1969

**Dirigo 1970**

Maine State Sesquicentennial Commission

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I'd like to be
under the sea
in an octopus’s garden
in the shade.
He’d let us in,
knows where we’ve been
in his octopus’s garden
in the shade.
I’d ask my friends
to come and see
an octopus’s garden with me.
I’d like to be
under the sea
in an octopus’s garden
in the shade.
We would be warm
below the storm
in our hideaway
beneath the waves
resting our head
on the sea bed
in an octopus’s garden
near a cave.
We would sing
and dance around
because we know
we can’t be found.
I’d like to be
under the sea
in an octopus’s garden
in the shade . . .

by Richard Starkey
(Ringo Starr)
DIRIGO 1970

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CREDITS: Photos: inside front cover, p. 1, p. 2, Dorothy Taylor; p. 9, top, National Aeronautic Space Administration; p. 9, bottom, Maine State Museum; p. 10, Carl Newhall; p. 11, R. J. Siegler; p. 12, p. 13, top, Newhall; p. 13, bottom, James L. Faulkner; p. 18, p. 19, courtesy Patten Lumbermen's Museum; p. 24, courtesy Bar Harbor Times; inside back cover, Paul S. Plumer, Jr.; Covers by Paul S. Plumer, Jr.

ABOUT THE COVER

The cover of Dirigo 1970 depicts the growth of Maine from the original land grant, shown in blocks A and B in No. 1 through to Maine today in No. 4. The King of England in 1639 confirmed the first grant of Maine land, known as the Province of Maine, and defined its boundaries. Considerable political changes were taking place in England during these land grants which resulted in some confusion -- one development being the square marked B in No. 1 which in 1647 was officially established by England as the Province of Lygonia and taken out of Maine's original grant.

They stayed two separate provincial governments until the 1650's, when Maine and Lygonia were taken over by Massachusetts Bay Colony, which took over all settlements up to the Penobscot River.

In 1798 (No. 2) the St. Croix River was finally located, re-establishing the Eastern boundary, determined many years before. At that time and still at the time of statehood the northern boundary of the state had not been formally established. No. 3 shows the period between 1839 and 1842 representing the boundaries in contentention during the "Potato War". The top line (A) of the map was the United States claim and the line marked B was the preferred boundary line of the British.

No. 4 is the resolution of the boundaries following that conflict and the shape of the state as it is today.

No. 5 on the cover represents the First Legislature. Its House of Representatives met in (No. 6) the Old Cumberland County Court House in Portland. No. 7 is Maine's first Governor William King, successful merchant, ship owner and operator and leading figure in the founding of the state. When the new State House (No. 8), at Augusta, was built King was Commissioner of Public Buildings and responsible for the preparation of the site and submitted to then-Governor Lincoln and his council a plan for the building drawn up by Charles Bulfinch, celebrated Boston architect. The plan was adopted. King set the work in motion and saw it completed in 1832.
On March 15, 1970 the State of Maine reached its 150th birthday.

The Sesquicentennial Year began with ceremonies at the special session of the State Legislature on Jan. 14 with remarks by the Governor, the legislative leaders and a discussion of Maine's varied history by Chief Justice Robert B. Williamson. Governor Curtis cut a cake decorated by a model of the original State House and prepared by the Southern Maine Vocational-Technical Institute. In addition to the joint legislative session, which passed a special order recognizing the Sesquicentennial Year, the ceremonies marking the beginning of Maine's "birthday" were held in the historic Hall of Flags where the Maine State Museum erected a large display featuring a century and a half of Maine's historic heritage.

Some of the significant elements of the State's heritage have been worked into the official seal of the Maine State Sesquicentennial Commission designed by noted Maine artist Gene Klebe. Both the land and water areas of the state are represented. The tree represents the land and the waves indicate both the surf and the calmer waters of the bays and lakes. The rope border suggests the close relationship of the state with the sea and the double Carrick Bend (a knot used to unite hawsers) ties the two together.

Recognizing both the geographical location and the historical importance of Maine, the Sesquicentennial Commission has adopted the official slogan, "Dawn of America," to point to the fact that the Maine coast was the scene of some of the earliest colonial activity in the New World.

The purpose of the celebration of the Sesquicentennial is threefold. The first, and most obvious, are the hundreds of activities being held by organizations, institutions, and communities throughout the State to celebrate the year as a festive occasion. These include the parades, contests, sporting events, races, and other special events that will be part of the fun and color of Maine's big birthday year.

In addition a large number of groups and organizations are building their plans around the second purpose of the Sesquicentennial -- honoring the great historical heritage of the State. Maine and the men from Maine played an outstanding role in the building of the present foundation of the nation in its early years whether the field was statesmanship or science, agriculture or trade. Historical societies, business and industry, schools and colleges are among those planning displays, open houses, publications, advertising and special programs recognizing the achievements of Maine's past.

But the Sesquicentennial is not only past and present, it is future as well. The third thrust of the plans for the Sesquicentennial as adopted by the Sesquicentennial Commission is the design and support of projects of lasting value for the State. To raise funds for these projects the Commission has sponsored a series of publications including a pictorial history and has authorized the use of the seal on a limited number of commemorative items. Projects under consideration include a year round youth orchestra and assistance to towns and organizations in improving historic markers.

Past, present, and future are all part of the gala celebration of the Sesquicentennial Year of the Pine Tree State.
The days of man were young.

Last night the moon had been a silver plate in the sky, the third such since the ice had gone. This morning, thin tendrils of fog laced the horizon. The sun, a bright golden chariot rode out of the eastern sea.

On a high ledge, jutting into the ocean to the right of the wide river mouth, stood a solitary figure. Gorth shielded his eyes against the sun, watching the surface of the ruffling waters. Suddenly, a silver speck appeared, then another and another, until the ocean seemed to froth and foam with the iridescence of a million shards of quartz. The fish food had returned again.

Gorth breathed with deep satisfaction; the blood coursed excitedly through his body. He was right! The fish food came out of the ocean into the river each season at this same time!

Far away, at another time, another season, Zezui and his woman were busily scraping away the silt of the tide flats, digging up succulent clams. It was a good day for digging, and they had found a very good spot. The wet, clinging mud was alive with the good food. So large was the catch and so eager were they to harvest all they could dig, they stayed too long. Before they noticed it, the ocean had encircled their position with watery arms and Zezui and his woman were cut off from the mainland. Carrying what they could of their catch, they ran through the swiftly deepening waters. Soon they had to abandon their catch and swim. They were not strong swimmers and flailed the rushing waters in desperation. Luckily, Zezui managed to drag them both to the dry sand where they collapsed, spent and frightened. Later, they were angry and Zezui beat his woman out of frustration and with some
deliberation. After all, she was supposed to be the eyes in the back of his head. The event impressed them both mightily and caused them to observe the ocean tides more carefully and closely.

Elsewhere, elsewhen, similar incidents occurred, were noticed and remembered, passed from father to son, generation to generation. In a sense, these events were the faint beginnings of oceanography, the science or study that deals with the ocean and its phenomena. Such tenuous knowledge, gathered slowly and laboriously by trial and error, often lost or forgotten, only to be rediscovered again at a later date, gradually accumulated into a large and formidable array of fact and fancy, myth and actuality, opinion and demonstrable truth.

Eventually, as this body of knowledge increased and man’s ability to sort it out and classify it developed, the study of oceanography became a more sophisticated and learned discipline, until today it stands an impressive, formal, fully accredited science. The science of oceanography today is so vast, varied, and complex as to require hundreds of volumes, each dedicated to a minute, separate part of the whole. Zoology, engineering, geology, botany, topography, and ecology are but a few of the major disciplines embraced by oceanography. To mention the plethora of its subdivisions alone would require a good-sized book.

It is more than poetic justice that man’s first frontier here on earth is also his last frontier. No one knows when first this landlocked little creature left the solid earth and ventured out over the seemingly endless reaches of the beckoning ocean. That first dizzying, perilous moment is not a matter of record, but it has been repeated, in essence, over and over again down through the centuries. Through the years since that first distant, obscure day, man has gone down to the sea in ships -- down to the sea in search of wealth, fame, freedom and a hundred other goals. Today, after millenia of exploration and plundering, the great frontier remains there still, a challenge and a mystery.

Today, however, this last great frontier on earth must be approached in a new and a different manner. Gone are the days of reckless plunder, heedless waste, thoughtless use and misuse. Gone are the visions of endless limits, uncountable riches, immeasurable plenitude. In their place are the reality of limits, the logic of numbers, and the facts of existence. Today, we know all too well the limitations of this seemingly boundless natural treasure. Finally, when it is almost too late, we are beginning to recognize that such man-created problems as an exploding population and an all-engulfing flood of pollution threaten the total environment -- the seas of the world and the atmosphere, as well as the land.

For example, it has been found that certain man-made chemicals may pose a future threat to plankton. Diatoms in the ocean feed on plankton, and diatoms produce 70 per cent of the earth’s oxygen. Here is an essential link in the chain of life that may not be broken with impunity. Thus, today’s explorations must be for the purpose of conservation as much as for exploitation. Otherwise, instead of prospering, we may only hasten the end of our days.

And so, man’s very survival may depend on a study of oceanography. In this area Maine, of all the states, is many times blessed. With a straight-line coast totalling nearly 228 miles, Maine is so profusely indented with bays and inlets that she has a tidal line of over 3,500 miles -- a figure equalling half of the entire length of the Atlantic coastline of the United States. Little wonder that Maine possesses such an ancient and significant maritime history and is today a leader and a pioneer in many of the varied fields of oceanography.

The first agency in the state to be concerned with studies related to oceanography was the Department of Sea and Shore Fisheries. Since it was established back in 1895, this Department has had an interest in and a responsibility for all aspects of Maine’s marine fisheries. While the services required of it during its early days were relatively simple, in recent years the Department has had to deal with increasingly complex problems connected with the overall marine environment. Prior to World War II, it began a series of research programs, and these have been expanded and developed to meet the needs of Maine’s commercial fishing industry. Not only have specific varieties of fish and shellfish been studied, but also broader aspects of the ecology of the state’s coastal waters, including the relationship of sea water temperature to the abundance of certain species and the effects of pollution on the fisheries resource. The Department maintains a marine research laboratory at Boothbay Harbor which is currently undergoing expansion, and it also has a 60-foot vessel which is used for both enforcement and research work.

Only very recently has the importance of oceanographic studies begun to be fully appreciated by the public and at the state and federal levels of government. With this increased interest has come an increase in funds, and these funds have begun to attract other agencies into the field of oceanography in Maine.

In addition to the Department of Sea and Shore Fisheries, there are now such groups as TRIGOM, a consortium of eight Maine higher educational institutions; the Southern Maine Vocation-Technical Institute which offers a course in oceanography; and the Ira C. Darling Center at Walpole. At the federal level there is the U. S. Environmental Science Services Administration and, of course, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service which for many years has had a research laboratory at Boothbay Harbor. Other public and private firms and institutions are also beginning to consider what role they may be able to play in the future development of the undersea world.

continued on page 6
If the present status of oceanography is important and exciting, as it most obviously is, then the future of this vital science is incredibly so. As today we farm the soil for crops, tomorrow we may farm the marine depths for a multitude of sea crops, ocean fields and pastures of kelp, sea moss, algae, aquatic vegetation, and plankton. As today we breed and husband cattle and livestock, tomorrow we may breed and husband vast herds of ocean life, immense schools of fish and acres of crustacea beds. Sea farming, now in its infancy, eventually may become a major industry. Aquaculture, increasingly evident and enlarging yearly, can easily be extrapolated to a primary position among the sources of the world’s food supply.

Deep-sea diving techniques will become increasingly sophisticated. Scientists, explorers, engineers, technicians, ocean agronomists, sea farmers and herders, and others may live and work weeks, even months on end, in specially constructed bubbles on the ocean floor. Underwater craft of all kinds will traverse the upper, medium, and lower depths of the sea. Certainly, explorers will seek rich mineral deposits in the ocean waters and beneath the ocean floor; oilmen will strike larger and deeper oil deposits; sea hunters may stalk and trap strange and valuable creatures of the deep; tourists and vacationers may visit and relax in large exotic submerged resorts. The world of tomorrow may well be to a large extent an underwater world, a world far beyond the futuristic dreams of Jules Verne.

With this increased use of the waters of the oceans, which cover nearly three-quarters of the earth’s surface, will come increasingly complex questions. Foremost among these will be problems of ecology. Many of the new oceanic projects and activities will contain elements that are foreign, perhaps in some cases even inimical, to aqua-ecology. It will be vitally important to maintain and enhance the total sea environment. Methods must be found to preserve, protect, and strengthen the aqua-ecology while we are harvesting, mining, and developing the immense resources of this oldest of new frontiers. As we take away, we must replace; as we use, we must replenish.

There are also, of course, many tangential factors which impinge on the field of oceanography -- such questions as territorial rights, open domain, public and private franchise, inshore interconnective operations, maritime law and precedent, military demands, and many others -- all of which will have to be considered, discussed, weighed, and eventually resolved.

A view of the ocean as a worldwide highway and a fragmented entity will have to be changed to a view of the ocean as a total environment. Man’s concept of the ocean must change from linear to multidimensional, and his use of the ocean from unilateral to multilateral. Oceanography, already of large interest and importance to many men and many nations, will become with each passing year an increasingly significant factor to all nations and in the life of every human being.

Yesterday, man fished the surface of the sea. Today, he harvests a little deeper and explores the offshore depths. Tomorrow, man will fish, explore, and utilize the marine resources of the total ocean from the intertidal area to the utmost depths of the sea. This is earth’s first and last, oldest and newest frontier -- the eternal ocean -- the water of life itself.

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**LEGEND OF MAIDEN’S CLIFF**

Romantic legends are still preferred to the factual story behind the white cross on Maiden’s Cliff atop Mt. Megunticook.

The scene of a young girl’s fatal plunge off a cliff more than a century ago is one of Maine’s most hauntingly beautiful attractions. It looks out over Lake Megunticook skirted even at that time by a scenic turnpike carved out of the base of the mountain. From across the ridge one views Penobscot Bay, summer yachting paradise.

When Peyton Place was filmed at Camden a few years ago, nearby Mt. Battie, part of the Megunticook range, was selected as the point where the sensitive heroine, Allison, went to meditate. In recent years hundreds of thousands have driven to the top of Mt. Battie via a toll road to feast their eyes on a panorama of glittering waters and wooded islands. It is understandable in such a setting that people insist on indulging their imaginations.

Knox County, an illustrated publication of the Knox County Regional Planning Commission and County Commissioners, along with several promotional groups, speaks of the cross as ‘‘immortalizing the fatal plunge of a heartsick girl in ageless tradition’’.

The following account taken from an old Courier-Gazette clipping was given by Mrs. Fred Cassens of Camden. Obviously, the victim, only eleven years old, was not motivated by romantic interests so frequently associated with the story. Even more interesting, however, seems to be the realization that over a century ago young people in the area enjoyed climbing the glorious Camden hills as a form
of recreation. The love affair was with nature. 

Here is Mrs. Cassens story of the May 6, 1862 tragedy as she told it to a newspaper reporter of the day:

"It was back in war times, and my sister and I were living with my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Zadoc French at Lincolnville Beach, then called French's Beach, named for one of the first settlers, my great-great grandfather. There were 12 of us children, and I was the oldest. On that May day, I had planned to drive to Lincolnville Center with a school teacher, a Miss Hartshorn, and (my) sister Elenora, then 11 years old begged to go, too. I was 18 and felt she would be in the way and so did mother, but she teased so hard that we gave in and told her she could go. How clearly it all comes back to me, her happiness as she danced away to put on her new print dress which mother had made for her to have her pictures taken in the next week. It was made with a full skirt gathered into a 'fan' waist and she was very proud of it. She never lived to have her pictures taken and we have none of her.

"We drove away with the old horse father kept for us to use, and it was such a beautiful day that the awful tragedy waiting for us almost around the corner cast no shadow. Arriving at Lincolnville we were met by a young man, Randall Young, of that town, who invited us to climb Mt. Megunticook. This, we were delighted to do, and started off in gay spirits. We made the ascent on the Lincolnville side, which is very gradual and gives no idea of the height to which one mounts. When we were on the cliff, Mr. Young told us how very high it was, and as we stood looking out over the lake and its many little islands and admiring the scene, he went to fetch a big stone which he said he would roll down over the cliff, to show us how high up we were.

"Miss Hartshorn and I were talking and just a bit apart from us Elenora sat. I well remember how she looked. The wind had blown her hat off, taking with it her net. It was not the kind of a net the girls wear today, but was hand knit out of colored silk and little girls as well as their mothers wore them. As I saw her last, she sat there in the May sunlight putting on her net. I turned to speak to my companion and heard a piercing scream. The place where sister was sitting was empty. She was gone with that awful cry which I shall remember to my dying day. Should I live to be a thousand I shall never forget the horror of that moment but although I was almost insane I did not faint, and with the others ran to the edge of the cliff. We could see no signs of her, for we could not get near enough to look down where she had fallen. Mr. Young told us to go down the way we had come and get help, telling us to lead them to the turnpike road several hundred feet below. He said he would scale the cliff and find sister.

"It seemed an eternity before we could get down to the village and find men to come to our aid for they were all out in the fields as it was planting time. At last we found some and went to the foot of the cliff, while a young woman, a Miss Barrett, ran to the field, caught a horse and rode bare-back to Camden for a doctor and to get word to father and mother.

"In the meantime Mr. Young had crept down over the face of the cliff, how, no one can ever figure out, as it is like a straight wall, and had found Elenora unconscious. The men made a rude litter from the boughs and tenderly lifting her placed her upon it carrying her as carefully as they could. It was 2 o'clock when she fell from the cliff and it was sunset when she was finally removed and carried to Lincolnville Center." She died at 12:30 that night without regaining consciousness.
Lunar Lunacy
by John P. Daniels

It has been used as the symbol of virginity, to see it over the right shoulder at the right time is a sign of good luck, some American Indian cultures believed that it had a marked influence on rains, other Indian groups ascribed to the idea that it had great influence over crops, while John Hayward, a 16th century English poet, came up with the idea that it was made of green cheese. It has been an age old orb in the sky, a sister of the sun, and was believed to have a mysterious and occult effect over the destinies of mankind, so much so that our word for lunacy is derived from Luna, the moon.

If you find yourself smiling at the thought of the moon driving people to do strange things from its position 250,000 miles away, consider the effect it has when brought to earth or more exactly, to our own State of Maine.

Two samples of lunar rock have been displayed in Maine. The Portland Museum of Natural History, through the efforts of the museum’s assistant director William A. Bechtel, was able to borrow a golf-ball-sized piece for five days in early January. We are all well aware of the gravitational pull of the moon on the earth causing the tides to rise and fall. When the moon material was in Portland, it had a “gravitational pull” strong enough to draw 10,000 people, some from as far away as Camden, to the Natural History Museum.

The second exhibit of moon “stones” is the 50 milligram sample given by President Richard Nixon to Governor Kenneth Curtis. Governor Curtis in turn presented them to the Maine State Museum, which will act on behalf of the people of Maine as the custodian of this unique treasure. The State Museum decided that there was enough interest in these particles that they should go out so that people all over the state might have the opportunity to view them. Therefore a traveling exhibit was developed which has reached communities in each of Maine’s sixteen counties. Ronald J. Kley, research associate in science at the Maine State Museum estimates that this exhibit with an accompanying audio-visual presentation has been viewed by over 30,000 citizens of Maine from Peter Dana Point to Paris and from Fort Kent to Kittery.

There is no question that the moon fragments have appeal to earth-bound people......scientists and scholars, but what is the great appeal to the common man: the mechanic and the teacher, the student and the poet, the artist and the house painter? Why have thousands of people traveled many miles to look at some very small rocks? The answer is simply lunar lunacy. People have wondered through the ages about the nature of the moon and now, each and every person can see for himself what it looks like, not by some vicarious experience through books, pictures, or television, but by stepping up to an exhibit and drawing his own conclusions.

Yes, lunar lunacy is here. A kind of lunacy of amazement, to try to imagine that these tiny particles come from another planet a quarter of a million miles away, to stare and contemplate as if the pebbles might release some long hidden secret, not quite able to believe that this material upon which Buck Rodgers treads in our youth is here on earth, to sit and dream of the day when you might scoop up a handful of the “stuff” yourself on your first trip to the moon, or simply to gaze and blink and walk away saying “I never thought I’d live to see it” as one elderly lady recently did, or to be beside and glance casually at the rocks and casually walk away only to return again for a closer look at these “stupid rocks.”

And what of the myths that cultures through all ages of history have developed about the moon? Have they all been eliminated? Has the idea that fears and doubts can be alleviated by knowledge and research? Comments of viewers of these exhibits give some partial answers to these questions. As one lady viewer was heard to say, “If they hadn’t gone to the moon and upset the natural balance of things we wouldn’t be having this crazy rainy weather in February.” Remember, some American Indian groups believed the moon had a marked influence on the rains. This makes one believe that no effective change in attitude has been wrought by these experiences. But one grandfather found it necessary to go along with science when his three-year-old granddaughter looked up at him and stated matter-of-factly, “see Grampa, it isn’t made of green cheese.” One of granddad’s favorite stories had obviously just “gone out the window”. Some show concern of another sort as is revealed by the little boy who reacted to his mother telling him that he was looking at the moon in the display case by asking “You mean it isn’t up in the sky any more?”

But lunar lunacy is not just a desire to say “I saw some”, it is not really a lunacy, it is a display of the inquisitive mind in each of us. It is the natural desire to have experiences, to expand our horizons. It is a private experience in each one of us and affords the opportunity to decide the value of the whole space program.
This naturally leads to the ultimate question that is asked everywhere the moon is displayed, "Is it worth it?" Are the results of the moon program worth the $24,000,000,000 that has been spent? What have we really gained in space? Couldn't that amount of money spent here on earth have provided solutions for many of the problems with which we are faced? Excellent questions, and questions that each of us will have to answer in our own minds. If you ask a sixth grader if it's worth it you will get an unqualified "Yes." But as we move into the high school age we find greater concern with war, poverty, and cities and we also find a split in attitudes. Some feel that the expense of the program should be compared with Columbus' voyage, that the true effects of the space program will not be known until another generation has moved into power.

And then there is the taxpayer, the John Doe's of Maine, who look at the tiny specimens of the material a thousand times rarer than diamonds and smile and say, "So that's what I have been buying." Not fully knowing if he agrees with the purchase but like the new hat that his wife brings home, not knowing what he can do about it if he doesn't.
What's a chairborne type like you doing in a place like this, I muttered to myself, staring bleakly at the stony, white-blazed trail twisting up and up and up through the stunted spruce. I sagged against the man-sized boulder, easing the load on my back. For a moment I nearly forgot this was recreation.

The amazing mountains of Maine, the skiers call them. But skiers soar downhill like birds or ride up in mechanical chairs. Our bag is to take them on foot, one step at a time and pack on back. Amazing mountains? They're beautiful!

The Appalachian Trail traverses 266 miles through Maine, slashing diagonally from the summit of Mt. Katahdin to the New Hampshire border north and west of Bethel. If you're aiming for the long poke you can keep on going to Georgia; same trail, same markers and three-sided shelters for the most part. Nearly every year along about Labor Day, one or another of the Maine newspapers will catch up with one of these long-distance hikers who started from Mt. Oglethorpe in Georgia in June.

These range from high school boys to oldsters. One grandmotherly soul from Ohio has hiked the whole distance three times alone. Naturally one doesn't lug three months' supplies on one's back. The alternatives are leaving the trail at any convenient highway crossing or setting up a series of caches in advance.

But there is no need to break either records or arches to enjoy wilderness hiking. Our jaunts have been three and four-day outings. For that period the load can be kept to 20 or 25 pounds each, within the reach of any man in reasonably good shape. Women and children will pack less, but load it on those teen-aged boys, dad. They'll carry more and carry it farther than you.

Two years ago son Larry and I were setting up camp at the Jerome Brook at shelter east of Flagstaff Lake. Along came three college-aged boys heading north. This was late August and they'd been on the trail from Washington, D. C. for a month. Their loads were about 35 pounds apiece, packed in bags on aluminum frames. They'd worn out their first pairs of boots in New Hampshire and had re-outfitted at North Conway. After declining our invitation to hot tea, they swung into their harnesses and were off -- six more miles to go before they'd sleep.

That, by the way, was one of the few times we'd met other hikers on the Maine Appalachian Trail. This aloneness grows and grows until it fills your
being like a cup. God's in his heaven -- hard to deny it up there on the ridge top -- and all's right with the world.

The biggest investment the new hiker will face is pack and boots. We now favor the rucksack, a pack with an integral aluminum frame. You can stuff 35 pounds into one of these, but a more sensible figure is 20. The outside pockets, and don't settle for less than three, should have strap closures. The frame keeps the pack away from the body and the shape of the bag settles the weight around the hips. For heavier loads the aluminum frame with separate bag is preferred. Don't try to truss the load in a tarp and lash it to the frame. Something is always coming unstuck, or what you hadn't foreseen needing, you do, and it's buried in the pack.

I've seen hikers in sneakers and I've seen them in Army boots. Children, especially, seem to get along pretty well in sneakers. Larry and I invested in hiking boots with Vibram lug soles, and they're best for me. When you teeter on rocks over a boggy place, and the other foot stabs out for support-- man, you want support. Six inch tops are about right; less, no support; more, binding in the calf. But as I indicated, age is a factor. Who ever heard of a teen-ager worried about breaking an ankle?

Your feet are going to get wet and they're going to get sore. The trio from Washington were still nursing blisters when we met them. I wear lisle (hard to find, but available) undersocks and Norwegian wool Ragg outers. A couple changes of socks ought to be part of the gear anyway. But we carry moleskin stick-on pads sold at drugstores and these make blisters bearable. Apply at the first chafing.

With our kind of AT hiking we don't need a tent. The shelters are about a day's hike apart. Some of them are bigger days than others. The shelter is a three-sided cabin with a raised sleeping platform to accommodate five to eight persons. Out front is a rock fireplace.

And if you don't make it to the shelter? Last summer, alone, I picked a rough section, actually a side trail from Stratton east over the Bigelow range. I even managed to lose the blue blazes (side trails are marked with blue paint) and hiked for two hours by compass. I didn't make my quota and at dusk was on Cranberry Peak, a barren knob.

It had showered off and on all afternoon and now I watched big black clouds rip apart and tumble across the early stars. I found a mossy hollow between rocks, hung up my soaking shoes and socks on low bushes in the noisy wind, and crawled into the bag. I slept and didn't get rained on.

That's what you do. Or add a couple pounds of nylon backpacker tent if you'd rather.

What else do you need for equipment? Let's answer it with another question: How much can you do without? A light pack means squeezing the most use out of the least equipment; not by complicated gadgetry, but by keeping requirements few and simple. When you're packing it on your back, fellas,
Cheese, chocolate, protein-type bread, raisins, pre-cooked meat form the nucleus of our diet.

I got out of the cooking habit early. Wood was nearly always wet, especially at the higher altitudes, and the struggle to get and keep a fire was more than just eating seemed worth. If you must have it hot, add two pounds for one of the backpacking stoves that fire up on gasoline, kerosene or propane.

Outfitters have citrus crystals that mix with water to start your day. We pre-package instant oatmeal, wheat germs and raisins. Cooked, if practical; uncooked otherwise. Not bad! If you need coffee that’s up to you.

Keep chocolate available for mid-morning. Lunch is cheese, bread and chocolate.

The backpacker has come into his own with the advent of lightweight freeze dry foods. Dump a plastic bagful (it might weigh 4 ounces) of what looks like wood chips into boiling water, and presto! stroganoff or beef and gravy or hamburg and diced potatoes. Good, too. We carry a couple of these big meals for nights we want to cook. If we’re too bushed or too lazy or everything is sopping wet, then it’s cheese, bread, a thick slice of meat (smoked ‘picnic’ or salami), chocolate.

The Potomac Appalachian Trail Club at 1718 N St. N. W., Washington, D. C. 20036 publishes for $1 an equipment bulletin that has the names and addresses of all the outfitters, plus a sensible and objective listing of all types of equipment and food. Worth having.

Since we’ve started AT hiking, we’ve lightened our pack each year. I’ve found I can get along without shaving gear, an ax or a saw (you can break over your knee all the wood you’ll need), a campfire biscuit baker. Make your own list, adding or subtracting binoculars, camera, happy hour material. Just bear in mind you’ll be carrying it. Make your list, weigh each item, tally it. How those two and three-ounce “necessities” do add up! Weed out.

The AT is marked on the Maine highway map. Pick your own jumping-off point from among the
several access roads. East of Rangeley village, for example, is a good starting point for either direction. The trail was designed for ridgeline walking. It never takes the "easy" route when it can find a hill to climb. So up you go, sweat burning your eyes despite the bandanna tied around your forehead. The white blazes dance ahead like mermaids in a sailor’s dream. Up, up.

Then the thinning trees are gone altogether and nothing grows but mountain cranberry and lichen and blueberry. Handsful of red and blue berries refresh your dry gullet as you catch your breath. The wind is roaring like a demon and mist covers the top of the mountain. Out over the ocean of gray cotton the spiky tops of spruces break like islands in a sea.

Next morning the mist is gone and from up there on your mountaintop you can see forever. You gasp. It was worth it.
Summer in Maine seems to be somewhat synonymous with bargain-hunting at auctions. Auctions, like everything else, come in various sizes and categories. To any one who enjoys them, all have that certain appeal that draws droves of people to the suddenly crowded countryside.

One very distinctive type of auction is the Saturday night weekly (same time, same place) gathering of the local townspeople with a few outsiders who happen by. These "few" who happen by are guaranteed an evening packed full of rollicking fun around a legitimate pot-bellied stove—hot dogs and coffee, good Maine humor, and believe it or not, a bargain or two for good measure. Bargains at this type of auction are not of the "proof-antique" variety, but consist of such things as a three-dollar Federal wall

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• going once •

• going twice •
mirror, a two-dollar oak bookstand, and a pile of china for a dollar. If one objects to the quarter charged for admission, the repartee between the amateur auctioneer and his friendly, however outspoken, audience soon proves to be well worth the price charged.

Of more importance perhaps in the antique line are the spasmodic Saturday and Sunday auctions which begin in the morning and last the better part of the day. These consist oftentimes of a named estate in the area, sometimes a moving venture, and just as often a collection of antiques, serviceable furniture, and just plain junk. But to the happy homeowner hunting for treasures for his house, these are easily classified in the first half hour of the sale. One lamentable observation may be that the auction is loaded with antique dealers, who are in turn loaded with money, making the auction more prone to costlier expenditures. However, when they are thus inclined, one must bear in mind that the dealer will in all probability only buy at a price he can satisfactorily add to for resale. So, to outbid a dealer in such a case is not a foolish undertaking.

But happily, they are not all like that, and then comes the exciting times and the best bargain-hunting for those who have a large old house, or perhaps a small new house---craving for antiques. To mention one that will demonstrate the potential, consider a 1790 working grandfather clock, made in Somerset, England, in a handsome cabinet with hand-veneered ornamentation, and consider further the play-by-play excitement of acquiring it.

On the auction block are two grandfather clocks--bid one price, take both or whichever one you choose. One is shorter, more modern with a brass face and a lovely mahogany case; the other, the one under discussion. The bidding begins and proceeds normally, but begins to wane around one hundred twenty-five dollars. So, seeing a bargain, our party enters the bidding. The final bid concludes at one hundred eighty-five dollars, our party the losers. The high bidder selects the newer clock and the auctioneer offers the other clock to the audience at the same price. Pause. No takers, so the old English clock goes back under the gavel. This time a trifle more cautious, our party bids and this time the high bidder at one hundred fifty dollars--and considerably less than half the price of a working grandfather clock in an antique or a clock shop. At this same auction, many, many bargains were there to be had--it was simply a matter of how much you could fit in your car.

Some auctions look as if there were nothing of any value. But sometimes hanging around and poking into things pays off. Consider this time an auction of ‘‘early attic’’--a really bad collection of furnishings. Add a rainy day with the sale inside of a big barn and one is very apt to remain. Out of the junk emerges a rather beat-up old brass four poster bed. Giving vent to a gambling instinct, our party again enters the bidding and comes out the victor at eleven dollars. Several hours and two empty brass polish bottles later, the brass bed stands gleaming--a handsome addition to the master bedroom.

Every auction, large or small, antique or junk, has its special buys. An unusually high auction will suddenly let go of a ladderback rocker for a dollar, a walnut dining room table for fifteen dollars, or an 1858 map for twelve dollars. Still others will be noticeably low in the ‘‘period’’ pieces--twenty-seven dollars for an Empire bureau (no refinishing needed) or fifteen dollars for a marble-top commode and then go sky high for majolica, carnival or Tiffany glass pieces.

Children also enjoy auctions if given the proper exposure and appropriate direction. Many trifles to delight little people come up, and it's a great pleasure to see the fun of anticipation in their faces as they sit clutching the only dollar they have, hoping the bid will be theirs. A stuffed owl, a Charlie McCarthy puppet, a doll’s chest of drawers, a Shirley Temple mug, a small bisque and cloth doll, a chair for their clubhouse--all tempt them to bid. Usually the jovial auctioneer will check the validity of a small fry's bid, and sometimes a parent may be quite surprised to see the ‘‘treasure’’ his son or daughter has purchased.

Maine has many things to offer to many people, and luckily there are varieties to suit everyone’s tastes. But for anyone who truly relishes the sport of attending auctions, there is a wide field of summertime (and occasional wintertime) amusement. And for those who are inveterate bargain-hunters, summer auctions in Maine are better than pawing through Filene’s basement.
The real history of the Patten Lumbermen's Museum begins in 1827 when two Lincoln men, Ira Fish and Elijah Kellogg, paddled and poled their canoe up the Mattawamkeag River to the head of navigation on Fish Stream and founded the town in T4R6 which, after a short time as Fish's Mill, became the town of Patten, named for Amos Patten who had bought the land from the State of Massachusetts. At this time the entire northern half of the state was a trackless wilderness, heavily wooded, with a thick growth of white pine and spruce.

This area, covering approximately 800 square miles and covered by a dense growth of pine, spruce and various hardwoods, with abundant water courses to carry lumber to market, is the area which for over 100 years has been the scene of intensive lumbering for which the town of Patten became the center. At the beginning of this activity, supplies came up the river from Lincoln in bateaux poled against the strong current and carried around the many falls and rapids by the tough and hardy boatmen.

In the early years following the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, roads were developed and the Aroostook Road, built as the highway into the country known as the Aroostook, made it possible to bring supplies by wagon and tote sleds in the winter from Mattawamkeag to Patten, and a woods road, extremely rough but passable for strong horse-drawn wagons was, in the language of the day, swamped from Patten into the East Branch region and eventually to Chamberlain and the Sourdnahunk.

Lumbering in this region was, until the turn of the century, when the paper mills began to dominate the industry, carried on by small operators. Many of these were farmers who had been able to accumulate oxen or horses and the essential equipment needed and who cut on privately-owned land, paying the land-owner on the basis of the stumpage scale. The usual operation would be one camp with a crew of 30 or 40 men, cutting about a million feet in a season. Larger operators had two or three camps which cut up to three or four million feet in a season.
Almost everyone in Patten and the neighboring towns was connected more or less directly with lumbering. The country stores, which developed in the village, carried all kinds of supplies for the lumber camps. The young men worked in the woods in the winter and on the drives in the spring. The farmers sold their hay and grain to the lumbermen and frequently in the winter delivered their produce to the camps themselves, and nearly all of the toting was done by farmers who were able to utilize their farm horses which otherwise would be idle most of the winter.

After 100 years of this industry a vast amount of lumbering equipment of various kinds, much of it already obsolete, had accumulated and the barns, woodsheeds and attics in the houses of the entire section held the material needed for a museum on lumbering.

When in the 1950's Caleb Scribner and I found ourselves two of the very few residents of the region whose span of life and experience included much of the early days of the town and its lumbering, we were much impressed with the obligation which our situation put upon us to record in some form what we knew of the beginning and development of the region. Our tentative plan was a historical museum of the town for which Caleb had already collected some material. Such a museum would necessarily include something of the lumber industry, but when we realized what would be involved in such a wide scope, we decided to concentrate on the lumbering, which we felt could be made fairly complete without exceeding the resources available to us. We had no special qualifications for such an enterprise. Caleb's active life had, like most of the men of Patten, been connected in some way with the woods. He had worked on surveying parties, had been at times a scaler, had served as fire warden, and in his final working years had been a game warden and finally chief of his division. In this work he had acquired a wide acquaintance among the people of the entire region and from them had absorbed a vast amount of information about the history of the town and surrounding country.

My first introduction to the lumber camps was at a very early age, I think about 1880 when I would have been five years old. My father had been lumbering at that time for perhaps 10 years, and in my boyhood I was many times in his camps on the Seboies, the Sourdnahunk and finally the Wissataquoik. In the course of the latter operation, I served my apprenticeship as clerk two years, going the rounds of the camps in the winter and down the drive to the boom in the spring.

In my work in the Department of Agriculture in Washington, I had taken part in the preparation of exhibits for special occasions, but had no knowledge of the techniques of management of a museum. Fortunately we were not aware of the problems and difficulties involved in the establishment and management of a museum and had no hesitation, in 1958, in setting up the beginnings of our Lumbermen's Museum in a vacant store in the village. This was a modest beginning and included a few small scale models of early lumber camps, a model of an up-and-down sawmill, which could be made to work part of the time, an ox yoke and a few lumbermen's tools. The local people showed real interest and we were encouraged in a short time to move the collection to the back room of the Patten Memorial Library, which we expected to be the permanent home of the Lumbermen's Museum.

As the word spread that a museum was available, material began to accumulate, and in a short time, space was at a premium. We were embarrassed by the necessity of refusing to accept material which would not be appropriate to a museum devoted strictly to the lumber industry. It was especially difficult to draw the line between farming and lumbering. And the situation of our collection limited us to material which could be carried through the library and the ordinary doors. It soon became apparent that any further expansion of our exhibits would require a special building.

To operate on this larger scale, a non-profit corporation was formed which included in its membership representatives of the region especially concerned with the forest activities. With money raised by subscription a lot was purchased on the outskirts of the village on the road which, for over 100 years has carried the woodsmen their supplies and equipment into the lumber woods. Two houses built about 1860 of logs squared up with a broad axe and with corners mortised in the Swedish fashion were taken down from the mountain road in Mount Chase and reassembled to make a building. The cracks between the logs of this building were caulked with oakum, and the interior sealed with plywood made especially for this purpose and donated by the J.M. Huber Corporation, using seven different species of native hardwoods. In this building were installed models of the various types of lumber camps, models of a sawpit, the up-and-down sawmill, the rotary mill and a drag saw operated by horse power.

On one wall are shown the various utensils used by the cook with his table and sink hewn from a log. The range and the open fire used by the cook on the drives with its various kettles hanging over the fire and the reflector bakers in which he made bread and gingerbread for crews of 75 or 80 men for four meals a day. And in the idle time between second lunch and supper he moved his entire wangan to a new campground.

There is on display a collection of axes of the various types used in cutting trees, hewing them into beams, railroad ties, last blocks and the crooked knives peculiar to this region which the men need in making axe handles. There are also collections of carpenters', surveyors' and timber cruisers' tools.

continued on page 18
Three years later, when the early building had become crowded, an addition was built on the north side, which now houses the collection of saws, showing the saws used by the lumberman from the six-foot handmade crosscut with which the pine were cut into logs to the lightweight power driven chain saw of the present day; the blacksmith and wheelwright’s tools, and the augurs. There is also an exhibit showing the way the booms were made and used in getting the logs across the lakes, and a collection of the gum books, chains and other articles made by the whittlers in their leisure time.

All of these exhibits, almost without exception, were donated by people who had actually used the tools in the woods or by their families. However, when the Sherman Lumber Company, which had the excellent custom of saving their obsolete equipment, donated a steam log hauler, it became necessary to build a special building to store the sleds, wagons, boats and other heavy pieces. This took the form of a shed, open on one side, commonly used on farms and about the mills for storing wagons and other farm machinery. The log haulers presented some new problems and the first hauler, which was only seven miles away was not installed for nearly two years. At one time, machines of this type were in common use in this region for hauling logs considerable distances to the mills. But when they were replaced by trucks, there was an active demand for scrap metal, and all those which were out of the woods or could be got out were broken up for junk.

The one which we obtained had been stored under cover in the millyard for about 30 years. It was such a convenient source of old iron wanted in the mill, it had been stripped of many of its moving parts. This was unfortunately true of the tracks made with 60-pound lags without which it could not be moved. A thorough search of the mill, even to the sawdust piles and the extensive farmland which had been cleared by the company, turned up only 15 of the 60 lags required for the two tracks. One complete track had been removed intact and had been dragged by tractors to smooth up the newly cleared land. The older men in the mill remembered that when the work with the track was finished, it was left in the woods at the edge of the field, but repeated search by different volunteers failed to find any trace of the 30 lags. Many of the visitors to the museum, especially those whose work took them into the remoter parts of the forest, told us of log haulers abandoned where they had been used in the woods, and we soon had volunteers following up these leads.

In a number of cases the search was futile, either the scent was so old, the machine could not be found or the observer had mistaken some other equipment for a log hauler. Two timber cruisers reported they had found an abandoned steam log hauler on the old Telos road, somewhere in the vicinity of Third Lake of the East Branch. Two of our most persistent searchers, Clinton Porter and Wesley Giles flew over this area in Porter’s airplane and spotted the log hauler in a small open field, evidently once a camp site, where it had evidently been abandoned after it had capsized in an effort to bring it out of the woods. Landing in Third Lake, they followed a compass line which after about a mile brought them to the open field, where they found the capsized log hauler, but, unfortunately, without tracks.

The Telos tote road had not been used for many years and was so overgrown that it was difficult even to follow it. Two men making two trips, guided by men who were sure they knew where the old road left the present tote road, failed to find any trace of the road; but a third man did find the obscure beginning of the old road. Three of the volunteers finally reached the abandoned log hauler. Wesley Giles drove his bulldozer pushing it through the undergrowth which had completely overgrown the road, with Clint Porter walking ahead with a chain saw to cut any logs which had fallen across the road; the third man Luther Rogers walked behind to see that nothing was lost off the flat body trailer, which was drawn by the bulldozer. Camping one night at the scene of action, they removed various parts of the engine needed on the Sherman Lumber Company’s log hauler, and brought them out safely the following day.

An abundant supply of lags was finally found in a small clearing on Russell Brook, which flows into...
Box, whittled by woodsman, holds spruce gum.

Eagle Lake on its west side. This was evidently where, 30 or 40 years earlier, worn out tracks had been replaced with new ones, and they could hardly have been in a more inaccessible place. First it was planned to carry the 60-pound lags one at a time to the shore of Eagle Lake where they could be taken out by airplane. However the Hunter Brothers volunteered the use of their bombardier which had been used in yarding logs. This, the forerunner of the motor sleds, made its way through the woods following the old logging roads around Chamberlain Lake. Clint Porter in his plane, flying overhead, guided them through the maze of roads. Part of the trip was made on the rocky shores of Eagle Lake with one runner of the sled in the water. A sufficient number of lags was uncovered to complete the two tracks of the log hauler. The bombardier carried these to Lock Dam on Chamberlain Lake and Alan Nugent carried them in his big motor boat to the landing on Telos, where they were picked up by a truck and carried to the Sherman Lumber Company. The lumber company replaced the decayed runners and the missing fuel bin and finally the 20-ton log hauler was lifted on to a low body and brought to the museum almost completely restored to its original condition. Later a second log hauler, one of the gasoline type Lombards which had been used on the pulpwood operation of the Madawaska Lumber Co. in 1926, was brought on a lowbody from the abandoned Churchill Depot over 82 miles of logging road by a crew from the J. M. Huber Corporation. This shed soon became crowded with heavy equipment of various kinds, and a duplicate was built on the opposite side of the main building. In this was displayed what might be classed as horse-drawn equipment: logging sleds, scoots, tote wagons and sleds, hand sleds of various types used in the lumber woods, bateaux, birch canoe, and a dragsaw powered by a treadmill. There is also a diorama of an Allagash River towboat showing a flat boat being towed upriver with horses wading in the water.

At the present time the museum consists of over 1,000 items housed in four buildings. In the west shed is a gallery in which is displayed the large collection of photographs accumulated over the years of lumbering, river driving, and especially of the men who did the work. On the roof has been constructed a replica of the lookout fire towers used extensively by the forest service. Incidentally to demonstrate the methods by which the fire wardens spotted the fires at their beginning, the replica tower affords a fine view of the surrounding country with Mt. Katahdin rising above the trees to the west.

The east shed contains, in addition to the two Lombard log haulers, an early Holt tractor, a set of the heavy sleds on which the logs were hauled by the tractors, a snow plow for clearing the tracks for the logging sleds, a water tank on sleds which was used to ice the logging roads; a bateau equipped with outboard motor and a snubbing machine.

The latest addition to the building is a full-scale reproduction of the lumber camps, which were built over 100 years ago. These camps, built of logs and designed for a crew of 12 or 15 men, were constructed entirely of material growing on the spot. The roof was covered with cedar splits held on with poles, tied down with cedar bark ropes, and the substantial door was made entirely with an axe. Some trouble was encountered in making the splits for the roof, splits which were three and one half to four feet long; but one of the two carpenters, now 89 years old, finally recalled the method by which the splits were usually made. The two carpenters, who had had long experience with woods work, built the camp in two weeks. Not a nail or spike was used in the construction of the camp, and the hinges on which it was hung were branches of spruce. This camp will be fitted with the tools and cooking utensils which would have been used in a camp when Maine was admitted as a state.

Plans have been made for a blacksmith shop, which will be a log structure such as would have been used in a lumber operation. In this will be displayed the blacksmith and wheelwright tools and it will be equipped so that it could be actually used by a blacksmith.

The 1,000 artifacts shown in this museum are not merely a collection of antiques. The original conception was to get together the material which would preserve for this generation and the generation to follow a record of the activities of the long line of lumbermen who developed the resources of this region. It was planned to show the way they lived and worked, the tools they used and the equipment and methods they developed to get the lumber from the swamps, the rocky ridges and the sides of the mountain to the water and down the rivers on the long and difficult journey to the mills.

At its inception there was no thought of making a tourist attraction, and while no special attempt has been made to attract visitors, every effort has been made to make it accessible for all who wish to come and already over 6000 visitors come each season.

The museum is open from Memorial Day to November 1; Sundays, 1 to 5 p. m. and weekdays, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., except Monday.

DIRIGO 19
For many years, the mention of "bird-watchers" brought a smile to my lips the same way the mental picture of a guy with a butterfly net in pursuit of his catch does.

Bird-watchers had to be crazy old ladies with long pointed noses, sneakers and real out-of-it dresses, with the inevitable binoculars hanging around their necks.

Heaven forbid. It would never happen to me. But it did. Of course now that I find considerable enjoyment from feeding and identifying birds, bird-watchers are no longer crazy old ladies. Naturally, that changes everything.

I never would have believed that you really can get excited and actually exclaim over a bird. What is there to exclaim about? A bird is a bird. But not when it's at your feeder. Then a bird takes on the identity (that he already has, of course) of his breed.

The interest might never have developed except that my mother-in-law gave me a bird feeder, told me where to put it (not where you think) and what to put in it. This particular feeder is of wooden construction with a lift-top roof and glass sides put in at an angle to allow easy flow of sunflower seeds to the tray. I dug a hole in front of a window that has a very nice tree in front of it so the feeder is on a pole between the house and the window, allowing the birds the immediate safety of the tree branches if our two bird-watching Siamese cats happen to wander by.

If you're an amateur bird-watcher, as I am, it takes a little practice and a good bird book to get to know your birds. I write this as the amateur of amateurs, claiming to know nothing but willing to share all of it.

You start identifying, of course, from the moment a new bird arrives, but I really think that the beginner sometimes doesn't notice "new" birds as quickly as he does the ones he's familiar with like the chickadee (the Maine state bird, incidentally), the bluejay, robin, or the woodpecker. To illustrate my expertise as a bird-watcher the only bird sounds I recognize now are those of the bluejay, chickadee, the rap of the woodpecker and the prattle of the evening grosbeaks. I recognize the sound of the catbird, but I wouldn't know him if he perched on my nose unless he went "mew." We have one in our neighborhood and I hope someday to meet him.

But I have, this winter, identified at our feeder, redpolls, pine siskins, goldfinches, starlings, and already knew the beautiful pine and evening grosbeaks, chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches (al
WHAT SKINNY CHICKEN?

by Frank D. Reed

The airline passenger on the Boston to Bangor day-time flights has a birdseye view of Maine's No. 1 agricultural industry. He will note, scattered throughout the countryside from Biddeford to Bangor along the coast, and inland to the Lewiston, Augusta, Waterville...
areas, many large metal-covered buildings. What he is seeing is Maine’s broiler industry, and the buildings are broiler houses - huge buildings 200 to 300 feet in length and two or three stories high.

There are around a thousand such houses in the state on some 700 specialized broiler farms. Each of these buildings house from 20,000 to 50,000 chickens being raised to supply the requirements of five major poultry processing plants located in Lewiston, Augusta, Winslow and Belfast.

The chickens one will find in these houses are mostly white feathered birds and they are from strains bred specifically for rapid growth, plump fleshing, and efficient conversion of feed into chicken meat. They are not the old-fashioned kind of chicken of 20 years ago, which was an egg-laying type of bird and the meat qualities were only incidental to and a by-product of egg production.

The story of this development is an amazing example of technological progress in agriculture. It has pretty much all happened since World War II and the result has been that chicken has emerged from the Sunday dinner special treat category of 20 years ago to a regular main course dish for the average family. It is the favorite for outdoor barbecues, and rivals the hamburg in popularity with the take-out food outlets. The consumption of chicken meat has doubled and will reach nearly 40 pounds per capita this year.

With today’s high prices for red meats, broilers offer an attractive alternative for the budget-minded homemaker. Current broiler prices are actually lower than 20 years ago, and the broiler offered today is a far cry from the old-fashioned skinny chicken.

How can chicken be sold so cheaply? It has been accomplished through the development of better feeds, better breeding, and advances in management, housing and equipment technology. Back in 1946 the Maine Department of Agriculture established the first Maine Broiler test at Monmouth. In this first test of the leading strains of chickens it took 10 weeks to grow a broiler to a live weight of about two and one half pounds. Today we grow a four-pound bird in nine weeks. In that first broiler test it required four pounds of feed to put on one pound of gain on a broiler. Today we do it on two to two and one third pounds. Back 20 years ago a full-time one-man operation of growing broilers was 10,000 birds. Today the standard is 30,000 birds and many farms run over 50,000 birds per lot.

All of this has been quite important in Maine, and broiler raising has developed into our largest agricultural enterprise. Last year we produced over 72 million birds in Maine, which is about 90 per cent of all the broilers produced in New England, and the state ranks among the top ten broiler areas in the country.

The broiler business started here just prior to World War II, and the birds were marketed, mostly live, shipped to the central markets in Boston and New York City. The real growth in the industry came at the close of the war in 1946, and reached an annual production of 17 million by 1950. The increase since that time has been at an average of two to four million birds per year-reaching a total of about 73 million in 1968.

Processing plants came into the picture in the late 40’s and early 50’s, and we now have five major plants, two in Belfast, and plants in Winslow, Augusta and Lewiston. Each process from 10 to eighteen million broilers annually. The birds are shipped mostly as ice-packed whole eviscerated birds to markets throughout New England, and to the New York City area, where Maine birds have established a reputation for quality and regularly command a premium price in this market over broilers produced in other areas.

Broilers are produced almost exclusively under a contract arrangement with the processing plants. The grower furnishes the buildings and equipment, and takes full care of the birds. Typically, the birds are marketed at nine weeks of age at an average live weight of close to four pounds. A bird this size will yield ready-to-cook weight of about three pounds. After marketing the birds he cleans the pens thoroughly and another lot is started usually within a two-week period. On this schedule he can turn out four to five lots per year. Some of the larger farms produce as many as a quarter of a million birds a year.

Contract payment arrangements vary among the individual processors. The base payment schedule is usually on the basis of one square foot of floor space (birds are housed at a floor space allowance of eight-tenths to one square foot per bird) and incentive and bonus payments based on production efficiency are added to this base payment. Returns currently range from about $95 to $105 per 1,000 birds raised.

The economic impact of the broiler industry for Maine is difficult to estimate, but it is considerable, particularly in some communities and areas such as Waldo County, where it is the major industry and represents a large proportion of the tax base for communities in the area. In addition to the 700 or more farmers producing broilers, the five major processing plants employ from 300 to 600 people each. Secondary industries such as feed manufacture, hatcheries, transportation services and supply dealers represent additional employment.

The broiler industry is a highly competitive one, and Maine must compete with the tremendous output of chicken from other areas, particularly the South. The growth of the industry in Maine and the currently healthy condition of the industry here is a tribute to the ability of producers and processors of poultry meat in this state to produce a quality product at a cost which continues to be competitive with other areas.
The granddaddy of Maine golf courses, Kebo Valley Club, in Bar Harbor, could have been listed as one of the dozen oldest clubs in the United States.

Founded in 1888, Kebo was not officially recognized by the United States Golf Association (USGA) until 1903.

Even though Kebo had received USGA sanction in 1897 to hold a tournament the following year, the directors did not bother to apply for membership status until five years later. Quite understandably.

Kebo was the center of social life for the Philadelphia elite, a class which thought nothing of spending $200,000 for improvements on a summer “cottage” or $25,000 for a friendly “get together.”

This elite, in addition to playing at golf, also enjoyed horse racing around Kebo’s half mile oval, baseball and tennis on Kebo’s own facilities, croquet and whist for lighter amusement, and drama and music (including a performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra) at Kebo’s theatre.

For a final touch, they dined at an on-premise restaurant which included 62 items of refreshment on its wine list. Kebo was then so complete and self-sufficient that it would have been only a minor surprise had the infant USGA applied to Kebo for affiliate membership!

Mount Desert Island’s disastrous forest fire in 1947 climaxed the changes in Kebo which had occurred even since its inception.

The ’47 fire destroyed Kebo, but more importantly razed the majority of large summer estates whose inhabitants had perpetuated Kebo as an exclusive club.

Kebo rebuilt, but the large cottages were ashes forever.

A transient middle class America had been finding Maine for years. But now with the wealth gone, it became necessary for tourist towns like Bar Harbor to cater to the middle class almost exclusively.

Paralleling the subsequent expansion in other areas, Kebo’s membership skyrocketed, and the course, though private, became accessible to the public.

Reflecting, perhaps, Kebo’s loss of prestige, President William H. Taft played Kebo while still in office, in the early 1900’s. In fact, the 27 he carded on the difficult 17th earned that hole the nickname, “The Taft Hole.”

In contrast, President Eisenhower graciously declined an invitation to play at Kebo. More than likely the duties of the Presidency had changed as much in 60 years as had Kebo.

Reflecting golf’s increased popularity, and the extent to which the middle class has gone to support it, Walter Hagen, at the height of his career in 1922, set a course record which held for 47 years--a three under par 67--only to receive the top cash award of $200.

And recently Sam Snead advised Kebo that he would play a demonstration round for no less than $2,500.

An era is buried, remembered only on waning memories, recorded on disintegrating yellowed pages.

Gone are the days when merry-go-rounds arrived on schooners, when sawdust was scattered about a house for a hundred yards to quiet horses’ hoofs to an ailing woman’s ears, when a steamboat cruise was a social event, not a mode of transportation.

Gone is an era cherished for its simplicity, freshness, and vigor, especially in contrast to today.

Gone is the high social life of Kebo.

It would be helpful if Kebo today could recapture some of the elegance and prestige of its colorful past by laying claim to being one of the dozen oldest courses in the United States.

But if the directors years ago had attained USGA recognition at the expense of any spontaneity, Kebo, grand, glorious, self-sufficient Kebo, would only be remembered as an old golf course.
"A thing like pride in crafts. What ever happened to that..."
Agnes DeMille, speaking in the Maine House of Representatives
Generations of hardy fathers and sons cleared and worked the land that is Maine...