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Pittston Farm Weekly, Volume 2, 1963-1964

Great Northern Paper Company

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The Bangor & Aroostook railroad has a crew of about 50 men at work at Millinocket at the present time in the building of a side track two miles long from the main line to the site of the mill. Tomorrow morning the mill corporation will put on 50 men and the work will be rapidly pushed to completion. On Tuesday the train which is to be used in the construction work at the mill was sent to Millinocket where it will remain throughout the remainder of the season.

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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 28, 1963

CIRCULATION 125

VOLUME 2 No. 2

It's like magic when people unite
To promote any cause that is right;
So let's get on the ball
And bring safety to all
Saving lives you will find sheer delight.

Scale report for the week; Wellie Caouette, 14,937 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 14,196; Alfred Nadeau, 14,085; Henri Marcoux, 14,030; Adelard Gilbert, 9,827; I. L. Dumas, 7,998; Phillip Paquet, 6,718. Total to date, 81,791 cords.

L. G. White passed through Pittston Wednesday with his annual buck deer. Mr. D. E. Bates is away this week and Keith Lumbert has taken over for him. We read in the Waterville Sentinel that Mrs Bertha Ricker entered the Sister's Hospital this week. Bertha was Madame of the Boarding House for quite some time. Mr. & Mrs Bill Hodgins have retired and will in the very near future visit some of their family in Ethiopia. We recently found the records where Bill's father cut long logs on Soldiertown in 1903 and 1904 for the Company. Miss Judy Graham of Greenville Junction has taken over Vern's shift as operator. She should be warned about some of the confirmed bachelors that are kicking around the country such as, Bessey, Nelson, Hall and Belmont but then again she is free, white and twenty one and should be able to keep them in their place.

Each week we will publish the names and addresses of five retired Woodlands employees for those who might be interested:

Ernest F. Jones	Retired: July 1, 1952	Winterport, Maine
Philip J. Murdock	Retired: January 1, 1954	Springfield, Maine
Robert V. Canders	Retired: January 1, 1956	Greenville, Maine
Mack King	Retired: January 1, 1956	Jackman, Maine
Edward J. Conley	Retired: January 1, 1956	59 Fern St., Bangor, Maine

Pete Hauer certainly upset George Bessey's 1963 Internal Revenue report by tipping him with the empty pop bottles when they got through hunting. One more hunting trip and Brother Bates will be calling George a "Capitalist."

The Board of Directors of the Squaw Mountain Corporation have announced the following schedule of rates for the coming 1963-1964 winter season:

Season Rates:	For the Season	If purchased Before Dec. 15th
Adult Single Ticket	\$60.00	\$50.00
Children, 12 years and under	30.00	27.00
Family Ticket	140.00	120.00
	All Day	One Half Day
Daily Rates on 3000' T-Bar Lift:		After 12:30 P.M.
Adults	\$3.50	2.50
Children, 12 years and under	2.50	2.00
Single Rides on 3000' Lift:		
Adults: 50¢ Children: 25¢		
Daily Rates on 1200' Novice Lift:		
Adults: \$2.00 Children: \$1.00		

All rates above include federal and state taxes. Special reduced rates for Club and Ski Teams of 15 or more may be obtained by contacting the Area Manager, Mr. Kirk Ellsworth at the Squaw Mountain Corp., Greenville, Maine.

The fund for our new machine is only \$81.00. Contributions have slowed up during the past ten days.

A HAIL TO THE HUNTER

Oh, we're getting under cover, for the "sport" is on the way,
--Pockets bulge with ammunition, and he's coming down to slay;
All his cartridges are loaded and his trigger's on the "half,"
And he'll bore the thing that rustles, from a deer to Jersey calf.
He will shoot the foaming rapids, and he'll shoot the yearling bull.
And the farmer in the bushes--why, he'll fairly get pumped full.
For the gunner is in earnest, he is coming down to kill,
--Shoot you first and then inquire if he hurt you--yes, he will!
For the average city feller he has big game on the brain,
And imagines in October there is nothing else in Maine!
Therefore some absorbed old farmer cutting corn or pulling beans
Gets most mightily astonished with a bullet in his jeans.
So, O neighbor, scoot for cover or get out your armor plate,
--Johnnie's got his little rifle and is swooping on the State.
Oh, we're learning, yes, we're learning, and I'll warn you now, my son,
If you really mean to bore us you must bring a bigger gun.
For the farmers have decided they will take no further chance,
And progressive country merchants carry armor plated pants;
--Carry shirts of chain-plate metal, lines of coats all bullet-proof,
And the helmets they are selling beat a Knight of Malta's "roof."
So I reckon that the farmers can proceed to get their crops,
Yes, and chuckle while the bullet raps their trouser seats and stops;
And the hissing double-B shot as they criss-cross over Maine
Will excite no more attention than the patter of the rain.
And the calf will fly a signal and the Jersey bull a sign,
And the horse a painted banner, reading "Hoss; Don't Shoot; He's Mine!"
And every fowl who wanders from the safety of the pen
Will be taught to cackle shrilly, "Please don't plug me; I'm a hen."

Now with all these due precautions we are ready for the gang,
We'll endure the harmless tumult of the rifles' crack and bang,
For we're glad to have you with us--shoot the landscape full of holes;
We will back our brand-new armor for to save our precious souls.
O you feller in the city, those 'ere woods is full of fun,
We've got on our iron trousers--so come up and bring your gun!

From Holman Day's "Up In Maine"

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Adults	\$3.50	2.50
Children, 12 years and under	2.50	2.00
Single Rides on 3000' Lift:		
Adults: 50¢ Children: 25¢		
Daily Rates on 1200' Novice Lift:		
Adults: \$2.00 Children: \$1.00		

All rates above include federal and state taxes. Special reduced rates for Club and Ski Teams of 15 or more may be obtained by contacting the Area Manager, Mr. Kirk Ellsworth at the Squaw Mountain Corp., Greenville, Maine.

The fund for our new machine is only \$81.00. Contributions have slowed up during the past ten days.

A HAIL TO THE HUNTER

Oh, we're getting under cover, for the "sport" is on the way,
--Pockets bulge with ammunition, and he's coming down to slay;
All his cartridges are loaded and his trigger's on the "half,"
And he'll bore the thing that rustles, from a deer to Jersey calf.
He will shoot the foaming rapids, and he'll shoot the yearling bull.
And the farmer in the bushes--why, he'll fairly get pumped full.
For the gunner is in earnest, he is coming down to kill,
--Shoot you first and then inquire if he hurt you--yes, he will!
For the average city feller he has big game on the brain,
And imagines in October there is nothing else in Maine!
Therefore some absorbed old farmer cutting corn or pulling beans
Gets most mightily astonished with a bullet in his jeans.
So, O neighbor, scoot for cover or get out your armor plate,
--Johnnie's got his little rifle and is swooping on the State.
Oh, we're learning, yes, we're learning, and I'll warn you now; my son,
If you really mean to bore us you must bring a bigger gun.
For the farmers have decided they will take no further chance,
And progressive country merchants carry armor plated pants;
--Carry shirts of chain-plate metal, lines of coats all bullet-proof,
And the helmets they are selling beat a Knight of Malta's "roof."
So I reckon that the farmers can proceed to get their crops,
Yes, and chuckle while the bullet raps their trouser seats and stops;
And the hissing double-B shot as they criss-cross over Maine
Will excite no more attention than the patter of the rain.
And the calf will fly a signal and the Jersey bull a sign,
And the horse a painted banner, reading "Hoss; Don't Shoot; He's Mine!"
And every fowl who wanders from the safety of the pen
Will be taught to cackle shrilly, "Please don't plug me; I'm a hen."

Now with all these due precautions we are ready for the gang,
We'll endure the harmless tumult of the rifles' crack and bang,
For we're glad to have you with us--shoot the landscape full of holes;
We will back our brand-new armor for to save our precious souls.
O you feller in the city, those 'ere woods is full of fun,
We've got on our iron trousers--so come up and bring your gun!

From Holman Day's "Up In Maine"

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

DECEMBER 5, 1963

CIRCULATION 125

VOLUME 2 No. 3

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The right way's the safe way!

Find out first it will pay!

The know-how keeps you out of the rough.

NOVEMBER WEATHER REPORT

Mean Maximum Temperature	38.5 Deg	Maximum Temperature	56 deg.
Mean Minimum Temperature	26.1 "	Minimum Temperature	10 "
Mean Temperature for Month	32.3	Precipitation for Month	7.67 In.

Snowfall for month $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, making a total for season of $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Total precipitation for year to date is 39.71 inches.

In looking over the weather reports for the past twenty years we find only two month that recorded over the 7.67 inches precipitation that we had this November. They were July 1953, 7.75" and August 1959 with 8.20 inches.

We see where "Ole Man John Gould" is trying to bilk the Enterprise subscribers again this year by offering another free prize with each renewal or new subscription to his paper. This year he has really done it by giving away a gen-you-wine solid gold Allagash coffee pot which is alright but Eye-Gord he could have left out the word Allagash, especially at this time when Governor Reed has twisted Hewed-All's neck around so far his nose is pointed toward Quoddy for the umpteenth time. We are beginning to think it would be a good idea to add Mr. Gould's name to the Great Northern payroll or dangle a nice juicy bait under his nose. like, say, one of Lionel Long's Virginia baked ham dinners with all the fixin's and topped off with strawberry shortcakes then I daresay you'd never see anymore in the Enterprise about the wonderful chefs, dining rooms, cookrooms etc. of the Scott Paper company, the Allagash or anything else but advertisements for gout cure. Oh Well! We got hooked last year for a gen-you-wine Rockwell calendar so we might as well get hooked for a coffee pot this year by sending him the \$3.00 for renewal of "The Enterprise" at Lisbon Falls, Maine.

Scale report for the week: Wellie Caouette, 15,230; Lucien Gosselin, 14,888; Alfred Nadeau, 14,623; Henri Marcoux, 14,360; Adelard Gilbert, 10,396; Leo Dumas, 8,243 and Phillip Paquet, 7,140 cords. Total to date is 84,880 cords. Henri Marcoux and Wellie Caouette should finish this week.

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AN IDYL OF COLD WEATHER

When all the sky seems blazing down, and sunshine curls the bricks,
And General Humidity puts in his biggest licks,
I welcome to my eyry, with a moist and dripping palm,
A placid old philosopher who runs a little farm,
Who says imagination helps a deal in keeping cool,
And who to comfort other men makes this his simple rule:
To talk of piping, biting days, and drifting winter storm
Whene'er the weather pipes it up and gets too thunderin' warm.
They're better far than fizz or smash or juleps, sure's you are born,
--The honest little narratives of Frigid Weather John.
For though the sizzling summer time may boil and steam and hiss,
Who'd ever, ever think of it while listening to this ?

"I never see'd a winter have a durnder, sharper aidge
Than in the year of Sixty-One, the year that I drove stage.
I never had so hard a job attendin' to my biz,
For everthing 't was frizable, that year you bet was friz.
At last I done a caper that I hadn't done for years:
I got a little careless and I friz up both my ears.
The roads was awful drifted and I trod ten miles of snow,
And all the time that zippin' wind did nothin' sah, but blow.
Them ears of mine was froze so hard, stuck out so bloomin' straight,
I thought the wind would snap 'em off, it blew at such a rate.
And when at last I hauled up home, the missus bust in tears
And hollered, 'John, oh, massy me, you're going to lose your ears.'
But I --why, land O' goodness, I was cooler'n I be now,"
--And he passed his red bandanna up across his steaming brow,--
"I jest got out my hatchet and I chopped two cakes of ice
And held 'em on my friz-up ears--'twas Grampy Jones advice.
I didn't dast go in the house, but set there in the shed --
A-holding them two chunks of ice to either side my head.
The chunks weighed fifty pounds apiece--that doctorin' didn't cost--
And so I got 'em big enough to take out all the frost.
My wife came out at last to see what made me keep so still,
And there I was sah, sound asleep and snorin' fit to kill.
She got me in and gave me tea and helped me inter bed,
With that 'ere ice a-frozen tight and solid to my head.
'Twas sort of curi's, I confess, but still I slept complete,
A crystal palace on my head and soapstones on my feet
It wasn't really what you'd call a calm and restful night,
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DECEMBER 12, 1963

CIRCULATION 125

VOLUME 2 No. 4

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Making fashion a science and art.
Such care we should give to our planning to live--
For in bandages no one looks smart.

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SUNRISE AT A HOVEL ON TOWNSHIP 7 Range 17

Horses in the hovel kicking and squealing while "The Father of Six" lay in the manger snoring to the fiddle tune of "Silent Night" being played by the Mayor of St. Zacharie as he stood tall 'neath the hayshed, while on the radio "The Mother of Six" kept repeating over and over, "He'll be back in two hours! He'll be back in two hours!" The only thing lacking was a man of the cloth with a jug of Dick Bessey's Sacramental Dandelion wine. Ah Well! You can't have everything up the Branch.

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The Law 'Gainst Spike-Sole Boots

It's a case of scuff in your stocking-feet, from Seboomook down, my hearties;
Sling your spikers around your neck and swear your way to town,
The dudes that we sent to legislate, and figger at balls and parties,
Have tinkered the laws to suit themselves, and they've done us good and brown.

There's a howl you bet, from the Medway dam across to the Caucmogummac,
For the laws came up in the tote-team mail, and we've got the new statoots,
And of all the things that was ever planned to give us a gripe in the stomach,
The worst is the corker that t'runs us down for a-wearin' our old calked boots.

You can't chank on to a hotel floor,
You've got to leave calked boots at the door.
They make you peel your hucks in the street
And walk to the bar in your stocking-feet.

It's a blank of a note that a man with chink
Can't prance to the rail and get his drink,
But it's five and costs if you mar the paint,
And ten if the feller that makes complaint
Gets mad at a playful push in the eyes
And goes into court with a lot of lies.
It's ten if ye sliver a steam-bo't's deck
--there ain't no argue--it's right in the neck.
And they soak you too, on the railroad train;
--Why, There's hardly a loggin' crew in Maine.
But what has claimed, as a nat'ral right,
A chance to holler and beller and fight,
And knock the stuffin' out of the seats.
Rip off the blinds and club with cleats.
But now if the bloomin' brakeman talks,
And you vaccinate him once with calks;
If you feel like a man with a royal flush
And, jest for the joke of it, rip some plush,
Oh, they take that law and they peel you sore;
You pay for the damage, and ten plunks more.
'Tain't much like the days when we had some rights,
When we roosters sharpened our spurs in fights,
When never a crowd put up galoots
That could scrap with the fellers with spike-sole boots.

It's a case step to the wangan camp, and buy some partent leathers;
And go a-snoopin' along to town like a dude on his weddin'-trip;
And the only thing you can do to a guy is to tickle his nose with feathers,
And curl in your seats in the smokin' car when a drummer gives you lip.
There was fun, by gee, in the good old days when we whooped 'er into the city,
And you trailed our way by the slivers we left from the railroad down to the dives,
And we owned the town where we left our cash; and now it's a thunderin' pity
If all of a sudden you've grown too good for the boys who are off the drives.

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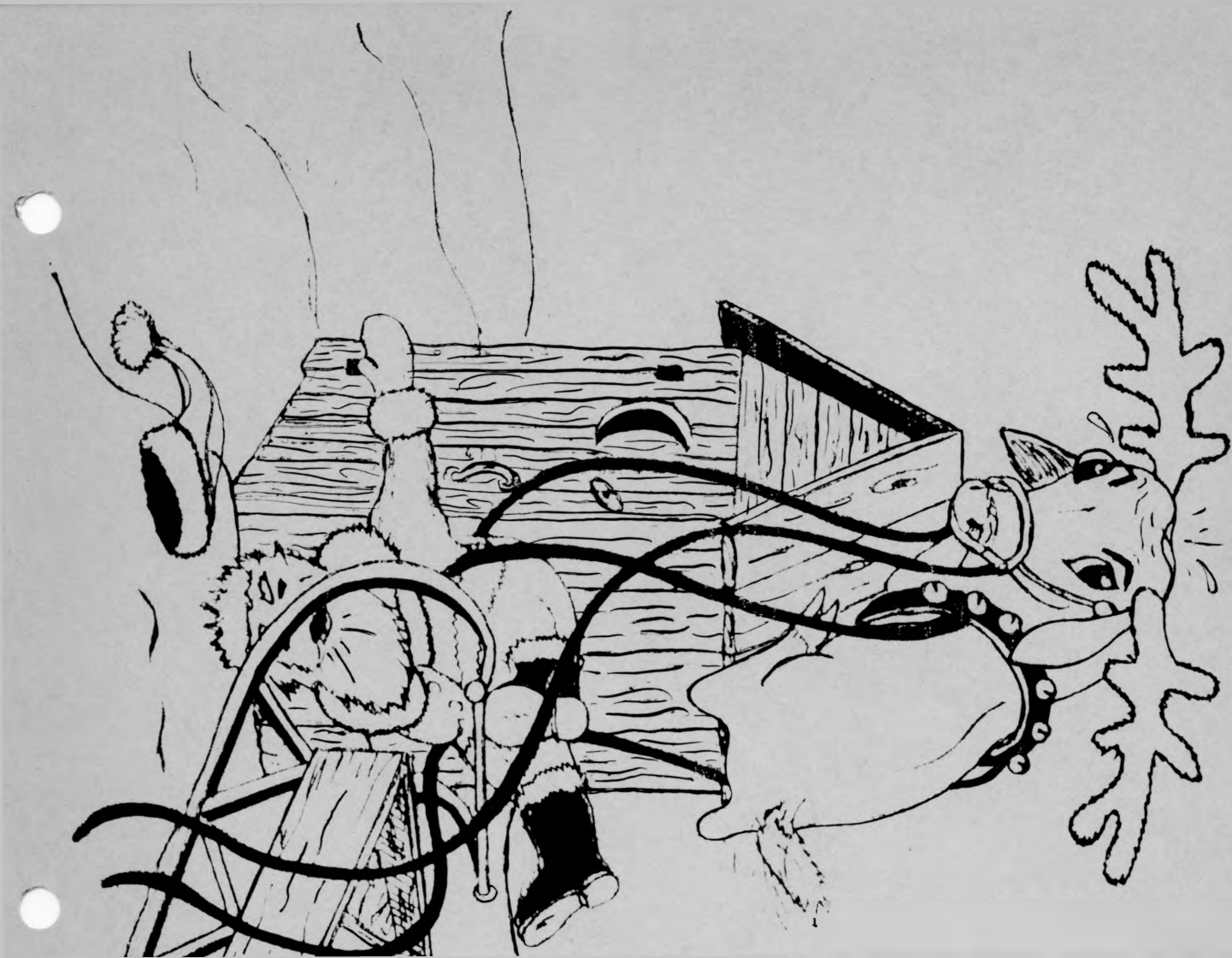
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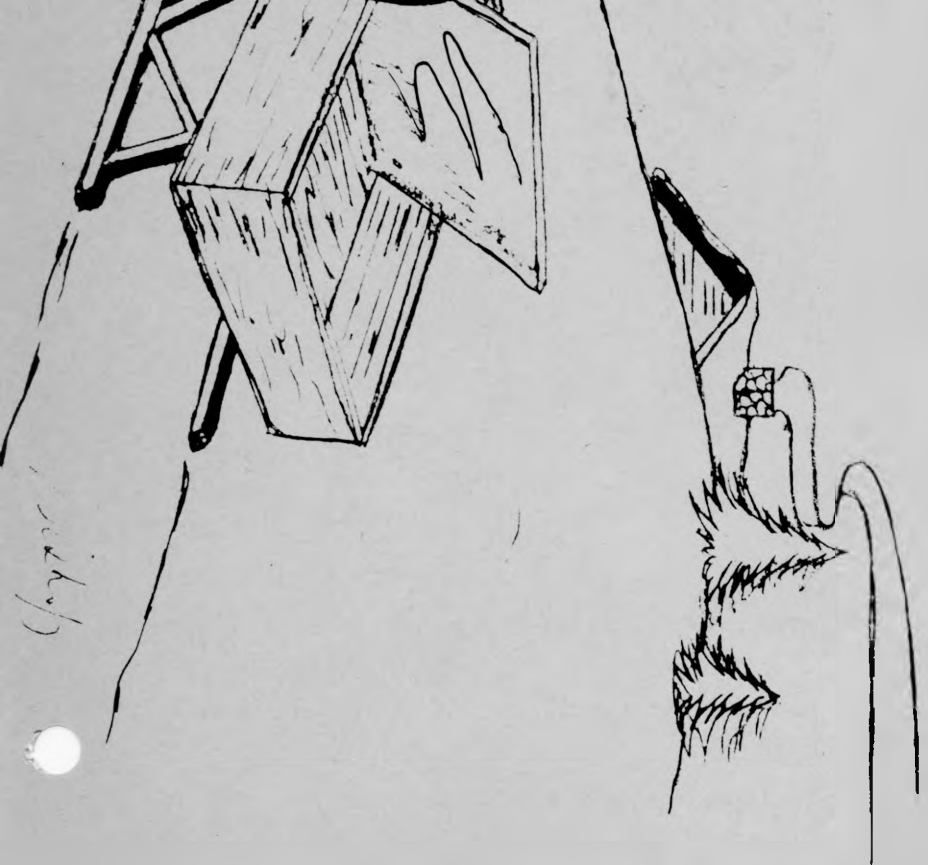
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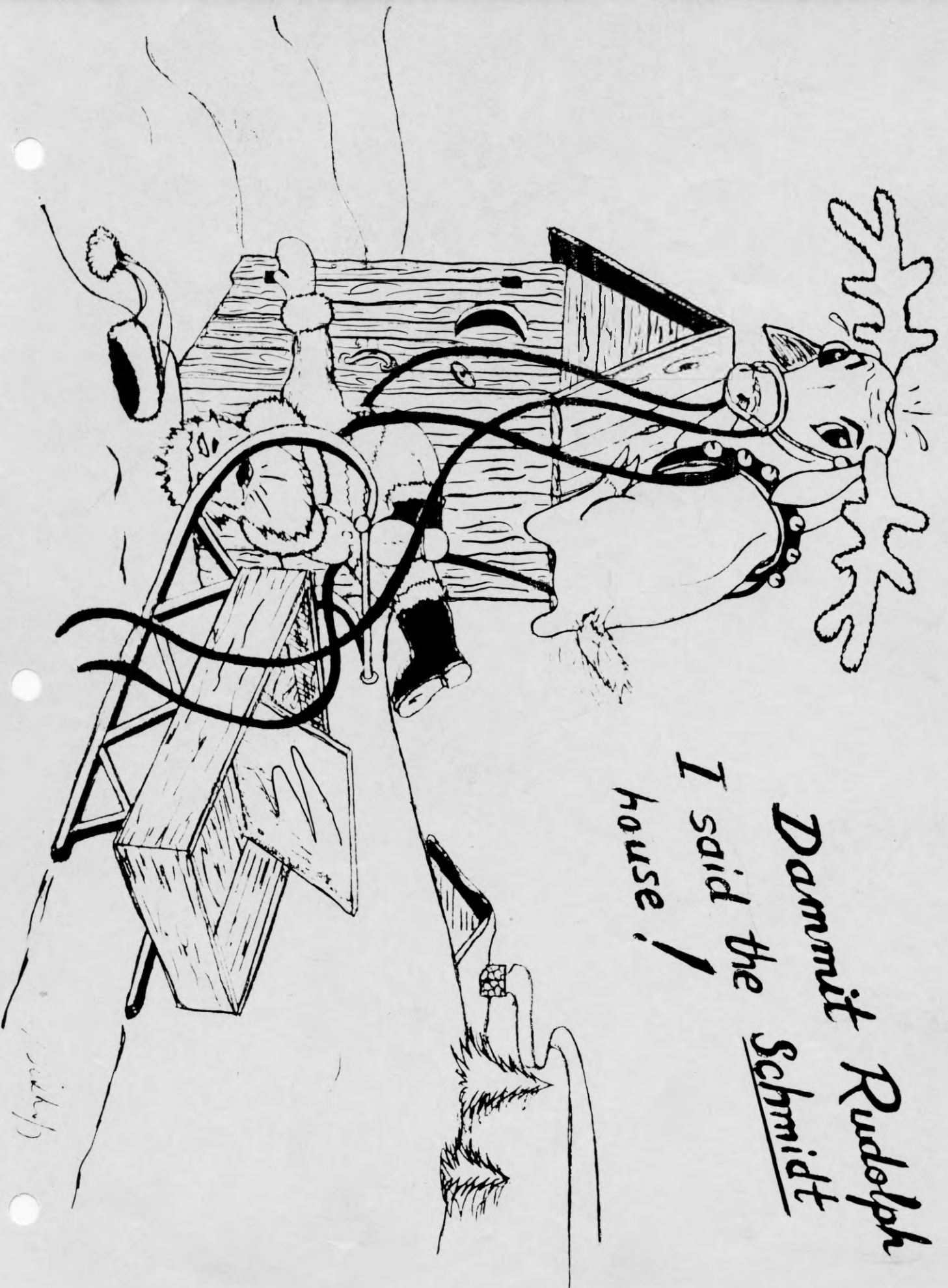


Dammit Rudolph
I said the Schmidt
house!



(Schmidt)

*Dammit Rudolph
I said the Schmidt
house!*



Of all the lame excuses,
The poorest of the lot
Is sheer contempt for Safety
That well-worn 'I forgot!'

That lad whose ladder tumbled
Lies bandaged on a cot
He knows he should have tied it
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George gazed with admiration at the bird's shape.

"Wonderful, darling!" he said. "How beautifully you have stuffed it!"

"Stuffed!" she echoed. "But, my dear, this one wasn't hollow."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY*HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU*

ABSENT MINDED JOE

Joe Nadeau he get troub on brain, I don't was know de kin,
Mak him do many foolish t'ing; wife call em "absent mind."
Start out on leetle walk wan tam, an wen he's come encore
Forget mak stop on hees door-yard, kip on t'ree mile an more.
Den Rosie git in de big red machan, drive fas lak he was dead,
An ax all neighbors 'long de way, "Has anny wan seen Joe?"
She fin heem on Range Fore road, an wen she's shout hees name
He look surprise--she say she guess hees "absent mine's" to blame.
Wan night wen he was pas on well for fill the kitchen pail
He mak mistake w'ile watch de moon, was tie de lantern-bail
Upon de pole, an lower it down till water she was touch,
Den he come to, and laff an say, "Now don't dat beat de Dutch?"
Amoder tam he tak clean pail out to de hog for drink
An lef de dirty swill-bucket upon de kitchen sink.

Beeg lot o' fonny t'ing he do, mos ev'ry day hees life,
But bout de worse was las fall he's come near loos hees wife.
He'd been away maybe five days, on camp for chop de wood;
W'en he come home nice girl was dere, jus puttin on red hood.
"Meet Miss Lacroix," hees wife she says, was born on de same town
As I was raise"--Jo's absent mine agin was t'row heem down;
He hug an kiss dat stranger girl he's never meet before,
Den shake hees own wife by de han, tole her please come some more.
"Joe Nadeau," Rosie says to heem, "I give you wan more tam;
If you mak foolish me agin, noder husband I'll buy.
Will be an easy t'ing, I'm sure, moche better man for fin',
But mos' of all will see dat he don't get no absent mine.
Dat lesson cure ole Joe Nadeau, and now he show no sign
Of foolishness, bu watch hees step--all tam have "present mine."



Of all the lame excuses,
The poorest of the lot
Is sheer contempt for Safety
That well-worn 'I forgot!'

That lad whose ladder tumbled
Lies bandaged on a cot
He knows he should have tied it
But mumbles: "I Forgot!"

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The loss of two good fingers
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The gent who wore no goggles
Around the acid pot
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Mrs Henry Best has returned to her home for the holidays. The latest report says she will go to the Maine Medical Center in Portland after New Years.

The Gen-You-Wine Solid Gold Allagash Coffee Pot now adorns the top of a filing cabinet in our office. We have a hunch that George Morrill of Burnham & Morrill Co. in Portland is the one that prodded Mr. Gould of the Enterprise into offering this pot as a bonus for renewing the subscription to the Enterprise. One of these days we'll see that Mr. Morrill gets a dish of bean hole beans that can't be had in a B & M can. Miss Ola Bolan the "Keeper of the Book Store at the University of Maine sends her greetings to all and sundry. She said it would be nice to get a New Year's card from some of the boys such as, Lawrence Hurd, Howard Pritham, Old Don and Young Don Wilson and so on for a half hour or so. The address is 2 Elm Street, Oldtown, Maine.

Since it is Christmas we made a solemn vow not to gouge, bite, scratch, dig, kick, snarl, bark or any other adjective that could be considered derogatory to any of our readers in this issue. We realize in doing this that there will be a good many that will say there was enough Christmas Spirits to mellow us into a state where we were unable to say anything but "Thats a'right!" "Thats a'right!" We would like to say that the true Christmas spirit prevails over Scott Brook Vallee this week since the Ex-Presidink of the Cariboo Club, George Bessey went away and left Brother Bates mumbling to himself.

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FROM "THE PITTSTON FARM."

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'Beatrice,' 'Lilli' and a yummy 'Yvette.'
But just which was which? There was no guessing whom
Until they all took me to their dressing room.
And there I discovered Annette had a mole;
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Tattooed on her thigh that caused me to pause;
For on it was written J'adore Santa Claus!

"The evening rushed on in a dizzying whirl
As the little black book led to girl after girl
In Greenville and Jackman and St. George and St. Zacharie
And each of them had to eggnog and nutmeg me!
And I'm not to blame if their clothing was scanty
Or if they were all simply wild about Santy.
Thus it was that the sun rose over Maine
At the very same time I was leaving the I. P. Chain.

"After that, Sugarplum, your jolly old gnome
Hopped into his sleigh and headed for home.
Now, I've told you my story with patience and care;
So I'm sure you'll excuse that bit of blonde hair."
"Indeed, I will not!" Mrs. Santa shot back.
Then, without a word she went straight to his pack
And dumped out a doll you'll not find on a shelf!
Said Santa quite weakly: "It's just a new elf."

"A disgrace to your calling--that's what you are!"
Mrs. Santa came on like an angry hussar.
"There's only one way to undo what you've done--
Now, don't argue with me! I'm sending our son!
He's the symbol of everything you ought to be:
Love of family, clean living--in short--decency!"
"My gawd!" muttered Santa to this revelation,
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But although Santa pleaded, his wife remained firm,
Shouting, "Take off that suit, you philandering worm!"
In a twinkling their son made ready to go;
Candelbrum in hand and dimples aglow!
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 2, 1964

CIRCULATION 125

VOLUME 2 NO. 7

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You'll likely find a plot

With headstone prayer "Rest in Peace"

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Forgetfulness cannot.

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Landing wood scale shows Henri Marcoux, 429; I. L. Dumas, 400; and Adelard Gilbert, 78 cords making a total of 907 cords landed to date.

It isn't in the medical books, but for a morning such as this we recommend trying the following concoction: Mix a pint of coffee ice cream with about six ounces of bourbon in a blender. The whiskey steadies your nerves, the ice cream soothes your ulcers, and the coffee keeps you awake. Nauseating but effective.

DECEMBER WEATHER REPORT

Mean Maximum Temperature

16 Deg.

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56 Deg.

Mean Minimum Temperature

-2 "

Minimum Temperature

-23 "

Mean Temperature for Month

9 "

Precipitation for Month

1.43 In.

Total snowfall to date for this winter is 31 1/4 inches and accumulation on ground at this time is six inches.

It was thirty-six years ago that the following tablet was designed, cast, and erected by the employees of the Great Northern Paper Company.

TO GARRET SCHENCK

FOUNDER AND FOR THIRTY YEARS
PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN
PAPER COMPANY.

HE PLANNED AND CONSTRUCTED
THE PAPER MILLS AT MILLINOCKET
EAST MILLINOCKET AND MADISON
ADDING MUCH THAT WAS ORIGINAL
IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ART
OF MAKING NEWSPRINT PAPER

AS AN EXPRESSION OF THEIR
ADMIRATION AND FRIENDSHIP THIS
TABLET IS ERECTED BY EMPLOYEES
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HE DIED IN SERVICE

JANUARY 3 1928



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The Squaw Mountain Ski Area was dedicated last Saturday, and although there was very little snow there were a good many trying the slopes.

A few trucks are hauling in the North Branch area but the lack of snow to smooth the roads is holding up production.

THE RAPO-GENUS CHRISTMAS BALL

There had been no social doings since the drive had passed the flume,
And the section from Seboomook to the Chutes was rather blue;
So the folks at Rapo-genus, where there's rum enough and room,
Arranged a Christmas function and invited Murphy's crew.
The folks at Rapo-genus hired Ezra Hewson's hall,
And posted up the notice for "Our Yearly Christmas Ball."
Now Murphy's crew was willing and they walked the fifteen miles,
And arrived at Rapo-genus wearing most benignant smiles.
The genial floor director waited near the outer door,
And pleasantly suggested they remove the boots they wore.
He said that Rapo-genus wished to make of this affair
An elegant occasion, "reshershay and daybonair;"
So it seemed the town's opinion, after many long disputes,
That 'twas time to change the custom and exclude the spike-sole boots.
He owned 'twas rather drastic and would cause a social jar
'Twixt Upper Ambejejus and the Twin Depsconnequah,
"But 'tis settled," so he told them, "that nary lady likes
To do these fancy dances with a gent what's wearin' spikes.
So I asks ye very kindly, but I asks ye one and all,
To leave your brogan calkers on the outside of this hall."
"This 'ere is sort o' sudden," said the boss of Murphy's crew,
"Jest excuse us for a minute, but we don't know what to do.
We've attended social functions at the Upper Churchill Chutes,
An' the smartest set they had there was a-wearing spike-sole boots.
Excuse us for the mention, but we feel compelled to say,
'Tisn't fair to shift a fashion all of a sudden, this 'ere way;
An' the local delegation, when it came with the in-vite,
Omitted partunt leathers in its mention of tonight.
So I guess ye'll have to take us with these spikes upon our soles,
We can't appear in stockin's, cause the most of us have holes."
But the genial floor director guarded still the outer door
And declared that "gents with spikers weren't allowed upon the floor."
He said 'twas very awkward that special guests should thus
Be kept in outer darkness, and he didn't want a fuss.
But so long as Rapo-genusites had issued their decree
He hadn't any option, "as a gent with sense could see."
So he passed his ultimatum, "Ye must shed them spike-sole boots!
For we hain't the sort of humstrums that ye'll find at Churchill-Chutes."
Then up spoke Smoky Finnegan, the boss of Murphy's crew,
Said he, "The push at Churchill sha'nt be slurred by such as you.
We're gents that's very gentle an' we never make a fuss,
But in slurrin' folks at Churchill ye are also slurrin' us.
We have interduced the fashions up at Churchill quite a while,
An' no Rapo-genus half-breeds have the right to trig our style.
If ye've dropped the vogue of spikers at the present Christmas ball
We will start the fashion over, good and solid, that is all!
So, mister, please excuse us, but ye'll open up your sluice,
Or God have mercy on ye if I turn these gents here loose!"
Then the genial floor director shouted back within the room,
"Ho, men o' Rapo-genus, here is trouble at the boom!"
But even as he shouted, with a rush and crush and roar,
Like a bursting jam of timber Murphy's angels stormed the door.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

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So the folks at Rapo-genus, where there's rum enough and room,
Arranged a Christmas function and invited Murphy's crew.
The folks at Rapo-genus hired Ezra Hewson's hall,
And posted up the notice for "Our Yearly Christmas Ball."
Now Murphy's crew was willing and they walked the fifteen miles,
And arrived at Rapo-genus wearing most benignant smiles.
The genial floor director waited near the outer door,
And pleasantly suggested they remove the boots they wore.
He said that Rapo-genus wished to make of this affair
An elegant occasion, "reshershay and daybonair;"
So it seemed the town's opinion, after many long disputes,
That 'twas time to change the custom and exclude the spike-sole boots.
He owned 'twas rather drastic and would cause a social jar
'Twixt Upper Ambejejus and the Twin Depsconnequah,
"But 'tis settled," so he told them, "that nary lady likes
To do these fancy dances with a gent what's wearin' spikes.
So I asks ye very kindly, but I asks ye one and all,
To leave your brogan calkers on the outside of this hall."
"This 'ere is sort o' sudden," said the boss of Murphy's crew,
"Jest excuse us for a minute, but we don't know what to do.
We've attended social functions at the Upper Churchill Chutes,
An' the smartest set they had there was a-wearing spike-sole boots.
Excuse us for the mention, but we feel compelled to say,
'Tisn't fair to shift a fashion all of a sudden, this 'ere way;
An' the local délegation, when it came with the in-vite,
Omitted partunt leathers in its mention of tonight.
So I guess ye'll have to take us with these spikes upon our soles,
We can't appear in stockin's, cause the most of us have holes."
But the genial floor director guarded still the outer door
And declared that "gents with spikers weren't allowed upon the floor."
He said 'twas very awkward that special guests should thus
Be kept in outer darkness, and he didn't want a fuss.
But so long as Rapo-genusites had issued their decree
He hadn't any option, "as a gent with sense could see."
So he passed his ultimatum, "Ye must shed them spike-sole boots!
For we hain't the sort of humstrums that ye'll find at Churchill-Chutes."
Then up spoke Smoky Finnegan, the boss of Murphy's crew,
Said he, "The push at Churchill sha'nt be slurred by such as you.
We're gents that's very gentle an' we never make a fuss,
But in slurrin' folks at Churchill ye are also slurrin' us.
We have interduced the fashions up at Churchill quite a while,
An' no Rapo-genus half-breeds have the right to trig our style.
If ye've dropped the vogue of spikers at the present Christmas ball
We will start the fashion over, good and solid, that is all!
So, mister, please excuse us, but ye'll open up your sluice,
Or God have mercy on ye if I turn these gents here loose!"
Then the genial floor director shouted back within the room,
"Ho, men o' Rapo-genus, here is trouble at the boom!"
But even as he shouted, with a rush and crush and roar,
Like a bursting jam of timber Murphy's angels stormed the door.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 9, 1964

CIRCULATION 125

VOLUME 2 No. 8

Now comes winter, and we plan our work day
To adjust to the sun's shorter stay.
As we drive, we're aware
Of the need for more care;
Driving home through the dusk isn't play.

The cutting scale report this week has Gosselin leading with 16,255 cords; Nadeau, 15,765; Caouette, 15,371; Marcoux, 14,544; Gilbert, 12,569; Dumas, 9,067 and Paquet, 8,891 cords making a total cut of 92,462 cords.

The landed wood scale is: Marcoux, 1,292; Dumas, 800; Gilbert, 696; Gosselin, 556; Nadeau, 463; and Caouette, 395 cords making a total landed of 4,202 cords.

Mr. & Mrs Tom Russell have returned from their western trip. Freddie Parent is getting fat while recovering from his recent illness. The Draft Board sent a special car with a chauffeur for Keith Lumbert Tuesday of this week. Keith's Triumph car is at Pittston and he will sell it for less than \$50. if anyone is interested. If you are thinking of sending a card to Ida Best her address is: Room 401, Maine Medical Center Hospital, Portland. Maurice Bartlett has left or is leaving this week for the Sunny South. We are wondering if he is taking the \$150. chicken bone with him that he had removed from his throat recently.

The Credit Union informs us they are paying 4 3/4 per cent for 1963 and are also increasing the rebate on interest for loans for last year.

While looking through a diary of South Branch Drive for 1904 we came across the following entry:

May 10--Moved to Pittston Farm. Harry Haley was drowned today while working on a jam at Canada Falls. He was taken from beneath wing an hour and a half later. He was sent back to St. Stephens, New Brunswick.

The following entry was in the Alder Brook diary:

May 10--Harry Haley drowned next to last pitch on falls. Shut gates down at once and found body in about 1 hour. Forwarded it at once in care of Jos. Cornell, St. Stephen.

In Frank Thatcher's cash book we find the following entry:

May 21--Paid F. L. Sawyer and Son bill for casket for H. Haley.....\$41.25

We have been trying to find some information that would tell us who is buried in the cemetery at Seboomook Farm but to date we have not had much success although Walter Creagan tells us they were drowned at Gulliver Falls and Leo Boutin helped to carry them to Seboomook.

Gardner O. Holden	Retired-No Date	Jackman, Maine
Simon Murray	No Date	121 Poplar St., Millinocket.
Herbert Johnston	Retired-May 31, 1960	Rockwood, Maine
R. L. McNamara	Retired-April 1, 1961	12 French St., Bangor.
Leonard Bears	Retired September 22, 1961	Greenville Junction, Maine

Tommy Whelan (former switchboard operator in this area during the twenties) in a letter to Walter Creagan mentioned the caribou that was brought to Maine from Newfoundland and he went on to say that it was about sixty years ago a man named Cornell was commissioned by the Newfoundland government to capture and ship them a number of moose from Chatham, New Brunswick. This was the beginning of the great moose herd in Newfoundland that numbers into the thousands today.

Most old maids are particular and if they hadn't been they wouldn't be old maids.

THE RAPO-GENUS CHRISTMAS BALL (Part two of two)

Then against them rose the sawyers of the Rapo-genus mill,
Who rallied for the conflict with a most intrepid will,
But by new decree of fashion they were wearing boughten suits
And even all the boomsmen had put off their spike-sole boots.
So that gallant crew of Murphy's simply trod upon their feet,
And backward, howling, cursing, they compelled them to retreat.
The air was full of slivers as the spikers chewed the floor,
And the man whose feet were punctured didn't battle anymore.
"Now, fellers, boom the outfit," shouted Finnegan, the boss,
His choppers formed a cordon and they swept the room across;
The people who were standing at the walls in double ranks,
Were pulled and thrown to center at the order, "Clear the banks!"
Then they herded Rapo-genus in the middle of the room,
And slung themselves around it like a human pocket boom.
All the matrons and the maidens were as frightened as could be
When Finnegan commanded, "Now collect the boomage fee!"
At a corner of the cordon they arranged a sorting-gap
And one by one the women were escorted from the trap,
And without a word of protest, as they drifted slowly through,
They paid their toll in kisses to the men of Murphy's crew.
And at last when all the women had been sorted from the crowd,
The men were "second raters," so the boss of Murphy's vowed.
"We will raft them down as pulp-stuff!" and he yelled to close about,
"Now, my hearties, start the windlass," ordered he, "We'll warp 'em out!"
Through the doorway, down the stairway, grim and struggling, thronged the press,
--All the brawn of Rapo-genus fighting hard without success,
They were herded down the middle of the Rapo-genus street,
--If they tried to buck the center they were bradded on the feet;
They were yarded at the river; Murphy's peavies smashed the ice,
Though the men of Rapo-genus couldn't smash that human vise
That held them, jammed them, forced them! When the water touched their toes,
Then at last they fought like demons for to save their boughten clothes.
But as fierce were Murphy's hearties, and their spikers helped them win,
For they kicked and spurred their victims and they dragged them shrieking in.
Then with water to their shoulders there they kept them in the wet
While they gave them points on breeding and the rules of etiquette.
And at midnight 'twas decided by a universal vote
That the strict demands of fashion do not call for vests or coat;
That 'twixt Upper Ambejejus and the Twin Depsconnequah
Shirts of red and checkered flannel are the smartest form, by far.
And that gents may chew tobacco was declared in all ways fit
If they only use discretion as to when and where they spit.
And above all future cavil, sneer or jeer or vain disputes,
High was set this social edict: "Gents may wear their spike-sole boots."
Then the men of Rapo-genus and the men of Murphy's crew
They dissolved their joint convention--they were near dissolving, too!
And to counteract the action of the water on the skin
They applied some balmy lotion to the proper parts within.
Then they danced till ruddy morning, and their drying garments steamed,
And awful was the shrinkage of those seven dollar suits!
And the feet of Murphy's woodsmen gashed and slashed and clashed and seamed,
Till a steady rain of slivers rained behind those bradded boots.
--And all disputes of etiquette were buried once for all,
At that Christmas social function, the Rapo-genus Ball.

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The End

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 16, 1964

CIRCULATION 135

VOLUME 2 No. 9

It's tough but true that winter weather's bad or worse or worst.
It helps your trip to get a tip on road conditions first.
And though it's fair, you should prepare to find the weather bad.
Then drive with care, so you'll get there--or you may wish you had.

The cutting scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 16,396; Alfred Nadeau, 15,838; Wellie Caouette, 15,371; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Adelard Gilbert, 12,966; Phillip Paquet, 9,455 and I. L. Dumas, 9,067. Total cut to date is 93,637 cords.

The landing scale this week is: Henri Marcoux, 3,242; Alfred Nadeau, 2,508; Lucien Gosselin, 2,371; Adelard Gilbert, 2,218; I. L. Dumas, 2,100 and Wellie Caouette, 1,787 cords. Total landed to date, 14,226 cords.

There are three camps landing their wood at Big Bog this year: Alfred Nadeau with 17 trucks and 4 loaders; Lucien Gosselin with 15 trucks and 4 loaders; Wellie Caouette with 12 trucks and 4 loaders. The 44 trucks are landing around 1200 cords a day according to Arthur Bessey, supervisor of the landing.

Adelard Gilbert has 9 trucks with 3 loaders hauling his wood to Black Pond.

Henri Marcoux has 12 tractors and one loader hauling his wood to Caucomgomac Lake.

It was 14 years ago the 6th day of this month that McFadden & Murphy cracked up in their light plane at Big Duck Cove on Moosehead Lake during a blinding snow squall. We thought the same thing had happened to George Blaisdell & Maurice Wing of the I.P. Company last Friday night during the blinding squall. They were reported over Ragged Lake at 4 o'clock and at 5 o'clock were circling Clarence Johnston's place at Seboomook, Northwest Carry. When the call came from Therrien at the Boundary that they were down the telephone operator got Johnston out of his warm sack and he made a trip to Carry Pond where he found tracks of two men leading to the road but the snow had drifted so bad that he couldn't tell which way they went. George Edwards, Game Warden and Fernald made a quick trip to Seboomook but all they found was a road drifted full of snow. On returning to Pittston a telephone call was made to the Greenville Hotel where it was discovered that Blaisdell & Wing had just registered. They were certainly relieved at the Boundary when we called and told them.

Last Friday January 10th John Richards hired a new bull-dozer operator for his pulpwood job at the Grant Farm. His name is Timothy John(Richards) and he weighed six pounds soaking wet. He is going after a striker for next year.

I. L. Dumas was scratching around last Saturday trying to dig up some equipment to replace what was destroyed by fire last Friday night when two of his bunkhouses burned at the Soldier town camps.

Maxie Pelky's wife is in the Eastern Maine General Hospital with a broken hip which was the results of a rug and a heavily waxed floor.

Stan Hall put the big circle around the date, January 9, 1963 that was on our copy of the Enterprise last week. We are wondering if J. Gould did it intentionally to see how many would pick him up on it. That's what we would use for an alibi.

The Woodlands accident frequency for 1963 was under 20 which is an all time low. Who was it that was going to furnish the big feed if it dropped below 20 to the Foremen, Assistant Foremen, Clerks & Scalers? Can he squirm out of it? Maybe!

24 degrees below zero Monday morning is the record low so far for the season. The snow storm that hit the coast Monday night was good to us at Pittston as all we got was the Northeast wind.

She was only an optician's daughter--two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.

THE GRINDSTONE TEAMSTERS AND HORSES (Part one of three)

During the winter twenty-six,
In the woods at Grindstone, Maine,
There worked a hearty lumber crew,
And I'll tell you of their fame.
Alphonse Harvery was our cook,
With a twinkle in his eye;
He can't be beat on baking beans,
Or making nice mince pie.

Johnny White was foreman
Of this husky lumber crew;
For it takes a man of experience
To tell them what to do,
And keep a logging road in trim
So a load can never lurch,
For it takes a solid road to hold
A teuton load of birch.

There were twenty-five bold teamsters,
With sled and horses, too,
And sixty other shanty lads
Make up the lumber crew.
The leading pair of horses
Was Charlie Laflin's roans;
To see him haul the birch wood
Made all the teamsters groan.

Now Kealiher drove Bob and Sauc
But seldom went to church,
He'll go without breakfast, boys,
To get a load of birch.
Joe Sinclair drove a black team,
A very snappy pair,
I don't know what to call them,
For they are neither horse nor mare.

Old Sandy was a lame horse,
And Mandy was his mate,
And they were driven by Birmingham,
Who all the time was late.
'Twas Tozier drove the baby dolls,
A black mare and a tan,
But handling birch is heavy work
For a newly married man.

*****To be cont.

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*****To be cont.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 23, 1964

CIRCULATION 135

VOLUME 2 No. 10

The cutting scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 16,560; Alfred Nadeau, 15,897; Wellie Caouette, 15,371; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Adelard Gilbert, 13,384; Phillip Paquet, 9,833 and Dumas, 9,067 cords. Total cut to date, 94,656 cords.

The landing scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 5,683; Lucien Gosselin, 4,558; Alfred Nadeau, 4,816; Wellie Caouette, 4,221; Adelard Gilbert, 3,806; Dumas, 3,600; Phillip Paquet, 395 cords. Total landed to date, 27,079 cords.

Lost time accidents in the Woodlands Department has always been of great concern to the Company and during the past fifteen years they have spent a great deal of time and money trying to reduce them. Henry Deabay & Charley Duperry, Safety Supervisors, have been on the job constantly, giving instructions, trying out new ideas and new equipment etc. Superintendents, foremen, clerks and scalers have become safety conscious which in turn they have passed on to the cutting crews and in 1963 it really paid off as they had an all-time low frequency rating of 18.70 per 1 million manhours worked.

Following is a comparison for the past three years:

1961 per 1 million manhours worked....	23.01; per 1000 cords cut...	.223
1962 per 1 million manhours worked....	29.42; per 1000 cords cut...	.268
1963 per 1 million manhours worked....	18.70; per 1000 cords cut...	.112

We feel very confident that the frequency rating for 1964 will be down to 15.00 per one million manhours worked.

"A bachelor always feels sheepish when he gets fleeced!"

The .81 inch of rain that we got Tuesday stopped all hauling in the North Branch area as well as slowing down Marcoux and Gilbert. The thermometer will have to go below zero and stay there a day or so in order to get back to normal hauling conditions.

Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Bartlett were at Porter's Motel, Rock Hill, So. Carolina on January 14th. He reports a 10 inch snowfall in Virginia that tied up everything but that a Great Northern snowplow and crew could have taken care of it very easily.

John Gould of the Enterprise was on the television program, 'To Tell the Truth' Monday night of this week. He took home a little money as well as getting in a free plug for his new book, "Monstrous Depravity." We couldn't find Uncle Irv's recipe for ginger bread in his book. Uncle Irv (W. I. Hamilton) always claimed you had to whip a ginger bread up against a South wind in order for it to be good.

The "Down East" for February reports the moose that Tony Bartley mowed down last fall with the oil truck had a horn spread of five feet four and a half inches which is a record for Maine moose. They also have a picture of a steam log-hauler that we feel was taken about 1908 at the mouth of Allagash Stream where it enters the upper end of Chamberlain Lake. John Kelly used log-haulers for about three years to haul the wood to Chamberlain that he cut on Township 9 Range 14.

Ralph Legassie	Retired--No date	Medway Road, Millinocket, Me.
Lowell Arey	Retired-June 30, 1961	54 School St., Millinocket, Me.
Charles Gillette	Retired-June 30, 1962	Greenville, Maine
Irvin Page	Retired-No date	Sheridan, Maine
Marion Gunn	Retired-July 31, 1962	Greenville Jct., Maine

There was a conservative 400 on the ski slopes at Squaw Mountain last Sunday. Everyone is enthused about it and thinks it will be the largest and best in New England.

The old-fashioned wife used to go to a fortune teller to get her palm read; she now has a daughter who goes to a cock-tail lounge to get her nose red.

THE GRINDSTONE TEAMSTERS AND HORSES (Part two of three)

We had another teamster,
Who was always talking hoss,
And drove a little pair of roans;
His name was Charlie Foss.
Freddie Smart drove Frank and Dick,
His loads were like a dream,
And when the weather is frosty
You can't see Fred for steam.

'Twas Billy Murphy drove the greys
And took a lot of pains
To keep the load upon the road,
And gunned them with his reins.
Fred Patten drove a pair of greys,
They were neither fat nor lean,
Yet they were known about the place
As 'the mountain lion team.'

Gene Mountquin drove a dapple grey,
With a bay horse on the right;
He had a kindly smile for all
To keep their spirits bright.
A little pair of saucy blacks
Was driven by Herman White,
An early bird in the morning
And seldom loaded light.

George Mulligan drove a roan and grey
And he led them quite a race,
He looked like a New York banker,
With side whiskers on his face.
The best of all our horse lads
You agree with, it seems,
The one 'twas driven by Samuel Young;
He worked his legs with steam.

They had five water carts
To take up all the slack,
To harden up the road bed
And to grease the runner track.
Our blacksmith, Asel Savage,
Was seldom found in bed;
When he wasn't shoeing horses
He was working on a sled.

*****To be cont.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 23, 1964

CIRCULATION 135

VOLUME 2 No. 10

The cutting scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 16,560; Alfred Nadeau, 15,897; Wellie Caouette, 15,371; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Adelard Gilbert, 13,384; Phillip Paquet, 9,833 and Dumas, 9,067 cords. Total cut to date, 94,656 cords.

The landing scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 5,683; Lucien Gosselin, 4,558; Alfred Nadeau, 4,816; Wellie Caouette, 4,221; Adelard Gilbert, 3,806; Dumas, 3,600; Phillip Paquet, 395 cords. Total landed to date, 27,079 cords.

Lost time accidents in the Woodlands Department has always been of great concern to the Company and during the past fifteen years they have spent a great deal of time and money trying to reduce them. Henry Deabay & Charley Duperry, Safety Supervisors, have been on the job constantly, giving instructions, trying out new ideas and new equipment etc. Superintendents, foremen, clerks and scalers have become safety conscious which in turn they have passed on to the cutting crews and in 1963 it really paid off as they had an all-time low frequency rating of 18.70 per 1 million manhours worked.

Following is a comparison for the past three years:

1961 per 1 million manhours worked.... 23.01; per 1000 cords cut... .223

1962 per 1 million manhours worked.... 29.42; per 1000 cords cut... .268

1963 per 1 million manhours worked.... 18.70; per 1000 cords cut... .112

We feel very confident that the frequency rating for 1964 will be down to 15.00 per one million manhours worked.

"A bachelor always feels sheepish when he gets fleeced!"

The .81 inch of rain that we got Tuesday stopped all hauling in the North Branch area as well as slowing down Marcoux and Gilbert. The thermometer will have to go below zero and stay there a day or so in order to get back to normal hauling conditions.

Mr. & Mrs. Aurice Bartlett were at Porter's Motel, Rock Hill, So. Carolina on January 14th. He reports a 10 inch snowfall in Virginia that tied up everything but that a Great Northern snowplow and crew could have taken care of it very easily.

John Gould of the Enterprise was on the television program, 'To Tell the Truth' Monday night of this week. He took home a little money as well as getting in a free plug for his new book, "Monstrous Depravity." We couldn't find Uncle Irv's recipe for ginger bread in his book. Uncle Irv (W. I. Hamilton) always claimed you had to whip a ginger bread up against a South wind in order for it to be good.

The "Down East" for February reports the moose that Tony Bartley mowed down last fall with the oil truck had a horn spread of five feet four and a half inches which is a record for Maine moose. They also have a picture of a steam log-hauler that we feel was taken about 1908 at the mouth of Allagash Stream where it enters the upper end of Chamberlain Lake. John Kelly used log-haulers for about three years to haul the wood to Chamberlain that he cut on Township 9 Range 14.

Ralph Legassie	Retired--No date	Medway Road, Millinocket, Me.
Lowell Arey	Retired-June 30, 1961	54 School St., Millinocket, Me.
Charles Gillette	Retired-June 30, 1962	Greenville, Maine
Irvin Page	Retired-No date	Sheridan, Maine
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*****To be cont.

Mom taught safety to six-year old Billy,
 But she did her housework willy-nilly.
 By rushing and reaching
 She strained her good teaching--
 And her boy said, "Mom, don't you feel silly?"

The cutting scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 16,702; Alfred Nadeau, 15,942; Wellie Caouette, 15,371; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Adelard Gilbert, 13,706; Phillip Paquet, 10,125; I. L. Dumas, 9,067. Total cut to date, 95,457 cords.

The landing scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 8,058; I. L. Dumas, 5,099; Adelard Gilbert, 5,091; Wellie Caouette, 4,821; Alfred Nadeau, 4,816; Lucien Gosselin, 4,558; Phillip Paquet, 1,126 cords. Total landed to date, 33,569 cords. The three camps on the North Branch were unable to haul last week due to the soft spell of weather but they started again Monday morning. Bessey of Marcoux's Contract was given a hard time last year because it took so long for Marcoux to haul his wood but this year with Marcoux way ahead on landing scale, Bessey is rubbing it in--and how.

HOW DID JOHN RYDER OF GREENVILLE SHOP LAST WEEK GET A 9½ POUNDER AT KIDNEY POND AND A 6 POUND 9 OUNCER AT DEAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL?

To begin with he caught a 9½ pound cub bear in a trap at Kidney Pond or rather let's say he said so and if John said so then it must be so but it's awful hard to believe. If it is so then spring must be here for whoever heard of a 9½ pound bear running around in the middle of the winter in the state of Maine.

The 6 pound 9 ounce was Craig, his new son that his wife brought into the world at the Dean Memorial Hospital Tuesday of last week. We verified this by calling the Hospital, so we know it is true but--but--but the bear?...We have a sore throat and can't swallow too good.

Maurice & Georgia Bartlett sent their regards to everyone and also a warning to George Belmont to keep away from the women. Their address is: 157 Rhodes Street N., Mt. Dora, Florida for a few weeks.

Quinn Clark was seen roaming around Rip Dam Friday with one eye rolling to the Eastward and the other to the Westward. When his feet went out from under him he found the running board was harder than his head. Dr. Nelson confined him to his bed overnight to get his eyes back into focus.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture reports indicate there was 46 million cords of pulpwood consumed in 1963 by U. S. pulp mills. This includes 35.4 million cords of roundwood and 10.6 million cords of chipped mill residues. The U. S. Forests was expected to produce 24.4 million cords of softwood roundwood and 9.3 million cords of hardwood roundwood. The 28 pulpwood mills in Maine consume well over 2 million cords of pulpwood that is Maine grown. Don't ask us to name the 28 mills as we can't.

The annual consumption of paper, per capita is 457 pounds per year up 64 pounds in the past ten years. A major challenge that confronts the forest products industry is to convince more people that the country's forest resource is not being depleted. The Timber Resource Review, a nation wide forest inventory made by the U.S. Forest Service in 1952, reported that wood in all trees five inches and over in diameter was growing 32 per cent faster than it was being cut, and that saw timber growth and cut were almost in balance.

Attached you will find a folder put out by Association for Multiple Use of Maine Timber lands. Read it then write Senator Margaret (hurry or she'll be in the President's chair) and tell her you want the Allagash handled by the State of Maine and not Federally.

THE GRINDSTONE TEAMSTERS AND HORSES (Part three of three)

'Twas Jackie Logur drove Tom and Kate,
A very nifty span,
He's worked most everywhere on earth,
A traveling sort of man.
Dane Prescott drove the chestnuts
And loaded with a will,
And always held the ribbons tight
To guide them down the hill.

The feeder, Charlie Martin,
Fed all the hogs and shoats,
And fed the mules and horses
With hay and western oats.
We had another shanty lad,
A French and Irish boy,
Who played the harp and sang for us;
His name was John Savoy.

The monkeys all are working hard,
And skidding up the roads;
The boss is getting anxious
To see some bigger loads;
Roll out, you hungry lumber jacks,
And do your labor good,
For the old log-hauler's coming
For another load of wood.

White birch is as heavy stuff
As there is in grand old Maine,
And though the winters they are short,
We'll get it just the same.
Although perhaps we swear a mite,
We reverence the church;
But it takes a rough old crew to haul
Three thousands cords of birch.

Chorus. Heave ho! my lads, in the morning
Before the break of day;
Roll out, you lousy teamsters,
For the birch wood pull away;
But don't forget the winter,
Whereever you may be,
That we juggled birch at Grindstone
For the A. T. Company.
Now Jimmy Atwood was the clerk
And he'll tell it as a joke,
To be a full-fledged lumberjack
You must chew and spit and smoke.
The bull cook, Billy Fortin,
Would cut wood in the storm,
To keep the fires burning
And to keep the shanty warm.

The End

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Mean Minnimum Temperature	2 "	Minnimum Temperature	-24 "
Mean Temperature for month	13 "	Precipitation for month	2.71 inches

We had 12½ inches of snow during the month. Accumulation January 31st was 10 inches.

January 31st 1964 there was 52 inches of the white stuff for accumulation.

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The first 4 foot wood cut by the Great Northern Paper Company was cut by Charley Gilbert during the winter of 1912 and 13 on Township 1 Range 10 in the vicinity of Norcross. The first 4 foot wood on Sourdnhunk Watershed was in 1915. After Slide Dam went out there was a lot of long logs left that couldn't be floated out as the water was too low so W. J. Curran cut them into 4 foot pieces and drove them the next spring.

Wilfred Levesque	Retired--No Date	R.F.D. #1 Ellsworth, Maine
Winfield J. Monroe	Retired-Oct. 31, 1963	Greenville Junction, Maine
Walter Creegan	Retired-No Date	Seboomook Lake; Rockwood, Me.
Douglas Wilson	Retired-Oct. 31, 1953	Greenville, Maine

Sam and Helen were taking a spin along the Rockwood road. Nothing was said for the first ten miles. Suddenly Sam stopped the car, turned to her and said: "I'm a man of few words. Do you neck, or don't you?" Helen: "I'm a girl of few words. I don't, but you've talked me into it."

THE CROSS-HAUL

A well known lumber company, whose name I'll soon put down,
Had three camps along the river from Winterfield to town.
And at their upper camp one day we brought our journey to an end,
For there we struck a winter's job, myself and farmer friend.

They set Billy out to swamping, his name was Billy Dean.
The boys soon tho't they'd have some fun, because the lad was so green;
So one day the teamster told him all his other work to drop,
And to bring him out a cross-haul, it was at the blacksmith shop.

The blacksmith "took a tumble." Said he, "It's at the camp below,
And you'd better go and get it for someone will have to go."
Billy started down the river on a long and tedious tramp,
And at last he found the foreman of the lower lumber camp.

The foreman, like the blacksmith, saw the boy was green,
And the joke he still continued on the farmer, Billy Dean.
This man had charge of all the camps, his name was Eugene Ross,
He was what we in the lumber woods all call the "walking boss."

Said he, "My lad, we cannot spare that cross-haul any more;
But you go right down to Evart and to the hardware store,
And order a new cross-haul, and if there is none in town
You wait until they get one; tell them 'Gene Ross sent you down'."

Billy's errand to the hardware, the merchant's ire did provoke.
Said he, "My boy, you're badly sold," then he explained the joke.
Poor Billy turned to leave the store, he had not one word to say.
A stranger called him to one side, and said he, "My name is Grey."

"Here's my card, I am a lawyer, and if what you say is true
You can wait here for that cross-haul, you've no cause for feeling blue.
You go with me to the Sherman House, and I will explain this thing,
How you're down here after cross-hauls and may have to stay till spring."

Dean stood it for a day or two, then decided to go away.
"Don't you worry," said the lawyer "you're not losing one day's pay."
December came and passed away, the next two months the same,
Still at the Sherman House Dean waited for the end of this strange game.

PART ONE OF TWO

A SMALL BOAT WITH AN EVENTFUL CAREER

The first Tethys was sold by her original owners, and instead of being a pleasure boat she was now used by the sardine trade on the coast. In 1888 Charles Capen bought her from G. W. Gower of Sedgewick, Maine, and brought her to Moosehead Lake where she was used for fishing parties. She was 35 feet long, 10 feet beam, and equipped with a steam engine. Charles Capen used her for a few years and then sold her to his brother Edwin; but Moosehead Lake proved to be one of Tethys' unruly children and brought about her destruction. Mr. Capen liked her well enough to name her successor Tethys.

The second Tethys, which is now on Chesuncook Lake, was built in Brewer by Si Leach for Edwin Capen in 1895. She was brought up to Moosehead Lake on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. For twenty years this boat, a 52 foot steam-boat, carried parties about the lake. The guests of the Capens at Deer Island for two decades have pleasant associations with the Tethys.

After the death of Edwin Capen, Charles Capen kept the boat until 1916 when he sold it to the Great Northern Paper Company. One of the first tasks given to Mr. A. O. Harkness, when he came with the Company, was to transport the Tethys to the South Branch of the Penobscot River, i.e., to Canada Falls Deadwater. That autumn she was put on greased ways at Seboomook and drawn by horses to Carry Pond. She ran from Carry Pond up the West Branch to Pittston Farm under her own steam. She was taken out of the river at the point where the boat-house now stands, and when snow came she was put on runners and taken up to Canada Falls Dam. Sixteen horses, four abreast, were used to haul her. On the upgrades it was necessary to use blocks. She was used on Canada Falls Deadwater for about three years towing boom, but she drew too much water to be as successful there as a smaller boat would be. She sunk on one occasion here when she rammed a big spike on a pier, but fortunately the crew escaped without injury. Later she was returned to Moosehead Lake, the return trip being made in a day whereas the two land trips on the way up had each consumed several days. This time two Lombard tractors took her; they left in the morning and by dinner time the next day were at Seboomook. After she arrived at Seboomook, the steam engine was removed and she was equipped with a 4 cylinder, 4 cycle, 40 hp. Lathrop motor. For a few more years the Tethys was a familiar craft on Moosehead Lake but this time her task was business and not pleasure. She was towing boom and making herself generally useful.

In 1923 the Tethys took another journey by land. This time she was taken out of Moosehead Lake at Lily Bay, and drawn by three Holt tractors up to Chesuncook Dam. Since then, she has done general work on Chesuncook Lake, but particularly has she plied between Chesuncook Village at the head of the lake and the Dam at the foot of the lake. In the fall of 1925, she met the fate of her predecessor and broke loose during a storm. About three years ago she was equipped with electric lights, a search light and a little generator. She carried a 70 pound fire pump and 2000 feet of hose for emergency use and as a precaution against forest fires on the shores of the lake. The Company sold the wreck to Alec Gunn, who had run her since she had been on Chesuncook Lake. During the winter Mr. Gunn rebuilt her and she was at her customary task last spring.

Named for the Goddess of the Rivers, transported overland by railroad, by horses, and by tractors, propelled through the water by steam and by gasoline, used to carry pleasure seekers, to tow booms, and to carry woodsmen and supplies, once sunk and once wrecked,--the Tethys, in spite of her remarkable career is still a seaworthy craft, doing her share of wood's service.

Taken from the "Northern" magazine February 1927.....

Alec Gunn used the Tethys for several years after this article was written. It broke away again during a storm but Mr. Gunn rebuilt it and used it until due to lack of business he retired it and later burnt what there was left of it.

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The foreman, like the blacksmith, saw the boy was green,
And the joke he still continued on the farmer, Billy Dean.
This man had charge of all the camps, his name was Eugene Ross,
He was what we in the ~~lumber~~ woods all call the "walking boss."

Said he, "My lad, we cannot spare that cross-haul any more;
But you go right down to Evert and to the hardware store,
And order a new cross-haul, and if there is none in town
You wait until they get one; tell them 'Gene Ross sent you down'."

Billy's errand to the hardware, the merchant's ire did provoke.
Said he, "My boy, you're badly sold," then he explained the joke.
Poor Billy turned to leave the store, he had not one word to say.
A stranger called him to one side, and said he, "My name is Grey."

"Here's my card, I am a lawyer, and if what you say is true
You can wait here for that cross-haul, you've no cause for feeling blue.
You go with me to the Sherman House, and I will explain this thing,
How you're down here after cross-hauls and may have to stay till spring."

Dean stood it for a day or two, then decided to go away.
"Don't you worry," said the lawyer "you're not losing one day's pay."
December came and passed away, the next two months the same,
Still at the Sherman House Dean waited for the end of this strange game.

PART ONE OF TWO

A SMALL BOAT WITH AN EVENTFUL CAREER

The first Tethys was sold by her original owners, and instead of being a pleasure boat she was now used by the sardine trade on the coast. In 1888 Charles Capen bought her from G. W. Gower of Sedgewick, Maine, and brought her to Moosehead Lake where she was used for fishing parties. She was 35 feet long, 10 feet beam, and equipped with a steam engine. Charles Capen used her for a few years and then sold her to his brother Edwin; but Moosehead Lake proved to be one of Tethys' unruly children and brought about her destruction. Mr. Capen liked her well enough to name her successor Tethys.

The second Tethys, which is now on Chesuncook Lake, was built in Brewer by Si Leach for Edwin Capen in 1895. She was brought up to Moosehead Lake on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad. For twenty years this boat, a 52 foot steam-boat, carried parties about the lake. The guests of the Capens at Deer Island for two decades have pleasant associations with the Tethys.

After the death of Edwin Capen, Charles Capen kept the boat until 1916 when he sold it to the Great Northern Paper Company. One of the first tasks given to Mr. A. O. Harkness, when he came with the Company, was to transport the Tethys to the South Branch of the Penobscot River, i.e., to Canada Falls Deadwater. That autumn she was put on greased ways at Seboomook and drawn by horses to Carry Pond. She ran from Carry Pond up the West Branch to Pittston Farm under her own steam. She was taken out of the river at the point where the boat-house now stands, and when snow came she was put on runners and taken up to Canada Falls Dam. Sixteen horses, four abreast, were used to haul her. On the upgrades it was necessary to use blocks. She was used on Canada Falls Deadwater for about three years towing boom, but she drew too much water to be as successful there as a smaller boat would be. She sunk on one occasion here when she rammed a big spike on a pier, but fortunately the crew escaped without injury. Later she was returned to Moosehead Lake, the return trip being made in a day whereas the two land trips on the way up had each consumed several days. This time two Lombard tractors took her; they left in the morning and by dinner time the next day were at Seboomook. After she arrived at Seboomook, the steam engine was removed and she was equipped with a 4 cylinder, 4 cycle, 40 hp. Lathrop motor. For a few more years the Tethys was a familiar craft on Moosehead Lake but this time her task was business and not pleasure. She was towing boom and making herself generally useful.

In 1923 the Tethys took another journey by land. This time she was taken out of Moosehead Lake at Lily Bay, and drawn by three Holt tractors up to Chesuncook Dam. Since then, she has done general work on Chesuncook Lake, but particularly has she plied between Chesuncook Village at the head of the lake and the Dam at the foot of the lake. In the fall of 1925, she met the fate of her predecessor and broke loose during a storm. About three years ago she was equipped with electric lights, a search light and a little generator. She carried a 70 pound fire pump and 2000 feet of hose for emergency use and as a precaution against forest fires on the shores of the lake. The Company sold the wreck to Alec Gunn, who had run her since she had been on Chesuncook Lake. During the winter Mr. Gunn rebuilt her and she was at her customary task last spring.

Named for the Goddess of the Rivers, transported overland by railroad, by horses, and by tractors, propelled through the water by steam and by gasoline, used to carry pleasure seekers, to tow booms, and to carry woodsmen and supplies, once sunk and once wrecked,--the Tethys, in spite of her remarkable career is still a seaworthy craft, doing her share of wood's service.

Taken from the "Northern" magazine February 1927.....

Alec Gunn used the Tethys for several years after this article was written. It broke away again during a storm but Mr. Gunn rebuilt it and used it until due to lack of business he retired it and later burnt what there was left of it.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 13, 1964

CIRCULATION 135

VOLUME 2 No. 13

They planned their new home with some care--
Lots of light, lots of space, lots of air.
But they pulled one big goof--
'Twasn't accident-proof.
Now the house and spouse needs repair.

The cutting scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 17,034; Alfred Nadeau, 16,024; Wellie Caouette, 15,371; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Adelard Gilbert, 14,446; Phillip Paquet, 10,814; I. L. Dumas, 9,087. The total cut to date, 97,320 cords.

The landing scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 12,324; Alfred Nadeau, 10,035; Lucien Gosselin, 9,832; Adelard Gilbert, 9,084; Wellie Caouette, 8,974; I. L. Dumas, 7,985; Phillip Paquet, 3,735. Total landed to date, 61,969 cords.

We have been hunting since last summer for some law to get around Rollaid Bessey, Prop. of Seboomook Campground from turning in coffee cans of quarters and finally we found it after wearing out two sets of eye glasses. In 1853 it was enacted that the weight of the half dollar shall be 192 grains, and that of the others proportional to this; and that such silver coins shall be legal tenders for all sums not exceeding five dollars. There it is in a nut shell and this next summer we will hold Mr. Bessey to this law although he will be permitted to turn in all the silver three cent pieces that he wishes to. If he fails to comply with this law we will have no other recourse but to turn it over to our legal counsel, Mr. Bates i.e. if we decide to retain Mr. Bates as we are beginning to look at him rather askance like since Mr. McNamara told us a couple of weeks ago that the only reason he dropped the lawsuit against Fernald's Journal was that his underworld contacts had informed him that Mr. Bates was in the habit of employing embracery to win his court cases. I can't imagine how a man of my honesty and integrity could get involved with a mouth-piece that uses embracery. I guess my old man was right when he said that in a bushel of apples there was always a wormy one or two.

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Henry Deabay transferred to the Purchased Wood Department February 1st and will make Houlton his headquarters. Mr Charles Duperry will take over the Safety Department with Louis Colgan of Shirley Mills as his assistant.

Mrs Faustena Henderson has been confined to her bed this week. Shorty should be able to lose a little weight by eating his own cooking. He boils a swell egg.

A maiden's love is like spring. She gives that come-hither look, and the sap runs.

Today's Chuckle in last Thursday's Waterville Sentinel: That sage who said, "Go West" evidently never had to figure out how to do it on a cloverleaf intersection is absolutely right as we had an interesting experience with one of them recently. By mistake we took the wrong exit but discovered it too late to back up so we started going around in circles with the wife yaking, "I told you it was the wrong turn and why don't you here or there and stop turning around in circles." We made three complete circles before getting tired of listening to her and then we took the first turn to the right to keep her quiet. I am still certain that I could have gotten back on the turnpike by making one more circle and someday I'll go back and try it when the wife isn't with me. If I am wrong about it I'll never dare to tell her that it couldn't be done.

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THE CROSS-HAUL

In March there came a break-up and the camps were all shut down.
The boys, the cooks, the walking boss, one day all came to town.
Grey met Ross at the hardware store, Said he, "Didn't you last fall
Send a greenhorn down the river to get you a new cross-haul?"

"Yes," said Ross, "he was the biggest fool that I ever saw in camp.
I wonder if he wasn't tired with his twenty-two mile tramp,
I told him if they had none here to stay in town a spell,
Till they ordered one, then bring it back; wasn't that a rich old sell?"

"I guess the cross-haul never came, I'll bet the greenhorn swore.
Do you know where the youngster went, I hadn't thought of him before!"
"Oh yes, he's at the Sherman House, your orders were to wait,
His board bill's forty-five and fifty, and his wages seventy-eight.

"It's all charged to Scott Garrish, this thirteen weeks will be no loss;
He's been waiting for a cross-haul ordered by their walking boss."
Ross laughed at first, and then he got mad, he stamped and raved and slammed,
He swore he'd never pay a cent, they might sue it and be d---d.

Grey told him not to get excited, it was cheaper to keep cool,
And cheaper, too, to pay at once, and not act like a fool.
He rushed off to see his lawyer, and he realized, when told,
That the boy had never been discharged; that he himself was sold.

Before witness he'd acknowledged that he'd sent the boy to town
For nothing but a cross-haul, so they plainly had him down.
One hundred twenty-three and fifty! Oh! didn't he feel silly
When he gave that check to Lawyer Grey for the Sherman House and Billy!

Billy felt himself a conquerer, but he said that after all,
He'd be willing to give a dollar just to see that "durned cross-haul!"
Ten years have passed away since then, and now often I recall,
While the boys are cracking jokes in camp, the cost of one cross-haul.

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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 20, 1964

CIRCULATION 135

VOLUME 2 No. 14

Worker Peter Piper packs a pair of painful peepers,
And for the boner Piper pulled he rates a booby prize.
He put his goggles in his pocket once too much, by jeepers.
Now Peter Piper's in a pickle, paying through his eyes.

The cutting scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 17,195; Alfred Nadeau, 16,054; Wellie Caouette, 15,371; Adelard Gilbert, 14,873; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Phillip Paquet, 11,003; I. L. Dumas, 9,087. Total cut to date, 98,127 cords.

The landing scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 14,262; Alfred Nadeau, 12,976; Lucien Gosselin, 12,966; Wellie Caouette, 11,460; Adelard Gilbert, 11,061; Dumas, 8,809; Phillip Paquet, 5,043 cords. Total landed to date, 76,577 cords.

The Millinocket Shop should have followed our suggestion in the September 19th issue regarding tow cables on Chevrolet #133. Dave has done it again and this time we suggest they install an altimeter, artificial horizon, bank and turn indicator and an automatic pilot plus flaps for quick stops. If Mr. Doolan had attended the Mardi Gras Festival at the "Cariboo Club" Tuesday night there would have been no mention of this episode but his refusal was so adamant that we had to bring it up. We feel kind of bad to think we didn't get an invitation to the auction that was held at Caron's Spa Wednesday noon. It seems there were second hand shoes, rubbers, stockings, jackets, cigarette lighters and pocketbooks plus a few other things that went at remarkably low prices. Rubbers and jackets we can see but shoes and stockings-unbelievable.

It was 23 years ago Sunday, February 23rd that Ned and Ernest Hall were found in their car at the spring on the Rockwood road. They were returning from Greenville late Saturday night and their car slid into the ditch. They apparently decided to wait until daylight before going after help and as it was a very cold night they let the motor idle to keep warm. It was nearly ten o'clock the next day before a car came along and stopped but by that time it was too late to do anything for them.

Henri Marcoux and I. L. Dumas will finish landing their wood this week. Freddie Parent with the road crew will move into Marcoux's next week to begin graveling the Ciss Stream road and also build a bridge across the stream.

Mr. William Hilton passed away last Wednesday night at his home in Bangor. Mr. Hilton retired January 1st 1960 after serving as manager of the Company thirty five years.

FOR SALE: 1 Registered Guide's license cheap. Hurry! Hurry! This offer expires Dec. 31st. Contact Herb Hanson, Prop. of Rainbow Lake Camps.

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LOST-LOST: Winter ice-fishing rigging somewhere East-North or West of Caucomgomac Lake. Finder contact G. Powers, Chauffeur de Snowplow.

FOUND-FOUND: 3 Wandering Allagash Fishermen roaming around in the vicinity of Wadleigh Pond. Identification not necessary. Fred Gilbert, Dealer in Hardwood logs.

They keep telling us that women are smarter than men, but did you ever see a man wearing a shirt that buttons up the back.

THE CORDUROY KID

Did you ever hear tell of the Corduroy Kid,
Of the places he'd been and the things that he did.
Crosby's the name of this wondrous guy,
Who won great fame with his corduroy pie.

On New Years day the pie began.
The filling was saved in an old tin can.
There was peaches and pork and cranberry sauce.
There was onions and pickles all covered with moss.

There was beans and jello, a biscuit or two
And what was left of the chicken stew.
There was sausage and flapjacks and some cake that he sheared.
Hamburg and potatoes all wearing a beard.

The lower crust he baked with the greatest of care,
Held it together with a lock of his hair.
Then in went the filling and Corduroy stood back,
And with hands on his hips said now what does it lack?

He flung back his head and turned on a dime,
Threw in some spice and he said give it time.
When it starts working as all good things must,
'Tis then I will crown it with a beautiful crust.

It was on the fourth day that the bubbles did rise,
He said ain't she a beauty off a sight for sore eyes.
By tomorrow said Corduroy the bubbles will stop,
It will then be ready for the "Corduroy Top."

He put on the top long strips of dough,
Wiped his hands on his pants and straightened his bow.
He opened the oven and in went the Prize
And the smell that came forth brought the tears to your eyes.

When it lit on the table then Corduroy did beam,
If I say so myself 'tis a beautiful dream.
We pulled back our chairs and set ourselves down,
We offered a prayer and began the first round.

We ate rather slowly, not hungry it seemed,
While Crosby stood back with a satisfied beam
He said don't be bashful boys
Tackle the dream.

.O God with your wisdom
O what have I done
To be marooned with
This prodigal son

Each meal I ask with a tear in my eye
Don't let Old Corduroy make anymore pie.

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Snug in seat belts, tho' turned upside down,
 Grandma eyed her grandson with a frown;
 "Sure, I'm glad I'm alive,
 But that's no way to drive!
 You will get one more 'belt', you young clown!"

The cutting scale this week is: Lucien Gosselin, 17,364; Alfred Nadeau, 16,054; Wellie Caouette, 15,370; Adelard Gilbert, 15,265; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Phillip Paquet, 11,137; I. L. Dumas, 9,087 cords. Total cut to date, 98,821 cords.

The landing scale this week is: Alfred Nadeau, 16,054; Lucien Gosselin, 16,013; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Wellie Caouette, 14,309; Adelard Gilbert, 13,001; I. L. Dumas, 9,087; Phillip Paquet, 7,009 cords. Total landed to date, 90,017 cords.

Mrs Martha Long was taken to the Mayo Hospital in Dover last Thursday. She will spend a few weeks at home resting after she is released from the hospital.

Mr. Henry Milliken, a former clerk in this area was rushed to the hospital the day before Christmas. Henry wrote a good many items for the Bangor News during the 'thirties about Great Northern camps, personel etc. Henry is now at home and a card will reach him at 22 Park Street, Freeport 3, Maine

Bob Arnold, scaler for Adelard Gilbert cut himself quite badly last Saturday with an axe and will be laid up for some time at his home in Monson.

Mr. Lawrence Hall of Jackman has returned home from the Clinic in Boston. Lawrence is not so well known in this area as George & Stanley altho his golfing is on a par.

The Fish & Game Department reported last week that 509 bobcats had been taken so far this season. That along with the open winter that we have been enjoying should be a great help to the deer herd. Maybe some one will shoot one for us next year.

The new tow boat "O. A. Harkness" arrived at North Twin Lake Tuesday of this week. We plan to have some information about it by the time it is launched this spring.

Mr. & Mrs Barry McEachern are the parents of a new baby girl; Julie weighed in at 6 pounds 6 ounces at the Mayo Hospital in Dover Thursday, February 20th.

Mr. P. K. Patterson surprised us Monday morning by dropping in for breakfast.

A woods clerk held up at Patten last fall by a heavy snow storm wired Anderson: "Stranded here due to storm. Wire instructions." Back came the reply: "Start summer vacation immediately!"

Rollaid Bessey's "The Corduroy Kid" certainly got a lot of publicity in a hurry. It came off the press Thursday morning and Saturday night Bud Leavitt was reading it on his television show. It has been rumored around here that Warren Crosby stole this recipe from guide, Charlie Miller altho Charlie called it rabbit pie. It couldn't have been too popular otherwise John Gould would have included it in his book, "Moral Depravity". Arthur Bessey says he will personally autograph your copy for you if you will stop in at Seboomook Campground this summer.

Bill & Vern Hodgins sent us a blow by blow account of their trip from Boston to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia and we will try to give you some of it next week.

The Phantom Sawyer that is beginning in this issue was written by Tommy Whelan of Chantham, New Brunswick. Tommy was around in the twenties as a Fire Patrolman and also was telephone operator at the Grant Farm.

TEEN AGE IS A TIME WHEN GIRLS BEGIN TO POWDER AND THE BOYS BEGIN TO PUFF.

THE PHANTOM SAWYER (Part one of three)

Now as honest a worker as ever could be,
Was Walter Savoy, of Chatham, N. B.
He hired to work in O'Brien's box-mill
And a very difficult place to fill.
The cut-off saw to operate;
To measure the shooks and cut them straight.
It wasn't a cinch and his worries weren't few;
There were times when he hardly knew what to do.

For a lot of the wood was thin and rough,
There was some of it rotten and some of it tough;
It would bind on the saw and throw off the belt,
And you can imagine how Walter felt.
Sometimes he would laugh and sometimes he'd curse,
But each time it happened poor Walter felt worse.

He worried along through the winter drear,
The hardest time of all the year;
He took the cold and he took the flu,
But somehow or other he fought it through.

Came a lovely day in the early spring,
About when the robins begin to sing;
He came to work feeling very gay,
As if he felt things were going his way;
He was over the hump and he had a chance,
And he had the world by the seat of the pants.

But things started bad and they soon got worse,
For the belt came off; then he started to curse.
He took out his tobacco and bit off a chew
And he settled himself to shove her through.
And he swore a terrible vow that day,
That he'd saw every board they could send his way.

But the look on his face wasn't good to see,
There were times that day that it worried me;
He was haggard and worn and grim and stern,
And his eyes with a terrible light did burn;
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Poor Walter's hair turned completely grey.

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Mr. Maurice Bartlett while sojourning in the sunny cool south this winter toured the Great Southern Land & Paper Company's woodlands operations and sent the following report of his observations:

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Maurice Bartlett's report on woodlands operations of the Great Southern-Continued

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While in my travels I was lost most of the time, I did get the boys to draw on the map a rough route that we travelled, and with all the little side trips we took it must of covered well over 300 miles in all. If you want to dig out a map of Georgia and Alabama, this is where I went, as near as I know.

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Maurice & Georgia plan to leave for the North somewhere between March 9th and 15th. We have an idea they will have a white carpet rolled out for them here in Maine as our winter's supply of snow is long overdue.

Snug in seat belts, tho' turned upside down,
 Grandma eyed her grandson with a frown;
 "Sure, I'm glad I'm alive,
 But that's no way to drive!
 You will get one more 'belt', you young clown!"

The cutting scale this week is: Lucien Gosselin, 17,364; Alfred Nadeau, 16,054; Wellie Caouette, 15,370; Adelard Gilbert, 15,265; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Phillip Paquet, 11,137; I. L. Dumas, 9,087 cords. Total cut to date, 98,821 cords.

The landing scale this week is: Alfred Nadeau, 16,054; Lucien Gosselin, 16,013; Henri Marcoux, 14,544; Wellie Caouette, 14,309; Adelard Gilbert, 13,001; I. L. Dumas, 9,087; Phillip Paquet, 7,009 cords. Total landed to date, 90,017 cords.

Mrs Martha Long was taken to the Mayo Hospital in Dover last Thursday. She will spend a few weeks at home resting after she is released from the hospital.

Mr. Henry Milliken, a former clerk in this area was rushed to the hospital the day before Christmas. Henry wrote a good many items for the Bangor News during the 'thirties about Great Northern camps, personel etc. Henry is now at home and a card will reach him at 22 Park Street, Freeport 3, Maine

Bob Arnold, scaler for Adelard Gilbert cut himself quite badly last Saturday with an axe and will be laid up for some time at his home in Monson.

Mr. Lawrence Hall of Jackman has returned home from the Clinic in Boston. Lawrence is not so well known in this area as George & Stanley altho his golfing is on a par.

The Fish & Game Department reported last week that 509 bobcats had been taken so far this season. That along with the open winter that we have been enjoying should be a great help to the deer herd. Maybe some one will shoot one for us next year.

The new tow boat "O. A. Harkness" arrived at North Twin Lake Tuesday of this week. We plan to have some information about it by the time it is launched this spring.

Mr. & Mrs Barry McEachern are the parents of a new baby girl; Julie weighed in at 6 pounds 6 ounces at the Mayo Hospital in Dover Thursday, February 20th.

Mr. P. K. Patterson surprised us Monday morning by dropping in for breakfast.

A woods clerk held up at Patten last fall by a heavy snow storm wired Anderson: "Stranded here due to storm. Wire instructions." Back came the reply : "Start summer vacation immediately!"

Rollaid Bessey's "The Corduroy Kid" certainly got a lot of publicity in a hurry. It came off the press Thursday morning and Saturday night Bud Leavitt was reading it on his television show. It has been rumored around here that Warren Crosby stole this recipe from guide, Charlie Miller altho Charlie called it rabbit pie. It couldn't have been too popular otherwise John Gould would have included it in his book, "Moral Depravity". Arthur Bessey says he will personally autograph your copy for you if you will stop in at Seboomook Campground this summer.

Bill & Vern Hodgins sent us a blow by blow account of their trip from Boston to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia and we will try to give you some of it next week.

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CIRCULATION 135

VOLUME 2 No.16

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The Corduroy Kid has transferred to the Ciss Stream road job. Rollaid Bessey and Herb Hanson are harvesting ice at Seboomook this week.

Herb Johnston is scheduled to go back to the Sister's Hospital March 10th.

Lawrence Hall passed away at his home in Jackman last Saturday night. This is the second one of the Hall brothers to go in less than a year.

In the December 19th issue we mentioned George Bessey losing his fur hat and it is a known fact that he accused almost everyone in this country of stealing it. This past week apologies have been rolling out of his mouth like honey out of a bee's fanny as the hat turned up under the seat of a pickup truck where he himself lost it.

While reading last weeks copy of the Enterprise we came across a letter that was written by Mr. Dornbusch of Rye, N.Y. regarding what Mr. Gould, editor of the paper had to say concerning the New York snowstorm while he was there for a T.V. show. Now we don't uphold Mr. Gould in all things that he says, matter of fact there are times when he needs to be clobbered more than what he is but in this case we shall stand behind him. Why any winter you can pick up a paper and see where a snowstorm of 2 to 10 inches has tied up the whole state of New York! This makes us wonder at times how many pieces of snow removal equipment they have per 100 miles of road and how many State Highway pickups, cars etc., are following along behind the plows also how many men on the payroll per 100 miles!

We find no problem in this area when it comes to keeping the roads open and for a hundred and fifty miles of roads there are only two plows with two men to a plow. Just once to our knowledge has the roads been closed to traffic in the past twenty years and that was January 1959. That particular storm one of the plows worked two hours getting through a drift at Seboomook Dam, After he had opened it and all the cars and trucks that was behind had gone along they went back to widen the road and during the process the truck stalled. Within two hours the snow had drifted over the top of the plow making it necessary to call for another one but they couldn't do anything. A bulldozer was loaded onto a truck in Greenville and brought to the scene. It took two days to open the road which is understandable as the drift measured twenty five feet deep in places. The telephone maintenance crew had to shovel the snow away from the telephone lines to restore service.

We will admit that a plow doesn't last long(plow not the truck) as they push so much snow it tends to wear out the nose and it also wears the ends off the wings so that after two winters the wings are so short that it narrows the road up to the extent that it is only wide enough for one way traffic. Some day they will no doubt have plows that won't wear out.

It might be interesting for Mr. Dornbusch to visit this country during a real snow storm--say something like the one we had December 31-January 1st, 1962-1963 when we got 36 inches in 36 hours of that aqueous vapor in partially crystalline form and at no time was the roads impassable. Snow-snow! Where is it this year? We're wondering.

NO WOMAN SHOULD BEGIN NEEDLING A MAN UNTIL AFTER THE MARRIAGE IS ALL SEWED UP....

THE PHANTOM SAWYER (Part two of three)

His teeth were clenched like the grip of DEATH,
And short and quick came his laboured breath,
And I couldn't shake off a feeling of dread,
Like when you must touch a friend that is dead;
Or when a thunder-storm will break,
And the sky is torn with the Devil's rake.

The day wore on and the sun dropped low;
We had only another half-hour to go,
When up came a board, you could easily tell,
The Devil had sent it straight up from Hell.
A hard-sided flamer, that clutched the saw
At every cut like a mighty claw.

The belt came off three times or four;
I am not quite sure, it might even be more.
I feared the worst and I held my breath,
As I looked on his countenance, pale as death.

He never spoke but his head bowed low,
Like a gray-birch tree with a load of snow,
and down the stairs he quickly went,
As if on an errand he had been sent;
And the yard-men told us they saw him go
To the edge of the wharf, where the waters flow.

Then he turned and they saw him raise his hand
And like a statue a moment stand;
Then with a cry, like a lost soul's call,
To the waters below they saw him fall.
It was suicide, the jury said.
"While his mind was deranged," so the verdict read.

So we buried him up on St. Michael's Hill,
Where the soft winds rustle the leaves at will,
And the grass grows green o'er his grave today,
While we mourn for the friend who has gone away.

***** (To be cont.)

Bill & Vern Hodgin's account of their trip from Boston to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Feb. 5th 1964, 2.10 AM We are now meeting the sun coming up right in front of us and we are just nearing the coast of Ireland. About one more hour to London. We landed on time, 3.15 your time; 8.15 London time. We pulled out of Boston 9PM February 4th, and the Captain said he was sorry for the disturbance but he was taking up the landing gear, and that we would go to 31,000 feet and cruise at 530 MPH going over Moncton, N.B. St. John, Halifax, Gander, Newfoundland, Shannon Ireland and then to London. It was pretty after the sun came up. We flew in a Boeing 707 to London. Feb 5th left London 7.15 London time 2.15 your time. Mum is sick, got sick just before we landed London but she felt good when we left. When we land in Rome it will be 10.30 Rome time and 4.30 your time. The Captain is piling on less coal and we are losing altitude..about ten minutes to Rome. This is what mum doesn't like. We left Rome (SOME AIRPORT) 11.30 PM Rome time-5.30 your time. The girl just came around with the "SPIRITS" they call it, but mum said "NO"..When we took off from Rome, before we hit 31,000 feet we hit a few bumps, and mum is back on the sick list again. I did not think it would bother her so much, but it is a bad trip for her. Four and a half hours more to Khartoun..When we left Boston it was in the Boeing 707..tonight it is deHaviland 4C. It is now 2 AM Addis time Feb. 6th. The moon is just showing up. It is on the other side of the plane from what it was this morning. There, he just changed course and now I can't see the moon so I'm all balled up. He sure changed course and is staying right on it. The moon is right on our nose now, right on the button. In the very nose of this ship there is a storm radar signal..it warns the pilot which is the best way to get around it. Coming into Khartoun--4 AM--the sky is red from the sun. Landing Khartoun 5 AM. We took off again at 6 AM the 6th. This was a big port and they say it is awful hot here. The building, terminal i.e. is not well kept but Ewart says Khartoun has everything expensive. The people are a hard looking bunch to me, and I mean HARD, mainly because of their custom of making slits on their faces when children to make them beautiful, the more slits the more beautiful, but I failed to see it. The sun is very bright and you can see big patches of white clouds below. In other places it is nice and clear to the ground. Looks like very hot and dry desert--not much trees or vegetation. We are nearing Addis..just went over a big town--might be Jimma. Now, the pilot just tipped her up and made a complete circle and is headed for a low place between two high peaks. I think Addis must be on the other side. Fasten seat belts for landing in Addis. We were traveling when we hit that runway, but it was smooth. Mr. Pauly from the Travel Agency came aboard the plane and found us and escorted us off and right through Customs, with no search and just a couple of questions. Jo and the kids and Royden and Rena plus Edward were at the gate so now WE'RE HERE! Believe it or not!

Here at Ewart's place they have patios and patios--the walks are all red tile in small squares and cement curbing. The buildings are all tile and stone with stone walls all around 16 feet high and picket iron fence on the top, all marble steps from Italy. Sunday, February 9th Royden and I and three stockholders went to the monkey farm to tell them to get sixty more monkeys a week. You should see the, between here and there. They call it the breadbasket of Africa (There I was just interrupted by about two dozen kids up these tall trees in front of the compound, doing tricks and one of the fellows just went to take pictures) and you do not see a piece of machinery. Everything is done by hand. They harvest it all with what we call a sickle in one hand and gather the grain with the other. They bring it in on a little small donkey's back and then thresh it...throw it up in the air and the wind takes out the dirt..no wagons or carts. Boy if you want to see something you should see the villages, where they live. Their houses are made of small poles tied together..then the roof is covered with grass and the sides are a mixture of cow manure and dirt. They go out and gather the manure and you see big piles of nice individual round flaps dried for burning (cooking fires). The round houses are tucals and the square ones chica..no floor, right close to nature..no windows! They have very small donkeys, horses and cattle. They have good main streets but the side ones are bad and full of people, dogs, cattle, horses, sheep, goats etc., Stanley, I have seen no beauties, raving or otherwise but I'll keep looking.....Bill & Vern.....P. O. Box 2930-Addis Ababa-Ethiopia.

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Herb Johnston is scheduled to go back to the Sister's Hospital March 10th.

Lawrence Hall passed away at his home in Jackman last Saturday night. This is the second one of the Hall brothers to go in less than a year.

In the December 19th issue we mentioned George Bessey losing his fur hat and it is a known fact that he accused almost everyone in this country of stealing it. This past week apologies have been rolling out of his mouth like honey out of a bee's fanny as the hat turned up under the seat of a pickup truck where he himself lost it.

While reading last weeks copy of the Enterprise we came across a letter that was written by Mr. Dornbusch of Rye, N.Y. regarding what Mr. Gould, editor of the paper had to say concerning the New York snowstorm while he was there for a T.V. show. Now we don't uphold Mr. Gould in all things that he says, matter of fact there are times when he needs to be clobbered more than what he is but in this case we shall stand behind him. Why any winter you can pick up a paper and see where a snowstorm of 2 to 10 inches has tied up the whole state of New York! This makes us wonder at times how many pieces of snow removal equipment they have per 100 miles of road and how many State Highway pickups, cars etc., are following along behind the plows also how many men on the payroll per 100 miles!

We find no problem in this area when it comes to keeping the roads open and for a hundred and fifty miles of roads there are only two plows with two men to a plow. Just once to our knowledge has the roads been closed to traffic in the past twenty years and that was January 1959. That particular storm one of the plows worked two hours getting through a drift at Seboomook Dam, After he had opened it and all the cars and trucks that was behind had gone along they went back to widen the road and during the process the truck stalled. Within two hours the snow had drifted over the top of the plow making it necessary to call for another one but they couldn't do anything. A bulldozer was loaded onto a truck in Greenville and brought to the scene. It took two days to open the road which is understandable as the drift measured twenty five feet deep in places. The telephone maintenance crew had to shovel the snow away from the telephone lines to restore service.

We will admit that a plow doesn't last long(plow not the truck) as they push so much snow it tends to wear out the nose and it also wears the ends off the wings so that after two winters the wings are so short that it narrows the road up to the extent that it is only wide enough for one way traffic. Some day they will no doubt have plows that won't wear out.

It might be interesting for Mr. Dornbusch to visit this country during a real snow storm--say something like the one we had December 31-January 1st, 1962-1963 when we got 36 inches in 36 hours of that aqueous vapor in partially crystalline form and at no time was the roads impassable. Snow-snow! Where is it this year? We're wondering.

NO WOMAN SHOULD BEGIN NEEDLING A MAN UNTIL AFTER THE MARRIAGE IS ALL SEWED UP....

THE PHANTOM SAWYER (Part two of three)

His teeth were clenched like the grip of DEATH,
And short and quick came his laboured breath,
And I couldn't shake off a feeling of dread,
Like when you must touch a friend that is dead;
Or when a thunder-storm will break,
And the sky is torn with the Devil's rake.

The day wore on and the sun dropped low;
We had only another half-hour to go,
When up came a board, you could easily tell,
The Devil had sent it straight up from Hell.
A hard-sided flamer, that clutched the saw
At every cut like a mighty claw.

The belt came off three times or four;
I am not quite sure, it might even be more.
I feared the worst and I held my breath,
As I looked on his countenance, pale as death.

He never spoke but his head bowed low,
Like a gray-birch tree with a load of snow,
and down the stairs he quickly went,
As if on an errand he had been sent;
And the yard-men told us they saw him go
To the edge of the wharf, where the waters flow.

Then he turned and they saw him raise his hand
And like a statue a moment stand;
Then with a cry, like a lost soul's call,
To the waters below they saw him fall.
It was suicide, the jury said.
"While his mind was deranged," so the verdict read.

So we buried him up on St. Michael's Hill,
Where the soft winds rustle the leaves at will,
And the grass grows green o'er his grave today,
While we mourn for the friend who has gone away.

***** (To be cont.)

Bill & Vern Hodgin's account of their trip from Boston to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. Feb. 5th 1964, 2.10 AM We are now meeting the sun coming up right in front of us and we are just nearing the coast of Ireland. About one more hour to London. We landed on time, 3.15 your time; 8.15 London time. We pulled out of Boston 9PM February 4th, and the Captain said he was sorry for the disturbance but he was taking up the landing gear, and that we would go to 31,000 feet and cruise at 530 MPH going over Moncton, N.B. St. John, Halifax, Gander, Newfoundland, Shannon Ireland and then to London. It was pretty after the sun came up. We flew in a Boeing 707 to London. Feb 5th left London 7.15 London time 2.15 your time. Mum is sick, got sick just before we landed London but she felt good when we left. When we land in Rome it will be 10.30 Rome time and 4.30 your time. The Captain is piling on less coal and we are losing altitude..about ten minutes to Rome. This is what mum doesn't like. We left Rome (SOME AIRPORT) 11.30 PM Rome time-5.30 your time. The girl just came around with the "SPIRITS" they call it, but mum said "NO"..When we took off from Rome, before we hit 31,000 feet we hit a few bumps, and mum is back on the sick list again. I did not think it would bother her so much, but it is a bad trip for her. Four and a half hours more to Khartoun..When we left Boston it was in the Boeing 707..tonight it is deHaviland 4C. It is now 2 AM Addis time Feb. 6th. The moon is just showing up. It is on the other side of the plane from what it was this morning. There, he just changed course and now I can't see the moon so I'm all balled up. He sure changed course and is staying right on it. The moon is right on our nose now, right on the button. In the very nose of this ship there is a storm radar signal..it warns the pilot which is the best way to get around it. Coming into Khartoun--4 AM--the sky is red from the sun. Landing Khartoun 5 AM. We took off again at 6 AM the 6th. This was a big port and they say it is awful hot here. The building, terminal i.e. is not well kept but Ewart says Khartoun has everything expensive. The people are a hard looking bunch to me, and I mean HARD, mainly because of their custom of making slits on their faces when children to make them beautiful, the more slits the more beautiful, but I failed to see it. The sun is very bright and you can see big patches of white clouds below. In other places it is nice and clear to the ground. Looks like very hot and dry desert--not much trees or vegetation. We are nearing Addis..just went over a big town--might be Jimma. Now, the pilot just tipped her up and made a complete circle and is headed for a low place between two high peaks. I think Addis must be on the other side. Fasten seat belts for landing in Addis. We were traveling when we hit that runway, but it was smooth. Mr. Pauly from the Travel Agency came aboard the plane and found us and escorted us off and right through Customs, with no search and just a couple of questions. Jo and the kids and Royden and Rena plus Edward were at the gate so now WE'RE HERE! Believe it or not!

Here at Ewart's place they have patios and patios--the walks are all red tile in small squares and cement curbing. The buildings are all tile and stone with stone walls all around 16 feet high and picket iron fence on the top, all marble steps from Italy. Sunday, February 9th Royden and I and three stockholders went to the monkey farm to tell them to get sixty more monkeys a week. You should see the, between here and there. They call it the breadbasket of Africa (There I was just interrupted by about two dozen kids up these tall trees in front of the compound, doing tricks and one of the fellows just went to take pictures) and you do not see a piece of machinery Everything is done by hand. They harvest it all with what we call a sickle in one hand and gather the grain with the other. They bring it in on a little small donkey's back and then thresh it...throw it up in the air and the wind takes out the dirt..no wagons or carts. Boy if you want to see something you should see the villages, where they live. Their houses are made of small poles tied together..then the roof is covered with grass and the sides are a mixture of cow manure and dirt. They go out and gather the manure and you see big piles of nice individual round flaps dried for burning (cooking fires). The round houses are tucals and the square ones chica..no floor, right close to nature..no windows! They have very small donkeys, horses and cattle. They have good main streets but the side ones are bad and full of people, dogs, cattle, horses, sheep, goats etc., Stanley, I have seen no beauties, raving or otherwise but I'll keep looking.....Bill & Vern.....P. O. Box 2930-Addis Ababa-Ethiopia.

A busy homemaker named MYRT
 Thought she had lots of strength to exert,
 But her tugging and lifting
 While furniture shifting
 Did her wrong--did her in--did her dirt.

FEBRUARY WEATHER REPORT

Mean maximum temperature	24 deg.	Maximum Temperature	35 deg.
Mean minimum temperature	- 3 "	Minimum Temperature	-22 "
Mean temperature	13.6	Precipitation for month	.76 inches.

Total snowfall up to March 1st this year was 52.25 inches and we have had six inches since then to bring the total up to 58.25 inches. During the winter of 1956 and 1957 there was only 59.25 inches of snowfall but there was more accumulation on the ground then we have had this winter. Muddy roads the first of March is rare indeed

A little boy went to school for the first time and the teacher explained that if he wanted to go to the washroom he should raise two fingers. The boy looked puzzled asked, "How's that going to stop it?"

Phillip Paquet's cutting scale this week is: 11,199 cords; Landing scale, 10,232. Final landing scale for Gosselin, 17,364; Nadeau, 16,054; Caouette, 15,441; Gilbert, 15,528; Marcoux, 14,544; Dumas, 9,087. Total cut; 99,217. Total Landed, 98,213 cords. If the snow hangs on that we got this week and the weather stays cold Paquet should have the balance of his wood landed by the first of next week.

In the January 9th issue we mentioned the moose that was transplanted to Newfoundland and since then someone sent us the following newspaper clipping from the New York Times:

MOOSE LACK GRAZING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.....ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND....

The Newfoundland moose population is eating itself out of pasturage. The moose first destroyed the ground hemlock. Then the Island's native birch became so scarce that the voracious animals turned to balsam, liking the small seedlings. The balsam fir also is in danger of serious depletion. Newfoundland's moose population continued to grow until recently. They increased rapidly from their introduction to the Province in 1904 until 1940 when a very rapid gain started. The peak population was reached in 1959. Government officials have expressed no alarm about the decline of the moose. They feel it may be just the downward curve of the cycle.

However it has been established that the moose are not healthy, and that only a healthy moose will reproduce satisfactorily. Mr. W. J. Keough, Minister of Resources notes, however, that in spite of the general decline, his department has received many complaints from residents of Burin and the Bonavista Peninsula that the present hunting season is too restrictive and that there are many more moose than the department establishes. Newfoundland's 1963 season ran from September 16 to December 31st.

Herb Johnston left Rockwood Tuesday for another sojourn in the Sister's Hospital in Waterville

Motor Boat #45 has been moved from Greenville Shop to Caucomgomac Lake in preparation for spring driving. Motor Boat #57 landed at Big Bog Tuesday of the week and Motor Boat #55 arrived at Canada Falls Dam the same day.

That loud scream of a caribou that floated into Pittston Tuesday morning on the Northeast wind was only Ex-Presidink Leighton with two flat tires at Scott Brook.

THE PHANTOM SAWYER (Part three of three)

But I was there that fatal day,
And from what I saw, I have this to say,
"The verdict was wrong, it seems to me,
And with the Jury I disagree."
There are things beyond our mortal ken,
That are hard to explain, with tongue or pen.

The hardest stone can be worn away,
By a constant drop of water they say;
His patience and courage had well been tried,
And he'd taken it all in his manly stride;
He had nobly tried to do his part,
But that last board just broke his heart.

I believe he was dead when he left the mill,
But his ghost stayed there and haunts it still;
For I'm told that oft in the spring of the year,
His sorrowful cry at night they hear;
And when the watchman makes his rounds,
In the dead of night, he hears strange sounds.

Like the whine of a saw through a dry hard board;
And ghostly steps on the stairs are heard;
And the saying is that Savoy comes there,
To cry aloud in his deep despair;
For before he can rest he must finish his part,
And saw that board that broke his heart.

But this it seems he can never do,
For the belt comes off before he's through.
"Till the end of time," some people say,
"Savoy must return, as he does today,
Because of the vow that he foolishly took,
He must saw that board to the last damn shock."

Tom Whelan made up these verses about an incident which happened (slightly embellished) when he was employed in a mill in Chatham owned by Chatham Industries Ltd. There is also a copy of "The Dungarvon Whooper" that Maine claims to have sired. According to Tom New Brunswick must own it as they have the "Dark and deep Dungarvon" that empties into the Renous river and the poet Michael Whelan is buried in Michael's cemetery in Chatham on the Miramichi.

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*** ONE EXAMPLE OF RECKLESS DRIVING IS A GIRL TRYING TO HAMMER IN A NAIL.***

One of the Company men that attended a Forestry meeting in Montreal a couple of weeks ago brought back the following TALL TALE: It seems there was a representative there from Duponts who introduced himself to a Scott Paper Company representative and made the statement that Duponts were going to run Scott's Tissues right out of business with their new product. The Scott man said, Scott's Tissues represent 25 years of research and is the strongest, softest tissue on the market. "True," said the Dupont's man, but your product is obsolete now. Here, I want you to try this new product of ours. The Scott man said, "this sounds funny, but I'll go along with your joke." The Dupont man replied, "This is no joke and took out a couple of white pills and suggested the Scott man take one in the morning and one before dinner. At his suggestion the Scott man did so the following morning. About 9:00 PM that evening the Scott man had a terrific urge to use the bathroom, which he did. He then took a wad of strong, soft Scott Tissue and wiped, and in the interest of Science he took a look at the tissue. Not a mark was on it. He took another wad of Scotts and another wipe, and inspected again, and not a mark on it. He then got up and looked in the bowl, and there was his duty all neatly wrapped in cellophane and on the wrapping were these famous words: Better things for better living through chemistry.

We must say Mr. & Mrs Maurice Bartlett picked a heck of a time to wander into Leo Thibodeau's house on their way back from the South and set Maurice's camera on the table in front of Leo. For forty days, Leo vowed he wouldn't have his picture taken but he never made it. It is almost impossible to hang onto an untwisted arm when Maurice calls with his camera.

MAIDEN LADY--a cautious gal who played so hard to get, she didn't get got.

THE GOOD OLD STATE OF MAINE

Oh bushmen all, an ear I call, a tale I will relate,
My experience in the lumberwoods all in this Granite State;
Its snowclad hills, its winding rills, its mountains, rocks and plains,
You'll find it very different, boys, from the good old State of Maine.

For here in Zealand Valley you'll find seven feet of snow,
And work when the thermometer goes thirty five below;
It averages three storms a week of snow or sleet or rain,
You seldom find such weather in the good old State of Maine.

The difference in the wages, boys, is scarcely worth a dime,
For every day you do not work you are forced to lose your time;
To pay your passage to and fro you'll find but little gain,
You would do as well to stay at home in the good old State of Maine.

They reckon things so neat and fine 'tis hard to save a stamp,
For every month they do take stock of things around the camp;
Stoves, pots, kettles, knives, and forks, a spokeshave or a plane,
Of those they take but small account in the good old State of Maine.

Then every night with pen and ink they figure up the cost,
The crew are held responsible for all things broke or lost;
An axe, a handle, or a spade, a bunkhook or a chain--
The crew are never charged with tools in the good old State of Maine.

Those rules and regulations as I've mentioned here before,
They're in typewritten copies posted up on every door;
To lose your time and pay your board or work in snow or rain,
They would call us fools to stand such rules in the good old State of Maine.

The boss he will address you in a loud and commanding voice,
Saying, "You know the regulations boys; therefore you have your choice."
We know he did not make them, and of him we don't complain,
For a better boss I never knew in the good old State of Maine.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

MARCH WEATHER REPORT

Mean maximum temperature	33.5 deg	Maximum temperature	50 deg.
Mean minimum temperature	9.6 "	Minimum temperature	- 5 "
Mean temperature for month	21.5	Precipitation for month	2.44 inch.

We had 17 inches of snowfall for the month to make a total of 69.25 inches for the winter to date. The water contents of the snow and the rainfall totals 17.58 inches. The winter of 1956-57 we had a total snowfall of 59.25 inches and 15.82 inches of water contents which was the driest year that we have a record of in this area. As we recall it the 1956-57 wood was held in Ripogenus Lake that year as they did not have enough water to drive it down the river. There was also a pumping station installed at Ambejesus that year to pump water from Millinocket Lake into Ambejesus Lake to help out the shortage at the Millinocket Mill.

We understand that Mr. D. E. Bates sometimes referred to as "YE OLDE CLERKE BATES OF SCOTT BROOK VALLE" is suffering from a very bad case of Hypokinesia and is trying to recuperate at his home in Patten. He, perhaps, might overcome the melancholy lassitude that has overwhelmed him since being afflicted with this nearly fatal disease if everyone would drop him a get well card.

Freddie Parent and crew have finished graveling the Ciss Stream road but it will be a couple of weeks before they get the bridge built across Ciss Stream.

R. E. Farnham, Personnel Manager is now in the sunny south looking over the Great Southern mill. Maybe he'll interview the St. Regis radio operator at Macon, Georgia.

The following Company employees attended the Institute for Maine Industry at Colby College last week: James R. Adams, Maurice Anderson, Thomas Barry, Warren Daniels, Ralph French, George Hall, E. A. Lumbert, J. T. Maines, David Pollard, Robert Shinnars, Allan Symonds and Patrick Walsh.

W. M. Creegan returned to his home at Seboomook Lake last week after spending the winter in Rhode Island. We can look for the swallows any day now.

A letter from Dr. Howard Pritham to say that he is moving back to Coco Bolo which is on the Atlantic end of the Canal where he can enjoy more of the breezes.

Mr. Vaughn Thornton, District Supervisor for the Maine Forest Service tells us he will arrive at Pittston this week to open the State Headquarters buildings in preparation for another summer without a major forest fire.

The bobcat fur hat that the Pittston Farm telephone operator wore during the Easter Parade was a creation of that great designer of chapeaux, G. Bessey of Besseyvitz Furriers Ltd. We believe Jesse Grogg, that Old Oklahoman will be the recipient of the next creation that slides off the assembly line.

Herb Hanson and Rollaid Bessey have cut and stored 150 cakes of ice at the Rainbow Camps and are now toting in supplies in expectation of a busy summer.

A midnight raid south of the C. P. tracks recently netted a nice group of old photographs of the Moosehead Lake area which will be on display in the coffee shop at Pittston office in the near future.

We have not as yet been able to find anyone who knows who the occupants of the Seboomook Farm cemetery might be but we are still trying.

There is over a thousand cords of Paquet's wood at King's High Landing that floated down from his landings on the South Branch. It is rather rare for the river to open up this early with 30 inches of ice in the deadwater.

A BACHELOR HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS A SELFISH MAN WHO
HAS CHEATED SOME WORTHY WOMAN OUT OF A DIVORCE.

THE GOOD OLD STATE OF MAINE ... (Part Two)

If you don't like their style, my boys, you can go down the line,
But if you don't leave them in the lurch they'll figure with you fine;
They'll cut down your wages, charge you carfare on their train,
We never heard of such a thing in the good old State of Maine.

The aliens and foreigners they flock in by the score,
The diversity of languages would equal Babbler's tower;
Italians, Russians, Poles and Finns, a Dutchman or a Dane,
We never had such drones as those in the good old State of Maine.

And for those sub-contractors now I have got a word to say,
If you work for a jobber there you are apt to lose your pay;
For there is no lien law in this state, the logs you can't retain,
While the lumber is holding for your pay in the good old State of Maine.

Now for the grub, I'll give it a rub, for that it does deserve,
The cooks become so lazy they will allow the men to starve;
For it's bread and beans, then beans and bread, then bread and beans again,
Of grub we would sometimes have a change in the good old State of Maine.

Our meat and fish are poorly cooked, the bread is sour and old,
The beans are dry and musty and doughnuts hard and old;
To undertake to chew one, that would give your jaws a pain,
They are not the kind we used to find in the good old State of Maine.

So now my song is concluded and my story is to an end,
If I have made a statement wrong, I am willing to amend;
I like the foreman and the crew, of them I can't complain,
For a better crew I never knew in the good old State of Maine.

So here is adieu to camp and crew, to Henery and Sons,
Their names are great throughout this state, they are one of her largest guns;
I wish them all prosperity e'er I return again,
For I'll mend my ways and spend my days in the good old State of Maine.

This was taken from the Fall 1959 issue of Northeast Folklore which is a quarterly magazine published by the Northeast Folklore Society, under the auspices of the Department of English, University of Maine. If you are interested in this magazine, I am sure a two dollar check mailed to Edward D. Ives, 220 Stevens Hall, University of Maine, would get you on the mailing list for a year.

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One of the Company men that attended a Forestry meeting in Montreal a couple of weeks ago brought back the following TALL TALE: It seems there was a representative there from Duponts who introduced himself to a Scott Paper Company representative and made the statement that Duponts were going to run Scott's Tissues right out of business with their new product. The Scott man said, Scott's Tissues represent 25 years of research and is the strongest, softest tissue on the market. "True," said the Dupont's man, but your product is obsolete now. Here, I want you to try this new product of ours. The Scott man said, "this sounds funny, but I'll go along with your joke." The Dupont man replied, "This is no joke and took out a couple of white pills and suggested the Scott man take one in the morning and one before dinner. At his suggestion the Scott man did so the following morning. About 9:00 PM that evening the Scott man had a terrific urge to use the bathroom, which he did. He then took a wad of strong, soft Scott Tissue and wiped, and in the interest of Science he took a look at the tissue. Not a mark was on it. He took another wad of Scotts and another wipe, and inspected again, and not a mark on it. He then got up and looked in the bowl, and there was his duty all neatly wrapped in cellophane and on the wrapping were these famous words: Better things for better living through chemistry.

We must say Mr. & Mrs Maurice Bartlett picked a heck of a time to wander into Leo Thibodeau's house on their way back from the South and set Maurice's camera on the table in front of Leo. For forty days, Leo vowed he wouldn't have his picture taken but he never made it. It is almost impossible to hang onto an untwisted arm when Maurice calls with his camera.

MAIDEN LADY--a cautious gal who played so hard to get, she didn't get got.

THE GOOD OLD STATE OF MAINE

Oh bushmen all, an ear I call, a tale I will relate,
My experience in the lumberwoods all in this Granite State;
Its snowclad hills, its winding rills, its mountains, rocks and plains,
You'll find it very different, boys, from the good old State of Maine.

For here in Zealand Valley you'll find seven feet of snow,
And work when the thermometer goes thirty five below;
It averages three storms a week of snow or sleet or rain,
You seldom find such weather in the good old State of Maine.

The difference in the wages, boys, is scarcely worth a dime,
For every day you do not work you are forced to lose your time;
To pay your passage to and fro you'll find but little gain,
You would do as well to stay at home in the good old State of Maine.

They reckon things so neat and fine 'tis hard to save a stamp,
For every month they do take stock of things around the camp;
Stoves, pots, kettles, knives, and forks, a spokeshave or a plane,
Of those they take but small account in the good old State of Maine.

Then every night with pen and ink they figure up the cost,
The crew are held responsible for all things broke or lost;
An axe, a handle, or a spade, a bunkhook or a chain--
The crew are never charged with tools in the good old State of Maine.

Those rules and regulations as I've mentioned here before,
They're in typewritten copies posted up on every door;
To lose your time and pay your board or work in snow or rain,
They would call us fools to stand such rules in the good old State of Maine.

The boss he will address you in a loud and commanding voice,
Saying, "You know the regulations boys; therefore you have your choice."
We know he did not make them, and of him we don't complain,
For a better boss I never knew in the good old State of Maine.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

MARCH WEATHER REPORT

Mean maximum temperature	33.5 deg	Maximum temperature	50 deg.
Mean minimum temperature	9.6 "	Minimum temperature	- 5 "
Mean temperature for month	21.5	Precipitation for month	2.44 inch.

We had 17 inches of snowfall for the month to make a total of 69.25 inches for the winter to date. The water contents of the snow and the rainfall totals 17.58 inches. The winter of 1956-57 we had a total snowfall of 59.25 inches and 15.82 inches of water contents which was the driest year that we have a record of in this area. As we recall it the 1956-57 wood was held in Ripogenus Lake that year as they did not have enough water to drive it down the river. There was also a pumping station installed at Ambejesus that year to pump water from Millinocket Lake into Ambejesus Lake to help out the shortage at the Millinocket Mill.

We understand that Mr. D. E. Bates sometimes referred to as "YE OLDE CLERKE BATES OF SCOTT BROOK VALLE" is suffering from a very bad case of Hypokinesia and is trying to recuperate at his home in Patten. He, perhaps, might overcome the melancholy lassitude that has overwhelmed him since being afflicted with this nearly fatal disease if everyone would drop him a get well card.

Freddie Parent and crew have finished graveling the Ciss Stream road but it will be a couple of weeks before they get the bridge built across Ciss Stream.

R. E. Farnham, Personnel Manager is now in the sunny south looking over the Great Southern mill. Maybe he'll interview the St. Regis radio operator at Macon, Georgia.

The following Company employees attended the Institute for Maine Industry at Colby College last week: James R. Adams, Maurice Anderson, Thomas Barry, Warren Daniels, Ralph French, George Hall, E. A. Lumbert, J. T. Maines, David Pollard, Robert Shinnors, Allan Symonds and Patrick Walsh.

W. M. Creagan returned to his home at Seboomook Lake last week after spending the winter in Rhode Island. We can look for the swallows any day now.

A letter from Dr. Howard Pritham to say that he is moving back to Coco Bolo which is on the Atlantic end of the Canal where he can enjoy more of the breezes.

Mr. Vaughn Thornton, District Supervisor for the Maine Forest Service tells us he will arrive at Pittston this week to open the State Headquarters buildings in preparation for another summer without a major forest fire.

The bobcat fur hat that the Pittston Farm telephone operator wore during the Easter Parade was a creation of that great designer of chapeaux, G. Bessey of Besseyvitz Furriers Ltd. We believe Jesse Grogg, that Old Oklahoman will be the recipient of the next creation that slides off the assembly line.

Herb Hanson and Rollaid Bessey have cut and stored 150 cakes of ice at the Rainbow Camps and are now toting in supplies in expectation of a busy summer.

A midnight raid south of the C. P. tracks recently netted a nice group of old photographs of the Moosehead Lake area which will be on display in the coffee shop at Pittston office in the near future.

We have not as yet been able to find anyone who knows who the occupants of the Seboomook Farm cemetery might be but we are still trying.

There is over a thousand cords of Paquet's wood at King's High Landing that floated down from his landings on the South Branch. It is rather rare for the river to open up this early with 30 inches of ice in the deadwater.

A BACHELOR HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS A SELFISH MAN WHO
HAS CHEATED SOME WORTHY WOMAN OUT OF A DIVORCE.

THE GOOD OLD STATE OF MAINE (Part Two)

If you don't like their style, my boys, you can go down the line,
But if you don't leave them in the lurch they'll figure with you fine;
They'll cut down your wages, charge you carfare on their train,
We never heard of such a thing in the good old State of Maine.

The aliens and foreigners they flock in by the score,
The diversity of languages would equal Babblers' tower;
Italians, Russians, Poles and Finns, a Dutchman or a Dane,
We never had such drones as those in the good old State of Maine.

And for those sub-contractors now I have got a word to say,
If you work for a jobber there you are apt to lose your pay;
For there is no lien law in this state, the logs you can't retain,
While the lumber is holding for your pay in the good old State of Maine.

Now for the grub, I'll give it a rub, for that it does deserve,
The cooks become so lazy they will allow the men to starve;
For it's bread and beans, then beans and bread, then bread and beans again,
Of grub we would sometimes have a change in the good old State of Maine.

Our meat and fish are poorly cooked, the bread is sour and old,
The beans are dry and musty and doughnuts hard and old;
To undertake to chew one, that would give your jaws a pain,
They are not the kind we used to find in the good old State of Maine.

So now my song is concluded and my story is to an end,
If I have made a statement wrong, I am willing to amend;
I like the foreman and the crew, of them I can't complain,
For a better crew I never knew in the good old State of Maine.

So here is adieu to camp and crew, to Henery and Sons;
Their names are great throughout this state, they are one of her largest guns;
I wish them all prosperity e'er I return again,
For I'll mend my ways and spend my days in the good old State of Maine.

This was taken from the Fall 1959 issue of Northeast Folklore which is a quarterly magazine published by the Northeast Folklore Society, under the auspices of the Department of English, University of Maine. If you are interested in this magazine, I am sure a two dollar check mailed to Edward D. Ives, 220 Stevens Hall, University of Maine, would get you on the mailing list for a year.

A year starts---and we think of rebirth,
Making plans to improve this old Earth.
Past mistakes paint the way
To a better new day
When we'll realize life's fullest worth.

We have a scale to date of 100,523 cords of pulpwood cut for the 1963-64 year and of this 99,877 cords have been landed. We should have the final scale report sometime next week. The log scale this week shows: Wellie Gacouette 212,770 feet; Alfred Nadeau, 99,405 feet; Lucien Gosselin, 178,945 feet and Phillip Paquet, 22,525 feet. The hard wood cutters have finished on the North Branch and there will be a final scale for them next week. The total hardwood logs to date is: 513,645 feet. Phillip Paquet at Canada Falls has started his 1964 pulpwood contract and has 595 cords cut to date.

Those red oil trucks that have W. L. Bartley Mobil Oil Products stamped on them were rather busy this past year hauling petroleum products up into this country. From April 1st 1963 to April 1st 1964 they hauled the following: Kerosene, 52,685 gallons; Diesel oil, 123,422 gallons and gasoline, 191,667 gallons. This makes a total of 367,774 gallons which would average a truck load a day with the 1400 gallon truck. The Main Gas Company delivered 55,984 pounds of liquid petroleum in bulk and 15,000 pounds in 100 pound tubes. This should give you an idea where some of the money goes to every time you drop into the newsstand and buy a paper.

THE WOMAN WHO HENPECKS HER HUSBAND IS LIKELY TO FIND HIM LISTENING TO ANOTHER CHICKEN.

Mrs Anna Worthing, Postmistress of Northeast Carry was operated on Tuesday of this week at the Maine Medical Center in Portland and according to the Doctor will be back on her feet again in four or five days.

We checked the Fifth edition of Gould's Medical Dictionary this past Sunday and on page 642 we found "HYPOKINESIA"--POOR POOR BATES. The definition: Deficiency of motor reaction under stimulation. POOR--POOR BATES. There are no blackeyes around so he hasn't acknowledged any of the get-well cards as yet.

The Road Crew has finished the Ciss Stream bridge and moved out closing Henri Marcou Camps. George Bessey is in Greenville closing out his books.

Leonard Cormier underwent surgery at Togus Monday. There is no report on his condition as yet as his Doctor is out of town and cannot be contacted.

The rain that we had Tuesday night and Wednesday dropped the snow level to 12 inches. The roads were soft and very-very muddy Wednesday according to Glen Lumbert.

The Hardwood Jobbers have finished cutting in the North Branch area and Glen Lumbert moved into Pittston Wednesday to close out the books.

We heard last Saturday that Angus Comeau was in the Brown Nursing Home in Monson. We stopped in Tuesday night to check on it but did not find him although Tom Murphy and Anthony Levasseur were there. These two men have been around the Pittston area for the past sixty years.

George Therrien is back on both of his feet again after hobbling around for the past two weeks with blood poisoning. George thought for a while he had the rabies after his snow sled bit him.

THAT MAGICIAN WHO SAWS A WOMAN IN HALF ISN'T NEAR AS MIRACULOUS
AS A HUSBAND WHO CAN KEEP HIS WIFE FROM FLYING TO PIECES.

WHAT I HAVE YET TO SEE (Part one of three)

I have wandered far and trod strange ways,
This great and wide world through;
I've seen the view from many a hill,
From Nome to Timbuctoo.

I've sailed the seven seas also,
For years, about a score,
And strange and curious sights I've seen,
On ship-board and on shore.

I've seen the mighty pyramids,
On Egypt's sun-kissed sand,
And a score of great cathedrals,
That in ancient cities stand.

Their architecture unsurpassed,
So pleasing to the eye,
An emblem of a people's faith
In God, who reigns on High.

I've seen the Arch of Triumph,
And Pisa's tower walls,
The rock of Gibraltar
And the great Niagara Falls.

The majestic Rocky Mountains,
With their summits in the sky,
The lovely valley of the Nile
And the Himalayas high.

Off Cape Horn, one stormy night,
All our crew were in affright,
When we saw the "Flying Dutchman",
I shall ne'er forget the sight.

And one sultry summer evening,
Anchored off the Gaspé shore,
I saw the famous "Phantom Ship",
Sail up the Bay Chaleur.

I could see men in her rigging,
Bathed in flames as red as blood,
and her deck a pool of fire,
Amid which her Captain stood.

_____ To be continued

A year starts---and we think of rebirth,
 Making plans to improve this old Earth.
 Past mistakes paint the way
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I've seen the mighty pyramids,
On Egypt's sunkissed sand,
And a score of great cathedrals,
That in ancient cities stand.

Their architecture unsurpassed,
So pleasing to the eye,
An emblem of a people's faith
In God, who reigns on High.

I've seen the Arch of Triumph,
And Pisa's tower walls,
The rock of Gibraltar
And the great Niagara Falls.

The majestic Rocky Mountains,
With their summits in the sky,
The lovely valley of the Nile
And the Himalayas high.

Off Cape Horn, one stormy night,
All our crew were in affright,
When we saw the "Flying Dutchman",
I shall ne'er forget the sight.

And one sultry summer evening,
Anchored off the Gaspé shore,
I saw the famous "Phantom Ship",
Sail up the Bay Chaleur.

I could see men in her rigging,
Bathed in flames as red as blood,
and her deck a pool of fire,
Amid which her Captain stood.

_____ To be continued

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

APRIL 16, 1964

CIRCULATION 140

VOLUME 2 No. 20

FEARLESS FREDDIE KNOWS ROSES ARE RED;
THEY'RE IN VIEW BY HIS HOSPITAL BED;
BUT NO VALENTINE TOKEN,
THEY REMIND SOMETHING'S BROKEN.
SAFETY SHOULD HAVE BEEN PRACTICED INSTEAD.

The final cutting and landing scale for the 1963-64 wood is now in and the total came to 99,937 cords. For the South Branch Drive there will be 20,865 cords; For the North Branch Drive, 48,859 cords; Main River Drive, 69,864 cords; Caucomgomac Drive, 14,544 cords and out of Black Pond which is considered part of Section #1 Drive there will be 30,073 cords.

There has been a correction made in the petroleum products that we reported in last weeks Weekly as being trucked into this country from April 1st 1963 to April 1st 1964 by W. L. Bartley of Greenville. Kerosene, 52,685 gallons; Diesel oil has been changed to read, 129,779 gallons and gasoline, 191,667 gallons. This totals to 374,131 gallons. The liquid petroleum remains the same, 55,984 pounds in bulk and 15,000 pounds in 100 pound tubes.

The final hardwood log scale has now come in and it shows: Wellie Caouette with 212,770 feet; Lucien Gosselin, 178,945 feet; Alfred Nadeau, 99,405 feet and Phillip Paquet, 40,410 feet.

A First Aid course was held at Pittston this week under the supervision of Charley Duperry and Johnny (Louis) Colgan. The following employees were in attendance: D. E. Bates, George Bessey, Glen Lumbert, Lerle Dean and Wilfred Langlois.

The slack season has arrived---A quick check of the Pittston Farm yard Wednesday morning revealed the following motor vehicles: 7 Chevrolet cars, 3 Rambler cars, 2 Ford cars, 1 Comet, 1 Dodge car, 1 Volks Station Wagon, 3 Scouts, 2 Ford Pickups, 1 International pickup and 1 Ford Dump truck.

***** FRUSTRATION, A BOY LOSING HIS CHEWING GUM IN A CHICKEN HOUSE.*****

We have a copy of an agreement that was made between the Great Northern Paper Co. and Charles Grudier of St. George, Beauce County, P. Q. Canada on September 18th 1902 to unload, house and tote to Township 6 Range 18 (near Caouette's camp) from St. Francis (now Beauceville) P. Q. Canada all goods and merchandise that would be used in connection with the logging operations that year. Also in case any grain came in bulk shipment, Mr. Grudier was to place same in sacks supplied by the Company. For these services Mr. Grudier was to get \$10.00 per ton and \$3.00 per month for use of the storehouse. When you consider they used oxen and horses to haul these goods from Beauceville to Township 6 Range 18 then you wonder how it could be done for \$10.00 per ton. This agreement was signed by F. A. Gilbert which was about the beginning of his career with the Great Northern Paper Company.

Johnny Colgan, First Aid Instructor during the First Aid course at Pittston on Wednesday of this week: "Let us assume you are driving along between Rockwood and Pittston at night. Suddenly the car ahead of you skids into the ditch and turns over. As you approach, a man crawls out and then collapses on the ground with one leg twisted under him. What would you do?" Glen Lumbert, Star Pupil: "First I'd hit him over the head to make sure he was unconscious and then I'd swipe his tires."

It has been rumored that Merle Dean arrived here this week in the company of a Red Cross nurse. Did he leave her stranded at the Cariboo Club? Could be!

WHAT I HAVE YET TO SEE (Part two of three)

And these are but a few,
Of the sights that I have seen,
Through many years of rambling,
In the lands where I have been.

At last I thought I'd seen enough,
To satisfy my mind,
So I settled down in my old age,
Contentment for to find.

A little cot to call my own,
Enough of wordly store,
To well provide for all my wants,
What could I wish for more?

But just last week as here I sat
And smoked my favorite brier,
"The Daily" I did peruse,
Close by my kitchen fire.

An item in big heavy print,
Soon came to my attention;
And fascinated there I sat,
As it went on to mention,--

"KENT COUNTY MAN SPENDS NIGHT WITH BEAR,
ESCAPES THE BLIZZARD'S RUIN,
AND SAFE AND SOUND IN LONELY LAIR,
SLEEPS SIDE BY SIDE WITH BEAR".

"Exhausted, lost in forest deep,
In raging storm benighted,
With no-one near to lend him aid,
This man was so affrighted,

That when he chanced upon a den,
In which slept a huge bear,
To escape the blizzard's furious blast,
He joined the sleeper there.

And all through-out that long long night,
While raged the tempest wild,
Beside the bear this man did sleep,
As peaceful as a child".

To be continued

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To be continued

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

APRIL 23, 1964

CIRCULATION 140

VOLUME 2 No. 21

What a shame about Margie and Kent!
In their home there was carefree content--
But their dream house was burned,
And too late they learned
To inspect and protect and prevent,

OSHKOSH number 5 & 6, the two Pittston Farm snowplows left Pittston Friday for Greenville and summer pasturage. It is no wonder they were so frisky when they left here as they spent the most of the winter lolling around the heated garage. Mr. Pessimist is forecasting a big snow storm before the spring is over and that the plows will have to be taken out of moth balls and brought back to plow the roads. Time will tell.

OUR PROPHECY when the lower North Branch Bridge was moved to Leadbetter Falls was that the new section of road would be under water during the spring freshet when the ice jammed in the river, materialized last Friday. The ice did jam and a long section of the new road was flooded resulting in some washouts. Beaver Bill is laughing up his sleeve in a quiet sort of a way so he won't be heard too clearly as he originally laid out the road farther back from the river to allow for ice jams and flooding conditions but under pressure he had to change it.

THE MOUTH OF THE SCOTT BROOK ROAD now has a road sign--U.S. HIGHWAY 0. It is not on the new Maine State Highway maps for this year and it could be a delegate from Scott Brook Vallee will make a trip to Augusta to investigate the reason for it. If the Highway Department sent someone up this way they would have to have a guide to lead them up over the Indian Trails & Cowpaths from Dover to Rockwood otherwise they never would get back to Augusta. We would like to make the very brilliant suggestion to our local REPRESENTATIVE that he apply for some of the surplus highways that are kicking around in the SOUTH-SOUTH WEST section of the state and have them moved into the northern part of Piscataquis County.

FOR WATER ON THE KNEE BEST THING TO DO IS TO GIVE THE BABY BACK TO ITS MOTHER

THE KEROSENE LAMPS AND LANTERNS that were used for years in the woods camps are now almost a thing of the past. Today, all Company camps in this area are equipped with modern electric light plants. This of course has increased the cost considerably as in the days of lamps 15,00 cords of wood could be cut at a cost of less than \$100 wherein operating a light plant the cost is close to \$2000. See cost below for '62 & '63:

1962					1963			
Items	Unit	Cost	Days Used	Cords	Unit	Cost	Days used	Cords
Rental		750.00	240	14,169		750.00	244	16,054
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It's night and day for the same old pay,
A measure of oats and a bunch of hay,
The whole year long the same old song,
The bell goes ding, and the bell goes dong,
And away we go on the downy stones
With battered feet and aching bones.

For many a year I've done my best,
For the knights of booze and the sons of rest,
But never a spell from the sizzling bell,
Whether my feet are sore or well,
I sigh, alas, for a week of grass
But that's a treat I'll have to pass,
There's naught for me but hustle and hike
The old blue "HURRY-UP" over the pike.

Twenty-four calls in twenty-four hours,
In this old prohib' town of ours,
It isn't my deal, to kick or squeal,
But I'm no dad-dinged automobile,
My eyelids close for a wink of doze,
When, ding dong ding the tapper goes;
And away I go on a round-up cruise,
For them who tarry at the ruddy juice.

Yes, I'm the Bangor "HURRY-UP" nag,
It's a gay old job and never a lag;
Night and day for the same old pay,
A measure of oats and a bunch of hay;
The same old song, the whole year long,
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God must have smiled as He looked down,
Upon their calm repose,
And thought, "I did not create them
To be each other's foes.

I meant that they should dwell there,
In peace and harmony,
As here behold, this man and bear,
Are sleeping peacefully.

So is fulfilled my law's command,
'To harbour the harbourless',
Henceforth this pair, both man and bear,
Shall know true happiness.

In times of tribulation,
Each one shall aid the other;
And when they meet, each other greet,
As brother should greet brother".

Now since that night, I cannot rest,
My mind is ill at ease;
I'm sort of like old Towser,
When he's troubled with his fleas.

With all the wonders I have seen,
There's one I've yet to see;
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Some ten years ago, a man named Patrick Whelan whose home is some miles up the Richibucto River, was cruising a back wood-lot, when it came up a severe snow-storm. He started for home, but the storm became so bad that he lost his way, and near nightfall when he was at the point of exhaustion he happened to find a bear's den beneath a brushpile. In desperation he crawled in and spent the night with the bear. The latter never woke. The following morning his neighbors searched and found the missing man. Haverlock Robertson volunteered to crawl in and ascertain if he was still alive.

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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

APRIL 23, 1964

CIRCULATION 140

VOLUME 2 No. 21

What a shame about Margie and Kent!
In their home there was carefree content---
But their dream house was burned,
And too late they learned
To inspect and protect and prevent,

OSHKOSH number 5 & 6, the two Pittston Farm snowplows left Pittston Friday for Greenville and summer pasturage. It is no wonder they were so frisky when they left here as they spent the most of the winter lolling around the heated garage. Mr. Pessimist is forecasting a big snow storm before the spring is over and that the plows will have to be taken out of moth balls and brought back to plow the roads. Time will tell.

OUR PROPHECY when the lower North Branch Bridge was moved to Leadbetter Falls was that the new section of road would be under water during the spring freshet when the ice jammed in the river, materialized last Friday. The ice did jam and a long section of the new road was flooded resulting in some washouts. Beaver Bill is laughing up his sleeve in a quiet sort of a way so he won't be heard too clearly as he originally laid out the road farther back from the river to allow for ice jams and flooding conditions but under pressure he had to change it.

THE MOUTH OF THE SCOTT BROOK ROAD now has a road sign--U.S. HIGHWAY 0. It is not on the new Maine State Highway maps for this year and it could be a delegate from Scott Brook Vallee will make a trip to Augusta to investigate the reason for it. If the Highway Department sent someone up this way they would have to have a guide to lead them up over the Indian Trails & Cowpaths from Dover to Rockwood otherwise they never would get back to Augusta. We would like to make the very brilliant suggestion to our local REPRESENTATIVE that he apply for some of the surplus highways that are kicking around in the SOUTH-SOUTH WEST section of the state and have them moved into the northern part of Piscataquis County.

FOR WATER ON THE KNEE BEST THING TO DO IS TO GIVE THE BABY BACK TO ITS MOTHER

THE KEROSENE LAMPS AND LANTERNS that were used for years in the woods camps are now almost a thing of the past. Today, all Company camps in this area are equipped with modern electric light plants. This of course has increased the cost considerably as in the days of lamps 15,00 cords of wood could be cut at a cost of less than \$100 wherein operating a light plant the cost is close to \$2000. See cost below for '62 & '63.

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April 30, 1911

Have you heard of the big fire
On April the thirtieth day,
Down in Bangor city
Now many miles away.
It started from a hayshed
Just as the clock struck four
And spread across the Kenduskeag
I will now tell you once more.

They hurried there to put it out
On Broad Street so it seemed,
And it caught on another building
On the street across the stream
Then they met in sorrow
Our Bangor homes are lost.
And they hustled into the stables
And took out every horse.

They hustled over to the telephone
And called for the Old Town crew,
To help them to put out the fire
And in the city soon burnt through.
Crash, crack, down the bricks all came
While the flames did roar and burn,
And the air was all full of smoke
Through the city we now learn.

They sent over to Brewer city
For the firemen also,
And sent to Waterville and Portland
And to Boston next you know.
And they all came to Bangor,
To that city once again,
And found the district destroyed
Through the city of Bangor, Maine.

It burnt a building in the corner
Of State Street it stood there,
And the tall Morse-Oliver building
Seven stories in the air.
And over across the corner
The flames did burn so rank
That it destroyed the building
Of the Veazie National Bank.

There was the old Norumbega hall
Stood there for many years,
And since the fire burnt it down
Nothing but ruin now appears.
And it burnt the tall brick buildings
That was fire-proof they was sure,
But they may build them up again
In the future time once more.

On the East side was the Graham block
That was built there years ago,
Where they had the Nickle
Of the moving picture show.
There was Rice & Taylor Music store
And a pharmacy on the other side,
These places were all burnt down
When the fire spread out wide.

They was all afraid of the fire
And had an awful fright,
And some of them were left homeless
In the city streets that night,
They all hurried out of the houses
From the first and second floor,
And went down the streets of Bangor
To a safe place there once more.

It burnt the seven churches down
And the smoke was thick as fog,
And it burnt the Congregational church
And the Jewish Synagogue.
It burnt upon to Center Street hill
After sunset in the dark,
Was where the firemen put it out
When it reached the Broadway Park.

There was F. H. Fickett's bakery
On Exchange Street just across,
And when the fire reached it
It was among the loss.
And there he saved his horses
From the stable in the stalls,
And everything else was destroyed
Under the tumbling walls.

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TO BE CONTINUED

MAY 7, 1964

CIRCULATION 142

VOLUME 2 No. 23

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 For you and the others who ride.
 It is a great life. Will you live it or take it?
 Each moment is yours to decide.
 So, figure the distance by miles safely driven,
 And carry a good judgement spare.
 Take a tankful of patience to help you keep livin',
 And measure your pleasure with care.

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THE SAGA OF POLLYWOG STREAM

Come all ye daring driver-men
Who brave the streams of Maine,
And pay respects to "Brownie" Brown
Who added to your fame.
A young Canuck, and Irish-French,
Whose blood was hot and red,
Whose dering-do was so intense
That he is long since dead.
He drove the roaring Pollywog,
For Foreman George McGuire,
And this torrential mountain stream
It was that quenched his fire.
He lugged a stick of dynamite
Into Owl's Head gorge
Where water boiled with viciousness
And logs were prone to lodge.
He broke the jam, but when it "hailed"
and thundered downward free,
It carried Brown to hero's death
And into history.
They graved his name upon the ledge
Above the fuming foam
And hung his boots upon a tree
And sent his body home.
So, when you pass the Pollywog
And hear it roaring down
Go touch the empty driving-boots
And lift a prayer to Brown.

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by the movies that he showed in various places when he worked
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In 1788, he was appointed to build the Essex Bridge at Salem, and for his services in superintending the work on the approach from the Beverly side, the Directors voted to pay him nine shillings per day and board, including punch together with other gratuities which were added later.

RESOLVE

On the petition of Lemuel Cox, granting him 1000 acres of unappropriated lands at the eastward, for his invention. January 26, 1796

On the memorial of Lemuel Cox:

Resolved, That in consideration of said Cox's being the first inventor of a machine for cutting card-wire; his projecting the first powder-mill in this state; his suggesting that useful employment for the criminals on Castle William, of making nails; and in consideration of other valuable discoveries in various mechanical branches, there be, and hereby is, granted to the said Lemuel Cox, one thousand acres of unappropriated land in the eastern part of this commonwealth; and the committee for the sale of eastern lands, are hereby directed to cause the same to be surveyed and laid out accordingly, at the expense of said Cox.

Source: Resolves of the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, respecting the sale of Eastern Lands; with the reports of the committees appointed to sell said lands; from March 1, 1781 to June 22, 1803. Page 147

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THE GREAT BANGOR FIRE

(Part two of three)

APRIL 30, 1911

The carriage building on Harlow Street
Was owned by Brown & White,
And that was all destroyed
In the burning flames that night.
And many other stores and buildings
In Bangor was burnt down.
Nothing but ruins now is left
Of the brick walls on the ground.

The Sterns building on Exchange Street
Had stood there many days,
Was all destroyed in the fire
Now in ruins lowly lays.
The East Side Pharmacy on the corner
Corner of State Street and Exchange,
Was all burnt in the fire
And in ruins does look strange.

It burnt the Post Office building
That was close by the river shore,
And the Scott & Company's building
And Benoit Clothing store.
And the stores upon Park Street
Were burnt down to the ground,
And the Electric sub-light station
In that district of Bangor Town.

And the Penobscot Machine Shop
On Franklin Street was seen,
Was all destroyed in the fire
And the district wiped out clean.
And all to save the Court House
Was a building owned by Bass,
When the fire got inside of there
From through in the window glass.

There was a stable on Franklin Street
That was owned by Charles W. Morse,
And he hurried to his stable
And saved most every horse.
And he will build another stable
As he did there once before.
And still be a horse dealer
And sell them again once more.

H. L. Mayo's stable on Harlow Street
Close by East Market Square,
Was burnt in that same fire
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And there was the Windsor Hotel
From the Graham Block going around,
And the high school building above it
Was burnt flat to the ground.

And then the Exchange building
On the corner where it stood
Was where the firemen worked their best
To save it if they could.
But it was all destroyed
And the walls tumbled down below
And they may build it up again once more
As they did long years ago.

There was the Stetson building
Was built of stone and brick,
Was all destroyed in the fire
And nothing but ruins laying thick.
And there was the Kenduskeag building
Was built up high and tall,
Which was all burnt out inside of
And there on the ground lays the wall.

There was Prospect Street and Broadway
Cumberland Street and York,
The houses were all burnt flat
And the walls fell on the walk.
It burnt on French and Spring Streets
Among the rich and poor,
And they went for a place to stay
In the city there once more.

It burnt a building in the corner
That was built of bricks and stones.
And it burned the S. L. Crosby store
Where they sold the Graphophones.
They had records in one side
And sporting goods you know,
And lots of things destroyed
In the cellar down below.

TO BE CONTINUED

The life of the highway is just what you make it,
 For you and the others who ride.
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 Each moment is yours to decide.
 So, figure the distance by miles safely driven,
 And carry a good judgement spare.
 Take a tankful of patience to help you keep livin',
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 A young Canuck, and Irish-French,
 Whose blood was hot and red,
 Whose dering-do was so intense
 That he is long since dead.
 He drove the roaring Pollywog,
 For Foreman George McGuire,
 And this torrential mountain stream
 It was that quenched his fire.
 He lugged a stick of dynamite
 Into Owl's Head gorge
 Where water boiled with viciousness
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 He broke the jam, but when it "hauled"
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ARE HEADING FOR NIGHTMARES IN FAST-MOVING TRAFFIC.

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It was the biggest fire they had ever seen
For many the long past years.
In all this great fire
There were only two men dead,
And they were killed on Exchange Street
When they were struck upon the head.

John N. Scribner from Brewer
One of the firemen they claim,
And another man from Brewer,
George Abbott was his name.
And there beside the Morse-Oliver block
Was where John Scribner did begin,
To get himself clear of the wires
As the walls fell tumbling in.

It burnt the Public Library
A building much in need,
Was where they had more story books
Then ever you could read.
It burnt all that was inside
And they couldn't save not one,
For they were all destroyed
Since the fire first begun.

It burnt across the city
And the flames spread in the air,
And it burnt upon to Central Park
From across East Market Square.
And it burnt across the park there
And destroyed the trees so green
It was the biggest fire in Bangor
That they had ever seen.

I have wrote all about the fire
Of what I know about.
And have not room for more
Of what I'm leaving out.
And now I finish writing
Of all I do desire,
About the ruins that are left
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

MAY 21, 1964

CIRCULATION 145

VOLUME 2 No. 25

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HE MADE FRIENDS WHEREVER HE'D GO.
TOO BAD THAT HE'D TAKE
SUCH A CHANCE IN THE LAKE.
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To the camps of the long ago.
And boasted the scale of the heavy loads,
That creaked o'er the frozen snow.

He has held the bight of the snubbing warps,
And chopped the key of the jams.
And picked the rear in his spike-soled boots,
And built the crib of the dams.

He has spun his yarns on the deacon seats,
With men who are dead and gone.
And the camps he built on a score of streams,
To the dust have crumbled down.

In the empty wastes of the frozen lakes,
He has heard the blizzard's roar.
He knows the toll that the Storm King takes,
From the men caught far from shore.

What wonder now in his later years,
In the warmth of the chimney nook,
That murmers strange reach our listening ears,
As he nods over pipe and book.

Perhaps he dreams of thundering streams,
And the logs piled up in jams,
Where the crash of mighty timbers seems
Like a thousand battering rams.

Some stirring scene of his early life,
Has gripped and held him again.
Once more he wages the logger's strife,
And directs the work of his men.

Such men in the woods of the Pine Tree State,
Have won us a place in the sun.
All honor to them and a blessing great,
In the day that their work is done!

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Simultaneously a scow was being constructed on the shore of the West Branch just below the Pittston Farm to be used to transport the rolling stock and other necessary equipment to the terminal at the head of the deadwater. The scow is one hundred feet in length with a breadth of twenty five feet, and carrying capacity of nearly 300 tons.

To be continued

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But a tenderfoot is a fool;
Though a man that's new to a birch
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Believes that he knows as a rule.
They had told me to carry a mile above
Where the broad deadwater slips
Into fret and shoal to tumble and roll
In the welter of Schoodic rips;
But knowing it all, as a green man
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And lazy, as green men are,
I hated to pack, on my aching back
My duffle and gear so far.
So, as down the rapids there stretched
a strip
With a most encouraging sheen,
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It was simply the plan of an indolent
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To save his back and his breath.
For I reckoned I'd slice for the
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When the roar of the falls drew near,
And I braced my knees and took my
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There was nothing to do but steer.
There are many savage cataracts,
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Twixt Abol-jackamegus and the lower
Brass-u-a,
But of all the yowling demons that
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The demon of the Hulling Place is
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Looked comfortable and slow,
But my birch canoe went shooting
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Like an arrow out of a bow.

And the way was hedged by ledges
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And hissed and laughed at my
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As it drove on its headlong ride.
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But it snapped like a pudding-stick,
Then I staked my soul on my steel-
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And the pole smashed just as quick.
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I may have cursed--I don't know
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As past their camp I swept.
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***** TO BE CONTINUED

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

MAY 21, 1964

CIRCULATION 145

VOLUME 2 No. 25

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TOO BAD THAT HE'D TAKE
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OUR CARTOONIST CAUGHT THIS SMIRK OF EX-PRESIDINK BESSEY'S SHORTLY AFTER ANDERSON INFORMED HIM HE WOULD HAVE TO SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS AT SCOTT BROOK VALLEE WHILE HIS ARCH-ENEMY, MR. BATES WAS UNDERGOING SURGERY AT THE HOSPITAL.

BROTHER BATES REQUESTED AN EXTRA COPY THAT HE CAN HANG UP IN THE HOSPITAL WARD SO THAT WHEN HE COMES OUT FROM UNDER ANAESTHESIA HE WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

SEBOOMOOK LAKE AND ST. JOHN RAILROAD. 2nd part

Another piece of construction is in progress at Seboomook which will be of the first importance to the new railroad in the far North Country--that of a pier extending around the present storehouse and well out into the lake to accommodate the lake steamers and scows. The storehouse will be remodeled and equipped with a conveyor, greatly facilitating the work of unloading the barges and the loading of cars.

A net work of spruce and pine logs filled with heavy rock and covered with four inch spruce, the new wharf will have the aspect of a harbor pier and from day to day will hold freight greater in proportion to the amount handled on the docks of many inland water cities of the state. A round turn crossing behind the storehouse will allow cars to run onto the siding now under construction and will enable the cars to be loaded from either side of the supply house.

A small settlement sprung up practically over night at the South Terminal when living quarters, offices, cooks rooms, round houses, car houses and road camps were built under the direction of Mr. Mullen. Five camps are now in operation and a miniature railway of the narrow gauge type, consisting of a locomotive, dump and flat cars, is being utilized to haul gravel for the road-bed.

Located on the north shore of Seboomook Deadwater, at a point about six miles above Seboomook Dam, the line of route begins and extends about halfway between the mouth of Nulhedus and Logan Brooks; from this point it runs in a generally north-westerly direction until crossing Logan Brook at the southwest corner of T.4,R. 16. From here it runs practically in a northerly direction for about four and one-half miles, until crossing the divide between the Penobscot and St. John waters to the shore of Summit Pond, the first St. John water encountered. It then runs northwesterly along the shore of this pond and crosses its outlet, Summit Pond Brook, at a point just below the pond, thence continueing on northwesterly for about half a mile, striking the Baker branch of the St. John River at a point about ten miles from the South Terminal. Following down the Baker branch for slightly over a mile to the fourth St. John Pond, it then runs near the easterly shore of the pond over a tangent slightly more than a mile in length. After leaving Fourth Pond the road swings somewhat to the east and ends six miles on the south line of T. 6 R. 17, at a point somewhat over a mile east of the shore of St. John Pond.

The trains will consist of about fifteen flat cars with a carrying capacity of 8 to 10 cords of wood. Switch systems will be installed and semaphores set in place. The wood will be hauled from the northernmost lumbering operation to the South Terminal onto a pier extending out into the deadwater from which the wood will be dumped into the lake.

Taken from the Northern, July 1921

The July, 1921 issue of the Northern is the only one missing in the Congressional Records at Washington.

In 1937 the Company purchased a Ford truck and equipped it to travel on the railroad. It was used to tote supplies into the camp at Logan Brook and in 1941 Pete Drouin used it to haul building materials, supplies etc. to the end of the steel where he had two camps. The fall of 1941 a gravel road was built from the Caucomgomac road into the railroad below Logan Brook. The steel was then removed and the roadbed was converted into a truck road that is in use at this time.

Thus ended a railroad that was built to haul pulpwood but the only wood it hauled was cut from the right-of-way.

Andy Howe was an average guy,
 Who with average driving got by--
 Till his car overturned,
 And the hard way he learned
 Both his brains and his brakes to apply.

"THE BOOM HAS BUSSTIDD"--That was the loud cry at 10:30 Tuesday from the Swan Farm when a conservative 25,000 cords of pulpwood broke loose and headed for Seboomook Dam. You certainly can't compete with the "Almighty" when it comes to puffing up a wind storm. The head end of the jam arrived at the Dam late that evening and some of it was sluiced through that night. There has been approximately 35,000 cords sluiced through the dam to date.

Tow boat #55 moved this week from Canada Falls Deadwater to Seboomook Deadwater. The rear of South Branch Drive is now on the move and should be through Canada Falls Dam sometime today if all goes well. The North Branch is scheduled to go through Big Bog Dam today also. This could be the earliest the rear ever went by Pittston although anything could happen to change the situation.

A PEDESTRIAN IS A MAN WHO RACED HIS WIFE TO THE GARAGE--AND LOST.

We see by last Friday's Bangor News where Don Brean at the age of 79 passed on to join the other famous men in the Great Northern's camp of lumber men in the Sanctum above us. During the late twenties Mr. Brean had charge of the Company's Forest Fire Protection Department. We believe the last year that he worked for the Company was in 1934-35 at St. John Operation under the supervision of Lloyd Houghton which was where Rand Brilliant now head clerk of Millinocket Storehouse made his debut with the Company in the clerical department.

Mr. D. E. Bates is making tentative plans to enter the Madigan Hospital in Houlton this coming weekend to undergo a surgical operation. We are planning to have Mr. H. J. Deabay personally hang a copy of this weeks news on the foot of Del's bed with the hopes it will give him an added incentive to get back to Scott Brook Vallee that much quicker. We understand Mr. Bessey will take over at Scott Brook while Bates is away.

We heard that Maurice Bartlett was involved in a head-on collision last week at Oxbow and was fortunate to escape without any serious injuries.

AN IMPATIENT OLD LADY MAKING A TRIP BY BUS BECAME IRRITATED AT THE MANY STOPS.
 "SUCH A SLOW BUS," SHE SNAPPED. "I BELIEVE WE STOP AT EVERY TELEPHONE POLE."
 "WHY NOT LADY?" REPLIED THE DRIVER. "THIS BUS IS A GREYHOUND."

George Irvin transferred from Greenville Shop to the head of Chesuncook Lake this week to do the clerical work. Mr. J. A. Marceau is at Chesuncook Dam. Nelson Levasseur reported 12,000 cords has been sluiced through Ripogenus Dam to date.

Phillip Paquet has six men hauling some of the wood that was cut last spring. They are making an awful effort to get 100,000 cords into this year's drive.

We had the pleasure and satisfaction as well as the honor of attending the installation in Millinocket this past Sunday of Miss June Tweedie as Worthy Advisor of the Order of Rainbow Girls. A great deal of time and work has certainly been put into this group since they were organized two years ago and we feel Mrs French & Mrs. Craig should be highly commended for their efforts.

ONLY ONE PERSON EVER LISTENS TO BOTH SIDES OF A FAMILY ARGUMENT--THE LADY NEXT DOOR

THE HULLING MACHINE (cont)

So I clutched at the face of the dripping ledge
And crouched from the lashing rain,
Where the thunderous sound of the tumult ground
Its iron into my brain.
I stared at the sun as he blinked above
Through whorls of rolling mists,
And I said goodbye and prepared to die
As the current wrenched my wrists.
But just as I loosened my dragging clutch,
Out of the spume and fogs
A chap drove through--one of O'Connors crew--
Riding two hemlock logs,
He was holding his pick-pole couched at Death
As though it were lance in rest,
And his spike-sole boots, as firm as roots,
In the splintered bark were pressed.
If this be sacrilege, pardon me, pray.
But a robe such as angels wear
Seemed his old red shirt with its smears of dirt,
And a halo his mop of hair.
And never a knight in a tournament
Rode lists with a jauntier mien
Than he of the drive who came alive
Through the hell of the Hulling Machine.
He dragged me aboard with a giant swing,
And he guided the rushing craft
Serenely cool to the foam-flecked pool
Where the dimpling shadows laughed.
And he drawled as he poled to the nearest shore,
While I stuttered my gratitude:
"I just came through to show that crew
I'm a match for a sportsman dude."
A driver hates a coward as he hates diluted rye;
Stiff upper-lip for living, stiff backbone when you die;
They cheered me when I passed them;
They followed me with cheers,
That as bracers for a dying man,
Are better far than tears.
There are only two who have raced those falls
And by lucky chance were spared:
Myself dragged there in a fool's despair
And he, the man who dared.
I make no boast, as you'll understand,
And never a boast from him;
And even his name is lost to fame--
I simply know 'twas "Jim."
If Jim was a fool, as I hear you say
With a sneer beneath your breath,
So were knights of old who in tourneys bold
Lunged blithsomenly down at Death,
And if I who was snatched from the jaws of hell
Am to name a knight to you,
Here's the Knight of the Firs, of the Spike-Sole Spurs,
That man from O'Connors crew.



OUR CARTOONIST CAUGHT THIS SMIRK OF EX-PRESIDINK BESSEY'S SHORTLY AFTER ANDERSON INFORMED HIM HE WOULD HAVE TO SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS AT SCOTT BROOK VALLEE WHILE HIS ARCH-ENEMY, MR. BATES WAS UNDERGOING SURGERY AT THE HOSPITAL.

BROTHER BATES REQUESTED AN EXTRA COPY THAT HE CAN HANG UP IN THE HOSPITAL WARD SO THAT WHEN HE COMES OUT FROM UNDER ANAESTHESIA HE WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

SEBOOMOOK LAKE AND ST. JOHN RAILROAD. 2nd part

Another piece of construction is in progress at Seboomook which will be of the first importance to the new railroad in the far North Country--that of a pier extending around the present storehouse and well out into the lake to accommodate the lake steamers and scows. The storehouse will be remodeled and equipped with a conveyor, greatly facilitating the work of unloading the barges and the loading of cars.

A net work of spruce and pine logs filled with heavy rock and covered with four inch spruce, the new wharf will have the aspect of a harbor pier and from day to day will hold freight greater in proportion to the amount handled on the docks of many inland water cities of the state. A round turn crossing behind the storehouse will allow cars to run onto the siding now under construction and will enable the cars to be loaded from either side of the supply house.

A small settlement sprung up practically over night at the South Terminal when living quarters, offices, cooks rooms, round houses, car houses and road camps were built under the direction of Mr. Mullen. Five camps are now in operation and a miniature railway of the narrow gauge type, consisting of a locomotive, dump and flat cars, is being utilized to haul gravel for the road-bed.

Located on the north shore of Seboomook Deadwater, at a point about six miles above Seboomook Dam, the line of route begins and extends about halfway between the mouth of Nulhedus and Logan Brooks; from this point it runs in a generally north-westerly direction until crossing Logan Brook at the southwest corner of T.4,R. 16. From here it runs practically in a northerly direction for about four and one-half miles, until crossing the divide between the Penobscot and St. John waters to the shore of Summit Pond, the first St. John water encountered. It then runs northwesterly along the shore of this pond and crosses its outlet, Summit Pond Brook, at a point just below the pond, thence continueing on northwesterly for about half a mile, striking the Baker branch of the St. John River at a point about ten miles from the South Terminal. Following down the Baker branch for slightly over a mile to the fourth St. John Pond, it then runs near the easterly shore of the pond over a tangent slightly more than a mile in length. After leaving Fourth Pond the road swings somewhat to the east and ends six miles on the south line of T. 6 R. 17, at a point somewhat over a mile east of the shore of St. John Pond.

The trains will consist of about fifteen flat cars with a carrying capacity of 8 to 10 cords of wood. Switch systems will be installed and semaphores set in place. The wood will be hauled from the northernmost lumbering operation to the South Terminal onto a pier extending out into the deadwater from which the wood will be dumped into the lake.

Taken from the Northern, July 1921

The July, 1921 issue of the Northern is the only one missing in the Congressional Records at Washington.

In 1937 the Company purchased a Ford truck and equipped it to travel on the railroad. It was used to tote supplies into the camp at Logan Brook and in 1941 Pete Drouin used it to haul building materials, supplies etc. to the end of the steel where he had two camps. The fall of 1941 a gravel road was built from the Caucomgomac road into the railroad below Logan Brook. The steel was then removed and the roadbed was converted into a truck road that is in use at this time.

Thus ended a railroad that was built to haul pulpwood but the only wood it hauled was cut from the right-of-way.

Andy Howe was an average guy,
Who with average driving got by--
Till his car overturned,
And the hard way he learned
Both his brains and his brakes to apply.

"THE BOOM HAS BUSSTIDD"--That was the loud cry at 10:30 Tuesday from the Swan Farm when a conservative 25,000 cords of pulpwood broke loose and headed for Seboomook Dam. You certainly can't compete with the "Almighty" when it comes to puffing up a wind storm. The head end of the jam arrived at the Dam late that evening and some of it was sluiced through that night. There has been approximately 35,000 cords sluiced through the dam to date.

Tow boat #55 moved this week from Canada Falls Deadwater to Seboomook Deadwater. The rear of South Branch Drive is now on the move and should be through Canada Falls Dam sometime today if all goes well. The North Branch is scheduled to go through Big Bog Dam today also. This could be the earliest the rear ever went by Pittston although anything could happen to change the situation.

A PEDESTRIAN IS A MAN WHO RACED HIS WIFE TO THE GARAGE--AND LOST.

We see by last Friday's Bangor News where Don Brean at the age of 79 passed on to join the other famous men in the Great Northern's camp of lumber men in the Sanctum above us. During the late twenties Mr. Brean had charge of the Company's Forest Fire Protection Department. We believe the last year that he worked for the Company was in 1934-35 at St. John Operation under the supervision of Lloyd Houghton which was where Rand Brilliant now head clerk of Millinocket Storehouse made his debut with the Company in the clerical department.

Mr. D. E. Bates is making tentative plans to enter the Madigan Hospital in Houlton this coming weekend to undergo a surgical operation. We are planning to have Mr. H. J. Deabay personally hang a copy of this weeks news on the foot of Del's bed with the hopes it will give him an added incentive to get back to Scott Brook Vallee that much quicker. We understand Mr. Bessey will take over at Scott Brook while Bates is away.

We heard that Maurice Bartlett was involved in a head-on collision last week at Oxbow and was fortunate to escape without any serious injuries.

AN IMPATIENT OLD LADY MAKING A TRIP BY BUS BECAME IRRITATED AT THE MANY STOPS.

"SUCH A SLOW BUS," SHE SNAPPED. "I BELIEVE WE STOP AT EVERY TELEPHONE POLE."

"WHY NOT LADY?" REPLIED THE DRIVER. "THIS BUS IS A GREYHOUND."

George Irvin transferred from Greenville Shop to the head of Chesuncook Lake this week to do the clerical work. Mr. J. A. Marceau is at Chesuncook Dam. Nelson Levasseur reported 12,000 cords has been sluiced through Ripogenus Dam to date.

Phillip Paquet has six men hauling some of the wood that was cut last spring. They are making an awful effort to get 100,000 cords into this year's drive.

We had the pleasure and satisfaction as well as the honor of attending the installation in Millinocket this past Sunday of Miss June Tweedie as Worthy Advisor of the Order of Rainbow Girls. A great deal of time and work has certainly been put into this group since they were organized two years ago and we feel Mrs French & Mrs. Craig should be highly commended for their efforts.

ONLY ONE PERSON EVER LISTENS TO BOTH SIDES OF A FAMILY ARGUMENT--THE LADY NEXT DOOR

THE HULLING MACHINE (cont)

So I clutched at the face of the dripping ledge
And crouched from the lashing rain,
Where the thunderous sound of the tumult ground
Its iron into my brain.
I stared at the sun as he blinked above
Through whorls of rolling mists,
And I said goodbye and prepared to die
As the current wrenched my wrists.
But just as I loosened my dragging clutch,
Out of the spume and fogs
A chap drove through--one of O'Connors crew--
Riding two hemlock logs,
He was holding his pick-pole couched at Death
As though it were lance in rest,
And his spike-sole boots, as firm as roots,
In the splintered bark were pressed.
If this be sacrilege, pardon me, pray.
But a robe such as angels wear
Seemed his old red shirt with its smears of dirt,
And a halo his mop of hair.
And never a knight in a tournament
Rode lists with a jauntier mien
Than he of the drive who came alive
Through the hell of the Hulling Machine.
He dragged me aboard with a giant swing,
And he guided the rushing craft
Serenely cool to the foam-flecked pool
Where the dimpling shadows laughed.
And he drawled as he poled to the nearest shore,
While I stuttered my gratitude:
"I just came through to show that crew
I'm a match for a sportsman dude."
A driver hates a coward as he hates diluted rye;
Stiff upper-lip for living, stiff backbone when you die;
They cheered me when I passed them;
They followed me with cheers,
That as bracers for a dying man,
Are better far than tears.
There are only two who have raced those falls
And by lucky chance were spared:
Myself dragged there in a fool's despair
And he, the man who dared.
I make no boast, as you'll understand,
And never a boast from him;
And even his name is lost to fame--
I simply know 'twas "Jim."
If Jim was a fool, as I hear you say
With a sneer beneath your breath,
So were knights of old who in tourneys bold
Lunged blithsomenly down at Death.
And if I who was snatched from the jaws of hell
Am to name a knight to you,
Here's the Knight of the Firs, of the Spike-Sole Spurs,
That man from O'Connors crew.

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 Miles and miles they will go
 Without worry or woe.
 They prepare, then take care all the way.

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April	1.42	3.37	1.98	3.19	1.95	3.79	4.89	3.60	2.16	2.81	29.16
May	2.96	3.40	2.97	2.26	1.74	2.99	4.61	2.58	2.77	2.77	29.05
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This gives us an average of 2.77 inches per month for the first five months of the year and shows that we are 2.36 inches below average at this time.

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JACK HAGGERTY

I'm a heart-broken raftsmen, from Greenville I came;
I devoted my departure without any pain;
From the strong darts of Cupid, which have caused me much grief,
My heart is broken, and I can't find relief.

I work on Flat River, I earn quite good pay,
I was steadfast and steady and ne'er played the race;
I'm a boy that stands happy on the wide-rolling stream,
From Cheboygan to Saginaw I'm very well known,
My name is Jack Haggerty, I'm the pride of the town.

I'll tell you my troubles without much delay,
'Twas of a fair schoolgirl my heart stole away;
She was a blacksmith's daughter by the Flat River side,
And I always intended to make her my bride.

I dressed her in muslins and the finest of lace,
In the costly linens I did her embrace,
I gave her my wages to keep for me safe,
I refused her nothing I could get in the place.

One day on Flat River a note I received;
She said from her promise herself she'd relieve
For another true lover, who had long been delayed,
And the next time I saw her she'd no more be a maid.

To her mother Jane Tucker, I lay all the blame;
She caused her to desert me and hurt my good name;
She cast off the rigging that I would soon tie
And left me a wanderer till the day that I died.

Farewell to Flat River, for there's no rest,
I'll shoulder my peavey and I'll go out west,
I'll start for Baskhegan some pleasure to find,
And I'll leave my false love on Flat River behind.

Now come all you young fellows with hearts strong and true,
Don't depend on a woman one bit or you'll rue;
But if you should meet one with bright chestnut curls,
Just think of Jack Haggerty and the Flat River girl.

From the "Minstrelsy of Maine."

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In addition to boat building, Mr. Harkness had a good many other experimental projects underway during his career with the Company. One of these was the changing of the design of the twin tractor that was originally designed and built by the Lombard Tractor Engine Company of Waterville in 1922. Plans for the new twin were begun in 1923 but interruptions were numerous and it was in November 1924 before real work on the new machine got underway. In January 1925 H. A. Woodruff of the Union Iron Works, Bangor, came to Greenville as a draughtsman. The steel castings designed by Mr. Woodruff under Mr. Harkness direction were made and shipped to the Lombard Tractor Engine Company for machining. It made its trial run on February 1, 1927 by hauling two sled loads of coal to the top of Blair's Hill. Thereafter it was in constant use toting supplies etc.

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THE DUNGARVON WHOOPER (Part one of three)

Far within the forest scene,
Where the trees forever green,
Form a contrast to the beech and birches grey;
Where the snow lies white and deep,
And the songbirds seem to sleep,
And cease their sweetest singing all the day;
Where the mighty monstrous moose,
With limbs long and large and loose,
Through the forests sweeps with stride both swift and strong;
Where the caribou and deer,
Feed by streams so crystal clear,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Where the black bear has his den,
Far beyond the haunts of men;
Where the muskrat, mink and martin swim the streams;
Where the squirrel so light and free,
Swiftly springs from tree to tree,
And the lovely snow-white rabbit sleeps and dreams.
Where the sounds of toil resound,
Far across the frozen ground,
And the thousand things that to the woods belong;
Where the saws and axes ring,
And the woodsmen wildly sing,
And the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

In a lumber camp one day,
While the crew was far away,
And the Boss and cook were in the camp alone,
A sad tragedy took place,
And DEATH won another race,
When the young cook swiftly passed to the UNKNOWN.
From those days of LONG AGO,
Comes this mournful tale of woe,
The sad and solemn subject of my song.
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*****To be continued

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

June 4, 1964

CIRCULATION 148

VOLUME 2 No.27

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In the costly linens I did her embrace,
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ENTERPRISING, FAST WORKER WAS HUGHES;
 SAID HE KNEW ALL THE SHORT-CUTS TO USE;
 BUT HE TOSSED A BIG WRENCH
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The Maine fire started in and near the Piscataquis Valley. It seems to have sprung up from a number of different and widely scattered fires which, in the high wind of October 7, was swept into one great roaring holocaust. Its start was evidently from fires which were set by settlers in clearing new land and which got away from them in a particularly dry season.

It burned more than 832,000 acres or the equivalent of 38 townships, destroying enough standing timber, according to one authority, to build 38 cities of from 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants each. The bounds of this fire can be given roughly as follows: passing across the towns of Shirley and Elliottsville, the fire on the north took in Katahdin Iron Works and Township Long A, passing eastward to cross the West Branch of the Penobscot below Twin Lakes. Leaving unharmed the district east to Sebois and Endless Lakes, it swept down to the main Penobscot in the town of Chester, burning more or less through all the towns along the west side of the river down to the line of Oldtown. On the west, the fire line takes in parts of Kingsbury, Mayfield and Wellington, touches Harmony on its northeast corner and includes all of Cambridge and Ripley. It thus extended from Oldtown on the Penobscot to Mayfield on Kennebec waters. The Rev. Amasa Loring, an eyewitness, has written an account of the fire which was generally regarded by "old timers" as accurate and comprehensive. Mr. Loring said in part: The most severe and extensive calamity that ever befell this country was the great fire of 1825. Previously the annual rainfall had been sufficient to secure good crops, and to prevent extensive conflagrations. But in August and September of that year no rain fell, and a severe drought extensively prevailed. The crops had grown and ripened. By the beginning of October, the wells were without water, the small mill streams had failed, the brooks had ceased to flow and the fish gathered in the deep pools, or lay dead upon their dry, stony beds. Much of the cleared land contained decaying stumps, and was enclosed in log fences, while the stubble upon the grain and mowing fields was thick and rank, and all as dry as tinder. Still those who were clearing up new land, in their eagerness to burn up the fallen growth, set fires as fearlessly as ever. And these fires did not go out, but lingered and smouldered still. In the evening of October 7th, after a still smoky day, a violent gale arose from the north and northwest, fanning these smouldering fires into a furious and rushing blaze. In the woodlands, the flames rolled on in solid column, while the wind scattered sparks and blazing fragments like chaff, lighting up stumps, fences and even the dry stubble.

Everybody, the writer continues, was awake. He describes how fences were torn down, water carried and back fires set. It was the wildest night in the experience of those who witnessed it or who fought the flames in efforts to save their homes and farms. The next morning the wind died down and the great danger to settlers was over but the fire continued in the bogs and timberlands for days; the smoke was so dense that cattle were sickened over a wide area, and the smoke hung heavy in the air as far as Massachusetts. It was not until the heavy fall rains that the fire was subdued. Old settlers, quoted by former Forest Commissioner Charles E. Oak, told graphic tales of the severity of the fire. It traveled, they said, as fast as a horse could run and the air was filled with burning brands, some of them very large; the roaring of the burning forests was something frightful. It overpowered the settlers. In Cambridge and Ripley numerous sets of building were destroyed, and scattered buildings were burned elsewhere. It maintained itself, in spite of any efforts to stop it, while spreading north and east and ravaged timberlands for weeks.

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When the crew returned that night,
What a sad scene met their sight;
There lay the young cook, silent, cold and dead.
DEATH was in his curling hair,
O'er his young face, pale yet fair,
While his knapsack formed a pillow for his head.
From the belt around his waist,
All his money was misplaced,
Which made the men suspect some serious wrong;
Was it murder cold and dread,
That befell the fair young dead
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along?

When they asked the SKIPPER why,
He had made no wild outcry,
He turned away and hung his haughty head.
"Well the youngster took so sick,
And he died so mighty quick,
I hadn't time to think", was all he said.
A tear was in each eye,
From each heart there came a sigh,
While through each breast the strangest feelings throng.
Then each reverent head was bared,
As his funeral they prepared,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Fast fell the driven snow,
While the winds did fiercely blow,
Till four feet deep it lay upon the ground;
So that on the burial day,
To the graveyard far away,
To bear the corpse impossible was found.
So a forest grave was made,
And in it the cook was laid,
While the song-birds and the woodsmen ceased their song.
There the last farewells were said,
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

June 18, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 29

Experiments by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have shown that a vehicle traveling at 30 m.p.h. in heavy rains begin to lose contact between its tires and the road beneath. At about 55 m.p.h. the tires lose all contact and the vehicle is actually hydroplaning. This means that the vehicle is riding a cushion of water on the surface of the highway. This lack of road contact may explain some of the mystery crashes which occur for no apparent reason on rainy days.

The cutting scale we had last week for Adelard Gilbert was for the week only. This week as of Sunday night Adelard had 4,509 cords. I. L. Dumas had the first scale bill for the new season, 94 cords and Joseph Poulin from the Lobster road right-of-way has 15 cords. This gives us 4,618 cords not considering Paquet's wood cut in April.

The rear of Caucomgomac Drive arrived at Black Pond last Friday and the crew has moved out leaving Ivan Jeffry to take the inventory and close the books. Henri moved into his cutting camp Monday. W.E. Crosby is the clerk and Phillippe Larochelle, cook.

Joseph Poulin has moved his camps at Jackman to the Penobscot Farm and has begun to cut the right-of-way of the Little Lobster Lake access road. This road will cross Lobster Lake Stream at the trip where the old bridgeway was in the days of Sutherland.

PHENOMENA of PHENOMENA at PITTSTON Tuesday June 16th. The sun shone, the wind blew, it rained, there was thunder & lightening and several severe snow squalls in addition to Fernald having a birthday all in 24 hours. We can stop having birthdays again but we can't control the weather.

Miss Suzanne Tweedie blew in Sunday night for a visit with the Fernalds and Mrs. Mary Nye with three children Ben, Billy & Mary moved into the cottage for a brief visit. A quick census of the young'ns Tuesday morning shows Ben, Billy & Mary Nye; Allen, Tommy & Judith Roberts; Donna & Gerry Powers; Gerry Dow; Suzanne Tweedie and Robin Thornton. Paul Goodblood when he was running the farm back in the Indian days never experienced the war-whoops that are now echoing off the mountain tops around here. Arthur Bessey says the warwhoops have driven out all his guests that are not bald headed including LaCrosse & Tapley.

As we recall it last June 17th, Ray McNamara saw a gaunt, spectral form emerge from a long black vehicle to commence digging a hole in the earth which scairt Ray quite badly until he found out it was only Slim Powell. It is a good thing Ray wasn't there this year to see Ivan Jeffry crawl out of his scout and start making snowballs to throw at the birds in the road or he would have really flipped his lid. We can hear him saying now: "Padded Cell, here I come!"

Last weeks Enterprise had an editorial about the Maine Flag and you know we have been trying for over a year to locate one for our flag pole as it is a curiosity since no one in this area has ever seen one. We have had no luck so far but shortly after reading Gould's article a very brilliant idea hit us just over the glasses: Why not have the Pittston & Grant Farm telephone operators send to Mr. Gould for one of his "Solid Gold Allagash Coffee Pots" that they could set along side their switchboards. (This would be called multiple use of the Allagash) They would no longer have to dash up stairs to the bathroom every fifteen minutes which would give them time to make a flag as well as a Great Northern pennant for future boat launchings. Who knows? They might even become the Betsy Rosses of 1964. It is just possible that Franky P. Lincoln of the Portland Press Herald will have the opportunity in the near future of changing the name from Fearless Felix to Fleeing Felix after the operators and John Gould get through reading this.

BACHELOR, BESSEY EXASPERATED AT HIS UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO RUSH A GIRL ON THE DANCE FLOOR AT CARON'S SPA, SAID, "LOOK, HONEY, I AM ONLY GOING TO BE HERE FOR THE WEEKEND." "OK,OK," SHE SNAPPED, "BUT I'M DANCING AS FAST AS I CAN."

SEBOOMOOK FARM Cont.

The storehouse has an electric conveyor by means of which huge quantities of hay, oats and other supplies can be stored away in a comparatively short time. Within the last few years, also, there have been built at Seboomook a pumphouse, a dynamite house, a boat-house, some hen-houses and some other buildings.

One recalls that Wilmer Spencer succeeded Jim Maguire as superintendent, and that he in turn was followed by Jim Brown, who later ran the Deerhead Farm. Mr. Hilton followed Brown and after him came the well remembered "Bill" McDonald, who was superintendent for four years. He was succeeded by Walter B. Twombly, the present incumbent, who has run the farm for two years. The clerks have been legion. It appeared as if most of the clerks the company has had have spent some period of their life at Seboomook. The capable F. A. Murphy is the present clerk.

The site of the farm is a most attractive one, with a view halfway down the lake, the Spencer mountain showing up to good advantage in the southeast. The pastures and fields extend on either side of the road from the lake a distance of a mile. Across the field from the farmhouse and parallel to the road runs Carry Brook, which was the scene many years ago of an interesting experiment. Bradstreet was then logging in the vicinity and constructed a sluiceway more than a mile long to land his logs in Moosehead Lake. In addition to the sluiceway he had to have an endless chain arrangement of buckets to keep his sluice supplied with water, and he was compelled to use Kennebec water. His buckets dipped into the lake at the mouth of Carry Brook, made the trip to the far end of the sluiceway where they were tilted, and the water returned to the lake by way of the sluice, easing the logs along as it came. This machinery was used several years but it was not a huge success. The remains of the old sluice may still be seen.

One discovery that always astonished newcomers is the standard gauge railroad that leads from the wharf to Carry Pond. This was a very necessary link in the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railroad, and was started in 1919 by J. B. Stewart, who was later succeeded by Mr. J. T. Mullen. It was a rare day for peaceful Seboomook when huge logging engines hauling flat cars puffed their way up the road to Carry Pond, where they were loaded on immense scows and towed to the terminal six miles distant. This railroad is not yet complete, and Seboomook which is quiet just now will yet become a very busy place.

FROM THE JANUARY 1925 ISSUE OF THE NORTHERN MAGAZINE.

The Seboomook Farm was closed during the depression but opened in the spring of 1936 to accommodate the overhead personnel that were building a cement dam to replace the wooden one on Henderson's Pitch of the Penobscot River. In the following years, horses were pastured here and the caretaker lived in the quarters over the blacksmith shop. E. J. Leavitt, District Fire Warden and family lived in the main house during the summer months until 1944, at which time they converted the entire farm into a Prisoner of War camp. In 1948, Mack King, foreman under the supervision of C. M. Hilton commenced tearing down the buildings. The blacksmith shop was moved to Seboomook Dam and converted into a store and a half house for the dam watchman. The dynamite house was moved to Nelhedus chain for living quarters, watchman. The balance of the building were demolished, including the storehouse on the wharf. The Northwest Inn burned April 7, 1945, including the store.

There is supposedly three graves in a small cemetery on the banks of Carry Brook but to date we have not been able to find anyone who knew the names of the occupants.

SEBOOMOOK FARM

Seboomook is located at the head of the northwest arm of Moosehead Lake. It is also called Northwest Carry, the distance from Kannebec to Penobscot waters at this point being a little over two miles. William Willis points out that the Indian name means "shaped like a moose's head" and states that from this circumstance the entire lake received its name.

The first permanent habitation at Seboomook was a log building constructed and owned by one Marsh Lane. Lane lived here a number of years with his son Ferd and his two daughters. From Lane it passed into the possession of Alec Lessard. The place was then purchased by Joe Morris, whose son, Pero Morris, is a well known business man of Greenville. The elder Morris built the first hotel at Seboomook. It was on the site of the present Northwest Inn and was a frame house, painted rather a homely shade of yellow with red trimmings. Billy Young bought the Morris place and ran it for a few years when it was purchased by the late Martin P. Colbath. There was a small wharf and storehouse there then, and Mr. Colbath built larger ones. He also added considerably to the house from time to time, and built the annex, the barns, the present store and dwelling of Mrs. Colbath, a blacksmith shop and other buildings, and successfully conducted a hotel here for many years.

In 1899 The Great Northern Paper Company purchased Seboomook Town. It was one of the first purchases made by the company. The first farmhouse was a story and a half building that set at the upper end of the Colbath garden, facing the lake. This was used for several years. Jim Maguire was the first superintendent and John McMann the first clerk. Martin Cahil was the first cook.

This house was moved to its present location in 1915, the roof was raised and a part added to the front of it. It was still, however, far too small to accommodate the number of woodsmen who were traveling in those days, and the Colbaths continued to board Northern men, even as recently as 1918. In 1917 the long wing was added to the south side, forming the present boardinghouse as we know it. In summer, tents are set up in the adjoining birch grove and these accommodate additional employees.

The company followed its usual policy of assembling a complete group of modern farm buildings. The two stables were built in 1910. In 1912 the equipment shed was erected. This was originally intended for the storage of the big traction engine outfit, but has since been used as an equipment shed. The following year the wagon-house and the potato-house were built, the latter a duplicate of those at Pittston Farm and Grant Farm. In 1914 the blacksmith shop, the well-house and the ice-house were constructed, and were followed the next year by the cow-stable, the hog-house and the woodshed. The new slaughter was built the year previous but which was destroyed by fire. In 1916, also, the garage was set up here, after having been removed from Lily Bay. I have neglected to mention in its proper place one other building which has had an interesting and checkered career, namely the old office which was torn down last year. This structure was moved from the Ross Farm in 1909 to the site it occupied, and was used at first as a residence for the superintendent.

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THE DUNGARVON WHOOPER (Part three of three)

Then the crew to camp returned,
And their comrade still they mourned,
As the shades of night were falling o'er the hill.
Through that long and fearful night,
All the camp was in affright;
Such fearful whoops and yells, the forest fill.
Pale and ghastly was each face;
"We must leave this dreadful place,
For this camp unto the demon does belong;
With the dawning of the day,
We shall hasten far away,
From where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along".

Since that day, so goes the word,
Fearful sounds have long been heard,
Far round the scene where lies this woodsman's grave.
Whoops the stoutest heart to thrill,
Yells the warmest blood to chill,
And brings terror to the bravest of the brave.
Till beside that grave did stand,
"God's Good Man", with lifted hand,
And prayed that He these sounds would not prolong;
That those awful sounds should cease,
And the region rest in peace,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Since that day the sounds have ceased,
And the region is released
From those unearthly whoops and screams and yells.
All around the Whooper's Spring,
There is heard no evil thing,
All around the Whooper's grave deep silence dwells.
Be this story false or true,
I have told it unto you,
As I've heard it from the folk-lore all life long.
Now I pray all strife may cease,
And our people dwell in peace,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

This poem was composed by, Michael Whelan, The poet of Renous, New Brunswick. The 1958 winter edition of the Northeast Folklore magazine has several articles relating to its origin but since the Dungarvon is a tributary of the Renous that flows into the Miramichi River, we feel the same as Tommy Whelan does, that it's origin is definitely New Brunswick and Maine can lay no claim to it.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

June 18, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 29

Experiments by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration have shown that a vehicle traveling at 30 m.p.h. in heavy rains begin to lose contact between its tires and the road beneath. At about 55 m.p.h. the tires lose all contact and the vehicle is actually hydroplaning. This means that the vehicle is riding a cushion of water on the surface of the highway. This lack of road contact may explain some of the mystery crashes which occur for no apparent reason on rainy days.

The cutting scale we had last week for Adelard Gilbert was for the week only. This week as of Sunday night Adelard had 4,509 cords. I. L. Dumas had the first scale bill for the new season, 94 cords and Joseph Poulin from the Lobster road right-of-way has 15 cords. This gives us 4,618 cords not considering Paquet's wood cut in April.

The rear of Caucomgomac Drive arrived at Black Pond last Friday and the crew has moved out leaving Ivan Jeffry to take the inventory and close the books. Henri moved into his cutting camp Monday. W.E. Crosby is the clerk and Phillippe Larochelle, cook.

Joseph Poulin has moved his camps at Jackman to the Penobscot Farm and has begun to cut the right-of-way of the Little Lobster Lake access road. This road will cross Lobster Lake Stream at the trip where the old bridgeway in the days of Sutherland.

PHENOMENA of PHENOMENA at PITTSTON Tuesday June 16th. The sun shone, the wind blew, it rained, there was thunder & lightening and several severe snow squalls in addition to Fernald having a birthday all in 24 hours. We can stop having birthdays again but we can't control the weather.

Miss Suzanne Tweedie blew in Sunday night for a visit with the Fernalds and Mrs. Mary Nye with three children Ben, Billy & Mary moved into the cottage for a brief visit. A quick census of the young'ns Tuesday morning shows Ben, Billy & Mary Nye; Allen, Tommy & Judith Roberts; Donna & Gerry Powers; Gerry Dow; Suzanne Tweedie and Robin Thornton. Paul Goodblood when he was running the farm back in the Indian days never experienced the war-whoops that are now echoing off the mountain tops around here. Arthur Bessey says the warwhoops have driven out all his guests that are not bald headed including LaCrosse & Tapley.

As we recall it last June 17th, Ray McNamara saw a gaunt, spectral form emerge from a long black vehicle to commence digging a hole in the earth which scairt Ray quite badly until he found out it was only Slim Powell. It is a good thing Ray wasn't there this year to see Ivan Jeffry crawl out of his scout and start making snowballs to throw at the birds in the road or he would have really flipped his lid. We can hear him saying now: "Padded Cell, here I come!"

Last weeks Enterprise had an editorial about the Maine Flag and you know we have been trying for over a year to locate one for our flag pole as it is a curiosity since no one in this area has ever seen one. We have had no luck so far but shortly after reading Gould's article a very brilliant idea hit us just over the glasses: Why not have the Pittston & Grant Farm telephone operators send to Mr. Gould for one of his "Solid Gold Allagash Coffee Pots" that they could set along side their switchboards. (This would be called multiple use of the Allagash) They would no longer have to dash up stairs to the bathroom every fifteen minutes which would give them time to make a flag as well as a Great Northern pennant for future boat launchings. Who knows? They might even become the Betsy Rosses of 1964. It is just possible that Franky P. Lincoln of the Portland Press Herald will have the opportunity in the near future of changing the name from Fearless Felix to Fleeing Felix after the operators and John Gould get through reading this.

BACHELOR, BESSEY EXASPERATED AT HIS UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO RUSH A GIRL ON THE DANCE FLOOR AT CARON'S SPA, SAID, "LOOK, HONEY, I AM ONLY GOING TO BE HERE FOR THE WEEKEND." "OK, OK," SHE SNAPPED, "BUT I'M DANCING AS FAST AS I CAN."

SEBOOMOOK FARM Cont.

The storehouse has an electric conveyor by means of which huge quantities of hay, oats and other supplies can be stored away in a comparatively short time. Within the last few years, also, there have been built at Seboomook a pumphouse, a dynamite house, a boat-house, some hen-houses and some other buildings.

One recalls that Wilmer Spencer succeeded Jim Maguire as superintendent, and that he in turn was followed by Jim Brown, who later ran the Deerhead Farm. Mr. Hilton followed Brown and after him came the well remembered "Bill" McDonald, who was superintendent for four years. He was succeeded by Walter B. Twombly, the present incumbent, who has run the farm for two years. The clerks have been legion. It appeared as if most of the clerks the company has had have spent some period of their life at Seboomook. The capable F. A. Murphy is the present clerk.

The site of the farm is a most attractive one, with a view halfway down the lake, the Spencer mountain showing up to good advantage in the southeast. The pastures and fields extend on either side of the road from the lake a distance of a mile. Across the field from the farmhouse and parallel to the road runs Carry Brook, which was the scene many years ago of an interesting experiment. Bradstreet was then logging in the vicinity and constructed a sluiceway more than a mile long to land his logs in Moosehead Lake. In addition to the sluiceway he had to have an endless chain arrangement of buckets to keep his sluice supplied with water, and he was compelled to use Kennebec water. His buckets dipped into the lake at the mouth of Carry Brook, made the trip to the far end of the sluiceway where they were tilted, and the water returned to the lake by way of the sluice, easing the logs along as it came. This machinery was used several years but it was not a huge success. The remains of the old sluice may still be seen.

One discovery that always astonished newcomers is the standard gauge railroad that leads from the wharf to Carry Pond. This was a very necessary link in the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railroad, and was started in 1919 by J. B. Stewart, who was later succeeded by Mr. J. T. Mullen. It was a rare day for peaceful Seboomook when huge logging engines hauling flat cars puffed their way up the road to Carry Pond, where they were loaded on immense scows and towed to the terminal six miles distant. This railroad is not yet complete, and Seboomook which is quiet just now will yet become a very busy place.

FROM THE JANUARY 1925 ISSUE OF THE NORTHERN MAGAZINE.

The Seboomook Farm was closed during the depression but opened in the spring of 1936 to accommodate the overhead personnel that were building a cement dam to replace the wooden one on Henderson's Pitch of the Penobscot River. In the following years, horses were pastured here and the caretaker lived in the quarters over the blacksmith shop. E. J. Leavitt, District Fire Warden and family lived in the main house during the summer months until 1944, at which time they converted the entire farm into a Prisoner of War camp. In 1948, Mack King, foreman under the supervision of C. M. Hilton commenced tearing down the buildings. The blacksmith shop was moved to Seboomook Dam and converted into a story and a half house for the dam watchman. The dynamite house was moved to Nelhedus chain for living quarters. The balance of the building were demolished, including the storehouse on the wharf. The Northwest Inn burned April 7, 1945, including the store.

There is supposedly three graves in a small cemetery on the banks of Carry Brook but to date we have not been able to find anyone who knew the names of the occupants.

SEBOOMOOK FARM

Seboomook is located at the head of the northwest arm of Moosehead Lake. It is also called Northwest Carry, the distance from Kennebec to Penobscot waters at this point being a little over two miles. William Willis points out that the Indian name means "shaped like a moose's head" and states that from this circumstance the entire lake received its name.

The first permanent habitation at Seboomook was a log building constructed and owned by one Marsh Lane. Lane lived here a number of years with his son Ferd and his two daughters. From Lane it passed into the possession of Alec Lessard. The place was then purchased by Joe Morris, whose son, Pero Morris, is a well known business man of Greenville. The elder Morris built the first hotel at Seboomook. It was on the site of the present Northwest Inn and was a frame house, painted rather a homely shade of yellow with red trimmings. Billy Young bought the Morris place and ran it for a few years when it was purchased by the late Martin P. Colbath. There was a small wharf and storehouse there then, and Mr. Colbath built larger ones. He also added considerably to the house from time to time, and built the annex, the barns, the present store and dwelling of Mrs. Colbath, a blacksmith shop and other buildings, and successfully conducted a hotel here for many years.

In 1899 The Great Northern Paper Company purchased Seboomook Town. It was one of the first purchases made by the company. The first farmhouse was a story and a half building that set at the upper end of the Colbath garden, facing the lake. This was used for several years. Jim McGuire was the first superintendent and John McMann the first clerk. Martin Cahil was the first cook.

This house was moved to its present location in 1915, the roof was raised and a part added to the front of it. It was still, however, far too small to accommodate the number of woodsmen who were traveling in those days, and the Colbaths continued to board Northern men, even as recently as 1918. In 1917 the long wing was added to the south side, forming the present boardinghouse as we know it. In summer, tents are set up in the adjoining birch grove and these accommodate additional employees.

The company followed its usual policy of assembling a complete group of modern farm buildings. The two stables were built in 1910. In 1912 the equipment shed was erected. This was originally intended for the storage of the big traction engine outfit, but has since been used as an equipment shed. The following year the wagon-house and the potato-house were built, the latter a duplicate of those at Pittston Farm and Grant Farm. In 1914 the blacksmith shop, the well-house and the ice-house were constructed, and were followed the next year by the cow-stable, the hog-house and the woodshed. The new slaughter was built the year previous but which was destroyed by fire. In 1916, also, the garage was set up here, after having been removed from Lily Bay. I have neglected to mention in its proper place one other building which has had an interesting and checkered career, namely the old office which was torn down last year. This structure was moved from the Ross Farm in 1909 to the site it occupied, and was used at first as a residence for the superintendent.

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THE DUNGARVON WHOOPER (Part three of three)

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And their comrade still they mourned,
As the shades of night were falling o'er the hill.
Through that long and fearful night,
All the camp was in affright;
Such fearful whoops and yells, the forest fill.
Pale and ghastly was each face;
"We must leave this dreadful place,
For this camp unto the demon does belong;
With the dawning of the day,
We shall hasten far away,
From where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along".

Since that day, so goes the word,
Fearful sounds have long been heard,
Far round the scene where lies this woodsman's grave.
Whoops the stoutest heart to thrill,
Yells the warmest blood to chill,
And brings terror to the bravest of the brave.
Till beside that grave did stand,
"God's Good Man"; with lifted hand,
And prayed that He these sounds would not prolong;
That those awful sounds should cease,
And the region rest in peace,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Since that day the sounds have ceased,
And the region is released
From those unearthly whoops and screams and yells.
All around the Whooper's Spring,
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All around the Whooper's grave deep silence dwells.
Be this story false or true,
I have told it unto you,
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JUNE 25, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 30

Walking's riskier at sundown,
So whenever you go roaming,
Just be sure you don't get run down
In the middle of the gloaming.

The wood scale as of Sunday night shows: Adelard Gilbert, 5,891 cds; Phillip Paquet, 2,812 cds; Henri Marcoux, 819 cds and I. L. Dumas has 418 cds to make a total of 9,940 cords cut on the 1964-65 year.

The road crew has the Pittston-Rockwood road in excellent shape and shortly they will add a new layer of Calcium to take care of the dust problem.

The Main River drive crew moved Tuesday of this week into the boom house at the dam. Swan Farm is in the process of being closed until the drive begins next year. The rear crew have not gone through the dam as yet due to high winds last week and a heavier rear than was predicted.

Stan Hall blossomed out this week with a new Dodge equipped with a seat belt built for two. The driving lessons he is giving to the Pittston telephone operator could be the first step toward a honey-moon trip. Arthur Bessey should apply some of his high pressure sales talk to them and maybe they would rent the Honey-Moon Cottage at Seboomook Campground for the occasion. (Hopper Header special)

The band-aid that Forest Whitman of the Scott Paper Company is displaying between his eyes is the result of a backhander from his wife when he got fresh with her. If she had swung a little harder there might have been a sign just under both eyebrows saying, "CLOSED FOR THE WEEK." (Another Hopper Header special)

We would like to recommend to the Safety Department that they take a half dozen of our new life jackets that are U. S. Coastguard approved and soak them in the lake a few hours before insisting on the river drivers wearing them. Latest report says the three people who drowned on Moosehead last Sunday was due to the new life jackets they had just purchased (U. S. C. approved) disintegrating after a short time in the water. It's a poor time for a lawsuit when you are walking the bottom of Moosehead.

Mr. F. A. Gilbert, Manager G.N.P. Co.

May 14, 1920

Dear Sir: The writer is of the opinion that adding machines could be used in Woods Operations to advantage, and would like to know if this would meet with your approval.

The Dalton people have a machine out that can be used for multiplication as well as addition, and the cost of same to the Company would be about \$110.00 each. This machine is not very large and if properly used would last a long time.

Yours Truly, L. G. White.

Mr. L. G. White, Bangor Office

May 25, 1920

Dear Sir: This will acknowledge receipt of yours of May 14th and advise that we do not approve of putting in such expensive equipment, for the present at least.

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A quick trip around the woods camps today shows how times have changed since the above letters were written. Electric & manuel operated adding machines, calculators as well as the most modern typerwriters. decorate the clerk's emporiums.

The forest fire that started Tuesday evening in Aroostook on T. 14 R. 9 had covered approximately 300 acres by Wednesday noon according to a report from Sheridan. Vaughn Thornton, Maine Forestry Supervisor for this area is beginning to get nervous as the dry woods continues to get dryer and the burning index climbs toward class five which is considered the danger area. Watch those campfires, matches and cigarettes if you want to help "KEEP MAINE GREEN."

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST

When twilight falls upon us
And the days grow dark and drear,
With electric lights to guide us,
Though aged and in the sere,
We totter down the hall-way
Assured and without fear--
To the white enameled bath-room in the rear.

When nature's urge o'er takes us,
In the darkness of the night,
We seek no vessel as of yore
Dark hidden from our sight,
But calmly walk the hall-way
To the receptacle most dear,
In the white enameled bath-room in the rear.

Retrospection brings before me,
By the fire-light sitting here,
When as boys we ate green apples
As the sun shone bright and clear;
But at midnight, with a gripping pain
We arose with cold and fear
To seek that far-off back-house in the rear.

There is much in retrospection
To bring happiness and joy,
We like to dream of the "good old days"
When we were but a boy;
But we must admit that necessity,
And we did it with a tear,
Forced our lagging footsteps at midnight
To the back-house in the rear.

To some the past seems better
Than what we have today,
With a brighter sun, a warmer clime
When the grass made much more hay;
That maybe so--I'm growing old--
But I wish to state right here,
That I much prefer a bath-room
To a back-house in the rear.

-----Back-house Bard:

This was taken from the "MORNING CALL" Volume 1, No. 1
Also from the same paper-The Weather: No drafts today.
Even the Zephyrs around the back-house are moderating
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JULY 2, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 31

It is just a year ago tomorrow that Roscoe McDonald got an introduction to the wormy side of the situation when he drowned in Chesuncook Lake. This should be a good example of what happens when you go boating without wearing a life preserver so why not think of it just before starting your outboard.

The pulpwood cutting scale to date: Adelard Gilbert, 7,132 cds; Henri Marcoux, 1,998 cds; I. L. Dumas, 1,052 cds and Jos. Poulin, Job-B-173 has 175 cds to make a total cut to date of 10,357 cords.

We see in the Waterville Sentinel where C. H. Glaster was admitted to the Thayer Hospital in Waterville this week. His home address is 30 Dean St. Bangor. When Mr. Glaster clerked the Pittston Farm in 1910 Charley Gilbert, brother of F. A. Gilbert the Manager, had five cutting camps here that Mr. Glaster took care of as a side line.

The rear of Main River Drive blew through the dam Friday June 26th, only three days earlier than last year. Pat Begin will take the rear from there into Chesuncook Lake and Phil Paquet returned to his cutting camp at Canada Falls this week. Ivan Jeffry is back doing the clerking for Phil.

Lucien Gosselin opened his camp in the North Branch country this week with a small crew and Glen Lumbert moved in to do the clerking.

It has been rumored that "Ye Olde Clerke Bates" may show after the 4th but since most rumors are rumors we'll make a guess he will be back in Scott Brooke Vallee July 13th or 14th. It could be he is waiting for the crew to drop down to forty men. Several of his close associates have the feeling that he will be quite heavily bloated between the third chin and the belly button since reading Ray Hearn's article in a recent issue of a Portland paper about Scott Brook Vallee and the chief accountant that held down the office for Adelard Gilbert although we don't agree with them.

The Main River Drive fleet of 35 foot tow boats docked for the last time of the season Saturday at Pittston with Captain Bill Nye at the helm of #57 and Captain Jud Powers at the helm of #61. George Belmont and John Roberts hauled them into dry-dock Monday but we can see Nelson Levasseur's eyes rolling this way so we'll hazard a guess that the next time the William Hilton gets tired of towing you'll see one or two if not all three of them on the way to Chesuncook Lake.

Thanks to the Enterprise we can now tell you how many fish were planted in Moosehead and Seboomook Lakes this year:

Moosehead	3,500 Brook Trout	6" to 8"
Moosehead	120,211 Brook Trout	4" to 6"
Moosehead	80,630 Salmon	4" to 6"
Seboomook	35,000 Salmon	4" to 6"

MANY AN EXECUTIVE CALLS IT DELEGATING AUTHORITY WHEN IT'S A CLEAR CASE OF PASSING THE BUCK.....

Reports of lightening fires were coming in thick and fast Wednesday after the severe thunder storm that we had Tuesday night. There were times during the storm when the entire sky was lit up by several groups of chain lightening at one time. A fire in an old stub at Scott Brook was quickly taken care of by the Forestry Dept. but at noon the one up the North Branch that Mr. Blaisdell of the International Paper saw while flying over that area hadn't been located nor the one at Telos Lake. Russell Mountain reported over an inch of rain during the storm but here at Pittston we had a measurement of only .46 of an inch.

"PA," SAID THE SUBSCRIBER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, "I KNOW WHY EDITORS CALL THEMSELVES 'WE'." "WHY?" "SO THE FELLOW WHO DOESN'T LIKE AN ARTICLE WILL THINK THAT THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR HIM TO LICK." *****

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

There seems to be quite a lot being said about the lack of precipitation for this year so we have come up with the monthly figures plus a 20 year average for comparison:

	<u>1964</u>				<u>20 year average</u>
January	2.71	Inches	January	3.07	Inches
February	.76	"	February	2.84	"
March	2.44	"	March	2.65	"
April	2.53	"	April	3.04	"
May	2.77	"	May	3.32	"
June	2.17	"	June	4.17	"
	<u>13.38</u>			<u>19.09</u>	

This shows that we are under the 20 year average by 5.71 inches.

We are still wondering what kind of a diagnostician that Ex-Presidink, Al Leighton of the Cariboo Club got this past weekend. He left here last week wearing a patch over one eye with what he called a scratched eyeball but when he came back Monday morning he was wearing splints & heavy bandages on one of his fingers. If the Doctor de-bones and de-finger nails a finger for a scratched eyeball what would he do for a bad toothache? Probably pull a couple of toes or maybe whack off an ear. I think we'll stick to our Canadian Doctor Potvin(translated into english this would be Doctor NO-Wind) as we feel we would have a better chance of keeping our digits.

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WHEN OUR DICKEY "DID HIS TRICKS"

When Dickey was a little boy,
Not more than five or six,
Right constantly did he annoy
His mother, Thelma with his tricks.
Yet not a picayune cared I
For what he did or said
Unless, as happened frequently
The rascal wet the bed.

Closely he cuddled up to me
And put his hand in mine,
Till all at once I seemed to be
Afloat in seas of brine.
Sabeian odors clogged the air,
And filled my soul with dread
Yet I could only grin and bear
When Dickey wet the bed.

'Tis many times that rascal has
Soaked all the bedclothes through,
Whereat I feebly light the gas
And wonder what to do.
Yet there he lay, so peaceful like;
God bless his curly head
I quite forgave the little tyke
For wetting of the bed.

Ah, me those happy days have flown
My boy's a father too,
And little Dickey's of his own
Do what he used to do.
And I, ah, all that's left for me
Are dreams of pleasure fled;
Our boys ain't what they used to be
When Dickey wet the bed.

Had I my choice, no shapely dame
Should share my couch with me,
No amorous jade of tarnished fame,
Nor wench of high degree.
But I would choose and choose again
The curly little head
Who cuddled close beside me when
He used to wet the bed.

COULD THIS BE ANOTHER ROLLAID BESSEY MASTERPIECE, AND COULD THIS BE WHERE HIS SON, DICK BESSEY GOT HIS FIRST TASTE OF THE SALTY BRINE THAT LATER LED TO HIS BECOMING FAMOUS, IN THE COMPANY'S D. F. E. DEPARTMENT AS THE "GILL NET KID?" COULD BE! BUT IT DON'T SOUND LIKE ROLLAID TO ME.



It is just a year ago tomorrow that Roscoe McDonald got an introduction to the wormy side of the situation when he drowned in Chesuncook Lake. This should be a good example of what happens when you go boating without wearing a life preserver so why not think of it just before starting your outboard.

The pulpwood cutting scale to date: Adelard Gilbert, 7,132 cds; Henri Marcoux, 1,998 cds; I. L. Dumas, 1,052 cds and Jos. Poulin, Job-B-173 has 175 cds to make a total cut to date of 10,357 cords.

We see in the Waterville Sentinel where C. H. Glaster was admitted to the Thayer Hospital in Waterville this week. His home address is 30 Dean St. Bangor. When Mr. Glaster clerked the Pittston Farm in 1910 Charley Gilbert, brother of F. A. Gilbert the Manager, had five cutting camps here that Mr. Glaster took care of as a side line.

The rear of Main River Drive blew through the dam Friday June 26th, only three days earlier than last year. Pat Begin will take the rear from there into Chesuncook Lake and Phil Paquet returned to his cutting camp at Canada Falls this week. Ivan Jeffry is back doing the clerking for Phil.

Lucien Gosselin opened his camp in the North Branch country this week with a small crew and Glen Lumbert moved in to do the clerking.

It has been rumored that "Ye Olde Clerke Bates" may show after the 4th but since most rumors are rumors we'll make a guess he will be back in Scott Brooke Vallee July 13th or 14th. It could be he is waiting for the crew to drop down to forty men. Several of his close associates have the feeling that he will be quite heavily bloated between the third chin and the belly button since reading Ray Hearn's article in a recent issue of a Portland paper about Scott Brook Vallee and the chief accountant that held down the office for Adelard Gilbert although we don't agree with them.

The Main River Drive fleet of 35 foot tow boats docked for the last time of the season Saturday at Pittston with Captain Bill Nye at the helm of #57 and Captain Jud Powers at the helm of #61. George Belmont and John Roberts hauled them into dry-dock Monday but we can see Nelson Levasseur's eyes rolling this way so we'll hazard a guess that the next time the William Hilton gets tired of towing you'll see one or two if not all three of them on the way to Chesuncook Lake.

Thanks to the Enterprise we can now tell you how many fish were planted in Moosehead and Sebomook Lakes this year:

Moosehead	3,500 Brook Trout	6" to 8"
Moosehead	120,211 Brook Trout	4" to 6"
Moosehead	80,630 Salmon	4" to 6"
Sebomook	35,000 Salmon	4" to 6"

MANY AN EXECUTIVE CALLS IT DELEGATING AUTHORITY WHEN IT'S A CLEAR CASE OF PASSING THE BUCK.....

Reports of lightening fires were coming in thick and fast Wednesday after the severe thunder storm that we had Tuesday night. There were times during the storm when the entire sky was lit up by several groups of chain lightening at one time. A fire in an old stub at Scott Brook was quickly taken care of by the Forestry Dept. but at noon the one up the North Branch that Mr. Blaisdell of the International Paper saw while flying over that area hadn't been located nor the one at Telos Lake. Russell Mountain reported over an inch of rain during the storm but here at Pittston we had a measurement of only .46 of an inch.

"PA," SAID THE SUBSCRIBER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER, "I KNOW WHY EDITORS CALL THEMSELVES 'WE'." "WHY?" "SO THE FELLOW WHO DOESN'T LIKE AN ARTICLE WILL THINK THAT THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR HIM TO LICK." *****

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

There seems to be quite a lot being said about the lack of precipitation for this year so we have come up with the monthly figures plus a 20 year average for comparison:

	<u>1964</u>			<u>20 year average</u>	
January	2.71	Inches	January	3.07	Inches
February	.76	"	February	2.84	"
March	2.44	"	March	2.65	"
April	2.53	"	April	3.04	"
May	2.77	"	May	3.32	"
June	2.17	"	June	4.17	"
	<u>13.38</u>			<u>19.09</u>	

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DON'T
fool with
matches!

U. S. AND STATE FOREST SERVICES

JULY
JUNE 9, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 32

THE NEW FOREMAN THOUGHT SAFETY A BREEZE,
AS HIS CREW DODGED THE HAZARDS WITH EASE,
BUT WITH DISCIPLINE LAX
SOON THE RECORDS HAD CRACKS.
WHEN THE LEADER IS LAX, SAFETY FLEES!

The cutting scale as of last Sunday night: Adelard Gilbert, 8,358 cds; Henri Marcoux, 2,975 cds; Phillip Paquet, 2,855 cds; Dumas, 1,667 cds; Jos. Poulin, 327 cds and Lucien Gosselin, 110 cds to make a total of 16,292 cords.

Main River Drive rear arrived at the head of Chesuncook Lake Wednesday night which is nearly two weeks earlier than last year.

All the cutting camps are open with the exception of Wellie Caouette's and he will be getting under way Monday of next week.

We have now had 3.12 inches of rain since July 1st to help relieve the drowth. The road from Pittston to Rockwood has been known as the Rockwood Road for years but after traveling over it this week we feel it should be changed to Rocky-Woods Road. One tourist stopped us at Ten Mile and wanted to know where the road was that he went to Northeast Carry on last week and when we told him he was on it he called us a liar. ROCKS AND MORE ROCKS!

Lawrence Hurd has his family here this week in one of the cottages and Martha & Lionel have a grand-daughter visiting them.

R. E. Farnham, Personnel Manager has been in the area this week on business.

We had a nice letter from Maurice Bartlett giving us the low-down on the Pulp Cutters School in Presque Isle of which he is the director of and we will try to have it in our next issue. The Bartletts are now sporting a '64 Mercury to start winding the dents to. He said he was very lucky to have had his seat belt fastened when he had the accident or he would be wearing wings now.

Mr. T. S. Ranney,
Dyer Brook, Maine.

April 29, 1920.

Dear Sir:-

The matter of settlement with men on your operation last season was different than that of any other company operation. This year we would like to have you keep it in line with the others. We do not object to settling with men once a month, or even once in two weeks where necessary, but it is laying it on a little thick settling with them once each week. It not only adds to the clerical expense, but there is more chance of errors.

This season please confine settlements as above and oblige.

Yours truly,

Great Northern Paper Co.

By: F. A. Gilbert.

Today the crews in all company camps and activities receive their paycheck the following Thursday after the close of the week. Times do change.

The Company is now leasing lots on Little Squaw Township for those who are interested in the Squaw Mountain ski slopes. A letter to P. K. Patterson at 6 State St., Bangor will will get you the lowdown on them.

We are rather late this week going to press as we took the time to help carry one of our good friends, Mrs. Ida Best, to her final resting place. Our heartfelt sympathy to the many relatives and friends.

PRAYER ON THE QT

Now I sit me down in school
Where praying is against the rule..
For this great nation under God.
Finds public mention of HIM odd.

Any prayer a class recites
Now violates the Bill of Rights.
Any time my head I bow--
Becomes a Federal matter now.

Teach us of stars or pole and equator,
But make no mention of their Creator.
Tell of experts in Denmark and Sweden,
But not a word on what Eve did in Eden.

The law is specific, the law is precise,
Praying put loud is no longer nice.
Praying aloud in a public hall
Upsets believers in nothing at all.

In silence alone can we meditate.
And if God should get the credit, great.
This rule, however, has a gimmick in it;
You've got to be finished in less than a minute.

So all I ask is a minute of quiet
If I feel like praying, then maybe I'll try it.
If not, O Lord, this plea I make.
Should I die in school, my soul you'll take.

Heard recently over Boston's station WEEI--We have nothing to add.

"GREENVILLE FRED" Gilbert presented us with the following clipping:

From near and far during the past two weeks I have received numerous requests for a detailed story of the life of the late Fred A. Gilbert, of Hampden Highlands. Mr. Gilbert, for many years vice president and general manager of the spruce woods department of the Great Northern Paper Company, numbered his friends by the thousands; and among those thousands are many dentists, lawyers, doctors, lumberjacks, automobile salesmen, etc., who have written, asking me to put down on paper an account of some of the hardships, some of the accomplishments, and some of the human traits of the man who the majority of the lumberjacks of Maine called "Fred" or "F. A.."

But first of all, this will not be a detailed story; space does not permit me to write all that could and should be said of Mr. Gilbert.

In 1930, I stayed two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs Thomas Gilbert, at Orono, father and mother of Fred. From the lips of Mr. Gilbert came the account of some of the early trials and tribulations which Fred encountered daily in his early life at the logging camps.

There was none of the conveniences of the modern logging camps at the rough, lumber less cabins which were first used by Fred. His father, affectionately known as "Tom," had other plans for Fred other than that of a lumberman, so he sent him into the woods to effect a "cude." But the man who was to become the best known figure in the recent history of Maine logging "stuck it out" under the tutelage of the roughest camp boss of the Tom Gilbert camps and from that time on made lumbering his business.

Gradually, there came a change in the mode of living at the logging camps. The camps were improved. In the old days the blankets covering the men at night went from one end of the bunkhouse to the other, and it required time and energy to get in or out of bed. Then came the smaller, more compact and more useful "double" blankets which have been used during the past twenty years, so made that they will cover but one two-man bunk only.

The old fare of molasses, salt cod fish, salt pork, sourdough biscuits, corn meal bread and potatoes formed the usual menu items in the days when Fred A. Gilbert first started his career as a lumberman. It is so well known that it hardly needs repeating that when Mr. Gilbert assumed the duties of general manager of the spruce woods department of the Great Northern Paper company there became a decided change in camp life for the lumberjacks, not only in the camps of the Northern but in practically every logging camp in northern Maine. The food was improved in quantity, quality and variety, and back even fifteen years ago the logging camps of the G. N. P. Co. boasted the best of chefs to prepare the food.

Mr. Gilbert accomplished many things for the direct benefit of the lumberjacks that are not recorded. Some of these things are remembered by the many friends he made during the course of his life as a lumberman, for among the lumberjacks he was the "Big Boss" although always spoken of as "Fred" or "F. A.."

Twelve years ago a lumberjack walked into the office of a camp in northern Maine and asked the clerk, Johnny Mea, if he could stay overnight. Johnny gave quick assent, and that evening during the conversation, this is what I heard: "I've been up here in the woods two years," the lumberjack said, "and when I get to Bangor I'm going to dress right up in the latest style and then go to New York." "You mean to say that you'll carry a bank-roll around while you visit New York?" inquired Mr. Mea. "No, sir not me. I learned my lesson long ago. Got rolled for five hundred and since then I've always done different. Every time I go down river now I go in and see Fred and give him all my cash except a hundred dollars. When that hundred dollars is gone I visit Fred again and get another hundred. I have been doing that for years, ever since Fred was working for Tom. Sometimes I don't have enough cash to hold me out until I get back in the woods, and in fact I owe Fred fifty dollars now. He should have more than that, but he won't take any interest money! Says just to forget the interest."

There is no doubt but what this was written by Henry Milliken.

THE DAYS OF DUFFY GILLIS.

Come all you jolly lumbermen
Whose better days have fled,
And I will sing of halcyon days
Before we had Confed.
When two logs made a thousand,
Our country at its best,
In the days of Duffy Gillis
From the Sou-ou-West.

When title to respect was writ
Upon each horny hand,
And the man who swung a broadaxe
Was a power in the land.
We catch the gleam of greatness yet
From those long gone to rest,
In the days of Duffy Gillis
From the So-ou-West.

Then all the land was happy
And none were known to beg;
'Twas molasses by the puncheon
And Jamaica by the keg;
In every home a perk-barrel,
On every table tea,
And you couldn't find a grumbler
From Decantlin's to the Sea.

The pigs weighed eleven hundred,
The ships were on the stocks,
And everything we wanted
We got right down to Loch's.
And they charged it up against us,
Without a tear or frown,
For they knew they'd get their money
Whene'er the logs came down.

We did not drive in buggies then,
With horse of dubious breed,
But Concords rattled o'er the roads
Behind the Morgan steed;
We got along at slower pace,
For bikers wern't the rage;
If we went on a pleasure trip,
We rode in Duncan's stage.

No Scott Act then forbade us chase
The cobwebs from our throats;
We didn't stay awake at nights
A-worrying over notes.
And all the cash we needed then
Was carried in our vest,
For the merchant touched the button,
And the due-bill did the rest.

We got our three square meals a day,
And asked for nothing else,
And always had a quiet sneer
For men who dined on smelts.
'Twas good old pork and flapjacks,
Swamp-soggin' if you choose,
With a Labrador for breakfast
And two oblong Island Blues.

Oh time, thy hand is cruel,
And the burden of the years
Is pressing now with vengeful weight,
In sighs and doubts and fears;
And sorrow's strain is now the chord
Where once thy music led;
And almost from the sky of life,
The bow of hope has fled.

But I'll forgive the winds of fate,
And tur to meet the blast,
If from thy bounty thou wilt spare
Some moments from the past.
Before you grind this discord out,
Before you weave the shroud,
Give me one more night at Colepaw's,
With the old portashin' crowd.

*****To be continued

THE NEW FOREMAN THOUGHT SAFETY A BREEZE,
AS HIS CREW DODGED THE HAZARDS WITH EASE,
BUT WITH DISCIPLINE LAX
SOON THE RECORDS HAD CRACKS.
WHEN THE LEADER IS LAX, SAFETY FLEES!

The cutting scale as of last Sunday night: Adelard Gilbert, 8,358 cds; Henri Marcou, 2,975 cds; Phillip Paquet, 2,855 cds; Dumas, 1,667 cds; Jos. Poulin, 327 cds and Lucien Gosselin, 110 cds to make a total of 16,922 cords.

Main River Drive rear arrived at the head of Chesuncook Lake Wednesday night which is nearly two weeks earlier than last year.

All the cutting camps are open with the exception of Wellie Caouette's and he will be getting under way Monday of next week.

We have now had 3.12 inches of rain since July 1st to help relieve the drowth. The road from Pittston to Rockwood has been known as the Rockwood Road for years but after traveling over it this week we feel it should be changed to Rocky-Woods Road. One tourist stopped us at Ten Mile and wanted to know where the road was that he went to Northeast Carry on last week and when we told him he was on it he called us a liar. ROCKS AND MORE ROCKS!

Lawrence Hurd has his family here this week in one of the cottages and Martha & Lionel have a grand-daughter visiting them.

R. E. Farnham, Personnel Manager has been in the area this week on business.

We had a nice letter from Maurice Bartlett giving us the low-down on the Pulp Cutters School in Presque Isle of which he is the director of and we will try to have it in our next issue. The Bartletts are now sporting a '64 Mercury to start winding the dents to. He said he was very lucky to have had his seat belt fastened when he had the accident or he would be wearing wings now.

Mr. T. S. Ranney,
Dyer Brook, Maine.

April 29, 1920.

Dear Sir:-

The matter of settlement with men on your operation last season was different than that of any other company operation. This year we would like to have you keep it in line with the others. We do not object to settling with men once a month, or even once in two weeks where necessary, but it is laying it on a little thick settling with them once each week. It not only adds to the clerical expense, but there is more chance of errors.

This season please confine settlements as above and oblige.

Yours truly,
Great Northern Paper Co.
By: F. A. Gilbert.

Today the crews in all company camps and activities receive their paycheck the following Thursday after the close of the week. Times do change.

The Company is now leasing lots on Little Squaw Township for those who are interested in the Squaw Mountain ski slopes. A letter to P. K. Patterson at 6 State St., Bangor will get you the lowdown on them.

We are rather late this week going to press as we took the time to help carry one of our good friends, Mrs. Ida Best, to her final resting place. Our heartfelt sympathy to the many relatives and friends.

PRAYER ON THE QT

Now I sit me down in school
Where praying is against the rule..
For this great nation under God.
Finds public mention of HIM odd.

Any prayer a class recites
Now violates the Bill of Rights.
Any time my head I bow--
Becomes a Federal matter now.

Teach us of stars or pole and equator,
But make no mention of their Creator.
Tell of experts in Denmark and Sweden,
But not a word on what Eve did in Eden.

The law is specific, the law is precise,
Praying put loud is no longer nice.
Praying aloud in a public hall
Upsets believers in nothing at all.

In silence alone can we meditate.
And if God should get the credit, great.
This rule, however, has a gimmick in it;
You've got to be finished in less than a minute.

So all I ask is a minute of quiet
If I feel like praying, then maybe I'll try it.
If not, O Lord, this plea I make.
Should I die in school, my soul you'll take.

Heard recently over Boston's station WEEI--We have nothing to add.

"GREENVILLE FRED" Gilbert presented us with the following clipping:

From near and far during the past two weeks I have received numerous requests for a detailed story of the life of the late Fred A. Gilbert, of Hampden Highlands. Mr. Gilbert, for many years vice president and general manager of the spruce woods department of the Great Northern Paper Company, numbered his friends by the thousands; and among those thousands are many dentists, lawyers, doctors, lumberjacks, automobile salesmen, etc., who have written, asking me to put down on paper an account of some of the hardships, some of the accomplishments, and some of the human traits of the man who the majority of the lumberjacks of Maine called "Fred" or "F. A."

But first of all, this will not be a detailed story; space does not permit me to write all that could and should be said of Mr. Gilbert.

In 1930, I stayed two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs Thomas Gilbert, at Orono, father and mother of Fred. From the lips of Mr. Gilbert came the account of some of the early trials and tribulations which Fred encountered daily in his early life at the logging camps.

There was none of the conveniences of the modern logging camps at the rough, lumber less cabins which were first used by Fred. His father, affectionately known as "Tom," had other plans for Fred other than that of a lumberman, so he sent him into the woods to effect a "cude." But the man who was to become the best known figure in the recent history of Maine logging "stuck it out" under the tutelage of the roughest camp boss of the Tom Gilbert camps and from that time on made lumbering his business.

Gradually, there came a change in the mode of living at the logging camps. The camps were improved. In the old days the blankets covering the men at night went from one end of the bunkhouse to the other, and it required time and energy to get in or out of bed. Then came the smaller, more compact and more useful "double" blankets which have been used during the past twenty years, so made that they will cover but one two-man bunk only.

The old fare of molasses, salt cod fish, salt pork, sourdough biscuits, corn meal bread and potatoes formed the usual menu items in the days when Fred A. Gilbert first started his career as a lumberman. It is so well known that it hardly needs repeating that when Mr. Gilbert assumed the duties of general manager of the spruce woods department of the Great Northern Paper company there became a decided change in camp life for the lumberjacks, not only in the camps of the Northern but in practically every logging camp in northern Maine. The food was improved in quantity, quality and variety, and back even fifteen years ago the logging camps of the G. N. P. Co. boasted the best of chefs to prepare the food.

Mr. Gilbert accomplished many things for the direct benefit of the lumberjacks that are not recorded. Some of these things are remembered by the many friends he made during the course of his life as a lumberman, for among the lumberjacks he was the "Big Boss" although always spoken of as "Fred" or "F. A."

Twelve years ago a lumberjack walked into the office of a camp in northern Maine and asked the clerk, Johnny Mea, if he could stay overnight. Johnny gave quick assent, and that evening during the conversation, this is what I heard: "I've been up here in the woods two years," the lumberjack said, "and when I get to Bangor I'm going to dress right up in the latest style and then go to New York." "You mean to say that you'll carry a bank-roll around while you visit New York?" inquired Mr. Mea. "No, sir not me. I learned my lesson long ago. Got rolled for five hundred and since then I've always done different. Every time I go down river now I go in and see Fred and give him all my cash except a hundred dollars. When that hundred dollars is gone I visit Fred again and get another hundred. I have been doing that for years, ever since Fred was working for Tom. Sometimes I don't have enough cash to hold me out until I get back in the woods, and in fact I owe Fred fifty dollars now. He should have more than that, but he won't take any interest money! Says just to forget the interest."

There is no doubt but what this was written by Henry Milliken.

THE DAYS OF DUFFY GILLIS.

Come all you jolly lumbermen
Whose better days have fled,
And I will sing of halcyon days
Before we had Confed,
When two logs made a thousand,
Our country at its best,
In the days of Duffy Gillis
From the Sou-ou-West.

When title to respect was writ
Upon each horny hand,
And the man who swung a broadaxe
Was a power in the land.
We catch the gleam of greatness yet
From those long gone to rest,
In the days of Duffy Gillis
From the So-ou-West.

Then all the land was happy
And none were known to beg;
'Twas molasses by the puncheon
And Jamaica by the keg;
In every home a perk-barrel,
On every table tea,
And you couldn't find a grumbler
From Decantlin's to the Sea.

The pigs weighed eleven hundred,
The ships were on the stocks,
And everything we wanted
We got right down to Loch's.
And they charged it up against us,
Without a tear or frown,
For they knew they'd get their money
Whene'er the logs came down.

We did not drive in buggies then,
With horse of dubious breed,
But Concords rattled o'er the roads
Behind the Morgan steed;
We got along at slower pace,
For bikers wern't the rage;
If we went on a pleasure trip,
We rode in Duncan's stage.

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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

July 16, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 33

"Dump this trash and let's keep the place clean!"

Was the plea of Bill's little Coleen;

But he had a golf date,

And got back home too late.

Now his trash is just ash--so's his queen!

Nelson Levasseur informs us the William Hilton tow boat has been towing for fourteen consecutive days without giving them any trouble but everyone is running around with two fingers crossed. Up to Sunday night, they had towed 23 booms across Chesuncook that totaled 101,161 cords. Monday morning there were 4 booms hanging in Ripogenus Lake waiting for a fair wind to go through the dam. Nelson also informed us there had been 62 canoes towed through the jam below Pine Falls into Chesuncook Lake up to last Sunday night. Estimating two to a canoe gives us 124 canoeists that got a helping hand on their way down the Allagash trip.

We understand the reason that Mr. Bates was late getting back this week can all be blamed onto the Republican Convention in California. It seems the Doctor wouldn't let him return without a belly band and the only one that would come anywhere near fitting him is on the G.O.P. elephant out in sunny California. If they rob the elephant of his band for Bates the authorities in San Francisco would pick him up for wearing a topless and then where would the G.O.P. wind up at. Only Ye Olde Clerke Bates could think up an excuse such as this one. It certainly must have been interesting for the school teachers to read some of Bates excuses for being tardy etc.

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During the heavy thunder storm last Saturday afternoon there were six lightening strikes in this area as reported by Vaugh Thornton of the Maine Forest Service. Four of them were located and taken care of but the other two they never did find.

Miss Eleanor Hamilton of the Nurses Corp (we believe her rank to be Major) is vacationing at her cottage at Northwest Carry. Miss Hamilton was the company nurse during the 30's in this area and she was also at Ragged & Mattaceunk dams while they were being constructed. The retirement date that she is looking for is January 1965.

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We had a letter from the "Ridge Runner" of Lisbon Falls a couple of weeks ago suggesting we mention B & M beans and perhaps George B & M Jr. might send us a case of beans. Well, we did, and what happened? Did we cadge a case? No Sir! George B & M Jr. sent us a memo suggesting we call at D. T. Sanders or Wortman's store in Greenville. Right there shows you how the Big Execkerterers keep a finger on the pulse of their business for Harry Sanders Jr. informed us he had not sold a can of B & M or any other brand of beans since he went out of the grocery business January 14, 1961. It was a good try anyway even if we did fail but just the same we appreciate the Ridge Runners suggestion.

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SOFT SOAP: SOMETHING THAT MAKES A GIRL'S ZIPPER WORK EASIER.

After reading Charlie Holden's letter that we have in this weeks issue we dug back in the old hotel registers and sure enough there was where he had breakfast at the Grant Farm November 20th in 1920 the day of the Chesuncook Disaster. We also found in the Cuxebexis register where he returned to the Moose Pond camps on November 21st. In the Sebomook Lake & St. John R. R. register where Charlie arrived at the railroad terminal for dinner September 18, 1921 and left after breakfast Sept. 24th. We also noted that when Bob Sanders returned from his vacation he dined with L. G. White, Clerical Superintendent.

This AGREEMENT made this first day of October 1902, by and between the Great Northern Paper Company, a corporation having a place of business at Millinocket, in the county of Penobscot, State of Maine, party of the first part, and A. A. McLeod of Mattawamkeag, county of Penobscot, State of Maine, party of the second part.

Whereas J. M. McNulty was to cut about two million(2,000,000) feet of lumber on McDonald Brook, T. 6 R. 18 and deliver to the North Branch of the Penobscot River. Said timber to be cut, hauled and delivered in a workmanlike manner in all respects. No tree to be less than 9 inches in diameter at the top end or less than 20 feet in length. That all logs should be properly marked GNX about feet from each end and upon opposite sides and all logs over 36 feet in length shall be marked in the center as well as both ends. All logs covered by the contract shall be scaled by Edgar B. Weeks, his scale to be final and binding. Signed, Great Northern Paper Company by F. A. Gilbert and A. A. McLeod.

Jim McNulty's home was converted into what is now the Penobscot Valley Country Club a good many years ago.

Wood scale for the week: Adelard Gilbert, 9,136 cds; Henri Marcoux, 3,930 cds; I. L. Dumas, 2,274 cds; Phillip Paquet, 3,180 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 583 cds; Jos. Poulin, 388 cds and Alfred Nadeau, 354 cds. Totals 19,845 cords to date.

Frank Inman & Don Mason have finished their work on the three motor boats at Pittston but Jim Clark is having a rough time trying to paint them between showers. We noticed Frank Inman has a shiny new sledge hammer. Apparently Frank is sick of hobbling around with a banged up foot for the handle is welded onto the hammer.

AN ELDERLY ROUE IS ONE WHO HAS REACHED THE AGE WHERE HE CHASES GIRLS ONLY DOWNHILL.

Letter to the Editor:

Millinocket, Maine June 30, 1964

I have been intending to write to you ever since I saw the piece about you in The Enterprise about the sinking of the old No. 12. It happened that I was paymaster of Cuxabexis Operation that year. The depot camp was at Moose Pond as long as the lake was open. I usually went back and forth from Moose Pond to Grant Farm and then back to Moose Pond. One engine was always giving trouble and Alex Gunn would be obliged to work on that engine to get it started again. The day before the accident, Nelson Smith (clerk at Cuxabexis Operation) went down on that boat the day before the accident, and we both intended to return that same night. Nelson stayed at Chesuncook Dam that day and I went to Grant Farm. There were so many men came to be paid at Grant Farm, that my cash became too low, so I went to Greenville that afternoon, stayed there all night, and took the early train for Bangor the next morning. I came back to Greenville that same day and heard of the boat accident as soon as I arrived at the Piscataquis Exchange. Nelson Smith, having missed the boat the day before, was on that boat. He helped Alex Gunn get ashore.

The next forenoon, O. A. Harkness and I both rode up to Cuxabexis Depot in the old No. 10. It was very cold that day, and they were still hunting for bodies, though the ice had frozen out near the place where the accident occurred. They had found 15 bodies (Mr. Harkness and I both saw them at Chesuncook Dam), but they figured there were still four more to find. They gave it up that night, as the ice had frozen out beyond where the accident occurred.

Several days later, Nelson Smith, who was in bad shape, had to go down river for hospital treatment. By that time, the ice covered all of Moose Pond, but the main lake was still open. Consequently George Gunn put in the old No. 10 and came to a point in the main lake (3 miles from Moose Pond Depot) and took Nelson Smith and myself to Chesuncook Dam, and we got to Grant Farm late that night, and to Bangor the next day.

The spring following, Moose Pond was again opened, and Clarence Buckley came up as a clerk on one of the drives. We both went out in a canoe together, with the hope of finding the other four bodies, but they were finally found at the mouth of Red Brook, which came into Chesuncook Lake five miles south of where that boat went down.

Well, the next time I saw anything about the good old days, was the account of the old Seboomook and St. John Railway. The summer time was rather slack for the paymasters, and so that was a good time for us to have our vacations. The west side of Moosehead Lake was not my regular territory, but Bob Canders who was there went on his vacation, and I took over his territory at that time. If I am not mistaken, that was in the fall of 1921. The very last day I was there, I paid fifteen or twenty men from the S. L. & S. J. Ry., and among them was a man who was murdered at Northeast Carry! I knew nothing about it until I went to Chesuncook Village the following Monday. Umbazookskus Operation was just starting, and I was assigned to that operation. Bob Canders had returned to work, and was at Seboomook. When the trial came off, I was called to Dover as witness. I was there for about a week, and my testimony took about ten minutes!

I found it very interesting to read the account of the old S. L. & S. J. Ry. I happened to know everybody named. Bernie Perry and his family lived only a short distance from me in Bangor. My wife and Mrs Perry were good friends, and they used to see a lot of each other. I always remember a story Bernie told of his experience in taking the locomotive over the Maine Central tracks to Kineo Station. He was underneath the engine, oiling etc., when he heard the Maine Central men talking. One of them was wondering what the S. L. & S. J. meant. Before Bernie had a chance to tell them, one fellow said, "I have it, Some locomotive and Some Junk."

Sincerely, Charles L. Holden.

*The Chesuncook Disaster was in Volume 1, No. 45 & 46.....The Seboomook Railroad was in Volume 2 No. 25 & 26.....We have heard rumors of the murder at Northeast Carry for years so guess we will write the Bangor News and see if they can dig up something to help out the worthy cause with.

THE DAYS OF DUFFY GILLIS (Part two)

Where we always fed our horses,
And put up for the night,
And we'd gather around the fireplace
With birch logs burning bright.
Then we'd get to swappin' stories
Till the tablecloth was spread,
When we'd all set in for supper,
And reach-to for the bread.

How hunger seemed to flee before
Those dishes boiled and fried,
With spruce beer for a chaser
And colcannon on the side.
'Twas help yourself to stoggin',
And cut and come again--
You couldn't pass no small dish off
On McInerney's men.

The supper done, again we'd sit
Around the blazing hearth,
And send the smokewreaths curling up
From woodstocks black as earth.
And some would read the "Gleaner"
Before the backlog's flame,
And we'd talk Confederation,
And the wondrous "QUAYBEC SKAME".

Then one from out the company,
With lusty lungs and strong,
Would give out a good "Come-all-ye",
About ninety verses long.
Weird as a Chopin nocturne
Came the quavers from his throat,
And every climax rounded
By a trembling banshee note.

Then we'd pass around the bottle,
And each man would take a swig,
And we'd welt the hardwood timbers
While the fiddler played a jig.
When he broke into a hornpipe,
You could hear our pulses beat,
And the faster passed the bottle,
The faster went our feet;-

Till shouts that shook the rafters
Echoed through the covered bridge,
And made the snowdrifts tremble
On the Semiwagon Ridge.
We'd losten up our jumpers grey,
A deeper draught we'd take,
And 'twas "Hold the light McCarty",
Till we made Dungarvon shake.

But gone are all the portash men,
And gone the swampers too,
And gone the hearth at Colepaw's,
With it's welcome warm and true;
And gone's the good Jamaica,
Swamp-soggin' and the rest,
And the glory has departed
From the So-ou-West.

But wheree'er her sons are scattered,
There still the past intrudes;
Whether in the city's maddening rush,
Or Minnesoty's woods;
And adown the glint of memory,
Like a vision of the blessed,
Come the days of Duffy Gillis,
From the So-ou-West.

***** ..HEDLEY PARKER...
...New York, April 9, 1899.

COLCANNON...A dish of mixed vegetables boiled and mashed together, seasoned
with summer savory, etc.

CONCORD.... A light wagon with springs running from front to back.

CONFED..... Confederation of the various provinces into the Dominion of Canada.

QUAYBEC SKAME .. The proposal for confederation was first brought forward by
representatives from Quebec Province.

Jamaica.... Rum made in Jamaica.

SCOTT ACT.. This act of Parliament which gave municipalities the right to permit
or forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages within their limits.

PIGS WEIGHED ELEVEN HUNDRED... One pig was raised up the Nor-West which actually
dressed this much. It was hauled down to Chatham on the ice and was
greeted by a salute of cannons upon its arrival.

Semi-Wagan Ridge.. A ridge approximately twenty-five miles distant from
Dungarvon, as the crow flies.

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VOLUME 2 No. 33

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Whereas J. M. McNulty was to cut about two million(2,000,000) feet of lumber on McDonald Brook, T. 6 R. 18 and deliver to the North Branch of the Penobscot River. Said timber to be cut, hauled and delivered in a workmanlike manner in all respects. No tree to be less than 9 inches in diameter at the top end or less than 20 feet in length. That all logs should be properly marked GNX about 4 feet from each end and upon opposite sides and all logs over 36 feet in length shall be marked in the center as well as both ends. All logs covered by the contract shall be scaled by Edgar B. Weeks, his scale to be final and binding. Signed, Great Northern Paper Company by F. A. Gilbert and A. A. McLeod.

Jim McNulty's home was converted into what is now the Penobscot Valley Country Club a good many years ago.

 Wood scale for the week: Adelard Gilbert, 9,136 cds; Henri Marcoux, 3,930 cds; I. L. Dumas, 2,274 cds; Phillip Paquet, 3,180 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 583 cds; Jos. Poulin, 388 cds and Alfred Nadeau, 354 cds. Totals 19,845 cords to date.

Frank Inman & Don Mason have finished their work on the three motor boats at Pittston but Jim Clark is having a rough time trying to paint them between showers. We noticed Frank Inman has a shiny new sledge hammer. Apparently Frank is sick of hobbling around with a banged up foot for the handle is welded onto the hammer.

 AN ELDERLY ROUE IS ONE WHO HAS REACHED THE AGE WHERE HE CHASES GIRLS ONLY DOWNHILL.

Letter to the Editor:

Millinocket, Maine June 30, 1964

I have been intending to write to you ever since I saw the piece about you in The Enterprise about the sinking of the old No. 12. It happened that I was paymaster of Cuxabexis Operation that year. The depot camp was at Moose Pond as long as the lake was open. I usually went back and forth from Moose Pond to Grant Farm and then back to Moose Pond. One engine was always giving trouble and Alex Gunn would be obliged to work on that engine to get it started again. The day before the accident, Nelson Smith (clerk at Cuxabexis Operation) went down on that boat the day before the accident, and we both intended to return that same night. Nelson stayed at Chesuncook Dam that day and I went to Grant Farm. There were so many men came to be paid at Grant Farm, that my cash became too low, so I went to Greenville that afternoon, stayed there all night, and took the early train for Bangor the next morning. I came back to Greenville that same day and heard of the boat accident as soon as I arrived at the Piscataquis Exchange. Nelson Smith, having missed the boat the day before, was on that boat. He helped Alex Gunn get ashore.

The next forenoon, O. A. Harkness and I both rode up to Cuxabexis Depot in the old No. 10. It was very cold that day, and they were still hunting for bodies, though the ice had frozen out near the place where the accident occurred. They had found 15 bodies (Mr. Harkness and I both saw them at Chesuncook Dam), but they figured there were still four more to find. They gave it up that night, as the ice had frozen out beyond where the accident occurred.

Several days later, Nelson Smith, who was in bad shape, had to go down river for hospital treatment. By that time, the ice covered all of Moose Pond, but the main lake was still open. Consequently George Gunn put in the old No. 10 and came to a point in the main lake (3 miles from Moose Pond Depot) and took Nelson Smith and myself to Chesuncook Dam, and we got to Grant Farm late that night, and to Bangor the next day.

The spring following, Moose Pond was again opened, and Clarence Buckley came up as a clerk on one of the drives. We both went out in a canoe together, with the hope of finding the other four bodies, but they were finally found at the mouth of Red Brook, which came into Chesuncook Lake five miles south of where that boat went down.

Well, the next time I saw anything about the good old days, was the account of the old Seboomook and St. John Railway. The summer time was rather slack for the paymasters, and so that was a good time for us to have our vacations. The west side of Moosehead Lake was not my regular territory, but Bob Canders who was there went on his vacation, and I took over his territory at that time. If I am not mistaken, that was in the fall of 1921. The very last day I was there, I paid fifteen or twenty men from the S. L. & S. J. Ry., and among them was a man who was murdered at Northeast Carry! I knew nothing about it until I went to Chesuncook Village the following Monday. Umbazookskus Operation was just starting, and I was assigned to that operation. Bob Canders had returned to work, and was at Seboomook. When the trial came off, I was called to Dover as witness. I was there for about a week, and my testimony took about ten minutes!

I found it very interesting to read the account of the old S. L. & S. J. Ry. I happened to know everybody named. Bernie Perry and his family lived only a short distance from me in Bangor. My wife and Mrs Perry were good friends, and they used to see a lot of each other. I always remember a story Bernie told of his experience in taking the locomotive over the Maine Central tracks to Kineo Station. He was underneath the engine, oiling etc., when he heard the Maine Central men talking. One of them was wondering what the S. L. & S. J. meant. Before Bernie had a chance to tell them, one fellow said, "I have it, Some locomotive and Some Junk."

Sincerely, Charles L. Holden.

*The Chesuncook Disaster was in Volume 1, No. 45 & 46.....The Seboomook Railroad was in Volume 2 No. 25 & 26.....We have heard rumors of the murder at Northeast Carry for years so guess we will write the Bangor News and see if they can dig up something to help out the worthy cause with.

THE DAYS OF DUFFY GILLIS (Part two)

Where we always fed our horses,
And put up for the night,
And we'd gather around the fireplace
With birch logs burning bright.
Then we'd get to swappin' stories
Till the tablecloth was spread,
When we'd all set in for supper,
And reach-to for the bread.

How hunger seemed to flee before
Those dishes boiled and fried,
With spruce beer for a chaser
And colcannon on the side.
'Twas help yourself to stoggin',
And cut and come again--
You couldn't pass no small dish off
On McInerney's men.

The supper done, again we'd sit
Around the blazing hearth,
And send the smokewreaths curling up
From woodstocks black as earth.
And some would read the "Gleaner"
Before the backlog's flame,
And we'd talk Confederation,
And the wondrous "QUAYBEC SKAME".

Then one from out the company,
With lusty lungs and strong,
Would give out a good "Come-all-ye",
About ninety verses long.
Weird as a Chopin nocturne
Came the quavers from his throat,
And every climax rounded
By a trembling banshee note.

Then we'd pass around the bottle,
And each man would take a swig,
And we'd welt the hardwood timbers
While the fiddler played a jig.
When he broke into a hornpipe,
You could hear our pulses beat,
And the faster passed the bottle,
The faster went our feet;-

Till shouts that shook the rafters
Echoed through the covered bridge,
And made the snowdrifts tremble
On the Semiwagan Ridge.
We'd losten up our jumpers grey,
A deeper draught we'd take,
And 'twas "Hold the light McCarty",
Till we made Dungarvon shake.

But gone are all the portash men,
And gone the swampers too,
And gone the hearth at Colepaw's,
With it's welcome warm and true;
And gone's the good Jamaica,
Swamp-soggin' and the rest,
And the glory has departed
From the So-ou-West.

But wheree'er her sons are scattered,
There still the past intrudes;
Whether in the city's maddening rush,
Or Minnesoty's woods;
And adown the glint of memory,
Like a vision of the blessed,
Come the days of Duffy Gillis,
From the So-ou-West.

***** ...HEDLEY PARKER...

...New York, April 9, 1899.

COLCANNON...A dish of mixed vegetables boiled and mashed together, seasoned
with summer savory, etc.

CONCORD... A light wagon with springs running from front to back.

CONFED..... Confederation of the various provinces into the Dominion of Canada.

QUAYBEC SKAME .. The proposal for confederation was first brought forward by
representatives from Quebec Province.

Jamaica.... Rum made in Jamaica.

SCOTT ACT... This act of Parliament which gave municipalities the right to permit
or forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages within their limits.

PIGS WEIGHED ELEVEN HUNDRED... One pig was raised up the Nor-West which actually
dressed this much. It was hauled down to Chatham on the ice and was
greeted by a salute of cannons upon its arrival.

Semi-Wagan Ridge.. A ridge approximately twenty-five miles distant from
Dungarvon, as the crow flies.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

July 24, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 34

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Let his thoughts stray too far,
Lost control of his car.
Love light's fine--but not to drive by!

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"WHAT'S A SECOND STORY MAN?" the little feller asked his mother. "He's something like your father," she replied. "If I don't believe his first story, he has another one ready.".....

THE PASSING OF THE POT

As far back in childhood
As memory may go,
One household vessel greets me--
That wasn't meant to show.

Beneath the bed 'twas anchored,
Where only few could see,
But served the entire family
With equal privacy.

Some called the critter "PEGGY,"
And some the "THUNDER-MUG,"
And others called it "BADGER,"
A few called a jug.

To bring it in at evening
Was bad enough no doubt,
But heaven help the person
Who had to tote it out.

Our big one was enormous,
And would accommodate
A home brew party,
Composed of six or eight.

When nights were dark and rainy,
It was a useful urn.
On icy winter mornings,
The cold rim seemed to burn.

At times when things were rushing,
And "business" extra good,
Each took his turn a-waiting,
Or did the best he could.

Sometimes when in a hurry,
To our disgust and shame,
We fumbled in the darkness,
And slightly missed our aim.

The special one for company
Was decorated well,
But just the same it rendered
That old familiar smell.

Today this modernism
Relieves me a lot,
And only in my vision--
I see the homely pot.

Maurice Bartlett's Report on the Woods Occupations School.

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Continued on page 4

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All the big lumber companies are 100% behind the program and their help is what makes it go; without them it would fold up I think or at least be a lot harder to make it successful.

***** THE CLERK'S LAMENT

Now "Spotty" they say, has a year or two,
He's the "Super" you know, so tried and true?
So bow ye down, ye remaining few,
And we'll forget the greens and juices too !
For years it seemed, things were on the mend;
Until poor Max's sad and untimely end:
And now it's boiled beef, boiled bacon and beans
'Til it seems our stomachs would surely scream!
'A thousand blankets to send my little 'Joe',
Ye Gods! The codfish! For the Tote must go.
All the rest checks out, but my Lord go slow,
And read, read the slip o'er--no juices, you know!"
So let's grit our teeth and be of good cheer.
Of ulcers, our share we've had, never fear!
Addicted we've come to various pills,
Only a raise can help pay the damn bills!
Now "Spotty's throne is at Pittston---to him so dear,
For there's clams and juices and greens to clear
His system of bile and other juices too;
To give him the courage to order anew.
'Tis awful to think of the days to come,
For the Cooks are Feeders and Swampers and such.
So tighten our belts, it's easy, you know,
'Cause what you get to eat won't be too much!
Not a valiant amongst us dares to rave,
For fear he might go to a watery grave!
And 'twould be tragic for St. Pete to say:
"Came word from 'Spotty' --No Juices today!"
Then it's down to the fiery regions below,
Where the Devil himself puts on quite a show.
But with a fainting heart and spirit low,
All our courage is dashed as he lets go:
"Back to earth, ye fool, for here no Greens dare grow!"
So again to work with pills and Amphojel,
They're a must for us, the forgotten men;
But so long as we've the strength to lift a pen,
We'll buy our juices and Spotty can go to Hell.

Anonymous about 1954 but it sounds like the Corduroy Kid.

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CIRCULATION 150

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Some called the critter "PEGGY,"
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To our disgust and shame,
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Maurice Bartlett's Report on the Woods Occupations School (cont)

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All the big lumber companies are 100% behind the program and their help is what makes it go; without them it would fold up I think or at least be a lot harder to make it successful.

THE CLERK'S LAMENT

Now "Spotty" they say, has a year or two,
He's the "Super" you know, so tried and true?
So bow ye down, ye remaining few,
And we'll forget the greens and juices too!
For years it seemed, things were on the mend;
Until poor Max's sad and untimely end:
And now it's boiled beef, boiled bacon and beans
'Til it seems our stomachs would surely scream!
"A thousand blankets to send my little 'Joe',
Ye Gods! The codfish! For the Tote must go.
All the rest checks out, but my Lord go slow,
And read, read the slip o'er--no juices, you know!"
So let's grit our teeth and be of good cheer.
Of ulcers, our share we've had, never fear!
Addicted we've come to various pills,
Only a raise can help pay the damn bills!
Now "Spotty's" throne is at Pittston---to him so dear,
For there's clams and juices and greens to clear
His system of bile and other juices too;
To give him the courage to order anew.
'Tis awful to think of the days to come,
For the Cooks are Feeders and Swampers and such.
So tighten our belts, it's easy, you know,
'Cause what you get to eat won't be too much!
Not a valiant amongst us dares to rave,
For fear he might go to a watery grave!
And 'twould be tragic for St. Pete to say:
"Came word from 'Spotty' --No Juices today!"
Then it's down to the fiery regions below,
Where the Devil himself puts on quite a show.
But with a fainting heart and spirit low,
All our courage is dashed as he lets go:
"Back to earth, ye fool, for here no Greens dare grow!"
So again to work with pills and Amphojel,
They're a must for us, the forgotten men;
But so long as we've the strength to lift a pen,
We'll buy our juices and Spotty can go to Hell.

Anonymous about 1954 but it sounds like the Corduroy Kid.

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By his safety neglect--
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And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things in life seem truer,
And the better things in life seem best,
And friendships truer as friends are fewer,
And LOVE is ALL, as our sun sinks west.

Then let us clasp hands, as we walk together,
And let us speak softly, in love's sweet tone,
For nobody knows on the morrow, whether
Two will pass on, or one alone.



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(The breaking of the South-west Boom in 1881)

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The dismal echoes woke,
With cries that thrilled the country round,
"The Sou' West Boom is broke".
And pent-up millions, freshet raged,
Impatient to be free,
Were bursting bonds of boom and block
And charging for the Sea.

2

Then, loosed from their human curb,
With avalanche's pride,
A surging mass of spruce and pine,
Came rushing down the tide.
And people thronged, with saddened hearts,
The direful scene to view,
Their bread is on the waters now,
And likewise their butter too.

3

One hope remained, one desperate chance,
The wild stampede to check,
The railroad-bridge that stood below,
Might stay the country's wreck.
So loud command of Robinson
Along the river ran:-
To Jack McCarty, "Pick a crew
And meet them at the span".

4

But on they swept in millioned might,
A dark rebellious train;
And scorning power of puny man
As tempest scorns the chain.
In brigades, squadrons and platoons,
And long extended flank,
Their battle line thrown out afar,
And charging rank on rank.

5

To rip a watery furrow through
That angry seething rush,
To plug it with some lengths of boom,
And stop the maddened crush;
This is the work of men of might,
With sturdy will to do,
Of muscled arm and nimble foot,
And lion heart and true.

6

The sabre's flash, the bayonet's gleam,
Have been ambition's fad,
And made the page of history look
Like a lobster factory ad;
But patriot zeal ne'er tenses feels
'Mid cannon's boom and smoke,
Than when it thrills the brawny arm
That backs a peavey's stroke.

7

So doff your hat, Horatius bold,
Of Roman bridge renown,
And you, Leonidas, brave Greek,
Go way back and sit down.
A new Thermopylae is here,
With hero's wreaths to burn;
The man behind the boathook now
Is going to have his turn.

8

For these are men of strenuous mood,
Of broad and sinewed back,
Whose fathers spat upon their hands
And pushed the forest back.
Though Death lurks ever in the flood,
It cannot turn such pluck
As broke the jam in '69,
When Fairley's drive was stuck.

9

And on they come, a wilful mob,
From Muzzrall's Brook set loose;
From fair Dungarvon, noble Cains,
And some from old Renous,
That classic stream whose poet's dreams
Have lit with Sapphic flame,
And weaved a wreath of epic worth
Around its sylvan fame.

10

With Snowball's legions leading on,
Outspread in proud array;
And Ritchie's swarthy hosts in trim
For frolic or for fray;
While Lynch's shaggy minions press
To hustle things along,
With Hutchison's and Richard's hordes,
A wild tumultuous throng.

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CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 36

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Sam Bigney of Greenville has finished cutting the fields at Seboomook Campground and is now working at Pittston. We understand the State Troopers have told Sam that he will have to have a headlight on his belt buckle if it gets any farther away from his backbone.

Mr. & Mrs Lionel Long are vacationing this week and will move their house trailer to Pleasant Street in Greenville.

Mr. & Mrs John Roberts pulled out of Greenville with their camper trailer this past weekend with the World's Fair as their destination.

A "Soiree Mixte" was held last Saturday evening at Ste. Aurelie with Mr. & Mrs C. E. Gerry as guests of honor. Mr. Gerry retired from the Great Northern Paper company after pushing a pencil for them for thirty years. A goodly crowd of Elmer's friends, co-workers and acquaintances gathered to pay tribute to him and during the course of the evening he was presented with an easy chair for better and longer relaxation. On looking around we saw a good many familiar faces but we don't have space enough to name them all. We did find out the guy in the dark glasses was John McVey and assembled around his table was Ed. Blodgett, George Bessey, M. D. Anderson, D. E. Bates & Amos Hebert (no less). The topic of conversation was "Whose tire is flatter than mine" It was a toss-up between Amos-Del & John as to who won but we think Amos came in first as he was seen the next day on the way to Rockwood with Joe Morneauult on a tire shopping trip while Chet Freeman relaxed at the Pittston. The press was well represented as we saw the "Ridge Runner" from Lisbon Falls, John Gould of the Enterprise also his son, John Jr. of the Christian Science Monitor and Mr. Dornbusch of Rye, N. Y. (Was that a "Cariboo" they had in their right hand? Could be!)

Hopper Header overheard Mrs Caouette say to Wellie, "Come home! Come home with me now Wellie! Wellie's reply, "Go hire a taxi! Her french was not sufficient to understand what Mrs Caouette came back with but she did think it sounded like a rifle shot.

A sizable canoe party sent an emissary to Pittston this week to see if Ed Blodgett could furnish water enough for them to float their canoes down the North Branch this week. Ed's only help was to suggest they hold a rain dance or get a couple of kegs of beer. They remarked they'd already exceeded a thousand dollars of damage to the canoes.

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ELMER AND NINA GERRY-----GREENVILLE, MAINE

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THE MAN BEHIND THE BOATHOOK Second Part

11

"UP GUARDS, and at them", poised to charge,
A hundred boathooks gleam,
And flash a challenge in the sun
Across the swollen stream.
Olympian dust upon their brows,
Their braces dangling low,
Unjumpered all, a patriot band
Is rushing on the foe.

12

And now the battle's raging fast;
They're struggling for the span.
Although the odds are pressing hard,
A million to a man. (Million feet of lumber)
With whoop and jump and boathook thrust
A gap is opened wide,
And foot by foot a way is won
Across the raging tide.

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They leap from rushing log to log,
Nor heed the current's roar;
They dash and splash, and lunge and plunge
The angry waters o'er.
Sunburn and brawn in combat joined,
Against the river's might;
This kind of stuff, in khaki clothes,
No mule stampede could fright.

14

A homespun phalanx thrown across,
To thwart their country's ddom;
While high above the strife is heard
The war-cry of the Boom.
Like the slogan of MacDonald,
Like the pibroch of Lochiel,
Rose the wild whoop of McCarty,
As he fiercely plunged his steel.

15

And flung with reckless strength about
The logs that barred his way,
As children toss with careless hand
Their playthings in their play.
While round about the torrent foamed,
And hissed its whitened spray,
Like glistening teeth of baffled wolves
When eager for their prey.

According to Tommy Whelan's letter Mr. Parker worked in the lumber woods of Renous and Dungarvon for several years and never wore a "linder." He emigrated to New York City and went to work as a reporter on a newspaper. He was assigned to the waterfront and later became editor of shipping news and was the best known newspaper man on the waterfront among his seafaring friends. When he knew he was nearing the end of his earthly journey he composed a short poem in which he asked that his remains be brought back to Miramichi for burial. He sleeps his last sleep in a little cemetery beside his beloved river and near his old home.....

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Come now, ye noble of the dead,
Of Fame's heroic crop,
From Grecian plains to Switzer hills,
On down to Spion Kop;
Who swiped the power from ruler's hands
Which tyrants feared to give,
And pressed the bounds of Freedom back,
That struggling man might live.

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Come from your misty, vasty depths
Of lands beyond our ken;
Come gather on this railroad bridge,
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'Twill brighten up your dismal urns
Whene'er your spirits droop,
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The boom is swung, a joyous shout
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When we gathered round at suppertime,
The table amply spread,
And heard the laughs of little ones,
So eager to be fed;
And felt how close a call they had
Of losing all their glee,
Their plum preserves and johnnie-cake
And sweetnin' in their tea,

Ere we helped ourselves to pancakes,
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As we raised our hearts to Heaven
And the word of thanks we said,
We all mentioned Jack McCarty
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

AUGUST 6, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 36

The scale for this week is as follows: Adelard Gilbert, 11,851; Henri Marcoux, 6,970; Phillip Paquet, 4,835; I. L. Dumas, 3,927; Alfred Nadeau, 3,004; Lucien Gosselin, 2,759; Wellie Caouette, 1,629; Jos. Poulin, 510; Baker Brook Road, 124 cords. Total cut to date is: 35,609 cords.

Sam Bigney of Greenville has finished cutting the fields at Seboomook Campground and is now working at Pittston. We understand the State Troopers have told Sam that he will have to have a headlight on his belt buckle if it gets any farther away from his backbone.

Mr. & Mrs Lionel Long are vacationing this week and will move their house trailer to Pleasant Street in Greenville.

Mr. & Mrs John Roberts pulled out of Greenville with their camper trailer this past weekend with the World's Fair as their destination.

A "Soiree Mixte" was held last Saturday evening at Ste. Aurelie with Mr. & Mrs C. E. Gerry as guests of honor. Mr. Gerry retired from the Great Northern Paper company after pushing a pencil for them for thirty years. A goodly crowd of Elmer's friends, co-workers and acquaintances gathered to pay tribute to him and during the course of the evening he was presented with an easy chair for better and longer relaxation. On looking around we saw a good many familiar faces but we don't have space enough to name them all. We did find out the guy in the dark glasses was John McVey and assembled around his table was Ed. Blodgett, George Bessey, M. D. Anderson, D. E. Bates & Amos Hebert (no less). The topic of conversation was "Whose tire is flatter than mine!" It was a toss-up between Amos-Del & John as to who won but we think Amos came in first as he was seen the next day on the way to Rockwood with Joe Morneau on a tire shopping trip while Chet Freeman relaxed at the Pittston. The press was well represented as we saw the "Ridge Runner" from Lisbon Falls, John Gould of the Enterprise also his son, John Jr. of the Christian Science Monitor and Mr. Dornbusch of Rye, N. Y. (Was that a "Cariboo" they had in their right hand? Could be!)

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Lucien is now 48 which should give him 17 more years to go and that's too long a time for us to make an estimate of what he will cut.

We run across a contract dated April 21, 1926 where Fred Gilbert of Greenville was to cut, haul and deliver 10,000 cords of pulpwood on East Middlesex township. Said wood to be landed and boomed in Lobster Lake. They were just as worried in those days of forest fires as they are today as said Fred Gilbert was to carefully guard all fires kindled by him or his employees so that they would not spread or cause injury, and shall keep the Forest Commissioners notices posted conspicuously on said premises. He was also to use sufficient force of men and horses in his operation to extinguish all fires that should occur. Furthermore in cast weather should become dry or danferous for woods work the operation would not be prosecuted at such times.

A GIRL'S MOST DANGEROUS AGE IS WHEN HER VOICE IS CHANGING FROM "NO" TO "YES."

THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS

How well do I remember, when a boy now long years back
I visited Aunt Sarah and her husband, Uncle Jack.
They lived upon a farm 'way back upon the old town-line.
They raised Southdowns and Holsteins and specialized in swine.

Their house was built of brick and had a lean-to like shack
And there were other houses at the side and at the back.
A smoke house and a wood house and a chicken house as well,
A root house and a calf house where the young calves used to dwell.

But there was one small house to which we all did use to stalk.
It stood amongst the lilacs at the bottom of the walk.
Its walls were decorated with the latest fashion plates,
And the roof leaked like a riddle, letting rain through on our pates.

The door was off its hinges and you couldn't shut it tight.
The way the wind blew in winter was an awful fright.
'Twas hotter than an oven when the summer time came in,
And how the flies would tickle as they walked on our bare skin.

Big cobwebs filled the corners and the seat was cracked an inch.
You had to sit just so or you would get an awful pinch.
Mail order catalogs supplied the paper for us, too,
And it was hard and brittle, but we had to make it do.

It stood upon the brink of a ravine whose sloped side fell,
Right down for forty feet or more before it reached the dell.
So one day Uncle Jack rushed in, he tried to close the door,
(He weighed two hundred pounds and possibly a little more.)

A last night's rain had washed the earth from 'neath the backmost sill,
When Jack sat down that house and he went rolling down the hill.
Aunt heard the noise, we both rushed out, and what d'y 'spose we found?
That house and Jack, 'way down the hill, the door side to the ground.

But through the open window Uncle Jack's bald pate did poke.
Oh, how we laughed, but poor Jack said he couldn't see the joke.
We got a rail and turned it o'er, (we pried with all our might,)
Then Uncle Jack crawled out the door--and such a sorry sight.

His clothes were torn, his face was scratched, one arm hung at his side,
He tried to smile, then faintly said: "Say! wasn't that SOME RIDE?"
The doctor came and said that he had seen some narrow squeaks,
But this one was the narrowest and in about six weeks

The bones would all be set again, and all the pains would stop,
But next time Jack rolled down the hill he'd better stay up top.
But still there are sweet mem'ries of those days now long years back,
I still love my Aunt Sarah and my dear fat Uncle Jack.

And when I visit them, of those days we love to talk,
And laugh about the house amongst the lilacs down the walk.

RICE FARM

Four miles out of Millinocket on the old Medway Road is situated the property known as the Rice Farm. Originally the farm of Charles and Daniel Watson, who cleared the first land there, it later came into the possession of Edward Gates who had made his home with the Watson brothers for some time. Years afterward, Mr. Gates sold the place to Fred and Alva Reed and they in turn sold it to James Rice, from whom the farm derived its present name. In 1907, when the development of East Millinocket was projected, the Rice Farm and the Powers Farm, a short distance from it, were purchased by the Great Northern Paper Company.

The Rice Farm at that time was a small clearing not more than three acres in extent. The ruins of the old log camp built by the first settlers were still in evidence. The company immediately started in to improve the place with a view to using it as a base for driving operations in the vicinity. As the Powers Farm was to be flowed over, most of the buildings on it were moved to the Rice Farm. Among these were the old boarding-house and the barn used for driving horses. A new storehouse was built at once and the barn was known as the middle barn.

The farmhouse moved from the Powers Farm in 1907 was burned in 1909 and was replaced by the present structure, the design of Hardy S. Ferguson. In the same year smaller buildings, such as harness shop and ice house, were constructed. The next year the new barn was erected, also designed by Mr. Ferguson. It had a capacity of fifty horses and two hundred and fifty tons of hay. The water tower, tank and pump house were completed soon after. In 1912 the boat house, wagon shed and other necessary structures were added to the outfit and in 1914 two driving shacks were built to house the driving crews. These later burned and have since been replaced.

By such stages has the plant grown to its present importance. Forty acres of cleared land now surround its buildings. Its stables, supplementing those of Millinocket, have a capacity of nearly a hundred horses. At one time there were two or three hundred hogs here. One of the principle attractions of the farm today is the registered Ayrshire cow. She gives sixty pounds of milk a day regularly and has given as high as eighty. Furthermore, this milk is very rich in butter fat. Considering that no special attention is paid to her feed, and that there is no forcing of any kind, this is a remarkable record.

Of late years the chief usefulness of Rice Farm has consisted in its availability as a depot for the driving crews covering the lower West Branch. For several years after the introduction of four foot wood, it was found necessary to sort the short wood from the long logs and sorting gaps were located at strategic points. One was maintained nearby for years but the need for it has passed as all the wood for the mills is now cut in four foot lengths.

Of the many people who have from time to time worked at the Rice Farm in the past, none has been more closely connected with its history than Mr. A. I. Mann, Superintendent of the Lower Drive. "Lonnie" Mann first came to the place eighteen years ago and with the exception of brief intervals when he has been employed in other company operations, has made his headquarters there ever since. His territory extends from North Twin Dam to Medway. He has built many piers in the course of his work and is considered an expert in their construction. It is to him that we are indebted for much of the following information concerning the men and women who have worked at the Rice Farm in the past.

The first superintendent of the farm was Tom Ranney. He was succeeded by Steve Warman and later by N. A. Murphy, now of Kineo. William Goodell came next and then Patrick Feeney, who is now employed in the East Millinocket Mill. To Mr. Murphy and Mr. Feeney is due the credit of clearing most of the farm. Next came Mr. Garland Mr. White, Edmund Lapointe, Mr. Klatt, John L. Clark and Angus Matheson, which brings us to the present holder of office, Jason L. Goodwin.

It is not one of the large farms, Rice Farm, but it fills a mighty useful place in the company's scheme of things.

From the November 1925 issue of the Northern magazine.

THE JUMPER

Ba gor! I jomp an' jomp all tam!
Bot jos' can't halp dat--dere she am!
Cos' w'en som' fellaire he say "Boo!"
Morgee! I jomp an' holler, too.

Long tam', 'way back ma broder, Joe,
Hav' gon 'ronn' house, an' off she go.
--Go bang, r-rat clos' op side ma ear;
Sence w'en I ac' dis way--dat queer!
I tak' med'ceen--don't geet som' cure.
Gass I got jomp-ops now for sure.
An' mos' all tam' som' son er gon
T'ink mak' me jomp--wal, dat ban fon.

I'll tal yo' wan t'ing dat ban true--
Las' spreeng dey beeld dat r-ra'ltrack t'rough
R-rat pas' ma house, an' w'at yo' s'pose?
Dem ra'ltrack fellaires, wal, he goes
Sot pos' for whees-el side ma door,
An' den--wal, p'rap I didn't swore!
Wan tra'n com' pas' long jos' 'bout noon,
An' go "whoot-toot!" Wal, bamby, soon,
Wa'n't no whol' deeshes 'round--for why!
'Cos', sacre, I jomp op sky-high
An' keeck dat table 'roun' dat plac'
An' lat som' howl com' off ma face.
Dat vife he skeer mos' near on death,
An' all dem shildreen hol' deir breath
For saw deir fadder ac' lak' dat
An' gæve dose dinnaire wan beeg slat.

An' wan tra'n she go pas' on night,
Long 'bout de tam' I sle'p mos' tight.
An' w'en she whees-el, "Whoot-too-too!"
I jomp lak' wil' cat, I tal you.
I heet ma vife gre't beeg hard slams
An' black her eye mos' seexteen tam's.
Till las' she go off sle'p down stair,
-She say I worse as greezly bear,
Bot w'at yo' t'ink? I swore dis true,
I nevaire know w'at t'ing I do.

Wal, w'en t'ings geet bos' op dat way,
I ban saw re'ltrack boss wan day.
I tal heem 'bout I poun' ma vife,
-Can't halp dat t'ing for save ma life
An' he-he blor-rt, lak' wan gre't caff
An' lean way back an' laff an' laff.
I don't saw nottin's dere for fon
'Bout havin' dat ol' re'ltrack ron
Op pas' ma house an' hav' dem car
Mak' me bos' op ma home, ba gar!
I tol' heem dat bam-by dat soun'
Ban mak' me keeck dat whol' house down.
"I'll tal yo' w'at," say he bam-by,
-He wap' hees eye off lak' he cry-
"I'll tol' yo' w'at dees ro'd weell d
We'll send op our construckshong crew.
We'll beeld, to show dat we hain't mee
Wan good, beeg cage an' pot yo' een."
Ba gar! Dat all I geet off heem!
-I weesh dey not fin' out dat steam!

From Holman Day's Pine Tree Ballads.

Mr. Robert E. Laverty, July 29, 1964

Dear Mr. Laverty: Dr. Robert Ohler has mentioned your name to me as one who might have some knowledge of a strange disorder which was reported more than 60 years ago among lumberjacks in Northern Maine and Canada. This was known at that time as the "jumping disease" or the "jumping Frenchman", since it was noted only in men of French-Canadian descent. It consisted of an excessive jump when startled by sound or touch and was never fully explained. An example of this was recently reported in a patient observed in Washington, D. C. who used to live and work in the woods of Northern Maine.

I am interested in looking for any examples of this still present in Northern Maine. If you have any information which would help me in my search, I would be very interested to hear from you. If I could locate at least one individual with this "jumping disease", I would like to come up and talk with him. Your help and advice will be much appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

The name was censored.

If this anonymous Doctor had been at Caron's Spa the other night and seen the expression on Mrs Caron's face when someone snuck up behind her he certainly would have witnessed a beautiful example of the "jumping disease". Maurice Gosselin the "crumb boss" at Lucien Gosselin's camp is another good example of a jumping Frenchman and we know there are a good many more in this neck of the woods.

THAT'S IT FOLKS, YOU HAVE NOW HAD IT. GOODBYE! ADIOS! ETC. IT WAS NICE TO
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1956-57 Little Bog	11,621		

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We run across a contract dated April 21, 1926 where Fred Gilbert of Greenville was to cut, haul and deliver 10,000 cords of pulpwood on East Middlesex township. Said wood to be landed and boomed in Lobster Lake. They were just as worried in those days of forest fires as they are today as said Fred Gilbert was to carefully guard all fires kindled by him or his employees so that they would not spread or cause injury, and shall keep the Forest Commissioners notices posted conspicuously on said premises. He was also to use sufficient force of men and horses in his operation to extinguish all fires that should occur. Furthermore in cast weather should become dry or danferous for woods work the operation would not be prosecuted at such times.

A GIRL'S MOST DANGEROUS AGE IS WHEN HER VOICE IS CHANGING FROM "NO" TO "YES."

THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS

How well do I remember, when a boy now long years back
I visited Aunt Sarah and her husband, Uncle Jack.
They lived upon a farm 'way back upon the old town-line.
They raised Southdowns and Holsteins and specialized in swine.

Their house was built of brick and had a lean-to like shack
And there were other houses at the side and at the back.
A smoke house and a wood house and a chicken house as well,
A root house and a calf house where the young calves used to dwell.

But there was one small house to which we all did use to stalk.
It stood amongst the lilacs at the bottom of the walk.
Its walls were decorated with the latest fashion plates,
And the roof leaked like a riddle, letting rain through on our pates.

The door was off its hinges and you couldn't shut it tight.
The way the wind blew in winter was an awful fright.
'Twas hotter than an oven when the summer time came in,
And how the flies would tickle as they walked on our bare skin.

Big cobwebs filled the corners and the seat was cracked an inch.
You had to sit just so or you would get an awful pinch.
Mail order catalogs supplied the paper for us, too,
And it was hard and brittle, but we had to make it do.

It stood upon the brink of a ravine whose sloped side fell,
Right down for forty feet or more before it reached the dell.
So one day Uncle Jack rushed in, he tried to close the door,
(He weighed two hundred pounds and possibly a little more.)

A last night's rain had washed the earth from 'neath the backmost sill,
When Jack sat down that house and he went rolling down the hill.
Aunt heard the noise, we both rushed out, and what d'y 'spose we found?
That house and Jack, 'way down the hill, the door side to the ground.

But through the open window Uncle Jack's bald pate did poke.
Oh, how we laughed, but poor Jack said he couldn't see the joke.
We got a rail and turned it o'er, (we pried with all our might,)
Then Uncle Jack crawled out the door--and such a sorry sight.

His clothes were torn, his face was scratched, one arm hung at his side,
He tried to smile, then faintly said: "Say! wasn't that SOME RIDE?"
The doctor came and said that he had seen some narrow squeaks,
But this one was the narrowest and in about six weeks

The bones would all be set again, and all the pains would stop,
But next time Jack rolled down the hill he'd better stay up top.
But still there are sweet mem'ries of those days now long years back,
I still love my Aunt Sarah and my dear fat Uncle Jack.

And when I visit them, of those days we love to talk,
And laugh about the house amongst the lilacs down the walk.

RICE FARM

Four miles out of Millinocket on the old Medway Road is situated the property known as the Rice Farm. Originally the farm of Charles and Daniel Watson, who cleared the first land there, it later came into the possession of Edward Gates who had made his home with the Watson brothers for some time. Years afterward, Mr. Gates sold the place to Fred and Alva Reed and they in turn sold it to James Rice, from whom the farm derived its present name. In 1907, when the development of East Millinocket was projected, the Rice Farm and the Powers Farm, a short distance from it, were purchased by the Great Northern Paper Company.

The Rice Farm at that time was a small clearing not more than three acres in extent. The ruins of the old log camp built by the first settlers were still in evidence. The company immediately started in to improve the place with a view to using it as a base for driving operations in the vicinity. As the Powers Farm was to be flowed over, most of the buildings on it were moved to the Rice Farm. Among these were the old boarding-house and the barn used for driving horses. A new storehouse was built at once and the barn was known as the middle barn.

The farmhouse moved from the Powers Farm in 1907 was burned in 1909 and was replaced by the present structure, the design of Hardy S. Ferguson. In the same year smaller buildings, such as harness shop and ice house, were constructed. The next year the new barn was erected, also designed by Mr. Ferguson. It had a capacity of fifty horses and two hundred and fifty tons of hay. The water tower, tank and pump house were completed soon after. In 1912 the boat house, wagon shed and other necessary structures were added to the outfit and in 1914 two driving shacks were built to house the driving crews. These later burned and have since been replaced.

By such stages has the plant grown to its present importance. Forty acres of cleared land now surround its buildings. Its stables, supplementing those of Millinocket, have a capacity of nearly a hundred horses. At one time there were two or three hundred hogs here. One of the principle attractions of the farm today is the registered Ayrshire cow. She gives sixty pounds of milk a day regularly and has given as high as eighty. Furthermore, this milk is very rich in butter fat. Considering that no special attention is paid to her feed, and that there is no forcing of any kind, this is a remarkable record.

Of late years the chief usefulness of Rice Farm has consisted in its availability as a depot for the driving crews covering the lower West Branch. For several years after the introduction of four foot wood, it was found necessary to sort the short wood from the long logs and sorting gaps were located at strategic points. One was maintained nearby for years but the need for it has passed as all the wood for the mills is now cut in four foot lengths.

Of the many people who have from time to time worked at the Rice Farm in the past, none has been more closely connected with its history than Mr. A. I. Mann, Superintendent of the Lower Drive. "Lonnie" Mann first came to the place eighteen years ago and with the exception of brief intervals when he has been employed in other company operations, has made his headquarters there ever since. His territory extends from North Twin Dam to Medway. He has built many piers in the course of his work and is considered an expert in their construction. It is to him that we are indebted for much of the following information concerning the men and women who have worked at the Rice Farm in the past.

The first superintendent of the farm was Tom Ranney. He was succeeded by Steve Warman and later by N. A. Murphy, now of Kineo. William Goodell came next and then Patrick Feeney, who is now employed in the East Millinocket Mill. To Mr. Murphy and Mr. Feeney is due the credit of clearing most of the farm. Next came Mr. Garland Mr. White, Edmund Lapointe, Mr. Klatt, John L. Clark and Angus Matheson, which brings us to the present holder of office, Jason L. Goodwin.

It is not one of the large farms, Rice Farm, but it fills a mighty useful place in the company's scheme of things.

From the November 1925 issue of the Northern magazine.

THE JUMPER

Ba gor! I jomp an' jomp all tam'
Bot jos' can't halp dat--dere she am!
Cos' w'en som' fellaire he say "Boo!"
Morgee! I jomp an' holler, too.

Long tam', 'way back ma broder, Joe,
Hav' gon 'ronn' house, an' off she go.
--Go bang, r-rat clos' op side ma ear;
Sence w'en I ac' dis way--dat queer!
I tak' med'ceen--don't geet som' cure.
Gass I got jomp-ops now for sure.
An' mos' all tam' som' son er gon
T'ink mak' me jomp--wal, dat ban fon.

I'll tal yo' wan t'ing dat ban true--
Las' spreeng dey beeld dat r-ra'ltrack t'rough
R-rat pas' ma house, an' w'at yo' s'pose?
Dem ra'ltrack fellaires, wal, he goes
Sot pos' for whees-el side ma door,
An' den--wal, p'rap I didn't swore!
Wan tra'n com' pas' long jos' 'bout noon,
An' go "whoot-toot!" Wal, bamby, soon,
Wa'n't no whol' deeshes 'round--for why!
'Cos', sacre, I jomp op sky-high
An' keeck dat table 'roun' dat plac'
An' lat som' howl com' off ma face.
Dat vife he skeer mos' near on death,
An' all dem shildreen hol' deir breath
For saw deir fadder ac' lak' dat
An' gæeve dose dinnaire wan beeg slat.

An' wan tra'n she go pas' on night,
Long 'bout de tam' I sle'p mos' tight.
An' w'en she whees-el, "Whoot-too-too!"
I jomp lak' wil' cat, I tal you.
I heet ma vife gre't beeg hard slams
An' black her eye mos' seexteen tam's.
Till las' she go off sle'p down stair,
-She say I worse as greezly bear,
Bot w'at yo' t'ink? I swore dis true,
I nevaire know w'at t'ing I do.

Wal, w'en t'ings geet bos' op dat way,
I ban saw re'ltrack boss wan day.
I tal heem 'bout I poun' ma vife,
-Can't halp dat t'ing for save ma life-
An' he-he blor-rt, lak' wan gre't caff,
An' lean way back an' laff an' laff.
I don't saw nottin's dere for fon
'Bout havin' dat ol' re'ltrack ron
Op pas' ma house an' hav' dem car
Mak' me bos' op ma home, ba gar!
I tol' heem dat bam-by dat soun'
Ban mak' me keeck dat whol' house down.
"I'll tal yo' w'at," say he bam-by,
-He wap' hees eye off lak' he cry-
"I'll tol' yo' w'at dees ro'd weell do
We'll send op our construckshong crew,
We'll beeld, to show dat we hain't near
Wan good, beeg cage an' pot yo' een."
Ba gar! Dat all I geet off heem!
-I weesh dey not fin' out dat steam!

From Holman Day's Pine Tree Ballads.

Mr. Robert E. Laverty, July 29, 1964

Dear Mr. Laverty: Dr. Robert Ohler has mentioned your name to me as one who might have some knowledge of a strange disorder which was reported more than 60 years ago among lumberjacks in Northern Maine and Canada. This was known at that time as the "jumping disease" or the "jumping Frenchman", since it was noted only in men of French-Canadian descent. It consisted of an excessive jump when startled by sound or touch and was never fully explained. An example of this was recently reported in a patient observed in Washington, D. C. who used to live and work in the woods of Northern Maine.

I am interested in looking for any examples of this still present in Northern Maine. If you have any information which would help me in my search, I would be very interested to hear from you. If I could locate at least one individual with this "jumping disease", I would like to come up and talk with him. Your help and advice will be much appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

The name was censored.

If this anonymous Doctor had been at Caron's Spa the other night and seen the expression on Mrs Caron's face when someone snuck up behind her he certainly would have witnessed a beautiful example of the "jumping disease". Maurice Gosselin the "crumb boss" at Lucien Gosselin's camp is another good example of a jumping Frenchman and we know there are a good many more in this neck of the woods.

THAT'S IT FOLKS, YOU HAVE NOW HAD IT. GOODBYE! ADIOS! ETC. IT WAS NICE TO
KNOW YOU.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 3, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 38

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Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union
And to whom he gave his right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow; etc

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1

A farmer's dog came into town,
His Christian name was Runt,
A noble pedigree had he
Noblesse oblige his stunt,
And as he wandered down the street
'Twas beautiful to see
His work on every corner,
His work on every tree.
He watered every gateway, too,
And never missed a post,
For piddling was his specialty
And piddling was his boast.
The city curs looked on amazed
With deep and jealous rage,
To see a simple country dog
The piddler of his age.
And all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned by a yell
To sniff the country stranger o'er
And judge him by his smell.

2

Some thought that he a king might be,
Beneath his tail a rose,
And every city dog drew near
To sniff it up his nose.
They smelled him over one by one,
They smelled him two by two,
And noble Runt in high disdain
Stood still 'till they were through
Then just to show the whole she-bang
He didn't give a damn,
He trotted to a grocery store
And piddled on a ham.
He piddled on a mackerel keg,
He piddled on the floor,
And when the grocer kicked him out
He piddled on the door.

3

Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up with instinct true
To start a piddling carnival
And see the stranger through.
They showed him a very piddling post
They had in all the town--
And started in with many a wink
To pee the stranger down.
They sent for champion piddlers
Who were always on the go
And sometimes did a piddle stunt
Or gave a piddling show.

4

They sprung these on him suddenly,
When midway in the town--
Runt only smiled and polished off
The ablest, white or brown.
For Runt was with them every trick
With vigor and with vim--
A thousand piddlers more or less,
Were all the same to him.
So he was wetting merrily
With hind leg kicking high,
When most were hoisting legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry.

5

On and on Runt sought new ground
By piles of scrap and rust,
'Till every city dog went dry
And only piddling dust;
And on and on went noble Runt
As wet as any rill,
And all the champion city pups
Were peed to a standstill.
Then Runt did free-hand piddling
With fancy flirts and flings,
Like double-dips and gimlet twist
And all those graceful things.
Yet all the time this country dog
Did never wink or grin,
But blithely piddled out of town
As he had piddled in.
The city dogs convention held
To ask "what did defeat us?"
But no one ever put them wise
That Runt had diabetes.

Thanks to "Greenville" Fred Gilbert we have another old clipping:

Dear Henry: Reading a newspaper account recently of the death of F. A. Gilbert, former director of the Great Northern Paper company's spruce wood department, recalled to mind an incident that occurred the first time I ever saw him.

Some years ago on a cold winter day I was taking the morning train out of Bangor for Greenville. Another woodsman and myself boarded the day coach and dropped into a seat near the back. Soon the coach filled up pretty well and among the late arrivals I noticed Joe Sheehan and another man. They took a seat together down front.

"Big boss goin' up river, I guess," commented my traveling companion. "Who you mean, Joe Sheehan," I asked. "Certainly not," and he looked at me rather queerly. I mean F. A. Gilbert. Don't you know him--the man up there with Joe Sheehan?" Well frankly, I didn't. To be sure I knew of him, having been at that time in the employ of the company here and there around the woods for four years. But before that day I had never laid eyes on the man. Not at all strange either.

When the train stopped at Dover-Foxcroft a little woman with her seven young children came aboard. Their ages allowed for very few skips in the numerical scale from a boy of ten years down to a baby about one month old. Seats were found for them all about midway of the car and hardly were their coats and hats removed before several of the younger ones began to make their wants known. They wanted this and they wanted that; they clamored for sandwiches from the lunch basket, picture books, dolls and teddy bears. Inside of ten minutes those lusty young imps had the car floor looking like a section of Revere Beach in mid-summer. The baby cried for a bottle and then cried some more for sundry other service which babies have a way of demanding at intervals all too frequent.

I noticed Mr. Gilbert turn around in his seat and glance back at the performance, then resumed his conversation with Mr. Sheehan. When the second youngest, about one year old, began adding his cry to the general confusion, the poor little mother seemed near to distraction. The passengers sitting near, both men and women, seemed to make no move to help her. They continued to read papers and magazines or gaze out the car windows at the winter landscape. With the uproar at its height, Mr. Gilbert turned to look again, left his seat and came back to where the woman was trying to console a pair of crying babies. "Madam, let me help you with the children," he said. "I know a little about babies--I've got some at home myself."

With that he reached down and took in his arms the husky yearling who was making such a fuss over nothing. The little mother said not a word, but looked up gratefully at Mr. Gilbert and smiled her thanks with a face pale and tired.

Well, sir, that babe whopped her up as only a good healthy year old boy can, and F. A. walked up and down the aisle with it until it stopped crying. Then he took it to his seat where he and Mr. Sheehan amused as well as a couple of the older ones, all the way to Greenville. He let it pull his hair, bite his fingers, listen to his watch tick and tear his necktie. I dare say that the youngster had the best two hours entertainment he had had in all his short life to date.

When the train pulled into Greenville station seven small hands were clasped tight around seven big silver coins, and seven happy little faces grinned up at their new found Santa Claus as he assisted the little mother to marshall them into the waiting sleigh which would take them home.

And, Henry, that was the first time that I saw Fred A. Gilbert, but I have always remembered the incident because it showed me the love of children which Mr. Gilbert always had; his family always came first and he delighted in telling of the little things that his youngsters did back in those days when I was in Maine.

Sincerely yours, Hugh Desmond.

This was no doubt one of Henry Milliken's columns in the Bangor News and probably was about 1938 or thereabouts.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

Oh! wake the prairie echoes with
The ever welcome sound,
Ring out the "boot and saddle" till
The stirring notes resound.
Our chargers toss their bridled heads
And chafe against the reins,
Ring out, ring out the marching call
The Riders of the Plains.

O'er many a league of prairie wild
Our trackless path must be,
And round it roam the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfeet and of Cree.
But danger from their treacherous hands
A dauntless heart disdains;
'Tis the heart that bears the helmet of
The Riders of the Plains.

The prairie storms sweep o'er our way
But onward still we go,
To scale the weary mountain range,
Descend the valley low.
We face the broad Saskatchewan
Made fierce with heavy rains,
With all his might he cannot check
The Riders of the Plains.

We tread the dreaded cactus land,
Where lost to white men's ken,
We startle there the creatures wild
With sight of armed men.
For whereso'er our leader bids,
The bugle sounds its strains,
Forward in marching sections go
The Riders of the Plains.

But that which tries the courage sore
Of horsemen and of steed
Is want of blessed water,
Blessed water is our need.
We'll face like men whate'er befalls,
Of perils, hardships, pains,
But God! deny not water to
The Riders of the Plains.

The fire king stalks the prairie,
And fearful 'tis to see.
The rushing wall of smoke and flame
Surrounds us rapidly.
'Tis there we shout defiance,
And mark his fiery chains,
For safe the cleared circle guards
The Riders of the Plains.

For us no cheerful hostelries
Their welcome gates unfold;
No generous board, no downey couch
Await the troopers bold.
Beneath the starry canopy
Are we when daylight wanes;
There lie the hardy wanderers--
The Riders of the Plains.

In want of rest, in want of food,
Our courage does not fail,
As day and night we follow hard
The desperado's trail.
His threatened rifle stays us not,
He finds no hope remains,
And yields at last a captive to
The Riders of the Plains.

We've ta'en the haughty feathered chief,
Whose hands are red with blood;
E'en in the very council lodge
We seized him where he stood:
Three fearless hearts faced forty braves,
And bore their chief in chains
Full sixty miles to where they camped,
The Riders of the Plains.



PART ONE OF TWO

Taken from The Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly July 1963 issue.

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The city dogs convention held
To ask "what did defeat us?"
But no one ever put them wise
That Runt had diabetes.

Thanks to "Greenville" Fred Gilbert we have another old clipping:

Dear Henry: Reading a newspaper account recently of the death of F. A. Gilbert, former director of the Great Northern Paper company's spruce wood department, recalled to mind an incident that occurred the first time I ever saw him.

Some years ago on a cold winter day I was taking the morning train out of Bangor for Greenville. Another woodsman and myself boarded the day coach and dropped into a seat near the back. Soon the coach filled up pretty well and among the late arrivals I noticed Joe Sheehan and another man. They took a seat together down front.

"Big boss goin' up river, I guess," commented my traveling companion. "Who you mean, Joe Sheehan," I asked. "Certainly not," and he looked at me rather queerly. I mean F. A. Gilbert. Don't you know him--the man up there with Joe Sheehan?" Well frankly, I didn't. To be sure I knew of him, having been at that time in the employ of the company here and there around the woods for four years. But before that day I had never laid eyes on the man. Not at all strange either.

When the train stopped at Dover-Foxcroft a little woman with her seven young children came aboard. Their ages allowed for very few skips in the numerical scale from a boy of ten years down to a baby about one month old. Seats were found for them all about midway of the car and hardly were their coats and hats removed before several of the younger ones began to make their wants known. They wanted this and they wanted that; they clamored for sandwiches from the lunch basket, picture books, dolls and teddy bears. Inside of ten minutes those lusty young imps had the car floor looking like a section of Revere Beach in mid-summer. The baby cried for a bottle and then cried some more for sundry other service which babies have a way of demanding at intervals all too frequent.

I noticed Mr. Gilbert turn around in his seat and glance back at the performance, then resumed his conversation with Mr. Sheehan. When the second youngest, about one year old, began adding his cry to the general confusion, the poor little mother seemed near to distraction. The passengers sitting near, both men and women, seemed to make no move to help her. They continued to read papers and magazines or gaze out the car windows at the winter landscape. With the uproar at its height, Mr. Gilbert turned to look again, left his seat and came back to where the woman was trying to console a pair of crying babies. "Madam, let me help you with the children," he said. "I know a little about babies--I've got some at home myself."

With that he reached down and took in his arms the husky yearling who was making such a fuss over nothing. The little mother said not a word, but looked up gratefully at Mr. Gilbert and smiled her thanks with a face pale and tired.

Well, sir, that babe whopped 'er up as only a good healthy year old boy can, and F. A. walked up and down the aisle with it until it stopped crying. Then he took it to his seat where he and Mr. Sheehan amused as well as a couple of the older ones, all the way to Greenville. He let it pull his hair, bite his fingers, listen to his watch tick and tear his necktie. I dare say that the youngster had the best two hours entertainment he had had in all his short life to date.

When the train pulled into Greenville station seven small hands were clasped tight around seven big silver coins, and seven happy little faces grinned up at their new found Santa Claus as he assisted the little mother to marshal them into the waiting sleigh which would take them home.

And, Henry, that was the first time that I saw Fred A. Gilbert, but I have always remembered the incident because it showed me the love of children which Mr. Gilbert always had; his family always came first and he delighted in telling of the little things that his youngsters did back in those days when I was in Maine.

Sincerely yours, Hugh Desmond.

This was no doubt one of Henry Milliken's columns in the Bangor News and probably was about 1938 or thereabouts.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

Oh! wake the prairie echoes with
The ever welcome sound,
Ring out the "boot and saddle" till
The stirring notes resound.
Our chargers toss their bridled heads
And chafe against the reins,
Ring out, ring out the marching call
The Riders of the Plains.

O'er many a league of prairie wild
Our trackless path must be,
And round it roam the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfeet and of Cree.
But danger from their treacherous hands
A dauntless heart disdains;
'Tis the heart that bears the helmet of
The Riders of the Plains.

The prairie storms sweep o'er our way
But onward still we go,
To scale the weary mountain range,
Descend the valley low.
We face the broad Saskatchewan
Made fierce with heavy rains,
With all his might he cannot check
The Riders of the Plains.

We tread the dreaded cactus land,
Where lost to white men's ken,
We startle there the creatures wild
With sight of armed men.
For whereso'er our leader bids,
The bugle sounds its strains,
Forward in marching sections go
The Riders of the Plains.

But that which tries the courage sore
Of horsemen and of steed
Is want of blessed water,
Blessed water is our need.
We'll face like men whate'er befalls,
Of perils, hardships, pains,
But God! deny not water to
The Riders of the Plains.

The fire king stalks the prairie,
And fearful 'tis to see.
The rushing wall of smoke and flame
Surrounds us rapidly.
'Tis there we shout defiance,
And mark his fiery chains,
For safe the cleared circle guards
The Riders of the Plains.

For us no cheerful hostelries
Their welcome gates unfold;
No generous board, no downey couch
Await the troopers bold.
Beneath the starry canopy
Are we when daylight wanes;
There lie the hardy wanderers---
The Riders of the Plains.

In want of rest, in want of food,
Our courage does not fail,
As day and night we follow hard
The desperado's trail.
His threatened rifle stays us not,
He finds no hope remains,
And yields at last a captive to
The Riders of the Plains

We've ta'en the haughty feathered chief,
Whose hands are red with blood;
E'en in the very council lodge
We seized him where he stood:
Three fearless hearts faced forty braves,
And bore their chief in chains
Full sixty miles to where they camped,
The Riders of the Plains.



PART ONE OF TWO

Taken from The Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly July 1963 issue.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

September 10, 1964

CIRCULATION 150

VOLUME 2 No. 39

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Mr. J. F. Philippi,

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Yours very truly,

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	Total	19,476.87	27,664.17	24,156.12
Boston	Fees	3,840.00	23,245.25	9,225.72
	Transportation	17,516.15	64,736.76	24,864.48
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New York	Fees		8,277.50	337.00
	Transportation		27,097.96	1,226.44
	Meals & Miscl		4,237.20	244.79
	Total		39,612.66	1,808.23
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***** PART ONE OF TWO*****

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

Part two of two

We bear no uplifted banner,
The soldier's care and pride;
No waving flag leads onward
Our horsemen as they ride.
Our only guide is duty's call;
And well its strength sustains
The dauntless spirit of our men,
The Riders of the Plains.

We muster but three hundred men
In all this "great lone land,"
Which stretches o'er the continent
To where the Rockies stand.
But not one heart doth falter,
No coward voice complains
That few, too few in numbers are
The Riders of the Plains.

In Britain's mighty nation
Each man must take his stand;
Some guard her honored flag at sea,
Some bear it well on land.
'Tis not our part to fight its foes;
Then what to us remains?
What duty does our sovereign give
The Riders of the Plains.

Our mission is to plant the reign
Of Britain's freedom here;
Restrain the lawless savage and
Protect the pioneer.
And 'tis a proud and daring trust
To hold these vast domains
With but three hundred mounted men
The Riders of the Plains.

And thus we mind not praise nor fame
In the struggle here alone,
To carry out good Britain's law
And plant Old England's throne.
And when our task has been performed,
And law and order reigns,
The peaceful settlers long will bless
The Riders of the Plains.

But death who comes to all alike
Has smitten us out here,
Filling our hearts with bitter grief,
Our eyes with manly tears.
Five times he drew his fatal bow,
His hand no prayer restrains;
Five times his arrows sped among
The Riders of the Plains.

Hard by the Old Man's River,
Where freshest breezes blow,
Five grassy mounds lie side by side,
Five riders sleep below.
Neat palings close the sacred ground--
No stranger's step profanes
Their sweet repose; and they sleep well,
The Riders of the Plains.

Sleep on, sleep on, young wanderers,
Who died in this Far West.
No prancing steed will feel your hand,
No trumpet break your rest.
Sleep, till the great Archangel
Shall burst Death's mortal chains,
And you hear the great "reveille."
Ye Riders of the Plains.



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The Riders of the Plains.

Hard by the Old Man's River,
Where freshest breezes blow,
Five grassy mounds lie side by side,
Five riders sleep below.
Neat palings close the sacred ground--
No stranger's step profanes
Their sweet repose; and they sleep well,
The Riders of the Plains.

Sleep on, sleep on, young wanderers,
Who died in this Far West.
No prancing steed will feel your hand,
No trumpet break your rest.
Sleep, till the great Archangel
Shall burst Death's mortal chains,
And you hear the great "reveille."
Ye Riders of the Plains.



and PLEASE
make people
more careful

U. S. AND STATE FOREST SERVICES

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 17, 1964

VOLUME 2 No. 40

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 SENDING A WOMAN-ON THE THEORY THAT A WOMAN DRIVER CAN HIT ANYTHING.

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY PITTSTON FARM, SEBOOMOOK, Aug. 16, 1906

Debtor to ALEX McDONALD

July 26 to August 1	By 5 days labor, haying at Pittston	\$6.73
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August 15	By 1 days labor, haying at Pittston	1.35
August 16	Less For, To Howard Wood, (Cash)	10.00
	Balance due	\$14.23

ODE TO A HOUSEFLY

Oh, hail to thee, tiny insect so small,
Swimming around in my Bourbon highball.
Back-stroking, breast-stroking, movement of wing,
Now up on the ice cube, poor cold little thing.

If you stay there too long, you'll find with remorse,
Your ankles will numb and your buzz will get hoarse.
Catching cold is unpleasant for all little flies,
Bloodshot is gruesome for multiprism eyes.

Some people hate flies, take my old Cousin Sam,
He gets in a snit when you sit in his jam.
I've seen Sister Sally turn red as a beet
When you walk on her nose with your six sticky feet.

When you walk on the ceiling, your brow seems to frown,
Does blood go to your head, when you stand upside down?
My optometrist friend, a dear boy named Rex,
Makes bifocals for flies--he calls them fly specs.

Now you're coughing because you are so full of trouble,
Or is it the Bourbon that's making you bubble?
You should get off the ice, the temperature's minus,
You'll get frost in your navel and a wee touch of sinus.

Philosophical Ruminations on a Beastie in the Booze.

SUGAR ISLAND PART TWO OF TWO

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Several private camps now adorn the Island on the east and west shores and though not on the Island itself, none the least pretentious of these is Dunn's just across the Thoroughfare, where Alex McNear, old time trapper and Civil War veteran, had his camp for years. Upon his death the property was bought by Mr. Dunn, who had been coming to Moosehead Lake year after year and employing Henry Tremblay as guide, and who also acted as overseer of the premises. The breakwater and the pier were built under Mr. Tremblay's supervision and, as a monument to his thoroughness, have withstood thirty years of battering from the heavy seas and breaking ice. Among the men who worked under Mr. Tremblay in building the Dunn cottage in 1902 were Joe LeMieux, Dennis O'Shea, Tom Strout, Frank Pero, Al Pratt, Chas. McPheters, John Solis, Tom Moulton, Gabe Perley, H. E. Budden and Fred Raymond.

In the islands transaction between M. G. Shaw and W. W. Chenery, those not entering into the deal with Sugar, Deer, Farm, Moose, Sandbar, and Moody; also all the islands in Lily Bay which had been bought by David Smith some years previous. Those were handed down to descendants of Smith, and I believe are now the property of Mrs. H. I. Rollins, daughter of Henry N. Bartley, with the exception of those that had been disposed of through sale.

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And while it scarcely has the historical background of its twin, Deer Island, Sugar Island is none the less valuable. In the early days land was cheap around the Lake and quite a bit of that acquired by M. G. Shaw, back in '48-9 when he started buying wild lands, was bought at the rate of 25¢ an acre. Later in association with Ex-Governor Coburn, Elias Milliken, J. Bradstreet and Josiah Hinckley, he paid \$1.25 and \$1.50 an acre. It is said at one time, Mr. Shaw controlled over 150,000 acres of wild land.

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O'er mountains and through forests wide,
Through brushwood and through bramble.
I shaped my course 'bout No'-Noath-East,
Right straight for Bogus Ledges;
The rout lay through a jungle deep
Of brooks and bogs and hedges.
My gun I carried on my back,
And in my hand a cleaver;
I wore my snowshoes on my feet--
Behind me followed 'Beaver.'
Thus all equipped, I took my leave,
All right for any fighting;
What I endured, heard and saw
Is here boiled down to writing.
When I had got a mile from home,
Perhaps a little shorter,
Old 'Beaver' he pricked up his ears,
And then began to snorter.
The brute would snarl and show his teeth,
His eyes like fire they did glisten,
He'd bark and jump about a spell,
Then stand stock still and listen.
We soon did come upon a track,
Perhaps a moose or doe;
But what it was, and all the rest,
You all shall quickly know.
Old 'Beaver' made a horrid yelp,
Then started like a rocket;
The way I lifted my snowshoes
Was death to Davy Crockett.
I ran, I guess, 'bout seventeen miles,
And did not slack a hooter,
My aim was to get near enough
Then take my gun and shoot her.
I traveled over No. 7
'Till darkness gave me warning;
I stopped all night at Luther's Camp,
'Till early the next morning.
My dog, I calculated then,
Was forty miles ahead O,
I kept the track across the heath
And Nahum's and William's meadow;
I followed on 'bout Nor-Nor-West,
O'er mountains, hills and valleys;
Now if I crossed the 'Boundary Line'
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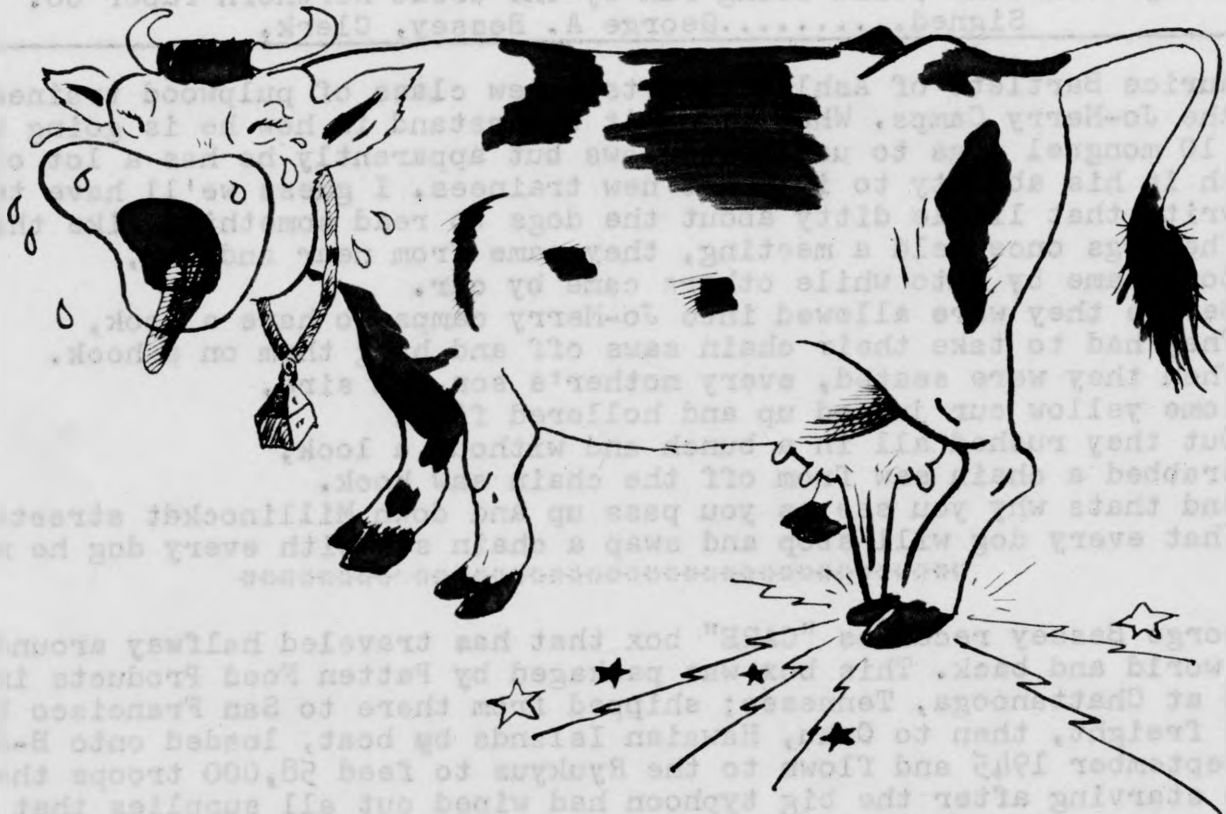
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The dogs once held a meeting, they came from near and far,
Some came by auto while others came by car.
Before they were allowed into Jo-Merry camps to have a look,
They had to take their chain saws off and hang them on a hook.
When they were seated, every mother's son and sire,
Some yellow cur jumped up and hollered fire.
Out they rushed all in a bunch and without a look,
Grabbed a chain saw from off the chain saw hook.
And thats why you see as you pass up and down Millinocket streets
That every dog will stop and swap a chain saw with every dog he meets

George Bessey receives "CARE" box that has traveled halfway around the world and back. This box was packaged by Patten Food Products in 1945 at Chattanooga, Tennessee; shipped from there to San Francisco by fast freight, then to Oahu, Hawaiian Islands by boat, loaded onto B-29S in September 1945 and flown to the Ryukyus to feed 58,000 troops that were starving after the big typhoon had wiped out all supplies that was on Ie Shima. Fernald didn't need it as he had a secret cache of flight rations so into the flight bag it went. The flight bag was loaded onto three different cargo planes that cracked up on take-off, then it was loaded onto the General Weaver which took 38 days to go from Naha Harbor to Los Angeles (the engineer of the boat made a mistake and put the engines in reverse and it was eleven days before the Skipper came too that he was going backward). It than traveled by several railroads to eventually wind up 19 years later on a Great Northern tote truck on its way to Nadeau's camp to relieve the needling pains of hunger that Mr. Bessey was enduring. When George opened the package and saw the "K" ration (supper), tears the size of fly specs rolled down his cheeks and he made the remark, "You never know who your true friends are until you get hungry!" Gad! It gives one a great feeling to know that you have helped someone so appreciative as George Bessey.

A woman got on the bus followed by a bunch of children. "Now, these three," she told the conductor, "are 14 years old and pay full fare, but those three over there are only six and these three here are four and a half." The conductor looked at her in astonishment. "Do you mean to say you get three every time?" he asked. "Oh, no," she replied.

"Sometimes we don't get any at all."

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CHANGING TIMES:

Twenty years ago a pulpwood camp was set up to cut 20 to 30 thousand cords of wood or for two to three years operation but today with gravelled access roads for the crews to travel to work with their cars they are using the same camps to cut many times this amount of wood. Adelard Gilbert's camps on Scott Brook are a good example of this as the following cuts will show:

1956-57	10,177 cords	1962-63	13,797 cords
1959-60	18,490 "	1963-64	15,528 "
1960-61	15,485 "	1964-65	14,127 "
1961-62	1,266 "	Total	88,870 cords.

A conservative estimate at this time shows that there is another 70,000 cords that can be cut from this camp.

75-YEAR-OLD SEBOOMOOK HOUSE, GT. NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING BURN.

Greenville, April 9--The 75-year-old Seboomook House, well known Moosehead lake hostelry located at Northwest Carry, was totally destroyed by fire early today together with a neighboring building owned by the Great Northern Paper company and occupied by 20 clerical workers. The loss was estimated at about \$30,000.

The blaze was believed to have been caused by a grass fire thought to have been extinguished and broke out in the unoccupied three-story annex building. Two guards at the nearby prisoner-of camp awoke the owner, only occupant of the hotel, and he fled to safety as flames swept into the four story main building. Great Northern Paper company clerical workers, occupying an adjoining two-story building formerly used as Seboomook Post-Office, saved their personal belongings and the company's books before that building fell prey to the devastating flames. Further spread was prevented by fire apparatus from the prisoner of war camp and the Great Northern Paper company.

Hamilton placed his loss at \$25,000 while that on the Great Northern building was estimated at \$5,000.

The Seboomook House, unused last year because of wartime travel difficulties, was owned for many years by the late Martin Colbath who completely remodeled and enlarged the place in 1895 and operated it until his death in 1919. His wife continued to operate the hotel for about two years. Irving Hamilton took over in about 1934. The Seboomook House was a well known mecca for many years for fishermen and hunters from all parts of the country.

From the Bangor Daily News April 9, 1945.

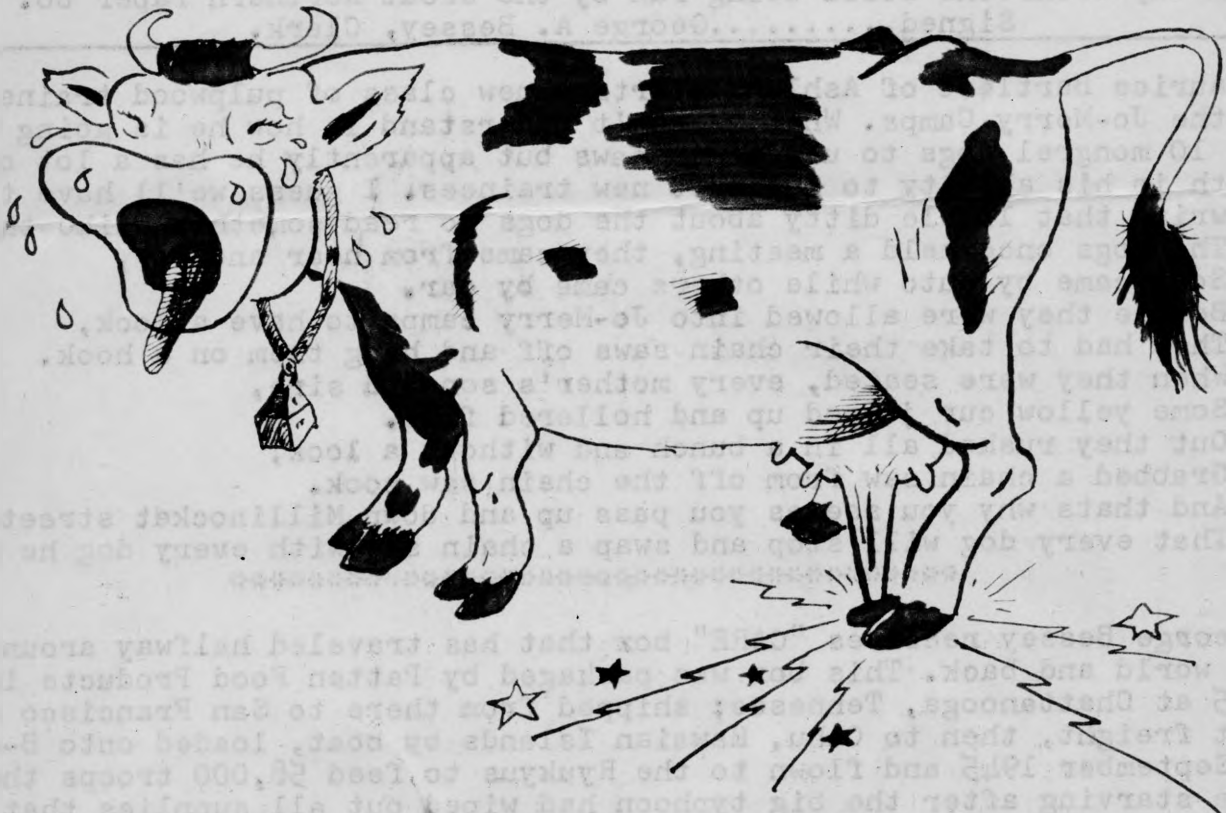
Freddie Parent with the road crew moved to Scott Brook Monday to gravel the Bean Pot Pond road.

Pat Begin has finished hauling the boom logs from Caucomgomac Lake to Seboomook and will now work on Dole Pond Dam.

THE MOOSE HUNT (Part two of two)

But nevertheless I followed on
For seventeen nights and mornings;
I did not come upon the beast
Until the eighteenth dawning!
I drove him into the St. Lawrence stream
Close by the Quebec city;
The way my dog had wilted down
Was a tarnation pity!
He's run down to a whoppet now,
But once he was a whopper!
If anyone has a good dog
I'd like right well to swap her!
I found the object of my chase,
And eagerly did grab it;
It was a moose at 'Bogus Heath',
In Canada, a rabbit!
I sold his hide for four and six;
His tallow was not there,
In fact, there was not half enough
To grease a dandy's hair.
The horns, I guess, were ten feet long--
Here rested all my glory,
I packed and sent them by express
To Mrs. Queen Victoria!
I shouldered gun and moose meat then,
(This fact is quite alarming)
And when I got back home again
The folks had done their farming!
The meat was tough, would not go down
However long you chewed it;
I hauled it down to Guptill's mill
And into shingles sawed it!
And when I came to reckon up--
True as I hope to holler--
I found by throwing out my time,
I'd gained a half a dollar!
Now folks may talk about the chase
And with loud words may praise it,
But when I want moose meat again,
I'll buy a calf and raise it!

Written by 'Old Lynit' of Gouldsboro, Maine and printed in
the Ellsworth American, April 11, 1856.



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Before they were allowed into Jo-Merry camps to have a look,
They had to take their chain saws off and hang them on a hook.
When they were seated, every mother's son and sire,
Some yellow cur jumped up and hollered fire.
Out they rushed all in a bunch and without a look,
Grabbed a chain saw from off the chain saw hook.
And thats why you see as you pass up and down Millinocket streets
That every dog will stop and swap a chain saw with every dog he meets

George Bessey receives "CARE" box that has traveled halfway around the world and back. This box was packaged by Patten Food Products in 1945 at Chattanooga, Tennessee; shipped from there to San Francisco by fast freight, then to Oahu, Hawaiian Islands by boat, loaded onto B-29S in September 1945 and flown to the Ryukyus to feed 58,000 troops that were starving after the big typhoon had wiped out all supplies that was on Ie Shima. Fernald didn't need it as he had a secret cache of flight rations so into the flight bag it went. The flight bag was loaded onto three different cargo planes that cracked up on take-off, then it was loaded onto the General Weaver which took 38 days to go from Naha Harbor to Los Angeles (the engineer of the boat made a mistake and put the engines in reverse and it was eleven days before the Skipper came too that he was going backward). It than traveled by several railroads to eventually wind up 19 years later on a Great Northern tote truck on its way to Nadeau's camp to relieve the needling pains of hunger that Mr. Bessey was enduring. When George opened the package and saw the "K" ration (supper), tears the size of fly specs rolled down his cheeks and he made the remark, "You never know who your true friends are until you get hungry!" Gad! It gives one a great feeling to know that you have helped someone so appreciative as George Bessey.

A woman got on the bus followed by a bunch of children. "Now, these three," she told the conductor, "are 14 years old and pay full fare, but those three over there are only six and these three here are four and a half." The conductor looked at her in astonishment. "Do you mean to say you get three every time?" he asked. "Oh, no," she replied.

"Sometimes we don't get any at all."

Wood scale this week: Adelard Gilbert, 14,127 Cds; Henri Marcoux, 13,798 cds; Alfred Nadeau, 9,816 cds; Phillip Paquet, 8,947 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 8,435 cds; Wellie Caouette, 7,028 cds; Joseph Poulin, 714 cds; Baker Brook, 124 cds. Total to date, 70,548 cds.

CHANGING TIMES:

Twenty years ago a pulpwood camp was set up to cut 20 to 30 thousand cords of wood or for two to three years operation but today with gravelled access roads for the crews to travel to work with their cars they are using the same camps to cut many times this amount of wood. Adelard Gilbert's camps on Scott Brook are a good example of this as the following cuts will show:

1956-57	10,177 cords	1962-63	13,797 cords
1959-60	18,490 "	1963-64	15,528 "
1960-61	15,485 "	1964-65	14,127 "
1961-62	1,266 "	Total	88,870 cords.

A conservative estimate at this time shows that there is another 70,000 cords that can be cut from this camp.

75-YEAR-OLD SEBOOMOOK HOUSE, GT. NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING BURN.

Greenville, April 9--The 75-year-old Seboomook House, well known Moosehead lake hostelry located at Northwest Carry, was totally destroyed by fire early today together with a neighboring building owned by the Great Northern Paper company and occupied by 20 clerical workers. The loss was estimated at about \$30,000.

The blaze was believed to have been caused by a grass fire thought to have been extinguished and broke out in the unoccupied three-story annex building. Two guards at the nearby prisoner-of camp awoke the owner, only occupant of the hotel, and he fled to safety as flames swept into the four story main building. Great Northern Paper company clerical workers, occupying an adjoining two-story building formerly used as Seboomook Post Office, saved their personal belongings and the company's books before that building fell prey to the devastating flames. Further spread was prevented by fire apparatus from the prisoner of war camp and the Great Northern Paper company.

Hamilton placed his loss at \$25,000 while that on the Great Northern building was estimated at \$5,000.

The Seboomook House, unused last year because of wartime travel difficulties, was owned for many years by the late Martin Colbath who completely remodeled and enlarged the place in 1895 and operated it until his death in 1919. His wife continued to operate the hotel for about two years. Irving Hamilton took over in about 1934. The Seboomook House was a well known mecca for many years for fishermen and hunters from all parts of the country.

From the Bangor Daily News April 9, 1945.

Freddie Parent with the road crew moved to Scott Brook Monday to gravel the Bean Pot Pond road.

Pat Begin has finished hauling the boom logs from Caucomgomac Lake to Seboomook and will now work on Dole Pond Dam.

THE MOOSE HUNT (Part two of two)

But nevertheless I followed on
For seventeen nights and mornings;
I did not come upon the beast
Until the eighteenth dawning!
I drove him into the St. Lawrence stream
Close by the Quebec city;
The way my dog had wilted down
Was a tarnation pity!
He's run down to a whoppet now,
But once he was a whopper!
If anyone has a good dog
I'd like right well to swap her!
I found the object of my chase,
And eagerly did grab it;
It was a moose at 'Bogus Heath',
In Canada, a rabbit!
I sold his hide for four and six;
His tallow was not there,
In fact, there was not half enough
To grease a dandy's hair.
The horns, I guess, were ten feet long--
Here rested all my glory,
I packed and sent them by express
To Mrs. Queen Victoria!
I shouldered gun and moose meat then,
(This fact is quite alarming)
And when I got back home again
The folks had done their farming!
The meat was tough, would not go down
However long you chewed it;
I hauled it down to Guptill's mill
And into shingles sawed it!
And when I came to reckon up--
True as I hope to holler--
I found by throwing out my time,
I'd gained a half a dollar!
Now folks may talk about the chase
And with loud words may praise it,
But when I want moose meat again,
I'll buy a calf and raise it!

Written by 'Old Lynit' of Gouldsboro, Maine and printed in
the Ellsworth American, April 11, 1856.

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Mr. & Mrs Charles Glaster arrived at Pittston Friday, September 25th and spent the night. That's the first time Charles has been here for a good many years, we would make a guess the last time was in 1928 and the first record we have of him being here was in 1909 according to the hotel registers. He says the reason he came back again the Saturday he left here was to take another look at the Farm but the grapevine tells us his chauffeur (Mrs Glaster) didn't have her compass with her and just plain got herself "lost."

Mr. & Mrs John McLeod from Calais were here and spent a couple of days. John has been working for over five years on a history of the G. N. P. Company which involves a lot of digging and checking so if you have any old newspaper clippings or other pertinent data that he could use it would sure be appreciated.

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Breakfast: Weak Tea
Lunch: One bouillon cube in one-half cup diluted water.
Dinner: One pigeon thigh; three ounces prune juice(gargle only).

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Nassua Cammilla was a Spaniard born in the Philippine islands, but he had lived in this State about six years. When Chas. Mullen built the ten miles of the B & A road which passes Millinocket Senor Cammilla was employed as a drill striker where cuts had to be made for the new road-bed. Cammilla had a cabin in which he lived during the summer. Late in the fall, after work upon the road had ceased, Cammilla continued to occupy his cabin, and passed his time hunting, fishing and incidentally dispersing that which inebriates. One night the cabin burned and the next day two partly burned bodies were found which, it was afterwards learned had belonged to Senor Cammilla and a Frenchman named Charles Longley. The bodies were buried and the cross was erected on the spot where the cabin had stood.

There were no witnesses but two Indians who were arrested on suspicion told their own story in court, and this is what was gathered from their confession. The two Indians, Newell Gabriel and Joseph Gabriel, went to the cabin after fire-water, and, as was gathered from careful questioning, incidentally a little trouble also. As they were looking for trouble they found it. A dispute arose, the Spaniard rushed at the Indians with a knife and in the mix-up one of the Indians split the Spaniard's head open with a hatchet. They then poured kerosene on the floor, set fire to it and made their escape. The Frenchman was too drunk to get out of the cabin and perished in the flames.

Wm. F. Reed of Bangor was high sheriff at the time. He and Deputy Hartwell Lancaster of Oldtown came up to arrest the men, but they were captured by "Billy Moriarty", a gamewarden. Joseph Gabriel had had a bad record and it was believed at the time that it was he that did the killing. He was sentenced to ten years at hard labor, but was pardoned after six years. Newell Gabriel was given seven years and served his time, which was reduced for good behavior.

Taken from a newspaper clipping dated April 5, 1905-Bangor Daily.

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But I'm not suffering too much pain
With a Great Northern ulcer in my belly
As long as a B and A train.

I came up here for a check up
Knowing that I had an ache
That fluttered like my Buick
When I suddenly put on the brake.

They X-rayed my whole damn carcass
From my bald head to my toes
And they found the aching bastard
But how old no Doctor knows.

They have me on a strict diet
Thinking they'll starve me dead
Not caring a damn about Old Charlie
Who I know they are starving instead.

Now if I had my life to live over
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

OCTOBER 8, 1964

VOLUME 2 No. 42

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The Waterville Sentinel had a picture Tuesday of this week showing the retirement of Kennebec Log Driving employees. Included in the group were three who had previously worked for the Great Northern Paper Co., John Gilman who was foreman of Pittston Operation Camp #2; Stanley Tre-fry who was the horse hostler here at Pittston and Seboomook for several years and William Hunnewell, camp foreman under Pete Drouin for ten or twelve years.

This may be known as the winter of the big snow as we have had two reports of hornets nests, one measured 32 foot 6 inches to the ground and the other one 24 feet. If hornets nests being built high off the ground means anything our 9 foot measuring board will need to be spliced.

TRY THIS WITH YOUR STORE BOUGHTEN MOLARS

A tall girl named Short Long loved a certain big Mr. Little, who, little thinking of Short, long loved a lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little shortly and before Long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query--Did tall Short love big Little less, because Little greatly loved short Long?

Jos. Poulin's crew commenced cutting the right-of-way for the access road to Little Lobster Lake on June 11th and on October 14th this week they hauled the last load of gravel for it. There are a few more loads of rock to be placed in the piers of Lobster Stream bridge which will be taken care of by Friday night. This road measures 5½ miles and is probably the straightest road in this area. Joe has now started in to build a new set of camps to cut in the vicinity of 200,000 cords of pulpwood during the next fifteen to twenty years.

May 12th 1914, a batteau crew of four men, Arthur Biggers, Frank Crockett, Mike Finnegan and Romeo Giguere were using dynamite to blow a channel through the ice on Elm Stream to give the logs a chance to flow out into the West Branch when for some unknown reason the dynamite in the batteau blew up. Crockett, Finnegan and Giguere were instantly killed but Biggers escaped with only minor injuries. A check of the death records shows Crockett as being about 45 and was from Springfield. Mike Finnegan was 27 and from Rogersville, New Brunswick while Romeo Giguere was about 37 and lived in St. Justin, Quebec. These could very well be the three that are buried at Seboomook and we will continue our checking in hopes to come up with the answer one of these days.

The average precipitation for the first nine months of the year at Pittston is 29.68 inches and this year our records shows 24.41 inches. The 5.27 inches below average is very evident when you take a look at some of the streams and rivers in this area. There have been other years when October has been just as dry according to our forest fire records show; such as the Mirimichi N. B. and the Mirimichi, Maine as well as the Katahdin in 1837, the Bar Harbor and Kennebunk in 1947.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

There was much excitement at Ste. Aurelie Saturday morning October the third when a number of Benoit Caron's children found what was thought to be a Russian parachute in the field behind the hotel. The Mounties were called and all exits to Dorchester County were cordoned off. Before it was blown up into an international incident, Mme. Caron recognized the object as the corset of Delmont Bates. It was assumed that the corset had slipped off during the Dionysian revels of Friday night. Mme. Caron, in an exclusive interview, said that she had seen a similar garment several weeks ago, except that it was much smaller. She expressed amazement that so many American men seem to wear corsets. She is also at a loss as to the reason so many of these garments are left at the Boundary Hotel. Delmont Bates further distinguished himself that weekend by using George's waste basket instead of the bathroom, and by dumping the used coffee grounds into the box containing the clean clothes of Bessey. His plans were to stay at A. Nadeau's camp until Monday Morning, but Bessey returned him to Scott Brook early Sunday morning.

*

DEMOCRATIC DIALOG

Father, must I go to work?

No, my lucky son.

We're living now on easy street

On dough from Washington.

We've left it up to Uncle Sam,

So don't get exercised.

Nobody has to give a damn-

We've all been subsidized.

But if Sam treats us all so well

And feeds us milk and honey

Please, Daddy, tell me what the hell

He's going to use for money.

Don't worry, bub, there's not a hitch

In this here noble plan-

He simply soaks the filthy ritch

And helps the common man.

But, father, won't there come a time

When they run out of cash

And we have left them not a dime

When things will go to smash?

My faith in you is shrinking, son.

You nosy little brat;

You do too damn much thinking, son,

To be a Democrat.

Mr. Truman's St Paul, Minn., pie-for-everybody speech last night reminded us that, at the tail-end of the recent session of Congress, Representative Clarence J. Brown (R-Ohio) jammed into the Congressional Record the above---- poem, describing its author only as "A prominent Democrat of the State of Georgia".

WE GOT THIS FROM CHARLIE GLASTER'S HIDDEN ASSETS.*****

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

We recently asked Rod Farnham to see what he could find out about the Marsh vs. GNP Co. lawsuit and following is Rod's letter:

You recently asked me what I could find out about a law case which came about because of the long drive of 1901. Vol. 101 of Maine reports covers the case of Herbert W. Marsh vs. GNP Co. This case was heard in January, 1904, Penobscot County, and Marsh was awarded \$9,871.31 with interest from the date of writ. By agreement the judgement was referred to the Law Court and the judgement was affirmed by this court on 7/24/06

Facts as follows - Marsh cut 4,330,860 feet of logs and drove or landed them in Chesuncook. Marsh had contracted with Penobscot Log Driving Corp. to deliver the logs to the Penobscot Boom. As nearly as I can tell P. L. D. Co. had contracted with GNP Co. to do the driving. Marsh turned his logs over to the company on 6/20/01 and in good season. In all there were 80 million feet of logs in the drive. No contract price mentioned, but this was probably covered by the P.L.D. charter which set a price per thousand. The drive passed over Stone Dam on September 19. This would not seem late to me as our own rear arrives there about this time.

The company claimed no negligence, basing its failure to deliver on low water. It also contended that the logs froze in on November 13 which was early and that the December freshet and the later spring freshet were beyond its control.

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Being sort of nervous, I make the shavings fly;
'Pears like Rud was stuck on Gunga Din,
But when compared to our Paul King
We can beat him to a frazzle,
An' I'll tell you why.

Our West Branch Gunga Din
His hide's well steeped with jakey,
And he's getting kind o' shaky
And when half stewed, 'twould do you good to hear
him sing,
For he chaws, and he's a smoker,
And a regular herring choker,
He's a Lilly Piccadilly, Sure t'ing!

He's a hoochy-koochy dancer,
And an alcoholic prancer,
He can hand it to Jack Dempsey in the ring;
He can set upon his heels
And eat a rudd of eels,
No matter how he feels, Sure t'ing!

He's worked with John Laroosh
'Twixt here and old Pugmoosh,
He can split your bean wide open with a shout;
It's always early in the morning,
Long before the day is dawning,
When that old Dungarven-whooper yells 'r-o-ll out!'
Sure t'ing (Go slow, Paul King.)

When they were all tearing out,
Some timber-beast would shout,
'Hurry up and bring the water, Gunga Din!
There's every kind of shout
As Paul King flies all about,
Paul King, Sure t'ing!

*****Continued next week.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

OCTOBER 22, 1964

VOLUME 2 No. 44

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Greenville Jct., Maine

October 15, 1964

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What Democrats are going to get the blame for the highest tax rate in the nation? Also, one of the lowest wage scale (47th). How long since the Republicans have been paying all the taxes? How long since the filthy rich have been paying all the sales tax? What Republican has been paying my property, my excise tax, my poll tax, my gasoline tax, luxury tax, and taxes and taxes? How many Democrats were involved with the Boon Dogle here in Greenville over the past few years? Or are you satisfied with your mill rate? We have listened to a few of the dissadents all summer.

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THE 1964 LAMENTATIONS OF ROLLAID BESSEY, PROP. OF SEBOOMOOK CAMPGROUND.

<p style="text-align: center;">1</p> <p>When the ice goes out all Hell breaks loose. 'Tis then the Sporters come From towns around the state of Maine, Hog wild and full of rum.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>They bang around the campground In the small hours of the night. And in the end they'll pitch their tent On the Forestry campsite.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>They can't afford a meager fee This Harry, Dick and Tom But in the morning they'll come back (Please can we use your Jon?)</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p> <p>On Sunday morn at 2:00 A. M. You hear a hot rod stop. Theres heavy tramping on the porch And then there comes loud talk.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p> <p>And then theres banging on the door And loud and louder tones. You wonder if some sinner Has met up with Davy Jones.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6</p> <p>As from your cot you make a bound Halfway across the floor, You kick the door-stop minus shoes Before you hit the door.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">7</p> <p>You open up and there they stand, By then you're seeing red; And they say they are sorry To get you out of bed.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">8</p> <p>But they are lost, their gas is low One tire is going down. They would like to buy two gallons And directions back to town.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">9</p> <p>You get their gas and set them right And hobble back to bed. By then sleeps gone, its almost morn The sky is getting red.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">10</p> <p>And then in drives another car. They're bound for Lobster Lake. They want to get an early start A little ice they'll take.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">11</p> <p>Now all the folks are not like that, Some have a human side. They sleep at night and get up bright And in the daytime ride.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">12</p> <p>But one apple spoils the barrel, And each day you're getting dumber; But don't ever say <u>VACATION</u> For you've had one all summer.</p>
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GILBERT & NEWTON

TO: Great Northern Paper Co.

December 8, 1918

Gentlemen: I have just received your letter of Nov. 15th in regard to sending our requisitions to Pittston and thence to Kineo and will say that this looks to us like a great delay in many cases and a day under the very best conditions as it is a common thing for mail to lay at Pittston four and five days at a time. On this account we have just ordered from Rice & Miller about one hundred dollars of mail bags and locks in hopes to get our mail by that point. The Kineo, Pittston mail service would surely warm OLD BURLESONS HEART for at times if John Lamb did not help the thing along weeks would slide calmly by and no mail.

When we send a requisition we need the goods and the regular way is slow enough but to deliberately add from one day to possibly a week or two seems like spreading it on and not for a very good reason as Pittston Storehouse is about as empty as the Bangor jail is at present represented to be.

At the time this letter leaves here we are sending a requisition as you direct; on this requisition are things we need very badly and we know Pittston or Kineo either does not have the goods. Please note delay.

Yours Respectively, C. E. Gilbert

(Zip cde...Zip code..Where wert thou in the winter of '18.)

(Albert Sidney Burleson--Postmaster General 1913-1921)

Wood scale this week: Adelard Gilbert, 14,270 cds; Henri Marcoux, 14,002 cds; Alfred Nadeau, 12,989 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 11,129 cds; Nellie Caouette, 9,418 cds; Phillip Paquet, 9,067 cds; Leo Dumas, 7,559 cds; Jos. Poulin, 714 cds; Baker Brook Road, 124 cds. This gives us a total to date of 79,272 cds.

The Waterville Sentinel had a picture Tuesday of this week showing the retirement of Kennebec Log Driving employees. Included in the group were three who had previously worked for the Great Northern Paper Co., John Gilman who was foreman of Pittston Operation Camp #2; Stanley Treffry who was the horse hostler here at Pittston and Seboomook for several years and William Hunnewell, camp foreman under Pete Drouin for ten or twelve years.

This may be known as the winter of the big snow as we have had two reports of hornets nests, one measured 32 foot 6 inches to the ground and the other one 24 feet. If hornets nests being built high off the ground means anything our 9 foot measuring board will need to be spliced.

TRY THIS WITH YOUR STORE BOUGHTEN MOLARS

A tall girl named Short Long loved a certain big Mr. Little, who, little thinking of Short, long loved a lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little shortly and before Long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query--Did tall Short love big Little less, because Little greatly loved short Long?

Jos. Poulin's crew commenced cutting the right-of-way for the access road to Little Lobster Lake on June 11th and on October 14th this week they hauled the last load of gravel for it. There are a few more loads of rock to be placed in the piers of Lobster Stream bridge which will be taken care of by Friday night. This road measures 5½ miles and is probably the straightest road in this area. Joe has now started in to build a new set of camps to cut in the vicinity of 200,000 cords of pulpwood during the next fifteen to twenty years.

May 12th 1914, a batteau crew of four men, Arthur Biggers, Frank Crockett, Mike Finnegan and Romeo Giguere were using dynamite to blow a channel through the ice on Elm Stream to give the logs a chance to flow out into the West Branch when for some unknown reason the dynamite in the batteau blew up. Crockett, Finnegan and Giguere were instantly killed but Biggers escaped with only minor injuries. A check of the death records shows Crockett as being about 45 and was from Springfield. Mike Finnegan was 27 and from Rogersville, New Brunswick while Romeo Giguere was about 37 and lived in St. Justin, Quebec. These could very well be the three that are buried at Seboomook and we will continue our checking in hopes to come up with the answer one of these days.

The average precipitation for the first nine months of the year at Pittston is 29.68 inches and this year our records shows 24.41 inches. The 5.27 inches below average is very evident when you take a look at some of the streams and rivers in this area. There have been other years when October has been just as dry according to our forest fires records show; such as the Mirimichi N. B. and the Mirimichi, Maine as well as the Katahdin in 1837, the Bar Harbor and Kennebunk in 1947.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

There was much excitement at Ste. Aurelie Saturday morning October the third when a number of Benoit Caron's children found what was thought to be a Russian parachute in the field behind the hotel. The Mounties were called and all exits to Dorchester County were cordoned off. Before it was blown up into an international incident, Mme. Caron recognized the object as the corset of Delmont Bates. It was assumed that the corset had slipped off during the Dionysian revels of Friday night. Mme. Caron, in an exclusive interview, said that she had seen a similar garment several weeks ago, except that it was much smaller. She expressed amazement that so many American men seem to wear corsets. She is also at a loss as to the reason so many of these garments are left at the Boundary Hotel. Delmont Bates further distinguished himself that weekend by using George's waste basket instead of the bathroom, and by dumping the used coffee grounds into the box containing the clean clothes of Bessey. His plans were to stay at A. Nadeau's camp until Monday Morning, but Bessey returned him to Scott Brook early Sunday morning.

*

DEMOCRATIC DIALOG

Father, must I go to work?

No, my lucky son.

We're living now on easy street

On dough from Washington.

We've left it up to Uncle Sam,

So don't get exercised.

Nobody has to give a damn-

We've all been subsidized.

But if Sam treats us all so well

And feeds us milk and honey

Please, Daddy, tell me what the hell

He's going to use for money.

Don't worry, bub, there's not a hitch

In this here noble plan-

He simply soaks the filthy ritch

And helps the common man.

But, father, won't there come a time

When they run out of cash

And we have left them not a dime

When things will go to smash?

My faith in you is shrinking, son.

You nosy little brat;

You do too damn much thinking, son,

To be a Democrat.

Mr. Truman's St Paul, Minn., pie-for-everybody speech last night reminded us that, at the tail-end of the recent session of Congress, Representative Clarence J. Brown (R-Ohio) jammed into the Congressional Record the above--- poem, describing its author only as "A prominent Democrat of the State of Georgia".

WE GOT THIS FROM CHARLIE GLASTER'S HIDDEN ASSETS.*****

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

We recently asked Rod Farnham to see what he could find out about the Marsh vs. GNP Co. lawsuit and following is Rod's letter:

You recently asked me what I could find out about a law case which came about because of the long drive of 1901, Vol. 101 of Maine reports covers the case of Herbert W. Marsh vs, GNP Co. This case was heard in January, 1904, Penobscot County, and Marsh was awarded \$9,871.31 with interest from the date of writ. By agreement the judgement was referred to the Law Court and the judgement was affirmed by this court on 7/24/06

Facts as follows - Marsh cut 4,330,860 feet of logs and drove or landed them in Chesuncook. Marsh had contracted with Penobscot Log Driving Corp. to deliver the logs to the Penobscot Boom. As nearly as I can tell P. L. D. Co. had contracted with GNP Co. to do the driving. Marsh turned his logs over to the company on 6/20/01 and in good season. In all there were 80 million feet of logs in the drive. No contract price mentioned, but this was probably covered by the P.L.D. charter which set a price per thousand. The drive passed over Stone Dam on September 19. This would not seem late to me as our own rear arrives there about this time.

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(Zip cde...Zip code..Where wert thou in the winter of '18.)

(Albert Sidney Burleson--Postmaster General 1913-1921)

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

There has been a great deal of controversy as to how much difference the Chain Saw has made in comparison with the Buck Saw so we went back to the time when Yours Truly clerked and scaled for Paul Chamberlain on the South Branch in 1937 to get the Buck Saw wood. We used Wellie Caouette's camp for Chain Saw wood as the type of wood, cords per acre and type of manpower were as near alike as peas in a pod. The following conglomeration of figures will show the Chain Saws producing double the amount of wood that the Buck Saws did years ago.

WELLIE CAOUETTE 1964-65 Cut					South Branch Operation #1 1937-38				
	No. of	Per	Per	Weekly		No. Of	Per	Per	Weekly
	Cutters	Man	Man	Total		Cutters	Man	Man	Total
		Weekly	Daily				Weekly	Daily	
Week #1	41	15.634	3.126	641	Week #1	33	7.945	1.444	262.20
Week #2	42	16.523	3.305	694	Week #2	50	6.804	1.237	340.21
Week #3	45	17.644	3.528	794	Week #3	56	7.819	1.422	437.85
Week #4	45	17.400	3.480	783	Week #4	66	6.420	1.167	423.70
Week #5	46	18.456	3.691	849	Week #5	65	9.934	1.806	645.73
Week #6	46	17.826	3.565	820	Week #6	65	10.456	1.901	679.65
Week #7	44	14.818	3.704	652	Week #7	61	7.669	1.394	467.80
Week #8	47	17.425	3.485	819	Week #8	58	11.035	2.006	640.02
Week #9	44	17.477	3.495	769	Week #9	38	12.617	2.294	479.46
Week #10	46	17.891	3.578	823	Week #10	39	11.260	2.047	439.15
Week #11	43	18.255	3.651	785	Week #11	25	14.442	2.626	361.06
Average	44.4	17.213	3.509	766	Average	50.5	9.673	1.759	471.

By the way Leo Dumas is getting ready to set up his next years camps almost on the same spot that we were in at the time this South Branch cut was made in 1937.

Leo Dumas began his career for the company in 1918 for Gilbert & Newton in the vicinity of Penobscot Lake. Charley Gilbert at that time had his depot camp at the 37 Mile. Leo began in 1934 to purchase wood for the company and since that time has had Logging Service contracts and sold to the company the following wood:

1934-35	Hurricane	2,020	cds	1948-49	Hurricane	6,304	cds
1935-36	Hurricane	13,519	"	1949-50	Hurricane	17,666	"
1936-37	Hurricane	14,828	"	1950-51	Hurricane	11,263	"
1937-38	Hurricane	9,847	"	1951-52	So. Branch	9,216	"
1938-39	Hurricane	13,522	"	1951-52	Hurricane	3,922	"
1939-40	Hurricane	15,555	"	1952-53	Hurricane	10,587	"
1940-41	Hurricane	16,981	"	1952-53	So. Branch	12,954	"
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Total 294,965 cords

Leo now has two hairs less than being under 65 and we know he will go over the 300,000 cord mark next year.

PAUL KING Cont. from last week.

I couldn't help admiring him
After all we'd done and said;
He was all smoked up and greasy
From his boot-taps to his head.
I thought of the times he's watered us
From that rusty pail of tin,--
Rud's Hindoo slave would never crave
This job of our Paul King.

For he's dried out our socks
And hung up our frocks,
And he's kept the spreads dry under kiver,
And he did all he could,
Besides chopping all the wood,--
He was the best wangan man on the river.

I've beaned you and I've flayed you,
Held you up and delayed you
For nothing more than just to hear you sing;
By the living God that made you,
It's a wonder someone hadn't slayed you,
You're a better man than I am,
Paul King! Sure T'ing!

From 'The Northern', September 1923; 'composed and written by Bill Moriarty,' it need surprise no one that an all-the-year-round woodsman like Mr. Moriarty is well acquainted with Kipling. But it should be noticed that this is no mere imitation or parody of Kipling. He sees that the Cook's assistant on 'the drive' has a job very much like that of the Hindoo water carrier, and that he is as well deserving of praise; hence this tribute to Paul King, the French Canadien wangan-man, which borrows nothing from Kipling. Paul King is fortunate in having his frailties passed over lightly, but his good deeds handed down in a record which enrolls him among the river-men whose virtues were gratefully remembered.

SNOW.....SNOW.....SNOW.....SNOW
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

There has been a great deal of controversy as to how much difference the Chain Saw has made in comparison with the Buck Saw so we went back to the time when Yours Truly clerked and scaled for Paul Chamberlain on the South Branch in 1937 to get the Buck Saw wood. We used Wellie Caouette's camp for Chain Saw wood as the type of wood, cords per acre and type of manpower were as near alike as peas in a pod. The following conglomeration of figures will show the Chain Saws producing double the amount of wood that the Buck Saws did years ago.

WELLIE CAOUETTE 1964-65 Cut					South Branch Operation #1 1937-38				
	No. of	Per	Per	Weekly		Per	Per	Weekly	
	Cutters	Man	Man	Total		Man	Man	Total	
		Weekly	Daily			Weekly	Daily		
Week #1	41	15.634	3.126	641	Week #1	33	7.945	1.444	262.20
Week #2	42	16.523	3.305	694	Week #2	50	6.804	1.237	340.21
Week #3	45	17.644	3.528	794	Week #3	56	7.819	1.422	437.85
Week #4	45	17.400	3.480	783	Week #4	66	6.420	1.167	423.70
Week #5	46	18.456	3.691	849	Week #5	65	9.934	1.806	645.73
Week #6	46	17.826	3.565	820	Week #6	65	10.456	1.901	679.65
Week #7	44	14.818	3.704	652	Week #7	61	7.669	1.394	467.80
Week #8	47	17.425	3.485	819	Week #8	58	11.035	2.006	640.02
Week #9	44	17.477	3.495	769	Week #9	38	12.617	2.294	479.46
Week #10	46	17.891	3.578	823	Week #10	39	11.260	2.047	439.15
Week #11	43	18.255	3.651	785	Week #11	25	14.442	2.626	361.06
Average	44.4	17.213	3.509	766	Average	50.5	9.673	1.759	471.

By the way Leo Dumas is getting ready to set up his next years camps almost on the same spot that we were in at the time this South Branch cut was made in 1937.

Leo Dumas began his career for the company in 1918 for Gilbert & Newton in the vicinity of Penobscot Lake. Charley Gilbert at that time had his depot camp at the 37 Mile. Leo began in 1934 to purchase wood for the company and since that time has had Logging Service contracts and sold to the company the following wood:

1934-35	Hurricane	2,020	cds	1948-49	Hurricane	6,304	cds
1935-36	Hurricane	13,519	"	1949-50	Hurricane	17,666	"
1936-37	Hurricane	14,828	"	1950-51	Hurricane	11,263	"
1937-38	Hurricane	9,847	"	1951-52	So. Branch	9,216	"
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Warren Crosby is back at his post in the Henri Marcoux camps after spending the past two weeks in the hospital at St. George.

The "Goose Hunters" returned from the St. Lawrence with their full quota of birds but since then we understand a bulletin has been sent to all Goosers on the Atlantic Seaboard to keep a sharp lookout for a Honker sporting false teeth and if seen be sure to notify George Therrien as he can't collect any insurance until some prima facie evidence of theft can be produced.

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ACCOUNTING AS SEEN FROM THE WOODS.

We rise at five thirty
We breakfast at six
While Amos is resting in bed.
And thirteen hours later
Still at our desks,
A miserable supper we're fed.

But Peggy the Thornbush,
What trials she has!
An M/R is lost in the mail!
"Oh, God in his Heaven,
Oh, What shall we do?"
For miles you can hear old Peg wail.

She'll get on the radio,
As fast as she can,
To the world her sad tale she relates.
How she has been slighted
And purposely wronged,
By Marceau, or Bessey, or Bates.

"Oh, Whar, Oh, Whar,
Is that errant M/R?"
You can hear her all over the state.
By her tone on the air,
You can tell she don't care,
For Marceau, or Bessey, or Bates.

And Amos. Ah, Amos!
Deservedly famous,
Exalted, beloved by all!
His tongue dipped in acid,
His visage so placid
Is belied by his excess of gall.

Oh, we know you don't like us
You've made it quite plain.
You snarl, and you gripe, and you bitch.
And you all sound so ugly,
We often can't tell,
On the radio, which one is which.

You give us a hard time,
But we really don't care,
In our ignorance we stick together.
But the thing that we can't see,
Try as we will,
Is how you put up with each other!

Take your choice of authors.. Marceau, Bessey or Bates.

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"RIVER DRIVERS BLOWN TO ATOMS BY DYNAMITE."

Rockwood, May 13. A terrific explosion of dynamite with which a bateau crew of the G. N. P. Co's. river drivers were blowing ice in Elm Stream deadwater above Moosehead Lake, Tuesday, caused the instant death of three men and the injuring of five others.

The dead are: Frank Crockett, Brookton, Maine
Michael Finnegan, Rogersville, N. B.
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The terrible mangled bodies of dead and injured were blown high in the air and fell back into the icy water. The injured were rescued by other drivers who heard the explosion-also recovered the bodies of the three dead.

The dead were cared for in the best possible way at the lumber camp of G. N. P. Co. which employed the men and the injured were carried to a small sportsman's hotel at Northwest Carry where first aid was administered. The nearest physician was miles away and could not reach the injured for two days.

Dr. Milliken and a nurse were sent from Bangor on the early morning train and will arrive Thursday. They will be driven from this station which is opposite Kineo, by buckboard over a tote road 23 miles through the dense forest.

We were so sure we had the names of the three occupants of Seboomook cemetery until Bob Canders called us and said he went with the two doctors and paid the boat fare of the three dead men as well as the three injured men that were taken to the hospital.

Friday, October 23rd along came the following letter from E. J. Leavitt:

You boys up there don't realize how much we appreciate that little bulletin that you send us every week. You sure are doing a good job in reviving our sentiments for the old place. In your last copy I notice that you mention the "Dynamite Accident" of May 12, 1914. Well I was at the Rockwood wharf on that day when the bodies came in by boat and I can remember that Crockett's body was in a very small box. So if I remember correctly these men were not buried at Seboomook and moreover I can remember that these graves were there in 1911 as in that year I walked from Pittston to Seboomook and as the Seboomook Farm was just a small field with not much cleared land, I remember these graves and someone told me they had drowned at Gulliver Falls.

I note that your cuttings are pretty well advance and that someday you wnn't have any driving at all. I often think how we did everything the hard way. Just think we followed the boundary from St. Zacharie to Jackman with the very hardest of cutting and with no gravel roads to help us. Those were the good old days. Keep the weeklies coming, I sure enjoy hearing from the old place. Thanks and Au Revois.
Give my regards to all the boys. E. J. L.....

JOHN LADNER

You sympathetic friends draw near
and listen to my song,
Til I relate the cruel fate
of a young man dead and gone,
Who now lives silent in his tomb
without a care or pain;
Prince Edward Isle his native soil,
John Ladner by name.

When very young he left his home
relations far behind;
He hastened on o'er to St. John
employment for to find.
For work he tried but was denied,
he searched but all in vain,
In deep despair he paid his fare
up to the State of Maine.

Arriving at the State of Maine
a job was easily found,
His willing ways soon won the praise
of strangers all round;
He toiled and slaved, his earnings saved,
not a foolish cent he'd spend,
'Twas little did he ever think
his short life soon would end.

It's to the town of Madison
young Ladner he did go,
He labored there three months or more
through winter rain and snow;
Contented mind, no faults to find,
successful every way,
With willing heart he done his part
up to his dying day.

Thanksgiving morn brought joy to some,
to others it brought woe,
Poor John arose, put on his clothes,
and up to work did go;
To roll down logs piled up so high
with steady nerve and skill,
And land them in that narrow stream
that floats them to the mill.

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How she has been slighted
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Exalted, beloved by all!
His tongue dipped in acid,
His visage so placid
Is belied by his excess of gall.

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You've made it quite plain.
You snarl, and you gripe, and you bitch.
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We often can't tell,
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You give us a hard time,
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and listen to my song,
Til I relate the cruel fate
of a young man dead and gone,
Who now lives silent in his tomb
without a care or pain;
Prince Edward Isle his native soil,
John Ladner by name.

When very young he left his home
relations far behind;
He hastened on o'er to St. John
employment for to find.
For work he tried but was denied,
he searched but all in vain,
In deep despair he paid his fare
up to the State of Maine.

Arriving at the State of Maine
a job was easily found,
His willing ways soon won the praise
of strangers all round;
He toiled and slayed, his earnings saved,
not a foolish cent he'd spend,
'Twas little did he ever think
his short life soon would end.

It's to the town of Madison
young Ladner he did go,
He labored there three months or more
through winter rain and snow;
Contented mind, no faults to find,
successful every way,
With willing heart he done his part
up to his dying day.

Thanksgiving morn brought joy to some,
to others it brought woe,
Poor John arose, put on his clothes,
and up to work did go;
To roll down logs piled up so high
with steady nerve and skill,
And land them in that narrow stream
that floats them to the mill.

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Spare

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 5, 1964

VOLUME 2 No. 46

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Bill Nye is taking it easy at Shirley Mills with three weeks of vacation to look ahead to. Pat Begin is also taking it easy in St. George while using up the last week of his vacation.

Jos. Poulin is working on a new set of camps and has also started to cut right-of-way for the 9 mile winter haul road from his camp to the mouth of Quaker Brook at Chesuncook Lake.

The Maine Forestry Service in this district closed the lookout towers November 1st. The force has been reduced to Vaughn Thornton, Supervisor.

There is a fresh rumor floating around that "Bachelor Belmont" will be un-bachelorized this month but since this rumor has been floating around just as often as the "Quoddy Project", we're not putting any faith in it until we hear George say, "I DO."

Freddie Parent has the Road Crew rebuilding bridges on the North Branch road. Freddie is a charter member of the North Branch road as he was there when the first load of gravel was dumped on it. The first section of this road was built in 1937. Harry Webber, now Supt. of the Greenville Shop, bulldozed the right-of-way. We believe this was the first time a bulldozer was used for roadwork in this area.

1964 DEDICATION TO THE CORSET WEARERS

The election is over, the result is known,

The will of the people is clearly shown.

Let's forget the quarrels and show by our deeds

That we will give "Lindy" all the help that he needs.

So let's all get together and let bitterness pass.

I'll hug your elephant and you kiss my donkey's ah-h-h.

The precipitation for the first ten months of this year shows that we're under the twenty year average by 6.88 inches:

January	2.71 inches	June	2.17 inches
February	.76 "	July	5.55 "
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May	2.77 "	October	2.46 "

Total for ten months..28.87 inches

The twenty year average shows 33.75 inches.

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"Didn't shoot him," Arthur replied, "I was camping out and, one early morning I heard a noise in the bushes, and there fifty feet away was this big baby. I grabbed a can of turpentine and snuck up behind the moose. I lifted his tail and poured the can right where it would do the most good. He backed up against a tree and now you see what's left of him....."

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Operating..Township 1 Range 10

Camps..#1,#2,#3,#4,#5,#6,#7.

Scale in Cords

In charge..C. E. Gilbert

Season...1913-1914

Av. prod. per horse per day.

Yarded 16,082.82

Dragged 593.63

2.92

Landed 16,305.32

4.41

Total 16,898.95

Location of cutting:T. 1 R. 10(Adams Tract and N.M.L. Co.), T. 2 R. 11 (Barnjum). Landed: Pemadumcook, 2nd & 3rd Debsconeag & Passamgamac.

COST

	Yarding per Cd.	Dragging per Cd.	Landing per Cd.	Total cost
Productive Expense	\$ 2.504	\$ 4.290	\$.758	\$ 55,121.14
Non Productive Man Labor	.483	.842	.145	10,629.62
Non Productive Man Board	.305	.528	.091	6,709.62
Non Productive Man Equipment	.027	.048	.008	601.11
Non Productive Horse Expense	.134	.234	.040	2,949.82
Boating Supplies	.014	.025	.004	315.11
Camp Construction	.021	.036	.006	455.05
Camp Repairs	.007	.012	.002	151.20
Camp Toting	.053	.093	.016	1,169.22
Cutting Ice	.001	.002	.001	25.05
Wage Increase, Fares Refunded Etc.	.039	.070	.012	873.34
Tote Road Repairs	.041	.071	.012	898.63
Stamping 4 Foot Wood	.008	.014	.002	172.81
Sluicing	.025			401.03
Watching Supplies	.001	.002	.001	22.08
Main Road Construction			.066	1,081.39
Main Road Repairs			.118	1,930.73
TOTAL COST	3.663	6.267	1.282	83,506.95

Total Cost of Production \$84,366.67 Per Cord..\$4.994

Number of Days Man Labor	42,119	Av. Rate Man Board	.421
Number of Days of Man Board	56,310	Av. Rate Horse Board	.648
Number of Days of Horse Labor	11,517		
Number of Days of Horse Bd.	12,558		

Average Pounds of Hay per Horse per Day 29.4

Average Pounds of Oats per Horse per Day 16.8

Average Wages per Month

Foreman	\$60.15	Filer	\$47.74
Clerk	37.65	Blacksmith	49.14
Cook	60.45	Common.	29.48
General average wage per month		\$32.01	

This was the first 4 foot wood operation that the Company had although the same year there were two others that were very small on Rapid Stream & Alder Stream, Kennebeck watershed.

SUMMARY OF OPERATING COSTS FOR LONG
LOGS TO COMPARE WITH 4 FOOT COSTS.

Operating....Sourdnahunk
Camps..#1,#2,#3,#4,#5,#6,#7
Scale in F.B.M.

In Charge...W. J. Curran
Season...1913-1914
Av. prod. per horse per day.
1,348 F.B.M.
1,082 F.B.M.
1,962 F.B.M.

Yarded	6,327,530
Dragged	1,932,480
Landed	6,818,720
Total	8,751,200

Average number of logs per M., F.B.M.....34.7

Location of cuttings: #1,#2,#3, and #4 T. 3 R. 10; #5 and #6 T.5 R. 11
#7 T.4 R. 10 Landed in: #1,2,3,4,7 Sourdnahunk Stream, #6 Sourd. Lake.

	COST			
	Yarding per M	Dragging per M	Landing per M	Total Cost
Productive Expense	\$ 5.826	\$ 6.409	\$ 2.840	\$ 68,617.87
Non Productive Man Labor	.929	1.025	.453	10,943.89
Non Productive Man Board	.722	.797	.352	8,515.05
Non Productive Man Equipment	.049	.054	.024	576.05
Non Productive Horse Expense	.163	.179	.079	1,914.85
Camp Construction (7)	.063	.069	.031	737.06
Camp Repairs	.027	.030	.013	318.71
Camp Toting	.138	.152	.067	1,621.56
Tote Road Construction-Repairs	.015	.017	.007	179.03
Reyarding (#1 Camp)	.530			3,354.26
Hot Yarding (#3 Camp)	.051			321.83
Abol-Grant Brook Expense	.186	.206	.091	2,194.34
Depot Expense(Pro-rated)	.077	.085	.038	910.13
Watching Camp	.013	.014	.006	152.33
Farming	.007	.007	.003	76.37
Sourd. Lake(Camps 5 & 6).	.126	.140	.062	1,494.00
Boating Supplies(Camps 5 & 6)	.023	.025	.011	265.99
Main Road Construction			.683	4,659.23
Main Road Repairs			.124	842.45
Plowing Main Road			.027	182.11
TOTAL COST	8.945	9.209	4.911	107,877.11

Total cost of production..\$112,443.47 Cost per M...\$12.849

Number of days man labor.....	52,952	Av. rate man board.....	.468
Number of days of man board	60,929	Av. rate horse board...	.790
Number of days horse labor	17,853		
Number of days horse board	15,633		

Average pounds of hay per day.....25.8
Average pounds of oats per day..... 19.0

Average wages per month

Foreman	\$60.00	Filer	\$48.23
Clerk	41.55	Blacksmith	47.22
Cook	56.01	Common	27.98

General average wages....\$29.95

Using the "Rule of the Thumb", 2 cords to a thousand this would be
17,502.40 cords and the cost per cord would be \$6.425 or \$1.431 more
than that of the 4 foot wood.....

JOHN LADNER (Part two of two)

In dangerous roads he often stood
but watched with careful eye,
This fatal morn he drove the same,
they said who saw him die;
A dash, a crash, a fearful smash,
the logs came tumbling down,
A treacherous blow soon laid him low
and he in death was found.

His comrades they all gathered round
and drove the logs away,
With aching heart in sorrow cried
they mourned his loss that day;
The doctor came but was too late,
for he in death was cold,
His race was run, his time had come
at thirty three years old.

Now, comrade, mark that bloodstained place
in memory of the dead,
Look down with pity on his sad face,
rise up his bleeding head;
Look down with pity on his sad face,
watch danger if you can,
For unexpected it might come
to each and every man.

Now fare you well, dear comrade John,
in bitter tears we say,
Your lifeless form is boring on
to that isle so far away;
You're leaving friends and those you love
who once on you did smile,
A lonesome grave for you is made
down on Prince Edward's Isle.

The eyes that once did sparkle bright
are closed in death today,
The voice that oftentimes rejoiced
lies silent in the clay;
The heart that once did beat so true
has ceased to beat no more,
For God has called him from us all
to his bright celestial shore.

John Ladner was killed in a logging accident in Madison, Me on Thanksgiving Day, November 29, 1900. He was just over thirty three years old, single, and a native of West Prince County, P. E. I. The Madison Bulletin for Thursday, December 6, reported the accident. Taken from the Northeast Folklore for 1963.

The wood scale this week is: Adelard Gilbert, 14,270; Henri Marcoux, 14,002; Lucien Gosselin, 13,034; Alfred Nadeau, 12,989; Wellie Caouette, 11,274; Phillip Paquet, 9,067; Leo Dumas, 7,559; Jos. Poulin, 714; and Baker Brook Road, 124. Total to date, 83,033 cords. The cutting camps have all finished with the exception of Wellie Caouette and he is expected to close around Thanksgiving.

Bill Nye is taking it easy at Shirley Mills with three weeks of vacation to look ahead to. Pat Begin is also taking it easy in St. George while using up the last week of his vacation.

Jos. Poulin is working on a new set of camps and has also started to cut right-of-way for the 9 mile winter haul road from his camp to the mouth of Quaker Brook at Chesuncook Lake.

The Maine Forestry Service in this district closed the lookout towers November 1st. The force has been reduced to Vaughn Thornton, Supervisor.

There is a fresh rumor floating around that "Bachelor Belmont" will be un-bachelorized this month but since this rumor has been floating around just as often as the "Quoddy Project", we're not putting any faith in it until we hear George say, "I DO."

Freddie Parent has the Road Crew rebuilding bridges on the North Branch road. Freddie is a charter member of the North Branch road as he was there when the first load of gravel was dumped on it. The first section of this road was built in 1937. Harry Webber, now Supt. of the Greenville Shop, bulldozed the right-of-way. We believe this was the first time a bulldozer was used for roadwork in this area.

1964 DEDICATION TO THE CORSET WEARERS

The election is over, the result is known,

The will of the people is clearly shown.

Let's forget the quarrels and show by our deeds

That we will give "Lindy" all the help that he needs.

So let's all get together and let bitterness pass.

I'll hug your elephant and you kiss my donkey's ah-h-h.

The precipitation for the first ten months of this year shows that we're under the twenty year average by 6.88 inches:

January	2.71 inches	June	2.17 inches
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but watched with careful eye,
This fatal morn he drove the same,
they said who saw him die;
A dash, a crash, a fearful smash,
the logs came tumbling down,
A treacherous blow soon laid him low
and he in death was found.

His comrades they all gathered round
and drove the logs away,
With aching heart in sorrow cried
they mourned his loss that day;
The doctor came but was too late,
for he in death was cold,
His race was run, his time had come
at thirty three years old.

Now, comrade, mark that bloodstained place
in memory of the dead,
Look down with pity on his sad face,
rise up his bleeding head;
Look down with pity on his sad face,
watch danger if you can,
For unexpected it might come
to each and every man.

Now fare you well, dear comrade John,
in bitter tears we say,
Your lifeless form is boring on
to that isle so far away;
You're leaving friends and those you love
who once on you did smile,
A lonesome grave for you is made
down on Prince Edward's Isle.

The eyes that once did sparkle bright
are closed in death today,
The voice that oftentimes rejoiced
lies silent in the clay;
The heart that once did beat so true
has ceased to beat no more,
For God has called him from us all
to his bright celestial shore.

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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

November 12, 1964

Volume 2 No. 47

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The Pittston Farm lawns are very popular in the late, late evenings during fishing season for night crawler hunters but to see someone out there in hunting season looked rather odd so we investigated. We found Jud Powers picking up a handful of feathers here and a handful there and a featherless partridge over yonder and another one by the car. He certainly didn't look too happy about it either and the expression on his face was something to see when he came to two dogs. Just as he swung his leg back to kick, his wife let out a terrific scream that shook him up so badly he dropped his foot back to the ground otherwise one if not two dogs would have ended up in "Dog Heaven" in one heck of a hurry. We suggested, since he had plenty of feathers and not too much pertridge meat he should enter the fly tying business and name the flies, "Power's Powerful, Pinfeathered Streamer. His only answer was a mumbling sound under his breath as he strode back into the house. Very un-civil.

The General or Admiral or whoever he was that used to mutter, "Blood and Guts" had nothing on Fred Nadeau this week as all he could mutter was, "Blood and Hair" after he tangled with five bears in the vicinity of Brailey Brook. There is no record of the number of shots he fired during the engagement and neither was there any bear steak forthcoming although there was plenty of blood and hair.

While we were enjoying a sip or two at the "Club Cariboo" last evening who should wander in the front door but "Sure Shot" Hauer from Middle Brook and right behind him twenty four more "Red Coats". It wasn't too long before the peals of the tocsin could be heard all over Dorchester County calling to the members of the "Pointy Toed Shoe Club" to come a-loping for there'll be a hot time at the Auberge tonight. There was.

We had something to say last week about Bill Nye taking it easy in Shirley Mills while vacationing and in this weeks mail we got the following note: "Felix: I've got to ask--who is Bill Nye at Shirley Mills, and is that on the O.K.? Any relation? Anybody got a picture of him? What does he do?" Yep! JG asked five questions without catching his breath and all because Bill Nye is not Bill Nye anymore than Bill Nye, the editor of the Laramie Boomerang, and American Humorist was not Bill Nye. Bill or rather Edgar Wilson Nye, the American Humorist has been moldering in a field of clay ever since 1896 (We hope he is still there. A plaque was placed on his old homestead at Shirley in 1938 according to a newspaper clippin' we have. Bill or rather Murray Nye came from Aroostook County and is an equipment operator for the Great Northern in this area. There is no family connection that we know of but will get our Gene-Ollyghist to work on it in the near future. A picture will be forthcoming at the earliest opportunity.

From the News Files fifty years ago in the November 3, 1964 issue:

The British Foreign Office believes that the Germans are operating a wireless station in Maine in either Meddybemps or Seboomook. So far no trace of it has been found.

STANLEY: "I'm going to have to watch my waistline."

IVAN: "How lucky you are to have it right where you can see it."

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY
"ONE BIG FAMILY"

Great Northern has three Paper Mills and over two million acres of land,
Three thousand men are on the Payrolls, to give a helping hand.
When you hear the Grinders grinding, and the Paper Machines hum,
The Production in three shifts a day, is over twelve hundred ton.

Bob Hume, the Superintendent of Penobscot's Biggest Mill
Is always on the hustle, and is never sitting still.
Charlie Carrier at East Millinocket Mill, just ten miles away,
Is another hustling Super, who makes that mill pay.

The third mill at Madison, on Kennebec River Shore
With Neil Merrill as Super, is producing more and more.
In fifty years of existance, Great Northern has won fame
And every Employee listed, is proud of its good name.

Dick Croft with ten Directors, are men of great ability
Who guide the issues of the Company, with Brains and Sensibility.
Bert Ward the well known Treasurer, who is held in high esteem
Makes everybody happy when his checks are in their jeans.

Bill McKay the Congenial President, and a very liberal man,
Makes the Stockholders happy, by paying them all he can,
Dick Casper first Vice President, and Manager of Sales,
Keeps his orders moving, by Truck, by Boat and by Rails.

Bill Hilton, second Vice President, and Manager of Spruce Wood
If he promised to supply a million cords, he'd make his promise good.
Creighton Stanwood third Vice President, and manufacturing Boss,
Keeps the Mills a'rollong, and never at a loss.

Frank Bowler a Pioneer, and the daddy of them all
With Engineering Problems, Frank is always on the ball.
Byron Seelye a clever Accountant who has audited with great skill
With forty years of service, could write a book of these three mills.

There are many, many other men, with Good Great Northern hearts,
Who hold responsible Positions, and take an active Part
To keep these mills a'humming, for all that they are worth
Because God made them all Great Northern, when he put them on this eart

With mills and land and Hydro Plants all in the State of Maine
With every department managed by a well distinguished name
Makes every Employee happy, yes, happy as can be
To be in "one big family", the family of G. N. P.

One of Charley Glaster's masterpieces in 1948

DAMS AT SEBOOMOOK FALLS

The location of Seboomook Dam was early called Henderson's Pitch; a man by the name of Henderson lost his life there. The crew was so sure of recovering the body that they sent down river for a coffin which arrived, but the body was never recovered. The coffin was left on the edge of the eddy at the foot of the pitch for nearly twenty years. It was here that Rodney Southerland came near losing his life when a jam on which he was working, hauled. Holman'Day's poem, Mister What's-His-Name of Seboomook may have reference to an entirely different incident. At any rate more than one river driver lost his life here before the first dam was built.

The Seboomook Dam Charter was granted by the Legislature of 1893 and approved by the Governor on February 9th of that year. The Incorporators were Eugene Hale, Daniel F. Davis, Frederick T. Bradstreet, Lewis C. Moore, Joseph S. Bradstreet and Clarence Hale. At the first meeting of the incorporators, it was voted to build dams and make improvements and the work was begun that year. Seboomook Dam was not completed until 1894 or 1895. The first drives taken out of the North Branch country by the new corporation were delivered into Penobscot booms. Later they sent their logs down the Kennebec waters by mechanically getting them from one watershed to the other. The dam flowed water through the canal into Carry Pond; the amount of water allowed for driving purposes was about six feet above the deadhead. The logs could be taken into Carry Pond to a point about 1,000 feet from the highest land between the Penobscot and Kennebec waters. Here an endless chain in two sections, driven by steam engines was built. The logs were taken up the grade by this method and tumbled into a wooden sluiceway which was about two miles long and which emptied into Carry Brook not far from Moosehead Lake, about opposite the present Seboomook Camp-ground Store.

The year that Canada Falls Dam was built, 1912-1913, Seboomook Dam was rebuilt by the Great Northern Paper Company which had some years before bought out the old corporation. The work was carried on by James Swan who had Everett Amey as engineer. L. E. Little was resident engineer for Mr. Amey, and he in turn was assisted by C. S. Cleaves, L. W. Smiley, W. H. Wentworth and H. W. Wright, (these four men were not on duty at the same time); during the previous April the preliminary surveys had been made and the flowage "run." William Hilton, who was later head of the Division of Forest Engineers (died Feb. 12, 1964) was one of the men who worked on this job. That year Sam Whyte built the road into the dam from Seboomook to facilitate the work. Charles Green took charge of the construction work for Mr. Swan. Work began in the summer of 1912 and was completed the following spring. Some of the men on the job were the three Owens, Jack-George and Albert; Paul Cyr, Jack Doyle; Danny Gallagher, cook; and Charles McKay, clerk.

All the timbers were hand hewn except the face planking and toe piling which came from down river as did the yellow pine used around the gates. About 600,000 feet that was left from the drive of 1912 was used in the construction work. The remainder was cut in the vicinity of Burbank and Elm Stream.

Part of the crew were kept in the present boom house, which was then new, and the rest in a set of log camps on the south end of the dam. The foreman lived in the watchman's camp that was later occupied by Mr. Sargent.....Next week the 1927 dam will be given.....

THE OLD CHESUNCOCK ROAD

'They've changed some, I guess?'
Ther tote roads der yer mean?
if that's ther idee, wall yes,
like ther bunch that erlong them did hike;
rocks and hummocks are gone,
yer hear ther toot uv ther horn
as ther flivvers skim ovah ther pike.

Yer leave Bartley's at four;
ther road follers ther shore;
yer turn on ther juce in yer flivver;
and at quarter to five,
ef yer still air alive,
yer fly through ther yard at Roach River.

With hops, skips and jumps,
Az yer flash by the stumps,
yer tin Lizzie runs like er ram;
with yer heart in yer mouth
and cussing ther drouth,
'tis five-thirty when yer land at ther dam.

We've sure changed our ways
since pod-auger days,
when our bags contained homespun and hooch;
we'd start 'fore daylight,
drink, sing and fight
ez erlong o'er ther tote-road we'd mooch.

We'd stagger and sway
Erlong ther highway
'till we reached Beaver Brook, yer old sinner;
We'd used up seven hours
er tramping through showers
'fore we reached Lily Bay fer our dinner.

With our hides full av beans
we'd filled up ther seams
with sour-dough biscuit and fat:
when some hoodlum did yell
'yer may all go to hell'
ther wuz a scrap on right off ther bat.

We'd all had our feed
when ther er-rig-er-nal Swede
fell through ther front door with er crash;
up jumps McGown,
on his phiz er fierce frown,
and put him to sleep with er smash.

*****PART 1 of 2

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

November 12, 1964

Volume 2 No. 47

The scale for week: Adelard Gilbert, 14,270; Henri Marcoux, 14,063 cds; Wellie Caouette, 11,912; Lucien Gosselin, 13,034; Alfred Nadeau, 12,989; Phillip Paquet, 9,067; Leo Dumas, 7,559; Jos. Poulin, 1,064; and the Baker Brook Road has 124 cords. Total to date, 84,082 cords.

The Pittston Farm lawns are very popular in the late, late evenings during fishing season for night crawler hunters but to see someone out there in hunting season looked rather odd so we investigated. We found Jud Powers picking up a handful of feathers here and a handful there and a featherless partridge over yonder and another one by the car. He certainly didn't look too happy about it either and the expression on his face was something to see when he came to two dogs. Just as he swung his leg back to kick, his wife let out a terrific scream that shook him up so badly he dropped his foot back to the ground otherwise one if not two dogs would have ended up in "Dog Heaven" in one heck of a hurry. We suggested, since he had plenty of feathers and not too much pertridge meat he should enter the fly tying business and name the flies, "Power's Powerful, Pinfeathered Streamer. His only answer was a mumbling sound under his breath as he strode back into the house. Very un-civil.

The General or Admiral or whoever he was that used to mutter, "Blood and Guts" had nothing on Fred Nadeau this week as all he could mutter was, "Blood and Hair" after he tangled with five bears in the vicinity of Brailey Brook. There is no record of the number of shots he fired during the engagement and neither was there any bear steak forthcoming although there was plenty of blood and hair.

While we were enjoying a sip or two at the "Club Cariboo" last evening who should wander in the front door but "Sure Shot" Hauer from Middle Brook and right behind him twenty four more "Red Coats". It wasn't too long before the peals of the tocsin could be heard all over Dorchester County calling to the members of the "Pointy Toed Shoe Club" to come a-loping for there'll be a hot time at the Auberge tonight. There was.

We had something to say last week about Bill Nye taking it easy in Shirley Mills while vacationing and in this weeks mail we got the following note: "Felix: I've got to ask--who is Bill Nye at Shirley Mills, and is that on the O.K.? Any relation? Anybody got a picture of him? What does he do?" Yep! JG asked five questions without catching his breath and all because Bill Nye is not Bill Nye anymore than Bill Nye, the editor of the Laramie Boomerang, and American Humorist was not Bill Nye. Bill or rather Edgar Wilson Nye, the American Humorist has been moldering in a field of clay ever since 1896 (We hope he is still there. A plaque was placed on his old homestead at Shirley in 1938 according to a newspaper clippin' we have. Bill or rather Murray Nye came from Aroostook County and is an equipment operator for the Great Northern in this area. There is no family connection that we know of but will get our Gene-Ollyghist to work on it in the near future. A picture will be forthcoming at the earliest opportunity.

From the News Files fifty years ago in the November 3, 1964 issue:

The British Foreign Office believes that the Germans are operating a wireless station in Maine in either Meddybemps or Seboomook. So far no trace of it has been found.

STANLEY: "I'm going to have to watch my waistline."

IVAN: "How lucky you are to have it right where you can see it."

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY
"ONE BIG FAMILY"

Great Northern has three Paper Mills and over two million acres of land,
Three thousand men are on the Payrolls, to give a helping hand.
When you hear the Grinders grinding, and the Paper Machines hum,
The Production in three shifts a day, is over twelve hundred ton.

Bob Hume, the Superintendent of Penobscot's Biggest Mill
Is always on the hustle, and is never sitting still.
Charlie Carrier at East Millinocket Mill, just ten miles away,
Is another hustling Super, who makes that mill pay.

The third mill at Madison, on Kennebec River Shore
With Neil Merrill as Super, is producing more and more.
In fifty years of existence, Great Northern has won fame
And every Employee listed, is proud of its good name.

Dick Croft with ten Directors, are men of great ability
Who guide the issues of the Company, with Brains and Sensibility.
Bert Ward the well known Treasurer, who is held in high esteem
Makes everybody happy when his checks are in their jeans.

Bill McKay the Congenial President, and a very liberal man,
Makes the Stockholders happy, by paying them all he can,
Dick Casper first Vice President, and Manager of Sales,
Keeps his orders moving, by Truck, by Boat and by Rails.

Bill Hilton, second Vice President, and Manager of Spruce Wood
If he promised to supply a million cords, he'd make his promise good.
Creighton Stanwood third Vice President, and manufacturing Boss,
Keeps the Mills a'rollong, and never at a loss.

Frank Bowler a Pioneer, and the daddy of them all
With Engineering Problems, Frank is always on the ball.
Byron Seelye a clever Accountant who has audited with great skill
With forty years of service, could write a book of these three mills.

There are many, many other men, with Good Great Northern hearts,
Who hold responsible Positions, and take an active Part
To keep these mills a'humming, for all that they are worth
Because God made them all Great Northern, when he put them on this eart

With mills and land and Hydro Plants all in the State of Maine
With every department managed by a well distinguished name
Makes every Employee happy, yes, happy as can be
To be in "one big family", the family of G. N. P.

One of Charley Glaster's masterpieces in 1948

DAMS AT SEBOOMOOK FALLS

The location of Seboomook Dam was early called Henderson's Pitch; a man by the name of Henderson lost his life there. The crew was so sure of recovering the body that they sent down river for a coffin which arrived, but the body was never recovered. The coffin was left on the edge of the eddy at the foot of the pitch for nearly twenty years. It was here that Rodney Southerland came near losing his life when a jam on which he was working, hauled. Holman'Day's poem, Mister What's-His-Name of Seboomook may have reference to an entirely different incident. At any rate more than one river driver lost his life here before the first dam was built.

The Seboomook Dam Charter was granted by the Legislature of 1893 and approved by the Governor on February 9th of that year. The Incorporators were Eugene Hale, Daniel F. Davis, Frederick T. Bradstreet, Lewis C. Moore, Joseph S. Bradstreet and Clarence Hale. At the first meeting of the incorporators, it was voted to build dams and make improvements and the work was begun that year. Seboomook Dam was not completed until 1894 or 1895. The first drives taken out of the North Branch country by the new corporation were delivered into Penobscot booms. Later they sent their logs down the Kennebec waters by mechanically getting them from one watershed to the other. The dam flowed water through the canal into Carry Pond; the amount of water allowed for driving purposes was about six feet above the deadhead. The logs could be taken into Carry Pond to a point about 1,000 feet from the highest land between the Penobscot and Kennebec waters. Here an endless chain in two sections, driven by steam engines was built. The logs were taken up the grade by this method and tumbled into a wooden sluiceway which was about two miles long and which emptied into Carry Brook not far from Moosehead Lake, about opposite the present Seboomook Camp-ground Store.

The year that Canada Falls Dam was built, 1912-1913, Seboomook Dam was rebuilt by the Great Northern Paper Company which had some years before bought out the old corporation. The work was carried on by James Swan who had Everett Amey as engineer. L. E. Little was resident engineer for Mr. Amey, and he in turn was assisted by C. S. Cleaves, L. W. Smiley, W. H. Wentworth and H. W. Wright, (these four men were not on duty at the same time); during the previous April the preliminary surveys had been made and the flowage "run." William Hilton, who was later head of the Division of Forest Engineers (died Feb. 12, 1964) was one of the men who worked on this job. That year Sam Whyte built the road into the dam from Seboomook to facilitate the work. Charles Green took charge of the construction work for Mr. Swan. Work began in the summer of 1912 and was completed the following spring. Some of the men on the job were the three Owens, Jack-George and Albert; Paul Cyr, Jack Doyle; Danny Gallagher, cook; and Charles McKay, clerk.

All the timbers were hand hewn except the face planking and toe piling which came from down river as did the yellow pine used around the gates. About 600,000 feet that was left from the drive of 1912 was used in the construction work. The remainder was cut in the vicinity of Burbank and Elm Stream.

Part of the crew were kept in the present boom house, which was then new, and the rest in a set of log camps on the south end of the dam. The foreman lived in the watchman's camp that was later occupied by Mr. Sargent.....Next week the 1927 dam will be given.....

THE OLD CHESUNCOOK ROAD

'They've changed some, I guess?'
Ther tote roads der yer mean?
if that's ther idee, wall yes,
like ther bunch that erlong them did hike;
rocks and hummocks are gone,
yer hear ther toot uv ther horn
as ther flivvers skim ovah ther pike.

Yer leave Bartley's at four;
ther road follers ther shore;
yer turn on ther juce in yer flivver;
and at quarter to five,
ef yer still air alive,
yer fly through ther yard at Roach River.

With hops, skips and jumps,
Az yer flash by the stumps,
yer tin Lizzie runs like er ram;
with yer heart in yer mouth
and cussing ther drouth,
'tis five-thirty when yer land at ther dam.

We've sure changed our ways
since pod-auger days,
when our bags contained homespun and hooch;
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ez erlong o'er ther tote-road we'd mooch.

We'd stagger and sway
Erlong ther highway
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VOLUME 2 No. 48

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Lloyd Foss of the American Paper Association is with us again this year and we're wondering just what kind of an unorthodox way he'll use to get his deer this time. Last year he had to drown the buck that he got in Brailey Brook but this year there is not enough water for that.

Dr. Alonzo Garcelon from Augusta, theman who is going to put the safe into safe hunting was up this way last week with his chum John Gould from Lisbon Falls to check on the deer situation. Alonzo says the first step to take to insure not to be shot is to buy a blazing red or orange hunting cap. We took his word for it and bought one to wear while printing the Journal and sure enough we haven't heard the zing of a bullet whistling by our ears since we put it on.

Do not expect your Journal next week as Fernald is going to be perched on an old stump somewhere north of here eating his Thanksgiving dinner of frozen chicken a la tinfoil without cranberry sauce.....

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"ONE BIG FAMILY"

The lines of "One Big Family," rhymed in forty-eight,
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And to keep this big family listed, as we think it ought to be,
The second issue of our big family, is revived for fifty-three.

The mills are still a humming, a humming, with production on the up and up,
New expansion in the air, and more wood we'll have to cut,
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Dick Croft with his Board of Directors, their names I can't recall,
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The newsprint is kept a rolling, by trucks, boats and rails,
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Woodlands is Managed by William Hilton, a name that's highly respected,
Bill's a Vice-President of many years, and his work is never neglected.
Roy Weldon's a new Vice-President and head of Research and Engineering,
The job is new, the problems tough, but to Roy the work is endearing.

Superintendent of Millinocket Mill, is none other than I. C. Ames,
When production is not up to par, Ivan can express some funny names.
Neil Merrill is now at East Millinocket Mill, just ten miles down the river,
The expansion, Neil will have to endure, would make any other man shiver.

Chub Bartlett is the youngest, and for production he craves for more,
Chub is Super of Madison Mill, on the Kennebec River Shore.
Warren Daniel sits in Bowler's seat, Engineering is the attraction,
With a staff of draftsmen on the job, Warren's office rings with action.

Leslie Kewer is our figure expert, who wields the Auditing Axe,
Red Tape is one of Les' problems, and another the Federal Tax.
We can't forget our treasurer, old timer B. C. Ward,
To us by heck, with his name on our checks, Bert's our little God.

John Hauer now manages the Bureau, and is turning on the heat,
With new young blood he's staffing, and they are being taught by Pete.
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While President of the G. N. P., good Dividends he liked to pay.
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CONTINUED TO TOP ON NEXT PAGE.....

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ONE OF CHARLEY GLASTER'S MASTERPIECES IN 1953

DAMS AT SEBOOMOOK FALLS

In 1927 the Great Northern Paper Company constructed a new dam at Seboomook Falls to replace the one they built in 1912. J. E. Sargent was in charge of the construction.

The new dam was 808 feet long and had a head of 28 feet, i.e. 10 feet more than the original dam. It rested on part of the abutments of the original dam. It had 8 shallow gates 8' X 14', 4 deep gates 8' X 10', 1 log sluice gate 14' X 14', 3 spillways 5' X 10'; and a dri-ki sluice 5' X 30'. The first timber of the new dam was laid on October 25th and the dam had to be ready for the spring drives. Some idea of the amount of work that had to be done in that period can be gathered from the amount of material that was used. It was estimated that 1,000,000 board feet of timber, 14,000 cubic yards of rock, 21,000 board feet of hard pine for gates and 25 tons of iron would be needed. The dam was 80 feet across the base at the widest place. It was built on solid ledge, which necessitated the removal of 2500 cubic yards of seamy and loose ledge which was later used for ballast. Two steel derricks of 7½ ton capacity each, with 83 foot masts and 75-foot booms were used. There was an overhead cable which was used to pull the timbers from one derrick to the other. An Ingersoll Rand Compressor was used in a nearby quarry getting out rock for ballast. The timber used was peeled hemlock and pine, cut at Nigger Brook camp by one of Mr. Sargent's crews and at Burbank by Joseph Paquet Sr. C. J. Sargent was in charge of hauling the timber to the dam. Robert Hancock run the tractor hauling these logs. E. L. Larson, reported several logs that scaled above 800 board feet, the largest being 1,000 board feet. J. P. McLean was in charge of the timber work, assisted by Burt Morris and Harry Powers; P. E. Purcell took care of the rock and gravel work, assisted by Tom Egan and Nick Mulligan; Henry Bushey and Tom Drew were the derrick men; Ralph Palmer handled the overhead cable; D. M. Kirk did the general blacksmith work and C. E. Hathaway sharpened the drills; Frank Parker with four assistants fed the men; E. E. Ricker was the clerk; Lee (Happy) McCullough was the bull cook and took care of the men's camp; Stanley McKenzie looked after the horses.

To accommodate the 150 men and 20 horses that was needed in the construction of the dam, it was necessary to build a set of camps. They were built by Frank Sirois and consisted of: two bunkhouses, a cook room, an office and foreman's camp, Filers camp and wash room, blacksmith shop, tool house, dynamite house, garage and hovel.....

THE OLD CHESUNCOOK ROAD (Part 2 of 2)

It wud sure make yer shiver,
wuz yer thar at Roach River,
when ther bunch straggled in fer ther night;
all kivvered with gore,
some lookin' fer more,
ther hull gang sure looked like er fright.

Next morning at four
we walked out ther door,
'twuz shut at our backs with er slam;
we wuz then past all harm,
hed lunch at Grant Farm,
that night we all flopped at ther dam.

Then we kivered our heads
with ther old West Branch spreads,
thet wudn't let yer ovah sleep ther clock;
fer in them lived er batch
that wud sure make yer scratch,
uv that hungry brand in gray-back kootie stock.

Ther spreads ter day are five and er half by seven,
and ther kooties have reached ther heaven
at Rip Dam by ther slaughter-house route.
thar they're steamed, biled and fried
'till one and all hev died
at ther laundry, where they fite ther final bout.

Come all yer for-fut, fiddle-stuff men,
and beat this, ef yer ken;
ther saw-log Jacks frum these parts hev passed away;
fur ef yer mean ter stick,
yer hav no coz ter kick,
fer yer furnished with clean spreads and meddar hay.

So, if in ther spring yer alive,
and yer hanker fer the drive,
and ter frog among ther wood just like er tode,
just jump er board ther train
und try er once ergain,
und ther flivvers ull take yer ovah ther Gilbert Road.

Now that I've finished my song--
(and if ther's anything wrong
ther critics will sure produce ther whacks)--
I'll be right heah on ther ground
when ther fool-killer sneaks erround,
and he can finish me with his old dull axe.

By Bill Moriarty.....

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DAMS AT SEBOOMOOK FALLS

In 1927 the Great Northern Paper Company constructed a new dam at Seboomook Falls to replace the one they built in 1912. J. E. Sargent was in charge of the construction.

The new dam was 808 feet long and had a head of 28 feet, i.e. 10 feet more than the original dam. It rested on part of the abutments of the original dam. It had 8 shallow gates 8' X 14', 4 deep gates 8' X 10', 1 log sluice gate 14' X 14', 3 spillways 5' X 10'; and a dri-ki sluice 5' X 30'. The first timber of the new dam was laid on October 25th and the dam had to be ready for the spring drives. Some idea of the amount of work that had to be done in that period can be gathered from the amount of material that was used. It was estimated that 1,000,000 board feet of timber, 14,000 cubic yards of rock, 21,000 board feet of hard pine for gates and 25 tons of iron would be needed. The dam was 80 feet across the base at the widest place. It was built on solid ledge, which necessitated the removal of 2500 cubic yards of seamy and loose ledge which was later used for ballast. Two steel derricks of 7½ ton capacity each, with 83 foot masts and 75 foot booms were used. There was an overhead cable which was used to pull the timbers from one derrick to the other. An Ingersoll Rand Compressor was used in a nearby quarry getting out rock for ballast. The timber used was peeled hemlock and pine, cut at Nigger Brook camp by one of Mr. Sargent's crews and at Burbank by Joseph Paquet Sr. C. J. Sargent was in charge of hauling the timber to the dam. Robert Hancock run the tractor hauling these logs. E. L. Larson, reported several logs that scaled above 800 board feet, the largest being 1,000 board feet. J. P. McLean was in charge of the timber work, assisted by Burt Morris and Harry Powers; P. E. Purcell took care of the rock and gravel work, assisted by Tom Egan and Nick Mulligan; Henry Bushey and Tom Drew were the derrick men; Ralph Palmer handled the overhead cable; D. M. Kirk did the general blacksmith work and C. E. Hathaway sharpened the drills; Frank Parker with four assistants fed the men; E. E. Ricker was the clerk; Lee (Happy) McCullough was the bull cook and took care of the men's camp; Stanley McKenzie looked after the horses.

To accommodate the 150 men and 20 horses that was needed in the construction of the dam, it was necessary to build a set of camps. They were built by Frank Sirois and consisted of: two bunkhouses, a cook room, an office and foreman's camp, Filers camp and wash room, blacksmith shop, tool house, dynamite house, garage and hovel.....

THE OLD CHESUNCOOK ROAD (Part 2 of 2)

It wud sure make yer shiver,
wuz yer thar at Roach River,
when ther bunch straggled in fer ther night;
all kivvered with gore,
some lookin' fer more,
ther hull gang sure looked like er fright.

Next morning at four
we walked out ther door,
'twuz shut at our backs with er slam;
we wuz then past all harm,
hed lunch at Grant Farm,
that night we all flopped at ther dam.

Then we kivered our heads
with ther old West Branch spreads,
thet wudn't let yer ovah sleep ther clock;
fer in them lived er batch
that wud sure make yer scratch,
uv that hungry brand in gray-back kootie stock.

Ther spreads ter day are five and er half by seven,
and ther kooties have reached ther heaven
at Rip Dam by ther slaughter-house route.
thar they're steamed, biled and fried
'till one and all hev died
at ther laundry, where they fite ther final bout.

Come all yer for-fut, fiddle-stuff men,
and beat this, ef yer ken;
ther saw-log Jacks frum these parts hev passed away;
fur ef yer mean ter stick,
yer hav no coz ter kick,
fer yer furnished with clean spreads and meddar hay.

So, if in ther spring yer alive,
and yer hanker fer the drive,
and ter frog among ther wood just like er tode,
just jump er board ther train
und try er once ergain,
und ther flivvers ull take yer ovah ther Gilbert Road.

Now that I've finished my song--
(and if ther's anything wrong
ther critics will sure produce ther whacks)--
I'll be right heah on ther ground
when ther fool-killer sneaks erround,
and he can finish me with his old dull axe.

By Bill Moriarty.....