The Northern, May, 1921

Great Northern Paper Company

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During the past ten or more years the shut-out pitcher has been the hero of the baseball world.

But a new meteor blazed its way across the heavens last year and his glory bids fair to overshadow the game itself and to outrank the champions in golf, tennis and other outdoor sports.

It is no longer the pinch hitter who is called for by the fans when the score is hanging by its eyelids, but the home run hitter, the one who can clout the leather over the back fence or into the far field bleachers, so that there is no possibility of pegging to the home plate before the batter has made the circuit and brought in his mates who have been dancing around on their toes at first, second or third waiting for a chance to pile up the score.

There is nothing more spectacular than a home run batted out of the lot at the critical moment of the game. Coming in the ninth inning with the score a tie, a circuit wallop brings every man to his feet, hats are tossed in the air, which is split with the shouts of frenzy from a thousand throats.

But until last year the home run was, after all, but a phase of the game, numbered among the many interesting phases that are apt to come in the course of a game, along with double and triple plays, picking a hot liner out of the air, a long running catch which carries to the border fence or the base stealer caught at the home plate.

But last year George H. or as commonly known "Babe" Ruth put the home run feature into a class by itself and made all previous home run hitters look like pikers.

And how did he do it?—why by just going after it. He found he had an unusual aptitude for straightening out the curves of opposing pitchers, as no one had ever done before, so he made a regular business of it.

At the end of the season he had put 64 perfectly good base balls out of commission, 25 more than he had made the year before when he had broken the record and more than any entire club in either league had gathered in.

It spelled a new era in baseball, not only in the performance itself but in the added interest it gave to the game, for, after all, the average fan will split his lungs wide open when the ball is batted to safety, while he will merely wear out his shoe leather in stamping or put callouses on his hands by applauding the one, two, three route. There's no use talking boys we do like to see 'em batted out.

But the surprise is that "Babe" isn't to be allowed to sit on his throne alone if rivals who are to contest his title to "chief of circuit clouters" have anything to say about it. It looks like perhaps they might disprove the opinion which prevailed last year that "Babe" was just a freak in four bags.

George Kelley (looks like a case of letting George do it any way whether it is Ruth or Kelley), of the New York Nationals entered the arena this spring and at this writing already has eight homers to his credit, only two less than Ruth so far.

Trailing the two leaders comes Maisel of the Philadelphia Nationals and a veteran at the game with four over-the-fence wallop and there are others who are hitting the old pill good and hard and are likely to be up with the singers at any time. In one recent game in Philadelphia three players, none of them noted hitters, whanged the ball out of the lot for home runs. That so many are doing it lends a new interest to the greatest of out-door sports.

Aren't they setting us all a good example? Are we all banging out as many home runs as we can? Let's go after 'em same as "Babe" Ruth did and "make a regular business" of it.

In the game of life, most of the players go out on foul tips
The Northern Club and their friends held their sixth assembly at Pullen's Society Hall on Friday evening, April 16th, 1921. About sixty couples enjoyed the evening's program. Music was furnished by Miller's Society Orchestra of five pieces. Mr. Bert Whitney catered.

According to the committee's plans this was to complete the assemblies, but in response to the many requests for another the Social Committee then arranged another dance which was held at the same hall on the evening of Tuesday, May 3d, with an attendance of about fifty couples.

It is earnestly hoped that the popular socials will start up again in the fall as they are very popular and most enjoyable

YOU'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT!
If you can't make the hill a-runnin' on high, Just throw her in low, and never say die.
The first in the start may finish the last, So keep on a-pluggin', don't hurry too fast.
Keep smilin', don't worry, you'll make it all right.
If you just keep a-tryin' with all your might.
Don't waste time kickin', but throw your coat.
And dig in and root like an Arkansas shoat.
If you think with old Fortune you have a pull, You're kiddin' yourself with a poor line of bull.
If you want to make good, you have to go through it;
A stiff course of trainin' before you will do.
So cut out your kickin' and turn off the bile,
And jump in and hustle with a song and a smile. —Gillette Blade.

"Henry, it says here that Jackson peoted the pill for three sacks, what does it mean?"

"Good heavens, Mary, can't you under-stand plain English? It means that he plugged the sphere safe and landed on the third pillow."

Dear Editor—I am in love with a very plain girl, while a very pretty one with lots of money wants me to marry her. What shall I do?

Editor—Marry the one you love by all means, and send me the name and address of the other.

IT IS A MORAL DISGRACE—
To go through life a failure when you possess those qualities.
To be anything less than a real man or a real woman,
To fail to do your best and look your best.
To have only half tried to make good.
To put into work you are paid to do only half-hearted effort, to perform it carelessly or with apathy or indifference.
To do things that are not morally honest or honorable even though you may act within the law.
To go about with a scowl on your face, when a smile can do so much good.
To be a pessimist when there is enough Optimism for one in the world.
To spoil another's life by your cruelty or selfishness.
To be grasping and greedy, always looking out for your own benefit, and never thinking of the man at the other end of the bargain.

SAVED HIM
"Them gua'd houses at the trainin' camps is shuh don' a gran' work, jest like the Red Cross," observed Cindy, the colored laundress. "They saved mah boy Duke's life."
"How is that, Cindy?" queried her employer.
"I dunno how they done it. Only he wrote me a postal card sayin' if he hadn't got ten days in one of 'em he'd 'a been a corp."

The May ball which was held at Rockwood Hall, Rockwood, Friday, May 6th was a most enjoyable affair, participated in by about seventy-five couples. The music was by Luby's orchestra of five pieces, from Dover, and the floor was in excellent condition. Besides, the Rockwood people who were there in full numbers there was noticed from Seboomook, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. MacDonald, Mrs. Nellie M. Colbath, Win Spencer, Harrie Cee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis, Holli Jones and Alice Gero. From Pittston were, Mrs. L. E. Klett, Paymaster Amory B. Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Frank Brown, Ray Cripps, R. A. Young, Cecil Preble and Francis Smythe. Jack Hazeltine and Forrest Smith came in their motor boat from up the lake. There were also several from West Outlot Camps. Refreshments were dispensed by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smart and their niece. Nearly all the dancers remained until the ball was brought to a close about one o'clock, after a very delightful evening's pleasure. Another dance is being arranged for June 16th with Lane's orchestra of seven pieces from Bangor and this dance will probably close the spring season's festivities at Rockwood and until the dances arranged by the Rockwood association open the summer season.

Geo. Sanford who clerked at Russell Depot during the winter and for the Russell Stream Drive this spring left Seboomook Monday, May 9th for his home in East Corinth.

Holli Jones, assistant clerk at Seboomook was in Bangor the week of May 9th doing some special work in the accounting department.

John Hayes, who met with a painful accident a few weeks ago that crushed the bone of his left wrist has finished his work handling Russell Stream Drive and is convalescing. A recent X-ray examination shows that there is a good chance for a complete recovery of the use of his hand, but it will be some months before his hand is as good as new.

Young Jack eyed the new arrival critically for a few moments, then looked up and asked:
"So you're my grandmother, are you?"
"Yes, dear. On your father's side," replied the old lady, with a smile.
"Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out quick enough," remarked Jack, without shifting his gaze.

Mr. Earl Herrick of Miller & Webster, Bangor was a recent guest of Farm Supt. Howard T. Pogg at Seboomook, where they enjoyed some excellent fishing.

Mr. Adelbert W. Gordon, general agent of the State public schools, in charge of unorganized townships was at Seboomook, May 6th and 7th on his spring tour of inspection of the school at that place.

Father—Helen, isn't it about time you were entertaining the prospect of matrimony?"

Daughter—Not quite, pa. He doesn't call until eight o'clock.—The Arklight.

Mr. Mullen is certainly doing things on the railroad construction work at Seboomook as the road bed is already laid to where the right of way swings from the Pittston road to Carry Pond and the rails are laid nearly the entire distance. It will seem strange to hear the shriek of whistle and the clang of bell from a locomotive way up here in the woods, but the day is not far distant when it will be a reality and another wedge of efficiency in operation will be recorded in the history of the growth of the spruce wood department of the Great Northern Paper Company.
NORTHERN LIGHTS

By F. X. Marx

This is a month for flowers and memories.

On Sunday the 8th you probably wore a white carnation for Mother if she is alive and a rose if she is dead. Then on Monday the 9th don't forget to view the wreaths of the departed with your wreath—and if the beloved one was a former service lad be sure to place the flag there.

This ceremony, by the way, was inaugurated in the South by Mary Ann Williams of Georgia, who first placed a wreath on the graves of the Confederate heroes, presumably on the anniversary of the surrender of the last great Rebel Army by General Johnson to General Sherman.

Passersby on the Grant Farm road at the Lily Bay bridge take great pleasure in slowing down their motors and in many instances stopping their cars to view the three-score or more horses "springing out" at the Lily Bay Farm. Many well known horses of the woods and turf are quartered together on pasture land with a swift running brook as their watering place. They are a contented lot, these same horses, after their heavy works duty during the racing season, and Lily Bay seems to be a very good place for them to rest up for the next six months or so.

I was talking with Irving O. Hemenway of Lake Harrington the other day about his dogs, "Bazook," "Polju," and "Chmck," who comprise his dog team which I believe is the only dog team in Piscataquis County if not in the State. He tells me that he recently made a trip across country to his home in Vermont, a distance of 358 miles, in ten days with his dog sled, stopping three days en route. The one drawback of the trip Mr. Hemenway said was the numerous questions that he had to answer during the course of his trip. Anyone who has seen the trapper of Soper Town and his dogs readily know why everybody along the line insisted upon asking questions.

The Port of Lily Bay is in full operation once again. Since the day the ice went out in Moosehead Lake and the steamer "Louisa" pulled alongside the wharf on her first trip of the season, Clerk John R. Williams of the Lily Bay Operation has been on the go. Much freight and parcel post comes in on the steamer and the rapid sorting and disposal of the same is the easiest thing that John R. W. and his storehouse staff does during the day's work.

Up to Ripogenus Dam, Jack Barnett tells me that he has a first stick of short wood of the 1921 Operations through the long concrete sluiceway on Wednesday the 27th of last month. Unlike the old long log drive, the event was pulled without ceremony only the roar of the seething mass of water below and the shouts of the sluicing crew of the new school and bits of comment from bystanders, breaking the quietude of the early evening. The following saw many visitors up from down river to witness the process of sluicing.

It was Friday the 22nd of April, Moosehead Lake was a deep purple dotted here and there with flashing little white caps; a gull or two wheeled and dipped; in the quiet with their weird call; blue skies overhead were stripped with white slender clouds; on the windward shore were a few people, and Big Squaw Mountain appeared gloomy. The S. S. Louisa, Captain Louis Mountain, steamed into Lily Bay at noon on its first trip of the 1921 season.

No band was there to meet the steamer when its white glistening topazides appeared, save the cry of the gulls, the klax on a Ford nearby and the shrill whistle of the S. S. Prieditis towing a boom in the bay. Its reception committee was the personnel of the Lily Bay House, the storehouse crew and a lone fisherman on the dock.

It was a real day, that day, a touch of the four seasons in the air and a smile on the skippers lips as the bow and stern lines were made fast and the "Louisa" rode peacefully at the wharf at Lily Bay. Captain Mountain reported a fair trip, carrying half a dozen passengers and much freight.

The wonderous feats of the tractors and sleighs recall to mind the dear dead days of the Soper Brook Operation and:

The ex-Boston Cop
Who sold the soap
That nourished the men
Who loaded the wood
On the single rack
That was hauled by Roans
On Soper Team
And scaled twelve cords
When the sun went down;
That lowered the colors
Of Camp Noonan,
Where bronzed Jack Dechaine
Was wont to recline,
And proved once again
That "Mouser's" men
Hauled the largest load
Of four foot logs
That ever was landed
On brook or bog,
In Maine's North Country.

Driving over the road to the Grant Farm in the early evening a few weeks ago and just a short distance above the Lily Bay Farm, my attention was called to a herd of six deer feeding in a field by the edge of a spruce thicket. The purr of the motor startled them and they soon scattered into the dense growth. One, of unusual size, undoubtedly the leader of the herd, started directly for the road, then turning suddenly ran almost neck and neck with the car for a distance of more than 200 yards, finally disappearing into the woodlands. Further up on the road we noticed five more deer and nearly a score of partridges.

Lily Bay Town and the countryside at Grant Farm is well stocked with the least denizens of the forests now—but where do they go about October first?

THE DIFFERENCE

A pessimist closes an eye; wrinkles his face, draws up the corner of his mouth, and says, "It can't be done." A optimist has a twinkle of sunshine. He beams on you and says, "It can be done"—and then lets George do it. But a "pep-ti-mist" takes off his hat, rolls up his sleeves, goes to it, and does it. — Rotarian.

Through the generosity of the Social Service Department, the office force have been able to organize a baseball team, and at a meeting held at the Bangor Office "Soupbone" Avrell was elected captain and "Shrimp" O'Connor, elected manager. The idea is to have two teams from the office the losing team at the end of the season to feed the winning team. (Nothing short of a lobster supper acceptable). From the two teams a picked team will play outside teams on Saturdays as far as possible. We take great pleasure in introducing to you the ALL STAR Cast.

"Sargent" Bartton.
"Rainbow" McLaughlin.
"String" Arey.
"Babe" Goodchild.
"Wearty" Willey.
"Blue Nose" Gippatrick.
"Buster" Greely.
"Soupbone" Averill.
"Block" LePage.
"Shrimp" O'Connor.
"Stubby" Pratt.
"Mutt" McVey.
"Dictionary" Brown.
"Tommy" Simonson.
"Kelly" Brown.
"Blue Print" Pratt.
"Top-Toe" Leen will act in the capacity of press agent from whose flowing pen a vivid account will be given each game.

On the evening of May 25th The Northern Club will hold another of its private dancing parties in Society Hall, Bangor. We would like to see a lot of you fellows from up the line at that time. We guarantee a good time.

HE TOLD IT WITH FLOWERS

A well-meaning florist was the cause of much embarrassment to a young man who was in love with a rich and beautiful girl. It appears that one afternoon she informed the young man that the next day was her birthday, whereupon the suitor remarked that the next morning he would send her some roses, one rose for each year.

A few nights later he wrote a note to his florist, ordering the delivery of twenty roses for the young woman. The florist filled the order, and, thinking to save time, said to his clerk:

"Here's an order from young Jones for twenty roses. He's one of my best customers, so I'll throw in ten more for good measure."

When flattering someone by imitation, watch out for the copyright.
THE NORTHERN

SNITCHED

"Getting out a newspaper or a monthly publication is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly if we don’t; they say we are too serious. If we publish original matter they say we lack variety—if we publish things from other papers they say we are too lazy to write. If we don’t go to church we are heathens if we go we are hypocrites. If we stay in the office we ought to be out hustling for news—if we hustle for news we are not attending to business at the office. If we wear old clothes we are slovenly—if we wear new clothes they are not paid for. What in thunderation is a poor editor to do any way? Like as not someone will say we swiped this from an exchange. We didn’t.

The value and efficiency of the fire patrol work of the State was clearly demonstrated on Saturday, May 7th in handling a fire which had started among the dry spruce and birch at No. 2 Brasna. It was discovered at 4 p.m. by the watchman in the Kineo Mountain lookout, who telephoned it to Jim Sargent at Rockwood. He immediately called Roland Hilton, chief fire warden at Seboomook Dam and said he would start with the Chalmers car and Carl Hegstrom with the White car and pick up where men they could on the way to the 10 mile swing. They had about twenty-five men when they arrived there.

Hilton, on getting word from Mr. Sargent cranked his flivver and made a quick run to Seboomook to get trucks and men. Mr. Gilbert, who happened to be in the Seboomook office at the time, asked Hilton to take the crew working on the new railroad, building at Seboomook and fifty men quickly loaded shovels, axes, etc., onto one truck while 150 feet left immediately and a second truck which came in later from Cosmogomoc left at 6.15 p.m. The two trucks with Charlie Sawtelle and Joe Sullivan at the wheels fairly flew over the turnpike in a cloud of dust in a record run to 10 Mile, a distance of twenty-eight miles as they first had to go to Hilton’s camp for tools. From 10 Mile it was a six mile walk through the woods on an old grown up tole road, but one hundred men were fighting fire in just one hour and forty minutes from the time Fire Chief Hilton received word from Mr. Sargent, due, as Hilton frankly says, to the prompt cooperation and assistance of the Great Northern men. When Hilton arrived at the fire on the 10 Mile side, after placing the men, he went around to the other side and found Jack Ryan of the American Realty Co., with a crew of 75 men, but nothing in the way of tools but pick poles and axes. Hilton sent them around to get tools and the combined forces confined the fire front which extended about 200 feet into a wedge shape trench working toward Saucadean Stream which checked its spread.

As the wind died down with the setting sun, the evening dew came on which aided the fire fighters, and they worked the fire out of the dry spruce into the green birches which were felled and prevented a further spread. By nine o’clock the fire was well under control and the men returned to Seboomook and Rockwood. Hilton and Fred Leighton remaining with a small crew to watch it through the night. About twenty acres were burned over but not all in one defined area as it was a jump fire which left several strips of unburned land.

Just because a man is spading up his garden is no sign, at this time of year, that he is going to plant seeds.

Roscoe Hodgdon, the popular feeder at the Pittston Farm stable this past winter, went to his home at Palmyra two weeks ago. Roscoe has purchased a Ford and is to run a meat and fish route out of Newport this summer. His many friends hope that he will return to Pittston in the fall.

Arizona Bill, the Rockwood “cowboy” will no longer excite the interest of the visitors as he was found dead in his room, Sunday the 8th. He had a bullet hole through his heart from a rifle which was on the floor near by. The coroner’s verdict was suicide.

(Seen on the Desks at Seboomook Dam)

A PAL

What constitutes a pal?
I’ll tell you Jack
It’s more than slapping on the back,
Or throwing your smoke
It’s even more than giving cash
To some friend who’s gone to smash;
Much more than that,
It’s just the grand big hearted trick of doing
What you can to serve
The other guy who’s lost his nerve.
It’s acting friendly like and fair
And always dealing straight and square;
It’s living up to life’s big plan,
And being something like a man;
Dead on the level, honest, true;
A pal’s a man, thank God, like you.

A MATTER OF DIET

A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

“You get into this bed,” ordered the director, “and we’ll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream.”

“Put a lion in bed with me!” yelled the negro. “No, I can’t! I quite right here and now.”

“But,” protested the director, “this lion won’t hurt you. He was brought up on milk.”

“So was I brung up on milk,” wailed the negro, “but I eats meat now.”

THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE HIM

Once, while walking through the land of Imagination, I saw a dull-eyed man, sitting at the door of a small, dingy cottage.

"Why are you so poor?" I asked.

"I am not poor," he answered indignantly.

"There is coal underneath my garden—one hundred thousand tons of it."

"Then why don’t you dig it up?" I asked.

"Well," he admitted, "at present I have no spade and I don’t like digging."

The head of a coal firm, irritated beyond endurance at a driver’s blunder, told the man to go to the office and get his pay and not come back.

"You are so confounded thick-headed you can’t learn anything!" he shouted.

"Begorra," answered the driver, "I learned was thing since I’ve been with ye!

"What’s that?" snapped the other.

"That eighteen hundred make a ton."  

"Little boy," asked the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mammy over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the bright lad.

"Well, do you know what poor animal has been made to suffer to adorn your mamma so proudly?"

"Yes, sir; my papa."—New York Times.

WHAT AM I?

I am the cheapest thing in the world.
With me, men have felt within them the power to move mountains—to fly the air as birds—to gain the wealth of Croesus.
I am the secret of happiness. Without me the years are but a menace; old age a tragedy.
I go myself to you and you do not heed. I hide my time. Tomorrow you will come begging, but I shall turn aside. I cannot, I will not be ignored.
I am the sun of the day; the star-dotted heaven of the night. I hold your fortune in the hollow of my hand.
I can make of you what I will. I am the Door of Opportunity—the Open road to the Fairyland of Dreams.
I am the most important thing in the world—the one thing without which all else is impossible.
You ask me who I am and I shall tell you.
If you know of some one who used to work for the Great Northern who would like to get a copy of "The Northern" regularly send us his or her name and address and we will do the rest.
It is good to have money and the things that money can buy; but it is good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven’t lost the things that money cannot buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

When some people smile, they only show their teeth
THE NORTHERN
A MAGAZINE OF CONTACT
BETWEEN THE MANAGEMENT
AND THE MEN.
Published Monthly, on the fifteenth, by the
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A. J. Toussaint, Director of Athletics
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Ten cents a year to those unfortunate without
the pale—otherwise gratis.

All employees are asked to cooperate with news
items, personal photographs, suggestions, any-
ing that will please and not offend. Address all
communications directly to the editor, room 607
Social Service Division. Copy must be in on
the fifth of the month.

MAY 1921

EDITORIAL

We have been a little disappointed in the number of news items which
have been sent in for this issue of The Northern and we repeat what we
said last month that this is YOUR paper and the only way it can be made
the success which we all want it to be, is for you to do your little bit in sup-
plying us with news. And don’t forget that it is necessary to write a
lengthy article or that it must be of superimportance. You will notice from
the personal items which appear in this issue that they are very glad to
have even the smallest items of general interest. They may seem un-
important to you, but they may prove of much interest to some one else.

We appreciate the splendid spirit of cooperation and interest shown by
those who have sent in the news which we can thus publish and we hope that
you will find enough of interest herein so that you will be on the lookout for
news items for the June issue and make it a humdinger.

Where are the photographs you were
going to send in of interesting children
who will some day be the head of
the Great Northern department, or
the wife, therefore the guiding star
of a department head. Don’t forget to
send them in as we want them—why
not look them up and mail them to the
editor now while you have it in mind.

I want to leave with you just a
thought on Americanization.

I think you will agree with me that
every man who has worked for the
Great Northern long enough to be a
real Northern man is a red blooded
man and every red blooded man is a
real American. But can’t we all be a
little more of an American than we are.
It is admitted that no one can
stand still—we must either go forward
or backslide a file America each day.
Let us think America each
day, and let us help the other fellow,
particularly the stranger in our midst,
live and think America every day.

America is the finest country in the
world to live in. Let us keep it so.
America is a land with more than 18,-
000,000 dwellings occupied by more
than 21,000,000 families and of which
about 6,000,000 have their own homes
without incumbrance, while another
3,000,000 own theirs subject to mort-
gage. It is a land in which another
3,000,000 are in mutual, stock, or postal savings banks, with
total deposits amounting to more than $6,500,000,000. In it are nearly 6,500,-
000 factories, each with a single
worker, and buildings and equipment, of
more than $8,500,000,000. This same Amer-
ica has more than 266,000 miles of
canal and railroads carrying in
a single year more than 1,000,000,000
individual passengers and more than
2,250,000,000 tons of freight. It is a
land in which the wealth of the peo-
ple are maintained at a total expend-
iture of nearly $650,000,000,000 with an
attendance of more than 20,000,000
children. It is more than 5,000
public libraries depositing on their
shelves more than 75,000,000 volumes
for the instruction and inspection of
the people. It is a land whose total wealth is now about $225,000,000,000,
and to use the word of Nicholas Mur-
ray Butler, president of Columbia
University, "The distribution of that
wealth is as equitable and more
satisfactory under the operation of
force and principle that have guided
American life so long and so well."

Continuing Dr. Butler says:

"Who is it that has the temerity
to wish to undermine the foundations of
so noble and so inviting a political and
social structure as this.

"Forty years ago and more, when
the doctrine was systematically
put forward by Karl Marx, it
was quickly seized upon by those
in Germany and in every other European
land who were working with the
existing forms of government and of
social organization, and was converted
by them into a political program.
That program, having as its
objects and purposes made in
Germany, although written in
London, contradicts Americanism
and democracy at every point.
It calls, not for any program of social
reform in accordance with American
principles and American ideals, but
for a program of collective control
over the individual life, the individual
occupation, and the individual reward
that would destroy America absolute-
ly. It would erect upon the ruins
of our democracy an autocratic state
in which the tyranny of a temporary or
class majority would take the place
once held by the tyranny of an hered-
tary monarch or an hereditary ruling
class. Its exponents have not hesitated to announce them-
sevles, as did Bakunin fifty years ago,
apostles or universal destruction."

In order to combat these forces
which would destroy American gov-
ernment and American ideals, which
would drain true manhood and
womanhood to the lowest depths, we
must all strive in every way to pre-
serve the constitution of the
United States, with the representative
form of Government and the right
of individual possession which the
Constitution provides; to stand firm
for law and order; to foster among
our people high standards of individual
and corporate conduct; and to advance
the prosperity and happiness of all.
It is simply up to us as individuals and
as Americans.

With the Superintendent
Social Service Division

The Editor very

generously offers this
corner to the Social
Service Division Supt.,
who in turn accepts
the lease. He aspir

to have from time to
time something of
value and importance
to render and with
longs for sense suffi-
cient to stay in his
own corner.

Perhaps it becomes
the Supt. to select a
motto—something that
somewhat breathes the
spirit of the Social Service Division.

In making this selection we believe we
can do no better than to phrase in the
words of another. Nothing better was
ever put into the English language or
any other language than the following
words by Sam Walter Foss which we
adopt for this motto. Previously we
used these verses on our desk in a
public office and headed them thus
"The Creed of this Desk". There came
to this office one day one of the most
prominent men of the State for a
friendly call. He read "Our Creed"
and remarked, "There I feel better
having read that." May every reader
of "The Northern" so catch the mean-
ing and see the beauty of our adopted
slogan as to sense a feeling like our
friend. It is offered in this hope.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE
ROAD.

("He was a friend to man, and he
lived in a house by the side of the
road."—Homer.)

There are hermit souls that live with-
drawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell
apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze
their paths.

Where the highways never ran—

Most blessings are so well disguised that humanity never sees through them.
THE NORTHERN

But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorrer's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.

But I turn not away from their smiles
nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladden meadows ahead
And mountains of earthsome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.

But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road—
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.

Then why should I sit in the scorrer's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

HOW POSTAGE STAMPS STARTED

Sir Roland Hill, known as the author of the penny postage-stamp, was traveling in England when the postman brought a letter for the daughter of the inn-keeper. After turning the letter over and over in her hand and examining it carefully, the girl asked how much postage was due. She was told a shilling. As she seemed to feel so badly that she did not have the money to pay this with, Mr. Hill paid the postage. This seemed to embarrass the young miss, and, after the postman had gone, she con-

We are privileged this month to publish this excellent picture of Mona and George MacDonald, the two interesting children of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. MacDonald, and snapped this winter among the birches of Seboomook where Mr. MacDonald is farm superintendent.

These little lades are very popular with those who live at Seboomook and those whose travels take them there. They are making rapid progress in their school under the teaching of Mrs. Frank B. Ellis Miss Mona, the elder of the two girls, is also studying cartooning and is showing unusual talent in that work. Both are to take up the study of the piano in the fall.

Mr. D. Francis Dougherty having completed his course as an assistant superintendent of Dyer Brook Operation, 1921, has gone to his home in Milford, Me., for a well earned vacation. Mr. Dougherty has made many friends in Dyer Brook and vicinity while here, by his genial disposition and courtesy to all with whom he dealt and they hope to see him return for the next season. If, however, he should accept some other position he will carry with him the best wishes of his many friends for his future success.

Mr. Leon White, on slighting from the C.P.R. train recently, was held up by Sheriff Macomber who informed him that it was necessary for him to inspect his baggage. Inspection followed, revealing only a 12 lb. cake of maple sugar—dry measure only. They say that White was somewhat peevish. (Wonder who told the sheriff)

When planting potatoes, always plant onions close by. The onions will cause the eyes of the potatoes to run, thus making it unnecessary to water them.

If the egg plant is doing well, induce a setting hen to sit on it.

Maybe the lettuce doesn't come up because it is too modest. Give it a little dressing.

Plant string beans far enough apart so that when they come up they won't twine.

Melons need watching Build a fence between each one so that they cantaloop.

We all are proud of the “Northern,” I guess,—
The management’s there with the goods;
They'll give us the news on a sheet of our own;
We surely won’t feel then so much by our lone
If once in a while we exchange a few views.
The pulp for the paper and some of the news
Will come from the woods to the city press—
From the press on back to the woods,—
Of course we can call it our own!

Kne o Station.

BETRAYED

The other night
I went to the theater
With a low-brow friend
And the orchestra played “The Little Brown Jug”
And he thought
It was the national anthem
And stood up,
And I did, too,
Darn him

—Arkansas Gazette

This is YOUR paper. To make it interesting we must have
real news—not those things which make
the scare heads in the metropoli-

tan newspapers but the little doings
which make up your every day life,
your work and your recreation
Send personal items or news stories to The Editor, The Northern, Room
607, State St., Bangor, Maine.

It was a beautiful moonlight night
and they were taking a stroll down the beach.
She—Does the moon affect the tide?
He—No, dearest, only the untied—Science and invention.

A girl generally takes her young man down to the beach to give him a little sand
CAMP COOKING

By Howard T. Fogg

After facing the Cake Board for fifteen years the writer has been given the opportunity to dedicate these few lines to "The Northern." Camp Cooking is a subject that could easily be made to cover a great many pages, but the writer's idea is to outline in this issue a few of the changes that have taken place in this line in the past twenty years from the time when the old open fire with the back log held full sway in the centre of the cook room and cook stoves in the woods were never heard of.

In the old days the cook had to be more of a genius to get along and have harmony in the cook room with the limited variety of supplies than at the present time, when practically everything on the market is furnished, thus allowing many more changes in the menu.

Today more attention is being paid to sweet foods and pastry than to the boiled dinner—meat, fish and hearty foods which we used to think was about all that was necessary. One item in particular which the cooks have certainly not improved upon; that is the art of baking bread, while beans were baked in the ground with plenty of heat they didn't have the pale, half baked look that is not uncommon at the present time.

It is not surprising today to visit a lumber camp and find the cook dressed all in white and the cook room as tidy as any of the first class hotel kitchens. Neatness in this department has an influence over the entire operation. A good congenial cook plays a pretty important part in camp life towards keeping the men contented and helping to maintain harmony throughout the operation.

We will try and publish a few practical recipes on camp cooking each issue.

Some beef critter—for the Forest Engineering Division to Produce

No. 1—Rump used for steaks and roasts.
2—Allot Bones used for stews and pot roast.
3—Round, the top of which is steak or roast.
4—The bottom of Round for pot roast or boiling.
5—Hack, best for soup or stews.
6—Shin, used for soup, hash, or mince meat.
7—Legs, used for soup, smother, or stew.
8—Brischet, used for corned beef or seasoned beef.
9—Shoulder Gland, good for roast or braised.
10—Clod, used for corned beef.
11—Thin flank bone and roll for kettle corned.
12—Thick flank. If very heavy can be steaked.
13—Porter house sirloin, best part of the ox.
14—Sirloin, good for steaks.
15—Five ribs, usually roasted.
16—Good for racks and roasts of second quality.
17—Check, used for stews.
18—Feet, good for Nestfort oil.
19—Tail, good for ox tail soup
20—Tongue for boiling.

WOULD YOU WHITTLE YOUR OWN FINGER—ON PURPOSE?

If your pocket knife is to be useful rather than ornamental you keep it nicely sharpened with a cutting edge that will do the work.

You can do a lot of things with a good sharp pocket knife but among the things that isn't done—that is unless you are crazy—is whittling your own finger into long bloody shavings.

We don't sit down and deliberately whittle our own fingers for several reasons. One reason is that it would hurt, another reason is that it would be a messy sort of a job, another reason is that it probably would spoil the hand that the finger happened to be on—for a while anyway.

I never have seen a man intentionally whittle his own finger but I understand it has been done. I have seen men do other things that were just as foolish—things which probably hurt them more in the long run than slicing all the flesh off their finger bones.

For instance, there is the gay youth who figures he can work hard all day and then frolic around every night until about three A. M., crawling under the covers in time to get about three hours sleep before the call for breakfast. That lad is storing up a lot of trouble for himself—trouble that he probably will not recognize until he is several years older. Then he will wonder what on earth it is that alls him.

He doesn't realize that Health which Nature intended him to have is a good deal like a storage battery with a generator attachment. If he draws on his power too much, without giving the generator a chance to work, he is going to ruin the battery and then he will be a broken-down man. The best way for us to re-charge our battery of good health is to give ourselves an average of at least eight hours sound rest every night.

Then there is the man who swallows his food in chunks. He evidently figures he is some sort of a chicken—with a gizzard. He wakes up sooner or later—usually too late to help him much—to the fact he is no chicken and that he certainly has no gizzard. By that time he hasn't much of a stomach either. Your stomach, as you know, is a good old horse. It will stand a lot and never protest. It takes what you give it and does the best it can. If you throw your food down your gullet in a hurry day without half chewing it your stomach has to try to finish the job your teeth left unfinished. And since there are no teeth for chewing—nothing but smooth firm flesh—it doesn't do a very good job of chewing. The result is that by and by your insides get out of whack and you have to lay off work to see a doctor, and if you have waited too long to see the doctor you may shuffle off to your little sod house several years ahead of time.

And then there is the man who is too tired or too busy or too lazy to take a bath every day or even once a week. Probably it won't happen to him that if he is tired a good bath with plenty of soap and water will refresh him or that if he thinks he is too busy a bath will help him do better work and more work. If he is too lazy there isn't much hope for him until his friends make him understand that it isn't necessary to have him around until he cleans up.

The most important thing though about a man who doesn't bathe himself often enough is that he is getting his machinery all "gummed up" and that is a bad thing for machinery as most everybody knows.

Then there is the man who has a constant pain in his back or in his head or who has prolonged trouble with his eyes or teeth, or who has some other trouble in some part of his body which "seems to be hanging on," but who fails to consult a doctor to see what's wrong. That man is doing just as foolish a thing to himself as whittling his own finger. Why do it? None of us have to bother with the little aches and pains we have, but when it lasts for days, which run into weeks it is a sure sign we've got some sand in our gear and if that's the case we've thrown a monkey wrench into our machinery and we cannot any of us afford to monkey with our mechanism.

You've had a hole in your sock haven't you? You know that a little hole soon gets to be a big one. You know that if a few stitches are taken in the little hole that the sock can be worn much longer than if you wait until somebody has to do the best they can with a big hole. That's where we get that old saying—"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine." As a matter of fact a stitch in time saves a lot more than nine.

The Maine Public Health Association, with offices at 318 Water Street, Augusta, has some very helpful books on various phases of health, and any of us can get them for the asking.

ABSOLUTELY

Uncle: Only fools are certain, Tommy, wise men hesitate.
Tommy: Are you sure, Uncle?
Uncle: Yes, my boy, certain of it.

Virtue is its own reward but its seldom advertised
The very efficient and popular postmistress at Rockwood has that far-away look every little while, indicating that she is otherwise “engaged” than sorting mail.

John Lamb is not running a company car this season, but has purchased a Cadillac Eight for seven passenger public use.

Visitor—Why don't you advertise?

Town Storekeeper—No, sirre. I did once and it pretty near ruined me.

Visitor—How so?

Town Storekeeper—Why, people came in and bought durn near all the stuff I had.

Young Husband—It seems to me, dear, that there is something wrong with this cake.

The Bride (smiling triumphantly)—That shows what you know about it. The cookery book says it's perfectly delicious.

Frank Ellis and his wife of Seboomook have opened the tenting season and established a home for themselves in the birch grove east of the boarding house. Their tent looks very cozy among the silver birches and Frank and his wife do not need to fuss about “sleeping porches” and fresh air. If more people would sleep out of doors during the summer season they would gain in health and benefit from the broadening influence which comes with close contact to nature. Mrs. Ellis holds her school sessions in the tent.

“The height by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.”

—Longfellow.

They say that Harkness got lost in the Fogg at Seboomook the other night. Wonder if it was just talk.

WHO WAS THE JOKE ON?

A few nights ago when Leon White was ready to go to bed at Seboomook and went up to his room he found the bed had been stripped of bed clothing, mattress and pillows, so there was nothing left but the bare spring. He suspected who had done it and why, so he quietly walked out and down to the office building where he found an empty bed, undressed and went to sleep. Bob Canders and Kenneth Reed had done the bed stripping and put the things in their room and locked the door. But they had forgotten that the lock was out of order and didn't always work and they had to fuss with the key for two hours before they finally got the door open and could go to bed while Leon White was soundly sleeping. But Bob and Ken’s troubles were not over as they left the key to their door on the outside and George Tupper seeing it there when he went to bed, turned it so that the two boys were up against it to get out the next morning. They finally accomplished this by pushing a newspaper under the door and working on the key until they pushed it out of the key hole and it fell onto the paper so they were able to drag it under the door into the room. Who do you think the joke was on?

“Doctor,” said he, “I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance.”

“This powder will be effective,” replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

“When do I take it, doctor?”

“You don't take it. You give it to the cat in some milk.”

President Schenck and Manager Gilbert are enjoying their annual spring fishing at Mr. Schenck's camp in Township Little W at the head of Moosehead Lake. Jack Hazeltine and Forrest Smith are guiding them. Mr. Gilbert gets an added pleasure in frequent visits to the company farms in the vicinity for talks with the men on how their work is going with them. Mr. Gilbert is always a welcome guest as he is very popular with the men.

Work is soon to commence on extended repairs and additions to the wharf at Seboomook to properly handle the large amount of freight which will arrive there in connection with building the S. L. & St. J. R.

Mr. R. A. Young, foreman of the scow crew at Pittston spent the weekend with his family at Greenville village. He says that the big scow will be ready to take its maiden plunge into the West Branch waters about May 26th.

Mr. Mooney opened up Monticello loading operation Sunday, May 1st, and started in loading pulpwood Monday. As Mrs. Charles Nason is the culinary expert, assisted by Mrs. Earl Nason, and Marion Nason, it is needless to say that Mr. Mooney showed very good judgment in picking his cook.

On the steamer “Twilight” from Greenville to Kineo last week we noticed John Cyr with his new seven passenger Buick equipped with a set of new tires and three spares, all ready for business. John is to make headquarters at Pittston, catering to the public.

Captain Joe Parent of the Twilight is on deck this season as smiling as ever. Joe is very popular with the traveling public on Moosehead Lake and is a factor in popularizing travel over the Coburn Steamboat Line.

The hotel at No. East Carry is open for the season. Mrs. Snow is managing it.

The North West Inn (the new name for the Seboomook House) at No. West Carry is to open May 10th by the new proprietor, Ralph Keating of Portland. Mr. Keating has installed a Willis Light for lighting the house, running his laundry, etc. Under Mr. Keating’s management this well known resort is bound to be popular with the summer vacationer.

The Kineo House annex opens its doors, May 14, to welcome the sportsmen who come for the spring fishing which promises to be unusually good this season. The private and public camps all around the lake are putting on screens and in general getting ready for the summer season.

Frances White, the attractive daughter of Finnie White is certainly a chip of the old block, when it comes to guessing when the ice would go out of Moosehead Lake.

FRONTIER ETIQUETTE

Fresh from Boston, the lawyer in the frontier town had just finished a glowing summation up for the defense. There ensued a long pause, and the Easterner turned in some embarrassment to the judge.

“Your Honor,” he asked, “will you charge the jury?”

“Oh, no, I guess not,” answered the judge benignantly. “They ain’t got much anyway, so I let them keep all they can make on the side.”

A suburban housewife relates overhearing this conversation between her maid and the cook next door:

“How are you, Hilda?”

“I’m well; like my job. We got cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing, elastic light and a hoosist.”

“What’s a hoosist, Hilda?”

“Oh, a bell right. You put a thing to your ear and say, ‘Hello,’ and same says ‘Hello,’ and you say ‘Hoosist.’

THE MAIN TROUBLE WITH PLAYING TO THE GALLERY IS THAT THE WORLD SITS IN THE BLEACHERS

Many a pinch hitter looks like a bird until he flies out