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The
Northern
March 1927



The Northern

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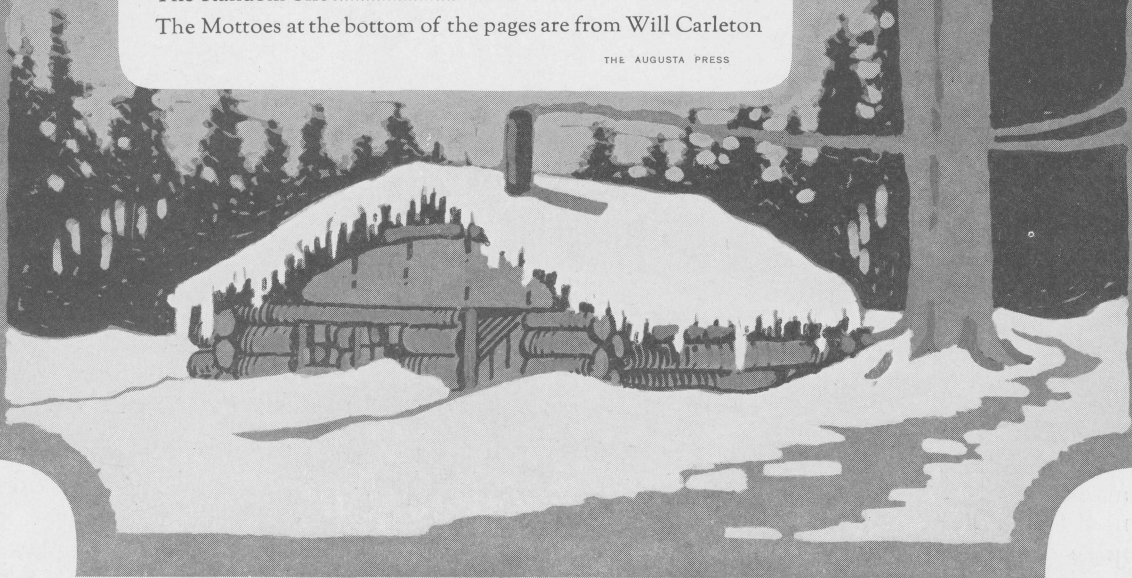
Contents

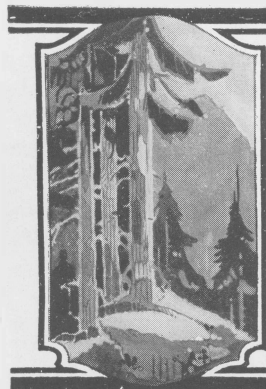
A. G. Hempstead, Superintendent Social Service, Editor

VOL. VI MARCH, 1927 NO. 12

Ragged Stream in March by A. G. Hempstead.....	Cover
The Maine Forest Service.....	3
By Stanley Foss Bartlett	
The Taste of the Times Rapidly Destroying the Spruce Gum Industry	5
A Moosehead Lake Episode of 1835	7
Comment Page	8
Picture Page	9
Northern News	10
Popular Professor Accepts Position with the Great Northern Paper Company.....	14
Cooper Brook Garage Fire	15
The Random Shot.....	Back Cover
The Mottoes at the bottom of the pages are from Will Carleton	

THE AUGUSTA PRESS





The Northern

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



The Maine Forest Service

By STANLEY FOSS BARTLETT

PERHAPS you have seen the snarling demon, fire, curl scarlet tongues up through the sighing boughs of spruce. It is possible that you have felt the fiery breath of a "crown-fire" on rampage, or have heard its threatening roar in the distance, or have seen the heavens black with pitch smoke and starred with sparks. More likely, you have looked upon charred acres of denuded forest land where only the long winds came among the gaunt tree ghosts to lay snow and rain on the barren stones. Such are the sacrifices of the Maker to the carelessness of man.

In an endeavor to prevent waste and destruction of Maine's greatest natural resource by fire, insects, disease and careless lumbering, a greater part of the forested land within the state is protected by the Maine Forest Service. This protected area, known as the Maine Forestry District, has a total area of nearly 10,000,000 acres. Any adjoining town may become a part of the district if the majority of its citizens so desire. The cost of this organized protection is met by levying a tax of $2\frac{1}{4}$ mills on the dollar, on all land within the territory.

The Maine Forestry District is divided into thirty sub-divisions, each in charge of a chief forest fire warden, who is subject to instructions from the Forest Commissioner at Augusta. These wardens execute

work planned for them and supervise the personnel, which consists of lookout-watchmen, patrolmen and other deputy wardens.

The Service has established a lookout system consisting of seventy-five lookout towers equipped with telephones, fire-finders, etc., where watchmen are stationed during the dry seasons. Patrolmen, whose

duties are largely educational and preventive, are placed along railroads, roads and streams. They also endeavor to extinguish fires, detected by themselves or others, before they have gained dangerous headway. During wet weather, these men are given other work such as constructing and repairing telephone lines, trails, bridges and camps also placing fire warning signs and clearing camp sites.

Public camping places have been improved in suitable locations and the Forest Service can now properly insist upon campers and tourists using them, thus greatly reducing the fire hazard. Over ten thousand metal fire warning signs are distributed throughout frequented territory every year.

This fire protection includes, as well, the enforcement of slash laws, control of brush burning, penalties for leaving unextinguished fires, screening of smoking-car windows, use of spark arresters on all locomotives and licensing of portable sawmills. Maine's forestry plan is unique in that no other state has a similar one and it is apparently successful for the average area burned each year amounts to only 0.35 of 1%.

Permanent improvements are made to the extent of the part of the yearly appropriations available. For instance, during the last two seasons the Service purchased 13 automobiles, 3 motor-boats, 36



One of the seventy-five Fire Lookout Towers of the Maine Forestry Service

GNPCO

Glory soon tarnishes if not constantly polished by work

canoes, and 13 gasoline pumps, located 34 camp sites and made other minor additions. The state also bought enough fire fighting tools to equip 10,000 men. Ninety camps, seventy-six lookout stations, fifty-five of them steel, and over fourteen hundred miles of telephone line, besides much equipment are now state-owned. The permanent force of the Maine Forest Service numbers about 450 men.

Cooperation with towns, railroads, private land-owners and the federal government has been highly successful and agreeable. Public instruction in forestry is offered at the University of Maine where good attendance is registered and the instruction is in charge of an efficient faculty. Experiments and research work in relation to insect and disease control and reforestation are carried on here. Practical camp courses in Logging Engineering, Forest Management, and Cruising and Mapping are offered. Incidentally, these courses are made possible by the interest and courtesy of the Great Northern Paper Co., in providing full camp equipment and facilities on an actual operation. The State Forest Nursery is operated as a field laboratory for the students in silviculture. This nursery has produced and sold to Maine forest planters over 1,750,000 seedlings and transplants. Although its present capacity cannot supply one tenth of the present demand, lack of funds prevents expansion.

The presence of injurious insects and diseases in the forests of the state commands immediate and continuous attention. The lack of sufficient appropriations makes it very difficult to combat these tree enemies. Cooperating with the federal government, the Maine Forest Service is endeavoring to exterminate the deadly White Pine Blister Rust which has gained a dangerous foothold, especially in the southern part of the state. In some sections it was found that as high as 75 to 90% of the trees were diseased. To control this disease it is necessary to destroy all currant and gooseberry bushes within sev-

eral hundred feet of the trees. Pine owners, together with towns and the state, have made rapid strides in control work in the last two years.

Because there are insufficient funds for entomology work, little can be done in this field other than attending to the hundreds of inquiries which are received from individuals. The department has published two bulletins, entitled, "Insects Attacking Forest and Shade Trees," and "Estimating Forest Insect Damage." A field laboratory was established in the Rangeley region in 1924, where studies were made of the Spruce Budworm, Larch Sawfly, Larch Case Bearer, and Bark Beetles. It is highly essential that as much knowledge as possible be immediately collected, so that it can be applied as soon as outbreaks occur, for little can be done after an outbreak assumes epidemic form.

As in the past in other fields, Maine has been a leader in forest conservation. In view of the fact that the Pine Tree State's forests are of inestimable commercial and aesthetic value, and that they are its greatest natural resource, citizens of the state and the thousands from other states, who spend a part of each year in Maine, should be interested in the preservation of the forests that cover its hills and shade its waterways and roads.

So, besides giving legislative support, let us not forget the Maine Forest Service signs along the way—Woodsmen, Burned Forests Mean No Work for You; Fishermen, Fires Dry Up Streams; Hunters, Fires Drive Out and Kill Game; Motorists, Be Careful with Fire.



Use Your Head

A woodpecker pecks
Out a great many specks
Of sawdust
When building a hut;
He works like a nigger
To make the hole bigger,
He's sore if his cutter won't cut.
He doesn't bother with plans
Of cheap artisans,
But there's one thing
Can rightly be said;
The whole excavation
Has this explanation,
He builds it
By
Using
His
Head.

—Selected.



A public camping site sponsored by the Maine Forest Service

GNPCO

Do not put on a full head of steam until you have examined the brakes

The Taste of the Times Affects the Market of Spruce, the Original Chewing Gum

Alfred Elden interviews Harry Davis, the Spruce Gum King

"GATHERING spruce gum and marketing it is not what it was twenty years ago."

The speaker was Harry Davis, unchallenged spruce gum king of Maine, former guide and trapper, natural woodsman, raconteur, lover of the great outdoors and—occasional poet.

Because a timber cruiser told me that where there were 100 gum pickers in the Maine woods a quarter of a century back, there is one to-day, I sought Mr. Davis for denial or corroboration.

"Your informant came pretty near a bulls-eye," Mr. Davis admitted. "When I started my factory here at Monson about twenty years ago there might have been a dozen concerns doing a good business in spruce gum. One by one they have dropped out.

"This winter I have from 12 to 15 professional gum pickers gathering gum in the Maine forests. I buy from any others who can furnish me the required standard. Woodsmen up in Canada are among those who send in spruce gum from time to time. I also buy from the amateurs who try the game—when ever they have anything worth buying.

"Annually I handle about a ton, or perhaps from 2,000 to 2,500 pounds of the finest quality gum; and about 10 tons or from 20,000 to 25,000 pounds of the inferior qualities or by-product as we call it. This latter is melted or strained and made up into penny sticks that are still popular in certain sections. This gum is just as pure as the prime nuggets, not being adulterated in any manner, only softened a bit to make it more chewable."

Where Lies the Market

I asked Mr. Davis why the demand for spruce gum is ever lessen-

ing and where he finds his markets.

"Easy enough to answer that," he smiled. "The younger generation has grown up without any knowledge of real spruce gum. Our boys and girls to-day largely chew the sweet, manufactured article. Give a lot of them a nice nugget of spruce and set them to work on it and they would probably spit it out and swear you were trying to poison them!



After Spruce Gum

"The market to-day is chiefly among the older people, those who chewed spruce gum when they were youngsters and still hanker for a cud of the real thing. I sell in Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont. A smaller demand comes from some sections of the west where years ago there were fine spruce forests. Then, too, from all parts of the country occasional small lots are bought by middle-

aged or elderly New Englanders now living elsewhere but who can't forget the good old spruce gum of boyhood and girlhood.

"But you can understand why the demand for spruce is lessening. The oldsters are passing on and the youngsters don't know what they are missing. So, where ignorance is bliss—well, I'm afraid there isn't much chance of educating them up to spruce gum."

"How about the financial end of gum gathering?" I inquired. "Does it pay the pickers, and what prices for the different grades can they get?"

"Glad you asked that," answered the spruce gum king. "Nothing secret about it. Professional gum pickers will average around \$5 a day. I pay them \$4 a pound for the very best, clear gum, and for extra fine quality have occasionally gone as high as \$4.50. Average prices to the pickers, however, are \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50 a pound. Cheaper grades go to the artificial gum manufacturers who utilize them as a by-product but pay small prices.

"Now, if you go to your drug store to-day to buy spruce gum at retail, what do you pay? If you place a silver dollar on the druggist's scale, all the clear gum it will buy will be twice its own weight. Fifty cents an ounce!

"I have a retail druggist in Portland and another in Bangor who every year buy approximately 150 pounds of the finest quality spruce gum. They pay me around \$700 apiece and retail it at 50c per ounce. Considering waste, time in handling, paper and twine for wrapping, and the comparatively small demand, their profit is no more than fair.

"I tried to sell a New York druggist some best quality gum recently. When I told him \$4.50 a pound he nearly fainted, and said he ought to have a better price on a large lot.

GNPCOR

A man is known by the company he is able to keep

Amateurs are Disappointed

"It is the amateur woodsmen who think they are going to get rich at the spruce gum game. Generally they run across some professional picker. Maybe he will show them a sack of fine, first quality gum—possibly there will be 10 pounds of it. When they are told that I pay \$3 a pound or more for that sort they begin to figure. Equipment doesn't cost much so they strike out.

"Now, what they don't know is that no more than one per cent of all the spruce gum picked is of high, first quality. The kind of gum that brings the real money must be just right. Some is toolight in color, some too dark; some pitchy, some crumbly. Prime nuggets are none too plentiful—then, too, it takes an expert gum gatherer to know where they are hidden.

"The amateurs don't take those things into consideration, but go ahead on their own hook. A very little first quality and a great sackful of the inferior grades are what they bring in. They have asked few questions and reason that if the finest is worth say \$3 or \$3.50 a pound, poorer grades ought to be worth at least half that. Besides, it's so much easier to get the poor gum!

"If they come to me I generally find they have two or three handfuls of very good gum for which I pay the best price, and a big lot of the other kind. When I tell them it is worth no more than 25 to 35 cents a pound, and that only as a by-product for the manufacturers of artificial gums, they soon lose all interest in gumming as a get-rich-quick game."

It is a Man's Game

"Pretty strenuous game, this going after it," I suggested. "The woods in winter are no place for a tender-foot."

"Yes, it is a man's game," conceded Mr. Davis. "The experts usually work together, two or three of them. The real gummers look their field over carefully in summer when they can get around easily

and the looking is good. They spot likely territory and suitable locations for shelter. Sometimes they arrange to occupy the office of an unused lumber camp. A few have camps of their own at points where they know there is good gum within fairly easy travel.

"The professionals carry a light, sharp hatchet, a long pole with a sharp chisel fastened to one end and just under it an open-mouthed canvas bag. When they spot the little gum nugget or tit, they snip it off with the chisel and it falls into the bag. Nearer the ground within hand reach they use the hatchet.

"Of course the little bag is frequently emptied into a pouch the picker carries slung from his belt. In camp the gum pickers have a set of creepers in case they come across a tree with what looks like a promising pocket of gum up too high for their chisel. But this seldom happens—not often enough to warrant packing the heavy climbers around.

"These chaps work systematically, where the amateur rambles hap-hazard. The professional will go up a mountain side on snowshoes to the summit. Then he will work down covering a strip of forest several feet wide. Maybe he will be a day doing this and he will have established his camp near the starting point at the foot of the mountain. Next day he goes up his original trail and works back through another strip of spruce timber. At the base of the mountain it is an easy walk to camp.

"The next ascent over the now well-defined path is comparatively easy and the descent takes in still another belt of forest having gum possibilities. And so on until the gum picker has covered the entire mountain. What gum he misses won't be worth much. This simply illustrates a difference in the methods of the professionals and the amateurs. The latter wandering here and there without a regular system use up a lot of time, miss a lot of gum and frequently cover the same ground two or three times. Not so with the experts."

"What was the biggest nugget of gum you ever saw?" I asked. "How much did it weigh and what would it bring?"

"I have seen some stories written about the Maine woods," Mr. Davis smiled, "that would make you think chunks of pure gum as big as croquet balls were common. I've never run across any that size. Largest ones I ever knew anything about were as big as hen's eggs and would be worth maybe a dollar apiece. That size was quite common a quarter of a century back but not many of them come in to-day.

What Spruce Gum Is

"Do you know what gum is? I believe the dictionary calls it something like 'the hardened resinous exudation from the spruce,' but it doesn't say what causes it. Wherever you find spruce gum you may be sure there was a bruise on the tree; a bruise that went through the outside bark to the cambria layer which is where the gum oozes from. It is nature's healing balm for its wounded trees.

"I've had a gum picker swear that he had picked gum off of perfectly sound bark, but investigation showed differently. He had a lot of beautifully clear, round pieces a little larger than a good sized pea. Upon careful examination of the tree where he got it we found that some sort of borers had worked tiny punctures through the outer bark to the cambria layer. Through these gum oozed out and hardened. When the picker chiseled it off smooth to the bark no wound showed, but we found there *was* a very small hole into which you could push a knitting needle or a match once the gum was cleared from it.

"No, sir; no bruise, no gum! Sometimes a tree in falling will rasp down along the trunk of another, breaking through the outer bark to the cambria layer. That is likely to make a lot of good gum when nature tries to heal the wound. But if in its course the tree tears through the outer bark and the cambria layer too, destroying that, there'll be no gum."

GNPCO

Men's gifts are no credit to them; only their acquirements are commendable

A Moosehead Lake Episode of 1835

An old letter in the possession of Fred Bigney of Greenville

WILLIAM CUMMINGS, the writer of the following letter, came to Greenville about 1828 from Parkman. He had formerly lived in Greene. He cleared what is now known as the Walden Farm and lived there until the discovery of gold in California. Several men left Greenville for California in '49 or a little later,—Edmund Scammon, John H. Eveleth, Josiah Hinckley, B. S. Tyler, Thomas Young and perhaps others. Mr. Cummings started on the journey but was taken ill in Biddeford and died there.

His brother Silas afterwards occupied the farm, later owned by his nephew Edwin O. Walden, whose son Harold now carries it on. So far as can be discovered, the money asked for in this letter was not granted.

Messrs. Gentlemen of the Corporation of Moosehead Lake:

"To the gentlemen who are owners in the corporation at the outlet of Moosehead Lake. I would wish to make known the risk that I have undergone of my own life and the loss that I have met with this week while employed by one of your men from the outlet in carrying supplies across the lake. I started with my horse and pung on Tuesday morning, the 28th of April, 1835, with one of your men and a load of supplies to carry to the outlet. We arrived to the outlet about 9 o'clock in the morning. It immediately began to snow very fast. I thought it not expedient to tarry long as I had but little fodder with me and no shelter for the horse. I eat a bit of victuals and started for home between 9 and 10, not taking any food with me as I expected to arrive home in a few hours. The storm increased so that the wind blew. I could not see but a little distance. I missed my way and went down the west side of Deer Island where it was open and got within a few rods of the water

before I discovered the danger I was in. As the weather was uncommonly tedious and dark for the time of day, I turned about and made for the other side of the Island. I pursued until I got a considerable distance down the other side of the Island but to my surprise I soon found I could not discover land in any direction. It being the most tedious storm I ever experienced on the Lake, the wind so hard to face my horse wheeled around a number of times. I found myself lost and knew not where to start. My horse beginning to be some fatigued beating against the wind, I gave her some hay I had left in my pung, thinking to travel a little distance and see whether I was going to or from home. I traveled from my horse further than I was aware and lost sight of her. Neither could I follow my own tracks back. I continued to travel until I came to a small island but where I was I knew not, although I had traveled up and down many a time. I traveled in pursuit of my horse a number of hours till I got so fatigued that I found I must make for some camp or perish myself. About sunset I found one with the roof broken in, no firewood to be found. I went at once to the hovel and found it a poor habitation for a cold and stormy night. I traveled on some further but could find no other camp. I turned back to the desolate hovel, it being about dark. My clothes wet to my back, no fire, no supper, and a cold hovel with the floor covered with snow. Gentle-

men, think for a moment how you would feel in this situation. I spent the chief part of the night in traveling from one end of the hovel to the other to keep myself from perishing. A long night it was to me. When daylight appeared I still found myself lost but as the storm had come to a close, I could ascertain a south course which soon brought me in sight of Mr. Scammon's opening. The new snow being about one foot deep and the traveling hard, when I got to Sandy Bay I was almost exhausted. Gentlemen, I do not consider you under any obligation to recompense, yet I would hardly ask a deed of charity. As I have lost a horse that was in good order to perform labor on my farm this spring and am left with only a yoke of steers to do my work. We all have the promise of a reward if we help the needy in their distress."

Yours with respect,

WM. CUMMINGS

"We, the undersigners, can testify that Mr. Cummings returned from the lake on Wednesday, the 29th of April after being on the Lake and employed in carrying supplies to the outlet was overtaken with a violent and tedious storm. When we saw him coming he appeared to be exhausted. We met him and led him to the house and went immediately in search of his horse and found her dead on the ice, covered with the snow that had fallen."

J. EDMUND SCAMMON
BARNABAS T. RICH
EDMUND SCAMMON



GNPCOV

Not all the sour grapes are by any means out of reach



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

The Measure of Success

In his lecture, "Acres of Diamonds", Dr. Russell H. Conwell told of a man in California who, when gold was discovered in southern California, sold his ranch to Colonel Sutter and went to the southern part of the state in search of gold. In '49, two years later, gold was discovered on Colonel Sutter's ranch. In all, thirty-eight millions of dollars have since been taken from the land that this would-be prospector sold. It is natural to look for success somewhere else.

Many fortunes were made by people who listened to Dr. Conwell's famous lecture. For the most part, they were not of the nature of gold mines on a ranch. His real message was that, wherever there is a human need, there is a fortune for the person who can satisfy it. One woman who listened to his lecture was so impressed by it that she began looking for a way to make her fortune by meeting some human need. Her husband made light of her hopes and as he unhooked her dress on the night of the lecture in their home town, he sarcastically remarked that she would make a fortune if she could make it unnecessary for a man to unhook his wife's dress. That woman invented snaps which have so largely replaced hooks on women's clothes; she satisfied a real need and made a fortune. The hooks on dresses had vexed many men and women to whom it had never occurred that there was a fortune in overcoming this little annoyance.

These two illustrations seem far removed from the possibilities open

to us. Whether or not we make fortunes or overlook opportunities for the making of fortunes, there is a point common to both tales that we should bear in mind—success lies near at hand and real opportunities are not a long way off. The best place to prove the stuff that is in us is right where we are.

Even in an organization as large as the Great Northern Paper Company every clerk, mechanic, driver or other worker has established within a short time of his coming to the company a reputation that will largely tell how far he will go. Those who work with him and know him can characterize him as dependable, accurate, faithful, ambitious, and willing to work, or as careless, forgetful, lazy, quarrelsome, and troublesome. Talk of what he has done or will do does not change this reputation. Generally speaking, making the allowance for some misfits, the person who is always looking for success in a distant field seldom finds it wherever he may be.

Success is relative. What is success for one person is failure for another. There is no standard that can be set arbitrarily, for the goal depends on the capabilities of the person and certain limitations im-

posed by circumstances such as family responsibilities and health. Any one who has been to a fortune teller or who has had his handwriting analyzed has been told of his latent possibilities that have not been developed. This is a safe remark to make about almost anybody. Relatively few people are accomplishing all they are capable of doing; these are successes wherever they are and whatever they are doing. Booker T. Washington claimed that his chance in life came because he swept a floor thoroughly. He was applying without funds for admission to a school and was told to sweep a floor while his case was being considered. He did a thorough piece of work and was given the opportunity to attend school. He did not continue sweeping floors the rest of his life but whatever task he had to perform was done with the same thoroughness and faithfulness. Faithfulness to the task at hand is the measure of success.

Don't Fall Overboard

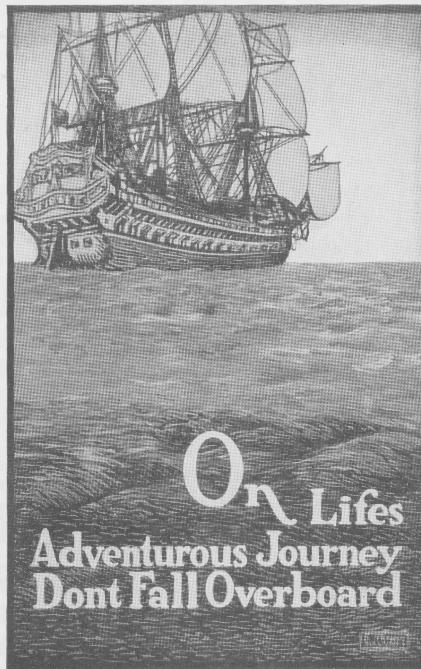
Ships ornament everything from door-steps to Christmas cards. The square rigged ship and the clipper ship have come into their own, sentimentally. Even safety posters have turned to ships. While the ships hold the attention of all as they rest becalmed on the library table or on the mantel over the fire-place, let us read again Elbert Hubbard's lesson from ships:

A big business is a steamship bound for a port called Success. It takes a large force of men to operate this boat. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but it is the price of every other good thing, including steamboating.

To keep this steamship moving, the captain requires the assistance of hundreds of people who have a singleness of aim—one purpose—a desire to do the right thing and the best thing in order that the ship shall move steadily, surely, and safely on her course.

Curiously enough, there are men constantly falling overboard. These folks who fall overboard are always cautioned to keep away from dangerous places; still, there are those who delight in taking risks. These individuals who fall off, and cling to floating spars, or are picked up by passing craft, usually declare that they were "discharged." They say the Captain or the Mate or their comrades had it in for them.

(Continued on Page 15)



American Mutual Liability Ins. Co.

GNPCO

A hundred tell you what to do for every one that tells you how

Some of the
Brothers in the

Spruce Wood
Department



WILBUR and WALTER COLE



WILLIAM and WINFIELD RYDER



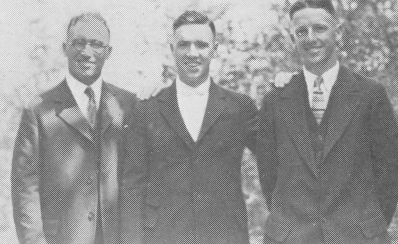
CARL and CLYDE FERGUSON



ARTHUR, PEARSON
and
HOWARD MacFADDEN



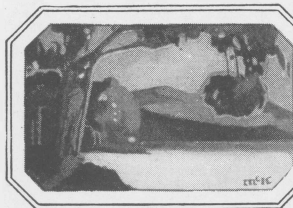
WILLIAM and CHARLES PAGE



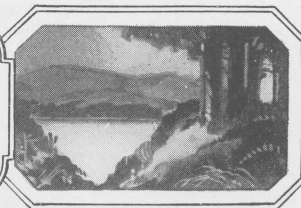
HUGH, LEO and LAWRENCE DESMOND

GNPCOR

If you really want to please a friend, let him furnish all the originality



Northern News



East Millinocket Mill

L. R. Groves, Correspondent

Archie Slocum is still incapacitated as the result of injuries sustained at the Grinder Room some time ago. His many friends hope for a rapid recovery.

Burdette Nicholson has been taken to Bangor for medical treatment; he has been unable to work for some months.

Clarence Stevens is the happy father of a fine boy, born at Bryant's Hospital some time ago.

The friends of Fred Michaud, who has been in Bangor for treatment, are glad to hear of his improved health. Fred is seventy-seven years of age, and until recently has been able to do a good day's work. His side partner on the tote team, Al Severance, is but seventy-eight, and can still step out with the best of 'em. This Northern air is sure great stuff.

Ivan Ames has taken the position made vacant by the transfer of A. R. Caspar to Millinocket Mill. On January 29th, a farewell banquet was tendered Mr. Caspar by his associates and friends. The menu was varied and tasty, the toasts and speeches were excellent and the Fitzgerald Classic, "Sweet Adeline," was never more harmoniously rendered.

The sympathy of the community is tendered Mr. Benjamin Files and family in the loss of a loving wife and mother. The many floral tributes attested the esteem in which the deceased was held. May she rest in peace, awaiting the dawn of a brighter day.

The Garrett Schenck Jr. Memorial High School is now functioning in all Departments. This building is a wonderful asset to the town, and reflects great credit on the Committee in charge of its construction.

Lewis Gray mingled up with a

steam pipe, coming off a bad second. At this writing his hand is greatly improved.

Many have been afflicted more or less with the prevailing cold, or mild form of flu.

WANTED—Some one who can run fast to act as Judge at a proposed baby show, for babies one year old and under. Positively no recourse to Management.

Canada Falls Dam

L. E. Desmond, Correspondent

Everything is serene along the South Branch of the Penobscot River. Deep snow is somewhat of a handicap to the crew cutting timber.

Billy Cantwell with his four trusty steeds makes four turns a day on a three mile road.

Howard Bennett, of Haddenfield, N. J., has joined the cook room force. Howard gives us some pointers on how to act in a large city.

Leonard Cormier is back in the harness after having enjoyed a much deserved vacation. He visited friends and relatives in Fitchburg, Leominster and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Foster made a trip to Rockwood this month. On the way back Roland shoveled a lot of snow.

Angus Commeau spent a few days down river this month.

Ashland Branch Operation

E. M. Sawyer, Correspondent

A. J. Spearin is doing good work this winter with his tractors, hauling three and four sets of sleds to a load with about six cords of pulpwood to the set. The roads are the best, about five miles long and iced to make hauling good.

Ernest Tozier is cook at Shorey Siding and W. L. Spearin is clerking the job. He has a fine radio which entertains a great many especially Roland Brown the blacksmith. He knows how to tune in.

Levi Cyr is the foreman in charge of the wood that is being hauled.

Mr. Spearin reports that he is much pleased with the work of the Fordson Tractors. At the present they are hauling as high as 100 cords a day with the two tractors. Frank Brown wants to know where the power comes from.

Greenlaw and Thomas are hauling their wood very fast with both tractors and teams. Two sets of sleds with about ten cords make up a load.

George Burke has his family with him at Squa Pan Lake.

Addison Greenlaw is the foreman at Nowlands Siding and Sam Oakes is at Walker Siding.

Thomas Pinkham is going ahead fast with his hauling. He is at Portage and Eagle Lakes.

Chesuncook-Chamberlain Lake R. R.

S. W. Morin, Correspondent

John Emmett Mea, head clerk of this operation, having been steadily on this job a year, (367 days, to be correct) leaves with his familiar winning smile for parts unknown to spend his well-earned vacation. Have a good time, Johnny, but don't stay away too long because we all miss you.

The round house for the Plymouth locomotive is now completed and also the temporary covering for the Deisel Shovel. Foreman Robert Kearsse and his crew have been transferred to a new job.

10 Mile Plant

A. B. Chaplin, Correspondent

Fewer people have travelled on the road in the past month than any month since the Chaplins have been at the Ten Mile. All the jobbers seem to have their toting about done and the weather has not been such as to invite riding for pleasure. In

GNPCOV

If you get anything below cost, don't buy too much of anything else at the same place

the month we have had two good snowstorms and have had snow flurries about every day, so, taken all in all, the weather has not been very inviting.

Our ice which was cut at Moosehead Lake by J. E. Lamb and hauled by the K. P. Toting was from fifteen to seventeen inches thick, solid blue ice of the best quality.

A fine evening's entertainment of moving pictures was presented by Don Pearson of the Social Service Department.

Sias Hill

L. E. Tewksbury, Correspondent

Call Murray and Maurice Hall have installed new batteries for the lighting plant during the month.

Charles Tweedie who has been hauling wood has now gone to Cooper Brook.

Everyone will be sorry to learn of the sickness of Alvah Gilman. He is confined to his home in Greenville and at last reports is doing well.

Albert Holmes and Dave Austin have gone to Lily Bay to cut ice.

40-Mile

Miss Vera Hatch, Correspondent

The picture "Skinner's Dress Suit" was shown to a fine audience and was appreciated by all.

Mr. and Mrs. George McPherson of the Bangor Office spent a few days at the Forty Mile recently. We enjoyed their visit very much and hope they may come again. When they left, Mr. Lane drove them to Rockwood in his Chrysler Roadster.

John Morrison spent some time with us this month fixing up the books.

D. P. Dunton, who has been clerking here for the past few months, has returned to his home in Skowhegan.

This winter's snow makes regular visitors of the men on the snow plow.

Miss Vera Hatch is helping Mrs. Lane at present. Miss Hatch is the daughter of Fremont Hatch, well known scaler and overseer of Project No. 40, Spruce Wood Department.

William Harris, of the Boundary Cottage, is enjoying a vacation down river. His place is being filled by Mr. Heald of the United States Immigration Office.

Rockwood

Angus Morey, Correspondent

Mrs. John Hatch, wife of our paymaster, has returned to Old Town after visiting her husband here.

We have all enjoyed a good winter so far. Everybody and everything has been just right.

Mrs. A. R. Cochrane has gone to Boston and vicinity for a visit of a few weeks.

Sterling Dymond was obliged to go to Bangor to have his eyes tested and to get treatment for fallen arches. He returned much improved.



Ray Cripps and his Ford at Joe Mary

Charles Mooers is the latest addition to the storehouse office force.

Ida Mae Goldrup is now working at the Boarding House.

We all greatly enjoyed the moving picture, "Skinner's Dress Suit." It drew a big crowd. Reggie Denney is a big favorite here and we hope he will come often.

The sympathy of all is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hellyer in the loss of their baby boy, born February 11, in the hospital at Bingham.

Jack Hodgins recently made a trip over the ice from North East Carry to Kineo with his driving

horse. He reports traveling very good this winter.

Chief Fire Warden Errold Hilton and two assistants passed through here enroute to Russel Mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sargent recently made a trip to Bangor.

Mr. and Mrs. George McPherson and Mr. Bruce McDonald have been on this side of the lake visiting company operations.

Bangor Office

Daniel J. Leen, Correspondent

Frank O'Neal, for a number of years elevator man in the Eastern Trust Building, died at his home 47 Silk St., Brewer, Maine, on Jan. 22nd. Frank was always kind and courteous. We miss him.

Joe Murch, the clerk of Kineo Storehouse, was a caller at Bangor Office recently.

Gerald Averill has accepted a position in the Accounting Department.

Prof. Archie L. Grover, for a number of years professor of Engineering Drawing at the University of Maine, has taken a position with the company in the Department of Forest Engineering.

Following is the score of a very closely contested match rolled Feb. 14th between the Great Northern Bowling Team and the team from the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. office. The Great Northern Team won by seven pins.

Great Northern Paper Company

Wiley	82	66	91	90	100	429
Brown	89	75	79	87	106	436
Thompson	91	101	79	81	93	445
Pratt	94	94	69	98	97	452
Glidden	76	107	82	82	76	423
Total	432	443	400	438	472	2185

The Bangor and Aroostook R. R.

Field	90	85	98	84	88	445
Kiah	110	79	75	81	99	444
Kelley	103	89	87	86	74	439
Saulsbury	90	103	76	74	88	431
Alexander	85	72	72	96	94	419
Total	478	428	408	421	443	2178

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard A. O'Connell are receiving congratulations on the birth on February 17 at Ranney Private Hospital, of a 7½ pound Baby Boy, Leonard Jr.

GNPCO

The bee that had no sting would soon be robbed of its honey

Grant Farm

Raymond O. Young, Correspondent

The last of January our storehouse outfitted a number of horses going through to the operations above here.

The January thaw settled the snow just enough to make the best sledding we have had this winter.

The "Galloping Goose" took advantage of this good traveling and cleaned up most of the in-going freight in short order. On one of the return trips a gentle, brown-eyed cow took passage on her way "down river." The men didn't appreciate her company but she seemed to enjoy the trip nevertheless. In emergencies Phil manages to bring his load through somehow. After his trip in on February 9 he turned at Chesuncook to bring several sick men out, leaving there just before dark and getting to the Grant Farm shortly after midnight.

The "Creeping Goofus" is a new acquisition at Deer Pond Camp. They are using it to handle fire-wood.

Max Hilton's crew has repaired the Ragged Lake Dam bridge. The teams for Chesuncook are using that road again.

We all take our hats off to Johny Mortell when it comes to tackling a hard walk.

Messrs. Page, Harkness, Wright, McCormick and Bowe enjoyed a steak dinner party here a short time ago.

Others to visit us during the month were: A. V. McNeil, Geo. McGuire, L. S. Cook, Fred Gilbert, H. J. Bruce McDonald, N. A. Smith, C. H. Glaster, P. E. Whalen, L. E. Houghton, R. H. Robertson, C. M. Hilton, Wm. Mills, Geo. Longley, J. A. Ferguson, H. I. Rollins, A. G. Hempstead, C. R. Bailey, C. W. Crossman, T. O. Murray, A. D. Heald, Dr. Pritham and Dr. Hutchinson.

Ellis Brook Operation

H. J. Dudley, Correspondent

Though Ellis Brook Operation has not had much news in *The Northern* of late, there is plenty going on in this neck of the woods. The probable explanation is that

Mr. Bickford, who wrote the news, has been busy W. R. Kenney's sparing partner.

Cutting operations have been suspended and the buzz, buzz of saws is no longer heard, but the creaking and groaning of the heavily loaded sleds remind us of the fact that the wood is on its first lap of the journey toward the Millinocket Mill.

At present there are 45 double teams on the operation, and as the greater part of these teams are hauling on the same road, it gives a stranger the feeling that Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show is arriving. The hauling roads at all the camps are long; two turns per day is the best they can do. Eight cords has been the largest load so far.

Joe Bouchard has turned his living apartments into a stable and is hauling his wood from Tom McLean's camp.

C. P. Roberts and Ernest Beach are scaling the wood on the landing.

No radical changes have been made in the culinary department at any of the camps since the last writing.

Jack McPhee is stable manager at McLean's camp, Bill Edwards shakes up the hay at Boudreau and Ilvonen Camp, Tommy Quine looks after the horses' appetites at McDonald's, while William Graves officiates around the stables for Don Brean.

Sandy R. Brayden, assisted by Gideon Pooler, does the repair work on the sleds and keeps the horse-shoes sharpened.

N. A. Smith recently paid us a visit.

Earl Vickery from Chamberlain Lake inspects the works on this end of the line.

No change has been made in the clerical staff since the early fall except for the loss of Arthur Baron who left for parts unknown when Joe Bouchard took up housekeeping.

Dr. Pritham has made two special trips up here. We hear that he was absent from Greenville only twenty hours on one of these trips.

Joe Mary Conveyer

L. H. Lowe, Correspondent

W. A. Erskine with a crew of twenty men has cleared a place and started laying mud sills for a new Conveyer similar to the ones now in use at Dolby Flowage.

The Landing Camp for wood being hauled by Cooper Brook Operation is here and the Conveyer crew is boarding with them.

The sawmill has been moved from Cooper Brook Operation and is sawing lumber for the Conveyer. Mel Ellis is the sawyer.

The moving pictures shown here during the month were greatly appreciated by everyone.

Ray Cripps recently drove the Telephone Ford in here to Joe

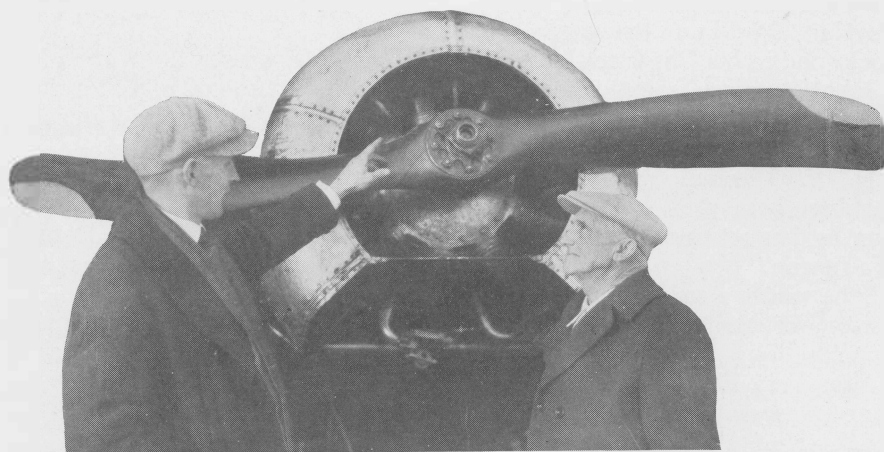


PHOTO BY D. MAHER

A. B. Smith (Uncle Anse) of Chesuncook Village carefully examined the first aeroplane he ever saw on his trip down river this winter.

GNPCOR

Perfect freedom to everybody would mean perfect confusion in everything

Mary Lake. This was the first car here.

Len Smith is driving the Holt Tractor which is used in hauling the sleds out on the ice after they are brought down by the Steam Log-Haulers.

There is a crew of 58 men at this Camp now on both the Conveyer and hauling Cooper Brook wood operations.

N. A. Smith, O. A. Harkness, H. A. Bowe, R. W. Johnson, and L. G. White were here during the month.

Millinocket Mill

A. P. Hume, Correspondent

The B. of E. has added to its force F. T. Marden, H. L. Thompson, F. E. McKiel, and Gilbert Burr.

Mr. F. T. Dolbeare and Mr. A. P. Lane visited the plant during the month.

The following ladies attended the recent performance of The Chicago Opera Co. in Boston, Mrs. Nevins, Mrs. Hinton, Mrs. Hume, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Stockwell, and Mrs. Seaver.

The Millinocket Boy Scouts under the direction of their new scoutmaster, Mr. Hugh Feer, gave a very fine exhibition. It is pleasing to note the new interest and we wish the new scoutmaster and scouts success during the year.

George Cressy was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson celebrated their first wedding anniversary on Feb. 4, 1927. A shower was given Mrs. Wilson at the home of Mrs. Bernard Ward. Refreshments were served and a delightful time was enjoyed by all present.

We report with regret the departure of J. C. Monty to Norfolk, New York, where he will enter the employ of the St. Regis Paper Co. He has been succeeded by A. R. Casper. We welcome Dick back to Millinocket.

Mr. O. M. Nickerson, E. E., was in East Millinocket on company business this month.

William Russell, who has been confined to his home for a few days, is back with us once again.

The Skating Rink has proved

very popular this winter with both the younger and the older people. Credit is due the Chamber of Commerce for supervising the snow removal. A Whist Party, given by the K. of C., and a dance, given by the I.O.O.F., have helped to swell the Rink Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hume attended the Governor's Ball in Augusta.

Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

Greenville, Jan. 15 to Feb. 15
Snow fall for the month 27.50"
Snow fall for season 82.50"
Maximum temperature
January 20 and 29 40°
Minimum temperature
January 26 and 27 -18°
Snow on level February 14 29"
Thickness of ice on Moosehead Lake, February 14 31"
Much cloudiness; only 6 clear days during period.
Prevailing wind NW; greatest velocity recorded, 30 miles per hour, at 8 A. M. Jan. 31 and Feb. 5.

Greenville Machine Shop

J. B. Pratt, Correspondent

The Twin Tractor has been completed and has been doing some work around the shop. It hauled several loads to Kokadjo and has now gone into Cooper Brook.

Work has been started towards getting the trucks and cars ready for spring.

Movies were again shown in the Shop's Paint room. This time the feature picture was "Skinner's Dress Suit." A large crowd attended.

The Shop crew wish to extend congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hoyt on the arrival of a bouncing boy, Mack Hoyt, on Jan. 30th.

Cy Porter had the misfortune of getting his hand caught in the fan belt of the Twin Tractor. He received severe cuts on three fingers. We understand that the wounds are healing in good shape and he will soon be able to return to work.

It is reported that Hiram Hartford has started a new fad,—collecting dolls.

Norman Smith was with us dur-

ing this month culling equipment and small tools.

Leo Desmond is a busy man checking through shipments nowadays, 1,500 boom chains on their way to Chesuncook Dam for West Branch Drive, hay for Blair Farm and Lily Bay, besides way freight, gasoline and oil, going to all points north.

A tank car of kerosene oil has just been received and emptied into the tank.

Seboomook

Paul Paquet, Correspondent

Mr. and Miss Trombly spent a few days in Bangor during February. During their absence John Morrison took charge of the farm.

Mud Brook Operation

P. B. Pinette, Correspondent

The landing of the wood is progressing rapidly with two 10 ton Holt tractors. Henry Dufour is at the wheel on No. 7 with Lee Boulier as striker. Bertram Bryce is driving No. 8 assisted by his brother Frank. Bertram made a flying trip to Grindstone recently.

Mose Gorman, who has been cooking for Jack Allen, has been transferred to the Depot camp. Mose is assisted in the Cook Room by Malcolm Applebee. Among the crew at the Depot we notice: Chas. McClure, James Chessey, Chas. Holland and Ben Melanson.

G. W. Nason has finished cutting on Whetstone Mountain a total cut of about 4,500 cords. 2,400 cords has already been landed on the Log Hauler Road. Wilmont will use a Cleveland "Cle-Trac" tractor to break out branch roads.

J. W. Pickett has also finished cutting at Camp No. 2 with a total cut of 3,300 cords. Ivan Hogan of Monticello has moved in with Jack Pickett with a crew of nineteen men to haul this wood to Mud Brook flowage.

Marvin Allen, of Dolby fame, has returned from a short trip down river and is in charge of the culinary dept. for Jack Allen.

Recent visitors include: L. G. White, Phil Murdock, R. V. Canders.

GNPCO

Don't expect very much achievement from any one who is perfectly contented

Pittston Farm

Henry Ordway, Correspondent

Mr. F. A. Gilbert and son Fred were with us for two days this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Ordway made a trip to Greenville where Mrs. Ordway had some dentistry done.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell are back at the farm. Mrs. Russell is doing the cooking and Charlie is engineer.

The wood pile looks good. We have 110 cords prepared for use.

Seboomook Dam

E. E. Ricker, Correspondent

Under the supervision of J. E. Sargent and the watchful eye of Joe McLean, our foreman in charge of the wood work, the dam is progressing rapidly. About 800,000 feet of timber has been laid up to date.

The timber cut by Joe Paquet Sr. Contract along the Burbank Road has all been landed here. The timber cut at Nigger Brook is now being hauled.

Although we have been handicapped by more or less disagreeable weather, up to date we have not lost any time, but have been compelled to handle a considerable amount of snow on account of the weather man's choice.

By the size of the timber coming from Nigger Brook, it is evident that all the big timber is not grown in the far west. The Nigger Brook Camp finished cutting and has been closed. The hauling crew is stopping at the dam. Edwin Rand, the time keeper who was at Nigger Brook, has gone to his home in Salem for a short while. He writes back telling us that he is having a hard time to accustom himself to city life after having spent four months in the Maine woods; he also tells us that styles have not changed any in Boston. He writes that they got quite a kick out of his Tom Mix hat and sweet Genevieve.

The six deep water gates are being constructed by Frank Sirois and Joe Ayotte. They are built of hard pine and weigh about three tons each.

The toe piling is practically com-

plete and the slope piling is coming along fast under Jack Welch's supervision.

The crib work is nearly up to the height required except around the gate sections where a great deal of fitting is required.

A feat seldom seen in the Maine woods was the moving of an eighty-three foot derrick standing upright. The derrick was moved a distance of seventy-five feet to its new position.

Pat Purcell and his rock and gravel crews are making rapid progress; nearly half of the checks are filled with rock and the gravel is being spread rapidly.

Charlie Crossman had a crew here last week putting in a new pump.

Medrick Michaud spent a few days down river and came back a different man. He did not forget to bring back the "Bristols."

We understand that some of the boys are going to take out a patent on a self oiler.

Fred Stait has taken up cartooning in his spare moments.

Joe McPhee and Phil Bradeen have left several of their blue marks around here the last few days.

James McLeary is with us once again and has taken a few men to Forty Mile to do some repair work on Dole Pond Dam.

Visitors during the month were Mr. F. A. Gilbert and son Fred, Mr. R. H. Robertson, O. A. Harkness, N. A. Smith, L. G. White,

Harry Hellyer, and last but not least Bill Harrington, the great trapper adviser.

Cooper Brook

Louis N. Murphy, Correspondent

In our forestry engineering staff we have Lloyd Houghton, El Hobart, Joseph Ferguson and A. L. Grover, former professor of Engineering at the University of Maine.

We all join in expressing our sympathy to Mr. Ferguson, who was suddenly called home on account of the death of his mother.

Ray Smith spent the week end of February 12 with his wife at Caribou; Smithy snowshoed from the Landing Camp to West Seboise, a distance of about nine miles, leaving the landing Friday night at 9 P.M. and arriving at Caribou Saturday 10.30 A. M.

Sunday, February 13, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart, Lloyd Houghton, Joe Marceau and Louis Murphy snowshoed to "B" pond to spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Carr. We first enjoyed the supper which was a dream in itself, chicken, mashed potatoes, ice cream, cake etc. The remainder of the evening was divided between bridge and radio. Joe exhibited his ability at the bridge table.

A. G. Faulkner spent the week-end in Greenville with his family.

Jimmy Malone returned after a two weeks vacation.

Popular Professor Accepts Position with the Great Northern Paper Company

THE following article, reprinted from the Bangor Daily News of February 11, will acquaint our people with the past record of Professor Grover:

When the University reopened for the spring semester this week, it was with a pang of regret that students marked the passing from the institution of one of the most popular professors ever to conduct a class at Maine. After nearly 30 years' service to the college, Professor Archer L. Grover had passed into business life, and had left a

vacancy which will be hard to fill in the regard of his fellow-professors and students.

Professor Grover, known to thousands of Maine alumni in all parts of the country as "Archie," has accepted a position with the Great Northern Paper Company and has entered on his new duties this week. His work will take him to the headwaters of Pleasant river, where lumbering operations are being carried on over a large tract of land. Mr. Grover is engineer in charge of the work, and will scout and lay out

GNPCO

Some people have so much dignity to support, that they possess strength to carry very little else

new roads in that region and supervise their construction.

Graduating from Maine in '99, "Archie" as an undergraduate was an outstanding athlete and student. He played on class and varsity track and football teams, established the New England discus record in his junior year, and was individual discus and shot-put champion.

In 1899 Mr. Grover became assistant in electrical engineering. He was in succession physical director, instructor in drawing, and later assistant associate and then full professor of engineering drawing, which post he was holding at the time of his resignation.

Mr. Grover always maintained his interest in athletics and has been a prominent figure at track meets in the state for many years. He has served for a long time as chairman of the University athletic board, and has for some years been chairman of this committee, which formulates all University athletic policies.

As a last token of appreciation for his long services, Professor Grover has been the recipient of a distinct honor during the past two weeks, when the souvenir program for the Maine winter carnival was dedicated to him by the student body. The dedication spoke of him as "a former athlete while a student at the University, member of the varsity football and track teams, a record holder in several events, and a member of the athletic board for a long period of years, a man whose interest in the advancement of athletics has never waned," and closed by saying, "the winter carnival program is affectionately dedicated."

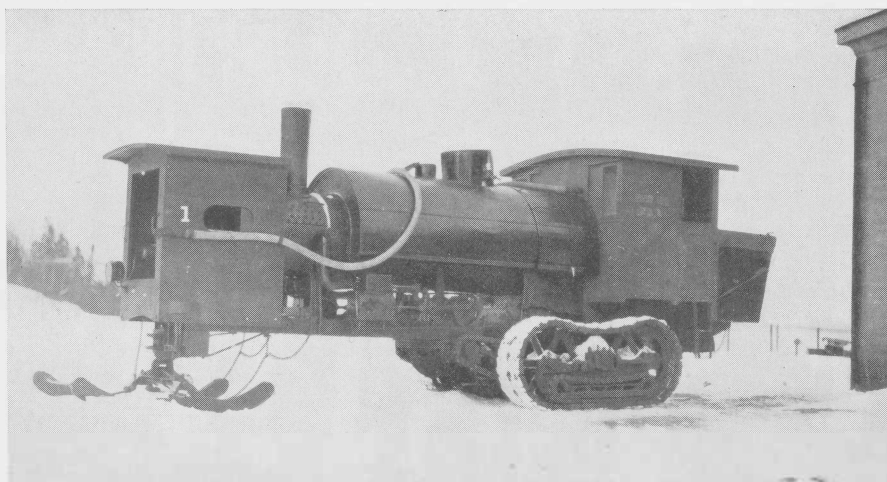
The best wishes of every professor, student and alumnus of the University of Maine go to "Archie" Grover in his new line of work.

Don't Fall Overboard

(Continued from Page 8)

I am inclined to think that no man was ever "discharged" from a successful concern—he discharges himself.

When a man quits his work—say, oiling the engine or scrubbing the deck—and leans over the side calling to outsiders, explaining what a "bum" boat he is aboard of, how bad the food is, and what a fool there is for a Captain, he gradually loosens his hold until



One of the three steam log haulers destroyed in the Garage fire February 16

Cooper Brook Garage Fire

By Louis Murphy

On Wednesday night, February 16, at 9:45, the crew of the depot camp was awakened by wild cries of "Fire"; a few seconds later a group of a hundred men stood helplessly gazing at the garage wrapped in flames. Burning oil, gasoline, grease, log haulers, tractors and the building itself, which was a mass of flame, illuminated the camp yard as if it were noon day. The air was filled with flying sparks but due to a favorable wind the other buildings were unharmed. At eleven o'clock all was in ruins.

The cause of the fire and its rapid spread is a mystery. Harry Gunn and Robert Beach were working on the machines when a stream of flames leaped across the building in

front of the log haulers and in a few seconds the entire building was filled with fire. Vain attempts were made by the watchmen and engineers to rescue their machines. The most probable cause of the fire was the light plant, as Harry Gunn saw the flames come from that direction.

The loss included the building, three steam log haulers, two Holt tractors, a Kohler electric light plant, a stationary boiler and a valuable stock of tools and equipment. One steam log hauler and one Holt tractor escaped destruction as they were out on the road at the time of the fire. For a number of nights previous to this all of the machines had been on the road at this hour.

This loss is a real catastrophe, coming in the midst of the hauling season. In order to make the best possible use of the equipment while the weather was favorable, a new crew had been hired so that night hauling could be done. About the largest loads are to be hauled at this time and only half of the wood has been landed so far.

Mr. Burr rose to the occasion in characteristic manner. The next morning he set the saw mill going to prepare the lumber for the new garage; he lost no time in locating new machinery. It is expected that within a week the operation will be running as formerly.

he falls into the yeasty deep. There is no one to blame but himself, yet probably you will have hard work to make him understand this little point.

When a man is told to do a certain thing, and there leaps to his lips, or even to his heart, the formula, "I wasn't hired to do that," he is standing on a greased plank that inclines toward the sea. When the plank is tilted to a proper angle, he goes to Davy Jones' locker, and nobody tilts the fatal plank but the man himself.

And the way the plank is tilted is this: the man takes more interest in passing craft, and what is going on on land, than in doing his work on board ship.

So I repeat: no man employed by a successful concern was ever discharged. Those who fall overboard get on the greased plank and then give it a tilt to the starboard.

If you are on a greased plank, you had better get off from it, and quickly, too.

GNPCO

The more speed you acquire, the longer it may take you to get back



The Random Shot

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell in the distance, I know not where,
Till a neighbor said it had killed his calf
And I had to pay him six and a half.

I bought some poison to slay some rats,
And a neighbor swore it killed his cats,
And rather than argue across the fence,
I paid him four dollars and fifty cents.

One night I set sailing a toy balloon,
And hoped it would soar until it reached the moon,
But the candle fell on a farmer's straw,
And he said I must settle or go to law.

And that is the way with the random shot—
It never hits in the proper spot,
And the joke you spring, that you think so smart
May leave a wound in some fellow's heart.

—Hamline Oracle

