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The
Northern
January 1928



The Northern

Title Registered U. S. Patent Office

A. G. Hempstead, Superintendent Social Service
Editor

Vol. VII

JANUARY, 1928

No. 10

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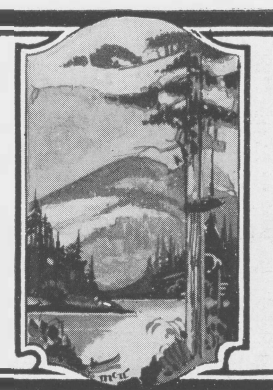
THE AUGUSTA PRESS

STANLEY
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The Northern

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



The Champion's Pal

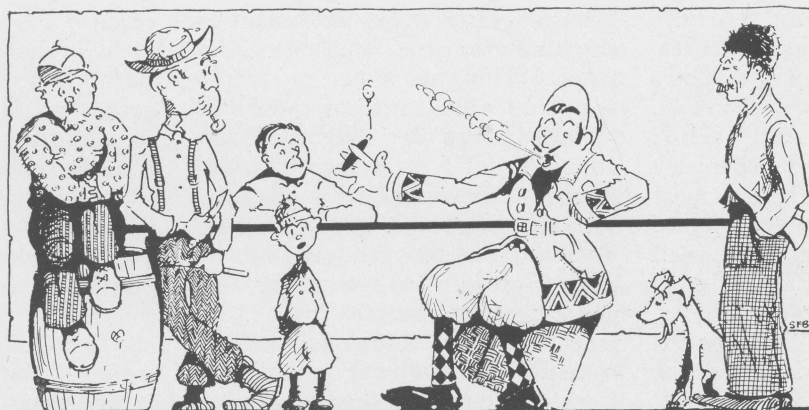
By DENNIS A. O'BRIEN

WHEN a badly battered Tunney successfully absorbed the devastating drive of Dempsey's rights and lefts during that torrid seventh round last September, all Rockwood, Maine, went wild. When the triumphant Tunney, with his world's championship crown reposing on his curly locks, returned to

Moosehead for recreation, Rockwood went wilder still. But when Mr. J. Cavendish Guff drove his Wheezy Eight down the baggage plank of the steamer Katahdin, Rockwood, although not realizing it at the moment, went plain loco.

J. Cavendish Guff was that kind of a fellow. Peace and tranquility fled when he approached. It was his first trip to Maine, although, as he modestly admitted, every other state in the Union was as familiar to him as his own back yard.

He wore a blazing red mackinaw, carried a trick gun and trickier moustache and promptly announced to the world at large that if deer and bear knew when they were well off they had better stay completely under cover during his sojourn. At various intervals in his excessively active lifetime he acknowledged



"If I wasn't at the ringside to steer him," calmly announced J. Cavendish Guff, "Gene Tunney wouldn't lift a foot through the ropes."

having accumulated several trunks full of medals attesting his dead shot marksmanship, and he was indeed sorry he had neglected to bring them with him. Consequently, by dint of such statements, he early earned the justifiable rating from the boys as the biggest four-flusher ever to inflict himself on Rockwood.

As days went by, he worked diligently to maintain this reputation. And he succeeded so well that the habitual hospitality shown by the townspeople to all strangers was coldly lacking to him. Mutterings of disgust or weary shaking of heads greeted his advent into any group, but if this unconcealed aversion to his company disturbed Guff, he manifested no indication. Instead of resenting the treatment, he thrived on it, and wended his blatant, noisy way to the growing discomfi-

ture of the entire community.

Wherever he went, he swung the pendulum of conversation this way or that, as the whim of the moment seized him. Whatever the discussion might be, he knew more about the subject at hand than all the rest put together. Names of celebrated places and personages continuously

slipped with fluent familiarity from his overworked tongue. In casual fashion, he mentioned week-ends spent cruising the placid Potomac with "my pal, Cal Coolidge," who, it developed, consulted Mr. Guff whenever any important Cabinet vacancy needed filling.

Nonchalantly Guff explained how his advice had enabled Babe Ruth to add enough power behind his swing to crash outfield fences into splinters. Guff had charted the course Lindbergh followed, mapping out the entire route one morning while at breakfast. Only for Guff, Red Grange would still have been on the ice cart, while John McCormack never introduced a new song without first seeking Mr. Guff's invaluable opinion. Jack Barrymore appealed to him before selecting plays, and half the movie stars of

GNPCO

There's nothing brings us closer akin to the apes than the tantrums we get into—TRADER HORN

Hollywood regularly begged his prized criticism of their performances. To put it briefly, J. Cavendish Guff was a decidedly versatile individual.

Strangely enough, the boys at Rockwood fared poorly in puncturing his egotism in such a way as to show him up for the false alarm they recognized him to be. Ordinarily, any one of a score of them could have brought about the public humiliation of so egregious a braggart, but Guff airily dismissed their crafty attempts to corner and throttle him effectually.

There was the occasion when Pop Hayward suggested, with an innocence worthy of any winged cherub, that Guff regale the boys with an exhibition of new Charleston steps, accompanied by Pop's agile-limbed daughter, Evelyn. Here indeed was a carefully baited trap, for Miss Hayward's slenderly shapely ankles had taken post graduate courses in modern dance technique. But Guff merely yawned the suggestion away.

"I'm sorry I can't hoof it with her, he observed patronizingly, "for I'd show her some brand new red hot steps I'm saving to surprise my friends in the night clubs with. But, you see, after trailing that buck a dozen miles today, my feet are rather sore, don't you know."

Pop snorted indignantly, but Jack Racey, without batting an eye, queried, "Did you get the buck?"

"Certainly not," replied Guff, unperturbed. "I didn't intend to. Fact is, he made me a little bit mad when he tried to distance me, so I went after him in earnest and, if I must say so, I ran him ragged. I guess he figured a cyclone was after him."

"A cyclone's a pretty big wind, ain't it?" asked Jack.

"Biggest wind ever. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," shrugged Racey, "only I was just kind of thinking the buck figured right, that's all."

On another afternoon, Squawk Mayheart, who gave all comers two sides and a corner pocket at one ball, inveigled Guff to the pool table. One by one the boys assembled, for

the boaster had been expounding his prowess with the cue. At the table, however, their long cherished hopes to see him humbled were dashed to earth again.

Surveying the scene, Guff sneered, "Why, this ain't a billiard table."

"Who said it was?" demanded Squawk. "Pool, plain, everyday pool, is good enough for us."

"Sorry," purred Guff, "but shooting pool is simply a waste of time to me. No particular skill, no science, don't you know; everything mechanical. I gave up pool years ago when I was tutoring Willie Hoppe in some fancy three cushion billiard shots."

"Maybe we can play three cushion here," Squawk suggested hopefully, reaching for the leather pocket stops. "Get your stick."

"Pool tables are for pool and billiard tables for billiards," announced Guff, "so I regret I don't care to fool around with any such amateur stunt as you propose. Too bad, for I was going to spot you twenty points in a twenty-five point match, just to make it as near an even thing as possible. Sometime if you ever get to New York, I'll take you down and show you some of my pet shots that—" but Squawk, feebly fanning himself with his cue, was temporarily incapable of further hearing.

Thus matters stood until the day Pop proudly declared he had posed for a snapshot depicting him shaking the hand of Gene Tunney. At mention of the champion's name, Guff was immediately interested. "Where's Gene now?" he wanted to know.

"Gone back up the lake," responded Racey. "Know Tunney, do you?"

"Do I? Do I know him? Say, brother, when Dempsey floored him in the seventh round out at Chi last month and Gene went down, the first thing Gene did was look over to me for instructions. He was getting up till I waved him back to take it easy till the count of nine, and I don't mind telling you confidentially that after the fight he came to me and said, 'Cavvy, old

pal, if it hadn't been for your advice, the Tiger would have won.' Know him!—why, Gene often says he figures me as his dearest pal, and if I wasn't at the ringside to steer him straight, he wouldn't lift a foot through the ropes. Funny he didn't ask about me."

"I'm sure surprised he didn't," nodded Racey. "Yes, sir, that was downright careless of him."

"Where's his camp?" Guff inquired.

"Up the lake, eight or nine miles. He comes down about every day, generally paddles it, but hikes once in a while."

Stretching himself, Guff strode to the door. "Well, if I get the chance, I may run up and see him. He'd probably feel bad if I didn't, but where I'm going away in a couple of days I may not be able to make it. If I don't, of course, his new contracts will have to wait, for Gene never signs any papers without soliciting my opinion first. I'll introduce you boys to him if you happen to be around when I see him."

After Guff left the room, conversation suffered its customary lapse until Pop, scowling ferociously, rasped, "Danged if that ain't the worst one yet! Him and his pals! First it's Cal Coolidge, 'my pal,' then Charley Lindbergh, 'my pal,' and now Gene Tunney, 'my pal.' Doubt if he ever laid eyes on Tunney except in a news reel. That Guff's the blattiest four-flusher I ever yet did see."

"Shame we've never been able to call his bluff proper," sighed Racey. "Myself, I don't mind no ordinary liars, and I'm plumb willing to be in the company of experts, like yourself, Pop, for instance, but it goes against the grain when a wind-bag like Guff thinks he's talking to a lot of half wits, and gets away with it without no comeback."

"Can't never tell," muttered Pop. "Something's apt to break yet."

But the morning of Guff's departure dawned with the boaster still unexposed. For all the lateness of the season, the day was softly spring-

(Continued on Page 14)

GNPCOR

The amateur cannot take punishment, the professional knows that punishment is a normal element in every walk of life—HAROLD HERSEY

Getting Penobscot Logs into Kennebec Waters

By A. G. HEMPSTEAD

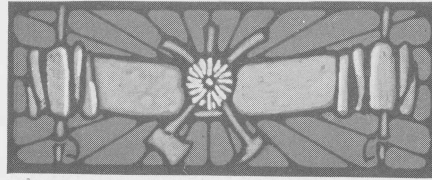
THE West Branch of the Penobscot River comes very close to Moosehead Lake at both Northwest Carry (Seboomook) and at Northeast Carry. In fact, if Moosehead Lake were to be raised six feet, its waters could be turned into the West Branch, or if Seboomook Dam were six feet higher the West Branch waters would flow into Moosehead Lake. An early attempt was made to secure the right to divert the Penobscot waters into Moosehead Lake but it failed. The attempts since made to take logs over the small and narrow height of land that divides these two watersheds deserve recording.

Sluiceway Proposed in 1839

WILLIAM BOYD and William Moulton, in January, 1839, petitioned the legislature for an act to incorporate the Seboomook Sluiceway Company. In their petition they represented that "they are interested in timberlands lying on the upper waters of the Penobscot River, northwesterly of the head of Moosehead Lake. That the obstructions and obstacles in Penobscot River below said lands, are so numerous and its course so circuitous and unfavorable, as to prohibit the use of that river for running the timber to market from the lands in that quarter. These causes have prevented all lumbering operations on these lands, and rendered a large amount of valuable property unavailable These evils may be remedied and these difficulties avoided by opening and constructing a sluiceway for the passage of logs, from the waters of the west branch of Penobscot River into the head of Moosehead Lake or its tributary streams.

"By doing which, a direct and convenient avenue would be opened, through which valuable timber in that quarter, now locked up, may be carried to market"

William Anson, surveyor and civil



engineer, was commissioned by the Board of Internal Improvements under the order of the legislature to explore and survey a route for the proposed canal. His report was dated February 19, 1840. He reported: "The different localities, features and character of this section, are highly favorable to the object in view, presenting great facilities for opening the desired communication between these two waters."

In the report of this survey, it is interesting to note that what is now commonly called Carry Pond was then known as Meadow Pond, described as lying "south of the Penobscot River, and connected with it by a small stream about 80 or 90 rods in length, chiefly formed by the *back water* flowing into it from the river, during high water and freshets." Seboomook Falls were described and spoken of as the "so-called Grand Falls." An island a mile long, separating the river into two equal parts was spoken of as Hawk Island. This island was covered to a depth of five feet during freshets and now by the dead-water held by the dam when it was built. This is now a holding ground and practically all of the ten piers were built on this island. Carry Brook was referred to as "northwest inlet stream."

The proposed sluiceway was to be dug from Meadow Pond across the "Quebec road" to northwest inlet stream. Sorting booms were to be built at Hawk Island. The sluiceway was not to exceed six feet in general width at its usual water level.

A remonstrance of James Crosby and twenty others against the Se-

boomook Sluiceway was prepared together with a Report of Japheth Gilman and others (Benj. S. Deane and Geo. R. Herrick) on the Seboomook Sluiceway. The opposition maintained "there is great danger if such a connection is made as the petitioners ask for, that it would divert the waters in such a quantity as would be highly injurious to those interested on the Penobscot." It might so lessen the water as to injure the driving of logs as well as the mill power on Penobscot waters. Mr. Gilman's report was controversial in the nature of it. He represented that the digging of this sluiceway might start a water route that would be disastrous in its results, should a freshet enlarge it and a permanent and irremediable diversion of the waters result.

The Bradstreet Project 1893

THE legislature of 1893 passed an act to incorporate the Seboomook Dam Company. The incorporators were Eugene Hale, Daniel F. Davis, J. S. Bradstreet, F. T. Bradstreet, Clarence Hale and Lewis C. Moore. In section 1, the company was authorized "to erect and maintain dams, side dams, piers and booms at, in, along and near Seboomook Falls, so called, on the west branch of the Penobscot river."

Our interest at this time is located, however, in section 7. "In case logs are taken across from the West Branch to Moosehead Lake by a carrier or otherwise, or are stored for that purpose, there shall not be on that account any detention of logs or lumber, or of the water of said West Branch, to the detriment of parties interested in logs or lumber below said dam or to be run over said dam, but parties taking logs across to Moosehead Lake shall not be compelled to sort logs nights."

This brings us to the Bradstreet project for taking logs from the West Branch to Moosehead Lake. J. S. and F. T. Bradstreet had a

GNPCOR

There's yellow in the fellow who quits when things go wrong—BILL JONES

mill in South Gardiner. As the largest timber had been removed from the territory most accessible for them, they wanted to secure timber from the upper part of the West Branch and transport it across to Moosehead Lake, have it towed down the lake to East Outlet and driven down the Kennebec River. Work was begun in 1893 on a conveyor-sluceway. It was the first of its kind in Maine. Ira D. Peavey of Bangor was secured to build it. A disastrous fire took place and the second year it had to be rebuilt, Fred Bigney of Greenville doing a half mile of the work. The sluiceway and conveyors were operated first by Lewis C. Moore and then by Sullivan Newton. In all, the conveyor-sluceway operated for eight years; during the last six years, Mr. William F. Henderson (now living in Hallowell) took charge. The operation ceased with the purchase of the property and dam company by the Great Northern Paper Company soon after it was organized.

The following description of the project was given by Mr. Henderson. Two conveyors, a sluiceway, and a dam on Carry Brook were used. The first conveyor, operated by a steam engine, took the logs from Carry Pond, Penobscot waters, a distance of 600 feet, by means of an endless chain with iron dogs at intervals, and dumped them on to a second conveyor, also 600 feet long, which was operated by another engine and delivered them into the sluiceway which was two miles long. The sluiceway was filled with water from the dam on Carry Brook (earlier called Northwest Inlet Stream).

The sluiceway was V-shaped, like a great hog's trough. It was built of plank, sawed at South Gardiner and sent by rail to Greenville and thence by boat up the lake. The bed timbers (which can now be found at intervals of ten feet) and the X-shaped horses that supported the sluiceway were hewed on the job. In some places, the sluiceway rested on the ground; in others, it was twenty feet above.

About forty men were needed to run the operation. There were twenty men on the sluice whose job it was to keep the logs from jamming and to signal back when a jam occurred. The rest of the crew included bosses, sorting crew, engineers, firemen, blacksmiths, cook etc.

During the eight years of operation, the average number of board feet of spruce, pine, and cedar put through the sluice each year was eight to ten million, with thirteen million board feet as the record year. The logs came from Dole Pond, Dole Brook and St. John Pond way. They were mostly from Bradstreet's own operations, but Mr. Henderson recalled their buying from Murray Cunningham and one year from Stetson and Gilbert (Thomas).

About two years before the operation was discontinued, a second fire occurred. It burned about 1000 acres and damaged the sluice. Men were kept bailing water from the sluice down its sides but for a quarter of a mile one side of the sluice was charred so that it had to be replanked. The fire, which continued for two nights and one and a half days, was finally put out by rain.

The conveyors were dismantled

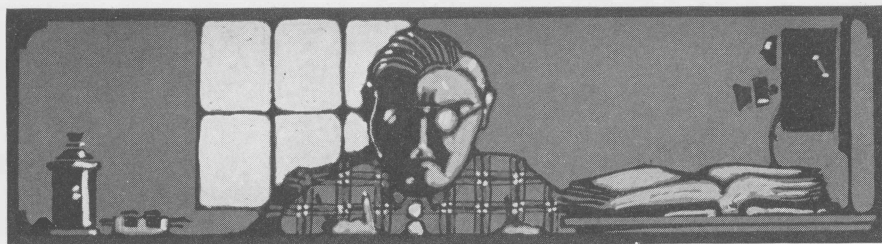
by the Great Northern Paper Company and a forest fire destroyed the sluiceway. All that is now to be found is the dam on Carry Brook, the bed timbers for the sluiceway and, at low water, the remains of the conveyor foundations in Carry Pond.

The Bradstreets sold their sawmill to the South Gardiner Lumber Company. Later the Jackman Lumber Company bought it and moved it, building and machinery, from South Gardiner to Jackman where it is now located.

Narrow Gauge Railroad 1914

IN 1914, a narrow gauge railroad was built from Carry Pond to the mouth of Carry Brook for the purpose of hauling railroad ties cut on the Penobscot watershed into Moosehead Lake. This was built and operated for two years by the Boyd and Harvey Company. In the fall of 1916, John E. Lamb of Rockwood took up the steel rails and moved them, together with the locomotive, cars and all other equipment, to Kineo Station. Mr. Lamb loaded this equipment on to scows and by means of his steamboat, the Violet, towed it down the lake.

In concluding this story of attempts to convey logs from the Penobscot River to Kennebec waters, mention should be made of the standard gauge railroad track laid in 1921 by the Great Northern Paper Company from Seboomook Wharf to Carry Pond. This was used to transport the rolling stock of the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railroad from Moosehead Lake to Carry Pond enroute to its own railroad.



GNPCO

Courage, energy, judgment, and command of capital are indispensable for economic progress—F. W. TAUSSIG

The New Office Building of the Coburn Steamboat Company

By STANLEY FOSS BARTLETT

The abused saying, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," also applies, it seems, to the fire of last January 16 which destroyed the office building of the Coburn Steamboat Company at Greenville Junction. Although the company suffered the loss of the old building and its contents, the new structure built to replace it is an incomparable improvement.

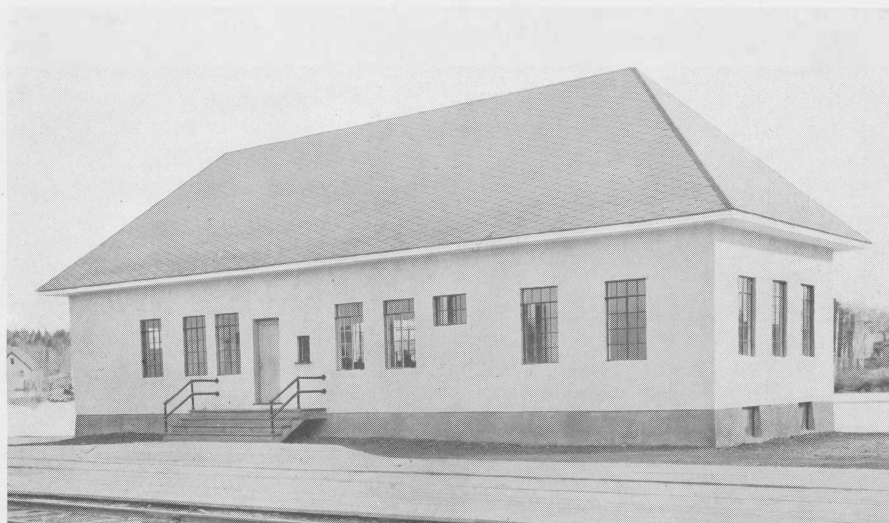
The first office of the company, which was a plain wooden structure, was built about 1901 and received extensive repairs upon the advent of Mr. C. F. Woodard, in 1905. In the words of Mr. Woodard, the present manager of the Coburn Steamboat Company, "From 1905 on, as the Public Utilities Commission and the insurance companies expanded, the old building underwent several partially successful operations to meet new requirements and demands."

At 2.30 A. M. on January 16, 1927, a fire broke out in this building which, assisted by a raging storm, leveled the dry wooden frame in a short while.

As soon as the season allowed, work was begun on the foundation for a new office. On June 15 of this year, while construction work was still going on, the office force moved in.

The new structure, built on the site of the old one, is 22 x 66½ feet on the foundation and has an attractive exterior of drab stucco walls and a green shingled hip roof. The doors and casement windows are of steel and so fitted as to be fire and weather-proof. In fact, the entire building is practically fire-proof.

In the end facing the lake, where a double door opens on to the wharf, is a large freight room with ample storage space. Next to this, but entered by a wide front door, is a waiting room, 17 x 22 feet, with



The office force moved into the new building on June 15, 1927

comfortable seats and fitted with a sanitary toilet. Separated from this room by steel counters and a wire mesh partition, is office space of about the same proportions. Adjoining this office is another slightly larger, which is occupied by Mr. Woodard and Capt. Stillman Sawyer. Both of these rooms are furnished with olive green furniture and fixtures,—desks, chairs, filing-cabinets, daylight desk lamps, etc. to the last word in utility and efficiency.

All of the rooms on this floor are eleven feet high and are well lighted and ventilated. The whole building is heated by a steam furnace in the basement, where there is extra storing space. An interesting feature of this basement is that, although its floor is two feet below the normal water level of the lake, the use of "Hydrotite" in the cement mixture rendered the walls and floor water-tight.

The safe vault, which is attached to the back side of the building with a door opening into the main office, is built on a solid block of cement which serves as its foundation. Its

brick walls are one foot thick with an air space which makes them fire-proof.

On the whole, it is safe to say that this attractive building is as convenient, comfortable and as

modernly equipped and furnished as any single office building to be found anywhere. It is a material and evident advertisement for the Coburn Steamboat Company.

Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

November 15 to December 15
1927 compared with 1926

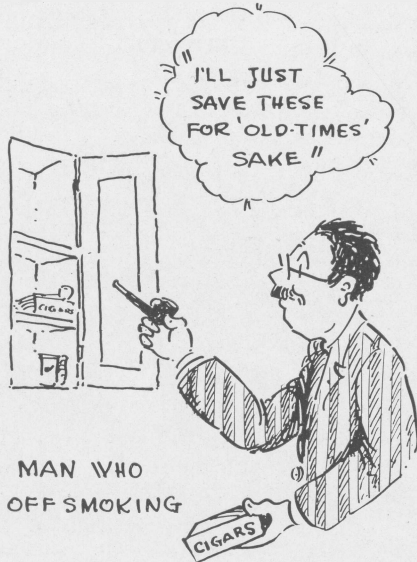
	1927	1926
Total precipitation	5.59 in. including 21.75 in. snow	4.46 in. including 11 in. snow
Number of clear days	3	4
Maximum temperature	63° Nov. 16	59° Nov. 16
Minimum temperature	-1° Dec. 4	-8° Dec. 5
First zero temp.	Nov. 16	Nov. 16
Prevailing wind	SE	NW
Greatest velocity	24 miles 8 A. M. Dec. 1	36 miles Nov. 27
	8 P. M. Dec. 3	8 P. M.
Total wind movement	6273 mi.	6683 mi.



GNPCO

He that never changes his opinion never corrects any of his mistakes

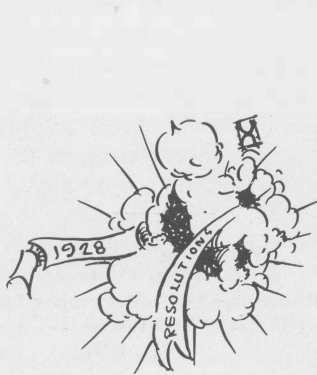
SAFETY FIRST RESOLUTIONS



FOR THE MAN WHO
SWEARS OFF SMOKING



FOR THE MAN WHO RESOLVES
NOT TO GO 'DOWN RIVER' UNTIL SPRING



FOR THE MAN WHO RESOLVES
HIS CHRISTMAS DIARY MUST BE USED



FOR THE MAN WHO
RESOLVES TO TELL
THE BOSS WHAT HE
THINKS OF HIM

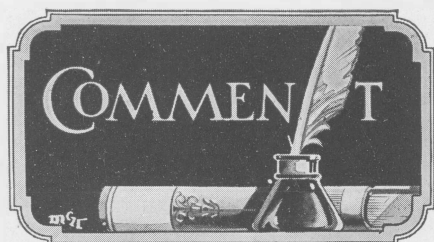


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Credit in modern times depends very much on the personality and business repute of the borrowers—F. W. TAUSSIG



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

Minstrelsy of Maine

Never before have the humble songs of the Maine woods been so intelligently collected and so sympathetically interpreted as in Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's collection recently published under the title "Minstrelsy of Maine." Mrs. Eckstorm and Miss Mary W. Smyth have labored with painstaking care in preparing a collection of folk-songs and ballads of the woods and coast of Maine. Our interest centers in the woods songs and in Mrs. Eckstorm's work.

From childhood, Mrs. Eckstorm came under the spell of the woods of Maine. Her father and grandfather were familiar with the very territory which is now the scene of the Great Northern Paper Company's operations. As a girl, Mrs. Eckstorm made trips down the West Branch, the East Branch and the Allagash. These early excursions into the wilderness resulted in the writing of *The Penobscot Man*. The passing years have increased rather than diminished her interest in the Maine woods. With the spirit of the true historian she has hoarded, but not jealously, the chronicles of the woods. This book represents only one phase of her interest. May her strength and courage be sufficient to publish more.

In this collection, the woods songs have been grouped in sections, the oldest songs, the middle period, and the later songs. We are most familiar with the third group. There Larry Gorman, in "The Hoboes of Maine," pictures the vanishing type of woodsman; Bill Moriarty, in "The Old Chesuncook Road,"

"Paul King," and "As 'Twuz and as 'Tiz," contrasts the recent developments with earlier methods of lumbering; Mike Gorman's "Drive on Cooper Brook" secures a place in history.

The second group revives the memory of John Ross, and other songs of the period from 1875 up to the early part of this present century. "The Little Barber" stands out. In it, the songster, with a grudge against Johnny Holmes and others, secures revenge that was sweet to him and most amusing to us.

The songs of the first group are from the period 1825 to 1850. "The singers," writes Mrs. Eckstorm, "wholly lack morbidity, introspection, sentimentality; they sing of the class, not of the individual; they rejoice in their work. It is true Yankee singing, the lusty native blood, loud in its song, vaunting its strength and prowess, rejoicing to run the race."

In this book, Mrs. Eckstorm has done more than collect woods songs; she has shown how they were made, their purpose and their historical value. The chapter on "The Pursuit of a Ballad Myth" will delight the heart of the trained investigator though the casual reader may, perchance, prefer the lighter essays. It is well done. The explanatory foot notes show a great amount of first-hand knowledge and are in-

valuable. Such words as dingle, swagan, grief, roll-dams and pod-auger days are defined. Take the last mentioned, for instance, used by "Bill" Moriarty—"Pod-auger days: old times. After the invention of the screw-auger, (which was first manufactured at Castine, Maine, in 1810), the old pod-auger, with a straight flange and cutting edge, became the symbol of everything antiquated and out of date. Even a man might be spoken of as an 'old pod-auger'." The recording of historical events, such as the invention of the peavey, given on page 38, makes this a mine of woods history.

Not many woodsmen are left who know the history of the past as chronicled in song. Only occasionally do we find old-timers who, when the time comes right and after the proper amount of urging, will sing the old songs. These bards are as notional, though, as the typical prima donna, but in a different sense, consenting to sing only rarely even to the most sympathetic and respectful audience. Seated on the deacon seat, with both elbows on his knees, his head in his hands, a solemn look on his face, his eyes closed or in a stony stare, in a sing-song voice, stressing heavily alternate syllables, the minstrel of the woods chants his lay.

When the last of these singers has passed on, however, many of the songs will still be preserved. *The Minstrelsy of Maine* is doing for the history of the past what *The Northern* and other magazines are doing for the history that is now in the making—entrusting it to the more permanent form of the printed page.

Minstrelsy of Maine, Folk-Songs and Ballads of the Woods and the Coast, by Fannie H. Eckstorm and Mary W. Smyth. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 390 pp. Price \$3.50, postpaid.

Spare Parts

Autoist: "Where do you get auto parts around here?"

Native: "At the railroad crossing!"
—*Common Sense*

The NEW YEAR

365 days of opportunity

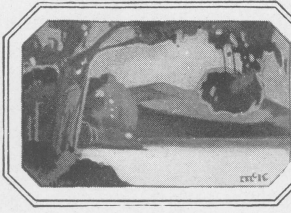
**Build for the future—
Make every day count**

*May health, happiness and
prosperity be yours. Bill Jones*

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GNPCO

Five minutes of thinking will do more than a whole night of wishing—LIGHTENING LINES



Northern News



Ten Mile Plant

A. B. Chaplin, Correspondent

On Nov. 18, Mr. William Beau-
lier finished painting and now the
Ten Mile shines in its new clothes.

This month has been a month of
welcomes. We extend our welcome
and best wishes to Gerald A. Gart-
ley who has joined the Social Ser-
vice Department. He has visited
us twice this month with pictures.
On his first visit, he was accom-
panied by D. M. Pearson who acted
as instructor. From his work on
his second visit we think that he
was an apt pupil.

Our welcome is also extended to
Mr. Dennis O'Brien of Lewiston,
Maine, who has joined the clerical
force and is now at Forty Mile
Boarding House.

On December 8, a crew of Kineo
Road Repairs under Nicholas Mulli-
gan as foreman arrived. They are
staying here while burning brush
along the side of the road.

Grant Farm

J. E. Ramsay, Correspondent

Alex McAskill and Maynard
Emery have established their win-
ter quarters at the Lobster Half-
Way Camp. We all wonder who
will last the longer, Squeek or Alex.
Alex is "boiler" and Squeek is
showing him how.

Cal Murray has arrived back
at the Grant Farm. Cal seems to
be as lively as ever in spite of the
loss of one arm. We are all glad to
see Cal back on the job again.

We are wondering here at the
Farm if Harry Rollins could shoot
a deer with two eyes, as easily as he
can one with only one eye. So
hereafter we warn all deer with
one eye to be on their guard, as
Harry is a "dead shot."

R. D. Eddy is hauling the mail

from Grant Farm to Chesuncook
this winter.

Everyone who was at the farm on
Thanksgiving Day enjoyed the din-
ner; nearly everything that goes to
make a holiday dinner was on the
bill of fare.

East Millinocket

L. R. Groves, Correspondent

Mr. J. B. Brown, who was serious-
ly injured in an automobile accident
last fall, has returned from the
Eastern Maine General Hospital,
and is making rapid progress to-
wards recovery.

Messrs. F. W. Mears and D. G.
Gardner recently made a flying
trip to Philadelphia in the interest
of the newsprint business. They
report all quiet along the Potomac.

Mr. John Ross, for some time
stationed at this Mill, has been
transferred to Millinocket, and Mr.
Fred Marden succeeds him as
lubricating expert.

Mr. Alfred Mann, who has been
incapacitated for some time as the
result of an accident to his wrist,
has not as yet resumed his duties
in the Maintenance Department.

The genial Agent of the Bangor
and Aroostook Railroad, Mr. John
Sheedy, is building an excellent
garage. John has received heaps
of advice in regard to the building,
but has taken the precaution to
install an experienced carpenter as
Master of Work.

Many of our people have taken
advantage of the unprecedented
December weather to motor about
the country and jeer at the Weather
Prophet. Be careful, folks, "Its
a long way to Tipperary."

Laurence Groves, and Gilbert
and Eileen Burr are home to enjoy
the Christmas holidays, after which
they will resume their studies at the
University of Maine.

Fishing for pickerel known to the
adepts as "Sulphur Bottoms" is
especially good at Dolby Flowage,
just off the mouth of Schoodic
Stream.

At this writing, we regret to hear
of the serious illness of Norman
Severance, a well known resident
of the town for many years. Due to
his advanced age, it is understood
the chances are against his recovery.

A Merry Christmas and Happy
New Year to all. May your joy be
as deep as the ocean, and your
sorrows as light as its foam.

Grindstone

George F. Price, Correspondent

The many friends of Ben King
will feel sorry to hear that he broke
his leg on Saturday, November the
26th, while twitching in a log at his
camp on Mud Brook. Ben is now
resting very comfortably at the
Bryant Hospital in Millinocket.

Dr. Martin E. Grumley went in
to Mud Brook camp to attend Ben.
After failing to get up by way of
Millinocket Lake on account of the
ice, the Doctor had to come around
and go in by the way of Grindstone.
The Doctor is some plugger when it
comes to getting there.

Frank Cone is looking after the
Mud Brook Camps for C. P.
Murphy while Ben King is away.
Frank looks just the same as ever,
the same old bear, hungry for pulp-
wood.

J. C. Farmer is clerking the Mud
Brook operation; this is Mr. Far-
mer's first year in a Company
operation.

Mitchell Cyr and Carl McDonald
are cooking at Mud Brook camps;
Carl is whipping his dog team into
shape for the winter, the last of his
dogs, a "thoroughbred, and a dandy,"
was shipped in to him this week.

GNPCO

Thrift is father of independence

Carl expects to show them some speed up around the mountain.

Thomas Leet and crew of three are busy getting the Dolby Pond Conveyers into shape for the winter's hauling.

We recently received two tractors from the Greenville shop to be used by Carl Hughes this winter in hauling the pile. We expect Carl to arrive any day now.

Dean F. Chase will look after the Forestry end of things at Grindstone this winter. At present, Dean is a busy man traveling the circuit from Grindstone to East Millinocket, to Millinocket, to Mud Brook, and back.

We don't know if Bob Canders is dieting or training, but he certainly can clip off the distance from here to Mud Brook in good time. Bob does the thirteen miles in three hours easily.

During the heavy rains of last month the high pitch of water settled the bull pier of the Grindstone Bridge about a foot; this does not seem bad considering that at one time all of the piers were completely under water.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Bob Canders has sent away for application blanks to enter his Dog "Bowso" in the New York Dog show at Madison Square Garden this winter; He will enter the "Just Dogs" class; Bob surely ought to get some sort of a ribbon; it's a dog's life if he doesn't!

Mr. F. X. Mooney is very well, and as usual, is up and around on all fours.

Machias Operation

W. J. LaCrosse, Correspondent

Camp Number 2 opened on December 12. There will be about 30 men under George Estes. This makes seven cutting camps with a total of 410 men and 58 horses. As soon as cold weather sets in, hauling will start and it is expected that the cut will be completed around January 10th.

One of the features of the operation is the toting of supplies from Ashland Station to the depot camp by a Fordson tractor. This method

was inaugurated in the spring of the year as an experiment and proved to be very practical. The tractor makes two round trips in three days hauling four tons over twenty-five miles of road.

Unseasonable warm weather and heavy rains have gutted the tote-roads and spoiled the travel on them for a few days.

Frank Malone was a visitor in Ashland a short while ago. Frank is employed at the Portland Free Labor Agency, serving as a "shepherd" taking crews to up-river operations. He has been there since last May and likes the work that keeps him in circulation.

A new job has opened on Machias Lake under Nate Ranney. Work has begun preparatory to building a new dam there. Thirty men make up the crew, among them W. F. Getchell, who piloted the West Branch No. 2 on Chesuncook Lake last summer, and Sylvio Voutour. They are getting out timber and cutting boom logs.

Frank Brown, who has been cooking at the depot camp, has left and his place is being capably filled by Gus Quirk who was located at Cooper Brook last winter.

Phil Murdock was the only one who signed our guest book during the month. Official duties brought him up here and during his stay he was fortunate enough to bring down a deer. Others who got their quota of deer in this vicinity are: Leon Titcomb, Bill LaCrosse, Nate Ranney, Tom Ranney and Frank McNamara.

Moving pictures were shown here for the first time on December 11. Don Pearson came through from Ashland with his dunnage to make his home here for the winter.

Francis Dougherty took a few days of vacation this month and spent the time visiting in Maine and Massachusetts.

Winter having set in for a few months, we are making preparations to keep warm. A crew of men are cutting and hauling fire wood to keep a full head of steam on in all the stoves here at the depot. About sixty cords will be converted into

ashes before we make our appearance in the spring. It seems to be an appropriate time to wish everyone a successful season and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Cooper Brook

J. A. Marceau, Correspondent

Among the new arrivals at Cooper Brook are Bruce McDonald, who will assist Mr. Burr for the rest of the season, and A. G. Faulkner who will be head of the cost department for Hauling Cooper Brook Wood. Andy is an expert on hauling cost. Mrs. John Owens and Mrs. Freeman Colpitts are at Owens' camp for the winter.

Fred Gilbert of Greenville is starting a camp to haul the wood left by Karl Lammi last winter. Mrs. Gilbert is with him.

Three of our steam log haulers that have been repaired by Chester Hilton are now ready for duty. The engineers on the runs this winter will be as follows: George Nash, with Mark Howison as fireman, B. E. Perry, with Manchie Moore as fireman, Edward Pierce, with Geo. Smith as fireman and Ellis Newton, with Jos. Roy as fireman.

Hughes has left with his crew, leaving his steam shovel here for next year's work when it is expected they will finish the cut on the other side of the Trestle. The 18 horses which were owned by Hughes were taken over by the operation.

Charles M. Reed is building two water tanks at the Trestle for the purpose of watering the log haulers. These tanks will be equipped with Rumsey Centrifugal Pumps and two 6 H.P. Fairbanks Morse Engines.

Some operations may boast of the best this and that but we can say that at the Burr's we had the best Thanksgiving dinner served in the woods. It was prepared by Mrs. Burr and Mrs. Hobart. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hobart, Steve Ranney, C. L. Holden, Howard Burr, Paul Paquet, Harold Whitehead, Ray Fernald and J. A. Marceau.

There have been quite a few games of bridge played this fall and when

GNPCOM

"I forgot" usually means "I'm not interested"—BILL JONES

it comes to some real bidding, leave it to Charley Holden. He'd rather bid 8 clubs than to let the other fellow take it.

Mrs. Carr left B Pond a few weeks ago for Bangor; we are sorry to hear that she is to be operated on; we all wish her well.

Lloyd Houghton spent a few weeks on the operation running lines on B Town.

We have about 14,000 cords of wood cut and expect to complete our cut about the last of this month.

Lily Bay

F. A. Murphy, Correspondent

On December eighth, Lily Bay Boarding House was officially closed and locked up tight, with the exception of the office, which will still function as of old. H. I. Rollins personally conducted the locking up of the place, together with C. W. Crossman, Geo. Brann and the balance of the clerical department. They all worked till 6 P. M. installing new locks and boarding up the doors, so that a man would have to be a "Houdini" to make an entrance into the buildings. To date it is a pretty lonesome looking outfit, only F. A. Murphy and E. L. Roberts being around the place. Elmo is to go to Seboomook after Christmas.

Sias Hill has been opened with J. A. Haselton as cook and general foreman. This place is headquarters for the Grant Farm' Toting men, including Stan Morrell, Chas. Bernitsky, Louis Cormier and Fred Hawkes. They are getting wood, and cleaning up the place.

Asa Thibodeau and Elwood Gilman are traveling from place to place with the trucks, loading and unloading.

D. V. Durrell took a nose dive off the Cooper Brook Road with his White Jitney, but he and the passengers escaped without injury. We think that we know what Dell was thinking of when this happened, but we do not know what Phil Rollins was thinking of when he took a nose dive off the Frost Pond road with the Reo Bus; in this instance also the men all escaped injury.

E. L. Gilman was not quite so lucky; altho he did not leave the road he cut his hand pretty badly as he was closing the bus door.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Murphy of Rockwood spent Thanksgiving day at Lily Bay, going back to Rockwood on Friday.

Chesuncook Dam

Stanley F. Bartlett, Correspondent

Chesuncook Dam Boarding House was closed for the winter on December 16th, the crew which has been there for some time going to various operations.

Joe Arsenault is toting for Geo. Gunn Contract.

Fred LaCorne is driving team for H. J. Bruce McDonald at Rainbow.

John Mortell with J. M. Morrison remained until December 19th closing up books.

Cal Murray has been preparing the plumbing and heating for closing up for the winter.

About 500 sled stakes were sawed out here for Ellis Brook.

Kennebec Area

C. M. Hilton, Correspondent

Kennebec Drive Special

As a result of the freshets of Oct. 20th and Nov. 4th respectively, approximately 12,500 cords of pulpwood were lost from the booms at the mouth of the Carrabassett River, from the sheer boom at the upper end of Weston Island, and from the Madison Mill boom. Of this quantity, about four thousand went during the first freshet and immediately the crews and booms were organized to catch this wood at Waterville and at Five Mile Island above Augusta.

At Waterville, the Hollingsworth and Whitney Co., under the direction of Mr. Lannigan, and at Five Mile Island, the S. D. Warren Co., through the courtesy of Mr. Colby and under the direct supervision of Mr. Howard McFarlane, were a great help in placing booms and catching wood.

The drive then was divided into two parts, from Madison to Waterville and from Waterville to Five Mile Island, and was well along when the discouraging second freshet

came and it was necessary to start over again. This time the drive was divided into three sections, each starting at the same time, from Madison to Skowhegan, Oscar Lockwood, foreman; from Skowhegan to Waterville, Harry Saulter, foreman; from Waterville to Five Mile Island, Forrest Henderson, foreman.

At the last freshet, all the booms set out to catch the wood from the first freshet were broken and several thousand cords of wood would have been totally lost but for the prompt action of Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Blaine S. Viles, and Mr. Randall of the Augusta Lumber Co. in getting boom out at Brown Island between Hallowell and Gardiner.

A very small quantity of wood was a total loss. When the drives were finally in, there was approximately four thousand cords of pulp wood at Skowhegan; the Hollingsworth & Whitney Company had taken five thousand cords, the S. D. Warren Company had loaded thirteen thousand cords at Five Mile Island and sixteen hundred at Brown Island and there was about three hundred cords at Richmond and Bath.

At Skowhegan, Mr. Harkness, with Bill Erskine and his crew, have erected a stacker and all but one thousand cords of that wood was piled out upon the land belonging to Miss Weston, whose kindness in allowing the company to use her lawn for a piling ground is very much appreciated.

At Brown Island, Mr. McFarlane erected a stacker and loaded that wood into cars shipping them back to Madison.

In all this work, the Kennebec Log Driving Company's boom houses and equipment were used and the co-operation of its officers and directors made a hard job much easier.

Albert Bertrand clerked this drive and Harold Casey paid. They were very busy men from the date of the first freshet to the 10th of December when the last man was paid.

Bigelow Operation

Bigelow operation on a clear day sounds like the Pittston Farm on

GNPCO

Believe in yourself, and you will find yourself rising to the height of your own belief—rarely ever any higher

the morning of Oct. 16th, as the sluices on the side of the mountain make a noise like rifle shots. Wood is being reyarded to the sluices at Foster's No. 2 camp and at Blake's No. 3 camp. At Blake's camp, the seven hundred foot sluice drops about five hundred feet and, in spite of five sets of snubbers, the wood has a high velocity and hits the side of the sluice and the pile with a bang. In the neighborhood of five thousand cords of wood are to be sluiced.

Forrest Henderson has returned from the Kennebec Drive Special and found another drive on his hands, the last freshet having taken the wood landed last year on the banks of Stratton Brook and placed it evenly over the intervale fields of L. Hinds and Eddie Hinds. On November 4 Stratton Brook was at the highest pitch ever known. This wood has now been placed in the brook or on the bank again.

The year's cut is nearly finished. The Fotter, Hinds and Slipp contracts are still cutting. Cormier's No. 6 Camp is nearly through; Foster and Blake's cut is finished and they are now busy reyarding their new and old wood.

Joe Powers, well known in lumber camps, has gone to work at the depot camp repairing snubbing machines.

All at Bigelow, especially the toters, welcome the cold weather and snow.

The operation is lucky in having good cooks, such familiar faces as Billy Williamson, Scotty Mason and Johnny Boyle being still on the job.

The depot camp cook room at the Spidel Farm is being closed and the cook, toters, etc., are moving to the Jones Pond Camp. The clerk and paymaster will still be at the Spidel Farm.

Hilton Island Piers

After the interruptions of the freshets and soft weather this work is being resumed.

Mr. Alonzo Mann is in charge of this work. Wm. Mann also has a crew and Floyd Crocker is the clerk.

There is considerable work to be done here in topping out the Weston Island Piers, in building several new ones at Weston Island and in

completing the remaining piers for the Hilton Island storage ground. At Hilton Island and at Weston Island there are in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty pieces of boom to be built, some of which will be patterned after the Loosen boom used by the Bathurst Lumber Co. of Bathurst, N. B.

The crew is now occupying the farm buildings at the Burns Intervale and finds them considerably warmer than the boom house.

Miscellaneous West Side of Lake

Hugh Desmond, Correspondent

Mrs. Henry Ordway of Pittston Farm is spending a two weeks vacation visiting in Boston and vicinity.

Mr. D. A. O'Brien of Lewiston has entered the employ of the company and is at present stationed at the Forty-Mile. An interesting contribution from Mr. O'Brien's versatile pen, "The Champion's Pal," appears elsewhere in this number.

Kineo Road Repairs operation has resumed activity for the purpose of burning brush along the road from Kineo to 20-Mile. Two crews, one working out of Kineo and one out of 10-Mile, are doing the work under the supervision of Clarence Sargent.

Mr. Cochrane has installed a new Zenith radio receiving set in his residence at Kineo.

The first snow plowing of the season was done on Dec. 15th when a plow went from 20-Mile to Caucomgomoc Lake. This is somewhat earlier than last year, when it was not necessary to plow until December 28th.

The burning question of the day is where does George Farrar get the "maple" syrup to serve with his famous flapjacks. We hear vague rumors that George surreptitiously gathers quantities of birch chips which he boils down under cover of darkness into the most delicious maple syrup.

Mr. Paul Munzey has recently been appointed Customs Officer at the Boundary Cottage. Mrs. Munzey accompanied her husband and will act as the company's caretaker at the cottage.

Thomas V. Whelan, erstwhile fire patrolman in the Katahdin section, is engineer, cook, fireman and general utility man at Caucomgomoc Garage this season.

Mrs. George Dunton of the 40-Mile visited relatives in Skowhegan and Bingham over a week-end recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Hamilton have returned to 40-Mile where they will be employed this winter.

The telephone switchboard has been moved from Pittston Farm back to its former place in the Seboomook store house. "Mish" is gradually getting used to answering—"Seboomook"—instead of the old familiar—"Pittston."

The Coburn steamer "Katahdin" made her last trip down the lake on Friday, December 16th. Moosehead Lake is now considered to be officially closed to navigation.

Friends of Frank Woodard, General Manager of the Coburn Steamboat Company, regret to hear of his serious illness and hope for his speedy recovery.

Maurice Hill has moved his office from Pittston to 20-Mile for the winter.

Bangor Free Labor Agency

George MacLeod, Correspondent

The number of available woodsmen for the past fall months has been about the same as in previous years,—the demand exceeding the supply at all times. As the cutting season draws to a close, there is always a lull in the demand for woods help, until the hauling of the wood to the landings, then comes the call for loaders, and teamsters. We hope to be able to fulfill this demand when the call comes.

Carl Hughes has taken a crew to Grindstone, to begin hauling East Branch piled wood to Dolby flowage.

Frank Cone has gone to Mud Brook to take charge of the King Camps there, while Benny King is recovering from a broken leg.

Edward Sweeney, better known as "Happy," has finished his duties with the fire patrol at Grindstone for the season, and has returned to Bangor.

GNPCO

*Competition keeps every one keyed to a high pitch, nerves the shrewd and alert,
weeds out the inefficient—F. W. TAUSSIG*

Duke McKeil has gone to Cooper Brook where he will be in charge of one of the mountain camps, hauling wood that was cut last year.

James D. Mulvaney holds the championship at the checker board, and would like to meet some of the good players from the up-river section.

Walter Buzzell has recently returned from a trip to the Hot Springs. He reports having a wonderful trip, and is much improved in health. It has been thirty-seven years since he last visited that city.

Cooper Brook Log Hauler Road

Henry Milliken, Correspondent

At the present time there is little work being done on Cooper Brook Log Hauler Road. However, Albert Stone has a small crew near Lower Joe Merry Lake. Nearly all of the work is being done on the road between Joe Merry Conveyor and the main log hauler road.

Burton Brice is running the air compressor, and has Henry Doucett as assistant.

Ernest Hudlin and Joe April are using the dynamite.

Hanse Peterson holds sway in the blacksmith shop. Same old Hanse, always talking about what a good time he had in New Jersey last spring.

William Fortin is doing the cooking and he knows his onions. Ask Mr. William St. John Murray if you don't believe me.

Roy Lowe was here one day recently. Red coat and all. Some of the men thought that he was Santa Claus and several of them gave him a list of things that they wanted for Christmas. Yes, Roy had a good appetite. The cook and two cookees were kept busy putting food on the table for the worthy man.

Joe Merry Conveyor

Henry Milliken, Correspondent

William Erskine and a small crew are again at work on Joe Merry Conveyor. Work is progressing rapidly and Bill predicts that the conveyor will "move wood" within a few weeks.

Steve Knowles is considered the

champion rumme player of the entire crew. Night after night one may hear him mutter to himself as he retires, "I've just won five games."

Among the crew are such old-timers as Tom Mallen, Herbert Kingston, Ulric Cyr, Pete Casey, Wallace Tanner, and Louis Michaud. Of course Steve Knowles should be numbered with this able body of men but he refuses to be known as an "old timer."

Herbert Kingston recently cut himself in the leg with an axe.

Joe Merry Lake has not frozen over at this writing. "Just waiting for cold weather."

Charles Holden is the paymaster for this operation and visits us quite frequently. "Any time you want money, call on me," is what Charlie usually says. Charlie is one man that is looking for old coins. Needless to say, most of us are looking for coins and they don't have to be old either.

Greenville Shop

J. B. Pratt, Correspondent

The cars are still coming into the shop from Bangor, Mr. White and Mr. Harkness drove in on the 13th. of December, rather late for these parts.

Mr. Schenck has moved his family down from his home on the mountain to the hotel for the winter months.

We are still receiving shipments of sled parts from up-river points, a large lot coming down from Chesuncook Dam this past week.

Mr. N. A. Smith has been with us the past two days culling equipment and broken tools, etc.

Mr. Schenck made a business trip to Bangor on December 19.

The last storm of snow piled the drifts up high in the middle of our yard. It looks now as though the height of winter had reached us.

The men living at the village have resumed their winter schedule, being brought over in the morning and taken home at night.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd (Jack) Pickett are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a ten-pound son, Donald Howard, born December 1.

Lily Bay cove is frozen over. The Twilight made the last trip of the season to Lily Bay on December 6. No boat left the Greenville Junction wharf on December 16 but the Katahdin landed there coming from Kineo on that date making the last trip on the lake for this season.

On Saturday, November 19, Miss Helen Spearin and Mr. James Hayes were united in marriage at Brunswick, Maine.

The Champion's Pal

(Continued from Page 4)

like. Behind Big Spencer Mountain the sun dissolved tissuey clouds, and long before its westward journey had well begun, Guff, Racey and Mayheart, in Guff's machine, were traversing the incredibly perfect gravel roads that the Great Northern Paper Company has constructed through the very heart of the Maine wilderness.

Much to their disgust, Racey and Mayheart had been assigned to pilot Guff on this concluding pilgrimage. It was unproductive of game, as they intended it should be, and subsequently they headed back to Rockwood, where the boat for Greenville left daily shortly after noon. One consolation alone was afforded them; Guff's car, a roomy coach, enhanced the joy of riding. Aside from Guff's ceaseless harangue their ride was uneventful until within some half dozen miles of Rockwood. At that point, coming suddenly to a turn in the road, they espied a man walking briskly along the highway ahead of them.

"That fellow's in luck," said Squawk, "to get a lift the rest of the way. Not many cars out this morning."

"There better be, if he wants to ride," grinned Guff, "for he ain't coming in this chariot. Think I'm picking up every hick I see on the road?"

Racey's jaw clenched, for in that country the practice of car owners to oblige passing pedestrians with a friendly lift is universal. His mouth opened, but the angry retort he prepared to launch was never delivered. Instead of speaking, he

ENPCOR

Anyone who resents criticism retards his own progress—BILL JONES

peered intently at the walker who waved a request for them to halt. Winking broadly at his companions, Guff applied the brake. "Watch me kid this jasper," he snickered. "I'll hand you a good laugh."

"But that's—" began Mayheart, when Racey snapped, "Shut up, Squawk. I feel like laughing. Go to it, Guff."

Dust covered and perspiring, the walker addressed them. "Any room for a transient?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Sure you don't want a room with bath, feller," quipped Guff. "Looks like the bath would do you more good than the room."

Beneath its tan the traveler's face crimsoned. For all the dust on his rough garments, he was a striking appearing man, broad of shoulder, narrow of waist and in his movements there was a lithe sureness that bespoke finely oiled coordination from toes to curly, tousled head. The cheerfulness was gone from his voice now, and he spoke measuredly.

"I'm a bit tired, and would like a lift to Rockwood, which I'll pay for."

"Ain't you big-hearted?" sneered Guff. "Since when has there been any 'taxi' sign on this machine? Look out before I take your leg off," he admonished, throwing in the clutch.

"Tough luck, stranger," Racey said, placing his hand on Guff's, thereby momentarily interfering with the latter. "My—er—my friend is in a hurry. He's leaving Rockwood at noon, and he thought perhaps he might be there in time to see Gene Tunney. He's the champion's pal."

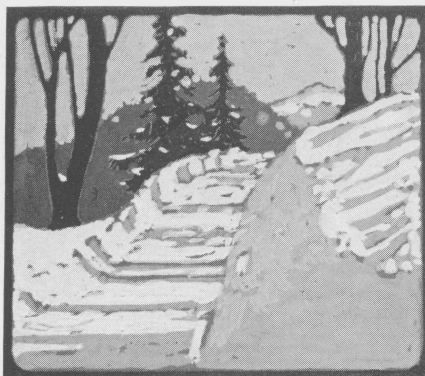
The stranger, evidently impressed, nodded. "Oh, I see," he apologized swiftly, with a long, quizzical glance at Guff. "I wouldn't have taken the liberty to stop him if I'd known that. The—er—gentleman had an extra seat, so naturally I didn't think I was intruding." He turned to Guff. "Know Tunney well?"

Guff brushed Racey's impeding arm away. "Didn't this fellow tell you I'm his pal?" he barked.

"Watch your step, sap, or you'll meet yourself coming back," and with a muffled roar, he proceeded under way, smirking contentedly at the sound of Racey's unrestrained hilarity. Nor did he shrink in the least from telling and re-telling the incident after their arrival at Rockwood until, bags packed and dinner over, he prepared to start for the boat.

Several of the men were lounging about, seemingly occupied with some private joke of their own, when Squawk dashed excitedly upon them.

"Tunney's down at the post office, Mr. Guff," exclaimed. "Believe me, I'd like to meet him. Will you introduce me before you go?"



"Me, too," put in Racey.

Guff hesitated, eyeing his wrist watch. "I haven't much time before—"

"You've got fifteen minutes," Racey countered. "Come on, you promised us."

For a fraction of a second Guff had the unpleasant sensation that this crowd was silently closing in upon him. Shrugging his shoulders, he laughed nervously and said, "All right, then. Hurry up and let's go."

After all, he reflected shrewdly, it would only necessitate half a minute. He, Guff, would go through it, would rush over to the unsuspecting Tunney and would introduce these hay-shakers before the champion had an opportunity to question him. As champion, Tunney had met thousands of people; he couldn't be expected to remember everybody;

all it needed was a bold front, and in no time now Guff's boat would be tooting, anyhow. The situation provided him with a blustering exit after his own heart, and therefore he did not falter.

At the post-office a little group surrounded a man in their center. This man was standing with his back to Guff as the latter, flanked by Racey and the others, approached. Elbowing his way, Guff strode through the group.

"Hello, Gene, old pal," he boomed. "I'm sure glad to see you again, and—"

The fingers in his outstretched hand quivered, as the man he addressed turned slowly, very slowly. . . . For all the dust on his rough garments he was a striking appearing man, broad of shoulder, narrow of waist, and in his movements there was a lithe sureness that bespoke finely oiled coordination from toes to curly, tousled head. . . . His face, despite the bored annoyance in his gaze, was grimly cold, and at sight of that face, J. Cavenish Guff shrank back fearfully.

"I'm much obliged for the lift you didn't give me this forenoon when I was walking down," said the heavyweight champion of the world, with deadly, deliberate evenness. In words frosty from contempt, he continued.

"Who you are, I'm sure I don't know, or care to know, but what you are requires, unfortunately, only one guess. You're a very poor imitation of a cad, or, as my friend Jack Racey says, a second rate exhibit of a loud-mouthed, disagreeable four-flusher. When Jack winked at me from the car this forenoon, without speaking or taking me in, I didn't have opportunity to grasp the significance of things then. Now, however, I think I do, quite thoroughly indeed.

"And, by the way," concluded Gene Tunney, smiling in spite of himself at the absurdity of the thought, "when I see them again, I'll be glad to remember you to President Coolidge and Colonel Lindbergh and any others of your—er—pals."

GNPCOM

RING out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson