



THE BROWN BULLETIN

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No. 11



Courtesy Canadian National Railways.

PLOWING SCENE NEAR LA TUQUE

The team of oxen belongs to an employee in our La Tuque mill. The children driving the team are Boiana and Stiven Georgieff, daughter and son of the owner of the oxen. They are both pupils in our English school at La Tuque.

THE BROWN BULLETIN

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Vol. VII.

MAY, 1926

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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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GROUP INSURANCE DEFENDS THE DEFENSELESS

The feudal lord in his castle surrounded himself with battlements, moats and watch towers, and laid in a goodly supply of lances and swords to protect his family and possessions from marauders and wild animals who roamed the forests. Then, life was relatively simple. Defenses were physical things which could be reared by man's hands. The family was entirely independent of the rest of the world—it had its own social system, serfs, its own church, in fact everything sufficient unto life. Even entertainment came to them in the form of minstrels and strolling players. The various families of a kingdom united only in time of warfare.

When a land owner died, his family continued where he left off. When a serf died his sons remained bound to the land of their forefathers.

Today, the enemy flies in the air, goes under the water, wipes out whole towns with chemical concoctions and mows down armies with machine guns. The complex industrial civilization which exists provides each with his little niche, but makes all of us interdependent, in fact we depend for the very ingredients of our daily bread on three or four persons. Life today is not so simple—the home and family are not so easily protected. When we die, not being serfs tied to the lands of our masters, we cannot be sure that our children will be taken care of; and most of us are not great land owners, sufficient unto ourselves, so we must make provision for our dependents in the event that anything should happen to us.

In this Company, we have a group insurance plan, which stands behind the homes of the breadwinners, and defends those dependents who would be taken care of automatically in the more simple age. This insurance provision is not only in case of death, but also in case a man becomes totally and permanently disabled before he reaches the age of sixty. His wife and children—his home—can be kept together through the monthly payments under his group insurance plan. If he should die the money will go to his wife and children so that they can protect themselves.

Insurance is our battlements, our moats, and the future security of our families. It is our defense for those dependent on us, while we enjoy the products of modern civilization.

The Forests of Sweden

A SKETCH OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF SWEDISH FORESTRY

By Henry I. Baldwin

(Continued from the April issue)

FORESTRY EDUCATION

Before turning to the actual technic of forestry and logging operations, it may be fitting to inquire briefly into the system of forestry education and the training of the men who are responsible for the administration of so large a part of Sweden. Sweden possesses without doubt the finest forest school in the world, magnificent buildings, and a staff of professors worthy of them.

Admission to the Royal forest school is highly competitive, and frequent reductions are made in the numbers, so that the graduates are all very carefully selected men. The course of four years and a total of twenty-two months' field experience follow the equivalent of a two years' university training so that the course is easily the equivalent of post-graduate work in an American university.

This main school near Stockholm prepares men for high positions in the forest service. There is also a shorter course for foresters who undertake private work, and lower officers are trained in some seven ranger schools distributed about the country. The Swedish forester comes out especially well trained in mathematics and scientific methods, but broadly trained in economics, law, fish and game conservation, etc., as well. From the positions of responsibility that they occupy, it is easy to see why they are looked upon as the most influential men in their communities, and the profession of forestry stands second to none in this country of unusual learning and culture.

HOW A SWEDISH FOREST IS MANAGED

So much has been said regarding the interest return which may be expected from plantations and the time required for certain trees to mature that many people have come to think of forestry as a long-time proposition, starting with bare land and waiting 50, perhaps 100 years, before a financial return. Nothing could be farther from fact, and no forestry enterprise can be considered a going concern that does not have some product ready to be marketed. Let us take, for example, the forests of a large pulp and lumber company for a short survey of typical forestry methods. If the tract is newly acquired it must be inventoried and mapped, the methods not differing greatly from those

in use in America. Even the largest and most highly organized companies often have this cruising and mapping done for them by some firm of consulting foresters, since the company foresters are frequently too busy with active operations to find time for this detailed work. However this is done, the cruisers' report always places before the forest manager detailed data on the area, stand, age class, site quality, growth and many other factors of each block of the forest. From this information he will be enabled to draw up plans for each working circle and calculate the allowable cut.

Most companies find it advisable to divide their holdings into districts with a district manager in charge of each. He, in turn, has several assistants who attend to the actual marking and scaling under his supervision and that of the chief forester.

In Scotch pine where the forest is mature or should be cut for some other reason, clear cutting is commonly practised, leaving seed trees. Continuous large areas are never clear-cut, for then too great deterioration of the soil is apt to occur and reproduction is rendered more

difficult. Twenty-five acres is the maximum for one area, and cuttings are usually less than five acres in extent. The best-formed and straightest trees are selected for seed trees and reserved by painting a red band around them. During the time they are serving as seed trees, they will be putting on greatly increased growth on clear, high-quality stems. Such clear-cut areas are quite generally sown by seed spots, so as to make regeneration doubly sure; or the ground may be torn up by a special kind of plough in order that the seed may be sure of finding a suitable germinating bed. After 10-15 years the young stand will be well started, and the old seed trees may be removed.

Where much spruce occurs in mixture a system 'resembling group selection, or cutting very small patches clear, may be used. Various other methods, largely copies or modifications of other European systems, are found to some extent where special conditions warrant their use, but on the whole Sweden has developed her own silvicultural systems. Planting or sowing has been one of the favorite means of regeneration, but of late years natural reproduction is considered by far the pre-



THREE STAGES IN A SEED-TREE CUTTING

ferable. The feeling is that within a few years, forest managers will be expected to secure natural reproduction as a matter of course, and seeding and planting will be used only where made necessary through some accident.

Cutting is by no means confined to old stands which are to be reproduced. A very considerable part of each year's cut of pulpwood, mine props, poles, etc., come out in the form of thinnings and improvement cuttings, which do not break the upper canopy. Doubtless it is otherwise very inconvenient, but, fortunately for forestry, the lack of native coal makes charcoal in great demand, and quantities of the small trees removed in thinning, together with tops are made into charcoal on the spot or are bundled and floated to charcoal kilns. Thinnings begin about the 30th year and are repeated at intervals of from five to ten years until the stand is about to be reproduced, when it is given a very heavy thinning to stimulate crown development and seed production before the final cutting and also to stimulate growth on the remaining crop trees.

The vital part of forest management is, of course, the actual marking of the cuttings. Every tree to be cut is carefully stamped with a special axe. Marking crews consist of several men who not only mark trees indicated by the leader, but measure and tally all trees to be cut, so that exact information is to be had of the number and sizes of all trees to be logged in any season.

Felling and hauling is always done by contract, much as in this country. Piece work to the minutest detail is very popular. One-man "bow-saws" are the usual tool for felling, and a greater daily output per man is claimed than for a two-man saw. Double-bitted axes are unknown. Most workmen are permanently domiciled on the forest where they work. It goes without saying that stumps are cut very low—practically at the ground—snow being shoveled away if necessary. A most unique and very valuable feature of Swedish logging practice is a special workman

for marking where each felled tree should be cut into logs so as to secure the maximum value from it. Quite complicated rules, which the company issues in printed form, govern this matter, and even these may be changed from time to time during logging, should market conditions change. It is essential that the man responsible for such work be experienced and familiar with different rots and methods of manufacture. Thus sawlogs, ties, pulpwood, mine props, charcoal wood, and fire wood may all be cut from the same tree depending on its size and quality. One such man can take care of from five to eight choppers. Sawlogs, ties, mine props and sulphate pulpwood are cut from Scotch pine; and sawlogs, sulphite and ground-wood pulpwood from spruce.

Since nearly all logs are driven, various means are taken to facilitate drying of the logs so as to reduce losses from shrinkage. One of the commonest of these is barking. Pine is generally barked entire, spruce in strips only. Although barking is done in winter when the bark peels with difficulty and barking composes 40% of the cost of felling and log making, most loggers are firmly convinced of its advantages and insist upon it.

River-driving is very similar in all aspects to that in northeastern North America, except that greater attention is paid to river improvements in Sweden.

DITCHING OF BOGS

Despite the large area of well-managed forests a very large fraction of the country—some 36%—is classed as waste or unproductive land. Probably the greater part of this consists of large peat bogs and swamps where acceptable forest growth is impossible. By proper ditching some classes of bogs may be converted into fertile agricultural land or at least into productive forest. One of the most remarkable things about private forestry in Sweden is the extent to which ditching of bogs has been carried out. Several hundred square miles have already been added to the area of productive forest in this manner by private companies.

All modern Swedish pulp and lumber companies are organized on the principle of the coordination of forest industry. In other words, no sawmill is contemplated that will not have a soda pulp mill or acid plant in connection to utilize its waste. The commonest arrangement is a sulphite mill, sawmill and sulphate or soda mill, each of the pulp mills using a certain amount of sawmill waste besides logs especially cut and stamped for them in the woods. It is by such systematic organization that Swedish forest industry has been able to get the most out of the forest



CHARCOALING WOOD WASTE IN THE FOREST

with the least waste, and this in turn means that it pays more and more to put care and thought on keeping the forest in the best possible condition, and making every acre produce the maximum in quality and quantity.

FOREST RESEARCH

A natural consequence of the growth of forest industries and the attention paid to forestry has been a stimulation of investigation in all branches of forestry. Previous to the opening of the 20th century Germany, Austria, and Switzerland were perhaps foremost in forest research. Since then progress in Sweden makes her a leader in this field. Over 1000 permanent sample plots have been established by the Government Forest Experiment Station, a model of its kind, for the purpose of studying the effects of various treatments; and the zeal with which foresters in private practice independently carry out exhaustive pieces of basic research is an encouraging sign of the progressive atmosphere in forestry circles.

FORESTRY ASSOCIATIONS

Certainly the Swedish Forestry Association is responsible for much of the progress of forestry during the last quarter century. Besides issuing admirable technical journals and other publications it holds large field meetings every year, and a forest week is held early in the spring when meetings of all related associations are also held. Another large forestry association exists in northern Sweden, besides several serving more special interests.

In conclusion it may be well to point out briefly some of the causes which seem to underlie the great development of Sweden's forest industry and why it has been so successful. The main causes are three:

1. The composition of the forest.
2. The other natural resources of the country or the lack of them.
3. The geographical and economic situation with regard to markets.

The very simplicity of the forests has worked in their favor. The absence of



HOMESTEAD OF A FOREST WARDEN IN NORTHERN SWEDEN

hardwoods, which so frequently choke the ground after logging in New England, makes possible pure stands of conifers and high yields. Dealing with but two principal species simplifies forest management.

The lack of coal in Sweden has thrown the burden of fuel production on the forest, with the result that more intensive forestry can be practised and the production increased. The rise of the iron and steel industry in Sweden gave a great stimulus to the production of charcoal. Instead of exhausting the forest, satisfactory reproduction was obtained, and the productive yield actually increased in spite of increasing demands.

Thirdly, the situation of Sweden near countries of dense population, and in nearly every case wood-importing countries, early fostered the lumber-export trade and even more so the pulp and paper industry. Markets are nearly always the controlling factor in the spread of forestry.

Historical and political causes have also had their share in guiding the development of Swedish forestry. With but a small fraction of her land suited to profitable agriculture and with a climate and soil favorable to forest growth, Sweden has been able to surpass in wealth and culture during the last half-century many lands enjoying more fertile soil and a less rigorous climate. Wise recognition of the fact that all prosperity within the country was directly or indirectly dependent on rational management of her forests enabled Sweden to withstand the financial crisis caused by the war better than any other European country, and permits her now to continue indefinitely as one of the great purveyors of forest products to the markets of the world.

THE SITUATION IN NEW ENGLAND COMPARED TO THAT IN SWEDEN

In the light of European experience it may be well to turn for a moment to the Western World, and see how we can benefit by what has been done and learned in Scandinavia. The original forests of New England probably consisted of far heavier stands than ever grew in Sweden, since the soils were better, and climate equally, if not more favorable. White pine is capable of attaining larger sizes, so far as is known, than Scotch pine. In the settled parts of New England forests were cut and burned, and so were they in Sweden, but several factors operated to produce—from the standpoint of wood-using industries—less valuable stands of second-growth timber than in Sweden. First, as before suggested, the composition of the forest has played a very great role. It is a complex problem, and as yet

little investigated in this country, so just how important it is cannot be stated. In Sweden the climate and soil are such that hardwood or broad-leaved trees are not abundant. The summer warmth is insufficient for the maturing of seed of such species as our sugar maple. This applies also to many hardwood shrubs; relatively few species are present, growth is not rapid, and they rarely become serious competitors with conifers. Owing to their scarcity, hardwood trees are cut and utilized very closely for fuel, further reducing their number.

In New England, the case is different as a glance will show. In many places the productive power, if one may use the term, of the soil is so great that the slightest opening in the forest is crowded with thousands of stems of hardwood trees and shrubs. The greater demand for softwood trees has stripped the country of them, leaving in many cases no seed trees, so that vast areas have become little better than brush thickets. When travelling anywhere in New England, but more especially in the southern part, the majority of the forested land seen consists of scrubby gray birch and maple sprout land, producing little, if any income to the owner. Huge tracts have been burned, and the more valuable species replaced by so-called weed trees. Forest fires still burn considerable areas each year and further impoverish the soil and reduce production. In a land lacking other sources of fuel these hardwood stands have a value even exceeding that of better softwood timber. Americans are accused, often rightly, of being a wasteful nation, but we cannot be sure that any other nation would have treated its forests much differently, if endowed with such a wealth of natural resources.

MARKETS THE MAIN PROBLEM

Long before the last of the virgin forest had been exploited, cheap coal began to be available to the Northeast, and permanently took the place of wood as fuel for many purposes. The market for fuelwood today continues to be limited, the distribution unorganized and unimportant. Yet millions of cords are wasting in our woods today; tops and branches remaining after sawlogs have been cut, dead and down timber, and young stands which could be thinned and many trees removed which otherwise would die of suppression—all this without reducing the stock of trees suitable for sawtimber, which should be conserved and grown for high quality lumber. Thus we have the paradox that our forests are not being cut heavily enough—for fuelwood and other low-

grade material. On the other hand the forest capital composed of the better grades and softwood timber in general is rapidly being reduced. The abandoning of large numbers of farms has still further curtailed the consumption of lower quality wood, since farms in all countries are among the greatest consumers of wood. Even better lumber is at a disadvantage in New England. Lumber from the south and west is shipped into the east at a price which makes local manufacture unattractive, and diverts clear logs into pulpwood. Well-coordinated markets for all forest products are of the highest importance in enhancing forest production. Slow-growing and defective trees and stands must be cleared away to make room for fast-growing or valuable trees.

THE PRESENT SITUATION AND FUTURE OUTLOOK IN NEW ENGLAND

The great concentration of the pulp and paper industry in the Northeast makes increased pulpwood production of vital importance. Here are lands suitable for wood-growing and tree species capable of high yields. While since 1860, owing to the opening up of western lands, some three to four million acres of farm land has been abandoned in the New England states, it seems now quite probable that the area of cultivated land may slightly increase with increasing population. It is improbable that much of the area now forested will be needed for this purpose in the next few generations. The pulpwood forests of New England are now being cut about twice as fast as they are growing, but so much of the cut and growth must be allotted to over-mature timber that the situation would not be so alarming if satisfactory restocking was taking place. Such is distinctly not the case. With reasonably skillful forest management it has been estimated that the growth could be brought up to over double the present cut on the softwood types alone, or an amount nearly equal to the total pulpwood consumption of the entire country, including imported wood. If an average annual production of 58 cu. ft. per acre can be attained, as is estimated, under our growing conditions, as against but 24 cu. ft. in Sweden, the future is indeed bright for the pulp and paper industry. The next decade should be marked by an increasing movement to stimulate the growth of pulpwood on lands permanently devoted to timber-raising. If active measures are not begun now, a period of more or less serious shortage is bound to appear.

(Continued on Page 24)

ON TO PARIS!

THEY are going over there again! The greatest democratic army the world has ever known will send 30,000 representatives back to France in 1927. There they will celebrate the tenth anniversary of the entry of the United States into the World War with a convention of The American Legion in Paris. They will pay homage to the thousands of their comrades who lie buried in the soil of France, "The Second A. E. F."

Men who wept bitter tears when the armistice was signed because it meant that they would not reach France; men who trailed into Germany behind the fleeing battalions of the Kaiser; men who fished the North Sea for mines; men who fought the war in spruce forests; mothers whose sons went over never to come back; wives whose husbands grow wistful and laconic whenever France is mentioned; men and women now on the farms and in the cities, the factories and the offices of the nation, are planning to go to France in September, 1927, not all of them, but 30,000, the greatest peace time pilgrimage in history.

The Paris convention of The American Legion is not a mere vague ambition. Definite, practical plans for it are being made by the France Convention Travel Committee of the Legion. It has received the endorsement of President Coolidge. From France has come an official invitation from the French people signed by Aristide Briand, premier of France. Congress has set an example to the employers of the nation by taking steps to insure the ex-service governmental employees ample

time to make the trip in 1927. All that is needed is for the Philadelphia Convention to authorize the movement when the Legion convenes there next October.

More than any other convention the Legion has ever held, the Paris gathering will be the most democratic and representative of all, the Convention committee has determined. To make this ambition possible the committee is urging veterans to do three things. First: Join the Legion, for only those who are members of the Legion or the Legion Auxiliary in both 1926 and 1927 will be entitled to avail themselves of the special rates that the trip will offer. Second: Save methodically and regularly, preferably by weekly deposits in one of the more than 400 American Legion Savings Clubs established in all parts of the country. This will insure adequate funds for the trip. Third: Consult with their employers and make some arrangement whereby it will be possible to obtain at least four weeks' vacation in 1927.

"No matter how much a veteran wants to go, no matter how much he deserves to return to France, he will be disappointed unless he is a member of the Legion for both 1926 and 1927; unless he provide a minimum of at least \$300; and unless he can secure at least four weeks' vacation in 1927," declared Bowman Elder of Indianapolis, Indiana, chairman of the France Convention Travel Committee.

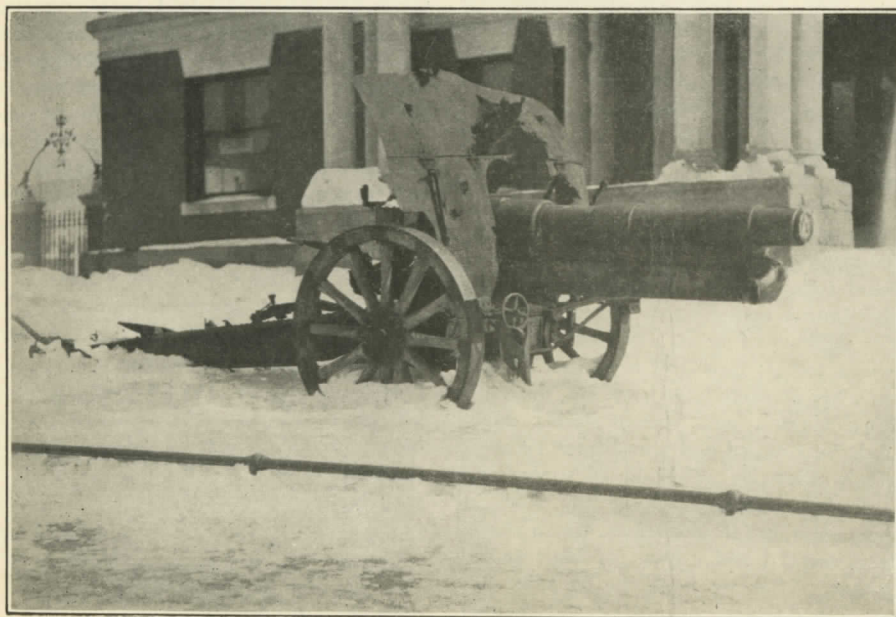
To aid veterans in every way the Legion has arranged unusually low rates, with a minimum of about \$175, which includes ocean passage both ways, housing and transportation in France and a trip to an

American battlefield and an American cemetery. Thus it will be possible for the entire trip to be made on as little as \$300.

Though it is more than a year before the actual embarkation for France, Legionnaires must begin saving now, is the advice of the France Convention Committee. The longer the delay the more difficult it will be to amass the required sum. Five dollars a week, starting now and deposited regularly until the first of September, 1927, will produce only a little more than the minimum amount required. A month's postponement means a substantial increase in the weekly deposits necessary. The only way that the average veteran, the man of modest means, can pile up the necessary \$300 is by periodic, systematic saving. You cannot lose by saving. If at the last minute you find that you cannot go the money you have deposited with the interest it has gained, will be yours to apply to some other purpose. The essential point that the France Convention Committee wishes to bring home to the tens of thousands of veterans who want to go back to France, is that they must save and must begin saving now.

Seven great steamship lines are co-operating in the provision of twenty-four luxurious vessels which will sail from seven designated ports. Railway lines in America will give special low rates to and from the ports of embarkation. The embarkation will be carried on by states, each state being assigned to a specific port, ranging from Montreal on the north to Houston or Galveston, Texas, on the south, and including Boston, New York, Hampton Roads, Charleston and Jacksonville. In spite of the low rates offered, the maximum of comfort and luxury will characterize the Legion Armada on the cruise to France. It will be a complete contrast to the transports of other days. There will be seven days in France, with Paris as headquarters, not the grief-ridden, tense Paris of war days; but the gay, brilliant, debonaire Paris; not an M. P. in sight; democratic, pleasure-loving Paris, the lode-stone of travelers from all the world.

Paris will welcome the 30,000 veterans; representatives of the people who came to her assistance ten years before. But it will not welcome those who merely want to go and do nothing. The Legion is doing and will do its full part. Co-operation is being given generously and enthusiastically. But no veteran will go to France next year who does not liberally plan to go by making his Legion membership secure; by saving his time and his vacation for France in 1927.



BERLIN'S WAR TROPHY

BROWN CORPORATION

BERSIMIS

Several moons have come and gone since any news of the doings of our North Shore municipality has appeared in the Bulletin. Although we sent in some copy, we understand that it was cut in order to make space for a highly instructive article by Wallace Burgess. After reading the article we wish to congratulate Wally upon his literary endeavors and hope to see more of his stuff in the future. We at Bersimis can fully appreciate the hardships that Wallace and party went through on his trip to the headwaters of the Liberty River. We saw them when they arrived in civilization.

We have recently received through the courtesy of the Quebec office, several copies of a book entitled "Hints for Pulp Wood Scalers." This very instructive work was written by Philip Prince of the Brown Corporation and is certainly a masterpiece in its line. We would recommend it to anyone interested in the scaling of pulp wood.

On March 25th, the S. S. Manicougan made her first spring crossing from Rimouski wharf to Bersimis. The trip was made in five and one-half hours, and the captain says he had a fine crossing and encountered very little ice in the river. He left the following day for Rimouski with about seventy-five passengers, the

most of whom were company jobbers returning to their homes. While at Bersimis recently we were told that the Manicougan claims to be the fastest ship in the North-Shore trade. While we are willing to grant that she is the fastest at the present time, we hope that either her captain or some of her crew will come and see us after our own flagship, the Lewis L., has arrived. We also hope that they will not forget to bring any spare change that they may have as we are nearly broke and need the money. We know of no easier way of making a few pennies than by backing the Lewis L. It is our opinion that the only time that the Manicougan can pass the Lewis L. is when said Lewis L. is at anchor. And we don't mean maybe.

Dan J. O'Hurley, better known as "Two Blankets," passed the Easter holidays in St. Giles and Quebec City. We understand that while in the Ancient Capital, Dan invested in a small piece of jewelry. How about it, Dan?

"In Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love." So the poets say. I wonder if they mean love by telegraph? How about it, Short?

Dame Rumor has it that our store house manager has been bitten by the love bug. Judging from the highly perfumed letters

we find in the mail sack addressed to him, we believe the famous old Dame is right. What do you say, Charlie?

On March 30th, the S. S. Guide hove to off the Port of Bersimis long enough to discharge passengers and freight for the Brown Corporation. Among the first-cabin passengers was Joe Daw, of the Quebec office engineering department. Mr. Daw has recently returned from a vacation spent in Merrie England amid the scenes of his childhood. In an exclusive interview to the representative of the Bulletin, Mr. Daw stated that conditions in the Old Country were very much improved, and that as far as he could learn the Prince of Wales had not fallen off his horse of late. Mr. Daw also said that he had heard of no movement on the part of the English people to make Andy Volstead, famous in cold water circles, prime minister. Mr. Daw will remain with us for a time and personally supervise the new construction at the Bersimis River loading plant.

Work at the Bersimis River loading plant has been progressing very rapidly under the efficient direction of Frank Miller. Tents have been erected, and preparations have been made for the new work.

Vincent Benault, formerly of the scaling gang, has been promoted to cook at the River Camp. Well, Vincent, the new hospital is nearly ready for patients.

Alphonse Latto has resigned his position as right-hand man for Donald Greig, and has left for summer fishing on the Labrador. Good luck, Al. Send us a herring once in awhile.

Charlie Houde, of the scaling gang, has left for a short vacation to be spent in his home city, Quebec. After inspecting the Ancient Capital for a short time, Charlie will return for the spring drive.

H. C. Sullivan, of the scaling gang, has severed his connections with the Brown Corporation and departed for the land of the free and the home of the dry.

Philip LaFrancois, of the store house, has purchased a large supply of crow bait.



CUTTING-UP MILL NOW STANDS HERE

Philip expects a very successful summer hunting crows.

Pierre Dechane, our local chief of police, has been confined to his residence on Girard avenue for the past few days with a mild case of the heaves. He is progressing favorably, however, and we expect to see him back on the job within a few days.

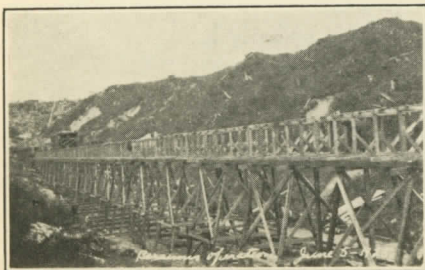
Cal J. Prairie, the famous North Shore tenor, is in Quebec at Lamsons Cove. Cal is putting the loading gear in shape for the coming summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Johnson have left for a short vacation to be spent in Toronto and vicinity.

Philip Girard and William Parry, two respected residents of this town, have removed their families to Manicougan where they will make their future home.

Lt. Shotgun Genecaux, of the Canadian Rifles, claims that he has been taken in by a slick correspondence outfit. He saw an ad in a magazine where a company offered to teach the piano for four dollars. Shot sent the four dollars, but to date has received no piano. I once knew a fellow who bought the Statue of Liberty.

On the night of March 27th, some person or persons entered the company's stables at Papinachois and painted a valuable horse, belonging to I. Girard, blue. When discovered the following morning by Mr. Girard's son, Phillip, the horse bore a slight resemblance to a zebra. Although we have never seen a blue zebra (not being addicted to drinking moonshine), we must admit that the artist knew his business. Although we do not believe in painting a horse or any other animal, we are obliged to admit that it was a work of art. The eloquence of Mr. Girard, upon viewing his steed, would have done credit to William Jennings Bryan in his palmist days.



PARTLY COMPLETED SLUICE LINE

\$200 REWARD
\$200 reward will be paid for information leading to the apprehension of the persons who entered the Brown Corporation stables and painted my horse. This act was committed some time during the night of March 27th. An additional reward of \$10 will be given to any person who will furnish information as to the vendor of the paint.

Signed, Chisel Chin Girard.

After a very successful season, the Papinachois hockey team has been disbanded. Although formed late in the season the team had a very successful year. Now that the hockey season is over, the

CANADIANS ON LEAVE

By REGINALD BANCROFT COOKE

I.

JULY the twenty-second. Gay Paree.
Dear Bob: I write you these few lines to say
I got my leave at last, and yesterday
I landed here. Great guns, you ought to be
In Paris with us! I can tell you she
'S a corker. Talk about the Great White Way!
Why, all that sort of thing is simply play
Compared to Paris and the sights you see

Round here. Last night, for instance, Jack and me
Was walking on the Place de—de la—Say,
You know; where Bony's big artillery
Began to operate, and Nelson—he
Soon had enough, I guess—and just as we . . .
But I must go. I'll write another day.

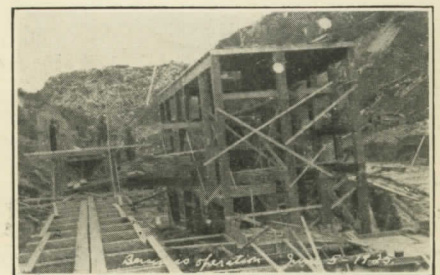
II.

JULY the twenty-ninth. The same Paree.
Dear Bob: I think I wrote last week to say
I was on leave down here, but anyway
I'm writing now to tell you Jack and me
Is properly fed up with all this spree.
Shows and champagne's all right as long as pay
Is plentiful, but thank the Lord to-day
We're clearing out of here and hope to be

Back with the boys next week, back in the fray,
Watching the flares on bully beef and tea.
Enough for now; I'm bocoo fatigay.
So here's good luck to you across the sea.
And Bob, look here, if I come through O. K.,
Just tell the folks it's old St. John for me.

Copyrighted, 1925, by Reginald Bancroft Cooke.

manager of the Papinachois Athletic Association wishes to announce that the Club will run a series of boxing bouts and wishes that all boxers would hand their names in to the office.



MILL UNDER CONSTRUCTION



BEGINNING THE SLUICE LINE

Famous sayings by famous scalers.

Put two blankets on the horse, Happy.
—D. J. O'H.

Kind of prosperous.—C. F. H.

S'all right.—J. L. M.

And I don't mean maybe.—H. C. S.

Wee Donald Greig, of the forestry department, has returned from a two weeks' cruise on the upper Bersimis. Don reports a great deal of snow in the woods.

Commencing next month the Bulletin will have a new reporter in the North-Shore municipality. The present reporter has resigned and is leaving for warmer climes. As "Smiler" Riley used to say for the "green medders."

Farewell to the land of my work and my worry, That arose and foreshadowed the North Shore with her fame.

She abandons me now, but the pages of her jobbers' story,

The brightest and darkest, are filled with my fame.
Yes, but why the rush?

Well, having run out of news we will conclude these "Flashes from the Northern Lights."

Later. As we go to press we are sorry to hear that our North Shore Sheik, Joe Murphy, is confined to his bed with a slight attack of the grippe. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Legion of the North Shore.

LA TUQUE

In Review—April 12th

Our hockey team won the St. Maurice

Valley Hockey League Championship and then went down to a glorious defeat fighting the St. Francis Xavier team in the Provincial play off. The men's basketball league was a fizzle, but the Ladies' League finished a very successful season, the Canadians winning out after a hard battle. Easter and the Elks' Ball are over, and everybody is restored to normal health once more. The crows are here in thousands, safe in the knowledge that there is no JACK MINER here. In fact winter is past and all we have to do now is to take our yeast regularly, collect cigarette cards, overhaul our fishing tackle, and wait in patience for Fred Gilman's EARLY SPRING.

Picotte: The next time you open the steam valve in the lab., leave out the Charleston.

What is the matter with Willie? Evr since he got married he is on sick leave three weeks out of four.

We are grieved to announce the death of Arthur Tremblay, who died on March 29th, of heart disease. He had been continually in our employ as yard foreman from December, 1910, to the time of his fatal illness one month previous to his death. We wish to convey our sympathy through this page to his wife and children.

Service a la Retail Department

Eddy Butler ordered a load of wood by telephone from the retail department and on turning around from the phone was asked by the wood-delivery man where he should put the wood. Some efficiency.

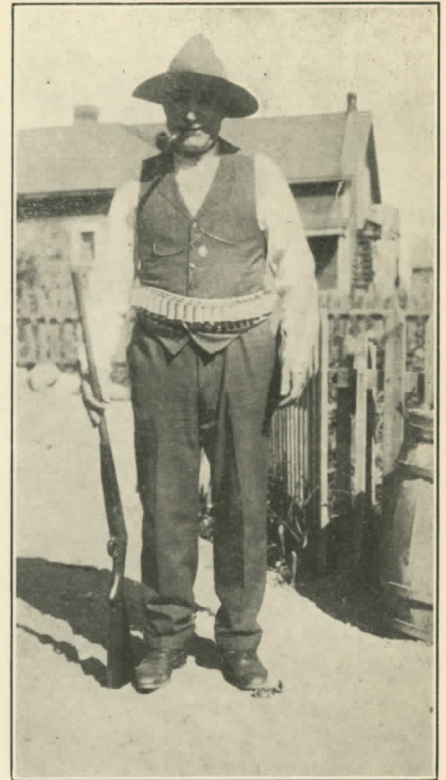
MOTION OVERRULED

Mr. J. V. F.: "Remember, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Don't forget that, dear."

Mrs. J. V. F.: "Then you come here and rule the world for a while; I'm tired."

THE DIFFERENCE

A stranger addressed the farmer's boy



Joseph Scalzo of Recovery Room Fame Just Starting Out on a "Chicken Shooting Expedition." Results—Two Rabbits, One Cat Mistaken for a Fox and Wet Feet

across the fence:

"Young man, your corn looks kind o' yellow."

"Yes; that's the kind we planted."

"Don't look as if you would get more than half a crop."

"We don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half."

Then after a pause, the man said:

"Boy, there isn't much difference between you and a fool."

"No," replied the boy, "only the fence."

HINTS TO MOTHERS

A young woman who had attended classes at a school wrote out the following instructions for using a feeding bottle:

"When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under the hydrant. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

MIXED ADS

Be a Trained Nurse—They Satisfy.—Norman.

I Pay \$100 a Week—Children Cry for It.—J. J.

Follow the Man—The Danger Line—But Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion.—G. H. M.

Every Tube in My Super-Set—Had Asthma for Ten Years—W. Werner.

Be a Detective and Have Corns, Bunions



RECENT VIEW OF LA TUQUE LOG PILE



and Callouses—The Kind Reggie Has.—
B. J. C. P.

Take Off that Double Chin.—Put on
Balloon Tires.—B. J. K.

Use LePage's Glue—Stops Falling Hair.
—At Morgan's.

I Have a New Way of Teaching You—
Have Gas on Your Stomach—No Experi-
ence Required—J. W. P.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Chas. A. Johnson is in Berlin, N. H., on
company business.

Marlborough Packard was as large as
life and twice as natural at the Elks' Ball.
There was mighty good reason to be, eh,
Pack-

Godfrey Johnson, with the assistance
of Ovila Marcotte, reported a temperature
of zero on April 12th.

Eddy White came to the office all dolled
up in a spring suit, thinking maybe that
he might be able to help Fred Gilman out
with his weather prophecy.

Our old friend, Jack Hudson, has re-
turned to La Tuque from the Montreal
General Hospital where he has been for
some time. He is improving in his gen-
eral health, and, although it will be some
time before he will be able to work again,
we hope that he will gain his former
strength before long.

SOME "KETCH" IN IT

WE have nearly 5,000 employees at
the Yale & Towne Works, and
we feel that by far the most of
them are fair-thinking and just and
considerate. We are convinced that they
are for the greatest part diligent workers,
as well as conscientious and loyal.

You know the old saying that one bad
apple in a barrel will go far to disease the
entire barrel. All you have to do is to
give the bad apple enough time to spread
its rot virus.

Once in a while, and here and there, in
a big plant like ours, you will find what
might be termed by analogy a "rotten
apple." That is, you will find an employee
who looks at everything through jaun-
diced or prejudiced eyes. There is a speck
of "rot" in his judgment. He can see no
good at all in anything going on around
him that has a good purpose. In his
opinion, everything done to benefit the
employee has a string to it. He insists
there is always some dark scheme afoot
to trick the employees, or grind them
down under the guise of a good action.

Like the healthy apples in the barrel,
healthy-minded employees who come in
contact with this pessimistic, suspicious
and ever-dissatisfied, diseased, employee-
apple, run some danger of being contam-
inated by him. And a percentage of
employees will be contaminated if they
don't size him up and keep on their guard.
They must always bear in mind the kind
of an apple he is and roll themselves as
far away from him as possible.

Every manufactory has its share of
these diseased apples, and Yale & Towne
are no exception. His type may be
christened the Bill Ketchinit class of em-
ployee—he always insists "There's a ketch
in it" when he hears of an uplift or welfare
service contemplated or in operation.

Bill Ketchinit scoffs at the anniversary
premium plan. He knows that in order
to win this premium, he has to be sys-
tematic about getting up in the morning,
and he has to be pretty constant at his
daily work. That's where comes the
"ketch in it" for him. Why should he be
punctual and constant and disturb his own
rule of repose. Taint fair—he knew there
was a "ketch in it."

Bill Ketchinit sneers at the company's
life insurance plan, for the operation of
which the company pays all premiums.
Bill says if you leave the company's em-
ploy you have to pay the premium your-

self, and again that is where the "ketch
in it" comes. "Why don't the company
agree to pay the premium for life—" he
loudly inquires.

Bill Ketchinit sneers at the Works Hos-
pital, at the Works Library, at the Dental
Clinic, at the Industrial Council, and at
the Home Building Plan. In every one
of its service benefits he sees a selfish
motive. The library he says is established
to induce employees to read books prais-
ing capital as against labor. The hospital
is established only to pretend to employees
that the company has consideration for
life, limb and health. The dental clinic
ditto. The home building plan is estab-
lished only to earn interest for the com-
pany on money loaned employees to build
—even though the company might put its
money to far more more lucrative use.
And the industrial council—Bill Ketchinit
says that only the popular employees are
elected as representatives to it and because
of that he always knew there was a ketch
in it.

In other words, there is nothing on
earth, over the earth, or in the waters
under the earth, that could make Bill
Ketchinit believe that the company hon-
estly and sincerely means well by its em-
ployees, or that years of close association
between employer and employee carry a
reciprocal sentiment of sincere considera-
tion. Bill says all is pretense, all is flim-
flam, all is mockery.

And Bill Ketchinit, an employee-apple,
who is rotted with such opinions, will be
apt to rot other employee-apples if they
lean against him or let him lean against
them. Let the healthy-minded employee
be on his guard lest he be over-persuaded
into becoming a Bill Ketchinit.

There is one Bill Ketchinit whose family
and friends had prayed much over him
during his life for, as is frequently the
case, this sort of a chap sometimes has
one or two good points. When this par-
ticular Bill Ketchinit died, he was per-
mitted through the efficacy of these
prayers of family and friends, to journey
direct to Heaven. When he arrived at the
outer portal, Peter looked him over once,
frowned, but let him through the gate.

"Where is my place—" asked Bill Ketch-
init of the custodian of the celestial realms.

"Right over there—first tier below the
saints," was Peter's answer. "I thought
there was some ketch in it," sneered Bill.

"Why can't I sit up among them saints. I don't want to stay here."

"Well, then, go to—Hades," said Peter.

So down went Bill Ketchinit to the plutonian shore. He met Charon, crossed the River Styx all right, got by the triple-headed dog, Cerberus, at the entrance, and finally was brought in for audience before Beelzebub the Great.

"Where's my place—" Bill asked Satan.

"Why," answered the Devil, "according

to my weekly summary through your department of activity on earth, you seem to have caused a lot of trouble that is just after my own heart. You have done a great deal toward sowing the seed of dissatisfaction, dissension, rebellion and anarchy. In fact, from what I learn you have made things rotten and educated people in rottenness wherever you had the chance. So I think I will give you a job relieving Charon rowing the new-

comers across the Styx. It is nice and cool out there, as you noticed when you came in."

"I thought there was some ketch in it," said Bill, gnashing his teeth. "I didn't come here for coolness."

During 1926, keep your eye out for Bill Ketchinit at the Works and remember the rotten apple in the barrel of good ones.

—The Yale Panel.

PORTLAND OFFICE

Logan was taken to the County Jail by Deputy Sheriff Charles W. Gerow and will face Municipal Court proceedings tomorrow.—Portland Press-Herald, April 3, 1926.

No, kind friends, Walter was not guilty of bootlegging, chicken stealing, sassing a cop or any other heinous offense that we know of. In fact, it was not Walter at all.

One morning recently our leading joke-smith announced that his radio had picked up the hanging of Chapman from a Connecticut station. Certain credulous fans were much vexed at having missed this interesting affair, it being stated that this was about the only kind of a ceremony that had not already been broadcast.

Nelson Worthley is again "amidst our mongst." Except for a tussle with old man gripe on his way home from Bermuda, he reports a very pleasant vacation.

T. W. Estabrook has been in Bath lately buying out that portion of the Bath Iron Works in which we showed any interest.

H. B. Chase, purchasing department, finds time to aid both his Berlin and Portland friends on his many trips between Portland and Berlin. He has handled everything from love affairs to fountain pens.

The many friends of Ralph E. Dyer will be very glad to know that his father, who has been seriously ill for the past six weeks, is fast regaining his former good health.

Spring is surely here, as Harold Willis is anxious to know whether or not Tom Churchill is going to turn in that Buick Sport this year.

Harold Chellis, of the pulp sales division, was off duty for about one week nursing a bad abscess. He had our sincere sympathy, and, should he be off again, we hope that it will be for some little thing other than an abscess.

George Q. Grant, of the pulp sales division, is now the proud father of an 8¼-pound boy, born March 25th. Mother and son are doing finely, but father was nearly frantic for a day or two. Hearty congratulations, George.

Mr. Fogarty, chemical sales manager, has returned from a month's business trip south as far as New Orleans.

Clint Bishop can now be seen any day behind the wheel of his new Essex.

Verne Clough seems to enjoy riding in his girl's car. He says it doesn't cost much—only five gallons of gas once in a while. Some people can go a long way on five gallons.

Gene Dupont spent a few days recently on a business trip to the mill, and found everything there running in tip-top shape.

Recently Tom Horton was asked what price he would take for his Paige. He casually replied \$300. The news travelled fast, and the next morning a man appeared with the cash in hand and stated that he was ready to take up his offer. We do not believe that Tom was anxious to sell, but like the "good sport" that he is he closed the deal. Tom has now blossomed out with a brand new Essex, and everybody is happy.

We believe a few of Tom Churchill's old friends who bowled with him on the Berlin alleys nearly thirty years ago are still in Berlin. Recently he rolled a ten-

string match at the Bowlodrome with Leland Stone of Portland, and the results were as follows:

Churchill	104	101	112	96	119	103	123	101	94	105	—1058
Stone	101	83	98	88	102	85	99	121	85	95	—957

We wonder if the boys who used to bowl with him could do as well today.

In a recent debate on the Volstead Act, Mr. Googins chose the affirmative side and Mr. Callahan, the negative, and both presented some excellent arguments. The judges voted unanimously in favor of Mr. Googins and the boys in the office are now wondering what will become of the judges' stock.

William T. Callahan recently went to Augusta on business. "Bill" says he had a hard time getting out.

EVENT EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION SHARP SHOOTING

by
GEO. M. STERLING
of
PEAKS ISLAND

April 7, 1926

MANAGEMENT W. T. CALLAHAN

The boys of the Portland Office were greeted the last month with bright salmon-colored cards bearing the above invitation.

All of us know how expert "Long George" is with firearms, but many doubting "Thomases" recently questioned his ability in this respect. The exhibition proposed was to place a can of tomatoes on top of an empty flour barrel, a bottle of confetti on top on the can, and, with a rifle, to hit the can, causing same to explode, break up the barrel, and blow the bottle of confetti into the air, and to wind up with breaking the bottle on the way down with a shot gun. After several days of good-natured bantering, his manager, Wm. T. Callahan, made the arrangements, but "Long George" and "Eskimo

Len" decided to double-cross the crowd, and planned for "Len" to grab Mr. Spring's new hat and throw it into the air at the right moment, there to be blown into bits. All went well at first, the rifle spoke, the can exploded (covering someone's Ford with tomatoes), the bottle started heavenward—BUT—the "Eskimo" flivvered as usual, the hat went up six feet back of George into the crowd, and then we all went to lunch.

No. 1. P. S. A good time was had by all, except the "Eskimo."

No. 2. P. S. If any of the boys of the other offices doubt George's ability as a marksman, his manager will be glad to receive all challenges.

James Powell, accounting department, is the proud father of a 9½-pound baby boy, born March 26th. Both Mrs. Powell and James Jr. are doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Worcester were called to Massachusetts to attend the

funeral of Mrs. Worcester's father, who died suddenly Monday, April 11th.

"Bill" Matthews, while doing some repair work in the accounting department, had the misfortune to sever an artery in his left forearm which necessitated surgical treatment. Bill is making a fast recovery.

The number of cars parked in the open-air garage is showing a considerable increase each week. Some new cars have also made their appearance.

Walter B. Brockway recently addressed the Women's Literary Union of Portland, the subject being Colonial Glass. Mr. Brockway has an enviable collection of early American glassware, several pieces of which he exhibited during his lecture.

Walter Logan is going to return to his island home next week. Walter says that the Island is life to him, and he is life

to the Island.

There seems to be a general impression among the employees of the Portland Office that the items for the Bulletin are prepared by the chief reporter for the month. This is wrong, the items for each department are prepared by the reporter appointed for each department, and the chief reporter for the month collects the items from all the other reporters, and sees that they all get to the director on a certain date.

Thomas Churchill was the chief reporter this month, and Harold Willis will receive items for next month.

Following is the address of a new customer of ours in Japan:

H. Kojima & Co.
20 Unigitani Nakanochō,
Minamiku,
Near Sankyu-Bashi,
Osaka, Japan.

BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES

NEW YORK

We had the pleasure of welcoming George Sterling. This was his first visit to our office in fourteen years. We hope he makes them at shorter intervals in the future.

Edmund Burke and his son were recent visitors to our office.

Percy Dale of Quebec and Mr. Lambert of Montreal stopped here on their way to Miami on an inspection trip.

W. R. Brown came in to see us the day before his departure for Europe.

Robert Foote was here giving us information in regard to the new advertising campaign. While he was here he visited Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington with W. H. Bond, and Albany and Scranton with D. D. Patterson.

Sure sign of Spring: Our Mr. Harlan is now engaged in seeking reliable farmhands for his farm at New Canaan, Connecticut.

During the Easter holidays, Charles Fogarty visited his parents at Manville, Rhode Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Brockway were in town for a couple of days.

MINNEAPOLIS

We were sorry to learn of the death of Scott F. McIntire's father who passed away April 5th at Durham, New Hampshire, and wish to extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

Our towel man, C. D. Johnson, is now in Montana endeavoring to open up the state on Nibroc Kraft Towels. While this territory is large in area, it is somewhat limited, as Mr. Johnson advises there are stretches between the closest towns of from 200 to 250 miles. How's that for the wild and woolly West. Nevertheless, we hope to place a carload of towels in this region in the near future.

What's the matter with the Minneapolis Baseball Team—not so bad—just handed the strong Columbus, Ohio, club their fourth consecutive beating after the season's initial opening. C'mon! You "Big Leaguers."

S. I. McIntire has returned from the East with his family and has finally located a home, after much nerve-wrecking house seeking.

PITTSBURGH

Again it is our turn to congratulate instead of to be congratulated, and we extend our sincerest best wishes to the San

Francisco office,—the March Towel Cup winner.

John Kimball has been displaying some great salesmanship around this section of the hemisphere. The climate must agree with him.

The Pittsburgh Pirates, the World Champions of 1925, opened the baseball season at St. Louis on April 13th, by going down to defeat to the tune of 7 to 6. This team started out in the same way last year, so we are hopeful.

Anyone who is contemplating taking a correspondence school course is asked to see Kimball, before taking the jump.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Brinig have had severe cases of the grippe. At this writing, however, they are both well.

Mr. Brinig had his eyes on the Towel Cup, and already had construction plans under way for the erection of a stand to hold it. He is to saw the wood and hold it in place, Kimball is to hold the nails, and Wise is to drive them in, with our improvised hammer.

Mr. Brinig is contemplating starting a towel sale contest in this territory between several of the jobbers.

SULPHITE MILL GAS



BURGESS WOOD PILE, APRIL 12, 1926
SEE Page 24

Fred Moreau is planning to visit his sister next Fourth of July. Fred hasn't seen his sister for 45 years. Better late than never.

A reader writes asking what he shall take to remove redness from the nose. Our advice is to take nothing.

The doctors say that women are too weak for house work; and, as the men are not strong for it, what are we going to do about it?

The dryer room boys were going to have a baseball team this summer but unfortunately they did not get in trim until late fall. You boys had better start earlier this year.

I have often heard it said that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to love. I never believed in that much until I was given proof of it recently. Our friend, George Hawkins of the multigraph department, be it known, has a lady friend who does not want to know anyone but George. One morning George entered the time

office smoking a cigarette. He paused at the door to take a few more puffs, then threw his gloves in the cuspidor, and walked right in smoking. George recovered his gloves, but this proves there is something to this spring-and-love idea.

Who is the fellow that everlastingly goes to the boss with every trifling matter? The foregoing question applies to the digester house only.

Duggan says that there is something wrong in Ireland.

McLean had a good laugh when he heard that Neil had a cat to put out. What do you see to laugh about? Do you think that he would wind the cat?

Did you all hear about the funny candy that Petrie enjoyed?

Mrs. James McLellan, of East Angus, formerly our operator, Elsie, enjoyed a week's visit here in Berlin recently.

Joseph Guilmette won the fiddling contest at the Albert Theatre, Friday, April 9th. Mr. Guilmette is one of our yard men here and should be congratulated on winning the \$50 prize, and also as being a premier fiddler.



JOSEPH GUILMETTE

Robert Atwood has accepted a position in the laboratory.

Babe Smyth is now a drummer.

Is Elizabeth fickle, or why do her letters always have a different postmark?

We know that Marion and Dot gave their pictures to the crowd, but what did Helen do with all of hers?

Is Dorothy M. thinking of buying a Ford, or why all the free demonstrations?

Frances is spending her spare time hunting for a "love nest."

Dorothy T. can't decide whether she wants a Marmon or a Packard. Hurry up, Dot, or you will have to take that honeymoon in the new Dodge truck.

A recent ad in a matrimonial paper: Lost—My Romeo. Will be interested in any heavy college. Write to Mickey.

Lancaster is now out of the running with Catherine. The Honey-Bee and Holderness School are competing.

Louise and Marion spend their spare time dreaming about their vacation. They're wondering how far they can go in two weeks, on one hundred dollars.

AT THE Y. M. C. A.

After a hard battle, Pete Ryan, Arthur Riva and Alfred Watt won the title of champions of the Eastern Bowling League. This was not enough for these speedy boys, so they went after higher honors and defeated the champions of the Western League, making this trio the World Champions. If you don't believe they are champions, just take a look at the loud-colored sweaters that were given them. Better wear smoked glasses when you meet these champions, as the color scheme is really dazzling.

Pete Ryan and Alfred Watt won the Doubles Bowling Tournament.

Pete Ryan had the highest average in the Eastern Bowling League, 97.9. We want to congratulate you, Arthur and Alfred, on the good work done in every match that you played.

Miss Laura Rowell will conclude her services at the sulphite mill office on May 8, 1926. Miss Rowell has been employed in this office for the last seven years. She took very prominent parts in several Burgess Minstrel shows, and was active in all the Girls' Club socials. She always follows the old motto, "Keep Smiling." We all like Laura, and are very sorry to see her go.

When is your next band concert? I would like to know earlier this time as I had to walk three miles to get some tickets last time. Please advertise early so I may be able to get tickets early.

Mr. Fowler lost a pad off his flute, but managed to finish the last rehearsal without it.



CARNIVALS MAY COME AND CARNIVALS MAY GO, BUT, LIKE THE BROOK, THE BURGESS BAND GOES ON FOREVER

Pete Belanger is not going to buy a radio. He claims he is going to use his head for a receiving set and his mouth for a loud speaker. We hope this static doesn't bother you, Pete.

Orvila Gagne is now the proud owner of a Buick sedan. How about giving the dryer boys a ride?

The sardine canners of Maine held a convention the first of April in Eastport, Me., on how to pack sardines. They ought to visit our time office when the men are going out through the small doors at the end of each tour.

Joe Gagne is still playing for old-time dances a la Ford.

Gordon E. Wightman was a recent visitor in our plant. Mr. Wightman is located in Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

James Brown was a recent visitor and played one rehearsal with the Burgess Band. Mr. Brown is from Lansing Michigan, where he broadcasted several saxophone solos during the past year. After his short stay here he left for Akron, Ohio, where he has accepted a position in a moving picture theatre. James was a Burgess Band man for two years.

We wish to thank the Burgess employees for their kindness to us in our hour of trouble.

Mrs. Mabel Bisbee,
Miss Myrtle Bisbee,
Mr. Milo Bisbee,
Mr. Elmer Bisbee.

GARDNER L. PAINE

Gardner L. Paine died at Colorado Springs, Col., April 3, 1926. He was born in Berlin August 20, 1896. He graduated from Berlin High School in 1914, and attended the University of New Hampshire 1915-1917. He was a member of the College Glee Club, the College Quartette, and of the S. A. E. College Fraternity. He enlisted in the Naval Reserves in the World War, served on several different ships and made three trips across on the U. S. S. Imperator. On January 15, 1921, he was united in marriage to Pauline Leslie Jewell, who survives him. He was a member of the Universalist church. He began working for the Brown Company at the Burgess Mill during vacations and after leaving college, worked in the electrical department until October, 1924, with the exception of the time spent in the service.

GEORGE W. BISBEE

George W. Bisbee passed away at his home on Devens street, Berlin, on Wednesday, March 24, after a short illness of pneumonia. Mr. Bisbee was born in Lancaster, Oct. 30, 1875, the son of Charles and Frances Morton Bisbee. He spent his boyhood in his native town and attended Lancaster Academy. For a time he was employed on the railroad. Later he went to Groveton, where he was employed for eight years by the Odell Manufacturing Company as head fireman. On December 16, 1903, he was married to Mabel Elliott of Sherbrooke, P. Q. Of this union there were born two children,



GEORGE W. BISBEE

Elmer, who died twelve years ago, and Myrtle, who was a student at Berlin High school. He moved to Berlin sixteen years ago, and was first employed at the caustic plant, where he suffered a painful accident, being burned with caustic. He was then employed as a sweeper at the bleachery of the sulphite mill, and later transferred to the tool room, where he worked until his last illness. He was a kind and loving husband, and well respected by everyone. He was a member of Berlin Lodge No. 89 of Odd Fellows. His remains were placed in the tomb at Berlin, and will be transferred later to the family lot at Lancaster. He leaves a wife and daughter and two brothers.

LIST OF DEATHS

Cascade Mill

Charles Hanselpacker was born March 1, 1874. He commenced work with the Brown Company Dec. 23, 1916, at the Cascade Mill and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred March 24, 1926.

SACRED ACRE

There is a beautiful spot;
It lies outside the town
Upon a hill, with majestic trees
To guard each little mound.

I sometimes walk there all alone
And watch those mighty trees sway
To summer breezes' soft caress,
While birds within seem to pray.

The tall trees sigh so plaintively,
The grass is neatly shorn;
Scarlet geraniums ever smile
O'er graves which they adorn.

Sleep peacefully, departed ones,
Your worries all are past;
Some day I, too, shall join your ranks,
And rest in peace at last.

D. W. S.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Indemnities for accidents and sickness for the month of March are as follows:

Mrs. Georgia Bailby	\$ 59.20
Pete Sabalone	48.00
Mary Louise Guay	48.00
Frances Washburn	48.00
Josephine Arsenault	36.40
Jane Cadorette	52.40
Delia Montminy	148.00
Fred Smith	60.00
Charles W. Holt	46.00
Louis Rousseau	48.00
Willie Rivard	53.60
Eddie Obert	12.00
Victor Kidder	14.00
Chester Barnes	12.00
Joseph Vallis	94.40
Carl Dahlquist	22.00
Adelard Goupil	24.00
Alec Nailer	36.00
Karmine Barnett	12.50
Sam Duke	4.00
George Fortier	16.60
L. Landry	8.00
David Innes	13.90
Joseph Parent	42.12
Alcide Roy	24.00
Ernest Dugas	20.00
Edward McKee	18.34
Andrew Antcil	48.00
Eileen McCarthy	42.80
Roy Bulger	60.00
Onesime Hachey	36.00
Levi Croteau	52.00
Joe Emond	56.40
Narcisse Letellier	49.92
Mrs. Annie Leblanc	298.00
Remi Parisee	36.00
John McArthur	36.00
Thomas Derelitto	36.00
Theo. Albert	12.00
Nick Carlino	24.00
Edmund Dupont	31.00
Mrs. Mabel Bisbee	100.00
Vincenzo Di Norsee	24.00
Ralph Duguay	34.00
James Perry	72.50
Total	\$2,070.08

Flower in hte crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson.

Recollections of Berlin Since 1880

By John Hayes, Cascade Mill

IN giving my description of Berlin as it was back in 1880, I think it safe to say that 1880 was the year when Berlin started its march of progress, and I got here in time to step into the ranks and stayed.

The Forest Fibre Company started that year to build a new mill known as Mill B. They also started Fibreville the same year. They laid out a block of land into building lots with the necessary streets. It was stated at the time that they planned to erect 25 dwellings, but only 16 cottages were built that year. I thought it strange that all the workmen at the mill and at the village were from out of town. I asked Hart Mason the reason, and he said it was so, because Berlin Mills had all the mechanics working for them. He also stated that the population of Berlin was only 700 people.

In the year 1881, the Catholic church was built, and the Congregational church was started. Norwegianville also gained a little. The next year the movement was more general, and there were sustained gains for a number of years. Of late years there seems to be a slowing down. Land is getting scarcer and dearer. It seems that people are losing courage. Well, it is not so easy to get a lot now as it used to be in the early years before land began to get scarce. The land companies helped the boom a lot. They sold the land cheap and encouraged the people to build. Cheap lots are a thing of the past. You can't go back to the beginning of the march of progress and find the same opportunities as there were, when I started down Depot street to take in the land and lay of the houses.

From the depot to the square I found three buildings on the southerly side of the street, a shoemaker's shop, a barn where the Berlin House now stands, and what at that time was called the Gerrish Boys' Store. On the northerly side of the street, there were two houses, two stores, and a vacant lot extending to the square, where the Berlin National Bank stands at the present time. Going up Green street on the westerly side there were the Green residence, a drug store, and three dwelling houses. On the easterly side there were three houses, Eagle Hall, and Ira Mason's store, which extended from Green to Main street and faced the southerly side of the Square. There were three houses on the easterly side of Main street opposite the Square.

That finishes the four sides of the Square.

Between the Square and Mechanic street, there were Mason's store and two other buildings, one of which was the lock-up, and the other was a dwelling house. Mechanic street terminated at the Grand Trunk Railway. At the terminus was an old grist mill. On the northerly side of Mechanic street, there were four houses and an old work shop. There was nothing on the southerly side.

There were an old sawmill, three wood-colored houses, a hotel, and Dr. Wardwell's residence on the westerly side of Main street between Mechanic street and Mason street. The doctor's residence consisted of a main house and a long ell with shed at right angles extending out close to Main street. Going along the easterly side of Main street from the Square to Mason street, one first found a house where the Hodgdon Block now stands. Beyond was an old-fashioned frame dry shed nearly opposite the mill. Its walls were not boarded in, but it had a roof to shield from the storms. Some further up there was an old red house and then two old wood-colored buildings. On the bank near the river was an old machine for sawing spool stock. Then there were two more shabby houses where the Guaranty Trust Company recently built. There was an old rough shed on the corner. A short time after, Cyrus Leighton built a blacksmith shop there. Then it was successively occupied by a beer saloon and a drug store. Now we find the City Building there.

On the westerly side of the street from Mason street to High street, there were three small dwellings and the Furbish estate. On the easterly side there was a mound used as a gravel pit just where the Federal Postoffice now stands. Next there was a two-story boarding house with a veranda along the front. A few years later the proprietor was shot by one of his boarders. Next came a house that is still standing and two or three old houses at the rear. A short distance further on there were two small white houses where the Stahl brick block now stands. There was nothing more on the east side of the street, until we pass what was wont to be called "The Narrows." On the westerly side of the street, there was at High street, where the English church now stands, an old wood-colored house, which was moved off to make room for the church. Beyond was one of the two

houses still standing there at the present time.

After passing the railroad crossing, we come to the Cascade House. From there up to The Narrows, a distance of a few hundred feet, we find nothing but second-growth bushes on both sides of the road. Now, having got through The Narrows, we find three small houses along the street and three more directly in the rear of the last one. At that point there was an unnamed cross street, known in the country dialect of the time as a corner. They still use this phrase in Gorham. I do not know the streets by name, so I will have to speak of corners beyond this point.

Between this corner and the next one were the Berlin Mills boarding house and two other houses. Beyond this second corner there were four houses, the last of which stood on the church lot, from which it was moved soon after I came to Berlin. Beyond was the Company house, and then came the houses of J. W. Parker and John Wilson. A short distance along there was a cluster of some five or six more small houses, that being another corner. Then after a storehouse and three more small houses there was a field fronting on the road for perhaps a fifth of a mile.

That finishes the westerly side of Main street up from the Wardwell house at the south end. Now, down the easterly side of the street from opposite the field to the blacksmith shop, there were an old boat house and one residence. The blacksmith shop, the company barn, and the company store followed in order, as now. There was nothing more except the Sawyer house and delivery office and one more dwelling about four hundred feet distant, bringing us back to The Narrows. This finishes our description of the old town in the year 1880, just 40 years ago.

The easterly side of the river, now called East Berlin, was not thought of at that time. I don't believe that any one of the old citizens ever expected to see such a thickly settled portion of the city on that side of the river, for at that time it had a very gloomy appearance and an uneven, rough, and rocky uphill surface covered with second growth to the bank of the river, giving it the appearance of burned forest that had started to grow again. But energy always tells when there is promise behind it. Good chance for permanent employment and comfortable hours made East Berlin possible. East

Berlin and its people speak for the opportunity that Berlin offers for a home and also for the land companies that laid the territory out into building lots and helped to give people the habit and encouraged them otherwise.

Now we come to the river and find that there is a wonderful change wrought here. The old sluggard that was lying idle in his bed with nothing to do has been transformed into a great giant with dams and powerhouses, wherever feasible, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, turning giant turbine wheels, generating electricity and sending power wherever it may be required, giving encouragement and confidence to all. It also means more employment and more people to help furnish the necessary revenue for public affairs, which has grown to be a considerable sum. We have six public schools costing about one and one-half million dollars besides their maintenance, a city building, a police station, public library, and fire stations to support with city revenues.

Then we have ten churches and ought to have a lot of good Christians. I think

we have. We have four banks—all well equipped for business. Everything considered, I think the City of Berlin has made a wonderful showing.

Under all this financial development there have been but two industrial concerns, the Berlin Mills Company (now Brown Company) and the International Paper Company. The old Forest Fibre Company passed away shortly after the Glen Manufacturing Company (now International) started. So it's very evident that these two companies have done some business, more particularly the Brown Company. I think the Brown Company has furnished as much as seven-eighths of all the revenue required for the development since we started at the depot to take stock of the old town in the year 1880.

My purpose in writing this description of the old town is to show that there was something to be done, and that something has been done. At least some of the later citizens and young folk may not be aware of all the facts and conditions.

Now, from a town of 700 inhabitants to a city of 18,600 means an average gain

of 400 persons for each one of these 46 years. It also means about 100 new jobs per year, if not more, for somebody. To make a final statement, it means a home for eighteen thousand six hundred citizens, of whom among its other resources, Berlin can be justly proud.

N. B. I said nothing about the streets of Berlin or their condition in the earlier years. It might be well to refer to their condition at that time. So I would make a few statements in a general way.

From one end of the town to the other, Main street was just such a road as one would see in any farming district, with wheel ruts from two to four inches deep. Starting near Mechanic street, there was, for upwards of four hundred feet, a hollow swampy spot that had once necessitated a fill of about 2½ feet. It had been filled with slabs and sawdust drawn from the Gerrish mill. So in 1880 it had sunk again. There were two old bridges a short distance apart. They were real old style at that. There were no sidewalks except for a very few spots that were low and muddy.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

The only time that Therrien is anxious to work is when the bonus card is hung up at the post.

John Shepard said that he would like to own the Brown Company so that he could buy the boys some cigars.

Don't be discouraged about the weather. We will surely get 365 days of it a year—just about so much hot and cold, wet and dry, with a couple of inches of ice in August thrown in.

Our efficiency office has been partially turned into a young greenhouse. Several boxes of flowers have started growing and are doing finely. Mice tried to eat them up, but again efficiency came to the front, and the trap caught three of them the first night.

Everybody within a radius of three-quarters of a mile will be glad when the weather or someone declares an armistice on the Burgess wood pile.

Here is a spicy bit of news, Louis Monroe is on the sick list.

We have had no visitors from Portland the past month, but they haven't been out of our minds much.

We are not going to say anything with flowers this spring. We talk only with icicles and snow balls.

A SHORTAGE OF LABOR

It seemed that when Rastus and Sam died they took different routes; so when the latter got to heaven he called Rastus on the phone. "Rastus," he said, "how yo' like it down thar?" "Oh, boy! Dis here am some place," replied Rastus. "All we has ter do is to wear a red suit wid horns, an' ebervy now an' den shovel some coal on de fire. We don't work no more dan two hours out ob de twenty-four down here. But tell me, Sam, how is it with you up yonder?" "Mah goodness! We has to git up at fo' o'clock in de mawnin' an' gathah in de stars; den we has to haul in de moon and hang out de sun. Den we has ter roll de clouds aroun' all day long." "But, Sam, how come y' has ter work so hard?" "Well, to tell de truf, Rastus, we's kin' o' short on help up here."—Forbes Magazine.

Henry Bedard has left his job and gone we know not where, but we will gamble that wherever he goes he will be heard first and seen afterward.

A LITTLE PARODY ON MOTHER GOOSE

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Lots of ice and plenty of snow
And pretty little icicles all in a row.

Little Miss Alice sat on a truck
Eating her curds and whey;
Little John Goulette sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Alice away.

The new single-fold towel is a bust so far. Only one of many. Why care?

Somebody ought to be real proud of that piece of flooring where cases of towels are piled after weighing. It is not only hard to truck over, but there is a good chance of somebody getting an ankle or leg sprained. Not seeing to this is deficiency instead of efficiency.

We would beg our company to purchase a toy paper machine for the large flock of chemists of the Research and the Cascade to play with.

We are now enjoying another era of Larkin and Rummage Sales, running upward, as it would be difficult for them to

run the other way, from seventy-five sheets. The company, the customers, and all the mill workers would be better off, if all communication with Portland except by rail were cut off about 5½ days a week.

Ernest Murray, long one of our most faithful and competent machine tenders, has severed his connection with us. He has left with his family to accept a more lucrative position in British Columbia. Although sorry to lose him, we are equally glad that he is benefitting by the change. All his friends here, and they are many, wish him the very best of luck and also send greetings to others out there, not forgetting our former little girl from the cutter room.

Business at the Old Men's Home has been a little more than ordinary the past week, owing to a beautiful (?) run of eight colors of Kraft, which, coming out into our band box of a finishing room made it look as though we were having a millinery remnant sale. Age counted at this time, and we still have a narrow path to get out and in.

We wonder when the efficiency crew is going to start holding stop watches on fifteen or sixteen pencil-pushers that we know of at the Main Office.

Pea Soup Vallis has changed his old Buick for a new sedan. We hope he does not take the cement wall on Main street

as he did with his old one.

Skeeter John Nolan has been promoted to spare machine tender.

FOR SALE:—Inside tires for all makes of cars. Also carburetors for Fords to save gas. Apply in person to John Shepard, Machine Room.

John Michaud has had all his teeth removed. We wonder what will happen next.

Leodore Couture is back with us again. Although he tried hard, he could not get into the movies, as he was not the kind of sheik that they wanted.

TOWEL ROOM

Our Annette is not the only one with specs. Marie has followed.

Alice Frechette is good-natured these days.

To see Eva Bedard lately you'd think that the North Pole's here. Good weather about July.

Edna is making a big bonus. No wonder she paid \$15 for her Easter bonnet.

The only thing Alice Dion talks about is wedding bells.

It looks pretty lonesome in the towel room with lots of the girls loafing.

Ida Marois is not making much bonus although Mr. Marois works six out of eight hours in one day on her machine.

We all wonder what Eva Michaud says when her machine is on the blink.

Our Tony took a week-end trip to Bedford, Me., Easter Sunday. What takes you there so often, Tony?

At the rate our Bill is making money he will soon buy a Rolls-Royce. Good luck.

At last our Jennie has found her new spring coat. It's a peach.

Esther likes to take a few days' vacation. It does her good.

Our Zina rolls her own. You might catch cold, Zina.

Annette Lapointe is soon going to Lewiston to get her engagement ring. We hope that it will be a diamond.

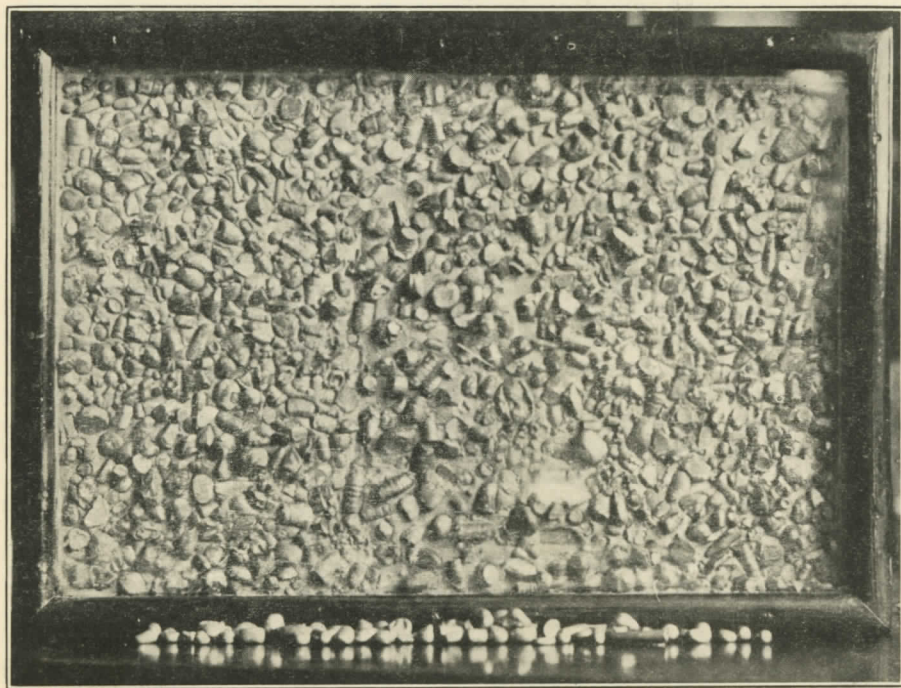
"Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests and see whether we also in our own day and generation may not perform something worthy to be remembered."

Graven on the courtyard walls of the fine new \$2,750,000 home of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America in Washington, D. C., is the legend just quoted. It is an excerpt from one of the speeches of Daniel Webster, and most fittingly is it inscribed there. It is indicative of the purpose that inspired the foundation of this Chamber of Commerce and the building that stands for it; also, this structure is erected on the site of the home occupied by Daniel Webster during his residence in Washington.

Read that first paragraph again for its inspiration. The thought was timely when Webster gave voice to it, for the nation was then growing and expanding industrially and commercially. It would have been just as timely a half century before when American commerce and industry were just getting under way. And now that the United States has arrived and ranks as the leading nation of the earth, the statesman's plea is still timely. It will always be timely.—The Du Pont Magazine.

Baby chickens raise feathers on the installment plan: A little down today and more down each week.

—The Pepper Pot.



BULLETS COLLECTED IN CASCADE WOOD ROOM

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

MAIN OFFICE

Miss Vera Fancy is back at her desk in the labor department. We are all glad to have her back again.

The Main Office girls wish to thank Mrs. O. B. Brown for her recent invitation which enabled them to see a real "Girl of 1890." Mrs. Brown held open court at the Brown house at 11.45 a. m., one day not long ago and the girls certainly beheld a vision which will long remain a sweet memory. This exhibition of a Girl of 1890 as impersonated by Mrs. Brown, was very much appreciated by everyone of the girls, who readily agreed that the year 1890 must have had at least one exceedingly charming belle.

April fool packages, signs, and tricks were SOMEWHAT in evidence this year.

Much sickness prevails in the city owing to an epidemic of grippe, measles and mumps.

Who said Spring was here? Somebody saw a robin long ago. But at this writing we still have some cold winds—and snow storms.

The girls have taken to buying maple suckers. And the boys thought they looked so cute running around with a maple sucker in their mouths that they have taken to buying them too. We await the next fad.

LONG POND

Joe Larochelle has a new radio, and now keeps us in touch with all that is going on outside.

Our manager this year is George Anderson. His duties consist of the management of 180 men, 80 horses, two oxen, and last but not least, of ten women. They now have about 16,000 cords cut, and the work is progressing rapidly. Considering George's efficient management, combined with his well known ability to put the

right person in the right place, we see no reason why the operation should not be carried to a successful conclusion. In fact George holds many positions. He is dancing instructor, barber, and, during the warm weather, he held a daily swimming class for both sexes. The greatest difficulty which he has experienced has been in keeping a cook and a mail carrier. However, he is in no danger of being without mail, because, for a man of his advanced years, he can give a very good account of himself, either on snowshoes or in caked shoes.

DIAMOND SHADOWS

The scalers' camp at 41 regrets the loss of their comrade, Harold York, but at the same time, their regret is tempered by the conviction that it is all for the best. Harold took his thread, scissors and tape with him, in the hope that he would have use for them in his new home.

Del Ellingwood, who is scaling at White's camp, has taken a contract to supply partners for the dance which is to be held in the Magalloway Town Hall in the near future.

Wanted—Six scalerettes with experience and ability, for work on Dartmouth College Grant. Only those who are willing and efficient need apply. Apply in person to Edward Warren, Upton, Me.

Edward Warren claims that he finds he can get better service from scalerettes than from the old-fashioned scalers.

TUBE MILL NO. 2

We were glad to have Pete St. Hilaire back with us again since recovering from the effects of the "flop" he received some time ago.

"Bring in your old shoes and I will give them back to you looking like new," says Matt Vachon, the old cobbler.

The roads in the vicinity of the Glen House are in an awful state of condition, according to O. Martel, who had to keep the Buick in reverse three miles before he could turn around.

Bert Sweeney takes this opportunity through the kindness of the Bulletin to announce the sale of garden products



BREAKING OUT A LOG JAM ON THE DIAMOND

grown in his "winter garden" on Main street. The vegetables for sale are as follows: onions, spaghetti, macaroni and podless string beans. Mr. Sweeney is a second "Burbank" when it comes to growing vegetables. Three weeks ago he had onions five feet high. The macaroni is of the elbow type, and some of the joints got filled with snow, making it almost useless for sale but it is just as good for eating. His spaghetti crop is fairly good, but we wish to state that Mr. Sweeney is the only individual who can grow podless string beans.

Windows washed by my new steam process. Jobs taken by the hour or day. Apply to Syl. Levesque, Esq.

George Knox of expeditionary fame is back again after his trip up the Magalloway. George says it is nice to be back

again with the old boys and especially with his old friend and captain, Joe Savoy. Mr. Knox, it is understood, was the commander of the famous expedition that went in search of Wild Bill MacDougall and brought him back in a strong cage and had him deposited in one of the zoos in Shelburne. George was captain and pilot of the "Herring." Returning he came home via Colebrook, Dixville Notch, Errol, and Milan, thence down the Androscoggin to Pine Island.

Matt Vachon challenges any yoke of oxen in Coos county to a wood-hauling contest, either dray or two-sled.

Frank Oleson got "Christiania," Norway, on the air the other night, including that old ballad, "Comin' thru the Alps."

We wish to inform Arthur King that,

when he places his signature under the names of others in a fictitious manner, it would be well for him to practice a little on his letters especially his "B's."

Boxers, Attention! In the near future we expect a battle between two well known gladiators, K. O. Remy Lambert vs. Skinny "Electric" Light. They will fight under the rules of dog eat dog. This scrap will make the old bare-knuckle fights look like a gymnasium exercise.

Adrian Rodgeron and Bill Ryan still challenge any two other bowlers to as many strings as they can pay for.

Did you see the boxing bouts at City Hall under the auspices of the B. A. A.? Well, if you didn't you missed half of your life, especially the bouts between Johnny Leroux and K. O. Phil Tardiff, and between K. O. Leroux and Frankie Provencher. These two bouts were a credit to both the scrappers, and the City of Berlin and we are especially glad to tell you that we have those three boys working in the tube mill. Johnny Leroux and Phil Tardiff battled six of the fastest, cleanest and cleverest rounds that have been seen in Berlin for a long time, and the bout between K. O. Leroux and Provencher was also a fine exhibition of the manly art, with the exception that it was a little more one-sided, as K. O. out-pointed his opponent in nearly every round to the satisfaction of the fans. These three boys are not of the tough, prize-fighting variety; they are gentlemen in or out of the ring, so let us give them our support. Let's go.

Jack Landers challenges Lem Hyde to a wrestling contest to be held in May at the Annual Ball of the Wrenchmen's Union.

The combined unions of the Pitch Scrapers and Wrenchmen are planning a big field day, for July 4th, providing the snow is settled enough by that time. Program to be as follows: Wrenching and Pitch Scraping, speech, Sir Henry Carbery; harmonica solo, "Scotty" MacCosh; buck and wind dance, George Amundsen Knox; The Duties of a Head Man, talk, Harold Beroney; Bam Bam Bammy Shore, Charleston Elmer Jarvis; boxing exhibition, "Lil" Artha Simpson vs. Joe Bernier; wrestling exhibition, Pete St. Claire vs. Joe Provencher; song and dance, Wee Willie Stone and George Collins. Toastmaster, Bert Sweeney.

Elmer Jarvis, Esq., is still campaigning for Mayor of Crystal. His manager,



George MacCosh, got his orders mixed and went barnstorming in the wrong state, much to the disgust of Mr. Jarvis.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Rene Gagne of the gauge department was a recent visitor in Lewiston, but not on business.

Joe Vallis traded his Buick touring car for a Buick Caboose, and as usual, got \$1000 to boot.

Alfred Watt is anxiously awaiting the day when he can show us his new car.

Fatty Oleson is chugging along nights in his new fish wagon.

Henry Conway is in Portland hospital, receiving treatment for a badly burned eye.

John Labrie has resigned his job in the mill and is now tax collector for the City of Berlin. So we will now avoid him all we can.

R. Bouchard is the new investigator for the Burgess Relief Association, Chemical Mill Division.

John Reid is on a vacation, visiting Portland, Boston, Philadelphia and points west.

The caustic plant has received a coat of paint.

Mr. Lapointe, the shipper in the liquid-chlorine department, was visited by several very prominent citizens on the evening of April 14th. It was in the nature of a surprise party. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Austin Buckley has traded in his Hupp for a Nash Six.

George Reid has traded his Dodge touring car for a Nash Six.

Hugh Meehan visited his farm in New York State for a few days.

Rube McCutcheon has returned to work after three weeks' absence owing to an injury to his hand.

John Becotte is now firing kettles, taking the place of John Labrie, our new tax collector.

Ralph Clough has returned to work after a short trip to East Rochester, New Hampshire.

Victor Dutil, the popular watchman, has an addition to his family. It's a girl.

Joseph Vallis has purchased a new Buick sedan.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Smocks have made their appearance among us. To tell the truth, they remind us of the story of the bright young thing who sat at dinner next to a bishop. She was somewhat at a loss to know how to make conversation with the reverend gentleman, but in the absence of an Emily-Post knowledge of church history and government, she took her cue from the plate of fruit near at hand and asked the prelate whether he liked bananas. The gentleman in question was somewhat deaf. Hence, after gulping, he bravely said, "No, I prefer the old-fashioned night shirts."

However, in spite of our instinctive antipathy to smocks as something new, we find from the dictionary that smocks is a good old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon word—bucolic and pastoral in all its derivations. Indeed, did not Shakespeare in his story of Othello, the Moor, say "Oh, ill-fated wench, as pale as thy smock?"

The surgeons seemed to have picked on this place this last month. Miss Gertrude Streete had her tonsils removed, and Walter Austin gave up a wen.

Eli Marcoux has left the department to accept the position of health officer under the new King administration. His appointment makes what Thomas Hardy might call the "Return of the Native," for the position has been held by outsiders for at least three incumbencies. There are few young men in Berlin who have worked harder or accomplished more than Mr. Marcoux. Since the days when he first worked at the Sulphite Mill, he has put himself through the University of Maine and served as a lieutenant in the World War. He has always been active in community affairs and is at present secretary of the Philotechnical Society, Adjutant of Ryan-Scammon Post of the American Legion, and Secretary of the Reserve Officers Association in Berlin. As a member of our department, he has taken an active interest in all the drives for funds for the Red Cross, the Anti-Tuberculosis League, Berlin Child Hygiene Association and other worthy causes. Mr. Marcoux has the best wishes of all of us as he goes to larger and well-deserved responsibility.

W. B. Van Arsdell has moved into the

office recently vacated by Mr. Moore. He found it ready for him, when he returned from an extensive business trip in the interest of Bermico Fibre Conduit. By the way, Van has just purchased a new home at the corner of Eighth and Sweden streets.

After several years in charge of the humidity room in the Bureau of Tests, Chandler Coffin finds a place in the sunlight at the desk occupied by Eli Marcoux.

G. E. Wightman and John Fogarty were recent visitors. It seemed natural to see these fellows with the Grover-Cleveland collars coming into our office again.

Newton Nourse is glad to be back with his family after a protracted business trip. Newt sort of explodes our notion of a Babbitt, for he spends his evenings making short jumps and preparing his program for the next day, holds his conference during business hours, writes his reports Saturday afternoons, and makes his big jumps over Sundays.

M. O. Schur has purchased a Studebaker, and R. A. Webber has bought a Dodge sedan.

H. P. Vannah is busy with correspondence relative to the annual May meeting of the New Hampshire Academy of Science.

John Graff has purchased a home on Ninth street.

Meetings of the Philotechnical Society during April included one on the first, when G. A. Richter gave his impressions of European conditions, and a second on the fourteenth, when Prof. Manton Copeland of the Biology Department at Bowdoin College spoke upon "Heredity and Its Cellular Basis."

Dr. H. K. Moore is arranging the program for the June meeting of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, which will be held at Berlin.

Patron, phoning message—"Make the signature John Dill."

Operator—"Is the first letter 'B' as in 'Bill'?"

Patron—"No, Dill, as in pickle."

—Service.

BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Orders drawn on the treasurer for the month of March were as follows:

Luke Corneau	\$ 38.00
Archie Cormier	40.80
Carl Hill	52.15
Peter St. Hilaire	75.00
Alec Couture	68.75
Geo. Forest	36.00
Leon Caouette	48.00
G. M. Davis	51.00
John Johnson	48.00
Andrew Phair	32.00
Wm. Arsenaule	48.00
O. Baillargeon	26.40
C. M. Hanson	38.70
Phillip St. Germain	36.00
A. Gagnon	50.00
Joseph Thorne	24.00
Harold Tankard	36.00
Joseph Arsenaule	72.00
Emil King	62.50
H. Lettre	126.00
Ralph Perry	79.46
James Howell	77.70
Giles Therrien	36.00
Harry Sweet	83.32
Henry Roberge	32.40
Wm. Ryan	8.32
Fred Gonya	66.15
W. Davidson	21.14
F. H. Goldermann	7.50
Andrew Dorian	25.00
Phillip Tardiff	22.00
Henry Barbin	39.90
Joseph Guay	48.00
Jules St. Cyr	48.00
Olaf Oleson	32.50
John Turner	37.50
Joe Lemieux	25.00
Wilfred Jones	14.08
Geo. Lafferty	110.40
Joe Berube	100.00
Clyde Bean	33.32
Henry Bedard	4.22
Alphonse Lacroix	25.82
John Michaud	12.50
Martin Burns	12.50
Felix Adair	14.58
Antonio Bosqa	32.00
Harold Benson	48.00
Ed. S. Niclason	34.40
Ed. Bourseau	13.90
Joe Morin	8.60
W. H. Mann	32.00
Joseph Plourde	24.00
Armand Nadeau	24.00
Romeo Bernier	20.00
Jerry Cantin, Sr.	46.50
Fred Bedard	16.66
Bernard Finson	39.58
James Stewart	27.80
James Kearns	20.00
Pete Vien	8.44
Arsene Monroe	32.00
John H. Johnson	16.00
A. Larrivee	54.16
Amede Lafleur	416.60
Eva Marois	20.97
Robert Hutchinson	29.00
Albert Hamel	12.50
Joseph Vigor	14.10
W. J. Bouchard	12.50
Archie Spencer	5.56
Herbert H. Givens	12.00
L. W. Kidder	58.49
Wm. Camire	8.00
Alphonse Dumais	12.00
John Whalen	25.40
Frank Dumont	11.08
Willie Moncino	18.00
Daniel Cronin	20.00
Albert Leblanc	12.00
Thorald Arnesen	15.80
Roman Glinka	12.70
Thomas Ross	10.83
Arthur Labonte	12.70
P. M. Quinn	17.20
Alphonse Dumais	76.00
Paul Levesque	12.00
Hypolite Fabisiak	25.44
Arthur Rivard	22.00
Alec Camire	30.00
Everett Getchell	25.40
Alec Godin	12.00
Theo Rix	28.84
Chas. Sinclair	25.40
Oscar Montminy	24.00
Elsie Barrows	28.50
Leander Randall	26.00
Barney Thomas	19.20
Archie Routhier	51.60
John Rivard	24.00

Felix Barrette	12.00
J. B. LePage	14.00
Phil Bergeron	14.81
Adelard Gagne	22.83
Patrick Geonet	33.86
Leo Burns	50.80
R. R. Jaudrey	32.00
Joseph R. Boucher	40.00
Felix Barrette	12.00
Total	\$3,944.76

BROWN CORPORATION

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

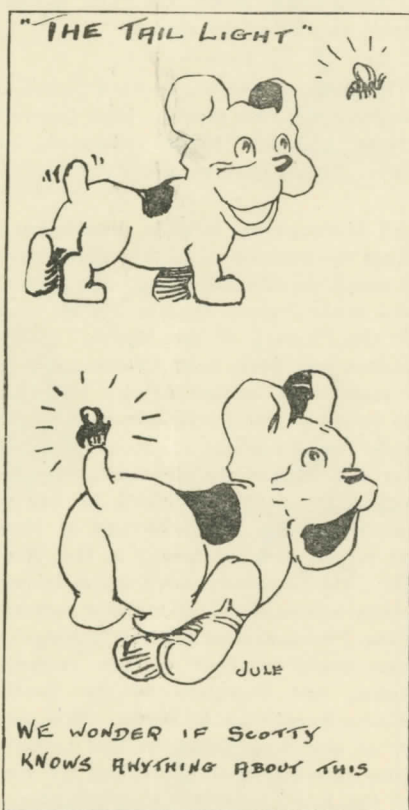
Indemnities for sickness and accidents for March, 1926, are as follows:

Saul Gagne	\$ 45.30
Maurice Girard	46.40
David Banville	138.43
Jack Hudson	112.80
J. P. Gagne	291.60
Willie Charland	16.13
Albert Plante	27.80
Sifriess Lamontagne	32.85
Cyrille Pelletier	15.10
Ligori Picard	25.90
Armand Dion	11.10
Joseph Laflamme	26.00
Arthur Tremblay	90.60
Total	\$880.00

Funeral Expenses

Romaul Couture	\$50.00
William Brassard	50.00
Mrs. Art. Tremblay	50.00
Total	\$150.00

Total \$1,030.00



QUEBEC NEWS

R. A. Viner and Wallace Burgess are at last amongst the happy and contented. They were both married last week, and they have the best wishes of the Quebec Office staff in their new life.

At last, the beautiful spring (-) is here, or will soon be here, as we have seen in the office lately two gentlemen from the Land of Eternal Snow, namely Harry Bishop and Dan O'Hurley, and this is a sure sign of blooming weather. Charley Houde was also in the office to say How-dye do to the boys.

Our old friend, Charlie Mott, is "among" us, and we are happy to see that he still thinks of the famous fishing-trips he had in the past, and he is talking about another trip. You can bet that we'll "not forget it this time."

Our old friends, Cal Prairie and "Wee" Fred Wadleigh, have returned to Quebec and are getting ready for a banner season at Lampson's Cove.

Anyone wishing lessons in auction bridge from an expert may apply to Mr. P. B. K., care of this office. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The SS. "Lewis L" is still a prisoner, being held fast by the ice at Lampson's Cove. However, Admiral Rowell with the aid of Captain Vezina, Engineer Payzant, and the rest of the crew, consisting of "Able-seaman" Pineault, expect to have the little "Fiery" Boat free by the end of next week.

FOR SALE:—One Navajo blanket, made into a spring coat (radio style). Will sell cheap. Apply to J. A. Morency.

Marcel Savard has been appointed as permanent reporter for this office.

A CENTURY OF RAILWAYS

It was on September 27, 1825, that the first public railroad in the world was opened. It was Stephenson's Stockton and Darlington Road, the babe from which has grown the transportation giant measured by three-quarters of a million miles of railroad tracks encircling the globe.

1825 is the red-letter year in transportation history, as it saw the first railroad passenger service. Prior to that some engineers performed a rare service in preparing the way for the introduction of the steam locomotive, and George Stephenson admitted his debt to them. These engineers devised tramways in Britain for transportation of coal. Oak strips were afterwards laid end to end along the wagon ways to carry trucks to and from the mines. Then the addition of a top rail to the planks was introduced and railroad tracks began to be visualized.

The history of the locomotive goes back

to 1759, when James Watt, a Scotchman, commenced building steam highway carriages. His example was followed later in France and in 1803 Richard Trevithick constructed the first workable steam locomotive, operating it in South Wales, but failing to develop it to a commercial basis.

Matthew Murray, of Leeds, England, in 1812, succeeded in producing the first commercially successful locomotive. It was a rack-wheeled locomotive running on a toothed track. It had two 8 inch cylinders, 20 inch stroke, the cylinders arranged vertically. Then in 1813 Blackett and Hedley built the "Puffing Billy," locomotive and demonstrated near Newcastle, England, that sufficient traction could be obtained with smooth wheels and smooth rails.

In 1814 Stephenson built his famous locomotive "Blucher" and his great opportunity came in 1821 when he was appointed engineer of the new Stockton and Darlington R. R. For the opening of this road in 1825 Stephenson built his world famous "locomotion No. 1." It seems quaint now but it was a marvel then, weighing $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons, with 10 foot boiler and 10 inch cylinders. It ran for 25 years which speaks well for its construction. The world's first passenger train consisted of "Locomotive No. 1," 22 passenger cars, and 12 cars of coal and flour.

Directors, engineers, workmen, and privileged guests rode in state from Brusselton to Darlington and Stockton. Along the track excited crowds cheered themselves hoarse. Across adjoining fields heated horsemen plunged over hedges and ditches in their endeavor to keep pace with the world's first passenger train. Five miles an hour was the average speed of the special; at times fifteen miles an hour was attained.

The Stockton and Darlington road was built of 15 foot iron rails, laid on iron chairs secured to stone blocks by oak pins. It was of 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inch gauge—the most convenient gauge to accommodate the draught horses originally employed for haulage. Thus was the world's standard railway gauge casually determined a hundred years ago.

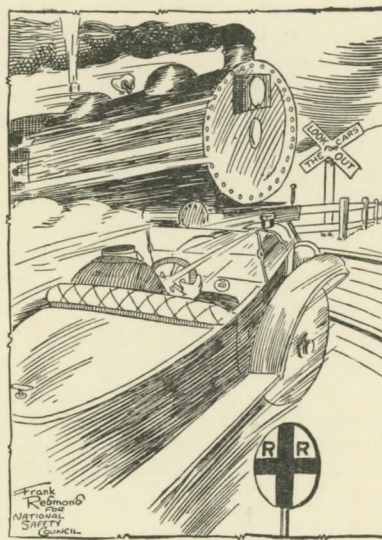
Little more than a rude timber shack on four wheels was the road's first passenger car—the "Experiment." It had three windows, a row of rough wood seats and a single door at the rear.

Very great is the contrast between the old Stockton and Darlington road and the modern transcontinental system. George Stephenson, the builder of America's first railroad locomotive—the "America" which reached New York in January, 1829—could never have dreamed of the wonderful pro-

gress which was to be recorded in later years in the railroad world. Today, however, five continents have evidence of his genius. Never shall we forget our debt to the "Father of Railways."—The Commonwealther.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN

The headless horseman in Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" was a harmless spook. The "headless horseman" on the highway today is a serious menace. The old "hay burner" which was credited with having horse sense, is disappearing and in its place is the gas-eating creature of enameled tin. It has no instincts of its own and must depend on the driver for intelligence.



To all appearances the headless driver is a normal human being. He has a knob that looks like a head but it functions like a radio when the batteries need recharging.

The headless driver, so-called, takes the pleasure out of driving for careful motorists, spoils the traffic cop's temper and makes the railroad engineer gray headed before his time. He can spot a shapely ankle two blocks away when driving in traffic but fails to notice a boulevard "stop" sign. He can hear an invitation to have a drink of pre-war stuff if it's only a whisper but he doesn't notice the locomotive whistle at a grade crossing.

Human beings, whether drivers or pedestrians, are divided into two classes those who can be educated and those who can't. Fortunately, there are very few in the latter class. Some learn through signs and bulletins—the cheapest way. Some get their education in the hospital or in court. Others have their faults buried with them.

GOD'S COUNTRY

How often we hear the expression, "This is God's Country." Coming from the lips of a real outdoor man or woman, these words have a deeper significance. An expression of the soul. A result perhaps of years of intimate association with the silent living things of the great outdoors. The wild animals, large and small, the trees, the shrubs, plants and vegetation, the still waters and rippling brooks, the hills and mountains, the sunrise and the sunset, the light, shadows and darkness, and many other forms of nature too numerous to mention, all play their part in creating in the heart of those who have learned to love these things, a fuller meaning of life, a truer sense of citizenship, and a more reverent attitude toward that Supreme Power which pervades all nature. How many of us realize that such a place is at our doors? A place where all the things above-mentioned, live, move, and have their being? A place where men have labored to make trails, mark them, and make them plain and easy to follow, even for those who are not versed in woods craft? A place where streams abound with fish and the forests with game? A veritable Mecca for the sportsman! A vacation spot unsurpassed of peaceful, scenic, and enchanting beauty?

I write of Success Pond lying at the foot of Mt. Speckle with Mts. Goose Eye, Ingalls and Success in the near vicinity, all of which have been made easy of access by the Appalachian Mountain Club. I fancy I hear someone saying that this pond is inaccessible on account of the poor road. True, the road is not all it might be. Last fall an effort was made by a few to raise money for repairing this road, by selling tickets for a dance, at which an automobile would be given away. Owing to the fact that some of our local organizations were engaged in similar activities, it was deemed prudent to suspend operations for a time.

With the advent of spring, the work left off last fall will re-commence, when an earnest effort will be made to carry forward to completion the original plan. It is the aim of those in charge of this work to improve this road, so that the majority might travel into this paradise with a reasonable amount of comfort.

Having supported this movement, journey forth into this land which is so near. Experience the thrill of its magic stillness. Learn from nature the secret of living, health and happiness, and some day you will be able to say in all truth, along with those who have tasted these things that "This is God's Country."

THE BURGESS WOOD-PILE FIRE

The ample provisions for fire fighting made by the Brown Company and by the City of Berlin were put to a hard test on the morning of April 12, when fire with what seems to have been two hours' start was discovered high in the large pile of pulpwood at the Sulphite Mill. It was a two-alarm fire from the outset. The mill equipment held the fire until the city forces arrived with all its pumping equipment. After two hours' hard fighting by the combined mill and city forces at a temperature at which water readily froze, the fire was brought under control with relatively small loss. It was a time when both high pressure and large volumes of water were required. It is a pleasure to record that the emergency was met so efficiently for its outcome reflects credit both upon those concerned with equipping the Company and the City and those who manned the apparatus when the time came to use it. A picture of the fire taken by Everett Murray of our Photo Section is reproduced upon Page 13.

PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY

At an open meeting of the Philotechnical Society held on April 1, Lt.-Col. G. A. Richter gave an illustrated talk to members and their guests upon his personal impressions of Europe, from which he had just returned after a two months' trip through England, Belgium, Holland, France, and the Rhineland part of Germany. He found the Port of Southampton much more efficiently handled than he had expected. Its customs officers were rapid in their examinations as compared with those of New York upon his return. Cab service in London is slower, because English motor cars are taxed on the horsepower with the result that low-powered cars are the rule. The hotels catering to Englishmen are quite different from those in America. They have individual fire places. Of all the places in London, the Tower impressed him more even than St. Pauls or Westminster Abbey or the Houses of Parliament. He spoke of his pleasure at seeing the guild hall at Coventry, which remains entirely as it was centuries ago, while many of the more famous buildings have been marred by efforts at restoration. A paper mill at Ivy Bridge was remarkable because it occupied the center of a real park, and as much attention seemed to have been given to landscape gardening as to the manufacture of paper, although the mill is famous in its field. He found English industry burdened by taxes necessary to pay the American debt and the doles for the large

number of unemployed. The English business man has forgotten the war and is most friendly to the efforts of the German people to make a success of republican government. He had found time to visit the old town of St. Albans and the ruins of Kenilworth Castle.

Upon the continent he marvelled at the mammoth facilities of the port of Antwerp and hustling atmosphere of Brussels. France, he found much different than the others. While you found business men in England well aware of what was being done in other mills, the Frenchman seemed more provincial. The city of Paris itself is very cosmopolitan, and you can find there whatever interests you. The uncertain political situation in France and the instability of her currency make it difficult to do business there. Holland lives up to much that we read in the books, although many of her famous windmills are being replaced with petrol motors. A trip up the Rhine to Cologne was an unforgettable experience. The cathedral at Cologne appealed to him as the most magnificent edifice that he saw. The German people are working hard with a restrained hopefulness for a better future. All classes have confidence in the government under the leadership of Hindenburg, and there is little chance that the Hohenzollerns and the royalists will return to power.

These scrappy notes do but faint justice to a talk that was stimulating, and an incentive toward an understanding of peoples, with whom America is destined to have greater contacts with in the future than ever in the past. An effort will be made to give a full report, in the next issue of the Bulletin, of the lecture of Professor Copeland of Bowdoin delivered upon April 14.

MARCH ACCIDENTS

Upper Plants

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	48
Without loss of time.....	51
Total	99

Sulphite Mill

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	16
Without loss of time.....	47
Total	63

Cascade Mill

Serious accidents.....	0
Minor accidents.....	18
Without loss of time.....	36
Total	54

THE FORESTS OF SWEDEN

(Continued from Page 5)

Full utilization of the capacities for timber production awaits the complete utilization of all grades of products. Perfected forest fire protection and control is essential, and alleviation of burdensome taxation must be secured, but the recognition of growing crops of timber by conscious effort is the fundamental factor. This will come, as elsewhere, of economic necessity; and when it does, we may rest assured that America will surpass in forestry as in other arts and sciences.

BOOMING DOWN THE CANYON

By REMINGTON ELLIS

The ranger sat in his cabin door,
With eyes that were swollen and lungs
that were sore,
While under his breath he bitterly swore,
For—she was booming down the canyon.

The tourists who left two days before
Will never visit their camp site more,
Nor gaze on the scenes they used to adore,
For—she's booming down the canyon.

A few little sparks by a tree, quite dead—
Just a few live coals that were "out" they
said—

Now look at her going, roaring and red,
A-booming down the canyon.

Forty good men, husky and strong
Worked like demons all the day long;
But she crowned and went over—again she
has gone,
A-booming down the canyon.

How long it may burn or where it may go,
Are a couple of things that no one can
know;

But it won't be all out till we get lots of
snow,

For—she's booming down the canyon.

Hundreds of years to grow these trees;
Those same live coals and—a little breeze,
Then waste and desolation are all one sees,
As she goes booming down the canyon.

The ranger sat in his cabin door,
With eyes that were bloodshot and lungs
that were sore,
And at someone's gross carelessness bitterly
swore,

For she was booming down the canyon.

—American Forestry.

TWO BIRDS

By AL. HARVEY

The two worst men in any shop
Are, "I didn't think" and "I forgot."
They're a source of trouble both of them
To Doctors, Nurses, Safety Men.
So "skin your eye"—"watch your step"
Perhaps with patience we'll get 'em yet.
The finest way to get rid of their curse,
Is to teach your men that Safety's First.