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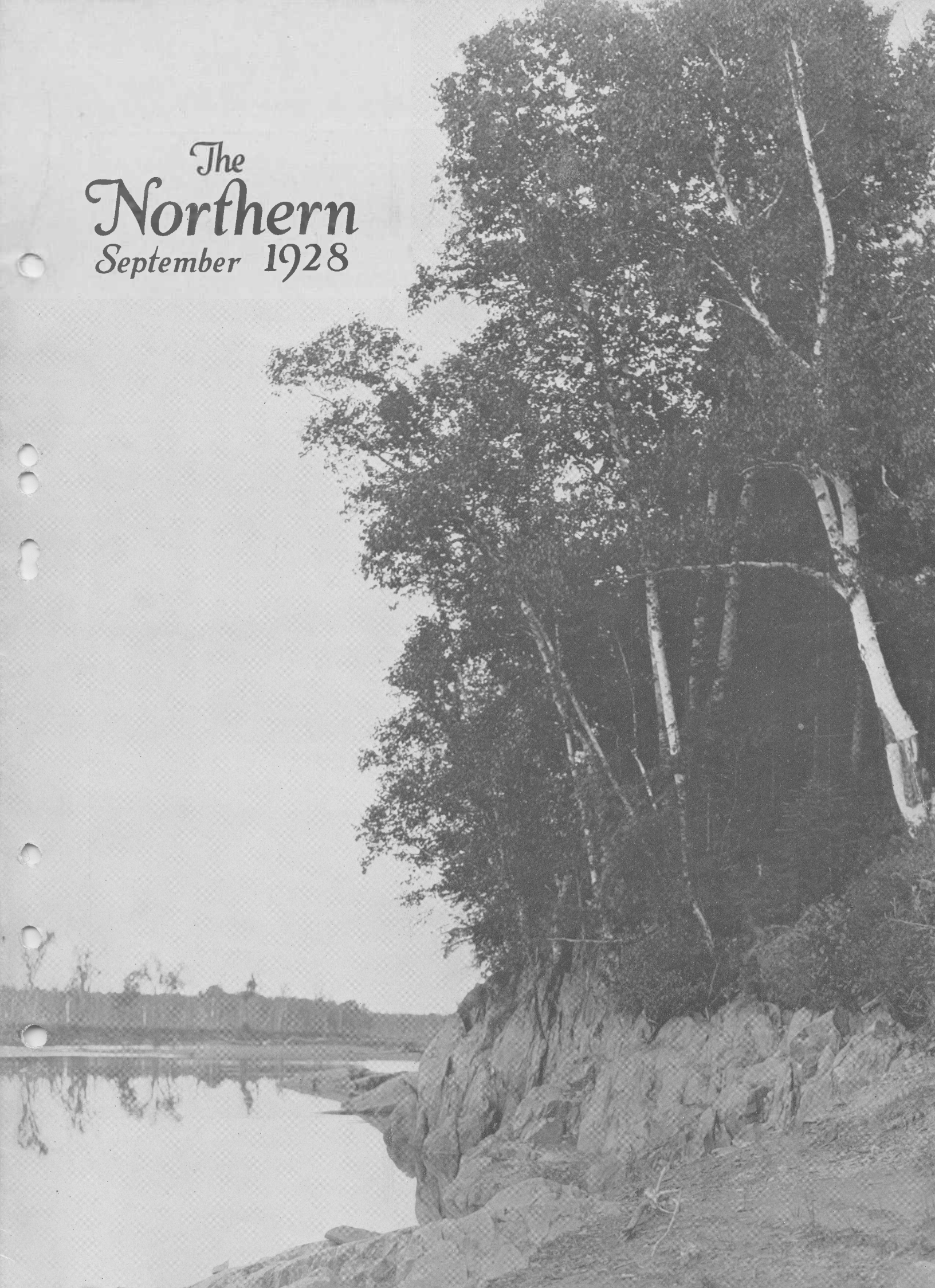
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The
Northern
September 1928





The Northern

Title Registered Patent U. S. Office

A. G. Hempstead, Superintendent Social Service
Editor

Vol. VIII

SEPTEMBER 1928

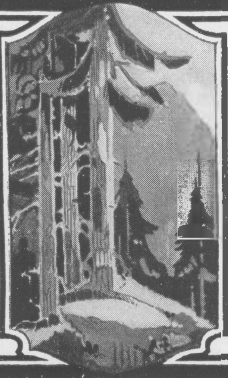
No. 6

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THE AUGUSTA PRESS, AUGUSTA, MAINE

STANLEY
FOSS
BARTLETT



The Northern

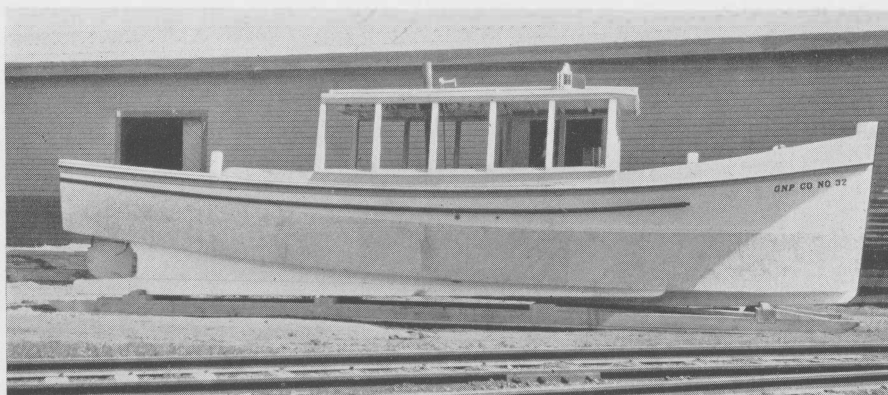
Published by the Social Service Division
GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY
SPRUCE WOOD DEPARTMENT



Admiral Harkness' Inland Fleet

OF all the men in the Spruce Wood Department none travels farther or faster or is in greater demand than O. A. Harkness. He may be seen anywhere, but not for long, as he is constantly covering the whole territory where gasoline, oil or coal is used for motive power. It is difficult to hold him long enough for an interview even about his greatest interest—his inland fleet of boats. This fleet he has built up for handling pulpwood on the rivers and lakes of northern Maine. He takes pride in his boats, and well he may, for he is responsible for building as well as for operating them. Last year the building of the West Branch No. 2 crowned the construction work with its greatest prize,—Mr. Harkness was dubbed "Admiral" and the West Branch No. 2 became his flag ship.

A full description of the building of the West Branch No. 2 was given in the December 1926 issue of "The Northern" and an account of her launching appeared in June 1927. It remains for us to give only an account of her performance. In order to compare the efficiency of the new boat with that of the old, we have the following data compiled by the "Admiral":



This type of boat was developed by Mr. Harkness, following the suggestion of Vice-President F. A. Gilbert

	A. B. Smith 1926	W. B. No. 2 1927
Started towing	May 19	May 21
Finished towing	Sept. 4	July 27
Time towing	3 mos. 15 da.	2 mos. 6 da.
Crew	10 men	7 men
Time taking fuel	100 hours	13½ hrs.
Fuel used per 24 hr.	10 tons coal	301 gal. av. crude oil
Fuel cost per day	\$250	\$50.
Number of booms towed	62	51

In towing 51 booms there were 13 days saved on the time it took to tow 51 booms with the A. B. Smith the year before.

Though not so pretentious as the big boat on Chesuncook Lake, scarcely less important are the smaller boats known as "boom jumpers" which are widely distributed over the lakes and deadwaters where pulpwood must be towed. This type of boat was developed by Mr. Harkness following the suggestion of Vice-President F. A. Gilbert, who felt the need for a boat that could operate in water filled with four foot pulpwood and that could cross booms.

The boom jumper is used principally to do errands and light work around the booming-out places and in bringing up and placing the slack boom. When it is necessary to cross a boom and get inside, the boom jumper is headed directly upon it. The en-

gineer opens the throttle and the bow hits the boom with a splash; there is an instant's hesitation, then the boat rises smoothly on her fore-foot and slides easily over.

When Mr. Harkness came to the Great Northern Paper Company in 1915, there were seven motor boats in use. Five were Atlantic dories with Atlantic engines with horse power ranging from 8 to 15. No. 3 and No. 10 were the other two boats. No. 3, a round bottom boat, was built in Camden by the Camden Anchor and Rockland Machine Company about 1912. She was 37 feet long and had a 4 cylinder, 4 cycle, 40 h.p. engine built by the same company. She is still in use but was rebuilt in 1922 at which time a semi-Diesel engine was installed.

About 1914 Fred Sawyer of Greenville, then employed by the Great Northern Paper Company, built No. 10, the first of the flat bottom, three keel type. She was

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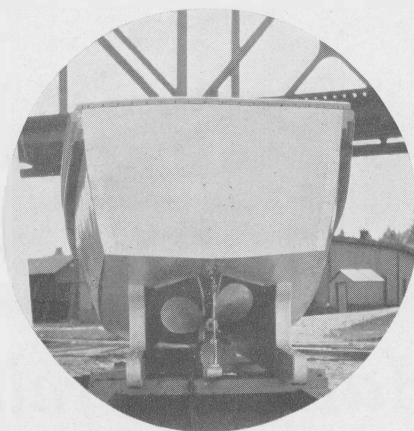
To win a smile from good fortune, wink at trouble—TROT TY VECK

rebuilt in 1923 at the Greenville Shop at which time heavier planking was used, the sides built higher and a 4 cylinder, 4 cycle, 40 h.p. Lathrop engine installed.

Mr. Harkness designed No. 11 and had it built in Brewer by Cobb Brothers in 1916. This boat was a round bottom boom jumper with three keels. In this type the main keel is in the usual place while in addition there is a keel on either side of it. These keels project under the stern to make a box which guards the propeller from the floating wood; it also protects the bottom and the wheel when the craft goes over a boom.

In 1919 two more were built by the Cobb Brothers,—Nos. 17 and 18, both flat bottom with three keels with the usual 4 cycle, 4 cylinder, 40 h.p. Lathrop engines. The next one, No. 19, of the same general design, was built the following year in Greenville by William St. Germain while Cobb Brothers built No. 20.

Beginning with 1923, however,



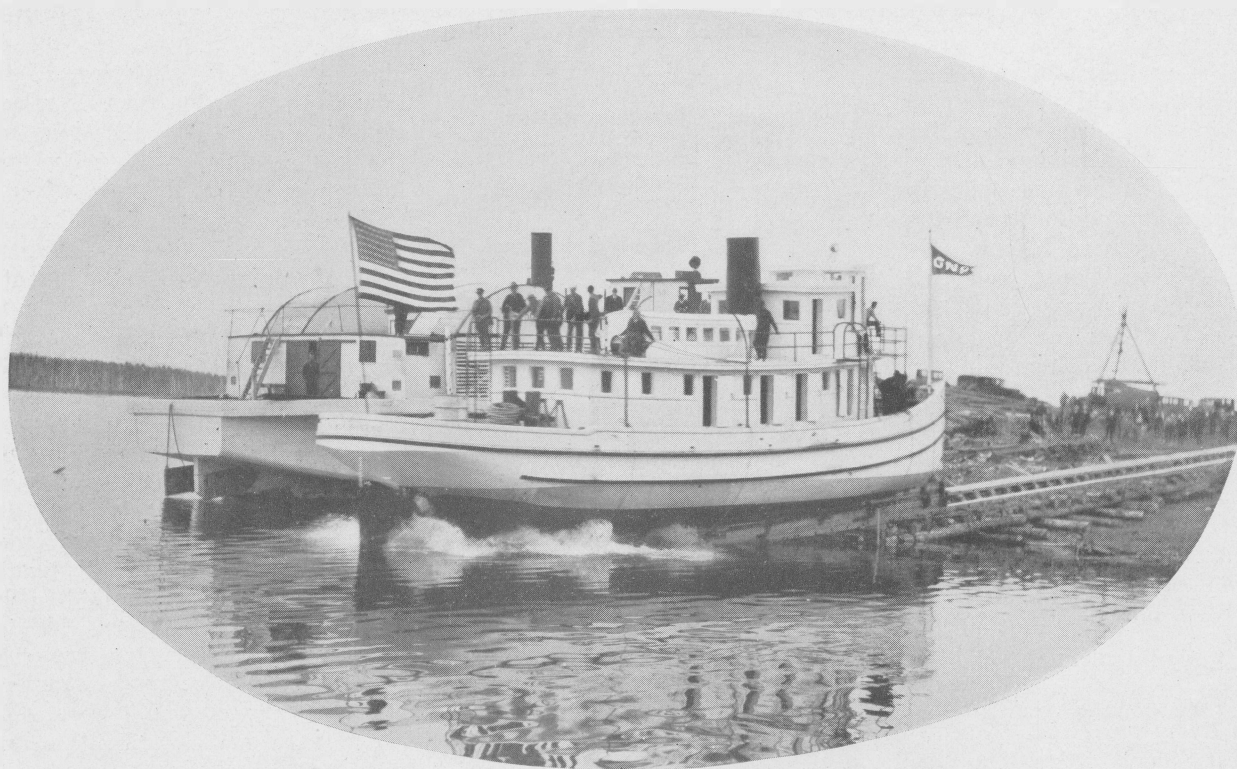
The keels project under the stern to make a box which guards the propeller from the floating wood

all boom jumpers have been built at the company's machine shop at Greenville. That year Nos. 22, 23, 24, and 25 were built, using heavier timbers and heavier planking. The next year Nos. 27, 28, and 29 were constructed and in 1925 No. 30, all being of the same general type.

When we come to Nos. 31 and 32, however, changes are to be noted. The usual length of 30 feet is increased by a foot or two. The bottoms and one streak of siding are of oak. The lines of the bow are changed,—there is a flare to turn back the spray; a cabin is added and a different type of engine, a 40 h.p. Diesel is used. This, of course, burns fuel oil instead of gasoline which is a great economy as only half the amount is needed and the oil costs only half the price of gasoline.

Special features of these boats are the stern bearings and the rudder construction, the patterns for which were designed by Mr. Harkness.

There are other boats, not of this type, included in his fleet but these are the ones in which the "Admiral" has been chiefly interested. For most purposes, even the batteau is giving way on the West Branch to the boom jumper which should bear the name of Harkness as its developer.



The West Branch No. 2 was launched at Chesuncook Dam May 11, 1927

GNPCO

The fellow with an empty head has a real load to carry on his shoulders—TROT TY VECK

Up-River Field Day

A perfect day dawned on August 16 for the annual Up-River Field Day which was held at Seboomook. The Katahdin left Greenville Junction at 8:30 A. M. with about one hundred and eighty passengers aboard; about thirty-five more were taken on at Rockwood. Leaving Rockwood, Captain "Wink" Merservey headed the Katahdin for North Bay, where the boat drew up under the lofty, over-hanging brow of Mt. Kineo, whistling and filling the surrounding hills with echoes. All on board got a thrill here.

The Greenville Marine Band added to the enjoyment of the voyage with several musical selections. The day was ideal for a cruise and when the ship docked at Seboomook everyone had an appetite for the meal which awaited them there. George Farrar, assisted by Ronald MacDonald and an efficient force of helpers had prepared a dinner that made many a dieter give way to the inner man. About four hundred folks were seated under the big tent where the tables buckled under a menu of delicious stuffed veal and roast pork, with bushels of fresh vegetables, a raft of cookies, cakes and pies, and all of the fixin's. A band concert accompanied the meal. When all were satisfied that the steady flow of good things from the kitchen could not be lessened by their eating, they arose or were helped away from the tables, and moved in body upon the tent which shaded the ice cream and watermelons. Here, those who had already eaten all they could, consumed several gallons of ice-cream and many watermelons.

With the familiar voice of "Chappie" as a guide and inspiration, the crowd was able to take in everything. Now some sought the friendly shade of the neighboring trees and others chose seats on the natural bleachers near the baseball diamond, where a lively game was in action. The West Side Red Sox, captained by Paul Smith, had challenged the Green Sox from Greenville Shop,

led by Walter Cole. It was a fast game and "Chappie's" commanding voice kept things moving. L. G. White, pitching for the Reds, was on his toes and proved that he can push a baseball as well as he can a pencil. Stait and Gruhn, alternating at the other end of the battery, played with their usual good form. Pickett, Sargent, Casey and Dressel showed that they still know how to handle the sphere. Desmond made a catch in the field which brought cheers from the spectators, and Sargent sent out some good long-distance hits. Willey, in the out-field, picked off some dangerous flies.

Only two or three small acts of sheer bad luck kept the Greens from making a closer score. Good hits were made by almost everyone at the bat. Pratt, Cole and Morrell did some exceptionally fine work considering that they participate in a ball game only once a year. Stairs got a good hit in the fifth inning. Gagnon did some fast footwork in the out-field during the whole game. Gallant, pitching for the Greens, held down the hitting very well. Bailey, Hartford and Smith all showed up from time to time. The game went eight innings and at the end of the eighth the score stood five to two in favor of the Red Sox.

By the time the ball diamond was cleared, a crowd had gathered at the wharf where a fleet of watercraft, ranging in size from little

awkward sea-sleds to large speed-boats, were tugging at their hawsers, anxious to be off in the races scheduled. There were thrills a plenty for spectators and participants during the water sports. The two craft in the speed boat race were from the Mt. Kineo House and were brought to Seboomook through the kindness of their owners. The race between these two swift hulls was close and highly exciting. Mr. Feuchtwanger's "Miss Toy" took the first place from Mr. Krementz's "Sandpiper" by a narrow margin.

The sea-sled race was called off due to delay in taking off but the two bobbing little tubs, "Bottom Up" and "Baby Walrus," furnished a lot of fun for everyone as they cut crazy capers along the water-front. One of the best events of the day was the canoe-tilting contest. After a hot but wet battle, Jack Pickett with his paddlerman, Don Dressel, emerged dripping and victorious. Kenneth Sargent, with Lawrence Desmond at the blade, gave them a stiff fight which drew applause from the crowd on the wharf and in the boats.

An exhibition of surf-board riding was given by the fast boats and some of the more daring mermen. All present enjoyed this sport—the swimmers, when skipping along in the spray of the speeding boats, and the spectators, when the riders of the broncho-busting sea-horses were flipped off on the sharp turns and thrown in a disadvantageous position into the briny deep at the rate of forty miles per hour.

After the races, "Chappie," from behind the megaphone, beckoned toward the big canvas top where supper was ready. A supper of bean-hole beans, such as only "Uncle Ed" Schillinger prepares, makes a meal of the famous Boston-baked beans look like a mere side-dish. This meal proved that the cooks could hand out as good a supper as dinner. Cigars, which were generously furnished by Mr. Wardwell, were passed around to the smokers.

When everyone had passed from the dining-tent, the Katahdin blew



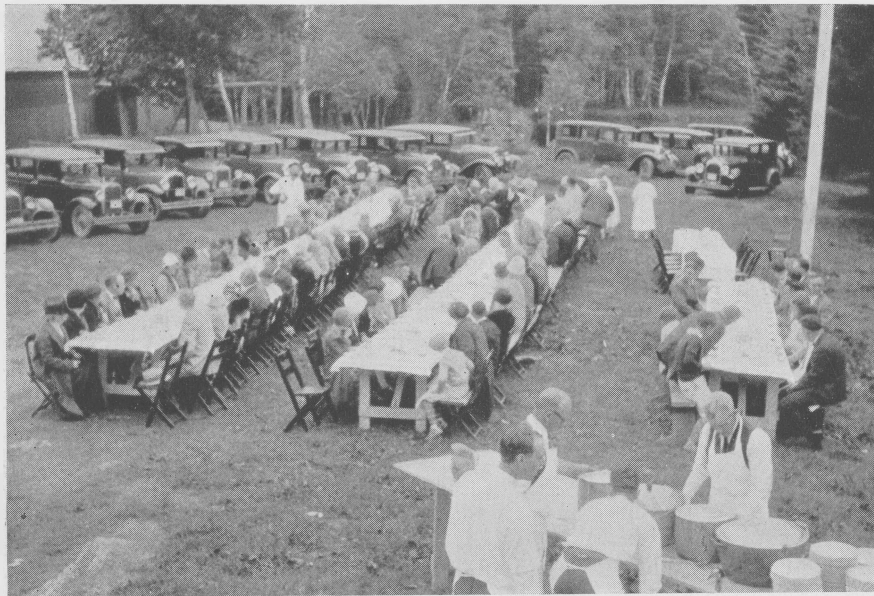
GNPCO

Money talks but has very little conversation with the shiftless—TROT TY VECK

her whistle and the down-river folks got aboard to enjoy an evening voyage down Moosehead Lake. Headed for home in the cool twilight breezes, which floated across the starry waters, all took a full measure of pleasure, resting from the comfortable tiredness that may be felt at the end of a sunny, happy day,—a rare day when so many friends

could be together to enjoy more fully the fellowship which they feel for one another during their many days of business contact.

It would be difficult to place the credit for this good time, for everyone connected with the company deserves a share, and a good measure belongs to the good weather which is indispensable at such times.



A sumptuous dinner was served in the open air

The Northern Club Outing at Rockland

WEDNESDAY, August 8, was a great day in the annals of the Northern Club, social organization of the Great Northern Paper Co., which held its annual field day at Oakland Park in Rockland. Over 200 employees and their guests were present and all aided in making the event a memorable one which will linger long in the memories of all present.

In the forenoon, a series of field events was run off, and the competition was keen with each contest hotly fought over by scores of men, women and children. In the afternoon, a baseball game was played between the Accounting Department, and the Engineering Department, with engineers taking the ac-

countants over by the score of 4 to 3.

Caterer Spruce was on hand and delighted the palates of all present with his sumptuous dinner which was served in the open air at 1 o'clock, all hands joining in the feast of lobster and chicken with all the fixings and appurtenances thereto. Miller's orchestra played during the dinner hour and also during the buffet lunch which was served in the evening, and for the dancing which followed at night.

The baseball game was one of the features of the day, both teams fighting hard for the honors from the start to finish. Umpire McKendrick stood his ground and his decisions were not roasted—much. It was a close battle and see-sawed

back and forth with 18 men taking things very seriously, for this is one of the annual events of the field day and the rivalry between the two forces when they get to the diamond is something a little more than intense.

The field events were presided over by William St. John Murray as starter, who got each track event away with speed. Many upsets of the pre-track dope were experienced when several speed kings came forward to claim laurels worn by older members of the club. Winners were awarded appropriate prizes at the dinner hour. The track events were won as follows:

The prizes for the various field events, prize dances etc., were awarded as follows:

100 yard dash, won by A. B. French; second, William Murray.

50 yard dash for women, won by Mrs. Archer; second, Mrs. Bacon.

Shot put, won by William Murray; second, E. Earl Brown.

Potato race for women, won by Mrs. Diehl; second, Mrs. Brown.

50 yard dash for boys under 12, won by Howard Kenney; second, William Hilton.

50 yard dash for boys 12-16, won by James McPhee; second, Earl Brown.

50 yard dash for girls under 12, won by Miss Daley; second, Miss Bennett.

Three legged race, won by A. B. French and R. E. Houghton.

Baseball throw for women, won by Mrs. Mosher; second, Miss Binnette, and third, Mrs. Chase.

Pipe race, won by Bruce McDonald; second, Ross Bamford.

Horse shoe pitching contest, won by A. B. French; second, Bruce McDonald.

Prize waltz won by Daniel Maher and Miss Cyr.

Prize foxtrot, won by Leslie Bradley and Mrs. Bacon.

At a business session of the Club, Lloyd E. Houghton was elected president, succeeding Daniel J. Lean. Other officers elected were Harry C. Willey, vice-president; Clifford Kenney, secretary and H. L. Miller, treasurer.

GNPCO

Without wealth in your heart, riches are rags

Hard-Boiled

By STANLEY FOSS BARTLETT

HE was hard-boiled, if outward appearance as patterned after the ideal lumberjacks in "Woods-Wild and Worse," shown at the Strand recently, were worth anything to the innocent bystander. He leaned heavily against the frail porch column of the Soublistercook (Me.) House, which accommodated woodsmen, en route, and sports in season.

Yes, our young hero, whom we shall know by the clothes he wore, seemed to be the toughest individual in the group of woodsmen which was waiting here for the drive to open. The crew stood and sat around the porch, driving and re-driving the West Branch, electing the next president, and after choosing the participants for the next heavy-weight bout, giving the decision of the same to each opponent alternately so as to be on the safe side in either case.

Through all this our young friend stood a bit apart from the crowd for some reason; in fact, his striking appearance would have set him apart in any group of humans anywhere. He wore a very vari-colored mackinaw, known in the ready-to-wear department of Haverstein, Haberdashers, as a "lumber-jacket." His belt was decorated with brass spots and hung with a hunting knife, sizeable enough to prepare a dinosaur for Hungarian Goulash; equilibrium was preserved on the opposite side by a huge army automatic pistol which might have been discarded by a heavy artillery battalion of the Prussian Guards. A patent match-safe, a large complicated compass which may have been a relic of the ill-fated battleship, "Maine," and several other articles too numerous to mention, dangled from the few remaining inches of the wide belt. Below, a pair of heavy pants plaided with red and yellow and their complement colors were tucked into a brace of boots that would have made the "seven-leaguers" look like a pair of booties for a Lilliputian infant.

This completed the make-up of the he-man except for a soft hat which was carelessly creased with care, cowboy-style, and pulled rakishly over eyes that frowned into a space which might have been miraged with bold deeds of the past. Between the nonchalant lighting of successive and excessive numbers of cigarettes, our hero spat hardly from a week's growth of beard (or maybe it took him a month to grow

such a repulsive set of whiskers). He was hard, thought he, harder than nails; but why mention that in this gang of real lumberjacks. They would probably take such a statement as a fighting term and who could say how many of them one might have to forcibly subdue before order could be restored.

The dinner bell rang, saving him, as the bell has saved many a fighter of ill-judgment. The crew, having washed, passed into the dining-room in an orderly fashion. The tough guy had not bothered to wash; it shouldn't be done in this part of the country. He dropped his hat on the floor, exposing unkempt hair, and elbowed rudely by the waitress. He fell upon a chair and attacked the good food with an appetite which must have been a family inheritance since the great famine of Egypt. As he assailed the nutrients of the board, with face and hands that looked as if they never had seen any more water than the heart of the Sahara Desert, one could easily believe that Darwin had at some time encountered such a specimen.

Strengthened by the nourishment and encouraged by the silent self-consciousness of the group around the table, our hero turned to a clean, manly young woodsman on his right and said loudly, "This blankety blank lumberjack game is blank hard business, ain't it, brother?" And without waiting for a reply, this time addressing all within broadcasting wave-length, he blathered, "I'm sporting, I come up here to do a little blankety blank fishing if the blankety water ever gets low enough so's I can get over to my old man's blankety cottage!" Like a lull after a storm, silence reigned until the intelligent young woodsman on the hard-boiled sport's right spoke slowly in a low tone saying, "My friend, I doubt if you have good luck fishing; it is too early in the season for suckers to be running and I don't think your line would hold anything else."

A Fool's Prayer

By Edward Rowland Sill

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

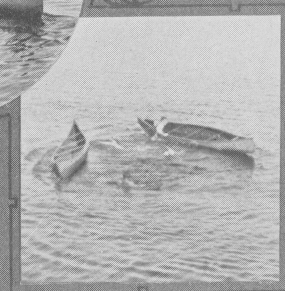
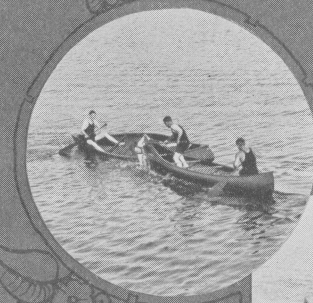
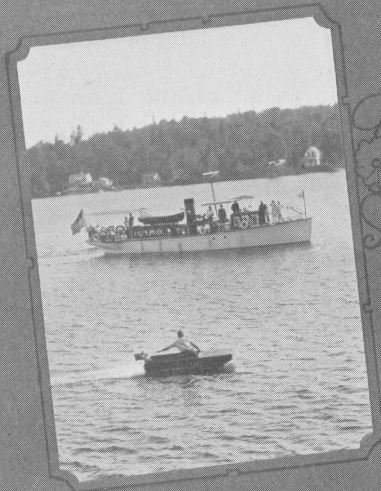
The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

WGNPCOM

Argument thrives where facts are scarce—WILLIAM FEATHER

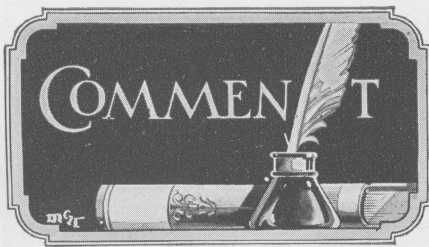
UP-RIVER

FIELD-DAY



GNPCOV

Not until some folks are flat on their back do they learn to keep looking up—TROTTEY VECK



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

October ends The Northern

The first number of *The Northern* was printed in April 1921. For seven and a half years it has made its monthly appearance, printing the current news of the woods, recording the earlier history of the region and reproducing pictures of familiar scenes of northern Maine. An index of this material will be found in the October issue which is to be the last number. Following is the letter announcing that this publication will be discontinued next month:

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER CO.

Bangor, Maine, August 15, 1928.

Mr. A. G. Hempstead,
Greenville, Maine.

Dear Sir:

The purpose of "The Northern" magazine since its inception has been the dissemination of knowledge of the Company's affairs among its employees, with view to better and more intelligent co-operation.

The secondary purpose was to have each number bring out and emphasize certain principles beneficial to employee and employer.

The third essential benefit of the magazine has accrued to the management in the way of information regarding projects in the process of completion.

Much credit is due you and your predecessors in the success accomplished. We have received many letters of commendation from its readers from all parts of the country, and as you well know, the demands for copies have been large.

The money expended for the magazine in 1927, not including salary of yourself, was \$7,507.25, and this amount represents fairly its cost per year to the Company.

It has reflected much credit upon all employees who have contributed to it in various ways, and it is with deep regret that I am obliged to advise that this service will be discontinued with the October issue.

Please accept my deepest gratitude for the service you have rendered, and be advised that I appreciate all you have done to make the Department a success.

Yours truly,

Fred A. Gilbert,

Vice-President

The Vicious Circle

A portrait painter sat in his favorite cafe sipping his wine. His first small bottle finished, he was about to order another when his eye fell on a headline in the *Figaro*, "Hard Times Are Coming," so instead of ordering his second bottle, he called for his check.

"Is there anything wrong with the wine?" asked the landlord.

"The wine is good, but I did not order a second bottle because hard times are coming and we must economize," explained the artist.

"Hard times," said the landlord. "Then my wife must not order the silk dress we planned, but must take one of cotton."

"Hard times," repeated the dressmaker, when the order was cancelled. "This is no time to expand. I must not make the improvement I had planned in this place."

"Hard times, eh?" said the builder, when the dressmaker cancelled the building plans. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted." So he wrote the artist and cancelled his order.

After receiving the letter, the artist went again to his favorite cafe, and ordered a small bottle of wine to soothe him. On a nearby chair was the paper in which he had read of the hard times a few days before. He picked it up and read more closely, and found that it was two years old!

—Thomas Dreier



Increasing Values

It was given to Rudyard Kipling to take a goose-quill and a farthing's worth of paper and ink, and to sell the hieroglyph, which he named "The Recessional" to the *London Times* for £400. The raw material represented a penny; all the rest of the \$2,000 represented education and training—without which, in some form, even genius is helpless.

—Newell Dwight Hillis



Lost Change

Some years ago a waging boat was swamped and all the crew lost their belongings. One of the men gave this inventory of his losses:

"I lost all my clothes, all my good clothes, two pair pants and nodder pair pants; twenty-five cents all one piece an' twenty-five cents all to pieces."

Applesauce

The French cook was disappointed to learn that the store-house man was out of prunes but with genuine optimism exclaimed; "O, vel, give me de raisin. You tak raisin and fix him up right, she mak as good applesauce as prunes!"

O, No!

Many, many springs ago a hard fisted operator, renowned for his poor feeding habit, was boasting in a well-known resort in Bangor about his successful winter. He ended his recital of achievement by asking a bystander who had worked for him to confirm his statement. There wasn't a sick man in camp all winter, was there?"

"No, nor a potato, either," was the unexpected reply.

The Berries

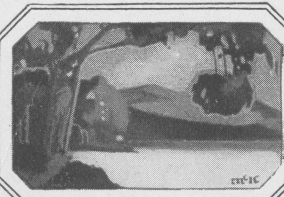
A very learned but far from woods-wise lady once accused the well-known historian of the woods, Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, of speaking too technically when she said "picking a jam." On inquiry, Mrs. Eckstorm found that the lady thought it meant gathering berries for supper!

Two Bits

A clerk was found with a ledger account of "twenty-five cent axes." When asked for an explanation, he said, "Well, the boss called them double-bitted axes."

GNPCOR

Capture the wind and it becomes stale



Northern News



Greenville Shop

J. B. Pratt, Correspondent

Hal Hoyt is relieving at Grant Farm during Jack Ramsay's vacation.

Stanley Roberts has severed his connections with the Company and is at home for the present.

The shop was closed on Field Day, August 16th, all attending the outing at Seboomook.

Leo Desmond has severed his relations with the shop.

The woodworking side of the shop crew is shut down owing to lack of work.

Leon White's Franklin car is undergoing an overhauling, new running boards and fenders being put on.

EXTRA

A moose was seen in our midst on August 11th about 9.00 A. M. coming from the woods down by the equipment sheds and wandering around the equipment yard. At first he seemed quite tame, but Charlie Murray says he had a hard countenance, taking for him and coming to within a few feet of him. He also drove a man working on a steam shovel in the yard up into the machine. He strolled around for quite a few minutes and then cantered off into the woods again.

Monticello

Arthur P. Smith, Correspondent

The loading of wood at Monticello has come to a close. In 22 days 5,500 cords were loaded by George E. Greenlaw, contractor. F. L. Brown was superintendent of the job.

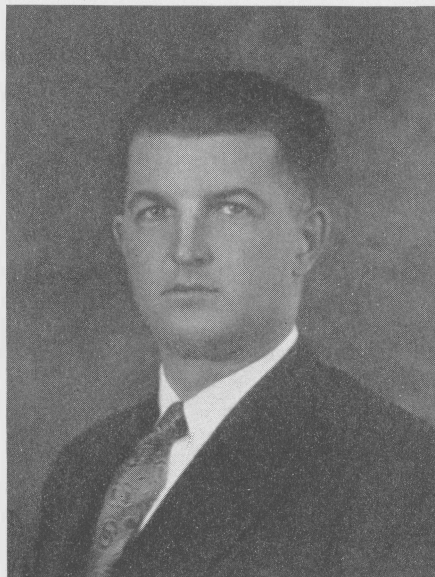
Howe Brook Loading, A. J. Spearin Contract, will be through about the 10th of August; there are 6000 cords to be loaded.

Portage Lake Loading will be

through around August 20th, having handled 5000 cords. This loading comes under the supervision of Frank L. Brown.

Arthur Smith and Mr. Lothrop are clerking the jobs.

Our visitors have been O. A. Harkness, A. V. MacNeill, Leon White, R. V. Canders, Mr. Jones and Mr. Wing.



Johnson B. Sargent

Associates of the Spruce Wood Department and many friends were saddened to learn of the sudden death of Johnson B. Sargent which occurred on July 23 at the Eastern Maine General Hospital in Bangor.

Soon after his graduation from the University of New Brunswick, Mr. Sargent entered the employ of the Division of Forest Engineering and for several years was in charge of the inspection and scaling of various operations during the winter months and at other times held responsible

positions on survey and engineering projects.

In the fall of 1927 Mr. Sargent entered the Medical School of McGill University and had just completed his first year's work with high honors. He was in the employ of the Great Northern Paper Company at the time of his death but had planned to return to McGill this fall.

He was of sterling character, a brilliant student, a devoted son and brother, and a valued friend. It can be truly said that it is an honor to have known him.

Services were held on July 24 at Bangor, and on July 25 at Bridgewater. Mr. Sargent was 27 years of age and leaves his mother Mrs. Jessica B. Sargent, and one brother, Percy E., of Bridgewater, Maine.

Greenville

D. M. Pearson, Correspondent

Mr. A. G. Hempstead has returned from the University of Maine summer school where he spent six weeks, a part of the prescribed course leading to a masters degree.

Mr. and Mrs. William St. John Murray and his son, William Smith Murray with his wife, both from Ann Arbor, Mich., attended the up-river Field Day stopping in Greenville en route to and from Bangor.

Clifford Kinney and family motored to Greenville and also were present at Seboomook for Field Day.

Stanley Foss Bartlett, whose artistic ability has contributed much to "The Northern," has been recognized in other regions by having material accepted by Field and Stream magazine. He has also been represented in the literary line in several of the popular magazines by placing some of his poems. Everyone is hopeful for the future of Stanley and wishes him every success in his endeavors.

GENPCOV

If that which is evil enters the ear, close the bulkhead between it and the tongue

Lucius Hubbard who made the well-known map in 1879 was in Greenville this month. During his stay he visited Ripogenus Dam as the guest of Mr. Hempstead.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Van N. Schenck attended field day at Rockland having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence K. Hall.

Seboomook

S. W. Morin, Correspondent

Seboomook was once more the scene of Field Day. Now that it is a thing of the past we have taken up the more serious business of talking it all over. The lull which follows such a day is the proverbial calm after the storm. It seems kind of quiet.

The hay has been finally captured. It led a wild chase through all kinds of weather but fate and the sun shone for several days so that with the aid of outside help it was surrounded and taken to the barns.

Fresh vegetables from the garden are adorning the tables once more.

Miss Doris Dunton who has been the table girl here for some time left on the boat August 16 and was not unaccompanied. It is rumored that wedding bells will be heard in a short while.

S. W. Morin left in his Flying Cloud to spend his annual vacation. During his absence John Morrison will occupy his desk in the office.

The Katahdin is making regular trips to the head of the lake now, relieving the Twilight which has gone on to the Lily Bay run.

Fred Stait spent a few days here helping on the farm during the haying.

Mrs. Jellison, the wife of the telephone operator, spent several days visiting at the farm. During her stay she had a birthday cake made and decorated, which was presented to Mr. Jellison on the occasion of his 62nd birthday, August 13.

Mr. J. E. Sargent has been in and out of here a few times and has ordered some supplies to commence work repairing the cottage at 3rd St. John Pond.

John Mea has been a frequent visitor here. He is staying at Seboomook Dam closing his books for the Main River Drive. The drive was successfully delivered at the head of Chesuncook Lake.

L. A. O'Connell passed through here during the month. This is his first appearance here for some time. He was escorted by Joseph McPhee who has been doing some auditing work on the Main River Drive.

Henry Parent and Miss Olivia Wallace were married in Greenville during the month and are receiving the best wishes of all. Henry Parent is the son of Mr. Joseph Parent, and works with his father on the steamer Moosehead. Miss Olivia Wallace at one time worked here at Seboomook.

We were all pleased at the outcome of the baseball game which was played on Field Day. All of the players here have practiced each evening in preparation for it. The workers who were here in advance, preparing for the eventful day, added much to the tryout of the twilight leaguers.

Ripogenus Dam

C. W. Powers, Correspondent

The wood has been going through the dam and as long as the water holds high there will be promise of more booms to come.

Main River Drive is at the head of the lake and it is quite probable that the boom house there will close shortly.

The crew is still booming out at Umbazookskus and will continue until the water lowers enough to prohibit it.

Ripogenus Dam still holds its own attraction. Tourists visiting the dam this year compare favorably with other years and for this season it is especially busy at the gate.

Lily Bay

F. A. Murphy, Correspondent

About eighty-five tons of hay were cut on Lily Bay Farm this year. Fred Gilbert of Greenville had charge of the haying crew which consisted of Wilfred Robichaud, "Punch" Pooler, Charlie Deveau, Tom Woods, Phil Cody, Bert Murray and Joe Gilman. Dick McKenna cooked for this job in a road-cart kitchen.

The daily boat arrives now at 12:15 A. M. and leaves at 3:00 P. M. The Twilight has replaced the Marguerite on this schedule.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Murphy have been visiting F. A. Murphy and family for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Murphy attended the Field Day at Seboomook, August 16.

Elmoe Roberts is enjoying a vacation.



Old Timers Visiting Penobscot Boom
Herbert W. Marsh, Isaac Terrill, I. F. Bussell, I. W. Bussell, George P. Longley

GNPCO

It is the man who does not express an opinion whose opinion I want—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Norcross*George F. Price, Correspondent*

Section Three of the West Branch Drive is running as smoothly as usual. After having a full head of water in the Lower Lakes nearly all season the water has dropped in the last few weeks so that there is now approximately a twenty-two foot head on North Twin dam. There have been 74 booms turned into Snake Point to date. Nine of these came out of Joe-Merry Drive, the balance from the West Branch. Quakish is now being filled; the pulpwood is being turned into the Elbow. The wind has been very unfavorable to this section this season.

Joseph Turcott is doing the booming out at the head of Ambajejus.

Sam Budreau is captain on the F. W. Ayer; Albert LeBlanc is mate; Eugene Phillips and Ed Harford, engineers, Frank Doucette and Ed Connors, firemen, Peter Gogian and Paul Heald, deck hands; Frank Wilson is aboard doing the cooking.

Bob Sawyer is captain on the West Branch No. 1, and John Fowler, mate, Alex Levesque and Ronald Leet, engineers, Alphonse Roberts and Harry Mann are the deck hands; Stanley Gaudet is doing the cooking.

Tom Leet has Ulric Cyr and Harry Murray with him doing the turning in and sluicing.

The boats have all been acting very favorably this season, none of them being tied up for repairs, at any time.

The camp occupied by Alex Crawford and family at Norcross, just below the railroad station, on Indian township No. 4, burned down Sunday afternoon the 12th, caused from a defective chimney or stove pipe as we understand it. Albert Fowler and Tom Leet were soon there with the Company fire pump but the camp had too much of a start to be able to check it any.

Mr. P. L. Sawyer and Mr. Jackson have been with us at Norcross for a few days on official business.

The many friends of Phil Goodine were very sorry to hear of his sudden death, which occurred at Oldtown

July 25th. The deceased has been employed by the Company since its early days; for the last twenty years he has been a familiar figure on the Lower lakes, associated with Captain Budreau on the steamer F. W. Ayer. He was a very quiet man of pleasant disposition, greatly liked by all, and his untimely death came as a shock as he had been with us at Norcross this spring. The body was laid at rest in Canada, his former home.

The weather at Norcross has been very warm and dry the last few days.



Mr. I. F. Bussell's relic of the days before the peavey was invented

Grant Farm*H. G. Hoyt, Correspondent*

Jack Ramsay has returned from his vacation, during which he and his wife made extensive tours in his new Chrysler roadster, visiting Quebec, parts of Aroostook county, Bangor, Old Town and many other points of interest. H. G. Hoyt has been clerking at the farm during his absence.

Charles Budway, who is a familiar figure in the Bangor Office, spent several days with his wife and two guests at the Grant Farm. Mr. Budway is the elevator man in the Eastern Trust Building. While he was in this section he attended Field Day.

Some butchering has taken place here during the month. Beef and pork bearing the brand of the Grant Farm are being served on this side of the lake.

Approximately 135 tons of hay have been cut this season.

Joe Herrent's garden has attracted some attention and the abundance of fresh vegetables which have been used on this side of the lake coming from the garden, is evidence of his ability as a good provider. New potatoes were dug August 20.

Mr. E. F. Jones of the Division of Forest Engineering, accompanied by his wife, visited the farm.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. White and family spent their vacation at Duck Pond using the office building for shelter.

Harry Bowe returned to the farm for a few days. Although not enjoying the best of health he appeared to be in good spirits and acted as operator at the telephone switch board while Leon Mishio attended Field Day.

Rockwood and Vicinity*Hugh Desmond, Correspondent*

Harold Casey of the Paymaster Department is paying on the Kineo side of the lake, relieving Walter O'Connell who is away on his vacation.

Wilbur Erskine and Lloyd Pickett have been with us during the past month working on the boats at Caucomgomoc and Forty-Mile.

Bernie Perry is making a tour of inspection of the equipment on the S. L. & St. J. R. R.

A. B. Chaplin is rapidly recovering his fine stentorian voice, which always gets badly hoarsened from his duties as official announcer at Field Day. Much of the success of our annual Field Day is due to Mr. Chaplin's untiring zeal and enthusiasm.

GNPCOR

Climb! There are no elevators in the house of success

Among the Bangor Office men present at Field Day we noticed Mr. William St. J. Murray and Normand Smith with their respective families.

Ned Voutour and Frank Gagnon, who assisted in setting up the tent at Seboomook, are leaving on August 20 for Madawaska where they have secured employment at the Farzer Mills. Good luck and best wishes, boys!

Forty-Mile Boarding House was closed the middle of August. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, who were in charge at the house, have opened their home in Jackman. Col Murray attended to the plumbing work.

Clarence, Kathleen and Billy Sargent have all returned from their vacation.

Lawrence Desmond visited his brothers in Greenville and Rockwood during the month.

Eagle Lake Tramway

A. G. Faulkner, Correspondent

The weather has been very warm in this section lately but not sufficiently hot to greatly retard progress as we have kept up our "battering average" of delivering between eight and nine thousand cords in Umbazookskus Lake weekly since

we started, with perhaps the exception of one week.

Mr. August Lessard, our superintendent, has been away on a two weeks' vacation, his place being filled by Mr. Charles LaCroix. While here Mr. LaCroix appointed himself Street Commissioner with the result that the appearance of our streets, parks and lawns has been greatly improved.

Among our recent visitors have been: Mr. Neil Violette, Mr. Gruhn, Mr. Wm. Hilton, Mr. Lester Smith, Mr. Edward LaCroix, Father F. X. Dulac of St. George, P.Q., Mr. F. A. Gilbert, Mr. Geo. H. Foster of the M. C. R. R., Mr. Lane of our Traffic Department, Mr. J. E. Sargent and Mr. Geo. McGuire.

Mr. John Brown of Greenville and Dr. Ewing of Philadelphia also paid this place a visit for a couple of days in the interests of Camp Allagash.

Mrs. Florian Poulin and Miss Annette Poulin recently spent the day with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Vigue, on Palm Island.

Mrs. Emma Pelletier, with her two children of Oldtown, Me., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Dubay.

Mr. Frank Searway of Oldtown passed through here recently enroute to Heron Lake Dam to relieve

Mouser who is starting on his annual vacation.

Mr. Cal Gunn and Mr. Louis Murphy made us a brief call recently.

Blair Farm

C. E. Page, Correspondent

The garden at the Blair Farm is contributing much to the table of the family.

Everett Page, who attended the summer school at Bates, has returned to Greenville and is preparing to leave for Kingfield where he has been teaching in the schools there.

Fifty tons of hay were cut and stored here this summer.

William Harrington is our most frequent visitor.

Charles Page has purchased one of the cottages at Moosehead Lake Highlands.

Weather Report

F. W. Allen, Observer

July 15 to August 15, 1928

Total precipitation	3.03 inches
Number of clear days	11
Maximum temperature	89° Aug. 15
Minimum temperature	48° July 21 & 30
Prevailing wind	S E
Greatest velocity recorded, 15 mi. per hour	8 P. M. July 25
Total wind movement	3557 miles



THE HORSE FAIR—By Rosa Bonheur (1822-1899)
Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

GNPCO

The best way to avenge a wrong is not to be like the wrong-doer—MARCUS AURELIUS



Evening at Moosehead Lake

Photo by Milford Baker—Copyrighted

The Lure of the Lake

By NATHAN APPLETON TEFFT

Quiet mornin', sun a-risin',
 Paddle dippin' up its wake;
 Reel a-hummin' an' surprisin',
 Salmon flashin' from th' lake.
 Suthin' 'bout it kinder fetchin';
 Suthin' in me 'gins t' rise!
 Wouldn't swap fer gold th' ketchin'
 O' this beau'ful silver prize!

On th' beach a little fire;
 Coffee 'gins a-b'ilin' up;
 P'inted saplin' fer a frier,
 Piece o' birch bark fer a cup.
 Somehow nuther cares an' worry,
 Go a-flyin' in th' breeze!
 Who 'ud swap his heat an' hurry,
 Fer this close-to-natur' ease?

Driftin' camp-ard jest at sundown,
 Natur' 'gins a-paintin' scenes:
 Puty sky atop th' hill crown,
 White birch o'er th' water leans;
 Fleet o' ducklin's too, a-sailin',
 Mother hidin' 'em away;
 Who 'ud swap th' thing thet's ailin',
 Fer this endin' uv a day?

Evenin' down th' ridges creepin';
 Whip-po-wills b'gin t' call;
 Pewee bird its prayer a-peepin',
 By a whisperin' waterfall,
 Who 'ud swap th' honk uv auto,
 Fer an ol' owl's sombre hoot,
 From a mountain pine or grotto,
 Out o' darkness, abserlute?

GNPCO

The Bible is to humanity what the compass is to the traveler

The Little Barber

(Reprinted from "Minstrelsy of Maine" by permission of Fannie H. Eckstorm)

Taken down in January, 1902, by Mr. Sidney Sykes, of New York City, at Lobster Lake, near Moosehead, from the singing of Jack McGuinness, of Bangor, who wrote this song

THIS song, which is also called "Johnny Holmes," was printed under that title by Professor R. P. Gray, in 1924, from the text which follows. There has been some difference of opinion as to who wrote the song, but Mr. Sykes' statement, "written and sung by Jack McGuinness," seems to be correct. Quite recently Mr. John Foley, of Bangor, told the editors the circumstances under which the song was composed. Holmes was clerk of camp for John Ross in his operations on Lobster Lake and had gone in with Mr. Ross to visit the camps. At the camp where they were to spend the night, Holmes asked one of the men to sing and several others joined in urging it. The man declined. Then Holmes again urged him. Again the man said that he did not feel like singing. Finally Holmes said: "Oh, go on! Sing anything, anything you like." So then, with the full permission of Holmes, the man sang this new song, mercilessly lampooning Holmes himself. Holmes was so vexed that, rather than spend the night in that camp, he walked out four miles to the Ross Farm on Moosehead Lake for a place to sleep.

Quite likely the song was prepared beforehand and Holmes merely walked into a trap laid for him. Mr. Foley thinks the song must be fifty years old; the editor would place it about the middle eighties, or a little later.

"The Little Barber" is a classic, the type of the unlettered man's literary revenge. It is the sharpest of the satires that have come to our notice, and, considering the circumstances of its first delivery, the most remarkable. It will be observed that, though personally present, Mr. Ross himself is not spared. The woods are full of songs reviling cooks and employers, now long dead, who were unlucky enough to stir up the muse of some man who could "make up a good song." This one shows how much easier it is to get into a song than it is to get out of one; for fifty years is a long time to have one's evil manners not only writ in brass, but brazenly sung all over the State and beyond. The victim of this song, fleeing in the cold, winter starlight four miles across the crunching snow in order to get a bed away from his tormentor, knew that he could never live to see the day when that song would be forgotten.

Come all you jolly lumbermen, wherever you may be,
I'll have you pay attention and listen unto me;
It's of a jolly barber which I am going to tell,
It's on Penobscot where this man is known right well.

He shaved three years for Hunter, a year for Slippery Sam,
He shaved a crew for Ross one year, down on Chesuncook Dam.
Then he went to Canaan to see what he could do;
He got in co. with Weeks and there he shaved another crew.

He shaved six years for Loveland, for Smith a year or two,
And now he's back to Lobster to shave John Roland's crew.
If he begins a-shaving here, the crew will let him know
That they will surely kill him, or down river he must go.

When Loveland hired the barber, he gave him to understand
He was to shave all the crew, each and every man.
He shaved the crew, the bosses, too, and all around the place,
The next he shaved was Loveland and he done it before his face.

When Loveland found he was getting beat, these words to him
did say:
"I think I've had you long enough, I'll settle with you today;
I think I've had you long enough, your pockets you did fill,
They say you built two houses down on the Baptists' Hill."

He shaved the crew, the bosses, too, and all around the farm,
They say he built two houses where Loveland built a barn.
The year he shaved for Isaac Terrill, when Gibbons was the boss,
He shaved the crew a little mite to pay for the mare they lost;
He shaved the crew a little mite, the boys they did complain;
The one he shaved the worst of all, they called him Bill McLean.

About the first of April, when Ross he did arrive,
He said unto his barber, "Come, let us take a drive;
Bring your razor with you and see what we can do,
We will go up to Lobster Lake and shave John Roland's crew."

When he got up to Lobster Lake, he met a great surprise,
It was there he met the little cook that blackened both his eyes.
Johnny stood and gazed on him with his squinted eyes,
Saying, "Mickey, I'll be square with you and that before I die."

About this jolly barber, I am going to unfold,
He belongs on St. John River and his name is Johnny Holmes;
It's on the St. John River he begun his wild career,
He robbed and stole, so I've been told, and that's what drove him
here.

About this jolly barber, he's of a medium size,
His face is very narrow, a squint in both his eyes;
His face is very narrow, in his nose there is a crook,
The Devil ain't a match for him for charging on a book.

These verses are not many, but I think they're very true;
He never was in a concern, but he always shaved the crew;
He cut your hair and shaved you, without either shears or comb,
The Devil ain't a match at all for squint-eyed Johnny Holmes.

If he shaves John Roland's crew, the truth to you I'll tell,
He'll waken up some morning and find himself in Hell,
With the Devil dancing round him, saying, "Johnny, I've got you
here,
So you must go far down below and suffer most severe."

These verses are not many, but I think they are complete,
When we get down to the City, boys, on it we'll have a treat;
We'll raise her and we'll roll her, with courage true and brave,
And with his poisoned razor he'll give us all a shave.

GNPCOR

Man's ears aren't made to shut; his mouth is

E V I L

*It's not for me to criticize
Creation, no.
To make the snow,
Invent the rain, and paint the skies,
That was some job,
Yet some folks sob,
And even heaven would advise.*

*And yet I cannot help but say
That I can't see
Why some things be
The way they are the present day,
Can't figure out
What God's about
In lots of things and many a way.*

*That is, I couldn't, not at first—
Not understand
Why any land
In this great world with war was cursed,
Disease and sin
And crime and gin,
And yet they make life look its worst.*

*I said, "What was creation at?"
Then all at once,
The gosh-darned dunce,
The truth hit me, knocked me flat.
God made the good,
Of course He would—
But all the rest, man thought of that.*

—Reprinted from "The American Lumberman."