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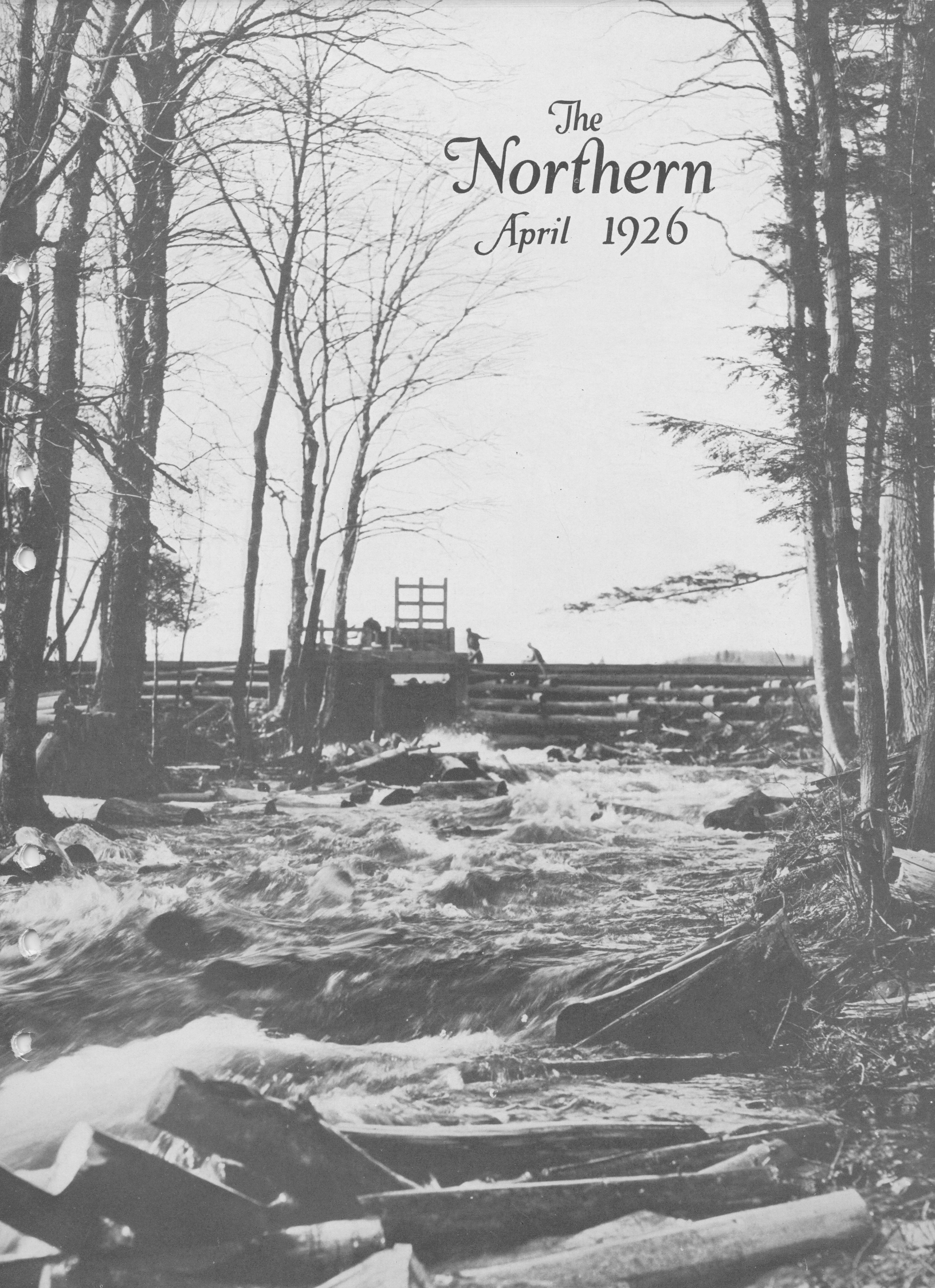
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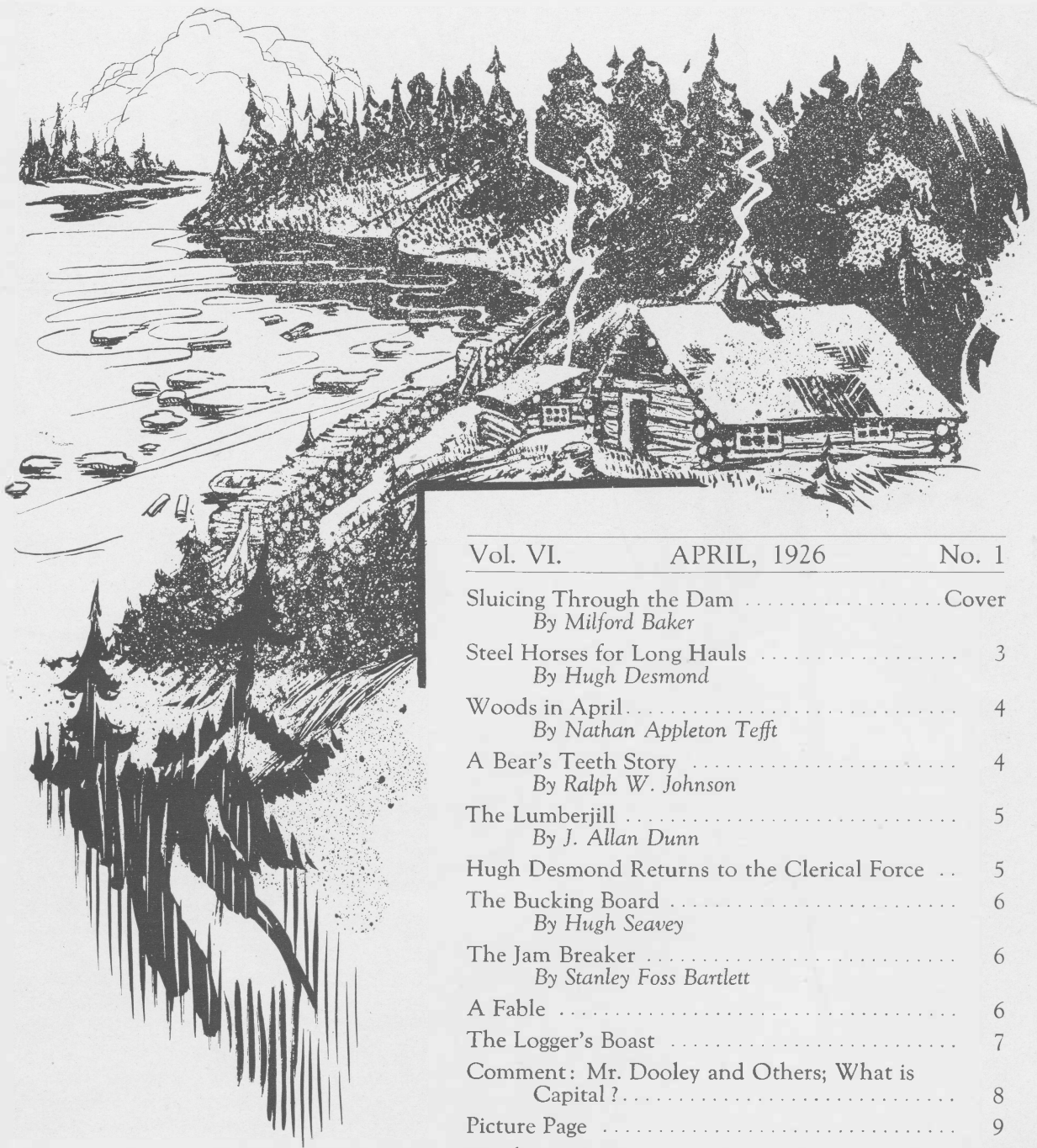


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The
Northern
April 1926



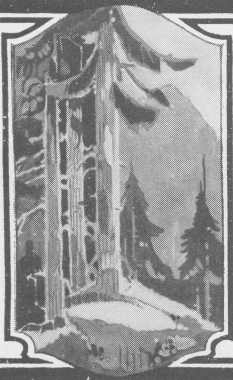


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The Northern

A. G. Hempstead, *Superintendent Social Service, Editor*
W. M. Creegan, *Associate Editor*



The Northern

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



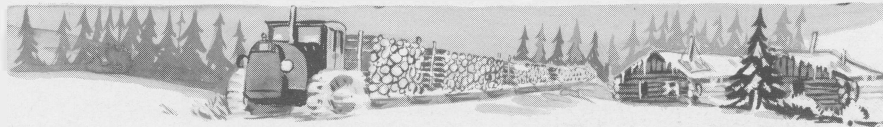
Steel Horses for Long Hauls

Tractors, Mechanics, Garages and Gasoline Enter the Spruce Woods

By HUGH DESMOND

TO suppose that the lumbering and pulp-wood industries have lagged behind in the great forward march of progress would be most erroneous. Not only have we kept abreast of the times in this respect, but we have discovered and put into operation so many new ideas that we may well claim a prominent place in the ranks of inventive genius. In our own generation we have seen the cross-cut saw replace the axe as an instrument for felling trees. The snubbing machine with its series of levers and pulleys has proved a God-send in safeguarding the lives of men and horses when logging in hilly country. Steam and gasoline-boats have come to replace the old method of "winding-in" a boom of logs by means of headworks. Boom chains with rings and toggles and links wrought from heavy iron are now used to securely marry our booms instead of the cumbersome and unsafe thoreshot. Indeed, the boom chain is so universally used today that it is doubtful whether there are a dozen men among the younger employees of this company who know what a thoreshot is, or would recognize one if they saw it.

Of all the new schemes that have from time to time found a place in the lumbering game, hauling logs



with tractors is the outstanding. On long hauls over iced roads the tractor has proved itself superior, but on short hauls the work can be accomplished more advantageously with horses. Horses cannot be entirely eliminated from lumber operations even in places where tractors are in use because the logs must be yarded out to the main road which is always kept well iced. Here they are loaded on sleds especially designed for the purpose, and hauled away by the tractors in trains ranging from six to twelve sled loads. A good sample of how successfully this scheme works out under favorable conditions has been shown at the East Branch Operation during the last two seasons. This winter about 30,000 cords of pulp wood have been hauled by tractor from the East Branch Operation and Grindstone Depot to Dolby Flowage. In view of this present activity it is most interesting to look back over the earlier attempts to use modern methods of transportation in the woods.

The first tractor used by the Great Northern Paper Company was a 7-ton Lombard which was purchased with the Gilbert Mills

property near Millinocket in the fall of 1918. Tom Leet drove this machine during the following winter

hauling pulp on Joe Sheehan's Wood Stream operation. In the spring of 1919 the company turned it in and bought two new 10-Ton Lombards. These were used more or less for snow-plow work and toting on the turnpike roads.

In the year 1919-1920, a small Monarch tractor of the caterpillar type was given a trial at Soper Brook Operation on the long haul into Harrington Lake. This little machine, though apparently sturdy and serviceable for lighter work, was not made to stand the rigors of a winter in Northern Maine. It was a great attraction for the lumberjacks, many of whom had never seen one before. It is recalled that three days were required for the trip from Greenville to Soper Brook Depot. The first day they got as far as Lily Bay. Al Edgerley, the superintendent of Soper Brook Operation, and Adrian Murphy, who was one of the timekeepers there that year, accompanied the men who were running the tractor, traveling behind with a pair of driving horses; and the story goes that Mr. Edgerley, impatient with the slow progress being made, finally got out of the pung, hitched his team behind the tractor and

GNPCO

There's a hero and a coward in every man—CARLYLE

walked ahead of the procession carrying a lantern to light the way after night had fallen. At last after three days of hard travel the party reached Soper Brook where the new arrival was promptly nicknamed "the go-devil." This machine was anything but successful in hauling pulp. From the start she was a wolf on the gasoline, keeping one team busy most of the time toting it in from Ripogenus. After several attempts she finally got to the landing with two sled loads. On the go-back road it broke down and was abandoned there in a snow drift until the operation was finished. Then they dug it out and hauled it away with teams. We do not cite this incident as any reflection on the merits of the Monarch, but merely to emphasize the rapid strides in tractor development that have been made in the past seven or eight years.

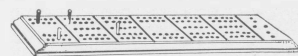
In the winter of 1920-21 the use of tractors for hauling pulp was first tried out on a large scale. This was at Sandy Johnson's operation on Caucomgomoc. Four 10-Ton Holts and one 10-Ton Lombard were engaged in the work of hauling ten thousand cords of pulpwood out of a rough country. This operation was more or less successful,—at least it was a vast improvement over the Soper Brook attempt,—but it was not the same smoothly running performance that our East Branch operation is today. It must however be borne in mind that hauling with tractors was at that time in the experimental stage and the obstacles met with then were not so easily disposed of as they are now.

Aside from the work, which has already been referred to, at Grindstone and Soldier Town during the past two years, probably the most noteworthy feat of tractor achievement, so far as this company is concerned, was at Cuxabaxis Operation in the winter of 1922-23. Ed. Enman was one of the contractors there and he had over eight thousand cords cut, most of which lay in the Telos watershed. To get this into Cuxabaxis waters, a distance

of four miles, most of the way up a slight grade, it was necessary to haul with tractors. Accordingly four Holts and 21 sets of sleds were put on the job. Commencing on January 24th and finishing on March 4th, a total of thirty-three working days, eight thousand eight hundred and sixty-four cords were landed without any mishap. It was afterwards stated by men in charge of the work that even this remarkable record could have been surpassed if they had been equipped with a larger number of sleds.

its value is apparent from the fact that there are now twenty-one of them in use by the Spruce Wood Department—four 10-Ton Lombards, two 5-Ton Lombards, ten 10-Ton Holts, one tank Lombard, one Lombard jitney, one 5-Ton Linn and one 10-Ton Best besides the Twin Lombard. One 10-Ton Holt has been loaned to the Winter Open Highway Commission of Bangor and the others are used for plowing, toting and hauling wood on operations where conditions are favorable to it.

In the Greenville shop, experts are now at work on the Twin Lombard, building it over and experimenting with new improvements. When all the details are perfected it is hoped to put in operation a super-tractor that will, to use the vernacular of the day, "knock 'em cold."



A Bear's Teeth Story

By Ralph W. Johnson

Many years ago there was a jeweler located in Bangor who was a most ingenious man. He was capable of making things out of little or nothing. He left Bangor and located in Alaska but recently returned to his old home for a visit. While in Bangor he called upon a dentist to have some work done on his artificial teeth.

The latter found the teeth unlike anything he had ever seen and so questioned the man as to their origin.

The man explained that while he was located in an isolated part of Alaska his teeth gave him so much trouble that he had to extract them himself. After this he went out, killed a bear and removed his teeth. Then he made an impression by the means of spruce gum and with some aluminum and the bear's teeth made himself a set of artificial teeth. The dentist states they were a work of art and he was unable to improve them. It goes without saying that the man had eaten the bear with the new teeth!

Woods in April

By Nathan Appleton Tefft

*Snow a-clingin' on in patches;
Mouldy leaves in soggy mats;
Mother Nature lifts her latches,
Buds come p'radin' in new hats,
Sun a-pourin' 'gin th' spruces,
Gum a-smellin' purty good.
Like t' taste th' sugar juices,
Oozin' out o' maple wood.*

*Chickadees a-chick-a-deein';
Ol' woodpecker borin' holes;
In a thicket out o' seein',
Ol' hen partridge clucks and scolds.
Crows a-holdin' spring convention,
In th' pasture out beyond;
Everythin' thet calls attention,
Kinder seems t' be a friend.*

*In th' sun on mossy ledges,
Like to stretch out on my back;
Clouds, somehow, jes' skim the edges,
O' th' tall, slim hackmatack.
Hear a-swishin' an' a-swushin',
In th' branches o' th' pines;
Mother Nature, guess, a-brushin'
O' th' cobwebs from her signs.*

Every employee of the company has heard of the Twin Lombard, and anyone whose business took him up on the Grant Farm side when it was in use probably saw it in action. As may be inferred from the name, it is a Lombard tractor with two engines under one hood, designed to give additional power. It was used for plowing, toting, and for breaking roads on Joe Sheehan's Cooper Brook Operation. It has since been put in the machine shop at Greenville and is now being rebuilt.

The tractor has assuredly made a permanent place for itself in the evolution of lumbering. That the officials of our company recognize

GNPCOR

It doesn't take a very large trouble to worry a small mind

The Lumberjill

By J. ALLAN DUNN

*Come, all you lusty lumberjacks an' listen to my yarn,
For 'tis a tale of prophecy thet all of you should warn.
'T was a blustery March mornin', the beginnin' of the
thaw,
When, nigh the head of Hemlock Crick, this cur'ous
sight I saw.*

*You've heard of Wimmin's Suffrage an' you've heard of
Wimmin's rights,
An' how they aim to run this world accordin' to their
lights;
But the sight I saw thet mornin' sure has left me in a fog,
Sence I gazed upon a lumberjill a-ridin' of a log.*

*Her peavey an' her pikepole she sure knew how to use,
There warn't a trick about the job thet she had to
refuse.
Oh, I saw the time a-comin' as come it surely will;
When they'll fire ev'ry lumberjack to hire a lumber-
jill.*

*So pack your turkeys, lumbermen, an' let your hands git
smooth,
An' go to sellin' sody pop an' candy in a booth.
Go swap your pikepole for a spade an' learn to milk a cow,
For jest as sure as fall comes round you'll wish thet you
knew how.*

Contributed by Mrs. Ruby Morris

Hugh Desmond Returns to Clerical Force

This month Hugh Desmond becomes head clerk at Kineo after having been absent from the clerical department for more than a year. We print his picture with some misgivings for it is not so good as we wish but it's "Hugh" and almost everybody in the company knows him.

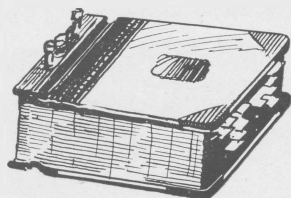
During the last year and a half he has traveled around considerably in the company territory with moving pictures. His work at Musquacook during the winter of 1924-1925 will be recalled by all who were there. He was the first Social Service man to be put on an operation and left there for the season. He had the first portable motor-generator used in the woods to produce electricity for moving pictures. Although he was known in that operation as the "moving picture man" he will be longest remembered for the sympathetic care he gave to the sick and injured.

Hugh developed an ability to write and as a consequence was made an associate editor of *The Northern*. His first article was the history of the company roads, printed in two installments, under the title "Highways 'in the Realms of Old King Spruce'." Then followed two more historical articles, 'The Bangor Office' and "The Employment Office." In a humorous vein he

wrote up the woods story entitled, "On The Telephone." This month his article on tractors appears.



Though there is genuine regret that the Social Service Division loses Mr. Desmond, he is to be congratulated on his new position. His seven years' service in the woods as clerk has given him an excellent foundation for the work he now undertakes.



GNPCO

Impromptu

Some officials made an unexpected visit to a camp. The cook made a quick change of menu for dinner. Larry Gorman aware of the change, on coming to his seat at table remarked:

*"Lord be praised! I am amazed
How quick things can be mended!
Tarts and pies for us P. I.'s
When codfish was intended!"*



Good Advice

Cultivate your egotism; poke around in yourself. You are the only thing you really do own, you know, and when you leave this world you are the one thing you must take with you. You cannot leave yourself behind like some grewsome baggage that is never to be called for.

You have to exhibit yourself to the Great Connoisseur of works on egotism to show what you have made of yourself; and your work is not likely to be good enough to be accepted by Him if you have not been, while here, the most interesting, the most important, and the most worth while thing in His whole universe to yourself.

Thomas Temple Hoyne, in "My Self and Fellow Asses."

Contributed by D. J. Leen

The Bucking Board

By Hugh Seavey

You've never seen a bucking-board? Well, it's not much to look at, anyway. It was only a piece of cardboard or paper posted over the camp door Saturday night by the scaler. The name of each teamster was on it, with the number of feet he had hauled that week. The teamster who had hauled most had his name and figures at the top of the board in red, then followed the names of the other teamsters and the number of feet they hauled.

Tho the bucking-board was not much to look at, it stood for a lot. The aim of every teamster was to get his name at the top. To do this he would try to be the first man out in the morning and often he would go for an extra load at night. It was a matter of pride with the men and incidentally it got more wood hauled for the walking-boss. There was no prize, no money offered. These men needed no such bonus—it was the honor they wanted. If they could not be first they wanted to be as near as possible to the top man. Sometimes Joe Sheehan used to give three pounds of tobacco to the top man, two pounds to the next man and one pound to the third teamster. One winter Al MacNeill's men worked so hard to get top place on the bucking-board that he voluntarily raised the teamsters' pay. The event of the week was the excitement on Saturday night when the bucking-board was posted and the crew gathered to see whether Charlie Tweedie or Sterl Dymond or Goodrich Leet took the lead.

The good natured rivalry of the bucking-board days led to many practical jokes. When an ambitious teamster had harnessed his

team before breakfast to get an early start, he might find later that a rival had unharnessed his horses while he was eating. Sometimes a teamster met with difficulty in backing his horses out of their stalls, only to find that someone had tied the horses' collars to the manger. There always was a hurry in the camp yard to get started so as to get first place on the road. An easy way of delaying a rival was to unhitch one tag chain so that when he started his team the hind sled would scoot off, jill-poking the outfit. Muffling the

The Jam-Breaker

By Stanley Foss Bartlett

Seething waters and swirling logs—

A jam—and the clamp of peevee-dogs.

A tumble, a break, a rumble and roar—

A bit of humanity borne before.

High in the spray on a rearing log,

He poses calmly with peevee-dog.

A flash of color, the plaided clothes—

He's out where the tranquil water flows.

bells with wet snow was another favorite device. Thus concealing his departure, a teamster could get out of the camp yard before his mates were aware of it. Pouring water over the runners of sleds and freezing them solid to the ground was still another pet diversion, while loosening the poles of sleds was a common occurrence. Stunts like these were familiar enough in the days of long logs.

I guess the bucking-board must have gone out of style when the four foot wood came in. At least you don't hear much about it nowadays.

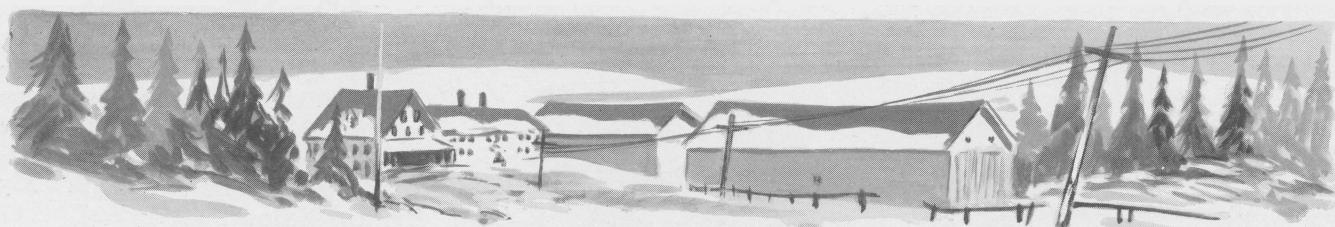
A Fable

Once upon a time there was a visitor in camp. He was the sort of visitor that oldtimers used to call a "Wooly-coat." That is, he was either an auditor or a superintendent or a paymaster or a traveling superintendent of clerks,—in short, anyone who seven or eight years ago might have sported a fur coat all his own. He was of course lodged in the office and after supper he engaged in checkers and cribbage with the boys and held his own in the great indoor sport of hauling wood. About eighty-three, coffee and cookies made their appearance and the evening closed pleasantly. The visitor was shown to the spare bunk, extra blankets were handed up to him and the others withdrew to their beds, little dreaming of what the morrow held in store. Night drew its kindly curtain.

Next morning the office help, returning from a hearty breakfast, were treated to a startling spectacle. The storehouse-man, who weighed a hundred eighty and didn't know his own strength, gave a feeble moan and collapsed upon the wangan-box; the head clerk called for assistance and loving hands helped him (the head clerk) into the outer air; the walking-boss, stirred by the commotion, ducked his head in the door and froze in his tracks, completely unnerved; strong men shuddered, while they doubted the evidence of their senses. The eyes of all were fastened on a notable and never to be forgotten sight. *The visitor was making his bed!*

In a Western town there is a sign reading as follows:

4076 people died last year of gas.
39 inhaled it; 37 put a lighted match to it; 4000 stepped on it.



GNPCO

Prosperity makes friends but poverty tests them

The Logger's Boast

Come, all ye sons of freedom
throughout the State of Maine,
Come, all ye gallant lumbermen,
and listen to my strain;
On the banks of the Penobscot,
where the rapid waters flow,
O! we'll range the wild woods over,
and a lumbering will go;
And a lumbering we'll go,
so a lumbering will go,
Oh! we'll range the wild woods over
while a lumbering we go.

When the white frost gilds the valleys,
the cold congeals the flood;
When many men have naught to do
to earn their families bread;
When the swollen streams are frozen,
and the hills are clad with snow,
O! we'll range the wild woods over,
and a lumbering will go;
And a lumbering we'll go,
so a lumbering will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over
while a lumbering we go.

When you pass through the dense city,
and pity all you meet,
To hear their teeth chattering
as they hurry down the street;
In the red frost-proof flannel
we're incased from top to toe,
While we range the wild woods over,
and a lumbering we go;
And a lumbering we'll go,
so a lumbering will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over
while a lumbering we go.

You may boast of your gay parties,
your pleasures, and your plays,
And pity us poor lumbermen
while dashing in your sleighs;
We want no better pastime
than to chase the buck and doe;
O! we'll range the wild woods over,
and a lumbering we will go;
And a lumbering we'll go,
so a lumbering will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over
while a lumbering we go.

The music of our burnished ax
shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine
will tumble to the ground;
At night, ho! round our good camp-fire
we will sing while the rude winds blow;
O! we'll range the wild woods over
while a lumbering we go;
And a lumbering we'll go,
so a lumbering will go,
O! we'll range the wild woods over
while a lumbering we go.

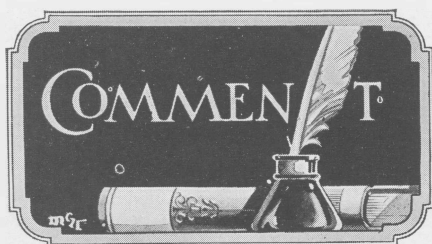
When winter's snows are melted,
and the ice-bound streams are free,
We'll run our logs to market,
then haste our friends to see;
How kindly true hearts welcome us,
our wives and children too,
We will spend with these the summer,
and once more a lumbering go;
And a lumbering we'll go,
so a lumbering will go,
We will spend with these the summer,
and once more a lumbering go.

And when upon the long-hid soil
The white pines disappear,
We will cut the other forest trees,
and sow whereon we clear;
Our grain shall wave o'er valleys rich,
our herds bedot the hills,
When our feet no more are hurried on
to tend the driving mills;
Then no more a lumbering go,
so no more a lumbering go,
When our feet no more are hurried on
to tend the driving mills.

When our youthful days are ended,
we will cease from winter toils,
And each one through the summer warm,
will till the virgin soil;
We've enough to eat, to drink, to wear,
content through life to go,
Then we'll tell our wild adventures o'er,
and no more a lumbering go;
And no more a lumbering go,
so no more a lumbering go,
O! we'll tell our wild adventures o'er,
and no more a lumbering go.

GNPCO

Stones and sticks are thrown only at fruit-bearing trees—SAADI



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

Mr. Dooley and Others

Under the name of Mr. Dooley, Finley Peter Dunne has recently written, "On Capital and Labor," in his usual humorous vein but under it all there is a worthy thought on the subject. He says that the working men are all becoming capitalists and that "There's no such slave to capytal as a capytalist, an' th' smaller his capytal th' bigger the slave he is." Mr. Dooley delivers himself of the following:

"So, Hinmissy, ye're a fi-nanceer an' I s'pose ye're happy. But did ye ever think iv th' sympathy ye've lost? There was a time whin I cud weep over th' woes iv th' laborin' man, but niver th' sob will I let loose over a downthrodden prolatorio that goes honkin' to his work in a sedan car. Th' on'y troubles th' laborin' classes has now is tire troubles."

Some movements are quiet as the rising and falling of the tide and are not noticed except by the most observing people. People sometimes get an idea into their heads and keep hammering at it long after the idea is obsolete. They have not watched carefully enough to know that the tide has turned. This is true of the attitude that many hold in regard to the relation of capital and labor.

Mr. Dooley is not alone in his feeling that the tide has turned with labor. Thrifty laborers are fast becoming small capitalists. This is not apparent to people who formed their ideas of capital and labor ten or fifteen years ago and have not given thought to the subject since. It is true nevertheless. We are told that the average cost of living

now is about 78 per cent higher than it was in 1914; during that time wages have increased 137 per cent. This means that the average man has 40 per cent more buying power now than formerly. This may not be true for every individual but for the country as a whole it will average up that way. A superficial consideration of the great spread of insurance, building and loan associations, increased bank accounts, ownership of bonds, and the general indulgence in luxuries, will bear this out.

We are on our way to become a nation of capitalists. Mr. Peter Brady, the fraternal delegate from the American Federation of Labor to the British Labor Congress stated that, "Each year \$25,000,000,000. is paid in wages to our industrial workers and from \$6,000,000,000. to \$7,000,000,000. is saved in various ways." The Labor Banks are making a bid for this. Warren S. Stone, President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers wrote: "The saving power of American working men is so great that, if they would save and carefully invest their savings, in ten years they could be one of the dominating financial powers of the world."

What Is Capital?

We talk about *capital* just as if we know what it is. We may even indulge in "lambasting" it from time to time, unconsciously beating

the air, just because it is so vague an idea. This hostility can be illustrated in another field by the following incident: a curbstone politician approached a foreigner in a large city and asked to which party the fellow belonged. With a shrug of the shoulders came this reply: "I dun'no but I'm agin th' gov'ment." In both cases the disgruntled feeling is due to a lack of understanding probably coupled with some disappointing experience.

What is capital, anyway? Is the house you live in capital? That depends on who owns it. If somebody else owns it, then it is capital; if you own it, then it is not capital. How about your automobile, is that capital? That depends on how you use it. If you use it as a pleasure car, it is not capital. If you use it as a taxi or delivery truck, it is capital. Anything becomes capital when it is wealth-producing. Capital is the general name applied to tools, machinery, shops, factories, railroads or anything that produces an income. On the other hand, all the necessities and luxuries of life that are used to give direct satisfaction are called consumers' goods. The aim of thrifty persons is to save some money that can be put to work for him. It is not merely to save money but to put to work the money saved. When this money begins to show a return in interest, whether it be in a bank or invested in some enterprise, it is capital and its owner is a capitalist.

Who Will Win The Ten Dollars?

Last year *The Northern* offered ten dollars to the employee whose guess as to when the ice would go out of Moosehead Lake came nearest to the actual time. All persons in the employ of the company who wish to enter the contest this year may do so by sending to the Editor their full names and present positions with the company, together with their guesses of the month, day, hour and minute when the hawser of the first Coburn boat will touch the

Continued on Page 15

A CERTAIN AMOUNT of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No navigator ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.



John Neal

GNPCO

The best safety device is a careful man



Irving Hemmingway and his Dog-Team



Ploughing the Road



Earl W. Vickery



Going Home



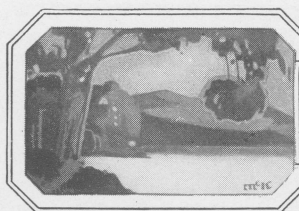
Sunday Afternoon at Pittyston



Supt. and Mrs. Ordway

GNPCOR

Merit and good fortune are closely united—GOETHE



Northern News



Rockwood

Jim Sargent, who has been critically ill with pneumonia at his home here, is improving slowly. It is hoped that Mr. Sargent will soon be up and around again.

Emile Herrent is enjoying a two weeks vacation visiting friends in Bangor, Montreal and Quebec.

Several of the Northern families on the hill and other townspeople are taking advantage of the opportunity to buy their next year's supply of firewood from the big pile at Sunshine Inn which has been hauled out from the Brassua Flowage job. This can be purchased at a very reasonable price, and will be delivered in the village if ordered in quantities large enough to warrant delivery. Otherwise it can be taken from the pile at Moose River.

We are glad to report that after an absence of two months, John Morrison has returned to his duties at Kineo Store House greatly improved in health.

Mr. A. G. Hilton, who has been connected with the clerical force at Kineo for several years, has left us to go into business for himself in Waterville. He has purchased a pool-room and bowling alley in that city, and reports business as being very good. While we are sorry to lose Mr. Hilton and his family from the Northern colony here, we extend our best wishes, and hope his new venture will be a big success.

The motion picture entertainments shown last month in the hall were exceptionally good. The first one was "The Boomerang" a comedy which portrayed the struggles and experiences of a young doctor, who finally attains success in his profession by turning his home into a psycho-analysis sanatorium. "Taming the West," a western comedy-drama starring Hoot Gibson, was a

"wow" right from start to finish. We are now looking forward to seeing "The Last Laugh" which Mr. Hempstead tells us is next in order on the program.

Umbazooksus Operation

Nick Mulligan finished his work as filer and has returned to his home in Chesuncook. The Mulligan family have the sympathy of the countryside in the loss of their father, John Mulligan, whose death occurred at Chesuncook in February.

Tom McLean finished cutting on the 15th of February and expects to finish hauling on the 10th of March. Among the men at this camp are Fred Ladd, Dan Farrell, Joe White, Victor O'Hanley, Alex Kelley, Mike Vanchuk, Steve Debrosky, William Carlin, John Hackett, John Lannon, Bradford White, Frank Daley and Walter Smith.

In the road-repair crew are Arthur Carlin, Joseph McDonald, John Montgomery, Patrick Devlin, Frank Brophy and James Flanagan.

The cookroom is in charge of Peter Numick, assisted by Tim Heffernan; Alex McDonald is feeding and Sam Carlton is bull-cook.

Mrs. McLean and her daughters, Dorothy and Marian, are spending the winter with Tom.

Gen. Supt. MacNeill and L. E. Houghton visited the operation some time ago.

Sam Carlton and Arthur Wright have apparently been taking a correspondence course in butchering. So far at least, it has resulted in fresh pork for the crew.

News of Former Employees

Among the former Northern men at Cone and Boyle's camps in New Hampshire the past winter were the following: "Duke" McKiel; William Winkler, who worked as a filer; Ed.

Gardner and Gerald Morgan, the cooks of Elm and Russell Stream fame. Arthur ("Chattie") Chapman is clerking for Louis. Chapman clerked the East Branch Drive for at least fifteen years.

Henry Dearborn, who kept time at a road wangan several summers ago for Mr. Sargent, is again in Bangor. Mr. Dearborn resumed his work in southern cotton mills after leaving the employ of the company and later came north to wed Miss Dorothy Freese. His wife then returned with him to the south but the lure of this country drew them back last August.

Rice Farm

Rice Farm crew is busy working on the second year's wood which has been cut this winter and hauled to Rice Farm. Over thirty cords have already been fitted for use and tiered under cover.

The two-wheel dump carts which were in need of repair and had been stored at the farm have all been taken down and shipped to Greenville Shop with some other miscellaneous equipment from Millinocket Storehouse. Hay and grain have been hauled to Rice Farm for the horses to spring out here. One lot of grain has been put into Millinocket Barn and four cars of hay are on their way there.

Jason Goodwin has the following men with him at Rice Farm: Arthur Stackhouse, J. D. Goodwin, H. J. Willett, Leclair Willett, and Charles Oree at Millinocket Stables.

Supt. A. I. Mann and two of his crew, Warren Burr and Ira Mann, have returned from a very successful winter's work building piers at Weston Island, Madison, and are at work building the stiff boom to be put across the West Branch Flowage at Dolby.

GNPCO

Make no enemies; he is insignificant indeed that can do thee no harm—COLTON

Grant Farm

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Walls, who have been in charge at Grant Farm all winter, have gone to Lily Bay where they will take over the management of the place. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Gerry, formerly of Lily Bay, have been selected as the new superintendent and housekeeper at Grant Farm.

Pictures were shown at Grant Farm twice within the month. The office has been opened after having been closed during the winter. The switchboard has been put in operation by Supt. Bowe, who acted as operator for a few days until the arrival of Thomas V. Whelan. All of Tommy's friends are glad to see him again.

Joe Arsenault and Angus Comeau have been hauling firewood nearby.

Mrs. Inez Small and her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Small, are now employed at the farm. Mrs. Small is the cook, while her daughter is waiting on table.

Miss Beatrice Bouchard is working here as chambermaid.

C. M. Hilton and Leonard Cormier passed thru with a pair of driving-horses on their way to Eagle Lake.

Lily Bay

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Gerry have gone to Grant Farm, their places being taken by Mr. and Mrs. Simon Walls of Greenville. We welcome the Walls family and wish the Gerrys all kinds of good fortune in their new position. They have been at the Bay for a number of years and have made many friends.

Sam Peterson is still here.

Miss Ethel Morren returned to Lily Bay from Grant Farm where she had been helping Mrs. Walls.

Madison Mill

E. Ingleton Schenck, Jr., Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Manning and Mr. and Mrs. Ingleton Schenck, Jr. enjoyed dinner one Sunday at the Weston Island Pier Camp.

Wilmot Strang, 3rd hand on No. 2 Paper Machine, narrowly escaped serious injury when a reel of paper

fell on him. He is back on the job again after a week's rest.

Mr. Elmer Nute and Ralph Gilman have just returned from Montreal, where they have been in attendance at the Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers' Conference.

George Viger, while working on the log pile, narrowly escaped death when he stood near a charge of dynamite. Last reports say that he will be back on the job again in a short time.

Mr. Hall, Asst. Supt., took a short business trip to Canada the first of March.



PAT O'CONNELL

The new Ground Wood storage tank is nearly ready for the tank itself to be erected.

Everyone is looking for spring rains. We are all anxious to see the bare ground again.

Ashland

The dam at McNally Pond is growing fast. Mr. J. P. McLean is back on the job after being called home because of sickness in the family.

Peter Lagassee is filling very capably the position of cook and Frank Carty, the timekeeper, is running a close second with his coffee very delightfully served.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. E. Sargent is sick with pneumonia and hope he will be with us again soon. During his absence Supt. T. S. Ranney is taking over his work in this section.

Heron Lake Dam is all completed

and "Mouser" who is going to watch dam this summer is the sole proprietor. Mouser wants all his friends to remember that his address is Mr. J. P. Lemieux, Lake Frontier, P. Q., Canada. He says when you all are down river having a good time, remember "Poor Old Mouser" way up in the Allagash Country.

The toting job for Machias Operation is progressing rapidly. More teams have been put on and the road is good all the way. Clerk F. L. Street, Sr. is handling this job as well as the Rocky Brook Improvement job.

E. E. Ricker has been transferred from this section and we hear he will be in Jackman soon. We expect he is delighted with the change.

J. H. Mortell passed thru here recently from the Heron Lake Job where he has been since last June. Except for needing a shave he seemed none the worse for the long route. He is taking his well-earned vacation before starting in on another job. The "Chateau" will sure sway to his Charleston.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stuart, with the assistance of Delvina, are still making things pleasant for us at the American Realty Boarding-house.

Mr. N. A. Smith and Mr. R. W. Johnson were among our visitors during the month. Mr. Smith's culling axe could be heard for miles around.

Frank McKendrick, who is the forester for Mr. Lacroix' operation at Musquacook, will soon finish his duties there and return to Bangor. He speaks the French language quite fluently nowadays.

Mackie and Dubay have been the landing scalers at Churchill Lake. Mr. Dubay was called home recently, his brother being seriously ill.

Wilmer Moers is checking the freight received at Ashland and Fred Street is at 25 Mile Camp with Paymaster King, N. A. Ranney and Ernest Tozier.

The fishing record shows Gaudias LaRochelle, bull-cook at McNally Pond, at the head of the list. We expect that he will have more opposition this month.

GNPCOR

Patience and time conquer all things—CORNEILLE

Grindstone

Billy Erskine spent several days with us at the depot, moving some of the stacker machinery from here to Hillman Siding.

Herbert Kingston is back at work after a sojourn at the hospital at Millinocket.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Taylor have closed their house for the rest of the winter. Mrs. Taylor and the children went to Bangor to visit friends. Later Mr. Taylor joined them for two weeks. His place was taken by Mose Gorman.

Dave Enman formerly the foreman at Camp 4 has been assigned to look after the placing and loading of tractor sleds. His place was taken at Camp 4 by Arthur Enman.

Ted Hodgdon, timekeeper at Camp 1, has left to take a position in Springfield, Mass., with the Indian Motorcycle Co. Wm. Murphy of Oldtown has filled the vacancy.

A. J. Bertrand spent a week end at home.

The cut at all of the camps has been completed. Favorable weather has made good hauling for the tractors.

Camp 4 closed March 14th, all the wood having been hauled from there. With the completion of this camp, the tractor road going to their landing will not be used except by the tote teams. All of the wood from the other camps will be moved via the American Thread Company's roads.

Camp 1 has broken up and the crew engaged in loading tractor sleds will make headquarters at the depot.

Fred Burns, cook at Camp 27, has left for Bangor. He was taken sick and his place will be filled by John Boyle who has been at Camp 1 up to the time that the camp broke.

Twenty-four sleds of wood were hauled from Camp 3 to the landing by Bobby Moore and Carl Hagstrom, on March 16th. This is longest train to go thru without "splitting" on the hills.

Callers this month include: L. A. O'Connell, R. H. Johnson, A. A.

Smith, R. H. Robertson, E. Millett, I. D. Page, L. E. Houghton, Blaine French and an automobile party from Millinocket.

Capt. Rawley of the Eastern S. S. Company was the guest of Mr. A. G. Hempstead at Grindstone for a day. They visited Camp 1 and Capt. Rawley was taken to the landing at Dolby on one of the tractors.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Flower made a week end business trip to Bangor.

The American Thread Company operation at Grindstone has been completed. They were cutting and hauling hard wood.



HARRY SEVERANCE

The ice for the depot has been cut and all put up.

A party of ten persons including a guide stopped here going thru to Mt. Katahdin. They are members of the Appalachian Mountain Club in Massachusetts. They had breakfast here and went by team toward the State Camps at Chimney Pond where they will make their headquarters.

Mr. Butler, Mr. John Donahue and Mr. Howard Churchill, of the Finch-Pynn Co. of Glenn Falls, N. Y. stopped here over night. They were looking at the operating of the tractors.

On Saturday, March 13th, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Chase, living in the foresters' camp, extended a general invitation to all to gather at their camp for a sort of social. Dancing

and a walnut hunt were enjoyed, Mr. Larson taking the only prize when he succeeded in finding the most walnuts. The party was well attended; refreshments were served and everyone had a good time.

The pile of wood has so diminished that people hardly think it to be the same pile of two weeks ago.

Greenville Shop

Mr. Schenck is living the life of a bachelor. Mrs. Schenck is visiting the Mannings at Madison Maine.

Our bet for the ice is July 4.

Mr. N. A. Smith was a business caller at the shop on the 16th.

Hughie Morrell was confined to his home with a bad cold for a few days but is out and feeling quite like himself again.

The snow has just started to show signs of disappearing around the shop.

The crew on the shop doors are making good headway, the large door being practically done.

Another sign of spring is that Mr. N. A. Smith's Stutz Coupe has been hauled into the shop and is undergoing a general overhauling for the coming summer.

Northeast Carry

Arthur Paquet finished hauling wood at Penobscot Farm on March 17. His brother, Joe, completed the job at Little Lobster Lake on March 8th.

Walter E. Wheeler and Harry White, scalers, have returned to their houses at Ea. Corinth and Levant.

Jos. Paquet, Sr., (Bonhomme) has recovered from his recent illness and is to occupy the Farm during the summer months.

The population of the Carry has increased, Joe Dubay and Bill Duplisses having finished their work for Anthony Levasseur on Melvin Johnson's wharf.

Bill Hodgins, P. M. spent a few days in Bangor and Brewer during the week of March 13.

The entire crew at the Farm wish to express their thanks to Henry Clifford of Cambridge, Mass. for the fine box of Florida oranges that he sent to us.

GNPCO

The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide—LONGFELLOW

10 Mile Plant

The work at Tomhegan is practically over. That at Williams Stream will be completed in a few weeks.

Mrs. J. P. Hayes has returned to her home in Hampden after spending a very pleasant winter here. Mr. Hayes accompanied her but will return at an early date.

The Wayside Pulpit has blossomed out with a new notice, a sure sign of spring.

Hugh Desmond was a welcome visitor one Sunday recently.

Boundary Cottage

Edward Hart has been a visitor this month.

William Harris made a short visit down-river to have some teeth extracted. He hopes he will not have to go down in a hurry again.

Captain A. E. Rawley included the Boundary Cottage in his recent tour of Northern territory as the guest of Mr. Gilbert. The Captain had supper here with the boys and appeared to enjoy his visit. Fred Stait provided his usual share of the comedy with Jack Haselton and the others as close seconds.

Seboomook

With the coming of Mr. J. T. Mullen and the first crew of men going through to work on the railroad, Seboomook has taken on a busier appearance. The huge snow-drift which reached to the very top of the wharf has begun to melt at last. The March sun and wind have begun to take effect on the snow and ice of the lake.

Miss Lowe has come here to work.

About thirty were assembled for the pictures here on March 17. In honor of Saint Patrick, Irish airs were played between reels.

F. X. Mooney, our neighboring superintendent, passed through on his way to Bangor. He rode to Rockwood with Harry Hellyer.

A. G. Faulkner, alias "A. G. Faulkingham," as Gus Greene always calls him, arrived on the 15th of March to take inventories.

F. H. Friend, a scaler for Mrs. E.

P. Bunker, the owner of nearby timberland, was a recent caller.

Other guests were: William Patterson and Guy Mcourt, who came from Pittston with the Franklin car they repaired; Eugene Roberge, H. J. Casey and William Stewart.

Dolby

Len Smith was in Bangor over a week end.

A train of 14 sleds was hauled by two Lombards to the landing and left there. Burt Brice picked them up with one Holt tractor and hauled them from Dolby across the ice



J. T. MULLEN

toward the bridge. This is the biggest load to date that has been hauled with one tractor.

Chesuncook Dam

The drilling-crew under D. W. Nickels has struck water at a depth of 367 feet. A flow of from 1500 to 2000 gallons an hour has been found. The next well on the program is scheduled for the Boundary Cottage.

On the first of March, Frank Schoppe was struck on the leg by the end of a rail and went to Greenville for treatment. He was soon back at work and the leg is coming along all right.

The Gunn boys have been gathering supplies and equipment here in

preparation for Scott Brook Drive, which Alec Gunn has taken on a contract. George moved a batteau from Grant Farm the other day.

Alec Cormier, who is trapping nearby, and Andrew Kennedy, who is in back of the Grant Farm, report a good season.

Mr. Hempstead was accompanied by William Dow of Portland on a recent visit to the dam. We understand that all of the sketches in this issue are the work of Mr. Dow, who created a very favorable impression on his first trip on this side of the lake. On the return to Greenville, Harry Rollins had for passengers, in addition to Mr. Dow, the following: Mr. Nickels, Mr. Covell and Mr. Hempstead, none of whom could exactly be called a lightweight. Harry said he wished he were getting tonnage on passengers that trip!

A new boat will be built here this spring for use in towing. Mr. Ingalls is expected at an early date. The boat will be ninety feet in length.

Ripogenus Dam

Mrs. J. F. McInnis has gone down river for a short time.

School closed for a period of three weeks, Miss McEachern returning to her home.

On March 20, the depth of the snow was forty-two and a half inches. The water content was 8.85 inches.

Mr. Hemmingway has made his annual visit to his mother in Vermont. He left his dogs with Frank Smith of Greenville.

The water at the dam at this writing is only two and a half feet from a full head.

Forty Mile

Leonard Cormier has been measuring the depth of the snow in various sections of the country here, with a view to determining the amount of water it will make. He estimates that nine inches of water will be an average.

The pictures here were certainly enjoyed.

A. H. Greene has returned from Brassua and is busily engaged in inventory work.

GNPCOV

He that is down need fear no fall—BUNYAN

Halfway Camp at Lobster

Leahman M. Smart has come to cook for us. We are mighty glad to have him. We were getting rather fed up on our own cooking, altho Gene Leclair seems to hold his own.

W. J. Stewart has gone out to the bright lights for a while, making his headquarters at Pittston in the absence of Al Mishio.

H. A. Bowe made a brief visit to Bangor and on his return inspected the Grant Farm side of the lake.

Forrest Smith, who has been trapping on Ragged Stream, has gone to his home.

Seboomook Lake and St. John Railroad

About the most welcome news that has come from the south for many a day is the resumption of work on the railroad. Supt. J. T. Mullen arrived at Seboomook with a few men on March 15. Their purpose is to get in to the terminal and put the buildings there in condition for use this spring. This requires the repairing of roofs and the general reconditioning of the railroad itself.

The first task, of course, was to break a road from Seboomook to the railroad by way of Nulhedus; as there has been absolutely no traffic over the Caucomgomoc Road this winter, this was a task. The drifts at Seboomook Dam were tremendous. Paul Cyr, coming off the lake near Hilton's Camp, walked over the top of a fourteen foot snowfence on snowshoes.

Supt. Brosnahan is directing the work of breaking the road, which is being done by Stanley Morrell and his faithful tractor. Bill Reddington is still the helper for Morrell. Among the men arriving with Mr. Mullen were Frank Kendall, who is driving a pair of horses, James Gilboy, Walter Richardson, John Finnegan and Mr. Cashman.

At this point we cannot do other than commend the good tractor work this winter of Stanley ("Tyler") Morrell. Altho he had never driven one before, he took to

it with ease and handles one with the best. He never loses his head but plugs right along and makes his run every time. He is the youngest fellow driving a tractor for the company.

We are glad to see Adrian Murphy back after his visit to Bangor and Waterville. We hope his throat will not bother him again.

Late edition! Lee McCullough has arrived from Ashland to work for Mr. Mullen.

Division of Forest Engineering

Malcolm Pratt has been confined to his home by illness for a short time.

Owing to the closing of their operations several of the scalers have severed their connections with the company.

Lloyd E. Houghton and Phil Murdock are both in Aroostook on inspection work. Earl Vickery is at Chamberlain on the new railroad.

Pittston Farm

Pittston Farm has answered the call of spring by getting an early start at housecleaning, if a place as spotless at Pittston always is can be said to need housecleaning. Perhaps, "touching up" is the word we should use, for that is what has been going on. Jim Graham of Greenville has been painting several of the rooms and has done a very good job. The dining-room in white, with green crepe paper shades on the electric lights, presents a very tasteful appearance.

A. L. Mishio has gone to his home in Costigan called there by the illness of his uncle. Bill Stewart has come out from Lobster to look after the lines in his absence.

Fred Gilbert of Greenville visited the farm in March. He was on his way to the operation of Edward Lacroix to see how the tractors were doing.

Phil Sawyer and George Ayotte have returned from a month's cruising of Hammond Town and Dole Town. They report the snowshoeing as the worst in their memory.

James Duff and Charles Bowley, both over seventy years of age, have been trapping this winter at Canada Falls. Mr. Duff trapped in the St. John Pond country over thirty years ago.

E. E. Ricker, the popular "Rick," has arrived to take inventories at the farm. We are mighty glad to see him on this side after a considerable absence.

James Hayes and Archie Deroche have been repairing Motorboat 28.

Amanda Smith of Detroit, Maine, who formerly worked at Seboomook, is now employed here. Mrs. Fern Shirland has been down-river for a few days visit.

Greenville

A surprise party was held at the home of Rev. and Mrs. A. G. Hempstead on February 27 in honor of Hugh Desmond. An evening of music was enjoyed, games were played and refreshments were served. The following, in addition to the host and hostess and the guest of honor, were present: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis; Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Rachel Sawyer, Miss Lottie Arey, Miss Mary V. Hempstead; Miss Juliet Gagnon; Mr. J. L. Desmond and W. M. Cregan.

According to Mr. Allen ten and a half feet of snow have fallen in Greenville up to March 19.

Mrs. Harry Rollins visited Milo during the month with her children. The occasion was the celebration of the 60th wedding anniversary of Mrs. Rollins' grandparents.

D. M. Pearson is representing the Social Service Division at Grindstone.



GNPCOM

The miser robs himself—LAVATER

Sias Hill

The completion of the job of hauling steel rails has curtailed the crew at this place. Hugh McEachern and Alva Gilman are still driving tractors, but the other drivers have either gone down river or have gone to other operations.

Hugh and Alva are hauling out the well-drilling equipment from Chesuncook Dam to Greenville, whence it will be shipped to the Boundary Cottage.

Ray Mercereau has gone to his home in Bangor. Leonce Thibodeau has returned to Greenville.

Dick McKenna is for the present chief engineer of the lighting plant, Phil Cote having gone on as a striker on one of the tractors.

Who Will Win The Ten Dollars?

Continued from Page 8

dock at Kineo Station. Guesses are to be in the office of the editor at Greenville by April 15.

Charles Crossman was the lucky man last year. His guess was "April 28 at 1.10 p. m." There were seventeen others who guessed April 28th, but 1.10 was the lucky number. In the last twenty years the extreme dates have been April 17 and May 21. When will the ice go out this year? Who will win the ten dollars?

People who never had enough thrift and forethought to buy and pay for property in the first place seldom have enough to keep the property up after they have gained it in some other way.

—Thomas Nixon Carver.

When you have a fight with your conscience and get licked, you win.

—Nuggets.

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.

—Lowell.

The dignity of labor depends not on what you do, but how you do it.

—Edwin Osgood Grover.

Handling a Canoe in Rapids

Taken from Lucius Hubbard's "Woods and Lakes in Maine"

Ordinarily, when the bow is occupied by a person not a thorough canoeist, the entire responsibility of managing the canoe rests upon the man in the stern. He stands erect, one foot in advance of the other, and his body turned partly towards one side. With his long-reaching setting-pole he controls his birch's movements, and contrives by a series of checks or "snubs," rapidly made on alternate sides, to let her glide slowly down. Now and then with a vigorous push from behind he makes her shoot along towards some better channel, and avoid a sunken rock, whose ripple shows itself a foot or more lower down the stream. Again, finding the water shoal, he backs "quartering" across the stream; for he sees the water in the river-bed set that way, and knows that yonder he will find the better channel. The bowman sits with ready paddle to help attain some point of vantage, or fend the bow from some projecting rock. If a tyro, he often shudders lest his craft strike a boulder which seems directly in its course, but his guide knows well that the water sets off from that apparent obstacle, and the current's force is felt just as the canoe seems about to strike. The birch barely escapes, and as it glides by in safety the bowman breathes again. Sometimes, however, the iron point, or "pick," of the setting-pole slips over a smooth ledge, or is caught between two rocks and the pole jerked from the holder's

hands. The canoe is quickly at the mercy of the rocks and water, and escape is possible only by some lucky chance. To jump overboard is one's first impulse, but that is very often dangerous, and rarely practicable. Whether this is done or not, the canoe, hurried on by the swift waters, strikes a sunken rock, bow first, quickly swings around against another, and tips its load pell-mell beyond it into the seething rapids, itself perchance a shattered wreck. Its luckless occupants, if haply they be uninjured, must scramble to the shore, and they may be sincerely grateful for whatever of their camp stores may be saved and fit for use.

Two men accustomed to handle a canoe can take it with ease up and down an ordinary rapid. Each has a pole and stands erect. The bowman now selects the course, and keeps the canoe directed in it. On him rests principally the responsibility for their safety, while the sternman's function is machine-like and his movements are the counterpart of his companion's, except that when going up a difficult pitch they become supplementary. The one then holds the canoe in a position once gained, while the other plants his pole anew for another push.

The act of running rapids in a canoe is always exhilarating. To a person of good nerves who tries it for the first time, it is apt to be nothing but pleasurable; but one who knows its dangers never enters upon it without some slight fear or trepidation. And yet, the danger passed, one is ever ready to face it again—with a skillful steersman.



Bluster—Do you mean to say that I am a liar?

Blister—I hope that I could not do so ungentlemanly a thing; but I see you catch my idea.

—Illustrated Bits

GNPCO

Method is the arithmetic of success—H. W. SHAW

ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at the last across the chasm swung
The cable—then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands—
Send out our love and faith to thread the deep—
Thought after thought until the little cord
Has greatened to a chain no chance can break,
And—we are anchored to the Infinite!

