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Great Northern Paper Company

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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

December 3, 1964

VOLUME 3 No. 1

Wood scale: Adeldard Gilbert, 14,270; Henri Marcoux, 14,063; Lucien Gosselin, 13,034; Wellie Caouette, 13,016; Alfred Nadeau, 12,989; Phillip Paquet, 9,071; I. L. Dumas, 7,602; Jos. Poulin, 1,404; Baker Brook Road, 124; Ellis Brook Road, 271 cords. Total to date, 85,844 cds.

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

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THE PHANTOM

Editor's Note: This was Ex-Presidink' Al Leighton's first appearance over this way since he severed connections with the G. N. P. Company and moved to Rangely to look after Steve Wheatland's land. We would make a guess that in addition to the new Falcon, Pendleton shirt and tight black pants, he also must of had on a pair of spurs as the Phantom sure sounded like he was cut to the quick.

ONE OF THE UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE PITTSTON AREA

It was 42 years ago this month that Dave Brown and Mertley Johnson, game wardens, dropped out of sight and hearing in the Big Bog country and it was not until the following spring that the bodies were recovered. The cause of their death will always remain one of the unsolved mysteries of this area.

The two wardens left Greenville and arrived at Loon Stream Depot camps late on November 14th, where they stayed that night. They left the following morning supposedly going to Abaconetic Bog on the headwaters of the North Branch of the Penobscot river. They arrived at Archie Deroche's Half Way Camp on the North Branch early that afternoon, November 15th, where they had lunch then left around three o'clock to go to Big Bog Dam and it was understood they would stay at Kennedy's Shelter that night. The next time they were seen was by a group of surveyors on Big Bog Brook, who gave them two packages of raisins. Searchers found evidence to show there were beaver trappers in the area trapping along the brook. (Trapping beaver at that time was a serious offense). Later the searchers found a bough shelter back from the trail so that those in it might watch anyone going to and fro to the beaver traps and at one side of the shelter was the two empty raisin boxes. This was the end of the trail as the searchers under the supervision of Adelbert Rogers of Greenville could find no further sign of them.

Some of the searchers thought they might have tried to cross Big Bog flowage and drowned as there was very little ice at the time but since the gates of the dam were open there was not over three feet of water in any one place on the Bog so this idea was discarded. Later it was learned that Arthur Parjeau of St. Zacharie, who had been doing a little trapping and some work for Archie Deroche at the Half Way Camp had heard two shots that day in the direction of Big Bog. The searchers then came to the conclusion that the wardens had caught up with two poachers from St. Prosper that owned the traps and rather than be arrested had shot the wardens.

It did not take long for rumors to circulate around St. Zacharie and St. Prosper that the two wardens had been murdered by the poachers from St. Prosper. Plenty of evidence was uncovered to show that the trappers were in the vicinity of Big Bog that day although the authorities never did get sufficient evidence to make an arrest.

The following spring in May, Sandy Mullen and Bert Duty found the body of Mert Johnson at Big Bog where it had floated down from upstream. Later that day they found both of the packs and on May 3rd Dave Brown's body was found about a mile below the dam.

It was a superhuman effort to take the bodies to Greenville but they did and an examination showed there was no water on the lungs nor did they find any bullet holes or broken bones although the medical authorities claim that a man shot by a small caliber bullet and left for five months in cold water, the wounds would close up and it would be almost impossible to find them.

Since there was no definite evidence of foul play, the medical authorities brought in a verdict of accidental drowning. The mystery still remains though, for how can you drown without having water in the lungs or be shot without there being bullet holes?.....

A LONGING

We watched the last woods patch of snow
And the one by the north porch door,
And welcomed Sir Robin and his sun-set song
'Cause we'd go down country then once more.
How fast the gold hours fly,
How swiftly the colored seasons go:
'Twas but a little span back
We watched the ruthless freshet flow.

'Twas but a week ago, it seems,
We kissed the fragrant rose of June,
And but a few days gone we heard
The chattering mowing machine's drone tune.
Where we welcomed new blades of grass
On lawn and field and knoll,
Are blossoming sprayed golden-rod,
And lovely lavender gentians grow.

Now that the luscious fruits are ripened,
And the sunsets are miracles of feathered glow,
We feel that restless stirring
And deep within our hearts we know--
It's the first faintly whispered calling
Which I'm sure the wild geese understand,
Is a power strong as God-knows-what,
Beckoning to go ordained land.

The birds fly toward the southland,
I'll choose the north for mine,
Where the crimson leaves are hanging,
And white climate's vines are twined.
We're longing now to feel the nip
Of a sparkling frosty morn,
Where the leaves are so gently falling,
When we laugh and thank the Lord we're born.

Come on, now, we'll hie us
Where the pulp is soon to fall,
Where the lumberjacks are singing,
Where the wanderlust sends us all.
There the snow shoe rabbits scamper
In the white labrins 'neath the bowed down trees,
And the stars are so bright, and the northern lights
Hiss and sparkle with their wandering gleams.

Through no chateau or mansion windows
Does a lamp light gleam so true,
As when at dusk it's shining
From a log cabin for you,
There's no other place in the wide, wide world
Where blue camp-smoke rises so high and slow.
We're thankful, of course, for the past warm summer,
But are glad it's most time to go.

By Ruth McCabe Vickery

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By Ruth McCabe Vickery

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

December 10, 1964

VOLUME 3 No. 2

Wood scale this week: Adelard Gilbert, 14,270; Henri Marcoux, 14,063; Lucien Gosselin, 13,034; Alfred Nadeau, 12,989; Wellie Caouette, 13,035; Phillip Paquet, 9,071; I. L. Dumas, 7,602; Jos. Poulin, 1,568; Ellis Pond Road, 302; Baker Brook Road, 124. Total to date, 86,058 cords.

All the cutting camps have completed their quota although Jos. Poulin has more to cut on the Quaker Brook road and Henri Marcoux will pick up more on the Ellis Road. The road crew is staying at Lucien Gosselin's while graveling an access road for next years cut.

Jim Levasseur closed the 20 Mile check point last week and headed for Connecticut. Jim checked 4,965 cars and 1,954 trucks from May 18th to November 30th with a total of 18,440 people coming into this country.

Mike Stepinek closed the Caucomgomac Chain camp last week and headed for the Waverley for a short vacation. Mike is expected back for the hauling season.

Last weeks snow storm was not so severe here as it was down country. The snow measured nine inches for Friday, Saturday and Sunday and the measuring board shows an accumulation of eight inches today.

Lester Hazleton arrived in this area Tuesday on a business trip. We noticed Lester parked his car behind another one for which we can't blame him any as the last time he was here he absently mindedly parked behind the mail man. A badly bent car can sure educate a car-parker.

Mr. Forest Whitman, Scott Paper Co., Greenville, Me.

Dear Sir: We have been informed that you are holding stock in the American Can Co., the United Gas Co., and the consolidated Water Market.

Because of the market conditions, we advise you to sit tight on your Can, let your Gas go, and hold your Water.

You might be interested to know that Scott Tissue touched a new bottom this morning, and thousands were wiped clean.

Sincerely, Your Broker...J. E.

NORTH EAST CARRY POST OFFICE TO CLOSE: Mrs Anna Worthing, veteran postmistress will cancel the last letter and sell the last postage stamp on December 31st and January 1st 1965 will see North East Carry without a post office for the first time since August 2, 1889 when August Alexander Doherty cancelled the first letter.

Tom Snow was post master for about twenty years and had the post office in the store at North East that W. J. Lacross now uses for a hotel. It moved to the river end of the Carry in 1924 where there were several different postmasters, Happy Nice, Bill Hodgins, Beardsley and Charlie Howard. On December 1st 1939 it was moved back to the Moosehead end of the Carry where Mrs Anna Worthing (now 70 years young) took it over and was commissioned Postmistress on February 26, 1940. There is no doubt but what the last day cancellation will be a collectors item in years to come so for the benefit of the philatelists we are mailing our Dec. 31st issue at the "Carry". If you do not get your weekly via U. S. mail and want the cancellation just send Mrs. Worthing a self addressed letter and she will gladly cancel on December 31st for you.

While we are stamping we'll pass along to you what Sterling T. Dow had to say about the "Chesuncook Despatch" in the May 1944 issue of the Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News. SEE SHEETS 3 & 4

ANOTHER (NEVER PUBLISHED BEFORE) EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE "PHANTOM" IN NEXT WEEKS ISSUE.....

THE BALLAD OF "OLD SCRATCH"

They have always called him "Scratchy," Esry "Scratch"
and "Uncle Scratch,"

Since the time he cut that ding-do in a certain wrasslin' match;
'Twas a pesky scaly caper; he deserved to get the name
--If he lives to be a hundred he will carry it the same.

He had vummed that he could wallop any feller in the place,
He allowed that as a wrassler he could sort of set the pace,
And he bragged so much about it that at last we came to think.
If he'd lived in time o' Samson--could have downed Sam quick's a wink.
And there wasn't nary feller in the town nor round about
Who had grit or grab or gumption to take holt and shake him out.
And he set around the gros'ry keepin' up his steady clack
That there never was a feller who could put him on his back.
So it went till Penley Peaslee's oldest boy came home from school
--And I tell you that's a shaver that ain't anybody's fool--
He ain't tall nor big nor husky and he isn't very stout,
But he's nimble as a cricket and as spry as all git out!
Well, he heard old Esry braggin' and at last as cool's could be
Boy says, "Uncle, shed your weskit; I will take your stump," says he
Guess 'twas jest about a minute 'fore old Esry got his breath,
Then says he, "Scat on ye, younster! I should squat ye ha'f to death
What ye think ye know 'bout wrasslin'? S'pose I'm go'n' to fool with
boys?"

But the crowd commenced to hoot him and they made sech pesky noise
That at last they got him swearing and he shed his coat and vest
And commenced to stretch his muscles and to pound against his breast
"S'pose I've got to if ye say so," says he scornful as ye please,
"But I'll throw that little shaver, one hand tied and on my knees.
I can slat him galley-endways and not use one ha'f my strength.
What ye want bub? Take your ch'ice now; side holts, back holts,
or arm's length?

Collar'n elbow if ye say so. Name yer pizen! Take your pick!"
"Suit yourself," the younster answered; "long's ye git to business
quick."

As I've said the boy warn't heavy;--he was spry, though, quicker'n
scat,

And he had old Esry spinnin' 'fore he knew where he was at;
Hooked him solid, give a twister, doubled up the old gent's back
And Ez tumbled like a chimbly--smooth and solid and ker-whack!
Well, he lay there stunned and breathless with his mouth jam-full
o' dirt

And his both hands full o' gingham, for he had the youngster's shir
When the crowd commenced to holler as he staid there on the ground
Grocer Weaver's old black tom-cat came on tip-toe sniffin' round.
He was just a-gettin' ready for to gnaw off Esry's nose
When the old man got his senses and he suddenly arose.
Then he grabbed that old black tom-cat good and solid by the tail
And commenced to welt the youngster just as hard as he could whale.
Ev'ry time he reached and raked him on that bare white back of his--
Ow! them claws they grabbed in dretful and they hurt him--ah, gee
whiz!

There was howls and yowls and spittin's; it was rip and slit and tear
And the air was full of tom-cat and of flyin' skin and hair.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE BALLAD OF "OLD SCRATCH" Cont. from previous
page.

Final clip that Esry hit him it was such a tarnal clout
That the cat stuck on solid till they pried his toe-nails out.
So they've always called him "Scratchy" Esry "Scratch" and "Uncle
Scratch."

Since the time he cut that ding-do in a certain wrasslin' match;
'Twas a pesky scaly caper; he deserved to get the name,
--If he lived to be a hundred he will carry it the same.

ONE OF HOLMAN DAY'S PINE TREE BALLADS

CHESUNCOOK LAKE TOURIST'S DESPATCH

By Sterling T. Dow

Little of fact and much of conjecture has been written from time to time about these stamps in the philatelic press. As they made their appearance more than fifty years ago, it is entirely probable that the true story will never come to light. What are the facts? We know that the stamps are in existence and that covers bearing the stamp are known too. So far as the writer is aware, everything else about the stamps is in the realm of conjecture and "hear-say". The legitimacy of the covers is questionable.

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THIS ARTICLE TAKEN FROM "MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS DATED MAY 15, 1944.

Chesuncook post office closed in October 1960

WOMEN ARE LIKE GEOGRAPHY:

From 16 to 20: Like Africa, hot and unexplored.

From 20 to 30: Like Asia, wild and unpredictable.

From 30 to 40: Like Europe, they take anything they can get for nothing.

From 40 to 50: Like United States, they will give away everything they have.

From 50 to 60: Like Australia, it's there, but who gives a damn.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

December 10, 1964

VOLUME 3 No. 2

Wood scale this week: Adelard Gilbert, 14,270; Henri Marcoux, 14,063; Lucien Gosselin, 13,034; Alfred Nadeau, 12,989; Wellie Caouette, 13,035; Phillip Paquet, 9,071; I. L. Dumas, 7,602; Jos. Poulin, 1,568; Ellis Pond Road, 302; Baker Brook Road, 124. Total to date, 86,058 cords.

All the cutting camps have completed their quota although Jos. Poulin has more to cut on the Quaker Brook road and Henri Marcoux will pick up more on the Ellis Road. The road crew is staying at Lucien Gosselin's while graveling an access road for next years cut.

Jim Levasseur closed the 20 Mile check point last week and headed for Connecticut. Jim checked 4,965 cars and 1,954 trucks from May 18th to November 30th with a total of 18,440 people coming into this country.

Mike Stepinek closed the Caucomgomac Chain camp last week and headed for the Waverley for a short vacation. Mike is expected back for the hauling season.

Last weeks snow storm was not so severe here as it was down country. The snow measured nine inches for Friday, Saturday and Sunday and the measuring board shows an accumulation of eight inches today.

Lester Hazleton arrived in this area Tuesday on a business trip. We noticed Lester parked his car behind another one for which we can't blame him any as the last time he was here he absently mindedly parked behind the mail man. A badly bent car can sure educate a car-parker.

Mr. Forest Whitman, Scott Paper Co., Greenville, Me.

Dear Sir: We have been informed that you are holding stock in the American Can Co., the United Gas Co., and the consolidated Water Market.

Because of the market conditions, we advise you to sit tight on your Can, let your Gas go, and hold your Water.

You might be interested to know that Scott Tissue touched a new bottom this morning, and thousands were wiped clean.

Sincerely, Your Broker...J. E.

NORTH EAST CARRY POST OFFICE TO CLOSE: Mrs Anna Worthing, veteran postmistress will cancel the last letter and sell the last postage stamp on December 31st and January 1st 1965 will see North East Carry without a post office for the first time since August 2, 1889 when August Alexander Doherty cancelled the first letter.

Tom Snow was post master for about twenty years and had the post office in the store at North East that W. J. Lacross now uses for a hotel. It moved to the river end of the Carry in 1924 where there were several different postmasters, Happy Nice, Bill Hodgins, Beardsley and Charlie Howard. On December 1st 1939 it was moved back to the Moosehead end of the Carry where Mrs Anna Worthing(now 70 years young) took it over and was commissioned Postmistress on February 26, 1940. There is no doubt but what the last day cancellation will be a collectors item in years to come so for the benefit of the philatelists we are mailing our Dec. 31st issue at the "Carry". If you do not get your weekly via U. S. mail and want the cancellatio just send Mrs. Worthing a self addressed letter and she will gladly cancel on December 31st for you.

While we are stamping we'll pass along to you what Sterling T. Dow had to say about the "Chesuncook Despatch" in the May 1944 issue of the Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News. SEE SHEETS 3 & 4

ANOTHER (NEVER PUBLISHED BEFORE) EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE "PHANTOM"
IN NEXT WEEKS ISSUE.....

THE BALLAD OF "OLD SCRATCH"

They have always called him "Scratchy," Esry "Scratch"
and "Uncle Scratch,"

Since the time he cut that ding-do in a certain wrasslin' match;
'Twas a pesky scaly caper; he deserved to get the name
--If he lives to be a hundred he will carry it the same.

He had vummed that he could wallop any feller in the place,
He allowed that as a wrassler he could sort of set the pace,
And he bragged so much about it that at last we came to think.
If he'd lived in time o' Samson--could have downed Sam quick's a wink.
And there wasn't nary feller in the town nor round about
Who had grit or grab or gumption to take holt and shake him out.
And he set around the gros'ry keepin' up his steady clack
That there never was a feller who could put him on his back.
So it went till Penley Peaslee's oldest boy came home from school
--And I tell you that's a shaver that ain't anybody's fool--!
He ain't tall nor big nor husky and he isn't very stout,
But he's nimble as a cricket and as spry as all git out!
Well, he heard old Esry braggin' and at last as cool's could be
Boy says, "Uncle, shed your weskit; I will take your stump," says he
Guess 'twas jest about a minute 'fore old Esry got his breath,
Then says he, "Scat on ye, younster! I should squat ye ha'f to death
What ye think ye know 'bout wrasslin'? S'pose I'm go'n' to fool with
boys?"

But the crowd commenced to hoot him and they made sech pesky noise
That at last they got him swearing and he shed his coat and vest
And commenced to stretch his muscles and to pound against his breast
"S'pose I've got to if ye say so," says he scornful as ye please,
"But I'll throw that little shaver, one hand tied and on my knees.
I can slat him galley-endways and not use one ha'f my strength,
What ye want bub? Take your ch'ice now; side holts, back holts,
or arm's length?

Collar'n elbow if ye say so. Name yer pizen! Take your pick!"
"Suit yourself," the younster answered; "long's ye git to business
quick."

As I've said the boy warn't heavy;--he was spry, though, quicker'n
scat,

And he had old Esry spinnin' 'fore he knew where he was at;
Hooked him solid, give a twister, doubled up the old gent's back
And Ez tumbled like a chimbley--smooth and solid and ker-whack!
Well, he lay there stunned and breathless with his mouth jam-full
o' dirt

And his both hands full o' gingham, for he had the youngster's shir
When the crowd commenced to holler as he staid there on the ground
Grocer Weaver's old black tom-cat came on tip-toe sniffin' round.
He was just a-gettin' ready for to gnaw off Esry's nose
When the old man got his senses and he suddenly arose.
Then he grabbed that old black tom-cat good and solid by the tail
And commenced to welt the youngster just as hard as he could whale.
Ev'ry time he reached and raked him on that bare white back of his--
Ow! them claws they grabbed in dretful and they hurt him--ah, gee
whiz!

There was howls and yowls and spittin's; it was rip and slit and t
And the air was full of tom-cat and of flyin' skin and hair,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE BALLAD OF "OLD SCRATCH" Cont. from previous
page.

Final clip that Esry hit him it was such a tarnal clout
That the cat stuck on solid till they pried his toe-nails out.
So they've always called him "Scratchy" Esry "Scratch" and "Uncle
Scratch."

Since the time he cut that ding-do in a certain wrasslin' match;
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ONE OF HOLMAN DAY'S PINE TREE BALLADS

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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

DECEMBER 17, 1964

VOLUME 3 No. 3

We have a correction to make on the closing of North East Carry Post-office. The postal inspector changed the date to December 30th instead of December 31, 1964.

Benoit Caron, the "Mixer of the Cariboo" from Sre. Aurelie was a recent visitor at the Pittston Farm and while here he remarked that the "Father of Six" will soon be the "Father of Seven." Therrien was planning on a \$5 reduction in his income tax and when we showed him it would only be \$1.80, ah gad the tabernacles that rolled out of Georgie was something to hear.

The two driest years since the Pittston Farm weather bureau opened in 1942 were 1949 and 1957 although 1964 could very well beat this record as the following comparisons will show:

Month	1949	1957	1964
January	3.36	2.27	2.71
February	2.35	1.83	.76
March	2.07	1.82	2.44
April	2.86	1.98	2.81
May	3.58	2.97	2.77
June	2.89	3.09	2.17
July	2.61	2.81	5.55
August	3.30	2.69	3.57
September	2.18	3.31	1.63
October	1.36	1.98	2.46
November	4.05	4.75	2.68
11 Month Tot.	30.61 In.	29.50 In.	29.55 In.



ERUPTIONS FROM PITTSTON GARAGE

In '64 I've given thee
 Much love and warm affection.
 Good Lord Dear, I've tried to help provide
 A life of near perfection.
 I've sympathized, I've compromised,
 I've pampered and regaled you,
 And now you've said it's time we wed
 My Dear, where have I failed you?

Some of the "BLUE LAWS" of the Great Northern Paper Company's clerks and timekeepers as taken from our book #52:

Typewriters have been furnished at some of the larger places, for the purpose of making up special statements and must not be used for any other purpose unless the clerk is competent to operate the machine. They must be kept free from exposure when not in use.

Gambling by Clerks and Timekeepers is strictly forbidden; and must not, under any circumstances, be indulged in. Any case of violation of this rule by Clerks and Timekeepers will be summarily dealt with.

The unlawful slaughter of deer or other wild game by employees is in direct contradiction to the policy of this Company. Any employee of this Company found guilty of violating the game laws of the State, must expect to bear the consequences.

A certain home brew maker sent a sample of his beer to the U. of M. to have analysed. A few days later he received a report from Orono-- Dear Sir: "Your horse has diabetes".

ICE A LA CART

Although a first cousin of the world renowned water-wagon, the water-cart or tank of the winter lumbering woods is as unsung as the night watchman of a huge manufacturing plant or the humble sweeper of coaches at a railroad terminal and many another necessary and faithful but prosaic cog in the wheel of any big working plan.

Mounted on woods sleds, drawn by two horses and manned by a crew of two woodsmen, none too pleased with their lot of the night detail, the water-tank slips out of camp in the frosty dusk when the rest of the operation is settling down for a good night's rest.

At a nearby water-hole cut through the ice of pond or stream, the water-cart comes to a standstill. The crew detaches one of the horses and hitches him to a long rope which runs through a pulley on a frame-work over a hole in the top of the tank; a barrel is attached to the end of the rope near the pulley. A runway of two poles is leaned from the hole in the ice to the opening in the big tank and the monotonous job in the sparkling cold moonlight begins. Plop! slides the barrel down the poles into the water hole; thump, thump, as the striker of the crew pushes the barrel under the water with a long pole which is attached to the bottom of it. "Aye, aye," he yells to the driver of the horse on the other end of the rope. Slosh! and the slopping, dripping barrel slides up the way to the hole in the top of the cart. "Whoa," shouts the driver; the striker shoves up on the stick attached to the barrel and the water runs into the cart. Then the man at the reins turns his steed back toward the tank, the rope goes slack and the barrel slips back to the water-hole; and so on until capacity is reached.

The horse is put back beside his mate, the crew climbs atop the heaving throne of Neptune and the water-cart swings onto the hauling road. The striker dismounts with an axe to knock out the two wooden plugs which stop holes in the rear of the tank body just over the sled runner tracks in the road. Out come the plugs followed by streams of water which spread as they leave the little metal trough at each hole. Along the hauling road slops the water-cart at a moderate speed, the sprays of water freezing almost as soon as they strike the smooth runner ruts of the snow road, for water-carts are abroad only on very cold nights. Onward until empty, then back to the filling-station and so on until the assigned mileage has been iced.

When the early dawn breaks and the teams with sleds loaded high with wood come out on the hauling road, they find it glare ice where the sleds slide easily along from the cutting yards to the landing with as much wood as can be made to stay on.

Early in the season, before hauling begins seriously, the water-tank operates at any time, night or day, when it is freezing weather. For, building a road-bed of solid ice from bottom to top as the snows come means a maximum number of days' use of this winter road; and when the spring sun drops warm lances into the softening blanket of snow in the spruce woods, and several hundreds of cords of cut and piled wood still lie on the yards, every hauling day means money to the operator.

So, like many other back-stage effect producers, the water-cart itself receives little glory. For about three hundred days of the year it sits among the weeds of a deserted woods operation, as ugly and useless appearing as a condemned boiler. Like an insurance policy, umbrella or soldier, it is appreciated to the same extent as the water that used to be in traditional well that went dry.

Of late, on operations where log-haulers and tractors are used for hauling the wood, the water-tank has a greater capacity and slides along behind a barking tractor. And at the water hole it is filled by a gasoline engine and pump.

Written by Stanley Foss Bartlett for THE NORTHERN magazine.

This year (1964-65) the above type of water-cart will become obsolete and a quick check around the area shows only two of these tanks left in existence. This year a 3,000 gallon fuel tank will be mounted on a ten wheel International truck with a 4" gasoline pump to fill it. This will be used on the Big Bog winter haul road as an experiment for the first time. Whether it will work without freezing is now the big question.

AN EPISODE FROM THE ADVENTURES OF "THE PHANTOM".

As "The Phantom" sat on his throne one morning contemplating who's applecart he would upset today, he received a special delivery tomtom message from Velma of a criminal act so revolting that a snarl of rage involuntarily escaped his clenched teeth; a well known DFE trapper had just skunked a freshly killed bob-cat, without allowing the carcass to ferment and decay a reasonable length of time. Leaping nimbly (for one of his tremendous bulk) into his gray Rambler, choking with anger, he tore madly down the road, ignoring three flat tires and the flashing red oil light on the dash.

A game warden was checking cars at the intersection, but "The Phantom" raced by, not wishing to reveal the fact that in all his years of trapping on Company time he had never caused the slightest harm to any fur bearing animal. Another tire blew, but "The Phantom" only increased his speed in his bitter determination to see that perpetrators of criminal acts such as this be brought to justice, and the depths of their foul character be brought to the attention of innocent, unsuspecting associates (if any).

Another game warden was checking cars at the Saw Mill, but "The Phantom" did not stop, not wishing to reveal the fact that in all his years of hunting and fishing on Company time he didn't have the faintest idea what a trout looked like, and had yet to cause any amount of worry or nervousness to a deer or partridge.

As "The Phantom" crossed the Upper North Branch bridge, the spare tire in the trunk blew, the generator warning light flashed on, and the radiator boiled over, but "The Phantom", being accustomed to a steady diet of little unpleasant events such as this, did not falter, but continued to his destination, pale with anger, to confront this evil DFE person who had irked him so many times in the past, and accuse him of skinning an improperly rotted bob-cat.

At Truesdale field, another game warden was stopped, talking to Maurice Anderson. "The Phantom" drove quietly by, not wishing to reveal that in all his years of clerking for the Company, he had never done anything but hunt, fish and trap.

Since it was now 8:15, and "The Phantom" had not eaten a thing since breakfast, he turned around and returned to his cave, muttering I'll bring that ***** rat to account yet, or my name isn't George A. B- oops, I mean "The Phantom."

SIGNED; SOUPERMAN

In an article on "Folk Speech in America," in The Century for October, 1894, Dr. Eggleston, quoting Mr. C. A. Stephens, says, "Certain old portage roads, now abandoned, bore the name of 'tote roads' in Maine."

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On and on, the rising roadway
Beauty adds, at every turn;
Mile on mile of leafy lacework,
Bank on bank of feathery fern.
Gorgeous scenes, by nature painted,
Great the eager, searching eye,
Where the dark blue of the mountains
Meets the gray-blue of the sky:

Distant hills whose smoke wreathed summits
Lead to higher peaks afar,
Reaching upward, ever upward,
Where the drifting cloud-racks are;
Crystal lakes amid the foothills,
Sparkling 'neath the heavens blue,
Open on the watcher's vision;
Then, as quickly, close to view.

Forest-reaches, grand, majestic,
Roll away before the eye
Till they form the dim horizon,
Where the earth meets with the sky.
Still our way leads on and upward
From the noisy haunts of men,
Through the cool and soothing shadows,
Mossy dell and rocky glen.

Ah, Fair Moosehead, now we see thee
Smiling 'neath the summer skies--
Who hath words to paint thy beauty?
Wonderous earthly paradise!
Round thy bed, which nature made thee,
Mystic shadows softly creep
From green shores and tree-clad islets,
Where thy peaceful waters sleep.

Would that we might bide beside thee
On some far secluded shore,
Deaf to call, and blind to duty,
There to dwell forevermore!
Birds and beasts may linger by thee--
All thy restful secrets share;
Man alone, returns to labor--
Bear his weary load of care.

Not for us, this wild, sweet freedom;
Not for us, the forest shade;
For a higher plane of living,
More exalted, man was made.
But our hearts are surely lightened,
(E'en though brief may be our stay),
Life seems brightened, burdens lessened,
When we've known thee for a day!

By--Mary E. Archer, Dover-Foxcroft.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

DECEMBER 17, 1964

VOLUME 3 No. 3

We have a correction to make on the closing of North East Carry Post-office. The postal inspector changed the date to December 30th instead of December 31, 1964.

Benoit Caron, the "Mixer of the Cariboo" from Sre. Aurelie was a recent visitor at the Pittston Farm and while here he remarked that the "Father of Six" will soon be the "Father of Seven." Therrien was planning on a \$5 reduction in his income tax and when we showed him it would only be \$1.80, ah gad the tabernacles that rolled out of Georgie was something to hear.

The two driest years since the Pittston Farm weather bureau opened in 1942 were 1949 and 1957 although 1964 could very well beat this record as the following comparisons will show:

Month	1949	1957	1964
January	3.36	2.27	2.71
February	2.35	1.83	.76
March	2.07	1.82	2.44
April	2.86	1.98	2.81
May	3.58	2.97	2.77
June	2.89	3.09	2.17
July	2.61	2.81	5.55
August	3.30	2.69	3.57
September	2.18	3.31	1.63
October	1.36	1.98	2.46
November	4.05	4.75	2.68
11 Month Tot.	30.61 In.	29.50 In.	29.55 In.



ERUPTIONS FROM PITTSTON GARAGE

In '64 I've given thee
 Much love and warm affection.
 Good Lord Dear, I've tried to help provide
 A life of near perfection.
 I've sympathized, I've compromised,
 I've pampered and regaled you,
 And now you've said it's time we wed
 My Dear, where have I failed you?

Some of the "BLUE LAWS" of the Great Northern Paper Company's clerks and timekeepers as taken from our book #52:

Typewriters have been furnished at some of the larger places, for the purpose of making up special statements and must not be used for any other purpose unless the clerk is competent to operate the machine. They must be kept free from exposure when not in use.

Gambling by Clerks and Timekeepers is strictly forbidden, and must not, under any circumstances, be indulged in. Any case of violation of this rule by Clerks and Timekeepers will be summarily dealt with.

The unlawful slaughter of deer or other wild game by employees is in direct contradiction to the policy of this Company. Any employee of this Company found guilty of violating the game laws of the State, must expect to bear the consequences.

A certain home brew maker sent a sample of his beer to the U. of M. to have analysed. A few days later he received a report from Orono-- Dear Sir: "Your horse has diabetes".

ICE A LA CART

Although a first cousin of the world renown water-wagon, the water-cart or tank of the winter lumbering woods is as unsung as the night watchman of a huge manufacturing plant or the humble sweeper of coaches at a railroad terminal and many another necessary and faithful but prosaic cog in the wheel of any big working plan.

Mounted on woods sleds, drawn by two horses and manned by a crew of two woodsmen, none too pleased with their lot of the night detail, the water-tank slips out of camp in the frosty dusk when the rest of the operation is settling down for a good night's rest.

At a nearby water-hole cut through the ice of pond or stream, the water-cart comes to a standstill. The crew detaches one of the horses and hitches him to a long rope which runs through a pulley on a frame-work over a hole in the top of the tank; a barrel is attached to the end of the rope near the pulley. A runway of two poles is leaned from the hole in the ice to the opening in the big tank and the monotonous job in the sparkling cold moonlight begins. Plop! slides the barrel down the poles into the water hole; thump, thump, as the striker of the crew pushes the barrel under the water with a long pole which is attached to the bottom of it. "Aye, aye," he yells to the driver of the horse on the other end of the rope. Slosh! and the slopping, dripping barrel slides up the way to the hole in the top of the cart. "Whoa," shouts the driver; the striker shoves up on the stick attached to the barrel and the water runs into the cart. Then the man at the reins turns his steed back toward the tank, the rope goes slack and the barrel slips back to the water-hole; and so on until capacity is reached.

The horse is put back beside his mate, the crew climbs atop the heaving throne of Neptune and the water-cart swings onto the hauling road. The striker dismounts with an axe to knock out the two wooden plugs which stop holes in the rear of the tank body just over the sled runner tracks in the road. Out come the plugs followed by streams of water which spread as they leave the little metal trough at each hole. Along the hauling road slops the water-cart at a moderate speed, the sprays of water freezing almost as soon as they strike the smooth runner ruts of the snow road, for water-carts are abroad only on very cold nights. Onward until empty, then back to the filling-station and so on until the assigned mileage has been iced.

When the early dawn breaks and the teams with sleds loaded high with wood come out on the hauling road, they find it glare ice where the sleds slide easily along from the cutting yards to the landing with as much wood as can be made to stay on.

Early in the season, before hauling begins seriously, the water-tank operates at any time, night or day, when it is freezing weather. For, building a road-bed of solid ice from bottom to top as the snows come means a maximum number of days' use of this winter road; and when the spring sun drops warm lances into the softening blanket of snow in the spruce woods, and several hundreds of cords of cut and piled wood still lie on the yards, every hauling day means money to the operator.

So, like many other back-stage effect producers, the water-cart itself receives little glory. For about three hundred days of the year it sits among the weeds of a deserted woods operation, as ugly and useless appearing as a condemned boiler. Like an insurance policy, umbrella or soldier, it is appreciated to the same extent as the water that used to be in traditional well that went dry.

Of late, on operations where log-haulers and tractors are used for hauling the wood, the water-tank has a greater capacity and slides along behind a barking tractor. And at the water hole it is filled by a gasoline engine and pump.

Written by Stanley Foss Bartlett for THE NORTHERN magazine.

This year (1964-65) the above type of water-cart will become obsolete and a quick check around the area shows only two of these tanks left in existence. This year a 3,000 gallon fuel tank will be mounted on a ten wheel International truck with a 4" gasoline pump to fill it. This will be used on the Big Bog winter haul road as an experiment for the first time. Whether it will work without freezing is now the big question.

AN EPISODE FROM THE ADVENTURES OF "THE PHANTOM".

As "The Phantom" sat on his throne one morning contemplating who's appplecart he would upset today, he received a special delivery tom-tom message from Velma of a criminal act so revolting that a snarl of rage involuntarily escaped his clenched teeth; a well known DFE trapper had just skun a freshly killed bob-cat, without allowing the carcass to ferment and decay a reasonable length of time. Leaping nimbly (for one of his tremendous bulk) into his gray Rambler, choking with anger, he tore madly down the road, ignoring three flat tires and the flashing red oil light on the dash.

A game warden was checking cars at the intersection, but "The Phantom" raced by, not wishing to reveal the fact that in all his years of trapping on Company time he had never caused the slightest harm to any fur bearing animal. Another tire blew, but "The Phantom" only increased his speed in his bitter determination to see that perpetrators of criminal acts such as this be brought to justice, and the depths of their foul character be brought to the attention of innocent, unsuspecting associates (if any).

Another game warden was checking cars at the Saw Mill, but "The Phantom" did not stop, not wishing to reveal the fact that in all his years of hunting and fishing on Company time he didn't have the faintest idea what a trout looked like, and had yet to cause any amount of worry or nervousness to a deer or partridge.

As "The Phantom" crossed the Upper North Branch bridge, the spare tire in the trunk blew, the generator warning light flashed on, and the radiator boiled over, but "The Phantom", being accustomed to a steady diet of little unpleasant events such as this, did not falter, but continued to his destination, pale with anger, to confront this evil DFE person who had irked him so many times in the past, and accuse him of skinning an improperly rotted bob-cat.

At Truesdale field, another game warden was stopped, talking to Maurice Anderson. "The Phantom" drove quietly by, not wishing to reveal that in all his years of clerking for the Company, he had never done anything but hunt, fish and trap.

Since it was now 8:15, and "The Phantom" had not eaten a thing since breakfast, he turned around and returned to his cave, muttering I'll bring that ***** rat to account yet, or my name isn't George A. B- oops, I mean "The Phantom."

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"THIS CHRISTMAS CARD OF NYLON NET
WILL HELP YOU MOST WHEN WET.
IT'S EXTRA GOOD FOR POTS AND PANS,
ELIMINATES MOST DISHPAN HANDS.
SO, FOR MY YEAR LONG CHRISTMAS WISHES,
USE IT WHEN YOU DO THE DISHES.

W. M. Creagan snapped the padlock on his cottage at Seboomook last Saturday and took off on the first lap of his trip to Rhode Island.

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THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night after Christmas and, boy, what a house!
I felt like the Devil and so did the spouse.
The eggnog and turkey and candy were swell,
But 10 hours later, they sure gave me Hell!
The stockings wern't hung by the chimney with care,
The darned things were sprawled on the back of a chair.
The children were nestled all snug in their bed,
But I had a large chunk of ice on the top of my head.
And when at last I dozed off into a nap,
The ice woke me up as it fell into my lap.
Then for some unknown reason I wanted a drink,
So I started in feeling my way to the sink,
I got along fine 'till I stepped on the cat
I don't quite recall what occurred after that.
When I came to, the house was all flooded with light,
And, under the table was I as high as a kite,
With visions of suger plums dancing in my head,
I somehow got up and went back to my bed.
Then what to my wandering mind should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.
Then the sleigh seemed to turn into a red shiny truck,
And each reindeer became a bleary-eyed buck
I knew in a minute it must be Old Nick,
I tried to cry out, but my tongue was too thick.
The old devil whistled and shouted with glee,
While each buck pawed the earth and looked daggers at me.
Then he called them by name and the names made me shudder,
When I heard them, I felt like a ship minus its rudder,
"Now Eggnog! Bacardi! Four Roses! And Brandy!
Now Fruit Cake! Cold Turkey! Gin Rickey! And Candy!
To the top of his dome, to the base of his skull
Now whack away, crack away with thumps that are dull!"
And, in a twinkling, I felt on my roof
The prancing and pawing of each cloven hoof.
How long this went on I'm sure I can't say,
Though it seemed an eternity, plus an awful long day.
But finally the night after Christmas had passed
And I found that I really could think straight at last.
So I thought of the New Year a few days away
And I've made me a vow no trumper can sway.
I'm sticking to water, don't even want ice,
For there's nothing as tasty and nothing as nice.
The night after, after New Years may bother some guys,
But I've learned my lesson and, Brother I'm wise.



Great Northern

PAPER



COMPANY



6 STATE STREET
BANGOR MAINE

Greetings

For the company, and especially for the Woodlands Department and Woodlands staff in Bangor, I want to express our pleasure for the fine spirit of goodwill and cooperation that has been demonstrated by all employees throughout this past year.

May each and every one of you have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

John D. Maines
V.P. & Manager of Woodlands

Merry Christmas

Happy New Year



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Plans were underway to start hauling wood this week but the spell of weather that we had over the Christmas Holiday has made some changes. A spell of weather it was too as we started out with over ten inches of snow on the ground Thursday and by Sunday it was no longer with us. The temperatures went from 15 degrees below zero on Tuesday, December 22nd to 50 degrees above on Saturday December 26th but then Sunday evening a snow storm moved in and we got over five inches by morning and the mercury dropped to 15 above. From now on we are going to read and have faith in the Farmer's Almanac as they hit her right on the nose. They are forecasting 20 inches of snow from January 18th to the 21st and we're going to be ready for it.

NORTH EAST CARRY POSTOFFICE is now in the past so save your last day cancelation as it will be a collectors item in the near future.

Most every one is back safe but we can't say how sound after the Holiday. Pittston was not entirely deserted as the Powers with their two children, the Fernalds and Dana Dow were here to eat chicken & fixin's while the Edwards & son Billie and Mrs Edwards mother, Mrs Phyllis Ryder were across the river stuffing themselves with turkey.

FROM THE FEBRUARY, 1927 ISSUE OF THE NORTHERN--

Dr. F. J. Pritham, who was the first to drive a car into Chesuncook Village by the tote road, (though a car had gone up the lake on the ice) has set another record. On January 10 he filled the tank of his snowmobile with 30 gallons of gasoline and started for Chamberlain Lake. He drove to Grant Farm, Deer Pond and Chesuncook Village; here he crossed Chesuncook Lake and Gero Island and went up Umbazookskus Meadows past Longley Pond to the head of Umbazookskus Lake. The roads from Grant Farm to this place were in use by toters with horses but they did not go beyond McNeil's Camp at the head of Umbazookskus Lake. The doctor left his car here and proceeded to the camp at the mouth of Ellis Brook on Chamberlain Lake on snow shoes, a distance of five miles. The doctor had run his car farther north than any one had ever gone before in this country with a motor vehicle. The return trip of about 70 miles was made in seven hours.

The office of the Coburn Steam Boat Company on the wharf at Greenville Junction was totally destroyed by fire Sunday morning, January 16. When the fire was discovered shortly before three o'clock in the morning, it was too late to enter the building. The office equipment and all records were destroyed, including the contents of the safe. The connection between the office and the freight house was torn out by the fire fighters and, the wind being in the other direction, the freight house was saved.

HOPPER HEADER tells us that Stan Hall and Mickey Squiers were comparing diamond engagement rings last week. She understood that the only way Mickey could get rid of his was to promise faithfully to sever all connections with the Cariboo Club. Powers says this will make four diamonds on the one street and the name of the street should be changed to read "DIAMOND ALLEY." *****

HAPPY NEW YEAR*****HAPPY NEW YEAR*****HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE WAIL OF THE SNOW-SHOVELER

1

Come, Spring, and let thy breezes blow
Across the fragrant hills,
And radio from purple slopes
The litany of rills,
And loose the secret we would learn
From vales where pansies grow,
I'm fed up on this wintry stuff,
This everlasting snow.

2

From morn to night I'm bucking drifts,
With aching back and low,
With wooden shovel on the job
Of humping up the snow;
And only stop between the bumps
To heave a tired sigh,
A weary puffing silhouette
Against the evening sky.

3

The night but brings a short respite
To mock me with her dreams,
The good old summer's here again,
I'm wading in her streams.
And back at Pine Cliff's haunting pools
I watch the rapids sweep,
I hear the tocsin of the reel,
And see the salmon leap.

4

I wander through the scented woods,
And feel a welcome there
From whiffs of sunlight 'neath the trees
And answer with a prayer.
I roam the vespersed silences,
Where brooding nature weaves
Her undertone of lasting peace
Amid the whisperin' leaves.

5

And down along the silvery glades
When evening shadows fall,
I catch the tomtit's plaintive song
And hear the moosebird call.
And then a moan, a torturing shriek!
I wake. Oh, cruel blow!
The North wind's holl'ring down the flue;
"Turn out and shovel snow!"

6

I rush toward the window's light,
And wipe the frosted pane,
And blast my bulging blooming eyes,
The same thing o'er again.
For where I shoveled yeasterday
A struggling lump of woe,
Packed high and hard by Boreal blasts
There's five feet more of snow.

7

Oh, Sisyphus, your comeback job
Has nothing much on this,
I envy you your rolling stone,
Though far away from bliss,
At least your hands and feet are warm,
While striving there below.
I'll shove your rock at any time,
If you will shovel snow.

8

How sad and drear the uplands lift
Their brows where birches grow,
The everlasting hills beneath
The everlasting snow.
They seem apart from Nature's fold,
So alien and alone,
Amid the waste of patchless white
And weary monotone.

9

But one small speck of cheering hope
Comes hurtling through the glow,
The first-born of reluctant spring,
A solitary crow.
I watched his black wing cleave the blue
And scroll its ambling flight;
Like sable imp from darkened spheres,
Doomed to a world of white.

10

Oh, cruel fate! Why was I placed
In this nivicolous clime,
With nought but wooden shoveling
To pass away the time?
With aching limbs and chilblained feet
And lashed by northern wind;
With Crocker ointment on in front,
And Anodyne behind.

11

I do not seek the comfort now
The Sunday sermon brings,
Nor want to sit in cushioned pews
And list to heavenly things.
I wouldn't be an angel now;
Just send me down below,
Where there are no wooden shovels,
And there is no shoveling snow.

Hedley Parker, Newcastle, N. B., March 27th, 1923.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

DECEMBER 31, 1964

VOLUME 3 No. 5

Plans were underway to start hauling wood this week but the spell of weather that we had over the Christmas Holiday has made some changes. A spell of weather it was too as we started out with over ten inches of snow on the ground Thursday and by Sunday it was no longer with us. The temperatures went from 15 degrees below zero on Tuesday, December 22nd to 50 degrees above on Saturday December 26th but then Sunday evening a snow storm moved in and we got over five inches by morning and the mercury dropped to 15 above. From now on we are going to read and have faith in the Farmer's Almanac as they hit her right on the nose. They are forecasting 20 inches of snow from January 18th to the 21st and we're going to be ready for it.

NORTH EAST CARRY POSTOFFICE is now in the past so save your last day cancelation as it will be a collectors item in the near future.

Most every one is back safe but we can't say how sound after the Holiday. Pittston was not entirely deserted as the Powers with their two children, the Fernalds and Dana Dow were here to eat chicken & fixin's while the Edwards & son Billie and Mrs Edwards mother, Mrs Phyllis Ryder were across the river stuffing themselves with turkey.

FROM THE FEBRUARY, 1927 ISSUE OF THE NORTHERN--

Dr. F. J. Pritham, who was the first to drive a car into Chesuncook Village by the tote road, (though a car had gone up the lake on the ice) has set another record. On January 10 he filled the tank of his snowmobile with 30 gallons of gasoline and started for Chamberlain Lake. He drove to Grant Farm, Deer Pond and Chesuncook Village; here he crossed Chesuncook Lake and Gero Island and went up Umbazookskus Meadows past Longley Pond to the head of Umbazookskus Lake. The roads from Grant Farm to this place were in use by toters with horses but they did not go beyond McNeil's Camp at the head of Umbazookskus Lake. The doctor left his car here and proceeded to the camp at the mouth of Ellis Brook on Chamberlain Lake on snow shoes, a distance of five miles. The doctor had run his car farther north than any one had ever gone before in this country with a motor vehicle. The return trip of about 70 miles was made in seven hours.

The office of the Coburn Steam Boat Company on the wharf at Greenville Junction was totally destroyed by fire Sunday morning, January 16. When the fire was discovered shortly before three o'clock in the morning, it was too late to enter the building. The office equipment and all records were destroyed, including the contents of the safe. The connection between the office and the freight house was torn out by the fire fighters and, the wind being in the other direction, the freight house was saved.

HOPPER HEADER tells us that Stan Hall and Mickey Squiers were comparing diamond engagement rings last week. She understood that the only way Mickey could get rid of his was to promise faithfully to sever all connections with the Cariboo Club. Powers says this will make four diamonds on the one street and the name of the street should be changed to read "DIAMOND ALLEY." *****

HAPPY NEW YEAR*****HAPPY NEW YEAR*****HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE WAIL OF THE SNOW-SHOVELER

1

Come, Spring, and let thy breezes blow
Across the fragrant hills,
And radio from purple slopes
The litany of rills,
And loose the secret we would learn
From vales where pansies grow,
I'm fed up on this wintry stuff,
This everlasting snow.

2

From morn to night I'm bucking drifts,
With aching back and low,
With wooden shovel on the job
Of humping up the snow;
And only stop between the bumps
To heave a tired sigh,
A weary puffing silhouette
Against the evening sky.

3

The night but brings a short respite
To mock me with her dreams,
The good old summer's here again,
I'm wading in her streams.
And back at Pine Cliff's haunting pools
I watch the rapids sweep,
I hear the tocsin of the reel,
And see the salmon leap.

4

I wander through the scented woods,
And feel a welcome there
From whisps of sunlight 'neath the trees
And answer with a prayer.
I roam the vespersed silences,
Where brooding nature weaves
Her undertone of lasting peace
Amid the whisperin' leaves.

5

And down along the silvery glades
When evening shadows fall,
I catch the tomtit's plaintive song
And hear the moosebird call.
And then a moan, a torturing shriek!
I wake. Oh, cruel blow!
The North wind's holl'ring down the flue;
"Turn out and shovel snow!"

6

I rush toward the window's light,
And wipe the frosted pane,
And blast my bulging blooming eyes,
The same thing o'er again.
For where I shoveled yeasterday
A struggling lump of woe,
Packed high and hard by Boreal blasts
There's five feet more of snow.

7

Oh, Sisyphus, your comeback job
Has nothing much on this,
I envy you your rolling stone,
Though far away from bliss,
At least your hands and feet are warm,
While striving there below.
I'll shove your rock at any time,
If you will shovel snow.

8

How sad and drear the uplands lift
Their brows where birches grow,
The everlasting hills beneath
The everlasting snow.
They seem apart from Nature's fold,
So alien and alone,
Amid the waste of patchless white
And weary monotone.

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Phil Paquet started a few men hauling this week. Some of his wood will be landed in sight of Pittston office this year. We understand Phil has a new cook and that he waited a couple of days for the bread truck to come in. It must of been quite a shock for him when the toter dropped a hundred pound sack of flour into his arms instead of a case of bread.

They are still waiting for cold weather and more snow in the North Branch area but expect to get under way next week. Adelard Gilbert got under way Monday of this week and Marcoux has over 800 cds landed.

Freddie Parent and Herb Hanson joined the Snow Removal forces at the Farm this week and are in the market for some snow to plow.

Chet Freeman transferred to the Pittston area this week. Chet started his Northern career as a timekeeper at Foster-Knowlton Pond in 1934 and has been in the Millinocket area ever since.

John Roberts picked up a few more battle scars Tuesday when his pick-up truck nose-dived into the ditch. We understand that Chet Freeman, his co-pilot has applied for more insurance coverage already.

George Bessey got himself into a awful lot of cold water this past weekend trying to trip along behind George Therrien over some very, very thin ice. We heard Beaver Bill muttering about a moose was supposed to have four legs and not two but we are not sure he was referring to Bessey.

"Ayeh!" "Velma the Operator" has started a new fad! Last week her hair was a silver gray--this week it is purple and only time will tell just what color it will be next week. We seem to recall that Ed Robinson's wife got tangled up with hair dye a few years ago and the predominant color was green. Oh Well! There are worse colors than green so we're keeping our fingers crossed for a week or two.

Mrs Worthing had over 200 last day cancellations at the North East Carry Postoffice. They have already become a collectors item as Mrs Worthing received quite a few requests after December 30th which was just too late. Since some of these were from stamp dealers we're going to make a guess they'll be looking for some to buy before too long.

The 32.16 inches of precipitation at Pittston for 1964 sets a new record low for this area since the records began in 1941. Our records shows 32.64 inches in 1949 and 33.82 for 1955. The lowest the water storage at Rip Dam has been since the power plant went into operation in 1953 was 1957 and that year we had 34.48 inches of precipitation. A check with Gene Sargent at the Water Dispatcher's office shows the storage at Rip Dam on November 2, 1957 was .49 billion cubic feet and November 2, 1964 there was 16. billion cubic feet. The water was so low in 1957 that the Company was unable to launch the big tow boat.

Arthur Lepage became the proud father of a new son on December 22 nd. This gives Arthur his second son and Napoleon now has 2 grandsons and 16 grand daughters.

A recent letter from the Lou Stearns of New York reminded us that Mr. Hempstead wrote a poem for the Northern about F. A. Gilbert and his family and we're taking the time this week to recall it to her memory.

HAPPY DAYS AT ROCKWOOD

Demure Miss Janet Gilbert
And sturdy brother Fred,
With Mother, Charles and Daddy,
Came visiting Moosehead.
Equipped with balls and "buggies,"
A camera and boots,
They came to play in Rockwood
Among the stones and roots.

Here Janet took fine pictures,
And Charles his buggy rode,
While Fred played ball with Ella,
And Mother watched and sewed.
And then with pans and water
The children made mud pies,
And laughed and played together,
And daily grew in size.

Of all the happy hours
The happiest of the day
Was dinner time when Daddy
From business ran away.
For though great matters pressed him
From early morn till night,
Each day the dinner hour
With his family brought delight.

Then all away to Pittston
A precious load they went,
With many careful guardians
On varied pleasures bent.
While there they rode their buggies,
And there they fished with Dad,
And there they picked blueberries,
And merry times they had.

O happy, happy childhood,
So full of things worth while,
The mountains, lakes, and wildwood,
Vacation's hours beguile.
With pictures all around them,
No artist's brush could paint,
And air so pure and bracing
No fell disease can taint.

In time for Janet's birthday
To Hampden they went back,
Where Trix and Billy Whiskers
Of care ne'er find a lack.
While those who stay in the woodland
Recall them all with cheer,
And hope that Pittston and Kineo
Will see them again next year.

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By E. P. Hempstead----October, 1924 Northern

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Mickey Squiers is determined to get dividends from his investment on "Dimond Alley" as there was an announcement in the Sunday paper of the engagement of Maxim Squiers & Simone Boucher. Mickey's co-partners are no doubt planning to use their investment to claim a loss on their 1964 income tax returns.

Caron's Spa, seat of the famous "Cariboo Club" was reminiscent of prohibition days last Thursday night when the North West Mounted Police banged their way into the bar-room and yelled above the din and the glare, "Every one keep their seats. This is a search and seisure." Sure enough, they seized everything but part of a jug of Geneva gin and they would have taken that but the stench of Juniper Berries was too much for their delicate nostrils. If the liquor store employees strike continues the "Club Cariboo" will have to seek new quarters on the American side of the boundary or call Ex-Presidink Al Leighton back from the Rangeley Lakes to settle the dispute.

The icy roads claimed a lot of victims over the weekend. We think it was Charlie Tobey, Fish & Game Inspector that made three sudden "ditch stops" between Rockwood and Pittston. We know that it was Fred Chasse that made three sudden "ditch stops" Monday and then tied his car up at Pittston. The latest victim was the mail-man. Hopper Header says, Clarence fell asleep while driving and his wife, Isobel gave him a poke to wake him up which resulted in a broken finger on her part.

We see where Alvah Gilman's son passed away recently. Alvah was of the old school having worked at the Kineo and Greenville shops for many years. He now lives at 49 Harris Street, Patchhog, New York.

Martin Murphy, "Keeper of the Rainey Brook Chain" entered the Sister: Hospital in Waterville this week.

It sure is curious why when there is any skullduggery going on in the country that everybody points their finger at Fernald. Why, just last Thursday night Mrs Anna Worthing, retired North East Carry Post-Mistress called me and wanted to know what I had done now and when I answered, "Don't know! What?" She replied, "You've sold Moosehead Lake thats what you have done!" While I was stuttering, heming and hawing she went on to say she had just had a telephone call from a friend out in New Hampshire telling her about it and that it was headlines in the newspaper and he was all shook up about it. Finally Mrs Worthing calmed down enough to tell me that the headlines were in the Enterprise which explained everything so I reached for the paper to see what it was all about and no paper. The paper came Friday and there was the headlines, "Moosehead Lake Sold". Plans in the making to move the town of Greenville and to dam Lily Bay to make a pool. They also mentioned selling power which leads me to believe the "Moose Party" is about to be revived since the Democrats and Republicans have got too many power projects already to use for election platforms. Once again Fernald exonerates himself as John Gould had to be the culprit.

MY FIRST COURTSHIP (PART 1)

1

Who seeks to drown the heart's first love
Will find it harder, even,
Than that old task, in Palestine,
To stone the truth from Stephen.

2

For dress, which I may never need,
With songs, which none should sing or write,
Through lunacy I have agreed
To come and make you laugh to-night.

3

The bond is signed, and stamped and sealed,
And I must execute the job,
Though every smile that you may yield
Has cost my bleeding heart a throb.

4

For, ah, my mortal brothers,
The misery that thrives in me
They take to some distillery,
And make it joy for others.

5

I come here with the tongue of ryme,
To tell you for your pelf,
What each of you may know and feel,
But cannot tell yourself.

6

I come to make your hearts elate,
And drain your eyes of tears,
And all beneath the sagging weight
Of more than fifty years.

7

But then, my friends, I deem it meet
To tell you plain, to make you laugh,
I've now and then a grain of wheat
Mixed with a mighty lot of chaff.

8

My reason for this scrimp is this:-
Some stomachs hold a frightful heap;
And 'twill not pay to fill them up,
Unless the food comes mighty cheap.

9

Besides, whene'er I read my rymes,
And keenly look my audience o'er,
I always see (or find at times)
Among my crowd one fool or more.

10

The conscientious, brainless man
Puts out his scrip for real chaff,
And 'twere gross fraud upon the fool
Should I not try to make him laugh.

11

But as the thing looks here to-night,
(I state the fact 'twixt you and me)
If laughing is confined to fools,
Then fools have the majority.

12

I like the blessed law of change,
And so, to-night, I change my rules,
And every one who will not laugh,
I enter on my list of fools.

13

Each mortal has a two-fold form,
Distinct as saint and sinner,-
One is the outer form, you see,
The other is the inner.

14

I shall speak words to many a soul,
Who, coming out to hear me,
Would like to use, at many a point,
His outer form to cheer me.

15

It may not do--convention's codes
Stand grimly to deride one,
So cheer me with your inner form,
If not with the outside one.

16

Through all the pestering scenes of life
Each brother has his special need,
Some need religion--some a wife--
A dog, or a velocipede--
And many on this earthly ball,
To keep them straight should have them all.

17

My Muse knows no partialty--
But sends her notes, so thrilling,
For satin, broadcloth, and for silk,
And also for blue drilling.

18

I have seen flirting oft afar
In Tuilleries and Boulevard;
I have seen courting going on
Up in the Scottish highlands,
In Celtic hut, and Switzer's cot,
And in the sea-girt islands;

19

But know not what true love may be,
When dosed and dabbled out among
The numerous wives of Brigham Young,
Or peddled out to two or three.

20

I cannot talk to you in words
Which you can fully understand,
Who, born with gold spoons 'tween the lips,
Or some proud scepter in the hand,
And never felt Fate's grabs and grips;
But you, who born, as I was born,
In modern or in earlier times,
With sand and hay-seed in your hair,
And grew, like Topsy, without care--
I sing to you in these odd rym.

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I sing to you in these odd rymes.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 21, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 8

The following wood has been landed: Henri Marcoux, 2,995; Adelard Gilbert, 2,817; Phillip Paquet, 2,654; Wellie Caouette, 2,200; Alfred Nadeau, 1,732; Lucien Gosselin, 1,500 and I.L. Dumas, 500 cords. Total landed to date, 14,398 cords. This leaves 72,265 cords to go. It was a year ago today that we got .81 inches of rain that stopped everyone from hauling for several days. The snow board says 7 inches today.

Mr. & Mrs Maurice Bartlett arrived at Mt. Dora, Florida on Tuesday January 12th. Maurice says they run into some snow troubles in Virginia again this year. Their mail address is Rt. #1 Box #1614, Mt. Dora.

Bill Nye advises every one who tries to start a car in cold weather to be sure to check the gasoline situation. Towing a car several miles and wearing out booster batteries at 10 below zero is sure an interesting pastime, especially with an empty gas tank. It should be the wife's duty to keep the gas tank full when the husband is away trying to earn enough money to pay for it.

We have just located in the archives a wall size map and we mean wall size. It shows North Twin Dam, Quackish Lake, Rines Pitch, Grand Pitch, Shad Pond and Millinocket Stream before there ever was a Stone Dam or any part of Millinocket. The only building shown was labeled "Powers Farm." We are going to guess that it was made to show the contour lines for Fergurson Pond. The paper seems to be linen and the workmanship we would consider as being excellent.

We feel this map would be a great asset to Research & Engineering or perhaps to the Water Dispatcher's office and we're open to negotiations on the subject. Monetarily there is no price tag on it but we will exchange it for something they have access to and we don't.

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Mr. Howard Comber, our oil dealer in this area lost his home and all the contents by fire last Friday afternoon and we are making up a purse for him. If you wish us to add your name to the list make the check payable to "Comber Fund" and mail it to Pittston Farm, Rockwood.

LETTER #13 TO ALL CLERKS

DECEMBER 23, 1913

The rate of board to men laying in camp will from this date on be 60@ per day and it will be discretionary with superintendants as to the instances in which it shall be charged. It is the Company's desire to apply this rule only in cases where the man laying in is an out and out loafer.

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER CO.,
BY P.E. WHALEN

21

When, for the first time in your life,
You dream of those strange words, a wife,
And from your mother's cupboard go,
And the first time in earnest throw,
In kind of bashful, leisure haste,
Your green arm 'round a green girl' waist,
If, like the mariner, when tossed
On wave, with chart and compass lost,
Who trusts his helm, when tempest driven,
To the old dipper star in heaven;
She, in her new and girlish bliss,
Will trust your first raw, country kiss,
Then look as happy's though she knew
She'd got one hard week's washing through,
And if it gives your nerves a twist,
And sends a prickling through the wrist,
Much like a tunk on the point
Or apex of your elbow joint,
Brings from your stomach long-drawn sighs,
And pumps up water through the eyes,--
Then bet that you are both in love,
And that the match was made above;
That you and she, through smiles and tears,
Will live and love through life's long years,
She turning with her wealth of soul,
As turns the needle to the pole;
Then clinging through your rise and fall,
As clings the ivy to the wall,--
Unless some fancy, curl-haired fop
Wades in, and breaks love's crockery up.
That thing was done, as you shall see,
Betwixt Almira Grant and me.

22

Yes, I have loved like other folks,
Who've benn to institutions,
Though love, like whisky, different works
On different constitutions.

23

A man may blindly love for years,
Without his neighbors knowing it,
As one may own the rarest gem,
And not be always showing it.

24

'Twas at a country paring-bee
I met the fair Almira,--
I reckon from that blessed day
As Arabs from Hegira.

25

I waited on her home that night,
And spent the coming day with her,
And fixed my mouth a thousand times
To ask if I might stay with her.

MORE TO COME NEXT WEEK

26

Upon my chair I played old reels,
By drumming with my fingers,
And felt, no doubt, as darkness feels
Which round the daylight lingers.

27

We both were verdant as the blade
Of grass in summer weather;
But then methought that we were made
To ripen off together.

28

Some bards would make her free from sin,
And say that angels chased her,
To feast their eyes upon her skin,
Which shamed pure alabaster.

29

And paint her graceful, swan-like neck--
Her flowing auburn tresses--
Her Chinese feet, and arching back--
Her Aidenn-born caresses:

30

Her laughing eyes and sunny cheek,
Her breath so pure and balmy,
Her pearly teeth, erect and trained,
Like soldiers for the army.

31

In building roads or telling yarns
I'm death against this crooking,--
I only say that she was more
Then decently good looking.

32

She claimed no blood from royal fools--
Her father was a yeoman,
Who owned his farm and farming tools,--
Her mother was a woman.

33

One thing can truthfully be said,
Almira would not crawl from bed,
And sit two hours a yawning;
She seldom slopped and never sloshed,
Her back hair combed and face she washed
And then the darling girl, beside,
Would always have her shoe-strings tied
The first thing in the morning.

34

Whene'er she stood, Almira looked
Straight as a gun from end to end;
She was not twisted, warped nor crook'd,
By what they call the Grecian bend.
My neighbor's girl--Placenta Ladd--
That Grecian bend, she had it bad,
She caught it down at Saratogue,
From one who had a foreign brogue.

JANUARY 21, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 8

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Those hardy Canadiens stick right to their tasks;
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SEBOOMOOK DAM

F.A. Gilbert, Esq., Bangor, Maine

September 30, 1912

Dear Sir: In connection with the Seboomook Dam. Mr. Bowler writes it will probably be completed by the 15th of December.. The plans give the elevation of the dam and the old and new flowage basin.

We would like the following information:

Does all the land which is overflowed belong to the Company?

Has it been entirely cleared?

Is the new dam below or above the old dam?

Under what specifications as regards construction is new dam being built?

From what point was it necessary to build the road in order to bring in the material?

What was the cost of the road?

How much has already been spent upon the dam exclusive of the road, and how much money will it take to complete the dam?

Finally, what will the total cost be of the dam and the road?

We would also like any general information concerning the job.

The writer has been questioned a good deal about the dam, but I have not had full information regarding it.

Yours Truly,

Have you any photographs?

W. A. Whitcomb, Gen. Manager

Mr. W. A. Whitcomb,

October 2, 1912

45 Milk St., Boston Mass.

Dear Sir: We are directed by Mr. Gilbert to furnish you with complete information about the work of raising the timber dam at Seboomook.

It was found that the capacity of the basin with the crest at elevation 1054 (old dam) was 1,360,000,000 cu. ft. and that by raising the dam 10 feet the capacity would be increased 2,040,000,000 cu. ft.

Plans were made for raising the timber dam 10 feet, and the cost estimated at \$27,000. exclusive of gates and gate hoists which were somewhat indeterminate at the time.

A survey of the flowage gave the following results as to acreage flowed and ownership:- Elevation 1064

Township	Owner	Acreage	flowage	Timber flowed
Seboomook	G.N.P. Co.	471		Not Estimated
East ½ Boyd	No. Me. Land Co.	330		Not Estimated
West ½ Boyd	Cassidy	1623		6,541,000 Ft
Pittston	G.N.P. Co.	505		Not Estimated
Total added flowage		2929	acres	

Total timber not owned by G.N.P. Co. and Northern Maine Land Co.
6,541,000 FBM owned by Cassidy.

For the purpose of moving materials into the dam a new road was constructed 2.2 miles long at a cost of \$5609.81. There was an old woods road to the dam over which supplies has been moved at \$4.50 to \$5. per ton, 3 miles. We are moving supplies over the new road for about \$1. per ton, 3 miles. The construction of the dam will require 800 tons of supplies all going over this road.

Progress of work:-

There had been expended to Aug. 31 on the dam.....\$5038.49

Estimated for September..... 6000.00

Total to October 1st \$11038.49

.....CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.....

SEBOOMOOK DAM (cont)

The work is 40% completed.

Finally the total cost of all the work is estimated:-

Road from Seboomook to Seboomook Dam	\$5609.81
Raising present dam 10 feet complete	31000.00
Fills required on Pittston Road,	2827.74
Flowage line and engineering,	2000.00
Total	<u>\$41437.55</u>

Add the cost of flowage and clearing the flowage.

We are sending under separate cover reports covering each step of the work in detail as follows:-

1. Storage Seboomook Dam if raised 10 feet to elevation 1064.
2. Estimate cost of raising Seboomook Dam 10 feet to 1064 and materials required.
3. Estimate of cost of road to Seboomook Dam.
Cost of road completed.
4. Land flowed by raising Seboomook Dam 10 feet.
Ownership and acreage.
5. Pittston-Seboomook Road Fills required for raising Seboomook Dam 10 feet.

And plans showing the work in detail as follows:-

1. Plan old dam at Seboomook Dam at elevation 1054.
2. Plans for raising Seboomook Dam 10 feet.
3. Location of proposed road to Seboomook Dam.
4. Profile of proposed road to Seboomook Dam.
5. Plan Seboomook Dam Flowage.
6. Seboomook Dam flowage west half Boyd.
7. Seboomook Dam flowage Seboomook township.
8. Pittston-Seboomook road fill. Near Pittston.
9. Pittston-Seboomook road fill. Beaver Brook.

We hope that this is the information you require. Should there be anything further that we can add we shall be glad to do so. We expect the work will be completed about December 15th.

Respectfully yours,
Everett E. Amy, Dept. Land Survey.

NO. 20 CIRCULAR LETTER FEBRUARY 5, 1914
TO ALL TIMEKEEPERS:-

Despite our previous warning it is deplorably true that many of our timekeepers have neglected to look after supplies and equipment in a way that shows they have the interest of the Company at heart. In a good many places that we know of equipment is scattered around and lost under the snow. Supplies get wet and frozen in the dingles, some of them covered up with other goods and lost track of; and good grain bags are laying around everywhere with no more attention paid to them than to the chips near the wood pile. We want every timekeeper to cultivate a memory for the following: That although keeping time and wangan accounts is an important duty and should be attended to properly and primarily there is another branch of his routine work, namely, the checking, recording, accounting, and care of every conceivable article of supplies and equipment that he must either attend to or get out, so we can put someone in who will. The usual April excuses will not be listened to hereafter no matter how well put

Yours very truly, By-P.E. Whalen.....

35

In gazing on some lovely form,
Right from the hand of Nature warm,
Although your love be sizzling hot,
The fear of fist or pistol shot
From lover, father, or from brother,
Or swinging broomstick from the mother,
May silence you from winking
Too often at the luscious dear,
But, thank the Lord, one thing is clear:-
Our courts have not decided yet
A lovesick fellow cannot sit
Stock still and keep a thinking.

36

In those old times if we should court
Two girls of Jones' or Hilliard's,
Who weighed one hundred sixty pounds,
Each, by her father's steelyards.

37

One thing is sure as time and tide,
That we were safe in betting,
'T was solid girl, and nothing else,
That you and I were getting.

38

But now the flame you're "fluking" with
Perhaps is mostly "boughten,"
Made up in part of rubber goods,
And part of cork and cotton.

39

Those peeping mole hills 'neath her chin,
To craze some frail beholder,
Perhaps are gutta percha balls
A peddling Jew has sold her.

40

And ten to one, the bridal night
May prove your festive charmer
Has nought but artificial legs--
Those patent legs by Palmer.

41

And she, whom paste has made as fair
As Whittier's Maud Muller,
May prove by touch of Castile soap
Quite of a different color.

42

The girls we picked in days of yore,
Before we had to choose 'em,
We peaked to notice if they wore
Crash towels in the bosom.

43

I care not what another says-
As woman rigs up now-a-days,
It muddles up your head
To know which part to call your wife--
The real partner of your life--

43

The part that she takes off at night,
By gas, or lamp, or candle light,
Or the part that goes to bed.

44

What shall be done, cries every one,
From priest to the wood-sawyer,--
I give advice, not as a saint,
But give it as a lawyer:-

45

Have faith that all is genuine;
But ere the anxious lover
Invests his all in fancy stocks,
He'd better look them over.

46

Some things the old folks seem to prize
Above her being fair:
Her mother told me that her girl
Was rugged as a bear.

47

And then the old man bragged, that she
Was built just like her mother;
Was just as limber as an eel,
And just as tough as leather.

48

He bragged, that she was hard as horn,
And she could stand the hardest knocks,
And never yet had lost a meal
But once, when she and Huldah Neil
Took cold one night in husking corn--
That Fall, they had the chicken-pox.

49

When racked by pain and bowed by care,
Like most of us at present,
I think each stricken heart should feel
That "tough and rugged as a bear,"
And "just as limber as an eel,"
Are phrases rather pleasant.

50

A healthy soul we all should prize,
But then 'tis doubtful whether
You well can run a rugged soul
And feeble form together.

51

If soul or body gets the pole,
Each makes bad time forever,
The same as Bonner's horse of fame--
I think that Dexter is his name--
The same perchance, or even worse,
If geared, when trotting on the course,
Beside a yearling heifer.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

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45 Milk St., Boston Mass.

Dear Sir: We are directed by Mr. Gilbert to furnish you with complete information about the work of raising the timber dam at Seboomook.

It was found that the capacity of the basin with the crest at elevation 1054 (old dam) was 1,360,000,000 cu. ft. and that by raising the dam 10 feet the capacity would be increased 2,040,000,000 cu. ft.

Plans were made for raising the timber dam 10 feet, and the cost estimated at \$27,000. exclusive of gates and gate hoists which were somewhat indeterminate at the time.

A survey of the flowage gave the following results as to acreage flowed and ownership:- Elevation 1064

Township	Owner	Acrees flowage	Timber flowed
Seboomook	G.N.P. Co.	471	Not Estimated
East ½ Boyd	No. Me. Land Co.	330	Not Estimated
West ½ Boyd	Cassidy	1623	6,541,000 Ft
Pittston	G.N.P. Co.	505	Not Estimated

Total added flowage 2929 acres

Total timber not owned by G.N.P. Co. and Northern Maine Land Co. 6,541,000 FBM owned by Cassidy.

For the purpose of moving materials into the dam a new road was constructed 2.2 miles long at a cost of \$5609.81 . There was an old woods road to the dam over which supplies has been moved, at \$4.50 to \$5. per ton, 3 miles. We are moving supplies over the new road for about \$1. per ton, 3 miles. The construction of the dam will require 800 tons of supplies all going over this road.

Progress of work:-

There had been expended to Aug. 31 on the dam.....\$5038.49

Estimated for September..... 6000.00

Total to October 1st \$11038.49

.....CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.....

SEBOOMOOK DAM (cont)

The work is 40% completed.

Finally the total cost of all the work is estimated:-

Road from Seboomook to Seboomook Dam	\$5609.81
Raising present dam 10 feet complete	31000.00
Fills required on Pittston Road,	2827.74
Flowage line and engineering,	2000.00
Total	<u>\$41437.55</u>

Add the cost of flowage and clearing the flowage.

We are sending under separate cover reports covering each step of the work in detail as follows:-

1. Storage Seboomook Dam if raised 10 feet to elevation 1064.
2. Estimate cost of raising Seboomook Dam 10 feet to 1064 and materials required.
3. Estimate of cost of road to Seboomook Dam.
Cost of road completed.
4. Land flowed by raising Seboomook Dam 10 feet.
Ownership and acreage.
5. Pittston-Seboomook Road Fills required for raising Seboomook Dam 10 feet.

And plans showing the work in detail as follows:-

1. Plan old dam at Seboomook Dam at elevation 1054.
2. Plans for raising Seboomook Dam 10 feet.
3. Location of proposed road to Seboomook Dam.
4. Profile of proposed road to Seboomook Dam.
5. Plan Seboomook Dam Flowage.
6. Seboomook Dam flowage west half Boyd.
7. Seboomook Dam flowage Seboomook township.
8. Pittston-Seboomook road fill. Near Pittston.
9. Pittston-Seboomook road fill. Beaver Brook.

We hope that this is the information you require. Should there be anything further that we can add we shall be glad to do so. We expect the work will be completed about December 15th.

Respectfully yours,
Everett E. Amy, Dept. Land Survey.

NO. 20 CIRCULAR LETTER FEBRUARY 5, 1914
TO ALL TIMEKEEPERS:-

Despite our previous warning it is deplorably true that many of our timekeepers have neglected to look after supplies and equipment in a way that shows they have the interest of the Company at heart. In a good many places that we know of equipment is scattered around and lost under the snow. Supplies get wet and frozen in the dingles, some of them covered up with other goods and lost track of; and good grain bags are laying around everywhere with no more attention paid to them than to the chips near the wood pile. We want every timekeeper to cultivate a memory for the following: That although keeping time and wangan accounts is an important duty and should be attended to properly and primarily there is another branch of his routine work, namely, the checking, recording, accounting, and care of every conceivable article of supplies and equipment that he must either attend to or get out, so we can put someone in who will. The usual April excuses will not be listened to hereafter no matter how well put

Yours very truly, By-P.E. Whalen.....

35

In gazing on some lovely form,
Right from the hand of Nature warm,
Although your love be sizzling hot,
The fear of fist or pistol shot
From lover, father, or from brother,
Or swinging broomstick from the mother,
May silence you from winking
Too often at the luscious dear,
But, thank the Lord, one thing is clear:-
Our courts have not decided yet
A lovesick fellow cannot sit
Stock still and keep a thinking.

36

In those old times if we should court
Two girls of Jones' or Hilliard's,
Who weighed one hundred sixty pounds,
Each, by her father's steelyards.

37

One thing is sure as time and tide,
That we were safe in betting,
'T was solid girl, and nothing else,
That you and I were getting.

38

But now the flame you're "fluking" with
Perhaps is mostly "boughten,"
Made up in part of rubber goods,
And part of cork and cotton.

39

Those peeping mole hills 'neath her chin,
To craze some frail beholder,
Perhaps are gutta percha balls
A peddling Jew has sold her.

40

And ten to one, the bridal night
May prove your festive charmer
Has nought but artificial legs--
Those patent legs by Palmer.

41

And she, whom paste has made as fair
As Whittier's Maud Muller,
May prove by touch of Castile soap
Quite of a different color.

42

The girls we picked in days of yore,
Before we had to choose 'em,
We peaked to notice if they wore
Crash towels in the bosom.

43

I care not what another says--
As woman rigs up now-a-days,
It muddles up your head
To know which part to call your wife--
The real partner of your life--

43

The part that she takes off at night,
By gas, or lamp, or candle light,
Or the part that goes to bed.

44

What shall be done, cries every one,
From priest to the wood-sawyer,--
I give advice, not as a saint,
But give it as a lawyer:-

45

Have faith that all is genuine;
But ere the anxious lover
Invests his all in fancy stocks,
He'd better look them over.

46

Some things the old folks seem to prize
Above her being fair:
Her mother told me that her girl
Was rugged as a bear.

47

And then the old man bragged, that she
Was built just like her mother;
Was just as limber as an eel,
And just as tough as leather.

48

He bragged, that she was hard as horn,
And she could stand the hardest knocks,
And never yet had lost a meal
But once, when she and Huldah Neil
Took cold one night in husking corn--
That Fall, they had the chicken-pox.

49

When racked by pain and bowed by care,
Like most of us at present,
I think each stricken heart should feel
That "tough and rugged as a bear,"
And "just as limber as an eel,"
Are phrases rather pleasant.

50

A healthy soul we all should prize,
But then 'tis doubtful whether
You well can run a rugged soul
And feeble form together.

51

If soul or body gets the pole,
Each makes bad time forever,
The same as Bonner's horse of fame--
I think that Dexter is his name--
The same perchance, or even worse,
If geared, when trotting on the course,
Beside a yearling heifer.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

February 4, 1965

VOLUME 3 No.10

JANUARY WEATHER REPORT

Mean Maximum Temp.	17.6 deg.	Maximum Temperature	40 deg.
Mean Minimum Temp.	4.9 "	Minimum Temperature	-26 "
Mean Temp. for month	11.2 "	Precipitation for month	1.79 inches

Total snowfall for month: 20 inches; For year or rather the winter to date is 54 inches. Accumulation on ground February 1st, 21 inches.

The hauling conditions are about the best they could be at this time and from all reports there was a few records broken last week. Truck wood landed for the week: Adelard Gilbert, 2,447 cords with three cranes & nine trucks; Lucien Gosselin, 2,139 cords with three cranes & 12 trucks; Alfred Nadeau, 2,040 cords with three cranes & 12 trucks; Wellie Caouette, 1,900 cords with three cranes & 10 trucks; Henri Marcoux, 1,661 cords with three cranes & 12 trucks; Phillip Paquet, 1,460 cords with 1 crane & 8 tractors; I. L. Dumas, 1,100 cords; Jos. Poulin, 485 cords. This shows a weekly average of 212 cords per truck and 776 cords per crane on the truck wood.

Total landed to date: Wellie Caouette, 6,583 cords; Adelard Gilbert, 7,468 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 5,936 cords; Henri Marcoux, 6,863 cords; Alfred Nadeau, 5,626 cords; Phillip Paquet, 5,919 cords; Dumas, 3,085 cords; Poulin, 650 cords. Total landed to date, 42,130 cords and balance to land, 44,594 cords.

BE SURE BRAIN IS ENGAGED BEFORE PUTTING MOUTH IN GEAR.

OPENING OF THE B. & P. R. R. EXTENSION:- Monday morning the first regular train went over the B. & P extension to Greenville. The train was well laden with passengers from Bangor and other places, also several from Dover and Foxcroft. The advent of the first train was hailed with joy by the people of Greenville. The mixed train will not be run to the terminus for the present, but will stop at Blanchard as heretofore. The post office department has ordered an extension of the present mail service on the B. & P Railroad. It will now be called the Greenville and Oldtown Railway Post Office; the extension will be 14.01 miles long and the change will be made Monday, July 27, 1884.

From newspaper clippings in the Aaron Capen diary. Under date of July 22, 1884, Tuesday: Northerly and Westerly wind, fair day some clouds. I started for Katahdin Iron Works, went down on the railroad for the first time.....

Bill Elliot from the Water Dispatcher's office dropped in last Friday to check snow and water conditions. He found 21 inches of snow on the ground with a water contents of 2½ inches.

The fund for the Combers was presented to them last Friday and this week we had a letter of appreciation from them. We have not closed this fund out as yet so if you have overlooked your donation you can send it along any time.

Mrs Bertha Ricker, Prop. of Jackman Hotel is in the Murtha Memorial Hospital. A card will reach her at Jackman Station, Maine.

Doug Smith, Paul Bossie and Dick Goodrich are in the area checking to see if they are going to get all the wood that was cut this year.

Monday, February 22,nd is George's birthday and on that date the Ste. Aurelie Boundary Customs and Immigration will be closed unless a special provision is made in advance.

SINCE THERE WAS NO ONE AROUND TO BLAME FOR SPILLING BEER

IN HIS LAP, SLUSH CONCLUDED THAT IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB.....

MEMORIES OF MOUNT KATAHDIN

There's a valley I know, where the bright waters flow,
And the birds gaily sing all day long;
And some day I'll go back, to my little log shack,
For 'tis there that I know I belong.

It has been many days, and I've trod some strange ways,
Since I strayed from that low cabin door;
But my memory turns and my heart fondly yearns,
Just to go back and see it once more.

This world has no place in it's mad-rushing race,
For a lover of Nature like me;
Oft in fancy I roam, to my far distant home,
From this turmoil I long to be free,

Where Katahdin so high, nearly touches the sky,
As she stands in her grandeur supreme,
Where the gay laughing waters unceasingly flow,
To meet in the beautiful valley below,
Stands the home that I see in my dreams.

I need but shut my eyes, for a vision to rise,
Of that wild rustic scene I adore,
That cabin of mine, with it's blossoming vine,
And the flowers that grew around the door.

Yes, some day I'll go back, to that place I love best,
'Mid it's scenes of wild splendor to take my last rest,
In that Vale where I dwelt in the sweet long ago,
Where the bright laughing waters of Abol still flow.

TOMMY WHELAN.....

Tommy adds the following note:

I camped one summer near the foot of Mount Katahdin, in Maine, while doing Fire Patrol work for the Great Northern Paper Company. My cabin was located near a beautiful little falls on the upper branch of Abol Stream (Short for Abol-jack-amegus, which means "Place where the water laughs in coming down"). A short distance below the two branches united in a beautiful valley. As Autumn came on and the leaves took on their gay colors it was a sight to behold, which still lives in my memory. I want to some time go back; Once I was almost there but did not have the time to go all the way. Maybe someday an old man will walk with heavy steps along the trails where so lightly I trod as a young man. I fancy the valley will be little changed and the voice of the Falls will sound as it did of Yore. Some day.

Adelard Gilbert had his first contract to cut pulpwood for the Company in 1951 although previous to that he cut in the vicinity of 60,000 cords under sub-contract for Peter Drouin in the St. John country. Since 1951 he has cut the following:

1951-52	5th St. John	24,730	cds	1958-59	Caucongmac Lake	4,421	cds
1952-53	5th St. John	21,237	"	1960-61	Russell Stream	15,485	"
1953-54	North Branch	12,115	"	1961-62	Black Pond	1,266	"
1954-55	North Branch	10,053	"	1962-63	Black Pond	13,793	"
1955-56	5th St. John	43,849	"	1963-64	Black Pond	15,529	"
1956-57	Russell Stream	10,177	"	Total		172,655	cords.

Adelard has over 14,000 cords for the 1964-65 year and on March 10th he will be 64 years old so we feel he will have 200,000 cords the day he retires.

We were looking through the old records and found where the Kineo Harness Shop made 625 sets of double britchen harness in 1916. This is enough harness to dress 1250 horses so it is safe to say the Company owned over 1200 horses at that time. A check around the country today shows the Company owning only 18 horses and 10 sides (5 set) of double britchen harness. A test run was made in 1916 at Kineo to compare the cost of making them with the price of buying them from the vendors:

Vendor	P. O.	Cost	Kineo Cost	Saving	Loss
Maine State Prison	4106	\$43.50	\$43.60		.10
Parkhurst	3004	47.00	43.60	\$3.40	
Utterback	2666	48.50	43.60	4.90	
Parkhurst	6435	54.00	43.60	10.40	

There was also a shipping charge to add to the vendors cost so there was no doubt but what the Company could make them cheaper than buying them.

It is interesting to note the 10 sides the Company now owns cost \$137.78 per set which is \$94.18 more than it cost to make them back in 1916.

MR. E. E. BROWN, BANGOR, MAINE ROCKWOOD, MAINE, NOVEMBER 9, 1918

Dear Sir: Below is a list of the products raised at the Farms:

PITTSTON;	Potatoes	219,285	lbs.	Turnips	13,860	lbs
	Cabbage	8,580	"	Beets	10,607	"
	Carrots	9,821	"	Oats	30,795	"
	Hay	183,120	"	Straw	70,000	"
SEBOOMOOK;	Beets	7,415	"	On hand this date	1,500	lbs
	Cabbage	10,200	"	" " " "	8,267	"
	Carrots	14,000	"	" " " "	6,018	"
	Potatoes	184,500	"	" " " "	123,189	"
	Turnips	3,750	"	" " " "	3,392	"
GRANT FARM;	Beets	14,928	"	" " " "	9,496	"
	Cabbage	7,956	"	" " " "	2,000	"
	Carrots	5,905	"	" " " "	3,190	"
	Potatoes	127,988	"	" " " "	48,402	"
	Turnips	24,000	"	" " " "	18,500	"

Oat Fodder and hay practically all gone at Grant Farm.

Yours Truly,

C. L. Garland, Clerk

HERE'S WHAT THE LITTLE DOG SAID AFTER HE HAD WALKED THROUGH THE TOBACCO FIELD: "DOES YOUR CIGARETTE TASTE DIFFERENT LATELY?"

52

Our chance for courting was not big,
I and my fair Almira;
Upon that night I reckon from
As Arabs from Hegira.

53

One side the room the old folks slept--
Her father and her mother--
The swifts, wheel, loom, and warping bars
Were standing in the other.

54

The tom-cat and a cosset lamb
Were in one corner lying,
While o'er our heads the pumpkin hung,
My darling had been drying.

55

Above the belching back-logs lain,
The pig's and turkey victual
Was sweating on the iron crane,
Within a five-pail kettle.

56

The cross-cut saw which never run,
Except through stolen timber,
Stood grinning with its blunted teeth,
Until its back grew limber.

57

The linen wheel, which whirred and sung
By light from pitch-knots kindle,
Thrust out its homespun flaxen tongue
From distaff to the spindle.

58

The sweeting-keg lay on the floor,
The "lobbing dish" lay by it;--
Those things they used when callers came,
To keep their young ones quiet.

59

Mid all inventions since those years,
Oh deem it not surprising,
That we must use some sweetning kegs
To keep our folks from rising.

60

A rundlet, filled with Shubael's rum,
Which made him oft a noodle,
Was horsed beside his tenor drum,
On which, when Elder Hatch was there,
He played some old John Bunyan air;
But when the Elder whirled his gig,
And Shubael took an extra swig,
He dropped those airs from spirit lands,
And with his little horn-beam hands,
First pitched into the Chorus-Jig,
Then closed on Yankee Doodle!

61

Three boys were in a trundle-bed-
One kicking with the colic;
Three girls, down through the knot-hole
floor,
Were peeping---full of frolic.

62

The old dog, with his glaring eyes,
Lay on the hearth-stone near us,
As if to watch my girl and me,
Like the fabled dog, Cerberus.

63

Their library, on the mantel-piece,
Was of a rare selection--
They had all of the standard works,
And but one of fiction.

64

The Bible, Bunyan, Watts' Hymns,
Which taught both me and you so--
The reader, speller, grammar-book,
Arithmetic and Crusoe.

65

Grant said he always lived by plan,
For, on one shelf appointed,
There smoked the sulphur in the pan,
From which the children ointed.

66

One picture, on the moss-chinked wall,
She had of Susan Tainter,
Would knock old Michael Angelo,
Or any modern painter.

67

It looked some like a frightened bull
Hitched to a porter wagon;
She said that Susan painted it
For Michael and the Dragon!

68

The old flint gun--I see it still--
That queen's-arm used at Bunker's hill
By her great-grandsir Lowder,
Lay calmly in the hooks at rest,
But kept within its iron breast
One charge of shot and powder.

69

Those days I never would forget,
Till death my heart-strings sever;
Your modern style of etiquette
Was then in fashion, never.

70

If mothers wished you not to stop
To court a blushing daughter,
'Twas one blow with the handle mop,
Or else some boiling water.

February 11, 1965

Volume 3 No. 11

Landed wood scale: Adelard Gilbert, 9,854 cords; Wellie Caouette, 9,341 cords; Henri Marcoux, 8,757 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 8,360 cords; Alfred Nadeau, 7,544 cords; Phillip Paquet, 7,264 cords; I. L. Dumas, 4,565 cords; Joseph Poulin, 1,130 cords. Total landed to date, 56,815 cords. Balance to land, 30,094 cords.

Mr. Bates informed us that we had omitted some of Adelard Gilbert's wood in last weeks Journal and on checking we find he was right. The 1959-60 cut of 18,490 cords that was landed on Black Pond was omitted. This brings his total cut up to 191,145 cords with approximately 14,000 cords more to add for the 1964-65 cut.

Rod Farnham came in with the Southeast wind Monday. We don't feel he should be blamed for the .55 of an inch of rain that we got unless he had his plans made Sunday night to come this way. Mr. Bates says he should be occluded to the Bangor office then he couldn't bring us any work-stoppage storms.

The rain that we had Sunday night and Monday stopped all hauling in this country until late Tuesday. Traveling conditions Tuesday on all roads required two sets of tire chains if you had them and if you didn't you could plan on spending some time in the ditches meditating as to why you didn't have two sets.

Stanley Hall is catching up on his vacation time this week and Dick Tilton moved into Pittston to take over his duties, that is, all except the "Diamond Alley" part of it as Stan plans to take care of that part himself.

John Ryder has returned to his home at Greenville Junction from the Eastern Maine General Hospital. John will be exercising one of his legs for a few weeks before returning to work.

Mrs Bertha Ricker has been released from the Murtha Memorial Hospital and is at her home at Jackman Station.

A group of husbands have banded together and the next time Freddie Parent serves breakfast to his wife in bed they'll put a price on his head and the Live part of Dead or Alive will be omitted.

John Maines & Hastings Bartley were flying with Chink Legassey over Meskwa gamasic Pond last Friday when John said something about being hungry. Chink stuck his head out the cockpit window and sniffed a few times then said, "buckle your seat belts boys, we're headed for the Pittston Farm". We still don't know whether it was the smell of the Scott Brook cookroom that drove them or the beautiful aroma of Lionel's cooking that tolled them into Pittston. They left after a prolonged session at the table and we were rather worried for a while as it sounded as though Chink had a rough engine in his plane but later we found out it was only burps of contentment coming from the three of them as they winged their way off into the distance.

CIRCULAR LETTER No. 11

TO ALL CLERKS:

DECEMBER 19, 1913

The superintendents have been advised by Mr. Gilbert to curtail expenses as much as may be consistant without jeopardizing the successful outcome of the seasons work.

Requisitions are to be confined solely to the necessary wants. Your co-operation in pointing out surplus and idle equipment, and supplies as well, will greatly help the results of the movement. The dark outlook for general business reflected by the countrys present condition forces this precaution. Yours truly, P. E. Whalen.

THE TETHYS BOAT

In our February 6, 1964 issue of the weekly we had some history on the Tethys boat that we got from the "Northern" magazine and since then we got a newspaper clipping from Aaron Capen that adds to its history.

NEW STEAMER TETHYS. MOOSEHEAD LAKE TO HAVE A CRAFT THAT WILL DELIGHT EVERYONE: Bangor, April 21.-There will be shipped from Brewer on Friday, the new steamboat Tethys, which has been building there for some time for E. A. Capen of Moosehead Lake. It will be remembered by the readers of the Journal that the steamer Tethys was wrecked on the 15th of October, 1897, on Moosehead lake and the new boat has been built to take her place. On Wednesday the Journal representative visited Brewer and inspected the new boat. She is a dandy in every respect and will be a notable addition to the large fleet of steamers now running on Maine's big sheet of water. The Tethys is a craft of 18 tons, and is 46 feet over all. She is 39 feet on the water line, 12 feet beam, and has a depth of four feet. Her frame is juniper and oak and she is planked with $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch white pine. She is 13 feet longer than the old boat and much better in every way. She has a cabin finished in cherry and capable of accomodating ten people. She is capable of carrying 40 or 50 people but will probably not be licensed to carry that number as she is built more particularly for hunting and fishing parties numbering eight or ten people.

The Tethys will be able to steam 10 or 12 knots per hour easily. She will be commanded by Capt. E. A. Capen, who has been in the city for the past few days superintending the putting on of the finishing touches. The model of the craft was made by Silas Leach of Brewer, and the work has been superintended during the past winter by Henry E. Capen, a brother of Capt. Capen and formerly proprietor of the Bay View House at Camden. The Tethys is well built in every way and the Capens are much pleased with her. The same engine and boiler used in the old boat will be used in the new one and they are already in position. The Tethys has all the appointments of a first class craft, convenient toilet rooms, lavatories and forward of the boiler there will be a large galley.

The Tethys will be already for launching when the ice leaves Moosehead and she will at once steam to the Deer Island house, a resort well known to all people who visit Moosehead.

A note attached to this clipping says it was built about 1898-99. It also goes on to say: "Father used to take me up weekends when he would go up to inspect and see how the ship builders were doing on the boat. I, at the age of 8 or 9 years used to think I was some ship builder too when the boss-builder gave me a hammer and plugs and told me to plug the nail and screw holes in the deck planking. At that time Father was proprietor of the Augusta House in Augusta, Maine. We stopped at the old Bangor Exchange, Bangor on Main Street about where Woolworths now is. Hotel run by Al."

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The young married woman who called her mother and said,
"Oh mother, what shall I do, hubby went out to shoot some
crap and I don't know how to cook it?"

SAVES TEN ON BURNING BOAT

CAPTAIN PILOTS THE KATAHDIN TO SHORE. KINEO, MAINE, May 13, 1913:-

Sticking to his post in the wheel house, Captain C. J. Robinson piloted the burning steamer Katahdin from the middle of Moosehead Lake to the shore near East Outlet today, saving the lives of ten men of the crew.

The Katahdin, one of the Coburn Steamboat Company's fleet, caught fire while towing a raft of logs. Her upper works were soon a mass of flames, which drove the crew to the bow of the craft.

All on board managed to reach shore in safety. The steamer was burned to the water' edge. (From the Boston Post)

STEAMER IS LAUNCHED AT MOOSEHEAD LAKE

MISS CRAFTS BREAKS WINE BOTTLE ON NEW KATAHDIN WHICH CAME OVERLAND FROM BATH. Greenville Junction, Me., Dec. 9, 1913:- The hull of the steel steamboat, Katahdin, which is being built for the Coburn Steamboat Co., at Greenville Junction, was launched Saturday at 10 o'clock. The hull was built by the Bath Iron Works Co. at Bath, put together with bolts, knocked down and shipped to Greenville Junction by rail, transferred from the cars to scows, and set up and riveted in the Coburn Steamboat Co.'s shipyard, the work being superintended by Robert Gilker of Bath. The deck house and cabins are nearly completed and will be put in place by Frank Purington, also of Bath.

The boat, when completed, will be 118 feet in length over all, 29 feet over guards, with nine feet depth of hold and will carry about 700 passengers everything being modern and up to date. The hull presented a pretty picture being towed by the steamer Moosehead to the dock south of the yard, where she will be completed.

The launching party consisted of Capt. and Mrs C. J. Robinson, A. A. Crafts and Miss Julia Crafts, Miss Thelma Davis; Mrs Lawrence Barney and J. H. Gerrish. The boat was christened by Miss Julia Crafts, who broke the bottle of wine in a very graceful manner.

February is here and stock holders reports are beginning to roll off the presses by the dozens. It certainly is amazing how much information can be crammed into one report and yet when you reach the end of it you are still in the dark as to whether there was a profit or a loss for the year. While looking over a couple of them an idea hit us right between the eyes. Why not take about three of them with a few sheets of paper and head for the Cariboo Club some rainy Thursday night, get a table plus a couple of jugs of Juniper Juice and then start juggling figures. In less than two hours you would have some beautiful reports. Have them made up into brochures with a letter from the auditing firm of, "WHO, DONE & DOODED IT" signed by, "I. DOODED IT", Chief Auditor and then passed around to the Presidents and boards of Directors of the three companies. Would they know the difference? We would say no! I guess in thinking about it we had better not send one to the "Great" as President Peter is setting in a pretty good position to holler over to Mr. Hellendale and shout, "Bob, shoot an arrow into the air and let it fall where Fernald has no hair".

The more we think about it the more we wonder if all stock holders reports are made that way to begin with, although, Gad, if they are we have let ourselves in for a peck of trouble for letting the cat out of the bag.....

MY FIRST COURTSHIP. (Part 5)

71

Ye need na piles of wordly gear,
Nor large amount of college lear,
By kintra wit and judgement clear,
'Twill quick be found
If the auld mither of the dear
Don't want ye round.

72

In writing rhymes, oh, what a band
Aft throng me frae the ither land,
And a' in circling hurdles stand,
Though oft unseen--
That was Rob Burns' spirit hand
On my machine.

73

Her mother, ere she went to bed--
God bless the dear, old homespun saint--
The round pine table spread
With honey reeking from the bees,
With nut-cakes and some pigs'-foot cheese,
In case the girl or I was faint.
I see that table standing there--
With top turned up it made a chair--
To give us one warm luncheon then,
(A theme fit for a seraph's pen)
Brought baked beans from the earthern pot,
An Indian loaf all piping hot--
Whose worth the world has proven;
Whose inspirations oft I feel--
All reddening for the morning meal--
Inside the old mud oven.

74

Then from the scriptures read a psalm,
And prayed to Israel's God above,
To keep their darling girl from harm,
And shield her in his arms of love.

75

Oh, had that mother's prayer been heard,
No fitful touch from memory's breeze
Some string upon my harp had stirred,
To bellow out such strains as these.

76

I, as the son-in-law of Grant,
Had never caught the crazy whim,
To spend my hours in idle rant,
And write these coming lines on him.

77

It may seem wrong--this bundling up--
This mixing in the self-same cup
Life's awful facts with fiction;
It makes a mixture and a twist,
Like playing one short game of whist
'Tween prayer and benediction.

77

But then, what can a fellow do
When love has loosened many a screw,
And warped and wrenched, as may be seen,
The gearing of his song-machine?
I'll do but this--to gain your pelf,
I'll let the old gear run itself.

78

Old Shubel Grant then bragged an hour
Of every thing on earth he knew,
And all he ever dreamed of, too,
How he had licked big Abel Tower,
And knocked an eye and wisdom tooth
Square down the throat of Orlan Booth;
How on one leg he used to stand,
And box an hour with Rufus Carn;
And with an axe and flask in hand,
Had run the ridge-pole of a barn;
And how he always liked the fun
Of knocking hats with long-leg Banks,
And how they danced from sun to sun
At the last muster on the planks;
How, after dark, his old blind horse,
With heaves and lame in every foot,
He linked on old Jehial Morse,
And got a shoat and drink to boot;
How, when they raised the Libby mill,
He "rasselled" twice with Albert Hill,
And what a "most Jehovah flip"
He got from Albert's swinging trip;
But then for business, not for fun,
He tried the old half-buttock on--
When quick from science, not from strength,
He stretched old Albert twice his length;
How once a number twelve he wore--
Although his feet were small as mine--
To make them think 'twas neighbor Moore.
Who plundered cedar o'er the line.
With iron heels and brads before,
The tracks resembled neighbor Moore.
And how he marketed his hay,
Not when the skies were bright and warm,
But always on a lowery day,
And often through a driving storm--
That half a ton, less tare and tret,
Was just twelve hundred when 'twas wet;
And what a joke he played on Howes--
You know that Howes, that old blind Lem--
He milked two teats of both his cows,
One season when he pastured them;
How good the Lord had been to him,
For he had always had, through life,
A blessed rousing appetite.

To be continued next week.....

February 11, 1965

Volume 3 No. 11

Landed wood scale: Adelard Gilbert, 9,854 cords; Wellie Caouette, 9,341 cords; Henri Marcoux, 8,757 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 8,360 cords; Alfred Nadeau, 7,544 cords; Phillip Paquet, 7,264 cords; I. L. Dumas, 4,565 cords; Joseph Poulin, 1,130 cords. Total landed to date, 56,815 cords. Balance to land, 30,094 cords.

Mr. Bates informed us that we had omitted some of Adelard Gilbert's wood in last weeks Journal and on checking we find he was right. The 1959-60 cut of 18,490 cords that was landed on Black Pond was omitted. This brings his total cut up to 191,145 cords with approximately 14,000 cords more to add for the 1964-65 cut.

Rod Farnham came in with the Southeast wind Monday. We don't feel he should be blamed for the .55 of an inch of rain that we got unless he had his plans made Sunday night to come this way. Mr. Bates says he should be occluded to the Bangor office then he couldn't bring us any work-stoppage storms.

The rain that we had Sunday night and Monday stopped all hauling in this country until late Tuesday. Traveling conditions Tuesday on all roads required two sets of tire chains if you had them and if you didn't you could plan on spending some time in the ditches meditating as to why you didn't have two sets.

Stanley Hall is catching up on his vacation time this week and Dick Tilton moved into Pittston to take over his duties, that is, all except the "Diamond Alley" part of it as Stan plans to take care of that part himself.

John Ryder has returned to his home at Greenville Junction from the Eastern Maine General Hospital. John will be exercising one of his legs for a few weeks before returning to work.

Mrs. Bertha Ricker has been released from the Murtha Memorial Hospital and is at her home at Jackman Station.

A group of husbands have banded together and the next time Freddie Parent serves breakfast to his wife in bed they'll put a price on his head and the Live part of Dead or Alive will be omitted.

John Maines & Hastings Bartley were flying with Chink Legassey over Meskwa gamasic Pond last Friday when John said something about being hungry. Chink stuck his head out the cockpit window and sniffed a few times then said, "buckle your seat belts boys, we're headed for the Pittston Farm". We still don't know whether it was the smell of the Scott Brook cookroom that drove them or the beautiful aroma of Lionel's cooking that tolled them into Pittston. They left after a prolonged session at the table and we were rather worried for a while as it sounded as though Chink had a rough engine in his plane but later we found out it was only burps of contentment coming from the three of them as they winged their way off into the distance.

CIRCULAR LETTER No. 11

TO ALL CLERKS:

. DECEMBER 19, 1913

The superintendents have been advised by Mr. Gilbert to curtail expenses as much as may be consistent without jeopardizing the successful outcome of the seasons work.

Requisitions are to be confined solely to the necessary wants. Your co-operation in pointing out surplus and idle equipment, and supplies as well, will greatly help the results of the movement. The dark outlook for general business reflected by the countrys present condition forces this precaution. Yours truly, P. E. Whalen.

THE TETHYS BOAT

In our February 6, 1964 issue of the weekly we had some history on the Tethys boat that we got from the "Northern" magazine and since then we got a newspaper clipping from Aaron Capen that adds to its history.

NEW STEAMER TETHYS. MOOSEHEAD LAKE TO HAVE A CRAFT THAT WILL DELIGHT EVERYONE: Bangor, April 21.-There will be shipped from Brewer on Friday, the new steamboat Tethys, which has been building there for some time for E. A. Capen of Moosehead Lake. It will be remembered by the readers of the Journal that the steamer Tethys was wrecked on the 15th of October, 1897, on Moosehead lake and the new boat has been built to take her place. On Wednesday the Journal representative visited Brewer and inspected the new boat. She is a dandy in every respect and will be a notable addition to the large fleet of steamers now running on Maine's big sheet of water. The Tethys is a craft of 18 tons, and is 46 feet over all. She is 39 feet on the water line, 12 feet beam, and has a depth of four feet. Her frame is juniper and oak and she is planked with $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch white pine. She is 13 feet longer than the old boat and much better in every way. She has a cabin finished in cherry and capable of accomodating ten people. She is capable of carrying 40 or 50 people but will probably not be licensed to carry that number as she is built more particularly for hunting and fishing parties numbering eight or ten people.

The Tethys will be able to steam 10 or 12 knots per hour easily. She will be commanded by Capt. E. A. Capen, who has been in the city for the past few days superintending the putting on of the finishing touches. The model of the craft was made by Silas Leach of Brewer, and the work has been superintended during the past winter by Henry E. Capen, a brother of Capt. Capen and formerly proprietor of the Bay View House at Camden. The Tethys is well built in every way and the Capens are much pleased with her. The same engine and boiler used in the old boat will be used in the new one and they are already in position. The Tethys has all the appointments of a first class craft, convenient toilet rooms, lavatories and forward of the boiler there will be a large galley.

The Tethys will be already for launching when the ice leaves Moosehead and she will at once steam to the Deer Island house, a resort well known to all people who visit Moosehead.

A note attached to this clipping says it was built about 1898-99. It also goes on to say: "Father used to take me up weekends when he would go up to inspect and see how the ship builders were doing on the boat. I, at the age of 8 or 9 years used to think I was some ship builder too when the boss-builder gave me a hammer and plugs and told me to plug the nail and screw holes in the deck planking. At that time Father was proprietor of the Augusta House in Augusta, Maine. We stopped at the old Bangor Exchange, Bangor on Main Street about where Woolworths now is. Hotel run by Al."

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The young married woman who called her mother and said,
"Oh mother, what shall I do, hubby went out to shoot some
crap and I don't know how to cook it?"

SAVES TEN ON BURNING BOAT

CAPTAIN PILOTS THE KATAHDIN TO SHORE. KINEO, MAINE, May 13, 1913:-

Sticking to his post in the wheel house, Captain C. J. Robinson piloted the burning steamer Katahdin from the middle of Moosehead Lake to the shore near East Outlet today, saving the lives of ten men of the crew.

The Katahdin, one of the Coburn Steamboat Company's fleet, caught fire while towing a raft of logs. Her upper works were soon a mass of flames, which drove the crew to the bow of the craft.

All on board managed to reach shore in safety. The steamer was burned to the water' edge. (From the Boston Post)

STEAMER IS LAUNCHED AT MOOSEHEAD LAKE

MISS CRAFTS BREAKS WINE BOTTLE ON NEW KATAHDIN WHICH CAME OVERLAND FROM BATH. Greenville Junction, Me., Dec. 9, 1913:- The hull of the steel steamboat, Katahdin, which is being built for the Coburn Steamboat Co., at Greenville Junction, was launched Saturday at 10 o'clock. The hull was built by the Bath Iron Works Co. at Bath, put together with bolts, knocked down and shipped to Greenville Junction by rail, transferred from the cars to scows, and set up and riveted in the Coburn Steamboat Co.'s shipyard, the work being superintended by Robert Gilker of Bath. The deck house and cabins are nearly completed and will be put in place by Frank Purington, also of Bath.

The boat, when completed, will be 118 feet in length over all, 29 feet over guards, with nine feet depth of hold and will carry about 700 passengers everything being modern and up to date. The hull presented a pretty picture being towed by the steamer Moosehead to the dock south of the yard, where she will be completed.

The launching party consisted of Capt. and Mrs C. J. Robinson, A. A. Crafts and Miss Julia Crafts, Miss Thelma Davis, Mrs Lawrence Barney and J. H. Gerrish. The boat was christened by Miss Julia Crafts, who broke the bottle of wine in a very graceful manner.

February is here and stock holders reports are beginning to roll off the presses by the dozens. It certainly is amazing how much information can be crammed into one report and yet when you reach the end of it you are still in the dark as to whether there was a profit or a loss for the year. While looking over a couple of them an idea hit us right between the eyes. Why not take about three of them with a few sheets of paper and head for the Cariboo Club some rainy Thursday night, get a table plus a couple of jugs of Juniper Juice and then start juggling figures. In less than two hours you would have some beautiful reports. Have them made up into brochures with a letter from the auditing firm of, "WHO, DONE & DOODED IT" signed by, "I. DOODED IT", Chief Auditor and then passed around to the Presidents and boards of Directors of the three companies. Would they know the difference? We would say no! I guess in thinking about it we had better not send one to the "Great" as President Peter is setting in a pretty good position to holler over to Mr. Hellendale and shout, "Bob, shoot an arrow into the air and let it fall where Fernald has no hair".

The more we think about it the more we wonder if all stock holders reports are made that way to begin with, although, Gad, if they are we have let ourselves in for a peck of trouble for letting the cat out of the bag.....

MY FIRST COURTSHIP. (Part 5)

71

Ye need na piles of wordly gear,
Nor large amount of college lear,
By kintra wit and judgement clear,
'Twill quick be found
If the auld mither of the dear
Don't want ye round.

72

In writing rhymes, oh, what a band
Aft throng me frae the ither land,
And a' in circling hurdles stand,
Though oft unseen--
That was Rob Burns' spirit hand
On my machine.

73

Her mother, ere she went to bed--
God bless the dear, old homespun saint--
The round pine table spread
With honey reeking from the bees,
With nut-cakes and some pigs'-foot cheese,
In case the girl or I was faint.
I see that table standing there--
With top turned up it made a chair--
To give us one warm luncheon then,
(A theme fit for a seraph's pen)
Brought baked beans from the earthern pot,
An Indian loaf all piping hot--
Whose worth the world has proven;
Whose inspirations oft I feel--
All reddening for the morning meal--
Inside the old mud oven.

74

Then from the scriptures read a psalm,
And prayed to Israel's God above,
To keep their darling girl from harm,
And shield her in his arms of love.

75

Oh, had that mother's prayer been heard,
No fitful touch from memory's breeze
Some string upon my harp had stirred,
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I, as the son-in-law of Grant,
Had never caught the crazy whim,
To spend my hours in idle rant,
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When love has loosened many a screw,
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And knocked an eye and wisdom tooth
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How on one leg he used to stand,
And box an hour with Rufus Carn;
And with an axe and flask in hand,
Had run the ridge-pole of a barn;
And how he always liked the fun
Of knocking hats with long-leg Banks,
And how they danced from sun to sun
At the last muster on the planks;
How, after dark, his old blind horse,
With heaves and lame in every foot,
He linked on old Jehial Morse,
And got a shoat and drink to boot;
How, when they raised the Libby mill,
He "rasselled" twice with Albert Hill,
And what a "most Jehovah flip"
He got from Albert's swinging trip;
But then for business, not for fun,
He tried the old half-buttock on--
When quick from science, not from strength,
He stretched old Albert twice his length;
How once a number twelve he wore--
Although his feet were small as mine--
To make them think 'twas neighbor Moore.
Who plundered cedar o'er the line.
With iron heels and brads before,
The tracks resembled neighbor Moore.
And how he marketed his hay,
Not when the skies were bright and warm,
But always on a lowery day,
And often through a driving storm--
That half a ton, less tare and tret,
Was just twelve hundred when 'twas wet;
And what a joke he played on Howes--
You know that Howes, that old blind Lem--
He milked two teats of both his cows,
One season when he pastured them;
How good the Lord had been to him,
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A blessed rousing appetite.

To be continued next week,....

FEBRUARY 18, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 12

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We understand George Bessey was asked to join them but on learning the guide was going to be a representative of The Fish & Game Dept., he flipped his lid higher than he ever did before and declined the invitation most ungraciously.

It has also been rumored that Del Bates offered to loan them his "Jolly Roger" flag to fly at the mast of their snow sled but they decided against this as they admitted there was a possibility they might go astray and wind up at Chamberlain Lake. If they did and if Al Nugent got a look at the "Jolly Roger" he would be sure to think the British Privateers were trying to retake the Chamberlain Farm and open up on them with some of his ball & cap pistols.

We are all wishing them success and a "Bon Voyage" even though our fingers are crossed as we view with trepidation the idea of being called on to join a rescue party.

HOPPER HEADER SPECIAL:

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Mr. H. T. Burr, Bangor, Maine

Rockwood, Maine, June 30, 1916

Dear Sir; Please get a kitchen girl for Pittston Farm. Mrs Little ordered one some time ago from Mrs Penney but Mrs Penney has got the girl yet. She would prefer to have Mrs Penney get the girl but wants one right off. Kindly see what you can do as the need is urgent. Please tell Mrs Penney that Mrs Little will have a table girl and that she may cancel that order. The telephone is out or would have called.

Very Truly Yours,
J. P. Hayes.

JOHN EVELETH'S WILL
(Lewiston Journal)

It is said that his widow will attempt to break it: The attempt of the widow of the late John H. Eveleth of Greenville to break the will of the veteran lumberman, is exciting as much interest in Piscataquis County as did the marriage of the Moosehead magnate some years ago. After the death of the first Mrs Eveleth, the lumberman married the girl who had been doing the housework for the family. She was a smart, capable girl and the lumber king said that she was exactly the wife he was looking for. The matter stirred the Eveleth family somewhat for the new wife was rather younger than Mr. Eveleth's daughter and heir-ess.

Probably the Eveleth estate will amount to at least a quarter of a million and the widow feels that of this the ten thousand that was left to her by the will is not sufficient. Although Mr. Eveleth was a very wealthy man he worked to the last of his days and those of his household did likewise. Mrs Eveleth, the latter, after her marriage worked in the kitchen the same, cooking and washing and toiling for a family that included all the hired men help about the place and numbered from six to twenty according to the season.

In many ways, John Eveleth was the most energetic and impetuous worker in the Moosehead region. He would never accept an excuse from the man whom he employed to do a thing and who failed to do it. What could possibly be done today he would never put off.

In this connection one of his employees remembers a good story of him. Some years ago when the lake was about to close in at the approach of winter, one of Eveleth's steamers came down at night after carrying a lumberman's supplies and horses to the head of the lake.

Eveleth was at the wharf at West Cove and asked the captain how the lake was. He was informed that it was all they could do to get the steamer back and that they were mightily relieved to see West Cove again.

"Well," said Eveleth, "you have done first-rate, but you've got to make another trip tonight. Here's another load of supplies and if we don't take 'em up some other toter will get the job as soon as the lake closes in. We might just as well have the money."

"I feel as though I had done a pretty good thing by getting up and back on this trip," replied the captain. "We have worked hard and we feel that we have done all that can be done. Now I will not take the responsibility of another trip up this lake. I resign."

"Why, dodbutter it, man," said Eveleth, "have some grit. I'm going with you. I'll take the responsibility."

"Oh, if you are going and will assume the risk," said the captain, "I'll go too. But remember that I'm under your orders."

So they hustled on the stuff then and there, and set out for the head of the lake. They arrived there after dark. They ran in as far as they could toward shore, but finally came chunk up against thick ice. Eveleth got out and jumped on the ice and declared that it was at least three inches thick.

"It's perfectly safe," said he. "Now in order to save time we'll load this stuff right out here on the ice so as to have it ready to tote ashore the first thing in the morning."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.....

JOHN EVELETH'S WILL. (Cont)

The crew was dog-tired but they dared not protest and so out the supplies were piled on the ice, Eveleth worked livelier than any other man in the crowd. Then all hands turned in and slept like a log.

In the night the wind shifted and it came on to rain. When the men awoke in the morning all the supplies, hay, grain, molasses, beans and flour had gone to the bottom of the lake. The rain had soaked into the hay bales and the weight had bourned everything down. It was a total loss and cost Eveleth \$1000, but he laughed over the matter as a good joke on himself. And that was when he wasn't very wealthy, either.

But it was often said of him that he could take a loss as easily as any man in Maine. He was "stuck," as the Moosehead saying is, many times in his business career and lost lots of money while he was making lots. But no one ever heard him grumble.

He put the first steamer into Moosehead, hauling it across country seventy five miles. Up to that time all the great rafts had been toilsomely dragged across the lake by what were called "head works." Anchors were carried out and dropped far ahead of the rafts. Then men with windlasses warped the rafts up to the anchors which were then carried forward again.

Eveleth's little steamer changed all that business and for several years he fairly coined money in towing and carrying supplies. The steamer was in service until within a very few years and the hull was burned by Eveleth for firewood at last.

There are today twenty five steamers on the lake.

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY

Rooms 7 and 8-47 Main Street

Mr. William Thompson,
Office.

Bangor, Maine, June 14, 1911

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of yours of June 12th. In general it seems to me that your plan covers the proposition, except the Kineo Shop. There we want the cost of every individual job, no matter how small, kept separate. Would advise that you call on the Union Iron Works and find out their system.

With regard to the clerks; the first time that you are in the office I want to talk with you about it. Evans and Scott have been playing poker down at the Swede's every opportunity they got. All the time that Doherty was at the Dam they kept clear of the Swede's shack, But the minuet he left they filed down there. You have a good man in Ward at Ripogenus Dam and William Warner at Chesuncook Dam is looking after our interests there. Am sorry that you let Evans go as I would have liked to have made an example of him. There has got to be some way of proving up shortages. The store house inventories have got to be checked in some manner to find out what becomes of our stuff, and when we catch one of them that is dishonest enough to give away our goods we want to charge a good liberal price for them.

YOURS TRULY,
GREAT NORTHERN PAPER CO.
Signed, F. A. GILBERT.

78

A rugged and a praying wife--
A wife who never had been thin--
No "rheumatiz" or dizzy spell.
Their virtals always sat so well
That they could eat, by day or night,
Most any thing they could bite;
And how he wiggled Ephraim Kidd,
By making talk as fine as silk.
For, many a year ago, somehow,
He learned one lesson from his cow--
She always kept her garget hid,
Until she showed it in her milk.
Though 'gainst the rules of fighting rings,
He said he always felt
'Twas well, sometimes, to vary things,
And strike below the belt;
And how, at Glover's nine-pin hall,
He found one day in bowling,
There was as much in keeping slate himself,
Or more, than there was in rolling.

79

How in the play, whate'er the name,
One sacred rule he makes,
To end disputes about the game
He always grabs the stakes.

80

Though he had strongest Bible faith,
Onething he shouldn't try on--
He ne'er should try that Bible game
To camp down with the lion.

81

For somehow he had always felt,
Before they got through kissing,
Or got through with the play of lamb,
The lamb would come up missing.

82

And how he always took his swigs
In the old brown-earthern cup;
For one, he always meant to stick
Right square to his bringing up;

82

And how it made him "cussed riled"
To have it hinged by others,
Although his name was Shubel Grant,
His father's name was Leathers;

83

And how at Pullen's piling bee
He whacked and whelted Simon Spear,
And warmed the wax within his ear--
Yes, browsed him like a Saxon,
For speaking disrespectfully
Of God and Andrew Jackson.

84

Then sipped--then told his girl and me,
How many a year ago, that he
Once stayed one night with Hulda Murch,
The very day she joined the church
And worked for Captain Brown,
And how she had the smoothest skin
Of any girl in town.

85

And how there was no woman born,
Not e'en the wife of Elder Ayer,
Could hold a candle stick to his
In exhortation or in prayer.

86

How many a kicking colt he'd broke;
How many a pair and many a yoke
Of kicking, hooking, sulky steers;
Then took some worm-wood for his cough,
Then pulled his shoes and stockings off,
And cut his toe nails with the shears;
Then told me that he always waked
From any little noise or sound,
But wanted me to feel at home--
But hoped I wouldn't "larrup 'round."
Then put on airs and most polite,
He bade the girl and me good night.

Continued

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Mr. H. T. Burr, Bangor, Maine

Rockwood, Maine, June 30, 1916

Dear Sir; Please get a kitchen girl for Pittston Farm. Mrs Little ordered one some time ago from Mrs Penney but Mrs Penney has got the girl yet. She would prefer to have Mrs Penney get the girl but wants one right off. Kindly see what you can do as the need is urgent. Please tell Mrs Penney that Mrs Little will have a table girl and that she may cancel that order. The telephone is out or would have called.

Very Truly Yours,
J. P. Hayes.

JOHN EVELETH'S WILL
(Lewiston Journal)

It is said that his widow will attempt to break it: The attempt of the widow of the late John H. Eveleth of Greenville to break the will of the veteran lumberman, is exciting as much interest in Piscataquis County as did the marriage of the Moosehead magnate some years ago. After the death of the first Mrs Eveleth, the lumberman married the girl who had been doing the housework for the family. She was a smart, capable girl and the lumber king said that she was exactly the wife he was looking for. The matter stirred the Eveleth family somewhat for the new wife was rather younger than Mr. Eveleth's daughter and heir-ess.

Probably the Eveleth estate will amount to at least a quarter of a million and the widow feels that of this the ten thousand that was left to her by the will is not sufficient. Although Mr. Eveleth was a very wealthy man he worked to the last of his days and those of his household did likewise. Mrs Eveleth, the latter, after her marriage worked in the kitchen the same, cooking and washing and toiling for a family that included all the hired men help about the place and numbered from six to twenty according to the season.

In many ways, John Eveleth was the most energetic and impetuous worker in the Moosehead region. He would never accept an excuse from the man whom he employed to do a thing and who failed to do it. What could possibly be done today he would never put off.

In this connection one of his employees remembers a good story of him. Some years ago when the lake was about to close in at the approach of winter, one of Eveleth's steamers came down at night after carrying a lumberman's supplies and horses to the head of the lake.

Eveleth was at the wharf at West Cove and asked the captain how the lake was. He was informed that it was all they could do to get the steamer back and that they were mightily relieved to see West Cove again.

"Well," said Eveleth, "you have done first-rate, but you've got to make another trip tonight. Here's another load of supplies and if we don't take 'em up some other toter will get the job as soon as the lake closes in. We might just as well have the money."

"I feel as though I had done a pretty good thing by getting up and back on this trip," replied the captain. "We have worked hard and we feel that we have done all that can be done. Now I will not take the responsibility of another trip up this lake. I resign."

"Why, dodbutter it, man," said Eveleth, "have some grit. I'm going with you. I'll take the responsibility."

"Oh, if you are going and will assume the risk," said the captain, "I'll go too. But remember that I'm under your orders."

So they hustled on the stuff then and there, and set out for the head of the lake. They arrived there after dark. They ran in as far as they could toward shore, but finally came chunk up against thick ice. Eveleth got out and jumped on the ice and declared that it was at least three inches thick.

"It's perfectly safe," said he. "Now in order to save time we'll load this stuff right out here on the ice so as to have it ready to tote ashore the first thing in the morning."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.....

JOHN EVELETH'S WILL. (Cont)

The crew was dog-tired but they dared not protest and so out the supplies were piled on the ice, Eveleth worked livelier than any other man in the crowd. Then all hands turned in and slept like a log.

In the night the wind shifted and it came on to rain. When the men awoke in the morning all the supplies, hay, grain, molasses, beans and flour had gone to the bottom of the lake. The rain had soaked into the hay bales and the weight had bourned everything down. It was a total loss and cost Eveleth \$1000, but he laughed over the matter as a good joke on himself. And that was when he wasn't very wealthy, either.

But it was often said of him that he could take a loss as easily as any man in Maine. He was "stuck," as the Moosehead saying is, many times in his business career and lost lots of money while he was making lots. But no one ever heard him grumble.

He put the first steamer into Moosehead, hauling it across country seventy five miles. Up to that time all the great rafts had been toilsomely dragged across the lake by what were called "head works." Anchors were carried out and dropped far ahead of the rafts. Then men with windlasses warped the rafts up to the anchors which were then carried forward again.

Eveleth's little steamer changed all that business and for several years he fairly coined money in towing and carrying supplies. The steamer was in service until within a very few years and the hull was burned by Eveleth for firewood at last.

There are today twenty five steamers on the lake.

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY

Rooms 7 and 8-47 Main Street

Mr. William Thompson,
Office.

Bangor, Maine, June 14, 1911

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of yours of June 12th. In general it seems to me that your plan covers the proposition, except the Kineo Shop. There we want the cost of every individual job, no matter how small, kept separate. Would advise that you call on the Union Iron Works and find out their system.

With regard to the clerks; the first time that you are in the office I want to talk with you about it. Evans and Scott have been playing poker down at the Swede's every opportunity they got. All the time that Doherty was at the Dam they kept clear of the Swede's shack, But the minuet he left they filed down there. You have a good man in Ward at Ripogenus Dam and William Warner at Chesuncook Dam is looking after our interests there. Am sorry that you let Evans go as I would have liked to have made an example of him. There has got to be some way of proving up shortages. The store house inventories have got to be checked in some manner to find out what becomes of our stuff, and when we catch one of them that is dishonest enough to give away our goods we want to charge a good liberal price for them.

YOURS TRULY,
GREAT NORTHERN PAPER CO.
Signed, F. A. GILBERT.

78

A rugged and a praying wife--
A wife who never had been thin--
No "rheumatiz" or dizzy spell,
Their vituals always sat so well
That they could eat, by day or night,
Most any thing they could bite;
And how he wiggled Ephraim Kidd,
By making talk as fine as silk.
For, many a year ago, somehow,
He learned one lesson from his cow--
She always kept her garget hid,
Until she showed it in her milk.
Though 'gainst the rules of fighting rings,
He said he always felt
'Twas well, sometimes, to vary things,
And strike below the belt;
And how, at Glover's nine-pin hall,
He found one day in bowling,
There was as much in keeping slate himself,
Or more, than there was in rolling.

79

How in the play, whate'er the name,
One sacred rule he makes,
To end disputes about the game
He always grabs the stakes.

80

Though he had strongest Bible faith,
Onething he shouldn't try on--
He ne'er should try that Bible game
To camp down with the lion.

81

For somehow he had always felt,
Before they got through kissing,
Or got through with the play of lamb,
The lamb would come up missing.

82

And how he always took his swigs
In the old brown-earthern cup;
For one, he always meant to stick
Right square to his bringing up;

82

And how it made him "cussed riled"
To have it hinged by others,
Although his name was Shubel Grant,
His father's name was Leathers;

83

And how at Pullen's piling bee
He whacked and whelted Simon Spear,
And warmed the wax within his ear--
Yes, browsed him like a Saxon,
For speaking disrespectfully
Of God and Andrew Jackson.

84

Then sipped--then told his girl and me,
How many a year ago, that he
Once stayed one night with Hulda Murch,
The very day she joined the church
And worked for Captain Brown,
And how she had the smoothest skin
Of any girl in town.

85

And how there was no woman born,
Not e'en the wife of Elder Ayer,
Could hold a candle stick to his
In exhortation or in prayer.

86

How many a kicking colt he'd broke;
How many a pair and many a yoke
Of kicking, hooking, sulky steers;
Then took some worm-wood for his cough,
Then pulled his shoes and stockings off,
And cut his toe nails with the shears;
Then told me that he always waked
From any little noise or sound,
But wanted me to feel at home--
But hoped I wouldn't "larrup 'round."
Then put on airs and most polite,
He bade the girl and me good night.

Continued

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BITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

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OPENED			CLOSED		OPENED		CLOSED		
April	30	1848	Dec.	13	May	8	1896	Dec.	2
May	12	1849	Dec.	14	May	8	1897	Dec.	3
May	9	1850	Dec.	18	May	4	1898	Dec.	14
May	14	1851	Dec.	7	May	7	1899	Dec.	8
May	17	1852	Dec.	15	May	11	1900	Dec.	7
May	11	1853	Dec.	6	Apr.	29	1901	Dec.	6
May	20	1854	Dec.	14	April	28	1902	Dec.	6
May	17	1855	Dec.	13	Apr.	28	1903	Nov.	28
May	9	1856	Dec.	4	May	10	1904	Nov.	28
May	12	1857	Dec.	5	May	2	1905	Nov.	30
May	13	1858	Dec.	1	May	13	1906	Dec.	2
May	14	1859	Dec.	8	May	14	1907	Dec.	2
May	11	1860	Dec.	12	May	11	1908	Dec.	5
May	12	1861	Dec.	18	May	15	1909	Dec.	11
May	18	1862	Dec.	9	Apr.	20	1910	Dec.	6
May	18	1863	Dec.	7	May	13	1911	Dec.	3
May	6	1864	Dec.	14	May	8	1912	Dec.	12
May	4	1865	Dec.	11	May	2	1913	Dec.	15
May	11	1866	Dec.	11	May	15	1914	Dec.	6
May	19	1867	Dec.	6	May	1	1915	Dec.	11
May	18	1868	Dec.	4	May	4	1916	Dec.	13
May	10	1869	Dec.	4	May	14	1917	Nov.	28
May	4	1870	Dec.	20	May	1	1918	Dec.	7
May	13	1871	Nov.	29	May	3	1919	Dec.	3
May	11	1872	Dec.	12	May	14	1920	Dec.	10
May	16	1873	Dec.	1	Apr.	22	1921	Dec.	1
May	25	1874	Dec.	13	May	1	1922	Dec.	3
May	24	1875	Dec.	11	May	10	1923	Dec.	20
May	23	1876	Dec.	11	May	9	1924	Dec.	11
May	6	1877	Dec.	4	Apr.	28	1925	Nov.	30
May	29	1878	Dec.	4	May	18	1926	Dec.	4
May	14	1879	Dec.	14	Apr.	26	1927	Dec.	16
May	6	1880	Nov.	27	May	12	1928	Dec.	1
May	9	1881	Dec.	12	May	8	1929	Dec.	3
May	18	1882	Dec.	10	May	5	1930	Dec.	5
May	13	1883	Dec.	12	Apr.	24	1931	Dec.	7
May	8	1884	Nov.	29	May	5	1932	Nov.	29
May	16	1885	Dec.	15	May	4	1933	Nov.	23
May	2	1886	Dec.	7	May	4	1934	Dec.	4
May	13	1887	Dec.	21	May	10	1935	Dec.	5
May	22	1888	Nov.	27	May	2	1936	Nov.	25
Apr.	30	1889	Dec.	7	May	10	1937	Dec.	11
May	9	1890	Dec.	2	Apr.	29	1938	Dec.	17
May	14	1891	Dec.	7	May	17	1939	Dec.	18
May	4	1892	Dec.	7	May	18	1940	Nov.	30
May	18	1893	Dec.	3	Apr.	29	1941	Nov.	25
May	1	1894	Dec.	1	May	5	1942		
May	6	1895	Dec.	5	May	17	1943		

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

"ICE OUT" MOOSEHEAD LAKE (cont)

OPENED

May	14	1944
Apr.	14	1945
May	6	1946
May	14	1947
May	4	1948
Apr.	23	1949
May	7	1950
Apr.	29	1951
Apr.	30	1952
Apr.	24	1953
May	2	1954
May	4	1955
May	15	1956
May	2	1957

OPENED

May	2	1958
May	9	1959
May	6	1960
May	17	1961
May	18	1962
May	7	1963
May	7	1964
May	7	1965
May	6	1966
		1967
		1968
		1969
		1970
		1971

We can find no closing dates after 1941. There are 117 years in the above records and the following summary of "Ice Out" dates will show you the percentage of chances that you have for winning the prize for the 1965 year.

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TIMES</u>
April 14(1945)	1
April 20	1
April 22	1
April 23	1
April 24	2
April 26	1
April 28	3
April 29	4
April 30	3
May 1	4
May 2	7
May 3	1
May 4	9
May 5	3
May 6	6
May 7	4
May 8	5
May 9	6
May 10	5

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TIMES</u>
May 11	6
May 12	4
May 13	6
May 14	9
May 15	3
May 16	2
May 17	5
May 18	8
May 19	1
May 20	1
May 21	---
May 22	1
May 23	1
May 24	1
May 25	1
May 26	---
May 27	---
May 28	---
May 29(1878)	1

MT VIEW HOTEL AT GREENVILLE BURNED--Greenville Junction, May 12, 1912--

The Mount View hotel at Greenville Junction run by Henry Bartley as owner and proprietor, was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday morning, together with the stable outbuildings and a large part of their contents. The hotel was one of the best known of the several about the lake. The buildings were valued at from \$16,000 to 18,000. The loss is partially covered by an insurance of \$10,500 on buildings and furniture. The stable contained many horses belonging to Mr. Bartley but by quick work all of the animals were rescued before the fire reached that building. Most of the furniture in the hotel was also saved. The fire caught around the kitchen chimney while breakfast was being prepared.....From the Commercial.....

87

Some traits I liked of Shubel Grant's,
He played well on his drum and fife,
And, though he wore blue drilling pants,
Was true and clever to his wife.

88

And, though he had a rattled head,
At things Divine he wouldn't scoff,
And, though he went half choked, 'tis said,
He never took his well crank off.

89

He never changed or flopped about,
And now, wherever Grant may be,
In any world I have no doubt,
He writes God with a little g;

90

And thinks as he did here in Maine,--
He goes against each liquor law;--
He has no "nigger on the brain,"
And always takes his whiskey raw.

91

In in the roaring pit, beneath,
He'll fight, in lava to the knees,
Each sulphurous imp, who dares to breathe
One word against Divine decrees!

92

That blessed wheat, mixed in with tares,
The pious mother's humble prayers,
And love you harbor for her daughter,
You know will often make you stand
More lies, and brags, and drunks, and cheats,
From the old father than you ought to.
And so, through prayers and rum and all,
I toughed it out at Grant's that Fall.

93

When Grant retired, so nearly nude,
I felt upon my cheek a tear--
A blessed tear of gratitude;
It was not that the coast was clear,
But ah, I felt 'twas plain to see,
That Shubel Grant had faith in me.
He knew I was not shuling 'round,
Like Rufus York, that long haired curse,
Who came that way and mended clocks,
And fooled and ruined Mary Burse.
Poor Mary, and her mother, too,
One night to Crowell's meadow came--
Poor Widow Burse to drown her grief,
And Mary Burse to drown her shame.
When Mary and the Widow Burse,
You know, within that brook were found,
And the crazed people thundered in
From half a dozen miles around;

93

How some the folks would stand and cry,
While gazing on their dripping locks,
And some pile curses mountain high
Around the wretch who mended clocks;
I love to hear a people pray--
Then love to hear that people curse,
If they will swear, as on that day,
While standing 'round poor Mary Burse.
But these my heart cannot approve,
Whose pulses throb but one desire--
Whose eyes with measured winks will move
And have the same look when they love--
As when a building is on fire.

94

But what has this poetic rant
To do with courting 'Mira Grant?
I said, that Shubel Grant believed--
And Shubel Grant was not deceived--
That I had come, from mother's, bound
For good and not for evil.
For, in five minutes, Shubel Grant
Turned over once, and took a cant
Upon sleep's inclined plane, it seems,
Which sluiced him to the land of dreams,
While snoring like the devil.
Then Shubel's rest seemed sweet and deep
Much like some certain lawyer's sleep--
For, though the bed is scrimped or wide,
Some lawyers lie on either side.

95

There's nothing for the realms of rhyme
In future can occur,
To make me feel as, on that time,
I sidled up to her.

96

I told my feelings square, if brusk--
My talk seemed to amaze her;
Her heart beat so it broke her busk,
Carved with her father's razor.

97

But, after I'd explained awhile,
And got her more enlightened,
She seemed to act like other girls,
More natural and less frightened.

98

For then she tied me up a wreath
From flowers she had been culling--
The hollyhock, and butter-cup,
The sunflower, pink, and mullen.

FEBRUARY 25, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 13

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May	22	1888	Nov.	27	May	2	1936	Nov.	25
Apr.	30	1889	Dec.	7	May	10	1937	Dec.	11
May	9	1890	Dec.	2	Apr.	29	1938	Dec.	17
May	14	1891	Dec.	7	May	17	1939	Dec.	18
May	4	1892	Dec.	7	May	18	1940	Nov.	30
May	18	1893	Dec.	3	Apr.	29	1941	Nov.	25
May	1	1894	Dec.	1	May	5	1942		
May	6	1895	Dec.	5	May	17	1943		

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

"ICE OUT" MOOSEHEAD LAKE (cont)

OPENED

May	14	1944
Apr.	14	1945
May	6	1946
May	14	1947
May	4	1948
Apr.	23	1949
May	7	1950
Apr.	29	1951
Apr.	30	1952
Apr.	24	1953
May	2	1954
May	4	1955
May	15	1956
May	2	1957

OPENED

May	2	1958
May	9	1959
May	6	1960
May	17	1961
May	18	1962
May	7	1963
May	7	1964
		1965
		1966
		1967
		1968
		1969
		1970
		1971

We can find no closing dates after 1941. There are 117 years in the above records and the following summary of "Ice Out" dates will show you the percentage of chances that you have for winning the prize for the 1965 year.

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TIMES</u>
April 14(1945)	1
April 20	1
April 22	1
April 23	1
April 24	2
April 26	1
April 28	3
April 29	4
April 30	3
May 1	4
May 2	7
May 3	1
May 4	9
May 5	3
May 6	6
May 7	4
May 8	5
May 9	6
May 10	5

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TIMES</u>
May 11	6
May 12	4
May 13	6
May 14	9
May 15	3
May 16	2
May 17	5
May 18	8
May 19	1
May 20	1
May 21	---
May 22	1
May 23	1
May 24	1
May 25	1
May 26	---
May 27	---
May 28	---
May 29(1878)	1

MT VIEW HOTEL AT GREENVILLE BURNED--Greenville Junction, May 12, 1912--

The Mount View hotel at Greenville Junction run by Henry Bartley as owner and proprietor, was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday morning, together with the stable outbuildings and a large part of their contents. The hotel was one of the best known of the several about the lake. The buildings were valued at from \$16,000 to 18,000. The loss is partially covered by an insurance of \$10,500 on buildings and furniture. The stable contained many horses belonging to Mr. Bartley but by quick work all of the animals were rescued before the fire reached that building. Most of the furniture in the hotel was also saved. The fire caught around the kitchen chimney while breakfast was being prepared.....From the Commercial.....

87

Some traits I liked of Shubel Grant's,
He played well on his drum and fife,
And, though he wore blue drilling pants,
Was true and clever to his wife.

88

And, though he had a rattled head,
At things Divine he wouldn't scoff,
And, though he went half choked, 'tis said,
He never took his well crank off.

89

He never changed or flopped about,
And now, wherever Grant may be,
In any world I have no doubt,
He writes God with a little g;

90

And thinks as he did here in Maine,--
He goes against each liquor law;--
He has no "nigger on the brain,"
And always takes his whiskey raw.

91

In in the roaring pit, beneath,
He'll fight, in lava to the knees,
Each sulphurous imp, who dares to breathe
One word against Divine decrees!

92

That blessed wheat, mixed in with tares,
The pious mother's humble prayers,
And love you harbor for her daughter,
You know will often make you stand
More lies, and brags, and drunks, and cheats,
From the old father than you ought to.
And so, through prayers and rum and all,
I toughed it out at Grant's that Fall.

93

When Grant retired, so nearly nude,
I felt upon my cheek a tear--
A blessed tear of gratitude;
It was not that the coast was clear,
But ah, I felt 'twas plain to see,
That Shubel Grant had faith in me.
He knew I was not shuling 'round,
Like Rufus York, that long haired curse,
Who came that way and mended clocks,
And fooled and ruined Mary Burse.
Poor Mary, and her mother, too,
One night to Crowell's meadow came--
Poor Widow Burse to drown her grief,
And Mary Burse to drown her shame.
When Mary and the Widow Burse,
You know, within that brook were found,
And the crazed people thundered in
From half a dozen miles around;

93

How some the folks would stand and cry,
While gazing on their dripping locks,
And some pile curses mountain high
Around the wretch who mended clocks;
I love to hear a people pray--
Then love to hear that people curse,
If they will swear, as on that day,
While standing 'round poor Mary Burse.
But these my heart cannot approve,
Whose pulses throb but one desire--
Whose eyes with measured winks will move,
And have the same look when they love--
As when a building is on fire.

94

But what has this poetic rant
To do with courting 'Mira Grant?
I said, that Shubel Grant believed--
And Shubel Grant was not deceived--
That I had come, from mother's, bound
For good and not for evil.
For, in five minutes, Shubel Grant
Turned over once, and took a cant
Upon sleep's inclined plane, it seems,
Which sluiced him to the land of dreams,
While snoring like the devil.
Then Shubel's rest seemed sweet and deep
Much like some certain lawyer's sleep--
For, though the bed is scrimped or wide,
Some lawyers lie on either side.

95

There's nothing for the realms of rhyme
In future can occur,
To make me feel as, on that time,
I sidled up to her.

96

I told my feelings square, if brusk--
My talk seemed to amaze her;
Her heart beat so it broke her busk,
Carved with her father's razor.

97

But, after I'd explained awhile,
And got her more enlightened,
She seemed to act like other girls,
More natural and less frightened.

98

For then she tied me up a wreath
From flowers she had been culling--
The hollyhock, and butter-cup,
The sunflower, pink, and mullen.

MARCH 4, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 14

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Mean Temperature	12.1 "	Maximum Temp. 2/9	39 "
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Continued on next page.....

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99

And then she sat and told how mean
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And how the ring-tailed, striped bugs
Had eaten up their squashes.

100

How Peavey's cats had lapped their cream,
For yeasterday she caught 'em;
And how she drove the measles out,
And when and where she got 'em.

101

This was long before Jane Peaslie
Had that whooping cough;
Long before her uncle Cyrus
Made that yoke and trough--
Or New England rum was slandered
By the lips of Gough;
Long before I fought my battle,
'Mid Plebian throngs;
Long before I caught this rattle
From John Whittier's songs;
"Ho, fishermen, of Marblehead,
Ho, Lynn cordwainers, leave your leather,
And wear the yoke in kindness made,
And clank your needful chains together."

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As Byron did in his Don Juan.
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Would meet and tell experiences
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MARCH 11, 1965

VOLUME 3 NO. 15

Memories seem to be awful short when it comes to the weather in this part of the country. Everyone are remarking that they never see such a warm spell in all the time they have been around here but just last year the temperatures were only two degrees cooler than this year as the following five year averages will show:

	1965	1964	1963	1962	1961
March 2	38	40	17	24	30
March 3	40	40	26	5	32
March 4	43	50	28	10	40
March 5	52	50	28	33	32
March 6	47	45	30	30	16
March 7	42	30	28	34	25
March 8	40	45	27	35	32
March 9	45	30	28	38	25
8 Day average	43.3	41.2	26.5	26.1	29.0

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3. Men employees will be given an evening off each week for courting purposes.
4. After 13 hours of labour in the office, the employee should spend the remaining time reading the Bible.
5. Each employee should lay aside, from each payday, a goodly sum of his earnings--for his benefits during his declining years, so he will not become a burden on society.
6. Any employee who smokes Spanish cigars, uses liquor in any form, or frequents pool and public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reasons to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.

Signed..F. A. Gilbert.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

AMOS WALKER, OF GREENVILLE. VETERAN HOTEL MAN AND FRIEND OF NORTHERN MAINE'S BIG LUMBER KINGS--REMINISCENCES OF DAYS WHEN THE B & A WAS CALLED THE BANGOR & PISCATAQUIS--FIRST STAGE LINE ON MOOSEHEAD.

"Amos Walker," exclaimed the Bath lumberman, to the Lewiston Journal man, who was his smoking companion at the Greenville hotel.

"Amos Walker, why, he's got more friends than any other man in the state of Maine. Sure, if you don't know Amos, you want to mighty quick, Who is he? What is he? Why I can't tell you, man, he's just Amos Walker. When you see him you'll know what I mean. He's great, all right, that's what he is every time."

"They tell a pretty good story about Amos," laughed the Bath man, as he lighted another cigar. "A man told me once that Amos could get more guests into a small hotel than any other man in Maine. That was before the new Moosehead Inn was built and Amos run the small house."

"How did he do it? Well this is the way my friend figured it out. If you have been up this way any length of time you have learned that the trains have a careless sort of way of running in the middle of the night, almost as bad as that anyway," amended the Bath man. "It used to be worse than it is now. Lots of people who came from Bangor would go to bed than get up at midnight and go up to Jackman or wherever they were bound. The other crowd who came down the line from Jackman wouldn't feel very sleepy when they got here, and that was where Amos had his innings."

"He'd keep one set up late playing cards and getting so interested in the game that they never once thought of going to bed. Amos would see to it that they didn't lose their interest; Then when it came train time Amos would hustle up the crowd bound for Jackman and get them on their train and then put the card players into the beds the others had left. Those were lively times I can tell you and Amos never got left. Everybody liked him and the house was always full."

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A genial man abounding in stories of those long ago days' before the cutting of the big lumber, Mr. Walker, has a strong personality. His friendship once gained, is seldom lost.

"That was when I kept the West Cove House," he said smiling, when asked concerning the truthfulness of the beds that were put to double duty the same night.

"We were some crowded there but they all got beds so no one complained. That was a small house and it was hard sometimes to accommodate them all; but I did it," and Amos Walker chuckled as he thought of those days.

Behind the bay horse, beloved by Mr. Walker, the Journal man, accompanied Mr. Walker on a twelve mile drive around Greenville, round by the McFarland place where one gets the best view of Moosehead Lake, the mountains and islands, and home through the woods road that leads to the village. It was then Mr. Walker told the story of the years he had been in the hotel business and a part of the many adventures that had been his, but he is a modest man, averse to speaking of himself and far more prone to dwell on the good points of his friends.

A VETERAN HOTEL MAN: "Thirty four years ago I came to Greenville, he said in reminiscent voice, "I was born in the town of Exeter. When I first came I was agent for the stage line between Dexter and Moosehead Lake. We connected with the Maine Central at Dexter. We used the stage from Dexter with big coaches, six horse teams they were, handsome teams too. It was a pretty ride thru and we run on schedule time. It was not unusual in those days to come thru with 75 or 100 passengers on the coaches, all the lumbermen came this way, for those were the times when they hauled all the logging supplies from Bangor up to the woods."

Continued on next page.....

"Afterwards I went into the Eveleth House in Greenville and was there ten years. When the B & A road was built 22 years ago this last spring the terminus of the road was here at Greenville and they came for me(I lived in Greenville Village then), to come over near the new station and run a dining room to feed people coming and going from the lake. That was when the B&A road was called the Bangor & Piscataquis railroad. The road runs now to Northern Maine Junction.

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"I forgot to say for a time I kept the West Cove house, this was a small place and was built with the intention of having that for a winter house and Moosehead Inn for a summer house. Had George Newhall lived the inn would have been built differently and made larger than it is now. But the foundation was hardly up before he died and so the original plans for building were never carried out."

"After I sold my interest in Moosehead Inn," continued this veteran hotel man, "I still retained my interest in the livery stable and in the stage line running from Greenville to Kineo, and to the Northeast and Northwest Carries. There are two separate teams from Kineo, one to the Northeast and one to the Northwest Carry.

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MEN OF THE LOGGING COUNTRY: "Greenville has always been a logging country, always," continued Mr. Walker, who knows all there is to know of the big logging industry of the State. "Every lumberman in the State, almost has been here at some time or other in his life, and many of them came year after year. I've known most of the big lumbermen in their day. There was George Newhall of Fairfield, one of the chief promoters of the new Moosehead Inn. Then there was Charles Fogg, he was one of the veteran lumberman. Then Milt Shaw, he's dead too; Charles Lawrence of Gardiner, he was a good fellow, one of the best. Al Page, Tyng Fogg, the Bradstreets, all the Shaws, Greenleaf Lawrence, he's a good man; I knew them all and most of the living ones come here still.

"There's a mighty lot of logs cut up this way, a mighty big lot. Not all of them right round here but they are not far off. The Great Northern Paper Company will cut one hundred million logs this year on the West Branch of the Penobscot. There's a lot of lumber cut on the East and West Branch and on Mattawamkeag. Hollingsworth & Whitney own a lot of land and that's the biggest concern on the Kennebec. In the old days the Coburns were the biggest owners on the Kennebec, they were the first ones to cut lumber on the river. Shaw and Bradstreet were big ones too. Of course all the lumbermen knew that the Coburns left the biggest tracts of land. Now wild land can't be bought, it's too valuable.

"There's a vast sight of lumber cut now, but the greater part of it is done by corporations; wherein in the old days you would find twenty lumbermen, each with his own individual interests, now there will be only one big one. Corporations take the most of the big lumber sections.

Continued next week.....

With all the stains upon my soul,
Which years of sin have brought me,
I loathe the female tongue that scoffs
The faith my mother taught me:
A faith that tells to weary forms,
And hearts with sorrow riven,
Of healing balms in Gilead,
And better homes in heaven.
(These last two verses I have made,
So pious in expression,
Came from the heart, tho' they may seem
Unpardonable digression.)
You knew that frog-pond near our house,
On the old farm of mother's;
'Twas near the present grassy road
Which leads west from my brother's.
Some forty years ago, or so,
When there was fun in playing,
We boys would meet and spatter there,
Each evening after haying;
With littel shirts and trousers off,
We little human cattle,
Would splash around and duck our heads,
All eager for a battle.
I recollect (as plain as day)
One little Tommy Dyer,
Would always wade in to his knees,
But never wade in higher;
But I, your poet, feeling brave,
And finer than a fiddle,
Once waded in clear to my chin--
A foot above my middle.
But making then a slip or trip,
The fellows standing by me,
All had to join and fish me up,
Then pump me out and dry me,
So ever after that, when one
Would wish to wade in just for fun,
A piece of bed cord we had got
We tied around him, with a knot,
And held one end, when, in and in,
The fellow waded to his chin.
My love-sick brother, hear me through,
This sage advice I give to you:
When, with some female turtle-dove,
You come to the frog-pond of love,
Duck in and frolic as you please,
But then, like Tommy Dyer,
I wouldn't wade in to the knees;
But this strong resolution keep,
Wade in, perhaps, some ankle deep,
But never wade in higher,
Until the bridal knot is tied
With-in the bed-cord, 'round your side--

For ah! too late, it may be found,
That fellow standing by you--
That cloven-footed fellow 'round--
May fish you up from off the ground,
Then pump you out and dry you.

My Muse now takes another flop,
This moment as she passes,
With one remark, and simply this:
When courting, filled with rustic bliss,
We're often like the long-legged boy,
Who lived beneath the Hermon hill--
(I think his hat-band lives there still)
Who, in his hour of awful joy,
Could not, for life, tell when to stop,
The time he lobbed molasses;
When hogshead burst outside the door
Which lead to big George Brackett's store,-
So, on one beauteous summer day,
He lobbed and lobbed himself away.
Metempsychosis may be true:
And in the future, dark and dim,
I may take on the poodle dog,
Or e'en one of the seraphim.
If self must die, and change must come,
How would my pulses thrill with joy,
To know that I could be transformed
Into that long-legged Hermon boy.
Devoid of friction, care and pain,
No aspiration, nor a throb,
Except to lie, while God should reign,
Around some bursting cask and lob.

Now let me bounce back to that girl,
So fair to each beholder,
And skip awhile what she told me,
But tell you what I told her:

I told her how, that our steer calves,
We swapped with Ivory Nutter,
Were having horns two inches long,
And getting fat as butter;
How Chamberlain's sheep had owned her lamb-
A fact which you and I know--
By putting Bose into the pen
Beside the young Merino;-
Not Chamberlain who, long moons ago,
Sent Paugus with a yell and bound--
That Lovell pond, or red skin foe,
Up to his upper hunting-ground;
Not he--one J. L. Chamberlain,
Who once was Governor of Maine
Whose name may die in after times,
Unless I save him by these lines;

MARCH 11, 1965

VOLUME 3 NO. 15

Memories seem to be awful short when it comes to the weather in this part of the country. Everyone are remarking that they never see such a warm spell in all the time they have been around here but just last year the temperatures were only two degrees cooler than this year as the following five year averages will show:

	1965	1964	1963	1962	1961
March 2	38	40	17	24	30
March 3	40	40	26	5	32
March 4	43	50	28	10	40
March 5	52	50	28	33	32
March 6	47	45	30	30	16
March 7	42	30	28	34	25
March 8	40	45	27	35	32
March 9	45	30	28	38	25
8 Day average	43.3	41.2	26.5	26.1	29.0

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We tied around him, with a knot,
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Duck in and frolic as you please,
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We're often like the long-legged boy,
Who lived beneath the Hermon hill--
(I think his hat-band lives there still)
Who, in his hour of awful joy,
Could not, for life, tell when to stop,
The time he lobbed molasses;
When hogshead burst outside the door
Which lead to big George Brackett's store,-
So, on one beauteous summer day,
He lobbed and lobbed himself away.
Metempsychosis may be true:
And in the future, dark and dim,
I may take on the poodle dog,
Or e'en one of the seraphim.
If self must die, and change must come,
How would my pulses thrill with joy,
To know that I could be transformed
Into that long-legged Hermon boy.
Devoid of friction, care and pain,
No aspiration, nor a throb,
Except to lie, while God should reign,
Around some bursting cask and lob.

Now let me bounce back to that girl,
So fair to each beholder,
And skip awhile what she told me,
But tell you what I told her:

I told her how, that our steer calves,
We swapped with Ivory Nutter,
Were having horns two inches long,
And getting fat as butter;
How Chamberlain's sheep had owned her lamb-
A fact which you and I know--
By putting Bose into the pen
Beside the young Merino;-
Not Chamberlain who, long moons ago,
Sent Paugus with a yell and bound--
That Lovell pond, or red skin foe,
Up to his upper hunting-ground;
Not he--one J. L. Chamberlain,
Who once was Governor of Maine
Whose name may die in after times,
Unless I save him by these lines;

MARCH 18, 1965

VOLUME 3 NO. 16

The roads at this time are all clear of snow but the humps, bumps & "yes ma'ams" are more numerous this spring than ever before but then again memories are awful short.

The snow-fall and precipitation this year is almost identical with last year as the following comparisons will show:

Month	1963-64		1964-65		1957-58	
	Precip.	Snowfall	Precip.	Snowfall	Precip.	Snowfall
October	2.57"	13"	2.46"	2½"	1.98"	
November	7.67"	8½"	2.68"	9"	4.75"	1"
December	1.43"	93/4"	2.61"	22½"	4.98"	25"
January	2.71"	12½"	1.79"	20"	6.14"	46½"
February	.76"	8½"	2.79"	15"	3.99"	44½"
March 17th	.37"	7"	.02"	¼"	1.57"	24½"
Total	12.80"	69¼"	12.35"	69¼"	23.41"	141½"

The total snowfall for 1957-58 was 170½ inches.

J. S. Hooper, Purchasing Agent from Bangor run into a hot hornet's nest at Pittston Boarding House last Thursday morning when he wandered in for a cup of coffee and a do-nut. Mrs Long started it when she slapped his face with the vacuum cleaner and then the telephone operator mopped him dry with a splintery handled mop...It will be a long time before Jim gets hungry enough for coffee and do-nuts at Pittston again.

Herb Hanson and Arthur Bessey started for the Rainbow Camps last week by tractor. Arthur was enjoying himself on the back of the tractor sled when about halfway in they came to a sudden stop. Arthur eventually looked around to see what the hold-up could be and there was Herb walking around the tractor with a shifting lever in each hand. Herb says the both of them had a wonderful time strolling back out but the next morning they were seen crawling into a plane that headed in the general direction of Rainbow. Just a minute! The hot line from Hoppa Headder is buzzing. Yep! They bogged the tractor in a big mud hole and had to walk again. By the time Arthur gets out of there his stomach will be flatter than it was when he had to eat "The Corduroy Kid's" cooking.

Maurice and Georgia Bartlett are still in the sunny south but it is getting awful close to the time for Maurice to drop in on Leo Thibodeau with his camera to twist Leo's arm again.

A letter this week from John M. Morrison out in Boise, Idaho. John was a clerk in this area back in the twenties and left here thirty six years ago. If some of the old timers that knew him want to drop a line his address is: 211 West State Street, Boise, Idaho.

Del Bates, Ye Olde Clerke of Scott Brook Vallee is at his home in Patten but is expected to make another trip to the hospital this spring

TO ALL CLERKS:

SEPTEMBER 6, 1919

The supervision of the Woods Clerical work will be transferred to Mr. Leon G. White, effective immediately. You will, please, address all correspondence to Mr. White at 6 State Street, Bangor, Maine.

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"He had a new compass that he had bought in Bangor and it didn't work right, I don't know how far we had gone before it came to us that we might be lost. It grew darker all the time and began to rain harder so we made up a bough bed right where we were and stayed there all night. It wasn't very comfortable, it was a cold drizzly rain and we were the both of us pretty wet.

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"As soon as light we got up and began to wander on but try as we could we never got on the right track. So that night we camped again. By this time he had an awful headache so I fixed the shelter while he sat still and nursed his head. I took birch bark and fixed a sort of roof so the rain couldn't get in and after it was done we crawled inside and stayed all night.

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"We managed to get some sleep that night and Tuesday morning I said to him, 'theres a only one way out of these mountains and that's thru a valley. We've got to find it, too. I did some pretty tall reckoning and finally we started. I went ahead and he followed on what I thought was the trail. After a while we began climbing trees, at last I struck a tall one and from the top of it I could see Lily Bay and Kineo, so I knew we were all right. We hustled some after that and when we got down close to the shores of the pond some people in a boat saw us and came over after us. You can just better believe we were glad to be found.

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"I was taken sick the night we got into camp. It was a windy night, too, and a hard one to be out in. They sent a man for a doctor, when they saw how sick I was. He had to go to Patten five miles away, and then to Kineo. The doctor was gone when the guide got there and he had to wait until he got back. I had been growing worse all the time and had been out of my head too; but I roused a little when the doctor came, and knew him all right. I remember when he first put eyes on me he said, 'Well, old boy, I guess you better come home with me.'

"I was so far gone I didn't mind, so I told him all right, tho I was sorry that the boys should have their fun spoiled in that way, but I thought they would stay and have their hunting just the same; but I didn't know 'em.

112

Whose name you all may soon forget,
Unless he asks a pardon yet.
He, with the royal many,
For dealing out in that red fight,
With sword, and grape, and shot and shell,
On Little Round-Top, through that night,
That awful lurid dose of hell,
To those, by man and God accursed,
Turning the tide of treason first,
Way down in Pennsylvania,
But Chamberlain, whom you all well know,
Who lived nor'west of Alfred Rowe,
And sou'west of Gilman hill,
And east of Eastman's cider mill--
His girl, you know, they called her Beck--
You know that mole upon her neck--
She wears the same knit garters still,
The bodice, with the skirt and frill,
The cotton-pads and raccoon fur,
When Abner Coburn courted her.
Beck gave Jim Blaine the mitten once,
Then took up with that perfect dunce,
That long nose Roswell Griffin,
Who came up from the Willard Bend
The day that our new barn was raised,
And drank new rum till nearly crazed,
Then won a gill from Moses Shead,
By standing longest on his head--
And lifted short-legg'd Deacon Beals
A dozen times, at the stiff heels--
Threw me at the backs and the arms'-end;
But then I tried a different lug,
And took him at the old side-hug,
And whopped and laid him on his mug,
In just a half a "jiffin."

113

This happy, short legg'd Deacon Beals,
That Roswell lifted at stiff heels,
Was not the long-faced Deacon Beals
Who used to eat with us, and pray
An average of once a day;
And always lectured me on sin--
I see it now, but didn't then;
His prayers and appetite were good,
But then, to tell the honest facts,
Although my folks were mighty poor,
He never helped me cart manure,
Nor never helped me grind my axe,
Nor helped me chop a stick of wood.

114

In the last settlement above,
Whatever crimes or faults they prove,
Whatever else old Shubel lacks,

114

One thing his enemies will say,
He was a good man in his day
To break and swingle flax;
And, with two swigs of cherry rum,
Played nice tunes on his tenor drum,
And this was more, 'twixt me and you,
Than ever Deacon Beals could do.
115
Rebecca Chamberlain, ere she wed,
Had everything within her head;
For miles around, she knew them all,
By bonnet, overcoat, or shawl,
And I was told by Widow Moore,
That Miss Rebecca Chamberlain knew
The quantity and value too,
Of every rag of clothes you wore.
I think you knew poor Widow Moore?
Though pue and holy, meek and mild,
Like a caged maniac, she swore,
The night she lost her only child.
Sometimes a solace may be found
To snatch and break the chastening rod,
And clank your galling chains, though bound,
Square in the face and ear of God.

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One day she told me, and she cried,
That winter that her husband died,
She tended her own barn,
And spun with her poor widowed hands
Five hundred skeins of yarn.
Ah! woman, in your gorgeous wealth,
With false, perverted taste,
Who drizzle out a vapid life,
Mid frippery and paste;
Come, I can teach you many a phrase,
Yes, teach you how to speak,
Not only in my native tongue,
But Latin, French, and Greek;
But cannot tell you what this means--
She tended her own barn,
And spun with her poor widowed hands,
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I told of Lot Brown's piling-bee,
The wrestle and the scuffle,
The French four and four-handed reel,
The jig and double-shuffle;
And how we played "the needle's-eye"
Which carries its tape so true,
It has caught many a smiling lass,
Now, lass, it has caught you."

MARCH 18, 1965

VOLUME 3 NO. 16

The roads at this time are all clear of snow but the humps, bumps & "yes ma'ams" are more numerous this spring than ever before but then again memories are awful short.

The snow-fall and precipitation this year is almost identical with last year as the following comparisons will show:

Month	1963-64		1964-65		1957-58	
	Precip.-	Snowfall	Precip.-	Snowfall	Precip.-	Snowfall
October	2.57"	13"	2.46"	2½"	1.98"	
November	7.67"	8½"	2.68"	9 "	4.75"	1"
December	1.43"	93/4"	2.61"	22½"	4.98"	25"
January	2.71"	12½"	1.79"	20"	6.14"	46½"
February	.76"	8½"	2.79"	15"	3.99"	44½"
March 17th	.37"	7"	.02"	¼"	1.57"	24½"
Total	12.80"	69¾"	12.35"	69¾"	23.41"	141½"

The total snowfall for 1957-58 was 170½ inches.

J. S. Hooper, Purchasing Agent from Bangor run into a hot hornet's nest at Pittston Boarding House last Thursday morning when he wandered in for a cup of coffee and a do-nut. Mrs Long started it when she slapped his face with the vacuum cleaner and then the telephone operator mopped him dry with a splintery handled mop...It will be a long time before Jim gets hungry enough for coffee and do-nuts at Pittston again.

Herb Hanson and Arthur Bessey started for the Rainbow Camps last week by tractor. Arthur was enjoying himself on the back of the tractor sled when about halfway in they came to a sudden stop. Arthur eventually looked around to see what the hold-up could be and there was Herb walking around the tractor with a shifting lever in each hand. Herb says the both of them had a wonderful time strolling back out but the next morning they were seen crawling into a plane that headed in the general direction of Rainbow. Just a minute! The hot line from Hoppa Headder is buzzing. Yep! They bogged the tractor in a big mud hole and had to walk again. By the time Arthur gets out of there his stomach will be flatter than it was when he had to eat "The Corduroy Kid's" cooking.

Maurice and Georgia Bartlett are still in the sunny south but it is getting awful close to the time for Maurice to drop in on Leo Thibodeau with his camera to twist Leo's arm again.

A letter this week from John M. Morrison out in Boise, Idaho. John was a clerk in this area back in the twenties and left here thirty six years ago. If some of the old timers that knew him want to drop a line his address is: 211 West State Street, Boise, Idaho.

Del Bates, Ye Olde Clerke of Scott Brook Vallee is at his home in Patten but is expected to make another trip to the hospital this spring.

TO ALL CLERKS:

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When Abner Coburn courted her.
Beck gave Jim Blaine the mitten once,
Then took up with that perfect dunce,
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MARCH 25, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 17

Del Bates, Ye Olde Clerke from Scott Brooke Vallee entered the Madigan Hospital in Houlton last Friday and was expected to be operated on Tuesday of this week.

A letter from Marion Gunn this week, she swears she is the only woman in the South that wears a hat. Mrs Vera Sawyer is there with her and you know it must be rather interesting to listen to two retired telephone operators telling each other what they overheard while at the switchboards.

A letter from Walter Creagan this week and he is now on the way back to Seboomook. Since Walter is the fifth one to ask how much longer "My First Courtship" is going to last, we have decided to run it only one more week than give it a rest until next winter.

In last weeks Main Street we saw where Ira Bragg of Patten wanted to know when the Fowler Farm was sold to the Powers family. We found in the Northern magazine, February 1923 issue in an article written by F. S. Davenport where the Fowler Farm was sold to the Powers in 1882 and that the Powers stayed there until the G. N. P. Co. bought him out in 1899.

While reading the same magazine we came across the following under the Seboomook news: A floating home is tied up to the island opposite the wharf at Seboomook. The owner plans on freezing it into the ice this winter. Some think at the early freezing and late thawing stages the dooryard would be rather damp.

We received a letter from Tommy Whelan that was dated January 15, 1965 and we quote you a paragraph from it: "A chilly 18 below this morning and a strong wind blowing from the Northwest. Makes me think of a morning in 1925 when I crossed the head of Moosehead Lake from the old Company house to the first little island, where Reddy McNeil had a camp built on a float. The cause of my early visit was to get Reddy to go with a search party to look for Porky Flynn who had failed to return from a trouble shooting safari on the telephone line between Lobster Lake and Seboomook. It was forty five below, the coldest I have ever been out. Poor old Porky had spent the night in an abandoned camp with no stove and his feet were badly frozen when they found him. However he survived to climb many a telephone pole afterwards...."

The hot line from Hopper Header just rang and sure enough she had a message from one of her contacts. It seems Mr. Bates had his operation Tuesday and it had to have been successful as he was snoring quietly when the contact left the room. It was not necessary to take any skin from his leg to patch his belly with as he had lost so much weight that all the doctor did was to fold over a couple of laps of excess material and wind the stitches to it. Gad! If Bates ever puts on weight again he'll tip forward worse than the leaning tower of Pisa.

We were diligently working away trying to dig up some information on the Knox Lime Company which we think was a subsidiary of the Great Northern Paper Company when along come Slim Powell to drive his arm through the spokes of the wheels of progress. Yep! Slim says, "Did you know that the Great Norther owned a freighter at one time that plied the waters of the Atlantic Seaboard hauling newsprint?" Personally we feel that he is addicted to eating too many beans before retiring.

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"They got me in the boat, and down in the cabin and off we started. I didn't know it at the time but the whole crowd came back too. They kept out of sight, and I kept getting sicker and sicker, so that when we got back to Greenville the doctor had to rig a stretcher and take me up to the hotel on that. When they carried me into the office, there were the boys, and then I knew they had come down with us on the boat. I tell you it kind of pleased me to think they had come back, tho I was mighty sorry they didn't have their fun.

"It was pneumonia that I had, and the doctor pulled me thru all right, he was straight goods, that doctor was. Stayed with me night and day and never let up on working over me.

"Maybe you're wondering where the smoking comes in but I'll get to it after a while. One day when I was so much better that I could sit up, the doctor came in and found me smoking a cigar." "See here, young man," said he, 'I can't have you smoking so much. It's bad at your age, after so much smoking all your life.' "I don't smoke much," I told him. "How many," he asked. "I began to count up. 'Oh, only about 15 or 20 a day,' I had to own. "Oh, no," said the doctor, 'that's not many, is it? Now you've got to quit and smoke only three or four a day, or I won't answer for the consequences.' "Well I got to thinking it over what he said and I determined to make a clean sweep of it. So I quit then, and I haven't smoked since. HOW MOOSEHEAD INN WAS NAMED: "When I named Moosehead Inn," said Mr. Walker, "I wanted to get an Indian name, but could not think of any that I liked, so gave it up. One day a bull moose stopped right in the middle of the road close by the Inn. That gave me my idea, and that is how Moosehead Inn got its name.

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"And fishing, why there are some of the best ponds in the country up here, square tails and landlocked salmon, you know the square tail trout are a heap gamier fish than the lakere. You can get 'em here tho, all you want. Up in Wilson's pond, thats one place where there's lots of good fishing, and I can name a hundred places almost as good. Wilson Pond is 1600 feet up and one of the best fish ponds in the State of Maine.

"People get every thing here, that's why so many of 'em come. Take Squaw Mountain 2800 feet higher than the sea, that's a great place to go for the view. I've often been there with parties. We camped near the spring at the top. I was there 25 years ago, when there was a bridal path all the way but it's not there now, I'm thinking.

"Am I a good fisherman, oh, I can hold my end up," laughed the jolly hotel man, "fly fishing is my specialty and Parmacheenese Belle is a good enough fly for me. Trout and Salmon, they're both here, and this season they have taken more salmon than ever before. That's why so many come to Greenville. They don't all stay here, of course, some go on, but I see them when they come; I've lived a busy life for the past fifty years, and I know everybody in the state, and most everybody out of it, and sooner, or later," concluded this interesting man, "sooner or later, everybody worth knowing in this world comes to Greenville.

The B & A railroad was built into Greenville in 1884 therefore this must have been printed in 1906 or 1907 for a guess.....

MATERIAL FOR PAPER

"We have just examined," says the Baltimore Sun, "several samples of paper made of reeds or cane, of a species that grows in great abundance in our Southern States; And also a sample made from the same process from white pine shavings. In such an age of invention as this, incredulity is not to be tolerated, therefore we submit with the best possible grace, even to the white pine. The reed paper is quite a promising article. Another sample, composed of rags and reeds, one-third of the former and two-thirds of the latter, is quite a fine article, and its value is estimated by the makers equal to that from rags, worth 12½ cents per pound. The paper from pine shavings is designed for wrapping or envelope paper; it was first bleached and then colored for that purpose, and is valued at 12½ cents per pound also. The inventors of it, B. A. Larender and Henry L. of Baltimore, are sanguine that with proper apparatus, paper can be manufactured of reeds or wood, as the main staple, by their process, worth 12½ to 16 cents, and at a cost not exceeding 6¼ cents per pound.

The best and cheapest material which we have yet seen, applied to the making of paper, is a fine sea grass thin in the blade and of great length. It is so abundant around some parts of our coasts, that millions of it can be obtained annually, the only expense being the gathering and carting it away. It will, from its very nature make much better paper than cane or any of the straws of cereals--wheat and oats. Some samples of paper made from this material, exhibited to us, were really beautiful.

Paper can be manufactured from almost any vegetable materials, and the variety of plants and substances from which it has been made, is very great. The ancient Egyptians made their paper from the papyrus, a reedy flag which grows on the banks of the Nile. The Chinese made paper from cotton and linen thousands of years ago.

For making the fine India paper, the material employed by the Chinese is the interior bark of the mulberry tree. The Chinese also made paper from the rice plant. Paper has been made from the husks of Indian corn and from various kinds of wood.

We have seen in a number of exchanges, an account of the successful manufacture of beautiful white paper from straw by M. Millier, a French chemist. This discovery, we presume, is only for an improvement in the manufacture of such paper, we have seen paper made from straw as white as any made from rags. Chlorine and sulphuric acid will bleach the darkest straw color into a pure white.

The whole question of making paper economically does not depend on the practicability of making it from canes, corn stalks, or of any substance composed of vegetable fibre, but the cost of making it. To this let every effort of the paper manufacturer and chemists be directed, for no greater benefit could be conferred upon our people than the reduction of the price of printing paper. Cheap paper makes cheap books and newspapers--the staff of an intelligent people, and the great bulwarks of American freedom.

FROM THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN EDITION OF "THE TRADE JOURNAL"
DATED, JANUARY 20, 1854.....

117

I told her how, at Captain Ware's,
 We fixed two quilts across two chairs,
 Which Lydia Rich and Rachael Hart
 Had stood, or fixed, two feet apart--
 And how we got one Edward Fox--
 'Twas not your learned Judge Edward Fox--
 But he of the long and yellow locks,
 He of the sunburnt, dog-tail curls--
 To set him down between those girls,
 When his true lover, quick perhap
 Would come and sit upon his lap.
 One fact was kept from Ed., you know:
 The yawning, watery tub below.
 Although we had a world of fun
 With Edward Fox--the Baptist's son--
 That single hour's diversion
 Sent Edward--son of Deacon Fox--
 Half over with the orthodox.
 Although his heart and head were right--
 Although, in soul, a Baptist still,
 To gratify a stubborn will,
 The lower half of Edward Fox
 Was ever, from that blessed night,
 A rabid, blue-light orthodox,
 Or death against immersion.

118

I think 'twas after she had gone
 And put another apron on,
 And fixed, like other angel girls,
 Those darling little water curls,
 And hooked new nubs or ear-rings in,
 Put on some other beads and pin,
 Used camomile instead of musk,
 And slipped in sly another busk,
 And with her side-combs "primped" her hair;
 I told my dear Almira there--
 Yes, spoke right out--that she was sweet,
 And nearly good enough to eat;
 She changed so quick from white to red,
 It made a swimming in my head--
 The doctors for a fee, you know,
 Would call that swimming vertigo.
 Heaven only knows how we poor fools
 Have toiled and sweat, from day to day,
 To earn enough in part to pay
 For such old stuff they learn at schools.

119

As felt some Grecian mother's son,
 Who bore one of the classic names,
 In boasting of a prize he won
 At those renowned Olympian games--
 I strutted with a peacock's air,
 And told my sweet Almira there,

119

How I and Dolly Peavey ran--
 And how I ran the faster;
 When old York's Durham roared and pawed,
 As we went through the pasture.
 I mind it well I tried to write
 Almira Grant a love-sick sonnet,
 And how my heart would throb that night,
 As though it had a stone-bruise on it.

120

The darts of love I bravely met,
 As Switzer Arnold Winkelreid
 Received the shafts within his breast,
 When by the Austrian squadron pressed,
 While leading through the Alpine fray
 His comrades on that glorious day.
 Young Love and I played hide and seek,
 By skulking 'round, then darting in
 The dimples on her rosy cheek
 And creases of her double chin.

121

I told my dear Almira, there,
 Who looked so fleshy and so fair,
 (While sitting pretty near her chair)
 How Rose Ross threw a ball of yarn
 Into the well behind the barn;
 Then wound it with a fellow--
 How, one dark night, Robena Rand
 Backed, with a looking-glass in hand,
 Into Joe Hooker's cellar--
 Not old fighting Joseph Hooker,
 Who, above the clouds,
 In the loom of the red angel,
 Wove those dead men's shrouds;
 Marching through those blistering regions,
 With his blue and conquering legions,
 Bathing, as they trod,--
 Bathing, from War's purple fountain,
 The fevered brow of Look-Out Mountain,
 Half way up to God;--
 And how we played old hide and seek;
 How Liz Jones tried to find me,
 And how we used to "shave her down,"
 By one song sung by Nancy Brown--
 That blessed, sentimental song,
 Which my scarred heart remembers long,
 "The girl I left behind me."
 'Twas whistled, too, by Simon Phipps,
 Whose lummox, loose, and lumbering lips,
 We country boys, with wallets thin,
 Had charted for a violin.

PRESSURE HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO BEAR AND WE WILL DISCONTINUE
 "MY FIRST COURTSHIP UNTIL NEXT WINTER.

MARCH 25, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 17

Del Bates, Ye Olde Clerke from Scott Brooke Vallee entered the Madigan Hospital in Houlton last Friday and was expected to be operated on Tuesday of this week.

A letter from Marion Gunn this week, she swears she is the only woman in the South that wears a hat. Mrs Vera Sawyer is there with her and you know it must be rather interesting to listen to two retired telephone operators telling each other what they overheard while at the switchboards.

A letter from Walter Creagan this week and he is now on the way back to Seboomook. Since Walter is the fifth one to ask how much longer "My First Courtship" is going to last, we have decided to run it only one more week than give it a rest until next winter.

In last weeks Main Street we saw where Ira Bragg of Patten wanted to know when the Fowler Farm was sold to the Powers family. We found in the Northern magazine, February 1923 issue in an article written by F. S. Davenport where the Fowler Farm was sold to the Powers in 1882 and that the Powers stayed there until the G. N. P. Co. bought him out in 1899.

While reading the same magazine we came across the following under the Seboomook news: A floating home is tied up to the island opposite the wharf at Seboomook. The owner plans on freezing it into the ice this winter. Some think at the early freezing and late thawing stages the dooryard would be rather damp.

We received a letter from Tommy Whelan that was dated January 15, 1965 and we quote you a paragraph from it: "A chilly 18 below this morning and a strong wind blowing from the Northwest. Makes me think of a morning in 1925 when I crossed the head of Moosehead Lake from the old Company house to the first little island, where Reddy McNeil had a camp built on a float. The cause of my early visit was to get Reddy to go with a search party to look for Porky Flynn who had failed to return from a trouble shooting safari on the telephone line between Lobster Lake and Seboomook. It was forty five below, the coldest I have ever been out. Poor old Porky had spent the night in an abandoned camp with no stove and his feet were badly frozen when they found him. However he survived to climb many a telephone pole afterwards...."

The hot line from Hopper Header just rang and sure enough she had a message from one of her contacts. It seems Mr. Bates had his operation Tuesday and it had to have been successful as he was snoring quietly when the contact left the room. It was not necessary to take any skin from his leg to patch his belly with as he had lost so much weight that all the doctor did was to fold over a couple of laps of excess material and wind the stitches to it. Gad! If Bates ever puts on weight again he'll tip forward worse than the leaning tower of Pisa.

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AMOS WALKER (cont)

"They got me in the boat, and down in the cabin and off we started. I didn't know it at the time but the whole crowd came back too. They kept out of sight, and I kept getting sicker and sicker, so that when we got back to Greenville the doctor had to rig a stretcher and take me up to the hotel on that. When they carried me into the office, there were the boys, and then I knew they had come down with us on the boat. I tell you it kind of pleased me to think they had come back, tho I was mighty sorry they didn't have their fun.

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 But he of the long and yellow locks,
 He of the sunburnt, dog-tail curls--
 To set him down between those girls,
 When his true lover, quick perhap
 Would come and sit upon his lap.
 One fact was kept from Ed., you know:
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 Although we had a world of fun
 With Edward Fox--the Baptist's son--
 That single hour's diversion
 Sent Edward--son of Deacon Fox--
 Half over with the orthodox.
 Although his heart and head were right--
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 And fixed, like other angel girls,
 Those darling little water curls,
 And hooked new nubs or ear-rings in,
 Put on some other beads and pin,
 Used camomile instead of musk,
 And slipped in sly another busk,
 And with her side-combs "primped" her hair;
 I told my dear Almira there--
 Yes, spoke right out--that she was sweet,
 And nearly good enough to eat;
 She changed so quick from white to red,
 It made a swimming in my head--
 The doctors for a fee, you know,
 Would call that swimming vertigo.
 Heaven only knows how we poor fools
 Have toiled and sweat; from day to day,
 To earn enough in part to pay
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 Then wound it with a fellow--
 How, one dark night, Robena Rand
 Backed, with a looking-glass in hand,
 Into Joe Hooker's cellar--
 Not old fighting Joseph Hooker,
 Who, above the clouds,
 In the loom of the red angel,
 Wove those dead men's shrouds;
 Marching through those blistering regions,
 With his blue and conquering legions,
 Bathing, as they trod,--
 Bathing, from War's purple fountain,
 The fevered brow of Look-Out Mountain,
 Half way up to God;--
 And how we played old hide and seek;
 How Liz Jones tried to find me,
 And how we used to "shave her down,"
 By one song sung by Nancy Brown--
 That blessed, sentimental song,
 Which my scarred heart remembers long,
 "The girl I left behind me."
 'Twas whistled, too, by Simon Phipps,
 Whose lummox, loose, and lumbering lips,
 We country boys, with wallets thin,
 Had charted for a violin.

PRESSURE HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO BEAR AND WE WILL DISCONTINUE
 "MY FIRST COURTSHIP UNTIL NEXT WINTER.

The Operation Foremen and assistants had a two day business meeting here at Pittston this week. Those attending were: Wellie Caouette, Pierre Caouette, Lucien Gosselin, Arthur Gosselin, Alfred Nadeau, Charley Nadeau, Henri Marcoux, Frank Morissette, Adelard Gilbert, Raoul Gilbert, Phillip Paquet, O'Neil Laroche, Aldrich Milliard, Raymond Guerrette, Patrick Begin, Arthur Allen, Charlie Duperry and Louis Colgar spent the most of their time bringing out the highlights of safety and R. E. Farnham put the finishing touches on Wednesday, then they went on to St. George to take in the Safety Banquet.

Del Bates is expected to return to his home in Patten from the Madigan Hospital some time this weekend.

George Bessey is at Pittston this week helping out with the inventories. Walter Creagan has returned from Rhode Island and the Lacross' moved back to North East Carry today.

We see in the advertising section of the Bangor News where Clarence Johnston of Seboomook, our mail man, is selling some of his cat hounds and we would like to add that these dogs were trained by the highly trained house cat of Isobel, his wife. (By the way this cat is not for sale although a couple of cat hunters made her a fabulous offer.) A cat on a hot tin roof has nothing on Isobel's house cat streaking across country with a couple of Plott hounds behind her.

Walter MacDougal's article in the April issue of the Down East magazine on Seboomook was very well written that is up as far as he went with it. It looks to us as though he cut it off in 1928 when the last Northern magazine was issued. There is no mention of the Hamiltons operating the hotel, or of the Coburn boats hauling all the cement and machinery etc. at the time the cement dam was built on Henderson's Pitch nor was there anything said about the Prisoner of War camp that utilized the companies' buildings during the war.

We did find a slip or two in what he wrote. He stated that there were three carloads of steel rails sunk in Moosehead Lake but our records show only two. The B & A Railroad car numbers 6649 & 5035 with a total weight of 133,600 pounds of 56 pound rails was sunk on July 22, 1920. He also had the Logan Brook trestle on the Seboomook-St John Railway as being 6,000 feet in length but it was only 600 feet. This could have been a typing error.

Neil McDonald, one of the great oldtime cooks for this company is laid up with arthritis at his apartment, 355 Main Street, Bangor, and would no doubt appreciate getting a few cards from some of his friends. One of his best remembered jobs was on the construction of the latest Seboomook Dam (cement) in 1936, when he took charge of the cookroom for 300 men. He had the assistance of Ed Mountain, another good cook, during the day shift, while a third cook handled the night shift. In contrast to this was his last job for the company, when he cooked for the Road Crew, 20 to 25 men and also transient employees, in road-carts built on trucks. These consisted of a cookroom, a diner, a bunk-house and an office, and the crew traveled around the country building new roads and repairing the old ones for the company.

"Pa, tell me how you proposed to Ma," requested the young hopeful. "Well, son, as I remember it was like this. We were sitting on the sofa one night at her house. She leaned over and whispered in my ear. I said 'the hell you are' and the next day we got married....."

ARTIFICIAL FLIES--WILL THEY PREVENT TROUT SLAUGHTER AT MOOSEHEAD LAKE:

The following letter has been received from George A. Cleveland relative to the law proposed by Dennis Tracy, regarding trout fishing at Moosehead Lake: To the Editor of the Commercial:

In your issue of Jan. 25th an article appeared which states that "Dennis Tracy, detective at Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, believes that a law should be made closing that great body of fresh water to trout fishing, except with artificial flies--believes that it would have a beneficial effect, and meet the approval of most of the anglers who annually visit the lake--it would tend he thinks to prevent the slaughter of fish." Immediately following this the article states that "during the 14 years Mr. Tracy has spent at Kineo, he has landed scores of large fish and his record in this respect is greater than that of any other individual fisherman."

It is unfortunate that this record should have appeared in this place. Now this advocacy of exclusive fly fishing emanates from two principle motives, and dates a long ways back. The chief motive is toward reservation, shutting out the great mass of common people from exercising their inherent right to go a fishing, in the free wild waters of their own state. The other motive exhales from the conceit expanded lungs of the individual found in all walks of life, who thinks himself and his particular manners and methods the only real thing, and everyone else who thinks and acts different is a dub, in our case a "plug" fisherman. Happily it is chiefly at Kineo and at the Rangeleys that this species appear and it is to be regretted that 14 years association with such at Kineo has inoculated so good a sportsman as Mr. Tracy with the desire.

Now let us consider for a moment what the laws of Maine say relative to trout fishing. It says in the first place that they shall be taken only with a single baited hook and line,--and you take notice it says baited--.They may be taken from five inches in length up, according to the size a man fancies for his eating. You may take 40 in number, and the weight limit is I believe at present 15 pounds in all for one day's fishing. Any fisherman who conforms to this in open season, and on open waters is within his rights, according to law, and to safe and sane methods of perpetuation of the sport, for all of the people, who wish to avail of it. The only change that I would suggest would be to make the length six inches, instead of five. Now let us suppose that three individuals start out trout fishing:

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On a few lakes chiefly in the Rangeley region these vultures have actually got this outrage of reservation, accomplished, and people may not fish there with a single baited hook and line unless it is baited with feathers. Happily so far this is the extent that reservation has been allowed to take root on Maine soil, but one has only to look across the borders into New Brunswick to see the spectacle of whole lakes, rivers and small streams, leased to United States citizens, for their use, excluding the native born residents of the Province and the immediate neighborhood from fishing thereon, more than this, consider that this prohibition is enforced by wardens who are also citizens of the United States. How long would the people of the State of Maine stand this were it the other way around? Yet this is exactly the end sought for in the exclusive fly fishing talk, by the ones who are chiefly behind it. The law says "with a single baited hook and line". It does not tell you what you shall bait it with, nor intend to. It does not tell you that you shall use a \$25.00 5 oz split bamboo rod or an alder jerk cut beside the stream. It does not tell you whether you shall cast your bait on top of the water, hold it still, down in the water, or draw it through the water. It does not tell you whether you shall wear a pair of brown corduroy breeches with flap strings to tie around your legs, and a fore and after cap, or a pair of overalls and a 19th century straw hat. It simply allows you to go a fishing, in your own style, in your own way, according to law.

The laws not regarding trout amply covers every point, "a single baited hook," that covers the grapple and gang hook matter, a single hook can be effective and secure a fisherman his full allowance of trout, in any manner he chooses to apply it. In the winter, on certain waters the law allows a resident of the state to set five single baited hooks on lines through the ice. Whether this is a wise thing as regards trout, salmon and togue, is an open question, I do not favor it. But no man at present be prevented from so fishing for pickerel. This is a valuable game fish, and should have the same protection regarding amount to be taken, close time, and use as a marketable commodity as any other fresh water fish of the state. It is too bad, that in this one thing, the enjoyment of the glorious free wilds of Maine, that all people, especially those who come from outside the state, cannot be content to enjoy it the way that suits them, and grant the same privilege to every one else, so long as each confines himself to law and order.

THE GRAVE BY ABOL STREAM

Near the foot of Mount Katahdin,
By a tumbling mountain stream
Called Abol-jack-amegus,
A lone grave may be seen.

From whence the stranger came,
We do not know;
Nor why he chose this lonely place to die,
We only know it was his last fond wish,
By Abol's rocky banks his bones should lie.

We found him there one evening,
In his cabin, cold and dead;
Beside him on a table,
Was a simple note which read:

"Please dig my grave and bury me,
Down by yon laughing stream.
It's music sweet, through my last long sleep,
Will bring me pleasant dreams.

There's some to mourn my passing,
Or care where I may lie;
It was my wish that here I'd sleep,
When my time should come to die."

So we buried him by the waterfall,
And o'er his grave the grass grows tall.
Beside that mound, no prayers are said,
Nor loved one's tears for him are shed.

The only mark his grave can claim,
Is a wooden cross that bears his name.
But the sun shines down, when skies are fair,
And wild-flowers scent the summer air;

And song birds trill their love-notes sweet,
In the leafy boughs o'er his lone retreat,
While the voice of the falls that he loved so well,
Makes music sweet, in that sylvan dell.

And at Eventide, as the sun drops down,
To place on Katahdin a golden crown,
Across his grave will the shadow fall,
Of the Cross, the symbol of hope for all.

May God have mercy upon his soul,
And when the bells of Judgement toll,
May he find peace forevermore,
On Heaven's bright celestial shore.

"ABOL-JACK-AMEGUS, the Red-men had named it long ages ago;
The place where the waters are laughing,
As on down the valley they flow".

'THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF TOMMY WHELAN'S GREAT PIECES.....

The Operation Foremen and assistants had a two day business meeting here at Pittston this week. Those attending were: Wellie Caouette, Pierre Caouette, Lucien Gosselin, Arthur Gosselin, Alfred Nadeau, Charley Nadeau, Henri Marcoux, Frank Morissette, Adelard Gilbert, Raoul Gilbert, Phillip Paquet, O'Neil Laroche, Aldrich Milliard, Raymond Guerrette, Patrick Begin. Arthur Allen, Charlie Duperry and Louis Colgar spent the most of their time bringing out the highlights of safety and R. E. Farnham put the finishing touches on Wednesday, then they went on to St. George to take in the Safety Banquet.

Del Bates is expected to return to his home in Patten from the Madigan Hospital some time this weekend.

George Bessey is at Pittston this week helping out with the inventories. Walter Creagan has returned from Rhode Island and the Lacross' moved back to North East Carry today.

We see in the advertising section of the Bangor News where Clarence Johnston of Seboomook, our mail man, is selling some of his cat hounds and we would like to add that these dogs were trained by the highly trained house cat of Isobel, his wife. (By the way this cat is not for sale although a couple of cat hunters made her a fabulous offer.) A cat on a hot tin roof has nothing on Isobel's house cat streaking across country with a couple of Plott hounds behind her.

Walter MacDougal's article in the April issue of the Down East magazine on Seboomook was very well written that is up as far as he went with it. It looks to us as though he cut it off in 1928 when the last Northern magazine was issued. There is no mention of the Hamiltons operating the hotel, or of the Coburn boats hauling all the cement and machinery etc. at the time the cement dam was built on Henderson's Pitch nor was there anything said about the Prisoner of War camp that utilized the companies' buildings during the war.

We did find a slip or two in what he wrote. He stated that there were three carloads of steel rails sunk in Moosehead Lake but our records show only two. The B & A Railroad car numbers 6649 & 5035 with a total weight of 133,600 pounds of 56 pound rails was sunk on July 22, 1920. He also had the Logan Brook trestle on the Seboomook-St John Railway as being 6,000 feet in length but it was only 600 feet. This could have been a typing error.

Neil McDonald, one of the great oldtime cooks for this company is laid up with arthritis at his apartment, 355 Main Street, Bangor, and would no doubt appreciate getting a few cards from some of his friends. One of his best remembered jobs was on the construction of the latest Seboomook Dam (cement) in 1936, when he took charge of the cookroom for 300 men. He had the assistance of Ed Mountain, another good cook, during the day shift, while a third cook handled the night shift. In contrast to this was his last job for the company, when he cooked for the Road Crew, 20 to 25 men and also transient employees, in road-carts built on trucks. These consisted of a cookroom, a diner, a bunk-house and an office, and the crew traveled around the country building new roads and repairing the old ones for the company.

"Pa, tell me how you proposed to Ma," requested the young hopeful. "Well, son, as I remember it was like this. We were sitting on the sofa one night at her house. She leaned over and whispered in my ear. I said 'the hell you are' and the next day we got married....."

ARTIFICIAL FLIES--WILL THEY PREVENT TROUT SLAUGHTER AT MOOSEHEAD LAKE:

The following letter has been received from George A. Cleveland relative to the law proposed by Dennis Tracy, regarding trout fishing at Moosehead Lake: To the Editor of the Commercial:

In your issue of Jan. 25th an article appeared which states that "Dennis Tracy, detective at Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, believes that a law should be made closing that great body of fresh water to trout fishing, except with artificial flies--believes that it would have a beneficial effect, and meet the approval of most of the anglers who annually visit the lake--it would tend he thinks to prevent the slaughter of fish." Immediately following this the article states that "during the 14 years Mr. Tracy has spent at Kineo, he has landed scores of large fish and his record in this respect is greater than that of any other individual fisherman."

It is unfortunate that this record should have appeared in this place. Now this advocacy of exclusive fly fishing emanates from two principle motives, and dates a long ways back. The chief motive is toward reservation, shutting out the great mass of common people from exercising their inherent right to go a fishing, in the free wild waters of their own state. The other motive exhales from the conceit expanded lungs of the individual found in all walks of life, who thinks himself and his particular manners and methods the only real thing, and everyone else who thinks and acts different is a dub, in our case a "plug" fisherman. Happily it is chiefly at Kineo and at the Rangeleys that this species appear and it is to be regretted that 14 years association with such at Kineo has inoculated so good a sportsman as Mr. Tracy with the desire.

Now let us consider for a moment what the laws of Maine say relative to trout fishing. It says in the first place that they shall be taken only with a single baited hook and line,--and you take notice it says baited--.They may be taken from five inches in length up, according to the size a man fancies for his eating. You may take 40 in number, and the weight limit is I believe at present 15 pounds in all for one day's fishing. Any fisherman who conforms to this in open season, and on open waters is within his rights, according to law, and to safe and sane methods of perpetuation of the sport, for all of the people, who wish to avail of it. The only change that I would suggest would be to make the length six inches, instead of five. Now let us suppose that three individuals start out trout fishing:

One baits his hook with angle worms, Nature's own fish food, the next baits his hook with a live minnow, another much prized food for fish of larger size. The third baits his hook or has them already baited with feathers, in imitation of some insect, bug or bee, also much sought by trout in the months when such things are on the wing. In each case the angler applies his bait to such waters as it is natural for it, and as near the manner possible in which it should appear. In each case the trout sees, or thinks he sees the game he is looking for, he seized it, gets hooked, and sooner or later is dragged from his element and dies. Each man has accomplished the same act. He has lured and killed a trout. Each has done so according to law and one is just as much the true sportsman as the other. No doubt if the trout had his say about it, he would have preferred to die at the hands of the self admiring gink under his "smart" "good form" stylish method, "the only real true sportsman" in the bunch. Bah, I regard trout fishing as the cleanest, most health giving all around sport afforded. I do the most of it with flies, but I just as much love and respect the use of the other lure.

Continued on next page.....

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THE GRAVE BY ABOL STREAM

Near the foot of Mount Katahdin,
By a tumbling mountain stream
Called Abol-jack-amegus,
A lone grave may be seen.

From whence the stranger came,
We do not know;
Nor why he chose this lonely place to die,
We only know it was his last fond wish,
By Abol's rocky banks his bones should lie.

We found him there one evening,
In his cabin, cold and dead;
Beside him on a table,
Was a simple note which read:

"Please dig my grave and bury me,
Down by yon laughing stream.
It's music sweet, through my last long sleep,
Will bring me pleasant dreams.

There's some to mourn my passing,
Or care where I may lie;
It was my wish that here I'd sleep,
When my time should come to die."

So we buried him by the waterfall,
And o'er his grave the grass grows tall.
Beside that mound, no prayers are said,
Nor loved one's tears for him are shed.

The only mark his grave can claim,
Is a wooden cross that bears his name.
But the sun shines down, when skies are fair,
And wild-flowers scent the summer air;

And song birds trill their love-notes sweet,
In the leafy boughs o'er his lone retreat.
While the voice of the falls that he loved so well,
Makes music sweet, in that sylvan dell.

And at Eventide, as the sun drops down,
To place on Katahdin a golden crown,
Across his grave will the shadow fall,
Of the Cross, the symbol of hope for all.

May God have mercy upon his soul,
And when the bells of Judgement toll,
May he find peace forevermore,
On Heaven's bright celestial shore.

"ABOL-JACK-AMEGUS, the Red-men had named it long ages ago;
The place where the waters are laughing,
As on down the valley they flow".

THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF TOMMY WHELAN'S GREAT PIECES.....

APRIL 8, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 19

We had a request from Mr. Maines recently for information as to the origin of rafting logs and we came up with the following excerpt from the History of Piscataquis County written by Rev. Amassa Loring and published by Hoyt, Fogg & Donham in 1880:

CHAPTER XX BLANCHARD PAGE 176

In the spring of 1811, a raft was put together, below the Foxcroft Dam, and in a high pitch of water Thomas Chase and Benjamin Spaulding ran it safely over those falls. This was regarded as a superior display of raftsmanship. Chase was distinguished for this. Though for want of coolness, he would sometimes break down in some fearful crisis. Guy Carleton Esq. once employed him to run a raft of lumber to Bangor. As they neared the "Schoodie Rock" in the town of Medford, a very difficult pass on account of the set of the current, "Uncle Thomas" courage failed him; he ceased all effort, and cried out, "'Tis no use, 'tis no use, the set of water, let her run, let her run!" The raft did run upon the ledge, and lay there, a pile of wrecked and injured lumber, causing a severe loss to its owner. This was no uncommon event in their rafting adventures. As an incident connected with this mishap, we mention that Mr. Carleton had packed such valuables as he expected to need, in his leather saddle bags. In the crash, they went down the river. Several weeks afterwards, they were picked up on the banks of the Penobscot, in the town of Hampden, and he recovered them. They had drifted some 60 miles down these rivers, and floated in the tide waters, and finally lodged on the shore.

The rafting business was full of wild adventures, and of great risk to owners and raftsmen. There was so much of exposure, that rum was regarded as an absolute necessity. No one could be trusted as a pilot, unless he was thoroughly acquainted with the best channels, the numerous falls, the dangerous rocks, the set of the currents and eddies, existing through the whole length of the streams, and could remember their locations. When dams were built across these rivers, a broad, sloping platform was attached to the lower side of the dam, called a slip, upon which the rushing water would glide the raft over, if it entered favorably. To run these sluices was a pleasant excitement to the raftsmen, and a fine entertainment to the spectators. In early times lumber was rafted from Brownville, Sebec, and Milo, and all the towns on the Piscataquis, as far up as Blanchard. But the multiplying of dams made it more expensive than hauling it with teams, and this branch of business was abandoned.....

We are wondering if there is anyone in the State of Maine or New Brunswick that can up with an earlier date or for that matter anything pertaining to rafting in the olden days...

Mr. Anderson had a letter from Mr. Bates saying the Doctor had ordered him to stay in the hospital a little longer therefore it would be the 6th or 7th before he would be able to go home. He is already bragging about having a larger scar than Bob Arnold has.

Beaver Bill pulled into Pittston Monday morning with a smirk from ear to ear and a Chevrolet car. When questioned by George Bessey, he admitted that when he asked P. K. for a couple of scalers to help him catch up on the scaling that P. K. said, "Here take my car!" Bessey, immediately screamed, "Automation! Automation! Its going to be the ruin of us poor working men."

Velma the Operator and Martha Long were real surprised to get a couple of pretty blue handled mops this week. Apparently the next time Jim gets his face slapped he don't want anyone to get splinters in their hands. Women are never satisfied tho as we heard one of them wondering if the blue paint would come off and if it did would she get it into hair and then have blue hair instead of purple.

DOCTOR: "I'll be perfectly frank and tell you that four out of five patients die under this operation. Is there anything I can do for you before I begin?"

BATES: "Yes--help me on with my shoes and pants.".....

The death of Johnny Pease in Jackman last week reminded us of the Pease Farm at Chesuncook Lake as Johnny was born there in 1887. The Great Northern Paper Company bought the Pease Farm in 1912 and at that time it was located on the East side of Chesuncook Lake but after the Ripogenus Dam was built that area became what is now known as Gero Island. We find in the archives the following letter::

Mr. P. E. Whalen

October 25, 1912

Bangor Office.

Dear Sir:

We have purchased the Farms on the East side of Chesuncook Lake. With the Pease Farm we received a quantity of hay estimated as high as thirty tons, 60 or 70 bushels of potatoes and other vegetables, farming implements such as plows, harrows and other farming tools; a steamboat and scows that we exchanged with J. F. Smith for his Farm, also five head of cattle, sleds and rigging. With the Dubay Farm we received what is estimated to be 15 to 20 tons of hay, 3 tons of oats, a hay press, 2 plows, sulkey plow, one pair of horses, cow and calf, harnesses and rigging, haying tools, all household equipment, spreads and dishes. With the J. F. Smith Farm we received what is estimated to be 30 tons of hay cut this season and about ten tons of last season's cut.

Please see that the above is taken account of. Mr. G. B. Burr will take a large part of the hay and vegetables, Mr. McNeil will take the horses and livestock will be sent to Grant Farm. Mr. J. F. Smith is looking after it for us at present. Please have this all accounted for and charged off to the operations to which it goes, that the transaction may receive credit for supplies and equipment, and oblige.

Yours Truly, Great Northern Paper Co.,
Signed...F. A. Gilbert

It was Saturday, November 28, 1953 that Cleveland Hooper, Traffic Manager for the Great Northern Paper Company disappeared while on a hunting trip with his son, Cleve and Arthur Tapley in the North Branch Country.

Cleve and Tapley let Mr. Hooper out of the car at 2:30 in the afternoon by the entrance of Spencer Brook Tote Road and that was the last time he was ever seen. Mr. Hooper was over 65 and a very slow walker and at 4:30 that evening it was dark enough to require a flashlight so he could not have gotten too far from the road. During the night it snowed a couple of inches and early Sunday morning the Fish & Game Department flew over the area but no trace of him could be seen from the air.

Monday morning, November 30th a large search party under the supervision of the Great Northern Paper Company and the Fish & Game Department got under way. This was, no doubt, the largest and longest search party ever in this part of the country. The Great Northern Paper Co. was represented by thirty to forty men, the Fish & Game Dept. had anywhere from five to fifteen Wardens and there was also numerous friends and acquaintances of Mr. Hooper's. There were two Air Force Helicopters from Westover Field that flew over the area for several days. Aerial photographs were taken of the area and studied by experts. The G. N. P. Co. Foresters laid out compass lines and roped off areas so as to be sure of covering all the country that Mr. Hooper could have possibly gotten into. The river was searched along both banks and even by canoe down as far as the Pittston. Since then there has been several hardwood jobbers cutting hardwood over the entire area, plus the numerous hunters that have roamed the country, and today, nearly twelve years later, the answer to his disappearance is still one of the great mysteries of this country.....

FRED LEAVITT

We run across Fred Leavitt's name the other day and it started us thinking of the first time we ever run into him.

In the fall of 1933 Steve Ranney cut a tote road and built camps on the outlet of Little Hurd Pond in the Millinocket area. I recall that we were camping in an open front shed tent on the banks of the West Branch below Fred Pitman's camps and in addition to Steve and myself Fred Leavitt came in as assistant foreman. Connie Burke, one of the most famous cooks the company ever had was doing the boiling and I mean boiling since he had just come off a prolonged spasm with Demon Rum he couldn't even see to cook although he was the cleanest and neatest cook that we ever saw. I think it was October 12th that we got the big snow storm and that night about midnight the three come out of our sacks in one heck of a hurry and made for the woods...Brother! were we ever sick and I mean sick. I can hear Fred now, saying, in part French and part English, "I'll shoot him! I'll hang him! I'll do away with him! He'll never live to poison us again!" Yep! Those were the good old days! During December, Steve was very sick and had to be taken home so Fred took over the operation. Fred could neither read nor write and would bring his letters to me to read to him and to answer them. Being sadistically minded we just couldn't let it go so whenever we were writing to Fred's wife we had to add every term of endearment we could think of and when her letters came back we had to skip over any reference that she made to it when we read them to Fred otherwise he would have gotten wise to it. This went on until we finished in April and then Fred went home. It was the middle of May when he came back through Grant Brook on his way to Sourdnaunk for the Drive. He stopped in at the office and got us in a corner and laid the law down and Brother could he lay the law down. Yep! In two different languages he spent an hour and a half giving us the worst going over that we ever experienced. Right there we made a resolution that we would never again write to another man's wife even if it was a matter of life or death....and we never did.

We also recall the office that we had that winter. It was built of green lumber or rather logs as in those days it was too expensive to use boards and the floor was made of poles with openings large enough for a bear to crawl through. The roof was made of cedar splits or shakes and on a cold morning the frost melted and dropped down worse than any cloudburst that you could imagine. One cold night Al McNeil, General Supt. came in to spend the night and after robbing me of forty cents in a game of pitch decided to go to bed. Yours Truly having sawed up the only firewood in office and knowing that I was leaving early in the morning decided to get the benefit of it and so loaded the big ram-down full of green wood. It was about one o'clock in the morning that the sound of the stove banging, the water bucket clanging and Al roaring, woke me up to behold a vision that I never expect to see again. Al's bed was on the top deck and within three of the stove and when the green wood fire got under way the stove turned a beautiful cherry red all over which brought Al out of his hot sack in a hurry. When my eyes first opened it was to behold Al with a snow shovel stoking the fire with snow that he was carrying in from outside. Yep! He stood there in the glare of the fire in his long johns with the back flap flapping in the gusty breeze that was blowing in through the open door. The first thought that came to my mind was that I had landed in Hell where my father always claimed I would end up at.....

SUFFICE TO SAY THAT AL McNEIL NEVER AGAIN BEAT ME AT PITCH....

FROM MAINE TO FLORIDA

"'WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER,"
IS A SOFT AND SWEET REFRAIN,
'BUT COME WHERE WILD SURGES LEAP AND SHIVER,
'WAY DOWN IN MAINE!
COME WHERE THE SURF WITH CLASH AND CLANGOR
FROM ISLE-AU-HAUT ALMOST TO BANGOR
TEARS AT THE BLACK ROCKS IN ITS ANGER,
BREAKS AND TEARS IN VAIN.

COME WHERE KATAHDIN LIFTS ITS GLORY
'WAY DOWN IN MAINE.
WHERE KENNEBEC POURS OUT ITS STORY;
ALLAGASH ITS CHAIN.
MOOSE IN THE ALDERS, JUST LIKE A BOOK,
MOOSELOOKMAGUNTIC AND SEBOOMOOK,
PATTAGUONGOMIS, CHIMQUASSABAMICOOK,
SISLADOBSIS REIGN!

MATTAWAMKEAK, HOLEB, SACO--
LIST TO THE STRAIN!
CHESUNCOOK, PEMDECOOK--A STACK, OH,
'WAY DOWN IN MAINE.
SKOWHEGAN, ANCIENT NORRIDGEWOCK,
SABOIS AND CHUMUOMGOMAC,
ORONO, MATTAGAMON FLOCK--
EACH BUT A GRAIN.

SQUAWPAN, AROOSTOOK, ANDROSCOGGIN,
PENOBSCOT, CENTRAL LANE;
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PASSADUMKEAG, KENNEBUNK,
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SCHOODIC, MOLECHUNKEMUNK,
'WAY DOWN IN MAINE!

AS TAKEN FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD AND WRITTEN BY MAURICE MORRIS.

APRIL 8, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 19

We had a request from Mr. Maines recently for information as to the origin of rafting logs and we came up with the following excerpt from the History of Piscataquis County written by Rev. Amassa Loring and published by Hoyt, Fogg & Donham in 1880:

CHAPTER XX BLANCHARD PAGE 176

In the spring of 1811, a raft was put together, below the Foxcroft Dam, and in a high pitch of water Thomas Chase and Benjamin Spaulding ran it safely over those falls. This was regarded as a superior display of raftsmanship. Chase was distinguished for this. Though for want of coolness, he would sometimes break down in some fearful crisis. Guy Carleton Esq. once employed him to run a raft of lumber to Bangor. As they neared the "Schoodic Rock" in the town of Medford, a very difficult pass on account of the set of the current, "Uncle Thomas" courage failed him; he ceased all effort, and cried out, "'Tis no use, 'tis no use, the set of water, let her run, let her run!" The raft did run upon the ledge, and lay there, a pile of wrecked and injured lumber, causing a severe loss to its owner. This was no uncommon event in their rafting adventures. As an incident connected with this mishap, we mention that Mr. Carleton had packed such valuables as he expected to need, in his leather saddle bags. In the crash, they went down the river. Several weeks afterwards, they were picked up on the banks of the Penobscot, in the town of Hampden, and he recovered them. They had drifted some 60 miles down these rivers, and floated in the tide waters, and finally lodged on the shore.

The rafting business was full of wild adventures, and of great risk to owners and raftsmen. There was so much of exposure, that rum was regarded as an absolute necessity. No one could be trusted as a pilot, unless he was thoroughly acquainted with the best channels, the numerous falls, the dangerous rocks, the set of the currents and eddies, existing through the whole length of the streams, and could remember their locations. When dams were built across these rivers, a broad, sloping platform was attached to the lower side of the dam, called a slip, upon which the rushing water would glide the raft over, if it entered favorably. To run these sluices was a pleasant excitement to the raftsmen, and a fine entertainment to the spectators. In early times lumber was rafted from Brownville, Sebec, and Milo, and all the towns on the Piscataquis, as far up as Blanchard. But the multiplying of dams made it more expensive than hauling it with teams, and this branch of business was abandoned.....

We are wondering if there is anyone in the State of Maine or New Brunswick that can up with an earlier date or for that matter anything pertaining to rafting in the olden days...

Mr. Anderson had a letter from Mr. Bates saying the Doctor had ordered him to stay in the hospital a little longer therefore it would be the 6th or 7th before he would be able to go home. He is already bragging about having a larger scar than Bob Arnold has.

Beaver Bill pulled into Pittston Monday morning with a smirk from ear to ear and a Chevrolet car. When questioned by George Bessey, he admitted that when he asked P. K. for a couple of scalers to help him catch up on the scaling that P. K. said, "Here take my car!" Bessey, immediately screamed, "Automation! Automation! Its going to be the ruin of us poor working men."

Velma the Operator and Martha Long were real surprised to get a couple of pretty blue handled mops this week. Apparently the next time Jim gets his face slapped he don't want anyone to get splinters in their hands. Women are never satisfied tho as we heard one of them wondering if the blue paint would come off and if it did would she get it into hair and then have blue hair instead of purple.

DOCTOR: "I'll be perfectly frank and tell you that four out of five patients die under this operation. Is there anything I can do for you before I begin?"

BATES: "Yes--help me on with my shoes and pants.".....

The death of Johnny Pease in Jackman last week reminded us of the Pease Farm at Chesuncook Lake as Johnny was born there in 1887. The Great Northern Paper Company bought the Pease Farm in 1912 and at that time it was located on the East side of Chesuncook Lake but after the Ripogenus Dam was built that area became what is now known as Gero Island. We find in the archives the following letter::

Mr. P. E. Whalen

October 25, 1912

Bangor Office.

Dear Sir:

We have purchased the Farms on the East side of Chesuncook Lake. With the Pease Farm we received a quantity of hay estimated as high as thirty tons, 60 or 70 bushels of potatoes and other vegetables, farming implements such as plows, harrows and other farming tools; a steamboat and scows that we exchanged with J. F. Smith for his Farm, also five head of cattle, sleds and rigging. With the Dubay Farm we received what is estimated to be 15 to 20 tons of hay, 3 tons of oats, a hay press, 2 plows, sulkey plow, one pair of horses, cow and calf, harnesses and rigging, haying tools, all household equipment, spreads and dishes. With the J. F. Smith Farm we received what is estimated to be 30 tons of hay cut this season and about ten tons of last season's cut.

Please see that the above is taken account of. Mr. G. B. Burr will take a large part of the hay and vegetables, Mr. McNeil will take the horses and livestock will be sent to Grant Farm. Mr. J. F. Smith is looking after it for us at present. Please have this all accounted for and charged off to the operations to which it goes, that the transaction may receive credit for supplies and equipment, and oblige.

Yours Truly, Great Northern Paper Co.,
Signed...F. A. Gilbert

It was Saturday, November 28, 1953 that Cleveland Hooper, Traffic Manager for the Great Northern Paper Company disappeared while on a hunting trip with his son, Cleve and Arthur Tapley in the North Branch Country.

Cleve and Tapley let Mr. Hooper out of the car at 2:30 in the afternoon by the entrance of Spencer Brook Tote Road and that was the last time he was ever seen. Mr. Hooper was over 65 and a very slow walker and at 4:30 that evening it was dark enough to require a flashlight so he could not have gotten too far from the road. During the night it snowed a couple of inches and early Sunday morning the Fish & Game Department flew over the area but no trace of him could be seen from the air.

Monday morning, November 30th a large search party under the supervision of the Great Northern Paper Company and the Fish & Game Department got under way. This was, no doubt, the largest and longest search party ever in this part of the country. The Great Northern Paper Co. was represented by thirty to forty men, the Fish & Game Dept. had anywhere from five to fifteen Wardens and there was also numerous friends and acquaintances of Mr. Hooper's. There were two Air Force Helicopters from Westover Field that flew over the area for several days. Aerial photographs were taken of the area and studied by experts. The G. N. P. Co. Foresters laid out compass lines and roped off areas so as to be sure of covering all the country that Mr. Hooper could have possibly gotten into. The river was searched along both banks and even by canoe down as far as the Pittston. Since then there has been several hardwood jobbers cutting hardwood over the entire area, plus the numerous hunters that have roamed the country, and today, nearly twelve years later, the answer to his disappearance is still one of the great mysteries of this country.....

FRED LEAVITT

We run across Fred Leavitt's name the other day and it started us thinking of the first time we ever run into him.

In the fall of 1933 Steve Ranney cut a tote road and built camps on the outlet of Little Hurd Pond in the Millinocket area. I recall that we were camping in an open front shed tent on the banks of the West Branch below Fred Pitman's camps and in addition to Steve and myself Fred Leavitt came in as assistant foreman. Connie Burke, one of the most famous cooks the company ever had was doing the boiling and I mean boiling since he had just come off a prolonged spasm with Demon Rum he couldn't even see to cook although he was the cleanest and neatest cook that we ever saw. I think it was October 12th that we got the big snow storm and that night about midnight the three come out of our sacks in one heck of a hurry and made for the woods...Brother! were we ever sick and I mean sick. I can hear Fred now, saying, in part French and part English, "I'll shoot him! I'll hang him! I'll do away with him! He'll never live to poison us again!" Yep! Those were the good old days! During December, Steve was very sick and had to be taken home so Fred took over the operation. Fred could neither read nor write and would bring his letters to me to read to him and to answer them. Being sadistically minded we just couldn't let it go so whenever we were writing to Fred's wife we had to add every term of endearment we could think of and when her letters came back we had to skip over any reference that she made to it when we read them to Fred otherwise he would have gotten wise to it. This went on until we finished in April and then Fred went home. It was the middle of May when he came back through Grant Brook on his way to Sourdnaunk for the Drive. He stopped in at the office and got us in a corner and laid the law down and Brother could he lay the law down. Yep! In two different languages he spent an hour and a half giving us the worst going over that we ever experienced. Right there we made a resolution that we would never again write to another man's wife even if it was a matter of life or death....and we never did.

We also recall the office that we had that winter. It was built of green lumber or rather logs as in those days it was too expensive to use boards and the floor was made of poles with openings large enough for a bear to crawl through. The roof was made of cedar splits or shakes and on a cold morning the frost melted and dropped down worse than any cloudburst that you could imagine. One cold night Al McNeil, General Supt. came in to spend the night and after robbing me of forty cents in a game of pitch decided to go to bed. Yours Truly having sawed up the only firewood in office and knowing that I was leaving early in the morning decided to get the benefit of it and so loaded the big ram-down full of green wood. It was about one o'clock in the morning that the sound of the stove banging, the water bucket clanging and Al roaring, woke me up to behold a vision that I never expect to see again. Al's bed was on the top deck and within three of the stove and when the green wood fire got under way the stove turned a beautiful cherry red all over which brought Al out of his hot sack in a hurry. When my eyes first opened it was to behold Al with a snow shovel stoking the fire with snow that he was carrying in from outside. Yep! He stood there in the glare of the fire in his long johns with the back flap flapping in the gusty breeze that was blowing in through the open door. The first thought that came to my mind was that I had landed in Hell where my father always claimed I would end up at.....

SUFFICE TO SAY THAT AL McNEIL NEVER AGAIN BEAT ME AT PITCH....

FROM MAINE TO FLORIDA

"'WAY DOWN UPON THE SUWANEE RIVER,"
IS A SOFT AND SWEET REFRAIN,
'BUT COME WHERE WILD SURGES LEAP AND SHIVER,
'WAY DOWN IN MAINE!

COME WHERE THE SURF WITH CLASH AND CLANGOR
FROM ISLE-AU-HAUT ALMOST TO BANGOR
TEARS AT THE BLACK ROCKS IN ITS ANGER,
BREAKS AND TEARS IN VAIN.

COME WHERE KATAHDIN LIFTS ITS GLORY

'WAY DOWN IN MAINE.
WHERE KENNEBEC POURS OUT ITS STORY;
ALLAGASH ITS CHAIN.
MOOSE IN THE ALDERS, JUST LIKE A BOOK,
MOOSELOOKMAGUNTIC AND SEBOOMOOK,
PATTAGUONGOMIS, CHIMQUASSABAMICOOK,
SISLADOBSIS REIGN!

MATTAWAMKEAK, HOEB, SACO--

LIST TO THE STRAIN!
CHESUNCOOK, PEMDECOOK--A STACK, OH,
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APRIL 15, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 20

The snow storm Monday night dumped 8 inches of heavy snow on this area. The water contents came to 1.06 inches which is a help but we need more and more of it to help fill the reservoirs for the drives.

Mike Polisky, one of the old-time Russians although he is actually a Lithuanian is in the Veterans Hospital at Togus with a broken hip. Mike has worked in this area for a good many years, the first record we could find was in 1914 where he worked on Boyd Town. When Mike retired he made his home in Greenville.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY.....APRIL 12, 1965

Some time ago you had an article in your Weekly about the Lacroix Railroad and as you probably know it interested me very much as I was there. Did you know that he hauled over 900,000 cords, in fact if I remember correctly it was 984,000. His cars were not very big and only averaged 12½ cords. They were hauling about 14 cars to a train and the summer of 1928 he was working night and day and they averaged 10 train a day so you can figure yourself how much they were hauling a day. His last years hauling was in 1933 and that was the end of Mr. Lacroix operating the railroad.

I was in his operation at Portage Lake in 1923 when the Great Northern Paper Company built a sluice from Portage Lake to Penobscot Lake one and three quarters miles long. In this operation he cut and landed 220,000 cords (1923-24-25) and drove the South Branch as far as the Pittston Farm. Elmer Ricker was the clerk when they built the sluice and Johnny Mortel was a timekeeper for a while. He also landed 10,000 cords at Kelley Dam about this time and drove the wood without building or repairing the old dam, in fact he cut all of the Company's wood in the Pittston area from 1923 to 1928 and would you believe that in 1926 he landed 28,000 cords on Hurricane Pond and drove it without leaving a stick. He also drove the East Branch of Norris Brook and Rainey Brook in 1925. Johnny Mortel worked as a scaler helper with me that year.

Mr. Lacroix was quite an operator for at that time you must remember that everything was done the hard way, all stump wood and they certainly used plenty of shovels.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO ALL.....E. J. LEAVITT.....

It has been called to our attention that in the April issue of the Down East magazine, in Walter McDougal's article there is a picture of Bae Powers crossing Mud Pond Carry. If you refer to the picture in the magazine he is the one that is back to, carrying a lantern and has a copy of the Life magazine in his hip pocket. Bae was one of the famous guides in the Moosehead Lake area and is a direct descendent of Charles T. Powers that at one time owned the Fowler Farm that the Millinocket Mill now stands on. Bae has now retired and makes his home with one of his daughters at Carratunk. One of his sons, Gerald (Jud) is at the present time working at the Pittston Farm.

"WHAT ARE THE CHANCES OF MY RECOVERING, DOCTOR?" ASKED BATES.

"ONE HUNDRED PER CENT," THE PHYSICIAN EASSURED HIM. "MEDIACL RECORDS SHOW THAT NINE OUT OF EVERY TEN DIE OF THE DISEASE YOU HAVE. YOURS IS THE TENTH CASE I'VE TREATED. OTHERS ALL DIED. STATISTICS ARE STATISTICS. YOU'RE BOUND TO GET WELL."

THE RIPOGENUS DAM

'Bring me a master,' Progress said,
'One who knows how to forge ahead
And sweep the wilderness from his path
And curb the waters in their wrath.
Bring me a man who knows that he can
Build the great Ripogenus Dam.'

They sent their call and Mullen came,
Keen, eager, alert, with well earned fame
From other victories nobly bourne
Where pioneer strength had weathered the storm.
Over marsh and meadow the highway grew--
Splendid young strength at the head of his crew.

Day after day, night after night,
Thundered the trucks in their powerful fight
To build from cement and hew from stone
A Dam broad and deep and carefully planned
Where time's stern hand and Katahdin's command
Had heretofore controlled the land.

Would the contract be finished the day it was due?
Would the Dam bear the strain? He could trust but few.
Dynamite scattered his store of cement,
Crews of foreigners came and went.
Each step of the way fought the crew
And daily the beautiful structure grew.

Stars came out one by one to see
A lonely man, now here, now there,
Guarding his forest treasure with care.
Mountains and woods and river and man
Had battled and suffered under the change
That a mighty power might be arranged.

These are deeds which prove man's worth
And their right as Masters upon this earth.
Drawers of water, hewers of stone,
Anxiety, suffering, noble effort alone
Mould into form these structures rare--
Are Mullen's name and the date engraved there?

From May 1923 issue of The Northern.....

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From May 1923 issue of The Northern.....

APRIL 22, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 21

Arthur Bessey arrived at Seboomook Campground Tuesday, April 20th. Lets see now, wasn't it the 20th last year when he arrived there? Yep! It was Monday, April 20th alright and LaPlante & Leet came over from Millinocket bringing a portable camp that is now the central bath house at the Campground. This year, for a project, we believe Arthur is intending to build an "A" frame camp.

We heard this week that Mary Nye of Shirley Mills had started a new business and was doing very well at it. Yep! She is now in the ceramic business and is expected to incorporate in the near future. Only last weekend she made 2,387 ceramic baked beans that are so realistic that one could almost take them for the real thing. She must take after one of her Grand Relics for we run across a paragraph in an old history of Shirley where Joe Mitchell started the business of making "Ye Clay Pots for Beans" in 1835. He had a thriving racket going until he run out of customers. Its too bad George Burnham Morrill Jr. gaveup his connections with the B & M Bean Company in Portland otherwise he might have employed Mary to fill some of his cans for the 1999 market.

Mr. & Mrs Maurice Bartlett returned last Wednesday from the sunny south just in time to renew acquaintences with the snow shovel. They are now at their home in Ashland. The way the weather looks we would make a guess that they will be up this way fiddleheading within the next three to four weeks.

Poor Bates certainly got his throat cut from ear to ear while he was in the hospital and we feel awful sorry for him. George Bessey and Lawrence Hurd got together over a mug of Merry Old Panther Screech and smoked one of Stanley's green cigars in lieu of a peace pipe. The Peace Treaty that they signed last fall and had Mr. Bates witness is now recognized by both parties. Why! George is so amiable that he was even seen talking to the game warden's wife. Miracles will never cease. We saw Beaver hold open the door of his company Chevrolet for George to get in and set down, then he very gently closed it and away they went to scale some logs. George did the writing while Beaver handled the scale rule. Sickening, thats what it is and we're sure Bates will have a relapse when he finds out about it.....

The superintendents office at Pittston is being re-done! Re-done! Yes, thats a good word for it. Stan Hall is getting the blame for choosing the paint colors although we did hear Bill Nye muttering under his breath that he was tired-tired-tired of white paint so maybe that is why Stan picked out the color that Bessey calls noshy, no thats not right. Lets see, I think he said naushi although I was quite sure there was a tty on the end of it. Anyway it is a brown color and just matches Charlie's car.

St. John Murray, Esq., Bangor Office March 20, 1914
 Dear Sir:-We enclose herewith completed bil-of-sales from C. S. Garland and C. T. Garland to the Great Northern Paper Company. This document conveys the Sporting Camps called Rainbow Camps standing on land of Frank J. D. Barnjum on T. 2 R. 11, and included also all other personal property contained in and about these camps. By J.F. Philipi.

THE OVERWHELMING CATASTROPHE WHICH OCCURRED ON THE PENOBSCOT RIVER IN THE SPRING OF 1846 WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED BY THOSE WHO WITNESSED IT. THE FOLLOWING GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THIS OCCURRENCE, FROM THE PEN OF DR. WEST, WAS PUBLISHED IN THE BANGOR COURIER, AND WILL BE READ WITH GREAT INTEREST:

TO THE REV. DR. TYNG, NEW YORK.

Reverend and dear Brother--We have passed through a scene within the past two or three days which will deeply interest and impress you. Our city has met with a calamity unparalleled in its annals, and perhaps unequalled, in proportion to the population and means, by any in our country. We have been inundated by the river in consequence of what is called here an ice-jam. The history of the matter is briefly as follows:

It sometimes happens that the ice in the river breaks up above, while it remains too strong at the outlet to admit of its passing down. The consequence is the accumulation of a dam of ice which completely fills the river from bank to bank, and heaps up sometimes to a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, and thus forming a reservoir of water above, which overflows the banks and inundates the country around.

The present winter has been a remarkable one in the mode of the formation of the ice. After the river was first frozen over, the ice continued to form in cakes or sheets, and to flow down the rapids to the still and unfrozen portions, and these were drawn under. This continued until the submerged sheets were stopped by rocks and shoals; then the accumulation went on until the bed of the river became consolidated to an astonishing thickness. Around the piers of our great bridge it was cut through to the depth of about fourteen feet. Thus the entire bed of the river seemed to have become, at least except the channel, an almost solid body of ice. The greatest fears were entertained throughout the winter for the consequences during the spring freshet, and yet no effectual precautions could be taken to guard against impending calamity. The very worst of these fears have now been more than realized.

A few days ago the river began to break up for about thirty miles above the city, while it continued firmly bound for about twelve miles below. There were several different spots where the jams, or ice-dams were formed; and when they broke away, they came rushing down with the force of a mountain torrent, until the strong ice below resisted their progress. These jams came down one at a time, and, lodging against another below, kept increasing with magnitude. The two most formidable jams were within seven miles of the city, in the vicinity of the two largest and most important ranges of saw-mills. Those which formed above, when they broke away, passed through at Oldtown and Stillwater with little comparative damage other than carrying away the bridges, and adding to the size of the jams below. The first movement was the raising of the two principal ranges of mills from their foundations by the rise of the water. After this the first jam that passed down swept away the Basin Mills, which belonged to a New York Company, and which rented for about ten thousand dollars per annum. The next carried away a large range of mills belonging to some of the most enterprising citizens, and which rented for fifteen thousand dollars per annum. One of the proprietors thus lost about fifty thousand dollars. The mills in these two ranges contained about fifty saws, were possessed of the most unfailing water power, were recently fitted up with the best improved machinery, and performed last year about one-third of all the business on the river.

The jams thus worked their way down gradually, carrying destruction to bridges and small homes, and other buildings on the banks, until they were all concentrated in one immense mass of four miles in length from one thousand to fifteen thousand feet from bank to bank. Of the magnitude and power of such a mass, no just conception can be formed by persons unused to similar scenes. Above the jam of water was twenty or thirty feet above its usual height, filling up the rapids, and making a dead-level of the falls.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.....

PENOBSCOT RIVER FRESHET (Part two)

The first injury to the city was from the breaking away of a small section of the jam, which came down and pressed against the ice on our banks. By this, twenty houses in one immediate neighborhood, on the west bank of the river alone, were at once inundated, but without loss of life. This occurred in the day-time, and presented a scene of magnificent interest. The effect of this small concussion upon the ice near the city was terrific. The water rose instantly to such a height as to sweep the buildings and lumber from the ends of the wharves, and to throw up the ice in huge sheets and pyramids. This shock was resisted by the great covered bridge on the Penobscot, which is about one thousand feet in length, and this gave time to save much property from impending destruction. But, meanwhile, another auxiliary to the fearful work had been preparing by the breaking up of the ice in the Kenduskeag River. This river flows through the heart of the city, dividing it into two equal portions. The whole flat on the margin of the river is covered with stores and public buildings, and is the place of merchandise for the city. The Kenduskeag runs nearly to right angles with the Penobscot at a point where they unite. The Penobscot skirts the city on the eastern side, and on the banks of this river are the principal wharves for the deposit of lumber.

I must mention another circumstance to give you a just idea of our situation. There is a narrow spot in the river, about a mile below the city, at High Head, in which is a shoal, and from which the greatest danger of a log jam always arises, and it was this that caused the principal inundation.

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TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.....

THE MAID OF THE MIRAMICHI

I stood on the Mount of Saint Michael
On a beautiful morn in May,
And gazed on the glorious river
That flows to the beautiful Bay;
And I dreamed a fair dream of the future,
The days of the Dear Yet-To-Be,
When, Lo--there arose on my vision,
The Maid of the Miramichi.

The sunlight shone full on her features,
Her eyes like the darkness of night,
Her hair like the wing of the raven,
Her teeth than the marble more white.
Her face was as fair as the lily,
As white as the foam on the sea;
Ah, she was a beautiful creature,
This Maid of the Miramichi.

She bade me reply to the "IDYL"
That EXILE had sent from New York,
To say she was greatly delighted
With the humorous style of his work;
But she told me to bid him remember,
The days of the dead-used-to-be
Have vanished forever and ever,
From the shores of the Miramichi.

That o'er the fair hills of Northumberland,
From Boiestown to Escuminac,
From Sevogle to fair Semiwagan,
From Decantline's to great "Devil's Back",
A tide of prosperity streaming
From Bloomfield clear down to the sea--
"Ah, tell my good friend he is dreaming",
Quoth the Maid of the Miramichi.

The days of the great Gilmore & Rankine,
Of Harley and Duncan & Locke,
Of Morrison, Muirhead & Rundell,
And all of that splendid old stock
Have flown on the wings of the wingless,
For the past like a Phantom must flee,
But I've just as good men in their places,
Said the Maid of the Miramichi.

There are Snowball and Ritchie and Burchill,
And Hutchison, Sinclair and Power;
There are Robinson, Sullivan and Leighton,
And many more Lords of the Hour;
There are Gibson, McCormack and Richards,
And big Michael Welsh fair and free,
Who have taken the Old Timer's places,
By the Banks of the Miramichi.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.....

APRIL 22, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 21

Arthur Bessey arrived at Seboomook Campground Tuesday, April 20th. Lets see now, wasn't it the 20th last year when he arrived there? Yep! It was Monday, April 20th alright and LaPlante & Leet came over from Millinocket bringing a portable camp that is now the central bath house at the Campground. This year, for a project, we believe Arthur is intending to build an "A" frame camp.

We heard this week that Mary Nye of Shirley Mills had started a new business and was doing very well at it. Yep! She is now in the ceramic business and is expected to incorporate in the near future. Only last weekend she made 2,387 ceramic baked beans that are so realistic that one could almost take them for the real thing. She must take after one of her Grand Relics for we run across a paragraph in an old history of Shirley where Joe Mitchell started the business of making "Ye Clay Pots for Beans" in 1835. He had a thriving racket going until he run out of customers. Its too bad George Burnham Morrill Jr. gaveup his connections with the B & M Bean Company in Portland otherwise he might have employed Mary to fill some of his cans for the 1999 market.

Mr. & Mrs Maurice Bartlett returned last Wednesday from the sunny south just in time to renew acquaintences with the snow shovel. They are now at their home in Ashland. The way the weather looks we would make a guess that they will be up this way fiddleheading within the next three to four weeks.

Poor Bates certainly got his throat cut from ear to ear while he was in the hospital and we feel awful sorry for him. George Bessey and Lawrence Hurd got together over a mug of Merry Old Panther Screech and smoked one of Stanley's green cigars in lieu of a peace pipe. The Peace Treaty that they signed last fall and had Mr. Bates witness is now recognized by both parties. Why! George is so amiable that he was even seen talking to the game warden's wife. Miracles will never cease We saw Beaver hold open the door of his company Chevrolet for George to get in and set down, then he very gently closed it and away they went to scale some logs. George did the writing while Beaver handled the scale rule. Sickening, thats what it is and we're sure Bates will have a relapse when he finds out about it.....

The superintendents office at Pittston is being re-done! Re-done! Yes, thats a good word for it. Stan Hall is getting the blame for choosing the paint colors although we did hear Bill Nye muttering under his breath that he was tired-tired-tired of white paint so maybe that is why Stan picked out the color that Bessey calls noshy, no thats not right. Lets see, I think he said naushi although I was quite sure there was a tty on the end of it. Anyway it is a brown color and just matches Charlie's car.

St. John Murray, Esq., Bangor Office March 20, 1914

Dear Sir:-We enclose herewith completed bil-of-sales from C. S. Garland and C. T. Garland to the Great Northern Paper Company. This document conveys the Sporting Camps called Rainbow Camps standing on land of Frank J. D. Barnjum on T. 2 R. 11, and included also all other personal property contained in and about these camps. By J.F. Philipi.

THE OVERWHELMING CATASTROPHE WHICH OCCURRED ON THE PENOBSCOT RIVER IN THE SPRING OF 1846 WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED BY THOSE WHO WITNESSED IT. THE FOLLOWING GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THIS OCCURRENCE, FROM THE PEN OF DR. WEST, WAS PUBLISHED IN THE BANGOR COURIER, AND WILL BE READ WITH GREAT INTEREST:

TO THE REV. DR. TYNG, NEW YORK.

Reverend and dear Brother--We have passed through a scene within the past two or three days which will deeply interest and impress you. Our city has met with a calamity unparalleled in its annals, and perhaps unequalled, in proportion to the population and means, by any in our country. We have been inundated by the river in consequence of what is called here an ice-jam. The history of the matter is briefly as follows:

It sometimes happens that the ice in the river breaks up above, while it remains too strong at the outlet to admit of its passing down. The consequence is the accumulation of a dam of ice which completely fills the river from bank to bank, and heaps up sometimes to a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, and thus forming a reservoir of water above, which overflows the banks and inundates the country around.

The present winter has been a remarkable one in the mode of the formation of the ice. After the river was first frozen over, the ice continued to form in cakes or sheets, and to flow down the rapids to the still and unfrozen portions, and these were drawn under. This continued until the submerged sheets were stopped by rocks and shoals; then the accumulation went on until the bed of the river became consolidated to an astonishing thickness. Around the piers of our great bridge it was cut through to the depth of about fourteen feet. Thus the entire bed of the river seemed to have become, at least except the channel, an almost solid body of ice. The greatest fears were entertained throughout the winter for the consequences during the spring freshet, and yet no effectual precautions could be taken to guard against impending calamity. The very worst of these fears have now been more than realized.

A few days ago the river began to break up for about thirty miles above the city, while it continued firmly bound for about twelve miles below. There were several different spots where the jams, or ice-dams were formed; and when they broke away, they came rushing down with the force of a mountain torrent, until the strong ice below resisted their progress. These jams came down one at a time, and, lodging against another below, kept increasing with magnitude. The two most formidable jams were within seven miles of the city, in the vicinity of the two largest and most important ranges of saw-mills. Those which formed above, when they broke away, passed through at Oldtown and Stillwater with little comparative damage other than carrying away the bridges, and adding to the size of the jams below. The first movement was the raising of the two principal ranges of mills from their foundations by the rise of the water. After this the first jam that passed down swept away the Basin Mills, which belonged to a New York Company, and which rented for about ten thousand dollars per annum. The next carried away a large range of mills belonging to some of the most enterprising citizens, and which rented for fifteen thousand dollars per annum. One of the proprietors thus lost about fifty thousand dollars. The mills in these two ranges contained about fifty saws, were possessed of the most unfailing water power, were recently fitted up with the best improved machinery, and performed last year about one-third of all the business on the river.

The jams thus worked their way down gradually, carrying destruction to bridges and small homes, and other buildings on the banks, until they were all concentrated in one immense mass of four miles in length from one thousand to fifteen thousand feet from bank to bank. Of the magnitude and power of such a mass, no just conception can be formed by persons unused to similar scenes. Above the jam of water was twenty or thirty feet above its usual height, filling up the rapids, and making a dead level of the falls.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.....

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Than they were in the dear, dear old days,
When a barrel of pork cost a fortune,
And the flour was very much "raised".
And though we have not the Jamaica,
We still have molasses and tea,
And coffee and hot buns and butter,
In the Camps of the Miramichi.

We have bears now instead of colcannon,
We have bacon and pork without bones,
We have light loaf instead of "Swamp-soggin",
And music instead of moans
Of the singer who sang of young Edmund,
Who was "drowned" all in the salt sea,
"For the love of his beautiful Betsey",
By the banks of the Miramichi.

There's the Intercolonial Railway,
The Canada Eastern too,
The Indian Town branch and the old Blackville Ranch,
Since the days of your mournful review;
There are buggies and bikers and bloomers,
And the steel bridge at Blackville you see,
So cease your crude crying for Colepaugh's
Said the Maid of the Miramichi.

The beautiful village of Blackville
Is forging quite fast to the front,
And giving the time honored Boiestown,
A very close call in the hunt;
The elysian valley of Blissfield
Still dreams of the dead Used-To-Be,
When Moran and Freeze and Decantline
Were hosts on the Miramichi.

And Nelson, dear sailor-famed Nelson,
Still sits in its beautiful seat,
Where the great lonely Island de Beaubair,
Lies low where the two branches meet.
Newcastle, fair seat of the Shire,
Is still where it once used to be,
Still singing its song of desire
By the banks of the Miramichi.

And I'm sure if the great shade of Chatham
Should arise from his dark tomb and see,
He'd exclaim, "Heavens, had they the presumption,
To name this damned town after me?"
But anon he exclaims:-"I'm in error,
'Tis the ancient 'West End' that I see,
And below is the beautiful city,
The Pride of the Miramichi.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.....

People around the town of Greenville the last five days have been receiving a number of wrong number calls. When the confusion is finally resolved, the caller has been wont to say, "I'm Stanley Hall - Who the hell are you?" Stanley Hall emphatically denies having anything to do with these calls. Mrs. George Belmont Sr. received one of these crank calls, and swears that it was the dulcet tones of E. C. Fernald which she recognized. We are glad that our leader is enjoying his weekend.

Bill Hodge and Verne promised to bring everybody a monkey from Africa and we all thought that he was going to land, monkeys and all last Friday. Royden landed with a monkey rug six feet square. But Bill, Verne and the monkeys are still in darkest Ethiopia. Three strange looking creatures wandered into the Farm this week looking for bear. From the amount of ammunition in their bandoliers, the length of their machetes, and their wondrous raiment, it was difficult for us to tell whether they were the dreaded Vietcong or vacationing Mexican Generals.

Velma Fernald, Fudgemaker Extraordinaire, is planning a whisky and fudge party in the near future. It is her plan to rent the Hilton apartment, import Louise Grover and her musical saw and Charlie Nelson has promised to sing "Cool Water", provided Ed Blodgett can be persuaded to do the "Watusi". Mrs. Fernald is well known in the area as the "Perle Mesta of Pittston Farm". We are all looking forward to her next fete with anticipation.

There is a rumour abroad that M. D. Anderson was seen in Bangor last week, enjoying an aperitif with Warren Crosby, professional defector, and we were somewhat surprised until we realized that Mr. Anderson has one clerk recuperating, another in the hospital, a third on the road, one off on a long weekend, and all the rest of them are sick. Lawrence Hurd has finally been driven from his cozy den at the Farm, and has spent two days in the Timber so far. A quote from Brother Bates concerning Mr. Hurd. "Perhaps now that the Beast has a Co. car, he can afford to work some, and won't have to trap beaver all winter." It was a completely unjust and unnecessary remark, but it sounds like Bates, who is a nasty and bitter old man.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bessey arrived at Seboomook Campground this Monday and Arthur immediately wrecked the television set. It is expected that Mrs. Bessey will be back in Monson before the "Brighter Day" comes on. Mrs. Velma Fernald was recently elected as an Associate Conductress of the Order of the Eastern Star. Our congratulations to "Perle" and we also wish to extend our sympathy to an old and respected order. It will never be the same again. If we know "Perle" it will be just party, party, party, untill all the Eastern Stars are dimmed.

Speaking of parties, there must have been a good sugaring off party around the Boundary last week. Fernald ordered 170 cans of syrup and got 300 cans, and Therrien ordered 64 cans and got 64 gallons. Since Fernald swaps syrup for salmon, we can guess what the piece de resistance will be at Mrs. Fernalds Hilton Apartment soiree.

Clarence Johnston reports that his dogs have eaten over 1100# of dog food since Christmas!!!!
Farewell, Cruel World.....

A Lesson From Golf
Dedicated to E. C. Fernald

HE COULDN'T USE HIS DRIVER ANY BETTER ON THE TEE
THAN THE CHAP THAT HE WAS LICKING, WHO JUST HAPPENED TO BE ME;
I COULD HIT THEM WITH A BRASSIE, JUST AS
STRAIGHT AND JUST AS FAR,
BUT I PILED UP SEVERAL SEVENS WHILE HE
MADE A FEW IN PAR;
AND HE TRIMMED ME TO A FINISH, AND I KNEW THE
REASON WHY:
HE COULD KEEP HIS TEMPER BETTER WHEN HE
DUBBED A SHOT THAN I.

HIS MASHIE STROKE IS CHOPPY, WITHOUT ANY
FOLLOW THROUGH;
I DOUBT IF HE WILL EVER, ON A SHORT HOLE,
COP A TWO.
BUT HIS PUTTS ARE STRAIGHT AND DEADLY,
AND HE DOESN'T EVEN FROWN
WHEN HE'S TRIED TO HOLE A LONG ONE AND
JUST FAILS TO GET IT DOWN.

ON THE FOURTEENTH GREEN I FADED, THERE
HE PUT ME ON THE SHELF.
AND ITS NOT TO HIS DISCREDIT THAT
I SAY I LICKED MYSELF.
HE NEVER WHINED OR WHIMPERED WHEN A SHOT
OF HIS WENT WRONG;
NEVER KICKED ABOUT HIS TROUBLES, BUT JUST
PLODDED RIGHT ALONG.
WHEN HE FLUBBED AN EASY IRON, THOUGH
I KNEW THAT HE WAS VEXED,
HE MERELY SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS, AND
THEN COOLY PLAYED THE NEXT.

WHILE I FLEW INTO A FRENZY OVER EVERY
DUB I MADE.
AND WAS LOUD AT MY COMPLAINING AT THE DISMAL
GAME I PLAYED.

GOLF IS LIKE THE GAME OF LIVING, IT WILL
SHOW UP WHAT YOU ARE:
IF YOU TAKE YOUR TROUBLE BADLY YOU WILL
NEVER PLAY TO PAR.
YOU MAY BE A FINE PERFORMER WHEN YOUR
SKIES ARE BRIGHT AND BLUE
BUT DISASTER IS THE ACID THAT SHALL
PROVE THE WORTH OF YOU.
SO JUST MEET YOUR DISAPPOINTMENTS WITH
A CHEERY SORT OF GRIN,
FOR THE MAN WHO KEEPS HIS TEMPER
IS THE MAN THAT'S SURE TO WIN.

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Of the singer who sang of young Edmund,
Who was "drowned" all in the salt sea,
"For the love of his beautiful Betsey",
By the banks of the Miramichi.

There's the Intercolonial Railway,
The Canada Eastern too,
The Indian Town branch and the old Blackville Ranch,
Since the days of your mournful review;
There are buggies and bikers and bloomers,
And the steel bridge at Blackville you see,
So cease your crude crying for Colepaugh's
Said the Maid of the Miramichi.

The beautiful village of Blackville
Is forging quite fast to the front,
And giving the time honored Boiestown,
A very close call in the hunt;
The elysian valley of Blissfield
Still dreams of the dead Used-To-Be,
When Moran and Freeze and Decantline
Were hosts on the Miramichi.

And Nelson, dear sailor-famed Nelson,
Still sits in its beautiful seat,
Where the great lonely Island de Beaubair,
Lies low where the two branches meet.
Newcastle, fair seat of the Shire,
Is still where it once used to be,
Still singing its song of desire
By the banks of the Miramichi.

And I'm sure if the great shade of Chatham
Should arise from his dark tomb and see,
He'd exclaim, "Heavens, had they the presumption,
To name this damned town after me?"
But anon he exclaims:-"I'm in error,
'Tis the ancient 'West End' that I see,
And below is the beautiful city,
The Pride of the Miramichi.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.....

People around the town of Greenville the last five days have been receiving a number of wrong number calls. When the confusion is finally resolved, the caller has been wont to say, "I'm Stanley Hall - Who the hell are you?" Stanley Hall emphatically denies having anything to do with these calls. Mrs. George Belmont Sr. received one of these crank calls, and swears that it was the dulcet tones of E. C. Fernald which she recognized. We are glad that our leader is enjoying his weekend.

Bill Hodge and Verne promised to bring everybody a monkey from Africa and we all thought that he was going to land, monkeys and all last Friday. Royden landed with a monkey rug six feet square, But Bill, Verne and the monkeys are still in darkest Ethiopia. Three strange looking creatures wandered into the Farm this week looking for bear. From the amount of ammunition in their bandoliers, the length of their machetes, and their wondrous raiment, it was difficult for us to tell whether they were the dreaded Vietcong or vacationing Mexican Generals.

Velma Fernald, Fudgemaker Extraordinaire, is planning a whisky and fudge party in the near future. It is her plan to rent the Hilton apartment, import Louise Grover and her musical saw and Charlie Nelson has promised to sing "Cool Water", provided Ed Blodgett can be persuaded to do the "Watusi". Mrs. Fernald is well known in the area as the "Perle Mesta of Pittston Farm". We are all looking forward to her next fete with anticipation.

There is a rumour abroad that M. D. Anderson was seen in Bangor last week, enjoying an aperitif with Warren Crosby, professional defector, and we were somewhat surprised until we realized that Mr. Anderson has one clerk recuperating, another in the hospital, a third on the road, one off on a long weekend, and all the rest of them are sick. Lawrence Hurd has finally been driven from his cozy den at the Farm, and has spent two days in the Timber so far. A quote from Brother Bates concerning Mr. Hurd. "Perhaps now that the Beast has a Co. car, he can afford to work some, and won't have to trap beaver all winter." It was a completely unjust and unnecessary remark, but it sounds like Bates, who is a nasty and bitter old man.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bessey arrived at Seboomook Campground this Monday and Arthur immediately wrecked the television set. It is expected that Mrs. Bessey will be back in Monson before the "Brighter Day" comes on. Mrs. Velma Fernald was recently elected as an Associate Conductress of the Order of the Eastern Star. Our congratulations to "Perle" and we also wish to extend our sympathy to an old and respected order. It will never be the same again. If we know "Perle" it will be just party, party, party, untill all the Eastern Stars are dimmed.

Speaking of parties, there must have been a good sugaring off party around the Boundary last week. Fernald ordered 170 cans of syrup and got 300 cans, and Therrien ordered 64 cans and got 64 gallons. Since Fernald swaps syrup for salmon, we can guess what the piece de resistance will be at Mrs. Fernalds Hilton Apartment soiree.

Clarence Johnston reports that his dogs have eaten over 1100# of dog food since Christmas!!!!

Farewell, Cruel World.....

A Lesson From Golf
Dedicated to E. C. Fernald

HE COULDN'T USE HIS DRIVER ANY BETTER ON THE TEE
THAN THE CHAP THAT HE WAS LICKING, WHO JUST HAPPENED TO BE ME;
I COULD HIT THEM WITH A BRASSIE, JUST AS
STRAIGHT AND JUST AS FAR,
BUT I PILED UP SEVERAL SEVENS WHILE HE
MADE A FEW IN PAR;
AND HE TRIMMED ME TO A FINISH, AND I KNEW THE
REASON WHY:
HE COULD KEEP HIS TEMPER BETTER WHEN HE
DUBBED A SHOT THAN I.

HIS MASHIE STROKE IS CHOPPY, WITHOUT ANY
FOLLOW THROUGH;
I DOUBT IF HE WILL EVER, ON A SHORT HOLE,
COP A TWO.
BUT HIS PUTTS ARE STRAIGHT AND DEADLY,
AND HE DOESN'T EVEN FROWN
WHEN HE'S TRIED TO HOLE A LONG ONE AND
JUST FAILS TO GET IT DOWN.

ON THE FOURTEENTH GREEN I FADED, THERE
HE PUT ME ON THE SHELF.
AND ITS NOT TO HIS DISCREDIT THAT
I SAY I LICKED MYSELF.
HE NEVER WHINED OR WHIMPERED WHEN A SHOT
OF HIS WENT WRONG;
NEVER KICKED ABOUT HIS TROUBLES, BUT JUST
PLODDERED RIGHT ALONG.
WHEN HE FLUBBED AN EASY IRON, THOUGH
I KNEW THAT HE WAS VEXED,
HE MERELY SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS, AND
THEN COOLY PLAYED THE NEXT.

WHILE I FLEW INTO A FRENZY OVER EVERY
DUB I MADE.
AND WAS LOUD AT MY COMPLAINING AT THE DISMAL
GAME I PLAYED.

GOLF IS LIKE THE GAME OF LIVING, IT WILL
SHOW UP WHAT YOU ARE:
IF YOU TAKE YOUR TROUBLE BADLY YOU WILL
NEVER PLAY TO PAR.
YOU MAY BE A FINE PERFORMER WHEN YOUR
SKIES ARE BRIGHT AND BLUE
BUT DISASTER IS THE ACID THAT SHALL
PROVE THE WORTH OF YOU.
SO JUST MEET YOUR DISAPPOINTMENTS WITH
A CHEERY SORT OF GRIN,
FOR THE MAN WHO KEEPS HIS TEMPER
IS THE MAN THAT'S SURE TO WIN.

Rdgar Guest.

May 20, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 22

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Let's see, I think it is 400,000 acres that they want to annex for a park in the Allagash area and you add that to the 242,514 acres they already have for state and federal parks will bring it up to 642,514 acres or 104 square miles plus the area taken up by the rivers and lakes and also you have to consider the 10,000 square miles of roads and highways in the southeast section of the state....hmmmmmm, there is only 31,012 square miles in the state. I guess we'd better quit this train of thought or we'll find there is no woodlands left in the State of Maine to cut over 2 million cords of pulpwood a year.

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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

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How do I know my youth is all spent?
Well, My "Get up and Go" has got up and went,
But in spite of it all, I am able to grin,
When I think where my Get up and Go has been.

My Old Age is Golden, I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder as I get into Bed,
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on a table until I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?"
And I'm happy to say as I close the Door,
My Friends are the same, perhaps even more.

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I would kick up my heels, right over my head,
As I grew older my slippers were blue,
But I could still dance the whole night through,
And now my slippers are black,
I walk my way to the store and puff my way back.

The reason that I know that my youth is all spent,
My Get up and Go has Got up and Went,
But I don't really mind when I think with a grin,
Of all the Grand places my Get up has Been.

Since I have retired from Life's Competition
I busy myself, with complete Repetition,
I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the "Obits",
If my name is not there, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

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MAY 27, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 23

The rear of North Branch Drive went through Big Bog Dam on Wednesday May 19th at 3:24 P.M. and at this time is between Dole Brook and the Snake Camp. In 1964 it went through Big Bog Dam on May 28th and by Pittston Farm on June 8th. We will make a guess it will go by Pittston on June 1st this year.

The rear of South Branch Drive went through Canada Falls Dam Friday morning, May 21st and should go by Pittston June 1st.

The first raft was sluiced through Seboomook Dam this year on May 20th and to date they have sluiced four with another one ready for this morning.

The William Hilton was launched this week at Chesuncook Lake and made its first trip to the head of the lake on Tuesday May 25th. Walter Townsend, Captain of the William Hilton will certainly find some rocks and stumps that he never knew were there when he starts towing this year with the lake off 18 feet at this time.

The 32.16 inches of precipitation that we had at Pittston last year is the lowest since the records began in 1942 but 1965 is starting out to be dryer as the following comparison will show you:

1964		1965		20 year average
January	2.71 In.	January	1.79 In.	3.07 In.
February	.76	February	2.79	2.84
March	2.44	March	.63	2.65
April	2.81	April	2.36	3.04
May 26	2.46	May 26	1.24	3.32
	11.18		8.81	14.92

This shows 2.37 inches less than the same period in 1964 and 6.11 inches less than the twenty year average.

The "Soiree Mixte" last Saturday night to honor the retirement of Joe Marceau saw a goodly turn-out of Joe's co-workers, friends and company representatives from all over the State of Maine. Mr. Russell Gerould, Editor of the Moosehead Gazette was around with his camera so you will be able to see what Joe looks like in the next issue of the Gazette.

Mr. Ainslie, Mr. Young and Mr. Erickson from the Life Magazine were at Pittston on May 7th squired by Leo Thibodeau and Ed Blodgett. The Life Magazine is making a historical movie showing the manufacture of paper from the tree to the point where it goes into their printing press. They got a few pictures that day and are back again this week to pick up some more footage of the drives and towing on the lake. It is just possible the Life Magazine will have a few of the still shots in one of the September or October issues.

The State campsite at Canada Falls is already loaded to capacity with the long weekend two days away. There is no doubt this will be the greatest invasion of fishermen ever to hit this country. Arthur Bessey opened the Seboomook Campground May 17th but does not foresee a full house over Memorial as he cannot compete with the State's free sites.

James LeVasseur is back at the Twenty Mile check point to begin the checking of the summer visitors.

Martin Murphy and Mike Stepinuk are back on the chains at Rainey Brook and Caucomgomac.....

PENOBSCOT RIVER FRESHET (PART THREE)

But the ruinous consequences were, providentially, the loss of property rather than life. The whole business portion of the city was inundated; and so entirely beyond all reasonable estimate was the rise of the waters, that a very large portion of all the stocks of goods in the stores were flooded. Precautions had been taken, in the lower part of the city, to remove goods from the first to the second story, and yet many who did so had the floors of the second story burst upon, and their goods let down into the water below; while in the higher portions, where the goods were piled up on and about the counters, the waters rose above them, and involved them in common destruction. Others who did not remove their goods, suffered a total loss of them.

Thus far, however, the devastation was confined to the least valuable part of the wealth of the city. The lumber on wharves constituted the larger portion of the available property of the city; and here a kind Providence has spared the devoted city, and by one of those singular methods by which a present evil, which seems to be the greatest that could be inflicted, is the means of averting a greater one; for it was the occurrence of the jam which, while it inundated the stores, appeared to be the means of saving the lumber. The pressure of the ice against the wharves and lumber was so great as to wedge it in with immense strength, and formed a sort of a wall outside the wharves, from which the jam, when started, separated and passed out, leaving the lumber safe, though injured.

After the ice stopped, things remained in this situation during the next day, which was Sunday--the saddest and most serious Sunday, probably ever passed in Bangor. Few, however, could spend the day in worship. All that could labor were employed, while the flood kept rising, in rescuing what property could be saved from the waters, and in taking poor families from their windows in boats.

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PENOBSCOT RIVER FRESHET (PART FOUR)

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John West

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The fire on T. 1 R. 11, looked bad from Squaw mountain Tuesday. This fire, according to a letter from Norcross Tuesday morning, has been burning principally on land which was burned over several years ago and has not gone into the sound timber much yet. The fire is on T. 1 R. 11, and Coopertown.

The only new fire which could be sighted from Squaw mountain Tuesday was over toward Katahdin. The smoke was not large and in the mingling of the general haze from the smoke of other fires the size of this fire could not be determined nor its location be stated exactly. The fire looked to be within a few miles of Ragged lake.

Many fires are burning along the coast in Washington County.

THE WOMAN ORDERED TWENTY-TWO YARDS OF MATERIAL FOR A NIGHTGOWN.

"WHY SO MUCH MATERIAL?" INQUIRED THE CLERK.

"OH, I'M MARRIED TO AN OLD MAN, AND HE HAS MORE FUN HUNTING."

THE MAID OF THE MIRAMICHI (PART THREE)

Ah Douglas, the dead, gallant Douglas,
They named for you too a fine town,
Which, though it is not the old Rankin,
I'm sure it is not running down;
And Nelson, thou brave British hero,
I've stolen a march upon thee,
A Statesman seems more than a sailor,
By the beautiful Miramichi.

Now "EXILE", come out of your corner,
And join in the glorious song
That rolls o'er the hills of Northumberland,
Waking the echoes along;
Thank God for the days that have been,
And thank God for the days yet to be,
And blest be thy beautiful memory,
My Maid of the Miramichi.

And Doaktown, thou beautiful Doaktown,
May the days of thy glory ne'er dim,
But since you have lost the Great Robert,
You are very much out of the Swim.
And Derby, thou dear little Derby,
I should not have so slighted thee,
The town you have named after Miller,
Is a Gem of the Miramichi.

Dear Redbank, the home of the Redman,
The town of the mighty North-West;
But I think of the Sage of Sevogle,
And silence is safest and best.
Dear Rogersville, home of the Frenchman,
Whose flag is the Fleur de Lis,
The name you bear is your high honor,
In the land of the Miramichi.

Dear Loggieville, home of the Loggies,
Full oft have I trodden your street;
I am sure you are flourishing finely,
The town where the beauties all meet.
Dear towns one and all, I salute you,
From Ludlow clear down to the Sea,
With a sigh for the beautiful Bushville,
The Arbor of Miramichi.

By MICHAEL WHELAN, THE BARD OF RENOUS.....

MAY 27, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 23

The rear of North Branch Drive went through Big Bog Dam on Wednesday May 19th at 3:24 P.M. and at this time is between Dole Brook and the Snake Camp. In 1964 it went through Big Bog Dam on May 28th and by Pittston Farm on June 8th. We will make a guess it will go by Pittston on June 1st this year.

The rear of South Branch Drive went through Canada Falls Dam Friday morning, May 21st and should go by Pittston June 1st.

The first raft was sluiced through Seboomook Dam this year on May 20th and to date they have sluiced four with another one ready for this morning.

The William Hilton was launched this week at Chesuncook Lake and made its first trip to the head of the lake on Tuesday May 25th. Walter Townsend, Captain of the William Hilton will certainly find some rocks and stumps that he never knew were there when he starts towing this year with the lake off 18 feet at this time.

The 32.16 inches of precipitation that we had at Pittston last year is the lowest since the records began in 1942 but 1965 is starting out to be dryer as the following comparison will show you:

1964		1965		20 year average
January	2.71 In.	January	1.79 In.	3.07 In.
February	.76	February	2.79	2.84
March	2.44	March	.63	2.65
April	2.81	April	2.36	3.04
May 26	2.46	May 26	1.24	3.32
	<u>11.18</u>		<u>8.81</u>	<u>14.92</u>

This shows 2.37 inches less than the same period in 1964 and 6.11 inches less than the twenty year average.

The "Soiree Mixte" last Saturday night to honor the retirement of Joe Marceau saw a goodly turn-out of Joe's co-workers, friends and company representatives from all over the State of Maine. Mr. Russell Gerould, Editor of the Moosehead Gazette was around with his camera so you will be able to see what Joe looks like in the next issue of the Gazette.

Mr. Ainslie, Mr. Young and Mr. Erickson from the Life Magazine were at Pittston on May 7th squired by Leo Thibodeau and Ed Blodgett. The Life Magazine is making a historical movie showing the manufacture of paper from the tree to the point where it goes into their printing press. They got a few pictures that day and are back again this week to pick up some more footage of the drives and towing on the lake. It is just possible the Life Magazine will have a few of the still shots in one of the September or October issues.

The State campsite at Canada Falls is already loaded to capacity with the long weekend two days away. There is no doubt this will be the greatest invasion of fishermen ever to hit this country. Arthur Bessey opened the Seboomook Campground May 17th but does not foresee a full house over Memorial as he cannot compete with the State's free sites.

James LeVasseur is back at the Twenty Mile check point to begin the checking of the summer visitors.

Martin Murphy and Mike Stepinuk are back on the chains at Rainey Brook and Caucomgomac.....

PENOBSCOT RIVER FRESHET (PART THREE)

But the ruinous consequences were, providentially, the loss of property rather than life. The whole business portion of the city was inundated; and so entirely beyond all reasonable estimate was the rise of the waters, that a very large portion of all the stocks of goods in the stores were flooded. Precautions had been taken, in the lower part of the city, to remove goods from the first to the second story, and yet many who did so had the floors of the second story burst upon, and their goods let down into the water below; while in the higher portions, where the goods were piled up on and about the counters, the waters rose above them, and involved them in common destruction. Others who did not remove their goods, suffered a total loss of them.

Thus far, however, the devastation was confined to the least valuable part of the wealth of the city. The lumber on wharves constituted the larger portion of the available property of the city; and here a kind Providence has spared the devoted city, and by one of those singular methods by which a present evil, which seems to be the greatest that could be inflicted, is the means of averting a greater one; for it was the occurrence of the jam which, while it inundated the stores, appeared to be the means of saving the lumber. The pressure of the ice against the wharves and lumber was so great as to wedge it in with immense strength, and formed a sort of a wall outside the wharves, from which the jam, when started, separated and passed out, leaving the lumber safe, though injured.

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By MICHAEL WHELAN, THE BARD OF RENOUS.....

JUNE 3, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 24

Shooting on location, that is what has been going on around the Pittston Farm for the past week. We have heard that expression in connection with Hollywood for many years but had no idea what it involved but now we know. It means "Do not shoot until the sun shines" The Life's magazine crew of photographers arrived here last Thursday under the directorship of Mr. Greenblatt with the assistance of Mr. Leo Thibodeau, the Co-Ordinator of Co-Ordinates. During the course of their stay here at Pittston they have had a Helicopter, Grummen, Cesna, Beaver and for a while it looked as though they were going to have a Sac B-52 Bomber but that was finally cancelled as the runway at Millinocket was too short to land on.

According to the May 29th issue of the Business Week it takes five feet of film to make one foot that can be used for a movie which we can't understand as this crew would not use an inch of film if there was even a whisker of a cloud in the sky. They were even overheard asking Mr. Thibodeau, Co-Ordinator, if he could vacuum the dust out of the air over Squaw Mountain so they could get a clear sunset picture.

The Grand Finale came Tuesday night when they lowered one of the photographers down on a rope into the open sluice gate at Seboomook Dam to get a few shots of the wood being sluiced through the dam. Everything went along smoothly until it came time to pull him back to the top of the dam when someone shouted for a knife or an axe but Blodgett put a stop to that idea in a hurry by saying there was a law against contaminating the Penobscot waters.

Saturday afternoon we wore out the crank on our telephone trying to get the operator until finally we gave it up. About that time we heard the Helicopter overhead and out come the field glasses. You guessed it for there was the operator flitting all around looking just as contented as though she was behind the switchboard. Lionel and Martha were the next ones to try it and we're looking ahead to getting an order from Lionel for an eggbeater.

The South Branch rear entered Seboomook Deadwater on Saturday and Pat Begin's crew transferred to Main River Drive on Monday. The North Branch rear should enter the Seboomook Deadwater sometime today. Both driving crews are about a week earlier than last year. All the wood has been sluiced through Seboomook Dam with the exception of the rear.

Mrs Elmer Gerry had the misfortune to fall and break her right shoulder this past weekend and is now confined to her home.

Henri Marcoux got under way this week with a small crew at the Scott Brook camps. Adelard Gilbert will retire this year to go into business for himself in the Poland Pond area.

Del Bates returned to the fold this week looking better than he did when he was a legislator. Either the diet that he has been on is beginning to take effect or else he has a new girdle for he is now about as skinny around the waist as Slim Powell.

Union Iron Works, Bangor, Me. June 12, 1912-Rockwood, Me

Gentlemen: Am enclosing sketch showing re-inforcement for sow for which model was sent you a day or so ago. This calls for reinforcement of 1" on the sides, The sketch will explain. Confirmation phone.

Great Northern Paper Co.,

By Everett A. Amey

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

E. C. Atkins Co.,
New York, N. Y.

December 10, 1917

Gentlemen:-

We are enclosing herewith confirmation purchase order #7009 for two thousand (2000) No. 12-5½ foot Perfection falling saws, price to be \$4.00 net, each. This order cancels the memorandum order given Mr. Baldwin November 27th. These saws are all to be delivered to Kineo Station, Maine as per enclosed order.

CWC/B

Yours very truly,
Great Northern Paper Co.
By Chas. W. Curtis

Great Northern Paper Co.,
Bangor, Maine

December 17, 1917

Attention Mr. Chas. Curtis

Gentlemen:-

Replying to yours of the 13th, we give below a memorandum of saws that have been shipped to Kineo Station, and to Millinocket, giving first the date of the order, your order number and our D order number, the point of shipment and the quantity of saws. All of the orders have been completed.

We believe that this will put you in position to check the shipments without difficulty. One of the orders were shipped to you on telegram without an order number. We are merely giving the telegram so that you can check this transaction.

No.	Date	Your P. O. No.	Our Order No.	Destination	No. of Saws
No. 12--5½ Foot					
	8/7/17	2036	-D1537	Kineo Station	150 Saws
	9/8/17	2036	-D1537	Kineo Station	250 "
	10/2/17	2036	-D1537	Kineo Station	50 "
	11/2/17	2036	-D1537	Kineo Station	50 "
	8/20/17	3074	N.Y.C.	Kineo Station	100 "
	8/20/17	3075	N.Y.C.	Millinocket	50 "
	8/31/17	Telegram	N.Y.C.	Kineo Station	100 "
	11/19/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	150 "
	11/20/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	150 "
	11/23/17	2489	-D1675	Kineo Station	100 "
	9/15/17	2488	-D1676	Millinocket	100 "
Bucksaw Frames No. 1600					
	8/16/17	3024	N.Y.C.	Kineo Station	20 Doz
No. 51--32 inch Bucksaw Blades					
	9/7/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	18½ Doz.
	9/11/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	12½ "
	9/22/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	12 "
	9/27/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	27 "
	9/29/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	27 "
	10/18/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	27 "
	10/27/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	106 "
	11/30/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	25 "
	12/1/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	25 "
	12/3/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	8 "
	9/6/17	2488	-D1676	Millinocket	25 "
	9/21/17	2488	-D1676	Millinocket	8 1/3 Doz.

Continued on next page.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

We find that when Mr. Baldwin sent some of the orders to us, he did not in writing up his order put down instructions to charge all the saws to Bangor. We regret exceedingly that this was not done, and that our order man did not check the salesman's order with your orders to have all the goods billed to Bangor instead of billing them to the points that they shipped to.

We assure you we will avoid a repetition of this error in the future.

Yours truly,
E. C. Atkins & Company
By E. W. Clark, Manager

A total of the above orders shows:

3250 Crosscut saws	@ \$4.00	\$13,000.00
3856 Bucksaw Blades	@ 1.37	5,282.72
240 Bucksaw Frames	@ 2.30	552.00
Total Cost		\$ 18,834.72

May 29, 1934 can be called one of the Great Northern Paper Companies' "Red Letter Days" as that was the day the first alarm came in on the Hurd Pond Fire. It was about noon that the tower lookout man on Trout Mountain (15 miles above Millinocket) called Grant Brook Depot and informed the clerk, Harold Whitehead that there was a forest fire just beginning on the Hurd Pond Tote Road west of the West Branch of the Penobscot River. Joe Michaud was the Walking Boss of the Hurd Pond Operation at that time and had two camps, one at the outlet of Big Hurd and the second on the outlet of Little Hurd Pond. That spring was nearly the same as this year with warm sunny days and no rain. The fire started in the previous years slash area on a day when there was a strong southwest wind. All the fire equipment that was at the Depot was rushed across the river at Fred Pitman's camps where they tried to stop it. The next day the fire jumped the river and about three o'clock Al McNeil arrived at the Depot with Fred Pitman's wife. He immediately started Fernald for Abol to pick up Steve Rainey's and Ed Inman's crews while he and Harold Whitehead went to Millinocket to get a truck load of fire equipment. We were to meet at six o'clock that night back at the depot. Meet we did and Al started some of the men running out fire hose, others filling back pumps and some with shovels & grub hoes. The fire at that time was only thirty feet from the office & storehouse. When the hose was ready Al shouted to Lucien Blair to get the gasoline fire pump off the truck. Lucien was five or six minutes trying to explain to Al that there was no fire pump, that somewhere along the line someone had forgotten to bring one. Gad! the language that came out of Al would set a forest fire without any other help. It didn't take him long though to get all the clerks, cooks, cookees and other dead-heads grubbing away with shovels and hoes with the dire threat that he would kick every double damned one of us into the fire and let us burn if we didn't save the camps. The camps were saved otherwise we wouldn't be here to tell about it. Later in the evening more men and equipment arrived so that by morning there was well over a hundred men. During the day Charlie Glaster moved in with a group of C.C.C. boys from Foster's Field. There was also another group of C.C.C. boys from Alfred, Me. that came in on the third of June. The State Forestry set up a wangen in Crawford's Camps at Togue Ponds. The Company had a wangen at the old Grant Brook Camp and also at Millinocket Lake.

There was a time when there was 1200 men on the payroll before the end came on June 9th by a heavy rainstorm. During the eleven days that the fire raged out of control it covered over 35,000 acres.

MORE ABOUT IT NEXT WEEK.....

"THE LAY OF THE LOST TRAVELLER"

With saddened face and battered hat

And eye that told of blank despair,

On wooden bench the traveller sat,

Cursing the fate that brought him there.

"Nine hours," he cried, "we've lingered here

"With thought intent on distant homes,

"Waiting for that delusive train

"That, always coming, never comes,

"Till weary, worn,

"Distressed, forlorn

"And paralyzed in every function!

"I hope in hell

"His soul may dwell

"Who first invented Essex Junction!

"I've travelled east, I've travelled west

"Over mountain, valley, plain and river;

"Midst whirlwind's wrath and tempest's blast,

"Through railroad's crash and steamboat's shiver

"And faith and courage faltered not,

"Nor strength gave way nor hope was shaken,

"Until I reached this dismal spot,

"Of man accursed, of God, forsaken!

"Where strange, new forms of misery

"Assail men's souls without compunction,

"And I hope in hell

"His soul may dwell

"Who first invented Essex Junction!

"Here Boston waits for Ogdenburg

"And Ogdenburg for Montreal,

"And late New York tarrieth

"And Saratoga hindereth all!

"From far Atlantic's wave-swept bays

"To Mississippi's turbid tide

"All accidents, mishaps, delays,

"Are gathered here and multiplied!

"Oh! fellow man, avoid this spot

"As you would plague of Peter Funk shun!

"And I hope in hell

"His soul may dwell

"Who first invented Essex Junction!

"And long and late conductors tell

"Of trains delayed or late or slow,

"Till e'en the very engine's bell

"Takes up the cry, 'No go! No go!'

"Oh! let me from this hole depart

"By any route, so't be a long one,"

He cried, with madness in his heart,

And jumped aboard a train--the wrong one.

And as he vanished in the smoke

He shouted with redoubled unction,

"I hope in hell

"His soul may dwell

"Who first invented Essex Junction!

JUNE 3, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 24

Shooting on location, that is what has been going on around the Pittston Farm for the past week. We have heard that expression in connection with Hollywood for many years but had no idea what it involved but now we know. It means "Do not shoot until the sun shines" The Life's magazine crew of photographers arrived here last Thursday under the directorship of Mr. Greeblatt with the assistance of Mr. Leo Thibodeau, the Co-Ordinator of Co-Ordinates. During the course of their stay here at Pittston they have had a Helicopter, Grummen, Cesna, Beaver and for a while it looked as though they were going to have a Sac B-52 Bomber but that was finally cancelled as the runway at Millinocket was too short to land on.

According to the May 29th issue of the Business Week it takes five feet of film to make one foot that can be used for a movie which we can't understand as this crew would not use an inch of film if there was even a whisker of a cloud in the sky. They were even overheard asking Mr. Thibodeau, Co-Ordinator, if he could vacuum the dust out of the air over Squaw Mountain so they could get a clear sunset picture.

The Grand Finale came Tuesday night when they lowered one of the photographers down on a rope into the open sluice gate at Seboomook Dam to get a few shots of the wood being sluiced through the dam. Everything went along smoothly until it came time to pull him back to the top of the dam when someone shouted for a knife or an axe but Blodgett put a stop to that idea in a hurry by saying there was a law against contaminating the Penobscot waters.

Saturday afternoon we wore out the crank on our telephone trying to get the operator until finally we gave it up. About that time we heard the Helicopter overhead and out come the field glasses. You guessed it for there was the operator flitting all around looking just as contented as though she was behind the switchboard. Lionel and Martha were the next ones to try it and we're looking ahead to getting an order from Lionel for an eggbeater.

The South Branch rear entered Seboomook Deadwater on Saturday and Pat Begin's crew transferred to Main River Drive on Monday. The North Branch rear should enter the Seboomook Deadwater sometime today. Both driving crews are about a week earlier than last year. All the wood has been sluiced through Seboomook Dam with the exception of the rear.

Mrs Elmer Gerry had the misfortune to fall and break her right shoulder this past weekend and is now confined to her home.

Henri Marcoux got under way this week with a small crew at the Scott Brook camps. Adelard Gilbert will retire this year to go into business for himself in the Poland Pond area.

Del Bates returned to the fold this week looking better than he did when he was a legislator. Either the diet that he has been on is beginning to take effect or else he has a new girdle for he is now about as skinny around the waist as Slim Powell.

Union Iron Works, Bangor, Me. June 12, 1912-Rockwood, Me

Gentlemen: Am enclosing sketch showing re-inforcement for sow for which model was sent you a day or so ago. This calls for reinforcement of 1" on the sides, The sketch will explain. Confirmation phone.

Great Northern Paper Co.,

By Everett A. Amey

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

E. C. Atkins Co.,
New York, N. Y.

December 10, 1917

Gentlemen:-

We are enclosing herewith confirmation purchase order #7009 for two thousand (2000) No. 12-5½ foot Perfection falling saws, price to be \$4.00 net, each. This order cancels the memorandum order given Mr. Baldwin November 27th. These saws are all to be delivered to Kineo Station, Maine as per enclosed order.

CWC/B

Yours very truly,
Great Northern Paper Co.
By Chas. W. Curtis

Great Northern Paper Co.,
Bangor, Maine

December 17, 1917

Attention Mr. Chas. Curtis

Gentlemen:-

Replying to yours of the 13th, we give below a memorandum of saws that have been shipped to Kineo Station, and to Millinocket, giving first the date of the order, your order number and our D order number, the point of shipment and the quantity of saws. All of the orders have been completed.

We believe that this will put you in position to check the shipments without difficulty. One of the orders were shipped to you on telegram without an order number. We are merely giving the telegram so that you can check this transaction.

Date	Your P. O. No.	Our Order No.	Destination	No. of Saws
No. 12--5½ Foot				
8/7/17	2036	-D1537	Kineo Station	150 Saws
9/8/17	2036	-D1537	Kineo Station	250 "
10/2/17	2036	-D1537	Kineo Station	50 "
11/2/17	2036	-D1537	Kineo Station	50 "
8/20/17	3074	N.Y.C.	Kineo Station	100 "
8/20/17	3075	N.Y.C.	Millinocket	50 "
8/31/17	Telegram	N.Y.C.	Kineo Station	100 "
11/19/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	150 "
11/20/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	150 "
11/23/17	2489	-D1675	Kineo Station	100 "
9/15/17	2488	-D1676	Millinocket	100 "
Bucksaw Frames No. 1600				
8/16/17	3024	N.Y.C.	Kineo Station	20 Doz
No. 51--32 inch Bucksaw Blades				
9/7/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	18½ Doz.
9/11/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	12½ "
9/22/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	12 "
9/27/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	27 "
9/29/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	27 "
10/18/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	27 "
10/27/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	106 "
11/30/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	25 "
12/1/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	25 "
12/3/17	2489	-D1676	Kineo Station	8 "
9/6/17	2488	-D1676	Millinocket	25 "
9/21/17	2488	-D1676	Millinocket	8 1/3 Doz.

Continued on next page.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

We find that when Mr. Baldwin sent some of the orders to us, he did not in writing up his order put down instructions to charge all the saws to Bangor. We regret exceedingly that this was not done, and that our order man did not check the salesman's order with your orders to have all the goods billed to Bangor instead of billing them to the points that they shipped to.

We assure you we will avoid a repetition of this error in the future.

Yours truly,
E. C. Atkins & Company
By E. W. Clark, Manager

A total of the above orders shows:

3250 Crosscut saws	@ \$4.00	\$13,000.00
3856 Bucksaw Blades	@ 1.37	5,282.72
240 Bucksaw Frames	@ 2.30	552.00
Total Cost		\$ 18,834.72

May 29, 1934 can be called one of the Great Northern Paper Companies' "Red Letter Days" as that was the day the first alarm came in on the Hurd Pond Fire. It was about noon that the tower lookout man on Trout Mountain (15 miles above Millinocket) called Grant Brook Depot and informed the clerk, Harold Whitehead that there was a forest fire just beginning on the Hurd Pond Tote Road west of the West Branch of the Penobscot River. Joe Michaud was the Walking Boss of the Hurd Pond Operation at that time and had two camps, one at the outlet of Big Hurd and the second on the outlet of Little Hurd Pond. That spring was nearly the same as this year with warm sunny days and no rain. The fire started in the previous years slash area on a day when there was a strong southwest wind. All the fire equipment that was at the Depot was rushed across the river at Fred Pitman's camps where they tried to stop it. The next day the fire jumped the river and about three o'clock Al McNeil arrived at the Depot with Fred Pitman's wife. He immediately started Fernald for Abol to pick up Steve Rainey's and Ed Inman's crews while he and Harold Whitehead went to Millinocket to get a truck load of fire equipment. We were to meet at six o'clock that night back at the depot. Meet we did and Al started some of the men running out fire hose, others filling back pumps and some with shovels & grub hoes. The fire at that time was only thirty feet from the office & storehouse. When the hose was ready Al shouted to Lucien Blair to get the gasoline fire pump off the truck. Lucien was five or six minutes trying to explain to Al that there was no fire pump, that somewhere along the line someone had forgotten to bring one. Gad! the language that came out of Al would set a forest fire without any other help. It didn't take him long though to get all the clerks, cooks, cookees and other dead-heads grubbing away with shovels and hoes with the dire threat that he would kick every double damned one of us into the fire and let us burn if we didn't save the camps. The camps were saved otherwise we wouldn't be here to tell about it. Later in the evening more men and equipment arrived so that by morning there was well over a hundred men. During the day Charlie Glaster moved in with a group of C.C.C. boys from Foster's Field. There was also another group of C.C.C. boys from Alfred, Me. that came in on the third of June. The State Forestry set up a wangen in Crawford's Camps at Togue Ponds. The Company had a wangen at the old Grant Brook Camp and also at Millinocket Lake.

There was a time when there was 1200 men on the payroll before the end came on June 9th by a heavy rainstorm. During the eleven days that the fire raged out of control it covered over 35,000 acres.

MORE ABOUT IT NEXT WEEK.....

"THE LAY OF THE LOST TRAVELLER"

With saddened face and battered hat

And eye that told of blank despair,

On wooden bench the traveller sat,

Cursing the fate that brought him there.

"Nine hours," he cried, "we've lingered here

"With thought intent on distant homes,

"Waiting for that delusive train

"That, always coming, never comes,

"Till weary, worn,

"Distressed, forlorn

"And paralyzed in every function!

"I hope in hell

"His soul may dwell

"Who first invented Essex Junction!

"I've travelled east, I've travelled west

"Over mountain, valley, plain and river;

"Midst whirlwind's wrath and tempest's blast,

"Through railroad's crash and steamboat's shiver

"And faith and courage faltered not,

"Nor strength gave way nor hope was shaken,

"Until I reached this dismal spot,

"Of man accursed, of God, forsaken!

"Where strange, new forms of misery

"Assail men's souls without compunction,

"And I hope in hell

"His soul may dwell

"Who first invented Essex Junction!

"Here Boston waits for Ogdenburg

"And Ogdenburg for Montreal,

"And late New York tarrieth

"And Saratoga hindereth all!

"From far Atlantic's wave-swept bays

"To Mississippi's turbid tide

"All accidents, mishaps, delays,

"Are gathered here and multiplied!

"Oh! fellow man, avoid this spot

"As you would plague of Peter Funk shun!

"And I hope in hell

"His soul may dwell

"Who first invented Essex Junction!

"And long and late conductors tell

"Of trains delayed or late or slow,

"Till e'en the very engine's bell

"Takes up the cry, 'No go! No go!'

"Oh! let me from this hole depart

"By any route, so't be a long one,"

He cried, with madness in his heart,

And jumped aboard a train--the wrong one.

And as he vanished in the smoke

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MR. W. PECKHAM, GRANT FARM, KOKADJO, ME.

OCTOBER 31, 1911

Dear Peckham:- On my return from my trip on Saturday last I found a letter from Philipi, instructing me to outline a system of four foot wood inspection for you. I have not fully worked out my own system as yet but will describe the three methods of cutting the wood which I have struck, and my method of getting at the waste in such cases. The first method, and one which you are almost certain to strike to some extent, is that of cutting the wood into the four foot lengths at the stump. This is always done when there are men in a camp who are cutting by the cord. In this case the thing for you to do is to scale the little individual piles of wood which you will find scattered through the woods, and get the waste in all forms for the area tributary to the piles you scale. By all forms I mean stumps, tops and everything else. You will at first probably find it a little difficulty to be sure as to the exact area tributary to these small piles, as there are not the yarding roads to help you in this respect; but after a little work along this line you should be able to get at this approximately. I am enclosing a sample report sheet showing you how they are to be filled out in such a case.

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The third method I have encountered is that of yarding the wood in the form of logs, with the intention of hauling it to the landing in this form, and cutting it into the four foot lengths at that place. In such a case the only thing you can do is to get your 200 or more stump and top measurements, and the other forms of waste you encounter while getting the former figures; dividing the work up between the various crews as you do in the case of a logging operation.

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Very Truly Yours, E. E. Amey

THERE SLIM POWELL, TELL US AGAIN THE COMPANY NEVER HAD THE "LONG CORD!"

Mr. F. A. Gilbert,
Bangor, Maine.

Bangor, Maine., Jan'y 14, 1912

Dear Sir: We enclose first estimate of cost of buildings and lighting plants as per your letter dated Jan'y 6th inst.

The potato cellar is made slightly smaller than the one at Pittston to save expense the width being taken out of the aisle in the center between the bins. It is also made lower making less dry wall in height and consequently less width.

The Hen House at Seboomook is modeled after the one from the Maine Experiment Station and is one section of their model house to which it would be easy to add more sections.

The shed at Grant Farm will be drawn in detail for your approval, to contain wood, creamery, ice house and coolers. It may be possible to work in an enclosed clothes line like the one at Kineo either in the quadrangle between this shed and the house or at the back of the shed.

The electric lighting plans are the Western Electric Machines and we have estimated for the strongest and best small machine they build. They estimate the cost of running the Kineo plant at 82 cents per day average for year.

Should you decide to go ahead we will draw plans in detail and present it in our regular construction forms. The estimate enclosed will not vary over 10% from final figures unless plans are materially changed. Plans for shed and hen house are now being drawn.

Respectfully Yours,
(Signed) Everett Amey

FIRST ESTIMATE BUILDINGS:

For 6000 bushel Potato House at Seboomook. Similar to one at Pittston except 4 ft. less width and 2 ft. less height. Dry-wall sides: shingled roof	\$4000.
For Hen House at Seboomook. For 50 hens one section of Maine Ex. Station house similar to one at Grant Farm-Cedar posts found.	\$ 400.
For Shed at Grant Farm to contain Creamery, Ice House and two coolers similar to Pittston also wood space	\$1800.
For Cottage at Ripogenous as per plans	\$1200.
For Cottage at Ripogeneous without porch per plan #2	1000.
For Electric Lighting Plant at Kineo 200 light machine with 12 H.P. gasoline engine including wiring, machinery etc. complete as per report	\$1900.
Electric Lighting Plant for Pittston same as above but 150 lights installed	\$1600.
Electric Lighting Plant for Grant Farm 150 lights,	\$1600.

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY,
DEPT. LAND SURVEYING.
JAN'Y 14, 1913.

"THE LAY OF THE ONE WHO GOT LEFT"

On cushioned seat at "White House" sat
A man of wit and foreign air,
And 'neath his tall and glossy hat
Gleamed eye that told of blank despair.
From early morn till late at night
Whether the day was foul or fair
He felt the touch of deadly blight
And cursed the fate that brought him there.
Cried he: "Friends, fly the deadly place,
As you would plague or Peter Funk shun:
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who interfered with Cleveland's function."

"Long days," quoth he, "while lingering
Afar from England--happy spot!
I've waited that delusive thing,
That, always coming, cometh not,
Here have I met a sudden shock,
I feel by man and God forsaken.
A useless thing--a shattered wreck
With failing strength and faith all shaken.
The Irish put their veto on
Assailed my course without compunction;
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who interfered with Cleveland's function."

"Judicial robes ne'er looked so fair,
The bench so grand, the pay so great,
Until they passed from being mine
And I was left disconsolate.
The Brigadiers were all for me,
And Sir Charles this, and Duke of that,
Alas! my record would not do,
And cruel Grover dropped me flat.
It hurt my pride when thus I fell,
And so I shout with greater unction:
I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who interfered with Cleveland's function."

"I'll hie me back to foreign shore
Where knowledge reigns and culture's known
Of these my griefs, I'll think no more,
Or dwell on hopes that are now flown.
At fair St. James the feast is spread,
Victoria waits, the Prince is there;
And while for me the wine runs red
And clink of glasses fill the air,
I'll shout! Avoid mistakes like mine
As you would plague or Peter Funk shun,
I say with redoubled unction
And add without the least compunction.
I hope in hell
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Bangor, Maine.

Bangor, Maine., Jan'y 14, 1912

Dear Sir: We enclose first estimate of cost of buildings and lighting plants as per your letter dated Jan'y 6th inst.

The potato cellar is made slightly smaller than the one at Pittston to save expense the width being taken out of the aisle in the center between the bins. It is also made lower making less dry wall in height and consequently less width.

The Hen House at Seboomook is modeled after the one from the Maine Experiment Station and is one section of their model house to which it would be easy to add more sections.

The shed at Grant Farm will be drawn in detail for your approval, to contain wood, creamery, ice house and coolers. It may be possible to work in an enclosed clothes line like the one at Kineo either in the quadrangle between this shed and the house or at the back of the shed.

The electric lighting plans are the Western Electric Machines and we have estimated for the strongest and best small machine they build. They estimate the cost of running the Kineo plant at 82 cents per day average for year.

Should you decide to go ahead we will draw plans in detail and present it in our regular construction forms. The estimate enclosed will not vary over 10% from final figures unless plans are materially changed. Plans for shed and hen house are now being drawn.

Respectfully Yours,
(Signed) Everett Amey

FIRST ESTIMATE BUILDINGS:

For 6000 bushel Potato House at Seboomook. Similar to one at Pittston except 4 ft. less width and 2 ft. less height. Dry-wall sides: shingled roof	\$4000.
For Hen House at Seboomook. For 50 hens one section of Maine Ex. Station house similar to one at Grant Farm-Cedar posts found.	\$ 400.
For Shed at Grant Farm to contain Creamery, Ice House and two coolers similar to Pittston also wood space	\$1800.
For Cottage at Ripogenuous as per plans	\$1200.
For Cottage at Ripogeneous without porch per plan #2	1000.
For Electric Lighting Plant at Kineo 200 light machine with 12 H.P. gasoline engine including wiring, machinery etc. complete as per report	\$1900.
Electric Lighting Plant for Pittston same as above but 150 lights installed	\$1600.
Electric Lighting Plant for Grant Farm 150 lights,	\$1600.

GREAT NORTHERN PAPER COMPANY,
DEPT. LAND SURVEYING.
JAN'Y 14, 1913.

"THE LAY OF THE ONE WHO GOT LEFT"

On cushioned seat at "White House" sat
A man of wit and foreign air,
And 'neath his tall and glossy hat
Gleamed eye that told of blank despair.
From early morn till late at night
Whether the day was foul or fair
He felt the touch of deadly blight
And cursed the fate that brought him there.
Cried he: "Friends, fly the deadly place,
As you would plague or Peter Funk shun:
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who interfered with Cleveland's function."

"Long days," quoth he, "while lingering
Afar from England--happy spot!
I've waited that delusive thing,
That, always coming, cometh not,
Here have I met a sudden shock,
I feel by man and God forsaken.
A useless thing--a shattered wreck
With failing strength and faith all shaken.
The Irish put their veto on
Assailed my course without compunction;
And I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who interfered with Cleveland's function."

"Judicial robes ne'er looked so fair,
The bench so grand, the pay so great,
Until they passed from being mine
And I was left disconsolate.
The Brigadiers were all for me,
And Sir Charles this, and Duke of that,
Alas! my record would not do,
And cruel Grover dropped me flat.
It hurt my pride when thus I fell,
And so I shout with greater unction:
I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who interfered with Cleveland's function."

"I'll hie me back to foreign shore
Where knowledge reigns and culture's known
Of these my griefs, I'll think no more,
Or dwell on hopes that are now flown.
At fair St. James the feast is spread,
Victoria waits, the Prince is there;
And while for me the wine runs red
And clink of glasses fill the air,
I'll shout! Avoid mistakes like mine
As you would plague or Peter Funk shun,
I say with redoubled unction
And add without the least compunction.
I hope in hell
Their souls may dwell
Who interfered with Cleveland's function."

June 24, 1965

Volume 3 No. 26

Wellie Caouette and Lucien Gosselin will open their cutting camps on the North Branch next week. Dick Tilton will clerk Lucien's camp and Micky Anderson will do the scaling. George Bessey will clerk for Wellie Caouette and Freddie Chasse will scale.

The Main River Drive rear will go through Seboomook Dam Friday of this week and will no doubt arrive at the Fox-hole by the end of next week.

The banquet for the Squaw Mountain Country Club Monday night, June 21st at the Squaw Mountain Inn was certainly one of the best feeds that we have had for quite some time. Great Northern employees were well represented and on looking around who did we find holding down the head chef's job but Norman Chapman, the man that set up the I. B. M. machines for the company in Millinocket. We hope he stays there so we can enjoy another serving of his specialty-Prime Rib Roast

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A gentleman who works for the Connecticut Highway Department asked us what was the most popular make of chain saw that was used to cut the Great Northern's wood. We couldn't tell him at the time but this week we had Maxie Pelkey check Leo Dumas crew on the South Branch and he came up with 39 cordcutters with 39 chain saws--23-Homelite and 16 Pioneers. We will get the balance of the camps as time goes on and have a summary at a later date.

The stork plans on combining pleasure with business late this summer when he vacations at Seboomook Campground by leaving a bundle on the doorstep of Clarence Johnston, our mail man.

Mrs. Thelma Bessey at Seboomook Campground was hostess of the baby shower for Isobel Johnston, Tuesday night, June 15th to commemorate the expected event. Attending were: Mrs. Vera Paquet, Mrs. Velma Fernald, Mrs. Sharon Powers, Mrs. Dianne Roberts, Mrs. Mary Nye, Mrs. Maxine Edwards and Mrs. Martha Long from Pittston; Mrs. James Levasseur, 20 Mile Checkpoint; Mrs. Terry Trudel, Caucomgomac Lake; Mrs. Lowell Thomas, Burbank; Mrs. Rose Ogden, Seboomook Dam; Mrs. Chester Worthing and Mrs. Mabel Jennel, North East Carry; Mrs. Mabel Cook, Ogontz and Mrs. Louisa Wooster from Greenville.

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20 George O. Caldwell	68 S. G. McPheters	115 Frank G. Smart
21 Dan Callahan	69 W. R. McPheters	116 Fred Smart
22 Frank Capino	70 Wm. McDonald	117 Leahman Smart
23 Philip Capino	71 Edward Maher	118 Tom Smart
24 Simon Capino	72 Simon Maheu	119 Baxter Smith
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26 Alva L. Cripps	74 Edward Masterman	121 Chas. Smith
27 H. C. Coombs	75 George Masterman	122 L. L. Smith
28 Tom Collins	76 Richard Masterman	123 I. C. Smith
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30 William Calder	78 Walter Maynard	125 Nick Sockbeson
31 Arthur Davenport	79 Angus Miller	126 Allen Spruce
32 John Davenport	80 Jesse Mitchell	127 Manfred Smart
33 Harry F. Davis	81 James Moreau	128 George Smith
34 John S. Davis	82 Clare Morris	129 Amos Thibedeau
35 Levi E. Davis	83 Joseph Mossey	130 Peter Tomer
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JULY 1, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 27

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<u>January 11, 1918</u>		<u>January 14, 1922</u>	
Casket	\$45.00	Casket	\$165.00
Outside box	6.00	Outside box	10.00
Embalming	10.00	Door Drape	2.00
Crosses	5.00	Crosses	11.00
Robe	8.50	Service	5.00
Pillow	3.00	Pillow	10.00
Hearse	5.00	Hearse	10.00
Service	5.00	Telephone	.75
Shoulder Straps	2.00	Express	.59
Total	\$89.50	Total	\$214.34

According to Mr. Griffin the average adult funeral in 1963 was \$763.

Census Taker: "You say you have three children. Would you please give me their names?" Missus: "I.I., M.C. and D.C." Census Taker: "I must have their full names, no initials." Missus: "I.I., the eldest, is Injured Innocense, M.C. is Misplaced Confidence, and D. C., our youngest, is Damned Careless."

Mr E. E. Amey
202 Merrill Trust Block, Bangor

Patten, Maine
August 31, 1911

Dear Sir: I have put in one item in my Portland Trial Expense Account of \$13.50 for a suit of clothes that I had to buy the morning I got back from the Lowelltown trip, soaked to the skin and torn badly. I had but one suit with me, and no woods clothes and started early (before stores opened) on the rush. If you do not approve of this item cut it out, but I thought I would tell you the fix I was in. I have the M.C.R. mileage book which I will send you if you wish, am working on the revision of Big Ambejam-ackamus Sluice according to H. S. Ferguson's letter that I showed you.

Yours Truly:-Charles E. Cobb

Mr. F. A. Gilbert
Bangor, Maine

Bangor, Me
Sept. 5, 1911

Dear Sir: Enclosed is an expense account of Cobb at the Fire Trial. He has charged us for a suit of clothes which he purchased to go to Lowelltown \$13.50. The time card included 31 days in August every day, and one day spent (Sunday) at Peaks Island. No one else there charged us time for Sundays.

I have had this trouble with Cobb from the beginning, and now that the fire trial is over he is going to reduce his expense account and cut out those unreasonable charges or quit doing work for this department. I enclose the account which we will not pay. Also our letter to him in regard to expenses.

If you will write me instructions in regard to sporting camp leases I will take it up beginning next week.

Everett E. Amey

Mr. Chas E. Cobb
Patten, Maine

Bangor, Maine
Sept. 5, 1911

Dear Sir: Your August Account received. I have approved the time card for yourself and Loud, and turned it over to Mr. Whitney.

The charge for clothes we cannot approve, it being contrary to our rules to pay personal expenses of any man in our employ.

We note that you have charged us with every day in August or thirty one days. This would include the Sunday at Portland which we spent at the Islands, and does not strike me as fair. We are willing to pay for work actually done, but your August account of about \$215.00 is the largest account paid by us this month, larger than my own, and will not help us in our efforts to reduce expenses in this department.

Respectfully yours, Everett E. Amey

THE JAM-BREAKER

SEETHING WATERS AND SWIRLING LOGS --
A JAM -- AND THE CLAMP OF PEEVEE-DOGS.
A TUMBLE, A BREAK, A RUMBLE AND ROAR --
A BIT OF HUMANITY BORNE BEFORE.
HIGH IN THE SPRAY ON A REARING LOG,
HE POSES CALMLY WITH PEEVEE-DOG.
A FLASH OF COLOR, THE PLAIDED CLOTHES --
HE'S OUT WHERE THE TRANQUIL WATER FLOWS.

BY Stanley Foss Bartlett

STRICTLY BUSINESS By F. A. Gilbert

Following the custom of pioneer days, logs were rafted in booms on the great lakes of Maine and towed by headworks made of a raft of ten logs spiked together, a windless, anchor and anchor line. The anchor was carried by a boat's crew as far as the anchor line would reach and then dropped overboard, after which the crew on the headworks began winding in. The process of winding was a continued march around the capstan pushing the handlebars of the capstan, and each turn of the capstan brought the men operating it to the line that averaged about eighteen inches from the bottom of the raft and it was necessary to step over this line every time the capstan turned. When a boom of logs left its moorings the work was continuous, except at times of head winds, until the boom reached its destination.

In the early 70's a prominent operator, whose name was Milton G. Shaw, started a boom of logs from behind Sugar Island destined for East Outlet. The weather was not favorable and the time taken for the raft to cover the distance was unusually long. Mr. Shaw, always very active in directing the work, was one of the crew on the headworks marching around the capstan. In order to make progress it was necessary to wind day and night when the weather permitted. There had been an extended calm and the men had worked continuously for many hours and had become extremely sleepy. About midnight Mr. Shaw, in passing over the anchor line, caught his toe while partly asleep and pitched headlong into the icy waters of the lake. His foreman, James Bowley by name, awoke in time to see him struggling in the water and reached over to assist him in getting back upon the headworks--whereupon Mr. Shaw in his characteristic manner remarked, "If you had been attending to your own business you would not have seen me."

From the March 1926 issue of "THE NORTHERN."

NEWS TIDBITS FROM THE MARCH 1926 NORTHERN MAGAZINE.....

Grant Farm...During the illness of Mrs Wall, Jack Ramsey took charge in the kitchen. The theory was that Austin Harmon and Ellis Stevens and Ramsey were all to pitch in and do the work. It was a beautiful theory. Jack, however, did such good work at the breadboard that he found himself doing all the cooking himself.

GRINDSTONE....Walter Miles Creegan has exchanged places with Hugh Desmond. Walter is now located at Greenville and Hugh is representing the Social Service Division at this place. We hear Walter went to Providence R. I. for a week after he left here. He says the only attraction there for him was the dentist.

GRANT FARM TOTING....Harry Rollins has started hauling the steel rails to be used on the railroad up in the Chamberlain country. About forty tons a day are now being conveyed from Greenville Jct. to Chesuncook Dam. Two Holt tractors and one Lombard tractor are doing the work. The Lombard is kept busy day and night, the crews being as follows: drivers, David Bowser and Ray Mercereau; strikers, Frank Bowser and Leonce Thibodeau. The crews of the Holts are as follows: drivers, Hugh McEachern and Alvah Gilman; strikers, Howard Murray and Victor Evans.

40 MILE SWING...We hear that they are hauling wood rapidly now at the Lacroix outfit, using both horses and tractors. During the first week of February they hauled with tractors 4,457 cords and with horses 4,427 cords, a total of 8,884 cords for the week

AN OLD FISHERMAN SPEAKS

"I hear you are going fishing,
Boy, that is mighty fine!
With your destination at Moosehead,
You will sure have a wonderful time.
The fish at this season are hungry,
They will keep you busy I know:
Wish I was going with you --
But listen a while e'er you go.

"I shall sound a word of warning,
Amid all my wishes for joy.
Be very careful of fires
Wherever you go, my boy.
A deplorable sight is burntland,
Wasted, and bleak, and bare:
Only a spark can do it,
Which may be prevented with care.

"May you ne'er have a tinge of conscience,
That you left one thing undone
To protect the forest from fires,
Never get carless, son.
Build your camp-fire where the soil is bare,
Don't leave it until it is out,
And trample the ashes from your cigarette,
Know the match is blown out, beyond doubt.

"Many the years I have journeyed,
Just as you're doing today.
How I have anxiously waited
To get that old fish-line in play!
Whether I landed at Rockwood or Greenville,
It mattered not.
I always was fully rewarded
With the salmon and trout that I caught.

"Seems now that I can see the Spencers
Looming up lofty and fine.
Boy, how my fingers are itching
To handle the rod and the line!
For down there under those mountains
Are ponds where the fish abound.
That fellow surely said something,
When he called Maine, The National Playground.

Continued in the next issue.....

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Casket	\$45.00	Casket	\$165.00
Outside box	6.00	Outside box	10.00
Embalming	10.00	Door Drape	2.00
Crosses	5.00	Crosses	11.00
Robe	8.50	Service	5.00
Pillow	3.00	Pillow	10.00
Hearse	5.00	Hearse	10.00
Service	5.00	Telephone	.75
Shoulder Straps	2.00	Express	.59
Total	\$89.50	Total	\$214.34

According to Mr. Griffin the average adult funeral in 1963 was \$763.

Census Taker: "You say you have three children. Would you please give me their names?" Missus: "I.I., M.C. and D.C." Census Taker: "I must have their full names, no initials." Missus: "I.I., the eldest, is Injured Innocense, M.C. is Misplaced Confidence, and D. C., our youngest, is Damned Careless."

Mr E. E. Amey
202 Merrill Trust Block, Bangor

Patten, Maine
August 31, 1911

Dear Sir: I have put in one item in my Portland Trial Expense Account of \$13.50 for a suit of clothes that I had to buy the morning I got back from the Lowelltown trip, soaked to the skin and torn badly. I had but one suit with me, and no woods clothes and started early (before stores opened) on the rush. If you do not approve of this item cut it out, but I thought I would tell you the fix I was in. I have the M.C.R. mileage book which I will send you if you wish, am working on the revision of Big Ambejam-ackamus Sluice according to H. S. Ferguson's letter that I showed you.

Yours Truly:-Charles E. Cobb

Mr. F. A. Gilbert
Bangor, Maine

Bangor, Me
Sept. 5, 1911

Dear Sir: Enclosed is an expense account of Cobb at the Fire Trial. He has charged us for a suit of clothes which he purchased to go to Lowelltown \$13.50. The time card included 31 days in August every day, and one day spent (Sunday) at Peaks Island. No one else there charged us time for Sundays.

I have had this trouble with Cobb from the beginning, and now that the fire trial is over he is going to reduce his expense account and cut out those unreasonable charges or quit doing work for this department. I enclose the account which we will not pay. Also our letter to him in regard to expenses.

If you will write me instructions in regard to sporting camp leases I will take it up beginning next week.

Everett E. Amey

Mr. Chas E. Cobb
Patten, Maine

Bangor, Maine
Sept. 5, 1911

Dear Sir: Your August Account received. I have approved the time card for yourself and Loud, and turned it over to Mr. Whitney.

The charge for clothes we cannot approve, it being contrary to our rules to pay personal expenses of any man in our employ.

We note that you have charged us with every day in August or thirty one days. This would include the Sunday at Portland which we spent at the Islands, and does not strike me as fair. We are willing to pay for work actually done, but your August account of about \$215.00 is the largest account paid by us this month, larger than my own, and will not help us in our efforts to reduce expenses in this department.

Respectfully yours, Everett E. Amey

THE JAM-BREAKER

SEETHING WATERS AND SWIRLING LOGS --
A JAM -- AND THE CLAMP OF PEEVEE-DOGS.
A TUMBLE, A BREAK, A RUMBLE AND ROAR --
A BIT OF HUMANITY BORNE BEFORE.
HIGH IN THE SPRAY ON A REARING LOG,
HE POSES CALMLY WITH PEEVEE-DOG.
A FLASH OF COLOR, THE PLAIDED CLOTHES --
HE'S OUT WHERE THE TRANQUIL WATER FLOWS.

BY Stanley Foss Bartlett

STRICTLY BUSINESS By F. A. Gilbert

Following the custom of pioneer days, logs were rafted in booms on the great lakes of Maine and towed by headworks made of a raft of ten logs spiked together, a windless, anchor and anchor line. The anchor was carried by a boat's crew as far as the anchor line would reach and then dropped overboard, after which the crew on the headworks began winding in. The process of winding was a continued march around the capstan pushing the handlebars of the capstan, and each turn of the capstan brought the men operating it to the line that averaged about eighteen inches from the bottom of the raft and it was necessary to step over this line every time the capstan turned. When a boom of logs left its moorings the work was continuous, except at times of head winds, until the boom reached its destination.

In the early 70's a prominent operator, whose name was Milton G. Shaw, started a boom of logs from behind Sugar Island destined for East Outlet. The weather was not favorable and the time taken for the raft to cover the distance was unusually long. Mr. Shaw, always very active in directing the work, was one of the crew on the headworks marching around the capstan. In order to make progress it was necessary to wind day and night when the weather permitted. There had been an extended calm and the men had worked continuously for many hours and had become extremely sleepy. About midnight Mr. Shaw, in passing over the anchor line, caught his toe while partly asleep and pitched headlong into the icy waters of the lake. His foreman, James Bowley by name, awoke in time to see him struggling in the water and reached over to assist him in getting back upon the headworks--whereupon Mr. Shaw in his characteristic manner remarked, "If you had been attending to your own business you would not have seen me."

From the March 1926 issue of "THE NORTHERN."

NEWS TIDBITS FROM THE MARCH 1926 NORTHERN MAGAZINE.....

Grant Farm...During the illness of Mrs Wall, Jack Ramsey took charge in the kitchen. The theory was that Austin Harmon and Ellis Stevens and Ramsey were all to pitch in and do the work. It was a beautiful theory. Jack, however, did such good work at the breadboard that he found himself doing all the cooking himself.

GRINDSTONE....Walter Miles Creegan has exchanged places with Hugh Desmond. Walter is now located at Greenville and Hugh is representing the Social Service Division at this place. We hear Walter went to Providence R. I. for a week after he left here. He says the only attraction there for him was the dentist.

GRANT FARM TOTING....Harry Rollins has started hauling the steel rails to be used on the railroad up in the Chamberlain country. About forty tons a day are now being conveyed from Greenville Jct. to Chesuncook Dam. Two Holt tractors and one Lombard tractor are doing the work. The Lombard is kept busy day and night, the crews being as follows: drivers, David Bowser and Ray Mercereau; strikers, Frank Bowser and Leonce Thibodeau. The crews of the Holts are as follows: drivers, Hugh McEachern and Alvah Gilman; strikers, Howard Murray and Victor Evans.

40 MILE SWING...We hear that they are hauling wood rapidly now at the Lacroix outfit, using both horses and tractors. During the first week of February they hauled with tractors 4,457 cords and with horses 4,427 cords, a total of 8,884 cords for the week

AN OLD FISHERMAN SPEAKS

"I hear you are going fishing,
Boy, that is mighty fine!
With your destination at Moosehead,
You will sure have a wonderful time.
The fish at this season are hungry,
They will keep you busy I know:
Wish I was going with you --
But listen a while e'er you go.

"I shall sound a word of warning,
Amid all my wishes for joy.
Be very careful of fires
Wherever you go, my boy.
A deplorable sight is burntland,
Wasted, and bleak, and bare:
Only a spark can do it,
Which may be prevented with care.

"May you ne'er have a tinge of conscience,
That you left one thing undone
To protect the forest from fires,
Never get careless, son.
Build your camp-fire where the soil is bare,
Don't leave it until it is out,
And trample the ashes from your cigarette,
Know the match is blown out, beyond doubt.

"Many the years I have journeyed,
Just as you're doing today.
How I have anxiously waited
To get that old fish-line in play!
Whether I landed at Rockwood or Greenville,
It mattered not.
I always was fully rewarded
With the salmon and trout that I caught.

"Seems now that I can see the Spencers
Looming up lofty and fine.
Boy, how my fingers are itching
To handle the rod and the line!
For down there under those mountains
Are ponds where the fish abound.
That fellow surely said something,
When he called Maine, The National Playround.

Continued in the next issue.....

JULY 15, 1965

VOLUME 3 NO. 28

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Talk about Ritz Carlton fare,
That slips off into the shadows,
At the feasts that those guides prepare.
Trout, strictly fresh, you just caught 'em,
And pancakes a generous deal,
With coffee much nicer than Julip,
Adds a finishing touch to the meal.

"Then you take out your pipe or your Camels,
And lie on pine-needles to rest,
While your guide makes tidy the camp-ground,
He will tell you a yarn or a jest.
Toward sunset you start for your landing,
And feel that the day was well spent,
And the paddle dips lightly the water,
You whisper, this is contentment.

"Indeed it is true, nothing like it.
Days in the open are wine
For sick nerves and tired-out bodies
Of city folk, like yours and mine.
At the cabin, there's friends to share dinner,
Then all gather 'round the bright hearth.
Good sports, whether lucky or luckless,
And you join in their stories and mirth.

"Perhaps someday you will be reminiscent,
When unfit with old-age or gout,
To answer the call, 'I am ready',
When you hear that the ice has gone out.
Shake boy! Have a good time at Moosehead;
And this is my final wish,
Leave the woods as green as you found them,
And bring home your share of the fish."

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And bring home your share of the fish."

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'Twas autumn, and the little yellow leaves,
So slender were their stems, seemed poised in air,
And gaily did they flutter in the wind.
The huckleberry leaves shone brilliant red,
And bayberry scattered incense on our way,
As now we walked through plots of velvet moss,
And now on granite ledges gray and hard.
Abruptly came our journey to a stop,
And there in ragged grayness lay the quarry.

"This pavin' motion," my companion said,
"Was goin' to make me rich, and make me poor."
'Twas in the 'eighties I began work here,
When all great cities paved their streets with blocks.
A nickel apiece they were, and I could reel
Two hundred blocks or more each blessed day.
The reelin' wa'n't much like the reelin' now:
'Most anything would do. Along this hump
Were fifty motions clickin' every day.
Beside that barrel there filled up with chips
I reeled, the happiest hours of my life,
I wouldn't say how many thousand blocks,
While Fred, my buddy, plug-drilled and broke stone.
I somehow liked the music of the sound,
The click-clack-clickin' of a hundred drills
From all these motions in among the trees.
How different now, when all you ever hear
Is chickadees, or crickets, or the frogs!
I sometimes think they liked the noises, too,
Of hammers clickin', and the rattlin' wheels
Of wagons, or the creakin' of the hames
In horses' collars on these rocky roads.
For we were prosp'rous then; at half-past four
'Most any night but Friday you could smell
Beefsteak a-fryin' anywhere in town,
And hear the snap and sizzle in the spider.
(We can't afford to eat beefsteak today.)
'Twas fun at night to see the youngsters bolt
To meet their daddies, grab the dinner pail,
And find a cookie or a piece of cake
Left there like toll-bait to be sure they came.

To be continued in the next issue.....

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A nickel apiece they were, and I could reel
Two hundred blocks or more each blessed day.
The reelin' wa'n't much like the reelin' now:
'Most anything would do. Along this hump
Were fifty motions clickin' every day.
Beside that barrel there filled up with chips
I reeled, the happiest hours of my life,
I wouldn't say how many thousand blocks,
While Fred, my buddy, plug-drilled and broke stone.
I somehow liked the music of the sound,
The click-clack-clickin' of a hundred drills
From all these motions in among the trees.
How different now, when all you ever hear
Is chickadees, or crickets, or the frogs!
I sometimes think they liked the noises, too,
Of hammers clickin', and the rattlin' wheels
Of wagons, or the creakin' of the hames
In horses' collars on these rocky roads.
For we were prosp'rous then; at half-past four
'Most any night but Friday you could smell
Beefsteak a-fryin' anywhere in town,
And hear the snap and sizzle in the spider.
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AUGUST 26, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 30

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The William Hilton went into dry-docks Tuesday, August 24th at Chesuncook Dam. During the thirteen weeks the William Hilton was in the water this summer they got 90,000 cords towed to Rip Dam and sluiced into the West Branch. Due to the extreme low water they are leaving approximately 20,00 cords in Black Pond and in Umbazooksus approximately 30,000 cords that will have to wait until next year unless we get an awful lot of water in the very near future. The water level at Ripogenus Dam this morning is 925.80 which shows the lake being off 18.20 feet.

In looking over the weather reports for the past 27 years we find there are 13 months that the precipitation has exceeded 6 inches. The record was August 1959 with 8.70 inches. This month to date we have 7.67 inches and with another 5 days to go a new record could be set. Total precipitation for year to date is 21.83 inches which is only five inches below the twenty year average.

Carroll York's job at The Forks will be the scene tomorrow for another one of those D.F.E. "BRING YOUR OWN LUNCH" affairs. The occasion this time is to present Don Cyr with his 15 year service pin. All of the Inspectors and their wives in this area are expected to attend.

TO THE EDITOR: I want to thank all those that donated to the contribution that was sent me. I appreciate it very much and thought it was nice of them to remember me. Please see that this note gets to the proper people as I didn't know exactly where to send it. I want to thank everyone for their kindness to me.

Sincerely, Jettie Hennigan

Frank Plummer of South Paris recently sent us a bunch of old pictures and among them was one of himself and the cook taken at Pittston Farm in 1907 when Charlie McLeod was operating in this area. The footnote at the bottom of the picture says, "Plummer eating one of the cook's doughnuts made without eggs". The Farm at that time was a set of log cabins situated at the forks of the North and South branches of the Penobscot river.

The Paquets hosted a retirement party for Mrs Anna Worthing last Saturday night at their camps in North East Carry. It was certainly some surprise to Mr. & Mrs Worthing to open the door and walk into a gathering of a hundred and ten people in one room. One of the highlights of the evening was to find their son, Clifford and his wife among the gathering also the cake really set them back as it was a replica of their cottage at the Carry even to the dog curled up in a chair on the lawn. They were presented with a sizeable purse as well as two easy chairs and numerous other gifts by their numerous friends and acquaintances throughout the country.

Mr. & Mrs Gerald Powers with their two children move into their new house on Blair's Hill in Greenville this weekend. They have been here since April 1963 and will certainly be missed.

Mr. & Mrs Bill Nye and three children, Ben, Billie & Mary will move back to their home in Shirley Mills this weekend after spending the summer at one of the cottages at Pittston.

Mr. & Mrs Charles Leadbetter are at their cottage on Lobster Lake and are expecting Mr. & Mrs Robert Leadbetter to arrive this evening.

After reading Fred M. Clark's "Log Rolling" column in the August 15th issue of the Portland Press Herald we came to the conclusion that he got caught in the same predicament that we did...his wife sent him to the store for pertaters and he paid too much for them. The part we liked the best we'll pass along to you just in case you didn't take the time to read it::::::::::

ACTION---

The Congressman said, "All these letters I've read
Say potatoes are getting too high.
My voters, I fear, shed salt tears in their beer,
And what's worse, if they do, so will I."

His aide said, "Dear, dear, then your duty is clear;
You should file with the press a complaint.
Next year is election; To you, your selection
May seem a sure thing, but it ain't.

You've cut income taxes, you've ground local axes,
But they don't like their gravy on bread.
For pork barrel loot, they don't give a hoot,
They want mashed potatoes instead!"

Said the Congressman, "Look in the pending law book
And see if there isn't a bill
Designed to ensure that the farmers stay poor
If no one's proposed one, I will.

Something smells funny when farmers make money
Without price supports or controls;
There should be a bureau to measure each furrow
And block enterprise from its goals."

Said the aide, "But, you know, you'd better go slow,
There are farmers in your district, too."
Said the Congressman, "Surely, but they all grow Burley,
And their number is pitifully few."

"All right," said the aide, "then let's not be afraid
To blast at these spud profiteers.
Speak up and humor the tuber consumer
The housewives will give you some cheers."

The Congressman frowned, said, "How does this sound?
THE FARMERS HAVE GOTTA SELL CHEAP!"
The aide promptly noted, "Sir, you've been misquoted...
Not CHEAP, just NOT QUITE SO STEEP."

The Congressman said, "You write it instead,
A meeting I have to attend.
We're working today to unearth some way
A billion, five million to spend."

ON THE TELEPHONE

AMOS ZACHARY TUCKER(nick-named Old Gumshoe) is walking boss of the operation. Besides that he is a calamity howler, a whining, irritating old fogey, always sure misfortune is about to descend upon his camps. In money matters he is closer than the next second and woe be unto a cook of his who doesn't scrape the last spoonful off the sides of the lard barrel, or the unlucky timekeeper who dares to start his fire with kerosene. But the old boy has his strong points too. He provides his men with good food and plenty of it, and his camps are well built and kept clean and warm; his horses are sleek and fat, and he always gets his logs cut, which goes over big with the main office. Old Gumshoe never swears. His nearest approach to profanity, "Mortal man! Mortal man!" is his favorite and oft repeated exclamation.

Bill Gray was his foreman at number two and Tom Waller at number three. Jerry McLean was scaler at number three and a right young scalawag he was. Always up to some kind of mischief. He shoveled paths in winter and then privately watered them so people would fall down. Once he climbed noislessly onto the roof of the cook camp at night and stuffed a grain bag down the stove pipe--and was saved by the crew next morning from the wrath of an angry cook.

This young hopeful soon discovered that Old Gumshoe's favorite indoor sport was eavesdropping, and that he invariably spent his evenings sitting in the depot office and jumping up to listen in every time the 'phone rang. So he framed a joke to play on the old fellow at the first chance. One night right after supper his telephone rang and upon answering, Jerry recognized Bill Gray's voice. This was Jerry's golden opportunity. "Hello. Is this camp three?" asks Bill. "Yes. Hello Bill! This is Tom Waller. How're you gettin' on haulin' logs?" says Jerry, giving a fine imitation of Tom's gruff voice and noting the tell-tale "click" as Old Gumshoe tuned in at the depot. "First Rate, Tom, first rate," says Bill. "We got a full crew here and over a million feet on the ice. How're you makin' it?"

"Not so good; we're having tough luck. Fifteen men quit today and what's worse'n than that, We lost a four horse team. The big blacks and that pair of roans. Got scairt when the teamster dropped the reins, and run hell-bent across the lake. Got onto thin ice over the spring hole and went down in twenty feet o' water," came the astounding and untruthful report from the pseudo-Tom. "Suppose I'll have to call up the depot now and break the news to--"

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From the February issue of "THE NORTHERN" 1926

Written by a Company Man.

"THE PAVING QUARRY"

Part 2

'Twas fun just after supper to drop 'round
To Em'ry's store, and hear the boys run on.
They'd smoke, and fight John L.'s big mills again,
With Paddy Ryan, Mitchell, Jake Kilrain--
They never loved another like John L.
And sometimes, when the bottle went around,
The boys would sing. I wish you could'a'heard
Mike Flemin' sing 'The Wind that Blew Across
The Wild Moor'; somethin' in his Irish voice
Would make you think o' lonely winds at night,
And cryin' children strayin' on the moor.
And then on Saturdays we'd have a dance,
And start it with a breakdown in the store.
I always liked the breakdown best; the boys
Were keyed just right, the jew's-harp twanged and twanged,
The harmonica began with, 'Home Sweet Home,'
And Cowin', wounded at Bull Run, would clog,
And dance the 'buck and wing' in perfect time.
Then all would leave to join the 'march and circle'
Except the old men who would set and smoke.
Ah, them were jolly days; I never thought
They'd leave us as they did; the price went down,
And cities paved with asphalt room o' blocks;
The young folks moved away, but we were old,
Too old to think of other towns as home--
And there we were without a place to farm,
Who might'a'had ten acres turned to field.
Perhaps it's just as well. A hundred hens,
A little garden truck, a chance to fish,
And time to talk of pranks we did as boys--
One way of life's as good's another, I guess,
If we just take it right--that's all that counts."

He gazed along the west; the golden sun
Was streaming through a clump of tall spruce trees.
The dead, low limbs, transfigured in the light,
Had brought the sunset near; the background stood
In lemon-colored glory; back we turned
Without a word, and down a birch-fringed path
We found the road that led our footsteps home.

The End.....

From the "Collected Poems" by Wilbert Snow.....

AUGUST 26, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 30

Wood scale for weekending August 22, 1965: Henri Marcoux, 7161 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 5610 cds; Phillip Paquet, 5309 cds; I. L. Dumas, 5036 cds; Wellie Caouette, 4697 cds. Total to date, 27,813 cords.

The William Hilton went into dry-docks Tuesday, August 24th at Chesuncook Dam. During the thirteen weeks the William Hilton was in the water this summer they got 90,000 cords towed to Rip Dam and sluiced into the West Branch. Due to the extreme low water they are leaving approximately 20,00 cords in Black Pond and in Umbazooksus approximately 30,000 cords that will have to wait until next year unless we get an awful lot of water in the very near future. The water level at Ripogenus Dam this morning is 925.80 which shows the lake being off 18.20 feet.

In looking over the weather reports for the past 27 years we find there are 13 months that the precipitation has exceeded 6 inches. The record was August 1959 with 8.70 inches. This month to date we have 7.67 inches and with another 5 days to go a new record could be set. Total precipitation for year to date is 21.83 inches which is only five inches below the twenty year average.

Carroll York's job at The Forks will be the scene tomorrow for another one of those D.F.E. "BRING YOUR OWN LUNCH" affairs. The occasion this time is to present Don Cyr with his 15 year service pin. All of the Inspectors and their wives in this area are expected to attend.

TO THE EDITOR: I want to thank all those that donated to the contribution that was sent me. I appreciate it very much and thought it was nice of them to remember me. Please see that this note gets to the proper people as I didn't know exactly where to send it. I want to thank everyone for their kindness to me.

Sincerely, Jettie Hennigan

Frank Plummer of South Paris recently sent us a bunch of old pictures and among them was one of himself and the cook taken at Pittston Farm in 1907 when Charlie McLeod was operating in this area. The footnote at the bottom of the picture says, "Plummer eating one of the cook's doughnuts made without eggs". The Farm at that time was a set of log cabins situated at the forks of the North and South branches of the Penobscot river.

The Paquets hosted a retirement party for Mrs Anna Worthing last Saturday night at their camps in North East Carry. It was certainly some surprise to Mr. & Mrs Worthing to open the door and walk into a gathering of a hundred and ten people in one room. One of the highlights of the evening was to find their son, Clifford and his wife among the gathering also the cake really set them back as it was a replica of their cottage at the Carry even to the dog curled up in a chair on the lawn. They were presented with a sizeable purse as well as two easy chairs and numerous other gifts by their numerous friends and acquaintances throughout the country.

Mr. & Mrs Gerald Powers with their two children move into their new house on Blair's Hill in Greenville this weekend. They have been here since April 1963 and will certainly be missed.

Mr. & Mrs Bill Nye and three children, Ben, Billie & Mary will move back to their home in Shirley Mills this weekend after spending the summer at one of the cottages at Pittston.

Mr. & Mrs Charles Leadbetter are at their cottage on Lobster Lake and are expecting Mr. & Mrs Robert Leadbetter to arrive this evening.

After reading Fred M. Clark's "Log Rolling" column in the August 15th issue of the Portland Press Herald we came to the conclusion that he got caught in the same predicament that we did...his wife sent him to the store for pertaters and he paid too much for them. The part we liked the best we'll pass along to you just in case you didn't take the time to read it::::::::::

ACTION---

The Congressman said, "All these letters I've read
Say potatoes are getting too high.
My voters, I fear, shed salt tears in their beer,
And what's worse, if they do, so will I."

His aide said, "Dear, dear, then your duty is clear;
You should file with the press a complaint.
Next year is election; To you, your selection
May seem a sure thing, but it ain't.

You've cut income taxes, you've ground local axes,
But they don't like their gravy on bread.
For pork barrel loot, they don't give a hoot,
They want mashed potatoes instead!"

Said the Congressman, "Look in the pending law book
And see if there isn't a bill
Designed to ensure that the farmers stay poor
If no one's proposed one, I will.

Something smells funny when farmers make money
Without price supports or controls;
There should be a bureau to measure each furrow
And block enterprise from its goals."

Said the aide, "But, you know, you'd better go slow,
There are farmers in your district, too."
Said the Congressman, "Surely, but they all grow Burley,
And their number is pitifully few."

"All right," said the aide, "then let's not be afraid
To blast at these spud profiteers.
Speak up and humor the tuber consumer
The housewives will give you some cheers."

The Congressman frowned, said, "How does this sound?
THE FARMERS HAVE GOTTA SELL CHEAP!"
The aide promptly noted, "Sir, you've been misquoted...
Not CHEAP, just NOT QUITE SO STEEP."

The Congressman said, "You write it instead,
A meeting I have to attend.
We're working today to unearth some way
A billion, five million to spend."

ON THE TELEPHONE

AMOS ZACHARY TUCKER (nick-named Old Gumshoe) is walking boss of the operation. Besides that he is a calamity howler, a whining, irritating old fogey, always sure misfortune is about to descend upon his camps. In money matters he is closer than the next second and woe be unto a cook of his who doesn't scrape the last spoonful off the sides of the lard barrel, or the unlucky timekeeper who dares to start his fire with kerosene. But the old boy has his strong points too. He provides his men with good food and plenty of it, and his camps are well built and kept clean and warm; his horses are sleek and fat, and he always gets his logs cut, which goes over big with the main office. Old Gumshoe never swears. His nearest approach to profanity, "Mortal man! Mortal man!" is his favorite and oft repeated exclamation.

Bill Gray was his foreman at number two and Tom Waller at number three. Jerry McLean was scaler at number three and a right young scalawag he was. Always up to some kind of mischief. He shoveled paths in winter and then privately watered them so people would fall down. Once he climbed noiselessly onto the roof of the cook camp at night and stuffed a grain bag down the stove pipe--and was saved by the crew next morning from the wrath of an angry cook.

This young hopeful soon discovered that Old Gumshoe's favorite indoor sport was eavesdropping, and that he invariably spent his evenings sitting in the depot office and jumping up to listen in every time the 'phone rang. So he framed a joke to play on the old fellow at the first chance. One night right after supper his telephone rang and upon answering, Jerry recognized Bill Gray's voice. This was Jerry's golden opportunity. "Hello. Is this camp three?" asks Bill. "Yes. Hello Bill! This is Tom Waller. How're you gettin' on haulin' logs?" says Jerry, giving a fine imitation of Tom's gruff voice and noting the tell-tale "click" as Old Gumshoe tuned in at the depot. "First Rate, Tom, first rate," says Bill. "We got a full crew here and over a million feet on the ice. How're you makin' it?"

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Part 2

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I always liked the breakdown best; the boys
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Was streaming through a clump of tall spruce trees.
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In lemon-colored glory; back we turned
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The End.....

From the "Collected Poems" by Wilbert Snow.....

SEPTEMBER 2, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 31

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We have had to listen to Wellie Caouette brag about his big-big cordcutters all summer but we think we have got him stopped as Marc Larochelle, cutting at Henri Marcoux's camp had 25.15 cords for the weekending August 22 that gave him a gross taxable earnings of \$165.89 for five-nine hour days. Weekending August 29 he had 32.96 cords that gave him \$217.40 for five nine-hour days. If this was a three-man crew it would not be too awful big but it was only a one-man crew which means Marc had to cut the trees down, limb them, drive the yarding horse, saw the wood into four foot blocks on the yard and then pile it. Wellie! Wellie! Let's see you top this.

We did not set a new record for precipitation during August but there are now 14 months since 1942 that we have had over six inches and August 1965 is in second place with 8.27 inches. August 1965 is ⁵⁹ in first place with 8.70 inches. The average rainfall for the first eight months of the year is 26.96 inches and this year we show 22.43 inches which is 4.53 inches below average.

Tuesday morning the thermometer registered 28 degrees and we had our first heavy killing frost for the fall.

History tells us that the swallows leave Capistrano on October 23rd every year but it does not tell us when they leave Pittston Farm and we want to know why? What has Capistrano got that Pittston Farm hasn't? We did find out that they were here Friday afternoon but Monday they were gone. Next year we will keep a closer watch on them.

The late John Gould, Editor of the Enterprise... hmmm now that don't sound just right as it was the Enterprise that died and not John Gould so let's start again... Mr. John Gould, Editor of the late Enterprise newspaper and Bill Dornbusch from Rye, N.Y., one of John's in-laws or outlaws were up this way last week on a camping trip. When John was asked if he was on a fishing expedition he replied, "No! I'm just trying to make a Mainey-ack out of this New Yawker and I'm sure having a hard time doing it". We noted when John got ready to eat his bowl of "Golfer's Dream" he only picked around the edge of it while Bill dived into it and even went back for another helping or two. That right there shows you what a hard time John is having in trying to convert Bill into a "Mainey-ack". If Mr. Gould ever writes another book on "Moral Depravity" he should include the recipe for "Golfer's Dream" so that other golfers could get a crack at it. It consists of two quarts of Sweedish meatballs dumped into three quarts of elbow macaroni (45 degree elbow) then add two cans of shrimp cocktail sauce. Good for a week and can be served either hot or cold.

The Road crew has finished the access road for Wellie Caouette and are working on the Deadman's Brook road in the Scott Brook area. Deadman's Brook is a tributary of Ragmuff Stream but we can not find anything in the Great Northern records to tell us how it fell heir to the name of Deadman.

THE ZIPPER IS THE UNDOING OF THE MODERN GIRL, AND YET, ON THE OTHER HAND, IT OPENS UP GREAT POSSIBILLITIES.....

Cecil Jardine is spending a little time at home trying to get one or two bones to grow back together. Cecil fell by the wayside when his roof staging let go on Friday, August 13th.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

The proposed merger of the Great Northern and the Great Southern will add a new railroad to the Great Northern's holdings... The Chattahoochee Industrial Railroad which owns and operates 15.38 miles of right-of-way that connects the Great Southern's mill with the Central of Georgia Railway and the Atlantic Coastline Railroad.

Speaking of railroads the Great Northern owned one years ago that very few people today remember...The Georges Valley Railroad between Union and Warren, Maine.

In the December, 1923 issue of The Northern magazine we find the following article: The Georges Valley Railroad is located wholly within the bounds of Knox County. It starts in the town of Union and runs to the town of Warren where it connects with the Maine Central. It is eight miles in length. It was built twenty eight years ago, the contractor being Mr. James Mitchell of Bucksport, who was also the first President. Mr. John Lovejoy of Rockland, Maine, was the second President and served for many years in that capacity.

The Paper Industry is one of wide scope. This is plainly true as to territory. It is also true not only in the direct operations but a fact in related demands and correlated interests. Not a small portion of the wood is treated at the mills by acid(Sulphuric) method. This requires a large amount of lime. The lime rock is burned at the mill.

In 1918 the Georges Valley road was purchased by the Great Northern Paper Company. This was for the primary purpose of securing transportation of the lime rock from a quarry in Union. From seventy five to eighty tons of rock are freighted over these lines daily. The road does a general railroad business, carrying mails, express and passengers and in addition general freight. The road employs fifteen men in its maintenance and operation. It was formerly ballasted with clay but it is now being ballasted with the waste rock from the quarry.

From Horse and Buggy Days by E. A. Matthews: Union commenced the agitation of the Georges Valley Railroad in 1887 by holding meetings in the various school-houses about town. October 2, 1888, ten citizens petitioned the selectmen to call a meeting of the legal voters of the town on the 17th of October, 1888 to see what sum and by what method the town would raise money for the building of the railroad. At the meeting, the town voted to raise five percent of its value, which at the time was thought to mean State valuation, but it was afterwards learned that the town's valuation should have been used, which would make the amount so raised only \$18,000.00.

June 8, 1889, in the town meeting assembled, all former votes regarding raising money for the railroad was rescinded, and the valuation for 1889 being increased to \$140,000, five percent of the legal amount was voted, the same to be raised by issue of town bonds, interest not to exceed five percent. Under this law, the amount of stock subscribed for by the town was \$24,500. Rockland Lime Company took \$8,000. and private subscription \$8,400, making the total amount \$40,900. With this amount guaranteed, the Georges Valley R.R. Co. was organized August 10 1889 under the laws of this State, with a capitol stock of \$60,000 for the purpose of constructing a narrow gauge railroad from the Knox and Lincoln branch of the Maine Central Railroad at Warren to Union, but during the year 1892, under the provision of law, the capitol stock of the company was increased to \$100,000. and the gauge changed to conform to the standard.... Continued next page.....

RAILROADS cont.

The directors contracted with James Mitchell, August 19, 1892 for the building and equipping of the Georges Valley Railroad from a junction of the Maine Central at Warren to Union Common. Work was commenced in the autumn of 1892, but it was learned about this time that the action taken by the town June 8, 1889, was illegal. Therefore as no bonds could be issued until the Legislature of 1893 had legalized said meeting, which was done, work was suspended until the following spring. The work was completed and inspected by the railroad commission November 14, 1893. These officials made a most favorable report. Nov. 15 a grand citizen's celebration was held all day and the freight and passenger trains commenced running regularly December 1, 1893. Total cost of railroad was \$85,164.36.

The first year the road carried 4,422 passengers, 15,558 tons of freight. Total receipts for the first year, including mail and express was \$10,455.54.

As the years went by, the company neglected to maintain the road bed to such an extent that by the year 1919 when the Knox Lime Company or Great Northern Paper Company took it over, it was only by good luck that there was a round trip made, that there was not a car or engine off the track. This happened so frequently that the train hands became experts at train wrecking. We blame the auto and truck for its decline but not entirely so. As the greater part of lumber had been shipped out, the apple trees were killed by a heavy freeze, and there was no sale for hay.

The Knox Lime Company made some repairs to the road bed, bought a new engine and kept operating for the purpose of hauling their own lime rock until May 1939, when it was sold for junk, and the lime rock hauled to depots at Warren and Searsport by trucks.

The first depot agent was Fred E. Burkett who only acted in this capacity a short time when Herbert Masser took this position and was very efficient until it was sold in 1919. He then continued with the Knox Lime Company for several years. Among the number employed for many years were: Joshua Mitchell, Jack Hughes, William Coggan, Herbert Leach, Will Daniels, Maurice Leach and several others.....

From the Annual Report of the Municipal Officers of the Town of Millinocket for the year ending February 15, 1909.....

The Great Northern Paper Company on May 1st gave the Town of Millinocket a span of horses. We purchased of Andrew Davis a dump cart and jigger, and of H. W. Howard a pair of sleds during the past year. We have had the team at the present time 249 working days; lost time, through rainy days and holidays, 26 days. The team has worked on the highway 150 days, which at \$4.00 per day would amount to \$600.00 which can properly be charged to repairs on roads and bridges, but for which we have taken no credit. The team has worked a trifle over 73 days for private individuals for which we have received \$243.70 in cash, with a balance due of \$48.50, making a total of \$292.20.....

A lovely little old lady spent days working on a pair of men's pajamas which she contributed to the Red Cross. "I made them myself," she said sweetly. They were perfect in every detail except that there was no opening in the front of the pants. The inspector hated to hurt her feelings but he explained the error to her. The dear old lady's face fell. Suddenly, however, she brightened. "Couldn't you give them to a bachelor?" she said.....

TALE OF THE KENNEBEC MARINER

Guess I've never told you, sonny, of the strandin' and the wreck
Of the steamboat "Ezry Johnson" that run up the Kennebec.
That was 'fore the time of steam-cars, and the "Johnson" filled the bill
On the route between Augusty and the town of Waterville.

She was built old-fashioned model, with a bottom's flat's your palm,
With a paddle-whell behind her, druv' by one great churnin' arm.
Couldn't say that she was speedy--splashed along and made a touse,
But she couldn't go much faster than a man could tow a house.
Still, she skipped and skived tremendous, dodged the rocks and skun the shoals,
In a way the boats of these days couldn't do to save their souls.
Didn't draw no 'mount of water, went on top instead of through.
This is how there come to happen what I'm goint to tell to you.
--Hain't no need to keep you guessing, for I know you won't suspect
How that thunderin' old "Ez, Johnson" ever happened to get wrecked.
She was overdue one ev'ning, fog came down most awful thick;
'Twas about like navigating round inside a feather tick.
Proper caper was to anchor, but she seemed to run all right,
And we humped her-through 'twas resky--kept her sloshing through the night.

Things went on all right till morning, but along 'bout half past three
Ship went dizzy, blind, and crazy--waves seemed wust I ever see,
Up she went and down she scuttered; sometimes seemed to stand on end,
Then she'd wallopse, sideways, cross-ways, in a way, by gosh, to send
Shivers down your spine. She'd teeter, fetch a spring, and take a bounce,
Then squat down, sir, on her haunches with a most je-roosly jounce.
Folks got up and run a-screaming, forced the wheel-house, grabbed at me,
--Thought we'd missed Augusty landin' and had gone plum out to sea.
--Fairly shot me full of questions, but I said 'twas jest a blow;
Still, that didn't seem to soothe 'em, for there warn't no wind, you know!
Yes, sir, spite of all that churnin', warn't a whisper of a breeze
--No excuse for all that upset and those strange and dretful seas.
Couldn't spy a thing around us--every way 'twas pitchy black,
And I couldn't seem to comfort them poor critters on my back.
Couldn't tell 'em nothing 'bout it--for I didn't know myself.

So I gripped the "Johnson's" tiller, kept the rudder riggin' taut,
Kept a-praying, chawed tobacker, give her steam, and let her swat.
Now, my friends, jest listen stiddy: when the sun comes out at four,
We warn't tossin' in the breakers off no stern and rockbound shore:
But I'd missed the gol-durned river, and I swow this 'ere is true,
I had sailed eight miles 'cross country in a heavy autumn dew.
There I was clear up in Sidney, and the tossings and the rolls
Simply happened 'cause we tackled sev'ral miles of cradle knolls.
Sun came out and dried the dew up; there she was a stranded wreck,
And they soaked me eighteen dollars' cartage to the Kennebec.

From the Holman Day collection.....

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Tuesday morning the thermometer registered 28 degrees and we had our first heavy killing frost for the fall.

History tells us that the swallows leave Capistrano on October 23rd every year but it does not tell us when they leave Pittston Farm and we want to know why? What has Capistrano got that Pittston Farm hasn't? We did find out that they were here Friday afternoon but Monday they were gone. Next year we will keep a closer watch on them.

The late John Gould, Editor of the Enterprise... hmmm now that don't sound just right as it was the Enterprise that died and not John Gould so let's start again... Mr. John Gould, Editor of the late Enterprise newspaper and Bill Dornbusch from Rye, N.Y., one of John's in-laws or outlaws were up this way last week on a camping trip. When John was asked if he was on a fishing expedition he replied, "No! I'm just trying to make a Mainey-ack out of this New Yawker and I'm sure having a hard time doing it". We noted when John got ready to eat his bowl of "Golfer's Dream" he only picked around the edge of it while Bill dived into it and even went back for another helping or two. That right there shows you what a hard time John is having in trying to convert Bill into a "Mainey-ack". If Mr. Gould ever writes another book on "Moral Depravity" he should include the recipe for "Golfer's Dream" so that other golfers could get a crack at it. It consists of two quarts of Swedish meatballs dumped into three quarts of elbow macaroni (45 degree elbow) then add two cans of shrimp cocktail sauce. Good for a week and can be served either hot or cold.

The Road crew has finished the access road for Wellie Caouette and are working on the Deadman's Brook road in the Scott Brook area. Deadman's Brook is a tributary of Ragmuff Stream but we can not find anything in the Great Northern records to tell us how it fell heir to the name of Deadman.

THE ZIPPER IS THE UNDOING OF THE MODERN GIRL, AND YET, ON THE OTHER HAND, IT OPENS UP GREAT POSSIBILITIES.....

Cecil Jardine is spending a little time at home trying to get one or two bones to grow back together. Cecil fell by the wayside when his roof staging let go on Friday, August 13th.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

The proposed merger of the Great Northern and the Great Southern will add a new railroad to the Great Northern's holdings... The Chattahoochee Industrial Railroad which owns and operates 15.38 miles of right-of-way that connects the Great Southern's mill with the Central of Georgia Railway and the Atlantic Coastline Railroad.

Speaking of railroads the Great Northern owned one years ago that very few people today remember...The Georges Valley Railroad between Union and Warren, Maine.

In the December, 1923 issue of The Northern magazine we find the following article: The Georges Valley Railroad is located wholly within the bounds of Knox County. It starts in the town of Union and runs to the town of Warren where it connects with the Maine Central. It is eight miles in length. It was built twenty eight years ago, the contractor being Mr. James Mitchell of Bucksport, who was also the first President. Mr. John Lovejoy of Rockland, Maine, was the second President and served for many years in that capacity.

The Paper Industry is one of wide scope. This is plainly true as to territory. It is also true not only in the direct operations but a fact in related demands and correlated interests. Not a small portion of the wood is treated at the mills by acid(Sulphuric) method. This requires a large amount of lime. The lime rock is burned at the mill.

In 1918 the Georges Valley road was purchased by the Great Northern Paper Company. This was for the primary purpose of securing transportation of the lime rock from a quarry in Union. From seventy five to eighty tons of rock are freighted over these lines daily. The road does a general railroad business, carrying mails, express and passengers and in addition general freight. The road employs fifteen men in its maintenance and operation. It was formerly ballasted with clay but it is now being ballasted with the waste rock from the quarry.

From Horse and Buggy Days by E. A. Matthews: Union commenced the agitation of the Georges Valley Railroad in 1887 by holding meetings in the various school-houses about town. October 2, 1888, ten citizens petitioned the selectmen to call a meeting of the legal voters of the town on the 17th of October, 1888 to see what sum and by what method the town would raise money for the building of the railroad. At the meeting, the town voted to raise five percent of its value, which at the time was thought to mean State valuation, but it was afterwards learned that the town's valuation should have been used, which would make the amount so raised only \$18,000.00.

June 8, 1889, in the town meeting assembled, all former votes regarding raising money for the railroad was rescinded, and the valuation for 1889 being increased to \$140,000, five percent of the legal amount was voted, the same to be raised by issue of town bonds, interest not to exceed five percent. Under this law, the amount of stock subscribed for by the town was \$24,500. Rockland Lime Company took \$8,000. and private subscription \$8,400, making the total amount \$40,900. With the amount guaranteed, the Georges Valley R.R. Co. was organized August 1, 1889 under the laws of this State, with a capital stock of \$60,000 for the purpose of constructing a narrow gauge railroad from the Knox and Lincoln branch of the Maine Central Railroad at Warren to Union, but during the year 1892, under the provision of law, the capital stock of the company was increased to \$100,000. and the gauge changed to conform to the standard.... Continued next page.....

RAILROADS cont.

The directors contracted with James Mitchell, August 19, 1892 for the building and equipping of the Georges Valley Railroad from a junction of the Maine Central at Warren to Union Common. Work was commenced in the autumn of 1892, but it was learned about this time that the action taken by the town June 8, 1889, was illegal. Therefore as no bonds could be issued until the Legislature of 1893 had legalized said meeting, which was done, work was suspended until the following spring. The work was completed and inspected by the railroad commission November 14, 1893. These officials made a most favorable report. Nov. 15 a grand citizen's celebration was held all day and the freight and passenger trains commenced running regularly December 1, 1893. Total cost of railroad was \$85,164.36.

The first year the road carried 4,422 passengers, 15,558 tons of freight. Total receipts for the first year, including mail and express was \$10,455.54.

As the years went by, the company neglected to maintain the road bed to such an extent that by the year 1919 when the Knox Lime Company or Great Northern Paper Company took it over, it was only by good luck that there was a round trip made, that there was not a car or engine off the track. This happened so frequently that the train hands became experts at train wrecking. We blame the auto and truck for its decline but not entirely so. As the greater part of lumber had been shipped out, the apple trees were killed by a heavy freeze, and there was no sale for hay.

The Knox Lime Company made some repairs to the road bed, bought a new engine and kept operating for the purpose of hauling their own lime rock until May 1939, when it was sold for junk, and the lime rock hauled to depots at Warren and Searsport by trucks.

The first depot agent was Fred E. Burkett who only acted in this capacity a short time when Herbert Masser took this position and was very efficient until it was sold in 1919. He then continued with the Knox Lime Company for several years. Among the number employed for many years were: Joshua Mitchell, Jack Hughes, William Coggan, Herbert Leach, Will Daniels, Maurice Leach and several others.....

From the Annual Report of the Municipal Officers of the Town of Millinocket for the year ending February 15, 1909.....

The Great Northern Paper Company on May 1st gave the Town of Millinocket a span of horses. We purchased of Andrew Davis a dump cart and jigger, and of H. W. Howard a pair of sleds during the past year. We have had the team at the present time 249 working days; lost time, through rainy days and holidays, 26 days. The team has worked on the highway 150 days, which at \$4.00 per day would amount to \$600.00 which can properly be charged to repairs on roads and bridges, but for which we have taken no credit. The team has worked a trifle over 73 days for private individuals for which we have received \$243.70 in cash, with a balance due of \$48.50, making a total of \$292.20.....

A lovely little old lady spent days working on a pair of men's pajamas which she contributed to the Red Cross. "I made them myself," she said sweetly. They were perfect in every detail except that there was no opening in the front of the pants. The inspector hated to hurt her feelings but he explained the error to her. The dear old lady's face fell. Suddenly, however, she brightened. "Couldn't you give them to a bachelor?" she said.....

TALE OF THE KENNEBEC MARINER

Guess I've never told you, sonny, of the strandin' and the wreck
Of the steamboat "Ezry Johnson" that run up the Kennebec.
That was 'fore the time of steam-cars, and the "Johnson" filled the bill
On the route between Augusty and the town of Waterville.

She was built old-fashioned model, with a bottom's flat's your palm,
With a paddle-whell behind her, druv' by one great churnin' arm.
Couldn't say that she was speedy--splashed along and made a touse,
But she couldn't go much faster than a man could tow a house.
Still, she skipped and skived tremendous, dodged the rocks and skun the shoals,
In a way the boats of these days couldn't do to save their souls.
Didn't draw no 'mount of water, went on top instead of through.
This is how there come to happen what I'm goint to tell to you.
--Hain't no need to keep you guessing, for I know you won't suspect
How that thunderin' old "Ez. Johnson" ever happened to get wrecked.
She was overdue one ev'ning, fog came down most awful thick;
'Twas about like navigating round inside a feather tick.
Proper caper was to anchor, but she seemed to run all right,
And we humped her-through 'twas resky--kept her sloshing through the night.

Things went on all right till morning, but along 'bout half past three
Ship went dizzy, blind, and crazy--waves seemed wust I ever see.
Up she went and down she scuttered; sometimes seemed to stand on end,
Then she'd wallopse, sideways, cross-ways, in a way, by gosh, to send
Shivers down your spine. She'd teeter, fetch a spring, and take a bounce,
Then squat down, sir, on her haunches with a most je-roosly jounce.
Folks got up and run a-screaming, forced the wheel-house, grabbed at me,
--Thought we'd missed Augusty landin' and had gone plum out to sea.
--Fairly shot me full of questions, but I said 'twas jest a blow;
Still, that didn't seem to soothe 'em, for there warn't no wind, you know!
Yes, sir, spite of all that churnin', warn't a whisper of a breeze
--No excuse for all that upset and those strange and dretful seas.
Couldn't spy a thing around us--every way 'twas pitchy black,
And I couldn't seem to comfort them poor critters on my back.
Couldn't tell 'em nothing 'bout it--for I didn't know myself.

So I gripped the "Johnson's" tiller, kept the rudder riggin' taut,
Kept a-praying, chewed tobacker, give her steam, and let her swat.
Now, my friends, jest listen stiddy: when the sun comes out at four,
We warn't tossin' in the breakers off no stern and rockbound shore:
But I'd missed the gol-durned river, and I swow this 'ere is true,
I had sailed eight miles 'cross country in a heavy autumn dew.
There I was clear up in Sidney, and the tossings and the rolls
Simply happened 'cause we tackled sev'ral miles of cradle knolls.
Sun came out and dried the dew up; there she was a stranded wreck,
And they soaked me eighteen dollars' cartage to the Kennebec.

From the Holman Day collection.....

SEPTEMBER 23, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 32

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The summer of 1825, was unusually warm in both hemispheres, particularly in America, where its effects were fatally visible in the prevalence of epidemical disorders. During July and August, extensive fires raged in different parts of Nova Scotia, especially in the eastern division of the peninsula, but the country being generally cleared for a considerable distance round the settlements and villages, little injury was sustained. In Miramichi and throughout the northern part of New Brunswick, the season had been remarkably dry; scarcely any rain had fallen; and considerable apprehensions were entertained for the crops. very extensive fires were observed in a north-westerly direction, along the south bank of the Bay Chaleur, in several parts of the Gaspé Peninsula, in the neighborhood of Richibucto and thence in a southerly direction towards Westmorland. These fires however, being rather ordinary circumstances, as burning the trees and roots is the common practice in the clearing of land, no danger was anticipated.

But however reluctant I feel to scatter tears over our history, I shall no longer seek an evasion by dwelling on preliminaries, From the fifth of October, 1825, a season generally very cool, an extraordinary and unnatural heat prevailed. The protracted drouth of the summer, acting upon the aridity of the forests, had rendered them more than naturally combustible; and this facilitating both the dispersion and the progress of the fires that appeared in the early part of the season, produced the unusual warmth.

On the sixth, the fire was evidently approximating to us. At different intervals of this day fitful blazes and flashes were observed to issue from different parts of the woods, particularly up the North-West, at the rear of Newcastle, in the vicinity of Douglstown and Moorfields and along the banks of the Bartibog river. Many also heard the crackling of falling trees and shrivelled branches, while a hoarse rumbling sound, not unlike the rustling of distant thunder, and divided by pauses, like the intermittent discharges of artillery, was distinct and audible. On the seventh the heat increased to such a degree and became so very oppressive that many complained of its enervating effects. About twelve o'clock a pale sickly haze, lightly tinged with purple, emerged from the forests and settled over it. This cloud soon retreated before a large dark one which occupying its place wrapped the firmament in a pall of vapour. This incumbrance, retaining its position till about three o'clock, the heat became tormentingly sultry.

There was not a single breath of air. The atmosphere was overloaded;- an irresistible lassitude seized the people and a stupifying dullness seemed to pervade every place except the woods which now trembled and rustled and shook with an incessant and thrilling noise of explosions, rapidly following each other and mingling their reports with a discordant variety of loud and boisterous sounds. At this time the whole county of Northumberland seemed to be surrounded by a fiery zone, which, gradually contracting its circle by the devastation it made, seemed as if it would not converge into a point while anything remained to be destroyed.

A little after four o'clock, an immense pillar of smoke rose in a vertical direction at some distance north-west of Newcastle for a while, and the sky was absolutely blackened by this huge cloud. But a light northerly breeze springing up, it gradually distended and then melted into a variety of shapeless mists. About an hour after, or probably about half past five o'clock, innumerable large spurts of smoke issuing from different parts of the woods and illuminated by flames that seemed to pierce them mounted to the sky. A heavy and suffocating canopy extending to the utmost verge of observation, and appearing more terrific by the vivid flashes and blazes that wriggled and darted irregularly through it, now hung over us in threatening suspension, while showers of flaming brands, calcined leaves, ashes and cinders seemed to scream through the growling noise that prevailed in all the wooded areas.

cont. on next page.....

All these palpable indications of the approaching ruin were unheeded, probably because the people had never yet experienced the dreadful effects of fire, or had not sufficiently considered the change wrought in the forests by the protracted heat of the summer. Nor could any other reasons have betrayed them into a neglect of the warning that Mr. Wright and others endeavored to propagate. Had the timely admonition of these gentlemen received the attention it merited, many are of the opinion that a considerable part of the calamity might have been averted. It would be cruel however to harrow the recollection now; experience makes wiser men of us all; after having endured evils, we become astonishingly clever in prescribing antidotes.

About nine o'clock or shortly after, a succession of loud and appalling roars thundered through the woods. Peal after peal, crash after crash, came bellowing the sentence of destruction. Every succeeding shock created fresh alarm; every clap came loaded with its own destructive energy. With greedy rapidity did they advance to the devoted scene of their ministry. Nothing could impede their progress; they removed every obstacle by the desolation they occasioned. Several hundred miles of prostrated forests and smitten settlements marked their devastating way.

They came rushing with awful violence, devouring at every step and leaving a frightful avenue to the spot where their fury was to be consummated. The tremendous bellowing became more and more terrific. The earth seemed to stagger as if it had reeled from its anscient foundations. The harmony of nature appeared to have been deranged and about to revert to its original chaos. Earth, air, sea and sky; all visible creation seemed to conspire against man and to totter under the weight of some dreadful commission they were charged to execute. The river, tortured into violence by the hurricane, foamed with rage and flung its boiling spray upon the land. The thunders pealed along the vault of Heaven; the lightening rent the firmament in pieces. For some moments, then all was still; a deep and awful silence reigned over everything. All nature seemed to be hushed into dumbness;—when—suddenly a lengthy and sudden roar came booming through the forests and driving a thousand massive and devouring flames before it. Soon Newcastle and Douglastown and the whole northern side of the river, extending from Bartibog to the Nashwaak, a distance of more than a hundred miles in length, became enveloped in an immense sheet of flames, that spread over nearly six thousand square miles.

That the stranger may form a faint idea of the desolation and misery no pen can describe, he must picture to himself a large and rapid river, thickly settled for a hundred miles or more on both sides of it. He must also fancy four thriving towns, two on each side of the river, and then reflect that these towns and settlements were all composed of wooden houses, stores, stables, barns and warehouses; that these barns and stables were filled with the season's crops and that the arrival of the fall importation had stocked the warehouses and stores with spirits, powder, and a variety of combustible articles, as well as with the necessary supplies for the approaching winter. He must then remember, that the cultivated or settled part of the river valley is but a long narrow strip, about a quarter of a mile wide and lying between the river and almost interminable forests, stretching along the very edge of its precincts, and all around it. Extending his conception he will see these forests thickly expanding over more than six thousand square miles, and absolutely parched into tinder by the protracted heat of a long dry summer and by the large fires that had coursed through almost every part of them. Let him then animate the picture by scattering countless droves of wild animals, hundreds of domestic ones, and thousands of men and their families scattered throughout the area. Having done this, he will have before him a feeble description of the extent, features and general circumstances of the country, which, on the night I have mentioned, was suddenly overwhelmed and buried in fire..

Continued in the next issue.....

THE MIRAMICHI FIRE

Come all you good people, pay attention,
While I relate a sad tragedy,
What did happen to the people,
On the banks of the Miramichi.

It was on October the seventh day,
In eighteen hundred and twenty five,
More than five hundred people died by fire,
And scorched were many who did survive.

Some have said, "Because the people's
Sins did rise, as mountains high,
In defence of Jehovah;
He could not see and justify.

So in order to destroy their dwellings,
And the country to distress,
He sent a fire in a whirlwind,
From the heaving wilderness.

In the Nor' West it was first discovered,
Where it burned about twenty-five,
Then it raged all through the forest,
And to Newcastle it did fly.

Six young men both strong and active,
Went to work on the Nor' West,
When they saw the fire coming,
To escape they did their best.

About a mile from where their camp stood,
There each man was lying low,
And their parents weeping for them,
Made a scene of dismal woe.

While the people were asleeping,
Fire seized upon their town;
Though fine and handsome were their dwellings,
They soon burned down to the ground.

It burned three ships that were abuilding,
And three more at anchor lay;
When they saw the fire coming,
They thought it was the Judgement Day.

To be continued next week....

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All these palpable indications of the approaching ruin were unheeded, probably because the people had never yet experienced the dreadful effects of fire, or had not sufficiently considered the change wrought in the forests by the protracted heat of the summer. Nor could any other reasons have betrayed them into a neglect of the warning that Mr. Wright and others endeavored to propagate. Had the timely admonition of these gentlemen received the attention it merited, many are of the opinion that a considerable part of the calamity might have been averted. It would be cruel however to harrow the recollection now; experience makes wiser men of us all; after having endured evils, we become astonishingly clever in prescribing antidotes.

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They came rushing with awful violence, devouring at every step and leaving a frightful avenue to the spot where their fury was to be consummated. The tremendous bellowing became more and more terrific. The earth seemed to stagger as if it had reeled from its anscient foundations. The harmony of nature appeared to have been deranged and about to revert to its original chaos. Earth, air, sea and sky; all visible creation seemed to conspire against man and to totter under the weight of some dreadful commission they were charged to execute. The river, tortured into violence by the hurricane, foamed with rage and flung its boiling spray upon the land. The thunders pealed along the vault of Heaven; the lightening rent the firmament in pieces. For some moments, then all was still; a deep and awful silence reigned over everything. All nature seemed to be hushed into dumbness;- when-- suddenly a lengthy and sudden roar came booming through the forests and driving a thousand massive and devouring flames before it. Soon Newcastle and Douglastown and the whole northern side of the river, extending from Bartibog to the Nashwaak, a distance of more than a hundred miles in length, became enveloped in an immense sheet of flames, that spread over nearly six thousand square miles.

That the stranger may form a faint idea of the desolation and misery no pen can describe, he must picture to himself a large and rapid river, thickly settled for a hundred miles or more on both sides of it. He must also fancy four thriving towns, two on each side of the river, and then reflect that these towns and settlements were all composed of wooden houses, stores, stables, barns and warehouses; that these barns and stablos were filled with the season's crops and that the arrival of the fall importation had stocked the warehouses and stores with spirits, powder, and a variety of combustible articles, as well as with the necessary supplies for the approaching winter. He must then remember, that the cultivated or settled part of the river valley is but a long narrow strip, about a quarter of a mile wide and lying between the river and almost interminable forests, stretching along the very edge of its precincts, and all around it. Extending his conception he will see these forests thickly expanding over more than six thousand square miles, and absolutely parched into tinder by the protracted heat of a long dry summer and by the large fires that had coursed through almost every part of them. Let him then animate the picture by scattering countless droves of wild animals, hundreds of domestic ones, and thousands of men and their families scattered throughout the area. Having done this, he will have before him a feeble description of the extent, features and general circumstances of the country, which, on the night I have mentioned, was suddenly overwhelmed and buried in fire..

Continued in the next issue.....

THE MIRAMICHI FIRE

Come all you good people, pay attention,
While I relate a sad tragedy,
What did happen to the people,
On the banks of the Miramichi.

It was on October the seventh day,
In eighteen hundred and twenty five,
More than five hundred people died by fire,
And scorched were many who did survive.

Some have said, "Because the people's
Sins did rise, as mountains high,
In defence of Jehovah;
He could not see and justify.

So in order to destroy their dwellings,
And the country to distress,
He sent a fire in a whirlwind,
From the heaving wilderness.

In the Nor' West it was first discovered,
Where it burned about twenty-five,
Then it raged all through the forest,
And to Newcastle it did fly.

Six young men both strong and active,
Went to work on the Nor' West,
When they saw the fire coming,
To escape they did their best.

About a mile from where their camp stood,
There each man was lying low,
And their parents weeping for them,
Made a scene of dismal woe.

While the people were asleeping,
Fire seized upon their town;
Though fine and handsome were their dwellings,
They soon burned down to the ground.

It burned three ships that were abuilding,
And three more at anchor lay;
When they saw the fire coming,
They thought it was the Judgement Day.

To be continued next week....

OCTOBER 7, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 33

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The twenty year average rainfall for the first nine months of the year is 29.68 inches and this year we have had 27.94 inches which is only 1.74 inches below the twenty year average. Heavy snow flurries in this area yesterday although Slim Powell working with Art Hart on the so-called Government Growth Plot reported good tracking snow in that area.

Leonard Cormier entered the Dean Hospital in Greenville Tuesday of this week. Leonard is a little over the seventy mark and retired on July 1st 1957.

MR. BRUIN MEETS MR. CARIBOU AND NOW ALL THAT IS LEFT IS A BIG FAT BRUIN.....Herb Hanson from Rainbow found a runway where a bear laid in wait for the caribou. Hair & bones is ample evidence that the bear was successful but the bulk of the meat went by the way of the bear's maw. Herb sent some of the remainder to a State Biologist and he proved conclusively (that word is almost too big to handle) that it was a caribou.

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Speaking of falsies there was quite a lot of conjecture on the part of some of the guests at the reception as to whether the Mrs Belmont (Ye Olde Clerke) in the mock wedding had his girdle strapped up too tight or just plain oversized falsies. Gad! What a place for a pea shooter. That the reception was a success was very evident as some of the guests were still hanging onto the bride and groom the next day in St. Zacharie.

We were always under the impression that a fur lined chamber mug was only a fantasy but our impressions got shot all to hell last Saturday for there in the center of the gift table reposed one of the most beautiful fur lined pee-pots and it was not--we repeat it was not a Solid Gold Alagash Coffee Pot either but a genuine Iron Stone Vase-de-nuit.

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THE FELLOW WITH AMNESIA DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE IS GOING.

THE MIRAMICHI FIRE (cont)

Resting on the indulgence of those who have been kind enough to patronize this work, it may not be improper to state that I was, at the time of the "GREAT FIRE," residing within a mile of Newcastle. If my opinion be entitled to any consideration, this is its candid expression-- a greater calamity than the fire which happened in Miramichi, never befell any forest country, and has been rarely excelled in the annals of any other; and the general character of the scene was such, that all it required to complete a picture of the General Judgement was the blast of a Trumpet, the voice of the Archangel and the resurrection of the Dead.

Newcastle, yeasterday a flourishing town, full of trade and spirit, and containing nearly a thousand inhabitants, was now a heap of smoking ruins, while Douglastown, nearly one-third of its size, was reduced to the same miserable conditions. Of the 260 houses and stores that composed the former, but twelve remained; of the 70 that comprised the latter, but six were left. Moorfields, an old and populous settlement near Douglastown was a pile of ashes and the whole parish of Ludlow was changed into waste. But what did the maddened elements know of bounds and limits? Was their wild and boisterous march to be regulated by the unruffled tranquillity of a line on the scientific precision of a course? No. Having gone forth in the terrific majesty of excited fury, they scatter their blasting and withering energies with desultory profusion.

Hence, Bartibog, Napan, Black River and several other surrounding settlements became involved in the general ruin. More than six thousand square miles of a once settled country now exhibited one vast and cheerless panorama of desolation and despair.

But a few hours elapsed and thousands were hurled from comparative affluence into utter destitution. By one fell swoop, all that agriculture had reclaimed, all that Art had erected and all that Commerce had amassed, were flung in shattered fragments through the blazing air.

I shall say nothing of the human bodies, some with their bowels protruding, others with their flesh all consumed and the blackened skeletons smoking; of the headless trunks and severed extremities; of some bodies burned to cinders; others reduced to ashes; of many bloated and swollen by suffocation, and several lying in the last distorted position of convulsing torture.

Such was the bitter destiny of families and individuals; such were the heart rending spectacles scattered through the street and along the highways of our ravaged country. Brief and violent was their passage from life to death; rude and melancholy was their sepulchre. They died by fire and were buried unhouseled and unaneled. Thousands of wild beasts, too, had perished in the woods, and from their putrescent carcasses issued streams of effluvium and stench that formed contagious domes over the dismantled settlements. It would be useless to speak of the many domestic animals of all kind that lay dead and dying throughout the different parts of the country, of the myriads of salmon, trout, bass and other fish, which poisoned by the alkali, formed by the ashes precipitated into the rivers, now lay dead on the scorched shores and beaches, or of the countless variety of wild fowl and reptiles that shared a similar fate.

Some are disposed to attribute this calamity to superhuman agency; while others with pious horror, unhesitatingly pronounce it to have been, "A Judgement from God". Now, although I entertain the most profound respect for these two classes of opinionists, I beg leave to adopt the belief of those who ascribe it to natural and familiar causes. But what have we to do with analytical investigations, who have anatomy of syllogisms. or the solution of problems? Pseudo Philosophers may wrangle about the causes of the fire; but, we, who both saw and felt its effects, use this opportunity, as well to bow down before the inscrutable wisdom that permitted the visitation, as well as to adore the Almighty Power that sustained us under it.

THE END.....

BIG BLAZE AT GREENVILLE IN POURING RAIN

October 24, 1938... Loss and damage estimated at \$18,000 resulted from a spectacular blaze which broke out late Saturday afternoon in the large storehouse of the Great Northern Paper Company here, which was burned with 400 tons of hay and other contents. Two carloads of lumber on the B & A tracks were hauled out and saved.

Despite the pouring rain at the time, the Greenville firemen and CCC boys put up a plucky, desperate battle to check any spread. The great pall of smoke from the burning building and hay created considerable excitement over the lower Moosehead region. The loss is fully covered by insurance.....

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A number of lumberjacks and other boarders got out safely. the flames spread swiftly on both sides; to the double tenement occupied by the families of James Ryder and Girard Richards, and a house with Burnette family, tenants on the other.

So quickly was the spread that the occupants had just time to get out in their night clothing losing all their belongings.

Meanwhile the entire fire-fighting equipment of the village was called out but was some what hampered by low water pressure. Without doubt the situation was saved by bringing into action four forest fire pumps and equipment stored here by the Great Northern Paper Company and the State Forestry Department. These were manned by volunteers with good effect pumping from the lake and held the fire to the buildings. Joe's Lunch, operated by Jos. Gallant was badly smoked and wet down. Fire which broke out there again about 11 o'clock was soon checked. Flying embers caught on several roofs but were put out. At one time the Craft's block was threatened. All of the burned buildings were owned by A. A. Crafts who estimates the loss at about \$12,000 with a partial insurance. Joe's Lunch is insured.

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First notice of the blaze was by a fire warden in his tower on the peak of a nearby mountain. He telephoned to Greenville and a crew of fifteen men was immediately assembled, a speed boat commandeered and the trip to Sugar Island started. Fifteen minutes from the time the fire warden saw the blaze the crew was on the scene.

Five cabins and the recreation building was left standing after five others had been totally destroyed.....

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..MUD..

THE MIRAMICHI FIRE (cont. from last week)

Many people died by fire,
In the compass of that town;
Twenty five more on the river,
In a scow, upset and drowned.

One young lady stood in the river,
There she stood both wet and cold,
And in her arms she held her baby,
An infant scarcely three days old.

One family just below Newcastle,
Were destroyed among the rest,
Father, mother and three children,
One an infant at the breast.

I heard the sighs, the crys, the moanings,
Saw the falling of the tears;
By me it will not be forgotten,
Should I live a thousand years.

Parents weeping for their children,
Father crying for his son,
And with bitter, heartfelt sorrow,
Cried a mother, "I'm undone".

Thirteen families were residing,
Just out back of Gretna Green;
All of them burned in the fire,
Except one alive was seen.

Through Chatham, Napan and Black River,
Sweeping onward as before;
Many perished in its fury,
Ere it reached the briny shore.

Forty two miles and one hundred,
This great fire did extend,
All within a few short hours,
Not exceeding over ten.

It burned the wild beasts of the forests,
And deprived the rivers of their fish,
Auch another awful fire,
To see again, I would not wish..

NOTE: This song was composed by John Jardine, of Black River, Northumberland County, New Brunswick, and is said to have been written soon after the great fire of 1825.

OCTOBER 7, 1965

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And in her arms she held her baby,
An infant scarcely three days old.

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Were destroyed among the rest,
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Saw the falling of the tears;
By me it will not be forgotten,
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OCTOBER 21, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 34

Wood scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 13,558 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 12,575 cords; Wellie Caouette, 11,110 cords; Phil Paquet, 10,493 cords and I. L. Dumas, 7,217 cords. Total cords, 54,953.

The thermometer on Tuesday, this week went up to 70 and several were heard to remark that they had never seen it so warm at this time of year. A quick look back through the files and we find that on October 19, 1961 it was 70; October 16, 1962, 70; October 20, 1963, 76; October 16, 1964, 70 and October 19, 1965, 70. Memories are short.

FROM A RECENT MAGAZINE From the mailbag this month come two pleas for assistance. A Springfield, Mass. reader asks our help in locating the recipe for a concoction, "a mixture of wine and whiskey," sampled in a hotel in Quebec, Canada..The drink is known (to some people anyway) as the Caribou.

THE EDITOR'S REPLY: There are quite a few drinks made with wine and whiskey in delicious combination, we unfortunately know of none that answers to the name of Caribou.... GAD! How ignorant can people be? Most anyone knows there is no whiskey in a Caribou.

Speaking of Caribooze, we heard that a Hall woman known as Sue--- who lives out on Katahdin Avenue---was seen sipping two---at the famous Club Cariboo---

That backslapping, baby kissing, politician (he is campaigning) known as Benoit Caron, manager of Caron's Spa, (seat of the Club Caribou) nearly broke his neck rushing to the aid of Sue when she got tangled up in her zipper. Get to her he did and he zippered and zipped so that when Sue crossed the International Line she was the most zippered up guest the Club has ever had. There is still the big question as to why George or Eddy or Priscilla didn't come to her rescue.....

Paul Jardine from the Mill Department wanted to make sure he had a legal right to be in the I.P. Camp this week so he signed on the dotted line after passing over three dollars for Lease #60. Wonder if he will demand that Mr. Clifford, Assistant Manager of Woodlands, pay half of it?

Leonard Cormier passed away Friday October 8th. Leonard was well known in this area having built a good many wooden dams for driving purposes during his career with the Company.

Martha Morey passed away Monday, October 11th at the Greenville Hospital. Angus, Martha's husband was woods clerk in this country for a good many years and I believe he was the last clerk at Kineo when the Company closed it.

When Bill Lacross closed his camps at North East Carry this fall he made his usual pilgrimage to Florida but this year he took quite a detour as he went out through Canada to the West Coast then down through the Rockies and so on. It is going to be rather interesting to find out how many miles he traveled.

A recent letter from Mr. Bragg in Patten. Irving was around these parts in 1900 toting for Jim McNulty. That winter he toted from Greenville up Moosehead Lake to North East Carry and then down to Chesuncook Lake. He speaks of staying or rather having dinner at the Fowler Hotel about ten miles above Kineo on the east side of the lake, which we never heard of and think he must mean the Folsom's Hotel although we have heard it referred to as the Folsom Farm for a good many years.....

MARRIAGE IS JUST LIKE SITTING IN A BATH TUB AFTER YOU GET USED TO IT,
IT AIN'T SO HOT,

BOSTON POST HEADLINES (cont)

DEC. 10..KAUFMAN NEAR FRIEND'S PATH..SHERIFF LEARNS MISSING MAN
WALKED INTO DIRECT LINE OF FIRE AND MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN UN-
KNOWINGLY SHOT--GUIDES ELIMINATED FROM CONNECTION WITH DISAPPEAR-
ANCE. MYSTERY GROWS DEEPER--CARD GAME BEFORE LAST HUNT IS RELATED
BY GUIDES.

DEC. 14..KAUFMAN HUNT LEAVES WOODS.

APRIL 26, 1931..RESUME HUNT FOR BODY OF HUB MAGNATE.

APRIL 28..KAUFMAN SEARCH IS ON AGAIN--GUIDES BEGIN WORK IN JACKMAN TO
SOLVE MYSTERY. SNOW STILL TWO FEET DEEP THERE.

APRIL 29..KAUFMAN SEARCH RE-OPENED; CREWS COMBING WOODS--FIFTY MEN
IN FIVE CREWS ESTABLISH CAMP, IN VICINITY OF CROCKER POND--SEARCH
DIRECTED BY JAMES MURTHA--SHERIFF MARKHAM AND DEPUTY ELLIS VISIT
SCENE...

MAY 12..SHERIFF MARKHAM READY TO SEARCH FOR KAUFMAN IF EXPENSES PRO-
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The end of the greatest manhunt in the State of Maine....

OR WAS IT?

THERE ARE STILL A FEW OF THE SEARCHERS THAT WILL TELL
YOU TODAY THAT THE BODY THEY FOUND WAS NOT THAT OF

MR. KAUFMAN

OVER TO VOLSTEAD

PART 2

In Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-three
A. Lincoln set the darkies free;
In Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen
A. Volstead muzzled the canteen
And freed the millions, great and small,
From bondage to King Alcohol.

Was it not thoughtful, good and kind
For such a man of such a mind
To show an interest so grand
In his misguided native land?
And don't these statements illustrate
Our Nation's progress up to date?
We're freedom loving and we're brave
And simply cannot stand a slave.
And when a crisis needs a man
From Mass. or Tex. or Conn. or Kan,
That man steps forward, firm of chin--
So Andrew Volstead came from Minn.

He came from Minn. to show the world
That gin is wrong
And rye is strong
And Scotch to limbo should be hurled.
Thus with his spotless flag unfurled
He went against the Demon Rum
Who snarled, "I vum!"
Got sort of numb,
Rolled up his eyes, lay down and curled
While all the saints of heaven above
(Including Mr. Bryan's Dove)
Cried "Rah-rah-rah!"
And siss-boom-ah!
Three cheers for Health and Christian
Love!
But, Andrew dear--
Say, now, look here!
You're not including wine and beer!"

Then Andrew Volstead squared his chin
And answered briefly, "Sin is sin."
No compromise
With the King of Lies!
Both liquor thick and thin
We'll cease to tax
And use the axe
Invented by the man from Minn.

For right is right and wrong is wrong--
A spell has cursed the world too long.
The curse of drink--
Stop, friends, and think
How, reft of spirits weak or strong,
My Nation will be purified
Of all corruptions vile.
The lamb and lion, side by side,
Will smile and smile and smile.
The workman when his day is o'er
Will hurry to his cottage door
To kiss his loving wife;
He'll lay his wages in her hand
And peace will settle on the land
Without a trace of strife
The criminals will cease to swarm,
Forgers and burglars will reform
And minor crimes will so abate
That lower courts--now open late--
Will close and let the magistrate
Go to the zoo
Or read Who's Who.

In short I do anticipate
A thinner, cooler human race,
Its system cleansed of every trace
Of inner fire
And hot desire
And passions stirring to disgrace.
" 'Tis simple," said the man from Minn.,
"To cure the world of mortal sin--
Just legislate against it."
The up spake Congress with a roar,
"We never thought of that before.
Let's go!"
And they commenced it.

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR PART 3 ..WE OMITTED PART ONE AS WE COULDN'T
REMEMBER JUST HOW IT WENT....
WHO WROTE IT? WE THINK HIS NAME WAS IRVING WALLACE...BUT CAN'T
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OCTOBER 21, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 34

Wood scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 13,558 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 12,575 cords; Wellie Caouette, 11,110 cords; Phil Paquet, 10,493 cords and I. L. Dumas, 7,217 cords. Total cords, 54,953.

The thermometer on Tuesday, this week went up to 70 and several were heard to remark that they had never seen it so warm at this time of year. A quick look back through the files and we find that on October 19, 1961 it was 70; October 16, 1962, 70; October 20, 1963, 76; October 16, 1964, 70 and October 19, 1965, 70. Memories are short.

FROM A RECENT MAGAZINE From the mailbag this month come two pleas for assistance. A Springfield, Mass. reader asks our help in locating the recipe for a concoction, "a mixture of wine and whiskey," sampled in a hotel in Quebec, Canada..The drink is known(to some people anyway) as the Caribou.

THE EDITOR'S REPLY: There are quite a few drinks made with wine and whiskey in delicious combination, we unfortunately know of none that answers to the name of Caribou.... GAD! How ignerant can people be? Most anyone knows there is no whiskey in a Cariboo.

Speaking of Caribooze, we heard that a Hall woman known as Sue--- who lives out on Katahdin Avenue---was seen sipping two---at the famous Club Cariboo---

That backslapping, baby kissing, politician(he is campaigning)known as Benoit Caron, manager of Caron's Spa,(seat of the Club Cariboo) nearly broke his neck rushing to the aid of Sue when she got tangled up in her zipper. Get to her he did and he zippered and zipped so that when Sue crossed the International Line she was the most zippered up guest the Club has ever had. There is still the big question as to why George or Eddy or Priscilla didn't come to her rescue.....

Paul Jardine from the Mill Department wanted to make sure he had a legal right to be in the I.P. Camp this week so he signed on the dotted line after passing over three dollars for Lease #60. Wonder if he will demand that Mr. Clifford, Assistant Manager of Woodlands, pay half of it?

Leonard Cormier passed away Friday October 8th. Leonard was well known in this area having built a good many wooden dams for driving purposes during his career with the Company.

Martha Morey passed away Monday, October 11th at the Greenville Hospital. Angus, Martha's husband was woods clerk in this country for a good many years and I believe he was the last clerk at Kineo when the Company closed it.

When Bill Lacross closed his camps at North East Carry this fall he made his usual pilgramage to Florida but this year he took quite a detour as he went out through Canada to the West Coast than down through the Rockies and so on. It is going to be rather interesting to find out how many miles he traveled.

A recent letter from Mr. Bragg in Patten. Irving was around these parts in 1900 toting for Jim McNulty. That winter he toted from Greenville up Moosehead Lake to North East Carry and then down to Chesuncook Lake. He speaks of staying or rather having dinner at the Fowler Hotel about ten miles above Kineo on the east side of the lake, which we never heard of and think he must mean the Folsom's Hotel although we have heard it referred to as the Folsom Farm for a good many years.....

MARRIAGE IS JUST LIKE SITTING IN A BATH TUB AFTER YOU GET USED TO IT,
IT AIN'T SO HOT,

BOSTON POST....HEADLINES

Nov. 9, 1930...MAN LOST IN FOREST--PRESIDENT OF CONVERSE RUBBER COMPANY SOUGHT IN VAIN FOR FOUR DAYS--SEPARATED FROM GUIDE IN MAINE WOODS. MITCHELL B. KAUFMAN, 37 YEARS--FROM BOSTON WHILE STAYING AT THE CROCKER POND CAMPS.

NOV. 10, 1930--THINK KAUFMAN DIED IN WOODS.

NOV. 11--BLOODHOUNDS BROUGHT IN FOR KAUFMAN SEARCH.

NOV. 12--FIND KAUFMAN HEADED NORTH. SEARCHERS FOR LOST HUNTER LOCATE SHACK NEAR BORDER WHICH THEY SAY HE OCCUPIED--IDENTIFY FOOTPRINTS, FOOD REMENANTS, AND ASHES INDICATE HE WAS THERE.

NOV. 13--1,000 IN HUNT FOR KAUFMAN--800 OF BEST GUIDES OF QUEBEC & MAINE UNDER JAMES MURTHA.

NOV. 14--KAUFMAN SOUGHT BY VAST ARMY--SEARCH 600 SQUARE MILES OF MAINE TIMBER. HUNT NOW COSTING \$5,000. DAILY. PINKERTONS WILL HUNT FOR KAUFMAN.

NOV. 16--ABANDON HUNT FOR KAUFMAN--MISSING MAN'S FRIENDS BELIEVE HE IS NOT IN WOODS ALIVE--SHERIFF CALLS OFF HIS CREW--SINDLER OFFERS \$10,000. REWARD FOR DISCOVERY OF FRIEND DEAD OR LIVING--EVERY TRAC AND TRAIL TO DATE PROVES VAIN, SAYS EXPERT GUIDES--DOGS BALKED, PONDS DRAINED AND SEARCHED WITHOUT RESULTS--PLANES TO QUIT WOODS AT DAWN.

NOV. 17--HOLD TWO KAUFMAN THEORIES--ACCIDENTLY SHOT OR ELSE WALKED OUT OF WOODS.

NOV. 18--NOW THINK KAUFMAN IS GUN VICTIM--FRIENDS ORDER SEARCH FOR HIS BODY RESUMED--BELIEVES IT IS HIDDEN NEAR CROCKER POND--WATER ALSO DRAGGED OVER ENTIRE AREA...

NOV. 19--FOUL PLAY THEORY IS ACCEPTED--SHERIFF WILL REOPEN PROBE OF KAUFMAN'S CASE TOMORROW.

NOV. 21--TREE...NEW KAUFMAN CASE CLUE..

NOV. 23--PAIR FAIL TO LOCATE KAUFMAN--DIVERS SEARCH POND BOTTOM WITH NO RESULT.

NOV. 24--KAUFMAN'S BODY NOT IN MAINE POND.

NOV. 25--SEARCH OF KAUFMAN NEARS CLOSE--SNOW NOW FALLING MAY PUT END TO WORK.

DEC. 3---FIFTY MEN STILL ON KAUFMAN HUNT.

DEC. 4---ARREST IN KAUFMAN CASE NEAR--CARTRIDGE SHELL FOUND WHICH IS EXPECTED TO SOLVE MYSTERY--DETECTIVE VISITS SHERIFF TO CONFER OVER NEW DEVELOPEMENTS. GREAT SECRECY KEPT--FEEL CERTAIN MAN WAS SLAIN--OFFER OF \$10,000. REWARD BROADCAST--CIRCULARS ISSUED BY BOSTON POLICE FOR HIS FAMILY.

DEC. 5---GANG SENT INTO WOODS TO GET BODY--FORCES SEARCHING FOR KAUFMAN NOW DOUBLED..THERE IS REASON TO BELIEVE THAT THE INVESTIGATION, BEFORE IT IS FINISHED, WILL LINK KAUFMAN MYSTERY WITH A FAMOUS UNSOLVED MURDER...

DEC. 6---NEW TWIST TO KAUFMAN CASE, MAINE DEPUTY SHERIFF, STATES, FIREARM EXPERT SAYS SHELL FOUND IN WOODS WAS FIRED FROM RIFLE CARRIED BY MEMBERS OF HUNTING PARTY--REFUSES FURTHER DETAILS--SHERIFF MARKHAM PROMISES TO DIVULGE "ENTIRELY NEW" ASPECTS SOON.

DEC. 7---REPORT OF KAUFMAN IN HOTEL--POLICE COMB BACK BAY DISTRICT--SEARCH TO CONTINUE.

DEC. 9---FLASHLIGHT LOCATED IN WOODS IS BROUGHT HERE TO ESTABLISH OWNER. KAUFMAN GUIDE ADMITS GUN IS HIS PROPERTY--SHELL FOUND WILL FIT RIFLE. BUT HE DID NOT USE IT ON DAY OF HUB MAN'S DISAPPEARANCE.

DEC. 11--LIST ESTATE OF KAUFMAN--INVENTORY ORDERED-ON PETITION OF MOTHER--ESTIMATED \$375,000...ONLY \$89. CASH. MEMBERS OF HUNTING PARTY ASKED TO RE-ENACT SETTING IN WOODS IN JACKMAN TOMORROW...

CONT. ON NEXT PAGE.....

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WALKED INTO DIRECT LINE OF FIRE AND MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN UN-
KNOWINGLY SHOT--GUIDES ELIMINATED FROM CONNECTION WITH DISAPPEAR-
ANCE. MYSTERY GROWS DEEPER--CARD GAME BEFORE LAST HUNT IS RELATED
BY GUIDES.

DEC. 14..KAUFMAN HUNT LEAVES WOODS.

APRIL 26, 1931..RESUME HUNT FOR BODY OF HUB MAGNATE.

APRIL 28..KAUFMAN SEARCH IS ON AGAIN--GUIDES BEGIN WORK IN JACKMAN TO
SOLVE MYSTERY. SNOW STILL TWO FEET DEEP THERE.

APRIL 29..KAUFMAN SEARCH RE-OPENED; CREWS COMBING WOODS--FIFTY MEN
IN FIVE CREWS ESTABLISH CAMP, IN VICINITY OF CROCKER POND--SEARCH
DIRECTED BY JAMES MURTHA--SHERIFF MARKHAM AND DEPUTY ELLIS VISIT
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PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

OCTOBER 28, 1965

VOLUME 3 No. 35

Wood scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 14,184 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 13,519 cds; Wellie Caouette, 11,942 cds; Phillip Paquet, 11,111 cds, I. L. Dumas, 7,303 cds. Total to date, 58,059 cords.....

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Herb Snow at Kokadjo Postoffice had a busy day last Friday, October 22nd, handstamping last day cancellations. Yep! Another small postoffice closes, another one of the famous landmarks in this part of the country will soon be forgotten, another meeting place for the natives and summer people has gone by the board. Last year it was North East Carry, this year, Kokadjo and next year there will be another until eventually star routes will start out of Bangor or Waterville and the small country postoffices will be just a memory. Something that was but now just ain't.

ONE TELEPHONE OPERATOR TO ANOTHER: "I WON'T GO INTO ALL THE DETAILS. IN FACT, I'VE TOLD YOU MORE ABOUT IT THAN I HEARD MYSELF."

PITTSTON FARM NEWS...

A beano game was held at the Pittston Farm for the benefit of the Red Cross. Twenty dollars was cleared and will be sent to the chapter in Greenville.

There was a good attendance of clerks and foremen of the lumber camps surrounding the farm. Refreshments were served. The prizes were unique in that many of them represented the various phases of woods life. A small pack basket as the guides carry for supplies and Indian baskets that are used for practically everything in this section. A few of the guests were Mr. & Mrs Charles Page, Mr. & Mrs Elmer Ricker, Mrs Vera Sawyer, telephone operator, Robert Thaxter and Robert Leadbetter, Mrs W.I. Hamilton and daughter, Mrs Harts-grove, Walter Creegan of Pittston Depot. St. John's Depot was represented by O'Neil Rioux.

BANGOR DAILY NEWS FEBRUARY 16, 1937

HEADLINES IN THE PORTLAND SUNDAY TELEGRAM....

RIDER WOUNDED BY HUNTER LISTED AS SATISFACTORY...In reading the small print we find where the hunter (remember we're only quoting for we definitely would not call him a hunter) saw a flash of white in the four power scope of his rifle at 100 yards and fired thinking it was the white underside of a deer's tail...Chew that over for a while and see what you think of it! A four powered scope at 100 yards and shoot a 1600 pound horse with a man riding on his back. In yesterday's paper we saw where two men in Virginia mistook a cow for a squirrel and shot her dead..What is wrong? We think we have it figured out. Yep! They must be lookin' in the looking out end of the scope instead of looking in the looking end and looking out the looking out end.

Is there any wonder the paper & logging companies chain off their work areas and post NO-HUNTING signs where they have large crews of men cutting wood.

SOME GIRLS ARE JUST LIKE A RESOLUTION--

EASY TO MAKE BUT HARD TO KEEP.....

OWED TO VOLSTEAD

PART 3

1

Grandma's sitting in her attic,
Oiling up her automatic.
Mid-Victorian is her style,
Prim yet gentle is her smile
As she fits the cartridges
One by one, and softly says:

"Grandson is a Dry Enforcer.
Grandpa is a Legger--
All for one and one for all--
I'll never die a beggar.
Bill brings booze from Montreal,
Grandpa lets him through--
Oh, life's been rosy for us folks
Since the red-light laws went blue."

Pretty Sadie, aged fourteen,
To a lamp-post clings serene.
"What's the matter?" some may ask.
On her hip she wears a flask
Labelled "Tonic for the Hair"--
"Hic," says Sadie, "we should care!"

2

"Father is a corner druggist--
Why should I abstain?
Brother is a counterfeiter,
Printing labels plain.
I can buy grain alcohol
As all the neighbors do;
And if you treat me right I'll lend
My formula to you."
Sits the plumber, man of metal,
Joining gas-pipe to a kettle.
'Neath the bed his wife is lying
Rather silent--she is dying
From some gin her husband gave her.
He's too busy now to save her.
"Things," he sings, "are looking upward;
I am making stills.
Soon we'll cook the stuff by wholesale,
Running twenty 'mills.'
What we make and how we make it
Doesn't cut no ice.
Anything you sell in bottles
Brings the standard price.

3

In the gutter, quite besotted,
Lies the drunkard, sadly spotted.
People pass with unmoved faces--
Why remark such commonplaces?
Just another Volstead duckling,
Rolling in the gutter chuckling:
"Over seas of milk and water,
Angels' wings a-flapping,
Now we're purified and holy,
Things like me can't happen.
Liquor's gone and gone forever--
Even the word is lewd:
Otherwise there's somethin' makes me
Fell like I was stewed.

See the next issue for part 4--FINALE--A SHORT INTERVIEW WITH
THE HUMAN STOMACH.....

The author's name was not Irving Wallace but Wallace Irwin so we
have been told.....

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My formula to you."
Sits the plumber, man of metal,
Joining gas-pipe to a kettle.
'Neath the bed his wife is lying
Rather silent--she is dying
From some gin her husband gave her.
He's too busy now to save her.
"Things," he sings, "are looking upward;
I am making stills,
Soon we'll cook the stuff by wholesale,
Running twenty 'mills.'
What we make and how we make it
Doesn't cut no ice.
Anything you sell in bottles
Brings the standard price."

3

In the gutter, quite besotted,
Lies the drunkard, sadly spotted.
People pass with unmoved faces--
Why remark such commonplaces?
Just another Volstead duckling,
Rolling in the gutter chuckling:
"Over seas of milk and water,
Angels' wings a-flapping,
Now we're purified and holy,
Things like me can't happen.
Liquor's gone and gone forever--
Even the word is lewd:
Otherwise there's somethin' makes me
Feel like I was stewed."

See the next issue for part 4--FINALE--A SHORT INTERVIEW WITH
THE HUMAN STOMACH.....

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Nelson Levasseur hauled out Towboat #49 yeasterday to finish up his late, late drive.

Wood scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 15,965 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 15,700 cds; Wellie Caouette, 14,326 cds; I. L. Dumas, 8,149 cds; total to date, 66,120 cords.

We have not as yet got any real heavy snowstorm this fall but when we do both Oshkosh #5 & #6 are on the battle line, ready and willing to take care of it. There has been a few cars in the ditch on the little bit of snow that we did get.

The Multiple Use hunting party that was in the North country last week went home with their quota on Sunday and in addition to a full bag of game they also went home with a full stomach. Yep! Full of TOSSED SALAD as their chef was the expert of all experts when it comes to tossing up a salad. Rollaid Bessey says the only thing lacking was the corduroy pie and they would have had that but they mislaid Crosby's recipe for it.

Lucien Gosselin called in the other morning and said he had a brand new baby boy. The message was a little garbled but we think he said it weighed 22 pounds and was 11 inches from tip to toe although it could have been 11 pounds and 22 inches long.

If Connecticut and New Jersey would dig out one of their early laws they would have no problems with teen agers or so it would seem to us after reading it as either there would be none left or they would all be saints:

"If any child or children above sixteen years old, and of sufficient understanding, shall curse or smite their natural father or mother, he or they shall be put to death; unless it shall be sufficiently testified, that the parents have been very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children, or so provoked them by extreme and cruel correction, that they have been forced thereunto, to preserve themselves from death or maiming.

If any man have a stubborn or rebellious son, of sufficient understanding and years, viz. 16 years of age, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him, he will not hearken unto them; then may his father or mother, being his natural parents, lay hold on him and bring him to the magistrates assembled in court, and testify unto them, that their son is stubborn and rebellious, and will not obey their voice and chastisement, but lives in sundry notorious crimes, such a son shall be put to death..

TO ERR IS HUMAN--BUT WITH A NIFTY BLONDE IT IS DIVINE.

July 9, 1845--Bangor Daily Mercury... STUMPAGE AT AUCTION. Massachusetts and Maine to have a sale of stumpage at the Land Office in this city tomorrow.--Resident and non-resident operators and speculators, including Blue Noses, are on hand, with their pockets "full of rocks." --Sam, it is said, has his pockets full of Naumkeag or Suffolk checks. There will be fun. Those who have been trespassing, and have timber already cut, perhaps, will pay dear for their timber. Look out for your "corns" gentlemen.

THERE IS PERHAPS MANY A MAN WHO WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO LOVE
HIS NEIGHBOR IF HE THOUGHT HER HUSBAND WOULDN'T OBJECT.

NET 40 IN GREAT RAID ON BORDER

102 U. S. MEN JOIN IN MAINE WOODS ALIEN DRIVE--JACKMAN, ME, Oct. 30--In the greatest immigration raid ever staged on the Canadian border, 40 alleged aliens from Canada were captured in a sensational roundup in camps of a paper company, 50 miles from here, by a band of 102 immigration officers massed from four states.

NETS 40 ALIENS--The raid ordered from Washington, came two weeks after a band of ten officers entered the thick woods and tried to effect a similar coup, but were beaten off by husky woodsmen, some wielding axes. At that time officials arrested six and thirty others got away.

HELD IN TOWN HALL--Tonight the wildest scenes in the history of this border town community were evidenced as the 40 prisoners were being held in the town hall, where they are sleeping in makeshift cots and being fed sandwiches. Tomorrow morning the task of transporting them to the Bangor jail will be started.

The roundup staged by officers who underwent great hardships of walking as far as 15 miles through the thick forests, came yeasterday morning at 2 a. m. The 102 officers struck at various parts of the camp at an agreed hour.

Inspector Daniel Heald, in charge of the raid, said tonight the raid is the biggest ever staged on the border. Never before have veteran immigration officers known of orders that sent 102 men into action on one raid.

In order to arrest some men, hand-to-hand battles were fought with the husky woodsmen by the immigration officers. Because of the large numbers, those who fought were easily conquered.

LEAP FROM WINDOWS--In the lumber camp there are from 1800 to 2000 men employed. The camp is about 50 miles from here, in the thickest of the Maine woods. Before leaving for this town, with their prisoners in trucks, the immigration men forced every workman to prove his citizenship. All who couldn't were arrested.

The men were asleep when the hour for the raid arrived. Some of the alleged aliens jumped out of windows and started to run away. They were quickly captured.

There are about 15 camps, separated by many miles of woods from each other. Veteran Maine immigration officers who know the territory well were assigned to take charge of separate squads.

Inspector Heald said tonight the 40 men will be prosecuted for entering the country illegally. They are believed to have entered from Beauce County, Canada.

They will be taken to Bangor in trucks, which were used to transport them here from the lumber camp. The trip to Bangor, over 100 miles, will be made by three trucks, carrying about 15 men each.

FIRST RAID FAILS--The raid came as a direct result of the failure of immigration officials to capture aliens two weeks ago. At that time a band of 10 went to the camp and when they tried to effect arrests were beaten off and attached with axes.

Some of the men who participated in the raid of two weeks ago were in the Town Hall here tonight awaiting transportation to Bangor.

The Town Hall was hired by the government men. It is the only building suitable in this immediate vicinity to house the prisoners.

Two weeks after the alleged aliens escaped arrest, word was sent to immigration officials in Washington. Secret orders were sent from Washington...

Cont. on next sheet.....

NET 40 IN GREAT RAID ON BORDER (cont)

REACH CAMP AT MIDNIGHT:

Monday, immigration officers from this state, New Hampshire, Vermont and New York arrived here. They met in the town hall and were told of their job.

Inspector Heald and Supervisor Antonio Bonazzi issued the orders and led the men toward the camp. They left here Monday night, arriving outside the camp about 12 o'clock. They were forced to walk as much as 15 miles to some of the camps.

The officers set their watches, and a zero hour of 2 o'clock was agreed upon. At that time they struck, and wild scenes were witnessed, they say, as the alleged aliens tried to escape the trap set for them.

OFFICERS ALL ARMED:

The officers were armed and had gas guns with them, but they didn't need to use their weapons, because of catching the alleged aliens unawares. Those who did resist were quickly taken into custody.

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August	66,023	10,654	4,131	12,810	26,595	13,522
September	79,751	11,040	4,634	10,023	24,193	3,078
October	109,208	21,512	6,665	12,750	30,641	3,640
November	130,980	17,252	2,318	11,130	32,502	6,093
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weekly which cost \$200.00 a year and 2¢ per copy and published by the
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Nelson Levasseur hauled out Towboat #49 yeasterday to finish up his late, late drive.

Wood scale this week: Henri Marcoux, 15,965 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 15,700 cds; Wellie Caouette, 14,326 cds; I. L. Dumas, 8,149 cds; total to date, 66,120 cords.

We have not as yet got any real heavy snowstorm this fall but when we do both Oshkosh #5 & #6 are on the battle line, ready and willing to take care of it. There has been a few cars in the ditch on the little bit of snow that we did get.

The Multiple Use hunting party that was in the North country last week went home with their quota on Sunday and in addition to a full bag of game they also went home with a full stomach. Yep! Full of TOSSED SALAD as their chef was the expert of all experts when it comes to tossing up a salad. Rollaid Bessey says the only thing lacking was the corduroy pie and they would have had that but they mislaid Crosby's recipe for it.

Lucien Gosselin called in the other morning and said he had a brand new baby boy. The message was a little garbled but we think he said it weighed 22 pounds and was 11 inches from tip to toe although it could have been 11 pounds and 22 inches long.

If Connecticut and New Jersey would dig out one of their early laws they would have no problems with teen agers or so it would seem to us after reading it as either there would be none left or they would all be saints:

"If any child or children above sixteen years old, and of sufficient understanding, shall curse or smite their natural father or mother, he or they shall be put to death; unless it shall be sufficiently testified, that the parents have been very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children, or so provoked them by extreme and cruel correction, that they have been forced thereunto, to preserve themselves from death or maiming.

If any man have a stubborn or rebellious son, of sufficient understanding and years, viz. 16 years of age, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him, he will not hearken unto them; then may his father or mother, being his natural parents, lay hold on him and bring him to the magistrates assembled in court, and testify unto them, that their son is stubborn and rebellious, and will not obey their voice and chastisement, but lives in sundry notorious crimes, such a son shall be put to death..

TO ERR IS HUMAN--BUT WITH A NIFTY BLONDE IT IS DIVINE.

July 9, 1845--Bangor Daily Mercury... STUMPAGE AT AUCTION. Massachusetts and Maine to have a sale of stumpage at the Land Office in this city tomorrow.--Resident and non-resident operators and speculators, including Blue Noses, are on hand, with their pockets "full of rocks." --Sam, it is said, has his pockets full of Naumkeag or Suffolk checks. There will be fun. Those who have been trespassing, and have timber already cut, perhaps, will pay dear for their timber. Look out for your "corns" gentlemen.

THERE IS PERHAPS MANY A MAN WHO WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO LOVE
HIS NEIGHBOR IF HE THOUGHT HER HUSBAND WOULDN'T OBJECT.

NET 40 IN GREAT RAID ON BORDER

102 U. S. MEN JOIN IN MAINE WOODS ALIEN DRIVE--JACKMAN, ME, Oct. 30--In the greatest immigration raid ever staged on the Canadian border, 40 alleged aliens from Canada were captured in a sensational roundup in camps of a paper company, 50 miles from here, by a band of 102 immigration officers massed from four states.

NETS 40 ALIENS--The raid ordered from Washington, came two weeks after a band of ten officers entered the thick woods and tried to effect a similar coup, but were beaten off by husky woodsmen, some wielding axes. At that time officials arrested six and thirty others got away.

HELD IN TOWN HALL--Tonight the wildest scenes in the history of this border town community were evidenced as the 40 prisoners were being held in the town hall, where they are sleeping in makeshift cots and being fed sandwiches. Tomorrow morning the task of transporting them to the Bangor jail will be started.

The roundup staged by officers who underwent great hardships of walking as far as 15 miles through the thick forests, came yeasterday morning at 2 a. m. The 102 officers struck at various parts of the camp at an agreed hour.

Inspector Daniel Heald, in charge of the raid, said tonight the raid is the biggest ever staged on the border. Never before have veteran immigration officers known of orders that sent 102 men into action on one raid.

In order to arrest some men, hand-to-hand battles were fought with the husky woodsmen by the immigration officers. Because of the large numbers, those who fought were easily conquered.

LEAP FROM WINDOWS--In the lumber camp there are from 1800 to 2000 men employed. The camp is about 50 miles from here, in the thickest of the Maine woods. Before leaving for this town, with their prisoners in trucks, the immigration men forced every workman to prove his citizenship. All who couldn't were arrested.

The men were asleep when the hour for the raid arrived. Some of the alleged aliens jumped out of windows and started to run away. They were quickly captured.

There are about 15 camps, separated by many miles of woods from each other. Veteran Maine immigration officers who know the territory well were assigned to take charge of separate squads.

Inspector Heald said tonight the 40 men will be prosecuted for entering the country illegally. They are believed to have entered from Beauce County, Canada.

They will be taken to Bangor in trucks, which were used to transport them here from the lumber camp. The trip to Bangor, over 100 miles, will be made by three trucks, carrying about 15 men each.

FIRST RAID FAILS--The raid came as a direct result of the failure of immigration officials to capture aliens two weeks ago. At that time a band of 10 went to the camp and when they tried to effect arrests were beaten off and attached with axes.

Some of the men who participated in the raid of two weeks ago were in the Town Hall here tonight awaiting transportation to Bangor.

The Town Hall was hired by the government men. It is the only building suitable in this immediate vicinity to house the prisoners.

Two weeks after the alleged aliens escaped arrest, word was sent to immigration officials in Washington. Secret orders were sent from Washington...

Cont. on next sheet.....

NET 40 IN GREAT RAID ON BORDER (cont)

REACH CAMP AT MIDNIGHT:

Monday, immigration officers from this state, New Hampshire, Vermont and New York arrived here. They met in the town hall and were told of their job.

Inspector Heald and Supervisor Antonio Bonazzi issued the orders and led the men toward the camp. They left here Monday night, arriving outside the camp about 12 o'clock. They were forced to walk as much as 15 miles to some of the camps.

The officers set their watches, and a zero hour of 2 o'clock was agreed upon. At that time they struck, and wild scenes were witnessed, they say, as the alleged aliens tried to escape the trap set for them.

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We also came across in the same records where Pittston Academy Town had 22,250 acres in 1880 and was valued at \$40,000. with the following notation: Mr. George S. Burrill says-This is a green town. We own the whole. Estimate 12,000,000 spruce and 3,000,000 pine. Paid \$30,000 in 1880. Well watered. Good driving. Land worth 50¢ per acre after being stripped..A note written in with lead pencil says:Recent sale warrants in fixing this value at \$50,000. This certainly must of been a good growing town as in 1880 there was 22,250 acres and in 1964 there was 27,500 acres.

Suggested songs to sing when you drive on Interstate 95

At 45 miles per hour....."Highways are Happy Ways."

At 55 miles per hour....."I'm but a Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home."

At 65 miles per hour....."Nearer My God to Thee."

At 75 miles per hour....."When the Roll is Called up Yonder."

At 85 miles per hour....."Lord, I'm Coming Home."

Mr. & Mrs Maurice Bartlett took a short cut to Mt. Dora, Florida and had Thanksgiving Dinner in Phoenix, Arizona. 3400 miles sounds to me like an awful short short-cut. When they arrive at Mt. Dora their address will be, 155 Rhodes St. E.....

The big, big snowstorm last Saturday once again caught a lot of hunters in the area without tire chains etc. They were stranded all over the country even to the mail man. Last report he is still waiting for the tire chains to come from Sears & Roebuck..

1966 calendars are coming very slow so if you have any hot looking ones kicking around send them along as we could sure use them.

*****(**

MAINE FORESTS FIRES

The year of 1903 was perhaps the worst year for forests fires in the state since 1884 as there was 267,587 acres burned that year. The largest fire was the Katahdin mountain one which took in about 84,480 acres according to the report of Edgar E. Ring, Forest Commissioner at that time. This was the first report issued by a Commissioner and covered the years of 1903 and 1904. In 1947 there must have been quite a large amount of acreage. Let's see, yes, here it is, 213,547 acres. That year will go down in history as the year of the Bar Harbor fire.

The Katahdin fire of 1903 took in the following areas:

Southeast half of Township 6, Range 10	3	Sq. Miles
Southern three-quarters of Township 6, Range 9	19	" "
Southwest corner of Township 6, Range 8	2	" "
Western half of Township 5, Range 8	8	" "
Northwestern quarter of Township 4, Range 8	15	" "
Northeast corner of Township 3, Range 8	1	" "
Most of Township 4, Range 9	32	" "
Practically all of Township 5, Range 9	36	" "
Northeast half of Township 3, Range 9	15	" "
Northeast corner of Township 4, Range 10	1	" "
Total	132	Sq. Miles
	or 84,480 acres.	

The spring of 1903 was one of the driest springs known in the state. From April 9 to June 9, a period of about 9 weeks, there was only 1.23 inches of rainfall. The largest precipitation in one day during that period fell on April 25, amounting to .46 of an inch. Forest fires during this dry time were occurring all over the state. On Tuesday June 2, came the fire which destroyed most of the forests in the Katahdin region.

Local opinion ascribes the origin to a gang of men who were constructing a telephone line near Webster lake, in Township 6, Range 9, but definite proof could not be established. On the next day, Wednesday, June 3, a very strong northwesterly wind drove the fire at a very rapid rate in the direction of Township 4. Had the wind been from the southeast the flames would have been driven on to Webster and Telos lakes, where the fire would probably have stopped, or at least been put under control. But Trout Brook, the nearest stream of any size, is far south of the place where the fire started, and by the time the stream was reached the fire had assumed uncontrollable proportions. There was no other natural barriers to the progress of the fire for a number of miles, and no attempt was made to fight it at the start.

The fire started about a mile east of Webster lake, in Township 6, Range 10, and travelled eastward before a light wind growing wider as it advanced. It crossed into Township 6, Range 9, where it went as far as the south shore of Second lake. Growing still wider it turned southward, crossed into Township 6, Range 8, where it ran to the southeastern shore of Grand Lake, and thence along the east branch almost as far south as Lunkasoo brook in Township 4, Range 8. At the same time the fire crossed the southern boundary of Township 6, Range 9, and burned all of Township 5, Range 9, excepting a narrow strip along the west edge of the township. The eastern part of the fire spread farther eastward, up the slope of Traveller mountain.

Cont. on next sheet.....

MAINE FORESTS FIRES (cont)

Then descending on the east side of the range, it lost much of its intensity, and was finally checked by the young hardwood growth which occurs there.

The part of the fire which reached the southern portion of Township 5, Range 9, was apparently travelling eastward along the north slope of Pogey range, and it appeared to the persons in the old City Camp on the Wassataquoik, in Township 4, Range 9, that it would pass north of this tract, but when the fire reached the Pogey notch it was swept into the great basin which constitutes the most of the township, and travelled southward with a great rapidity. At this stage of the fire the wind increased in velocity and the flue-like effect of Pogey notch and the South Branch valley was manifested.

The fire burned along the southern base of Pogey mountain to Big Pond, but did not burn the ridge which is green as is also the top of Centre mountain to the west. The wind drove the fire up the North Branch valley, burning the slash up the slope of Russell, and it penetrated the virgin timber in streaks. In the South Branch valley it burned the northwest corner of Turner mountain, and the lumbered land on the southeast part of Russell mountain. It was finally stopped by the virgin timber on the east side of Katahdin mountain.

The fire also followed the Wassataquoik valley, and burned all the north and eastern slope of Turner mountain, turning southeastward, it burned over the area already burned by the 1884 fire, and finally stopped near the place where the main road crosses the east line of Township 4, Range 9.

It is not known when the 1903 fire stopped. It is certain however that the blaze lost much of its intensity by Friday, June 5, It probably was not entirely extinguished until after heavy rains came on Tuesday, June 9. The greater portion of the tract was burned in a very short time.

In 1903, Township 4, Range 9, was quite inaccessible. The main road, or at least the one most travelled over, ran from Stacyville on the Bangor and Arcostook Railroad, and was about 30 miles long and very rough. It took a team of two horses, drawing even a moderately light load, 12 to 15 hours to cover the distance. A second road, used only in the winter time, extended from the Bell dam to Millinocket lake, following the general course of Sandy Stream.

On a huge boulder, in 1903, a short distance below the Bell Dam, there could still be seen painted in large letters the following legend: "Tracy and Love began lumbering operations on the Wassataquoik in 1882." Although the area was lumbered for white pine from 75 to 100 years previous to that, this marked the beginning of close cutting as well as the first spruce to be cut in this area. Only two years, in 1884, a fire swept this area which devastated over 20,000 acres.

Mr. Ring stated that it would take at least 25 to 50 years before coniferous seeds would be distributed over the area covered by the 1903 fire and that it would take 75 to 150 years for a merchantable stand to mature. Altogether it would be 100 to 200 years before the trees would be large enough to cut.

Some of the burnt area on the 37,365 acres that the Great Northern owns on Townships 4, 5, & 6, Range 8, certainly shows that it will be another 100 years before there'll be any pulpwood to cut. Baxter State Park owns 95 % of the balance of the area covered by the 1903 fire.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT

1
In the year of eighty I was born
In the town of Mount Desert
That lieth in the State of Maine
Of which it makes a part.

2
I, in fair Eden was brought up
And learned to work and play
'Tis bounded south by Mount Desert
And north by Frenchman's bay.

3
My mother's name was Lucy Somes
As you may understand
From Glous'ter they first removed
Their harbor was Cape Ann.

4
With pleasant gales they set all sail
In the year A. D. Seventy-three
The wind increased, they sailed east
A wilderness for to see.

5
I understood they made the land
Not far from Cranberry Isle
Up Somes Sound their way they found
And anchored there awhile.

6
Their ship they moored and went on shore
And took a full possession
Of George's land on every hand
And deemed it no transgression.

7
And had not George, the British King
Disturbed their corporation,
In time to come they would have increased
And multiplied a Nation.

8
But I'll return and fix my mind
On facts that's more pertaining
Unto myself throughout my life,
While lame I'm still remaining.

9
In ninety-two my mother died,
I keep that day in mind
'Twas on the eighteenth day of March
When the sun was near the line.

10
My father lived a single life
About a half a year
Then married Jane, a second wife
Which filled my mind with fear.

11
I feared in her I should not find
The mother I had lost
For she was kind in all her ways and
Virtuous precepts taught.

To be continued.....

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We also came across in the same records where Pittston Academy Town had 22,250 acres in 1880 and was valued at \$40,000. with the following notation: Mr. George S. Burrill says-This is a green town. We own the whole. Estimate 12,000,000 spruce and 3,000,000 pine. Paid \$30,000 in 1880. Well watered. Good driving. Land worth 50¢ per acre after being stripped..A note written in with lead pencil says:Recent sale warrants in fixing this value at \$50,000. This certainly must of been a good growing town as in 1880 there was 22,250 acres and in 1964 there was 27,500 acres.

Suggested songs to sing when you drive on Interstate 95

At 45 miles per hour....."Highways are Happy Ways."

At 55 miles per hour....."I'm but a Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home."

At 65 miles per hour....."Nearer My God to Thee."

At 75 miles per hour....."When the Roll is Called up Yonder."

At 85 miles per hour....."Lord, I'm Coming Home."

Mr. & Mrs Maurice Bartlett took a short cut to Mt. Dora, Florida and had Thanksgiving Dinner in Phoenix, Arizona. 3400 miles sounds to me like an awful short short-cut. When they arrive at Mt. Dora their address will be, 155 Rhodes St. E.....

The big, big snowstorm last Saturday once again caught a lot of hunters in the area without tire chains etc. They were stranded all over the country even to the mail man. Last report he is still waiting for the tire chains to come from Sears & Roebuck..

1966 calendars are coming very slow so if you have any hot looking ones kicking around send them along as we could sure use them.

*****(**

MAINE FORESTS FIRES

The year of 1903 was perhaps the worst year for forests fires in the state since 1884 as there was 267,587 acres burned that year. The largest fire was the Katahdin mountain one which took in about 84,480 acres according to the report of Edgar E. Ring, Forest Commissioner at that time. This was the first report issued by a Commissioner and covered the years of 1903 and 1904. In 1947 there must have been quite a large amount of acreage. Let's see, yes, here it is, 213,547 acres. That year will go down in history as the year of the Bar Harbor fire.

The Katahdin fire of 1903 took in the following areas:

Southeast half of Township 6, Range 10	3	Sq. Miles
Southern three-quarters of Township 6, Range 9	19	" "
Southwest corner of Township 6, Range 8	2	" "
Western half of Township 5, Range 8	8	" "
Northwestern quarter of Township 4, Range 8	15	" "
Northeast corner of Township 3, Range 8	1	" "
Most of Township 4, Range 9	32	" "
Practically all of Township 5, Range 9	36	" "
Northeast half of Township 3, Range 9	15	" "
Northeast corner of Township 4, Range 10	1	" "
Total	132	Sq. Miles
	or 84,480 acres.	

The spring of 1903 was one of the driest springs known in the state. From April 9 to June 9, a period of about 9 weeks, there was only 1.23 inches of rainfall. The largest precipitation in one day during that period fell on April 25, amounting to .46 of an inch. Forest fires during this dry time were occurring all over the state. On Tuesday June 2, came the fire which destroyed most of the forests in the Katahdin region.

Local opinion ascribes the origin to a gang of men who were constructing a telephone line near Webster lake, in Township 6, Range 9, but definite proof could not be established. On the next day, Wednesday, June 3, a very strong northwesterly wind drove the fire at a very rapid rate in the direction of Township 4. Had the wind been from the southeast the flames would have been driven on to Webster and Telos lakes, where the fire would probably have stopped, or at least been put under control. But Trout Brook, the nearest stream of any size, is far south of the place where the fire started, and by the time the stream was reached the fire had assumed uncontrollable proportions. There was no other natural barriers to the progress of the fire for a number of miles, and no attempt was made to fight it at the start.

The fire started about a mile east of Webster lake, in Township 6, Range 10, and travelled eastward before a light wind growing wider as it advanced. It crossed into Township 6, Range 9, where it went as far as the south shore of Second lake. Growing still wider it turned southward, crossed into Township 6, Range 8, where it ran to the southeastern shore of Grand Lake, and thence along the east branch almost as far south as Lunkasook brook in Township 4, Range 8. At the same time the fire crossed the southern boundary of Township 6, Range 9, and burned all of Township 5, Range 9, excepting a narrow strip along the west edge of the township. The eastern part of the fire spread farther eastward, up the slope of Traveller mountain.

Cont. on next sheet.....

MAINE FORESTS FIRES (cont)

Then descending on the east side of the range, it lost much of its intensity, and was finally checked by the young hardwood growth which occurs there.

The part of the fire which reached the southern portion of Township 5, Range 9, was apparently travelling eastward along the north slope of Pogey range, and it appeared to the persons in the old City Camp on the Wassataquoik, in Township 4, Range 9, that it would pass north of this tract, but when the fire reached the Pogey notch it was swept into the great basin which constitutes the most of the township, and travelled southward with a great rapidity. At this stage of the fire the wind increased in velocity and the flue-like effect of Pogey notch and the South Branch valley was manifested.

The fire burned along the southern base of Pogey mountain to Big Pond, but did not burn the ridge which is green as is also the top of Centre mountain to the west. The wind drove the fire up the North Branch valley, burning the slash up the slope of Russell, and it penetrated the virgin timber in streaks. In the South Branch valley it burned the northwest corner of Turner mountain, and the lumbered land on the southeast part of Russell mountain. It was finally stopped by the virgin timber on the east side of Katahdin mountain.

The fire also followed the Wassataquoik valley, and burned all the north and eastern slope of Turner mountain, turning southeastward, it burned over the area already burned by the 1884 fire, and finally stopped near the place where the main road crosses the east line of Township 4, Range 9.

It is not known when the 1903 fire stopped. It is certain however that the blaze lost much of its intensity by Friday, June 5, It probably was not entirely extinguished until after heavy rains came on Tuesday, June 9. The greater portion of the tract was burned in a very short time.

In 1903, Township 4, Range 9, was quite inaccessible. The main road, or at least the one most travelled over, ran from Stacyville on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, and was about 30 miles long and very rough. It took a team of two horses, drawing even a moderately light load, 12 to 15 hours to cover the distance. A second road, used only in the winter time, extended from the Bell dam to Millinocket lake, following the general course of Sandy Stream.

On a huge boulder, in 1903, a short distance below the Bell Dam, there could still be seen painted in large letters the following legend: "Tracy and Love began lumbering operations on the Wassataquoik in 1882." Although the area was lumbered for white pine from 75 to 100 years previous to that, this marked the beginning of close cutting as well as the first spruce to be cut in this area. Only two years, in 1884, a fire swept this area which devastated over 20,000 acres.

Mr. Ring stated that it would take at least 25 to 50 years before coniferous seeds would be distributed over the area covered by the 1903 fire and that it would take 75 to 150 years for a merchantable stand to mature. Altogether it would be 100 to 200 years before the trees would be large enough to cut.

Some of the burnt area on the 37,365 acres that the Great Northern owns on Townships 4, 5, & 6, Range 8, certainly shows that it will be another 100 years before there'll be any pulpwood to cut. Baxter State Park owns 95 % of the balance of the area covered by the 1903 fire.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT

1 1

In the year of eighty I was born
In the town of Mount Desert
That lieth in the State of Maine
Of which it makes a part.

2

I, in fair Eden was brought up
And learned to work and play
'Tis bounded south by Mount Desert
And north by Frenchman's bay.

3

My mother's name was Lucy Somes
As you may understand
From Glous'ter they first removed
Their harbor was Cape Ann.

4

With pleasant gales they set all sail
In the year A. D. Seventy-three
The wind increased, they sailed east
A wilderness for to see.

5

I understood they made the land
Not far from Cranberry Isle
Up Somes Sound their way they found
And anchored there awhile.

6

Their ship they moored and went on shore
And took a full possession
Of George's land on every hand
And deemed it no transgression.

7

And had not George, the British King
Disturbed their corporation,
In time to come they would have increased
And multiplied a Nation.

8

But I'll return and fix my mind
On facts that's more pertaining
Unto myself throughout my life,
While lame I'm still remaining.

9

In ninety-two my mother died,
I keep that day in mind
'Twas on the eighteenth day of March
When the sun was near the line.

10

My father lived a single life
About a half a year
Then married Jane, a second wife
Which filled my mind with fear.

11

I feared in her I should not find
The mother I had lost
For she was kind in all her ways and
Virtuous precepts taught.

To be continued.....

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To prove that all the above, which some of you are indubitably thinking is theoretical daydreaming, is true, and to place credit where due, I would like to give a brief resume of the accomplishments of one of the Great Northern Areas.

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Since the beginning of the hauling season commencing about the middle of December until the 31st of May, which includes the hauling and the first two months of the drive, there had been only 9 lost time accidents. This becomes even more remarkable when one considers that approximately 352,000 man hours had been worked, giving a frequency for this period of 25.

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IN THOSE TIGHT CAPRI PANTS THE GIRLS ARE WEARING?
SURE WOULD BE INTERESTING TO WATCH.

12

In ninety-three two sisters dear
Likewise a brother too,
Was called away by sudden death
To bid this world adieu.

13

In one wide grave they three were laid
They died within one week
And no physician could be found
To give the least relief.

14

Then out of six within one week
We were reduced to three
But I was one that still was saved
A lengthened life to see.

15

Now up to seventy years and six
My life has been prolonged,
While millions of the human race
Have sickened, died and gone.

16

Upon a farm I was brought up
And learned to plow and hoe
To use the pitchfork, scythe and rake
And after cows to go.

17

I learned to milk when very young
Not over twelve years old
And have continued in that course
Through seasons heat and cold.

18

Up to this time, I'm still inclined
To tend around the barn
And feed the cattle, sheep and hens
Protecting them from harm.

19

To give them hay, day after day
And see they often drink
And see the calves they are not starved
I oft' times on them think.

20

I often thought when but a boy
If I was only free
What property I soon could make
By sailing on the sea.

21

The day at length it did arrive
And I was twenty one
I now enjoyed full liberty
Throughout this world to roam.

22

I first took up the coasting trade
And sailed along the shore
I sailed from Eastport to New York
And many places more.

To be cont....

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From the inability of the prospectors to make accurate measurements and draw reliable conclusions, the ledge which holds the gold maybe 75 miles or 150 miles north and west from the railway, though the chances are that the distance is in the vicinity of 100 miles.

Reasoning from prevailing conditions in other gold mines the chances are that the undiscovered source of Maine gold is in a quartz or zone which, in geological times far remote, was injected into a crack between the original granite and the later schist, and that when the mine is discovered it will be found to hold vast wealth.

GOLD IN SANDS-Prospectors have found gold in Maine sands and gravels along the river courses for more than a century.

Large quantities of the precious metal have been washed from the earth near Sandy river in Franklin county by three generations of Maine residents.

From 1816 to 1820 it is estimated that fully \$50,000 of dust was taken out and sold and again some ten years ago the mining fever broke out with fresh vigor and for six months or more there were men camping near the river banks and washing the sands with results that yielded from 75 cents to \$1.50 a day to those who were diligent.

Recently the Franklin county gold fever has broken out afresh and the yield of the sands is greater than ever before.

The trouble with the deposits that nobody can find the parent lode from which the grains of drift gold started.

Some years ago Charles Holtz, a watchmaker of Danforth, became so interested in tracing the treasure back to its starting point that he spent three months in the woods digging and washing earth in the hope of gaining some definite information.

Buying a wheelbarrow and pans and the required chutes for washing the earth rapidly, he hired a muscular man and together they started out to trace the gold-bearing sands across Maine.

Owing to a lack of running water close at hand, they were at times compelled to leave gaps several miles in length between the points of excavation; but by making careful note of the value of the gold washed from a cubic yard of earth they were able to determine the points which paid best returns.

In the eastern part of the State near the New Brunswick line no more than a trace of gold could be washed from a wheelbarrow load, and though both men dug and washed earth for ten hours a day the result of the labor seldom amounted to more than \$1 in gold dust.

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Among the coarse gravels and pebbles of a hill in the town of Jackman they found a number of nuggets as large as peas, some of them being attached to bits of quartz, which had been rounded and polished by the action of water or ice, though there was no sign of the gold dust which had been found 75 miles to the east.

This led Mr. Holtz to think that the finer particles of gold had been carried further to the south--perhaps as far as the deposit known to exist in Sandy river, though he had not time to follow up his theory by making investigations.

The following winter, while Mr. Holtz sat in his office and repaired watches and mended jewelry, he thought out a plan for making a systematic hunt for the parent lode of the fugitive gold that had been found in Maine.

Accepting as a fact the statement made by the geologists that all gold found in the state was of glacial or drift origin, he resolved to hunt back along the glacier markings on the exposed ledges and thus reach the starting point.

It was a difficult job because much of the territory was covered with bogs and marshes and whenever ledges appeared through the soil they were composed of granite or gneiss rocks.

RICH DEPOSITS--All of the fourth summer, Mr. Holtz spent in the woods with compass and chain, measuring the angle of rock striation and determining a base line which could be used for rough triangulation. The direction of the glacier tracks led south by about 18 degrees east.

Running his base line at right angles to the direction of the glacier movements he secured a base line 24 miles in length and late in the fall, having determined the angles of imaginary lines which should meet at some point in Northern Maine or Canada, he went home to chart out the location of the hidden gold mine by trigonometry.

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Another fire started near Blair's Hill Tuesday when a freak bolt of lightning deserted the rainstorm pelting Greenville and struck a tree, setting fire to a dry spruce, and putting out the lights at Greenslopes. Irwin Sloper reported it and it was quickly controlled. During this dry time two foremen and 100 men are kept on call over the weekends at the C. C. C. camp for fires.

23

My work was hard both night and day
I suffered heat and cold
I spared no pains, made no delay
In search of glittering gold.

24

But seven years before the mast
Ship's duty I performed
But often times I thought and wished
I never had been born.

25

My Captain, he would curse and swear
Yes! curse me to my face
When I was doing all I could
To put things in their place.

26

O, how I longed to see the day
When I should once command
Then I would take full liberty
In calling on the hands.

27

The day arrived and I was made
A Captain on the sea
But care and troubles followed on
There was no peace for me.

28

For four years more I tried my luck
I sailed along the shore
And freights of various kinds I took
For to increase my store.

29

Sometimes I got the best of freights
And sometimes not so good
Sometimes I freighted boards and plank
And sometimes maple wood.

30

The fall before the British war
I took a load of plaster
Laid on the line, took course and fine
Disasters followed after.

31

For Philadelphia we set sail
The wind at east was blowing
Which soon increased into a gale
And soon commenced to snowing.

32

We doubled reefed our lower sails
And for Cape Cod we steered
But fell to leeward off the Cape
And Chatham lights appeared.

33

Across Nantucket Shoals we sailed
By soundings of the lead
And anchored safe in Holmes's Hole
Upon its sandy bed.

To be cont.....

December 16, 1965

Volume 3 No. 40

Cutting scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 19,159 cds; H. Marcoux, 17,733 cds; Wellie Caouette, 17,329 cds; Phil Paquet, 12,734 cds; I. L. Dumas, 9,165 cds. Total to date for this area, 76,120 cords.

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