

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

Great Northern Paper Company Records

Manuscripts

4-1923

The Northern, April, 1923

Great Northern Paper Company

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



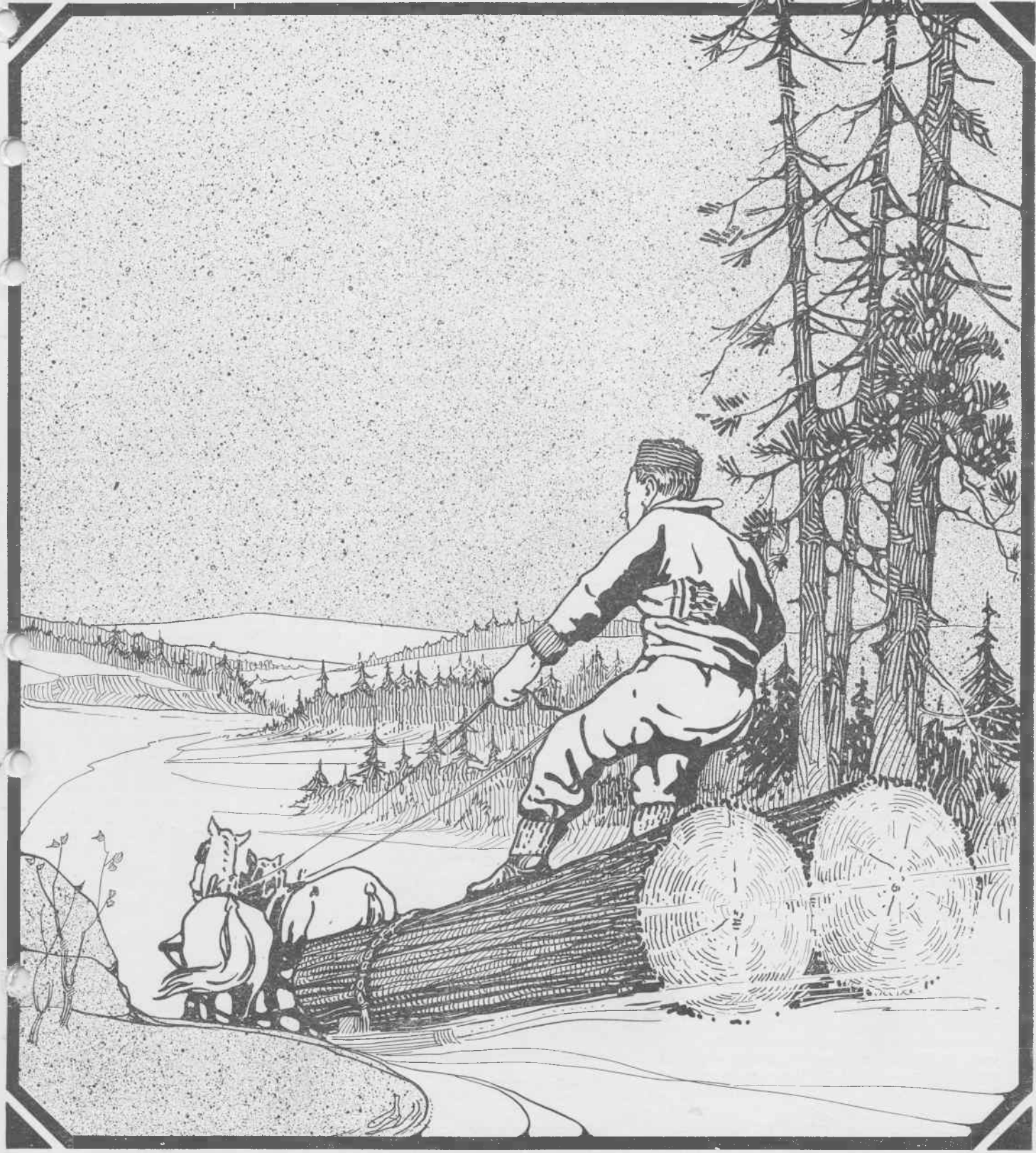
Part of the [Genealogy Commons](#)

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

The NORTHERN

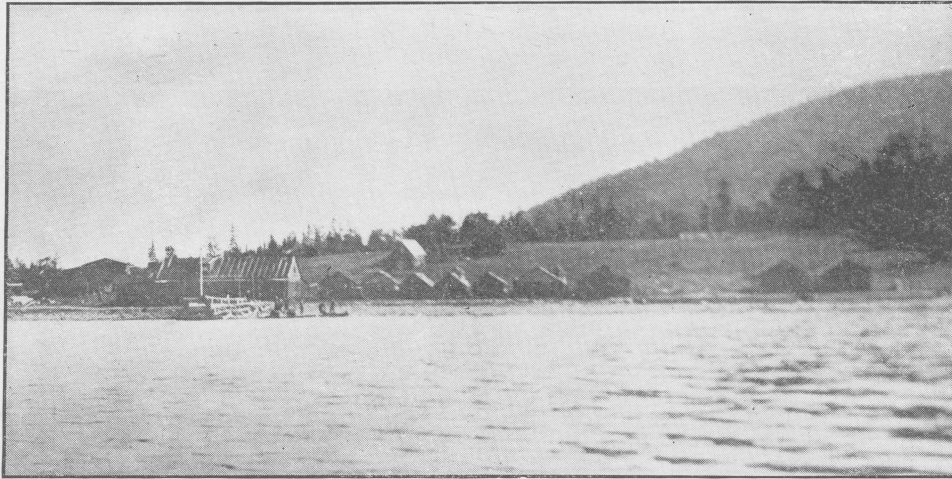
April 1923

Volume 3 Number 1



A TRIP INTO THE WOODS OF NORTHERN MAINE

By Helen Batchelder Shute



CAMP PHOENIX, SOURDNAUNK

After many delays, and much "backing and filling" of several other people who had planned to make the trip, we finally started—just four of us, Mr. George D. Phelps, of Cleveland, Ohio, Stephen, Elena and I—in Mr. Phelps' big Cadillac touring car.

"Now," he said, "we'll keep right on going, even if a wheel comes off." It was one o'clock Sunday afternoon when we left Belfast, and everything went smoothly that afternoon, and we made Greenville, where we had planned to spend the night, with nothing unusual occurring. The next day was when things began to happen.

Our destination was Camp Phoenix, Charles A. Daisey's sporting camp on Sourdnaunk Lake, and having sent word in advance, we supposed of course, that we were expected. Nothing was further from the fact, however. Mr. Phelps, who has hunted big game all over the United States and Canada, had brought a fine, big tent in which to camp, but was persuaded by many people that Maine was now too cold for tenting, hence we decided to go to Camp Phoenix, and the tent was unloaded from the car and left in our basement. In the nearly three days' time before we reached Mr. Daisey's camp, however, we wished devoutly that that tent had never been unpacked, for on the second day out weren't we stuck in the wood about sixty miles from Greenville, cold, hungry, and dark coming on? To be slangy, I'll say we were, and the worst was yet to come!

That morning when we left Greenville, W. Irving Hamilton, the very genial proprietor of the hotel where we had spent the night, told us that we would find a splendid road all the way to Ripogenus Dam and beyond, and we certainly did, until we came to the new part. We started from

Greenville around 8 o'clock, and felt that we had so much time on our hands that we could go over to the Junction and visit some of the sporting goods stores, which we did, stopping in one of the Greenville stores on our way back. We had permission to cross Ripogenus Dam, only being held up at various camps along the way, after crossing it, by the men in charge of the work on the new road, who wished to be sure that we had the right to be there.

We had breakfasted amply (luckily)



FRED DAISEY
and nine-point buck, which he shot near camp.

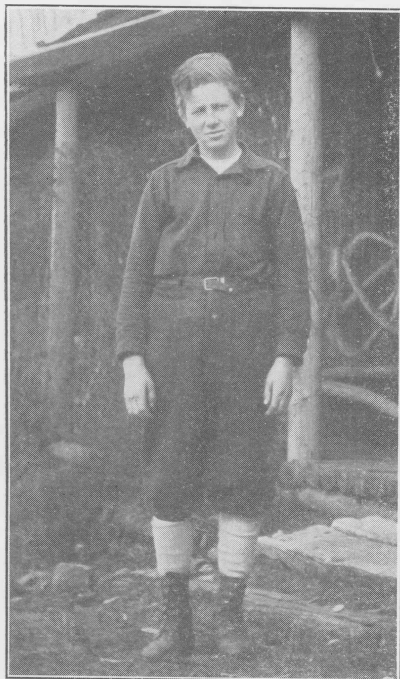
at Mr. Hamilton's hotel in Greenville, but it was nearly half-past two in the afternoon when we finally reached the end of the magnificent road which the Great Northern Paper Company is building through the woods of that section. The last part of it, of course, is not in the fine condition of that built last year, but we got over it comfortably, and brought our car to a standstill on the bridge. There we were to leave it, and go by buckboard over a "tote" road into camp. The boys at the last construction camp which we had passed told us that they would telephone to Mr. Daisey, so that he would send out for us. Complacently, we prepared to wait on the bridge, expecting to see, at any moment, the buckboard.

None of us being very good at the "watchful waiting" game, Stephen decided he would walk ahead and meet the buckboard. I had some misgivings when I saw him vanish into the wilds of Maine, alone, but had more, when, after sitting for a solid hour and a half, neither Stephen nor any buckboard had appeared. We had nothing to do but sit there on the bridge, in what I firmly believe was the coldest place in the State of Maine on that day, and to watch the many men and horses working on that last bit of road which they were finishing this season. Finally, we decided that something must be done, and Mr. Phelps began to ask questions of the men. The distance into camp from that particular spot varied, it seemed, from two miles to ten, according to the men, but at last Mr. Phelps found a man (Mr. Webber, the timekeeper) who had gotten in touch with Mr. Daisey.

Mr. Webber gently informed us that Mr. Daisey was not expecting us, and furthermore, could not take any parties, as Mrs. Daisey was without



"Those who can command themselves command others."—Hazlitt.



EDDIE CARR
of Millinocket, 13 years old, who thinks nothing of forty-mile walk.

a cook. After dropping this bombshell on that grey afternoon in the deep woods, Mr. Webber informed us that the only place where we could find accommodations for the night was Greenville, sixty miles away. It was then nearly four o'clock, and one of our party was missing. With our tenderfoot greenness, we decided to walk into camp, over the tote road, and tell them that they would simply have to keep us. Little did we know of that road then, but, as I said before, the worst was yet to come!

Mr. Phelps, Elena and I shouldered our guns, thinking we might perhaps meet a deer or a bear, en route, and started. We had travelled perhaps a mile into the woods, when we met Stephen coming back. His hat was in his hand, and weariness was written all over him. He informed us that he had walked over ten of the worst miles that he had ever travelled, and apparently was no nearer camp than when he started, so he had decided to come back to us and consult. We finally thought it best to go back to the car and to drive to Greenville, then to get in touch with Mr. Daisey from there. It was quite a pull up the hill in the mud for the big Cadillac, but we finally reached the construction camp, and stopped there to telephone for accommodations at Ripogenus, if that were possible. It was quite dark and foggy by that time, and the assistant superintendent, Amos Wortman, asked us if we wouldn't like to have supper in the cook house.

Supper! As we were all perfectly empty, having had nothing since morning, that invitation soundly mighty alluring. We weren't long in accepting, and filed into the cook

house, the usual long, low shack used at these camps. Although I was hungry enough to eat board nails, I rather expected that things would taste greasy and not very good, on the whole, but really, I never expect to eat such a delicious meal! As Elena afterwards remarked, it was regular "he-food." Everything was put on the table at once, and we ate out of tin dishes and tin cups, with soup, meat, pie, etc., all mixed up together, but believe me, if I ever felt like kissing the cook, it was then. (He was a good looking man, too).

After supper, we returned to Mr. Wortman's office to rest and do more telephoning, in the hope that we might not have to drive the sixty miles to Greenville. Nobody seemed to want us, however, and finally Mr. Wortman said if we would accept two of their bunks, we were welcome to stay there all night. Joyfully we accepted this, his second invitation, and he and his clerk, H. F. Wallace, did everything in their power to make us comfortable, giving up their bunks to us, taking the poorest ones on the other side for themselves, giving us many blankets, and rigging up a blanket partition for us.

Never will we forget those boys' kindness. We spent a delightful evening with them, listening to their stories of the woods and of their work. Both of them were in service, Mr. Wortman being in France and in action, and Mr. Wallace being in a Southern camp. They told us stories of the moose birds, and of the tradition that they are the souls of the departed woodsmen. Mr. Wortman had shot a fine buck that day, which hung in front of the camp, and the moose



ED. CLANCEY, the driver.



ELENA, on Ripogenus Dam.

birds were very thick, coming for the deer's liver, which had been put out for them.

Another story in connection with the moose birds was that an old hunter caught one at one time, picked its feathers all out and then let it go. In the morning this man's hair, eyebrows and eyelashes all lay on the pillow beside him, God's rebuke for his cruel action. Whether the story is true, or not, I don't know, but it is a good one, anyway. This same man was a mighty hunter, and was able to go through the deep woods day or night, even to the Canadian border, unerringly taking the right direction every time.

After a while, someone looked at the clock, expecting to find it around 9.30, and it was only half-past six, but shortly after seven we all sought our bunks. It began to rain and rained steadily all night, and I couldn't sleep, on account of thinking of what the roads would be next morning. I forgot to say that before we retired, one of those adorable boys had called Mr. Daisey's camp (it had to be relayed from one camp to another), and Mr. Daisey said, out of the kindness of his heart, that he would take us, and that he would have the buckboard at the bridge at about ten o'clock the next morning. Breakfast was at 5.30, a most awful hour for one accustomed to rise at 8 or 8.30. It proved to be as good as the supper the night before, and the cook showed us all over the place, including the bunk house where the 35 men of the camp slept, closed off from the cook house by sliding doors. The cook was a young man, Stanley Doran, who had come from Massachusetts, and he had two





Construction Camp "Somewhere in Maine," where we spent the second night.

"cookees," and a "crumb boss," the latter to bring in the wood, make the beds for the men, and to do many odd jobs.

Just across from the cook house was the Ford car which Mr. Wallace, Mr. Wortman, Ralph Drinkwater and "Dynamite" Murphy drove over a portion of the tote road towards Sourdnahunk Lake, the first car ever to go over any part of the road. They covered a good distance, finally having to come back when the water rose over the engine. The story didn't mean so much to me then as it did the next night, after I had been over the road myself, and I only wondered that the Ford hadn't sunk completely out of sight, never to rise again.

Also at this camp with the road crew was Aleck Nelson, who had been on the convict ship "Success," some thirty or forty years ago. Gus Imbert had been at the camp, too, but had left sometimes before our arrival. He and Nelson were on the "Success" together, and had not seen each other since, until they met in the Maine woods.

Although it was a dull, grey morning after the rain, we took some pictures of the camp and of the car, and started blithely off, all of us greatly appreciating our entertainment at the hands of Mr. Wortman and Mr. Wallace.

Arriving at the bridge for the second time, we spent the half-hour of waiting for the buckboard in putting on the sides of the car. At last it appeared, a good stout one, drawn by a fine pair of black horses, and driven by the most jovial big Irishman, Ed. Clancey, who philosophically loaded our stuff into the back, stowing our guns away carefully, and remarking as he did so that everybody always brought more than they needed. Elena and I climbed into the seat, mentally deciding that if the road was as bad as all the men seemed to delight in telling us it was, that we would walk. Mr. Phelps and Stephen had to walk, anyway, for there was no more room. We had only gone a short distance,

when our driver swung to the right, where no road whatsoever was to be seen. We kept as still as we could, however, and soon were informed that we had made the detour to avoid a bad mud hole. If mud hole was any worse than the place we chose, it must have been *some* bad! The horses took it calmly, however, and threaded their way carefully among tree stumps, young mountains, and other things with which the place was carelessly strewn. We had all ridden and driven over some bad roads, but that certainly was the most God-awful one that we had ever seen. We were told to hold on tight, and it was quite necessary in some spots. Perhaps that road might not have been so bad if it hadn't rained the night before, but as it was we would slew from right to left, up and down and then round and round, until we had a perfectly good right to be seasick. After a long time we came to a logging camp in the woods, and there the driver informed us passengers were usually sent up to Mr. Daisey's camp by canoe, but that the thoroughfare was frozen and we would have to go over the road. The first part of the road was nothing compared to the last part, and the bridges,—they call them bridges,—words simply fail me to describe them! Anyhow, they are made of corduroy, the most askew, "woggly" things one can imagine, and the driver calmly informed us that sometimes a horse would get his leg down through them, and certainly no one could blame the horse.

Shortly after crossing the last dam over Sourdnahunk stream, we took to the open water, with not even a corduroy bridge then, but we never turned a hair, so accustomed were we to anything by that time!

It seemed hours, and it *was* hours, before we reached the camp, although that driver insisted we had only travelled five miles, and tried to prove it by signs on the trees. We all knew, though, that it was at least ten, and maybe more. All up through the woods they have the longest miles, and when-

ever anyone tells you anything about distance you always want to double it.

All things come to an end, and we reached the camp about half an hour ahead of Mr. Phelps and Stephen, who arrived none the worse except for a wet foot apiece, but as Mr. Phelps remarked, they were not mates. Mr. Daisey gave us a most cordial welcome, and explained that he had not received any word from us whatsoever, until the boys at the camps called him, the only telephone connection being with the various construction camps, and these being relayed from one to the other. We were assigned to the dearest little log cabins, which were made comfortable in a short time with roaring wood fires in their little stoves.

The camp is situated directly on the shore of Sourdnahunk Lake, which must be very beautiful when the sun shines on it. For the week that we were there it was cloudy nearly all of the time, when it wasn't raining or snowing, but one night we saw the moonlight on it, and that alone was worth the trip. The scenery along the road into the camp, too, is very beautiful, with the mountains looming all around, and the second time over it we had so much confidence in our driver that we could look about and enjoy the scenery.

Sourdnahunk is pronounced by everybody up there "Sour-dy-hunk," ignoring that "n" completely, and anyhow, if you try to put it in it sounds as though you were talking through your nose.

All of the meals are served at the main cabin, and Mrs. Daisey certainly proved prowess as a cook, and we all did full justice to her food, after our long tramps in the woods each day. The register at the camp shows names from all over the world, including such centres as Paris, London, Buenos Ayres and others, and in looking it over Mr. Phelps saw the names of several acquaintances in Cleveland. If you ask to take a snapshot of anyone at the camp they are sure to tell you that their pictures have gone all over the world, and it is a fact.

At the camp there were only Mr. and Mrs. Daisey, their four small children, and Mr. Daisey's two grown sons, Arnold and Fred, also Mr. Clancey, the teamster, and Edgar Carr, better known as "Eddie," a young Millinocket boy, who assists at the camp with general work.

In the evening it was great fun to gather in the living room or office of the camp, around the huge stove, while everybody talked of their hunting experiences or other matters. The men were all thorough woodsmen and excellent guides, as well as sure shots. They are all big, good hearted men, kindness being second nature to them.

Mr. Clancey has been in the woods practically all of his life, and it was a delight to listen to his many stories. Leaving home when he was only fifteen, he went to Pennsylvania and later on to Michigan, but the Maine woods are to him as an open book.



He has been foreman of many camps, and has done all sorts of work. He can tell the most interesting stories, all with a dry humor and many quaint expressions that are delightful.

Eddie, who stays at the camp summers and well into the fall, goes to his home in Millinocket in the winter, so as to attend school, and he thinks nothing of walking in the forty miles to his home, and not over forty miles of boulevard, either, but over that awful tote road. He made the last trip in a day and a half, and I wonder what other boy of thirteen or fourteen in the state would speak as casually of a forty-mile walk as he? Maybe boys in that part of the State think nothing of it, but I know that in this part it would be considered quite a walk.

Camp Phoenix is a very popular place in the summer, for the lake is alive with fish, the bathing and boating are excellent, and the scenery is fine. People of all vocations come to the camp, including, of course, clergymen, and in this connection a good story is told on Mr. Daisey. One year three ministers arrived in a bunch, and one of them went outside to speak to Mr. Daisey, saying to him, "I see you have a couple of Reverends in there." "Yes," answered Mr. Daisey, innocently, "I have a Hell of a good run on ministers this time."

Directly around the camp the land is cleared, but at the sides and back the big woods come close, and no matter how cold the wind blows from the lake, back in the woods it is warm and comfy. Of course Mr. Phelps was at home at once, but it was Stephen's, Elena's (she is only thirteen) and my first trip into the deep woods, and we were green as could be in every way. The less said about the game we brought out, the better, but nevertheless, we had a wonderful time.

Partridges were so tame that they would sit right still in the middle of the road and look at you, but we didn't disturb them much, for we hoped to see bigger game. The boys at the construction camp joked Stephen a lot for shooting at spruce partridges, telling him that they tasted just like a spruce tree.

The first deer that he saw, in the woods, too, surprised him so that he stood right up and shot at once, without waiting for the deer to come up within shooting distance. He said he looked as big as an elephant, and couldn't understand why he didn't get him. As he stood up and shot at the buck, a little doe jumped out of the brush not twenty feet away from him, but he evidently had the "buck-fever" so badly that he forgot to shoot.

Although Fred Daisey got a fine nine-point buck right near the camp one morning before breakfast, and the other men had seen many deer in the woods, secretly I didn't believe a word they told me. The last night at the camp, however, Stephen and I took a short walk into the woods, and coming back, right in the middle of the road near the back entrance to the camp, stood *something* so stock-still that I

at first thought that the boys and stuffed it for a joke on us. It was a spike-horn buck, and was regarding us with the utmost curiosity. Evidently we looked as queer to him as he did to us. I had never seen a deer in the woods before, and had expected to see a great, tall animal. A few minutes before I had unloaded my gun and put in bird shot, as we were so near camp. I whispered to Stephen to shoot, but he didn't dare to for a moment or so, as we were so near camp, and he could hear Eddie bringing up the cows. When he decided it was safe to shoot, however, the deer had thought better of standing still, and with a saucy flirt of his tail, he bounded into the woods. We followed for a short distance, but it was too dark to see him, and that deer is probably laughing at us yet.

We had to leave the next morning, and made the trip home in one day, which was quite uneventful, but ever since we have wanted to go back to that lake, not next summer, but now, right away.

You are in the heart of the deep woods, forty miles from the nearest



STANLEY DORAN,
the cook who saved our lives.

town, Millinocket, and no road into that, only the tote road, and at this season of the year you have no mail in or out, so really you feel completely out of the world, but somehow the woods "get" you.

And the people! We loved them all, from the smallest kiddie to the oldest man.

Driving out over the tote road on the last morning, Elena and I felt blase enough to stop holding on once in a while, and to observe the magnificent scenery. The Katahdin range and all of the mountains around us were covered with snow upon their tops, and they presented a beautiful appearance as the sun would struggle

out now and then and throw its brilliance upon them. Mr. Clancey is a wonderful driver and will talk to his horses confidentially when they come to the particularly bad places. The worst thing that he ever threatens them with is that he will "spank" them. They know and love him and obey his every word. As he sits there unconcernedly, one feels like asking him as a clergyman did on one trip, if he had hooks in his pants, for everyone else clutches madly the back of the seat, the side, or any other fingerhold that may be handy. The road is so bad that it is funny, but nevertheless, we'd do the whole trip all over again, if we only could.

Myer—I wonder why Browne added the "e" to his name after inheriting a fortune?

Gyer—He probably figured out to his own satisfaction that rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.

FAMILIAR PLACES

Kind friends, have you heard of the town of No-Good

On the banks of the River Slow,
Where the some-time-or-other scents
the air,

And the soft Go-Easies grow?

It lies in the valley of What's the Use,
In the province of Let 'Er Slide;
It's the home of the reckless I Don't
Care,

Where the Give It Ups abide.

The town is as old as the human race,
And it grows with the flight of
years;

It is wrapped in the fog of the idlers'
dreams,

Its streets are paved with discarded
schemes,

And are sprinkled with useless tears.

—Anonymous.

KIND CONDUCTOR

A very ugly man was quite perturbed at having an organ grinder sit down beside him on the street car. Walking back to the conductor he asked, "Do you allow monkeys on this car?"

"Just sit here in the back seat," replied the conductor, "and nobody will notice you."—*The Stitcher*.

HER MARITAL CREED

Mrs. Worth had just learned that her colored workwoman, Aunt Dinah had at the age seventy married for the fourth time.

"Why, Aunt Dinah," she exclaimed, "you surely haven't married again!"

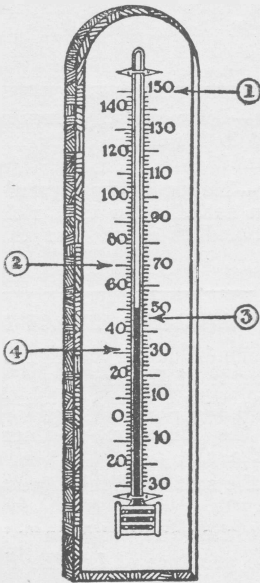
"Yassum, honey, I has," was Aunt Dinah's smiling reply. "Jes' as o'en as de Lawd takes 'em, so will I."



Placing Concrete in Cold Weather

By W. G. KAISER, Agriculture Engineer

The fundamental thing to know about placing concrete in cold weather is that concrete must not freeze before it hardens. This destroys its natural hardness and wear-resisting qualities. It also weakens its bearing strength. Although it is very easy to keep con-



1—Aggregates and mixing water should be heated to about 150 degrees Fahrenheit in order to insure that concrete is of the proper temperature when placed.

2—Concrete when placed in forms should have a temperature not less than 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

3—Heat aggregates and mixing water when prevailing temperature range between 40 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

4—When temperature is likely to fall to freezing or below, heat materials and protect concrete from freezing. Warm forms. Remove all snow and ice. Leave forms in place until concrete is strong enough to be self-supporting.

not to start any farm improvements in freezing weather unless the proper precautions are to be taken to protect the fresh concrete from the cold. However, if these precautions are taken there is no reason why farm improvements with concrete should not be carried out regardless of the low temperature.

Since warmth and moisture are required for the proper hardening of concrete, cold weather work should be planned with these necessities in view. Both the mixing water and the aggregates should be heated. The cement forms such a small portion of the bulk of concrete that it need not be heated, but it is well to keep it in a warm place for a few hours before it is used.

The nearer the water is to the boiling point, the better will be the results, because it will take longer to

dissipate the heat and cool the mixture. There are several methods used for heating aggregates. A simple arrangement that any farmer can contrive is a metal cylinder similar to a corrugated road culvert over which the sand, broken stone or pebbles can be piled and in which a fire can be built. Care must be taken to heat the fine and coarse aggregate separately in order to avoid premixing them in the wrong proportions. If the materials are added as above outlined and the concrete is deposited immediately after mixing, its temperature when placed in the form will be around 80 degrees and if care is taken to prevent the rapid loss of this contained heat, the concrete will harden properly. The early stages of hardening may be even more rapid than under ordinary conditions.

In placing concrete in cold weather the forms must be free from snow, ice and frost. It is a good idea to warm the forms before placing the concrete. After the concrete is placed it should be protected while hardening so as to maintain the warm moist condition essential for the rapid development of strength. There are many ways of doing this. The concrete may be covered with a tarpaulin or canvas or burlap, or a layer of clean straw or hay will furnish sufficient protection for some classes of work. Where the job can be enclosed, open coke stoves or salamanders may be used. In severe weather, with the temperature well below the freezing mark, such protection should be continued for at least five days. The concrete should be protected as soon as placed in order to retain the heat.

Care should be taken that the concrete is strong enough to bear a load before the forms are removed. This can be determined by pouring hot water on the concrete or by heating in some other way to be sure that the concrete has hardened and not merely frozen.

Sometimes in building a small concrete structure stoves are started inside to supply the warmth to the enclosure but large pans of water should always be placed on or near them in order to provide as much moisture in the air as possible.

While I am discussing the effect of freezing on concrete, I think I might as well say something about the effect of excessive heat on concrete.

Hot summer sun beating down on freshly placed concrete is bad because it dries out the concrete. This hardening process that goes on is not a drying process as some people imagine. This you can prove by allowing a mass of concrete to set under water, proving that it is a chemical reaction that is going on in the tiny particles. When you add water to cement you no longer

have water and cement but an entirely new substance.

Protecting concrete from the sun may be done in much the same way that it is protected from cold. You can cover it with hay, straw or tarpaulins or any other material that will prevent too sudden loss of moisture and yet will not mar the surface you wish to protect.

So at the risk of being tiresome, I am going to tell you again that in all your work with concrete, be careful that it does not freeze in winter or dry out too quickly in summer. Observing these simple rules you will make much better concrete work.

SMART CRACKS

A LIE

"An abomination unto the Lord, and a very potent help in trouble."

* * *

WOMAN

"She needs no eulogy:—She speaks for herself."

* * *

THE HARDWARE TRADE

"Professing honesty, they sell iron and steel for a living."

* * *

THE BLACKSMITH

"Successful in forgery."

* * *

THE SLACKER

"Invincible in peace; invisible in war."

* * *

THE GOSSIP

"At every word a reputation dies."
—Pope.

* * *

THE BACHELOR

"Woman is just a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."—Kipling.

* * *

AMERICA

"The best land in the world; let him that don't like it, leave it."

ALICE, COLO., MARCH 6, 1923.

MR. MONTFORD S. HILL,

Bangor, Maine.

Dear Mr. Hill:

The February and March issues of *The Northern* have just been forwarded to me. Though a considerable distance from Maine, in an old gold mining camp 10,000 feet up in the Rockies, I read no magazine with more pleasure than the one you so ably edit. I hope to thank you in person for your placing me on your "subscription list," when I next land in old Bangor.

Would you kindly change my address to Alice, Colorado, from the old address, 212 W. 18th St., Wilmington, Delaware?

With best wishes,
JAMES W. WHALER.



"The harder matched, the greater victory."—Shakespeare.

Twilight Reverie

When twilight shadows steal among the saplings,
 And all the world is hushed, awaiting night,
 I love to sit here in my cabin window
 And sort of let my fancy take its flight.
 I think of home and wonder what they're doing—
 If Dan has filled his wood-box to the brim—
 Can 'most see mother making bread for supper,
 And dad, I wonder what's absorbing him!

I see the street lights blinking thru the snow flakes—
 They light the earthly way, as stars do heaven.
 I hear some cold sleigh-bells a tinkle-tinkle,
 And the old town clock a striking seven.
 I see my old friends' happy laughing faces,
 And some the years have saddened just a little;
 And some are gone away to sound their logic,
 To ask of fame a golden job and title.

And as they hurry on I often wonder
 If they take time to think of me up here;
 P'raps yes, or no, or if at all they pity me,
 They—in their cities' jolting, jarring cheer.
 Oh, could all of them see this glorious Eden,
 This vast grand field, work of His hands above,
 Where trees and mountains, streams and vales and
 snow-lands,
 Proclaim together of their maker's love.

Oh, here, deep, long into the night-time,
 Comes the owls' hoot, and the fox faint far-off bark;
 And the north win sighs a croon-tune in the evergreens,
 And ye'd hear the Aurora's lispings, if ye'd hark.
 Oh, ye'd see Him in the dawn of morning,
 And hear His voice in the cedar-wax-wings' song,
 And feel Him in the warm sunshine of noon-tide,
 And know His love, when the shadows are
 growing long.

RUTH McCABE VICKERY.

VALUABLE TRICK

If a man is born with a knack of making wisdom seem like nonsense and nonsense seem like wisdom, great social triumphs await him.

—O—
 "Jim Bilkins is dead."

"How come?"

"He stuck his head into the Red Dog saloon and hollered 'Fire.'"

"Well?"

"They did."—*Siren*.

NO, NOT A LIAR

"William," snupt the dear lady viciously, "didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in?"

"You did, my dear. It started to strike ten, but I stopped it to keep it from waking you up."

The city girl boarding in the country spoke to the farmer about the savage way in which the cow regarded her.

"Well," said the farmer, "it must be on account of that red waist you're wearing."

"Dear me!" cried the girl. "Of course I know it's terribly out of style, but I had no idea a country cow would notice it."—*Country Gentleman*.

—O—
 Householder—What would I get if my house were to burn down tomorrow?

Insurance Clerk—Three or four years imprisonment.—*Dallas News*.

—O—
 City Editor—Did you take down all the speaker said?

Cub Reporter—No, but I have it all in my head.

City Editor—Ah, I see, you have it all in a nutshell.—*Portland Express*.

"THE MOUSE"

'Twas the night before Christmas, and
 down in the cellar
 A barrel was left by a strapping big
 feller,
 And a wee little mousie which lived
 thereabout,
 Saw a leak in the barrel and some-
 thing run out.

Now the barrel held whiskey,
 But this little guy,
 Had been raised in Maine—
 And knew nothing of rye.

So the mousie first tasted the stuff
 that was wasted,
 And liked the sensation, for it made
 him feel gay;
 "I'll just get enough of this awful
 good stuff,
 Before that big bluff comes and takes
 it away."

And when the wee mousie had filled
 his wee skin,
 So full of the liquor no more could
 get in,
 He gave one big jump to the top of
 the keg,
 Cocked his head on one side and
 waved his front leg,
 "I'm brave as a lion, as big as a cow,
 I could lick that damned cat, if it
 came along now!"

—W. T. Morgan.

UNAPPRECIATIVE

The cashier of a bank called one of their depositors, a Hebrew, on the telephone and informed him that his account was overdrawn to the extent of seventeen dollars and forty cents.

"Is that so?" inquired the depositor. "Say, listen, Mister, would you look and see how much money of mine was in your bank one month ago today?"

After a brief examination of the books, the cashier reported: "One month ago today, Mr. Einstein, you had a credit of two hundred and twenty dollars."

"S-o-o-o!" said Mr. Einstein. "Vell, did I call you up about it?"

—O—
 Hennessy—Jett knows nothing of scientific salesmanship and his approach is poor."

Evans—"Then why does the company keep him?"

Hennessy—For the mere reason that he gets the business.

—O—
 Bolshevik's Son—Mother, you have no constitutional right to send me to bed without my supper.

Mrs. Bolshie—What do you mean, Ivan?

"You are governing without the consent of the governed."—*Buffalo Express*.



THE NORTHERN

A MAGAZINE OF CONTACT BETWEEN
THE MANAGEMENT AND THE MEN
of the
Spruce Wood Department Great Northern Paper Company

Edited and Published by the
SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION

MONTFORD S. HILL, *Superintendent*
OSCAR S. SMITH and AIME J. TOUSSAINT, *Associates*
on the week of the fifteenth of each month.

Gratis to the fortunate within the pale—gratis to the unfortunate without the pale.

All employees are asked to cooperate with news items, personals, photographs, suggestions, anything that will please and not offend. Address all communications direct to Montford S. Hill, Superintendent, room 607, 6 State St., Bangor, Maine. Copy must be in by the tenth of the month.

From the Press of the Furbush Printing Company, 108 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

Editorials

QUALITIES FOR LEADERSHIP

We have all had the opportunity, at one time or another, to observe groups of children or of adults in which, without any apparent effort on his own part, one is clearly the leader.

Is such leadership desirable? Well, for one thing, it appears to be perfectly natural. Human psychology is such that we lack confidence in our own judgments. When someone drops into the group in which uncertainty has made itself felt and clears the atmosphere by some action or suggestion, it is but the natural thing that he acquires a following at once. Again, we are in the main inactive except as some one leads or urges us on. It seems true that in every human experience we rise to better things, more worthwhile things, when some mastermind comes to the fore and leads on.

What then are the qualities of leadership? A man once said that a man is a leader because he is a leader. I suppose that it was the old man's way of saying that there are certain qualities in a man that will place him in the lead with other men. What are these qualities? He must know! The man who demonstrates that he knows gets all of us who do not know. In the crisis he leads and we all go along with him. He must have courage! If our leader is afraid, that makes us all afraid. Some one at that important moment of faltering will jump into the breach and a less intelligent, but a more courageous man, will lead. He must believe in himself! This is not synonymous with courage, but is rather a mastery of the subjective as courage is mastery of the objective. He must have reliance on his own mental qualities if he is to gain the confidence of those who would like to trust him. The line is finely spun between self confidence and egotism, but the line is there never-the-less. They are not the same thing; they are separate and

distinct. Again it is next to impossible that there should be leadership in one not physically strong. To lead one must have the force to put the thing over. In all great leaders of the past that physical quality has been present, or the intellectual power has been sufficiently great as to overcome the handicap. Other things being equal the physically strong has had the advantage.

Are the qualities of leadership natural or acquired? Why not reply by saying that they are, in part, both. On the one hand there are men who have, with little or no training, gained points of great influence and have done the world good by their leadership. On the other there are men who have given little promise of such a thing at an early age who have developed these rare qualities.

Should a man deliberately set himself to become a leader of men? Why not? As a matter of fact, whenever a man undertakes to fit himself for the work of a foreman or superintendent, does he not undertake to make himself a leader of men? One need never fear that he will be without followers, if he has the requisite qualities for leadership. The rest of us will follow when there comes one who can lead us out of the confusion, uncertainty and bewilderment of life's perplexing problems.

EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY

In all parts of the world, wherever one may go, political freedom and education tend to keep pace together. Under despotic government a system of universal, free education is rare if not impossible to find. Despotism never seems to have favored general education; and general enlightenment seems not to take kindly to unreasonable political restrictions. Educated countries are friendly to democracy, but hostile to despotism. In fact the usefulness and permanence of democratic government depends upon the general enlightenment of the people and their ability to think straight and

see things clearly. Political freedom, in itself, is no guarantee of the security and well-being of a country; it can be so only when the body of citizens who share in the direction of its affairs are able to understand those principles which, when worked out, make for justice, equality and freedom. In a real democracy the only safeguard is the common sense of the people. Misguided democracy can destroy a people as surely as misguided despotism can do it; perhaps more hopelessly so in the end.

Up to the present time, the world has devised no means of public enlightenment to compare with our system of free public schools, with its compulsory attendance up to a given age. The period of instruction, which covers the years of a child's life from the fifth to—probably an average—the seventeenth year, are the most impressionistic and plastic time of human life. Socially and economically such a period of a child's life spent in school is no loss to the community; while the returns to the community in the enlarged capacity of the individual are beyond calculation. To make men and women intelligent in matters of government, however, is not the only purpose of education. The demands of democracy in the long run call for the highest individual ability on the part of its citizens. Every individual who proves able to earn his own living, establish a home, bring up a family, and by his savings add something to the nation's capital is a contributor to the national prosperity. Moreover, education has a value to the individual himself aside from the contribution which he makes to the political and economical life of his community; that is in the satisfactions which come, first to him personally. Political freedom through democracy, economic independence through high efficiency are not in themselves able to bring true happiness. To live a full, contented life within one's self, to know and appreciate what is going on in the world, to feel one's self a part of the big on-going events of the world is also necessary. Such training men and women must have, if democracy is to issue in the benefits to mankind that have been promised. In these things our system of education seeks to minister. The old days of "the little red school house" where reading, riting and rithmetic were all the course of study have gone. In the modern school house which has taken its place, the form and history of our government is studied and talked over—intelligently, too. The subject of home making, with practical lessons to that end for the girls, and agriculture and the mechanical arts such as are calculated to give the boys a start in life also have their place there. Boys and girls early learn to read and appreciate the masters of literature. They visit, through the travels of others, foreign peoples in the remotest lands; in this manner they compare their own home, government, manners and life with others. Every year a higher percentage of boys and girls are attending



"A good way to begin is at the beginning."—Byron.

the free public schools.

We do not argue, though, that the final stage has been reached with our system, or that democracy is established beyond danger by our present-day methods. We only contend that an improvement has been made in the system, and that the community will benefit thereby. The world has been a long, long time trying to find happiness and security in its community life. It will not be found, in the end, suddenly or by some new invention or device; it will continue to come slowly, through the development and improvement of the individual.

Stimpson gallantly escorted his hostess to the table. "May I sit on your right hand?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "I have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair."

WHEN THE BOSS WEARS A GRIN

When the Boss is feeling good,
He gives us boys a smile;
It's like a whiff from flowered wood
To make us feel worth while;
It rather gets beneath our skin
And helps us to dig in,
'Cause everywhere is sunshine
When our Boss wears a grin.

But when his face is as a map,
Just charted o'er with care,
A dismal hush broods o'er the place;
There's microbes in the air.
And Jimmy, he don't kick my shins,
Nor I don't take him down,
But we just mope and lay 'round,
When our Boss wears a frown.

It's curious how the atmosphere
Gets in a fellow's work;
How smiles will raise the spirits high
And frowns produce the shirk.
It's not the money that we get
Which makes us boys sail in,
But work is just contagious
When our Boss wears a grin.—*Pep.*

"Well, my dear, you are a good, quiet little girl. Will you sit on my knee?"

"No, thank you," said the little one demurely, "I mustn't."

"Mustn't, my dear? I don't understand," queried the lady.

"Well, you see," was the meek reply, "I've got to sit still and hide the hole in this chair."—*Boston Post.*

THE SILENT PARTNER

"Dose yo' take this woman for thy lawfully wedded wife?" asked the colored parson, glancing at the diminutive, watery-eyed, bow-legged bridegroom, who stood beside two hundred and ten pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nothin'," gloomily responded the bridegroom. "Ah's bein' tooked."

Pittston Paragraphs

Mrs. Ordway recently spent a week in Boston with her relatives there.

The fireman recently met with a serious accident, having been kicked by a hen.

Fred Peterson recently made a trip to 40-Mile for sawdust to finish the ice packing.

Our new cook, Mrs. Tapley, is well liked by all. Judge for yourself, drop in to dinner any day.

The weather is getting more favorable at Pittston and the evening "h-air" is enjoyed by a few.

Wanted—Some means, since alarm clocks fail, whereby the office force will be on time for breakfast.

(Signed) COOK.

Henry Pelky, Henry Dufour and James Hayes have completed repairs on motor boat No. 9 at Canada Falls Dam. They have now moved to 40-Mile.

Alice Guptill, former waitress, and Bertha Smith, former chamber maid at Pittston, are now performing their respective duties at the Kineo boarding house.

Who is the "cribbage" champion at Pittston? Ask anyone, they will say William Harrington of course. Mr. Harrington is waiting for someone to compete with him.

Among the many visitors here this month were: Mr. Rippe, Mrs. Neal, Miss McDonald, Mr. Robertson, Mr. A. L. Mishio, S. E. Emmons and Hugh Desmond. Hugh Desmond is closing up the 20-Mile Garage books.

Bill Harrington's "Big Black Mares" seems to be an interesting topic of the day. According to all reports from the Seboomook Operation, they are worthy of considerable mention. Ask Fred Peterson.

Mrs. Russell, laundress; Mrs. H. E. Severance, waitress; Rose Coombs, chamber maid; Eugene Dyer, kitchen assistant, and Clarence Pond, engineer are now at Pittston exhibiting their duteousness to their respective professions.

Henry Marquie and Lewis Carter, painters, have wrought wonderful changes in the boarding house and office and are now making the rounds to the other Farms. Mrs. Marquie accompanied them to the Kineo boarding house.

February was rather a quiet but prosperous month at Pittston. A good business was done at the hotel, despite the fact that the usual amount of help was lacking and some new ones taken in. It all goes to show that the help is first class.

We regret to say that Charles Russell, who worked at the boarding house here, has been forced to give up his work and go to his home in Bangor, on account of chronic stomach ailment. He has the sympathy of his many friends, who hope for his speedy recovery.

The Radio concerts given at 20-Mile recently furnished amusement for large audiences on several nights. It seems to have met with the approval of the fellows at Pittston since they made a number of trips there on foot. For further amusements here, we resort to "Checkers," "Pitch," "Cribbage," "63," etc.

Louis Bernard and Frank Tomah, the famous Maine Indian guides, stopped here on the 25th for dinner. They were taking with them a large Black Cat (Fisher). Perhaps you will wonder how the Indians caught the savage animal alive. They had chased the cat into a hollow log and, after a hard fight, captured him, alive! He was the center of attraction during his stay here, and all present agreed that he is the largest of his kind ever seen in these parts.

"IT"

"I don't want to play, if I've got to be 'It.'"

And Bobby looked fiercely sublime;
"There's no fun a bit when you have to be 'It,'"

And I have to be 'It' all the time."

Ah, Bobby, my brave one, go in and be "It,"

'Tis a fate that no soul can escape,
For youngster and man of the whole human clan

Are "It" in some manner or shape.

For fate plays at tag with the whole human race,

And the shoulders of all men are hit,
And all hears his cry as he hits and goes by,

His clamor of "Tag! you are 'It'!"

And life-tag's a game that is well worth the play,

And the strong soul is glad to be hit,
And new light fills his eye when he hears his Fate cry

Its challenge of "Tag! you are 'It'!"

So Bobby, my brave one, begin the long game,

And don't sulk or grumble a bit,
And count it all praise to the end of your days,

When you hear Fate exclaim "You are 'It'!"

—Sam Walter Foss.





G. M. Houston of the Accounting Dept. is confined at his home with a dislocated knee, which he sustained from slipping on the ice.

* * *

Robert L. King, formerly with the Accounting Dept., is now connected with Paymaster's Dept.

* * *

The fourth Northern Club assembly will be held in Society Hall, March 21st. Harold Miller's Orchestra will again furnish music.

* * *

Many of the boys have been confined to their homes with the grip during the past month.

* * *

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

ROPES:—Cordage more than an inch in circumference is rope. Hemp, flax, cotton, jute and other vegetable fibers are used—Manila hemp for strength and flexibility, Russian, Italian and American hemp for various varieties and jute for the commoner grades. Until 1820 rope was made by hand. Then came a machine that twisted the handspun yarn into strands, and in 1923 it spun threads from the raw material. A steel toothed comb was first drawn thru the hemp fibers to straighten them; the workman, with a girdle of hemp about him, fastened one end to one of a series of hooks on a looper, drawing out the fibers with one hand, compressing them with the other, slowly backing down the thousand feet walk, while his assistant was doing the spinning with a wheel or looper. Later the yarns were spun and twisted into strands, which were twisted into rope by horse power. At present most of the rope is made by machine; the hemp fiber is softened and made smooth by oil sprinkling; the fibers are straightened or "scutched" by steel-toothed, revolving cylinders; the breakers or large frames of endless chain having projecting steel pins draw the fibers into a continuous ribbon; passing through the spreaders and the drawing frames completes the straightening, and it is ready for the spinning which twists the fiber into yarn. Machines called "formers" twist it into strands, and "layers" lay the strands into rope. The "former" is an iron disc having at its center a shaft ending in a die. According to the number of yarns in the final strand, bobbins of yarn are arranged round the disc. The free ends of the yarn go to the die, and are twisted together by its revolving and are

wound upon a spool. In the "layer" spools of twisted strands take the place of bobbins of yarn. In a former and layer combined, a number of small discs each have a die to twist a strand; all the strands being carried to a large disc and twisted into the finished rope.

* * *

THE MERRY MUSE

CAVEAT SUITOR

Say It with Music,
Say It with Flowers,
Say It with Rubies,
Say It with Showers

Of tinkling trinkets and pretty things,
Bon-bons, gimcracks, golden rings,
Paradise feather and arctic fur—
By every means tell It to Her!
Make it known with a meaning glance,
Imply it when you get the chance;
Say it in Esperanto, coptic,
Or by winking a wicked optic;
Tell it by hug or pressure of hand;
Yell it aloud to drown the band;
Never be absolutely mum—
Tell it in digital deaf and dumb;
Whisper it, sing it, laugh it, cry it—
Riotous shout it, softly sigh it;
Bleat it, boom it, bellow or bray it—
Be sure, my friend, that you display it—

But don't put it in writing!

—Cyril B. Egan in *Judge*.

* * *

A curious plant found in Queensland, Australia, is the bottle tree (*Brachychiton rupestris*), which not only looks like a vast bottle, but yields drinkable water when tapped.

Two high school principals were discussing the modern trend of psychological research. One asked, "Is thought transference possible?" "No," said the other, "it isn't." "You seem positive," remarked his friend. "Yes, positive. If it were possible my students would hire a college professor to sit in class."

* * *

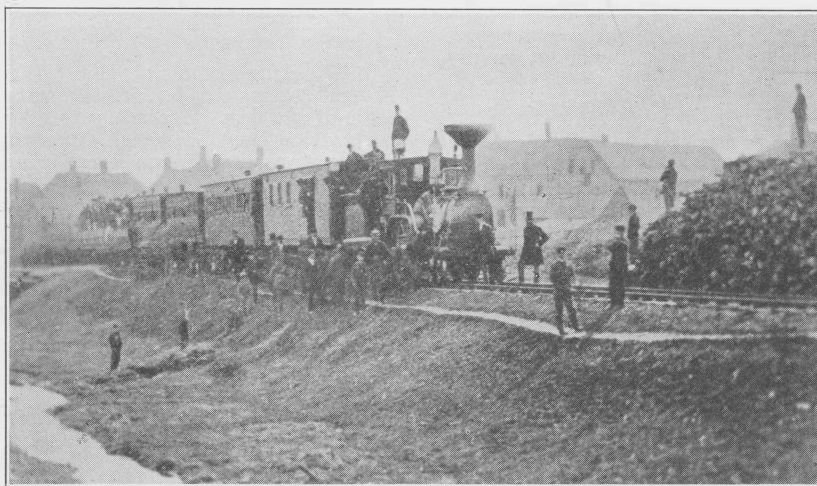
On a beach one summer day a half-dozen girls in red one-piece bathing suits were playing ball. There were some cows in a nearby meadow, and after a bit the farm hand who was in charge of them went up to his boss and complained: "Say, boss, them gals is a-scarin' my cows." "Ah, Jethro," said the old farmer with a sigh, "times is changed since I was young. In them days it was the cows wot scared the gals."

* * *

A widow with a four-year-old son had remarried, and shortly after the event it became necessary for the family to move again to another part of the city. The youngster, who had been very well satisfied with the existing and still novel household, did not take kindly to another move. Among many objections to the plan was, "And I suppose we'll have to change our name again when we move into that house."

* * *

Henry Ford, who was once in partnership with Barney Oldfield, was accosted some time after the dissolution of the brief business arrangement by a friend who said, "Well, Hank, Barney Oldfield helped to make you." Mr. Ford acquiesced, but added, "And I helped to make him." When next the two ex-partners met the famous racer asked Ford if he had said such a thing and the creator of the fivver readily admitted he had. "Well, all I've got to say," Oldfield returned, "is that if I helped to make you and you helped to make me, I did a lot better job than you d'd."



LAST TRAIN ON THE BANGOR, OLD TOWN AND MILFORD R. R.

NATHAN T. SWAN, Conductor; JOSEPH PAGE, Engineer; EDWARD W. VEAZIE, Fireman; FRED GODFREY, Brakeman and Baggage Master; twenty others connected at time with the B. O. & M. R. R.; a crowd of excursionists.



"He that runs fastest gets the ring."—Shakespeare.

BANGOR OFFICE LOCALS—Continued

A teacher in a grade school had been in the habit of leaving instructions on the board for the janitor. And it frequently happened that the work of the students at the board was not erased. One day a youngster used the space where the janitor was accustomed to look for orders, and when the janitor arrived he read, "Find the lowest common denominator." He glared hopelessly at the board. "Lawd, I've been looking for that thing ever since working at this place and I've never found it yet."

HIS MOVE

Willie: Won't your pa spank you for staying out so late?
Tommy (whose father is a lawyer): Naw, I'll get an injunction from ma postponing the spanking and then I'll appeal to grandma and she'll have it made permanent.

FUR AND LONG

A stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner, who was taking a long interval of rest between two heaves of a pick. "Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in overalls and under guard?"
"Ah went on a furlong, sah."
"You mean you went on a furlough."
"No, boss, it was a sho-nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, and Ah stayed too long."—*Infantry Journal.*

An old actor was wont to claim that he had worked with Booth and Barrett, a distinction that got him much consideration wherever Thespians gathered. When questioned about his parts he would always answer, "I did hoof beat." And then add, "The drama has gone to pot." "Why so?" some of the younger generation would indignantly inquire. "Anyone can do the honks, nowadays."

The River Jordan has an average fall of fifteen feet to the mile, and its name means The Descender.

Conversation in a 5 and 10c store:
Customer—How much is this vase?
Clerk—Fifteen cents.
Customer—Isn't this a five and ten cent store?
Clerk—It is, madam.
Customer—Why do you ask fifteen cents for this vase?
Clerk—How much is five and ten?

Tobacco is a nasty weed.
I like it.
It satisfies no human need.
I like it.
It makes you poor, it makes you lean,
It trims the hair right off your bean,
It's the damndest stuff I've ever seen.
I like it.
(Me. N. G. Mo. Bulletin)

A new arrival at a Western ranch was persuaded to mount a bucking horse, according to that authority on Western life, the *Boston Transcript*. He was scarcely on the animal's back before he was off again—over the horse's head. "What's the matter?" asked the old-timer who picked him up. "Why, she bucked," said the tenderfoot. "Bucked?" returned the other. "Bucked? Go on! She only coughed."

James was a privileged retainer who had grown old in the service of his master and mistress. He was waiting at table one day when a guest asked for a fish fork, but her request was ignored. "James," ordered his mistress, "Mrs. Jones hasn't a fish fork. Get her one at once." "But, madam," protested James, "the last time Mrs. Jones dined here we lost a fish fork."

FAIR ENOUGH

The goose had been carved, and everybody had tasted it. It was excellent. The negro minister, who was the guest of honor, could not restrain his enthusiasm.

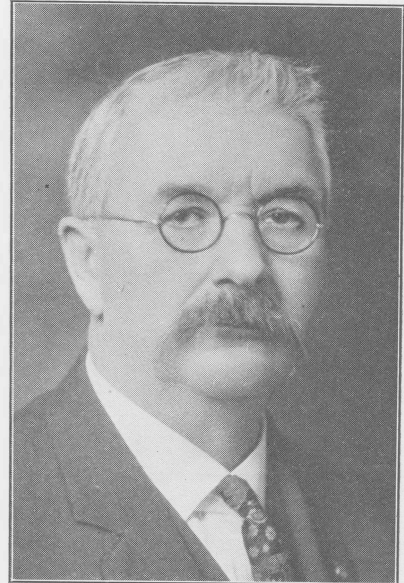
"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever set ma teeth in, Brudder Williams," he said to his host. "Whar did you git such a fine goose?"
"Well, now parson," replied the carver of the goose, exhibiting great dignity and reluctance, "when you preaches a speshul good sermon, I never axes you whar you got it. I hopes you will show de same consideration."—*Lawyer and Banker.*

SOME MISTAKE

The telephone in a well known surgeon's office rang and the doctor answered it. A voice inquired, "Who is this?"
The doctor readily recognized the voice of his seven-year-old son. Altho an exceedingly busy man, he was always ready for a bit of fun, so he replied:
"The smartest man in the world."
"I beg your pardon," said the boy, "I have the wrong number."—*The Austin (Tex.) Cumberland.*

Father—Why do you leave the table? We are not through.
Son—I can't sit down so long.
Father—You sit down, now, or I'll send you away from the table.—*Life.*

A teacher's eyes were staring wide, At young Boy-Ed, he was her pride. Her mind was filled with visions of, Her dear Boy-Ed, he was her love. And Boy-Ed's eyes were staring wide At teacher dear, she was his pride. His mind was filled with visions of His teacher dear, she was his love. If you, this teacher do not know, Just go to 'Suncook's fashion show. And if the same in Boy-Ed's case, Just go down to Uncle Anse's place.
—Wood B. Poet.



J. SHERMAN DOUGLAS
Mr. Douglas was employed by the Company, both in the clerical and paymaster divisions from the year 1907 to 1917.

PUBLICITY FOR MAINE

Mr. Douglas has introduced a bill into the present Legislature for the purpose of publicity of the State along agricultural, industrial, scenic, educational, and recreational lines. This carries an appropriation of \$25,000 for each of the years 1924 and 1925. A very favorable hearing was held before the Publicity Committee in the hall of Representatives on the afternoon of March 6. A goodly number of people from various sections of the State were present and spoke in behalf of the proposition, and nobody entered any objection. We believe this measure should be passed by the Legislature. To say that Maine has great natural advantages is a truism which is somewhat well known, but which in justice to these advantages and to Maine people should receive a wide broadcasting. Maine has many latent possibilities and undeveloped attractions which is wise for the whole country to know. We do not mean this simply from the commercial standpoint nor from the monetary consideration. Other phases of the matter could be discussed at some length but which we will not attempt here. Some other States have given much publicity to their attractions at a public expense and with very successful results to their citizens and also to many people over the country generally. We are in accord with the move of last year which was a plan of publicity of more than the usual and ordinary scope and enterprise. We understand that this move proved substantial and of considerable value. We have not the detailed figures at hand, but it is the conclusion of those who were in a way to measure this that it was worth while. Success to Mr. Douglas' bill!





The Old Dam at McNally Pond, Machias Operation.

The Machias Operation

Representatives of the Social Service made a visit to the Machias Operation during the last days of the old year. To reach this scene of Great Northern activity, one takes the Bangor & Aroostook railroad to Ashland. The way then leads over the tote roads to the various camps of the operations. Tom Ranny is the Superintendent of the operation. His depot camp is about twenty-five miles from Ashland in a northwesterly direction, and is located not far from the Machias river. The various operators have their camps still farther on, from six to ten miles. There are seven or eight operations. The pulpwood is piled on the ice of a small stream, which empties into the Machias river, which in turn outlets into the Aroostook river, and is known locally as Rocky brook. One would think that the burden of pulpwood, constantly increasing, would sink or bury the poor little stream, rather than be floated off by it; but such are the fears of a "tenderfoot." Probably it will come out all right, for the things we hear about Tom Ranny do not long leave us in fear that he would be likely to pile up wood where he cannot get it out. In fact, the thing we at first feared seems provided against by some very forward looking plans, as we discovered. At the outlet to McNally pond, which is the aforesaid Rocky brook, a dam is already under construction. By the time this gets to the reader the dam will be completed. The dam is said to be more than one thousand feet long, the flat nature of the country making the unusual length necessary. At the time of our visit, Jim McClary, who is the construction foreman on the dam, was hard at work with his crew putting in the bedway. The accompanying pictures will give some idea of the location. Of course this dam will provide a storage of water sufficient to drive Rocky brook.

AN IMPROVISED PROGRAMME

This happened at the Monticello Operation. The showing of the pictures here as planned was delayed. A sudden demand was made on Mrs. Joel Wellington and Miss Fern McLeod, both of Monticello to assist Ernest Hill in a programme at the camp. Leaving Monticello village in the last part of the afternoon, we were driven by Mr. John Faulkner to the depot camp, had a fine supper and then proceeded with the programme as hastily arranged, Mrs. Wellington assisting Mr. Hill in the singing and Miss McLeod supporting with the violin. At a given place in the execution Mr. Faulkner was invited to inject one of his old-time woods songs. This he liberally did and with much of the old-time accent and tune. It was really a fine programme and we were back at Monticello at not a late hour.

"I want to testify to the virtue of Dr. Quacknostrum's Panacea," writes a grateful correspondent. "My uncle took one bottle, and now I am his sole heir."



Putting in the Foundation of McNally Pond Dam, Machias Operation.

DO IT TO LAST

An ancient legend tells of a man who died and in the next world was brought face to face with his failures. He viewed his unfinished work, the tasks badly done, the duties unfulfilled, but he was unimpressed. "There has been some mistake," he informed his guide, "These are not failures; these are the things I meant to do over again."

"It will do for now," children say, and leave the task of which they have tired. We work with our minds on something else and hope that what we have done will "get by." We do a piece of work hurriedly, trusting that some day we may be able to go over it again. We all work, the psychologists tell us, far below our highest possible pitch of accomplishment. We usually do less than our best.

In statemanship and in business there is second and third-rate accomplishment. Must it be so in education? Shall we be satisfied with less than the best? At the time the children may not know the difference, but the professor knows and soon the world will know for weakness in the school means eventually weakness in the fiber of the race. In education, above all, we must build, not for a time, but for eternity.—*Connecticut Schools Bulletin.*

NOTICE

The Great Northern motion picture, "Jack Spruce," will be shown at the Bangor Opera House Saturday, March 24 at 4.30 p. m., under the auspices of the Bangor Office and the Norumbega Club. Tickets will be issued.

"Did you hear that Blank was arrested?"

"That is news to me. I am astonished. For what was he arrested?"

"It is charged that he took home samples of the goods he was handling."

"Ah, so. Where was he working?"

"In a bank."



"To be swift is less than to be wise."—Pope.



Hewing Timber for the Dam at McNally Pond, Machias Operation.

Here and There

William Graves some weeks ago fell and broke several ribs. He is now much improved and is so as to be moving around. He expects to be up river this spring.

* * *

George L. T. Tupper has recently been in Bangor visiting friends.

* * *

L. A. Page came down from the Machias Operation the last of February. During the winter he has been keeping time in the Machias Operation and has been located at the dam construction project.

* * *

Bud Mooney closed his first camp at the Monticello Operation the last week in February.

* * *

Carl Graves is now employed by the Eastern Steamship Co. at Portland as shipping clerk.

* * *

Tom Ranney made a business trip to Bangor the first of March.

* * *

Mr. Frank Knowles, pressman in the Furbush Printing Co., is lately bereaved in the death of his mother.

* * *

Dr. Coombs of the State Board of Health visited the Machias Operation the first of March.

Editor (to aspiring writer)—You should write so that the most ignorant can understand what you mean.

Aspirant—Well, what part of my paragraph don't you understand?
—Chicago Herald.

Tom—Lucile paints and powders a good deal, doesn't she?

Dick—Yes, when you kiss her it's just like eating a marshmallow.

Report of The Appalachian Club

The Appalachian Club party to Mt. Ktaadn wish to thank the Spruce Wood Department, one and all, for their hospitality and kindness. If there was anything in Aroostook county, from weather to mince pie, that we didn't get a full portion of, we didn't notice it. Particularly we wish to thank Mr. Gilbert, the staff of the Sandy Stream Operation, Mr. Whalen, superintendent, Kaarl Smith, forester, and Guy Cassidy, scaler, and Frank Crawford, the admirable blond chambermaid at Hotel Gilbert. We found the mountain easier, more beautiful and more interesting than in summer, to say nothing of the luxury of living in city style at its base, and our hope is that Mr. Gilbert or somebody will ask us back next winter.

Between times, when the snow wasn't burying the cook house at camp 3 and the wind wasn't rolling pulpwood over our roof, we had one full day and three half days of excellent weather, during which we climbed Turner Mt. by the S. slide, Ktaadn twice, by the two gullies south

of the Great Basin slide, crossed the Knife Edge to Pamola, and climbed Pamola by the chimney from Chimney Pond. We slid down everything: the Turner Mt. slide, the Great Basin slide, and twice down the N. E. slide from Pamola—Miss Whipple mostly head first. Kaarl Smith accompanied us up Ktaadn and up the Chimney, in order to inspect the spruce growth on the Knife Edge.

Off days we watched operations, and admired the skill and patience of Mr. Whalen's forces in getting wood out of this rough country under these unusually difficult conditions. We usually managed to drift over to camp 2 for some of Mr. Anderson's delicious pies. Also we ran an open game at the Hotel Gilbert, in which our Worcester experts took most of the camp 3 matches away from Cassidy and Smith.

We took 180 photographs, which will be at the disposal of *The Northern* if they come out well, and Mr. Kennedy painted six pictures of the mountain, from the coldest spots and at the coldest times, and only froze four fingers.

Coming out, Alec Young's horses couldn't decide which one owned the road from camp 3 to depot camp, so we took one out, and put Holden and Kennedy in the traces. Under Young's skilful driving they made up our lost time.

The party consisted of Jessie Doe of Rollinsford, N. H.; Margaret Whipple of Bristol, N. H.; Owen Kennedy and Roger Holden of Worcester, Mass.; Henry G. Chamberlain of Boston and Margaret and Millard Helburn of Cambridge, Mass.

We inspected with much pleasure the 500 foot strip of spruce timber which Mr. Gilbert (at Mr. Kennedy's suggestion last summer) has ordered preserved around Chimney Pond. This insures not only a camp site, but the natural beauty of what is undoubtedly the finest bit of mountain scenery east of the Rockies, and is a monument to the generosity and public spirit of the Company.



Clearing for the Dam at McNally Pond, Machias Operation.

"Any thing that is mended is but patched."—Shakespeare.





ONE OF THE GREAT NORTHERN'S OIL TANK TRUCKS

CHESUNCOOK LOCALS

Sam Monterville returned home recently from Harry McDonald's camp, where he has been employed as feeder for the past two months. Say Sam, is your head all right?

* * *

Martin McKinnon returned home on the evening of February 21 from a wild cat chase which lasted two days and one night. We haven't heard yet what luck he had!

* * *

If anyone wants parcel post they should ask Frank Henderson and Frank Ready how it is done.

* * *

A merry party assembled at Mrs. Smith's residence, Olive street, on the evening of February 22nd in celebration of George Washington's birthday. Music and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour when Mrs. Smith surprised the gathering with a bountiful repast of shrimp salad, cold sliced ham, sweet pickles, cheese, hot rolls, bread and Washington pie, also hot coffee which we understand prevented some members of the gathering to visit slumberland after retiring. How about it, Uncle Anse? At about eleven-thirty delicious ice cream was served,

after which most of the guests departed, proclaiming the evening a very enjoyable one. We wonder why Edward went home without saying goodnight to anyone except _____?

* * *

It is quite hard traveling on Chesuncook Lake just now. Have courage, Fannie, it will soon be Evenrude time.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Yeo returned to town Saturday, February 24, and that evening a surprise party was tendered them at the Chesuncook House by their many friends. Music and dancing was enjoyed by all, after which refreshments of cake, coffee and candy were served. We understand the floor had to be swept three times in order to get all the rice!

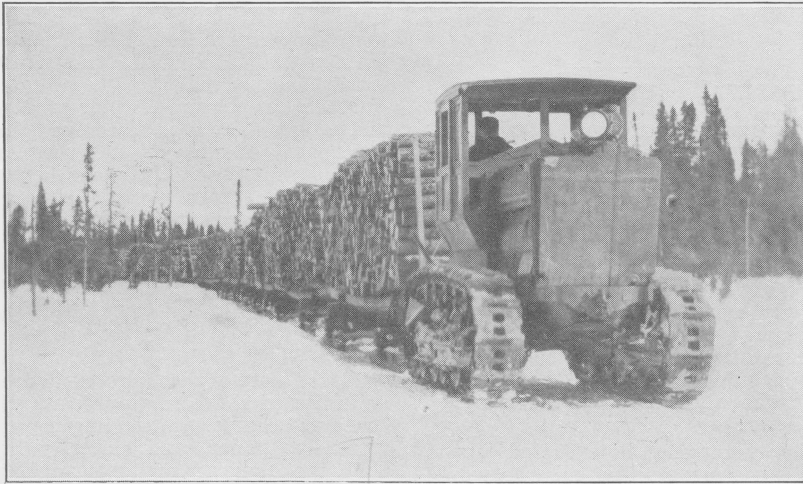
A CASUAL OBSERVER.



HAULING PULP WOOD AT CUXABEXIS OPERATION.



"A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks."—Johnson.



HAULING PULP WOOD AT CUXABEXIS OPERATION.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

Old man never had much to say—
 'Ceptin' to Jim,—
 And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
 And the Old Man jes' wrapped up
 in him!
 Never heard him speak but once
 Er twice in my life,—and first time
 was
 When the army broke out, and Jim
 he went,
 The Old Man backin' him, fer three
 months—
 And all 'at I heerd the Old Man say
 Was, jes' as we turned to start away,
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peard like, he was more satisfied
 Jes' lookin' at Jim,
 And likin' him all to hisse'f-like—see?
 'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in
 him!
 And over and over I mind the day
 The Old Man came and stood round
 in the way
 While we was drillin', a watchin' Jim,
 And down at the depot a hearin' him
 say,—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
 Disting'ished Jim;—
 Neighbors all ust to wonder why
 The Old Man 'peared wrapped up
 in him:
 But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back,
 'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
 In the whole dern rigiment, white or
 black,
 And his fightin' good as his farmin'
 bad—
 'At he had led, with a bullet clean
 Bored thro his thigh, and carried the
 flag
 Thro the bloodiest battle you ever
 seen,—
 The Old Man wound up a letter to him
 'At Cap. read to us, 'at said,—
 "Tell Jim good-bye;
 And take keer of hisse'f."

Jim came back jes' long enough
 To take the whim

'At he'd go back in the cavelry—
 And the Old Man jes' wrapped up
 in him!—
 Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had such luck afore,
 Gussed he'd tackle her three years
 more.
 And the Old Man give him a colt he'd
 raised
 And followed him over to Camp Ben
 Wade.
 And laid around fer a week er so,
 Watching Jim on dress-parade—
 Til finally he rid away,
 And last he heerd was the Old Man
 say,—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old Man did,
 A-watchin' fer Jim—
 Fully believin' he'd make his mark
 Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
 And many a time the word did come
 'At stirred him up like the tap of a
 drum—
 At Petersburg, fer instance, where
 Jim rid right into their cannons there,
 And tuk 'em an' pointed 'em t'other
 way,
 And soaks it home to the boys in grey,

As they skooted fer timber, and on
 and on—
 Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
 And the Old Man's words in his mind
 all day,—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
 We'll say like Jim,
 'At's clean clean up to the shoulder-
 straps—
 And the Old Man jes' wrapped up
 in him!
 Think of him—with the war plum'
 thro,
 And the glorious old Red, White and
 Blue
 A-laughing the news down over Jim,
 And the Old Man, bendin' over him—
 The surgeon turnin' away with tears
 'At hadn't leaked fer years and years,
 As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
 His father's, the old voice in his ears,
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

IT'S SO

Mrs. Funk—"Am sorry if I kept
 you waiting."
 Olga—"It's all right—it's all in a
 wife-time."

SOME CARRIER

A recent account of a little social
 gathering noted thus: "Among those
 present were Mrs. L. H. Burleigh in
 blue satin with silver lace overdress
 and carrying pink roses and Mr. L. H.
 Burleigh."

THE OFFICE OWL

First Steno—They say Evans has
 hay fever.
 Second Steno—How come?
 First Steno—He bit a grass widow.

"I call it a bungalow," remarks a
 man who built one last summer, "be-
 cause the job is a bungle and I still
 owe for it."



McNally Pond—Machias Operation.



Since preparing the Editorial on the correct and inherent nature of labor, which was issued in the last copy of *The Northern*, the following statements have come to our attention. They are so in harmony with what we said in that Editorial that we wish to follow it in this present issue with the utterances of others. One of these are the words of General Leonard Wood, a foremost and outstanding American, and the other, as will be readily seen, comes from a body of laymen of a religious denomination. They are as follows:

**REALIZE LABOR IS HUMAN,
NOT CHATTEL, SAYS WOOD**

CHICAGO, Sept. 2—America's labor situation will be solved only when labor becomes known as "human" and not a "chattel," Gov.-Gen. Leonard Wood of the Philippine Islands said in a letter received by a Chicago friend today regarding the present strike problems.

"I am deeply worried over the increasing conflict between capital and labor," said Gov.-Gen. Wood. "It seems to me to be full of danger unless the situation is gotten hold of and straightened out on lines that recognize that labor is neither a chattel nor a commodity but a human thing which must be dealt with as such.

"I have always found in handling these situations that complete frankness and the recognition of the rights of every party must not be lost sight of."

Gov. Wood reiterated previous statements that he expects to return to this country shortly after the first of the year to become provost of the

University of Pennsylvania.—*Boston Herald.*

**INDUSTRIAL SUCCESS LAID
TO TREATMENT OF WORKERS**

BOSTON, Aug. 21, 1922—Survey committees of the Unitarian Laymen's League, investigating business concerns in 28 states and Canada in which industrial harmony prevails and conflict is unknown, have completed their reports of 650 surveys, covering both the very largest industries and also many which though small are representative, and the "one outstanding fact which exists in every single case" was announced by the League as follows:

"The managers have acted upon their consciousness that all who work in their organizations are fellow human beings—brothers and the spirit of the managers is also the spirit of the great majority of workers.

"The Unitarian Layman's League is not equipped to make a complete canvass of the concerns in the United States and Canada in which industrial harmony prevails, but certainly the fact that, in every case reported, success in business and industrial harmony have gone hand in hand with action based upon the principles of man's brotherhood with man, is a straw which probably indicates the direction of the wind."

These surveys were authorized by the annual convention of the Laymen's League held in September, 1921, at Narragansett Pier, R. I., to which 166 of the League's 242 chapters sent delegates. The report of the committee in charge will be submitted at the 1922 convention, to be held at New London, Conn., Sept. 8, 9, 10. The 30 chapters which have been organized

since the 1921 convention will be asked to make surveys before the final report, with conclusions and recommendations, is made.

Other League and chapter problems and programs will be discussed "without benefit of clergy." At these annual conventions of Unitarian laymen, the only minister present comes to preach the convention sermon.

FEBRUARY 26, 1923.

Editor, The Northern,
6 State St., Bangor, Me.

Dear Sir:

Please note my change of address, as indicated above. I appreciate your continued courtesy in sending me your attractive paper, and sincerely hope that the fact of my removal from Maine, at least during the winter months, will not deprive me of the pleasure of receiving it (and reading it from cover to cover). I find your stories of early days in the woods particularly interesting and informative. In my work as a geologist in Maine, during the past eight years, I have had occasion to visit many of the places described in the articles.

If you can find it in your heart to keep on sending *The Northern* to a poor exile from the old State, please believe that it will be regarded as an act of real kindness on your part.

Very sincerely yours,

FREEMAN F. BURR.

(Formerly with Central Maine Power Co., Augusta, Maine)

Teacher—"Now I want you all to be so quiet that you could hear a pin drop."

Small voice at back of room when everything was quiet—"Let 'er drop."

DATA ON MAINE STATE TAXES—YEAR 1922

State Tax Collected	From Estates	From Wildlands
Direct	\$3,425,818.57	\$400,698.51
Indirect	4,320,826.69	
Total	7,746,645.26	
Deduct the amounts returned to the Tax Payer in the form of roads, help to paupers, schools, etc.		
Executive Dept. (Pauper).....	\$183,158.11	
Miscellaneous (Paupers, etc.).....	238,652.65	
State Board of Charities.....	291,461.60	
State Dept. of Health.....	81,724.39	
State Schools	2,461,464.44	\$32,861.66
State Highways (estimated).....	1,161,416.94	
State Institutions	2,053,983.77	
Trustees of State Institutions.....	8,994.77	
State Charitable Institutions.....	191,768.58	
Private Institutions	69,675.00	
Total deductions	\$6,744,300.25	\$32,861.66
Balance for State.....	\$1,002,345.01	\$367,836.85
State valuation.....	\$570,620,015.00	\$66,783,418.00
If the balances shown above are the true State Tax then the rate on the State valuation is as follows:.....	\$.00175	\$.0055



"A well-experienced archer hits the mark."—Pericles.