if you've had a chum for a long time, and you like each other pretty well, and you go together a lot, and you do little things to help each other out, but still there isn't any real strong tie between you, that's only a kind of light friendship.

But if you know somebody that you like and respect more than anybody else,—if you're willing to go without things so they can have them,—if you depend on them for help and encouragement,—if you've been through some pretty tough times with them,—that's true friendship. And there aren't many real ones like that.

So if you are ever lucky enough to be a partner in such a friendship, be very careful that nothing ever breaks it, because it's one of the most wonderful things in the world. And nothing, regardless of its material value or its present enjoyment, can ever quite take the place of a friend that's gone.

—W. B. Blake.

'Snow Use

Fair One (at a dance): "You're from the far north, aren't you?"

He: "Why, no. What made you think so?"

She: "You dance like you had snow shoes on."

Son: "Pop, I got in trouble at school today an' it's your fault."

Pop: "How's that, son?"

Son: "Remember I asked you how much \$1,000,000 was."

Pop: "Yes, I remember."

Son: "Well, 'ahelluva lot' isn't the right answer."

And Who Cares?

The teacher was drilling her class in the principles of subtraction.

"Now, if you subtract twenty-five from thirty-seven, what's the difference?"

"Yeah, that's what I say," answered one of her pupils, "I think it's the bunk too."

They're Funny That Way

During last year's American Legion Convention in Boston, we are told that an elderly lady, alarmed at the antics of the Legionnaires, rushed up to a policeman, saying:

"Can't you stop them, officer?"

"Lady," responded the cop sadly, "there's an old man in Europe who tried to do that, and now he's sawing wood in Holland."

PERTAINING TO FRIENDS

A friend is a feller who knows all about yer and who likes yer just the same.

True friends have no solitary joy or sorrow.

That man is really richest whose bank account in the Bank of Friendship is largest.—Smiley.

Of what shall a man be proud, if he is not proud of his friends? —Stevenson.

There are three faithful friends—an old dog, an old wife, and ready money.—Ben Franklin.

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends but in the worth and choice—Dr. Johnson.

Old friends are best.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

Only those institutions survive, which can adapt themselves to new conditions.—Owen D. Young.

Donald (to wife at English Railway Station): "Wha'. Ye canna get a porter tae oor luggage?"

Wife: "Na, na. Ye try, Donald; ye're accent's no' quite sae noticeable."

LEADERSHIP

The following points out the difference between a real "leader" and a mere "boss," *i. e.*, one who just does a lot of bossing around the place.

The boss drives his men.

The leader coaches them.

The boss depends upon authority.

The leader on good will.

The boss inspires fear.

The leader inspires enthusiasm.

The boss says "I."

The leader says "We."

The boss assigns the tasks.

The leader sets the pace.

The boss says "Get here on time."

The leader gets there ahead of time.

The boss fixes the blame for the breakdown.

The leader fixes the breakdown.

The boss knows how it is done.

The leader shows how.

The boss makes work a drudgery.

The leader makes it a game.

The boss says "Go."

The leader says "Let's go."