

# THE PINE CONE

WINTER, 1945-46

Twenty-Five Cents



A Panorama of MAINE

# The PINE CONE

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**1945-46**

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# That Hardy Perennial, Christmas

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

An essay from "Mainstays of Maine" (MacMillan) reprinted by kind permission of the publishers and the famous Maine poet and author.

CHRISTMAS is the oldest perennial, maybe, the human race has.

It has outlasted all the hardest perennials in the world, including phlox and sunflowers. Chances are, it will be here when even democracy and the common man are with the do-do and the Hittites, and uncommon seraphs of light run the dynamos of reformed man.

This holiday has outlasted them all except May Day because it is built squarely on four foundations of happiness: They are children, the color of the forest, songs, and fine food. In that order. You can't leave out a single one of these foundations for your Christmas this year. War is no excuse. You must have them all. And luckily they are not so hard to find. Maybe food will be the hardest. But we still have a fair chance of getting some in our country.

There are plenty of children left, and we ought to be thankful for them. For they come first on every Christmas list. Of course, it is nice if they are your own. But people who haven't any at all—or haven't any left in their own houses—can always borrow from their neighbors. They are one of the household necessities easier to borrow than salt or a pint measure. So you have no excuse for not having a set of small dresses and trousers sweeping the dust off your plush chairs at Yuletide. The supply of hungry and practically bottomless small boys and bright-eyed little girls is unlimited. You go over and borrow some next door.

For you need children to bring you the next necessary item—the forest. Not the whole woods, to be sure, but a good green part of it. Most fathers by the time they have children are too stiff in the joints to go and fetch in the Christmas tree and the fir boughs. And their eyes are not what they used to be at picking out

the right shapes and sizes in trees. They can't climb as well as their sons. So they let their sons—or their ones borrowed for the day—take the sharp axe and go after greens.

Christmas has always been green. It took over that color early from the Druids. And the Druids knew what the color of the life everlasting was. It was the color of the holly, "that is greenest when the groves are bare." The pagan god of the woods was wise enough to hitch his go-cart to the Christmas feast the minute it came to Northern Europe. And the Great God Green has lasted for that reason. The woods love to come indoors once a year, when the snow is deep outdoors, and enjoy the man-made sun on the hearth.

So send out the boys to get your tree. Even if you have to send them to the store for it. They will get something green and good for them by bringing it home on their shoulders. If you live in the smaller towns, the boys can go out and cut the tree for themselves and enter Christmas in the best fashion. A boy of nine grows three inches in the act. He holds his breath and walks around a hundred trees till he finds the right one. Then he fells it and comes home wading the snow, deep in the life everlasting to his blue or brown or black eyes. And the stars coming out early in the fields of the sky are no match for his eyes.

BUT ONCE THE tree and the green boughs are delivered at the house, the girls take over. The boys' work ends with their fixing a base for the tree. Maybe it is a backless chair turned legs up, or a wastepaper basket weighted down. But the boys' job ends there. Let the girls fall too. Girls know better than boys where to place the tree and the boughs and make the room, for this one night in the year, the ancient forest we used

to live in when we all wore skins or whiskers and heard the old wolves baying the moon outside our cave.

Girls have the Christmas touch. They can run you up an oasis of palms out of balsam on the mantel and make a place for the Wisemen to kneel and give their gifts to the Holy Child. They can cut the Child out of paper, if no small dolls are around. And the Wisemen, too.

To people who object to taking young children into Christmas partnership, when they are supposed to believe still that Santa Claus does it all, I can say they are talking a lot of nonsense. The veriest believer of a boy no taller than a man's lowest rib will believe all the harder in the Christmas Saint if he is allowed to trim up the house for his coming. What better way to belief is there than laying a green carpet for the mysterious feet that come in the night to bring gifts?

All hands, boys and girls, should have a part in trimming the tree. And they don't need tinsel or the spangles that were so plentiful before the war. Popcorn strings are better than glass or tinsel, and the popcorn has a good smell on balsam which boughten decorations never had. And they look more like snow. Popcorn balls there must be. The woman of the house can pour on the melted butter and molasses, and all the children can press the balls into shape and get stuck right onto Christmas hard and taste Christmas when they lick their paws. If mother, or the lady who is playing the part pro tem, can run up a batch of peanut and popcorn brittle, now that she has her hands in the molasses anyway, so much brighter for the eyes of the boys and girls.

The presents can be homemade, too. Little boys would rather have one cart with spool wheels than a dozen machines that wind up with a key and break down always before Christmas Day is half over. Rag dolls still feel best to young mothers. And if the older children can take part in making one another's gifts, so much the greener will the Christmas be.

THE SONGS WILL come easy. Every child in the world knows two or three. And the more children you get together, the more songs will multiply.

All grownups will remember the words to at least ten. There are more good green Yule songs than songs for any other feast on earth. And as they all are about the birth of a child and about cows and barnyards—those hardy perennials that never go out of date—they are all bound to be good. And the beauty of it all is that you don't have to be able to sing very well. Not at Christmas. It is the hour of amateurs, and green boughs and night and the stars cover over a man's incapacity to hit high C or even to carry a tune far. I say night and the stars, for every good Christmas song-time ought to overflow on the streets of the town and under neighbors' windows and make the welkin ring. If candles are blacked out at our windows, there is no law against our letting Christmas go in at the ears. And darkened streets invite the use of lanterns. So that puts the Christmas celebration right back where it began, among sweet-breathed kine getting their fodder by taperlight and lamplight.

The Christmas food comes last. But it is also mighty important. Especially if the children you have borrowed wear forked clothes and are growing at the rate of an inch per boy-hour! Such children take a lot of food at Christmas time.

Bulk and flavor are the essential things, though looks are pretty vital, too. I mean a goose is better than the more expensive and fashionable turkey. A goose sends a more heavenly fragrance through all the rooms of a house. And he takes a better brown in the oven and looks handsomer flanked by baked potatoes. He is also more traditional, having come down from our ancestral Europe and centuries when the turkey was a wild dream on the other side of the world, and no one dreamed of his being good to eat. A roast goose tastes about ten times better, too. He has more fat on him, and he has lived a jollier life than the snobbish turkey. These things count.

So let it be goose. And stuff him with mouldy breadcrumbs sprinkled with sage until he is of heroic size and a third larger than life. Keep the stuffing dry, as a foil to the rich giblet gravy. It is the marriage of dry and moist which makes a goose

dinner the peak of all dinners.. For another thing, you can show the children what kind of Winter it is going to be by the goose's breastbone. And I never knew a turkey to have such an interest in meteorology! Yes, a goose it must be. And turnip mashed and peppered brown, and cranberry jelly, made in star-shaped moulds in sympathy with the Star in the East, a whole star for every last boy and girl, and two or three for father—whose ceiling for cranberry jelly is practically infinity. The cranberries are another foil—a flavor sharp as the new moon to cut through the full moon of the fat of the roasted goose. And of course, being red, cranberry jelly goes perfectly with all the greens of the season in boughs and boys and piping shrill voices.

If you cannot afford a goose, then three fat ducks will have to do. They must be baked and stuffed the same way, only with a little more moisture in the stuffing. And all three ducks must come to table on the same platter. Three ducks add up to one goose, and are essential. For I am going on the principle that you have at least four of your own children plus five of your friends', or else have been loaned at least nine by the neighbors.

BUT IT IS really the pudding that makes Christmas. It has always been so, ever since our British forebears dyed their bodies blue and sang Heigh-Ho, the Holly, with the white-bearded Druids beating out the tune with a goose's drumstick. The goose is just an excuse to work towards the vital part of the feast. He is just the appetizer and whetstone to put the children really on edge.

Now there are puddings and puddings, of course. But my Great-Aunt Sally's Plain Apple-Pudding, handed down to my mother, is the only one that will do. Plain!—that's a Yankee witticism for a thing as subtle and wise as the Indians. I think my Great-Aunt Sally's pudding came from the Abenaki Indians, too. Anyway, the apples for it came from the

trees I am sure the Abenakis planted. They were very small and tough and sharp crabapples that grow wild in Maine pastures, turn deep red when the frost hits them, and have a taste like the smell of a wild Rose of Sharon and Western Hemisphere Cedars of Lebanon.

If you can't get that kind of apples, others will have to do. But you must cast your pudding big and boil it in a pail set in hot water inside a giant iron kettle. You start with a pint of flour, a teaspoon of cream of tartar and a half teaspoon of saleratus. You sift the flour and knead into it a teaspoonful of lard with your loving hands. Then comes the milk—old milk with the suggestion of souring. Stir this in. You slice the apples thin as rose petals and insinuate them into the mass gradually. Dash in half a teaspoon of salt, a thin powder of cinnamon, and three mystic drops of vanilla. Grease a large lard-pail, put your pudding in, cover it, and set it in the kettle. Blow up the fire. (It should be beechwood.) Boil your pudding right up and down hard for two or three solid hours.

When the pudding is done, turn it out of the pail, rush it to the table, and stand it before the children's starry eyes. And the man of the house will stand up—this is a man's work and requires strength and male finesse—and lasso the smoking mountain with a loop of string and slice off slice after slice to the pudding's base. Mother will pour on a thick lemon sauce, as each hot slab of steaming apples and heaven goes by. The little girls will nip at it delicately. But the little boys will bite into its hot heart, burn their mouths till the tears flow down, but swallow it as the old Red Indians used to, and they will be on the outside of its glory and beaming and looking for more before the girls have barely begun. And Christmas will be in them deep!

Children, fir balsam, God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen, and Plain Apple-Pudding! These four. These are the foundation of the hardy perennial men call Christmas.





# Maine Colleges Look Ahead

By DR. CHARLES F. PHILLIPS  
President, Bates College

The Bates Plan, a program of one Maine college to meet the need for well-trained leaders and educated citizens.

**B**ATES COLLEGE was founded in 1863, at one of the crucial periods of the Civil War. It was the era of hoop skirts and burnsides, homesteads, and the Indian plains. A student entering the college in that year probably came from a farm or a small town, since five-sixths of the entire American population lived in these places. This student knew intimately the country store and the cracker barrel, town meetings, the village blacksmith, kerosene lamps.

What background did the student of 1863 have for advanced education? Some came from New England's academies; others from the Little Red Schoolhouse and the 3 R's. What did he study in college? The prescribed classical curriculum.

But that was at the time of the Civil War—82 years ago. What about the freshman of today? Although he may come from a farm or small town, probably he comes from one of New England's industrialized cities. He is more familiar with "The Town Meeting of the Air" than with town meetings; with filling stations, garages and airports than the village blacksmith; and with power companies and electricity than kerosene lamps. He has grown up in a world which emphasizes science, large scale organizations, and which has just emerged from its second world war. For him the classical curriculum of 1863 is no longer adequate.

Maine's colleges have looked ahead

and have geared their programs to meet the great need for well-trained leaders and educated citizens. As part of this looking ahead, this autumn at Bates College we have introduced a program—the Bates Plan, we call it—which aims to equip young men and young women for tomorrow's world.

**SPECIFICALLY**, the Bates Plan has three distinct goals. First, to provide each student with an understanding and appreciation of the main fields of human knowledge; second, to give each student a sequence of liberal arts courses that provide the foundation for a successful career; and, third, to help each student develop attitudes and abilities without which no amount of knowledge can produce an educated individual. The Plan must never become an inflexible program, but must remain one that can be constantly adjusted to meet the conditions of a changing world.

The broad background that the Plan gives to all students recognizes the value of a liberal education for living in the modern world. Whether graduates go into the field of science, engineering, law, medicine, business, teaching, or homemaking, they live fuller lives, make better citizens, have a greater appreciation of human values if they have had this basic liberal arts education. Moreover, the Plan recognizes that man today must make his decisions based upon all the factors in any situation. The busi-



*Top, learning by experience. From the Control Room of the Bates Broadcasting Unit, a student director guides the radio artists and sound effects man. Bottom: A freshman confers with a faculty committee which helps him select those courses best related to his career objective.*



*Here three students discuss with the Placement Director the opportunities afforded by some specific career.*

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nessman cannot decide matters of labor policy, for example, on business or economic considerations alone. He must, in addition, take into account psychological, political, sociological, and other factors. Through this part of the program, the college hopes to develop the broad point of view that is so essential to sound policy-making in any field.

The career emphasis set forth as the second goal takes advantage of the commonly acknowledged fact that students do best in those things in which they are interested—and they are most interested in the things which they believe have some value to them in their future careers. It

recognizes that a liberal educational background with a carefully selected sequence of courses is the best basic training for any life's work. It also makes it clear that the college believes it has an obligation to help students get started on their careers.

Finally, the Plan holds that knowledge alone is not enough for successful living and successful careers. Every possible effort must be made toward developing those attitudes and abilities without which knowledge may become a liability to society rather than an asset—for example, attitudes of willingness to work hard, to take the initiative, to assume social and civic responsibility.

THE ACTUAL procedure in career guidance deserves further mention. Through a college Placement Bureau, students are given maximum aid in selecting careers. As a foundation for a comprehensive guidance program, each freshman takes a battery of psychological, personality, and vocational-interest tests. He learns of the requirements for various careers through a series of lectures given by the Director of Placement together with experts from many fields who are brought to the college for this purpose. Further progress is made through individual interviews with the Director, as well as with the student's faculty adviser and department head. For those who wish it, the Director of Placement undertakes to arrange for summer employment so that they may have work experience which will aid in their ultimate decision about the type of work for which they are fitted.

The freshman is then given a sequence of courses—a program of study—which prepares him upon graduation to enter either the career selected or an appropriate graduate school, if advanced study is required. In developing this program, the stu-

dent seeks the aid of a committee made up of experienced faculty members. During the second semester of his freshman year, the student meets with this committee and lays out his program of study for each of the next three years. In this way, all his courses can be correlated to give him the preparation he needs for his chosen career or graduate school.

The last step in the guidance procedure is sound placement following graduation. After the close relationship which has continued for four years, the Director of Placement knows the student intimately and can judge what type of activity he is best suited for in his chosen field. The Director is in touch with opportunities throughout the Northeastern states, and he uses his knowledge of the student in recommending him to openings that are appropriate.

IN BRIEF, throughout the entire college program, we are attempting to place the focus not upon the ultimate award of a diploma and a degree, but rather upon the years of living to follow college days and the making of a well-rounded, educated citizen.



NEARLY SIX MILLION bushels of Maine potatoes will be shipped to European countries this Winter, mostly through the Port of Portland. New techniques in handling and storing potato cargoes have been developed.

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WITH A \$350,000 construction and repair program for the current year being completed, the International Paper Company Mills at Livermore Falls plan to spend an even larger amount for the same purpose in 1946. Several machines will be changed to make a better grade of paper. The company employs 800 men and has a weekly payroll of \$40,000. Present orders exceed production.

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GOODALL-SANFORD, INC., of Sanford, employing 2,600 workers, has announced an educational scholarship program to develop supervisory employes and technicians from employe ranks. Employees selected will be sent each year to a school of their own choosing to study textiles, business administration, techniques or designs. Full tuition and expenses will be provided, in addition to the employe's regular salary.



# Winter Time's The Best

By DOROTHY DOWNES

Maine Winter provides the best fun of all, as those who have known one can testify.

I'LL NEVER forget the psychological shock I received when my new roommate, from Texas, said to me: "I made a trip to Maine one Summer and it was lovely. But what in the world do you do up there in the wintertime?"

Since then I've found out that a lot of other people besides her simply have no idea at all of the fun one can have in Maine in Winter, especially when there is plenty of snow or when the ponds are frozen over and the skating is magnificent.

To me, wintertime was always the best, for that was really playtime and there was so much going on that the winter season passed all too soon. Summer was work time, although of course there was always a chance for fun then, too.

Fall, for a good many years—too few, I realize now—meant the beginning of school term and all, but it was really only the gradual approach to the year's best days of enjoyment.

How well I remember, when I was very young, the thrill that came with the first snow fall. In our part of the State that was usually around the first of November and the ground had been frozen for several weeks—although I can remember years when the snow came early, say about October 20; or there were other years when we had a mild, long Fall and we didn't get any real snow until about the first of December.

There were many years when the ponds were well frozen over by mid-November, or slightly earlier, and for several weeks, if the weather stayed cold and there was no real snow, the skating was something out of this world. The ice was like glass then

and the figure-eights, fancy dips and trick skating of the older boys and girls was a sight to see. Roswell Pond was a busy place during those weeks, especially in the evenings, and the grownups had just as much fun as us youngsters.

On a real cold evening, there were always one or more good-sized bonfires going near the shore of the pond and in our own group we usually had a bag or two of marshmallows to toast. Some nights we popped corn when the fire had burned down to red hot embers and perhaps stayed out quite late, say ten o'clock, especially if there were no school the next day.

We could always depend on a real snowstorm, or maybe several together, about the third week in November, if not earlier, and then the best fun of all started, with sliding down Scott's Hill, which we did every afternoon after school until supper time. Brother Bill, a few year's older than I, always made it a point to shine up the sled runners with emery paper from Dad's workshop and by the time the snow on the steep hill road was well packed down by the dozen or so of us that were out sliding the sleds fairly flew along near the foot of the hill.

WHEN I WAS a few years older and went out to play after supper I had my first ride on Tom Daggett's bobsled. It would seat six and we all hung on for dear life as it whizzed down the half-mile or so of hill road. The walk back up the hill seemed much longer then than now, but the ride down seemed to take only a few seconds before we had levelled out on the Marsh Road and went another good half-mile before stopping. Tom

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←  
*The horse-drawn Ski Express picks up its passengers outside the Fryeburg railroad station where they have just arrived on a snow train from Portland.*

steered most of the time and took his responsibilities very seriously, although he would let the other boys take turns steering, too.

As I recall it now, there must have been quite a bit of danger to bob-sledding, since we were travelling so fast, but we never thought of such things then. I never took a spill in all the times I rode on Tom Daggett's bob-sled, but of course Tom was a good driver and he and his father had built the sled themselves.

Skiing was not such a popular sport when I was a youngster, although I have since come to enjoy it very much and believe I have some passable skill at it now. We had a little fun, though, on skis which Bill made for himself and me out of oak barrel staves. He used molasses barrel staves because they were thicker and he could tack on leather toe straps made from old pieces of harness. He sandpapered them down to a smooth finish and we used them on the small slopes in back of the house and had a lot of fun when the snow was packed down and had a little icy crust. Ski wax and "dope" and such were things we learned about later on in life when everything seemed more complicated.

When the snow got quite deep, both Bill and I had our own snowshoes which Santa Claus brought one Christmas when we were in our early teens. Tracking across the fields to Lucy's house on a Sunday afternoon, or putting them to real work use when we had to go out during a heavy snowstorm was a lot of fun. The knack of walking with snowshoes is easily acquired and I can't remember that it was very difficult. Of course when we were running and playing on them and they crossed over we would take a tumble in the soft snow, but that was part of the good time we had.

THE REAL WINTER season seemed to start with Thanksgiving, for it was always the last Thursday in the month in those years, and I can remember only one or two years when we didn't have a good covering of snow for Thanksgiving.

Until I was 15 we always went over to Grammy Downes' for Thanksgiving dinner. That was about five miles from our house on the county road

and Dad hitched up the pung to take the five of us over there. Blackie had a real brass bell hooked to the hames buckle and I don't think I've ever heard sweeter music before or since.

After the feast, when we reached home again long after dark—happy, tired and full—young dreams played back the fun, excitement and pleasant memories of another happy family Thanksgiving. I can still see, from the back of the pung, the lights from Grammy's house as Blackie crunched up over Dyer's Hill and as we went over the knoll the silver moonlight reflecting on the snow in the fields . . .

In a few weeks it was Christmas and there was the sparkling tree in the living room to greet us when we came downstairs with the first crack of dawn. Santa brought my first skates when I was five and they were double runners mounted on a thick wooden sole. In later years I was old enough for clamp-on skates and still later what a thrill it was to get real shoe skates.

The sleds then were all of wood with a metal runner and there was a light sled for me and a bigger, stronger flyer for Bill and was he pleased! We could hardly wait to get finished with breakfast before we were out in back of the house to get the runners sharpened up on the crusty snow.

Christmas vacation was always gone before we knew it and on every good day a crowd of us would be sliding on Scott's Hill or skating on the pond if they had plowed out a good space with the horses. Lucy and Agnes had birthdays a week apart during the holiday season and their mothers always had parties for them, which were sort of neighborhood gatherings for the other mothers and us youngsters. Of course you couldn't keep Bill and Lucy's brother Jack and some of the other boys away either, especially since Bill and Jack churned the ice cream freezer, using rock salt and snow. The boys always played around in the barn or made a brief appearance in the kitchen while the parties were going on, until the sun went down and it started to get cold. Then they would come in for a piece of birthday cake and ice cream and soon afterwards all would start for home with sisters or mothers.

JANUARY AND February were always busy months and the snow was plenty deep for skiing and tobogganing, which were growing more popular every year. Grange suppers, birthday parties and an occasional trip into the city for shopping and movies made the time fly. In February there was Lincoln's Birthday, Valentine's Day, when each year we took turns having a party in our homes, and then a sort of Winter's climax, Washington's Birthday.

The night before was Tarbucket Night and the older boys would prepare for it days in advance, hauling old barrels, sleighs, brush, old logs and what have you down to the open field near Roswell's Pond. Most years there was good skating, if the snow was not too deep to plow away, and the whole town, young and old, turned out to see the giant bonfire and toast marshmallows and hot dogs at dozens of smaller fires.

Crack-the-whip (the skating version of the conga line, I suppose), dancing on skates to gramophone music and just plain skimming around with a partner while some of the older boys showed off by darting in and out among the throng of skaters made the scene unforgettable.

The next day, Washington's Birthday, there were school skating and snowshoeing and skiing contests, with prizes put up by the local merchants. We girls didn't take part in the contests, but it was fun to cheer and whoop it up, especially when one of our own boys beat the show offs. A dance in the Grange Hall that night topped off the celebration and when I was old enough to go and take part in both the old fashioned and modern dances I knew I had grown up.

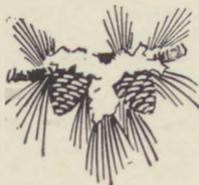
WINTER SPORTS have come a long way in Maine since those early days—not really so many years ago—and the automobile and plowed roads have

made it easy to travel many miles to reach the best snow slopes and winter sports centers. I never heard anybody call it "winter sports" then—I guess it was just our accepted way of life. But I do know that back in the country districts the youngsters still have as much fun, if not more, than we did. True, sleighing is not as common now that most of the roads are kept plowed, but back in the country roads there's still a thrill in riding a pung and sleighbells still make music.

Besides there's a new sport now, skijoring behind a fancy stepping horse. Skiing has become an art, with almost a new language of its own, yet there are few thrills keener than making a skillful downhill run over an interesting course. Snowshoeing is still wonderful exercise, but one can take longer treks now and know that a car, a thermos of coffee or a blazing fireplace will be waiting at the end of the hike. Skating, too, has taken a fancier turn, with some of the youngsters today executing twists, turns and hops that would have been in the "expert" class a few years ago. Organized winter sports classes in the schools have done wonders to bring the youngsters of today perhaps greater fun and thrills than their parents knew in wintertime playing.

Then, too, there are outing clubs, ski huts, lodges with roaring fireplaces and all the congenial companionship and new acquaintanceships of resort inns and hotels where the entire family can take winter vacations and have both fun and comfort. And we can expect all such trends and developments to multiply many fold in the years immediately ahead.

It's a far cry to the simple joys we had in Winter when I was younger, but I wouldn't care to argue that it's not a better set up. To me wintertime in Maine was—and still is—the best fun of the year!



# Yuletide Cheer and Purple Shirts

By HELEN HAMLIN

A "different" Maine Christmas story by the young author whose "Nine Mile Bridge", an account of life with her game warden husband, Curly, in the northern Maine wilderness, is one of the best Maine sellers of the past year.

CHRISTMAS morning was bright and sunshiny. Frost glistened and sparkled under sunlight, and frost encrusted window panes sparkled in the brightness. Curly had been up early lighting both fires in the cook stove and the bulldog stove, and I heard him rummaging among the parcels we had piled up on the desk. "No fair peeking till I get up," I called.

"You'd better get up then," he said, "I've found two neckties already."

I jumped out of bed onto the cold floor and went out into the warm kitchen. The little tree we had decorated looked quite gay in the small room. Luckily the road wasn't closed yet and we had been able to get our mail. We had quite an array of curious looking packages piled under the tree. When Curly went out for two pails of water he called to me to come out and see the partridge.

We had seven of them in the doorway that morning. Two of them were perched in the bare tree in front of the cabin while the others were huddled around the porch. They looked forlorn and lonesome in the white snow and they watched us with beady, unafraid eyes. I emptied the bread jar for them and added the few pieces of johnny cake we had left over from the night before. The partridge scuttled away when we threw it out to them but after we were back in the camp we could watch them pecking away at the crusts.

I dressed hurriedly in my slacks and shirt so we could unwrap what Santa had brought. Curly had only two neckties this time, but he had a purplish woolen shirt with a greenish grey plaid, an elegant Canadian dream. We had some badly needed sheets and dish towels, and Curly presented me with a pair of cream col-

ored mukluks with brown spots on them. I set them to soak in a pail of water to soften them, and started making pies for dinner. Curly kept strutting around in his purplish shirt, getting in the way.

"Gee Pooie, where did you ever get it?"

"At' Chuinards in St. Pamphile," I said. "It was the only one of its kind."

"Gee Pooie, it sure is a swell blue color."

"It's not blue. It's purple."

"Purple! Holy old Mackinaw. I can't wear a purple shirt. It's blue, isn't it?" he pleaded.

"No, it's purple."

THE TELEPHONE rang two long and a short and I answered it. Anna wanted us to come up to Churchill for dinner. The Bridges and the Druius and Mr. Tarr and Miss Colson were to be there.

"What can I bring?" I asked. "I have two pies in the oven."

"We have plenty, but you can bring what you want to," Anna said.

"We'll be there."

"Where?" Curly asked.

"Churchill, up to Deblois'. Anna wants us to come up to dinner. We'll wait for the pies and then get started."

We snowshoed out to the main road where we left our car. Two other cars had gone by since that morning and we knew the Bridges and Druius were ahead of us. It was bright and crisp outdoors, and although the thermometer registered twenty below it didn't seem cold because the air was dry and crackling. The trees and hills were veritable Christmas cards with the blue, blue background of sky and the sunny sparkle on the snow. Curly drove along gingerly.

"One more storm will close the road."

He shifted into second to climb the long hill. The old deserted lumber camps along the road looked quite cozy under their heavy blanket of snow. It took us an hour to drive the ten miles to Churchill. We stopped at Giguare's cabin to see their Christmas tree and the new sleds the youngsters had. All of them were outfitted with new boots and mittens too.

"Merry Christmas!" Joe Giguare shouted, "Come in, come in. I got some potato wine. I make it last year!"

Mrs. Giguare poured us a small glass of the clear potato wine.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed in French. "See Curly's shirt!"

"By damn me!" Joe said, "I always want a blue shirt like that!"

"It's purple," I said.

"*Mais oui,*" Mrs. Giguare said, "*C'est violette.*"

The potato wine was cold and dry tasting.

On our way to the boarding house of the Deblois' we met Mrs. Paquet with two huge thickly frosted cakes.

"Merry Christmas!" Curly nearly went off the road. "One cake for me and one for the rest of the gang!"

"All right if you can eat it all," Mrs. Paquet laughed. "Come give me a hand with these. Louie is bringing over some grape."

EVERYBODY was in the kitchen at the boarding house.

"Merry Christmas!" they shouted.

"*Joyeuse Noel!*" Narciss Druin roared. "See the blue shirt Santa Claus bring to Curly!"

"It's red," Bridgie said.

"It's purple!" Mooney laughed. "God's sake, Bridgie, can't you tell the difference between red and purple?"

Joe Deblois was the only man there who wasn't color blind.

"He's purple," Joe affirmed. "I never see a purple shirt."

Anna and Mrs. Deblois already had the table set.

"Someone ring the gong," Anna said, "and bring the children in."

I grabbed for the big spoon.

"I've always wanted to ring that thing. Let me do it!"

A feast was laid out on the long table in the kitchen and Mrs. Deblois

had her best china out. There were pork roasts and chicken, mashed potatoes, gravy, Harvard beets, squash, molded salads, raised rolls, and cakes and pies. Joe Deblois brought out glasses of golden dandelion wine for everyone.

"Mange! Eat!"

Mrs. Deblois' cheeks were pink from the heat of the stove. None of us had to be coaxed. The children noisily settled themselves at the table while we established a plate filling brigade for them. The food was delicious and we ate until we were stuffed.

"This is the last time this Winter I'll get any cake like this," Curly said with his mouth full. "Don't forget to get some eggs, Pooie."

"I have six dozen for you," Mrs. Paquet said.

"It's going to snow for sure," commented Louie.

"Did you bring your records, Mrs. Bridges?" Anna called from the other end of the table.

"Yes, sir, I sure did. Going to sashay up and sashay down once more this year. Won't get in here again this Winter."

WITH DINNER over we washed dishes. Narciss had the phonograph going and was dancing Mrs. Deblois around the kitchen, dodging the stove and the wood box.

"Have to kiss the cook!" Narciss shouted. "Come on, Bridgie."

"We'll all kiss the cook!" Bridgie yelled. "Come on, Curly, come on, Louie!"

"*Non, non!*" Mrs. Deblois protested, blushing furiously, but she was soundly kissed just the same.

We had time to dance one "Lady of the Lake" and a "Dive and Six" before we noticed the snow.

"Here it is," Bridgie said. "Better get your coat, Mooney, we'll have to hurry with forty-five miles ahead of us."

Everybody got ready to leave. This was the storm that would close the road. The Bridges didn't linger as they had the farthest to go.

"Be sure you call us on the phone," Anna said to them, "so we'll know if you got there."

The Drains and Mr. Tarr and Miss Colson left next, and Curly and I

weren't far behind them. Mrs. Paquet brought over our eggs and a large mysterious looking package.

"It's for you, Curly," she whispered. "They didn't eat it all."

"Holy smokes! Thanks!" Curly nearly burst. We said goodby to all of them.

"See you next May," I shouted, "Merry Christmas!"

IT WAS DARK and snowing heavily by the time we parked the car in the garage at the main road and strapped on our snowshoes to go into camp. All we could see was the white blur of the trail ahead of us. It was warmer now and the world seemed to have closed in around us. The cabin was still warm when we got inside.

Curly pumped up the gasoline lantern and I turned on the radio.

"Are we going to eat?" Curly asked.

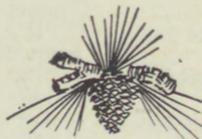
"What!" I almost shouted.

"Well, we can eat the cake," he suggested.

"And coffee," I added. "Mooney should call in an hour or two."

"Ummm." Curly gingerly unwrapped his cake and stuck his finger in the frosting.

We were warm and cozy when we got the fires going again, and it was very quiet outside, a deep, peaceful, Christmas quiet. There was no frost on the window panes and we could see the soft white flakes of snow piling up on the outside sills.



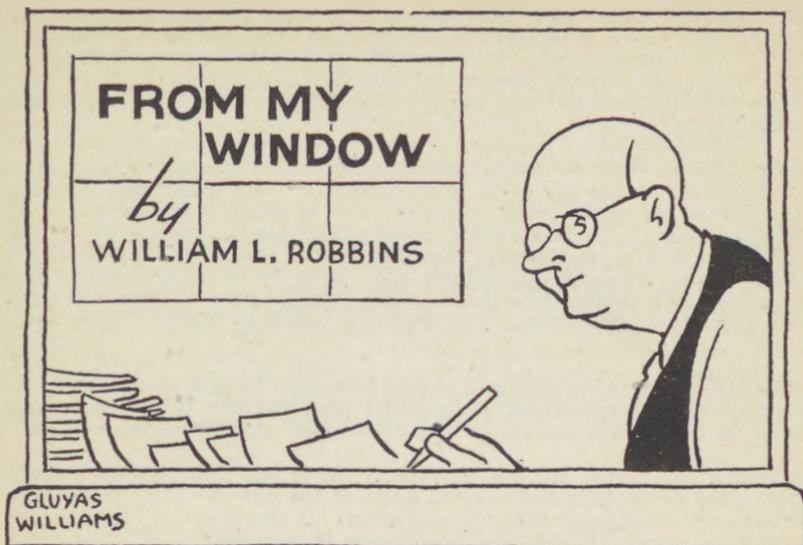
FORMER GOV. William Tudor Gardiner, back from a brilliant service record overseas, highlighted by an important role in the surrender of Italy, has been appointed to the Maine Aeronautics Commission, which is building up an adequate aviation program for the Pine Tree State. Interest of smaller communities in developing airport facilities is greatly accelerating and a widespread expansion during 1946 is anticipated.

\* \* \* \*

GATHERING OF sea moss is a new Maine seashore industry and more than half a million pounds were bought and processed by Marine Growths, Inc., managed by Elroy Johnson of Bailey Island tuna fishing fame. The final derivative of sea moss is used as a stabilizer in dairy products and in many types of processed cheese. The demand is large and the supply along the Maine coast seems unlimited. Harvesting season extends from June to September and some moss rakers made as high as \$200 a week during the past season.

\* \* \* \*

PECK'S DEPARTMENT STORE in Lewiston has a well-rounded checking service for women shoppers. They can: Park the car in a nearby lot; park parcels and wraps in the basement; park husbands in the Third Floor Lounge, with plenty of magazines and ash trays. So say the ads.



(**B**ILL and Mrs. Robbins go to New York each year to spend Christmas with their children and grandchildren. How the editor and publisher of the *Deer Isle Messenger* found the Christmas spirit right in the center of the busiest place in the metropolis is unfolded in this editorial sketch. A reprint of his first book of sketches, "From My Window" is now ready and another edition is underway. Our thanks to Bill for permitting us to use this sketch).

#### GRAND CENTRAL STATION

**N**OWHERE, I think, would the pulse of this nation be so evident as in Grand Central Station in New York City where, as in a great heart, the lifeblood of the most marvelous city in the world flows constantly, in and out—now fast, now slow—never ceasing.

Mother and I came into the station one afternoon during Christmas week after we had been to the matinee of a grand new musical show, "Sing Out, Sweet Land", and with the dear old melodies of this broad land of ours still humming in our memories, we stopped on the balcony, leaned on the stone parapet and looked down on the flow of human life in the concourse below. A long time we stood there and watched the fascinating scene. Like swarms of bees drawn to a hive crowds gathered at the different train gates, disappeared and were gone. Other swarms came out as trains arrived and melted into the crowd.

Five o'clock came with the throng of commuters from the offices and stores, going home. Swiftly the personnel changed—new faces drifted into view and were gone—in every direction. Soldiers, navy men, sailors, girls in uniform of all the women's services, foreign service men. Too many men in uniform went by on crutches or leaning on canes or bore other evidence of battle injuries. All were cheerful, though, evidently taking what came to them in stride.

A sailor boy stopped just beneath us, dropped his heavy duffle bag to the floor and watched the scene for a few minutes. Then as he started away, a neat kick of his foot and a quick jerk of the hand and the bag again rested on his shoulder. Two women in the queer peasant garb of a European country came into the scene, each bearing one end of their odd-looking trunk. Just beneath us they set the trunk down, one sat on it and the other went off dazedly looking for something.

All the time as we stood there organ music filled the air, unobtrusive, satisfying and strange to say not a bit incongruous in a place like that. Said I to Mother, "Let's see where it comes from," and we walked around to the other end of the balcony. There behind a great pillar was the console of the organ, a sweet-faced middle-aged woman was playing the songs and Christmas carols everybody loves. Grouped around her were 15 or 20 men and girls in service uniform happily blending their voices in the familiar tunes. Others in uniform drifted up to look and listen. The organist smiled at them—"Come in," she said.

As we walked down the stairway to the lower level to take our train the music followed us, coming now from a big pillar, near the foot of the stairs and it softened the whole atmosphere of the great place and made it sweeter.

As Mother and I took our seats in the train we felt that we had indeed had our ears close to the breast of a great city—of the nation—and the heart beats we listened to are steady and sure and good. If the heart is right the whole body must be sound. Praise God, our nation is just that!

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### GULLS KNOW BEST

THERE is a big flat expanse out there from my window—it's the frozen Harbor, and the fresh clean snow with the sun reflecting from it is dazzling to look upon. Almost exactly in the center of the space is a dark blotch, which on examination proves to be made up of a number of smaller spots—as if a giant had given his pepper shaker a sprinkle, just once. One of the specks spreads a set of wings and flies into the air. The others remain motionless. All of a sudden the whole group shivers into action and the air is full of flying gulls, wheeling around and then flying off in the direction the first gull took.

Evidently they suspect he knows something and they want to be in on it. Food, probably! and food in these days of ice-covered clam flats and snow covered ground must not be overlooked, wherever it may be found. After a period of apparently aimless flying about one gull goes back and settles to the ice again. Obeying the suggestion the others circle about, ever flying lower and soon the splotch on the Harbor looks exactly as it did before. It is interesting to note that day after day the gulls occupy the same identical spot. Why? Probably because they have warmed it up and it's more comfortable there. Why they squat on the ice at all is one of the things we humans can't understand. I suspect, though, it is because they are gulls.

If the wind should spring up now and blow a living gale every bird would be in the air, riding in the wind, swirling, swooping and gliding—as eager for the exercise and the excitement of it as a kid with a sled on an icy hill. How they love it.

## NEW SNOW

IT snowed last night. There was not a breath of wind and the light feathery flakes settled on every branch and twig and bough and piled up and up until even the slenderest had a deep burden of the pristine element. I came down the lane just as the first tinge of dawn appeared in the east. There was a ghostly eeriness all about—an unearthly light from the white-laden branches of the bushes and the trees—veritable fairyland it was, and even though I knew that the first breezes would topple the delicate ribbons of snow to earth there was an unrealness about the scene that made me feel as if I was in a world not of this world.

Out of the feathery lacework of the bushes the evergreen trees arose, with dark trunks and brush showing through the masses of white on their heavy, thick branches. Along the road the telegraph wires were massive and gleaming white as they dipped and rose from pole to pole. As the daylight came the scene was even more marvelous as the full beauty of the countryside was revealed. Then the breeze came and the snow disappeared from the windward side of the bushes and trees and gradually the dark tracery of the twigs and branches returned to their winter normalcy. But we had had a picture that only God can paint and that only we who live in this climate can see and enjoy.



COMMANDER Donald B. MacMillan is readying his schooner "Bowdoin" for another expedition to Greenland next year. During the war he made an elaborate survey of the area for the Government and named several previously uncharted islands and fjords after scientist friends. He calls Greenland "The New Empire of the North".

\* \* \* \*

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS trees and brilliantly lighted shopping section decorations sponsored by merchants returned to the Maine scene this year, along with outdoor home lighting for the first time since the blackout started. The effect on many Maine communities is the most heartening since the war began.



## CHINOOKS: MAINE'S

*By* OWEN M. SMITH

Perry Greene of Warren, famous Maine guide, is the world's only breeder of the famous Chinooks, unexcelled as sled dogs and also highly intelligent and affectionate house companions.

**O**NCE IN A million times—or perhaps it is ten million—there comes to nature a “sport”, the remarkable combination of two individuals which produces a new strain that breeds true.

Burbank's knowledge of this brought the wonder varieties in fruit and flowers. Hybridizers today are

ever alert for that millionth chance, which will bring better fruit, grain, or animals for the benefit of mankind.

Right here in New England such a combination of outstanding individuals produced the now famous Chinook breed of dogs. They are heavier, stronger and tougher-footed than the



## OWN BREED OF DOGS

savage, wolf-like huskies of the Arctic North. And yet in the home they are gentle, friendly and affectionate, for there is no husky blood anywhere in their makeup.

When Perry Greene, famous Maine guide and world's champion wood chopper, drove his seven-dog team of Chinooks from Fort Kent to Kittery in February of 1940 he not only completed the longest sled trip ever made in the United States, but he established the stamina and "heart" of this unique breed of dogs beyond any shadow of doubt.

Other Chinook qualities also were put to the test in the rugged, 502-mile trip. Friendliness, "gentlemanly" conduct in the face of all manner of distracting temptation, strict obedience to every command both in the midst of city crowds and on the lonely, wind-swept country reaches—these were but a few of the traits exhibited by the magnificent canines.

Physically, the dogs completed the trip in better condition than when they started. Weight changes of only a pound or two were registered by each Chinook and severally actually

gained a little poundage from the experience.

PERFORMING FEATS that make them the greatest of all sled dogs was nothing new to the Chinook breed. The founder of the breed, old Chinook himself, had made a great name for himself on Admiral Byrd's first Antarctic expedition. Later, a seven-dog team of Chinooks hauled four times their weight, one and one-half tons of cargo, on the 40-mile trek to Byrd's base in Little America.

Arthur T. Walden of Wonalancet, N. H., was the first man who first discovered the great sled dog qualities in the first Chinook. This famous dog sled driver, veteran of the Byrd expeditions, found in Chinook the combination he had been seeking for years. Strength, endurance and discipline were his primary goals in a sled dog and with Chinook he started to develop a breed that would be unique in the sled dog world.

His work was carried on by Mrs. Julia Lombard at the Wonalancet-Hubbard Kennels and it was this remarkable woman who first noticed the innate gentility of the Chinooks and began selective breeding to accentuate this characteristic.

The genetic composition of the Chinook is such a closely held secret that only four persons in the world know exactly the blood lines in the dogs' make up. These are Mr. Walden, Mrs. Lombard and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Greene.

Of one fact they make no secret. There is no strain of "husky" in the Chinook. Most sled dogs in the snow country have a strain of "husky" or wolf in them. Not so the Chinooks. That's what makes them valuable not only as obedient sled dogs, but makes them unequalled as companions and house dogs.

The sight of one of the big Chinooks frolicking with little children is one of the things that amazes the person with an average knowledge of dogs. True stories of their rescue feats, their "guardian" instincts, their uncommon intelligence and susceptibility to training are legion among the families who own them. They have never been known to bite a human, according to Perry Greene, but, when attacked they will rise on their

hind legs and strike out with their forepaws. They have also been known to pin a man down in an emergency.

The present stock of Chinooks averages about 100 pounds in weight and will outwork any other breed of dog now extant.

ONE LUCKY BOY in Worcester, Mass., is the proud owner of a Chinook. Day after day the dog hauls his young master to school either by sled or by cart. One day, the boy's mother has written to Perry Greene, while the Chinook was taking the boy to school in the dog cart it was attacked by a big German police dog. When the terrible fracas was over, the police dog, severely mauled, quit the fight and ran away; but the Chinook was still in harness and had not even upset the cart in which was his terrified young master.

Since Arthur Walden first founded the breed there have been 28 generations of Chinooks—AKC rules require only four generations to establish a true breed—and it is estimated that there are only between 300 and 400 true bred Chinooks alive today. Twenty-eight of these, comprising the true foundation of stock, are kenneled at the Perry Greene farm on U. S. Route No. 1 at Warren, Maine, just 69 miles east of Portland.

HOW PERRY GREENE acquired ownership of the Chinook breeding stock is one of those experiences which keep people's faith in each other alive.

Fourteen years ago, at the age of 40, and after a varied but exciting lifetime as a lumberjack, guide, prospector, sled dog driver and all round outdoor man, Perry began to come into prominence at guide's tournaments and sportsman's shows. An expert with either saw or double-bitted axe, he soon established world's records in log chopping that have never since been equalled.

It was at the famous New England Sportsman's Show, held annually at Boston, that Perry first made friends with the Chinooks, then being exhibited by Mrs. Lombard. During the slack hours of the morning he would take the lead dog out for exercise on Boston Common. Perry and that particular Chinook were together only a week the first year, but when he re-

turned the following year, the dog instantly recognized him and appeared overjoyed at the sight of his friend.

For several years at the shows, there was always a reunion between Perry and his Chinook friends, much to the keen interest of Mrs. Lombard, who was grateful to Perry for his sincere interest in the dogs and his assistance with them at the shows.

When the time came, in 1940, when Mrs. Lombard wished to be relieved of the responsibility of the Wonalancet-Hubbard Kennels and its foundation stock of Chinooks, there was only one person in the world whom she wanted to continue her work and that man was Perry Greene. Today Mrs. Lombard is a periodic visitor at the Greene farm at Warren and keeps a keen interest in the affairs of the unique breed she helped develop over many years.

To keep the breed intact and under strict control, only male and spayed female pups are sold to the public. The going price today is \$150 a pup and the demand, of course, exceeds the supply. Purchase applications have been received from all sections of North America, for the fame of the Chinook has spread far and wide. Scientific breeding selections keep a supply of the puppies coming along at a fairly regular rate.

Some assurance that the puppies are going to a good home and will receive the proper care also is a consideration in the sale of Chinooks, both because of their scarcity and also because puppies soon become definite pets with the Greene household. Perry is able to say, and it doesn't seem an immodest boast, that every person to whom he has sold a Chinook, has developed into a personal friend and a booster for the breed. In many cases, the person who owns one Chinook soon is requesting another, for there is something about a pair of them that is highly desired by people who like dogs, whether it's the companionship feature or the tremendous amount of hauling a two-dog team can do.

There is also a demand for one-dog sleds and Perry has one of his own design, which he is ready to turn over to a manufacturer. He also has worked out a design for a sled which will lift up on small, rubber-tired



*Linda and pal*

wheels for use over bare ground at the pull of a lever. A pack bag design for the dogs to carry mail, food, or other items also is being made for Perry by a Maine concern.

WHILE THE WAR was on, Perry did his part in the skills he knew best, working with his educated axes and adzes on the wooden ship construction in Maine ship yards. He also built up a small herd of registered Ayrshires on his farm and, like so many other Maine people, did double duty in the war effort in both farming and industry.

Today he has already started on his postwar projects and has begun construction of a 100-foot long log house for use as a showroom for his Chinooks and as a sportsman's rendezvous. All the logs and lumber for this and other construction have been cut on his Warren farm and by next Spring he hopes to have one of the showplaces in his section of the State.

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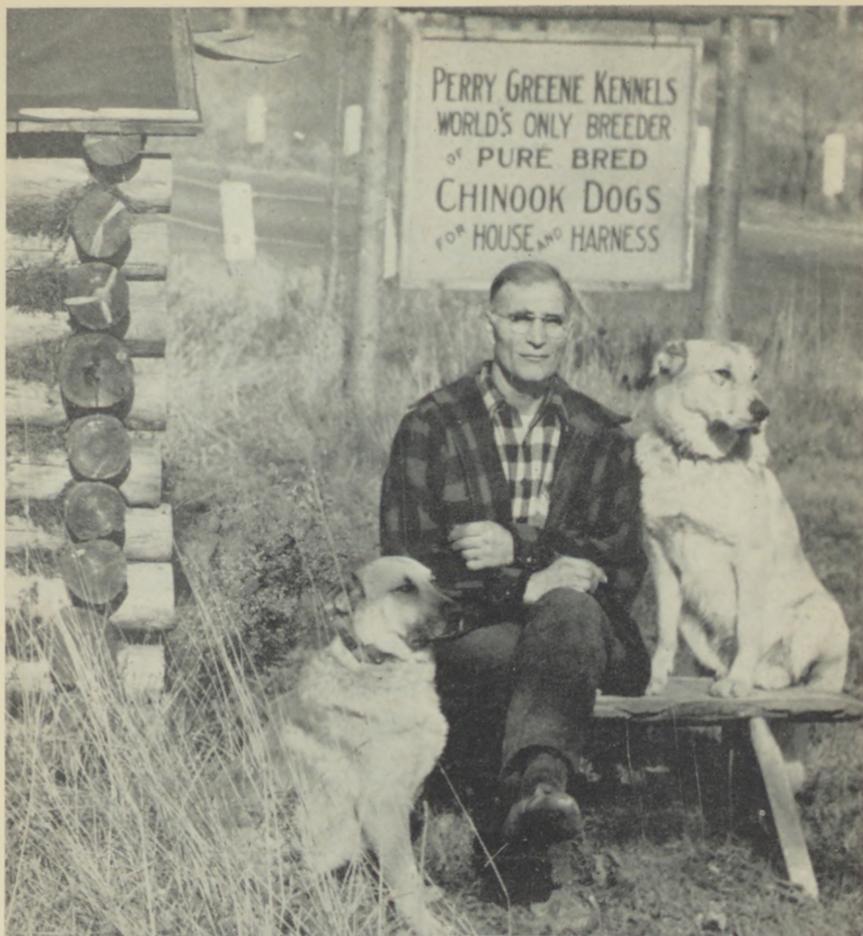
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sonal ideals of sportsmanship, plus a flare for liking other people, make Perry one of the State of Maine's most ardent salesmen.

There's a "gleam in his eye", too. Besides his love for his Chinooks, his cultivation of purebred Ayrshire stock, his plans to "put Warren on the map", and his unbounded devotion to boosting the State of Maine, he wants to hand something else on to his posterity. He wants the "little tykes"—his grandchildren—to have something to be proud of, even if it's just a name or an idea. He would like to see the State of Maine designate the route he traversed on his epic Fort Kent to Kittery trip as the "Chinook Trail",

and mark it as such for the interest of the tourists and travelers who annually find Maine the ideal vacation and touring State.

You'll be seeing Perry and his Chinooks if all goes well, at the Sportsman's Shows this Winter. You may be seeing him at Guides' Tournaments and sports shows in Maine next Summer. Or you may be lucky enough to hear him tell of the Maine woods on one of his lecture tours. But you can always have the thrill of visiting him and seeing his Chinook dogs almost anytime at his farm at Warren, for there the latch string is always out and the welcome mat face up in the true spirit of Maine hospitality.

### Norway and South Paris

By RICHARD A. HEBERT

Twin towns of Southern Oxford County, in the grip of a postwar industrial boom, stand on the threshold of great community, industrial and business expansion.

IF SOMEONE should ask, "What is the busiest, boomiest community in Maine today?" the twin-town area of Norway-South Paris certainly would rank high on the list and by several factors would be absolutely on top.

Here, on the southeastern fringe of Oxford County and only 44 miles northwest of Portland, are no less than 15 established, hustling industries, giving employment to approximately 2,500 workers; yet the two towns have an overall population of only 7,500 men, women, and children. The answer is that many of the workers come daily to the factories by bus and automobile from a 30-mile and longer radius.

A month ago business and industrial leaders of the two communities made a survey of employment needs. They found that 675 men and women workers were needed in the industries covered and it was estimated that 600 new workers could be given employment within 30 days, if they were available, in industry alone. Such a situation can compare only with the early days of the war, when workers from all over the Maine countryside flocked to the coastal shipyards. From Norway alone eight buses made three trips daily to the South Portland shipyards.

Today the situation is reversed and buses and automobiles from Mechanic Falls and Auburn and points north, south and west bring workers to Norway and South Paris. Every industrial manager in the area, based on orders already on hand or in good prospect, is thinking in terms of employment expansion as soon as workers become available and other factors such as tax burdens, price ceilings and national economic trends are straightened out.

In such a situation, the housing shortage in the area is more than acute; in Norway and South Paris surplus housing is nonexistent. There is no such thing as an available rent and the going prices on homes has increased 50 per cent or more in the past few years. Business and industrial leaders have begun informal talks on organizing a 50-home construction project, which they hope to get underway by next spring.

BIGGEST industrial development underway is a \$300,000 modern steel, concrete and brick plant being built for the Wilner Wood Products Company in South Paris. Now nearing completion, the plant will have the latest equipment for taking rough logs in one end and delivering the finished product, wedge heels for men's and women's shoes, out the other. A big saw mill, batteries of dry kilns, wood working machines, etc., will be all in the process.

Joseph R. Wilner, president of the company, is one of the progressive type of manufacturers that have a way of developing in Maine. Coming to Maine not so many years ago, he went into the wood heel and wedgie business and now is the largest manufacturer of that product in the world. More than 400 are now employed in his present Norway plant, besides similar operations at Mechanic Falls and Auburn and subsidiary operations elsewhere, and when the new plant is completed, shortly after the first of the year, he hopes to boost his Norway-South Paris employment to around 600.

Besides morning and afternoon rest periods, now in effect, the new plant also will have various modern facilities for employees, such as a large cafeteria. Wilner has a high regard

for Maine workers, to whom he attributes the greatest measure of his success in the business, and has become an ardent booster for the State of Maine. His over-capacity of orders is such that one of his constant activities now is to sell out-of-state manufacturing friends on the Pine Tree State.

NORWAY and South Paris can claim more "firsts" and "only's" than almost any other community area in the State. The Town of Paris, of which South Paris is a part, has a most unusual historical background and probably has contributed more famous men to the world, than any other Maine community. Such men would include Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, Postmaster General King and the Maine Governors during 12 terms in office. From Norway came Sylvanus Cobb, Hugh Pendexter, Artemus Ward, C. A. Stephens of Youth's Companion fame, Don C. Seitz, associate of Pulitzer, Mellie Dunham and a host of others of artistic, literary and public affairs renown.

The Paris Manufacturing Company is the largest manufacturer of sleds, skis and winter sports equipment in the world, besides making outdoor and porch furniture, folding chairs, juvenile furniture and desks. The Sno-Craft Company at Norway is the largest snowshoe manufacturer in the world and one of only two in the United States. The Novelty Turning Company was the first to produce wooden golf tees and has manufactured millions of them since the first design. C. B. Cummings and Sons are the largest manufacturers exclusively of dowels in the world.

The twin-towns also are located in the center of an area holding the greatest concentration of rare minerals and semi-precious stones in the State and from the nearby hills have come lumps of tourmaline, garnet, amethyst, aquamarine, and beryl, some of them the largest crystals of their variety ever found in the world.

From Norway also came the "Pennesseewassee Bug", the most famous bass lure ever devised and used in varying styles by bass fishermen all over the continent. Lumber experts in the twin-town area also claim there is more pine wood within a 50-mile

area of Norway and South Paris than any other place in the world.

Wood products and shoes are the principal industrial output of the two towns, but there is also a large tannery, a feldspar plant and several large canning plants.

THREE BASIC factors, inherent in all successful Maine industry, seem to be exemplified to the highest degree in the Norway-South Paris industrial pattern.

There is, first, a fundamental "pride of product", exhibited in the skill and craftsmanship which go into the area's products. It is a spiritual asset which seems to permeate every working activity from top management down to the newest worker. Generally speaking, any item less than perfect, never goes out as a standard product. The Novelty Turning Company alone produces more than 100 million turnings a year, ranging from small wooden beads and buttons to irregular shapes for therapeutic purposes, yet each item is visually and manually inspected before it is shipped.

Secondly, traditional Maine ingenuity reaches its peak in the design and in some cases the actual building of machines and devices to make a better product, invent a new product, or to speed an operation. C. B. Cummings and Sons, the dowel makers, devised their own machines for multiple automatic dowel turning and cutting. Wilner and his associates used original ideas in developing their own machinery for wood heel and wedge work. Paris Manufacturing Company, still going strong after 85 years, developed much of its own machinery, including an automatic small ski machine and a nine-ton heated press for large skis which enabled them to turn out thousands of pairs for the Army. Sno-Craft, with its skills in snowshoe, ski and folding sled work, are the only New England manufacturers of racing sulkies, growing more popular each year with professional horsemen. The Maine ash used has more spring and strength and the Sno-Craft sulky weighs 33 pounds less than the nearest competitive standard sulky.

Lastly, and most important, is the human relationship factor, where Maine industry generally has such a

tremendous rational advantage over other sections of the Country. Loyalty, tolerance and forbearance of employer and employee, each to the other, manifest themselves in marked degree in Norway-South Paris industry and business. There is a general spirit of mutual association for mutual advancement and progress on all sides. Labor difficulties have been unknown in the area for more than 20 years and, while employers are constantly on guard against patronizing, many are the families which have in the past been helped over rough spots through the enlightened consideration of the employer.

An important industrial development, especially during the war, has been the acceptance of women in the wood working and shoe factories. Today nearly 50 per cent of the workers in the Norway-South Paris industries are women and management is not hesitant to say they have exceeded all expectations. In some "finger" skills they have proven more adept than male workers and employers believe they must be regarded as definitely in the labor picture from now on. The significance of this fact in the economic outlook of hundreds of families in the area is tremendous.

BESIDES WOOD products, tanning and shoe manufacture also loom large in the area's economy. The Paris Tanning Company employs 250 workers and is operating at capacity production. Additional workers are being hired every day. Shoe leathers from this plant are in demand all over the Country and the company is looking forward to foreign markets after American demand is eventually supplied.

The Norway Shoe Company, for years one of the town's industrial mainstays, also looks forward to expansion when workers are available. It makes shoes for growing girls, misses and children. The B. E. Cole Company, which specializes in ladies' style shoes, also finds the demand for its product greater than the supply.

Burnham and Morrill Company, famous packer of Maine food products, has a large, modern plant at South Paris and currently is filling an or-

der for 7,500,000 cans of baked beans with tomato sauce. When the plant burned down two years ago, a new plant, twice as big, was immediately erected on the same site. At the peak of wartime food production, this plant employed 300 workers, but now is down to 200. Major production during the past year included 13 million cans of fig pudding, 18 million cans of C Ration beans, a million cans of golden corn relish and millions of cans of creamed corn, baked beans and beans with tomato sauce.

Norway and South Paris are in the center of a large sweet corn area and other vegetables also are processed and packed in the twin towns. H. C. Baxter and Sons has a large plant there as does the Oxford Pickle Company, which keeps busy most of the year.

At West Paris, a few miles away but part of the general industrial and business area are the clothespin factory of Penley Brothers Company; Lewis M. Mann and Sons, which makes clothespins and bail handles; the Oxford Wood and Plastics Company, making shoe parts; the United Feldspar and Mineral Corporation and a seasonal branch of the Portland Packing Company, which packs corn, beans and peas.

Back of all these industries are many jobs too, both in the general area and further away, such as in agriculture, lumbering, saw mills, etc., using in the aggregate thousands more workers.

NORWAY FOR many years has been the trading center of the area and there are nearly 60 stores of various kinds in both the Norway and South Paris village centers. At least two new business blocks will be built next Spring on Main Street, Norway.

Norway has recently revitalized its Board of Trade and South Paris has organized a Chamber of Commerce. On Jan. 17 these two groups will jointly sponsor a dinner meeting in Beal's Tavern, Norway, at which time possible development of the Norway Airport will be stressed. The mutuality of interest between the two towns is constantly increasing and is being fostered by the business and industrial leaders. The Norway-Paris Kiwanis Club, for example, alternates

its meetings between the two towns.

The recreation industry also looms large in the twin-town economic picture, since they are surrounded by scores of lakes and ponds and hills, with much rolling countryside all around.

Lake Pennesseewassee, as beautiful today as when first seen by a white man, extends its silvery length of four and one-half miles just east of the center of Norway village, where it enters the Little Androscoggin River. Seven miles south of Norway is Oxford Village, at the northern end of Lake Thompson, famed Northern Cumberland County habitat of salmon, togue and bass. Boys' and girls' camps, summer homes and vacation resorts on all these larger lakes and lesser ponds more than double the population of the area during at least six months of the year. Summertime shoppers also come from as far away as Bridgton and Harrison, on the northern side of the Sebago Lake chain.

Under an efficient town manager, Norway municipal affairs are constantly improving and town services are in excellent shape. Both Norway and South Paris have modern high schools and the school systems rank among the best in the State. An efficient, well-equipped fire department keeps insurance rates down and both the approach roads and town roads rate as excellent. The beautiful and well-equipped Norway Memorial Library adds to the cultural assets of the town.

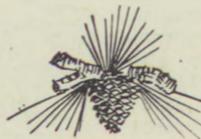
ONE UNIQUE Norway institution is the Weary Club, right in the center of town, which its founders established as a place for "tired old men to escape the wrath of their women-

folks, swap lies and fishing stories and always have on hand a supply of straight-grained cedar for whittling". Fred W. Sanborn, late noted publisher of the Norway Advertiser-Democrat, and his associates built a one-story building for the purpose and he left a \$10,000 trust fund to support it.

A development of the country store and "around the cracker-barrel" institution, its doors are never locked and no written rules or regulations are necessary. Any day in the year, especially in the late afternoon, it is the rendezvous for the older men of the town who sit around and whittle a bit. When any newcomer gets "out of line" by talking too much, taking a heated stand on politics or telling an off-color story, he is briefly and summarily put in his place so hard that it never happens again. In the trust fund also is a provision that once a year every boy and girl in the town shall be given a bag of hard candy.

The biggest annual event in the two towns, outside of town meeting day, is the Oxford County Fair, held in September and the mecca for fair lovers from the entire western section of the State. Every effort has been made over the years to keep this a real, old fashioned country fair and stress is placed on the agriculture and handcraft displays and cattle contests. Dyed-in-the-wool horse fanciers also have their day and breeding of fine work and harness horses in the area is still a keen activity as in other years.

From every standpoint—industry, business, agriculture and recreation—the twin-towns of Norway and South Paris seem to be on the threshold of greater developments than they ever experienced before.





# Famous Maine Recipes

by JUNE L. MAXFIELD

THE FIRST snows of the year have fallen, and Maine folks are settling down to the overcoat and earmuff weather ahead. The lakes of summertime vacation activities are the scene of ice fishing, skating, and ice-boating; the valleys and mountains of picnic and hike echo the liquid speed of bob-sled and ski; and winding country roads, deserted of automobile and bicycle, attract those bent on the fun and frostbitten noses of an old-fashioned sleigh-ride.

As the holiday season nears, the forest stillness is broken by the ring of axes as Christmas trees are cut for family parlors.

Christmas-time in Maine means the reunion of friends and families, the warm cheer of neighborliness as traditional open house prevails, and . . . as is typical of all Maine festivities . . . good food.

The holiday dinner, climax of all Yuletide celebrations, is a ritual in itself . . . the materialization of days, even weeks, of thought, plan and work.

With this in mind we bring you a group of recipes for your Christmas menu . . . dishes that will serve as worthy accompaniment to the roast turkey with "all the fixin's".

\* \* \*

## Cranberry Sauce

"Success in preparing savory meats depends greatly on the different sauces, and these demand extra care in preparation and in flavoring," said Catherine E. Beecher in her "Handy Cookbook", dated 1874, a section of "The Housekeeping Manual", compiled by Harriet Beecher Stowe, Maine authoress famous for her "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

Her formula for cranberry sauce is: "Wash well and put a tea-cup of water to every quart of cranberries. Let them stew about an hour and a half, then take up and sweeten abundantly. Some strain them through a colander, then sweeten largely and put into molds. To be eaten with fowls."

As do most recipes of this date and thereabouts, the directions lack exactness, so we include a modernized version:

4 cups cranberries 1½ cups water  
2 cups sugar

Cook cranberries with ¾ cup of water until very soft. Press through a sieve. Combine the sugar and remaining ¾ cup of water and cook for 10 minutes. Add the strained cranberries and cook for 10 minutes longer. Strain again and pour into a moistened mold. Chill. When firm, unmold and serve.

\* \* \*

## Creamed Onions

An old-fashioned dish, tender onions smothered in a creamy, butter-rich white sauce are a popular part of the holiday menu.

Wash and peel small white onions. Cover with water to which ½ teaspoon salt has been added and cook until tender.

## White Sauce

2 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons flour  
½ cup milk ½ cup water in which onions were cooked  
¼ teaspoon pepper ½ teaspoon salt

Melt butter, add flour and blend. Gradually add the liquids and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Add seasonings.

### Wine Sauce

Worthy of the elegance of the Christmas roast, whether turkey, chicken, goose, or duck, is this time-honored garnish.

2 tablespoons butter    1/3 cup currant jelly  
2 tablespoons lemon juice    1 tablespoon grated orange rind  
1/2 cup port wine

Melt the jelly and butter in a double boiler. Add the rest of the ingredients and cook for two minutes. Serve.

\* \* \*

### Fruit Rolls

In the course of the evolution of the biscuit recipe from the cream of tartar and soda days to today's modern version, simplified by means of baking powder, have come many ways of "dressing up" the basic product. For instance, these fruit rolls will be a flavor surprise for your family and friends:

2 cups flour                    1 teaspoon salt  
5 teaspoons baking powder    3 tablespoons shortening  
3/4 cup milk                    Cherries, strawberries, blackberries or other fruit  
1/4 cup melted butter

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Work in the shortening with finger tips or pastry blender. Add milk (sufficient for a soft dough). Place on floured board and roll out 1/2 inch thick. Brush with the melted butter and spread with any desired sweetened fruit. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut into pieces about 3 inches long. Ends should be pinched together to retain the fruit juice. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) about 15 minutes. Rolls should be turned once or twice so that they will brown evenly.

\* \* \*

### Holiday Raisin Pie

Cooks of the old school have long agreed that sour cream or milk is more satisfactory in most cookery than sweet. Be that as it may, we leave commendation of this pie deservant to your judgment.

2 eggs                            Pie dough (2 crusts)  
1 cup sugar                    1 cup raisins, chopped  
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg            1 cup thick sour cream  
1 tablespoon lemon juice    Pinch salt

Beat eggs, add the sugar and beat until light. Whip the sour cream and fold into the egg mixture. Add the raisins, salt, lemon juice and nutmeg and mix thoroughly. Line a pie pan with pastry dough and pour in mixture. Cover with a top crust and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.

\* \* \*

### Dumplings

The after-holiday stew or soup made from the remnants of the feast is a familiar day-after supper for Maine families, especially well-received when enlivened by light, puffy dumplings.

3 cups bread or cracker crumbs    1 cup scalded milk  
1 egg, well beaten    2 tablespoons butter, melted  
Salt and pepper    1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

Add seasonings, egg and butter to milk and stir in the crumbs, using more or less crumbs so that the dough may be formed into small balls. Add balls to the stew and cook about 12 minutes before serving.

\* \* \*

### Gingerbread Treats

For added enjoyment on Christmas morning, try hanging these decorated gingerbread cookies on your Christmas tree, just as trees were ornamented in the days before candy canes were available. The youngsters will love them, and we're willing to bet that the grown-ups will be around for their share of them, too!

1 cup molasses                    1/2 cup butter, melted  
1 tablespoon ginger            2 tablespoons milk  
1 teaspoon soda                    Flour

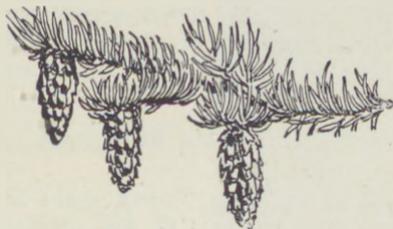
Combine the melted butter, molasses and ginger, and mix well. Dissolve the soda in the milk and add to the first mixture. Sift into liquid mixture enough flour to make a dough stiff enough to be rolled. Chill. Roll out to 1/2-inch thickness. Cut with fancy cookie-cutters — gingerbread men, stars, crescents, etc. (your doughnut cutter can double for cookies, too, if your stock of fancy cutters is limited). Bake on a greased

cookie sheet in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 10 minutes. A plain white icing, candied fruits and citron, raisins and cherries may be used for decoration. For greater variety, the icing may be divided into several portions and each colored and flavored. Try red coloring with melted cinnamon candies for flavor; green color plus a drop or two of peppermint flavor; yellow color with lemon flavor; or pink with cherry flavor.

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June L. Maxfield, assistant in the advertising department of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, Maine, continues the publication of famous old Maine recipes originated in the summer issue of this magazine. This group is a further selection from the large file of historic Maine recipes which the company possesses.

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AMONG THE MAINE winter sports centers which are preparing to resume activities this Winter are Bridgton, Fryeburg, Harrison, Rumford, Andover, Camden, Poland Spring, Rangeley, Sanford, Skowhegan, Presque Isle and Caribou. Portland, Bangor and Waterville also will have municipal programs. The Snow Bowl at Camden is being readied for activity, Poland Spring has installed a new ski tow and toboggan slide, Rangeley will have a new ski tow, Mt. Pleasant at Bridgton has two tow lines in operation and Presque Isle and Caribou are planning attractions for the coming Winter. The Boston and Maine Railroad is publicizing a snow sports bulletin at North Station and the Maine Development Commission is planning to resume its weekly snow report service. The Maine Publicity Bureau will continue as the focal point for State-wide "consumer" information on winter sport conditions, facilities and accommodations.

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DELEGATIONS OF Chinese and French shipbuilding technicians have recently visited the Bath Iron Works to study production methods at that famous Maine plant. William S. Newell, president of the company and president of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, recently called for establishment of a new Cabinet post, that of Secretary of Transportation, and presented a strong six-point program to maintain U. S. naval and merchant ship world preeminence. BIW still is building modern destroyers and also has scheduled some peacetime ship construction.

# The Making of Maine



IV. The Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, pioneer in its field, protector of the interests of 75,000 policyholders, nears a century of service with a brilliant record of stability and integrity and an important position in the financial life of the Pine Tree State.

By L. RUSSELL BLANCHARD

**T**HIS IS THE story of the part which a life insurance company had in the making of the State of Maine.

That life insurance company, the Union Mutual of Portland, began its near century long public service career in 1848. Today, with policyholders in every State, Union Mutual actively operates in twenty-two, where, in addition to carrying the banner of Maine, it exemplifies the high ideals of New England life insurance tradition.

To the more than 75,000 Union Mutual policyholders located in all of the 48 states, Maine men and women represent the custodians of funds which policyholders regularly pay to maintain aggregate protection of some \$135,000,000.

These same men and women are the custodians, too, of the \$37,000,000 of Union Mutual assets which rank it as one of the State's largest financial institutions. It is larger than three-quarters of the life insurance companies in the country, and ranks as one of the largest accident and health companies on the eastern seaboard.

It was on the 17th day of July in 1848 that the founders of the Union Mutual, a group of far-sighted, public-spirited men, gathered for the purpose of organization. Then, and for

many years afterward, the business of life insurance was a pioneering venture. But, in a broad sense, they were still pioneering days for all America. Life insurance was not alone.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of Maine, the Company opened its first agency in Boston to begin a span of uninterrupted operation which extends to the present day.

Elisha B. Pratt, prominent insurance authority, was elected as Union Mutual's first president. Under his aggressive leadership the young company entered a period of pioneering and expansion equalled by few other institutions.

Historically, Union Mutual was founded at a time when public unrest was rampant, and when some popular fancy saw only the discovery and mining of gold in California as the one positive way of accumulating money to provide security. Thousands upon thousands of people struggled on toward poverty and heartbreak in the gold fields but thousands more were to realize lasting security because of the faith that regularly prompted them to send life insurance payments to a little band of men in Portland, Maine.

Elizur Wright, known now as the father of legal reserve life insurance,

was an early actuary of the Company. This famous man, a rare genius, devoted his life to the reforming of early abuses in life insurance and to placing it upon a sound footing.

To Wright belongs the credit for originating the net reserve valuation, the non-forfeiture provision, and cash values which, through his efforts, were enacted into law and have done much to give the institution of life insurance its enviable modern reputation.

Wright, likewise in those pioneer days, produced an actuarial table for the Union Mutual that would place a definite net value on any life insurance contract. As years went on, legislators made the net valuation principle a standard requirement for life insurance companies.

THE UNION MUTUAL has always been among the leaders in its pioneering of new developments in life insurance. An early example of the Company's progressiveness was the announcement in 1850 of a new idea in life insurance—the endowment policy. The first endowment issued by Union Mutual (first ever issued by any Company) while covering the life of the policyholder with the usual death benefits, assured the payment to him, if living at age 60, of the full face amount of the policy. This policy, the 303rd issued by the Company matured and was paid on October 18, 1877. Thus began a form of insurance which was for many years a most popular policy and which today, in various forms, continues to be among the leaders for those who wish to include an investment feature with regular life insurance protection. Retirement income insurance is a modern development of the early endowment policy originated by the Union Mutual.

Interestingly, the owner of the first Union Mutual endowment policy was prohibited from visiting Oregon, California or New Mexico without the prior consent of the Company. This policy also became null and void if death resulted in consequence of a duel.



*Rolland E. Irish*  
*President of Union Mutual*

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Still another development was the issuance of insurance on the lives of masters of sailing vessels with the payment of extra premiums—an early form of so-called sub-standard or special class business. Early records of the Company indicate that a lively business was carried on with seafaring people—masters and officers of Yankee ships—pioneers of early American shipping. Deaths of these early policyholders would often occur in some far corner of the world and often would not be reported to the company for many months—or until the return of the ship to its home port in America.

DOWN THROUGH the years, Union Mutual continued to blend, in balance, conservatism and enterprise. It was the first New England company to offer juvenile insurance ("a policy just like Dad's"). As a consequence, the company was—and is able to meet

the public's personal insurance needs from age one day to age 65.

At short intervals the Company extended its frontiers, entering new states and territories. Its first Pacific Coast office was opened in California in 1868 when but three other life insurance companies were operating in that state.

The rapid growth of neighboring Canada attracted the Company and prompted the establishment of two agencies there. Then came the period following the Civil War, one of great expansion westward, during which the youthful Maine insurance firm kept pace with the growth of the nation.

Since the founding of the Company in 1848, there have been twelve depressions of varying degrees. Union Mutual was only nine years old when it faced the Panic of 1857. Through this crisis—and all of the others, culminating in the great depression of the 30's—the Company has safely cared for the interests of its policyholders.

The responsibilities of insurance companies to their policyholders include the careful selection of the best type of people for policyholders; the issuance of policies best suited to their needs; and the careful husbanding and management of the Company's resources.

One of the principal reasons why the Union Mutual has so well been able to fulfill its policyholder obligations in exceptional fashion is the unusual continuity of top executive management which it has enjoyed. Today, in its 98th year, it is guided by its eighth president, Rolland E. Irish, a veteran of 30 years in the business.

Civic-minded Mr. Irish is a past State campaign chairman of the National War Fund in Maine; is a member of the Maine Development Commission; has active Boy Scout affiliations; is a member of the State's citizens' committee on veterans' affairs; serves on the Board of the Maine General Hospital . . . activities typical of his broad and humanitarian interests.

IN SEEKING THE steady, economical growth which reflects quality and permanence, Union Mutual relies on a management teamwork which stems from a staff of seasoned men, each well qualified for his administrative task, be it underwriting, investment, actuarial science or selling.

Since the real test of a life insurance company lies in its ability to meet all of its obligations promptly when due, it is significant that Union Mutual has always done just that, and, in addition, has had an unbroken record of annual dividend payments to policyholders that stretches back some 90 years.

No small portion of this Union Mutual success reflects to the credit of its board of directors, the men who guide its over-all destiny. They are men of proven ability in their respective fields, men whose diversified knowledge and interest assure the balance that is characteristic of success. Members of the board are: John L. Baxter, partner, H. C. Baxter and Sons; Frank H. Bradford, treasurer, Rumford Falls Power Co.; Harold Cabot, president, Harold Cabot and Company, Inc.; Edward W. Cox, chairman of the board, First Portland National Bank; Edward W. Cram, president, Winslow and Co.; Wadleigh B. Drummond, chairman of the board; Guy P. Gannett, president, Gannett Publishing Co.; Fred D. Gordon, vice-president, Central Maine Power Company; Hon. Horace A. Hildreth, Governor of Maine; Rolland E. Irish, president; William S. Newall, president, Bath Iron Works Corporation; and Edward W. Wheeler, vice-president and general counsel, Maine Central Railroad.

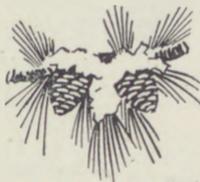
ALONG WITH ITS offering of the most modern income protection insurance available—life, sickness and accident, and group—Union Mutual performs a public service of no small importance in making available to Maine folks money for home building, buying and repairing. Evidence of its sound position in the real estate field is its last annual statement in which it reports that the Company owns no real estate excepting home office property.

Throughout the war, in keeping with the needs of the government and the wishes of its policyholders, Union Mutual supported War Loan drives to the full extent of its resources. Likewise its Maine sales force—in Portland, Waterville, Bangor and Van Buren—actively participated, together with the insurance men of the State and the nation, in the promotion of War Bond sales.

Summarily, Union Mutual's is the story of public service rendered to all

men and women . . . but most particularly to men and women who believe in the New England principles of thrift and who have a full awareness of the certain consequences of living too long, dying too soon or suffering an economic death.

In its long record of insurance pioneering, its integrity and stability, in its contributions to the economic progress of its many interests, Union Mutual has had a foremost place in The Making of Maine.



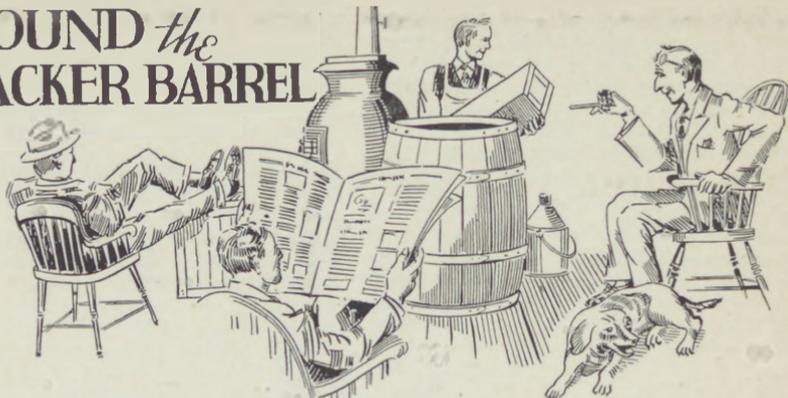
NOW THAT ONE of the "hottest" secrets of the war has been revealed—the use of aluminum "window" to confuse enemy radar—the Pepperell Manufacturing Company, with Maine plants at Biddeford and Lewiston, is able to reveal that it made rayon ribbon for the project. About 20 feet of this ribbon was used at the start of 400-foot long coils of aluminum foil to eliminate jerk and tear when the tiny cardboard square at the unwinding end caught the wind. Even the overseers and mill officials were never allowed to know how the rayon cloth they made was being used.

At the Pepperell Biddeford mill sheets, pillow cases and blankets are produced and at Lewiston sheets, sheeting and many other fabrics are bleached, or dyed, then finished. A vast advertising program in full color in national magazines will start in January. Pepperell began in Biddeford nearly a century ago.

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THE ANNUAL VALUE of the Maine seafood harvest, which increased by 25 per cent each year for the past six years, reached nearly \$10,000,000 for the first eight months of this year, which was far in excess of any previous year's total. Estimates of total value for the full year 1945 exceed \$12,000,000. Total poundage has doubled in the past seven years and it is estimated by the Sea and Shore Fisheries Department that 36,000 persons gain their livelihood from the Maine fishing industry.

# AROUND *the* CRACKER BARREL



## State of Maine Clubs and Societies

**A**LL OVER THE United States and even in Canada, in almost every State and large city, State of Mainers meet periodically to renew acquaintances and to talk over old times in the Pine Tree State. At the suggestion of several members of these State of Maine clubs and societies, we are happy to offer the columns of **THE PINE CONE** as a meeting place where these various groups can impart news of each other's activities and keep abreast of what State of Mainers are doing in all parts of the Nation.

Whether in New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Petersburg, Pasadena or Honolulu, Maine people are interested in one another and like to know what is going on in the Pine Tree State.

**THE PINE CONE** is trying to fill that bill and now has subscribers in all of the 48 states, Canada, Hawaii and Mexico, besides going to servicemen and women at foreign stations. As an aid to the various State of Maine clubs and societies, we would be happy to establish a department for them in **THE PINE CONE**, beginning with the next issue. Please let us hear from you.

Ye Editor

### How Did You Say?

Dear Mr. Talberth:

Please don't get mad or "uppity" at me for jumping up and down about

those old time animal calls, in "How Do You Say?" in the Autumn **PINE CONE**. I can't hold in and let it get by to all of our readers, so here's letting loose on-ter-yer.

Darn it, seems though as if ten generations of us folks since 1640 in Duxbury, Mass., to Livermore, Maine, to Burgess Hill in Rumford, Maine, should know that Grannie and Grandser allwas said "Co-boss, co-boss," to call horned kind or biblical name kine. "So-boss," or "So-bossi" was used in the tie up or at milking time or to quiet a nervous animal; "Worhish" to start oxen, or "Come on". "Cajock" to call horses. Small pigs in pen were called by "Pig-pig", or "t'st, t'st". "Haw-hish" starts a pair of cattle, not stops them. Could this be a misprint? I hope so.

I remain,

Yours truly,  
Algernon L. Eastman,  
Bath, Maine

### America's First Newspaper and First Christmas

America's first newspaper was written and published in December, 1604. It was called "Master William" and a few copies of it are still preserved in France, where they are considered priceless.

The paper was written at a gathering in a great dining hall, before a blazing log fire on Christmas Day by a group of Frenchmen who landed at

St. Croix Island June 26, 1604. In this building, among others built from lumber brought from France, there was much merry-making to celebrate their first Christmas in the New World. It was not only the first Christmas ever celebrated in New England, but also the first celebration in the United States north of Florida.

As there were no women or children, they did the best they could, man-fashion, and had a wonderful feast of roast venison and stew, with a few luxuries brought with them from France.

The little hand written newspaper was the cause of much merry-making that day, as it was passed around and read aloud among the assembled Christmas party. It contained the gossip and daily events of the settlement.

Ida Morse Paine, Bar Harbor

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#### Point of View

While looking for two brothers, whom we shall call Charlie and John, from whom I wanted to purchase a piece of land and reside in Maine, a neighbor spotted Charlie, some distance away and declared:

"That's Charlie. Mighty smart, too. He can saw, cut and pile two

ords of hard wood a day, easy. He raises the best and most crops of an acre of anybody you ever saw. Lobsters on the side, so's to keep busy and he gets his share. Best neighbor a man ever had"—and so on and on, singing Charlies' praises.

"Well, where is the other brother?" I asked.

"Oh, him? His name's John. He went down to Boston and became a corporation lawyer, or suthin' of that sort, so they say. Never amounted to much."

Harold H. Reid,  
West Springfield, Mass.

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#### Sampler

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on the make-up of the Fall ('45) PINE CONE. The beautiful poem by Robert Rexdale, on the back cover, strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of Maineites in distant lands. I send away my copies of the PINE CONE, have sent two to the Philippines for a Maine boy.

In admiration of the "Cone".

Mrs. A. W. Taylor,  
So. Vernon, Mass.

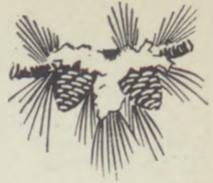


SEVERAL MAINE industrial plants, notably in the wood products and textile industries, have returned to the four-hour swing-shift operation, from 3.45 to 8.15 p. m., with a half-hour supper recess, in an effort to catch up with the increasing demand for Maine products. Shortage of help is still a problem, especially in the smaller communities.

\* \* \* \*

R. E. GOULD of Anson soon will enter the ranks of Maine authors with a magazine article and a book on "The Old Country Store", based on the experience of himself and his father before him as country storekeepers. The Saturday Evening Post will publish the magazine article.

MORE BEAR WERE shot in Maine during the past season than any other on record. The annual deer harvest also was fully up to expectations, with more hunters in the Maine woods than ever before. Other game also was plentiful and at Waldoboro the Lincoln County Fish and Game Association erected two highway signs to denote a moose crossing on U. S. Route No. 1 after several had been struck by cars and trucks at the spot. Moose are permanently protected under Maine law.



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If you are not already a regular subscriber to THE PINE CONE—and would like to receive future editions—here's a handy subscription form for your convenience:

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## Cultural Maine

An increasing trend toward Maine by writers, musicians and artists brings to mind the question, "What is the particular appeal that Maine has for the creative spirit?"

Even the most eloquent failed to express his interpretation of that appeal when asked this question. He replied that sometimes he felt it was the scenic appeal of the state; other times he thought it was the type of friendly neighbor one found in Maine.

But,—it was too intangible to explain. It just seemed that Maine offered the right environment for a creative worker, whether it be with pen, instrument or brush.

For some it is the enchanting Maine coast that provides that environment; with others it is the beautiful lake section of the state, while still others seek a mountain retreat. But so diversified is Maine's topography that many have all three types of scenery, for example, the coastal colonies with their hills and mountains.

Actors and actresses of international fame have succumbed to Maine's charm and the state was one of the pioneers in the summer theater movement.

Not only because it has become a retreat for notables who have found its climate and environment ideal for their pursuits, but also because it has a long and hallowed tradition dating back before its actual statehood does Maine take pardonable pride in the cultural attainments of its adopted sons and daughters.

In the present, as well as in the past the Maine theme is woven into many a book; painters, master photographers find inspiration in its scenic charm and its shores echo the exquisite strains of fine instruments played by talented musicians. Its shores and beaches are sounding boards for the well modulated voices of America's best known thespians.

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*(From the booklet, "Cultural Maine", prepared by the  
Maine Development Commission)*



## Maine

*By Silas H. Perkins*

Give me the good old State of Maine,  
Let me feel the tang of her air again  
Straight from the ocean's throbbing beat.  
Let me walk once more with buoyant feet  
Where her lakes, reflecting her azure sky,  
In tranquil beauty sleeping lie.  
Let me scent the fragrance of springtime flowers  
That deck her hills like fairy bowers,  
And cast my line in her crystal stream  
Where her rippling waters dance and gleam.  
Let me survey from her hills' proud crest  
Where the far horizon comes to rest  
And stand again by the ocean's brink  
Where the combing billows rise and sink.

Give me a fleck of the crested sea  
With a tall spar dancing merrily,  
A coast-line hazy against the blue—  
Let me the life on the wave renew,  
While over me floats the fleecy cloud  
And the sea's refrain is near and loud,  
With a spanking breeze and a zip and zoom,  
And league on league of clear sea-room.

Give me a trail which leads afar—  
A long, long trail and a guiding star,  
A compass true in the forest dim,  
And tall pines rising, ghostly, slim,  
Meandering brooks and laughing lakes  
To greet my eyes when the sun awakes,  
When life looms large and the feet have wings,  
And all creation sings, just sings!

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—An excerpt from "Maine", in the volume, "On Shore Ballads" by Silas H. Perkins. Falmouth Book House, Portland, 1937.

