



THE BROWN BULLETIN

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



Vol. IX, No. 5



Berlin, N. H., November 1, 1927



THE PIPE LINE

THE BROWN BULLETIN

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Vol. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1927

No. 5

BROWN BULLETIN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

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

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

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

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"SAFETY-IZE" THE HOME, TOO

The cobblers' kids, we've been told frequently, are poorly shod. We've also heard rumors that some safety workers forget to practice safety principles at home. The idea that home is a place where you don't have to watch your step is responsible for several thousand deaths in American homes every year and an untold number of injuries ranging from slight bruises and scratches to broken bones.



Some claim that the increasing use of mechanical equipment in the home is responsible for the high rate of accidents. Home accidents, however, are as old as the home itself but nobody thought much about them until insurance companies and the National Safety Council began collecting and publishing statistics. Our homes, in spite of electric washing machines, toasters and vacuum cleaners, are probably safer than those of 100 years ago when weaving, soap making and other jobs now confined to the factory were done at home.

The power wringer on the washing machine is not the safest device imaginable, but the shaky stepladder, the icy pavement and the broken stair tread cause far more accidents. Electricity lags far behind the match as a cause of fires.

A home inspection carried out with the same thoroughness as a factory may reveal a surprising number of hazards. In too many homes nobody feels the responsibility until someone gets hurt.

Some furniture dealers use the slogan "Your home should come first." Twisting it to our own use, the safety of our families should be first with us.

THE SCANDINAVIANS IN BERLIN

By THORVALD ANDRESEN

ONCE upon a time, this world of ours, in the mind of man, was a very large planet—so large, that to him it became the centre of the Universe. He hardly knew his next-door neighbor; and when they did occasionally meet, it often ended in bloodshed and murder for the glory of his Deity and himself as master.

Today our world has become very small; our conception of relativity has changed. We measure distance and success with a different yardstick, as the object in life is elevated to a higher standard than ever before known in history of man.

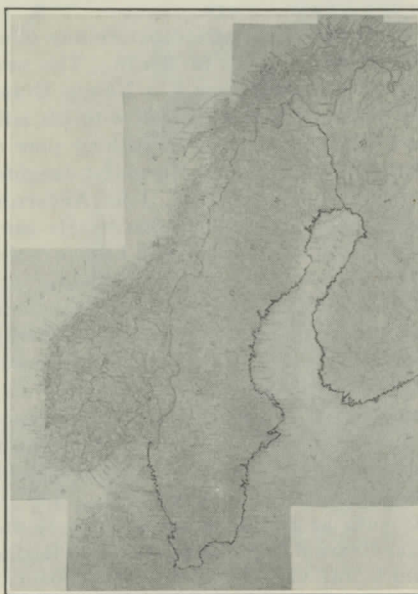
Of course, this, we know, has not been obtained by this generation only, but by a constant forward motion of experience, failure and suffering. This is not the work of one race, nor one country, nor of any one period; but a summing up of all known experience. Every nation has contributed, and will be contributing, according to the ability and capacity—in mind—of its citizens.

Now, this capacity of mind in any race, as we know, depends largely upon how much this mind needs to be occupied. By this is meant: How much must we think in order to get by in life? This, in times past, depended largely upon the environment and type of land and soil where man lived. For example: If man lived in a cold climate, it became necessary for him to withstand and adapt himself to that climate, and to provide for himself and his offspring the food and shelter necessary during the unproductive season. This was not necessary among the inhabitants of warmer climates, as all that was needed was to reach out for the food provided by Nature in abundance the year round. Consequently, their minds did not need to be occupied for purposes of self-preservation. And, in time, the inhabitants of the tropics became backward, but by constantly struggling and planning the better to master their environment, the Nordic races who lived in colder climates became masters of mind and achievement.

To these so-called Nordic races the Scandinavian people belong; and before we proceed to write directly about this race, as they have lived and conducted themselves in Berlin, New Hampshire, and what part they have taken in the development of the city and its industries, it would be fitting to take a trip across the

ocean to look over the land and soil from where they came.

To the Scandinavian Peninsula, a few centuries before Christ, there came from the heart of Asia the great Teutonic or German family of peoples, who gradually drove further North the older people whom they found there, the Finns and the Lapps. The newcomers became known as Scandinavians, from the name of a Province Scanea, settled in what is now the extreme southern tip of Sweden. They were a hardy race, and harder the land they came to. The Great Maker of the



THE SCANDINAVIAN PENINSULA

Universe surely intended these two, the race and the soil, to meet, for here in the course of time there developed a nation that, up to this time, has been an inspiration to themselves and all the world in daring and constructive ideas.

To the traveler who visits these countries, and has seen the omnipresent, eternally snow-clad mountains, the smiling, inviting fjords and the deep mysterious valleys, it becomes a picture of grandeur and magnitude. He comes back time and again, for here he knows that he is near to the true soil, a true race, and—a true God. To the Scandinavian this environment has become a part of himself. It has made him what he is, and no matter

how much foreign blood will mingle with him in the future, the characteristics of daring and constructiveness will be there.

Conservative in mind, highly individualistic, and always depending upon his own resources, the Scandinavian likes to stand or fall on his own merits. Honest to the last, never claiming credit that doesn't belong to him, and seldom liking to be in the limelight, his duties come first, and wherever he is placed in the world, he deals with actual values at the time when they are necessarily needed. With these qualities he has become pioneer in many practical economic enterprises.

The first Scandinavians came to Berlin in 1854. These people were John L. Oswald, Carl Oleson and John Gilson. They came here with an outfit of men employed by the Grand Trunk for the purpose of laying a spur track to the Winslow & Company's sawmill. Whatever reason there was for them to leave the Grand Trunk and begin work for the Winslows is not now known, but coming from Norway that year they must have been looking for a place to settle. Berlin, with its surroundings, has much resemblance to parts of Norway. In the writer's opinion, these factors decided them to stay. Berlin at that time must have been very small, as the son of one of these men, who was born here, and who is now a man of considerable age, said to the writer: "I could count the houses in Berlin on one hand." In those days the question of an eight-hour day or "time and a half" was not thought of. They began work at five o'clock in the morning and worked until seven, at that time they had half an hour's recess for breakfast. Then they began labor again at seven-thirty and worked until twelve at noon with thirty minutes for dinner. They resumed work again at twelve-thirty and worked until five. After another half-hour for supper, they took up their work, and finally finished at seven o'clock in the evening.

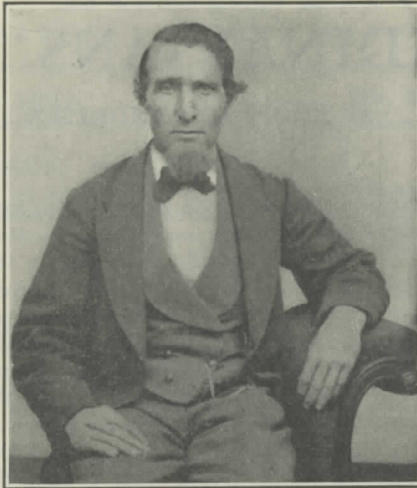
John L. Oswald, being a shoemaker by trade in Norway, opened up a shoe shop in Berlin in 1858, and as late as 1865 the New England Business Directory listed him as the only shoemaker in Berlin. His shop was located on Exchange Street close to the Grand Trunk station. Later on he went back to the Berlin Mills Company, and was employed by them operating the

clapboard machines. Mr. Oswald's home was built in what is now the Brown Company's yard. The exact location was east of the Planing Mill. In this house his sons, George E. and John H. Oswald, were born. John H. Oswald is now employed by the Brown Company as a filer, and is working only two hundred feet from the place where his cradle stood.

Carl Oleson, the father of George, Billy, and Fred Oleson, must also be mentioned. In asking one of the sons about their father's life, he said, after a few moments reflection, "There is not much to say, he reared a family, took hard lifts and turns in life, but kept it to himself. One thing, I know, he taught us to respect the honesty in men, and to be ourselves."

Of John Gilson, the last of the three men that invaded Berlin in 1854, the writer has been unable to obtain any information outside of the fact that he came here with John L. Oswald and Carl Oleson.

The Oswald family lived in the little house in the Brown Company's yard until 1881, and then moved to the house on Main Street in which his son, John H. Oswald, is now living. John L. Oswald was a typical Norwegian, with many interests. If he had lived in a larger environment we might have heard more about him. He was a stalwart friend, and a stern hater of unfaithfulness. Undoubtedly, these were qualifications that made the founder of the Brown Company, Mr. W. W. Brown, such a close friend of his. The latter employed Mr. Oswald in many confidential undertakings. The employer and the employee, born almost at the same date and the same year, died within a few days of each other. Mr. Oswald was elected as representative in 1893, 1897, and in 1913. For many years



CARL OLESON

he was a member of the board of health, and for several years acted as postmaster in the Upper Village.

Fourteen years passed before any other Scandinavian came to Berlin. The next man that arrived here was Nelson Evans. He came to Berlin in 1868 with his wife and family, and lived for a long time at the old Parker place. His oldest daughter was the mother of Mrs. Julie Anderson, who lives on Norwegian Street. He came from Oslo, Norway, and had been occupied there as cutter of stone monuments. His wife, I am told, was busy as a tailor during the first years of their stay in Berlin, and many a young man has put on a suit or a pair of trousers made by Mrs. Evans, and blessed her for his good appearance.

From the first time that the writer came to Berlin, he has been told that Mr. Evans was a very able-bodied man, and in strength he had been far superior to any Scandinavian that has ever lived in Berlin; and before closing the first installment of this article in the Bulletin, he would like to tell a story that will illustrate the personality of Mr. Evans.

One cold January night, three Norwegians went to the Grand Trunk station. On their way back they found two men laying in the snow, apparently intoxicated and dead to the world. They went over to pick them up, but this was evidently the signal for a regular fight, as eight other men came rushing from a nearby house, which was operated by two women of a shady reputation. The Norwegians had a little girl with them and she ran over to a house, saying that someone was killing her father. The girl was told to run over to Nelson Evans for help, but he had already retired. In the excitement, all Mr. Evans found time to put on were his stockings, and ran for the battleground.

Arriving there he found his countrymen battling against odds. Wherever he found the antagonist on top of a Norwegian, he merely went over and reversed the situation, giving his friend the upper hand by placing his foe underneath. Mr. Evans soon found his personal attackers. Being a man of enormous strength, he grabbed two of the men by their necks and bounced their heads together until his foes were out cold. This operation, I am told, Mr. Evans performed on several couples that night, and the next morning the battleground was an interesting sight.

That morning they were all called before the Judge, and as always is the case, the conquered army had to pay the price. The Judge found the ten men guilty of disturbing the peace, and let the Norwegians go home. Mr. Evans, in thanking the Judge, as he left, said, "Judge, me not hurt 'em, me just squeezed 'em!"

(To be Continued)

LIST OF PROMOTIONS

Napoleon St. Cyr from laborer to brakeman.

Archie Therrien from laborer to finisher. Romeo Pomerleau from laborer to broke hustler.

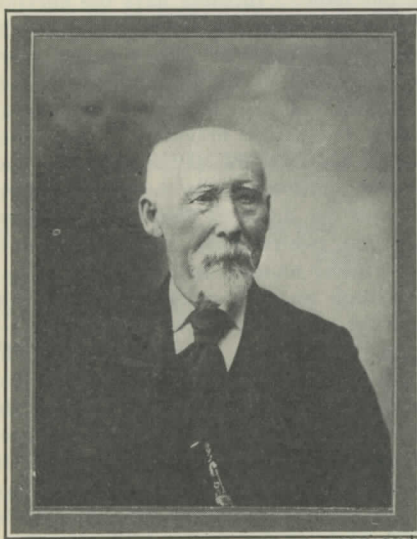
Frank Allain from laborer to carpenter. Alfred Leblanc from laborer to shingle sawyer.

Alcide Brisson from laborer to carpenter.

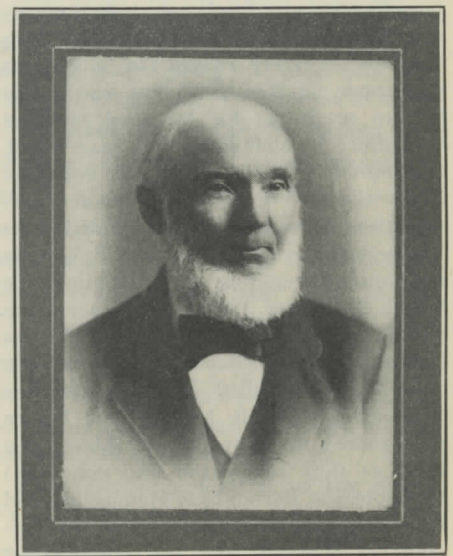
David Levasseur from laborer to carpenter.

Arthur Morin from laborer to carpenter. Joseph Gauthier from laborer to carpenter.

Ralph Pleasance from laborer to brakeman.



JOHN L. OSWALD



NELSON EVANS

The Work of the American Red Cross

Speaking informally for nearly two hours before the first meeting of the tenth season of the Philotechnical Society on October 5 and weaving skillfully into it his own personal experiences during the recent flood in the Mississippi valley, Mr. E. S. Singleton, general field representative for the American Red Cross in the state of Vermont, told an absorbing story of the work of the organization. Mr. Singleton has been with the Red Cross during the war and since. He has had a well-rounded experience not only in this country, but in foreign fields. He was with the national headquarters for a number of years before coming to Vermont, and has engaged in numerous special missions, which have given him an unusually broad contact with the diversified activities of the organization.

Mr. Singleton reviewed the history of the Red Cross in this and foreign countries. The American organization is one among a half a hundred similar organizations operating in civilized nations. It is not subsidiary to an international organization, but volunteers aid to foreign organizations when they are coping with large disasters, and in turn receives willing help from the others when in a similar situation, as was the case in the recent flood along the Mississippi. During the fiscal year that closed on June 30 last, it devoted \$643,000 to foreign work, and \$8,216,893 to domestic work. Of this last sum \$4,480,000 was used for relief and rehabilitation occasioned by the storm in Florida. In this sum only about \$3,000,000 of the Mississippi flood fund is included. The latter fund eventually reached a total of \$17,000,000—a sum which has done untold good and has been and is being wisely and economically administered.

The work of disaster relief is not confined to the very largest of disasters, nor does the Red Cross measure its assistance according to its memberships in the locality needing help. Not long ago a Vermont city suffered a fire, in which 30 or 40 people were rendered homeless and some eight were killed. The resources of the locality were strained to the uttermost. The city had not made large contributions to the Red Cross. It had only some 300 members. With some misgivings as to whether it actually had a claim, the city asked whether the national could help. The immediate telegraphic response was that it was sending several trained work-

ers and \$5,000 for immediate needs, and that in case more assistance was required such would be immediately forthcoming. In supporting the Red Cross, the people of Berlin can be assured that in case of calamity here, large or small, the Red Cross will be ready and willing to assist. During the last fiscal year the Red Cross administered relief in 77 domestic disasters.

The money contributed by individual memberships and to special disaster funds actually reaches the people needing relief. It is true that the National Red Cross

special disaster relief, one may be assured that his money does not go into overhead.

In time of stress the Red Cross is upon a military basis. It is an organization chartered by Congress and presided over by the President of the United States, who in case of need has the power to designate a member of his cabinet to take immediate charge of work in the stricken zones, as was done when President Coolidge sent Secretary Hoover into the Mississippi Valley, where he spent a total of 75 days.

All Red Cross workers are subject to orders from headquarters in case of emergency. Returning to Burlington last spring from work in connection with relief and rehabilitation following the Florida storm, Mr. Singleton found telegraphic orders to report to Washington, where he found headquarters manned with volunteer workers, all the trained staff having gone on to the seat of operations in the Mississippi valley. Further orders took him immediately to Memphis, where relief headquarters were originally established. Later they were moved to New Orleans as the flood area passed to the lower reaches of the river. From Memphis he went a short distance down the Mississippi to one of the more than 70 safe, strategic points where refugee camps were ultimately set up.

Mr. Singleton, assisted by four Red Cross nurses, had charge of a camp with some 8,000 homeless people, mainly negroes disposed along a narrow strip of territory surrounded by water and permitting four streets of army tents. The immediate job was to feed, to clothe, and to doctor these people. No less important was provision for safe water, safe milk, universal typhoid inoculation, mosquito control, malaria prophylaxis, disposal of dead animals and garbage, and ample medical service.

The ordinary diet of the plantation hands along the Mississippi has been merely salt pork, corn bread, molasses and coffee. The Red Cross ration, although sometimes complained of in other districts, proved more ample in variety than most of the negroes had ever had. Canned tomatoes and white beans may in the future become a part of their permanent wants, as the result of the relief work. The refugees themselves did all the manual labor necessary in camp. Many of the women proved very capable in manning the cook tents, of which each



AN INVITATION TO JOIN

The American National Red Cross will hold its Eleventh Annual Roll Call from Armistice Day through Thanksgiving—November 11-24—when all are cordially invited to become members of this great organization. Membership dues paid at that time maintain the work of the Red Cross—local, national and international—throughout the coming year

occupies a magnificent building in Washington, but this building was given it outright by interested patrons, and is situated on land owned by the War Department. Its maintenance is separately endowed. Many of the prominent members of its staff serve without pay. Its paid workers receive but moderate salaries, compared with what they could command in private practice, and this money comes from the proceeds of endowment. In making contributions either as memberships, which take care of all ordinary disasters, or to

street had a certain number. Sections of the street were fed in rotation, and by the time the last shift had eaten breakfast, the first shift was ready to come in to dinner, so that feeding was a continuous operation. When work was required it was only necessary to remark that those who didn't work shouldn't eat.

Water was brought from wells and supplies that were known by analysis to be safe. The greatest fear of the workers was typhoid, a water-borne disease that is usually much in evidence after floods. So well was typhoid prophylaxis organized throughout the thousand miles of flood area from Cairo to the Gulf of Mexico that there were no cases of it. It has been said that the achievement of the Red Cross and Public Health Services in this direction ranks as a more difficult one than that met in the historic clean-up of

Panama—especially when it is remembered that 600,000 people, a number equal to the population of the national capital were dependent upon the Red Cross for food, clothing, and medical assistance for a longer or shorter period.

After the floods receded, the refugees were returned to their homes. Then began the no less important work of rehabilitation and reconstruction, a work that is still going on and requires money and time to complete it. It is the ambition of the Red Cross to give each negro family an opportunity equal to that which it enjoyed before the flood. It is attempting to provide a minimum equipment to each, including a small portable cabin with simple furnishings. These people are very much attached to their own localities, and no extensive removal of population is contemplated or expected.

Questioned upon the feasibility of pre-

venting such a disaster in the future, Mr. Singleton would not give a definite answer. In the course of his talk, he suggested some of the difficulties involved. Something can be done by straightening of bends in the river bed, where weakness in the levees is most liable to develop. Much difficulty is occasioned by the division of responsibility among local and national authorities. The big break at Mound, Mississippi, which was the direct cause of much of the misery that he personally witnessed could have been prevented if the local levee board concerned could have been willing and able to put a million dollars into strengthening that particular point. President Coolidge has promised a permanent solution of the problem, but as yet has given no details of the government plan.—The Berlin Reporter.

BROWN COMPANY SALES OFFICES

NEW YORK

Our vacation period has come to an end with the return of Mrs. Link from Bermuda where she enjoyed a very pleasant sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Flint, W. H. Bond, and B. I. Reider of the Victoria Paper Mills were the guests of Mr. Ben Bond of the B. F. Bond Paper Co. at the Navy-Notre Dame game.

Berlin, N. H., was represented at the World Series by Alfred McKay of the Chemical Plant and Colonel Berwick of the purchasing department. They visited Tommy Gillespie while in New York. Another visitor from Berlin was Dewey Brooks, the optimistic philosopher.

George Ashworth has just returned from a visit to the mill and reports much rain. He successfully made his way through the heavy storms with the aid of Gene Dupont and his "Pride of Boston."

Mr. Howe of Hobbs & Howe, Buffalo, recently stopped in to say hello to us. It has been some time since his previous visit, and we hope that the intervals between his visits will be shorter in the future. The only disagreement we had with him was on the outcome of the Colgate-Columbia and Colgate-N. Y. U.

games. This difference of opinion will be settled very shortly.

G. W. Blair, our new towel salesman, is visiting the mill getting some real information regarding "One Wipes Dry."

Among the visitors during the month were Norman Brown, J. A. Fogarty, Edmund Burke of Portland, and W. R. Brown of Berlin.

ATLANTA

Recent visitors to Atlanta office were Julius Sternberger of Wilmington, N. C., and Mr. Abram of Epes-Fitzgerald Paper Company, Columbia, S. C.

Jessie Campbell of this office has originated a unique scheme for accumulating some money to purchase Christmas candy for some boys at the Baptist Orphans Home, Hapeville, Ga. When any member of the Atlanta office is tardy for work in the morning they are taxed a certain silver coin. We understand that if the small savings bank does not contain enough at the time appointed to buy the candy, members of this office will be further taxed.

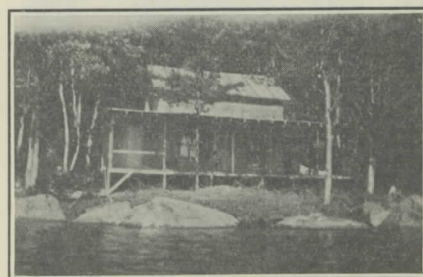
CHICAGO

Recently we were honored with a visit from Mrs. H. J. Brown, who, between trains, took occasion to view some of the

improvements and new buildings erected within the last few years. Mr. Moody and Mr. Burke also visited us.

We have just said good-bye to W. T. Libby, who was with us for about a week and who visited most of our important connections. We learned a lot, and we believe his visit will be very productive for the future. In most every visit he was assured that our paper and our efforts were appreciated. We believe that Bill Corbin or Bill Libby should come out here once every six months.

Mr. Moore and Mr. Babbitt viewed the Tunney-Dempsey fight, and both believe the decision was a just one. It was a wonderful spectacle.



CAMP ONAROC, TWITCHELL LAKE, LOCKES MILLS, ME., OWNED BY FRED ANDREWS OF CASCADE MILL

UPPER PLANTS NOTES

MAIN OFFICE

All main office employees were delighted to welcome Mr. Swan back on Monday morning, October 17th. Mr. Swan has been absent from his desk during the summer months because of ill-health.

We have the auditors with us again. Mr. Spaulding opened up the auditing season the first of October, and after the usual preliminaries left Messrs. Fowler and Young to carry on the work. They were with us last year, and we are glad to welcome them back again.

Charles Baker, window-frame department, and Warren Oleson, accounting, left October 15th for a two weeks' vacation. By the way—they did not go in the same direction.

One of the biggest improvements the City has made in years is the new sidewalk from Fourth street to Brown Company store. Heretofore one who tried to walk the "walk" was unable to tell truthfully whether he was absolutely sober or not. One foot invariably climbed the heights while the other seemed to seek out uncertain gullies. The new cement walk is a most welcome improvement.

Thanks to Freddie Demers of the store, the Brown Company employees were able to keep a detailed check on the World Series. Mr. Demers got the scores over radio and relayed each move to the operators and to Miss Keenan at the store, who in turn were able to broadcast it to different departments of the plants.

RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

John H. Graff has been acting secretary of the Kiwanis Club during the absence of Eli A. Marcoux, who was one of the district delegates to the American Legion Convention at Paris. Mr. Graff had a big part in the preparations and staging of the Kiwanis Safety Week, when the present dangers of the road were brought to the attention of the public.

D. H. McMurtrie wrote us from London sending a picture of St. John's Chapel in the White Tower, and remarking that while in France he and Mrs. McMurtrie were so happy as to visit Chartres, but could not see Mont St. Michel this time.



GEORGE AROLD BROWN
NEPHEW OF AROLD BROWN, PURCHASING
DEPARTMENT

The evening of October 8 was the occasion of a Research party at Shelburne Town House. The burgesses of said village gave us its entire freedom. During the evening we said good-bye for the present to Mr. and Mrs. Foster A. Burningham, who left on October 15 for Shawano and West Palm Beach, Florida. During their sojourn in the former Spanish colony, Mr. Burningham will have employment with Mr. Vannah, and it is hoped that Mrs. Burningham's health will improve. Mr. Burningham has been with us for nearly nine years, and we regret to see him leave, even temporarily. The Shawnees have gained a staunch and reliable convert.

Nathan Pike has gone to his home in Vermont threatened with tuberculosis.

H. I. Baldwin was operated on for appendicitis at the St. Louis Hospital on October 7.

H. L. Mellen came back to us early in October—somewhat patched but alive and kicking.

It must be getting on toward New Year's. Mr. Graff made his annual trip to Portland and Boston around the 15th. Mrs. Graff went with him by automobile, and they found the foliage very delightful.

Jimmie Hurley came into the office the other day, wearing a garnet and black sweater with an old English "B." Jimmie has been here some years now, but, owing

to his modesty, we never knew before that he made his letter in cross country at Bates. He also tells us that Swasey was a successful intercollegiate high jumper at the same institution.

H. L. Baldwin spoke upon "Mountaineering in Lapland" before the Gorham Men's Club on Oct. 5.

A gentle Scotsman sent a boutonniere of rare sunflowers to the writer of this column and justly chided him with ignorance of the fact that it is the proud boast of the Scots that their country was never conquered. A La Tuque bloke sent a page of the last Bulletin with the annotation, "Really—this is too much! I" and a question mark running from the statement that Scotland was once a French colony. As the result of some research, we grant that the word "dependency" should have been used instead of "colony." In 1072, Malcolm pledged the allegiance of Scotland to William, the Norman. This we confidently assert on the authority of Freeman, Robertson notwithstanding.

Peekskill, N. Y.
Sunday, Oct. 16.

To the Editor:

In the rush of getting away I forgot something, as usual. Will you please put a notice in the Brown Bulletin for me? Please say that Mrs. Burningham and I sincerely appreciate the party at Shelburne, the present, and the hearty expressions of good will for us in our new venture into the land of the peanut, the potato, the crocodile, and the Seminole. We hope that we shall be able to return to work and play with them all again some day.

F. A. Burningham.

TUBE MILL No. 2

The family of Lars C. Oleson wishes to thank all those who donated so generously for flowers during their recent bereavement.

Ray Dickinson is planning to give lessons in Black Bottom, Charleston, Irish Jig and Step Dance. He will gladly demonstrate any desired step.

Jerry "Kid" Wambolt has issued a chal-

lunge to "Wild Man" Lessard and will meet him any place the wild man desires. George MacCosh will act as third man. The only handicap to either of the boxers is that they may take a hard flop if their moustaches become entangled.

Walter Bacon says he will have a nice smoke when a certain "boss" of the shipping department comes across with his bet.

Now that the baseball series is over the boys here are "bugs" on football, and before the next issue of the Bulletin we will have had several good games. The following teams have been organized: The Pitch Darkies, Capt. Pop Reynolds, Dick Treamer, Bob Sturgeon, Mike Roberge, Fred Daggett, John Blouin, Russ Chapman, Tom Currier, Dave Boudreau; Tar Babies, Capt. Joe King, Henry Croteau, Pete Frechette, Geo. Knox, Bill Douglas, Basil Bennett, Bert Sunbury, Lem Hyde, Jack McGee.

What might have been a serious accident occurred in the beater room some time ago when two of our foremost pipers, Mark Baker and Byron Ferris collided with each other near one of the beaters. Neither one was injured in any way, but each was covered with stock. Ferris lugged away the most according to some of the spectators. Better hang on a bell, Ferris, and let Mark know when you are near him.

Pitch players, attention! If you think you can play a good game of pitch just stop down stairs any noon hour, and Joe LeRoux and Jack Campbell will guarantee to hand any two other players a "skunk," 2 out of 3. However, their challenge has been accepted by Arthur Bourrard, champion of Lot 6, and Dave Boudreau, amateur champ of Shediak, N. B. This should prove an interesting game.

Someone not long ago handed Arthur Dionne, one of our inspectors, a trick cigar. The result may be left to the reader as a problem in imagination.

Tom Egan and Albert Hanson are anxious to start the Tug-of-War Contests. When they do, they surely will have a lot of backers to win, as they gave good account of themselves some time ago.

Bobby Horne is taking vocal lessons. He is planning to try Grand Opera. We hope he makes good.

Oscar Nelson has the old "Rem" all tuned up for a deer. Oscar says "A 'flag' and he's mine."

Harry Lawrence has a new radio of the latest type and reports the best yet. If there is a good one out Harry will have it. He says he has invested the price of a good P. I. farm in them now.

Arthur Simpson has made an addition to his house, and it looks pretty nifty. By the way, Mr. Simpson does all the work in spare time.

Bert Sweeney has a problem which he would like to have answered by somebody. A hen comes from an egg and an egg comes from a hen. Which got here first?



K. O. LEROUX

Harold Beroney has his potatoes all dug and reports a good crop. Anyone wanting good potatoes for winter better call up Mr. Beroney early, as good "spuds" at reasonable prices won't last long.

B. A. A.

Boxing seems to be getting better all the time here. Our boys are giving the outsiders all they can take and a lot more. On the night of Oct. 14, four of our Berlin boys kept the honors in the home town. Young Prince easily defeated Young Coulombe of Montreal, P. Q. Arthur K. O. Michaud won his contest in one round. Rooney, who topped the main bout, won in a round, stopping Tommy Rea of Livermore Falls. The nicest work of the evening was between Johnny Leroux of this city and Kentucky Ferguson. They called it a draw, but we think Johnny had 4 out of 6. Wasn't it fast and clever? If you missed seeing this one you missed the show. It had everything that is essential to good boxing, clean breaking, socking with both mitts, ducking, side-stepping. In fact it had it over many of

the big city bouts that you pay big prices to see. This seems to be what the fans like. So it is up to us to go to the contests as often as we can and keep the good sport a-going. It is a long winter and we can enjoy ourselves if we stick together, as the flies said when they lit on the tanglefoot. I read in the Berlin Reporter and Lewiston Daily Sun a letter signed by K. O. Leroux, that he intends to come back. Now to those who do not know K. O. personally we say that he hasn't far to come because K. O. is ready most any old time and if he doesn't look it just take a peep at his map and satisfy yourself, but, better still, when he boxes, which he intends in the very near future, come and see him in action. Felix King, one of New England's leading middle-weights, is in hard training and in good shape at the present time. When Felix is right watch his smoke. We are pleased to say Felix is a Berlin boy.

We have here in town at the present an old timer, who fought many hard battles some years ago. His name is Aurela Herrera, a Mexican, who fought Battling Nelson 20 rounds when Nelson was champion. He also fought Young Corbett and scores of others that would take a lot of space and fill a good-sized book. He is a brother of Mexican Joe Rivers. It was announced recently that he would box someone just as soon as his leg gets sufficiently healed. We hope to have a photo of him soon, and also see him in action. We wish him a speedy recovery.

PARENT GIVES KING

HARD TUSSLE

Felix King, local star, won a close decision over Blue Nose Parent at the end of their six-round bout at the B. A. A. Show in City Hall, September 16.

Parent proved to be a very clever boxer and gave King the hardest fight he has had in a long time. Many of the fans were of the opinion that Parent was entitled to a draw.

Johnny Leroux and Kentucky Ferguson fought a draw in the six-round semi-final. It was a whirlwind battle from start to finish and made a big hit with the fans.

Phil Tardiff, local star, and Wild Man Quirion of Lewiston went six speedy rounds to a draw in the other top bout. Axe-handle Bernier was awarded the decision over Cowboy Kid Jones of Lewiston, at the end of their slashing six rounds.

HANLON AND PARENT

BATTLE FAST TO A DRAW

Mose Hanlon of Portland and Blue Nose Parent of Lewiston fought six speedy rounds to a draw in the feature bout of the B. A. A. show on Friday, Sept. 30th.

In the semi-final Tommy Ray, hard hitting Livermore Falls boxer, was awarded the decision over Fred Kid Cadorette after six rounds of milling. Ray sent Cadorette down for a count of nine in the fifth. Cadorette came back and fought gamely to the finish. Young Rooney challenged Ray after the bout, and Ray accepted the defy. Cowboy Jones of Lewiston won the decision over Axe-handle Bernier after six slugging rounds. In the prelim Battling Coulombe of Montreal won the decision over Herman Prince, local star, in the six-round opener.

The boxers were so evenly matched that there was not a dull moment from the opening bell to the wind-up.

YOUNG ROONEY KNOCKS

OUT TOMMY RAY

Livermore Falls Scrapper Out Five Minutes Following Blow

Young Rooney, local flyweight star, knocked out Tommy Ray, rugged Livermore Falls ringster, in the first round of the scheduled 6-round main bout at the B. A. A. show on Oct. 14th. Rooney uncorked a terrific right hook that caught Ray full on the button. Ray fell like a log and was out for five minutes.

Freddie Cadorette challenged the winner before the bout.

In the other main bout number Johnny Leroux, local welter, went six fast rounds to a draw with Kentucky Ferguson of



BASS CAUGHT AT TWITCHELL LAKE BY HARRY LEIGHTON, FRED ANDREWS, AND MIKE LITWIN OF CASCADE MILL

Lewiston. Johnny is a much improved fighter. Arthur Michaud, local slugger, kayoed Young Magno of Lewiston in the first round. Magno claimed a foul during the count. In the opener, Herman Prince, local featherweight, received the decision over Young Coulombe of Montreal after six fast rounds.

The management is trying to get Ted Young Drew, the Biddeford Flash, to meet K. O. Leroux at the next show at City Hall, Nov. 18th. There will also be a strong supporting card.

K. O. LEROUX DENIES HE IS DOWN AND OUT; SEEKS SHOT AT SEVERAL BOXERS

Berlin, N. H., Oct. 11.

Dear Editor:—

Will you kindly favor me by mentioning in your paper the following.

I have heard a lot of remarks recently in regard to my being all through with the fight game, and I want to correct same.

There are a large number of local fans that still believe in my ability, and many have requested me to start boxing again. I'll admit there is a lot of knockers about town that have the hammer out for me and never miss a chance to knock but I am glad that my friends greatly outnumber the would-be knockers, and just to please my friends I am going back to the ring and what is more I intend to make good.

I have been training for the past month and feel sure that I can beat any lightweight in New England. I am ready and anxious to take on all comers.

I would like to get a shot at Ted Young Drew, the Biddeford Flash. He holds the Maine lightweight title and has a great record of wins. He has never lost a fight, but if he ever gets in a ring with me I'll knock him out.

There are several ringsters that I want to get even with before I hang up my gloves. The first on the list is Russie Mack, the second is Dick Lambert, and the third is Newport Johnny Brown.

Nothing would please me more than to take them on one after the other, for I feel confident that I can knock them all out, if I ever get a chance.

Hoping that the B. A. A. will give me a match with some top notch lightweight at an early date, and with many thanks, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

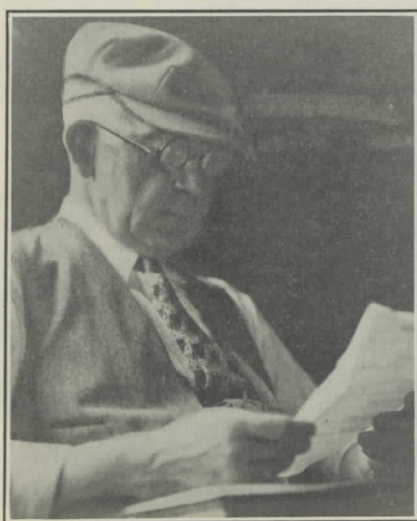
(Signed) K. O. Leroux.

BROWN COMPANY

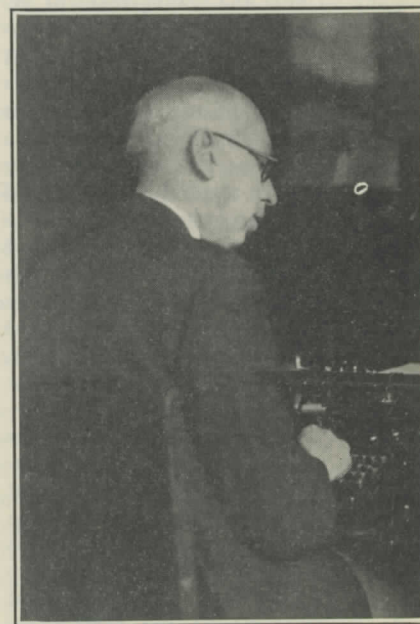
RELIEF ASSOCIATION

The following is a report of all indemnities for accident and sickness paid at Cascade Mill for the month of September.

Leo Veilleux	\$ 60.00
Kathleen Albough	18.00
Marcel Lepage	48.00
R. Roberge	30.00
Arthur Tanguay	50.00
Thomas McGinnis	27.51
Edward Gauthier	87.50
Pasqual Bruno	14.00
Chas. McDonald	83.11
Pat O'Donnell	75.00
Walter Riff	40.00
Edward Cadorette	260.00
Jos. Fabissiak	45.49
Arcade Biron	12.00
John Toppy	80.00
Alfred McKenna	50.60
Louis Lemieux	94.40
Wm. Tanguay	35.46
Arthur Daugherty	16.66
Chas. Watson	5.33
A. Savoie	65.73
James Wight	100.00
Wm. Pike	70.00
Arthur Hunt	60.00
Arch. Routhier	103.20
Terry Burns	72.00
Poulliott	72.00
Venc. Porretta	128.08
Nap. Martel	115.20
Jos. Dumonti	28.00
Alfred Bergeron	44.33
Total	\$1,991.60



WALTER MAINES
CASCADE SAMPLE CLERK



"ARTIE" EASTMAN
OUR HUMBLE CASCADE POET

Berlin and Its Water System

By GEORGE LOVETT, Water Commissioner

An Address before the Philotechnical Society
October 19, 1927

IN an endeavor to put before this organization and the inhabitants of our City, the vast amount of labor and money involved in the instigation, management, and financing of a water system, it will be necessary to go back and give a little history of the system acquired by the City of Berlin from the Berlin Water Company up to the time of purchase on July 1, 1925.

Along in the early eighties Berlin began to take on the semblance of a prospering community, the impetus being the manufacturing of paper at what was known as Berlin Falls, for it was along about 1884 that the Glen Mill, now International Paper Company's property, was erected. A few years later, about 1888, Berlin Mills Co. built the Riverside Pulp and Paper Mills, and a little previously Bacon and Furbish started the Forest Fibre Soda Pulp Mill.

The building of these mills was a direct cause for the population to increase a hundredfold. The time-honored wells and springs, which were the only source of water supply, soon failed to meet the people's needs. As always, a few of Berlin's enterprising citizens banded together and formed the Berlin Aqueduct Company. Under the management of W. C. Perkins, the first start was made towards a permanent water system. This Company acquired rights in all the brooks directly about Berlin, and in 1892 built a reservoir on Bean Brook in the Township of Success. A pipe line was run from this reservoir down along the brook to and across the Androscoggin River to Main Street and up to a supplemental reservoir on Spring Street. The function of this secondary reservoir was to be for fire purposes. The main was then continued towards the downtown section of the city, and thus a start was made to meet the needs of a suffering population.

Several aqueduct companies were formed at about the same time. Competition is ever keen no matter how great or vexatious the undertaking. While the Berlin Aqueduct Company had sole rights to lay pipe in streets accepted by the then town of Berlin, there were numerous streets unaccepted. So the competitors of the aqueduct company had unlimited



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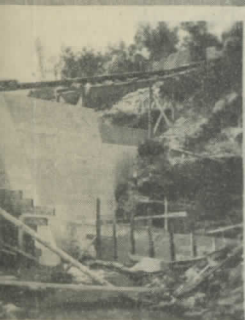
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1—North End, New Godfrey Reservoir, Looking Downstream; 2—Same, Looking Upstream; 3—Same Looking Upstream; 4—Same Looking Upstream; 5—Laying 20-inch Wood-stave Pipe; 6—Southeast End of Reservoir; 7—Rumery's Camp, One Mile Site, Before Pouring Cement; 11—Working Gravel; 12—Camp of MacArthur's Toters. Photographs by



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rights as to treading on the toes of the pioneers in the water business. The competing companies merged into the Berlin Water Company, organized in 1902, so that at the time of purchase by the city there only remained the Forbush System on the East Side, which supplies some forty or fifty families, with springs as a source, and is augmented by a connection with the water company's system during the dry season.

Speaking of dry seasons, the promoters of our first water system soon ran up against several of such, and found it necessary to install an auxiliary plant operated by steam pump with the river as a source. This plant was located where the Motor Mart buildings now stand. This auxiliary plant was abandoned along about the year 1908, the then Berlin Water Company arranging with the Berlin Mills Company for the taking of water from their filter plant located at the Sulphite Mill.

In the period between 1902 and 1916, Berlin was still growing by leaps and bounds, so that the Water Company was again forced to expand, to meet the growing demands on its system, and about 1903 built what are known as Stewart, Anderson and Horne reservoirs. In 1916 Keene reservoir was built. These later reservoirs are located north of Bean reservoir and on a different watershed. The dry seasons still persisted in their periodical visitations and as a last resort the Water Company again turned to the river and was contemplating the building of a filtration plant, just above Mark Twitchell's when the City stepped in and purchased the plant.

To show that there is a big meaning in the saying that large bodies move slowly, it may be stated that, to the speaker's knowledge, the acquiring of the property of the Berlin Water Company has been contemplated since 1907, for Honorable George Hutchins, Mayor in 1906-7, and later D. J. Daley, Mayor, and their Councils held or caused to be held several mass meetings on this question and four times, between dates of 1910 and 1925, the voters were asked to express their views as to the advisability of the City taking over the water property, and the voting always favored the measure.

The good results, and the speaker is a firm believer in municipally owned water works, of these several meetings, and ballots, began to show through to the surface along about 1920. It was the speaker's good fortune to be a member of the City Council and to serve with Mayor King, on a special committee for four

King Downstream, with Ruins of Old Wooden Dam in Foreground; 4—Trench Work, Showing Unassembled from Reservoir; 8—Farewell View of Old Godfrey Dam; 9—Air-compressor Crew; 10—North End of Dam Courtesy of Ernest Tankard.

years to look into possibilities and probabilities of the purchase of the Water Company's property. We set the ball a-rolling by procuring the services of the engineering firm of Sawyer and Bean. On their recommendation and under their direction a physical valuation of the water properties was made and reported to the council, so that along in the fall of 1924, during the administration of Mayor J. A. Vaillancourt and his Council, an agreement was reached as to the value of the property, based on the report of Sawyer and Bean as of March, 1924. This was placed at \$475,000 with an additional amount of some \$35,000 for extension work on Ramsay Hill, completed in 1924, so the City actually paid approximately \$510,000 for all the property of the Berlin Water Company. Before this water system could be turned over to the City a special act was passed by the Legislature of 1925 authorizing the City to acquire the property and issue \$700,000 in bonds, said sum to be applied only in the purchase and extensions of the system.

It was again the speaker's pleasure to be appointed by Mayor Vaillancourt and his Council, to serve on the water commission, and he assumed office in May, 1925. The commissioners together with Mayor Vaillancourt, and later Mayor King, investigated several possible sources with which to augment the existing water

system, and considerable time and money were spent investigating such possibilities as Success Pond, and the Androscoggin River with filtration plant, but as both of these prospects, as investigated, entailed the item of pumping and a storage reservoir, they were abandoned, and our thoughts were turned towards the Ammonoosuc River.

Our investigations on the Ammonoosuc were continued through from October, 1925, to October, 1926, when we, as a board, decided, after receiving the sanction of the State Board of Health, to use this river as a supplementary source and addition to our water system. We found that an elevation of 1500 ft. (sea-level datum) existed at what is known as Godfrey Dam on the Ammonoosuc, and that with a level of 1000 ft. at Green Square a gravity system could be installed. We also found, from actual meter readings, that the supply from this source would more than fill the needs of our city for years to come. As the catchment area of this basin is some 25 square miles almost entirely owned by U. S. Forestry Service, we are insured against any possibility of contamination from human habitation.

Having settled on our source, we called in Mr. Paul Bean, consulting engineer, and directed him to prepare plans and specifications for this Ammonoosuc addition. Contracts were let in May of 1927.

A cement concrete dam is practically completed at the old Godfrey Dam site. Leading from this is a pipe line, eight miles in length, varying in size from 24-inch through to 20-inch, 16-inch and 14-inch, mostly of banded wood-stave pipe, to connect with existing 12-inch main at Willard and School streets. The pipe line at this date is within 4000 feet of completion, so that within a month we should be getting Ammonoosuc River water, if same be needed.

As the down-town system is capable only of sustaining safely a working pressure of 125 pounds per square inch, to insure this pressure, a reducing valve has been installed in the new 20-inch line, this being necessary owing to the difference in level of Bean reservoir at an elevation of 1,282 ft., and Godfrey reservoir at 1,500 ft.

Of the \$700,000 bond issue, the sum of \$510,000 was paid the Berlin Water Company as above mentioned, and the balance of \$190,000, with accrued interest, will more than meet all outstanding contracts.

The city auditor's report for January 1, 1927, showed net earnings of the water system as \$52,000. Of this amount some \$40,000 was put back in extensions to the system in the year 1926. We have every reason to feel and believe that we have a good sound business on a solid foundation for generations to come.

CHEMICAL MILL EXPLOSIONS

Joe Gobeil visited the Rochester Fair and, owing to cold weather, found the zoo closed, so he had to come home without entering, much to Mr. Sevigney's sorrow.

Hadley Parker visited Portland and caught crabs, lobsters and other shellfish. Next time he thinks he will catch a whale.

George Frost traded his one-cylinder bicycle for a four-lunger Chevrolet and now rides in style.

Boals Rolls Hall, who has never bought tobacco, has at last decided to give up chewing altogether.

Jack Reid, our well-known gardener, has harvested his crops. He has a cellar full of pumpkins, peas, and rhubarb; and is sitting pretty for the winter.

A serious accident was avoided recently when a large car almost ran into a Chevrolet coupe parked by the East Side Foundry and with all lights out. It seems the owner was having some parts made in the foundry.

Henry Pelky, being left alone for a while, has been a very well behaved boy and outside of buying extensively at Newberry's, everything is O. K.

Joe Paradis put in his usual supply of choke cherries.

John Laffin attended another gala, but we have not found out where it was.

Congratulations to George Gale and crew for installing a light over the boilers, which has been promised for at least eight years and at last is here.

Boiler House

Joe Roy has moved into his new home on Horne Street, and has "Shorty" Lemelin, the lobster fisherman, staying with him as his mascot.

Alfred Watt was a business visitor at South Lawrence and Cambridge, Mass.

Ben Brann and Fred Vogel went to New York for the Chemical Show.

Alfred McKay had a very pleasant two weeks' vacation, taking in the sights of Boston and New York.

George Ashworth of the New York Office visited us.

Taxi Driver (to Alfred McKay): Sorry, guv'nor, I've lost control, and cannot stop her.

McKay: Quick, turn off the meter.

SULPHITE MILL GAS

THE LIFE OF A NURSE

The world grows better year by year,
Because some nurse in her little sphere,
Puts on her apron, grins and sings
And keeps on doing the same old things,
Taking the temperatures, giving the pills
To remedy mankind's numberless ills,
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite, with a heart that rebels.
Longing for home, and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile.
Blessing the new-born baby's breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in death.
Taking the blame for all the mistakes,
O, dear, what a lot of patience it takes!
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, just ready to drop,
But called back on "special" at seven-fifteen
With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen.
Morning and evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over, hoping it's right.
When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
O, Lord, will you give us just one little star
To wear in our crown, with the uniform new,
In that city above where the Head Nurse is You?
—Selected.

If anybody wants to hire a private nurse, see Joe Simard, our press man. You will not have to go through the salvage department either.

Fred Dupuis will be very glad to give the keys to the party that took the lock off the oil locker.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to our friends for their many deeds of kindness and sympathy shown us during the long illness of our father, and for the beautiful floral tributes, and the automobiles lent us in our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Andrew Pelchat and family.

One of the finest interior decorations is a square meal.

Husband—I just paid the doctor some money on our bill.

Wife—Goody! Two more payments and the baby will be ours.

We understand that Ovila Gagne had to go down street to get the results of the World's Series. What is the matter with your radio?

Ernest Gagne, our No. 1 dryer back tender, is back with us after being on the sick list for four months. We are glad to see you back with us again, Ernest.

Ernelien Clauthier now has a schoolgirl

complexion, since he started using Palmolive Soap.

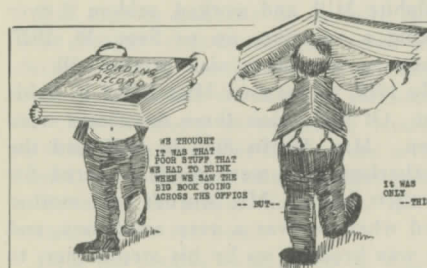
Bert Gessner will sell you anything from step-ins to hair tonics.

We wish to thank most heartily the friends and fellow workers of the Sulphite Mill for the beautiful gift.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Kramer.

It is very nearly time that our blacksmith, Dan Buchanan, should invest in a watch or he will be going home early. It will also stop him from asking the drill press men "What time is it?"

Wanted: A new necktie for a good-looking young man. Something flashy. See Benny Dale, west yard store clerk.



Pete Pinette bought a new radio. We hope he will not make too much noise himself so that he can hear the programs coming in.

Harry Heath became the proud father of a 10-lb. boy, Sunday, Oct. 16, 1927.

We expect that Louise Oswell will soon be getting passes on the Grand Trunk Railroad.

We wonder if Theo is a good swimmer. She always seems to be near a Beach.

At the present writing, Dorothy McGivney is in Boston over the week-end.

Miss Pilgrim was transferred to the engineering department.

What makes Bill Johnson so tight with his gum? \$5 reward for the best answer.

Gordon Clark is not going to bet with the girls any more. It is too expensive.

Catherine McGivney is getting lots of practice at parlor rugby since school opened.

Alma says that these cars are not what they are cracked up to be.

Police notes from Stark, N. H.—Trespassers on private property will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.—Velma.

Alice Thibodeau is thinking seriously of changing her man this coming winter.

Mr. Innis, our tailor, motored down to Portland recently with his wife to consult a doctor.

Did anyone notice that all the new houses being built this summer are four-room rents? It seems as though families with children will either have to build themselves or live in tents like olden times.

Tony of the curve room is some day to see his name in lights before the largest theatres of this country as the greatest actor it has known. He will far surpass John Barrymore, whom he has imitated in more ways than one. Good luck, Tony, and a brilliant future.

Louise:—"Some old cow stepped on my feet at the dance in Shelburne last night."

Mr. Bishop:—"Whose pasture were you in, Louise?"

A certain young fellow in the main office appeared one morning with a patch over one eye. We wonder how the other fellow looks.

Joe Roberge of the sulphur-dioxide system recently went on a fishing trip out in the Atlantic ocean. Owing to some misunderstanding between Joe and the fish and the high-priced live bait he returned to the condenser with the idea that there is not a fish in the ocean. It is not so, Joe. All you need is a little practical experience in the home waters and a little information from some of those fishermen who are very reckless with the truth.

Joe Steel's new shoes are attracting a lot of attention. He says there is nothing unusual about them, only they were imported from his home land, Prince Edward Island.

Now is the time for the pedestrians to make arrangements for their auto rides next year. Do not wait until the vacation season is over. There is an auto going in every direction. Many go alone. So get busy and find the auto that will be going in your direction.

Tom Rodgeron spent his vacation in Rumford.

We are all glad to see Stony in our midst again after his thrilling adventure on the ski jump with his car. We hope that he is convinced that it is impossible to make an auto fly without wings.

Somehow, somewhere, Frank Sheridan is going to own a few acres of potatoes next summer, so that he can truthfully say that he enjoys hot weather.

Before Griffin and Mackenzie start out with their flying machine, we would suggest that they postpone their first stunt, until we can control the law of gravitation.

The weather man is a pretty good sort, after all. We growl if it is too dry, or if it is too wet, then we crab when it's too cold or too hot, but in the long run it turns out pretty good without our assistance.

BAND NOTES

Burgess Band played for the blessing of the new bell at Cascade Church, Sunday evening, September 25.

Our drummer, William Black, was called to Montreal recently on account of his mother's serious illness.

Good playing depends upon two factors, the musicians and the instruments. Each is of equal importance, for without either there can be nothing.

Our cornet player, John Lavoie, was serving on the petit jury and could not attend rehearsals for three weeks.

Our bass drum player, Frank Seguin, had blood poisoning in his left hand, but he could certainly beat it with his right.

Our clarinet player, young Rooney, certainly knocked out his man at the boxing show held at City Hall on Oct. 14th. The fight lasted less than two minutes.

The Burgess Band is now getting ready to give a concert, the date of which will be announced later.

LOUIS MORIN

Funeral services were held on the afternoon of October 18 at 2 o'clock for Louis Morin, who died at his home, 489 Second Avenue, October 15. Rev. W. Sinclair of Gorham officiated at the services which were held from the home in charge of the Masons. Singing was by the Masonic quartet and members of this order were pall bearers. The casket was banked with beautiful flowers. Interment was in the Lary cemetery at Gorham in charge of A. W. Walters.

Mr. Morin was a well known citizen, highly respected in the community. He was born in St. George, N. B., March 21, 1875, the son of Francis T. and Martha Bell Morin. The deceased spent his boyhood days in his native town where he attended school. He served his apprenticeship for the stonecutter's trade which he followed for about two years. Later he went to Rumford, Me., and worked in the mills. Twenty-one years ago he came to Berlin where he has since lived. He was first employed by the Brown Company, Nov. 2, 1906. He was stock grader at the Sulphite Mill, and worked, seldom if ever taking a vacation, up to Sept. 16, 1927, when he was taken sick in the mill.

In 1912, he married Miss Ethel D. Stinson. Of this union three daughters were born. Mrs. Morin died in 1923 and the motherless girls were tenderly cared for by their father. Mr. Morin's own mother died when he was a very small boy, and he was brought up by his stepmother, to whom he was devoted.

Surviving relatives are his three daughters: Louise, 14, Frances, 12, Elizabeth, 9; his mother, Mrs. A. C. Grant of St. George, N. B.; two sisters, Mrs. Annie C. Jenkins, Springfield, Mass., Mrs. W. J. Warnock, Deer Island, N. B.; three brothers, Charles of Oak Bay, Leroy and Windsor of St. George.

Mr. Morin was a member of Rumford Lodge of Masons and of Kora Temple of Lewiston, Me.

SEPTEMBER ACCIDENTS

Upper Plants

With loss of time.....	33
Without loss of time.....	52
Total	85

Sulphite Mill

With loss of time.....	21
Without loss of time.....	53
Total	74

Cascade Mill

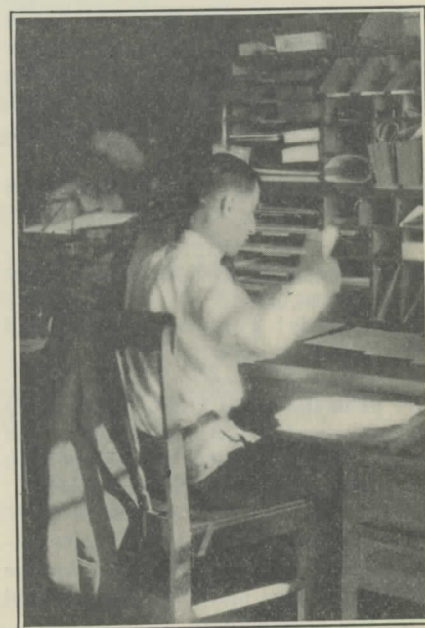
With loss of time.....	20
Without loss of time.....	56
Total	76

BURGESS RELIEF ASSOCIATION

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

Andrew Perron	\$ 22.00
John Lessard	36.00
Jos. Lamontagne	48.00
Care G. Johnson	92.50
Olaf Johnson	47.10
Frank Girindi	72.00
Arthur Gagnon	24.00
A. Rabias	75.00
Frank Gauthier	6.00
Wm. Cooper	36.00
Arsene Booman	62.00
Sylvio Moreau	54.40
Odilon Gilbert	44.00
Alfred Routhier	51.60
Camille Sabalone	60.00
Beatrice Gilbert	78.50
Wm. Gaulin	24.00
Frank Cote	48.00
Ernest Gagne	56.40
Norman McCrae	9.80
Charles Dusseault	12.00
Percy Wells	49.80
Eucila Lafeuille	12.00
Romeo Duquette	18.00
Pasquale Paulucci	16.00
Joseph Fournier	30.00
O'Neil Lauzier	78.00
John Smith	66.00
Patrick Devlin	41.40
Louis Rheume	32.50
Everett Palmer	26.00
Adam Rivard	12.50
Amie Ramsey	79.00
Leon Labonte	87.00
Albert Lavoie	10.00
Henry Vezina	24.20
James Tardiff	51.20
Arthur Lemieux	36.40
Edw. Therrien	37.27
Wm. Bouchard	37.50
Ludger Morin	48.00
Charles McKenzie	21.34
Andrew Doiron	42.00
Ernest Nolette	10.00
Joseph Paley	48.00
Martin Erickson	54.36
Joseph Lavallee	62.53
Arthur Paulin	72.00
Leon Labonte	16.92
Ernest Drouin	42.00
Frank McGinley	13.50
Emanuel Desrosiers	38.40

Total \$2,173.12



ERNEST GENDRON OF CASCADE, N. H.
His Photo Was Hard to Get, But on Saturdays
He's Too Busy to Watch the Camera Man

BROWN CORPORATION

QUEBEC OFFICE

C. E. Genereux has been transferred to Shawano, Florida, where he is to work as bookkeeper. He was presented with a beautiful traveling kit by the Quebec Office staff before his departure.

Henri Pelletier, formerly of Bersimis Operation, is now working in Quebec Office for the winter months.

E. A. Smith, of Niles & Niles, is here making his annual audit.

Some recent visitors were J. A. Taylor, Jerry McCarthy, John Carter and H. A. Bishop.

Claude Corbett recently had the good fortune to bag a moose while on a trip to LaLoutre. Result was that the members of the staff enjoyed a good feed of moose meat.

Anyone wishing to get in on the ground floor of a wonderful gold mine, please apply to Marcel Savard.

Quebec Office is now very silent, owing to the fact that the nerve-racking clattering of typewriters is absent, as all our old typewriters were traded in for new Remington noiseless machines.

One of the members of our accounting

staff went duck hunting recently, and reported to us that he shot a duck. However, we learn from a very authentic and authoritative source that the duck died of old age.

The unloading plant at Lampson's Cove is now all closed up for the winter. The SS. Itororo, flagship of the Brown Navigation Company, is now laid up for the winter. A picture of Captain Joseph Vezina is slated for publication in the next issue of the Bulletin.

L'AUTOMNE

Ce n'est déjà plus l'été; la saison automnale, qui de son pinceau d'artiste colore hâtivement les feuilles vertes de safran et de rouille, deteint sur nos coeurs sa mélancolie prenante.

Des regrets naissent de la fuite de la belle saison charmante qui, trois mois durant, nous a prodigué toute sa beauté, le parfum grisant de sa brise caressante, les chauds baisers de son soleil vivifiant, la verte croissance des herbes, des arbrisseaux, des végétaux, nous laissant goûter à l'avance la saveur des fruits de ses vergers et de ses bois.

Déjà les pétales veloutes de la rose se sont fêtrés sous l'apre souffle de l'automne; la moisson blonde doucement a croulé sous la faux meurtrière que guide la main laborieuse du moissonneur—les bles sont

engrèges, les foin et les maïs engranges; les fruits tombent au verger ou la ménagère prévoyante en fait bonne provision comme au potager ou elle terminera bientôt la cueillette des petits et des gros légumes qu'elle apprête pour les conserves. Le miel d'or déborde à la ruche comme les grains dans la tasserie—compartiment d'une grange où l'on entasse le blé, l'avoine ou le foin—.

Chez le cultivateur, l'automne est une riche saison et, à l'approche de l'hiver, il peut braver le froid et la faim.

L'ouvrier laborieux a aussi pratiqué à la ville une sage économie, mettant à l'épargne les dollars que la belle saison hermet de soustraire au budget familial sur le combustible et la nourriture frugale.

L'homme prévoyant songe que pour lui l'automne de la vie s'en vient aussi et que sur son front il sème des rides, diminue la force de ses bras dans l'attente de l'hiver des ans qui blanchira sa tête. Il est prudent et sage et veut assurer l'avenir des siens en faisant fructifier le salaire régulier que lui procure le travail quotidien à l'usine. Il ne gaspille pas le fruit d'un dur labeur; il ne risque pas les dollars accumulés par des années de sacrifices pour les plaisirs de l'automobile, des voyages dispendieux; pour un ameublement d'un luxe princier, laissant intelligemment cette vie mouvementée à des gens plus fortunés ou à ceux qui sacrifient tout aux aventures.

Voici l'automne dans nos champs et—peut être aussi dans nos coeurs; lui faisons pas grise mine, il apportera ici—comme là une belle moisson.

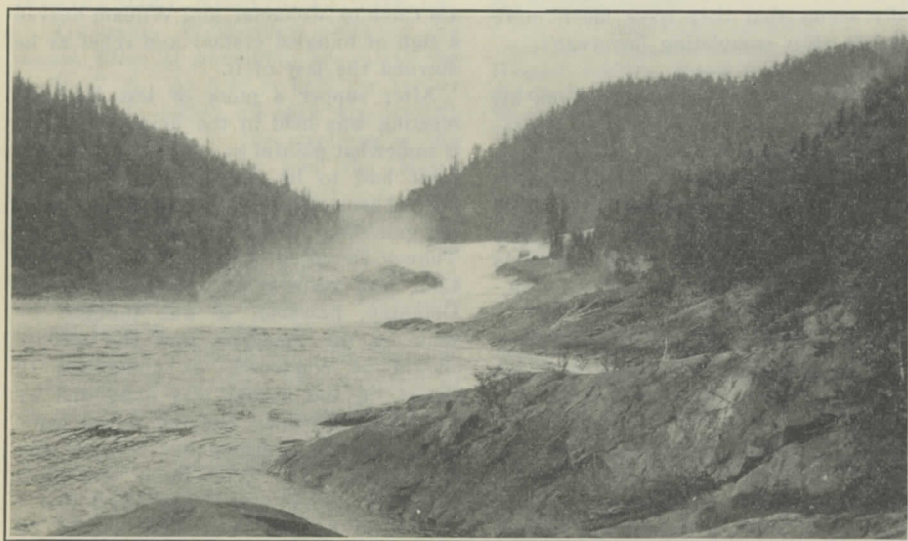
"Brise du Saint-Maurice."

Nous sommes heureux de souhaiter la Bienvenue à la collaboratrice qui se cache sous le joli nom de BRISE DU SAINT MAURICE et nous espérons qu'elle sera bien goûtée de nos lecteurs aujourd'hui aussi bien que dans l'avenir, toutes les fois qu'elle voudra bien confier ses essais aux pages de notre Bulletin.

LA TUQUE

Our old friend, Scotty, has at last placed some faith in the old saying that two can live cheaper than one, and has announced his engagement to Miss Irene Davies. We wish them both much happiness.

See Page 20 for Madeleine River news.



FALLS ON BERSIMIS RIVER, 45 MILES FROM THE SEA

PORTLAND OFFICE

Harry Bradbury, office manager of the sales division, is attending the convention of the International Business Show in New York City.

Geo. Beasley has taken on the duties of Robert Spear, paper division, who is to be transferred to the Boston Office.

Horton King has gone in for heavy plunging in various games of chance. He was a Dempsey backer to the tune of 25c and followed this up with a play on Pittsburgh for the same amount.

Fred Walker has been suffering from a bad attack of hay fever. Fred says his record of 47 consecutive sneezes still holds good in South Portland.

J. H. Taylor is another heavy loser on the Pirates.

W. T. Callahan left Oct. 8th for two weeks' vacation. We hope he will enjoy it.

L. G. Gurnett is in Canada on a business trip for a few days.

SEPT. 30th, BALL GAME—

BERMICOS VS. NIBROCS

The gang left the office at 3.00 p. m., sharp, for the Annual Ball Game, which was held at Fort Preble. At the start of the game it looked as though the Nibrocs had everything their way, but before long the Bermicos showed their stuff, and the game was called for supper showing a tie-score.

The star catch of the game was made by Walter Forest, and we believe it surprised him as much as it did the crowd. He made a long run for a deep fly in center and stuck up his right hand and the pill stuck, causing tremendous applause from the on-lookers.

The Bermicos have Forest signed up for next year's game which we anticipate will be a humdinger.

We were glad to see Ben Babbitt of our Chicago Office in Portland on a recent visit. We welcome him, as well as all the rest of the boys when they are in this territory.

We believe Reddy Spear will not be able to save any money in Boston. Too

many ball games played there.

G. A. Bradbury reports a very pleasant vacation, with wonderful weather every day except the last one. He had two absolutely new experiences, golf and deep-sea fishing; and one of the two he considered successful. He caught an 18½-pound cod.

OBITUARY

'Twas in the cold and dreary October,
In the waters of Casco Bay;
"Felene", the beloved cat of Grover
Was tearfully laid away.

No others were present to mourn her loss,
To march with muffled tread;
Only Phil, with his hat pulled tightly
On his cold and hairless head.

No hymns were sung as she passed on,
Not even a long drawn peep;
As her body was hurled through the window
Into the cradle of the deep.

Charles Pousland has purchased a new Chevy coupe, or maybe I should have said he swapped his Packard twelve into it.

Carrol Mountfort spent the second week of his vacation at home and incidentally purchased for this winter's use a new 6-tube Crosley band-box radio.

Niles & Niles men are with us for the yearly audit. Time passes so quickly it hardly seems that they have much more than left after completing last year's.

L. P. Worcester has returned from his annual vacation, which he spent in Massachusetts and New York.

C. J. Birkenmeyer is away on a 1200-mile trip through eastern New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. His vacations are measured in miles.

Eugene Goodwin has just returned from a trip through the Berkshires with his parents.

THE WISH-BONE CLUB

The "Wish-Bone Club of America," invited by Brother Currier to his camp at Sebago Lake, trekked toward the land of the setting sun on Saturday afternoon, October 8th, going in four cars, stopping

at Gates' for lunch on the way, and arriving at the wigwam of Brother Currier about the middle of the afternoon.

The air was sultry—it was a typical mid-summer day that had been mislaid and then hastily tucked into autumn without notice. The members did not feel very energetic. Suggestions of baseball fell flat. It was more to their taste to enjoy the coolness of the attractive camp and its shaded piazza, and to quaff ginger ale and Budweiser. Some went down by the shore—a comparatively short distance—and were shown boat houses and motor boats and viewed with appreciation the beautiful scenery of the lake and the western mountains.

When dusk came and the afterglow was fading, twelve seasoned "Wish-Boners" and one prospective candidate, Charles Smith, sat down to one of the best fish chowders that ever found its way inside a hungry "Wish-Boner."

Brother Currier's daughter, Mrs. Corthell, and Mrs. Russell Hoffses attended expertly to affairs in the kitchen, while Fred Corthell watched plates and cups with the keenness of a hawk and replenished them with piping hot chowder and coffee the second they were empty.

Large-sized wedges of apple pie—each with a mountain of ice-cream on top—finished the repast—and nearly finished the members. Brother Callahan, already filled to the brim with chowder, struggled valiantly with his mountain, pausing several times for breath. Finally the mountain came to Mohamet, and William heaved a sigh of mingled ecstasy and relief as he downed the last of it.

After supper a more or less informal meeting was held in the living room. It is somewhat painful to record that Brother Lunt had to be taken to task for his alleged demoralizing influence in encouraging gambling among the members on the Tunney-Dempsey fight. Since Brother Lunt was unfortunate enough to bet on Dempsey, however, it was thought by some of the members that the offense should be condoned. A committee to report on the matter was appointed by President Worthley and the report came back with the lightning-like celerity that characterizes all "Wish-Bone" executive functionings, and was to the effect that a reprimand by the President should be given and some of the fundamental principles should be re-administered to the

offending member. The nomination of Charles Smith for membership was made, with the suggestion of an examination into his mental fitness for membership by an alienist. The President appointed Dr. Harold Chase for this purpose. His return and report were even more expeditious,

if possible, than that of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, and were to the effect that the candidate was eminently fit.

A vote of thanks was given to the ladies and to Brother Currier and his

son-in-law, Fred Cortell. The members got into their cars and drove steadily and soberly home to Portland, with another pleasant "Wish-Bone" outing added to the memory of the long succession of similarly enjoyable events.

RIVERSIDE SMOKE

Dr. Rice of Boston Office, accompanied by Mr. Towne of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, our West Coast distributors, with other officials of the firm, visited the mill recently.

Mr. Blair, a recruit from New York Office, has been with us a few days, taking a third-reader course in some of the points of the manufacture and handling of our bond and towels. He proved to be a very fine fellow and an apt pupil, and gave us all pleasure in being of service to him. We also predict a successful future for him, but don't believe he will ever get as lame selling our products, as he did climbing Mt. Washington.

P. S. We forgot, much to our regret, to tell him about our leaders, such as dental bibs and crepe tissue.

Having emptied our Blanchard storehouse of most of our towel stock, we had to find some means to fill it pronto. The Research came to the front nobly and said

storehouse is pretty well filled with waterleaf. From past experience we don't think they will have to study up anything new for some time, say a week.

Owing to the fact that our No. 5 machine has changed from bond to kraft, our cutter-room crew is cut down to most nothing. The men and girls, however, have been taken care of, which is O. K.

We have added several varieties of paper products, which now number 77 and far outclass Heinz's 57 varieties of pickles, and beats Babe Ruth's 60 home runs by a mile.

Several records were broken for the month of September, namely, one month's shipment of towels, single day's shipment of towels, also three cases of crepe tissue and last but very important, two cases of dental bibs. We don't know what the idea was of shipping one the last of August,

while we were on vacation. It was simply taking an unnecessary chance. Though we have quite a supply of crepe tissue, we are not worrying about getting rid of it, as Portland Office seems to be quite a good customer, and then we have a good custom trade right here at the mill.

John Goulette of the finishing room is on the injured list with a wrenched side.

Eva Michaud of the towel room is still on the sick list.

The weather has been good for harvesting, and the Old Man has his pumpkins all thrashed.

Berlin, New Jersey, is noted for its wonderful dahlias; Berlin, Vermont, for its fine farms and scenery; Berlin, N. H., for its lack of enthusiasm and support for a good baseball team in a city of 17,000.

YOUNG MEN'S

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION WEDNESDAY NIGHTS AT THE "Y"

On every Wednesday night of the season there is something special at the Y. M. C. A. At 6:45 is held the supper for men, to which all men are invited. This is followed by the meetings of the Philotechnical Society and the Men's Club. This latter organization is a group of men who meet informally for the discussion of some worthwhile topic. The subject is usually presented by a speaker. After his speech a period of discussion, forum fashion, is held. At the close of the meetings of the Men's Club light refreshments are served. The president of the Men's Club is W. B. Van Arsdel.

BOWLING LEAGUES GOING WELL

The sixteen teams in the two industrial bowling leagues began playing early in October and already some fast games have been rolled. This year there will be three

"rounds" which will carry the schedule into March. Following is the make-up of the various teams.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Red Sox, Merton Hazzard, Oscar Gonya, Arthur Michaud; Athletics, Donald Whittier, Clifford Littlefield, Paul Reinhart; White Sox, Charles Baker, Warren Oleson, Edward Thomas; Tigers, Gerald Kimball, Arthur Martin, Ralph Lowe; Senators, Chester Veasey, Stanwood Givens, Gordon Gorham; Yanks, Robert Riva, Alfred Watt, Peter Ryan; Indians, Langford Crowell, Francis Gillis, Theodore Brown; Browns, Austin Elliott, Patsey Gallus, William Raymond.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Reds, Fred Femia, Joseph Fournier, Wm. Vaillancourt; Robins, William Buckley, Maurice Staples, Harold Campbell; Cardinals, William Oleson, Alfred Demers, Herbert Sheridan; Giants; Orton Elliott, Sidney Pilgrim, James Hurley; Phillies, George Gibb, David Gibb, Bernard Keroack; Braves, Arthur Martin, Archie Martin, A. B. Whitten; Cubs, Irwin Potter, Earl Brennan, Horace Wardwell; Pirates, Jere Steady, Albert Lambert, M. A. Hescock.

SUCCESSFUL ENROLLMENT WEEK

Over 400 memberships were received by the Berlin Y. M. C. A. during Enrollment

Week which ended on October 18th. The contest this year took the form of a race between the "Army" and "Navy" with Col. Oscar P. Cole, chairman of the Y. M. C. A. Membership Committee, acting as "Commander in Chief." The "Army" was in command of "General" Fred W. Rahmanop of the Burgess plant, while the "Navy" was led by "Admiral" W. T. Libby of the Cascade plants.

The Army side was composed of the following workers: Infantry: Gerald Kimball, "C. O.," Ralph Lowe, Albert Morin, Wilfred Fecteau, Alfred Watt, Ralph McKinney, William Isherwood, and Sidney Pilgrim. Cavalry: Merton Hazzard, "C. O.," Arthur Michaud, Andrew Phair, Herbert Nelson, Oscar Hanson, Don Whittier, Ernest Couture, and Gerard Morin. Artillery: Paul Grenier, "C. O.," William Raymond, Patsy Gallus, Vernon Spinney, Robert Therien, R. D. Burbank, George Martin, and Henry Cadoret. The Navy follows. Battleships: Alex. MacIntosh, "Skipper," W. H. Gerrish, Tom Gill, Harry W. Noyes, Maurice Staples, Arthur W. Martin, and Odina Chabot. Cruisers: John Graff, "Skipper," W. B. Van Arsdel, Frank Goodridge, Irwin Potter, Carl Mortenson, Victor Beaudoin, and Henry Tardiff.

Destroyers: Milton Stewart, "Skipper," John Gibb, Bernard Keroack, George Gibb, Chester Veasey, Gordon Gorham, Gerald Bowles, and Francis Gillis.

These teams put in a strenuous week of work and left no stone unturned to gain victory for their side. While the Navy led most of the time the Army was always within striking distance. Early in the week, Admiral Libby said he would put up a box of cigars if the Navy lost, and Admiral Rahmanop said he would do the same if his side failed to carry off the honors. At the closing supper when the final reports were made it was found that both leaders had furnished the cigars, thus putting in question their previous assurances of victory. Mark H. Taylor, president of the Berlin Y. M. C. A., congratulated the workers on the fine showing and extended the thanks of the Board of Directors.

COMING EVENTS

In addition to the regular activities that make up the usual program of the Berlin Y. M. C. A., three special events are announced for the fall. The first will be the annual Hallowe'en social that will take place in the gymnasium on October 31st. On Tuesday, the 8th, the Senior and Junior Hi-Y clubs together with the Girl Reserves will entertain the faculty of the High School at an informal reception. The third event is the annual Father-and-Son Banquet, which will take place on

Thursday, November 17th. This year the principal speaker will be State Secretary Ernest P. Conlon who is one of the best known workers with boys in New England. "Pa," as he is affectionately known to the boys of New Hampshire, is well known in Berlin, having visited here a number of times. He can speak with authority on father-and-son relationships. This banquet is open to all dads of Berlin and vicinity whether or not they or their boys are connected with the Y. M. C. A. Each year this affair attracts a crowd that fills the gymnasium, and with such a popular speaker as Mr. Conlon it is expected that late requests for tickets will have to be refused owing to lack of space.

NIBROC NEWS

CASCADE OFFICE OUTING, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1927

The Cascade Office had an outing
At Barney Quinn's on Saturday,
And all they did that afternoon
Was to eat and eat and play.

Our photographer was not with us,
So our pictures you will not see,
But perhaps it is just as well,
To be or not to be.

The girls are still wondering
What the attraction was for the men,
Down the road they kept going,
Again, again and again.

They all had a wonderful time!
Plenty to eat and plenty to ———
If there is any doubt about the last word,
Just stop a minute and think.

Everyone seemed to be happy.
"C. J." was right in his glory!
For from what they all reported,
He told a very funny story.

It had something to do with a dog,
Who used to bury all of his eats,
And we are still wondering if this story
Has anything to do with the treats.

He also introduced the marriage game,
Imported from the country of Sweden,
Which they all enjoyed to the fullest extent,
But it wasn't any "Garden of Eden."

Now "O" is considered a strong man,
But when it comes to swinging,
Ask "H" what she thinks of it,
As she had to give up singing.

Here's a question, can anyone answer,
Why "I" wished the lights so low?
Perhaps 'twas to sit by the firelight,
And dream of the long ago.

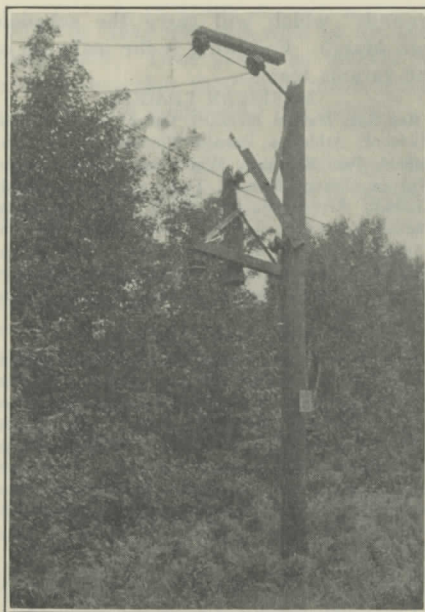
Or was it to sit and wonder,
Where her wandering boy was that night,
And if she had done the right thing,
And would he do what was right.

And when it came to horse shoes,
"C. L. E." was the ace of the game,
He sure does know his onions,
And I don't have to mention his name.

Will try and give you the Menu,
Oyster stew, crackers and picks,
Chicken pies, apple jelly, hot rolls,
Also green corn on the end of sticks.

For dessert, which made quite a hit,
We had doughnuts, both chocolate and plain,
Also apple pie, hot coffee and marshmallows,
A feast, fit for the King of Spain.

I have come to the end of my story,
But before I lay down my pen,
Wish to extend our sincere thanks
To Barney Quinn for the use of his den.



HIGH-TENSION STUFF

Watch for the picture of Bill Weeks' squash which will appear in the next issue.

Herewith is a photograph of a pole located on the Gorham high-voltage line about a quarter of a mile above the Gorham gate-house. The burning of this pole caused a complete shut-down of all the Brown Company plants and also interrupted the service of the Twin State Gas and Electric Co., about 10.30 p. m., Aug. 29th. The cause of this shut-down was the breaking of an insulator, probably by a rock thrown by a berry picker.

We are printing this picture and trust that Brown Company employees who have children will warn them of the dangers of throwing rocks at insulators. This seems to be a very common practice as the children walk alongside the high-voltage lines on their way to and from the berrying fields.

We would also like to warn the hunters at this time, as their season draws near, to please try and find other targets, as anyone found breaking one of these insulators, the breaking of same causing the Brown Company unnecessary financial loss, will be dealt with very severely.

The family of Charles A. Leeman has the sympathy of everyone in Brown Company circles. Mr. Leeman was lost while hunting at Shelburne on October 17. Despite the best efforts of large searching parties, including a day when Company F volunteered for service, no trace of him has been found in the week that has passed since his disappearance. Mr. Leeman was an elderly man, who was employed at Cascade Mill for over eighteen years.

A LEAF FROM MY WAR DIARY

By DONALD W. STEWART

November 1, 1918.

Reveille at the usual hour, five forty-five and the grand rush for the mess line. We knocked the Captain down, and he said that this is no place for an invalid in the early hours. We gave the town the grand policing and last one. After the inspection we emptied our bed sacks and packed our barrack bags and at five-fifteen p. m., we left Ceyrat Pey-Dome for Clermont-Ferrand. The townspeople were in tears as we left. The little girl in the cafe about ten years old, could be heard a mile off. There was some sugar and flour left when all was cleared away, so the mess sergeant gave it to the French in exchange for some cognac. We did not leave Clermont-Ferrand until eleven-forty p. m., as we had to load the guns on the cars. It only required a detail of twenty men to load the guns, and the rest of the battery was put in the square with orders not to leave. Some of the boys wanted to get cognac. So we hailed some French girls passing by and gave them our canteens and had them filled with cognac, wine, and rum. We were supposed to have water in our canteens, but I believe it would be impossible to find water in any one canteen. It looks as though we are going to have a very hard night, for there are fifty in this car with packs and rifles, and standing room is now crowded.

November 2, 1918.

No reveille this morning. About ten had to sleep standing, as there are only about ten too many in this car. The marking on the car is 40 Hommes 8 Chevaux, P. L. M. We are traveling about sixty miles per hour, and very rough. One flat wheel. If we get enough to eat, we'll survive. We only had one meal today and did not have time to finish it as the train only stopped fifteen minutes to change engines. The weather is beautiful.

November 3, 1918.

We are now in the village of Dugney, three kilometers from the city of Verdun. This country is all a graveyard on both sides of the train. It is a very rough-looking place. We can hear the roar of the guns. We also saw an air fight. Do not know who won but one of the planes came down all on fire. We got unloaded

about nine-thirty and hiked all the afternoon until nine o'clock. Stopped here for the night, Saint Lambert, and right across the river is the town of Tilly sur de Meuse. This road we are on is along the Meuse River, and it is known as the Verdun and Saint Mihiel road. This town is pretty well demolished by gun fire. Only a few walls are standing. We found some furniture left by the Huns. So we made firewood out of it. We wonder how it remained here so long. We are all very tired after our hike and the ride in the box cars. The night is very dark. Only light we can see is the flash from the guns.

November 4, 1918.

After we had our breakfast we started across the country through barbed wire entanglements, over trenches and shell holes. It sure is an awful looking place. This was No Man's Land about ten days ago. There are graves all along the road. We passed through two villages, but you would never know they were ever inhabited by the human race, as there are only a few walls left. There were quite a number of planes, but we did not see any battles, but we could see shells fired at them. None took effect. We came to the end of our hike at three o'clock. Tough looking place. They call it the Echlonne, it is not a village, only a hole in the side of the mountain. The village is at the bottom of this mountain, Savoinier. It is like all other villages in the battle zone, blown to hell. The Germans lived here the past four years, and the only things they left undisturbed were their own graves, which are all marked with head stones and all in first-class condition. They had things very nice, but they destroyed all before they left. At nine o'clock word came that light could be seen from our dug-out and to quench it at once or a shell would be our finish. (Fish Eye) Lt. Duffy seems to be the only nervous one in our outfit. This is no place for people who are of a nervous disposition. It is raining tonight, and the mud is awful.

November 5, 1918.

No reveille formation. After we had our breakfast we policed around the dug-out, then remained in the dugout, until

dark. At dark we started to the lines in charge of Lt. Bloomer (Razor Back). We were told when we left that it was only five miles. So we started with hip rubber boots on, and the downpour of rain was awful. We had no packs, but we had our rifles. No ammunition. At last we came to a place with shells bursting on all sides in the firing line where we were. We were stopped by a French military police, and he wanted to know where in hell we were going. For less than a hundred yards was the Hun infantry. Here we are in the French trenches with guns and no ammunition. Old Razor Back's face dropped about a foot to think that he made such a blunder. We are just twelve miles from where we should be. One shell fell a short distance away and ripped an awful hole in the ground. It is good that it was that distance, as we are marching in column of four. Another error like this and Battery C will come up among the missing. We got out of here in quick time and back on to the right road. We were all so excited that we forgot that we were tired. We remained in the woods until daylight. We could not sleep as the noise from the shells would not permit it. They are bursting in the air and on all sides of us. It is now two a. m.

November 6, 1918.

No one slept last night. We do not know where we are, but we do know that there are quite a number of shells going overhead. We had some bully beef for breakfast and left at daylight, and at nine o'clock we landed at our gun position. First thing to do was to get a pick and shovel and dig a hole three feet wide, three feet deep, and twelve feet long. There are only ten left to do the work. At four o'clock we had it finished and the officer came to inspect it and said that this place would not do. The Huns kept firing all day. They were mostly heavy shells, as we could see them in the air going by. One fell about a hundred yards from us, and it sure made some hole in the ground. It is beautiful to see those shells bursting in the air. We hope that they will not find our range. It rained all day and the mud is something awful.

November 7, 1918.

We slept very quiet until five o'clock when the batteries on our right and left opened fire, and it sure is hell. We are seventy-five yards in front of them. They are all howitzers and a few seventy-fives. They continued until six-thirty. We started to dig another hole for our gun. There are three on the sick list, and we had to do their work, and it rained all day. Our dinner was of beefsteak and bread. Jerrie started to send over some shells at four o'clock. None of them came our way. They all passed overhead.

November 8, 1918.

At five-thirty we were awakened by the roar of our neighbors' guns. They are pretty noisy fellows in the early hours. We have not our position yet, and it looks as though we are not going to get into position for every time we get a hole dug, they tell us it won't do. We had a feed of the famous slum gullion. If they give us one feed a day we will live. At two o'clock Jerrie sent over a few shells, but they did not stop with us. There are quite a number of air-planes to be seen. Our clothing is all wet and no place to dry it. I wrote a letter home tonight, also one for Hulick to his girl friend.

MADELEINE RIVER

The hotel is rapidly nearing completion, and a portion of it is already being occupied by Mr. Marchand, until such time as a house can be found for him.

The office is now transferred from the mill to the sea. This centralizes work and makes it much easier, than having half the staff at one end and the rest at the sea.

Mike Gillard is getting on with the power line. We expect to get lighting at the sea in a week or two. He also finds time for a little hunting, but his knowledge of natural history has been greatly neglected, or he would know the difference between a cub bear and a porcupine. The other day he got the scare of his life, when coming from the mill to the sea on a truck. In the center of the track was what he took for a cub. Under the circumstances what grey matter he had in that head of his, told him that as a rule where a cub is, there also is the mother likely to be. The cub did not move so the only thing to do was to shoot it. It turned out to be a harmless porcupine.

The whole of the machinery has now been brought down from the mill and

shipped to Quebec. All hands are thankful that this work is completed.

W. R. Brown was a recent visitor, having put in a very pleasant week on a trip down the Madeleine, going in from Mont Louis. The party saw several caribou and brought back deer and partridge.

Cold weather is setting in. Although we have had no snow at the sea, there has been quite a lot in the mountains.

Mrs. Hall is shortly leaving for Quebec for the winter. Pete is going up with her for a short visit and will then return here until Christmas.



COMING EVENTS

The third meeting of the present season of the Philotechnical Society will be held at the Y. M. C. A. on the evening of November 2. W. W. James, Esq., of Berlin, will speak upon "The Work of the New Hampshire Crime Commission." Attorney James is a graduate of Bates College in the class of 1906. At Bates, he was a member of one of the famous debating teams. He was trained in the law at Boston University. As county solicitor for two successful terms and as a member of the State Crime Commission, he has had a ripe experience, which assures us an excellent criticism of the anomalies in our criminal procedure and a discussion of the remedies that are being sponsored by the American Bar Association and the commissions that are at work in the various states. Come and hear Squire James.

The Berlin Reporter has just published a letter from Ted Young Drew of Biddeford, Me., lightweight champion of Maine. In it he expresses a willingness to box K. O. Leroux, whose picture is found on another page of this issue. He writes, "Leroux handed my brother a severe beating some time ago. Since that time my one ambition has been to get a match with Leroux and repay him in full for what he did to my brother."

The docket for the December issue of the Brown Bulletin sounds well. We have the promise of an article entitled "Seventy-five Years of the Brown Company." This will attempt to straighten out many dates and sequences, upon which the memories of most of us are hazy. Thorvald Andresen will continue the story of "The Scandinavians in Berlin." The series of snaps of the crew at Cascade office, taken by W. J. Boiley and begun in this issue, will be continued. John Hayward, Cascade reporter, is going right after a lot of Cascade notes. He has been working out of doors this summer, and hasn't been able to do all that he had hoped, but he's coming back strong.

Speaking of the correct spelling of simple words, how would you like to be in the predicament of the old-time local weekly editor, who found himself gravely handicapped? The paragraph which follows is self-explanatory.

"We begin the publication ov the Rocay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphthiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and v's and q's hold out we will ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphair."—Selected.

Scotty (dreaming)—
Last Night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so sweet,
I thought my heart would surely break
So wildly did it beat.
I looked at it with loving looks
I fondled it with care,
No other hand in all the world
Can greater solace bring
Than that sweet hand I held last night
Four aces and a king.