



# THE BROWN BULLETIN

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# THE BROWN BULLETIN

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Vol. VIII.

JULY, 1926

No. 1

## BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

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

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(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

Miss E. A. Uhlschoffer, Supervisor; Miss M. A. Fagan, Assistant Supervisor; Miss D. Trucheeon, Miss V. Brothers, District Nurses; Miss G. Kennedy, Miss Hazel Locke, Miss V. Paquette, Industrial Nurses. Office, 226 High Street; telephone 85; office hours, 8-8:30 a. m., and 12:30-1:30 p. m. Calls may be sent to the above office, to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, telephone 283-W, or to any Brown Company time office. Working hours 8 a. m., to 6 p. m. A nurse answers all first calls, but may not continue upon a case except a doctor is in charge.

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On call duty: February, June, October, April, August, December

NORMAN DRESSER, M. D., Assistant, Office 143 Main Street

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## IT'S BETTER TO KNOW HOW THAN TO WISH YOU DID

Have you ever seen a person brought in to shore apparently drowned while everybody looked on helplessly waiting for the doctor to arrive?

This is not as frequent an occurrence as it used to be. Each year more people are being taught the prone pressure method of resuscitation and other first aid methods, yet too often when an accident occurs there is no one on the job who knows what to do.

Do you know how to resuscitate a person rendered unconscious by drowning, smoke, gas or electrical shock? Do you know how to apply a tourniquet to prevent a person with a severed artery bleeding to death?



In cases like these every second counts. The patient may die before the doctor arrives. There are also many less dangerous cases where a first aider can save the victim a good deal of suffering while waiting for medical aid. Of course you should know how to treat cuts and scratches to prevent infection. But if you are injured while at work, better go to the first aid room instead of trying to dress the wound yourself.

If you have a chance to enroll in a first aid class, take advantage of the opportunity. If you can't, get a first aid booklet and study some of the more important points.

We hate to suggest unpleasant things at vacation time, but if you are going camping or motor touring better pack a first aid kit in your baggage. Let's hope it won't have to be used but—"Be prepared!"

## BROWN CORPORATION

### Silver Jubilee of Rev. Eugene Corbeil, Parish Priest of La Tuque. 25 Years of Priesthood

ON the 12th and 13th of June last, the town of La Tuque celebrated with pomp the silver jubilee of its esteemed parish priest, Father Eugene Corbeil.

This celebration was, on the part of our fellow citizens, a deed of grateful acknowledgement of their worthy cure's beneficial activities, as well as a mark of deep esteem and sincere affection for his revered person.

Father Corbeil arrived at La Tuque, as missionary and cure, in January, 1908. La Tuque was then a practically unknown spot in the wilderness of the Laurentides, but was to become shortly the scene of wonderful transformations and prosperities. The construction of the Transcontinental Railway was in full sway and provided work for upwards of 10,000 men. Messrs. Brown had recently acquired and were making ready to harness and utilize the hitherto idle water power of the mighty La Tuque Falls. In short, a town was springing up and Father Corbeil was entrusted with the important task of organizing therein the civic and religious institutions.

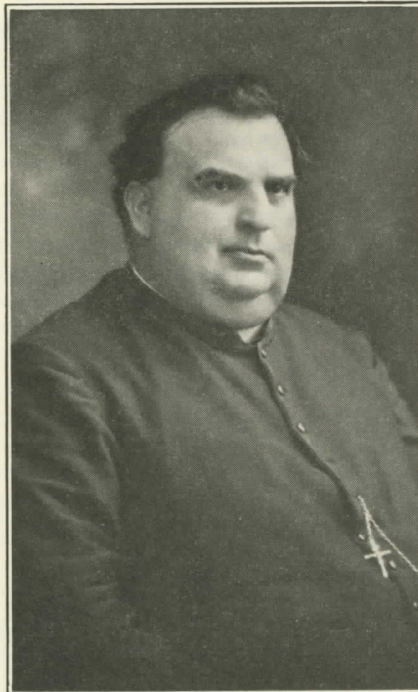
Thanks to his judicious spirit, unselfish devotion and incessant efforts, the civil parish, the school board, the municipality and then the town were soon organized and thriving, notwithstanding the obstruction stirred up by paltry and selfish interests.

During the first twelve years, he was chairman of the school board, and out of the lean resources of the growing town he managed to build the convent and the college of which this town is still justly proud.

Fully aware of the urgent need of a modern hospital in a small industrial town, Father Corbeil just went ahead and undertook this important construction. It was

a thorough success, and the hospital, adequately equipped with all requisites, has rendered and is still rendering precious service.

In the fall of 1918 the influenza had numerous victims in La Tuque. Within forty days one hundred and twenty adults died, leaving upwards of a hundred homeless orphans. In order to provide these children with a home, Father Corbeil or-



REV. EUGENE CORBEIL

ganized a temporary orphanage, which has prospered and will shortly be enlarged and definitely established.

Let us add the construction of a parochial club for the welfare and amusement of youth and of great usefulness for all parochial endeavors.

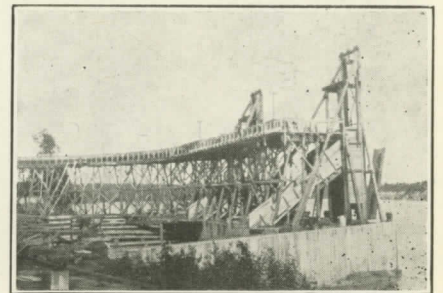
In the fulfillment of all these achievements, Father Corbeil has been, indeed, readily assisted by the hearty support of all his fellow citizens, which he secured through his open-hearted gentility, his highly developed mind, and the sincerity of his devotedness.

He also deserved the confidence and trust of our business men, and especially of the Messrs. Brown, who have contributed towards the success of these organizations of social welfare their utmost, sympathetic and efficient cooperation.

The Rev. Eugene Corbeil was born at Clarence Creek, Ontario, near Ottawa, in January, 1877. He is the son of a distinguished and learned educator, who was one of the first graduates from Jacques-Cartier Normal School of Montreal. His mother was the sister of Right Reverend J. O. Routhier, Bishop of Ottawa, and of the late Sir A. B. Routhier, Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec. He graduated from the Seminary of Ste. Therese, Que., and studied theology at Ottawa and Ste. Therese. Admitted to priesthood in June, 1901, he exercised his ministry in several parishes of the Diocese of Ottawa. In 1903, he was appointed the first parish priest of the then recently founded parish of L'Ascension in the County of Labelle. For a period of five years he worked at the arduous task of organizing this locality and furthering the development of colonization in the Labelle district. The fine results of his strenuous endeavors attracted the attention of his ecclesiastical superiors who assigned to him the momentous mission of founding the parish of La Tuque and organizing the religious and civil life in it and the surrounding territory.

We hope that for long years to come Father Corbeil will stay in our midst and benefit us by his activities.

Ad Multos Annos!



LOADING TOWERS AT BERSIMIS



LA TUQUE FALLS—BEFORE THE PASSAGE WAS ENLARGED

## LA TUQUE

## CHEMICAL NOTES

We are glad to see with us again our old friend, Scott Robinson, who has been released on bail. It will be recalled that he suffered arrest for the theft of a baby carriage on Commercial street. When arrested he is said to have appeared somewhat dazed and claimed that he had mistaken the vehicle in question for a taxi-cab.

Walter Arnott and his GUIDE, "Goofer" Johnson, have recently returned from a perilous trip into the bush where they were mourned as lost, to the keen disappointment of the searching parties who labored in vain on their behalf. The missing explorers succeeded in finding

their way back to town through the virgin forest. On their next expedition they purpose using a portable wireless apparatus and making reports to the mill at half-hour intervals. A cow bell has been purchased for their use while in the town.

Another English motorcycle has arrived in town. In time there will be more English machines than American machines. The motorcycle squad now numbers 43 machines and is still growing. We are hoping to send a section of dispatch riders when we have another war.

## LA TUQUE RIFLE ASSOCIATION

The Rifle Association had its first shoot on June 5th, the cause for such a late opening being due to high water and very

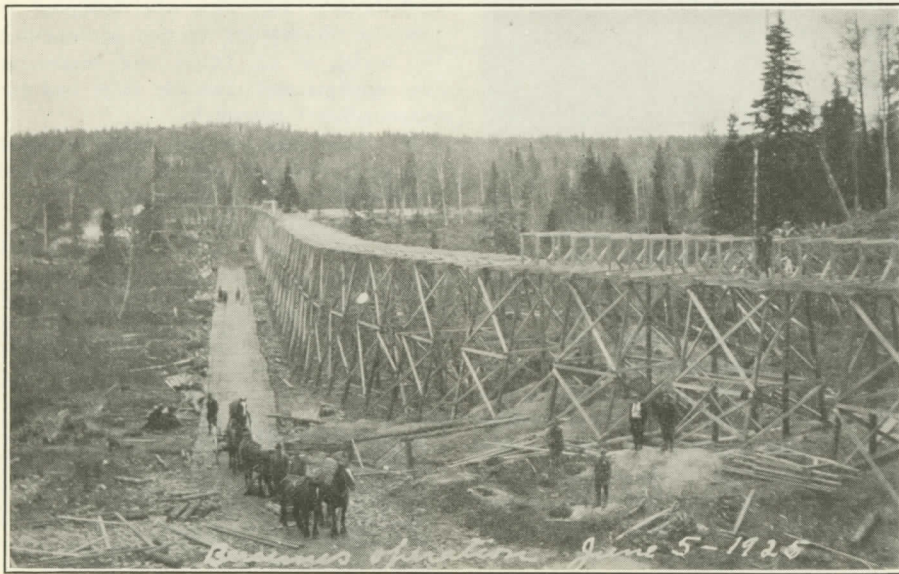
inclement weather. Bernard Oleson got away to a good start by winning the 1st Class Spoon, with a score of 83. Jos. F. Page won the 2nd class spoon and Allan Hollywood the 3rd class spoon. It looks as if the rifle range will be the scene of great activity from now on, and there is no reason why it should not be. The club house and 500 and 600-yard firing points have been changed, and everything has been made much more comfortable. Every member should try to get up to as many practices and competitions as possible so as to make these different shoots more interesting.

Haughty Customer: "Is this a first-class restaurant?"

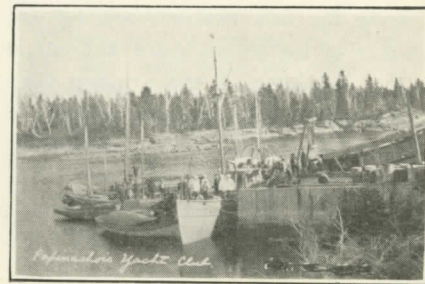
Waiter: "Yes; but we don't mind serving you."



ONE OF THE LOADING TOWERS. FRANK MILLER AND ALFRED GAGNON IN FOREGROUND



LOOKING DOWN BERSIMIS TRESTLE A YEAR AGO



PAPINACHOIS YACHT CLUB

## BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES

### CHICAGO

Messrs. Rice and Van Pool of our San Francisco Office paid us a visit on their way to Portland and the mill, and spent the day with us again on their return to the coast.

Genial Jim Taylor, smile and all, paid us a visit on his return from a trip through Wisconsin and Minnesota, and in company with Mr. Babbit called on several of our core customers through Michigan.

Dick Marnette, star salesman of the Carpenter Paper Company, Des Moines, Nibroc distributors for Iowa, called on us recently on his way home, after having attended the Hammermill Convention at Erie. Dick reports a bigger, better and busier convention than ever.

Dean Johnson of the Chatfield & Woods Company, Cincinnati, was in Chicago, for a few days during the latter part of May and made his headquarters at our office. Glad to see you, Dean. Come again!

Although it is early in the season, Mr. Moore won the Memorial Day cup at the Westmoreland Country Club, thereby getting one leg on the President's Cup. We understand two more wins gives the holder permanent possession. Come on, Mr. Moore, let's go—we are all rooting for you!

Mr. Libby, after attending the Mill Superintendents' Convention in Detroit, spent a few days with us in Chicago and in company with Mr. Moore called on several of our large converters in Milwaukee, Chicago, Toledo and Cleveland. Sorry that Mr. Corbin couldn't arrange to be with us, too.

We were glad to be able to shake hands again with Fred L. Wood, general purchasing agent of the United States Envelope Company, who recently paid us a visit while on his way to their Waukegan plant, the National Envelope Company.

### ATLANTA

We have had the pleasure of a visit from J. A. Fogarty and Jos. I. Heyer.

Clifford A. Ham of this office has recently returned from the cotton and steel

cities of the South, Memphis and Birmingham, Ala.

Maurice Thomas of this office recently made a trip to Florida. He reports things are quieter there and says that you can actually get a room in the hotels without a special permit from Congress.

Malcolm Partin, our Mobile, Ala., distributor, who experienced quite a disastrous fire not long ago, has been able to move back to his old place of business again.

Regular air service between Atlanta and New York, with an 8-hour schedule, is proposed. Test flights are being conducted now with the larger passenger ships carrying merchandise for the time being.

### NEW YORK

Mr. Flint, Mr. Ashworth and Mr. J. A. Fogarty started off the month with a bang by sporting the latest model leghorn hats. Quite the hats!

Mrs. Link and Miss O'Connor celebrated the month by moving to new quarters across the hall from our main offices.

Dr. R. L. Rice and Mr. Van Pool of the San Francisco office dropped in to see us, and we surely were glad to greet them.

Among the visitors during the past month were: Messrs. Norman Brown, Harold Titus, J. A. Fogarty, J. A. Taylor, Edmund Burke and N. L. Nourse.

L. R. Constantine has left the employ of our company. We wish him lots of success in his new venture.

Francis Smith is making a thorough tour of New York State in a sales campaign on cores and is relying upon his brand new Buick for transportation purposes.

John J. Blust is the latest addition to our sales force. He is now at Berlin learning the art of paper making.

G. N. Merry also visited us during the month and returned to Portland with Mr. Flint.

### MINNEAPOLIS

Hovey L. Berglund of the Minneapolis office recently joined the ranks of the Benedicts and was married on April 29th to Kathryn E. Greer of this city. We wish to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Berglund our congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy life.

J. A. Taylor of the core division, Portland, Maine, was a recent visitor at our office. He gave us considerable information about our cores and we hope he will make us another visit.

The fishing season opened in Minnesota May 15th and O. S. Barrie, sales manager, and W. A. Wiedeman, assistant sales manager of the McClellan Paper Company, Minneapolis, both report a limit catch of wall eyed pike at Lake Mille Lacs.

We were pleased to receive word that this office was returned the winner of the Nibroc Towel Cup Trophy for the month of May. The cup is certainly a beauty and a possession well worth striving for.

Our towel salesman, C. D. Johnson, is now working the State of Iowa and from all reports is having very good results.

### SAN FRANCISCO

Mr. Rice and Mr. Van Pool have been away recently, but that does not mean the sales have stopped.

They are having the real pleasure of a trip to Portland and Berlin with stops at Chicago and New York.

### A DIPLOMATIC LETTER

Finkelstein was a good customer of Abe and Mawruss, manufacturers of ladies' dresses. He was, however, getting lax about his payment of invoices, and Abe suggested that Mawruss write him a strong but diplomatic letter calling attention to this laxity.

Mawruss worked for several hours over the letter, then showed it to Abe for his approval. After reading it over carefully, Abe said: "By golly, dot's a wonderful letter. Strong and to der point, aber not personal or insulting. But you got a couple mistakes in it, Mawruss. 'Dirty' you should spell mit only one 'r,' and 'cockroach' begins with a 'c.'"

—Columbia Crew.

## UPPER PLANTS NOTES

### MAIN OFFICE

If we ever get a chance to raise a few feeble hopes for a good warm day, we might try to stir up a little interest toward one of our jolly picnics.

We had dinner in company with ten thousand—mosquitoes and flies.—Clipping from "Picnic News."

Daily News:—Showers and cooler.

Dagna Oleson is now officially installed in the new telegraph office. The service is of the best. Just walk up to the little window, write out your message, pass over your jingling coin and see what a satisfied feeling you will possess as you walk away. It's a regular office—perfectly equipped and most efficiently managed.

Best wishes for a long and happy married life to Mr. and Mrs. Merle Philbrick.

Miss Hattie Anderson has accepted a position with the purchasing department. Miss Anderson is a member of the B. H. S. graduating class this year.

We have two Joe Dubes—and to avoid any misunderstanding we take this opportunity to tell the world that Mr. Joe Dube in the traffic department is known as "Coal Tar Pitch" Dube. The young man in the purchasing department is known as "Little Joe." By the way, "Coal Tar Pitch" Dube might be willing to tell a pretty little story as to how he won his dark-colored name.

Lost:—A pair of shears and a pair of pliers—from the window frame department. Finder please return to said window frame department and receive a rising vote of thanks.

Charlie Baker recently took a trip to Boston. He reports a very fine trip.

Miss Locke of the accounting department recently gave the office folks a scare. She appeared at the office one morning with a goodly sized lump on her throat. Everyone knew she had the mumps—and everybody likewise knew that every one else would have them as soon as they could decently develop. To please the crowd Miss Locke went to the doctor and came back with the bright message that

she did NOT have the mumps and could not have them as they had been one of her childhood delights. Now, Myrtle has the laugh on the crowd, for she only had a little cold in her tonsil.

### SALTAIRE LODGE

The lodge at Umbagog is open for the season and anxious for your patronage. The new dining room is completed. A better and larger boat has replaced the Sloppy Weather. So the trip from Errol will not be as wet as was sometimes the case last year. Mr. and Mrs. Antoine are slinging the grub again. The ice house is full of frozen water and the wood shed is full of canned heat. Capt. Rowell is missing, but as he is glad of it, we should worry. A few parties have already enjoyed the camp and fishing. Don't let the opportunity slip to get your share. Ask Mr. Corbin about the fishing. Ask Hen. Chase about the grub. Ask Mr. Walker and Mr. Edwards about all of it. Then dig some worms and go. Not for a day or a day and a half, but for a week or two. There is no other place where you can spend half as wholesome a vacation at three times the price.

Vacations are now in order, but we do not hear much about who is going, where and when.

We are all glad to see Oscar Paulson back with us again after a long siege of sickness.

Mary Anderson is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.—Parts unknown.

W. F. Swan is on the sick list again. Bill has not been enjoying very good health for some time. We all look and wish for improvement with the warm, sunny days, which are past due.

Dagna Oleson, our knightess of the key, is very busy pounding the brass in the telegraph office—no hams allowed. Now that we have good and prompt service, the telegraph can be used to a great extent in preference to the telephone and at much less expense.

Bluebirds and Old Crow (crows) are very popular and numerous up the line, but hard to get. Skish left here one evening to capture some and did not return until 7 a. m. No bluebirds but a bad case

of "sleepy blues" the next day. Billy Oleson (Junior of course) is an expert on greasing cars and is very economical on grease. Billy discovered, that after two weeks' greasing, there was no grease in the gun.

Three of our fair typists on the third floor are reputed to be very good listeners (circumstances necessitate it), and as a result are becoming very proficient in the use of a foreign language. So much so in fact that during vacation months and absence of Professors Bill and Alfred it is expected that they can "carry on."

Maurice Oleson expects a good stiff bill from the Highway Department for overtime parking on the Glen road. He says, "Try and collect. It is cheaper to move than to pay rent."

Myrtle Locke plans to spend her vacation in the Maritime Provinces where the lobsters grow on the trees. What is the attraction down there, Myrtle? What about the Berlin boys?

W. J. Poisson says "barbottes" are not biting very good this spring.

Eilene Cooper and Anna Haddad attended graduation exercises and are now well posted on styles.

Charley Baker spent the week-end in Boston town. Very dry, Charley says.

H. B. Chase was a business caller from the Portland office.

Buster Churchill is enjoying a week's vacation in old "P. Q."

F. W. Thompson made his monthly call on us from the Portland office.

The accounting department would be very thankful if all who make out expense accounts would make them out in duplicate and send both copies along. Our system calls for all bills to be made in duplicate and includes expense and traveling bills.

When do we go to Dolly Copp for the usual feed?

Morris McCarthy recently took a day off and attended the graduation exercises at Plymouth. As is usual when Mac takes a day off, it simply had to rain torrents. Mac surely is the boy who can pick 'em out.

Harold Golderman recently had his hair cut pompadour style. Harold likes it very much but has an awful time making it lay flat.

#### FORESTRY DIVISION

Lynn Madan is back again and in the best of humor if not completely strong as yet after his long illness. He reports red pine on his estate at Locke's Mills has set cones which would indicate a seed year in 1927 for this species.

Bjarne Johnson will be draughtsman extraordinary during the summer, taking Russ Oswald's place while the latter is out on a survey. Russ has resolved to find out for himself the origin of the peculiarities of some of the maps he is urged to trace.

Carl Phipps has become quite a nurseryman and wears overalls with legs two feet wide, in the latest style. He will soon invest in a new pair of knee boots for the forthcoming cruise, but Cupsuptic seems to suit him excellently.

Roger Williams (frequently referred to in these pages as "our dashing young forester," etc., etc.) recently journeyed to the Brown Farm from Cupsuptic storehouse via Lewiston, Lewiston Junction, Berlin, et al and secured a haircut en route. Application of fly dope is facilitated when one is bobbed. Roger was married on May 16, 1926, at Newmarket, N. H. As Henry Baldwin and Lynn Madan have left their wedding announcements home, we must hold our readers in suspense as to the name of the young lady until next month.

Gordon Brown, after a strenuous spring, laying out jobs, and showing jobbers around jobs, decided it was some job and made a flying trip to Williamstown to receive his degree. He tore several pairs of ski-jumping trousers to shreds in the woods and characterized windfall-hopping as "something desperate."

Jake Bell, the hardy Dover cruiser, is expected any day for another summer with the bushwackers. He graduated this year from the University of New Hampshire.

Hugh Lloyd of the University of Maine is another sure-shooter with the chain and compass who, we hear, is coming.

Summer cruises are about to set sail as soon as the flies come out sufficiently to make good feeding (for the flies). They are already dubbing as the "Ananias Club" the outfit who are to hit for Avery Gore, Vt.: Roger Williams, Russ Oswald, Carl Phipps, Morris Quinn and the Peterson boys, Jim and Jimmie; certainly a powerful aggregation of bull-slingers, and we ought to hear some good fish stories.

Otis Powers has had a crew of his own enswamped on the Walker lot near Sturtevant Pond, soon to join forces with Harry Carter, who with Fair, Lane and Bob Reid, will start a new offensive.

Earl Sylvester seems to be settled for the summer at Grafton, and with Johnnie Currier for a cook, we don't blame him. During the week we enjoyed his hospitality. The table was unequalled.

Hank Baldwin recently returned from Cupsuptic, where he and Earl Shreenan remeasured a number of sample plots and carried out other studies of a various and perplexing nature.

Recent visitors at Cupsuptic storehouse have been C. R. Tillotson of the U. S. Forest Service, in charge of Weeks' Law Cooperation with the states in New England, and "Doc" Pierson, Maine State entomologist. Tillie has been in the Forest Service since 1909 and is the author of a number of government bulletins on tree planting and nursery practice. He was so absorbed in bird study and botanizing at Cupsuptic that he allowed Doc to fill a pail of water he was carrying with several heavy stones. When the goal was reached and the stones discovered—well, the bystanders were entertained.

#### TUBE MILL NO. 2

Are the Tube Mill bowlers ever going to meet? That is the question that is being asked. Ryan and Rodgeron say they would just as soon take one person's money as another's.

Conversation heard recently:

Blais: Been fixin' up your old Ford, Harry?

Bartlett: No, you darn fool, this is my new Tudor Sedan.

Blais: Well, I guess I may as well believe it, but it has a lot of rattles like the old one. (And according to the last

accounts, Harry stepped on her, and Blais was walking.)

Notice: Will the person who continually relieves the bend room boys of their soap, call at their headquarters? He will receive a box of any kind of soap he desires.—Bend Room Crew.

Hon. Harold Beroney, newly appointed Mayor of West Milan, has just returned from a trip to his native soil where he was busily engaged in planting potatoes and other vegetables. Orders will be taken for said product as late as September 30.

Elmer Jarvis has purchased a new Ford. The writer happened to see him pass by on Main street and according to the passenger list he had enough help to put on a spare tire. Why not speak to your old friends when you pass by, Elmer?

The Tobacco Bummers' Association is planning to hold their annual Field Day at Canaan. Free transportation will be given to those who send in their names to the following addresses: K. O. Larri-vee, Nick Lapointe, Bob Sturgeon, care of Tube Mill No. 2.

Harry Bartlett says Spruce Hill looked like a prairie when he rolled the new Ford over last Sunday. He said he was clear back to Dolly Copp's before he noticed he was up over it.

Arthur Kehoe has traded his Indian motorcycle for a Star car. Arthur says when going up river two wheels are all right but on returning four wheels are better.

A. J. Simpson at present is overhauling his car. It is expected he will have it running by the next issue of the Bulletin.

Frank Oleson has been called upon to address a meeting of the tube inspectors early next month. Messrs. Goodreau and Bennett will talk on "Successful Cooperation."

Pete St. Hiliare is having competition these days when it comes to gathering in eggs. His old time friend, Ovila Valliere, has 20 hens that have produced 20 eggs each day for the last three months, and according to latest reports the same number of eggs are still coming.

We wish to announce through the columns of the Bulletin that we will repair

and tune fiddles at very reasonable prices. Give us a trial.—Martin & Gallant.

On June 12, Arthur "Zybesco" King, wrestled Joe "Munn" Legassie, the winner to take on the champion of the beater room, Jack Driscoll. After two hours and twenty minutes of headlocks, half-Nelsons and scissors, the referee, Geo. Knox, called it a draw.

Last year Bert Sweeney had poor luck trying to grow cucumbers. The soil was so rich and the vines grew so fast that it wore the cucumbers out dragging them around, but now Mr. Sweeney thinks he has overcome this handicap as he has invented wheels or small trucks and places them underneath the vegetables when they are two or three days old. The only disagreeable part of it Bert says is trying to follow the vines, oiling up the wheels. It is suggested Mr. Sweeney try the Alemite system on his new invention.

The B. A. A. is surely doing its part to give the boxing fans plenty of good sport, and anyone who saw the bouts cannot do any kicking and mean it. Of course, there are some fans who think the very best are frame-ups and that the Battle of the Marne was in the bag, but what about the bout between K. O. Leroux and Dick Lambert? Old timers say it was one of the best battles they have ever seen. We hope to see the same pair together again. Much credit is due Mr. Andrew Malloy and Mr. James Malloy for the fine manner in which the bouts have been conducted. So if we turn out and give them our support, we are sure to receive satisfaction.

Adrian Rodgeron and Bill Ryan were seen in the vicinity of the ski jump at Paine's Hill receiving instructions, or at least that is what the writer was informed. We do not know what the instructions were, but the coaches were females.

Ole was a resident of a small town in Minnesota. One day, while convalescing from a serious illness, he took a stroll down the principal street of his home town. In passing the town hall he noticed a meeting of some kind was being conducted so he entered, walked down the aisle and took a seat in the front row. He then realized he was at a political meeting. After some time the speaker became personal and told what a wonderful man he was.

"Why," he said, "I can tell by merely looking at a man what his political affiliations are." Pointing to a man in the crowd,

he said, "That man is a Democrat." The man arose and admitted that he was a Democrat.

Pointing to another man in the hall, the speaker said, "That man is a Democrat also." The man arose and admitted that he was a Democrat.

"And now," continued the speaker, pointing to Ole, "that man is a Democrat."

Ole slowly rose. "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker," he said, "Ay tank you ban make great beeg mistake. Ay ban Norwegian Raypoblican all me life, but Ay ban seek for long, long tam, and dat mak me look lak this."—Boston Globe.

#### RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

A quiet wedding took place on Saturday, June 5, when Victor Beaudoin of the photo section, son of P. T. Beaudoin of the store, was united in marriage to Miss Lucy King, daughter of Mayor and Mrs. Eli J. King. The ceremony was performed by Dr. J. A. Trudel of Ste. Anne's church. The attendants were Miss Margaret King, sister of the bride, and Roy Holroyd. Following the ceremony a reception to the immediate families and a few friends was held at the home of the bride on Second Avenue.

M. O. Schur has been elected to membership in the American Institute of Chemical Engineers. Mr. Schur recently attended the commencement exercises at Harvard, where his brother was graduated summa cum laude.

C. H. Goldsmith and family spent their vacation in New York City and vicinity.

G. H. Gosselink and two daughters of Pella, Iowa, are spending a few weeks in Berlin as the guests of his son, John.

Orton Elliott is enjoying his vacation. We hope it is in a warmer climate than we have been having lately.

Summer must be nearly here if flower boxes are a sign. Some grew over the noon hour while others prolonged their arrival for a few weeks.

Joseph Doherty, U. of M., '26, has been added to our list of employees this month. We bid him welcome.

It is said that Norway Johnson speeded his Oldsmobile so fast three weeks ago that he wrecked it and had to trade it for a Studebaker the next day. He is planning to buy a "trailer" and have the word

"Socony" painted in large white letters upon it.

I went to see my lady fair  
But found another nigger there.  
Said I would break that nigger's bones  
When Molly sang in silvery tones,  
"Get out."

#### MR. CAR OWNER

Have you tried Fred Pilgrim's Lusterize Cleaner and Polish on your car? It's the best you ever saw and easy to apply, too.

Equally good for varnished wood surfaces and will not spot white.

Full sized bottle of cleaner and polish sent anywhere in the United States on receipt of money order for 95c. Send orders to Fred Pilgrim, Berlin, N. H.

#### SHAWANO

Beans, potatoes, cucumbers, corn and tomatoes are about harvested. Watermelons are now the piece de resistance.

The Miami-Tampa-Jacksonville air-mail plane soars by overhead as our daily visitor.

Shorty Delaure is the trail breaker to Fort Myers each Sunday in his Ford caboose. Muck roads and the prairie crossroads are all the same to "Shorty," says the tractor crew.

W. L. Payne has developed the weekend West Palm Beach habit.

Capt. Latham of South Bay is building a new barge, the "Alligator," in our shipyard for addition to our fleet of canal boats.

The state dredge, "Caloosahatchee," came into the Hillsboro canal, our highway, last Sunday for a two years' operation in taking out rock.

The magnolias are about through blooming, but the royal poincianas are a liberal compensation. Yes, we have no pigweeds today.

Otto Schlaggeritt, the gardener, and Scotty Mitchell, the cook, spent sleepless nights in vain ministering to the bull. The turkey buzzards began to gather three days before the funeral.

Julius Booth and Claude Bulware, the muck eaters, are the champion new-hatters.

Our aquarium, a collection of alligators, was disbanded recently and afforded much

amusement in the stampede to the canal.

M. C. Eggleston harvested from one and one-half acres at his home farm near the south shore of Lake Okeechobee 666 hampers of snap beans.

The village is growing. Two new houses are going up on Goober Avenue.

Recent improvements in machinery enable one planter to plant 35 acres of peanuts in nine hours, using one tractor and three workmen, all three of whom can work sitting down! One tractor and three workmen cultivate the same acreage daily. One tractor and three workmen weed\* the same acreage daily.

This is the season of "toad stranglers," but our drainage system is proving adequate.

#### BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

|                    |          |
|--------------------|----------|
| Jerry Cantin       | \$ 34.00 |
| Albrie Gagnon      | 12.50    |
| Oscar Paulson      | 52.50    |
| L. A. Hyde         | 67.85    |
| Yvette Frasier     | 29.16    |
| Peter Noonan       | 25.30    |
| Geo. Miller        | 50.00    |
| Alice Cote         | 32.40    |
| Fred Daignault     | 47.92    |
| Emile Leglere      | 22.00    |
| Arthur Landry      | 44.84    |
| Edward Anderson    | 21.45    |
| Carl Carlson       | 8.34     |
| Zenon Robichaud    | 48.00    |
| Alphonso Dumas     | 34.00    |
| Philip King        | 34.40    |
| Arthur McKenzie    | 17.20    |
| Elmer Jarvis       | 75.00    |
| W. R. McCarthy     | 28.60    |
| Fred Castonguay    | 25.80    |
| Joseph Ouillette   | 32.40    |
| Herman Hansen      | 14.90    |
| Frank Horse        | 28.00    |
| Fred Daggett       | 43.00    |
| Bernard Finson     | 37.50    |
| Carl Hill          | 14.90    |
| Alec Couture       | 37.50    |
| Philip St. Germain | 6.00     |
| Harold Tankard     | 2.00     |
| Wm. Ouillette      | 50.00    |
| Leo Boucher        | 12.50    |
| Giles Therrien     | 48.00    |
| Joseph Guay        | 24.00    |
| Olaf Oleson        | 60.00    |
| Albert Cote        | 52.80    |
| Robert Erickson    | 71.20    |
| Victor Hiller      | 48.00    |
| Joseph Robenhymmer | 48.00    |
| John Farrington    | 44.70    |
| Wm. Bishop         | 50.00    |
| Andrew Doran       | 50.00    |
| Patrick Doyle      | 37.50    |
| Geo. Thibodeau     | 12.00    |
| Harold Larson      | 27.80    |
| Alfred Vachon      | 50.00    |
| Joseph Kelly       | 25.00    |
| Gaudias Boutin     | 25.00    |
| Albert Landry      | 50.00    |
| Thomas McLain      | 12.50    |
| Leo Mailhot        | 28.00    |
| Frank Eastman      | 50.00    |
| Albert Napert      | 37.50    |
| Wilfred Fortier    | 43.75    |
| Rosaire Leclaire   | 17.20    |
| Otto Mason         | 63.20    |
| Alphonse Rousseau  | 17.20    |
| G. Gouthier        | 37.50    |
| Wilfred Beaudette  | 46.32    |
| Allyre Guay        | 42.00    |
| James Howell       | 62.90    |
| Eugene Alimandi    | 14.58    |
| Jules St. Cyr      | 48.00    |

|                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| Wilfred Fisette  | 14.58      |
| Donald Poirier   | 16.66      |
| Jacob Harriman   | 14.58      |
| Peter Laflamme   | 18.50      |
| Philibert Rogers | 25.00      |
| Jos. Desjardins  | 39.58      |
| Louis Monroe     | 46.00      |
| Wilfred Fortier  | 37.50      |
| B. A. Heroux     | 51.66      |
| Felix Barrette   | 48.00      |
| John Griffin     | 108.00     |
| Leo Burns        | 38.10      |
| Phil Ferland     | 75.83      |
| J. L. Fortian    | 42.00      |
| Guilio Paobicci  | 34.00      |
| Alm. Rivest      | 82.00      |
| Louis Demars     | 12.00      |
| Fred Frechette   | 27.51      |
| Ed. Vien         | 36.00      |
| Nap. Martel      | 100.94     |
| Marcel Lepage    | 48.00      |
| W. M. Murphy     | 12.00      |
| Arthur Tanguay   | 70.83      |
| J. C. Hamel      | 25.00      |
| Aurel Bolduc     | 19.49      |
| Henry Potwin     | 22.00      |
| Romeo Pomerleau  | 48.00      |
| J. Morrisette    | 48.00      |
| Archie Routhier  | 68.80      |
| Leslie Fealey    | 16.56      |
| John Conroy      | 30.00      |
| Jerome Miller    | 14.00      |
| Andy Arsenault   | 42.66      |
| Brown Company    | 63.68      |
| J. J. Whalen     | 38.10      |
| L. W. Kidder     | 32.49      |
| Thos. Castiguay  | 24.00      |
| Frank Dimont     | 17.73      |
| Eddie Guay       | 32.00      |
| Walter Ross      | 43.50      |
| Jerome Miller    | 12.00      |
| Chas. Philbrook  | 22.00      |
| Francis Lauzier  | 40.80      |
| Alex Camerie     | 36.00      |
| Placid Bourdage  | 33.83      |
| Total            | \$3,929.97 |

#### GROWING OLD

A little more tired at close of day;  
A little less anxious to have our way;  
A little less ready to scold and blame;  
A little more care for a brother's name;  
And so we are nearing the journey's end,  
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold;  
A little more zest in the days of old;  
A broader view and a saner mind,  
And a little more love for all mankind;  
A little more careful of what we say;  
And so we are faring a-down the way.

A little more love for the friends of youth;  
A little less zeal for established truth;  
A little more charity in our views;  
A little less thirst for the daily news;  
And so we are folding our tents away  
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream.  
A little more real the things unseen;  
A little bit nearer to those ahead,  
With visions of those long-loved and dead;  
And so we are going where all must go,  
To the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a little more tears,  
And we shall have told our increasing years;  
The book is closed and the prayers are said,  
And we are a part of the countless dead.  
Thrice happy then, if some soul can say:  
"I live because he has passed my way."

—By ROLLIN J. WELLS.

#### THE SHRINE OF

#### SLEEPING CHILDHOOD

I do not know of a better shrine before  
which a father or mother may kneel or

stand than that of a sleeping child. I do not know of a holier place, a temple where one is more likely to come into closer touch with all that is infinitely good, where one may come nearer to seeing and feeling God. From that shrine come matins of love and laughter, of trust and cheer to bless the new day; and before that shrine should fall our soft vespers, our grateful benediction for the night. At the cot of a sleeping babe all man-made ranks and inequalities are ironed out, and all mankind kneels reverently before the living image of the Creator. To understand a child, to go back and grow up sympathetically with it, to hold its love and confidence, to be accepted by it, without fear or restraint, as a companion and playmate, is just about the greatest good fortune that can come to any man or woman in this world—and, perhaps in any other world, for all we know.

And I am passing this "confession" along to the fathers and mothers who may be privileged to read it, and for the benefit of all the "little fellers"—the growing, earth-blessing little "Jimmies" and "Billys" and "Marys" and "Janes" of this very good world of ours.

—From the Valve World.

#### HOME-BREWED VERSE WITH A KICK

A friend of mine, one William Nash,  
Started married life by paying cash;  
William said, "Wife, we'll not be rash;  
We will buy what we need but always pay cash."

William patiently explained to Mary, his wife,  
His plan for living an honest life;  
For a man who pays cash always gets a discount  
Which in a few years makes quite an amount.

So they furnished a home all modern but small;  
Paid cash for the furniture, curtains and all;  
Even dishes, table linen, light fixtures and crash  
They bought, but always paid cash.

They saved ten per cent here and ten per cent there;  
True, it was rather a small amount,  
But month by month and year by year,  
They turned it into a savings account.

Some years have passed,  
They still follow their plan;  
For their savings have bought  
Them a New Reo Sedan.

—C. E. Lonsberry in Reo Spirit.

#### LIST OF PROMOTIONS

##### Sulphite Mill

Thos. J. Bagley from bleach wrapper to millwright.

##### Upper Plants

William P. McGee from research to office clerk.

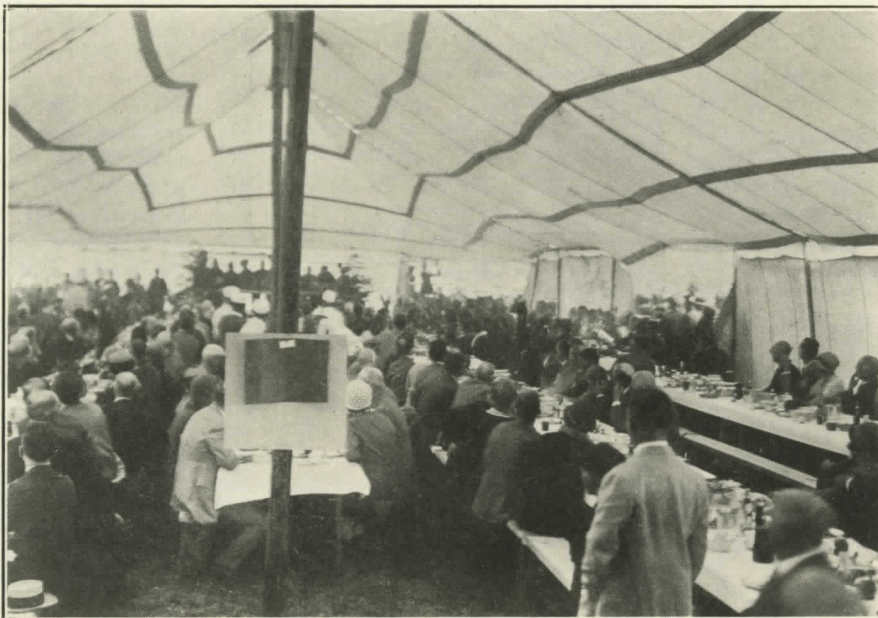
# Lumbermen's Dinner and Sports at Pontook

*Given by Brown Company on June 22 to the American Institute of Chemical Engineers.*

THE unique event of the eighteenth summer meeting of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, which honored Berlin and Gorham June 21-24, was the Lumbermen's Dinner and Sports given at Pontook on June 22 by the Brown Company under the personal supervision of Mr. D. P. Brown. Although the lumberjacks contributed the main features of the program, many other divisions helped in important details.

The dinner was served in a large tent well located on high ground with seating space for 350 diners. The tables were decorated by Scott Lockyer of the Forestry Division with spruce and pine nursery stock. Trees six to eight inches high supplemented by ferns were set in pots and used as centerpieces. The table cloths were of heavy white Nibroc Bond paper. The plates, cups and pans were of tinware. The cook was Mike Marshall of Bethel, Me., and he was assisted by 12 cookees. In all 75 lumberjacks were engaged in the arrangements and the events. About 700 people were fed.

The programs were the work of the Cascade Mill, being struck off by its own Printing Department upon samples of its own distinct Alpha Fibre and illustrated



THE DINING TENT

by a frontispiece drawn by H. E. Beaulac of its own Shipping Department. The Grub-List was translated into camp language by Ralph Sawyer of the Upper Plants Carshop, who seemed to be the only one equipped to describe the pea soup, prunes, beans baked in the ground, doughnuts, apple pie, and other delicacies that graced the festive board.

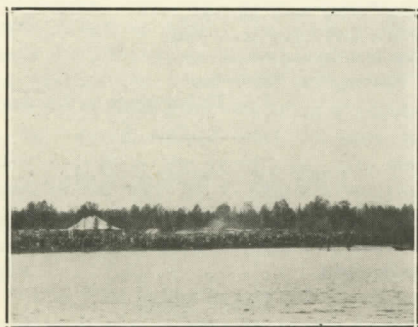
The Burgess Band and E. A. Steady with his group of Canuck entertainers put on a continuous show during the dinner.

## GRUB LIST

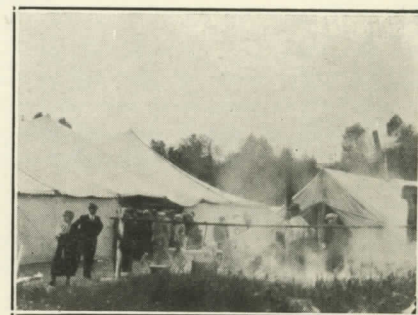
Dive in and Get Your Fill While it's Going  
 Soup aux Pois  
 Lumberjack's Plums      Sour Cukes  
 White Mt. Cherries Baked in the Ground  
 Cold Boiled Smoked Squealer  
 Spuds      Complexion Builders  
 (Magalloway style)      (Without the case)  
 Pontook Raised Rolls      Fried Washers  
 (First run on the bread)      (Recovered)  
 Jumbo Wafers)  
 (We build a large size)  
 Tarte aux pommes  
 (Let your ivories sink into them)  
 Research Cheese      Light and Dark B. L.  
 Cow Highball  
 (½ of 1 percent)  
 Black Liquor      Sulphite Liquor  
 (Clean from La Tuque)      (No headaches)

which the mills at Berlin work. He told the story of Tom Tracy's admirable two-sled road, which Tom described to him as down-hill in every place except that upon which he and Mr. Brown were standing and even that was descending. He emphasized the debt of the people of Berlin both to the lumbermen and the chemical engineers. He appreciated the high honor that the Institute had given to Dr. Moore in electing him president and to the industries of Berlin in bringing their convention here. He concluded with a tribute to Dr. Moore's service to the Brown Company.

In the subsequent sports, the chopping contest was won by Carl Gosslet; (2)



THE SITE



THE COOK TENT



MARTIN AND GOSSLET

Fred Landry of the Berlin Police Force; and (3) Dennis Gonya. Fred Landry was first in the log rolling, and Robert Horne was second. The boat race across the bay including the jumping of a log boom was won by the following team: William Layes, captain; Guay, Dion, Martin, Gosslett, and Turner. The teams headed by Jack Haley and Tom Vashaw tied for second place. Bijah Anderson ran a log

At the subscription dinner given at the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evening, Dr. Charles L. Reese, Ex-President of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, praised the Lumbermen's Day as something unique in his experience.

## OTHER OUTSTANDING FEATURES

All of the meetings of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers were filled with things that would be of interest to the readers of the Bulletin, and it is regrettable that time and space do not permit us to cover them all. Two after-



TOM VASHAW

split up into groups of ten. Separate guides were furnished to each party at each mill, so that thorough explanations could be given to all questions.

On June 23, visits were made consecutively to the New Power Plant and Tube Mill No. 2. Following this the party was treated to a unique excursion over the Berlin Mills R. R. to the Cascade Mill in the palace cars, The Moore, The Rich-



MIKE MARSHALL, COOK

noons were spent in excursions to the mills of the Brown Company. On the afternoon of June 21, the party was conducted to the Upper Plants and successively visited the Saw Mill, the Chemical Mill, the Calcium Arsenate Plant, the Enamelling Plant, the Riverside Mill, and



STEADY'S CANUCKS

over Pontook Falls. Tom Guay, Louis Dion, L. W. White, and Eddie Heberts ran the Falls in a batteau. The contests in log riding all resulted in spills. In this two men were to ride a log across the bay. Fred Landry kept his feet throughout, but no team did the stunt. The days of long-log riding seem to have disappeared, and the driving of pulpwood does not call for as much skill as characterized the older days.



JIM KEENAN, TOM TRACY, JOHN DELANEY

ter, and The Van Arsdel. The trip was personally conducted by D. W. Linton, the manager of the road. Engine No. 7 driven by Harvey Brown as engineer and Joe Jeffrey as fireman was the motive power. The conductor was Emile Jeffrey, and the brakemen were Arthur Napert and Henry Jeffrey. At the Cascade Mill, special samples of Kraft Paper were given as souvenirs.



THE BEAR

the Sulphite Mill. At the Chemical Mill, they were shown an excellent display of chlorine products arranged with ribbons leading to appropriate places upon a complicated chart which showed the interrelations of the various chemical substances. Each member received a package of Nibroc Paper Towels as a souvenir of the trip. The extraordinary pains taken at the Sulphite Mill to clean the wood evoked the favorable comment of Thomas J. Keenan, Associate Editor of "The Paper Industry," who could not well recall ever having visited a plant where the inspection was so thorough. The party was



HALEY'S TEAM CROSSES THE BOOM



A LOG-RIDING SPILL

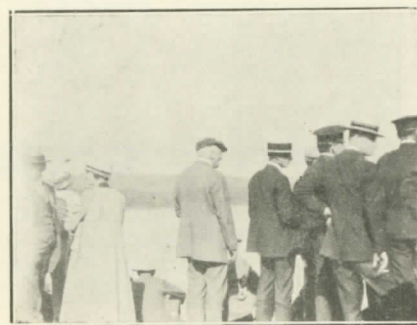


KATHARINE MOORE HAD A GOOD TIME

## DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

The meeting was distinguished by the presence of three ex-presidents of the Institute, Dr. C. L. Reese of the E. I. du Pont du Nemours Company, Dr. Henry Howard of the Grasselli Chemical Company, and Dr. David Wesson of the Southern Cotton Oil Company; of an ex-president of the American Chemical Society, Dr. C. H. Herty, now president of the Synthetic Organic Chemicals Manufacturers' Association; of Mayor Eli J. King of Berlin; and of Governor John G. Winant of the State of New Hampshire.

Governor Winant welcomed the guests in the name of the State of New Hampshire and voiced the hope that the public officials of the future would find an inspiration in the love of truth taught by the scientist. He is trying to apply this ideal to his profession as a public servant. He told the story of Webster, who nearly a hundred years ago in a public address at Washington, stated that whereas it was the custom of shoemakers to hang up a large shoe as the emblem of his occupation and of other trades to adopt similar symbols, God had placed the "Old Man of the Mountains" among the Granite Hills of New Hampshire as a pattern whereby one of the chief products of the state would be her men. He expressed the pride of the citizens of the state that the American Institute of Chemical Engineers had called a New Hampshire man



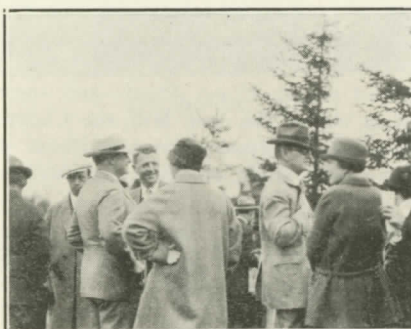
MR. CORBIN WATCHES THE SPORTS

to the highest office within its gift.

Dr. Charles H. Herty gave the longest speech at the subscription dinner. He described the work that has been done during the past ten years to build up a strong organic-chemicals industry, in order to make our nation independent of foreign countries in respect to pharmaceuticals needed to heal the sick, dyestuffs requisite to color our fabrics, and materials of value to national defense. He told of men who had helped in this work and those who had actually opposed it. Among the latter he included Senator Moses of New Hampshire.

## TECHNICAL PROGRAM

The only local man to present a paper at the technical meetings was Mr. J. H. Graff of the Research Department of the Brown Company, who described methods that he has worked upon for "The Analysis of Statistics." He showed the value of tabulations for working with few data. As these become more numerous it is of advantage to draw the simpler forms of curves. He illustrated the preparation of



MESSRS. O. B. AND D. P. BROWN

frequency curves for individual factors. When it is desirable to find the relationships of a large number of factors, he finds that it saves time to draw for the individual factors frequency curves in which the scales are so adjusted as to make the areas under the curves equal. He then doubles each curve about its base to make symmetrical closed figures. These doubled figures are finally placed in a vertical position with all of their modes on the same base line. This forms a chart that is very useful in finding correlations.

## IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

Every time the thermometer rises to uncomfortable heights some amiable pest wipes his brow and asks "Is it hot enough for you?" How many murders would this question have caused if thoughts would kill?



THE CITY GOVERNMENT

All joking aside, talking about the heat is bad stuff for this time of year. It's sometimes hard enough to keep our minds off the subject without having it dragged in by those whose topics for conversation are limited. Deaths from heat prostration seem to make ideal summer reading for those who take their pleasures sadly.

If you can not be comfortable during a hot spell you can minimize the dangers by adjusting habits of living to the season. Errors of diet which are bad enough at any season may be dangerous in summer.

Constipation is frequently a contributing cause of heat stroke. Whole wheat bread, bran, fresh fruits and vegetables will usually overcome a tendency to constipation. If not, a doctor should be consulted. Diarrhea, or "summer complaint" is usually caused by bacteria in food, water or milk.

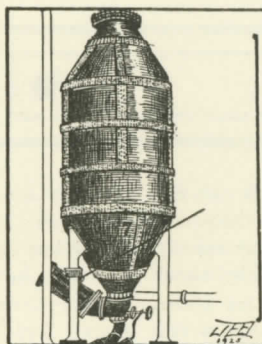
Avoid cooling off too rapidly. Electric fans are valuable aids to summer comfort but they may be dangerous if you expose yourself to a draft when overheated. Iced water is another cause of summer troubles. Plenty of cool water is necessary but it should not be iced.

Plain water is hard to beat as a thirst quencher. Lemonade with very little sugar in it is also refreshing. Sweet drinks and alcoholic beverages are not cooling—no matter how cold they are when served.

Once more, find some topic of conversation besides the weather.



LOCAL CELEBRITIES



# NIBROC NEWS



It is never too late for a man to show that he can deliver the goods. This was proved recently when the "Tanks" base ball team met and defeated the Cascade Community Club. John A. Hayward was given the pitching berth. Did he deliver? Why ask anybody who was at the game? His highness, old Walter Johnson, could not have done any better. His fadeaway and shine ball were working to perfection, which made our old friend, Leslie DeCosta, let out his old saying, "Judas Priest!"

We are glad to say at this time that our old friend, Fred Morris, better known as "Coon," is able to be around after a serious sickness. We will all be glad to have him back with us again, especially for Eddie Fitzgerald's sake. Eddie has no one to guide him now that "Coon" is away from the mill.

Jimmie Spalpro, Romeo Barbin, and Al Vermette were visitors in Portland recently, and report a good time all around, especially when Jimmie got mad and started to talk in Italian to Vermette. When Jimmie got one look at the ocean, he said, "Oh my, oh my, if I had a boat, I would go back to Italy."

Archie Soule is quite a salesman. Any information regarding this statement can be had from "Butsie" Astle.

Leroy Burns, "The Fighting Painter," and James McHale, "The Battling Moulder," put on an exhibition at Rumford recently. "Skibby" McNally, the referee, said that as boxers they win the owl's pajamas.

Harlan Jefferson tried to stop a band saw with his finger, but while convalescing decided he had better stick to the radio business.

You can look for Halley's Comet any day now, Dan Fiendel is painting his car.

Oliver Keenan has a magnetic Ford. It

must be. It's going north all the time.

Having the scalps of the Cascade Community Club on their belt, the "Tanks" issue a challenge to any department base ball team in the Company. Bill Palmer, the manager, said that his team would take on all comers.

There has been quite a howl put up, because the Cascade has not been represented in the Brown Bulletin. If some of these howlers will send in news items instead of letting one man write for the whole mill, why then the Cascade can keep up with the rest of the mills.

Groveton High School defeated Gorham High in their annual base ball series. In the first game the score ended 10 to 7, which caused one of our young friends from Gorham (formerly of Litchfield, Maine) to remark that Groveton was lucky. That was all right, but in the second game, when Groveton defeated Gorham 17 to 4, and he still remarked that Groveton was lucky, it has led us to believe that he believes in boosting the home town.

All roads lead to New York State and Canada. So say the guide books that Bert Rumney and Mike Moffett have been looking over.

Warning:—Everybody keep off the public highways, when you see John Smith coming in his new car.

Herbie Landrigan is anxiously waiting for the American Legion Convention at the Weirs in August. Herbie says, "I want to meet my old friends who came home in a barrel." Hold her, Newt, she's a-rarin'.

## NATIONAL GUARD NOTES

The revised plans of the Berlin Armory are nearly completed, and bids on the same will be let out about the first of July. The plans are to have the building completed

by November 1st. It goes without saying, that the members of Battery "F" are well pleased over this report. The battery has been quartered in the old City Building on Mechanic street for the past four years. It is a credit to the organization that they have established such a good record while in camp and at inspections, after having to train in such small quarters. At the last inspection when the battery was inspected by Lt.-Col. F. W. Stopford of the U. S. Army, his rating was "very satisfactory" on most every subject. This was due to the loyalty of the members of the organization who have stuck together for four years and have done the best they could with such a poor armory.

The annual encampment of 15 days' field service will take place at Rye Beach, N. H., August 7th to 22nd, inclusive. Battery F will leave on the 7th, going to Portsmouth via Portland and returning on the 22nd. Many interesting subjects will be taken up while in camp this summer, such as shooting at free balloons and at a target towed by an aeroplane. The schedule also calls for 23 hours devoted to athletics. This will give some of the record breakers a chance to show their stuff. The camp is situated about a quarter of a mile from the beach at Rye, four miles from Portsmouth, and about four miles from Hampton Beach.

"She had exactly the German way; whatever was in her mind to be delivered, whether a mere remark, or a sermon, or a cyclopedia, or the history of a war, she would get it into a single sentence or die. Whenever the literary German dives into a sentence, that is the last you are going to see of him till he emerges on the other side of his Atlantic with his verb in his mouth."—Mark Twain.

Hubby—Bah, to think there was a time when I thought you were an angel.

Wife—And don't you still think so?

Hubby—No, madam; I am fondly anticipating the time when you will become one.

# PORTLAND OFFICE

William M. Barrett has resigned and moved to Waterbury, Conn.

Vacations have begun to mix up the jobs but not the service.

Maurice Dee is assisting on the switchboard and the mail in place of J. A. Montgomery, transferred to the accounting department.

James E. O'Brien is a new addition to the accounting department and is breaking in on the billing.

Plans for the picnic of the Portland Office employees are progressing rapidly. Committees, et cetera, have been appointed (mostly self named), and it is planned to hold the outing at Eagles Nest, Saturday, June 26.

The reporter this month was R. B. Cooke. The news next month will be collected by H. J. Gormley.

If anyone has copies of the Bulletin, Volume III., Nos. 2, 7, and 11 (1921), which he would be willing to part with, please send them to Mr. Brockway, who desires to complete his set for binding.

Dr. G. N. Merry is author of a course of "Industrial and Business Psychology," now being offered by correspondence through the Division of University Extension of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Nelson Worthley has just returned from a visit to Strong, Maine, where he visited his brother and nephew. Those "wish-boners" who have a tender regard for Strong are anxious to hear his report.

Jim Lunt is said to be addicted to a new brand of cigars which may be carried without breaking, but which are a little stubborn when it comes to lighting. They may be purchased at the Portland Rubber Co.

The yard between the office and lumber shed has recently been oiled, which has helped to alleviate the dust nuisance.

Kenneth Hawkes is now working in the paper sales division mornings during the vacation season.

Conversation which took place recently in the main office between Philip N. Grover and Eugene O. Hanson:

E. O. H.—I heard that you purchased a new Ford car—what kind did you buy?

P. N. G.—I don't know what they call it.

E. O. H.—Well, is it a sedan?

P. N. G.—No.

E. O. H.—Is it a coupe?

P. N. G.—No.

E. O. H.—Well, what is it?

P. N. G.—I don't know what they call it, but it is one of those showcase kind.

John Clelland of the sales statistics Division had a very disappointing experience recently. He had just finished his lunch in Langley's and was on his way to pay the cashier. Incidentally a very attractive young lady started at the same time. They reached the cashier together. While getting out their money a dime dropped from John's hand to the floor. The young lady heard it drop—supposed it belonged to her—picked it up and used it for part of her contribution to the cashier. Johnnie's rabbits are getting quite fat, so he is going to live on "rabbit stew" until he recovers from his financial loss.

Overheard in the corridor:

E. O. H.—"Harold, you're wanted on the phone."

H. S. C.—"Telephone?"

E. O. H. (disgustedly)—"No, graphophone."

"Duke" Dupont: Could I use your adding machine for a few minutes?

Cady: Sorry but I am going to need it for some time yet.

"Duke": Well, I will use my head. It is better than the machine anyway.

J. H. Taylor, of the sales statistics department, appeared on the scene the other day "dolloed up" like the proverbial race-track habitue. Atta boy, Jim, getting old but young ideas, eh?

Jules Gaudard is now on his holidays taking day trips in and about Portland. The boys who have seen him say he is pretty well tanned.

One of the boys in the paper sales division asked another if he would give

him a ride in his car, one Saturday afternoon, and offered to pay for the gas. The owner of the car readily agreed but said that he had only about fifteen minutes before starting for home. However, they set out for round a few blocks, and on being again pressed regarding the offered gallon, the owner replied that "the tank was full, so you can give the money to me." Can you beat it?

Mr. Fogarty, chemical sales manager, just returned from a business trip through the South, having been gone about three weeks.

Mr. Light, formerly of the salvage department at Berlin, has joined the Portland office force, and is working with Mr. Taylor in the core department. Not being used to sea food, Mr. Light partook of some crab-meat salad recently and was stricken with a slight case of ptomaine poisoning. He was out for a short time, and all the boys were glad to welcome him back again.

Verne Clough, chemical sales division, spent Memorial Day in Berlin, the guest of his brother who is employed at the chemical mill.

Clinton Bishop, conduit department, spent his vacation touring through New England and New York City.

Wanted—by Mr. Worcester—a box to scratch matches on.

Carl Werner of the paper sales division and Ralph Dyer of the pulp sales division, have returned to the office after enjoying a week's vacation during which they accompanied a party of Shriners to the Imperial Council, which was held in Philadelphia. While on this trip they visited at Atlantic City, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. Now Carl thinks he ought to have another vacation to rest up. Ralph is dragged out also.

Horton King is the next one to take his vacation. He plans to recuperate at the Islands, after a trip to Boston. By the way we haven't seen his bike out yet. Guess cost of tires must have gone up.

## SULPHITE MILL GAS

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Routhier, accompanied by Mildred and Rita Sloane, recently motored to Exeter, N. H., for a brief visit to Ex-Chief Sloane's estate there.

S. Alexander Cabana is in the chicken business. He is now working on a contrivance which he hopes to patent in the near future. It is a combination radio set and incubator, which if perfected, will revolutionize the industry. His trade mark will be "Dilation eggs from contented hens."

A party of young men from the plant attended the opening of the Bluebird Dance Pavillon in Colebrook recently. When the dance was over, they were much surprised to find the roads as smooth as glass on the return trip, three days later.

On Wednesday evening, June 16, at 8.00, the Burgess girls assembled at the home of Frances Feindel, bride-to-be, to view the contents of her hope chest.

Frances was surprised at the door with a shower of tin pans, strainers, etc., but happily escaped all serious injury from the poor aim of the girls. After everyone was settled, Frances, in a pleasing manner, displayed her linen, dishes and silver to the girls. There were many "ohs" and "ahs", and then they settled once more, to spend the evening in gossip or otherwise.

Louise rendered a few jazzy tunes, during which Elizabeth Hinchey gave a clever exhibition of a few Charleston steps, with a little slow-motion display, besides, which brought not a few laughs from the girls.

Dainty refreshments of fruit salad, hot rolls, coffee, and cake were served. The hot rolls showed the capable ability of Frances' mother as a baker. If Frances inherits this ability, which we hope she does, Henry will have no need to doctor indigestion, in his "happy though married" future life.

After the "gentle" appetites were appeased, there was more music, and Mary McGillen sang a few delightful solos.

In the midst of their fun and talk, a horn sounded loud and persistently from outside. Of course it was "Windy," who called for one of the party, and this started the departure of the crowd at a late hour. The evening was most en-

joyably spent, and the girls join in wishing Frances and Henry every happiness.

Oh, yes, they'll be there at the wedding!

The Burgess Relief Association officers held a Field Day at Mike Myler's summer home on Muzzy Hill, June 3rd, at which a few other guests were present.

The bunch assembled about 6 p. m., after the ascent of the toughest road in New England, and at once began to indulge in various outdoor sports. The game of baseball was interrupted by accidents. Murphy sprained two ankles, Laferriere had to leave the game because of a Charley Horse, and Cabana was threatened with sleeping sickness, Bennie Dale had to help carry water for the cook. In the meantime, Blank and his unable corps of cookees were cooking the supper, beefsteak, potatoes and other things except the onions, which someone had, by an inadvertence, placed in the oven of the wrong and cold stove. The onions were discovered in time, however, to be cooked and served as a dessert. After supper, which lasted a long time because of numerous interruptions by volunteer orators, the crowd adjourned, some to washing dishes, and others to yarn telling, and some to a game of pitch. The writer wishes to state, and his words are straight, that had the ordinary western rules against sharpers been enforced, there wouldn't have been a live man sitting at the table at the end of the game, which McGivney won.

The best of parties have to break up, so about ten o'clock the first car set out for Berlin. Owing to the condition of the road, it was decided to start the cars away at intervals of fifteen minutes.

All were loud in their praise of the party and were especially grateful to Mr. Myler for his hospitality in giving the use of his house. It was certainly a fine party, and if you don't believe it, ask Windy Newell.

A very pretty wedding occurred on the morning of June 21st, when Arthur L. Thomas and Elsie Roberge were united in marriage at Gorham by Rev. Thomas J. Connor. The double ring service was used.

The bride's gown was powder blue georgette with picture hat to match. She carried a shower bouquet of white angelus

roses and lilies of the valley. The bride was attended by her father, Philias Roberge, and the groom by his brother, Kenneth.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, the intermediate families being present.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philias Roberge, and is a popular young Berlin girl with a host of friends among the younger set. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Thomas of 1001 Main street. He is an alumnus of Berlin High School, class of 1917, Past Chancellor, Knights of Pythias and very prominent in amateur theatrical circles.

Arthur is our genial multigraph chief with "Service" as his middle name. We extend to him and his bride the best of wishes for a happy and prosperous married life.

### BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

|                          |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| Roy Bulger               | \$ 48.00          |
| Mrs. Delia Montminy      | 60.00             |
| Erling Anderson          | 39.60             |
| Mrs. Georgia Bailby      | 74.00             |
| Mrs. Jane Cadorette      | 65.50             |
| Mrs. Josephine Arsenault | 45.50             |
| Narcisse Litellier       | 24.00             |
| Nick Carlino             | 18.00             |
| Mrs. Mabel Bisbee        | 55.60             |
| Nils Gunnerson           | 14.00             |
| Alfred Legere            | 52.80             |
| Wilfred Hamel            | 24.00             |
| Eugene Gauthier          | 20.00             |
| Thomas Potter            | 28.60             |
| Joseph Lefeuille         | 10.00             |
| Ernest Drouin            | 8.00              |
| Lorenzo Leclerc          | 32.00             |
| Edmond Boutin            | 100.80            |
| Antonio Dinorsce         | 12.00             |
| Adelard Filion           | 25.00             |
| Geo. Perrault            | 34.00             |
| Olaf Johnson             | 12.00             |
| Henry Lavoie             | 8.00              |
| Percy Little             | 22.94             |
| Byjah Anderson           | 20.00             |
| Theophile Arguin         | 60.00             |
| Hubert Provencher        | 84.00             |
| Geo. Blake               | 107.06            |
| Ernest Holt              | 61.60             |
| Harold Conway            | 26.00             |
| Harold Mann              | 36.00             |
| Guido Mateson            | 36.00             |
| Reuben McCutcheon        | 77.20             |
| Peter Tardiff            | 56.00             |
| Camile Sabalone          | 48.00             |
| Ludger Arguin            | 48.00             |
| Wm. MacArthur            | 27.08             |
| Edmond Labrecque         | 22.66             |
| Joseph Fournier          | 42.00             |
| Joseph Madore            | 46.00             |
| Geo. Lessard             | 27.08             |
| Henry Beaudette          | 52.10             |
| Harvey Pari              | 8.00              |
| Luigi Bossa              | 50.00             |
| Forest Norton            | 26.20             |
| Wilfred Hamel            | 12.00             |
| Matthias Levelle         | 14.00             |
| Fred Snyder              | 28.00             |
| Henry Conway             | 99.60             |
| Wilfred Roy              | 24.90             |
| <b>Total</b>             | <b>\$1,973.82</b> |

## RIVERSIDE SMOKE

More wedding bells, consequently more wedding cigars. John Nolan, familiarly known as "Skeeter," has mustered up a lot of false courage and is ready for better or worse.

It makes it nice for some people to have weddings often, as that is the only time they can or will indulge in a cigar.

We understand one of our most popular girls is about to take a honeymoon. GOOD! More cigars, ha-ha.

A. K. Hull is writing garden notes for the Berlin Reporter. We are all glad to note his journalistic success. We can remember when he used to have to send a package of towels to the Editor of the Brown Bulletin as a bribe to get his literature into print. Now it is avidly demanded, and we don't believe his revenues are less than ten cents a word, especially upon this subject upon which he is an authority.

Amede Routhier is the latest of our bunch to commit suicide by wedlock. Their many friends most surely wish both parties the very best of good luck and happiness through life's journey. Anyway, he left a box of cigars for his fellow workers, which is more than some do.

Dennis Driscoll, our veteran and very popular watchman, has been retired, not however through any desire of his own. Our company never had nor will ever have a more faithful hand than "Denny," and all the boys join in wishing him a good many years of peace and rest without worry. His position has been given to another in part payment for long years of faithfulness, and still the sun rises and sets in the same places.

Mr. Blust, who aspires to be a towel salesman, took a week's course at the mill. If trying to learn all there was to learn did him any good, we will soon see our stock go down, for he certainly did use his time to learn all there was to learn. Besides, he was a mighty nice chap to have around.

We were very glad to receive a visit from Dr. Rice and one of his aides, Mr. Van Pool of San Francisco. We hold a very deep regard for Dr. Rice and his

efficient staff, for we actually believe that we would have a hard time to run more than half time if it wasn't for their efforts. May your visit to the East give you lots of pleasure as well as profit to our employers. That you will visit us again before so very long is the wish of all the employees of the old Riverside Mill.

A. K. Hull had the great pleasure of spending Sunday, June 13th, at Lakeside through the kindness of a real men's club. The principal feature of the day, next to eating horned pout, was watching Coon Morris and Syl Peters land a 19¼-inch, 3-lb. square-tailed trout. Coon held the line, and Syl handled the net. It was a beauty and worth working for hard and long. We hope to see the feat repeated in the near future.

Alphonso Lacrosse says he likes to be on colors, especially on the black.

Alfred Paquette came in one day with a new pair of pants and new shoes. Why not pass the old ones on to John Michaud?

Jimmie Howell will soon be taking his little vacation.

Why not match Arthur Gillette up with some of the heavyweights?

Now that he has a new car, Pea Soup Vallis will soon be tying the knot.

There are certain shifts that are very lucky in not having to put on a new wire. Leave it to Archie. He will put it on.

We wonder why Vallis doesn't take out his Buick caboose when it rains.

In the olden time when men used to work eleven and thirteen hours a day to make a living, there was one papermaker who was very fond of pie. To satisfy this appetite, he used to bring his pie. However, it seemed as if someone was fonder of this delicacy than he. He never could have a taste of it, until he had the bright idea of taking his friend's advice to bring in a drug store. As a result the pie robber had to leave the mill four hours before leaving time. This is a rather sad story for those who are deft of fingers in some else's basket, isn't it, Rosie?

### TOWEL ROOM

Marie thinks that the one who writes all the jokes is quite a good joker.

Now Jennie, don't get mad. Keep your secrets to yourself and they won't leak out.

Our Alice Frechette is soon leaving for her vacation. She will visit the land of our dream, Canada.

Annette signed a contract. She has to buy a chew of gum every day for Emile Lagloire.

Esther Johnson and Olive Arsenault were out from work a few days with the mumps.

Eva Bedard is quite a designer. She tells Ida Marois how to sew the fringe on her dress.

Is it safe to go across the bridge? Our poor Eva Marois is afraid to run.

Erma Demars was around the towel room displaying her diamond.

Yvonne Dion can't Charleston any more. She has corns and bunions. Tuff luck.

Alice Dion has bought a new violin. She will take lessons from Reg. He will teach her how to fiddle her trouble away.

Julia Oleson is so afraid of a little mouse.

If you care anything about opera singing, ask Zine Brian. She can teach you how to sing like a bird.

Jeannette McGivney is displaying a new Ford sedan or a truck. Don't block the traffic.

How long does it take a person to learn how to drive a Ford. Rosilda Hamel is learning. Don't keep all the road to yourself.

Margaret Forrest thinks making towels is a kindergarten job.

If the machine room boys will leave things where they belong, the towel room girls will be thankful. It cost one girl

half a dollar in one week for pencils, comb, looking glass, etc.

#### SAFETY FIRST

"Ah can't come to wuk dis mawin', boss," a gas company's colored porter informed them on the telephone. "One ob de chillun's got small pox, an' us is all quar-anteed in."

"That's too bad, Mose," replied the dealer. "Are you being careful to prevent it from spreading among the rest of your family?"

"Ah sho am!" was the emphatic response. "Us is all wiping on one ob dem Nibroc Sanitary Towels."

#### HIGH COST OF LOVIN'

When I first cast my lamps on Peg,  
Says I, "That's the skirt for mine"—  
She's up to date—a regular girl,  
And, oh boy, what a line.

She dolls up in the snappiest clothes,  
In a bathing suit she's there;  
Her ankle beats the others a mile,  
And boyishly bobbed is her hair.

I'll admit I'm no hick myself—  
The girls all call me their sheik,  
And if I find one who doesn't agree—  
It's usually just some old freak.

So I puts on my Oxford bags,  
And strolls right up her street,  
Right up to Peg's own front door  
I struts with all my feet.

I thought just for the first evening  
We might stay home and dance,  
But she wouldn't hear of it—  
To the latest show we must prance.

All right for me—I'd a ten dollar bill,  
And sporting we would go;  
Bought the next best seats in the house,  
For five bucks, I'd not go below.

This would not satisfy her,  
To a night club we must hie,  
Where we danced and drank and danced—  
Till sweet hours of bye and bye.

And so I've done for nights and nights,  
She's an extravagant girl to own,  
If this kept up for a month from now,  
I'd be too broke to buy an ice cream cone.

And although I thought I loved her,  
She cost too much for me,  
So I gave her the gate one balmy night,  
And went with the boys on a spree.

#### "LITTLE FELLER"

"Listen, son: I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

"These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded

you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, 'Good-bye, Daddy': and I frowned, and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful. Imagine that, son, from a father. It was such stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped.

"You said nothing, but ran across, in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

"And there was so much that was good, and fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion,

and so ashamed.

"It is a feeble atonement, I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear Boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the damp forehead, and the yellow curls; and, if it were not for waking you, I would snatch you up and crush you to my heart.

"Tears came, and heartache and remorse, and I think a greater, deeper love, when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!"

#### MAY ACCIDENTS

##### Upper Plants

|                           |    |
|---------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents .....   | 1  |
| Minor accidents .....     | 34 |
| Without loss of time..... | 53 |
| Total .....               | 88 |

##### Sulphite Mill

|                           |    |
|---------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents .....   | 0  |
| Minor accidents .....     | 29 |
| Without loss of time..... | 68 |
| Total .....               | 97 |

##### Cascade Mill

|                           |    |
|---------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents .....   | 0  |
| Minor accidents .....     | 9  |
| Without loss of time..... | 64 |
| Total .....               | 73 |

#### HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!

One of the early advertisements of the typewriter reads this way:

"The benevolent can by the gift of a typewriter to a poor, deserving young woman, put her at once in the way of earning a good living as copyist or corresponding clerk.

"No invention has opened for women so broad and easy an avenue to profitable and suitable employment as the typewriter, and it merits the careful consideration of all thoughtful and charitable persons interested in the subject of work for women."

—Vision.

# Daniel Webster Bought Paper and Raisins at Pigwacket

THE 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence that occurs next Sunday does not arouse as much interest in Berlin, as it does in the older communities of New Hampshire, such as Portsmouth, Exeter, and Concord. At the time of the Revolution, Lancaster, Shelburne, and Randolph were in their infancy, and Berlin was off the track of the meagre communications of the time. There are but few in the upper reaches of the Androscoggin Valley that can prove, or even claim, Revolutionary descent.

Of all our neighbors, perhaps Fryeburg, Me., had as good a start in 1776 as any. Immediately following the Revolution, Fryeburg launched upon a school-building program that was as large for that day as that of Berlin following the late war. It was Fryeburg Academy founded at that time, to which Daniel Webster came as master in 1801-1802. Frank C. Eastman, at present employed by the Brown Company, has a very interesting memento of Webster's stay at Fryeburg. It is the old account book of R. and J. Bradley, who had just come from Concord and started a country store there. Previous to their coming, it is doubted whether more than a hogshead of brown sugar had ever

been marketed in the town. Frank Eastman's father kept this store at a much later date and found in the attic the Bradley account book, in which Daniel Webster is charged with writing materials such as paper, pencils, quills; and raisins, segars, soap, silk, a gold ring, and riband.

The historians give but little attention to this winter that Daniel Webster taught school, while his brother, Ezekiel, was at Dartmouth. Mr. Eastman's book may cast some new light on his winter there. To us, however, the paper of the time is of greatest interest.

The paper of the account book was made from linen rags. Its watermark contains the letters O B C, but we have not been able to locate the mill that used this mark. Although paper was one of the earliest of successful American manufactures, it was slow to get a start in New Hampshire. It was made for a hundred years previous to the Revolution near Philadelphia. Mills then tended to spring up in close proximity to the larger cities such as New York, Providence, and Boston. Possibly the first mill in New Hampshire was that started at Exeter about the time of the Revolution.

In 1802, all paper was handmade. The cylinder machine and the Fourdrinier were introduced from England and France in the next thirty years. The Hollander had come from the Netherlands about 50 years before and has been used ever since, although continually improved. The coarse marks of the hand moulds are plainly evident on one side of each sheet of the account book owned by Mr. Eastman.

A paper mill was considered well-equipped if it had two vats heated by direct contact with a chimney, two engines for beating stock, rooms for dressing and storing rags, for drying and keeping paper before finishing, for sizing and finishing paper, and for storage of the finished product. A mill with two engines running 15 hours a day could turn out 250 lbs. of paper per day or 1500 lbs. per week.

The raw materials for paper were largely

linen rags, although some cotton worked in. The pressure for raw material, then as always, was great, and the population was invited as earnestly then to save its rags as it is now to take care of its forests. It was not until 1800 that Matthias Koops, the Dutchman, published a book about papermaking materials, printing it mainly on straw paper but with several pages made from wood fibers. Straw paper began to be developed in America a quarter of a century later and followed the wheat industry across the continent, until it was headed off by better papers made from wood fibers and reduced to its present position in the manufacture of board. It was in the forties that Manilla rope was first successfully used for wrapping paper—a field from which it is being step by step displaced by papers made from sulphate pulp. It was in the fifties that Burgess and Watt brought the process from England of making soda pulp from poplar, which is useful as a filler in the making of book paper. In the eighties, the sulphite process, originally invented in Pennsylvania, returned to the United States after being successfully worked in Austria, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. It has displaced rags in the manufacture of superior papers in all except a very small and special field.

| February 20 <sup>th</sup> 1802. |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Joseph Colby Dr. Fryeburg       |  |
| To 1/2 bushel tea 2/9           |  |
| To 2 lbs tobacco                |  |
| Henry Gordon Dr.                |  |
| To 1 lb Sugar 1/4 - 1-4         |  |
| To 1/2 Dozen plates - 2-3       |  |
| To 1/2 lb Sugar & Tea 2/9       |  |
| Daniel Webster Dr.              |  |
| To a packet full of raisins 1/9 |  |
| Cr. Thomas Smith barney         |  |
| By 1/2 bushel corn 1/3          |  |
| By 1/2 bushel rye 1/3           |  |
| To 2 Quarts sugar - 3           |  |
| 1/2 lb Raisins - 5              |  |
| Daniel Day Dr.                  |  |
| To 1/2 lb Sugar & Tea 2/9       |  |
| John Boswell Dr.                |  |
| To 1 lb Monack 7                |  |
| John Stevens Dr.                |  |
| To 2 lb Cotton wool - 5/        |  |

| March 16 <sup>th</sup> 1802     |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Amos Harmon Dr.                 |  |
| To 2 lbs tobacco                |  |
| Amos Harmon Dr.                 |  |
| To a Cotton wool bag 2/         |  |
| Joseph Lewis Dr.                |  |
| To 2 Quarts Rum 2/9 - 0 68      |  |
| To 1/2 Bushel Salt 3/9 - 0 62   |  |
| 1/2 lb S. Alphen - 1/3 - 1 29   |  |
| Richard O. Hill Dr.             |  |
| To 1 Padlock 2/11 9 P; 5 lb     |  |
| Wm. 2/24 Dr. To 1/2 Raisins 4/  |  |
| William Pugsb. Dr.              |  |
| To 1/2 Dozen tea 1/6            |  |
| Daniel Webster Dr.              |  |
| To 1 Quire paper 1/6            |  |
| 5 Shirts cotton Do. 10          |  |
| Cr. Robert Page Dr. 12 1/2 bush |  |
| als 10 ats a 2/ -               |  |
| By Cash - 6/-                   |  |
| Dr. To 6 Yards Custring         |  |
| a 8/6 -                         |  |

## SALTAIRE LODGE NOW OPEN FOR GUESTS

All employees of the Brown Company and the Brown Corporation, their wives, children over five years of age, and immediate families, are cordially invited by the Woods Department of the Brown Company to spend their vacation at Saltaire Lodge this summer, which is situated in the woods on the North shore of beautiful Umbagog Lake.

Saltaire Lodge can be reached by taking the stage from Berlin to Errol, distance 31 miles, which leaves Berlin every week day at noon, reaching Errol boat landing at 3 p. m., fare \$3.00 per person. At Errol boat landing, parties will be met by the manager, Captain L. H. Bragg, with a motor boat, and will be taken up the Androscoggin river four miles and across the lake four miles to the lodge, which will take about an hour. Stage leaves boat landing every week day at 7 a. m., reaching Berlin at 11 a. m.

The Lodge is connected by telephone with the company's private line to the Brown Farm, Magalloway Plantation, Me., and notices of arrival should be telephoned through in advance, so that the boat may be on hand to meet the stage at Errol boat landing.

Saltaire Lodge has accommodations for twenty-two people, having five separate camps together with four rooms in the main house, two baths, hot and cold water, electric lights, and is completely equipped, including row boats. A cook and his wife will attend to the culinary end.

A flat charge of actual cost of \$2.00 a day for each person and child will be made to cover everything, which will include the steamer ride back and forth from Errol, meals and lodging, and use of boats. No tips required.

Applications for reservations should be made ahead by communicating with Mr. P. W. Churchill of the Woods Department at the Main office, or of someone in that office in his absence, and the camp can be occupied by any applicant for a term of two weeks, unless it is not filled up, in which case there is no objection to applicants remaining longer.

Good fishing for trout, salmon, pickerel and horned pout can be had in the lake and neighboring streams, and visitors are urged to bring their own fishing tackle. There is good hunting in the fall for deer and partridge. As the camp is close to the Maine line, those wishing to secure a Maine license to fish should secure the same from the City Clerk in Berlin at a cost of \$3.15. A fishing and hunting license in New Hampshire at a cost of

\$1.50 is required of all residents of New Hampshire, to be obtained of Mr. Willard Cooper at the Company Store.

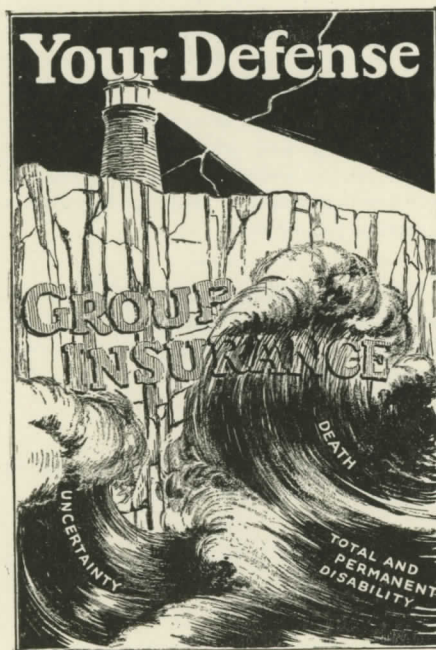
It is suggested that parties of friends get together and go up at the same time, and that cordial cooperation be given to Captain Bragg while there to make the camp a success.

No responsibility will be assumed for the care of young children.

Any reasonable amount of baggage can be taken along, and it is suggested that as the camp is in the woods, heavy shoes, warm clothes and if possible a raincoat would be desirable equipment.

Any further information can be obtained by application to Mr. P. W. Churchill of the Woods Department.

Brown Company, Woods Department.



### YOUR DEFENSE

Nature provides well for man, but she leaves much for man to do for himself—she provides him with trees, but she leaves it to him to hew them and build his own home—she gives him sheep but she does not shear them, nor card the wool and weave it for him—she will grow his vegetables and supply him with food, providing he does his own planting and weeding. In other words, while she supplies his materials he must build his own defense against the elements and protect himself and those dependent upon him against hunger and want.

Nature has provided as much for animals. But man demands more of life than animals do; a hole in a hill won't satisfy him for a home. He is not content to

migrate with the seasons to keep warm; he wants a house built strong enough to defend him against the elements and keep him comfortable, regardless of the weather.

Man has a greater sense of responsibility toward his dependents than animals do. He not only provides for them day by day, but he makes every effort to secure their future by providing savings accounts and insurance for them. Most persons with responsibilities start savings accounts, but often a "rainy day" eats them up and there is nothing left to defend the dependents against life in case anything happens to the provider.

As Dr. Frank Crane says, "Some men fail in the struggle of life because they never begin, but more people fail because they never finish." In the case of savings accounts one is likely to put off until tomorrow, and the "tomorrow" comes too late to be of any practical help to the dependents.

When this company made arrangements with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York City for the protection of our employees under a plan of group insurance, it had in mind the values of such a defense for the individual employee and his family. While savings accounts are valuable, and doubtless most of the people employed with this company save systematically, the one sure protection is insurance.

Besides the insurance provided under our group plan, every man owes it to himself to purchase as much extra insurance as he can conveniently carry to provide a stronger defense for himself and his family.

### ON THE JOB

Here is a chicken and hen story, as told by a Meade County, Kansas, farmer. It may or may not be true, but it teaches what might be accomplished by sticking on the job.

One of the farmer's hens had stolen her nest in a pile of debris in a fence corner and when found was contentedly sitting on thirteen eggs. It was thought best not to disturb her. The night, however, brought the big April snowstorm and the snowdrift was six feet deep over the top of the fence. After the storm had abated, the farmer thought of the old hen and decided to shovel the snow from around her, all the time thinking he would find her smothered to death. Imagine his surprise, for she was on the nest alive and well and under her were found thirteen little chicks, spry as crickets; every egg had hatched.—The BookanWrap.

## CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

"Doc" Merrigan has installed oil and air shock absorbers on his Chevrolet coupe and expects better riding on his daily excursions to Lancaster and nearby villages.

Captain Barnes, late of the "Lucy Belle," expects to visit the docks at the big dam to look over the shipping situation, providing Lo, the poor Indian, can get his limousine through the 13-mile woods.

Bob Gendron visited Derby Line and reports the snow all gone and raspberries almost ripe.

"Hank" O'Connell, the fan tan expert, has now taken to smoking a pipe so he can concentrate more on his game and probably have a better balance at the end of the week.

Hed Parker of Twinkling Star fame, toured over last year's hunting grounds and says that a wonderful time is in store for the summer of 1926.

Joe Vallis won a radio set this last week and hopes to get in touch with all the spirits of his ancestors (not brandy or alcohol).

A member of the piping crew was the center of a mystery occurring in a Main street block one Sunday evening recently. It appears that this said party went to visit another mill man, but mistaking the room, landed in a room occupied as a bed-chamber by a son of Israel. Finding no one there and feeling tired, he laid down and went to sleep. Before very long two loud blasts on the "cow horn" announced a fire on Main street, and also in the aforesaid block. The firemen arrived and who should they find but this piper all afire and in bed? Sad to relate his sleep cost him \$9.65 and also \$50.00 with which to buy new bed clothes. But all's well that ends well, for Ikey has clean bed-clothes at last.

Mr. Maloney will not have to throw his Sunday newspaper in the rubbish can any more as his friend is leaving for his vacation July 1st.

Geo "Going to" Gale was laid up with a severe case of the mumps. Butter and

eggs took a decided drop in price at this time.

Oscar Davidson of the Newspaper Trust has his plates for his Hudson car and will shortly take trips to Gorham via Cascade and maybe as far as Shelburne before fall.

Jack Reid, the yard foreman, is our horticultural expert. He has for sale lettuce, radishes, etc., and tomatoes will be ripe early and he promises green peas for July 4th.

George Sanschagrin is the proud father of a bouncing baby girl.

Noel Lambert has been very busy papering, painting and whitewashing, but he listens to the radio between strokes, and between papering and radio he has done a futuristic job of it.

"Mickey" McKay besides being an expert typist is an accomplished chauffeur, and gives lessons in this business at a very moderate charge. Call Automatic 217. —Adv.

Squeaky Santy was in Littleton boosting the sale of Ware Neutrodynes.

After recovering from the measles, Red McKenzie now has the mumps. All hope for his speedy recovery.

Joe Goebel had \$28.00 worth of fast riding one Sunday recently. The race ended in front of the City Building with Joe in the lead.

Rene Gonya is away having his face re-modeled by a well known beauty doctor.

Baldy Frost's hair is coming out a little now.

Perley Hall is butting cigars for Joe Vallis and Frank Vallier. For what event we know not.

Joe Paradis, our boiler house wizard, has sold his real estate in Lewiston to the Rest Ever Hotel Corporation where they will erect a modern hotel this summer.

Jack Fortier has traded in his tomato can for a Chevrolet sedan.

After working for five months on his durable Durant, Mr. Routhier of the dipping brigade has made it cough at last. After getting this car together he has enough parts left over to start building a Ford.

After working for two years with one hammer and one rule, King McLaughlin, the comical mechanic, has at last bought a full set of tools.

Our Mr. Hopkins is now representing a large company, selling asbestos-lined mattresses and fire-proof bedroom furniture.

### A JAPANESE SAW MILL

The primitive methods by which these Japanese are sawing giant crytomerias into lumber remind us of the method used in Exeter, N. H., long before the Revolution, when sawpits were used and one man worked at the top of the log and



Keystone View

sometimes a second from the bottom of the pit. These pits were often left unguarded, and cattle and people met with accidents by falling into them, so that the town meeting had to adopt an ordinance, making it a misdemeanor to abandon sawpits without filling them up.