



THE BROWN BULLETIN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

VOL. VIII

BERLIN, N. H., SEPTEMBER 1, 1926

No. 3



TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE FROM THE GLEN ROAD

September is the real month to climb the mountains, and no route offers greater attractions than does that through Tuckerman's Ravine. It is probable that the party of Gorges in 1642 came up the Ellis River and ascended Mt. Washington through this ravine. "It was traversed by Capt. Evans in 1774, and ten years later

by Dr. Cutler's party. Its name was given in honor of Prof. Edward Tuckerman, of Amherst College, an eminent botanist and author of several works on American lichens, who was, moreover, for many years a tireless explorer of this mountain region."

The above picture taken in early August shows the extraordinary snow arch of the present year. Ordinarily the snow remains in the head of Tuckerman's Ravine until the third week in August, but it is a question whether it will entirely disappear this summer.

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PRINTED UPON NIBROC SUPERCALENDERED BOND

Vol. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1926

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BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

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

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Items, original articles, and photographs are invited from all employees of the companies. These may be handed to any member of the Editorial Staff or Board of Directors, or sent directly to the Editor, The Brown Bulletin, Berlin, N. H. All contributions must be signed.

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BROWN COMPANY DISTRICT NURSING DEPARTMENT (Established 1903)

(Affiliated with Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1916)

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IF IT WERE YOUR CHILD

If it were your child playing on the curb, ready to dash thoughtlessly into the street after a rolling ball, you would consider no sacrifice too great to save her life. A delay of a few seconds or minutes would seem trivial; you would be ready to stop your car on a dime.

If you are a parent you can understand. Only those who have been through the dark hours of waiting and know the indescribable joy when mother and child are safe can realize what the child means to the home. But even the father can not fully comprehend its place in the mother's heart.

No driver in his right mind would deliberately kill or injure a child, yet many drive recklessly through school zones and residential districts where children are playing on the sidewalks. Even those driving at legal speeds have been involved in accidents that were legally "unavoidable." But no exoneration in court can remove the remorse at having killed a child.

Protecting the children requires greater caution than the law demands. Traffic ordinances can only set a maximum speed; you must determine the safe speed. Nor can the law define "inattention," the principal cause of accidents. Responsibility can not be shirked by following merely the letter of the law. Drive as you would if that child playing on the curb were your own.

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

Upper Plants

Clifford Perry from laborer to shift foreman.

BROWN CORPORATION

LA TUQUE

John B. Phillips has spent an interesting week coaxing the molecules into his orsat apparatus much against their will.

Some folk have an idea that a chemical

engineer should wear a white collar. We would like to make it known on behalf of our honorable department that a chemical brain is not particular as to the kind of clothes its host wears.

Charles Cash has been up buying all our corks. "Wotinell" is prohibition coming here, too. Pax Vobiscum.

Our superintendent, F. B. Bjornlund, has quite a large smile these last few weeks. He is the daddy of a baby boy. Now, no wonder.

Things we would like to see—
Henry Murch driving a car.
Charles Cash behind a race horse.
Eddy White feeding the baby.
Everett Lary without a smile.
E. J. Houldsworth walking to work.
Norman Barraclough without any sug-
gestions.
Happy Day, happy.
Ritchie Johnson in church.

John McGraw should get after Goofer Johnson, seeing that Goofer has all kinds of experience in trading ball players, trading three for one being nothing to his deals.

Another word about baseball. If the cubs wish to win the La Tuque Championship, they will have to be more on their toes than they were in the first game that they lost to the La Tuque team. Also a word about La Tuque squad, they will have to play better ball than they did against the Dows on Sunday, August 8th.

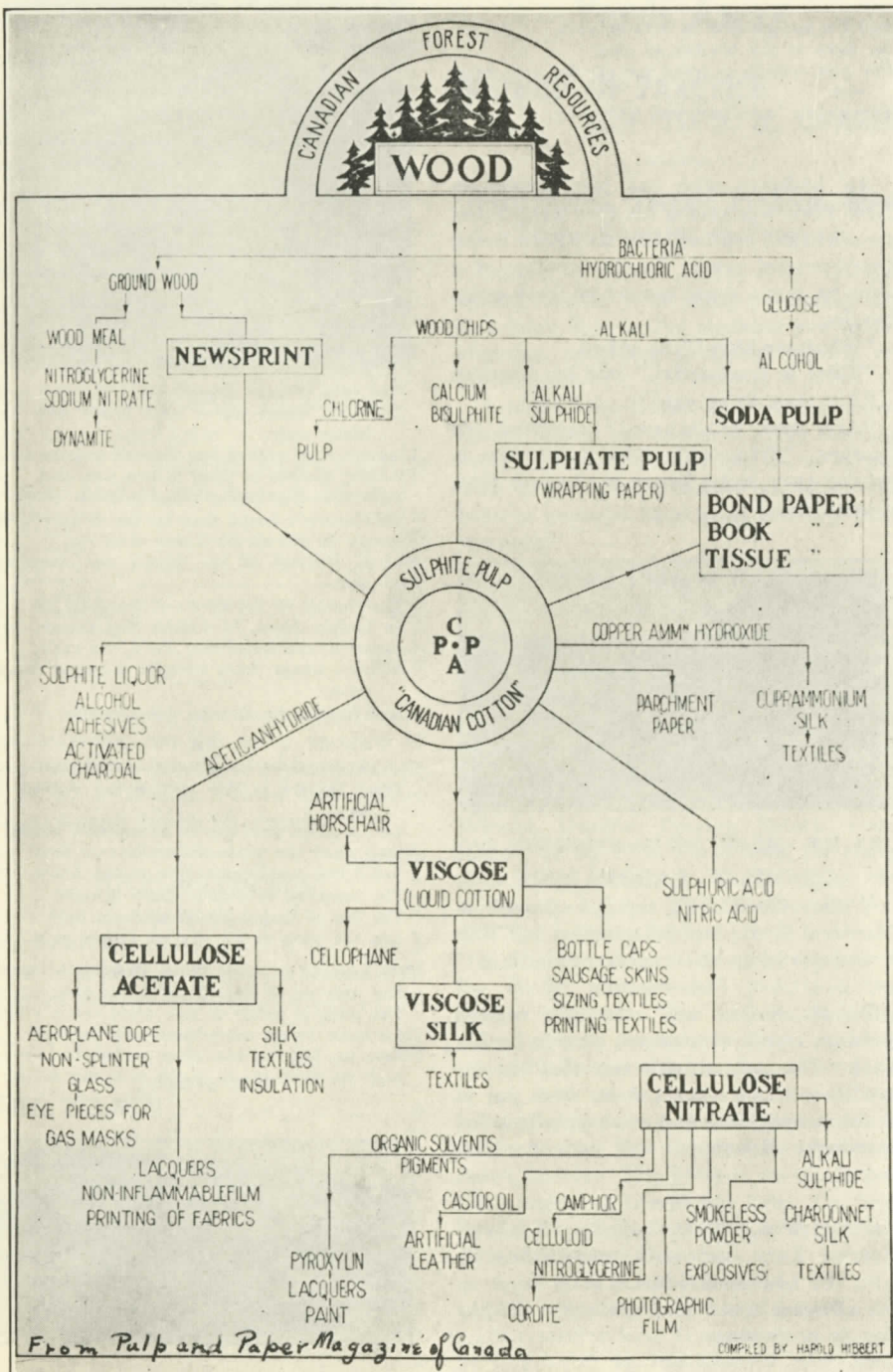
RIFLE RANGE

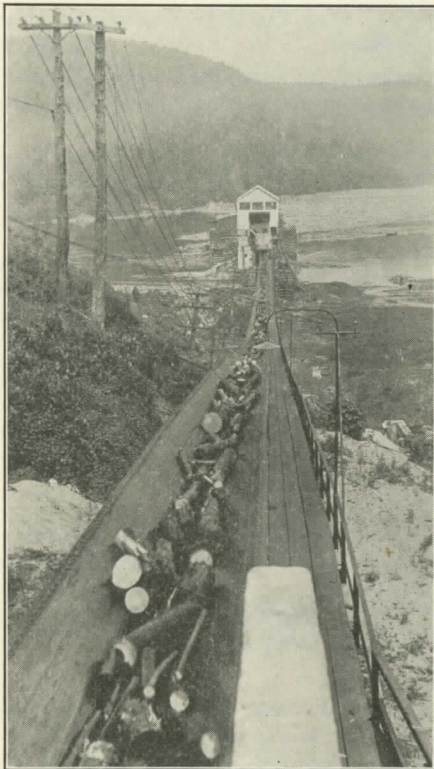
With more than half the season gone, the shooting has been pretty keen, but there is room for a lot more keenness. Those who did sign the nominal rolls, and have not been out to shoot, should make it their duty to go out as the Rifle Association will not progress whatever if the support is lacking. The facilities are 100% better than they have ever been, so BOYS get out to THE RANGE NEXT SATURDAY OR SUNDAY. Open at 1 p. m., Saturday, and at 9 a. m., Sunday.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

J. A. Warburton, late of the Wayagamack Paper Co., has joined the forces of the engineering and construction departments.

Herman Martinson has introduced a new fashion in clothes for the woods. He is





THE NEW LOG HAUL AT LA TUQUE

sure some slick baby when he gets his woods togs on.

Goofer Johnson and Alcool have returned from their motorcycle trip to Berlin, Portland and Montreal. They had a great trip.

Nesbitt, Jones and Bone have left for a motorcycle trip to Cacoon. We have heard that Jones is a wonder at moving bridges with his new B. S. A.

Our little telephone boy, Louis Simard, has had the blues but he has got over them now. He is happily married to a little Lac Saint John girl. We understand that Louis was so excited that he said "Yes" more than once.

Barney Keenan was heard saying the other day that Joe Bureau made it from La Tuque to Ste. Tite in three hours over the road with his Buick. Some story, Barney. We know the Buick and we also know Joe.

Moses (meeting Woodrow Wilson on the golden streets)—"Well, Woody, I understand your countrymen rejected your Fourteen Points."

Woody—"Don't chide me, Moses, they are playing havoc with your Ten."

THE HEAT

God bless the fortunate rich.
They don't need to wear hardly a stitch
On the beaches each day they swim and they play,
While we suffer the seven years' itch.

Every morn we must go to the mill
To keep up production each day.
Though we suffer from heat, we must keep on the beat
If we ever expect any pay.

Still we do get a rest of a sort
With most of the bosses away.
For we work more at ease when we're sure we won't freeze
And we put our two-fifty a day.

Still I'd just as soon be here at work
As down at the beaches at play,
For with nothing to spend you can bet your beam end
The women would not look your way.

G. H. C.

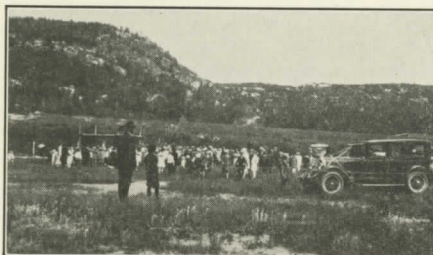
An Irishman who had just arrived in New York was taking his first walk under escort of his brother, who had been living there several years. In the window of a shop he saw a great mound of fresh cranberries.

"What are them?" he asked.

"Thim is cranberries," said his brother.

"Are they fit to eat?"

"Are they fit to eat?" repeated his brother. "Why, whin thim cranberries is stewed they make better applesauce than prunes does."



THE ICE CREAM BOOTH, DOMINION DAY
CHEMICAL LABORATORY

Wesley Creighton's car got through to Montreal O. K., but the question is, "Was it cheaper than the regular train fare?"

W. H. Nevins was efficiently revived from an attack of stomach trouble by Dr. Cash. The only trouble was that the ingredients which were put in, were put in in the wrong order and consequently acted in reverse direction in the patient. Nuff sed.

Our friend, "The Galloping Yankee," Everett Lary, not only overwhelms us with the Charleston, but is now lined up for a boxing bout with Joe Gingras. Happy Day is promoting.

We not only have two Bones in town

for now we have two big Bones and a little Bone. How's that for a bonus? Congratulations, Joe.

Everyone has motorcycle fever these days, even J. A. Jones has left the Lake St. John track for the beautiful smooth highways.

OUR FATHERS (1776-1926)

By ALFRED NOYES

I.

Whose hands inscribed that charter of mankind
Through which the thunders of the Atlantic roll?
No rebels they, but England's living soul,
Their names with all her memories are entwined.
Stockton—on Tees!—There spoke her own true mind
Against a blundering ruler's blind control;
Heyward, and breaths of Poolmead clover stole
Over the salt wave, even while he signed.

Wolcott, of Galdon Manor—flower and bird
Twist in through Somerset hedgerows. Light-foot Lee

Rides with John Hancock over the Yorkshire fells,
John Hart,—ask Rosalind if he never heard
A song in Arden under the greenwood tree,
With rhymes as mellow as Meretone marriage-bells.

II.

Their names, with many a bridegroom, many a bride,

Had rung through English chancels many a day;
Thornton, whose thorns were bright with Cambridge may;

Langdon, who squired our Kentish countryside;
Franklin, brother in blood to him who died
Under our flag among those ice-fields gray;

Or Chaucer's friend that up the Pilgrim's Way
Through an eternal April now must ride.

Walton, through all our brooks that name runs wild.

Huntington, all the ghosts of Sherwood rise,
In Lincoln green, to acclaim that avatar;
Livingston, our discoverer; Penn, our child;
Rodney, whose fleets brought home so many a prize;

And Nelson, on all seas, our pilot-star.

III.

Our fathers, seven score years and ten ago . . .
What Shadow is this up-towering through the night

Like a gaunt pine-tree on a mountain height
Round which the winds of God for ever flow?
I heard him breathing to the realms below

The universal covenant,—Right is right.
The law of God is Freedom's only light.
I saw the stars in his gnarled fingers glow.

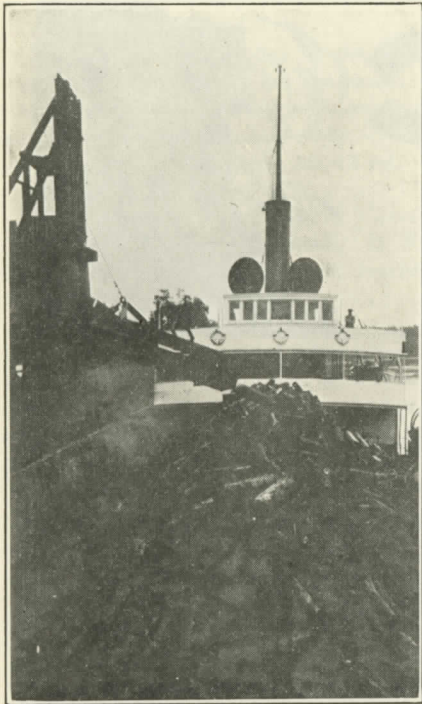
Then kneeling on gaunt knees, he bowed his head,—
Not unto us, O God, O never our own

The pride of power of this world-nation's birth!
Once more, before our ancient faith lie dead
Save us, lest we, too, glory in Babylon,

And the Soul utterly perish from our earth.
—New York Times.



BROWN CORPORATION FLOAT,
DOMINION DAY



LOADING PULPWOOD AT BERSIMIS
BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

Claims paid in July were as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| G. Moisan | \$ 7.35 |
| A. Hebert | 4.02 |
| R. Rochette | 52.19 |
| J. Bergeron | 68.52 |
| R. Belanger | 392.60 |
| Ovila Larome | 56.07 |
| Paul Boudreau | 25.40 |
| Willie Tremblay | 20.35 |
| Total | \$626.50 |

J. O. Arsenault, our woods department representative, has left for a vacation of about three weeks. He will join his family at P. E. I. Phillip Prince will replace Mr. Arsenault during his absence.

JULY ACCIDENTS

Upper Plants

| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents | 0 |
| Minor accidents | 43 |
| Without loss of time | 40 |
| Total | 83 |

Sulphite Mill

| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents | 0 |
| Minor accidents | 22 |
| Without loss of time | 61 |
| Total | 83 |

Cascade Mill

| | |
|----------------------------|----|
| Serious accidents | 0 |
| Minor accidents | 15 |
| Without loss of time | 47 |
| Total | 62 |

Berlin Gunners Crack Shots of 197th Rye Camp

Machine Outfit Riddles Towed Target 5,000 Yards Away

METHOD OF PRACTICE NEW TO N. H. GUARDS

Road March, Terrain Problem, More Firing Remains on Program

CAMP WINANT, Rye, Aug. 18—Excellent results were obtained during the last three days in the machine gun target shooting, according to official reports received here.

A plane from Boston in charge of Lieutenant Sutton has appeared every morning carrying behind it a swirling sleeve target. This is the elusive object at which the battery gunners have been training their weapons.

Plane Changes Routes

The distance from Rye Beach to the swiftly traveling plane was set at approximately 5,000 yards and different routes have been laid out by Lieutenant Colonel Harrington, in charge of the work here, for the plane to traverse.

In the presence of a host of dignitaries on Governor's Day including Governor Winant, General Preston Brown, commander of the First Corps area, the sharp shooters of Battery F, Berlin, under the command of Capt. J. F. Hennessey, riddled the target with fine effect.

A checkup this morning showed that the Berlin gunners had punctured the object 16 times. This is considered by army officials to be excellent shooting especially by an outfit that had never gone in for such work heretofore.

This firing at a towed target creates a milestone in New Hampshire National guard history. The present contingent of 197th regiment troops has been the first in the state to select such a target for their marksmanship practice.

Hold Record Excellent

Officers visiting here state that the records turned in have been rarely surpassed by any outfit in the country with such little practice at the towed target.

Checkups of yesterday's shooting at the same object showed that Battery H fell quite a distance below the mark set by their rivals, Battery F. They scored but four hits, but even this was considered a very creditable record, as the majority of this contingent is composed of men without overseas experience.

Spectacular sights were witnessed last night when the composite Batteries E and F collaborated in an effort to break the record of F Battery. This is considered very good for nocturnal shooting, at floating balloons.

All searchlight batteries with their huge lanterns were present on Ragged Neck to aid the gunners in their record-breaking aspirations. The balloons were released from the shore and orders were given to fire when they reached a certain designated height. When a shot struck home, there was a burst of flame, and then darkness.—The Manchester Union, Aug. 19, 1926.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

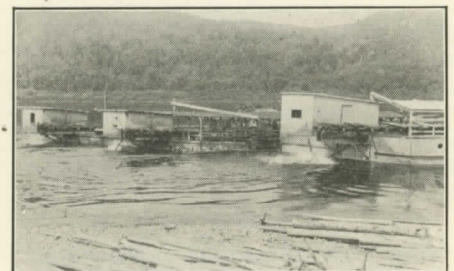
The Research Department,
Berlin, N. H.

Mrs. Vannah and I are very grateful for your splendid gifts and kind wishes.

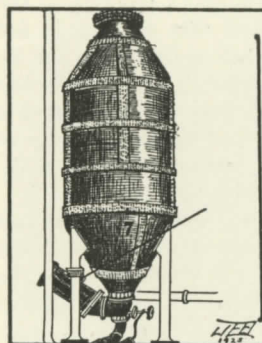
Sincerely and with many thanks

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Vannah.
Gorham, N. H., August 23.

Each successive occupant of a certain desk in the Research office has made a valiant attempt at one season or another to exterminate the cockroaches that have an avid love for the literature in the form of catalogs, etc., sent us by various firms. Carbon bisulphide, carbon tetrachloride, and sodium fluoride have all had their devotees, but none have had such a spectacular success as did Pat Coffin on the 18th of August. His remedy was air guns and a powder bearing the piratic name of Black Flag, which may and may not have been hellebore. Our quondam pets evacuated their salients in large numbers. Miss Sulloway kept track of the number that she stepped on, and the last that we knew she was counting seventy.



FRED GILMAN'S DREADNAUGHTS SORTING
CONVEYORS AT LA TUQUE



NIBROC NEWS



Florence Reid of the printing department spent her vacation at Boston and Nantasket Beach, Mass. Arthur Laplante and son, Orton, spent a week's vacation at Saltaire Lodge.

Irene Thomas of the printing department spent her vacation in the wilds of Quebec.

Chester Veazey returned to work recently, having been laid up with an injured knee.

William Eichel spent his vacation at Malone Bay, Nova Scotia.

Joseph Roby spent his vacation at Rye Beach.

Lena Roberge assisted in the printing department recently.

Visitors to the Cascade Mill going through the printing department enjoy visiting the booth erected recently for the Chemical Engineers' Convention. It consists of a very elaborate display of Brown Company products.

William Palmer and family are spending two weeks' vacation at the Weirs.

Gerald Bowles was almost in Boston recently.

Andy MacDonald of the electrical department purchased a new Chevrolet touring car.

Fred Vallee substituted in the blacksmith shop while Pat McGee was vacationing in Atlantic City.

John A. Lynch, you all know Johnny, spent his vacation in Lowell, Mass., and vicinity.

George Snow of the sulphite department and family spent his vacation at Ausable Forks, N. Y. The trip was made in the

Oldsmobile which George purchased this spring. The boys missed George and hope he won't take another vacation soon.

James Fournier substituted as cook at the Cascade lunch room, while Edgar Perry was cooking for Spike's Army at Rye Beach.

John Lepage motored to Montreal recently.

John McKinley of the acid room, was out for two weeks as a result of blood poisoning in his hand.

Ike Morse is rapidly recovering from an operation he underwent at the St. Louis Hospital. We all hope to see him soon.

Have you heard the latest hit? Oh where, oh where did my little coat go. Words by Bill Bouchard, music by Leo Landrigan. Other Bouchard song hits are, I'll get the axe and somebody cut off the end of the wire.

Oliver Keenan motored to La Tuque, Canada, recently.

We expect by the time the Bulletin goes to press that Irving McGee will be back from Atlantic City and vicinity. A year ago this time, Steve McGivney was traveling out through the Great West.

We missed the smiling countenance of Captain (Spike) Hennessey while he was at Rye Beach with the Anti-Aircraft Battalion for fifteen days.

Paul Dubois of the electrical department is still on the sick list. We wonder if George misses his little running mate.

Wanted:—Five-room rent with bath. Any information leading to obtaining of same would be appreciated by Stan Given of the storehouse.

We hear that Mr. Carl Elliot of the Main Office would like to trade his Hudson for a Studebaker.

Bill Norton, Jean Nollet, Chas. Dauphney, and Jack Alyward of the pipe shop spent their vacations in different parts of the globe.

Neal Twitchell of the welding shop says he has a car that can make Spruce Hill on high. Believe it or not.

Friends of Herbert Cox, recently of the Cascade electrical crew, were grieved to hear of his death on August 10, at his home in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Albert Seveigney has purchased a new Willys Knight sedan. Some class to Al.

Henry Murphy of the storehouse department spent his vacation in Quebec.

Frank Costello, electrical foreman, with his wife and family, spent his vacation at Hampton Beach and vicinity.

Aubrey Freeman, millwright foreman, spent his vacation somewhere in the Maritimes.

Bert Rumney while on his vacation, motored three thousand miles. He visited Washington, D. C., going as far West as Detroit, Mich.

Walter "Mann" Boucher spent his vacation in Quebec and took in all the sights.

"Hank" Hammond and McCarthy are giving dancing lessons. Anyone wishing to learn the Charleston-hop or any of the modern dances, please file your applications.

"Coon" Morris has taken a correspondence course on "How to be a Sailor" (ten easy lessons) and says he can manage his

motor boat fairly well.

Chalk up another booster of the Chevrolet. Al Bushey says he can make 40 miles to the gallon (kind not specified), sixty miles per hour, and oil—why she just don't use any. No, I think it's all oil.

Joseph Prowell, originator of Cascade Comics, is spending two weeks at Rye Beach with the National Guard, learning the fine art of soldiering.

The machine room has been excited all week over some tracks or hoof prints found here. Some of the boys had a hunch that the elephant of Gentry Bros. show had broken loose and was hiding in the machine room. However it was found that same prints were made by one of the third hands on No. 1 machine.

King Tut Lemieux has been transferred from the paper machine to millwright at the Upper Plants. The boys wish him the best of luck.

Joe Gauthier, champion fisherman of Cascade, is having his usual good luck. But you can't prove anything by us, as we never see any of his catches.

Lewis "Snowball" Morse says he don't mind flat tires if they are only flat on the bottom.

Hen fruit are still holding their own in Jintown.

P. T. Barnum said there is one born every minute. This proved to be true the way the Gentry Bros. circus got some of the Berlin boys, and especially Maurice Burns of the machine room.

The last we heard of Bill Egan he was at Niagara Falls, heading for the wide open spaces a la Chevrolet.

Raymond Kelly and Thomas Laffin are spending the summer at the beach, Cascade Pond, N. H.

Fred Bovaird bought a new cow. Was it wild? Ask Fred.

A collection will be taken up soon to buy "Mellie Dunham" Maines a pair of roller skates. Give liberally, boys.

Call out the Home Guard! Someone took Ed Howe's bottle of ink.

Skibby McNally almost sprained his ankle in his rush to shake the hand of

Jimmie Walker, a friend from his home town, who visited our city recently.

Henry McLaughlin and Bill Palmer took in the Gentry Bros. circus.

Gene Devost's favorite song to Geo. Thurston, to the air of "If I had a girl like you":
Now—If I had a car like you,
I wouldn't care if the whole world knew
I'd go all over telling John and Jim and Pete—

Here's a car that no one else can beat—
I'd go on any land, and make her
Blow right through the sand
And to you now, George, I make my plea,
If I had a Stude you would see—
If I had a car like you.

Alzie Barrows is on her vacation which she is spending at Keene, N. H.

Mary Haggart is substituting in the office during vacations.

C. L. Elliott left the first of the week for his annual vacation to parts unknown.

Doris Oliver has joined the Cascade Office force in the efficiency department.

Miss Buck of the shipping department is on her vacation.

Levi Paulson returned the first of the week from a pleasant vacation spent in Brooklyn, N. Y. While there he took in Coney Island and all the sights, including the Great White Way, etc.

W. B. Moore of the Chicago Office and M. S. Flint of the New York Office called during the month.

It would be a good idea for Miss Thomas to attach strings to her shoes the same as children do to their mittens.

H. E. Beaulac has accepted a position in the savings department of the City National Bank. We shall miss him as Art Editor of the Bulletin.

John Hayward looked after the Nibroc Notes for this issue of the Bulletin, while Hennessey was on his vacation.

"Now," said the iceman, after he had climbed 479 flights of stairs, delivered 36,871 pounds of ice, watered and fed the horses, walked ten blocks home, spaded the garden, mowed the lawn and romped two hours with the kids, "I'm gonna take my reducing exercises."—American Legion Weekly.

WHY I DON'T ENVY THE BOSS

By a STENOG

Any boss has his troubles
Same as I have,
And a whole lot of the time
His are a blame sight worse than mine.

To begin with, he's first, last and all the time
The Boss.
Whatever he thinks, says or does
Is noted all down the line,
Talked about, criticized, cussed at, and so on.
If he leaves the office unexpectedly
The whole place talks about it,
Wondering where he went and what for.
They talk about his clothes, his new hat,
The giddy shirts he's sporting lately,
The brands of cigarettes he smokes
And how many.

They pass the word around
Five minutes after he gets in
Whether he's off his feed
Or jake with the world,
So everybody can figure what's the best way
To approach him.
Some days you have to tread softly
And feed him applesauce
To soothe him.
Other times you can let go regardless
And spill whatever's on your chest.

It looks pretty soft
To have a whole big office to yourself,
With nice mahogany furniture
And pretty pictures on the walls,
And a real brass cuspidor.
No time clock to punch, two hours for lunch
If you want it,
And a nice row of buzzers to push.
But just sit at his desk for half an hour
On a fairly busy day
And you'd be sent home in a covered wagon.
All day and every day
Just one interruption after another—
(It's almost as bad as being President.)
You start to make up your mind on one problem
And some fresh guy butts in
With something entirely different.
Petty details, quick decisions, matters of policy,
Letters and telephone calls,
Smoothing out department squabbles,
Holding back some ambitious chap
Whose brains don't keep up with his feet,
Or pushing a lazy horse
Who has plenty of common sense
But is afraid to take a chance.
Selecting men for responsible jobs,
Worrying about sales, costs, prices,
Competition, stocks, wages, golf,
Changing bootleggers,
And where to send the family
For the summer
So the Boss can get in
A little night work.
Everybody higher than you
Is picking on you,
And everybody below you
Is forever asking useless questions.
Unless a man keeps pretty fit
He couldn't hold that job
And stay out of the foolish-house
A week.

Any time you think the Boss has
A cinch
Just try it.

—Atlantic Seal.

BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES

BOSTON

The Boston Office of the Brown Company at the Chamber of Commerce Building, 80 Federal Street, was opened on August 16, 1926, with the following staff:

R. L. Rice, formerly manager of the San Francisco Office, manager; William Gilman, transferred from Portland Office, pulp sales division; DeWitt Lombard, from Portland Office, paper sales division; Ralph M. Howard, from Portland Office, paper sales division; Eugene Dupont, from Portland Office, chemical sales division.

NEW YORK

Mr. Flint spent a few days in Portland and Berlin with Mr. Moore. Mr. Flint reported that one of the pleasantest memories of the trip was the evening spent at the residence of Danny Linton with Messrs. Corbin, Libby and Richter.

Among the visitors to our office were Mr. Collins and Mr. Burke of the Portland Office.

Joe May and Francis Smith are on their vacations and reports indicate they are having a wonderful time.

Mr. Flint is taking an automobile trip through New York State.

Miss O'Connor is on her vacation in the Catskill Mountains.

Charles Slicklein has left for a vacation at the seashore.

We had a telephone call from C. A. Ham during his brief stay in New York and regret that he could not stop in to see us.

George Ashworth is centering his attention on the chemical customers in the New England territory and expects to be in the New England section until the beginning of September.

ATLANTA

Maurice Thomas has a new Ford roadster. He claims a few less rattles than on the old coupe.

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. E. G. Harpold of Dameron-Pierson Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.

C. A. Ham of the Atlanta Office has completed his first winter in the South. He has never seen a winter before without snow and he says he likes it.

Miss Campbell of this office has named Wednesday, September 1st, as "house-cleaning day." Just a few days before Labor Day, but we'll all help.

MINNEAPOLIS

H. L. Berglund of this office who was recently promoted to salesman, is making his first trip calling on paper mills in Wisconsin to interest them in our cores, and from all reports, he is having quite a bit of success for his initial adventure.

The vacancy occasioned by the promotion of Mr. Berglund has been filled by Mrs. L. L. Sheppard.

On July 26-28, L. S. Donaldson Company, one of the largest department stores in the city, turned over its entire window space, four blocks square, for the manufacturers of Minneapolis to exhibit the making of their products. It was interesting to see the actual manufacturing processes and surprising to note that such a large variety of products are made here.

C. D. Johnson has just returned from his vacation and from all reports spent most of the time on the Country Club Golf Course. He also enjoyed a week-end fishing trip in northern Minnesota.

PITTSBURGH

The Pirates are enjoying a slim but gratifying lead in the National League pennant race at this writing.

By the time this is in print, H. B. Brinig, our sales manager, will be catching fish in Lake Winnepesaukee; drinking spring water and fresh milk; getting over a sunburn, and picking quarts of blueberries, or what have you.

J. M. Kimball returned the first of August after a pleasant vacation in Portland and environs.

C. E. Wise has returned from the C. M. T. C. at Camp Meade, Md. While there, he distinguished himself by being promoted to Top Sergeant, and by winning

medals for sharpshooting and expert marksmanship.

An amusing towel story has just been passed on to us by one of our friends here. He related it as follows: "A salesman was trying to sell me one of the many bleached groundwood towels. To demonstrate its efficiency, he wet his hands thoroughly, then had a workout on them with the towel. After finishing, he went on talking to me, and unconsciously drawing his pocket handkerchief he completed drying his hands. And the funniest part of it all was that he didn't realize what he had done until I burst out laughing."

ST. LOUIS

J. I. Heyer just returned from a trip to Portland and Berlin. He reports a very interesting and thoroughly enjoyable trip.

It has cooled off considerably here in St. Louis lately, to the balmy temperature of 94 degrees.

E. P. Kane, our new Texas towel salesman, has taken hold of things in great shape, and opened up some very nice new business. Kane incidentally shoots a fair game of golf, usually well down in the 70's. Mr. Kane reports heavy rains and a general fear of insects throughout the cotton section of Texas.

Business has been holding up fairly well out here despite the terrific heat.

Congratulations, Frisco, on winning the second leg of the Towel Trophy!

SAN FRANCISCO

The girls in the Pacific Coast Office were highly elated to receive L. G. Gurnett on his recent visit to the Coast. That is one time we girls had an advantage over the men, who were all out of town.

Dr. Rice and Mr. Van Pool returned from their trip to the home office and mills, overflowing with enthusiasm about their experiences and the courtesies shown them there and in the New York and Chicago offices. The item under "Riverside Smoke" in the July Brown Bulletin evidences no intention to shunt a case of Bond over on top of them on future visits. Thanks for that forbearance on your part.

They don't make it hard on us, so if you let the "Devil kill his own meat," he may pass them by.

Elsie Pick of this office spent her vacation at Zayante, California, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, as a Councillor with the

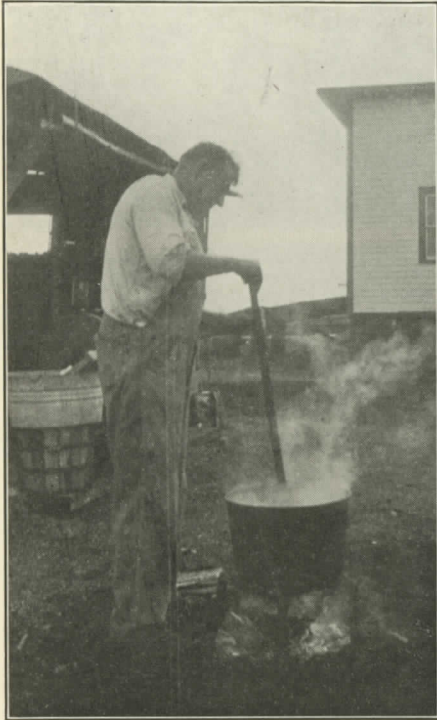
Camp Fire Girls.

Mary C. Morris is now on her vacation. She plans to spend part of it in Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

The men have asked us to add to this

their regret that owing to rain the recent outing of the Home Office did not settle which of Messrs. Spring, Sterling, or Worcester was champion of "The Long-Gutted-Grub Hounds." Mr. Worcester was their choice as he is the only one that works hard enough to get up an appetite.

PORTLAND OFFICE



FRANK FRIESE, BLACKSMITH, DOES HIS OWN WASHING AT SHAWANO

T. W. Estabrook is spending his vacation at MacMahan's Island, Boothbay.

The passing of "Queenie," our faithful office horse, is regretted by all. Queenie's loyalty is worthy of human emulation.

E. C. Allen has been transferred from the stable to drive the Reo truck. Recently he experienced his first puncture and when asked where it was—replied, "On the high wheel, up forrud."—"Whoa!"

George Bradbury was reporter this month, and Bryan Cady will accept items for inclusion in next month's issue.

E. H. Maling reports a very fine trip home on the Auxiliary Sloop, "Flying Cloud," which he purchased in Essex,

Conn. He has a fish story, too, that he tells!

Carrol Mountfort, in a moment of insanity, wrote a "Tik-Tak-Teaser" and sent it in to the Boston Advertiser. For a nom-de-plume he used the name of Tommy Dame. Tommy was somewhat surprised to receive a check from the Advertiser for \$10.00 for first prize, for something he knew nothing about. Carrol was also surprised when Tommy waved his check about and started for the bank to place it in his surplus. Carrol called out the reserves and the check was recovered without bloodshed.

Grover Hanson and Thomas Dame have returned from their vacations. Hanson spent the most of his touring Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and Dame divided his time between his home town, South Portland, and in Mr. Perkins' camp at Belgrade Lakes.

Philip "Atlas" Grover has a very fine, brand-spanking-new gold tooth in the front of his face. We won't tell you the reason why of the new tooth, but—just ask him—and then duck for cover.

Our friend, Philip Twitchell of the insurance desk, has been vacationing and he first landed in Denmark, Maine, after weeks of deliberation as to where he should put in his time. He arrived all O. K. but it was too hot, and he didn't like the food, and his co-partner did not care for the color of the paint on the hotel, so he moved away from there and went hence. He had a nice time though, and he burned out a bearing on the Ford, and someone nicked a front wheel from Henry and let him down in the road, but he did have a nice time on his vacation.

C. J. Birkenmeyer reports a very pleasant week touring New Brunswick, accompanied by Mrs. Birkenmeyer.

SPECIAL NEWS ITEM—Has anyone got a sick horse?

Riding in coaches of a train after having become used to an automobile generally gives anyone a peculiar sensation. However, to Jim Taylor, who recently was forced to take a local train to Old Orchard, the peculiar sensation did not present itself until the harsh, shrill words, "Saco, next," were issued by the trainman. These awoke Jimmy Boy from his peaceful slumbers with a sudden start. Nevertheless, the broad grin which appeared on his visage the next morning indicated that he was not too late for his appointment.

SPEEDY SALE OF TOWELS OWING TO "DIRECT MAIL CAMPAIGN"

Twenty minutes after the postcard inquiry had been received by the Charles A. Esty Paper Co., of Worcester, Mass., their salesman, Harry Darlington, had made the call and received an order for one case and one cabinet from the E. D. Ward Co., general contractors, of Worcester, Mass. They have always used the cloth towel.

Johnny, ten years old, applied for a job as grocer's boy for the summer. The grocer wanted a serious-minded youth, so he put Johnny to a little test.

"Well, my boy, what would you do with a million dollars?" he asked.

"Oh, gee! I don't know—I wasn't expecting so much at the start."—American Legion Weekly.



SHAWANO CELEBRITIES
W. L. Payne, Field Inspector; Tyler Smith and Claude Bulware, Tractor Drivers

Record Attendance for Eighth Season of Camp Gordon.



LAKE UMBAGOG

CAMP GORDON, the summer camp for boys and girls conducted by the Berlin Y.M.C.A. on Lake Umbagog, closed its 8th season on August 12th completing the most successful year in its history; as well as setting new records for attendance and effectiveness. In all exactly 101 campers, exclusive of leaders, spent from two to four weeks there. This was an increase of two score over 1925. The first four weeks were devoted to the section for boys. The girls used the camp for the two weeks period following.

The boys left Berlin on July 1st under the leadership of G. L. Atwood and M. S. Locke, who were assisted by a corps of leaders including Rev. Harry Hanson, Robert Simpson, Kenneth Harvey, and Herbert Schnare. The trip to the lake was made in automobiles lent by interested citizens and a large truck. Upon arrival at Lakeside the lads, their baggage, and a large quantity of stores were ferried across the lake to the camp site. The first morning was spent in getting the tents ready for occupancy, dividing the campers into tent groups, and making things shipshape for the season.

By nightfall Camp Gordon was in full swing with everyone happy. The regular daily routine became effective the following morning and with minor changes continued throughout the month. The day started at 6.45 when all the campers turned out for a lively setting-up drill followed by a dip in the lake. After breakfast a short period of devotions was

held, and announcement was made of the working details of the morning. Each camper was expected to have some definite camp work each morning. To some were assigned the task of "policing" the camp, which means that all the papers, loose sticks and rubbish were picked up and the camp property was made neat and clean. Others were assigned to bring wood for the cook, carry drinking water, burn the garbage, etc. These duties, together with the campers' personal tasks, such as airing blankets, etc., usually took about a half hour.

The morning activities at camp were of wide variety, including all sorts of outdoor sports, such as tennis, base ball, quoits, boating, fishing, and hiking. During the early part of camp a group of 28 boys and leaders made an all-day trip to "East Hill," which is said to be the highest cultivated point in Maine. The hikers, many of them inexperienced, stood the trip well. A number of shorter hikes were enjoyed. The main swimming period of the day was held at eleven o'clock when all the campers went in together. It was a strict rule in camp that no one was allowed in the water except at designated periods. While the campers were dressing for dinner, the daily tent inspection was made, with a flag of honor going to the tent that was in the best condition of neatness and good order.

Immediately after the noon meal there was a compulsory hour of rest and quiet. During this time campers had opportunity to read, write letters, or "just rest." After-

noons were spent in many ways. Some of the boys went on fishing trips in the boats, others played base ball, tennis, volley ball, etc. One feature of the afternoons was the series of baseball games with a team from the neighboring village of Upton. During the early days of camp the Gordon boys were usually victorious, but later the Upton men strengthened their team and carried off a few games. Fishing was exceptionally good; many fine catches of pickerel were taken. The new row boats were another source of great pleasure. Berlin boys have practically no opportunity for boating, and those attending camp made a large use of their chances. The boats were in almost constant use.

On several occasions trips were made by boats to nearby points for a supper around the camp fire. Evenings were mostly spent in the lodge around the open fire. On one evening the boys staged a mock trial. Richard Wagner and Sidney Levine were opposing attorneys. Edward Brown was the presiding justice, Frank McKee was at one time the chief of police and one of the defendants. The jury had a bewildering time but finally brought in a verdict. On other evenings "camp fires" were held, the boys themselves furnishing the program. All sorts of stunts were put on; harmonica solos, dances, stories, songs, games, tricks, and contests. On the closing night a somewhat formal banquet was run off with toastmaster, speeches, songs and all the features of such an occasion.

The girls' section of Camp Gordon was started in 1925, more or less as an experiment, but the success of the first year was so marked that plans were made to continue it. Last year the enrollment was 23 but in 1926 it reached 40, the capacity of the equipment. Camping was a novel experience for most of the girls, and they thoroughly enjoyed it and want to go another year. In camp the girls followed much the same program as the boys. They had the regular boating and swimming hours and played most of the outdoor games that the boys enjoyed. In addition they did much in the way of gathering wild flowers, nature study, and pageantry.

Florence Woodward of Berlin won the prize for the largest collection of wild flowers found and identified. She had 78 varieties. In all 86 kinds of flowers were found in blossom near camp. Many of the girls made blue prints of the various flower and leaf forms and preserved their

work in note books. Honors for the best note book went to Pauline Webb. The girls staged an amateur circus, a stunt night, a "Governor's Ball," and a variety of other evening diversions.

Following is a list of the awards made at the girls' section in various activities:

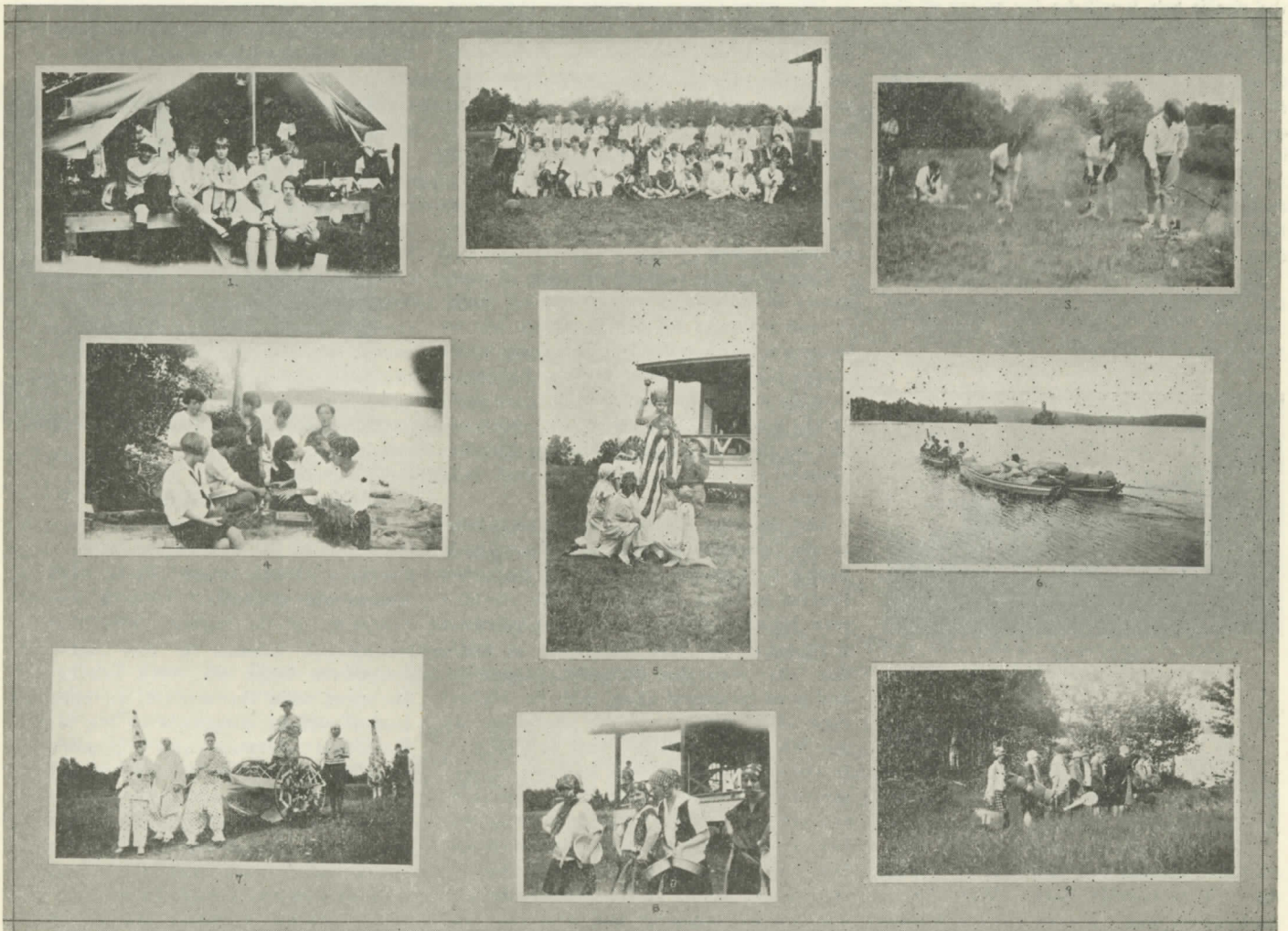
50-yard dash—1st, Harriet Ward; 2nd, Flavilla Smith. Quarter-mile run—1st, Lillian Goldberg; 2nd, Sara Wilson. Running broad jump—1st, Stella Halle; 2nd, Helen Snodgrass. Running high jump—1st, Ruth Graves; 2nd, Stella Halle. Base ball throw—1st, Alma Hill; 2nd, Stella Halle. 25-yard swim—1st, Ruth Graves; 2nd, Elizabeth Briggs. Swimming on back—Elizabeth Briggs; 2nd, Ruth Graves. Rowing, singles—1st, Pearl Coffin; 2nd, Helen Snodgrass. Rowing, doubles—1st, Alegra Nelson and Pearl Coffin; 2nd, Alberta Bell and Helen Snodgrass. Quoits, singles—1st, Flavilla Smith; 2nd, Agnes Cooney. Quoits, doubles—1st, Helen Snodgrass and Flavilla Smith; 2nd, Agnes

Cooney and Myrtle Firestone. Tennis, singles—Ruth Graves. Tennis, doubles—Ruth Graves and Mary Atwood.

The girls' camp was in charge of Miss Hannah Howell, assisted by Mrs. Maurice Hutchins, Misses Elizabeth Prowell, Ethel Hobbs, Doris Chandler, Florence Hancock and Katherine Farrand.

The pictures printed herewith emphasize the girls' section of Camp Gordon. We hope to have a camp photographer for the boys' section another year.

The property of Camp Gordon is in good shape, and when the proposed improvements are made it will be one of the best camp sites in New England. Nature has provided an almost ideal spot; high and easily drained land, sheltered water for boating, fine forest, and plenty of cleared land for outdoor sports. The lodge erected last year proved its worth many times both as a convenient place for the dining room and kitchen and for the recreation purposes of showery days. The



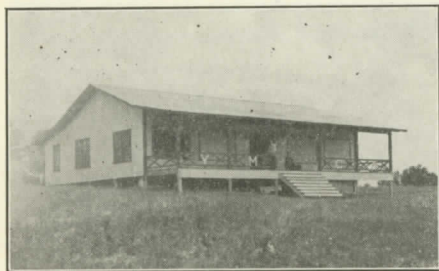
1—Tent No. 4. 2—Group of Campers and Leaders. 3—Fire Lighting Contest. 4—Nature Study Class. 5—Tableau "Liberty." 6—Homeward Bound. 7—The Chariot. 8—The "Pirates" in the Circus—E. Briggs, A. Bell, H. Snodgrass, A. Malloy. 9—Leaving Camp.

kitchen equipment is in first-class shape. Some furniture for the lodge is needed. The Y. M. C. A. could use a number of substantial chairs, a large reading table, and a piano. One of the visitors at camp brought a phonograph and presented it to the boys. It was a most welcome gift.

The new water pump given by a friend last spring was a great boon. It supplied plenty of water for the lodge and running water for the kitchen. Bermico Fiber Tubes were used for supply pipes from the well to the lodge and gave excellent satisfaction. A new drain with large cesspool was laid down. For the tents, substantial floors were made this year with the idea of later erecting tent houses on them. It is hoped that these tent houses will be put up next summer. They are much more substantial than canvas tents and in the long run much more economical. It is planned now to have the boys build these new tent houses under the supervision of an experienced carpenter.

Now that Camp Gordon has reached the size it has, it will be the policy of the camp committee to improve the property and strengthen the program rather than to increase the capacity of the camp. Possibly the camping period may be lengthened should enrollments next year warrant it. This will, in all likelihood, be the case, as the boys and girls greatly enjoyed their stay at Camp Gordon and parents feel that their children have been benefited by attending.

The members of the camp committee for 1926 were J. S. Gibb, chairman, Col. Oscar P. Cole, John T. Cox, George F. Lovett and W. E. Taft.



THE LODGE

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

By MISS F. SLAVIN

IT is only within the past few years that business training as an element in education has come to the foreground. Commercial training in education? Why have it there? Why not let the business man train his own office force—surely he knows what he wants of them better than any school. To be sure, train-

ing through experience is necessary in some lines of work, but there are always certain fundamental principles which can be instilled by the schools before specialized training is given.

This question of business training in the school takes us back to the days of apprenticeship. In the Middle Ages, commerce and trade first came into prominence in Venice. From there they spread over the Continent, and finally reached England. Here with the growth of the country and the increasing needs of the people, local industries gradually developed into trades and, as a result, there came an extension of education along industrial and commercial lines. In industry, we have the apprentice system and the institution of schools for the purpose of learning trades. As industry grew and the various nations became world powers, the immediate need of commercial as well as industrial education was felt.

In the United States, national interest in commercial education became evident in 1917 when Congress made the beginning of a national system of vocational education. Now we find business training in the public schools primarily for those preparing to enter or who have already entered a trade or useful industrial pursuit. In the future, because of international competition, commercial education will become a necessity and a wise business investment for every industrial and commercial nation.

Education has entered the field of commerce because it is vitally needed there. A man manages his own business, but to operate it successfully he needs many competent helpers. The old system of apprenticeship will no longer serve in these days of big business. The owner of a business has no time to spend in training his employees, so, of a necessity, this task falls on the schools.

The old idea of the commercial course as the "dumping ground" for those pupils unable to keep up the work of the other courses is being discarded. The business man hiring a commercial graduate wants a young person with the ability to think, one who possesses initiative, originality, and good judgment along with the highest type of character. If the employee can use his ability to solve new problems, it is not so important that he have a large amount of specific information. The modern business world is no place for machine-like persons who cannot accept responsibility and who possess no initiative. It is a world made up of individuals who are "up and coming" and who can hold their own with others possessing the same qualities.

It is the aim of the schools which provide commercial courses to turn out well-equipped young men and women, fitted to meet the many problems they must face in the business world. This means that they must not be restricted merely to the commonly known commercial subjects such as shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping; they should also have a general knowledge of the more broadening subjects that will best prepare them to fit intelligently into the general business activities about them. The aims of education are many among which are development of character, training for life work, and worthy citizenship. In the working out of these aims, the commercial course has a vital part.

Of course, this does not mean that little or no stress is to be placed on technical knowledge. This is most essential, but, along with it, the successful stenographer, clerk, or bookkeeper has acquired the habits of attention, system, order, neatness, punctuality, and accuracy. An employee with the mental attitude which express themselves in terms of ambition, loyalty, self-confidence, and willingness to assume responsibility is an asset to his employer and is the type of person needed in the business world of today.

This general training in business is essential in the commercial course. Such business habits as obedience, courtesy, industry, thoughtfulness, promptness, and loyalty should be made subjects of all commercial courses. A thorough knowledge of English, a general education, and clean personal habits are possessed by the successful business man and woman. The beginner who has a knowledge of these will be a better employee, a more sympathetic and willing co-operator, more discriminating in absorbing and interpreting daily experiences, and, above all, a more intelligent and loyal citizen.

The commercial educator must consider the needs of the business world and what the men of this world expect from the commercial graduate. It is a common complaint of the business man that the commercial student is not sufficiently trained to begin his work intelligently. He must train the student, an operation that should be completed in the schools. Now that education and commerce are working together for the advancement of civilization, why should the schools not do their share of the task? The impractical commercial studies are no longer needed but actual business conditions must be brought into the schools as much as possible. All prospective employees should be taught, first of all, what business is, that no matter how humble their position,

they are virtually and actually a part of that business. The student should be taught correct working habits—the art of rhythmic action, doing away with unnecessary effort, the element of speed in business, and, most important of all, accuracy.

The correlation of academic and business courses in the schools is a question much discussed. Up to this time, they have been separate units but, according to Dr. Paul S. Lomax, Assistant Professor of Commercial Education in New York University, in the future "Academic and commercial education will become complementary to each other." He goes on to say that, "They should be a unity in terms of the many sided experiences of life, each the richer, broader, and more educative

because of the other."

Worthy citizenship with its privileges and responsibilities, is our aim for future generations. Here is our chance to develop citizens worthy of self-government, through training in the desirable habits of business.

Business ethics is a topic much discussed and debated. Undoubtedly, there is a great need for ethics in business but how can this be brought about? How better than through the commercial courses in our schools? Our commercial students of today will be the business men of tomorrow. Surely, then, moral characteristics and ethical qualities should be taught in the schools of America.

This United States of ours has become a great industrial and commercial nation. It is to protect her future that we must train students to go out in the world prepared to take their places in business, be that place humble or exalted, and to become the right kind of citizens through this training.

Editor's Note—The above essay was delivered at the last graduation exercises of the Plymouth Normal School by Miss Slavin of Nashua. Authorities are not agreed as to whether it is wise for young folks contemplating a business career to begin specializing for that purpose in high school. Our opinion inclines toward using the high school years for the building of broad foundations. No prescription can, however, be given to suit every case. The essay is printed at the suggestion of M. M. McCarthy of the Main Office.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS



SAMOYEDE PUPPIES, MAYNESBORO FARM

Pat Ray is the proud father of a 10-lb. boy.

Joe Goebel spent two weeks in Canada touring Quebec in his Studebaker, and reports a very wet time.

John Reid has a very fine flower garden up on Spring street. His tomatoes and watermelons will also be ripe soon. The oranges and bananas will not be ready until about the 15th of this month.

George Reid, the Chemical Mill wizard, was at a clam bake recently.

Carlo Ponzi Spaghetti is very well satisfied with his Star sedan and rides to Gorham often.

Aldy Dion is going to college this fall.

Fred Maloney is visiting Quebec and is

staying at the Frontenac. He did not say whether it was the Chateau.

Estate for Sale.—Fine location, several lots, can keep chickens, cows, pigs, etc. Inquire of Hugh Meehan, cell house.

Bob Gendron has a fine 10-lb. boy, and expects to make a world's champion out of him.

Alfred Watt, our general chemist, was married July 31st, and the boys all wish him the very best of luck, but we would like to know why he left town at about 60 miles an hour. Thanks for the cigars, Alf.

Capt. Barnes has now been a bachelor for several weeks and whether it's the heat or his cooking, he has lost 30 lbs. or so.

Joe Vallis has returned from his vacation and is very enthusiastic about the zoo at Franklin Park, Boston.

Matt Ryan and "Squeaky" Santy have gone away on the annual encampment of the "Mudguards" at Rye Beach.

A woman had a cat,
And she fed it on tin cans,
And when she had kittens
They came in Ford sedans.
—Dyer.

Dennis Driscoll and Henry Dillon attended the automobile races, they also took in a dance on their way home.

Jay Stewart is still celebrating Thursdays and Fridays.

Noel Lambert and Hed Parker motored to Dixville Notch, and these two Stars twinkled all the time.

Dave Marcotte, the captain of the kettle brigade, with Joe Paradis, Gilbert, and Routhier went hornpouting at Akers Pond. Dave caught eighty, and the rest of the crew caught a cold. We wonder what Dave uses for bait.

Leo Murphy has returned from the island of P. I. with a corporation on him like a church warden.

Doc Merrigan was seen Chevroleting around Milan Corner and expects to go as far as Dummer before fall.

Perry Ellis was in an accident in Lewiston on his way home from his vacation.

Pete MacKenzie is the "Hard Luck Guy." Not satisfied with having the measles and mumps, he now has the chicken-pox.

George Ramsey toured Canada and made the trip with just one flat tire.

Euclide Chauvette has finished his "fort" in Forbush Park.

Frank Vallier is building an ark in Forbush Park.

Joe Paradis is in Gorham often, picking blueberries.

John Becotte is now the proud papa of a bouncing 8-lb. boy.

Oscar Davidson is now selling tailor-made suits for \$29.50 and up. Any young gentleman requiring same should see him at 1150 Main street.

"Ruby" McCutcheon is back from New Brunswick, and his friend, Fred, got so lonesome he went down to the station to meet him.

Lawrence Dyer is in Bangor on his vacation. Yes, he went in his tomato can.

George Gale is having hard luck. He buys from the mail-order houses, but never seems to receive his goods. Last accounts were he was consulting Lawyer Manton in regard to suing said companies.

Victor Dutil went to Rye Beach and visited the Chemical Mill mudguards while there.

Ask James whether he has any pencils. See what he says.

Joe Roy came to the mill with a badly cut face the other day. He says he was chopping wood. We believe him, but thousands wouldn't.

Bolls Rolls Perley Hall is buying tobacco, thank you.

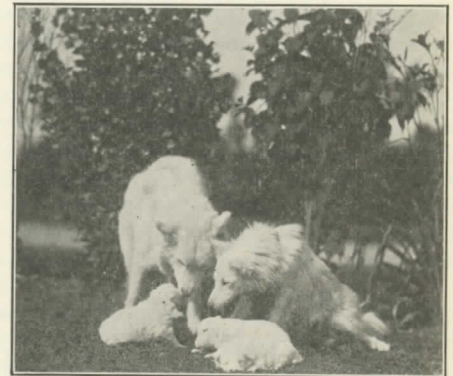
Hed Parker has recovered from his July 4th splurge and thinks he is all set until 1927.

Louis Lambert cut his hand severely and had to stay home for a few days.

John Laffin, our well known tenor, is broadcasting from Lancaster and Errol.

Cecil Manton was in Portland recently getting his eyes and other things fixed up.

Riene Routhier toured Canada in his Durable Durant and returned to the mill a few pounds heavier than when he left.



SAMOYEDE FAMILY, MAYNESBORO FARM

SULPHITE MILL GAS

The first week in August was the time picked out by Sam Duke to give his mill friends a banquet. So Sam got busy and prepared the feast. The following foods were in evidence: Three pounds of sirloin steak, one dozen hot biscuits, one dozen doughnuts, one dozen fried eggs, celery, cucumbers, green peas,—for dessert—peaches and cream, smokes—cigars and cigarettes. That was some menu we'll say. After the feast the boys sat around, and strange to say, they did not talk of anything else but Fords.

Later during the evening Sam offered to demonstrate his Ford by taking the boys to Errol. The proposal was accepted, and the party started on their way, but unfortunately they were hailed by an officer who said, "Where do you fellows think you're going at this rate. So Sam answered quickly, "I am taking my friends to Errol for ice cream." The officer advised him it would be all right for this time but not to try and hit the fifty-mile-an-hour speed again.

The party consisted of Sam Duke, Paul Fizzette and George Rowell. These men considered this one of the best socials of the season.

Dorothy M. and Helen B. left for Concord but they are not going to stay there as they are only on a vacation.

Jack Cavagnaro—We wish to thank you for the case of soft drinks you gave us at the band concert that was given near the Bartlett school. The cold drinks certainly came in handy on a warm summer night. So we offer you a rising vote of thanks.

Burgess Band.

Herman Reichel of the storehouse, spent his vacation in Calais, Maine.

While pulling away on a large wrench July 27th, Bill Hallet suddenly slipped and struck the floor and became unconscious. A shower of water was quickly administered and Bill came back to life again. Better go easy on the wrench, Bill.

Louise Oswell sprained her ankle on July 30th and remained at home for a few days.

Joe Hopkins of the digester room is the best Jews-harp player in town. If you don't believe us, just hear him once.

Miss Alma Powers visited in Portland, Haverhill and Boston, Mass., on her vacation.

Renee Gagnon underwent an operation on his nose recently. The operation was performed in Lewiston, Maine.

Millwright—Can you tell me how a stovepipe is made?

Tinsmith—Just take a long hole and put some tin around it.

Fred Moreau, our bass player in the Burgess Band, made up his mind on August 2nd to have all his upper teeth pulled. So he visited our clarinet dentist and had them all extracted. The new set of teeth was fitted and guaranteed to stick, and we hope Fred will not choke or plug the bass horn when he is playing, as he claims he doesn't want to stop playing altogether, for he has been performing on the bass horn for twenty years.

Our Mr. Connolly of the storehouse spent a week's vacation at Aker's Pond.

A man asked his friend with pride:
"In my Ford please come for a ride?"
But after driving twenty miles out
They had only five punctures and six blowouts
The friend from the hardships nearly died
And finally said, "Thanks for the buggy ride."

As a gum chewer Joe Hopkins has it all his own way, but we believe that George Hallet with a little practice would soon give him a run for his gum.

Charlie McKenzie met with an accident Saturday, August 7th at Y. M. C. A. bridge. The car was damaged somewhat

and he received a severe shaking up. Cause of accident, rain. Bridge moved up river and lamp pole moved in front. We can't blame him with all these changes.

George Adams enjoyed his vacation in Boston.

Tom Mahern spent a few days in Sherbrook. His intention was to stay two weeks. What was the big trouble, Tom?

Paul E. Grenier and family are enjoying a two weeks' vacation at Camp Howwell, Locks Mills, Maine.

BAND NOTES

Burgess band has been drawing large crowds at the City band concerts in different sections of Berlin every Sunday night this summer.

Three Fleischmann yeast cakes a day are now the prescription for all saxophone players, because they claim it is the only means of producing a swell tone.

Burgess Band played for the Republican rally on August 16th.

Our drummer, Frank Seguin, spent one week's vacation at Lake George.

Our alto player, Charlie Ordway, is now sporting a new Ford.

While playing the Star Spangled Banner at one of the City band concerts, the largest mosquito in the North Country established himself on our saxophone player's head and parked there until the number was over and seemed to enjoy himself so well that he forgot to leave. But Jimmy lost no time and with the use of his right hand soon ended the parking career of the giant.

Emile Poulin of the Cascade machine shop is playing clarinet with the band this summer.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

| | |
|-------------------|----------|
| Dion Hebert | \$ 63.45 |
| Forest Norton | 52.40 |
| Ernest Holt | 43.65 |
| Edmond Boutin | 84.00 |
| Sidney Brown | 72.00 |
| Henry Dubreil | 54.00 |
| Louis Garon | 44.00 |
| Albert Croteau | 56.40 |
| Maurice Savoie | 30.75 |
| Ludger Arguin | 32.00 |
| Henry Conway | 99.60 |
| Oliver Desilets | 49.50 |
| Roy Bulger | 72.00 |
| Mrs. Mabel Bisbee | 69.50 |
| Alfred Legere | 28.60 |
| Hubert Provencher | 48.00 |

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| Romeo Drapeau | 24.00 |
| Luigi Bossa | 6.25 |
| Emile Frechette | 24.00 |
| Benoit White | 20.00 |
| Clifford Bingham | 24.00 |
| William Couture | 36.00 |
| Napoleon Ruel | 25.00 |
| Amedie Carrier | 60.00 |
| Mike Thomas | 48.00 |
| Arthur Gagne | 18.00 |
| Albert Cadorette | 16.00 |
| Dewey Routhier | 22.00 |
| Theotime Legere | 14.00 |
| Fridolin Roy | 95.20 |
| Albert Arsenault | 54.00 |
| Joseph Fournier | 72.00 |
| John Provencher | 24.00 |
| Leo Parisee | 60.00 |
| Edward Gallant | 30.55 |
| John Duggan | 88.80 |
| William Hallett | 31.27 |
| Roman Mishay | 15.40 |
| Albert Lavoie | 16.00 |
| John Dickey | 19.80 |
| W. J. Roach | 54.00 |
| Arthur McKee | 6.00 |
| Albert Hickey | 6.00 |
| Andrew Phair | 36.86 |
| John McKelvey | 26.20 |
| Charles Allen | 60.00 |
| Mike Yatch | 18.00 |
| Edward Dion | 8.00 |
| Peter Morin | 14.00 |
| Geo. Picard | 14.80 |
| Alfred Ruel | 8.80 |
| Romeo Drapeau | 48.00 |
| Lewis Herne | 52.00 |
| Mrs. Rose Schambis | 100.00 |
| Mrs. Joseph Emond | 100.00 |
| David Abramson | 30.00 |
| A. L. Laferriere | 20.00 |
| James Faley | 24.00 |
| Frank Albert | 68.80 |
| William Petit | 26.20 |
| A. Carriere | 16.00 |
| William Couture | 32.80 |
| George Rowell | 22.00 |
| Emile Belanger | 12.00 |
| Homer Williams | 157.20 |
| Total | \$2,705.78 |

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

Slim, our good-natured 3rd hand, challenges anyone to a free-for-all spaghetti-eating contest. Championship at stake.

There's one boy in the machine room who believes in Safety First, for he is always telling the boss how dangerous it is to fool.

Who can tell us why Lawrence is so sad these days.

Edward Filteau, our man Friday, has certainly been on the jump the past month carrying his own job along together with filling in on several others most acceptably.

The mill is quite depleted in personnel this month because of vacations; and wherever you want to go, a little more help would be to advantage as far as looks are concerned, if nothing more.

Up to date, August 17, this has been a great month for towel sales. The first six working days of the month, we shipped 587,000 lbs. We certainly wish it could

keep up to somewhere that point. We still have quite a surplus, so we don't have to worry about filling any orders which may come in, especially those of the Gulf Refining Co.

Owing to No. 6 being on colored Kraft, the towel room has been running light for a week, and our galaxy of bathing and other kind of beauties has been small.

Messrs. Flint of New York, Moore of Chicago, Thomas of Atlanta, and Heyer of St. Louis have visited us during the last month. We are always glad to welcome all company officials and we notice that it helps a lot to have our sales office keep in touch with the mill.

Syl Peters thinks somebody of the Cascade is under the impression that the salvage plant has moved over to the Riverside, for they have just sent him another nice piece of junk in what was once a Cameron rewinder.

A word to the wise is sufficient so we

think it is a good idea to caution Mike Egan in regard to showing lady visitors the back side of the paper machines when the boys are getting ready to change tours.

Some people think that all papermakers are ignorant. Far from it. Have you noticed the good compositions we have been getting of late in the Bulletin? There's one fella who certainly missed his calling. He should have been an author or poet instead of a papermaker.

Mike is very much in favor of a five-day week and of doing the repair work on Saturday. There is a reason.

DID YOU HEAR?

About the enterprising young salesman whose family physician sent him to a big specialist?

"Have you an appointment with the doctor?" asked the nurse.

"No."

"Mm. Must you see him today?"

"If at all possible."

"Well I'll try to work you in after the next patient. Step into this room and take your clothes off."

"But really, I—"

"That is the only way the doctor will see anyone."

"O, all right."

Ten minutes later he was in the presence of the specialist.

"Well, young man, what seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing, sir. I called to get you to use NIBROC TOWELS. Nibroc you know, is the perfect Paper Towel, sold by the Pilcher-Hamilton Co., whom I represent."—The BookanWrap.



UPPER PLANTS NOTES



MIKE LOWE'S CATCH

MAIN OFFICE

"Who stole the watermelon?" Mac wants to know. No more picnics until he finds out all about it. Own up, boys.

Robert Sample was recently the victim of a dreadful catastrophe. Some thoughtless youngsters, fired with the desire to play a prank upon Alfred Watt before he took upon himself the yoke of matrimony, pounced upon a Buick car which they supposed belonged to Mr. Watt and generously showered it with confetti. When Mr. Sample sought his car at the lunch hour—there it was—all set for a wedding. The bells did not ring that day but judging by the frantic actions and vehement exclamations that accompanied the clearing and cleaning of the car we take it for granted that the joke which was meant for another was a gentle reminder of those dear, dear days that are forever past and gone.

Reuben Swan was a recent visitor.

Orena Morris who has been spending a two weeks' vacation at her home here returned to Portland the 8th of August. Rena was a former employee of the Brown Company and was warmly welcomed at the office.

NO ADMITTANCE DURING LUNCH HOUR. Signed—Labor Department Girls.

The picnic planned for Thursday, July 29th, was postponed on account of rain. It did rain, which proved that Mac was a good weather prophet in spite of the urgent and emphatic speeches of impetuous youth. A second date was set for Monday night. It poured. The picnic was held Wednesday evening at Dolly Copp. And the weather was fine. So was the crowd. The mosquitoes and black flies gave the folks a most cordial welcome and the crowd had the time of their lives. Everybody's going again pretty soon.

Miss Brooks has accepted a position with the Brown Company.

Alcide Fournier assisted at the production report desk during the absence of Miss Davenport who spent two weeks visiting different points in Massachusetts.



BEAVER DAM NO. 1 AT SUCCESS POND
Henry Barbin, Lawrence Barbin, Albert Barbin,
Albert Morin

Eileen Cooper is back at her desk after a two weeks' vacation.

Foreman:—Late again! Did you ever do anything on time?

Tardy Tim:—Sure, that's how I got my car and radio.

PERFECT HARMONY

Things have changed at our house
Between just May and I.
We now feel quite united
By a strong and binding tie.
We've banished petty squabbles
And sworn by all that's true
To always stand together—
It's the safest way to do.
We've found that fellow feeling
Which all the world respects
You see on Sunday mornings
We shave each other's necks.
R. B. M. in Boston Herald.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

H. P. Vannah is to spend the coming season in research work at Shawano, Florida. Mrs. Vannah and the children will stay at West Palm Beach, so that he can be with them week-ends.

R. A. Webber has some cute pictures of his young son.

Born, August 10, 1926, to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Burningham a son, Marvin Foster.

N. L. Nourse and family have removed from Gorham to one of the Jolbert apartments on Hillside Avenue.

H. K. Moore is campaigning against renominating U. S. Senator George H. Moses.

New men in the department this month are Elmer Johnson, B. H. S. '26 and Nathan Pike, University of Vermont '25.

We wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Carl Mortenson for the chocolates and cigars.

There seems to be a strike on this summer among the keepers of boarding houses. The Mayor and the City Council

have not been interested in the matter, and as a result the unmarried fellows are reduced to patronizing the restaurants down town all the way from George's to the "Sign of the Dirty Spoon." George's has become so popular, that it has put in a hollow-square near-mahogany service, most efficiently designed to produce spavins on long-jointed animals. We should think that Hon. E. A. Marcoux ought to get after his job and do something to assist his former associates.

Vacationists this month were: Messrs. Snyder, Burbank, Cushing, Hescock, Magnison, Devost, Thomas, Shallow, Roach, Nels Johnson, Lambert, Carl Oleson, McMurtrie, Gosselin, Mellen, Archer, Swasey, Gosselink, Steady, Misses McIntyre, Houle, Holt, Streete, Abramson and Fogg.

Gertrude Streete has transplanted her grapefruit tree. She collected a whole lot of seeds from the breakfast table and planted them impartially in each one of the flower pots in the Research. She was told that they would come up and be ferns. Well, one did come up and by one of life's little ironies, it was in the pot containing the very best begonia. They became so inseparable that it was decided that both could be saved only by trans-

planting in the garden. The grapefruit tree has survived the operation, but the begonia is not doing very well.

THE WATCHMAN OF THE NARROWS

The great improvement effected by the landscape gardeners around the new Brown Company garage has brought into relief the conditions about "the Narrows," which was once a very well-known spot in the geography of Main Street. Our picture shows the Watchman of the Narrows. So far as we are aware, no name has ever been given to this peculiar rock formation, which has a marked resemblance to a human profile whether approached from Berlin Mills or from the center of the city. This profile owes its being partly to nature and partly to the vagaries of the high explosive used in broadening the Narrows in 1902. The spot itself has not been respected as it should have been. Witness the grotesque signboard shown in the picture. The signboard now has a greater attention value than the rocks. At one time even an enterprising vandal went so far as to paint an advertisement upon the south side of the profile. The weather has, however, tended to obliterate it. This spot could be made very attractive if the community so desired.



THE WATCHMAN OF THE NARROWS

At a department dinner and dance held at the Shelburne Town Hall, Saturday evening, August 21, H. P. Vannah was presented with a travelling bag as a token of appreciation of those who have been associated with him during his nine years of service at Berlin.

TUBE MILL NO. 1

Henry Holland has the proverbial nine lives of the cat. Last spring we saw him umpire a wordy baseball game between the Gorham and Berlin High Schools, when we thought his life was in danger from certain Berlin spoilsports. On August 15, he had a very narrow escape when his car was demolished in a head-on collision with another machine at the crossing of the Gorham road just below the Cross power. A passing electric car obscured the vision of both drivers on this dangerous stretch of road.

SALVAGE DEPARTMENT

Jesse Tellington wears a smile these days. After fighting for ten years for a sidewalk in front of his house in Gorham he sees the reward of his endeavors. Jesse had to convince the Budget Committee and the town meeting—and even then the folks on the other side of the street tried to take it away from him at a special town meeting. Jesse, however, was able to demonstrate that his side of the street would accommodate twice as many people as the other side, and the wicked cabal fell through.

The salvage department has just issued a catalog of inactive surplus material collected from all the various units of the company. It includes anvils, belts, blowers, bed boxes, drop hanger boxes, pedestal boxes, post boxes, bricks, boiler, buckets, bushings, concrete carts, conveyor chain, concrete chuting, flue cleaner, compressors, worm conveyors, stone crushers, derricks, elevators, engines, exhausters, gauges, reduction gears, hoppers, suction hose, motors, pipe, pulleys, presses, pumps, pyrometers, pressure recorder, shafting, tanks, thermometers, valves, and a host of other things.

There are two ways you can save money with this list. One way is to use it whenever you are in need of anything. If you find it listed you can have it transferred to your department at a substantial saving over new material.

The other way is to list anything which you have on hand and cannot use. This will give someone else a chance to use it and at the same time give you credit. "Give and get."

BROWN COMPANY RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

| | |
|-----------------------|----------|
| Jules St. Cyr | \$ 24.00 |
| Treffle Gagnon | 38.56 |
| David Boudreau | 31.25 |
| Axel Johnson | 24.00 |
| James Firth | 23.00 |
| Jules Lantaigne | 12.50 |
| Fred Castonguay | 12.90 |
| Emile Parisee | 56.00 |
| Elmer Jarvis | 12.50 |
| Albert Cote | 13.20 |
| Harry Leclair | 4.08 |
| Alfred Demers | 74.00 |
| Geo. F. Gagnon | 110.45 |
| J. Q. Farrington | 14.90 |
| Clyde Bean | 72.00 |
| Joseph Ouillette | 97.20 |
| J. B. Couture | 96.00 |
| Robert Hutchinson | 29.00 |
| Alfred LeBlanc | 6.00 |
| Richard Waterhouse | 44.00 |
| Louis Arsenaute | 77.40 |
| Willie Arguin | 58.50 |
| Jos. Robenhymmer | 14.00 |
| Z. Robichaud | 12.00 |
| Alice Couture | 24.30 |
| Olaf Oleson | 75.00 |
| Armond Desgrossellier | 38.00 |
| Frank Eastman | 27.08 |
| S. Cormier | 24.00 |
| John Shepard | 60.00 |
| Fred Daggett | 34.40 |
| Wm. Ouillette | 12.50 |
| Eimle Garand | 13.90 |
| Otto Mason | 63.20 |
| Geo. Collins | 32.40 |
| Willie Moreau | 36.00 |
| Giles Therrien | 30.00 |
| Walter Bacon | 52.08 |
| Wm. Gillery | 36.00 |
| Alfred Vachon | 4.16 |
| John Paradis | 39.58 |
| Albert Desilets | 62.58 |
| B. A. Heroux | 31.00 |
| Robert Hutchinson | 14.50 |
| Herbert Dickinson | 24.00 |
| Rosario Demers | 37.50 |
| Geo. Parent | 61.65 |
| James Shallow | 13.50 |
| Jerome Laforce | 14.00 |
| Abraham Schroder | 24.00 |
| Albert Dandeneau | 6.24 |
| Arthur Kehoe | 8.80 |
| Amedee Routhier | 38.10 |
| Mrs. Mary Vallier | 100.00 |
| Eddie Desilets | 12.00 |
| Cyril Lalibertie | 25.80 |
| Peter Hamel | 27.40 |
| Rudolph Giguere | 18.90 |
| Henry Ploude | 12.00 |
| Arthur Babbirk | 14.58 |
| Albert Frechette | 22.00 |
| Josephat Bernier | 63.80 |
| Joe Markovitch | 33.32 |
| Paul Bernier | 33.32 |
| Bridget Couture | 196.00 |
| David Henderson | 22.92 |
| John Napert | 94.60 |
| Jos. Mercier | 27.51 |
| Jos. Arsenaute | 32.00 |
| Nelson Martel | 9.64 |
| Wm. Oakes | 62.00 |
| Albert Asselin | 70.00 |
| John Baillargeon | 80.26 |
| John E. Sharpe | 17.50 |
| Nick Lentile | 89.60 |
| Jos. Ford | 50.66 |
| Arthur Turgeon | 54.16 |
| Chester Veasey | 107.80 |
| W. Roy | 12.70 |
| Rosario Boucher | 60.00 |
| A. Gouin | 20.00 |
| Jas. White | 112.00 |
| Al. Rivest | 22.00 |
| Nelson Martell | 19.20 |
| Archie Routhier | 51.60 |
| Ed Nadeau | 72.00 |
| Jos. W. Means | 72.00 |
| Jos. Kelley | 36.00 |
| Walter Boucher | 62.50 |
| Eddie Guay | 2.66 |
| E. Porier | 24.00 |
| Edgar Jutras | 12.00 |
| Geo. Roberge | 84.66 |
| Thos. Marcoux | 72.00 |
| Larry Poretta | 50.00 |
| Herbert Deal | 66.63 |
| John J. Whalen | 118.53 |
| Robt. Hamilton | 18.00 |
| Wilfred J. Paradis | 90.00 |

| | |
|-------------------|------------|
| Alf Patry | 50.00 |
| Theo. Turcotte | 60.00 |
| J. M. Johnson | 74.53 |
| Lee Whitcomb | 43.50 |
| Peter Nadeau | 50.00 |
| Paul Dubois | 61.60 |
| Barney Thomas | 38.40 |
| Thos. Marcou | 12.00 |
| R. Pomerleau | 12.00 |
| C. Gagne | 69.33 |
| I. C. Morse | 44.80 |
| John Aurelio | 18.00 |
| Geo. Blais | 36.00 |
| N. Damerse | 26.00 |
| J. A. Sanchagrin | 30.00 |
| T. Potrais | 19.19 |
| Golupi Pollicci | 10.00 |
| Alphonse Roderick | 4.00 |
| Jos. Kelley | 12.00 |
| Herbert Manzer | 66.66 |
| Auril Jobin | 24.00 |
| Martin Paulin | 16.00 |
| Henry C. Murphy | 16.00 |
| Patrick McGougan | 4.00 |
| Total | \$5,050.17 |

FOURTEEN KARATS FOR A NICKEL

By D. H. McMURTRIE

If 14-karat gold bricks were selling for a nickel apiece, there would be some wise persons on the sidelines to dissuade you from buying. But the people who had discovered what a good thing they had would come back for more, and keep coming.

An hour's ride north of Berlin through the Thirteen-Mile Woods and a little beyond the village of Errol, you come upon the placid Androscoggin at a point not shown on the map but known as Errol Boat Landing. There is waiting for you, by appointment, a sturdy power boat big enough to hold twenty-five people. It is in charge of a captain who knows this neck of the woods like his own back yard and who is on speaking terms with all the deer, the beavers, the cranes, the wild ducks, the sea gulls, the loons, and every other beast or fowl that pops into sight along the shore. He steps on it and you chug along up the quiet stream past the beaver dam and past Admiral Rowell's fleet (both ships) in drydock. You come upon a couple of old scouts fishing from a flat-bottom boat that is so nearly sinking that when old scout No. 2 drags up his string of pickerel out of the water for you to see, he adds enough weight to the boat to send it under. Mister Man, what a string! Twenty fish, and not one of 'em under 18 inches long. He must have started to fish when he was young and kept on learning ever since.

Along past the inlet of the Magalloway, which in spite of its wild sounding name is as quiet a stream as you could find. Along past some grassy points of swamp land and around a couple of hairpin turns out into the lake. Captain Colby knows his geography. For the benefit of our readers who don't, the lake is Umbagog, the lowest of the Rangeleys. It looks like any other lake, flat in the middle

and high on the sides, with green hills fading off into blue mountains on the horizon. Like any other lake except there's nobody on it but you and the sea-gulls.

On looking closer, there are one or two camps after all, just specks along the 10-mile shore. We're headed for one of them now. It grows clearer and resolves itself into a neat, wonderfully well-built chalet of peeled logs, up on a rocky bank among the pines. A genial hostess welcomes you in a way that makes you feel at home and shows you to your room. It must be a special one, for you find a washbowl with hot and cold running water. No, all the rooms have them. And electric lights. Say, what kind of a place is this? Well, it's a camp built without regard to cost and now by a turn of fortune it's yours. Everywhere you turn it looks better. There are cozy fireplaces, and rustic furniture, trophies of fish and game, and wonderful comfortable rustic chairs built by a cabinet maker who surely studied anatomy in college. You decide that a Philadelphia lawyer couldn't improve on the place.

The supper gong rings, and you go up a few steps into a new wing of the camp. A neat, high-roofed, airy place big enough for 30 or 40 people, and at the tables a small congenial crowd. Rather like a family party, especially since Mr. and Mrs. Anthoine make you feel that way.

Now there are two comments about that supper that every one of the scores of guests has invariably made. The first is "How do they do it?" The second is "Why didn't we know about this before?" There's another one that all the ladies of the party make: "Do you suppose he would show us how he makes those biscuit and that pie?" And so on. He certainly would show you, but it takes more than watching him to make 'em that way yourself. It's a gift.

After supper, a row on the lake, or stories on the porch, or dancing, while after dark the incurable fishermen of the party get some lanterns and go down to the dock to catch hornpouts.

Next morning you row over to the sandy cove . . . but there's not room for all the story.

Boy, you can stay home if you want to, but those who have been to Saltaire once are going again.

Mrs. Pelty: "Will you think of me while you are away?"

Mr. Pelty: "I'd like to, dear, but the doctor said I must have absolute rest."
—American Legion Weekly.



BERLIN FALLS BEFORE THE MILLS CAME

A TRIBUTE TO BERLIN FALLS

By GEORGE FREDERICK SHAVER

A unique town is Berlin, with its waters swiftly whirlin',
 And its sidewalks sunken 'neath the surface of the dam.
 A queer sensation greets me whene're its people meet me,
 As full of force as a hydraulic ram.
 Its French and Irish mixture afford a curious picture
 Of what our country does for alien blood.
 Their business men are bustling, in fact, are ever hustling
 As though in expectation of a flood.

But in spite of its topography, and position in geography,
 Perched in a cleft of rock so far up north,
 I like this town of Berlin, and its waters ceaseless purlin',
 There is something more about it than mere artistic worth:
 The people seem infected with the rushing streams projected
 Along the rocky beds that fringe the hills.
 They are up and doing early, with figures strong and burly,
 And no town in all New England boasts such pulp and lumber mills.

So I sing the praise of Berlin, and its water wildly whirlin'—
 Its logs, its jams, its strong-built dams, its hills, its mills
 And all that fills its life to overflowing.
 I drop my pen with deep regret, it has not told the half but yet;
 You perhaps may read between the lines, how toward this place
 My heart inclines, and my thoughts are ever going.

PORTLAND TO BERLIN

Although it is fully five months before the general public will be called upon to patronize winter sports, it is none too soon for the authorities and prospective contestants to be thinking of the possibility of continuing the Berlin to Portland Run. Reid and Oakerlund demonstrated last February, that it is entirely feasible to ski from Portland to Berlin in stages covering four days. They did this with little advance preparation. If their pioneer work is not to be entirely lost, some thought must be given to developing this event. It ought to call out the energies of five first-class contestants who are willing to spend time in training. When we consider what Oakerlund and Reid did with the adverse weather conditions of the first day, it would seem that a group of local trained men should be able to set new records next year, if the weather should break at all favorably. In fact, we suggest that the ski authorities begin to talk this matter up, that they get in touch with the Sater brothers and invite them to come up for the event, and that they arrange for dates in advance, such as will not conflict with other major events in winter sports throughout New England.

LISTS OF DEATHS

Upper Plants

Byron Brewer was born June 30, 1869. He commenced work with the Brown Company in March, 1916, and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred Aug. 8, 1926.

John B. Couture was born January 11, 1881. He commenced work with the Brown Company in January, 1909, and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred July 23, 1926.

Moreus Mortenson was born January 7, 1837. He commenced work with the Brown Company May, 1884, and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred July 29, 1926.

COVER DESIGN

We need a new heading for the front cover. The zinc etching for the present design has been in use some twenty months, and is showing signs of wear. In the seven years that the Brown Bulletin has been published, we have worn out three electrotypes, each of a different design, and prepared successively by representatives of the Sulphite Mill, Upper Plants, and Cascade Mill. It would be very fitting, if some one from the Brown Corporation or the Portland Office or the Chemical Mill could send us an appropriate design for future use.

The editorial staff is not entirely agreed as to the principles that should govern the drawing of such a design. Some incline toward depicting the multiplicity of the products of the Brown Company. Others represent that the highest forms of art are essentially simple. Some wish to continue the policy of using a relatively small heading and a large photograph, while others favor a box effect with a smaller opening for a monthly change in photographs. In any event, we need concrete designs more than we do vague suggestions. If you want your division to have the honor of decorating the front cover of the paper for the next year or two, get busy.

D. H. McMurtrie has been elected to membership in the American Institute of Chemical Engineers.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

Two members of the Board of Directors of the Brown Bulletin Publishing Association figured prominently in the news columns of August 27.

Lt. Col. O. P. Cole of Berlin was elected commander of the New Hampshire Department of the American Legion at the annual convention of the organization held at the Weirs, August 25-27. Colonel Cole

was senior vice commander last year.

Comptroller W. B. Brockway of Portland spoke before the Kiwanis Club of Lewiston and Auburn on August 25. At the request of Governor Brewster, he has made a careful study of the financial reports of the State of Maine. He declared that the reports are a jumbled mass of meaningless figures, which tell the truth; but not in the language that can be understood by the average business man. He believed that the reports should be of a less technical character and so prepared that they may be readily understood by every intelligent citizen.

The Lewiston Sun commended his address in the following editorial:

"A practical business man like Mr. Brockway could prepare a statement for the newspapers presenting Maine State finance in the interesting way in which the managers of great British corporations present their annual statements in the great London dailies.

"While the State is not a money-making corporation, it is nevertheless spending money in various undertakings in a way that should be reviewed and explained and justified like the business enterprises of the great corporation.

"Take the large outlay on highways. And with borrowed money. The State is not making money on its highways. But the State should take care that it so orders its finances that the loans for highways will be paid at least as early as the roads financed with loans are worn out. And the State should take care that every stretch of road should be worth the kind of road building that is bought for it.

"If now Mr. Brockway could see his duty to assume to speak as the public's special accountant

and auditor. Tell us what we are spending our money for; what we are getting for it; how money is raised,—loans, taxes on railroads, on banks, on real estate, on personal property (?) on corporations, on automobiles. With some comment on the fitness and fairness or various taxes. And the adequacy of tax income to current expense and debt reduction."

Every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it."

—Dr. Johnson.

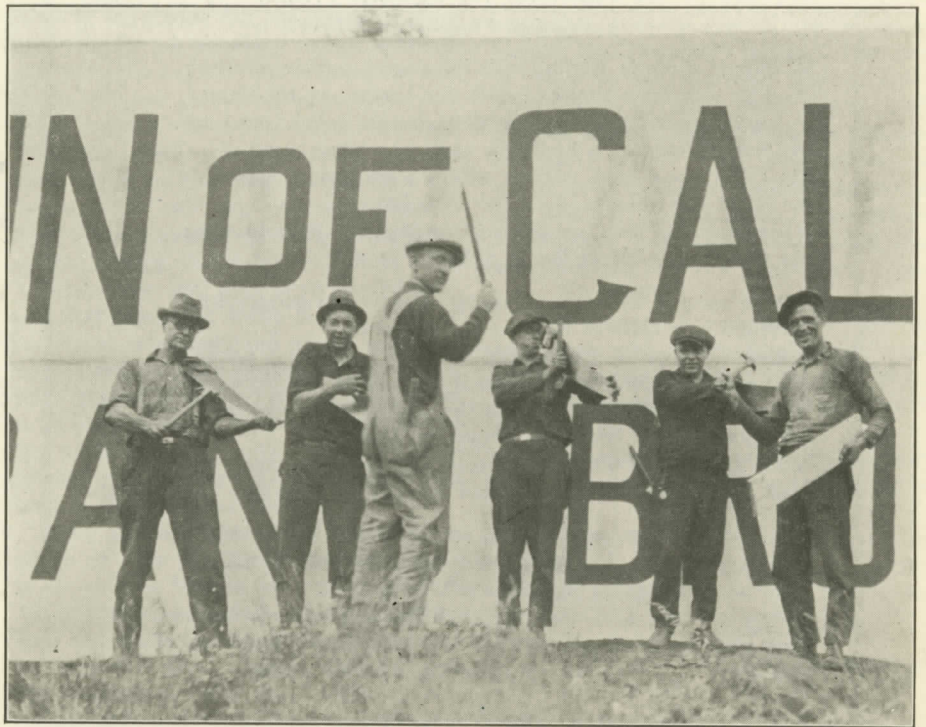
OUT FISHIN'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean,
Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly good and clean
Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellowmen,
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when
Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor,
Out fishin';
All brothers of a common lure.
Out fishin';
The urchin with the pin and string
Can chum with millionaire an' king;
Vain pride is a forgotten thing
Out fishin'.

A feller gits a chance to dream
Out fishin';
He learns the beauties of the stream,
Out fishin';
An' he can wash his soul in air
That isn't foul with selfish care,
An' relish plain an' simple fare
Out fishin'.

—Edgar A. Guest.



TONY EASTMAN AND HIS BROWN COMPANY FIVE. NO DISRESPECT INTENDED TO PAUL GRENIER'S ORCHESTRA