

BROWN BULLETIN



DECEMBER, 1930

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#DREULING

BROWN BULLETIN

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Vol. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 6

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 Ulschoeff; 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.

BROWN COMPANY SURGICAL SERVICE

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
NORMAN DRESSER, M. D., Office, 143 Main Street
Industrial Nurses: Olive Hodgdon, Industrial Relations Department, Main Street (Automatic 340)
Bernadette Gunn, Sulphite Mill (Automatic 221); Florence Sheridan, Cascade Mill (Automatic 560)

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Open to all employees except those eligible to Burgess Relief Association

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Executive Committee meets on the first Monday of each month at 7:00 p. m., at the Y. M. C. A.

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William Thomas
William Sweeney
Philip Smyth
George Rheume
Charles Pinette
James Moody

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

"INDIGESTION"

By C. O. SAPPINGTON, M. D.
Director Industrial Health Division, National
Safety Council

Indigestion is not a disease, but a series of complaints which are registered by the digestive apparatus. Nature protests when improper food is taken, or when it is taken in the wrong way or when some part of the digestive system is so diseased that it prevents the normal reception, digestion and assimilation of good food.

Of course, the kind of food and its preparation is important. Even when good food is improperly prepared or poorly served, indigestion may follow.

The way in which one eats is also of equal importance. When the noonday meal is eaten rapidly, say in seven minutes at a lunch counter, it means that the eater is preparing the way for digestive upsets and perhaps disease later in life. According to the "Ohio Health News," seven-minute eaters rarely reach seventy years of age.

Nervous and mental excitement is a frequent factor in the causing of indigestion. It is better not to eat at all or to eat just a small amount, than to try to eat a full meal, when in a hurry or when emotionally disturbed.

As far as real disease of the digestive tract is concerned, there is evidence available that indicates that the stomach is diseased in less than twenty per cent of people who experience indigestion. This would place the responsibility either upon improper eating habits, improperly-prepared food, or improper food.

Nevertheless the day is past for guessing what is happening in the digestive apparatus when the patient has indigestion. What should be done is to take a good examination if the difficulty exists for an unreasonable length of time.

A few suggestions may help:

- 1 Find out what foods agree with you and restrict your diet to these.
- 2 Eat your meals with someone else if possible; be sociable, talk and laugh a lot and see that the surroundings are pleasant.
- 3 Eat enough to partially satisfy your hunger, but don't stuff yourself.
- 4 Eat dairy products and fresh vegetables and fruits at least once a day.
- 5 It is a whole lot better to go without a meal entirely than to eat when you are depressed or worried.
- 6 Drink water or other liquids with your meals, but do not wash the food down.
- 7 Have regular times for your meals and see that you fulfill these important appointments.

Charles Bradford Barton, Jr.

IN the death of Charles Bradford Barton, Jr., superintendent of the Brown Company Tube Mill, the organization as well as the City of Berlin sustains a genuine loss. Born in Berlin, August 27, 1900, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Barton of 106 Prospect Street, he was educated in the schools of Berlin, 1916, Phillips Exeter Academy, 1917, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1921. After completing his education, he was associated with the paper mills at Newton Falls, New York, and later with the Pejebscot Paper Co., Brunswick, Maine. In 1925 he went to Plainwell, Michigan, as assistant superintendent of the Michigan Paper Company, remaining there until August, 1929, when he returned to Berlin as superintendent of the Brown Company Tube Mill, the position held at his death.

To the men at the Tube Mill his loss is personal; they loved him for his kindly consideration, his youth; they respected him for his ability, his expert knowledge; a combination rare in one so young. To them his loss is overwhelming. The flag flying over the mill at half-staff from the hour of his death was a tribute sincerely rendered. He was a capable executive and a good organizer. With a calm, unhurried, judicial temperament and a keen insight coupled to a trained mind, difficult problems were quietly and quickly adjusted when brought to his attention, winning for him the respect of employers and employees alike.

A young man of sterling worth, he had a particular capacity for making friends which made him greatly beloved by those with whom he associated in business as well as socially.

From his father, Charles B. Barton, he had inherited a keen love of the great outdoors and was never so happy as when hunting or fishing. The woods and mountains of his native state were a never ending source of joy to him. He had accompanied his father on three expeditions to the wilds of Canada in pursuit of moose and caribou.

On September 24, 1927, Mr. Barton was united in marriage to Miss Isabel Parker Macy, a lifelong friend and playmate. They had recently moved into an attractive new home on Riverside Drive, when

he was taken ill and moved to the St. Louis Hospital where an operation for appendicitis was performed November 14. At first, hopes were held for his recovery; nothing was left undone in the way of medical skill and nursing, but he failed to rally and passed away Monday afternoon, November 24, at 1:30.

He is survived by his widow, Isabel Macy Barton; his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Barton; and his three sisters,

Misses Margaret, Louise, and Mary.

During his school and college life, Charles Barton was prominently identified with school activities.

While in Michigan, he was president of the Association of Paper Technologists, a member of the Association of Superintendents and Foremen, and a member of the country club. On returning to Berlin, he joined the Androscoggin Valley Country Club. While at Technology, he was



CHARLES BRADFORD BARTON, JR.

a member of the S. A. T. C. He was a member of Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity, Omicron Chapter, and a member of the American Legion.

He was a great grandson of the late Napoleon Bonaparte Bryant, an eminent lawyer and politician of New Hampshire in Civil War times, and who was well known then as New Hampshire's Grand Old Man and a personal friend of Daniel Webster. His paternal grandfather, the late George L. Barton of Massachusetts, was also a lawyer and a Harvard graduate.

Funeral services were held from St. Barnabas Church on Wednesday afternoon, November 26. The Reverend L. W. Hodder officiated. The Reverend Percival Wood of Auburndale, Mass., a former rector of St. Barnabas Church, assisted at the services. A wealth of beautiful

flowers testified to the love and sympathy of a host of friends. The bearers and ushers were eight of his intimate friends: Messrs. Paul Brown, Gordon Brown, Stanford Blankinship, Victor Beede, Eastman Root, John McCrystle, Robert Rich, and Bert McCann. Interment was in the family lot in the new Berlin Cemetery.

A most promising career has been checked almost at its inception. Only thirty years of age, life held much of promise for him. He was gifted in many ways and adaptable to various phases of life. He had a pleasant cheery way and a cordial greeting for his friends. No greater tribute can be paid this noble young man than that he did not have an enemy in the world. His sterling worth, morally, mentally, and socially were out-

standing features of his character. He lived a brief span, served a purpose in life, and made a host of friends by his kindness toward his fellowman.

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

Christmas Seal Campaign in Full Swing

HOW OLD IS OLD?

By NELLIE W. DEARSTYNE

METHUSELAH was 969 years old when he died; the poet, Chatterton, only 18.

What does it mean to be old? How old is old, anyhow? When are we old?

My brother, Paul, is seven. He isn't old. My sister, Louise, is twenty-five. She isn't old either, but she seems old when compared with Paul. I am—oh well, never mind how old I am, but anyway Louise calls me an "old maid." Grandmother really ought to be old, for she is half-way between eighty and ninety; yet of us all, grandma is the youngest! She plays games with Paul. She hunts up new dishes to delight the epicure of the family. Grandma's face is a little wrinkled; but so full of life and fun! Her eyes are somewhat faded; but keen and understanding. No, grandma isn't old; even Paul says she isn't.

Perhaps it is reduced earning capacity? But age doesn't necessarily have anything to do with productivity. Some of the finest things in the world came from so-called "old people." Giovanni Bellini, Michael-Angelo, Sidney Cooper, painted some of their best works just a short time before they died. Titian was painting with "incomparable steadiness of hand" until the day of his death at the age of

ninety-nine. Goethe, Voltaire, Anatole France, Frederick Hanson, Littré van Ranke, retained their creative energy unimpaired until their deaths.

Senility? Most of us loathe the prospect of continued ill-health, greatly impaired powers, loss of vitality and personality. We wouldn't mind senescence so much—normal old age with its limitations due to atrophic changes in the body. But we shudder at senility—those manifestations in the elderly of past infections and diseases. Eli Metchnikoff attributed the senile accompaniments of advanced years to pathological and preventable causes. What are pathological and preventable causes? The Encyclopedia Britannica speaks with a voice of authority:

"The various parts of the body do not all grow old at the same time, but when these changes are much more advanced in some vital organ than elsewhere the proper harmony of the system is so disturbed that the condition becomes pathological, and then instead of a happy, healthy, pleasant old age there is the picture of incapacity, pain and misery."

So we needn't be old after all! How can we prevent senility? Most of us exercise too little, get insufficient rest, live too hard and fast, drink too little water, eat too much, do not recognize or correct

disease until it has become chronic and almost incurable. Yet from time immemorial our sages have been trying to teach us differently. Some of the most famous sayings in the world are simply rules for retaining health and increasing pleasurable longevity. Statisticians say that the majority of centenarians eat sparingly. And don't you remember translating that passage of Cicero: "Nature has lent us life at interest, like money, and has fixed no day for its payment"? And Cooper's couplet runs:

"Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away."

Nowadays it is not considered the most effective means to preach the building of positive health and prolonged life by maxim or couplet. The present age demands precise and organized work, such as medical research, the maintenance of hospitals, sanatoria and clinics, and also the education of children in the schools. Such definite measures as these appeal to the practical American mind—and it is just this type of work which is financed by the annual sale of Christmas seals in the fight against tuberculosis. The effectiveness of this present-day mode of promoting a healthy, long life and fighting disease is evidenced by the gradually dimin-

ishing death rate of tuberculosis during the two and a half decades in which this method has been used. The results are encouraging. However, tuberculosis still kills more persons between the ages of 18 and 40 than any other ailment. It is still the outstanding preventable, but as yet not wholly prevented, disease problem.

The Christmas seal Campaign, under the sign of the double-barred cross, fights disease, establishes the means to promote good health, points the way to healthy old age. It preaches a gospel of sunshine, fresh air, rest and nourishing food, both as preventive and curative agents. "Medicine out of the earth, the sky, the sea, makes getting well a pleasure, and keeping young and vivid almost automatic."

CHRISTMAS TREES

More Than Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Distributed in Berlin

These particular Christmas trees are hardly larger than your thumb nail, but each gives a challenge to the right Christmas spirit. They will be seen and used by thousands during the weeks preceding Christmas, as they are used in the interest of a good cause.

You have probably guessed that these are the trees on the Christmas seals that fight tuberculosis. Each one only costs a penny and will stick on holiday letters and packages when used by someone imbued with the true Christmas spirit of helpfulness to others.

Since its use was first inaugurated by a Danish postal clerk, over a quarter of a century ago, these seals have been used to fight tuberculosis, and the deaths caused by this disease has been cut in half.

If you examine the exhibit in the Twin

State window during the first week in December, you will see what the proceeds of these seals have accomplished in New Hampshire and in Berlin.

Defenses in the form of sanatoriums, public health nurses, clinics, fresh-air schools, camps and nutrition classes have been established.

But the seals still have a tremendous job ahead. Tuberculosis remains the principal cause of death in the most important

years of life—from 15-40.

Among teen-age girls there has been a slight decline in the death rate, although the rate for all ages has been slashed in two.

Purchase of Christmas seals is a simple and inexpensive act, yet each contribution aids in building a powerful defense, which means protection to each of us, and which promises in time to completely vanquish the enemy.



PICKED GIRLS FROM THE BERLIN HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSES OF MISS WILLIAMS AND MISS DUTHIE, WHO WILL COMPETE FOR PRIZES IN THE CHRISTMAS SEAL CONTEST THIS WEEK

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

Chemical Mill on the Way to New Record HAS TIGHT GRIP ON PENNANT

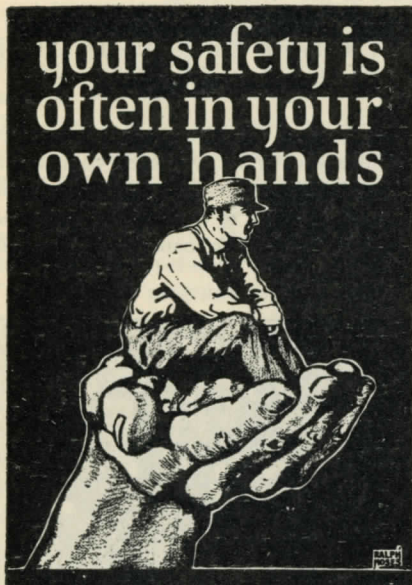
If nothing happens at the Chemical Mill before the 15th of December, then this plant will equal its own record of 144 days without a lost-time accident, made during the first half of the year.

The last accident to occur there was on July 24, and since that date the days and weeks have passed by without a slip-up

on the part of anyone in the mill. Here's a long and powerful hope that no accident will occur in the plant to mar the great record being made, and that the fine work will be continued to include the span of a whole year without a lost-time accident. The Safety pennant is becoming accustomed to the scenery surround-

ing the Chemical Mill, and is now waving from the flagpole of the Caustic Plant for the fifth consecutive month.

Sulphite Mill has been away up in the running since August, and last month walked away with second place in the Interplant Safety Contest, having four accidents for the month.



Upper Plants, with two accidents, captured third place, dropping from sixth place last month. Cascade Mill held its own with seven accidents and remained in fourth position. Tube Mill, with two accidents, also held its mark, and remained in fifth place. Miscellaneous Departments took a fall in November with eight accidents and dropped from second to sixth place. Riverside with two accidents remained in the cellar position.

NOTICE

All Brown Company employees who were married during the past year are requested to notify their time offices or the Industrial Relations Department.

LIST OF DEATHS

Sulphite

Jacob Sheptor was born October 9, 1892. He commenced work with the Brown Company December 18, 1917, at the Sulphite Mill, where he worked until his death which occurred November 9, 1930.

Upper Plants

Adelard Gregoire was born December 27, 1872. He commenced work with the Brown Company October 31, 1917, in the electrical department of the Upper Plants, where he worked continuously until his death which occurred November 27, 1930.

Napoleon Duquette was born January 25, 1861. He commenced work with the Brown Company August 28, 1919, at the Saw Mill. He later worked in the wood room at the Sulphite Mill, and the loading and sticking department in the Upper Plants. He was then transferred to the Window Frame Mill and worked there

until May 15, 1930, at which time he was transferred to the inactive list. His death occurred November 28, 1930.

SOMETHING TO LOOK

FORWARD TO

Christmas is a time to which we all look forward, even if it does shrink the bank account. Opening the heart and the pocketbook for those we love and for those less fortunate than ourselves brings a real feeling of happiness.

Lack of money will spoil a Christmas; everyone will admit that it is the hardest time of the year to be broke. But money alone won't make a Christmas as many a rich skinflint has found out.

One of the most important things for a merry Christmas is having the whole family safe and sound and able to enjoy



the day's celebration. That is one of the rewards of working safely; it ought to be sufficient compensation for being careful when the unsafe way looked quicker and easier.

When you feel like taking dangerous short-cuts during the coming year, just think of Christmas, 1931.

Frances has returned from a vacation spent in Boston.

BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Wilfred Dufresne	\$ 8.00
Arthur Clouthier	5.80
Chas. Perry	36.00
Tom Milligan	22.93
Alcide Cyr	33.40
Jos. Clouthier	4.40
Herbert Dickinson	12.00
Adelard Vexina	10.00
Edward Durval	14.00
Sarah Boissoneault (funeral)	100.00
Robert Rayner	100.00
Arthur Poulin	36.00

Arthur Riendeau	96.70
Edgar Bedard	36.00
Charles Gilbert	12.50
Lewis Jodrey	7.10
John Kennedy	6.00
Isadore Pelchat	25.00
Jos. Fealey	58.10
Alfred Dion	15.80
Ed. Baillargeon	24.00
Conrad Bergeron	10.00
David Lessard	32.40
Amedee Alensi	17.06
Sylvio Bergeron	24.00
Geo. Viger	12.00
Gerald Bowles	60.00
Pasquale Piatton	56.00
Wm. Astle	72.00
Omer Pelchat	53.20
Angus Arseneault	68.80
Frank Heath	48.00
Dana Berry	30.40
Wm. Murphy	61.50
Isadore Cowette	20.00
Rufus Helms	8.00
Ed. Billodeau	51.10
Albert Labreque	23.28
Albert Langlois	45.00
Louis Cantin	30.00
Arthur Cantin	12.60

Total.....\$1,431.57

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Rosanna M. Brien (benf. Octave Brien)	\$ 72.00
Johanna Paulson (benf. Martin Paulson)	49.60
Arthur Beaudet (benf. Joseph Beaudet)	66.40
Mary Gagne (benf. Felix Gagne)	67.60
Grace M. Sullivan (benf. T. C. Sullivan)	51.20
Calista Mahern (benf. T. F. Mahern)	75.60
Walter Johnson (benf. George Johnson)	132.00
Theodosie King (benf. Edward King)	66.40
Louise Powers (benf. Howard Powers)	88.00
Lorenzo Leclerc	10.00
Leif Thorne	6.00
Arthur Nichol	63.20
Esdras Mercier	59.20
Charles Ordway, Jr.	66.00
Murray Calking	48.00
Cleophas Morin	24.00
John Holam	16.00
Joseph Roberge	6.40
Armand Legere	6.25
Leon Dumont	16.54
John Jesky	41.43
George Stevens	44.65
Edward Cadorette	28.20
Carmille Tardiff	34.00
Fred Cushman	51.20
Arthur Rousseau	48.00
Wm. Hallett	51.20
Wesley Young	51.20

Total.....\$1,340.27



PORTLAND OFFICE



These Neen Golf Matches are great on the impromptu Public Speakers

Bob is now a firm believer in the C. O. D. principle of buying. Either that or goods sent on approval.

John Vance was seen playing solitaire with the Company's coupons. "How did you come out, John?"

Earl Smith is seen frequently with his arms loaded with bundles. It's a great life, Earl.

It's all right to have school spirit but when it costs money to have it, then it becomes real school spirit. Ask Oke, he knows.

Howard must have had a birthday lately. He is sporting a nice pink necktie, one of those kind the women like.

When you ask Ralph Dyer to play bridge, he always says he's busy. It won't be long now.

You will notice that Dick Davis has quieted down since a certain event. It takes the women to do it. The whole Gas Company couldn't before.

Clement Phinney became a proud "Dad" November 16—an eight pound bouncing lad, William Charles. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs.

The November meeting of the Portland Office Stamp Club was held at the home of Ken Hawkes, Wednesday evening, November 12. The attendance again was 100%, each and every "stamp ham" being present. Many stamps were displayed for exchange by the members, following which a tasty lunch was enjoyed. The

December meeting will be held at the home of Arlo Jordan.

Lambord is still wondering who broke in on his radio party during the World Series and swiped the key to the door. It was probably some one not invited to the party.

If it takes Printy three days to determine the definition of Booby, how much dulce can E. O. C. buy for two bits?

Mr. Burke, upon opening his desk drawer the other day, discovered a new use for web stock. The supply which he had in his drawer was converted into a very neat and well occupied rats nest.



After months of careful Cultivation, Phil Twitchell's Moustache is becoming visible.

LOST

Anyone finding the remainder of the rabbit I shot, which goes with the hind foot I have, please return to Les. Graham.

A few of the boys in the office threw a stag party for Francis Curran at Bill Barry's home on Thursday night, November 20. From all reports, an enjoyable time was had by all. Those present were Bob Spear, Ralph Dyer, Alex Chessey, Alfred McKay, Billy Curran, Tom Printy, the guest of honor, Francis Curran, and the host, Bill Barry. Babe Chellis, Jim English and Harold Chase were invited, but were unable to attend on account of being out of town. Francis was presented with a smoking stand by the boys. This, no doubt, will occupy a prominent place in the den of the new "love nest."

Our own Portland office has taken a leaf from New York's "400's" latest venture, selling apples for the poor and needy. Neighbor Googins is in charge of the apples and Farmer Willis in charge of the funds. It is needless to say that there are no charge accounts, so Ping Perry's job is steering in prospective customers.

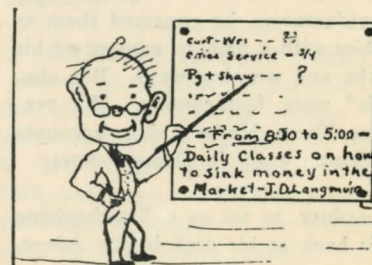
The rent has come due so "Ken" and his bride are again on the move. Let some of those valuable stamps go when the first of the month comes around, or it will be necessary to post your address "Subject to change without notice" to the list of homes where the stamp-hounds gather.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest of all is we've moved again.

"Lucy," the wild man of the billing department, has signed a contract with the Paw-Paw Pu-Pu Medicine Show for its summer tour of the Styx. Biting off heads and eating them alive is his specialty. He came very near demonstrating his ability to us but his contract price of a dollar a performance was not forthcoming so we must wait until next summer.

"Daffy" Richardson isn't eating so well lately, and his mistachio looks kind of hen-pecked. His Adam's apple got stuck in his throat from the effects of a very vivid explanation of the quickest and most effective way to exterminate a very small mouse. To appease his appetite, he chews the overhanging spears, both of them.

Our own Elmer Tuggle is now proving up, and believe us, it is proved. And how. The other day the products Sibex and



Wytex were minus and plus, respectively. Okey called Elmer's attention to the fact. Elmer's suggestion as to the remedy best fitted for the occasion was to change Wy to Si. "Why Si?" asked Okey. "Why Si comes before Wy," replied Elmer. "I still don't see Wy," was Okey's snappy come back. Finally, Okey asked Bob Agger if he knew how to tell a dumb Swede, and Bob said, "No, you can't tell them anything."

The elite took in the Harvard-Yale game at New Haven. Oh! the envious looks those tickets caused. Too bad they had to be turned down on account of business reasons. Maybe another year will bring more fortune.

O'Brien of the A. P. job is sporting rain pajamas and what a kick the boys get out of them. Phil Grover said he got cheated if he paid over a dollar as there wasn't any seat in them. You certainly have got to have a farm to get away with them.

Tom Printy better known as "Magnet The Print" went deer hunting. Honest to goodness, not on Congress Street but in the wilds of Dover.

Wise-cracking Beesley is having his troubles. Little Eddie Collie, the Mickey McGuire of the City League of basketball players is telling him about a few new rules that will be enforced in the League this year. If George and his little boys play on his floor they will play as he says or he will chase them back across the tracks.

Tommy Dame is on his feet at last and all through the kind efforts of Great-Heart English. Tommy has secured some real honest-to-goodness bovine hide foot-mittens. Just previous to Great-Heart's first western trip he faithfully promised that he would get a pair of shoes for him. As Great-Heart calls on a great many shoe manufacturers, he expected them to present him with a pair on account of his good looks and winning ways. But alas, no "souls" were forthcoming. We presume that Thom McAn's shop accounts for the Scotch grain in Dame's shoes.

Ray Gardner, as fat as a Thanksgiving turkey, is back at his desk in the Advertising Department. We're all glad to see you back, Ray.

Leslie Graham of the Advertising De-

partment took a trip to Bangor recently. Between second-hand love letters and a party named Clark, Leslie had a busy trip.

Francis Curran of the General Sales Department was married to Miss Dorothy Keough, a popular local telephone operator, on Monday, November 24, at the Sacred Heart Church. After a most attractive ceremony the couple left for a trip through New England. Upon their return they took up their residence at 236 Highland Street, South Portland.

Best wishes, folks!

Beesley, local wit, took a tremendous chance the other day, but we guess the weather man is going to be kind and let him get away with it. Yes, we refer to that haircut.

"Lucky" Lambord recently returned from Danforth, Maine, with a fine doe.

Hudson Taylor has recuperated from his recent illness and is back again with us. Needless to say, we're glad to see him.

Harvard's defeat of Yale may make it a very successful season from the Crimson's standpoint, but there are several around the office here who can find nothing to cheer about. S'too bad.

We want the fact known that "One-way Mickay" was not the only one who attended the greased-pig contest in Cambridge not so long ago. There were a few other big shots of the Portland Office who were singing in the bathtub, and who did not have their tickets given to them

Quite a few members of the Accounting Department attended the Bowdoin-Maine Game. The General Sales Department was represented by Mr. Chellis and Spats.

Phil Grover paid the "exercise tax" on his Lizzie, and says the only exercise he gets for his money is either shoving or lifting. He would appreciate a little sitting-up or sitting-down once in a while. Cheer up, Grover, maybe you can afford an Austin soon and then the daily dozen will be a pleasure.

Onco and Bunco, the Siamese Twins of the Billing Department, are taking up a correspondence course in exporting. One of the questions that gave them a great deal of trouble was: "What is the equivalent of 16 ounces of American chlorine

gas?" A certain person from the Market Research was called upon for the answer and this is what he said: "Why, you silly, bloomin' blunder 'eads, a pound sterling of course."

From a recent newspaper article, we learned that Uncle Tom has gone into the clothing business. It is no wonder that his "scouts" always looked so well dressed. Most of us have traded at Hogan Brothers for years and have always paid the full price, but from now on we shall expect to get a discount. More power to the accountant. May his business increase and his department be the pride of the regiment.

Amos and Andy, in private life, Louis and Curtis, carry on their daily dialogue in spite of the draft from the ventilator and the vault. Their latest gag goes like this:

Louis: "How is Ritis getting along?"

Curtis: "I guess I don't know Ritis."

Louis: "Strange, I thought you neuritis."

HEARD IN THE OFFICE

Walter Logan: Gee, I had a funny experience last night. About one o'clock this morning I—Say, where are you going, I was telling you something?

Voice: I know it.

BE A SALESMAN

When the train pulls in and you grab your grip,
And the hackman's there with his frayed-out whip,
And you call on your man and try to be gay,
And all you get is, "Nothing doing today,"

Then you're a PEDDLER!

By gad, you're a peddler.

When you get into town and call on your man,
"Can't you see me, Bill?" "Why, sure I can."
You size up his stock, make a rough count,
And Bill presently says: "Send the usual amount."

Then you're an ORDER TAKER!

By gad, you're an order taker.

When you travel along and everything's fine,
And you don't get up until half-past nine,
And you see each concern and talk conditions,
And write it all home with many additions,

Then you're a TRAVELLING MAN!

By gad, you're a travelling man.

When you call up the trade and they talk "hard times,"

"Lower prices," and "decided declines,"

But you talk and you smile, make the world look bright,

And send in your orders every blamed night,

Then you're a SALESMAN!

By gad, you're a salesman.

The world gives its admiration not to those who do what nobody else attempts, but to those who do best what others do well.—Lord Cacauly.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

OFFICE

Merry Christmas to all.

Pete Ryan, Babe Smith and Owen McCarty went hunting for a week at Willie Brook, near Stark, N. H.

Velma is very much associated with automobiles. She calls for them, talks about them, rides in them, drives them, and even writes orders for them. In fact her whole life is surrounded by automobiles, and how

The Sulphite office girls drew names for Christmas presents the first week in December, and the spirit is all aglow. They are looking forward to the big day.

What did Bill Raymond do with the booby prize he received at a bridge party, recently?

Pete Lafleur motored to Sanford, Maine, a few Sundays ago and claims he made a hit with the ladies. Of course we all know he is a knock-out, and the ladies simply can't resist him.

Elwin Sullivan takes to a telephone like a duck takes to water. But who is she?

The Sulphite office girls enjoyed a turkey supper at George's, Monday, December 1, and the different courses were of the best. After a few games of bridge, the girls journeyed to a miniature golf course where they gave the little colored balls a merry chase. This ended the perfect day.

Miniature golf is still a favorite sport, and it looks as if it were going to stay for some time.

Oliver Robinson has been transferred to the Experimental Paper Mill.

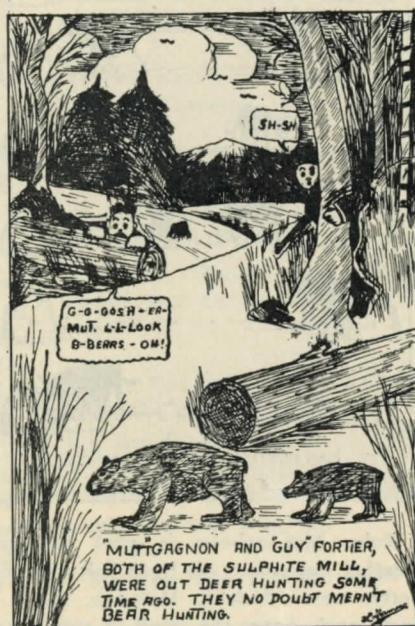
We are sorry that Bill and his pals did not get a deer. Better luck next time.

Henry Cadoret is on the sick list. He is now in Malden, Mass., for treatment.

Bernard Hanly's alarm clock failed him one morning recently, but on his way to the mill he met young Bob Sturgeon who

offered him a ride in his Ford. When they arrived at the Y. M. C. A. bridge, Bob informed Bernard that he was going up Main Street for he was working at the Leather Plant. "Dam," said Bernard, "if I was working at the Leather Plant, you would be going to Burgess."

Bill Sweeney is becoming an expert at miniature golf, so any of you boys who want a few pointers, just see him. He will give you a demonstration any time you wish.



Eddie Blanchette of the piper's crew got his deer at Molnedgwalk, this year.

Hunting season is over and no photographs have shown up as yet. What seems to be the matter?

R. Pennock, O. Routhier, Arthur Montminy and Sam Routhier enjoyed a few days' hunting in The Thirteen Mile Woods. Two deer were brought back.

It is impossible for the machine room boys to chip in and buy Leo Dion a new hat as money is not so plentiful. However Leo has decided to raise a moustache to fit the hat till better times come.

Pete Lafleur started from Cascade to go to Lancaster hunting, but unfortunately

landed in Gorham. Compass wrong, Pete?

The storehouse crew had its annual supper, December 6.

The Red Cross drive was very favorable and every dollar given will do much good.

AMONG FRIENDS

A certain bond salesman had not sold a bond for the last six months and was finally fired. He needed some money to tide him over until he could get a job so he went to a friend of his who happened to manage a circus and asked him for a loan. The circus manager said he was very sorry but his trained baboon had just died and it was going to cost him \$5,000 or \$10,000 to get a new one; consequently, he could not accommodate him.

The ex-bond salesman thought for a moment and then suggested to his friend that he take the skin from the dead baboon and let him get inside of it, carrying on in the show, thus enabling him to earn a little money.

The circus manager agreed and two or three days later the show went on. The baboon came out and did his stuff, much to the delight of the crowd, who applauded and cheered; and the more they hollered the more he pranced about until, unfortunately, he slipped and fell into the lion's cage. The lion let out a growl and started to pursue him but our friend, the baboon, for a few minutes kept out of the lion's way.

Finally, seeing that he was about to be captured, he started to yell, "Help! Help!" whereupon the lion said, "Shut up, you fool; do you think you're the only bond salesman in the world?"—Forbes Magazine.

CHARLES ABBOTT MARTIN

As we go to press we learn of the sudden death of Charles Abbott Martin, which occurred at his home on December 6. Mr. Martin was born on August 24, 1873, and came to Berlin in August, 1907, entering the employ of the Brown Company as Department Head of the Wood Room and Log Pond at the Sulphite Mill, a position which he held continuously up to the time of his death. An extended account will appear in the next issue of the Bulletin.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

The Chemical Mill wishes to extend its deepest sympathy to Mr. Barton and family in their recent bereavement.

Prof. Lapointe is still running the Chevrolet tugboat for the Chemical Mill.

Joe Pete fed his bird turkey. Guess that's why it was sick. He should have given it bird seed.

Duke Capone is still carrying a gun in the form of a fountain pen.

Driscoll holds the right of way over Jim Barnes; he knows which side of the pump the suction is on.

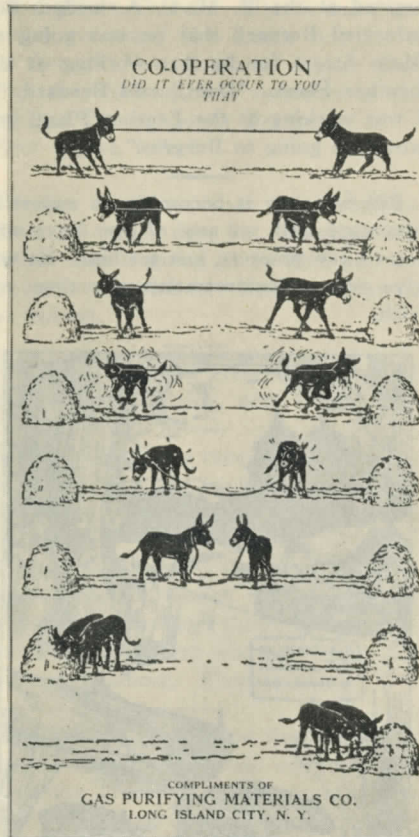
Rumor has it that Baldy Sanschagrin was changed into a rabbit by a Lou Garoux.

Scott Parker thinks that the cell house is warm enough without having Aulie talk about oil burners all the time.

Mr. Pinette had his annual fall in the canal on December 5.

What's the idea of Bill Hamel buying a diamond?

Even Anderson came in late one morning. He said he missed his rabbit so brought a couple of eggs along.



Rube McCutcheon is glad the cold weather has come; his fresh fish will keep better now. Indeed, Maloney, the a la carte cook, hates the smell of rotten fish.

Jeff Bergeron is going to pack up his car. Now he'll have to take a street car to get to his destination.

The bashful widower was at home a few weeks on account of rheumatism.

Joe Gilbert, the newly installed ash man, has a new side-line, photography. He can make anyone look good.

Hopkins and Valliere have been transferred to the Cascade Mill piping crew for a few weeks.

Arthur Lemlin is looking forward to the American Legion Convention at Detroit next year.

Duke Manton of the caustic plant has written a new song entitled, "Will You Come Home, Jill?" It is broadcast from the east side station, J.P.P.

Joe thinks it will be more profitable for him to plant bird seed instead of potatoes next year.

Perley Hall is wearing his winter clothes.

Lauze, the bantam ash man, has discontinued the building of his garage because the supervisor of the hill objected to it.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

We wish to express our appreciation to the employees of the Riverside Mill for their kind and thoughtful remembrances during our recent bereavement.

John Shepter and family.

We understand that Raymond Holroyd has recently aspired to become an ornithologist. It seems that Ray went a-hunting one fine Sunday with Syl Peters and, being like the rest of us, was a bit squeamish about wandering off in the tall timbers alone, so periodic whistling and calling were in order for the day. It later de-

veloped that Ray's melodious whistle had so appealed to a bird that his companion for the whole of the afternoon was no other than a blue jay. We would suggest, Raymond, that you further your studies in some other branch of zoology. For instance, why not study the habits of the deer? You'd stand a better chance of getting one then. This might apply to you too, Syl.

Mr. Henderson of Portland, and Mr. Pray of New York made us a pleasant social and business visit the past month.

Mr. Andresen is skipping his weekly visits, but somehow things seem to go on about the same.

Hector Lettre is improving slowly, and we send him our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Fred Vallis injured the fingers of his right hand very badly on No. 5 machine. It looks like a long vacation for him. He has our sympathy.

Alcide Cyr, who recently lost a finger

and thumb, is getting along nicely and we expect him back before long.

Eva Marois has returned to the towel room quite disgusted with her fate. Don't know as we blame her any as there certainly is quite a difference between a job in the cutter room and one in the towel room. Cheer up, kid, you will probably soon be back on your stool.

Beaudoin, our hard working assistant electrician, expresses the hope that there won't be too many rains this winter.

To those who thought that genial Mike Egan was dead, we wish to say he came to life long enough to draw eight weeks' insurance, and then went back into oblivion. Who knows but that we have another Rip Van Winkle in the making.

Joe Degrossillius thinks the towel trucks should have rear seats installed, so his mate could ride.

Henry McGillen, one of our instructors, has returned from his vacation spent in the woods. He has nothing to show but a face covered with plenty of fur. His barber must have had to use a lawnmower to remove same.

We have heard of several kinds of hogs. The ground hog, fish hog, road hog, and paper hog, but we have a new kind right in our mill, the adulterated wood hog.

TOWEL ROOM

Edna Erickson wants to know where she can find a gold mine. Copperville might do.

Anna Baker is so nervous lately. We are wondering if it's because Christmas is so near.

Yvonne Dupuis will soon do her five o'clock shopping.

At last Margaret Forest sings "Happy Days Are Here Again." We wonder why.

Lucy Peltier thinks that spring comes in December. Tell us the big secret.

Deneige Paquette had a steam wave. How beautiful are the golden locks.

If you want to start something, just tell Yvonne Turcotte that her permanent looks bad.

Alice Baker has a reserved seat at the Albert Theatre every Friday.

Olivette Gagnon isn't shaking her wicked legs any more. She's falling in love.

Delia Roy is displaying a new ensemble, black and white jersey with hat to match. Not bad to look at.

You're a good sport when you can laugh and take a joke.

Machine No. 1 looks small alongside

Florence Roberge.

Alberta Wight is back with us after a long forced vacation.

Alice Arsenault knows how to apply lip stick, kiss proof, too.

Girls, don't do any more worrying about Florence Anctil; she can buy her own bobbie pins. Many thanks.

Malvina L'Heureux isn't a bit afraid to tell you she's wearing her winter outfit.

No one has to look at the time now for Ethel Remillard has started wearing her Russian boots and white shoes.

Everyone thinks that Jennie Parent is an expert on paper by her specks.

If anyone would like to know why Alex Beaulac eats so many yeast cakes, just ask Eva Michaud.

Tony Landry is playing bridge, and how. No, not the Y. M. C. A. bridge.

Bill Therrien went hunting, recently. He brought home many rabbits and a deer. Not bad for two days.

No wise cracks for the bunch at the Tube Mill. Can't waste paper and space. (So long.)

NIBROC NEWS

OFFICE

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Therrien are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, Monic Olive, born November 2.

The menu enjoyed by the office girls at their Thanksgiving party was:

Roast Turkey	Cranberry Sauce
Gravy	Dressing
Squash	Mashed Potatoes
Turnip	Pickles
	Rolls
Coffee	Celery
	Ice Cream a la Chrysanthemum
Lena Roberge and Verona Davenport served as committee.	

Clinton Bixby has been assisting Ernie Gendron in the finishing department.

Vacation season has come to a close—Joe Teti has taken his final week.

The office girls enjoyed their annual Thanksgiving party at the "Y."

The fiscal year having ended, all have been busy working at end-of-the-year figures.

MAINTENANCE

Herb Schnare was out a few days with

a bad cold.

Aime Lettre, Andy McDonald, Henry McLaughlin and Leslie Fealey are working with the electricians on the new paper machine.

Andy Arsenault worked in the wood room in place of Auguste Arsenault who was laid up recently.

Jim Nollette suffered some injured ribs as the result of a fall while working on the new paper machine.

Our sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haggart in the loss of their daughter, **Alice**.

Many thanks for the cigars we received from Jimmy Gemmitti, whose son was recently married.

Roy Burns and Giles Tremer have been welding at the Cross Power House.

Emile Poulin has joined the family of benedicts, in time to receive his turkey with the other married men.

A. B. MacIntyre is on the injured list with a twisted knee caused by a fall from a ladder.

Leslie Fealey was a recent Portland, Maine, visitor. Owing to a snowstorm, he was six hours coming home.

Leslie Keene, Earl Caird, Jim Farwell, Roy Burns and John Smith were among the lucky hunters who got their deer.

Albert Lennon was out a few days with a cold.

Gene Nollette is on the accident list with an injured foot caused by a falling valve.

Frank Mahaney was accidentally burned by coming in contact with his furnace.

Alphonse Dupont has returned to work following an attack of grippe.

HERE AND THERE

Dan Feindel, Frank Perkins and Burt Rumney were among the visitors at the Annual Dad's Day at the University of New Hampshire.

The bridge games between Charlie McDonald and Joe Teti, Henry Murphy and Frank Perkins, held each noon in the Cascade Lunch Room, are attracting much attention. A large crowd gathers and much comment pro and con is heard.

John Perry of the railroad is suffering an enforced vacation with a fractured jaw.

Fred Lafferty is boasting of getting the largest deer of the season—one weighing 225 pounds.

PLANNING AND ENGINEERING

Norway Johnson was a recent visitor. He told some stories of La Tuque.

We are anxious to know who the young lady is that Dauphiney calls on the automatic. Page the Burgess, please.

Walter Elliott was a visitor during the past month.

Overheard on the phone: "If Sam doesn't come in until after four, tell him I want him to go home at four."

PRINTING AND

CUTTER DEPARTMENTS

Jerry Bowles is still on the sick list. Ed Stevenson is assisting in his place.

George Hawkins shot an eight-point buck for his share of the hunting.

Dorothy Covell is assisting in the printing department for a few weeks.

Dunny Keough is a frequent patron of Merrill's miniature golf course.

During a recent conversation about different animals, Geneva Fabisiak ventured the information that a porcupine was some kind of a bird.

ACCIDENTS

Dan Murphy, bruised toes caused by dropping iron weight. Rewinders.

Silas Ashley, cement in eye. Alfred Dion, cut finger on saw. Alfred Poirier, injured rib from slipping pinch bar. Alphonse Bertin, injured thumb from piece of falling iron. C. R. O. crew on new construction.

Albert Labrecque, broken toe. Wax Room.

Isadore Caouette, fractured foot caused by pipe falling from truck. Gabriel Giateno, contused toe, caused by falling pile of bricks. Yard.

BROWN CORPORATION

LA TUQUE

It is the intention of the directors to install a miniature golf course in the Arena next spring. Therefore the profits will show much larger and consequently, we will be able to pay higher dividends. We still have a few shares unsold. Anyone desiring to make a sound investment at this time can communicate with the treasurer of the Arena.

Have you ever heard our Willie at the telephone? At the start of his conversation you can hear all the boys groan. It's "yes," "eh?" "oh, I see," "begaparden?" and "I'm practically working alone now, for helpers I have few." Then he

finally concludes with "damitall" and "thank you very much."

Jones visited the curve room one day to give Don Maxwell some information. After making several attempts at it, he decided it would be clearer to Don if he wrote it down in Don's own native language, Chinese.

Kenneth Nesbitt turned his old car in for a Willys-Knight, having heard that the said W-K would run without gas. The same night on attempting to leave the club, after attending a dance there, he tried to induce the bus to take him home. But the car just laid down and

refused to budge, so he left it to its fate and walked home, a badly fooled Scotchman.

At the oyster party in honor of Reginald, who was leaving for Montreal and other parts, Deacon Houldsworth remarked that he would have to take Griffith home in a truck. Unfortunately, Houldsworth's chair slipped off the edge of the platform during the entertainment and he landed heavily on the back of his stomach, thereby giving Griffith a great opportunity to come back on him which, needless to say, he did.

It appears that the younger generation

of La Tuque can give their elders a few pointers on how, when, and where to shoot moose. William Nevin, Jr., 16-year old son of William Nevin of the transportation department, picked off his first moose this season carrying a 55-inch spread with 14 points. Good boy, Billy.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why Britton dislikes "beg a pardon."

When Willie will buy some matches.

If Wesley's son looks like him.

What connection George Braithwaite has with R. B. Bennett.

If last year's hockey sweater will be big enough for Bucko.

If George Matte likes his basketball coaching duties, especially on the girls' night.

Can John McK really box.

What happened to Mr. Houldsworth's equilibrium at Reggie's send-off.

When "Red" is going to hand over the proceeds.

What Don Kincaid thinks of the boarding house boys.

Why Eddie White thinks he can sing.

How Butler liked his various jobs for the Armistice celebration.

Which radio makes the most row in the boarding house, and why.

If we will have any new hockey players left when the season starts.

If Mac likes his moustache.

If Happy had a large enough mug at the Rifle Association oyster party.

If Maxwell works in the main office or the curve room.

If Reggie likes peanuts.

Who wrote this darn fool article.

BROWN CORPORATION

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

CLAIMS PAID IN NOVEMBER, 1930

M. Harvey	\$ 22.20
Pierre Bertrant	18.29
Horace Belanger	31.20
Wm. Trotter	30.92
Saul Gagne	76.00
Edmond Fluet	60.80
Donat Godin	50.00
Thomas Lavoie	46.40
Willie Charland	56.00
Gillis Craighton	30.40
John Doucet	5.66
Legorie Savard	8.13
H. Demers	33.30
W. J. Hollywood	56.00
Henrie Blanchette	46.40
George Anger	25.60
A. R. Pellitier	50.00
Chas. Gravel	36.00
Total	\$683.30

LA TUQUE ARENA, LTD.

Total number of shares sold to date	960
Total number of shares completely paid for, 720	\$18,000.00
Shares under payment and amount collected, 240	2,044.00
Balance to collect	3,956.00
Total	\$24,000.00

Total cost construction of arena	\$30,603.15
Amount paid on same	20,000.00
Balance due on capital	\$10,603.15
Balance in bank, acc. const.	\$62.84

Activities, Earnings, and Expenses Season 1929-30

Balance on hand, Dec. 1, 1929	\$1,339.15
Receipts for hockey	\$6,760.47
Receipts for skating, etc.	2,118.57
Donation from Town Council	100.00
Profit from special train to Three Rivers	30.90
Outstanding checks	1.23
	\$9,011.17
	\$10,350.32

Expenses

Amt. paid to Hockey Association	\$4,732.29
Salaries, Boudreault and Martel	1,107.97
Dividends paid in 1929	539.16
Victrola and records	445.25
Repairs to building, etc.	277.49
School tax	196.25
Government taxes and registration	184.50
Printing and posters	134.11
Heating	100.00
Other expenss	60.66
	7,777.68

Profit balance for season 1929-30	\$2,572.64
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ACTIVITIES

Per Manager's Report End of Season	
Profit with restaurant, as per manager's report	\$164.07
Amusement tax paid by manager (not included in treasurer's report)	605.63
Senior hockey, number of games (league)	12
Play-off	1
Total attendance, league games	11,138
Total attendance, playoff	1,277
Total attendance	12,415
Average attendance	955
City League, number of league games (double-headers)	9
Exhibition and play-off games	2
Total attendance, City League games	2,238
Approximate number skating, counting all	22,199
Nmber of skating days	90
Average attendance for skating per day	246

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

BROWN BULLETIN

PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

At the annual meeting of the Brown Bulletin Publishing Association held on December 2, the following were elected directors by their respective groups for the ensuing three years: Upper Plants, Walter Elliott, Sulphite Mill, John Powers, Cascade Mill, John Hayward. Walter A. Littlefield was elected to represent Portland Office for one year. The name of the Brown Corporation director will be announced in the next issue. Immediately after the Annual Meeting the board of Directors elected the following: O. P. Cole, president; A. L. Laferriere, clerk; and J. M. McGivney, editor.

DAVID WALSH

It is the sad duty of the Bulletin to record the passing of a veteran employee of the Brown Company in the person of David Walsh. He had not been in the best of health for some time. His death occurred suddenly at his home on Pros-



A TURKEY RAISED BY SAM BRUNGOT, FORMERLY OF THE PLANING MILL

pect Street on Sunday, November 23. His faithful service of 36 years as supervisor of tracks and right of way for the Berlin Mills Railway is a proud record indeed. In that period the track mileage increased from about three miles to over twenty. The rapidly expanding business of the Company required more and more yard room and they looked for a man skilled in the business to take charge of the three miles of tracks. David measured up to all the requirements and in 1893 entered the employee of the Company, retiring nearly two years ago.

David was born in Belleville, Ontario, one of a family of three girls and three boys. In 1870, when he was 16 years old, the family moved to Berlin. The men had acquired railroad experience in Belleville and had secured employment with the Grand Trunk. David was soon promoted to section foreman. He and his brother, Thomas, had charge of the two Berlin Grand Trunk sections for many years.

David was united in marriage to Mary

Alicia Moffett, May 23, 1880. Three children were born of this union, Harry Wilbur and Clinton David, both deceased, and one daughter, Marion Alice, now Mrs. Carroll Wheeler.

Funeral services were held at the home on Prospect Street, November 26, conducted by Rev. L. W. Hodder, assisted by Rev. Percival Wood, a former rector.

The committal services were in charge of the Masons, Rev. L. W. Hodder officiating. David was a 32nd degree Mason, a popular and public-spirited citizen. He is survived by his wife, Alicia; his daughter, Marion; and two grandsons, David Walsh and James Moffett Wheeler.

Banks of flowers at the funeral were an eloquent tribute of the high esteem in which he was held by his many friends and neighbors.

THANKSGIVING TURKEYS

All employees of the Brown Company who are married or maintain families received turkeys with a wish from the Management of the Brown Company for a pleasant Thanksgiving. This custom has been in force for many years, having been started by Mr. W. W. Brown, founder of the Company, a good New Englander who wished that all his employees should enjoy the day that is very especially New England's own.

Several communications have been received by the Bulletin from the various

plants of the Company expressing the appreciation of the employees for the excellent turkeys which they received through the courtesy of the Brown Company.

"LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART"

(As sung by Burt Sunbury of No. 3 elevator)
Let me call you Lizzie,
I'm in debt for you,
Let me hear you rattle like you used to do,
Keep your headlights burning,
And your taillight too,
Let me call you Lizzie,
I'm in debt for you.

"SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES"

(As sung by "Tex" Enman)
When it's springtime on the Island, (?)
All the folks are feeling gay;
Everyone is happy, there is herring in the bay,
Then Rory takes his fiddle.
All the P. I.'s dance and sing,
You can eat herring by the dozen,
This is P. I. in the spring.

HUNTERS' LUCK

The opening of the hunting season proved too strong a lure for two members of the Woods Department who, after several days of vainly fighting the urge, finally cleaned up their desks, grabbed their guns, and beat it for the woods with the avowed intention of not returning with less than two big bucks. However, it seemed that after the boys had spent several days of rather aimless wandering



FRANK FARRINGTON, WOODS DEPARTMENT
AND HIS TEN POINT PRIZE

through the forest, traveling several miles, falling into mud holes, etc., and not meeting with any luck, their ambitions had declined to the point where even a small "skipper" or a rabbit would have more than satisfied them.

One evening after a particularly discouraging day, they had a very serious discussion as to the how, when and where of it. However, they decided the deer were not traveling to any extent but were hiding back on the mountains around the new cuttings, and a change of tactics was necessary. Paul Dion's job back of Bald Mountain, about six miles from camp, appeared to be the most likely place. So bright and early the next morning the boys started out. Reaching the scene of action they separated; Charlie played dog and took to the high lands with the intention of driving the "skipper" down to Frank who waited at the foot of the mountain. The plan succeeded 200 per cent for very soon Frank's 30-30 was going like a machine gun. After all noise and excitement had subsided, it was found that the "skipper" had materialized into a fine 10-point buck. The question then arose as to how they were going to get



TURKEY DAY AT THE UPPER PLANTS

Mr. Buck home. Fortunately, the tote team had just come into Dion's Camp, so forthwith through the kindness of the driver, the use of the team was secured and the deer was hauled out and landed at camp within a very few hours. After dressing, the trophy was found to weigh no less than 230 pounds. Needless to say the occasion was properly observed and the boys went to bed that night quite content with the results of their day's work.

The next day the same scheme was tried, but whether the previous day's results had dulled their enthusiasm or the noisy traveling proved too discouraging, at any rate no further luck was had. They decided to call off any further endeavors and returned to Berlin entirely satisfied and content to get back on the job again. We understand they are already planning for next year.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Between mouthfuls of turkey and apple pie, closely followed by bicarbonate of soda, it suddenly occurred to the writer that it was high time for another edition of the Brown Bulletin. So here we are broadcasting the latest news flashes from the editorial room of the Blah-Blah Gazette.

One of our most prominent Research chemists attended the recent Harvard-Yale Game at New Haven. Upon his return he seemed unduly exuberant to think that his alma mater had been victorious. But even as we marveled at this magnificent display of "school spirit," our ideals were shattered as we saw this self same individual stealthily collect the fruits of his numerous wagers. It seems that money will undermine even the most noble character.

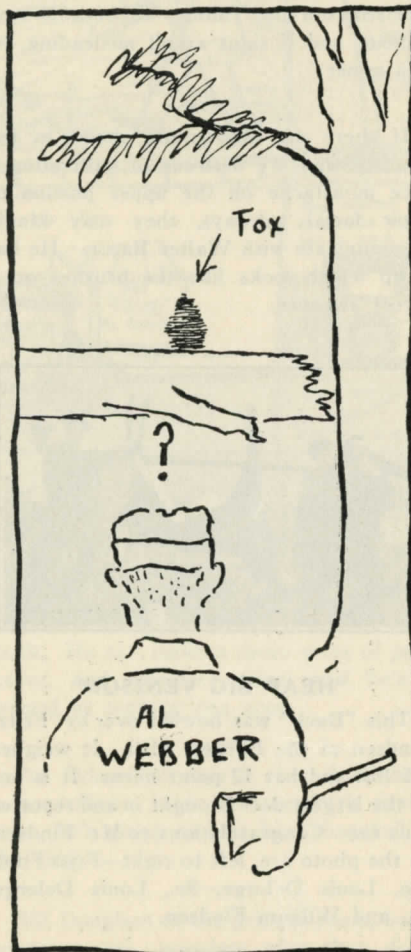
Among those attending the recent Dartmouth-Allegheny Game at Hanover were Ernie Herman and Larry Hunt's raccoon coat. When last seen, both Ernie and the coat were doing very nicely, thank you.

Wanted: Young man to secure pencils at the Research Office. Must be single and have a good understanding of human nature. Apply anywhere in the above department.

After hunting the elusive deer for several weeks, Harry Heath of the Experimental Paper Mill finally jumped a German Police Dog. When quizzed as to

which one jumped the most, he or the dog, Mr. Heath remained passive.

We hear one of the wildest hunting tales in years, which concerns Al Webber and a poor little fox. It seems as soon as the fox saw this big man with a gun he ran behind a log so that only his tail was visible as he ran along. The hunter took a chance of shooting through the log but it wasn't that soft.



As the football player said catching the 60-yard toss for a touch-down, "things have come to a pretty pass." Wishing to brush up on the latest jokes and perhaps a few choice bits of scandal, the writer expectantly entered the humidity room a few days ago. But disappointment was the only reward, for there had entered into that sanctum sanctorum that great destroyed of privacy—a woman! They have invaded our speak-easies; they have ruined our barber shops; and now they have taken our humidity room. Is there no justice?

We are indeed sorry to hear of Al Williams' automobile accident and hope that

the results were not of a serious nature. When asked whether it took place in New Hampshire or in Massachusetts, Al's roommate said that he thought it happened in N. H. but nearer here than there. We pass this valuable bit of information along for your own personal use.

For Sale: Moustache cup, brand new. Present owner will have no need of same for some time. Apply to E. Hermann, Silk Mill.

The recent clam-bake at Sidney Pilgrim's camp was most successful. Everyone had a good time except the clams, who finally got so steamed up that they were dispensed with. After the dinner, selections were rendered by the Research Quartette with the tenor two measures ahead.

We are told that if one is looking for thrills and excitement, found formerly on roller coasters, etc., a short automobile ride with one of the photo section staff will more than suffice.

And so, with these few words of good cheer we leave you until next month, at which time we shall endeavor to outline a detailed procedure of how to dispose of the surplus bottles of bath salts and that handsome tie you received from Aunt Mary on the Christmas tree.

A Very Merry Christmas To All.

Eddie, Ben, and Al.

Roland Haines who received his first turkey this year made it last a week. This is his routine: Thanksgiving Day, turkey and its cuisine; second day, turkey pie; third day, turkey a la stuffon, on toast; fourth day, tur-soup-key; fifth day, tur-kets (croquettes); sixth day, tur-hash-ki; seventh day, bouillon.

Alma Hamilton is working in the photo section while the Silk Mill is being renovated.

George Lord seems to be more or less permanently residing in Middletown, Ohio, where he is representing the Brown Company.

We note with joy that a silencer has finally been found for the boys in the humidity room. The place is very quiet when Grace Young of the Silk Mill is working there.

Ella Bolan returned recently to her

previous work on bacteriology, etc. It seems she wanted to preserve the skull of a fox which was shot by Victor Beaudoin. The stench was something fearful.

We understand Victor Beaudoin recently shot a fox. We are inclined to believe he may have used his little bow and arrow.

Elsie and Ella staged a real argument about manly beauty, the other day.

In Memoriam

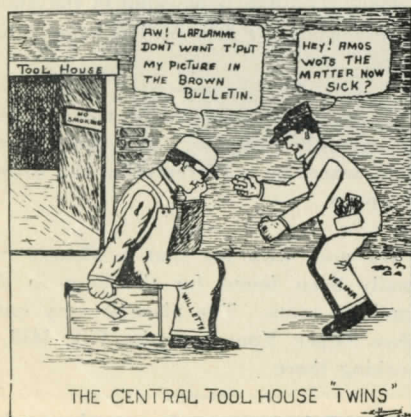
Ed. Lilley	\$1
Joe Lamb	2
Geo. Oleson	2
Larry Hunt	1
Jim Eadie	1
Alex Szuch	1
<hr/>	
Total	\$8
(They bet on Yale and paid Ed. Fenn)	

The girls of the Research seem to have only a hazy recollection of the Thanksgiving party at the Girls' Club. Twenty people ate two turkeys with a total weight of twenty pounds, B. C. (before cleaning). The menu included soup, mashed potatoes, turkey and dressing, squash, celery and pickles, cranberry sauce, coffee (as much as was not spilled), three kinds of pie, mince, apple and squash. George's Restaurant prepared the entire meal.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the employees of the electrical department for the beautiful floral tribute, expressions of sympathy, and help to us during our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Adelarde Gregoire
and family.



TUBE MILL

John Oleson, foreman at Tube Mill No. 1, is studying chemistry in his spare time, according to rumors. He stepped out in a sort of September Morn pose the other day. However, he admitted having experimented with acid.

Well, it won't be long now before some of us fortunate humans will be puffing 7-20-4's. The last time we saw Everett Christianson out riding, we became suspicious, and if signs aren't misleading, he is a goner.

If there are any young sheiks in the vicinity who are desirous of cultivating a nice moustache on the upper portion of their facial subways, they may kindly communicate with Walter Bacon. He has a lip which looks like the brushes on a street sweeper.



"HEAP BIG VENISON"

This "Buck" was bowled over by "Fritz" Findsen of the Burgess Mill. It weighed 225 lbs. and has 12 point horns. It is one of the largest deer brought in and reported thus far. Congratulations to Mr. Findsen. In the photo are, left to right—Fritz Findsen, Louis Delorge, Sr., Louis Delorge, Jr., and William Findsen.

Ted Deschenes of the bull gang, an ardent rabbit hunter and guide, was lost recently in the woods near Success. It appears that he was pursuing a rabbit for stew, when he noticed he was in a strange part of the country and the rabbit had already dropped out of view. Making stews and reading compasses are entirely different in nature, operation, etc. However, Ted chose the latter task and instead of going north, he traveled south. He managed to come out to the Success road by dark, but found himself headed in the wrong direction, and only through the kind efforts of Paul Remillard and Ted Arsenault did he escape a night of slumber among the pines. He might take a bell

along with him the next time and ring it every few yards.

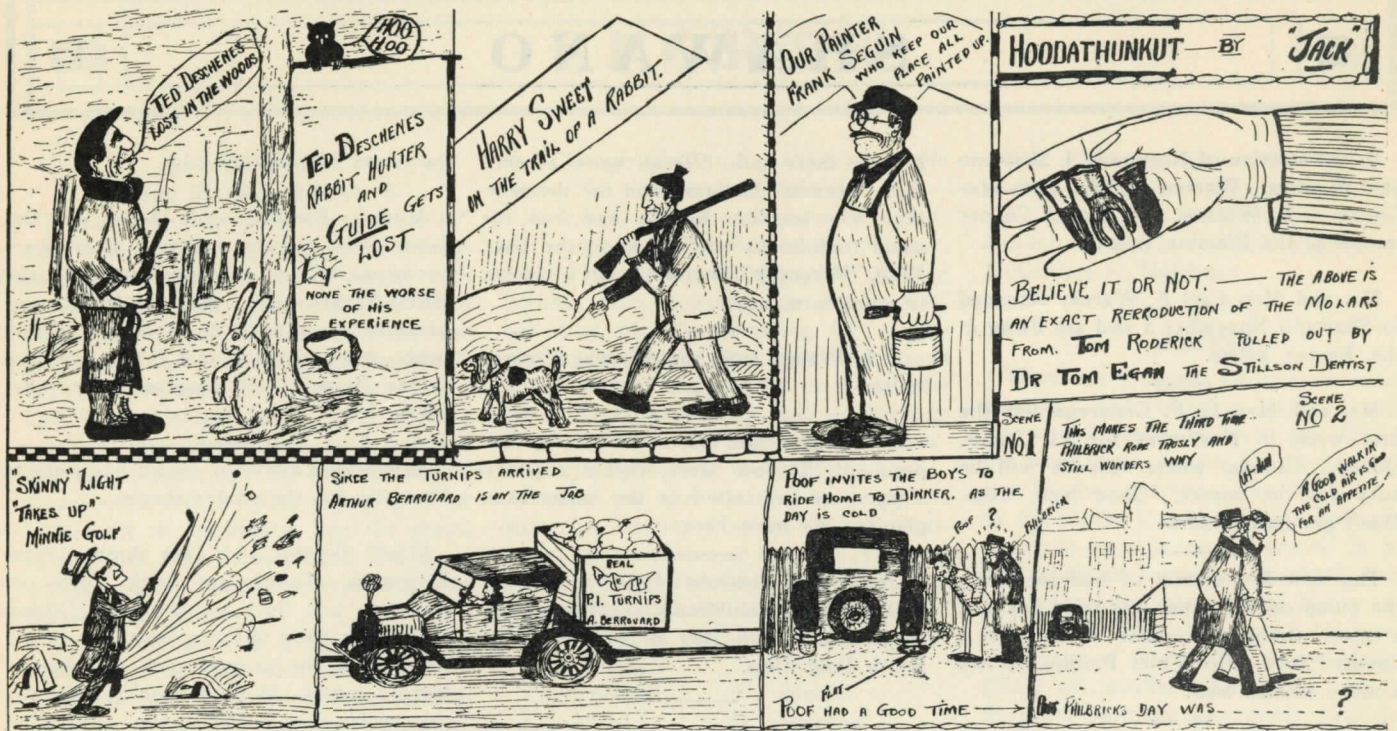
What seems to be the attraction in Errol at that little restaurant near West's Garage? You should see the smiling maps on Paul Yandow and Bobby Arnesen. Watch your step, boys, and keep out of Bill DesChamplain's way, because Clara is a fine little girl and Bill says so.

Mr. Copley, our stock sawyer, has followed sea life for over 25 years, and says the poet who wrote the "Lucy Belle" had better write one more poem and then quit. In addition, Mr. Copley would like to know how and when herring were ever caught on the fishing banks. Now, Mr. Barnes, come forward and do your stuff.

Another story of hunter's luck came in the other day, in which Poof Tardiff and Bill McGee are the principals. Here it is: They came up on two nice deer and were about to pull triggers when a husky voice called them to halt proceedings. They were ordered to leave the premises immediately or else strong arm methods would be used. They surrendered, and were later told that the deer they were about to assassinate were two pets and were prized very highly by the owner. We sympathize with these two hunters and although we cannot shed tears at this moment, we hope they have better luck the next time.

Dr. Tom Egan, "Stillson Dentist" of the pipe shop, sure knows his stuff when it comes to extracting teeth, according to Tom Roderick, who was a victim. Mr. Egan extracted two teeth at one time, performing a painless operation. Many now think that Mr. Egan has a slight edge over Dick Treameer, our millwright dentist. But time will tell. Wait until Mr. Daggett's turn comes.





At the Cascade Community House recently, Charles "Tex" Enman and Leroy Maines rendered a very beautiful ballad entitled "My Old Kentucky Home." After they concluded and all applause had ceased, a man on the sidelines was in tears. "Tex" stepped over to him and said, very sympathetically, "I take it the old songs bring back memories, and perhaps you are from Kentucky?" "No," replied the gentleman, "I am not from Kentucky, but I am a musician."

Joe Dallaire of the tanks will sell you all the rabbits you want. He has a regular ranch.

Albert Trussy, the Good Samaritan of the tank room, let "Shadow" MacCosh take his car to Jefferson for the Thanksgiving holiday. Mac said it was the first real ride he had ever had. He is the owner of an Essex (BCX).

Once there was a plumber. He was very motionless, so the birds built a nest in his hair. Once there was a man by the name of St. Peters. The mice built a nest in his gloves. No, friends, he wasn't wearing them at the time, but he'd better keep moving.

Arthur McKenzie, Sultan of String, certainly handed us a line when he visited

with us the other day. He sure can string folks along. Call again, Sultan.

Nelson Ayotte, now running for dog constable in West Milan, is a first-class cook. He can make a mean mess of pancakes, and fricassee tripe, and he's a wizard at making pea soup.

Pat Schambier says if they don't have a councilman from Liberty Park pretty soon, he's going to toss his "chapeau" in the ring.

Bill Douglass of the grinder room, beater room, etc., wonders why they don't have gum-chewing contests. Bill used to be champion of Vermont at one time. We think Bill Demers, our latest benedict, can give him some competition, according to what we see and hear.

Roy of the millwright crew is entering the fiddling contests this coming winter. Roy draws a mean bow. He was with several Maine orchestras before coming to Berlin.

Joe Leroux has some new pitch players lined up for his new winter team. When he gets in a pinch, he plans to obtain Billy Dutil, our prominent politician of Ward Four.

Arthur Berrouard, bend specialist, and East Side market farmer, says if Jerry Chevarie adds many more rabbits to his collection, he will either have to move west or move Ward Four. However, Chevarie says they are not all P. I.'s who chase rabbits but many get them. Berrouard, please note.

"Bozo" Drouin still manages to take his daily dozen during the noon hour. He looks over Riverside way and if "coming events cast their shadows before," we are in line for some 7-20-4's. Whoopee!

Bill Donaldson of the Tube Mill research, was seen in the vicinity of the Berlin Mills bridge doing the one-arm driving stunt. We don't mean to insinuate that Bill is minus an arm, of course, he has two good ones, very good ones, too. So says a Gorham lady. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling, Bill?"

Dr. John Donaldson, who has been in the background for some time, has now come to the front again. He is vending vegetables, and is in partnership with a Success farmer. Believe me, John knows his cabbages and onions. By the way, if you should happen to need a cool shave, why not try some of Dr. Donaldson's Shaving Cream?

SHAWANO

In the election of November 4, Shawano cast 70 votes. Warren Badger, Pete McIntyre, J. D. Watson, and Hunter Cooper served as the Election Board.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Warner returned to Shawano November 3 and are living in the Barber house.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Genereux left the first week in November for La Tuque, Quebec, Canada, where Charlie will be busy for the winter. Good luck, folks. Don't get frost-bitten.

The new fire system of hydrants with the pump on the canal was tried out and a good stream of water is thrown a hundred feet. Fire Chief Phillips throws a mean stream now.

Roy Babcock came back smiling from the phone November 3. He had just received word he was the father of a fine seven and one-half pound girl. Mother and girl are doing nicely. Congratulations, Roy.

Mrs. Ralph Manes was ill for a few days recently but recovered nicely and is about well now.

The night of Wednesday, November 5, the frost pumps received their first try-out for the season, the temperature dropping to 35. At Shawano it did not get any cooler but at the experiment station it touched 32 that night.

One morning about two weeks ago, we were treated to a spectacle. A yellow taxi from town got stuck in the muck just be-

low the mess hall. We all knew at once that "Peewee" had returned for the winter. We learned that he had had the usual tumultuous trip down on the boat. Well, "Whoopee" Shumway, but get down to work now, boy.

F. L. Waugh from the city was a recent visitor.

Drs. Bourne and Stevens from the Experiment Station were recent visitors. They were interested in the sugar cane planting we have here.

On Friday, November 7, the school bus took the school children and others in the evening to South Bay to see the Byrd South Pole films.

W. C. Lord made a business trip to Sanford and Jacksonville recently.

On Saturday, November 18, Mrs. H. P. Vannah with Billy, Sonny and Mary, paid a short visit to the plantation.

A recent article in the West Palm Beach Post told of a new road which is to be built from Shawano down the canal and connecting with a road to Boynton. This would shorten the distance to the city of Miami considerably. Just how authentic this report is we do not know.

A Junior Sewing Club for the children of the plantation was organized recently and held its first meeting. All the children of the plantation attended. The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Alspaugh. The object of the club is to sew

garments for orphans.

Messrs. Bartlum and Mercer of Orlando were recent callers. They were accompanied by Mr. Applegard of the Bean Sprayer Co. Mr. Applegard was pleasantly surprised to find Doc Frank here. Applegard had met Frank last time in the State of Washington some years back.

Lawrence Layton of Berlin has come to Shawano for the winter season.

"Dad" Gibson and Dan Archer from Kingsport, Tenn., are back again at Shawano and busy on the job. Gibson says when they left the frost was heavy enough on the ground each morning to track a rabbit. Well, it hasn't been quite that cold here. Hope you enjoy the warmth all winter, boys.

A new two-car refrigerator barge has been built to carry shipments of vegetables on the canal. The packing shed is being enlarged and a bean-sorting belt installed. The vegetable washer has been doubled in capacity and by an ingenious arrangement of water pipes will operate with one-third less water consumption than before.

Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Buck were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lord last week. Mrs. Buck had recently returned from a several weeks' visit to New York City.

Mr. Perrault of Loxahatchee was a recent visitor.

PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY

At the last meeting on Wednesday, November 19, R. F. Pollard spoke on "The Recovery of Chilean Nitrate by the Guggenheim Process." He spent nearly two years in the desert there. We were interested to learn that he believes this new process will enable natural nitrate to be produced in competition with synthetic nitrate. We have often wondered why the "Guggenheims" became interested in nitrate. It seems that it was

very clever business reasoning. They figured that if the Chilean government lost its revenue from nitrate due to competition of synthetic nitrate that the next product to be taxed would be copper. Since they control the Chile Copper Company, they figured they should try to improve the recovery of nitrate. Mr. Pollard spoke of a very interesting botanical phenomenon. The total rainfall in this desert during the last ten years has been only one inch. However, they have

heavy fog. When one of their pumps broke in such a way as to allow water used for cooling the engine to flow onto the ground, a coarse grass sprung up. Apparently the seeds of this grass had been dormant for about ten years.

The officers of the Society were very much pleased by the attendance at this meeting. While some difficulty has been experienced in obtaining speakers this year, it is hoped that the meetings will be well attended.

SPORTS

BASKETBALL

Alumni 50 High School 16

It was with a feeling of "now or never" that a determined aggregation of alumni basketball luminaries locked horns with the well-trained and perfectly conditioned high school representatives for thirty-two minutes of fast and vehement basketball.

The results were extremely satisfactory and from general opinion, well worth a month's intensive training, hard practice, and expert coaching. The time-up whistle was greeted with a joyful yelp of glee for it brought the realization that the object in view had been accomplished in a manner leaving few doubts as to who was of the superior calibre.

One would imagine a lop-sided battle from the score but such was far from being the case. The school boys, fighting viciously but cleanly, made each successive basket a matter of life or death.

Tardiff and Hickey were able to direct practically every tap, a factor of immeasurable value to the offensive plan. Tardiff's ability to guard the rebounds was responsible for many points while Hickey's slap board work and passing were outstanding.

All observers were thoroughly convinced of Witter's bit in the victory. Twenty-two out of the fifty points gained were from his sure-fingered hands. His co-partner, Agrodnia, a past master at the passing, dribbling, and shooting game, was an invincible ally, baskets galore resulting from his passes.

Donovan's aggressiveness on defense, coupled with a fast-cutting, corner-shooting offense was mainly responsible for the few points acquired by the opposition. When ousted by the four-foul rule, Barnette proved a capable substitute, fitting in the team work perfectly. Fournier's stone wall defense and his many passes down the length of the floor caught the school boys off their stride and as a result gave the alumni forwards an easy chance at follow-up shots.

One main factor may have been responsible for this victory, the first pinned on the high school in four years of intensive competition and the first time accomplished by the alumni since the 18th Century. That is—experience. All five players had intensive high school competition, tournament play, and four were on

the Chicago club team, which is ample reason for the results obtained.

A few words of well-deserved appreciation go to Archie Martin, the manager. Having the game, arranging for practice periods, suits, rounding up the players, and best of all, arranging for a few practice periods at the high school gym which enabled the players to master the tricky baskets, etc., so that no feelings of strangeness were affected by the participants throughout the game.

Five of the men who played during the game are employed at the Brown Company. We understand that the Portland Office will have another team this year. Probably the Berlin and Portland teams may be able to get together.

The line-up

High School	Alumni
Witter	Donovan
Richard	Fournier
Savchick	Barnett
Snigger	Tardiff
Suloway	Witter
Johnson	Agrodnia
Agrodnia	Hickey

ALUMNI VS. HIGH SCHOOL

On Thanksgiving eve, the Alumni girls were barely out-pointed by the High School girls' basketball team on the school floor. In comparison with other years, this game was the closest and most hard-fought owing to the fact that the Alumni were out for fair victory.

The game started off at a fast pace and was continued until the half which, no doubt, was in favor of the High School. This score did not discourage the Alumni. At the sound of the whistle, the Alumni came back stronger than ever, and without a doubt outplayed their opponents to a great extent. As a proof of this statement the High School led at the half with the score something like 15 to 3, and when the final whistle blew the score had changed to 20 to 15, with the Alumni on the minus end.

Now that the girls have the use of the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesdays, and as most of the Alumni girls are of the Brown Company, why can't we have a Brown Company girls' team, combined with the boys? Let's start the ball rolling for winter sports in the Brown Company and also for Berlin's sake.

The following girls represented the Alumni, so let's give them a hearty hand:

N. Keating, K. McGillen, G. Jolbert, S. Keenan, T. Hayes (Hamel) (Captain), K. McGivney, E. McGivney.

BOXING

When are we going to have some more boxing? This question has been asked me several times by some real dyed-in-the wool fans. As yet we have no solution to this problem. Each day, we see by the papers that the game is still going strong in many cities and towns. It is in full swing in Lewiston, Rumford, Farmington, and in many other Maine cities and towns. This same fact holds true in the state of Vermont. Many of these places are smaller than Berlin, yet they do good business, and every once in a while our Berlin boys will top the main go. In Lewiston, recently, our own N. H. heavyweight champion, Axehandle Bernier, boxed the main bout and what a battle it was—knockdowns a-plenty and action galore, with Bernier out in four of the six rounds. It was called a draw as is the case in Maine when two boxers are able to stand unassisted. Bernier was fouled good and proper in the fourth round, seemingly unintentional in a way, but he had the Rumford "Carnera" doing a wobble up Queer Street a few moments previous, and fouls are apt to happen when two men, such as these, get together. This scrap created much interest among the fans, pro and con, as evidenced by the comments appearing in the papers, following the decision. Should some promoter make a rematch it should draw big, and we are favoring Bernier this time by a kayo. Axehandle gave away more than 35 lbs., and was just about to perform the final wallop with his deadly trip-hammer left, when he put his right hand out of commission at the first go. The Rumford battler, half as large as Mt. Zircon, hopped on his back for seven counts. Herman Prince, one of the fighting Prince Brothers, lost a decision to Newsboy Chalifoux in six rounds but did good work at that, as Chalifoux is regarded as one of the best lightweights in the North Country, and when a decision is lost to a good man our boy must be good.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

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