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The Northern

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A. G. Hempstead, Superintendent Social Service
Editor

Vol. VII. SEPTEMBER, 1927 No. 6

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THE AUGUSTA PRESS



The Northern

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SPRUCE WOOD DEPARTMENT



The Man Who Made the Fox Hole

By FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM

THOSE who go up and down the West Branch of the Penobscot between Northeast Carry and Chesuncook still speak of the Fox Hole; but few of them can know how it got its name. It was not made by black foxes or blue, white foxes or grey, nor by red foxes either; but by old Asa Fox, who lived and died in the woods and was as much a denizen of them as any wild creature.

In 1857, Asa Fox started in to make a clearing for William Strickland, of Bangor, on the southerly side of the West Branch, a strong half mile below the foot of the Big Island. When he quit work two or three years later, so little had been accomplished that his slash was dubbed in derision "the Fox Hole," because it was hardly more than a break in the forest. The name has always held to the spot, though its origin is forgotten.

Perhaps no one but myself could now tell the story which follows, which for three-quarters of a century has been, for evident reasons, among the incidents left under the leaves of the passing years. My father never told the story to anyone while Fox lived, and after Fox died at Seven Islands, about 1874 or 1875, it was still not spoken of except among the inner circle of old hunters. Nearly forty years ago I wrote down the circumstances, which are re-inforced by reference to my father's journal of 1858. From these sources the tale is now publicly told for the first time.

In 1858, my father started from Bangor with Hiram L. Leonard, who invented and manufactured the first split bamboo fly-rods, to be met at Chesuncook by two others and to proceed, a party of four, to the Tobique River for a fall fur-hunt. The two went up the Lake and down the West Branch in company with William Strickland and two of his explorers who were going in to locate camps and explore for pine timber. (One of these men was Zeb Mitchell, who most likely was the Zeb of the boots and the firkin who so amused James Russell Lowell, as recounted by him in his "Moosehead Journal.")

On Saturday, September 4, 1858, when they reached Fox's clearing, Mr. Strickland invited Leonard and my father to "Sunday over" at Fox's camp, and they gladly accepted, for the spot was ideal. The camp stood in a grove of great swamp maples and yellow birches at least three feet through, which were on the northerly bank across from the clearing. Cold springs under the bank made a famous trout hole; there were sheldrake on the quick water and moose on the meadows of Pine Stream and partridges everywhere, and the great trees were unspoiled and beautiful. But though they had their own tent and were independent, Fox seemed to resent the presence of strangers and was gruff and uncivil. When Mr. Strickland invited Leonard and my father to supper with his men and ordered Fox to prepare it, Fox was surly.

He was a man who liked best to be alone, a sinister man of evil reputation, generally believed to have killed at least one man and not at all benefitting his bad standing by consorting and hunting with "Dirty Donald" of ill fame and tragic ending. At the time when he was making the Fox Hole, Asa Fox was probably in the early fifties—a tall, spare man, with a kinky, grizzly beard about half an inch long all over his face and "the evildest kind of a blue-black eye," "a silent man, sly, vindictive, treacherous." Thus it was written of him many years ago.

On Sunday the explorers went out about their work and the journal says: "The explorers came in just before dark. They were suddenly taken with a very devotional fit and sang *Beloni* and other psalm tunes, while Leonard accompanied them with his flute. Just dark their religious fever left them, and Fox and Mitchell went down river to hunt moose.—Monday, Sept. 6th. The hunters came back just daylight, having been unsuccessful, Fox swearing because he did not fire at some ducks for fear of scaring moose, and vowing that the next time he went out to hunt he 'would be like Hell, take in all that came along, ducks, moose and muskrat.'"

By this time Fox had become affable. It came out that my father, who because of very serious trouble with his eyes for some years had been obliged to give up his study and reading, and who in

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*Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.*

consequence spent much time in the woods, had hunted with Rufus Philbrook, of Brownville, as his partner. Fox also had hunted with Philbrook. After learning this, he could not do enough to make himself agreeable to one of Philbrook's friends. He went further, and with no pledge of secrecy told an entire stranger a story about himself which, even in those days, would have made himself liable to arrest and imprisonment, had it become generally known.

This is the story.

In 1854, or 1855, while he was hunting on the Buffalo, which outlets into the West Branch of Union River about a mile below Brandy Pond, Fox found a place in Township 40, on land belonging to Black and Dodge of Ellsworth, where there was a quantity of especially fine juniper knees, which then were valuable for ship timber. He dug and trimmed a large pile of extra good knees and had them all ready to pirate away as soon as he could get a horse in where they were. But before he could get away with them, Addison Dodge, of Ellsworth, one of the owners of the land, who was in charge of the spring drive, found them and had his men turn them in with his own logs.

Against a whole crew of riverdrivers Fox was helpless, but he vowed revenge. Day and night he followed the drive, hanging upon its outskirts, always waiting for the moment to come when he could kill Dodge. Time and again he raised his rifle to shoot Dodge when he was directing his men; but always there were others too near by for him to hope to escape himself. He could never get Dodge away from the crew, and he could never get a chance to spoil the knees, which went along with the logs.

After some days, the drive was turned out into Williams' Pond, now called Great Pond, in Township 33, a body of water from three to three and a half miles long and about a mile wide. Above it, on the inlet, are the White Horse and the Hulling Machine Rapids, with a rolling dam; and below it, on the outlet, was

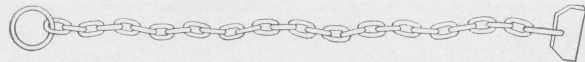
a dam with gates, followed by Hell Gate.

Yet, while the logs were in boom in Great Pond, with impassable barriers both above and below, the knees all disappeared in one night. All of them vanished. They could not be driven by water in either direction, no horses had come in to haul them out, there were no signs of tracks, nothing had been heard in the night by the crew who were sleeping not far away. But the knees had disappeared. It was more than a nine days' mystery, for no one could figure out what had become of them. Nor would anyone ever have known had not Fox himself told the story.

When the knees and the logs had been turned into Great Pond and boomed, Fox knew that he would have no better chance, perhaps no other chance, to destroy them. It was a night of light rain, the crew slept near the falls and the drumming of the quick water covered other sounds at a distance. In the misty rain, no one would either see or hear him. Working all alone, Fox did the task of a giant in the short spring night. He got the knees out of the boom and rafted them, probably

using poles and withes. Then he borrowed a driving boat from the crew and towed the raft out into water deep enough to serve him. Then he prepared to sink it by boating out heavy rocks from the shore and piling them up on the raft. But, lest the knees should turn and buck their load and rise again, he cut and twisted withes and with them bound on the rocks securely until he had enough to sink the knees where they never would be seen again. There they lie without doubt today, in Great Pond a little to the—but there is no reason for revealing what he meant should never yield to another the profit he had to forego himself.

One can hardly imagine what a task this was for one man to accomplish all alone in the dark in one short spring night. But when the riverdrivers rolled out to their early breakfast next morning, the boat was back in its place and the rain had washed out any tracks left. The knees were gone. And what was a mystery the next morning would always have remained a mystery but for Asa Fox telling the story himself at the Fox Hole which he made seventy years ago.



The Northern Club Outing

THE Northern Club of Bangor held its 13th Annual Field Day Thursday at Sherm Douglas' Lamoine Beach resort. Families and friends of the club members swelled the ranks to 225, and such a happy day! Perfect weather, perfect entertainment, perfect fellowship, every feature successful beyond even the hopes of the committee in charge.

In a baseball game the Accountants showed better figures with the mystic number nine when they defeated the Engineers 7 to 2. It was a hard day for the hurlers, who were succeeded on the mound at short intervals. H. W. Wright did the umpiring.

Engineers—Hobart c, Lowe ss, Boyle lf, Wing p and 1b, Cary p and 2b, Mehan 3b, Lean cf, Pratt rf, Houghton p and 1b.

Accountants—Brown c, White p, Wiley ss, Smith 2b, Reed 1b, Cunningham 3b, Bryant rf, Kane lf, Simpson cf.

There were other events for which prizes were awarded and many feats of strength and skill were manifested. This is how it was decided:

100-yard dash (men): first, Ashton B. French; second, Gerald E. Wing. 50-yard dash (ladies): first, Miss Elizabeth Harkness; second, Miss Dorothy Ranney. Shot put: first,

GNPCOM

*All are but parts of one tremendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.*



The Northern Club



at Lamoine Beach

SIGNING THEM UP ::



THE THREE-LEGGED RACE



THE PIPE RACE :: ::



THE PRIZE WINNERS



Photos by D. Maher

GNPCO

Who pants for glory finds but short repose.

Earle E. Brown; second, H. Louis Boyle. Potato race (ladies): first, Miss Pauline Lynch; second, Miss Mary Wright; 50-yard dash (boys 12 and under): first, Master Donald Braden; second, Master Earle E. Brown. 50-yard dash (little boys): first, Master Donald Braden; second, Master Leon J. White; 50-yard dash (girls 12 and under): first, Miss Caroline Daley; second, Miss Charlotte Soutar. 3-legged race (men): first, Lloyd E. Houghton and Gerald E. Wing. Baseball throw (ladies): first, Mrs. Henry Bacon; second, Miss Harkness. Pipe race (men): first Elden F. Hobart; second, Milford P. Mehann. Pipe race (superintendents): Thomas S. Ranney; second, Bruce McDonald. Swimming race; first E. Merrill; second, J. Merrill. Horse-shoe throwing: first, Phil Murdock; second, F. X. Mooney. Prize waltz, Harry A. Bowle and Mrs. Freeman. Prize fox-trot, Leslie Bradley and Mrs. Mahar.

The committees greatly appreciate the munificence of the following donors: B. M. C. store, Arthur Chapin, T. R. Savage Co., Bacon Printing Co., Haynes and Chalmers, Rice and Miller Co., Dan Sullivan, Frank Leen, Snow and Nealley.

They also express thanks to the following who donated motors for transportation; J. M. Norris Co., Darling Motor Co., and the Bacon Printing Co.

An important feature in affairs of this kind is the dance. Harold Miller and his orchestra of seven were present both afternoon and evening. Many a little feud was settled in the snow ball party, when crepe paper balls were piled in the center of the floor and a grand rush made for the missiles which were thrown with a remarkable degree of accuracy in many instances.

At this outing, the following were chosen to direct the affairs of the Northern Club for the ensuing year: president, Dan Lean; vice president, L. E. Houghton; secretary, Charles Ambrose; treasurer, Harold Miller. The nominating committee was H. W. Wright, William St. J. Murray and William Hilton.

The Up River Field Day

THE weather man smiled a bright, broad smile for the Up River Field Day at Seboomook on August 18. Everything was in readiness for this annual gathering of employees of the Great Northern Paper Company. Good weather was all that was necessary to start everyone whistling. "Never saw things going so well," was the atmosphere which prevailed throughout the day. The bright sunshine was frequently contrasted with the rain which was the feature of last year's outing.

The *Katahdin* left Greenville at 7:45 with a large number of passengers aboard and picked up more at Kineo, so that upon arriving at Seboomook, 325 were landed to join the crowd gathered there. After a good hand-shake all around, the familiar voice of A. B. Chaplin, coming from the depths of a megaphone, announced that time was precious and that the program would begin immediately. Printed programs were passed around and things began to happen.

After several exhibitions of light fantastic steps on the well-greased poles and a few backward dives by the entrants, "Jack" Pickett, looking like a channel swimmer, brought in the flag that won first place. Meanwhile, a young battle was in progress just beyond the storehouse from which Walter Cole emerged victor of the Rifle Match with a score of 89.

William Harrington captained the winning Tug o' War Team consisting of Earl Vickery, Henry Ordway, Fred Peterson and Sterling Dymond, opposing Mr. Harkness' five huskies. Following this test of brawn, "Chappie," like the Pied Piper, drew the crowd toward the big tent where George Farrar, supported by Ronald MacDonald and a corps of helpers, served such a dinner as would have made glad the heart of Paul Bunyan. Though the tables under the big top were laid with nearly five hundred tin covers, there were a hundred and fifty who had to eat at the second table. However,



The Winners of the Batteau Race

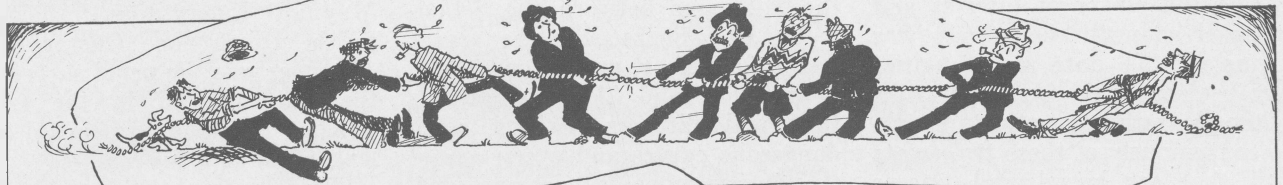
Photo by D. Maher

GNPCOM

*Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.*



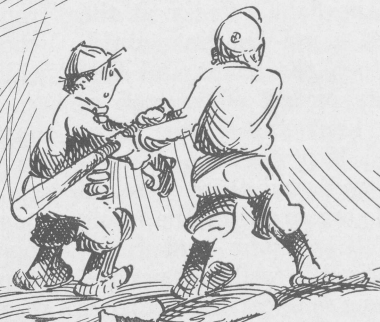
UP-RIVER FIELD DAY



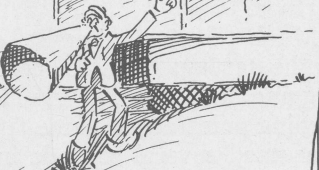
BOOM!



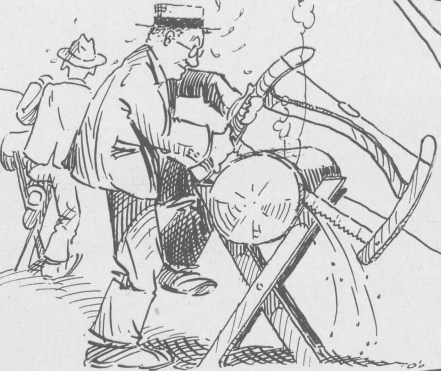
GREENVILLE
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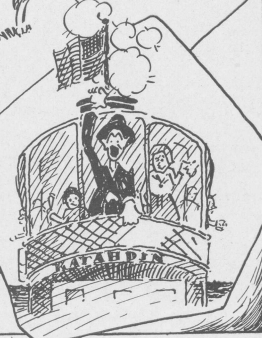
DINNER



THE PIED PIPER
OF SEBOOMOOK



STANLEY
FRANK
BARTLETT



GNPCOR

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

there was food enough for the big crowd which ate to capacity of the roast pork, stuffed veal and the rest of the fixings. The bushels of fresh peas and the beets came from the Pittston garden. The tent in the grove where watermelon and ice cream cones were served soon became the center of interest and remained so until the supply was exhausted. To date, no casualties have been reported from the ranks of the marathon masticators who ate continuously of these two treats until the last barrel and freezer were empty.

In the Wood Sawing Contest Normand Smith stood a sawdust covered victor with Henry Ordway a close runner-up. Mr. Smith says he can tell a good saw from a cull anytime!

Joe Murch and Pearl Dunton teamed well in double harness and walked away with the blue ribbon for the Three Legged Race. Miss Elizabeth Harkness, always a sure bet, knew her vegetables and took the prize for the Potato Race for Ladies. The Single Canoe Race proved to be interesting with Joe King paddling his way to victory in competition with three strong armed canoeists. King was successful again in winning the Double Canoe Race, with Arsenault as partner.

Much excitement was aroused by the Batteau Race, for both boats, hugging the inside, reached the turning point at the same time, and consumed several seconds in disentangling oars. The batteau manned by Joe McPhee, Earl Vickery,

Joe Mercereau and Sterling Dymond, with Florent Doucette in the stern, won the race by a small margin.

The crowd proceeded from the water sports to the ball field where they were seated on the natural bleachers to root for their side in the ball game between the Seboomook Red Socks and the Grant Farm Giants. It was a good game. Leon White and Clarence Sargent, the rival pitchers, twirled some dangerous curves and every one of the players shone at least once during the game. Maynard Emery and Bill LaCrosse, of the Giants, did some fast base running in the first innings. Bill has two broken bats charged to his operation. "Jack" Pickett, Jack Ramsay and "Mike" Coltart did some good work. Fred Stait, catching for the Red Socks, did no napping and Pearl Dunton made some fine catches in the field. Casey at the bat received a red hot liner amidships and took the count and first base. Stairs picked off a flock of fouls that kept the crowd busy dodging in self protection. Everyone played well and there were no unforgivable errors during the whole game. A. B. Chaplin and H. I. Rollins umpired so well that none of their decisions were carried to higher courts or resulted in riots. The score was 8—2 in favor of the Grant Farm Giants.

The Pipe Race was run off while the crowd was still at the ball ground. When the smoke cleared away, Ray Cripps was announced

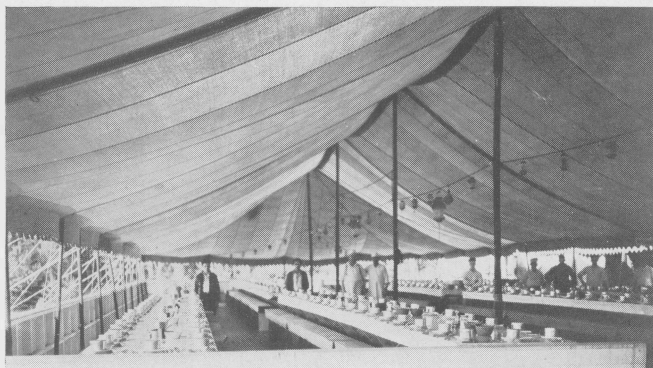
the winner. Joe Gilman might have won had not his fuel given out before he reached the home plate. Lloyd Smith and Milton Wallace took first and second places in the Sack Race. Lloyd also won the Boys' Potato Race with James McCourt, second. Ray Cripps and Maynard Emery tossed their way to the Horse Shoe Championship.

Supper was the usual success and the beans baked in the ground touched the spot. Uncle Ed Schillenger had done his best.

The folks from the east side of the lake and the Rockwood contingent boarded the *Katahdin*, which sailed away with the band playing and colors flying. Those who remained after supper attended a moving picture show in the big tent where Don Pearson presented a news reel and Reginald Denny in *The Cheerful Fraud*.

The success of the day, aside from the weather, was due to the whole hearted spirit of the crowd which entered into the events with good sportsmanship. A list of the employees who contributed to the smooth running of the occasion would begin with the Purchasing Department and include clerks, cooks and waiters to say nothing of carpenters, farm hands and others whose jobs would be hard to classify. Mr. and Mrs. Lane cooperated in every way possible to care for the extra crowd who were located at the farm during the preparation for the big day. H. I. Rollins and A. L. Grover gave of their time in or-

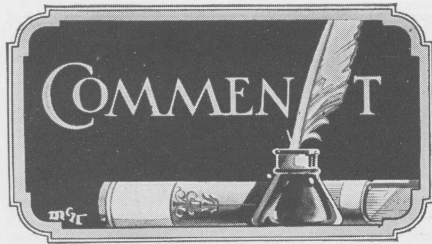
(Continued on Page 13)



DINNER WAS SERVED IN THE BIG TENT

GNPCOM

*Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.*



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

Meet Bill Jones

About the middle of August the question raised at all of our farms was, "Have you met Bill Jones?" Everybody wondered who he was and the conjectures ran from a movie star to the editor's father-in-law! Many expected he would arrive on the boat in time to be met at Seboomook for the field day. One stranger was pointed out to many as Bill Jones. The question is now settled by the same posters that raised it.

Bill Jones is a character and philosopher that is becoming as well known in business as Andy Gump in the newspaper field. He is a regular fellow and does not come to us in the form of a preacher. He merely suggests thoughts, ideas and plans which, when followed, will enable anyone to be more successful. All of us want to get ahead and in order to do so we must cash

in on the experience of others. The really wise person uses the other fellow's head as well as his own. Bill Jones has spent years gathering successful experiences which he wants to pass on to us. Let's accept him with an open mind and a right spirit. Some of his ideas are humorous, all of them interesting, and all of them rich in suggestions which may be applied to our daily life and duties.

The Passing of Uncle Anse

In the village of Chesuncook there has lived for many years a man who has endeared himself not only to the residents but to all who passed his way, hunters, fishermen or woodsmen, to such an extent that he was "uncle" to them all. When word was sent out of the passing of Uncle Anse there was a sense of loss felt by all who knew him. Nearly all of his three score years and ten had been spent in this place.

In 1856 at the age of four years he came from Oldtown to Chesuncook with his father, a pioneer lumberman. He was next to the oldest of six children, none of whom are now living. As a young man he remained in this region for a few years operating the Mud Pond Carry and for more than half his life he conducted the hotel previously owned by his father and frequented by lumbermen and sportsmen who came to this section of the Maine woods.

On Sunday afternoon, August 7, A. B. Smith was laid to rest in the little cemetery on the hill behind his home. Services were held in the little white church which he so much loved. Friends filled the building and floral tributes from distant cities bespoke the friendship of those who could not come. Favorite hymns of Uncle Anse were sung, scripture was read by Mr. Rogers, the acting pastor of the church, prayer was offered by Reverend A. G. Hempstead and appropriate words spoken by Reverend H. C. Vrooman. The feeling that pervaded the gathering was one of calm and peace. Uncle Anse had

lived his life and passed to his reward. It has been given to few men to bless his fellow men with a friendlier spirit than this unselfish and charitable old man. He freely gave of what he had. He sought the best in others.

Who's Who in This Issue

The author of the Penobscot Man needs no introduction to our readers. We feel highly honored that Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm was willing to contribute to *The Northern* this article, The Man Who Made the Fox Hole. The story has been kept secret for seventy years. Mrs. Eckstorm writes to the editor: "I decided after all to put in the details. Your audience wants the facts—and I had them. As Fox probably left no family, there can be little objection to telling the story... Indeed, he probably told it himself because he wanted someone to know what a prodigious piece of labor he had accomplished."

In the write up of the Outing of Millinocket Foremen, A. P. Hume has shown a refreshing style that makes us hope for more contributions from his nimble pen.

A Strong Man for a Heavy Load, contributed by William Harris of the Boundary Cottage, may inspire others to pass along stories which they have heard.

Hello folks!

Well, here I am filled to the brim with common sense philosophy for broad minded people

Here's hoping you profit from my experiences.

Bill Jones

©THE PARKER HOLLADAY CO. 100 E. Ohio St. CHICAGO, ILL.

Anyone

who resents

CRITICISM

retards his own progress

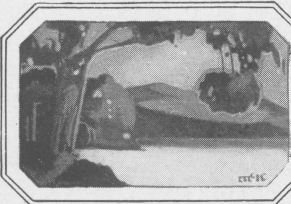
Don't ride in an ox cart

Bill Jones

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GNPCOM

Order is Heaven's first law.



Northern News



Division of Forest Engineering

A. B. French, Correspondent

Malcom Pratt is on a vacation in the Moosehead Lake region; his place is being taken by George Fogg.

E. F. Jones, Milford Meehan, Elden Hobart, Francis Dougherty and Gerald Wing have recently returned to Bangor Office from a cruising trip of several weeks in the East Branch region.

Phil Murdock has been working in Aroostook during the past month.

Lloyd Houghton is in the Chamberlain Lake district.

Frank McKendrick is in Van Buren at LaCroix's loading plant; Guy Sturgis is at the loading plant at Chamberlain Lake.

H. W. Wright has made several trips to Cooper Brook and Chesuncook Dam during the past month.

Greenville Shop

J. B. Pratt, Correspondent

August is the month of vacation, the clerical force and the foremen being away during this month and part of September.

C. F. Gillette has severed his connection with the shop crew and has moved to Bangor.

M. A. Pratt, of the Bangor Office, spent a week camping with J. B. Pratt at Wilson Pond.

The shop was closed Thursday, August 18th, all attending the field day at Seboomook.

Equipment from Kineo Road Repairs is being received at the shop from Rockwood.

Have you met Bill Jones? As far as we know, he was not at the field day.

The shop was closed on Thursday afternoon, August 4, to enable the members of the shop crew to attend the funeral service of George McEachern. Mr. McEachern had

worked in the shop as millwright since soon after the shop was built. He was frequently sent out on other work which gave him a wide circle of friends all of whom were greatly saddened by his untimely passing.

On Sunday afternoon, August 21, Walter J. Crabb was drowned in Moosehead Lake as a result of a fall from a motor boat. Mr. Crabb has been employed at the shop as a machinist for the past year and had made many friends.

Grant Farm

J. E. Ramsay, Correspondent

The haying at Grant Farm has been completed, approximately one hundred and thirty-five tons being harvested.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Brann, who have been at the Grant Farm for some time, have moved to Lily Bay. We are very sorry to lose Mr. and Mrs. Brann, but wish them all kinds of success at their new location.

Jack Ramsay has been on his vacation and John Morrison has been officiating as clerk during Ramsay's absence.

Maynard Emery has returned from his vacation, and reports a very enjoyable time.

Joe McLean and crew have been building a new bridge at Black Brook. The building of this bridge will eliminate a very bad curve over the old bridge. Wm. Clarkin and crew have been doing the filling. Joe McLean and crew have also been recovering the top of Ragged Dam.

Recent visitors at the Farm—C. W. Curtis, R. C. Bamford and family, L. G. White, N. A. Smith, R. H. Robertson, James Sargent and Kathlene Sargent.

We have met Bill Jones!

Kokadjo-Cooper Brook Telephone Construction

C. W. Powers, Correspondent

A move was made on July 10th and 11th to Crawford Pond; although 2nd Roach Farm Fields made an ideal camping site, everybody seems to be well pleased with their new home.

The telephone line was completed to Yoke Pond on August 1st. From the present outlook, our destination (Cooper Brook Depot Camps) will be reached between the 1st and 10th of September.

Four telephone pole boxes have been installed on the Cooper Brook Road for fire emergency. They are located at the 3-Mile Pole, 3rd Roach Bridge, Wadleigh Mountain Lookout Trail and Yoke Pond.

We thank the boys at Cooper Brook Depot for lending their bear trap. Would it be imposing if we asked them to come up and advise Pat Trembley and Bill Holmes how to catch a bear in it?

Harry Ryan's head is not as hard as he thought it was. He tried to cripple the Heavy Duty Truck, but instead he is wearing a bandage on his head.

Sheridan Conveyor

W. A. Mooers, Correspondent

Upon the arrival on April 20th of "Big Bill" (W. A. Erskine), Pete Casey, Arthur Pineo and Charles McLeod, things began to happen at Sheridan.

The boarding house was thoroughly cleaned, connected up with the water system and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Aucoin placed in charge of the culinary department.

The work of preparing the site for the conveyor was no small undertaking as the Barker and Chipper Rooms of the Old Ashland

GNPCO

*Know then this truth (enough for me to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.*

Co.'s Mill had to be dismantled and the heavy machinery removed. When this was accomplished, considerable grading and filling was necessary for the conveyor sidings and spur tracks; Mr. D. F. Chase did the engineering work for this job.

The conveyor was completed and tried out on July 4th and worked to perfection; in fact, we have heard it said that it is the smoothest and sturdiest contrivance on the job today.

Greenlaw and Thomas started loading their pulp on July 6th, and at nine A. M. on August 12th finished the work. Richard Leonharbt and Pete Lefebvre were the engineers. Five hundred sixty-two cars of wood in thirty-one working days—"Not so worse"?

R. G. Lothrop was with us several days in June and July taking inventory of Sheridan Plant. We recently learned that Mr. Lothrop was confined to his bed on account of illness; we sincerely hope that he is entirely well at this writing.

The shingle mill and shed are having a new covering of asbestos shingles and are taking on the appearance of a real city factory.

Several of the older buildings have been dismantled and a marked improvement in the plant is the consequence.

Simon Murray, Sheridan Plant's Caretaker, is still with us; so is a new Chevrolet Touring Car which he has recently adopted as his own.

We welcome the arrival of Paymaster R. V. Canders each Wednesday.

Ralph Smith, who has been clerking for Greenlaw and Thomas, has accepted the principalship of the High School of North Conway for the coming year. Mr. R. H. Robertson was a recent caller at our Plant.

Rumors of an early start of Machias Operation are around; anyway, Mr. T. S. Ranney and his Essex have arrived.

East Millinocket Mill

L. R. Groves, Correspondent

Our local Boy Scout troop cleaned up all opponents at Camp Roosevelt in the water sports recently held there. Scouts Gibson, Groves,

Sprague and Michaud bore their honors modestly as behooves the B. S. A.

Frederick W. Drake, former paymaster at this mill, called at the office recently. Fred has a host of friends here, and all were glad to see him.

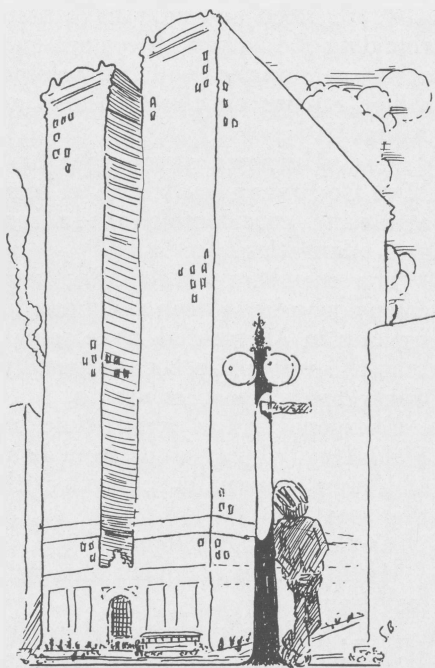
Norman A. Savage was obliged to enter Bryant Hospital to undergo an operation for appendicitis. At this writing, he is resting as comfortably as can be expected.

Mrs. Ralph Wainwright, who has been the guest of Mrs. L. R. Groves, was the guest of Mrs. Joseph Nevins for a short visit. Mr. Wainwright is now pleasantly located at Kalamazoo in the selling end of the pulp business. He was formerly connected with this plant as Ground Wood Foreman, and First Lieutenant of Company E. of Millinocket.

Wm. E. Hartery, formerly employed as stenographer, has been visiting friends in town and received a warm welcome from his old comrades at the office.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauren Laird are visiting Mrs. Laird's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sheehan.

Stanley Bartlett in New York



I WONDER HOW THINGS
ARE UP UMBAZOOKSUS WAY

GNPCOV

*For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.*

Messrs. Bolton, Nesbitt and Company are taking their vacation at the seashore. Jim prefers the salt water fishing and confesses to a weakness for sea food in general.

Benjamin P. Files and Louis Gray have been enjoying well earned vacations during the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward St. James have been visiting old scenes in Wisconsin. While away they met Mr. George MacNamara and family, who are now happily located at Sheboygan, Wis.

We read a learned article a short time ago to the effect that the humble earthworm can, upon occasion, make vocal sounds. Now that the trout season is drawing to a close, one can at least imagine them heaving a sigh of relief and settling down to a quiet summer.

Ten Mile Plant

A. B. Chaplin, Correspondent

Haying at the 10 Mile was finished on August 1st. The crop was twenty tons, the largest ever, and was all first quality hay.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cochrane, with Dr. and Mrs. Bibber as guests, were at 10 Mile for dinner on July 31.

Mr. Martin Sorenson has visited us several times lately, when on his way from Seboomook Dam to Rockwood to hold religious services.

Millinocket Mill

A. P. Hume, Correspondent

Howard Chase is spending his vacation at North Conway, N. H.

William Russell has returned from a vacation spent at Lucerne and his hunting lodge at Smith Pond.

Work on the new sliver screens is progressing rapidly and it is expected that they will be put into operation on August 21, 1927.

Lawrence Gregson has his mother, from Buffalo, N. Y., with him. His younger brother and family are also visiting him.

A baseball league between the different departments in the mill has been organized. The games are interesting and well attended.

Chas. Thorndike is away on his vacation. It is rumored that he is spending it at the Post Office.

Announcements are out for the wedding of Miss Ethel Thompson, of our office force, and Mr. Preston Leavitt, of Portland.

Mr. McKay paid a visit to the mill recently.

Herbert Cram is in Chicago on company business. During his stay there, Col. Charles Lindbergh stopped at the same hotel.

Work on the new boiler house, under the supervision of Mr. Chas. Eklund of the N. Y. Foundation Co., is rapidly nearing completion.

Jim Bruce has returned from a visit to his old home in New Brunswick.

Mont Dewitt and Thos. Perrow are building new camps at Millinocket Lake.

The Chamber of Commerce held their First Annual Picnic at Cold Stream Pond on August 11, 1927. After sports in the afternoon, a delicious shore dinner was served, followed by dancing.

Lester Marden is visiting his wife in Portland. Mrs. Marden is in the Portland Hospital where she was operated on.

Miss Dorothy Weymouth, of the Accounting Department, is leaving us. Miss Weymouth has accepted a Civil Service position in Washington D. C. We all wish Dorothy the best of luck in her new work and know she will be successful.

The blueberry pickers are out in force. Every day we see trucks returning from Mud Brook loaded down with berries. The berries are especially plentiful this year. Abe Marston runs his boat from Spencers' Landing daily. This makes it a fairly easy trip and also gives the pickers a beautiful trip across picturesque Millinocket Lake.

On Sunday, August 14th, the new Cameron Winder was installed on No. 5 paper machine. This makes four that are now in operation here. It is planned to install another on No. 6 machine on August 21st.

We take great pleasure in announcing the marriages of two of our most popular young couples. Miss

Ruth Clark has become the bride of Nazie Bouchard, and Miss Edwina McNamara, the bride of Bob Emerson.

Parker Crabtree visited his wife in Bangor over the week-end. Mrs. Crabtree is enjoying much better health.

Smith Pond seems to be enjoying a much deserved popularity as a vacation resort this year. James Wilson and family have just returned from a delightful vacation spent there. Smith Pond abounds in all kinds of fish; large catches of Rocky Mountain Trout have been reported this year.

Cedric Stone has returned from a long vacation at Bar Harbor and Sorrento.

Dan Morrison is enjoying his vacation at Prince Edward Isle.

E. A. Dore and family are motor-ing through the White Mountains and over the Mohawk Trail during Eddie's vacation.

Rockwood

Angus Morey, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Desmond have been entertaining Mrs. Desmond's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dalton, of Canton, N. Y.

C. M. Reed and crew have been shingling the barn with cement and asbestos shingles and performing minor repairs on the buildings at Kineo.

Mrs. Murphy's sweet peas and Mrs. Cochrane's garden have been attracting considerable attention and admiration.

The members of the Northern colony who have been indulging in bathing in Moosehead Lake report that the water has been unusually warm during the past month.

Everyone had a great time at Field Day. Forty went from here and were especially pleased with the weather.

We have met Bill Jones!

Hugh Seavey attended the Belfast Fair.

J. P. Boldue, who works in the Harness Shop, has been visiting in Waterville.

Albion Hilton and family, of Waterville, formerly of the Rock-

wood Northern colony, have been camping near Rockwood.

Charles Reed's wife and daughter and Sterling Dymond's wife have been visiting here and attended Field Day.

Louis Murphy has been visiting his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Murphy. He has recently purchased a new Nash roadster, Special Six.

Joe Merry Stream Improvements

Henry Milliken, Correspondent

Work began during the latter part of July on Joe Merry Stream Improvements. The dam between Middle Joe Merry Lake and Lower Joe Merry Lake is also being repaired.

Albert Stone is foreman and Charles McLeod is running the motor boat. Archie Blair holds sway in the blacksmith shop.

William Fortin is cooking; during his spare time he is making doughnut sticks for some of the sportsmen that travel through this section. Some of these sticks are works of art, the handles being engraved with copper, silver, carpet tacks, and now and then a cuss word.

Bear are plentiful and several have been seen by some of the men.

R. V. Canders is the paymaster on this operation.

A scow forty feet long and ten feet wide is being built at Norcross for use by this operation.

Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

July 15 to August 15

1927 compared with 1926

	1927	1926
Total precipitation	4.73 in.	1.28 in.
Number of clear days	10	11
Maximum temperature	(July 26, 27, 29) 81 (July 27) 86	
Minimum temperature	(August 11) 41 (July 26) 39	
Prevailing wind	So. East So. East	
Greatest velocity of wind	1927—20 mi. (8 P.M., Aug. 8)	
	1926—12 mi. (8 A.M. Aug. 4, 9) (8 P.M., Aug. 8)	
Total wind movement	3614 mi. 3639 mi.	

GNPCOR

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.



A Strong Man for a Heavy Load

By WILLIAM HARRIS

Many are the tales of the strong men who inhabited the Moosehead Lake region in the early days. These stories, told and retold in the glow of campfires, probably have lost nothing in the telling. If they are true, even in part, Samson would have been but a babe in the woods in the days of "long-lumbering," in this section.

Most of these narrations or yarns are drawn from the period before the advent of King C. Gillette to the north woods, when full beards were worn for protection against the cold or the projection of weak chins. And it may be that these whiskers had the same strengthening qualities as did that proverbial growth of Samson's.

But all that is aside from the tale which one of these "pillars of power" modestly related, as follows:

"In the year 18—, I was one of a crew of drivers located at Seboomook Dam. In those days about

the only things that could get over the three mile tote-road from Seboomook to Seboomook Dam were moose-birds and black-flies. One day the boss said that a boat had left a shipment of much needed boomchains at Seboomook wharf. He wanted them at once but did not know how he was going to tote them. Well, I always like to be accommodating so I told him to forget it and leave the transporting of them boom chains to me.

"The next morning I started for Seboomook wharf and upon arriving there found a sugar barrel full of boom chains. As I shouldered the barrel, I noticed the weight marked on it was 1600 pounds, and I decided that I would have to rest a couple of times before reaching the Dam. But after I got started I didn't notice the weight much because I was busy watching my step to keep from getting into the mud and water knee-deep.

"Just as I came within sight of

the camp, I met an old friend and as we had not seen one another for a long time, we found plenty to talk about. Conversation drifted from one thing to another and before I was aware it was so late, I heard the dinner call at the camp. Well, sir, I looked at my watch and discovered that we had been standing there gabbing more than an hour, and I had completely forgotten that barrel of boom chains on my shoulder, which the boss wanted at once. Needless to say I hurried along."

As the speaker modestly finished his story, some of the impolite audience jeered as if to doubt the truth of his words, whereupon the strong man turned to a friend and asked, "Ain't that true, Joe?"

And Joe, without hesitation, replied, "Damright, and well I remember it, for I came in right behind you with the head-works on my back."

The girl about to travel alone was warned not to talk to strange men.

At the station the conductor said, "Where are you going?"

"To Detroit," she answered; so he put her on the Detroit train.

As the train pulled out she looked back and said:

"Ha, ha, I fooled him that time. I'm going to Chicago."

The Up River Field Day

(Continued from Page 8)

ganizing the program; Mr. Grover acted as starter and greatly assisted Mr. Chaplin who earned the title of Field Marshall by the way he handled the events of the day. Mr. Wardwell's generosity in presenting cigars for all smokers who attended was much appreciated. The Greenville Band, which played on the boat, during dinner and supper and at other times, added greatly to the enjoyment of all.

The wisdom of having the celebration earlier than in past years was proved. The unanimous opinion was that this was the best field day yet held Up River.

GNPCO

No creature smarts so little as a fool.



Outing of Millinocket Foremen

By A. P. HUME

Where the lordly moose once trotted down at evening to quench his thirst at the old Penobscot, where the Indian Chief once built his wigwam, and where, later, the dam which holds the Penobscot in check was built, the woods again resounded to the songs of long ago, the occasion being the Third Annual Picnic of the men who keep the Trade Mark of The Great Northern Paper Company on the map, modestly called "Foremen."

This event is always looked forward to with pleasure, especially by "Big Dan" Morrison, who has laid pipe enough in the old mill to reach from here to Hong Kong. To hear Dan sing the songs of that wonderful green isle, which lies at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, would bring tears to the eyes of a Chinese God. No moose ever called his mate with more rapture than the baritone of the party, Charlie Eklund, sang "Come Home, My Boy, Your Dear Old Father Wants You." The occasion was made all the more pleasing by the presence of our superintendent and old friend, J. A. F. Nevins. No party is ever complete if he is absent. Smiling Charlie Pennings, who weekly makes enough paper twelve feet wide to reach around the equator, with his friend, Pete Talbot, sang "Down Where the Ginger Ale Flows."

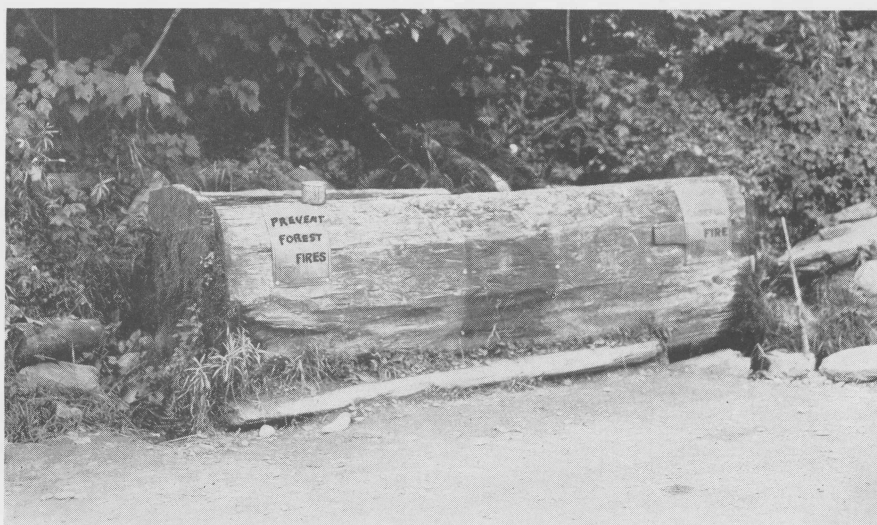
During the latter part of the evening, Bill Baker finished shingling the roof of the Gate House. The great humorist, Wm. Hinton, who is the greatest story teller that ever pushed chips thru a digester, entertained us with yarns pulled from under "The Spreading Chestnut Tree." The Hon. Chas. Cobb still has the courage of his convictions and smilingly ate his way through a peck of clams and three lobsters. Fred Mears was the orator of the evening and gave a short talk on the inside dope of papermaking. Herb. Cram and Add. Mathews worked out a rope carrier for locomotives,

which will do away with at least three wheels. Their talk was of a technical character and was appreciated especially by Andrew Nasman, the band leader. Larry Gregson spoke on the advisability of growing trees without bark; in his estimation it would add greatly to the efficiency of the wood room.

At 6:30 P. M., Chas. Thorndike led the crowd to the tables where a sumptuous supper was waiting.

Olives	Celery	Sweet Pickles
Steamed Clams		Clam Broth
	Clam Chowder	
Broiled Mackerel	Potato Chips	
Boiled Lobster	Broiled Chicken	
Mashed Potatoes	Sliced Tomatoes	
Salad	Sliced Cucumbers	
Doughnuts	Coffee	

During the supper, Joe Landry, the caterer, was voted the best caterer ever, and music was furnished by the "Foremen's Band." The Sextette from "My Wild Irish Rose" and "Sweet Adeline," from the opera Fitz Geraldowski, so impressed the woodpeckers that a large tract of fine spruce was saved for future generations. After a few songs, Bill Russell was helped across the bridge by Frank Martin and Ivan Ames and the crowd left for their respective homes. A good time was enjoyed by all present and another "Get Together" is being planned to take place soon after the installation of the new No. 7 paper machine.



A Landmark on the Seboomook-Pittston Road

GNPCO

*Cursed be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.*



To the Thin:—"Don't eat fast."
To the Fat:—"Don't eat. Fast."

Little Miss—"Doctor, will you fix up Kitty, there is a miss in her purr."

Lulu (on phone): "Is this you, Honey?"

Honey: "Yes, this is Honey, Lulu!"

Lulu: "Honolulu! Great Heavens, I'm on a long distance wire!"

He called his wife an angel so often that she became suspicious and asked why he used that particular term of endearment.

"Well," said he, "you seem never to have any clothes, you are always up in the air, and you keep on harping!"

A Yankee soldier while in England was being shown over an old church beneath whose floor there were many graves.

"A great many people sleep within these walls," said the guide solemnly, as he indicated the inscription-covered floor.

"Is that so?" replied the Yankee. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

A construction gang was working on a section of railroad where the mud was excessively deep. The boss was resting in a shanty when suddenly he heard a workman shout:

"Queek, queek, bringa de pick, bringa da shov, Antonio stuck in da mud!"

"And the boss, making a megaphone of his hands, shouted back: "How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Well, then, let him walk out," the boss replied, disgustedly.

"Oh, but he can no walk. He wrong end up!"

The Greatest Things in the World

By DR. FRANK CRANE

The greatest sin—fear.
The best day—today.
The biggest fool—the boy that will not go to school.
The best town—where you succeed.
The most agreeable companion—one who would not have you different from what you are.
The greatest bore—one who will not come to the point.
A still greater bore—one who keeps talking after he has made his point.
The greatest writer—one who tells you what you already know.
The greatest deceiver—one who deceives himself.
The most beautiful woman—the one you love.
The greatest nation, the best church, and the finest family on earth—mine.
The greatest invention of the devil—war.
The greatest secret of production—saving waste.
The best work—what you like.
The greatest play—work.
The greatest comfort—the knowledge that you have done your work well.
The greatest mistake—giving up.
The most expensive indulgence—hate.
The cheapest, stupidest, and easiest thing to do—finding fault.
The greatest trouble maker—talking too much.
The greatest stumbling block—egotism.
The most ridiculous asset—pride.
The worst bankrupt—the soul that has lost its enthusiasms.
The poorest wretch—the one that has no dreams.
The cleverest man—one who always does what he thinks is right.
The most dangerous person—the liar.
The most disagreeable—the complainer.
The best handwriting—that you can read.
The best teacher—one who makes you want to learn.
The best woman—one who doesn't know it.
The best man—one who obeys the best woman.
The best part of anybody's religion—gentleness and cheerfulness.
The meanest feeling of which any human being is capable—feeling bad at another's success.
The most important thing to learn in school—how to make a living.
The most important training—training in democracy.
The one thing greater than the U. S. A.—humanity.
The only flag better than the Stars and Stripes—the Blue Flag (of humanity).
The greatest need—common sense.
The best gift—forgiveness.
The thing that costs less and sells for most—politeness.
The greatest puzzle—life.
The greatest mystery—death.
The greatest thing, bar none, in all the world—love.
(Reprinted at the suggestion of Mr. R. H. Robertson and with the permission of Dr. Crane)

GNPCO

*Some praise at morning what they blame at night
But always think the last opinion right.*

Good Morning!

By James Edward Hungerford

"Good Morning!" said in accents cheerful,
Starts the day off with a zest —
Makes the whole world seem less drearful —
Warms the heart in ev'ry breast;
Makes the sunshine seem some brighter,
And the mists to fade away;
Makes the hardest tasks seem lighter —
Lifts the burdens of the day!

When a fellow blows in breezy,
With a smile upon his face,
Says "Good Morning!" like it's easy —
Sunshine seems to fill the place!
Ev'rybody feels some better,
And their smiles respond to his,
And that cheerful gloom "go-getter"
Puts old trouble out of biz!

Something magic in the greeting,
That just seems to brighten things;
Trouble clouds are swift retreating —
Joy comes in on angel's wings!
It's a sure-fire gloom dispeller;
Makes the whole world seem less drear;
May God bless the sunshine feller
Who's "Good Morning!" rings with cheer!