

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

Great Northern Paper Company Records

Manuscripts

1965

Pittston Farm Weekly, Volume 4, 1965-1966

Great Northern Paper Company

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/great_northern



Part of the [Genealogy Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Great Northern Paper Company Records by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

DECEMBER 23, 1965

VOLUME 4 No. 1

Cutting scale this week: Lucion Gosselin, 19,804 cds; Wellie Caouette, 17,767 cds; Henri Marcoux, 17,733 cds; Phil Paquet, 12,938 cds and I. L. Dumas, 9,390 cds. Total cut to date, 77,632 cords. Paquet has 1392 cords landed and Dumas has 472 cords. The other camps will begin hauling after New Years.

When did the Great Northern Paper Company cut the first wood for the new mill that was being built at Millinocket?

It was the winter of 1899 & 1900 according to the cash book of A.V. Robinson and on the South Branch of the Penobscot River.

October 13, 1899... Bert Burr with three men: Sam Wallace, Hiram Astle, and Chas. Campbell arrived in Jackman from Greenville via C. P. Railroad. Their tickets cost \$6.40 and freight on their bags was \$1.89.

October 23rd... 6 horses and two men arrived in Jackman from Bangor via road and their expenses for the trip was \$14.85.

October 25th... Bert Burr bought a pair of oxen in Armstrong that cost \$75. for the pair. The duty on same was \$21.52.

October 30th... Vinal Robinson arrived in Jackman with 13 men: Will Prescott, Tom Gibbons, Frank Small, Isaac Paul, George Diamond, Will Myrick, Louis Whitten, Russell Spratt, J. W. Coffey, Jack Fitzsimmons, John McAloon, Roy Benjamin and Eddie Turner. Their fares cost \$42.15 from Bangor to Jackman.

The cut was supervised by C. W. Mullen who was involved in the preliminary work of building the mill: Bert Burr was the foreman. We could not find the name of the township or how much they cut but they finished on April 14th, 1900 and spent \$16,594.64....

Mr. Mullen took a trip to Megantic and Sherbrooke in October 1899 at Mr. Schencks request to see about wood for the Madison Mill. His expenses for the trip was \$33.00 and \$25.00 was for a 1000 mile mileage book on the C. P. Railroad.

Blaine Moores of the Squaw Mountain Inn certainly did not appreciate us trying to beat him down on the fee for New Year's Eve. The price is \$9.00 per each which covers: delicious buffet (8 p.m.), party, noise makers, dancing and entertainment plus the breakfast at 2:00 a.m. Please note the cocktails do not go with the party..

We have received a \$1. deposit on the I. P. Chain Camp for the honeymoon of Gene Putnam and are now in a quandary as which account to credit the money to. Since it is for a honeymoon it can't very well be credited to any controllable account nor can it be classified as a casual sale. I guess we'll have to give it to the 86 account: Non-Controllable-Miscellaneous Sale and hope it has no lasting effects on the budget or the Putnam's.....

FIVE YEAR OLD, INSPECTING HIS BRAND NEW, WRINKLED, BABY BROTHER:
"BOY, IS HE UGLY, MAMA. NO WONDER YOU HID HIM UNDER YOUR DRESS
SO LONG!"

80,000 ACRES OF TIMBERLAND BOUGHT BY GREAT NORTHERN...

The purchase of approximately 80,000 acres of timberlands from the Samuel Hersey Land Company of Bangor, by the Great Northern Paper Co., was recorded Wednesday in the registry of deeds. These timberlands are in Penobscot, Piscataquis and Aroostook counties. The deed was signed by Eva E. Mudge as president and C. S. Macartney as treasurer of the Hersey Land Company..... Bangor News.. 1937

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEARS

LETTERS FROM THE ARCHIVES

Mr. F. A. Gilbert
Bangor, Maine

June 13, 1912

Dear Sir; At Pittston the closets in the bar room are an unclean sight the way the men use them. Would you think it best to finish a toilet room down cellar with no entrance to any other part of the cellar and put the closets down there with stairway from bar room to toilet room. And put in an urinal as well as stools.

There is a chance to go down stairs under the stair case that goes up stairs and it would be possible to finish off in cement a small room with cement floor. There seems to be need for one or more urinals as well as stools.

Respectfully yours,
Everett E. Amey

Mr. Everett E. Amey

160 Exchange Street, Bangor, Me.

June 20, 1912

Dear Sir: Acknowledging yours of June 13th regarding the Pittston closets. We have no doubt that they would be as unclean in the basement as they are in the main office. The reason that we put them in the office was that they might enjoy their nastiness close at hand. We do not care to deprive them of any inexpensive pleasures.

Yours truly, F. A. Gilbert

Mr. Everett E. Amey

160 Exchange Street, Bangor, Me.

June 29, 1912

Dear Sir: I told you on June 21st to submit an estimate on the cost of changing the closets at Pittston. Where is it?

Yours truly, F. A. Gilbert

Apparently Mr. Amey submitted the cost as today there is 3 flush toilets, 4 lavatories, 1 shower bath and a urinal.

Mr. L. G. White
Bangor Office

March 31, 1920

Dear Sir:-

I noticed the day I was at the camps on the Seboomook & St. John Railway there was three clerks about the place not engaged. When we arrived on the job two of them, that were asleep got up and one of them went to cleaning out the camp. The other fellow in the office made no pretext at being engaged and the third did not really do anything.

I have reports from the Auditing Department that many of the clerks are letting their work go, particular one by the name of Scribner, at Main River Operation, who is to complete his work at the Bangor Office. Would recommend pounding them on the back and making them keep up with their work. There is no reason why Main River contractors should not be settled with in a short time after scale bills have been turned in. Clerical work should not be put off from day to day pending final clean-up. It is better for the clerks to get their work done and take the time in fitting out themselves with recreation than it is to be dragging it along into the spring months. With this end in view would like for you to put on pressure enough to clean it up, and when a job is cleaned up have them move out at the earliest possible time. A clerk can be carried on salary just as well down here as up-river, and it makes a better appearance.

Yours truly, F. A. Gilbert

L. G. White penciled on margin, "Not any of my men."

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

Adelard Gilbert, veteran woods foreman retires December 31st this year. From the time when Adelard first went to work for the Company at the age of 14, he worked on every phase and type of work connected with harvesting logs and pulpwood in the State of Maine. In 1943 he hired out with Peter Drouin as camp foreman in the Fourth St. John country with a background that made him one of the best foremen in this section of the country. Under Peter Drouin's tutelage he picked up more experience connected with mechanized hauling of wood as Pete was considered a "Paul Bunyon" when it came to hauling wood with tractors.

In 1951, Adelard had his first independent contract from the company in the Baker Brook Country where he cut 24,730 cords and tractor hauled during the winter 41,029 cords into 5th St. John Pond. In 1952-1953 he cut 21,237 cords in the same country and tractor hauled 35,284 cords into 5th St. John.

In 1953-1954 he moved to Big Bog where he cut 12,115 cords. This was a short haul and he used horses instead of tractors.

In 1954-1955 he was back at Big Bog and cut & horse hauled 10,053 cords.

In 1955-1956 he moved back to the St. John country where he had three camps and cut 43,849 cords. Trucks were used to haul the wood into 5th St. John Pond.

In 1956-1957 Adelard moved in on the Scott Brook Road where he cut 10,177 cords. This wood was tractor hauled into Cassidy Deadwater on Russell Stream and was the last year for tractors for him.

There was no wood cut in this area during 1957-1958 but in 1958-1959 Adealrd & Wellie Caouette together operated at the Caucomgomac Depot camps where they cut 8,842 cords. This wood being close to the landing was horse hauled.

During 1959 & 1960 Adelard cut the right-of-way for the Black Pond Winter Haul Road, a distance of 9 miles from the Scott Brook camp and his total cut that year was 18,490 cords which was trucked into Black Pond. The next year he was in the same place and cut & hauled 15,485 cords.

During 1961 & 1962 he cut the right-of-way for the Caucomgomac Dam road, a distance of 5½ miles from the Black Pond Winter Haul Road. He had charge of the bull-dozing of the right-of-way for this road and also for the Withey Brook road. During the winter he hauled the 1,266 cords of wood that was from the right-of-way.

In 1962 & 1963 he cut and trucked 13,797 cords, landing same in Black Pond. In 1963 & 1964 also 1964 & 1965 he was in the same location cutting and trucking 15,529 cords & 14,270 cords respectfully.

In 1965 he moved to the former Marcoux camp on Wadleigh Brook where he will have 4 million long spruce logs on the skids by the first of January. This is the first time long length spruce has been cut in this country since the days of F. A. Gilbert although pine and hardwood logs have been cut almost every year.

Since 1951, Adelard has supervised cutting 193,217 cords of pulpwood in addition to numerous other jobs in this country plus the 4 million feet of long logs this year. Will he stop now? Our guess is no as we feel he'll be back in the woods next year and the following year and so on just as long as he can see & walk. Once the woods life gets in your blood you're dedicated to it as long as you live.....

34

The wind at Northeast blew a gale
About the hour of noon
We lost an anchor, drifted up
On shore at the Lagoon.

35

I hired a crew to get her off,
They used both boat and barge
And soon we found our ship afloat
By six days working hard.

36

We found by beating on the shoals
Had caused our ship to leak
And that some port for to discharge
We now were bound to seek/

37

Then for New York we set our sails
And sailed along the sound
We passed through Hurlgate on our way
And anchored off the town.

38

We sold our plaster on the wharf
Got ready to return
The wind and weather proving fair
We now set sail for home.

39

We crossed Nantucket Shoals once more
With fair and pleasant gales
While one kept heaving of the lead
The others trimmed the sail.

40

The Pollock Rip we safely passed
And hauled up for Cape Cod
We shortly met the northern sea
Our ship began to nod.

41

The wind it quickly diod away
Then came in with a squall
Which carried spars and sail away
With shrouds and lanyards all.

42

And now before the wind and sea
We send our shattered bark
A cargo we had none on board
Unlike to Noah's Ark

43

We drove about from east to west
Before the sea and wind
Our terror I cannot express
We feared a fatal end.

44

For many days and many nights
The furious gale did blow
The waves ran high toward the sky
Our ship rolled to and fro.....

Cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

DECEMBER 23, 1965

VOLUME 4 No. 1

Cutting scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 19,804 cds; Wellie Caouette, 17,767 cds; Henri Marcoux, 17,733 cds; Phil Paquet, 12,938 cds and I. L. Dumas, 9,390 cds. Total cut to date, 77,632 cords. Paquet has 1392 cords landed and Dumas has 472 cords. The other camps will begin hauling after New Years.

When did the Great Northern Paper Company cut the first wood for the new mill that was being built at Millinocket?

It was the winter of 1899 & 1900 according to the cash book of A.V. Robinson and on the South Branch of the Penobscot River.

October 13, 1899...Bert Burr with three men: Sam Wallace, Hiram Astle, and Chas. Campbell arrived in Jackman from Greenville via C. P. Railroad. Their tickets cost \$6.40 and freight on their bags was \$1.89.

October 23rd..6 horses and two men arrived in Jackman from Bangor via road and their expenses for the trip was \$14.85.

October 25th..Bert Burr bought a pair of oxen in Armstrong that cost \$75. for the pair. The duty on same was \$21.52.

October 30th...Vinal Robinson arrived in Jackman with 13 men: Will Prescott, Tom Gibbons, Frank Small, Isaac Paul, George Diamond, Will Myrick, Louis Whitten, Russell Spratt, J. W. Coffey, Jack Fitzsimmons, John McAloon, Roy Benjamin and Eddie Turner. Their fares cost \$42.15 from Bangor to Jackman.

The cut was supervised by C. W. Mullen who was involved in the preliminary work of building the mill. Bert Burr was the foreman. We could not find the name of the township or how much they cut but they finished on April 14th, 1900 and spent \$16,594.64....

Mr. Mullen took a trip to Megantic and Sherbrooke in October 1899 at Mr. Schencks request to see about wood for the Madison Mill. His expenses for the trip was \$33.00 and \$25.00 was for a 1000 mile mileage book on the C. P. Railroad.

Blaine Moores of the Squaw Mountain Inn certainly did not appreciate us trying to beat him down on the fee for New Year's Eve. The price is \$9.00 per each which covers: delicious buffet (8 p.m.), party, noise makers, dancing and entertainment plus the breakfast at 2:00 a.m. Please note the cocktails do not go with the party..

We have received a \$1. deposit on the I. P. Chain Camp for the honeymoon of Gene Putnam and are now in a quandary as which account to credit the money to. Since it is for a honeymoon it can't very well be credited to any controllable account nor can it be classified as a casual sale. I guess we'll have to give it to the 86 account: Non-Controllable-Miscellaneous Sale and hope it has no lasting effects on the budget or the Putnam's.....

FIVE YEAR OLD, INSPECTING HIS BRAND NEW, WRINKLED, BABY BROTHER;
"BOY, IS HE UGLY, MAMA. NO WONDER YOU HID HIM UNDER YOUR DRESS SO LONG!"

80,000 ACRES OF TIMBERLAND BOUGHT BY GREAT NORTHERN...

The purchase of approximately 80,000 acres of timberlands from the Samuel Hersey Land Company of Bangor, by the Great Northern Paper Co., was recorded Wednesday in the registry of deeds. These timberlands are in Penobscot, Piscataquis and Aroostook counties. The deed was signed by Eva E. Mudge as president and C. S. Macartney as treasurer of the Hersey Land Company.....Bangor News..1937

MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEARS

LETTERS FROM THE ARCHIVES

Mr. F. A. Gilbert
Bangor, Maine

June 13, 1912

Dear Sir; At Pittston the closets in the bar room are an unclean sight the way the men use them. Would you think it best to finish a toilet room down cellar with no entrance to any other part of the cellar and put the closets down there with stairway from bar room to toilet room. And put in an urinal as well as stools.

There is a chance to go down stairs under the stair case that goes up stairs and it would be possible to finish off in cement a small room with cement floor. There seems to be need for one or more urinals as well as stools.

Respectfully yours,
Everett E. Amey

Mr. Everett E. Amey

160 Exchange Street, Bangor, Me.

June 20, 1912

Dear Sir: Acknowledging yours of June 13th regarding the Pittston closets. We have no doubt that they would be as unclean in the basement as they are in the main office. The reason that we put them in the office was that they might enjoy their nastiness close at hand. We do not care to deprive them of any inexpensive pleasures.

Yours truly, F. A. Gilbert

Mr. Everett E. Amey

160 Exchange Street, Bangor, Me.

June 29, 1912

Dear Sir: I told you on June 21st to submit an estimate on the cost of changing the closets at Pittston. Where is it?

Yours truly, F. A. Gilbert

Apparently Mr. Amey submitted the cost as today there is 3 flush toilets, 4 lavatories, 1 shower bath and a urinal.

Mr. L. G. White
Bangor Office

March 31, 1920

Dear Sir:-

I noticed the day I was at the camps on the Seboomook & St. John Railway there was three clerks about the place not engaged. When we arrived on the job two of them, that were asleep got up and one of them went to cleaning out the camp. The other fellow in the office made no pretext at being engaged and the third did not really do anything.

I have reports from the Auditing Department that many of the clerks are letting their work go, particular one by the name of Scribner, at Main River Operation, who is to complete his work at the Bangor Office. Would recommend pounding them on the back and making them keep up with their work. There is no reason why Main River contractors should not be settled with in a short time after scale bills have been turned in. Clerical work should not be put off from day to day pending final clean-up. It is better for the clerks to get their work done and take the time in fitting out themselves with recreation than it is to be dragging it along into the spring months. With this end in view would like for you to put on pressure enough to clean it up, and when a job is cleaned up have them move out at the earliest possible time. A clerk can be carried on salary just as well down here as up-river, and it makes a better appearance.

Yours truly, F. A. Gilbert

L. G. White penciled on margin. "Not any of my men."

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

Adelard Gilbert, veteran woods foreman retires December 31st this year. From the time when Adelard first went to work for the Company at the age of 14, he worked on every phase and type of work connected with harvesting logs and pulpwood in the State of Maine. In 1943 he hired out with Peter Drouin as camp foreman in the Fourth St. John country with a background that made him one of the best foremen in this section of the country. Under Peter Drouin's tutelage he picked up more experience connected with mechanized hauling of wood as Pete was considered a "Paul Bunyon" when it came to hauling wood with tractors.

In 1951, Adelard had his first independent contract from the company in the Baker Brook Country where he cut 24,730 cords and tractor hauled during the winter 41,029 cords into 5th St. John Pond. In 1952-1953 he cut 21,237 cords in the same country and tractor hauled 35,284 cords into 5th St. John.

In 1953-1954 he moved to Big Bog where he cut 12,115 cords. This was a short haul and he used horses instead of tractors.

In 1954-1955 he was back at Big Bog and cut & horse hauled 10,053 cords.

In 1955-1956 he moved back to the St. John country where he had three camps and cut 43,849 cords. Trucks were used to haul the wood into 5th St. John Pond.

In 1956-1957 Adelard moved in on the Scott Brook Road where he cut 10,177 cords. This wood was tractor hauled into Cassidy Deadwater on Russell Stream and was the last year for tractors for him.

There was no wood cut in this area during 1957-1958 but in 1958-1959 Adealrd & Wellie Caouette together operated at the Caucomgomac Depot camps where they cut 8,842 cords. This wood being close to the landing was horse hauled.

During 1959 & 1960 Adelard cut the right-of-way for the Black Pond Winter Haul Road, a distance of 9 miles from the Scott Brook camp and his total cut that year was 18,490 cords which was trucked into Black Pond. The next year he was in the same place and cut & hauled 15,485 cords.

During 1961 & 1962 he cut the right-of-way for the Caucomgomac Dam road, a distance of 5½ miles from the Black Pond Winter Haul Road. He had charge of the bull-dozing of the right-of-way for this road and also for the Withey Brook road. During the winter he hauled the 1,266 cords of wood that was from the right-of-way.

In 1962 & 1963 he cut and trucked 13,797 cords, landing same in Black Pond. In 1963 & 1964 also 1964 & 1965 he was in the same location cutting and trucking 15,529 cords & 14,270 cords respectfully.

In 1965 he moved to the former Marcoux camp on Wadleigh Brook where he woll have 4 million long spruce logs on the skids by the first of January. This is the first time long length spruce has been cut in this country since the days of F. A. Gilbert although pine and hardwood logs have been cut almost every year.

Since 1951, Adelard has supervised cutting 193,217 cords of pulpwood in addition to numerous other jobs in this country plus the 4 million feet of long logs this year. Will he stop now? Our guess is no as we feel he'll be back in the woods next year and the following year and so on just as long as he can see & walk. Once the woods life gets in your blood you're dedicated to it as long as you live.....

34

The wind at Northeast blew a gale
About the hour of noon
We lost an anchor, drifted up
On shore at the Lagoon.

35

I hired a crew to get her off,
They used both boat and barge
And soon we found our ship afloat
By six days working hard.

36

We found by beating on the shoals
Had caused our ship to leak
And that some port for to discharge
We now were bound to seek/

37

Then for New York we set our sails
And sailed along the sound
We passed through Hurlgate on our way
And anchored off the town.

38

We sold our plaster on the wharf
Got ready to return
The wind and weather proving fair
We now set sail for home.

39

We crossed Nantucket Shoals once more
With fair and pleasant gales
While one kept heaving of the lead
The others trimmed the sail.

40

The Pollock Rip we safely passed
And hauled up for Cape Cod
We shortly met the northern sea
Our ship began to nod.

41

The wind it quickly died away
Then came in with a squall
Which carried spars and sail away
With shrouds and lanyards all.

42

And now before the wind and sea
We send our shattered bark
A cargo we had none on board
Unlike to Noah's Ark

43

We drove about from east to west
Before the sea and wind
Our terror I cannot express
We feared a fatal end.

44

For many days and many nights
The furious gale did blow
The waves ran high toward the sky
Our ship rolled to and fro.

Cont.....

JANUARY 6, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 2

The final cutting scales are now in: Lucien Gosselin, 19,884 cds; Wellie Caouette, 17,767 cds; Henri Marcoux, 17,733 cds; Phillip Paquet, 12,938 cds; I. L. Dumas, 9,502 cds. Total cut, 77,824 cds. There will be approximately 150 cords more from the hardwood jobbers that will bring it up to about 78,000 cords. Phillip Paquet has 4,154 cords landed on the North Branch. Henri Marcoux started to haul Tuesday of this week. It will probably be next week before Caouette & Gosselin start in as they need some very cold weather to freeze their landings.

A letter from Henry McMahon telling us that the first camp he built on the South Branch in 1939 (we say 1940) was on the same campground that was used in 1899 to make the first cut for the Great Northern's new mill that was being built in Millinocket. This campsite was on Prentiss Township and we believe the name of the small brook that runs into the South Branch was called Mud Brook. To get the lumber to build the camp, Henry purchased a sawmill from a junk dealer in Milo for \$250 with the understanding that he truck it down from Presque Isle. He used it to saw out the lumber for his first camp and for two others later and he also sawed out the material to build four dams including Kelly. When Ricker & Aucoin moved in, in 1942 there was 100,000 feet of lumber sawed and stacked which burnt along with the sawmill.

Ivan Jeffery has been transferred to the Deaconess Hospital in Boston and there is some talk of an operation sometime in the near future. The address is: Room 421, Deaconess Hospital, 175 Pilgrim Road, Boston Mass.

Patrick Begin's son, Claude, was involved in a serious accident Sunday in St. George when his car rolled over. He is in the Dieu Hospital at Quebec City at the present time and his condition is not too good.

The icy roads in the Pittston area Sunday & Monday brought out the tire chains en masse. There were several cars parked in the road and out of the road all the way from Rockwood up the North Branch road. There was one that was reported as being slightly off the road between the I. P. Chain and Ste. Aurelie. Nine mile hikes are a great tonic to keep one in good health when they work in the woods.

Wayne Carpenter, clerk of Paquet Contract moved into one of the cottages this week with his family.

Mr. & Mrs George Belmont are moving into one of the apartments at Pittston sometime this week.

WHAT A HUSBAND CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW EVERYTHING LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THE BERRIES BEFORE THE WEDDING COULD TURN OUT SUCH AN AWFUL LEMON.

The December weather report shows a high temperature of 37 degrees on Dec. 31 and a low of -18 degrees on Dec. 12. There was eleven inches of snow that fell during the month with 1.44 inches of precipitation. To date we have had 32 inches of snow this winter and there was 13 inches accumulation on December 31st.

"I'M NOT SAYING SHE'S A BAD COOK," SAID THE BOY FRIEND, "BUT I KNOW WHY HER FAMILY PRAYS BEFORE EVERY MEAL."

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE?

By Henry Milliken

Last February the word went up and down the North and West branches of the Penobscot River that Joseph A. Marceau was retiring after 45 years as a clerk in the logging camps and on the river drives of northern Maine.

On the last day of March, Joe Marceau carefully covered an adding machine, calculator and typewriter, finishing the closing of the books for the 1964-65 season for the Wellie Caouette pulpwood-cutting operation on Abacotnetic Stream.

Mr. Marceau's co-workers, friends and representatives of the Great Northern Paper Company gave him a retirement party at a Greenville hotel on Saturday evening, May 22. His friends and acquaintances came from all sections of Maine. Each had a story or two to tell about Mr. Marceau's experiences as a clerk in the logging camps or during the many river drives which he participated in. STARTED IN 1920...Joe Marceau's career as a logging camp clerical worker began during the month of August, 1920, following one year in the Quartermaster Corp of the U. S. Army at Fort McKinley. Within a few months after enlisting he was promoted to sergeant, a promotion that ordinarily took a man from five to seven years. His position as store keeper was a responsible one. He had charge of checking all property coming into and going out of the Post, issuing equipment and clothing to the men, and making out papers for such transactions.

His first position with the Great Northern Paper Company was as a timekeeper at Soper Brook Operation, where the veteran woods clerk, John E. Mea, was in charge of the clerical department.

Joe Marceau was fortunate in having John E. Mea as his immediate superior. An oldtimer, Johnny Mea was for many years known as the foremost instructor of woods timekeepers, the dean of clerks, a mathematician without equal and dominating his other qualifications, a "mixer" who was equally at ease with a cookee or with a highranking company official.

Joe discovered that a timekeeper's tasks were many and varied. Usually the "roll-out" call in the morning was issued from the strong lungs of a husky cookee or from a make-shift gong steadily beaten by the cook outside the cookroom. Joe soon learned this up-and-at'em routine. He also realized that the "greenhorn" timekeepers at most Depot camps, had their own alarm clocks, set to sound at least half an hour before the roll-out call; and then they crawled from their bunks to start a fire in the bulldog stove within the office, put water on the stove to heat, and in general prepare for the awakening of the other, older, more experienced members of the office staff.

THE LOGGING SET-UP...Luckily, Johnny Mea was an early riser as well as a capable fire-starter. That he often used too much kerosene for fire building purposes was a well known and accepted fact. After filling the stove half full of wood, and dousing it with kerosene, Johnny would stand away from the stove about three feet and toss a lighted match within said stove. Invariably there was a mild explosion that immediately brought all the other occupants of the office to attention. Sometimes a visitor would scramble from his bunk and rush headlong for the door, figuring that life would be more pleasant in the camp yard.

Cont.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? Part 2

In 1920, the "hub" of a big logging operation was the Depot camp. This was a combination of several buildings that usually, yet not always could be reached by automobiles and motor trucks. Often it was situated at the end of a narrow, dirt road. The largest building was the combined cookhouse-bunkhouse. A hovel where the horses were quartered was always as large. Other buildings included an office, blacksmith shop, storehouse, filer's shack, and a small building where the superintendent had his headquarters, and perhaps another small building for the use of the scaler.

As the office housed a clerk, timekeeper, and storehouse clerk (plus three or four additional bunks for visitors) it was of necessity much larger than the scaler's shack or superintendents quarters. Too, the "wargin" or supplies sold to the woodsmen, occupied considerable shelf space.

A timekeeper's books were set up on a monthly basis. Every day except Sunday Joe took the timebook and walked up and down the many woods roads when men were working, checking each individual to see what he was doing.

ON A CORD BASIS...This task was often simplified by contacting the foremen and the straw bosses at least twice daily.

The majority of the woodsmen worked on a "cord basis," getting paid a stated sum for each cord of pulpwood they cut. During the hauling season, when the pulpwood was transported via horses and sleds from woods to landings, the woodsmen were likewise paid for the number of cords hauled.

Each week-end the camp's scaler ascertained the number of cords of pulpwood cut or hauled. A duplicate copy of each individual scale sheet was given to the clerk or timekeeper. A separate timebook was used for the woodsmen employed on a per-cord basis.

At the end of every month, each individual's credits were posted from the timebook to the general ledger. The debits consisted of "wargin" received during the month, and if a woodsman was working on a contractual basis, he also was charged for meals, the usual fee being 75 cents per day.

There was no regular pay days. If a woodsman required a few dollars, he visited the office when the paymaster was present, and signed a voucher for the sum he received. Some woodsmen worked several months without drawing any cash from their accounts. The only debits on the books, when these men eventually settled up, at the end of the cutting or hauling season, would be the various items they had received at the office, such as tobacco, mittens, pants, hats, coats, boots etc., plus their board.

Joe Marceau learned much from John E. Mea. When Joe left Soper Brook operation in 1921 and went to Cuxabexis where Al McNeil was superintendent, he not only knew the fundamentals of keeping books, but was also familiar with duties of logging camp pencil pushers. JOINED THE MARINES...During the spring of 1922, immediately following the closing of the books at Cuxibexis, Joe was sent to Chesuncook Dam to be in charge of the storehouse. At the completion of the drive on the West Branch of the Penobscot he was assigned a timekeepers job at the Depot camp at Caucomgomac.

Cont.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (PART 5)

45

When thirty days had passed away
A sail we did espy
A signal flag we hoisted up
And hove our vessel by.

46

And soon we had the pleasant sight
A schooner bearing down
We hailed her from our Quarter Deck
To know where she was bound.

47

Her Captains name was Henry Tew
He proved to us a friend
He well supplied our present needs
And then conveyed us in.

48

His name I ever shall respect
So long as I have life
But death has taken him away
He left a tender wife.

49

For four days more we sailed on
And then we made the land
It proved the Island of St. Kitts
Upon our starboard hand.

50

And now anew we shaped our course
A harbor for to find
St. Thomas soon it did appear
A harbor to our mind.

51

For nineteen days we tarried there
Our vessel to refit
And brought up ballast, beef and bread
To last us for the trip.

52

Then from the harbor we set sail
And passed out by the Fort
To Carolina we were bound
On fair Columbia's Coast.

53

In ten days time we made the land
Not far from Charleston Bar
It was to us a pleasant sight
To find that we were there.

54

For nineteen days we tarried there
A cargo to obtain
We took in Cotton, Rice and Wood
And soon we sailed again.

55

In twenty days we did arrive
In Massachusetts Bay
In Boston Harbor moored our ship
On March the twentieth day.

To be Cont.....

JANUARY 6, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 2

The final cutting scales are now in: Lucien Gosselin, 19,884 cds; Wellie Caouette, 17,767 cds; Henri Marcoux, 17,733 cds; Phillip Paquet, 12,938 cds; I. L. Dumas, 9,502 cds. Total cut, 77,824 cds. There will be approximately 150 cords more from the hardwood jobbers that will bring it up to about 78,000 cords. Phillip Paquet has 4,154 cords landed on the North Branch. Henri Marcoux started to haul Tuesday of this week. It will probably be next week before Caouette & Gosselin start in as they need some very cold weather to freeze their landings.

A letter from Henry McMahon telling us that the first camp he built on the South Branch in 1939 (we say 1940) was on the same campground that was used in 1899 to make the first cut for the Great Northern's new mill that was being built in Millinocket. This campsite was on Prentiss Township and we believe the name of the small brook that runs into the South Branch was called Mud Brook. To get the lumber to build the camp, Henry purchased a sawmill from a junk dealer in Milo for \$250 with the understanding that he truck it down from Presque Isle. He used it to saw out the lumber for his first camp and for two others later and he also sawed out the material to build four dams including Kelly. When Ricker & Aucoin moved in, in 1942 there was 100,000 feet of lumber sawed and stacked which burnt along with the sawmill.

Ivan Jeffery has been transferred to the Deaconess Hospital in Boston and there is some talk of an operation sometime in the near future. The address is: Room 421, Deaconess Hospital, 175 Pilgrim Road, Boston Mass.

Patrick Begin's son, Claude, was involved in a serious accident Sunday in St. George when his car rolled over. He is in the Dieu Hospital at Quebec City at the present time and his condition is not too good.

The icy roads in the Pittston area Sunday & Monday brought out the tire chains en masse. There were several cars parked in the road and out of the road all the way from Rockwood up the North Branch road. There was one that was reported as being slightly off the road between the I. P. Chain and Ste. Aurelie. Nine mile hikes are a great tonic to keep one in good health when they work in the woods.

Wayne Carpenter, clerk of Paquet Contract moved into one of the cottages this week with his family.

Mr. & Mrs George Belmont are moving into one of the apartments at Pittston sometime this week.

WHAT A HUSBAND CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS HOW EVERYTHING LOOKED SO MUCH LIKE THE BERRIES BEFORE THE WEDDING COULD TURN OUT SUCH AN AWFUL LEMON.

The December weather report shows a high temperature of 37 degrees on Dec. 31 and a low of -18 degrees on Dec. 12. There was eleven inches of snow that fell during the month with 1.44 inches of precipitation. To date we have had 32 inches of snow this winter and there was 13 inches accumulation on December 31st.

"I'M NOT SAYING SHE'S A BAD COOK," SAID THE BOY-FRIEND, "BUT I KNOW WHY HER FAMILY PRAYS BEFORE EVERY MEAL."

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE?

By Henry Milliken

Last February the word went up and down the North and West branches of the Penobscot River that Joseph A. Marceau was retiring after 45 years as a clerk in the logging camps and on the river drives of northern Maine.

On the last day of March, Joe Marceau carefully covered an adding machine, calculator and typerwriter, finishing the closing of the books for the 1964-65 season for the Wellie Caouette pulpwood-cutting operation on Abacotnetic Stream.

Mr. Marceau's co-workers, friends and representatives of the Great Northern Paper Company gave him a retirement party at a Greenville hotel on Saturday evening, May 22. His friends and acquaintances came from all sections of Maine. Each had a story or two to tell about Mr. Marceau's experiences as a clerk in the logging camps or during the many river drives which he participated in. STARTED IN 1920...Joe Marceau's career as a logging camp clerical worker began during the month of August, 1920, following one year in the Quartermaster Corp of the U. S. Army at Fort McKinley. Within a few months after enlisting he was promoted to sergeant, a promotion that ordinarily took a man from five to seven years. His position as store keeper was a responsible one. He had charge of checking all property coming into and going out of the Post, issuing equipment and clothing to the men, and making out papers for such transactions.

His first position with the Great Northern Paper Company was as a timekeeper at Soper Brook Operation, where the veteran woods clerk, John E. Mea, was in charge of the clerical department.

Joe Marceau was fortunate in having John E. Mea as his immediate superior. An oldtimer, Johnny Mea was for many years known as the foremost instructor of woods timekeepers, the dean of clerks, a mathematician without equal and dominating his other qualifications, a "mixer" who was equally at ease with a cookee or with a highranking company official.

Joe discovered that a timekeeper's tasks were many and varied. Usually the "roll-out" call in the morning was issued from the strong lungs of a husky cookee or from a make-shift gong steadily beaten by the cook outside the cookroom. Joe soon learned this up-and-at'em routine. He also realized that the "greenhorn" timekeepers at most Depot camps, had their own alarm clocks, set to sound at least half an hour before the roll-out call; and then they crawled from their bunks to start a fire in the bulldog stove within the office, put water on the stove to heat, and in general prepare for the awakening of the other, older, more experienced members of the office staff.

THE LOGGING SET-UP...Luckily, Johnny Mea was an early riser as well as a capable fire-starter. That he often used too much kerosene for fire building purposes was a well known and accepted fact. After filling the stove half full of wood, and dousing it with kerosene, Johnny would stand away from the stove about three feet and toss a lighted match within said stove. Invariably there was a mild explosion that immediately brought all the other occupants of the office to attention. Sometimes a visitor would scramble from his bunk and rush headlong for the door, figuring that life would be more pleasant in the camp yard.

Cont.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? Part 2

In 1920, the "hub" of a big logging operation was the Depot camp. This was a combination of several buildings that usually, yet not always could be reached by automobiles and motor trucks. Often it was situated at the end of a narrow, dirt road. The largest building was the combined cookhouse-bunkhouse. A hovel where the horses were quartered was always as large. Other buildings included an office, blacksmith shop, storehouse, filer's shack, and a small building where the superintendent had his headquarters, and perhaps another small building for the use of the scaler.

As the office housed a clerk, timekeeper, and storehouse clerk (plus three or four additional bunks for visitors) it was of necessity much larger than the scaler's shack or superintendents quarters. Too, the "wagin" or supplies sold to the woodsmen, occupied considerable shelf space.

A timekeeper's books were set up on a monthly basis. Every day except Sunday Joe took the timebook and walked up and down the many woods roads when men were working, checking each individual to see what he was doing.

ON A CORD BASIS...This task was often simplified by contacting the foremen and the straw bosses at least twice daily.

The majority of the woodsmen worked on a "cord basis," getting paid a stated sum for each cord of pulpwood they cut. During the hauling season, when the pulpwood was transported via horses and sleds from woods to landings, the woodsmen were likewise paid for the number of cords hauled.

Each week-end the camp's scaler ascertained the number of cords of pulpwood cut or hauled. A duplicate copy of each individual scale sheet was given to the clerk or timekeeper. A separate timebook was used for the woodsmen employed on a per-cord basis.

At the end of every month, each individual's credits were posted from the timebook to the general ledger. The debits consisted of "wagin" received during the month, and if a woodsman was working on a contractual basis, he also was charged for meals, the usual fee being 75 cents per day.

There was no regular pay days. If a woodsman required a few dollars, he visited the office when the paymaster was present, and signed a voucher for the sum he received. Some woodsmen worked several months without drawing any cash from their accounts. The only debits on the books, when these men eventually settled up, at the end of the cutting or hauling season, would be the various items they had received at the office, such as tobacco, mittens, pants, hats, coats, boots etc., plus their board.

Joe Marceau learned much from John E. Mea. When Joe left Soper Brook operation in 1921 and went to Cuxabexis where Al McNeil was superintendent, he not only knew the fundamentals of keeping books, but was also familiar with duties of logging camp pencil pushers. JOINED THE MARINES...During the spring of 1922, immediately following the closing of the books at Cuxibexis, Joe was sent to Chesuncook Dam to be in charge of the storehouse. At the completion of the drive on the West Branch of the Penobscot he was assigned a timekeepers job at the Depot camp at Caucomgomac.

Cont.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (PART 5)

45

When thirty days had passed away
A sail we did espy
A signal flag we hoisted up
And hove our vessel by.

46

And soon we had the pleasant sight
A schooner bearing down
We hailed her from our Quarter Deck
To know where she was bound.

47

Her Captains name was Henry Tew
He proved to us a friend
He well supplied our present needs
And then conveyed us in.

48

His name I ever shall respect
So long as I have life
But death has taken him away
He left a tender wife.

49

For four days more we sailed on
And then we made the land
It proved the Island of St. Kitts
Upon our starboard hand.

50

And now anew we shaped our course
A harbor for to find
St. Thomas soon it did appear
A harbor to our mind.

51

For nineteen days we tarried there
Our vessel to refit
And brought up ballast, beef and bread
To last us for the trip.

52

Then from the harbor we set sail
And passed out by the Fort
To Carolina we were bound
On fair Columbia's Coast.

53

In ten days time we made the land
Not far from Charleston Bar
It was to us a pleasant sight
To find that we were there.

54

For nineteen days we tarried there
A cargo to obtain
We took in Cotton, Rice and Wood
And soon we sailed again.

55

In twenty days we did arrive
In Massachusetts Bay
In Boston Harbor moored our ship
On March the twentieth day.

To be Cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 13, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 3

Landed wood this week: Phillip Paquet, 5,640 cords; Henri Marcoux 966 cords; I. L. Dumas, 3,338 cords. Total landed to date, 9,944 cords. The two camps up the North Branch started in to haul on Monday of this week. Arthur Bessey is back on the landing again this year. George Ryder and Dom Martel are operating the two machines, pushing wood on the landing.

P. K. Patterson, Head & Horns of the Forestry Department and Janice M. Atkins, daughter of Lewis McMinn were joined in Holey Matrimony on January 5th and are honeymooning in Acapulco, Mexico.

WOMEN ARE A LOT LIKE SHIPS. IF KEPT IN GOOD SHAPE AND PAINTED OCCASIONALLY, THEY'LL STAY SEE-WORTHY.....

We understand from good authority that the Besseywitz Furriers Lmt'd are coming out with a sheep skin hat this spring that will bear the label "LAIR TO HAIR". The only leagal way they can use this label is to trap the raw material themselves and they did. H-mmmm, I don't know as I ever saw a sheep trap. I wonder what they look like and who manufactures them.

On the back of a Form 36, horse report dated October, 1921 for the month of October, 1921 for the Grant Farm-5 Island Telephone Line job we find the following note: These horses are stabled in temporary stables at each camping place along the road from Grant Farm to Five Islands. At time of report, camp is pitched 9½ miles from Grant Farm, where a small camp has been built for use by the telephone linemen

By, Walter M. Creegan, Clerk

Some of the men that Walter had on his payroll at that time were: Fred Lawless, A. B. Williard, Dan McKay, Earl Inman, John Flynn, Angus McDonald, Frank Daley, William Morrell, Ray Cripps, Frank Crawford and James Morgan.....

Prices of some of the commodities that the Company bought back in 1916: 200 barrels American Beauty flour @\$5.45; Salt Pork @ \$27.00 per bbl; 2 bbls rump butts @ \$21.75 per bbl; Milk @ \$3.40 per case; Rolled Oats @ \$5.50 per bbl; Oleo @ \$4.65 per 30 pound case; Potatoes @ \$1.00 per bushel; 6 boxes Smokeless 38-55 shells @ \$5.47 and 6 boxes of 30-30's @ \$5.19; Granulated suger @ \$25.20 per bbl; 54 bags Yellow Eye beans @ \$4.25 per bag; Slop Pails, .55¢; June 24, 1916..Purchase Order #1194 from Adams--25 Mattress @ \$1.55 and 25 Bedsprings @ \$1.95; 2-#7 Iron Clad 4-hole cook stoves @ \$10.87 each.

When Angus Commeau was at Caucomgomac Dam in 1929 he wrote his recipe for Angel Ginger Bred in the back of the Hotel Register and we tried it and found it very good: One egg, one half cup suger, one fourth cup molasses, one forth cup land, one teas poon soda, one half teas poon ginger, a little nutmeg, heaping cup flour, add one half cup water. He don't tell you to beat it or stir it or how long to cook it, therefore it is a good recipe.

Gene Putnam, the Company's Head Forester in Bangor was united in marriage to Susan Carol Cabot of Madawaska on January 2nd according to a belated announcement that we got last week. They have not as yet shown up at the I. P. Chain but are expected to be at home after January 15th at 739 Broadway, Bangor, Me..

THE TIPSTER

It is being rumored among the great Lumber Barons of the Queen City of the East that the Head Forester of one of the largest land-owners of the State of Maine has recently taken title to some rather attractive holdings. That the purchase price was unusually low has been substantiated, at least in part, by veiled statements attributed directly to the aforementioned Head Forester. Those in the know regarding such ownerships have accepted these utterances in good tongue-in-check fashion. They know full well that the cost of ownership far exceeds the minuscule original investment.

Due to the exceedingly low acquisition outlay, a pre-purchase cruise of the tract was not undertaken. The individual involved however, is currently making an extensive survey of that which is now his and will undoubtedly set up a long range management plan for optimum utilization of these prized natural resources.

From outward appearances he has indeed made a shrewd bargain. Casual observers have noted that the stand is mature and certainly ready for harvesting. An advocate of natural seeding for many years, it is anticipated that he will practice himself that which he has recommended to others. The quality of the stand is unquestioned. The roots of same being in Aroostook County goes far to allay any fears in this respect.

Insofar as development is concerned, nothing detrimental has been noted. The land is gentle and rolling, presenting a most favorable view to even the inexperienced eye. Roads should present no problem whatever, costs should not be excessive if the proper fill can be found. A camp site was not immediately apparent but a suitable one can usually be found with only a minimum of cruising as is expected on this acreage. The original cruise will, of course, be fairly expensive. To this must be added development investment and incidentals. Operating costs can balloon also, although discretionary management and good judgement can well keep these at current market levels. It will probably be sometime before a satisfactory return on investment is realized. Here, however, those who are acquainted with the new owner as well as the property express confidence that an adequate return will be achieved early and in full measure.

Harvesting will probably be done in a slow and leisurely manner since it is understood the operator does not have the equipment with which to make large cuts. Selective cutting is the best bet although there are some takers that stripping small areas at the outset will be predominant. This is entirely possible but will surely give way to more conventional methods as soon as equipment limitations become apparent.

This rumor now appears to be fact. If true, associates, one and all join in wishing this venture every success.

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? (PART 3)

In December, 1922, Joe decided he wanted a change of pace, that he wanted to get out of Maine and see as much of the world as possible. He joined the U. S. Marines, and during the next four years he wandered--with considerable supervision--in many foreign lands as well as spending some months in the United States.

Joe Marceau, during his last year in the Marines, spent considerable time and thought regarding the years ahead. That he decided to return to Maine and get back into the tall timbers of northern Maine was a decision which he has never regretted.

When Joe returned to northern Maine as clerk of Cooper Brook Operation, during the fall of 1926, he found himself in charge of the clerical department of one of the largest woods operations in the State.

Establishing a Depot Camp and five "cutting camps" in the Cooper Brook region was a task of major proportions. It required hundreds of woodsmen so the detailed paper work was tremendous. Joe Marceau assisted by Louis Murphy and Arthur Smith, found little time for relaxation.

NOW--MOTOR TRUCKS---G. B. "Bert" Burr was superintendent of the operation. Although Mr. Burr was the highest paid, the most important individual at Cooper Brook, he was not an office man. He visited the cutting camps at least twice a week. He walked from 20 to 30 miles daily, weather permitting, while overseeing this big pulpwood harvesting operation.

There were many buildings at the Depot. Among them was a small camp for the superintendent, another for the forester, another for the scaler. One large building was used exclusively for the storage of hay; near it was a large storehouse; adjacent to the storehouse was a "root cellar" within which was stored (until needed) such items as vegetables, canned fruits, plus other food which would spoil if frozen. During cold weather, foreward and hind quarters of beef were stacked like cordwood beside the storehouse.

The office building had sleeping accomodations for eight men; the cookhouse seated 120; the bunkhouse was likewise large enough for 120 men plus visitors. The garage could house four big log haulers and several tractors.

Another building opposite the office, was used as headquarters for the dispatcher and his assistant during the hauling season. From this office were issued the "Go--Stop--Wait--Return" orders to the drivers of the big Lombard coal-burning log-haulers which were driven over the roads hauling sleds loaded with pulpwood to the landing at Upper Jo Mary Lake, returning with empty sleds to the cutting or yarding locations to again be reloaded.

Motor trucks were utilized to transport supplies and equipment from Greenville Junction, traveling over the roads to Kokadjo, past Roach Pond to the Depot.

DISASTROUS FIRE--The smooth and efficient moving of pulpwood was quickly and disastrously ended during the night of February 16, 1927. The gigantic garage and contents was destroyed by fire; there wasn't anything left of value of three steam log-haulers and two Holt tractors.

The garage and contents were still smoldering when tractors, shipped from other woods operations, arrived at Cooper Brook to complete the hauling.

Continued.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 6)

56

Our cargo we did then discharge
The wind it proving fair
We sailed our craft to Beverly
And then we left her there.

57

To Marblehead we soon did go
Took passage then for home
And likewise made a solemn vow
No more on seas to roam.

58

I, to my family returned
And was rejoiced to see
My wife and children all were well
Long time they'd mourned for me.

59

They thought we'd perished in the sea
Where waves like mountains rise
But God by his devine decree
Had spared all our lives.

60

What can I render to that God
Who gave a safe return
That cheered my wife and children dear
Whose absence they had mourned.

61

Now I resolved to stay on shore
And go no more to sea
I thought to work upon the farm
How happy I should be.

62

I built a house, likewise a shed
To keep my cattle warm
I found my family in bread
That I raised on the farm.

63

But money I could not obtain
My taxes for to pay,
So I was led to think for once
To find some other way.

64

At trading soon I did commence
Set up a little store
And filled the same with merchandise
Of eighty pounds or more.

65

I kept but little goods on hand
But often sent for more
Tobacco was in good demand
And Spirits were quite sure.

66

For women's wear I kept a stock
That best would please the eye
For they were always sure to pay
And seldom known to lie.

To be cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 13, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 3

Landed wood this week: Phillip Paquet, 5,640 cords; Henri Marcoux 966 cords; I. L. Dumas, 3,338 cords. Total landed to date, 9,944 cords. The two camps up the North Branch started in to haul on Monday of this week. Arthur Bessey is back on the landing again this year. George Ryder and Dom Martel are operating the two machines, pushing wood on the landing.

P. K. Patterson, Head & Horns of the Forestry Department and Janice M. Atkins, daughter of Lewis McMinn were joined in Holy Matrimony on January 5th and are honeymooning in Acapulco, Mexico.

WOMEN ARE A LOT LIKE SHIPS. IF KEPT IN GOOD SHAPE AND PAINTED OCCASIONALLY, THEY'LL STAY SEE-WORTHY.....

We understand from good authority that the Besseywitz Furriers Lmtd are coming out with a sheep skin hat this spring that will bear the label "LAIR TO HAIR". The only leagal way they can use this label is to trap the raw material themselves and they did. H-mmmm, I don't know as I ever saw a sheep trap. I wonder what they look like and who manufactures them.

On the back of a Form 36, horse report dated October, 1921 for the month of October, 1921 for the Grant Farm-5 Island Telephone Line job we find the following note: These horses are stabled in temporary stables at each camping place along the road from Grant Farm to Five Islands. At time of report, camp is pitched 9½ miles from Grant Farm, where a small camp has been built for use by the telephone lineman

By, Walter M. Creegan, Clerk

Some of the men that Walter had on his payroll at that time were: Fred Lawless, A. B. Williard, Dan McKay, Earl Inman, John Flynn, Angus McDonald, Frank Daley, William Morrell, Ray Cripps, Frank Crawford and James Morgan.....

Prices of some of the commodities that the Company bought back in 1916: 200 barrels American Beauty flour @\$5.45; Salt Pork @ \$27.00 per bbl; 2 bbls rump butts @ \$21.75 per bbl; Milk @ \$3.40 per case; Rolled Oats @ \$5.50 per bbl; Oleo @ \$4.65 per 30 pound case; Potatoes @ \$1.00 per bushel; 6 boxes Smokeless 38-55 shells @ \$5.47 and 6 boxes of 30-30's @ \$5.19; Granulated suger @ \$25.20 per bbl; 54 bags Yellow Eye beans @ \$4.25 per bag; Slop Pails, .55¢; June 24, 1916..Purchase Order #1194 from Adams--25 Mattress @ \$1.55 and 25 Bedsprings @ \$1.95; 2-#7 Iron Clad 4-hole cook stoves @ \$10.87 each.

When Angus Commeau was at Caucomgomac Dam in 1929 he wrote his recipe for Angel Ginger Bred in the back of the Hotel Register and we tried it and found it very good: One egg, one half cup suger, one fourth cup molasses, one forth cup laird, one teas poon soda, one half teas poon ginger, a little nutmeg, heaping cup flour, add one half cup water. He don't tell you to beat it or stir it or how long to cook it, therefore it is a good recipe.

Gene Putnam, the Company's Head Forester in Bangor was united in marriage to Susan Carol Cabot of Madawaska on January 2nd according to a belated announcement that we got last week. They have not as yet shown up at the I. P. Chain but are expected to be at home after January 15th at 739 Broadway, Bangor, Me..

THE TIPSTER

It is being rumored among the great Lumber Barons of the Queen City of the East that the Head Forester of one of the largest land-owners of the State of Maine has recently taken title to some rather attractive holdings. That the purchase price was unusually low has been substantiated, at least in part, by veiled statements attributed directly to the aforementioned Head Forester. Those in the know regarding such ownerships have accepted these utterances in good tongue-in-check fashion. They know full well that the cost of ownership far exceeds the minuscule original investment.

Due to the exceedingly low acquisition outlay, a pre-purchase cruise of the tract was not undertaken. The individual involved however, is currently making an extensive survey of that which is now his and will undoubtedly set up a long range management plan for optimum utilization of these prized natural resources.

From outward appearances he has indeed made a shrewd bargain. Casual observers have noted that the stand is mature and certainly ready for harvesting. An advocate of natural seeding for many years, it is anticipated that he will practice himself that which he has recommended to others. The quality of the stand is unquestioned. The roots of same being in Aroostook County goes far to allay any fears in this respect.

Insofar as developement is concerned, nothing detrimental has been noted. The land is gentle and rolling, presenting a most favorable view to even the inexperienced eye. Roads should present no problem whatever, costs should not be excessive if the proper fill can be found. A camp site was not immediately apparent but a suitable one can usually be found with only a minimum of cruising as is expected on this acreage. The original cruise will, of course, be fairly expensive. To this must be added development investment and incidentals. Operating costs can balloon also, although discretionary management and good judgement can well keep these at current market levels. It will probably be sometime before a satisfactory return on investment is realized. Here, however, those who are acquainted with the new owner as well as the property express confidence that an adequate return will be achieved early and in full measure.

Harvesting will probably be done in a slow and leisurely manner since it is understood the operator does not have the equipment with which to make large cuts. Selective cutting is the best bet although there are some takers that stripping small areas at the outset will be predominant. This is entirely possible but will surely give way to more conventional methods as soon as equipment limitations become apparent.

This rumor now appears to be fact. If true, associates, one and all join in wishing this venture every success.

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? (PART 3)

In December, 1922, Joe decided he wanted a change of pace, that he wanted to get out of Maine and see as much of the world as possible. He joined the U. S. Marines, and during the next four years he wandered--with considerable supervision--in many foreign lands as well as spending some months in the United States.

Joe Marceau, during his last year in the Marines, spent considerable time and thought regarding the years ahead. That he decided to return to Maine and get back into the tall timbers of northern Maine was a decision which he has never regretted.

When Joe returned to northern Maine as clerk of Cooper Brook Operation, during the fall of 1926, he found himself in charge of the clerical department of one of the largest woods operations in the State.

Establishing a Depot Camp and five "cutting camps" in the Cooper Brook region was a task of major proportions. It required hundreds of woodsmen so the detailed paper work was tremendous. Joe Marceau assisted by Louis Murphy and Arthur Smith, found little time for relaxation.

NOW--MOTOR TRUCKS---G. B. "Bert" Burr was superintendent of the operation. Although Mr. Burr was the highest paid, the most important individual at Cooper Brook, he was not an office man. He visited the cutting camps at least twice a week. He walked from 20 to 30 miles daily, weather permitting, while overseeing this big pulpwood harvesting operation.

There were many buildings at the Depot. Among them was a small camp for the superintendent, another for the forester, another for the scaler. One large building was used exclusively for the storage of hay; near it was a large storehouse; adjacent to the storehouse was a "root cellar" within which was stored (until needed) such items as vegetables, canned fruits, plus other food which would spoil if frozen. During cold weather, foreward and hind quarters of beef were stacked like cordwood beside the storehouse.

The office building had sleeping accommodations for eight men; the cookhouse seated 120; the bunkhouse was likewise large enough for 120 men plus visitors. The garage could house four big log haulers and several tractors.

Another building opposite the office, was used as headquarters for the dispatcher and his assistant during the hauling season. From this office were issued the "Go--Stop--Wait--Return" orders to the drivers of the big Lombard coal-burning log-haulers which were driven over the roads hauling sleds loaded with pulpwood to the landing at Upper Jo Mary Lake, returning with empty sleds to the cutting or yarding locations to again be reloaded.

Motor trucks were utilized to transport supplies and equipment from Greenville Junction, traveling over the roads to Kokadjo, past Roach Pond to the Depot.

DISASTROUS FIRE--The smooth and efficient moving of pulpwood was quickly and disastrously ended during the night of February 16, 1927. The gigantic garage and contents was destroyed by fire; there wasn't anything left of value of three steam log-haulers and two Holt tractors.

The garage and contents were still smoldering when tractors, shipped from other woods operations, arrived at Cooper Brook to complete the hauling.

Continued.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 6)

56

Our cargo we did then discharge
The wind it proving fair
We sailed our craft to Beverly
And then we left her there.

57

To Marblehead we soon did go
Took passage then for home
And likewise made a solemn vow
No more on seas to roam.

58

I, to my family returned
And was rejoiced to see
My wife and children all were well
Long time they'd mourned for me.

59

They thought we'd perished in the sea
Where waves like mountains rise
But God by his devine decree
Had spared all our lives.

60

What can I render to that God
Who gave a safe return
That cheered my wife and children dear
Whose absence they had mourned.

61

Now I resolved to stay on shore
And go no more to sea
I thought to work upon the farm
How happy I should be.

62

I built a house, likewise a shed
To keep my cattle warm
I found my family in bread
That I raised on the farm.

63

But money I could not obtain
My taxes for to pay,
So I was led to think for once
To find some other way.

64

At trading soon I did commence
Set up a little store
And filled the same with merchandise
Of eighty pounds or more.

65

I kept but little goods on hand
But often sent for more
Tobacco was in good demand
And Spirits were quite sure.

66

For women's wear I kept a stock
That best would please the eye
For they were always sure to pay
And seldom known to lie.

To be cont.....

January 20, 1966

Volume 4 No. 4

Landed wood scale this week: Phillip Paquet, 7,011 cords, Dumas, 4,678 cords; Henri Marcoux, 2,608 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 1,889 cords; Wellie Caouette, 1,579 cords. Total landed to date, 17,765 cords.

Mr. & Mrs George Belmont moved into one of the apartments at Pittston this past weekend which now gives us five families that living here.

Arthur Lepage, second cook at Pittston added another tax deduction to his long list this week although he was rather dissatisfied about it as it was a girl and he was looking for the stock to bring him a boy. He now has 4 girls & 2 boys..let's see-how many has George Therrien? 4 girls & 3 boys with another on the way so says Hoppa Hedda which will make him eight. Yep, Arthur may eventually catch up to George.

A round-about message from Ivan Jeffery's daughter that says they plan to bring Ivan home soon. He is still weak and the road to recovery will probably be a long one.

John Ryder of Greenville Shop has joined Mr. Bates at Scotte Brooke Vallee this week. Mr. Bates as a woods clerk trainer has no equal now that J. A. Marceau is on the retired list. Del's motto-"GET A BATES DIPLOMA TODAY AND NEXT YEAR YOU'LL BE IN THE HAY."

John Gould criticized Angus Commeau's recipe for Angel Gingerbread that we had in last weeks issue all because Angus used some ginger. John's book, "Moral Depravity" had a recipe for gingerbread that he got from the Boston Post that was published back in 1917-1918 and they did not use ginger. Personally I can't see gingerbread without ginger but here's his list of ingredients anyway: Cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shortening, teaspoon of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of molasses, 2 eggs, 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon soda, teaspoon of cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of cloves.....stir all up, add 1 cup boiling water. John went on to say, "I don't want to start no fight with Angus, but us followers of the truth must be heard." One of these days we are going to run across George Cassidy's recipe for Dried Apple Sauce Cake and when we do John will really start a fight...

OLD BOOKKEEPERS DON'T DIE--THEY JUST LOSE THEIR BALANCE.

CONFLAGRATION THREATENED AT ROCKWOOD

SHIFT OF WIND SAVES VILLAGE; MRS. SMART'S PLACE BURNED FLAT

ROCKWOOD, ME, Nov. 1, 1936...This little community had a hot and nerve racking Sunday afternoon. At one time a fire which started in the home and restaurant of Mrs. Dell E. Smart threatened a general conflagration, as the large building burned fiercely showering the neighborhood with sparks and embers while it was burned flat. Some of the contents were saved. The dwelling of Malcom Mayhew caught fire several times, but was put out, and several families got ready to move out but a fortunate shift of the wind towards the lake relieved a very bad situation. The loss has not been estimated but will be quite heavy..... (BANGOR NEWS)

From "The Northern" January 1925--Northeast Carry....

The Winnegarnock House was the scene of a very enjoyable occasion on the 18th of November when the residents of the Carry assembled for a farewell party in honor of Mrs. T. B. Snow. Mrs Snow, who is the widow of "Tom" Snow has resided at Northeast Carry for seventeen years and has a wide circle of friends.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS OF SERVICE (Part 4)

In 1927, after the spring drive from Upper Jo Mary Lake, through Middle and Lower Jo Mary Lakes, down to Jo Mary Stream, and into Pemadumcook Lake, there was much construction work accomplished. Jo Mary Stream was widened to facilitate the driving of pulpwood the following year. Several carpenters made repairs and additions to the conveyor at Upper Jo Mary Lake. The road from the Depot Camp to Upper Jo Mary Lake was widened and made smoother.

About five miles from the landing, a huge wooden trestle was constructed near Little Jo Mary Pond. The crew numbered 150 men. There were 60 horses, many motor trucks, steam shovels and other road-building equipment. Roy Macgregor was in charge of this operation, known as Cooper Brook Trestle Job. The engineering force was headed by Archie L. Grover. W. J. "Bill" Lacross was clerk, while Donald Allen was fire patrolman.

When completed late in the fall, the trestle was 1250 feet long and 25 feet high at the highest point; 47,000 cubic yards of dirt and rocks were removed at the ends of the trestle.

During 1927-28, Joe Marceau had two assistants at the Depot Camp: Raymond Fernald and Paul Paquet.

Joe also had to supervise the timekeepers at five cutting camps. At the end of each month, first one timekeeper then another would arrive at the Depot with reports for the previous month. Usually a timekeeper would stay overnight at the office. If he required assistance with his bookkeeping, Joe would help him solve his problems.

Following the closing of Cooper Brook Operation in the spring of 1928, Joe was clerk at several operations, all smaller than Cooper Brook. In 1930 he clerked the Kennebec River drive. During the fall and winter of 1932 and the spring of 1933, he was at a remote woods operation which was reached by boat from Ncrross. G. B. Burr was superintendent.

In the fall of 1933, cutting was again resumed in the Cooper Brook region, under the supervision of C. M. "Max" Hilton, of Greenville. Joe Marceau returned as clerk.

At the Depot, L. Young was foreman, and the pulpwood harvested at this camp totaled 10,675 cords. William Clark was foreman of another camp where 3,512 cords were cut. The woodsmen at Peter Drouin's camp cut 9,625 cords, while the scale at John Bryce's camp was 9,114 cords.

Twenty trucks as well as several tractors were used in getting the pulpwood from the yards in the woods to the landings. Some short-wheel based trucks hauled sleds, and considerable experimenting was conducted by Mr. Hilton in all phases of pulpwood transportation, not only with trucks, but with tractors as well as horse drawn sleds. Several of the experiments conducted by Mr. Hilton proved successful and were used in later years at many woods operations.

PETER DROUIN AT LEWISTON...At the completion of Cooper Brook Operation in 1934, Joe Marceau was transferred to another job at Ragged Stream, near Grant Farm. He clerked this operation until the summer of 1936. In the fall of that year, Joe began handling the paper work as well as some of the scaling at Forty Mile, near Pittston Farm. The foreman was Peter Drouin of Lewiston, who had gained an enviable record as a woods foreman during previous years at Cooper Brook and other large operations.

Continued.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? Part 5

Joe Marceau and Peter Drouin were good friends. They formed a partnership, operating under the title of Drouin & Marceau.

Mr. Drouin died a few years ago, but his reputation as one of Maine's greatest lumbermen will remain forever in the annals of logging camp history.

"Pete strived for efficiency in every department of every logging operation he supervised," says Joe. "He was a perfectionist. His following was legion. He had no difficulty in filling our camps with the most efficient woodsmen in Maine. He never asked a man to do anything that he couldn't do himself, yet he demanded and received an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. Bunkwarmers didn't linger long in our camp."

The firm of Drouin & Marceau were progressive. They took contracts covering the cutting of thousands of cords of pulpwood. In many instances, they likewise contracted for the driving of pulpwood,

During 1937 and 1938, their headquarters camp was on the South Branch of the Penobscot River, adjacent to Alder Brook, above Pittston Farm. The following year they operated at Little Penobscot Brook, near Penobscot Lake.

RAILROAD? NO--TRUCKS NOW..Early in the fall of 1940 they built camps adjacent to the old railroad bed of the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railway. This standard-gauge railroad was built during 1919, 1920 and 1921. It was 18 miles in length, and built for the transportation of pulpwood. According to Mr. Marceau, not one stick of pulpwood or a single log was moved over this railroad except that cut to make the right-of-way.

After the rails were removed, the road bed provided an excellent base for the use of motor trucks and was utilized by Drouin and Marceau while they operated in this area.

Drouin and Marceau had many river-driving contracts. One, covering the driving of pulpwood during 1942, with the Great Northern Paper Company, included the driving of all pulpwood belonging to the company wherever found on the St. John River above the flowage created by the dam at the outlet of 5th St. John Pond, and into booms of the company in the flowage of 5th St. John Pond. The two partners were paid 25¢ per cord for the driving of the pulpwood. The pulpwood referred to and covered by the agreement scaled 28,973 cords, and had been cut during the season 1941-42 by Drouin and Marceau.

The following year Drouin and Marceau also contracted for the driving in the same area. They were paid \$9,500 for driving 40,456 cords. Mr. Marceau recently said that a drive of this magnitude today would cost approximately \$50,000.

In 1946, when the partnership of Drouin and Marceau was dissolved by mutual agreement, Drouin opened camps in the St. John country while Joe Marceau opened a camp on Misere Brook, in the North Branch of the Penobscot region.

THAT OLD "GRUB LIST"..Joe engaged the services of an experienced foreman to oversee the cutting and hauling, while he kept himself busy clerking and scaling. He operated in this area until the spring of 1948.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 7)

67

A Tipling shop I also kept
For which I was to blame,
In every town it proves a curse,
In practice and in name.

68

It injures persons old and young
A Tipling shop to keep
They take the earnings of the poor
And widows cause to weep.

69

I prospered on a trading scale
But still was not content
I looked around on every hand
For something to invent.

70

And soon a windmill I contrived
To grind both wheat and corn
Eleazer was my grinding man
My hopes proved all forlorn.

71

For every peck of tool I got
For to increase my store
It cost me sixty cents a peck
And often something more.

72

I found I should not get rich
By grinding wheat and corn
I took it down unto its base
And made of it a barn.

73

Into shipbuilding soon I went
For to increase my store
A Schooner of one hundred tons
And likewise fifty more.

74

She proved to be a lucky craft
Till she was two years old
Then took a squall and down she went
Upon Nantucket Shoals.

75

By her a thousand dollars lost
Hard earnings of my gain
I counted up the total cost
And nothing did remain.

76

Once more I thought I'd try my luck
Upon another rig
I with the Spurlings built a craft
And rigged her in a Brig.

77

For two long years she prospered well
And many voyages made
I got my freight in gold and silver crowns
But little up I laid.

To be cont.....

January 20, 1966

Volume 4 No. 4

Landed wood scale this week: Phillip Paquet, 7,011 cords, Dumas, 4,678 cords; Henri Marcoux, 2,608 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 1,889 cords; Wellie Caouette, 1,579 cords. Total landed to date, 17,765 cords.

Mr. & Mrs George Belmont moved into one of the apartments at Pittstton this past weekend which now gives us five families that living here.

Arthur Lepage, second cook at Pittstton added another tax deduct-
ion to his long list this week although he was rather dissatisfied
about it as it was a girl and he was looking for the stock to bring
him a boy. He now has 4 girls & 2 boys..let's see-how many has
George Therrien? 4 girls & 3 boys with another on the way so says
Hoppa Hedda which will make him eight. Yep, Arthur may eventually
catch up to George.

A round-about message from Ivan Jeffery's daughter that says they
plan to bring Ivan home soon. He is still weak and the road to
recovery will probably be a long one.

John Ryder of Greenville Shop has joined Mr. Bates at Scotte
Brooke Vallee this week. Mr. Bates as a woods clerk trainer has
no equal now that J. A. Marceau is on the retired list. Del's motto-
"GET A BATES DIPLOMA TODAY AND NEXT YEAR YOU'LL BE IN THE HAY."

John Gould critizised Angus Commeau's recipe for Angel Ginger-
bread that we had in last weeks issue all because Angus used some
ginger. John's book, "Moral Depravity" had a recipe for gingerbread
that he got from the Boston Post that was published back in 1917-
1918 and they did not use ginger. Personally I can't see ginger-
bread without ginger but here's his list of ingredients anyway:
Cup of suger, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of shortening, teaspoon of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of
molasses, 2 eggs, 2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon soda, teaspoon of
cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of cloves.....stir all up, add 1 cup boiling
water. John went on to say, "I don't want to start no fight with
Angus, but us followers of the truth must be heard." One of these
days we are going to run across George Cassidy's recipe for Dried
Apple Sauce Cake and when we do John will really start a fight...

OLD BOOKKEEPERS DON'T DIE--THEY JUST LOSE THEIR BALANCE.

CONFLAGRATION THREATENED AT ROCKWOOD

SHIFT OF WIND SAVES VILLAGE; MRS. SMART'S PLACE BURNED FLAT
ROCKWOOD, ME, Nov. 1, 1936...This little community had a hot and
nerve racking Sunday afternoon. At one time a fire which started
in the home and restaurant of Mrs. Dell E. Smart threatened a
general conflagration, as the large building burned fiercely show-
ering the neighborhood with sparks and embers while it was burned
flat. Some of the contents were saved. The dwelling of Malcom
Mayhew caught fire several times, but was put out, and several
families got ready to move out but a fortunate shift of the wind
towards the lake relieved a very bad situation. The loss has not
been estimated but will be quite heavy..... (BANGOR NEWS)

From "The Northern" January 1925--Northeast Carry....

The Winnegarnock House was the scene of a very enjoyable occasion
on the 18th of November when the residents of the Carry assembled
for a farewell party in honor of Mrs. T. B. Snow. Mrs Snow, who is
the widow of "Tom" Snow has resided at Northeast Carry for seventeen
years and has a wide circle of friends.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS OF SERVICE (Part 4)

In 1927, after the spring drive from Upper Jo Mary Lake, through Middle and Lower Jo Mary Lakes, down to Jo Mary Stream, and into Pemadumcook Lake, there was much construction work accomplished. Jo Mary Stream was widened to facilitate the driving of pulpwood the following year. Several carpenters made repairs and additions to the conveyor at Upper Jo Mary Lake. The road from the Depot Camp to Upper Jo Mary Lake was widened and made smoother.

About five miles from the landing, a huge wooden trestle was constructed near Little Jo Mary Pond. The crew numbered 150 men. There were 60 horses, many motor trucks, steam shovels and other road-building equipment. Roy Macgregor was in charge of this operation, known as Cooper Brook Trestle Job. The engineering force was headed by Archie L. Grover. W. J. "Bill" Lacross was clerk, while Donald Allen was fire patrolman.

When completed late in the fall, the trestle was 1250 feet long and 25 feet high at the highest point; 47,000 cubic yards of dirt and rocks were removed at the ends of the trestle.

During 1927-28, Joe Marceau had two assistants at the Depot Camp: Raymond Fernald and Paul Paquet.

Joe also had to supervise the timekeepers at five cutting camps. At the end of each month, first one timekeeper then another would arrive at the Depot with reports for the previous month. Usually a timekeeper would stay overnight at the office. If he required assistance with his bookkeeping, Joe would help him solve his problems.

Following the closing of Cooper Brook Operation in the spring of 1928, Joe was clerk at several operations, all smaller than Cooper Brook. In 1930 he clerked the Kennebec River drive. During the fall and winter of 1932 and the spring of 1933, he was at a remote woods operation which was reached by boat from Norcross. G. B. Burr was superintendent.

In the fall of 1933, cutting was again resumed in the Cooper Brook region, under the supervision of C. M. "Max" Hilton, of Greenville. Joe Marceau returned as clerk.

At the Depot, L. Young was foreman, and the pulpwood harvested at this camp totaled 10,675 cords. William Clark was foreman of another camp where 3,512 cords were cut. The woodsmen at Peter Drouin's camp cut 9,625 cords, while the scale at John Bryce's camp was 9,114 cords.

Twenty trucks as well as several tractors were used in getting the pulpwood from the yards in the woods to the landings. Some short-wheel based trucks hauled sleds, and considerable experimenting was conducted by Mr. Hilton in all phases of pulpwood transportation, not only with trucks, but with tractors as well as horse drawn sleds. Several of the experiments conducted by Mr. Hilton proved successful and were used in later years at many woods operations.

PETER DROUIN AT LEWISTON...At the completion of Cooper Brook Operation in 1934, Joe Marceau was transferred to another job at Ragged Stream, near Grant Farm. He clerked this operation until the summer of 1936. In the fall of that year, Joe began handling the paper work as well as some of the scaling at Forty Mile, near Pittston Farm. The foreman was Peter Drouin of Lewiston, who had gained an enviable record as a woods foreman during previous years at Cooper Brook and other large operations.

Continued.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? Part 5

Joe Marceau and Peter Drouin were good friends. They formed a partnership, operating under the title of Drouin & Marceau.

Mr. Drouin died a few years ago, but his reputation as one of Maine's greatest lumbermen will remain forever in the annals of logging camp history.

"Pete strkved for efficiency in every department of every logging operation he supervised," says Joe. "He was a perfectionist. His following was legion. He had no difficulty in filling our camps with the most efficient woodsmen in Maine. He never asked a man to do anything that he couldn't do himself, yet he demanded and received an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. Bunkwarmers didn't linger long in our camp."

The firm of Drouin & Marceau were progessive. They took contracts covering the cutting of thousands of cords of pulpwood. In many instances, they likewise contracted for the driving of pulpwood,

During 1937 and 1938, their headquarters camp was on the South Branch of the Penobscot River, adjacent to Alder Brook, above Pittston Farm. The following year they operated at Little Penobscot Brook, near Penobscot Lake.

RAILROAD? NO--TRUCKS NOW..Early in the fall of 1940 they built camps adjacent to the old railroad bed of the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railway. This standard-gauge railroad was built during 1919, 1920 and 1921. It was 18 miles in length, and built for the transportation of pulpwood. According to Mr. Marceau, not one stick of pulpwood or a single log was moved over this railroad except that cut to make the right-of-way.

After the rails were removed, the road bed provided an excellent base for the use of motor trucks and was utilized by Drouin and Marceau while they operated in this area.

Drouin and Marceau had many river-driving contracts. One, covering the driving of pulpwood during 1942, with the Great Northern Paper Company, included the driving of all pulpwood belonging to the company wherever found on the St. John River above the flowage created by the dam at the outlet of 5th St John Pond, and into booms of the company in the flowage of 5th St. John Pond. The two partners were paid 25¢ per cord for the driving of the pulpwood. The pulpwood referred to and covered by the agreement scaled 28,973 cords, and had been cut during the season 1941-42 by Drouin and Marceau.

The following year Drouin and Marceau also contracted for the driving in the same area. They were paid \$9,500 for driving 40,456 cords. Mr. Marceau recently said that a drive of this magnitude today would cost approximately \$50,000.

In 1946, when the partnership of Drouin and Marceau was dissolved by mutual agreement, Drouin opened camps in the St. John country while Joe Marceau opened a camp on Misere Brook, in the North Branch of the Penobscot region.

THAT OLD "GRUB LIST"..Joe engaged the services of an experienced foreman to oversee the cutting and hauling, while he kept himself busy clerking and scaling. He operated in this area until the spring of 1948.

- TO BE CONTINUED.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 7)

67

A Tipling shop I also kept
For which I was to blame,
In every town it proves a curse,
In practice and in name.

68

It injures persons old and young
A Tipling shop to keep
They take the earnings of the poor
And widows cause to weep.

69

I prospered on a trading scale
But still was not content
I looked around on every hand
For something to invent.

70

And soon a windmill I contrived
To grind both wheat and corn
Eleazer was my grinding man
My hopes proved all forlorn.

71

For every peck of tool I got
For to increase my store
It cost me sixty cents a peck
And often something more.

72

I found I should not get rich
By grinding wheat and corn
I took it down unto its base
And made of it a barn.

73

Into shipbuilding soon I went
For to increase my store
A Schooner of one hundred tons
And likewise fifty more.

74

She proved to be a lucky craft
Till she was two years old
Then took a squall and down she went
Upon Nantucket Shoals.

75

By her a thousand dollars lost
Hard earnings of my gain
I counted up the total cost
And nothing did remain.

76

Once more I thought I'd try my luck
Upon another rig
I with the Spurlings built a craft
And rigged her in a Brig.

77

For two long years she prospered well
And many voyages made
I got my freight in gold and silver crowns
But little up I laid.

To be cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 27, 1966

VOLUME 4 No.5

Landed wood scale this week: Phillip Paquet, 8,286 cds; Dumas, 6,392 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 4,698 cds; Henri Marcoux, 4,564 cds; Wellie Caouette, 4,243 cds. Total landed to date, 28,183 cords.

Since the formation of the Great Northern Paper Company in 1899 we have had six presidents: Garrett Schencks, 1899 to 1928; William A. Whitcomb, 1928 to 1946; William O. McKay, 1946 to 1952; Manuel C. McDonald, 1952 to 1961; Peter A. Paine, 1962 to 1966; Robert Haak, the sixth, took office this year. William A. Whitcomb was assassinated in his office June 10, 1946.

The Spruce Woods Department which was later changed to Woodlands Department has had four managers during the 66 years of existence: F. A. Gilbert served until 1929; William Hilton, 1929 to 1956; John T. Maines, 1956 to 1966; Ralph Clifford, Assistant Manager under Mr. Maines was promoted to the manager's position this year.

The answer to a technical question is now the only delay in filing one of the largest lawsuits ever to originate in this section of the country. The question: Did Mr. Bates, of his own free will and accord, deliberately walk into Fernald's apartment and stand in the bedroom doorway at one o'clock on the morning of January 22, 1966 and shout at the top of his voice, "Velma! is George Belmont in here?" We already have definite proof that he was noddling, and that he had not been sniffing snow but as to whether he was in his right mind or not cannot be shown at this time as Mr. Bessey says you have to determine first that Mr. Bates has a mind otherwise it would be irrelevant and immaterial.

If Henri Marcoux, who was sitting in his pickup truck in the driveway sent Mr. Bates into the apartment then he is the one that is liable.

There are many and numerous charges that will be included in the one abstract, such as: Disrupting the serene and benevolent homelife of the Fernalds (there has been a running battle in addition to a rupture in relationship ever since); alienation of affection on the part of the Belmonts (Doris now has the idea that George is in the habit of sleeping in different bedrooms); full remuneration for one ice saw (if this was an ordinary ice saw the price would be infinitesimal but this particular saw was one of Fernald's artifacts that Dana Dow's great, great, great grandfather carried on his back from Portsmouth New Hampshire up into Piscataquis County back in the days when the only roads through the wilderness was an Indian trail. THE SAW NOW REPOSES AT THE BOTTOM OF BLACK POND. In addition to the above charges there are the small but contingent items such as snide and derisive remarks cast our way by numerous and sundry persons without redress, and also the ruination of the exemplary character and unblemished reputation of Fernald.... We rather think the next time Mr. Marcoux loses a truck through the ice at Black Pond he'll do the salvaging work during daylight hours.....

We have just learned that the four Eros books presented two years ago to Fernald's Journal by George Bessey are now considered a collectors item and are valued at \$50.00 each. We certainly appreciate the generosity of Mr. Bessey.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? Part 6

During the fall of 1948 he formed a partnership with Wellie Caouette. The first year they cut 9,063 cords of pulpwood in the Misere Brook area; in 1949-50, on the North Branch of the Penobscot River, they cut 18,925 cords; in 1950-51, on Norris Brook, 20,727; in 1951-52, on Norris Brook, 21,275; in 1952-53, on McDonald Brook, 17,740 cords; in 1953-54, in the same area, 11,823; and in 1954-55, also on McDonald Brook, 11,137 cords. POTATOES, SALT FISH, SALT PORK...The partnership continued from 1948 until the fall of 1955. From then until March 30 of this year, however, wherever Wellie Caouette had a contract to cut, haul, or drive pulpwood, Joe Marceau was right on hand to take care of the clerical end of the operation. During the years since 1955, Mr. Caouette's crew of husky, ambitious woodsmen cut, and landed a total of 94,736 cords of pulpwood.

Joe Marceau can remember the days when the main staples on the "grub list" were potatoes,, salt cod fish, salt pork, prunes, molasses, baked beans, cornmeal, carrots, turnips, beets, cabbage, and occasionally a side of fresh beef. As the years passed, the number of items gradually increased. From 1928 to 1935, it became apparent to the superintendents of large woods operations that the woodsmen were following the best cooks as well as the best foremen into the logging camps. The company that supplied the best food boasted the most contented and hardest working crews.

"Back in the '30s, at some of the cutting camps, the cook was paid about a dollar a day less than the foreman," said Joe. "At the Depot Camp of a big operation, the cook's importance was even more pronounced; he received more than the foreman. But the old-time cooks, the ones we called 'sizzlers' or 'boilers', were replaced by men who were well versed in all phases of cooking. In other words, they were professionals, often backed with hotel and restaurant experience."

"What came first, better food or better cooks?" I recently asked Joe as we sat in the kitchen of his large, comfortable home in Greenville Junction.

OH--SO CHANGED NOW.."Both came with improved methods of transportation. For instance when horses were used to haul carts and sleds loaded with food supplies over narrow, rough woods roads, few perishable items could be handled. Few camps had eggs before 1927 or 1928. Later, say in 1933 or 1934, when motor trucks could be used to reach the Depot camps and often some of the surrounding cutting camps, a wider variety of food was shipped into the woods."

"The number of items sold to the woodsmen likewise increased," I said. "Certainly, more and more shelves were built in every office to store and display the dozens of new items demanded by woodsmen. The contractors, called 'jobbers', invariably figured that the profits derived from the sale of waging items would pay for their clerks. Thus the office shelves were packed with cigarettes, smoking tobacco, chewing tobacco, snuff, asperin, cough syrup, candy bars, chewing gum, shaving soap, razor blades, handkerchiefs, matches, bachelor buttons, safety pins, needles, thread, underwear, shoes, sox, pants, hats--plus other clothing items."

To be Continued.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? (Part 7)

"How do sales today compare to those during 1940 or 1950?" I inquired. "Don't drop your cup of coffee while I answer," Joe said. "From 1940 to 1950, or thereabouts, the initial purchase order of merchandise to be sold to the woodsmen to stock four or five cutting camps of a woods operation would total at least \$10,000. Today, a sixty man-camp is stocked for less than \$500."

"Unbelievable!" I exclaimed. "What are the most popular items now sold to the woodsmen?"

TOWELS..."Only three items are carried on the shelves in the office of most camps--cigarettes, work gloves and towels." "Towels!" I muttered. "Don't kid me!"

"I'm not kidding," said Joe. "When a woodsman returns to camp after spending the weekend at home, he seldom has a clean towel among his belongings. Thus, each individual visits the office to purchase a few."

"Shades of John Ross!" I Exclaimed. "The old-time woodsmen never thought of purchasing towels; they used roller towels furnished by the Company."

"Correct," admitted Joe. "Each morning and night, the woodsmen lined up in the room separating the bunkroom from the cookroom. One man would wash his face and hands and then step along and use one of the roller towels hanging on the wall; his companions would follow him. By the time the entire crew had washed up, the towels were in sad shape and had to be replaced by clean ones supplied by the Company and kept clean by the bullcook."

"Forty years ago the woodsmen didn't go down river every weekend,"

"Most woodsmen stayed at a logging camp at least four months without going 'outside,' said Joe. "Many men had six to eight months 'hitches' and occasionally there would be individuals who would stay one or two years. Those days are long past. Woodsmen now work 40 or 45 hours during a week and then climb into their automobiles and go home to spend some time with their families."

AND--THE AUTOMOBILES...Camp yards of today's modern logging camps have the appearance of parking lots. Joe said that if there 60 men at a camp, there are at least 40 cars in the yard. Every Saturday and Sunday the yard is almost deserted, there being perhaps only two or three men left at camp.

When Joe Marceau began his career as a woods clerk in 1920, there were from 80 to 100 woodsmen at many logging camps. These men would cut and haul anywhere from 6,000 to 10,000 cords of pulpwood. Today a 60-man crew harvests from 15,000 to 20,000 cords. Chain saws, tractors, bull-dozers and other modern equipment have done much to change the production sheets.

While Joe and I were discussing various aspects of his career in the logging camps, we scanned some pulpwood operations reports regarding wages paid in the camps of long ago.

During the 1933-1934 cutting and hauling seasons at Cooper Brook Operation, at one of the Company camps, the foreman was paid \$4.75 per day; the assistant foreman, \$3.25; cook, \$3.75; cookee, \$1.75; teamster, \$2.25; feeder, \$2.25; laborer, \$1.75; blacksmith, \$3.25; and timekeeper, \$2.75.

We placed the reports to one side and picked up a newspaper with several large ads of three pulp-wood cutting concerns wanting woodsmen this Fall.

To be cont....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 8)

78

To Martinique she being bound
A Hurricane she met
Which carried away both masts and spars
But did not her upset.

79

The captain, mate and all the crew
Were taken off the wreck
And put on board a British Brig
Which soon conveyed them back.

80

To Mount Desert from whence they sailed
Not many weeks before
In safety back they all returned
Upon their native shore.

81

I next into the forests went
Ship timber to procure
And then with oxen, carts and sleds
I hauled it to the shore.

82

I sent a crew into the yard
I gave them rum and beer,
They stoutly drank, did little work
My Brig she cost me dear.

83

At length we laid the launching plank
And launched her off the ways
I paid the crew for all their work
Their price was by the day.

84

Her measure was one hundred tons
And sixty seven more
We towed her Eastward to a point
And safely did her moor.

85

I made of her a full rigged Brig
While she laid on the shore
And named her the ROYAL ARCH
Which name she always bore.

86

I found that I must fall in debt
By building of the Brig
It cost me much for iron work
And likewise much to rig.

87

I soon made up my mind to sell
She kept me in a pet
I thought she would bring enough
To pay my honest debts.

88

I sold her to some Boston men
They sailed her from the Bay
And I have never seen her since
And never got my pay.

To be cont....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

JANUARY 27, 1966

VOLUME 4 No.5

Landed wood scale this week: Phillip Paquet, 8,286 cds; Dumas, 6,392 cds; Lucien Gosselin, 4,698 cds; Henri Marcoux, 4,564 cds; Wellie Caouette, 4,243 cds. Total landed to date, 28,183 cords.

Since the formation of the Great Northern Paper Company in 1899 we have had six presidents: Garrett Schencks, 1899 to 1928; William A. Whitcomb, 1928 to 1946; William O. McKay, 1946 to 1952; Manuel C. McDonald, 1952 to 1961; Peter A. Paine, 1962 to 1966; Robert Haak, the sixth, took office this year.

William A. Whitcomb was assassinated in his office June 10, 1946.

The Spruce Woods Department which was later changed to Woodlands Department has had four managers during the 66 years of existence: F. A. Gilbert served until 1929; William Hilton, 1929 to 1956; John T. Maines, 1956 to 1966; Ralph Clifford, Assistant Manager under Mr. Maines was promoted to the manager's position this year.

The answer to a technical question is now the only delay in filing one of the largest lawsuits ever to originate in this section of the country. The question: Did Mr. Bates, of his own free will and accord, deliberately walk into Fernald's apartment and stand in the bedroom doorway at one o'clock on the morning of January 22, 1966 and shout at the top of his voice, "Velma! is George Belmont in here?" We already have definite proof that he was noddling, and that he had not been sniffing snow but as to whether he was in his right mind or not cannot be shown at this time as Mr. Bessey says you have to determine first that Mr. Bates has a mind otherwise it would be irrelevant and immaterial.

If Henri Marcoux, who was sitting in his pickup truck in the driveway sent Mr. Bates into the apartment then he is the one that is liable.

There are many and numerous charges that will be included in the one abstract, such as: Disrupting the serene and benevolent homelife of the Fernalds (there has been a running battle in addition to a rupture in relationship ever since); alienation of affection on the part of the Belmonts (Doris now has the idea that George is in the habit of sleeping in different bedrooms); full remuneration for one ice saw (if this was an ordinary ice saw the price would be infinitesimal but this particular saw was one of Fernald's artifacts that Dana Dow's great, great, great grandfather carried on his back from Portsmouth New Hampshire up into Piscataquis County back in the days when the only roads through the wilderness was an Indian trail. THE SAW NOW REPOSES AT THE BOTTOM OF BLACK POND. In addition to the above charges there are the small but contingent items such as snide and derisive remarks cast our way by numerous and sundry persons without redress, and also the ruination of the exemplary character and unblemished reputation of Fernald.... We rather think the next time Mr. Marcoux loses a truck through the ice at Black Pond he'll do the salvaging work during daylight hours.....

We have just learned that the four Eros books presented two years ago to Fernald's Journal by George Bessey are now considered a collectors item and are valued at \$50.00 each. We certainly appreciate the generosity of Mr. Bessey.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? Part 6

During the fall of 1948 he formed a partnership with Wellie Caouette. The first year they cut 9,063 cords of pulpwood in the Misere Brook area; in 1949-50, on the North Branch of the Penobscot River, they cut 18,925 cords; in 1950-51, on Norris Brook, 20,727; in 1951-52, on Norris Brook, 21,275; in 1952-53, on McDonald Brook, 17,740 cords; in 1953-54, in the same area, 11,823; and in 1954-55, also on McDonald Brook, 11,137 cords. POTATOES, SALT FISH, SALT PORK...The partnership continued from 1948 until the fall of 1955. From then until March 30 of this year, however, wherever Wellie Caouette had a contract to cut, haul, or drive pulpwood, Joe Marceau was right on hand to take care of the clerical end of the operation. During the years since 1955, Mr. Caouette's crew of husky, ambitious woodsmen cut, and landed a total of 94,736 cords of pulpwood.

Joe Marceau can remember the days when the main staples on the "grub list" were potatoes,, salt cod fish, salt pork, prunes, molasses, baked beans, cornmeal, carrots, turnips, beets, cabbage, and occasionally a side of fresh beef. As the years passed, the number of items gradually increased. From 1928 to 1935, it became apparent to the superintendents of large woods operations that the woodsmen were following the best cooks as well as the best foremen into the logging camps. The company that supplied the best food boasted the most contented and hardest working crews.

"Back in the '30s, at some of the cutting camps, the cook was paid about a dollar a day less than the foreman," said Joe. "At the Depot Camp of a big operation, the cook's importance was even more pronounced; he received more than the foreman. But the old-time cooks, the ones we called 'sizzlers' or 'boilers', were replaced by men who were well versed in all phases of cooking. In other words, they were professionals, often backed with hotel and restaurant experience."

"What came first, better food or better cooks?" I recently asked Joe as we sat in the kitchen of his large, comfortable home in Greenville Junction.

OH--SO CHANGED NOW..."Both came with improved methods of transportation. For instance when horses were used to haul carts and sleds loaded with food supplies over narrow, rough woods roads, few perishable items could be handled. Few camps had eggs before 1927 or 1928. Later, say in 1933 or 1934, when motor trucks could be used to reach the Depot camps and often some of the surrounding cutting camps, a wider variety of food was shipped into the woods."

"The number of items sold to the woodsmen likewise increased," I said. "Certainly, more and more shelves were built in every office to store and display the dozens of new items demanded by woodsmen. The contractors, called 'jobbers', invariably figured that the profits derived from the sale of wargin items would pay for their clerks. Thus the office shelves were packed with cigarettes, smoking tobacco, chewing tobacco, snuff, asperin, cough syrup, candy bars, chewing gum, shaving soap, razor blades, handkerchiefs, matches, bachelor buttons, safety pins, needles, thread, underwear, shoes, sox, pants, hats--plus other clothing items."

To be Continued.....

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? (Part 7)

"How do sales today compare to those during 1940 or 1950?" I inquired. "Don't drop your cup of coffee while I answer," Joe said. "From 1940 to 1950, or thereabouts, the initial purchase order of merchandise to be sold to the woodsmen to stock four or five cutting camps of a woods operation would total at least \$10,000. Today, a sixty man-camp is stocked for less than \$500."

"Unbelievable!" I exclaimed. "What are the most popular items now sold to the woodsmen?"

TOWELS..."Only three items are carried on the shelves in the office of most camps--cigarettes, work gloves and towels." "Towels!" I muttered. "Don't kid me!"

"I'm not kidding," said Joe. "When a woodsman returns to camp after spending the weekend at home, he seldom has a clean towel among his belongings. Thus, each individual visits the office to purchase a few."

"Shades of John Ross!" I Exclaimed. "The old-time woodsmen never thought of purchasing towels; they used roller towels furnished by the Company."

"Correct," admitted Joe. "Each morning and night, the woodsmen lined up in the room separating the bunkroom from the cookroom. One man would wash his face and hands and then step along and use one of the roller towels hanging on the wall; his companions would follow him. By the time the entire crew had washed up, the towels were in sad shape and had to be replaced by clean ones supplied by the Company and kept clean by the bullcook."

"Forty years ago the woodsmen didn't go down river every weekend."

"Most woodsmen stayed at a logging camp at least four months without going 'outside,' said Joe. "Many men had six to eight months 'hitches' and occasionally there would be individuals who would stay one or two years. Those days are long past. Woodsmen now work 40 or 45 hours during a week and then climb into their automobiles and go home to spend some time with their families."

AND--THE AUTOMOBILES...Camp yards of today's modern logging camps have the appearance of parking lots. Joe said that if there 60 men at a camp, there are at least 40 cars in the yard. Every Saturday and Sunday the yard is almost deserted, there being perhaps only two or three men left at camp.

When Joe Marceau began his career as a woods clerk in 1920, there were from 80 to 100 woodsmen at many logging camps. These men would cut and haul anywhere from 6,000 to 10,000 cords of pulpwood. Today a 60-man crew harvests from 15,000 to 20,000 cords. Chain saws, tractors, bull-dozers and other modern equipment have done much to change the production sheets.

While Joe and I were discussing various aspects of his career in the logging camps, we scanned some pulpwood operations reports regarding wages paid in the camps of long ago.

During the 1933-1934 cutting and hauling seasons at Cooper Brook Operation, at one of the Company camps, the foreman was paid \$4.75 per day; the assistant foreman, \$3.25; cook, \$3.75; cookee, \$1.75; teamster, \$2.25; feeder, \$2.25; laborer, \$1.75; blacksmith, \$3.25; and timekeeper, \$2.75.

We placed the reports to one side and picked up a newspaper with several large ads of three pulp-wood cutting concerns wanting woodsmen this Fall.

To be cont....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 8)

78

To Martinique she being bound
A Hurricane she met
Which carried away both masts and spars
But did not her upset.

79

The captain, mate and all the crew
Were taken off the wreck
And put on board a British Brig
Which soon conveyed them back.

80

To Mount Desert from whence they sailed
Not many weeks before
In safety back they all returned
Upon their native shore.

81

I next into the forests went
Ship timber to procure
And then with oxen, carts and sleds
I hauled it to the shore.

82

I sent a crew into the yard
I gave them rum and beer,
They stoutly drank, did little work
My Brig she cost me dear.

83

At length we laid the launching plank
And launched her off the ways
I paid the crew for all their work
Their price was by the day.

84

Her measure was one hundred tons
And sixty seven more
We towed her Eastward to a point
And safely did her moor.

85

I made of her a full rigged Brig
While she laid on the shore
And named her the ROYAL ARCH
Which name she always bore.

86

I found that I must fall in debt
By building of the Brig
It cost me much for iron work
And likewise much to rig.

87

I soon made up my mind to sell
She kept me in a pet
I thought she would bring enough
To pay my honest debts.

88

I sold her to some Boston men
They sailed her from the Bay
And I have never seen her since
And never got my pay.

To be cont....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 3, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 6

Landed wood scale this week: Phillip Paquet, 9,620 cords; Dumas, 7,995 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 7,790 cords; Wellie Caouette, 7,169 cords; Henri Marcoux, 6,409 cords. Total landed to date, 38,983 cords with 38,841 cords to go.

The big snow storm over the weekend slowed up production Monday but by Tuesday morning everyone was back on schedule. There was 16½ inches recorded at Pittston but there were reports from all over the country from 14 inches on up to 24 inches. Bill Elliot was here on Tuesday and found 36 inches for accumulation with a water contents of 8. inches. On February 1st the total snowfall for this winter was 69½ inches with an accumulation of 36 inches. Last year on February the first we had a total snowfall of 108¼ inches with an accumulation of 21 inches.

We are now in the swapping-trading and buying business trying to round up any stray Northern magazines that may be kicking around in attics-storerooms etc. We have a nice supply of extra copies that we will trade or sell if you can lead us to some of those that are missing out of our office sets. If interested drop us a line and we will send you a list of our spares and a list of our needs.....

Ivan Jeffery is now in the Milo Hospital and a card will reach him if addressed to Milo, Maine.

We never did mention that Pat Begin's boy was back from the hospital and on the job again--Just an oversight on our part.

Mr. P. E. Whalen, Bangor Office
Dear Sir:

May 28th. 1913

I find in various operations very large quantities of perishable goods that are wasted. In particular Alder Stream Operation has wasted fish and fresh beef. More than a ton of fresh beef was thrown away in whole quarters. Whole quintals of fish dumped out without being opened. At Seboomook Dam two half barrels were thrown out on the dump and more than 30 pounds of fresh beef in one junk was found in the rubbish. Please take the matter up with your clerical forces and obtain explanations and devise some manner in which such matters can be reported. It seems strange that somebody in the concern has not brains enough to open a quintal of fish to find out whether it was good or bad. Two quintal of fish were opened at Alder Stream Farm after they had been thrown away and found to be suitable for use. The clerical force should report such matters if they cannot devise ways of saving the supplies. The beef could be corned or sent to other places to be used.

Yours truly,
F. A. Gilbert

From THE NORTHERN magazine...March 1928

Mr. R. H. Robertson has resigned as Assistant Manager of the Spruce Wood Department and Mr. William Hilton has taken over his duties.

Cooper Brook news..Cutting is now over and hauling to Jo-Merry Lake is in full swing. Four steam Lombards and two Holt tractors are working long hours. One hundred sets of double rack sleds are in constant use.....

MANY A GIRL WITH A BIG WARDROBE STARTED OUT WITH JUST A LITTLE SLIP.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

Alfred Nadeau, another veteran Great Northern Paper Company foreman retired on December 31, 1965.

The first records of Fred working for the Company was in 1943 although we do know that he worked on the Caucomgomac road which was probably around 1921 or 1922. He was also at Cooper Brook Depot sometime in the twenties.

In 1947, Fred was working as assistant foreman for Joseph Godbout on Misere Brook Drive and afterwards on the North Branch Drive. When Mr. Godbout got through Fred took his place as foreman to finish the drive.

In the fall of 1947, Fred started building cutting camps on Canada Falls Deadwater, approximately two miles above the dam on the Northeast side. From this camp he cut 7,064 cords during 1947-1948 and 10,831 cords during 1948-1949. The most of this wood was horse hauled into Canada Falls Deadwater.

In 1950 Fred moved to Rainey Brook and used the set of portable camps that Odilon Belanger had set up the previous year. During 1950-1951 he cut 19,178 cords and landed it with horses on Rainey Brook. The next year he built a new set of camps off the gravel road about four miles but still on Rainey Brook. During 1951-1952 he cut 18,756 cords and during 1952-53 he cut 22,767 cords. He used tractors to land the wood in Rainey Brook. Fred also had charge of the Rainey Brook Drive for both springs and drove the wood into Big Bog Deadwater.

In 1953, Fred built a new set of camps on the gravel road about two miles south of the International Paper Company road. He operated from this camp three years cutting, 11,155 cords during 1953-54; 12,105 cords during 1954-55 and 15,985 cords during 1955-56. This wood was tractor hauled into Abaconetic Stream for the first two years and the third year it was truck hauled and landed in Little Bog.

In 1956 he moved these camps across Brailey Brook about a mile and a half from the gravel road. An access road was built and graveled so that cars could be driven into the camp. That year he cut 10,340 cords and tractor hauled it to Abaconetic Stream.

All cutting stopped in the summer of 1957 and was not resumed again until 1960 at which time Fred returned to this camp and cut 13,653 cords during 1960-61. This wood was trucked to Little Abaconetic Bog.

In 1961 Fred moved this set of camps to the present location on the International Paper Company's road. Here he operated for the years: 1961-62 & 1962-63 & 1963-64 & 1964-65. Cutting the first year, 10,155 cords; the second year, 14,185 cords; the third year, 16,054 cords and 12,989 cords the fourth year.

In the summer of 1965 Fred bought the stumpage from the Company and began cutting spruce in long log lengths. He had over two million feet on the skids on January 1st.

Since Fred had his first contract with the Company in 1947 he has supervised cutting & hauling 195,217 cords which for some reason or other shows exactly 2,000 cords more than Adelard Gilbert supervised. Of course, Adelard, while working for Pete Drouin as a foreman cut well over 60,000 cords which is not included in the 193,217 cords that we had to his credit in our December 23, 1965 issue.

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? (Conclusion)

One ad stated that two-man crews were heeded to cut and yard pulpwood, at \$6.00 per cord, horses owned by the company, 40 hours per week, batch camps furnished.

Another company wanted 50 three-man crews to work with small tractors, 120 two-man crews to work with horses. Gasoline and oil furnished for power saws. This concern also wanted a cook at \$1.45 per hour, 60 hour week; a cook's assistant at \$1.40 per hour, 60 hour week, time and one half after 40 hours.

A FINE FAMILY... The third company was anxious to obtain woodsmen for an operation on two townships in Aroostook County. Besides the cutting and yarding crews, they needed the services of two bulldozer operators at a \$1.60 per hour, 50 hour week; two clerks at \$1.25 per hour, 50 hour week; two crane or shovel operators, \$1.50 per hour, 45 hour week; one foreman at \$1.60, 55 hour week; one feeder, \$1.25, 45 hour week; two scalers, at \$1.70 per hour, 50 hour week; one woods mechanic, \$1.45 per hour, 45 hour week.

Joe was a struggling logging camp clerk when he and Miss Irene Roy, of Haverhill, Mass., were married in 1933. Their major interests have been their four children, and at the present time there are also six grandchildren. Their oldest son, Ami, lives in Georgetown, mass., and is employed by General Electric. Arthur, a chemical engineer, lives in Connecticut, and recently completed a two months visit in Europe where he was engaged in research. Their oldest daughter, Mrs. Elaine Collins, is a resident of Los Angeles, California. Their youngest daughter, Pamela, graduated last Spring from Greenville High School and is majoring in mathematics at the U. OF M. in Orono.

Yes, Joe Marceau has retired following a remarkable career as a clerk in the logging camps and along the river drives of northern Maine. It is safe to assume, however, that when he and Mrs Marceau arn't enjoying trips to visit their daughters in California and Orono, or their sons in Mass. and Conn., that Joe frequently gets into his automobile and travels northward to visit his friends, acquaintances, and former business associates at logging camps that arn't remote any more.....The End.....

LEWISTON JOURNAL MAGAZINE SECTION**NOVEMBER 20,1965

Mr. P. E. Whalen, Bangor Office

August 3,1911

Dear Sir: Would like for you to take charge and look after the clerical work until further arrangements are made.

As I understand it, Hayes is at Pittston Farm, Glaster at Kineo Store House, Grindle, clerk of the mill at Chesuncook; Ward Sotre, Houseman at Ripogenus, Cutter Rear, clerk of the West Branch Drive between lakes; O'Linto, clerk of Section No. 3; Crowell of Section No. 4; John McKay, Rice Farm; James McGuire, Seboomook; Brown, Pittston-Kineo Road; Preble, Madison Boom. I understand that is no one except Douglass and the McCards at Bigelow and Alder Stream; Pelshaw at Rapid Stream, no one at Holeb except the care takers at North Branch. It is possible that Canders may be on the North Branch now.

This covers the work except O'Connell at the Grant Farm.

Yours truly,
F. A. Gilbert.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 9)

89

Now I again had to return,
And cultivate the earth
That I had been accustomed to
Yes! almost from my birth.

90

The farmer is as free from care
As any class I know
He eats, he drinks, he sleeps secure
Tho' furious gales may blow.

91

If you ask what my Politics
Throughout my life have been
I am a Democrat I answer
Dyed in the Wool and Skin

92

I hold the Constitution
Of these United States
As sacred as the Bible
Of what it does relate.

93

And we the Yankee Nation
Are bound for to obey
That wholesome Constitution
Unto our dying day.

94

So let us be united
Our Country to defend
Support our Constitution
And ever prove its friend.

95

We have become a Nation
The world cannot subdue
So long as we are united
And keep our rights in view.

96

One Public Act which I have done
Of which I am proud to name
Our Constitution I did sign
Which rules the State of Maine.

97

I thank my townsmen for their choice
Which they bestowed on me
They trusted me with dearest rights
In a Convention free.

98

To Portland soon I did repair
With Delegates of Maine
For nineteen days we tarried there
Our Constitution framed.

99

I trust the same will long endure
A blessing may it prove
And all our Civil rights secure
In equity and love.

To be cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 3, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 6

Landed wood scale this week: Phillip Paquet, 9,620 cords; Dumas, 7,995 cords; Lucien Gosselin, 7,790 cords; Wellie Caouette, 7,169 cords; Henri Marcoux, 6,409 cords. Total landed to date, 38,983 cords with 38,841 cords to go.

The big snow storm over the weekend slowed up production Monday but by Tuesday morning everyone was back on schedule. There was 16½ inches recorded at Pittston but there were reports from all over the country from 14 inches on up to 24 inches. Bill Elliot was here on Tuesday and found 36 inches for accumulation with a water contents of 8. inches. On February 1st the total snowfall for this winter was 69½ inches with an accumulation of 36 inches. Last year on February the first we had a total snowfall of 108½ inches with an accumulation of 21 inches.

We are now in the swapping-trading and buying business trying to round up any stray Northern magazines that may be kicking around in attics-storerooms etc. We have a nice supply of extra copies that we will trade or sell if you can lead us to some of those that are missing out of our office sets. If interested drop us a line and we will send you a list of our spares and a list of our needs.....

Ivan Jeffery is now in the Milo Hospital and a card will reach him if addressed to Milo, Maine.

We never did mention that Pat Begin's boy was back from the hospital and on the job again--Just an oversight on our part.

Mr. P. E. Whalen, Bangor Office

May 28th. 1913

Dear Sir:

I find in various operations very large quantities of perishable goods that are wasted. In particular Alder Stream Operation has wasted fish and fresh beef. More than a ton of fresh beef was thrown away in whole quarters. Whole quintals of fish dumped out without being opened. At Seboomook Dam two half barrels were thrown out on the dump and more than 30 pounds of fresh beef in one junk was found in the rubbish. Please take the matter up with your clerical forces and obtain explanations and devise some manner in which such matters can be reported. It seems strange that somebody in the concern has not brains enough to open a quintal of fish to find out whether it was good or bad. Two quintal of fish were opened at Alder Stream Farm after they had been thrown away and found to be suitable for use. The clerical force should report such matters if they cannot devise ways of saving the supplies. The beef could be corned or sent to other places to be used.

Yours truly,

F. A. Gilbert

From THE NORTHERN magazine...March 1928

Mr. R. H. Robertson has resigned as Assistant Manager of the Spruce Wood Department and Mr. William Hilton has taken over his duties.

Cooper Brook news..Cutting is now over and hauling to Jo-Merry Lake is in full swing. Four steam Lombards and two Holt tractors are working long hours. One hundred sets of double rack sleds are in constant use.....

MANY A GIRL WITH A BIG WARDROBE STARTED OUT WITH JUST A LITTLE SLIP.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

Alfred Nadeau, another veteran Great Northern Paper Company foreman retired on December 31, 1965.

The first records of Fred working for the Company was in 1943 although we do know that he worked on the Caucomgomac road which was probably around 1921 or 1922. He was also at Cooper Brook Depot sometime in the twenties.

In 1947, Fred was working as assistant foreman for Joseph Godbout on Misere Brook Drive and afterwards on the North Branch Drive. When Mr. Godbout got through Fred took his place as foreman to finish the drive.

In the fall of 1947, Fred started building cutting camps on Canada Falls Deadwater, approximately two miles above the dam on the Northeast side. From this camp he cut 7,064 cords during 1947-1948 and 10,831 cords during 1948-1949. The most of this wood was horse hauled into Canada Falls Deadwater.

In 1950 Fred moved to Rainey Brook and used the set of portable camps that Odilon Belanger had set up the previous year. During 1950-1951 he cut 19,178 cords and landed it with horses on Rainey Brook. The next year he built a new set of camps off the gravel road about four miles but still on Rainey Brook. During 1951-1952 he cut 18,756 cords and during 1952-53 he cut 22,767 cords. He used tractors to land the wood in Rainey Brook. Fred also had charge of the Rainey Brook Drive for both springs and drove the wood into Big Bog Deadwater.

In 1953, Fred built a new set of camps on the gravel road about two miles south of the International Paper Company road. He operated from this camp three years cutting, 11,155 cords during 1953-54; 12,105 cords during 1954-55 and 15,985 cords during 1955-56. This wood was tractor hauled into Abaconetic Stream for the first two years and the third year it was truck hauled and landed in Little Bog.

In 1956 he moved these camps across Brailey Brook about a mile and a half from the gravel road. An access road was built and graveled so that cars could be driven into the camp. That year he cut 10,340 cords and tractor hauled it to Abaconetic Stream.

All cutting stopped in the summer of 1957 and was not resumed again until 1960 at which time Fred returned to this camp and cut 13,653 cords during 1960-61. This wood was trucked to Little Abaconetic Bog.

In 1961 Fred moved this set of camps to the present location on the International Paper Company's road. Here he operated for the years: 1961-62 & 1962-63 & 1963-64 & 1964-65. Cutting the first year, 10,155 cords; the second year, 14,185 cords; the third year, 16,054 cords and 12,989 cords the fourth year.

In the summer of 1965 Fred bought the stumpage from the Company and began cutting spruce in long log lengths. He had over two million feet on the skids on January 1st.

Since Fred had his first contract with the Company in 1947 he has supervised cutting & hauling 195,217 cords which for some reason or other shows exactly 2,000 cords more than Adelard Gilbert supervised. Of course, Adelard, while working for Pete Drouin as a foreman cut well over 60,000 cords which is not included in the 193,217 cords that we had to his credit in our December 23, 1965 issue.

WHAT DOES A LOGGING CAMP CLERK DO IN 45 YEARS SERVICE? (Conclusion)

One ad stated that two-man crews were heeded to cut and yard pulpwood, at \$6.00 per cord, horses owned by the company, 40 hours per week, batch camps furnished.

Another company wanted 50 three-man crews to work with small tractors, 120 two-man crews to work with horses. Gasoline and oil furnished for power saws. This concern also wanted a cook at \$1.45 per hour, 60 hour week; a cook's assistant at \$1.40 per hour, 60 hour week, time and one half after 40 hours.

A FINE FAMILY... The third company was anxious to obtain woodsmen for an operation on two townships in Aroostook County. Besides the cutting and yarding crews, they needed the services of two bulldozer operators at a \$1.60 per hour, 50 hour week; two clerks at \$1.25 per hour, 50 hour week; two crane or shovel operators, \$1.50 per hour, 45 hour week; one foreman at \$1.60, 55 hour week; one feeder, \$1.25, 45 hour week; two scalers, at \$1.70 per hour, 50 hour week; one woods mechanic, \$1.45 per hour, 45 hour week.

Joe was a struggling logging camp clerk when he and Miss Irene Roy, of Haverhill, Mass., were married in 1933. Their major interests have been their four children, and at the present time there are also six grandchildren. Their oldest son, Ami, lives in Georgetown, mass., and is employed by General Electric. Arthur, a chemical engineer, lives in Connecticut, and recently completed a two months visit in Europe where he was engaged in research. Their oldest daughter, Mrs. Elaine Collins, is a resident of Los Angeles, California. Their youngest daughter, Pamela, graduated last Spring from Greenville High School and is majoring in mathematics at the U. OF M. in Orono.

Yes, Joe Marceau has retired following a remarkable career as a clerk in the logging camps and along the river drives of northern Maine. It is safe to assume, however, that when he and Mrs Marceau arn't enjoying trips to visit their daughters in California and Orono, or their sons in Mass. and Conn., that Joe frequently gets into his automobile and travels northward to visit his friends, acquaintances, and former business associates at logging camps that arn't remote any more.....The End.....

LEWISTON JOURNAL MAGAZINE SECTION**NOVEMBER 20,1965

Mr. P. E. Whalen, Bangor Office

August 3,1911

Dear Sir: Would like for you to take charge and look after the clerical work until further arrangements are made.

As I understand it, Hayes is at Pittston Farm, Glaster at Kineo Store House, Grindle, clerk of the mill at Chesuncook; Ward Sotre, Houseman at Ripogenus, Cutter Rear, clerk of the West Branch Drive between lakes; O'Linto, clerk of Section No. 3; Crowell of Section No. 4; John McKay, Rice Farm; James McGuire, Seboomook; Brown, Pittston-Kineo Road; Preble, Madison Boom. I understand that is no one except Douglass and the McCards at Bigelow and Alder Stream; Pelshaw at Rapid Stream, no one at Holeb except the care takers at North Branch. It is possible that Canders may be on the North Branch now.

This covers the work except O'Connell at the Grant Farm.

Yours truly,

F. A. Gilbert.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 9)

89

Now I again had to return
And cultivate the earth
That I had been accustomed to
Yes! almost from my birth.

90

The farmer is as free from care
As any class I know
He eats, he drinks, he sleeps secure
Tho' furious gales may blow.

91

If you ask what my Politics
Throughout my life have been
I am a Democrat I answer
Dyed in the Wool and Skin

92

I hold the Constitution
Of these United States
As sacred as the Bible
Of what it does relate.

93

And we the Yankee Nation
Are bound for to obey
That wholesome Constitution
Unto our dying day.

94

So let us be united
Our Country to defend
Support our Constitution
And ever prove its friend.

95

We have become a Nation
The world cannot subdue
So long as we are united
And keep our rights in view.

96

One Public Act which I have done
Of which I am proud to name
Our Constitution I did sign
Which rules the State of Maine.

97

I thank my townsmen for their choice
Which they bestowed on me
They trusted me with dearest rights
In a Convention free.

98

To Portland soon I did repair
With Delegates of Maine
For nineteen days we tarried there
Our Constitution framed.

99

I trust the same will long endure
A blessing may it prove
And all our Civil rights secure
In equity and love.

To be cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

February 10, 1966

Volume 4 No. 7

Landed wood scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 10,849 cords; Phillip Paquet, 10,760 cords; I. L. Dumas, 9,502 cords; Wellie Caouette, 9,344 cords; Henri Marcoux, 8,052 cords. Total landed to date, 48,487 cords. I. L. Dumas finished landing yeasterday. Wellie Caouette & Phillip Paquet have started a few crews cutting this past week.

The morning of January 27th showed 21 degrees below zero which is the coldest for the winter. The past nine days have been a little warmer than usual and we have had no snow to add to the accumulation. This morning the board shows 28 inches.

For the past six months we have been dropping a hint here and a hint there to see if we could promote some glasses for the Cariboo Club but up to date hints have not produced any and the situation is getting rather desperate with Mardi gras only a couple of weeks away. If we don't get any of the Great Northern's Double Old-fashioned ones the B & A Railroad will donate some of theirs as they feel the advertising potentialities would more than offset their cost. It might be rather interesting to listen to some of the comments of the Presidink of the Club when he opened his meeting Mardi gras evening with a B & A glass clasped in his left hand and a stick of Great Northern pulpwood in his right hand for a gavel. Bitter sarcasm is a specialty of the Presidink but if Ex-Presidink Al Leighton is there he is sure to start raving about the de-generation of the Club since his term of office expired which is very liable to touch off a racial disturbance the entire length of the International Line. Let's hope there are no reporters attend.

THE PAPER FOR THIS WEEKS ISSUE IS NEWSPRINT MANUFACTURED BY THE GREAT NORTHERN'S EAST MILLINOCKET MILL IN DECEMBER 1964.

Great Northern Paper Company
Gentlemen:

May 8, 1917

We received in this morning's mail, your identification card, showing that you have just purchased a 1917 INDIAN.

It is a pleasure for us to add your name to our list of INDIAN riders, and we want you to feel that from now on, we are at your service. We want you to enjoy your machine as others enjoy their INDIANS, and we want you to feel at liberty to call on any department of this organization, for whatever assistance or information we may be in a position to give you.

Any question pertaining directly or indirectly to your INDIAN will be promptly and fully answered. It is the policy of this Company, as well as the policy of all of our dealers to see that every INDIAN rider derives the full benefit of our machine, and we hope you will take advantage of the service that is at your command.

We are placing your name on our riders' mailing list today, and you will receive regularly from this office, literature pertaining to INDIAN activities which we hope will be of interest to you.

Trusting that we may hear from you from time to time, and with very kind regards, we beg to remain

Yours very truly,

HENDEE MFG. CO., J. B. McLaughton, Sales Dept.

WHAT MAKES A CARIBOU?

THOSE WHO HAVE DRUNK THE MIGHTY POTATION
AUTOMATICALLY QUALIFY TO BECOME MEMBERS OF A CLUB
BUT FEW OF THEM KNOW WHAT INGREDIENTS GO INTO THE
OFFICIAL QUART GLASS.....

A national magazine recently avoided a diverting gallop because its editor had never heard of a caribou. A lady from Springfield, Mass., had written in, saying that she had "sampled a mixture of wine and whiskey in a hotel in Quebec" and would like to know the recipe. This beverage, she said, was known as a caribou. The editor replied that while many delicious drinks are made from wine and whiskey he had never heard of one that answered to this name, and that was that.

I do not know what is in a caribou, but if that editor had got in touch with me I could have given the lady a better answer. I joined the Caribou Club through the kindness of Mr. Felix Fernald, who is a clerk for the Great Northern Paper Company at Pittston Farm in Maine, and who gives his word, honor-bright, that there is no whiskey in a caribou. "Anybody knows that," he says, but he offers no further information.

M. Benoit Caron is equally close mouthed. Mr. Caron owns a motel at Ste. Aurelie, Quebec, which is the seat of the Caribou Club. The hostelry sits almost on the international boundary, and is the first place over the line to be gained by the fun-seeking denizens of the vast timberland regions of Maine in the upper St. John River valley. They come over logging roads, through company chains, and must pass customs and immigration.

M. Caron is the bartender in his establishment, and about every ten minutes somebody asks him what in the name of all that's unholy is in a caribou, or more properly, caribooze. Although M. Caron is talented in a kind of boundary English, he thrusts his hands into his pockets in a gallic silence and turns away. He has pledged never to reveal the secret.

His son, a stripling who effects a pseudo-semblance of adolescence by wearing a bow tie, cowboys the tables, and seemingly knows no English at all, so it does no good to ask him. In Maine it is unlawful for minors to work in a grog-shop, but the lack of this provision 10 feet to the west'ard allows M. Caron to forego hiring help and he uses his children.

Young Garcon Caron is the best waiter I have ever watched perform. His father is the finest bouncer in the business. It is a distinct pleasure to see him eject an unwanted customer through the back door into the vast Quebec night with such delicate finesse that the fellow thinks he is still sitting at the table. I would not care to offend M. Caron in his own establishment. So it is not useful to inquire about the caribou.....

Continued.....

WHAT MAKES A CARIBOU? (Part 2)

The time Bill Dornbusch and I camped out at Baker Lake and fished the streams we decided to skip the campfire supper on the Saturday night and drive over to Ste. Aurelie and have a Canadien meal. This was innocently coincidental with plans by about 300 Great Northern people to hold a retirement party for the man who had run the towboat on Lake Munkalunkageejus for 45 years, but we knew something was afoot when we turned off the St. Francis road and found the International Paper Road lined with automobiles like the New Jersey pike, and at the chain we were told about the party. The chainkeeper at once cranked the woods telephone line and alerted Mr. Fernald that we were on our way, unbidden but welcome.

Thus it happened that Bill and I entered the Caron hostelry as strangers, but we were instantly recognized by M. Caron and his son as the two gentlemen just described by Mr. Fernald. While we were deciding to have the smoked meat with champignon sauce M. Caron whipped up two caribooze and his son deployed them before us with a gracious flourish.

"Quelle est-ce-que celui-ci?" I said, in my impeccable international tongue, and the boy replied, "Querr'booze."

"Je ne order these pas," I said, bowing slightly and smiling.

"Non, M'sieu," he said, bowing back, "C'est Felix Fernald," Felix Fernald is very difficult to say in French. Mr. Fernald had discreetly arranged this welcome for us, and we learned that upon sipping a caribou we would become initiated members in the famous Caribou Club of the Great North Woods-- a distress not yet covered by the Blue Cross.

Bill and I thereupon sipped, and from then on, for two or three weeks at the most, the memory of our fishing trip is hazy and at times completely reluctant. I do recall, at one point in the evening, seeing a pulpwood scaler remove his teeth, lay them on the piano, and speak for fifteen minutes into a dead microphone about the sterling qualities of the guest of honor, who had just been ejected through the back door by M. Caron. But little else comes to mind.

But Bill and I are qualified in the official roster of the Club Caribou, and are privy to the grips, words, signs, and esoteric symbolism of the order. I'm sure the lady from Springfield could get a caribou at the motel in Ste. Aurelie, but I doubt if it would be in the official club glass. The official club glass holds about a quart, and is embossed with the seal and coat of arms of the Great Northern Paper Company. Only club members take their caribooze from these vessels. And with the Club Caribou active, and M. Benoit Caron in good health, this is the best available testimony to the rugged character of the Maine papermaker. I suggest the lady in Springfield proceed cautiously.....

Written by John Gould for THE EVENING SUN, Baltimore Maryland.

Published December 20, 1965

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

And he rode off into the night.

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

And he glided off into the night.

Cont.....

THE CALL OF THE CARIBOO PART 2

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

They scraped off into the night.

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

Gored by the Cariboo.

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

And they brought on the Cariboos.

Cont.....

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

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

And so the meeting began.

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

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

THE CALL OF THE CARIBOO

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

So he slunk off into the night.

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

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

And they rode off into the dawn.

This epistle was printed for the first time in
Fernald's Journal on January 31, 1963..The Author
is still anonymous and probably always will be.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

February 10, 1966

Volume 4 No. 7

Landed wood scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 10,849 cords; Phillip Paquet, 10,760 cords; I. L. Dumas, 9,502 cords; Wellie Caouette, 9,344 cords; Henri Marcoux, 8,052 cords. Total landed to date, 48,487 cords. I. L. Dumas finished landing yeasterday. Wellie Caouette & Phillip Paquet have started a few crews cutting this past week.

The morning of January 27th showed 21 degrees below zero which is the coldest for the winter. The past nine days have been a little warmer than usual and we have had no snow to add to the accumulation. This morning the board shows 28 inches.

For the past six months we have been dropping a hint here and a hint there to see if we could promote some glasses for the Cariboo Club but up to date hints have not produced any and the situation is getting rather desperate with Mardi gras only a couple of weeks away. If we don't get any of the Great Northern's Double Old-fashioned ones the B & A Railroad will donate some of theirs as they feel the advertising potentialities would more than offset their cost. It might be rather interesting to listen to some of the comments of the Presidink of the Club when he opened his meeting Mardi gras evening with a B & A glass clasped in his left hand and a stick of Great Northern pulpwood in his right hand for a gavel. Bitter sarcasm is a specialty of the Presidink but if Ex-Presidink Al Leighton is there he is sure to start raving about the de-generation of the Club since his term of office expired which is very liable to touch off a racial disturbance the entire length of the International Line. Let's hope there are no reporters attend.

THE PAPER FOR THIS WEEKS ISSUE IS NEWSPRINT MANUFACTURED BY THE GREAT NORTHERN'S EAST MILLINOCKET MILL IN DECEMBER 1964.

Great Northern Paper Company

May 8, 1917

Gentlemen:

We received in this morning's mail, your identification card, showing that you have just purchased a 1917 INDIAN.

It is a pleasure for us to add your name to our list of INDIAN riders, and we want you to feel that from now on, we are at your service. We want you to enjoy your machine as others enjoy their INDIANS, and we want you to feel at liberty to call on any department of this organization, for whatever assistance or information we may be in a position to give you.

Any question pertaining directly or indirectly to your INDIAN will be promptly and fully answered. It is the policy of this Company, as well as the policy of all of our dealers to see that every INDIAN rider derives the full benefit of our machine, and we hope you will take advantage of the service that is at your command.

We are placing your name on our riders' mailing list today, and you will receive regularly from this office, literature pertaining to INDIAN activities which we hope will be of interest to you.

Trusting that we may hear from you from time to time, and with very kind regards, we beg to remain

Yours very truly,

HENDEE MFG. CO., J. B. McLaughton, Sales Dept.

WHAT MAKES A CARIBOU?

THOSE WHO HAVE DRUNK THE MIGHTY POTATION
AUTOMATICALLY QUALIFY TO BECOME MEMBERS OF A CLUB
BUT FEW OF THEM KNOW WHAT INGREDIENTS GO INTO THE
OFFICIAL QUIRT GLASS.....

A national magazine recently avoided a diverting gallop because its editor had never heard of a caribou. A lady from Springfield, Mass., had written in, saying that she had "sampled a mixture of wine and whiskey in a hotel in Quebec" and would like to know the recipe. This beverage, she said, was known as a caribou. The editor replied that while many delicious drinks are made from wine and whiskey he had never heard of one that answered to this name, and that was that.

I do not know what is in a caribou, but if that editor had got in touch with me I could have given the lady a better answer. I joined the Caribou Club through the kindness of Mr. Felix Fernald, who is a clerk for the Great Northern Paper Company at Pittston Farm in Maine, and who gives his word, honor-bright, that there is no whiskey in a caribou. "Anybody knows that," he says, but he offers no further information.

M. Benoit Caron is equally close mouthed. Mr. Caron owns a motel at Ste. Aurelie, Quebec, which is the seat of the Caribou Club. The hostelry sits almost on the international boundary, and is the first place over the line to be gained by the fun-seeking denizens of the vast timberland regions of Maine in the upper St. John River valley. They come over logging roads, through company chains, and must pass customs and immigration.

M. Caron is the bartender in his establishment, and about every ten minutes somebody asks him what in the name of all that's unholy is in a caribou, or more properly, caribooze. Although M. Caron is talented in a kind of boundary English, he thrusts his hands into his pockets in a gallic silence and turns away. He has pledged never to reveal the secret.

His son, a stripling who effects a pseudo-semblance of adolescence by wearing a bow tie, cowboys the tables, and seemingly knows no English at all, so it does no good to ask him. In Maine it is unlawful for minors to work in a grog-shop, but the lack of this provision 10 feet to the west'ard allows M. Caron to forego hiring help and he uses his children.

Young Garcon Caron is the best waiter I have ever watched perform. His father is the finest bouncer in the business. It is a distinct pleasure to see him eject an unwanted customer through the back door into the vast Quebec night with such delicate finesse that the fellow thinks he is still sitting at the table. I would not care to offend M. Caron in his own establishment. So it is not useful to inquire about the caribou.....

Continued.....

WHAT MAKES A CARIBOU? (Part 2)

The time Bill Dornbusch and I camped out at Baker Lake and fished the streams we decided to skip the campfire supper on the Saturday night and drive over to Ste. Aurelie and have a Canadien meal. This was innocently coincidental with plans by about 300 Great Northern people to hold a retirement party for the man who had run the towboat on Lake Munkalunkageejus for 45 years, but we knew something was afoot when we turned off the St. Francis road and found the International Paper Road lined with automobiles like the New Jersey pike, and at the chain we were told about the party. The chainkeeper at once cranked the woods telephone line and alerted Mr. Fernald that we were on our way, unbidden but welcome.

Thus it happened that Bill and I entered the Caron hostelry as strangers, but we were instantly recognized by M. Caron and his son as the two gentlemen just described by Mr. Fernald. While we were deciding to have the smoked meat with champignon sauce M. Caron whipped up two caribooze and his son deployed them before us with a gracious flourish.

"Quelle est-ce-que celui-ci?" I said, in my impeccable international tongue, and the boy replied, "Querr'booze."

"Je ne order these pas," I said, bowing slightly and smiling.

"Non, M'sieu," he said, bowing back, "C'est Felix Fernald," Felix Fernald is very difficult to say in French. Mr. Fernald had discreetly arranged this welcome for us, and we learned that upon sipping a caribou we would become initiated members in the famous Caribou Club of the Great North Woods-- a distress not yet covered by the Blue Cross.

Bill and I thereupon sipped, and from then on, for two or three weeks at the most, the memory of our fishing trip is hazy and at times completely reluctant. I do recall, at one point in the evening, seeing a pulpwood scaler remove his teeth, lay them on the piano, and speak for fifteen minutes into a dead microphone about the sterling qualities of the guest of honor, who had just been ejected through the back door by M. Caron. But little else comes to mind.

But Bill and I are qualified in the official roster of the Club Caribou, and are privy to the grips, words, signs, and esoteric symbolism of the order. I'm sure the lady from Springfield could get a caribou at the motel in Ste. Aurelie, but I doubt if it would be in the official club glass. The official club glass holds about a quart, and is embossed with the seal and coat of arms of the Great Northern Paper Company. Only club members take their caribooze from these vessels. And with the Club Caribou active, and M. Benoit Caron in good health, this is the best available testimony to the rugged character of the Maine papermaker. I suggest the lady in Springfield proceed cautiously.....

Written by John Gould for THE EVENING SUN, Baltimore Maryland.
Published December 20, 1965

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

And he rode off into the night.

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

And he glided off into the night.

Cont.....

THE CALL OF THE CARIBOO PART 2

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

They scraped off into the night.

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

Gored by the Cariboo.

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

And they brought on the Cariboos.

Cont.....

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

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

And so the meeting began.

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

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

THE CALL OF THE CARIBOO

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

So he slunk off into the night.

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

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

And they rode off into the dawn.

This epistle was printed for the first time in
Fernald's Journal on January 31, 1963..The Author
is still anonymous and probably always will be.

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

February 17, 1966

Volume 4 No. 8

Landed wood scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 13,081 cords; Phillip Paquet, 11,829 cords; Wellie Caouette, 11,203 cords; Henri Marcoux, 9,821 cords; I. L. Dumas, 9502 cords. Total landed to date, 55,436 cords. Balance left to land, 22,727 cords. The soft spell over the weekend slowed down production but by Tuesday morning they were back on schedule again.

Ed. Cates, Pulpwood Buyer from Fort Kent with guest, Charles Kline were at the Farm Tuesday and Tuesday night. This is the first time Ed. has been here for about six years.

45 years ago this month the entire State of Maine was tied up by heavy snowstorms. Bangor orders general holiday, everyone asked to help shovel out the city--only one open track between Portsmouth New Hampshire and Portland, Maine. The big storm on February 25th and the freezing temperatures throughout New England delayed many communities in recovering from the transportation tie-up. Service on the Eastern division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, the Maine Central and the Boston, Revere and Lynn railroads was but partly maintained, and street car lines were crippled everywhere. All trains on the Aroostook division of the Canadian Pacific Railroad were cancelled for the first time in years. In Bangor a general holiday was called by Mayor Woodman, to assist the street department to clear away the ice and snow drifts. A record snowfall of 61½ inches was recorded for the month of February.....

The question came up some time ago as to what was the most rainfall recorded in a 24 hour period in this country and I think we have come up with it..

On September 16, 1932 it began to rain sometime during the morning and by eight o'clock the next morning there was recorded at Ripogenus Dam 7.72 inches and at Millinocket, 5.69 inches. The elevation of the water at Ripogenus was 938.09 feet on September 11th; September 18th, 938.75 feet and September 25th it was 940.53 feet. There was 11.00 inches of rainfall recorded at Ripogenus for the month of September.

Joe Marceau recalls that day as he was the head clerk at the Grant Farm. Leon White was at the Grant Farm and tried to go to Greenville the next day (Saturday) and couldn't make it through Lily Bay field as the road was flooded. Lloyd Houghton & G. Wing tried to get through in Lloyd's Model "T" Ford but they left the road at Lily Bay field and nearly drowned. Sam Bigney went out to rescue them with a small skiff and during the process he lost his upper molars. Sam finally had to get the horses to pull Lloyd's Ford out of the water.

"THE STORY THAT SHOOK MT. KATAHDIN" that we have in this issue was written by Frederic B. Hyde, Washington, D. C. for the 1933 issue of the Maine Woods, a magazine that was published for the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad.....

The Great Northern Paper Company started manufacturing paper in 1901 and that year they produced 61,833 tons at Millinocket and 14,316 tons at Madison for a total of 76,149 tons. On a rough cord basis this would be 76,149 cords or 87,571 cords of peeled wood.

ONE REASON A SHIP IS CALLED A "SHE" IS BECAUSE THE RIGGING
COSTS MORE THAN THE HULL.

THE STORY THAT SHOOK KATAHDIN

When I mention the storm of 1932, I do not allude to the political hurricane. Everybody knows about that. I mean the real storm that hit Northern Maine,--and by jimminy, how it did change the face of Nature in the Katahdin Country! That's what I am telling it for; That's why I ask you- "Have you ever heard about the storm?"

Well, it was a bear! It wasn't one of those gentle summer showers That steal across the pond and then you go out and find the trout rise as tho' they had never had a thing to eat. It wasn't like that by a jugfull. All you can say of it is that it was a tropical hurricane off its course, that's all. And didn't it select a marvelous place in which to tear things loose? I'll say it did, for Ol' Katahdin, since days of glaciers, has stood his ground against a million storms without turning a whisker and so did all his children all about him.-that is, except OJI, for a few years back OJI did slip a little and shed a few trees when the old slide let go again.

Anyone who has enjoyed a comfortable siesta on an afternoon curled up in a chair on one of the verandas at York's camps on Daicey Pond, and gazed dreammily across the water with its mirrored reflection of Ol' Man Katahdin, must have thought the same thing as you have;-"These everlasting mountains don't change much, do they", and there wasn't any answer, for they hadn't. Take a look now. Sure. That's Ol' Katy. But what's wrong with this one? Mt. Everett, the one someone thought looked like Everett York laying down with his belt all pulled in. And OJI?

Maybe you never noticed the little gilt and glass thing hanging up in the office at York's Camps. That's a barometer. The black hand moves and the gilt one tells you where the black hand was yeasterday and then you look at the wind's direction and tell the other fellow he'd better not go to Lost Pond for it's going to rain and somehow the fish won't bite for the barometer has gone down and that isn't so good and he asks you, "Why", and you say the barometer says so,- and so he goes and gets a lot of fish and it's a beautiful day after all. Nix. You aren't the only one that gadget has fooled some time, and most of the time, but when the storm really comes you can always have a good alibi by saying, "Did you see how low the barometer went yeasterday? and he says, "no."

Early in the morning of September 16, 1932, the old black hand started on its downward course and by noon it rained hard and fast. By night it was a howling gale with rain hitting the sides of the cabin in streaks and spraying it all over the place. Trees cracked and snapped in the surrounding forest and nobody slept much for the shingles on the roofs and the tar paper rattled some, and then some more. And that rain fell, or tried to, but it kept hitting the camp like bullets out of a gun. By morning the pond had risen much over a foot. Someone looked at the black hand, it having gone down a whole inch, and said, "we've had a storm"-"Sure we had", said I. "That's what them instruments are for, ain't they?"

And then at daylight it got real calm. No wind, no rain, for just about half an hour. And then the wind came in, all changed in its direction, and didn't it rain! Only for about five hours, but when we measured it in an old boat that was right side up, it had rained 12 inches in less than twenty four hours. And you should have seen that barometer go up! You should have seen the hand move.

Cont.....

THE STORY THAT SHOOK KATAHDIN (Part 2)

It almost bent itself trying to get back to "Fair." Then the clouds broke away and someone rushed into the office and shouted, "Get out and take a look at those mountains!"

By golly! You should have seen those slides! Down the middle of Mt. Everett was a slide of three big ones that started on the top and ran down until they joined at the bottom. On OJI the old one was twice as large and two tails and on each side of it were two more great big ones that also started at the ridge of the mountain and tore all the way down. One was just as if you had drawn a knife down and cut a deep gash about a mile long, straight as a string. The other was a huge affair and as it came down it ripped into the shoulder of the mountain and then sheered off into the valley, plowing the forest for nearly a mile.

But that wasn't all. Someone came down the tote road to bring first-aid to the telephone line and brought a tale of devastation unbelievable. All the way up the valley between Double Top and the Western slope of the Katahdin range were plenty of slides, big ones too, that swept right down over the tote road to a depth of forty to fifty feet, and continueing on their destructive way, piled huge boulders up right into Sourdnahunk Stream. At one place on Double Top an entire shoulder of the mountain fell off into the valley. The great slide of a generation ago on Mt. Coe started again and ripped things up terribly, rushing over the road a quarter of a mile wide. Roaring brook was wiped off the map and its beautiful falls, taking the impact of three conjoined slides, was reduced to a mass of boulders three hundred feet wide. The titanic force of nature had left their wreckage and the demonstration was as impressive as perfect.

Then there was a flood and Sourdnahunk stream broke loose. It rose above its normal level over twelve feet and surged through the forests, over the road, into the fields, backed up into the ponds and carrying away the Toll Dam, rushed to the West Branch, cutting new channels and raising hell generally.

But here is the strangest part of the story. After the waters of Sourdnahunk Stream had subsided and things were once more normal, the trout in the stream were bigger and better! Laugh that off! It is a fact indisputable, that many of the trout caught were from one to two pounds in weight and sixteen to eighteen inches in length! And that's good news for you stream fisherman.

You bet you'll get an eye-full next year when you come back to Twin Pond and settle down for your summer in the glorious woods of Maine! Plenty. And when you come to the "End of the Road" you'll find Vesta and Everett York in their new camp where you may spend the night or longer if you wish, and Everett will prove to you he is very much alive! Then he will come out to bid you goodbye as you go along to Twin Pine Camps (which by the way is now being run and managed splendidly by Earle and Marabelle York), and as the old buckboard is just starting, Everett will seem to remember something and ask, "Have you heard about the storm?" "No?" Well it was a dark and stormy night.....and the grinding wheels of the buckboard finish the sentence.....

Written by Frederic B. Hyde, Washington, D. C. for the
MAINE WOODS in 1933.

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 10)

100

A Tan yard small I likewise had
I bought up hides and bark
And took them often by their weight
But sometimes by their mark.

101

A master Tanner soon I found
George Hudson was his name
And one would think by his account
He was a Man of fame.

102

He told me much that he could do
In shaving down the hides
And what good leather he had made
I could not think he lied.

103

I gave him wages very high
For to instruct my sons
But he proved only full of noise
He proved an empty gun.

104

In one year's time I found him out
And settled off his bill
And then I sold the Tanworks out
To-gether with the mill.

105

Within that time I built a shop
And made up boots and shoes
But still that proved like all my luck
For I was bound to lose.

106

I the Freemason's Order joined
And entered in the Lodge
I learned the Apron for to wear
And likewise carried the Hod.

107

The Trowel I soon learned to use
And work by Plumb and figure
So when the Craft was hard at work
They often found me there.

108

From Step to Step I went ahead
Improving in the Art
I entered soon a Chapter Lodge
Became a Royal Arch.

109

There's many things both said & done
We Masons keep concealed
But those who enter in the Lodge
To them they are revealed.

110

Freemasonry has stood the test
For many thousand years
They help the Orphan in distress
And dries up the Widow's tears.

To be cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

February 17, 1966

Volume 4 No. 8

Landed wood scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 13,081 cords; Phillip Paquet, 11,829 cords; Wellie Caouette, 11,203 cords; Henri Marcoux, 9,821 cords; I. L. Dumas, 9502 cords. Total landed to date, 55,436 cords. Balance left to land, 22,727 cords. The soft spell over the weekend slowed down production but by Tuesday morning they were back on schedule again.

Ed. Cates, Pulpwood Buyer from Fort Kent with guest, Charles Kline were at the Farm Tuesday and Tuesday night. This is the first time Ed. has been here for about six years.

45 years ago this month the entire State of Maine was tied up by heavy snowstorms. Bangor orders general holiday, everyone asked to help shovel out the city--only one open track between Portsmouth New Hampshire and Portland, Maine. The big storm on February 25th and the freezing temperatures throughout New England delayed many communities in recovering from the transportation tie-up. Service on the Eastern division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, the Maine Central and the Boston, Revere and Lynn railroads was but partly maintained, and street car lines were crippled everywhere. All trains on the Aroostook division of the Canadian Pacific Railroad were cancelled for the first time in years. In Bangor a general holiday was called by Mayor Woodman, to assist the street department to clear away the ice and snow drifts. A record snowfall of 61½ inches was recorded for the month of February.....

The question came up some time ago as to what was the most rainfall recorded in a 24 hour period in this country and I think we have come up with it..

On September 16, 1932 it began to rain sometime during the morning and by eight o'clock the next morning there was recorded at Ripogenus Dam 7.72 inches and at Millinocket, 5.69 inches. The elevation of the water at Ripogenus was 938.09 feet on September 11th; September 18th, 938.75 feet and September 25th it was 940.53 feet. There was 11.00 inches of rainfall recorded at Ripogenus for the month of September.

Joe Marceau recalls that day as he was the head clerk at the Grant Farm. Leon White was at the Grant Farm and tried to go to Greenville the next day (Saturday) and couldn't make it through Lily Bay field as the road was flooded. Lloyd Houghton & G. Wing tried to get through in Lloyd's Model "T" Ford but they left the road at Lily Bay field and nearly drowned. Sam Bigney went out to rescue them with a small skiff and during the process he lost his upper molars. Sam finally had to get the horses to pull Lloyd's Ford out of the water.

"THE STORY THAT SHOOK MT. KATAHDIN" that we have in this issue was written by Frederic B. Hyde, Washington, D. C. for the 1933 issue of the Maine Woods, a magazine that was published for the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad.....

The Great Northern Paper Company started manufacturing paper in 1901 and that year they produced 61,833 tons at Millinocket and 14,316 tons at Madison for a total of 76,149 tons. On a rough cord basis this would be 76,149 cords or 87,571 cords of peeled wood.

ONE REASON A SHIP IS CALLED A "SHE" IS BECAUSE THE RIGGING
COSTS MORE THAN THE HULL.

THE STORY THAT SHOOK KATAHDIN

When I mention the storm of 1932, I do not allude to the political hurricane. Everybody knows about that. I mean the real storm that hit Northern Maine,--and by jimminy, how it did change the face of Nature in the Katahdin Country! That's what I am telling it for; That's why I ask you- "Have you ever heard about the storm?"

Well, it was a bear! It wasn't one of those gentle summer showers That steal across the pond and then you go out and find the trout rise as tho' they had never had a thing to eat. It wasn't like that by a jugfull. All you can say of it is that it was a tropical hurricane off its course, that's all. And didn't it select a marvelous place in which to tear things loose? I'll say it did, for Ol' Katahdin, since days of glaciers, has stood his ground against a million storms without turning a whisker and so did all his children all about him.-that is, except OJI, for a few years back OJI did slip a little and shed a few trees when the old slide let go again.

Anyone who has enjoyed a comfortable siesta on an afternoon curled up in a chair on one of the verandas at York's camps on Daicey Pond, and gazed dreammily across the water with its mirrored reflection of Ol' Man Katahdin, must have thought the same thing as you have;-"These everlasting mountains don't change much, do they", and there wasn't any answer, for they hadn't. Take a look now. Sure. That's Ol' Katy. But what's wrong with this one? Mt. Everett, the one someone thought looked like Everett York laying down with his belt all pulled in. And OJI?

Maybe you never noticed the little gilt and glass thing hanging up in the office at York's Camps. That's a barometer. The black hand moves and the gilt one tells you where the black hand was yeasterday and then you look at the wind's direction and tell the other fellow he'd better not go to Lost Pond for it's going to rain and somehow the fish won't bite for the barometer has gone down and that isn't so good and he asks you, "Why", and you say the barometer says so,- and so he goes and gets a lot of fish and it's a beautiful day after all. Nix. You aren't the only one that gadget has fooled some time, and most of the time, but when the storm really comes you can always have a good alibi by saying, "Did you see how low the barometer went yeasterday? and he says, "no."

Early in the morning of September 16, 1932, the old black hand started on its downward course and by noon it rained hard and fast. By night it was a howling gale with rain hitting the sides of the cabin in streaks and spraying it all over the place. Trees cracked and snapped in the surrounding forest and nobody slept much for the shingles on the roofs and the tar paper rattled some, and then some more. And that rain fell, or tried to, but it kept hitting the camp like bullets out of a gun. By morning the pond had risen much over a foot. Someone looked at the black hand, it having gone down a whole inch, and said, "we've had a storm"- "Sure we had", said I. "That's what them instruments are for, ain't they?"

And then at daylight it got real calm. No wind, no rain, for just about half an hour. And then the wind came in, all changed in its direction, and didn't it rain! Only for about five hours, but when we measured it in an old boat that was right side up, it had rained 12 inches in less than twenty four hours. And you should have seen that barometer go up! You should have seen the hand move.

Cont.....

THE STORY THAT SHOOK KATAHDIN (Part 2)

It almost bent itself trying to get back to "Fair." Then the clouds broke away and someone rushed into the office and shouted, "Get out and take a look at those mountains!"

By golly! You should have seen those slides! Down the middle of Mt. Everett was a slide of three big ones that started on the top and ran down until they joined at the bottom. On OJI the old one was twice as large and two tails and on each side of it were two more great big ones that also started at the ridge of the mountain and tore all the way down. One was just as if you had drawn a knife down and cut a deep gash about a mile long, straight as a string. The other was a huge affair and as it came down it ripped into the shoulder of the mountain and then sheered off into the valley, plowing the forest for nearly a mile.

But that wasn't all. Someone came down the tote road to bring first-aid to the telephone line and brought a tale of devastation unbelievable. All the way up the valley between Double Top and the Western slope of the Katahdin range were plenty of slides, big ones too, that swept right down over the tote road to a depth of forty to fifty feet, and continueing on their destructive way, piled huge boulders up right into Sourdnaunk Stream. At one place on Double Top an entire shoulder of the mountain fell off into the valley. The great slide of a generation ago on Mt. Coe started again and ripped things up terribly, rushing over the road a quarter of a mile wide. Roaring brook was wiped off the map and its beautiful falls, taking the impact of three conjoined slides, was reduced to a mass of boulders three hundred feet wide. The titanic force of nature had left their wreckage and the demonstration was as impressive as perfect.

Then there was a flood and Sourdnaunk stream broke loose. It rose above its normal level over twelve feet and surged through the forests, over the road, into the fields, backed up into the ponds and carrying away the Toll Dam, rushed to the West Branch, cutting new channels and raising hell generally.

But here is the strangest part of the story. After the waters of Sourdnaunk Stream had subsided and things were once more normal, the trout in the stream were bigger and better! Laugh that off! It is a fact indisputable, that many of the trout caught were from one to two pounds in weight and sixteen to eighteen inches in length! And that's good news for you stream fisherman.

You bet you'll get an eye-full next year when you come back to Twin Pond and settle down for your summer in the glorious woods of Maine! Plenty. And when you come to the "End of the Road" you'll find Vesta and Everett York in their new camp where you may spend the night or longer if you wish, and Everett will prove to you he is very much alive! Then he will come out to bid you goodbye as you go along to Twin Pine Camps (which by the way is now being run and managed splendidly by Earle and Marabelle York), and as the old buckboard is just starting, Everett will seem to remember something and ask, "Have you heard about the storm?" "No?" Well it was a dark and stormy night.....and the grinding wheels of the buckboard finish the sentence.....

Written by Frederic B. Hyde, Washington, D. C. for the
MAINE WOODS in 1933.

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 10)

100

A Tan yard small I likewise had
I bought up hides and bark
And took them often by their weight
But sometimes by their mark.

101

A master Tanner soon I found
George Hudson was his name
And one would think by his account
He was a Man of fame.

102

He told me much that he could do
In shaving down the hides
And what good leather he had made
I could not think he lied.

103

I gave him wages very high
For to instruct my sons
But he proved only full of noise
He proved an empty gun.

104

In one year's time I found him out
And settled off his bill
And then I sold the Tanworks out
To-gether with the mill.

105

Within that time I built a shop
And made up boots and shoes
But still that proved like all my luck
For I was bound to lose.

106

I the Freemason's Order joined
And entered in the Lodge
I learned the Apron for to wear
And likewise carried the Hod,

107

The Trowel I soon learned to use
And work by Plumb and figure
So when the Craft was hard at work
They often found me there.

108

From Step to Step I went ahead
Improving in the Art
I entered soon a Chapter Lodge
Became a Royal Arch.

109

There's many things both said & done
We Masons keep concealed
But those who enter in the Lodge
To them they are revealed.

110

Freemasonry has stood the test
For many thousand years
They help the Orphan in distress
And dries up the Widow's tears.

To be cont;....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

February 24, 1966

Volume 4 No. 9

Landed wood scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 13,533 cds; Phil Paquet, 12,932 cds; Wellie Caouette, 12,039 cds; Henri Marcoux, 11,907 cds; I. L. Dumas, 9,589 cds; Total landed to date, 60,000 cords. Caouette, Paquet and Dumas have a few crews cutting.

The mercury dropped to 35 below Saturday night to set the record for this winter. In looking over the past reports we find the following low readings:

Jan. 15, 1965	-26	Jan. 10, 1960	-30
Jan. 13, 1964	-24	Feb. 9, 1959	-25
Feb. 27, 1963	-28	Feb. 10, 1958	-22
Feb. 2, 1962	-45	Jan. 14, 1957	-34
Feb. 1, 1961	-30	Jan. 1, 1956	-26

The 45 below on February 2, 1962 is the record low since the weather bureau started at Pittston in 1941.

Visitors in the area during the week included, Ralph Clifford and Eddie Lumbert from Bangor, Doug Smith and Carroll Freeman from Millinocket.

We could not ressurect any glasses for the Cariboo Club in time for Mardi gras but the telephone operator came to the rescue by loaning a set of hers to the Club. Reports dribbling in from the North Branch yeasterday termed it one of the best evenings for the Cariboo Club in its history. One of George Hall's trusted clerk's who is at Gosselin's on lend lease had to be cajoled-begged- kicked in the shins and booted in the rear end before he condescended to go, ended up as a future prospective presidink of the club, having passed his initiation ceremonies one hundred per cent.

Madame Gosselin attended the meeting and it was rumored that Lucien was home baby-sitting but a careful investigation revealed that Lucien was back at the camp taking a siesta. Sure getting old when you have to take a siesta on Mardi gras evening.

A recent letter from Al Leighton saying that he saw a photo of a grave stone, taken in Bethel, Maine with the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Peter Poor

Shot by an Indian, Tom Hagen,
and buried on this spot.

August 5, 1781

Erected by W. B. Gates"

Al seems to think Tomhegan Township that lies between Moosehead Lake and Ten Mile got its name from this Tom Hegan. This is Township No. 1 Range 2 N.B.K.P. and in 1879 was known as Tomhegan. The Bradley Estate purchased three quarters of it and the Coburn Estate purchased one quarter of it in 1879 at a price of \$4.37½ per acre.

In 1902 The Great Northern Paper Company manufactured 71,277 tons of paper at the Millinocket Mill and 14,320 tons at the Madison Mill for a total of 85,597 tons. It took 85,597 cords of peeled wood or 98,437 cords of rough wood to produce this paper.

A mechenic at Ste. Aurelie the other night was fumbling around trying to open his truck. After five minutes of unsuccessful maneuvering, he hailed a passer-by. "Hey, howsh about gittin' thish door for me?" "You shouldn't drive," the Safety Man said. "Wash amatter you," bellowed Johnny. "Cansh you shes, I'sh in no condishun to walk!"...

DEEP MYSTERY

SURROUNDS MURDER AT JACKMAN

NO ARRESTS YET MADE--SOMERSET COUNTY OFFICIALS RETURN TO SKOWHEGAN AFTER EXHAUSTIVE INVESTIGATION OF DEATH OF BARTLEY.....
Skowhegan, Maine, October 22, 1919..County Attorney E. S. Merrill, Sheriff John A. Moors and Deputy Sheriff R. B. Cole arrived home Wednesday evening after a long and wearisome investigation in the Jackman murder case. No arrest has as yet been made and John Burke is not under arrest. Sheriff Moors stated that he did not feel warranted in arresting him, notwithstanding the chain of circumstances connecting him with the movements of Nelson W. Bartley on the night of the murder. This official has told Burke, however, that he must expect that the general public will have a right to demand to be informed what has become of the man with whom he drove away. Burke claims that he and Bartley did not leave the village, but went into his(Burke's) house. He went into the house, he said, entering the yard first, leaving Bartley to turn the car around. Bartley then entered the house and a violent word quarrel ensued. He further testified that at about nine o'clock they came out of the house together, walked part way from the house to the main road, the house sitting back from the street eight or ten rods, and while they were walking along side by side, still talking in no very pleasant manner, he (Burke) leaned forward to strike a match on a rock, and as he stooped down Bartley whirled in front of Burke and fired a shot at his head, so close that it caused partial deafness to his right ear, the bullet missing his head and striking his leg, inflicting a flesh wound but not a dangerous one. Immediately before he could rally from the shock Bartley ran quickly down the path into the road, turned to the left toward the village and disappeared into the darkness. Burke then walked across the street to the residence of John Bulmer, where he gave the alarm, and Mr. Bulmer went in quest of Dr. Boothby, who dressed Burke's wound and has since cared for him.

The following morning the auto in which the men rode to Burke's home, according to Burke's story, was found standing beside the road a short distance from the Burke house. The officers are attempting a rigid investigation as to the movements of this automobile from the time it left the Bartley Hotel, driven by Mr. Burke and carrying Mr. Bartley, the previous evening at about 8:15 o'clock.

The case presents many angles and baffling ones thus far and bids fair to being one of the most important ever before the court of Somerset county. The conditions surrounding the clandestine burial of Mr. Bartley in the cave in the swamp, the apparent coolness, premeditation and brutality of the killing, are features seldom laid bare before the people of Maine. Strange rumors are everywhere in that North country village but the facts remain that the death of Mr. Bartley was not by suicide nor was he the victim of robbery so far as pertains to cash, for \$202 in bills were folded in his trousers pocket, besides many other minor articles. No pocket in any garment had apparently been molested, notwithstanding the fact that many papers of more or less importance as to business matters were found outside the dead man's pocket, in the cave, and by many were believed had been ramsacked for some purpose not quite clear. But the officers believe that the papers were dropped from the pocket while Mr. Bartley was being carried or dragged from the place of secretion rather than that the pockets were ramsacked for valuables,

cont.....

DEEP MYSTERY cont

as more than \$200 could have been secured by the murderer had he taken the trouble to have looked for it. The cave was caused by the blowing over of two large fir trees standing together in the swamp, and making an upheaval very much like the roof of a building, with a heavy wall of clay and rocks which would be at least 12 feet in length and an average of nearly three feet in width. The opening of this cave was hardly large enough to admit a body and the person placing this body therein must have had a serious job to get it back into the cave; but it was so done, and unless fate had willed it to be so the remains might have been searched for forever and never discovered. Only by merest fate was it detected.

A large pool of blood on the farthest side of the cave from the road was noticed and it is believed by the officers that Bartley met his death at or in the immediate vicinity of this spot. Whether by accident or previous knowledge of the hiding place the assassin was so fortunate in his ability to conceal the body quickly is at the present time of gravest consideration by the authorities.

A preliminary examination of the body early Saturday, as soon as it was taken to the undertaking room of Wenster Moore, revealed by the probable cause of death. It showed a bullet wound in the forehead, the bullet having apparently passed entirely through the brain., coming out near the base of the skull and near the spinal column, but the autopsy later in the day by Drs. Boothby of Jackman, Caza of Skowhegan and Sawyer of Madison revealed the fact that two shots had been fired, one from behind, which probably caused instant death, followed by the second shot, and at such close range that the flesh around the bullet wound for a diameter of four inches including the left eye, was severely burned by powder.

Relatives and friends who have their own theories to advance and have a right to expect them to be followed up have been listened to and two clues which look to them somewhat propitious were eliminated by the carefulest investigation the officers know how to make. Still others will be eliminated by the process of elimination, the true cause it is believed, will ultimately be accepted. No direct accusations were made against any man, the county attorney and officers reserving the right to prosecute whenever and wherever such action is indicated. No attempt has been or will be made to follow any theory, neither will they be held back from doing their whole duty in the matter of prosecution when duty makes action plain.

John Burke was subsequently arrested for the murder and the trial was held at Skowhegan in February 1920. We will have some of the headlines of the trial in our next issue.....

This was taken from the Lewiston Evening Journal, October 22, 1919 issue.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 11)

111

I went as Legislator
In twenty two and four
And tarried there the session
Of forty days or more.

112

Good laws and regulations
We for the people made
Then called upon the Treasurer
And all our bills were paid.

113

I, in a garden take delight
To use the Spade and Hoe
And keep it clear of grass and weeds
So that the plants may grow.

114

I like to pluck delicious fruit
That grows upon the vine
And press the juices of the grape
To make a pleasant wine.

115

Thus many years have passed away
And I have lived to see
My sons and daughters married well
O, happy may they be.

116

Eleven children we have had
But seven now remain
The other four have passed away
We could not them retain.

117

For twenty years I with my son
Have worked about the farm
He takes the lead and goes ahead
And I keep following on.

118

But death has taken him away
And left me here to mourn
I know I soon must follow him
But he will not return.

119

I live with Bancroft Thomas now
He is my younger son
I trust he will provide for us
Until our days are done.

120

I've married persons old and young
Of Damsels many a score
One hundred as my record saith
And fifty seven more.

121

I wish them joy and health thro' life
O happy may they be
Each man enjoy a tender wife
And living blessings see.

To be cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

February 24, 1966

Volume 4 No. 9

Landed wood scale this week: Lucien Gosselin, 13,533 cds; Phil Paquet, 12,932 cds; Wellie Caouette, 12,039 cds; Henri Marcoux, 11,907 cds; I. L. Dumas, 9,589 cds; Total landed to date, 60,000 cords. Caouette, Paquet and Dumas have a few crews cutting.

The mercury dropped to 35 below Saturday night to set the record for this winter. In looking over the past reports we find the following low readings:

Jan. 15, 1965	-26	Jan. 10, 1960	-30
Jan. 13, 1964	-24	Feb. 9, 1959	-25
Feb. 27, 1963	-28	Feb. 10, 1958	-22
Feb. 2, 1962	-45	Jan. 14, 1957	-34
Feb. 1, 1961	-30	Jan. 1, 1956	-26

The 45 below on February 2, 1962 is the record low since the weather bureau started at Pittston in 1941.

Visitors in the area during the week included, Ralph Clifford and Eddie Lumbert from Bangor, Doug Smith and Carroll Freeman from Millinocket.

We could not ressurect any glasses for the Cariboo Club in time for Mardi gras but the telephone operator came to the rescue by loaning a set of hers to the Club. Reports dribbling in from the North Branch yeasterday termed it one of the best evenings for the Cariboo Club in its history. One of George Hall's trusted clerk's who is at Gosselin's on lend lease had to be cajoled-begged- kicked in the shins and booted in the rear end before he condescended to go, ended up as a future prospective presidink of the club, having passed his initiation ceremonies one hundred per cent.

Madame Gosselin attended the meeting and it was rumored that Lucien was home baby-sitting but a careful investigation revealed that Lucien was back at the camp taking a siesta. Sure getting old when you have to take a siesta on Mardi gras evening.

A recent letter from Al Leighton saying that he saw a photo of a grave stone, taken in Bethel, Maine with the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Peter Poor

Shot by an Indian, Tom Hagen,
and buried on this spot.

August 5, 1781

Erected by W. B. Gates"

Al seems to think Tomhegan Township that lies between Moosehead Lake and Ten Mile got its name from this Tom Hegan. This is Township No. 1 Range 2 N.B.K.P. and in 1879 was known as Tomhegan. The Bradley Estate purchased three quarters of it and the Coburn Estate purchased one quarter of it in 1879 at a price of \$4.37½ per acre.

In 1902 The Great Northern Paper Company manufactured 71,277 tons of paper at the Millinocket Mill and 14,320 tons at the Madison Mill for a total of 85,597 tons. It took 85,597 cords of peeled wood or 98,437 cords of rough wood to produce this paper.

A mechenic at Ste. Aurelie the other night was fumbling around trying to open his truck. After five minutes of unsuccessful maneuvering, he hailed a passer-by. "Hey, howsh about gittin' thish door for me?" "You shouldn't drive," the Safety Man said. "Wash amatter you," bellowed Johnny. "Cansh you shee, I'sh in no condishun to walk!"...

DEEP MYSTERY

SURROUNDS MURDER AT JACKMAN

NO ARRESTS YET MADE--SOMERSET COUNTY OFFICIALS RETURN TO SKOWHEGAN AFTER EXHAUSTIVE INVESTIGATION OF DEATH OF BARTLEY..... Skowhegan, Maine, October 22, 1919..County Attorney E. S. Merrill, Sheriff John A. Moors and Deputy Sheriff R. B. Cole arrived home Wednesday evening after a long and wearisome investigation in the Jackman murder case. No arrest has as yet been made, and John Burke is not under arrest. Sheriff Moors stated that he did not feel warranted in arresting him, notwithstanding the chain of circumstances connecting him with the movements of Nelson W. Bartley on the night of the murder. This official has told Burke, however, that he must expect that the general public will have a right to demand to be informed what has become of the man with whom he drove away. Burke claims that he and Bartley did not leave the village, but went into his (Burke's) house. He went into the house, he said, entering the yard first, leaving Bartley to turn the car around. Bartley then entered the house and a violent word quarrel ensued. He further testified that at about nine o'clock they came out of the house together, walked part way from the house to the main road, the house sitting back from the street eight or ten rods, and while they were walking along side by side, still talking in no very pleasant manner, he (Burke) leaned forward to strike a match on a rock, and as he stooped down Bartley whirled in front of Burke and fired a shot at his head, so close that it caused partial deafness to his right ear, the bullet missing his head and striking his leg, inflicting a flesh wound but not a dangerous one. Immediately before he could rally from the shock Bartley ran quickly down the path into the road, turned to the left toward the village and disappeared into the darkness. Burke then walked across the street to the residence of John Bulmer, where he gave the alarm, and Mr. Bulmer went in quest of Dr. Boothby, who dressed Burke's wound and has since cared for him.

The following morning the auto in which the men rode to Burke's home, according to Burke's story, was found standing beside the road a short distance from the Burke house. The officers are attempting a rigid investigation as to the movements of this automobile from the time it left the Bartley Hotel, driven by Mr. Burke and carrying Mr. Bartley, the previous evening at about 8:15 o'clock.

The case presents many angles and baffling ones thus far and bids fair to being one of the most important ever before the court of Somerset county. The conditions surrounding the clandestine burial of Mr. Bartley in the cave in the swamp, the apparent coolness, premeditation and brutality of the killing, are features seldom laid bare before the people of Maine. Strange rumors are everywhere in that North country village but the facts remain that the death of Mr. Bartley was not by suicide nor was he the victim of robbery so far as pertains to cash, for \$202 in bills were folded in his trousers pocket, besides many other minor articles. No pocket in any garment had apparently been molested, notwithstanding the fact that many papers of more or less importance as to business matters were found outside the dead man's pocket, in the cave, and by many were believed had been ramsacked for some purpose not quite clear. But the officers believe that the papers were dropped from the pocket while Mr. Bartley was being carried or dragged to the place of seclusion rather than that the pockets were ramsacked for valuables,

cont.....

DEEP MYSTERY cont

as more than \$200 could have been secured by the murderer had he taken the trouble to have looked for it. The cave was caused by the blowing over of two large fir trees standing together in the swamp, and making an upheaval very much like the roof of a building, with a heavy wall of clay and rocks which would be at least 12 feet in length and an average of nearly three feet in width. The opening of this cave was hardly large enough to admit a body and the person placing this body therein must have had a serious job to get it back into the cave; but it was so done, and unless fate had willed it to be so the remains might have been searched for forever and never discovered. Only by merest fate was it detected.

A large pool of blood on the farthest side of the cave from the road was noticed and it is believed by the officers that Bartley met his death at or in the immediate vicinity of this spot. Whether by accident or previous knowledge of the hiding place the assassin was so fortunate in his ability to conceal the body quickly is at the present time of gravest consideration by the authorities.

A preliminary examination of the body early Saturday, as soon as it was taken to the undertaking room of Wenster Moore, revealed by the probable cause of death. It showed a bullet wound in the forehead, the bullet having apparently passed entirely through the brain., coming out near the base of the skull and near the spinal column, but the autopsy later in the day by Drs. Boothby of Jackman, Caza of Skowhegan and Sawyer of Madison revealed the fact that two shots had been fired, one from behind, which probably caused instant death, followed by the second shot, and at such close range that the flesh around the bullet wound for a diameter of four inches including the left eye, was severely burned by powder.

Relatives and friends who have their own theories to advance and have a right to expect them to be followed up have been listened to and two clues which look to them somewhat propitious were eliminated by the carefulest investigation the officers know how to make. Still others will be eliminated by the process of elimination, the true cause it is believed, will ultimately be accepted. No direct accusations were made against any man, the county attorney and officers reserving the right to prosecute whenever and wherever such action is indicated. No attempt has been or will be made to follow any theory, neither will they be held back from doing their whole duty in the matter of prosecution when duty makes action plain.

John Burke was subsequently arrested for the murder and the trial was held at Skowhegan in February 1920. We will have some of the headlines of the trial in our next issue.....

This was taken from the Lewiston Evening Journal, October 22, 1919 issue.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Part 11)

111
I went as Legislator
In twenty two and four
And tarried there the session
Of forty days or more.

112
Good laws and regulations
We for the people made
Then called upon the Treasurer
And all our bills were paid.

113
I, in a garden take delight
To use the Spade and Hoe
And keep it clear of grass and weeds
So that the plants may grow.

114
I like to pluck delicious fruit
That grows upon the vine
And press the juices of the grape
To make a pleasant wine.

115
Thus many years have passed away
And I have lived to see
My sons and daughters married well
O, happy may they be.

116
Eleven children we have had
But seven now remain
The other four have passed away
We could not them retain.

117
For twenty years I with my son
Have worked about the farm
He takes the lead and goes ahead
And I keep following on.

118
But death has taken him away
And left me here to mourn
I know I soon must follow him
But he will not return.

119
I live with Bancroft Thomas now
He is my younger son
I trust he will provide for us
Until our days are done.

120
I've married persons old and young
Of Damsels many a score
One hundred as my record saith
And fifty seven more.

121
I wish them joy and health thro' life
O happy may they be
Each man enjoy a tender wife
And living blessings see.

To be cont.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

MARCH 3, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 10

I.L. Dumas has finished cutting and hauling-we'll have his final scale next week. Lucien Gosselin finished hauling Tuesday of this week. The only wood that Paquet has to haul is the hot wood that they are cutting. Marcoux & Caouette have another two thousand cords to haul.

The snow storm that we had last Friday added up to twelve inches which gives us 93½ inches since the first of October. Bill Elliot from the Water Dispatcher's office in Millinocket was here Monday and found an accumulation of 37 inches with a water contents of 8½ inches. Last year on March 1st the snowfall for the same period came to only 69 inches and the accumulation on March 1st was 26 inches with a water contents of 4 inches.

The record snowfall that we have here was in 1954-55 and that year we had 119 inches up to March 1st. The accumulation was 42 inches with a water contents of 10.12 inches. That winter the total snowfall came to 172½ inches.

Gordon Cousins, Inspector for the North Branch country had his Volks badly bent early Monday morning when a new Ford caressed the side of it. This wouldn't have been too bad but for the fact that Gordon was in it at the time. With the help of a hacksaw Gordon was removed and taken to the Eastern Maine Hospital in Bangor. The latest reports says he sustained bruises, contusions-stretched muscles etc., but no broken bones. Ed Blodgett cleaned out the Volks of what equipment-paraphernalia etc., that Gordon carries around with him and brought it into Pittston. It was a good thing Ed. had a sedan or there wouldn't have been room for all of it...

In 1903 the Company produced 72,979 tons of newspaper at the Millinocket Mill and 12,644 tons at the Madison Mill for a total of 85,623 tons. Converted into pulpwood this comes to 85,623 cords of peeled wood and 98,466 cords of rough wood.

In our February 17th issue we made the statement that the Great Northern Paper Company started to manufacture paper in 1901 which was in error according to John McLeod down in Calais. John says the first paper manufactured by the Company was at the Madison Mill and was shipped about the middle of November 1899. The construction on the Millinocket Mill was started in the spring of 1899. It was officially "started up" by the President operating some of the wood room equipment on November 1, 1900. The first paper was manufactured at this mill on the morning of November 9th. He did say the production figures we had for 1901 was correct. It looks like we'll have to give our research department a swift kick in the rump to give them enough energy to go back and get the production figures for 1900.

Dear Felix:

Monson, Maine-February 14, 1966

Assuming that Al. Leighton is still on your mailing list and knowing your capacity for snide remarks, I feel it only proper that he be informed through your sheet, that his camp at Willigatic has been shoveled and he again is in my debt. I will accept bids for his servitude until his return. (5 hours & 45 minutes.--no breaks)

Any and all bids may be denied....

R. D. Bessey, Head First Seam-ster
Lair to Hair Hatters

HOW COME A WOMAN COLLECTS FAT ALIMONY FROM AN EX-HUSBAND SHE TESTIFIED WAS
"WORTHLESS"?

NELSON BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

Feb. 18, 1920..Dr. Whittier couldn't be shaken on the cross examination...For several hours, Bowden's famous pathologist quizzed by Pattangall..State's direct evidence nearly all in.

Feb. 18, 1920..THE MICROSCOPE USED TO SEARCH FOR EVIDENCE--DR. WHITTIER TESTIFIED THAT REVOLVER WHICH SHOT BURKE THROUGH LEG--WAS HELD ANYWHERE FROM ONE TO TWELVE INCHES AWAY--NOT OVER TWELVE.

Feb. 18--THREE TIMES THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, ON NIGHT OF MURDER-GHOSTLY AND WEIRD IS STORY TOLD BY BARTLEY'S TWIN SISTER..

Feb. 18--SIDELIGHTS ON BARTLEY MURDER--SNOWBOUND IN A ROOM OF THE SKOWHEGAN HOUSE--OTHER THINGS OF PASSING INTEREST..

Feb. 18--THIS IS A DAY OF EXPERT TESTIMONY IN THE BARTLEY MURDER CASE--PATTANGALL'S CROSS-EXAMINATION OF DR. WHITTIER--STATE HOPES TO COMPLETE DIRECT TESTIMONY TODAY..

Feb. 18--jackman is a deserted village--THA "EXPERTS" AT CLOSE RANGE A GAME OF PITCH..

Feb. 18--BARTLEY'S ESTATE APPRAISED AT \$61,365...

Feb. 19--SKOWHEGAN COURTROOM TURNED INTO A LABORATORY TODAY--DR. WHITTIER MAKING SLIDES WITH DUST TAKEN FROM BURKE'S SHOT RIDDEN TROUSERS--BARTLEY MURDER CASE MAKES A UNIQUE RECORD IN MAINE COURT ANNALS..AND A SINGLE WORD WAS SPOKEN IN TESTIMONY DURING ONE WHOLE DAY OF THE TRIAL--DR. WHITTIER WAS THE SILENT WITNESS..

Feb. 19,--HOW FAR WAS REVOLVER HELD FROM BURKE'S LEG WHEN HE WAS SHOT--DELICATE LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS BEING MADE TO TEST THIS POINT, MAY LENGTHEN TRIAL FROM TWO DAYS TO WEEK--NO WITNESS HEARD TODAY..

Feb. 20--BARTLEY'S CLOTHING MAY HAVE HELD LEFT ARM IN POSITION FOUND, SO TESTIFIES DR. MCGRATH IN JACKMAN MURDER CASE--THIS AN ALL IMPORTANT POINT IN STATE'S CASE.

Feb. 20--STARTLING EVIDENCE IS EXPECTED FROM DR. MCGRATH--FAMOUS MEDICAL EXPERT TAKES WITNESS STAND IN BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL TODAY.. ANOTHER BOSTON EXPERT SUMMONED TO JACKMAN MURDER TRIAL... It is believed that thru this witness the state will seek by means of hypothetical questions to show, or rather convince the jury that John Burke killed Nelson Bartley, placed his body in the cave, hurried down Holden Hill to the Boardman Road, left the Blair automobile there, went to his house and shot himself in an effort to establish an alibi, if charged with the murder that took place October 19, 1919.

Feb. 21--THE JOKE WAS ON DR. MCGRATH! AND NOBODY APPRECIATES IT MORE THAN THE FAMOUS PATHOLOGIST HIMSELF--THE "ARMSTRONG BARS" GETS ON ONE MAN'S NERVES--OTHER SIDELIGHTS OF THE BARTLEY MURDER CASE..

Feb. 21--BURKE SAID HE WOULD GIVE MILLION DOLLARS TO SEE NELSON BARTLEY..WITNESS TELLS STORY OF BURKE'S STATEMENTS ON MORNING FOLLOWING DISAPPEARANCE OF BARTLEY--RECORD CROSS EXAMINATION FOR DR. MCGRATH--HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION PRECIPITATES LEGAL FIGHT IN COURT.

Feb. 23--NELSON BARTLEY WAS IN THE RUM BUSINESS--AND ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1918, WITH BURKE, BROUGHT LOAD OF LIQUOR TO MOOSE RIVER HOUSE--SO TESTIFIES CHRISTY DOYLE--STATE OPENS EVIDENCE TO PROVE NOTES HELD BY BURKE ARE FORGERIES...

Feb. 23--HAND WRITING EXPERT SAYS NOTES ARE FORGERIES--WM. E. HINGSTON, GIVES HIS REASONS, IN BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL--THE SIGNATURES ARE TOO NEARLY ALIKE--OTHER POINTS OF CASE...

Feb. 24..THE BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL MAY CONTINUE WELL INTO NEXT WEEK--ATTORNEY GENERAL STURGIS IS DUE TO COME TO AUBURN TUESDAY FOR THE PENLEY TRIAL....

cont on next page....

NELSON BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL (cont)

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

FEB. 24, 1920--WRITING EXPERTS HAVE STUDIED BURKE'S SIGNATURE - ENTIRE SESSION MONDAY DEVOTED TO THIS FORM OF TESTIMONY--FIND CERTAIN LETTERS CONFORM TO STANDARDS OF BARTLEY'S SIGNATURE...

FEB. 24--"LEWISTON EVENING JOURNAL" LATEST NEWS OF THE BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL...

FEB. 24--TIME AN ALL IMPORTANT FACTOR IN BURKE'S DEFENSE--ATTORNEY LEIGH, IN OPENING, CLAIMS BARTLEY COULD NOT HAVE BEEN KILLED BEFORE 9 P. M. ...AND THAT PERLEY CROOK WAS NOT IN SUGER BERTH WOODS AT TIME HE SAID...

FEB. 25--BURKE NAD HIS WIFE WILL TAKE STAND IN HIS DEFENSE--HAND WRITING EXPERT FOR DEFENSE DECLARES QUESTIONED SIGNATURES WERE WRITTEN BY BARTLEY--30 WITNESS FOR DEFENSE...

FEB. 25--WRITING EXPERT PRONOUNCES SIGNATURES GENUINE--TESTIMONY OF ONE WITNESS IN TRIAL OF JOHN H. BURKE LASTED THRU HOURS WITH HARDILY A QUESTION...

FEB. 26--BURKE TAKES WITNESS STAND THIS MORNING..DRAMATIC DAY IN BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL--EVIDENCE FOR DEFENSE PROBABLY WILL BE ALL IN BY SATURDAY NIGHT...

FEB. 26--DEFENSE STARTS PUTTING REVOLVER IN BARTLEY'S HANDS ON NIGHT OF MURDER..WITNESS TOLD OF SEEING HIM SEARCHING FOR CARTRIDGES IN HIS DESK--HEARD SHOT JUST AFTER NINE...

FEB. 26--BURKE EXPECTED TO TAKE STAND THURSDAY IN BARTLEY MURDER CASE--HANDWRITING EXPERT FOR DEFENSE UNDER CROSS EXAMINATION, WEDNESDAY--A MEDLEY OF LOOPS, POINTS, SUPERIMPOSITIONS, ETC.---

FEB. 27--EVIDENCE WILL BE ALL IN TONIGHT IN BARTLEY'S TRIAL--SO STATES COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE--HALF A DAY FOR REBUTTAL--DR. HAMILTON UNDER CROSS EXAMINATION...

FEB. 27--SHOT WHICH WOUNDED BURKE FIRED AT DISTANCE OF NOT LESS THAN 5 FEET --EXPERT HAMILTON USED BURKE, CLAD IN SAME CLOTHES HE WORE ON OCTOBER 15th, TO DEMONSTRATE HIS POINT...

FEB. 27--BURKE, COOL, CALM AND SELF-POSSESSED, BARES STORY OF LIFE--HE TELLS OF HIS RELATIONS WITH BARTLEY IN ALLEGED VENTURES IN LIQUOR SMUGGLING--TENDED BAR FOR BARTLEY WHILE LATTER WAS SERVING JAIL SENTENCE--HOW "BARTLEY LAUGHED AT HIM" --DENIES SHOOTING HIS FRIEND...

FEB. 28--STILL MORE SHOTS FIRED INTO BURKE'S TROUSERS--STATE IN REBUTTAL CALLS PORTLAND GUNSMITH--CLOSING ARGUMENTS...

FEB. 28--DR. BOOS OFFERS PROMPT APOLOGY...FOR CHANCE REMARK CONCERNING A. H. HAMILTON MADE TO WITNESS IN BARTLEY TRIAL...

FEB. 28--THE DEFENSE RESTS REBUTTAL TODAY--MEDICAL TESTIMONY OCCUPIED SHORT FRIDAY AFTERNOON SESSION, IN BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL--THREE OF DEFENSE WITNESS RECALLED BY STATE...

FEB. 28--MRS BURKE'S STORY OF BARTLEY'S NOTES AND THE EVENTS OF OCTOBER 15th--DR. TYSON OF AUGUSTA STATE HOSPITAL SAYS BARTLEY'S LEFT ARM MUST HAVE HAD ARTIFICIAL SUPPORT FROM FOUR TO FIVE HOURS AFTER DEATH...DEFENSE COMPLETES ITS CASE TODAY--END OF TRIAL IN SIGHT...

MARCH 1--BURKE CONFIDENT OF ACQUITTAL ON THE 16TH DAY OF HIS TRIAL--COURT ROOM CROWDED TO HEAR CLOSING ARGUMENTS BY ATTORNEY PATTANGALL AND ATTORNEY GENERAL STURGIS...

MARCH 1--BARTLEY MURDER CASE PROBABLY WILL GO TO JURY TUESDAY--THE EVIDENCE ALL IN--ARGUMENTS ON MONDAY--SATURDAY FORENOON DEVOTED TO REBUTTAL.....

This was the last paper we had but Burke was acquitted and this is listed as an unsolved Maine murder case.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Conclusion)

122

Now I've no more to write or say
On the events of life
I've lived in health for many years
So likewise has my wife

123

Death strikes us all with solemn gloom
To think that we must part
With all our friends and kindred dear
When death shall say depart.

124

When I go hence I bid farewell
To all I leave behind
To children, friends and kindred dear
Likewise to all mankind.

125

O, may they prosper one and all
While they on earth remain
And with the labor of their hands
An honest living gain.

126

There's one thing more in place I did forget
Advice unto the young,
So I will add a word or two
Then close this lengthy song.

127

Don't never take up drinking rum
Tobacco never chew
Don't take the snuff or use the pipe
But bid them all adieu.

128

For when a habit we have got
'Tis hard for to refrain
And often we may take too much
And find ourselves to blame. --

129

Thus I have wrote my journal through
And brought it to an end
Farewell, to all both friends and foes
So finis now, Amen.

130

I've lived in Eden all my life
In District Number Four
My neighbors all are just and kind
What can I wish for more.

NICHOLAS THOMAS

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

MARCH 3, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 10

I.L. Dumas has finished cutting and hauling-we'll have his final scale next week. Lucien Gosselin finished hauling Tuesday of this week. The only wood that Paquet has to haul is the hot wood that they are cutting. Marcoux & Caouette have another two thousand cords to haul.

The snow storm that we had last Friday added up to twelve inches which gives us $93\frac{1}{2}$ inches since the first of October. Bill Elliot from the Water Dispatcher's office in Millinocket was here Monday and found an accumulation of 37 inches with a water contents of $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Last year on March 1st the snowfall for the same period came to only 69 inches and the accumulation on March 1st was 26 inches with a water contents of 4 inches.

The record snowfall that we have here was in 1954-55 and that year we had 119 inches up to March 1st. The accumulation was 42 inches with a water contents of 10.12 inches. That winter the total snowfall came to $172\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Gordon Cousins, Inspector for the North Branch country had his Volks badly bent early Monday morning when a new Ford caressed the side of it. This wouldn't have been too bad but for the fact that Gordon was in it at the time. With the help of a hacksaw Gordon was removed and taken to the Eastern Maine Hospital in Bangor. The latest reports says he sustained bruises, contusions-stretched muscles etc., but no broken bones. Ed Blodgett cleaned out the Volks of what equipment-paraphernalia etc., that Gordon carries around with him and brought it into Pittston. It was a good thing Ed. had a sedan or there wouldn't have been room for all of it...

In 1903 the Company produced 72,979 tons of newspaper at the Millinocket Mill and 12,644 tons at the Madison Mill for a total of 85,623 tons. Converted into pulpwood this comes to 85,623 cords of peeled wood and 98,466 cords of rough wood.

In our February 17th issue we made the statement that the Great Northern Paper Company started to manufacture paper in 1901 which was in error according to John McLeod down in Calais. John says the first paper manufactured by the Company was at the Madison Mill and was shipped about the middle of November 1899. The construction on the Millinocket Mill was started in the spring of 1899. It was officially "started up" by the President operating some of the wood room equipment on November 1, 1900. The first paper was manufactured at this mill on the morning of November 9th. He did say the production figures we had for 1901 was correct. It looks like we'll have to give our research department a swift kick in the rump to give them enough energy to go back and get the production figures for 1900.

Dear Felix:

Monson, Maine-February 14, 1966

Assuming that Al. Leighton is still on your mailing list and knowing your capacity for snide remarks, I feel it only proper that he be informed through your sheet, that his camp at Willimatic has been shoveled and he again is in my debt. I will accept bids for his servitude until his return. (5 hours & 45 minutes.--no breaks)

Any and all bids may be denied....

R. D. Bessey, Head First Seam-ster
Lair to Hair Hatters

HOW COME A WOMAN COLLECTS FAT ALIMONY FROM AN EX-HUSBAND SHE TESTIFIED WAS
"WORTHLESS"?

NELSON BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

Feb. 18, 1920..Dr. Whittier couldn't be shaken on the cross examination...For several hours, Bowden's famous pathologist quizzed by Pattangall..State's direct evidence nearly all in.

Feb. 18, 1920..THE MICROSCOPE USED TO SEARCH FOR EVIDENCE--DR. WHITTIER TESTIFIED THAT REVOLVER WHICH SHOT BURKE THROUGH LEG--WAS HELD ANYWHERE FROM ONE TO TWELVE INCHES AWAY--NOT OVER TWELVE.

Feb. 18--THREE TIMES THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, ON NIGHT OF MURDER-GHOSTLY AND WEIRD IS STORY TOLD BY BARTLEY'S TWIN SISTER..

Feb. 18--SIDELIGHTS ON BARTLEY MURDER--SNOWBOUND IN A ROOM OF THE SKOWHEGAN HOUSE--OTHER THINGS OF PASSING INTEREST..

Feb. 18--THIS IS A DAY OF EXPERT TESTIMONY IN THE BARTLEY MURDER CASE--PATTANGALL'S CROSS-EXAMINATION OF DR. WHITTIER--STATE HOPES TO COMPLETE DIRECT TESTIMONY TODAY..

Feb. 18--jackman is a deserted village--THA "EXPERTS" AT CLOSE RANGE A GAME OF PITCH..

Feb. 18--BARTLEY'S ESTATE APPRAISED AT \$61,365...

Feb. 19--SKOWHEGAN COURTROOM TURNED INTO A LABORATORY TODAY--DR. WHITTIER MAKING SLIDES WITH DUST TAKEN FROM BURKE'S SHOT RIDDEN TROUSERS--BARTLEY MURDER CASE MAKES A UNIQUE RECORD IN MAINE COURT ANNALS..AND A SINGLE WORD WAS SPOKEN IN TESTIMONY DURING ONE WHOLE DAY OF THE TRIAL--DR. WHITTIER WAS THE SILENT WITNESS..

Feb. 19,--HOW FAR WAS REVOLVER HELD FROM BURKE'S LEG WHEN HE WAS SHOT--DELICATE LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS BEING MADE TO TEST THIS POINT, MAY LENGTHEN TRIAL FROM TWO DAYS TO WEEK--NO WITNESS HEARD TODAY..

Feb. 20--BARTLEY'S CLOTHING MAY HAVE HELD LEFT ARM IN POSITION FOUND, SO TESTIFIES DR. MCGRATH IN JACKMAN MURDER CASE--THIS AN ALL IMPORTANT POINT IN STATE'S CASE.

Feb. 20--STARTLING EVIDENCE IS EXPECTED FROM DR. MCGRATH--FAMOUS MEDICAL EXPERT TAKES WITNESS STAND IN BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL TODAY.. ANOTHER BOSTON EXPERT SUMMONED TO JACKMAN MURDER TRIAL... It is believed that thru this witness the state will seek by means of hypothetical questions to show, or rather convince the jury that John Burke killed Nelson Bartley, placed his body in the cave, hurried down Holden Hill to the Boardman Road, left the Blair automobile there, went to his house and shot himself in an effort to establish an alibi, if charged with the murder that took place October 19, 1919.

Feb. 21--THE JOKE WAS ON DR. MCGRATH! AND NOBODY APPRECIATES IT MORE THAN THE FAMOUS PATHOLOGIST HIMSELF--THE "ARMSTRONG BARS" GETS ON ONE MAN'S NERVES--OTHER SIDELIGHTS OF THE BARTLEY MURDER CASE..

Feb. 21--BURKE SAID HE WOULD GIVE MILLION DOLLARS TO SEE NELSON BARTLEY..WITNESS TELLS STORY OF BURKE'S STATEMENTS ON MORNING FOLLOWING DISAPPEARANCE OF BARTLEY--RECORD CROSS EXAMINATION FOR DR. MCGRATH--HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION PRECIPITATES LEGAL FIGHT IN COURT.

Feb. 23--NELSON BARTLEY WAS IN THE RUM BUSINESS--AND ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1918, WITH BURKE, BROUGHT LOAD OF LIQUOR TO MOOSE RIVER HOUSE--SO TESTIFIES CHRISTY DOYLE--STATE OPENS EVIDENCE TO PROVE NOTES HELD BY BURKE ARE FORGERIES...

Feb. 23--HAND WRITING EXPERT SAYS NOTES ARE FORGERIES--WM. E. HINGSTON, GIVES HIS REASONS, IN BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL--THE SIGNATURES ARE TOO NEARLY ALIKE--OTHER POINTS OF CASE...

Feb. 24..THE BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL MAY CONTINUE WELL INTO NEXT WEEK--ATTORNEY GENERAL STURGIS IS DUE TO COME TO AUBURN TUESDAY FOR THE PENLEY TRIAL....

cont on next page....

NELSON BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL (cont)

NEWSPAPER HEADLINES

FEB. 24, 1920--WRITING EXPERTS HAVE STUDIED BURKE'S SIGNATURE - ENTIRE SESSION MONDAY DEVOTED TO THIS FORM OF TESTIMONY--FIND CERTAIN LETTERS CONFORM TO STANDARDS OF BARTLEY'S SIGNATURE...

FEB. 24--"LEWISTON EVENING JOURNAL" LATEST NEWS OF THE BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL...

FEB. 24--TIME AN ALL IMPORTANT FACTOR IN BURKE'S DEFENSE--ATTORNEY LEIGH, IN OPENING, CLAIMS BARTLEY COULD NOT HAVE BEEN KILLED BEFORE 9 P. M. ...AND THAT PERLEY CROOK WAS NOT IN SUGER BERTH WOODS AT TIME HE SAID...

FEB. 25--BURKE NAD HIS WIFE WILL TAKE STAND IN HIS DEFENSE--HAND WRITING EXPERT FOR DEFENSE DECLARES QUESTIONED SIGNATURES WERE WRITTEN BY BARTLEY--30 WITNESS FOR DEFENSE...

FEB. 25--WRITING EXPERT PRONOUNCES SIGNATURES GENUINE--TESTIMONY OF ONE WITNESS IN TRIAL OF JOHN H. BURKE LASTED THRU HOURS WITH HARDILY A QUESTION...

FEB. 26--BURKE TAKES WITNESS STAND THIS MORNING..DRAMATIC DAY IN BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL--EVIDENCE FOR DEFENSE PROBABLY WILL BE ALL IN BY SATURDAY NIGHT...

FEB. 26--DEFENSE STARTS PUTTING REVOLVER IN BARTLEY'S HANDS ON NIGHT OF MURDER..WITNESS TOLD OF SEEING HIM SEARCHING FOR CARTRIDGES IN HIS DESK--HEARD SHOT JUST AFTER NINE...

FEB. 26--BURKE EXPECTED TO TAKE STAND THURSDAY IN BARTLEY MURDER CASE--HANDWRITING EXPERT FOR DEFENSE UNDER CROSS EXAMINATION, WEDNESDAY--A MEDLEY OF LOOPS, POINTS, SUPERIMPOSITIONS, ETC.---

FEB. 27--EVIDENCE WILL BE ALL IN TONIGHT IN BARTLEY'S TRIAL--SO STATES COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE--HALF A DAY FOR REBUTTAL--DR. HAMILTON UNDER CROSS EXAMINATION...

FEB. 27--SHOT WHICH WOUNDED BURKE FIRED AT DISTANCE OF NOT LESS THAN 5 FEET --EXPERT HAMILTON USED BURKE, CLAD IN SAME CLOTHES HE WORE ON OCTOBER 15th, TO DEMONSTRATE HIS POINT...

FEB. 27--BURKE, COOL, CALM AND SELF-POSSESSED, BARES STORY OF LIFE--HE TELLS OF HIS RELATIONS WITH BARTLEY IN ALLEGED VENTURES IN LIQUOR SMUGGLING--TENDED BAR FOR BARTLEY WHILE LATTER WAS SERVING JAIL SENTENCE--HOW "BARTLEY LAUGHED AT HIM" --DENIES SHOOTING HIS FRIEND...

FEB. 28--STILL MORE SHOTS FIRED INTO BURKE'S TROUSERS--STATE IN REBUTTAL CALLS PORTLAND GUNSMITH--CLOSING ARGUMENTS...

FEB. 28--DR. BOOS OFFERS PROMPT APOLOGY...FOR CHANCE REMARK CONCERNING A. H. HAMILTON MADE TO WITNESS IN BARTLEY TRIAL...

FEB. 28--THE DEFENSE RESTS REBUTTAL TODAY--MEDICAL TESTIMONY OCCUPIED SHORT FRIDAY AFTERNOON SESSION, IN BARTLEY MURDER TRIAL--THREE OF DEFENSE WITNESS RECALLED BY STATE...

FEB. 28--MRS BURKE'S STORY OF BARTLEY'S NOTES AND THE EVENTS OF OCTOBER 15th--DR. TYSON OF AUGUSTA STATE HOSPITAL SAYS BARTLEY'S LEFT ARM MUST HAVE HAD ARTIFICIAL SUPPORT FROM FOUR TO FIVE HOURS AFTER DEATH...DEFENSE COMPLETES ITS CASE TODAY--END OF TRIAL IN SIGHT...

MARCH 1--BURKE CONFIDENT OF ACQUITTAL ON THE 16TH DAY OF HIS TRIAL--COURT ROOM CROWDED TO HEAR CLOSING ARGUMENTS BY ATTORNEY PATTANGALL AND ATTORNEY GENERAL STURGIS...

MARCH 1--BARTLEY MURDER CASE PROBABLY WILL GO TO JURY TUESDAY--THE EVIDENCE ALL IN--ARGUMENTS ON MONDAY--SATURDAY FORENOON DEVOTED TO REBUTTAL.....

This was the last paper we had but Burke was acquitted and this is listed as an unsolved Maine murder case.....

THE LIFE OF NICHOLAS THOMAS OF MOUNT DESERT (Conclusion)

122

Now I've no more to write or say
On the events of life
I've lived in health for many years
So likewise has my wife

123

Death strikes us all with solemn gloom
To think that we must part
With all our friends and kindred dear
When death shall say depart.

124

When I go hence I bid farewell
To all I leave behind
To children, friends and kindred dear
Likewise to all mankind.

125

O, may they prosper one and all
While they on earth remain
And with the labor of their hands
An honest living gain.

126

There's one thing more in place I did forget
Advice unto the young,
So I will add a word or two
Then close this lengthy song.

127

Don't never take up drinking rum
Tobacco never chew
Don't take the snuff or use the pipe
But bid them all adieu.

128

For when a habit we have got
'Tis hard for to refrain
And often we may take too much
And find ourselves to blame.

129

Thus I have wrote my journal through
And brought it to an end
Farewell, to all both friends and foes
So finis now, Amen.

130

I've lived in Eden all my life
In District Number Four
My neighbors all are just and kind
What can I wish for more.

NICHOLAS THOMAS

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

March 10, 1966

Volume 4 No.11

Henri Marcoux finished hauling last Saturday and his final scale was 17,734.95 cords. Phillip Paquet has now landed 13,537 cords with 495 cords to go although he is still cutting. Wellie Caouette has landed 16,857 cords with 1,213 cords to go and he is still cutting some. I. L. Dumas final landed scale is 9,842.28 cords. Lucien Gosselin's final landed scale is 19,884.23 cords. Total landed to date, 77,855 cords with 1,708 cords to go.

We understand Bill Morrell, Head & Horns of the Telephone Maintenance crew parted company with \$20 this past weekend. The State Trooper clocked him doing 8.5 miles per hour on the Turnpike and for a while it was nip & tuck as to whether he would be arrested for trying to elude an officer or just a plain speeding charge. He finally settled for just the speeding charge.....

It will soon be time for Robert Gabriel, Vice President of the James C. Huggins Company, Malden, Mass. to show up here and take a look at the SA-1 Solution they applied to the road at Beaver Brook last July. Methinks he would have been quite discouraged if he had been here last Thursday and taken a look at it as there was about an inch of soft gooey mud the whole length of it. Let's see..I think it was 16,000 gallons of water that they used to 9 gallons of solution. Another three weeks should prove to the skeptics that it is worth its weight in water.....

HIGH HEELS WERE PROBABLY INVENTED BY A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN KISSED
ON THE FOREHEAD.

EDITOR, PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY:

I note in your last week's issue that bids are being accepted on several hours servitude of Ex-Presidink Al Leighton. The Lord knows that his labor isn't worth much, and since I chose not to trap this winter, I have very little use for him. I am still holding three hours and twenty minutes on him, owed for the past two years.

On my last trip down, however, I noted that Lawrence Hurd had a number of well rotted cats and beavers unskinned and lying about the blacksmith shop. From past experience, I know that Al Leighton can be persuaded to come out of his alcoholic stupor and skin a rotted bobcat any time. With this in mind, and in order to repay a favor to Mr. Hurd, I am prepared to bid two 1964 weasel skins for two hours of Mr. Leighton's time. This will be ample time, I feel to do the job, as I have personally timed Mr. Leighton and he averages six minutes to the rotten bobcat..four minutes if the cat is very rotten.

This strange predeliction of Mr. Leighton's for rotten bobcats I have traced back to the time he trapped my old housecat, Barney, in 1930. Come to think of it, I will throw in an old foxhide for the pleasure of sub-leasing him to Mr. Hurd.

Since I feel sure that this will be the only bid on Mr. Leighton's labor(he is too well known in this area), I will continue my negotiations with Mr. Hurd.

Sincerely, G. A. Bessey--Furrier, Lair to Hair Inc.

IT TAKES A BABY ABOUT TWO YEARS TO LEARN TO TALK,
AND ABOUT 60 YEARS TO LEARN TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT.

THE NIGHT THE SKUNK GOT IN THE CAMP

by W. M. CREEGAN

One evening in late fall some years ago I was reading the paper in my camp on Seboomook Lake. The place was quiet. My cat, "Tiger", had taken off several months before. To the east my nearest neighbors, Herb Johnston and his capable wife, Bertha, were at Seboomook Dam. Two miles across the lake and four around by the road, their light was the only one in sight. To the west, the people at Pittston Farm were twelve miles away.

Hearing a slight noise, I lowered my paper to see a large skunk with the widest white stripe down his back I had ever seen making his way from under my bed, walking very deliberately under the dining-table and disappearing under the sink. (He must have come in when I stepped out for a minute, leaving the door ajar.) Wondering how I was going to get rid of him without antagonizing him, I decided to telephone the Johnstons. One long and three short rings. Bertha answered. Herb, she said, was up at 4th St. John with the president, Mr. McDonald. Bertha remained calm. "I'll tell you what to do," she said. "Put out the lamps and go to bed, but leave the door open and when things quiet down he'll go outdoors."

Hoping she was right I followed her advice, but I added a gimmick of my own. I opened a can of dogfood -- "Tiger" would never eat catfood -- and put a small amount on a plate nearby to tempt him out from under the sink. I put the rest of the can on a plate out on the ground, three feet from the door. I covered the food outdoors with one of those thin aluminum plates that bakery pies come on, which give off a tinny alarm when touched. I then lay down with all my clothes on, and a blanket over me, with the lamps out and the door open.

Nothing happened for fifteen minutes, except that the camp rapidly cooled off. Then I heard a movement at the first plate, which was out of my line of vision. After he finished the food on that plate, I saw him saunter across the room and outdoors and I thought I was clear of him. But when I got out of bed he came right in again and made for his sanctuary under the sink.

This time I stayed in bed a half hour, adding another blanket. Again I heard him emerge and saw him silhouetted against the snow outside as he strolled out in that unhurried way that all skunks have, secure in their power. But this time I could hear him rattling the upper plate and knew that he had found the larger helping of dogfood. A few more minutes and I eased over on slippered feet and closed the door. Bertha Johnston's tip had paid off!

With a lunch like that greeting him, I thought my friend with the wide white stripe would show up often, but, oddly enough, I never saw him again.....

One of the mad "Hatters" wandered into Pittston trying to sell their newest creation, "Skunkhatt" bearing the label "Lair to Hair". "Will you buy a hat, operator?" he pleaded. "No, no" snapped Margaret. "They stink!" George drew himself up in proud indignation. "How dare you say that!" he cried. "I'll have you know that my hats do not stink! It's me.".....

A RIOT IN CAMP

A BLOODY FRACAS AMONG THE BEANS OF CARATUNK AND THE FRENCH OF CANADA. HOBBS TOWN THE SCENE OF THE CONFLICT.

Among the many camps under the control of Mr. Omer Clark, the well known lumberman, is one on the Spencer in Hobbs town. A crew of thirty odd men have been employed there all winter and among them there has existed a bitter feud. There were 19 French Canadians on the one side and the Bean faction on the other. Ever since the memorable sheep fight near the home of the Beans at Caratunk, there had been hard feelings between the two parties and it has been simply kept in control ever since. It will be remembered on this occasion a drove of sheep coming through from Canada got into the Bean's grain and this was the cause of a bloody conflict.

The crew at Hobbs town contained Mr. Jonathan Bean and his two sons, "Bub" and Hosea, and two of their friends, Tom Mahoney and George Andrews. On Monday there was some little trouble among this faction, and the foreman of the camp discharged them according to instructions he had received from Mr. Clark. Then the other three declared they would leave unless their companions were retained. The foreman saw a good opportunity to get rid of the whole five and told them they could go and gave them a bill of their time. The next morning they were to depart from camp. Just before breakfast "Bub" Bean remarked that he didn't intend to leave 'till he had washed his hands in French blood. This remark of course didn't soothe matters to any perceptible extent and when he added that he could clean out the camp suggesting at the same time that the mothers of some of the occupants had not lived entirely upright lives, he had completed his task. The man sitting next to him grabbed him in his arms and started out the camp at the same time uttering such a yell as only a French Canadian can utter. This was the war-whoop to rally the entire Gallic blood of the camp and quicker than a flash every Frenchman was striking, punching, kicking or choking one of the five men whose leader had called down such a storm upon his head. "Bub" Bean got out a big knife and did good execution until he was clubbed insensible and left for dead. Mahoney was struck no one knows how many times and when the hostilities ceased he bore 20 distinct and separate wounds. He, like Bean, was supposed to have been killed and this fact is all that saved the lives of five of the obnoxious ones. The Frenchmen became frightened and fearing they would be arrested grabbed their grips and put for Canada, not stopping for food or drink till they crossed the line.

It was the bloodiest affair that ever took place in the woods in this vicinity and had not the combatants been of the most hardy tribe the mortality would have been alarming.

The affair was a most disastrous one for Mr. Clark, for his teams were completely stranded for several days. What men did not run away were mostly too much disabled to perform any labor. New men were procured as quickly as possible and work commenced again last Monday.

FROM "THE MADISON BULLETIN" WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1884.....

THE LITTLE BARBER

OR

"JOHNNY HOLMES

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

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

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

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

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

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

cont...next issue.....

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

March 10, 1966

Volume 4 No.11

Henri Marcoux finished hauling last Saturday and his final scale was 17,734.95 cords. Phillip Paquet has now landed 13,537 cords with 495 cords to go although he is still cutting. Wellie Caouette has landed 16,857 cords with 1,213 cords to go and he is still cutting some. I. L. Dumas final landed scale is 9,842.28 cords. Lucien Gosselin's final landed scale is 19,884.23 cords. Total landed to date, 77,855 cords with 1,708 cords to go.

We understand Bill Morrell, Head & Horns of the Telephone Maintenance crew parted company with \$20 this past weekend. The State Trooper clocked him doing 8.5 miles per hour on the Turnpike and for a while it was nip & tuck as to whether he would be arrested for trying to elude an officer or just a plain speeding charge. He finally settled for just the speeding charge.....

It will soon be time for Robert Gabriel, Vice President of the James C. Huggins Company, Malden, Mass. to show up here and take a look at the SA-1 Solution they applied to the road at Beaver Brook last July. Methinks he would have been quite discouraged if he had been here last Thursday and taken a look at it as there was about an inch of soft gooey mud the whole length of it. Let's see..I think it was 16,000 gallons of water that they used to 9 gallons of solution. Another three weeks should prove to the skeptics that it is worth its weight in water.....

HIGH HEELS WERE PROBABLY INVENTED BY A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN KISSED
ON THE FOREHEAD.

EDITOR, PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY:

I note in your last week's issue that bids are being accepted on several hours servitude of Ex-Presidink Al Leighton. The Lord knows that his labor isn't worth much, and since I chose not to trap this winter, I have very little use for him. I am still holding three hours and twenty minutes on him, owed for the past two years.

On my last trip down, however, I noted that Lawrence Hurd had a number of well rotted cats and beavers unskinned and lying about the blacksmith shop. From past experience, I know that Al Leighton can be persuaded to come out of his alcoholic stupor and skin a rotted bobcat any time. With this in mind, and in order to repay a favor to Mr. Hurd, I am prepared to bid two 1964 weasel skins for two hours of Mr. Leighton's time. This will be ample time, I feel to do the job, as I have personally timed Mr. Leighton and he averages six minutes to the rotten bobcat..four minutes if the cat is very rotten.

This strange predeliction of Mr. Leighton's for rotten bobcats I have traced back to the time he trapped my old housecat, Barney, in 1930. Come to think of it, I will throw in an old foxhide for the pleasure of sub-leasing him to Mr. Hurd.

Since I feel sure that this will be the only bid on Mr. Leighton's labor(he is too well known in this area), I will continue my negotiations with Mr. Hurd.

Sincerely, G. A. Bessey--Furrier, Lair to Hair Inc.

IT TAKES A BABY ABOUT TWO YEARS TO LEARN TO TALK,
AND ABOUT 60 YEARS TO LEARN TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT.

THE NIGHT THE SKUNK GOT IN THE CAMP

by W. M. CREEGAN

One evening in late fall some years ago I was reading the paper in my camp on Seboomook Lake. The place was quiet. My cat, "Tiger", had taken off several months before. To the east my nearest neighbors, Herb Johnston and his capable wife, Bertha, were at Seboomook Dam. Two miles across the lake and four around by the road, their light was the only one in sight. To the west, the people at Pittston Farm were twelve miles away.

Hearing a slight noise, I lowered my paper to see a large skunk with the widest white stripe down his back I had ever seen making his way from under my bed, walking very deliberately under the dining-table and disappearing under the sink. (He must have come in when I stepped out for a minute, leaving the door ajar.) Wondering how I was going to get rid of him without antagonizing him, I decided to telephone the Johnstons. One long and three short rings. Bertha answered. Herb, she said, was up at 4th St. John with the president, Mr. McDonald. Bertha remained calm. "I'll tell you what to do," she said. "Put out the lamps and go to bed, but leave the door open and when things quiet down he'll go outdoors."

Hoping she was right I followed her advice, but I added a gimmick of my own. I opened a can of dogfood -- "Tiger" would never eat catfood -- and put a small amount on a plate nearby to tempt him out from under the sink. I put the rest of the can on a plate out on the ground, three feet from the door. I covered the food outdoors with one of those thin aluminum plates that bakery pies come on, which give off a tinny alarm when touched. I then lay down with all my clothes on, and a blanket over me, with the lamps out and the door open.

Nothing happened for fifteen minutes, except that the camp rapidly cooled off. Then I heard a movement at the first plate, which was out of my line of vision. After he finished the food on that plate, I saw him saunter across the room and outdoors and I thought I was clear of him. But when I got out of bed he came right in again and made for his sanctuary under the sink.

This time I stayed in bed a half hour, adding another blanket. Again I heard him emerge and saw him silhouetted against the snow outside as he strolled out in that unhurried way that all skunks have, secure in their power. But this time I could hear him rattling the upper plate and knew that he had found the larger helping of dogfood. A few more minutes and I eased over on slippered feet and closed the door. Bertha Johnston's tip had paid off!

With a lunch like that greeting him, I thought my friend with the wide white stripe would show up often, but, oddly enough, I never saw him again.....

One of the mad "Hatters" wandered into Pittston trying to sell their newest creation, "Skunkhatt" bearing the label "Lair to Hair". "Will you buy a hat, operator?" he pleaded. "No, no" snapped Margaret. "They stink!" George drew himself up in proud indignation. "How dare you say that!" he cried. "I'll have you know that my hats do not stink! It's me.".....

A RIOT IN CAMP

A BLOODY FRACAS AMONG THE BEANS OF CARATUNK AND THE FRENCH OF CANADA. HOBBS TOWN THE SCENE OF THE CONFLICT.

Among the many camps under the control of Mr. Omer Clark, the well known lumberman, is one on the Spencer in Hobbstown. A crew of thirty odd men have been employed there all winter and among them there has existed a bitter feud. There were 19 French Canadians on the one side and the Bean faction on the other. Ever since the memorable sheep fight near the home of the Beans at Caratunk, there had been hard feelings between the two parties and it has been simply kept in control ever since. It will be remembered on this occasion a drove of sheep coming through from Canada got into the Bean's grain and this was the cause of a bloody conflict.

The crew at Hobbstown contained Mr. Jonathan Bean and his two sons, "Bub" and Hosea, and two of their friends, Tom Mahoney and George Andrews. On Monday there was some little trouble among this faction, and the foreman of the camp discharged them according to instructions he had received from Mr. Clark. Then the other three declared they would leave unless their companions were retained. The foreman saw a good opportunity to get rid of the whole five and told them they could go and gave them a bill of their time. The next morning they were to depart from camp. Just before breakfast "Bub" Bean remarked that he didn't intend to leave 'till he had washed his hands in French blood. This remark of course didn't soothe matters to any perceptible extent and when he added that he could clean out the camp suggesting at the same time that the mothers of some of the occupants had not lived entirely upright lives, he had completed his task. The man sitting next to him grabbed him in his arms and started out the camp at the same time uttering such a yell as only a French Canadian can utter. This was the war-whoop to rally the entire Gallic blood of the camp and quicker than a flash every Frenchman was striking, punching, kicking or choking one of the five men whose leader had called down such a storm upon his head. "Bub" Bean got out a big knife and did good execution until he was clubbed insensible and left for dead. Mahoney was struck no one knows how many times and when the hostilities ceased he bore 20 distinct and separate wounds. He, like Bean, was supposed to have been killed and this fact is all that saved the lives of five of the obnoxious ones. The Frenchmen became frightened and fearing they would be arrested grabbed their grips and put for Canada, not stopping for food or drink till they crossed the line.

It was the bloodiest affair that ever took place in the woods in this vicinity and had not the combatants been of the most hardy tribe the mortality would have been alarming.

The affair was a most disastrous one for Mr. Clark, for his teams were completely stranded for several days. What men did not run away were mostly too much disabled to perform any labor. New men were procured as quickly as possible and work commenced again last Monday.

FROM "THE MADISON BULLETIN" WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1884.....

THE LITTLE BARBER
OR
"JOHNNY HOLMES

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

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

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

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

When Loveland found he was getting beat, these words to him
did say:

"I think I've had you long enough, I'll settle with you today;
I think I've had you long enough, your pockets you did fill,
They say you built two houses down on the Baptists' Hill."

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

cont...next issue.....

It has been so long since Fernald's Journal rolled off the press that we have forgotten the date and number of our last edition. Since that time we have been picked up and set down at the Little Squaw Storehouse in Greenville Junction and after being here for four weeks we can plainly see that as a weekly it is washed up but we are toying with the idea of coming out at least once a month with something or other providing it don't interfere with the putting & driving at Squaw Mountain Inn this summer.

If you have our Volume 3 Number 13 dated February 25, 1965 you can add to it that the ice cleared from Moosehead Lake on May 6th which makes the seventh time it has cleared on that date in 119 years.

A recent letter from Ivan Jeffery that says he is home again and real confident that he is all through with hospitals for a while.

Reg. Sawyer is home after a short trip to the Waterville and Greenville hospitals. Latest report says he is doing well even if he did leave one of his toes along the way.

The Main River Driving crew moved into Swan Farm on May 10th this year which is a week later than last year. The North Branch Drive got under way May 3rd this year and the sluice gates were opened for the first time on May 8th and they sluiced 2,000 cords that day. Last year the gates were opened on May 6th and in 24 hours they sluiced 9,000 cords. There is plenty of water at both Seboomook and Big Bog.

The William Hilton was launched at Chesuncook Lake on the 6th and headed up the lake the 10th on its maiden trip of the season. Nelson Levasseur is back in his normal position which is with both knees resting firmly on the dry powdery bottom of Chesuncook Lake with both eyes and both hands raised to the Heavens and a half a dozen Restigouche Indians dancing the rain dance around him in hopes of getting enough water to get the wood into the lower lakes.

Work is under way this year building a sluice from Ripogenus Dam to the tail race of the power plant in an attempt to conserve some water just in case Nelson gets no results from his prayers.

The Pittstons Farm weather report for the month of April shows only .59 inches of precipitation for the month. In looking over the back reports we find that there were three other months that recorded less than one inch of precipitation: May 1950, .91 inches; February 1964, .76 and March 1965, .63 inches. This covers a period of 19 years.

During 1904, the Great Northern Paper Company produced 75,998 tons of newsprint at the Millinocket Mill and 13,453 tons of specialty paper at the Madison Mill for a total of 89,451 tons. This adds up to 89,451 cords of peeled wood or 102,869 cords of rough wood.

During 1905 they produced 87,799 tons of newsprint at the mill in Millinocket and 12,926 tons of specialty paper at the Madison Mill for a total of 100,725 tons. This totals up to 100,725 cords of peeled wood or 115,834 cords of rough wood.

We are using our old mailing list for this issue then plop-- in the waste basket it goes. If you want to get on the new mailing list you will have to notify us and we'll gladly add your name to it. The new address is Greenville Junction, Maine.....

THE OLD TRAIL
by NICHOLAS N. SMITH
EVANS MILLS, NEW YORK

"'Mother,' she said, 'I know we shall die here anyway, for we can never get out of these dreadful woods.'" These were the words of tired nine year old Christiana Wormwood confronted by another portage on the "Old Trail". She was traveling with her mother, three year old sister and guide, Mr. Samuel Cook who was taking them from Alfred to Houlton where Mr. Wormwood had already cleared land and built a cabin.

The giant pines and cedars stretching on every side from the rivers and lakes creating a great green world must have been awesome to this youngster at her impressionable age. However, she was not the first white girl to go over this trail since John Gyles mentions several girls who were prisoners in the account of his Melecite captivity between 1689 - 1699.

French missionaries frequently used the "Old Trail" when seeking out members of their roving flock or visiting their bretheren at the village at the other end of the trail.

In 1775 Washington's emissary, Col. John Allen, visited Passamaquoddy and Malecite Indians in order to obtain their services during the Revolution. He was successful and led about 500 Malecites from Meductic to Machias going the length of the Spednic Lakes and the St. Croix River to the ocean rather than branching off at the Baskehegan portage which would have taken him southwest to Oldtown.

In 1800 Joseph Houlton made his first trip over the trail to the St. John River and then into the area which was later named for him, where he settled. Thirteen years later Christiana Wormwood's family settled in Houlton after making the long lonely trip from Oldtown up the Penobscot River to the Mattawamkeag and on to the Baskehegan where they portaged to East Grand Lake paddling up the Lake, through the Thoroughfare and across North Lake where they portaged to First Eel Lake paddling up the Lake and into Eel River until they reached the present village of Benton. From here they hiked over the well-trod path, almost a straight line to the St. John River Indian village of Meductic. From here they turned up the river to Woodstock and then south to Houlton, a rather circuitous route.

Joe Polis, who once guided Thoreau up the East Branch of the Penobscot, when a lad of about 10 had a memorable hunting trip to the Chiputneticook Lakes. An early freeze and snowstorm forced them to leave their canoes and hike with only what they could carry. They followed the slippery, rocky, river banks, which must have been slow going indeed. At the mouth of the Mattawamkeag Polis forded the river going up to his neck in the near freezing water.

In 1845 Abraham Gessner scientist and founder of the New Brunswick Museum was guided over the trail by some of his Indian friends. By this time roads had been cleared through the forests, the Maine - New Brunswick border settled, and the wars killed off many redmen so the "Old Trail" had reached a period of little use. Gessner relied on charcoal pictographs on split cedar posts or

cont..next sheet.....

THE OLD TRAIL (cont)

birchbark markers which warned of dangerous rapids or portages. He had extreme difficulty finding the North Lake - First Eel Lake Portage since there was no clear cut trail through the tall grass. In other places he reported that the trail was worn into the rock.

A search through old maps gave additional proof that the "Old Trail" was common knowledge to earlier generations. After finding so much historic evidence concerning the "Old Trail" it was hard to believe that this important historical trail has been so neglected. Could the "Old Trail" with its several portages be located.

In 14 years of research little really concrete archaeological evidences of the portages has been found. At first it was rather discouraging but when one considers that in 1845 Gessner had difficulty in locating one of the carries, it should be much harder to locate the exact portages more than a hundred years later.

There is disagreement as to the height of the rivers and lakes in primeval Maine. Some stress that the numerous beaver dams and vast virgin forests with their spongy floors stored considerable water keeping rivers and lakes at a higher level than they are now; Others believe that the numerous dams erected by the whitemen have increased the height of the water level.

An ardent group in Woodstock, N. B., was found who were also engulfed in rediscovering the "Old Trail". They were using the old Indian village of Meductic as their starting point and were attempting to locate the carry from the village, which Gerald Dunn believes was larger than any of the Indian village sites in Maine, To Bento where the Indians took to the Eel River.

For the past several years short overnight excursions were made on different sections of the trail and it was hoped that this spring the whole trip would be completed. Usually toward the end of May there is some good weather before the bugs get out and while the water is still high providing a helping hand with a good current. The 23rd was set as the target date. It was hoped that several canoes would make the trip and that there would be representatives from both Maine and New Brunswick. When the time came Peter Paul, a Melicite, and the writer were the only ones to canoe, although Gerald Dunn and Morris Blaisdell helped.

From that moment on it was as if the supernatural powers of Indian shamans who wished to retain the secret of the "Old Trail" did all they could to prevent a successful trip. Although it was unsuccessful, it will long be remembered. Even the 16mm motion pictures taken on the trip did not come out and the 35mm slides were lost in processing and at this writing have not been found. A wide range of weather sent hot humid blasts of near 90 degrees which turned to a cold 40 degrees with high winds kicking up white caps forcing a halt to the trip only six miles from Indian Island, Old Town. It is hoped to complete the trip over the "Old Trail" next August when others interested in reliving history will be able to go.....

THE LITTLE BARBER (cont)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY

MAY 12, 1966

VOLUME 4 No. 12

It has been so long since Fernald's Journal rolled off the press that we have forgotten the date and number of our last edition. Since that time we have been picked up and set down at the Little Squaw Storehouse in Greenville Junction and after being here for four weeks we can plainly see that as a weekly it is washed up but we are toying with the idea of coming out at least once a month with something or other providing it don't interfere with the putting & driving at Squaw Mountain Inn this summer.

If you have our Volume 3 Number 13 dated February 25, 1965 you can add to it that the ice cleared from Moosehead Lake on May 6th which makes the seventh time it has cleared on that date in 119 years.

A recent letter from Ivan Jeffery that says he is home again and real confident that he is all through with hospitals for a while.

Reg. Sawyer is home after a short trip to the Waterville and Greenville hospitals. Latest report says he is doing well even if he did leave one of his toes along the way.

The Main River Driving crew moved into Swan Farm on May 10th this year which is a week later than last year. The North Branch Drive got under way May 3rd this year and the sluice gates were opened for the first time on May 8th and they sluiced 2,000 cords that day. Last year the gates were opened on May 6th and in 24 hours they sluiced 9,000 cords. There is plenty of water at both Seboomook and Big Bog.

The William Hilton was launched at Chesuncook Lake on the 6th and headed up the lake the 10th on its maiden trip of the season. Nelson Levasseur is back in his normal position which is with both knees resting firmly on the dry powdery bottom of Chesuncook Lake with both eyes and both hands raised to the Heavens and a half a dozen Restigouche Indians dancing the rain dance around him in hopes of getting enough water to get the wood into the lower lakes.

Work is under way this year building a sluice from Ripogenus Dam to the tail race of the power plant in an attempt to conserve some water just in case Nelson gets no results from his prayers.

The Pittston Farm weather report for the month of April shows only .59 inches of precipitation for the month. In looking over the back reports we find that there were three other months that recorded less than one inch of precipitation: May 1950, .91 inches; February 1964, .76 and March 1965, .63 inches. This covers a period of 19 years.

During 1904, the Great Northern Paper Company produced 75,998 tons of newsprint at the Millinocket Mill and 13,453 tons of specialty paper at the Madison Mill for a total of 89,451 tons. This adds up to 89,451 cords of peeled wood or 102,869 cords of rough wood.

During 1905 they produced 87,799 tons of newsprint at the mill in Millinocket and 12,926 tons of specialty paper at the Madison Mill for a total of 100,725 tons. This totals up to 100,725 cords of peeled wood or 115,834 cords of rough wood.

We are using our old mailing list for this issue then plop-- in the waste basket it goes. If you want to get on the new mailing list you will have to notify us and we'll gladly add your name to it. The new address is Greenville Junction, Maine.....

THE OLD TRAIL
by NICHOLAS N. SMITH
EVANS MILLS, NEW YORK

"Mother," she said, "I know we shall die here anyway, for we can never get out of these dreadful woods." These were the words of tired nine year old Christiana Wormwood confronted by another portage on the "Old Trail". She was traveling with her mother, three year old sister and guide, Mr. Samuel Cook who was taking them from Alfred to Houlton where Mr. Wormwood had already cleared land and built a cabin.

The giant pines and cedars stretching on every side from the rivers and lakes creating a great green world must have been awesome to this youngster at her impressionable age. However, she was not the first white girl to go over this trail since John Gyles mentions several girls who were prisoners in the account of his Melecite captivity between 1689 - 1699.

French missionaries frequently used the "Old Trail" when seeking out members of their roving flock or visiting their bretheren at the village at the other end of the trail.

In 1775 Washington's emissary, Col. John Allen, visited Passamaquoddy and Malecite Indians in order to obtain their services during the Revolution. He was successful and led about 500 Malecites from Meductic to Machias going the length of the Spednic Lakes and the St. Croix River to the ocean rather than branching off at the Baskehegan portage which would have taken him southwest to Oldtown.

In 1800 Joseph Houlton made his first trip over the trail to the St. John River and then into the area which was later named for him, where he settled. Thirteen years later Christiana Wormwood's family settled in Houlton after making the long lonely trip from Oldtown up the Penobscot River to the Mattawamkeag and on to the Baskehegan where they portaged to East Grand Lake paddling up the Lake, through the Thoroughfare and across North Lake where they portaged to First Eel Lake paddling up the Lake and into Eel River until they reached the present village of Benton. From here they hiked over the well-trod path, almost a straight line to the St. John River Indian village of Meductic. From here they turned up the river to Woodstock and then south to Houlton, a rather circuitous route.

Joe Polis, who once guided Thoreau up the East Branch of the Penobscot, when a lad of about 10 had a memorable hunting trip to the Chiputneticook Lakes. An early freeze and snowstorm forced them to leave their canoes and hike with only what they could carry. They followed the slippery, rocky, river banks, which must have been slow going indeed. At the mouth of the Mattawamkeag Polis forded the river going up to his neck in the near freezing water.

In 1845 Abraham Gessner scientist and founder of the New Brunswick Museum was guided over the trail by some of his Indian friends. By this time roads had been cleared through the forests, the Maine - New Brunswick border settled, and the wars killed off many redmen so the "Old Trail" had reached a period of little use. Gessner relied on charcoal pictographs on split cedar posts or

cont..next sheet.....

THE OLD TRAIL (cont)

birchbark markers which warned of dangerous rapids or portages. He had extreme difficulty finding the North Lake - First Eel Lake Portage since there was no clear cut trail through the tall grass. In other places he reported that the trail was worn into the rock.

A search through old maps gave additional proof that the "Old Trail" was common knowledge to earlier generations. After finding so much historic evidence concerning the "Old Trail" it was hard to believe that this important historical trail has been so neglected. Could the "Old Trail" with its several portages be located.

In 14 years of research little really concrete archaeological evidences of the portages has been found. At first it was rather discouraging but when one considers that in 1845 Gessner had difficulty in locating one of the carries, it should be much harder to locate the exact portages more than a hundred years later.

There is disagreement as to the height of the rivers and lakes in primeval Maine. Some stress that the numerous beaver dams and vast virgin forests with their spongy floors stored considerable water keeping rivers and lakes at a higher level than they are now; Others believe that the numerous dams erected by the whitemen have increased the height of the water level.

An ardent group in Woodstock, N. B., was found who were also engulfed in rediscovering the "Old Trail". They were using the old Indian village of Meductic as their starting point and were attempting to locate the carry from the village, which Gerald Dunn believes was larger than any of the Indian village sites in Maine, To Bento where the Indians took to the Eel River.

For the past several years short overnight excursions were made on different sections of the trail and it was hoped that this spring the whole trip would be completed. Usually toward the end of May there is some good weather before the bugs get out and while the water is still high providing a helping hand with a good current. The 23rd was set as the target date. It was hoped that several canoes would make the trip and that there would be representatives from both Maine and New Brunswick. When the time came Peter Paul, a Melicite, and the writer were the only ones to canoe, although Gerald Dunn and Morris Blaisdell helped.

From that moment on it was as if the supernatural powers of Indian shamans who wished to retain the secret of the "Old Trail" did all they could to prevent a successful trip. Although it was unsuccessful, it will long be remembered. Even the 16mm motion pictures taken on the trip did not come out and the 35mm slides were lost in processing and at this writing have not been found. A wide range of weather sent hot humid blasts of near 90 degrees which turned to a cold 40 degrees with high winds kicking up white caps forcing a halt to the trip only six miles from Indian Island, Old Town. It is hoped to complete the trip over the "Old Trail" next August when others interested in reliving history will be able to go.....

THE LITTLE BARBER (cont)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Felix Fernald
Pittston Farm

PITTSTON FARM WEEKLY OR MONTHLY OR WHATEVER.

June 3, 1966

Volume 4 No. 13

We are going to take the time this week to get out something or other as next week we'll be rather busy getting ready to take a week or twooos vacation in order to get rested up. June 3rd makes a pretty good date too as it was 33 years ago today that we'ums drove into North Twin Dam to begin our career with the GNP Company. It was sure some shock to be rolled out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to eat a hurried breakfast then enjoy the sunrise while hiking to the head of Quakish Lake to spend the balance of the day-light hours pushing pulpwood to and fro. First lunch was at 9 o'clock at which time Joe Hachey, cookee would show up with the pail of beans and a bucket of biscuits (a slight interruption since it is now Wednesday June 8th). Let's see, where did I leave off at..0 yes, we had just enjoyed the first lunch on Quakish Lake, well, at two-thirty Joe would show up again with the second lunch which was also beans and biscuits. At eight o'clock we would be plodding our way back to the Boom House and by the time we sat down to eat our evening repast it was necessary to light the kerosene lamps. It was a far cry from the working hours that are put in now on the drives.

The rear of North Branch Drive passed through Big Bog Dam on May 30th this year which is a little later I think than last year..Yes that's right for last year it went through the Dam on May 19th and into Seboomook Deadwater on June 3rd. They should be into the head of the Deadwater today or tomorrow.

The South Branch Drive rear went through Canada Falls Dam on May 31st but are finding the rear very heavy and it will no doubt take another week to get into Seboomook Deadwater.

The Main River tow boats have cleaned up all the wood in the Deadwater and are now coasting until the rear gets into the Deadwater.

Henri Marcoux has opened his cutting camp up Ye Olde Scotte Brooke and Mr. Bates once again has his flag (Skull & Crossbones) wafting in the breeze over the office.

Phillip Paquet's camp opened this week with a small cutting crew and the North & Main River driving crews moved in to board until they move to Seboomook Dam.

Beaver Bill (christened Lawrence) Hurd and Dale Turner will launch their first canoe this week. It took over a year for them to draw up the blueprints for the canoe form and I am going to say it has taken five or six months to produce the canoe. They have not as yet come up with a name for the model but we would suggest something like "Beaver-Tail" Hmnnnn that was a slip of the fore-finger as we meant to come out with "Beaver-Dale". "Will it float"? Time will tell.

The Fiddler from St. Zacharie while fiddling on Township 6 Range 17 this spring (matter-of-fact it was May 21) had very good luck and fiddled himself a few too many trout which set him back to the tune of twenty-one bucks. It is sometime said that "he who dances must pay the fiddler" but in this case it was "the Fiddler that paid the fee."

 *** A SMALL TOWN IS ONE WHERE EVERYONE KNOWS WHOSE CHECK ***
 *** IS GOOD AND WHOSE HUSBAND ISN'T. ***

During 1906 the Great Northern Paper Company produced 89,725 tons of newsprint at the Millinocket Mill and 14,434 tons of specialty paper at the Madison Mill for a total of 104,159 tons. Converted into pulpwood this would amount to 104,159 cords of peeled wood or 119,783 cords of rough wood.

During 1907 the Great Northern Paper Company produced 85,338 tons of newsprint at the Millinocket Mill and 7,383 tons at the East Millinocket Mill. At Madison there was 14,779 tons of the specialty paper. There was a total of 107,500 tons which converted into pulpwood comes to 107,500 cords of peeled wood or 123,625 cords of rough wood. This was the first production for the East Millinocket Mill.

Dropping our old mailing list into the waste basket should happen more often as we heard from a good many of our readers and some very interesting letters. Here is one here from Charlie Glaster that says he moved from Pittston to Rockwood on May 31st 1911--the day of the Bangor Fire. We would say that Charlie & the Missus hit the Jackpot at Las Vegas as they spent four days there and then went on to Hawaii and stayed six days this past winter.

Here is a card from Lud Moorehead. Lud was very interested in our article last month about the "Old Trail". In 1914 he descended the St. John River to Meductic, dug Indian remains there, ascended the Eel River, carried by hayrick to North Lake, paddled the length of the Cheputnicook and Spednic Grand Lakes and also the Grand Lake Stream, ending at Princeton, having started at Northwest Carry. Lud wants to know if Nicholas N. Smith still lives in Evans Mills, New York which we can't answer but know that someone like John Gould can come up with the answer.

From the Great Southern we hear from Bill Levesque, James Richardson, Woodlands Manager and J. P. Harper, Assistant Manager so you can see that Fernald's Journal gets around.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT IS OFTEN AS FOOLISH AS DIVOICE AT FIRST FIGHT.

CIRCULAR LETTER No. 21 Feb. 9, 1914

All Clerks: You will figure out the amount of Fresh Beef required to last until your woods operation closes and see too it that there is none left on hand, Use your previous months Form 76 as a guide along with your judgement. Put the figures up to your Superintendent and explain to him that we were caught last spring to the extent of quite a few hundred dollars loss on beef on account of some ordering that was contrary to our schedule or list.

You will also figure out Corned Beef and Codfish in the same way only allow enough extra to go through your drive and be careful about getting the right proportionate part into each Wangan.

Some of our clerks are getting careless about preserving our Pocket Time Books. We want them filed away in a safe place ready for inspection when the Traveling Auditor or other authorized agents of the company call for them. In cases of litigation they contain the most convincing evidence that we can offer and even though they were never needed for that purpose their value as a reference ought to be apparent to those clerks who have let them go to the dogs.

Great Northern Paper Company,
By P. E. Whalen

CAUCOMGOMAC DAM

We read a letter somewhere during the past winter that John Gould wrote in which he stated that while at Caucomgomac Dam last year he found an old camp that had been built out of "pit-sawed" lumber just below the dam. John kind of thought it should be preserved for the future generations to look at and exclaim over, so, we decided to find out if he knew what he was talking about and contacted a man that should know. This is what he told us: "I have never seen pit-sawed lumber but I will describe what camps I remember there. I first went to the Dam in the spring of 1919 and spent six weeks there on the drive. The only camp there then, a small log one, served as a kitchen for the cook--who also slept there. We all washed and ate outdoors, driving style. About 40 feet away, and at right angles, Mike Cyr had built a small tar-paper shack. He had a single bunk on the right side of this, with a small bunk for his dog at the foot, and there were double-deck single bunks on the left, across an aisle just wide enough for my small wangan-box. The foreman had the lower bunk and I took the top. The floor was of earth and the only other item of furniture was a small box stove. The crew slept in an 8-breadth tent a little further along the road behind the "office". The road extended four miles and at that point Mike had his base camp for trapping. This was a log camp. His sugery was across the river and perhaps a half mile further up the river. The next year, after I made maple suger with Mike, we came to the Dam and I stayed two nights there on account of a storm, Mike was to tend the dam again, but I was heading out to Rockwood, as Black Pond had opened up and I couldn't get back to Chesuncook the way I had come in.

The year after that, in the spring of 1921, I was at the Dam for a few weeks, and Mike had gotten tired of people sitting on his bunk and had built himself a very small pole camp. Peeled poles with tar paper over them, right close to the river, below the dam, with room in it for himself and the dog.

When I came to the dam again, to take inventory, when Joe McDonald was there, a new camp(frame) had been built, about on the site of that log kitchen, with a frame camp across the road, big enough for a cook-room and bunk-house for the driving crew. It was locked up, this latter camp, so I never got inside of it. I think the caretaker's (or rather the dam-tender's) camp must be the same today....

FROM THE ABOVE ACCOUNT WE WOULD SAY THERE JUST AIN'T NO
"PIT-SAWED" LUMBER IN THE VICINITY OF CAUCOMGOMAC DAM.

EGG YOLKS-EGG YOLKS-EGG YOLKS----If my bonne femme continues making "DIVINE" fudge for the boys up-river, I'm going to turn into an egg yolk one of these days. If you want an interesting experiment you want to try to five minute boil a couple of egg yolks for your breakfast--ack-r-r-r! What a mess! I think I may have it conquered though as I snitched some egg-stablizer from Rainbow and tried a couple of spoonfuls of it mixed with the yolks and it wasn't too, too bad although we had much rather have an egg in its' natural state

HERBERT SUDBURY

A storm was raging fierce and wild,
The thunder rent the air,
To venture out on such a night
But few I ween would dare.

The lightening flashing all around,
Lit up with ghostly light
Objects that otherwise were hid
By darkness of the night.

Out on the plucky bosom of,
Treacherous Moosehead Lake
The little steamer Olivette
Her homeward course did take.

Bravely she breasted every wave,
Not a man on board knew fear
None dreamed that o'er one of her crew,
Slow death was hovering near.

Making their way toward Kineo,
Safely all reached Deer Isle
And still the rain in torrents fell,
Upon them all the while.

Young Sudbury stood upon the deck
Undaunted by the storm
And though it blew a piercing gale
His heart was brave and warm.

T'was duty bid him at his post,
Watch for a certain light
Which from Steamer Katahdin shone,
To guide their boat aright.

The Captain blew the whistle twice
And getting no reply
He stepped outside the pilot house
To learn the reason why.

Nowhere was Herbert to be found,
None could his story tell,
But that he perished in the waves
Each one knew but too well.

None saw the horror of that scene,
None save the wind and waves
Knew how or where Herbert Sudbury
Sank to his watery grave.

But when the mighty trump of God
Shall sound o'er land and sea
Then shall his soul from slumber rise
And solve the mystery.

Then shall the friends who mourn him here
Whose hearts are rent with pain,
Rejoice and on that happy morn
Receive their lost again.

June 3, 1966

Volume 4 No. 13

We are going to take the time this week to get out something or other as next week we'll be rather busy getting ready to take a week or twooos vacation in order to get rested up. June 3rd makes a pretty good date too as it was 33 years ago today that we'ums drove into North Twin Dam to begin our career with the GNP Company. It was sure some shock to be rolled out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to eat a hurried breakfast then enjoy the sunrise while hiking to the head of Quakish Lake to spend the balance of the day-light hours pushing pulpwood to and fro. First lunch was at 9 o'clock at which time Joe Hachey, cookee would show up with the pail of beans and a bucket of biscuits (a slight interruption since it is now Wednesday June 8th). Let's see, where did I leave off at..0 yes, we had just enjoyed the first lunch on Quakish Lake, well, at two-thirty Joe would show up again with the second lunch which was also beans and biscuits. At eight o'clock we would be plodding our way back to the Boom House and by the time we sat down to eat our evening repast it was necessary to light the kerosene lamps. It was a far cry from the working hours that are put in now on the drives.

The rear of North Branch Drive passed through Big Bog Dam on May 30th this year which is a little later I think than last year..Yes that's right for last year it went through the Dam on May 19th and into Seboomook Deadwater on June 3rd. They should be into the head of the Deadwater today or tomorrow.

The South Branch Drive rear went through Canada Falls Dam on May 31st but are finding the rear very heavy and it will no doubt take another week to get into Seboomook Deadwater.

The Main River tow boats have cleaned up all the wood in the Deadwater and are now coasting until the rear gets into the Deadwater.

Henri Marcoux has opened his cutting camp up Ye Olde Scotte Brooke and Mr. Bates once again has his flag(Skull & Crossbones) wafting in the breeze over the office.

Phillip Paquet's camp opened this week with a small cutting crew and the North & Main River driving crews moved in to board until they move to Seboomook Dam.

Beaver Bill(christened Lawrence) Hurd and Dale Turner will launch their first canoe this week. It took over a year for them to draw up the blueprints for the canoe form and I am going to say it has taken five or six months to produce the canoe. They have not as yet come up with a name for the model but we would suggest something like "Beaver-Tail" Hmnnnn that was a slip of the fore-finger as we meant to come out with "Beaver-Dale". "Will it float"? Time will tell.

The Fiddler from St. Zacharie while fiddling on Township 6 Range 17 this spring(matter-of-fact it was May 21) had very good luck and fiddled himself a few too many trout which set him back to the tune of twenty-one bucks. It is sometime said that "he who dances must pay the fiddler" but in this case it was "the Fiddler that paid the fee."

 *** A SMALL TOWN IS ONE WHERE EVERYONE KNOWS WHOSE CHECK ***
 *** IS GOOD AND WHOSE HUSBAND ISN'T. ***

During 1906 the Great Northern Paper Company produced 89,725 tons of newsprint at the Millinocket Mill and 14,434 tons of specialty paper at the Madison Mill for a total of 104,159 tons. Converted into pulpwood this would amount to 104,159 cords of peeled wood or 119,783 cords of rough wood.

During 1907 the Great Northern Paper Company produced 85,338 tons of newsprint at the Millinocket Mill and 7,383 tons at the East Millinocket Mill. At Madison there was 14,779 tons of the specialty paper. There was a total of 107,500 tons which converted into pulpwood comes to 107,500 cords of peeled wood or 123,625 cords of rough wood. This was the first production for the East Millinocket Mill.

Dropping our old mailing list into the waste basket should happen more often as we heard from a good many of our readers and some very interesting letters. Here is one here from Charlie Glaster that says he moved from Pittston to Rockwood on May 31st 1911--the day of the Bangor Fire. We would say that Charlie & the Missus hit the Jackpot at Las Vegas as they spent four days there and then went on to Hawaii and stayed six days this past winter.

Here is a card from Lud Moorehead. Lud was very interested in our article last month about the "Old Trail". In 1914 he descended the St. John River to Meductic, dug Indian remains there, ascended the Eel River, carried by hayrick to North Lake, paddled the length of the Cheputnicook and Spednic Grand Lakes and also the Grand Lake Stream, ending at Princeton, having started at Northwest Carry. Lud wants to know if Nicholas N. Smith still lives in Evans Mills, New York which we can't answer but know that someone like John Gould can come up with the answer.

From the Great Southern we hear from Bill Levesque, James Richardson, Woodlands Manager and J. P. Harper, Assistant Manager so you can see that Fernald's Journal gets around.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT IS OFTEN AS FOOLISH AS DIVOICE AT FIRST FIGHT.

CIRCULAR LETTER No. 21 Feb. 9, 1914

All Clerks: You will figure out the amount of Fresh Beef required to last until your woods operation closes and see too it that there is none left on hand, Use your previous months Form 76 as a guide along with your judgement. Put the figures up to your Superintendent and explain to him that we were caught last spring to the extent of quite a few hundred dollars loss on beef on account of some ordering that was contrary to our schedule or list.

You will also figure out Corned Beef and Codfish in the same way only allow enough extra to go through your drive and be careful about getting the right proportionate part into each Wangan.

Some of our clerks are getting careless about preserving our Pocket Time Books. We want them filed away in a safe place ready for inspection when the Traveling Auditor or other authorized agents of the company call for them. In cases of litigation they contain the most convincing evidence that we can offer and even though they were never needed for that purpose their value as a reference ought to be apparent to those clerks who have let them go to the dogs.

Great Northern Paper Company,
By P. E. Whalen

CAUCOMGOMAC DAM

We read a letter somewhere during the past winter that John Gould wrote in which he stated that while at Caucomgomac Dam last year he found an old camp that had been built out of "pit-sawed" lumber just below the dam. John kind of thought it should be preserved for the future generations to look at and exclaim over, so, we decided to find out if he knew what he was talking about and contacted a man that should know. This is what he told us: "I have never seen pit-sawed lumber but I will describe what camps I remember there. I first went to the Dam in the spring of 1919 and spent six weeks there on the drive. The only camp there then, a small log one, served as a kitchen for the cook--who also slept there. We all washed and ate outdoors, driving style. About 40 feet away, and at right angles, Mike Cyr had built a small tar-paper shack. He had a single bunk on the right side of this, with a small bunk for his dog at the foot, and there were double-deck single bunks on the left, across an aisle just wide enough for my small wangan-box. The foreman had the lower bunk and I took the top. The floor was of earth and the only other item of furniture was a small box stove. The crew slept in an 8-breadth tent a little further along the road behind the "office". The road extended four miles and at that point Mike had his base camp for trapping. This was a log camp. His sugery was across the river and perhaps a half mile further up the river. The next year, after I made maple suger with Mike, we came to the Dam and I stayed two nights there on account of a storm, Mike was to tend the dam again, but I was heading out to Rockwood, as Black Pond had opened up and I couldn't get back to Chesuncook the way I had come in.

The year after that, in the spring of 1921, I was at the Dam for a few weeks, and Mike had gotten tired of people sitting on his bunk and had built himself a very small pole camp. Peeled poles with tar paper over them, right close to the river, below the dam, with room in it for himself and the dog.

When I came to the dam again, to take inventory, when Joe McDonald was there, a new camp(frame) had been built, about on the site of that log kitchen, with a frame camp across the road, big enough for a cook-room and bunk-house for the driving crew. It was locked up, this latter camp, so I never got inside of it. I think the caretaker's (or rather the dam-tender's) camp must be the same today....

FROM THE ABOVE ACCOUNT WE WOULD SAY THERE JUST AIN'T NO

"PIT-SAWED" LUMBER IN THE VICINITY OF CAUCOMGOMAC DAM.

EGG YOLKS-EGG YOLKS-EGG YOLKS----If my bonne femme continues making "DIVINE" fudge for the boys up-river, I'm going to turn into an egg yolk one of these days. If you want an interesting experiment you want to try to five minute boil a couple of egg yolks for your breakfast--ack-r-r-r! What a mess! I think I may have it conquered though as I snitched some egg-stablizer from Rainbow and tried a couple of spoonfuls of it mixed with the yolks and it wasn't too, too bad although we had much rather have an egg in its' natural state

HERBERT SUDBURY

A storm was raging fierce and wild,
The thunder rent the air,
To venture out on such a night
But few I ween would dare.

The lightening flashing all around,
Lit up with ghostly light
Objects that otherwise were hid
By darkness of the night.

Out on the plucky bosom of,
Treacherous Moosehead Lake
The little steamer Olivette
Her homeward course did take.

Bravely she breasted every wave,
Not a man on board knew fear
None dreamed that o'er one of her crew,
Slow death was hovering near.

Making their way toward Kineo,
Safely all reached Deer Isle
And still the rain in torrents fell,
Upon them all the while.

Young Sudbury stood upon the deck
Undaunted by the storm
And though it blew a piercing gale
His heart was brave and warm.

T'was duty bid him at his post,
Watch for a certain light
Which from Steamer Katahdin shone,
To guide their boat aright.

The Captain blew the whistle twice
And getting no reply
He stepped outside the pilot house
To learn the reason why.

Nowhere was Herbert to be found,
None could his story tell,
But that he perished in the waves
Each one knew but too well.

None saw the horror of that scene,
None save the wind and waves
Knew how or where Herbert Sudbury
Sank to his watery grave.

But when the mighty trump of God
Shall sound o'er land and sea
Then shall his soul from slumber rise
And solve the mystery.

Then shall the friends who mourn him here
Whose hearts are rent with pain,
Rejoice and on that happy morn
Receive their lost again.