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The
Northern
March 1926



The Northern

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

W. M. Creegan, Hugh Desmond
Associate Editors

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The Northern

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



The University of Maine Forestry Camp

By DWIGHT B. DEMERITT

Assistant Professor of Forestry

FOR the past five years, it has been evident that too great an amount of stress has been laid on actual book learning in forestry without the student having an opportunity of seeing the application of his knowledge in the woods. There are educators in the country who hold that men will see quickly the application of their knowledge in the woods if they have never been trained in the practical phases of the game at all, except what they learned in the classroom. This is probably true if the student has actually *learned* the things he saw in the book. It is very difficult, however, for a student who has never been in the woods and seen conditions as they exist, to visualize in the classroom and understand thoroughly just how his knowledge is to be applied when he gets out there.

With these things in mind, the majority of the 22 colleges and universities in the country that offer curricula in forestry leading to a degree require their students to spend a certain amount of time in the woods under faculty supervision. Some universities offer two or more different field courses, one given early in the four year course and the other near the completion. Others offer only one course, and that near the latter part of the curriculum. Still others offer no field courses whatever, except such as may be given in

proximity to the college itself.

The University of Maine had always been in the latter class until the college year 1923-1924. At that time, Mr. Gilbert, Manager of the Spruce Wood Department of the Great Northern Paper Company, generously offered the use of camps and equipment to the university to facilitate offering forestry courses in the woods. This opportunity was quickly taken advantage of and the Dept. of Forestry has successfully completed three camp courses, and 58 students have received the benefit of a small amount of practical training. Seniors majoring in the forestry curriculum are required to take the woods courses.

In order that the students may take observations on nearly all phases of woods work in this region, the course is offered during the latter half of the fall term, or from the middle of November to the middle of January. During this time about two weeks are taken out for the Christmas holidays. In 1923 the camp was located at the foot of Rainbow Lake where the operation on Rainbow town was in full swing. That year the students began their work the first week in December and completed it the last day of January.

Among the requirements of the course are two reports and a map. The number of students taking the course the first year made it possible

for them to make up their maps and reports as the course progressed. Consequently the requirements of the course were all completed when they came out of the woods. Since then, however, the number of students has been so large that it has been impossible to make maps or do good work in report writing at camp. For this reason, the students now return to the University with their amassed data and use the regular drafting rooms for making up the maps and reports.

After the completion of the first camp course, the three portable camps were taken down and moved to Grindstone near the headquarters of East Branch Operation, where a log camp for the cook room and office were added to the three portable camps to make room for the increased number of students. For the past two seasons the course has been given at Grindstone.

It may be of interest to note the nature of the work done by the students in camp. The work is divided into three classes, namely; Cruising and Mapping, Forest Management, and Logging Engineering.

In the first class of work, the men are divided into parties of two and taught practical methods of cruising and map making, each party being required to cruise at least 1200 acres. In addition to their data on the estimate of timber, figures are also col-

GNPCO

The weapon most dangerous to a fool is his tongue

lected for purposes of map making and management of timberland. In addition the principal roads are surveyed, the lot lines run out and topographic features noted. From the data collected, a map is made from the combined notes of all the crews and a timber estimate calculated for the same area as mapped.

The work in Forest Management is summed up in a report based on data collected from sample acres taken and from the timber estimate. The report gives a summary of the timber estimate, valuation per cord or thousand feet, valuation per acre, description of the forest cover, prediction of yield and other technical data obtained from averages over large areas.

The course in Logging Engineering covers all phases of work being carried on by the company on the specific area near the camp, with an idea of seeing how practical work is done and how practical problems are solved. In fact all things are summed up and studied that are being carried on in the operation; this is reported on by each student individually.

The location of the camp at Grindstone is a particularly good one, for the reason that there are so many types of transportation systems in operation. Driving by water, hauling with horses, tractor and by steam log hauler are all in progress, so that the student is able to see each one and to understand better the requirements of each type of transportation.

Practically the same type of work has been offered all three years, minor changes having been made in the courses and method of presentation in order to produce the best results. The course will undoubtedly be changed slightly again next year in an endeavor to get still better results than ever before.

In addition to learning many things first hand from

observations on the various types of work, some of the students who have never been in the woods before become more "wood wise." Many humorous questions are asked each year by students who are unfamiliar with terms used by loggers. Here are some of the incidents and questions asked:

A head works tied up at the dam at Rainbow two years ago was called in one man's report "a swivel used for hauling a boom around a landing of pulpwood."

Jill poke is a mysterious term. A road monkey was cursing some fellow laborer and incidentally called him a "jill poke." One of the boys who had never heard of one asked me, "What is a jill poke's job in the woods anyway?"

One student who happened to be in the office when some men were

being paid off heard someone say something about "wangan bill" and misunderstood the remark. He got it to be "wagon bill." Finally he came to me and said he'd been trying to figure out what part of a wagon could be the bill.

Many amusing situations arise each year from the ignorance of some of the "greenhorns" who are successfully "kidded" by the more woods-wise members of the party. One man failed to come to camp till three hours after dark and a searching party went looking for him only to discover him within 100 yards of the main road sitting beside a very good fire prepared to spend the night.

Last fall a surveying party ran afoul of a big bear asleep under a log. One man was within ten feet when the bear woke up.

If the man and the bear had kept running at the rate they started, in half an hour they would have been more than a hundred miles apart. As soon as the excitement was over another member of the party was discovered lying beside a fallen tree with drawn hunting knife. On being questioned the young man announced that he had planned to stab the bear if he passed that way.

In final analysis, the camp idea is of great benefit to the men. Each year the students who have taken the course in the woods have had poor weather to put up with, cold to stand while taking notes, many drenchings and other more or less disagreeable features that are not ordinarily thought of as being part of a college education. Much grumbling and good natured "cussing" may be heard, but when it is over they agree almost to a man that the work has been of great help and that they have learned things they never could have fully understood from classroom work alone.



GNPCOM

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties—SPURGEON

Pop's Philosophy

By REVEREND HENRY A. SLOAN

THE radio was working well. The Depot Camp was being royally entertained by an orchestra from far away New York. The Boss on a box by the stove puffed quietly on his cigar, as all bosses are supposed to do. His Majesty, the cook, in full dress uniform, even to the home-made paper headgear, sat in dignity on the desk and puffed elegantly on his cigarette, as all cooks think they do. Fred, the scaler, sitting beside him was giving his heavy jaws, not their "daily-dozen" but their continual-score from a wad of black, wild-looking tobacco. Old Pop, the patriarch of filers, brooded morosely over his mahogany-stained pipe as he tried to make himself comfortable in the alleged easy-chair that some unsung or uncursed genius had evolved from a barrel, long years ago when the world was young. The clerk, who was acting as master-of-ceremonies, hung over the radio with all the solicitude of a cat for her kittens, or a jobber over his cutting.

As the music rose in one wild blare of syncopated harmony, the genius of the tubes began broadcasting himself:

"What do you think of that? Who said those Super-Hets were no good? I call that perfect, eh, Pop? Never had music like that when you struck the trail for the first time into the tall timbers. Big difference nowadays."

"I guess y'er right, Sonny. Times have changed. Sure have, and from all accounts they are still changin'. But I of'en wonder if it's all for the best."

"Sure it's for the best," interrupted Fred, giving his elastic jaw another calisthenic stretch. "This old world's advancing, Pop, and you don't know it. The folks to-day are out for comfort."

"Too bad, Fred, ye weren't born some two thousand years from today.

It might be all comfort then and no work. Altho, I doubt it. It looks to me as if the old world hasn't to do much advancing to bring comfort to some folks. Some o' you fellows must think this is the year five thousand and twenty-six instead of

A March Morning

By Nathan Appleton Tefft
in "Needles From the Whispering Pine"

*Kinder chilly 'round the edges;
East a-blushin' purty red;
Blue th' shadows 'neath th' hedges;
Sort o' pinkish overhead.
Rooster crowin' down th' holler;
T'other one atop the hill,
Stretchin' uv his speckled collar,
For to make his crowin' shrill.

Fire built an' breakfus' cookin',
Me a-kinder hangin' 'round;
At the window 'gin a-lookin',
Heerd a mighty cheery sound;
In the apple tree a bobbin',
An a-flippin' tail and wing,
See a cocky little robin,
Fillin' uv his heart with spring.*

nineteen twenty-six."

"Do you mean me, Pop?" asked Fred, switching his oscular freight to the other cheek.

"Fred, if comfort is the way folks now-a-days judge the world's advancement, y'er the most up-to-date thing on the globe at this present moment."

"Look here, Pop, why shouldn't a man look out for his own comfort? What did hard work ever do for you?" said his Lordship, the cook, from on high.

"Ever do for me?" blazed up Pop. "I'll tell ye what it did for me. It made me a d— good filer and not an imitation doughslinger. That's what it did for me. And it taught me to attend to my own d— business and leave other folks' alone." The doughnut magnate was squelched under the roar of laughter which followed on Pop's sally.

"Pop, I suppose it took you all those years to discover that filing was the biggest snap in the woods," interjected the Boss with a smile.

"May be it did and may be it didn't, but if it did, I know some folks who are trying to prove I'm all wrong."

"Listen to this, you guys, and cut out the gas," shouted the neglected entertainer, as he worked desperately at the dials. The witching strains from some musical comedy came rolling in.

"Isn't that grand, Pop?"

"Sure is, Sonny."

"Don't you wish you were there?"

"Sonny, that's just one o' the things I ha'e against y'er radio."

"What do you mean, Pop?"

"It causes too much wishin'."

"Pop, you ought to take my advice about that rank old pipe," interrupted Fred.

"What advice?" growled Pop.

"Bury it. It's getting too strong now even for you."

"Fred, do ye know, the more I see o' you, the more I believe it's true."

"What's true?" shot back Fred.

"That ye can't use what ye haven't got."

"And tell me, Pop, what ain't I got?"

"Brains," replied the old man as he tried to settle deeper into his uneasy easy-chair.

Another roar of laughter rang through the camp at Fred's expense. When it had died down, Pop began to knock the ashes out of the offending pipe, a sure sign that he was ready to retire.

"Not going so soon, Pop?" asked Sonny. "The good stuff's just coming in."

"Sonny, the worst thing about a snap is, that ye have to take care o' it. And there's a dozen saws over there in the shack with a dozen kinks in each o' them that must be ready tomorrow mornin'."

GNPCO

It is not enough that a man work hard—he must work in the right direction—RUSSELL SAGE

"You don't seem to think much about those radios, Pop."

"No. Pop would rather have a mouth organ and see a bunch dance some P. I. jigs with a dollar a day for wages and beans for grub. Pop's too old to realise that Yesterday is Yesterday and is dead and To-Day's a new world," sneered Fred trying to even up on the brain episode.

For a second or two the old man continued shaking the ashes from his pipe. His lower lip trembled, his eyes became misty and then with a far-away look, he glanced up at Fred.

"Fred, maybe y'er right and maybe ye ain't. I don't know. Yesterday is surely Yesterday and perhaps it's dead as you say. But I'm not so sure that y'er great To-Day is a New World. Maybe the things ye think are so new are very, very old. And even if my Yesterday is dead 'am not so sure that this great To-Day is much better than my dead Yesterday. Are ye any happier with y'er inventions like this 'er radio than we were in the days that are gone? I'm thinkin' ye ain't. That radio, Sonny, is a grand thing for you, but for an old man like me, it's fun has a back-spin, a sort o' reversed English."

No one spoke. The gang realised that it was seeing a new side of Pop. Perhaps, had it known, it was no new side, but a very, very old one. It was seeing the real Pop, something very few had ever seen. His grey hair curled like strands of steel around his deeply-furrowed brow. His eyes had the fierce lustre and the sparkle of the diamond, when set in black ebony. His frail, sunken cheeks conjured up the ghastly illusion that one was watching an animated skeleton.

"When I listen to that radio, I think o' the things that might-ha'-been and never were, those things that come whispering to a man in the silence o' the night or in the solitude of lonely places, those things that live way down in a man's soul and only he and His Creator know they are there. I never had a chance to know the world. I never asked for one. I followed the woods' game like my fathers before me.

What lay beyond the timber-line, I never bothered to find out. What I never knew I never missed. And in my ignorance, I was happy. I heard folks talk about the world that lay beyond the hills, but it was all a fairy tale to me. But tonight, when I heard that radio, something within me seemed to snap, something seemed to have gone out o' me. And I feel that it will never come back, and I'm thinkin' it's the peace o' my soul. Never will I be as happy again. That radio has stirred up voices within me, voices that I'm thinkin' will never be still as long as I live, voices that seem to struggle and choke and keep hiss'n' away down in my soul about the lost things that-might-ha'-been and never were, the things I've missed in the long years I spent among the spruce. Those voices tell me now that the things folks said about the lands that lay across the hills were no fairy lands but lands o' wonderful reality. And 'am thinkin' what a great man I might ha'e been in that wonderful world if I only had known, if I only had got the chance. I feel tonight that somehow I ha'e been cheated in the funny old game called Life, that something that belonged to me has been stolen away from me and that no matter where I go or what I do, I never can get it back.



—American Mutual Liability Ins. Co.

GNPCO

"Yes, Sonny, your radio is a great toy, but I'm wonderin' if for some like me it ain't a curse, because it tells o' these things that-might-ha'-been and never were. For me it has stirred up those voices, and I feel that only the grave can silence them. What we never knew we never would ha'e missed. Now, I know and in that knowledge there is pain, pain that the years can never soothe. Life sure is a queer old game and man doesn't make it any the easier when he starts to monkey with it. Well, I'll be goin'. Radio won't sharpen those saws, but it might help out in the comfort idea. Goodnight." The door closed. He was gone.

"I guess I'll follow," said the cook. "Goodnight."

The others got ready to retire. No one spoke. It seemed to be acknowledged that silence was the better part. They had looked into a man's soul and even if that man had been old Pop the filer, they honoured the confidence. Fifteen minutes later the Depot Camp was in darkness. The wood in the stove hissed and crackled. A lone mouse scurried across the floor. The occasional drip, drip of water from some leaky corner was heard. Outside, moonlight and the starry silence of the lonely timberlands. Suddenly a suppressed titter was heard from Fred's bed.

"What's biting you now?" growled Sonny.

"Oh, I was just thinking how Pop would look in a dinner jacket at the Waldorf Astoria."

"A mighty sight better than you," barked Sonny.

"Fred, if you don't shut that rubber jaw o' yours you'll be gettin' another kind o' jacket."

"What kind is that?"

"A straight jacket."

And that was that. The Boss had spoken.

Card of Thanks

Mr. and Mrs. William Lane of Forty Mile wish to thank their friends for the beautiful flowers and kind expressions of sympathy sent to them during their bereavement.

Strictly Business

By F. A. GILBERT

Following the custom of pioneer days, logs were rafted in booms on the great lakes of Maine and towed by headworks made of a raft of ten logs spiked together, a windlass, anchor and anchor line. The anchor was carried by a boat's crew as far as the anchor line would reach and then dropped overboard, after which the crew on the headworks began winding in. The process of winding was a continued march around the capstan pushing the handlebars of the capstan, and each turn of the capstan brought the men operating it to the line that averaged about eighteen inches from the bottom of the raft and it was necessary to step

over this line every time the capstan turned. When a boom of logs left its moorings the work was continuous, except at times of head winds, until the boom reached its destination.

In the early 70's a prominent operator, whose name was Milton G. Shaw, started a boom of logs from behind Sugar Island destined for East Outlet. The weather was not favorable and the time taken for the raft to cover the distance was unusually long. Mr. Shaw, always very active in directing the work, was one of the crew on the headworks marching around the capstan. In order to make progress it was

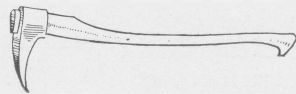
necessary to wind day and night when the weather permitted. There had been an extended calm and the men had worked continuously for many hours and had become extremely sleepy. About midnight Mr. Shaw, in passing over the anchor line, caught his toe while partly asleep and pitched headlong into the icy waters of the lake. His foreman, James Bowley by name, awoke in time to see him struggling in the water and reached over to assist him in getting back upon the headworks—whereupon Mr. Shaw in his characteristic manner remarked, "If you had been attending to your own business you would not have seen me."

Sequoia Lasts

Wood a million years old has been found in California, according to Mr. C. L. Hill of the District Office of Products, who sent a sample of the wood to the (Madison) Forest Products Laboratory where it was identified as belonging to the genus sequoia. The undecayed wood of 3,500 years ago, found in Tutankhamen's tomb is but a product of yesterday, comparatively.

This piece of wood was taken from 500 feet under ground in a tunnel of the California-Hawaiian Development Company in Long Canyon T. 13 N., R. 12 E., Mt. Diablo Meridian, on September 17, 1920. The log was buried in the gravels of a Tertiary stream bed about twelve feet under the lava cap of the great flow which terminated the Tertiary Period. It is, therefore, at least a million years old and is remarkable in the fact that it has neither petrified nor disintegrated except as to the lighter springwood of some of the annual rings.

—The News Letter.



University of Maine Forestry School Grindstone, Maine—Personnel

Front row, left to right: G. S. Wheeler, Bangor; Lenwood Rossignol, Grindstone; (cookee) Russell Snow, Bangor; H. M. Hamer, Methuen, Mass.; H. B. Eaton, 2nd., Calais; G. F. Baker, Bangor.

Second row: V.W. Somers, Bangor; M. H. Burr, Old Town; K. E. MacFadden, Wiscasset; D. B. Demeritt, Instructor, University of Maine; E. F. Jones, Instructor, Great Northern Paper Company; T. H. Bigelow, (cook) Bingham; C. M. Dowd, Vassalboro; R. F. Johnson, Bangor.

Third Row: A. J. Wilkins, Hart-

land; R. Diehl, New Britain, Conn.; F. E. Weatherbee, Lincoln; F. W. Holdsworth, Methuen, Mass.; J. R. Anderson, Bangor; L. Curran, Mexico, Maine; G. E. Wing, Flagstaff; J. K. Schroeder, Newcastle; M. H. Standish, Gardiner; H. L. Winter, Livermore Falls, Maine.

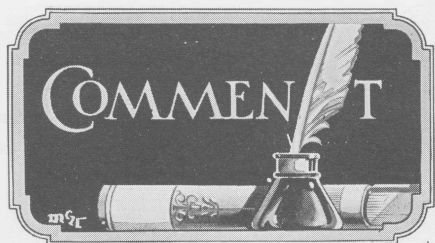
Note: At the time this picture was taken, G. H. Gruhn, Instructor, Maine Forest Service, and K. F. Switzer were absent. After the Christmas holiday L. E. Houghton replaced E. F. Jones as the company instructor.



Judge: "Name?"
Prisoner: "Pat Murphy."
Judge: "Nationality?"
Prisoner: "Oirish."
Judge: "Occupation?"
Prisoner: "I-talian organ grinder."

GNPCO

If a man knows not to what port he is steering, no wind is favorable to him—SENECA



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

Men, Money and Management

Men, money and management are the essential elements of industry. To start an enterprise the order might be changed to management, money and men. To see in undeveloped natural resources the possibility of the production of wealth requires vision. To make real that vision, an organization is necessary or in other words management is the starting point. The management is helpless without money, and the next step is to secure funds to make an industrial idea into a reality. There must be the expenditure of vast sums of money before any returns can be assured. The man who would organize an industry must have the ability to inspire faith in his project on the part of people who have money to invest. Once the money is forth-coming it must be turned into equipment that can transform raw material into a wealth producing product. This process requires men to carry it out. These men must work and they must be paid for their services. The management must have broad vision to keep the business going profitably. Problems are to be faced constantly. The investors must be satisfied that their money is being safely used as well as made to yield a satisfactory return; to do this the market for the product must be watched so that production can be kept at the level advantageous to the law of supply and demand; the product must be successfully marketed in a field of competition; the labor market must be satisfied if man-power is to be secured to carry on the enterprise; restraints imposed by the government in the

form of taxes, labor conditions and the tariff must be taken into consideration. To build up and successfully run any big business these conditions must be met and to meet them there must be a harmony of men, money and management.

When any of these elements is missing failure is the result. Every one of the multitude of business failures can be easily traced to a lack of at least one of these three things—men, money, management or in other words to labor, capital, or organization.

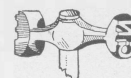
Our Product

The Great Northern Paper Company's product is newsprint paper. In this field it holds a preeminent position. The table of Pulp and Paper data published in the January *Northern* has brought certain facts to our attention. In the first place, we are proud to learn that the State of Maine produces one-third of the newsprint paper in the United States and that this state is second only to New York. We know that our company produces a large per cent. of this Maine product.

As employees of this company we are interested in the larger aspects of the pulp-wood industry. What about the present situation? Some companies are buying pulp from northern Europe to run their mills because they can buy the pulp and transport it more cheaply than they can produce it here in Maine. Some

companies are buying pulp-wood in Canada and sending it to their mills in this country because they can do this more cheaply than they can cut it here. This indicates that the product of our Maine mills does not represent Maine labor for the woods end of it when the wood is cut in Canada or Europe. In Canada the pulp-wood cut on Crown lands must be manufactured in Canada which means that 70 per cent. of the manufacturing is done there. Canada has been steadily gaining in production of newsprint paper until in this last year it surpassed the United States.

In spite of the fact that this has been a dull year for woods operations in Maine, it has been difficult to secure sufficient native labor to carry on the work. In some quarters the use of Canadian labor in Maine has been viewed with alarm. As a matter of fact *the danger from using Canadian labor in Maine is not so great as the danger of losing Maine industry to Canada*. Writing in the February Atlantic Monthly, C. H. Bretherton goes so far as to say: "The percentage manufactured in Canada increases yearly, and before long there will be nothing to prevent her from establishing a monopoly for all of North America, not alone in wood and pulp, but of paper also."



We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths, in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs; he most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. C. Bailey.

When we look into the long avenues of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live, and be happy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE money and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure that you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.



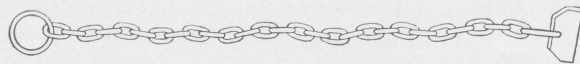
George Horace Lorimer

GNPCOM

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine—THE BIBLE



Above
Northern Hill
at Rockwood

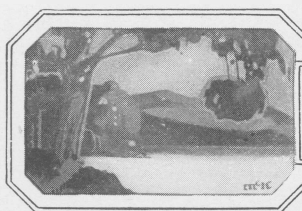


Below
Depot Camp
at Grindstone



GNPCOR

Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame—POPE



Northern News



Brassua Flowage

George L. O'Connell has ordered the camp at Brassua closed and has opened the Sunshine Inn. There are about a thousand cords of firewood to be hauled out of Brassua and yarded at the Inn, which is just above Moose River bridge. The hauling will be done by tractor, Richard Leonhartt being the driver and Loura Polyot being the striker. The foreman of the outfit is Forest Henderson and ten or twelve men will be employed. It is likely that as soon as the road is broken the crew will take possession of a set of camps farther in.

Rockwood

The Ladies' Sewing Circle of Rockwood, of which Mrs. J. E. Sargent is President, held a very successful Bean Supper during the month. The supper was held in the Town Hall and was followed by old fashioned dances. The affair was largely attended.

Charles Crossman and a crew of men put the water-works back in commission.

The pictures shown during the month were "After Six Days," "I'll Show You The Town," with Reginald Denny and "Go Straight."

Miss Kathlyn Hilton has made the basketball team at Waterville High School.

L. G. White was accompanied on a recent tour of these parts by Ralph W. Johnson. Mr. Johnson was formerly connected with the American Thread Company.

Mrs. Ira McDaniels, who has been working for Miss Murphy, returned to her home in Jackman.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Boutin are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son late in January. The boy will be named Alphonse Amedee Boutin.

Grant Farm

Supt. Walls is busy with his crew storing ice at the Grant Farm.

Recent visitors at the Grant Farm: R. H. Robertson, C. L. Holden, N. A. Smith, L. G. White, R. W. Johnson, L. A. O'Connell, C. M. Hilton, Leonard Cormier, E. W. Vickery and A. V. McNeil.

Mrs. Addie Boyington visited at the Grant Farm recently.

Angus Commeau and Joe Arsenault have nearly completed the wood cutting at the Grant Farm.

John Mea stopped at the Grant Farm on his way to Umbazooksus where he is clerking Chesuncook & Chamberlain R. R. Johnny has completed a tour of the New England States. He reported a very good trip.

Mr. Hempstead and Hugh Desmond stopped here on their way into Chesuncook and the Glaster Operations where they showed pictures the last of January. They were accompanied on the trip by Mr. Roy H. Flynt of Augusta who prints *The Northern*.

We enjoyed seeing the pictures. The feature, "The Signal Tower," made a big hit and the hysterical comedy of Columbus' experience was most amusing.

During the illness of Mrs. Wall, Jack Ramsey took charge in the kitchen. The theory was that Austin Harmon and Ellis Stevens and Ramsey were all to pitch in and do the work. It was beautiful theory. Jack, however, did such good work at the breadboard that he found himself doing all the cooking himself.

Ashland

J. E. Sargent and T. S. Ranney are the superintendents operating in this section. Mr. Sargent has a crew constructing a dam at McNally Pond with J. P. McLean and Clarence Sargent as foremen and Pete

Legasse as cook. Frank Carty who was with us two years ago is the time-keeper.

A crew is finishing up and graveling Heron Lake Dam. This dam with its long spillway and well constructed sluices is a credit to the company. The saw-mill of Mr. LaCroix furnished the lumber for the bridge work across the dam as well as the finishing around the dam.

J. P. Lemieux (Mouser) is scheduled to act as watchman and a frame building is now under construction over-looking the dam for his headquarters.

J. H. Mortel has been the time-keeper during the whole operation. His cheerfulness has been a help to all of the men here.

Mr. Ranney is hauling supplies to 25 Mile Camp for a future Machias Operation. Mr. F. L. Street, Sr. is clerking the job.

R. L. King, is the paymaster for this section.

Churchill Lake Operation is also under the supervision of Mr. Ranney.

E. E. Ricker is clerking Churchill Lake Operation, Rocky Brook Improvements, and Heron Lake Dam Construction.

J. P. McLean was recently called home by illness in the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clayton are serving the meals at the 10 Mile Camp.

At 25 Mile Camp, Ernest Tozier is the chef. His dog Rowdy furnishes the men with entertainment.

Musquacook is a busy place these days with the tractors and log haulers transporting pulp wood from Musquacook to Churchill. These iron horses of the woods are performing giant tasks.

There is a good road now from Ashland to Churchill Lake by the way of 10 Mile, 25 Mile and Musquacook.

WGNPCO

Honesty needs no disguise or ornament—OTWAY

K. P. Toting

R. E. Mersereau who has been driving the Lombard for K. P. Toting has gone to Greenville to work for Grant Farm Toting, taking his tractor with him.

Church service was held at Pittston Farm House on Sunday by Mr. Hempstead.

Geo. Farrar has been doing some work in the culinary department at 40-mile during Mrs. Lane's absence in Bangor.

"Oh, solitude, where are thy charms" is George Cassidy's favorite poem. He is able to keep in touch with the outside world, however, through his telephone line which has withstood the rigors of a northern winter pretty well so far.

Henry Hood is another member of the old school who is pursuing the even tenor of his way on the St. J. R. R. "far from the madding throngs ignoble strife."

The sympathy of the entire community goes out to Mr. and Mrs. William Lane of 40-mile on the death of their daughter Mabel.

Mr. Leroy Lowe who has been clerking at Brassau Flowage and 10-mile was called home recently by the illness of his father. His place is being taken by Mr. A. H. Greene.

The burning of brush was discontinued owing to the heavy snow-falls.

No car has been across the lake to Greenville from Kineo up to Feb. 17th. Quite a contrast to a year ago when it was good automobiling on the lake during the entire winter practically.

East Branch Operation

With big crews in all four camps the season's cut is rapidly nearing completion. Plans are laid to start hauling on a large scale Monday, Feb. 15th.

The big snow plow made it's way up into the main roads of Camps 2, 3 and 4 for the first time on February 9th, bringing back two sled loads to the landing. Heretofore, the main road at Camp 1, from which a considerable quantity of wood has already been hauled, was

the only one that had been plowed.

Cyrus Angove arrived here the latter part of December and is at present scaling the cutting for Camps 3 and 4.

A young man named A. W. Hatch came here early in February to gain some first hand information in lumbering and forestry methods. Mr. Hatch who is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis is preparing to take examinations for a place in the U. S. Forest Rangers service, for which he needs about six weeks more of actual experience. With this idea in mind he is working temporarily in the crew at Camp 2.

Thomas H. Bigelow of Bingham is scaling the wood being hauled from Camp 1 and making his headquarters at that camp.

Elmer Dunlay who has been employed at Camp 2 for sometime went down river February 3rd. on account of illness.

William Smith, erstwhile general factotum at the Wardwell estate in Seboomook, is still with us at Camp 4. Smithy's present job is leading a yarding horse around by the face, and he it said to his credit that he is discharging the duties thereof with characteristic energy and efficiency.

Camp No. 4 finished cutting the second week in February with a total of 2,700 cords.

It is probable that Camp No. 3 will finish cutting sometime during the third week in February with a total production of over 1700 cords.

Camp No. 2 has 2000 cords cut and still going strong. John McGraw who was foreman here at the start of the job has gone down river and his place is taken by Jesse Kennerson.

A new 4-foot measuring stick has made its appearance on this operation. It is intended for use by cord-cutters in order that the wood may all be cut a uniform length, that is—exactly four feet long, each stick. It is made of hard wood, stained brown, with a hook on one end similar to the hook on a scaler's rule, but sharpened, and on the other end is fastened a piece of steel about 3 inches square with saw teeth on the bottom, and a handle to grasp it by.

It should prove to be a valuable factor in overcoming variations in the length of cord wood.

So well have the snow plow and water tank done their work, that it is now possible to go to Camps 1, 2 and 4 by automobile. Mr. Enman made the first trip in his Reo roadster on February 12th. and since then the car has made several trips over the main road. Water holes at regular intervals furnish plenty of chance for cars to turn out when meeting a trainload of wood.

It is quite a step forward in lumbering methods when the superintendent can make his inspection trips to the various camps by car instead of by driving horses, or the time honored way of travelling on "shank's mare."

We still have in our midst Mr. Michael ("Reddie") Gorman, poet-laureate to his royal highness King Spruce. Mike's fame as a composer and singer of old time woods songs of the "come-all-ye" type is well known, and while he is naturally of a retiring disposition, he does occasionally entertain us—when the spirit moves.

A. B. McLeod has given up his work as timekeeper at Camp 2 and has returned to Bangor. His place has been taken by Harold Harrington whom we are glad to welcome into the fold after an absence of several years. Hal will be remembered as one of the timekeepers on the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railroad. He has been working on the Pacific coast for over a year. He was married last spring in Philadelphia, Mrs. Harrington having been a resident of that city.

Tom Bigelow, who has been cooking at the Forestry School, is now engaged as a scaler at Camp 1. Mr. Bigelow's skill as a cook has left nothing to be desired and he has already been offered the chance to cook for the Forestry School next year.

Noel Moulton of Camp 2 was injured while at work in the woods late in January. The tree he was cutting struck a tree which had lodged. The first tree slid off and pinned his right leg against a log. No bones

GNPCO

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks—EMERSON

were broken but the leg was severely bruised. After receiving medical attention at Millinocket, Noel went to his home at Birch Point, the Indian reservation at the mouth of the Tobique River.

Dolby Unloader

Lenwood Smith is now chauffering the Holt tractor here. Smithy is constantly increasing his efficiency as an automotive engineer, but as a cribbage player—well, he's a good tractor driver.

Frank Bryce has been transferred to this outfit from the depot, to the great disappointment of all the Grindstone young ladies.

A crew of nine men from the depot in charge of Thomas Mallen are here for a few days to cut away some flowage on the shore of the pond which was interfering with the unloading operations.

Amos Conley, that genial young man from the Emerald Isle, who presides over the cookroom, continues to decorate the tinware with a variety and quality of delicious viands that might easily tempt the appetite of the most exacting epicure.

Blair Farm

During the past month horses have been furnished to N. A. Smith, Leon White, and Max Hilton. The farm team went to Grant Farm to haul ice and wood.

Two horses came from Bangor to work on the Blair Farm.

Mr. W. D. Page made a trip to Boston. On his return trip he purchased seven large horses in Lewiston.

Bangor Office

Harold Miller, Assistant Cashier, has recently leased the hall on Central Street formerly used by the Third Maine Infantry as an Armory, and is conducting a series of private dancing parties.

Frank Wood has completed his duties as head of the Timberland Department.

Ralph Weymouth, for some time employed in the Accounting Department, on February 1st resigned his place and has accepted a position

in the Accounting Department of the Orono Pulp & Paper Co. in Bangor.

James Mutty has taken over the work formerly done by Weymouth, and Frank Curran has been changed from Harry Willey's office to take care of the work done by Mutty.

Ira Barker was confined to his home by illness during the latter part of January.

Leo Ambrose, brother of Charles Ambrose of Mr. Murray's office, was very painfully injured in a wreck on the Maine Central Railroad near Machias during this month but is now able to be about again.

Robert L. King has again taken up the duties of paymaster.

The article in last month's *Northern* on long service in the lumber industry has brought to light the fact that the family of W. B. O'Connor of the Accounting Department has been engaged in the paper business for 94 years. In 1832 his grand father, Francis B. O'Connor, began his business career as a clerk in the paper business in New York; in the '70's he owned and operated the Salisbury Mills in New York. Eugene O'Connor, father of Burt, was the resident agent of the Salisbury Mills. An uncle of Mr. O'Connor had an advertisement in the first copy of the "Paper Trade Journal" over 50 years ago.

Ten Mile Plant

Frank Flynn of the U. S. Custom Dept. of Jackman was a weekend visitor at 10 mile recently. He was accompanied by Doctor Hyde.

The pictures at this place on February 19 were attended by twenty-five people. The crook play "Go Straight," and the comedy, "Sir Walter Raleigh" held the audience with one exception. Miss Helen Mehann, the four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milford Mehann, decided that crooks were not very funny and promptly went to sleep.

Guy McCourt and Arthur McFadden were here to repair the lighting plant.

Mr. Edward Groleau and some of the men from his camp attended the pictures.

Leo Dumas and Joe Gilbert have been here often of late.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hayes are still with us.

Mrs. Chaplin and Mrs. Shaw served home-made fudge during the movies.

L. H. A. Lowe has returned from his home down on the coast, where he was called by the illness of his father. Adrian Murphy has been looking after the clerical work, dividing his time between Seboomook and this place. At this writing, however, Adrian has gone to Rockwood with a very bad cold and will later go to Greenville to have his tonsils removed.

Tomhegan—Williams Stream

Logging on Tomhegan and Williams Stream is continuing satisfactorily. There is but little left to cut and that will soon be down. This winter will clean both areas. It is



Grant Farm Stage Arriving at Deer Pond Camp

GNPCO

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home—GETHE

expected that the Tomhegan job will be finished early in March and that Williams Stream will be completed by the middle of March or a little later. Mr. Roberge has recently added 15 horses to the force on Williams Stream.

Boundary Cottage

Bill Harris returned to the Cottage on the 18th of February. We were all glad to see him on his return from down-river.

Mr. McCarty has taken his departure.

Jack Haselton has been doing the honors as chef. He has been assisted by Willie Cameron of St. Zacharie who is also pretty good at shoveling snow.

Conrad Pooler, clerk for Ed Lacroix, who is the star boarder here, recently became the proud father of twins, a boy and girl.

Mr. Robertson visited the Boundary on his visit of inspection the middle of February.

Swift Brook Operation

Ben King finished hauling on the 22nd of January. The camp will be opened again in March, at which time a crew will repair the dam, fix the boom and perform the other odd jobs that will be necessary before driving. The camp will be used as a driving wangan.

Greenville Shop

The new snow-plow has been completed and successfully tested. It is now being used by Grant Farm Toting.

Wellman Fletcher has been loaned to the Open Highway Commission at Bangor. He will drive the Holt tractor that the commission procured from Mattawamkeag.

Richard Leonhartt has left the shop to drive a tractor for George L. O'Connell between Brassua and Moose River.

David Bowser has been loaned to Grant Farm Toting to drive a tractor between Greenville and Sias Hill, at which point the load is taken over by another tractor and taken to Chesuncook Dam.

Our new passenger jitney bus is very nearly completed.

Seboomook

Antoinette Witham who was formerly the table-girl here and Nellie Canney, who did chamber-work; have left this place. Miss Twombly is now doing the work unaided.

Angus Gillis is still here. Clifford Burton has gone across the cove to work with his father who has a saw-mill there, and his younger brother, Clyde, has taken his place.

Anthony Levasseur is building a wharf at Johnson's Camp on Moosehead Lake. Mrs. Levasseur is with him.

Paul Cyr, who has been trapping in this country, has been laid up for a few days with the prevalent cold, but is now able to be out again. Paul has already caught 24 beavers, 15 minks, 23 weasels, 18 muskrats, 5 foxes, 2 otters and a large owl.

Pittston Farm

C. M. Brosnahan went to Bangor on the 19th of February for a few days.

Miss Arline Bowe, daughter of H. A. Bowe, arrived on the 20th, accompanied by her father and the Misses Esther Googins and Elva Bragdon of Bangor. Miss Bowe and her friends will proceed to Seboomook, thence by way of Northeast Carry to the halfway camp at Lobster, later going out by Grant Farm. Miss Bowe has visited the section before and is very popular with the folks up here.

Jim Graham is painting here at present.

F. X. Mooney passed thru here on his way to Bangor. He was accompanied by M. Henry Clifford, who has been spending a few weeks fishing in around Lobster.

Mrs. Fern Shirland is doing the table-work here now.

Stanley McKenzie plans to spend a few days down river at the end of February.

The pile of firewood which was hauled here from Brassua was the cause of many guesses as to the probable number of cords it contained. Bill Stewart won the wager, coming within a half cord of the scale, which was eighty-five cords.

Another indoor sport has been the

guessing of the weight of fish caught this season. Mr. Clifford won this contest on a togue weighing two pounds and thirteen ounces. Mr. Clifford guessed the exact weight.

Maynard Emery, the telephone operator, is already the cribbage champ of these plantations and he is fast forging to the front as a checker champ as well. In the middle of February he had the thrill that comes once in a lifetime when he defeated the formidable Normand A. Smith.

Dick McKenna has gone across the lake.

"Bud" Mooney recently trimmed Bill Harrington at cribbage. Bill took this philosophically enough, but later on Harry Bowe trimmed "Bud" to a fare-you-well. As Harry has only played about four games of cribbage in his checkered career, he had to have help in counting his hands,—the effect on Bill Harrington is better imagined than described.

Chesuncook Dam

Mr. D. W. Nickels has arrived from Belfast after a long absence. The well is coming along well, having reached a depth of 360 feet. Stanley Heald is the driller, with Ed. Clarke as helper.

The Gunn boys, Alec and George, are back here, getting boats ready and also working on the steel.

Rod MacDonald has returned to his job as cook. Harry Mann, the cookee, has returned to Greenville.

Miss Lena McEachern is teaching the McInnis children this winter. This is her second season at Ripogenus Dam.

Irving Hemmingway's team of dogs staged a runaway recently. The team, seven in number on that day, met a tractor on the Chesuncook Dam road. As they had never before seen a tractor, they bolted for the woods, the sled and rigging finally getting hung up on a stump.

The Theriault twins are still with us. The Dam wouldn't seem quite the same without them.

James Hayes installed a new lighting-plant within the month. Movies were shown the same night and the plant worked like a charm.

GNPCO

We live more by example than by reason

40 Mile

Among the recent callers at the house have been Charles Crossman, Phil Bradeen and R. H. Robertson.

Stanley Morrill is the operator of the tractor-driven plow which keeps the roads open on this side of the lake. He stops here often. His helper is William Reddington.

George Farrar has been taking care of the cookroom end of things for several weeks, coming from the Seboomook Railroad for the purpose.

Jim Cameron, who carries the mail to the camps above here, is a frequent caller.

We hear that they are hauling wood rapidly now at the Lacroix outfit, using both horses and tractors. During the first week of February they hauled with tractors 4,457 cords and with horses 4,427 cords, a total of 8,884 cords for the week. The wood is being landed at four different places, with the following scalers on the job: Joe Ouellette at Ranney Brook; Frank McDonough and Cliff McLaughlin at Middle Norris; John Hatch and Harry Bowley at Hurricane Pond and Eugene Mann at Frost Pond.

The motion picture program held here on the 16th of February was a treat for all hands.

Chesuncook-Chamberlain Road

Supt. George Maguire is cutting the right of way for a road which will be called the Chesuncook-Chamberlain Road, extending from Chesuncook Lake to the head of Umbazookskus Lake, a distance of five miles. At present two wangers are being operated, one at Umbazookskus Dam and one at Ronco's Camps, designated as Camp 1 and Camp 2.

At Camp 1 Whit Getchell is foreman, Mike Michaud is cook, the veteran Hans Peterson is filer and blacksmith, and the famous dynamite man, James ("Dynamite") Murphy, is handling the nitroglycerine.

At Camp 2 Ernest Drillen is foreman and Patrick Hogan is the cook. Ellis Stevens is the timekeeper here. The operation clerk is John E. Mea.

Charles Holden is paying on this operation.

Approximately 15,000 railroad ties are to be cut and at present 13 tie-makers are cutting, with the prospect of increasing the number to 20.

Edward Sweeney of Greenville who had supervision of the repairs on Little Lobster Lake Dam is now employed here. Among others known to the Great Northern family are Tom Mulligan, Fred Kelley, Frank Hall, Angus Miller, Hugh Hall, and John Smith.

As soon as the Erickson camps are vacated, which will probably be in a week or so, Mr. Maguire is to open a wangan there, at which the tie makers and men who are cutting the right of way will stop.

Grant Farm Toting

Harry Rollins has started hauling the steel rails to be used on the railroad up in the Chamberlain country. About forty tons a day are now being conveyed from Greenville Junction to Chesuncook Dam. Two Holt tractors and one Lombard tractor are doing the work. The Lombard is kept busy day and night, the crews being as follows: drivers, David Bowser and Ray Mercereau; strikers, Frank Bowser and Leonce Thibodeau. The crews of the Hols are as follows: drivers, Hugh McEachern and Alva Gilman; strikers, Howard Murray and Victor Evans.

Phil Cote is working nights at Sias Hill. Guy Boober has completed his duties as cook there. Aubrey McDonald, who used to cook at Chesuncook Boom House, is now cook.

The storm of the 20th of February meant a lot of plowing and threw us somewhat off our schedule.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Gerry have been to Mattawamkeag to attend the funeral of Mr. Gerry's brother. Walter Gerry, who has greatly improved after his recent illness, was able to accompany them. It is likely that Walter will enter the Greenville High School as soon as he is able, completing the school year there rather than at Van Buren, which is such a great distance away.

Hauling in the camp is not confined to four foot wood, we are relieved to hear. The cook at Sias

Hill tells me that the men there haul rails the same way. In fact he has heard about so much steel being hauled around the stove of an evening he is rather surprised there is any more at Greenville left to haul.

Grindstone

Lloyd Pickett holds the championship to date for the largest train-load of pulp hauled away from the loader. On Feb. 13th the Lombard tractor which he drives took away a train of twelve sleds loaded with slightly over eighty-two cords. This is the largest load so far this winter, a gain of seven cords over the one hauled by Lovejoy last month.

The big wood pile is rapidly diminishing. Approximately fifteen thousand cords have been hauled already by the combined efforts of five tractors, one hundred and twenty sets of sleds, and a crew of seventy men.

It is expected that work on the big wood pile may ease up a little or possibly may be suspended entirely for a time in order that all possible effort may be concentrated on the task of hauling out the wood from the four camps of East Branch Operation.

Mr. F. A. Gilbert made a tour of inspection here in February. He was accompanied by Mr. Powers.

Joe Lawless, our energetic and obliging totter, says that he could die happy and contented any time now because for once in his life he was accorded a rousing reception down in the bunk-house. The occasion was one evening last week when he came in the door bearing in his arms a big box of delicious chocolate fudge, sent over by Mrs. Dean Chase for the men of the depot camp. That this treat was much appreciated by all the boys goes without saying, and we wish to take this occasion through the columns of *The Northern* to thank Mrs. Chase most gratefully for her kindness and generosity.

Ivan Nesbit arrived here Feb. 5th. and is at present employed with the crew working the loader.

We even have a traffic cop now in the person of Harry Staples who

GNPCOM

Success consists not so much in sitting up nights as in being awake in the day time

struts his stuff at the railroad crossing on the Dolby road.

Weldon R. Kenney recently spent Sunday in Staceyville. It is rumored hereabouts that Mr. Kenney is seeking honors in the political field. We are wondering when Weldon intends to announce his candidacy for the office of mayor of our neighboring village.

So far this winter, Grindstone has been remarkably free from serious illness of all kinds. Within the past

two weeks, however, an epidemic of severe colds has broken out among the children of the settlement. One of Ernest Taylor's little girls was the first to be taken ill, and her condition was such that Dr. Bryant of Millinocket was summoned to give medical aid. Ronald Lothrop's daughter Laverne was the next to be taken ill, and this case was so serious that Dr. Grumley ordered the little patient removed to the hospital, where at present she is resting quite

comfortably. The last case to date is that of Elaine, the daughter of Ed. Enman who has not been so ill as the others.

Walter Miles Creegan has exchanged places with Hugh Desmond. Walter is now located at Greenville and Hugh is representing the Social Service Division at this place. We hear Walter went to Providence, R. I. for a week after he left here. He says the only attraction there for him was the dentist.

Mabel Lane Irving

Funeral services were held in Bangor on February 5th for Mrs. Mabel Lane Irving. Mrs. Irving had been in ill health for several months and recently had gone to the sanatorium at Fairfield.

Mrs. Irving was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lane who have had charge of the Forty Mile Boarding House of the Great Northern Paper Company for some time. She was known and liked by all of the employees and sportsmen who have visited Forty Mile in recent years. Always ready to serve guests, solicitous of their comfort, she won by her cheerful disposition the respect of all who knew her.

Mrs. Irving was born in Kingman, Maine, twenty-three years ago. She was educated in the public schools of Bangor. For three years she worked in the store of O. Crosby Bean of Bangor. The last work that she performed was for the Great Northern Paper Company assisting her mother at Forty Mile.

After her marriage to Mr. Robert Irving, she lived in Holyoke, Mass. During the time of her failing health she was with her parents at Forty Mile. The sympathy of the Great Northern Family is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Lane.

OUTWITTED

By Edward Markham

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!

"How's the Weather in Greenville?"

"How's the weather in Greenville?" is the greeting given anyone from that town who ventures south of Shirley after the fourth of July. Boston folks and the rest of the world know one thing about Greenville—the weather. This reputation has been acquired in the same way that Mellie Dunham and other such products have received free advertising. In this case, however, it is Uncle Sam himself who is responsible and the associated press does the rest.

The United States Weather Bureau has government stations in three places in Maine—Portland, Eastport and Greenville. Telegraphic reports are sent from these points every twelve hours. At eight o'clock in the morning a report is made of the barometer reading, current temperature, state of weather, lowest temperature in the last twelve hours, the force of the wind and the amount of precipitation of moisture. Again at eight o'clock at night the same data is reported except that the highest temperature of the day is recorded instead of the lowest. Once a week from Dec. 1 to April 1 the thickness of the ice on the lake and the depth of the snow are reported.

The temperature is lower at Greenville than at the other two stations in Maine and since it is the most northeasterly point in the United States from which the government reports are sent the impression is abroad that Greenville, Maine, is the coldest spot in New

England. However, if volunteer weather reports are to be trusted, Greenville temperatures are mild when compared with the reports to be received at almost any grocery store or railroad station in this half of the state. For the world at large, nevertheless, the questionable honor of being the coldest spot ever lies between Northfield, Vermont, and Greenville, Maine.

Real interest is now centered about the question of how much snow is to be expected. The average for the last sixteen years at Greenville has been 106 inches. The extremes during that time have been 62 and 137 inches. This year from October 10 to February 1 the sum of 70 inches of snow has encumbered the earth.

To secure all of these facts the government has a weather man in Greenville—not that this weather man can give us what we want but he can tell us what we get! Mr. F. W. Allen has been faithfully serving in this capacity for more than twenty years. From 1903 to 1907 he was a volunteer observer; since 1907 he has conducted a regular government station. Mr. Allen is an optimist and resents the bad name Mark Twain gave New England weather. Rather does he agree with Ruskin in feeling that:

"Sunshine is delicious, rain refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad weather—only different kinds of good weather."

GNPCO

There is nothing that costs so little and goes so far as courtesy

The Thousandth Man

By Rudyard Kipling

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worth while seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks or your acts or your glory.
But if he finds you and you find him
The rest of the world don't matter;
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk
Than he uses yours for his spendings;
And laugh and meet in your daily walk
As though there had been no lendings.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
For silver and gold in their dealings;
But the Thousandth Man, he's worth 'em all
Because you can show him your feelings!

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,
In season and out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's sight
With that for your only reason!
Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter,
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
To the gallows' foot—and after!