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EDITORIAL

To all G N P Personnel in the Pittston Area.

This is our first experiment in the Newspaper Field and no doubt you will realize it by the time you reach the bottom of the sheet, but the main purpose for it is to give us more experience in the use of the duplicator machine. We will not carry too many of the items that the Enterprise specializes in such as "A porcupine has 20,000 quills," because we feel our readers do not care too much whether a porcupine has 20,000 quills or 20,000 quills has a porcupine. We will report all news items that comes in to us, either underhanded or overhanded and hope you will derive a great deal of satisfaction from them.

Signed, The Editor.

Hunting parties seem to be more numerous this year than in the past.

Mike Phelps, Sales Manager of the Boston Office is entertaining 2 men from the American Publishing Association, and 4 men from the Boston Globe. He is assisted by Tom Russell, and Herb Hanson and are staying at The Pittston Annex. The Annex has not been too noisy although the musical sound of Bud cans mingling with tinkling glass has been heard coming from the eastern end of the building occasionally.

The tongue of women is their sword; they take care not to let it rust.

The average annual snowfall for Pittston is 105.89 inches. So far for 1962 & 1963 we have had 13.75 inches.

M.D.Anderson, Supt. of Clerks is a business caller in the North Branch District this week. E. A. Lumbert and R. F. Smart are on a business trip in the North Branch country and are staying at the I.P.Chain. Henry Deabay, Safety Supervisor and a party are also in the North Branch Area. Mr. Martin Murphy, Custodian of the Rainey Brook Chain entertained a former Bangor Office employee this past week, and under Mr. Murphy's guidance he took home a doe deers.

The Seboomook Campground officially closed Saturday Nov. 10, for the season. Mr. Bessey the Proprietor is enjoying a vacation at his home in Monson.

ADVERTISING SECTION

Bookkeeping & Accounting Instructions
while you relax. Cariboo's our specialty.
Open every evening.

HOTEL & MOTEL
Tel. St. Aurelie, 2-2509

Hurdinsky & Besseyvitz, Ltd.
Dealers in fine furs. Orders
now being taken for "Bob Cat Rugs"
and "Beaver Hats,".

Tel. Oxbow 5-2252

There is a market for a sort of METRECAL SHAMPOO--for fatheads.



NOVEMBER 22, 1962

VOLUME I NO. 2

EDITORIAL

We are sorry this weeks news is so late but there were so many things responsible for it although we think all of them were excusable, such as;

1--Holiday (No Load)

2--Ass(t Editor inventoring, North Branch Area (more ovariges than shortages)

3--Poor quality of paper (Mill Managemnet and mill labor too busy planning a business trip to Middle Brook for closer observation of raw materials situation in order to formulate a better mix.)

4--Caribou in place of Turkey.

I think all of you will agree with us that these were reasons enough.
Signed, The Editor.

.Indigestion: The failure to adjust a square meal to a round stomach.

Mr. Hurdinsky has announced his retirement from the trapping business, after 42 yrs of it, he has decided the competition is too strong, but he will be available as a Consultant to any Frustrated Trapper.

Who was seen eating Peanut Butter Fudge somewhere north of 6 R 16?

Instead of Fox Extermination we need something to take care of the termites as we understand an old farm in this area had the back door eaten out, plus a few cupboards tables, and door frame sometime during the past 10 days.

Our representative to legislature should work up some kind of a law to govern the distance apple trees should be planted away from the back windows of the house which would help to conserve our fast receding deer herd.

It certainly pays to advertize in our news, as a certain customer of ours has already recieved several orders for Beaver Hats & Bob Cat Rugs.

Bore-A Guy with a Cocktail in one hand and your lapel in the other.

See our next weeks news regarding Pyro-Maniacs.

THANKSGIVING MENU--NORTH of T 6 R 18

Cocktail-Cinquante Huite Hors d'Oerfs--Fried Bacon2(days old) Celery Soup
(Recipe on request) Egg Soufle with one onion (onion was found later in someone's shaving kit) Top Round Steak--Fried Eastern Ham--Cold Chicken in Tinfoil. No room for dessert.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Why not visit our modern Sawmill? We
deal in Short and Long Lumber. Guided
tours thru Heated Restroom. Free Pine
and Spruce Slabs. Tel. Ox 5-2252

WANTED

SWIVEL Hipped Blonde Housekeeper. None
other need apply.
Tel. Collect Wy-7-4381

Mechanic: My advice is to keep that car of yours moving.

Bates: Why?

Mechanic: Well, if you ever stop, the cops will think it's an accident.

Here and there in the Area:

The hunting season is drawing to a close with nearly everyone using their tag, although there is a rumor that a deer wandered away tag and all.

The Budget Committee moved into Pittston this week. If they can miss 12 Consecutive times and blame it onto high sights as they did something else a week or so ago then they should be no problem keeping with-in any budget they may come up with.

Our roving reporter says get your reserve tickets early for the 1963 ICE CAPADES that we are given to understand will be held in a neighboring country. It has come to our attention that a certain retired trapper has taken the position of head instructor for a couple of the numbers. Ice skating in a YAH YAH DRESS--I guess I'll get my tickets now.

When George Washington crossed the Delaware he confiscated boats to ferry his supplies and men across the river. When a certain Communication Officer in this area crossed the North Branch he confiscated a toboggan--His supplies was on one side of the river and his men on the other.

A new Black Rambler has shown up in the Area, O' Well, once a SUCKER always a SUCKER.

The latest scientific discovery in the medical field.

Expectorants excite or promote discharge of mucus from the lining membrane of the bronchial tubes, thereby relieving inflammation and allaying cough.

- 1 In ordinary cough without inflammation,--Gum Ammoniacum, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Powdered squill,, I Drm, Castile soap, 2Drms, Honey enough to form a ball.
- 2 In old standing cough (Stomach).** Assafoetida, 3Drms, galbanum, I Drm, carbonate of ammonia, $\frac{1}{2}$ drm, ginger, $1\frac{1}{2}$ drm, . Honey enough to form a ball.
3. A strong expectorant ball.--Emetic tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ drm, calomel, 15 grs, digitalis, $\frac{1}{2}$ drm, powdered squills, $\frac{1}{2}$ drm. Linseed meal and water enough to form a ball, which is not to be repeated without great care.

The dean of women at an exclusive girls' college was lecturing her students on sexual morality. "In moments of temptation," said the speaker to the class, "Ask yourself just one question; Is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame? A sweet young thing in the back of the room rose to ask a question of her own: "How do you make it last an hour?"

Notre Pere qui es auxcieux, ton nom soit sanctife. Ton regne Vienne; to Valonte' soit faite sur le terre, Comme au cill, donne. nous auyound' hâr notre pain quotidien. Pardonne-nous nos peches, comme ausse nous pardonnons a' ceux qui nous out offenses. Et ne nous abandonne point a la tentation, mais delivre nous du malin. Car a toi appartient le regne, la puissance, et la gloire, a jaurias. AMEN.

ADVERTISEMENT

Car load lots. Beaver & Cats
I can undersell any trapper in
the country. Contact Duperry of
Duperry Fur Co., Ltd.

Smoke and Water Sale
I Diesel Light Plant
slightly overheated.
Can be seen at 3.30 A.M.
any night.
See the PYROMANIACS.



Here and there in the area:

There will be no meeting of the CARIBOU CLUB this week as the members have not recuperated from last weeks episode.

Ralph (Shorty) Henderson returned to his duties in the Telephone Maintenance Crew after an absence of several weeks convalescing from a surgical operation at the Dean Memorial Hospital.

M. D. Anderson, Supt. of Clerks was in Millinocket Tuesday on a business trip.

Did the operator of a blue Rambler freeze at the steering wheel, should he take a driving test, or does he need new glasses?. That is the unanswered question of the week. It is our firm belief that he is like a bull that when he sees something red (like a Red Dodge Pickup) he automatically heads for it with no other intention but to destroy it.

Ray Goody of Forest Engineering claims he went from Charleston to East Corinth in his Volks on two cans of Dry Gas. If Slim Powell had pulled in his legs, Ray might have made it to Bangor, to set a new mileage record.

It has been rumored that J.H. Mortell and C. F. Gillette have moved to Florida for the winter. R. L. Sawyer, another retired employee is too busy to leave Greenville. With his duties as Janitor of the Masonic Temple, Community House and Union Church there is no time to even think of Florida.

Did a certain guest of the Caribou Club last week, (thursday night) smuggle a cigarette lighter into a foreign country, or did he absent mindly leave it laying on the table when he left?.

Test your I.Q. With the following puzzle. 30 minutes above average intelligence, 45 minutes average intelligence and 1 hour a direct descendant from the ape.

There are five (5) houses in a row. Each is of a different color, each occupied by a different nationality. Each occupant has a pet, a favorite brand of cigarettes and a favorite beverage. Using the information given below, answer these questions.

1. Who drinks water? 2. Who owns a zebra?
- A. An Englishman lives in the red house.
- B. The Spaniard owns a dog.
- C. Coffee is drunk in the green house.
- D. The Ukrainian drinks tea.
- E. The green house is immediately to the right of the ivory house.
- F. Kools are smoked in the yellow house.
- G. Old Gold smoker owns quail.
- H. Milk is drunk in the middle house.
- I. The Norwegian lives in the first house.
- J. The man who smokes Chesterfields lives next to the man with the fox.
- K. Kools are smoked next to the house where the horse is kept.
- L. Lucky Strike smoker drinks orange juice.
- M. The Japanese smokes Parliaments.
- N. The Norwegian lives next to the blue house.

Benoit Caron & wife are on a pleasure trip to Montreal, and wants to thank all those that made it possible for them to go. Proprietors of the BOUNDARY INN.



PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

DECEMBER 13, 1962

CIRCULATION 74

VOLUME 1 NO 5

TO ALL PERSONNEL IN THE PITTSTON AREA.

Since Christmas falls on tuesday this year there will be no work on monday the 24th in the camps, at Pittston or Greenville Shop. The following saturday December 29th will be worked in place of monday, There will be only the watchman at Pittston and Greenville Shop. The telephone operators will work their regular hours on monday and holiday hours on Christmas day.

Charles L. O'Brien

SUPT.

The rebuilding of Caucomgomac Dam is nearly completed. The new structure has five gates instead of four, and a fishway has been added. The new dam also has a 24 foot roadway crossing the top and the wings have been built up and widened to accomodate future traffic. Steel pilings was driven on each wing. The crew working here have done a good job and should be rightfully proud of the finnished product.

A check of the office at Scott Brook tuesday December 11th revealed a startling fact; It seams the head clerk does not trust his assistant and so padlocks him in the office while he takes a trip to the dam project. Is this a problem for the Humane Society?

Women are funny, the fat ones want to get flatter and the flat ones want to get fatter.

There will be a safety meeting at Pittston December 13th for the contractors, be sure to bring your accident analysis sheet.
Speaking of safety, watch your driving on the Rockwood, Caucomgomac road next week. ~~as~~ ~~Cuddy~~ and Stanton Bean are going to start hauling hardwood.

The Head Clerk has done it again. He has driven another one of ~~his~~ men into the hospital with ulcers.

A check with the deer tagging stations in Rockwood shows Leo Tessier tagging 445 and Bill McIver 48 for the 1962 deer season.

Mr. Dick Bessey is convalescing at his home in Monson after a serious operation on his arm. Sharpening knives can be fatal.

Wellie Caouette, Lucien Gosselin and Adelard Gilbert's crews enjoyed their ice-cream last week. Compensation for having no accidents (lost Time) for the month of November.

Pittston Farm had 3.84 inches of precipitation for the month of November. The total to date for the year is 36.32 inches. The average for a fifteen year period is 41.11 inches.

The Caribou Highway claims another victim. A gray Chevrolet car was seen parked on T. 8 R. 15 the other night. Could it have been a clerk walking for exercise on the Allen Road that same night? Could be. His expense account should show where he spent the night.

MIDDLE AGE: The time in life when you are grounded for several days after flying high for one night.



DECEMBER "1962

VOLUME 1 NO. 6

The cutting season is nearing an end for the 1962 year.

Wellie Caouette	Finnished	12/13	With	14,168	Cords
Henri Marcoux	"	12/14	"	13,005	"
Alfred Nadeau	"	12/14	"	14,169	"
I. L. Dumas	"	9/30	"	8,045	"
A & R Gilbert	Est. Finnishing	12/28	"	12,776	"
Lucien Gosselin	" "	12/18	"	13,646	"
J. A. Poulin	" "	1/30/63	"	7,500	"
Total Cords cut to date				83,509	

Sometime in the near future when we have plenty of time and paper we will issue reprints of the first three copies, which you may have on request.

Marriage is like a railroad sign: You see a lovely girl and you stop. Then you look. And after you are married, you listen.

The Safety meeting at Pittston last week had a very good turnout. Mr. Thibodeau and Mr. Farnham of Bangor were here and Earl Bruce, Henry Deabay and Charley Duperry represented the Safety Department. We hope they enjoyed the bountiful spread that was placed before them by that noble chef Mr. Long, assisted by (another good chef) Arthur Lepage. By the way, we have another good cook in our midst. If you don't believe it, drop in on the Long's at their trailer in Dover about meal time and see who is standing over the hot cookstove. Ah! Theres nothing like a woman's touch in the kitchen.

Mr. Adelard Gilbert & Mr. D. E. Bates are to be complimented on the efficient manner in which they have handled the Scott Brook Sawmill this past season. We will have somt production figures at a later date as well as the total amount that they sold to build Caucomgomac Dam.

December 21st will be the last day that the St. Aurelie Boundary will remain open until 8:00 P. M. After that date they will return to their regular hours.

The first road built by the Great Northern Paper Co. was the 14 miles from Northwest Carry to Pittston Farm. It was started in 1910 by Ed. Doyle, Supt. of Pittston Farm. He began by widening the Old Canada Tote Road, pulling stumps and blasting rocks. In 1911 Mr. Foley moved in with 300 men to complete it. It is rather interesting to note that they tried to use an oil burning steam tractor but with very little success.

The Old Canada Tote Road that I mentioned above was to be a military highway and was an act of legislature around 1830. It began at Northwest Carry (Seboomook) passed Pittston, Canada Falls, crossed Little Penobscot and Big Penobscot just below the dam that is there now, then to Portage Lake that lies directly on the boundary. This road was never anymore than a tote road.

It seems we are blessed with a television actor in this area. The Christmas tree for Rockerfeller Center was cut on Scott Paper Co. land in the vicinity of where I lost several golf balls this past sumner(Squaw Mountain Inn). It was being plugged on a Bangor television station by Mr. M. D. Anderson, Supt. of clerks last thursday morning December 13th. We wonder if he had to use any of Scotts products after the show was over with.

A chance remark is anything that a man manages to say while two women are talking.

We have had a few requests for the answer to the puzzle that we printed in Volume 1 No. 4 but we have had so many requests this week for more clues etc that we feel it would be better to wait another week or so.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday night the thermometer stopped at 14 degrees below zero to set the record ~~for~~ this winter.

***** **
The mariner 2 spacecraft passed within 22,137 miles of Venus Thursday December 14th at 2:59 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

SAFETY SLOGAN FOR THE HOLIDAYS
The well oiled motor runs smoothly, not so the well oiled motorist.

How cold is twice as cold as zero? That was the question we had sprung on us the other night.

YA!. YA! SKIRTS

Ever since we mentioned the Ya-Ya people have been asking just what is it? Well we found an article in a recent magazine that has something to say about it. They say and I quote " A Ya-Ya skirt is a supershort garment with a hem about five inches above the knee. It goes too far or not far enough, whichever way you look at it. Give us a slinky ankle length gown or a bikini anytime. A mere five inches glimpse of the average female knee is pretty disappointing, like Boccacceu. A skirt that ends just below the knee does not dilute promise with fact, in some instances, like the girl with the fatted calf, a longer skirt is more humanitarian." Unquote. We have the bloody English to thank for this style and it is our belief that we should do everything in our power to discourage it.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ONE AND ALL.

THE EDITORS

E. C. Fernald
S R Hall



CHRISTMAS IN 1607

In 1607, A British expedition, led by Captain John Smith, penetrated the wilds of Virginia to the James River where they proceeded to settle.

They were in fine fettle.

But this was soon spoiled by hostile Indians who proceeded to pillage the village and commit larcenous things like capturing John Smith.

(Some historians say this part is a myth.)

But myth or no, a little Indian Princess named Pocahontas saved John's life, thus saving Jamestown and, thanks to this little Indian Sweetie.

They all shook hands and signed a treaty.

Then when Christmas came, the colonists decided to have a huge Christmas Party, everyone was invited.

The Indians said they'd be delighted.

So on Christmas day the Indians came laden with presents: Venison, Maize, bobac, Pheasants. A Caribou highball would be nicer to get.

But the I.P.Road hadn't been built as yet.

GREETINGS FROM THE STAFF.

Adult version of: 'Twas The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
There were empties and butts, left around by some louse.
And the best quart I'd hid by the chimney with care
Had been swiped by some bum, who'd discovered it there.
My guests all had long since been poured in their beds
To wake in the morning with god-awful heads.
My mouth full of cotton, hung down to my lap
Because I was dying for one more nightcap.

When through the north window there came such a smell
I sprang to my feet to see what the hell....
And what to my wondering eyes should show up
But eight bloated reindeer, hitched to a beer truck.
With a little old driver who looked like a hick
But I saw it was Santa, as tight as a tick.
Staggering onward, those eight reindeer came,
While he hiccoughed and belched as he called them by name:

"On Schenley! On Seagram! We ain't got all night,
You too, Haig and Haig, and you too, Black and White."

"Scram up on this roof, get the hell off this wall,
Get going you dummies, we've got a long haul."

So up on the roof went the reindeer and truck

But a tree branch hit Santa before he could duck.

And then, in a twinkling I heard from above

A hell of a noise that was no cooing dove.

So I pulled in my head and I cocked a sharp ear,

Down the chimney he plunged, landing smack on his rear.

He was dressed up in furs, no cuffs on his pants

And the way the guy squirmed, well I guess he had ants.

He had pints and quarts in the sack on his back

And a breath that'd blow a freight train right off the track.

He was chubby and plump and he tried to stand right

But he didn't fool me, he was high as a kite.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to work

And missed half the stockings, the plastered old jerk.

Then putting five fingers to the end of his nose,

He gave me the bird...up the chimney he rose.

He sprang for his truck at so hasty a pace

That he tripped on a gable and slid on his face.

But I heard him burp back when he passed out of sight,

"Merry Christmas, you rum-dums, now really get tight."

DECEMBER 27, 1962

VOLUME 1 NO. 7

&

Christmas is over and back to work if you can get there. The storm Saturday left us with 13 inches of new snow and then on Wednesday, six inches. The snowplows were out Sunday & Monday then again Wednesday to open the roads.

If you want a warm car when you get up in the morning leave your engine running all night. That is what Little Squaw S. H. is now recommending.

One of the night watchman at Greenville Shop, Philias Ward and his mother lost their home last Friday by fire.

Mr. Morrison and Mr. Lumbert from Millinocket were at Pittston and Greenville last week breifing the clerks on the new coding system.

Mr. Allen Leighton of Forest Engineering has been transferred out of the area.

The girl who lays all her cards on the table usually ends up playing solitaire.

In case of emergency after 7:00 P.M. when the telephone office at Grant Farm has closed, you can get the Greenville Shop Watchman on the radio by repeated calls. Between the half hour and the hour the watchman will be near the loudspeaker. If in the Pittston Area you can usually get the telephone operator and she will contact someone to go to the office to use the radio.

There are five cutting camps in the Pittston Area this year.

Wellie Caouette Cont. with Mr. Caouette as foreman; Pierre Caouette, Ass't Foreman; J.A. Marceau, clerk and Alfred Chasse as scaler. The camp is located at the dam on Abaconetic Stream, T 6 R 18. This wood will be horse hauled and tractor hauled, into the North Branch, Abaconetic and Little Bog.

Alfred Nadeau Cont. with Mr. Nadeau as foreman; Charles Nadeau, Ass't Foreman; C. E. Gerry, Clerk and Maxie Pelkey, Scaler. The camp is on the I.P. Road on T 7 R 18. The wood will be hauled by trucks to Upper Little Bog, about 15 miles.

Lucien Gosselin Cont. with Mr. Gosselin, Foreman, Aime Gilbert, Ass't Foreman; Glen Lumbert, Clerk and Milton Anderson, Scaler. The camp is a half mile south of Baker Lake on T 7 R 17. The wood will be tractor hauled to Upper Little Bog, about 9 miles.

Henri Marcoux Cont. with Mr. Marcoux, Foreman, Frank Morissette, Ass't Foreman; George Bessey, Clerk and Dick Goodwin, Scaler. The camp is on E/2 of T 7 R 15. Northeast of Caucomgomac Lake. The wood will be horse hauled and tractor hauled into Avery Pond, adjoining Caucomgomac Lake.

Adelard Gilbert Cont. with Mr. Gilbert, Foreman; Raoul Gilbert, Ass't Foreman; D. E. Bates, Clerk and Robert Arnold, Scaler. The camp is located on Scott Brook, T 5 R 15. The wood will be truck hauled to a new landing a mile below the Black Pond Landing.

If a hundred stones are placed in a straight line at a distance of one yard between them the first one being one yard from a basket, How many yards would you walk to pick them up, one by one and place them in the basket?

To build Caucomgomac Dam they used 35,329 feet of logs and Scott Brook Sawmill furnished them with 149,000 FBM of sawed lumber. 62,343 FBM of that amount was customed sawed into 12' X 12' X 21' ft. pieces.

There are three kind of women; those who raise their eyebrows, those who raise their voice, and those who raise the roof.

The Scott Brook Sawmill produced 171,000 FBM of lumber from June to November.

The main topic of conversation this week is the blizzard that hit the state over the weekend. There is no doubt that it broke all previous records by dumping over three feet of snow on top of us. Most highways in the state were closed for some time but by Monday night all those that affected this area were open to traffic. The snowplow crews did a tremendous job and had all company roads open Wednesday morning. The shoulders have built up in some places so high that it makes the driving quite hazardous. So watch your step for a while.

The answer to the puzzle that appeared in Volume 1 No. 4 is as follows:

Yellow House	Blue House	Red House	Ivory House	Green House
Norwegian	Ukranian	English	Spaniard	Japanese
Kools	Chesterfield	Old Golds	Luckies	Parliaments
Water	Tea	Milk	Orange Juice	Coffee
Fox	Horse	Quail	Dog	Zebra

Which clerk hauled a typewriter to Pittston because it wouldn't print only to that it was in neutral? Probably overworked from printing W-2's and decided during the night to slide over into the non-print slot.

The chef at Pittston Farm is having his troubles; too much to eat and not enough to eat it or visa-versa, not enough to eat and too many to eat it. So please let him know that you are going to be away at mealtime if you are a boarder; if you are a guest please call and tell him that you will be here. Thank you.

It was rather balmy Christmas morning so Walter Creagan discovered while waiting at the mouth of his road for the mail man to pick him up and take him to Rockwood for Christmas dinner. Where was the mail man? Cat hunting while Walter waited until 2 O'clock for a late-late dinner. (He got the cat-37½ lbs).

The population of Northeast Carry this winter is the whole and complete sum of two, Mr. and Mrs Chester Worthern. Mrs Worthern is the postmistress of Northeast.

We once knew a pirate named Bates
Who did a fandango on skates.
He tripped on his apron,
Which rendered him capon,
And practically useless on dates.

December weather report

Precipitation for month.....	4.29	Inches	(49" snow)
Maximum temperature	46	12/4	
Minimum temperature.....	16	12/21	
Total precipitation for year	37.63	Inches	
Snowfall to date for 1962 & 1963	71	Inches	
On ground December 31, 1962	42	Inches	

Mr. R. E. Blodgett returned this week after enjoying a weeks vacation. Men, horses and equipment started to move in Wednesday to start hauling. There will be some delay until they get the woods roads broken out again.

Taking your wife to a party is like going fishing with a game warden- no matter what you catch they make you throw it back.

NORTHERN ROADS

Who was it built the turnpike roads
In the woods of Northern Maine,
That give access to the hunting grounds
Where the sportsmen find their game?
Who keeps them in such good repair
To the mountain, lake, and streams
Where thousands in their autos go
To view old Nature's scenes ?

(Twas the G. N. P. Company,
So well and widely known;
To all who travel on their roads
Their courtesy is shown;
They cleared the trees from the right of way
Where a car was never seen,
And made the many cuts and fills,
And bridged the flowing streams.

A stranger traveling over their roads
With comfort in his car,
May wonder how they used to get
Supplies in there so far;
They toted them with horses then,
Over rough and muddy roads,
Now trucks and tractors haul their freight
In large and heavy loads.

When one for business made the trip
In a spring or summer month,
He went to Lily Bay by boat
And stopped to get a lunch;
Then to the Grant Farm on a stage,
Seventeen miles away,
O'er the rough old tote road,
The trip took near all day.

We thought the ride was very good,
For the worst was yet to come,
From the Grant Farm on we had to walk,
In the rain or scorching sun;
Sometimes we went on horseback,
But that was rather slow,
All the way we walked the horse,
The roads were rough you know.

Since the Northern built the turnpikes
We see the stage no more,
We go farther now in one day
Than we did then in four;
They plow the snow with tractors
And keep the turnpike clear,
And use their trucks and autos
At all times in the year.

By N. A. Smith-From "The Northern" October 1924 issue.

The hauling began this week with a bang:

Adelard Gilbert started with 4 cranes and 12 trucks.

Henri Marcoux with 5 tractors and 11 horses.

Alfred Nadeau with 4 cranes and 14 trucks.

Lucien Gosselin with 6 tractors on the main road and 28 horses in the woods.

Wellie Caouette started last week with 32 horses and 10 farm tractors, as of last Saturday night he had landed 900 cords.

Correction for the December 20th issue: Henri Marcoux's wood will be landed on Rowe pond and not Avery as reported.

Adam and Eve had their troubles. One day Adam really got mad. "Darn it," he said to Eve, "you've put my pants in the salad again!"

Which ankle did Dick Murray break? If it was the first leg of his pants that he was trying to get into there is still a question; Right or left? Maybe he was learning a new dance step. Melvin Young will replace him while he is recuperating.

It seems that Henri Marcoux's board cost took quite a jump recently. After some investigation by the clerk, George Bessey, he decided that Benoit Jr. the pet raven prefers beefsteak to lettuce.

We opened our mail this week and found the wedding announcement of George Edwards Pittston gamewarden and Maxine Ryder, grand daughter of that famous old woods cook Mood Tompkins. Someone should have told him that marriage is not a bed of roses but then after three months of your own cooking a man can get rather desperate.

A man has reached old age when he can't take yes for an answer.

Slim Powell, Al Leighton, Jim Williams and Ray Goody are squirters of the yellow paint in the vicinity of Nadeau's camp. They report that the snow under-foot is good that, that comes down the back of their neck is not so hot.

W. M. Creagan, retired clerk leaves Friday for Providence R. I. where he will spend the winter. This leaves only the mailman, Clarence Johnston and his family at Seboomook.

We had several business visitors in the area this week: Mr. Charles Duperry, representing the Safety Dept., M. D. Anderson, Supt. of Clerks and Leo Thibodeau, Employment manager.

The Rockwood to Pittston gravel road was 23 miles in length and was built from 1911 to 1915. It followed the general direction of the Butterfield tote road that had been in use for some years. There was several different men that worked on this road with their crews. Ed. Foley cut the right-of-way in 1909, Tom Ranney worked a couple of summers along with Frank Smart and Joe Sheehan but in 1914 Jim Sargent went to work on it and finished in 1915. Since that time it has been widened out and graveled a couple of times. The steel bridge that was installed in 1914 across Moose River was replaced in 1961 & 1962 with a modern steel and cement one. In 1962 the G.N.P. Company applied calcium chloride from Moose River bridge to 20 Mile for the first time which certainly made a great improvement.

"BOARD FOR THE ALLEGASH"

A hundred miles through the wilds of Maine
You soon may ride on a railroad train.
Some Yankee hustlers have planned the scheme
To take the place of the tote-road team.
They have the charter, the grit and cash
To stretch their tracks to the Allegash.
Along the length of the forest route
The woodland creatures will hear the hoot
Of the bullgine's whistle, where up to now
The big bull moose has called his cow,
And old Katahdin's long fin-back
Will echo loud with the clickity-clack
Through the sylvan wastes toward the Allegash.

Sing hey! for the route to Churchill Lake,
But oh, for the chap who twists the brake.
His buckskin gloves will save the wear
On his good stout palms, you know, but where
Will he find relief when his throat is lame
With the wrench of a yard-long Indian name?
'Tis something, friend, of a lingual trick
To say "Seboois" and "Wassataquoick,"
"Lunksoos," is tame and "Nesourdneheunk,"
But what do you say to a verbal chunk
To chew at once of the size of this:
"Pok-um-kes-wango-mok-kessis"?
I don't believe 'twould phase a man
To bellow out "Lah-kah-hegan";
His windpipe scarcely would get a crook
By spouting forth, "Pong-kwahemook,"
And even "Pata-quon-gamis"
Is easy. But just look at this:
Ah, where is he who wouldn't run
From "Ap-mo-jenen-ma-ganun"?
E'en "Umbazookskus" scratches some,
But doesn't this just strike you dumb?
"Nahma-juns-kwon-ahgamoc"?
Just think of having that to sock
Athwart the palpitating air
Straight at a frightened passengaire,
Hot bearings can be swabbed with oil,
And busted culverts yield to toil,
One can replace a broken rail
But larynxes are not on sale.
So, while it's hey for Churchill Lake
It's oh, for the chap who twists the brake.

One of Holman Day's Pine Tree Ballads.

Wellie Caouette seems to be topping the list with the most wood landed. As of Saturday night; Caouette, 3800 Cds; Gosselin, 2600; Gilbert, 2000; Nadeau 1600; Henry Marcoux, 1400 cords.

There are several retired employees in the hospital that would no doubt appreciate getting a card. Why not drop one in the mail today?

Lloyd E. Houghton, Bangor Hospital, 629 Main Street, Bangor, Maine.

John Sterling, Murtha Memorial Hospital, Jackman Station, Maine.

Leonard Cormier, Ward 8, Veterans Hospital, Greenville Jct., Maine.

Also, Dick Murray is in the Dean Memorial Hospital, Greenville Jct., Maine.

BATES RENT-A-CAR SERVICE.

If you rent a car from me you can leave it anywhere and I'll go get it, (If I can find it).

Stanton Beane, the new owner of the Viles Sawmill in Rockwood is making history this winter by hauling hardwood logs from Eagle Lake. His main truck road extends 23 miles beyond Henri Marcoux's camp and comes within a quarter of a mile from the Tramway. He utilized a section of one of Lacroix's log hauler roads. Little did Mr. Lacroix realize that he was building a future truck road.

A note from Mr. Murphy, "THE GATE KEEPER" requesting a copy of the latest news. Mr. Murphy is wintering at the Y. M. C. A. in Bangor.

A neighbors little son had just started to school and the other day he asked the school teacher if he might leave the room, and she replied, "No, you stay here like a good little boy and fill up the inkwells."

It has been suggested that there should be a sign placed at the fork of the road at St. Francis Lake-to read, "If going to Nadeau's camp, back up 11 miles." It probably should be neon so that it would show up plainly long about daylight.

There are some copies of the "Maine Heritage" by Elizabeth Hartsgrrove & Ruth Forbes available for those that are interested. The poem "St. John Operation" was taken from this book and there are others equally as good. The price is \$3.00 and well worth it.

A wife is a woman who sticks with a man through all the trouble he would not have had if he hadn't married her in the first place.

It was 25 degrees below zero Wednesday morning, setting a new record this winter.

Henry Deabay, Safety Supervisor, held a safety meeting at Alfred Nadeau's camp Wednesday night.

There is a clerk called Bessey,
Who in his early years was rather dressey.
But as of now he is rather slack,
And lives in the North Woods, in a tar paper shack.
He has now gone into the business of trapping beaver
And dying skins and becoming a weaver.
What next he'll do, we don't know
But maybe make a pet out of the old black crow.

AN ODE TO YE CLERKE BATES

'Tis sad to think that a friend we knew
Aspires to planes so lofty and far.
He appreciates not the flowers that grew--
Abundant, verdant. Fragrant Nectar!
Being "Cupped"---a flagrant manner,
Boisterous, insulting--We shudder.

But with steeled hearts and girded loins,
Against this friendship purloined---
His days'll be reckoned with strife and woe !
'Tis War, 'tis war against this foe.

A barrier raised doth e'er prevail
Lest in wrath our clime's assailed.
Tho' clothed he chance appears humane,
To such a crud---"Off Limits" our domain!

Tho' Time doth heal, 'tis often said,
We but fear he may well be dead,
E'er shriven and forgiven may he be
And courtesy reigns on Scott Brook Vallee !

(Above expressed by ye Four Knights Sur Le Branch du Nord.)

The names of the four Knights are unknown but we would be glad to print them if they would contact us at Pittston. (Editor)

Last weeks landed wood report shows Wellie Caouette leading the list again with 3300 cords for week; Gosselin, 2600; Nadeau, 2200; Gilbert, 2000 & Marcoux, 1400 cds.

Raymond Aucoin's tank tractor is at Gosselin's this week trying to compete with the D-7's. There is no report as yet on what it can do.

We understand Laurie Holmes of Northeast Harbor some several weeks ago was scouting the Island for a boat to take a group of "Duck Hunters" (from 6 State Street) out to Bunker's Ledge. Suffice to say there were none available, not even Rockerfellers. WHY? One of the boat owners made the following remark and I quote, "All they are looking for is another free ride in a Heli-copter."

Mike Collins and George Edwards, local representatives of the Fish and Game Dept. report that last week cat hunters from Freedom had a field day by getting two nice cats. Each cat had been visiting a deer carcass. They got one near Seboomook and the other near Caucomgomac. It seems as though the deep snow has given the cats an advantage over the deer. They also say that the beaver that have been growing big and fat from their easy life along the Northern's roads have found a noticeable decrease in their immediate families. Omar McIver can account for 32 of them up to the 16th of January. The run of beaver taken by Omar has been exceptionally large.

We had the pleasure to meet Charlie Weaver last week and he invited himself to Pittston for a week. He said, "Dammit I've got to move out of the Scott Brook Vallee. Why! Its so noisy around therè at night that I can't hear my nose turn red."

Our item in last weeks issue on the "Maine Heritage" book of poems has already sold four copies. If you are interested contact the editor.

Mr. and Mrs Maurice Bartlett have left for the sunny south. We hope they took their long-johns with them.

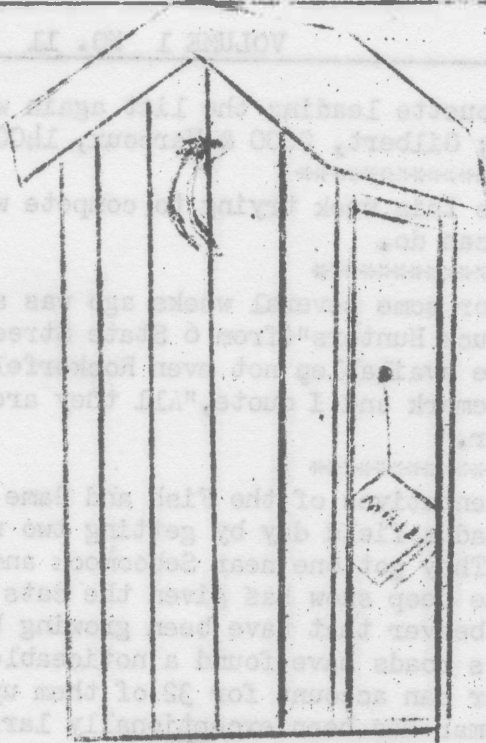
We were requested to include something regarding Safety in this issue but feel we are not qualified to say anything along this line. The bow end of a Black Rambler should be evidence enough but if it isn't stroll around to the stern and take a look at the fan-tail.

We understand there is an act in the 101st Maine Legislature to double the bounty on bob cats. After reading what the local wardens said about the bob cat hunters finding two deer killed by cats last week, it makes us feel as though the bounty should be doubled.

We were looking forward to having a new typerwriter (one that prints no mistakes) So far all we have to show for it is the requisition.

The gorgeous young college teacher was explaining the difference between things abstract and things concrete to her freshmen class. "Now Class," she said, "Concrete means something you can see and abstract means something you can't see. Is there anyone who can give me an illustration?" There was complete silence in the classroom and then one hand was raised from the back. "From what I gather, teacher, my pants are concrete while yours are abstract."

THE WOODSMAN'S DREAM OF AN OUTHOUSE SUPREME



1
In looking o'er the past six years
I view with consternation,
The many things that have been done
To help to save the nation.

2
I never got to go to school
To learn the alphabet,
So the "AAA" and "NRA"
To me they seem all wet.

3
But Duperry thought one up
That to my brain is clear,
I want one right in my back yard
And I want it very near.

4
I'd like to have mine painted
In lavender and peach
And I want to put it out by the tank
So I'll think I'm on the beach.

5
I'd like to have an electric fan
And then I'd sit and think
And please put in a case of beer
Cause I do love to drink.

11
I'd like to have a history book
To read the constitution
Cause them dag-gone Republicans
May start a revolution.

12
I'd like to have a goverment job
While I sit there and dream
I'll make a census of the wasps
While they crawl around the beam.

13
I wish you'd make more room in mine
Cause when the day is done,
I'd like to sit and visit
But there's only room for one.

14
And so Mr. Deabay
I send my admiration
Because without your engineers
We'd have died from constipation.

15
So here's to all Democrats
I'm sending my belief
Duperry's F.H.A. plan is best,
If you really want relief.

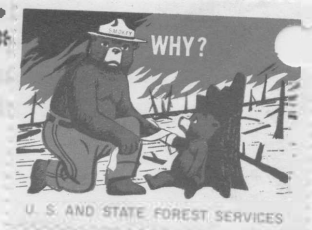
6
I'd like to have a television
I'd like to have a phone
And then I think I could enjoy
The joys of 'HOME SWEET HOME'.

7
I wish you'd change that little moon
You cut out in the door,
I'm afraid it is a dry moon
Cause it don't rain no more.

8
Speak to Mr. Duperry
And have him cut it wet,
I like the rain upon the roof
When I go out to set.

9
I'd like to have a shelterbelt
Planted right up nigh,
To shield my little refuge
From the gaze of passers-by.

10
I'd like a little peep hole
Cut right in the door,
So I can sit and shoot my pigs
If we should have some more.



PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 31, 1963

CIRCULATION 84

VOLUME 1 No. 12

This weeks landed wood report shows Wellie Caouette leading the list for the third week with 2800 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 2700; Alfred Nadeau, 2200; Adelard Gilbert, 2150 and Marcoux, 1200 cords.

The Safety Dept. has announced that seat belts are available at Greenville shop for Company employees at cost price (\$4.15 each plus tax). The Editor's cars will be equipped with them in the very near future.

RETRACTION---RETRACTION---RETRACTION

Everything this paper had to say in last weeks news regarding "Duck Hunting" is hereby "Unsaid". Why? We have been informed that Mr. Holmes is the father-in-law of the V. P. and MGR. of the G.N.P. therefore without this retraction where would we be? The epitaph would probably read something like this:

Here lies the remains of the Pittston Farm News
We thought we had it made and just couldn't lose.
When along came an article about the ducks
And now we lie in state with the rest of the Mucky-Mucks.

The usual weekend storm dropped in or rather on another 10 inches of snow. This makes a total snowfall of 109 inches for the winter. Lawrence Hurd made some measurements this week and found 38 inches for accumulation. It has been doubted and he is going back and try it again.

The March issue of the "Down East" magazine is now on the market and we advise all Northern employees to stop at the newsstand today and pick up a copy. They have a very nice article covering the past, present and future of the G. N. P. Co.

Anderson (entering suddenly): What are your feet doing on the desk? Oldenberg (thinking quickly) "I was so busy that I couldn't stop to hunt for my lost eraser- so I'm using my rubber heels".

Walter Beasley, service man for R. C. Hazelton had the mis-fortune to collide with a car on the Pittston-Rockwood road Thursday, January 24th. Walter Hennigan, mechanic of Greenville Shop was riding with Mr. Beasley and sustained a couple of broken ribs and one of the occupants of the car was bruised to some extent. It happened at the intersection of the Pittston road and the Rockwood-Jackman road at the end of Moose River bridge. This is the second accident to happen there in the past two years where a company employee was involved. We advise using extreme caution there unless you want to become the third victim.

There were several business visitors in the area last Thursday: M. D. Anderson, Harry Webber, Robert Estes, Albert Parent, Walter Hennigan, Walter Beasley and four Allis-Chalmers men from the factory. Mr. Ralph Clifford, Assistant Manager stayed overnight at the Pittston Farm.

Charlie Weaver was feeling rather low this past week-end and went to Greenville to see Dr. Knellson. The verdict was bad, very bad. It seems that a drop of blood had gotten into Charlie's alcohol system. Charlie is now under sedative at Pittston.

Mr. & Mrs George Edwards, Fish & Game department newlyweds are at their home at Pittston Farm.

When the winter sun comes up in the South
And the Foremen all look down in the mouth
And the snow drives in on a bitter wind
And there's nothing to do but suffer and sin
Stoves won't burn and water pipes freeze,
And whatever you say, the boss disagrees..
It all builds up to a furious pitch
And you squirm in your chair and strangely itch.
The crew gets wounded and their checks are too small
And all day long there's the telephone calls,
The cookroom cost, a perpetual curse,
The others are bad but yours are the worst.
And the snows keep coming down and down
And it looks like you'll never get to town,
The crew keeps slamming and slamming the door
And stamping off snow all over the floor.
You look in the glass and you haven't shaved
And your hair is long and your shirt unlaved
And it looks like there's just no way to be saved
When the mail comes in with a letter engraved
On an old scratch pad with a pencil stub--
A meeting is called of the Cariboo Club!
The President calls from Nadeau's camp
And the Falcon is warming up on the ramp.
For miles around there's the scraping of razors,
The counting of money, and donning of blazers.
And Bates in his hairy old, grubby old lair
Runs a grubby old comb thru his grubby old hair
And humming a tune both bawdy and rare
Says to himself, "I just don't care,
I'm getting out of this vale of despair,
The meeting is called and I must go,
Don't give a damn if it's thirty below
My throat is dry and my brain is too
And it is time I was seeing something new!"
So he bathed himself in the old wash tub
And he sang to the glory of the Cariboo Club.

And he rode off into the night.

Miles away, at the old sawmill
On the edge of the bunk sat Beaver Bill.
For this was the night to keep his date,
With the Fair Madame of the Silver Skates.
He'd practiced and practiced his figure eights
His dips and his glides and his pirouettes
And the rest of the evenings was up to the Fates,
What if he wakes to a grey tomorrow
Wearing in pain the garb of sorrow?
Who cares if tomorrow he's black and blue
Achin' and Shakin' and a'wearing of rue?
He'll pay any price, whatever it be
For a night on the rink at St. Aurelie.

And he glided off into the night.

Landed wood scale for weekending February-3rd: Wellie Caouette, 2350 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 2260 cords; Alfred Nadeau, 2250 cords; Adelard Gilbert, 2080 cords and Henri Marcoux, 1130 cords. Tom Russell reports that J. A. Poulin at Dennistown has delivered (R.R. wood) 6300 cords and I. L. Dumas on Hammond & Alder Brook towns has landed (On South Branch) 4300 cords.

A manicurist married a pedicurist, and they waited on each other hand and foot.

The topic of conversation everywhere you go seems to be snow and more snow so we dug out some of the past weather reports and found that in 1954 & 55 there was a total snowfall of 172½ inches and in 1957 & 58 there was 170½ inches. The fourteen year average is 106.97 inches. Following is a comparison between 1954-55 and 1962-63:

	1954-55	High Temp.	Low Temp.		1962-63	High Temp.	Low Temp.
	Snowfall				Snowfall		
October	1½	74	23		13½	74	20
November	9½	56	11		8½	44	5
December	46	33	-9		49	46	-16
January	24	30	-24		37	34	-25
February	38½	46	-30	2/6	11	28	-23
March	53	47	-13				
April		67	-17				
Total	172½			To Date	119		

Be prepared for more snow before April First rolls around.

Just because you have plenty of iron in your blood is no reason for letting it get rusty.

Dave Doolin, Auditor was in the North Branch last week doing a little checking. R. E. Farnham is in the area this week on business—we wonder if he is still trying to find the employment records of Charlie Weaver? Dick Bessey has replaced Gordon Cousins as Forestry Inspector in this area. Gordon has joined the squirts of the yellow paint at Dennistown.

It has been rumored that Lawrence Hurd used his scale rule to measure the snow last week. If so that would account for the low reading as it is a known fact that the beavers chewed 10 inches off the bottom end of his rule several years ago.

The Safety Slogan was: "Accident Free In Sixty Three" but a check with the camps show Caouette and Marcoux already have a lost time accident. The new slogan should be, "These two accidents cost us dear, now lets have no more for the rest of the year."

NOTICE.....All members of the Cariboo Club are requested to attend the March meeting. Attendance is a must at this meeting as it concerns the trial of, "Members versus The Author of The Call of The Cariboo poem." If found guilty of divulging information that is classified of Club members the penalty will be either expulsion or he will be presented with the tab of all members present at that meeting.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at sixty is a fool indeed.

Even as far as Pittston Farm
 The President's letter rang out the alarm,
 Said Felix to Stanley, "Well, rub-a-dub-dub,
 This evening we'll go to the Cariboo Club,
 But old Stanley's Dodge they just couldn't trust,
 And Felix's pickup was covered with rust
 And his rambler was dented and bent up behind
 And in front somewhat crumpled and a bit out of line.
 They looked out the window and passing them by,
 At the wheel of the Galion; the noble Bill Nye.
 With cries of delight they climbed into the cab
 And hoping they wouldn't meet up with old Ab
 They scraped off into the night.

The tempo picked up as the evening wore on
 The roads were as smooth as Louis Oakes lawn
 The scalers and bosses and clerks, to a man,
 Joined in this powerful, mad caravan
 And there in the lead, in his Falcon of white,
 Hands tense on the wheel, and beady eyes bright,
 Besotted, degraded, and sodden with drink
 Rode Al Leighton, our Leader, the new Presidink.
 The Falcon swooped down on the Boundary that night
 At the head of those Legions who were out to get tight
 As Hannibal led his troops to the wars,
 So Al Leighton lead his, to the famous Benoit's.
 He mustered his forces and stormed 'cross the Line
 Toward the Boundary Hotel, and the whiskey and wine.
 With a gesture so noble it was hard to ignore,
 He threw back his head and flung open the door.
 A cheer echoed out, for there on the floor,
 Lay the evening's first victim, with us no more.
 He just couldn't wait, and was half in the bag,
 In one failing hand, the American flag,
 His jaw was all sagging, and his eyes all agog,
 'Twas that old Oklahoman, our chum, Jesse Grogg.

Gored by the Cariboo.

And faithful old Ben, in back of the bar,
 His eyes lit up like Jerusalem's Star
 Raises his Gin in the evening's first toast,
 "First drink on the house, boys!", A generous host!
 The crowd starts pouring in thru the door
 And over the babble you could hear Delmont roar,
 But everyone craned their necks in vain
 Bates was just passing the I.P. chain.
 Bring on the girls! rang out thru the hall
 Women and whiskey.. the clarion call!
 Crank up the Jukebox, Play Milord!
 Decorum had already gone by the board,

And they brought on the Cariboo.

*****TO BE CONTINUED

SAFETY SLOGAN FOR THE WEEK

"I tried to hurry" doesn't mean much

If the rest of your life is spent on a crutch.

Landed wood scale for the weekending February 10th: Lucien Gosselin, 2380 cds; Alfred Nadeau, 2366; Adelard Gilbert, 2250; Henri Marccux, 1334; Wellie Caouette, 1236; I.L. Dumas, 800 and Jos. Poulin, R.R. wood, 686 cords.

There is no such a thing as a woman's idle curiosity; it works night and day.

The G.N.P. Company purchased the following petroleum products in the Pittston area during the month of January:

Kind	Pittston	Caouette	Nadeau	Gosselin	Marcoux	Gilbert	Total
Kerosene	790	1401	2648	3233	1274	2606	11,952
Gasoline	3252	1491	9423	1433	2464	9391	27,454
Diesel	2326	2348	5617	5717	3317	3632	23,867

Farnham drove oh so casually

He was languid as languid could be.

He steered with a twist

Of one limp, lazy wrist--

And now Roddie's on the truck drivers blacklist.

Melvin Young, Greenville Toter, is looking for a small pair of snowshoes for his son.. If you have a pair for sale or know of someone who has would you contact L.S.S.H.

J.S. Hooper, woodlands purchasing agent was a business visitor in the area last week. Charlie Duperry is back with us this week on another safety tour.

We overlooked last week saying anything about the twenty inches that Lawrence Hurd spliced onto his scale rule by error. The beaver chewed off ten inches and the figures 11 & 12 inches were rather blurred so Lawrence (not having his glasses on) read them as 21 & 22. This ten inch error accounts for some large overruns not to mention low snow readings.

Latest report on beaver trapping has McIver with fifty and Turner & Gould that have the plane at Canada Falls with thirty six. This should help the road crew next summer with eighty six less beaver to flood the roads.

In today's world an executive knows something about everything; a technician knows everything about something--and the switchboard operator knows everything.

(Elmer Gerry says, "Hide your guns if you print this.") We did.

The five inch snowstorm Tuesday night now makes a total of 125 inches for the year. The Pittston Farm measuring board shows 47 inches on the ground. The water dis-patcher's office will give us the official measur

A nice letter from W. M. Creagan this week. He says the temperature was 48 above Thursday noon but down to 4 above Friday night. How can he stand that cold, cold climate? The thermometer at Pittston Friday morning was at 18 below and holding steady. We are thinking of shedding our long-johns.

A card from Mr. & Mrs Maurice Bartlett this week with a note that El Castro can have Florida as far as he is concerned.

Now go back and read the Safety Slogan at the top that you skipped over.

At the next table, sitting there,
Was Canada's pride, old Louis Nazaire,
And hoisting a glass was Roland Giguere
To his right and his left, the Dumas frere.
Time and again they tried to get up,
But repeatedly gin overfloweth the cup.
Time and again they tried to rise
And the air was pierced by their agonized cries,
"Help us, O help us," they vainly implore,
"If someone would help us to get to that door!
The one marked 'Lui' would serve us well,
But if we can't reach that, we'd settle for 'Elle'."

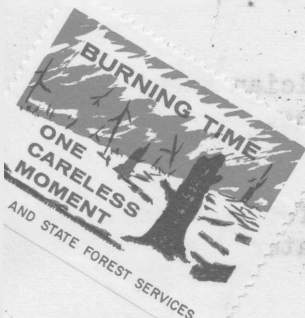
But the Cariboo drinkers paid them no mind,
Their minds were inflamed by a headier wine.
They lifted their glasses and toasted with glee
The girls and the women of Ste. Aurelie.
The word had gone out on both sides of the Line.
Al Leighton had made the mysterious sign
From farms, and from convents, and from hamlets they came
Drawn, as it were, like moths to the flame.
Fat girls and thin girls and short ones and tall
Wide ones and narrow ones, big ones and small.
They came tripping in, in their pointy shoes,
To join the notorious Club Cariboo.

And so the meeting began.

Somebody played a lively Paul Jones,
And one skinny old gal, in a clatter of bones,
Grabbed Johnny Roberts and started to dance,
A new kind of step, twixt a trot and a prance.
They danced on the tables, and they danced on the chairs.
The danced on the floor and they danced on the stairs.
And just about then, in the din and the glare,
A man staggered in, and Delmont was there!
Ignoring the dancers, he bellied up to the bar
And shook the hand of the frantic Benoit
And asked him to turn on the microphone
'Cause he wanted to sing of Aroostook, his home.
So Ben introduced him, mid whistles and cheers
Which Delmont acknowledged with crocodile tears
Then he let forth a blast and went into his song
With a voice with the timbre of an Indian gong,
And mingling in with the racketing din
Was the sound of Lucien's sad violin,
Plaintively playing, O fiddle-dee-dee
He'd learned long ago, in St. Zacharie.
And just about then a female scream,
Let us know that Fred Nadeau was makin' the scene.
And Wellie Caouette and Henri Marcoux,
Were talking of horse and tractor crews
And solemnly tossing off Cariboos
As if there wasn't a moment to lose.

And there wasn't.

*****TO BE CONTINUED



SAFETY SLOGAN FOR THE WEEK

You'll tie your back in a painful knot
If you lift with a stoop instead of a squat.

Four of the contractors have finished landing their wood and are in the process of closing camp: Lucien Gosselin, Wellie Caouette, Addlard Gilbert, Alfred Nadeau; Henri Marcoux landed 1663 cords; I. L. Dumas, 700 and Joseph Poulin, 792 cords.

All marriages are happy; it's the living together afterwards that causes all the trouble.

The boundary at Ste. Aurelie will be closed to entering Friday, Saturday and Sunday this week, due to Washington's birthday. The Canadian office will be open for exits.

Mardi-Gras will be observed by the Cariboo Club, Tuesday February 26th and all members are urged to attend; bring your mask.

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

It has been brought to the attention of the Initiation & Rules Committee that, at a recent meeting, Club member Micky Squiers was seen pouring a Cariboo into the flush at Benoit Caron's place of business, thus aborting Richard Bessey's initiation. Mr. Squiers is hereby publicly deprived of all rights and privileges inherent in his membership and furthermore, shall not be allowed north of Pittston Farm for the period of one year. Mr. Bessey will have to undergo another initiation.

Initiation & Rules Committee

George Bessey, Chairman

George Therrien

Jesse Grogg

Visitors in the Area during the past week: E. A. Lumbert, Dave Doolan, Leo Thibodeau, Bob Laverty and J. Griffith of manufacturing. Leo Thibodeau showed his slides of the Allagash region at Pittston last Wednesday night.

Another order for a copy of the "Maine Heritage by Elizabeth Hartsgrrove, the source of supply may soon dry up.

From up Blair's hill way there was heard a hell of a thump
What was it? Only Belmont's Impalla on the way to the dump.
He quietly rushed it to the Body Works
To get them to take out the most of the quirks.
We hear he will try it again when he gets rid of the lump.

The total snowfall for 1962-63 year is 131 inches. Accumulation on ground is 52".

Maurice Bartlett's latest card says he will be at 5710 $\frac{1}{2}$ 26th St. North, St. Petersburg, Florida for two or three weeks.

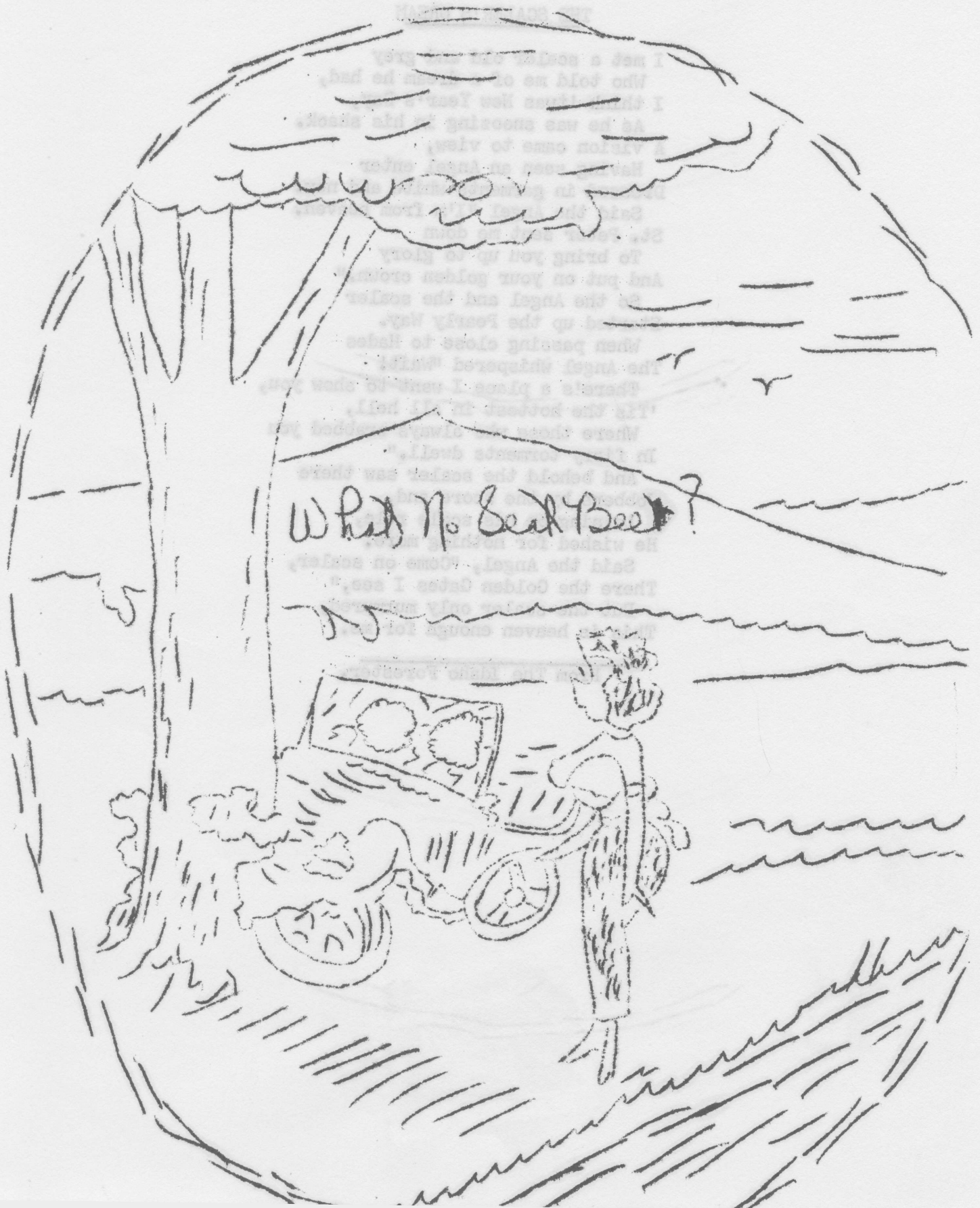
An executive is a man who talks to visitors while the employees get their work done.

Somerset Lodge #34 A.F. & A.M. of Skowhegan are holding Past Masters night March 11th. The M. M. Degree will be worked and there will be a 6.30 supper. Cliff Young, retired Customs officer of Ste. Aurelie would like to see a few master masons from this area.

Up from the table, as quick as a wink,
 Rose the famous Al. Leighton, the new Presidink.
 In his left hand his Cariboo, in his right his guitar,
 He was known far and wide as the Northern Star.
 He sneered at the crowd as he leaped to the stage,
 In Ste. Aurelie he was always the rage.
 In a manner offhand he beat out a tango,
 Threw away his guitar, and danced the fandango.
 He yodelled a bit and rose up on his toes,
 And the Passionate Vampire threw him a rose.
 With a curl of his lip, he tossed it away
 Picked up his guitar and started to play
 Old songs and sad songs of roses and rain,
 Songs of old sorrow, and songs of old pain,
 When somebody called, "Look out on the ice!"
 And everyone flew to the door in a trice.
 Poised on his toes, and as stiff as a tree
 Posed like the statue of Liberty,
 Stood Beaver Bill on the St. John River
 Silent, unmoving, with nary a quiver,
 While round and about him in spectacular flashes,
 Skated the Madame in hundred yard dashes.
 Lucien and his fiddle, standing tall neath the moon
 Ripped off a cadenza, and very soon
 The Beast lowered his arm, and stretched out his hand,
 That was eagerly grasped by the agile Madame
 And they slowly circled around the rink
 To the chagrin of Al. Leighton, the Presidink.
 They skated together, they skated alone
 They skated as light as the thistledown blown.
 Bets were soon laid on who'd last the longest
 It was six to one that the Madame was the strongest.
 Lucien and his fiddle played faster and faster
 'Twas plain that this evening would show who was the master.
 The Beast broke away with a sardonic grin,
 Got up on one toe, and went into a spin.
 Madame, not deigning to notice it
 Sank slowly down in a masterful split
 And rising with grace, did a pas-de-deux
 That showed the old Beaver a thing or two.
 But he wouldn't give up, he leaped over a log
 Three feet high and a couple feet broad
 Landed square footed and started to dance
 A Viennese waltz, never casting a glance
 At the fair Madame, who was doing a can-can
 A spectacular dance that nary a man can.
 The ice all around had been ground to a powder
 The Club, on the sidelines, cheered louder and louder
 The Beaver, now desperate, started to twirl
 With a speed and elan that would make your hair curl.
 And Madame, to herself, said, "Aha, that's the trick,
 The ice about there is just two inches thick."
 The skates that he'd filed and sharpened so nice
 Bored down like a boom auger thru the ice,
 And the ice gave away with a deafening crash
 And the Beaver went down with hardly a splash.

*****TO BE CONTINUED





THE SCALER'S DREAM

I met a scaler old and grey
Who told me of a dream he had,
I think 'twas New Year's Day,
As he was snoozing in his shack.
A vision came to view,
Having seen an Angel enter
Dressed in garments white and new.
Said the Angel "I'm from heaven.
St. Peter sent me down
To bring you up to glory
And put on your golden crown."
So the Angel and the scaler
Started up the Pearly Way.
When passing close to Hades
The Angel whispered "Wait!
There's a place I want to show you,
'Tis the hottest in all hell,
Where those who always crabbed you
In fiery torments dwell."
And behold the scaler saw there
Jobbers by the score and,
Leaning on his scale rule,
He wished for nothing more.
Said the Angel, "Come on scaler,
There the Golden Gates I see,"
But the scaler only murmured,
This is heaven enough for me.

From The Idaho Forester.



SAFETY SLOGAN FOR THE WEEK

By using first aid instead of endurance
Your family has you instead of insurance.

Landed wood scale for the week: Henri Marcoux, 1660 cords; I. L. Dumas, 1117 and Joseph Poulin, 900 cords. Poulin and Dumas will both finish this week.

From Sheridan comes word that tentative plans are underway for the annual "Last Lead" party. It is a desirable affair for any area, and the bidding for it is active. There has been some good times, and the fact that also it is good business will probably never hurt. I believe we will get a week or two advance notice when the date will be so we can pass it along if anyone is interested.

This is our second attempt to do a cartoon...Give us time and we'll be competing with Norman Rockwell.

A new crew of Yellow Paint Squirters moved into Scott Brook last week to prepare for the 1963 cut; Gordon Cousins, Robert Arnold and Alfred Chasse. For those not in the know: Squirters of the Yellow Paint are members of Paul Patterson's crew of Foresters & Scalers. Under the selective cutting plan they spray yellow paint on the trees that are to be cut for the following year so the cutters will know which trees to cut and which ones to leave for seed. The percentage is about 50-50. There seems to be quite a lot of competition for this work at this time of year as the snowshoeing is the very best, the trees dry and clean, no blackflies and the air is just crisp enough so they don't work up a sweat. This of course gives Mr. Patterson quite a problem as he can't very well put all of them painting as bad as he would like to.

And there was W. L. Bartley's grease monkey who thought steel wool was fleece of the hydraulic ram.

There will be a refresher course for cooks and second cooks in this area sometime in March. They will emphasize meat cutting and meat preparation.

The total snowfall for 1962-63 year is 135½ inches. Accumulation on ground 53".

What some people will do to get out of paying taxes...It seems Breton's store was on Little Squaw Mountain township and Greenville. Frank Templeton with Galion Grader No. 5 neatly sliced off the corner that set on Little Squaw town (red flag and all). Mr. Templeton should be the right one no doubt to instruct Mr. Kennedy in ways & means to cut taxes.

In 1890 a steam boat was built at North East Carry. It was named the "John Ross" after an early pioneer. It was floated down the West Branch to Chesuncook lake and used as a tow boat. It was replaced by the "A. B. Smith", also a steamer-sidewheeler in 1902, the same engine being used. It was continued in service until 1927, when it was replaced by the crude oil burner West Branch #2. In early days wood was used as fuel for making steam. The West Branch #2 was replaced by the "William Hilton," in 1961. This is a steel boat and powered by two diesel engines and twin screws.

Salesgirl to customer: "Yes ma'am, our girdles come in fixed sizes--small, medium, large, wow, and holy mackerel."

As she rent the cold air with her Victory shouts,
Madame went to the hole and pulled the Beast out
And carried the icy form to the fire
Where she dumped him beside the flaming Vampire
Whose molten looks always gave him a fever,
One heave of her bosom was too much for the Beaver.

So he slunk off into the night.

To the right of the Hotel, reaching up to the sky,
Lies a mountain of sawdust, six stories high.
And after an hour of arduous work
At the top stood old Felix, the Pittston Farm clerk.
And there, ever faithful, close by his side
Was old Stanley Hall, getting ready to slide
And Felix was trying to get into his skis
And treading down sawdust, up to his knees,
When little George Therrien shot off his gun
And they were off on the downhill run.
They were full of Cariboo and brimming with cheer
They could easy stand up, but they just couldn't steer.
And Felix, with a long-drawn, pitiful scream,
Ran into his Rambler, just aft of the beam.
And Stan, his expression grim and aghast,
Crashed in through Ben's window, glass, curtain and sash.

But on the finest of dramas, the curtain rings down
And the people go home, who've been out on the town,
Al Leighton, our Leader, made one final stand
Crawled onto the stage and raised up his hand.
His clothes were all tattered and hanging in rags,
And his eyes were all bleary and hanging in bags,
But he said, "I'll speak as your President,
And I've been told that it's time we went,
But if we can scrape up a dollar or two,
I think we've got time for one more Cariboo!
So they drank one to Benoit, and to his Madame,
But Ben had passed out, and his wife had gone lame.
So old Del Bates, reciting a poem,
Started 'em off on the long road home.

And they rode off into the dawn.

The author of this poem is anonymous but all fingers point to an
Ex-President of the Cariboo Club.

SAFETY SLOGAN FOR THE WEEK

When into the street you back out,
Never have a rearview blackout.

I. L. Dumas finished landing his wood on the South Branch last week. Joseph Poulin finished loading his wood at Jackman Station last week. Henri Marcoux landed 2243 cords for weekending March 3rd and will finish this week.

Some women will allow men to make a fool of themselves. Others are the do-it-yourself type.

The North Branch camps as well as Scott Brook have now closed. The foremen are home enjoying a well earned rest. Clerks D. Bates & Glen Lumbert are at Pittston closing their books and C. E. Gerry & J. A. Marceau are in Greenville closing theirs.

February weather report.

Mean maximum temperature for month	16 degrees	Precipitation for month	2.17
Mean minimum temperature for month	7 degrees	Snowfall for month	27 inches
Mean temperature for month	4.5 degrees	Snowfall on ground 2/15	45 inches
High temperature for month 2/19	30 degrees	Snowfall on ground 2/28	52 inches
Low temperature for month 2/27	-28 degrees		

Bill Elliot was around checking snow measurements and water contents. He found 13.5 inches of water in 53 inches of snow at Pittston. There was 3/4 inch of snow-fall this week, making a total of 136 1/4 inches for year. Present accumulation 46".

We had a nice letter from the Presidink's wife and she says, since "The Call Of The Cariboo" poem came out, her husband has relieved her of all her domestic problems, such as washing dishes, scrubbing floors, doing the laundry etc. It is our opinion the Poet Laureate should be appointed as personal aide to the Presidink to take care of the Domestic Situation.

We are ordering a copy of C. M. Hilton's book, "Rough Pulpwood Operating in Northeastern Maine", next week. The price is \$1.50 plus five cents postage--if interested let us know and we will order one for you.

The following Inter-Office Communication was received by Millinocket Accounting Department on February 15, 1963:

Dear Sirs: I should like to refer you to entry #547, vendor #52420 to the amount of \$47.48, and entitled "Cutty on Hay". Mr. Marcoux would like it known that any "Cutties on Hay" that have been enjoyed by anyone connected with this Contract have been paid spot cash, and that this one is very likely an error in coding on the part of Delmont Bates, and in that event, should, of course be charged to Adelard Gilbert C/62. Respectfully, George A. Bessey. (Letter 'D' missing.)

Dynamite was used in clearing Sourdnaunk Stream (Below Toll Dam) for the first time in the woods of Maine in 1879. Fred Gay, who had come from New Hampshire, with Captain Soule, had experience in the handling of dynamite, in New Hampshire, and was hired to use it here. Two batteau loads of dynamite (called "dulon," or later "rent rock") came from Oldtown. The railroad would not accept it and no one would take it with a team, so it had to be poled up the river all the way. The men had a hard time especially on the carries. The spring of 1935 on Abol Drive, Ed Enman used 11 ton of dynamite to drive 6600 cords. They used a four horse team to haul it with.

One quiet summer's evening
The date, July the third,
When three old hands from the Jackman mill
Had passed around the word.

Tomorrow is the good old Fourth
The mill won't run they say,
Come let us take a motor ride
To pass the time away.

Their first attempt to find a car
Poor results did bring,
Until they thought of one across the dam
Owned by Maxine King.

They found Mack busy at his chores,
He, at first, declined to go.
"But you boys are all good friends of mine
And I just cannot say no!"

So after slight persuasion,
Into the car he sprung,
And filled her up with gasoline.
Dealt out by Harry Young.

Their trip was uneventful
Through the road the Frenchmen come
Though meeting numerous automobiles
Well loaded down with rum.

Old "Liz" was feeling at her best
And the time they took was brief,
For less than forty minutes came
To the land of the Maple Leaf.

The Line-House sat among the hills
Like an eagle in its nest.
With a pleasanter host than Rancourt
No Inn was ever blest.

Smiling, he met them at the door
And said, "Well, boys, come in
For I've a goodly stock on hand
Of Brandy, Wine and Gin."

They followed him into his den
Beyond the boundary stake,
A scrutinizing look to all
Saying, "Boys, what will you take?"

We've traveled fifteen rocky miles
To this nech in the wood;
Tomorrow is Independence Day
And your best is none too good.

*****TO BE CONTINUED



MARCH 14, 1963

Circulation 94

VOLUME 1 No. 18

SAFETY SLOGAN FOR THE WEEK

Infection stopped at early stages
Cuts loss of time and loss of wages.

Henri Marcoux finished landing his wood last week. There are a few cords to be landed at Seboomook by a hardwood Jobber before we can arrive at a total landed wood scale for the year.

There's a new car for women drivers. The fenders are on the inside.

Mr. and Mrs William Hodgins, well known in the Pittston and Chesuncook areas had two sons-Ewitt & Roydan leave Maine last week for Ethiopia in an Apache air plane. They were going by the way of, Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, England, France, Italy, Cairo and then on to Ethiopia. The last report on them was from Gander where they were held up thirty six hours due to weather conditions.

Arthur Bessey, proprietor of Seboomook Campground is busily engaged harvesting ice at Seboomook for his summer business. He reports the thickness at two feet.

Game Wardens, George Edwards & Mike Collins are back in the area after getting in some schooling in Augusta.

You begin to realize that perhaps spring is just around the corner when Dick Bessey heads for the Boundary to check on the Maple Sugar Operators. Dick will make his headquarters at Ste. Aurelie for the week.

The snowfall for the week is $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches, giving us a total for the '62-'63 year of $153\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The record was in 1954-'55 of $172\frac{1}{2}$ inches-Only $18\frac{3}{4}$ to go to break it. The measuring board Tuesday night showed 60 inches on the ground and that is what there was March 31, 1955

Breton the Barber: "Would you like a bottle of my famous hair restorer, sir? We give a pair of rubber gloves free with each bottle to prevent hair from growing on the palms of the hands after applying it."

Game Warden Pollard brought Allen Burnett, who belongs somewhere on the St. John river, and confined him in the Dover-Foxcroft police station, Tuesday. Warden Pollard has been hunting after his man ever since Friday in the different lumber camps around Moosehead Lake, traversing the lake on foot during that time. He finally found his man in Gibson's camp on the C.P.R., near the West Outlet. It is claimed that Burnett has shot 43 deer this past fall, but the authorities are only going to try to prove ten. Warden Pollard has gone to the head of the lake after witnesses and as soon as he returns, Burnett will have his trial before Judge Durgin.

From the Bangor Commercial February 1897

The D.F.E. boys tried to widen the road in front of Whitten's place in Rockwood this week and now Blue Scout #11 has another "Purple Heart."

Charlie Weaver got the "Down River" fever last week and took off with the employment Manager, Leo Thibodeau for Bangor and the bright lights.

An echo is the only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Their names I will now mention
 As I loosen out my belt
 Two noted Buccanaliens
 McDonald and Si. Welch.

Number three was of a different type
 A good industrious boy,
 A total stranger to the fluid
 His name, J. R. Conroy.

They stayed and chatted sociably,
 Perhaps an hour or more
 Discussing Allied strategy
 And cracked jokes by the score.

But their joyful time was soon to end
 When Mack King yawned and moaned,
 "I'm thinking of my wife and kids
 Whom I have left alone.

I like to sit and listen
 To your interesting talk,
 But I promised my own missus
 To be home at twelve o'clock."

Then into their padded cushions
 Were seated once again
 And steered their course for Jackman
 That town in Northern Maine.

They gave to one another
 A sound slap on the knee,
 "We're primed for celebration
 What a glorious Fourth T'will be."

But with our oil of gladness
 Discretion we will use,
 We must not take to the boarding house
 For it is against the rules.

Tomorrow we'll go up the brook
 With luncheon, bait and trawl,
 Or saunter to the sporting ground
 To see the boys play ball.

But the danger clouds were gathering fast,
 As they journeyed from the North,
 As the Good Book says, "Thou knowest not
 What the day-spring wilt bring forth."

Here comes the climax of the tale
 Which I am to relate
 When through the gloom two badges shone
 "The Germans" sur as fate.

V.F.
C.2

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ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

A... is your Attitude
 Make sure it's right,
 So you can Avoid
 A bad Accident plight.
 With your Actions and Attitudes
 Safe All the way,
 Your family and you
 Rate a lifetime "A".

B... is for Backing
 A car, bus or truck,
 A good driver knows
 It takes look and not luck.
 And "B" means good Brakes
 Which will help you survive.
 There's more honey in life
 With these "B's" in your hive.

 Henri Marcoux's camp has now closed and George Bessey his clerk is at Pittston closing out the books.

 The two Hodgins boys in the Apache plane were at Gander on Tuesday night of this week still grounded by bad weather. The item in the Waterville Sentinel this week about an Apache plane with two men that was down near Greenland was not them although it sue sounded like it.

 The wives of Brigham Young were the first to employ the profit-sharing plan.

 Bill Elliot, Carrol Freeman and Chink Legassey from Millinocket were here last Friday checking on the snow and water. Bill found 55" of snow with a water contents of 14 inches. Since our last weekly came out we have had 5 inches of snow that now gives us a total of 158 3/4 inches for the year. The board shows 55 inches on the ground at this time. We feel that Bill Elliot will never make a good politician unless he gets an awful lot of training from some of the older members. Any man that can get on a bus in Millinocket journey to Augusta, spend the day in legislature, lunch with the Governor and back to Millinocket with a total outlay of five cents will certainly never get to Washington.

 George Therrien has added a new member to his family this week (a girl). If he persists they will have to build a new school house at Ste Aurelie (Maine) to accomodate the Therrien family.

 BEAUTY PARLOR--- a place where men are rare and women are well done.

 The following memo from Leo Thibodeau, Employment Manager: "While in Quebec, The President of the Chamber of Commerce introduced me to your famous and well publized "Cariboo". This stuff he had in a thimble, and now I know the pitfalls that can lay in wait for anyone rash enough to take more than 1/2 an ounce of this 'Nectar'.

Mr. Thibodeau was there with the Maine-Quebec caravan.

 Chief Warden, Wallace Barron dropped in to say hello this week. Frank Manning the State of Maine "BUG HUNTER" with his chum, Mr. Coughlin was here and spent the night. It is our opinion he should have brought a blow gun with him to thaw out the bugs-M. D. Anderson was around taking inventories. The Pittston inventories got under way this week (That is why the weekly is late)./

 We are patiently waiting for the final chapter of "The Call of The Cariboo"--- The last we heard the Presidink's wife was debating just what the title would be: "The End of the Cariboo Trail" or "Presidink Leighton's Last Ride".

Mack half turned the wheel
And the car to one side lurched
When a voice cried in commanding tones
"You fellows must be searched."

They blinked in meek astonishment
With their bewildered eyes
When the form of a huge officer
Loomed up against the skies.

His second was of stunted growth
Whom I will now describe,
A lineal descendent
Of the once famed Newton tribe.

'Twas then the midget sleuth-hound
As he scented o'er the ground,
Fixed his eyes upon some glass
"Look here, a quart I found."

He held it up towards the light
As he barked a loud "Ah hem,
'What precious goods' upon my word
Vin en esprit Canadien."

This sure is dead easy work,
And be paid well, will I,
As, depending on my sweated toil,
My family soon would die.

My deer-meat has been all eat up,
That dish I prize so high,
There's a mouse's nest in my flour barrel,
And my milk-vase, too is dry.

This is not my specialty
As you're aware, no doubt,
But I've proved myself a Sherlock Holmes
At seizing five inch trout.

They chuckled loud, and boasted,
As they jotted down their names,
"Oh, never a cleaner hold-up
Since the days of Jesse James."

As the boys set out once more for home
Exclaimed, "What rotten luck,
We'd feel far safer in the hands
Of Hindenburg of Kluck."

At last from the crested Holden Hill
The sleepy burg was seen;
Where fornication knows no bounds
And incest reigns supreme.

*****TO BE CONTINUED



ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

C...is the Careful	D...is a letter
And Courteous letter.	That helps you keep thriving.
It helps you and others	The smart Driver knows
Live longer and better.	This means Defensive Driving.
And be sure you "C"	With D.D. we'll let
All the Children nearby;	Doc Experience Dose us.
"C" the Cars, Curves and Crossroads-	So we won't be shunned
You surely "C" why.	'Cause of Accidentosis.

The cooks, 2nd cooks, foremen and assistant foremen began pouring into Pittston Monday night and the cook's school got under way Tuesday morning. Millard Chase of Bangor gave them some pointers on meat cutting but by the time the cooks had blinked their eyes the side of beef was cut, drawn and on the way to the oven. It sure is interesting to watch a good meat cutter go to work.

Arthur Allen, Henry Deabay and Charlie Duperry represented the Safety Department and R.E. Farnham & Leo Thibodeau took care of Personnel & Employment. E. A. Lumbert and Fred Morrison took over Thursday with their Budget talk. It would seem that George Therrien from Ste. Aurelie was the busiest as he did the most of the translating and interpreting of French and English although Arthur Allen was seen running around with a French-English dictionary in his hands.

Love-making hasn't changed in two thousand years. Greek maidens sat and listened to lyres all night.

The "Cariboo Club" had a very good turnout at their meeting last week although the Presidink was absent. We wonder if he was indisposed with the flu or did he have dish pan hands and floor scrubbers knees? The "Club" members were honored by having a distinguished "Twist Instructor" for a guest. He was awful slow limbering up but by midnight there was no stopping him. In addition to the twist he showed some of them how to "Limbo" under the I. P. chain. During the evening it was decided that they should have some new equipment for initiation work and an absent member or rather non-member was appointed to procure it. The equipment has been shipped and it is expected to arrive at Pittston in the very near future.

The difference between a man and a woman is that a man looks forward and a woman remembers.

The weather has been very good this past week and no snow for a change. There was .07 inches of rain recorded for the 27th. Last week there was 55 inches of snow on the ground and today it is down to 43 inches. Just goes to show you what a few days of sun can do to a winter's work.

"A budget is a great thing, but you worry three times as much about your money- before you spend it, while you spend it, and after you spend it. (How right)

ADVERTISEMENT 40 YEARS AGO.

LOST-Black memorandum book somewhere in Grant Farm District. If found please mail to me at Grant Farm. L. G. White. Was it ever found ?

They rode on to a busy place
 Called Daniel Hancock's store;
 Put on the brakes, shut off the gas,
 And stopped before the door.

The outfit was then ushered
 To a ten by twelve foot barn,
 And imprisoned like the Boches,
 At the battle of the Marne.

The boys were shivering in their shoes
 And wished that they were dead,
 You could hear a pin drop,
 When the commanding officer said,

"Now you poor goats from the lumber mill
 With saw-dust in your hair,
 Go back to where you won't be seen
 And stay quiet over there.

But if you try to run away
 As shure as my name is "Pat"
 You fellows will get ninety days
 And see how you'll like that,

McDonald, just one word from you,
 You big ungainly bluff,
 Who on earth gave you the right
 To try and smuggle stuff.

And Si, your simple little yarn
 You make me sick "Oh Fudge"
 You will have your opportunity
 To tell it to the Judge.

For this bold misdisdemeanor
 And your rash attempt to sport
 You will be called to answer
 At the next September court.

Now since this is your first offence
 I will be fair "Alas!"
 But should it e'er occur again
 You'll be dosed with poison gas.

And now I will report the case
 By next down-river mail,
 The car will then be advertised
 To be sold at Auction Sale.

*****TO BE CONTINUED



ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

E...your Emotions!

If kept well in check,
You can drive without being
Or causing a wreck.
With more mental Ease
You'll go safely and far,
Controlling Emotions
As well as your car.

F...means you follow

The car just ahead
With space to stop safely
If he should stop dead.
And "F" Flashes warnings
(It's no hocus-pocus)-
You'll see them if lights,
Eyes and thoughts are in Focus.

The two Hodgins boys that were grounded at Gander on their way to Ethiopia finally gave it up and returned to Pittsfield. Ewitt the oldest left Boston Tuesday, April 2nd by commercial plane and is expected to arrive in Egypt Friday night. Royden will leave with his wife sometime around the 12th of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Bartlett have returned to Ashland from their southern excursion. They visited the site of the Great Southern while in that area and enjoyed a visit with Bill Levesque. There is no doubt that he got back in time to shovel a little snow that he missed so much while in the land of the rainshine.

A Bangor policeman that likes to masquerade as a fireman told us that there are 12 kinds of a drunk they have to contend with and sent us the following list of them:

1. The leaning drunk-wants to lean on something or somebody.
2. The singing drunk-harmless but a nuisance.
3. The crying drunk-always wants to weep on some convenient shoulder.
4. The running drunk-half runs and half staggers as he goes.
5. The fighting drunk-gets nasty after a few drinks and wants to fight everyone.
6. The wife beating drunk-always wants to fight with his wife.
7. The charitable drunk-gives away money or anything else he has with him.
8. The religious drunk-heads for the nearest church and goes to sleep.
9. The suspicious drunk-always suspicious of someone.
10. The talking drunk-always wants to make a speech.
11. The important drunk-feels important and knows all the important people.
12. The loving drunk-wants to hug and kiss every woman he meets.

He had a checkmark opposite one of them but we had to omit it as our typewriter keyboard has no checkmark key.

MARCH WEATHER REPORT

Mean maximum temp. for month	31 Deg.	Precipitation for month	2.04 in.
Mean minimum temp. for month	6 Deg.	Snowfall for month	23½ in.
Mean temp. for month	18.5 Deg.	Snow on ground 3/15	58 in.
High Temp. for month 3/27	58 Deg.	Snow on ground 3/31	36 in.
Low temp. for month 3/16	-15 Deg.		

We have had two inches more of the white stuff since our last newsweek which now gives us a total snowfall for the year of 160 3/4 inches that contained 16.77 inches of water. Bill Elliot found 14 inches of water in the snow accumulation the last time he was here so there has not been too much evaporation.

The printer's strike has not been settled as yet although they did agree to print this weeks edition without a new contract. If next weeks copy is late arriving you'll know they're still holding out for cream in their coffee instead of pream.

Poor "Lizzie" was set up for sale
The news spread round the earth
And the services of two men were sought
To name what she was worth.

Rock Gilman scanned her bow and stern,
"To my well practiced eye,
This craft is worth four hundred plunks
As true as I'm to die,

But I have close friends at the mill
And a lenient man am I,
So I'll knock off fifty dollars
For I hear the boys will buy."

The money was then gathered
Though their back-time it did take
And the pot for rainy weather
Earned at Penobscot Lake.

The Fordie was repurchased
And a tear was in each eye
As the boys coughed up their hard earned money
For the price it seemed was high.

As Si. now weilds his pickaroon
And McDonald his pencil sharp,
Both vow to tread the narrow path
And stay home after dark.

For such trips were gross expensive,
As they quite plainly saw;
Also dangerous to be flirting
With the strong arm of the law.

This is an object lesson
To all you chauffeurs bold
Be careful what you bring across
Or your car will be sold.

This story has often been rehearsed
As scandal travels far
But I hope 'twon't have no bearing
On the outcome of the war.

To this all being sound gospel truth
I could not well forswear
But written as was told me
For, of course, I was not there.

By-John (Jack) McDonald

*****CONCLUSION*****



ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

G...means Grade crossings.

At each one it pays

To slow down beforehand

And Give a Good Gaze.

"G" can mean the Gore

At an accident scene,

If you Gamble with Gallons

Of Gasoline.

H...brands the Hog.

Give him room when you see one.

Hogs get themselves butchered-

You don't want to be one

And "H" is the Horsepower

That Helps you go Hence

And get Home, when Handled

With common Horse-sense.

For the 1963 drives in this area there will be:

North Branch 42,546 Cords

South Branch 8,045 "

Main River 50,701 "

Caucomgomac 13,168 "

Black Pond - 26,965 "

Telephone Operator (To George the Trapper) "How many skins do you get from each animal?" George: "Only one. If we skin 'em twice, it makes 'em nervous."

W. M. Creagan is expected back in the country sometime this week. Vaughn Thornton District Fire Warden has returned to Pittston for the season. George Therrien from Ste. Aurelie was a business visitor at Pittston this week.

Road conditions are not too bad as yet. The snowplow crews have been cleaning out ditches & culverts in preparation for a heavy runoff of water. The Seboomook road by the board snowfence was opened last week which was just about in time as the new by-pass was getting almost impassable.

The dentist is the only one who can tell a woman to shut her mouth and get away with it

The ice is wearing out in the rivers and more open water is showing up every day. A warm rain should see the North & South Branch rivers clear of all ice although it will be a long time before the deadwaters are clear enough to drive.

The deer have been showing up on the riverbanks at Pittston for the past two weeks and as many as fourteen have been seen at one time. The travelling is excellent for them on the hard crust and they have moved out of their winter yards where they can get more feed.

Here's to George Bessey and may his tribe decrease,
May his life be short and slow his demise.
He has his fun and he is footloose free.
He holds his orgies at Ste Aurelie.
He will go down in history with old Beelzebub,
Known as the organizer of the Cariboo Club.

For every girl who has the curves there's a man who has the angles.

THE LAMENT OF THE NORTHERN WOODS CLERKS

O, theres nothing like the life of the common clerk
He just lays around the office and never does no work.
O, He's never wholly sober, and he's never very clean
He's a necessary evil in the Northern scheme.

He rises in the morning in his tar paper shack
And dashes to the bathroom a half a mile out back.
Then he rushes to the kitchen as he feels his stomach roll
When he sees them set before him, Beans and Bacon, partly boiled.
So he takes a shot of Eno, makes his pallet, sweeps the floor,
And then suddenly there comes a rapping, tapping at the door.

Can it be fair Lenore?

No, its only Dirty Davila, who forgot to sign his card
And he's going home this morning, "Cause he woke up ~~late~~ (.. ----)"

Or its Simple Stupid Simon for a cartoon de cigarette,
Who hasn't washed his face this week 'cause he's got no serviette.

And the the phone starts ringing as in a passion seized
And the dulcet tones of Pittston say, "Just checking, ring me please!"

Well it's payroll day at Wormhole Brook and a hundred happy men,
Have shuffled in their time cards, But who's signed them, only ten.

And where's the Fearless Foreman, Has he sobered up this week?

We need some information on the man board sheet.

The cook comes in he's white with rage, he's quitting on the spot,
Some Black Americano said his cooking's not so hot.

So you pat him on the back, and tell him he's the best
That you'll speak to the offender and take care of all the rest.

While your soul revolts within you at this miserable evasion,

And you hope that God forgives your justified prevarication.

By then the crafty Bullcook, his heart on duty bent

Decides to wash your floor this morn., you have to exuent

So you wander to the hovel, where the tote horse had convulsions
And you witness there an enema of magnificent dimensions.

You've left the office unattended, ten minutes now have passed,

Ten golden minutes you have lived, unbadgered, unharrassed,

You've seen the tote horse come unplugged, your soul has been
your own.

But hark! The Bullcook's awful roar, "Commis le telephone".

You skid across the slippery floor and wish that Mr. Bell

Before he rigged the telephone, had been consigned to Hell.

But you are ready, as you always are to hear the morning growl,

So you say hello politely and listen to them howl.

Millinocket radio'd, or Bangor's on the phone

And everybody's talking in a most ungracious tone

"You're out two cents on April's cost, and where's your 89 ?

The mails have never left the camp, my darling Clementine."

"The mails are no excuse you know, we have deadlines to meet

Tell Millinocket we shall send a courier swift of feet.

You hang up in a fury, with deadlines in your head.

The next gripe artist who calls up shall meeta line that's dead.



THIS IS PART ONE OF FIVE

The author is, has been, and probably always will be anonymous.

ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

I...Intersection.

Right here's where you may
Have to give up your life
Or your right-of-way!
This letter means also
That other guy,
Whom my safety depends on.
Who is it? It's "I"!

J...warns you to watch

For Junior the Jet
And Dad, the middle-aged
Space Cadet.
And "J" threatens Jail
For driving when "lit"
Or for breaking a law
Just a "little bit."

It seems our report for wood to be driven this spring was slightly wacky so we'll correct it this week:

North Branch	42,546 Cords
South Branch	8,056 "
Main River	50,712 "
Caucomgomac	13,170 "
Black Pond	26,965 "

The benefits a bald headed man gets at a barber shop are mostly fringe.....

W. M. Creagan arrived at Seboomook last week on schedule. There is a report that J.H. Mortel is back in Bangor. The following employees are away this week on vacation: D.E. Bates, George Bessey, Lionel & Martha Long, Phil & Vera Paquet. Gerald Powers and family have moved into one of the apartments at the Annex. John Sterling is in the Murtha Hospital at Jackman Station.

The snow measuring board reads 24 inches of snow left on the ground but there is considerable more in the woods. So far this month we have had 1.14 inches of precipitation. The road conditions are very good-rough in places but no mud holes have developed to date. Clarence Johnson reports the Northeast Carry road is impassable to cars-he is using a Dodge Power Wagon to carry the mail.

The head of the South Branch of the Penobscot River begins at the Boundary on the Jack-man-Quebec highway and joins the North Branch at Pittston. It includes Penobscot Lake, Canada Falls Lake and numerous small ponds. Since 1934 there has been cut on the South Branch the following wood:

1937-1938	19,080 Cords	1948-1949	39,755 Cords
1938-1939	12,185 "	1949-1950	16,744 "
1939-1940	17,011 "	1950-1951	21,096 "
1940-1941	24,709 "	1951-1952	19,841 "
1941-1942	35,256 "	1952-1953	26,087 "
1942-1943	55,802 "	1953-1954	26,284 "
1943-1944	48,525 "	1954-1955	8,292 "
1944-1945	54,211 "	1955-1956	30,769 "
1945-1946	49,888 "	1956-1957	19,837 "
1946-1947	31,223 "	1960-1961	166 "
1947-1948	39,488 "	1962-1963	8,056 "
		Total	605,025 Cords

A nod is both affirmative and negative-sometimes the eyes have it and sometimes the nose.....

PART TWO OF Five THE LAMENT OF THE NORTHERN WOODS CLERK

But with a sigh, you start again to calculate payrolls,
When someone carries a body in, bloody, not yet cold.
You feel his pulse, he's still alive, hurrah for old first aid:
You'll save the life, he'll live to see his compensation paid.
So take a whiff of smelling salts and plunge into the gore
And the patient still and pallid, arises with a roar,
And resists your ministrations in a patois french so vile .
That you nearly lose your patience with this vulgar, savage child
But bandaged and splinted and screeching with pain
He's bourne away by his bearers
And you hope in a vague sort of negative way
That you haven't committed an error
So there you are and its ten o'clock
You're sopping up blood with your own dirty sock
When the door swings open and it's Big Pierre.
He's broken his chain saw and he's needin' repair.
So its back to the telephone, he needs a new sprocket,
You'll be lucky to find one this side of Millinocket
But what does it matter, there's no operator,
She's drinking her coffee, or peeling potatoes.
And you ring and you ring, and your nerves start to fray.
By Jesus, you'll start her if it takes all day.
So you ring, 'till your arm aches, twenty minutes or so.
'Till finally she answers, and says, "are you through?" and a,
You give her the number, "just a moment she cries,"
And it's back to her coffee and blueberry pie.
With a sigh you surrender, put the phone on the hook.
Big Pierre favors you with a murderous look
Stomps out of the office and proclaims to the crew,
You're a swine hearted B-----d and dishonest too.
So again to the time cards with unquenched vigor
Your mind clear and sharp as afine hair trigger.
You're clicking: you're moving: it's go: go: go:
One card a minute, you can't be slow.
For Pittston is Calling, the payroll machines
Stands idle and hungry, boiled bacon and beans
Will not satisfy it, and its famished cry
Is a wild call and a clear call no clerk can deny.
But pause, you, brave commis, take your mind off'n money
For here comes the Foreman, his tongue dripping honey
He'll promise you a bonus, he'll help you get rich
Believe not a word from the son of a b---h
He'll smile and he'll tell you you're one hell of a guy
The best commis ever, and for you he'd die.



U. S. AND STATE FOREST SERVICES

*****TO BE CONTINUED

ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

K...stands for O.K.	L...means that life
To safe driving guys,	Should keep rolling along
But K.O. to others	If you stay in the Lane
Who are not so wise.	Where you safely belong.
For some think it's smart	And remember this fact:
Or it's brave or thrilling	Your license should give
To speed and take chances.	A high sense of duty
Now, isn't that killing?	To live and let live.

Charlie Davis, low bed operator, is recuperating from a heart attack at his home in Shirley Mills. He would appreciate a few cards, so why not drop one in the mail?

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Marceau have returned from their Western trip. Their jet was so fast that they got here before their last card.

The North Branch Drive got under way this week, with Lucien Gosselin, Foreman; Wellie Caouette, Asst. Foreman; Lionel Lebreux, Cook; and J. A. Marceau, Clerk. They moved into Wellie Caouette's camp at the old sawmill. Alfred Nadeau went to Big Bog to take care of the Dam until the ice goes out.

The snow is going slowly and not making too much water as yet. We have had 5½" of snow, to make a total snowfall for the winter of 166 inches.

The Pittston inventories are now completed, but we are late with the Weekly as Glenn Lumbert, riding a large sander, has had the office in a turmoil all week. The Coffee Shoppe has had a round table installed. There is a great deal of conjecture as to just how Glenn hitched it to the post without cutting it. We need a half dozen new Mate's chairs for the Shoppe, and since everything else was "let us say, solicited", we feel it would be in order to put the touch on Moosehead Furniture.

The following quote from the Accounting Dept.: "The new girl in our office believes that catching a man is like catching a fish; you have to wiggle the bait."

The St. John watershed produced the following pulpwood since 1934:

Hauled by tractors and trucks over the height of land to upper end of Big Bog;

1934 - 1935	33,603 cds.	1936 - 1937	29,657 cds.
1935 - 1936	30,384 cds.	1937 - 1938	21,522 cds.
		Total	115,166 cds.

Landed in 2nd, 3rd, 4th, & 5th St. John Ponds, and driven into the North Branch via St. John Canal.

1941 - 1942	57,923 cds.	1948 - 1949	43,495 cds.
1942 - 1943	40,430 cds.	1949 - 1950	50,168 cds.
1943 - 1944	21,422 cds.	1950 - 1951	38,833 cds.
1944 - 1945	21,240 cds.	1951 - 1952	41,029 cds.
1945 - 1946	25,009 cds.	1952 - 1953	35,284 cds.
1946 - 1947	22,454 cds.	1955 - 1956	52,644 cds.
1947 - 1948	27,645 cds.		477,576 cds.

Grand total 592,742 cds.

PART THREE OF FIVE THE LAMENT OF THE NORTHERN WOODS CLERK

But when he goes to Pittston the horse changes color
At Headquarters, it seems, you ain't much of a feller
You're drunk, you're a liar, a coward, a cheat,
You're milking the contract, you pull the wrong teat
So beware, fellow comrades, 'tis less sweet than venom-y
These soft words that roll from the lips of your enemy.
He loves you, adores you, He'll say thru his tears,
You're a heaven sent clerk for his twilight years.
But when things go wrong boy, it's you on the rack
And when you're rolled over, there's a dirk in your back.
Well, the Foreman departs with a wave and a grin
Convinced in his black heart he's taken you in.
His agents will tell him when the coast is quite clear
To sneak in your bedroom and steal half your beer.
So it's back to the timecards and to hell with dinner,
You'll make a sandwich when the work load is thinner.
And dinner approaches as it must each day
And the dooryard sprouts forth with two free Chevrolets,
One Tote truck, two Pickups, a gas truck, a Cad
All Company deadheads to make your heart glad.
So it's out with the board sheet, and down with the names,
"Who's that gas truck helper? Mordecai Ames?"
The dinner gong sounds and they're all out of sight
You start for the cookroom, you've no appetite.
You know it's blood sausage and last Tuesday's cake
So why aggravate yeasterday's belly ache?
You go to your bedroom, stretch out for a nap.
There's no use in trying, Alphonse needs a cap.
Size six and one eighth, he's got a head like a shaft
It hangs down in front and it sticks up in aft.
All you've got is sevens, he's madder than Hell
He stomps out cursing, what God only can tell.
Now dinner is over, they've all had their rations
For one hour you've got to make sweet conversation
With drifters and supers and hoboes and such
Who don't know from armhole but just keep in touch
By picking the brain of the sluggardly clerk
Who just lazes around and don't do no work.
Now rest you, brave comrades, and let us consider
This odd cat, The Super, we can't seem to get rid o'
They are lordly and noble, with dignity bound
Walk into the office, they barely turn 'round
But out of the nimbus that surrounds these great brains
Come words of great imports, "Do you think it will rain?"
You need information, but what do you get?
"Maybe," "I think so," "I'll check," "And not yet."
Still the problem confronts you, You're prepared to proceed,
An equivocal answer is not what you need.
But to this crude lesson good brothers look sharp
How did these angels who play Ersatz harps
Become bona fide members of the executive class?
Kept their nose off the grindstone and up someones brass.

*****TO BE CONTINUED

ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

M... is good Maintenance
That's what it takes
To help your good driving
To give you good breaks.
And "M" also measures
Each mile and each minute
And marks on each one
That a lifetime is in it.

N... gives you notice
When driving at night
Use your dimmer for others
But keep yourself bright.
And "N" says you'll Not
Give yourself a raw deal
With a Nip from a bottle
Or a Nap at the wheel.

APRIL WEATHER REPORT

Mean Max. Temp. for month	<u>39</u>	Precipitation for month	<u>2.16</u>
Mean Min. Temp. for month	<u>26</u>	Snowfall for month	<u>5 1/2"</u>
Mean Temp. for month	<u>32.5</u>	Snowfall on ground (4/15)	<u>24"</u>
High Temp. for month (4/2)	<u>53</u>	Snowfall on ground (4/30)	<u>12"</u>
Low Temp. for month (4/5)	<u>12</u>		

The .35" of rain this week gave the rivers & streams a full head of water.

Wellie Begin, skipper of an outboard, has the distinction of opening navigation on Canada Falls Deadwater this year. May 1st he made the trip from the Dam to the old bridge where the South Branch enters the Deadwater. Pat Begin, Wellie Begin and Bill Nye are getting ready to tow the wood Leo Dumas cut on the South Branch. Motor Boat #61 has been launched at the Dam and will be used for towing.

No matter how fast a clock runs, it always winds up in the same place.

Charlie Davis, operator of the lowbed, passed away Wednesday, May 1st, at his home in Shirley Mills.

The ice is out of Big Bog and Captain Gosselin with Motorboat #57 is expected to start for the Dam with a small tow of wood today. Francois Poulin is the Chef at Big Bog and C. E. Gerry is holding down the office.

One of the local habitues caught a 3 1/2# trout at the mouth of Carry Brook this past weekend. We would make a guess that this coming week-end should be the right time to get your limit at this famous hole.

More signs of Spring... over a hundred geese called at the Pittston Farm this A.M.. There was a lot of figging and conniving by our Pittston Poacher as to how he could get one for his dinner table, but to date he has not come up with anything.

The "Black Impalla" has done it again. This time it loaned a rear fender to a "Cariboo Club" member for his Chrysler (See Vol. 1, No. 15). It is a known fact that "Cariboos" and maple syrup will not mix.

Lionel..."Did they say anything about the cooking?"
Arthur.... "No, but I noticed them praying before they started eating."

Delmont Bates is doing his resting at home this week.

Velma Fernald has bought a horse.

Charlie Nelson has a new car. A nauseous brown is the color to look for.

Well, supers and overhead all fade away
 As the afternoon wanes toward the close of the day
 And the sun sadly sinks to it's well earned rest
 You wearily slump on your cluttered desk
 And survey your days labor to the best of your ken
 There's ten timecards figured, ye Gods: only ten?
 Your poor head is aching, you're tired, you're old.
 You idly wish to crawl into a hole.
 You sharpen your pencil. you straighten, you dust,
 And the telephone rings as the telephone must,
 It's St. Zacharie, language incomprehensible,
 She mutters, she swears, it sounds reprehensible.
 So it's out to the door and shout for a frenchman
 (The word rhymes so well with Beezlebub's henchman)
 They gargle and grunt, squeal for awhile
 Some 'Murius' hausfrau is having a child.
 And it's off with the scaler to pick up his wood
 And will the paymaster make the voucher good?
 He will, so you fritter and figure and play,
 There's some wangan and taxes, and board for today,
 Ten gallons of gas? But your card is all done.
 Why didn't you tell me you son of a ***gun?
 Well, tear it all down again, go pump the gas,
 Erase it, refigure, and just let it pass.
 Kiss'em goodbye, boys, though you hate all their guts,
 You'd poison them all, but there's soo many butts
 The clock says four thirty, its supper at five.
 You need just one drink, boy, to keep you alive.
 So back to the bottle you've hoarded so well
 You get just one slug poured and surer than Hell
 Your back door opens and in pours a troop
 Of D.F.E. spies, boys, Patterson's Snoops.
 They're happy to see you and what are you drinking?
 They really don't drink, boys, but on you they'll get stinking.
 They'll drink all your likker and report to Headquarters
 That you're just an old drunk, its their duty as spotters.
 O, devious, vile, are the ways of these men
 They'd sell you for five boys, and hang you for ten.
 So just play the game close, keep your back to the door
 Fate has her own way of evening up the score.
 Well, the Spruceborers leave, for supper is served
 They're hungry, can't blame 'em, at seventy per.
 But soften your hearts lads, don't sneer at their fall
 The high cost of living makes crooks of us all.

*****TO BE CONTINUED*****

"NO TWIST - BAD ART"

CRASH! BOOM! CLASH!



We think James Ball Naylor was responsible for the following:

King David and King Solomon
Led merry, merry lives
With their many, many lady friends
And many, many wives;
But when old age crept over them--
With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the proverbs
And King David wrote the psalms.

If King David was living today he would probably write the 23rd Psalm like this:

1. My wife is my boss; I shall not deny it.
2. She maketh me leave the house by the back door when the minister cometh;
and she leadeth me behind her in Freese's store.
3. She restoreth my pocketbook after she has spent all the contents for
bras and girdles; she leadeth me up the aisle of the church for her
hat's sake.
4. Yea, though I pace the floor of dark rooms with worry, I will get no rest;
for she is behind me with her pointy toe shoes, and her snoring does
anything but comfort me.
5. She prepareth a cold snack for me, then maketh a bee-line for the bridge
party; she anointeth my head with a snow shovel; my arms runneth over
with bundles before she is halfway through shopping.
6. Surely her Sears and Montgomery bills shall follow me all the days of my
life and I shall dwell in the poor house forever.

"AMEN"

ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

O...means Observing
The laws that affect you.
It also means Officers,
There to protect you.
Remember this letter
Whereever you go,
And just keep aware
Of how much you Owe "O".

P...Points to Pedestrians--
People like you.
They may not act safely--
Be sure that you do.
This letter Points too,
To the Passing Parade.
In this test of safe driving
What's your Passing grade?

The North Branch Drive is moving along:Caouette's wood will be into Upper Little Bog sometime today. There has been over 16,000 cords of Caouette & Gosselin's wood sluiced through Upper Little Bog dam and over 14,000 cords through the lower dam into Big Bog deadwater. Captain Gosselin towed 2500 cords down to Big Bog dam with Motor Boat #57 and it was sluiced into the North Branch Tuesday. Some of this wood showed up at Pittston Wednesday where it will be held until everything is ready for it to move on to the Swan Farm.

Henri Marcoux with a small crew moved into Caucomgomac Depot this week and is making preparations for towing the wood he cut last winter down to the dam. George Bessey is the clerk and Philippe Larochelle is doing the cooking. The ice moved out of the lake Tuesday of this week.George Ryder and Clay Kierstead are back at Caucomgomac dam this year and Adelard & Jean Roch Gilbert are at Dole Pond dam.Pat Begin with five men are moving the wood that Dumas cut on the South Branch. Captain Bill Nye is skippering the new steel boat #61. Phil Paquet has a small crew on Seboomook Lake getting the side booms ready in preparation for the arrival of the South & North Branch wood.

"Yes Sir," said Captain Bill to his deckhand, "I've been running boats on Canada Fall: Deadwater for so long that I know where every pier and stump is." Just then, the boat struck an old pier and shook from stem to stern. "There," said Captain Bill, thats one of them now."

The Forestry boys are real active in the area:Slim Powell, Dick Goodwin,Gordon Cousins and Freddie Chasse are staying at Caouette's camp while walking roads to see if they can find any wood that was not hauled during the hauling season. Lawrence Hurd, Don Cyr, Wilfred Langlois and Roger Chasse are squirting "Yellow Paint" in the vicinity of Canada Falls. Mickey Anderson and Bob Arnold are cruising the portion of Soldier Town that is on the South Branch watershed.

The official flower on Father'S Day is the dandelion, because the more it is trampled upon, the better it grows.

The Seboomook District of the Maine Forest Service with Headquarters at Pittston are gradually going onto their summer schedule. Vaughn Thornton of Greenville is back for his 14th consecutive year. Ray Foster will return to Green Mountain look-out;he is at Bigelow Mountain until conditions warrant opening Green Mountain. Raymond Hearn will be on Russell Mountain lookout. The Patrolmen will be: Terrence Trudel, stationed at Caucomgomac Lake; Bill Ogden is back at Seboomook and James Mangin returned to Pittston Headquarters.

We wonder if the mathematical wizard would give us the answer to the following problem: $9(9 \text{ to the } 9\text{th power})$ carried out to the last place?

Wangan, five thirty, it says on the sign
In French, and in English, but you never have time
To light up a smoke or just meditate
The stinkers are at you the minute you've ate
So you stand there another full hour or two,
Passing out axes, matches, and glue,
Cigarettes, spark plugs, jackets and combs,
Round files and flat files, fly dope and bombs.
And right in the middle of the nights biggest surge
Some backsliding stinker comes up with the urge
To figure, and bring you his cords for the year,
"Have there been no mistakes made, right up here?"
You've no way of knowing if there hasn' or has
So dig out the time cards, the scale bills, the pads.
And you sit down and figure and figure some more
There's not one single error on the son of a stinker.
The office, she closes at seven, of course
At seven fifteen the telephone rings
A Super at Pittston says, "How hard would it be,
To find me the average cost of a tree?"
Why? It wouldn't be any trouble for you
By nine thirty five you are almost through.
At a quarter to ten, exhausted and lame
You take off your clothes and a chill hits your frame
"By God: It can't be: It can't be: You shout."
But by God it is. The fire is out.
Your kerosene's loaded with water it seems
A foul trick devised by the Greenville fiends.
Into your trousers, your jacket, your stags,
And off to the dingle for a handfull of rags,
Screwdrivers, wrenches, pots and pans.
Patience and fortitude, God, what a man.
At eleven o seven you crawl into bed
Too tired to sleep, too much in your head.
You count the cordcutters, the swampers, and then
Remember the time cards, Jehovah, just ten:
But where did the day go? What have you done?
Havent you spent the whole day on the run?
There is no doubt about it, you must have a plan,
Budget your work time and stick to it man.
You've tried it before, you must try it again,
Squeeze fifteen hours work in the mythical ten.
But if you should fail, friends, go down like a trooper
Throw in the towel, they'll make you a Super.

Yes, everyone spurns him, the upriver clerk
He's lazy, he's dirty, a drunk and a jerk
But everyone says he's an awful good Joe,
'Cause they just can't deny it, he's the man in the know.

*****THE END

Written in the spring of 1956

ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

Q...asks two Questions:

Can you Qualify
As an A-1 safe driver?

How hard do you try?
For the Quality answers

Here is your cue:
This letter should always
Be followed by "u"!

R...says be Ready

And Right all the way
And prepared to Relinquish
Your own Right-of-way.

Remember that "R"
Warns of Recklessness-check it.
Don't Ride like a Rocket
Till Ready to wreck it!

The South Branch Drive now has around 3,000 cords of wood left at the head of the deadwater. They have towed five booms of approximately 1,000 cords each down to the dam and sluiced them through into the river. With a fair wind they could get the balance of it down to the dam by Sunday night.

At Caucomgomac, Henri Marcoux has the bag boom hung and ready to fill but he is experiencing some difficulty with his tow boat.

North Branch had an excellent wind to sluice on last week and now have over 27,000 cords sluiced through the dam at Big Bog. They have 47 men on the payroll and at this time are trying to get the rear out of Upper Little Bog which depends a great deal on the wind. With luck and a fair wind they could have the rear into the head of Big Bog by Sunday night.

Main River now has 30,000 cords to work on and have two booms on the way to the dam. They will not sluice out of Seboomook Dam until Chesuncook gets their booms ready which should be by the last of this week.

Figures may not lie, but girdles keep a lot of them from revealing the truth.

The William Hilton tow boat was launched Tuesday of this week and they are making preparations to tow 116,00 cords of pulpwood across Chesuncook to Ripogenus dam. Mr. Tommy Reagan (his fighting name) will be the Captain; Dicky Thombs, Engineer; Walter Townsend, Mate; Bob Harkins, Deckhand and Liz Tardiff, Cook. There will be another deckhand by the end of the week.

Two members of the clerical force plus the head and horns of the local garage were the most recent victims of the "Cariboo Highway". They were not seen while hiking in to Pittston from Spencer Brook during the thunder storm Tuesday night. It was just a casual stroll, 6.7 miles to be exact (Measurement by R.E. Blodgett). A suede jacket can certainly change one's complexion.

The large flock of geese that dropped into Pittston May 2nd have moved onto the North country leaving three of their members behind to recuperate. What do they taste like? Give us time we're working on it.

The unexpected deluge of white stuff last Saturday added up to five inches at Pittston giving us a total for the winter of 171 inches. Only $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches short of the all time high of 172 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Time enough yet to break the record.

Arthur Bessey, Proprietor of Seboomook Campground is getting ready for the Memorial weekend rush of business. That is one weekend when there are more cars in this area than there is on the turnpike.

Married men live longer than single men; or at least they complain more about it.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Those lines are composed by a scaler, it seems,
Who is scaling the pulpwood at Thoroughfare stream;
Where the young and the old, the low and the high,
Are singing the praisis of Edward Lacroix.

He sure is some hustler to corall the means,
In order to purchase such costly machines;
His mountains of pulp are a wonderful sight,
And his tractors a humming by day and by night.



In his company equipment he's far from behind,
His bosses and cooks are the best he can find:
The pulpers go straight to their toil with a whoop,
A hay wire whip and a jug of pea soup.

For better discipline no colonel could ask,
Those hardy Canadians stick right to their tasks;
Not even Napoleon in ages gone by
Could muster his forces like Edward Lacroix.

His workers are loyal, no one can deny,
Their fealty towards him no money can buy,
No crabbing nor grumbling; without batting an eye,
They would go to the gallows for Edward Lacroix.

At his previous election our citizens note
Not even A. Gould did poll such a vote;
Old time Conservatives with their hats waving high,
"Au Diable with our party," Let's "Put in Lacroix."

He is the sole Monarch of all he surveys,
Not a dog in Beauce county will bark in his face;
With their nostrils erect and their tails wagging high
The salute their Grand Master, King Edward Lacroix.

The children at school as they learn how to read
And memorize names who are foremost in deeds;
The two greatest men born neath Canada's sky,
Sir Wilfred Laurier, and Edward Lacroix.

The Rosie Maries while nursing their young,
Are ever whispering his name on their tongues;
"Le Bon Dieu will bless you my fine baby boy,
When you grow to manhood you'll be like Lacroix".

The powers that be will be posting his name,
In the uppermost niche in the Temple of Fame;
Some salaried sculptor, employed by the state,
Will carve a bronze statue of Edward the Great.

When his life work is done, and he's laid down to rest,
And admission to seek in the home of the blest;
All the angles will gather, enraptured with joy
A holiday in Heaven: here comes Lacroix. (John McDonald)

ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

S...is S.A.

For the man at the wheel.
In this case it's Safety
(And not Sex) Appeal.
But when "S" Stands for Speed,
If you don't know, you oughter,
That this crooked letter
Turns laughter to Slaughter.

T...is a letter

A Top driver learns.
For it Teaches this Truth:
We're all helped by good Turns.
And "T" also Tells you,
But definitely-
Safety Training suits Traffic
And you to a "T".

Martin Murphy, Keeper of the Chain at Rainey Brook arrived last Saturday. He is spending this week polishing the chain and will have it up next Monday.

D. E. Bates has moved into Big Bog while Elmer Gerry is vacationing.

Mrs Elnora Beathem Earle, a former Company employee at Seboomook and Pittston and her husband are spending a few days in Greenville. They now reside in Sacramento, California.

Mr. L. G. White came to Rockwood this week to get Walter Creagan. Walter will spend a few days in Bangor.

There are some born to supervise and some born to operate outboard motors. When a Foreman on North Branch Drive can't start his outboard, he sends it to Greenville shop to have them install sparkplugs in the two holes in the side of the block provided for that purpose. When a Foreman on Caucomgomac Drive loses the clutch in his outboard he calls Roberts to install a shear-off pin.

POPULATION EXPLOSION EXPECTED IN GREENVILLE NEXT YEAR

Two couples are taking the marriage vows Memorial weekend: Roger Lacroix & Paula Dean; and David Finley & Vivian McNinch. Just think next year at this time the two new mothers will be singing Bob Merrill's song, "Feet Up, Pat him on the Popo and let's hear him squish".

The North Branch watershed has produced the following amount of wood since 1934:

1934-1935	67,867 Cds	1948-1949	23,884 Cds
1935-1936	53,942	1949-1950	36,691
1936-1937	45,297	1950-1951	39,905
1937-1938	19,380	1951-1952	42,583
1938-1939	10,866	1952-1953	51,968
1939-1940	20,979	1953-1954	45,021
1940-1941	17,361	1954-1955	51,678
1941-1942	2,421	1955-1956	62,264
1942-1943	6,593	1956-1957	32,229
1943-1944	13,022	1960-1961	38,220
1944-1945	15,822	1961-1962	30,727
1945-1946	39,522	1962-1963	42,546
1946-1947	47,773		
1947-1948			

Total cut	858,561 Cords
Purchased from I.L. Dumas 1934-1963	185,896 "
St. John Wood 1934-1963	592,742 "
Total North Branch Wood	1,637,199 "
South Branch Wood 1934-1963	605,025 "
Total wood driven past Pittston since 1934	2,242,224

STEW-PEN-DUZ

LOGAN'S DRIVE

Briscoe was driving on Canada Falls

Some logs for Seboomook Dam,

And they drifted down to Sullivan Pitch,

Where the rear piled up in a jam.

Logan went to Pittston Farm

To fix the steam pipes there,

And to him the boys in the "barrom" told

Some tales that would curl your hair.

They told of the roaring river cruel

As it raced on its way to the sea;

And they told of the fighting river men

Who rode great logs with glee.

They told of breaking great piled-up-jams;

Of drowning; of sudden death;

And they told of lives lost in Canada Falls,

And Logan caught his breath.

On a Sunday Briscoe broke the jam,

And the logs slid down on their way;

They drifted down by Pittston Farm

Where Logan was that day.

The boys told Logan about the drive,

And he went down to see the fun;

For the drive he waited patiently

As the logs passed, one by one.

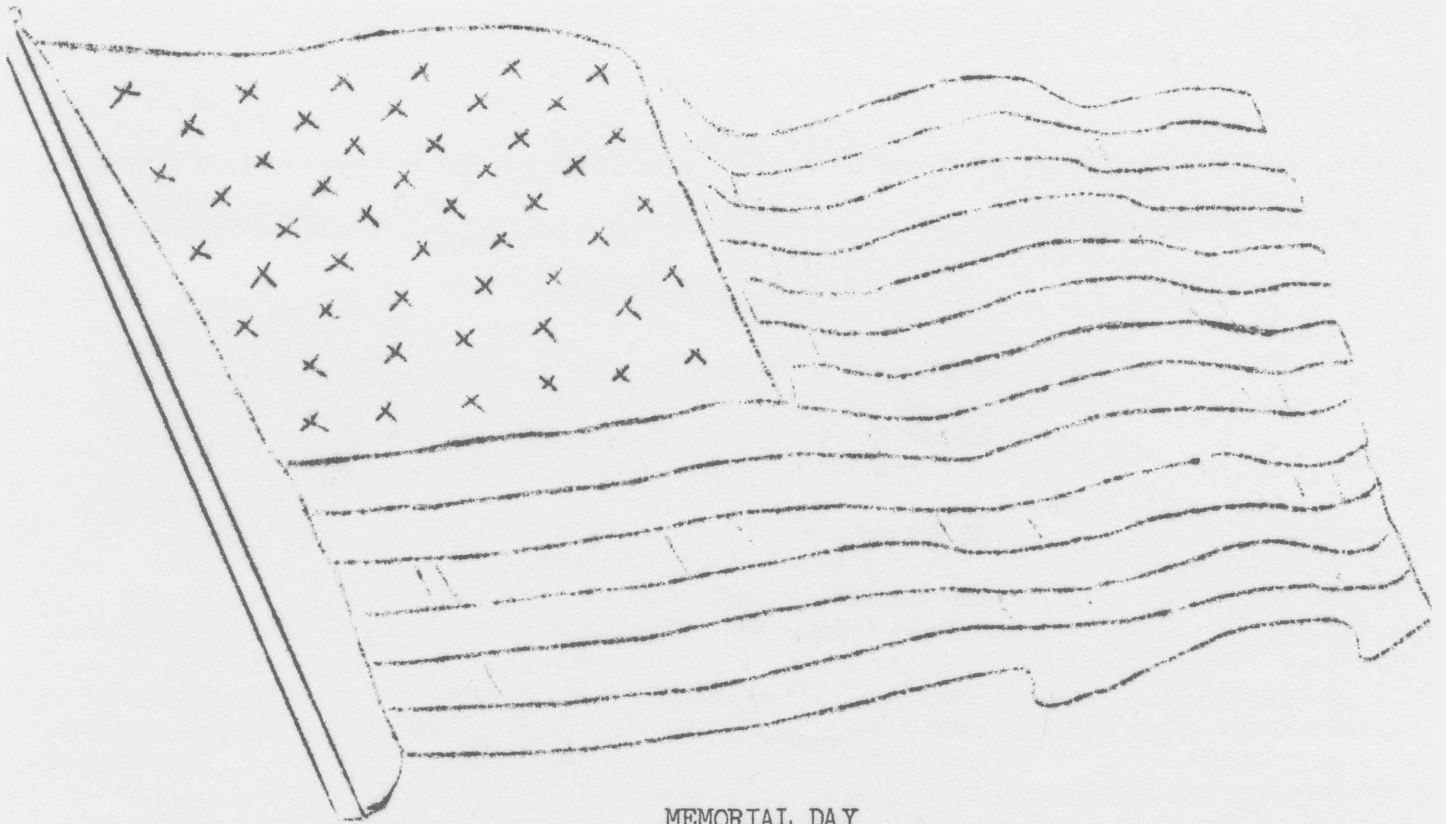
And finally, around the bend,

A chanting boat-crew came;

And they passed the place where Logan sat;

Where the logs had done the same.

Part One of Two--To be continued.



MEMORIAL DAY

The finest tribute we can pay
Unto our hero dead today,
Is not a rose wreath, white and red,
In memory of the blood they shed;
It is to stand beside each mound,
Each couch of consecrated ground,
And pledge ourselves as warriors true
Unto the work they died to do.

Into God's valleys where they lie
At rest, beneath the open sky,
Triumphant now o'er every foe,
As living tributes let us go.
No wreath of rose or immortelles
Or spoken word or tolling bells
Will do today, unless we give
Our pledge that liberty shall live.

Our hearts must be the roses red
We place above our hero dead;
Today beside their graves we must
Renew allegiance to their trust;
Must bare our heads and humble say
We hold the flag as dear as they,
And stand as once they stood, to die
To keep the Stars and Stripes on high.

The finest tribute we can pay
Unto our hero dead today
Is not of speech or roses red,
But living, throbbing hearts instead,
That shall renew the pledge they sealed
with death upon the battle field;
That freedom's flag shall bear no stain
And free men wear no tyrants chain.

*****Edgar A. Guest

ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

U...Understands

That traffic law breakers
Are driving themselves
To the Undertaker's!
And "U" Underlines
That in car, truck or bus
Being Unfair to others
Is Unsafe for Us.

V...is your Vehicle's

Vigor and Vim,
Is it feeling rundown?
Do you keep it in trim?
To save it from being
A broken down wreck,
Give it Vitamin C-
"C" for Care and for Check.

Achip on the shoulder indicates there is wood higher up.

The North Branch Drive crew have moved from the sawmill to Big Bog. The rear is presently in the Big Bog deadwater. W. E. Crosby was a recent visitor at Pittston. He is now employed on the North Branch Drive. Main River Drive sluiced their first boom Tuesday, May 21st. They have now sluiced five booms and have three others waiting for favorable conditions. Caucomgomac Drive got their first boom out the night of May 23rd and another Sunday morning. The upper end of Caucomgomac Lake apparently heaved with the frost this spring as the water measuring board shows a foot more water at the dam than at the head of the lake. It could be the new dam was so heavy that the lower end settled. How many hydraulic jacks would it take to jack up the end of the lake?

Maxie Pelkey has replaced Charlie Nadeau at Nadeau's Camp as watchman until the cutting season begins. Mike Stepinuk has returned to his summer home at Caucomgomac Chain. Mike is now wondering how he is going to find time to polish his chain.

We wonder who had the contract to build the dam across the St. John river at Ste. Aurelie? Roland Giguere or George Therrien? It seems Giguere furnished the labor while Therrien furnished his pickup. It is rumored that Therrien got a new boat and motor via Giguere's charge account as his share.

Main River extends from Pittston to Chesuncook and includes Gulliver, Russell Stream, Lobster Lake etc. This area has produced the following wood since 1934:

1934-1935	20,454 cds	1948-1949	24,040 cds
1935-1936	16,240	1949-1950	32,571
1936-1937	16,077	1950-1951	34,748
1937-1938	9,789	1951-1952	51,175
1939-1940	3,870	1952-1953	31,389
1940-1941	14,161	1953-1954	10,758
1941-1942	6,298	1954-1955	11,866
1942-1943	19,641	1955-1956	21,217
1944-1945	21,964	1956-1957	10,652
1945-1946	19,819	1958-1959	80
1946-1947	36,411	1961-1962	166
1947-1948	18,023	1962-1963	112
		Total Cut	436,670 Cords

1934-1963 wood driven into Seboomook from No. & So Branch of Penobscot River. (See Volume 1 No. 28) 2,242,224 Cords

1934-1963 wood driven into Chesuncook from Main River 2,678,894 Cords

A man is as young as he feels after trying to prove it.

LOGAN'S DRIVE

Continued

They sang their songs in Canadian French,
The words, a meaningless sound
To Logan, who sat upon the bank,
To watch the drive go down.

No more logs went drifting by;
The river below was still;
And about the time the sun went down,
Logan had got his fill.

So he took the winding, upward path,
Back to the farm on the hill,
And as he entered the "barrom" there,
Every man was still.

He slowly looked around the room,
At the grin on every face,
Then ambled sadly to a chair
And silently took his place.

A moment then, and Logan spoke;
"I'd really like to know why
You told me all those wild, wild tales;
I've watched the drive go by:

"Five Frenchmen went by in a boat
Singing some crazy song;
I waited then to see the drive;
I waited--and waited long.

"But no more logs went drifting by
On the river for me to see;
So five Frenchmen singing in a boat
Is what a drive must be! "

By E. H. Rand

ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

W...Wipes the Windshield-

Be sure you see through it.

It Warns you of Weaving-

Be sure you don't do it.

In all kinds of Weather

You'll find this is Wise:

Keep 'em always Wide open-

Not throttles--but eyes.

X...often helps

Keep a driver unhurt-

If it means he's Xperienced,

Also Xpert.

It can also be bad,

For it may mark the spot

For someone who's a victim

Of you-know-what.

Today's Brownie is tomorrow's cookie, and today's Cub is tomorrow's wolf.

The North Branch rear is through Big Bog dam and Tuesday night was at the Upper North Branch bridge. The South Branch rear is through Canada Falls dam and should be into Pittston this week. The Forestry class are on their annual trip and will arrive at Pittston tonight for a brief stay. L.G. White stopped in on his way to Umsaskis last week-end. Presidink, Al Leighton has moved into Caucomgomac dam for a couple of weeks cruising. R.L. McNamara is in the area trying to get away from the Bangoe heat wave. Arthur Bessey reports 93 guests at Sebocook Campground over Memorial day.

May weather report

Mean maximum temperature	62	Maximum	May 29th	86
Mean minimum temperature	34	Minimum	May 6th	25
Mean temperature for month	48	Precipitation for month	2.77 inches	

For the first five months of this year we have had 11.73 inches of precipitation which is 5.37 inches below the fourteen year average.

The fourteen year average for the Pittston weather bureau is:

January	3.21	July	3.58
February	2.95	August	3.92
March	2.90	September	3.21
April	3.03	October	3.50
May	3.30	November	3.92
June	4.15	December	3.44

This gives us 41.11 inches for a yearly average and 3.42 monthly.

Caucomgomac Lake watershed and Scott Brook have produced the following wood since 1934:

Caucomgomac			
1955-1956	31,681 cds	1959-1960	23,462 cds
1956-1957	32,364	1960-1961	23,300
1958-1959	17,620	1962-1963	13,170
Total for Caucomgomac			141,587
Scott Brook			
1959-1960	18,490	1961-1962	1,266
1960-1961	15,485	1962-1963	13,797
Total Scott Brook			49,038

Wood from the North, South and Main river (See Vol. 1 No. 29 2,678,894)
Total wood cut and driven into Chesuncook lake since 1934 from this area 2,869,519 cds

If Ivan had a voice with the timbre of an Indian gong and would let forth a blast when he used Bel Bates radio perhaps Millinocket Storehouse could hear him occasionally

A MEETING OF THE "CARIBOO CLUB" HAS BEEN SCHEDULED FOR THURSDAY JUNE 13th.

THE DRIVE ON COOPER BROOK

'Twas in the month of April,
The truth I'll let you know,
I hired out in Greenville
The drive all for to go.
Joe Sheehan asked for my name
And marked it in a book;
The place he hired me for to go
Was 'way up Cooper Brook.

We left Greenville the next morning,
'Twas on the first of May;
Got dinner at Kokadjo,
All on that very day.
Then seventeen long miles to hike
The tote road we did tramp;
At eight o'clock that very night
We struck the depot camp.

When we got to the depot camp,
Everything was right;
Joe Sheehan met us at the door--
He expected us that night.
The supper was all ready,
We had good beans and bread;
And after we did eat our lunch
The bull-cook showed us beds.

We rose up the next morning,
All hands were feeling fine,
And after we got breakfast
Some axes we did grind.
We shouldered up our turkeys,
The tote road we got on,
And Frederick Beck, he led the way
To the camp called Number One.

When we got to Number One
The cook stood by the door;
His name was Pete McDuffy--
Got there the day before.
We had a talk about old times,
He was feeling kind of blue;
Said he'd just come up from Bangor--
Had been drinking some homebrew.

PART ONE OF THREE



ABC'S OF SAFE DRIVING

Y...is the Young

Who like road pyrotechnics.
Give 'em plenty of room,
For some act like Wreckniks.
They need to be taught
That Young folks can get
More kicks out of life
Without leaving it yet.

Z...spells a wish

That you and your own
May keep happy and whole
In a safety Zone.
May your life be a Zephyr,
A fresh pleasant breeze.
May you help make it so-
Minding your ABC's.

***** It's an ill wind that shows no pretty knees. *****

The North Branch rear is moving along and should be into Pittston by the end of the week. They moved into Canada Falls boomhouse Tuesday.

Adelard Gilbert will begin next week on his 1963-1964 contract at Scott Brook. D.E. Bates will be back as clerk and Bob Arnold will do the scaling.

Bill Morrel started the annual job of spraying the bushes along the roadside this week. Shorty Henderson and Mickey Squiers are operating the sprayer this year. Research and Engineering have three representatives in the area this week checking any rear left behind for the Mill Department. Roger Boynton and Fulton Daniels from the Photo Lab are taking a few pictures. We hear that Roger was fishing in the sink drain at the Boarding house Tuesday night. He caught one and one got away.

Seboomook Campground had what could have been a serious fire this week. A party that was tenting there went to Lobster Lake for the day leaving a glass jug of white gasoline setting out where the hot sun could shine on it. The jug exploded about one o'clock and now no tent. Gasoline in a glass jug mixed with hot sun is a good way to set the country on fire.

A letter from W.A.(Bill) Levesque of the Great Southern Land and Paper Co. this week. Bill says, and I quote, "When Maurice Bartlett was here last winter, on the way back to Maine he thought it wonderful to finally meet someone whose speech he could understand. As he left, however, the telephone operator asked who he was because she couldn't understand a word he said."

The Tree Dedication ceremonies went over in a big way. There was a conservative four hundred that attended. The buffet was exceptionally good and for a wonder there was some eats (beans) left over. It is always a pleasure to hear good speakers and I am sure everyone that was there will agree that the speeches were well worth listening to.

The Pittston Farm precipitation chart is predicting 3.65 inches of rainfall for the month of June. To date we have .52 inches.

Arthur Bessey: "How on earth did you come to get so completely intoxicated?" Charlie Weaver, "I got in bad company Arthur. You see there was four of us. I had a bottle of whiskey and the other three didn't touch the stuff."

You can't reduce by talking about it--you have to keep your mouth shut.

THE DRIVE ON COOPER BROOK

We struck out the next morning,
To the high landing we did go;
The ice was hinging from the rocks
And there was a foot of snow.
The wood it was in awful shape,
And tumbled down each tier;
I says to several of the boys,
"I am not long for here."

Now right below the landing,
They called the Gravel Bed,
They always had a lot of grief,
So everybody said.
I walked down to the elbow
To see what I could do,
And there I planned a small canal
To sluice this lumber through.

I got the slusser scraper,
The horses were at hand;
I blew away the boulders there
And dug away the sand.
We got the job completed,
In three days we had it done,
And when they started sluicing--
Oh, how the pulp did run!

Now right below the Gravel Bed
Set the cruel Rapid Rock;
The boss he sent me down one day
That boulder for to "pop."
With forty sticks placed under it,
I did the work all right;
The boys that tend out in that place,
I know they think of "Mike."

PART TWO OF THREE



TRAFFIC SAFETY

If you drive high, you may be buried low.

The rear of Caucomgomac drive arrived at Black pond Saturday June 15th and the rear of North Branch entered Seboomook deadwater at about the same time. Seboomook lake has a full head of water at this time.

Freddie Parent with the road repair crew moved into Caucomgomac Depot Monday and will gravel access roads for Henri Marcoux's 1963-64 cut.

C.E. Gerry is at Chesuncook dam this week while Ivan Jeffry is in the hospital.

Slim Powell and Leroy Bingham are in the area taking soil samples. R.L. McNamara, a guest at Caucomgomac Depot, reported sighting the Grim Reaper on a recent trip over Russell Mountain. According to Mr. McNamara, a gaunt and spectral form emerged from a long black vehicle and commenced digging a large hole in the earth. It was with some trepidation that Mr. McNamara faced the future, until Mr. Blodgett, Supt., explained that Slim Powell was in the area taking soil samples.

The Great Northern Paper Company's crusade for less accidents each year has evidently paid off. Dick Sanborn, Claims Adjuster for Employer's Liability, finally found time to catch up on his home work. The results--a 9½ pound boy. Let's hope there are even less accidents in the years to come to give Dick the chance to raise one of the largest families in the state of Maine. By the time he catches up with George Therrien maybe there will be less bragging around the office.

We have had only 1.20 inches of precipitation so far this month. That means if our precipitation chart is right we will get over two inches in the next ten days.

We fell sorry for the unmarried Chinese girl that had a baby. What do you suppose she called him ?.....Wa Wen Wong.

PITTSTON FARM

The original Pittston Farm was a set of log buildings on the river bank where the North & South Branch join. Lucius Hubbard's map of 1879 refers to it as "Knights". In July 1896 while Paul Goodblood was running the place he hired Herbert Burnham & wife as caretakers. A New York party named Menzer with French guide Ernest Wood were stopping there. Apparently Wood became infatuated with Burnham's wife which was mutual and the two of them plied Burnham with liquor and took him for a canoe ride. (This method later adopted by gangsters only using a car instead of a canoe.) Wood made his escape and we have no record of him being apprehended.

In 1900, C. J. McLeod of Bangor leased the place from Holyokes of Brewer. Then Charles Jackson had it for two years when the Great Northern Paper Co. purchased it in 1906. C. J. McLeod was the first superintendent and Charles Glaster the first clerk. In 1908 the company began building new buildings higher up the South Branch, its present location. That year the blacksmith shop and small stable were constructed. In 1910 more buildings were added--old boarding house, storehouse, ice house, two stables and the water works. In 1912 & 1913 the following buildings were added: cannery henhouse, new boarding house and potato house.

The stables could accomodate 128 horses and 4 cows also housing 550 tons of hay. The cost of the new boarding house was \$10,791. It had 9 chambers in addition to the ram pasture (large sleeping quarters). It could take care of 50 men at one time. There was storage space in the basement for 80 cords of firewood that was used for the steam heating plant.

WE WILL HAVE MORE AT A LATER DATE.

Most housewives think their best cleaning aid is their husband.

THE DRIVE ON COOPER BROOK

The morning that we left Church
Pond
Sheehan and Beck went right
along,
And that same evening we had the
rear
All safe in Cooper Pond.
And when we got in Cooper,
The wind was blowing grand;
We sacked her from the island
And took her to the dam.

It was early the next morning,
Oh! How the wind did blow!
Our boom had broke right in the sag,
And drifting down did go.
We made all for the bateau, boys,
We had to do it quick;
Twelve thousand cords laid in that
boom
But we did not lose a stick.

We hoisted gates next morning,
The wind was blowing right;
To see that wood a-piling through
It surely was a sight.
We are the boys that fear no noise
And stick through thick and thin;
And, thanks to the Almighty,
That's how we got her in!

Now here's adieu to the camp and
crew,
And the Great Northern Com-
pany;
Their names are great through all
the state,
As you can plainly see.
I wish you all prosperity
Till I come home again;
And if I'm alive I'll try to hire
For Cooper Brook again!

By "MIKE GORMAN"

PART THREE OF THREE

 *** HERE LIES A GOLFER--A GOOD ONE WAS HE-- ***
 *** BUT HIS DRIVING MADE HIM A CASUALTEE. ***

The rear of Main River drive is between Swan Farm and Seboomook Dam. The driving crew is moving today from Canada Falls Dam to Seboomook Dam Boom House. George Ryder has gone into the road crew for Freddie Parent and W.E. Crosby replaced him at Caucomgomac Dam. The road crew moved to Henri Marcoux's camp last week where Henri has a small crew cutting and swamping. Adelard Gilbert has 211 cords cut to date. This week he has 60 men and 27 horses working.

 There was 2 inches of rainfall reported from three different places in the area for last week but not at Pittston. Since our last issue we have had .71 of an inch that gives us a total of 1.91 inches for the month. The International Paper Co. has a forest fire on Township 8 Range 19. Latest report says it has burned approximately 100 acres, including 200 cords of peeled wood. It has been surrounded by bulldozers and men and at present the fire line is holding.

The Rio Grande is not the only river that has "Wetbacks" according to a recent report from the Border Patrol. It seems there were six "Wetbacks" that forded the St. John river in the vicinity of Ste. Aurelie at one A.M. Thursday morning and the course they were steering was so erratic that they eluded the Border Patrol that was on duty that night.

 Keith Lumbert reported seeing a cow moose and two calves on Ledgecut hill last Monday morning. There has been several reports of seeing a bull and cow moose there in the past two years.

PITTSTON FARM (continued)

The water works that was installed in 1910 had a pump house 10' X 10' X 8' built adjacent to the well on the edge of the field below the old boarding house. The well was dug by hand and was 8' in diameter & 20 feet deep. Over the well was a windmill that provided when the pump engine failed. On the hill back of the office was a water tower holding 9,000 gallons. When there were over a hundred horses here the pump ran almost continuously to keep the tank full. Later the light plants were installed in the same building with the water pump. In 1947 the pump house burned and gasoline & oil seeped into the well making it necessary to drill an artesian well near the new or main boarding house. This well was 85 feet in depth and eventually filled in with sand. In July 1953 a new well was drilled which was approximately 185 feet deep and proved to be better water. This well is still in use today although the tower has been done away with and a large pressure tank installed in the basement of the boarding house.

The office was moved onto the present location in 1911 and in 1913 a concrete basement with bathroom was added. In 1914, store fixtures and counters were installed. There was four bedrooms on the second floor for the clerks. Later the telephone exchange was moved in and at one time I think about 1935 there was a first aid room set up in one of the rooms on the first floor where Miss Eleanor Hamilton the company nurse took care of the sick and wounded. In the fall of 1951 an addition was constructed on the back part that was 16' by 20 feet in size, to give the clerks more space and provide the front office for the area superintendent.

WE WILL HAVE MORE AT A LATER DATE.

 FIGURES DON'T LIE, BUT GIRDLES CONDENSE THE TRUTH.

THE WEST BRANCH DRIVE

North and South, East and West,
They hear the old refrain:
"The ice is out! The drive is on!"
Come back, oh Sons of Maine!

The West Branch drive has started,
With two hundred thousand cords,
Bring your pack and your old, calk boots
And get some peavy dogs!

Houghton's logs, and Hilton's,
Follow the current strong,
Seboomook Drive's a busy place
Long, long before the dawn.

Down by Northeast Carry,
Past the trip at Lobster Lake,
Watch your feet, there, fellow!
The river stays awake!

A long tow down Chesuncook,
And through Ripogenus Dam,
Watch them round the Heater...
It's too narrow for a jam!

Then through the dam at Sourdahunk
And beyond the Lower Lakes,
A clear sail to Millinocket,
"...have a drink, for old time's sake!

The drive is almost over
Forget the pork and beans!
Those kids of mine are waiting,
You know what this pay means!

Good-bye boys, and the best of luck!
We'll meet next spring, the same..."
Weary, tired plaid-clad men,
On the river drives of Maine.

Written by,
Elizabeth Hamilton Hartsgrrove.

**YOU CAN STOP THIS
SHAMEFUL WASTE!**



**Remember—Only you can
PREVENT FOREST FIRES!**
U. S. AND STATE FOREST SERVICES

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG

"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION UNDER GOD,
INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL."

The Main River Drive rear went through Seboomook Dam last Saturday. Phil Paquet and a few men moved to Canada Falls Boom House Tuesday to get the camps in shape for a cutting operation. Glen Lumbert will clerk the Main River Drive until Lucien Gosselin opens his cutting camp. Keith Lumbert moved to Chesuncook Dam and will replace Ivan Jeffry, Ivan will be over this way next week to clerk the Paquet job. Mr. Aime Gilbert, Assistant Foreman of Lucien Gilbert's contract, passed away last Saturday morning. His funeral was in Ste Aurelie Wednesday.

A serious accident last Thursday at I. L. Dumas hardwood operation on the 40 mile road resulted in the death of Jean Marie Toulouse, one of the cutters. The tree that he was falling hit another one that came back on him and death was instantaneous. This happened very close to where Louis Roberge was killed in a freak automobile accident in November 1924. Mr. Roberge was on his way home from his operation on Williams Stream when his car left the road and struck a spruce windfall head-on. The force of the collision was sufficient to drive the tree top through the windshield and out through the back of the car carrying Mr. Roberge with it. There is an iron cross there now that marks the place where he left the road.

The Confederate Army invaded Greenville this past week. Their flag was seen flying high over the Vickery Fort and it is believed that a small detachment of rebels were encamped on Anderson's porch. Sometime Friday evening the Yankees attacked and down came the Confederate flag but there must have been a counter-attack during the night or early the next morning as the flag was once again waving on high at ten o'clock.

Ever since last fall when Leo Thibodeau came in from Henri Marcoux's camp with his falsies in his hip pocket we have been skeptical of Henri's cook and now we have more reason to feel that way. It seems that last week there was no red meat on the table and one of the road crew got so desperate hungry for some that when he saw a bear crossing the road, he took after him with a dump truck. He was lucky and got him but the cook wouldn't put him in the frypan so Whimpy is still drooling at the mouth for red meat. Two others in the road crew being just as hungry, buried two bottles of beer in a brook next to a culvert thinking they would drink them just before supper to try to work up an appetite to eat but this was a Faux Pas as beer and liquor are taboo around a Company camp so the foreman took a bulldozer and buried them under three feet of dirt. No doubt picks and shovels will be the uniform of the day until they are dug up.

During the electrical storm Sunday night a forest fire was touched off by lightning in Dumas last year works on Hammond town. It had the makings off a serious one but for some unknown reason it only burnt about thirty five acres and stopped. By morning there was five bulldozers and a large crew of men there and in short order they had a line around it. Approximately twenty cords of wood cut by Dumas this year was burnt.

Arthur Bessey reports 64 guests registering at the campground last week. Since he opened he has registered the following: Sheltered tables, 29; Tables & Fireplaces 164; Tenting, 22; Lean-tos, 103; Trailers, 33; and six in the Honeymoon cottage for a total of 357.

THE BED PAN

1

While recovering from an illness
I was very much annoyed,
For the toilet was denied me,
And a bed pan was employed.
I much preferred the thunder mug,
But the nurse just shook her head,
"You're far too weak," she said
"To think of getting out of bed."

2

My experience with the bed pan,
To this day makes me quail,
And I have been prevailed upon,
To write this harrowing tale.
In the wee small hours of morning,
Before the break of day.
Came a warning I could neither,
Ignore nor yet delay.

3

The nurse brought me a bed pan,
Slipped it under my backside:
While chills ran up and down my spine,
As the cold thing touched my hide.
I tipped back upon my shoulders,
Soon my legs were still and numb,
The odds were all in favor,
I'd die before t'would come.

4

In this upside down position,
The leverage wasn't there,
But with a mighty effort,
I passed a little air.
And when at last I got results,
T'was then I grew faint with dread,
I wondered if I'd hit the pan,
Or piled it in the bed.

5

While my heart was weak with fluttering,
I felt with cautious care,
And with a sigh of satisfaction,
I discovered nothing there.
But my troubles were not over,
As soon I was to find,
For could I maneuver,
To wipe the place behind?

6

All the muscles in me bulged,
As I stood upon my head,
I made a few wild passes,
Then fell weakly on the bed.
With patience, I continued,
Regardless of my pains;
For modesty prevented me,
From leaving any stain.

7

I had no more than finished,
This herculean feat,
When I became aware of something,
Sticky on the sheet,
Cold sweat was beaded on my brow,
As I slowly raised my gown,
And there upon my spotless sheet,
Was a hideous spot of brown.

8

For the laws of gravitation,
Had proved as sure as fate,
That you cannot stand upon your head
When you evacuate.
T'was then I voiced a fervent prayer
As a soul in anguish can,
For someone to improve upon,
This medieval pan.

9

Sick people very often,
Grow worse and I know why,
The bed pan is a rack upon,
Which they're tortured till they die.
There's a fortune for a genius,
Who'll invent some kind of diaper,
Or a back adjusting thunder mug,
With an automatic wiper.

*****THE END

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



SAFETY SLOGAN FOR THE WEEK

The driver who's a two-lane cheater,
Weaving from side to side,
Is playing tag with old St. Peter
Along the Great Divide!

The fire on the shore of Brassua lake last Tuesday, July 2nd was on Tomhegan Town, and was the results of a gas refrigerator exploding in a private camp. The camp was a total loss and the fire also spread into the woods, burning approximately two acres. The Truesdale fire was set by lightening during the heavy storm July 2nd. It was certainly a happy group that took off from Pittston with the Sputnik to celebrate the 4th by hauling water to a forest fire. We understand Slim Powell and Roy Bingham volunteere for this safari as they thought they could pick up some hot soil samples without working too hard for them.

Vaughn Thornton and his crew are certainly to be commended for the time and work they have put in since the first fire started Sunday, June 30th. The only rest Vaughn got for three days was in a vertical position. His stomach won't let him rest anyway when he is flying. We gave him the old sailor's remedy of tying a piece of salt pork on a twine string, swallowing the pork and pulling it out several times as a sure remedy but the green look on his face after we told him gave us the idea that he probably wouldn't try it.

The battle at Vickery's Fort last Tuesday night must have been a humdinger as the straw that was used for the breastworks is scattered over Anderson's parade grounds. There is no doubt the rebels were routed as they were seen retreating up Canada Falls Deadwater Wednesday afternoon in the company of a young turncoat believed to be an Anderson. The Stars and Stripes were flying over the fort at 9.30 the morning of the 4th so it can be considered a Yankee victory.

The wind that preceeded the electrical storm Tuesday night July 2nd certainly upset the equilibrium of Seboomook Campground. One boat & motor (not a jet) took off but when it got up to about twenty feet it went into a tail-spin and made a pancake landing in the field, breaking the outboard motor. The next morning the owner took off for parts unknown with the statement that any place was safer than Seboomook. Most all the tents were flattened and the air was full of dishes, firewood, stumps etc. One guest was splitting wood and the force of the wind deflected his axe so that he nearly cut a hand off. He was evacuated by plane to the nearest hospital. On the return trip the plane was grounded at Deer Island. When the two out-houses went into the air someone said, "Bessey has been serving bean-hole beans again." Two men nearly swamped their 16 foot boat between Big W and Center Islands. They made it to Sonberg's Point where Ted fixed them up with dry clothes and towed them with his cruiser back to the Campground. Bessey reported a 16 foot Gruman canoe wrapped itself around a lean-to so it looked like a fish hook which sounds fishy to us but if Bessey said so it must be so.

The Rockwood road got a covering of calcium chloride last week and it sure is an improvement, not only in visibility but also in breathing ability. The rock crusher that was working below Baker brook has been transferred to Aroostook County. Everyone that drives a car up over that road appreciates it being moved but the tire manufacture will no doubt experience a bad slump in business on account of it.

Terrence Trudel of the Maine Forest Service located at Caucomgomac Lake made a slight contribution toward increasing the population of the state last week. His wife had a 3½ pound baby girl that will spend it's early days in an incubator.

* ***** *

* * ROSCOE MCD NALD***Well known veteran of this country drowned * *
* * July 3rd at 7.00 P.M. on Chesuncook Lake. His body was recovered * *
* * within two hours. Roscoe probably put in more time on Chesuncook * *
* * and Black Pond waters than he did on terra firma and there is no * *
* * doubt he was as familiar with the whims and moods of Chesuncook * *
* * as any man that ever traveled that lake but when your name has * *
* * been called you answer, "Here." When St. Peter's accounting dept. * *
* * audits Roscoe's books they will find the credits will far exceed * *
* * the debits. * *

* * "Here was a friend whose heart was good; * *
* * Who walked with men and understood; * *
* * His was a voice that spoke to cheer, * *
* * And fell like music on the ear. * *
* * His was a smile men loved to see; * *
* * His was a hand that asked no fee * *
* * For friendliness or kindness done; * *
* * And now that he has journeyed on, * *
* * His is a fame that never ends, * *
* * He leaves behind uncounted friends." * *

* ***** *

The wind that preceded the electrical storm Tuesday night July 10 certainly sped the equalization of Chesuncook's temperature. One boat a motor (not a jet) took off but went it got up to about twenty feet it went into a tail-spin and made a parabolic landing in the field, breaking the outboard motor. The next morning the water took off for parts unknown with the statement that my plane was under Chesuncook. Most all the boats were flatlined and the air was full of dishes, firewood, chairs etc. One guest was splitting wood and the force of the wind deflected him so that he nearly got a hand off. He was evacuated by plane to the nearest hospital. On the return trip the plane was grounded at Bear Island. When the two out-boarders went into the air someone said, "Benny has been carrying bean-hole beans again." Two men nearly swamped their 16 foot boat between the W and Center Islands. They made it to Sander's Point where Ted fixed them up with dry clothes and found them with his trunk back to the Campground. Benny reported a 15 foot stream once wrapped itself around a log so it must be so. like a fish hook which sounds likely to me but if Benny said so it must be so.

The Redwood road got a covering of salmon chutney last week and it sure is an improvement, but only in visibility but also in breathing ability. The road engineer that was working below Baker Brook has been transferred to Moosehead Country. Everyone that drives a car up over that road appreciates it being moved but the fire manufacturer will no doubt appreciate a bad dump in business on account of it.

Terrance Tynhol of the Maine Forest Service located at Ogunquit Maine made a slight contribution toward increasing the population of the state last week. His wife had a 15 pound baby girl that will spend 16 1/2 early days in an incubator.

JUNE WEATHER REPORT

Mean maximum temperature 75 degs. Maximum temperature 6/4 89 degs.
 Mean minimum temperature 47 Minimum temperature 6/8-10 36
 Mean temperature for month 61 Precipitation for month 1.91 inches
 For the six months period ending June 30 we have had 13.64 inches of precipitation which is 6.58 inches less than the twenty year average. Since July 1st we have had 2.75 inches which certainly helped relieve the forest fire situation.

 The difference between a bachelor and a married man is that
 when a bachelor walks the floor with a baby he's dancing.

Sam Bigney mowed the Seboomook Campground this past week. It has been rumored that he used the old type Gillette razor blade. Mr Bessey reported 156 guests registering at the campground over the week of the 4th. Since he opened in May he has registered the following: Sheltered tables, 47; Tables & fireplaces, 196; Tenting, 37; Lean-tos, 180; Trailers, 39; Cottage, 14; For a total of 513 guests.

 We have more production figures on wood cut on the South Branch from 1900 to 1934;

1900 to 1901	8,515 Cds	1914 to 1915	11,478 Cds
1901-1902	26,114	1915-1916	22,347
1902-1903	15,288	1916-1917	37,426
1903-1904	13,757	1917-1918	4,009
1904-1905	4,735	1918-1919	22,524
1905-1906	4,602	1919-1920	12,065
1906-1907	4,481	1920-1921	18,873
1907-1908	8,584	1921-1922	60,199
1908-1909	10,967	1922-1923	215
1909-1910	9,183	1924-1925	220
1910-1911	12,431	1925-1926	305
1911-1912	7,005	1926-1927	43,805
1912-1913	3,896	1927-1928	60,164
1913-1914	7,249		

Total cut from 1900 to 1934 430,437 Cds

Total cut from 1934 to 1963 605,025

Total production from 1900 to 1963 on South Branch 1,035,462

From townships, Alder, Hammond, Penobscot Lake, Sandy Bay, Blake Gore, Bald Mountain, Prentiss and a portion of Pittston, Soldier and Dole.

 Best way to cure women of most any illness is to tell them
 their symptoms are just a sign of old age.

Caucomgomac Lake claims another victim by drowning. Mr. Hadley Smith of Woolwich with two chums capsized Monday morning at 4.30 July 1st. Terrence Trudel, Maine Forest Service Warden heard them and was in time to pick up all but Smith. Harold Graham, deputy sheriff from Greenville recovered the body that afternoon. This recalls to memory the airplane accident 36 years ago when George Maxim & Amos Thibodeau lost their lives there in the Maine Forest Service plane although it was later in the season.

 PORCUPINE REPELLENT: Here's a formula that should help keep your paddles, axes, cabin steps and handles from being knawed by porcupines, according to the National Wildlife Federation: Stir up one pound of copper naphthenate in two and one half quarts of mineral spirits and put it on the wood like paint. This will give the wood a greenish tint but porcupines don't like it.

Miss June Tweedie of Millinocket was appointed "STAMP LICKER" for the week.

WHEN 'LISH PLAYED OX

(Part one of two)

Grouty and gruff,
Profane and rough,
Old 'Lish Henderson slammed through life;
Swore at his workers,
-Both honest and shirkers,
Threatened his children and raved at his wife.
Yes, 'Lish was a waspish and churlish old man,
Who was certainly built on a porcupine plan,
In all the section there couldn't be found
A neighbor whom Henderson hadn't stood 'round.
And the men that he hired surveyed him with awe
And cowered whenever he flourished his jaw.
Till it came to the time when he hired John Gile,
A brawny six footer from Prince Edward's Isle.
He wanted a teamster, Old Henderson did,
And a number of candidates offered a bid,
But his puffy red face and the glare in his eyes,
And his thunderous tones and his ominous size
And the wealth of his language embarrassed them so
Their fright made them foolish; he told them to go.
And then, gaunt and shambling, with good-natured smile,
Came bashfully forward the giant John Gile.
"Have ye ever driv' oxen?" Old Henderson roared.
Gile said he could tell the brad-end of a goad.
Then Henderson grinned at the crowd standing 'round
And he dropped to his hands and knees on the ground.
"Here fellow," he bellowed, "you take that 'ere gad,
Just imagine I'm oxen; now drive me, my lad.
Just give me some samples of handlin' the stick,
I can tell if I want ye and tell ye blame quick."

Gile fingered the goad hesitatingly, then
As he saw Uncle 'Lish grinning up at the men
Who were eyeing the trial, said, "Mister, I swan,
'Tain't fair on a feller--this teamin' a man."
"I'm oxen--I'm oxen," Old Henderson cried,
"Git onto your job or git out an' go hide."

Then Gile held the goad stick in uncertain pose
Ang gingerly swished it near Uncle 'Lish's nose.
"Wo hysh," he said gently; "Gee up, there, Old Bright!
Wo hysh--wo, wo, hysh,"--but with mischievous light
In his beady old eyes Uncle 'Lish never stirred
And the language he used was the worst ever heard.
"Why, drat ye," he roared, "hain't ye got no more sprawl
Than a five year old girl? Why, ye might as well call
Your team 'Mister Oxen! and say to 'em, 'please!'
And then Uncle 'Lish settled down on his knees.
And he snapped, "Hain't ye grit enough, man, to say scat?
Ye'll never git anywhere, drivin' like that.
I'll tell ye right now that the oxen I own
Hain't drivin' like kittens; they don't go alone.

*****To be continued



"It isn't the number of signs we have adorning the walls, it isn't the movies on safety or lectures in some quiet hall, for accidents cannot be stopped by somebody's point of view, though these things help to make us think, the real accident stopper is you."

The second part of the poem "When 'Lish Played Ox," will be in next weeks issue.

The Viles Timberlands sawmill in Rockwood that was purchased by Stanton Beane this past winter suddenly padlocked the doors Monday morning for some unexplained reason.

M. D. Anderson is in Boston this week for a medical check-up. It could be he got caught in the Battle of the Bulge between the Rebs and the Yanks.

Gordon Cousins is away on a two weeks vacation. Al Leighton has taken over his duties while he is away. The scalers that have been assigned for the year are: Maxie Pelkey at Nadeau's; Alfred Chasse at Caouette's; Micky Anderson at Gosselin's; Dick Goodwin at Marcoux's; Bob Arnold at Gilbert's and Stanley Carpenter will work with Micky Anderson this week.

The population of Pittston has certainly increased in the past week or so. Mr. & Mrs Henry Deabay & family Donna-Jimmy-Bobby and Gail are in the cottage this week. John Roberts daughter is a guest of the Powers. Robert Tweedie's daughter is a guest of the Fernalds. Vaughn Thornton has his family at Forestry Headquarters this summer.

The cutting camps are all under way-Adelard Gilbert has 70 men & 30 horses. Henri Marcoux has 53 men & 9 horses. Alfred Nadeau has 56 men & 16 horses. Lucien Gosselin has 40 men & 13 horses. Wellie Caouette has 52 men & 20 horses. Paquet has 28 men & 13 horses. In addition to the horses there is 14 tractors yarding in the camps.

"NOTICE" (To late to publish last week)

We the crew of Henri Marcoux, note that our good and faithful cook was ignobly slandered in last weeks issue of the Fernald Journal. This attack was un-warranted and undeserved. We wish to announce publicly that the Road Crew was treated royally while here, with midnight lunches, steak and salad dinners, bannanas, apples and everything edible and potable except mother's milk, which we presume they get at home. Three times during their short stay here they were entertained as guests of the famed Cariboo Club, with the Ex-Presidink himself as host. We forebore with their gripes and whines and with the Sawdust Trail preachings of Fred Parent and George Ryder. We gave beer to the rum-sick and weary. We bravely put up with the erratic and dreadful driving of Edgar Wintle. We swept their floors and carried their water. We catered to their every whim. If in the future, the Road Crew wishes to eat bear meat, river chubs or boiled skunk, we suggest they dine at home, where they are far more likely to be served such delicacies. We have one further suggestion, They might spend a week at Scott Brook, where the cooking is reported to be of the quality to which they are accustomed. It is rumored that the savage thunder storms of the week just past were in reality, not thunder storms at all, but the rumblings and belchings of Bob Arnold and Del Bates, who are in the clutches of a culinary Borgia of the first water. We have reserved three hovels down by the Mosquito Bog for Fred Parent and his crew of Dog Robbers, should fate ever again decree that our paths should cross.

SIGNED-HENRI MARCOUX CREW.

Beauty Parlor--a place where men are rare and women are well done.

LLOYD HOUGHTON***Retired Company Forester and Superintendent passed away Saturday July 13th in Bangor. The funeral services were held at the Clark-Mitchell Funeral Parlour Tuesday July 16th. Six of his co-workers and lifetime friends carried him to his final resting place:Louis Cook-Leon White-Robert Leadbetter-Robert Thaxter-Ralph Clifford and Leo Thibodeau. Lloyd will long be remembered in the Great Northern world for the mark he has left behind him in the history of the Great Northern Paper Company. Mere words will not express the thoughts and feelings of all those that he had contacts and dealings with during his lifetime but we think Elizabeth Hamilton Hartsgrove's poem, "Tribute To Fred Gilbert," will come nearer to it than anything else that can be said for him.

He's walked the lonely tote roads
Deep in drifted snow;
He's seen the King of Sprucewood
Out to the landings go.
He's eaten at our table,
Pork and beans and bread;
He's fought the mighty river
And shared a rough, bough bed.
He's joined the lines of a larger drive
Where waters softly sing;
He's followed the trail that we all must take
Some Winter, Fall or Spring.
We'll meet him on the river road
Just as we used to do
When he was young and we were young
And the drive was coming through.
He's met us on the corners
When we were broke and blue,
He's always given us work
When there was work to do.
Now the ranks of plaid will gather
For a sad and silent space
To bid farewell forever
To an old, familiar face.
He's gone on to a larger camp
To join the men he knew;
He's gone to work for a bigger Boss
With some of his same, old crew.
He gave us boys who loved him
The greatest gift of men
For while he lived we always knew
Where we could find a friend.



JULY 25, 1963

CIRCULATION 100

VOLUME 1 No. 37

"I don't need a hard hat," chuckled Ed.

"For protection I've got a hard head."

But one day Ed got clipped

When a tool above slipped--

Now light dawns through the hole in his head!

Paul Scribner's well drilling crew from Charleston was at Scott Brook and Canada Falls the first week of the month. The well at Scott Brook was re-drilled to a depth of 280 feet with a flow of 3 gallons per minute. The original depth was 70 feet which did not give them enough water. The well at Canada Falls is a new one and they drilled 130 feet getting 10 gallons per minute. There was 24 foot nine inches of casing used.

The Main River drive rear arrived at the head of Chesuncook Lake last week. We thought it might be rather interesting to see what was used for boats and motors that was used this year to drive the wood from this area and came up with the following:

- 2 Batteaux Nos. 23-30
- 17 Flat bottom boats Nos. 23-30-44-45-83-95-96-103-106-109-147-149
151-152-153-154-155
- 9 Motor boats Nos. 45-46-48-51-53-57-59-60-61
- 2 5.5 Horsepower Outboards Evinrudes
- 1 7.5 " " "
- 3 10 " " "
- 6 15 " " "
- 5 18 " " "
- 2 28 " " "
- 1 15 " " Johnson
- 2 30 " " "

Four of the motor boats were in the tow boat class. Number 45 towed 13,170 cords across Caucomgomac Lake; Number 57 towed 42,546 cords across Big Bog deadwater; Number 61 towed 8,056 cords across Canada Falls deadwater and number 46 & 61 towed 50,712 cords across Seboomook deadwater.

The following boats and motors were used at Chesuncook to tow 116,000 cords:

- 8 Flat bottom boats nos. 30-51-118-126-142-143-145-156
- 1 Aluminum boat no. 127
- 1 Fibre glass boat no. 160
- 6 Motor boats nos. 47-49-51-54-55-58
- 1 Tow boat-William Hilton
- 2 10 Horse power Outboards 1 Johnson-1 Evinrude
- 5 15 " " " Evinrudes
- 1 25 " " " Johnson
- 1 28 " " " "
- 1 35 " " " "
- 4 40 " " " "

110,000 cords have been towed to Rip Dam to date, leaving approximately 6,000 cds.

There will be a safety meeting at Pittston Friday and the "Bonus Party" will be the evening at St. George, Quebec. Doug Smith with helpers Hatfield & Hoolihan are back in the area checking the rear of the drives to see how much wood was left behind. Johnny Colgan moved his family into the cottage this week. It has been rumored that he retired from golfing for the week.

MORE CIGARETTE LIGHTERS WOULD WORK IF THEY TOOK THEIR FEET OFF THE DESK.

WHEN 'LISH PLAYED OX (part two of two)

There's pepper-sass in 'em--they're rarin' to go
An' I--I'm the rarin'est ox in the lot.
Then Uncle 'Lish Henderson lowered his head
And bellowed and snorted. John Gile calmly said,
"Of course--oh, of course in a case such as that--"
He threw out his quid and he threw down his hat,
Jumped up, cracked his heels, danced around Uncle 'Lish
And yelled like a maniac, "Blast ye, wo hysh!"
Ere Uncle 'Lish Henderson knew what was what
His teeth fairly chattered, he got such a swat
From that vicious ash stick--though that wasn't as bad
As when the man gave him two inches of brad,
--Just jabbed it with all of his two handed might,
"Wo, haw, there," he shouted, "gee up there, Old Bright!
Well, Uncle 'Lish geed--There's no doubt about that--
Went into the air and he squalled like a cat,
Made a swing and a swoop at that man in a style
That would show he proposed to annihilate Gile.
But Gile clinched the goad-stick and hit a whack
On the bridge of the nose--sent him staggering back,
And he reeled and he gasped and he sunk on his knee,
"Dad-rat ye," yelled Gile, "don't ye try to hook me!
Gee up, there--go 'long there; wo haw and wo hysh!"
And again did he bury that brad in old 'Lish,
Then he lammed him and he basted him, steady and hard,
He chased and he bradded him all 'round the yard,
Till 'Lish fairly screamed, as he dodged like a fox,
"For heaven's sake, stranger, let's play I hain't ox."
Gile bashfully stammered, "why, of course ye are not!
But ye'll have to excuse me--I sot o' forgot!"
With a twisted smile
'Lish looked at Gile,
Then he lifted one hand from the place where he smarted;
And he held it out,
--Gripped good and stout,
"Ye're hired," said he; "I reckon I'm started!"

Holman Day Ballad



AUGUST 1, 1963

CIRCULATION 100

VOLUME 1 No. 38

She's heading for trouble, poor Bea,
 With her move-all-the-furniture spree.
 She really should yelp
 For some masculine help.
 For a lift, try some vitamin "he".

 SOME OF THE RESIDUE OF SATURDAY'S WEDDING IN MONSON

ATTENTION ARTHUR BESSEY FOLLOW THESE SIGNS	THIS IS THE WAY TO GO HOME	CEMENT POSTS ARTHUR TAKE ONE FOR THE ROAD	20 MILE ARTHUR TURN RIGHT
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It would appear on the surface that a very low ceiling was expected Saturday night between Rockwood and Seboomook as 8 or 10 of these signs were posted along the road. Even an Indian could find his way home with a blazed trail such as this.

The Great Northern Paper Company was host at the annual Bonus Party Friday, July 26th at St. George, Quebec. The following Foremen & Clerks were presented with checks as a reward for their safety record this past year: Adelard Gilbert, Henri Marcoux, Alfred Nadeau, Lucien Gosselin, Wellie Caouette, Del Bates, C. E. Gerry and Glen Lambert. J. A. Marceau and George Bessey were unable to attend due to previous commitments. George Brochu, Ernest Brochu and Roger Groleau were presented with bonus checks for having cut 500 cords each this past year. Some of those attending from this side of the Line were: Mr. & Mrs Ralph Clifford, Mr. & Mrs Roderick Farnham, Mr. C. L. Nelson, Mr. & Mrs R. E. Blodgett, Mr. & Mrs Del Bates, Mr. & Mrs C. E. Gerry, Mr. & Mrs Glen Lambert, Mr. & Mrs George Therrien, Mr. & Mrs Phillip Paquet, Mr. Henry Deabay, Mr. Charles Duperry, Mr. Tom Flannagan and Mr. Arthur Michaud. Lobster & steak dinners were served at the Murtha Hotel.

The back side of this paper has been reserved by the Controller's Department for next week's issue and methinks the Editor will leave for a two weeks vacation about the time the last copy comes off the press. "Woe unto the Woods Clerk".

We understand the Fox Exterminators are not using poison this year but are trapping instead. That explains some of the new orange ribbons scattered around the area. Twenty eight rabbits were counted one evening recently between Rainey Brook and the Farm which maybe due to the decline in the Fox Family.

Anita says she doesn't care about one's English as long as one's Scotch is good.

JULY WEATHER REPORT

Mean Maximum temperature	77	Maximum temperature	92
Mean minimum temperature	55	Minimum temperature	45
Mean temperature for month	66	Precipitation for month	5.01 inches

The extreme heat this past weekend certainly developed some new types of shorts. Bates of Scott Brook with the red ones should get first prize and Templeton at the Seboomook Campground comes in second with the long and short leg pair that the mail man manufactured for him.

The William Hilton towed the last boom of wood this week and willgo into drydocks.

SMITH'S HARDWARE STORE
JACKMAN, MAINE
THE HOUSE OF A MILLION TOOLS

Mr. Vincent, I got complaint
About one can of ten cent paint,
My wife she buy from your damn store
And now by Chris I'm good and sore.

You see last week the spring she come
And everything he's on the bum,
Da Walls, Da Floors and Windows too
He's dirt like hell, Scare Mon Dieu.

My wife she's clean and neat
So she's buy paint for toilet seat,
And one whole week we watch with eye
But Gawdam paint she no dry.

My wife ain't tall, she's kinda fat,
Now you can see just where she sat,
She got big ring around complete
Where she sat down on toilet seat.

I say to her, "It serve you right
You try to be Gawdam tight.
That ten cent paint she ain't no good
She won't dry on no dam wood."

My daughter too get ring around
When on the seat she sit down.
For one whole day by Chris we wait
And now we all get constipate.

Wife's got sister, her name Marie,
She live all time on my house with me
Last night I look where she sat down
By gosh, she too got ring around.

I try to wipe with turpentine
She howl like wolf, she lose her mind.
I'm scared like hell for half a day
The skin come off, the paint she stay.

I live long time and never see,
A man what got so dam mad as me.
And when I think about the paint
I get so mad and I almost faint.

Now Mr. Vincent, I ask you,
What the hell we gonna do?
For how can house be nice and neat
If paint don't dry on toilet seat.

Author unknown



"WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE BEFORE EIGHT,"
GROWLED AN IMPORTANT GUY TO HIS MATE.
SO HE SPED TOWARD HIS DEADLINE,
RIGHT INTO A HEADLINE--
AND NOW MR. SPEED IS "THE LATE."

The August 4th scale bill shows the following amounts of wood cut in this area to date: Wellie Caouette, 2350 cords; A & R Gilbert, 3796; Lucien Gosselin, 1212; Henri Marcoux, 3794; Alfred Nadeau, 2245; Phillip Paquet, 1071; and I. L. Dumas, 3486 cords making a total of 17,954 cords.

There's plenty of evidence that many a woman has acquired a fur coat by skinning an old goat.

Mr. and Mrs. "Bill" Nye are in the cottage this week with their three children, Bennie, Billie and Mary. Mrs. Nye is the daughter of the late Angus Morey, one of the old time clerks of this area.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Bartlett were visiting here this week. Maurice says he has to keep an eye on things even though he has retired.

Business visitors in the area this week included Mr. Maines, Mr. Hauer (known as Deadeye Pete the deer stalker), Eddie Lambert and Maurice Anderson.

Bill Nye and Dana Dow are bulldozing bushes along the 4th St. John Pond road this week. Pat Begin with a small crew are working on the boom logs in Big Bog deadwater.

A girdle has been defined as an accessory after the fat.

PITTSTON FARM (Continued see #32 & 33)

The changes of times and mechanized equipment during the past 15 years or so has seen a great many changes at Pittston. There are no longer any horses stabled here nor has there been a garden planted in recent years. The fields have been turned into a tree farm and the barns are being used for storage buildings. It might be interesting to note that in 1924 the Farm raised 5,255 bushels of potatoes, 1,116 bushels of oats and enough cabbage, carrots, turnips and beets to take care of the camps in this area for the year. The Farm at that time was under the supervision of Henry Ordway.

In 1934 a corrugated steel garage was built to house snowplows, trucks and cars. This building burned during the winter of 1954 & 55. In 1955 & 56 a new garage was erected by the Sheridan Corporation. It was a steel Butler building, 50 by 101 feet in size having a concrete floor and foundation. When Pittston was re-opened in 1960 the garage was set up to do emergency repair work with George Belmont in charge and John Roberts mechanic. The generators that furnish light and power for the Farm was moved into one section of the building and the outside wiring to all the buildings was replaced using transformers and a higher voltage circuit.

In 1948 a building was moved here from the Seboomook P. O. W. camp and converted into a summer cottage. Robert Leadbetter and his family used it and later Tom Russell had his family there during the summer months.

In 1949 C. W. Montgomery in charge of construction on the gate section of Canada Falls Dam had a building moved in from North Anson that he converted into another cottage. Mr. Montgomery had his family here until completing the dam. This building was later winterized and used by some of the personnel working here. It is occupied at present by Mr. and Mrs. William Hodgins.

THE WOODS CLERK

As seen by the Controllers Department.

His reports are ten days late
Always wrong, and sure as fate
Readability is nil
How we wish he'd abdicate.

Figures wrong, dates are too,
Nothing indicates he knew
Consequences of the slips
Which makes our daily work so blue.

Checks not signed, payroll sheet
Not in balance. What a feat!-
Seventeen times in a row
Cash reports are incomplete.

M. R. Records not much better
Never tell us to the letter
Who received the merchandise
They sure have us in a fetter.

Delivery slips not coded right
Shows a clerk was up all night
Gulping Cariboos and then
Crawled back to camp when day is light.

Man board records are a mess.
Forgive us if we now digress
To take an asperin or two
Headaches are not cured by less.

Letters come with tales of woe
Dusty roads or drifts of snow
Prevented someone at a desk
From making piles of paper grow.

Form 89 or 302
Name it and we'll tell to you
If only one would come in right
We'd have a start, for there's a clue-

With which to teach another clerk
How to improve upon his work.
But alas! This is not so
Correctness is Accounting's quirk.

So with patience and a smile
And on occasion with some guile
We carry on and see it through
Though burdened with this toil and trial.

A fervent prayer rests on our lips
As through this life we make our trip
Woods clerk, "Please admit defeat,
There is no hope-ABANDON SHIP!"

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 12, 1963

CIRCULATION 100

VOLUME 1 Nos 40

You can't prolong life just by wishin'
That you were a mighty magician.
You don't pull safe habits
From hats, like white rabbits.
They're an everyday must--like nutrition.

We have been enjoying a four weeks vacation from the Pittston Farm Journal without pay and truthfully had no intentions of starting it again but there has been so many requests for it that we find it easier to revive it than try to explain why it was being discontinued. If we can't get enough news for the front of it we will convert it to either a bi-monthly or monthly rag.

August weather report

Mean maximum temperature	66 Deg.	Maximum temperature	80 deg.8/7
Mean minimum temperature	47	Minimum temperature	38 8/13
Mean temperature for month	58	Precipitation for month	7.12 inches

Total precipitation to date is 25.77 inches which is 1.59 inches below the twenty year average. The first frost for the season was September 5th

The only difference between the atomic submarine 'Thresher' and motor boat '58' is that there were no men on '58' when it submerged on Chesuncook Lake recently. Mickey Squiers, the Company's famous underwater expert was hampered by cloudy waters during the salvage operations but perseverance and colored glasses finally overcome all underwater hazards and '58' once again floats over the gentle rolling waves of serene Chesuncook Lake.

One way to keep your teen-age daughter out of hot water is to put dirty dishes in it.

Arthur Lepage, second cook at Pittston got an increase in pay Friday, September 6th when his wife gave birth to a garcon. This is the first grand-son out of seventeen grand children in the Lepage family which gives Mr. Arthur the greatest opportunity in the world to brag a little. We feel his bragging at Pittston will be short lived as there is another payroll deduction expected at Pittston in the near future and we are forecasting triplets. A contest to name the triplets should increase our circulation. It has already been suggested they be named Allspice, Cinnamon and Ginger to match the one they have that is currently called Paprika.

The pulpwood operators in this area are nearing the halway mark for this year's cut Henri Marcoux 7572 cords with 63 men; 22 horses and 8 tractors; Wellie Caouette, 6574 cords with 69 men, 29 horses and 1 tractor; Lucien Gosselin, 5704 cords with 70 men, 26 horses and three tractors; Alfred Nadeau, 5699 cords with 55 men, 18 horses and three tractors; Adelard Gilbert, 6190 cords with 35 men, 12 horses and no tractors; Louis Paquet, 3241 cords with 42 men and 18 horses; Leo Dumas, 5495 cords.

During 30 years in the woods we have heard of combinations such as Feeder-Blacksmith, Feeder-Bullcook, Blacksmith-Wood Butcher etc but this week we heard a new one, Jobber-Feeder. Roland Giguere, Hardwood Jobber in the North Branch area also a famous member of the "Cariboo Club" and his crew were responsible for it. It seems the crew had been strenuously laboring for several days and decided to vacation for a few days at 'Caron Spa', a well known recreation resort on the banks of the St. John river which left only Roland to cook for the horses. Methinks the 'Cariboo Club' will be dining on horse-burgers next winter instead of moose-burgers and the crew will be using tractors instead of horses.

"Tis the tale of Bart of Brighton--meaning Brighton up in Maine;
It's the tale of Uncle Bart, sir, and his racker-gaited mare;
I have toned it down a little where the language was profane,
But the rest is as he told it--this remarkable affair.
It is very wrong to swear;
Bart admits the fact--but there!
Times occur when human nature simply is obliged to "r'ar."

"It's all along o' givin' lifts to Uncle Isr'el Clark,
--His folks don't like him stubbin' around the village after dark,--
And old Mis' Clark has asked of folks that see him on the road
To take him in and bring him home, if t'aint too much load.
The day this 'ere affair come off I'd took in Uncle Pease,
With a pail of new molasses that he hugged between his knees.
We see old Clark ahead of us, a-lugging home a gun.
Says I to Pease, 'Now brace your hat: we'll have a little fun.'
'Set in behind, old Clark,' I says. 'Hop in behind,' says I.
'Prowidin' these 'ere tugs don't bust I'll take you like a fly.'
He piled aboard, s'r, master quick, there warn't no need to tease,
And there he sot, the gun straight up, the butt between his knees.

"I'll tell you 'bout that mare of mine--the more you holler'whoa',
I've larnt the whelp to clench her teeth, and h'ist her tail--and go!
And when we got clus' down to Clark's I thought for just a sell
I'd make believe we'd run away. So I commenced to yell,
And old man Pease he hugged his knees and gaffled to his pail.
And now, my boy, purraps you think that turnout didn't sail!
He hugged his gun, did Uncle Clark, and set and hollered 'Oh!'
While I kept nudgin' Uncle Pease and bellered, 'Durn ye, whoa!'
"I larfed, suh, like a lunytick, I larfed and thought 'twas fun
To look around and see old Clark a-hangin' to his gun,
For he was scart plum nigh to death, and so was Uncle Pease,
Who doubled clus' above that pail he clenched between his knees.

*****TO BE CONTINUED



A smart guy in most ways was Sid,
But in traffic behaved like a kid.
He thought it showed skill
When he passed on a hill.
He was DYING to show off - and did!

Bud Leavitt's column claims there are plenty of partridge this year, but where is the sixty four dollar question in this area. A hundred mile trip over the Caucomgomac and North Branch roads totals one bird to fifty miles.

Arthur Bessey, proprietor of Seboomook Campground had a total of 1,064 campers this year which is only a slight increase over 1962.

If you are planning a business trip or pleasure jaunt into this area we recommend you do it now as the foliage is at its best.

Mr. R. E. Farham, Personnel Manager is visiting the camps this week. E. A. Lumbert, Cost Control Supervisor is a business visitor at Pittston.

The cooing usually stops when the honeymoon is over but the billing goes on forever.

It has always been the custom to judge a cook by the garbage buckets: the more garbage the poorer the cook and the fatter the bears get. We have been hearing remarks from Marcoux's and Gilbert's camps about good cooks and bad ones but it is our opinion the International Paper Company can boast of having the best as a check of the buckets shows no garbage and the bears are getting so hungry that one of them had to start eating on Raymond Bolduc's leg (an I. P. employee) or starve to death. The last we heard Raymond was in the hospital minus five pounds of leg meat.

The Maine Forest Service reports 3,828,860 trees were planted in Maine this Spring.

George McEachern of Greenville Junction, a former employee of the company passed away Wednesday September 18th. The funeral will be Saturday September 21st at the Harvey Funeral Parlour with Masonic committal services.

Mr. E. J. Leavitt, retired Superintendent of this area was in the Eastern Maine General hospital this past week but believe he is home now. A card will reach him at 41 Carroll Street, Oldtown, Maine.

We hear that Ex-President Bessey is trying to find a place to manufacture Boyawderie in Ste Aurelie. If he finds a place then a clothes pin for the nose will be standard equipment for "Cariboo Club" members when they hold a meeting.

The Hillcrest Golf Club in Millinocket was complaining this past weekend that the lack of rain this summer had dried up the fairways- Seems rather strange as we have a record of getting 14.30 inches in this area. Maybe Millinocket has gone dry.

We would like to suggest that Millinocket Garage attach permanent tow cables fore and aft on Chevrolet G.N.P. #133 as the truck drivers up the North Branch road were getting rather tired of digging out theirs to pull Dave out of the ditch.

When a woman told a hardware clerk that she wanted a three-quarter-inch pipe plug, he asked, "Do you want a male plug, a female plug or both?" "I just want to stop a leak," the woman replied. "I don't plan to raise them!"

But while I larfed I clean forgot the Jackson corderoy,
And when we struck that on the run, we got our h'ist, my boy.
Old Clark went up jest like a ball and, next the critter knowed,
Come whizzlin' down, s'r, gun and all, starnfust there in the road.
And when the gun-butt struck the ground, kerwhango, off she went,
--Both barrels of her, all to onct, and then--wal, 'twas--hell-bent!
The off-rein bust, the wheels r'ared up--the old mare gave a heave,
That runaway was on for sure--there warn't no make-believe;
With t'other rein I geed the mare up-hill to'ards Clarkses yard,
--We struck the doorstep, struck her fair, and struck her mighty hard!
And long as Lord shall give me breath I shan't forget the eye
That old Aunt Clark shot out at me as we went whoopin' by.
Then I went out and Pease went out and things got kinder blue
--'Twas several minits by the clock 'fore this old cock come to.
And there the old mare'd climbed the fence and stood inside the gate,
With eyes stuck out and ears stuck back and head and tail up straight.
And from the way she looked at me 'twas master evident
She wasn't catching on to what this celebration meant.
And I was clutchin' jest about two feet of one of the reins,
While Uncle Pease was dodderin' round, a-yellin' 'Blood and brains!'
For, bless my soul, when he had lit he'd run himself head-fust
Right down in that molasses pail;--he thought his head had bust!
And that the stuff a-runnin' down and gobbled acrost his face
Was quarts of gore, and so old Pease had clean give up his case.
And there he stood like some old hen a-drippin' in the rain,
And hollered stiddy, 'Blood and brain, I'm dead; oh, blood and brain!'
Old Uncle Clark was on his back, a-listening to the fuss,
And wonderin' whuther that old gun had murdered him or us.

"Now that's the way the thing come off. Best is," concluded Bart,
"They warn't nobody hurt a mite: three-fifty fixed the cart."
But as he spoke he sought to hide a poultice with his hat
And curtly said, "Oh, jest a tunk! you see, Aunt Clark done that."

'Tis the tale of Bart of Brighton--meaning Brighton up in Maine,
--It's the tale of Uncle Bart, sir, and his racker-gaited mare;
I have toned it down a little where the language was profane,
But the rest is as he told it, this remarkable affair.

*****THE END

HOLMAN DAY's Up In Maine.



THE HUMAN RACE

I live in a house near a modern road,
 Where the cars race madly by -
 The drivers good and the drivers bad,
 And lots of them worse than I!
 I often sit in the driver's seat
 And travel wherever I can -
 But living with horsepower out on the road,
 I'VE HAD IT FROM FRIENDLY MAN!

The cutting scale reports for the weekending September 22nd shows the following wood as being cut: Henri Marcoux Contract, 9,221 cords; Wellie Caouette Contract, 8,386 cords; Lucien Gosselin Contract, 7,587 cords; Alfred Nadeau Contract, 7,300 cords; Adelard Gilbert Contract, 6,879 cords; Phillip Paquet Contract, 3,961 cords; I. L. Dumas, 6,020 cords for a total of 49,354 cords.

Teacher: "George, give me a sentence using the word 'diadem!'" George: "People who drink 'Cariboos' diadem sight quicker then those who don't."

Pittston Farm apparently expects to get a bumper crop of snow this year as the new measuring board can take care of nine feet. Maybe this is the winter to take that cruise to Bermuda.

It has taken the research department nearly a week to determine just what kind of business George Bessey wanted to start in Ste. Aurelie. They finally found it in Volume IV of Chambers encyclopedia printed in 1886 (The latest set of encyclopedias that the Pittston Farm Weekly owns). It was found under 'Gut Manufacture' which is an unpleasant though rather important branch of manufacture, the operation of which consists of preparing membranes of animal intestines for various useful purposes. The French call it Boyawderie, from boyau, intestine, and have placed it under stringent legal regulations, on account of its offensive and pestiferous character, especially when conducted in a populous quarter of a town, as in the Rue de la Boyawderie, in Paris. One branch of gut manufacture has been described under Goldbeater's Skin. The next time the Presidink breaks a fiddle string lets hope he has a spare one with him rather than try to manufacture one.

Tony Bartley opened the moosehunting season Friday night in the outskirts of Greenville by knocking down a thousand pounder that had a wing spread of 64 inches. The dent in the oil truck is there if you know where to look for it. The dent in Tony's stomach must be there yet as he claims he didn't get any of the steak.

Mrs. Bates commans us to delete the word 'old' where it says, "A back slapping, Bible reading, story telling old lecher." (Page two of September 19th issue) Failure to do so will result in her taking action through her attourney. Mrs. Bates you can consider that it has been deleted. For those who did not get a copy of page two, may we point out that this was for localites only as his passport restricts him to travel only in ths area.

The Road Crew finnishd graveling the Soldiertown road last week and have moved to Wellie Caouette's camp where they will gravel his road extension.

Turnpike motto: "don't stick your elbow out so far, it may go home in another car."

MISTER WHAT'S-HIS-NAME

Have you ever heard Seboomook with her April dander up,
With the amber rushing river gorged to highest drivin' pitch?
Have you heard her boom and bellow--rocky
lips a froth with yellow--
When she spews and spumes the torrents--
oh, the wild and wicked witch?

She has menace in her breath,
And she roars the chant of death,
For the victim that she slavers never sees the sun again.
And she clutches at the river,
With entreaty that it give her
The morsels for her longing, which are men--men--men!

Here's a tale to suit the cynic--'tis a satire from the woods,
And concerns a certain hero who was hunting after Fame;
'Tis the grim and truthful story of a mighty
reach for glory,
But, alas, he didn't get it, for we've clean
forgot his name!

He was one of Murphy's crew,
And he swore that he'd go through
Where no other West Branch driver ever saved the shirt he wore:
For he vowed that he'd shoot the gorge
And allowed that he could dodge
The Death that knelt a-clutching at the prey the waters bore.

When they said he couldn't do it, why, he laughed the crowd to scorn,
--Poled across the dimpling shallows with a fierce and hoarse good-by
--He was Murphy's top-notch driver, half a bird
and one-half diver,
But the best who brave Seboomook only
sound the depths to die.

Part One of Two Continued



U S AND STATE FOREST SERVICES

THE HUMAN RACE

I see as I look down the crowded road,
 The haste-haunted highway of life,
 The road hogs, the mad dogs, the tired and the tense,
 The youngster, the man, and the wife.
 I know I can't hide by the side of the road;
 I must fit in the traffic plan.
 But, brother, I drive prepared for the worst--
 I DON'T TRUST THAT OTHER MAN!

September weather report

Mean maximum temperature	64 Deg.	Maximum temperature	79 Deg. 9/9
Mean minimum temperature	35 "	Minimum temperature	20 " 9.16
Mean temperature for month	50	Precipitation for month	3.70 in.
Total precipitation for year to date is 29.47 inches.			

The bird hunting season started off with a bang here and a bang there. The traffic was almost bumper to bumper and if each car accounted for one bird the partridge population certainly took an awful licking.

The salt lick that Felix has on the Annex steps had three visitors during breakfast Tuesday morning. The doe and two lambs have already been tagged so, "Hands Off."

Henri Marcoux's bullcook has declared open season on Keith Lambert so we hear. It seems John Doyon of St. Come wants his daughter home before daylight on someone by the name of Lambert will be picking birdshot out of the seat of his britches.

Ray McNamara was rudely awakened the other night by what he mistook to be the bellowing of a moose. He quickly dressed and proceeded to the intersection of York and Hancock street where a large crowd was gathered, including the police and fire departments. The moose had taken flight but was described as shaggy, unshaven, rotund and uncouth; and claimed residence at Loon Lake. It had taken off quickly in a broken down wreck. Report was that the car wasn't souped up but the driver definitely was. The odor in that area was that of a Cariboo Cocktail.

The Fish & Game Department's representative North of Seboomook dam was very helpful to Doctor McDougal Tuesday of this week. It seems the Doc couldn't stop when the Game Inspector held up his hand and rather than hit a car the Doc headed for the woods. Kearney being quite strong pushed him back onto the road with such a shove the Doc couldn't stop and run into the front of Kearney's car. The last we heard it was a draw as Kearney says the Doc is too old (87) to be driving on Company roads and the Doc says Kearney had no right stopping traffic at that particular place.

An echo is the only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

The Seboomook Campground has closed for the season and Mr. Bessey has joined the road crew in the North Branch area.

Mr. Anderson is wondering what the limit on flat tires is in this country. The last we heard he had two flats to go with his four birds.

Moose and Tony the oil man seem to together. Tony saw a bull, cow, and two calves in the Middle Brook area last Friday and nearly got one of the calves. Pittston office force had the pleasure of seeing two moose across the river from the farm the same day.

Ivan Jeffry to wife viewing painting of nude: "All I said was that she looks like the kind of woman who would be easy on the budget."

And they found him miles below;
But his mother would not know
The mangled mass Seboomook belched from out her vap'rous throat.
The first man coming down
Brought the story out to town,
Referring to the hero as a "dretful recklessgoat."

Then he told the brisk reporters all the grim and grisly tale,
And the deed was dressed in language in a
way to bring some fame.
But alas for human glory, the galoot who brought the story,
Remembered all the details, but forgot the
fellow's name.

Have you ever heard Seboomook roaring at you in the night,
With her champing jaws a-frothing in a word-
less howl of hate?
'Tis a fierce vociferation to compel our admiration,
For the chap who struck that rugged blow,
cross-counteracted thus by Fate.

When he lunged his pole at Death,
When the river sucked his breath,
Seboomook gravely listened when he screamed his humble name:
For the honor of a foe
She would have the people know,
But she vainly dins her message in the deafened ear of Fame.

AUTHOR, Holman F. Day.



THE HUMAN RACE

I know there are pleasures and profits ahead
As well as the things to beware--
That there's room for patience and common sense
And plenty of time for care.
I'll try not to stick out my bumper or chin
As the human race speeds by.
I'll drive along as a friend to man.
WELL, ANYHOW--I'LL TRY!

The cutting scale as of October 6th shows Henri Marcoux leading with 10,781 cords; Wellie Caouette, 10,315; Lucien Gosselin, 9,292; Alfred Nadeau, 9,230; Adelard Filbert, 7,606; Phillip Paquet, 4,738 and I. L. Dumas, 6,643 cords. The total to date is 58,605.

Too often when the honeymoon is over, the pet lamb turns out to be a little bossy.

There will be a safety meeting at Pittston Farm today. What happened to the ice cream that was expected?

The triplets that was expected did not materialize but the Powers do have a nine pound boy and the other side of the lake suggested "Red Pepper" for a name. It has been reported that the I.P. Co. is rather sneaky with their chain at Ste Aurelie. They wait until a certain "Twister" (his picture was in the May 9th issue of the weekly) drops into the Cariboo Club then they put the chain up. H. C. Young from Showhegan (retired Custom officer) and son Don are in the country this week trying to pick up a few birds.

Keith Lumbert has returned to Pittston. An inspection of the seat of his britches revealed no bird shot as yet.

John Roberts is away this week attending the Diesel School at Portland. It has been rumored that Powers wanted to take his place at the Cariboo Club but John says no. Lawrence Hurd is back with us again after spending a week at Roque's Bluff eating lobsters and clams. We know they were good as he brought back some of them. Lucien Gosselin hired a watchman (his first name begins with Keith) Tuesday night to watch his meat room and the bear. What happened? The bear broke into the meatroom and made off with a quarter of beef. When Keith was questioned as to why he didn't do something, he remarked, "I wasn't hired to do anything only watch."

The Journal will be a year old in November and its popularity is still going strong. So far the Company has picked up the most of the tab on it and as far as we know will continue to do so but we have been toying with the idea of getting a new machine and don't feel like asking them for it. Our pocketbook surely won't stand it (probably should after the big raise we got this summer) and it has been suggested that we raise it by contributions. So anyone wishing to help us can slip any size bill in an envelope and mail to S. R. Hall, Chairman of the Fund Raising Committee.

The first metallic telephone line to Pittston from Rockwood was built in 1914 by J. Sargent. There was 698 cedar poles and 185 cedar push braces cut and erected at a cost of \$1931.27. There was 11,094 pounds of #10 wire, 1400 insulators, 1400 12" brackets, 84 pounds 40d nails and 230 pounds of 60d nails used to string the wire at a cost of \$733.37. This line connected with the Moosehead Telephone Central Office in Rockwood and was used for forty years. It has been demolished from Rockwood to Twenty Mile during the past ten years.

"PASSING OF THE BACKHOUSE"

When memory keeps me company, and moves to smiles and tears,
A weatherbeaten object looms through the mist of years.
Behind the house and barn it stood, a half a mile or more,
And hurrying feet a path had made straight to its swinging door.
It's architecture was a type of simple classic art,
But in the tragedy of life, it played a leading part.
And oft the passing traveler drove slow and heaved a sigh,
To see the modest hired girl slip out with glances shy.

We had our posey gardens that the women loved so well,
I loved it too, but better still I loved that stronger smell,
That filled the evening hours so full of homey cheer,
And told the night-o'er taken tramp that human life was near.
On lazy August afternoons it made a little bower,
Delightful, where my grandsire sat, and whiled away an hour.
For there the summer mornings it's very cares entwined,
And berry bushes reddened in the beaming soil behind.

All day fat spiders spun their webs to catch the buzzing flies,
That flitted to and from the house where Ma was making pies.
And once a swarm of hornets bold had built a palace there,
And stung my unsuspecting Aunt--I must not tell you where.
Then father took a flaming torch--that was a happy day,
It nearly burned the building up, but the hornets left to stay.
When summer flowers began to fade and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building with a heap of hemlock boughs.

But when the crust was on the snow, and the sullen skies were gray,
In sooth, the building was no place where one could wish to stay.
We did our duties promptly, then one purpose swayed the mind,
We tarried not, nor lingered long on what we left behind.
The torture of that icy seat would make a Spartan sob,
For needs must scrape the gooseflesh with a lacerating cob,
That from a frost encrusted nail, was suspended by a string,
For father was a frugal man and wasted not a thing.

When grandpa had to "go out back" and make his morning call,
We bundled up the dear old man with a muffler and a shawl.
I knew the hole on which he sat, t'was padded all around,
And once I dared to sit there--t'was all too wide I found.
My loins were all too little and I jack-knifed there to stay,
They had to come and get me out or I'd have passed away.
Then father said ambition was a thing that boys should shun,
And I must use the children's hole 'till childhood days were done.

And still I marvel at the craft that cut those holes so true,
The baby hole and the slender hole that fitted sister Sue.
That dear old country landmark--I've tramped around a bit,
And in the laps of luxury my lot has been to sit,
But ere I die I'll eat the fruit of trees I've robbed of yore,
Then seek the shanty where my name is carved upon the door.
I ween the old familiar smell, will sooth my jaded soul,
I'm now a man but none the less I'll try the children's hole.

When someone mentions booby traps,
 We picture, to a man,
 The fields and hills of Europe,
 Those islands near Japan.
 Sicily... and Africa...
 A gun, a hand grenade,
 A trap of grim destruction
 That modern war has made.

The *odocileus virginianus borealis* season opened in this area Tuesday morning. A few does and lambs have been seen going toward the tagging station but no bucks yet. Paquet's clerk went home last Friday night for the weekend--Straight home? Could be. It has been reported that he was seen driving around Greenville and Guilford with the "Belle of Canada Falls Deadwater" looking for a place to repair a flat tire. Jeanette must use a powerful perfume as he used two cans of bathroom de-odorant to rid his car of the smell before arriving at his trailer in Milo.

Has the Presidink and Ex-President of the Cariboo Club been exiled from Canada? Could be. Did someone's wife write the Canadien Customs? Could be. Was it a frustrated club member? Could be. The babbling waters of the North Branch river seems to whisper, "There's a Frenchman in the sawdust pile."

Horticulturist Oldenberg is interested in locating some more rare exotic plants to add to his collection at Little Squaw. He will gladly take care of your plants during the winter months if you plan on being away. Without fee of course.

The wild distress scream of the Cariboo's pealed out over Pittston Farm Friday night during the heavy rain. A mad dash down the Rockwood road by Gerry, Fernald and the telephone operator revealed a red Dodge pickup at the foot of Ledge-cut hill with a rear leg jacked into the air. Telephone operator with a dulcet tone to her voice, "George, what are you doing?" George; "I am fixing a G. D. flat tire as per usual. What do you think I'm doing?" Sure is amazing how far the Cariboo's scream carries.

Letter to the Editor: In your October 3rd issue of "Fernald's Journal" you fabricated an episode about me that has been very detrimental to my hitherto unblemished reputation. It has impaired my credit with the local merchants; I have been chided by my so-called friends; and last but not least, my girl friend does not speak to me anymore. My lawyer(must be Jimmy Timon) advises me to sue you for \$1000. plus lawyers fee, court expenses, etc. However he says we will accept \$500 cash. This should exempt you from appearing in court with all the attendant publicity, etc. The charge against you is "Defamation of Character." Signed by, R. L. McNamara.

We would like to inform Mr. McNamara that we have contacted our legal counselor, Mr. Bates(until he has been apprehended by the authorities) and he advised us not to settle under any circumstances until the charge had been reworded to read,"Defaecation of Character." Then and only then could we work out a congenial agreement.

Chapter 40, section 3 of the Maine Mining Laws says one must have a license to carry on any exploratory mining in the state of Maine. We wonder if G. Powers secured one and if he had a landowners permit to cover his recent mining activities in the vicinity of Caucomgomac Dam. It is rumored that at a late hour Tuesday night he had uncovered a vein that had all the appearances of being the top of Drott #34. It is rather odd the American Smelters overlooked a deposit of this size but then gold is where you find it.

The big snow storm October 10th and 11th dumped 28inches at Third St. John and 20 inches at St. Zacharie boundary. Greenville Shop had to send a plow to Blair's hill to clear the road. Captain Parent couldn't make the head of the lake with the steamboat "Moosehead". Don't get excited as this was in 1925.

THE CHESUNCOOK DISASTER (PART ONE OF TWO)

Oh, come all ye young hellions, and gather around;
I'll tell you a story of twenty men drowned.
A story that's fit to be made into a book,
Of almost a whole crew that was lost on 'Suncook.

'Twas November eighteenth in nineteen twenty;
A cold blustery day with wind aplenty.
The twenty mile stretch was a roaring white froth;
A rip-snorting storm that came out of the north.

At the foot of the lake waited big Alec Gunn,
Who had been hired to make the long run
To the head of the lake with an incoming crew,
With death at his elbow a-stirring its brew.

Some thirty five men piled out of the trucks,
Russians and Polocks, and a couple o' Canucks;
A rang tangy crew, with a Bluenose or two.
Yankee and P. I., rattling good woodsmen too.

Thirty five men bound for the big lumber camp,
To the head of Moose Pond and then a long tramp
To the Great Northern camp that fate had decreed
That some never'd reach; for grim death was their meed.

'Twas colder than hell, for the wind it was raw;
Each buttoned up warm in his old mackinaw;
Threw "Kennebeckers" down into the hold,
Then piled aboard like Vikings of old.

The boat it was small and they all crowded close;
Some sang come-all-ye's and others were morose.
The bottle was passed for a jolt of 'old rye
Would make them forget their last fond goodbye.

The fumes from the motors made some of them sick;
But for the most part they were all riding slick.
The boat ploughed along at a rousing good clip,
With a bone in her teeth like a sea sailing ship.

Now there were two motors with exhaust pipe between,
And the copper feed-line was leaking gasoline.
And just off the narrows, as 'twas coming dark,
The engine backfired with a blinding spark.

The flame caught ablaze to the gas on the floor,
And it caught to the rest with a wind rushing roar;
A sheet of white flame filled the small cabin space;
A red roaring menace that scorched head and face.

*****CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



By dogged perseverance
 The conflict has been won,
 But we're still faced with booby traps,
 Though silent is the gun.
 An unkempt tier of barrels
 Is a booby trap we face.
 The luckless victim's slightest touch
 Can cause a stretcher case.

One of the Greenville Shop welders got over-excited last week and suffered minor injuries bodily and major injuries spiritually. It seems he was on his way into the North Branch country and saw a nice buck deer; He immediately pulled on the emergency brake, jammed both feet on the foot brake, turned off the switch key, opened the door and reached for his gun. He missed the gun, fell out the door flat on his back with the sun glistening on the Deputy Sherrif's badge. While trying to get back on his feet he run into the open door(Brudder, Brudder are we glad our poor sensitive ears were several townships away). We hear vthat Henry Deabay is trying to catch up with Bud to give him a little pep talk on safety first.

The cutting scale as of October 20th shows Wellie Caouette leading with 12,240 cds: Henri Marcoux, 12,119; Alfred Nadeau, 11,350; Lucien Gosselin, 10,982, Adelard Gilbert 8,285; Phillip Paquet, 5,412 and Dumas with 7,140 cords. Total to Date, 67,528 Cords.

The difficulty that we were experiencing with our machine last week has been taken care of temporarily with a gob of bee's wax, a bobby pin and a drop of solder. We have already taken in \$33.00 toward a new machine(to be used in conjunction with the mimeo) and have hopes of getting enough to take care of it.

We think it is very nice of Keith Lumbert to volunteer to baby sit for Mr. & Mrs George Therrien while they enjoy a vacation. Since there are only two kids that go to school he won't have to get up too early to get breakfast. What is going to happen if Marcoux's bullcook comes along with the shot-gun?

To: The Editor, Pittston Farm Weekly
 From: Paquet's clerk

I note a reference made to the writer concerning a recent episode involving the "Belle of Canada Falls Deadwater" so called, and I an given to believe that an inter-ested party has offered you this information for publication. I took a little ride last evening to while away some time, passing by my good friend Vaughn Thornton. I stopped at his place today, and before I had a chance to even comment on the weather he asked me if I went to Guilford last night. I should like to apologize publicly for any intrusion in areas where he may feel he has priority.

Lots of visitors in the area this past week: Mr. & Mrs Charles Gillette were here last Saturday. Maurice Bartlett stopped in to show us his camera. J. S. Hooper is in the North Branch country(Working). Henry Deabay is setting on a stump in the vicinity of the I. P. chain trying to catch up with "Bud". John McVey is checking on a Purchased Wood jobber at Big Bog. H. C. Young, retired Custom's officier and son Don are planning a trip to Ste. Aurelie next week. There is a rumble that Cliff will lose his mustache while there via a dull rusty razor blade. Bert Tupper, veteran retired game warden is in the Dean Memorial Hospital at Greenville.

THE CHESUNCOOK DISASTER (PART TWO OF TWO)

"Fire! Good God, now what are we to do?"
Cried brave Alec Gunn as he looked at the crew.
"Jump for your lives, boys, and swim to the ledge!
The boat she's a goner, she'll burn to the edge."

Before he had hollered, the watery tide
Was filled with brave men who had jumped over the side;
And they threshed for the near shore off the narrows
While the cold freezing water bit to their marrows

The boat was as dry as a piece of birch bark,
And it's weird burning hulk shone through the black dark;
Like the fires of Hell, she burned with a roar,
While those who could swim struck out for the shore.

And those who looked back at the boat they had left,
Saw twenty men battling as of reason bereft.
For though they had lumbered and worked on the drive,
They were held to the craft by fetters like a gyve.

'Twas fear of the water, whose dark gleaming well,
Was like the deep pit where the grim devils dwell,
And yet all about them, the flame scorching heat,
Left them two choices the Grim Spectre to meet.

The panic grew louder and the screams of the men
Pealed from their parched lips again and again,
As the blistering heat their feet played about,
And the flames on their clothes they tried to beat out.

Some flung themselves over to sink like a rock;
Some faced the flames bravely, as if they would mock
The hell-heat of fire that came out with a roar,
And waved a goodbye to their friends on the shore.

But only a scant few of that rang tangy crew
Were fated to reach shore, through the cold water blue;
Their clothes soaked up water like a big sponge;
Their strokes growing weaker at each forward lunge.

Those who made shore were more dead than alive;
Yet thankful that grim fate had let them survive
The death dealing Holocaust that by now was a blur,
A Pyre to brave men who went down with her.

*****THE END

We don't know who wrote this but we do have the names
and morgue pictures of those that was drowned.

An obscure can of oily rags
May cause a costly flare;
Boards that harbor unbent nails
Give months of foot despair.

We thought Richard (pseudonym Louis) Burton & Liz Taylor were in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico working on the movie "Night of the Iguana" but it seems they were at the Club Cariboo last week taking bows right and left. It was an informal affair and Richard came in work clothes but Liz had on a "YAH YAH" skirt with pointy toed shoes. Cigars & free drinks were furnished by Micky, one of the Club members. If Lolita was there she certainly stayed in the background.

The cutting scale this week has Wellie Caouette leading with 13,205 cords; Henri Marcoux, 12,774; Alfred Nadeau, 12,296; Lucien Gosselin, 11,801; Adelard Gilbert, 8,643; Dumas, 7,444 and Phillip Paquet, 5,751 cords. Total to date, 71,914 cords.

Baby-sitter Lumbert was unable to attend the "Cariboo Club" meeting Wednesday as the youngest baby had the croup.

Monday of this week all Great Northern Paper Company paper machines were operating for the first time since 1957. Prosperity might be just around the corner.

The reason why drive-in banks are popular with women is that they can withdraw money from the backseat while their husbands make deposits from the front seat.

Nelson, Aucoin and Therrien made their annual pilgrimage to the St. Lawrence river, goose hunting last week. While there Charles spotted the eight geese that belong at Pittston and he got one of the guides to talk them into coming back to the Farm. They came back alright and have kept "Beaver Bill" running around in circles trying to conniver a way to get one or two of them legally. To begin with he couldn't find his license and then he had to get his gun and now he can't find anyway to drive them off the game reservation. A close count is taken every day so we'll know when he gets one.

Rod Farnham of Bangor dropped in or rather slid in on the new snow Tuesday. He left for Scott Brook shortly after lunch and in spite of tire chains & shovels did not arrive at "Bates Baliwick" in his own car. As we recall it, it was a little later then this that he lost a few points on that same road last year for speeding.

We found out last Thursday how far the scent of hot moose blood carries. The "Beaver" came off the Boarding House steps at 7.30 A.M. and started for his car but before getting there he came to an abrupt halt, made two complete circles finally stopped with his nose pointed into the Northwest. He immediately got into his car and started up the North Branch. This was rather an unusual thing for him to do so we became curious and followed along behind him. Lo and Behold when we arrived at Truesdale field there laid a 600 pound moose and Beaver Bill standing there with a bloody knife. The moose was shot in self defense or that was the story of the hunter that pulled the trigger. When the moose bellowed the hunter had his choice of crawling on top of his trailer, running for the nearest tree or shooting. He chose to shoot and paid the \$20.00 fine. Who wouldn't for only \$20.00? This brings to memory the "Great Moose Hunt of '41" when Leadbetter and Houghton presented the ears to Blaine French. Ever afterwards Blaine was known as Moose Ear French. One of the loins of that moose is in the Smithsonian Institute but that is a different story and we will tell you about it at a later date.

All brother Hoboes, I pray come along,
I hope you will listen and join in my song;
I would be delighted to have a thing righted,
Especially now, if there's anything wrong.
I'm poor and neglected, I'm mean and dejected,
I never can visit my birthplace again,
I've joined that great order, since I crossed the border,
So prominent now, called the Hoboes of Maine.

There are many young men crossing over the line,
Who have not in their hearts a bad thought or design;
They'll come in great hopes, for they know not the ropes,
And fear not the allurements of women or wine.
They leave their dear mothers, their fathers or brothers,
Their kind, loving sisters they'll ne'er see again;
As soon as they come here, they'll each find a chum here,
And fall into line with the Hoboes of Maine.

They'll come by the hundreds, those hardy young bloods,
All neatly attired in their own native goods,
In search of employment and earthly enjoyment,
They'll find it no trouble to hire for the woods.
They'll send them up river then, to chop and drive team then,
In hopes that their wages will all be clear gain;
But by those man traps they are all handicapped,
And their names are enrolled with the Hoboes of Maine.

They'll come down in the spring and they will hang around some dive;
When their money is gone they will hire for the drive,
Their eyes with a glaze on, most painful to gaze on,
Like bears in the winter, more dead than alive;
With calked boots and greaser, a long-neck piece,
They are marched to the station and shipped on the train;
I doubt if they wake till they reach Moosehead Lake,
When they'll take the tow path with the Hoboes of Maine.

With boots on one shoulder and coat on one arm,
Their destiny next is the Roach River Farm;
Their way they will take over mountain and lake,
As the sceneries around them afford little charm;
They'll look tired and dreary, fatigued and leg weary,
Each one of his lot will sorely complain,
Their toes and their ankles both blistered and rankled,
A common complaint with the Hoboes of Maine.

Protruding bits of angle,
A loosely hanging pipe
Are also deadly booby traps
Of the 'peaceful' post-war type.

Due to the snowstorm and All Saints Day holiday the cutting production was rather low this week. Wellie Caouette, 13,711 cords; Henri Marcoux, 12,949; Alfred Nadeau, 12,696; Lucien Gosselin, 12,320; Adelard Gilbert, 8848; Dumas, 7,240 and Phillip Paquet, 5,868. Total to date, 73,632 cords.

LOST*Lost*LOST---Somewhere between Rockwood and Scott Brook last Sunday---One pair blue trousers. When last seen there was no one in them. If located please contact "YE OLDE CLERK BATES" at Scott Brook Vallee to claim an unsubstantial reward commensurate as to their condition upon receipt of same.

You will find attached to this weeks issue a sample of liner board paper that is being manufactured by the Great Southern Land and Paper Company at their new mill in Cedar Springs, Georgia. It went into operation September 30th and has been termed the most modern mill in the world.

We went to press too early last week to say anything about the snowstorm. The first storm of the season usually catches everyone with their pants down and this one was no exception. It certainly stretches public relations to the breaking point. Hunters were marooned on the Forty Mile road, Big Bog, Snake Camp, Lobster Lake, Caucomgomac Lake and numerous other places. Some of them were without tire chains or snow shovels- which is a necessity in this country from October 1st to June 1st. One man called in from Lobster Lake and said he was camping there with his twelve year old daughter and wanted to know what he was going to do. The operator said she would connect him with Folsom's Air Service and they would send a plane after them. Immediately he wanted to know what he was going to do with his car at Penobscot Farm and she replied, "Oh well it will be there in the spring when the snow melts." Gad! What language. Another (Registered Guide) called in and said he had a couple that were over 65 and one of them had taken an overdose of nitro glycerin and wouldn't live through the night. Roy Foster, State Forestry warden is still muttering under his breath about it. Ah Well! All in the life of the first snowstorm.

PITTSTON FARM NEARLY LAUNCHED INTO ETERNITY monday noon when a 2200 gallon truck load of propane gas upset on Winding Pitch. There are a few pessimists that feel Forrest Jalbert, chauffeur of the truck was trying to sabotage "Fernald's Journal" but the F.B.I. (Farm Bureau of Investigations) has not been able to unearth any evidence that would lead them to think there was any foul play involved although they did come up with the leg of a pair of blue jeans which they have sent to the laboratory for further tests.

Sure Shot Hauer will be making his annual trip into this country in the near future. He is the only one we know of that will fall over backwards to live up to the game laws. As we recall it he even had some one drive a deer off a game preserve so he could shoot it legally on one of his trips. Tch Tch! Now I ask you? A Jack Benny smirk should be in order after a snide remark like that.

OCTOBER WEATHER REPORT

Mean Minnimum Temperature	61 Deg.	Maximum Temperature	76 Deg.
Mean Minnimum Temperature	31 "	Minnimum Temperature	18 "
Mean Temperature for Month	46 "	Precipitation for Month	2.57 Inches
Snowfall for Month 13 inches-Total precipitation for year to date 32.04 inches			
There is 2.01 inches of precipitation so far for November.			

THE HOBOES OF MAINE (Part two of three)

With little regard for a room or a bed,
They'll throw themselves down on a filthy old spread;
They'll lie there till morning, until given warning,
When each will arise with his eyes crimson red.
They'll rise from their beds then, with awful swelled heads then,
Prepare to resume their hard journey again,
O'er mountains and ridges and corduroy bridges,
All cursing the fate of the Hoboes of Maine.

That night they will reach the camp where they drive,
Where they are packed thicker than bees in a hive;
Both tired and half drunk, they roll into their bunk,
As you'd think by their groans they would never survive.
They'll curse and they'll swear then, they'll vow and declare then,
They'll never be seen on Roach River again,
That they'd rather go beg, with one arm and a leg,
Than be caught on the drive with the Hoboes of Maine.

Then the City Police they plot and connive
To snare those poor dupes coming off the drive,
They'll hang around the station, in deep consultation,
In watch of those victims before they arrive.
They'll joyfully hail them all ready to jail them,
And welcome them back to the city again;
Each man, as he'll walk up, is booked for the lockup,
To lie there and sweat with the Hoboes of Maine.

The man who resists them is used very rough,
He is thrown on the pavement and quickly handcuffed;
You'd think by their twisters, their chains and cell-wristers
They surely had captured some notable tough;
They'll pound and they'll bruise him and shamefully use him,
They'll capture his money, his watch and his chain;
Likewise their design to collect a big fine,
Or to keep out of jail with the Hoboes of Maine.

*****To be continued



Let's clean up all these booby traps!

Let's bring about their finnish!

An added thought to safety first

Makes casualties diminish.

The fund for our new machine now has \$65.00 in it, which is about half of what we need, so if you have a spare buck why not drop it into the mail today. A breakdown of our mailing list shows 95 copies going to company employees, 17 to ex-company employees and 13 to those not connected with the company.

RUNNING BATTLE IN THE NORTH BRANCH COUNTRY-ended last Wednesday by complete victory for Lloyd Foss, member of the American Newspaper Association. Although his tactics were unorthodox and not considered good sportsmanship yet he brought home the meat. It seem he followed a three year old buck for a mile and a half before overtaking it and then fanned the air with four shots. The fifth shot was a direct hit in the paunch and the deer jumped over the bank with Foss in hot pursuit. The next time he saw him he was only a hundred feet away and when Foss pulled the trigger there was only a click. Empty gun. Two hours, six shots and three crossings of Brailey Brook later Mr. Foss caught up with him again but he was out of ammunition or so he thought. Like a General he surveyed the situation then quickly removed the leather shoe-string from his rubber and fashioned a hangman's noose but about then they came to Brailey Brook for the fourth time so throwing the shoe-string away he made a flying leap, bulldogging the deer and drowning him in the brook. Western television shows are certainly educational.

The Road Crew had the misfortune to lose a temporary bridge and a hard hat this past week during the heavy rain. The hat is drying out down on the shore of Moosehead Lake and the bridge was replaced by three o'clock the next day. The permanent bridge was passable Wednesday of this week.

A review of the precipitation chart since the drouth ended October 29th shows the following: Oct. 30, 1.18 in.; Oct. 31, .34 in.; Nov. 2, .54 in.; Nov. 3, 1.47 in.; Nov. 7, .05 in.; Nov. 8, 1.20 in.; Nov. 9, 1.26 in.; Nov. 10, .05 in.; Nov. 11, .10 in.; Nov. 12, .49 in.; this is a total of 6.77 inches in 14 days. Total to date, 37.40 in.

"Put that damn owl in the trunk, I'm not riding to Bangor with him flying around the ca

Canada Falls Dam run over last Saturday and washed around the end of the wing. The last time this happened was in September 1954 when we got 3.00 inches of rain one day.

The panoramic view of Mr. Hauer leaving his car in a hurry this week north of Caucomgomac chain leads us to believe his name should be changed from "Sure Shot" to "Sure Hot" for where there is smoke there must be fire. AND THERE WAS.

NOTICE TO ALL COMPANY EMPLOYEES

Nobody minds a man having a morning eye-opener and it's O.K. to have a bracer aroun 10.00 A. M. and a couple of drinks before lunch, and a few beers on a hot afternoon to keep a man healthy or at least happy, and, of course everyone drinks at a cocktail hour and a man can't be criticized for having wine with his dinner, a liquor afterwards and a cariboo or two during the evening, but this damn business of sip, sip, sip, sip, all day long has got to stop and we mean stop. Signed-Management.

Seen passing through Pittston this week: Leo Thibodeau, Russ Smart, E.A. Lumbert, Barne Bartlett and Tom Russell. Two hunting parties are staying at Pittston this week with Herb Hanson guiding them or let us say showing them where to hunt.

NEXT WEEKS ISSUE WILL BE LATE AS WE WILL BE LOOKING FOR THE ELUSIVE WHITE*TAIL.

THE HOBOES OF MAINE (Part three of three)

Next morning he's brought to his honor Judge Vose,
Who sits there prepared to give him a dose,
As the victim acts silly from blows of the billy,
His cuts and his scars he will scan very close;
He bids him to stand up and hold his right hand up,
Saying, 'They tell me young man, you've been drinking again;
A fine I must levy, exceedingly heavy,
Or have you break stone with the Hoboes of Maine.'

Now I have served out my thirty long days;
Last night I slept in a cold alleyway;
I'm totally busted and cannot get trusted,
Folks would know, if they'd trust me, I never should pay.
I'm shabby and bare now, and never would dare now
To visit my own native country again:
They'd jeer me and boot me and threaten to shoot me,
And bid me go back to the Hoboes of Maine.

I'll tell of a man who was given to roam,
Being weary of tramping he thought he'd go home;
I mean not to name him, in case I'd defame him,
But just for a nickname I'll call him Bill Vroom.
He thought he could bluff them, and tried hard to stuff them,
He claimed he had served in the Cuban campaign;
But as soon as they spied him, they identified him;
They knew he belonged to the Hoboes of Maine.

But the Hoboes of Maine are still in great hope
That in some future day they will have further scope;
There's too much restriction, too much interdiction--
In some other states they've tasted the hope.
If those would-be rulers kept out of the coolers,
They'd soon become powerful and certain to reign
In the lowlands and highlands and Prince Edward Island,
Quebec, Novo Scotia, New Brunswick and Maine.

The End

Written by Larry Gorman

How much "BELLY FODDER" does it take to cut and land on riverbank 69,495 cords rough pulpwood? This amount of wood will make 59,000 tons of newsprint which is seventy four days work for the two big machines at East Millinocket. We have the figures to show for it and can truthfully say that 99.9 per cent of it was purchased in the state of Maine. There was 129,354 meals served with the following supplies:

Allspice	1 Lb	Gravy Master	18 Qts	Pie Fill, Butterscotch	30 cans
Apples, Eating	43 Bu	Ginger	6 Lbs	Pie Fill Choc #10	36 Cans
Apples #2	24 Cans	Ham, Fresh	3,210 Lbs	Pie Fill Cherry #10	115 "
Apples #10	189 "	Ham, Smoked	9,555 "	Pie Fill Co. Cr #10	126 "
Bacon	5,170 Lbs	Hamburg	90 "	Pie Fill Date #10	9 "
Baking Powder	495 "	Jam & Jelly Asst	60 Cans	Pie Fill Fig #10	3 "
Bananas	155 Box	Jam, Rasp. #10	79 "	Pie Fill Lemon #10	35 "
Barley	40 Lbs	Jam, Straw. #10	231 "	Pie Fill Mince #10	18 "
Beans, Dry Pea	2,935 "	Jello	372 Lbs	Pie Fill Or. Cream #10	12 "
Beans String #303	1,906 Cans	Juice, Gpfruit #5	36 Cans	Pie Fill Raisin #10	65 "
Beans String #10	12 "	Juice Orange #5	300 "	Pie Fill Str-Rhub	199 "
Beef, Corned	12 Cans	Juice Pineapple	96 "	Pineapple #2½	350 "
Beef, Fresh	34,671 Lbs	Juice Tomatoe	1,056 "	Pork, Fresh	11,433 Lbs
Beets #10	77 Cans	Lard	6,400 Lbs	Pork, Salt	1,210 "
Blueberries #10	77 "	Lettuce-Heads	171 Doz	Potatoes	57,050 "
Bologna	1,394 Lbs	Liver	360 Lbs	Prunes	120 "
Butter, Peanut	162 Jars	Luncheon Meat	7 Lbs	Raisins	433 "
Cabbage	1,915 Lbs	Luncheon Meat	625 Cans	Rice	303 "
Carrots	1,340 "	Macaroni	306 Lbs	Sausage	1,424 "
Carrots #10	60 Cans	Marmalade	24 Jars	Salad Dressing	184 Qts
Catsup	803 Bot.	Milk, Evaporated	17,131 Cans	Salmon	239 Cans
Celery	75 Bu.	Milk Dry	25 Lbs	Salt, Table	1,735 Lbs
Cheese	1,550 Lbs	Mix, Cake Choc	735 "	Sardines	550 Cans
Chicken	3,880 "	Mix, Cake Lemon	230 "	Sauerkraut 2½	12 "
Cinnamon	5 "	Mix, Cake White	2,515 "	Soda, Baking	255 Lbs
Chocolate Pudding	90 "	Mix., Do-nut	2,090 "	Spaghetti	509 "
Cocoa	99 "	Mix, Ginger Br.	325 "	Spinach #2½	14 Cans
Coconut Shredded	36 Pkg	Mix, Pancake	240 "	Starch, Corn	407 Lbs
Coffee	1,362 Lbs	Molasses	124 Gal	Suger, Conf.	2,625 "
Corn #303	541 Cans	Mustard, Dry	3 Lbs	Suger, Brown	3,052 "
Corn #10	12 "	Mustard, Prepared	244 Jars	Suger, Granulated	9,500 "
Corn Flakes	82 Pkg	Nutmeg	4 Lbs	Syrup	532 Cans
Corn on Cobb	108 Doz	Oats, Rolled	215 "	Soup, Chicken #5	24 "
Corn Meal	25 Lbs	Oil, Cooking	49 Gal	Soup, Tomato #5	72 "
Crackers, Soda	428 "	Oleo	8,737 Lbs	Soup, Vegt. #5	60 "
Cranberry Sauce	45 Cans	Onions	1,525 "	Tea	918 Lbs
Cucumbers	141 Doz	Peaches #2½	144 Cans	Tomatoes, Fresh	4,005 "
Eggs	10,110 Doz	Peaches #10	282 "	Tomatoes #2½	72 Cans
Extract, Lemon	3 Qts	Pears #10	217 "	Tomatoes #10	404 "
Extract, Vanilla	.65 "	Pears #2½	288 "	Tomato Paste	324 "
Extract, Mapeline	1 "	Peas, Dry	1,015 Lbs	Turkey	3,454 Lbs
Fish Sticks	1,190 Lbs	Peas #303	1,320 Cans	Turnip	1,420 "
Flour, Bread	23,200 "	Pepper, Black	63 Lbs	Vegetables Mixed	30 Cans
Flour, Pastry	4,500 "	Peppers, Green	18 "	Vineger	193 Qts
Frankforts	205 "	Pickles	226 Qts	Yeast, Dry	180 Lbs
Fruit Cocktail	143 Cans	Pie Fill Blueberry	109 Cans		

Can anyone imagine what it would be like to pull the outside leaves off of 1,915 pounds of cabbage or squeezing 4,005 pounds of tomatoes to see if they were good or not?

A couple of weeks ago we overheard a woman call her husband a "Shanghi Rooster" and not having heard the expression before we decided to find out what kind of a rooster she was referring to. We finally found something written by Josh Billings in Talmadge's book, "Beautiful Thoughts."

NOT ANY SHANGHI FOR ME.

The shanghi ruseter is a gentile, and speaks in a forrin tung. He is bilt on piles like a Sandy Hill crane. If he had bin bilt with 4 legs, he wud resembel the peruvian lama. He is not a game animil, but quite often cums off seckund best in a ruff and tumble fite; like the injuns, tha kant stand civilization, and are fast disappearing.

Tha roost on the ground, similar tew--the mud turkle. Tha often go to sleep standing and sumtimes pitch over and when tha dew, tha enter tha ground like a pickaxe. Thare food consis of corn in tha ear. Tha crow like a jackass, troubled with tha bronskeeters Tha will eat as mutch tu onst as a district skule master, ang ginerally sit down rite oph tew keep from tipping over. Tha are dredful unhandy tew cook, yu hav tew bile one ov them tew a time, yu kant git them awl into a potash kittle tu onst. Tha femail rus-ter lays an eg as big as a kokernut, and is sick for a week afterwards, and when she hatches out a litter ov yung shanghis she has tew brood them standing, and then kant kiver but three ov them--the rest stan around on the outside, like boys around a cirkus tent, gitting a peep under the kanvas when ever tha kin. Tha man who fust brot tha breed into this kuntry ott tew own them awl and be obliged tew feed them on grass-hoppers, cot bi hand. I never own'd but one, and he got choked tew deth bi a kink in a clothe line, but not 'till he had swallered 18 feet ov it.

Not eny shanghi for me, if yu pleez; i wud ruther bord a travelling kolporter, and as for eating one, giv me a biled owl rare dun. or a turkee buzzard, roasted hole, and stuffed with a pair ov injun rubber boots, but not eny shanghi for me, not a shanghi! Speaking ov hens, leads me tew remark, in the fust place, that hens thus far, are a sucksess. They are domestick, and occasionally are tuff, This is owing tew their not being biled often enuff in there yunger daze; but the hen ain't tew blame for this. Biled hen is universally respected.

There is a great deal of originality tew the hen--exactly how mutch i kant tell, historians fite so mutch about it, Sum says Knower had hens in the ark and sum says he didn't. So it goes, which and tuther. I kant tell yu which was born fust, the hen or the eg; sumtimes i think the eg wuz-- and sumtimes i think the hen wuz--and sumtimes i think i don't kno and i kant tell now, which way is rite, for the life ov me. Laying eggs is the hen's best grip. A hen that kant lay eggs is laid out. One eg is konsidered a fair day's work for a hen. I hav herd ov their doing better, but i don't want a hen ov mine tew do it--it is apt tew hurt their constitution and byelaws, and thus impare their futur worth. The poet sez, buteefully,

"Sumboddy haz stolen our old blew hen;

I wish they'd let her bee;

She used tew lay 2 eggs a day,

and Sunday she'd lay 3."

This sounds trew enuff for poetry, but i will bet 75 thousand dollars that it never tuk place. The best time tew set a hen iz when the hen is reddy. I kant tell you what the best breed iz, but the shanghi is the meanest. It cost as mutch tew bord one as it duz a stage hoss, and yu might as well undertake tew fat a fanning mill, by running oats thru it. There ain't no profit in keeping a hen for his eggs, if he laze less than one a day. Hens are very longlived, if they don't kontrakt the thrut disseaze-- There is a great many goes tew pot, every year, bi this melankolly disseaze. I kant tell exactly how tew pick out a good hen, but as a general thing, the long-eared ones are kounted the best. The one legged ones, i kno, are the lest apt tew skcratch up a garden, Eggs packed in equal parts ov salt, and lime water, with the other end down, will keep from 30 tew 40 years, if they are not disturbed. Fresh beefsteak iz good for hens; i serpose 4 or 5 pounds a day would be awl a hen would need, at fust along.

I shall be happy to advise with yu, at enny time, on the hen question, and take it in eg.

Signed-Josh Billings