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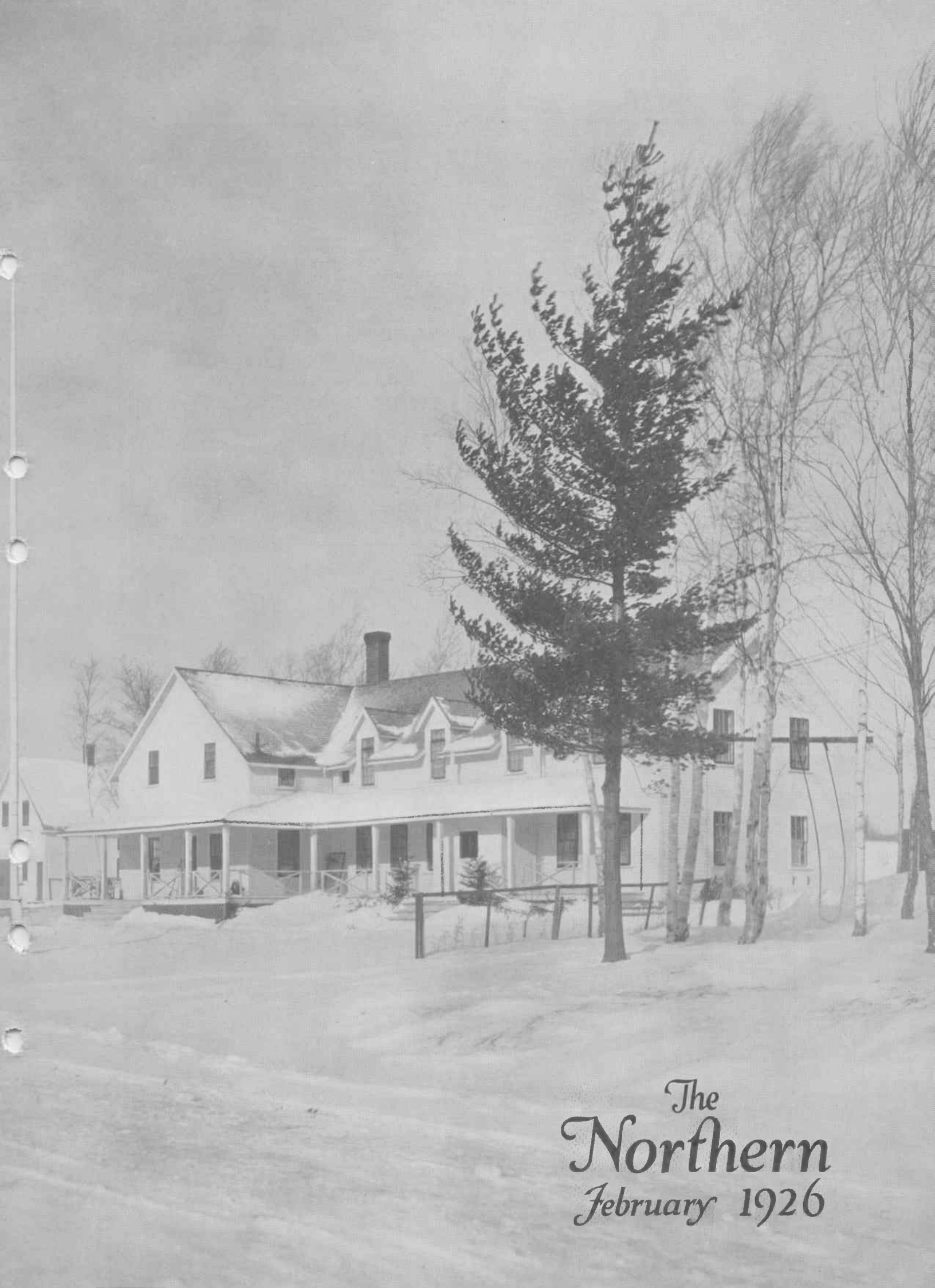
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The
Northern
February 1926



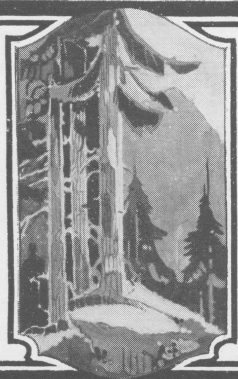
The Northern

A. G. Hempstead, *Superintendent Social Service*
Editor

W. M. Creegan, Hugh Desmond
Associate Editors

Vol. V. FEBRUARY, 1926 No. 11

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The Northern

Published by the Social Service Division
GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY
SPRUCE WOOD DEPARTMENT



Recent Developments at Grindstone

GRINDSTONE, in these days, with the hauling season in full swing, is a scene of compelling interest. The depot camp is a veritable hive of industry, a sort of Mecca, apparently, to which all good woodsmen seem to come at least once before they die. Mechanics, electricians, loaders, auditors and officials arrive and depart, saluted by blasts of dynamite. The sharp bark and the rumble of the tractors are heard on every hand.

The operation's chief reason for existence, as we know, is the hauling across to the West Branch at Dolby Flowage of all the company pulpwood that may be driven down the East Branch. From Grindstone, where the wood is taken out of the water, it is a four mile haul to Dolby Flowage, from which a short drive takes it to the East Millinocket mill. It is estimated that the operation will function fourteen or fifteen years. The present activity is directed toward the removal of the great pile of pulpwood of about 24,000 cords, which has been accumulating here on the bank of the East Branch during the last year and a half.

To properly realize the progress that has been made, it may

be advisable to briefly review the most noteworthy events since the start of the operation less than two years ago.

On the 9th of April, 1924, there was little evidence of human habitation about this spot on the high bank of the East Branch. Across the river and out of sight one knew that a little cluster of houses, the homes of railroad employees, fringed the tracks of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. Up the river stood the lone cabin of a trapper. A line of piers in the center of the stream bore mute witness of the days when the Eastern had been supreme along the river. On that day, with Mr. R. L. Clough as superintendent, the first company crew arrived and took possession of the camps of the American Thread Company at Ateo Siding. With this as a base, work upon the new project began in earnest.

Ground was cleared for the new stacker and the camp yard and the first buildings of what was to be the present depot camp were constructed. Six miles of road were built that summer, connecting the depot camp with the Medway Road. The stacker took shape and was set in operation, hauling wood out of the river and piling it high on the bank. The wood cut along the East Branch at Mattagammon and that cut on Mud Brook formed the nucleus of the present great pile.

A fireproof garage was erected that fall, capable of holding the tractors so vital to the job. The usual complement of smaller buildings necessary to such a community, such as a storehouse, blacksmith's shop, pumphouse, office, superintendent's cabin, hovels, and a granary, were built. Running water was piped into the camp and electric

lights were installed. At the Dolby Flowage end of the road another set of camps was built to accommodate the men handling that end of the work, namely, the preparing of the flowage to receive the wood, by stumping and the cutting of dri-ki, and the actual unloading of the pulp from the tractors.

In the mean-



GNPCO

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—LINCOLN

time, crews had gone into the woods to cut pulp. The contractor, A. L. Ramsey, cut over six thousand cords which were landed on Schoodic Stream. This wood need not enter into our considerations for it was not to be hauled by tractor. It was driven down Schoodic Stream to the Flowage, a long hard drive, ending only in November, 1925, testing the skill and endurance of the best watermen the country affords. Ben King cut over two thousand cords and later drove it down Sandbank Stream. Cone and Boyle cut over 13,000 cords on Soldiers Town, yarding it along the new tractor road which had been built from the depot camp in a northerly direction for eight miles. It was this wood which was hauled by the tractors that first winter of 1924-1925, no wood being hauled from the depot pile that season.

Mr. Ed Enman became superintendent on Nov. 18, 1924. Hauling started January 11th, 1925, and ended in March, two Lombards, three Holts and one Best machine being in use. The fact that the ground was not well frozen before snow came and the famous February thaw were two of the biggest obstacles met with. In March teams were put to work hauling snow into the roads, in order that the tractor sleds might slide along more easily. The longest haul was twelve miles and the season showed what tractors might be depended on to do in future years. Needless to say, the rivalry between the Holts and Lombards was most wholesome and intense.

During the winter nine strong piers were built in the East Branch, forming with the old piers an extensive holding-ground. These were put to the test the succeeding spring and summer when the wood driven from the brooks to the north was there held in check, afterwards being added to the growing pile on the bank.

An unusual event that winter was the arrival of a group of forestry students from the University of Maine for intensive work in the nearby cuttings. It was the second

season of this school, the first having held forth at Rainbow the previous winter. The portable buildings erected for the students that year at Rainbow were brought over to Grindstone to fulfill the same useful purpose, supplemented by a new log cook-room.

The coming of spring in 1925 was a signal for renewed building activity which was continued throughout the summer and fall. An equipment shed over three hundred feet in length took form and housed the tractor sleds and other equipment. New camps sprang up, a new cabin for the superintendent,

THE TOILER

By Stanley Foss Bartlett

Long he sowed in the fields of life

*But met with no success—
And people called this man a
fool,
His efforts, foolishness.*

*But when, at last, men saw
him reap*

*The harvest of his pluck,
They looked on him with
jealous eyes
And called his toil fruit luck*

and one for transient visitors. The cook-room was enlarged and—a welcome addition—a community store was built and taken over by Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Flower. An addition, sponsored by the Social Service Division, was made to the garage building, containing lavatories and shower baths. Considerable clearing was done about the dooryard and several round turns for tractors were made.

Early in the fall of 1925, the Swift Brook Operation was started. The depot for this operation is at Davidson, but it comes under the same management as the Grindstone operations.

In the fall of 1925, the conveyor or loader as it is generally called, was built at the depot. It is over 500 feet in length, with three troughs feeding from the pile into a central

trough. To provide the hardwood necessary for the construction of this piece of work, a crew was sent into the woods and a mill, brought from the Portage Lake country, was set up to saw it out. The tractors haul their sleds along either side of the central trough and there the wood is loaded on the sleds by crews of rugged men, armed with wood hooks and plenty of courage. The pile which has been well watered all summer to reduce the fire hazard, not to mention the heavy rains of autumn, has frozen to its base with the advent of zero weather, becoming a solid mass. This has necessitated the almost constant use of dynamite to loosen the sticks of pulp so that the men about the base of the pile might load them in the troughs.

A significant item in the utilization of this conveyor has been the change in the electrical system. The 75 h.p. crude oil engine which was used to run the conveyor last year is now in use as power to run the electric plant. The engine was not moved from its old base in the conveyor house but, instead, a 575 volt generator was brought in and installed in the place formerly occupied by the conveyor drive. A switchboard, with all modern instruments and controls was set up, so the conveyor house is now virtually a temporary electric power station. From this station the power is carried by a pole line around the log-pile to the transformer station where the current from Patten comes in. At this point a two-way switch is installed and at any time the power can be drawn either from Patten or the local generator, as may be desired. The change from Patten power to local power is accomplished by throwing the two-way switch and starting the oil engine. One can readily see the immense benefit of such a system in the event, frequently occurring during storms, of the Patten line being out of commission. A total of 65 horse power is used in running the loader, which is run by 4 induction motors made by

(Continued on Page 15)

GNPCO

Merit rarely goes unrewarded.—WASHINGTON

Woods Barter

By F. X. Mooney

Do you remember John "Mustache" Connelly? Maybe you know him as Cuxabexis kicker. Well, he was quite a story teller. This is one of his yarns:

"One winter I was filing up Chamberlain way and stayed the whole route through. When the clerk made out my time bill I signed and he reached under the counter and passed me a 24 inch boom auger. I says: 'What's that?' and he says: 'That's yer pay. Take that and get out of here.' Well, I took it and hiked out to Patten. I stopped at a shack near town to get a bottle of cheer. I asked the guy for a drink and he gave me one. It was good stuff so I had another. This gave me courage. Figerin' I might as well be beat up for a sheep as a lamb, I asked him to wrap me up four quarts which he did. I got the bundle under my arm so I could make a quick get away and picks up my 24 inch auger and says 'Here, you'll have to take yer pay out of that.' The guy takes the auger, reaches under the counter and passes me back three 6 inch augers and 4 bushel of gimlets."



"I once steered a raft down the Mississippi River. It went along delightfully with the current; but I didn't meet any rafts going upstream—they were all steamboats."

—Lincoln

"Let everyone remember that he who violates the laws of the Land, tramples and tears asunder the Charter of his own and his children's Liberty."

—Lincoln

Lincoln's shortest and best speech, —in his own estimation:

"A religion which sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because it does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion on which people can get to heaven."

Social Service at Grindstone

The development of the Social Service program at Grindstone is an interesting one. Motion pictures were first provided in December, 1924, as soon as the power from Patten had been brought into camp, and from then until the succeeding June, at fortnightly intervals, a social service worker journeyed from Greenville to put on a program at the depot camp. He used the same program that was taken to the company farms that winter and many fine pictures were shown. The villagers were as welcome as the crew. The usual newspapers and magazines were distributed.

This year a more intensive program was planned and Walter Creegan went to Grindstone the last of September to represent the Social Service Division. Beginning with October, pictures were shown weekly. Mr. Creegan went occasionally to Davidson, Norcross and Rice Farm in addition to his regular programs at Dolby Flowage and the depot camp. With the opening up of the East Branch Operation the entertainment feature became centered on this operation and Grindstone. The average attendance at the depot show has been well over a hundred this winter.

The new and outstanding feature is the bath room. A description of this bath room, one of the first to contain shower baths in a logging camp in the State of Maine, will not be amiss. It is a building, thirty feet in length by twenty in width, built as an extension on the end of

the tractor house. It is divided into three rooms. To the left as one enters is the toilet room equipped with modern plumbing. Before one is the room containing the shower baths, with two lavatories and mirrors equipped with excellent light for shaving purposes. Further on to the left is the largest room of the three and there are set tubs where men may wash their clothing, and clotheslines where the washing may be dried. The entire lay-out presents an attractive appearance, the walls being painted battleship gray to a height of 6 feet, the remainder to the ceiling and the ceiling itself a gleaming white, while all piping and heating fixtures are bronzed. The rooms are connected to the central heating plant of the garage and an Arcola heater, also located in the boiler room, heats the water for bathing and washing. Towels and soap are provided without charge. No single feature of the Social Service program has ever received more hearty endorsement from the men. Hot water is available every evening and the bathroom is usually a mighty busy place, with men flocking to take advantage of it every night. The men have taken to it, as ducks to water.

With memories still vivid of the winter days when they hunted up an old kettle and some firewood and boiled their clothes out in the cold, not one among them but gives voice to the general phrase, "if a man can't keep clean here, he never will!"



Mount Katahdin in the Distance

ENPCOM

When you can't remove an obstacle, plough around it.—LINCOLN

"The First Wonder of the World"

A Great Northern Man's Impression of the Grand Canyon of Arizona

By C. M. HILTON

ON our recent western trip the two outstanding features of many new and interesting sights were the big trees of British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, and California and the Grand Canyon of Northern Arizona. There are many groups of big trees but there is only one Grand Canyon, and, although some of these big trees have an age extending into the thousands of years, they are but infants as compared to the Grand Canyon.

Theodore Roosevelt said about the Grand Canyon—"It is beyond comparison—beyond description: absolutely unparalleled throughout the wide world." Professor John C. Van Dyke writes, "The Grand Canyon remains not the eighth but the first wonder of the world." So it is with misgivings that I attempt even a layman's description.

The easiest entrance to the Grand Canyon is via the Santa Fe Railroad from Williams, Arizona. This is a side trip of about three hours ride from the main line of the Santa Fe between Los Angeles and Chicago. From Williams to Grand Canyon the country is that of average Arizona,—sparsely growing pine, and alternating hummocks of sand and vegetation, but all at once the train swings around a curve and there to the left is the first view of the Canyon, a view which, imperfect as it is, makes one hold their breath in surprise and wonder.

At Grand Canyon there is a very attractive log hotel, The El Tovar, which has accommodations for 175 guests; there are also the Bright Angel cottages which will accommodate 350 guests; after hurrying to register to procure rooms everyone starts for the edge of the Canyon which is not more than 100 yards from the hotel. Here is the first view of the Canyon, the El Tovar view, which seemed to me to be one of the best. Here can be seen a

great extent of the Canyon, restricted on either side by Grandeur Point and Maricopa Point; from here can be had the best view of the "Battleship," a gigantic mound of rock projecting up from the surrounding plateau and resembling the general outline of a battleship. Here at El Tovar one does not get the greatest view of the Canyon as the Colorado River is completely hidden in its depth, but here, in the first view, one gets the sense of awe inspired by the great depth and width of the Canyon, the beautiful mixture of colors and the realization that there is a sample of nature's handiwork, far superior to that of man and in no way aided by him. The rim of the Grand Canyon is one of the stillest places on earth even when crowded with people.

The Grand Canyon is 56 miles in length, the Colorado River flowing to the West through it; its width is from ten to twelve miles; its depth is more than a mile as measured from the North rim and the South rim depth a thousand feet less. Thus for comparative size, the Grand Canyon is of a depth of one thousand feet greater than Katahdin's height as viewed from its surrounding country, a width equal to the distance from Greenville to Deer Island in Moosehead Lake, a length equal to one and one-half that of Moosehead Lake and coloring as varied and beautiful as that of our hardwood ridges in October. Many walls of the Canyon have a sheer drop of 1500 feet.

The views of the Canyon are always changing. The morning view, the noon view and the evening view, each gives the Canyon a different aspect of distance and colors. There are rim auto drives, east and west from the El Tovar hotel in the morning and afternoon, which give the traveller very good views of the Canyon. Along the

Hermit Rim road and the Grand View Drive, the Colorado River may be seen looking like a small, quiet, muddy stream in the distance, making it very hard to believe that the Colorado is the third river in length and second in volume of discharge of the rivers in the United States, and that its average current speed is in many places twelve miles per hour. There are also several trips which can be made by mule back down into the Canyon. Among them the Bright Angel trail and the trail from Hermit's Rest are the ones most commonly taken.

It is hard to realize when standing on the rim of the Canyon that the immense chasm was caused by the seemingly tiny Colorado eating away at the banks for many centuries, aided by erosion of smaller streams cutting into it, and by rain and frost. The work of the water in a muddy ditch in undermining banks and forming miniature cliffs and peaks is in reality a model of the Grand Canyon, differing only in soil and size.

At the Grand Canyon, water for use on the rim is at a premium; campers have to buy water at the village store at a charge of 25 cents per day per person; at the El Tovar hotel there are notices posted in conspicuous places to the effect that water in use at the hotel is hauled by rail from a point 300 miles from the Grand Canyon.

In spite of the fact that the Canyon is a National Park, that there are all conveniences and accommodations that one could wish and that as a spectacle it is unsurpassed or even duplicated anywhere, there were, during our visit, very few people at the Canyon; it did not seem as though the public yet appreciates it. Sightseers who make the effort to see the Canyon are well rewarded.

GNPCO

If we cannot learn wisdom from experience, it is difficult to say where it is to be found.—WASHINGTON

On The Telephone

By A COMPANY MAN

AMOS ZACHARY TUCKER (nick-named Old Gumshoe) is walking boss of the operation. Besides that he is a calamity howler, a whining, irritating old fogey, always sure misfortune is about to descend upon his camps. In money matters he is closer than the next second and woe be unto a cook of his who doesn't scrape the last spoonful off the sides of the lard barrel, or the unlucky timekeeper who dares to start his fire with kerosene. But the old boy has his strong points too. He provides his men with good food and plenty of it, and his camps are well built and kept clean and warm; his horses are sleek and fat, and he always gets his logs cut, which goes over big with the main office. Old Gumshoe never swears. His nearest approach to profanity, "Mortal man! Mortal man!" is his favorite and oft repeated exclamation.

Bill Gray was his foreman at number two and Tom Waller at number three. Jerry McLean was scaler at number three and a right young scalawag he was. Always up to some kind of mischief. He shoveled paths in winter and then privately watered them so people would fall down. Once he climbed noiselessly onto the roof of the cook camp at night and stuffed a grain bag down the stove pipe—and was saved by the crew next morning from the wrath of an angry cook.

This young hopeful soon discovered that Old Gumshoe's favorite indoor sport was eavesdropping, and that he invariably spent his evenings sitting in the depot office and jumping up to listen in every time the 'phone rang. So he framed a joke to play on the old fellow at the first chance. One night right after supper his telephone rang, and upon answering, Jerry recognized Bill Gray's voice. This was Jerry's golden opportunity.

"Hello. Is this camp three?" asks Bill.

"Yes. Hello Bill! This is Tom Waller. How're you gettin' on haulin' logs?" says Jerry, giving a fine imitation of Tom's gruff voice and noting the tell-tale "click" as Old Gumshoe tuned in at the depot.

"First rate, Tom, first rate," says Bill. "We got a full crew here and over a million logs on the ice. How're you makin' it?"

"Not so good; we're havin' tough luck. Fifteen men quit today and what's worse'n that, we lost a four horse team. The big blacks and that pair of roans. Got scairt when the teamster dropped the reins, and run hell-bent across the lake. Got onto thin ice over the spring hole and went down in twenty feet o' water," came the astounding and untruthful report from the pseudo-Tom. "Suppose I'll have to call up the depot now and break the news to—"

Here Old Gumshoe could hold in no longer. Visions of a thousand dollars worth of horse flesh gone and a million logs still on the yards (it was getting near spring) must have raced through his mind. Finding his voice with a gasp and forgetting everything except this latest catastrophe, he burst in on the line with—"Mortal man! What's that you say, Tom? Four horses drowned! Mortal

man! Now what am I going to do? I'm bankrupt! I'm ruined! I'm—"

Right here, Bill, who was a little deaf anyway, contributed a few colorful words demanding to know what the rumpus was all about, and Jerry helped the good work by imitating the voices of three or four different people all talking in rapid succession. Bill's puzzled exclamations and the old man's wailing, added to Jerry's garrulous mimicry made that telephone line sound for a minute like the Tower of Babel broadcasting on a five hundred meter wave length.

Frank Larsen the clerk told us that the next afternoon when Old Gumshoe returned to the depot from his daily tour of the camps, he wore a queer expression of chagrin mingled with relief. How he got wised up to the joke is not known; and when Jerry was interrogated he maintained a discreet silence, but the twinkle in his eye spoke louder than words.

Old Gumshoe has a marked aversion to telephones now. He built a shack for himself and moved out of the office entirely. He puts in the evenings playing checkers with MacKenzie the forester, and uses the phone for business only.



Speaking of Money

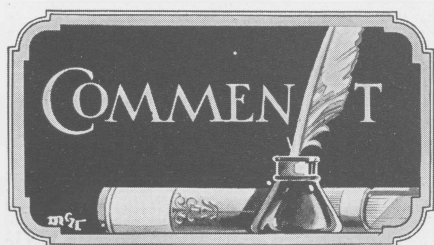
"It's great to have a million;
A feller can stand pat;
Or e'en a hundred thousand—
A man can live on that.
And fifty thousand dollars
Is not so very bad;
If I could get but thirty
I'd be most mighty glad;
I might say that five thousand
Would look real swell to me,
Or even say twelve hundred,
Is not so bad to see.

Five hundred ain't so fancy,
Some folks would think it tame;
But I would take one hundred
And be glad just the same.
And get right down to fifty,
Some people call it small,
But twenty-five is better
Than having none at all.
Ten dollars ain't so many,
You say, but man alive,
I'll give you my promise,
It's great to have a five."

—New York Sun

GNPCOM

It is no time to swap horses when you are crossing a stream.—LINCOLN



All communications for *The Northern* should be sent to the editor of *The Northern*, Greenville, Maine.

Washington and Lincoln

The names of Washington and Lincoln are linked to our association with the month of February. When February comes around two dates stand out, the 12th and the 22nd, recognized by everyone as the birthdays of our two greatest presidents. Each year homage is paid to the memory of these great men. This is well; but it was not ever thus. It reminds us of the saying that saints were cannonaded in life and canonized ages later. We hear only the commendation of Washington and Lincoln now but let us remember that their hearts were heavy with the load they carried and their lives often made weary by the unkind remarks of unappreciative people. Subjected to cruel criticism, suffering from contemporary jealousy, they made sacrifices to do their duty as they saw it. We know Washington as the "father of his country," yet some malicious editor, moved by a spirit of hate, published in his Philadelphia paper on March 6, 1779: "The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country has been this day reduced to the level of his fellow citizens and is no longer possessed of the power to multiply evil upon us. If there ever were a period of rejoicing this is the moment." We do not know what prompted a man to write such a comment but we do know what kind of a man he must have been. Perhaps he was a Tory who was a poor loser. His name died with him, but not so with the man he hated. Lincoln, too, had to endure criticism that was most severe and uncalled for. Other

presidents have been attacked in the same way. It is the price of prominence and success.

When great responsibility is laid upon the shoulders of any man he may become the target of malicious assaults. Under such circumstances it takes a great man actuated by high motives to set a course and follow it regardless of adverse criticism. The greater the task to be performed the more numerous the critics will be. Of the readers of this paragraph there will be more critics than great men. Perhaps then we should turn our thoughts to the critic. He reminds us of the old story of the anvil that wore out so many hammers. The man who really does something and stands for something may be deprived of the remark that he never had an enemy. His real glory may be measured by the kind of enemies he had. Thus when we knock a worth while man we may be putting ourselves in an undesirable class. Just as Washington's critic showed what manner of man he himself was, so shall we be measured by our own estimate of others.

Clippings

The following paragraphs are taken from the Boston News Bureau:

It is not generally known that the Honorable Joseph Gurney Cannon has been something of a versifier in his day. Recently an English liter-

ary publication dug up the following caustic lines written by Mr. Cannon:

"I'm thankful that the sun and moon
Are both hung up so high
That no pretentious hand can stretch
And pull them from the sky.
If they were not, I have no doubt
But some reforming ass
Would recommend to take them down
And light the world with gas."

Henry Ford, in Boston Sunday Advertiser, says there are two sorts of fools encumbering the earth today. One is the man who thinks that hoarding dollars will make him great and powerful; the other is the pseudo-reformer who believes that money taken from one class and given to another will cure all the ills of a sorry world. These flabby ideas are indicative of the "flabby times" in which we live, when men are taught that employers are their enemies, and that it is democracy to regard industry as an infliction of injustices rather than a means of mutual service. Cutting wages is a slovenly and inhuman method of handling a trade crisis and inevitably means suffering and idleness which costs more than money can rectify and than any "cut" can save. A big business which keeps alive hundreds and thousands of families is a sacred enterprise.



There is also a fine, grim humor shown in the incident of a flag of truce coming in at New York, bearing a message from General Howe, addressed to "Mr. Washington." The General took the letter from the hand of the red coat, glanced at the superscription and said: "Why, this letter is not for me! It is directed to a planter in Virginia. I'll keep it and give it to him at the end of the war." Then, cramming the letter into his pocket, he ordered the flag of truce out of the lines and directed the gunners to stand by. In an hour another letter came back addressed to "His Excellency, General Washington."

—Roycroft, Feb. 1925.

WHAT COUNTS

A MAN has two creators: his God and himself; his first Creator furnishes him with raw materials of his life and the laws in conformity with which he can make that life what he will. His second creator, himself, has marvelous powers he rarely realizes. It is what a man makes of himself that counts.

William George Jordan

GNPCO

Actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of one's friends.—WASHINGTON



"Scottie"
the Singer



F.X. Mooney, Supt.
North East Carry



Ed. Enmant, Supt.
at Grindstone



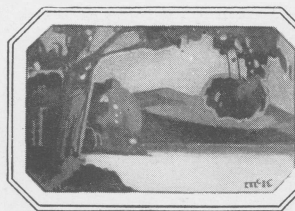
Rockwood Hustlers



The Crew of the Harness Shops
Hugh Seavey ~ E.A. Bulker,
A.P. Cochrane, foreman

GNPCO

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.—LINCOLN



Northern News



Rockwood

Mrs. A. R. Cochrane has returned from visiting friends in Massachusetts.

Kathleen and William Sargent who were home with their parents for the holidays, have returned to their studies; Kathleen to Farmington Normal and William to St. Mary's College, Van Buren.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Murphy were called to St. Prosper, Quebec, early in January, by the death of Mrs. Murphy's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Fiorillo have moved into one of the cottages on the hill and are keeping house there this winter. Master Orville Tardiffe of Jackman is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fiorillo.

Mr. E. A. Buker of the Kineo Harness Shop while down river for the Christmas holidays, was called to Hartland by the death of his brother.

The boys at the boarding house were recently treated to a feed of salt water smelts which were brought back from Belfast by Hugh Seavey when he returned from his trip to the coast city.

John Lamb has been doing a rushing business harvesting ice. Over 70 tons were packed in the company's ice house on the hill, besides what was stored in other ice houses around the village.

The motion picture programs shown during the last month consisted of a 7-reel comedy "Oh Doctor," featuring Reginald Denny, and "Spook Ranch," a 6-reel comedy drama starring Hoot Gibson. These shows were put on at Greenville, Rockwood, Pittston Farm, Ten-Mile, Seboomook, North East Carry Williams Stream and Tomhegan Stream.

East Branch Operation

A bear has been much in evidence around one of the American Thread Company's camps near here of late. It is unusual to find one out at this time of year but undoubtedly he was disturbed by someone chopping in the vicinity of his den.

A party of friends from Millinocket called on T. A. Hodgdon at Camp 1 on the 3rd of January. The party consisted of Mr. F. C. Bowler, Chief Engineer of the Millinocket and East Millinocket Mills, Mrs. F. C. Bowler, Miss Hinks, Miss Lee, Miss Iola Hobbs and Miss Dorothy Bowler. Mr. Bowler brought the crowd as far as the depot camp in his car and from there they walked to the camps and back.

Jack McGrath went to Millinocket during the month.

Parties of forestry students have frequently visited the camps. Camp 3 has been a favorite place to stop overnight.

Mr. A. G. Hempstead made a tour of the camps on his recent visit to this section. The weather was very good and we are glad to know that he enjoyed his stay with us.

George Caron went to Millinocket to be treated for a severe cold and has returned.

A crew at Camp 3 had the hard luck to get a horse thru the ice of Soldier Pond a few weeks ago. Another horse was procured from camp, two miles away, and the first horse extricated from his dangerous position. Altho he had been up to his neck in water for an hour and a half, the horse was not injured and is now as well as ever.

R. V. Canders came to all the camps several Sundays during the month. Bob is always a welcome visitor. A. T. Flower and G. E.

Leeds are among the other names on the register.

On January 18 Archie Kennedy cut himself with an axe while at work in a Camp 1 crew. He received medical attention at Millinocket.

The Camp 1 crew has pretty well cleaned up what wood there is to cut east of the American Thread Company road and will soon transfer their activities to the west side of the road.

P. J. Murdock was a recent caller.

Grindstone

The conveyor was put in operation on the 29th of December. It is working successfully and is seldom held up for repairs. Cal Gunn is running the crude oil engine and Fred Plude is handling the clutches.

Many of the workers at this place visited their homes over the Christmas holidays. R. G. Lothrop and his family went to Monticello, from which they have since returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Enman and Mr. and Mrs. Mike White, together with their families, enjoyed their Christmas dinner with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Taylor. In the evening the Enmans entertained at dinner at their comfortable camp here. Their guests were John McKinnon, Howard Lovejoy, Lloyd E. Pickett, Sylvio W. Morin and W. M. Creegan. Edgar and Elaine played with their new toys and radio music provided the close to a delightful evening.

The coldest day of the present winter season was December 27, when the thermometer showed 22 degrees below zero at five o'clock in the morning.

L. G. White, Superintendent of Woods Clerks, paid us an extended visit around New Year's.

GNPCO

The man who means to commit no wrong will never be guilty of enormities.—WASHINGTON

A new Lombard tractor has been added to the force now here. It was placed in running order by Mr. Gordon of the Lombard Tractor Co. who came from Waterville for the purpose. Lovejoy is driving the new tractor, Pickett has taken over the Lombard formerly driven by Lovejoy and Bob Moore has taken over Pickett's Holt.

Florent Doucette is now feeder at the depot.

Joe Babineau made us a brief visit the first of the month.

G. E. Leeds of Bangor made a trip around the operation early in January.

Weldon Kenney and Harold Boulier are loading wood together by the cord. Harold Smart is now driving the tote-team. Carl Maxwell and George Davis are also working together.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cal Gunn will be sorry to learn of their recent bereavement. Their little daughter failed to recover from an operation at the Dean Hospital in Greenville.

Kenneth Reed of Millinocket has been a recent caller at the depot.

Harry Severance has completed his work here for the present and has left for greener pastures. The carpenters and other skilled workers have been leaving by degrees. Among these have been Maurice Hall, Peter Casey, W. J. Coltart, Dominic Ledger and R. N. Bicknell.

The largest tractor load that ever left the depot for Dolby was hauled down on the 16th of January by Howard Lovejoy. It consisted of eleven sled-loads and scaled over seventy-three cords.

Joe Lawless is doing the depot toting.

The family of Dean F. Chase will occupy one of the camps at the Forestry School during the remainder of the season.

Mrs. A. T. Flower is now selling hot coffee and frankfurters every evening, and doing a rushing business.

E. L. Larson has been transferred from Dolby Flowage to the depot as scaler.

Other visitors during the period were A. V. MacNeill, N. A. Smith, C. E. Millett, L. A. O'Connell, P. J. Murdock, George Lindsey, Tim Finn, Vincent Cowhig, John Hurst, V. A. Gilpatrick and Harry Little, of Davidson, Ed Legassey, O. A. Harkness, H. W. Wright, Fred Ladd, Andrew Boyle, Gilbert Voutour, Hjalmar Mackie, Marvin Allen, J. F. and W. B. Powell, Dan O'Leary, T.S. Everett, Mr. Bragdon, Alton Leek, Earl Leek and Elmer Dymond, Calvin Lambert, Dan McArthur, Tom McNabb, Reuben Pollack, Nick Mulligan, Norman Langley, Wilfred St. Louis, George Enman, Gus O'Toole, Frank Owens, J. L. Wellington, Charles Raymond, A. G. Hempstead, Anthony St. Pierre, Joe Burbee, Charles Federovich, William McClure, Wm. McCormick and John Robbins.

Donald Weed has taken a house across the river and has brought his family here for the winter.

Mrs. Ulric Cyr has arrived to visit Mr. Cyr and is staying with Mrs. Joseph Burbee.

The old blacksmith-shop at the depot has been turned into a bunkhouse, serving as an annex to the main camp.

Swift Brook Operation

William Murphy finished his hauling on January 15. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have left for Grindstone where they will live at one of the camps of the Forestry School. Mr. Murphy will be employed by Mr. Enman.

Mike Glosky has also gone to Grindstone.

Ben King expects to complete his hauling about the 21st. of January.

Murphy and Burr are making good progress. Mr. Peters and Jack Colford are still cutting.

The weather conditions have been nearly ideal for this sort of work. The winter has been mild and there is just about enough snow to haul on.

Motion pictures were shown at the camps the week of January 17, the operator coming over the road from

Grindstone for the first time with horse and pung.

A very enjoyable Christmas dinner was served at Murphy and Burr's camp by Augustus Quirk. Gus certainly outdid himself, and the cookees, Wm. ("Shorty") McGregor and Tom ("Rosie") Campbell wore holes in their shoes keeping the tables filled. Gus, by the way, is raising a moustache, along with six pigs.

The landing scaler at this camp is Irving Rowe who hails from that little known section, North Bangor. Irving is some edition, weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred. He keeps his weight down by playing in the twilight league around Bangor and has been noticed at dances at the Ohio St. Grange Hall.

Hauling off is well under way, with ten teams at present engaged. The cutting has dwindled down to just a few crews.

Emmons Faulkner and Ora Estabrooks of Houlton arrived on January 9 with a team to haul wood.

Frank Everett who came from Corinth with two teams of horses, has, for assistants, Myron Chesley and Reginald Daw.

C. W. Burr made a flying trip to Old Town recently.

Blaine French is a welcome and frequent visitor. They tell us that Blaine has bought a new dog.

Rex Gilpatrick of the Summit Lumber Company pays us an occasional visit, looking over the cut.

Supt. Enman and General Supt. MacNeill were here recently.

Northeast Carry

Walter E. Wheeler of East Corinth has been assigned to scale the landing for Arthur Paquet Contract, replacing Emil Leavitt who was transferred to Williams Stream.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Levasseur have re-opened their cottage at the Carry. Anthony recently returned from an inspection trip to the Dr. Harmon Smith camps on the North Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. William Doyle have closed their house on Lake Shore

GNPCO

Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.—LINCOLN

Boulevard, and taken a cottage for this winter on the river side of the Carry.

"Spook Ranch," a six-reel comedy-drama starring Hoot Gibson, was shown at the farm house on the evening of January 5th to the men in Arthur Paquet's crew and the people of the Carry.

Forty Mile

Fremont Hatch, head scaler on the North Branch waters, is making his headquarters at Lacroix's depot between Hurricane Brook and the boundary. There are twelve camps this year on the North Branch, consequently a considerable number of scalers are required. Several old-timers are up there with Mr. Hatch, including Joe Willett, Al McLaughlin, Eugene Mann, Harry Bowley, Frank McDonough and John Hatch.

Gus Greene has returned to Forty-Mile after spending a two weeks vacation visiting friends down river.

Bill Harris of the Boundary Cottage was taken ill the latter part of December and was obliged to go to Bangor for medical attention. His place at the boundary is being taken by McCarthy of the Jackman Immigration Office. According to latest reports Bill is improving slowly. His many friends extend their best wishes and hope for a quick recovery.

Madison Mill

The Papermakers held a dance New Years Eve at the Strand Theatre. About 150 couples were in attendance. Both the new and old fashioned dances were danced. Every one reported a very good time.

Mrs. Manning and son, Robert, returned from Millinocket, where they enjoyed the Christmas holidays, on January 2nd. "Bert" Manning, our Accountant and Paymaster, accompanied them to Millinocket. He returned to his desk on December 28th.

Several skiing and sliding parties have been enjoyed of late during the full moon.

Mr. Hall, our Asst. Superintendent, has returned to his desk after a severe attack of the grippe. Every one was glad to see him around again.

"Andy" Strang, the night Groundwood and Sulphite Foreman, on his way home one morning, recently, at 3 A. M., espied one of his furred friends, a skunk, but he says he gave it the right of way. However, his dog brought the scent home. Now Andy is looking for a new home for "Buster."

Every one was glad to greet Roy Weldon again while he was here, for a week, from the Engineering Department of Millinocket.

"Sid" Rand is kept very busy every night repairing and setting up radios.

E. S. "Gene" Bunker, our popular Store-House custodian, enjoyed the Christmas holidays with his family at Bangor.

Greenville

The seven-reel comedy "Oh Doctor," starring Reginald Denny, was shown in the stock room at the Machine Shop on Saturday evening December 26th. Employees of the shop and their families were present to the number of about seventy.

The entire Northern colony of Greenville join in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Cal Gunn their heartfelt sympathy in the loss of their little daughter Jean, aged four years, who died on January 9th. Funeral services were held at the Holy Family Roman Catholic Church on Tuesday morning, January 12th, at ten o'clock, Rev. Father Sloan officiating, and interment was in the Greenville cemetery.

Much interest has been shown in the January cover of the Northern. The driver of the old twin Lombard was recognized as Mr. Gordon who was demonstrating the tractor for the Lombard Company. The striker, is known by his old friends as "Brownie" and the man in the back ground is none other than Maurice Cahill.

Chesuncook

Daniel Sexton is cooking at one of the camps on the Glaster operation this winter, and is assisted by the following cookees: Billy Frazee, Johnny Peterson, Vic Borglund and George Dyer. Danny says that life up here in the woods would be just one long sweet song if he could catch the bears that have been stealing his hot mince pies out of the dingle. We understand Danny has set a trap, so here's wishing him good luck!

George McGuire has just completed the job of putting up ice for the boom house.

W. T. Getchell is taking charge of the repair crew at the boom house, and Aubrey McDonald is the cook.

Pittston

William Stewart, our ever-ready "trouble shooter" of the telephone department, is enjoying a short vacation among the bright lights. Bill's place is being taken by Garfield Langley.

Pittston Farm is receiving about fifty cords of hardwood from the Brassua Flowage. This wood is being hauled by a 10-Ton Holt and a 10-Ton Lombard tractor. These iron horses of the woods are performing excellent work under the skillful guidance of Stanley Morrell and Ray Mersereau.

A. L. Mishio has returned to the company after a year's absence, and has resumed his old job as lineman at Pittston Farm. All the boys are glad to welcome "Mish" back to the tall timbers with his broad smile and his tin lizzie.

We expect soon to see Harold Casey sporting a new coat. It has just been discovered that he was wearing an old fur coat left here by Bob Canders, and passing it off as his own. Bob recently claimed his property and had it shipped to him at Grindstone but to date has been unable to collect two-bits from Casey for every time Casey wore the coat. Better make out an O.S. and D., Bob, or charge it off to equipment lost.

Fred Stait visited friends in Boston during the Christmas holidays.

GNPCOM

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—WASHINGTON

Blair Farm

Mr. W. D. Page took a driving horse to Madison January 5th.

William Murray made the trip into Chesuncook by team with Paymaster Covell early in January. They were gone four days on the trip, taking two days each way for it. William is now hauling hay with a four horse team from Lily Bay.

Gen. Supt. MacNeill took a pair of driving horses from here on January 11th.

A pair of horses have been supplied from Blair Farm to Harry Rollins for use on the stage route from Grant Farm to Chesuncook Village.

Charles Glaster also took a pair of horses from Blair Farm on January 7th.

The work of filling the ice house has been completed.

Everett Page spent the week end visiting his uncle in Hampden on his return to Farmington after spending Christmas at home.

Lily Bay

Austin Harmon has moved his headquarters from Lily Bay to the Grant Farm, as that is a more central point from which to reach the various operations of which he is clerk.

Fred Covell is holding down the office at Lily Bay all alone at present.

We are sorry to report the serious illness of Walter Gary, at Lily Bay. He was taken ill while home from school in Van Buren for the Christmas holidays, and at present writing is a very sick boy. We all extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Gary and hope Walter will soon recover.

The ice is all put up for the coming season. Having remarkably favorable weather, the job was entirely cleaned up in three days.

The Grant Farm toting crew have been exhibiting their genius at sawing wood. The wood is all cut now for next season, but they had to fall back on Grant Farm for the loan of a saw.

Father Sloan of Greenville was a visitor at the farm during January.

Ten Mile

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chaplin have returned after spending a most enjoyable vacation visiting friends and relatives down river. While in Boston they attended the Poultry Show, which was of great interest to Mr. Chaplin because he is something of an authority on the subject of poultry raising.

The Kineo-Pittston toters have gone into the wood and ice business. Aside from hauling firewood from Brassua Flowage for Pittston and Ten Mile, they have also filled the ice house at Ten Mile while Mr. Chaplin was away on his vacation.

Despite many predictions to the contrary, the winter so far has been anything but severe. The coldest morning to date registered 16 degrees below zero. The coldest day during the winter of 1924-1925 was January 19 and it was 36 degrees below zero. The roads are in excellent condition and travelling is very good.



W. B. TWOMBLY
Superintendent of Seboomook Farm

Grant Farm

Miss Morrison stopped at the Grant Farm on her way to Chesuncook where she will teach school during the balance of the school year.

C. H. Glaster is a frequent caller here on his way to and from his operation at Umbazookskus.

Austin Harmon is getting wonderful results from his three tube home made radio. If it wasn't for Harmon's patience (also other people's) the radio would not be long for this world.

E. E. Ricker spent a few days with us while closing up his books on the Umbazookskus Dam operation.

Pat O'Connell, who has been caretaker at the farm during the past six months, is now Chief Engineer of the Delco plant.

Sias Hill is the stopping place for all winter traffic. Guy Bubar is still on the job as chef, Bill Holmes, Chief Engineer and Fireman, and Davey Potter makes this his headquarters while performing the duties of Grant Farm telephone lineman.

Mr. Hempstead and family recently made a short call at the Grant Farm.

Weston Island Piers

The fine winter season has been a great aid to the crew at Weston Island Piers, the wood work of twenty-eight piers being completed. Other piers have been started and the work is progressing rapidly.

The log and rock teams are enjoying fine hauling and large quantities of lumber and rock are being landed.

Supt. Lonnie Mann spent Christmas with his family in Old Town, returning on the day following.

Harvey Burr, our jovial cook, assisted by Myron Burr, cookee, got up a delicious Christmas dinner. The menu consisted of pork steak, potatoes, turnip, squash, cranberries and mince and custard pie.

Bill Carey, our teamster, left us on January 14th on account of illness. We wish Bill a speedy recovery and

GNPCO

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody is hindering him.—LINCOLN

hope he will soon be back on the job.

Ira Mann, son of A. I. Mann, has recently joined the crew of pier builders.

Callers during the month were Geo. L. O'Connell, L. G. White, W. D. Page, Louie Cook and E. F. Jones.

Rice Farm

The ice has been put up for next summer's use and a small crew is now cutting firewood.

On the 6th of January "Doctor," the chestnut horse used for so many years by Lonnie Mann, dropped dead on the road to Millinocket. He had given faithful service for many years.

The mare "Dolly" was turned over to the Social Service Division on the 5th of January for use in getting around with the movie equipment on the operations at Grindstone and Davidson.

Dolby Unloader

W. L. Arnold, who has been scaling here, has left for the district surrounding Houlton. His place is being taken by Patrick West.

W. A. Erskin, H. Mackie, Peter Casey and Dominick Ledger have been engaged in repairs to the unloader from time to time.

J. B. Estes has gone to Boston.

A Holt tractor driven by Lloyd Picket went thru the ice on the pond here early in January. It was necessary to employ several other tractors to get the outfit out.

Bob Moore is now employed here, taking sled loads of pulpwood out on the pond. The Curran and Legassey outfits are landing wood at the head of the same pond.

Amos Conley dished up a splendid dinner on Christmas Day which was very ably handled by the boys in camp. The menu contained such tempting items as roast chicken, mashed potatoes, mashed turnips, boiled onions, celery, fruit salad, cranberry sauce, mince pie and fruit jello with whipped cream. The meal finished with apples, oranges, nuts and candy. Among those

present were E. L. Larson, Howard Lovejoy, George Bisson, Arthur Pineo, Earl Hamilton, Vaughn Lowell, Mike Polinsky and James Hanscomb.

The office has been turned into a garage for the tractor driven by Bob Moore.

Klein Lowell has left for his home in Lee.

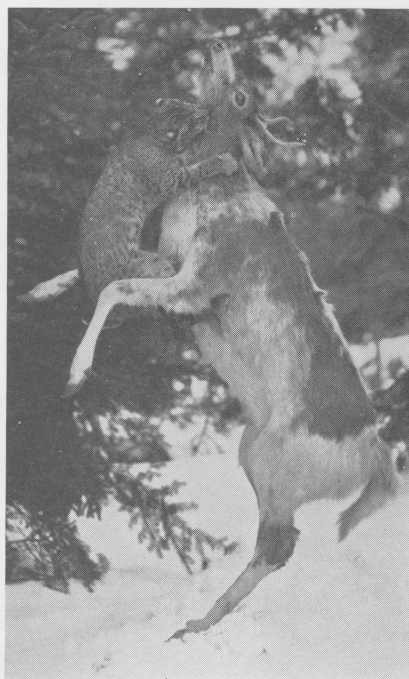
Forestry School

H. B. Eaton, 2nd, of Calais, is the first of the U. of M. students to return to college. Henry remained here during most of the Christmas vacation in order that he might get away early enough to appear in a Boston track meet late in January.

L. E. Houghton and D. B. Demeritt spent a recent week end at their respective homes in Bangor and Orono.

Harold Smart, who is a brother-in-law of Russell Snow, visited the school on January 17, assisting in running off the movies.

The motion picture, "The Family Secret," with Baby Peggy, and the comedy, "Slick Articles," were



A WOODS TRAGEDY
Not caught by the Camera Man
but by the Taxidermist

GNPCO

screened here recently. The cook-room made a very passable improvised theatre. Lennie Rossignol did the honors at the Victrola. The feature picture had many moments of pathos, but Lennie played as lively music as he could find. As a musician, Lennie is a great little cookee.

K. F. Switzer, while riding on a tote-team a week ago, undertook to find out if the toter's axe was really sharp. Karl is rapidly recovering from a deep cut in his right big toe.

By the time this is in print, the school will have closed. The boys expect to leave for college on the 22nd of January.

General

Francis Dougherty is making his headquarters at Soldier Pond this winter. This is the Soldier Pond above Eagle Lake.

Ora Eastman is acting as forester for the camps of Greenlaw and Thomas at St. Croix Siding and also on T. 10 R. 6 and T. 11, R. 5.

Nate Ranney went up with Tom Ranney the day after Christmas and will be employed around 25 Mile, in from Ashland.

B. W. Hale of Millinocket has been very busy these days and now has for his assistant Herbert St. John.

Joseph Willett, who is cutting on Township A, Range 7, with three camps, has opened an office in Millinocket.

A. J. Spearin, who has about ninety men cutting near Weeksboro, has five thousand cords cut and has started hauling to Shorey's and Hillman sidings.

Ashland

A new operation has been started at McNally Pond. It is called Rocky Brook Improvements and consists of building a new dam about half a mile below the old one. The new dam will be considerably larger than the old one—enough larger in fact, to flow it out. This job is under the supervision of Jim Sar-

gent; Elmer Ricker is the clerk and Pete Legassey is performing in the culinary department.

The tractor road between Churchill and Musquacook is being put in excellent condition. No wood is being hauled at present, but a double track is being made so that tractors coming back empty will not interfere with the loaded tractors they meet on the way.

Our old friend Frank McKendrick, of Cuxabaxis, Main River, Grindstone and way stations is doing the inspection work on this operation.

Company men whose business takes them through Ashland on their way in and out of the woods enjoy the good cooking and homelike atmosphere at the boarding house conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stuart.

News of Former Employees

Arthur D. Girard, who clerked for jobbers at Debsconeag and Musquacook, is at Falher, Alberta. He is in charge of the office work for Falher Creamery, Ltd. of that place.

Kenneth Wood has accepted a position as station agent at Thorn-

dike on the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad.

"Jimmy" Dubay, who was a familiar figure on the West Branch for many years, is now in Samoa, California, with the Hammond Lumber Company. This company operates in the redwoods. The trees are of huge size, from two to three hundred feet in height and often twenty-four feet in diameter. All logs are brought down by rail and many of them have to be split to get them on the cars. Nothing under two feet on the stump is taken. The Rutledge brothers, Holley and William, are also out that way.

E. R. Batchelder, who was employed in the Social Service Division for some time last fall, resumed his work with the Toledo Scale Company and is now Supervisor of Industrial Sales and has an office in Boston.

Dan F. Flanagan, formerly of the Woods Clerical forces, is a postal employee at Bangor.

Division of Forest Engineering

Lloyd E. Houghton is now professor at the Forestry School relieving Prof. E. F. Jones, who was there during the past term.

The field work of the Churchill-Eagle Lake survey is completed and the crew has returned home.

The scaling organization is now complete with about 26 men in the field.

E. F. Jones is on a trip up the Kennebec, going over the wood landed by B. S. Viles, contractor.

Phil Murdock has been travelling through Aroostook County looking over the various operations.

Somewhere

Everyone of us who has ears to hear has at some time heard the voice of a trouble-maker.

Maybe we run into him on the street—possibly he finds us in the shop or in our home.

His main business seems to be making people discontented.

He discourages some but helps none.

We like to know the man who sees good work and helpful purpose in others. He is the man we not only like to meet but to know and work with.

HE IS A BIG HELP TO HIS ASSOCIATES.

Recent Developments at Grindstone

(Continued from Page 4)

Fairbanks, Morse and Company.

Supplementing this work, the unloader at Dolby was rebuilt and so raised that a larger pile of wood could be accommodated. Plans were made also to sprinkle a large surface area on the pond, forming a heavier ice which would in turn support the weight of a tractor hauling wood directly out on the pond. This year the unloading end has been taken as a contract by Don Brean and several partners.

For icing the road between the depot camp and Dolby the small sprinklers in common use in logging operations were deemed inadequate and a large tank was built on runners so that it could be hauled by a trac-

tor. This tank has a capacity of over five thousand gallons. A house is mounted on another set of sleds as a trailer and in this is placed a pump by means of which the tank is filled at streams along the road. The house contains a stove and there the small crew is protected from the weather while the tank is being filled.

In November the Forestry School of the University of Maine took possession of the camps a half mile from the depot for its second season at Grindstone. The students comprising this group give every indication of being more than usually industrious and interested in their work.

Early in December a new factor was brought into the situation. Superintendent Enman received instructions to cut 10,000 cords on Soldier Town. Four camps were started immediately and Mr. En-

man appointed Steve Ranney as assistant Superintendent. This job is known as East Branch Operation and Grindstone is the depot for it.

To conclude, hauling this winter started shortly before Christmas. Already a considerable hole has been made in the pile. There is excitement in the air. Tractor after tractor winds its serpentine way around the dooryard and down the road to Dolby. Pete Tuck, the dynamite king, continues to entertain us with his impressions of the second battle of the Marne. Men come and go, and come and go again! The heavy thud of pulpwood as the loaders pile high the sleds! Will the road last? Put the water to her, boys! Holt and Lombard, gas and oil, driver and striker—the air is blue! The race of Winter is on!

GNPCO

Have confidence in yourself, a valuable if not indispensable quality.—LINCOLN

What are you building?

INSTEAD OF SAYING that a man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that the man is the architect of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas; bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.

Thomas Carlyle

