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Maine Looks Good to Me!

by Maynard D. Genthner

What one returned service man thinks of his native State.
(As told to Delmont Andrews)

YOU do a lot of thinking when you’re tossing around on a destroyer out there in the Atlantic—or when you’re bobbing around on a Navy tug bound for God knows where in the Pacific. I know!

You think of home, the folks, the wife—kids, maybe.

The Joes tell me it was like that too in the foxholes in North Africa, in the freezing rain of France, or in the stinking mudholes of the tropical hells.

You think of a little patch of green lawn, a white house, a place where there’s quiet and peace, where you can be your own boss. You won’t have someone barking at you all the time and nobody is going to push you around.

When you’re lying around the base hospitals waiting for bones to mend, or new tissue to cover the holes ripped out by hot, jagged metal, you do a lot of thinking about what it’s going to be like when you get back.

You think of going down to the shore and digging a mess of clams when you feel like it. You think of pulling in a few lobsters, fishing for cod, or mackerel. Maybe you’re lolling back in a boat on a lake, knowing that sooner or later you’ll get a strike. Or perhaps you’re casting into that deep pool under the rocks, where you know the big trout are hiding. There’s plenty of time to think in the hospitals. I know!

Before long you have your own little world all built up around you in your mind. You see yourself in a place where you don’t have to worry too much about your next meal. You own a place where you can keep a few chickens, where you can grow your own food.

You know when Fall comes you can go hunting and hang up a deer and a few game birds. You know when you need cash you can get it by working in the mill or around town in any of the trades you can handle, or by cutting a few cords of pulpwood.

The other fellows told me it was like that with them, too. They had all they wanted of noise and gunfire and being told what to do all the time. I know that rural life looks good to a lot of service men.

The peaceful, easy-going life in Maine is the thing a lot of the men are talking and dreaming about most of the time. Some have ideas for a little business of their own. Maybe a filling station or garage; perhaps a small shop, where they can work when they feel like it—and most Navy men can turn a hand at nearly anything.

Few have any idea of being soft and lazy in their postwar world—it’s just that they have in mind some real living, with some real meaning to it. They’ve had their taste of burning up the world and none of them like it.

It was the same wherever we went. In the liberty ports there were few places for the fellows to go—the same old beer joints, dance halls, the same old streets and squares. Different names, of course—different nationalities. Yes, different faces—but you soon came to realize that wherever you went the different faces were all owned by the same kind of people.

We’d come back to the ship, everybody feeling the same way about it. Then we’d get to talking about when this thing would be over and we could go back to the things we’d been dreaming about. As far as we were concerned we wouldn’t care if we
never saw big cities or bright lights again.

After a while quite a few of us were spending most of our liberty leaves visiting the fellows in the base hospitals. It was more interesting, it meant something and we came to know what many of the fellows were thinking.

Four fellows from Brooklyn were on our ship when we left San Francisco for Pearl Harbor en route to the invasion of Tarawa. Many of the men from the big cities found it difficult to believe that the country or village life we talked about was still available in America. It was something they dreamed about once in a while, but never thought possible for them.

I remember one of the fellows from Brooklyn. I was telling him about digging all the clams I wanted and he just couldn't believe it. Who do you have to cut in, he wanted to know, how much do you have to pay the ward boss? It was incomprehensible to him that you could do things like that, set out a few lobster traps, go fishing, or hire out when you wanted a day's pay, without paying off somebody, or having to be in on a "fix".

Two of the Brooklyn men were left when we came back from Saipan. When we neared Pearl Harbor, I said to one of them, "Well, Gus, now that we think we're going to get out, I suppose you're all set. You'll be going in with your dad, I guess." His father had a big job in the electrical trade in New York.

Gus looked at me very solemnly for a few seconds.

"You know," he said very quietly, "I know just where I'm going and what I'm going to do. There's a little place back in the hills up near Albany, where I used to go when I was a kid. I don't think I'm going to like New York any more. I'm going to live in the hills where it's peaceful and quiet."

After I had rested up I came back to Waldoboro last January and found plenty of snow when I got here. I hadn't seen snow for more than two years and it certainly looked good. I scooped up some of it in my hand and felt it burn. The next day I knew why, when I came down town to the office.

It was bright and sunny. The school kids let out a whoop when they saw me and in a couple of minutes we were tossing snowballs. I guess I'm not much given to feeling at my age, but I can tell you the thrill of tossing snowballs with the kids was something I can't express in words.

Then I knew why the snow had seemed to burn. It was a cleansing burn and it seemed to make everything clean and right again. I was back home and Maine sure looked good to me!

Right here on my desk are letters from four of my buddies who are still in the service. When they get out they're coming to Maine and I already have plans for them, because I know what they want. I was able to buy one little farm and it's waiting for one of them. I have an option on another place for another pal. They'll both make good citizens for the State of Maine in the years to come.

We write each other frequently, but I realize this is all too little. Let me say right here, the best thing anyone can do for a son, daughter, or friend in the service is to write them a letter every day! Packages are good, but risky, and delivery is uncertain. Letters get there and letters count!

You've asked me what can be done to make certain the service men and women return to Maine. I can tell you one thing that can be done. Arrange it so that some of your fine books on Maine are placed where the service men and women will see them. Start with the base hospitals. See to

Maynard D. Genthner is editor and publisher of the Waldoboro Press. He went into the service in September, 1942, and was released last December. He saw service in both the Atlantic and Pacific and was in the invasions of Africa, Gilbert and Marshall Islands and Saipan.
it that your booklets on Maine are placed in the reading rooms and libraries of every base hospital and the camp recreation rooms.

Do that, and you'll have a lot of fine men and women coming to Maine to live after this war. I happen to know that service men read every scrap of printed material and every picture booklet obtainable. Details on Maine properties for sale will be of vast importance, since most of them believe the cost is beyond their means.

Snow will come again to Maine. To the fellows sweating it out in the tropics for the last two or three years, snow is something to dream of. And doctors say Maine has the best climate in the world for malarial victims, whose blood has been thinned by the heat of the tropics.

Right now I can get my clams, lobsters and fish. Soon there will be hunting, with deer, rabbits and game birds plentiful. There's plenty of work in Maine—plenty of jobs for those who really want to live at peace with everyone.

To them and to me, Maine looks good!

(Ed. Note: Mr. Genthner's suggestion about placing Maine literature in the hands of service men and women already has been attended to by the Maine Publicity Bureau, with the cooperation of the Maine delegation in Congress.)

Ships! Ships! Ships!

When Maine Shipbuilders' Day was observed June 14 it highlighted the fact that 1,358 vessels of all types had been constructed in the Pine Tree State in the 42 months since Pearl Harbor.

Maine's maritime construction versatility is shown in the following totals and types of craft built in each of the six shipbuilding districts:

**Bath:** 64 highspeed superdestroyers, two big cargo vessels.

**Portland:** 234 Liberties (in addition to 30 Liberties for Britain); seven wooden barges.

**Kittery:** 71 submarines; three torpedo testing barges.

**Mount Desert:** 724 vessels, including buoy boats, work boats, yawls, plane personnel boats, patrol boats, lifeboats, surf boats, motor launches, picket boats, freight boats, freight and passenger boats, tow boats, motor mine yaws, motor tow yaws and motor cargo boats.

**Rockland-Camden:** 131 vessels, including coastal mine sweepers, net laying ships, auxiliary ocean tugs, sub chasers, salvage vessels, rescue tugs, coastal transports, wooden barges, plane rearming boats, buoy boats, harbor tugs and covered lighters.

**Boothbay-Bristol:** 92 vessels, including motor mine sweepers, rescue tugs, sub chasers, salvage vessels, coastal transports, wooden barges, buoy boats, plane rearming boats, coastal mine sweepers, district patrol vessels.
Bass Are the Maine Thing in Summer

by Earl W. Bridson

No need to stow away your tackle when warm weather comes, for the Pine Tree State has another top notch fighter ready to slug it out with you.

Fishermen everywhere have heard of the dazzling beauty and size of trout and salmon on the countless number of Maine's lakes and streams. In the Spring, with cool waters and a sharp twang in the air, the Pine Tree State is an anglers' paradise for those seeking these prized species.

However, this is not a tale about rainbows, brookies, or the famed landlocks, but rather about a rival of theirs. One that prefers to do his fighting during the months when the former has called it quits until colder weather.

Old Bronzeback, the smallmouth bass, is the summertime main bout battler here.

Although not the favorite with natives, as are his cousins the trout and salmon, he makes up in wild and furious action what he may lack in taste. Probably his greatest asset is the fact that he is the outstanding game fish that usually gulps at will with savage fury throughout the hot months of July and August.

Getting him to strike is often as easy to do as falling off a log, but before you get him into the boat you'll probably fall off said log if you're not careful. Maine bronzebacks are like that. Fast to strike, but slower to bring to the net, for they'll give you the heebie jeebies with their frantic efforts to free themselves. When you tie onto one of these scrappers, it's something like dragging a stick of dynamite on a string and having it explode in your face.

Now if any of you are planning to be with us this Summer and haven't had the pleasure and accompanying thrill of squaring off with one of these babies, don't worry too much about where to find them and what to use for bait.

Pick most any lake or pond in the State, with the exception of outstanding trout and salmon spots, and the results are almost guaranteed to be most satisfying. Big Lake in Washington County is perhaps the best bass location (it's rumored you have to keep your feet in the boat there for the sake of safety), but the Belgrade chain, Little Sebago, and many others, could give an argument to that.

To the devotees of bass fishing, Maine offers some of the best to be had anywhere in the Country. Smallmouths are the ones that will smash onto your line, but don't let the name fool you. The real difference between small and largemouth bass is that the latter are more often found in the southern states and while they grow bigger, they are not the rugged, thrill-a-second demons that we have here. Largemouths lurk in muddy, warm places, while Maine's variety do their toe-to-toe slugging in the clear, deep waters of a thousand-odd lakes and ponds.

Some anglers prefer top of the water fishing, while others count heavily on deep waters for their best catches. It mostly depends on how they happen to be feeding and conditions at the time. Whichever you do, there is enough variety of lures to keep you flatter than a pre-war tire.

That's the one thing about Old
Bronzeback; he is not too fussy about what he grabs at. He'll snatch onto most anything, that is, if you can just interest him a little bit. Even if he is not hungry, he'll make a pass at your bait out of pure meanness. Of course there are all kinds of natural lures such as frogs, helgramites, grasshoppers, etc. If you don't care to use them or if they are not available at the time, there are all kinds of beautiful bass flies, many of them proven killers.

Then there is a wide assortment of surface and under-water lures such as wobblers, spinners, bait casting plugs of a hundred different colors, imitation mice, and countless other creations that the big boys just can't seem to resist.

JUST GET THE BUSINESS END OF YOUR line out near a likely looking spot, such as a rotted stump, rocky reef, sand bar or lily pad bed, and you won't be disappointed. But brace yourself if you have never tried this kind of fishing before, for you'll probably be in for a shock.

These fellows strike like lightning and are just as bulging with pure cussedness and bulldog-like tenacity. When they hit, don't be timid about setting the hook, fast and hard. Unlike trout and salmon, you don't have to be afraid of them ripping free. They have tough jaws and can take it. They will dive, leap, and tug like mad. Seemingly all at once, too. When you have them licked (if you are lucky) and bring them to the boat, they are usually not through—not by a long shot.

I remember last season when I tied onto a weighty member of this finny tribe up Belgrade way. He cut more capers than the old lady who accidentally tipped over a beehive. I turned suddenly in the boat to follow one of his rushes, slipped and came out of the fracas with four and a half pounds of bass, but also with a wrenched ankle and a mighty red face.

Of course if you really want some fun try taking one of these tough customers on a light fly rod. No need to go on here, for that is when you'll really find out about bass fishin'.

You won't be s-o-r-r-y!

Earl W. Bridson, Portland newspaperman, is a regular contributor to such magazines as Field and Stream, Outdoor Life, Outdoors, Sports Afield and others.

A lover of the outdoors, much of his time, aside from chasing news stories with a camera, is spent on some favorite trout brook or stalking a hidden bird covey. His outdoor stories have a special appeal to Maine folk and to those who have visited the Pine Tree State.

MAINE SHRIMP are smaller in size than the familiar species found in southern waters, but are much sweeter and more delicate in flavor. They are considered to be a superior product by all who have tried them and rapidly growing markets are being obtained.
Incomparable jewel in Maine's glorious coastal crown.

by RICHARD A. HEBERT

“All I could see from where I stood
Was three long mountains and a wood;
I turned and looked another way
And saw three islands in a bay.”

—Renascence, by EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

WITHOUT thinking about it, the stranger paused in his aimless strolling about town while from somewhere across the green lawns and the elaborate flower beds came to his ears the music of angels.

First, the muted notes of the harp that wafted along as lightly as the gentle stirring of air he could sense about him on this beautiful June day; then, caressingly, as some ethereal hand swept gently along the strings, creating by mere passage the soft consonance of unseen breezes. Lifting his eyes, he saw and heard the harmony of puff-like clouds moving slowly across a bright blue sky.

Now he could hear the music of other strings and other players, until it seemed, though he stood alone, he was part of a disconnected, yet not discordant, symphony. He felt himself a blending phrase in the seldom-heard music of the spheres.

Gradually, the long minute passed, and the eyes that had lifted to the heavens saw now the shimmering leaves of the elms and maples and poplars. They saw, too, the column of cast iron and glass, its sternness softened by twin baskets of colorful flowers and gay plants. It was an ordinary lamp-post, he realized; yet, because it was wreathed in living color, the stranger could understand why it had seemed like a shaft of beauty pointing to the heavens in tribute.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW Maine and who know Camden say it is one of the loveliest towns along the Maine coast. Ever since Samuel de Champlain and Capt. John Smith first dropped anchor in its tiny harbor and made appropriate notes in their logs, it has been known as a site of entrancing beauty, nestling in the bowl of a huge, natural amphitheater.

Four mountains and several lesser hills form the sides of the bowl, while on the open side is majestic Penobscot Bay, its deep blue waters constituting

Top: Camden Harbor and Penobscot Bay from Mt. Battie.

Bottom: In the Bok Garden Theater.

SUMMER, 1945
a vast moving stage where ride a flotilla of verdant islands and skimming white sails against an ever-changing back-drop of sky-color and lace-like clouds extending to the horizon.

No mortal could live or tarry in such a setting and fail to become a part of it. For here each dawn of each season brings a new adventure in beauty, a new shading of color from Nature's infinite book, a new vista in the mighty portfolio of Earth's incomparable vistas.

And so the people of Camden and adjoining Rockport, whether year-round or seasonal residents, have expressed their appreciation of the grandeur and beauty around them in most appropriate ways. Landscaping of the finest taste, a profusion of flowers and flower gardens, hedges ranging from the stately poplars and cedars to orderly privet and boxwood, homes along the full scale from little white colonial cottages to luxurious shore mansions and mountain chalets—all are vibrant with life and color because here living has a constant meaning and monotony can be but a state of mind.

In this entrancing setting it could only be natural that the creators of beauty through the arts would find their greatest and most constant inspiration. To the Camden area come to live, or just to stay awhile, world-renowned painters, sculptors, writers, and especially the creators of the universal art, music. Here, in informal costume or sports attire, such artists as the members of the faculty of Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music and the Salzedo Harp Colony rehearse in summer the concert music which all America will enjoy and thrill in ensuing months.

That is why, as a visitor strolls along the streets of Camden, he may find himself attuned to the music of the angels as young students scattered throughout the village with their concert harps rehearse the ethereal strains of the masters. It is music befitting the beauty of such earthly surroundings and could happen in few other places on earth.

**Out beyond the churches with the white steeples and only three short miles from the center of town is Lake Megunticook, a sizeable, irregularly shaped water basin, with peninsulas, islands, bays and beaches. Here the steep westward side of Mt. Megunticook (1380 feet) drops almost perpendicularly to the northeast shore. A Turnpike Drive has been blasted out of the rock of the mountainside along the shore. High above towers a cross on Maiden's Cliff, immortalizing the fatal plunge of a young girl, as in ageless tradition.**

Bathing, boating, fishing, hunting, mountain climbing, camping and picnicking are but a few of the diversions in this part of Camden's "back yard". A State fish hatchery is located just below the dam, where Lake Megunticook's water pours down a short river passing through town and gushes over a roaring falls into the inner harbor.

Three miles southwest of the center of town is Hosmer's Pond, a miniature lake at the foot of Ragged Mountain (1300) and Bald Mountain (1272). Here also is the famous Camden Snow Bowl, with its rustic lodge house, skate house, ski slope and tow, skating area and toboggan slide. Three miles to the northeast of the town, in the opposite direction, is Camden Hills Park, with its famed Megunticook Downhill Run, ski shelter, and ten miles of ski and snowshoe trails.

Just a mile east of the center of town and part of the Camden State Park development, which will eventually encompass 6,000 acres between the peak of Mt. Megunticook and the seashore, lies the Sagamore Picnic Area, with fireplaces, woodland retreats and shore spots and many paths so well planned that hundreds of groups can be accommodated at a time, each group having complete privacy.

Five minutes' walk from the center of town, beyond the modern post office and yacht club, is another public bathing beach on the shore of Camden Harbor. Continuing on, the road leads to Beauchamp Point, a wooded peninsula separating Camden and Rockport Harbors. Here are located Megunticook Golf Club and tennis courts and attractive homes of many socially prominent summer residents.

**Just off shore, at the entrance to Camden Harbor, Curtis Island is...**
named for a famous American who, with his children and grandchildren, have made significant contributions to the attractiveness of the entire area. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, son of Maine, loved Camden and his native State with a sincerity and finality that has few counterparts in American life.

Here, facing Penobscot Bay, he built a beautiful summer home, where his family grew to know and love the particular section of transplanted paradise to which they return year after year. His daughter, Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist (Mary Louise Bok), has continued the finest traditions of the Curtis family with civic beneficence and patronage of the arts, especially music.

In the center of Camden is the unique and magnificent Bok Garden Theater, a beautifully landscaped shore front park adjoining the Public Library grounds. Looking out over the waters of the inner harbor, at one point presenting a view of the falls of the Megunticook River, it provides an unrivalled setting for outdoor civic enjoyment. Plays, hospitality teas, pageants and Snow Ball coronations have been among its triumphs.

To list all the community and cultural projects sponsored by members of the Curtis family in the Camden area would perhaps be not in keeping with the unostentatious spirit in which such achievements have been attained. All of Maine, however, and Camden in particular, will always regard the Curtis family as truly of the Maine spirit. Time will not dim the splendor of their contributions to this little segment of the world.

Camden is by no means a “seasonal” community. With a year-round population of 3,600, it has several small industries, most important of which are in the textile group. These number five mills of varying size, all using the clean, pure water and ample power of the Megunticook River.

Largest of this group is the Knox Woolen Company, employing some 250 persons, whose average tenure of service is well over a score of years. This mill specializes in felts for paper making machines and is one of a half-dozen mills in the United States manufacturing sanforizing aprons. Only a dozen others in the Country make paper makers felts, and of the group, Knox Woolen Company workers claim, with pardonable pride, that their products excel in quality and precision. The years that have gone into skill and “know-how” in producing these rolls of felt are regarded as the firm’s greatest asset. Without such felts not a scrap of paper could be manufactured anywhere.

The Seabright Woven Felt Company is a smaller firm making specialized felts for mechanical purposes—such as roller, clearer and slasher cloths and printers’ blankets; the Hughes Woolen Company manufactures suitings and woolen apparel cloth; and two plants...
of the Camden Textile Corporation produce men’s and women’s suitings.

The Camden Shipbuilding and Marine Railway Company, which once turned out yachts and smaller craft, experienced a wartime boom when it built wooden barges and tugs for the Government. At its wartime peak it employed 1,500 men, drawn from the entire Penobscot Bay area, but now it is back to a normal complement. It is busily engaged in making lobster trap parts, for which there is a current heavy demand. Under a young and vigorous management, it is making significant postwar plans and the release of materials and return of a peacetime economy should see this small shipyard take a leading role in the economic life of the area.

An interesting aftermath of the wartime shipbuilding boom has been the rebirth of skills in that line among the men of Camden and the sound of hammer and saw is heard continually along the waterfront as various men put together their own small boats for fishing, lobstering and other uses.

To care for the commercial needs of the community and surrounding area, numerous stores, shops and restaurants, modern and up-to-date, flourish on busy Main Street. Three hotels (one year-round, two summer) and numerous tourist homes and overnight cabins provide hospitality for the commercial or recreational visitor.

In religion, the community supports seven churches. Excellent schools are supplemented by a splendid library and a modern hospital is staffed with competent surgeons and physicians. There is, of course, an abundant supply of marvelously pure water.

The Camden Town Hall contains artistic offices in keeping with the community spirit and there is a fine auditorium, with up-to-date stage and equipment. Perhaps most important of all is the achievement of the town management in eliminating the town debt and establishing a sizeable surplus in the treasury, besides registering over a million dollars’ worth of public and civic improvements over the past twenty years. All this has been attained under its town manager type of government despite constant increases in such important items as cost of education and state taxes. All essential town services are maintained on a highly efficient basis and are constantly improving. The Fire Department is outstanding for a community of this size, the fire loss rate being well below the average.

Civic pride and community consciousness are, of course, highly developed in Camden and are manifested in the many social and service organizations and an active Chamber of Commerce. The idea of decorating the lamp-posts in the downtown section with flower baskets is actively supported by these organizations and greatly enhances the attractiveness of the town.

Commercial fishing in the area is concentrated mostly in lobstering and adjoining Rockport has one of the largest lobster plants on the Maine coast, operated by the Maine Coast Seafood Corp. Fresh sea water from Rockport Harbor is pumped into dozens of large tanks and shipments are made daily to nearby terminal points where they are sent by air, rail and truck to customers across the Continent.

General farming, poultry raising and blueberry growing flourish throughout Knox and Waldo Counties, with country roads winding past picturesque farm stands in Hope and Lincolnville and on to Belfast.

One interesting but little known activity in Camden centers in the Tibbetts Laboratories, where Dr. Raymond W. Tibbetts has carried on extensive research in the electronics field. It can now be revealed that since Pearl Harbor important work has been done here for the U. S. Signal Corps, the British Ministry of Supplies, the National Defense Council, the University of California, General Electric, RCA, and many others.

Camden in the past has given many schooners, yachts and sloops to the men who love the sea and ever since the days of Champlain and John
Smith yachtsmen and sailors have made Camden a port of call.

Right now a lot of landlubbers are doing their sailing out of Camden. Capt. Frank Swift has, in the past few years, developed a fleet of coastal schooners making one- and two-week cruises out of the port. These Windjammer Cruises thread their carefree course among the spruce-covered islands of Penobscot Bay, Bluehill Bay and Frenchman’s Bay, to the east of Mount Desert. This year, his tenth in the enterprise, Captain Swift will be operating eight schooners, all of them manned and skippered by old Maine salts and accommodating nine to 24 persons.

Publicity in national magazines and the adventurous fun of the Windjammer Cruises have brought reservations from persons as far away as Florida and California. Servicemen write from the Pacific that a Windjammer Cruise is one thing they don’t want to miss when they come back.

More elaborate are the Camden Cruises, operated by the Camden Shipbuilding and Marine Railway Company, using the racing yachts Wildfire and Gallant, which have been refitted with every modern appointment. Capt. Ralph Wooster, skipper of the Wildfire, has been with his ship for 15 years; Captain Gunderson of the Gallant served as afterguard on the international racing sloop Yankee.

* * *

The sun was setting on a perfect June evening as I stood near a beautiful home high up on Beach Hill in Rockport. Below and to the east stretched the blue waters of Penobscot Bay, studded with islands, and beyond, the shoreline of Castine, Blue Hill and the mountains near Bar Harbor.

Closer, to the west, were the Camden Hills and the pretty village, glinting like a bright diamond in the amethyst cluster of mountains at dusk. Through the valley where the river winds I caught a glimpse of Megunticook Lake. There would have been a still different vista from Mount Battie, Mount Megunticook, Bald, or Ragged; but I knew that the scene from those points would be like this, incomparable.

This moment would never come again. There would be other clouds and other colors. The golden, red and orange tints of the sky, the purple of the hills on the skyline, the deepening blue of the Bay—all were changing even as I gazed.

It was timeless, priceless—perhaps it knew eternity.

What may prove to be one of the largest manganese deposits in the United States is being surveyed near Littleton in Aroostook County by a large mine engineering company. Surveys are to be completed this Summer and Aroostook County residents already are talking of the possibility of an extensive manganese development there. The vein of manganese ore, said to be 80 miles long, is believed to be a continuation of the deposit now being mined near Bathurst, N. B.

If the development materializes, Aroostook County may be in for extensive commercial mining operations. Plans for expansion of limestone, crushed rock and other quarrying and mineralogical operations in and Presque Isle area also are in prospect.
MAINE has a triple claim to distinction.

It is most widely known—and justly so—as Vacationland; and few if any states can offer such diversified attractions to the seekers after rest and recreation. Its many miles of coastline; its rocky shores and sandy beaches; its deep woods and mountains; its hundreds of crystal-clear lakes, teeming with gamy fish; its brooks and rivers—whatever appeals to the visitor may be found within the borders of the Pine Tree State.

But Maine is also an agricultural state, and an industrial state, even though this fact may not be as greatly publicized. The raising of potatoes in Aroostook County is really "big business". Maine's apple orchards are famous. The blueberry barrens of Washington County furnish a product which is sent all over the Nation. Thousands of farms, large and small, are cultivated to supply the food needs of the people.

Carload after carload of dairy products travels daily from Maine creameries to the large cities of the East. Huge mills transform the lumber of Maine's forests into the paper on which is printed the news of the world. The wool of Maine-bred sheep is woven into cloth in great textile mills. Cotton and rayon goods from Maine factories go all over the world. Modern canneries pack the products of Maine farms. Hardwoods grown in Maine are fabricated into furniture. Maine-made shoes tread the pavements of the world's cities.

But none of this would be true—or even possible—except for the building of Maine's railroads!

Before the courageous railroad pioneers projected the first primitive common carrier road in Maine, only such places as were on water routes were available to the vacationist—and he had to be a hardy traveler at that. Occasionally some adventurous soul might penetrate the interior on horseback or by stagecoach, and even explore to some extent the deep woods; but for the most part, Maine's marvelous recreational attractions were virtually unknown and unreachable.

There were farms, yes; but because there was no way to get farm produce to market, they supplied only their owners and possibly a narrow and limited local trade.

Maine came into its own as an agricultural state only after the railroads provided a means of reaching the Nation's markets.

INDUSTRY, too, was as yet unborn in Maine when the first "iron horse" slowly panted its way on its track of hemlock timbers, belching wood-smoke and sparks from its bell-shaped stack as it labored to haul a 10 or 15 ton load. The village cobbler made the shoes, by hand, for each community. Mass production was impossible without means of mass transportation.
Sheep were sheared, the wool carded and spun, and woven into cloth by the housewife for the members of her family. Great textile mills came into being only when their product could be carried by the railroads to the markets of the Nation.

Maine’s tremendous natural water power, on its five great rivers and lesser streams, was there a century ago just as it is today; but except for turning the wheels of a few insignificant saw-mills, it was unused and wasted—until the building of the railroad made possible its industrial development. Without the railroads, our manufacturing centers would still be the little hamlets they were before the day of the iron horse. Only the stretching of the rails into Aroostook County made that section of Maine the great potato-producing territory it is today.

The birth of agriculture and of industry in Maine were coincidental with the building of the railroads, without which our State would still be the wilderness it was a little more than a century ago.

To Bangor goes the distinction of witnessing the birth of the first common carrier railroad in Maine. It was in 1836 that the Bangor and Piscataquis Canal and Railroad Company opened its crude line between the Queen City and Old Town. According to Edward E. Chase in his book on “Maine Railroads”, the line ran by way of Upper Stillwater and came into Bangor along Harlow and Exchange Street to the wharves; and remnants of the right of way may still be seen. “The track,” says Mr. Chase, “was laid with wooden rails with a three-quarter inch strap rail on top.”

From that humble beginning came the railroads of today, covering Maine with a network of steel rails and growing up with the industries which railroads made possible.

The passenger trains of the Maine Central Railroad, the Boston and Maine Railroad and the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, with their connections by rail and highway bus, serve every recreational district in the State. Old Orchard Beach, Kennebunkport, the Yorks, Pemaquid, Rockland, Camden, Bar Harbor, and countless other resorts are either on or within easy reach of the rail lines.

Moosehead, the Belgrades, Sebago, the Rangeleys and other famous Maine lakes; the “big woods” of Northern Maine; the State’s celebrated hunting and fishing regions—all these are served, comfortably and efficiently, by rail. “Vacationland” was built by the railroads.

Today, even with other forms of transportation available, the major portion of those traveling in and out of our State do so behind the “iron horse”.

With the advent of the motor vehicle, it was natural that progressive railroads should see in the motor coach an opportunity to provide supplemental and feeder service; and so Maine’s railroads all have highway bus lines to augment their rail schedules. With modern, comfortable vehicles, the drivers who have gained an enviable reputation for safe operation, the railroad-owned highway bus lines serve many points not directly reached by rail.

Of all forms of transportation, the railroads alone stand squarely on their own feet—or should I say “wheels”—and are completely self-supporting. Furnishing and maintaining their own “highway” without subsidy or assistance, they not only pay every penny of their own way, but contribute substantially to the public coffers.

Yes, the railroads made Maine—but that’s ancient history. What are they doing for Maine today?

Well, imagine, if you can, the complete, instant cessation of all rail service within the borders of the State. The wheels of industry would cease to turn. Storehouses would be crammed to overflowing with goods impossible to move. Potatoes and other farm produce would rot on the ground—nothing short of chaos would result. Industry, agriculture—and Vacationland—depend today upon the efficient service of the railroads even more than they did in those early days of growth and development.

The railroads perform their service to Maine day in and day out—no matter what the weather.
But the value of the railroads to the State of Maine is not limited to the service they perform.

Out of every dollar of gross revenue of the railroads within the limits of Maine, a substantial percentage goes to the State Treasury in the form of an excise tax. For the Maine Central alone, in 1944, this tax amounted to $596,265. When you ship a piece of freight by rail from Portland to Bangor, out of every dollar you pay for that transportation, the State collects 3½ per cent.

Year after year, through purchase of material and supplies from Maine concerns, through payrolls and taxes, the railroads have poured vast sums into the State's arteries of trade; thousands of railroad men make their homes in the cities and towns through which the rail lines run, paying taxes, building homes, and bringing up families.

In Portland and South Portland alone, the annual wage-payment made by the railroads to men and women employees amounts to nearly three million dollars.

Railroad men are good citizens. This money doesn't go into the "old sock". It is spent with the merchants of the two cities, and is a substantial contribution to the prosperity of the community. Add to that the income and spending of the thousands of railroaders and their families living elsewhere in the State, and the value of the railroads to the public welfare becomes even more apparent.

Maine's railroads made possible the development of the State as a famous vacation resort; made possible its pre-eminence as an agricultural and industrial State. They are today, and even in the postwar future will be the form of transportation on which Maine's future depends.

These are Maine's railroads: from their earliest history they have been of Maine, for Maine, and by Maine. It isn't too much to say that they made Maine!
Aristocrats of the world find a happy home life in pine-scented surroundings.

It was difficult to believe, as we stood in that 15 by 20 room in the ell of a Berwick home that we were standing in the presence of approximately $30,000 worth of fur-bearing treasure.

Yet that would be the current market value of the 55 little animals in the small wood and wire pens which housed the pets of the Wilson Chincha Ranch, the only commercial establishment of its kind in New England. Altogether there are not more than 100 Chincha breeders in the whole of the United States and Canada.

Had we arrived the day before, the visible treasure would have amounted to many thousands more, for 19 of the world's most valuable fur producers had just been shipped to a similar establishment near Washington, D. C.

Chinchillas—very distinctly not to be confused with Chinchilla rabbits—are not much larger than a fat gray squirrel, yet they are so rare and their fur has been so highly prized for the past 500 years that breeding pairs are valued at from $1,000 to $5,000 a pair. At an average adult weight of 22 ounces, this makes the little animals worth far more than their weight in gold.

First use of Chinchilla fur is unknown, but authorities believe it was probably as early as the building of the ancient pyramids of Egypt. Their range, however, appears to have been confined to the Andean area of Peru and Chile, where Spaniards first observed the Chinca Indians using the fur, hence the name. It is now known that the mighty Incas not only utilized the skins of these animals, but sheared their tame Chinchillas, weaving the soft, downy hair into a rare fabric.

After four centuries of trapping, the wild supply was exhausted and the little rodent was on the verge of becoming extinct. Fortunately, in 1923, an American engineer, Frank Chapman, trapped eleven of the delicate animals and brought them to the United States. It was a noteworthy experiment, for never before had zoos been able to keep them alive for more than a year or two. In this Country, they readjusted their lives to the reversal of seasons and have thrived.

Today there are some 6,000 pairs and their offspring, which are the descendants of the original eleven. The American Chincha fur raisers are still building up their breeding herds and it will be many years before Chinchillas are pelted in large enough quantities to make an impression on the demand. Pelts sell for about $50.00 apiece up. Fur auctions like to have something like 3,000 pelts on hand before the auction is staged. Coats made from the pelts have sold at prices ranging from $30,000 to $100,000 and the fur also is widely sought for accessory trims, cuffs, collars, millinery and delicate evening gowns.

Characteristic strains of the Chincha also have been established by breeding, such as the American Imperial, with an inimitable pearly grey fur blending into an ethereal blue. Chincha fur is exquisitely soft and has a feathery lightness, yet its compactness and strength make it extremely warm and durable. Eighty hairs to the root is the secret of its denseness. The quality of lightness in the leather makes it a versatile fur to work.

Clifford H. and Margaret E. Wilson
Top: Mrs. Wilson holding one of her $1,000 “pets”.
Bottom: Close up view of one of the aristocrats of the fur-bearing world.
of Berwick first went into the Chinchilla breeding business through a pooling arrangement with C. C. Billerback of the Capitol Chinchilla Farms of Washington, D. C. The Wilsons have had experience with other small livestock, such as rabbits and goats, so the new venture, started in 1943, was not entirely new to them.

Mr. Wilson constructed the pens and insulated the room in a wing of their attractive village home, while Mrs. Wilson cares for the animals most of the time, keeping an accurate daily check on the valuable pets.

Requirements for the animal are simplicity itself; a wire cage, 30 by 40 inches, with a bare wooden nest box and a little wooden refuge box for the male to duck into when the female goes on a rampage. One thing was conspicuously noticeable by its absence—that animal smell. Their only aristocratic demand seems to be for Fuller's earth, a very fine sand obtained from Florida, in which the Chinchillas take their daily bath and brush their teeth. Being vegetarians, they thrive on vegetables, fruit, grain and hay. Toast and raisins are a treat.

One thing did seem strange. Here they come from high up in the Andes Mountains, yet the temperature of the room must be kept above 50 degrees. Mrs. Wilson said that is always the $64 question, and the best answer she could give is that the mountains where they lived are volcanic, therefore the crevices in the rocks are warm and they are at liberty to go out in the cold or in where it is warm. They are usually mated in pairs at about five months of age and will breed anytime thereafter. The gestation period is 111 days and the young are born fully furred, eyes open and able to scamper about in a few hours. The litters go as high as five babies, but the usual number is two or three. They have been known to produce as long as 17 years, but 8 or 10 years is about the average.

We photographed one little family and even petted one of the fond parents. Her hair was actually as fine as milkweed down—60 to 80 times as thick as a mink's. Fleas and other vermin cannot live in such dense fur (they would be smothered) and so Chinchillas suffer from virtually no infectious diseases.

With the demand for Chinchillas so great and their scarcity, I came away from the Wilsons with the impression that there was an opportunity for serious fur breeders to consider, despite the initial outlay for breeding stock.

Still another impression was that the Chinchilla breeders were determined Chinchilla raising would not develop along the questionable lines of the silver fox promotions of some years ago. Each animal is registered and its ears tattooed with numbers that serve as positive identification. And with each sale of breeding stock goes a guarantee of offspring within a stipulated number of months.

We found the Wilsons extremely hospitable and ready and willing to answer all questions in connection with their Chinchilla breeding hobby. They have also prepared an attractive folder which gives at a glance the answers to most of the common questions raised by visitors who come from far and near to see their unusual pets. Their pioneering in New England in the Chinchilla business is indicative of their Maine background.

Owen M. Smith, Portland insurance man, is currently conducting a program on news of Maine business, entitled "Trade Winds", at 1.30 p. m. Sundays on Station WCSH. He is also a noted amateur photographer.

The North Wayne Tool Company in Oakland, established in Wayne in 1835, is one of the few concerns in the United States over 100 years old. During the Civil War the company made 10,000 swords for the Union army. In the present war it has been making 100,000 pairs of clamps used in the making and operating of torpedo nets. It has also made lend-lease scythes for Iceland and South Africa and reaping hooks for Algeria and Tunisia.
Route of the Appalachian Trail in Maine

Based on Map No. 1
Guide to A-T in Maine

- Route of Appalachian Trail
- Main Highways
- Private or Tote Roads

Cartography by William Woelffl. Aug. 1943
Maine's 266 miles of "Silver Aisle"—from Katahdin in central Maine west to the Maine-New Hampshire line—is an outstanding section of the entire 2,050-mile Appalachian Trail. This route across Maine is marked by white paint blazes leading through, for the most part, a spruce and fir forest with a cathedral-like stillness; hence this appellation "The Silver Aisle".

The superb recreational attractions of the Maine Woods need no elaboration. The Appalachian Trail route across Maine is a cross section of the very finest of all these attractions. Only two small towns, Monson and Caratunk, and the hamlet of Blanchard intrude upon the wilderness pattern. All the rest is forest.

The Maine portion of The Appalachian Trail is characterized by infinite variety. By reason of the terrain, The Appalachian Trail route across Maine necessarily cannot adhere to its ideal of following a continuous mountain ridge crest. Instead, it presents an alternating pattern of mountain, forest, stream and lake. It is even further varied by two canoe crossings.

The Trail route in Maine, by reason of its topography, can be divided into three major divisions. The eastern, between Katahdin and the Piscataquis River at Blanchard (118 miles), is a section of delightful variety. It is the least strenuous and, therefore, a very desirable initiation to Trail travel in Maine. The attractions of Katahdin, northern terminus of the Trail, are too well known to require portrayal. Daicey Pond, Rainbow Lake, Nahmakanta, Pemadumcook and Joe Mary Lakes, Yoke, West branch and Long Ponds lie along the route. Rainbow, Nesuntabunt, Big and Little Board-

**The Silver Aisle**

The path of the Appalachian Trail in Maine

The western portion, a distance of 99 miles, from the east base of Mt. Bigelow to the Maine-New Hampshire line, is characterized by the ruggedness of the terrain. Here the Trail traverses a series of eleven peaks, close to 4,000 feet in elevation. The Mt. Bigelow Range has 20 miles of ridge-crest trail. Sugarloaf's symmetrical bare cone is the second highest in the State. Saddleback's long, above-timber-line granite dome, overlooking the Rangeley Lakes, is of extraordinary interest. Beyond, the Trail becomes still more strenuous. Its important features are Baldpate, the Mahoosuc Range and Old Speck, with its 1500-foot climb in a mile and a half of Trail. This is reputedly the most strenuous on The Appalachian Trail in Maine. Such picturesque names as Mahoosuc Arm, Fulling Mill, Full Goose Mountains and Carlo Col...
typify this wild rugged terrain which ends at the Maine-New Hampshire line.

The traveler on the Appalachian Trail in Maine is particularly fortunate in the types of accommodations available. For, at the end of each moderate day's travel, will be found a sporting camp, a type of hostelry peculiar to Maine, picturesquely located on some lake or stream. Here accommodations at moderate rates may be obtained. Thus one may travel Maine's 266 miles of Appalachian Trail in 24 days, carrying no heavier burden than the barest of personal necessities.

For the traveler to whom camping en route is an essential part of the pleasure of trail travel, there is a second alternative system of accommodations in the form of open front lean-tos. Such structures are public campsites and exempt from the requirement of the Maine guides' law, requiring employment of guides by non-residents while camping. Thus, the "outsider" may travel the Trail in Maine in full compliance with the Maine Laws.

The ideal of this chain is a continuous unit. That goal still remains to be attained. However, from Katahdin to Nahmakanta Lake, 32 miles, the chain is complete. Then there is a gap in the lean-to chain of 95 miles to Moxie Bald Mountain. From here there is a continuous chain for 139 miles, not only across Maine but on through the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In all, there are 24 lean-tos on The Appalachian Trail in Maine.

Road approaches make possible numerous combinations of trips of varying length along the Trail. Full information on The Appalachian Trail in Maine is contained in the 600-page fourth edition of Guide to the Appalachian Trail in Maine, issued in July, 1942. This publication contains detailed trail description reading in both directions, with notes of points of scenic and economic interest, together with articles on the geology of the Trail route and a Bibliography. It contains thirteen maps. The section (124 pages) relating to Mt. Katahdin and its trails is particularly complete and detailed; it is accompanied by a two-color contoured map of the Katahdin Region. This publication, issued by the Maine Appalachian Trail Club, Inc., may be obtained from The Appalachian Trail Conference, Washington, D. C., at a cost of $2.50. A prospectus, descriptive of this Guide, may be had upon application to the Conference. No traveler on Maine trails should attempt the route without the benefit of this publication.

The Appalachian Trail in Maine is a voluntary amateur recreational project. It is maintained by individuals and organizations affiliated with The Appalachian Trail Conference, from which information as to the entire Appalachian Trail may be obtained.

For variety and the rewards attendant upon the travel of a well-marked trail, we commend to you "The Silver Aisle" across Maine.

NOTE: For further information about "The Silver Aisle" and other sections of The Appalachian Trail, address: The Appalachian Trail Conference, Washington, D. C.
MAINE'S beauties of forest, lake and seacoast are known by now to millions; relatively few are aware that the immense area of the State, comprising half the total area of the New England States, is also a prospector's paradise, yielding startling mineralogical "finds" ranging from the ores of most of the metals to gem stones such as tourmalines, beryl, amethyst, garnet and topaz.

Almost every boy who has ever hiked over the countryside at some time or other has known the thrill of wonderment at the varied kinds of rock formations and crystals exposed underfoot. When amateur and professional science begins to dispel some of the mystery, the fascination of knowing what composes the rocks still remains. As a hobby, mineralogy and geology have thousands of followers, residents and visitors to Maine alike.

Every county in Maine has its outstanding or characteristic mineralogical deposits. Yet there still remain countless areas, vast in the aggregate, where little or no adequate investigation has been conducted. And even in the sections where deposits are known and charted, hobbyists each year discover new "finds", new variations or new combinations of rock and crystal, to keep the thrill of discovery alive.

South of Sanford, in York County, for instance, are found samples of idocrase, a volcanic rock known generally as Vesuvianite. Found in both crystal and massive formation, some of the best samples of idocrase in the world have been found here and are exhibited in the world's leading museums.

At Litchfield, in Southern Kennebec County, has been found a combination of minerals discovered nowhere else in the world. Existing together are nephelite, cancrinite, lapidomelane, sodalite, elaeolite and zircon crystals. Never before had all six of these types been found in combination.

At Newry, in Oxford County, is found pink ambygonite, an extremely scarce mineral in massive formation like feldspar, with lithium, sodium, and fluorine. At Mt. Agamenticus, in southern York County is found an unusual combination of arfvedsonite in syenite, an iron-aluminum silicate with sodium.

The geologist recognizes the Precambrian rocks of the southern and western part of the State as forming the bed rock of Maine. These consist mostly of sandstones, shales and limestones all greatly altered by weathering and erosion. Where they were compacted to a crystalline rock by the intrusion of molten granite, valuable mineral deposits resulted, particularly pegmatite, coarse-grained granite, valuable mineral deposits resulted, particularly pegmatite, coarse-grained granite, valuable mineral deposits resulted, particularly pegmatite, coarse-grained granite, valuable mineral deposits resulted, particularly pegmatite, coarse-grained granite, valuable mineral deposits resulted, particularly pegmatite, coarse-grained granite, valuable mineral deposits resulted, particularly pegmatite, coarse-grained granite, valuable mineral deposits resulted, particularly pegmatite, coarse-grained granite, valuable mineral deposits resulted.

The pegmatite area extends northwest across the State from Popham, at the mouth of the Kennebec River to the wilderness of northern Oxford County. Famous mineral localities in this belt are Topsham, Mount Apatite, Mount Mica, Paris, Buckfield and Newry.

Most sedimentary rocks in Northern and Central Maine are Silurian, principally shales, slates and impure limestone. Rock of the Devonian period is represented by a belt of sandstone, the Moose River formation extending from west of Moosehead Lake to Northern Aroostook County. This is probably the most fossiliferous formation in the State. Volcanoes left beds of lava and ash, deposits of which are found along the coast from Penobscot.
Bay to Eastport. Of these, Mount Kineo on Moosehead Lake is the most famous, consisting of a solid mass of flint, or hornblende. Others are at East Kennebago in the Rangeley Region, Big and Little Spencer, the Coburn Hills in northeastern Aroostook, Haystack and the Quoggy Joe Mountains near Presque Isle.

Granite has always been one of the State's important products, showing great variation in color, grain and texture. Limestone deposits are found in many parts of the State and have been extensively developed in the Penobscot Bay region. Feldspar is mined in Oxford, Androscoggin, Cumberland, Sagadahoc and Lincoln Counties. It is used for the manufacture of porcelain, scouring powders and soaps. The pegmatite rock also yields mica, quartz, beryl, most gems and many rare and interesting minerals.

At least one mineral, beryllonite, has been found nowhere outside Maine and this State has yielded the finest emerald beryl found in the United States. The extraction of beryllium has been given a boost by the demands of the war effort. Used, like magnesium, as a light metal alloy, it is only one-third as heavy as aluminum and much harder.

Gold is found in many sections in small quantities, mostly in association with quartz, and in at least 50 localities placer or stream gold can be panned out profitably. The Swift River, Gold Brook at the foot of Chain of Ponds, and other places in the northwest section of the State periodically attract the seekers of the yellow metal. All told, it is estimated there are some 150 basic minerals found in Maine, with hundreds of variations, combinations and associations.

The paleontologist and the antiquarian also find rich "pickings" in Maine, with various varieties of fossil-bearing rocks, Indian relics, coastal shell heaps and relics of the pre-Indian "Red Paint People", scattered throughout the State. Various communities have museums, gem collections and similar exhibits to fascinate the hobbyist.

Every once in a while the amateur stumbles across a real find, such as the "cavern of jewels" uncovered at Topsham a few years ago. Benjamin B. Burbank of Brunswick noticed an outcropping of bluish topaz in combination with muscovite, a lepidolite mica. He notified the Harvard Museum and a crew under the direction of the curator blasted out a hole revealing a hollow pocket ten feet long, seven feet high and three feet wide. The cavern was lined with outcroppings of crystals of many hues and various types. The rubble in the bottom of the cavern also yielded many unusual specimens.

This brief article could hit only some of the highspots in Maine's mineralogical store. But the average visitor has only to look around a bit in any section of the State or consult the amateur and professional people who have spent years in the fascinating study to derive hours of real pleasure in prospecting and exploration. The Maine Mineralogical and Geological Society, to several of whose members we are indebted for this article, can give valuable assistance to the casual inquirer or the experienced student.
ED. NOTE: Introduction of William L. Robbins, editor and publisher of the Deer Isle Messenger, to readers of THE PINE CONE through the reprint of some of his editorial sketches resulted in such favorable comment and so many requests for more of the same that we obtained his permission to put on a return engagement. Among the letters was one from a man in Ravenna, Ohio, who declared Mr. Robbins' piece entitled "Nostalgia" was "worth the entire subscription in any man's money".

We chose Mr. Robbins' editorial reaction to the first issue of THE PINE CONE, in the Deer Isle Messenger May 10 as a starter).

LAUNCHING

ANY years ago Uncle John Ed had a vessel built at Bath which was my home then and when she was launched I was on the deck and slid down the ways with her into the Kennebec. It was my first and only experience in being aboard at a launching, although I have witnessed numberless craft slide into the water. That was many, many years ago and I was a young boy, but I will never forget the thrill of it.

Something like that thrill I experienced the other day when I received the first copy of The Pine Cone, the new quarterly magazine issued by the State of Maine Publicity Bureau, and turned its pages to discover the caricature you see at the top of this column staring at me and several of the sketches, selected by the editor, reprinted.

So, will you pardon my pardonable pride at being invited to launch aboard this nice new craft so typical of the State of Maine? What pleases me most is what the editor wrote: "Because we believe his writings typify to a superlative degree the simple strength and beauty that characterize the Maine scene and Maine people we obtained from him permission to reprint several sketches of our own selection from his book". Believe me, I appreciate that compliment. The selections taken from "From My Window" were "Nice for the Nerves", "Nostalgia", "Grandisir", and "A Trip in the Tango".

Well, for many generations my forbears have lived on this Island and I should feel its influence which is part and parcel of that of the whole State of

SUMMER, 1945
Maine. I lived out of the state for many years and for that reason I think I gained a perspective, denied those who haven't been away, which has helped me appreciate more than ever that we have here a rare set of conditions that make Maine just about the most desirable place there is in which to live and work and play—and feel everlastingly happy about the whole thing.

SAILING, SAILING!

GULLS have the most fun! At least that is what I gather from watching their maneuvers in a high wind. The harder the blow the more they seem to like to take to the air, like a bunch of children with sleds attracted to an icy hill. And that's just what they seem to be doing—coasting and gliding—swirling and dipping, just for the sheer fun of it. The wind does all the work. They just set their sails and rise or glide, veering as they will, with hardly an effort and only occasionally a wave of the wings. Pictures of grace and beauty they are, especially when you look at them from below towards the sun and the light shows through the translucent wings. When they weary of that pastime they can sit down on the bosom of the water and bob about on the waves. Never a care in the world, seems if.

I MISS MY NEIGHBOR

THE boys and girls are coming out of school, and almost instinctively I look out my window for Emery's car with himself sitting in the front seat waiting for his boy—and anybody else who cares to ride up the North Deer Isle road. He's always parked right here. But he is not here and no more will he cheerily wave his hand, or come through my door with his inevitable "Good mornin', brother," to sit down a few minutes to pass the time of day, crack a few jokes, and kid us all in his own inimitable way.

This noon when I passed the open barn door, up where we live, Sally whinnied at me from her stall and I stepped in to give her a pat as I sometimes do, just to show there's no hard feeling. She was glad to see me and nuzzled my shoulder for attention. She was lonesome—I know she was—for her master, and I believe she knew he wouldn't come to see her again—to let her out, or fork down her hay from the mow, or call her in at night from her meanderings around the farm. I petted her a little extra special because I was sorry for her and because I felt lonesome, too, at the realization I had lost one of the best neighbors I ever had.

When it came to neighborliness I was much in Emery's debt for it seems that I could never catch up on the good turns he did for me and mine. If anyone at my house was sick he was right over to help and if I was away I felt perfectly safe about my family—for Emery was within call. Kindly, with a heart as big as all outdoors, he was, I think, as typical an example as can be found of the men of the sea who have absorbed from its depths and immensity the big-souled, generous characteristics that make them so lovable.

Blessed is the community which numbers among its citizens so many of this type of men. They are the salt of the earth which has lost none of its savor.
FROM earliest days, the State of Maine has been famous for its good, wholesome food. And rightly so. For, in earliest days, her people learned to draw on Mother Nature in developing the characteristic cookery that has won world reknown.

Maine's creed of living early called for character and resolute self-reliance—and perforce, good cooks came to rule over the pots and pans of Maine kitchens. Hardy people were . . . are . . . hardy eaters.

So Maine has inherited a tradition of cookery. Its recipes, as one would expect, were first taught by word of mouth. Later some were scribbled in a laborious Colonial atmosphere in "cook books" which mothers presented to their daughter-brides. Others were preserved by hand-turned printing presses. But, surprisingly, there are hundreds of mothers' "cook books" still in active use. And the thousands of people who vacation each year in Maine's cool playground find never-ending delight in the savory dishes that originated in kitchens built three centuries ago.

Here are some recipes typical of Maine's culinary heritage. One suggestion: Follow the directions faithfully when you set out to use them yourself. Then, if the final product of your efforts somehow reminds you of the vast evergreen forests and the clean sweep of the sea, the recipe will have served its two-fold purpose. It will have brought to you a bit of the true savor of the State of Maine; it will have forever freed you from the damning Down East criticism: "She can't cook."

**Indian Corn Cake**

The simple ingredients required and the hearty nourishing quality of the finished product made corn cake a frequent part of the meals of the earlier settlers, and it is typical of the dishes which so delighted Theodore Roosevelt during his many visits to this State. Though there were probably scarcely two cooks who used precisely the same amounts and proportions, the baking process was more standardized for the corn cake (or "Johnny cake", as it was also called), was baked in front of a roaring fire in the all-purpose fireplaces. Here it is:

1 egg 1 cup sweet milk
2 tablespoons 2 tablespoons butter
molasses Indian meal

Mix together the egg, milk, molasses and butter. Gradually stir in the meal until the mixture is thick enough to pour. Bake in a covered greased spider or pan about one-half hour in a moderate oven.

**Mount Desert Brown Bread**

From Mount Desert, one of the earliest colonized territories of Maine, comes a recipe for brown bread, famous accompaniment to the more famous Maine baked beans:

2 cups cornmeal 2 cups sweet milk
3 cups flour 1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon soda 1/3 cup molasses
1 teaspoon salt

Mix together the dry ingredients and add the milk and molasses. Stir well and pour into greased molds, filling them about two-thirds full. Steam three hours.
Maine Apple Cake

Whether or not the Apple Cake originated in Maine, its simple ingredients and the use of their own products endeared it to the hearts of the settlers and made it a practical dish for them to use. So, if not by originality, at least by early adoption it can be acclaimed as a truly Maine dish.

2 cups flour 1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt 2/3 cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon vanilla
3/4 cup sugar 3 apples, sliced
1/4 cup shortening

Cut the shortening into the sifted dry ingredients. Add vanilla and the milk to the beaten egg and combine. Spread the mixture in a shallow pan and spread the top with cinnamon and sugar over the apples pressed lightly into the batter. Bake 25 minutes at 400 degrees.

* * *

Hermits

When the British planned an attack against Quebec in 1759 and built the old fort on the west bank of the Penobscot, the little town of Stockton Springs had its beginning; and though the date of its birth is somewhat later than 1759 it is from this same historic spot that this recipe for Hermits comes to us. And, as one old cook book remarked: "These will keep a long time—if you lock them up!"

1 teaspoon cinnamon 1/4 cup cold coffee
4 tablespoons sugar 1 1/2 cups seeded
3 tablespoons butter raisins
1 cup shortening 3 1/2 cups flour
2 cups brown sugar 1 teaspoon each of
2 eggs soda, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg.

Cream the shortening and sugar; add well-beaten eggs, coffee and ground raisins. Add the dry ingredients sifted together. Bake in an oven 375 degrees.

* * *

Maine Clam Chowder

Hot and heavy has raged the war between the tomato users and the non-tomato users in the preparation of Clam Chowder. To a native State-of-Mainer, the answer is as "plain as the nose on your face"—certainly Clam Chowder has no tomatoes in it. That would be rank heresy!

1 pint Maine clams 3 Maine potatoes, 1-inch cube salt, sliced
1 cup cold coffee pork, diced 1 1/2 cup water
2 onions, sliced thin 2 cups rich milk
3 tablespoons butter Salt and pepper

Fry out the salt pork slowly and cook the onions in it without browning for a few minutes. Add the sliced potatoes, clams and water and cook until the potatoes are done. Add the milk, bring to the boiling point and add the butter and seasoning.

* * *

Each of these old recipes, you will note, has been translated into terms of quantity, oven temperature and detail that will enable you to adopt the instructions to modern cooking methods. This you can do . . . with no sacrifice of genuine old Maine excellence.

As advertising manager of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, L. Russell Blanchard has been responsible, in part, for the extensive collection of famous old Maine recipes which his company possesses. Many of them date back to the State's pioneer days and have never appeared in public print.
A SONG TO MAINE

by LOUISE HELEN COBURN

A SONG to Maine we sing who stand
On the sunrise outpost of the land,
For we love our state with a love as great
As her forest wide and grand.
Earliest flees the night in Maine;
Earliest dawns the light in Maine;
At the gate of the East, as morning's priest
Vigil forever keeps Maine.

The pines of Katahdin call to the sea,
And the waves make answer faithfully;
Freedom and rest they promise our guest,
And the healing of turf and tree.
Fair are the rivers and rills of Maine;
Kind are the woods and the hills of Maine;
And the crystal lakes and the surge that breaks
On the rock-bound shores of Maine.

The Pine Tree State—may she lead the way
Through twilight shades to a brighter day!
With God as guide, whate'er betide,
Maine leads—may she lead alway!
Fair are the rivers and rills of Maine,
Kind are the woods and the hills of Maine;
So we'll sing as long as we breathe our song
To the dear old State of Maine.

II. From pioneers to paper makers . . .
The story of the Eastern Corporation.

by GERALD G. KING

WHEN John Brewer of Worces­
ter, Mass., first settled across
the river from Bangor in 1771
and built a lumber mill at the mouth
of Segeunkedunk Stream, he was
probably the forerunner of the pres­
ent Eastern Corporation, manufactur­
ers of pulp and paper. For John
Brewer, with twenty-one other hardy
souls, ran out the first tract of timber­
land, thereby focussing attention of
others on a region richly endowed by
nature. Soon he was joined by new
settlers and their combined efforts
brought forth a flourishing business in
lumber.

The manufacture of pulp and paper
is the outgrowth of an industry that
made Bangor the third largest lumber
port in the Country. When the lum­
er industry had reached its peak in
the region and was moving westward
with the population, great strides were
being made in the manufacture of
pulp and paper from wood. Although
forests of the region had given up
vast quantities of timber, there still
remained more than ample supplies to
courage the development of the pulp
and paper industry. It was mostly
slow-growing timber spruce, now con­
sidered second to none for the manu­
facture of sulphite paper.

This was not the only favorable fac­
tor, however. The Penobscot River
region offered an almost limitless sup­
ply of pure, clear, soft water from its
tributary rivers and streams. It sup­
plied the necessary water power in
many instances, too. In addition,
transportation facilities, especially by
water, gave pulp and paper manufac­
turers in the region a decided edge
over competition.

Another most important factor was
the labor supply. For years hardy,
husky expert woodsmen gravitated to
Bangor and were available to the
manufacturers of pulp. Skilled lum­
ber mill workers and others also were
available. They were trained readily
to their new jobs in paper making by
experienced craftsmen from Massa­
chusetts. These pioneers were cour­
geous, resourceful and industrious . . .
and Maine was a land of new op­
opportunities. They were the pioneer
paper makers of the region and many
of their descendants are carrying on in
similar jobs today.

THE EASTERN Corporation was orig­
inally a lumber concern, owned and
operated by Palmer & Johnson. In
the "eighties" its mill was purchased
by F. W. Ayer and extensively rebuilt.
Improvements included three band
saws, making Eastern the largest band
sawmill in the New England States.
In the course of time its annual out­
put approximated 35,000,000 feet of
lumber.

The sawmill, one of the pioneer
 tide-water mills in the State and the
largest in the East, was operated by
Eastern until 1916. In that year it
was abandoned and the following year
razed. Many of the "old timers"
working at Eastern today can tell you

Top: A Penobscot County farmer aids the war effort by bring­
ing in his pulpwood to Eastern’s Lincoln Mill.

Bottom: Eastern’s South Brewer plant, where the General
Offices also are located.
all about this historic old mill. They paint vivid word pictures of the lumber produced by the mill and loaded directly onto vessels of all types and descriptions destined for many ports of the world.

Mr. Ayer conceived the idea of converting the waste slabs and edgings developed in the sawing of lumber to dimension into sulphite pulp instead of utilizing this waste lumber for fuel as was the custom in those days. This experimental venture really laid the foundation for Eastern’s world-wide business today in fine papers.

Eastern’s original pulp mill was built in 1889 adjacent to its large sawmill in South Brewer. Through the years the pulp mill at South Brewer was enlarged and modernized. Production increased from 60,000 pounds of pulp daily to about 275,000 pounds and this product is regarded as the highest grade bleached sulphite pulp. Eastern’s Brewer mill was the first in the Country to manufacture sulphite pulp for the rayon industry. There is no finer wood pulp made, a tribute to the skill and ingenuity of the craftsmen who continue on with Eastern.

In 1895 the management of the Eastern Manufacturing Company decided to enter the paper manufacturing field. A building was erected adjacent to the pulp mill at South Brewer and a paper machine was installed. Paper manufacturing began in 1896 when manila and wrapping papers, known in the trade as coarse paper were produced. Unbleached sulphite pulp was used in the manufacture of these grades.

In 1901, the second paper machine was installed, followed a year later by a third machine. During these years the manufacture of paper began to shift from coarse to fine grades. Dry lofts were built and a rag pulp mill was put into operation. A box shop was built for the manufacture of wooden cases suitable for the shipping of fine papers. Finishing departments and auxiliary equipment were installed and the company was definitely launched in the business of making fine writing papers. For a number of years Eastern made paper partly of rag pulp and partly of wood pulp. Now Eastern concentrates on fine papers made exclusively of wood pulp.

In 1914 the company took over the Katahdin Pulp and Paper Company at Lincoln, Maine; the corporate merger being accomplished in 1915.

The Eastern Electro-Chemical Company was organized in 1916 to manufacture bleach liquor for the Eastern pulp mills. This was absorbed by the Eastern Manufacturing Company in 1921.

In 1930 the Orono Pulp and Paper Company at Basin Mills was purchased by Eastern, but the mill later was abandoned as unprofitable. Its machinery was dismantled and moved to the South Brewer and Lincoln plants.

In 1939, the Eastern Manufacturing Company had reorganized and its corporate name changed to the Eastern Corporation.

Today the Eastern Corporation owns and controls about 600,000 acres, or nearly 1,000 square miles, of timberland in Northern Maine and Canada. All operations in the selection, cutting and handling of pulpwood are under the trained direction of Eastern’s Woods Department. In ordinary times, Eastern has over 100,000 cords of peeled pulpwod available in the yards or woods for processing.

Since the war started, Eastern has kept its two pulp mills and two paper mills in continuous operation, supplying much needed pulp for war materials and paper for every branch of the Services, as well as war industries and the “home front”.

Eastern has five paper machines, three at South Brewer and two at Lincoln. These and other types of machines keep a major share of Eastern’s 1250 mill employes busily engaged in jobs vital to the war effort.

To illustrate the importance of water to the pulp and paper industry, Eastern’s mill at South Brewer utilizes nearly 25,000,000 gallons of water daily in its various processes. This is enough water for a city of some 300,000 inhabitants. The water, clear and clean, comes from Brewer Lake. Before it is used, however, it goes through a process of purification and filtering. The clarity of the water is
extremely important in securing the bright whites demanded in paper today. Each pound of paper comes in contact with more than 50 gallons of water while it is being made.

Since the war started, three Allis-Chalmers hydraulic barkers have been installed. In the face of a serious labor shortage, these have materially aided Eastern in keeping up with the demands from government agencies. Pulpwood is ordinarily peeled in the woods. Today, because of the dearth of labor, it must be peeled in the pulp mill. The illustration of a pulpwood pile at the start of this article reveals the results of a labor shortage; smaller pulpwood pile, rough instead of peeled wood, and a farmer's logging sled . . . the latter symbolic of the extra contribution the local farmers have made to aid the war effort.

Although Eastern has its own tidewater storage tanks for fuel oil with a capacity of some 4,500,000 gallons, it prepared for extraordinary war times by erecting a colloidal fuel plant in cooperation with the Petroleum Administration for War. In this experimental plant, a combination of oil and powdered coal is prepared to be burned in place of fuel oil alone.

Eastern's plants today are turning out about 65,000 tons of pulp and 50,000 tons of paper annually. Most of its production is being used to further the war effort in some form or other. Along with other pulp and paper manufacturers, Eastern was recognized early last year as a vital war industry . . . the largest in the vicinity of Bangor with such a rating.

FACTS AND figures on the manufacture of pulp and paper are most impressive, but equally as interesting and certainly more inspiring are the people who are responsible for Eastern's standing in the community, State and Nation. All have played their
part and have more than met the crucial test since our Country has been at war. There is something to be said for each group...from the management who have made Eastern one of the soundest organizations financially in the pulp and paper field, to the workers who have sweated and toiled to deliver the goods in the face of a diminishing labor supply and an increased demand for pulp and paper.

It has often been said that Eastern's workers are no ordinary workers picked by chance. Rather, they are, for the most part, sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters of those whose entire working lives were welded into the very life of Eastern itself. That accounts for their skill, their industry, and their close and intimate concern in the success of Eastern and the products Eastern produces.

Almost wholly, the employment at Eastern is divided among the people of the towns and neighboring communities in which the two mills operate. This is a basic policy with Eastern and not entirely an unselfish one. By this method Eastern is able to maintain the traditions of quality that were established by the original founders of the company. Paper making is an art as much as a science and skilled paper makers inherit and learn the methods of the company from their fathers and grandfathers. They take their places in the scheme of paper making as naturally as any offspring inherits the characteristics of his parents.

Their loyalty to Eastern is demonstrated by the records. Over 900 have been with Eastern for more than five years. Of these more than 400 have seen ten years' service, 165 have been with the company 25 years, 49 of them for thirty years, 36 for thirty-five years and nearly 50 have been a part of the organization for a forty-year or longer period. A few have even passed the half-century mark.

But it took a war to bring the true worth of these veteran workers to the fore. In their zeal to help their Country, back their sons and daughters in the service, contribute their share to the war effort, they have broken all previous production records and have been maintaining remarkable quality standards considering the abnormal conditions both actual and artificial under which they have been working.

Perhaps one of the most dramatic moments occurred when the management was confronted by an urgent request from the Government for a large quantity of pulp. The labor involved was beyond the apparent capacity of the workers at the time, yet there was no additional help to be found. The problem was presented to Eastern's employes and at a meeting of their own, no one representing the management being present, Eastern's Pulp Mill employes volunteered to meet the Government request. The employees agreed to work extra hours, many working two shifts daily, seven days a week. This arrangement continued for several months until the pressure for wood pulp eased.

Quite remarkable, were the records of several men, over sixty years of age, who worked two shifts sixteen hours daily, seven days a week, for the entire critical period.

Spirit like this helps win wars and win the peace. It is typical of Eastern's men and women workers. With such spirit as a dominating factor at Eastern, there should be no question about the continued success and growth of this Maine organization in the years to come...an encouraging picture for Eastern's 360 war veterans.

Now a word about Eastern's products will complete this bird's-eye view of another leading Maine industry. Eastern makes a wide variety of fine business papers which are sold through paper merchants (jobbers or wholesalers) in all parts of the Country and in many foreign lands.

The export trade of the Eastern Corporation is diversified in scope. Before the war shipments were made to South Africa, Egypt, Cuba, throughout Central and South America, Siam, Portugal, the Philippines, Hawaii, the Dutch East Indies, England, France, Holland and Belgium. Today, whatever shipments the Government allows are sent for the most part to Central and South America. After the war, Eastern looks for a resumption of world wide trade on an even broader scale than before.

Eastern's leading Mill Brand paper
is Atlantic Bond, a genuine watermarked sheet used for letterheads and business forms. There are other Atlantic papers, too, including Ledger, Mimeo Bond, Duplicator, Cover, manifold and Vellum. These papers have been leaders in Eastern's line for 15 years. They are the products of craftsmen. Printers rate Atlantic papers "tops" for all round performance and outstanding appearance.

The secret of their success is due to a combination of factors which give them over-all superiority. No one factor is emphasized to the detriment of another. The Atlantic line was one of the first in the sulphite field to be watermarked and the first and only line to show the substance number in the watermark. Made from Maine's slow-growing timber spruce, it is strong and permanent. Atlantic Bond was one of the first sulphite papers to be tub-sized, a process then usually limited to higher priced papers.

Other popular Eastco Mill Brands are the Volume and Manifest lines, consisting of Bond, Mimeo, Ledger and Duplicator. In addition, Eastern makes high-grade, deluxe wrapping papers, fancy finished papers and papers for announcements and greeting cards and for boxed stationery.

There are about 66 writing paper mills in the Country. Of these no more than half a dozen possess the facilities to handle every phase of paper making from the cutting of the pulp wood to the packaging of the finished product. Eastern is one of the handful, a leader in its field.

Because the story of the Eastern Corporation is a dramatic powerful saga of rugged pioneers, skilled craftsmen and progressive business men... because it is an outstanding example of Maine men converting and developing the State's remarkable natural resources into forms by which all men have been enriched, it is an integral and vital part of the mighty record written in "the making of Maine".

The Hutchins family of Ogunquit is well started on its second "Century of Friendly Service" to the people of that community. In 1840 Theodore Hutchins became the Village Blacksmith, making, by hand, the shoes and nails with which he shod the horses and cattle 'round about; he also did the iron work on many of the boats built at Ogunquit. In 1880 his son, Joseph Erving Hutchins came back from the sea to join his father in the Village Blacksmith Shop. In 1920 Joseph's son, Russell P., added a garage to the Blacksmith Shop, where he was later joined by son Theodore Joseph Hutchins, of the fourth generation. A modern garage business has now supplanted the Blacksmith Shop and the business still looks to the future, for another son, Richard T. Hutchins, is interested in aviation.
FEW YEARS ago my husband and I spent our vacation on East Lake of the beautiful Belgrade chain. It was homecoming for me after many long years on the Mid-West prairies and every turn of the road brought new delights and soul-satisfying visions.

We were driving across Country to Belfast for one of those indescribable lobster treats on a perfect August morning. Never was the air clearer, the sky more blue, the landscape more beautiful. My husband, while he cannot claim the honor of Maine as a birthright, has adopted it as his own after many happy hours spent there.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Look! It's so clear today you can see the White Mountains!"

I looked at him with pity. "White Mountains," I scoffed, "there never was a day clear enough to enable anyone to see the White Mountains from this section. Those are Maine's own mountains—the Franklin County mountains."

The discussion waxed hot, until we agreed the matter should be settled by the first native we met. In a few moments an old man appeared walking in the road, and my husband drew up with a flourish, saying, "Beautiful morning, Sir! Wonder if you could tell me the name of the mountains over there?"

"Whadye say?" he queried in that high shrill tone that so often denotes deafness.

"I am anxious to know the name of those mountains there on the horizon," explained my husband, in a thundering voice.

The old gentleman pushed back his straw hat, scratched his head and peered off in the direction to which my husband pointed.

"Mountains?" questioned that high-pitched voice, as an incredulous expression spread over his wrinkled, weather-beaten face, "Mountains? What mountains?"

and with a graceful sweep of his arm, drew a parlor match across the leg of his pants in such fashion as to light it with a loud, sharp crack.

Instantly there was pandemonium, with those nearest the door trying to make a hasty exit. But the old Judge pounded with his gavel; then leaned over the bench and said: “Gentlemen, this court permits smoking in the courtroom. In fact, this court smokes itself. But the court must draw the line at gentlemen lighting their pipes with a six shooter!”

—Mrs. Evelyn C. Wheeler, Gorham

**Probably Nowhere** in America is island life so much of a phenomenon as off the coast of Maine. But quaint and picturesque as the islands may be, the people are anxious for the modern improvements found on the mainland. Good schools, roads, moth and mosquito control, street lights and the like. The Chebeague Island PTA has become a civic organization working for these things. The main industry is, of course, fishing, but the development of this and other islands as a place for summer homes and recreation needs attention. A great class of summer visitors prefer the quiet resort to the fashionable.

—Prof. Eric P. Kelly, Hanover, N. H.

**Hill’s Hardware** Store at Machias does its advertising in the Machias Valley News - Observer through the medium of a gossipy, humorous, newsy three-column layout of reader material called “The Rip Tide”. It’s got so you just don’t dare not to read it, or else you’ll miss out on who’s doing what and why.

Here’s a typical item:

“The man, Mulholland, from Indian Lake, has made him a hand cultivator. Turned his wheelbarrow upside down and hitched a wide handled cultivator to it. Using just a part of his abundant energy Mul cultivated twelve rows of peas an hour for 15 minutes. We are still selling the five-prong genuine Norcross cultivator for $1.25. Can’t be beat in quality and price. We’ve got a stock of hoe handles, too.”

—C. L. S., Machias

**PINE CONE** readers are invited to send in contributions to this department. The material can be anything of fact, fiction, or phantasy, so long as it conforms to the description of “typically Maine”. Items should not be longer than 250 words. Address: Cracker Barrel Editor, State of Maine Publicity Bureau, 3 St. John Street, Portland 4, Maine.

SUMMER, 1945
MAINE POTATOES are helping First Marine Division veterans keep husky halfway around the world, writes Sgt. A. D. Hawkins of Ellsworth, Marine Corps Combat correspondent. Since the first fresh shipment of Aroostook County potatoes arrived recently at a South Pacific base, the Marines have devoured them baked, boiled, escalloped, browned and au gratin. Mashed potatoes rate first on the menu of the Marine veterans of Guadalcanal, New Britain and Peleliu, with baked a second choice. The men dream of French fries, but the mess sergeant doesn't have facilities to mass produce them.

—Portland Press Herald

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(Please make check or money order payable to State of Maine Publicity Bureau)
farmers, lobstermen, reporters, guides, and bankers, and generally got around among them as much as anyone could who wasn't running for office or trying to exploit them in any way; and it is my considered opinion that there are no better people any where in the world than there are in the State of Maine.

I have found them kind, generous, humorous, thoughtful, sensible, sociable, hard-working, independent, intolerant of sham, waste, graft, loose thinking, loose living, bad government. Consequently I like Maine people as well as I like the state itself.

I like—and I don’t see how anyone else can help liking—the way Maine’s seamen swarmed out to harry English merchantmen in the War of 1812; the way her shipbuilders built ships and the way her twenty-year-old sea captains sailed them into the farthest corners of the world; the way her farmers coaxed a living from the ground without a whimper when farmers elsewhere were crying agonized cries for assistance.

I particularly like the way her citizens have cast their votes for lost causes which they knew to be right and have only smiled a wintry smile at the jeers of the misguided millions on the bandwagon; the way they refuse to admit that to be in the minority is to be wrong.

My provincialism is so pronounced that I freely admit I have never seen any other part of the United States that seems to me as desirable a place to live; but I know at least a hundred spots in Maine where I am eager to have a home.

The truth is that I have a profound love and respect for Maine, for its history and for its people; and I’d like everyone to see it as I see it, and to love it as I do.
I DON'T pretend to know much about the State of Maine, because it's difficult, in the course of one short lifetime, to learn more than a few of the details concerning a territory almost the size of England. Nor do I, in spite of having been born in Maine, know much about its people, since those I know are such a small portion of the number I might have met if I had lived two hundred years and had traveled assiduously through the state for all two hundred.

What little I do know about Maine, however, I like—like so well that I have never found any section of the world in which I could live as happily, or seen any part of any other country, no matter how beautiful, in which I felt the same contentment.

This, I realize, will probably be regarded as a shameful and unsophisticated admission that brands me as hopelessly provincial. In that case I willingly accept the brand. Having thus exposed myself to the charge of provincialism, I may as well confess all at the beginning.

I have heard much, in urban centers, of the sourness, dourness and bucolic backwardness of Maine natives. On the stage I have seen them portrayed as freaks, always frigid and repressed, too often perverted, and invariably speaking an alien Gosh-durn-it language. Those I have encountered in books are usually completely devoid of humor, and have a stark, grim, bilious attitude toward life.

The Maine natives that I know aren't like that. I repeat that my acquaintance isn't abnormally large; but for many years I have gunned with residents of Maine for all sorts of game in all sorts of surroundings, fished with them for many varieties of fish in widely separated parts of the state, built houses with them, sailed with them, camped with them, played golf and baseball with them, stolen apples from them, swapped lies with them, traded antiques with them, listened to Maine college professors, newspaper owners,

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)