

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

---

Great Northern Paper Company Records

Manuscripts

---

10-1927

## The Northern, October, 1927

Great Northern Paper Company

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/great\\_northern](https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/great_northern)



Part of the [Genealogy Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Great Northern Paper Company Records by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact [um.library.technical.services@maine.edu](mailto:um.library.technical.services@maine.edu).

*The*  
**Northern**  
*October 1927*



# The Northern

Published by the Social Service Division  
GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY

*Title Registered U. S. Patent Office*

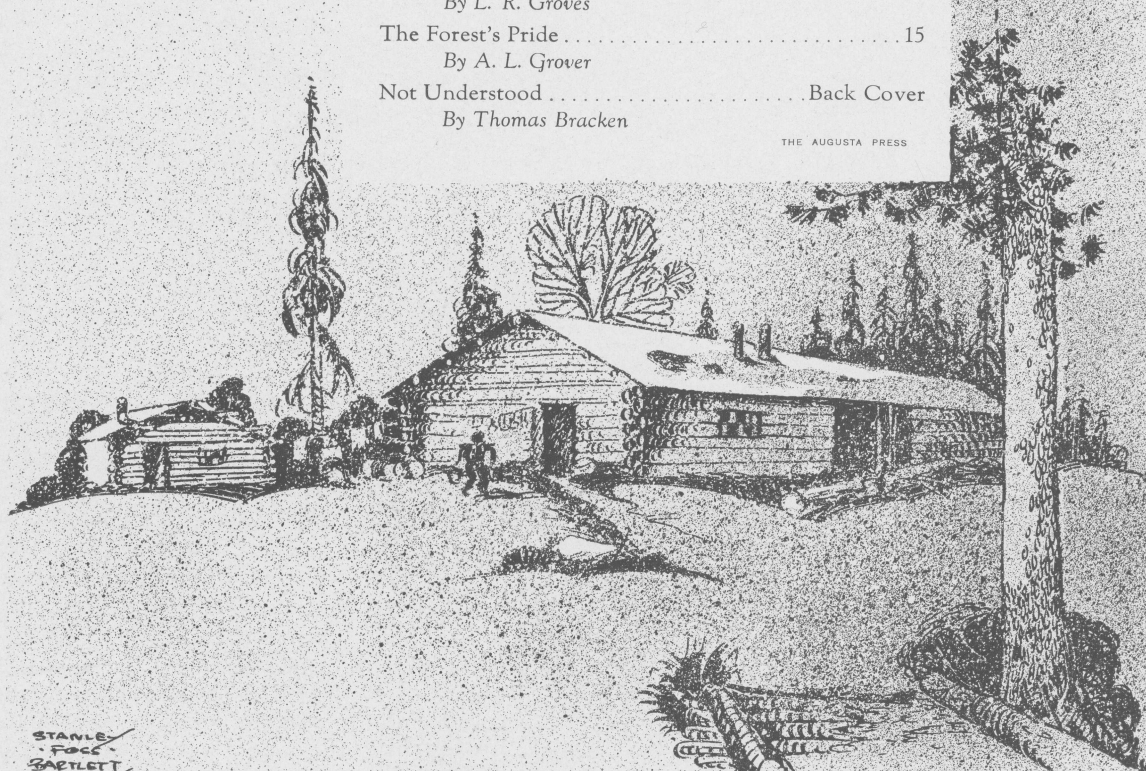
A. G. Hempstead, *Superintendent Social Service*  
Editor

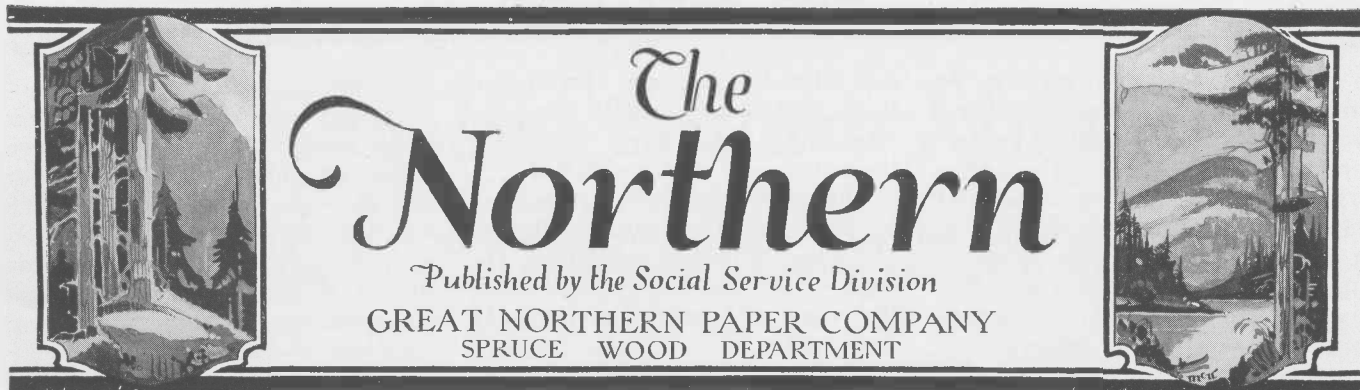
Vol. VII      OCTOBER, 1927      No. 7

## Contents

On the Road from Frost Pond to Ripogenus . . .	Cover
<i>By The Bailey Studio</i>	
The Great Fire of Miramachi . . . . .	3
Where October Dwells . . . . .	4
<i>By Nathan Appleton Tefft</i>	
Climbing Big Squaw Mountain . . . . .	5
<i>By Alfred Elden</i>	
The Prize Pictures . . . . .	6
Comment . . . . .	7
Northern News . . . . .	10
Reservations for Horses . . . . .	14
<i>By D. M. Pearson</i>	
A Word to the Boys . . . . .	15
<i>By L. R. Groves</i>	
The Forest's Pride . . . . .	15
<i>By A. L. Grover</i>	
Not Understood . . . . .	Back Cover
<i>By Thomas Bracken</i>	

THE AUGUSTA PRESS





## The Great Fire of Miramachi

*These extracts from Hay's History of New Brunswick and Cooney's History of New Brunswick give a vivid picture of this historic catastrophe*

THE Great Fire of Miramachi in October of 1825 not only destroyed a vast extent of forest, but the flourishing towns and settlements along the Miramachi, built up with patient toil and industry, were swept away, and with such awful suddenness that many people were burned to death or drowned in the river where they had sought refuge. At that time the Miramachi River was settled on both sides for the distance of 100 miles from its mouth. Beyond the narrow strip of settled land along its banks, not more than a quarter of a mile wide, a vast forest extended north and south and westward to the St. John. On the north bank of the river lay the thriving town of New Castle, then containing a thousand inhabitants, and Douglasstown, nearby with one third as many. On the south side was Chatham, already a flourishing trading port, and on both sides of the river there were numerous villages and settlements. At this time the Miramachi, as well as other portions of the Province, were busy supplying the timber which found a market in Great Britain. Scenes of life and activity in the mills along its banks, vessels arriving with supplies and departing with their cargoes of lumber, men engaged in preparations for the season of ice and snow, made up a picture of busy trade and pros-

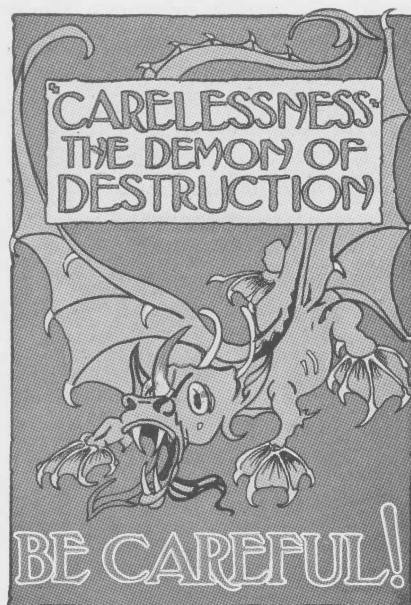
perity. No less than 120 Square-rigged vessels lay in the river at the time of the great fire.

The summer of 1825 had been very warm and dry and there had been little rain especially on the Miramachi. Forest fires raged in many places late in August and the month of September. During the early days of October, the country to the north and west of New Castle seemed to be in flames, and day and night the smoke hung in dense volumes and darkened the sky. (Hay)

On the 6th the fire was evidently approaching us; at different inter-

vals of this day, fitful blazes and flashes were observed to issue from different parts of the woods, particularly to the northwest at the rear of New Castle, in the vicinity of Douglasstown and Moorefields; and along the banks of the Bartibog. Many also heard the cracklings of fallen trees and shrivelled branches; while a hoarse rumbling noise, not unlike the rushing of distant thunder, and divided by pauses, like the intermittent discharges of artillery, was distinct and audible.

On the 7th the heat increased to such a degree, and became so very oppressive, that many complained of its enervating effects. About twelve o'clock, a pale sickly mist, lightly tinged with purple, emerged from the forest and settled over it. This cloud soon retreated before a large dark one, which, occupying its place, wrapped the firmament in a pall of vapor. This encumbrance retaining its position till about three o'clock, the heat became tormentingly sultry. There was not a single breath of air. The atmosphere was overloaded; an irresistible lassitude seized the people; and a stupefying dullness seemed to pervade every place but the woods which now trembled, and rustled, and shook, with an incessant and thrilling noise of explosions rapidly following each other, and mingling their reports with a discordant variety of loud and boisterous sounds . . . . .



American Mutual Liability Ins. Co.

**GNPCOR**

*Let mules do the kicking—FORBES*



A little after four o'clock, an immense pillar of smoke rose in a vertical direction at some distance northwest of New Castle, for a while, and the sky was absolutely blackened by this huge cloud; but a light northerly breeze springing up, it gradually distended and then melted into a variety of shapeless mist. About an hour after, innumerable large spires of smoke issuing from different parts of the woods and illuminated by flames that seemed to pierce them, mounted to the sky. A heavy and suffocating canopy, extending to the utmost verge of observation, and appearing more terrific by the vivid flashes and blazes that wriggled and darted irregularly through it, now hung over us in threatening suspension, while showers of flaming brands, calcined leaves, ashes and cinders, seemed to scream through the growling noise that prevailed in the woods.

All these palpable indications of the approaching ruin were unheeded, probably because the people had never yet experienced the dreadful effect of fire or had not sufficiently considered the change wrought in the forest by the protracted heat of the summer. Nor could any other reasons have betrayed them into a neglect of the warning which Mr. Wright and others endeavored to propagate. Had the timely admonition of these gentlemen received the attention it merited, many are of the opinion that a considerable part of the

calamity might have been averted. It would be cruel, however, to harrow the recollection; experience makes wise men of us all; after having endured evil, we become astonishingly clever in prescribing antidotes.

At nine o'clock, or shortly after, a succession of loud

and appalling roars thundered through the woods. Peal after peal, crash after crash, came bellowing the sentence of destruction. . . . .

The river, tortured in violence by the hurricane, foamed with rage, and flung its boiling spray upon the land. The thunder pealed along the vault of heaven; the lightning

there were many from the epidemical fever, endeavoring to save their feeble stake in existence; women with their infants, all urging their way through the volumes of smoke and fire that gleamed destruction around them and seemed to bar retreat: in fact, no description can do justice to the misery of these fatal moments, as the proximity of immense forests, parched to tinder by the summer's heat, and now in one universal conflagration, caused an ocean of fire that we may conclude to be unparalleled in the histories of forest countries and perhaps not surpassed in horrific sublimity by any natural calamity from this element that has ever been recorded.

Some of the people ran to the riverside and plunged in up to their necks in the water for safety. Others betook themselves to rafts of timber, floating logs, canoes, boats and scows, and suffered themselves to drift at the mercy of the wind and tide, without oars, sails, or any other assistance to guide them and ignorant whether they

could find an asylum from the blazing storm that blew death and havoc among them. To many, this resource was unavailing and they sank in the treacherous wave never to arise. Hundreds took refuge in a marsh lying near the river and about half a mile southwest of New Castle expecting each moment would be their last, as the fire which they had left behind began to pursue them faster than they could flee before it. There was little of a combustible nature between the town and the marsh, so that it proved the safest retreat which could be afforded to the inhabitants, and this fortunate circumstance saved many valuable lives.

(Continued on Page 15)

### Where October Dwells

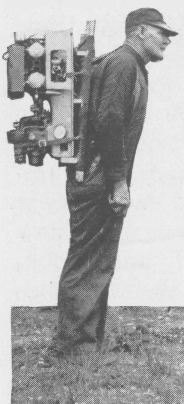
"NEEDLES FROM THE WHISPERING PINE"

By Nathan Appleton Tefft

Leafy carpets, brown an' golden;  
Sun weaves in 'em patterns rare;  
Puty pictures, like the olden  
Tapestries, hang everywhere.  
Lights an' shadows ever changin';  
Ceilin's all a puty blue;  
Al'ays fixin' an' arrangin',  
Al'ays plenty work to do.  
  
Fires on th' hearth a-burnin';  
Doors o' welcome open wide;  
Lonely ones, maybe, a-yearnin'  
For th' cheery light inside.  
Golden fruits, an' stores a-heapin',  
Everything a heart-ache needs;  
In October's house a-reapin'  
Golden thoughts from golden seeds.

rent the firmament in pieces. For a moment all was still. A deep and awful silence reigned over everything. All nature appeared to be hushed into dumbness; when suddenly a lengthened roar came booming through the forest driving a thousand massive and devouring flames before it. Then New Castle, and Douglasstown, and the whole northern side of the river extending from Bartibog to the Nashwaak, a distance of more than 100 miles in length, became enveloped in an immense sheet of flame, that spread over nearly six thousand square miles. (Cooney)

The horror stricken people fled from their houses, which a few minutes after were in flames . . . . The agonized feelings, the horrors of the fleeing and distracted inhabitants, the screams of the burnt, the burning and the wounded, mingled with the cries of the domestic animals scorched and suffering with the heat; men fleeing; the sick, of whom



GNPCO

To be humble to superiors is duty, to equals courtesy, to inferiors nobleness—FRANKLIN

# Climbing Big Squaw Mountain

By ALFRED ELDEN

*"Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around to see if the Judge of the World comes not!"*

**M**OUNTAINS inspire solemn thoughts, particularly when you stand upon their summits. It makes you realize what an infinitely small component you are in the ensemble of the "scheme o' things." At least it made me feel that way a few days ago—September 16 to be exact—when I stood "on top of the world" in the fire look-out station on Big Squaw Mountain and thrilled as the incomparable landscape of the Moosehead Lake region envisaged itself before me.

An old form of athletic diversion is mountain climbing. You may read all about it in many books. But it was a new experience to me, so possibly the viewpoint of an amateur may entertain. Three of us participated in the hike skyward. They were my host, A. G. Hempstead, superintendent of the Social Service Division of the Great Northern Paper Company; Don Brean, of Bangor, a practical lumber operator and superintendent of fire patrol for the company over a big district including the Moosehead Lake region; and the writer.

Squaw Mountain is 3,262 feet as against Katahdin's approximate mile, but I hereby serve notice on gentlemen of aldermanic proportions, who have been doing too much motoring and too little walking of late years, that they may wish the elevator were running before they plant the pennant.

The trail begins at a point near Squaw Mountain Inn. I don't know just how many miles we

covered. It was estimated at from eight to twelve. I would say the distance may have been around ten. It was along this same old tote road that lumbering operations must have been carried on at least 30 or 40

and one or two harsh-voiced crows, our feathered friends were conspicuous by their absence. Even in the damp, shady nooks by the mountain streams, I did not observe even a solitary mosquito and only occasionally a fly.

Incidentally, there could not have been a more perfect day for the climb.

Earlier in the season, one has to expend about as much time and strength fighting off insects as in walking. Nobody breathed hard until we came to "Last Water."

At several points up the mountain we found places where the rushing brooks had left pools of ice cold water fairly bubbling from the springs beneath them. This final opportunity to drink one's health

in nature's crystal wine has been appropriately designated by the watchman of the Squaw Mountain fire lookout station. It lies about half a mile below his cabin. All of his drinking water must be brought from there! And from this "Last Water" the climbing grows steeper and steeper. We filled a bottle and proceeded.

Emerging on a small green plateau, we were most cordially greeted by the watchman's wife, Mrs. Charles H. Leland. She showed us the trim cabin. It was almost the noon hour and the savory smell of cooking food reached us. We looked questioningly at the form of Mr. Brean disappearing in the forest on the last leg of the climb up to the lookout station. Evidently he was anx-

(Continued on Page 8)



*"From Last Water the climbing grows steeper and steeper. We filled a bottle and proceeded."*

years ago. Mr. Brean pointed out that practically all the wood originally employed in its construction had utterly rotted.

Logs crunched under our feet, moss-covered stumps were no more than punk inside. The former sturdy snubbing posts you could pull to pieces with your hands. Yet once they held back the teams and their heavy freight of logs and kept them from over-riding men and horses in perilous descents down the snow covered mountain side.

The stillness of the mountain forest was remarkable. Beyond a few small birds of sparrow type, which none of us could classify,

GNPCO

*A little thing is a little thing; but faithfulness in little things is a very great thing—JEROME*

## The Prize Winners of the Picture Contest



First Prize, The Grant Farm by R. O. Young



THESE photographs were selected as the prize winners in the contest announced in *The Northern* last July.

The judges were Roy H. Flynt, George W. Verrill and Theodore S. Whitehouse of Augusta.

These men are familiar with the Great Northern Paper Company but impartial because they are not acquainted with the contestants. They all have a part in the publishing of *The Northern*.

The judges had considerable difficulty in selecting the prize winners from a large number of excellent pictures.



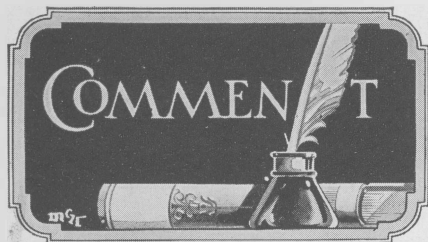
Third Prize, A Live Fawn by A. L. Grover



Second Prize, The Moosehead with a Scow Load of Equipment by A. E. Harmon

GNPCO

*Courage is fire and bullying is smoke*—DISRAELI



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

### The Price of Progress

While the world was feting Lindbergh for conquering the air, so it seemed, George Maxim came to Moosehead Lake with a hydroplane in the interests of the Maine Forest Service and, just as the world attitude toward the hazard of flying across oceans has been undergoing a change due to the death of many long distance flyers, George Maxim lost his life with his plane in Caucomog Lake.

Death is no stranger in the woods of Maine. Neither is bravery nor unselfish sacrifice. When the pilot of the disabled plane and his helper gave the one life preserver to the passenger to swim ashore they passed the highest test man meets on earth.

The first experiment with air service in forestry in Maine has ended in disaster. The loss of two lives, the expense to the state for the service rendered and the loss of two planes on the part of the Curtiss Company has been too great a price for the work accomplished. Time will overcome some of the hazards and the sacrifices will be forgotten as the years go by. This is the usual history of pioneer movements. However, those most intimately con-

nected with the experiment of using an airplane to observe forest fires and to plan the method of fighting them, feel that this method is efficient.

A recent article in *The World's Work* concluded with this statement: "And all others familiar with aviation admit readily that for sheer heroic flying these pilots of the night mail, and the day mail too, as a matter of fact, are entitled to the first prize. Their daily work is producing our Lindberghs, and when flying becomes safe for the average person we shall look back and credit these pioneers with having forced

and on the average will wreck two or three planes, with excellent chances of being killed. In the last nine years, since the first air mail route was established, about forty pilots have been killed, though not more than that number have been employed at one time. The majority of them had been flying the mails less than two years."

These heroes of peace time aviation fail to receive the honors they would have received were their sacrifices made in war. The desire to keep the public mind from such disasters in the interests of advancing commercial aviation has robbed such men of the homage due them.

### White Horse Riders

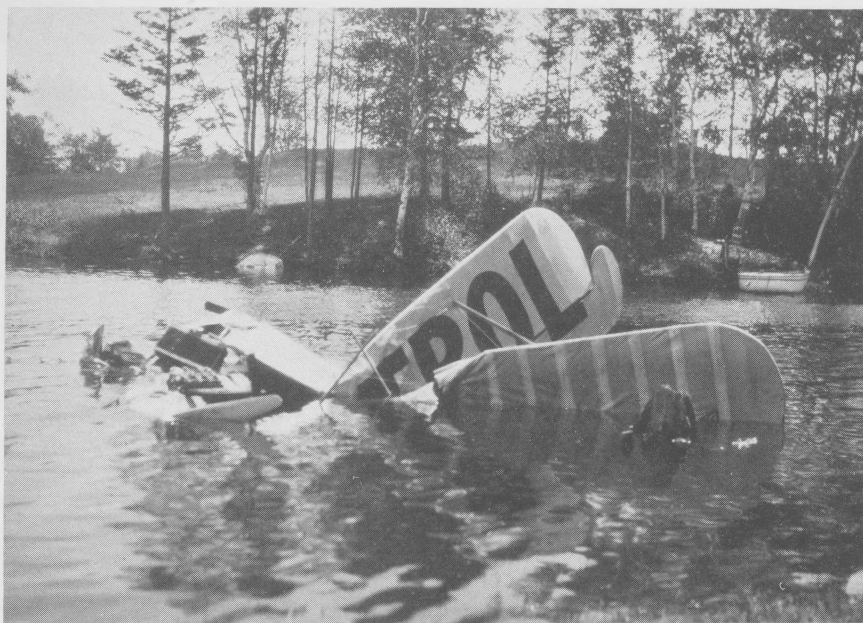
White horse riding is as old as the ages of man. In modern language, a white horse means a bright idea running wild, an impulsive inspiration put into action. The world cries in ecstasy when a white horse rider looms on the horizon.

The white horse allegory probably came from olden military days. Imagine a great military campaign

carefully planned step by step. The time is ripe for the first move, when suddenly one of the officers detects an unexpected opening in the enemies' lines, mounts his steed and leads his men through a glorious and spectacular charge. What a sight he is on his White Horse! How he is cheered—a national hero!

But—he has probably upset military plans that have been months in the making. The general staff probably need to rework their whole campaign on the basis of a small local skirmish which means little or nothing in the final grand result.

(Continued on Page 15)



The WACO Biplane, the first used by the Maine Forestry Department, was wrecked in Moosehead Lake June 18, without loss of life

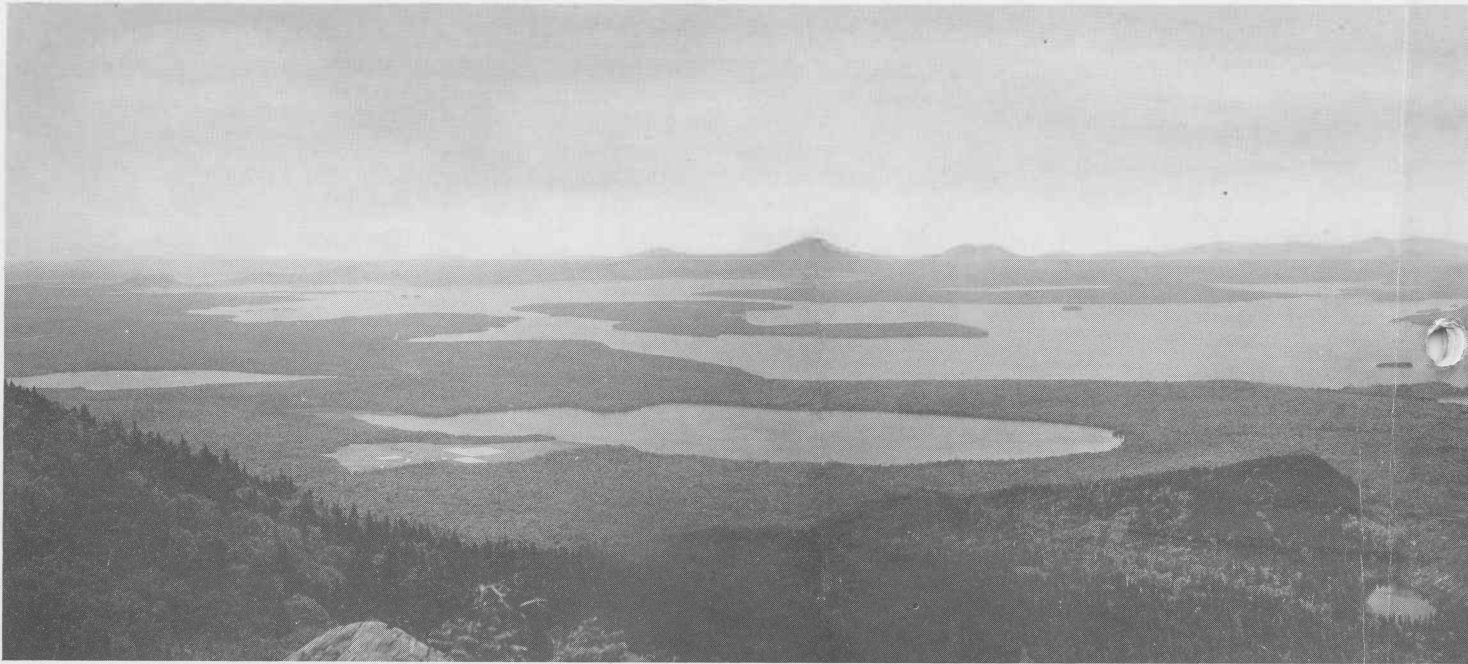
the improvement of commercial planes, gradually, through their experiences with indifferent equipment."

The time has not yet arrived, in spite of propaganda to the contrary, when it is as easy and safe and cheaper to drive an airplane than an automobile. We quote again from the article, *The Perils of Flying the Night Air Mail*: "Veterans assert that a trained aviator requires at least two full years in the mail service before he can be depended upon to do the right thing in an emergency. In that period, they say, he will have many accidents,

GNPCO

*Do anything in this world but monkey with somebody else's religion—WILL ROGERS*





"There far below us lay Maine's 1

## Climbing Big Squaw Mountain

(Continued from Page 5)

ious to reach the top. We recalled that he had the lunch boxes!

"Lonesome up here?" laughed Mrs. Leland in response to a query. "No, indeed! With this cosy summer home and this wonderful view, stillness, fragrance of the forests and revivifying air, it is just a summer outing. Only, I'll confess, I don't get much chance to visit stores and shop."

Mrs. Leland showed us a fine little garden of lettuce, cucumbers, beets and other green stuff. It was enclosed within a three foot wire fence and around the bottom, outside of that, was a band of burlap two feet wide.

"That's to keep the rabbits away," she explained. "When we first came up, several years ago, they would almost ruin things over night. They haven't bothered us much this summer. Mr. Leland thinks something has killed them off, but they will be back again."

Mrs. Leland made the interesting statement that scouts for the famous Appalachian Club had been up Squaw Mountain this summer, spotting a trail from Katahdin over this route and onward into New Hampshire and the White Mountains. Probably club members know this, but it was news to us. Evidently

the seasoned hikers of "The Long Trail" recognize Big Squaw as an acclivity worthy of their attention.

Frankly, the last half mile from the Leland cabin up to the summit and the lookout tower, was the hardest of the trip. For the first time, Mr. Hempstead and I found ourselves doing a little mouth breathing, and for a few minutes there came a ringing to our ears. But it soon passed and was too fleeting a discomfort even to notice. Then we achieved our goal and the glories of the vista overwhelmed us!

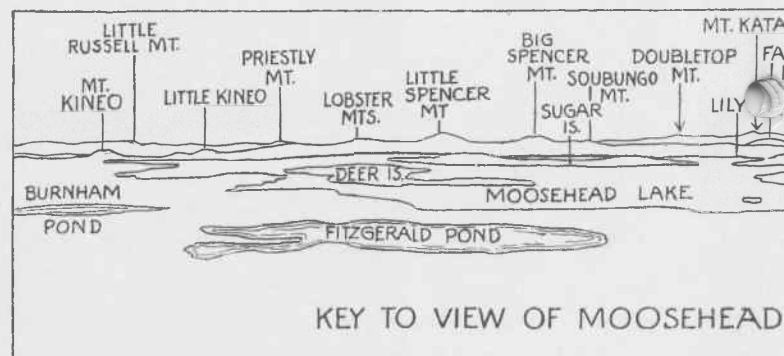
But I am going to get at those lunch boxes before indulging in any rhapsodic flights. We climbed the ladder of the tower, pushed up the trap door and crawled in. There was Mr. Brean stretched out comfortably enjoying his lunch and the scenery, too! We made it unanimous very soon. About those lunches!

Asked the day previous what I would like for mine, I had told Mr. Brean that when off on an outing, boating or motoring—favorite pastimes of mine—I seldom ate more

than a sandwich, so he needn't bother about me. Any old thing would do. Thank goodness, he didn't take me at my word! He knew mountain climbing has no equal as a tonic for the appetite.

I opened my box and blessed the Piscataquis Exchange whose lunches, put up and take out, are deservedly popular. There were four chicken sandwiches, a succulent slab of peach pie and a chunk of cheese, a hard-boiled egg, a cookie, large piece of cake and an orange. I ate them all! But for that repast I should have resorted to gnawing the bark from the trees.

Sometimes a writer in coming upon a view so entrancingly impressive as to baffle his powers of description, eases himself down by remarking that "words are inadequate to describe the loveliness." I wouldn't duck the job that way. Words are certainly not inadequate, but in *The Northern* they are valuable, and I fear that already I have exceeded



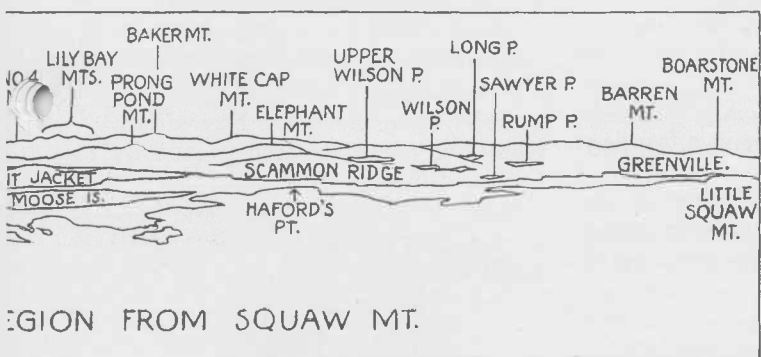
GNPCOV

*The wise and brave dare own that he was wrong*—FRANKLIN



Photo by A. G. Hempstead

, an inland sea forty miles long"



all reasonable space limits. But, briefly, never in my life have I looked off on a scene of greater grandeur.

"There has been a fire lookout station up here on Big Squaw for a good many years," said Watchman Leland, "but the tower was built about nine years ago. I have been the watchman since then. Mrs. Leland and I come up to the cabin around May 1 and generally go out in early October. Once or twice a week I walk down to the Fish Hatchery and get papers and our mail. Occasionally when some hiker is coming up, he brings them.

"Of course, I am gazing at this view a good many hours in a summer, but I never tire of it. Offhand I should say you can see from fifty to seventy-five miles in many directions. There's old Katahdin, Double Top, the Spencers and dozens of others you probably never heard of for mountains. You can locate them all with the range finder and map there if you care to."

this summer, and—"

"If it hadn't been for the fire lookout stations all these years," put in Mr. Brean, "this great stretch of forest to the northward would have been barren wastes."

"Yes, I guess the towers are important," agreed Mr. Leland. "Last June, during the week that Chase Stream fire was raging, they kept our telephone ringing pretty steadily. You see from Squaw Mountain we look across into Somerset County and right down to where that blaze was. It burned over 10,000 acres and it took 400 men six days to get it under control. It burned over parts of three towns—Chase Stream, Square Town and Indian Town."

"And," commented Mr. Brean impressively, "it will be several generations before merchantable

timber has grown there again! The time depends, of course, on how deep the fire has burned into the ground. Nothing in forest conservation even approaches in importance the necessity of fire prevention."

"Let's see," remarked Mr. Leland, turning to a record book; "there have been 300 people up to see us this summer. Hello! Here come three more."

Sure enough, a young chap and two athletic misses in knickers climbed up out of the narrow trail to the top of Big Squaw.

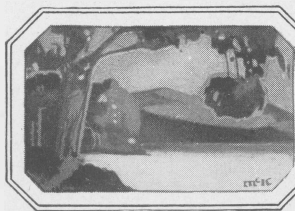
"On the whole," continued the watchman, "I don't see but women stand the climb as well as men. Two or three have backed out of climbing the ladder to the tower, though. Most women don't fancy ladder climbing. Then a few—both men and women—have lost their courage at 'Last Water.' Funny! They ought to keep on for they are pretty near the cabin where they can rest before climbing up to the lookout.

"One fat fellow, I think he was a Mexican, was puffing like a porpoise when he got here. I thought he would stop at the foot of the lookout, but no, he dragged himself up and squeezed through the trap door. 'I make the top, if I die!' he grunted. He was game, all right.

(Continued on Page 14)

GNPCO

*There is no man so bad but he secretly respects the good*—FRANKLIN



## Northern News



### Seboomook Farm

Edward Angley, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. Jason Goodwin, formerly of the Rice Farm in Millinocket, have taken over the management of Seboomook Farm recently left vacant by Mr. and Mrs. William Lane.

W. J. Lacrosse assisted in the storehouse office for a few days while awaiting the opening of Machias Operation at Ashland which he is to clerk.

Charles Reed and a small crew of carpenters are doing repair work on the farm building and the wharf.

Edward Angley of Bangor has taken Charles Mooers' place as storehouse clerk, the latter having returned to his home in Milo.

Maynard Emery, telephone operator at the Grant Farm, passed through here recently.

The Wardwell family have returned to Haverhill, Mass., after spending the summer at Northwest Lodge, their summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith are now employed on the farm.

State Observer George Gruhn and Mrs. Gruhn are closing the Dudley Cottage. From there they will go to Chesuncook Dam. Mr. Gruhn has been made District Supervisor with headquarters at Chesuncook.

After spending a few weeks at their summer cottage at South Harpswell, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus F. Packard will re-occupy their Deer-spot Camp.

### Bigelow District

R. S. Huggins, Correspondent

All work is under the supervision of C. M. Hilton, who has succeeded the late George L. O'Connell as general superintendent of the Kennebec district.

We are beginning to show signs

of activity for the season's cut. Forty-six horses have been transferred to the operation from Soules Mills, so that they will be ready at the word "GO."

Several jobbers have been looking over the operating chances, among them being: Fred Gilbert of Greenville, F. S. Parsons, D. B. "Duke" McKeil, Tom Tague, William Smith, William Aucoin and Fred Parks.

F. A. Gilbert and Walter Powers were recent visitors to the operation. In company with Supt. C. M. Hilton, they went up Bigelow Mountain to Cranberry Peak, looking over the wood in that section.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. O'Connell, with their children, spent a few days here recently.

Messrs. Jones and Wing, of the engineering department, spent several days here during the past month, cruising timber.

Under the supervision of C. M. Hilton, Roland Foster is building a dam at the foot of James Pond. The dam is to be 300 feet long and will hold a six foot head of water. It will be used for sluicing and driving the wood landed on Jones Pond from Bigelow Mountain. Work is progressing very rapidly; the timber is all laid and the toe piling on the left wing completed.

Billy Williamson, assisted by Joe Veno, is doing a good job keeping the crew contented, via the stomach.

Among the old line regulars on the job are Leonard Cormier, Angus Comeau, Camille Bourke, Herbert Kingston, Clinton Betts, Joe Galant and Isaac Foster.

Jack Robertson is doing the hewing and has manipulated a mean broad axe throughout the job.

The men are staying in the Owens Brothers' camp while working on the dam.

### M. Hughes Cooper Brook Road and Cooper Brook Trestle

G. F. Baker, Correspondent

The work on Cooper Brook Log Hauler Road is progressing steadily. Trucks and cars now come as far as the half-way camp with ease. Supt. MacGregor has a crew working on the trestle. Joe McLean is taking charge of the wood work. The steam shovel is now working above the camp on the hill.

W. J. (Bill) Lacrosse has left us and LeRoy Lowe is taking his place.

Frank Wilson, who is a good cook and also an authority on excavation, is taking the place left vacant by Connie Burke.

Stanley Bartlett was in and presented the Gibson picture, "Hey! Hey! Cowboy!" which was well received by a large audience.

The mystery of "Bill Jones" is solved as he visited us this month.

### Chesuncook Dam

John H. Mortell, Correspondent

On September 1, Charles Ingalls and his crew hauled the West Branch No. 2 out of the water and they are now painting it inside and out. Previous to this there had been some work done in getting the cradle ready for it to rest on.

The A. B. Smith is tied up at the wharf and work will be started soon in dismantling it. This will end the career of a boat, which, like the man for whom it was named, has had a long service record and passes into history at approximately the same time. The A. B. Smith has been in use for about thirty years.

At the time of the launching of the West Branch No. 2, A. B. (Uncle Anse) Smith was present.

GNPCO

Consider the postage stamp: its usefulness consists in its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there—JOSH BILLINGS

Mr. Ingalls has twelve men at the head of Chamberlain Lake hauling a scow which was built up there two years ago. It is to go down to Chesuncook Lake. Guy Bubar is cooking for them and Fred Stait, Weldon Kenney and young Andy Faulkner are included in the crew.

Lester (Mike) Coltart is back at the U. of M. and his name appears among those who have donned the football togs for the coming season.

Al. McDonald, Sam Beaudreau, and Ed. Enman have all gone through here with a crew of men. The arrival of the first crew to be transported up the lake marks the beginning of the winter's work at Ellis Brook.

A new pump house is being erected in the yard, which will be completed sometime this fall.

Among those visiting and passing through are: Earl Vickery, James Mackie, G. B. Burr, Charles Ramsdell and Charles Lacroix.

The saw mill is in operation again and is sawing out lumber to make some repairs on the wharf.

Alphonse Bertrand, who has been employed with Swift and Co. for the past few years, has returned to the company and is assisting with the clerical work at Ellis Brook.

### Millinocket Mill

A. P. Hume, Correspondent

Mr. Lawrence Gregson has returned to his duties as superintendent of the ground wood mill after a long vacation. Larry is feeling much better after his much needed rest.

A wedding of interest to the younger set took place this week when Miss Clara Jones and Mr. Ralph Jordan were united in marriage. Miss Jones is employed at the Millinocket Trust Company and Ralph works in the engineering department. We congratulate you, Ralph, and will miss your smiling face at our bachelor quarters in the club.

Although the fishing season is nearly over, several of our local fishermen are loath to quit. Frank Martin has returned with several catches of white perch and seems to

be the leader for the season although Andrew Nasman's catches contain the biggest fish. At this time it is fitting that we should mention the prowess of the "Blue Bird" and its crew, who did so much to keep the price of fish down to normal this year. The crew, consisting of Capt. "Shinny" Brown, Chief Eng. Bill Jones, Consulting Eng. and Towboat Capt. Jimmy Farquahar, First Mate, Rod Marshall, a fisherman of note from Tobique, and Cook, John O'Connell, wish to express their heartfelt thanks to the Spruce Wood Department for the use of the White House on Pemadumcook Lake.

Labor Day was enjoyed very much by all those who took part in the celebration. Besides the usual parade, which we hope will be larger next year, there were two ball games between teams representing Bangor and Millinocket, both of which were won by Millinocket.

Frank Emery, John Soper and Roy Ellingwood are deeply engrossed in Milton Work's latest book on the X. Y. Z's of bridge tournaments which will start very soon. The Nolsemic Club plans to run several this year, as last winter the tournaments were highly successful.

In these days of uncertain flights to Europe by airplane, we are glad to note that there is one party who still believes in a safe trip on a palatial

liner, thereby relieving the minds of those left behind of the worry as to whether he landed in mid ocean or "Merrie" England. We refer to our esteemed interne in the first aid room, Walter Evans, formerly known as "Doc." We shall miss the tenderness with which he bound up our wounds, but we shall not miss the pipe he smokes. Half of us say "Doc" smokes this pipe for pleasure but the other half is just as sure that it is used for disinfecting purposes. Mr. Evans is our correspondent for the Bangor News and, while a little weak on the sporting phase of journalism, he sure reaches his greatest heights when reporting the Philharmonic Club and church activities.

Among the visitors to Millinocket since our last writing have been Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mooney, formerly of Millinocket; Mr. John Hume of New Haven, Connecticut; Mr. Emery of Elizabeth, New Jersey; "Scotty" Robinson of Augusta, Maine; and Supt. J. A. F. Nevins who was on his way to his old home in New Hampshire.

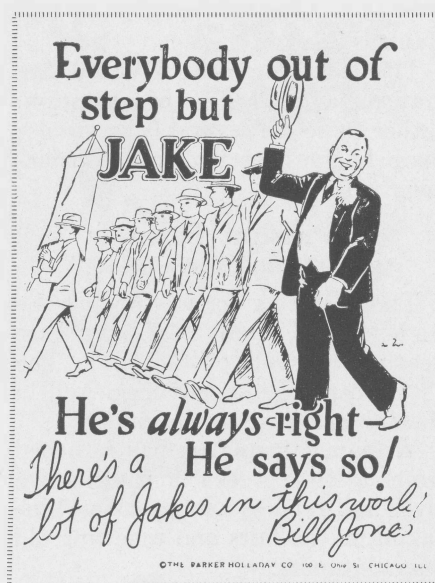
### Greenville

D. M. Pearson, Correspondent

On Monday, September 5, an accident occurred in Caucomgomoc Lake which took the life of George Maxim, pilot of the Forestry Department airplane, and Amos Thibodeau.

Mr. Maxim had been employed for some time by the Curtiss Flying Company, the concern which owned the plane that he was using at the time of the disaster. His record in the World War was colorful and daring throughout. At one time he had owned a plane of his own in which he took up passengers. In June of this year, he had been the victim of an accident which wrecked the plane but which did not injure him. He was 33 years old and is survived by his wife, Mrs. Laura Willock Maxim, and two children, Bradley, aged 5, and Marjorie, aged 3.

Amos Thibodeau, Jr. was the son of Amos Thibodeau of Greenville. He had graduated from the Green-



GNPCOR

The worst pest is the pessimist—FORBES



ville High School last spring. He leaves a brother, Leonce and a sister, Alice. To the bereaved families we would extend our sincere sympathy.

Lloyd ("Jack") Pickett who has been inspecting all fire fighting equipment, is now running the "Casey Jones" on the Chesuncook-Chamberlain Railroad.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hempstead are announcing the arrival of a daughter, Elizabeth Brooks Hempstead, born on September 2, and weighing 6¼ pounds. Her birthday will be celebrated together with that of her brother David, as she was born on his fifth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bartlett have rented a part of the Dyer house on Pleasant Street. Since their arrival in Greenville, they have been spending a good deal of time in getting the house settled. Unfortunately soon after coming to Greenville, Mrs. Bartlett was called to her home in Bethel by the death of her grandfather.

Friends of H. I. Rollins are watching the progress of the house which he is building opposite the house which he is now occupying. The foundation and the frame work are complete at present.

### Cooper Brook Operation

*J. A. Marceau, Correspondent*

This operation is now preparing for the winter's work, which we believe will be booming soon. In the office force we have Paul Paquet as assistant clerk and Raymond Fernald as store-house clerk. Henry Milliken, who recently closed his books for Joe-Merry Stream Improvements, will be timekeeper at the landing camp where Albert Stone will have a crew working on the log hauler road.

Two new camps are opening with about seventy men a short distance from Mr. Carr's, at B. Pond.

Great improvements have been made around Cooper Brook Depot, the yard being leveled and a general clean-up having taken place. Several large piles of wood speak well for the foresight of the inhabitants.

The metallic telephone line has now reached Cooper Brook Depot

and Joe Marceau has such a large switch board that he has sent in a requisition for a "hello girl."

A. V. MacNeill, F. A. Gilbert, O. A. Harkness, H. W. Wright, N. A. Smith and Bill Jones were recent visitors.

John Ross left our midst a short while ago after completing a six months' hang.

Bill Lacrosse stopped on his way out. At the time, he was headed for Seboomook but we understand that he is enroute for foreign fields and we wish him luck.

A partition is being put up in the office to separate the main office room from the sleeping quarters.

Don Allen, the fire patrolman, is leaving this month.

Charles Holden was away for a few days this month during which time we received a visit from W. G. McCormick.

The blueberry pickers from the operation had a successful trip a short while ago as was made evident by the blueberry pies which adorned the tables.

Volney Roberts is one of our regular boarders now. He is doing some work on the steam log haulers replacing the steam engines with crude oil engines.

Mr. and Mrs. Powers were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Burr for a week.

Cal Gunn brought a crude oil shovel in here the first of the month. It is to be used on the B Pond Log Hauler Road.

The bears in this vicinity are drawing a great deal of attention. Either there are several bears or else there is one bear tied in a conspicuous place.

### Pittston Farm

*M. P. Hill, Correspondent*

The painting crew, under the leadership of E. M. McDonald, are nearing the end of the job. The Pittston structures show up well in their new coats of white paint.

William Harrington has returned from a two weeks' outing down river and reports having a fine time taking in the fairs and renewing old acquaintances.

Von Crandlemire, who assisted with the clerical work at Pittston during the absence of William Harrington, has gone back to Bangor.

W. A. Hill, Maurice Hill's father, was a recent guest at Pittston.

The potato crop is nearing the season of harvest. A good sized crop is expected.

Leon Mishio, the telephone operator, has been enjoying two weeks of vacation. A motor trip to Lawrence, Mass., was included in the program.

Dr. Harmon Smith, of New York City, who has been spending the summer at his camp on the North Branch, has returned to his home.

### Ten Mile Plant

*A. B. Chaplin, Correspondent*

Mrs. N. A. Smith visited at 10 Mile while Mr. Smith was on a business trip in this section.

William Boulier and John Murphy, painters, arrived on August 31, to do painting at the Ten Mile. Mrs. Boulier is staying here while the work is being done.

We are all glad to see Alex Cominsky back working for the Kineo Road Repairs after a year's absence.

C. M. Reed and crew have been doing some needed repairs at the Ten Mile.

Don Pearson showed pictures here September 5, which were enjoyed by all.

We were pleased to receive a call early in September from Mr. and Mrs. Harrie B. Coe. Mr. Coe, who was formerly connected with the Social Service Division of the company, is now manager of the State of Maine Publicity Bureau.

### Lily Bay

*F. A. Murphy, Correspondent*

Lily Bay is once more up among the singers so far as the freight and the meals served are concerned. The annual fall rush has started with a bang and freight is coming in fast. Thursday, September 15, was very busy following the arrival of the boat. Two crews arrived and 75 meals were furnished. Harry Rollins transported these men to

GNPCO

*A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines—FRANKLIN*

Chesuncook Dam by means of vehicles ranging from Cadillac Sedans down. In fact everything was pressed into service to accommodate the men.

Asa Thibodeau is back on the job again working in the storehouse and making himself generally useful around the house.

Fred Covell is a very busy man just now.

During the month, Mr. Alphonse D. Robie has been with us for several meals.

We notice that the rifles are being taken down from their pegs, and are getting cleaned and polished for the fall hunting. Here's hoping that there will not be any stuffed deer hides this season for the Greenville boys to try out their marksmanship. It seems that our tame deer of past years has caused a bit of consternation among them.

We were all pleased to have the pictures back again. Stanley Bartlett showed "Hey! Hey! Cowboy!" to us this month.

Mr. C. W. Curtis made a flying trip of inspection to Lily Bay Storehouse, accompanied by Mrs. Curtis.

### Grant Farm

*J. E. Ramsay, Correspondent*

Everyone from the Grant Farm who attended Field Day at Sebasmook had a very enjoyable day. We are hoping to contribute a winning baseball team again next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary and their son Walter have returned from their vacation. They went to Bangor and visited in Aroostook County and report a fine time while they were gone.

Everyone is glad that the movie season has started again. The first picture was shown here on August 31, to about thirty people.

Maynard Emery, our telephone operator, is relieving Leon Mishio at the Pittston Farm while Leon is on his vacation. Mrs. Ray Cripps is tending the switch board here.

L. G. White was accompanied by R. C. Kenney of the Bangor Office on a recent visit here.

Mr. Gilbert and his family were visitors here during the month.

We wish to extend our most sincere sympathy to the families and relatives of the late George Maxim and Amos Thibodeau who lost their lives in the airplane accident in Caucomgomoc Lake.

The gates on Ragged Dam were raised September 7.

Mrs. H. A. Bowe and guests from Portland recently visited here.

### Rockwood

*Hugh Desmond, Correspondent*

Miss Irene McInich has returned to her former position as waitress at the Kineo Boarding House.

Charles Reed and crew have finished laying new asbestos roofs on the boarding house and stable at Kineo. This job was done in a remarkably short time and much credit for the same is due Sterl Dymond who kept the carpenters supplied with shingles at all times, hauling the bundles from the storehouse to the top of the hill with his Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smith have moved into the cottage at Kineo formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Gartley.

The painters have finished their work at Kineo and Ten Mile and have moved their equipment to the Forty Mile.

J. H. Murch has taken his vacation. While he was away, John Morrison acted as clerk.

The first moving picture of the season, "Take It From Me," with Reginald Denny as the star, was shown in the Rockwood Hall on September 1, and attracted about 150 people. The folks all welcome this entertainment back after the lull through the summer.

Our colony and all employees on this side of the lake were shocked and saddened by the tragic accident which brought about the death of Mr. John Hatch, our paymaster.

Wednesday afternoon, September 21, when Mr. Hatch stooped to pet a dog at Kineo Station, his revolver fell from his shoulder holster, striking on the butt and discharging. The bullet entered under Mr. Hatch's chin and came out behind his ear. He was rushed to Bangor where he passed away Thursday night. Mr. Hatch is survived by his wife, two sons and two daughters. He made his home in Alton.

The quiet, kind friendliness of Mr. Hatch won for him many friends during the time he has been paying the men in this vicinity. Mrs. Hatch was well known to the people of Rockwood as she had visited here and during Mrs. Murphy's vacation this summer took charge of the Boarding House. The heartfelt sympathy of all go out to the bereaved family.

### Greenville Shop

*J. B. Pratt, Correspondent*

Fred Covell is back with us again on pay day after a vacation spent at Gott's Island, across the bay from McKinley. He says that the lobsters tasted awfully good to him this season.

Motorboat No. 1 is undergoing extensive repairs; motorboat No. 29 is also having an overhauling.

J. B. Pratt was in Bangor on Saturday, September 17, attending the funeral services of the late Howard Simpson of the accounting department in the Bangor Office.

There is being built here a power pump for the fire protection in at Cooper Brook. It is made of a Sterns motor and a 2½" enclosed impeller belt-driven centrifugal pump.

**You can't buy SPARE PARTS**

*for your body*

*Live right, think right. and you won't need them. Bill Jones*

© THE LAMAR HOLLADAY CO. 30 E. OHIO ST. CHICAGO ILL.

GNPCOR

*A chip on the shoulder is too heavy a piece of luggage to carry through life—FORBES*

## Reservations for Horses

By D. M. Pearson

**M**AKING reservations for a lower berth on the 20th century doesn't involve quite as much detail as engaging a little space on the *Twilight* for a few horses.

It was understood that the horses were to go on Wednesday without fail for hadn't Fred Schenck definitely stated to Miss Spearin that they were expected at the head of the lake that night and that they were to be used the following day?

When the appointed hour arrived for the horses to be loaded there also arrived an automobile which of course would have to go on the boat and then the question arose as to where the horses would be put. It might have been all right if there were not another automobile to go and still another.

Up to this time there had been several reports rendered to Mr. Schenck at the shop but he had remained firm on the assertion that they must go, and that some space must be provided. "Remember," he said, "I made a reservation for six horses to go and the men are bringing them down now."

Miss Spearin was about to resort to tears when another car drove up and it was decided that it would be necessary to take a scow which would relieve all the congestion, provide for the horses and straighten out the whole thing.

After the boat left, Miss Spearin put in one more call to Mr. Schenck and this time she wasn't worried about accommodations for six horses, she was only asking why it was he hadn't said his reservation was for saw horses.

## Climbing Big Squaw Mountain

(Continued from Page 9)

"During the years I have been here, I have had visitors from many states and from several foreign countries. Here's one entry from Burma, another from Stockholm, Sweden, and still another from Shanghai. One woman from London climbed Big Squaw in a pouring rain and fog. When she got up

here, as if to reward her pluck, the rain stopped, the clouds broke away, the sun came out and I never saw fairer conditions. She was delighted."

Mr. Leland answered a telephone call. There is an instrument in the lookout, another in the cabin and the wires extend down the mountain side to the Greenville exchange where connections are made with all other stations throughout the Big Woods.

In addition to registering their names, some of the visitors to the lookout had made comments. An unusual one was recorded by the chronicler for a party of folks who had started the climb at midnight as the climax of an evening of dancing at Squaw Mountain Inn near the foot. The entry read:

This party climbed the mountain after a dance at Squaw Mountain Inn, watching as wonderful an exhibition of Aurora Borealis and as magnificent sunrise as may well be conceived. We are now going down to breakfast, playing a round of golf and some tennis, just to prove to our public that there is life in this crowd yet. Ed. is leaving for a 180 mile ride to Rangeley Lakes. The weaker sex stood the journey and climb marvellously well considering. A good time was had by all! Amen!

From this lofty eminence, one is certainly surprised to learn that he is no more than half way across this great state of ours. There are still a hundred miles or more of unbroken forests before one would pass the Allagash region and strike the mighty waters of the St. John River and the Canadian border land.

It would be repetition and irksome to readers to state here what may be read in miscellaneous printed matter about the mountains, ponds, rivers, lakes, and streams that unfolded to our vision. We seemed to be the lofty center of a great bowl walled in by majestic elevations and filled with forests and

water-ways such as may be found nowhere else save in Maine.

It was hard to comprehend the vastness of it all. It filled one's heart with emotions of awe and reverence for the God who created all these immutable mountains. So we all looked silently off through the great spaces.

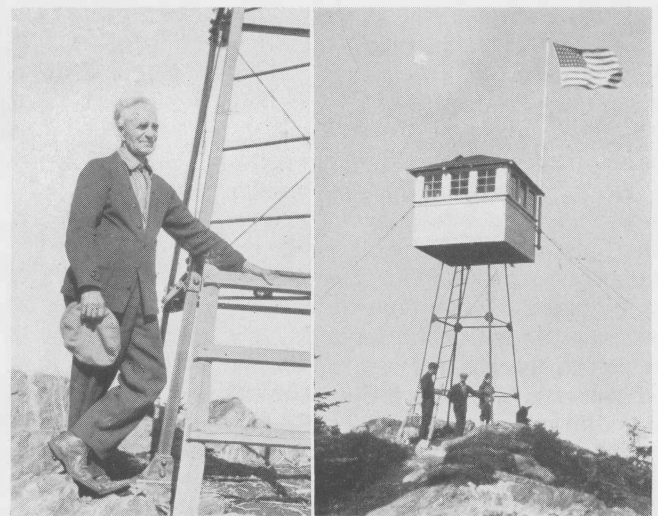
There far below us lay Maine's largest lake, an inland sea forty miles long, with an extreme width of fifteen miles and a surface of two hundred and twenty square miles. This body of water is 1,023 feet above sea level.

"Did you know," suddenly asked Don Breen, "that from the top of Katahdin, with a strong telescope and atmospheric conditions just right, you can see Boston Harbor? By the way, what's that blue peak over there to the right?"

"I think that's Seattle, Washington!" gravely replied Mr. Hempstead.

He had been on top of Katahdin himself and perhaps he felt he had been cheated because he had never seen Boston Harbor from that elevation.

Moosehead is dotted with islands. I was amused to find that one writer places the number at 365, one for each day in the year. That's stealing Casco Bay thunder, isn't it? It isn't true of either locality, although both have islands aplenty.



Charles H. Leland has been watchman on Squaw Mountain ever since the tower was built nine years ago

GNPCO

Acting without thinking is like shooting without aiming—FORBES

And lakes, ponds, rivers, twinkling in all directions! They glistened like silver spangles and streamers impressed on a background of boundless forests that shaded from the lightest to the darkest greens, according to the nature of the growth—hard or soft timber.

Roughly speaking, I should say we were about three hours and a half climbing Big Squaw, and perhaps two in descending. Nobody was unduly tired, I am sure, and despite earlier misgivings, I could not truthfully claim to be even a little stiff from walking!

While Squaw Mountain is not a serious menace to the laurels worn so proudly by old Katahdin, yet it is one of the most delightful of the lesser peaks of the Moosehead region. Surely, I would not part with my experiences of that day. The thrills of the climb will long be fresh in memory's storehouse.

Normally healthy men and women may undertake it without misgivings as to their ability to see it through. Only, do as we did—take it easy. A mountain is a poor place for a marathon.



## The Great Fire of Miramichi

(Continued from Page 4)

APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE AND DISTRESS . . . One hundred and sixty people perished in the flames or were drowned, nearly three times that number were badly burned or wounded, and two thousand were left destitute and homeless. The town of Chatham happily escaped the flames and afforded a place of refuge, where the survivors were cared for, otherwise many more would have perished from starvation and exposure. Relief soon poured in from all quarters. The loss, not including the timber on Crown Lands, was estimated at \$1,250,000. The fire extended from the neighborhood of the Bay Chaleur to Richibucte, a distance of over eighty miles in a direct line; eight thousand square miles of forest land were burned over. (Hay)

## White Horse Riders

(Continued from Page 7)

White horse riding is a human frailty, especially obnoxious in business. You never can tell when some business man may mount his steed and with a handful of impulsive, cheering followers charge the enemy with a daring that takes the breath away.

But business, like battles, does not succeed that way. The keynote of modern business is cooperation. There is little room in it for heroic stunts, for star performers—grand stand players.

—Acipco News

## Ray Cripps

Word was received on Saturday, September 24, of the untimely death of Ray Cripps, which occurred at Cazenovia, New York, as the result of an automobile accident. Mr. and Mrs. Cripps were on their vacation en route for Cleveland, Ohio, where they were to visit relatives. Mrs. Cripps escaped with only a few bruises which were attended to at the hospital in that town.

During the time Ray Cripps was with the Great Northern Paper Co., he was connected with the telephone department, and for the last few years has been a telephone lineman with headquarters at the Grant Farm. The loss of an able and congenial fellow worker is certain to be felt.

Mr. Cripps is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mary, aged four, to whom the sympathy of the company is extended.

## Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

August 15 to September 15

1927 compared with 1926

	1927	1926
Total precipitation	3.82 in.	2.85 in.
Number of clear days	6	6
Maximum temperature	79 Aug. 22	78 Aug. 29
Minimum temperature	33 Sept. 14	34 Sept. 15
Prevailing wind	NW	NW
Greatest velocity of wind	1927—24 mi. (8 P.M., Sept. 7)	1926—24 mi. (8 P.M. Aug. 29)
Total wind movement	4191 mi.	4520 mi.

## A Word to the Boys

By L. R. Groves

The sunlight of early autumn falls across the fields as four boys, brimming with youth and high spirits, leave the town limits and enter the woods. One carries a rifle. They are bound for a camp a short distance away, but soon the party separates—two going on to the camp while the other two try out the rifle. Before shooting at the mark, a friendly scuffle ensues—the gun is accidentally discharged—and a short time afterwards a grief-stricken father bears home the broken body of one whose spirit is already taking hold upon Eternity.

A few days later the cemetery is ablaze with flowers as the sorrowing relatives and friends bid a last good-bye to the lad whose joyous laughter is forever stilled. The same bright sunlight lingers over the wilderness of blossoms, heaped in mute testimonial that the boy has not lived in vain; but the sorrow of his passing will be with us for many a day.

Boys, as you pass that hallowed spot, and think of your comrade who slumbers there, will you remember your promise to be careful with firearms? Take the word of an old timer who assures you that no loaded gun is to be trusted, and no precaution, however slight, should be neglected.

## The Forest's Pride

By A. L. Grover

O, giant spruce in the forest of Maine  
Who sheltered birds when the Pilgrims came,

Would I could read the story clear,  
Sealed in thy rings built year on year.

In summer sun and winter snow  
You've seen the redskin come and go;  
Seen him paddle his birch canoe  
Sewed with the roots he stole from you.

The timber wolf with doleful cry  
Has killed the caribou nearby;  
As the eagle, mighty bird of prey,  
Soared aloft and watched the fray.

With nature's battles fought and won,  
Thy centuried life has e'er been run.  
'Gainst crushing snow and northern blast  
Thy gnarled roots have held thee fast.

O, giant spruce, on the mountain side,  
Steadfast, true . . . the forest's pride,  
Would that man could always be  
Staunch and strong and true like thee.

GNPCO

We cannot eat the fruit whilst the tree is in blossom—DISRAELI



# Not Understood

By THOMAS BRACKEN

Not Understood, we move asunder,  
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep  
Along the years. We marvel and we wonder  
Why life is life, and then we go to sleep—  
Not Understood.

Not Understood, we gather false impressions  
And hug them closer as the years go by,  
Till virtue oft seems to us transgression  
And thus men rise and fall and live and die—  
Not Understood.

Not Understood, poor souls with stunted vision  
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;  
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision  
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mold the age—  
Not Understood.

Not Understood, we make so much of trifles ;  
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight  
Has oft destroyed a friendship years in making  
And on our souls there falls a chilling blight—  
Not Understood.

Not Understood, how many breasts are aching  
For words of sympathy. Ah! yes, today  
How many hungry hearts are breaking,  
How many noble spirits pass away—  
Not Understood.

Oh, God, if men could see a little clearer  
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see;  
Oh, God, if men would draw a little nearer  
To one another, they'd be nearer then to Thee—  
And Understood.