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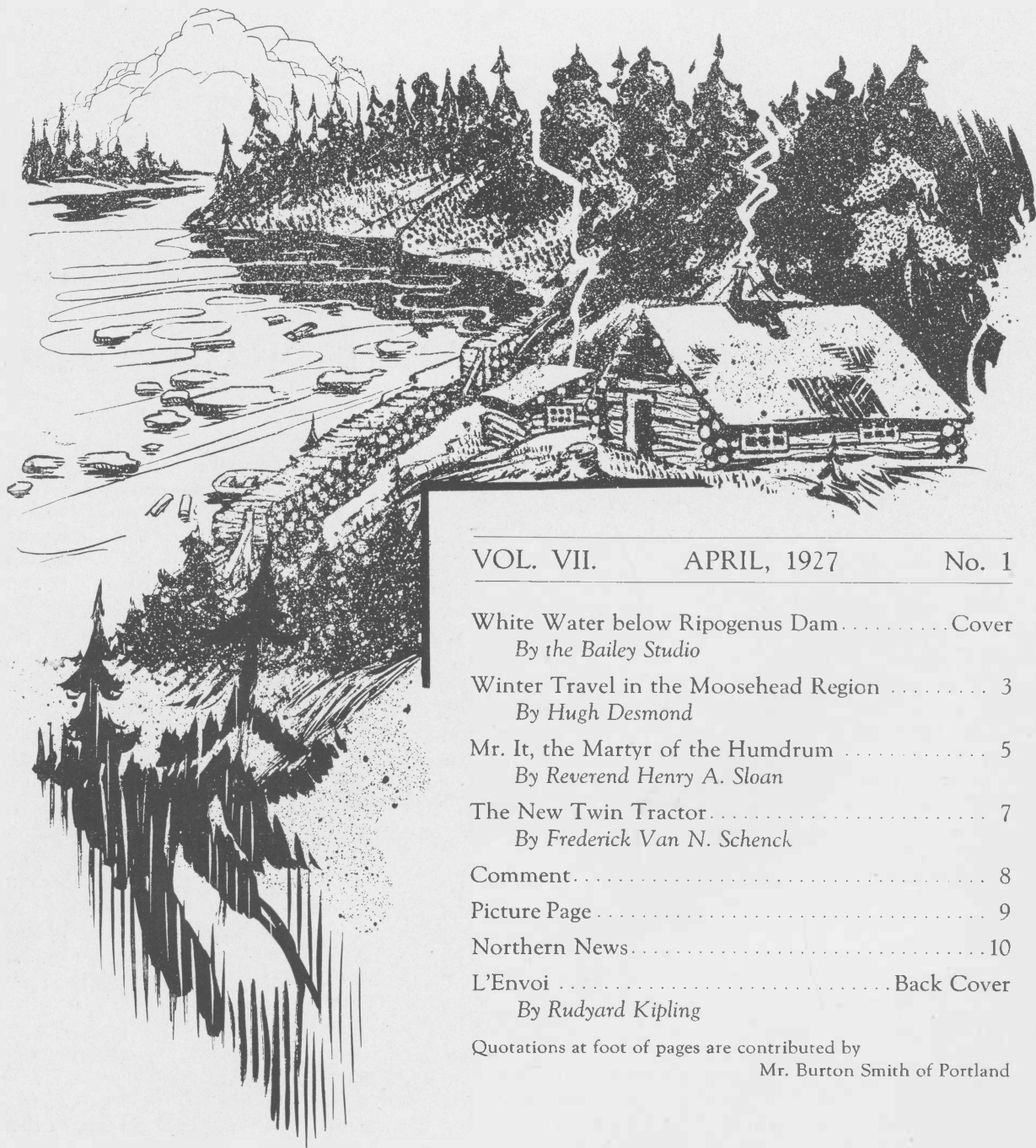


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The
Northern
April 1927



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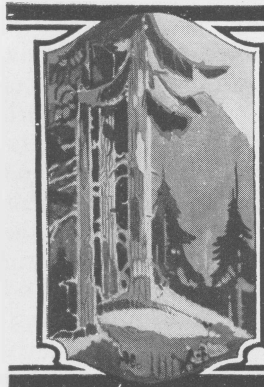
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Quotations at foot of pages are contributed by
Mr. Burton Smith of Portland

The Northern

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



The Northern

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



Winter Travel in the Moosehead Region

By HUGH DESMOND, Superintendent of Kineo-Pittston Toting

THE lumbering and pulpwood industry in general probably has not been so greatly affected as some other lines of business by the tendency of modern times to turn from horse to motor power; but it is also true that some phases of this industry have felt the change to a marked degree, principally in the departments which deal with the transportation of men and supplies. The construction of gravel roads both on the Grant Farm side and the Kineo side of Moosehead Lake, and the operation of a large fleet of trucks, tractors, jitneys and automobiles, has made the problem for our company an easy one—in the summer time. But in winter it is another story, and one that might be of interest to those employees who are not in direct contact with the up-river activities of the Spruce Wood Department.

Ten years ago it was impossible to run trucks and cars on these roads in winter. With the coming of snow in late fall, motor vehicles were laid aside and a small army of horses was put into service for the winter months. The Holt tractor with its close friend, the Sargent



A Cadillac at Ripogenus, 42 Miles from Greenville, in mid-winter

plow, had not yet appeared on the turnpike roads. After a heavy snow-storm a small sized plow, such as is still used to break out hauling roads in the woods operations, was taken out and drawn over the roads by three or four pairs of heavy draft horses. This would be considered a slow, clumsy procedure in these modern days, but at that time it was a big help to the stage teams and the tote teams coming along behind.

On the Kineo side, for instance, several 4-horse tote teams, each loaded with 5 tons of supplies, left Kineo every morning and went to the Ten Mile Swing for dinner and on to Twenty Mile for the night. At Twenty Mile, the toters left their loaded sleds and hitched on to empty sleds for the return trip to

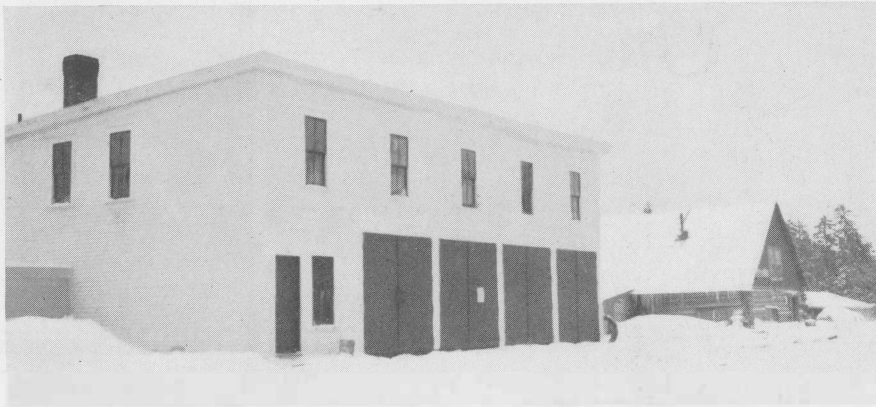
Kineo next day. From Twenty Mile other drivers and horses took the loads to Pittston, South Branch, North Branch, Seboomook, Elm and Russell Streams and Caucomgomoc. Twenty miles with a 4 or 5 ton load was considered a good average day's work for a 4-horse team. It is recalled that one season, when the snow-storms were unusually severe and frequent, it required

one hundred and sixty horses to handle the toting, plowing and stage service. Besides these, there were twelve or fifteen pairs of driving horses kept in the livery stable at Kineo, and a like number in the stables on the Grant Farm side, for the use of superintendents, paymasters, and Bangor Office men, who found it necessary to go about their business faster than the regular stage could carry them.

Now, that is all gone by. A pair of horses is rarely seen on our winter highways. In their place, we find the big Sargent plows driven by powerful tractors, their "wings" spread out to catch the snow that is pushed aside by the "nose" and throw it up into huge windrows or "shoulders" on either side of the

GNPCO

Occasional depression no one can avoid, but ill temper, everyone



Sias Hill Garage, an ideal winter headquarters for trucks and tractors, halfway between Greenville and Ripogenus Dam

road. When the snow is soft and wet, the result is a smooth, hard-packed road bed, wide enough to allow two trucks to pass each other with comparative ease. If the snow is dry and drifted hard it is not easy to plow down to a hard bottom. But even so, a good road can be made by keeping at it.

In place of the 4-horse tote team with its 5-ton load, we find from twenty to thirty tons piled on to two or three specially constructed sleds and drawn by tractor. The tractor, hauling 25 tons to a load, will go farther in a day than the 4-horse team with five tons did years ago. Small trucks and "jitneys", running on regular daily schedule, carry mail and passengers to their destination five times as fast as the old-fashioned stage used to do. Besides the regular jitneys, touring cars are usually provided for the purpose of transporting paymasters, company officials and others whose time is so valuable that they cannot waste it in waiting around for the regular jitney. These cars take the place of the driving horses of former days.

To eliminate some of the difficulties encountered when operating motor vehicles in the winter, warm garages have been built. There are steam heated garages at Kineo, Twenty Mile, Forty Mile and Caucomgomoc on the Kineo side; and at Greenville, Sias Hill and Grant Farm on the Grant Farm side. In addition to these, there are smaller garages equipped with stoves at Ten Mile, Pittston and Seboomook on the Kineo side.

In spite of all the conveniences provided to make it easy, winter travel in these parts is not all sunshine. Considering that there are to be kept plowed out 65 miles of road on the Grant Farm side and nearly twice that number on the Kineo side, it will be readily understood that all roads cannot be kept clear of snow at all times. Even when there is no snow falling, high winds will oftentimes cause the roads to become badly drifted, especially in places where the road runs through open country thereby losing the protection from wind afforded by the woods. Good examples of this are found at Blair Hill and Grant Farm, and also at Moose River. When one is confronted with this situation and there is no plow handy, recourse must be had to the "armstrong"

method which consists of a snow shovel, a sense of humor and lots of elbow grease. To be successful with a tractor or truck in winter, the driver must be both resourceful and rugged. Another thing that lessens the joy of winter driving is the fiendish delight that a car takes in jumping out of the wheel track and into the ditch without warning. This is more likely to happen early in the season when the first snow comes than later on when the shoulders on either side are high and firm. If you can't shovel or pry your way out of this difficulty, accept the decree of fate philosophically—fill your pipe and sit down and wait for another truck or car to come along and pull you out. A few other difficulties, such as frozen radiators, water in the gas, frosted windshields etc., are at times annoying, but of minor importance and soon remedied.

The change from the old to the new has been a big step forward. Winter travel today is a vast improvement over that of a decade ago. However, the touch of romance is gone. The jingle of bells, the sound of horses' hoofs on the hard packed snow, the creak of heavily loaded sleds on a frosty morning, and the old time toter, whose profane vocabulary was no less colorful or picturesque than his raiment, have disappeared from the main roads—crowded out by the new order of things.



The Twenty Mile Garage on the Rockwood side of the Lake, made of reinforced concrete with fire-proof fittings, is the winter headquarters of Kineo-Pittston Toting

GNPCO

Always be reasonably sure before you become unreasonably positive



Mr. It, the Martyr of the Humdrum

A Nightmare by Reverend Henry A. Sloan

Illustrated by STANLEY FOSS BARTLETT

THE Amalgamation of Federations for nomination to the sacred Hall of Renown was in solemn session. The smooth-faced, hawk-eyed, chisel-jawed president was presiding. He sat in olympian glory with all the mechanical formality of frigidity that embalms the Master Mind. He was the director of a Home Correspondence School to "Success." Around him were the minions to his greatness. They had answered his call by the rushing of a postal card. Before they had sent the postal card they could dig. Now, they loafed around the portals of the Hall of Renown. The jack-in-the-box secretary was buzzing around with all the vivacity of a New Jersey mosquito. The crafty treasurer was grinding away on a calculating machine with all the gusto of an impressario. Seated near the well-

polished tribunal were those who also serve, who sit and sit. The gavel fell. Jupiter of the Mail Order Education House was about to speak.

"Illustrious Warden, bring in the first candidate seeking entrance to the almighty Hall of Renown."

The candidate enters.

"On what qualifications do you seek membership among the names of the great, Sir?"

"Worthy Sir, I am a prize fighter. The champion of my class."

“Good. A prize fighting champion is worthy of undying fame. We admit you. Your name shall be blazoned across the world in every newspaper of the day. You shall receive no less than a million dollars for each gate. Any one who uses your name for any commodity shall pay well for the privilege. If in the course of the years you have squan-

dered your wealth, we shall see you are well taken care of. Are you satisfied?"

"Tickled to death."

“Worthy Secretary, enter his name.
Next.”

"And you, Sir?"

"Kind Sir, I swam Moosehead Lake backwards with one hand tied behind my back and with rubber boots on. I never passed beyond the sixth grade in school. Education is 'bunk.' "

"Good. Any man who can swim Moosehead Lake backwards and handicapped as you were cannot but be admitted to the Hall of Renown. Your ideas on Education are worthy of the highest praise. One more question. Did you accomplish this great feat in the winter?"

"No, Sir."

"Too bad. That would have

GNPCOR

It is the bone of contention that causes many of us to lead a so-called dog's life

given you honors in this Hall of Greatness. You would have ranked with Broddy. However, your name shall also be scrawled across the press of the world till the minds of the world ache with pain at seeing it. You shall ask for no less than a thousand dollars whenever you are shown to the 'saps' of the earth. Are you satisfied?"

"What about the movies?"

"The imbecility of their devotees guarantees you a sweet return."

"Next."

"Madame, what—"

"Excuse me, Sir, Miss, if you please."

"Ah, pardon. What makes you seek our valuable consideration?"

"I sold my girlhood for the 'coin' to a senile fool cursed with a business acumen. He had made the 'dough' and I wanted the bread. My mother was too lazy to teach me how to be a good housewife."

"Good. A proficient prospector, eh?"

"Yes, a gilt-edged 'gold digger.'"

"Enter, Miss, your name also shall zig-zag across the news of the universe till the 'poor boobs' are served some other attractions. Vaudeville managers shall engage you and you shall ask no less than \$2,000 a week."

"What about the movies, dear Sir?"

"Ah, yes. Sell the story of your life for \$50,000. It will make a superb super-production. Next!"

"Good day, Miss, and what—"

"Pardon me, Sir, Madame."

"Oh, I'm surprised."

"Thanks."

"Well, what may your credentials be for election to the sacred precincts of Renown?"

"Sir, I am 25 and have been divorced six times."

"Enough. Worthy secretary, bill her above Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, not New York. Madame, you shall have front page notices in all the papers of the spheres. They shall carry your photos and all Sunday supplements shall do honor to your name. The dressmakers of the rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue

shall clothe you for all to see. Financial transactions I leave in your own hands, having been divorced five times—"

"Pardon, six."

"My mistake, six times, financial affairs have no worry for you."

"What about the movies?"

"Madame, write a book on your life. The 'nuts' will buy it and 'the daffodils' will see it sooner or later in the movies. Next!"

"Eh, well, eh, Gentlemen."

"Kind Sir, I have brought this humble little man, Mr. It, along with me to see if you have a place for him in your Hall of Renown."

"What's your name?"

"Sir, I am Father Time. I have watched the course of this silly old world since time dawned on its shores. This little man has never been a champion boxer, nor has he been a champion coffee drinker nor an oyster stew expert. He has never swum the Atlantic Ocean sideways nor even frontways. Nor has he been a gold dust twin for a gold digger. He never wrote 'a Mammie song.' Much more, he never tried to sing one in public. He was never in a six days' bicycle race. He never murdered a man. His name never figured in a hold-up. In fact, he has gone through this weary old life attending to his own business. He is married and has a nice family, a credit to himself and his town. He worships his God according to his own lights. He is a friend in distress and a real pal with the gang. He loves his God, his country and his home. He has his faults as all mortals have, but his good deeds and thoughts shine out like stars in a night of misery. He is the Martyr of the Humdrum. I have watched him since this green old earth first blossomed from the Hand of the Creator and never yet have I seen him get recognition in these tribunals called Halls of Renown. May I ask that he be admitted now?"

"See here, Grandpa. Whom are you kidding? Did he ever send me a postal card and learn how to be a master mind in two lessons? Did he ever rush the coupon and discover how to make 500 a week by selling,

for example, greaseless doughnuts or Kandy Kid suits? Answer me that."

"I don't know, honorable Sir. I know nothing about rushing coupons."

"Enough, Pop. Mr. It, you have no place here. You have no initiative. You do not understand the 'boobishness' of the public mind. You have no smell for publicity. You have too much regard for that old fetish called 'decency.' Your archaic ideas about a God and totems called the Ten Commandments and institutions such as churches and pagan-babble called prayers are all hindrances to your joining this select society. We have left all this nursery twaddle in the ash can. We are in a newer and a brighter day, the age of Science, the age of Progress, the age of Machinery, the age of Publicity, and above all, the almighty age of the home-made Home Correspondence school, when all the world is opened to you and your sub-conscious mind by the rushing of a postal card. If you want fame, buy a postal card. If you have not two cents to buy the card, commit a crime, the bigger and the greater the crime and the newer, the more this age appreciates it. Our slogan is, the crazier the act, the greater the gate receipts. The more heinous the crime, the more publicity. The motto over our door is 'Abandon Decency All Ye Who Enter Here.' Next."

"A minute, Learned Sir."

"Well, Papa?"

"What did you say this place was?"

"Old Timer, this is the Illustrious Hall of Renown."

"You poor deluded fool, it's 'The Hell of Notoriety.' Good day and goodbye. Come, Mr. It. There is a court at the world's end where true fame is found and the Judge of Heaven and earth presides and His judgment stands forever. Mr. It, keep a plugging and agoing till you reach that court for there is no notoriety there, only sanctity and a crown of immortal glory for the unknown martyr of the Humdrum. Stand by the tenets of old and that crown is yours."

GNPCO

Laughter is the vacuum cleaner in the House of Care

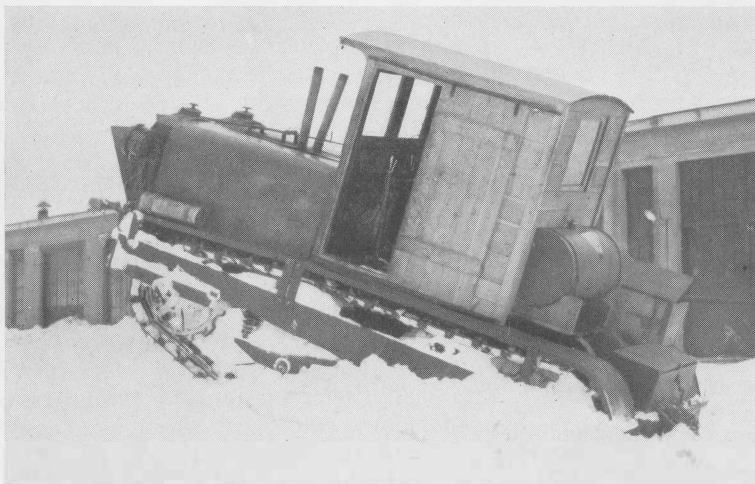
The New Twin Tractor

By FREDERICK VAN N. SCHENCK, Superintendent Greenville Machine Shop

"SHE has plenty of power," declared Mr. O. A. Harkness, as he stood watching the New Twin Tractor bucking her way through the hardest of Greenville's snowdrifts.

When the New Twin Tractor hauled two sleds of coal to the top of Blair's Hill on Feb. 1, 1927, a long cherished dream was realized. For this was the first demonstration of the machine which the Great Northern Paper Company had long desired. Back in 1921, our company ordered a special machine made that would meet the requirements for all-round use. There was no machine of the tank type on the market with the power and speed desired.

A tractor, which we will here call the Old Twin, was designed and built by the Lombard Traction Engine Company of Waterville, Maine, for the Great Northern Paper Company. Two 4 cylinder Stearns motors with a single crank case were the power units. One engine rotated clockwise and the other counter-clockwise. The transmissions and



Conquering the deep snow-drifts. The cab is temporary

rear ends were mounted in one big case. It had two clutches and two transmissions; the tracks were driven independently of each other. Steering was accomplished by suitable means for speeding up one engine and simultaneously retarding the other, thus causing changes in direction without losing power on the lag belts or treads.

This tractor was tried out during the summer of 1922. It did very good work and proved to be superior to any machine available, but it had weak points. Mr. O. A. Harkness was satisfied that the principle was right, but that changes would be necessary to make the machine come up to his expectations. The tractor was torn down and the engine, transmission case and other parts discarded.

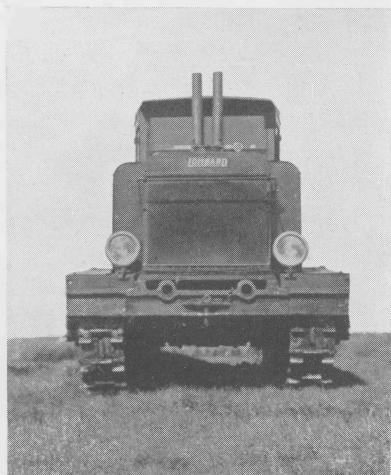
Plans for the New Twin were begun early in 1923. Interruptions were numerous and it was November of 1924 before real work on the new machine was under way. In January 1925, H. A. Woodruff of the Union Iron Works, Bangor, came as draftsman. The steel castings, designed by Mr. Woodruff under Mr. Harkness' direction, were made and shipped to the Lombard Traction Engine Co. for machining. The assembling began at Greenville Shop

in Sept., 1925. Delays were common "while waiting for castings," until the most optimistic workmen were discouraged. Success was at last attained, and it was a proud day for the men of the shop when the New Twin made a trip around the shop yard. On Feb. 1, 1927, it took two sleds of coal to the top of Blair's Hill. The following day it took four loads of coal to Lily Bay. Since then it has been used constantly

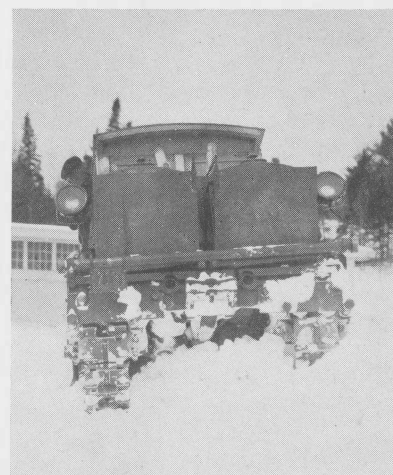
for general toting.

The New Twin has two Wisconsin motors mounted on special hangers at 8 degrees. The motors have $5\frac{3}{4}$ " bore with a 7" stroke, each engine developing 63 H. P. at 800 R. P. M. Each side has an engine, brake, transmission and rear end gears, mounted independently. This has resulted in remarkable flexibility in steering. An outstanding feature is the steering arrangement. A wheel, not unlike the steering wheel of an automobile, controls the throttle of both engines.

(Continued on Page 15)



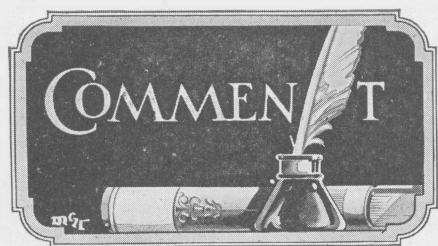
The Old Twin, 1922



The New Twin, 1927

GNPCO

More than one "I never had a chance" man trusted altogether too much in chance



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

Our Sixth Anniversary

Six years ago today the first issue of *The Northern* appeared. It was a modest beginning, but it was started right and prospered. The first issue consisted of four pages, the second of eight, the third of twelve and the seventh of sixteen. From that time on, each copy has had sixteen pages.

Believing that our readers would like to have a copy of the first issue, we are reproducing it as the centre of this, our anniversary number.

The editor stressed in his first copy that the paper was to be for employees. It should have news items which they would contribute. This policy has been followed out. The Northern News section, sent in by our correspondents, fills at least one fourth of every number. Employees write not only news but also special articles. Some of the most interesting contributions have come from our own men. The degree of success attained by the editor may be measured by the amount of cooperation that he receives from his fellow employees.

It might be well to state here that the editor's policy concerning the type of articles to be used is simple. Anything of local interest or of interest to the industry is acceptable regardless of authorship. Employees may have a broader field, for we are glad to read about any subject on which one of our own men may be qualified to write.

The Northern is not for sale. Anyone who receives it receives it free, whether or not he is employed by the Great Northern Paper Com-

pany. We freely give and we freely receive.

In the matter of circulation, we face the problem of keeping it low rather than seeking to increase it. We want our employees to have the paper. It is published for them. Then there is the general public. How to keep the mailing list within reasonable bounds is a delicate question. For some time the following method has been in operation. An application blank has been sent to all people requesting *The Northern*. The applicant fills out the blank and secures the endorsement of any one in the Spruce Wood Department, regardless of his position. Practically every applicant has located some employee who would sign for him. The interest and commendation of people not in the employ of the Great Northern Paper Company has been surprising.

We start the seventh volume with appreciation of the cooperation shown by all who have assisted in making the past six years interesting and with the hope that this spirit of loyalty may continue.

When Will The Ice Go Out?

The date when the ice goes out of Moosehead Lake is significant. For sportsmen, it is the opening of the spring fishing season, and for the men in the employ of the Great Northern it heralds the change in transportation from rail to water between Greenville and Rockwood. Lily Bay and Seboomook feel the

change, too. Everybody guesses when the big day will come.

The Northern offers a \$10.00 prize for the nearest correct prophecy. All people in the employ of the company who wish to enter the contest may do so by sending to the editor their full name and present position with the company, together with their guess of the month, day, hour, and minute when the hawser of the first Coburn boat will touch the wharf at Rockwood.

Last year the first boat reached Rockwood at 7.47 A. M. on May 18. Dean Chase won the prize. He had not been within a hundred miles of the lake all winter! All guesses must be in the hands of the editor by April 15.

You Are A Capitalist

Most of the business of the world is conducted on the basis of credit. All credit is based upon four things: capital, collateral, capacity, character. A whole chain of banks has been extended across the country which has capitalized character. All banks insist upon character as the indispensable security.

If you have a sound character, you are a capitalist.

The supreme test of character is fidelity to trusts.

Without fidelity there can be no security either in cash, collateral, or capacity. If to character you can add capacity, you are still more of a capitalist. Your capacity, small or great, is an endowment with which God has set you up in business for life.—*Selected.*

A would-be soap box orator who had reached the argumentative stage sat down next to a Clergyman in a street car. Wishing to start something, he turned to the Clergyman and said:

"I won't go to heaven, for there ain't no heaven."

The expected rise was not forthcoming.

"I say there ain't no heaven. I ain't goin' to heaven," he shouted.

The Clergyman replied quietly, "Well, go to hell then, but be quiet about it." —*Trumbull Cheer.*

I met a man recently who boasted at length that he was descended from this, that and the other. Finally I cut him off and asked, "Why don't you ascend for a change?" Off he went again, "My ancestors, thus and so," so I stopped him again and said, "Never mind what your ancestors did—be an ancestor yourself."

S. Parkes Cadman

GNPCOM

The Temple of Debt has a thousand entrances but one exit

THE NORTHERN

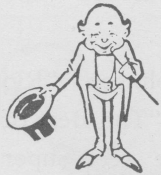
*A Magazine of Contact
Between the Management and the Men*

VOL. 1

APRIL, 1921

NO. 1

In Which We Make Our Little Bow



THE Social Service Division of the Spruce Wood Department of the Great Northern Paper Company is the development of an idea which had its inception in the active brain of Manager F. A. Gilbert in his desire to bring to the people of the Spruce Wood Department more of the pleasures of life and to afford them opportunities for diversion which they could not otherwise get.

That is the reason for its existence and its excuse for functioning.

Mr. M. S. Hill was appointed Superintendent about a year ago, since which time his plans have developed to their present stage, of bringing to the wilderness those pleasures of city life which we all enjoy having, in entertaining and instructive reading, in music and in moving pictures.

Reading is provided through traveling libraries which are rented from the State through the office of the State librarian, these libraries being placed at the company's headquarters at Pittston, Seboomook, Grant Farm, Rice Farm, Dyer Brook and Monticello. A librarian is in charge and books can be had at any time. From these headquarters places, the books, under certain necessary restrictions, can be used by the men in the outlying camps and operations of their several natures.

Besides the libraries, current event and fiction reading is offered through weekly and monthly magazines, forty of which go each issue to these headquarters places and during the woods operation season to the principal depot camps as well and from those places, after being read, they are forwarded to the smaller camps located farther back in the woods.

Victrolas have been placed at the same places and sets of records arranged in programs of about twenty-five selections each and the aim has been to make them sufficiently varied to cater to all tastes so that there is included a variety from the latest fox trot to the big Red Seal records of grand opera by the greatest singers. These concert programs are sent in rotation to these several places to give them a new set of records at stated intervals.

"Carrying the Movies to the Lumberjack" might be the title to what is perhaps the most important of the recreation activities thus far attempted. There was naturally considerable skepticism as to how this would work out and if worth while pictures could and would begin. Everyone, broadly speaking, goes to or is interested in the movies nowadays—it is the most democratic, the most popular and best patronized form of recreation in which the American people now engage. The movies reach and interests old and young and those in all walks of life. Naturally they interest those whose work takes them into the woods, where heretofore about all they could be interested in was those things which make up their daily toil.

The moving picture business is the fourth largest in the United States. The receipts from all phases of the business are \$750,000,000 annually. Approximately 16,000,000 people view the moving pictures every day. Something like 1000 moving picture features are produced annually with earnings from rentals approximating \$75,000,000 a year.

Success doesn't necessarily mean 100 per cent. in the school of experience

The theatres paid Uncle Sam in taxes \$21,000,000 in July, August and September, 1920. A recently constructed studio cost \$2,000,000 and a theater in New York City including the land value cost \$5,000,000.

That we have convinced and satisfied, with our moving picture shows, is the best argument as to their success and that success is largely due to the high grade productions which have been given—films which have equalled those shown in any of the theatres “down river” and in some instances have even excelled their meretorious offerings.

We have shown on the “Silver Screen” the greatest stars in moving pictures—Wallace Reid, Wanda Hawley, Douglass Fairbanks, Viola Dana, Charles Ray, Billy Burke, Enid Bennett, Dorothy Dalton, Frank Mayo, William Hart, Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle and others whose names are household words as much so as Ty Cobb, Stuffy McInnis, Home Run Baker, Babe Ruth and other baseball stars and even better known than those who direct the destinies of our State and Nation.

Some of the films already shown are “Alarm Clock Andy,” “Excuse My Dust,” “Too Much Johnson,” “Rio Grande,” “False Road,” “Mary’s Ankle,” “Brothers Divided,” “The Spender,” “Dancin’ Fool,” “The Best of Luck,” “Away Went Prudence,” “His Majesty the American,” “Shore Acres,” and that nine reel super production, “Male and Female,” which is a filmization of Barrie’s “The Admirable Crichton,” one of the most popular and widely read novels of present day writers.

It is of interest that some of the films we have shown have been advertised for showing in the theaters of Bangor and other cities *after* they have been shown by us.

The films which we use are obtained through the Boston office of Community Motion Picture Bureau, a New York organization which furnished the films used by the United States Army during and since the war and which maintains a very extensive and efficient censor bureau to see that only the most desirable films are furnished. They have worked in close cooperation with us in securing the films which we suggest and which could not, many times, be otherwise secured for our showings.

Bookings which have already been made for several weeks to come assure a continuance of the high grade quality of the past season.

We cannot, of necessity, show the very latest releases on account of the prohibitive cost, as the films first go to the theaters in the larger cities who can afford to pay the weekly charges of \$500 to \$2500 because of the immense revenue they receive from their patronage. Ours are given free of charge. We do, however, by a most fortunate arrangement, get the first of the so-called second releases which is after they have been shown in the larger theaters of the principal cities.

In athletics, all that has so far been done, has been to furnish gloves, balls, masks and bats for baseball and also footballs, but our plans in hand contemplate the laying out of baseball diamonds and tennis courts and extension to such lines of athletic activities as the demands may develop. Later on special recreation buildings may be built.

Health work along constructive lines will be inaugurated and arrangements have already been made with Dr. Coombs of the State Board of Health for talks on health illustrated by moving picture films.

The question of better facilities for bathing and personal laundry work at the farms and camps is having careful consideration to see how it can be best handled.

Thus briefly is outlined what the Social Service Department has done and is to do and in this work we want and need the cooperation of every one connected with the company. We invite suggestions which will have our most careful consideration. We do not agree to carry out all the suggestions that may be made, but we do agree to forward such activities that come before us, as may be possible and which will bring the greatest good to the greatest number.

This little magazine, which will be issued monthly, is the magazine of the management and the men. It is your magazine. Let’s all get behind it and give it a boost.

People who parade their virtues seldom lead the procession

THE NORTHERN

A MAGAZINE OF CONTACT
BETWEEN THE MANAGE-
MENT AND THE MEN.

Published by the Spruce Wood Department,
Social Service Division, Great Northern
Paper Company.

M. S. HILL, Superintendent

HARRIE B. COE, Editor

Ten cents a year to those unfortunates without
the pale—otherwise gratis.

All employees are asked to cooperate with news
items, personals photographs, suggestions, any-
thing that will please and not offend. Address
all communications direct to the editor, room 607
State St., Bangor, Maine.

APRIL 1921



WE feel very much like the small boy at graduation who is to make his maiden speech or orate on "The Village Blacksmith," and finds he has six to ten pairs of hands with no place to put them and a pair of feet that persist in getting tangled up in the stage drapery. However, here we are, with a smile in our heart if it doesn't show on our face and a most cordial desire to shake hands with you and ask you to join our ranks and be a newspaper man or woman with us. This initial number starts with only one lone editor who feels like whistling in the big forest to keep up his courage and the thing that will make him happy the quickest is good company. So he invites you all to be a part of the "staff" and help him make this little paper grow to a big man-size affair and full of the good things which we can all enjoy. We want this to be **your** paper. We want **you** to be so interested in it that you will watch for its appearance every month because you know it will have something in it which will interest you. There is a splendid spirit of good fellowship among the personnel of the spruce wood department. It is that spirit which makes us all glad that we are a part of this great organization and it is that we may all get even better acquainted with each other that this paper is published. We ask you to help us by sending items of personal interest such as notices of any social affairs which take place among the employees and their families. We would like to publish from time to time photographs of some of the wonderful children who are so important a factor in making the lives of the Northern employees happy. Every mother and father with a kid is interested in the youngsters of other fathers and mothers. We all want to

see how they look and we ask you to send us pictures of them, not specially the ones made by some city photographer, when the kids are all dressed up in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and are about as uncomfortable and unhappy as they can be, but snap-shots of them in their every day life—those are the pictures which have real human interest—and don't forget to send one of mother and dad as well.

Every little while we hear someone ask about someone who formerly worked for the company—what they are doing and where they live. Send in items of that nature like the following:

Jim McIntire, who for the past three years has taken such good care of our drivers when we have stopped at 10 Mile for some of Mrs. Gallagher's good cooking, has bought a farm at South Orrington and went there last month to get ready for his spring plowing. We shall miss Jim as we go over the line and we wish him every success on his own farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher also left 10 Mile, April 1st. Mrs. Gallagher is to take a few months' rest and Bill will take up other duties with the company.

Jack Hazelton, who has presided over the kitchen at the Pittston Farm this winter has gone home to get ready for the spring fishing trip of President Schenck and Manager Gilbert. Mrs. Jewett is doing the cooking at Pittston. Those who have eaten her products in the culinary line know what that means.

Other items which we would like are those which relate to the special performance of a tractor or jitney—for example: Last November at Thanksgiving time after several of us had been snowed in at Grant Farm for four days, the Lombard and plow and a sports automobile were hitched up and started from Grant Farm for Lily Bay. The jitney with Braggy at the wheel followed. After making Cyrus Hill, the Lombard held up with its load for dinner. As those on the jitney wanted very much to make the boat at Lily Bay, Braggy drove his jitney almost into the ditch and by skillful handling passed the Lombard train without getting stuck and "stepped on her" for Lily Bay where we caught the steamer, saving us a day's time. Oh, boy, didn't she fly from Cyrus Hill to Lily Bay.

Here's another: After a heavy fall of snow in January a Holt and plow left Pittston for Kineo. John Lamb in

his old bus left Kineo for his camp and "yours truly" and Game Warden Mowan followed in the social service driving team. We met the Holt below 20 Mile. How John Lamb was to get by, because he could not go out into the deep snow, was the question, but the Holt soon settled it by uncoupling from the plow, and going across the shoulder and ditch and over the right of way to break out a road around the plow, turned in its own tracks on the turnpike and pulled John Lamb and his car around the plow. They then coupled onto the plow again and moved it along so that the writer could work his team by and everyone was again set for their destination. It was a pretty slick piece of work and we had the laugh on John Lamb, for in trying to make the curve at the Pittston lower road gate, he skidded on the snow and went into the ditch. He was digging out when we drove by and won the bet we had made that he would be into Pittston first.

* * * * *

The last G. N. P. assembly for the 1920-21 season was held at Society Hall, Bangor, the evening of April 15. These social affairs have been most enjoyable and have made all better acquainted through the pleasures of dancing and social intercourse. We feel more like one big family and all look forward to their renewal another winter.

* * * * *

There is nothing very unusual about these notices but they are of interest to some and if each of us will contribute an item or two each month we will soon have a real newspaper. It is the little every-day things in this life which count the most in the end and make up the important whole.

We want articles on efficiency of operation in the several branches of work. Suggestions which will help the other fellow so that we may all do better work for the company and make a better job for ourselves. As the company prospers so shall we prosper.

We admit we have a few more ideas rattling around in the back of our head but this isn't to be a one-man affair at all—it would soon go to seed on that plan—so let's all get busy and make the May issue "a regular feller." This one is just a baby in swaddling clothes and we don't want it to get the "pip."

NOT COLOR BLIND

Beneath the moon, he told his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed quite plain for weeks.

Remember, its only when the fish opens his mouth that he gets caught

WERE YOU ONE OF THEM?



Maine working men and women lost \$7,000,000 last year through sickness. This sum represents cash deducted from their pay while they were out sick from various causes.

Without a doubt, a big percentage of this sickness could have been prevented by careful observation of the few fundamental laws of good health. The laws are simple—but until all men, or the majority of men observe them, we have no cause to complain of existing diseases and their consequences, for until all men and women are interested in the health laws and their enforcement, the bad results of disease will continue to hamper the world and exact that big toll of money lost through sickness.

Every man who wishes to save his share of that \$7,000,000 loss will observe the simple health rules.

Of course, the first law is personal cleanliness. The generous use of soap and water will insure this. Incidentally, it is well known in medical circles that there is no better antiseptic or germ killer than good, old fashioned soap and water.

Men and women who have to keep in top-notch physical trim take a bath and shower every day. This is not always possible, but twice a week is within the reach of almost everyone. One bath a week is the least we can do to keep clean.

Of course, in personal cleanliness, we must take care of our teeth. Do you know that in one State Insane Asylum insane patients have been discharged, cured by work done on their teeth? Bad teeth are probably responsible for more ills than we generally give them credit for. A good brushing with some well known dentifrice morning and night will keep them clean, and an inspection by a dentist every six months will catch decay before it has time to do great damage.

The next health law is to eat good, plain, wholesome, pure food and drink plenty of water.

It is no joke that the working man usually takes better care of his stomach than the rich man—he has to. He can't afford the expensive, fancy foods that wreck digestion. And because he must have muscle building food, he naturally eats it plainly and picks the wholesome things.

Another necessity for good health is

plenty of sleep. Seven or eight hours is the accepted amount for an adult—a child should have more. Hundreds of lives of our future citizens are today being wrecked by indulgent mothers who let their children stay up late nights for the "movies" or to play.

Plenty of good air and exercise are very important health laws.

It is a peculiar thing, but you will note that the way of good health is the cheapest way. Soap and water are cheaper than any antiseptic solution, yet are more antiseptic than any other. The brushing of teeth costs less than repairing them. The plainest, most wholesome food is always the cheapest. Sleep costs nothing. Exercise and fresh air are free to all.

Any man can observe these rules for himself—yet rich men wreck themselves physically through indulgence and then—go pay some "physical culture school" hundreds of dollars to force them for a few weeks to comply with these rules and "rebuild their health!"

Those who are fortunate enough to have a baby, have a wonderful opportunity to build the foundation for a splendid, vigorous manhood or womanhood in that child. Take that new born baby, give it mother's milk for nine months, then the milk from healthy cows and pure food and drink of other kinds. Let that little body be kept clean, properly exercised with a daily tonic of fresh air and sunlight. Let that little body have 10 hours sleep a day—and we have laid the foundation stone for the building of a perfect thing—a vigorous healthy American.

When Maine's manhood responded to the call to arms for fighting in the World War, our citizens discovered some things about our general ill health—and our disregard for it—that startled the whole state.

For instance, it was discovered that Maine had some mighty unhealthy sons. Out of every 1000 men examined for the army 568 had physical defects and 346 of them were rejected on this account!

Only two States in the Union had more rejections!

The Maine State Department of Health has discovered other unhealthy conditions, too. Tuberculosis caused 789 deaths in Maine last year and 357 of these deaths were men and women under 30 years of age, the flower of our man and womanhood.

Death claimed 1137 babies under one year of age. Over one thousand innocent little victims who never had a chance! Over 10 per cent. of all babies born alive in the whole State!

School inspection by health officers show that from 70% to 90% of our school children have dental defects which need immediate correction.

The Health Department statistics show us that 888 deaths resulted from cancer last year.

But \$7,000,000 was lost by the working men and women—the men and women who need every cent they can earn—because they allowed themselves to be sick!

Will it pay us to observe the health laws of God?

All right—let's do it—let's start **TODAY!**

We want every employe to have a copy of The Northern each month. We have sent a quantity supply to each division and operation besides individual mailings this month. Send us your name and address and we will put you on the mailing list. If you want one sent to your home address please so indicate. Address the Editor, Room 607, 6 State Street, Bangor, Maine.

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his, and patted her soft, round chin, she drew back and asked:

"George, do you shave yourself?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever——"

Then she stopped; but it was too late, and he went away with a cold, heavy lump in his breast.

Mother—"You were a long time in the conservatory with Mr. Willing last night, my child. What was going on?"

Daughter—"Did you ever sit in the conservatory with father before you married him?"

Mother—"I suppose I did."

Daughter—"Well, mother, it's the same old world."—Exchange.

"Sambo, I don't understand how you can do all your work so quickly, and so well."

"I'll tell yuh how 'tis, boss. I sticks de match ob enthusiasm to de fuse ob yenergy—and jes natchurally explodes, I does."—Nashville Tennessean.

"Phwat was the last card oi dealt ye, Mike?"

"A sphade."

"Oi knew it. Oi saw ye spit on your hands before ye picked it up."—Ex.

In every quarrel leave unlatched the door of reconciliation



BOB MOORE REPORTS TO MR. HARKNESS



ELMO L. ROBERTS



GOLDIE REFEREEING A BOUT BETWEEN
LEO and JOE McINNIS



W.G. McCORMICK



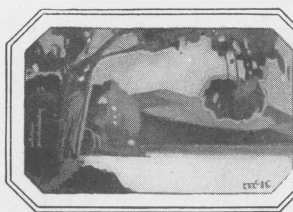
MAYNARD EMERY, H.A. ROWE and H.I. ROLLINS



CHESUNCOOK STAGE AT GRANT FARM

WENPCOV

Those who borrow trouble, multiply it, and then lend it to their friends



Northern News



Seboomook

A. E. Harmon, Correspondent

During the past month rather more than the average amount of snow has fallen, but, just at present, assisted by golden sunshine and balmy breezes, it is departing very nearly as rapidly as it arrived and numerous spots of bare ground turn one's mind to radishes and green peas.

Business is freshening daily at the storehouse; this is open season for "Inventories" and all hands are getting their share of this exhilarating indoor sport.

Ed. Sweeney, the storehouse man, is particularly busy on account of numerous jobbers completing their operations and turning in their wangs; one of the latest to do this is Fred Gilbert, the contractor.

A. E. Harmon is again in the harness after an enforced vacation due to ill health.

Paul Paquet recently spent a week end with his parents in St. George, P. Q.

D. C. Stevens, of Auburn, Maine, reported for duty at the storehouse on March 11.

Henry Hood, who has been hibernating at the Terminal of the S.L. & St. J. Ry. all winter, was seen in Rockwood getting a haircut the other day. We don't know if this is a sign of an early spring or not, but "Hope springs eternal."

The Holt tractor driven by William Morrill, assisted by Wesley Cray (Boob McNutt), hauled the last load of hay (21 tons) to North East Carry for Sutherland & Hodgins.

The past few days have brought several distinguished visitors into our midst, among them Mr. Michaud, Maurice Hill, L. G. White and Joseph McPhee.

Mr. Walter Twombly has completed his tour of duty as Superintendent of Seboomook Farm. He

has been with the company for several years; at one time he was superintendent of Pittston Farm and for the last few years he has been at Seboomook. After the death of Mrs. Twombly in 1924, his daughter Miss Florence Twombly became housekeeper. Mr. Twombly first visited Seboomook 50 years ago last fall when he paddled a sport up the lake to this place and carried over to the West Branch.

Rockwood

J. H. Murch, Correspondent

Albert Heckman, who worked on this side of the lake last summer as a fire warden, is assisting the office force with the inventory. Walter Wheeler is expected to arrive to help with this work.

A small party of the Northern folks took the trip to the Forty Mile to extend their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene LeClare.

Mrs. Hugh Desmond has returned from a visit to her home in Canton, New York.

Mrs. Cochrane is back after spending some time in Massachusetts.

Reginald Denney was featured in "Rolling Home," and shown in the Hall by Stanley Bartlett. This was another exceptionally good picture and greatly enjoyed.

Charles Ambrose, of the Cashier's Office in Bangor, was here recently on a business trip.

The Gunn boys, Alec and George, passed through Kineo during the month enroute to Caucomgomoc Lake. They have a contract to drive the Caucomgomoc wood this year.

William Harris of the Boundary has returned after his vacation spent in Richmond, Virginia, Washington, D. C., New York and Boston.

We are glad to hear Austin Harmon's voice on the line again at

Seboomook Storehouse, after his absence on account of ill health.

On March 9, Paul Smith and Miss Annie Shorey were married in Greenville by Rev. C. D. Wentworth. Paul Smith has been connected with the clerical force here for some time and Miss Shorey recently graduated from the Charles A. Dean Nurses Training School. The Northern colony welcome Mr. and Mrs. Smith to their midst and extend the best of wishes for the happiness of the couple.

Chesuncook-Chamberlain Lake R. R.

S. W. Morin, Correspondent

After a short period of suspended work on the railroad, Mr. MacGregor has arrived back with about 25 men to make preparations for this summer's work.

Among those to return to the fold was Johnny Mea, looking fine after his vacation. During the time that he was away he visited in Boston and Providence. It sure seems good to see you back again, Johnny!

Work is going ahead fast on an ice-house for this summer's use.

The supplies being used now have been furnished from Glaster's Operation.

Ellis Brook Operation

W. J. Lacrosse, Correspondent

Operations have been suspended for this year. On March 18 the hauling ended; the men took their departure two days later. Owing to the soft weather, which came unusually early this year, not all of the wood was hauled. 19,834 cords of wood were cut and it was necessary to leave about 5,000 cords of it to be hauled later.

Outside visitors this month included N. A. Smith, George MacPherson and Leon White.

GNPCO

Temptation that appears by invitation is quite certain to overstay its welcome

Al MacDonald is in charge of storing equipment at Tom McLean's camp. This equipment will be hauled to Ellis Brook later.

Edward LaCroix is now working on a 700 ft. pier, part of a trestle bridge in Umbazookskus Lake. This bridge is to be used for the railroad which will haul the Musquacook wood.

W. J. LaCrosse and F. M. Cunningham are at the depot camp in the office.

On March 18, Mr. Cunningham celebrated a birthday. A large cake contributed by the cook was one of the features of the day.

Umbazookskus Operation

S. W. Morin, Correspondent

Umbazookskus Operation has been brought successfully to a close. On March 4, E. J. MacNeill finished and John Erickson got through on the 6th. The camps have been closed and the men have gone out. The horses used were turned over to Ellis Brook Operation.

9,117 cords of wood were cut and hauled.

At the depot camp, about 25 men have been retained to make some repairs preparatory to the drive. The camps have been moved across the stream.

A donkey engine is expected to arrive, which will be used in the work on Umbazookskus Stream Improvements.

Connie Burke is still cooking.

We are shipping wangans to Umbazookskus Lake and Longley Pond.

C. H. Glaster is busy looking after all the details which seem to come up when people's thoughts turn from hauling to driving.

Jack Crawford is our new foreman.

Greenville Machine Shop

J. B. Pratt, Correspondent

Pres. E. W. Englebright and Mr. S. L. G. Knox, of the Lombard Tractor and Truck Corporation, were at the shop to witness a demonstration of the new Twin Tractor. They took some moving pictures of the tractor showing several of its stunts.

Our clerical force is temporarily depleted by the enforced absence of Hugh Morrell and Harold Hoyt. Both were stricken with appendicitis and were operated on at the Charles A. Dean Hospital on March 10. We are pleased to say that they are well on the road to recovery.

Motor Boat No. 30 was sent to Umbazookskus Lake for C. H. Glaster, leaving her moorings here on March 12.

C. W. Powers, who has been with the Accounting Department in the Bangor Office, has severed his connection with that division and is at present located in Greenville helping at the Greenville Shop during the absence of Mr. Hoyt.

Leo Desmond has been parading around since March 13, with a well-developed chest. We don't blame you, Leo, and offer our congratulations on the birth of a 7½ lb. baby boy, Lawrence George.

F. V. Schenck made a trip to Bangor recently.

Walter O'Connell is at Greenville Shop assisting while Hugh Morrell is convalescent.

The employees of the Greenville Machine Shop, together with members of their families and invited

guests, assembled in the Piscataquis Exchange Hotel on Thursday evening, February 24, 1927, for a banquet. The guest of honor was Superintendent O. A. Harkness; the other invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Rollins, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hempstead, H. A. Bowe, L. G. White and N. A. Smith. After the four course banquet was served to one hundred and seven people, moving pictures were shown in the lobby. Later dancing and bridge were enjoyed.

40-Mile

D. P. Dunton, Correspondent

J. E. Sargent has a small crew here under James McLeary making some repairs on the Dole Pond Dam. A new pier and a new apron have been built and the work is nearing completion.

Forty Mile is a very busy place just at present. Crews returning to Canada from various operations are stopping here for meals and everyone has to hustle. Saturday, March 19, there were 28 men and 21 horses to dinner.

Wedding bells are ringing again; this time for Eugene LeClare and Miss Myrtle Bailey who were mar-



PHOTO BY THE BAILEY STUDIO

The Grant Farm by Moonlight. Many weary, belated travelers in the north country have found the Grant Farm a haven of refuge.

GNPCOR

A check book is concededly one of the most popular automobile accessories ever invented

ried at the Forty Mile by Rev. A. G. Hempstead on Friday, March 18. They were attended by Jack Green and Miss Vera Hatch. After the ceremony the bride received a sum of money as a gift from the couple's friends. We all wish to extend our best wishes for a long life of happiness for them both.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane are making preparations to move to Seboomook where they will superintend the running of the farm there. Visitors at the Forty Mile will miss the welcome reception always extended by the Lanes.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunton, the parents of the clerk, are expected soon to take over the supervision of the Forty Mile Boarding House.

Rice Farm

J. L. Goodwin, Correspondent

A small crew of men have cut and prepared 65 cords of wood and piled it up ready for use.

We have 30,000 pounds of ice on hand which was stored the first of January.

A. I. Mann has had a crew of men here since January 10, building square timber boom and piers. To date he has received two car loads of 12" x 12" spruce and expects two more in the near future. At present, Mr. Mann is building and stringing boom on the ice in Dolby Flowage between the conveyors and Schoodic Bridge.

Included in the Lower Drive crew are Ira Mann, Eugene Drake and John Kilbride.

At the Rice Farm, Charles Fitz and F. H. Goodwin make up the crew.

Pittston Farm

M. P. Hill, Correspondent

E. H. Rand, of Salem, Mass., who kept time at Nigger Brook Camp, is assisting with the inventory taking.

John Logan, Fred Lawless and William Johnson are making extensive repairs on the annex.

William Payne has completed a new chimney on the annex.

M. P. Hill and Fred Peterson enjoyed a vacation during the past month.

Charles Russell, Jr., having recently recovered from the measles, is visiting his parents here.

John Hayes has left and gone to his home. Mr. Hayes' operation finished about the middle of March.

Mrs. Ordway's son, Roy Willey and family, are visiting at Pittston.

Answering the Boston Post's "How Much Do You Know" has become a popular indoor sport but the batting average of the several participants has been a topic of discussion.

We wish to offer our best wishes to Eugene LeClare and Miss Myrtle Bailey who have both worked here in the past.



PHOTO BY D. MAHER

George Gallagher, the filer at Canada Falls Dam, holding two bob cats. The larger one weighed nearly fifty pounds and the smaller one weighed thirty pounds.

Grindstone

A. J. Bertrand, Correspondent

D. F. Chase, our Forest Engineer, has gone to Sheridan where he will be busy for the next three weeks.

The movie, My Old Dutch, was shown here by Don Pearson and was well liked by all who witnessed it. Bud Mooney kindly lent his services with the victrola.

The hauling of the wood cut at Swift Brook by Cone and Boyle was completed on March 1. Carl Hughes then started hauling from the big pile at Grindstone but had to give it

up on the 12th owing to the condition of the roads.

There are a number of bare places on the road—quite a contrast to last year when the hauling stopped on April 1.

Timothy Finn, who was injured here a short while ago, has returned from the Eastern Maine General Hospital where he endured an enforced vacation. We do not know whether or not Tim practised playing cribbage while he was there but he certainly wields a wicked peg since his return.

Harry Wayne also had the misfortune of being hurt but as Harry was only down there two days he didn't have much to say about cribbage.

This seems to be the period for accidents. Mr. and Mrs. George Price's little daughter fell from a veranda at Davidson and broke one of her legs. All of their friends hope for a quick recovery.

Ashland Branch Operation

E. M. Sawyer, Correspondent

A. J. Spearin Contract has cut 7,000 cords and will be through hauling around March 20.

Shorey Siding has been a very busy place this year.

Greenlaw & Thomas Contract have cut 8,500 cords at Walker Siding and Monwell Siding. They are through hauling, having finished on the 15th.

T. S. Pinkham Contract has cut 4,500 cords at Buffalo Siding, Cushing Siding and Eagle Siding.

We have had several callers this month including P. J. Murdock, Bruce McDonald, T. S. Ranney, Frank Doherty, George McPherson and R. L. Johnson.

Frank Brown has been quite sick with the flu but has been around the jobs each day.

A great number of western horses have been received through Aroostook County. 2,700 have been reported to date.

On March 10, there was 41 inches of snow on T 7 R 3.

George Greenlaw was confined to his home in Masardis for about eight weeks with the flu.

GNPCOM

You will head a mighty lonesome procession if you have nothing but your troubles to parade

Ten-Mile Plant

A. B. Chaplin, Correspondent

We have been watching (the same as most everyone) for signs of spring, and on March 13, we were rewarded by the appearance of a large swarm of mosquitoes around the back yard. Mrs. Shaw examined several of them which had fallen, victims of the swat, and they proved to be the real thing. While it is a sure forerunner of spring, it also serves to give us all the shivers to think of what is coming to us later, in the form of pests.

Visitors this month include R. H. Robertson, Charles Crossman, John Morrison, John Hatch and A. G. Hempstead.

Grant Farm

Raymond O. Young, Correspondent

The warm weather, which most of us have been enjoying, has caused others considerable bother. Bare ground is presenting itself around the farm and the plowed roads are losing their winter covering rapidly.

Phil Rollins and his "Galloping Goose" found the Chesuncook road rather poor galloping. He is now on the Cooper Brook Road.

While digging for a drain pipe which had become plugged, Mr. Gary's men opened a subterranean chamber of considerable size under the field in front of the house. Suggestions for a likely use for it have been offered and turned down owing to conflict with constitutional amendments.

Lombard tractors have been hauling coal and crude oil through here to Chesuncook Dam. It looks as though they were getting ready for a long, busy season.

George McGuire and C. H. Glas-ter have been getting equipment together for their drives. Most of it is being held in the storehouse here until the toters are able to haul it out.

Robert Kearsse and his helpers are busy on the new doors for our garage.

William Mills has just finished installing electric lights in our new potato house. They are a big improvement, in the cellar, especially.

Don Pearson put on the movie "Rolling Home" recently.

Mr. D. A. Mudge, of St. Paul, Minn., has been stopping with us as a guest of the Bangor Office.

Just at present we are confining most of our attention to the matter of taking inventory. Charlie Ramsdell has returned to his native haunts and is stationed here at present. He and Raymond Fernald are assisting with the inventory.

Lily Bay

F. A. Murphy, Correspondent

The improved Twin Lombard Tractor, under the pilotage of "Bobby" Moore, has been making her regular trips doing work for Grant Farm Toting, and has not been bothered much by any trouble. 'Tis great to listen to the tonnage toted of an evening by the fireplace, and the arguments pro and con, by the drivers of the various types of tractors.

Mr. Walls has his pile of 44 cords of wood all sawed up. He was assisted by Harry Bowser and Jack Best. Harry was later replaced by "Pete" Gilman.

We were visited during the month by Mr. and Mrs. George McPherson.

Due to the condition of the weather, and the roads, the night and day Lombard tractor hauling coal to Cooper Brook Operation has been laid off and the men have gone to other fields.

The office floor received quite a shock one Saturday afternoon, and we don't blame it for humping up its back. It was Mopped!

Robert Black, the son of Mrs. Walls, is enjoying a week's vacation from school. It is being pleasantly passed at Lily Bay.

Sutherland & Hodgins

Joe Curran, Correspondent

Operations on Moose Horn are completed with 14,200 cords on the landing. Little Scott Brook Operation will finish next week with 3,300 cords more, making a total of 17,500 cords.

The two well-known scalers, Bill Pullen and Guy Haskell, left the depot camp with Michaud teaming

the ribbons, and, by making good connections, were in Kineo in four hours. Under different conditions it has often taken three days to make this trip.

The Canadian jobbers, Rancourt, Morin, Champion & Breton, Bedard and Labbie have finished their contracts and, with their horses and sleds, have left for Canada by way of the Forty Mile.

One camp will be left open for the Scott Brook Drive.

S. A. Sutherland made a trip to Bangor and return in four days, accompanied by F. A. Bailey of Bangor.

Jack Hodgins is quite busy traveling these days and reports the going quite hard.

The champion cribbage game will be staged the latter part of this month between Bill Withrow, the feeder, and Peter Morin, the blacksmith. It is an even bet and Tom Miller, our chef, is the stake holder. He reports plenty of backing for both.

Cooper Brook

Louis N. Murphy, Correspondent

The gentle spring breezes and mild, high sun have put an end to the hauling of the wood, and the steamers are at rest in the garage till next season. We landed approximately 11,000 cords and were forced to leave about 8,000 cords in the woods. The record loads hauled were by Louis Mountain, who hauled a train of 15 sleds totaling about 175 cords, and Ellis Newton who hauled a train of 16 sleds or approximately 185 cords. These loads could not be hauled through to the landing, on account of a 7 per cent grade. This grade was the greatest problem, and caused most of the difficulty in hauling the wood. The total cordage of the biggest day was 550 cords.

At this time we should judge that the depot camp is the busiest place in New England. We're closing the jobber's camps, closing Hauling Cooper Brook Wood accounts, and preparing for dam building and driving.

Mike Pelky is cooking at the depot camp, in Jimmy Malone's place.

GNPCO

Your successful men and women are never chronic grumblers

Mrs. Burr and Mrs. Holden and children have gone to their homes in Bangor, leaving Mrs. Hobart the only woman on the operation.

Though the cutting and hauling of the wood are completed, Mr. Burr by no means has any time for rest; from now on he has to make preparation for the drive and build a dam at the outlet of Joe-Merry lake. This dam will be large enough to hold a four foot head, a sufficient amount of water for the drive. Boom chains and other driving equipment are now being hauled from Greenville to Joe-Merry Lake.

Mr. W. A. McDonald, of the Boston Transcript, and Mr. Arnold Belcher, of the Paramount Motion Picture Corp., spent a few days with us during the month. Mr. Belcher took about a thousand feet of film of the log haulers, sluicing of wood, and other operation activities.

Archie Deroche and crew have completed the garage which is one stall larger than the old one, and built on an improved plan. This garage is divided into two parts, one for the steamers and one for the gasoline tractors. The partition is made of sheet steel and asbestos.

Greenville

D. M. Pearson, Correspondent

The condition of the roads in Greenville and to Blair's Hill and beyond seems to suggest the return of summer, song birds, and Bill Clarkin. While the lake doesn't show any signs of shedding its winter array, there have been reports that the general appearance of it is such as one would look for about the middle of April. At the time of writing, spring is only a few days away, and whatever kind of weather we may have after that can be accepted with the feeling that winter is over.

We hesitate to offer any prophecies concerning the notions of nature this coming season but scientists (names unknown) predicted some time ago that 1927 would be a year without any summer. Owing to the discomfort recently felt while wear-

ing a fur coat, we would be inclined to offer a different opinion.

One of the company men who had visited both sides of the lake noticed that a snowmobile on one side and a Fordson Tractor on the other had been coincidentally and fittingly christened the "Gallopig Goose." In order to relieve any existing confusion, he thought of renaming one of them and suggested the "Hiccuppig Hector" as a suitable designation.

Joe-Merry Conveyor

L. H. Lowe, Correspondent

Everything is quiet around here just now; work has gone on very well in the construction of the conveyor. The mud sills are about done and the planking is being laid.

Mr. Burr is making preparations to build a dam at the outlet of Joe-Merry Lake. Albert Stone will take charge for him.

Canada Falls Dam

L. E. Desmond, Correspondent

"On with the Drives." Barring earthquakes, volcanoes, cyclones, etc., the new Canada Falls Dam will be in shape to permit driving.

Thomas V. Whalen, well-known throughout the company operations, is working here at present. Tom has just arrived back into civilization after having spent most of the winter sealing at Scott Brook.

Guy L. Bubar, cook, fur dealer, and trapper extraordinary, has left for parts unknown to us. He was accompanied by Thomas Buckley. His place is being taken by George Sears who is handling that department in a manner that would suit the most fastidious. He is being assisted by Clifford Madore, John McDonald and John Peters.

Leonard Cormier and Gilbert Voutour made a flying trip to Jackman recently. "Gill" certainly was a knockout in his white flannel knickers and golf hose. Leonard said he felt like a "Piker."

Roland Foster, Angus Commeau, "George the Dam Tender" and L. E. Desmond, wish to thank Eugene LeClare for the cigars, and to wish

him health, wealth and happiness.

George McEachern of the Greenville Shop is running the saw mill and is turning out some good looking lumber.

George McKen expects to leave for Bigelow shortly to watch the dam on Stratton Brook. George helped to build Stratton Dam last fall. Angus Commeau is slated for Caucomgomoc Lake Dam.

Joseph Sheehan

The death of Joe Sheehan on February 22, 1927, at Campton, New Hampshire, after a very brief illness, was a distinct shock to his many friends in this state, among whom were his former associates in the employ of the Great Northern Paper Company.

The funeral took place February 24 at the Union Congregational Church, Greenville, Maine, Rev. H. C. Vrooman officiating. Columbia Lodge No. 200, F. & A. M., attended in a body, and its officers conducted the burial services. F. W. Covell and L. G. White represented Rising Virtue Lodge, No. 10, the deceased's own lodge in Bangor. The bearers were Normand A. Smith, O. A. Harkness, H. A. Bowe and L. G. White, representing the Great Northern Paper Company. There was a profusion of floral offerings. Interment will take place in the spring in the family lot in Greenville Cemetery.

The deceased is survived by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Sheehan and by his three daughters, Mrs. Willis Hammond and the Misses Myrtle and Hazel Sheehan, all of whom reside in Bangor.

Joseph Sheehan was born near Summerside, Prince Edward Island, and came to this country when a mere boy. He was only ten years of age when he came to Greenville and began to work around at various jobs. He served a long and faithful apprenticeship in the woods, gradually working up through the stages of straw boss and camp foreman

GNPCO

This world can never be kept clean by people who neglect themselves, to scrub their neighbors

until he became a superintendent. He was known as one of the most skillful woodsmen of his time.

He married Miss Elizabeth Smith and established a home in Greenville. He later moved his family to a house in West Broadway, Bangor, where they have since resided.

Mr. Sheehan's name is more closely connected with the Kennebec region, perhaps, than any other, for there he logged and drove for many years. Wood Stream was his headquarters for a long time; he also cut on Boyd Town and Tomhegan. He drove the Main River one year and once built a piece of railroad into Madison. He also worked at Dolby and North Twin Dam. His last work with this company was at Cooper Brook, where he operated for two years. In preparation for this he built a ten mile stretch of road in from Kokadjo, which made the operation more easily accessible than by the old route from Millinocket. Owing to the large amount of ledge encountered, this was a difficult piece of work, but it was accomplished in a very short time.

It was during this period that Mr. Sheehan became interested in portable mills, getting out laths, shingles and the like. One was located near Weeks Mills and the other near Mars Hill.

Mr. Sheehan was for a time laid up by illness and compelled to give up work. In the fall of 1925 he entered the employ of the Brown Company in New Hampshire, completing that operation successfully and returning last fall to take another contract. It was good news to his many friends that he was able to get back on the job. His sudden passing came almost without warning.

Joe Sheehan's term of service with this company was long and honorable. His reputation for honest dealing was without blemish. Woodsmen took pride in being members of his crew. His faith in his fellow men was strong; he expected every man with whom he dealt to be as honest as he. He was as square as they make them.

—W. M. Creegan

Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

February 15 to March 15

Snow Fall for the period	18.75"
Snow fall for season	101.25"
Maximum Temperature	
March 13	58°
Minimum Temperature	
February 20	—6°
Snow on the level, March 14	26"
Thickness of ice on Moosehead Lake, March 14	32"
Seven clear days during period with seven very unseasonable days, from March 11, to March 17 with maximas from 45° to 58°.	
Prevailing wind—Northwest	
Greatest Velocity recorded —	24 miles per hour at 8.00 P.M. on March 3 and at 8.00 A.M. on March 9 and 15.

Card of Thanks

We wish to acknowledge with grateful appreciation the flowers sent and the expressions of sympathy extended at the time of our great loss.

Mrs. Joseph Sheehan and family.

The New Twin Tractor

(Continued from Page 7)

When the wheel is turned in either direction it throttles down the engine on that side, changing the direction of the tractor to that angle. The tractor has a speed of 8 miles

an hour in high gear and in low, 3 miles an hour.

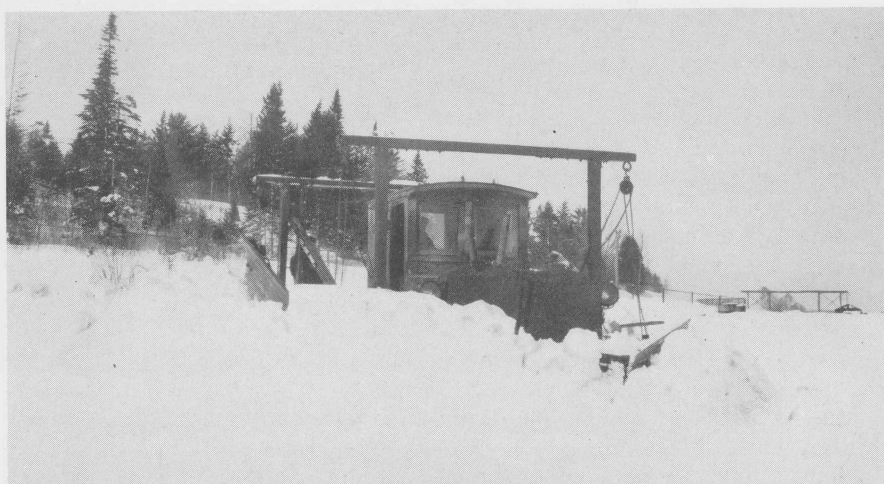
Much credit is due to Foreman H. R. MacFadden and his men, C. N. Porter, Leon Bradley and Walter Crabb, and also to H. N. Woodruff, for working out the steering gear, the brakes, and clutch throw-outs, and solving the assembling problems.

Mr. O. A. Harkness insisted on exceptionally strong and rugged gears, cases and frame. He also secured large clearance, even balance, speed and ability to travel through rough country and deep snow.

Mr. F. A. Gilbert, Vice-President of the Great Northern Paper Company, who was very desirous that such a tractor be constructed, has followed the course of its development with great interest.

During the past month the tractor has demonstrated its power, speed and flexibility. It has the speed and steering advantages of the long base auto type tractor plus the ability of the tank type tractor to turn in short space and go over rough ground. Such a combination has not heretofore been effected.

Mr. E. W. Englebright, President of the Lombard Tractor and Truck Corporation, and their Consulting Engineer, Mr. S. L. G. Knox, recently witnessed an exhibition of what the tractor can do. They expressed themselves as being very much pleased with its performance and consider it an ideal tractor for woods' use.



The New Twin Tractor Plowing

GNPCO

The man that makes up his mind to rule or ruin is mighty apt to do both

L'Envoi

When Earth's last picture is painted,
 and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and
 the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need
 it—lie down for an eon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen
 shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy:
 they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
 with brushes of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—
 Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting
 and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and
 only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and
 no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and
 each, in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for
 the God of Things as They Are!

—Rudyard Kipling