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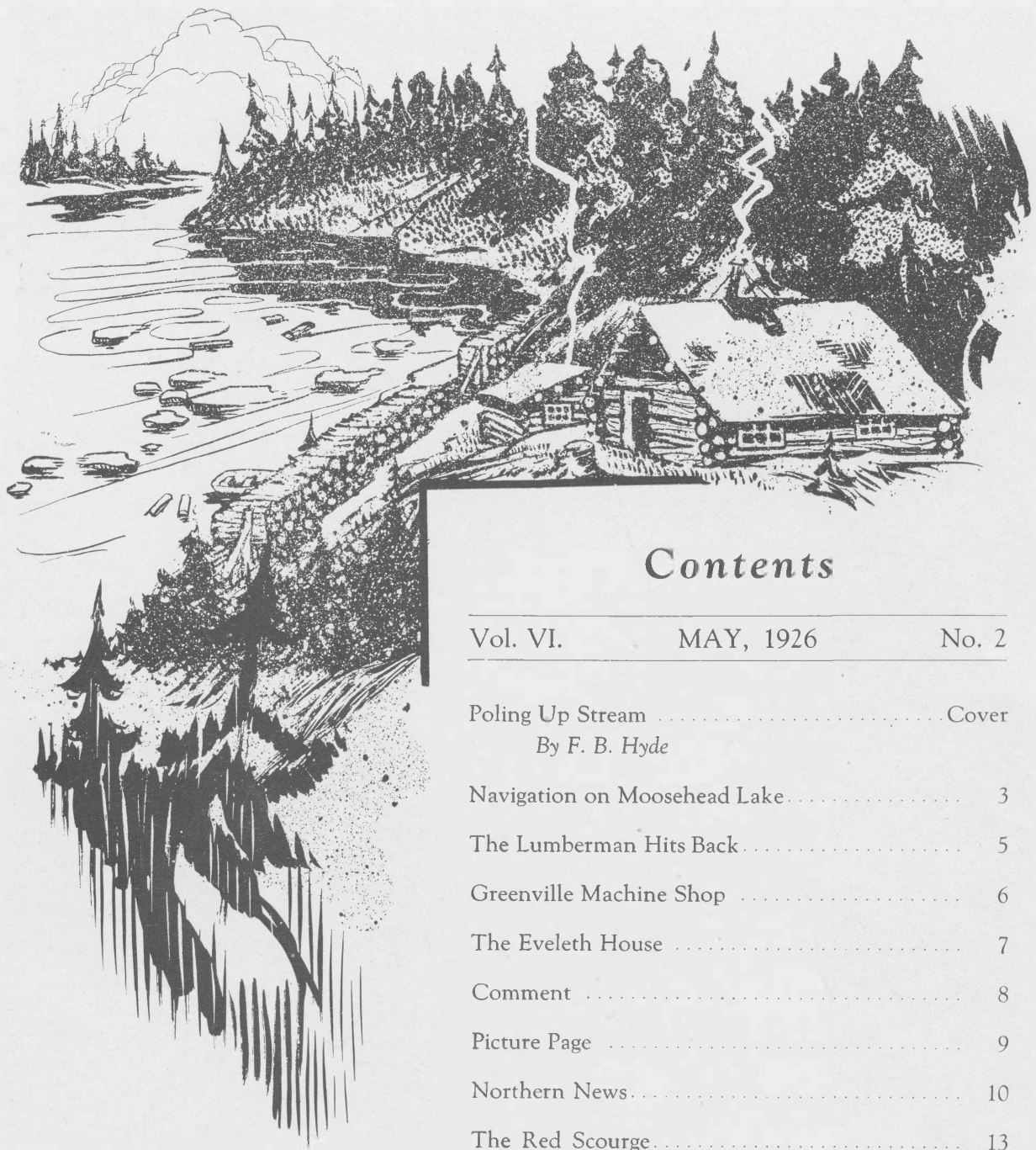
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*The*  
**Northern**  
*May 1926*





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## *The Northern*

Title Registered U. S. Patent Office

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



## Navigation on Moosehead Lake

### A Brief Account of the Activities of the Coburn Steamboat Company and Its Predecessors

THE burning question of the hour in this section of the country is, "When will the ice go out? When will the lake open?" Pools and contests heighten the interest in the subject. It is a late spring. We gaze out upon the white expanse and hazard a guess on the 20th of May. Fanciful, you say? We will not be far out of the way. The ice has not yet left the Penobscot at Bangor and Moosehead is always a month later. Only yesterday an automobile made the trip from Greenville over the lake to Kineo, early in the morning on the crust, the first trip of the season. And yesterday was the 19th of April, in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

But it cannot now be long delayed, this resumption of summer navigation. Soon the lake will waken from its long winter sleep and the ice will yield to the warm rays of the sun. Spring rains will hasten the work of destruction and strong winds will add the final touch. The ice will jam up on the shores, the lake will once more be open, the Coburn boats will run!

Moosehead Lake is a

beautiful stretch of water, a thousand feet above the sea. An inland sea, dotted with picturesque islands, its graceful arms stretching out into numberless coves and bays, surrounded by protecting mountains, it is the embodiment of romance. The first explorers were charmed with its beauty; it was the destination of the early settlers. In summer and winter the most natural means of transportation, it was a logical focus for the operations of the old lumbermen and the early sportsmen who came to hunt the moose, the caribou and the red deer.

The lake, with its cool and healthful breezes, has always had a

strong attraction for the summer visitors and the more hardy sportsmen who came to it in spring and fall. In spring it is fringed with the clean new green of the hardwoods; its rugged shores in autumn take on all the beauty of that lovely season. The very names of the old boats carried with them this spirit of unreality. Fairy of the Lake, Day Dream, Reindeer, Comet, Twilight, Ripple and so on, there was nothing mundane about these. And there were the others, the Marguerite, the Louisa, the Priscilla and the Rebecca, named for the wives or daughters of the owners.

With the men going to the woods, their bright mackinaws and stockings a welcome spot of color on the decks, Moosehead Lake has always meant a decisive step, a jumping-off place. For when men went across Moosehead in the fall in those days they did not come back until the drive was in. The woodsmen of today do not make as long hangs in the woods as before. With the improved methods of transportation, that is no longer necessary. But today's woodsmen take just as much delight in the scenery of



GNPCO

*Industry begins with "I" and ends with "try"*



the lake; of its beauties they never seem to tire.

From the sturdy birch canoes of the Indians and the explorers to the Katahdin of today is a long day's travel and every step of the way is filled with woods history and romance. In the brief space allotted to us here, we can only give a hint of the possibilities of the subject, just an inkling of its appeal. We shall confine ourselves, with reservations, to a brief outline of the newest transportation system on the lake, the Coburn Steamboat Company.

The earliest navigators were the Indians, as we have said. We know that the cliff of Kineo was the destination of Indians who traveled great distances to obtain the flint so necessary for their arrowheads and tomahawks. Following them came the early lumbermen, with their teams of oxen. The lumbermen made scows and transported their crews, their oxen and their supplies across the lake to the destination they desired. The scows in time gave way to steam scows and gradually to steamboats. The boats increased in number and size as the neighboring captains of industry, John Eveleth and M. G. Shaw, John Ross and the Coburns, developed their little fleets. Transportation companies were formed, of which the Moosehead Lake Navigation Company

was an example, which catered to the general public in addition to carrying supplies and towing booms for the logging companies of which they were a subsidiary. The lum-

Rogers, the Bradstreets, Davis and Marsden and David Rowell, all had crews in the woods getting out the lordly pine. The time was ripe for the formation of a company to specialize in transportation.

On the 16th of July, therefore, in 1892, the Coburn Steamboat Company was organized. M. G. Shaw was the first president, David T. Sanders was treasurer, and Turner Buswell of Solon was clerk. These three were also directors. The young company at once set out to purchase boats and equipment and add to their holdings. We find that on April 1, 1900, they purchased from the Moose River Log Driving Company a controlling interest in the Moosehead Lake Navigation Company, which carried with it the Steamer Moosehead and the Steamer Reindeer, with towing equipment. In 1903, they purchased from Rebecca W. Crafts the Steamer Rebecca "with its furniture," which had been built and named for her by her father, John Eveleth.

In January, 1905, they purchased from the M. G. Shaw Lumber Co. the Steamers Priscilla and Solano.

In 1903, also, they bought the first Steamer Marguerite. She had been built at the shops of Henry P. Sawyer in Greenville for a sportsman named Van Brunt of

(Continued on Page 15)

### Out Fishin'

"A feller isn't thinkin' mean  
Out fishin'  
His thoughts are mostly good and clean  
Out fishin'  
He does not knock his fellow men,  
Or harbor any grudges then,  
A feller's at his finest when  
Out fishin'."

A feller's glad to be a friend,  
Out fishin'  
A helpin' hand he'll always lend  
Out fishin'  
The brotherhood of rod and line  
An' sky and stream is always fine,  
Men come real close to God's design  
Out fishin'."

A feller isn't plotting schemes  
Out fishin'  
He's only busy with his dreams  
Out fishin'  
His livery is a coat of tan  
His creed—to do the best he can:  
A feller's always mostly man,  
Out fishin'."

Contributed by Burton Smith

bering firms multiplied. Bangor was in her heyday. Sailing vessels from every quarter of the globe tied up to her wharves. The old loggers such as Rod Sutherland, Marsh and Ayer, White and Hodgdon, Morrison and Hunting, Lafe



GNPCO

Neglect kills injuries, revenge increases them—FRANKLIN

## The Lumberman Hits Back

The current representation of a lumberman as a man who wastes timber in order to further his personal fortunes, and who sacrifices the future that he may increase production in the present, going the man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg several degrees better, evokes a somewhat violent protest from F. R. Barns, writing in *The Oregon Voter* (Portland). Mr. Barns does not mince words, but his contention is, in brief, that critics of standard lumbering practise are persons unfamiliar with the business, who have gained their ideas rather by office study and academic work than in the field. He writes:

Pertinent to the amorphous mass of theories—raw, half-baked and overdone—on forestry and lumbering subjects, which have been fed our trustful and quiescent citizenry in speech, story, and propaganda printed at our (Uncle Sam's) expense for many, many years, it appears that a few remarks from the side-lines, tinged with reason, might be seasonable.

One may review the entire field of industrial endeavor in these United States and find only one instance among our greatest industries, concerning the operation and ethics of which verdant students feel qualified to impart sagacious advice to its leaders, men whose working lives have been devoted to the solution of its numerous intricate and technical problems.

This exceptional industry is lumbering—more especially in its logging and manufacturing phases.

Hardly a forestry school graduate, particularly those out of Eastern universities, but feels competent to advise, instruct, criticize, even reprimand and condemn practical lumbermen in the conduct of their many sided and far-flung avocation.

It is commonplace enough for college graduates to emit essays settling, in all absolutism, world problems, abstract governmental policies, great moral issues and weighty economic questions, but no grad-

uate genius save that of forester has dared rush into learned and critical discussion of a great industry, its leaders and operating methods.

Picture, if you please, a graduate specialized in chemistry undertaking to advise the duPonts how to run their business, or a newly made accountant undertaking to tell the partners of Price Waterhouse or Marwick Mitchell how to set up involved financial statements. Imagine a junior clerk in a large wholesale grocery business sketching out general business policy and procedure for his firm; or a green road salesman in any industry inditing reams of sagacity to his chiefs outlining plans relative to the inside conduct of their business lines.

But, it appears, the puerile emissions and platitudes of fledgling forestry authors, replete with technical phrases and Latin nomenclature, are to be taken at par by the public and the lumber industry. Young foresters who have gotten no nearer learning the lumber business than watch mill-wheels go round, check the scale of government timber to sawmills or theoretically estimate the contents of trees, stand instantly ready to formulate plans for practical lumbering veterans, advising them in detail how to run their business from tree to final realization.

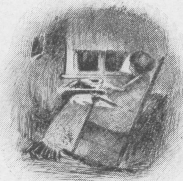
Credit is due the current Federal forest administration (especially when compared with the era of Pinchotism) for keeping closer in touch with lumbermen and their problems, but it took several years of wartime confrontation abroad with real sawmilling and logging, added to decades of absorption and evolution, to drill through the scholarly crust of seniors in the U. S. Forest Service in order that the light of practicality might penetrate. These men can render useful service to our Government, the public, practical forestry, lumbering and private timber owners by strongly advocating, in conjunction with forestry instruction, one year's work in modern logging

camp and a year's work in up-to-date sawmill plants, these two working years to be added to the period of forestry school courses, no student forester to receive diploma until he had successfully stuck out the two years; finally let the senior foresters insist, solely in the interest of a patient and long-suffering but muchly bored public—they who get taxed—that all flapper and pin-feathered foresters be muzzled, and deprived of pen, pencil and paper until they have mastered their lumbering ABC's through the two years' work suggested.

Thereby will our Forest Service forestall seasonable query from lumbermen and the public as to whether their propagandic guise is that of Santa Claus or that of Foxy Grandpa.

—*Literary Digest.*

### Mother



"Your mother's life has not been easy, she worked not the eight or the ten hour day, but the twenty-four hour day of

the wife and mother. She cooked and cleaned and patched and nursed from dawn until bed-time and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening to your stories and for croupy coughs.

"She had time to listen to your stories of childish fun and frolic; time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

"She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

"She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your friends.

"Remember this now while there is yet time, while she is alive, to pay back to her in love and kindness some of the debt you owe her.

"You can never pay it all, but you can pay down something on account."

Don't forget that Sunday, May 9th, is Mother's Day.

WGNPCO

*The world stands aside to let the man pass who knows whither he is going*

## Greenville Machine Shop

A tour of the Spruce Wood Department is never complete without a visit to the Greenville Machine Shop. At first thought, only the repairing of automobiles and tractors is associated with this plant. A careful survey, however, discloses a surprising variety of work being done there. The fully equipped mechanical and wood-working departments are supplemented by a blacksmith shop and a paint shop. The great stock room and huge storage room in the basement contain supplies and equipment of bewildering variety.

A summary of recent accomplishments is of interest. In the wood-working department 100 tractor sleds have been built for the use of the East Branch Operation at Grindstone. Reach irons were made in the blacksmith shop and the sled shoes were fitted there. The sleds were painted in the paint shop by a machine operated by compressed air. Work has been completed on a new bus for the Grant Farm Auto Stage. The body, the work of Ned Voutour, is built on the lines of the modern buses operated in cities. It has windows the length of both sides, holds twenty passengers and furnishes travel "de luxe" for the men going up and down the East side of the lake.

Three boom-jumper boats have been built and the motor boat "Little W" rebuilt. A Sargent snow plow now in use was reconstructed to be more effective in removing snow. It has a different prow which is set to a certain level and will cut through drifts without riding over them.

One of the things comparatively new in the shop is a steam box which curves wood and is a great aid, especially in boat building.

Work in the mechanical department is confined mostly to repairing and overhauling engines. Some of the work done, aside from this line is the rebuilding of a steam shovel and the remodeling of engines. At

present the work of rebuilding the Twin Lombard is being done. Men from the shop are often called to investigate disorders and make repairs on the light plants, steam engines, and other stationary machinery throughout the company territory.



Recently a new shed was built to store lumber. Other sheds have been put up to hold machinery, wagons, dump-carts, tractor wagons and trailers, snubbing machines, trucks, tractors, and touring cars when not in use. Before any of this equipment is placed in storage

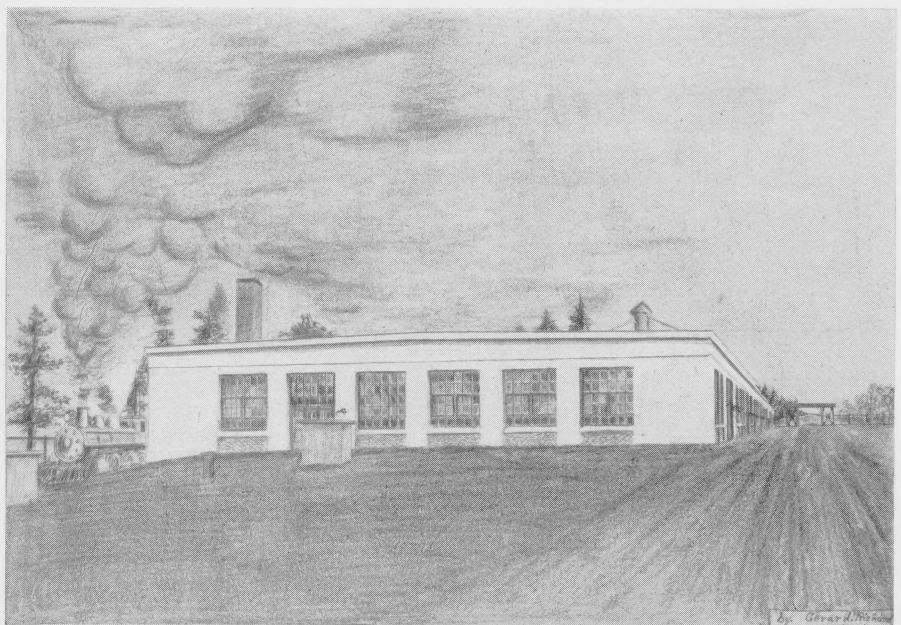
necessary repairs are made so that it may be shipped out as it is called for.

Considerable excavating was done and a new fence erected which goes entirely around the shop, the lumber shed and the largest equipment shed. Harry Severence is now at work replacing the old doors for newer ones which are easier to operate. One door has been enlarged so that a Sargent snow plow can enter.

### *The work in the shop is being carried on by the following men:*

Superintendent:	F. Van N. Schenck
Mechanical Foreman:	Howard McFadden
Woodworking Foreman:	Walter Cole
Yard Foreman:	Charles Murray
Clerk:	J. B. Pratt
Asst. Clerks:	Chas. Gillette J. L. Desmond
Stock Clerk:	Hugh Morrill
Mechanics:	Wm. Patterson A. P. Murray J. P. McFadden G. L. McCourt C. N. Porter W. R. Fraser
Mechanic's Helpers:	David Bowser W. H. McEachern Arthur McFadden
Carpenters:	Alec McDonald Ned Voutour Walter Zemont Girard Richards

(Continued on Page 12)



Greenville Machine Shop

GNPCO

*The school of experience has no graduates*

## The Eveleth House

Some time ago a valued contributor sent us a collection of old stereoscope slides representing scenes of an older day in this country. Among them was the picture of the Eveleth House at Greenville, herewith shown. Its prosperous appearance as the six horse stage draws up before its doors invites us to spend a moment in consideration of its long and interesting history.

In the days when teams of oxen and horses hauled supplies for the old lumbermen from Bangor to Greenville and thence across Moosehead Lake, the Eveleth House occupied an important position in the life of the community. It was built by Oliver Eveleth and owned for many years by John Eveleth, his son. It stood on a knoll commanding a view of the peaceful village cove, on a spot just across the road from the present Hill Crest Inn. It was, as the picture indicates, a frame structure of good proportions and accommodated a goodly number of guests. The old lumbermen, woodsmen, river-drivers, sportsmen in their proper season, runners for commercial houses, the settlers of Chesuncook and Northeast Carry on their way up and down-river, all of these enjoyed the generous hospitality of this old inn.

Around the Eveleth House circled the life of the town. The Post Office was just across the road—a part of the present Hill Crest Inn—with Lindley H. Folsom for many years acting as Postmaster, the trusted servant of the public. Beside it stood Mr. Eveleth's own residence, the present Hamilton house. This was then the main road through the town, the present main road being then an impassable swamp. Before the hostelry the stages arrived with a great cracking of whips, three or four six-horse stages a day, in a blaze of dust and glory. The Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad had advanced to Dover, thence to Monson, Blanchard and finally to Greenville. The stages made connections with these trains, shorten-

ing their run with the advance of the iron horse until its arrival in Greenville spelled their doom.

There were two stage lines coming into Greenville and the rivalry was quite intense. Morrison and Hunting put up their horses in the Eveleth Livery Stable which stood on the site of the present Odd-fellows Hall and accommodated sixty or seventy horses. William Frey put his horses up at the Lake House stables. The Lake House stood near the present Grist Mill and was owned by Ivory Littlefield. Freight was of course conveyed by slower tote-teams. Express, mail and passengers traveled by stage. Bill Gerald and Charles Lord were two of the old drivers most clearly remembered, while Tom O'Brien, a famous reinsman in his time, worked as hostler here for many years.

Many were the proprietors of the place during John Eveleth's ownership, from Bill Mitchell to James Bartlett. Amos Walker was here and John Ronco ran the place for a long time. When D. T. Sanders,

the founder of the Sanders family in Greenville, came to this part of the country, he came with a letter of recommendation to Mr. Eveleth and was put to work at this hotel.

Mr. Eveleth was one of the pioneers in the Moosehead Lake region. In addition to his activities as lumberman, hotel-keeper, owner of a fleet of boats, etc., he acted as undertaker, dentist, physician and lawyer in time of need. An old-time folder prepared for sportsmen mentions the fact that "supplies may be ordered and will be placed aboard the boat while the party is at lunch." The *Rebecca* was one of the boats in this fleet and was named for his only daughter, now Mrs. A. A. Crafts.

Both the Lake House and the Eveleth House are gone. Both came to their end by fire. They have never been replaced. The moss-covered stones of its foundation are all that now remain to show where the Eveleth House stood, but the influence of John Eveleth, its owner for so many years, who so deeply impressed his character on the life and growth of the community will not soon be forgotten.

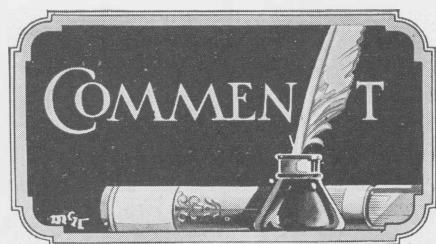


The Eveleth House

GNPCOM

*The discontented man finds no easy chair*—FRANKLIN





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

### A Perpetual Operation

The public is beginning to see that the big lumbering companies are more concerned about conservation than are the politicians. The owner of a small portable saw mill might not be concerned about the future supply of timber as long as his immediate ends were served. However, a company that invests millions of dollars in timberland and permanent equipment has a different point of view. Its aim is to arrive at a "perpetual operation." Anything less would mean eventual failure.

A new and favorable attitude toward lumbering is noticeable. This new note is sounded in the articles written by French Strother for the *World's Work* from which is taken the following: "Panic was the keynote of the public mood while Roosevelt was thundering for the Pinchot policy of 'save the forests.' Anger was added to fear while Ballinger was mismanaging the related natural resources under President Taft. . . Hope is the new mood of the advance guard of conservation. New knowledge here, as always, has dissipated panic."

### "Enter an Uncrowded Profession"

In the *Timken Magazine* we found the following delicious burlesque on a certain kind of preposterous advertising that shouts from the pages of so many popular magazines. Yet it is no more absurd than the humbuggery it mimics. But judge for yourself:

### BE A LION TAMER!

Lion Tamers make big money. The profession is not over-crowded—a fact that you can easily prove to your own satisfaction. Think, now, how many Lion Tamers are there in your city who are not employed?

Why grub along on an even keel of mediocrity when knowledge will enable you to rise above your fellow men and become rich and envied? Knowledge is power. Fortify yourself by learning an honorable and well-paying profession. Learn lion-taming during your spare time in your own home by our correspondence method, just a few minutes each day.

Suppose today you were walking down the street and you should encounter a fierce Numidian lion! What would you do? What could you do? But a graduate of our school, bearing our diploma in seven colors and four tints, would immediately know what to do. You could walk up to that lion fearlessly, after mastering our course of twelve easy lessons, and he would eat off your hand—perhaps both hands.

Imagine what a hit you would be at balls, teas, soirees and evening affairs. If the guests began to be bored, you could whisper to the hostess to send out and get a lion and you would entertain them all. Wouldn't she be grateful?

The course is complete in every detail. The conquering power of the eye; how to get acquainted with

young lions; points to be considered when buying a lion; how to teach them tricks; facts about feeding, doctoring, etc.

The first six lessons are theoretical. After that you commence with week-old kittens and gradually work up to full-grown lions. After taking the full course you can walk into any lion's den. You certainly can!

*Unconditional Guarantee:* If, after taking our full course and in the pursuance of your profession, you are so unfortunate as to have a misunderstanding with a lion who is not acquainted with our technique, we hereby agree to refund to your estate the entire tuition fee.

—Nuggets

### The Editor's Mail

Nearly every mail brings its share of pleasure, irritation and deadly routine. There is always the quota of folks who are sure that their pilgrimage made once upon a time to see Ripogenus Dam ought to put them on the mailing list for the rest of their natural lives. Others who have made a trip into the state write that they would like to keep in touch with it through *The Northern*.

From time to time most interesting and unexpected contributions arrive. Such, for instance, was the arrival of the back cover for this month. Last January a letter of appreciation came from Mr. George L. Noyes, together with an ink sketch. By a strange coincidence, the same mail brought a letter from Stanley Foss Bartlett giving permission to reprint any of his poems. A careful searching of Mr. Bartlett's poems revealed that "It's Good to be Back" would go well with the sketch made by Mr. Noyes to make a back cover for May. Since both of these talented men live in Norway, we trust that they are friends. Anyway they are united on our back cover this month.

Flattering letters of appreciation are received, but modesty forbids their reproduction. However, for once, we will break down our reserve and print a letter written by an en-

(Continued on Page 15)

A MAN is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely upon him. Often have I known a man to be preferred in stations of honor and profit because he had this reputation: When he said he knew a thing, he knew it; and when he said he would do a thing, he did it.

E. Bulwer-Lytton

GNPCOR

*If you would keep your friend, approach him with a telescope, never with a microscope*

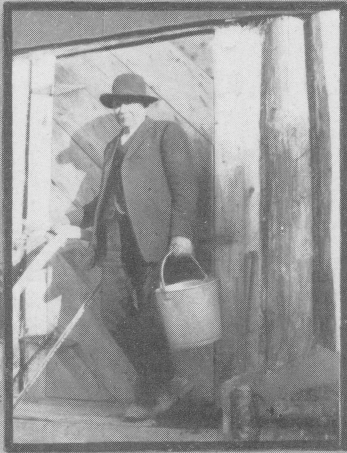




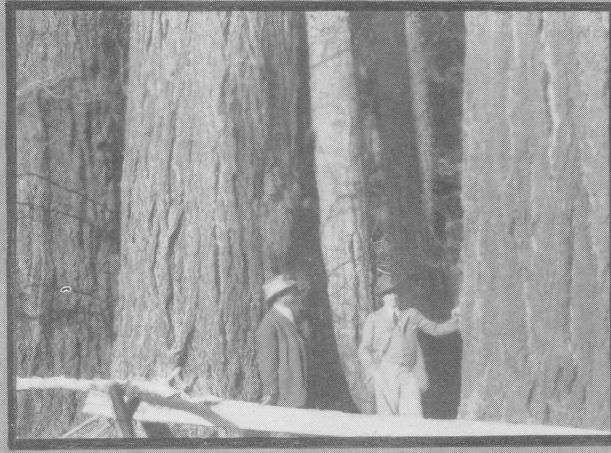
*The Boundary Cottage*



*The Road Scraper*



*Andy Grogan*



*O.A. Harkness and C.M. Hilton  
visit the Douglas firs of Oregon*



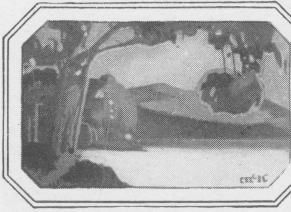
*A Driving Scene*



*The Jitney*

ENPCOR

*Who is wise?—He who learns from everybody*



## Northern News



### Rockwood

Mr. J. E. Sargent has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to make a trip to Bangor with Mrs. Sargent and their son, Kenneth. Miss Kathleen Sargent has returned to school.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Fiorillo have moved to New Haven, Connecticut, to the regret of all the folks on the Northern hill. Nicky has been engineer of the Kineo Light and Water Works for three years. Mrs. Fiorillo has been employed as a waitress at the boarding-house. They leave us with best wishes for success in their new home.

Joe McPhee has laid aside the stern, unrelenting guessing-stick in favor of the lead pencil and is assisting with the inventories at Kineo Storehouse.

Several of our people have suffered attacks of the so-called "flu" which has been going the rounds, but are now enjoying good health again, thanks to the ministrations of Dr. Pritham and the healthful atmosphere of Rockwood. Among those sick were Mr. Morrison, Mr. Murch, Mrs. Cochrane and Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Murphy.

Emile Herrent, who was employed here for three years as chore-boy has gone across the lake to Grant Farm, where we hear he will act as gardener this summer.

Louis Murphy has given up his position as book-keeper at Gaudet's Store to run the Light Plant.

News was recently received here of the death in Cork, Ireland, of Mrs. Michael Brosnahan, mother of C. M. Brosnahan, Superintendent of Kineo-Pittston Toting. Mrs. Brosnahan, who had reached the age of seventy-eight years had brought up a large family. Her death was due to the infirmities of her age. Three sons and a daughter survive her in

Ireland. The sympathy of the Northern family is extended to Mr. Brosnahan in his great sorrow.

Miss Beatrice Demers, who is a niece of Mrs. N. A. Murphy, has been enjoying a visit with her relatives here.

Reginald Denny in "California Straight Ahead" was viewed by an appreciative audience at Rockwood. The townspeople are not unmindful of the privilege the company has granted them of attending without charge the presentation of pictures of such uniformly high class. These pictures have been put on at Rockwood every two weeks during the past two seasons without interruption. It is reassuring to learn that programs have been booked which will extend the present season to the end of July.

### Howe Brook

The contractors working on the Ashland Branch of the B. and A. for Supt. F. L. Brown have finished cutting and hauling. They landed 19,000 cords of wood at Shorey, Howe Brook, St. Croix and Trafton Sidings. They are now engaged in peeling 10,000 cords, using portable rossing-machines. This wood will be shipped to Millinocket Mill.

### Greenville

Six feet of snow and all other signs to the contrary notwithstanding, spring has really come. Bill Clarkin has arrived from The Island.

The Hill Crest Inn, of which W. Irving Hamilton is proprietor, has closed its doors. The Hamiltons, who have made many friends during their five years' stay in Greenville and their thirteen years' stay at Kokadjo, have taken over Camp Whileaway, six miles below Sebomook on the west shore of the lake.

A. G. Hempstead was operated on for appendicitis at the Dean Hospital here. He made a rapid recovery and was attending to correspondence after the third day. He wishes to thank the friends who were so kind as to send flowers and reading matter and those who paid personal visits.

Angus Miller passed through town on his way to Bangor to receive medical treatment for his hand which was injured last fall.

Harry Rollins was talking to Charles Page the other day and extolling the merits of the Cadillac car. He particularly stressed the fact that it would pass anything on the road. Mr. Page listened attentively to the end and then remarked, "There's just one thing I know of on the road that a Cadillac can't pass, and that's a filling-station."

The picture we have used for our cover and the picture of Chesuncook Dam were very kindly loaned us by Albert Fowler of Norcross.

### Blair Farm

After his recent visit to Kineo, Mr. F. A. Gilbert, accompanied by Master Fred Gilbert, started across Moosehead Lake to Lily Bay behind a team of grays driven by Walter Dunn. He was met out in the lake by William Murray, driving a team from Blair Farm. With these the trip to Lily Bay was completed, whence Mr. Gilbert and his son went to Greenville by car.

Mr. Clarkin has a crew of three men staying here and doing advance work on the road. Mr. Clarkin's brother is a member of this crew and the others are Frank Malone and Hugh Malone.

Fourteen of the horses here have been sold to C. J. Worthing of Bangor.

GNPCO

*Worry is rust upon the blade*

### Seboomook

Roland Foster has been up this way after quite an absence.

Miss Marguerite Ryan has come here to work as a waitress.

Mr. J. T. Mullen has made a trip to Bangor.

Ray Mercereau has come to do some repair work on the boats around here.

Paul Cyr, who went to Old Town to see a physician, has returned and is feeling much better.

Clyde Burton has resumed his work for Mr. Johnston who owns a set of camps down the lake. George Burns has taken his place as general handy man around the Farm.

### Grindstone News

Grindstone is no longer the scene of big industry since the pile of wood has disappeared; the conveyor has ceased running and the blasts of the dynamite are no more heard. On March 31st, the crew was busy cleaning up what wood remained around the conveyor and loading it on sleds. W. R. Kenney, with a small crew, spent most of the night snowing the road and filling in to make easier hauling for the last few trips to the Flowage in the morning. His efforts proved unnecessary, for six inches of snow fell in the early morning to make a more complete job of it. By noon everything had been cleaned up. The tractor drivers left for their homes, with the exception of Jack Pickett who remained to haul sleds and assist in the storing of them.

An operation has started at Mud Brook cutting blown-down wood. The camps are located about twelve miles from the depot on the land which the American Thread Company operated this winter.

Billy Mills has arrived to do electrical work in moving the engine from the conveyor house and setting it up as a saw-mill.

George Price has been added to the clerical force at the office, replacing Sylvio Morin who is now assisting in the office at the Greenville Shop.

Lawrence Desmond has gone from Camp No. 4 to keep time at

Davidson. Amos Conley, cook at the Dolby Flowage, has taken a vacation.

John L. Clark, the former timekeeper at Camp No. 3, is at the Rice Farm taking inventory. We hope he won't put "Z 2" as a unit for dried apples.

George Grant is established as timekeeper at Dolby. Previous to his going there, he was taking inventory in the storehouse at Atco Siding.

Einar Larson, the smiling scaler, has completed his duties here and returned to his home in Brownville. It is rumored that in departing he was quite indifferent to the number of broken hearts left behind.

Don Pearson turned in his horse, packed his equipment, and moved to Greenville early in April.

### Grant Farm

For the first time in a couple of years the Grant Farm is open, in full swing, and the outlook is good for an exceptionally busy season.

A crew of painters from Bangor has started to paint the interiors of all the buildings at the farm. It is understood that the exteriors of most of the buildings will receive a fresh coat of paint later in the summer.

A crew of carpenters under Bob Kearse is completing the potato house.

On April 10th, Fred W. Covell moved here from Lily Bay where he has been making his headquarters during the past winter. Mr. Covell has taken possession of the paymaster's office.

The office force comprises the following: A. E. Harmon, Clerk; J. E. Ramsay, John Mortell, and W. E. Wheeler, assistant clerks. Mr. Wheeler is from East Corinth and scaled at Northeast Carry during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom McLean, with their children, Dorothy and Marian, accompanied by Mrs. McLean's mother, Mrs. Mullins, remained over-night at the farm on their way from Umbazookskus to Bangor. The family have been in the woods since October. Little Marian, who is only two and a half years of age,

has already made several long hangs in the woods. She went into Rainbow when she was only five weeks old and stayed the route. The next winter she shipped for Howe Brook with her parents and her sister, Dorothy, and the past winter has left a good record at Umbazookskus.

Sylvio Voutour, brother of Ned and Gilbert, is toting from here to Umbazookskus Depot for George Maguire.

Annis Bridges went down river recently. Mrs. Bridges preceded him by a few weeks.

Bill Henderson came out from Deer Pond to take in the movies on the 14th of April.

Mrs. Flora St. Peter, who has cooked for the Gerrys at Lily Bay, is now in charge of the cookroom here.

Sarah, the Grant Farm airedale, recently gave birth to eight puppies. Sarah is the property of James ("Freddy") Morin and was presented to him by E. Ingleton Schenck Jr.

Emile Herrent, who was the chore-boy at Rockwood for three years, has transferred his affections to this side of the lake and has joined the force at the farm.

Ray Cripps, who has been in the employ of the Moosehead Telephone Company, has returned to the Grant Farm as trouble-shooter on this side of the lake.

### Greenville Shop

The new passenger bus is completed and made its maiden trip on April 9th.

Two carloads of equipment were received from Millinocket.

The shop is making dories for Chesuncook Lake. An order for four was received. Two of them are now done and the third is nearing completion.

Hugh Morrill and Alex MacDonald each had a son operated on for appendicitis. They are both doing well.

Inventory is under way in Greenville Shop Storage. Mr. S. W. Morin is helping the regular force.

Holt tractor No. 8 and the Sargent snowplow have been received from Bangor, where they have been used on the Winter Open Highway.

GNPCOV

*Who is strong?—He who conquers himself*

### Bangor Office

Northern friends of Pat Whalen, the cook, will be interested to learn of his recent marriage in Ireland to Miss Annie Gallagher of Bangor.

James Muttu of the Accounting Department is the proud daddy of a daughter, born February 27.

During one of the heaviest storms of February, R. H. Brann of Mr. Willey's force was snowbound at his home in Kenduskeag for two days.

Hon. C. W. Curtis recently made a trip to Boston and New York.

On April 7, J. F. Daley, of the Auditing Department, became the father of a ten-pound baby boy. Mr. Daley is receiving the congratulations of his many friends. The baby will be named William.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Casey are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Mary Joyce Casey, born April 2, 1926.

### Chesuncook—Chamberlain R. R.

Among the men arriving during the month have been Albert McKinnon, Peter McDonald, Ted Finnemore, Neil McIsaac, John Hurst, Dan McArthur and John Mullaney, the cook.

Wm. Dubay has left for his home in Old Town.

### Ripogenus Dam

School is again in session. Miss McEachern on her way back experienced a small blizzard in passing Chesuncook Brook. Altho it was late in March, it was a terribly windy day. The wind sweeping down from Chesuncook Lake piled up a drift in the road fully a hundred fifty feet long. Ernest Gilman, the jitney driver, with his passengers, Joe Arsenault and W. M. Creegan, shovelled their way through the drift with great difficulty, as the wind piled up the drift again most as fast as they shovelled it away. Another drift was encountered just before reaching Rip Dam.

Goldie and Margaret McInnis are at the head of their respective classes.

Archie Deroche has a small crew here.

Jim Maguire, who has been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. McInnis here, expects to go to work soon for Mr. Mullen on the Seb. Lake and St. J. R. R.

### News of Former Employees

Clarence J. Buckley, who will be recalled up-river and down through his work as a clerk and paymaster and his work in the Bangor Office, is now manager of the West Enfield Co-Operative Association's store at Howland. Clarence is married and is the father of two lovely children, a boy and a girl.

Harold Harrington, who has been keeping time on Soldier Town, has gone to New York.

Carl Hagstrom, soon after leaving Grindstone where he drove a tractor all winter, was married in Guilford to Miss Hester Williams. The happy couple have gone to Massachusetts where Carl is a partner in a successful poultry farm.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Collins, who have worked at Rainbow and other operations for the company, are now employed as cooks at the Greenville Y. M. C. A.

J. Harold Whitehead is working in

a service station for the Gulf Refining Company in Brookline, Mass. His home address is 9 Wait St., Roxbury, Mass.

Gerald Averill is a partner in a flourishing grocery business situated on Ohio St. in Bangor.

### Pittston Farm

Stanley McKenzie has returned to his work at Pittston Stable.

"The Last Laugh," which was shown during the month, made a deep impression here. It was a German picture, with Emil Jannings, the foremost actor on the German screen, in the featured part. The picture, which has not yet been shown in Bangor, was most unusual in many respects, with very beautiful lighting and admirable photographic effects. There was not a single caption in the piece, the story therefore depending on the excellence of the acting.

Lenwood Smith is staying at Pittston repairing Motorboat No. 27.

Jack Haselton has finished sawing wood for Mr. J. O. Wardwell and returned to Bangor April 19th.

Albert Gustafson who has been doing chores at Pittston is spending his vacation in Gloucester, Mass.

D. W. Nickels' well drilling outfit arrived in Kineo March 26th enroute to the Boundary Cottage.

Clarence Sargent has started a small crew on Kineo Road Repairs.

Mr. F. A. Gilbert and Fred Jr. were visitors on April 2nd.

Rev. A. G. Hempstead held Easter services here.

J. P. Hayes closed his operation April 5th and returned to his home in Hampden Highlands.

E. E. Ricker finished taking inventory and left on April 15th.

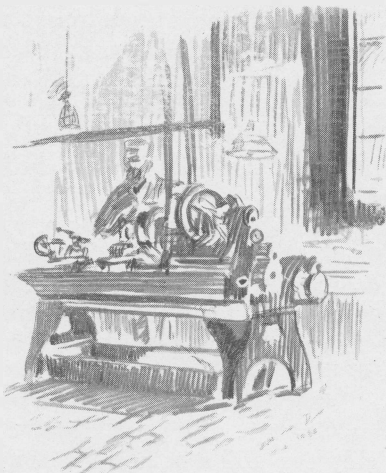
The following men stopped here on their way to various dams where they will take up the work of watching them: Roland Foster, George McKeen, George Flanagan, Joseph McIsaac and Joseph Cameron.

Jack Flynn has come back to work with the telephone outfit after spending the winter in Bangor. He will be located on the Pittston side of the lake.

### Greenville Machine Shop

(Continued from Page 6)

Blacksmith:	John Clemons
Blacksmith's Helper:	Edw. Perrow
Day Watchman:	John Marshall
Night Watchman:	George Gagnon
Plumber:	Charles Crossman
Electrician and	
Millwright:	George McEachern
Machinist:	Leon Bradley
Yardman:	Winfield Ryder



GNPCOR

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy—THE BIBLE



## The Red Scourge

On the tenth day of July a man set fire to more than a score of homes. Every home was entirely consumed and there was no insurance. The man went on his way, if not rejoicing, at least without visible evidence of regret. He had no fear of punishment because the homes he had destroyed were not yet built; they were still in the tree trunks awaiting the magic wand of industry to give them habitable form. But economically these homes were destroyed as surely as though the trees had been made into lumber and the lumber into structures. And this is the way it happened:

It was the vacation season and an automobile carrying a party of tourists stopped on a road that wound through a magnificent stand of Douglas fir, in Western Washington. The travelers sat in rapturous admiration of the quiet forest scene and rhapsodized over the great trees that columned their majestic beauty as far as the eye could see. One of the men of the party lit a contemplative cigarette and tossed the match to the side of the road.

Half an hour later an airplane forest patrol flying high above the mountain range saw a yellowish smoke ballooning over the tree tops. He moved his control and turned in that direction. Upon the chart in the machine before him he located the fire approximately, then returned quickly to a mountain fire station ten miles away. \* \* \*

After what seemed an interminable wait, the patrol noted various gangs of men at work. They were combating that most terrifying, most ungovernable and dangerous of all rebellious elements—the forest fire. For a day and night and another day the battle waged. Grimy men, black as the charred trunks around them, worn to the last stages of exhaustion, fought on—cutting away underbrush, dynamiting logs and trees, beating out the slinking fringes of advancing ground fire, shouting one to another above the

crackling inferno of heat and smoke, panting like hunted animals around the water barrels where they slaked their thirst with the luke-warm liquid, but gaining, almost imperceptibly at first, yet gradually with greater certainty as the weary hours dragged on. And amid the confusion and crash of falling timber the ranger and foremen generalled the battle.

Several days later a wide, barren scar lay upon the mountainside, still smouldering in places where the black splinters of the charred stumps pointed like accusing fingers, and still sent out masses of yellowish white smoke. The scar covered hundreds of acres and it would continue to smoulder and smoke for weeks, while all about in the adjacent woods were fire guards constantly vigilant to see that the enemy did not creep out and strike again.

And far away the automobile tourists journeyed carefree and utterly unconcerned. At a sawmill they stopped for a few minutes to watch the logs in slow procession from the pond to the band saws. "What a shame," exclaimed the man with the cigarette, in a burst of sentimental revolt, "What a shame to cut down those beautiful trees."

—*American Forestry.*

### A Fool in a Forest

*A fool there was, and he flung a  
match*

*Even as you and I,  
Carelessly down on a sun-dried  
patch*

*Giving no heed that a fire might  
catch*

*And spread to the timber with quick  
dispatch*

*Even as you and I.*

*The fool passed on with a wondering  
look*

*Even as you and I.*

*He couldn't explain the fire that  
took*

*The forest away and dried the  
brook*

*And left the region a place forsook.  
He was a fool—that's why.*

—*International Paper Monthly*

### On The Dams

Although only a few of the men who will watch dams this summer are at present actually on the job, most of the appointments have been made and will take effect when the conditions warrant it. Some of the men are now up-river and are engaged in repairing telephone lines, getting in supplies and in other ways preparing for their work this spring and summer. Following is a partial list of the men selected, and the dams they will watch:

Roland Foster	Seboomook Dam
J. P. ("Mouser") Lemieux	Heron Lake Dam
George McKeen	Penobscot Lake
Hiram Johnson	Cuxabaxis Lake
George Cassidy	Caucomgomoc Lake
Bill Pullen	Loon Lake
Angus Commeau	Poland Pond
Jim Cameron	North Branch
Joe Goodin	North Branch
Leonard Cormier	North Branch
George Flanagan	Dole Pond
Joe McIsaacs	Little Lobster
Arthur Brackett	Pine Stream
Cedric Scott	Umbazookskus
Stanley Harrington	Cooper Brook
Joe Peilleaux	North Branch



### College Folks To the Front

With the coming of June and its numerous graduation and commencement observances, our attention will again be directed to the schools and colleges of our land. We are aware that many of the employees of our company have sons and daughters now in college. *The Northern* will be very glad to include in its June number an account of every son or daughter of an employee now in college. Parents are invited to send to the Editor of *The Northern* at Greenville the necessary data for this work. These accounts should mention the early schooling, college entered, course taken, branches of athletics engaged in, connections with musical or debating clubs, fraternity house, honors in studies and such other facts as may be of interest. A good clear picture of the student in question will enhance the value of the account.

GNPCO

*Who is rich?—He who is satisfied with what he has*



## The Faux Pas

Once upon a time there was a visitor at a company farm. He had begun life as a white-collar man but had succeeded fairly well in living it down. At the time our story opens he was in fact quite highly thought of—but let us begin at the beginning.

The evening of his arrival, as it happened, a movie show was in progress and the usual good time was had by all, although this has nothing whatever to do with what follows, as perhaps you may have guessed. A friendly half hour was then spent in alternately praising and knocking the picture and in comparing it with previous programs of the season. On

the stroke of nine the party broke up and all retired quietly to their rooms. The comfortable old house was soon in darkness. No single hint of tragedy disturbed the peaceful night.

Came the dawn, as they say in the movies, and the sleeping occupants were rudely awakened by the ringing of a large bell in the hand of an industrious choreboy. Up and down the corridor he walked with evident enjoyment, swinging the bell as if he had taken it on a contract. Bedsprings creaked, windows slammed shut and doors began to open. The house came to life.

The visitor was one of the first men up and was observed by two

reliable witnesses in the very act of entering the bathroom—mind you, for this is important, the only bathroom on that floor. The two reliable witnesses thereupon retired to their rooms and remained there for a discreet period. They then sallied forth severally, being joined by other swiftly gliding forms carrying towels, toothbrushes, moustache-cups, curling-irons and whatnot, all hastening in the same general direction. The bathroom door was locked.

Silence fell upon the little gathering. Pained expressions crept over every countenance. Heads began to emerge from nearby doors, casting upon each other looks of the most unutterable woe. The crowd in the corridor had swelled to the proportions of a small but orderly mob.



THE ORIGINAL CHESUNCOOK DAM

The above photograph of the old Chesuncook Dam was taken by Jas. C. Stodder on September 1, 1876. Mr. Stodder was the official photographer for a landscape artist by the name of Church, who made a trip down the West Branch of the Penobscot. Mr. Church, who traveled around the world painting famous mountains, made this trip to paint Mount Katahdin. As the picture shows, the dam was blown that year. This dam was later replaced by another. The building of the new Ripogenus Dam in 1916 made a dam at this point unnecessary.

GNPCO

*Silence is seldom regretted*

What could be keeping him, they asked each other. Was the friendship of years to be broken? Surely he knew the unwritten law! Certainly he must know that the breakfast bell would ring in a very few moments and that they, the unwashed, would be distinctly out of luck! Long moments passed. The air was blue with theories, ranging from heart failure to partial paralysis. Merciful heavens, was the mystery never to be solved? Were they never to know what spirit of tragedy lurked behind that closed door?

Came a hush, and a curious scraping sound was distinctly audible. Murmurs of relief, consternation, pathos and despair spread over the little group. Could it be possible that the man had committed the unpardonable crime? Alas, it could! In fact it was! *The visitor was shaving in the bathroom before breakfast!*

### The Editor's Mail

(Continued from Page 8)

thusiastic reader of last month's Northern:

April Fool

dear M. Northern  
your ver' nice maggy Seen for these mon'  
april com' on top m' shack so I find her when  
I got hom' from chop m' pork chop all day.  
'Bout soon's I got m' mug bean swagon on  
m' stomach I hav' squat down m' rockit  
chair and read those picture end over end,  
lookit ev' word and wrote you how much I  
hav' good tam. How those tam have  
change in style of horse. She don't champ  
so much bale hays. Give him big drink  
gasoline you gon' see those pulpwoods seat.  
I wish I hav' me som' those bears teeth.  
Those lumberjill sure give me som' smile.  
All those piece mak' me glad for read it.  
Those picture of two, tree man look just  
lik' him I t'ink, if ever I hav' see her. You  
gon' keep up those good work, I hope.  
T'ank you.

Fred d'avis

### Navigation on Moosehead Lake

(Continued from Page 4)

Seabright, New Jersey, and had been named for his wife.

In December of 1909, the Estate of H. P. Sawyer sold to the company all interest in the Steamer Louisa, which had been in like manner named for Mrs. Sawyer.

The first Katahdin, of which we give a picture, was built in 1896

and had given eighteen years of faithful service when she took fire off Sandbar Island while towing a raft of logs and burned to the water's edge. Her captain, Capt. Robinson, ran her ashore and the crew escaped unharmed.

In the fall of 1910, the company purchased from William P. Frey the old Steamer Twilight which had been hauled overland by oxen from Belfast in 1889 and placed in competition with the other boats then on the lake. This was replaced by the new Twilight in 1911.

Other boats had been purchased or built from time to time. Among them were the Lumberman, the Comet, the William Parker, and the Governor Coburn. The name of the Lumberman was changed to Moosehead. In 1915 this was abandoned and the present Moosehead took her place. The Reindeer and the Comet have also been abandoned.

The rivalry between the boats of the Coburn company and those of the lumber operators was intense. Every scheme that could be utilized to freeze the other fellow out was resorted to. Passengers were frequently hauled to Greenville from Kineo and given their supper free of charge to take business from the rival lines. Guides were hauled free when traveling alone on account of the business they were able to turn over to the company. It is only of comparatively recent date that guides had to pay for the passage of themselves and their canoes. The story goes that a canoe was being put off at Northeast Carry and was injured slightly. The guide, who had paid nothing for its passage or his own up the lake, immediately put in a claim for damages. The manifest injustice of this led to the change in system. Today the company comes under the Public Utilities Commission and also the Interstate Commerce Commission, so rates are automatically taken care of.

Until 1902 the company had no office of its own. Mr. Sanders was the agent and transacted all business at his store in the village. The captains went in about once a week,

or "whenever their pockets got too full," and turned over such tickets or cash as they might have in their possession.

The old time captains, too, were an interesting group of men. They passed through a period of vast change and were perfect founts of entertaining reminiscence. Among these were such men as Fred Bigney, Louis Gill, Captain Robinson and Captain Snow. There were also such characters about the lake as Lewis Annance, the famous Indian guide; Sandy Johnson; Miles Colbath, brother of Martin; John Cusack, the hermit of Moose Island and "Sabattus," (Steve Wakefield) so long known at Kineo.

The company is now the only one maintaining steamboats on the lake, with established routes and regular schedules. One of the most lucrative features of their work is the towing of booms. Steamers now ply between Greenville and Seboomook at the head of the lake stopping at Kineo and many other points on the way. Another line plys to Lily Bay. The company now owns a set of offices on the wharf at West Cove. A short distance up the West shore may be seen the boathouse and winter quarters of the fleet. C. F. Woodard is the present General Manager.

The present fleet comprises the Katahdin, the Twilight, the Marguerite, the Louisa and the Priscilla. The present captains in the order of their seniority are Waterman ("Wink") Meservey, Joseph A. Parment, Louis Mountain, C. B. Sawyer and Frank E. Smith.

And so within a few weeks the lake will again come to life. The hurry and bustle of spring and summer will set in, crews will go up for the drive and sportsmen to their haunts. The sputtering motor-canoe of the modern guide will exchange salutes with the dazzling yacht of the summer visitor. Rafts of long logs will come over from Squaw Brook and booms of pulpwood will be towed to the East Outlet. The varied sounds of industry will fill the air. Moosehead Lake will soon be open!

GNPCO

Who is honorable?—He whom his neighbors honor



*By Geo. Lorenzo Noyes*

## IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK

*By Stanley Foss Bartlett*

*It's good to be back where the mountains rear  
With pride in the open sky,  
When crows return by twos and threes  
And winter clouds roll by.*

*It's good to lie down where the earth is bare  
'Neath pines on a Southern slope,  
When bluebirds sing their mating song  
In notes of love and hope.*

*It's good to be back on familiar ground  
And shedding a loving tear  
On memories of a long-lost past—  
For even the sad are dear.*

*O, e'en tho I idled in foreign lands  
And sat in the courts of kings  
I'd heed the touch of a loving wind  
From the mountains in the spring.*