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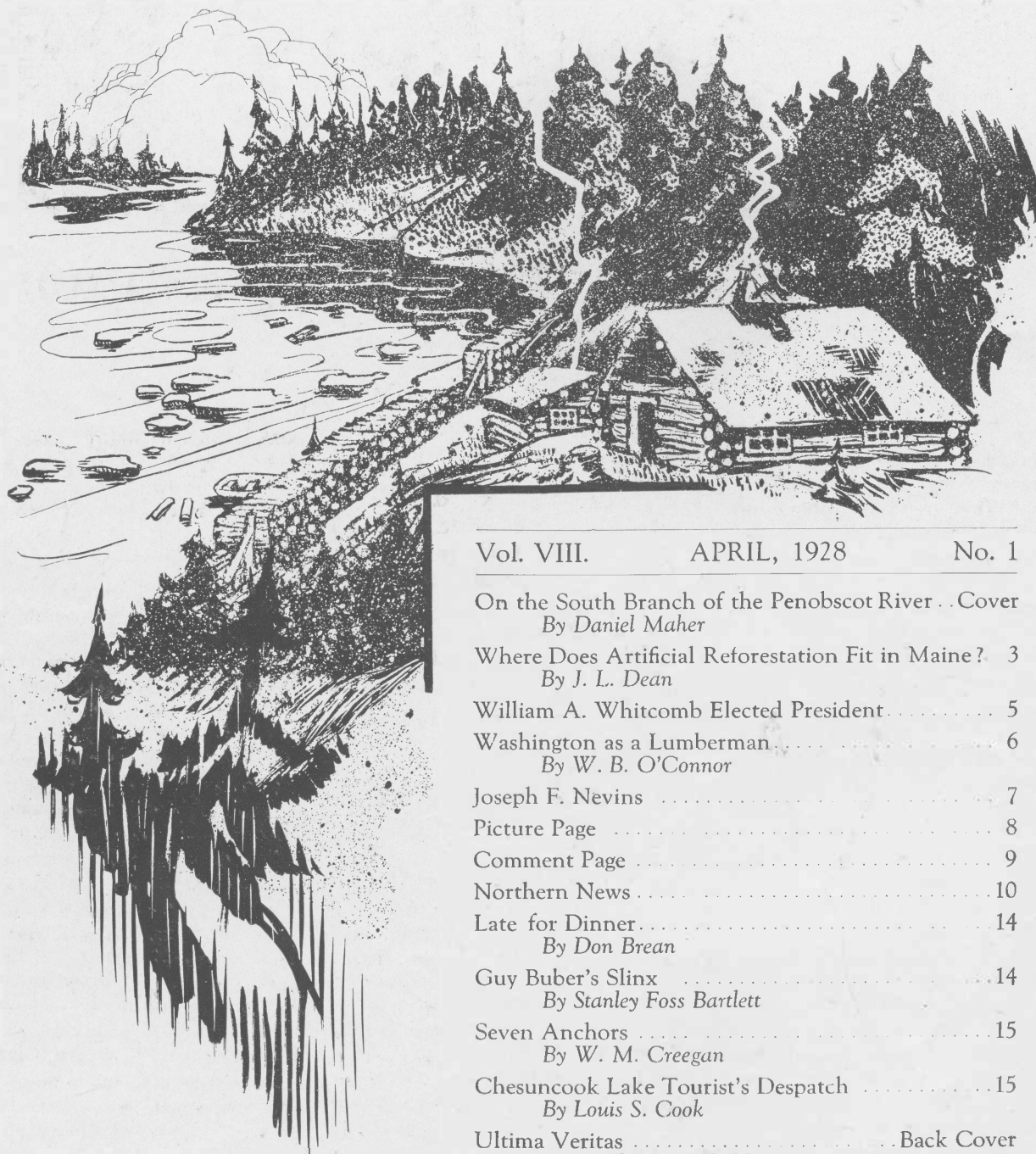


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The
Northern
April 1928





Vol. VIII. APRIL, 1928 No. 1

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The Northern

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Editor



The Northern

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GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY
SPRUCE WOOD DEPARTMENT



Where Does Artificial Reforestation Fit in Maine?

By J. L. DEAN

THE question is often asked of people connected with our pulp and paper mills and lumber companies, "What are your people doing about reforestation?" and in many cases the answer is, "Nothing."

It is well known that these companies are cutting large quantities of spruce trees and it seems logical to many that the people who are cutting and using timber trees should move in some way to replace the resource they are exploiting.

It is a fact that in Maine there is little being done by any one to replace artificially the trees that are being used.

The land that is thus being cut over is allowed to reproduce naturally, and over a large part of the cut-over land there is a fairly satisfactory natural reproduction. The most notable exception to this rule is where coniferous growth is cut in a mixture of hard wood, in which case there is often sufficient hard wood left standing to dominate the growth and effectively suppress the volunteer crop of conifers.

The reason that no attempt is made to reforest artificially the ordinary cut-over tract is that the expense of preparing a cut-over tract to receive the small trees that might be planted is too great. The area of reforested land prepared in that way would represent an investment so great that the piling up of compound interest and taxes would probably make an amount greater than the value of the resulting crop.

MR. DEAN, who is civil engineer for the Hollingsworth and Whitney Co. at Waterville, has raised thousands of coniferous trees in his nursery at Winslow and is well qualified to write this article. To reforest the ordinary cut-over tract, he says, would cost so large an amount that the piling up of compound interest and taxes would make the investment unprofitable.

In the case of burnt land no preparation would be necessary; but the new growth on burnt land naturally comes up almost immediately to poplar, birch, and wild cherry, all of which trees in early life make a much faster growth than any of the conifers, and planted spruce or pine would be effectually suppressed by this growth unless the planted trees were protected by cutting off the natural growing and nearly valueless seedlings.

Notwithstanding the above, there is some artificial reforestation being done in Maine. There are several paper companies that have conifer nurseries and are planting trees and selling them to others to plant. In all, there are about ten conifer nurseries in Maine.

These nursery conifer trees are very largely going on to cleared

land, and in many cases those planted trees are making a very favorable showing.

Others have been planted in the midst of brush and other growth and have not been taken care of, and have resulted in almost a failure.

We have in Maine a large area of land cleared and formerly used as farm land, fields, and pasture that is now either not being used or that is not returning a profit on present use. Much of this land could be reforested at a low cost and would require very little subsequent care and undoubtedly would return good interest on the necessary investment.

Not all of the artificial reforestation that has been done in Maine has produced desired results, as in some cases the requirements have not been well understood. I have in mind one lot of pine transplants that were set on a cut-over pine lot where there was a growth of brush that already occupied the land almost completely, and among which were many wild gooseberry bushes. I have not seen this location since the planting, but unless the owner followed the planting of the pine trees by pulling the gooseberry bushes and cutting the other brush, it seems certain that the planting would be a near failure.

I know another location where pine trees were planted among gray birch stumps. The gray birch sprouts and the pine were allowed to grow together till the pine trees were over-topped by the gray birch

GNPCO

The only profit from loss is experience



The New and Old Methods
of Snubbing

and effectually suppressed, but the owner removed the birch growth before many of the pine trees were actually killed.

The owner watched those trees for several years expecting them to start up and grow and dominate the birch sprouts, but the pine trees were still suppressed, not by the tops of the birches, but by the roots in the ground. The owner now finds that to get good results, the birch roots must be largely killed. He plans to cut the sprouts about the first of August, and after he has killed the birch stumps, he hopes to get a better growth on his pine.

From my observation of reforestry work and from actual experiments, the place where artificial reforestry can be expected to be successful and satisfactory is in cleared land and on land that can be cleaned of brush at a reasonable expense.

A man who owns land which is located near his home and who can and will give the planted area the necessary care can plant brush land and turn it into a paying crop by using spare time that otherwise would not be of much value.



The results to be obtained from a planted stand of pine or spruce on fairly productive land will, I feel sure, give a very satisfactory interest return. I believe that from one cord per acre per year up to over two cords is to be expected from spruce; and from 500 feet to over 1,000 feet per acre per year from pine. This yield may be expected on land where the species grows freely and where it constitutes the whole growth on the land.

We find fine natural stands that will show a growth equal to that;

but the natural stand is usually handicapped first by other growth on the land and second by too many or too few trees on a given area. Where the trees stand too close together, the competition detracts from the maximum growth, and where the trees are too scattered there are not enough to make the possible growth.

It seems entirely possible, by planting an area of our old cleared fields to spruce, to grow more pulp wood on one acre than will grow on ten or fifteen acres of natural stand following a cutting of spruce.

This is, I believe, the place for artificial reforestation in Maine.

Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

February 15 to March 15, 1928

Total precipitation	1.77 inches
	including 9 in. snow
Number of clear days	13
Maximum temperature Mar. 13	47°
Minimum temperature Feb. 26	-17°
Prevailing wind	N W
Greatest velocity	24 miles
	8 A. M. Feb. 19
Total wind movement	6552 miles
Season's snow fall to date	79.25 inches
Snow on level Mar. 12	25 inches
Thickness of ice on Moosehead	
Lake Mar. 12	32 inches

GNPCO

A lazy man is of no more use in the world than a dead man, and he takes up more room— MARDEN



A Winter Landscape near Mt. Bigelow

William A. Whitcomb Elected President of the Great Northern Paper Company

WILLIAM A. WHITCOMB, for many years first vice-president of the Great Northern Paper Company, was elected president of that company at the meeting of the board of directors on February 8, 1928. Mr. Whitcomb will continue the policies that have made the Great Northern such a conspicuous success. With seventeen years of experience in the organization, he is well fitted to take over his new task.

Mr. Whitcomb was born in Clinton, Indiana, in 1873. His father

was John Whitcomb, an active and successful real estate factor in that state. His mother was Lydia Amelia Parks, connected with the famous paper making family of that name.

Mr. Whitcomb prepared for his university training at the Greencastle Preparatory School, and graduated from De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, in 1894. He graduated from Yale University in 1895, and in 1896 took a post graduate course in Mechanical Engineering at the Sheffield Scientific

School. His first connection with the paper industry was with the Glen Falls Paper Company, of Glen Falls, N. Y. He continued with them until 1898 when the company was merged with the International Paper Company which was formed in that year. Mr. Whitcomb went to New York as assistant manager of production in the newly formed company and was later a vice-president and a director of the International. He continued there until 1910 when he came to

GNPCO

*If Happiness we give 'tis Happiness we keep,
From Happiness we sow comes the Happiness we reap—IDA NOUGH*

Boston as an official of the Great Northern Paper Company, where he has been ever since. Of late years he has taken much of the burden of management from Mr. Schenck's shoulders.

Mr. Whitcomb will continue to make the executive offices of the Great Northern Paper Company in Boston at 201 Devonshire street, where they have been located for some years. His residence is in Dedham, Mass. Mr. Whitcomb married Miss Grace E. Merrall of New York in 1903. They have three children.

H. Merton Joyce, for some years manager of sales, has been elected first vice-president of the company, succeeding Mr. Whitcomb. Mr. Fred A. Gilbert, of Bangor, who has had charge of the spruce wood department since 1901, continues in his position of second vice-president. B. C. Ward was re-elected treasurer at the recent stockholders' meeting.

Washington as a Lumberman

By W. B. O'CONNOR

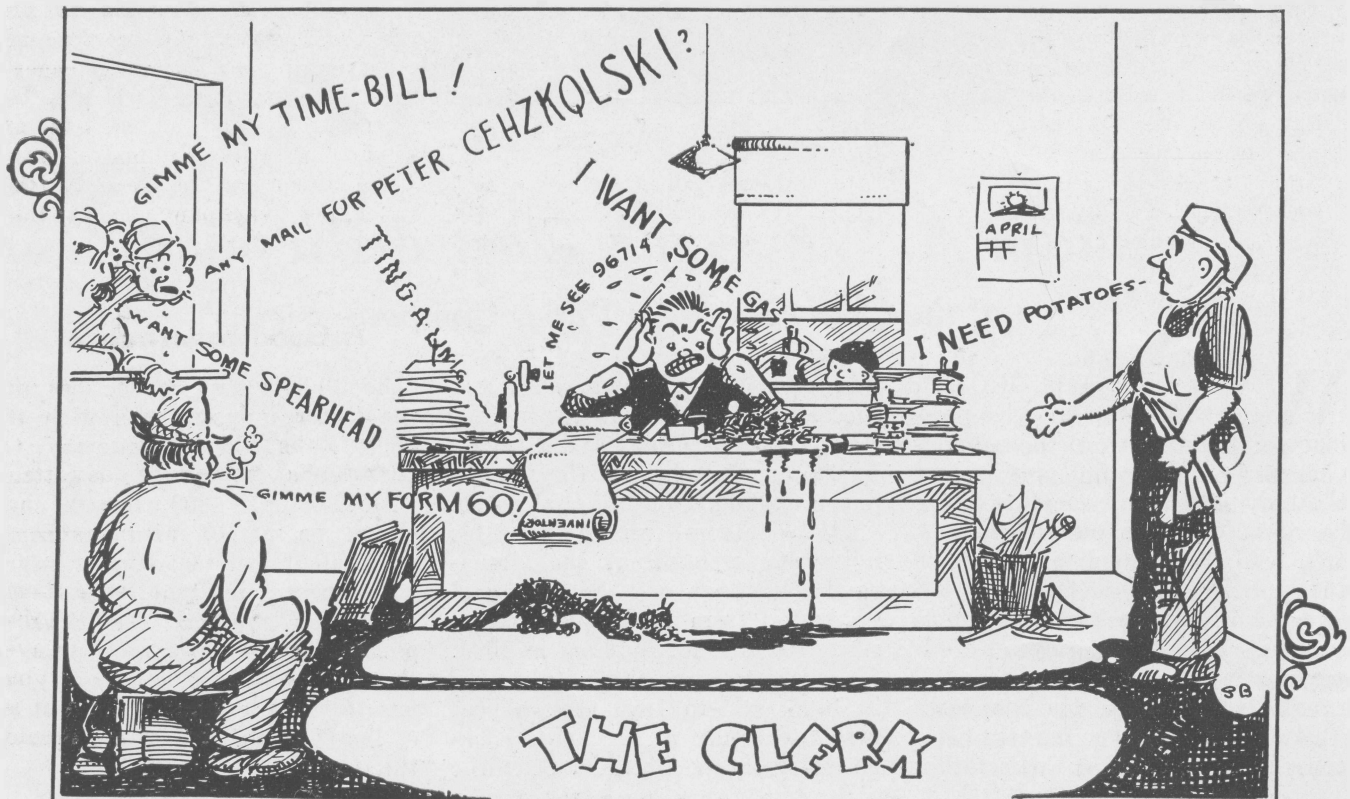
IT is generally known that General George Washington was one of the wealthiest men in the Colonies at the time of the Revolution, that he was interested in farming and milling and was the owner of large tracts of land in the Ohio country, but few have known of his lumbering.

On November 1st, 1763, he, with eleven others, received a grant of 40,000 acres in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia, his share being 2/21. These twelve men organized the Dismal Swamp Company, and proposed to build canals, docks, plantations, etc., market the timber and drain the land for agricultural purposes. Washington was the manager for the owners and made many visits to the tract in the years 1763 to 1768, traveled over the grant and incurred £525 of expense in surveying it and planning the drainage canals.

A plantation was laid out, a farm house built and some small canals made connecting with the Nansemond River.

After the peace in 1784, the State of Virginia confirmed the grant, and the company was incorporated, Washington's share remaining the same. In his will dated in 1799, he valued his holdings at \$20,000, and they are recorded in the books of his executors as paying dividends of from \$580 to \$2,400 per year as late as 1825. In 1793 he attempted to sell his share to "Light Horse Harry" Lee, then Governor of Virginia, for £4,000 Virginia Currency. After four years, Governor Lee had only paid him \$750 cash, 70 shares of stock of the Bank of Columbia, a note for \$1,000, and "thirty barrels of flour," and so was forced to abandon the purchase and

"IT IS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK"



GNPCO

It is of little use to hammer cold iron

lose the amount he had paid. The stock was sold by the estate in 1825 for \$12,100 to the General's nephew, Bushrod Washington, and remained in his family until Civil War times.

The company remained in existence until 1899 when its holdings were purchased by the John L. Roper Lumber Company of Portsmouth, Virginia, who resold to the Camp Manufacturing Co., of Franklin, Virginia; the latter continues to hold it as a timber preserve.

The plan to drain the land for agricultural purposes was not carried out in Washington's time. The fine growth of timber was, however, cut and driven through the short canals from Lake Drummond to Suffolk. Saw mills were established in Suffolk and docks on the Nansemond River and the lumber was marketed by passage to the James River and Chesapeake Bay.

A plantation was cleared about six miles south of Suffolk at the end of the Washington Ditch, a canal four miles long. On this canal the logs were driven out of the timber to the height of land which bounds the swamp and thence were hauled by road across the ridge and down into the valley at Suffolk. The road, the clearing, a farmhouse and the Ditch were in existence in 1918, though not in use. A larger canal running more directly to Suffolk was cut from the lake to the east branch of the Nansemond River and was quite a pretentious piece of work, being carried across an intervening watercourse at one point. This canal could also be located ten years ago.

This property yielded Washington and his estate greater returns than many of his other investments, as he purchased it from the colony as its last parcel of unallotted land at a low price, and received in all over \$50,000 from dividends, Governor Lee's forfeiture and its sale.

The growth was described by him in a letter to Governor Lee as of the finest cypress and juniper, and in 1918 the then resident superintendent for the owners stated that the fifth crop of juniper, in the one hundred sixty years of operation, was being marketed that year.

Joseph F. Nevins

FUNERAL services were held at St. Paul's Church, Franklin, N. H., on Tuesday morning, March 6, for Joseph F. Nevins who passed away in Bangor on March 3. A



JOSEPH F. NEVINS

solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated, Rev. John Sliney of Hanover being the celebrant, Rev. Francis Sliney of Concord, the deacon, and Rev. Wilfred Chartier, the sub-deacon. Rev. Fathers John and Francis Sliney are cousins of the deceased. Delegations from the Elks and the Knights of Columbus attended.

Mr. Nevins was stricken with illness late in 1926 and was granted a leave of absence by the Great Northern Paper Company. He spent nearly a year in travel in quest of health, retaining his position until last fall when, failing to make the hoped-for recovery, he resigned. About three months ago Mr. and Mrs. Nevins moved from Millinocket to Bangor, where he received special medical treatment in a hospital of that city.

He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Alice Morrison, two

brothers, Ex-Mayor M. J. Nevins, of Franklin, N. H., and Jeremiah Nevins, of Boston, and a sister, Sister Madeline, Mother Superior at the Sisters of Mercy Convent in Claremont.

Mr. Nevins was born in Franklin, N. H., a son of Jeremiah and Honore (Maloney) Nevins, on March 31, 1873. He was educated in the local schools and entered Paper Mill C of the International Paper Company when a young man. He advanced rapidly from a machine hand to a foreman's position and was promoted to the position of assistant superintendent in the Palmer Mills Plant with the same company in Corinth, New York. He also served with them in Fort Edward and Ticonderoga before coming to the Great Northern Paper Company.

On August 25, 1913, Mr. Nevins became superintendent of the East Millinocket Mill and five years later was transferred to the Millinocket Mill.

As a production manager he had few equals. The manner in which he held the loyalty and respect of the men working under him was remarkable. His devotion to his family, his fidelity to his friends, his integrity and untiring eagerness to do kind things, will long be remembered. In the passing of Joseph F. Nevins, Millinocket loses a good citizen and the Great Northern Paper Company a capable official.

A Good Inheritance

The moment a young man or woman gets more money than he or she has grown to by practical experience, that moment he has gotten a curse. It is no help to a young man or woman to inherit money. It is no help to your children to leave them money, but if you leave them education, if you leave them Christian and noble character, if you leave them a wide circle of friends, if you leave them an honorable name, it is far better than that they should have money.

—Russell H. Conwell, D. D.

GNPCO

Friends, like stars, shine brightest when one's world is dark—JOHN ANDREW HOLMES



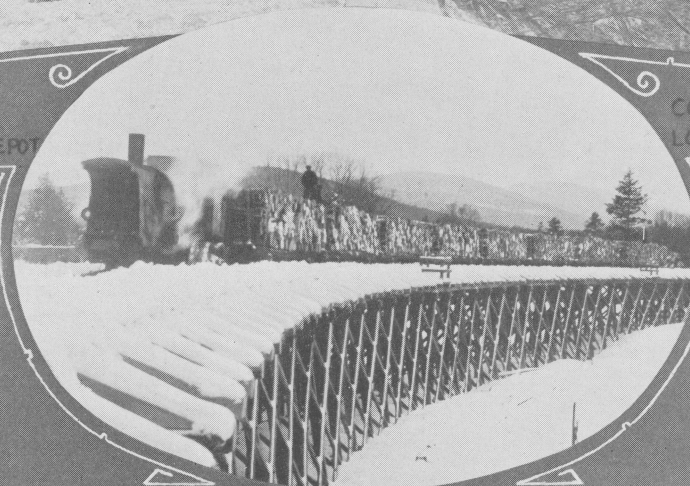
ALEX, "CAL" & GEORGE GUNN



MEN'S CAMP,
COOPER BROOK DEPOT



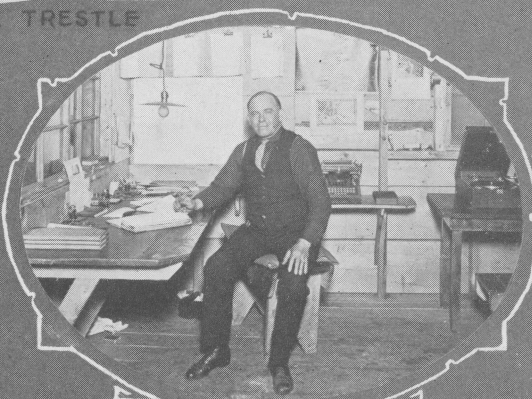
COOPER BROOK
LOG-HAULERS



CROSSING COOPER BROOK TRESTLE



UNLOADING ON JOE-MERRY LAKE

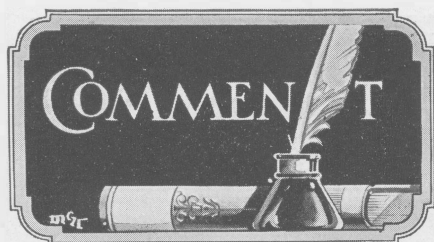


"ANDY" FAULKNER

Photos by Daniel Maher

GNPCO

The fellow that always thinks first of others need not be clever to be popular



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

Happier Than Kings

The regular recurrence of the seasons brings more or less stereotyped experiences for the home dwellers. Spring is here or fast approaching! With it come visions of house cleaning and window washing; the storm windows must be removed and the screens put on for the summer; ashes must be removed from the cellar and the cellar and attic cleaned. The lawn must be raked and the mower reconditioned; the kitchen garden must be prepared before long and the flower beds put in shape. It is a task or a privilege—the difference depends upon the attitude taken toward the work to be done. If it seems a task, we must think of the poor metropolitan nomad domiciled in a modern cliff dwellers' apartment. He longs for what we possess, though he may not know the work necessary to keep a lawn in good condition, or much about a garden except the plucking of the blossoms or the gathering of the matured vegetables. But this is the season when we plan and dream and have our visions of what we hope for this year; it's too early yet to do much of the work!

What joy there is in planning the home! We can change our plans without extra effort and alterations will require no destruction of valuable material as long as nothing is more substantial than the mental reality. This castle-building-mindedness is not the creation of editors of modern domestic magazines nor a complex superinduced by realtors steeped in advertising psychology. They just take advantage of it and capitalize it.

That all great men and women

have had their minds full of home-builder's dreams was the conclusion I arrived at years ago after having heard Russel H. Conwell lecture on "Famous Men and Women I have Met." He was just a boy when he met John Brown but what he remembered most was seeing the plans that he carried in his pocket of the home he hoped to build when the troublesome times should be over. As a young officer in the army during the Civil War, Conwell had occasion to call on President Lincoln, who, when the business was over, told him of his plans for retiring to his little home in Springfield when he could leave the White House. There were a dozen other such stories in the course of this lecture which I remember with as much pleasure and profit as I do the better known lecture of "Acres of Diamonds." One of the high points was his description of his last meeting with Empress Eugenie in her modest English garden when he reminded her of last seeing her in her royal palace at a very brilliant affair. She replied that she was happier there in exile, in a little home of her own.

So, by being contented to do our spring chores in the place we call home, we may all be happier than kings and queens in their palaces.

APRIL RAIN

ROBERT LOVEMAN

*It is not raining rain for me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.*

*The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.*

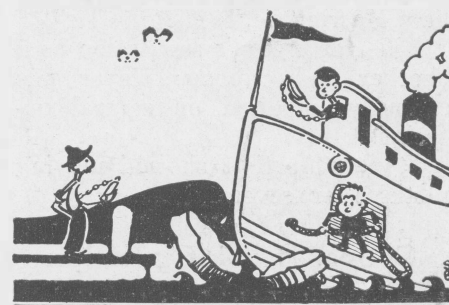
*It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
Can find a bed and room.*

*A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.*

Let's Take Care of It

Engineers are prone to talk of the efficiency of modern machines. But no machine has ever been constructed that is so efficient as man himself. Where can we find a pump as perfect as the human heart? If the boss treats it right, it stays on the job for more than 600,000 working hours, making 4,320 strokes and pumping 15 gallons an hour. We have no telephonic mechanism equal to our nervous system; no wireless as efficient as the voice and the ear; no cameras as perfect as the human eye; no ventilating plant as wonderful as the nose, lungs, and skin, and no electrical switchboard can compare with the spinal cord. Isn't such a marvelous mechanism worthy of the highest respect and the best care?

—*World's Work*



Time is Money

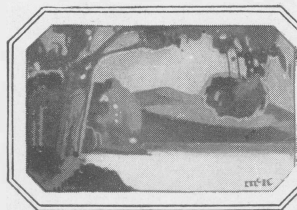
Time is money, at least in this case. There is \$10.00 waiting for the company employee who makes the nearest guess as to when the ice will go out of Moosehead Lake. The ice is considered out when the Coburn boat drops its hawser on the Kineo wharf at the end of the first Greenville-Kineo voyage of the season.

You may win \$10.00 if you will write your name, position with the company and the month, day, hour and minute of your guess on a piece of paper and have it on the editor's desk before April 15.

Nature and the captain's watch will decide the destiny of the \$10.00 and the opportunity of the guessers is free and equal. The only requirement is that the winner must be an employee of the company at the time the award is made.

GNPCOM

Easy going folks are the hardest to start



Northern News



Northeast Carry Operation

Gerald F. Baker, Correspondent

Joseph Paquet, Sr., Joseph Paquet, Jr., and Arthur Paquet cut around 15,000 cords on Burbank, East Middlesex and T3 R14.

The season was favorable for cutting and hauling. All these operations closed before the first of March.

Mr. A. P. Roby was the superintendent.

Visitors were Fred Baily, Lloyd Houghton, L. A. O'Connell, Phil Bradeen, Joseph McPhee and William Harrington.

Bill Harrington's reputation as a checker and cribbage player was seriously impaired on several occasions.

Stanley Bartlett showed moving pictures here several times.

Cooper Brook Operation

J. A. Marceau, Correspondent

At this writing, hauling at Cooper Brook is nearly finished. Four thousand cords are still in the woods and old man weather is working hard against the road crew which is trying to keep the road in condition for the steamers.

Mrs. G. B. Burr has returned to her home in Bangor after spending the winter in Cooper Brook. We were sorry to learn that their home had been broken into by burglars a few days before she went down.

Mrs. Pelletier, who had been at Cooper Brook since last April, has left. Miss Cliche has also gone. Mrs. Hobart is now the only woman at the depot camp.

Mike Pelletier, who had been cooking here since last March, resigned the first of the month. Frank Parker is now cooking at the depot.

Peter McDuffy was relieved at Owens Camp by George Willey.

Harry Robbins, who was scaling at the landing for the land owners, has returned home.

The visitors at Cooper Brook for this month were as follows: F. A. Gilbert, Mr. Prentiss and Mr. Carlyle of Bangor, Mr. James Q. Gulnac of Bangor, F. R. Schmidt, of Hamburg, Germany, E. A. Piper, Jr. of New York City, William Hilton, O. A. Harkness, George P. Longley, W. T. Robichaud, and C. E. Page.

Phil Sawyer and Irving Jackson, who were cruising in this section, have returned to Bangor.

L. E. Houghton and Archer Grover are running lines and cruising on B Town; they are stopping at the Forestry Camp.

Dan Maher was here recently taking pictures.

Grant Farm

J. E. Ramsey, Correspondent

Frank Serois and Angus Miller are closing the gates on all the dams in this vicinity.

E. M. MacDonald and W. Bart-

lett are painting some of the rooms in the boarding house.

Fred Peterson is keeping the road open between here and Northeast Carry. Fred reports that Alex McAskill is still alive. Alex has been at the Lobster Halfway Camp all winter. "Young Alex" or "Squeak" Emery is still officiating at the switchboard.

Recent visitors at the farm—Mr. F. A. Gilbert and Hon. Tudor Gardiner, O. A. Harkness, N. A. Smith, A. G. Hempstead and son David, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Bartlett, L. G. White, L. A. O'Connell, J. F. McPhee, and Chas. Ambrose.

A son Roland was born to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. MacDonald on February 24, 1928.

Grant Farm Toting

F. A. Murphy, Correspondent

On March 4, Sias Hill was officially closed as a part of the Grant Farm Toting for the balance of the season. J. A. Haselton has gone to Bangor and Louis Cormier is in Greenville.

Joseph Henderson has graduated to the office of cookee under Dick McKenna at 2nd Roach. Joe went to this position from that of striker.

Congratulations and best wishes for the future are being extended to Miss Lena Veno of Rockwood and Stanley Morrell who were married in Greenville, on March 9, by Mr. F. W. Allen.

It was found necessary to repair the damage to the oats caused by the rats in the Lily Bay Storehouse. Asa Thibodeau and Narcisse Gadon were three days re-bagging and cleaning up the mess. They stayed in the office at Lily Bay nights and "boiled their own" on the box stove. Our cafeteria paid during their stay.

Thomas Venitner has gone from 2nd Roach to Seboomook.



GNPCOR

Worry is the interest you pay on the troubles that do not happen

Boyd Town Operation

Gerald F. Baker, Correspondent

There were about 13,000 cords cut and landed on Gulliver Brook and Seboomook Deadwater. Leo Gagnon was clerk and Joseph Valiers took charge. Mr. A. P. Roby was superintendent, Ed. Conley, scaler, and Gerald Baker, forester.

Bear were thick around here during the fall and caused some trouble by stealing the men's lunches. Moran reported that while he was bringing beef from Pittston, he was followed by three.

Clog dances were held weekly. Conley and Moran were probably the best.

Among the visitors were Mr. Longley, Mr. Groleau and L. E. Houghton. The operation closed on March 10.

Pittston Farm

M. P. Hill, Correspondent

Pittston Farm has opened again, having been closed for the winter months. A good business immediately began.

Charles Reed and crew are replanking stalls in the horse barn.

Twenty horses have arrived here from Seboomook. Gene O'Connell is taking charge of the horses here for William Harrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene LeClare are working at the farm.

Several men and teams have passed through here on their way to Canada.

M. P. Hill has returned to the office after spending several weeks at Twenty Mile Plant.

Bangor Free Labor Agency

George E. McLeod, Correspondent

At present we are able to fill all our orders for woodsmen from our Bangor Office; it was necessary during the month of February to get men from Portland; we are pleased to say that we have been able to furnish work to all good woodsmen who have applied here during the past winter.

W. Getchel has resumed his work at Chesuncook Lake, getting ready for the spring drives.

J. W. Crawford left on March 16 for Umbazooksus where he will be engaged as foreman on Umbazooksus Stream Improvements.

Henry Grover of Glenburn paid us a visit during the past month; Mr. Grover is one of the oldtime woodsmen that will be remembered by many. Although in his late seventies, he is hale and hearty, doing all of his own farm work, in addition to cutting and selling firewood which he delivers himself by auto truck in Bangor and vicinity.

Frank Cone, who has been at Mud Brook Operation this season, has returned to Bangor, much welcomed by horsemen at Bass Park. Frank informs us that he has sold the Kenney Silk horse for a good price. He says that he is "all done" breaking track records throughout the country.

East Millinocket

L. R. Groves, Correspondent

Venance Paoletti had the misfortune to lose a hand in a dynamite explosion a short time ago and is now at the Eastern Maine General Hospital for treatment. Venance has many friends in this locality who sympathize with him.

The ladies of the town have been indulging in an orgie of whist parties, while their husbands keep the home fires burning. Vive la femme!

Mr. Otis Dow, who suffered a painful accident at his home recently, is still on the casualty list, but making rapid progress towards recovery.

L. T. Kenny is celebrating his release from six weeks of court service at Bangor, and his genial smile again illuminates the mill office. After his lengthy period of jury duty, legal terms should have no terrors for Mr. Kenny.

Mr. George W. Nelson is again on the job at the Oil House, after a lengthy absence with an infected hand.

The Glee Club Orchestra of East Millinocket High will soon be in full swing. The members take this opportunity to thank the mill men for their contribution for instruments.

With deep regret we chronicle the demise of Joseph A. F. Nevins, former superintendent at this mill. Mr. Nevins leaves a host of friends, who will ever remember him for his kindness of heart and consideration for those about him.

Winter is tenacious and loath to depart; many have complained of its severity, but few have been able to do anything about it. Will someone page Mr. Mussolini?

Mr. Bill Jones has many guessing as to his identity and object in life. Some even harbor the idea that he has political aspirations. While not entirely in his confidence, we feel that his mission is an unselfish one, and will observe his career with interest.

Rockwood

Hugh Desmond, Correspondent

Arthur Paquet has finished his contract on Lobster Lake and has stored his trucks in the Kineo Garage.

The folks on the Northern Hill have the moving pictures brought to their doors now. They are being shown in the boarding house. The Rockwood Hall has been condemned as unsafe for public gatherings.

Jack McShecky has entered the employ of the Company and is now working in the Kineo Harness Shop.

ALL DOORS EVERYWHERE ARE WIDE OPEN for the BOOSTER

When you boost for your friends and organization, they will boost for you. Bill Jones

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

GNPCO

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men—CANAN WESTCOTT.

F. C. Gatcomb, formerly of Bigelow Operation, is now helping on the Kineo inventories.

A very enjoyable surprise party was tendered to Paul Smith on the occasion of his birthday, March 14. Bridge whist was played, refreshments were served and a good time was enjoyed by all present. The following made up the party: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Murch, Miss Evans and Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Desmond and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Smith.

The Twenty Mile camp and garage were closed on March 14.

Miss Kathaleen Sargent is employed as waitress at the Kineo Boarding House.

Mr. Alphonse Roby returned to Bangor.

Sutherland and Hodgins, at the closing of their operation, returned six horses to Bangor. They went down the ice to Greenville, then by road to Bangor.

Joy and sorrow visited Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gilbert of Caucomgomoc almost simultaneously. Just as they were rejoicing in the birth of a son, Lawrence, born on February 18, a fatal accident claimed their ten year old son, Armand. The misfortune occurred on February 27, when he was struck by a truck which backed into him. Medical aid was brought from Canada and after failing rapidly, he passed away on March 6. The family returned to their home in Canada the following day.

Seboomook

S. W. Morin, Correspondent

Charlie (Sure Shot) Ramsdell is pushing a mean pencil putting the invent in the Seboomook inventory.

Frank Goodwin, who had charge of the light plants here, has left for fairer lands and his place is being taken by Wesley Cray alias Boob McNutt.

Mr. and Mrs. Jason Goodwin have returned to their home in East Corinth, Maine. They will be greatly missed. Their place is filled by Mr. and Mrs. William Chase of Greenville.

Miss Doris Dunton has been

doing table work here since Miss Ida Brown returned to Millinocket.

Mrs. Lena Shaw of Ten Mile Plant is now doing chamber work here. Misses Bernice Kane and Charlotte Smith are also working at the farm.

Joseph Gagnon, Frank Daley and W. E. Adams are taking care of horses. Mrs. Adams is cooking for Mrs. Chase.

Fifty-seven horses have arrived here already and forty-six more are on the way from Ellis Brook Operation.

Joe Curran of Sutherland and Hodgins Operation passed through here enroute to their farm.

The movie, The Cat and the Canary, sold out the house on March 14. It was a very good but weird picture and several cases of insomnia were reported the next morning. The Burton family came across the ice to attend the show.

Cal Murray is as busy as anyone in this vicinity at this time. The light plants and pumpshave a habit of demanding attention all at one time.

Joe Klimchhook, our local barber, was in Skowhegan calling on friends for a few days this month.

Angus Gillis and Edward Sweeney have left our bed and board for parts unknown.

Ed. Groleau has just finished landing 33,000 cords of wood on his Caucomgomoc and Boydtown jobs. His equipment is being stored here.

Mrs. Ethel Scott worked at the farm for a few days.

Leon Mishio was at his home in Costigan, Maine, recently, for a short visit.

Supplies for Caucomgomoc Drive have already left the storehouse. Charlie Ramsdell is to clerk the drive.

Tom Venitner and Bob Gunn arrived here recently to work on the farm.

Discussion as to when the ice will go out is beginning to warm up but no definite date has been decided upon.

Machias Operation

W. J. LaCrosse, Correspondent

"The song is ended, but the melody lingers on!" Quite essential is the cleaning up after the operation and while the color is lacking from the work going on here, we are nevertheless quite busy accounting for the season's work and putting the past on paper.

W. H. Jeffers concluded the hauling at an early date, and on March 7, all the camps had closed. The scale was 21,442.36; in addition to this there were about 200 cords of wood left from last year which went to the landing.

H. L. Robbins of Grindstone, who was assisting with the clerical work during the breaking-up time, has left.

Don Pearson bade us good-bye about the first of March and returned to Greenville.

Allie Hardy, Bert Wallace and Dwight Russell, all scalers on the landing, have departed, and Francis Dougherty is making his headquarters at the depot camp. He is at present scaling the timber being used on Machias Lake Dam.

Three four-horse teams are hauling to Ashland boom logs that were cut at the Ten Mile.

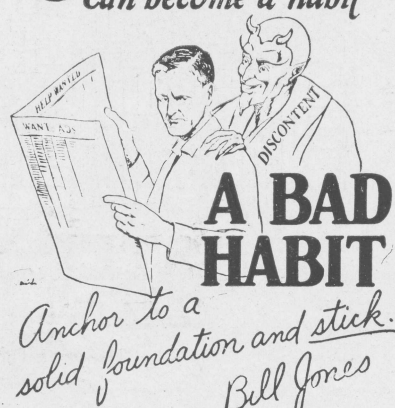
The tractors are in use hauling timber to Machias Lake Dam.

Horses are being shipped to Millinocket. Twenty-six have gone there and four are being used on the Weeksboro Conveyor.

Phil Murdock and W. H. Hilton stopped here on the way to Musquacook Lake.

John Morrison, who has been

CHANGING JOBS
Can become a habit



A BAD HABIT

Anchor to a solid foundation and stick.
Bill Jones

ONE PARKER HOLLAND CO. - CHICAGO, ILL.

GNPCOR

Minds are like parachutes: they function only when they are open—LOUISVILLE TIMES

here for over a month, returned to Rockwood, stopping at Grindstone enroute.

Greenville

D. M. Pearson, Correspondent

For three days the snow plow has been working on the main road to Bangor; it reached Monson and returned to Greenville. There has been no report of cars coming through from Bangor but it is expected that this year the open road will be in use at an earlier season than in any of the past years. The snow which was encountered during the plowing made it a difficult task to break through. Snow piled up on either side of the road in the wake of the plow reached to the top of the exhaust pipe of the tractor. The exhaust pipe comes out of the hood of the engine and is a considerable distance in the air.

There was a great stir in the community and much interest was excited when the report reached here from Kokadjo that the missing plane, "The Endeavor," bearing the English fliers, was sighted early on the morning of March 16. Aid was gladly contributed in the search for some possible clue by which they might be located, but there was little to substantiate the report. The sound which was thought to be that of the plane came from a section where tractors were at work. Atmospheric conditions can cause deception and, although Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dyer of Kokadjo remain firm in their belief that they had heard the plane, it is understood how similar sounds could be confused especially at a time such as that.

While the storm of March 18 deposited about five inches of snow here, it did not hold up the traffic on the lake. This has been an exceptionally good year for winter travel on Moosehead Lake and there have been few days during the season when the condition of the ice would not permit travel. The lake is often thought of as an open road with plenty of room but traveling on it is not always smooth sailing. On Monday, March 19, the driver of one of the town cars had

to resort to the use of a compass in order to insure a safe arrival at his destination. The snow blowing and filling the air made it almost impossible to see any distance or to get proper bearings.

Gerald Gartley, who has been with the Social Service Division for the past winter, returned to his home in Brewer on February 20.

Moving pictures shown during the month, included "The Cat and the Canary." This picture was considered by many to be the outstanding picture of the year.

On a recent visit to Grindstone we found the pile diminished to nothing and the crew departed. George Price is still holding forth in the office attending to the cleaning up and taking the inventories. Carl Hughes who hauled the wood had a good season and finished early.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hilton spent a few days in Boston attending the Automobile Show.

Bob Moore, who drove the twin tractor at Grindstone this winter, returned to Greenville and then took the same tractor to Ellis Brook. He returned to Greenville with it on March 20.

H. I. Rollins has entered his name in the primaries as candidate for the State Legislature.

Ellis Brook Operation

L. N. Murphy, Correspondent

Thanks to lots of good weather and plenty of hard work, Ellis Brook Operation is practically closed. 47,000 cords of wood have been landed on Umbazookskus and Shallow Lake and only about twenty-five men are left on the operation.

The horses were taken to Seboomook and Grant Farm.

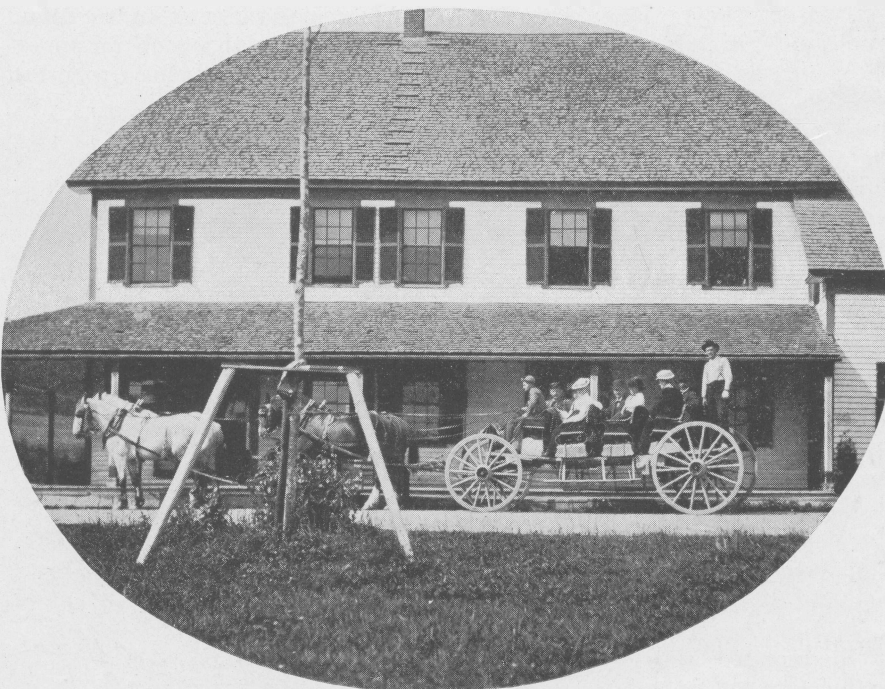
A. V. MacNeill has followed the crowd and gone to Bangor.

"Tommy" Quine spent a few days in Greenville but has returned and will remain here watching camps.

Mrs. Vickery and children have returned to their home. Mr. Vickery and James Mackie will be on duty here for a time.

Mr. Roy MacGregor made us a short visit preparatory to making some changes in the track of the Chesuncook-Chamberlain Railroad.

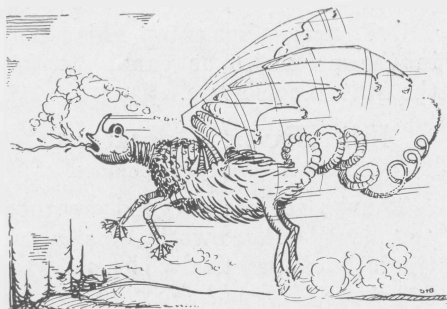
John E. Mea, L. N. Murphy and Alphonse Bertrand will be on the job for about two weeks more finishing the clerical work.



The Stage at Kokadjo before the Ripogenus Road was built. The picture was taken by the late Mrs. D. T. Sanders of Greenville

GNPCOM

Soft jobs come to those who have done hard jobs well, and easy money is postponed payment that comes to the man who has earned hard money—WILLIAM FEATHER



Guy Bubar's Slinx

By Stanley Foss Bartlett

In spite of the belief that monsters of the prehistoric nature now abound only in the glass cases of museums, Guy Bubar, cook, reports that the Ellis Brook region fairly teems with a species of denizen, the sight of which would bring the hair of any man to a vertical position.

This haunter of the Maine woods is 10,000 times larger than a side-hill badger and has some of the characteristics of bird, beast and reptile. Its head resembles that of a huge sea turtle but is surmounted by a curved hard rubber horn of fearful aspect. From his wrinkled, leathery, telescopic neck, feathers of varied bright hues grow back to the middle of his body, the remainder of which is covered with angora hair. A pair of waxy wings protrudes from the legitimate places and the whole chassis reaches its termination in a long rat-like tail which is always curled in seven complete coils. The two rear legs are equipped with cloven hoofs while the fore legs are armored with fishy scales and the feet, in aquatic keeping, are webbed.

Wherever it travels this monster leaves no tracks; this may be due to the fact that it stirs up a blinding dust at all times, whether in summer or winter, in wet or dry weather. When in flight, it is invisible and silent except for a droning of the wings which often harmoniously approaches the tune of a Vernon Dalhart accompaniment. If driven to water, it dives like a loon and swims like a fish.

Only Bubar has seen this terror of the north country for no bait seems to tempt it and no snare can fool it, and it is said that no man who is on a milk diet will ever be favored with a glimpse of this

malicious mammal. A reward of \$732.19 and costs, to be paid in Canadian nickels, is offered for information leading to the discovery of lair or liar of this dragon.

Late For Dinner

By Don Brean

Up at Frank Dunn's camp on Lombard Lake a few years ago a fellow was sitting on the Deacon Seat sewing up a rip in a horse blanket, using one of those big shipping needles and a ball of twine. Behind him was an old-time field bed, common enough then, though I don't know where one is to be found now. The bed was made of spruce and cedar boughs covered by a single spread. From a dozen to twenty men slept on this after removing the outer clothing and boots. Warm woolen underwear was the "nightie" of the field bed. To cover them the men used a quilt, either stuffed or made of several thicknesses of material, and sometimes twenty feet or more in width! The dimensions depended upon the number of men the quilt was supposed to cover.

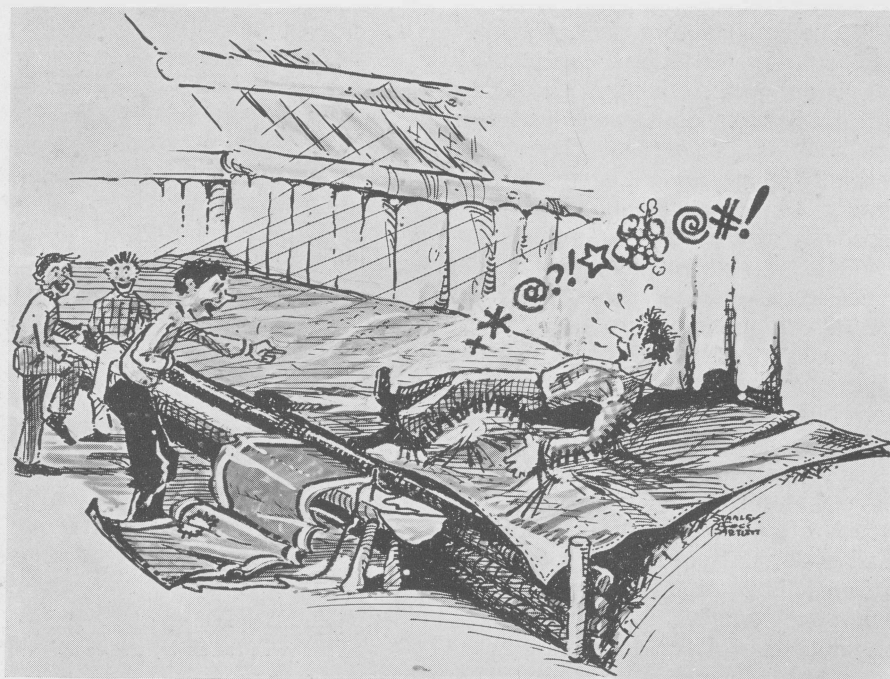
Hearing a snore behind him, the man with the needle turned and saw a man stretched out flat on his back, arms and legs extended, sound asleep. It was too good an opportunity to pass up. Being a practical

joker, he took a generous length of twine and proceeded to sew the sleeper to that twenty-foot comforter tacking him down along the legs of his pants and along his shirt sleeves with several strands across his wrists and ankles. He did a good job.

Hardly had he finished and retreated to an obscure corner to await the sleeper's awakening and to witness the impending rumpus, when the cook bawled "Take 'er!" by way of announcing dinner. It was a call that would arouse any hungry wood-chopper with almost magical speed. The victim came to with a final snort!

The scene can be imagined better than described. Picture the man rudely awakened from sound slumber, instinctively jumping to answer the dinner call, only to find himself sewed fast to one of those great camp spreads! He might as well have been staked out on the ground by Apache Indians so far as getting loose went.

At first, he must have thought he had suffered a shock or something like that and couldn't get up. Then he discovered the situation and began to yell and cuss and the boys gathered to laugh. How they did guy him! They didn't cut him free either until they were about half through dinner and he and his vocabulary were almost exhausted.



GNPCOM

Science placed horse-power under the motor hood, but only God can place horse-sense under the driver's hat

Seven Anchors

A Drama in One Act

By W. M. CREEGAN

Place: Pittston Farm, at the union of the North and South branches.

Time: Late autumn of the year 1925.

Cast of Characters

Maynard Emery, then switchboard operator at Pittston Farm. Sometimes known as "Squeak."

A Sport, whom we will call Mr. Hoople, and who has been stopping at the Farm during the hunting season.

Synopsis

(Mr. Hoople has been staying for some time at Pittston and someone asks him what his business may be. He replies, "I manage my wife!" Looks of admiration are directed at him by all the married men present. Mr. Hoople goes on to explain that his wife is a concert singer, that he handles her contracts, makes her traveling arrangements and so forth. His mail is heavy and telegrams and long distance calls are not uncommon. One day a telegram arrives while he is off on a hunting trip. It has a cryptic air and seems to be in code. Maynard receives it and at supper time carries it over to the house. Now go on with the action.)

ACT I

Maynard (*entering carelessly from left*): "I have a wire for you, Mr. Hoople."

Mr. Hoople: "It that so? Read it for me, won't you, my glasses are in my other coat."

Maynard (*reads*): "'Large' house seven anchors.' It doesn't seem to make much sense, does it, Mr. Hoople?"

Mr. Hoople: "No, son, it doesn't. Let me see it." (*takes the telegram and finds his other coat. Studies paper intently. At last his face brightens and he laughs.*) "Oh, now I know what she means. It is from my wife—she sang last night in Milwaukee—and should read, 'A fine house, seven enclosures!'"

(*While soft music is played, the curtain falls.*)



Green

Brown

Blue

Chesuncook Lake Tourist's Despatch

By LOUIS S. COOK

FEW of us devote even a passing thought to the bits of colored paper affixed to the letters we receive. Yet those bits of paper represent the finest in the art of design and engraving, depict the outstanding figures and events in the history of the nations, and practically insure the delivery of messages in even the most remote corner of the earth.

In addition to the service rendered by the governments, the carrying of letters and parcels beyond the scope of official delivery has been, in some cases, undertaken by individuals. These private carriers sold stamps of their own issue to defray the expense of such delivery. Of these privately issued stamps, there is none more interesting to the writer than the "Tourist's Despatch," "Chesuncook Locals," or "Maine Moose Stamps," as they are variously called.

A diligent search has not yet revealed an entirely satisfactory knowledge of the history of these stamps. The writer will set forth such meager information as he has been able to glean, trusting that anyone having further knowledge will pass it on.

For years there have been many camping and hunting parties in the vicinity of Chesuncook Lake during the summer and autumn seasons. Among these were many who desired to have mail carried between the local post office and their respective camping places. The "Tourist's Despatch" stamps were issued for the purpose of defraying the expense of such a service,

and are a tribute to the keen foresight of the late Leonard Hilton who was for several years manager of the hotel and store at Chesuncook. Wm. and C. Max Hilton, sons of the originator of these stamps, are superintendents in the Spruce Wood Department of the Great Northern Paper Company.

The exact date of issuance is not known, but it is probable that they were in use during the decade 1880 to 1890. Mr. Hilton moved from Chesuncook in 1890 and was succeeded by the late Ansel B. Smith. The writer has in his possession a letter addressed to Mr. Smith under date of July 19, 1893, asking for "three of the Tourist's Stamps you put on letters." It is unlikely that this request was complied with as it is very probable that the use of these stamps ceased with Mr. Hilton's departure from Chesuncook.

The stamps were issued in three denominations, one cent green, three cent brown, and five cent blue, the frame being the same general design as the two cent stamps of 1883. The central design, depicting the head of a moose, seems most appropriate when we think of this unofficial mail service rendered from the little out-post settlement in the heart of the Maine woods.

There are some thirty or forty of these stamps in the hands of collectors in Bangor and vicinity, all of which are uncanceled. No cancelled specimens, or those affixed to envelopes as used at the time, have as yet come to light.

GNPCO

To ignore an insult is the true test of moral courage

Ultima Veritas

By WASHINGTON GLADDEN

In the bitter waves of woe,
 Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
 From the desolate shores of doubt,—

While the anchors that faith had cast
 Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
 To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
 That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite
 And a neighbor than a spy;

In the darkest night of the year,
 When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
 That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
 And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
 Have the universe on their side:

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
 Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
 I shall see Him and I will wait.