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The
Northern
March 1928





The Northern

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

Vol. VII. MARCH, 1928 No. 12

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The Northern

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



Chopping Down Newspapers

*The story of Cooper Brook Operation of last year as told by W. A. Macdonald
in The Boston Evening Transcript with photographs by Arnold Belcher*

THE February sun went down and left clear color above the mountains that wall Kokadjo; in the morning, however, the wind at five o'clock was noisy and the sky was dark. The dawn was dull gray. By half-past seven the wind let down its snow, snow so white and so thick that it looked like a blowing wall. Only a snowmo-



There was no room in the air for more snow

bile could traverse the road at any speed in such a storm. Through the woods and over the wastes where old fires had burned the forest the wind was alternately baffled and had its way. It blew the snow across the open places in a bitter and blinding cloud. It picked up the snow it had laid down and blew it again in swirls and eddies and columns. There was no room in the air for more snow. The road was cut off a hundred yards ahead by a white impenetrable curtain. For more than three hours John Clark drove the snowmobile—runners for front wheels, tractor behind. In the afternoon he came to a cabin in the

woods. Within the cabin were men working with printed forms and sheets of paper and an adding machine. They had electric lights and a telephone and a wood stove. The wind blew gusts of hard snow rattling on the roof. It was the office of the Cooper Brook operation.

The Operation

When it was possible to look around outdoors this office became one of a number of frame buildings that lined two sides of a clearing. It was a sort of street. Across from the office was Faulkner's office. There were other buildings, including a long one which was dining room for

the men of this, the Depot Camp. The extent of the operation began to disclose itself to investigation. This camp was but one of seven on the operation. It held but eighty of three hundred men. It was nine and two tenths miles from here to the landing camp where pulpwood was being unloaded on the ice of Joe Merry Lake. It was three and one-tenth miles the

other way to Charley Burr's camp. The road which had been built from the landing to the farthest camp was twelve miles long.

This snowstorm was welcome to the operation. Practically all of the nineteen thousand cords of pulpwood had been cut. Hauling was the major job remaining to be done and the road had worn thin of snow under the weight of gas tractors and steam log haulers. When the snow was all melted the hauling would come to an end and the wood, prepared by arduous labor, would lie where it was until next winter. It must be landed if it could be landed and the three

GNPCO

A rule is given us because we lack intelligence; a principle because we have it—DR. FRANK CRANE



In December the cook and his three helpers prepared and served 7197 meals

hundred men were straining to that end. It was snowing so hard now that they had to give up work; the superintendent called them in. Strong, heavily clad men, they came back to their bunk houses to wait for the snow to stop. It did not stop that day.

The Boss

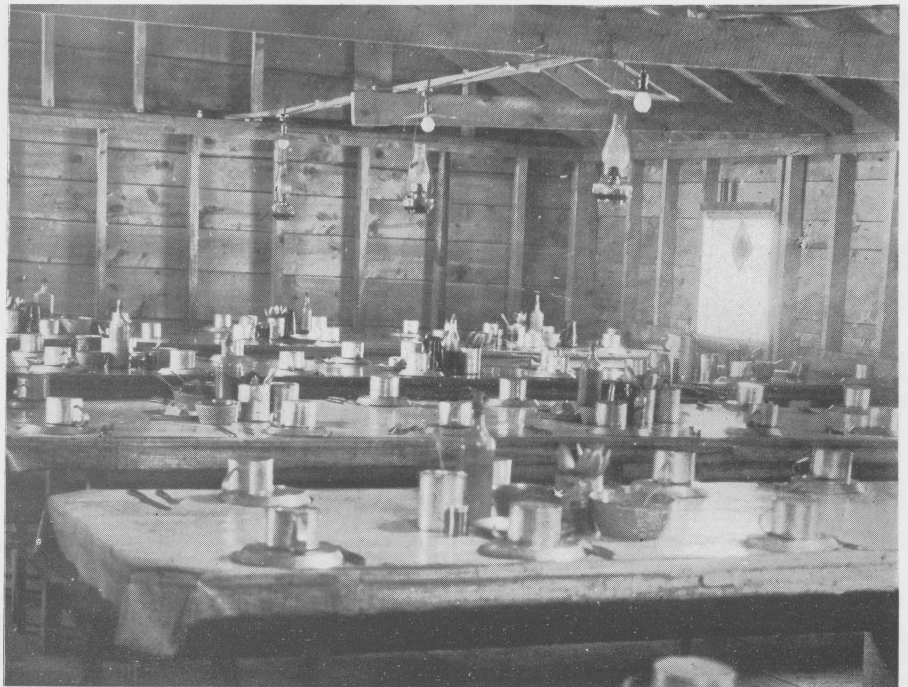
The superintendent was everywhere. In dress he was like the others, clothed in boots and woolens. A man with a soft hat pulled down over his eyes, a pipe gripped in his teeth. He walked with shoulders thrust forward as he had walked since daylight that morning and for many days. His operation had started late and was difficult. He was the man on whom responsibility fell. Bert Burr, more than forty years in the woods, quiet, reticent, capable. He had seen the old days of long log driving, which he saw the last of thirteen years ago. He was engaged in work that he liked and was competent to do. No one of his three hundred men could work harder than he.

He sketched the problem. An operation like this would start with cruising of timber and locating of places for camps and roads. Then

you built the camps and swamped the roads. Then you cut the timber and when the snow came you hauled it. They were hauling now. Next they would prepare for the drive, clear half a mile of brook, build a small dam. When the ice went out of Joe Merry Lake they would drive

the pulp wood to the mill at Millinocket. They had been working since last summer with a small force, since last October with a large one; the operation would produce nineteen thousand cords of pulpwood; the mill at Millinocket would grind it up a thousand cords a day for newspapers. Nineteen days to grind up all they had cut and hauled in months.

Up the street, his snowshoes on his back, came a young man in boots and woolens and a fur cap. He was Eldon Hobart, the forester. Timber was cut under his supervision; he had charge of the scalers; he saw that stumpage was cut down; he selected the timber to be cut. It is the conviction of the company that Maine will reforest itself naturally if cutting is intelligently done. It is to the interest of a company jealous of its own future to see that this is so. Fire, said Hobart, is a greater danger than all the operations. If fire can be kept out of the woods the woods will replenish themselves. Fire can waste hundreds of thousands of cords and damage the soil so that reproduction is delayed. Hundreds of men can work for months to put one out.



A part of the great room in which eighty or ninety men sat on benches at long tables

GNPCO

Genius is eternal patience—MICHAEL ANGELO

Through the snow most of the men had returned to their bunk houses. "What will you do next, Mr. Burr?" "Plow," said the superintendent. As soon as the snow stopped the tractors would plow the roads of the operation. Until it did stop, nothing could be done. He went down the street with shoulders thrust forward to the group of tractors and steam log haulers that had come in and were muttering or blowing steam according to their natures. In the long, lighted cabin it was time to eat.

Food by the Ton

It was a great room, in which eighty or ninety men sat on benches at long tables. Before each man as he took his place was a tin plate turned upside down and on the tin plate stood a great tin cup. An iron knife and fork completed the outfit. Spoons stood on end in a holder. The process was to set the cup aside, turn the plate over and reach for the nearest food. There was plenty of food—beans and beef and evaporated milk and great agateware pitchers of tea. There was cake and excellent pie. No social conversation graced the tables; the men were there to eat.



Twenty-ton steam log haulers hauled big loads, sometimes eighty-four cords

In this depot camp alone the cook and his three helpers had served 7,197 meals in December, an average of 234 a day. Up to September the whole operation had engaged from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty men; since October 350 men. On December 20 it received five tons

of beef, on January 2 five tons more, on January 21 six tons, on February 11 five tons. Fifty bushels of potatoes lasted eight days. There were eighty men in the depot camp, thirty in Number Four, thirty-five at the landing camp, from sixty to seventy at Charley Burr's, from sixty-five to eighty at Ranney's Number One, from fifty to sixty at his Number Two, and about sixty at Lamni's. The men after whom these camps are named are contractors who are working for the company. Up to the first of September the whole operation consumed a ton or two of sugar; since then the total has been brought up to twelve tons. Since September 1, it has used 140 bags of beans, 100 pounds to the bag. It has used 150 tons of hay for its ninety horses and 900 tons of coal for its steam haulers. That coal has to be brought forty-two miles into the woods from Greenville by tractor, sixteen to eighteen tons to a load. What would the old-timers say to hauling coal into the woods to get out timber?

Four hundred and fifty barrels of flour have gone into the camps. They have had evaporated milk and apples, vegetables both fresh



Men armed with short wood-hooks unloaded the wood on Joe Merry Lake

GNPCO

Happiness, I have discovered, is nearly always a rebound from hard work—DAVID GRAYSON

and tinned, fresh fish and salt fish. The eighty men who sat down to supper in the depot camp were not there long. They ate their food and drank their tea and put their tin cups on their tin plates and carried them to the sink. There they piled the plates and the cups in separate piles and dropped the iron knives and forks into a great dishpan. The room which had been filled with men was suddenly empty except for the cook and his helpers. From the bunkhouse later would come the sound of an accordion, the slap of cards.

The snow had almost stopped. It was dark outdoors and the wind had gone down. The superintendent moved along carrying an electric lantern by the handle. He stopped a moment to speak. "Do you hear that noise?" Far away was a sound like a great soft waterfall. One did not hear it unless one listened. It was as persistent, as continuous as some great river in the quiet of the night. "The wind on Joe Merry Mountain," said the superintendent, as he turned to go.

In the Woods of Morning

They plowed in the morning. Before daylight there was a call, a long musical call whose words were not distinguishable. It was the turn-out call and was followed by the call for breakfast. The eighty men sat briefly before their plates and emerged into the open. There was a hissing of steam, a rumble of tractors. The plows were out, the work was begun again.

It was a gray morning and the snow had not yet stopped. It was fitful, falling sparsely. But the woods were beautiful; the spruce was laden with heavy white; its branches were multitudinous with white three-fingered hands. Through white and green-black aisles the machines of men rumbled and snorted about their business. Twenty-ton steam haulers sent up great columns of smoke and steam; ten-ton tractors exploded along ahead of loads. The wood was put aboard enormous sleds in the yards of the

various camps. Each sled was thirty-six feet long and built of heavy timbers. Each one carried from ten to twelve cords of wood. Five or six cords for two horses was a lot in the old days; here a single load might be eighty-four cords. From five to seven sleds were fastened together by V-shaped reaches of yellow birch. When a load came to the steep hill that separates the watersheds two haulers combined their power to pull it over. On the other side the snowy road was strewn with hay to retard the speed. Ninety-six sleds had been built on the operation.

Slowly and with frequent stops at water holes the haulers dragged the laden sleds through the woods. From the top of the last of five sleds the scene was superb. It was a ride on the tail of an enormous serpent, the smoking head of which was sometimes out of sight around a curve ahead. Most of the time the sleds slid smoothly; sometimes they bumped and swayed. The sun tried to brighten the sky, but the snow refused to stop. There were lovely shadows on the snow. Soft flakes fell from the sky. Stupendous spurts of smoke sprang up from the hauler and overspread the woods. If you chose to take advantage of a delay while two more sleds were being added to the load you could walk ahead. Half-way to the Landing Camp was a snowplow attached to a tractor. Here was the superintendent waiting for the logs. He wanted to know how far they were behind. Ahead of the tractor the road had not yet been plowed; it was harder walking for the next two miles. At a bend in the road was the lake and the Landing Camp. Where the log and frame buildings rise there was nothing but forest not so long ago.



Landed on the Lake

With a great puffing the hauler followed the tractor and plow to camp. At the landing the hauler was disengaged from the sleds and got out of the way. The tractor pulled the load out on the snow-covered ice of Joe Merry Lake and left the sleds there. Men armed with short wood-hooks and wearing aprons climbed on the sleds and began to throw down the logs. More than half of the nineteen thousand cords had already been landed in this way. The pulp-hooks were shaped like a question mark and with them men lifted and tugged and rolled great weights from the sleds. In time spring would melt the ice and the timber would take to water and from Joe Merry it would go down to the Pemadamecook which is the west branch water of the Penobscot. It would be driven the fifteen miles to the mill at Millinocket.

Through the gray day the work went on. At twilight the machines were still puffing and hauling. But the operation was so great in area that it was possible to get away from them. Leave the half-way camp, for instance, at half-past five on foot. In a few minutes you would pass a hog hauler; in a few minutes more be alone on the log road. Darkness crept through the woods and the road grew dim. Overhead the clouds had broken and low in the west the evening star hung like a burnished lantern. Above, the smaller stars came out one by one and group by group. The constellations took form, glittering and pattern-like and steel blue-white. Listen as hard as you might you could barely hear the soft sound of the wind on Joe Merry Mountain. It was still with the stillness of the great woods in winter. Four miles of this and the lights of the Depot Camp burned. They shone out of windows on banks of snow, and the voices of men came from within.

The morning was different than other mornings. Now in the sky hardly a white veil of cloud touched

(Continued on Page 15)

GNPCOM

A liar is a man who has no partition between his imagination and his information

Tourist Third to Blighty

By WALTER M. EVANS

*Tips on Ocean Travel from
one of our own members
who is always ready
with First Aid at
Millinocket Mill*

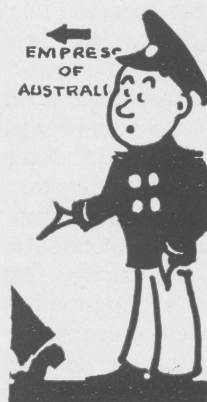


I swore all right
when I read that!

AT the present time, there are some difficulties in obtaining passports, etc., and I, being half and half,—that is, that I had taken out my first papers, but not my second,—was compelled by the British authorities to give special reason why I should be allowed to visit the country in which I was born and also to swear that I was born in that country. I swore all right when I read that! Good and sufficient special reasons for my intended visit having been given, His Britannic Majesty condescended, for the sum of \$2.11, to give me a pretty little book guaranteeing me protection within the United Kingdom. The artistic feature about the passport is the portrait of George V on the stamp, also the price, seven shillings and sixpence. Next came the intimation that H. B. M. was holding my first papers as security for the return of the passport. I intended to make a point, when I reached London, of telling George V to be careful and not let any harm come to those papers, but it slipped my memory. The next difficulty to be tackled was to get a re-entry permit from the Immigration authorities. This was promptly sent on to be taken up at the port of embarkation (Quebec). There was also a notification that, before this permit was handed to me, I must satisfy the authorities that I had paid my war-taxes, excess profit tax and my income tax. This meant an application to our friend Frank Putnam of Houlton. Frank, with a statement of my income, war-profits and excess profits before him, recommended me for a clearance and thus the way was clear for a start, except that I had not selected a boat from the 57 different varieties carry-

ing passengers in the transatlantic trade. Being undecided, I got in touch with Bruce Burpee, of the C. P. R., at St. John. He has a reputation of knowing all that there is to know of ships sailing the seven seas, and mentioned to me that the Empress of Australia was a boat of distinction and suitable for me as regards sailing date and accommodation. Looking up the record of the boat, I found that the Prince of Wales had been a passenger on the boat when he went to Canada. I reasoned that, since this young man could not sit on a horse without falling off, the boat must be a very, very steady one or he would have fallen overboard and drowned. That decided me and via Mattawamkeag, (where it says "Good Roads to Millinocket"), I started for and arrived at Quebec. At this quaint, old, French city the first business was to claim from the U. S. Immigration Bureau the permit which enables an alien to return to the shelter of the Stars and Stripes without waiting for the quota. I had heard of the rough and uncouth manner of Immigration Officials, therefore I was more than agreeably pleased to find, stationed at Quebec, officers of the highest type of American gentleman. Quietly and courteously they ply the necessary questions and at the conclusion wish you a pleasant journey, and a safe return; long shall I remember their kindly actions. I went on next to the landing stage, where the great Empress of Australia lay, loading all kinds of merchandise into her capacious holds, while up and down the gangway passed passengers going either to look at their quarters, or to take a last look at Quebec. It did not take long to negotiate for the pas-

sage which, with the \$5 war tax, amounted to \$180, Tourist Third. Everyone seemed anxious for the passengers to get the accommodation they wished and the steamship officials were kept busy changing staterooms for people, never showing annoyance at some of the fussy ones; always the motto was "courtesy first." Soon came the hoarse sound of the siren, up went the gangways and slowly, at the pulling of two diminutive tugs, we swung out into the stream and headed down river with the tide. Most of the passengers, after taking a farewell glimpse, wandered down to their berths to unpack the necessities for the voyage. I had the luck to secure a cabin to myself, a cozy little place with a tall closet for hanging clothes, a cabinet with a plentiful supply of water, two bunks and seats. I promptly robbed the top bunk of its two blankets, as the night promised to be chilly, but no sooner had I remade my bed with the extra blankets incorporated, than the bedroom steward walked in with the offer of a few more "in case you get chilly, sir." Some people, foolishly I think, consider the captain the most important man on a ship, but to my way of thinking, the two men most to be looked-up-to are the bedroom steward and the table steward. You look after them and they'll look after you. A small investment goes a long way. A hot cup of coffee and a plate of toast mysteriously find their way into your cabin before you are up in the morning, if you show in the right manner that you appreciate such courtesy. The seating of passengers by the Chief Third Tourist Steward is not without its



"Pleasant journey,
sir!"

GNPCOV

Do all the good you can and make no fuss about it—DICKENS

difficulties, but our man, Mr. Bedford, performed wonders. At dinner the first night a man may find himself at a table with a champagne crowd. If that is a little too steep for him, a word whispered in the ear of the Chief soon gets him a place at a table with more congenial company. The dining room is a wonderfully pleasant room to look at, with its tables covered with snowy white linen, gleaming silver and huge bunches of hot-house flowers. All the meals are of high class, well cooked and expeditiously served by a corps of expert waiters.

To assuage the pangs of hunger for anyone of extra voracious appetite, beef tea is served at 11 A.M., and tea biscuits and cake at 4 P.M., In spite of the plentiful regular meals, everyone seems hungry, for these inter-meal incidents were well attended.

Shops are situated in the ship for the sale of fancy articles, smoking materials, candies, etc. Postage stamps and cards are also procurable. Scrupulous cleanliness is observed everywhere, and all day and night motor pumps, situated in various parts of the ship, send plentiful supplies of fresh air to the sleeping quarters. Largely patronized are the ladies lounge and the smoke room. In the latter gather passengers of both sexes, gaily puffing cigarettes and enjoying whist, checkers or chess. The younger and more sturdy passengers make for the deck after meals and hour after hour engage in spirited contests in deck tennis, deck quoits and other sports.

The two days on the St. Lawrence were smooth and pleasant, but all too short. Reading, discussion and arguments of all sorts made the time pass rapidly, and then we were out on the open sea out of sight of land. Sunday rolls around and an Episcopal clergyman aboard is called upon to officiate at a service in the cabin smoke room, to which the "plebs" in the Tourist Third are invited. The singing, joined in heartily and reverently by the great company assembled, including ships officers, stewardesses and nurses, is

wonderfully impressive. Led by a fine orchestra, some of the old hymns sung there, out on the boundless ocean, took on a new meaning for many. An appropriate talk by the Rev. Maurice Kingsford, of Northamptonshire, England, was much appreciated by his listeners. Then came the collection—not for church purposes but for the aid of the several seamen's charities.

And so the days passed till we

picked up Land's End and knew our journey was soon to end. Bearing south and east we sighted the coast of France and pulled into the harbor of Cherbourg to discharge continental mail and passengers for France, Italy and other points. The passengers were treated to a spendid close-up view of the liner *Berengaria*, the chief steward of which, Ballin, is so well beloved by radio listeners.



Duty and the Beast

By CLARENCE SARGENT

THIS is a tale of bear-facts, unembellished by any untruths and brightened only by the sunshine of our hero, Lee (Happy) McCullough. "Happy," justly nicknamed, is known to all woodsmen in the Moosehead Lake region as a fearless explorer, unmatched teller of tales and cheerful, dutiful man-about-camp.

The scene of this singular instance, when "Happy" placed himself before his duty, is somewhat in question as he said that he did not stop there long enough to take any longitudinal readings. But at any rate, at the time of its happening he was cookeeing on a job where it was necessary for him to carry lunches to some of the crew who were unable

to come to the camp for their dinner.

On one of these occasions, probably the last, he was swinging down the tote road with a pail of lunches and had nearly reached his destination when, unceremoniously, he came face to face with a huge black bear. "Happy's" eyes froze to those of the big bruin's, with the 'they shall not pass' expression. Wishing to rid himself of ballast but not wanting to excite the beast with any quick movements, preparatory to taking off on his first transcontinental non-stop flight, "Happy" very carefully set the pail of lunches in the middle of the road and said in a measured, respectful tone, "Heah's yo' lunch, suh, but yo'all will haf to take the kiver off yo'sef."

GNPCOM

All that democracy implies is an equality of opportunity—DR. FRANK CRANE



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

When the Spruce Returns

The spring stage of the cycle of woods operations is at hand. The men who went into the woods in the fall have completed cutting the year's supply; horses and tractors are now finishing the task of landing this wood on the lakes and streams whence it will soon be driven down the rivers to the mills.

We are apt to think that when it goes floating down the river we have seen the last of the wood that we have labored to prepare for the mills. But it is not so. For, like bread cast upon the waters, it is found again after many days. By a strange coincidence the particular newspapers that are subscribed to for the camps are all printed on paper manufactured by the Great Northern Paper Company. It is interesting to think that we may hold in our hands a newspaper which has been made from wood that we have handled in previous years.

The men at the mills will require less imagination to sense the return of their own product, for though their task may connect them with various stages of the process of making the paper, they know that the finished product of the mill is newsprint paper. They see the freight cars loaded with huge rolls of paper leaving town and they see the bundles of newspapers thrown from the express car when this same paper returns in smaller units covered with printers ink.

Sometimes the spruce sheet has returned besmirched with accounts of murders, crime and scandals; sometimes it brings good tidings, glowing accounts of things worth while. It makes the wide world a

neighborhood and acquaints us all with the important people of the hour. So swift does it bring the news, that we sit in judgment while the jury in a distant city deliberates. Our interests in the World Series is sometimes greater than in games played nearer home. As we scan the news of the Associated Press and search the local items for news from our home towns or when we glance at Hem and Amy to see what their domestic grievance is, or look over the financial section, we can see beneath the print the labor of our hands—the spruce has returned to the woods from which we took it.

Oh, What's the Use

A young man ran for the legislature of Illinois, and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner. He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress, and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States land office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate, and was badly defeated.

Then he became a candidate for

the Vice-Presidency and was once more defeated.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. Then he became one of the greatest men of America—Abraham Lincoln.

Who says, "Oh, what's the use?"

—Selected

The Doctor's Bill

Recently magazine articles have criticized the high prices charged by doctors in this age of specialization. Some writers have criticized the critics. There is much to be said on the subject, pro and con. Long before the present controversy arose the following story was in circulation:

Doctor sent a bill for \$10.00 to a terrible tempered Mr. Bangs. The bill read: "Two visits—\$10.00."

Mr. Bangs lost his terrible temper. He rushed to the doctor's office. "You're a robber," he shouted. "Think of it, five dollars a visit! It isn't worth it."

"Well, I'll rewrite it," said Doc.

Here is what the doctor wrote: "To getting out of bed at 2.00 A.M.; answering telephone; disturbing wife; dressing; going to garage; cranking tin Lizzie; two mile drive in cold; saving baby's life; return to garage; waking wife; undressing; getting into bed—\$10.00."

"I won't make any charge for the second visit," he explained to Bangs, as he handed him the bill, "and you needn't pay for the first unless you feel I have earned the money."

Splashed Him

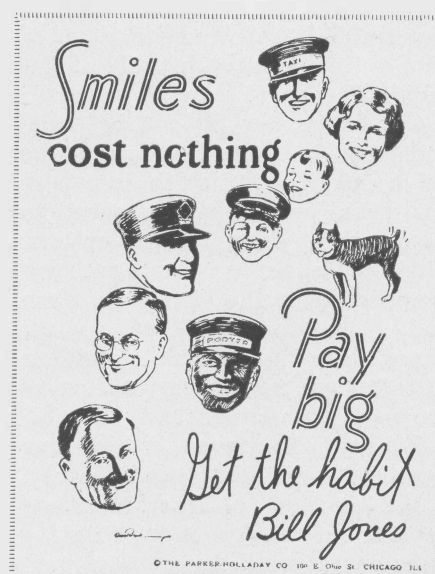
A negro went into a bank to get a check cashed. He stood in line a long time. Just as he got to the window an inspector announced, "The bank is busted."

Negro: "What you all mean, the bank is busted?"

Inspector: "Well, it is. It's busted. Didn't you ever hear of a bank being busted before?"

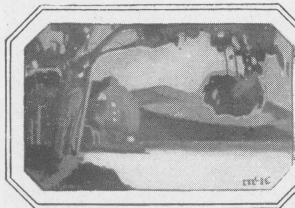
Negro: "Yassah, but Ah nevah had one bust right in mah face before."

—Star Shell



GNPCO

Dishonesty makes every slap on the back a nightmare—BILL JONES



Northern News



Monticello

Arthur P. Smith, Correspondent

George E. Greenlaw and G. W. Nason have completed their cut of 5,000 cords and are now hauling.

Mr. Greenlaw's cut on T 11 R 4 is nearly all landed at the railroad.

Supt. Frank L. Brown is having hay pressed at Harvey Siding to be used for the Monticello Operation.

Fred Street is doing the scaling. He seems to like the work.

Milford Mehann was with us last week.

Portage and Eagle Lakes Operation

Arthur P. Smith, Correspondent

T. S. Pinkham has his cut of 10,000 cords completed and is doing very good work hauling. There is about 42 inches of snow.

Supt. Frank L. Brown and Milford Mehann have been with us several times this month. They have given the operation a thorough going over, visiting every jobber.

"Bill" McConnell is doing the scaling; he is an old timer and certainly looks the piles over.

Rockwood

Hugh Desmond, Correspondent

Word was received here on February 15 of the death of Hugh Seavey which occurred in Bangor on February 14. Mr. Seavey was employed for many years by the company on the Kineo Road Repairs in the summer and in winter at the Harness Shop.

Mrs. J. E. Sargent has closed her cottage at Kineo and has gone to spend the winter with her husband.

We extend our best wishes to Mr. H. J. Bruce McDonald who has recently been appointed Superintendent of Farms.

James Cahill, of the Seboomook Farm crew, was called home to

Bingham by the illness of his mother.

Miss Irene McNich, who was until recently employed at the Kineo Boarding House, has returned to her home in Old Town. Her place has been taken by Miss Jennie Tomer.

John R. Lunn of Auburn has recently made a tour of the farms on this side of the lake as the guest of the management.

Joe Klimchuck recently made a trip to Skowhegan. He reports that he prefers our moving pictures to those he found there.

The various ice houses have already been filled.

Signs of spring appear! A placard in the Rockwood Store reads: "When will the ice go out?"

Fishing through the ice has been very good this season. Some particularly good fish have been caught near Sandbar and Tomhegan.

Greenville

S. F. Bartlett, Correspondent

Many have taken advantage of the good traveling conditions on the ice between Greenville and Rockwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Pearson, parents of D. M. Pearson, spent a part of the past month at the Piscataquis Exchange.

Conditions for ice-cutting have been very favorable this season; the ice is exceptionally thick and there has been practically no snow to form poor ice or hamper the cutters.

All the spare tractors are being conditioned at the Greenville Shop and being forwarded to Cooper Brook and Ellis Brook operations so that they can take advantage of the good hauling weather.

Edmund Crossman is working for the Company at Grindstone.

Mr. Mishio of the telephone department has been in town having some dental work done.

Call Murray was in town recently to receive medical attention for his arm which was slightly hurt by a fall on the ice at Kineo.

Elmoe Roberts was in town for a day or two the first of the month.

Mr. A. V. MacNeill has the sympathy of his friends in the loss of his mother, Mrs. Charles MacNeill. Mrs. MacNeill will be greatly missed in Nashwaak, York County, N. B., where she has always lived. The funeral services were held at the Methodist church, of which she was a member. The great number of flowers showed the esteem in which she was held by her many friends. She is survived by six children: Mrs. Laura Brewer, Alberta, Mrs. Alexander White and Eugene MacNeill of Merrysville, N. B., Mrs. George T. Bradley, Nashwaak, N. B., Ernest J. and Allen V. MacNeill of Bangor.

Mr. O. A. Harkness is wearing a proud smile these days! He's grandpa Harkness now. On January 31 Mr. and Mrs. V. O. Harkness of Waltham, Mass. announced the arrival of a son, V. O. Harkness, Jr.

Hilton Island Piers

Floyd M. Crocker, Correspondent

The work is progressing rapidly under the guidance of Lonnie and William Mann, Lonnie being at Weston Island and "Billy" at Hilton Island.

The crew at Weston Island is busy constructing the new Bathurst Boom which derives its name from Bathurst, N. B., where it originated.

This type of boom seems to be a decided improvement over anything previously constructed and is causing a lot of favorable comment from those who have seen it.

The 20" x 20" timber as well as the 12" x 12" that goes into the construction of the boom was the

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Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must first be overcome—JOHNSON

biggest seen here in recent years and caused a great deal of interest when it was being unloaded from the cars.

There have been a number of exceptionally large loads of rocks hauled in this winter; the largest load scaled 171 cu. ft.

We have had a large number of local residents as visitors during the past few weeks and they have shown a keen interest in the work, especially the hoisting of the rocks into the piers.

One of our members, "Gus Harris," is playing basketball on the town team of North Anson and is certainly living up to his Greenville reputation as a player.

Leonard Cormier was with us a short time but has gone to Hallowell to take charge of the building of the boom for Brown Island.

Bangor Office

Malcolm A. Pratt, Correspondent

Mr. R. H. Robertson has resigned as Assistant Manager of the Spruce Wood Department and Mr. William Hilton has taken over his duties.

Richard Diehl, formerly with E. S. Bryant, Consulting Forester in Vermont, has recently joined the force of the Engineering Department.

Dave Cronin has left the employ of the Company and has opened up a store in Central Street to handle general office supplies. The telephone work which he has done in the past has been taken over by the Purchasing Department and Carl Delano is tending out on the switch board.

The "Northern Bowling Team" still maintains first position in their division of the City League with 5 more games to roll, leading their next rival, The Orono Pulp & Paper Co., by 4 points. To date our team has won 46 points and lost 18 giving them a percentage of 719.

Phil Murdock is on an inspection trip through the Churchill Lake country, Lacroix' operation.

Ernest Jones is looking over some land in the towns of Lexington & Concord, Somerset County.

Archie Grover, who has been

engineer on road construction in Cooper Brook and also instructor at the Forestry School, is now in the Bangor office for a short time.

Ross Bamford has vacated his office in Room 603 and taken over 601 which has been occupied in the past by the Purchasing Department. The latter has moved into room 619 formerly occupied by Mr. Robertson.

Machias Operation

D. M. Pearson, Correspondent

The landing at McNalley Pond is now the barometer which shows the advancement in the season's activity. The excellent condition of the roads and the favorable weather have been an asset in the work of hauling the wood, and it is expected that camps will begin to break up by the first of March and that the wood will all be on the landing sometime around the middle of the month.

A dispute as to who has hauled the biggest load to the landing is in the air. "Red" Smith claims the honor and substantiates the claim by issuing an open challenge to meet all comers in fair competition. It is surprising to note by the weekly scale bill that there is nearly as much wood hauled in the day time as in the camp at night, when the lights are dimmed.

Two tractors are in use at Camp No. 3, hauling wood, making four turns with two sleds on a regular three-turn road. The extra trip is made possible by setting sleds and employing extra loaders.

Frank Carty has revived the bucking board at Camp No. 6. Its appearance on Saturday nights in the men's camp offers a topic of discussion which stimulates the enthusiasm of the teamsters for the following week.

Camp No. 2, which was used during the fall cutting season, has closed and is being used only as a sort of half-way camp for the teamsters to lunch at noon.

The Forestry Camp at McNalley Pond received Bert Wallace who arrived during the month to scale on the landing.

Frank McNamara, who has been

doing the storehouse work here for the past two seasons, has gone to parts south of here. His place is being temporarily filled by John Morrison, who expects to stay until the first of March.

The crew at Machias Lake Dam moved to Ten Mile where they spent a few days working around, and then came to 25 Mile. Charlie Ramsdell is no longer in our midst.

Leon White and Phil Murdock "mushed" through from Ashland and were very welcome visitors during their stay.

Cooper Brook

J. A. Marceau, Correspondent

Steve Ranney closed his camp on February 14. Part of his crew went out Katahdin Iron Works way, walking 15 miles from our log hauler road. The road has been kept open this winter by Mr. John Kelley. Mr. Ranney hauled to the main road 1200 cords of the wood left last winter.

Don Brean has been taking charge for Howard Burr since John Brice left for Ellis Brook in January.

Fred Gilbert of Greenville has completed his contract to haul wood left last year. He landed 1421 cords to the main road.

Cutting is now over and hauling to Joe-Merry Lake is in full swing. Four steam Lombards and two Holt tractors are working long hours. One hundred sets of double rack sleds are in constant use.

R. M. Fernald, storehouse clerk, made a trip to his home in Franklin. We suspect he went to deliver his Valentine in person, for over his desk we find this poem:

"I am always light hearted and jolly,
Not a care in the world have I
Because I'm loved by a colleen,
I couldn't feel sad if I try."

Gerald Gartley, of the Social Service Division, has made two complete tours of the camps with moving pictures this month.

John Lannon is driving the stage between Second Roach and the Depot Camp. He makes the round trip every day, connecting with the Greenville Jitney.

Bob McGowan, our feeder, has

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Happiness does not consist in getting something; it consists in becoming something—DR. FRANK CRANE

been kept busy caring for transients.

Mrs. G. B. Burr and Mrs. E. F. Hobart were the guests of Frank Bailey at the Forester's camp for dinner on Valentine's Day. Joe Marceau drove them down with Charlie Holden's horse.

The following names appear on our guest book this month: W. Robichaud, L. G. White, O. A. Harkness, N. A. Smith, A. G. Hempstead, and L. E. Houghton. Mr. George P. Longley, representative of the Cassidy interests, has been with us.

John R. Lunn spent a week as the guest of Andy Faulkner and Jack Flynn.

Grant Farm Toting

F. A. Murphy, Correspondent

There is no news for Lily Bay, except that we are running a first class cafeteria for Grant Farm Toting and others who may wish to stop and bring their lunch. Also horses fed at all hours.

Alvah Gilman has severed his connection with Grant Farm Toting, and is now driving a tractor at Ellis Brook.

Lombard No. 2 is running night and day, hauling coal for Hauling Cooper Brook Wood; this necessitates two crews alternating weekly, one crew running from Greenville to Second Roach Farm, and the other from Second Roach Farm to Cooper Brook. The crews are Ray Mersereau and Phil Cody, Drivers, Bill Haskell and Chas. Bernitsky, Strikers.

The new Lombard Plow has been over the road several times; it is much speedier than the Holts with Sargent Plows for it will make the trip from Greenville to Duck Pond and back to Grant Farm in a day, though it is late when it gets in at night.

Second Roach Farm was opened up in December, to be used as a swing camp, and over night for stages to Cooper Brook. Dick McKenna is cook, and Tom Vintinner cookee. Recently Dick developed a sore throat and had to make a trip to Greenville. During his absence, Henry Madore did the cooking.

B Pond Storehouse

J. H. Whitehead, Correspondent

Many trains of pulp drawn by steam log haulers pass daily. Occasionally one is worthy of mention. Such a one was on February 11 when steamer No. 4, with Geo. Nash at the throttle, came down the B Pond log hauler road with 12 double rack sleds containing 127.24 cords of green frozen spruce pulp wood. Following closely was steamer No. 3, with Farnum Newton, which had 11 sleds with 115.72 cords of green wood. Usually 8 loaded sleds is quite a train out of this road, on account of grades at different points. At these points, more power was obtained by coupling both loads together and the grade was made.

Arriving at B Pond storehouse, both No. 3 and No. 4 trains were coupled together and No. 1, handled by Ellis Newton, was coupled ahead of steamer No. 4. This made a train of 3 steamers and 23 loads of pulp with approximately 242 cords of green spruce. From B Pond storehouse to the further end of the trestle is a grade of $1\frac{1}{2}\%$ about 1 2-5 miles along. This grade was made with ease. The trestle, which is 1250 feet long, was nearly covered with pulp as this train had a total length of 1000 feet and a weight of about 700 tons. From the trestle through the Big Cut to Joe Merry Pond is a 4% average grade about 3300 feet long. This was made without a hitch. At the top, steamers No. 3 and No. 4 took the load through to the landing. The total length of time taken to perform this feat was about the same as that required for a steamer with six loads over this section of road.

Greenville Shop

J. B. Pratt, Correspondent

Charlie Reed is having some guard irons made here to repair storehouse doors on most of the storehouses up the line. There are 105 irons being made.

Mr. Walter Zemont of the carpenter department has gone to Dover-Foxcroft to have his throat operated on. He expects to be back in about a week.

Charlie Murray and his crew have commenced spring cleaning. They are cutting ice from the doors of the storehouse so that, in the spring thawing, the water will run away from the storehouse rather than into it. We believe he is looking for an early spring.

Leroy Stairs has turned his spare time to detective work; his main object is running down cats. He has just received a reward of \$5.00 for the return of one of the above to its rightful owner.

The consumption of gasoline has increased recently. During the month of January there was shipped from the storage tanks here, 17,800 gallons and up to the 15th of February 9,500 gallons. The most of this gasoline is going to Ellis Brook and Cooper Brook Operations.

Coal has also been shipped in large amounts, there going out from here during January and half of February about 400 tons.

F. V. Schenck took a business trip to Bangor recently; Mrs. Schenck accompanied him.

Grindstone

A. E. Harmon, Correspondent

Mr. Nelson Ingalls and a crew of twenty-six men are progressing rapidly on the construction of a pier under the Grindstone Bridge.

The crew are staying at the American Thread camps, Atco Sid-ing, with Ronald MacDonald as chef assisted by Walter Richardson and Edmond Crossmann.

Recent visitors at Grindstone were Mr. O. A. Harkness, Wm. Hilton, N. A. Smith, L. G. White.

Mr. Wm. Harrington, Supt. of the Horse Maintenance Department, spent a few days with us en-route to Mud Brook Operation, making the trip with Mr. Cander's driver.

Mr. Harrington has lost his honors as an expert cribbage player to A. J. Bertrand.

The hauling of the wood from Grindstone to Dolby Pond is progressing very rapidly under the supervision of Carl Hughes, there being but 4,000 cords left to haul out of a total of 16,000. Two Lom-

GNPCO

The reason why so many men fail is because they will not make the sacrifices of time, of pleasure, of comfort demanded by success—JAMES COUZENS

bard tractors and one Holt are being used, Ora Black, Harold Smart and Joe Sullivan being the drivers.

Mr. Andy Flower, the genial proprietor of the Flower Department Store, has added as a sideline to his various business activities the cutting and hauling of stovewood for Carl Hughes. Although Mr. Flower has but 1 horse power as means of locomotion, he hauls better than one cord per H.P. which beats a Lombard and then some.

The old game of parcheesi is still holding sway in Grindstone. Two new converts to this fascinating game are Bill Harrington, he having decided that his cribbage days are gone by, and Connie Murphy. Bob Canders, who has been practising at the game for the last three years, is still trying hard to win a second game, his first one having been won on January 4, 1927.

George F. Price, who is away on his vacation, is being replaced by A. J. Bertrand. George is now in Bangor taking in the sights after having been away three years, more or less.

Grant Farm

J. E. Ramsey, Correspondent

Maynard Emery is once again operator at the Grant Farm, having relieved D. A. Chapman.

Chas. Powers is assisting with the clerical work at Greenville Shop. We hope to have Charlie back with us again this spring.

All the folks at the Farm extend a hearty welcome to Mr. McDonald, Supt. of Farms.

Chas. Reed and Frank Babbitt are doing some repair work on the storehouse. They will also do similar work on Chesuncook Dam, Frost Pond and Duck Pond Storehouses.

Geo. McGuire and his crew recently stopped here on their way to and from Chesuncook, where they cut and stored ice at the Boom House.

Harry Bowe has been on the sick list for some time, but is now improving quite rapidly.

The ice has been cut and stored at the Farm. Also the year's wood is nearly all hauled.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Morrell and Mrs. C. P. Gunn and son were recent visitors at the Farm.

Seboomook

S. W. Morin, Correspondent

Mr. Goodwin has about sixty-four cords of fire wood sawed and split ready to pile in the farm woodshed.

Mr. H. J. Bruce McDonald, Superintendent of Farms, was with us for a day or two this month.

Jack Picket, Sr., is staying with Henry Hood on the Seboomook-St. John Railroad.

Charles Crossman has also been on the Railroad inspecting locomotives.

John D. Lunn of Monmouth spent a few days at the farm.

Jason Goodwin has been a bit under the weather with rheumatism for a few days but is now improving.

Elmoe Roberts was in Greenville for a week-end recently.

Several carloads of oats and hay are being received for use in springing-out about a hundred horses.

Mr. Burton is remodelling his "Spirit of Seboomook" and soon hopes to hop off to Kineo, weather conditions permitting.

N. A. Smith stopped here and applied the destructive hand to articles too numerous to mention which had passed the age of usefulness and beauty.

C. H. Glaster of Poland Pond passed through here en route to Bangor and return the first of the month.

20-Mile Swing

Maurice P. Hill, Correspondent

Jack Lamb is running the engine here in the absence of "K. O." MacDonald who is in Bangor for a few days.

George Farrar made a short visit to Seboomook recently.

Gene O'Connell of Pittston attends the movies here. The 20-Mile auditorium, with its double-decker beds, furnishes its audience with a luxury rivalling that of Pharoah.

A. L. Mishio is moving some telephone equipment and supplies from Seboomook storehouse to 20-Mile.

Bangor Free Labor Agency

G. E. McLeod, Correspondent

Wilbur Erskine and his crew are repairing the loading conveyor at Weeksboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Rand, of 174 Leighton St., are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter, Mary Jane, born Feb. 16. This gives A. V. MacNeill a grandfather's smile as broad as that of O. A. Harkness.

Sam Monterville, who has been working at McDonald's Camp at Ellis Brook, is in Bangor, recovering from an injury received while at work there.

So few woodsmen are in Bangor, we find it necessary to get men from Portland to keep the camps supplied which is unusual at this time of year.



Photo by Raymond O. Young

Grant Farm-Five Islands Telephone Camp

GNPCOR

The prize winners stick till the finish—BILL JONES

A clipping from a Maine paper dated Dec. 23, 1857, reads as follows: "The Brunswick Telegram states that Mr. John H. Toothaker of that town has exhibited a horse shoe, very neatly and accurately moulded by him, which he calls the snow-ball horse shoe, designed for winter wear. The inner edges are so bevelled that the snow cannot ball upon the horses foot."

The above is undoubtedly the origin of the snow-ball horse shoe that is now used entirely during the winter months.

Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

January 15 to February 15

Total precipitation	3.39 inches
	including 19.5 in. snow
Number of clear days	12
Maximum temperature	43°
	Jan. 25
Minimum temperature	-14°
	Jan. 22
Prevailing wind	N W
Greatest velocity	30 miles
	8 P. M. Feb. 2
Total wind movement	6750 miles
Snow fall for season to Feb. 15	69.75
Snow on level Feb. 13	24 inches
Thickness of ice on Moosehead	
Lake Feb. 13	29 inches

The Forestry School

By ARCHER L. GROVER

THE Department of Forestry at the University of Maine felt, for many years, the need of giving its students more instruction in practical cruising and woods operations than was possible at Orono.

The Spruce Wood Department of the Great Northern became interested in the matter and supplied this need by offering to furnish camps fully equipped with sleeping and dining facilities for such students as the university decided to send to the woods for this practical instruction. These camps were to be located in one of the Great Northern operations where it would be convenient for the students to get this first-hand information.

It was apparent it would be necessary to have these camps in different operations—perhaps remaining in the same place two or three years. It was, therefore, decided that portable cabins built in sections would be best.

This institution is generally known in the woods as the "Forestry School." This is its fifth year. The first year, it was at Rainbow; the next three years, at Grindstone; this year, at Cooper Brook.

The students who attend the Forestry School are the mem-

bers of the senior class in the Department of Forestry at the university. The school begins about Thanksgiving and continues until about Jan. 20th. It is in charge of one of the teachers at the university. He has two assistants, one from the State Forestry Department at Augusta, and one from the Great Northern Paper Company.

The present school is in charge of Professor Gilbert I. Stewart. George H. Gruhn represents the State Forestry Department; and Archer L. Grover, the Great Northern Paper Company.

The students get considerable actual practice in cruising, map-making, running lines, scaling and other operations incident to the work of the forest engineer. They also have ample opportunity to make a study of the various phases of a pulp operation such as stump cutting, skidding and sawing on the yard, and transportation.



Forestry School Camps, December, 1927, located on B Pond Log-hauler road, Town B, range 11

GNPCO

The expense of the dining-room, including salary of the cook and the cost of food supplies, is borne by the students.

The present camp location is 45 miles from Greenville in town B-Range 11 on the log-hauler road near where it crosses B Pond Stream.

The following seventeen students were at the camp this winter:—

Gifford B. Adams, Boothbay Harbor
Fred G. Ames, Bridgton
Thomas Bates, Bath
Albert Benson, Presque Isle
Philip E. Farley, Westbrook
Roy S. Hathaway, North Jay
Wilson S. Hayden, Augusta
Allen W. Goodspeed, Upper Montclair, N. J.

George F. Kehoe, Rutland, Mass.
Hugh C. Lloyd, Portland
James C. MacDonald, Swaltswood, N. J.

Laurence H. Murdock, Mexico
Charles R. Murphy, Rumford
Gerald Newman, Auburn
Paul Orenti, Lee, Mass.
Benedict E. Tolvo, Lee, Mass.
Henry A. Scribner, Augusta

The following account of these "Babes in the Woods" by Thomas Bates gives a picture by one on the inside.

"Keep your feet dry and wear your heavy flannels" were the parting words of the seventeen mothers. The sonnies followed mother's advice and on the 28th of November, heavily laden, they purchased tickets to Greenville with the ducats that had escaped the coffers of underwear salesmen.

After an uneventful train journey, packs, bags, and snowshoes were hurriedly transferred to the Greenville-Lily Bay boat. A breath of Iceland was experienced on this voyage, and a few lads added clothing to shivering bodies, en route!

At Lily Bay the hospitality of the Great Northern and the folks of lumberland registered in many bosoms and

the boys enjoyed a good dinner at the gateway of the operating country. With all apologies to the Barney Oldfield of the bus line, this ex-sailor failed to weather the voyage to the camp city without a hankering to go by the board. On and on we swayed into a world which held much in store for formulative minds. Instead of a vast ugly country, conquered by the elements, we found evidences of activity on all sides. A fine depot camp, not unlike a summer colony, caused speculation. A gravel road into the heart of the woods, and a huge trestle bridge, prompted wide discussion. The Great Northern and its band of workers taught a lesson in the art of doing

We found five camps prepared to receive us; these were situated centrally for our studies on B Pond Brook, one mile west of B Pond Depot.

The lumber camps all had big-hearted men ready to explain and help questioning visitors.

Few interruptions have halted the two months schedule, but each day brought new experiences. Two chappies running topography failed to carry the Foresters "Guiding Light"—the compass, and were classified as lost for twenty-four hours. However, they returned without the aid of their seeking mates, dog tired and afraid of bear.

War was declared in the U. of M. Forestry camp Christmas morn. Incoming mails all brought sweetmeats of domestic birth, cakes with foreign spices, and other toothsome eatables. The folks at home had remembered their budding foresters with gifts that would surely tickle the palate, much to the chagrin of Mr. Frank Bailey, of Bangor.

Chef Bailey, a cook of the old school, only gritted his teeth when he viewed the collection of boxes, and whispered a silent vow.

Throughout the morning he hurried about his kitchen, pausing occasionally to urge his fire into producing more "British Thermal Units." After making sure that he had not overlooked a detail,

Mr. Bailey called, "Come and get it!"

"It" proved to be turkey, browned to a tempting point, cooked by a master hand, potatoes and their vegetable playmates, pies, cakes, delicious gravies and candies. Twenty-one connoisseurs of good food ate and ate without intermission, until one at a time they exclaimed: "I'm

licked." Mr. Frank Bailey had won against the imported eats.

Prof. Briscoe, U. of M., proved a Santa in donating two huge turkeys for the cook of cooks.

Bewhiskered and husky we leave for our erstwhile haunts on January 19, 1928, taking with us a wealth of information and the kindest regards for our hosts.



Chopping Down Newspapers

(Continued from Page 6)

the blue. A slender moon had outlived its hour. On the distant horizon the snowy summit of Whitecap Mountain was pure and aerial rose at sunrise. It was the superintendent who pointed it out; he had eyes for such things as well as for timber. A year ago he was in Florida, he said, but he would rather be here. Two horses and a tote sled bore him to the ends of the operation, to the mountain from which timber was being sluiced seven hundred feet into the valley. That was a ride garmented in magic. First along the lumber road where the machines worked; then by a road where only a tractor had been; then where the snow was unbroken. If the horses turned out they plunged into snow until only their heads and shoulders were visible. On the smooth planes of white the sun flashed upon the colors of infinitesimal prisms. The trees laid gray and platinum shadows down in intricate patterns. The narrow road dipped into little bowls and valleys all shining with virgin winter. Winter was white in the black of the trees. It was vaulted by a turquoise sky.

The Sluice

In time the tote road came out past various camps of the operation. Some of them were buried to the eaves in snow; at one a man was

shoveling the windows clear. And through the morning came a rumbling, the sound of four-foot logs being sluiced down the mountain. Far up, at the top, small figures moved; these were horses and men. The horses had been taken to the height by slabbing a road up the mountain. At the top the timber had been cut so that the mountain ended in a table-land. On the steep slope the sluice came into view. First it dropped precipitously for about half its length, then it flattened out and finally fell another three hundred feet to the valley. Logs sped down it with a dull booming, sometimes twisting as they came. At great speed they reached the takeoff and left the sluice. They sprang into the air and whistled toward the pile that had already grown forty feet into the air. They struck the pile and leaped again. This was Steve Ranney's camp. Ranney and the superintendent stood waist deep in snow and watched the logs. They were as excited as boys. When a big log jumped higher than the others they exclaimed with pleasure.


All over the operation the wood had been cut. From the cutting it was being hauled by horses; from the yards at the end of the horse haul it was being moved by tractor and steam log-hauler. It was being landed on the lake. In spring it will be driven down the west branch to the mill.

GNPCO

Happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself

Success

L. M. Boomer

 ANY people think of success as they think of a four-leaf clover. If they are the chosen favorites of fortune, they think they will find it. But success is not luck. Success is playing the game; playing on the team. Organized effort will produce a more far reaching brand of success than individual work. It is a curious contradiction of nature that the greatest help towards the success of one's self is unselfishness, and he who works best for all certainly works best for himself.

