



# THE BROWN BULLETIN

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



VOL. VIII., No. 9



BERLIN, N. H., MARCH, 1, 1927



BERLIN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



# THE BROWN BULLETIN

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Vol. VIII.

MARCH, 1927

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

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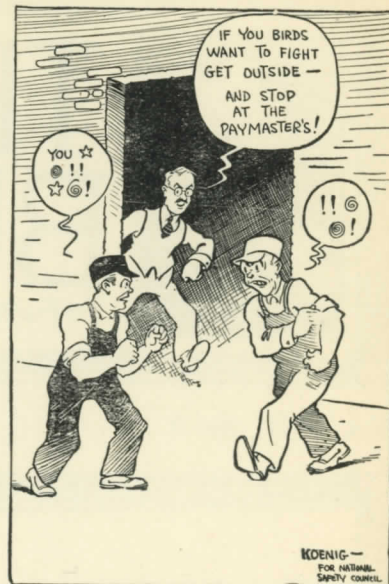
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## TO HOLD YOUR JOB,

## KEEP YOUR TEMPER

Back in the days when chivalry was blooming and men wore lace trimmed pants and jackets no gentleman was properly dressed without a sword. And this cutlery wasn't carried for ornament. If we can believe Rafael Sabatini's colorful yarns, slicing each other was as common as pig sticking at the Chicago Stock yards.

In our own frontier days men wore buckskin shirts and carried a pair of hip-pocket cannons which went into action on the slightest provocation when the red-eye flowed freely.

Nowadays fighting is out of style, except in the ring. Swords are worn only on lodge parades and carrying six-shooting hardware is contrary to law in most localities. Nature's weapons are the only ones available and there is nothing romantic about a fist fight.

Time was when a man used to fight to show his devotion to his lady love. But now if he calls on her showing the marks of combat she is likely to regard him as a common brawler and give him the air.

One man with a scrappy disposition can do a lot of damage to the morale of a plant. The tough bird with a foul mouth is disturbing to harmonious relations but sooner or later he meets his match. Another disturbing influence is the fellow who carries a chip on his shoulder.

Perhaps there are times when putting up your dukes is more effective than turning the other cheek. But that time is not on company time. An angry man is not a safe worker. One way to keep safe and keep your job is to keep your temper.



# AN ESSAY ON POTATOES

By LOUVILLE PAINE, Associate Editor

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, one of the greatest orators of his time, lectured in old City Hall, Portland, once on a time on "Skulls and Bones." When the time came to begin, he stepped briskly to the front of the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to talk on a subject tonight that you don't know anything about—nor I either."

Potatoes seems to be an odd subject for a "layman" to choose for a theme, for on first thought we jump to the conclusion that we know nearly everything of consequence concerning this very common, homely, everyday (and with some persons three times a day and luncheon) commodity, but by consulting government, doctors' and chemists' bulletins, we find that we are somewhat in the same condition Mr. Ingersoll was in regard to his subject. It would, however, be difficult to imagine a dilemma from which the brilliant Ingersoll could not extricate himself. Like the poor, we always have the encyclopedia with us, and in an extremity it can be relied upon to tide us over shallow places, and again, Friend Morrison is always on hand with a fund of information acquired by experience. Also it is only a few steps to the Riverside, where we can always find the "Old Man" and Joe Streeter, whose annual prolific potato patches on Green's Hill attest their knowledge of the fine points of the "game."

Some centuries ago man "ate to live," but for countless years he has been working over time to reverse the saying. His bill of fare would fill volumes. As the potato has such a prominent place in this menu, it immediately challenges attention as a subject. We are slightly alarmed to discover that we are consuming, "unknownst" (as the Irishman said about a few drops of brandy in his lemonade), large quantities of "*Solanum Tuberosum*"! Heavens! We are quickly reassured, however, when we find we are "still in the flesh."

It is generally believed that the Irish potato is a native of Peru. It is called Irish because of the great use made of it in Ireland. It was used for food before the discovery of America. It was taken to Europe by the Spaniards and cultivated as a garden curiosity. It was taken from Virginia to Ireland by a slave trader named Hawkins in 1565. It was taken to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1585, and by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586 and

brought to the attention of Queen Elizabeth. It was very slow in being recognized at anywhere near its real value as a food.

As a food product, potatoes are next to wheat in importance. They are an energy-supplying food, being 18.4% carbohydrates, and are estimated to constitute 13.7% of the food consumed by the average family. The world's production is 6 billion bushels. Germany came first in 1913 with 2 billion, and Russia second in 1913 with 1½ billion. Poland raises one-fifth of the world's crop, on 6 million acres, and sends thousands of tons of starch to the United States. The United States produce 350 million bushels. The reader is expected to remember all these figures.

My first experience in potato culture was "dropping" and "picking up," for Dexter Wheeler on his little farm, on which the City stone-crushing works and stables are now located. That's one of the jobs of small boys and girls on the farm. Mr. Wheeler often declared he could hire all the work done and make money raising potatoes at 25 cents per bushel. My next venture was my own affair. As a profitable enterprise it couldn't be beaten. There were no "overheads." Therefore the returns were "clear velvet," 100% profit. The plot of ground was right near where the Swift Co.'s establishment now stands. It was the site of an Irish shanty used by the workmen when the R. R. was built. Consequently, the soil was largely rotten chips with the inevitable result that the potatoes were nearly covered over with scab. I sold a bushel to Mrs. Wm. D. O'Brien, a widow, who lived where Jerome Gilbert's ice cream parlor is now. With the heaped-up measure, good size, and excellent quality considered, she wanted another bushel and I let her have them. It constituted the whole crop. The scab badly disfigured them, but came entirely off with the skin, when boiled. For immediate home use, scab isn't much harm barring the looks.

Encouraged by the success of the 100% venture, I tried it next on the land owned now by Harry Marston on the Jericho road, and lost ten dollars. I have planted many times since in hopes to recoup, and am still living in hopes.

Had I a little of the ability and persistence of a Burbank with an aim to make two potatoes grow where one grew before, I might have achieved the goal long ago.

In the market the genteel Frenchman from France would call for "Pomme de terre;" the habitant, from Canada, "Pectac," or if he tried to say it in English, "Bedadoes;" the town rube, "Per-taters;" the backwoods rube, "Taters;" the Irishman, Pirates, or Murphys; the Norwegian or Swede, Petortis; the German, Kartoffeln; the Italian, Partetos; the Polander, Kartoffel; the Scotchman, Pontar-ta; and the P. I., Petatees.

Uncle Walt Mason would most likely get off something like this:—

Here you, Mr. Chaser of Kale,  
You see I have brought my pail.  
Haste thee and attend my bequest,  
I assure you I want some of your best.  
Lay down your cigar and brush up your duds  
And sell me a bushel and a half of "spuds."

With the changes in other lines, there have come changes in raising potatoes. Formerly, it was all hand work but now, where the soil conditions will admit, machinery is employed, and the head is used more to save the heels. A sort of club ownership of machinery is a good scheme, as the average farmer can hardly afford the whole outfit.

In the big potato fields, machinery is an absolute necessity. Cutting seed, planting, cultivating, spraying, and digging are all accomplished by its use. Picking up is done by hand and is almost a profession, or a trade, and many a contest is staged. It is piece work, so much per bushel or barrel. In Aroostook County, Maine, measurement is all by the barrel, (2¾ bu. to the barrel).

The usual procedure in this vicinity is about as follows:—Sod land is plowed or "turned under" as soon after haying as possible, that the sod may have time to rot. This exposes the soil to the sweetening influence of the elements. Land that has been used for other hoed crops is plowed in the spring. Just before planting time the manure is spread and immediately harrowed in. The rows are laid out with a "marker," an affair made from a small tree or "skid." It has seven good-sized holes bored in it at different angles, two to hold the shafts for the horse, two for handles, and three for the marker pegs. By putting one's weight on the handles the pegs are forced into the soil leaving a trench in which to drop the seed and fertilizer. Some people "furrow out" with a plow deep enough if so desired, to put manure in the furrow. Sometimes



straw is used to good advantage this way. Potatoes grown on straw come out of the ground clean and pretty, a delight to the eye. Again, nice uniform trenches can be made with the horse-hoe and the seed can be well and quickly covered with the same machine. As soon as the tops peep through, the cultivator can be started and should be kept going at intervals to nearly blossoming time, to keep ahead of the weeds and conserve moisture. I saw a man once drag a heavy logging chain to make the marks.

It is a common practice down P. I. way to "plow them in;" that is, when the land is all ready, they plow again and drop the seed in every third furrow. After planting, the land is harrowed lightly, making it smooth and even and leaving it in good condition to conserve moisture. As soon as the tops begin to break through, it is harrowed again with the teeth slanted backward, thereby catching the weeds between the hills as well as between the rows. This plowing-them-in has the advantage of a better, more mellow seed-bed, an item of large importance.

Raising potatoes on a "burn" is a very different proposition from all other methods and has some advantages. It may come about where the object is to clear the land and get it into tillable condition. In this case the trees are cut down and used for lumber or fuel. The brush is piled and burned, endeavoring to burn all surface possible, getting rid of dead leaves and trash and at the same time making a fertilizer especially good for potatoes. The planting is accomplished by "hacking them in." With a hand hoe a hole is dug about five inches deep and fifteen in diameter. Three pieces of seed cut to two eyes each are placed in a triangle near the edge and covered five or six inches deep. No hoeing or cultivating is needed. Spraying for bugs and disease is all that has to be done until digging time. They have to be dug by hand, but the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing the nice smooth, clean potatoes flip out with each stroke of the hoe compensates for the backache that comes from such strenuous occupation. A good yield is the rule, and for quality there is nothing better. The planting is a slow job. A man can cut and plant about a bushel of seed in a day. It is not a very paying proposition, but farmers work the scheme in along with other plans, sometimes for some special reason or other. Sometimes a forest or accidental fire leaves a plot of ground all ready for the hoe. With no preparation and fertilizer expenses and leaving all the farm tillage for other crops, such a condition of affairs makes planting on a burn quite attractive.

One of the most important features of the whole business of potato raising is the yield. Whether or not it is a localism I don't know, but it is seldom, if ever, inquired, "How do they yield?" but "How do they turn out?"

This gives occasion for a black-face joke, something as follows:

Br. Cavagnaro: "Ah, say, Br. Thomas, how does your pertatoes turn out dis year?"

Br. Thomas: "How come? Dey don't turn out."

Br. Cavagnaro: "How's dat?"

Br. Thomas: "Dey don't turn out, at all. Ah has to dig 'em out."

I wonder if anybody ever had an experience like the following. I gave my friend, Wm. Morrison, some "fad" seed potatoes for a row in his garden. He put them in his cellar, and when planting time came couldn't find them. A year later he was clearing out his cellar and found the paper bag of potatoes, very much shriveled and with long sprouts on them, but still somewhat soft and pliable. Out of curiosity he planted the two-year-old seed. He said he got a good crop, as many as from a row of the same kind of regular seed one year old.

Continuous cropping without adequate fertilization, in time, will deplete the soil to a point where crops can not be raised at a profit. The decline in yield per acre from the new-land standards led to scientific investigation of this vital question, and great have been the results.

By new methods and discoveries, in the case of potatoes as good crops can be raised now as in the days of new land. On large areas the stable manure makes a very small showing, and commercial fertilizers must be used.

Experiments are being made continuously to determine the best methods of fertilization, cultivation, etc. A newspaper clipping concerning an experiment in potato fertilizing at a California Agricultural Station states that the plant food in ordinary fertilizers is 15%, but that by using a concentrated fertilizer containing 47% there were raised on an acre 1038 bushels of potatoes, thereby eclipsing all records. 1038 bushels! Are we from Missouri?

We are profligate with our soil, the same as we have been with our forests. A late newspaper item by a scientific man says starvation stares us in the face, if we do not mend our ways. We are robbing the soil and not putting much back. Plant life must have potash, or nitrogen, and potatoes especially. By nature's way it can be taken out of the air and deposited in the soil, or it can be taken from

the air by mechanical means and stored in a fertilizer. In order to get it this way at a price the farmers can afford to pay, it will have to be made by water power as steam is too expensive. The government began the development in war times, of the great Muscle Shoals water power on the Tennessee River, to make nitric acid for war purposes. It will probably be used some time to manufacture fertilizer. Henry Ford made an offer but was turned down by Congress. Perhaps it would have been to the advantage of the country to have accepted Ford's offer.

By using nature's way, such crops as the clovers, buckwheat, cow peas, alfalfa, etc., take nitrogen from the air and deposit it in the soil. By a judicious rotation of crops including some of the above along with fertilization the fertility of the soil can be maintained many years.

Germany and Chili have large deposits of potash from which we get our main supply in peace times. But, I am "saving the best of the wine for the last of the feast," (let no one get excited, it will not be a literal demonstration) there have been recent discoveries which if they prove as good as they promise, will be of inestimable value to agriculture. In drilling for oil in Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, traces of potassium were found in the mud and water that came up, which led to further borings for the stuff itself. What looks like large beds of it were found at a depth of 700 to 1000 feet. The worth of such a discovery can not be estimated.

The next best results after fertilization came from the use of better seed. Now "certified seed" production has become a great industry by itself. It consists of selecting potatoes with a special propensity toward reproduction and raising them free of disease.

The potato growers of the old world are beating us right along in production, and one of the things they are most particular about is the seed. We have been slow to realize the benefits of better seed, but are awakening to the situation very rapidly. This awakening has brought about the great industry of raising "certified seed." One can raise his own or buy. Potatoes are taken only from hills of large yield, and sizable for the table. Just before cutting, the seed is soaked in a disinfectant solution. The same cultivation is given as in any crop. The vines are sprayed for bugs as often as necessary. They are also sprayed two or three times to prevent blight disease.

The fields are inspected at least twice, and all weak and diseased hills are destroyed. The yield to pass the law re-



quirement is at least 250 bu. per acre. When this inspection is done by an authorized government official the seed can be sold as "certified seed." Some buy their seed every year, others every other year, to suit their individual conditions. The increase in yield in New Hampshire by the use of certified seed is estimated at 65 bu. per acre. The business of raising certified seed has assumed enormous proportions. The crop has gone over the 5½ million bu. mark and is going strong.

The average yield of certified seed in Aroostook County last year was 345 bushels per acre. In the provinces of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, it was 325, and in New York State it was 270.

The potato is a cool climate plant, therefore seed stock is raised best in the northern tier of the United States. Nearly half are raised in Aroostook County. The benefits of spraying for blight is estimated at about \$15.00 per acre.

The Colorado beetle commenced his devilish career over fifty years ago and is another case of still "going strong." It is controlled by poison spray.

Experiments covering twenty years at the Vermont Agricultural Station showed that sprayed potatoes made an average gain of 105 bu. per acre over unsprayed.

Concerning this article of such immense importance in human affairs, stories and anecdotes both of comedy and tragedy are legion. Probably the famine in Ireland in 1845 caused by the failure of the potato crop from blight was the greatest tragedy for it was estimated that one-fourth of the population died of starvation and disease.

"He who laughs last laughs best." Uncle Henry Paine lived in Milan. Carl Wight married his oldest daughter and went there to live. A more congenial spirit than existed between Carl and Uncle Henry would be hard to find and the kindly care Carl took of Uncle in his long last illness would hardly be exceeded by an own son. In turn, in Uncle's estimation, Carl and all his possessions were not excelled in qualities that make for superiority. The neighbors soon recognized this, and found that any criticism of Carl was sure to arouse in Uncle outspoken resentment. Now, Uncle Henry was a successful potato grower and followed the customary methods of cultivation with an occasional original improvement. With the advent of the planter the cost of planting could be very materially lessened. Under the new order of things Uncle would get his land all ready and send word to Cash Twitchell to send his man over with the planter. His charge was \$5.00 per day, and one

day's work would plant the whole piece. The planter could be "set" to suit each man's wish with regard to the distance apart that the seed should be dropped, amount of fertilizer, etc. After Uncle Henry became poorly, Carl took the reins and ran the farm. One year when planting time came, according to custom, he got ready and sent for the planter. He "set" it and planted the piece. When the tops appeared it was discovered that he had made a mistake, and the seed had been dropped too near together. Here was a chance to josh Uncle Henry, and the neighbors promptly took advantage of it, much to his discomfiture. Well, the crop grew and was cultivated according to rule. Along in the middle of the season there came a drouth which lasted until the potato yield at large was cut down about one-half. In Carl's case with the seed planted close together, the tops covered the ground and held the moisture resulting in a good crop.

"Huh!" Uncle Henry said. "I guess Carl knew what he was about when he set that planter!"

There is a story that in the siege of Paris a well-to-do man had potatoes in his cellar. Taking advantage, he demanded an exorbitant price. His next-door neighbors, people in moderate circumstances, were reduced to starvation conditions. They had not the price and could not buy potatoes. They owned some pet rabbits, which they kept in their cellar, most likely for their safety. The rabbits of course were starving also. As a last resort the family decided to kill and eat them. On going to the cellar for that purpose, lo and behold, there were potatoes on the cellar bottom. When the mystery was solved, it was found the rabbits had burrowed into the rich man's cellar and brought forth potatoes. This they continued to do until the siege was raised. The rich man's neighbors rejoiced when they learned that he had potatoes left over for which he had not succeeded in getting scarcity prices out of the poor people.

There was a variety called "Red Brook" or Brook Seedling that had a skyrocket career here and Colebrook way. It had two essential characteristic qualities of a good potato. It was a great yielder and a good keeper and there it ended. The eating public soon caught on and would have no more of it. Those of you who have read Churchill's "Coniston" perhaps remember with what skill he wove this disreputable potato into his story. As I was accustomed to handling potatoes and knew about this variety, old "Jethro Bass'" experience with it came home to

me with an especial force. Of course it was a love story but dealt with the ruthless domination of New Hampshire politics by the railroad interests, and created a furore of excitement when it came out. Better read it, if you haven't.

A cousin buying cattle in the "wild and wooly West" related that in a back country restaurant he ordered "Eggs over." The girl disappeared and after a long time came back and inquired, "Did you mean that you all wanted yer eggs all over yer 'tater?"

A short time ago some one got "het up" and rushed into print claiming they had seen tomatoes growing on potato vines. There is a possibility that this person was right, but the probability is that the fruit or vegetable was nothing more or less than the old-fashioned potato ball. However, the potato and tomato are the same family and can be intergrafted. Mr. Burbank did it successfully. Our local hot-house proprietor, George Bouthette, tried it and got the tomato tops to the blooming stage, but the season was too short to set any fruit. I doubt very much that potato scions grafted on tomato stocks would produce potatoes, if they had plenty of time. At any rate potatoes growing on the top of vines would be a wild stretch of the imagination.

Speaking of potato balls, where is the boy of sixty summers, more or less, that does not recall with pleasure, cutting an alder stick, sharpening the top end and going into the potato field gathering potato balls that hung like bunches of grapes on the tops, pushing the sharpened end of the stick into the ball and with a quick, energetic swing see how far he could send that ball into space?

And here, to the unscientific mind, is a mysterious condition of affairs; what has become of the potato ball? It is of rare occurrence. The theory that new varieties which have displaced the old do not grow them doesn't hold always, because some of the old varieties that used to produce them, produce them no more. The correct solution of this question would be very interesting.

To one who likes to see things grow and develop, the potato ball opens up a very interesting feature, namely, producing new varieties. Some old varieties have "run out" by some disease that gradually undermined their vitality and are no longer profitable, some are immune and stay by us. The idea of bigger and better crops by way of new varieties was a matter of slow progress and comparatively recent years.

(Continued in April Issue)



# PORTLAND OFFICE

C. J. Birkenmeyer has been working at the Maine General Hospital.

Niles & Niles have completed their yearly audit, and the men have returned to their home offices.

We understand that a member of the sheriff's department descended on a gathering of the boys the other night. He really did not call the wagon, but the boys had visions of steel bars and a hard bed. It turned out to be a large luscious joke.

Do not confuse this with the "Don't Go Home Until Breakfast Time Club."—Another gang entirely.

F. W. Thompson had a bad attack of the gripe.

Two of the boys, talking it over:—  
"A"—What is the big idea of two Xmas Club books?

"B"—One is to get the Ford out in the spring, and the other is to keep her running for the summer.

L. W. Stack is the reporter for this month, and George Sterling will receive items for next month's issue.

Arthur T. Spring, credit department, is confined at home nursing a severe cold.

L. G. Gurnett, financial department, was in Canada recently on a business trip.

Richard L. Rice and Eugene Dupont of the Boston Office were at Portland Office this month.

George M. Sterling was the guest of R. L. Rice of the Boston office at his home in Wellesley, Mass., over the week-end.

Two new men are welcomed this month as additions to the staff of the department of market studies. Carl A. Philippi comes from the research laboratories of Columbia University, a Cornell man, class of 1915. John D. Langmuir completed the post-graduate course at the Harvard Business School in 1925. Both men will do field work, but the latter's chief task will lie in the field of statistical analysis.

Mr. Sherman returned from Florida about the middle of the month, unable longer to resist the attractions of a good

thick blanket of snow. However, he is still a booster for the sunshine and mosquitoes.

We are all glad to hear that Betty King, daughter of Horton King, is now recovering from her recent operation for mastoid abscess.

Mel Pray was in the office on his way to the mills.

Kenneth Hawkes, formerly of the Paper Sales division, is now back with the company in the Pulp Sales division.

Harold Chellis recently spent a week on the road with Mr. Gilman visiting a number of our pulp customers. He reports a very pleasant and instructive trip.

We are glad to welcome to the office staff of the Portland Office, Alex Walker. He was transferred from the office in La Tuque, Quebec, and is attached to the department of Sales Statistics.

Carl Werner of the Paper Sales division spent a day in Boston during the past week.

John Fogarty, chemical sales manager, is on a business trip through the South, making stops at Memphis, New Orleans, Jacksonville and other southern points. He is expected to be back before the first of March.

Edmund Burke, fibre conduit sales manager, was away for about two weeks, having called at New York, Chicago and Baltimore.

Would suggest that Jim Taylor keep his sidewalk and back steps sanded. A couple of the boys from the office had difficulty there one day recently.

James Lunt had a relapse and has been in the Maine General Hospital. He is now rapidly gaining strength and looks like a new man. He had his radio set brought to his room at the hospital, and this has helped many a tedious hour for himself and for the adjacent ward.

John H. Cleland has decided to sever his connections with the Brown Company

and will make his permanent home in the Golden West. An abundance of good wishes will attend him on his way.

E. C. Allen was detained at his home for several days with a bad cold. "Red" Conley was a substitute during his absence.

Harry Todd has been a faithful worshiper at the votive shrine of Anne Parish.

Downing P. Brown was in the office February fifteenth on his way to New York City, from which port he and Mrs. Brown were sailing on the seventeenth for Algiers. Best wishes of the Portland office for a most enjoyable and interesting trip.

Donald Brimecombe is again at liberty after a period of enforced confinement in the Maine General Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Means were among the many who found enjoyment in the production of "The Hypocrites" at the Jefferson Theatre.

Nelson L. Worthley, the genial President of the Wishbone Club of America, does not propose to take any extended vacation trip this winter. Memories of his delightful sojourn in the Bermudas a year ago are lingering with him still, however, and he hopes in the not too remote future to be able to negotiate a voyage through southern waters which might possibly include a passage through the famed Straits of Magellan.

Comptroller W. B. Brockway spoke before the meeting of the Philotechnical Society at Berlin on February 23. He told the story of his unique experience of last summer when he journeyed for three weeks with the governors of the various states to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he delivered an address on state budgets before the Governors' Conference. This address was a refutation of the strictures of the national government on state finance and was based upon experience gained by careful examination of the affairs of the State of Maine made at the request of Governor Brewster. Mr. Brockway has an interesting collection of snapshots obtained during his trip.



## SHAWANO NEWS

Shawano has recently been displaying in all her glory her green coat of vegetation to a welcome number of her northern friends.

J. C. Sherman of the Portland office came out for a day of inspecting the operations and plantings under way here. He was accompanied by Mr. Wallis, the consulting engineer for the Brown Company. We were glad indeed to have them visit us and hope that they will not stay away so long next time.

It is a pleasure to have with us at this time, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Brown and their guest, Miss Barbara Bean. Their interest and optimism is a source of much pleasure and encouragement to us. A number of sight-seeing tours have been included in their visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sanborn are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Badger, and we are all extremely glad to see our old friend and former superintendent with us again.

J. A. Fogarty of the chemical sales division and Mr. Thomas of the Atlanta office came out for a day with us while they were touring Florida. We hope they will see their way to visit us again some time.

The work of installation of the power plant is being assisted by Mr. Marrier and Mr. Dresser of Berlin. Their first inquiry was for the number and size of the individuals of the reptile family here.

The larger part of the potato crop is in, and presents an inspiring picture of green vegetation as compared with mid-winter in the North. The potatoes are under frost protection by means of heaters and water spray. The installation of the latter has recently been completed and is the realization of a dream heretofore unseen.

H. P. Vannah of the research had gathered all of the furled underclothes and overcoats, and a goodly supply of fuel for his predicted frost February 12, but was presented with an electric fan and a towel for mopping his facial beauty of its humid droplets, by the "Junior Chemists," as the mercury soared to a record height of 89 degrees.

W. C. Lord is the recipient of a valuable gift in a year's subscription to the Everglades News; he has brought another lawn

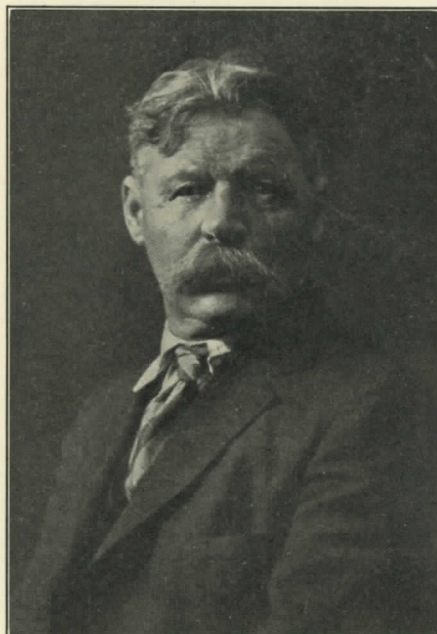
mower into use in the Everglades.

Almost unbelievable strides are being taken in building at the "Bridge," by Pop Rediford. A municipal garage and an annex to the store have been added in the last few weeks.

The cross-state highway from Fort Myers to Palm Beach is nearing completion as far as the Hillsboro canal, and this gives us a paved boulevard to the ocean.

A large new area of agricultural land is being opened up by the approaching of the Florida East Coast R. R. to Belle Glade.

The dredge, Florida, has been in the Hillsboro canal deepening the canal for boat transportation.



PETER N. MORTENSON

Perhaps Peter N. Mortenson, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Marius H. Mortenson, is the most travelled man who has ever come to Berlin. Born in Copenhagen, he has followed the sea for over 50 years since the age of 14. He rates as an A. B., and after 18 years in the Danish navy has shipped upon sailing vessels of every kind, but mainly of the tramp variety. He has been around the Cape of Good Hope four times, around Cape Horn eight times, through the Panama Canal five times, and through the Suez Canal no less than twenty times. He has signed the articles in Danish, Norwegian, English, German, and Dutch

cabins, but has not been on a German ship since 1914. He has suffered shipwreck in the Mediterranean and piracy at the hands of a German submarine off the coast of France. He has sailed with grain for Belgian Relief, been to Greenland for cryolite, carried salt fish from Newfoundland to Lisbon, brought sugar from the West Indies to New York, carried Central American merchandise to Japan, and sailed from Falmouth to Brisbane, Australia, in 50 days. He has passed the great warships that haunted the Orkneys and the Shetlands and the Hebrides from 1914 to 1918. To name the ports of the world is to call before his mind a flood of memories and to find that on the shores of Spain and Italy are the kind of ports that sailors favor. He has never been connected with the China trade or with the whaling that centers around South Georgia, and of course not with American coastwise trade.

## LIST OF DEATHS

## Sulphite Mill

Joseph B. Hughes was born October 8, 1854. He commenced work with the Brown Company Oct. 30, 1906, and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred Feb. 2, 1927.

## Cascade Mill

Peter Anderson was born Dec. 12, 1874. He commenced work with the Brown Company in March, 1907, and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred Jan. 26, 1927.

## Riverside Mill

William Johnson was born Oct. 11, 1894. He commenced work with the Brown Company Oct. 4, 1917, at the Window Frame Mill. His death occurred Jan. 31, 1927.

John H. Johnson was born Sept. 29, 1882. First employment with the Brown Company was on Dec. 20, 1917. At the time of his death which occurred Jan. 13, 1927, he was employed in the Riverside Yard.

## Upper Plants

Fred Pilgrim was born Jan. 23, 1870. He commenced work with the Brown Company in April, 1915, and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred Jan. 30, 1927.

We have not been able to meet all of the requests for space in this issue of the Bulletin. We have, however, tried to choose the most timely of the material submitted. We have on hand some Florida pictures, an article prepared by Mr. John Hayes of Cascade Mill, some cartoons from the Tube Mill, and a considerable number of other suggestions.



# BROWN CORPORATION

## LA TUQUE

Messrs. Nesbitt, Arsenault, and Robertson have moved into their new quarters.

M. Walsh, otherwise known as the Crab, has been transferred from the Club to the purchasing office.

The Ski Club has been very active of late, and the members are looking forward to a very successful year. Hikes, racing and jumping have been included in their program. Doc Bayne thinks that Wesley is giving everyone a fair chance as far as jumping is concerned, because he would certainly take first prize for style if nothing else.

Our senior hockey team has won all but one game this year, and that one they tied with Shawinigan. It is hoped that they keep up the good work.

We are sorry to hear that L. Jensen had his shoulder blade broken while skiing and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

Some of the fellows are wondering what Reggie is doing with Birk's catalogue.

Every day is Red Letter Day with Matt Purcell.

Joe Bureau is one of the latest additions to the Benedict Club.

The boys were surprised to see Bill Nevin with tobacco, cigarette paper, and matches the other day. They hope that he will keep a supply with him from now on.

Alex Walker of the Main Office has been transferred to Portland. To use the words of Ed Moore, "He has gone into a desert." We hope that he will like his new position.

According to your Chicago correspondent in the Bulletin for February, Ralph Sawyer thinks U. S. hockey better than Canadian. He should not judge Canadian hockey by what he saw at Windigo. Tell him to see La Tuque play and wallop Berlin. Then he will see real hockey.

Our genial and efficient office manager,

Mr. J. A. Jones, was united in marriage to Miss E. Ross of Quebec, at St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, Saturday, Feb. 5th. From what has come back to La Tuque of the happenings, we are sure Mr. Jones and his bride were very splendidly speeded on their honeymoon trip. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Jones long life and happiness.

It was the misfortune of W. D. M. Bone to get stalled at Lac Chat, owing to having forgotten his motorcycle chains. But Joe, not to be outdone, got back to La Tuque in time to send a message of good luck to the bridal party.

Our manager paid a flying visit to the Lac St. Jean district this last month. He reports that a fur coat and overshoes are needed when travelling in that country.

Messrs. O. B. Brown, S. G. Wilson, and G. Abbott were among our guests here this past month.

On January 15th, the Shawinigan basketball team played a return game with La Tuque at the Club and were defeated 44-8. They are good sports and want to visit us again.

Everyone is wondering why George Braithwaite had to pay \$4.20 for long distance between La Tuque and Shawinigan.

On Thursday, Feb. 11th, Dave's Buck Saws met Barney's Sparkplugs in what was considered "The Clash of the Century," that is, as far as hockey is concerned.

The Sparkplugs, who have been undisputed champions since 1925, were out to retain their reputation as puck chasers, and their rivals were out "for blood." The game was every bit as good and exciting as the posters promised.

It would be impossible to pick out any one star as every player excelled himself in his position.

The Buck Saws were victorious by the score 3-1, and it was indeed pitiful to see the Sparkplugs give up the much coveted Cup. Some witnesses claim that the Sparkplug manager, Mr. L. Michaud, wiped away a tear, and the sole owner, B. J. Keenan, swallowed very hard.

After the game both teams went to the

Club where they enjoyed refreshments.

With Mr. X at the piano and several players beside it, a splendid program was rendered.

It is hoped that Dave will prepare to give up the Cup in the year of 1928.

The line-up was as follows:

Sparkplugs	Buck Saws
G. Matte	T. Loken
Mr. X.	A. Dion
P. Allard	W. Poitras
A. Plante	H. Gilbert
C. Gauthier	O. Gagne
P. Boudreau	A. Lindsay
W. Hayes	S. Lacombe
B. Bilodeau	R. Belanger
J. Legare	N. Morin
N. Trembley	C. Guillemette
M. Creighton	

Referees, H. Braithwaite and J. Corbeil.

La Tuque Hunters—Safety First  
O'Farrel (coming across some tracks of a moose): "Tell you what we'd better do. You go ahead and see where he went and I'll go back and see where he came from."

Bouliane: "I'll go back and you go forward."

## Those Cars

"Wesley's got a marvelous car," said L to his friend. "Why he hasn't paid a cent in repairs for three years."

"Yes, that's what the man at the garage told me."

## Spring

Visitor to the Milk Farm, to Fred G.: "Good morning, Mr. G., spring is in the air."

G.: "Eh?"

Visitor: "Spring is in the air, I say, spring is in the air."

G.: "Why should I? Eh, why should I?"

## Poor Reggie

Reggie was crossing the mighty deep on his way to the old country. A few miles out the weather became squally, and Reggie began to feel the effects thereof.

"Cheer up," said one of his fellow passengers, "you're not dead yet."

"No, by Jove, I'm not," groaned Reggie, "but it's only the hope of dying that keeps me alive."

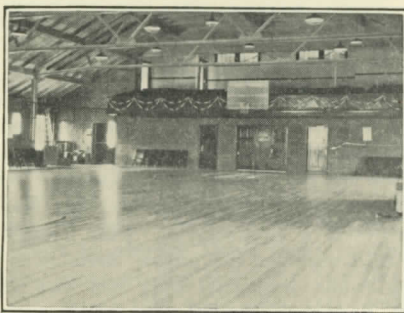


# THE NEW BERLIN ARMORY

THE local organization of the militia has every reason to look forward to the 21st birthday of National-guard effort in the city of Berlin with a feeling of confidence about its future. Several years ago the group was threatened with disbanding, because it was unable to promise the measure of property responsibility required by the Federal Government in allotting funds for such work. But on Feb. 3, as Battery F, 197th Coast Artillery (Anti-Aircraft) of the New Hampshire National Guard, it opened the new Berlin Armory with a Military Ball. An attendance estimated at 1800 was a testimony of the esteem reposed in the organization by the local community.

There is a long story leading up to this event. To it, many employees of the Brown Company have contributed. The first company of militia in Berlin is said to have been organized and mustered into the service on April 19, 1906. Its roster contained 51 names besides commissioned officers. Among these were 24 veterans of the Spanish-American War and 4 veterans of the Anglo-Boer War. These veterans served as a leavening influence for the group. A nearly complete roster of the original organization was as follows:

Capt. Oscar P. Cole, Commanding; First Lieutenant, George F. Cullett; Second Lieutenant, Allison C. Gorham; First Sergeant, Irving D. Ward; Sergeants, Sullivan, Campbell, McGoff, McCarthy; Corporals, Bronk, Hopkins, McLeod; Pritchard, Sheridan; Musicians, Dubey, Keroack;

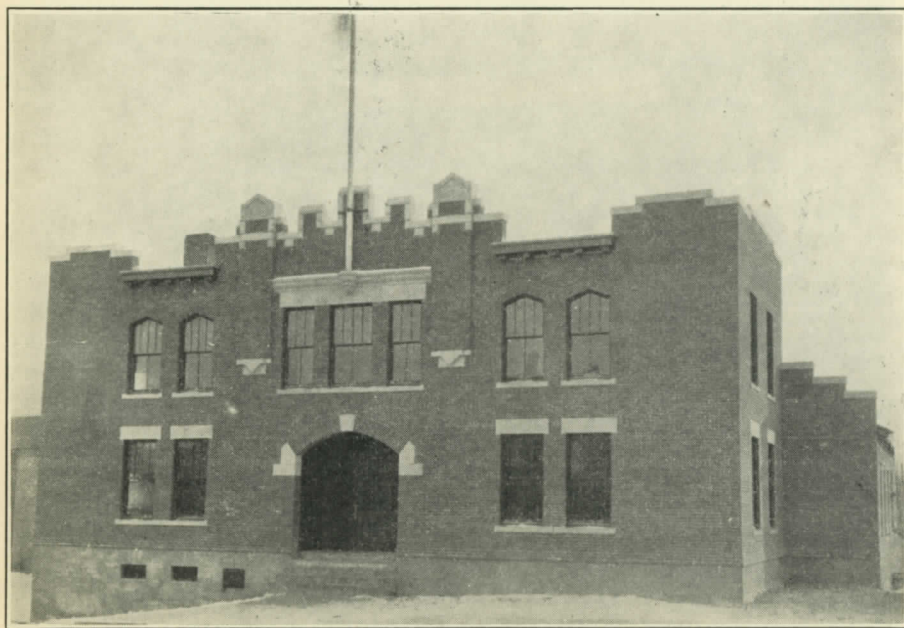


DRILL FLOOR

Privates, Archambault, Boles, Bean, Boisselle, Butcher, Bouford, Blackburn, Campbell, Campbell, Corriveau, Cullen, Coolidge, Compagna, Day, Davidson, Dolan, Fearin, Fermette, Flanders, Grundy, Lapar, Letourneau, Henderson, Macnamee, McGuire, Michaud, Mullen, Oldham, Oleson, Oleson, Parks, Smith, Stewart, Stewart, Streeter, Sawyer, Witherbee, Witherbee.

The problem of quarters was unsatisfactory from the beginning. Company G drilled at first in old Music Hall. Later it went to the Rollaway, now a garage on Pleasant Street, and later still to Bell Hall on Mechanic Street. It tried hard to get the State of New Hampshire to build an armory in Berlin, and to that end bills were introduced into the New Hampshire General Court in 1909 and each subsequent biennium through 1915. In 1909, the state was not ready to think much about Berlin. Manchester with its four companies of guards is said to have been

the only city to possess a state armory. In 1907, the state contented itself with building for the two companies at Concord. Private parties erected armories at Nashua and later at Laconia and rented them to the state. During the war period, there could be no thought of permanent armories, and afterwards the affairs of the state were in the hands of elder statesmen with scant sympathy for the ideals and aspirations of youth. Berlin was denied an armory until 1925 when New Hampshire's Boy Governor, John G. Winant, interested himself in proposals for armories for Berlin and Keene. One of the results was an appropriation of \$45,000 for the Berlin armory. Captain J. T. Hennessey was in the legislature and a member of the committee concerned. The plans were prepared by Butterfield and Guertin, architects of Manchester, and the building was erected by Davison and Swanberg, contractors, of Manchester.



BERLIN ARMORY

Prominent guests at the opening on Feb. 3 were: Ex-Governor John G. Winant; Adjutant General C. W. Howard representing Governor Spaulding; Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Harrington, U. S. A.; Major Geo. W. Morrill, Q. M. C., Captain Norman Andrews and his subordinates, Lieutenants Hamel and Cole, of the Concord battery; Lieut. MacKenzie of the Keene battery; and Staff Sergeant H. P. Russell, U. S. A., of Concord. Hostesses were Mrs. Paul Brown, Mrs. E. R. B. McGee, and Miss Alice Chaffey. Captain J. T. Hennessey, First Lieutenant J. W. Veazey, Second Lieutenant R. J. McDougal, First Sergeant O. J. Buteau, and Sergeant Adelard Gregoire comprised the committee of the local battery. Their aides were Lieutenant Colonel O. P. Cole, P. J. Hinchey, E. D. Laplante, and Aurel Labonte.



## UPPER PLANTS NOTES

### MAIN OFFICE

Ralph Gilbert has accepted a position with the Brown Company, accounting department.

The Main office was closed on the afternoon of February 16th, so that the employees were privileged to see the ski-jumping contest at the Carnival grounds.

Mrs. Charles Baker is assisting in Mr. Cooper's office during the absence of Theresa Keenan. Miss Keenan has been confined to her home for several weeks by illness.

The new "Ditto" machine recently installed in the Main office is receiving considerable attention. "Ditto" is everybody's friend—but one certainly must be "in on the know" to get good results.

The mail desk has been moved from the third floor, to the purchasing department. The third floor employees will miss the twice-a-day sorting of mail—but—changes must come, and with every change must come a necessary adjustment. All mail must now go through the mail department located on the second floor of the Main office.

A few years ago we had new forms printed to be used as Credit or Debit Memorandums, the one form serving for both purposes, the heading reading "Debit or Credit Memorandum." When this form is used as a Debit, the word Credit should be crossed out with pen and ink; and if used as a Credit, the word Debit should be crossed out. The party using this form should make it plain for the other party. This spells Co-operation. These forms have had the bookkeepers guessing a number of times, because they were not made out right.

Some time ago the accounting department made an appeal through the Bulletin, to all those making out expense accounts, to make them out in duplicate. The request has been answered to our satisfaction, and we thank you all for your co-operation in the matter.

### FELIX KING KNOCKS HANLON OUT

Felix King, Berlin's sensational middle-weight, kayoed Mose Hanlon of Portland in the second round of a scheduled ten-round main bout at the B. A. A. show

in City Hall Friday night, February 4th. A hard right-hand punch just below the heart crashed Hanlon to the canvas where he was counted out; he gamely tried to get up, but was too weak. He was carried to his corner and examined by a doctor, and it was discovered that Hanlon suffered a broken rib. Phil Tardiff of Berlin received the judges' decision in the six-round semi-final over Rip Van Dyke of Portland. Tardiff knocked Van Dyke down twice for a count of nine, once in the third and again in the fourth round. After the bout, Tardiff was given an examination by a doctor, and it was revealed that he had two broken ribs.

In the opener, Irish Mickey Finnen kayoed Jim Ribocco in the first round. Ribocco substituted for young Ashley who was unable to perform owing to illness.

### RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Frederick Pilgrim, one of the best loved employees of the research department, died suddenly of acute indigestion at his home on the afternoon of Sunday, January 30. Born in London, England, Jan. 23, 1870, he came to Berlin about twenty years ago. He became a naturalized citizen of the United States. For the past five years he has been a member of our department and has taken an intense in-

terest in his work. He was a man of marked originality, which was shown outside his regular employment by the compounding of a ski wax and an auto wax, products for which he built up a considerable market. Many of the members of our department have novelties made from short bits of fibre pipe—tokens of his friendliness and thoughtfulness. He had travelled extensively and had a truly English appreciation of geography. We shall miss him very much.

R. A. Webber has been elected to membership in the local Kiwanis organization.

Earl Brennan, a recent graduate of Tufts College, is a new employee.

J. H. Graff gave a thoroughly prepared exposition of "Color Photography" at the meeting of the Philotechnical Society held on Friday, February 4. His explanations of the physical principles involved were unusually clear and were illustrated with some excellent diagrams. The applications of color photography were demonstrated by means of a full collection of plates and photographs, many of which were Mr. Graff's own work.

D. H. McMurtrie, is back from La Tuque



THE MILAN PARTY



and once more on his regular beat.

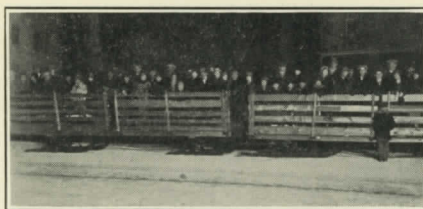
N. L. Nourse has been spending a few strenuous days with us.

## RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

### SLEIGH RIDE

On Friday evening, February 11th, a party of the Research people and their friends turned out for a supper and dance at Milan. It is not known what the inhabitants of that town thought of the invasion, but it must have been sufficiently alarming; the ingenious brain of Pat Coffin had seized on the idea of having the two big sleds pulled by Mr. Frechette's caterpillar tractor, and as everyone knows, that terrifying baby giant is not blessed with a muffler. Some of the more sentimental of the passengers struck up the traditional hymn, "Jingle Bells," but they were unable to make it sound convincing. Nevertheless, as the train roared along through the open country up-river, the strangeness wore off; a nice moon rode high, and if you were able to pile enough hay over your feet, or induce someone to sit on them, everything was lovely. Gertrude and Ann provided the entertainment for one sleigh, and Lovell Cushing and Ralph Rogers for the other.

Some of the Milan ladies served a very tasty bean supper as soon as their clients had partially thawed out around two beautiful red-hot stoves, stoked to the funnels with good birch logs. In fact, after supper, the shirt-sleeve costume was regarded as decidedly chic. Joe Teti's



THE TRAILERS

orchestra got into action early, and held forth for the rest of the evening, except for one interlude when the party rested themselves by playing Three Deep. Jimmy Hurley's great ground and lofty tumbling act, put on at this time, was very well received. Some fiend in human form, with motives it were best not to inquire into, shortly thereafter introduced what he called a "stick dance," a device intended to make it certain that you should not enjoy all of one dance with the lady (or gentleman) of your choice.

The ride home seemed remarkably short. Perhaps the Bulletin reporter did a little slumbering; he is not sure. At one time his dreams were disturbed by the voices of certain of the old-timers rendering such hits as "Red-Wing" and "Keep the Home-Fires Burning." Still and all, it wasn't such a bad party, at that.

### EARL WHITEMORE CLINCH

Earl Whittemore Clinch passed away shortly before midnight Feb. 7, at the home of his parents, 23 Fourth Street, following an illness of tuberculosis extending over three years.

Mr. Clinch was born in Berlin on December 4, 1897, the son of George Frederick Clinch and Margaret Ella McCurdy Clinch. He received his education in the public schools of the city and left school as a sophomore in 1915, when he entered the employ of the Brown Company. He continued in their employ up until the time he was first taken ill, three years ago. On June 30, 1924, he went to the Pembroke Sanatorium, where he spent seventeen months, putting up a brave fight for his health, until he returned to his home here on Nov. 7, 1926, when he failed rapidly. During the fall of 1925 he was improving wonderfully and gaining in weight, and it was thought then that he would come out victor, but the following spring he had a set-back from which he never recovered. He was a patient sufferer and never complained about his lot. When God called him he was not only ready but willing to go.

Funeral services were held on Feb. 10 at two o'clock from the Congregational church where he worshipped, Rev. Edward

W. Moore officiating. The pall bearers were six close friends of the deceased. They were Paul Beach, Edward Beach, Clarence Beach, George Oswell, Earle White, and Walter Davidson. The remains were placed in the receiving tomb in the Berlin cemetery and will be interred in the family lot in the spring.

Mr. Clinch leaves to mourn his loss his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Clinch, three brothers, Lee, Nile, and Lester, and two sisters, Mrs. Ethel Glover and Mrs. Joseph Thorne, all of Berlin.

### CARD OF THANKS

To the kind friends and neighbors who assisted us in our recent sorrow and bereavement of our beloved son and brother and to those who contributed flowers, silent tributes of love, to our loved one, we wish to express our heartfelt thanks and gratitude.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clinch,  
Mr. and Mrs. Lee Clinch,  
Mr. and Mrs. Lester Clinch,  
Nile Clinch,  
Mrs. Ethel Glover,  
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thorne.

### TUBE MILL NO. 2

Louis Dale had his radio repaired and while tuning in got "Chile" the other night. His radio is known to the fans as the "screecher."

Bert Sweeney wishes to announce to the smoking public that he has in the past devoted all his spare time to the growing of Calabash. "It is the genuine stock," says Mr. Sweeney, "and is not to be classed with the cheap grade that is grown by Jim Kearns. He is putting a kind on the market that is nothing more or less than the blue-horned potato root that closely resembles the calabash, but throws off a terrible odor like an incinerating plant."

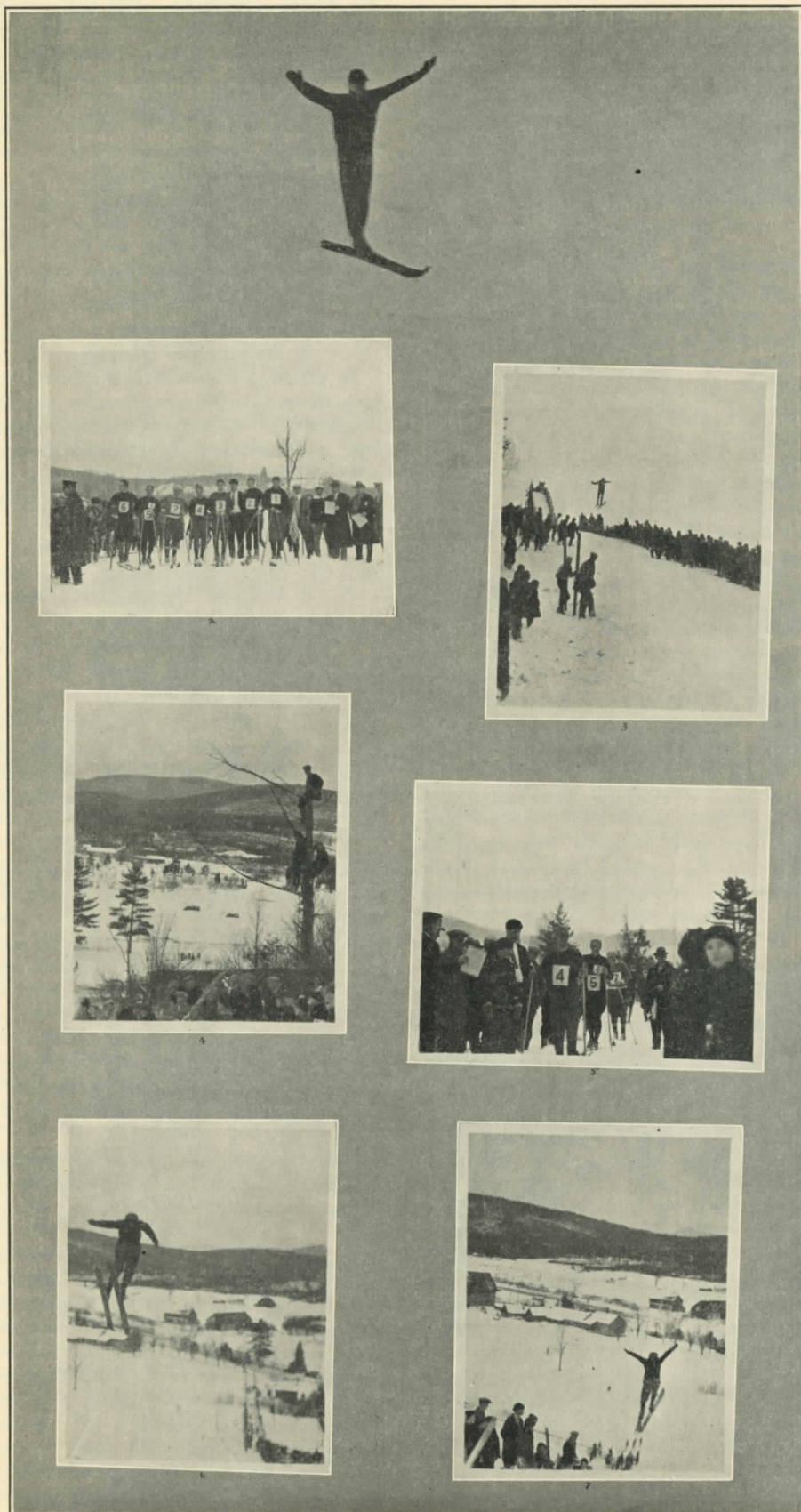
Emile Garand has taken up boxing. Judging by the way he handles his dukes, he must be taking a correspondence course.

A very substantial reward is being offered by George Knox for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of some miscreant who had the nerve to enter into his woodshed and kill a choice game rooster he had purchased for his Sunday dinner. George, as it appears, bought this fowl at a bargain and tied him up by one hind foot, waiting until Saturday to dress him off. With the odor of roast chicken in his nostrils, Mr. Knox strode into the shed to perform the execution, only to find that some



THE BEAST





NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP MEET, FEB. 16, 1927

fiend in human form had brutally annihilated his prize gamester.

The weather is too cold for Red and Elmer to camp out in Elmer's sedan.

Bill Sweeney and John Donaldson have taken the name of painters, but if you would like a good daubing job done, I think those two boys will accommodate you. At least their overalls look that part.

Pete St. Hilaire has invented a new way to feed chickens. Pete can tell just how long it takes 12 chickens to eat one quart of scratch feed. He can also tell by looking at a chicken just what day she is going to lay.

Ovila Valliere says by next month he will make Pete's invention look like a bad dream, when it comes to handling chickens. John Donaldson, please read.

Frank LeBretton says, "Going without food for 7 days makes one week (weak)."

Harold Beroney, the potato magnate of West Milan, is booking orders for next year's stock. For testimonials, etc., inquire of Ed Blais.

Jack Campbell, our boss piper, says he forbids any more of his men wearing pajamas on the job. He says one of his men recently bought a new suit, size 62, but the above is a slight error on Mr. Campbell's part. It was a pair of overalls, and the argument can be settled satisfactorily by consulting Byron Eeris.

The result of the hockey game between the Tar Babies vs. Dusksies was 2-2 in favor of the winners.

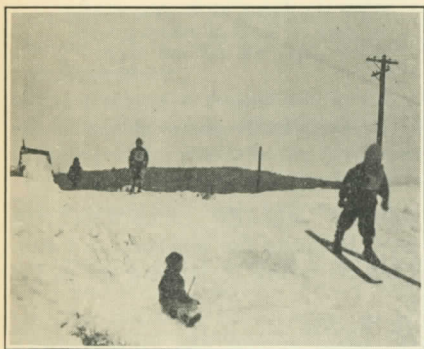
It has been heard around the No. 1 tube machine that Arthur Gallant may pass around cigars sooner or later.

Henry Lawrence says as near as he can tell, George Knox's rooster committed suicide, and was not killed as has been told around. He thinks the bird became enraged at George for hitching him with such a large cable and thought he would fool him out of his Sunday dinner. Arthur MacKenzie agrees.

"Nick" Lapointe says, "See here, I predict an early spring. Larivee is showing signs of life."

Wilfred Fortier bought Joe Bernier's black calf and fattened him considerably.





BACKYARD SKI JUMPING

"Chick" Hennessey is a "comer" when it comes to learning complicated steps in step dancing. "Chick" has only been tak-

ing lessons three months, and he glides around and taps her down with the ease and grace of a professional. He has a stunt dance that can only be performed by himself successfully. He starts off with a double shuffle, changes to a Charleston, taps a few steps of buck and wing, and finishes with his famous leaping Lena.

Savage Gilbert and Joe Leroux say that they are going down to P. I. next summer and run a six-inch conduit pipe line from Northumberland Strait across P. I. to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, so as to give the herring a chance to go across the province without the long swim around.

Some of the boys predicted a tough time

for Phil Tardiff when he took on Rip Van Dyke of Portland. Although Phil had the misfortune to get one of his ribs cracked, he came out the winner just as the boys here expected. We take our hats off to Felix King and congratulate him on his wonderful comeback. Of course there is one thing that bothered Felix when he met Cowboy Miller. When the Cowboy came out of his corner in the first and only round, according to the way he held his dukes, Felix couldn't tell whether to swing his left or swing his partner. It looked like a dance to him. Not being much of a dancer, Felix thought he would put an end to it, and it was all over in thirty seconds. Where is the Cowboy?

## SULPHITE MILL GAS

We would suggest that John Dickey install a private phone, or a pay station with booth, so that no one would know about back doors.

Benoit White spent a few days in Boston recently.

Charles Ordway has been transferred to the new alpha plant.

Marion McKinnon has accepted a position in the graphic record department.

An accident at the Heine plant, Friday, January 28th, resulted fatally for Charles Norman, aged 37, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Three men, Charles Norman, Ludger Dumais and Charles Allen, were working at the new boiler plant on staging when the supports gave away, and two men dropped to the floor below, a distance of fifty feet. The third man, Ludger Dumais, managed to get a hold on a beam and had a miraculous escape.

The three injured men were quickly taken to the hospital where they received immediate attention. Mr. Norman was hurt more than the others and died next morning, a fractured skull being the cause of his death.

Mr. Norman came to Berlin for the Combustion Engineering Company, who are installing new boilers for the Brown Company. Mr. Norman is survived by his widow and two children, a son 12 years old and a daughter 7. Deepest sympathy

is extended to the bereaved family from fellow employees.

Mr. Allen, who was also seriously hurt in the same accident, was reported as being on the rapidly improving list.

Charles Jekoskie is able to be about again. Mr. Jekoskie was unfortunate in breaking a leg in an accident at the mill three months ago.

Alex Chabot will settle in the Golden West just as soon as spring is here. Albert Vallee is thinking of making his home in Gorham soon, and Albert Moreau will no doubt start for Rangeley Lakes for the summer.

John McKelvey is still confined to his home with an injured foot.

Mr. Holt of the strap cutting department is seriously ill at his home on State Street.

James McGivney is now with the efficiency department, having been transferred from the paymaster's department. Ronaldo Moreau is the new errand boy in the engineering department. Alfred Gilbert is now pulp grader for the Brown Company. Edward Chaloux is our new shipping clerk. Gordon Clark of the sulphite laboratory has accepted a position in the main office.

### BURGESS LABORATORY AL-CO-OIL

Cunningham is so tough that he has to hold a gun on himself when he shaves,

so that he won't cut his own throat.

"There ain't no maybe in my baby's eyes," that's what Harold Mann says.

The laboratory crew has decided to invest in a good sturdy rowboat so that they can come through the Alpha-lantic Ocean without getting drowned.

When our boat comes in Sailor Chandler will be in the stern, owing to Captain Clark's loss of his steering abilities.

Pat Marois is trying to prove that Adam was a Frenchman. Judging by the swiftness of his fall, he might have been their first Premier.

Somebody asked Pat who the King of Italy was, and he answered, "Mussolini." Three cheers for Pat.

Have you noticed the perpetual smile on Helen B. lately? Well, why not, she had a recent visitor from Canada.

Dot McG. is still interested in the Ford business. We think we will soon be losing her. She prefers the Ford business to the Burgess office work.

Say "Burgess" where is all our "pep" gone? Is all the old pep gone? What do you say to a real Burgess time, such as the Fied Outing we had at Marshall's Field.

Lost—A banana. Please return to



Louise O. in the Main Office. This was lost while Lou was visiting the curve room. A reward is offered if found.

Alice is our new girl. We are in hopes to keep her for a long time, but chances look pretty slim now. If she goes to Worcester again, I am afraid it will be G. B., Alice.

Alma is always skating. We wonder what the attraction is on the skating rink.

Mildred has a new flame, but the name of the young fellow has not been given the crowd for inspection.

Charlie's latest expression to all the girls is "You're a good kid and I like you." It makes no difference who you are. He says it to all the girls.

The latest gossip is a certain young lady went to church and a young man came in and sat very near her. We want to know if this was accidental or premeditated.

All the girls going to Berlin Mills oftentimes ride in the truck, but Marion W. believes in being comfortable and rides in an Essex.

Say, have you seen Catherine's new ring? She believes in ringing "Rene" forever.

Lucy is busy now every evening. Her Heslie keeps the telephone operators busy, and, poor Lucy, her arm aches before he gets through talking.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT

On Wednesday evening, February 9th, Miss Marion Whitcomb announced her engagement to Mr. Leon Newell. It was done in a charming manner, in accordance with all else Marion accomplishes.

In pretense of having just a supper at the Girls' Club, and being served by a committee of four, Marion, Dorothy McGivney, Mildred Sloane and Helen Buckley, the girls were heartily surprised. The table was daintily decorated in the Valentine scheme. A large cake in the center was presided over by Sir Dan Cupid. After each girl was seated, she found an announcement hidden beneath a little doll, who rolled her eyes as though she had known all about it. The girls were certainly surprised, not having surmised anything of that sort, rather to the contrary with everything heretofore occurring. After many oh's and ah's, they were served fruit salad, lemon sherbet and cake. Everything was delightfully arranged under the clever supervision of our bride-to-be.

Later, the girls danced, and departed rather early, for Marion was to give another party at home.

The office extends its congratulations to Leon, for he is getting a "prize." She can sew, cook, n'everything, and we all wish them both every happiness for the future.

#### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the Sulphite Mill employees for the beautiful flowers sent during our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Fred Pilgrim and Family.

#### TOIL

With faces turning eastward  
We plod our weary way,  
Trudging, trudging onward  
Soon after break of day.

Through the piling snowdrifts,  
Wind, and rain, and sun—  
Then return again at eve,  
When our daily toil is done.

To rest beside a warming hearth  
And recline with aching feet,  
That each day faithfully travelled  
Through rain, and snow, and sleet.

And thus the day full endeth,  
While we dream of dreams within,  
To sleep till dawn of following morn,  
When again, we our toil begin.

—H. M. B.

"A slip of the tongue is no fault of the mind"—especially in our engineering department.

#### BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Charles Dussault	\$ 12.00
Joseph Lacroix	72.00
Emil Gamache	24.00
Eugene Guay	67.50
Peter Hachey	48.00
Peter Belanger	25.81
Monique Theriault	48.00
Walter Taylor	48.00
Alfred Bilodeau	29.60
Chas. Jekoskie	83.00
Marie Mason	61.50
Charles Decoteau	38.40
Cominac Otoline	48.00
Archie Landry	24.00
Emile Oliver	2.57
Joseph Couture	48.00
Alfred Marois	54.00
Adelard Gosseline	58.00
Edward Gallant	9.40
Edward Lemontagne	6.00
Percy Little	70.80
Joseph Arsenaull	79.00
Clifford Bingham	24.00
Frank Arsenaull	15.80
Harold Mann	8.40
Arthur Nadeau	45.28
Joseph Tracy	24.80
Hilaire Aube	44.65
Charles Scribner	29.00
Leon Landry	12.00
John B. Lepage	15.80
Octave Pelletier	149.60
Armand Nadeau	36.00
Octave Pelletier	36.00
Henry Plourde	6.80
Damas Pelletier	10.00
Fabian Poulier	38.00
Wassum Lithcomb	84.00
Leo Corbeil	16.00
Bjarne Hanson	19.60
Emile Fortier	22.87
Joseph Vallis, Jr.	14.00
Henry Dion	132.00
Elmer Ducharme	4.00
Leo Ancil	20.00
Arthur Thomas	14.35
Leo Murphy	49.50
Edward Routhier	36.00
Arthur Routhier	31.60
Francis Milligan	78.00
Louis Marchand	38.40
Frank Girindi	38.70
Alex McKay	33.00
John McKelvey	85.80
Total	\$2,171.53

## CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Where, oh where does Lawrence Dyer keep himself of an evening. It must be very nice and cosy wherever it is, for he is among the missing as far as dances and pictures are concerned.

Hed Parker will be glad when summer arrives as he can carry his washing up the mountain instead of taking it up on snowshoes. That little twinkling star of his

makes a great laundry van.

City elections are almost at hand, but had not created any interest until the Hon. George Hopkins started to broadcast his daily speech.

The boys from the Chemical Mill all sympathize with King McLaughlin and hope for his speedy recovery and that he

will be with us again very shortly and playing just as good a brand of hockey as ever.

John Reid was late starting work on a Thursday at 1 o'clock. Ludger Lapointe, on going to the office to inquire the reason, found Jack deeply immersed in the new flower-seed catalogue and totally oblivious as to the time.



Noel Lambert, the star ski jumper of the boiler house, is practicing every day in hopes that he will win the championship at Brattleboro.

George Frost is doing an awful lot of trading at Newberry's. In fact he spends three and four hours a day in there, and then comes out with nothing.

Squeaky Santy was at the opening of the new Armory and he worked very hard by his accounts. He having passed out 3500 lunches and decorated the hall, but forgot to heat the building and let everybody freeze to death.

C. B. Barton is a member of the newly organized Kiwanis Club.

Doc Merrigan, who has been conspicuous by his absence in the news of late, has at last come to bat with the information that he has swapped his shivering Chevrolet coupe for another car of the same

make but a newer type. It has an automatic steering device so that if he becomes confused in the traffic said car will not run into restaurant windows and other obstructions.

John Laffin was seen all wrapped up in his coonskin coat, with gun on shoulder, going hunting up Cates Hill way. Hope he got the deer.

The Rotary twins, Rube and Maloney, are very opposite types. Rube is nice and fat and Maloney is the same as a match. They both board themselves. As a suggestion, why wouldn't it be a good plan for Rube to take Maloney as a star boarder and fatten him up, too.

Perley Hall is now smoking very nice trick cigars that almost blow his head off. We wonder whether he will accept any more gifts like that.

John Reid will be the reporter for the

Chemical Mill for the April issue of the Bulletin. Hand your notes to him before the 15th.

#### JANUARY ACCIDENTS

##### Upper Plants

Serious accidents .....	0
Minor accidents .....	48
Without loss of time.....	53
Total .....	101

##### Sulphite Mill

Serious accidents .....	0
Minor accidents .....	20
Without loss of time.....	68
Total .....	88

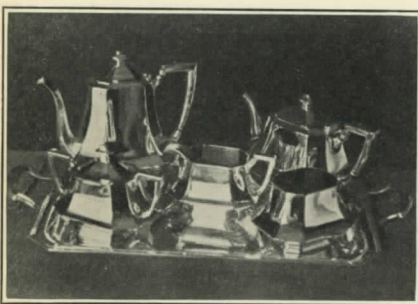
##### Cascade Mill

Serious accidents .....	0
Minor accidents .....	53
Without loss of time.....	29
Total .....	82

## NIBROC NEWS

A feature of the armory opening was the presentation of a silver service set to the ranking officer in Battery F. The following inscription was engraved upon the tray:

Presented to  
Captain Joseph T. Hennessey  
By the Officers and Enlisted Men  
of Battery F, 197th C. A. (A-A), N. H. N. G.  
Berlin, N. H.  
February 3rd, 1927  
For his labors in obtaining  
New Armory for Berlin.



Constance Libby, daughter of Asst. Supt. W. T. Libby of Cascade Mill, was a member of the Berlin High negative debating team, which won decisions from Groveton and Littleton in the recent debates of the Northern end of the University of New Hampshire Interscholastics. The question was "Resolved, that the United States should cancel European war

debts incurred previous to the Armistice."

We all like to hear Leo Burns, of the rewind room, whistle, but if someone oiled it for him we would appreciate it very much.

Ed Hall bought a newspaper on Feb. 7.

Joseph Morrisette bought two tickets for the stock show.

Archie Ouillette rode on the street car.

George Prowell did not go to the dance on Christmas Eve. These are a few who are not in love with the four-to-twelve shift in the machine room.

Albert Boucher says he intends to drive his Chevrolet next summer.

Omar Lachance is in the tire business. He has bought out the Goodrich Tire Company. He also has in stock clothes pins and anything in the canned goods line.

Fritz says he will have the Ark out on the road in a month or so.

Walter Riff shipped his old Ford to the St. Johnsbury museum and now he's look-

ing for one of the new models. A 1918 would suit him fine.

Al Reid is still in the egg business and going strong.

#### PAPER MACHINE ROOM

Old Chief Rheumatic was lucky as usual and got his share of game this season as well as aches and kinks.

Rupert Reid is doing his daily dozen on a banjo-mandolin. More power to him.

Our old pal, Joe Baillargeon, has been laid up for quite a long time with a bad ankle, and the boys hope to see him back on the job soon.

One of the Cascade millwrights has a remarkable flock of hens. One hundred hens and they average thirty-two dozen eggs every other day. Can you beat that?

We have a heavyweight by the name of Gene Jolin on No. 3 machine. He claims he could beat any of Tex Rickard's flock of heavys who are in the elimination tournament for the title, if they would only give him a chance.

Bob Justard is now a proud daddy. Congratulations from all.



Our friend, Smoky Boisselle, is spending a short time in a hospital in Portland. We all wish him much luck and hope for a speedy recovery.

If we have much more snow we will lose our friends in Jimtown. They claim seven feet already.

"Sheik" McCarthy, originally known as the Charleston King, is now practicing Black Bottom steps. We will have to have the machine room floor reinforced, if he keeps it up.

The wood chopping Morrisettes are going at it strong these snow-falling days. It seems that they tried to haul a load of their wood home and the horse who was doing the heavy work, laid down in his tracks. It must have looked funny to see the three boys pushing the horse.

We wish to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. John I. Haney on the birth of a son, Thomas, on January 4.

Chester Veazey says that the two dogs across the street from his residence can howl the loudest of any dogs in the North Country at night.

Jerry Bowles, shipping clerk of the printing department, is making a great showing with his Wanderer Hockey Team this winter. On New Year's Eve, they defeated the Rumford team, 2 to 1 at Rumford, after Rumford had won sixteen straight games. Saturday, January 15th, they played a 1-1 game with North Conway and on Sunday, Jan. 16th, they defeated the same team 4-0. The boys report the travelling very bad, having to travel 90 miles where they would ordinarily only have to go 35 miles. However, they also report that the scenery up through Crawford Notch was very beautiful after a Saturday storm.

Jerry's team consists of: Goal, A. Biron; defence, Morin, Hamel and Bergeron; forwards, Roy, McKee, Lefleur, Therrien, Lapointe and Dubois. The Wanderers expect to play in Arlington, Mass., St. Johnsbury, Vt., and Westbrook, Me., in the near future. They challenge any intermediate team in New England.

Ed. Lagassie, formerly a motor man in the sub-station, is now working in the welding shop. We will be very much surprised, if when the Bulletin comes out, he has those few hairs left on his upper lip.

Joe Morrisette, the battling fourth hand

is in his usual good form and is anxious to take on any of the fourth hands and most of the third hands and backtenders.

Coon Morris is the proud owner of a new alarm clock. Old Smoky says it sure is a good one and we say it ought to be. He took a day off from work to find it.

#### GORHAM FISH AND GAME CLUB

On the evening of February 10, the Gorham Woman's Club served an excellent banquet to 185 members of the Gorham Fish and Game Club. Following the meal in dining hall of the Municipal Building, the members listened to a fine program in the auditorium. Chairman Harry Clark reviewed the progress of the past six years, during which the Club has placed 300,000 brook trout each year in the local streams. On November 22 of last year, 20 cans of fingerlings were put in Peabody River below the Glen House. On the following day twenty cans of 10-inch trout and larger were put in streams as follows: one can in Moose Brook, four cans in Moose River, and fifteen cans in the Peabody River. It was the sense of the meeting not only to continue the same scale of work but to enlarge it by raising the annual dues from \$1.00 to \$1.50. Mr. Dinsmore of the York Pond Fish Hatchery told of the development of this comparatively new project and invited all the local people to visit it during the working season. He gave it as his opinion that there would be some very good fishing in the

Ammonoosuc this spring, because the hatchery had let loose a large number of good-sized trout, which had served during the breeding season, but which could not be kept over the winter at the hatchery because of lack of facilities. Mr. G. A. Harrison of the Passenger Department of the Canadian National Railway showed moving pictures of trips featured by his line to Alaska, the Canadian Rockies including Jasper National Park, and to the more accessible Algonquin National Park. One reel illustrated Winter Sports in Canada, another dealt with moose hunting with a camera, and another showed some realistic salmon fishing. John Murphy and Leo McGinnis demonstrated step dancing, and right-and-left-handed playing of the violin. Other music was furnished by Rev. A. H. Graham, T. M. Henderson, and the Cascade Mandolin Club. Rev. John B. Reardon gave a short, witty address. The evening reflected great credit upon the club officers: B. L. Barnett, president; Eugene Leeman, vice-president; B. B. Bickford, secretary; E. H. Cady, treasurer; A. C. Freeman, G. T. Gorham, M. M. Willis, executive committee.

W. H. Palmer of the main office and Clayton Walker of the printing department, with Bert Scilley, D. E. Griffin, and W. E. Barta of Boston spent a week's outing at the Glen House.

Charles St. Clair of the cutter room has been out of work as the result of a roll of paper falling on his foot.

The hockey fans and the baseball fans have all had space in our Bulletin. The hen fans are a very timid lot, probably because when a man opens his mouth and says "hens" he gets the laugh from all present. Those who laugh have about 15 seconds' fun; the hen fan has 365 full days of pleasure every year.

My hobby is breeding White Leghorns, from which I get a lot of pleasure and a nice profit. I use automatic trap nests and keep a complete record of each hen's performance.

The record below is from my best last year's pen. This is no World Record; far from it. Has some fellow employee of the Brown Company as good or better?

No.	Age at Mat.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total	Kept for Breed
27	150	10	20	10	23	15	16	20	5	Sold						119	
28	160	3	25	20	20	22	21	26	23	23	23	22	19	3		250	No. 28
29	160	2	6	Sold												8	
30	162	1	22	15	19	9	Died									66	No. 31
31	162	2	19	15	21	20	22	21	23	22	23	22	17			227	
32	162	2	23	18	23	26	20	2	0	4	12	19	9	Sold		158	
34	167		14	12	18	19	23	8	Sold							94	
35	167		17	12	22	24	26	5	Sold							106	
36	171		14	20	22	22	21	25	23	23	22	23	21	16	3	255	No. 36
37	175		12	16	20	21	24	24	22	22	24	23	23	18	1	250	No. 37
38	176		9	16	21	20	22	27	22	22	19	14	Sold			192	
39	180		8	12	20	22	21	22	Sold							105	
40	186		6	15	19	21	24	24	25	25	27	23	21	2		232	No. 40
41	188		6	8	Sold											14	
42	192		3	5	Sold											8	

NOTE: Eggs not laid in trap nests not recorded.

No record for two days in July.

Average age at maturity 171 days.

Average production of those kept for breeding: 243.

Joseph W. Means,  
Cascade Sulphite Mill.



Willard Thompson of the millwright department is still on the sick list.

Denis Boissineau of the lead burner department, who has been sick for quite a spell, is gaining rapidly, and we hope to see him back with us soon.

Albert Lennon of the electrical department is back at work after being laid up with trouble with his knee.

John Guerin, Jr., of the paper machine room had the misfortune of having a roll of paper roll over his foot and is now on the sick list.

Peter Morgan of the boiler house is out of work as the result of trouble with his eyes.

Another champion has been found in the paper machine room in the person of Charles Gilbert, who claims to be the champion egg eater of the North Country. Challenges will be accepted by his manager, Claude Hughes, or his trainer, Walter

Boucher.

Ambrose Shreenan of the pipe shop was called to Boston recently to care for the remains of his mother, Mrs. John M. Shreenan of Kinkora, Prince Edward Island. We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to the members of the Shreenan family in their recent bereavement.

Bill Sharpe of the standards department was out of work for a few days with the grippe.

On behalf of his mother and family, Sam Hughes wishes to thank the members of the office and maintenance departments for their kindness during their recent bereavement.

#### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank the members of the Cascade Mill who so thoughtfully sent flowers at the time of our recent bereavement.

Ambrose Shreenan and family.

#### CARD OF THANKS

Words cannot express our appreciation of sympathy shown by the electrical department during our recent bereavement. Charles Morency and family.

At the time of the armory dedication, Capt. Joseph T. Hennessey of Battery F, 197th Coast Artillery, Anti-Aircraft, Division of the New Hampshire National Guard or, in civilian life, Spike of the premium department, conducted through the mill as visitors Captain Andrews, Lieut. Pappenfort, Lieut. Cole, Lieut. Hamel, and Sergt. Russell of Concord, N. H.

Frank Therrien of the pipe shop had the misfortune to break his nose while playing hockey for Jerry Bowles' Wanderers.

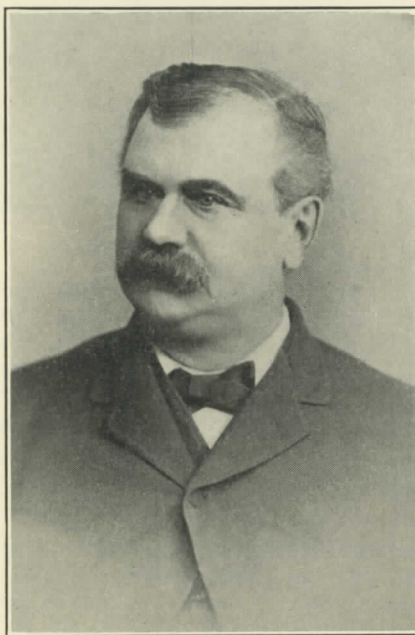
Wilfred Lepage of the engineering department and Miss Yvette Pomerleau were united in marriage on Feb. 21, at the Guardian Angel Church. Thanks for the cigars, Wilfred.

As I sat as a guest of the Woman's Club on Gentlemen's Night and witnessed the splendid program presented by Mrs. Paul Brown, very pleasant memories were revived of other days, and another Mrs. Brown who was very prominently identified with the social activities in Berlin. A year ago I wrote for the Bulletin of some things as I remembered them. It came to me, like the Irishman's forethought, afterward, that there were several matters that did not receive due attention. What with wrestling with a limited country vocabulary and hurrying to get "copy" ready for the press, the matter of pictures was entirely overlooked.

In the accompanying photos, old timers will quickly recognize Mr. and Mrs. Lewis T. Brown and children. What a fine looking family they were! Although their home was in Portland they spent much time in Berlin. Mr. Brown was a member of the Berlin Mills Co. He was what is termed now, "Superintendent of the Woods Department." He was a man very much devoted to his home and family. He was genial and social and had a kind of sparkling wit and humor. He was considered as very capable and agreeable to do business with.

In Mr. Brown's death at an early age, the community surely lost a valued citizen. Mrs. Brown was possessed of a charming personality and a happy faculty of doing kindly and thoughtful deeds that endeared her very much to Berlin people.

Late advices bring information that these characteristics have developed and enhanced with the years. She was an ardent



LEWIS T. BROWN

and tireless worker for anything that made for the uplift of the town. She was quite in her element in getting up blueberry picnics, parties, suppers, and staging entertainments. Probably her most notable achievement was, what would be called a pageant now (everything must



MRS. BROWN AND CHILDREN

have a high sounding name these times), "Mother Goose, including the famous imported Yazoo Band." It made a big hit here and also in Gorham. (There are several who "took part" here yet, and they refer to the occasion with "What a great time we had".) Old acquaintances inquire for Mrs. Brown with a feeling that indicates a large soft spot way down deep in their hearts for her. Mrs. Brown lives in Portland, enjoyed by her friends as much as ever.

Louville Paine.

#### DISCERNING BUYER

"Why did you cancel your order for those fountain pens?"

"Because the salesman wrote down my order with a lead pencil."



## RIVERSIDE SMOKE

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the friends at the Riverside Mill and the Electrical Department, Upper Plant, for the beautiful floral tributes and sympathy extended us in our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Wm. R. Johnson,  
Mr. and Mrs. Carl M. Johnson,  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hermanson,  
Mr. and Mrs. Hilmar Johnson,  
Mr. and Mrs. Axel Knutson,  
Mr. Charles Johnson,  
Mr. Godfrey Johnson.

Sickness and accidents still continue to beset our mill. Some of the latest victims are Ed Butler, our boss piper, and Syl Peters, our cutter-room foreman, who gamely tried to beat an appendicitis operation, but finally succumbed to the inevitable and the matter was laid on the table. He came through with flying colors, and his many friends both in and out of the mill, wish him a speedy and complete recovery. Bill Goodreau had his big toe broken and foot crushed, a very painful injury, for he lost most of his toenails on that particular foot, so he won't have to bother about cutting them for some time, and his wife won't have so many holes in his stockings to mend. "No great loss without some small gain."

Mr. Henderson made us a business call recently. We are always glad to meet anyone connected with our Sales Department, as we believe the more cooperation, the more business and a better kind we will have.

Earl Clinch, brother of Lee in our cutter-room, passed away recently. Earl was formerly employed in the Towel room. He had been sick going on three years. He was a very good employee and a nice boy. His former friends and fellow employees all unite in sending their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Since our last issue, the Grim Reaper has seen fit to take a former faithful employee of the cutter room, William R. Johnson. The poor fellow had been ill for over a year. Bill was a good and faithful workman and a true friend, and we all send the bereaved family and parents our heartfelt sympathy in this their

hour of great sorrow.

Joe Mercier and Emil Lagloire, cutter loaders, we think are blind in one eye, and can't see much out of the other, for they quite often get watermarked and plain rolls on the same set.

While Syl is on the sick list, George Parent is acting as foreman of the cutter room.

Emil Michaud has severed his connections with the towel room. If you want to know the reason, ask Bertha.

B. Andy Wrap says: "A friend of mine is very fond of Washington Pudding. This tasty dish, I understand, is Angels Food Cake, smothered with whipped cream, garnished with ground nuts, and topped by a delicious cherry. Recently, he had occasion to visit a southern state on business, and to top off a hearty meal, he ordered his favorite dessert. The colored waiter served him a chunk of Devil's Food Cake with a dark sauce and topped by a shriveled prune. Indignantly he upbraided the waiter, who assured him he had been served with Washington Pudding.

"After quite some argument with the waiter, light began to dawn on my friend. The chef in filling his order had merely confused Booker T. with our immortal George.

"Moral—Be specific.

"There is as much difference between paper towels, as there is in puddings. We pride ourselves on being jobbers of the best paper towel on the market—'Nibroc, The Perfect Towel.'

"Be specific—when you think of towels, think of Nibroc and insist on getting them."—The BookanWrap, Feb. 1927.

Arthur Guillette was after rabbits again. His dog spied one, chased it, and a squirrel spied Guillette and chased him up a tree, and he had to stay there until his dog returned to drive the squirrel away. Result, he was 1½ hours late getting in to work.

### TOWEL ROOM

Marie Parent keeps good at the bonus.

Jennie is working a few days in the

cutter room.

Annette is wondering if summer will ever get here.

Yvonne Dion has a new style in curling. It is called the nigger crimp.

Olive refused good advice, and someone took her silver pencil away.

Eva Michaud is cranky. No wonder, the Berlin hockey team is losing.

Alice Dion is always running for the water tank.

Eva and Ida Marois are working together. Some fun they are having.

Edna and Esther are quiet.

The Towel Room girls wish to thank Eva Bedard for the lovely box of candy.

Misses Couture and Clement are new employees in the towel room.

Demeige Paquet is always complaining about her machine. No speed, she claims.

Zine Brien is displaying her ability on a standard machine.

Some of the towel room girls get sore at a little joke in the Brown Bulletin, and the reporter takes great pleasure in doing it.

Bertha is always frozen.

Bill claims that there is too much heat in the towel room.

Jerry Clouthier takes a little vacation every two weeks.

Eddie Marois has a lot of patience at the present time but not always.

Every morning quite a few packages of towels are missing. The girls all wonder where they go.

Everyone would be thankful if the machine room boys would keep out.



## BROWN COMPANY

## RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Everett Oleson .....	\$108.00
Louis Frechette .....	22.00
Harry Bartlett .....	16.20
Jos. Legoire .....	27.95
J. J. Wheeler .....	75.25
Honore Nadeau .....	6.00
J. N. Gilbert .....	47.70
Leo Mailhot .....	42.00
Bertha Hill .....	278.80
Fritz Boberg .....	14.66
Fred Gagnon .....	56.70
Victor Smith .....	12.50
Charles Dube .....	20.06
Edward Salvay .....	14.00
Arthur Cantin .....	45.00
Walter Davidson .....	36.00
A. Lacroix .....	77.50
Amaris Boisclair .....	64.50
Ralph Grant .....	81.00
John H. Johnson .....	24.00
Gustave Hanson .....	60.00
Alphonse Dumas .....	12.00
Napoleon Dutil .....	60.00
Jos. Legace .....	51.60
Odina Paguette .....	28.00
Jos. McPherson .....	71.20
Harry Leclair .....	8.00
Geo. Lessard .....	36.55
Geo. W. Oswell .....	66.00
S. R. Sullivan .....	60.00
Henry Plourde .....	18.00
A. J. Witter .....	52.15
Dagmar Johnson .....	244.00
Fred O'Hara .....	20.00
Geo. Poulin .....	8.00
Oscar Paulson .....	10.00
Lazare Moreau .....	42.00
Amedee Routhier .....	46.54
Harry Sweet .....	79.16
Arthur Anderson .....	42.00
Orton Elliott .....	19.50
Arthur Bolduc .....	50.00
Nile Clinch .....	26.00
W. A. Fowler .....	48.00
Jos. Poulin .....	68.80
Everett Arneson .....	21.15
Rosilda Hamel .....	16.32
James Mullen .....	26.59
Adelard Goebel .....	42.00
Denis Boissineau .....	34.40
F. W. Reed .....	17.00
Herbert Schnare .....	17.20
Arthur LaPointe .....	22.75
William Dyer .....	24.00
Jos. Baillargeon .....	25.00
Geo. Fountain .....	48.00
Willard Thompson .....	122.64
Jos. Drouin .....	55.99
Fred A. Gesner .....	14.81
Edward LaBlanc .....	60.00
Jos. Ford .....	48.00
Frank Norwell .....	50.23
Edgar Perry .....	32.50
Joseph Morrisette .....	44.00
Philip Garneau .....	52.50
Albert Lennou .....	33.44
Arthur Houle .....	24.00
Chas. St. Clair .....	63.50
Peter C. Anderson .....	17.20
Fred Finesky (estate) .....	362.00
Leo C. Burns .....	16.93
Nicademo Lentile .....	10.66
Victor Decosta .....	12.00
Aaron Boutallier .....	15.75
Louis Rix .....	14.33
Kenneth Kidder .....	12.00
J. E. Brown .....	58.00
Emile Landry .....	50.00
Alphe Ouillette .....	24.00
Alfred Levesque .....	14.81
Chas. Cox .....	25.60
Jos. R. Bouche .....	24.00
Albert Jolin .....	50.21
Alex Beaulac .....	12.80
Aurele Borasse .....	18.00
Wilfred Boisselle .....	86.66
Total .....	\$4,018.31

## ALFRED EDWARD WATSON

Berlin loses a valuable citizen in the passing of Alfred Edward Watson whose death occurred at his home at Cascade at 1 o'clock Sunday, Feb. 6, following an

illness of less than a week of pneumonia. His death coming so suddenly is a great shock not only to his immediate family and relatives but to the community in which he was highly respected.

Mr. Watson was born in Philadelphia, Pa., 54 years ago, the son of Edward Watson and Villa Norcross Watson. The family moved later to Winthrop, Me., where Mr. Watson was educated and where he lived until he came to Berlin 22 years ago for the Brown Company with whom he has been employed continuously. For some years past he was superintendent of the Tube Mill. He was loved and respected by employers and fellow employees. Mr. Watson was a friend to all men, always delighted to meet his friends and secure in the personal friendship of everyone whom he met.



ALFRED EDWARD WATSON

Twenty-one years ago Mr. Watson was united in marriage to Mabel Fitzgerald Holland. Of this union two children were born, Alfred Gerald and Marguerite Mabel, both students at Berlin High School. Mrs. Watson had one son, Henry J. Holland, by a previous marriage to whom Mr. Watson was tenderly devoted.

Mr. Watson was a member of the Masons, the Berlin Lodge of Elks, the Eastern Star, and St. Barnabas Episcopal Church.

Funeral services were held from the home Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 and were in charge of the Masons, Rev. W. L. Hodder of St. Barnabas Episcopal church officiating. Singing was by Mrs. Darwin Buck and Walter Elliott. Interment was in the Lary Cemetery at Gorham.

Surviving relatives are Mrs. Watson, A. Gerald Watson, Miss Marguerite Mabel Watson and Henry J. Holland, two brothers, Charles of Cascade and William of Merrimack, Mass.

The many beautiful floral tributes bore mute testimony of the love and esteem of relatives and friends.—Berlin Reporter.

A short time ago the wife of a New York ragpicker died. For years they had been sacrificing together so as to be able to sell their growing stock of rags at the highest price. On account of this their every meal was macaroni and bread. Finally the time came when the husband thought he ought to sell. He did so and made a great deal of money.

"Now," he said to his wife, "here's the opportunity I have long awaited to give you some of the comforts of life." But within a few weeks his wife died. The fortune had come too late.

Still he wanted to do something for his wife so he gave her the most beautiful funeral that money could buy. He bought her a silver mounted coffin, hired a great many automobiles to carry the crowd, built her an elaborate and expensive mausoleum and thus spent practically all his money for her after all. He had made his fortune, but it had left him as suddenly as it came. His happiness had gone as well.

You will all recognize that this is an example of unwise hoarding and is in no sense thrift. How much wiser it would have been for this rag picker to sell his rags as he collected them, putting the profit from their sale into such things as the savings banks, life insurance, building and loan and other similar projects.

We like to feel we are thrifty because it means our happiness in our home lives, as well as here in the plant. We like the comfortable feeling of a nice bank balance and the fact that a home is almost paid for in building and loan shares. We also like to pay our life insurance premiums promptly and to take out more insurance whenever possible.

Thrift makes all these things come true. It is not hoarding, but the spending of money wisely—establishing the proper balance between spending and saving. Money put into life insurance and the savings banks is decidedly not hoarded but is turned into useful capital. The interesting part of it is that our money goes back to work for us by creating increased benefits in the way of better housing facilities, more expensive parks, better schools, bet-



ter equipped railroads, better roads and better factories.

Here's how it works out. The money we save is not used in foolish wild-cat investments but is returned into the productive industry of the nation. Ultimately the premiums which we pay to life insurance companies will be actually re-

turned to us as wages in the building of new court houses, new factories, new schools and new homes.

To carry this thought to its conclusion, our money cast upon the waters of industrial enterprise and progress, will return to us in our advanced years in the form of merited ease, comfort, travel and

recreation when we are resting from the more strenuous duties of our active business lives.

Doesn't this give you a rather new conception of what thrift means? Why not bear it in mind not only during this thrift week drive but in the months to come of this new year?

## BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES

### MINNEAPOLIS

Reports say that WAMD, "Call of the North," Radisson Hotel, Minneapolis, Minnesota, is soon to have one of the most powerful broadcasting stations in the entire country. The power unit, we understand, is to be 50,000 watts.

C. D. Johnson and H. L. Berglund have recently been working the State of Iowa on towels.

The Annual Twin City Auto Show which took place from February 5th to 12th, inclusive, had a record attendance and included the largest and best display ever shown here.

The Ford bridge across the Mississippi River is now open for pedestrians. This bridge was built to make the Ford plant, which is located in St. Paul, more accessible to Minneapolis.

We are pleased to learn that William A. Wiedeman or "Nibroc Bill," who has been threatened with pneumonia, has recovered sufficiently to be back on the job selling Nibroc Towels.

Younker Brothers and Harris-Emery, two of the largest department stores in Des Moines, Iowa, have merged and will be known as Younker Brothers. Our printing department will appreciate why we are glad that this merger will bear the name of Younker Brothers.

### ATLANTA

Mrs. O. B. Brown of Berlin, N. H., was a recent visitor at the Atlanta office.

Maurice Thomas and Jos. I. Heyer of the St. Louis office recently met John A. Fogarty in Memphis regarding calcium-arsenate distribution.

The Atlanta office is pleased to welcome C. H. Fogarty to our force.

Recent visitors to the Atlanta office were H. M. Kulman of the American Specialty & Import Co., from Savannah, Ga., Leon Wolfson from Columbus, Ga., and John A. Forgarty from Portland, Maine, and all points east.

### NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Harlan sailed on the steamship, Baltic, for Europe where they will spend the next six weeks. We waved a bon voyage to them from the rear window of our office, and we have received a letter reporting that they saw our white flag, which really was a soiled shirt tied to one of Mr. Flint's golf sticks.

Joseph May is in Rochester where he is busily engaged with representatives of the Pittsburgh office, breaking in a new distributor. J. G. Skirm is in Detroit working on our Fibre Conduit. J. J. Blust, formerly with our company, is now connected with Ringel Brothers, our distributor in Newark, N. J. We wish him lots of success in his new position. H. L. Slauson is at present visiting the Boston office.

By the time this column goes to press the Pulp and Paper Trade Convention will have been here and over. At the present moment we anxiously anticipate meeting Brown Company men from the other offices as we surely will be glad to see them.

### CHICAGO

The Chicago Office received today a copy of "The Ticket Agent," which is the official organ of the Railroad Ticket Agents' Association covering the whole United States. We believe in their various trips these people see possibly every interesting thing in the United States, and on the cover of the February issue of the "Ticket Agent" is the picture of the "Old Man of the Mountain." We thought that possibly all the Brown Company men, es-

pecially those living in New England, would be interested in knowing that this picture appeared on the cover of the February issue.

Among the visitors to the Chicago office recently was J. A. Taylor, of the Conduit and Core department, later Edmund Burke, head of the same department, and also N. L. Nourse, who, with Mr. Babbitt visited most of our Alpha customers. J. A. Fogarty was also with us.

From these men we received very valuable information and we trust that they will be able to see their way clear to visit us again shortly. They all reported extreme cold and unpleasant weather conditions in the east and we are wondering whether after hearing the reports of the fine weather we are having in Chicago, this was the reason why they favored us at this time with their visits.

We had the pleasure during last month of seeing quite a few of our larger out-of-town customers and are glad to report that they all seemed cheerful and look forward to a good year in 1927.

### HERE AND THERE

On February 22 the Girls' Club was the scene of a pretty little supper given by the Jolliettes in honor of Miss Florence Houle who is leaving the Research to take up nursing. Supper was served at 6.30 to nineteen very hungry people and seemed to be enjoyed by all. Miss Houle was presented with an alligator envelope bag from the bunch. She was greatly surprised and graciously thanked everyone. We wish her much success in her future training. Miss Florence Bouchard is filling the place in the office where Miss Houle is vacating.

John Heck of the Brown Corporation recently talked before the Gorham Men's Club on woods operations.