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The
Northern
August 1928



The Northern

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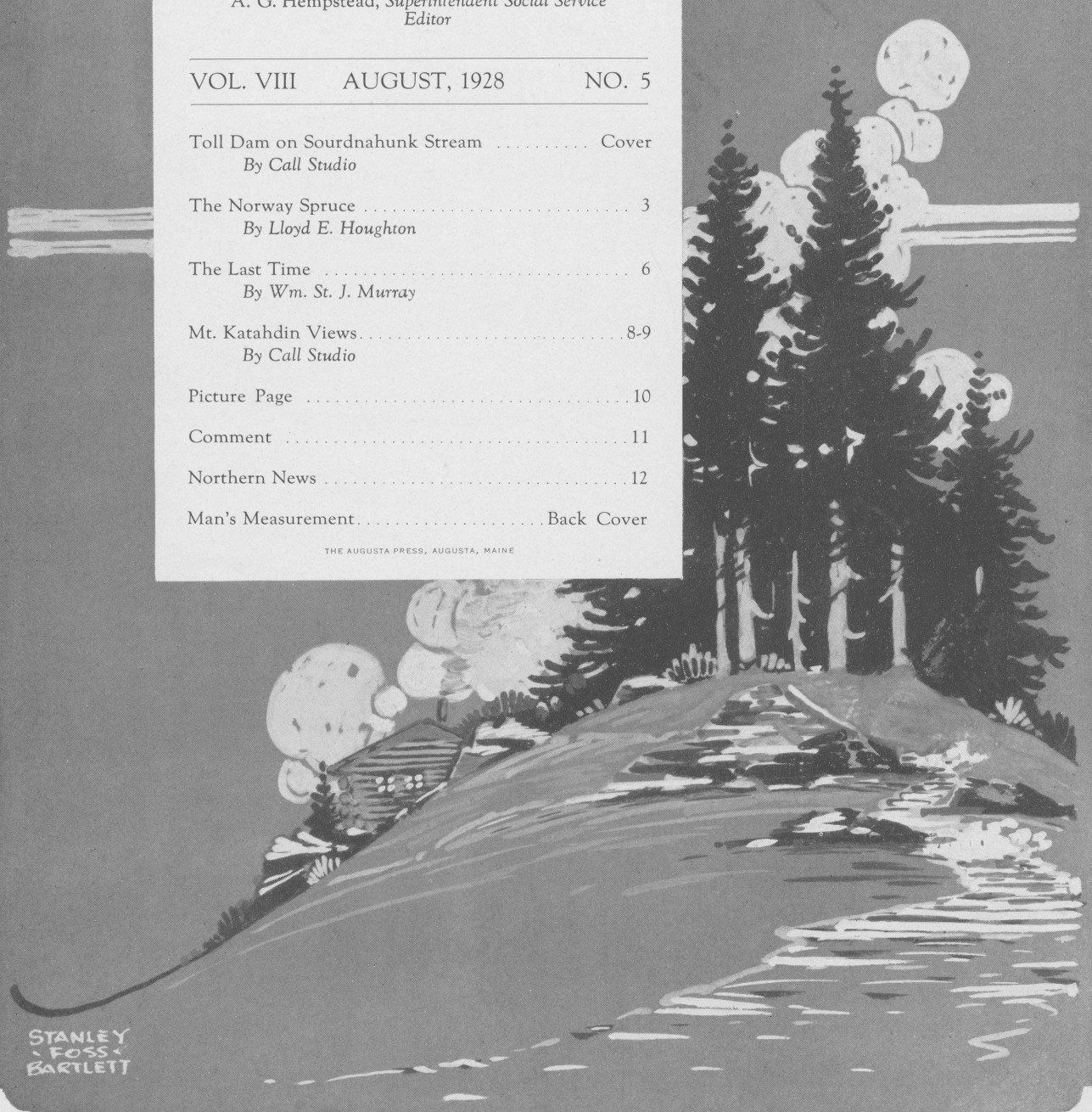
A. G. Hempstead, *Superintendent Social Service*
Editor

VOL. VIII AUGUST, 1928 NO. 5

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THE AUGUSTA PRESS, AUGUSTA, MAINE

STANLEY
FOSS
BARTLETT





The Northern

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



The Norway Spruce

By LLOYD E. HOUGHTON

Division of Forest Engineering

MUCH has been said and written concerning the feasibility of planting young evergreen trees in Maine. One of the most frequent questions heard by one connected with the pulpwood industry is, What are the timberland owners in Maine doing in the way of reforestation? Is forest planting on a large scale practicable in Maine? To anyone who is familiar with Maine forests the answer is simple. *Forest planting on cut over lands in Maine is not practicable or feasible, and never will be.*

Here in Maine we are fortunately favored with an average annual rainfall of more than forty inches and this precipitation is so evenly distributed throughout the year that conditions are nearly perfect for a good natural reproduction of spruce, which to-day is the most important softwood tree. If one has occasion to travel over an average area of cut-over land on a rainy

day or soon after a shower he will be immediately convinced that there is an ample supply of natural reproduction of softwood species.

If one undertook to make a plantation of young trees on most of the logged-over land in Maine, it would be necessary to cut away young growth to find room to plant his trees. To be sure, these trees that have come up naturally are not evenly spaced. Some are crowded together and a great many will be choked out altogether during the

struggle for existence, but in the long run the forest is bound to re-establish itself as it has been doing ever since lumber operations were started in Maine many years ago.

We do not propose to discuss the cost of planting to any great length in this article. The writer has had considerable experience in reforestation planting on various kinds of land and can plant an area for \$20.00 per acre. Some will say this figure is too high, others will claim that planting well done cannot be done for this amount.

Even if forest planting on a large scale were really needed to perpetuate the Maine forests, can we expect large owners to invest \$20.00 per acre on thousands of acres of land in addition to the cost of the land? Fire risk, taxes, interest, rate of growth and several other factors could be argued at length but it is not our purpose to discuss them here.

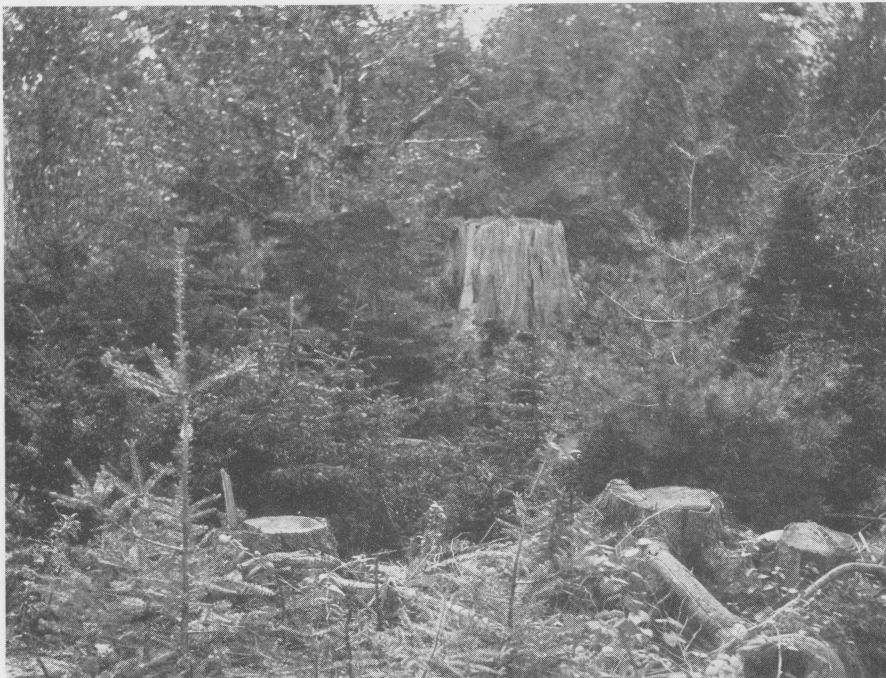
Is forest planting practicable in Maine at all? The writer believes



A Typical Stand of Red Spruce in Maine

GNPCO

In the presence of truth, gold is as a little sand, and silver is as clay



A Study in Reproduction—The large high stump in the background is evidence that this area was cut for saw logs perhaps sixty years ago; the low cut stumps in the foreground show that pulp wood has been cut here recently; the small trees, naturally reproduced, will furnish another stand of merchantable wood without the aid of man.

that it is, under certain conditions, and on certain kinds of land. Let us forget for the time being the cut-over forest land. There are scattered all over the state, hundreds of acres of run-out pasture land, in small parcels, that are not being used for any purpose. Idle acres, like idle men, are not much of an asset to the community in which they exist. Why not put these lands to work growing spruce?

Let us assume that a man has five acres of rocky cleared land that he has no use for. Good, healthy three-year old spruce transplants can be bought for \$8 to \$10 per thousand. One thousand to fifteen hundred will plant an acre. He will not have to tie up much capital to plant an acre a year, especially if he is not afraid to do a little real physical work himself. Trees that are set out in cleared land, evenly spaced, show a surprising rate of growth. After a spruce tree gets to be twelve inches high it will grow a foot in height each year. This land owner can put out his five acres over a period of five years at a very small cost if he handles the thing right

and thereby utilize land that is of no use for anything else.

Who wants to wait forty years even if he can get a yield of 38 cords per acre, you ask? Perhaps this land will be sold together with adjoining property a few years after it

is planted. Is it not reasonable to expect that five acres containing 6,000 thrifty growing spruce trees perhaps fifteen or twenty feet tall will add to the value of the property? Is it not reasonable to expect that this spruce grove will add enough to the sale price of the property to give the owner a pretty big rate of interest on the small amount of real money that he has tied up in the plantation?

Another fitting place for evergreen planting, aside from decorative purposes alone, is in the establishment of windbreaks and plantings to take the place of snow fences that have to be taken down and erected again each year.

Most people who have tried digging up evergreens from the woods and transplanting them have been sorely disappointed. An evergreen tree, especially a spruce, is shallow rooted and when found growing wild has four or five long lateral roots nearly as long as the tree is tall. No matter how big a sod is cut out with the tree these roots are cut off and unless the tree is a very small one or an unusually large ball of earth is taken the tree will fail to show signs of growth for several years if it does not die during the first year.

Trees grown in a nursery are



A three hundred foot windbreak of Norway Spruce and White Pine, which Mr. Wm. St. J. Murray, fifteen years ago, took to his home in Hampden in a ten quart pail, is now fifteen feet high.

GNPCO

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it—EMERSON

transplanted when very small. This transplanting breaks off the ends of the tiny roots and, while the little tree receives a slight set-back in growth, it proceeds to develop more roots where the tips were broken. After the tree is in the ground for a year or two the process is repeated. If properly cared for in the nursery, when this tree gets to be five feet tall, instead of having four or five long roots three or four feet long with root hairs on the ends that will surely be cut off in transplanting, it will have a solid ball of roots as big as a half bushel basket with thousands of short feeding roots. This tree can be transplanted any month in the year without receiving any shock and will immediately start rapid growth in its new position.

The only thing to be careful of in transplanting an evergreen tree is not to allow the roots to get dry. This makes no difference to a maple or a shrub but if the roots of an evergreen get dry that tree is doomed.

A certain Maine nursery this last spring quoted transplanted trees ten to fourteen inches high at \$20.00 per thousand. As we have mentioned above, spruce trees after they get to be a foot high will grow a foot in height per year. When you con-



This Norway Spruce Plantation at Seboomook, Maine, was made on burnt land. Three year old stock was set out in May of 1913.

sider the above figures which the writer from his own experience knows to be true, you will certainly agree that it will not cost a large amount to grow a windbreak nor will it require an unreasonable length of time.

In a photograph accompanying this article is shown a windbreak on the grounds of Wm. St. John Murray in Hampden, Maine.

In May 1913, Mr. Murray obtained a small bundle of three year old transplants from the State of Maine Forest Nursery at Orono. This bundle was put into a ten quart pail and carried to the place where the hedge row was planted. The species are native white pine and Norway Spruce planted alternately.

The Norway spruce is a native of Northern Europe and Asia, but planting has widely extended the limits of its distribution. It was introduced into England in the sixteenth century and in the United States has been grown as an ornamental tree for many years. The Norway Spruce will adapt itself within certain limits to situations similar to those occupied by our spruce forests, and is in every way a superior tree. This spruce develops a straight undivided trunk, with small slender branches which become somewhat drooping in later life. In the open, the limbs, extending almost to the ground, form a well shaped conical crown. The forest grown tree retains its conical form, but the crown is much more compact and is restricted to the upper portions of the trunk. In size, the Norway spruce is not unlike our red spruce. Trees 80 to 100 feet high and two to three feet in



A Pasture Planting of White Spruce—These trees were planted in 1923 at Greenville, Maine. The trees were planted in straight rows five feet apart. This picture was taken across the rows.

GNPCOM

Jumping at conclusions is about the only mental exercise some people take—TROTTEY VECK

diameter are common in Europe on good situations. This species is much more rapid in growth than any of our native spruces and for this reason is generally chosen when commercial plantings of spruce are made. The Norway Spruce is shade-enduring, forming dense stands which protect the soil and maintain forest conditions perfectly. The root system is shallow and not extensive. In commercial plantings, if the trees are planted close enough together, the Norway Spruce develops to excellent advantage and cleans its bole well, forming a straight clear log.

As an ornamental tree the Norway Spruce surpasses all our native New England spruces. Certain varieties of this species are most desirable for hedges and windbreaks, on account of their drooping branches which reach all the way to the ground, differing from the native spruce hedges, which after a few years of growth, quite often become scraggly and unsightly near the ground, on account of the stiff upright portion of the branches.

When extensive plantations are made, three year old transplants are the best stock to use. These little trees should be spaced from four to six feet each way.

To obtain select stock for ornamental planting it is best to visit the nurseries and choose well shaped individual trees from one to four feet high. There are several nurseries in Maine that supply Norway Spruce seedlings, transplants and larger trees at a surprisingly low cost.

Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

June 15 to July 15, 1928

Total precipitation	4.59 inches
Number of clear days	8
Maximum temperature	86° July 11
Minimum temperature	40° June 20
Prevailing wind	S E
Greatest velocity recorded, 12 mi. per hour	
8 P. M. June 16 & 8 P. M. July 11	
Total wind movement	3676 miles

The Last Time

By WM. ST. J. MURRAY

Cashier of the Spruce Wood Department

A CERTAIN man had many daughters and one son, the first born of the family. He was worshipped by his sisters, worshipped by his mother, but a stranger, almost, to his sire.

This was not always so, for as a little lad he had tagged his father round and hung upon his words; but an odd estrangement had grown between them.

It is not to say who was at fault but this is true: a mother can be jealous of the affection of a father for her son. The father saw and marvelled at it, and turned the son toward his mother.

Of the son it might be said that this was a stumble start, but there chanced to be a grain of sand in his anatomy that carried him with credit through the public schools. He fought and won his first and only fight at school by reason of a buffer slur—"His mother's darling child."

The breach widened when the boy left home for college. His father's parting words seemed harsh, "You are leaving home to find your place among your mates. Be sure that they will test you out. And now you can very well forget, in talk at least, that you ever had a father or a mother, a sister or a home."

This boy was tender just below his tough exterior and this parting hurt; but sad to say, before the year was out, he was not above participating in the chastisement of a lad who had not been so well advised and who talked incessantly of home.

At regular and frequent intervals, the boy came home, and the family sat open-mouthed to hear of college escapades; but the father was a silent listener. His only comment was, "I am out of sympathy with haze and razz; it gives a dirty man too good a chance to work. Only the mean in spirit ever sling dirt from a crowd. The stuff that players stand these days from the

side lines at any contest is an actual disgrace and a sad reflection on the public. The spirit of true sport is wanting there. Avoid it."

But, did the talk turn on field events, the father was all interest and attention, and usually he matched his son's recital with some performance of the day when he was young. For this father once had been a boy and gloried, as a man can be excused for glorying, in his strength. "The old days ever were the best days."

This constant header came to be quite irksome to the son, for he knew first hand that no man lingers on the stretch who breasts the tape in seconds ten.

The mention of a sprint always elicited from the sire the same remark, "I would much like to see that man come down the stretch with Puggy Doone." And then would follow the oft told tale, how Doone had always won by reason of dynamic effort in the last ten yards.

But the father had one virtue that his son did not, as yet, appreciate; he seldom mentioned any of his own performances. The hero always was his friend.

As time went on this irritation in the son was changed to subtle ridicule and this is where my tale begins.

* * * * *

The meet had been a thrilling time, one of those days in spring that rarely happen and can never be repeated.

The son came home, elated by the victory of his team, especially a smashing winning dash. As usual the father branched into his oft told tale. The mother's brow went up; the girls sat silent and almost ashamed to hear again of that wonderful spurt in the last ten yards.

When the father was well started in his tale, the son reached to his

GNPCO

Generally, the fellow who thinks others are holding him back, is merely rumbling along with his brakes dragging—NUGGETS

hip and drew out a leather pocket-book. Deliberately he uncapped his pen and made a careful entry on a special page, then slowly he replaced the book, remarking as the tale was done, "That man Doone, Dad, could surely hop along."

Something in this act displeased the father, for he said, "Is it considered form in your fraternity to write your notes at the table when the head leads in the talk?"

The son flushed slightly at this rebuke, but laughingly came back, "Excuse me, Dad, but our professor says that all deep thinkers carry with them always the where-with-all, and when a brilliant thought gyrates, they immediately set it down. This is my Thought Book."

"Would it be considered out of order, then, to allow your father to peruse your brilliant thought? You were posted once as promising in letters."

Still smiling, the son replied, "Nothing doing, Dad. No one cribs my brilliant thoughts. Not one little tinky weenty."

This was the beginning, and for years the son was never home but the Thought Book was in evidence.

One night the father was out late in attendance on a friend, and, returning in the still small hours, was surprised to see the light still burning in his study. Stepping on the lawn and looking in, he saw his first born comfortably ensconced in his father's reading chair, and in his hand the well-worn book. What he read afforded him keen amusement for he slapped his thigh in silent glee.

As the father watched, he heard the night bell ring and he saw his son place the book face downward on the stand, then answer to the call. The call was urgent and the father saw his son reach hastily his hat and in a moment heard him canter down the street.

The father then passed in and stood before the Thought Book lying there. Curiosity at length overcame his scruple and, opening the book hap-hazard, he read this title, "This is the Tale of Puggy Doone." Below was written a list of dates

ranging back for years. The last date, but one week before, read as follows:

May 13, 1924, Twenty-seventh time.

This brought a blaze of color to the father's cheek, shame and anger close contending.

Without compunction now, he sat him down and carefully perused each page. And on each page a caption of an oft-told tale and a record of its repetitions. Some of the headings were so grotesque that even he, the subject of this secret play, could scarce forbear to smile.

With the book closed over a finger in the Puggy Doone page, he sat a time and pondered, gazing into the dying embers. At length he too reached to his hip and drew out a well-worn book, and wrote. Then tearing out the check he tucked it carefully into the "Puggy" page. Placing the book exactly as it had been found and leaving the light still on, he mounted the stairs to bed, and for the first time in his remembrance he staggered on the stairs.

Soon the son came home, and he too, wondering at the light, stepped off the walk and looked within. His first glance caught the black book lying there. He moved, he hurried—until he had the black book in his hand, and then replacing it upon his hip, in school boy parlance he muttered, "Now that was careless of me—careless—careless." And he, too, climbed the stairs to bed.

Next day was Sunday and the family gathered for the morning meal. They were but fairly seated when the son came down. This was not usual and it started banter round the board, to which the son replied, "Believe me, girls, I had one awful dream. It was not all a dream. When I awoke, the room seemed lonesome and I at once

came down. I am better now, 'Visions of the night do vanish with the dawn.'"

The talk then drifted to the topics of the day, but soon, and ashamed we are to say it, at the suggestion of the son, the father introduced his Puggy tale.

To give him credit, the son made no move until the tale was done, then smilingly, "That Doone man, Dad, could surely hop along."

Quite deliberately he then drew forth the well-worn book and turned it to the Puggy page. His quick eye caught the well-known color of his father's cheek and then the color mounted to his cheek, for on the page, beneath, was written in his father's rounded hand:

May 20, 1924, "Last time"

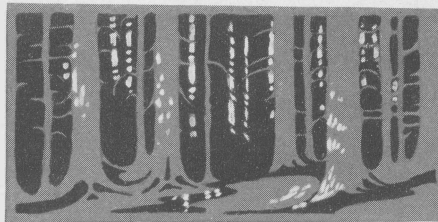
The son's face turned scarlet then turned to ashen gray. A pained look settled on his countenance. A while he sat with finger folded in the page, exactly as his father sat the night before. Then slowly he arose and folding the check within the book he snapped the cover down. Passing to his father's study he dropped the book behind the flames and without excuse he mounted to his room.

The mother saw that something had gone wrong and made a move to follow him, but halted at her husband's lifted and forbidding hand.

With a look of deep regret, the father followed then and closed the chamber door.

The son lay there upon his rumpled couch, his face pushed down upon his arm. His shoulders shook in strong convulsions: the football star wept bitter tears. He had hurt the hand that helped him up.

What happened within those walls is far too intimate for stone cold print; but the father and his boy are strangers now no more. And the son comes racing home and often perches on his father's chair. And he sometimes hankers for the oft-told tales but the father still abides by his own decree "Last Time." He has forgotten that he ever was a boy.



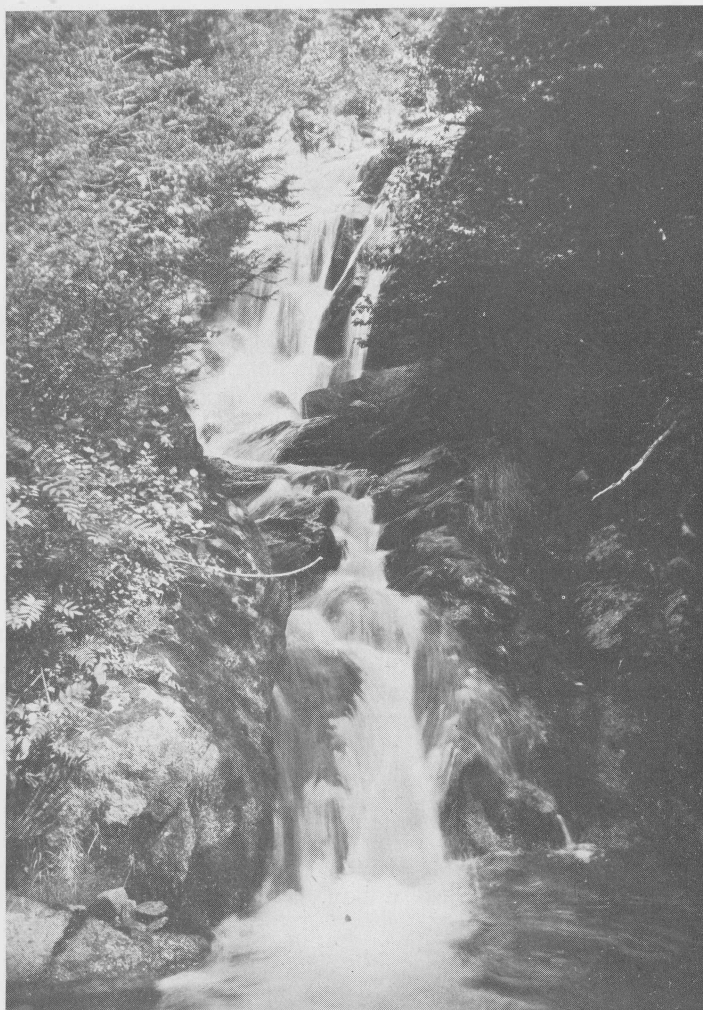
GNPCOM

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them—WASHINGTON IRVING



MOUNT K
Photo

Katahdin and Basin Pond—above
Falls on Katahdin Stream—lower left



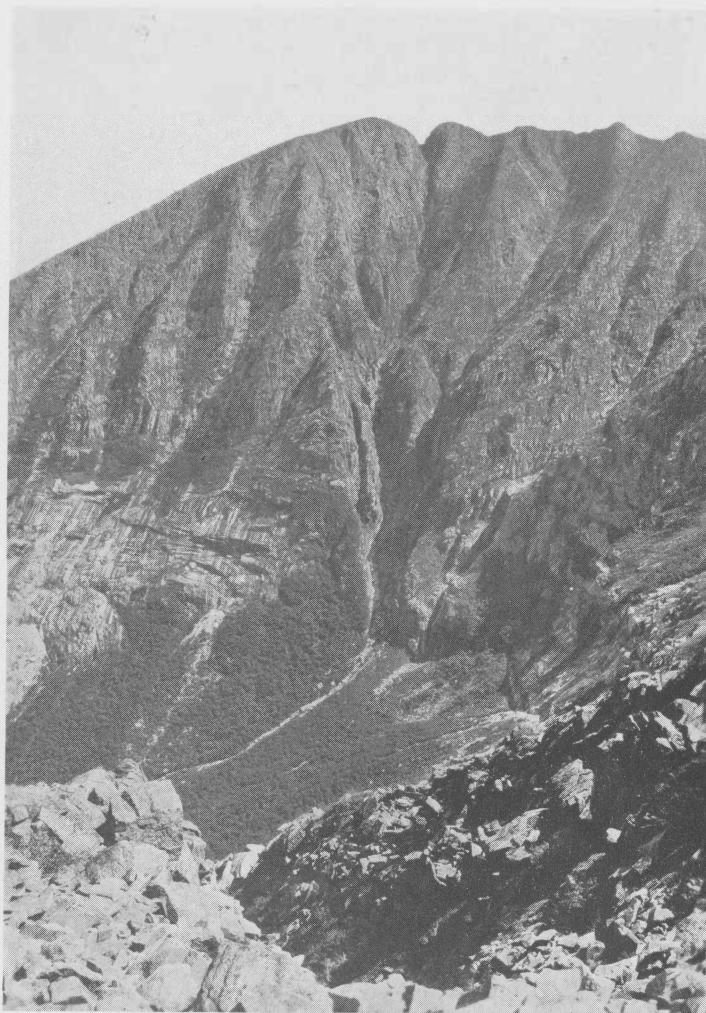


KATAHDIN VIEWS

l Studio

Katahdin from Daicey Pond—lower middle

Katahdin Knife Edge and Chimney—lower right





GNPCOR

There is no substitute for an early start in the morning



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

A Friendly Man

WHEN the weary traveler tops the grade two miles north of Greenville, he lets his motor idle while refreshing his soul on the panorama before him. Half of Moosehead Lake is spread before him in a basin rimmed by the everlasting hills with great friendly mountains rising above them. Only urgent business or lack of love for nature would prevent the passerby from being attracted by the sight before him. World famous is this view. Such a sight belongs to the world but, aside from the narrow ribbon of road that runs over the crest, this is all private property.

The place borrowed the name of a friendly man who has his home here. It is known as Blair's Hill. And that is just what it is. The Blairs loved the things of nature. That is why they settled on this beautiful spot of earth. They planted shrubs and flowers and trees. They built houses for birds and pools for fish. Friends found a hospitable hearth here. And when the lady who graced this home was called to a fairer land of endless loveliness her companion remained to care for the things she loved and to share them generously with others. By the stone gateway that guards the flower-fringed entrance to his home, he has placed a sign on which one might expect to find painted "Private," but instead is "Welcome" with the square and compass of the Masonic Order beneath it. The welcome is to all who care to pass within his gates to gain a better view of the land and to see the flowers

planted there. The emblem on the welcome does not mean that the invitation is to Masons only,—it is a Mason who invites. Those who enjoy the beauty of gardens of flowers usually interpret the friendly spirit and do not ask for more.

On the highway beyond the gate is a watering trough for horses; it is hewed from one great stone and fed by running water piped from a hillside spring. The inscription chiseled on the front is, "Presented to Lyman Blair by Friends 1919." Here horses quench their thirst after a hard haul. They accept the hospitality accorded to the rest of the world on this friendly hill. But each year brings fewer horses and more automobiles. Their drivers draw up by the side of the road to get the wonderful view. Mr. Blair has observed them and now has set apart a portion of his estate to accommodate them.

To assure the public character of the place, he has rented a piece of land to the State of Maine for a nominal fee. The Forest Service has provided parking space and built shelters and tables where picnics may be held. It is not a camping ground. It is for the passerby to stop for a time and pass on refreshed. This is in keeping with the spirit of the place. May those who pause here to take advantage of the generosity and unselfishness of Mr. Blair catch and pass on to others something of the inspiration that has given him this friendly spirit. Lyman Blair might well have been the author of the poem written by Samuel Walter Foss—"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

Complete Your Files!

Anyone desiring to complete his file of *The Northern* may be able to do so at this time. Copies of practically all issues of the last four years and some of the earlier numbers are obtainable.

If you will send the editor a list of the issues which you wish to make your set complete, such numbers as are available will be sent to you.

The Northern Club Field Day

At a special meeting of The Northern Club it was decided to hold its Fourteenth Annual Field Day at Oakland Park, Rockland, Maine, on August 8, 1928.

The selection is a happy one. Oakland Park is a delightful spot (about two miles this side of Rockland) with nicely kept grounds, plenty of comfortable seats, swings, trails, etc., offering every opportunity for pleasant recreation.

The Transportation Committee wishes to suggest that members prepare to leave Bangor as near 8:00 o'clock as possible which will enable them to reach the park around 10:00 o'clock in time for the field sports scheduled for the forenoon.

The Sports Committee reports that it will offer athletic events at this year's outing which will eclipse anything ever attempted in the past.

After you have motored down by the beautiful Penobscot and witnessed the forenoon events we have not the slightest doubt you will be able to take some nourishment and for that important part of the day's proceedings the committee in charge has just about gone the limit. E. E. Spruce, Caterer, will serve Dinner at 1:00 o'clock SHARP.

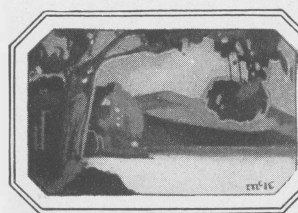
After dinner some will go just a few steps and watch the ball game between two crack teams, which the Sports Committee assures us will be a very interesting exhibition. Others of the party leaning more to the art of Terpsichore will take themselves to the beautiful dance pavilion and indulge in their favorite pastime.

In the evening, delicious sandwiches will be served with coffee or soft drinks as desired, and then will come the evening dance with music by Harold Miller's famous dance orchestra. Many new novelties will be featured which will send you home proclaiming the Fourteenth Annual Field Day as one of the best.

Note: Continue on the road to Rockland until you come to one of our men of the transportation committee, who will be at the entrance of the park to direct you.

GNPCO

Many a man who seems to be on Easy Street is only on Easy Payment Street—VIRGINIA PILOT



Northern News



East Millinocket

L. R. Groves, Correspondent

The recent concert at the East Millinocket Park, given by the Millinocket Band, was much appreciated. We hope to be favored again by our friends from the Magic City.

Mr. Edward Sheehan, Foreman of Finishing, suffered a painful injury to his hand, and was obliged to go to the hospital for treatment.

Mr. Benjamin Files, timekeeper at this mill, is absent on a well-earned vacation, and is enjoying life in the vicinity of Bangor.

Charles W. Morgan is acting as Foreman of Finishing. We know he is making good, though he has lost no weight due to the change of occupation.

Laurence W. Groves and Ralph Graffam are temporarily on the office force during the vacation period. The East Millinocket office goes merrily on in spite of heat and high water.

Mr. Leo Kenney has purchased a Pontiac car that is giving him great enjoyment. Sure, Leo, and we only live once.

Mr. George Bouchard is substituting at the storehouse during vacations.

We are all looking forward to the big picnic at the Rice Farm, to be held July 15th. There will be speeches and sports galore, food and refreshments for one and all, so let's go.

Mrs. Rand A. Dunham is on duty at the First Aid Room during the absence of Miss Helen Benson, who has been temporarily transferred to Millinocket.

Greenville Shop

J. B. Pratt, Correspondent

Jimmie Smith has been in the shop yard hunting for jewels in the

form of nails. He has been using a late invention, a magnet, which draws the nails to him. He says it is easy to pick them up this way.

A cook-and-eating-room has been built on one of the trailers which Rex Watson shipped here from Grindstone. This room is about 31 feet long, 8 feet wide and 7 feet high. One end of it is to be used for a kitchen, being equipped with an iron sink, cupboards and shelves. The other end has a table that will seat fourteen people, the chairs being in the form of a deacon seat. There are nine half-windows fitted with screens and a door, of standard size, which is also screened. The body and trailer combined weigh about six tons.

Part of the Kineo-Pittston rolling stock is here for repairs. The White No. 14 jitney has just been returned to them.

John Clemens has been in the hospital for treatment but is getting around again and expects to be at home soon.

Ned Votour and Walter Zemont are to take their vacations for the next few weeks. James Daigle and Steve Young have just returned from vacations of three weeks.

Leo Desmond, formerly a Boston heavy full-back, is unable to handle a ball smaller than a football, proving the same by trying to catch a baseball in the shop yard, where he turned a somersault and cleaned up the only puddle of water in this vicinity. We have not noticed him on the diamond lately.

H. G. Hoyt is taking his vacation during July, spending one week of it on the coast.

Greenville

S. F. Bartlett, Correspondent

A very beautiful wedding took place on June 26 at the Greenville

Union Church when Miss Rachel Sawyer of Greenville and Donald M. Pearson of the Social Service Division were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. C. Vrooman, assisted by Rev. A. G. Hempstead, in the presence of a host of friends. The happy couple left soon after the service amid showers of confetti and the best wishes of their many friends.

We are a bit late with congratulations for Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. Zemont, upon the birth of a son, Walter W. Zemont Jr., on May 18.

A heavy rain was welcomed as a relief from the first few scorching days of July. It was accompanied by an electrical storm which scored once in town but did slight damage.

The roads through the village have been greatly improved by the recent tar surfacing, though one had to trip a light fantastic toe along them while the tarring was in process.

July fourth was safely and sanely observed here except for an occasional fusillade of giant salutes and a ball-game or two. Of course on the morning after there were a few carts and wagons which had to be coaxed back to their respective and respectable homes. And we noticed a large stick of cordwood on Pero Morris' steps which couldn't have arrived there under its own power.

The Greenville baseball team is going strong. At this date it holds second place in the league, having won five games and lost two.

It will be of interest to many to learn that Miss Elizabeth A. Harkness, daughter of O. A. Harkness, recently received the degree of Master of Arts, and that Mr. Harkness' son, Vinton O. Harkness, received the professional degree of Mechanical Engineer at the last

GNPCOV

Honking your horn doesn't help as much as steering wisely—FORBES

University of Maine commencement.

Dr. and Mrs. John Ashworth with their son Bruce and daughter Barbara were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hempstead. Dr. Ashworth is professor of economics at the University of Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Pearson have returned from honeymooning on the rock bound coast of Maine in the vicinity of Rockland. They will be at home, on Washington street, to their friends after July 22.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Murphy and family passed through here the middle of this month enroute to Calais, Maine, where they expected to spend part of their vacation. Adrian has a new Hudson car which ought to add to a vacation's pleasure considerably.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmoe Roberts are tenting at Lily Bay where Elmoe is doing the clerical work.

Ripogenus Dam

C. W. Powers, Correspondent

We find in looking over the reports of Captain Getchell of the W. B. No. 2, a record of 42 days of South and South East winds since the ice left Chesuncook Lake. This is head wind on all four sections of the West Branch Drive. It has been a case of "watch your chance and steal 'em out."

To date, 24 booms have been closed at the Main River, 5 at Caucomgomoc and 14 at Umbazookskus, making a total of 43 booms being closed. Thirty-three booms have been sluiced at Rip Dam. Ten are hitched up at different places in the lake or being towed.

Clinton Betts has charge of booming out at the head of the lake.

Alfred Ramsey has severed his connections with this company.

Martin McKinnon has finished his duties as telephone lineman on Section 1, 2 and 3 and is helping with the booming out at the head of the lake.

The W. B. No. 2 has towed 36 booms to Ripogenus Lake. Usually she leaves the booms in the thoroughfare or at Mile Point, but occasionally she brings one down to the dam. One cannot but admire her

beauty, as she moves with stateliness and grace upon whatever business the captain puts her to.

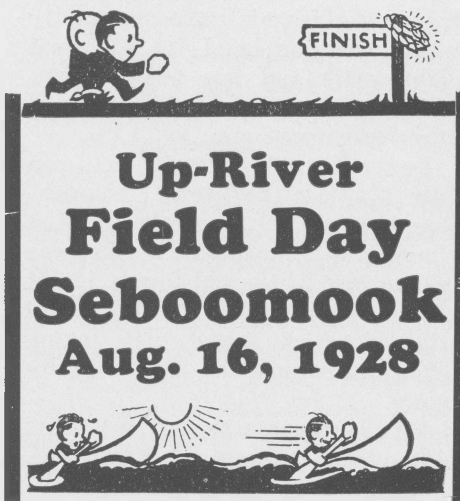
Mrs. J. F. McInnis, Goldie, Margaret and Fred recently spent ten days visiting friends and relatives in Bangor and vicinity. While away, Mrs. McInnis attended camp meeting at Carmel. Joe kept "Bachelor's Hall" during their absence.

Fourth of July passed off very quietly at Rip Dam. According to reports from Joe McInnis, traffic across the dam was not so heavy as it usually is on that day.

Ed Dolan is not only a first class chef, but he can also boast of being somewhat of a mechanic, specializing on Ford cars. Anything to help a poor damsel in distress, Ed.

Right now, the way we feel about it, we'll negotiate with Umbazookskus, Caucomgomoc or Main River Drive to exchange weather prophets. Dennis Flannigan can no longer qualify. To err is human, but an "Old Timer" ought not to err so much.

Wanted: Two bear traps to place in the gardens around here in case the drive goes through the dam before pickings are good.



Seboomook

S. W. Morin, Correspondent

Mr. Chase has a crew of eight men making hay while the sun shines. The crop is very good and the weather has been fine for cutting it.

Charles Glaster passed through here on the way down river, Caucomgomoc Drive being completed.

Edward Leary is here chauffeuring for Mr. Wardwell.

A "Casey Jones" and trailer have arrived for use on the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railroad.

Dr. H. M. Brewster of New York, L. H. Whitney and James Elwood of Dexter spent a few days fishing here.

L. A. Johnson made a trip to Deer Head Farm and Mrs. Johnson spent a few days here at Seboomook with him.

Alphonse Bertrand plans to start on his vacation the latter part of this month.

Grant Farm

J. E. Ramsay, Correspondent

It has been a very quiet summer at the farm so far; very few people have been traveling in this part of the country.

The farm crops are all looking fine.

All the folks here wish to offer their sympathy to Mr. Harkness and family in their recent bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lunn and son from West Point were recent visitors at the farm, where their son John is assistant clerk.

Miss Evelyn Murphy, who has been table-girl at the boarding house for the past nine months, is on a two weeks vacation.

Mr. C. A. Smith from the Bangor Office, and a party of friends, were here for dinner one day this month.

Ragged Lake Dam has had a full head of water all spring. This dam holds approximately twenty feet of water.

The Grant Farm folks wish to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Don Pearson their most hearty wishes for a long and very happy married life.

A Card of Thanks

Mr. O. A. Harkness and family wish to thank their friends for the beautiful floral tributes and the sympathy extended to them in their recent bereavement.

GNPCOR

He that scatters thorns, let him not go barefoot—POOR RICHARD

Eagle Lake Tramway*A. G. Faulkner, Correspondent*

On June 12 we commenced hauling wood. The first wood moved was a small lot of about 2,100 cords cut on Allagash Stream last winter and loaded at Allagash Stream Trestle.

Hauling on Eagle Lake began on June 20. Since that date this place has been a scene of activity, there being two full crews employed, one by day and one by night. Unless some minor delay occurs work never ceases from midnight Sunday until midnight the following Saturday. Mr. August Lessard is superintendent in charge and Mr. Florian Poulin is the head clerk.

Two oil burning steam locomotives are employed in the hauling; the new one weighs about 100 tons and works to perfection. The other weighs ten or fifteen tons less and is used as a spare. In addition to these, there are two gasoline locomotives of eighteen tons each; one is used in the Tramway yard for shifting cars and the other is used for the same purpose on the landing at Umbazookskus Lake. These machines are smart with plenty of power and make ideal equipment for yard work.

Under favorable conditions, such as fair winds for towing booms in from Churchill Lake to the conveyors and also for unloading the cars at Umbazookskus Lake, we can haul between eight and nine thousand cords per week.

About one hundred men are employed here including the men who work towing in the booms from Churchill Lake. Our little colony consists at present of the following permanent residents: Miss Annette Poulin, Mr. and Mrs. Mathias Morrisette and children, and Mr. and Mrs. William Dubay of Old Town, Maine. Mr. Dubay is employed by the Maine Forestry Department as chief fire warden in this section. We also have, of course, a large floating population of men coming and going as in every operation.

A casual inspection of our several well-kept gardens would surely im-

press a visitor with the thrift and industry of our inhabitants. All the credit in this connection is due to the ladies, who, judging from their planting designs and the present healthy conditions of the crops, are natural born farmers.

We have as regular visitors Mr. Charles LaCroix of St. George, P. Q., Mr. E. W. Vickery of Greenville and Mr. George Gruhn of Augusta who is "commander in chief" of the fire fighting forces in this part of the state.

During the past two weeks Mrs. Bert Duty and daughter, Ruth, of Greenville, have been visiting Mr. Duty, a state game warden, who has headquarters at Eagle Lake near the Tramway. The ladies returned to their home on Saturday, July 14.

Mrs. O. A. Harkness

All in the Spruce Wood Department were greatly saddened to learn of the death of Mrs. O. A. Harkness, which occurred on June 29, 1928. In a fire, which partly destroyed her home in Veazie, Mrs. Harkness sustained burns and suffered shock which caused her death some hours later. She will be greatly missed by a host of friends in the community where she has lived for the past eight years and has been a very active worker in the church and other organizations.

Funeral services were held on July 2 both in the Veazie Congregational Church and in the Baptist Church at Lincolnville. She was laid to rest in the old family lot at Lincolnville amid beautiful floral tributes which bespoke the loving regard in which she was held by many.

Mrs. Harkness was sixty-five years old and leaves, besides her husband, a daughter, Miss Elizabeth A. Harkness, a son, Vinton O. Harkness, and a sister, Miss Emeline Payson of Colorado.

Seboomook Dam*J. E. Mea, Correspondent*

Miss Mary Hill of Augusta is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George

Gruhn; Miss Hill succeeded in landing the largest trout that has been caught at Seboomook Dam this season. The fish lacked only a few ounces of weighing four pounds.

Miss Hill and Mrs. Gruhn motored to Rockwood on Sunday, July 15, visiting the Mt. Kineo House and climbing Mt. Kineo before returning.

Jesse Storey has succeeded Marvin Allen as cook at Seboomook Dam. Mr. Allen was called home on account of the illness of his wife.

The rear of the Main River Drive is expected to go through the dam about July 23. It will probably be about two weeks getting to the boomhouse at Chesuncook.

Donald Dressel, assistant to Mr. Gruhn of the Maine Forest Service, made a record run to Elm Stream where he was called on account of a fire started by lightning.

Joe McLean, in addition to caring for Seboomook Dam, is also looking after the dams at Long, Frost and Dole Ponds on the North Branch.

At this writing the rear of the drive is at Dryki Point, about a mile below the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railroad. A crew of about thirty men is tenting there. Because of much adverse wind the rear is coming along slowly.

Mr. Allan V. MacNeill arrived here July 17, coming from Umbazookskus Lake, where he has been inspecting the progress of the drive on Umbazookskus Stream.

Telephone Crew*Frank Schoppe, Correspondent*

The Five Islands-Northeast Carry Telephone Line is very nearly completed; a few more days will finish the job. The crew are staying at the Halfway camp.

Harry Ryan started on his vacation the middle of this month.

Maynard (Squeak) Emery has also left for a few weeks vacation.

Dick McKenna has left the tender care of the telephone crew and is going to put his hand in the dough dish somewhere on the other side of the lake.

GNPCO

If everybody knew everybody else, no one would be idolized or hated—ELBERT HUBBARD

Umbazookskus Drive*L. N. Murphy, Correspondent*

On April 21, the driving camps at Umbazookskus were opened. While waiting for the ice to go out, the boom along Umbazookskus Stream was repaired and the ice house was filled with ice. By logging and chinking the wings of the dam, about ten inches was added to the original head of water. This increased the head of water nearly one-third and also flowed a much larger area. At the present time the water is only five inches below the original head and Longley Pond is full.

The driving crew consists of many old timers, namely: Joseph Lawless, Robert Beach, Frank Curran, Thomas Knowles, Thomas Makler, W. R. Kenney and Herb Kingston. Henry Dufore is running the motor boats. Motor boat No. 30 is used in the stream and on Chesuncook Lake, while boat No. 4 is doing the work on Umbazookskus Lake.

The executives in the culinary department are Amos and William Conley. We cast one vote for Amos as a doughnut maker.

Louis Murphy is clerking the job and W. G. McCormick is paymaster.

Mrs. Enman, Elaine and Edgar Jr. came up on June 17 to spend the summer with Mr. Enman, who is in charge of this part of the drive. Edgar Jr., while commanding his large fleet of vessels, slipped from the deck of the flag ship into the cold and angry waters; but being a good swimmer conquered the distance from the ship to the shore of Umbazookskus Harbor. He is now flying kites and believes it to be much safer than sailing the briny deep. So it is, Edgar, as long as you know the ropes on a kite.

Pitching horse-shoes is by far the most popular lawn sport here; and modesty forbids us to tell who won the championship from Robert Beach.

Even with the prevailing south winds, approximately 80,000 cords of wood have been boomed out. A light northeast wind gives the best results for booming out of here.

George Cassidy, assisted by his

dog, Mack, is watching the camps at Ellis Brook.

**Miscellaneous
West Side of Lake***Hugh Desmond, Correspondent*

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Morey and daughter, Mary, are spending two weeks vacation down river.

The rear of Caucomgomoc Drive went through the dam on July 3. From there it will be driven by the Gunn brothers to Chesuncook.

Maurice Hill has returned to Pittston Farm after a month's vacation spent with his family in Rockland.

We regret to learn of the resignation of Henry Ordway who has been superintendent of Pittston Farm for the past six years. Mr. Ordway will be greatly missed by all whose business takes them to Pittston, and we all join in wishing him and Mrs. Ordway good luck and prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley Willey, who have been in charge of Kineo Boarding House for the past two months, have been transferred to Pittston Farm, taking the place made vacant by the resignation of Mr. and Mrs. Ordway.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Chaplin have moved from 10-Mile Plant to Rockwood where they have taken over the management of Kineo Boarding House, replacing Mr. and Mrs. Willey.

Haying operations are under way at all of the farms. The men haying at 10-Mile go back and forth to Kineo every day on account of the 10-Mile being closed. Harry Bowser has charge of the haying crew.

The gasoline truck driven by Dave Bowser has been busy of late filling the storage tanks on this side of the lake.

The Sargent cottage at Kineo is closed for a couple of weeks while Mrs. Sargent, Kathleen and Kenneth are down river. We are glad to learn that Kathleen has been engaged to teach in the Rockwood school this coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Munsey of the Boundary Cottage are receiving congratulations on the birth

of an eight and a half pound son, John Norman, on June 22.

Along the B and A Railroad*R. W. Johnson, Correspondent*

Loading wood at Van Buren is progressing rapidly, the contractors having increased their output to fifteen cars per day. The "industrial railroad" system for hauling is more than meeting expectations.

The Madawaska Company has completed a new mill at Van Buren for chipping four foot wood. The wood is taken from the St. John River drive and put through the drum barkers, after which it is chipped and loaded into the cars for shipment to Millinocket. Surplus wood is being stacked for use during the winter. Milford Mehan of the Division of Forest Engineering is checking the wood.

C. G. Richardson of Patten, George Kneeland of Sherman and Delmont Emerson of Island Falls are progressing well with their peeling contracts. Mr. Johnson recently inspected all of these jobs and Phil Murdock inspected Mr. Kneeland's operation.

Mr. Johnson recently visited his son, Harold, who is at the C.M.T.C. camp at Fort McKinley near Portland.

Cooper Brook*E. E. Ricker, Correspondent*

Work in the Cooper Brook region is drawing to a close. The operation known as the Cooper Brook Log Hauler Road is closing this week and the Roach Pond-Cooper Brook Road will close before July 31.

A. L. Grover and James Ashworth of the Division of Forest Engineering returned to Bangor about the middle of this month.

Among our visitors this month were: A. V. MacNeill, L. E. Houghton, Harold Wright, Blaine French, N. A. Smith, L. G. White and son, Leon Jr., and L. A. O'Connell and daughter, Margaret.

George Farrar is cooking for us at the Yoke Pond Camps. It won't be long now before George will be occupying space on the midways of the Maine fairs.

GNPCOM

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

Man's Measurement

Author Unknown

A MAN'S no bigger than the way
He treats his fellow man :
This standard has his measure been
Since time itself began.

He's measured not by tithes or creed,
High sounding though they be ;
Nor by the gold that's put aside,
Nor by his sanctity.

He's measured not by social rank,
When character's the test ;
Nor by his earthly pomp or show,
Displaying wealth possessed.

He's measured by his justice, right,
His fairness at his play,
His squareness in all dealings made,
His honest, upright way.

These are his measures, ever near
To serve him when they can ;
For man's no bigger than the way
He treats his fellow man !