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The
Northern
January 1927





The Northern

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

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The United States Forest Service

By STANLEY FOSS BARTLETT

THE United States Forest Service is more than a designation of a government division at Washington, it is a public service in the form of an active, practical working plan, developing material results.

The birth of the United States Forest Service in 1876 was unheralded and its growth was slow, probably due to the fact that its primary purpose was conservation. Conservation being a form of insurance, the infancy of the insurance idea and the apparently limitless supply of forest products at the time made the creation of this department seem unimportant, if not unwise. Franklin K. Hough was the first forestry officer to be appointed and in his understanding care the new division developed rapidly.

In 1897, President Cleveland aroused public criticism by adding 21,000,000 acres to the 18,000,000 acres already set aside from the public lands by Presidents as Forest Reserves. This act, though misunderstood, drew attention to the forest land and to the policy of managing it. These reservations, now more appropriately called National Forests, have a total area of 184,126,000 acres, of which 158,395,000 are government owned. This area is geographically divided into over 150 forests located in twenty-eight states. Desirable land, privately owned, designated by the President as suitable to become

THE BULLETINS of the United States Forest Service were the source of the material for this article which was written neither to criticize nor to evaluate the Federal Forestry program but to acquaint our readers with what the national government is doing. In like manner the program of the State of Maine will be presented at a later time.

National Forest territory, is purchased at a fair price from the owners with appropriations made for the purpose.

Each forest is managed by a Forest Supervisor and is divided into districts with a ranger in charge of each. Such buildings as are necessary to the comfort of the employees are erected in convenient places. On the higher mountain peaks, lookout stations are established for the purpose of detecting and reporting fires before they have gained dangerous headway. Patrols are placed along frequented trails and streams not visible to lookout points. Usually temporary employees perform these guard duties. A ranger's work is more varied, including such phases as trail, bridge and telephone line construction, civil engineering, the direction of logging operations, enforcement of fire and game laws and the super-

vision of temporary employees.

The land suitable for grazing, lying within National Forest boundaries, is allotted to local ranchers by season permits. Fair division of the area, in relation to the number of animals and the kind of vegetation, is directed by a grazing officer who also inspects the animals for contagious diseases. Over 9,000,000 animals including cattle, horses, sheep, goats and swine, are grazed by this satisfactory plan. Incidentally, the Stanfield Grazing bill, at the present time subject to

heated discussion in Congress and throughout the country, is at least accomplishing something by attracting public attention to the value of National Forest lands.

Besides protecting millions of dollars worth of wood products, agricultural and grazing lands, water supply and mineral deposits from the ravages of natural evils and the greed of man, the Forest Service has established experiment stations in several suitable locations. Here capable scientists and experienced helpers are permanently stationed to make observations and experiments and to conduct such research work as may prove valuable to forestry. Bulletins and reports, which are beneficial to private land owners and others are issued by these laboratories. These publications, dealing with every phase of forestry, may be obtained from the Department of Agriculture,

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Thrice blessed is the man who has the ability to work, the desire to work, and a job he likes

some free of charge and others for a small fee.

Rental and sales receipts from the National Forests partially offset their annual expenditures. In 1925, 1,038,000,000 board feet of lumber were harvested by conservative methods, from which receipts amounting to \$2,940,036 were received, as compared to \$85,596, sales receipts of 1906. During the fiscal year of 1925, 309 water power and transmission line permits were issued. Since 1906, twenty-three thousand homestead units have been segregated, thus solving the problem of the disposition of agricultural lands located within forest boundaries.

Considering the inadequate appropriations it receives, the Forest Service is accomplishing more than might be expected of so wide spread an organization. A large amount is annually expended for fire prevention signs and literature in an endeavor to impress the seriousness of carelessness with fire upon the increasing number of campers and tourists who enjoy the freedom of National Forest streams, roads and camping places. These designated camping places, usually with improvements, number fifteen hundred and thousands of visitors use them yearly.

Although the forest fire damage has been steadily decreasing, during the year 1925 there were 7,520 fires, which burned over 231,898 acres and \$913,667 was spent for suppression. It is estimated that ninety per cent of these fires were man-caused and mostly preventable. In 1924, 12,640 acres of denuded forest land were planted to seedlings and successful fire protection has made possible the natural reforestation of several thousand acres.

Insect and disease evils are not to be ignored but fighting them is costly. The fatal chestnut blight that exterminated the chestnut tree throughout the East tells the story of uncontrolled infestation. After

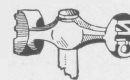
years of rigid embargo on imported shrubs and careful inspection of infested territories, the Department of Agriculture has gained the upper hand of the browntail and gypsy moths. In connection with the Bureau of Plant Industry, the Forest Service is waging war upon the threatening white pine blister rust. This fight is successful to the extent of its expenditure limitations. All members of the Forest Service are ever watchful for the unwelcome appearance of injurious insects and diseases in new sections.

In 1925, \$56,891,914.24, the sum of Federal and co-operative funds for the year, was used for the construction, improvement and maintenance of forest roads and trails, thus making accessible to the public some of the most interesting scenic wonders as well as some of the most valuable natural resources in the world. We ride over miles of good roads, through stands of virgin timber, or cleanly harvested woods, stay at sanitary, well-equipped camping grounds and are told by a courteous and kind ranger that the United States Forest Service is responsible for all this good work and good will. While in the shadow of well wooded, snow-crowned peaks, with water supply and mineral deposits of inestimable value at our feet, it is not difficult to appreciate the purpose and achievements of the United States Forest Service.

With a small, efficient office staff

at Washington, the great organization stretches protecting arms over the forests and watersheds of the country. While we are able to turn our entire attention to our own business and amusements let us remember the faithful lookout men who guard unceasingly our forest empire. Nor should we forget the rangers riding tirelessly over rough mountain and canyon trails and the well trained scientists braving dangers and discomforts in distant cabins. At times, armies of fire fighters work and live under the most trying conditions in an effort to save these forest lands from becoming a part of the vast area of now worthless land sacrificed to the fiery demon springing from carelessness.

After considering the rapid decrease in forest areas and the increasing inaccessibility of the timber, the voluminous consumption of wood products, the waste in harvesting, the loss by fire, and so forth, and the comparatively small area being slowly reforested, forest conservation becomes a serious subject for thought.



The Task Appointed

This is the task appointed: To hold the vision of a final arrival at some fitting destination; to maintain undiminished a sense of personal worthiness; to be defeated in each foolish dream of the younger life, and so to be disciplined into a larger vision, made more sure by adversity; to be delayed for most of a lifetime—and yet to believe in the strength of the human spirit to surmount pain, outlive sin and defeat, malice and envy; to believe in the gradual but all-conquering power of goodwill; to be saddened but not embittered; to be beaten but not conquered. That is the stern business set before us.

—Walk-Over Shoe Prints.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

By Horatio Nelson Powers

*A Flower unblown: a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod: a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:
A Casket with its gifts concealed:—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.*

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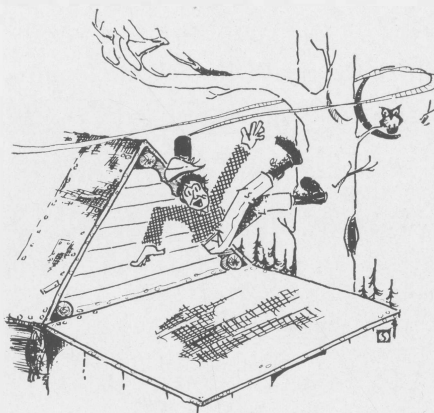
The best way to strengthen one's judgment is to exercise it—THE SHAFT

Lost in the Woods

At this time of year many stories are told; bear stories predominate with the second place in importance going to the stories about being lost in the woods. Most of these tales concern good woodsmen familiar with the locality in which they were lost. Usually there are harrowing details of fright causing a temporary insanity during which the lost man runs at top speed in a great circle until he falls either dead or exhausted.

To give variety some tell of men who lose their way while returning to camp. Darkness overtakes them and late in the evening the men give up the search and settle down for the night. Their fitful sleep is disturbed about 4 A. M. by the cook's alarm clock in their camp just behind them.

There is a yarn of this kind which Mouser tells on himself. When he was a young fellow and first went



into the woods he missed the tote road back to camp one night and was soon lost. He wandered around until late and then being very tired decided to go to sleep. Fearing wild animals, he climbed a tree and stretched himself out on the branches. When he fell asleep he released his grip and tumbled from the tree right through the roof of the dingle!

with some rocks. We had quite a merry time going up for a few miles, now stopping to gather chokecherries, which grew abundantly, and now dashing up the stream, making the water whirl behind us as we stood up and exerted all our strength."

It was not until after his return from the Tobique that my father learned that this Joe Goodblood was going up at that time with the intention of running away to Canada with Blind Thurlotte's wife. They eloped and left the blind man alone on the carry, where he was found by lumbermen passing.

Thurlotte must have been taken away at that time, the fall of 1858. Probably he then sold his squatter's rights to Mr. Ansel Smith, who was then a prominent operator in that country. The next spring Mr. Smith's Caucomgomoc drive was hung up on the Horse Race and for about three miles the stream was full of logs which laid there till they rotted out. There was a long space between Thurlotte's leaving Mud Pond Carry and anyone else taking his place.

I should not volunteer this were it not that what *The Northern* prints today will be the history of tomorrow.

Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm Writes More About Mud Pond Carry

MAY I add a word to the account in the November *Northern* of "Ronco's Camp and Mud Pond Carry"?

The Frenchman who first lived there was Jules Thurlotte, not "Furlott," as printed. He was there much earlier than would be inferred from the article.

In 1857, Thoreau made his trip to "The Allegash and East Branch," first printed in 1864. On July 27, 1857, he records being at Mud Pond Carry. "Our path ran close by the door of a log-hut in a clearing at this end of the carry, which the Indian, who alone entered it, found to be occupied by a Canadian and his family, and that the man had been blind for a year. He seemed peculiarly unfortunate to be taken blind there, where there were so few eyes to see for him."

The next year my father, the late Manly Hardy, passed over the same route, going with Hiram L. Leonard, William P. Staples and Peal Antwine Thomas (as he spelled the name), a Huron Indian, to make a fall fur hunt on the Tobique. I quote from his journal for Monday, September 6, 1858: "We turned to the right into the Umbezukus, or Meadow Brook. The stream is dead water most of the way and very crooked, the banks being flat meadow lands, extending quite a distance on either side. On account of the water being low we were obliged to carry half a mile. On the way I shot six partridges and Hiram shot one. Staples overtook us here. There was also a canoe came with him containing two French hunters, one of them named Joe Goodblood. The stream from the carry is swifter,

Church Built From One Redwood Tree

In Santa Rosa, California, there is a Baptist Church which will seat 400 people, built entirely from one Redwood tree. Everything used in the construction of this church was furnished by this one tree with the exception of the necessary glass and hardware. The spire is 100 feet high, and there is a pastor's study 12 by 20 feet, as well as a vestibule, toilet room, and parlor seating 100 people. This church is 60 feet wide by 100 feet long, and cost \$5 000.

Only two-thirds of the tree was needed for the necessary lumber. After the roof was finished it was found that there were 60,000 shingles left over.

—Disston Crucible

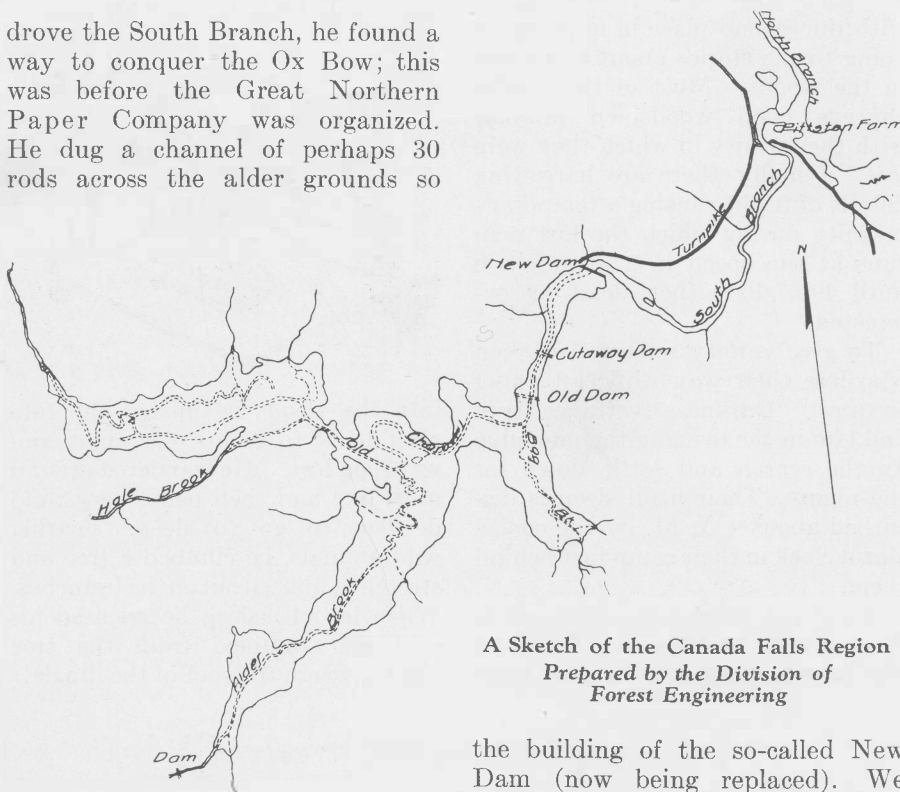
GNPCOM

It is the nature of human disposition to hate him whom you have injured—TACITUS

The Rebuilding of the Canada Falls Dam

THE rebuilding of Canada Falls Dam revives memories of earlier improvements on the South Branch of the Penobscot River. The work that has been done on this river has so changed it that instead of being one of the hardest rivers to drive it has become one of the easiest. The old river was narrow and crooked and flowed through an alder growth. About three miles from the present dam there was a turn in the river where it made an almost complete circle, known as the Ox Bow. No wind was favorable to a river driver at this point, since a wind that would be fair on one half of the Ox Bow would be a head wind on the other half. The first attempt to overcome this difficulty was the building of a cutaway dam located about three fourths of a mile above the present dam; this was not successful in that it did not flow out the Ox Bow. A second dam, now usually referred to as the Old Dam, was built about 1891 a quarter of a mile above the cutaway dam. This dam had a head of 14 feet but that was not sufficient to overcome the difficulty. One spring, when Mr. F. A. Gilbert

drove the South Branch, he found a way to conquer the Ox Bow; this was before the Great Northern Paper Company was organized. He dug a channel of perhaps 30 rods across the alder grounds so



A Sketch of the Canada Falls Region
Prepared by the Division of
Forest Engineering

the building of the so-called New Dam (now being replaced). We are indebted to William Harrington of Pittston Farm for the history of these early improvements.

The new dam was built in 1912. Its 26 feet head of water flowed out the narrow crooked channel of the South Branch and Alder Brook making the broad Canada Falls Deadwater. This has made possible the handling of an immense amount of wood under favorable conditions. The accompanying Sketch of Canada Falls Region shows just what was accomplished by this dam. The old river is indicated by the narrow channel made of dotted lines. One of the by-products of this deadwater is improved fishing, for the fish have made this a breeding ground.

The dam now being torn down was built under the supervision of Everett E. Amy. Charles Green was in charge of the construction, Jack Ryan got out the timbers and J. P. Hayes clerked the job from Pittston in addition to his regular



Gate Section of Canada Falls Dam now being removed. At the extreme right is to be seen the end of one of the new concrete wings.

GNPCO

Next to being right, it is best to know when you are wrong and to admit it

work as clerk at the Farm. Steps toward replacing this dam were taken about five years ago when huge concrete wings were built parallel to the wooden dam about one hundred feet down the river. The gate section was not added. One of these wings was made 291 feet long and other 267 feet long with a gap of 174 feet where the gates would come. This work was done under the supervision of J. E. Sargent. H. E. Severance was in charge of the construction. The work now to be done is to remove the gate section of the old dam and replace it with new gates, extending the construction from the ends of the new gates about a hundred feet to the ends of the wings previously built.

At present the task of removing the old gate sections and part of the wooden wings is in progress. C. Max Hilton is supervising the work and Roland Foster is in charge. The work has to be done by hand and by the use of a derrick. The rocks are to be used again; the old timbers are being used for fire-wood. Dynamite can not be used as only a part of the dam is to be removed.

The new gate section (172 feet) is not being built with so flat a slope to the spiling, i.e., the new section will have a slope of 1 to 1 in place of 2 to 1. The wings from the concrete section to the new gate section will be built with perpendicular spiling. The dam will be heavily rocked. The timbers will be mostly pine, the spiling of cedar will be cut



Roland Foster's crew removing the gate section of Canada Falls Dam

three sided. A portable saw-mill is being set up and all wall timbers, band timbers and gate timbers will be sawn or sided. There will be a change in the gates in that only one deep gate will be used whereas formerly two were used; the new sluice gate will be only 6 feet, the old one was 12 feet.

In order to appreciate the changed condition in this region, one should contrast the present with the past. It is a far cry from the present construction work to the day in 1767 when Col. Montessor passed Canada Falls on his trip of exploration into the States from Quebec. He and his Indians traveled in birch bark canoes which they had to carry around Canada Falls. About 1904, when the Great Northern Paper Company opened an

operation on Alder Brook, John Hodgkins, who was in charge, had to bring all of his supplies and equipment through Jackman by the way of Sandy Bay. It was a three day trip from Jackman to the camp, two-thirds of which was over a rough tote road. After they left Sandy Bay, wagons were out of the question; only jumper sleds could be used and 800 pounds was a load for a two-horse team. At present such a camp would have its supplies brought to Kineo by train or boat. From there trucks would take them 25 miles to Canada Falls Dam where they would be loaded into motor boats and in an hour and a half they would be landed in camp. Thus one improvement after another has come to the South Branch of the Penobscot River.



PROGRESS IS SWIFTER THAN THE OX

GNPCOM

We seldom find persons of good sense, but such as are of our own opinion



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

I Want Him

The title must not deceive the reader. This is not a love story nor the words of a maiden lady. It is set above this little story just as it was taken from a *true* fish story. There is a mountain in Maine which was called Moxie before the famous beverage of that name was invented. As is the case with most mountains in Maine, there are several lakes lying at old Moxie's feet. Nearly a thousand feet above these little lakes, in a bowl among old Moxie's ledges, there is a wonderful little lake. And in its deep water swim the kings of speckled trout.

Now there lived in New York City a maker of shirts who happened to be a descendant of King Solomon. And he came to Maine to fish. His guide took him up to Moxie's mountain pond. The last sunlight of the afternoon was touching old Moxie's grey granite, and its harsh rugged lines were softened to a smile. Out on those waters tinted with light and shadow, painted with shadow-pictures of spire spruce and silver birch, paddled the guide and the maker of shirts. And the latter held in his hand as fine a split bamboo as ever a trout fisherman dreamed of.

"Now cast over there," said the guide.

The shirt-maker clumsily snapped out an expensive line tipped with "montreals" and "silver doctors." The little feathers splashed into the shadows. It was too awkwardly done.

A white gull, strange wanderer from the Sea, floated thru the sunlight. He became a crimson bird

etched in gold. A hermit thrush poured out his sweetest song. But the maker of shirts did not heed them. He kept casting. The guide sighed. It seemed hopeless. These were crafty well-fed trout.

Then it happened. Just as the feathered hooks alighted, a great trout leaped out of the shadowed water and struck the fly as he went down. They were hooked to a fighter! Now, by all the rules of fishing one must "play" such a fish. The fisherman must match his brain and hand with the instinctive actions of the trout. He must give the trout line when he asks for it, but not too much line. He must not allow his line to slacken. The fish must be exhausted before he is brought to the net. Even the best of lines and poles may snap with the strain of such a battle.

But the maker of shirts started pulling, in the manner in which boys yank out sun fish. Then when it seemed as though the live weight of the trout must snap the gut leader, the guide shouted, "Let him go! Ease-up on him! Let him go!!"

Then it was that the shirt-maker uttered the sentiments of all novitiates.

"Let him go? Vy should I let him go? I vant him!"

There was a mighty splash. The big trout cleared the water by two feet. His iridescent beauty stood out before them. The line hung slackly for an instant. Then he was gone!

"I vant him!" How earnestly do you want him? There are rules to this game of life, and he who wins must play by the rules. It is better so, for who wants a prize obtained in any other way?

—Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr.

From the 15th to the 15th

There is little to talk about this time but the weather. The woods operations are progressing satisfactorily, construction work previously mentioned is going on and the Greenville Shop is unusually busy. The weather, however, is the real topic. The snow plows have not been used yet on either side of the lake. It still looks like an open winter.

The Marguerite made her last trip on the lake to Lily Bay December 2; the Katahdin went up the lake and back December 4; Mr. Harkness drove his car to Bangor from Greenville December 4. This was the last company car to make the trip. Mr. Harry Sanders, Sr., of Greenville, went to Guilford on the 14th and found the roads in excellent condition. Greenville is now dependent upon the Bangor and Aroostook and the Canadian Pacific Railroads for transportation.

Mr. F. W. Allen, Government Weather Observer, gives the following report for this period: much cloudiness, only four clear days recorded; unseasonably warm weather except the cold spell of December 4 and 5, when a low temperature reached eight below zero; maximum temperature of 59 degrees on November 16; prevailing wind, Northwest; highest velocity, 36 miles per hour, recorded at 8 P. M. November 16; ample precipitation, a total of 4.46 inches including snowfall of eleven inches; total snowfall to December 15, 24.75 inches.



American Mutual Liability Inc. Co.

GNPCOR

A handful of common sense is worth more than a bushel of learning



W. HARRINGTON, JOHN MORRISON, & HENRY HELYER (INCognito)



FRED
GILBERT—
OX
GREENVILLE



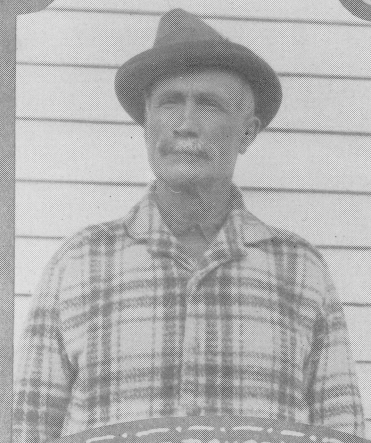
A SUMMER VIEW FROM THE DEPOT CAMP AT BIGELOW OPERATION SHOW-
ING BIGELOW MOUNTAIN WHERE THE
PULPWOOD IS NOW BEING CUT.



CHARLES SEVERANCE



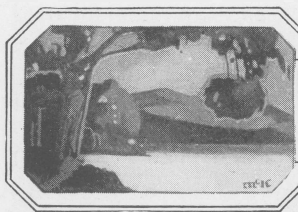
HUGH MEEACHERN—ALVAN GILMAN



FLORENT DOUCETTE

GNPCOR

As no man had a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man ever had a defeat that was not somewhere useful to him—EMERSON



Northern News



Cooper Brook

Louis N. Murphy, Correspondent

Winter has come with its chill and carpet of snow and wheels have been discarded and runners employed in nearly all transportation.

Thanksgiving at Cooper Brook was a very joyful one. Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Hobart took great care and did exceptionally well in preparing and cooking the turkey, chicken, salads, dressings, potatoes, desserts and fruits. Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Burr, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Holden, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hobart, Frank and Faith Holden, J. A. Marceau, H. Ray Smith and Louis Murphy. After the supper all took part in card games and later in the evening refreshments were served. Again we want to thank the women who made the evening such a success. We certainly do appreciate such things.

The log hauler road is very nearly completed and as soon as the garage is finished the steam log haulers will make their appearance.

Charles Reed with a crew is very busy making and assembling log hauler sleds. With his present crew he can assemble two sets per day. There will be a hundred sets used this winter.

We now have about three hundred and fifty men on the operation in two company camps and four jobbers' camps. Yoke Pond camps and storehouse have been closed. The total cut is approximately ten thousand cords.

An automatic 110 Volt Kohler light plant has been installed at the Pleasant River Depot and surely is a great improvement over the kerosene lamps. It agrees with everyone and everything except the radio.

Andy Faulkner is now with us on the operation, in connection with

the hauling of Cooper Brook wood. A camp is being erected for him.

S. R. Robbins, formerly timekeeper at Grindstone, has taken Reginald Pelky's place on the log hauler road.

L. G. White spent three days with us about the middle of the month.

Charles Crossman has a crew of men installing the steam heating plant in the garage.

Walter Crossman is running the light and steam plant.

Seboomook

Paul Paquet, Correspondent

Harold Whitehead has left Seboomook Storehouse and gone to Bigelow Operation. Everyone misses him.

Due to ill health, Austin Harmon has found it necessary to return to his home where he will stay until he gets back to normalcy.

Joseph Paquet, Sr., extended an invitation to the clerical force to attend a Thanksgiving dinner given at Northeast Carry on Thursday evening. A large gathering enjoyed a fine meal which consisted of such choice viands as roast turkey, roast chicken, roast pork, salads, vegetables and the necessary finishing touches which helped to make the occasion one long to be remembered and very much appreciated.

The Locomobile car, which carried mail and passengers from Seboomook to Carry Pond all summer, has been sent to the Greenville Shop for the winter. This is the same car that was erroneously reported in the August number to have been fitted with wheels to run on the rails.

We note from the Michigan Daily of October 21, 1926 that Fred Harlocker was elected president of the senior class of the Law School of the University of Michigan.

Millinocket Mill

A. P. Hume, Correspondent

Forty friends and business associates of Joseph C. Mooney tendered him a farewell banquet on December 18, at the Great Northern Hotel. Mr. Mooney, who is Foreman of the Finishing Department, leaves the company on January 1, to accept a responsible position in New York City. He was the recipient of a beautiful travelling bag; all the speakers expressed regret at Mr. Mooney's departure and wished him the best of success in his new position. William Russell favored with his usual solos, "My Wild Irish Rose" being better than ever. The menu follows:

	<i>Fruit Cocktail</i>	
<i>Celery</i>	<i>Consomme</i>	<i>Olives</i>
	<i>Fried Scallops</i>	
	<i>Roast Chicken</i>	
<i>Mashed Potatoes</i>	<i>Cranberry Sauce</i>	
<i>Turnips</i>	<i>Green Peas</i>	<i>Squash</i>
<i>Ice Cream</i>	<i>Coffee</i>	<i>Cigars</i>
		<i>Cakes</i>

Frank Emery, who is private secretary to Supt. Nevins, will succeed Mr. Mooney as Finishing Department Foreman.

All sorts of sports are in vogue for the winter season. In a whirlwind bout between John Soper and William Toole, John was declared victor on a foul. It is probable that these two popular boys will be brought together again in the future, as the result was disappointing to many of the local sport followers.

Mrs. Harvey Cram and Mrs. Frank Speed were hostesses at a dance held for Mr. and Mrs. Mooney at the hotel on Saturday, Dec. 11. About eighty were present and had an enjoyable time.

The Chamber of Commerce Thanksgiving Dance was very successful. They were able to realize \$135 for the new skating rink.

GNPCOV

*Think all you speak; but speak not all you think;
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more—DELAUNE*

Greenville

D. M. Pearson, Correspondent

Friends of Ray Cripps will be pleased to learn of the improvement in health which he is now enjoying after a long sickness. He wishes to thank his fellow employees and the people of Chesuncook Village for their very generous gift during his illness, and hopes that this message will reach everyone who contributed. Also he wishes to thank those friends who were kind enough to visit him while he was in the hospital.

Funeral services were held at the Union Evangelical Church for Mr. John Ronco, who for a number of years has made his home in Greenville. Previous to his death he suffered a long sickness which required hospital attention during much of the past year. When Mr. Ronco was active, he was known throughout this section of the country as a lumberman of ability and his name was often mentioned in relating tales of the earlier days.

Mr. Roy H. Flynt, proprietor of the Augusta Press, and Mrs. Flynt were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hempstead for the week-end of November 20.

Our old friend "Mouser," whose picture is to be found elsewhere in this issue, writes from Churchill Lake: "There is not much news up here. I was surprised last night (December 10) to see a Ford car come across the dam. It is the first car across the Churchill Lake Dam. It was driven by Charles LaCroix who came from English Lake with his family. They will be here for the winter."

Black Brook Dam

W. E. Wheeler, Correspondent

After nearly three months, with an average crew of about twenty men, Black Brook Dam is nearing completion. It is expected that the job will be finished by the first of the year.

With Leonard Cormier, foreman, and Arthur Brackett, assistant foreman, the work has been going along nicely and has progressed much more rapidly in the last two weeks than had been expected.

The dam is 620 feet long and 8 feet high. As it is located at the termination of a big bog it makes an exceptionally large reservoir.

Black Brook flows into Dead River and is about sixty-four miles from Madison.

Leonard is planning on leaving us just before Christmas to spend the holidays in Boston. Arthur will then take his place and finish the job.

Grant Farm

R. O. Young, Correspondent

With the closing of the lakes men and supplies have been stopping here in constantly increasing quantities. The half-way camp at Deer Pond has been opened and a regular stage is carrying the mails. The road is not in condition to haul the men and the crews have had to hoof it. "Freddy" Morin is driving the stage.

Due to the distemper at the Blair Farm sixteen horses have been sent up to our barns. They seem to be thriving under Bill Connolly's care.



LORRAINE YVONNE BERTRAND

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bertrand, Born August 12, 1922

Bill Proudfoot has just finished putting the buildings in first class order for winter. The Office is resplendent with a whole new set of outside windows. The big house is dolled up in its winter doors and windows, and all the outbuildings have been tinkered.

The wood cutting is progressing favorably, about sixty cords having been scaled to date. Mr. Gary expects to start his new team hauling it out in the very near future.

The Social Service has favored us with some very fine pictures during the last month. A good crowd is always on hand to enjoy them.

Jack Ramsay's radio furnishes exceptionally fine music these long evenings. He can certainly get results with his machine.

Jack visited folks in Aroostook the first of the month. He reports a very pleasant trip. Several of the boys plan to go home for Christmas.

Swift Brook Operation

H. L. Boyle, Correspondent

Ben Stackhouse completed the swamping and skidding of the Swift Brook Tractor Road, on which Cone and Boyle will land the wood to be hauled to Dolby Pond by the way of the new steel bridge at Grindstone.

Few visitors are reported except the ever welcome Bobby Canders.

Ivan Hogan is cutting at No. 1 camp. Ivan is swinging the door open, Gerald Morgan is cooking and Maurice Wottan, the little man with the big voice, is bull cook.

Gerald Morgan reports that the crew is the largest crew of native Maine lumber jacks that he has served for some time.

A pussy willow in full bloom was picked at the water hole on December 14. Even Mother Nature is being fooled by the weather man.

Frank Cone is wintering Real Charlie 2.18¼ in the woods.

"Bobbie," Louis Boyle's faithful little spaniel, was killed on the railroad bridge at Grindstone. "Bobbie" has been a familiar figure around the Cone & Boyle operations for the past five years.

GNPCOV

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves—GARRICK

Seboomook Dam*E. E. Ricker, Correspondent*

As we swing into the winter season here we find both the dam and saw-mill making favorable progress. We shall soon be hearing the buzz of the saws at the mill as they make their way through the big timber cut hereabouts.

A crew under Clarence Sargent has begun to haul the logs cut under the Joseph Paquet Sr. Contract. Robert Hancock is driving the tractor used in this work and Robert Johnson is striking for him. The logs cut at Nigger Brook by "Briscoe" are coming in here in a steady stream.

Among the newcomers here are Nick Mulligan and Paul LeClair both coming from Kineo Road Repairs.

There have been some hot Forty-Five games going on here nights but we are having a hard time to decide who is the champion. At the present time it seems to rest between Frank Parker of the cook room and E. L. Larson of the Division of Forestry Engineering.

Among the visitors here last month were L. G. White, John Hayes, Frank Daley, A. G. Hempstead, John Hatch and D. P. Dunton.

We recently saw the picture entitled "His People," and by the reception that it got it was very evident that it was immensely enjoyed.

Our friend Freeman Williams has left for his home in Kingfield; his going left a place in the cook room that will be hard to fill.

Quite a few of the men spent Christmas Day at home with their families.

C. C. Stevens, better known as "Sandy," was among those that were down river. Joe McLean also made a flying trip.

The well known Fred Stait and Ray Mercereau of the saw-mill crew are regular nightly visitors to listen to the radio and to give lessons to the amateur 63 players that we have here. Among those are included the "Brownville Kid" and a few others that could be named.

Isaac Butterfield is cooking at the saw-mill and is assisted by the well known Charles Benjamin.

The Michaud brothers of Ashland furnish amusement a plenty for the saw-mill crew with their banjo and vocal selections. Fred Stait does the clog dancing.

Rockwood*J. H. Murch, Correspondent*

The new steam-heating system in the machine shop has been completed and is working well.

The old machine shop certainly makes a fine warm garage for the K. P. Toting trucks and tractors.

Speaking of the machine shop, it now has a new fifty-four foot chimney built by the Alphonse Custodis Chimney Construction Company of New York.

Lester Verril, who for the past four months has been employed as storehouse clerk at the Kineo Storehouse, has left and gone to his home in Carmel.

John Vinal, our shipping clerk, plans to return to his home in Boston for Christmas.

Paul Smith, recently a member of the clerical force at the Greenville Shop, Lily Bay and Cooper Brook, has taken up his duties at the Kineo Storehouse.

Mrs. Murphy is enjoying the electric washer which has been added to her laundry.



The old machine shop at Kineo has been converted into a garage. A new brick chimney has been built to replace the old smokestack.

Bigelow Operation*R. S. Huggins, Correspondent*

Emile Leavitt has arrived on the operation to act as Company scaler.

F. C. Gatcombe, the "Shore Dinner King" of Pemaquid Beach, has joined our clerical force.

Raymond McNamara, who was assisting in clerical work, has left.

Harold Whitehead has arrived to handle the storehouse, and is a welcome acquisition to our organization.

As a football result "Dopster" Harold Casey surely wins the "Brown Derby"; Arthur Duffy et al. should consult him before publishing their weekly forecast.

During the past month we have been visited by C. E. Millett, Frank Daley, Phil Bradeen and N. A. Smith.

L. G. White was with us during the first week of the month, assisting in getting out our work.

THANKS

All of us
Lawrence, are
Indebted for
Candy
Enjoyed so much.

James Spinney has taken over the Wm. Vigue job, and Jack Crawford the Paul Legasse job; Charlie "Sure Shot" Ramsdell is clerking the Crawford job.

Forrest Henderson, Blaine French, Guy Winslow and R. S. Huggins have moved their families here, so there is quite a community. There happened to be several cottages vacant near the operation, which solved the housing problem.

The Stratton Brook Dam has been completed, and most of the men working on it have gone to work on the Canada Falls Dam.

Harold Casey, Emile Leavitt, A. F. West and F. C. Gatcombe were guests of Mrs. Huggins for Thanksgiving.

Everything on the operation is going nicely; there is not enough snow yet for hauling at the mountain camps, but some of the camps on the flats are landing pulp.

We take this opportunity to extend to all employees and officials of the Company our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

GNPCO

If you keep on as you are going, where will you deserve to be ten years from now?

Greenville Machine Shop

J. B. Pratt, Correspondent

Superintendent F. V. Schenck underwent an operation and is now back on the job after a three weeks' absence. Everyone is glad to see him back.

A new equipment shed, of the open type, 30 feet by 150 feet, is being constructed beside the other shed in our lower yard. When this is done it will be the fourth equipment shed, which makes quite a cluster of buildings in the back yard.

The four Lombard steam log-haulers are all practically completed and ready for hauling wood.

Frank Nason, who is now connected with the Auditing Department, has been with us accompanied by L. A. O'Connell.

We have a number of new men on our payroll this month, among them C. B. Sawyer, who is captain of one of the Coburn boats in the summer. Others are, Bob Moore, L. E. Pickett, mechanics; Leslie Graham, Harry Brown, Alfred Govan, George Murray, Charles Govan, Fred Gagnon, Thomas Hamil, Joseph Henderson, who have been working on the grading job for the new equipment shed; Arthur Morin, working as carpenter.

Motor Boat Number 26, "Riccochet," has been hauled out of the water and is stored in our yard for the winter.

The two Holt ten-ton tractors, which were purchased of the Hollingsworth and Whitney Company, have been brought to the shop for the once-over before being put into use. We understand that one is to be used on the Cooper Brook Operation this winter.

Leon White gave us a call during the month.

The night work has been suspended for the present, at least through Christmas Week.

The White Truck Gasoline Tank No. 11 has been busy hauling gasoline from the storage tanks here to the up-river tanks, filling gasoline tanks at Grant Farm, Chesuncook Dam, Sias Hill, hauling in all about 12,000 gallons of gasoline.

There are two sets of steam log-hauler sleds completed to go to Cooper Brook Operation along with the log haulers.

We have started constructing a 6,000 gallon sprinkler tank to be used on Cooper Brook Operation this winter. This tank will be seven feet wide, five feet deep and thirty feet long. The bottom of the tank will be made of 6 by 8 spruce and the sides and ends 3½x8.

East Millinocket Mill

L. R. Groves, Correspondent

Alonzo Stevens, who has been submitting to medical treatment, is gradually improving in health and his many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

James Gardner and wife (Nee Miss Ethel Dempsey) are at home to their friends at Pine Street. Congratulations and best wishes, Jimmy, in the new life.

Mrs. Edward Morgan is again at home after a recent visit to the hospital for medical treatment.

Edward Bulmer has severed his connection with the Mill, and departed for the far west in search of new fields of endeavor.

During the absence of Miss Helen Benson from the First Aid Room Mrs. Dr. Dunham is on duty; and First Aid continues on its errand of mercy.

Frank Pearson is the *Deus ex Machina* of the Steam Department during the absence of Mr. Stevens. Keep her up, Frank.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Burr recently made a short visit to Boston and vicinity.

Gilbert Burr is being warmly greeted by his friends after a three years' absence in Europe, where he has been pursuing his studies. Gilbert bears his honors modestly, and we understand made his examinations with honor.

Robert McLeod has been confined to his home for some days. Bob reports that the invalid's life is devoid of charm, and a patient's diet no more nourishing than strips of fog.

Delbert Gardner, Foreman of Paper Machines, is on the sick list at

this writing, but on the road to complete recovery.

The recent concert at the Municipal Building, by the Millinocket Band, was greatly appreciated, especially the musical numbers by the Gates brothers. Come again, boys.

East Millinocket is famous for the number and vigor of its little folks. Day by day they troop to the mill yard, toting the full dinner pail, so dear to the heart of Politics a generation ago. As we see them trudging cheerfully along, bright faced and warmly clad, we feel no apprehension for the future of the State; nor do we view with alarm the trend of the times. Young America in the Making, more power to you!

10 Mile Plant

A. B. Chaplin, Correspondent

Since the boat stopped running, traffic has been heavy by the way of 10 and 20 Mile Plants. At present the roads are in excellent condition. Enough snow has fallen to fill the ruts and travelling is as good now as in mid-summer.

On Saturday, December 11, the folks at the Ten Mile entertained the married couples of the Northern family in Rockwood. The gathering consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Gartley, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Murch, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Morey and Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cochrane. The evening proved to be an enjoyable one for all and the clock was given no attention until a late hour when the company departed.

A new Kohler lighting plant has been installed and is rendering satisfactory service.

George Cassidy, the Lord Mayor of Caucomgomoc, passed here en route to Bangor.

Lily Bay

F. A. Murphy, Correspondent

The lake is sealed over, and the hum of business out of Lily Bay storehouse has perceptibly diminished. The freight is now handled from Greenville, with the exception of the storehouse stock, and what was not hauled away before the close of navigation.

GNPCOM

Don't throw your mouth into high gear until you are sure your brain is turning over

There has been a half way camp opened up by Grant Farm Toting at Second Roach Dam, to handle the overnight traffic to Cooper Brook Operation, and to be used as a Swing camp for the tractors and stage teams. This place is under the foremanship of Henry Madore, who also takes care of the cooking. Sias Hill also is open, under the management of Grant Farm Toting, represented by Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Tewksbury.

"Freddy" Morin has left the Bay, and is now driving the stage team for H. I. Rollins, from Grant Farm to Chesuncook Village. Hearts were heavy the day "Freddy" left Lily Bay, but he was not the only one who caused tears to well. Lloyd Milligan also required his share upon his departure for Second Roach Dam.

Dolby Flowage

Raymond Fernald, Correspondent

With his crew of eighteen men, Wilbur Erskine is rapidly completing the new conveyor. The trough, which is five hundred feet long, is nearly finished and the men have the tressle up 35 feet.

The mill crew, with Ernest Williams as sawyer, is turning out the lumber as fast as the boys arrive. They sawed 37,277 feet of pine and 1,775 feet of hard wood in seven days.

Two of the five hogs raised here under the careful hand of Harold Duffy were butchered recently. One was immediately shipped to the depot camp—we are enjoying the other. The smell of fresh pork, as the Conley brothers perform, permeates the ozone and encourages the men.

Conveyor No. 1 is dumping a steady stream of pulp into the fowage. Five men under Carl Hughes are stationed here to handle the wood.

Harold Gray, the gate keeper, is kept busy at irregular intervals. The ideal condition of the road affords good wheeling and the traffic has been heavy.

Grindstone

A. J. Bertrand, Correspondent

H. S. Robbins, former timekeeper at Dolby Pond, is now at Cooper Brook. His place at Dolby Pond is being taken by Ray Fernald, who was previously keeping time on the Swift Brook Tractor Road Construction job.

R. G. Lothrop, who has been clerk here for the past two and one-half years, has severed his connection with this operation and returned to his home in Monticello. A. J. Bertrand is taking his place.

On Thanksgiving Day the office force was entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Flower and at supper by Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Chase.

The construction of the Grindstone bridge is being pushed right along; the piers are finished and the steel is expected to be all laid by the 18th; some of the flooring has already been put on.

George F. Price was the lucky winner at a raffle conducted by A. T. Flower, the genial proprietor of the Flower Department Store. George won a set of garters and armlets. He may use the armlets.

The movie "His People" was shown to a very large crowd at the depot camp and was greatly appreciated. Jim Donnelly couldn't quite understand Sammie's ability to withstand such punishment, but then, Jim! Didn't Tunney lick Dempsey?

Pete Cummings is now the chef at the depot. Pete may not be a flapper but he is certainly there when it comes to turning out the flapjacks. Tom Whelan and Walter Richardson are kept busy toting them to the table.



GNPCO

Obstinacy is the ego's peacock plumes

We are glad to see Tom Leet back again after having been sick with the flu.

Murtagh Hughes Contract under the supervision of Carl Hughes has completed the work of repairing the Grindstone-Dolby Pond Road. He is now engaged in hauling pulp wood from the big pile to Dolby Pond, fourteen trucks, ranging from a Ford to a seven and a half ton Mack, being engaged in the work.

A crew of four men under the supervision of George Maguire recently got out some spruce logs that were shipped to Orono for the construction of a log cabin for Pi Phi Sorority. Two carloads of logs were cut and peeled. Barney McLellan was foreman.

Timothy Finn was at work in a pit at Grindstone recently when the wall of gravel caved in on him. He escaped all right just as Supt. Mooney came along. Mr. Mooney told him he couldn't have picked out a nicer place for a grave and that an Irishman ought to be buried deep.

Tim said, "But I don't want to be buried here, I want to be buried in a Jewish cemetery."

"Bud" asked him why.

Tim replied, "Because it's the last place the devil would ever look for an Irishman."

Sias Hill

L. E. Tewksbury, Correspondent

L. E. Tewksbury is caretaker.

Mrs. L. E. Tewksbury has just returned from the Greenville hospital and is doing the cooking through the winter months.

Albert Holmes and Louis St. Peter are cutting wood for the winter's supply.

Malcolm Martin left the gate open December 1 and has gone to parts unknown.

Phil Cody and Asa Thibodeau have been making their headquarters here.

Division of Forest Engineering

L. E. Houghton, Correspondent

G. E. Wing is making his headquarters at Northeast Carry, and ranges from the Arthur Paquet Contract at Burbank to Fred

Gilbert's job on East Middlesex. E. F. Jones has passed some time at Bigelow lately.

H. W. Wright has made several visits to Seboomook Dam.

Gerald F. Baker is inspecting at the John Hayes Contract.

Louis Cook has returned from his vacation, part of which was spent around Boston.

Mr. William Hilton has made several visits to Grindstone.

Frank McKendrick is inspecting on the Groleau Contract at Caucomogoc Lake.

Ora Eastman is at Tom Ranney's operation in a similar capacity.



It's A Moose

Contributed by a Stranger

On November 20, a company superintendent and a prominent member of the Forestry Department were cruising Soldier Town for pulpwood. The day was pleasant and the topic of conversation ran to four foot wood which is always a likely subject when the scene is laid on an old tote road. They had just reached the end of the hauling stage and were about to start the drive when a slight noise was heard—a noise which is instantly caught by the trained ear of the veteran woodsman and brings him to the realization that he is not alone. His first thought on hearing such a sound is to discover the source of it, and then to proceed on his way. In this incident, the forester took the burden of the responsibility created by the curiosity of the two, and endeavoured to clear all the mystery surrounding the slight noise which took them unawares.

Thoughts of a rabbit, possibly a partridge or even a deer and so on,

were being entertained in his mind as he took cautious steps in the direction of the place where the strange sound was first heard.

It must have been the expression on his face, perhaps it was the sudden change in his pace or was it a direct intuition——? By the time he had finished his exclamation of "It's a moose!!!!," his companion, the superintendent, had reached a lofty peak and had the situation settled in his mind as he gazed on the scene from the tree.

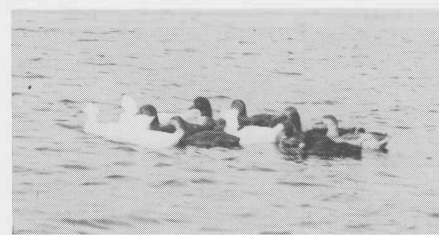
The forester was less fortunate,—he found no suitable tree to climb. He was seeking out an old windfall when he discovered that the moose, meeting with no opposition from the two brave cruisers, had left the scene and returned to his haunts to tell his children the tale of a bloodless victory.

A Nine Year Old Life Saver

It was at Grindstone in the early part of November, when the ice was beginning to form in the river around the shores and a little along the edge of the boom, that a tragedy was narrowly averted. At this time, the boom was the sole means of travel from the depot camps to the station and schoolhouse. Everyone felt a sense of relief each day when the children were safely over the boom, but to the children them-

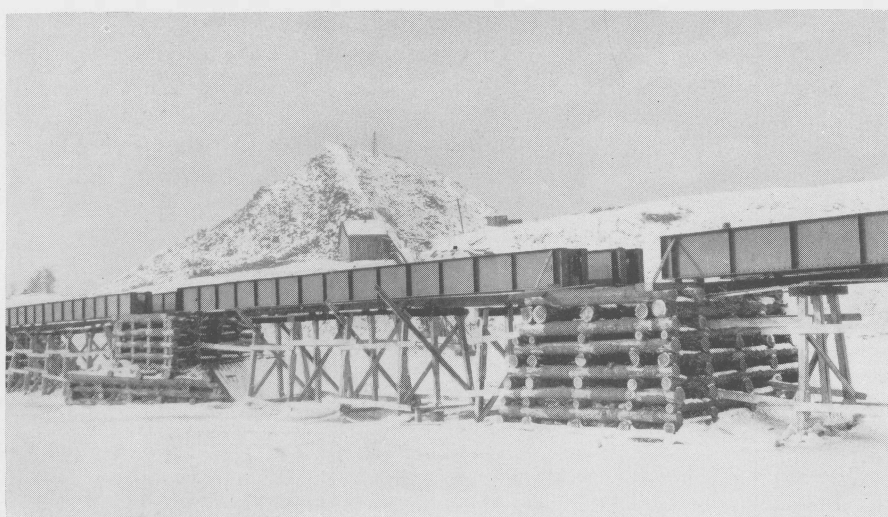
selves it did not seem so treacherous. Billy Brice, with his small friend Billy Chase, aged nine years, started over the boom one day, and without realizing the danger began to break the ice with his foot. When one piece seemed a little stubborn, he put more pressure on it. As the ice gave way, it took him off his balance and he plunged into the river.

It was a test for Billy Chase. He had no means of assistance at hand and had to rely on his presence of mind. This he maintained in a way to prove himself a true hero. Just as little Billy Brice was going down for the third time, he succeeded in catching hold of him from the boom and pulled him out, wet and cold but otherwise all right.



Mrs. Lane's Ducks

We hear that the Thanksgiving dinner at 40 Mile was remarkable. Mrs. Lane's hand-raised ducks and chickens contributed greatly to the success of the dinner.



The new Grindstone Bridge had reached this stage December 15. When it is completed men will cross the river on it instead of on the ice as they are doing in the picture on this month's cover.

GNPCO

The darkest night that ever fell on the earth never put out the stars—GEORGE ELLIOT

The Junk Box

By Edgar A. Guest

My father often used to say:
"My boy don't throw a thing away:
You'll find a use for it some day."

So in a box he stored up things,
Bent nails, old washers, pipes and rings,
And bolts and nuts and rusty springs.

Despite each blemish and each flaw,
Some use for everything he saw;
With things material, this was law.

And often when he'd work to do,
He searched the junk box through and through
And found old stuff as good as new.

And I have often thought since then,
That father did the same with men;
He knew he'd need their help again.

It seems to me he understood
That men, as well as iron and wood,
May broken be and still be good.

Despite the vices he'd display
He never threw a man away,
But kept him for another day.

A human junk box is this earth
And into it we're tossed at birth,
To wait the day we'll be of worth.

Though bent and twisted, weak of will,
And full of flaws and lacking skill,
Some service each can render still.

