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THE BROWN BULLETIN

To Further the Cause of Co-operation, Progress and Friendliness



Vol. VIII., No. 10



BERLIN, N. H., APRIL 1, 1927



FOREST RANGER'S CABIN IN WINDIGO DISTRICT

THE BROWN BULLETIN

PRINTED UPON NIBROC SUPERCALENDERED BOND

Vol. VIII.

APRIL, 1927

No. 10

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 sections of these companies."—By-Laws, Article 2.

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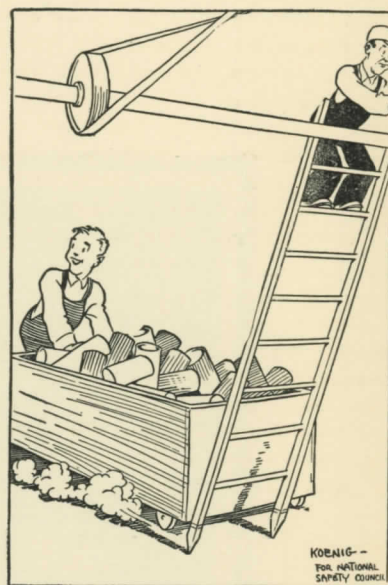
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IN THE SPRING

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—

Lightly turns to thoughts of love, sang the poet. But it may also turn to thoughts of baseball, motoring, pitching horseshoes, fishing, golf, or anything else he may be interested in. His fancy may even turn toward nothing in particular but away from work. All of these come under the symptoms of "spring fever," a disease for which no germ has yet been isolated. There are no definite statistics to prove that production falls off in the spring, or that accidents are more frequent. Day dreaming as a cause of accidents is busy all the year round, but it is much harder to keep the mind on the job in the spring when the outdoor world is most attractive. Recreation is great stuff to keep feeling fit but it won't mix with a job that requires close attention to avoid accident.



Another spring fancy, most noticeable in the younger workers, is the desire to play practical jokes which reaches the peak on April 1st. If the jokes are harmless and confined to the lunch hour they are not objectionable. But horseplay around machinery shows a decided lack of horse sense, and fooling with electricity or compressed air is inexcusable. Even a good story may take a man's attention from his work with disastrous consequences. One thing that spring inspires—in addition to poetry of all grades—is housecleaning. When nature freshens things up outdoors we are moved to do the same thing inside and many accident hazards disappear in the housecleaning. Clean-up week may have been started by paint manufacturers, but everybody profits by fewer fires and fewer accidents.

THE IRISH IN BERLIN

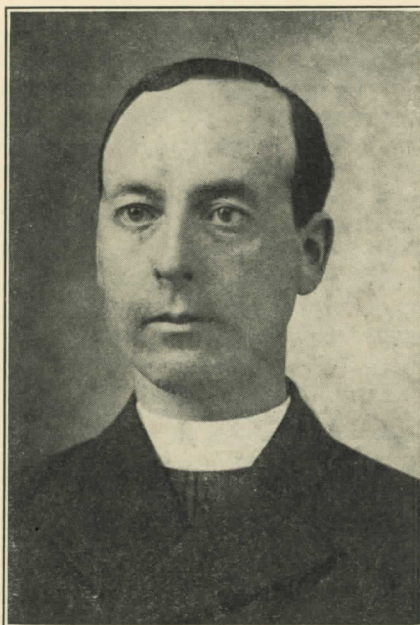
By JOHN HAYES, Cascade Mill

John Hayes came from Mirimichi, N. B., to Berlin in 1870. He expected to go further but got interested and stayed, and thank the good Lord that he did, as he doesn't think he could have found a better place. He became a contractor and builder, and could put up a house quicker than any other man in town. He has been urged to accept public office but has always declined, preferring private life. In conversation, wit, and repartee, he is always there with the goods. Mrs. Hayes, as Jennie Fitzpatrick, came to Berlin from St. Patrick's, Beaurivage, P. Q., in 1885. She also stayed and we are glad she did. Along with a lot of good things said about her, her friends are pleased to add, "She is a good neighbor."—Louville Paine, Associate Editor.

In a former issue of the Bulletin, I tried to give a description of Berlin as it was about fifty years ago. I referred merely to the appearance and condition of the vacant land, the number, quality and location of the houses and other buildings, and the new works started at that time. I made no reference to people, or what they were doing. Of nationality I had no thought. I know, however, that half a century ago there was a majority of French people in Berlin, also there were a goodly number of Scandinavian people, but an Irishman I had not met yet, but names I did hear mentioned were as Irish as a barrel of pork marked "Limerick."

My thoughts at that time focused on the chances for employment. I always felt safe with a job in sight. In those days jobs were scarce and doubtful otherwise. Consequently, we had to be on the lookout all the time. Business was dull all over the country from 1874 until 1878. Everything was unsettled and uncertain, owing to a panic that had struck all over the country. What caused the panic I do not know. All I know is of the effect it had on the labor market of Berlin, as well as other places where I had been. One could see and feel the effect anywhere he happened to go. It happened I struck Berlin, and it appeared to me from what I could see and hear, that Berlin gave some promise of good business for a few years at least and would be a good place in which to remain. So I pitched my tent in Berlin, intending to stay as long as good business would last. It lasted well, and seemed to get better and better every day, and still kept going forward at a greater pace than ever, with more work, more pay, and more pleasure, which means more happiness and contentment. However, we all have the same reason to give for coming to Berlin. We were looking for employment. I came to Berlin about the time the grand old pioneers were getting through, some passing away and others getting old and worn out. We got the chance to fill their places and continue the work that eventually made Berlin a rugged and

better city, of which we all can, and ought to, feel proud today. I have never regretted coming to Berlin. Now, my view of the great advance made in the growth and prosperity of Berlin is that all the people did their share according to numbers and ability. There was no distinction in nationality. We all did all we were obliged to do for our own best interests, which is always their first consideration and



REV. EDWARD D. MACKEY

the greatest compelling force in such matters, but there are other elements to consider. We must not forget today in our prosperity and happiness, the changed conditions that have been brought about without much, if any, aid of ours and from which we all must and do derive a great benefit.

I mean the great expansion and new methods of business, big business, improved machinery, more scientific and safer marketing. Then there is the matter of various by-products, which were not thought of a few years ago, all made from

wastes that had no value until chemistry found methods of utilizing them. These products have added to the growth and prosperity of Berlin, and we all have derived benefit from their discovery. These we knew little about until they were accomplished.

The foremost question to consider, and settle, is "Who furnished the dough?" Where did it all come from? The answer seems plain enough for the reason one had not far to look to discover the dough dish, and we know right well that the chickens will get around if the dough is there. Well, we found that the dough was there and we got around and stayed with it, because there was good picking and the dish was kept well supplied. It was safe to keep right along and take chances in advance with our personal affairs if we chose. Everyone had more courage and began to move faster and take more interest in Berlin's advance. But yet they had no thoughts or dreams of a city. They knew, however, that prosperity was here to stay. They could judge by the expansion and growth of the Berlin Mills Company.

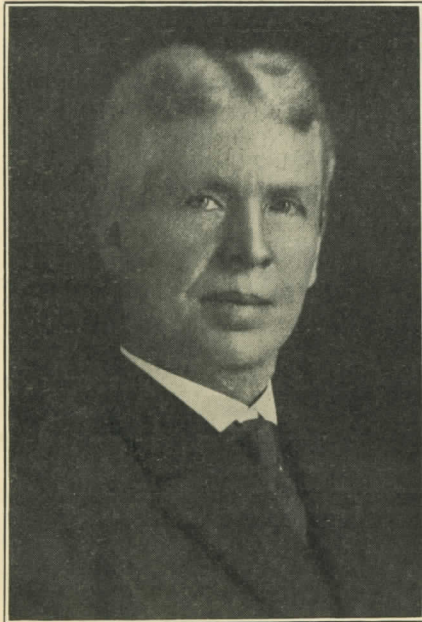
Now, by this time things in general were very much changed, and the people began to change also. They had new ideas, more courage, and they began to look and see further ahead. Many began to buy lots to build a home for themselves; others bought for speculative purposes.

About this time, as I remember it was about 1890, the pace was speeded up. First, the Building and Loan Association was organized which helped the boom very much. Next, the land companies gave it greater effect and the boom was on in good shape and continued for a few years. I recollect forty-six residences being built one summer and forty-two the following summer. So it can be seen that Berlin was on the move and nearly ready for future changes, and they came in time.

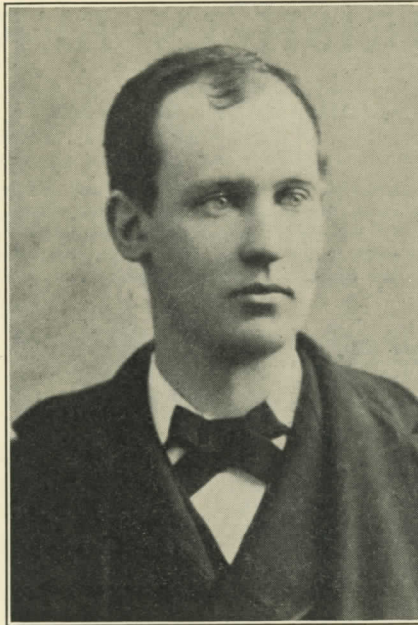
Now we had the old town going fast, but we needed a new kind of help in order to keep going safe. We needed banks and bankers; we needed more schools and

better teachers; we needed churches and clergymen; we needed lawyers and doctors. So you see our necessity was their opportunity, and we now have that necessity well supplied. I suppose it is fair to say that the people of Berlin, for their own needs and further convenience, opened the doors of opportunity for these professional gentlemen. So it evens up pretty well. They were pleased to come and we were pleased to have them. We also had a weekly newspaper, and it now seemed that Berlin ought to be able to take care of her own business and keep going. Berlin's latest change took place February 20, 1897. A majority of the citizens voted in favor of a city charter and elected Henry F. Marston first Mayor, and I think that everyone was satisfied. Now, we have grand schools and grand teachers, so that the young folks can get a good education, which is a matter of great consequence well taken care of. We have grand churches also, with grand pastors to dispense the Gospel.

In speaking of the progress made in Berlin from a denominational point of view, I happen to be in a position to know something about those matters, because I was quite closely connected with the Catholic society from the start, which was in the year 1880. At that time, Berlin was a mission under the jurisdiction of Father Charland, pastor of Gorham parish. I met him on one of the rounds collecting money to pay for the church, where Ste. Anne's Church now stands. I gave him my mite at that time, and we knew each other after, as long as he remained, but he was



JOHN SHERIDAN



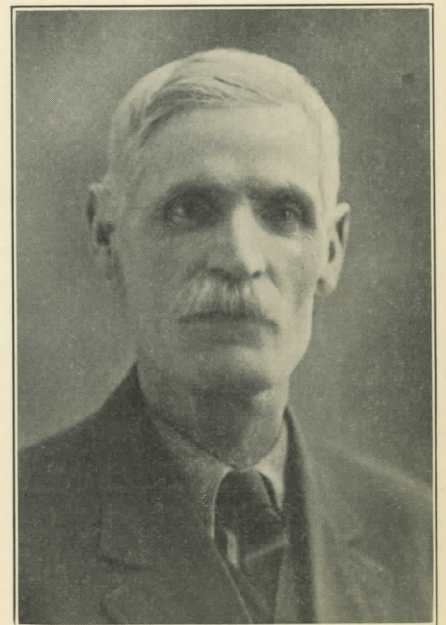
REV. JAMES P. GORMAN

called away on the 8th of June of the same year. His successor, Rev. James P. Gorman, continued the collecting business each month for the remainder of that year. On March 1, 1881, he started to build the church known afterwards as the French church. Then he was called away. I don't remember the exact date, but think it was about the middle of July, 1881. The Rev. Edward J. Walsh succeeded him, finished the church, and held services the latter part of November of that same year. Berlin was still a mission and remained so until Father Cournoyer came. I think that it became a parish about the year 1884. The French and Irish were a unit all this time and continued so until January 4, 1894, when the parish was divided and the Irish parish was established under the guidance of the Rev. Edward D. Mackey. They sent us to float without any boat and to paddle our own canoe.

Now, during these fourteen years from 1880 to 1894, I was helping a little all the while and know what took place from time to time. I went around with Father Gorman a few times, when he made his collecting visits. At that time we found 25 Irish and two Scottish families, besides six or seven out in the adjacent country. There were about 31 families in all in the years 1880 and 1881. The census was taken again in 1893. There were found to be 48 families in Berlin and seven out in the country, making 55 in all. There was also quite a number of young men and women. I do not recollect the exact number, but think it was 156.

Now, it's all Irish minus the Gaelic. It reminds me of once when I was on board a vessel named the Nancy from Waterford, the first Irish vessel ever seen in that harbor. One of the landmen asked one of the sailors, if the members of the crew were all Irish. He replied, "Yes, sur, and the ship's name is Murphy." Well, we are not the real Murphys at that. A down-East Irishman or a Canadian Irishman may have inherited some of the sentiment, but may have lost all of the other traits of the old Irish people. To be a real Irishman you need to be born on the "old dart" and to be able to talk Gaelic, and you must inherit all the old Irish character. To be a real Irishman, you must grow up among the old Irish people, acquiring the old Irish traits of wit and humor as you grow.

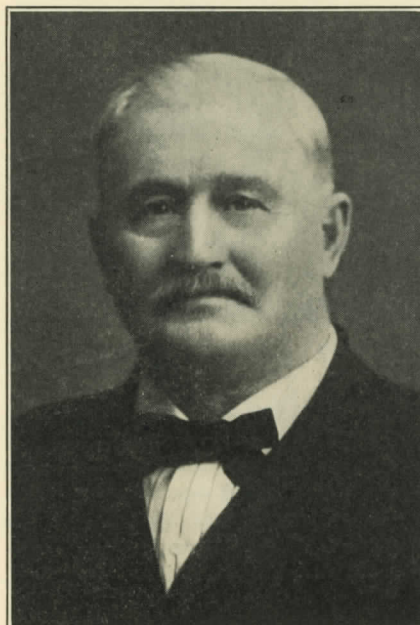
We Irish, such as we are, had to make a new start under the leadership of Father Mackey, after losing 14 years of our time and opportunity. We found that land had more than doubled in price, and a suitable location was not easy to find. Our friends, the land company, were generous and kind enough to offer a choice of two lots, but they were too small. When Father Mackey arrived, he looked around for a suitable place and chose the present location, which proved to be a grand one. Everybody concerned has been pleased ever since because of his excellent judgment and foresight. He got busy in the building line and kept busy until he got a grand church and presbytery, a convent for the sisters, and a school. He still keeps busy training the kids, trying to make good citizens of them for future service. He now has



WILLIAM LAFFIN

ten teachers and 500 pupils to take care of besides his other duties. He also gave a lot of attention to the surrounding cluster of dwellings, so as to have the place look tidy and respectable. He worked hard from the time he started, until he got the place to suit his taste. I think it shows up very well and that the Irish element has done fairly well in helping the appearance of the city as well as helping themselves at the same time.

Prominent Irishmen in Berlin fifty years ago were William Mahaney, William Laffin, Thomas Tracy, John Sheridan, Michael Wilson, Michael McCann, Patrick Pendergast, David Walsh and Thomas Walsh. These men were all outstanding ones in their spheres. Mahaney, Laffin, and Tracy were experts of the forest, capable of exploring the woods and planning large lumber operations from the stump to the pond. They were men to be trusted. Wilson and McCann were in charge of the small lumber department, known as the "slab hole," where laths and pickets and other small products were got from the waste of the logs. Skill and management were required there to take care of the small saws and light machinery. At that time, John Sheridan was the champion sawyer of the mill and handled the main machine in such a way as to turn out all the lumber possible. It took some man to be a successful sawyer and to run one of those old rotaries in good shape. He made good and became a banker. David and Thomas Walsh were section foremen on the Grand Trunk and from what I have heard from men qualified in



WILLIAM MAHANEY

that business, they couldn't be beat. They were safe and sure. All of the men mentioned above were a good class of men morally and were good respectable citizens with a lot of ability in their line of business.

We now come to D. J. Daley, the first lawyer to locate in Berlin. He came shortly after I did. When it comes to professional men, I can only speak as to their sociability. Dan is all right, a good, genial fellow and a man of high moral standards. He was elected mayor five times in succession.

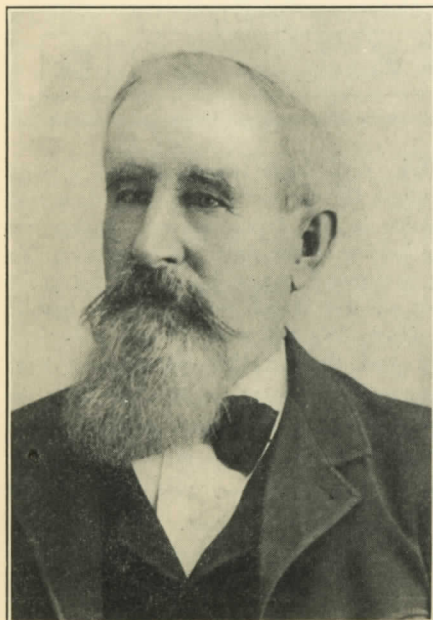
Other Berlin citizens of Irish descent were James and William Moffett; John D. Moffett, James' son; Patrick Maloney; Patrick Pendergast; Frank Donahue; John McMann; James and Lawrence McMann; Ben Hughes; James Smith; James Bagley; John Collins, and Thomas Galvin. There were several others that I have not met but have heard much about in the way of jokes and pastimes as well as what they did and where they lived. Three families came from Ireland in the year 1881, but they did not continue in Berlin. At that time, even, there was not enough of the real old Irish to give one a line on the real character, the really old customs and habits, more especially when in a mirthful mood. It may be interesting to refer to the above men and show what part they played in making Berlin a city.

William and Michael Moffett were on the payroll of H. Winslow and Co. in 1865, as shown by an original now in the possession of Lin Condon. James, a brother,

was a section foreman on the Grand Trunk.

Of Patrick Maloney and his wife, an old-time neighbor once related that they were passengers on one of those old-fashioned excursions to Portland. On getting aboard, they discovered another couple of neighbors from Island Pond, co-natives of the old sod. They turned a seat so that two seats faced and sat down so that their heads came close together. Four young folks could not have talked faster or laughed heartier than they. The curiosity of my old-time neighbor was aroused as to the subject of conversation and unobserved he listened in. To his surprise they were slinging the Gaelic. When my old friend related the story to me, I knew just how disappointed he was, for I had seen the same thing happen many times before.

Patrick Pendergast was a clerk at the store of the Berlin Mills Company. Another man of the same name came from Ireland in 1881. Paddy Pendergast was a witty old chap. Shortly after he came, he was down at the Grand Trunk station. There was quite a large crowd at the station. One of the young guys asked Paddy what time the twelve o'clock train got in. Paddy replied without a smile, "Immediately after the engine, sir," and passed right along. Paddy and his wife disagreed occasionally. One evening they were making a good deal of noise. One of the neighbors went in to save the old lady, as he supposed. The old lady got the poker and asked, "Who sent for you. Be off with yourself. A man has a right to bate his wife, if he



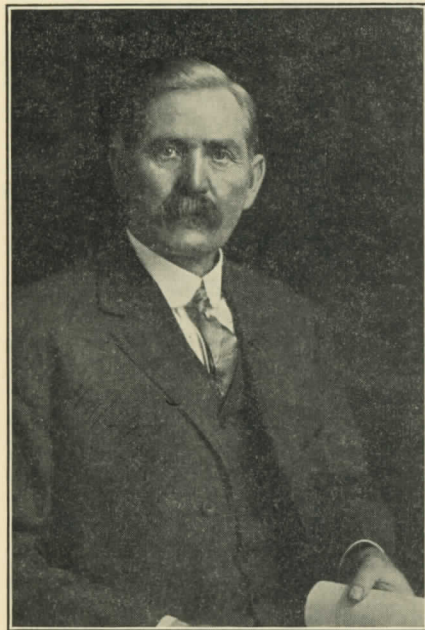
MICHAEL MCCANN



MR. AND MRS. JOHN HAYES

like." On another occasion, they were having a scrap. Paddy's face was scratched up some. Just then George Cote, clerk for the Gerrish boys, happened in with the inquiry, "Hello, Paddy, what's the matter?" "Sure, I fell into the wood-pile, sur," And the old lady held up her hands, saying, "See, thim are the wood-pile, sure."

Now for John Collins, one of our fine old sports. John was always primed for a joke and caught everyone that he met



DAVID WALSH



THE WALSHES

with his witty catches. He said that he was down visiting William Moffett. He didn't think William was very well. He seemed to be looking down at the heel a good deal of the time. But 50 years a shoemaker was the cause.

Frank Donahue, Civil War veteran, lived on Mt. Forist Street, where the David Walsh house now stands. The old house took fire one night while Frank was at work at the Winslow Mill. Mrs. Donahue crawled through the window with baby Frank in her arms. Frank, senior, became famous as an acid maker and digester liner.

John McMann was a farmer on Cates Hill, a Civil War veteran, and a famous whistler. His daughter, Mrs. Ed. Wheeler, is living in town now. James McMann worked for the Berlin Mills Company. Lawrence McMann worked at the Cascade

House for Henry Marston. Ben Hughes worked almost fifty years for the Berlin Mills Company. James Smith was a foreman at Berlin Mills fifty years. His brother, Anthony Smith, recently died.

James McGuire, a carpenter, came to Berlin in 1880 and lived in one of the new Furbish houses, now known as the Dr. Lavallee house. James Bagley had some Irish in him and did not forget the old folks at home. When a young man he sent his money home to build a barn.



MRS. DAVID WALSH

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

We are surely having great weather for March and naturally making the most of it and are very grateful. But do not fool yourself that spring has come for good, for very likely we will get in the middle of May, what we are supposed to get now. However, small favors are thankfully received and larger ones in proportion. By April 1st, it will be time for those that are interested to load up the back of the kitchen stove or the radiator with various seed boxes and pots. We hope there will be even more recruits to the amateur gardeners' class than last year. Anything done in that line helps to beautify our city which surely can stand a lot.

So many would-be sheiks from the machine room have been using the glass of

the dial of the scale in the finishing room, to fix up what good looks that nature never gave them, that they finally broke it. It surely must have been hard for them before the glass could be replaced.

Fred Vallis, known as Freddie the Sheik, combs his hair and powders his nose every hour when he works the day shift.

Alfred Paquette has returned to work after a five weeks' vacation with an injured arm, which was caused by trying to stop the winder by putting it between the drums.

Don't forget to take the old-fashioned but still effective spring medicine, sulphur and molasses.

We, who have wrestled and clawed clinkers for the last five months, do surely rejoice in the lovely spring weather we are having at the time this is written. To be pessimistic, we will say that we probably will get March weather in the middle of May. We will get so much cold, hot, wet and dry weather during the year anyway. Last year we were to have no summer, and we had about the best with a beautiful fall. Then we were to have the coldest winter we ever had and we did have one of the best.

Alice Frechette took a three-days' vacation to buy her wedding gown. She says the wedding bells are going to ring for her April 19th.

Joe Mercier is rejoicing in another welcome increase to his fast growing family. Five in nine years is travelling a good gait. Evidently Joe believes in multiplying and replenishing the earth, though hardly necessary. Anyway we extend congratulations.

William Cote and wife, Lucy, one of our old and popular cutter girls, are the proud parents of a girl baby. We extend congratulations to the happy family.

Mr. Flint of New York office made us a call recently. We are always much pleased to see the old timers. The writer remembers Mr. Flint for a period of 26 years. Come again. We enjoyed your smokes.

Miss Smith, who has been with us for some time in the efficiency department, has left us for another position. All of us who met her in a business or social way regret very much to lose her. Let us hope some kind fate may send her back to us.

One of our veteran millwrights, Samuel Sproul by name, lost a part of a finger recently by having it jammed off. No doubt it will stick up like a sore thumb for some time to come. The "Old Man" hopes he will be back soon to cut cores for him.

We are surely having a hard run of luck in the matter of sickness and injuries. Instead of decreasing it seems to be increasing. No doubt a lot of it is caused by too much speed and greed. High honors for the big fellows, nothing for the little ones.

The snow going as soon as it did robbed us poor mortals of a sporting event of unusual promise. It seems that one of our watchmen and our timekeeper got into an argument over travelling on skis and snowshoes. The watchman offered to bet all the way up to a thin dime that on snowshoes he could beat the timekeeper on skis over any distance from ten feet to ten miles. The matter has been postponed until next winter and will be put on as a carnival headliner. Lars Larsen will be referee.

When Mr. Abbott, superintendent of power, decided that he needed a couple of electricians on the Shawano Plantation, Florida, to put over the first electrical construction job, he placed the honor on the shoulders of two members of the

Riverside electrical crew, George Marrer and Don Dresser. Mr. Marrer is back in Berlin after a month's absence in sunny Florida. The work of putting in a high tension line and installing a number of motors and a 100 h. p. generator is practically complete. Mr. Dresser will remain on the Plantation until the plant is in operation, when he will visit points of interest on the Florida Coast and make a short visit to Havana, Cuba. Mr. Marrer has decided that Florida is a splendid place to live, and hopes he may again be called on to journey to its sunny clime.

TOWEL ROOM

Marie Parent exchanged an orange for a piece of wax by mistake.

Annette is on the sick list but the latest report is that she is much better.

A few days of sunshine brought our Zine Brien to the mill without a hat but displaying her long-pointed bob.

Marguerite Forrest is quite a good worker on a standard machine. No short packages.

Yvonne Dion had company one afternoon. She said they ought to let her enjoy herself a few hours.

Olive claims that the best place to dance is at the armory.

Eva Michaud is not eating candy during Lent.

Alice Dion says she doesn't care to work in the cutter room, as she'll soon do her own house work.

Eva and Ida Marois are not dancing during Lent.

Esther Johnson still believes in Russia, for she is still wearing Russian boots.

Florence Anctil was the proud winner of \$25.00. Oh, yes, a new hat and coat.

At the rate girls are coming in to get a job, the Brown Company will have to build a new towel room.

Miss Coulombe is displaying some new muslin dresses.

Miss Clement is out of the mill at 5.15.

Annette Lapointe wishes to thank the towel and cutter room girls and fellows

who contributed for the lovely flowers sent her.

Bill is happy. He won his election.

Tony Landry took a half-day's vacation. He claims it's hard on his leg to dance the Black Bottom.

Alice Gosselin bought a 10-cent diamond ring. She said it was good enough until she gets a good one. Tell it to Sweeney.

Spring is here to stay, as our Bertha wears her cap under her arm.

A linen shower was given to Alice Frechette in honor of her approaching marriage.

MAILING DEPARTMENT

PORTLAND OFFICE

The readers of the Brown Bulletin will probably be interested in learning something about the mailing department. Just about a year ago this department was started in a small way but it has grown very fast. At the present time it has a personnel of 15 girls who turn out daily work by the thousand pieces. The equipment is of the very latest type, and includes multigraphs, mimeographs, addressograph, graphotype, cutting machines, and in fact everything needed by a first-class mailing department.

This department is proving itself to be a long-felt want.

The object of the mailing department is to be of as much assistance as possible to every department of the Brown Company, and we feel at the present time we are able to turn out a maximum amount of high-grade work in the shortest possible time.

There once was a sales manager who remarked, "If I could only tell my own story to 10,000 people before the end of next week, I could close thousands of dollars worth of new business." This is now possible with the Brown Company through the aid of the mailing department. If absolutely necessary you can tell your story to these 10,000 people inside of 24 hours.

Just as soon as a job is received by the mailing department, each girl is instructed as to the particular part she is to play in getting the job out on time. The job is always planned before being started and the team-work is followed out to completion.

Whenever you are up against any difficulties just get in touch with Harold Collins, and let him tell you how the mailing department can help you out.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

Ovila Gagne says that when better pedestrians are made, Buicks will make them jump.

Fred Dupuis broadcasted last week from the dryer building. His speech contained so much wind that he blew down forty-five aerals, and in twenty minutes he sent out enough hot air to heat the armory for one winter.

The millwrights tore down the water tank in the new dryer building at a very bad time. This clear water was very much needed the morning after election.

Storehouse Michaud won his debate the day after election, because he didn't give the other fellow a chance to say a word. Mich wins all his arguments that way.

LAVOIE-BEDARD

Henry Lavoie, son of John E. Lavoie, machine and dryer room foreman, was united in marriage to Miss Eva Bedard of this city on Jan. 31, 1927. The young couple left for Laconia and visited the bride's brother and report the honeymoon a success. They will reside here in Berlin.

We think that Pete Belanger has the lead on all of us in the dryer building, when it comes to an argument. He could have lock jaw and still win out. He baffles the boys by asking the answers and telling them the questions, and besides he talks so fast sometimes that his tonsils shake. His chin can run eight hours with one winding. The only trouble is that vibration is ruining his bridgework but he should worry if he loses all his teeth. The words will, no doubt, come out faster, and that will be a help.

We wonder who the artist is in the dryer building. We have noticed all the pictures on the wall.

Mike Bouchard bought a Ford and claims that he saved his money by not smoking his own cigarettes.

John L. claims that if you are not good looking you have the best chance of being elected. Of course this has been only since the women have voted.

E. Murphy of Forbush Park was elected councilman for three years in Ward 4.

Mr. Murphy works with the millwrights here at the Sulphite Mill.

Two of the younger flappers have been doing a great deal of whispering in the corner of the curve room, lately. We know it must be something to do with a hen farm at Cedar Pond, because there is a great deal of talking about "Chick," but what has Arlie got to do with it?

Ronaldo Moreau gave an exhibition of the Charleston and Black Bottom in Island Pond on St. Patrick's night.

Hooray for Landry! He went and had his hair cut. But he was sorry afterward because his cap didn't fit.

Louise Oswell told the reporter not to put anything in the Bulletin about her this month.

Katherine McGivney is interested in the colors of men's shirts. Perhaps she would like to work in some gentlemen's department store or get one for somebody for a birthday present.

Pete Pinnette invested in a new Essex sedan at the automobile show. Some class to Pete now.

Marion Pilgrim and Helen Wilson spent the week-end at Camp Restmore, Cedar Lake, March 12th. The comedy given them at West Milan, and other incidents made their trip quite exciting, and of course they won't tell us the half of it.

Arthur Riva, Pete Ryan, and Alfred Watt, of the Sulphite Mill won the championship of the American League at the Y. M. C. A. this season.

Mr. Laffeuille of the coal field storage had great trouble recently when his rooster froze its comb.

What is Alex Chabot to do with all his money that he gets from young Rooney by selling him hens?

The storehouse and the laboratory bowling teams came to a clash recently in a hard fought game, but the storehouse was victorious.

Mann of the laboratory claims that Pat

bought a score card at the last hockey game but as neither team scored Pat was broken-hearted.

The storehouse bowling team, Mike Hazzard, Arthur Michaud, and Oscar Gonya, played the main office team, Arthur Riva, Pete Ryan, and Wilbur Sullivan, and was defeated. But the storehouse team claims that with just one more opportunity, they will return the compliment. But you had better be careful as they might trim you with a higher score. Look out.

Mr. Chellis of the Portland Office was here on business recently and we were surely glad to see him.

SHOWER

The Girls' Club House was the scene of another gay supper on Thursday evening, St. Patrick's night, March 17th. Dorothy Thomas, Alma Powers, Marion Pilgrim, and Helen Wilson were preparing the "eats," while the rest of the girls danced in the other room. At last the call came, and they all sat down to an attractively decorated table of green and white. Crabmeat salad au gelatin was served as the first course, with hot rolls and pickles. One end of the table soon emptied the pickle dish, except for the small, innocent onions. We wonder why they were left alone. Dessert was some delicious sherbet made by our efficient committee and topped with a harp or shamrock, symbolic of St. Patrick's Day, macaroons, and candy.

After the last pickle was downed, and the candy began to be consumed, they departed for the writing room. Dorothy Thomas was the last one to come in, and there she was surprised by a table filled with shower gifts. She was really surprised, and after recovering she opened the many parcels, and the girls took part in expressing admiration for the pretty dishes, pictures, and other things that she received. Dot certainly thanked them all in a lovely manner, and after the excitement cooled down, they danced and talked for a short while. Then, each of the girls began to leave, either for the movies or "dates." Just three were left. Who they were, we won't tell, but they certainly enjoyed the rest of the evening singing "My Wild Irish Rose" and other ditties, with a few flat notes and no encores.

ANSWERED!

A man received the following note from his actor son, who had joined a touring company:

"I have made a great success. Will you send me \$5 to pay landlady?—Your devoted son, Algy.

"P. S.—Since writing this letter, I am ashamed to ask you, so I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I pray it does not reach you."

The son was surprised when he received this reply: "Dear Algy, your prayer was answered. The letter did not reach me."

JOSEPH BENSON HUGHES

The sudden death of J. B. Hughes occurred at his home, 487 Champlain Street, early Tuesday morning, February 8th. Mr. Hughes had been in poor health for some time. His death came very suddenly, and was a shock to his family and friends. Heart trouble was the cause of his death.

Joseph Benson Hughes was born in Durham, Canada, Oct. 8, 1854. He was the son of Joseph and Mary Fee Hughes. He came to Berlin 50 years ago and had been employed many of these years with the Brown Company as wood-room foreman and conveyor man. Mr. Hughes received a pension from the Company about two years ago. He is survived by his widow, a daughter, Mrs. J. J. O'Connell, and one son, Leroy. Deepest sympathy

is extended to the bereaved family.

PETER HICKEY

Peter Hickey, a well known Berlin man, passed away very suddenly at his home on Church Street Sunday morning, Feb. 13th, following an illness of pneumonia. His death comes as a sudden shock to family and friends.

Mr. Hickey was 61 years of age and was born in St. Malashed, P. Q., May 1st, 1866, the son of Patrick Hickey and Kathryn Doyle Hickey. Mr. Hickey was one of Berlin's early settlers, coming here 45 years ago. He was employed at the Burgess Mill for many years.

Mr. Hickey was a man devoted to his family, a loyal friend and neighbor who was respected and liked by everyone. He had many friends in the mill.

Surviving relatives are the wife and four children, James and John of Berlin, William of Buffalo, N. Y., and one daughter, Mrs. John Powers of this city. The Bulletin joins with many friend employees in extending deepest sympathy.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Emile Gamach	\$108.00
Domenic Ottoline	48.00
Claire Ripley	32.00
Walter Taylor	48.00
Charles Schribner	58.00

Clifford Bingham	16.00
Edward Routhier	30.00
Leonce Landry	48.00
Frank Girindi	51.60
Eugene Guay	81.00
Monique Thierault	60.00
Marie Mason	61.50
Peter Hachey	12.00
Charles Decoteau	76.80
John B. LePage	63.20
Harry Pari	60.00
Percy Little	68.80
Joseph Couture	72.00
Archie Landry	12.00
Charles Jekoski	66.40
W. C. Plummer	16.64
Jules Lanteigne	50.00
Sam Savage	74.00
Donat Goodreau	2.00
Joseph Gilbert	96.00
Peter Mailloux	22.00
Thomas Mahern	56.70
Alfred Pelky	36.00
Louis Duclas	12.00
Sigfroid Guimond	4.00
Wilfred Provost	24.00
Louis Marchand	79.20
Arthur Decoto	12.50
Frank Latulippe	36.00
Stan Montminy	111.18
Theophile Gauvin	51.60
James Cryans	80.28
Frank Lauziere	7.26
Wm. H. McCarroll	108.00
Arthur Routhier	31.60
Joseph Leveille	17.73
Joseph Arsenault	31.60
Theodore Halvorsen	105.60
Mary Gunn	100.00
Napoleon Lambert	32.00
Wilton McLeod	19.34
Peter Belanger	68.80
Alex McKay	66.00
Joseph Lacroix	24.00
John Cason	24.00
John White	48.00
Israel Derosier	40.50
John Lebreton	83.60
Harvey Gendron	22.21
Napoleon Therrien	12.00
Henry Conway	24.00
Austin Holt	48.90
Onesime Hachey	38.00
Edmond Labrecque	27.20
Total	\$2,817.74

BROWN CORPORATION

LA TUQUE

The La Tuque Hockey Team has returned from its many travels. This year they won the Provincial Intermediate Championship besides the Stadler Cup for the St. Maurice Valley. They played off with the St. Francois National senior champions, at Montreal but lost 3-0, the only defeat they suffered this year.

We are all wondering why Harry Clifford carried an extra cap along with him on the trip to Shawinigan.

Mr. Warner, our egg and radio expert, has purchased an up-to-date calculator to figure up his receipts and expenditures in the egg business.

After several years of hard study by correspondence, F. J. Gilman has at last obtained his degree and according to his calling cards wishes to be addressed as Professor F. J. Gilman. He is an expert in thermit and high explosives. As yet

he has no permanent address but we guess where his office will be situated.

ON THE SAGUENAY

From Tadousac to Chicoutimi
A river wanders, gloomily,
A deep and sinuous waterway,
The Redman's haunt—the Saguenay.
Who has not felt its occult power
That turns aside, a summer hour,
From off the old, familiar ways,
And in its sombre regions strays;
There, on the creeping steamer's side
'Neath the dim canyon's shade to glide,
Past rock-ribbed heights, in silence bound,
With ranging spruce and fir tree crowned;
Inert, to watch the baby seal,
In the chill waters, flashing, wheel,
While haze of forest fires o'erhead,
Like crepuscule at eve is spread,
Eternity—Cape Trinity,
Loom up in ponderous majesty—
The Indian's profile, changeless, grim,
The Virgin keeping watch o'er him—
And on and on, each shifting scene
Invests with charm this rare demesne—
This melancholy, weird expanse,
Obscure in mystery and romance,
And slowly, softly ebbs away
The light of the enthralling day—

Reluctantly, one glances back
At little white-washed Tadousac,
And in his memory keeps alway
Visions of the sad Saguenay . . .

—Alice Kathryn Gould.

FEBRUARY ACCIDENTS

Upper Plants

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	35
Without loss of time	53

Total

Sulphite Mill

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	16
Without loss of time	57

Total

Cascade Mill

Serious accidents	0
Minor accidents	21
Without loss of time	45

Total

PORTLAND OFFICE

George Sterling is the reporter this month. John King will receive items for next month's issue.

E. H. Maling went to Washington on a business trip recently.

Carrol Mountfort spent a week in Berlin looking over the plants.

F. W. Thompson expects to go to Florida about March 20th and look over the Company Plantation.

Harry L. Bradbury, manager of the department of sales statistics, accompanied by F. H. Rice of the Tabulating Machine Company, is in Berlin on business.

We understand on more or less reliable authority that Thomas Churchill is in the market for a flat-bottomed boat to be used in his cellar during the anticipated spring floods.

Freddy Lanigan has been sporting a new fountain pen for the last few days as the result of his passing another milestone in his journey along this vale of tears.

Ask Freddy Walker for the time. He will enjoy giving it to you upon request.

Walter Logan is making a rapid recovery from the effects of a recent surgical operation on his neck.

Old friends of Roscoe Brown were very glad to see him in the office one afternoon not long since.

Charles G. Means was in Berlin office on Monday the fourteenth.

The paper sales department reports that the inevitable thorn has at length appeared among the roses.

George Q. Grant of the pulp sales division is at the Maine Eye and Ear Infirmary for the removal of his tonsils. It is hoped that he will be able to be back to work by next week.

Harold Chellis is spending the week in Berlin.

Powell, Dyer, Chellis, Hawkes, and Walker, with the assistance of Ralph's

Maxwell, took in the Bates Tournament. South Portland, Deering, and Westbrook were represented in the party. A good time was had by all, eh, Jim?

Will wonders never cease? We have been informed from a reliable source that Harold C. has been seen walking to and from the office. What is the idea, Harold, trying to reduce?

Bill thought his gas was getting low; He struck a match; the tank let go— Bill sailed three miles right in the air, Three miles on a pint is pretty fair.

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard it oft before—
And then she passed her plate again
And had a little more.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brown and daughter, Elizabeth, and Mr. and Mrs. Simmons Brown, are in the South for a few weeks. While there they will visit the Company's plantation and return by automobile.

James Lunt has left the Maine General Hospital and is recuperating at home. He is now rapidly regaining his strength and his friends hope to see him out on his usual rounds very soon.

L. G. Gurnett, financial manager, left March 5th on his annual trip to his ranch in Arizona. Mr. Gurnett will return the latter part of April.

M. S. Flint of the New York Office, paid us a visit last week in connection with his trip to Berlin.

R. L. Rice, Boston Office manager, was in Portland one day last week.

Alvin Googins of the Credit Department is very much interested lately in furniture catalogues.

Arthur T. Spring, credit manager, spent a few days last week in Boston on business.

Carl Werner, one of the oldest members of the Paper Sales Division in point of service, has been transferred to Boston Office. The division wish him all success in his new work. We miss his smiling face. We guess he won't see much of

Boston though, for we understand he has gone far into the wilds of Maine chasing up core prospects.

We were glad to welcome Mr. Flint of the New York Office in Portland recently.

It is with regret we come to the close of the bowling season as there has been great rivalry between Brother Cilley from Lee, N. H., and "Reddy" Spear from Spring Street, Portland, both of the Paper Sales Division. We are soon going to check and find who is the winner.

King's large words of the past few days, have set us wondering whether he is preparing a Fourth of July speech, or something along that line. His stenographer is certainly having a tough time, and we extend our sympathy to him.

We welcome Clayton Blackburn to the ranks of the Paper Sales Division. He came to us from Berlin.

John Fogarty and Gene Dupont, of the chemical sales department, are basking in the hot sands of Florida Plantation. When they return we expect they will have a mid-summer coat of tan. They are devoting their time to the potato business. The Company has some fifty to sixty thousand bushels to dispose of. And for the benefit of those who don't know, there are sixty pounds to the bushel of potatoes.

Jim Taylor has been traveling quite extensively of late in the interests of cores and we are glad to see that he is getting results.

Verne Clough, champion billiard player of the chemical department, met his first defeat of the season at the hands of one Albert Edward Light. It was a close match and was witnessed by a large crowd.

On February 12th the girls of the mailing department were entertained by Mrs. Flora Collins at her home on Mitchell Road. Piano and vocal selections were enjoyed. The whist prizes went to Miss Christine Ramsdell and Miss Mary Walsh. A buffet lunch was served. Those present were: Christine Ramsdell, Mary Welsh, Wilma Locke, Dorothy Sanborn, Mary Walsh, Isabel Christensen, Velia Minieutti,

Genevieve Walsh and the hostess.

The girls in the mailing department are certainly a happy crowd, but the happiest of them all is Dorothy Sanborn. Dot is now sporting a beautiful diamond ring on a certain finger of her left hand.

In regard to "The French in Berlin," a story that appeared recently in "The Brown Bulletin," I wish to say that the report on the Carreau family was not . . . er . . . correct. I suppose it was meant as a joke, but I fail to see where the fun comes in.—It's a mighty poor one, anyway.

It is true that Mr. Carreau was fond of fiddling, (and it was pretty good, too, even if he did pick it up himself) but not to the point of having his wife support him, and their children, (the mainstay of the family) as it was stated. Mrs. Carreau had enough to do raising eleven children, without any outside work.

As to the family not having eaten a dozen eggs in fourteen years, why . . . that is absurd. Eggs were just as easy to buy then as anything else, if we wanted them. None of the family ever died of hunger. We had our three meals a day, even though 'twas not an elaborate menu. Rich people were few in Berlin at that

time, but poverty is not always caused by laziness.

Mr. Carreau was well known in Berlin. He was an employee of the Berlin Mills Co., and nobody had to push him to go to work. He owned his house in Berlin, too, near the old shoe factory. (Could that be possible if those rumors were true?) Afterwards he sold his house to Mr. Mason, and went back to Canada. He was eighty-four years old when he died, and while not rich, his means were large enough so that nobody had to support him while he lived.

MARY ROY.

SHAWANO

The March winds blew into Shawano with an invisible force, and ushered in activity heretofore unseen in the saw grass of the Everglades. The harvesting of potatoes, on the largest area ever grown in the Everglades, was begun. The first potatoes were shipped by barge to Belle Glade, and then by way of the newly constructed F. E. C. R. R., into the frozen North. These potatoes are undoubtedly the first of the '27 potato crop to reach Northern markets, and are the source of much optimism and encouragement.

We have been honored by quite a number of distinguished guests recently. Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brown and their daughter, Elizabeth, together with Mr. and Mrs. Simmons Brown, were our most welcomed guests for an all too short period. This was the President's first trip to Shawano. Their keen interest in all phases of the project was a pleasure to all. We sincerely hope that we will have them with us again in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Johnson, parents of Mrs. W. C. Lord, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lord.

J. C. Sherman, of the Portland office was with us for a few days. He initiated several inspection trips to points of interest throughout the 'Glades. He will be in Florida for a few weeks, and we hope that he will visit us often during his stay.

John Fogarty and Mr. Dupont of Portland are with us, and are marketing the newly harvested potatoes. It is reported that both, and especially the Duke, are great admirers of our exclusive climate, "Where summer spends the winter."

Our friends and guests are always shown the garden. At times it has the appearance of the "Garden of Eden," and even the famed "snake" is found.

The Research has been favored with the visit of Dr. Oswald Schreiner and Dr. Skinner, of the Soils Division of the U. S. D. A., the former being the head of this



SAWGRASS IN BLOOM ON 10-FOOT STEMS AN UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE EXCEPT IN THE EVERGLADES

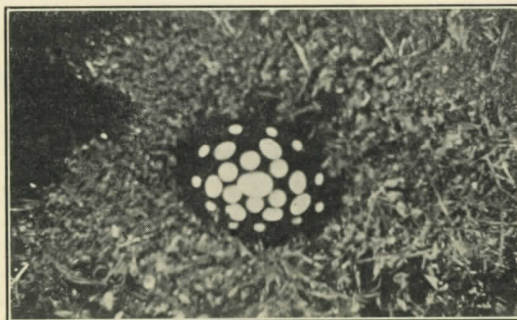
division. They each have an enviable record, and are the authors and co-workers on the more important soil problems of the country.

Arthur Frank is a welcome addition to the Research staff, and will serve in the capacity of plant pathologist. Mr. Frank has for a number of years been plant pathologist for the Washington State Experiment Station, and will use his valuable experience on our project here.

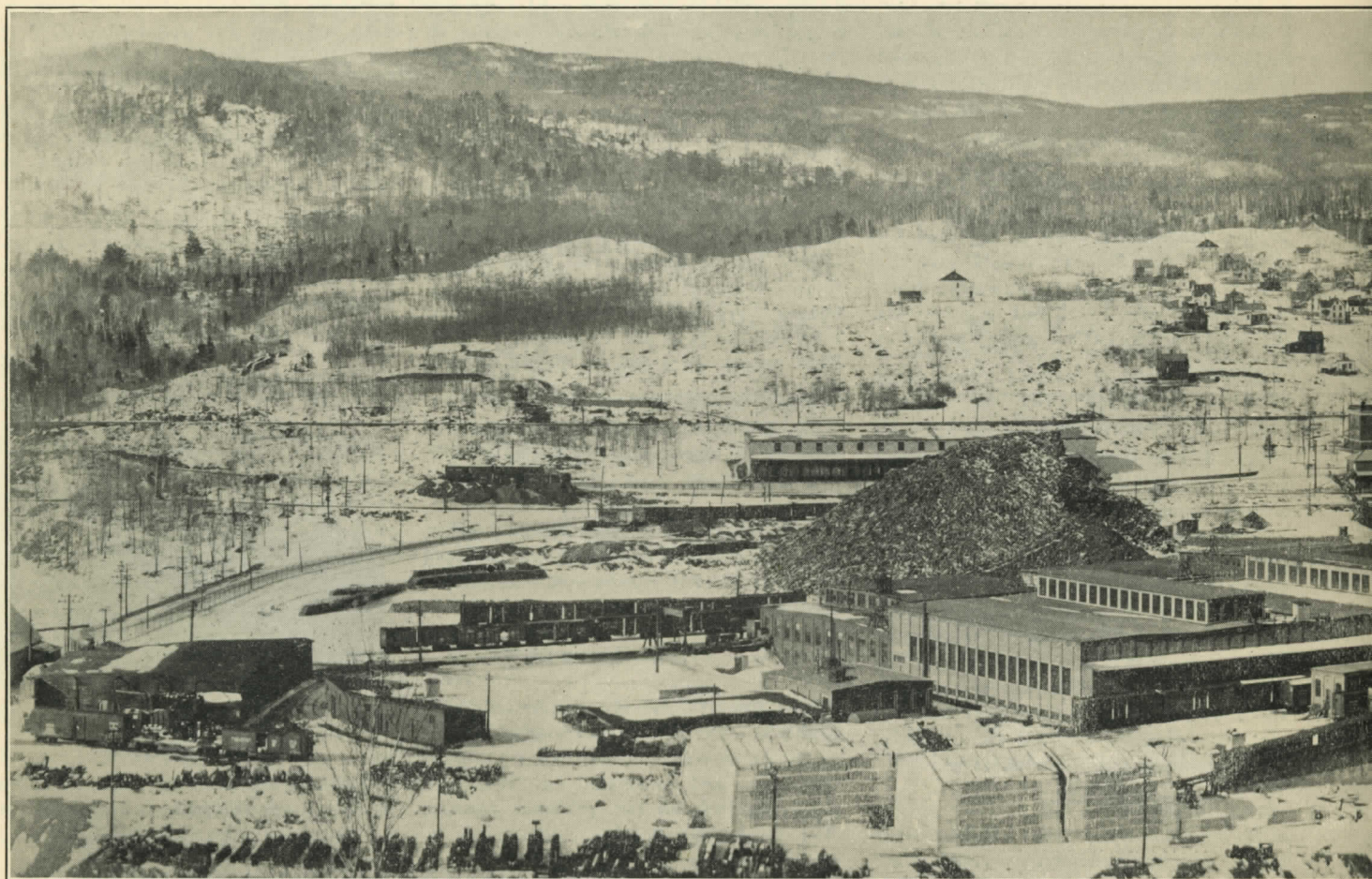
Three corners of the U. S. are represented more or less ably by members of the Research, these being the Golden West, the Rocky Eastern Coast, and the Sunny South. To complete the geographical distribution, there is needed only an addition from the Wide Open Spaces of the South West.

We suffered a loss in the departure of Tom Wallis and Harry Kenelley for points East. They carry best wishes from all members of the Shawano contingent.

Jacques, our English Lord, hands us this one: Mr. and Mrs. Walker of Putnam County, Tennessee are well represented, with four sons working here. We hope they are "grand sons."



EVERGLADE EGGS
Chicken Egg in Middle; Turtle Eggs Next (round); Snake Eggs Next (oblong); Lizard Eggs (smallest).



NIBROC NEWS

The above panoramic picture of the Cascade Mill and the surrounding country was taken on Sunday, Feb. 20th, 1927, from Red Mountain on the east side of the Androscoggin River. The photograph gives a wonderful view of the mill and all its domain. It also shows Cascade Hill in a splendid manner. The photograph was taken by Wm. J. Boiley of the Main Office to whom we owe much thanks for its reproduction in this Bulletin.

Query: Who says that the mountain east of the Cascade Mill is Red Mountain?
—Editor.

Norman Brown of Portland and M. S. Flint of New York were business visitors during the month.

Misses Doris Gorman of Berlin and Pauline Smith of Keene, N. H., were visitors during the month. Miss Gorman is the daughter of Frank Gorman and is attending Keene Normal School.

Miss Doris Oliver of the premium and standards department is on the sick list. We miss her smiling countenance and hope for a speedy recovery.

Capt. J. T. Hennessey has the heartfelt sympathy of the Bulletin staff and Brown Company employees in general, because of the death of Mrs. Hennessey.

Wanted:—A Ford car for not more than \$15.00. Must be in good mechanical condition, have four good tires and self-starter with good battery. Apply to

Jimmie Geummetti of the pipe shop.

Bill Pike of the pipe shop says he has his Flats baseball team in spring training. He wishes to state that he will take on all teams who want a game.

The inevitable has happened. Ed La-gassie of the welding shop had his mustache burned off.

John Mooney says, "I knew there was something wrong with that cigar when Boivard gave it to me."

We all missed a treat seeing John do a back somersault when it exploded.

Edgar Perry of the lunch room is back to work after a long sickness. We are all glad to see him back.



CASCADE COMICS

Laughable Happenings
 During Month Of March

1. Once More The Two Pals Come Through LAKESIDE

2. Two Old Timers Are Now Getting Back Into Form

3. Practicing Up For Next I.B.P.M. Meeting

4. In The Good Ol' Spring Time — Dreams.

5. Presented To Paul DuBois So That Next Year He Will Bite Into Right Political Party.

6. Champ Of Machine Room Doing His Stuff.

Leroy Maines of the electrical department was out of work for a week. We are glad to state he is gaining rapidly and if he ever fully recuperates, he should live to a ripe old age.

Peter Anderson was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, December 22, 1871.

He came to this country thirty years ago and in 1907 entered the employ of the Brown Company at Cascade Mill, where he remained until his death, which occurred Jan. 26th. The first ten years of his stay here were spent in Gorham, and then he moved to Berlin where he purchased a home and has since resided. He was twice married and by his first marriage had one son who died in infancy.

Mr. Anderson was of a very quiet and studious nature, devoted to his home life and will be deeply missed by his family and friends, especially his shopmates.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Emma Anderson of this city, and a brother living in California.

Maurice Landers of the machine shop was out of work as a result of an injury to his hand.

Paul Dubois of the electrical department picked them wrong at the recent city election. Better luck next time, Paul.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the members of Cascade Mill for their kind expression of

sympathy and floral tributes at the time of our recent bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. John Travers
and Family.

We are glad to see Denis Bousseneau of the lead burning department back on the job and hope he has fully recovered from his recent illness.

Willard Thompson of the millwright

department was down to see us recently and we are glad to know he is convalescing rapidly.

Scott Crockett, Earl Noyes, and Pat Hughes of the millwright department are on the sick list.

Edward Fitzgerald, we know owns a tux, When he dolls up he looks like the Prince of De Lux,

But where he keeps it and why he Don't wear it, is certainly a mystery to me.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Arthur Vezina's family has been increased by the arrival of a large boy. Mother and son are doing well.

George Gale was a visitor at the Auto Show, but he will still be seen at the wheel of the old Overland.

Lawrence Dyer expects to launch his Ford shortly.

Clifford Roy will be reporter next month.

Henry Conway was a recent visitor at the Eye and Ear Infirmary at Portland.

The loading crew has a new addition to its facilities, a traveling crane for loading one-ton drums of chlorine.

Joe Roy of the caustic plant is getting his Chevrolet car ready to take a few trips to Canaan and to Sherbrooke.

Soup-bone Manton is an agent for a big dealer of furniture in the state of New Hampshire. If you intend to buy some new furniture for this summer you had better put in your order early and avoid the rush.

Henry Pelkey joined the national mudguards last month, and he claims that he cannot sleep as well as he used to because he has too many war dreams. Tuff luck, Henry.

Joe Vallis, Sr., had one hundred and thirty-eight teeth pulled out on the same evening, and the next morning he took them to a shoe repair shop and had a pair of calked shoes made for little Joe Vallis, Jr.

Lawrence Dyer is thinking of changing

his new 1911 Ford for a 1906 Saxon, four speeds ahead.

We wish to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gilbert on the birth of a fifteen-pound girl, Antoinette Barbara Henrietta Gilbert, on February 26, 1927.

Frank Vallier has to wear two pairs of spectacles to find the brine tanks at night.

Squeaky Santy and Henry Pelkey are making plans to open a bowling on the roof of the new Armory Building. They will call it "The Berlin Square Garden."

George Frost is going into the shoe business, May 1, 1927.

Joe Gobeil is getting married very soon now.

James Barnes did not show up for work at 12 o'clock one night, to the great inconvenience of Duke Manton.

NOTICE:—Anyone who has any saw teeth, drag teeth, harrow teeth, or any kind of teeth, please send them to Joe at the caustic plant.

Aldy Dion is a regular visitor at the Russian Church, snow or sunshine.

Doc M. has an application in at the Central Fire Station for the position of fire laddie. The reason we believe is so he can give the glad eyes to his lady friends.

Rube McCutcheon will not take any more boarders, as Maloney is not a paying proposition and Rube does not want to lose any more money.

When George Gale and R. Bouchard get

together they are always talking about the price of eggs, ham, prunes, and other groceries and telling us that we are losing money every day.

George Hopkins has been working very hard for the democratic party. An appointment should surely be in store for him, such as sealer of weights and measures, dog catcher, hog reeve.

LIST OF DEATHS

Upper Plants

George Forest was born July 13, 1894. He commenced work with the Brown Company in 1912. His death occurred March 8, 1927.

PHILOTECHNICAL SOCIETY

On March 23, Mr. R. W. King of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company delivered a fine lecture before the Philotechnical Society on "Electrical Transmission of Pictures." The knowledge at the basis of present efforts in this direction has been at hand for many years, but conditions have only recently been favorable to a limited development of the methods. The three requisites for such a process are cheapness, speed, and accuracy. To-day eight theatres are connected up so that anyone may avail himself of the privilege. These are Boston, New York, Cleveland, Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and St. Louis. The time involved to transmit an accurate photograph has been reduced to seven minutes, and the charge for this service is \$20-\$30 per photograph. The speaker was very modest in outlining the utility of the service. He feels that some users of it are seekers after novelty, but that there will always be special cases that will render it valuable. A great deal of time is occupied by sending men with documents on long business trips. Newspapers like to get

BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES

BOSTON

Dupont of this office has moved Mrs. Dupont to Boston, and they are comfortably settled in the Back Bay district at 21 Forsyth Street.

The Duke had a bad attack of wanderlust and equipped himself with knee boots and riding breeches and departed from our midst about the fifth of March to try his hand at snake charming at Shawano in the Everglades of Florida.

Among our visitors this month were Messrs. Norman Brown, W. E. Corbin, James Taylor, Harold Chase, L. W. Stack, A. T. Spring, George Sterling, and C. A. Philippi.

Carl F. Werner, of the Paper Sales Division, is a welcome addition to the Boston office force, where he is fast becoming an expert on cores and conduit. This, together with his ability on lumber and cross arms, will keep him occupied in the New England territory.

W. L. Gilman is still out of jail, and his car is in good running condition, too.

H. R. Annable has returned from the sad duty of attending to the final affairs of his father.

NEW YORK

We are pleased to greet H. J. Brown who visited us prior to his departure for Florida.

Among the visitors during the month were W. B. Van Arsdell of Berlin, en route to New Orleans, Messrs. Merry, Phillippi, and Langmuir of the Department of Market Studies, and James A. Taylor of the Core Sales Division.

F. J. Smith is making a trip throughout the middle west where he will devote his time working up the potato business. To use the vernacular of the farmer, Mr. Smith "knows his onions" when discussion arises about this edible starchy tuber.

M. S. Flint has just returned from a trip to Portland and Berlin.

Harrison Starr is on a business trip through upper New York State.

J. G. Skirm has been transferred to the

Pittsburgh office where we wish him lots of success in the sale of fibre conduit.

During the Paper Trade Convention the following were in New York: Messrs. Norman Brown, W. E. Corbin, J. A. Fogarty, Gilford Henderson, W. H. Bond, Henry Chase, B. K. Babbitt, Edmund Burke, William Gilman, and E. F. Moody.

Messrs. Flint and Ashworth tendered H. H. Ewing of E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., a farewell reception on the occasion of his sailing for England where he will be the London representative of the duPont Company.

Charles Slicklein captured third place in the Military Athletic League running high jump. He accomplished this without any practice, so we expect many victories for him after he puts in a little training.

ATLANTA

We are pleased to welcome Edmund Burke to the Atlanta office and hope he will visit us again soon.

C. H. Fogarty is in Atlanta recovering from an appendicitis operation.

Recent visitors to the Atlanta office were, Irwin T. Brown from Mid-States Gummed Products Co., Chicago, and E. S. Martin, East Orange, N. J.

HOW HIGH IS THE MOUNTAIN?

Stone Mountain is one thousand feet high at the site of the present Confederate Memorial carving. The face of the mountain is very nearly perpendicular at this point. A representative of the Atlanta office was embarrassed by not being able to answer these questions promptly for a recent visitor.

PACIFIC COAST

J. W. Towne, vice-president and director of purchases of the Blake, Moffitt & Towne chain of houses, accompanied Mr. Van Pool on a motor trip to Los Angeles, to attend the annual banquet of their Los Angeles Division, which was held at the Alexandria Hotel, February 19th.

All of Blake, Moffitt & Towne's Southern Division employees, numbering 325, attended the banquet. Service buttons were presented to all those employed from five to thirty-five years.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne are opening a new division at 333 Van Ness Avenue, Fresno, California, and will hold open house, Saturday, March 12th.

While you in the East are experiencing winter weather, we on the Pacific Coast are having our annual thrills of earth tremblers.

SAINT LOUIS

The visitors at this office during the past month were as follows: John A. Fogarty and James A. Taylor.

We are glad to welcome two new Towel Distributors to our fold, the San Antonio Paper Company of San Antonio, Texas, and the Pollock Paper & Box Company of Dallas, Texas. Both have started with a bang and expect to increase Nibroc Towel sales in their respective territories.

E. P. Kane and H. W. Leffingwell have been doing nice work getting the above distributors started.

J. I. Heyer just returned from a meeting in Chicago with Mr. Gumbart, our fibre conduit representative. Mr. Gumbart gave him some very constructive sales arguments, and from now on we expect to see our conduit sales increase considerably.

We have been enjoying wonderful spring weather out in this part of the country.

Evergreen Nursery Stock

SPRUCE - PINE - FIR

FROM OUR

Cupsuptic Nursery, Oquossoc, Me.

For further information and 1927 price
list, address

Forestry Division, Brown Company
Berlin, New Hampshire

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

MAIN OFFICE

Morris McCarthy was recently afflicted with a very severe case of spring fever. He came to the office with one rubber on and one rubber off. No, he did not lose it in the mud. He left it at home quietly resting on the porch.

Miss Helen Brooks has the desk formerly used by Alcide Fournier, who has completed his duties with the Brown Company and has gone to Boston.

The Brownies had a most excellent chicken supper at Emma's on Tuesday evening, March 1st. It was a "real chicken supper," too, with all the flavors and tasty fixin's, just like mother makes.

Everyone was prepared for the biggest storm of the season on March 18th, and all we got was a little shower. When it comes to weather prophets, we haven't very many sharp-shooters.

Ditto rolls were pretty scarce last month. Anyone who got ahead of the other fellow was lucky. Everyone who looked at "Ditto" let out a hungry cry, "More rolls, more rolls." And all he got was a lot of advice like this, "Take the air for twenty-four hours, kid, and if the other fellow gets ahead of you in the morning, you're out of luck."

TUBE MILL NO. 2

Not long ago, one noon hour, Young Gibbs and "Nick" Lapointe got into an argument about Youth vs. Age. It seems Gibbs insinuated that "Nick" was slipping, and to settle all arguments Nick challenged him to a mile run which is to take place July 4th at the Maynesboro race track, for \$25.00. "The betting now favors Gibbs," says Harry Bartlett, but "Things might change some," says Pop Reynolds, who has taken over Nick's management.

Pete Nicolette bought a Whippet.

Bob Horne entertained the T. B. A. last week. He sang several Italian selections and made a great hit with the members, when he surprised the bunch by kicking off a few steps of Black Bottom.

Glen Hallamore has joined the Pitch Miners' Ass'n, and at present is an assistant to H. Ernest Carberry, who is a charter

member of the organization.

Pete Frechette has a new pair of shoes that came from Prince Edward Island. After looking them over, George Knox thinks they must have killed half of the cows on the Island to get leather enough to make them. Pete says he has ordered a new overcoat with a belt in the back, but Knox says if Pete makes too many wise cracks about a certain coat Pete will get a belt in the back.

The case of Bert Sweeney vs. Jim Kearns about the manufacture of calabash pipes was finally thrown out of court by the presiding judge, Charlie Enman. Lack of evidence on both sides, said the Judge, influenced me to do it. Their stock will go on sale just the same but Mr. Sweeney warns the public to beware of imitations.

Walter Bacon doesn't go hunting alone now, unless he can get a good reliable guide. He still believes there are trout in York Pond. So do we, but try and get 'em.

Elmer Jarvis and Red Donaldson have been seen with their heads together talking over something. I suppose they are planning on taking another nap in the old sedan but what about the other two?

Some time ago I read in a letter sent in by Cowboy "Kid" Miller that Haze Augherton was a cake eater. Now the Cowboy must have meant a pancake eater, because we are inclined to think that Haze can polish off the Cowboy in about two frames. When it comes to handing out doses of punishment, Haze is there two ways, giving it out and also taking it. He has shown us and the "Cowboy" hasn't. I do not think they have to import boxers to stop the Cowboy. We have right here in the Tube Mill two men who can make Miller dream of a pine box, and those two men are no less than Young Bernier, and Geo. Knox. Bernier is a rugged boy and can sock, and there is no question concerning Knox. He isn't exactly a spring chicken but is too good for the Texas cow puncher. If Kid Miller can knock a cow over in a punch, Knox can kill a bull moose with a straight left. This is what we think anyway. Emile Garand is a tough young man who should be able to take the Cowboy's measurements.

Much credit is due Phil Tardiff for the way he refereed the bouts on Feb. 25th. Many of the old timers think Phil is a No. 1 man at the job. A job as a referee is no cinch and the fans boo a decision when the referee gives it to the best of his knowledge and ability. There is a lot to be taken into consideration and the fans should realize this. The B. A. A. has been very fortunate in having a man like Mr. Wardwell, he being noted by many for the fair way he hands out decisions. How about Felix King and Wop Manolian?

Byron Ferris says he is glad to know the Province of New Brunswick is damper than it used to be.

Bill Douglas says if he could land his bull gang in Nicaragua the trouble wouldn't last long.

Frank LeBretton thinks Arthur Moreau isn't much of a cook. He says Moreau walked into a meat store and asked the proprietor for a boneless soup bone. The proprietor smiled and told him he didn't have such a thing in his store, but could provide him with some nice ones vice versa. Frank says he believes Moreau was the cause of soupless Tuesday back in the war days.

Frank Oleson is busy tuning up the Willys-Knight, getting ready for the beaches. "Old Orchard next," says Frank.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Born March 22, to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Goldsmith a daughter, Faith Carol.

W. B. Van Arsdell, who has made a special study of the theories and practical uses pertaining to the subject of color, spoke upon "Color Harmony" before the regular meeting of the Philotechnical Society on March 9.

W. L. Hearn is a member of the Berlin Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Gertrude Street is back with us after an illness which took her home to Island Pond to recover.

THEN AND NOW

Not many generations removed most of our families were engaged in tilling the soil. In those days man was peculiarly independent of his neighbors, mainly because he was compelled to do everything for himself, from raising food and clothing to providing his own amusement. There was one time, however, when most of them were dependent on their neighbors' help—that was in time of death. At times when a breadwinner was taken away, the result was generally destitution for the family or dependency upon the charity of the neighbors.

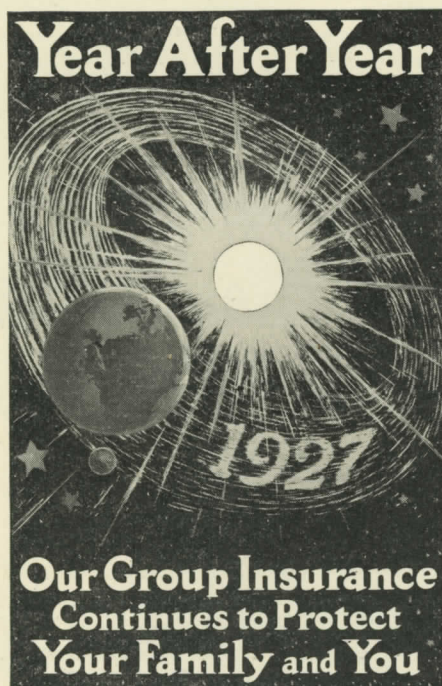
For the most part the neighbors were not lacking in charity. They generally took up collections among themselves to tide the unfortunate family over until the children were able to go to work. There is a story told of a crude insurance system which existed in England in the days immediately preceding those when insurance became an established fact. The members of small villages, in an effort to systemize the payment of money to destitute families, paid into the village treasury sums to be used in times of stress.

The idea was generous, the plan often worked; but when several deaths occurred in one village at the same time, there wasn't enough money put by in the treasury to go round. At best, the proposition was precarious.

Life for all of us has been simplified during the last few generations and made more secure through cooperation of all for the common good. The coming of machinery, while it has made us dependent upon our neighbors, has at the same time given us advantages our forefathers never dreamed of. Consider the civilization which we enjoy—it is possible to talk thousands of miles over wires, turn a dial in New York and hear a concert being played in London, or fly from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic Coast. There has been just as great a change and improvement in the provision which has been made for dependents after the bread winner has been taken away.

Life insurance companies have scientifically worked out the amounts of money needed each year to provide for certain death risks; the distribution of the risk is widely scattered over millions of human lives. There is no guess work. Just as the villagers paid their pittance into the money into insurance companies for the same purpose. There is one difference—when a breadwinner who has made insurance protection for his family dies today he can be certain that that family will be paid a certain stated amount arranged by him before hand.

Our group insurance is an outcome of the most recent developments in insurance protection. Until a short time ago life insurance companies would take as risks only individuals who could pass the test of good health after submitting to a physical examination. Under our group insurance plan all eligible employees are accepted regardless of age, sex, or physical condition. They may secure insurance protection at wholesale rates, because of the cooperation of their employers. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which underwrites our group insurance plan, is the largest insurance company in the world. There is no guess work about our plan—it promises a stated sum, that sum is paid.



In addition to our group insurance plan, all of our employees should take out as much insurance as they are able to carry for the protection of their families. When this company arranged for group insurance, its object was using this modern development in insurance for the interest which is common to us—the protection of self and family.

BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Arthur Thibodeau	\$ 50.60
Jos. Lambert	69.52
Alex Couture	57.20
Roland Dupont	55.90
Theresa Keenan	59.81
Chester Ripley	46.25
Mrs. Mary Ann Pilgrim	313.60
John Oleson	35.10
John Gallant	16.03

Jos. Boulin	51.60
John Farrington	32.28
Arthur Anderson	12.00
Everett Oleson	48.00
Napoleon Dutil	60.00
Arthur Cantin	36.00
A. Lacroux	62.00
Jos. Legace	32.25
Jos. McPherson	71.20
Amedee Routhier	50.80
Harry Sweet	100.00
Arthur Bolduc	60.00
Nile Clinch	24.00
W. A. Fowler	76.80
Everette Arneson	56.40
Rosilda Hamel	35.60
Jos. Ouillette	48.00
Jos. Guay	36.00
A. C. Perkins	64.75
Walter Bacon	37.10
J. P. Howell	29.60
Oscar Christianson	54.00
Jos. Lpranzo	18.12
Jos. Deschenes	30.00
Geo. Durocher	26.00
Chas. Morin	46.00
John Calback	62.00
Mrs. Hilda Johnson	100.00
John Wright	68.00
Alfred Tondreau	68.80
Mrs. Ella Clinch	100.00
Frank Valliere	23.46
Emile Dube	93.60
James J. Malloy	93.32
Joseph Aube	37.50
Mrs. Mabel H. Watson	220.00
Abraham Schroeder	27.08
Ralph Grant	64.80
G. Audet	20.00
Joseph Fealey	16.60
James Shreenan	48.32
Peter Belanger	51.61
Chas. Morin	12.00
Louis Frechette	8.80
Geo. E. Derocher	24.00
Wm. Goodreau	33.80
Edward Butler	60.66
C. M. Davis	51.03
Wm. Johnson	22.00
Jos. Roy	47.30
Cyrus Paulson	33.15
Leo Belanger	29.70
Sylvanus Peters	31.50
F. Caron	39.58
Ed Long	12.00
Willard Thompson	89.20
John Arsenault	38.00
Fortuna Tourgeon	33.99
Eugene Morrisette	62.06
Adelard Arsenault	18.00
Maurice Landers	22.50
P. M. Quinn	34.40
Jerry Chavary	87.99
Omer LaChance	55.58
Chas. Sinclair	50.80
Chas. Dorr	16.66
E. R. Perry	60.00
Arthur Houle	48.00
Frank Mowel	54.80
Fred A. Gesner	50.80
Jos. Drouin	64.00
Alfred Vachon	44.79
Archie Landry	34.00
James Dumeresque	24.93
Peter Morgan	10.00
Hiram C. Rogers	37.50
Alex Hanson	26.00
Jos. Gourard	14.00
Everette Gatchell	27.51
Camille Ferante	102.00
Lee W. Welch	13.33
Albert Green	28.00
Emile Talbot	22.00
Wm. G. Forest	34.40
Sam Delphonts	60.00
Larry Poretti	92.00
Edward LeBlanc	24.00
Philip Garneau	60.00
Wilbroid Vien	26.00
Fred E. Arenburg	15.98
Louis Gregoire	88.86
W. E. Cunningham	32.00
Geo. Fountain	60.00
Mrs. Peter Anderson	289.20
Total	\$5,356.37

During the coming June, July, and August, 35,000 young Americans will leave shops, offices, factories and schools to attend the Citizens' Military Training Camps. If interested, you should see the local Recruiting Officer.



ACTUAL FOREST FIRES IN ST. MAURICE VALLEY

NORTH AMERICAN FOREST WEEK April 24-30, 1927

THE last week in April will be designated as Forest Week by the governments of both the United States and Canada. During this period all the citizens of the two countries will be earnestly entreated to consider how the forests affect their own vital interests and how each may do his part.

The protection and perpetuation of our forests are vital to continued industrial welfare and national strength and to the health, comfort, and prosperity not only of

those directly employed by the forest industries but all other citizens as well. American and Canadian statistics show that forest resources have suffered enormous losses through the occurrence of forest fires, and that the total loss through such fires has far exceeded in amount the depletion in timber wealth through legitimate cutting operations. Forest fires also result in disastrous loss of life and of valuable property other than timber wealth, and in addition the vitality of the forest is seriously impaired, rendering it unduly susceptible to attack by insect and fungus

pests. Forest fires disturb the equilibrium of stream flow, lower the water table, and frequently give rise to serious erosive effects. The reliability of water powers is diminished by forest fires, which sweep the soil bare, so that the run-off amounts to a torrent in springtime and but little water is available at the season when the turbines most require it.

The problem of forest fires can only be solved with the full sympathy, assistance and active support of all the people, evidenced in greatly increased care with fire in the woods and backed by a general

demand for proper precautions against fire on the part of all workers or travellers in or adjacent to the forest. The majority of forest fires are entirely attributable to inexcusable neglect or ignorance and are, therefore, preventable, and the exercise of reasonable prudence and proper carefulness on the part of responsible individuals will reduce timber losses by fire to small proportions.

At this time of the year, when thousands are looking forward to spending their summer vacations in the woods, all should be acquainted with the fact that the camp-fire, which is one of the most pleasant and valuable adjuncts of camp life, may if neglected easily result in disaster. All persons should familiarize themselves with the proper methods of building, using, and extinguishing such fires.

During Forest Week, all engaged in timber operations should see that all equipment and appliances designed to prevent the origin or spread of fires is overhauled and repaired. All should review with care the fire protection requirements of the legislation under which they operate and should see that all employees working under their direction are properly instructed as to the danger of fire.

AN ESSAY ON POTATOES

By LOUVILLE PAINE, Associate Editor

(Continued from March Issue)

THE first notable achievement in this line was by Burbank fifty years ago. At about eighteen or twenty years of age he came to the conclusion that what was needed was a white potato a good yielder, of good size and quality. He set himself to the task and produced the "Burbank," a potato that has smashed all records. A recent newspaper item claims that a cent a bushel on all Burbank potatoes ever raised would make a man the richest man in the world. Young Burbank cultivated his new potato until he had a crop of four or five hundred bushels, when he sold out at a good price, deriving enough from the sale to "Go west, young man," and start on his most wonderful career.

Producers have made fortunes with new varieties of potatoes but, like inventions, it occurs only when the originator has the business ability to market his product. Obviously, where the originator may have profited largely by his production, the people at large have profited even more.

Each seed in the potato ball will produce a new variety. The process is simple but "fussy." Seed can be procured from some seed companies. A row ten or fifteen feet long will suffice. This is long enough to allow for discarding of worthless varieties, and you may rest assured many more will be discarded than saved. The first year they will grow to about the size of filberts. The seed should be planted far enough apart so that the product of each seed can be kept by itself. By planting each year the same as full fledged potatoes, in about four years they will attain their full growth. After elimination you may be fortunate enough to have one or two varieties that come up to the standard of good potatoes, or a variety, "the best ever." You will be interested and surprised at the different colors, shapes,

and characteristics found in this short row.

The necessary qualifications in a potato to make it valuable can be enumerated somewhat as follows: good yielder, sturdy tops, propensity to grow compact in the hill with minimum of small ones, good quality, good shape with shallow eyes, and immunity from disease.

To supply the demand, mills to make starch from potatoes sprung up throughout northern New Hampshire. The business acquired a Yankee-like momentum that carried it first to a Yankee-like success, and then to the same kind of downfall by competition and overproduction.

The mill was not a complicated affair, and most anyone could build one. With a broadaxe, a bucksaw and a hammer, Frenchie Melancey would have no trouble in constructing a very workable affair. The first thing needed was the storeroom. Extending from the storeroom was a long wash trough, in the center of which was a shaft with blades attached like a propeller or electric fan, set at an angle of say 45 degrees. The potatoes being dumped into the end of the trough were caught by the revolutions of these blades and pushed along and washed. By the time they reached the other end they were clean and ready to be ousted by a wide, flat paddle, on the same shaft, out of the trough into the grater. A stream of water washed the skins away and the starch through a screen into a spout that led to the storage vats. The grater consisted of sheet iron punched full of holes by hand, and nailed, ragged side out to a roll. In the vats the starch would settle to the bottom. The water would then be drawn off leaving the starch a heavy compact mass. The dirt on the top was scraped off, and the starch was dug up, mostly in chunks, and thrown into an elevator which took it to the top of the dryer.

The dryer was a room with several tiers of slats about an inch wide, laid a half-inch apart. Hot fires were kept going underneath, and as the lumps of starch dried into powder form it fell through these slats to the bottom floor from where it was bagged and taken to the storehouse. It was marketed in strong cotton bags, 200 lbs in a bag. It was regarded as quite a stunt by the hardy country boys to "shoulder" one of these bags. A waterpower was considered quite an advantage if located near the potato fields. Minus a waterpower, the mills were run by steam. The fire risk was extra hazardous, and insurance rates were high. Fires with no insurance happened occasionally.

There were two starch mills in Milan, one at Milan Corner, near the bridge, and one on the Chandler brook on the waterpower just above the steel bridge near the Hamlin place. Of the one at the "Corner," Nelson Twitchell, now 90 years of age, a native of Milan, a long time resident and business man in Gorham, tells this story. He in company with Peter Phipps, Columbus Lane, Wm. Stanley, and Dexter Hamlin built the mill in 1868. Before the mill got started, Dexter Hamlin sold his interest to Dexter and Reuben Wheeler of Berlin. That year they grated 18,000 bushels of potatoes for which they paid 25c per bushel. They practically made enough that year to pay for the mill. The next year they grated 29,000 bushels, but competition sent the price of potatoes up, sometimes to 40c, and so the profits were not so large. It took 250 bushels of potatoes to make a ton of starch. The price at first was 7½c per pound, but overproduction carried it down to 5c. The potato, most raised for starch, was the "California," a large, coarse-grained one, and an enormously heavy yielder of 400 bushels to the acre. It was not fit for

a table potato. The table varieties grew at the rate of 150 to 250 bushels to the acre. They were mostly Jackson White and Early Rose.

The mill on the Chandler brook was built by Moses Woodward of Jefferson, Jason Woodward's uncle. He had also some mills in the Connecticut Valley. Mr. Woodward operated the mill several seasons, and then Philip Plaisted of Jefferson ran it a season or two for John Horn, Jas. Parker, and Dexter Wheeler. Mr. Woodward was of a temperamental or excitable make-up. One day a passerby on the bridge noticed that the water coming from the mill was of a milky appearance. He went and asked about it, and upon investigation it was found that they had started to fill a vat and had neglected to put the drain plug in. They had grated about a hundred bushels of potatoes. With crumpled hat in hand, occupying the middle of the floor, and with an excellent flow of unprintable language, he performed a splendid imitation of what is now the Charleston. A very amusing episode!

Reuben Wheeler and his two sons, Hazen and Ozman, built a starch mill on the home farm, now the residence of Mark Twitchell. It was located near the little brook toward the upper end of the farm. Moses Hodgdon built a mill over on the Ammonoosuc, had it stocked with potatoes and ready to run, when it took fire and burned down with no insurance.

To us modern mortals, twenty-five cents a bushel for potatoes, (it was sometimes only 20c over Lancaster way) seems a ridiculously small price to be sure, but the small ones were taken along with the large at the same price, which was quite an item, and it was a cash transaction. There was hardly any market for farm products, and the cash income on the average farm was small, but it went a long way to buy necessities that couldn't be raised.

This brings to mind the story of the group of men eminent in the affairs of the nation, standing on the bank of the Potomac. One said, "It was said that Washington could stand here and shy a silver dollar across to the other shore (seemingly an impossible feat)." "I don't doubt it," said another, "you know a dollar would go a great deal farther than that it will now."

One doesn't have to be very much of a Methuselah to remember when print or calico was "all the go." In fact many a woman had for her best dress, a calico, and of course from the view-point of the times, everybody thought them neat and pretty. How changed! The decline in use of many kinds of cotton goods that

required starch in their manufacture reduced the demand for starch; and further, countries like Poland with cheap labor, capable of producing enormous potato crops, can make starch and ship it in at a price much lower than the cost of production here. What with the reduced demand and the competition our starch mills are driven out of business, with the exception of an occasional one in the big producing localities to use up small potatoes and sometimes a surplus.

Along with other great changes has come a decided change in the potato business here in Berlin. Whereas there used to be quite a number of carloads shipped out each year, there are now many shipped in. Buyers came in each year and shipped out a few carloads. My father being in trade, and having many farmers among his customers, was in a position to handle their potatoes, by way of barter. Outside buyers shipped in bulk. We always shipped in barrels, "hitting two birds with one rock." Flour barrels were always accumulating around the store and in the town, and there was always a demand for them in the big wholesale markets, and in the fall good barrels were in demand for apples. Buying up barrels in spare time was part of our business. We paid from 8 and 10 cents to 14 and 16 cents each, with one and two heads respectively. Here is a change worthy a minute's notice. Most everything now is put in bags or in fibre boxes, with the result that second-hand barrels are few and far between. Apple barrels are manufactured at a cost of about 75 cents each.

To get back, we put $2\frac{3}{4}$ bu. of potatoes in each barrel. My father watched with an "eagle eye" for defective or small ones, always zealous of reputation for shipping good stock. Among the growers was Hiram Cordwell, who lived on Chick-wolnepy stream, a mile and a half beyond Milan Corner. He would start in the small hours of the morning with his ox-cart load of fifty bushels and arrive in time to have a good hot breakfast with us.

While on the subject of shipping, I want to relate an incident that happened forty-five or more years ago. It is doubly interesting, inasmuch as the two principal characters in the little drama are living yet and are prominent men in the community. Looking back, the participants get a hearty laugh out of the episode, but at the time there wasn't a particle of humor to be seen in it. If there was anything that took my father's eye, it was an ambitious young man with business ability. One fall there appeared a young man, Jesse Libby from Lockes Mills, with

a letter of introduction from a wholesale produce dealer in Portland, an acquaintance of father's. Jesse explained that he was in college and trying to make money to pay expenses, that he had been shipping potatoes from near his home, that this produce dealer was sending a schooner load of seed potatoes south for the early market, and that the dealer wanted some extra good stock to put on top for good looks. For the information of some who have never heard I would say that this practice (almost obsolete) of putting the best on top for deceptive purposes is termed "deaconing," probably on the assumption that a deacon was not supposed to do such a thing, but would occasionally if he felt reasonably sure of not being caught. This deception was more often practiced in barreled apples than with other products. Personally I resent this term "deaconing." I have been a deacon over forty years and can truthfully say I have never yet put the best apples on the top of the barrel. Father took to young Libby immediately and insisted that he come and stay with us as we lived close to the station. He gave him all information possible and sent me with him with our horse and pung through the country to buy potatoes.

As I understood the affair, Libby had the promise of a large lot of potatoes from Ranse Twitchell. The potatoes belonged to Uncle Jim Wheeler on Milan Hill. It seems that Ranse had had some talk with Uncle Jim about them. For some unknown reason there was a delay in negotiations between Uncle Jim and Ranse. Uncle Jim, chafing at the delay, took matters into his own hands, independent-like, and sold the potatoes to Libby. As Ranse saw it, it looked like Libby had played an underhand trick on him and it made him furious. But, it is plain to be seen, it was a misunderstanding and that Libby was entirely innocent. It happened that a few days later, Ranse and Libby met in G. T. Station just before dinner. Ranse pitched into the eighteen-year-old boy and gave him the worst tongue lashing that had ever come his way. He was all broken up over the affair. He came in to dinner, but went directly to his room. Father comforted him by telling him he was all right and to not pay any attention to it. However badly they were wrought up, they both lived through it, and are living today. Jesse Libby became a lawyer and has spent all his professional life so far in Gorham. After all these years of experience in law, I would wager that a little episode the size of the foregoing "wouldn't turn a hair" or spoil his appetite for dinner. For

many years he has been carrying Hon. before his name. He is remembered by some as a one time principal of the Cole school with Althea Sawyer and Fannie Wardwell as assistants.

Mr. Twitchell retired from business several years ago and is a respected citizen of Milan.

In the early days of cold-weather fruit-and-vegetable shipping, it was necessary to "line up" the car and set up a small stove to keep the contents from freezing. This consisted of a bin in each end of the car with an air space between the bins and the floor and sides. This was expensive and bothersome, both in building and getting the outfit back. A man had to go along with the car to keep the fire burning. The rapid growth of the business led to the invention of the Eastman and other heater cars, in which the protection feature is permanently built in, and is kept warm by an oil heater. The tank holds oil enough to last many hours and requires no travelling attendant.

Winter was "setting in" and potatoes had to be shipped in lined cars. Young Libby had made provision for the cold weather by having a couple of cars he had used at Locke's Mills sent to Berlin. One cold afternoon a farmer who had sold him a large quantity of potatoes sent down two large loads. Upon examination they were found to be just as they were dumped into the cellar from the field, including dirt, small and bad ones. Father advised Libby to tell the teamsters they could sort those potatoes over or take them back home, which he did. The teamsters decided to sort, so they all, father included, "fell to" and sorted them. It was a cold, tiresome job, and the teamsters had a late supper that night. Needless to say, the balance of that farmer's potatoes came all sorted.

Speaking of early or quickly growing potatoes, several years ago I was looking about for things of interest in Green Bay, Wis., and happily strolled into "Market Day." Now I don't mention this to advertise my travels as I might be classed with the minister who opened his prayer with, "O Lord, thou knowest when I was in Europe." My travels have not been extensive, but all travel is interesting. Market day in a large city is a sight worth going to see. The people themselves are a study. In most cases the man and his wife come. Occasionally the young couple come and bring the first baby. Sometimes older couples come and bring the first and last and all between. The way they drive in, back up to the curbing and put their goods on display, discloses salesmanship ability of all grades. An onlooker

can discover all kinds of human nature in this busy crowd of buyers and sellers.

In this Green Bay market was a woman who had sold everything but a bushel of potatoes. Everybody must have been supplied or else such a fine scripture-measured basket of pink potatoes would have been quickly snapped up. Attracted by the splendid looks (of the potatoes), I asked the woman the variety. Betraying her Scandinavian descent she said, "O, dey are the early six weeks potato." Now this is a very excellent variety, but the name is a misnomer. It will not grow in six weeks, but with proper cultivations it will in eight. It is a good yielder, a good keeper, and of good quality.

There is a scheme that was worked years ago, and perhaps is now, but I don't happen to see it, that of getting potatoes into the early market and benefitting by the high price prevailing at that time. A person fortunate enough to have an early warm piece of land could work the scheme quite easily. John Horn and Albert Gerrish were two who used to plan on raising about a hundred bushels each, selling for a dollar a bushel. The money realized at that time of the year came as quite a relief, as this was the first crop to bring in some much needed cash. Mr. Gerrish's early piece was the piece back of the pavilion at the Cascade. The variety planted was the Early Rose. John Horn lived on the farm now the residence of W. R. Brown.

There were new potatoes from Cuba in the market at Christmas time. They were dark red, about the size of large walnuts and seventy cents a quarter peck—about eleven dollars per bushel, a rather expensive palate tickler. I have known it to happen in Errol that they ran out of old potatoes in August and were buying Irish Cobblers raised down south.

The business of raising potatoes in the south for the early northern market started, for a guess, fifty years ago. We imported a few from Bermuda. Virginia and Maryland began buying Early Rose seed in the north, getting early potatoes into the market about the middle of July. With quicker growing varieties, "Irish Cobbler" for instance, shipping is now started from Florida in March; about three weeks later from the Carolinas, and then in turn from Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, and Long Island. By then the northern grown are ready.

Texas starts just a little ahead of Florida and then comes Louisiana, and then Alabama, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, and Nebraska to supply the Mississippi valley. With the improved shipping facilities the business has become an immense industry.

As many as 500 carloads have been shipped from Maryland to Canada in one season. There are not potatoes enough raised in the north to last until the next new northern crop comes in, and as they become poor in quality by reason of age, people are willing to pay the price and get good new ones.

Of all the crops raised by the old settlers necessary to "keep soul and body together" the potato crop was the most dependable. Some varieties of corn and wheat were raised but climatic conditions hereabout are not favorable. Therefore potatoes formed a large part of the diet, especially of poor families, and there were many such. Grandmother Paine, who lived six miles up on the East Side, related an incident of how she and Grandfather made an evening call on a family and as they sat and talked by the light of the fire in the fireplace, the several children, one by one, got up from their dozing places and stole quietly off to bed. Just before they left for home, the woman of the house took the poker and pulled a mess of roasted potatoes out of the ashes, probably to prevent their burning. Grandmother had strong suspicions that all they had for supper was roasted potatoes and salt, and that rather than display their poverty, they had allowed the children to go supperless to bed.

The farmer isn't a person who sanctions greed and gormandizing any more than people in other walks of life, but he does delight in a little pig that will make a big hog of himself. To help the pig along in his ambition in this direction the old settlers used to raise buckwheat to mix with the skim milk and buttermilk and boiled potatoes for his balanced feed ration. Pork raised on this feed had a flavor that lingers in the memory. The grain used nowadays is Western grown.

Along with the 4th of July greased pig, and at other picnics, the potato race was always an exciting event.

A simile or an idiom conveys to the mind with clearness and force the point in question. Consequently the factors used are things with which we are the most familiar. Therefore we say of a fellow who mumbles his words, "He talks as if he had a hot potato in his mouth." Of a person who makes a quick change to get out of a disagreeable situation, "He dropped it like he would a hot potato;" of a person of small account, "He's small potatoes and few in a hill;" to convey the idea of something substantial and hearty, "That's meat and potatoes." Seemingly, about all there is going on in this world is change and in this connection we note the changes in

cooking and serving potatoes many of them recent inventions. To begin with it used to be the custom to boil potatoes with the "jackets" on, place them on the table and everybody "peel their own." Unknowingly this was the scientifically proper way. Analysis shows that the beneficial chemicals and most nutritious part lie next to the skin. By the modern method the busy housewife peels them before boiling, taking off quite a thick skin (the busier the thicker), thereby throwing away the best part of the tubers at an estimated loss of about 20%.

Again it is less work to slap them onto the table unpeeled, and they retain the heat better. Next in order comes baking. It is said a baked potato should be just a bit underdone to have the best flavor. Doctors advise as an aid to good health to eat 'em "skins and all." Then comes a list of ways of cooking and serving, much longer than for any other vegetable. Offhand, how many ways can you add to the list? Fried, mashed, chips, warmed up, salad, ingredient of hashes, escalloped, hashed brown, French fried, in soups and chowders, making bread and cake, doughnuts and pie, creamed, fried, mashed,

roasted, julienne.

The pitcher of old-fashioned potato yeast that our mothers used to keep in the cellarway has given place to the three-cent yeast cake, and, by the way, a newspaper item stated lately that the daughter of Fleischman, the multimillionaire yeast king, has just had her life insured for \$3,250,000. They will probably have no trouble in "raising the dough" to keep the big premiums paid.

And now after all is said and done, we have planted, cultivated, hoed, sprayed, dug and picked up, we are at the point now to enjoy the reward of our ambitions and struggles. Doesn't it just make your "mouth water" to think of sitting down to the table to a nice good flavored baked potato with thick cream and just a pinch of salt?

After two bad years for the potato business, '24 and '25, Aroostook County with its mortgages, and fertilizer bills and other obligations unpaid, was on the verge of bankruptcy. Then came a year of a big crop (308 bu. average to the acre, largest average in the world, with only a 124 bu. average for the rest of the U. S.) which, coupled with the resultant high prices, cleared up the debts, put money in the

banks and autos in the garages.

And now, Mr. Potato Grower, I don't fancy for a moment that I have told you much of anything that you don't already know. But, do you do as well as you know and put into practical use these modern methods and discoveries? You are in the business for all there is in it, and it does seem that a hundred or so dollars per acre over the old "pod-auger" methods is well worth the effort.

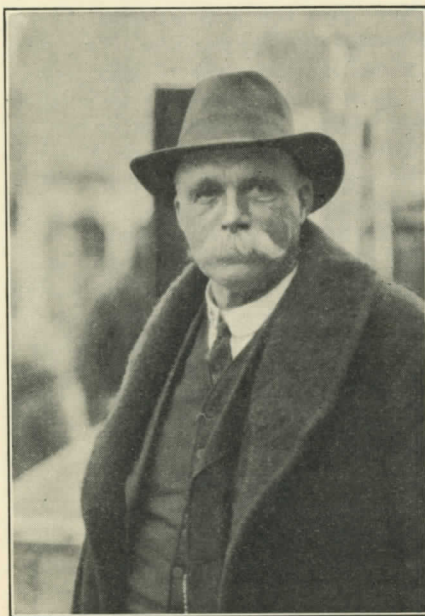
Here are the nutshell statistics of the doings of Walter Christie, a "potato king" of Presque Isle, Aroostook, this past season. Planted 1100 acres, average yield 385 bu. per acre, total crop 423,500 bu. Cost 62c per bu. to raise. Sold for \$1.45 per bu. Total receipts \$616,000. Total cost, \$261,800. Profit \$354,200. Now my "get rich quick" friend, (I am suspicious there is more or less of a streak of it in all of us), don't take off your shirts, but listen to the story of the man who failed to keep his shirt on. He got all excited about quick, large returns "farmin'" and went to it. It is reported by the neighbors that he raised the devil the first year, and the second, he didn't raise much of anything.

CHARLES LOUIS SANBORN

Charles Louis Sanborn died suddenly of angina pectoris on the evening of March 21 at Shawano, Florida, a town that it was his pride to have opened up in the Everglades several years ago, when he superintended the breaking of the virgin sawgrass sod and building of the first homes there. His death was entirely unexpected, for he had just recovered from a cold and had spent a very happy day in recreation with the boys, catching catfish in the canal and shooting snakes and other game. As he went to bed he had spoken to his niece of some peas near the house that needed hoeing and expressed the intention of loosening them up first thing in the morning.

Five hundred people, including many of his associates in the upbuilding of Berlin and Gorham, gathered in the Congregational Church, of which he was a substantial supporter, on the afternoon of Sunday, March 27, to pay the last respects to Mr. Sanborn, who was one of the oldest of those actually born in Berlin. Rev. E. W. Moore read the Scripture and a beautiful eulogy of Mr. Sanborn's foresight, wisdom, and achievements. Mrs. W. H. Buck sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" as arranged by Lillian Craig Coffman. Mrs. H. A. Farrand presided at the organ. Honorary pallbearers were Messrs. W. E.

Corbin, E. F. Bailey, Edmund Sullivan, Charles A. Chandler, W. D. Bryant, Fred Rahmanop, James B. Perkins, John Quinn,



CHARLES LOUIS SANBORN
"The Tall Pine of the Androscoggin"

James Malloy, D. J. Daley, Albert Bean, and George F. Lovett. The active bearers were Edward Gibbons, Mark A. Twitchell, Thomas E. Mack, Bernard Simpson, Leon

O. Bartlett, J. W. Cooper, Mark H. Taylor, and Orville Stewart. The pulpit was banked deep with a profusion of beautiful flowers. Interment was in the Old City Cemetery beside his father and mother.

Charles Louis Sanborn was born August 20, 1857, at the old Murray place, just torn down, at the end of the cement sidewalk on Main Street, near the site of the old Hutchinson dam. He was the son of William D. and Rebecca Lovejoy Sanborn. His father was the blacksmith for H. Winslow and Co., and came to Berlin from Greenwood, Maine, about 1853, soon after the starting of their mill. From his father, Mr. Sanborn inherited his love of outdoor life. William D. Sanborn was for many years the best known guide for hunting and fishing in this section. He is credited with the discovery of Jasper Cave, and stories of his prowess are to be found in the published history of Berlin.

Charles Sanborn spent his boyhood at Berlin Mills and at Jericho. He went to school at Cates Hill schoolhouse. He matured very early and was in charge in the woods for W. W. Brown at the age of 19. He spent several seasons logging for himself, was away about two years employed at construction work at Taunton, Mass., and helped to build the piers and abutments for the bridge over the Kennebec at Augusta, Maine. He logged on Phillips

Brook for Sumner Thompson in 1881-82. His continuous service with the Brown Company dates from 1884. About 35 years ago, he succeeded Cyrus Twitchell as foreman in charge of the Milan drive, being responsible for all driving and sorting of logs from the foot of Pontook Falls to Shelburne dam. All the booms, dams, piers, cribs, and other construction work on the river since that time have been continuously under his direction and he has often found time to do work beyond this sphere. He has had a part in all cement work done on the river since.

About 1898, he reconstructed the wood dam at the sawmill. In the period 1902-1904, he cleared the land and did the pioneer work for Cross, Cascade and Gorham dams and powerhouses, for Cascade Mill, and for the Berlin Mills Railroad from Berlin to the Cascade. In 1906, he put in 49 piers between Berlin and the head of the Pontook flowage. This work divided the river so that two drives could come through from Potter Boom at the same time. Sorting was carried on at Potter Boom for fifty years, until about five years ago when a gap was operated at Milan Line for one year, after which the sorting was dropped down to the present site at Pine Island.

In November, 1909, he went to La Tuque, where he broke the ground for the hydroelectric development and mill there. In 1913-14, he did the cement work in the present sawmill. In 1916, he cleared and broke the ground for the Heine Boiler Plant. In 1920-21, in conjunction with Mr. Lovett, he built the dam and penstocks from the Riverside Mill to the new power plant, which was followed by the excavations necessary in the redevelopment of the Gorham, Shelburne, and Cross powerhouses. In the winter of 1925, he had charge of the clearing and plowing of 1200-1500 acres of land at Shawano, the new town in the Everglades, named by Mrs. O. B. Brown. Mr. Sanborn's active optimism about this latest project has been the source of much encouragement to all connected with it.

Charles Sanborn was married to Mertie E. Dustin, Oct. 28, 1890. In 1910, they built a new home on the site of the house occupied by his father for many years. He was appointed to the Berlin Police Commission by Governor Albert O. Brown in 1921 and served until 1925, when he was succeeded by Perley Churchill. He is survived by his wife and brother, William H. Sanborn.

AN APPRECIATION

Charles Sanborn belonged to one of the oldest families of Berlin.

Among my earliest recollections are the blissful hours spent in his home listening to his father, William Sanborn, tell the lore of the woods and stories of hunting, trapping and fishing, that never failed to inflame my boyish imagination. The romance of my first camping trip, which was with Charles and his father, will never fade in my memory.

From those days until now there has been an unbroken personal friendship between us.

Charles grew up in Berlin and with the exception of a few years when as a young man he was away from home, his whole life has been spent in the employ of the Brown Company.

For many years he took charge of logging operations in the woods and driving crews on the river. During the latter part of his life he superintended the supplying of logs to the mills and had the responsibility of all the piers, booms, and dams at Berlin.

The work which he enjoyed most and which taxed most his remarkable ability and exceptional judgment was the building of dams and general construction work. He had a part in the construction of every mill which the Brown Company has built in the last 40 years. Usually his part of the work was the control and mastering of the river, or some other pioneer problem where there was no precedent to follow and the blueprint became rather a suggestion than a guide.

His courage, good sense, and boundless enthusiasm almost invariably carried him through successfully, and were a source of inspiration to all who were associated with him.

I think the most characteristic quality in Charles Sanborn's makeup was the fierce joy with which he attacked a difficult problem. The more insurmountable it seemed, the more real pleasure it gave him. Never will I forget the flash of his eyes as he worked on the apparently impossible task of sinking a cofferdam in the falls of the St. Maurice River at La Tuque. This was one of his most notable achievements.

His most lovable quality was his great joy in life.

His loyalty to his friends and to the Company he served so faithfully endeared him to everyone who came in contact with him and will never be forgotten.

In thinking of Charlie's loyalty, one can never dissociate the memory of the consecrated devotion of his life companion

and helpmate, Mertie Dustin Sanborn. Wherever duty called Charlie, however trying the circumstances, Mertie was at his side to comfort and encourage.

Our community has lost a valuable citizen, the Brown Company has lost a loyal man, and I have lost a priceless friend.

ORTON B. BROWN.

WITH THE COAST GUARD

The following is a letter to Mrs. Alfred Anderson of Berlin, written to her by her son, Ryan Anderson of the Tuscarora, C. G.

March 6th, 1927.

Boston Navy Yard.

Dear Mum:—

Just a line to tell you about the storm we were in. I suppose you heard about it, but you never realized how near death we were. We were tossing about the lilty-loot waves, trying to save the lives of those who went down in the deep, dreary cold water.

You have no idea of the misery of the ships in distress, or of the loss of sleep that we put in at sea, and you will never realize what a sailor's life is until you have been one.

THE STORM

We were tied up at the dock with our decks sheeted with ice and snow, and a gale blowing at the rate of 90 miles an hour. It was 10.30, on a Saturday morning that we received a S. O. S. that several ships were disabled fifty miles southeast of Boston Lightship, which is located southeast of Cape Cod.

PROCEEDING TO THE RESCUE

There was no time lost in getting under way, and the cold blizzard struck the nose of the ship, as she crept around the corner of the dock. Everything about the ship had been secured for a sea trip, as fast as the snap of a finger. As we passed Myers light, we were tossing terribly. With our decks washed from stern to stern, we plodded on, in our damp and wet clothes, to the scene of the disaster.

We were hitting about twelve to fourteen knots, with our bows riding through twelve-foot waves, which dashed madly over the ship, washing everything that wasn't secured firmly enough, such as lifeboats, buckets, waterboards, life-preservers and deck-boxes, forward, aft and overboard.

We pounded on for two days and two nights in mountainous seas, with waves breaking at the height of fifty feet in mid-air, tossing our ship about like a lost matchbox in mid-Atlantic. It was early in the morning of the second day of the storm, that our steering apparatus gave way with a snap, causing the ship to come to a broad side in the boiling billows and

making it unsafe to walk the deck, which was swamped. With our steering gear disabled we drifted in the mad blizzard, helpless. No time was lost, and every minute meant an hour. Our only hope to get the ship back on its course was to use the emergency wheel aft on the quarter-deck. Three brave sailors had to be lashed to this wheel temporarily, and there they stood, the treacherous waves breaking over them, at times hiding them entirely from the eyes of those on the bridge-deck. This was absolutely necessary, as the water was taking advantage of us. The emergency rudder had a tendency for display, caused by the under current, but we soon had our old steering apparatus secured, and permanently put back in place.

All through the dark and dreary nights, and through the whistling sleet and snow, the Tuscarora crept on fearlessly to the scene of the disabled ships.

Our meals consisted of hard-tack, coffee, and jam, also sour pickles to wash down the hardtack crumbs. Some of the sailors had a hard time getting the food down, but had an easy time getting it up, as the old sailor said of his first trip to sea, "Come on my ship. Six meals a day, three down and three up."

There were two destroyers that started out at the same time as we. These were a menace to navigation, and were riding clear under the water. One of them lost her smoke-stack, also three of her life-boats. The other was in such a bad condition that she turned about and headed back for Boston at half speed. The first followed her, and left us alone to battle out the ninety-mile gale. The snow and sleet was cutting our faces for the coast guard, and ourselves also. Every now and then a wave would roll over the rails was in the lead, had sprung a leak, underneath the rudder-post. This caused her to settle her stern clear under the foaming brine, and only her old flagstaff, with "Old Glory" flying hard and fast, was in view. Still, on she rode, battling with the angry billows. At 8.15 that evening the "Redwing" called for a relief, and had to give up the chase, for she was leaking fast. She reached Gloucester and dropped her hook in the outer harbors, and waited for the storm to cease. At that time we were still bouncing about like a hard-tack cracker in the Atlantic.

The firemen, whom I mentioned before as being stripped to the waist, were shoveling coal with all their might, at the same C. B. 239 patrol boat went down. We were making one and one-tenth knots an hour, under force draft, with our propeller twirling clear out of the water, as the sea left

our stern in mid-air.

I wasn't sea-sick, as I had too much to worry about. I asked "Saulty," if he was feeling O. K., and he said, "If I never see land again, my girl will think I have run away from her." He is a happy-go-lucky Gloucester fisherman, and nothing could keep him away from the water.

I had almost forgotten about the poor firemen who were stripped to the waist, shoveling coal, trying to do their share in rescuing their helpless shipmates who were being drowned. With every man at his station, the old Tuscarora progressed. In the meantime, the U. S. S. Redwing, which at in this case. "Saulty" and I stuck by each other all the following morning, risking our lives, trying to keep the life-boat covers on.

Well, Mum, it must have been a real storm, for "Saulty" said he was losing his sea-going legs, when he tumbled over the sky-light hatch, while all the fun was going on. We were nearing the spot when the swamping the decks, and drenching us from head to foot. I had on oil skins and boots, but they did not protect me from the furious billows.

At one time, "Saulty," whose real name is Winchester, was working with me, trying to back a rolling barrel against the ring-boats along the housing side of the ship. I looked up, and "Saulty" said, "Duck, and hang on for your life." That was all I heard, and before I could get my breath, we were both pinched flat on the deck, with tons of icy water all over us. The water rushed to the starboard side, and emptied itself into the sea again. Then "Saulty" said, "That was a close one, hey!" This fellow of whom I write surely rates the sea-going name, and has been all through this life before. He may be "salty," but I can't see anything to laugh time being slammed about in the dingy, dusty coal-bunkers. But they were men of good spirits, and nobody gave up hope. We were the only coast-guard cutter left out there now. In vain we were trying to get to the distressed ship.

We received a radio dispatch from headquarters telling us not to give up, and as the motto of the coast-guard is "Always ready," we did our best to live up to it. It took many a tedious hour to reach the spot. Now comes the saddest part of the story. We received the sad message over the radio, concerning the Patrol Boat 238. The entire crew had been washed overboard, and all the men had perished. The storm ceased at 6 p. m.

I am writing all this to give you an idea of how the Atlantic Ocean is in winter. Most people read the news in the daily papers, but they do not realize what a

sailor's life really is. Folks may read all this, and soon forget about it, but I shall never forget it as long as I live.

If I am not mistaken, our ship, the "Tuscarora," is twenty-four years old. It was not built for salt water, but even so, it proved that it could withstand the roughest gales that ever blew. With the old peanut roaster (or engine room) puffing, knocking, and wriggling in her cradle below the decks, our boat endured it all. Had the engine refused to do its duty, of course we would have had the choice of either swimming or walking; but the old Tuscarora proved to be the most seaworthy ship afloat at that time. People's opinion of the Tuscarora is "The ship with fourteen decks and a straw bottom," but my own opinion is that her fourteen decks hold fast, and her steel-plastered bottom is safe and secure, and able to outwit any rival. This has been the second storm our ship has been in, and I am glad to say that I would sooner spend all my time on the good old "Toss and Tessy," than on any other ship afloat. The Tuscarora has well earned her name of "Toss and Tessy" and can more than live up to it in the estimation of eight hands around the captain. I nearly forgot about our paint locker. The first trip in the first storm we lost quite a little paint, but this time we lost all, which in my opinion averaged about eight thousand dollars worth, of paints, varnishes, red lead, shellac, and all the rainbow paints which are made. Our loss was not noticed until we were again tied to the dock. When the paint-locker man entered his paint room, he found himself staring into the most discouraging mess ever thought of.

We were just one week getting the ship ready for sea again, and I will tell you more when I get my leave. It is cruising season at the present time. But don't worry about me, Mum, as I am perfectly all right, and not in any danger. I like the sea-going life more and more, the longer I am in the service.

Compliments from my old faithful shipmate, "Saulty," and myself.

Your-son,

ANDY.

P. S. When I come home I will holystone the kitchen deck, and suggie all the bulkheads (I mean walls). I'll be a seagoing "Baby" some day. "Toot-a-toot," the "Tossy" rolls on forever.

The B. A. A. card for City Hall Arena, Friday, April 1, at 8.30 p. m., includes a feature 10-round bout between Frank Senk, rugged Springfield middleweight, and Felix King, local idol.

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