



THE BROWN BULLETIN

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



Vol. IX, No. 11



Berlin, N. H., May, 1928



DRIVING BEAN BROOK, APRIL, 1928

THE BROWN BULLETIN

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Vol. XI.

MAY, 1928

No. 11

BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

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

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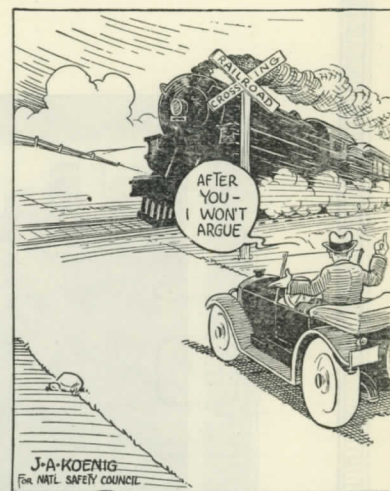
CROSS CROSSINGS COURTEOUSLY

"Cross crossings cautiously" is the advice of the railroads to those who use automobiles on the highways. "Cross Crossings Courteously" is another way of putting the same idea across.

We've been told often enough that many highway accidents are caused by lack of courtesy. Hogging the center of the road, taking the right of way when it belongs to the other fellow, and cutting in and out of orderly traffic are all examples of bad traffic manners that keep the hospitals busy.

Isn't the locomotive engineer entitled to consideration and courtesy just as much as a fellow motorist?

Have you ever had your heart almost hit the roof of your mouth when some fellow cut across at an intersection when you



had the right of way? If you have, it will give you some idea of how the engineer feels when the pilot of the locomotive just misses the tail feathers of some reckless bird.

The train has the right of way and can back its claim. Of course the engineer doesn't want to hit anyone but what can he do but toot the whistle and hope that motorists will use discretion?

The laws and customs of the country are for the convenience of the majority. The engineer can't keep monkeying with the brakes like a motorist or even a street car motorman. It costs several dollars to stop a train under normal conditions; it will cost many times as much if the train is stopped quickly enough to damage the rolling stock and shake up the passengers. Showing a little courtesy at grade crossings will not only lessen the wear and tear on the engineer but will also insure you and your car getting across undamaged.

FISHIN'

By LOUVILLE PAINE, Associate Editor

The first of May is almost here and the annual infection, Anglewormicus Waltonicus, has appeared and is spreading. There can be no mistake in the diagnosis. The symptoms are too well known. That nervous, far-away yearning, longing feeling, deep under the skin, affecting industrial production, and even the veracity of the producer.

The irresistible suspicion that in certain waters there are fish of various species that have been undisturbed since last September and that they would be easy victims to the lure of worms, concealing the dangerous hook, is almost certain to bring on attacks of the malady more or less violent. There is only one remedy for the disability (?), and that is fishing. No other remedy has been looked for. In fact no one wants to find any other. Many cases require the remedy in large doses. Less violent ones in proportion. The cure is usually complete by the time the season is over, that is, excepting the loss of veracity.

The treatment usually starts about as follows:

After the anticipated pleasures of digging worms, catching night crawlers, looking over the tackle, exchanging hard-earned cash for necessities like tobacco and fly medicine, planning and supplying the larder, arranging the transportation question, buying the license, prevailing on the good wife to get out the sport clothing and mend up the heavy woolen stockings, everything is ready for an early start. An early start is essential in order to get ahead of the other fellow. The alarm goes off at three. It is surprising how much easier it is to jump out of bed at this unearthly hour under these circumstances than it is at six-thirty to go to the regular old job. Cereal, eggs, coffee and doughnuts are quickly disposed of, the congenial party is collected and they are away before daylight. This is sport. This is the life! Trapesing to the brook through the cold dew-laden brush and grass gets one deliciously wet up to the waist. Brings to mind what the girl said at the dance, "My shirt sticks to me like a bean leaf." Simultaneous with the arrival at the water are other arrivals. Midgits and mosquitoes whose persistence in securing a good feed is worthy of imitation by their human victims. As the

day warms up their onslaughts are a little less savage but along towards sundown they out again and are more aggressive if possible. They are now augmented by clouds of black flies. The battle is fierce, but, this is sport, this is the life!

Getting settled in the conveyance for home is a great relief from the insects and also to the aching limbs. On arriving home it is found to be difficult to get to terra firma with the stiffened legs and parboiled feet. The knees are inclined to jack-knife and let one down. The little bumps and red spots with blotches of blood on the exposed parts are evidences of the day's sport.

The good wife has clean, dry clothes, a hot bath, and a hot supper in readiness and everything is lovely and the goose hangs high. This treatment is to be repeated until cure is complete. If a fellow was compelled to earn his daily bread under such conditions what a rumpus there would be! Strange as it may seem there are some who have relapse after relapse and seem never to get entire relief.

The fishes de luxe in our vicinity are trout and salmon. Other species like pickerel, hornedpout, perch, suckers, and chubs are held in high disdain by the sports and in higher disdain by the guides. Notwithstanding what the guides call the pickerel, ("d—n sharks," which is quite appropriate), there is great sport in pickerel fishing. There is no tender sentiment in pulling in these cannibals and there is plenty of thrill in conquering the fighters. They are splendid eating.

Fish lore wouldn't be complete unless something relating to hornedpouts were chronicled. They live in a wide range of territory, being found from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. There is a slight difference in species in different localities, and they go by different names. They are a favorite with the colored people in the South as cat-fish and attain a weight sometimes of 30 pounds. With us they are horned pouts, bull pouts or bullheads. The French are very partial to them and call them the "Frenchman's trout." Many a Frenchman prides himself on his ability to skin them quickly. The skin is rather tough for eating purposes. Yankees, usually quick to "catch on" to a good thing, have been slow to recognize the

merits of the pout. As to the eating qualities, it is very often declared by good sports that they would as soon have a mess of pouts as a mess of trout. To sum up the objections to the fish, probably the name, the looks, and the horns, produce a mental prejudice. From a sporting point of view they are not a gamey fish to catch. They usually have to be caught in the night beside a fire on the bank, when the mosquitoes and "no seeums" are foraging in full force, and the skinning is some job. As to the skinning, leave it to a Yankee to invent ways to get rid of work. He hasn't invented a machine to skin horned pouts, but he soaks the pouts over night in brine and then washes them two or three times, using a spruce or fir bough as an agitator and then dresses them like you would any fish with the addition of cutting out the horns. After cooking, you'd never suspect the presence of the skin.

When disturbed the horns become rigid and are something of a menace, and a skin puncture by them is painful for a few minutes, something like a bee sting. After a little experience in "pulling them in" this trouble is mostly avoided. A point in cooking that isn't known by everyone is that they are a moist-meated fish and to get best results, should be cooked long in deep fat. To the class of fishermen whose object is "a mess" rather than sport, the pouts, from the abundance of them, offer a better chance of success than the more popular varieties. They are great breeders and the large numbers taken do not seem to affect the supply. A peculiarity of the pout not seen in any other fish, in this vicinity, is that the mother stays with the little ones and protects them until they are able to look out for themselves.

It is related that a young man was out for a day's fishing. He was bubbling over with high spirits at being away from the humdrum of the office and out in the great open. On coming to an opening he discovered a man and two very pretty young ladies standing on the bank taking in the grandeur of the scenery. Not noticing the man's collar and vest, he took him to be a fellow angler. In his enthusiasm he asked the man "what luck?" The man replied "I am a fisher of men." "Well," said the young man, eyeing the

young ladies, "you surely have the right kind of bait."

Now every mother's sport, son or daughter, has his or her preference and private opinion of bait. It is a subject of wide and long discussion and argument, and the other fellow seldom gets convinced. "A man convinced against his will" etc., you know. It takes the long range of natural fish food of worms, bugs, millers, flies, small fish, frogs, bumble bees, mice, and the endless variety of imitations of things edible, in the fish's gastronomic point of view, such as flies, pork rind, fish, frogs, boot spoons with a hook attached, spinners in variety, red flannel, and—but a stop must be made somewhere lest the reader get wearied.

Then there is the "liquid" bait, often thought so necessary for the fisherman. No doubt the seclusion of the forests is the place where the least harm comes from this indulgence. If a great many people, we hear about, would adopt Jim Lavin's rule and stick to it, they and this old world would be much better off. In making out his application for life insurance, the question was asked, "Do you use intoxicating liquors?" Jim put down the answer, "Only when I go fishing," and sent it in. The insurance company immediately replied, asking "How often do you go fishing?" It is very often suspicious that the use of this bait affects the size of the "big ones" that did and didn't "get away. The dainty young fisherwoman requires assistance in baiting her hook. The worm wiggles so and "makes her nervous." The gallant young gentleman is always found to be most accommodating.

The late Elmer Bean was one of the most skillful hunters and fishermen in this region. His record of a big fish caught in this valley remains unbroken. The fish in question was a togue, sometimes called a lake trout, taken from Munn Pond. It weighed 13 lbs. and some ounces.

There are two mysteries in this vicinity. Bass are known to have been in South

Pond, Stark, many years and to have many years in Munn Pond, Millsfield. How did they get there? They are not natives in either case.

Along with autos, hens, movies, Al. Smith, Hoover, prohibition, radios and a lot of others, as a topic of almost endless conversation, fishing stands well up in the front ranks. The numberless fishing tales cover all the phases of human experience from grave to gay.

Probably the question, "What luck?" is asked oftener than any other. Now there can be a wide difference of opinion as to what constitutes luck and what constitutes skill. Obviously some persons getting a good catch or a "big one," would be more pleased to call it skill, when the most of us know a darned sight better. Fortunate is the fellow who is on the spot at the psychological moment.

Our fish and game wardens are doing excellent work, considering the people they have to deal with, in the way of conservation in order that all may get their fair share of the fish and game. Occasionally we hear senseless criticism. Obviously, a few wardens can hardly police our large territory effectively. A few contemptible fish hogs, regardless of law and the rights of others, can just about spoil the labors of the commissioner. It is a wonder that the wardens have any patience or tolerance left in them.

Stories of the camp, the trail and the water seldom get monotonous. There is something in each that is different from any other. They are treasured and told time and again. The good sport relishes a good story or joke and relates it, even if it be at his own expense. The disaster of today becomes the joke of tomorrow. This social phase of sport life holds it with a grip that cannot be broken.

We laughed when once on a time some of our prominent citizens were captured fishing without a license over in Maine, and had to draw checks, and furthermore had to go to Rangeley and be identified by a man they didn't like very well when

he lived in Berlin, before the checks would be accepted. It is a continuous battle of wits between the wardens and the offenders.

Several years ago Lawyer Buckley was an especially popular and rising young man over in Lancaster. (His early death cut short a promising and brilliant career.) It came to his ears one day that a bunch of his friends had gone on a few days' trip to Maidstone Lake, Vt. He also heard that the Vermont game warden had started for the lake to see what these fellows were up to. Buckley grabbed his snowshoes and rushed to the station and arrived just in time to swing onto the caboose of a north-bound train. He got off at Stratford Hollow, donned his snowshoes, and hiked across the Connecticut river and over the mountains to the lake, arriving somewhat ahead of the warden. All fishing tackle was immediately hidden. The warden came in soon after and made inquiries as to what they were doing there. They explained that they were just out for a few days' camping and rest.

"What about the holes in the ice?" he asked.

"Those holes? O yes, those holes are some that somebody cut here last year."

"It is better to have fished and lost than never to have fished at all." It might be interesting to analyze the young bride's feelings who on being complimented on what a fine husband she had landed, exclaimed, "Oh, you ought to see some that got away."

These anecdotes and comments are a sort of introductory, in other words, the words of a famous office holder in Chicago several years ago, "Touchin' on an' appertainin' to," a story of a great fishing party on North Pond (Christine Lake) in Stark, and the resultant litigation, nearly 40 years ago, when men rose in their might to stand up for their rights—and got them, after fighting in the courts 20 years.

(To be continued)

BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES

BOSTON

Among our visitors in March were Messrs. Hescoc, Palmer, and Van Waxo from Berlin.

Harold Chase of Portland is a frequent and welcome visitor, for he has the happy faculty of making himself at home with

the facilities of this office, just as we do wherever we may be in Company premises.

Other visitors from Portland were Gilford Henderson, James Taylor, "Len" Stack, Lexington Orne, Arthur Spring. Also rans were "Josiah" Sterling and

John Bill Callahan, who being financial men played safe and reported by telephone.

We had an inspirational visit from Norman Brown.

Messrs. Annable and Whiting, formerly

of our towel force, have severed their connection with the Company.

George MacDonald has joined our office force.

John A. Fogarty, head of the sales of farm products, chemicals and web, is a frequent visitor.

L. A. Coulton, director of purchases of the Zellerbach Paper Company of San Francisco, was a welcome visitor to this office.

ATLANTA

Whitner Milner is "Bulletin" reporter for May.

Our towel crew, composed of J. G. Moran, H. W. Kitchen and Whitner Milner, have just completed a trip through Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Louisiana. While in New Orleans, C. P. McKenzie of Dameron-Pierson Co. showed us historic points of interest and explained why they have adopted the slogan, "America's most interesting city."

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Leopold B. Hirschman of Pensacola, Fla. Mr. Hirschman has been connected with Lewis Bear Company for twenty-four years.

Recent visitors to the Atlanta Office were L. G. Gurnett en route East, J. A. Riley of Graybar Electric Co., and E. C. Root of Cleveland, Ohio.

Fulton Paper Company of Atlanta re-



W. A. WIEDEMANN

cently welcomed an addition to their firm by way of a young son to M. A. Greenblatt.

The Beale Street Blues

Friendly argument of two colored gentlemen, overheard in Memphis, Tenn.

Alexander: Boy, you better pay me that dime.

Ephrus: I doan owe you no dime.

Alexander with one hand behind himself dislodges loose brick from old building and socks Ephrus on the "dome."

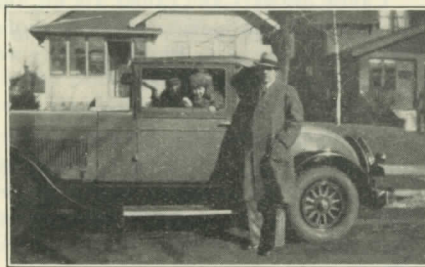
Ephrus: (Few minutes later regaining consciousness) Boy, you better buy yourself a razor, first thing you know you' goan' kill somebody with that brick.

3240 Fremont Ave. So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

April 8, 1928.

The Brown Bulletin,
Berlin, New Hampshire.
Gentlemen:

I am enclosing a snapshot of myself and wife and my prize Chrysler. We celebrated our seventh wedding anniversary



NIBROC BILL AND HIS PRIZES

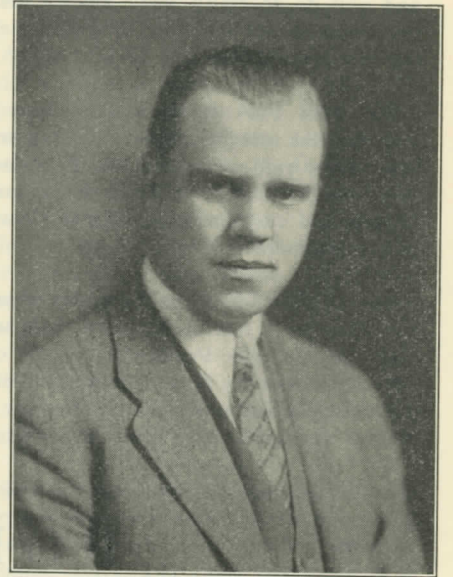
on April 6th by completing 2000 miles on the new car, and the end of the "breaking in" period. Now watch us ramble.

We certainly are enjoying this car more than any we ever owned, and are going to drive it home to Lewistown, Montana, in July. You may recall a summary of our last trip to Montana in August, 1925, when Mel Pray was in charge of the Minneapolis office. We do not expect any of the trouble we experienced on that trip, the account of which was printed in either the October or November, 1925, issue of the Bulletin.

Sincerely yours,
W. A. Wiedeman.
"Nibroc Bill."

MINNEAPOLIS

W. A. Wiedeman of the McClellan Paper Company, Minneapolis, Minn., was awarded the Grand Prize covering New Account Volume in the National Nibroc Towel Contest. He selected the Standard Coupe. "Bill" is 37 years of age and has



L. W. UNDERWOOD

been with the McClellan organization for a number of years. Mr. Wiedeman is a hustler and has always been a thorough believer in the Nibroc Towel. Congratulations, Bill, you surely are justified in being known to the trade as "Nibroc Bill."

L. W. Underwood of the Carpenter Paper Company, Omaha, Nebr., is the proud possessor of the other Grand Prize which was awarded for the greatest number of New Accounts obtained in the recent National Nibroc Towel Contest. He chose the Royal Sedan. Mr. Underwood is 28 years of age and has been with the Carpenter Paper Company for several years. We wish to extend our congratulations to Mr. Underwood for his splendid work.

"Mac" recently made a short business trip to Chicago.

Mrs. L. L. Sheppard who has been our stenographer for the past two years recently resigned. Mrs. Sheppard was very capable and efficient in her work, and we regret that she is leaving our employ. Mr. Allan J. Vaughan, who was added to our force to take over Mrs. Sheppard's duties, is becoming familiar with the work and Mrs. Sheppard expects to leave about April 10th.

PACIFIC COAST

V. M. Older is a recent addition to our ranks, taking the place of F. H. Montgomery who left the employment of the company a short time ago. Mr. Older, who is a brother of Lincoln G. Older, our assistant manager, comes to us from our

good customers, Blake, Moffitt & Towne, and will do specialty work among towel customers in our territory, as well as selling our general lines.

Mr. Van Pool spent several days in Los Angeles recently, luckily missing several severe rain storms in San Francisco. Mr. Van Pool called on many of our good friends and customers, and found all well in our southern territory.

Lincoln G. Older is in the midst of preparations for a trip to the north. He will visit Seattle and Portland, and as our office has recently been appointed agents for Brown Corporation in the province of British Columbia, Mr. Older will make a

pioneer trip into our new territory, visiting Vancouver and Victoria.

No loyal Californian cares to mention rain, fog or earthquakes—no more than a voodoo witch doctor talks lightly of the black spirits; or a rich bachelor, marriage; probably on the theory "speak of the devil and he appears." Mention rain to the Californian and he looks at you with an expression of pained surprise, and regards you ever after with distrust and suspicion. But news is news, pleasant or unpleasant, and when it rains we are going to tell about it at the risk of being unpopular with our Native Son neighbors; and let us say that it did rain last week. It

drizzled and poured and finally came down in buckets, and the strong wind accompanying it together with occasional hail, made stormy March a reality even in sunny California. Many parts of the state were threatened with serious floods, and the fruit blossoms suffered from the wind. However, while there was some damage done, it is said that it is more than offset by the benefit to the farmers; so although we ruined two pairs of shoes owing to optimism and an aversion to galoshes, we are consoled by the assurances that rain at this season is "unusual," and better that it was a boon to the lettuce growers, which is ample compensation for all things suffered.

PORTLAND OFFICE

THE CORRESPONDENT'S PLEA

If we could write the things we feel,
Could make imagination real—
If pencil, paper, pen and ink
Had but the gift to make us think,
We'd shed our studied attitudes,
Inane remarks and platitudes,
And write our missives just as though
They went to people whom we know.

We'd scorn such terms as "even date"
And "in reply we beg to state,"
"Regarding" would not be "in re,"
Our meanings would be plain as day.
"Yours truly" we would not "remain,"
From stilted phrases we'd refrain—
How vivid would our letters be
In simple phraseology!

No "15th inst." or "30th ult."
Our readers' senses would insult;
From florid bombast like "esteemed"
Our sentences would be redeemed.
In homely words and simple style
We'd write each letter with a smile—
Oh! What a difference—goodness knows,
If we could write plain English prose!
—Charles Abel, in Nation's
Business Magazine.

One of our staid members of the Accounting Department is said to be so taken up with his lady friend that one night recently he requested Station W. C. S. H. to play for him "Yes, Sir, She's My Baby." The organist at the Strand granted his request and wished him the best of luck and hoped that at the present time she was enfolded in his arms. We always knew he was a great man after the ladies.

Clyde Richardson is better known at the present time as "Gracious."

You should have heard the argument

between Todd and Chellis on rents and taxes.

Candy drawers and raffles are no longer a success hereabouts, due, it is thought, either to a rat or to Philip Grover's awful appetite and forgetfulness.

We understand that Thomas Estabrook has left his position as purchasing agent and joined the ranks of newspaper boys. We hope his editions will be more up to date than those used in the Rotary Club Show.

"Spiral Wound" of the core department must be Scotch, as he turns the motor off in his car to save gas while closing his garage door.

All credit is due Patrick O'Brien as a rising young sleuth. He it was who rescued George Bradbury's "Erring Essie" from the ignominy of charges of "loitering, suspicious and disorderly conduct." An officer waited all day to tag its owner, who was busy elsewhere trying to persuade our "Force" to look for it, or at least to "write to the State Police."

Recently Ralph Dyer's telephone rang. He adjusted his headset and then said Hello! Hello! No answer. He then woke up and took off the receiver, and everything was all right. You know, Ralph, one has to tune in on a station before one can enjoy the music.

"Spiral Wound" Cady, better known as "Speed Essex," wishes to advise the read-

ers of this month's Bulletin that he has at last discovered the difference between a spiral wound and a fibre core.

Charlie Pousland has been transferred from the cost accounting department to the statistical department. We all wish him luck.

The undefeated five (Brown Company's Basketeers) would like to know if there is anyone who would be interested in having a picture of them. If so, write Charlie Pousland, statistical department.

Herbert Cilley is convinced at last by "Zinc and Horace" that it takes the Chemical Sales Division to put any unknown product on the market like Lindy took Paris.

Attention, Mr. Duke Dupont! It would be a fine idea to get in touch with Mr. Bishop and sell him a new supply of No Vap, as a certain garage man drew off Bishop's anti-freeze solution that he had in the Essex radiator and threw it down the sink.

We were all pleased to have Mr. Hanson make us a short visit and in the future would like to have him stay long enough to get acquainted.

Gilford Henderson has returned from a three weeks' trip to our Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburgh offices, and reports a very interesting trip, having called on many of our customers.

In the event there happens to be two or three of Horton R. King's acquaintances who have not as yet been informed of his recent trip to Boston, we take this opportunity of announcing this important event.

We understand that Harold Vayo of the sales statistical department made quite a hit with his lady friend with the box of chocolates which he won on the raffle. Clinton Bishop wasn't quite so lucky though.

George "Red" Beasley has been using the "Ditto" ink so much lately that he is seriously considering using it to dye his hair.

The red-headed gentleman referred to in the last issue of the Bulletin by the mailing department is seriously thinking of accepting the invitation to the banquet. Kindly communicate further with him at once.

Lewis Hogan of the accounting department took the First Aid course conducted by the American Red Cross, with Commodore Longfellow of New York City as instructor. Classes were held at the Portland Athletic Club. Examinations were given by Dr. Lester L. Powell, April 7, 1928. Lew passed with a rank of 93%. If at any time you are in need of first aid, call on our first aider.

W. L. Bennett, of the Quebec Office, was here for a day or two during the week of April 9th. The sympathy of the Portland Office is extended to Mr. Bennett on account of the death of his father in Yarmouth, Maine, where he had lived for many years and was formerly superintendent of the S. D. Warren Company.

Phil Twitchell is busily engaged in his spring testing tours, trying out all known makes of cars and reports increasing health and happiness thereby. But as he said in a recent interview: "You can't beat a good ole Dodge."

One of the basketball fans of the mailing department has a suggestion to make concerning the one penny left as clear profit to the team, namely, that the captain take the copper, buy a lollypop, and share it with the rest of the players. They deserve it!

Sadie says that "Spring fever" is very contagious—and how!

Here's a song dedicated to the bachelors

of Brown Company entitled "He says he is going to get married tomorrow, because there is no tomorrow."

Christine took her vacation the week of April 23. We hope she had a good time.

The market studies department sends greetings to Old Bill Decker now at Berlin. Our sentiment is "Gone but not forgotten."

Two more of the market studies department have joined the ranks of gasoline inhalers, C. A. Philippi uses the whip on a Buick Coupe, and John D. Langmuir pushes a Chandler Coach. Both models are B. C.

YOU AND THE BOSS

If you will work, the boss will smile
And rush to make it worth your while.

If you will think, the boss will grin
And smooth the way for you to win.

For every boss that I have known
Has loved his workmen as his own.

And nothing pleases him so much
As one who has the master touch.

It is the profit and not the loss
That wins the friendship of the boss.

Only a foolish boss would drop
The best man in his store or shop.

So if he rails at what you do
The fault's not with the boss, but you.

You say he's frowning all the while
Do better work and watch him smile!
—Selected.

Matthew L. O'Brien, whose death occurred on the twenty-ninth of March, was the last survivor of the famous old time Long Shore Crew which in the old days of Portland was one of the most talked of rowing outfits in this section of New England. Mr. O'Brien was always very active in the crew, and they raced craft both in Casco Bay and in Massachusetts waters. In those days Portland boasted of many rowing clubs, but none gained such a wide reputation as the Long Shore Crew. Born in St. John, N. B., about seventy-five years ago, Mr. O'Brien came with his family to Portland when a young man of nineteen or twenty years. He started work as a longshoreman loading vessels with South American cargoes and remained a resident of Portland until the time of his death. He continued working as a stevedore until 1914, when he became connected with the Brown Company as

a surveyor, remaining until 1925, when he retired.

A meeting of the Hoo Hoo Club was held on the evening of April 17th at Chesterbrook Farm on the Saco Road, Dunstan. A shore dinner was served. James O. McLean, H. D. Currier and Thomas R. Horton, of the Brown Company, together with about twenty-eight others representing the various local lumber concerns, were present. A general discussion relating to building business was held.

Thomas E. Barry, Jr., has been engaged as chauffeur for the building supplies division.

Several years ago, Mr. Bean and I went for a day's fishing to the Ammonoosuc. The spring high water wasn't down to summer level, and there were jams of logs, what is called a "hung up" drive, along the banks waiting to go out on next Spring's freshet.

On the bank in a old farm house lived a family in which there was a boy of 10 or 12 years, a genuine Isaac Walton in the bud. He informed us that he was out of luck, had lost all his hooks, and couldn't fish. We supplied the deficiency to his great joy. Seemingly he made undue haste to tie a hook to his line, and make a quick getaway down stream. He had method in his madness. It seems he knew where there were some trout under some logs, and he made it his business to get there first. He succeeded in getting the trout, and when we all got back to the house, he threw large hints that we buy them, but we were not inclined. I would say here that his tackle was the proverbial country alder pole and line. Exhibiting his largest one he exclaimed, "I tell you, it made my pole bend some when I pulled him out." Eyeing our slender bamboo rods he made the further comment, "I'll bet it would have made your pole bend to beat h—l."

—Louville Paine.

HERE AND THERE

J. J. Tellington of the employment department at Berlin has been elected a member of the School Board of Gorham for three years.

Bill Egan of the Cascade Mill, Commander of Dupont-Holmes Post of the American Legion, reports that the people of Gorham backed up the Post wonderfully, when it presented the "World War Picture" at the Municipal Building on the afternoon and evening of April 22.

DON'T GET HURT!

The Chemical Mill with only one Lost-Time Accident during the month of March carried off the honors for that month in the Accident Prevention Campaign. That single accident which marred a perfect record was due to failure of a man to wear goggles when handling caustic.

This is a violation of the Safety Rules; and when this is done, accidents are bound to happen. Again—all the rules and regulations that can be adopted, all the safety devices that can be attached to machines, all the guards that can be erected, all the warning signs that can be posted are useless unless every man is careful to see that they are maintained, unless goggles and gas masks are used when and where necessary, unless every man is careful to warn others of danger. Analysis of accident reports for the last two months show that the large majority of accidents, even the serious ones, happen in a simple way and from simple causes; and it necessarily follows that the prevention of the same accidents are simple.

For example: One man is suffering from a crushed chest and broken collar bone because of a small hole worn in a cement floor. A truck wheel went into the hole, overturned and a heavy roll fell on the man. An oiler put a finger into a hole to press down the waste at the top of an elevator—the elevator started and the tip of his finger was taken off. Accidents of this nature will always happen,

unless fingers are kept out of gears and machinery. As usual, several accidents were reported when nails were stepped on. There will always be planks lying around with nails in them. That is hard to prevent; but either pull out the nail or turn over the plank and report it.

Several reports have been received about men throwing material to the ground from upper floors. While no lost-time accidents have occurred last month from this source, nevertheless, there were three close escapes from serious blows on the head from falling material. In one place, a barrel dropped from a height and barely missed a man's head. In another place, a large roll of wire was thrown out of a door and landed in front of a man who was about to pass. A miss may be as good as a mile; but if the practice continues, the man and the material are bound to arrive at the same place at the same time, the point of contact generally being on top of the man's head—then will follow a mile to the hospital and a miss in a white uniform awaiting. No material should be thrown to the ground from an elevation unless all safe precautions have been taken. If material is removed regularly, a chute, where practical, is safe. Otherwise a man should be stationed on the ground to warn passersby.

The Safety topic for this month as suggested by the National Safety Council

is on electrical hazards. Electricity is invisible and noiseless and is responsible for thousands of injuries in industry every year.

The dangers of electricity are from shock, burns, flashed eyes, fire which may be caused from a short circuit, accidental ground, overload or poor contact.

Electrical hazards would be decreased both in number and severity if we were at all times to follow the accepted standards for installing and using electrical equipment. The safety committee should look for things that may cause electrical accidents and make recommendations that will prevent them. Everyone should appoint himself a safety committee of one to report unsafe electrical conditions.

Are fixed wires run in conduit wherever possible?

Are suitable warning signs properly located at places of unusual danger?

Are exposed non-current-carrying metal parts properly grounded?

Are insulated floor mats provided where needed?

Are rubber handles placed on all starters?

Is electrical equipment so enclosed, guarded or insulated that danger is lessened as much as possible?

The time to prevent an accident is before it happens. Report all unsafe conditions.

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

MAIN OFFICE

Mr. Orton B. Brown was toastmaster at the University Night held at the Berlin High School on March 29 under the auspices of the alumni of the University of Maine.

John Heck has moved to new quarters in the grist mill, which has been remodelled to provide much needed additional office space for woods and forestry activities. The storage that formerly centered there has been moved to the stable, and the construction record office is located in a corner of the time office. John is very mysterious about the name of his

new office, but some wag has suggested that he hang out a sign marked "Forest Market Research Engineer."

H. I. Baldwin of the Forest Investigation is also located in the same building. Baldwin has spent much of his time moving his equipment the past year or two, from the forestry building to the research department, to the Kream Krisp across the river, and now to the grist mill. He must be happy to find a resting place at last.

Joe May of the New York office visited the office and mills on March 20-22nd. We were all very glad to welcome Mr.

May, who in the few times he has been in Berlin has made many friends.

On Saturday morning, March 24th, we were favored with our first thunder shower. It was a genuine surprise to all of us. The cold weather that has followed has not been "so nice."

It was with regret that we received notice that one of our most popular Brownies had completed her work with the Brown Company. Miss Anna LeClair has given up her duties in the store on account of ill health. Her pleasant personality has won her a host of friends who

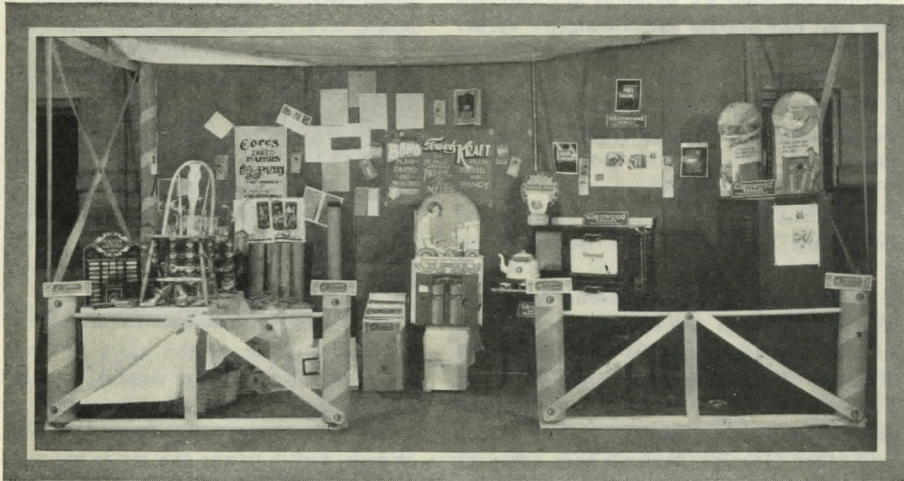


EXHIBIT OF HARDWARE DEPARTMENT, BROWN COMPANY STORE, BUY-IN-BERLIN EXPOSITION AND FASHION SHOW

will surely miss her at the "candy counter" as well as in all the social functions of the store and office. The girls of the store and office presented Anna with a silk umbrella before her departure from her work.

Miss Alice Falardeau is the new clerk at the candy counter.

Many of the office folks attended the "Follies" at the Albert Theatre, April 12th.

STORE EMPLOYEES HAVE OUTING

The employees of the Brown Company Store held a very interesting and enjoyable "surprise party" for Miss Anna Le-Clair on Tuesday evening, April 10th, at Gibbon's cottage on the Milan road.

After a bit of strategy had been performed Anna had been lured for a short ride before going home after the day's work had been completed. The short ride ended at the Gibbons cottage where the store crowd had all gathered to pay homage to one of their number. The tables were all laid for a feast. When Anna saw the room all in readiness for a good feast and a long social evening, she was indeed surprised.

The menu consisted of oyster stew, rolls, coffee, doughnuts, pickles and olives, and after the hunger of each individual had been appeased the evening was given over to playing various games—mostly bridge. Much laughter and jollity was continually in the air.

During the evening Solway Johnson, in behalf of the crowd, presented Anna with a ten-dollar gold piece.

It is with much regret that the crowd has to see Anna leave and it is earnestly

hoped that her health may improve fast and that she may come back later and mingle with the store crowd again.

JOLLIETTES

Tuesday evening, April 10. As usual. And AS usual. Thirteen Joliettes enjoyed one of their justly famous Club Night suppers.

Yum! Lobster Newburg, fruit salad, chocolate cake and ice cream, coffee, 'neverthin'—winsome table service (girls) too.

The small tables were very pleasing in a delicate yellow and white.

The evening was spent at the Club, giving the girls a chance to amble about and rub noses with each other.

A "BISHOPRIC" TRAGEDY

IN ONE ACT

Time: The present.

Place: John Heck's new office.

Enters Scott Lockyer. Sees John pacing nervously back and forth with his hands folded behind his back, head down, deep furrows on his brow, and a tense and troubled expression on his customary smiling countenance, all denoting great mental and physical agitation.

Scott watches John for a considerable time. John apparently is quite unconscious of anyone's presence and so continues his pacing up and down the office. Scott hesitates to disturb him fearing that he has lost his wife or perhaps his money. Having a particularly kind and sympathetic temperament, Scott is naturally deeply moved by the sad spectacle of John's mental agony. After watching him walk about twelve miles within the narrow limits of his office, he finally inquires what the matter is, expecting to hear of some great tragedy in John's otherwise tranquil and sober life.

John (still retaining his troubled expression): I don't know whereinell I'll put Bishop.

Scott: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

This may explain to the Forestry Department why Scott is frequently heard to laugh without any visible reason for doing so.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

We have just received Volume III. of the "International Critical Tables of



FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO (1884)

Left to Right—Felix Barbin, Urbain Bourgo, Mr. Gosselin, Peter Barbin, Napoleon Roy, Pierre Rouleau, Francis Couture, Louis Landry, Octave Mercier, Fred Barbin, foreman, Mr. Langis, Ed. Toussaint's father, Edouard Therrien. Back Row—Tom Feeney.



CAMP GORDON BOOTH

Numerical Data of Physics, Chemistry, and Technology," prepared under the auspices of the International Research Council and the National Academy of Sciences by the National Research Council of the United States of America, of which Dr. H. K. Moore is one of the Board of Trustees.

This contains a table of "Partial Vapor Pressures of Aqueous Solutions of Sulphur Dioxide," compiled by W. B. Van Arsdel from data in the literature and those determined in this laboratory by Charles A. Taylor, Dr. Curtis W. Thing, and A. W. Chase.

W. W. Webber was a member of the committee on arrangements for the University Night held at the Berlin High School on March 29 under the auspices of the alumni of the University of Maine. With 150 university men present representing all parts of the United States and Canada and some sections of the Old World, the affair was a great success. Judge George D. Alden of Watertown, Mass., was the main speaker of the evening. Although a lineal descendant of John Alden of Pilgrim story, he carried his genealogy lightly, and provided an evening of entertainment with much to think about between the stories.

The engagement of Miss Mildred Wagner of Berlin and Benjamin G. Hoos was announced at a party given by friends of Miss Wagner on April 10.

Married, April 10, Elmer Johnson of the rayon unit and Miss Dorothy Buchanan of Berlin.

Fred Motschmann, formerly connected with our department, is publishing a series of articles upon "The Process of Sulphite Manufacture" in the magazine, "The Paper Industry," which is printed in Chicago. In spite of his exposure here, Mr. Motschmann never seems to have

learned the rules for hyphens and capitals, and that one should say "owing to" rather than "due to."

Shirley Cave, sister of G. L. Cave, is valedictorian at Gorham High School this year.

N. L. Nourse recently talked on "Rayon" before the Kiwanis Club of Berlin.

It has been quite impossible for us to keep a record of the comings and goings of our ambassadors this month. G. A. Richter, W. B. Van Arsdel, M. O. Schur, C. H. Goldsmith, D. H. McMurtrie, Chandler Coffin, N. L. Nourse, Walter Hearn, and Mose Hescok have all been away for more or less extended periods.

The Philotechnical Society has continued to hold interesting meetings. On March 30, Mr. J. A. Benham of Tube Mill No. 2 talked on "The Bedaux System of



ALBERT MORIN AS MR. LINOLEUM

Industrial Measurement." On April 3, Dr. P. Rupert Gast of the Harvard Forest School gave an illustrated lecture upon "The Measurement of Radiant Energy for Biological Studies."

R. B. Hill is convalescing slowly but favorably from a hard siege of pneumonia.

Denis Roberts has moved up on Sweden Street.

CARD OF THANKS

To all my friends I wish to express my appreciation for the flowers sent me while in the hospital.

George E. Oleson.

TUBE MILL NO. 2

Phil Tardiff of the electrical department has traded his flivver for an Essex. We hope he doesn't have any trouble with the motor near Cedar Pond.

John Blouin of the millwright crew has purchased an Essex Coach.

Joe Bernier enjoys his new radio very much, and we don't hear as much about the Nash as we used to. Joe says he can get W. B. L. anywhere on the dials.

Our big "butter and egg man," Pete St. Hilaire, has sold out his hen business, hens and all, and at present is running a livery and boarding stable for rabbits. If Pete knows his rabbits like he knew his eggs, we are sure he will be very successful in his new venture.

Mike Goyette of the shipping crew is learning all about the Scotch, or that is our opinion. Some of our readers may think Mike is learning from Wee Willie Woods, but if it was the latter we wonder what he was doing all toggled up in feminine attire.

Bill Ryan of the shipping crew is planning on a trip "down east" this summer. "What other island is there, Bill?"

John Donaldson has his new hen house completed and it surely is a modern building in every detail. Mr. Donaldson has several of his choicest hens "setting" at the present time, and he warns the public for the last time this season to order their hatching eggs early as the output will not meet the demand very much longer.

Chet Carr has another Nash but we never saw Chet out in his Sport Model Ford since he got it painted.

Byron Ferris of the pipers is an ardent follower of Gene Tunney and is willing to bet on Gene, when he battles Tom Heeney. Lem Hyde will take his bet but says all bets are off, if Tunney uses a bicycle or running shoes.

Harry Lawrence says Gene Tunney doesn't care much for Coolidge, as he can't see why the latter does not choose to run. If running had anything to do in



READY TO DRIVE ON BEAN BROOK



TRIP TO HALF-WAY HOUSE ON MT. WASHINGTON, MARCH, 1928

Left to Right—Harold Titus, Henry Barbin, Bob Barbin, Albert Morin, Olaf Oleson, Lawrence Barbin, Fred Bernier, Mendell Beaudoin, and Jos. Dube

political circles Tunney would be President already and since last September.

Oscar Nelson is waiting for the fishing season to open up and is anxious to get a feed of the speckled beauties.

Bill Sweeney, one of our finest inspectors, is planning to match up Young Gilbert with some good 120 pounder and we all feel sure Gilbert will make good as he has strength, speed and all the necessary qualifications to become a boxer. We hope we will see this boy in action soon, and we feel confident he will make either Mike Goyette or Danny Prince go their limit and then some.

Jack Rodgeron who is on a Safety First committee sends in the following:

Here lies the body of Samuel Crane
Who ran a race with a speeding train.
He reached the track, got nearly across,
But Sam and his car were a total loss.
The sexton softly tolled his knell
Speeding Sam on his way to—well
If he'd only stop to Look and Listen
He'd be living now instead of missin'.

Woodbury Rogers has the Chevrolet all harnessed up and makes several trips to Lancaster each week. Some attraction, we suppose.

Arthur MacKenzie has a Nash Sedan. Some class to those Ward 4 millwrights.

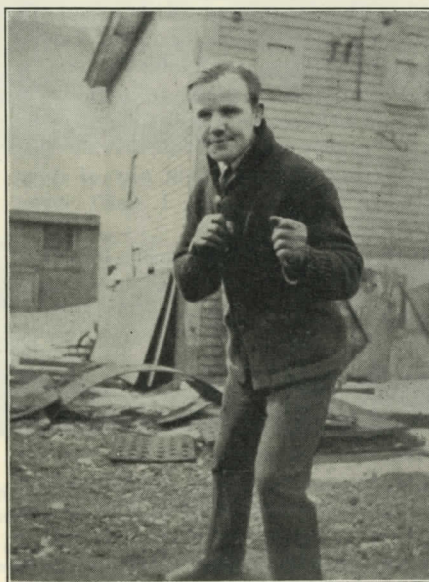
H. Carberry, Jintown poultry raiser, is adding new stock to his flock, steadily replacing those lost last year in the flood. Mr. Carberry lost about 125 choice hens.

B. A. A.

By JACK RODGERSON

That boxing is going strong all over the country is what we read in the daily papers and those who missed the last card at the City Hall, March 30, missed a whole lot. Wee Willie Woods of Glasgow, Scotland,

and Gene Rochan of Paris, France, were the principals in the main bout. It was a regular tong war from start to finish, and in the second round Willie sent Rochan to the canvas for a nine count, and after that the clever Rochan kept a-moving. It was called a draw at the finish, although several thought Woods had the edge. However the two boys are meeting again April 20, for 10 rounds, and this battle should settle all arguments. Wee Willie is making his home here at present, and the writer would like to say to all of those who have not had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, that he is one of the cleverest, if not the cleverest, who ever invaded our ring here. His past record shows he is there and a glimpse of him shows he is a model of clean living and a real sport. We are fortunate in having a boxer of his ability



WEE WILLIE WOODS

with us, and we hope our Berlin boys who have aspirations of becoming boxers will get acquainted with him and learn the business right, as Wee Willie likes to see young boys get in the game and start in the right way. Mike Goyette did his training with Woods for the last Prince bout and showed a 100-percent improvement over previous performances, as he stepped into Prince and demonstrated a wicked right that before was conspicuous by its absence. Before training with Wee Willie, Mike used his right to eat soup with and put on his jazz bow, but now he knows how to place it where it belongs. Mike is a rugged boy and tougher than a boarding house steak and when he learns cleverness along with hitting quality watch his smoke. Thanks to Wee Willie Woods, our other boys, Dick Lambert and

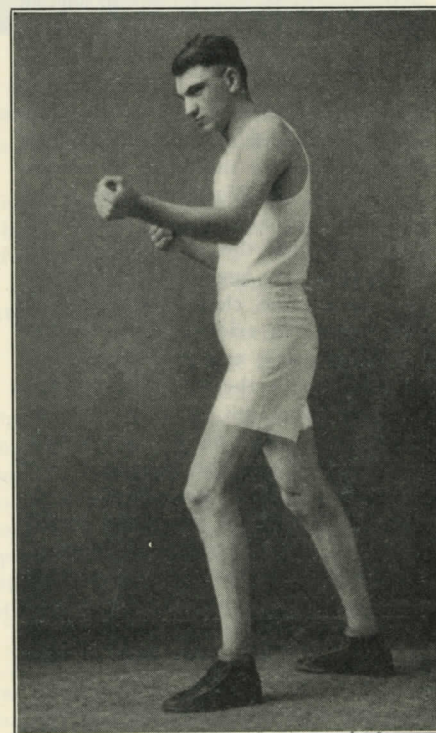
Johnny Leroux, have done well out of town recently. Lambert on April 12 lifted the Maine state welter crown from Owen Matthews, the colored warrior from Sanford. It was a corking go. Johnny Leroux also pasted Barney Grant out of the picture in Lewiston recently. This makes the second time Johnny pulled this same performance. Johnny accepted the challenge of the winner of the Lambert-Matthews go, and we hope it is settled here. We have another boy here who is coming along fast, Young Leo Salvas. Can't this kid battle. He already has the stuff of older battlers, and made a punching bag out of Jinks Allen in their last meeting. Our old stand-by, Bow Wow Finson, is going to take on a Gorham battler parading by the name of Young Johnson. They are all the same to Bow, and he is ready to polish off this bird, as he has done all the others. We are pleased to state Bow Wow Finson and Mike Goyette work here in the Tube Mill.

AXE HANDLE BERNIER SHAPES

UP LIKE COMING CHAMP.

Axe Handle Bernier, local heavyweight boxer, stands out as the most promising big fellow Berlin has developed in a long time.

Bernier has cleaned up nearly all the big boys in this section several times. He has tried to clinch a match with Cake Eater Augherton of Gorham and Cowboy



AXE HANDLE BERNIER

Kid Miller, but for some reason or other could not get them to meet him in a ring.

Axe Handle is a rough baby within the ropes and always gives the fans plenty of action every time he fights.

CHAMPION OF ST. MAURICE

VALLEY SEEKS ACTION HERE

Raoul Kid Demers, Sherbrooke's rugged 152-pounder, is anxious to meet any of the leaders in New England. Demers is 23 years of age and has had 54 fights. He has won 32 by K. O., won eight by decision, and gone to a draw five times.

Demers is anxious to tackle Dick Lambert, Johnnie Leroux, Wop Manolian, Paddy Flynn, Turk Nazarine or any of the leaders in this section, and feels confident that he can beat all of the above-mentioned stars. Demers has many relatives residing in Berlin. Bob Gendron, who stood out as Berlin's best a short time ago, is related to Demers. Henry Blais, the referee, and Kid Demers, Berlin's great fighter of other days, are also all relatives of the speedy Canadian boy.

Demers says he will come to Berlin. If he does not beat Lambert or Leroux, he does not want a cent for his services. The sooner he gets a match here the better he will like it.

WEE WILLIE WOODS AND GENE ROCHAN FIGHT SHASHING 10-ROUND DRAW IN CITY HALL

Wee Willie Woods of Scotland and Gene Rochan of Boston fought 10 wicked rounds to a draw at the B. A. A. show in City Hall, Friday, March 30th. It was the fastest and most gruelling battle ever seen in Berlin. Both men started at the gong to make short work of the fight. Woods dropped Rochan for the count of nine in the first round, but Woods received a bad cut over his eye and gamely battled on with it closed for the remainder of the fight. Rochan was aggressive throughout and put up a game, clever battle. Woods was very much in evidence as he rushed and smashed away, and his heavy blows raised havoc with the sturdy game Rochan. Men from out of state that attended this fight and old-time local fight followers said it was the best fight they ever saw and that if this pair could be rematched, they would be willing to pay ten dollars a seat to see it over again.

Chick Arsenault, that rugged Gorham veteran, stopped Johnny Thorn of the Berlin Mills in the second round of the scheduled six-round semi-final. Mike Goyette of the Berlin Mills showed marked improvement and won the decision over the speedy Danny Prince in the fast four-round top prelim. In the four-round

opener, Blondie Bergeron of the Irish Acre out-slugged Teddy Lapointe and won the decision.

COWBOY KID MILLER

RARING TO GO

I am now back in my old-time fighting form and I am ready right now to tackle any and all the big fellows in this section. Bring on that Cake Eater Augherton of Gorham, if he thinks that he can fight, or Axe Handle Bernier, that lanky wood chopper, and just be on hand and see me flatten them on the rug in jig time. Augherton ran out of town and I know the reason for it. He did not dare to face me. That lanky wood chopper, Axe Handle Bernier, challenged me the last time I fought in Berlin. If I ever get him in a ring with me, Axe Handle or no Axe Handle, he is going out feet first—and I don't mean may be.

When I get through with the Cake Eater and Axe Handle, bring on Tarzen Paulin, Cowboy Jones, Rabbit Violette or any and all the big sluggers in this section, and believe me I will fold them up on the canvas one and all. I am just raring to go and will fight any of them any time or place and I don't mean perhaps.

Hoping to get a match soon, I remain,
Yours truly,

Cowboy Kid Miller,
Wentworth Location, N. H.

BOSTON BOXER LOSES IN BOUT WITH WEE WILLIE

Wee Willie Woods of Scotland won the judges' decision over Gene Rochan of Boston in the 10-round feature bout of the B. A. A. show here tonight. It was a fast and gruelling battle from start to finish.

The Boston boxer apparently had Woods in a weakened condition in the ninth but the latter came back strong and carried the last round.

In the semi-final Dorrity Arsenault of Gorham won the judges' decision over Leo Salvas of the East Side in six rounds.

In the preliminaries Irish Mickey Finnen of Berlin knocked out Bow Wow Finsen of Berlin Mills in the second round after a furious melee. Mike Goyette of Berlin Mills won the decision over Young Prince of Irish Acre, a strong finish carrying the award. —Boston Post, Apr. 20.

BROWN COMPANY

RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Louville Green	\$ 9.24
James Buckley	13.90
Chas Kimball	100.72

Joe Cote	72.00
Edward Nolin	108.80
David Peters	103.80
James Lowe	62.50
Philibert Rogers	25.00
Thomas Thompson	44.70
Edmond Auger	24.00
Elzear L'Abbe	12.00
Samuel Sproul	68.80
Nicholas Pavlov	87.00
Octave Bedard	37.50
George Couture	24.00
Woodbury C. Rogers	16.00
Leo Lapointe	60.00
Wilfred Bouchard	70.82
John Bedard	25.00
Honore Nadeau	72.00
Chas. Morin	48.00
Adelard Demers	12.90
T. J. Bagley	75.00
Emile King	75.00
Wm. Mason	75.00
S. Guimond	47.90
Wilfred Cayer	25.00
Fred Steady	7.70
Harold Nutbrown	43.16
Maurice Letellier	30.00
Chas. Parker	70.50
Chas. Rainville	12.00
Geo. Gauthier	40.00
David Livingston	15.40
Charles Baker	4.66
Poland Dupont	47.30
Fred Laerty	40.00
Louis Leborgne	18.00
Amedee Larivee	22.90
Franklin Mortenson	62.10
Arthur Roberge	38.64
Frank Napert	89.40
Lorenzo Lessard	51.60
Fred R. Oleson	152.35
Earle Studd	37.50
Jos. Dupont	49.45
Henry Bedard	14.58
Frank LeBretton	47.30
Pomoe Drapeau	16.00
George Dionne	47.30
Poger Dandeneau	14.00
Eugene Godin	6.00
I. J. Wheeler	26.00
John Firth	10.00
Oscar Christianson	12.80
Joseph Robichaud	8.00
Richard Trearmer	93.75
J. A. Brisson	56.66
Charles Dube	68.80
Helmer Oakerlund	40.00
Remi Lambert	19.35
Ernest Carberry	33.33
Bernard Grondin	8.00
Andrew F. Mullen	26.00
Denis Kilbride	12.00
Lucile Munroe	320.80
Gilbert Arsenault	74.53
Wm. Marcoux	49.06
Pat Hughes	103.20
Pete Remillard	21.16
Robert Hamilton	24.00
Jos. Namey	52.00
Chas. Burke	103.20
Archie Grenier	56.00
Dana Berry	45.60
F. A. Gessner	50.80
Gabriel Gaetano	10.00
Henry Potvin	12.00
Maurice Burns	55.00
Ed. Bilodeau	11.66
Louis Desgardins	8.00
A. Fred Swift	100.00
Jos. Dauphin	6.34
Pat Goinette	45.96
Herbert Manzer	64.00
Phil N. Petite	101.20
Jas. Nallet	51.60
Albert Biron	150.00
Covis Gagne	39.00
Fred Frenette	16.93
Geo. Fontaine	88.90
William Hatch	41.29
Geo. Gauthier	45.91
Aime Lemieux	8.00
Denis Laberge	28.00
Newell Augherton	36.00
Sam Delphonse	33.24
Frank Venot	12.00
John M. Johnson	60.09
R. R. Joudrey	64.60
Angus Arsenault	94.59
Mark T. Wight	32.20
Leslie Keene	23.93
Odilon Boivin	14.00
Antonio Dutil	12.00
John E. Sharpe	10.00
Leslie Keene	16.00
F. H. Golderman	30.00
P. L. Murphy	62.50
Total	\$5,073.87



NIBROC NEWS



Photographs by Kenneth Wood, Cascade Mill.
WORK OF STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT ALONG THE PEABODY RIVER, GORHAM

1. A new channel for the meandering river saved rebuilding two bridges. 2. At Two-Mile Bridge an abutment had to be reconstructed, the approach renewed, and the river forced to occupy its original bed. 3. Steam and oil shovels facilitated the excavation. 4. Dynamite removed ledge and frozen material out of the new channel. 6. The new channel occupies what seems to have been an old river bed, which was once blocked by a land slide from the mountain on the right. 7. The big shovels often proved useful in lifting stumps that the scoop would not take.

MAIN OFFICE

Gilford Henderson and H. H. King of the Portland Office were visitors during the month.

E. H. Maling, of the Portland Office, and son visited the plant recently.

Miss Gertrude Kennedy spent a few days in New York City. Miss Hazel Locke assisted during Miss Kennedy's absence.

A. L. Allen of the General Electric Co. of Pittsfield, Mass., was a business visitor during the month.

W. H. Palmer and George Van Dornele were business visitors in Nashua and Boston recently.

Thomas Brennan was a business visitor

in Harrisville, N. Y., and Springfield, Mass.

Simmons Brown, manager of the La Tuque Plant, visited the mill during the month.

Members of the Berlin High School, Class of 1928, visited the plant, and each member was presented with a package of Nibroc samples.

Miss Martha Fagan, registered nurse, formerly assistant supervisor of the Brown Company District Nursing Department, has entered upon her duties of visiting nurse with the Relief Associations. Miss Fagan needs no introduction to the members of our associations, as she has been for a number of years in the industrial department stationed at the Sulphite Mill

and a frequent visitor to all of the other plants. The associations can well feel proud of procuring the services of such a capable, energetic, and conscientious nurse as Miss Fagan.

TIME OFFICE BRIEFS

We have in our midst in the person of Patrick J. Hinchey a possible entry for the automobile races to be held at Rockingham Speedway this summer. In order to prove to the public that he is a logical contender for the racing crown, Second-speed Hinchey has issued a challenge to either Mike Myler of the Burgess Mill or Mr. Chretien, one of our local taxi men.

J. E. Lepage, our restaurant manager, has blossomed out in a new Buick touring car. It has been rumored that the purchase of his old Dodge is being sought

by one of the world's leading antique collectors for the purpose of completing a collection.

J. E. Sharpe, our assistant paymaster, has been promoted from bugler to mess sergeant in our local Anti-Aircraft Battery. This is a job that requires considerable hard work and as a bugler has one of the hardest jobs in the service there is no reason why Jack won't make a wonderful boss cook.

Joe Hennessey, the Laconia kid, was out a few days on account of an injured eye. It is doubtful whether it was caused by a wire hitting him while repairing his car or whether he was kicked by one of those sheep up on the farm in Dummer.

On Tuesday, April 18th, the Cascade Office girls gathered at the Girls' Club for a farewell supper for Miss Kennedy, who, we regret very much to say, is soon to leave the mill. During the evening, Miss Kennedy was presented with a framed motto, Edgar Guest's "Someone Cares For You." Although the reason for the gathering was a complete surprise to her, "Ken" responded as only she could. Miss Florence Sheridan, who is to take Miss Kennedy's place, and Miss Chaffey were also guests of the evening. The committee in charge certainly deserves credit for the delicious supper served.

MAINTENANCE

Aubrey Freeman has traded his Chevrolet for a Pontiac Sedan.

Jack Haney is serving on the petit jury of Superior Court at Lancaster.

James Monahan, who has been working at the Riverside Mill, has been transferred to the Cascade millwright department. Jim, who is sometimes called the Mayor of the East Side, is no stranger to most of us, and we are all glad to welcome him to our midst.

Harlan Jefferson, who has been an employee of the electrical department for the past twelve years, has left us to go into business. Jeff has opened a general repair shop on First Avenue and we all wish him success in his new venture.

Doc Ross has been transferred from the planning department to the curve system in the laboratory.

Ike Morse was a visitor in Paris during the month. Yes, South Paris, Me.

Our old friend, Bill Bouchard, formerly of the electrical department, was at the plant recently working in the turbine room as a member of the repair crew of the upper plants.

Luther Hilburn of the Gorham Power House has exchanged his Pontiac Coach for an Essex Coupe. What next, Lute?

Bill Palmer was on the sick list a week with tonsillitis.

Leslie Keene has returned to work.

Al Seveigny and crew were at the Riverside Mill during the month.

Gene Nollet was a visitor in Gardiner, Me., recently. Gene says it surely was a hard trip.

Stanley Givens is out of work with an injured eye.

Jim Farewell is still on the sick list. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Duffey Thibeault is out of work on account of an accident to his leg.

John B. Guerin, Sr., is on the sick list.

Dennis McKelvey, Henry McLaughlin, Frank Mahaney, Leslie Feeley and Leroy Burns are back with the electrical crew after being away for ten weeks working with the repair crew on the water turbine job.

Del Howe believes in not letting his right hand know what his left is doing. Coming up on the car from Gorham the other day, Del went to pay his fare and instead of dropping one ticket in the box, he held the single ticket and dropped the bunch.

John Moffett was laid up with tonsillitis for a few days.

Ambrose Schreenan was out on the sick list.

Edward Murphy, Kenneth Williams and Chester Smith are new additions to the millwright crew.

Ernest Hodgman has purchased a new Chevrolet car.

Danny Hughes has returned to work after being on the sick list for a few weeks.

CUTTER ROOM

If you want to do two things in life, always be courteous and kind.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Roberge are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Mary Rita.

If anyone wants to know what type-lice are and how much a printer's rule weighs, he can find out by asking Eva Oakes.

Yvonne St. Hilaire was in Quebec recently.

Fred Gessner, cutter supplies man, is back after his long illness.

Pete Labonte had the misfortune to drop a case of paper on his foot, hurting it quite badly.

It certainly is great to be a good fellow and be able to give and take a joke. We have a fellow worker named Archie Soule, who surely is a good sport. Archie is a regular attendant at the dances on Cascade Hill every Tuesday night. Strange as it may seem Archie missed a dance one night recently, and the next day someone asked him where he was. "Well," said Archie, "I had a very hard attack of rheumatism." "How does it happen you are working today," asked his friend. "I just gritted my teeth," said Archie. We wonder how Archie gritted his teeth, as he always carries them in his back pocket.

Polycarpe Beaupre is out from work with an injured chest.

Miss Dorothy Covell is substituting in the printing department.

SULPHITE

Homer Langlois has a Ford that used eleven gallons of gas and four connecting rods on one quart of oil.

Eldon McGivney has returned to work after being on the accident list for a year.

It is about time we heard of the swell lettuce and tomatoes George McMulkin has in his garden.

The three musketeers: Sawyer, McCann, and Savoy.

Mark Wight is still on the accident list.

Howard Babson has purchased another Nash.

Hiram Rogers is out from work, as a bale of sulphite fell on his foot.

A garage man down in Maine got Silvio Dion in his trap recently, to the extent of fifty dollars.

Tommy Bellefeuille lost the carburetor out of his car on the way home the other night.

Fred Lapointe, A. P., doesn't like to have the boys shake their checks in front of him on pay day.

MACHINE ROOM

We hope to see Phil Pate back with us soon. Phil has been out from work with a broken ankle.

Ray Grenier is laid up with an accident to his toes.

Oscar Byron is such a good salesman that there are several electrical concerns after him to sell electric fans to the Eskimos.

Omer Durant is out from work with an injured toe which he received on Friday the thirteenth.

Another nickname for one of the machine room crew, Papa Hup Joe.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gagne on the birth of a baby girl on April 1st. The boys say Paul was fooled, because he wanted a boy.

HERE AND THERE

Tommy Stiles of the laboratory has been given his release by the New York Yankees. Any ball team desiring a catcher would do well to sign Tommy up.

J. Aime Lettre of the printing department posed as a model at the recent fashion show at the Y. M. C. A.

YARD TRANSFERS

Emmet McKenna from laborer to broke hustler. Peter Tardiff from Cascade yard to labor department. T. Beland from Cascade yard to Berlin Mills Railway. Arthur Baker from Cascade yard to labor department. Harry Mills from Cascade yard to Country Club. Dona Morin from Cascade yard to labor department. Simeon Tangway from Cascade yard to labor department. Benonie Turcotte from Cascade yard to labor department. Chester Smith from laborer to millwright helper. Ken-

neth Williams from laborer to millwright helper.

Joseph Rix is out from work on the accident list.

Ludger Lacasse had the misfortune of getting caught in a gear on the conveyor belt and was very fortunate not to receive a serious injury.

Tony Tawtus is out from work with a fracture of the toe.

FIRST BASEBALL OF THE YEAR

Machinists	Cascade A. A.
T. Arneson	C. Hilaire
J. Veasey	P. T. Addario
H. Ray	1st Lacombe
D. McKenzie	2nd E. Lagassie
D. Hughes	S.S. Petoni
E. Chambers	3rd J. Addario
L. Landers	L.F. Paradis
J. Delea	C.F. Peretti
A. Devost	R.F. Pike

Batter Up

We are looking forward to a busy baseball season among the different department teams, and we hope that games can be arranged with teams from the other plants.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

Friends who went to Florida and other warm climates, haven't a single advantage over the folks who stayed at home to keep the home fires burning and to enjoy a winter that instead of being the toughest in many years was just about the nicest. In fact the climates of New Hampshire are pleasing all the year around.

Wonders will never be at an end. Duggan has a new hat. We wonder where Gus got it, for it looks fine.

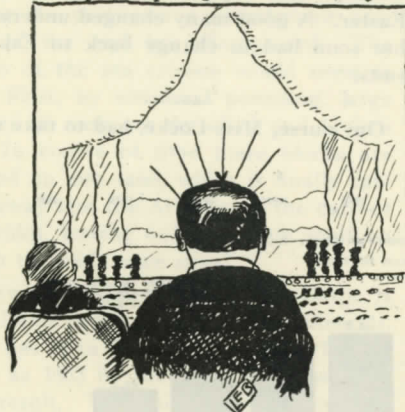
We hope the appearance of the new cars on the road will eliminate the rear-seat driver.

It would have been a very good political debate between George Johnson and Frank Teare, if we could have got them on some of those election platforms, for their vocabularies are growing.

It has been so long since we heard our famous band, that we are of the opinion

that it has taken the form of soap bubbles and disappeared into ethereal space. Let's hope that it has not taken this route, for this is the route that our base ball and

Eddy Chaloux
Attended the follies thats all right.
But Why the spotlight on the Bald Spot



minstrel show went, for all that is left now is the fragment of pleasant memories with pallid tints and withered aspects of grief inescapable and irreparable and now

with dust of dreams shattered beyond recall.

Gus Hawkins' study of ancient history has traced the crab's lineage back 25,000 years, but that is not far enough, Gus. The human family is older than that.

The rooster may be a champion when it comes to getting away with grains of corn, but when it comes to getting away with red-ink bottles Covio makes a clean sweep.

Leonard Ainsworth of the recording gauge visited Canada over Easter and reports a good time while there. Coming back by car was not so good, as the party had to take the train at Groveton on account of car trouble. We are sorry, Leonard, but perhaps you can do better next time.

A young man with a sedan, Easter Sunday evening was looking for a place to park but was very much surprised to find that

all good parking grounds had been taken. Of course he was on the East Side road to Milan and also on the Jericho road, but no place was to be found. We would advise that all those wishing to park should start early and avoid the rush. To property owners we would advise that they make a nominal charge of 25c for best parking grounds. In this way a place could be reserved in advance.

Dave Innes had a new carburetor installed in his Ford and you can believe us or not, but Dave doesn't fly and that's all.

Jack Marcoux of the laboratory is still on the sick list.

It would be appreciated very much if the person that took the lunch pail from the time office would kindly return the silverware.

Lin Condon bought a radio from Boston and changed it for another. Since then he gets a Blue Heaven every night.

Someone tried to stop Mr. Fowler going across Mason Street according to the new signal, but it is very hard to stop him once he has started.

Mr. Rahmanop is sporting a new Hudson Coupe.

Henry Eaton started playing golf the day before Easter. Henry ought to be able to show them a few good shots before the season is over.

We read in last month's Bulletin of Stark Wilson as one of the four singers of famous songs in La Tuque. We can't understand this, as we never heard him sing while he was here at the Sulphite Mill, but perhaps he had his voice cultivated since leaving here.

Harry Raeburn, formerly of the Sulphite Mill, now located in Portland, es-

caped serious injury when two cars collided on the Gray road, April 14. The car occupied by Mr. Raeburn was thrown into the ditch beside the road, and the car with which it collided, containing seven passengers, slid along the highway for about 75 feet and then went into the ditch on the opposite side.

Mr. Laferriere had starter trouble with his new Hudson Super Six between Berlin and Milan recently. Tony of the graphic department and a few others gave him a lifting hand and he was soon on his way.

Martin Hanson, Brown Company truck driver here at the Sulphite Mill, was given a party at Albert Hanson's home and during the evening he made the surprising announcement that he was going to be married. This is some news but now how about the cigars, Martin?

Arthur Nadeau, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, is now able to be out again.

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Aime Lavoie and family because of the death of their little six-and-half-year-old girl who died March 18 at their home in Forbush Park.

Miss Louise of the main office does not wish to have any articles in the Bulletin about her this month. We are complying with her request.

Mike Myler purchased part of the old Burgess house and moved it down on Stafford Street, where he will make a two-rent apartment.

The exceptionally good and warm weather was enjoyed by all just before Easter. A good many changed underwear but soon had to change back to Eskimo suits.

Our nurse, Miss Locke, had to take care

of the first-aid rooms at both the Cascade and Sulphite Mills for one week recently.

Our digester cooks are good, but can they make pulp dumplings yet?

We have solved the mystery of the Rumble Seat that has been the topic of conversation, and we will now have to admit that it is there to cut out the rear-seat driving.

What about the Burgess annual good time?

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Byers wish to thank the Sulphite Mill office force for the purse presented them the first part of January.

Notice to five storehouse baldheads. New tonic guaranteed to grow hair in six hours. We would advise and recommend this new preparation not only for the storehouse but for anyone. You may procure same from Baldinger Nothingness.

On the occasion of the 43rd anniversary of Coos Lodge No. 25 of the Knights of Pythias held on March 23, Louville Paine related many interesting stories of the early days of the lodge and its members at that time. Mr. Paine is the only charter member who is active today.

LIST OF DEATHS Sulphite Mill

Dan Clark was born May 27, 1872. He commenced work with the Brown Company in July, 1916, as a carpenter for Mr. Perkins, and has been employed continuously until his death, which occurred April 7, 1928.

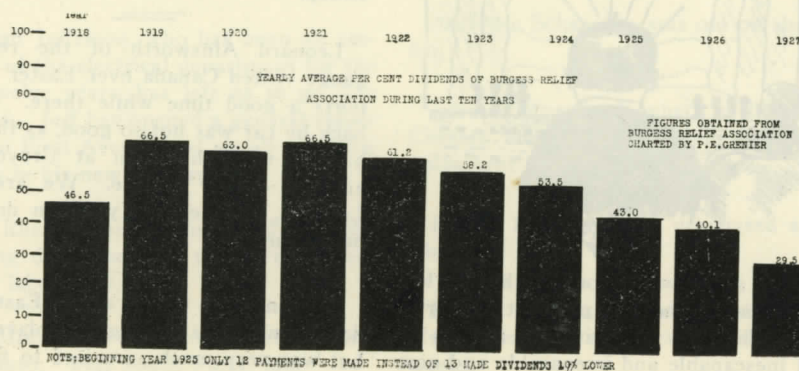
Jacob Kononchuk was born October 9, 1882. He commenced work with the Brown Company August, 1911, in the wood room. His death occurred April 12, 1928.

Stanford Blankenship played the part of Dulcey's brother in the comedy that was produced at the Berlin High School Auditorium on the evening of April 11 under the auspices of the Berlin Woman's Club.

It is hoped that the Committee on Public Works of the City Council will report favorably upon a petition now before it to repair the grounds near the B. & M. Station used as a public park.

Paul Grenier (holding forth to pretty girl)—"You know, I'm funny like that. I always throw myself into anything I undertake."

Pretty Girl (sweetly)—"How splendid, why don't you dig a well?"



BROWN CORPORATION

THE GASPE PENINSULA

Compiled from government publications by Joseph Daw, Brown Corporation.

Note. This was written several months ago. It took almost two weeks for it to reach Berlin from Madeleine River, and then it was withheld from publication for a month because of lack of space. Little did any of us think that the eyes of the world would at this time be focussed on Greenly Island a speck in the ocean across the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the Gaspé Peninsula.

The Gaspé Peninsula, of which Madeleine River is about the center on the North, rose like Aphrodite from the sea, to be at a later period submerged and again heaved up, by some gigantic expansion of the earth's crust. At the present day there are signs that it is again sinking. Erosion, from frost, rain and storm, is also taking its toll from mountain tops, valleys and coast line. The exposed strata of rock are distorted and twisted, giving positive evidence of violent disturbances and upheavals, which extended over long periods as we compute time. The ancient rock beds were laid down as mud at the sea bottom in what are known as the Silurian-Cambrian periods in prehistoric times, and being slowly heaved up above the water, dried out to form limestone or slate rocks. A further upheaval caused the formation of what is now known as the Appalachian range of mountains, the tops of which are now worn and scarred by storm and ice. From some cause or other, the whole country again sank below the sea, and on the jagged sea floor were deposited other sands, which on the second upheaval went through the same process of drying out and now form the sandstone rock walls of the existing mountains, which date to the Devonian period. Underlying the sandstone are the older formations of limestone and slate. When the bottom of the sea raised, it took with it in its mud forms of sea life, which eventually fossilized. It is from these fossils that geologists are able to compute the periods in which the upheavals took place.

The whole country is underlain by a series of great troughs and folds of sandstone, running parallel to each other and projecting out at the shore line in the form of gigantic and rugged cliffs. Beneath and forming the foundation on which they rest are the vertical and distorted strata of limestone dating from the earlier period and which are now showing signs of sinking again. The sandstone rocks were sometimes crumpled up by the force and thrust far out over the twisted earlier

folds and in other cases lay flat on top of them. In cases the limestone formation is exposed on the mountain tops. This could only have occurred from two reasons. Either the mass of sandstone cracked and slipped apart exposing the lower bed of limestone or the entire overlying mass has been worn away by erosion. Both causes may have combined to give the hills their present rugged form. Were it not for this, the hills of Gaspé would constitute a great plateau. It is the removal of great masses of rock by the action of decay, ice and storm, which has broken up the country into a system of vast valleys and mountains. This is conjecture, but of shore erosion we have absolute proof. The famous Arch Rock at Percé is about half the size today of what it was described by Champlain in 1603. The American bank, famous for its cod fishing, was once high and dry, forming part of the peninsula. It is now separated by ten miles of sea, but an elevation of the sea bed of one hundred feet would turn the shoal into a rocky island of considerable dimensions. All around the coast are rock shelves with moderately shallow water above them, all that now remains of what was once cliff. It is on these rock shelves that the best cod fishing is found.

We have a typical case of erosion at Madeleine River. The shore on which the village stands is a narrow strip of sand eroded from the rock cliffs behind. At the mouth of the river is a long sand spit, at the end of which 50 years ago stood a farm house. This has gone and during the past year a considerable portion of the end has disappeared. The action of the sea erosion would seem to be: First, by continual pounding, large masses of rock are detached and broken up. In course of time these blocks are ground up into sand, which is finally carried away into the Atlantic by the current and tides, leaving only the rock shelf on which the cliffs once stood.

Notwithstanding the fact that Gaspé is of volcanic origin, there are few minerals. Gold has been found and was worked as early as 1663 by the Jesuits, but without any result. The mines were eventually abandoned, and their ancient tailings can still be traced. These same mines have been boomed again and again at the expense of the long-suffering public. At the

time of writing there is a rumor of a gold strike at Gaspé. It may be the same old tale. Lead is being worked to advantage some 48 miles south of here. Oil is another tragedy. It was discovered some fifty years ago. Millions were spent on development. Wells were sunk, some to 3000 feet. Refineries were put up, but no oil came in paying quantities. The sandstone into which they drilled seemed to be saturated with oil, but Nature had made no provision for its accumulation and practice of the theory of pool storages parallel with the anticlines has been without success. The folds are there and their troughs into which the oil might settle by gravity, but somehow or other the oil has got away, through faults or cracks, it would seem in the bottom of the troughs.

The original inhabitants of the country were Indians of the Micmac and Mouri-quois tribes. The first discovery of the land is hidden in the mists of time. Maps were in existence in 1506, which showed the shores of Gaspé. This was before Cartier or Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence. Cartier entered the Gulf in 1534 and found Norman fishing boats there then. In July, 1534, Cartier took possession of the land naming it New France. Champlain did not come until 1603, and the Jesuits established their first mission in 1610, but were not permanently established until 1615. In 1624 England was at war with France and Sir William Alexander received a patent to the territory round Cape Breton, from the English King, and extended his operations into Gaspé. At that time, it was customary for a Monarch to give a patent to lands whether he owned them or not. In 1628 Kirke drove the French out but they came back, after the treaty of St. Germain. In 1636 Denys established settlements on the coast only to be ousted by his countryman, Le Borgne. He, however, returned again in 1653 with a commission as governor of the district. In 1650 it is recorded that there were 1200 French fishing boats on the coasts. The year 1690 witnessed the pillaging and burning of the French missions and churches, blamed to Sir William Phips, but it was more likely the work of "Boston corsairs" or "Dieppe renegades," which had formed part of the force employed in his abortive attempt at the capture of Quebec and who on his failure were abandoned by him on his return to

England. In 1711, Walker and Hill took a fleet out of Boston for the same purpose, but so many ships were either damaged or put ashore at Gaspé, that the expedition was abandoned. In 1777, the population was 174, to be augmented in 1783 by the advent of 300 Loyalist families from America, who settled on the southern shores of the peninsula. It is from these settlers that the present mixed race is descended and not as fable says from a Highland Battalion that Wolfe left behind after the capture of Quebec. Wolfe was in Gaspé in 1758-59. After the surrender of the French at Quebec, there appears to have been a fairly steady growth until the present day.

Traces of the alternate occupations can be found in the nomenclature of the country and the corruption of French and English names. Byron in the Magdalen Islands, off Gaspé, should be Brion named after a settler of that name. Cape Cat or Cape Chat should be Cap de la Chatte, after a patron of Champlain's in Dieppe. Cape Despair should be Cap d'Espoir (hope). White Pine River is misnamed. It should be Epinette Blanche, White Spruce. Griffon's Cove is Anse au Gris Fond, gray bottom from the color of the sand. Cap Ozo is Cap aux Os (Bone Cape). This cape has even deteriorated into Caboozo. Mal Bay is Baie Molue (cod fish). Isle Plateau (flat) is corrupted into Plate Island. The name of Gaspé had its origin from the Micmac Gaspey, signifying the end. The Shipshock or Shipshock Mountains in the West are also Micmac meaning rocky. The most popular name for these mountains which are part of the Appalachian Range is Carleton. Champlain called them Notre Dame and they have been known as Albany. From the inter-marrying of French and English it is impossible to tell by the name the nationality of a person, whether English, French or Scotch. The writer knows a Smith who does not speak a word of English, but who for all that is proud of his English ancestry. The following story may better illustrate the confusion. "What is your name?" asked a priest of a little girl who had just joined the parish school. "Jeanette Bourget," she replied. "And who is your father?" asked the priest. "Alcide Bourget, he's Scotch," said the child. "Your mother, who was she?" said the priest. "Mother is French," answered the girl. "Her name is McIntyre."

Two valuable industries keep Gaspé on the map, fishing and lumbering. There is no spot in the ocean that is so prolific in cod as that surrounding the Gaspé peninsula. Notwithstanding the fact that the

waters have been fished for over 300 years, the cod still return. As the Abbe Ferland says,

"It is the land of the cod. By your eyes, your nose, your tongue, your gorge and by your ears as well, you are soon convinced that cod is the basis of aliment and amusement, of business and conversation, of reports and hopes, of fortune and of life, and I venture to say of society itself. Drive to Gaspé on a hot summer's day. For miles along the shore there is nothing but cod drying on the "flakes" in a cloud of flies, your nose being assailed by the vilest of odors. Later at lunch perhaps you will be regaled with delicious cod steaks, during which time you will listen to the prospects being discussed by the table. By its sale society is able to provide its support and amusement. The method of catching and curing the fish has not changed in the least since Denys in 1640 described the operation. The beach if sandy is first prepared by removing all rubbish and covering it with large round cobbles. Herring is still the only bait. With the same shaped hook and with lines rigged as then, and the fishing is done from the same shaped shallop or boat. The splitting table is still built as of old, and the same shaped boy and barrow supply the table. The splitters as of old, with the same pattern knife, grasp the fish by the "ears" with a mit on the left hand to hold them for decapitation, and with the same time-honored operation disembowel them and push the livers through a hole in the board into a vat. With another cut the backbone is taken out. The liver vat still has a wicker strainer and still gives off as the livers stew in the sun, an incense too rank to rise to Heaven. The splitters still stand in a half barrel, with an apron running down on the outside. There is still the same sized wooden cleat against which the dresser holds the fish whilst cutting. The fish are then laid flat end to end on the flakes, which are posts driven into the ground, on which is strained chicken wire to form the drying table, with the flesh up. Towards night they are turned skin up the process being reversed daily until dry, care being taken that the skin on the back is thoroughly dry. Then they are packed in barrels of 448 lbs. for Italy where most of the fish goes and in tubs of 128 lbs. for the Argentines, for the dry cod seems only to be in demand amongst the Latin nations. Many tons of bone which might be utilized in the manufacture of glue are thrown away and allowed to rot. The heads are, however, used for fertilizing, with very offensive results."

The lumber industries are comparatively modern, although saw mills have been in existence for years in a very primitive manner, the power being derived from windmills, cheap and effective. There are, however, now several large saw mills on the coast, the owners of which cut their logs from their own limits. The pulp industry has also developed to a large scale of late years. The chief limit owners, beside ourselves, are the Howard Smith, the International Paper and the Wayagamack. There are no paper mills. The pulp being cut and exported, the description of these industries is needless. The advent of the lumber companies and the making of the government road has taken a lot of men away from fishing, it being to them more congenial work, for although there is good money for a man who really fishes, it is hard work from morning to night while it

lasts. It is all day at the fishing, then to land and clean your fish and after that to sea again to get the herring for bait the next day. This at times entails drifting with the nets half the night, if bait is scarce. Then again the Gaspesian is not partial to hard work. He would rather earn two or three dollars a day for a day's work on the road or with the lumber companies, working when he feels inclined, than ten or fifteen dollars a day for the summer months when the cod are running. To insure a supply now, fish companies supply their own boats and gear and hire men to fish for them. There is also a considerable income to be earned in the salmon fishing, both by netting and by acting as guides at the many fish and game clubs on the coast.

We cannot leave this subject without reference to the wonderful scenery in the district, which will in the near future be a paradise for the motorist. The new Government road leaving Matane goes entirely round the peninsula, enabling you to return almost to the place from which you started, having covered a distance of over 450 miles of marvelous scenery, which can only be equalled and hardly then in the Rockies or White Mountains. The road follows the seashore almost the entire distance, sometimes eleven, twelve, or even fifteen hundred feet in the air, climbing over the rugged mountains, or finding a way through sinuous valleys and where this is not possible actually running along the beaches, with the Atlantic thundering almost at your wheels. The coloring is always changing. The rocks of slate, sandstone or limestone giving a multitude of changes as the light catches them in varying angles, their summits crowned with emerald green grass or the more sober browns of the soft wood forests, picked out in contrast with the vivid greens and gold of the hardwoods. From the tops of the hills a panorama of mountains and valleys with rivers and creeks threading their way between in silver streaks on one side. On the other an expanse of ocean, on which the large C. P. R. or White-Star boats appear as pleasure yachts. High in the air, you look up on one side on the cliff of a mountain, at times capped in mist and cloud; on the other, a straight drop to the sands below; the little fishing villages, nestling in the valleys or hanging on to the side of a cliff, which you pass every few miles; the little churches in each parish or seignior; the wonderful sunsets. In fact everything is wonderful, and then topping the hill at St. Margaret's, you look out over the Gaspé basin, a mass of color, rock, bush, and

water, one of the finest harbors in the world, where a fleet could shelter and then leave room for more. Almost every tree that grows in Canada is found in Gaspé, and many strange ones from other climes, which have been brought over by settlers. The soil will grow everything, and production and re-production are very quick. Wild flowers are in profusion and many of the better class have very fine gardens. The rocks in the bush are clothed with multi-colored mosses and lichen, the feed of the caribou and moose. Hotels are at present scarce, but good meals can be obtained on the road, and the hospitable villagers are always willing to put anybody up. For those who carry tents there is ample camping space and plenty of stores to replenish the commissariat. On leaving Gaspé the scenery changes somewhat. The hills although still with us are further apart and back from the shore, with larger and more fertile valleys between, until we reach the Matapédia Valley, a great farming country with the river famous for its salmon, which finally leads us back to either Mont Joli or Matane. Madeleine River is about half way between Matane and Gaspé or rather more and makes a good night stop for going on to Gaspé in the morning. Here there is good accommodation and will be a good hotel. The road is not yet completely finished, but is fairly good wheeling all through. It is expected that by July, it will be complete for the whole distance.

MADELEINE RIVER

Spring has made one or two false starts and the thermometer has taken a climb, only to tumble back again, to remind us that Winter still holds his hand over us. But there are signs. The local youth has already dug out his baseball bat and one enthusiast is already cutting up the still soft roads with his car. The river is breaking up and the Gulf of St. Lawrence is quite clear of ice, and will remain so until the river ice above Quebec comes down.

We have three radios in the village now and are able to keep in closer touch with the outside world. Mike is rigging up something that he calls a radio, out of scraps and odds and ends of wire and stuff. Probably he has a Ford specification for it. He has been making anxious inquiries as to whether a large-sized coffee pot in the store was required or not. We fancy he has an idea of cutting the bottom out and turning it into a loud speaker. As a matter of fact, no loud speaker is required when Mike is about.

At the date of writing, the 15th April, Pete and Donald are not out of the bush, but are expected daily.

There is no local news here. All the excitements and troubles of the outside world do not penetrate here. All is calm and serene, the same today as it was yesterday, the day before, or the year before, or years before that. Life and habits in Gaspé have not changed in centuries. The local outlook is to be born, to be married, and to die. The second stage is optional, and that is what makes the difference in the average life's experience. A wonderful place for a rest cure for those whose nerves are suffering from overwork or other causes, but the first boat for Quebec for us.

The letter took eight days to reach Berlin.

LA TUQUE

In the popular songs of today, we hear a lot about "Going back to Mammy" or "My home in Ohio," or some other far-off place that is far enough away to sound attractive. With all the examples we already have, it should be a fairly easy matter to write a few verses about our own homeland, and maybe folks away out in Montana or Idaho might enthuse about singing it, as we do when singing of Dixie.

Set to most any popular 4-4 song of the day.

I'm going back where the blueberry grows,
To the land where the Maple sap flows,
Where the mosquito sings
And buzzes its wings
And takes the odd chunk off your nose.
The "Commission" is calling for me,
That's the place I am longing to see,
My train leaves at seven,
I'm heading for heaven,
I'm going back where the blueberry grows.

You see, it's not hard, and I should think we could get at least one new verse a month from our readers.

These, when published complete, would surely be a success, and also give us a little much needed publicity.

Think how popular it would be with some of our friends who come up occasionally from Berlin. Anyway, it's a better game than crossword puzzles.

Oh, Glen

"He was bitten by his own dawg."

"Was 'e now? How was that?"

"He forgot himself and spoke to the dawg like he does to his wife."

"Most bricklayers sing hymns while they work," a clergyman remarks. This seems a roundabout way of saying that most bricklayers never sing hymns.

The La Tuque Ski Club has completed a very successful season under the direction of the following officers: E. A. White, president; G. C. Johnson, vice-president; G. H. Matte, secretary; J. B. Martin, treasurer, and C. Oleson, chairman of the hill committee. The activities of the Club consisted of hikes every Saturday afternoon and also several racing and jumping competitions.

The officers were very disappointed to note the lack of competition in the Senior events, and it is to be hoped that next year the members will show keener interest in that direction. The Juniors came through in great style and showed some real class in the events held especially for their benefit. It will not be long before some of them will be making Messrs. Johnson and Oleson, the present Club champions, step lively to win their laurels.

The hikes proved rather successful, and the members turned out very well. Those who were unable to join in the skiing usually attended the hot supper and dancing in the Community Club after the hikers had returned. The St. Patrick's Party, held in the Club on March 17th, proved to be the most successful event of the season. There were sixty-three members present, and a good time was enjoyed by all. The committee, who worked so hard to make this affair a success, are to be congratulated on their good showing.

The Annual Ski Club Dance will take place in the Community Club on April 26th, and the presentation of prizes will take place during the evening.

We have had several visitors from Berlin this past month. Mr. D. P. Brown spent several days here, and Mr. O. B. Brown was here for a short stay. We also had G. A. Richter and Pat Coffin of the research and Alfred Watt of the chemical plant.

We have for sale one whistle, slightly used, needs tuning, but otherwise is in good shape. Apply to engineering department or see Eddie Davies, Jr., of the lab. It's a good buy, boys.

Speaking of fish stories, Ross of the engineering department tells of catching some good-sized ones lately. Where were they, Ross? In Gorham?

Up in Hurricane Alley, we have one partment or see Eddie Davies, Jr., of the he persists in setting for 6:30 a. m., and then he remains in bed until the 7:00a. m., whistle blows before he gets up. Has anybody a better use for said clock? If

so speak quick to an inmate of Hurricane Alley.

We understand that our friend, H. E. Gilbert, has taken up the study of gas. By all appearances during his stay in La Tuque, we think that it is not at all necessary.

M. Werner, our construction foreman, was offered \$100, spot cash, for his Baby

"Grand" Chevrolet, a 1915 model. Mr. Werner, being an honest man, refused to accept the man's offer.

Jos. Bergeron recently visited Montreal, and while there had the pleasure of hearing Harry Lauder. He reports that it was a pretty good impersonation of Donald MacTavish.

Bobbie Woods played a good trick on

George Matte as well as on the taxi driver on Easter Monday. He bought a return ticket and walked back. We regret that we are unable to print George's epithets.

Messrs. Braithwaite and Matte are giving up hockey, baseball, and basket ball and are going in for aquatic sports. Cheer up, spring will not last forever.



RIVERSIDE SMOKE



Streeter and Hull's new business has so far been about the same as the Crepe Tissue, but we expect that after the winter season is over, say, about the middle of June, it will pick up. In order to stimulate trade, we will with every load of rocks throw in some choice thistles and witch-grass roots. The latter is a special production. A piece of root six inches long, planted in the middle of an acre of ground, will grass it in solid in two years. We also have two or three picturesque stumps and a second-hand barbed-wire fence to throw in as premiums. If the Rotary will not take us, perhaps the Kiwanis may, and if they don't may be Mephistopheles will. They say the way of the transgressor is hard. We say the way of the gardener in this rock-bound country is more so, something like being married. The first fifty years are the worst.

Bill Therrien injured himself badly by falling out backwards onto the track, pulling a load of paper with him. He was surely lucky not to get any broken bones, and is said to be recovering nicely.

Sam Sprowl, one of our few real veterans, is out again. He had the nerve to try to work, which is a whole lot more than some, but after three days had to give it up. His many old friends hope he will completely recover soon.

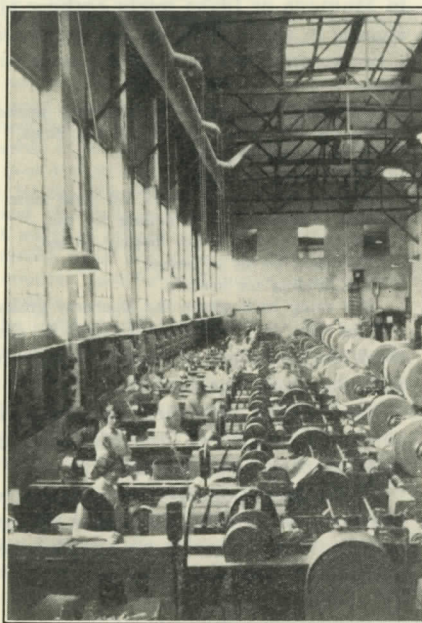
Andy Mullen, one of our watchmen, is still nursing a very bad knee.

Eva Michaud is completely out of luck again. This time she had to go to the hospital with pneumonia and was very sick at that. Her friends at the mill contributed freely toward flowers to help make Easter Sunday more cheerful for

her. We hope to hear of her speedy recovery and return to her machine.

Mike Egan is back again after being in attendance with his wife at the hospital. We are glad to hear she is better, and glad to get that cordial smile and very pleasant answer from Mike, when you ask him to do a job for you.

Joe Degrosselliers was out one day, which made the whole place as quiet as a



THE TOWEL ROOM

tomb. His tongue is surely hung in the middle. While his being out made things quiet, some of us got a rest.

Ida Marois, one of our oldest (in point of service) and one of the most efficient, was married Easter Monday. Her many

friends here wish her the usual amount of nice things for the future.

Joe Degrossilliers is down-hearted, because he has lost his mate, Ritchie. He used to pull the loads and Ritchie, too. Now with John Goulette, he only has to do his share of the work, but does all the talking for both.

Mr. Henderson and Mr. King of the paper sales division made us a very pleasant social as well as business visit this month. As we got rid of a case of Crepe Tissue between them, we will consider their time well spent.

There are certain fellows on the paper machines, who, when they work on the night tour, think there is a gold mine where the boxes have been nailed, because most every morning the place is turned up side down and paper is scattered all over the floor. I think it would be better if they would stay on their jobs and look for spots in the paper. We might have better and cleaner paper. Stay in the machine room, boys.

If Cyril Therrien tells you anything and if he is sure about it, you may be sure that somebody else has told him so.

A little closer and our local strong man, Jed Bisson, would not have been a candidate for mayor next year, because he slipped off a pile of waxed paper and almost broke his back. Now it's up to the "safety first" committee to see to this, as Jed is a valuable man and we must keep him in good condition for the coming year.

Our veteran, Joe Martineau, believes in the slogan, "Dress well and succeed," for he is seen displaying a new plush hat, and a nice blue suit.

SHAWANO

Minstrel Show

Friday night, March 23, a minstrel show was presented by the local men. This performance marked a point in progress at Shawano that will be hard to surpass. A most excellent performance was given. Much praise is due to the management and the members of the cast. The hard work of constant practice and many rehearsals resulted in a perfect performance.

The stage with curtain and decorations built in the old potato warehouse was a pleasing sight. The raising of the curtain revealed the blackfaces in song and action. A rapid-fire program of songs, dances, and jokes, both ensemble and in solo, followed. The quartet rendered songs. The orchestra and string band entertained with numbers. A violin solo by Master William Vannah and a solo dance by Miss Betsy Vannah were interpolated numbers charmingly performed. All acts drew much applause and encores were frequent. The program in full was printed in the last number of the Bulletin.

Many visitors, friends and relatives of the local group came down to Shawano by special boat from the bridge. About 40 guests from outside were entertained.

After the performance the floor was cleared of seats, and dancing was in order until midnight. Mama Lord and her "Jazz Boys" furnished the music for this.

The Belle Glade visitors were so pleased with the show that they requested that the performance be repeated at Belle Glade the following Saturday. The invitation was accepted and "Papa" Lord and his entire troupe journeyed to Belle Glade and put on the show before a large audience. A dance followed the show again. The same program was given there except numbers were interpolated by "Cowboy" Cole and Belle Glade talent. An admission fee was charged, and the proceeds were donated to the church at Belle Glade. A good sum was realized.

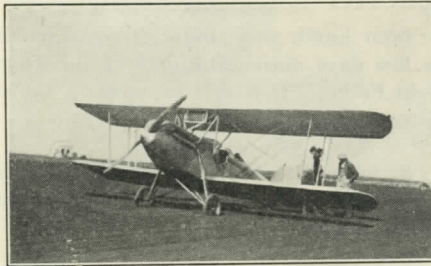
All future performances in the entertainment line at Shawano now have a high standard to attain. Everyone was well pleased with the minstrels, and the cast and management are congratulated on their excellent work.

Ed. Buhrman, of the research group, was operated on recently for appendicitis at the Good Samaritan Hospital, West Palm Beach. He is doing well and will

soon be back with us again. We miss his singing while he is gone.

H. P. Vannah attended the annual meeting of the Florida Horticultural Society at Winterhaven on April 10th where he gave an address on "Muck-Soil Problems."

Much interest and excitement prevailed at Shawano on March 22nd, when word was received that an airplane would land here. Mr. Bozeman of West Palm Beach was anxious to visit us and chose that method of transportation to reach the farm. The pilot, Harry Hublitz, of the West Palm Beach airport, made a successful landing on the soft dry muck. After the visit the takeoff was negotiated with



SHAWANO'S FIRST AEROPLANE

difficulty, but finally the plane soared aloft. The return trip to the city was made in 20 minutes, a distance that takes three hours by boat and auto.

E. C. Tatman, our local "Celery King," journeyed recently to West Palm Beach, Miami and Sanford where he studied problems concerned with the shipment of celery.

Baseball practice has been going on for some time. Last Sunday the Shawano team journeyed to Canal Point where they met the warriors of the lake city. The game was exciting, but Canal Point won. Cox and Lodi pitched for us. That's all right, boys. This was just the first game of the season. Better luck next time.

The youngsters of the local group had their innings lately. Billy Lord celebrated his fifth birthday with a party. Out of town guests were Mary and Sonny Vannah from West Palm Beach. Then on Easter morning the little folks here were

much excited, when it was whispered about that the Easter "rabbit" had hidden many colored eggs for them about Mrs. Lord's lawn and flower beds. Although they were inclined to disbelieve this at first, a little search soon showed them the rumor was true. So the search went on, and everyone had a good time and was happy.

The unsightly piles of rock and dirt left along the canal bank by the drag-line operations are being smoothed up by the ditcher. A crew has used a lot of this material in building roads about the town site. Along the lawn in front of the mess hall and the residences a dyke was built with the material. This will be landscaped by Babcock.

Recently an arrangement has been perfected through which medical service can be within reach of the folks in the Shawano contingent. A plan has been arranged with Dr. Buck, formerly of West Palm Beach, who has established offices at Belle Glade. Each man here will pay a small sum monthly. This entitles him to medical service and reduced rates for operations. Dr. Buck will make weekly trips to the farm and can be reached at Belle Glade at all times. This is a very advantageous plan for all here.

VISITORS

Dr. Freeman Weiss, noted potato disease expert of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., spent several days here recently looking over our potato fields and conferring with the research group on disease problems.

Rex Beach, the famous author, visited us recently for the purpose of studying our methods of farming and seeing for himself how we do it. Mr. Beach has a large farm near Sebring, Florida, and is much interested in agricultural pursuits. It is said that he has another novel nearly written.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bishop, of the Bersimis operations, spent a busy day with us, looking over the plantation and visiting friends.

Geo. A. Abbott of the Berlin plan spent a day with us recently.

Nelson Worthley of Portland was an interested visitor for two days.

Dr. R. F. Howard of Horton, Texas, head field inspector of potatoes for the Albert Miller Co., spent a day here going over the condition of the potato crop.

J. C. Walker has returned to the plantation for the summer.

Claude Boulweare has gone to his home for a visit.

Ike Sullivan is leaving the week of the 20th for Maine, where he will be engaged in growing potatoes again. Best wishes, Sully. Mrs. Sullivan preceded Ike several weeks ago.

"Dad" Gibson leaves also the 20th for Kingsport, Tenn., for the summer.

W. A. Vannah, father of H. P., has been with us for some months. Having served his apprenticeship in growing peanuts and potatoes, he is returning north again.

Recently Augustus Mitchell, our faith-

ful and efficient cook, went to town. This is only the fourth time "Scotty" has been off the farm during his service of three years' duration.

Anyone having the bottle of "antidote" kindly return it to Bond Cox if you have have it. Cox mislaid this and has spent quite a little time hunting for it, so if anyone sees it, kindly give it to Cox.

Jacques has now entirely recovered from his recent attack of sore throat.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

"Eagle" Johnson has returned to work after a speedy recovery.

The out-door workers are glad to see the snow go, as they can get around easier and accomplish more.

We all appreciate the extra safety precautions installed here, and will try and reduce the number of avoidable accidents.

Arthur Guay, who was with us for a short time, has been transferred to the millwrights at Burgess.

George Gale has changed to summer attire. He is interested in the Dodge Six now, but, as soon as he gets the notion of buying a new car, the Old Overland quits knocking and runs smoothly.

Spring cleaning is heavy this year on account of winter construction.

Aldei Dion has been overhauling his Dodge Roadster so it will be in shape for his brother and friends.

Wm. Lapointe is working at the cement plant.

Alfred Watt has returned from La Tuque, and we are all glad to have him back. George LaFleur, his assistant, has been very active during Alfred's absence.

Erling Anderson and John Lessard are assisting at the new cement plant.

Space at the open-air garage is getting scarce now. A sure sign of summer.

Congratulations are extended to Chas. Belanger. A big baby girl.

H. Parker's breakfast menu: 5 qts. beans, 2 lbs. salt pork, one dozen eggs, 2 lbs. bacon and one qt. olive oil. If anyone wants to confirm this, call 264 on the automatic.

John Laffin was absent from work for a few days during the time of the Ziegfeld Follies. It is said he went as far as Groveton to meet them.

E. Chauvette has a filter man now to take care of the surplus caustic in the boiler house.

Rene Gagnon, our jazz king, is planning for a big summer on the road.

A. Lemlin attended the fire of the 5 and 10 cent store in Littleton.

A. Buckley is trying to queer his father's business. He is taking orders for "The National Sportsman," so he can get his fishing tackle free.

We are glad to see warm weather coming, so George Reid can do without his old sweater long enough to have someone mend it.

E. Fecteau has finally put his order in for a new Ford Roadster, but from all reports it will be 1930 before his order is filled.

WANTED:—A rent in Ward 3. Joe Tardiff thinks Ward 4 is not the proper place for him.

Fred Begin is looking fine these days since he moved near the river. His daily bath is doing him a lot of good.

FOR SALE:—Riverwood, apply to Al. Pouloit, Main Street, Phone No. "Drywood."

The boys in the cell house think it was a mean trick that George Sanschagrin played on Buckley.

A. Devost is still out, owing to a sore finger. We hope to see him back with us soon.

Joe Paradis has bought a lot on Ramsey Hill, and is building a house, he is also putting an addition on it for his parrot, "Gill."

Joe Goebil has given up the idea of being an aviator. He claims his ash truck is too heavy.

Cecil Manton took a quick trip to Concord, Manchester, and Boston, and returned in time to come to work on his regular shift. Can you beat it?

Walter Santy is the happy father of a baby girl.

Wood pulp is invading the field until recently held by the cotton linters for making the little cylindrical rolls or "dams" which dentists place in the mouths of patients. The new dams are made of very soft paper rolled to the desired form and show varying degrees of absorptive power. Dentists state that they are preferable to cotton dams because they may be broken to desired lengths, give a smoother surface, and are free from the fuzz of the old-style dams which frequently became entangled in the revolving drills.

—Forestry Facts.

MARCH ACCIDENTS

Upper Plants	
With loss of time.....	30
Without loss of time.....	95
Total	125
Sulphite Mill	
With loss of time.....	22
Without loss of time.....	52
Total	74
Cascade Mill	
With loss of time.....	23
Without loss of time.....	62
Total	85

FIRST AEROPLANE IN BERLIN AND GORHAM

Now that Shawano has had its first visit by an aeroplane, it may be well to try and find out when the first aeroplane came to Berlin and Gorham. The photographic files of the Shorey Studio at Gorham disclose the picture on this page. Guesses made at the Main Office of the Brown Company ranged as far back as 1908 or 1909—conclusions that were altogether out of line with the general history of aviation. Finally M. McCarthy connected the date with the year of his first employment with the Company and checked with the information that he saw the aeroplane from the Y. M. C. A. Bridge. With these clues the files of the Berlin Reporter revealed the facts. The first aeroplane was brought to Berlin by train, and several flights were made from the Cascade Park during the celebration of July 4, 1914. The aviator was W. S. Luckey of the Glenn Curtis Co. The vocabulary of the parachute jumper appeared to suit the case, for the present jargon of the air had not been developed. The Reporter says that the first "ascension" was a flight of about half an hour. A second trip was made to Gorham, and a third trip towards Milan. There was no attempt at dangerous or spectacular stunts.

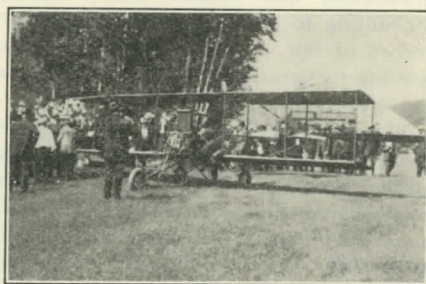
The photograph shows that the machine was a "pusher." If you look carefully at the right of the picture, you may recognize the first editor of the Brown Bulletin. At least the suit and cap look like those he wears today.

THE MEANDERS OF THE PEABODY

As the Peabody River has approached Gorham with its burden of water collected from the western slopes of the Carter-Moriah Range and the eastern slopes of the Northern Peaks of the Presidential Range, it has in curious fashion meandered twice within the distance of about a mile. First, it undermines a steep bank of gravel

and clay and half-formed sandstone on the Pine Mountain side just above the so-called Two-Mile Bridge. Then it swings to the eastward until it strikes a somewhat similar bank that rises towards Mt. Moriah. At this point, it was until this year deflected westward to undermine the bank of the so-called Jackknife Field. Thus it has formed a letter S, upon which the wits of road agents and boards of selectmen and town meetings have been tried since the forties, but never of course with the volume of traffic that now presses through Pinkham Notch.

Three solutions of the problem were always physically possible, but were not all expedient. The first involved one bridge. By going over Jackknife Hill, the road went around one bend of the letter S. The other bend was crossed at Two-Mile Bridge. This was the solution until the nineties. In the meantime private parties engaged in logging had found it possible to maintain wooden bridges across the bend and save the wear upon horses



CASCADE PARK, JULY 4, 1914

and inefficient loading occasioned by going over Jackknife Hill. They were so successful in maintaining these bridges cheaply that the public was induced to take them over. In the first decade of the present century, the replacement of these bridges with steel ones came up for discussion, and three views had a hearing. The older people in town had been converted by experience to the three-bridge idea. Some of the newer residents wanted a one-bridge idea. They wished to go around the first bend at grade level, tearing down clay banks and building retaining walls for the river. It is said that a third idea was presented by I. W. Fogg, now employed at the Cascade Mill, who was then a member of the Board of Selectmen. He suggested that one of the meanders of the river be removed by a canal. Although a canal has existed in the town of Gorham between Moose Brook and Moose River since the sixties, the people were not ready for it and the three-bridge idea prevailed.

The flood of last year brought the old

question up for the consideration of the State Highway Department at a time when the country had been listening for six months to discussions of the problems of controlling the Mississippi. The Department adopted the idea of one bridge with a canal. The canal work is practically done, and the pictures on Page 13 show a stage of the progress of the work.

As one goes up the new canal, there are many evidences that in this place the river is being returned to an old bed that it occupied in fairly recent times, but apparently not within the period when men have been observing the river. A slide from the Moriah slope probably started the meander nearest Gorham. The removal of its debris has been the job of the road builder.

As one now goes up the Glen Road, one is impressed by the great clay banks on both sides of the river, some of which have now been circumvented, although one of them is likely to continue to be a problem. Where did these clay banks come from? That to the writer is a point of larger interest than the details of flood damage and road building.

In fact, if one wants to study geology, he has no reason to sigh for distant fields, when the Peabody River is at his very door. Beyond its headwaters are the Cutler and New Rivers, said to have been pirated from it by the more swiftly flowing Ellis. Crosby, in an article in the Journal of Geology for April-May, 1922, propounds the theory that a drainage divide formerly existed at Mt. Winthrop between Gorham and Shelburne. As long as this existed, the Peabody flowed from Gorham to Berlin out through the Dead River Pass to the old Mahoosuc River, which carried the burden of the Rangeley drainage to the Connecticut. The Androscoggin cut back through the pass at Mt. Winthrop and gradually stole the drainage from the Connecticut. If you don't believe this, look at a map and note the course of Bean, Thompson, and Stearns Brooks, which are said to have flowed to the Mahoosuc River, that went out through one of the passes at Milan and Dummer.

Sonny: "Why is father singing, mother?"

Mother: "He's singing the baby to sleep."

Sonny: "Well, mum, if I were the baby, I'd pretend to be asleep."

Barbara Freeman, daughter of Aubrey Freeman of the millwrights at Cascade Mill, is salutatorian at Gorham High School this year.

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Dominic Chenard	\$81.60
W. H. McCarroll	72.50
W. W. James, Adm. Louis A. Morin	62.40
Mary Burka	48.00
Rosita Deprospero	148.00
Frank Bartoli	36.00
Napoleon Dupuis	29.00
Wm. Rivard	48.00
Dave Washburn	69.60
P. A. Barden	24.00
Alec Chabot	42.00
Thomas Roderick	24.00
Alphonse Couture	24.00
Jules Couture	24.00
Adelard Albert	30.00
John Corson	24.90
Albert Napert	39.60
Odilon Garon	12.00
Israel Beaulieu	14.00
Eugene Gauthier	20.00
Jacob Konochuck	6.25
Emile Vaillancourt	24.00
Eugene Alamandi	23.40
Arthur Ramsey	9.10
Germaine Theriault	12.00
Leo Richard	154.13
Alfred Paulin	12.50
Orpha Bourque	14.10
Edw. Cadoret	14.58
Carl Martin	12.00
Edmond Dupont	35.94
Fred King	51.20
Joe Hopkins	48.00
Wm. Kelly	48.00
Fabien Paulin	60.00
Henry Dubriel	12.00
Joe Vallis, Jr.	77.00
W. D. Carrier	48.00
Alec Smith	24.00
Frank Girandi	24.00
Leo Lavoie	41.80
Arthur Nadeau	25.00
Alphonse Paradis	118.40
Arthur Napert	94.80
Joseph Allard	26.20
Isabelle Williams	2.57
Fred King	6.00
John Corson	24.00
Fred Mercier	80.85
Gaudias Roy	39.60
Amie Devost	72.80
Pat Mullins	54.40
Majorique Dugas	24.00
Joseph Lapointe	
Total	\$2,230.22

"THE CATALOGUE OF THE TREES"

"And forth they pass with pleasure, forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which therein shroded from the tempest's dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky;
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and
 high,

The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The builder-oak, sole king of forests all;
 The aspen good for staves; the cypress, funeral.

"The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 The poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the saw for the mill,
 The myrrh sweet bleeding of the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
 The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound."

Edmund Spenser.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FORESTS

"Strange as it may seem, the American people, bred for many generations to forest life, drawing no small measure of their wealth from the forest, have not yet acquired the sense of timber as a crop. These immense stretches of cutover land,

mostly too rough or too sterile for tilling, have not awakened us to their vast potential worth as growers of wood. Fully one-fourth of our land area ought to be kept in forest—not poor, dwindling thickets of scrub, but forests of trees fit for bridges and houses and ships. Handled by the best timber-cropping methods, our present forest lands could be made to grow even more timber each year than we now use. But much of our cutover land, lying idle or half productive, is now an immeasurable loss. It pays little or no taxes, it keeps few hands busy, it turns few wheels, it builds no roads. Idle forest land has scrapped schools, factories, railroads, and towns; it has dotted the land with abandoned farms; it has created a migratory population. Our forest problem is a land problem of the first magnitude."

—President Coolidge.

FOREST FIRES

Forest-Fire Record for United States

A total of 91,793 fires which burned over 24,300,000 acres of timber, brush, and grasslands, and caused direct damage amounting to \$26,900,000 is the forest-fire record of the United States for 1926 according to figures compiled by the Forest Service.

The greatest area burned over and the greatest damage done, as well as the largest number of fires, were in the Southeastern States where 18,000,000 acres were affected and damage done totaling \$11,000,000. In the Rocky Mountain States 735,000 acres were burned and damage done amounting to \$5,000,000. In the Pacific States the figures were 1,746,000 acres and \$3,300,000; in the Appalachian States, 503,000 acres and \$2,400,000; in the West Mississippi group, 1,900,000 acres and \$1,600,000; and in the Northeastern States, 211,000 acres and \$1,900,000.

Mississippi, with 23,170 fires, had more than any other State. Alabama was next with 14,953, and Georgia was third with 6,446. At the other end of the scale, Delaware had but 37 fires, Nevada 21, South Dakota 66, Rhode Island 43, and Vermont 73.

The Southeastern States as a group—the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi—had the most fires, 54,200. The West Mississippi States, which include Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, and Texas, came next with 10,657 fires. The Northeastern States had 6,251 fires, the Appalachian States 4,827, the East Mississippi States 1,747, the Lake States 3,326, the Rocky Mountain States 3,877, and the Pacific States 6,842.

Within the areas under protection, the 33,867 fires reported burned over 1,040,000 acres of merchantable timber, 1,682,000

acres of nonmerchantable or immature tree growth, and 1,394,000 acres with no tree growth at the time, the total area of forest land burned thus reaching 4,116,000 acres. Including the unprotected regions 24,300,000 acres of land were scourged by fire during the year.

More than 72 per cent of the fires are known to have been caused by man and 12 per cent by lightning. The causes of a little more than 15 per cent are unknown. Smokers lead all others as starters of forest fires with over 16 per cent of all, railroads come next with 14 per cent, and brush burning third with 12 per cent.

Federal Allotment to States for Forest-Fire Prevention

During the present fiscal year, 36 States cooperating in forest-fire prevention under the Clarke-McNary law will receive from the Federal Government a total of \$876,911. State and private funds budgeted for forest protection during the year total \$2,890,000 which, combined with the Federal appropriation amounts to less than 40 per cent of the \$10,200,000 which it is estimated would be necessary to provide adequate fire protection to State and private forest lands in the United States. State allotments vary from \$64,433 for Minnesota to \$375 for South Dakota. The total allotment to the States, plus \$73,089 for administration and inspection and \$50,000 for studies in forest taxation make up the full \$1,000,000 appropriated by Congress for work under sections 1, 2, and 3 of the Clarke-McNary law during the fiscal year 1928.

—U. S. Forest Service.

The great American game of baseball uses its share of timber. White ash is now the sole possessor of the bat market. One well known bat company has an immense factory in Chicago with a capacity of 3,000 bats a day. They maintain a lumber stock sufficient to make 900,000 bats. The wood used for bats must be air-dried for two years before being turned.

—Forestry Facts.

Germany has 160 commercial forest nurseries with a total area of 3,500 acres and an annual production of more than 1,000,000,000 conifers and 180,000,000 hardwoods. The annual demand for planting stock is approximately 1,500,000,000 conifers and 190,000,000 hardwoods—enough to plant about 500,000 acres.

—Forestry Facts.