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Summer Camp Invasion

By Dorothy Downes

More than 200 boys' and girls' camps in Maine this year will engage in one of the finest activities of American life—the building of health and character in youth.

To NEARLY 20,000 American boys and girls, their counselors and instructors, this Summer of 1946 will mean another glorious adventure of supervised camp life in the State of Maine.

Here, along the pine and spruce-shaded borders of Maine's lakes and ponds and sheltered seacoast spots, they will again frolic to their heart's content, at the same time assimilating those deeper lessons of cooperation, character, self-reliance and skills which will help mould them into finer human beings.

More than 200 of such camps—one-twelfth the total of the entire Country—are located in the Pine Tree State, blessed by Nature with a benign summer climate and a profusion of entrancing scenic locations.

Physical equipment in these boys' and girls' camps ranges from lodges with fireplaces and elaborate swiss chalets to canvas-sided cabins to take the greatest advantage from the invigorating air and sunlight. Recreational facilities encompass the range from complete waterfront and boating equipment to tennis courts and handicrafts.

Although not much more than 50 years old, the growth of summer camps has been phenomenal and received its greatest impetus both after the turn of the century and following World War I. Educators and others interested in the work confidently expect that the coming years also will see a similar expansion, in which Maine, a pioneer in the development, will have an important role.

To the highest-ranking leaders of American education, summer camps represent a new and vast frontier in effective child-guidance and training. Such ideals motivated the pioneers of the movement, notably Daniel Beard, the Rev. H. H. Murray and Ernest
Balch and Maine's own pioneers, Dr. George W. Hinckley, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cobb, Dr. and Mrs. Luther Halsey Gulick, Dr. George L. Meylan and others.

They were early to recognize that the increasing complexities of American life were tending to isolate children in an unnatural environment. It was to give modern children an opportunity to experience the priceless joys of Nature denied them by an urban existence that they established the boys' and girls' camps as we know them today. Their ideals are being continued and developed by present day Maine summer camp directors, nearly all of whom are leaders of distinction in the educational world.

First and foremost consideration of Maine summer camps is the health and safety of the campers. Ratio of staff to campers averages one to three and competent medical and nursing supervision is practiced at all times. Every camp has its infirmary for minor upsets and there is a Maine hospital within easy driving distance of every camp.

Enrollment in Maine camps averages from 40 to 200, grouped in age and development categories from children under six to 20 years. Activities run the gamut, with the most popular being swimming, canoeing, sailing, riding, tennis, crafts, and camping trips. Minor activities are such as archery, nature, riflery, farming, pets, music, dramatics, art, dancing and special hobbies, such as photography and the various hand crafts.

Another feature of Maine camps is that they are under constant rigid inspection of the State Department of Health and sanitation must conform to the strictest possible codes. Daily health checkups and required rest periods also are practiced to conform to the highest health standards. Camps vary, not only in equipment, but in activities, according to the personality, background and experience of the directors, but generally the atmosphere at all is friendly and informal. Provision for special tutoring, where necessary, is made at nearly all camps.

A number of establishments also have outpost camps and virtually all provide an overnight or longer camping trip for those who have acquired the skills necessary to life in the open. Camp libraries, recreation rooms, musical instruments, shop facilities, and assembly programs are available for rainy day activities.

Maine also has a unique summer camp activity in the Maine Junior Guide program, authorized by the Legislature and fostered by the Governor and State administration. Membership is open to boys and girls of 14 or older, who can demonstrate their proficiency in woodcraft and allied activities. Final tests are taken before an examining board of camp executives and wardens of the Department of Inland Fisheries and Game. Official certificates are then presented by the Governor at impressive ceremonies held in the State House at Augusta.

A number of Maine camps are operated on the brother-sister principle, there are several "dual" camps, one for girls and one for boys, situated nearby—and several others have a resort camp section near the main scene of activity for parents. In any event, every camp is located in a section where parents and adults can find hotel and resort accommodations not far from their children, if they care to make a brief visit to the camps some time during the summer.

While Maine boys' and girls' camps are all in full swing during the eight weeks of July and August, not a few provide for special camping sessions during June and September, usually at a reduced rate. Religious needs of the campers also are a special concern of all camps and services are available either in the camp or at churches in nearby communities, with transportation provided in all necessary cases. Most camps have counselor training programs, which gives a camper an opportunity to become a leader when he or she graduates from the camper role.
Many of the camp managements also operate their own farms, thus assuring a constant supply of fresh vegetables, pasteurized milk and other foods.

Transportation to and from Maine camps of 20,000 boys and girls and their chaperones and supervisors is annually an impressive operation. Groups en route to the various camps gather on scheduled days in such large centers as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo and other eastern centers and entrain in special cars for the railroad station nearest their camp, to which they are then taken on special buses or camp vehicles.

The bulk of the rail passenger movement funnels through Portland's Union Station and traffic officials of both the Boston and Maine and Maine Central Railroads have an elaborate and perfected system of handling the rush. The campers usually arrive in Maine the week prior to July 1 and leave during the week prior to Sept. 1. Union Station is a bedlam of shouting, happy youngsters during those days, but so well managed is their shepherding by both camp executives and railroad officials that all are dispersed to their proper destinations without a hitch.

Words seem inadequate properly to describe the joys these thousands of boys and girls experience every day of their stay in a Maine camp, much less to attempt to delineate the long-term benefits to health, character, knowledge and responsibility which accrue from such an experience. Only the boy or girl who has been such a camper, or their counselors and directors, can fully appreciate what the adventure means to every life that it touches.

But, to try to convey the idea by suggestion, here is a typical day's camp program:

**Morning:**
- 7:00 Reveille, morning exercises and dip.
- 7:30 Flag raising (perhaps group prayer, also).
- 7:45 Breakfast.
- 8:30 Inspection.
- 9:00 Group sports (fishing, hiking, badminton, tennis, etc.)
- 11:00 Swimming and boating, with instructions.

**Afternoon:**
- 12:30 Dinner, followed by a rest period, letter writing, etc.
- 2:00 Individual sports and instruction, games, hikes, boating.
- 4:00 Recreational swimming and boating.
- 5:00 Free Time.

**Evening:**
- 6:00 Supper, followed by campfire, games, stories, songs, folklore, movies, etc.
- 9:00 Taps.

Much of Maine's tremendous land and coast area is noted for its freedom from conditions causing hay fever. The forested regions away from the grasses and pollen bearing weeds, the upland areas and along the coast where the growth is principally coniferous offer asylum to many thousands who annually suffer from this allergy.
The Unbashful Bass

By Delmont Andrews

A dyed-in-the-wool Maine bass enthusiast hurls the insult supreme at the lordly trout and salmon champions, even tossing off a suggestion for a new and potent source of vitamins!

Most State-o-Mainers are trout and salmon minded when it comes to fishing. Few will deny that for sheer beauty even that newcomer to Maine, the rainbow trout is only runner-up to our own native eastern spotted brookies or “square-tails” whose surging rushes and deep-fighting skill make men sneak out the back door when the lawn cries for attention and winter storm sashes are still un-removed in the middle of June.

No one will dispute that the tail-walking leaps of a hooked landlocked salmon are a sight that will make any fisherman’s temperature rise. These are the fish of grace and beauty that built Maine’s fame as a fisherman’s paradise. From “ice out” to the hot days of Summer Maine has countless thrilling sights and experiences in store for the fishing enthusiast who thinks in terms of trout and salmon.

But wait... What then? Should your favorite rod and tackle be stowed away on the top shelf until the crisp September days bring Salmo Sebago and Salvelinas Fontinalis from the depths again? The fisherman who does is missing the greatest thrill of all.

From the deep clear waters of over three hundred of Maine’s lakes and rivers comes a fighter who, in my considered opinion, inch for inch, pound for pound or by any other comparison is the gamest fish that swims. He’s a warm weather master of combat who asks no quarter and gives none... from the first of June to the 30th of September. Often referred to affectionately and, I might add, respectfully, as “Old Bronzeback” this rugged battler, the smallmouth black bass, adorns the top of the list in my book... after twenty-five years of fishing.

For dazzling speed that will make your line sing as it cuts through the water; for dynamic aerial smashes that shower you with spray and for honest to goodness P-O-W-E-R when the hook is set and the chips are down no other fish can approach him. Maine’s Bronzebacks don’t just strike and fight. THEY EXPLODE right in your face on contact with the barb!

No sight in my recollection has produced a more amusing spectacle than the face of an ardent trout-fishing friend of mine when he connected for the first time with a two-pound bass on his five ounce trout rod. He lost his hat... dropped his pipe... let out a whoop and then stepped neatly backward right into the middle of his open tackle box before the bass parted his tapered leader and made off in a series of derisive leaps while trying to throw the bug that was no longer on the end of a line!

The fly fisherman who has never tangled with these fellows on light tackle had better employ utmost skill if he values his equipment. One of the favorite tactics of this slugger is to charge straight for the boat in a terrific burst of speed when first hooked... and then to zig-zag back and forth under the boat from side to side... now and then breaking into the air almost in the angler’s face. (Spray, thus received upon the bare hands and face, fresh from the fins of a bass is excellent in the treatment of war neuroses, so physicians say). This defense is most commonly used by the bass when there is no sunken log or other submarine obstruction handy on which he can wind the line about three turns before the frantic disciple of Izaak Walton can say shucks!

From June first to June 21st when fly fishing only for bass is permitted in Maine, I have found that the White Miller, Col. Fuller and the Yellow May fly if tied on a No. 6 or No. 8 hook are quite effective. Later in the season the various artificial bugs work very well. A deer-hair mouse...
made by one of the better known tackle manufacturers is reliable over the entire span of the season. In mid-Summer and early Fall the so-called popping bugs work very well, especially just at dusk.

Starting on June 21st, bass may be taken by plug casting, trolling and still fishing. The plug caster will perhaps find that the surface lures appeal more in late afternoon and at dusk while the underwater plugs as a rule, catch more fish during the hours of brighter sunlight. There are exceptions to this, of course. Several surface plugs, particularly those that make quite a disturbance on the water often produce good results at any time of day.

During the hottest part of the Summer, when bass move down to the deep holes they often refuse to show interest in surface lures, flies, bugs or underwater casting plugs. A practice sometimes successful under these conditions is to cast a deep going lure or wobbling spoon over the hole and allow it to sink completely to the bottom before starting the retrieve. I have taken several bass from the same deep spot in a comparatively short period of time more than once with this method.

Those who prefer to troll will find that almost any of the standard trolling tackle recommended for bass will give the desired result when used correctly.

During the warmer weather, particularly in late July and August many fishermen get extremely good catches by "still-fishing" with live bait, usually frogs, carried by a sinker down into the deep holes where the bass go to seek cooler water. In this type of fishing it is important to allow the fish to have the bait a little while before setting the hook. One of the largest bass I have ever seen in Maine was taken in this manner during the 1945 season.

To those who have never tasted the sweet firm white meat of a bass . . . pan-fried in bacon fat . . . or a delicate smoke-flavored fillet done to a nut brown over the open camp fire, I can only offer my sympathy. Many devotees of the Salmon and trout school of thought still maintain that bass are not suitable as a food. Webster's definition of Bass is interesting: "One of various EDIBLE fishes allied to the Perch." Of Trout he says: "A fresh water fish allied to the salmon but smaller" (no mention of edibility). Later and more modern dictionaries feel constrained to add to their definition of bass that they are "highly esteemed for food."

Since the smallmouth bass is a native of North America and was introduced in England and the continent long after the heyday of Izaak Walton, we cannot seek his comment regarding their food value except in what is a round-about way. As bass are of the perch family, let us see what we may glean from this great master about the family of fishes to which the bass belong:

Izaak Walton says: "The Pearch is of great esteem in Italy saith ALDROVANDUS, and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty dish. And GESNER prefers the Pearch and Pike above the trout, or any fresh water fish."

Doubtless many of the readers have at one time or another caught or are familiar with the catching of codfish by hand line as practiced in salt water fishing along the North Atlantic coast. This fish, prized so highly for its high vitamin liver oil . . . gives up the ghost with hardly a struggle . . . and follows the line in calmly . . . like a sodden rubber boot. I submit that science has overlooked a bet. R. E. Gould may have something by the tail in his plan to dam the North Atlantic and so change the course of the Gulf Stream . . . but I think I can shine the spotlight on something far more beneficial to mankind:

If the oil from the liver of the lowly, yielding codfish can make men out of weaklings and build health in a sickly human, the oil from the liver of a fighting, smashing, rip-roaring bass should be a concentrate of the same vitamins . . . so powerful that a single drop administered to an infant at birth could supply sufficient Vitamin C to last him well through college.

Gentlemen of the Jury . . . I rest my case.
Maine Communities:

Farmington

An inland Maine town, busy, yet serene in its ways, where opportunities are abundant, where scenic charms are magnificent and where nostalgia weaves a potent spell few choose to break.

When people think of an inland Maine town they picture a pretty village on the banks of a winding river... neat, well-kept homes with trim, sweeping lawns and ancient shade trees... a busy commercial center with a town common and memorial shaft only a step away... and the entire setting pervaded with the subconscious knowledge that within the radius of only a few minutes' drive will be found a profusion of lakes, ponds and streams, sylvan retreats and hilltop panoramas.

In the late Spring and early Summer they can picture the sunlight streaming through heavily-leafed oaks, elms and maples, sparkling to an emerald green the grassy expanses and borders within the town. In the mind's eye they see the green, undulating fields of nearby farms, the white and red and yellow farm stands... the pine and hemlock and birch woodlots extending from the edge of the cleared lands along the roadsides back to the slopes of the country hills.

All this is an accurate mental picture of hundreds of pleasant Maine town sites—but it is true to a superlative degree of the magnificent setting of the Town of Farmington, shire town of Franklin County in West Central Maine.

When the town's first settlers came, in 1781, they were not disappointed in the glowing descriptions of the site brought back by a party of explorers five years earlier. More to the point, they found a soil remarkable in its fertility and absence of stones and immediately set about to raise the first of the crops for which the area has since become famous. It was this first and highly successful activity of the settlers that gave the town its name.

For ten miles on both banks of the Sandy River, the township of Farmington embraces the river valley. Broad sweeps of intervale land skirt the winding river and from these fertile acres the land ascends in undulating slopes, sometimes rising gently, sometimes abruptly by ridges 50 feet or more high. Countless spring freshets of by-gone years have given the intervale lands rich deposits of loam in which corn, oats and forage crops produce abundantly.

On the higher slopes and plateaus back from the river, potatoes, apples and dairy farms thrive on soil as loamy and rock-free as the intervales and just as laden with the mysterious soil constituents that give Sandy River vegetables and fruit a flavor famous in American agriculture.

The business and residential center of the town is on a gently-rising plain on the east side of the river, and in back of it two hills, Cowan's and Mosher's rise 200 to 300 feet above the plain. On the western side of the river, from the village of West Farmington, Porter's and Voter's Hills rise an equal height. Around the turn of the 19th Century some rivalry sprang up between the residents of West Farmington and Center villages as to civic and business progress. While Center Village, on the eastern side, has developed into the principal business and residential area, West Farmington, too, has prospered.

Business men think of Farmington as a sort of commercial and transportation "hub," or center, for its section of Maine, as well as a "gateway" to the Rangeley Lakes and Dead River regions. State Routes 4 to Rangeley and 27 to Stratton and Eustis and U. S. Route 2, chief inland East-West highway, pass through
Farmington. Other lesser, but nevertheless well-paved routes, lead into Farmington from the surrounding countryside.

In addition to being the focal point for business generated by agricultural and tourist activities, Farmington also is the center of an area of diversified industries located in neighboring smaller towns. These are principally based on wood products and lumbering, although there is also a large woolen mill and boot and shoe factory in neighboring Wilton (PINE CONE, Autumn, 1945). Canning also is an important seasonal industry and from canneries in the Farmington area have gone forth millions of cans of the Maine sweet corn that has brought fame to the Sandy River Valley.

In Center Village are plants of the Maine Skewer and Dowel Company, Farmington Wood Products Company, the Franklin Farm Products Company (a cooperative), canning plants of the Burnham & Morrill Company and J. W. Pratt Company and the soon-to-be-revived Greenwood Manufacturing Company. The latter firm, under new ownership, holds the patents to the famous Greenwood spring steel lawn rake and an earmuff which once was made in large quantities.

At West Farmington are the Metcalf Wood Products Company, Carroll J. Macomber Company (wood turning), and Edward Marble Canning Company. Farmington Falls has the Gordon Lumber Company mill and a Burnham & Morrill cannery plant.

Largest factory in the Farmington area is the Forster Manufacturing Company at Strong, world's largest manufacturer of toothpicks and meat skewers. With 500 employees, working two shifts, and operating five lumber camps in the Dead River region, this firm, under the leadership of brothers Theodore R. and Thomas W. Hodgkins, again is resuming production of its famous line of clothespins. Its other noted products include olive and cocktail forks, picnic forks and spoons, ice cream spoons, mustard paddles, medical tongue depressors and applicators and hors d'oeuvre picks.

During the war Forster made hundreds of millions of three- and five-inch spoons for ration kits and GI feeding, was the meat industry's principal supplier of skewers and supplied the Army and Navy with millions of tongue depressors. They are the world's only manufacturers of round toothpicks. Like other successful Maine firms, one of the "secrets" of the Forster company is that it developed and built its own machinery in its own highly efficient machine shop.

Also at Strong are the Strong Wood Turning Company, making a line similar to Forster, and the Starbird Lumber Company. At Kingfield are the Wing Spool & Bobbin Company, and H. G. Winter & Sons, novelty turnings. New Vineyard has the F. O. Smith Company, boxes and wood products and Industry has the E. J. Rand Company, boxes. At Dryden are the Thomas & Marble Canning Company and the Wilton Lumber Company. At New Sharon are the Medomak Canning Company and C. A. Thompson Company, wood products. At Phillips are the McLain Wood Products Company, the Wood Plastic Company, plant of the Berst-Forster-Dixfield Company, wood products, and the Sheehy Woolen Mill.


With the exception of the Forster, Bass and Wilton Woolen Companies, all these firms employ from 10 to 100 workers. In addition to the Greenwood company, other small industries and enterprises are springing up in the area. At East Wilton a small plant for the newly-formed Arrow Woods Products Company is being built and in Farmington the firm of Knowlton and McLeary, printers, is engaged in packing Forster's fork and spoon picnic set. This firm also stamps names on olive and cocktail forks for taverns and hotels as far
Away as Alaska. Twenty-four women are now employed, with enough orders in sight to provide work the rest of the year.

Another important "industry" in Farmington is Farmington State Teachers College. Founded in 1812 and accepted as a Normal School in 1864, this famous institution has one of the outstanding home economics courses in the State of Maine and annually prepares more teachers in this subject than the University of Maine. Current enrollment is around 350 students and every county in the State is represented in the four-year course inaugurated this year.

With the demand for home economics teachers constantly increasing, enrollment expansion to 400 or 450 in the next few years is expected by the college administration. Plans for additional plant expansion in coming years include a new administration building, college library, home economics and science building and alterations for new classrooms. The college at present contains the Edith E. Clifford Memorial Library, which has a $50,000 trust fund for the purchase of new books.

With alumni in all parts of the United States, affection for alma mater was illustrated during the war, when men students in service voluntarily contributed regularly to maintain the men's dormitory, formerly one of the buildings of the famous Abbott School. Some even returned to stay there on furloughs. During the past 20 years alumni also have made possible a modern gymnasium and dormitory buildings.

With such an inspiration to cultural activities as the Teachers College, Farmington people also have fostered civic, literary, musical, service and social organizations and in these activities the local Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Catholic Church groups play their part. The Maine Council of Churches will conduct a leadership training school at the college the last week in June and from August 11 to 24 more than 200 students and leaders will attend the sixteenth annual Maine Music Camp at the college.

Farmington's musical tradition further is highlighted by the birthplace of Lillian Nordica, famed operatic star of a half-century ago. The Nordica Memorial Association has trans-
formed her simple but beautiful native home into a shrine, replete with mementoes of the great singer and memorabilia of her operatic triumphs throughout the world.

In the realm of sports and recreation, Farmington gives easy access to such lakes and areas as the Belgrades, Rangeley, Clearwater Lake, Norcross Chain, Wilson Lake, Varnum Lake, Webb Lake and the Dead River area of streams and lakes. It is only a few miles from Mt. Blue State Park and Webb Lake at Weld and to the Kennebec River area from Skowhegan to Solon, including Lakewood on Lake Wesserunsett. The golf course at Wilson Lake Country Club is one of the most panoramic in the State and magnificent vistas are abundant from the various hills around the town.

Outstanding events in the area this Summer will include the Rangeley Lakes Water Carnival at Rangeley July 4 to 7, the Maine Resident Amateur Golf Championship play at Wilson Lake C. C., Wilton, July 24 to 26, and the Franklin County Fair at Farmington Sept. 16 to 21. The latter is one of the top-notch fairs of the entire State. The usual fishing, hunting, boating and canoeing activities of the area, including the Rangeley and Dead River regions, annually attract thousands of visitors.

In civic and community affairs, Farmington has seen an era of conservative and substantial development. Besides its activities as a county seat, it has a modern Franklin County Hospital, a model grade school with program coordinated with the Teachers College, an excellent high school (a new high school building is being urged) and the Cutler Memorial Library of 32,000 volumes, including many rare and costly books.

Resources of the three local banks, the Franklin County Savings Bank, the People's National Bank and the First National Bank are currently more than $10,000,000, representing a 100 per cent increase in the past five years. These resources are the highest in the bank's histories and current volume of their business also is reported at record peak.

More on the conservative side, Farmington business men are looking forward to continued "good times" in the area and plans to revive the town's Chamber of Commerce are now under way. Also being discussed is a move for a town manager, a subject on which some local controversy is expected.

Two general impressions one gathers on a visit to Farmington are, first, that everyone is busy and, second, life seems to move serenely along nevertheless. It is generally agreed that everyone who wants to work can find a job and that there are plenty of opportunities for enterprise to be rewarded.

In such a setting, where agricultural, industrial, commercial, recreational and cultural activities are so many and so varied, there is little wonder that residents of the Farmington area regard their particular section of the State as one of the finest from every aspect in the whole State of Maine.

Model Grade School
My Faith in Maine

By Carolyn W. Morse

Foreword: Maine people have a living faith in their homeland arising from something far stronger than mere pride of historical associations. The grandeur of the Pine Tree State in its physical aspects and, above all, the magnificent character that is the Maine heritage often combine to produce a dynamic outlook on life whose scope encompasses the universe.

Such, we believe, has been the driving force inside the great Maine poets, artists, writers, builders and philosophers who gave their expressive genius to all mankind.

And of such, we submit, is the following “credo”. Intended originally as a letter to a friend, we were privileged to see it and asked the author’s permission to use it in THE PINE CONE.

—R. A. H.

A week ago today I was discharged from the Women’s Army Corps. The world is in a turmoil, they say. There will be World War III, they say. That war will destroy civilization, they say. There are strikes everywhere and in many parts of the world there is open or quiescent civil strife. It seems that the common man does not care and that the few men who do care may go quite mad with the ineffectiveness of their struggle to make right things right.

The United Nations Organization must work! It must succeed! Has the world become too complicated for our very comprehension? Have we lost our perception of the proper balance of the important and the unimportant? Are our minds and our physical beings so tired that we can no longer continue the moral fight for the world in which we would be proud to live?

Yes, I have just been discharged from the army where I felt that temporarily I was doing all I could for my country and for the world. Now I am again entering the complicated life of a civilian. What can I do now to enable me to look at myself in a mirror and say, “I am glad to know you”?

I and the whole world need to return to that basic understanding, the fundamental joy in simple things or the lack of that same joy, which gains in size, importance and velocity, as it affects more and more of the human race and thus sets the tenor of the world’s general drift of thought. It is a snow ball rolling down hill which is many times its original girth when it finally reaches the bottom of the long grade.

We must return to an appreciation of the land and we must periodically renew ourselves in the beauties of nature—the grandeur and the stately majesty of the sea, the silver sheen of lakes, the magnificent vista from mountain peaks, the rushing torrents of rocky streams, and the shy beauty of a violet in its native habitat rather than in the window of a florist. We must know the sublime joy of true companionship, the joy of a deserved smile in return for one’s own, the joy of sharing with another person a simple task well done, the joy of feeling that it is good to be alive, and the joy of looking forward to another new day.

THE PINE CONE
Yes, I am advocating a return to the woods and to the sea for a renewal of the inner man. I am advocating sharing the simple pleasures in the woods, on the sea, and in the mountains with others in the spirit of true companionship. I am not advocating a palatial yacht or a palace in the woods. On the other hand, the sense of the actual comparative smallness and the similarity of common things gained from a view of this old world from a seat in that modern and complicated contrivance, the airplane, is very rewarding in its calming influence.

The State of Maine has taught me something. I have learned of the thrill of a vigorous fight with that warrior, the landlocked salmon. I have learned of that engaging struggle with the black bass. I have learned of the spiritual stimulation of a canoe trip. I have learned of the healthy hunger experienced with the perfume of cooking trout and the smoke of a camp fire in one’s nostrils—one’s own trout and one’s own camp fire.

I have learned of the courtesy and the straight thinking of the Maine Guide. I have learned of the unforgettable beauty of Maine’s coastline, of the roaring of the waves, of the proud traditions of the seaman, and of the fighting qualities of that largest game fish of them all, the giant tuna. But above all, I have learned that friendship and understanding is never closer than in the woods, on the mountains, or in a boat. One can breathe more deeply of the air when it is scented with pine or with salt. The air seems more fragrant, the earth more soft, the sunsets and the sunrises more gorgeous when one is close to nature and the beginning of things. There seems hope for the world and for mankind.

I plan to experience a great sense of well-being at the crest of that monarch in an unspoiled spot of nature, Mt. Katahdin. I will cast for bass in Belgrade Lakes. I am going to troll for salmon in the Moosehead Region. I will fly fish for trout at Rangeley. I will go down the Allagash in a canoe. I will charter a boat and get my tuna at Bailey Island.

When all is done, the world can be faced with calmness and renewed vigor. There will be a solution for the wiles of man or, at least, the courage to face them. Who could live with nature and not know that all men are brothers? Who could fish and not learn that sportsmanship, patience, finesse and love are not the ways and means of proper association with his fellows? Let us send each man in the world back to nature for a week in the company of the companion he most loves and respects.

I have found my solution for those moments when the problems of the world are too much with me and when the affairs of men are shrouded in a fog like that which at times envelops the Maine coast. There is strength and beauty in my country and through its strength I have the ability to completely overlook the small frictions of life. I have the ability to comprehend that those mountains I have built can be mere mole hills when musing upon how far the world has come and the distance it has yet to go. The steadfastness of a tree lends me its strength and the permanence of a mountain somehow foretells that the problems of today have their solution in tomorrow. There must be unsophisticated faith, patience and understanding of those things in life which are affairs of consequence through the years.

I shall preach to my neighbors my faith in the enjoyment of nature and my faith in the State of Maine and perhaps I, too, can start a current of peace which will set the world’s thought on a new and calmer course.
Isle of Enchantment

By Ida Morse Paine

Here is a new and somewhat different appreciation of glorious Mount Desert Island, written especially for the PINE CONE by one of its best-loved residents.

I SUPPOSE EVERY person knows of one particular spot on God's green earth that to them is perfection—one place that gives them the fullest measure of enchantment, of interest, of constant discovery in every waking day. Many people, I have been told, spend a good part of a lifetime searching for that ideal place and, alas, perhaps never finding it.

I was more fortunate. From the day I first opened my eyes in this small corner of the universe, Mount Desert Island has been to me, and constantly through the many years of a busy life, my "isle of enchantment.”

Its rugged shores have lured me, whether in sunshine, or snow, or rain. I have seen its sparkling water kiss the sky as a golden moon made a pathway across the heavens. Its stately pines and fir and spruce have perfumed the air I breathe. Its birds still chant celestial phrases while, at every turn, its flowers, especially the wild roses and lupins, border its maze of woodland trails.

From its mountains each sunset is different. Perhaps there is a black thunder cloud rising out of the west... sometimes a deer standing out against the skyline. Always, first, the hush of twilight, then the twittering of night birds. Haze purples the mountains. Silver mist gently drapes a veil over blue waters. Ocean waves sometimes lap easily against the shore, sometimes hurl their fury against the timeless rocks.

These are some of the things that have given me joy and peace. Do you wonder it is my "enchanted isle”?

TO ALMOST EVERYONE, Mount Desert Island has a different meaning. To Champlain, the explorer, who marked it down in his journal in 1604, it was "l'Isle des Mont deserts”, from which it has retained its present name. Henry Van Dyke called it "the most beautiful island in the world”. A traveler from Switzerland called it "the Switzerland of America”. The recent May issue of the new magazine, Holiday, captioned its article on the island, “Yankee Yellowstone”. The National Park, which embraces a large part of the island, is named "Acadia” to commemorate the ancient French possession of the land and the part it had in the long contest to control the destinies of North America.

It is the largest of Maine's 1,300 islands and also the largest rock-built island on America’s Atlantic coast. To the geologist, it is dominated by the bold range of the Mount Desert Islands, whose ancient uplift is worn by time and ice-erosion. It has an area of 100 square miles and its eighteen mountains rise out of the sea, having twenty-six lakes and ponds in the valleys between. Evergreen forests grow to the water's edge.

Another impressive natural phenomenon is deep Somes Sound, in the center of the southern side, nearly splitting the island in two and forming the only natural fjord on the Atlantic seaboard.

Many smaller and picturesque islands, each with their own legends and attractions, surround Mount Desert, and these together with many

Top: Jordan Pond, Mount Desert Island, with “The Bubbles” and Pemetic Mountain in the background. Bottom: Entrance to Somes Sound, from Robinson Mountain. Northeast Harbor at left, South-west Harbor at right in middle distance.
coves and inlets, have created scores of sheltered harbors, both large and small.

On the outer shores, the sea may beat upon the rock bound coast with tremendous power. During and after a storm, the surf is awe-inspiring. The giant waves not only throw the white spray many feet into the air, but during a storm they may lift large rocks around on the outer perimeter of islands jutting into the Atlantic.

**Today the island** is just one spider web of roads and paths, which make it possible for a person to explore every nook and corner of the island, whether it be for scenic beauty, nature study, specimen collecting, or just plain exercise. These roads and paths also give access to the many places which have an interesting history, going back even to the Indians, who once had settlements on the island.

One of these Indian villages and the last to go was in Bar Harbor, on what was and still is Main Street. Some of the huts were still there in 1899. This tract of land extended from the shore inland about one-half mile and was called "Squaw Hollow". As late as 1902 a company of Indians landed on the shore near one of the island estates and asked the way to Squaw Hollow.

This small Indian settlement was an attractive place, especially to the younger generation. The basket weaving, along with the making and stringing of beads, was fascinating and they had souvenirs of birch bark, wood and skins decorated with bright paints and colored beads for sale.

Legends and stories concerning the first settlements on Mount Desert are many and almost every cove and landing place has something of historical interest, including, of course, several concerning pirates and buried treasure. One of my hobbies over the years has been in collecting interesting bits of information about these different places on the island, nearly all of which I have visited. These have been assembled in a scrap book, which I am using in making up this brief article.

No visit to Mount Desert can be complete without a drive to the summit of Cadillac Mountain, 1532 feet high, reached by an excellent road of easy incline. From the parking lookout there, one may look over the entire island and the smaller islands off shore. On a clear day the view is so grand and vast that it is impressed indelibly on the memory. The vista to the northeast, overlooking Bar Harbor, the five Porcupine Islands, Frenchman's Bay and the other islands and mainland beyond, is most impressive.

**Because the legend** about these Porcupine Islands is somewhat typical of the legends and historical facts with which Mount Desert is replete, I will give it here. It runs somewhat like this: (From my scrapbook): A giant stalked over the hills and mountains on his daily walk. Five porcupines interrupted his meditations. In his fury he yelled at them in such a loud voice the whole Island trembled from the vibration. The porcupines, in their frantic haste to get away, leaped into the waters of Frenchman's Bay, where they drowned. Being so immense, their backs remained above the water and finally turned to stone, forming five islands.

The large rock which the giant threw at the fleeing porcupines landed on the shore at Bar Harbor in a very strangely balanced position against a small ledge. It has always been called "Balance Rock", because of its position.

I will not attempt to describe every town and place on Mount Desert, for that would fill a book. But both the Maine Publicity Bureau and the local Chambers of Commerce have excellent illustrated folders, with maps of the island, free for the asking. The National Park Service also publishes an illustrated booklet on Acadia National Park and this, too, is free. All the park services, such as camping, picnicking, and

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**Textron, Inc.,** with Maine mills at South Gardiner and Winthrop, has scheduled a 1946 advertising budget of $2,000,000, believed to be the largest outlay of any New England Corporation for that purpose.
guided nature tours are therein described. The maps also will show that Schoodic Point, across Frenchman's Bay, on the mainland, is part of the National Park and the drive there should not be missed.

For the benefit of visitors this year, I should mention that Mount Desert has many hotels and fine tourist accommodations of all kinds, although reservations certainly seem necessary this year. The Maine Publicity Bureau and the various town information offices can help out in obtaining reservations.

It has been my purpose to write this article about Mount Desert Island as simply as possible and to try to express what living in this wonder-

ful place has meant to me over the years. Reams and reams of glowing description have already been written about it and are contained in many books and leaflets.

But, somehow, mere words, or even pictures, will always seem to me inadequate to describe the grandeur of every part of the island, or all of the interesting things to see and do, according to whatever hobbies a person may have. I can only say, humbly, that living here in all four seasons of the year is an "experience" capable of being renewed and added to every day of the year.

Do you wonder that I call it "my Isle of Enchantment"?
When Writers Gather

By Adelbert M. Jakeman

The State of Maine Writers’ Conference, at Ocean Park August 2 and 3, is fast growing in popularity as a summer meeting place for lovers of creative literature.

The State of Maine Writers’ Conference, founded in 1941 as a feature of the annual summer assembly program at Ocean Park, is now an event looked forward to and attended by increasing numbers of interested persons throughout New England and beyond. Only temporary lack of accommodations for short-time guests, similar to the situation found at most seacoast resorts this year, prevents it from rivaling in popularity other established literary centers in various parts of the country.

Facilities for the sessions themselves, however, are ample. B. C. Jordan Memorial Hall, with its main auditorium seating capacity of 175, is considered the general headquarters of the conference, for the delegates register here and the more important aspects of the program are scheduled for this building.

Nearby Porter Memorial Hall is the scene of the “Down East” luncheon at noon, while in between the two The Temple, which has room for 1,000 persons and which is used for the main attractions of the Ocean Park Assembly during the season, is also at the disposal of the conference. Aside from these spacious meeting places, the grove of towering cathedral pines adjoining Jordan provides a unique outdoor setting for the informal morning seminars.

Originator of the idea of the State of Maine Writers’ Conference is Loring Eugene Williams of Cleveland, Ohio, editor and publisher of “American Weave,” a quarterly magazine of light verse, and a poet in his own right. He is a native of Maine, having spent his boyhood in Sanford and having attended Kent’s Hill Seminary. He plans a literary pilgrimage each Summer to include Ocean Park.

Officers are elected annually, incumbents being: Chairman, William Plumer Fowler, North Hampton, New Hampshire; vice-chairman, Miss Agnes Armstrong, South Portland; secretary, Miss Ruth Conley, Wakefield, Mass.; treasurer and registrar, Mrs. Elizabeth K. Holt, Ocean Park; press representative, Mrs. Mabel Gould Demers, Waterville; Executive Committee, Mr. Williams, Rev. Sheldon Christian, Brunswick, and Mrs. Jessie W. Freeman, Gardiner. The advisory chairman, as assembly superintendent at Ocean Park and therefore in charge of the entire Chautauqua-style set-up from June to September, cooperates with the group in arranging details of the program.

The 1946 announcements indicate that the affair will follow the traditional pattern of previous years. As usual, it is a two-day program the first week-end in August. The opening event will be in B. C. Jordan Memorial Hall Friday evening at 8 o’clock, August 2, with a lecture by Mr. Williams, including readings from his own work, entitled “Poetry for Enjoyment.” The public is invited, free of charge.

Registrations will be received at Jordan Saturday morning at 10 o’clock, August 3, the fee of $1 entitling conferees to the luncheon. Consecutive seminars will be conducted in the grove, beginning at 11 o’clock, the first to be a discussion of Robert Frost, based upon original manuscripts and led by Mr. Williams; the second to be in charge of Eric Philbrook Kelly, the principal speaker in the afternoon. An attempt is made to have a proper balance of prose and poetry for this part of the day.

Luncheon will be served in Porter Memorial Hall at 12:30 o’clock by ladies from the Acquaintance Club of the Park, followed by publishers’ and authors’ exhibits, and a Book Fair
with opportunity for visitors to purchase personally inscribed copies of
books by guest writers.

The main address of the day will be presented in Jordan at 2 P. M. by
Dr. Kelly of Chebeague Island and Dartmouth College. Dr. Kelly is a
former Springfield and Boston newspaperman, recipient of the Order of
Polonia Restituta (one of the highest gifts of the Polish government in
exile), author of "The Trumpeter of Krakow," "The Blacksmith of Vil-
no," "From Star to Star," "On the Staked Plain," etc., winner of the
Newberry Medal in 1929, writer on
government literary assignments dur-
ing World War II, contributor to
"Christian Science Monitor," "Child
Life," and numerous other newspa-
pers and magazines and worker with
Polish refugees in Mexico.

Another exciting part of the after-
noon program is the poetry tourna-
ment, at which registered members
read poems of their own composition
of not more than 20 lines, competing,
by popular vote, for several prizes of
recent volumes of verse, poetry maga-
zine subscriptions, and similar desir-
able items. The conference closes with
a brief business meeting, though many
persons make it a custom to remain
for a literary motion picture in The
Temple on Saturday evening and for
the enthusiastic church services on
Sunday.

It is a combination of the atmos-
phere of the setting and the inspira-
tion of the programs that has con-
tinued to attract both actual writers
and other persons who, though they
may not write, are lovers of creative
literature, year after year to Ocean
Park. For such a clientele, in addition
to regular sojourners across the years,
the community is rapidly earn-
ing a reputation as a little cultural
center apart from the more commer-
cial vacation spots. The friendly in-
formality of it all, too, has done much
toward making the gatherings pleas-
antly helpful. Some of the more for-
mal literary organizations in Maine
have been assets to the conference by
sharing officially in its activities.

Speakers in the past have included
such distinguished poets and authors
as Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Mar-
garet Flint, Harold Trowbridge Pul-
sifer, and Harold Vinal, as well as
other literary authorities, perhaps
less well-known but equally talented.

Ocean Park, situated in the south-
erly area of the Town of Old Orchard
Beach, was chartered under the laws
of the State of Maine in 1881 as "a
summer encampment for social,
Christian, and general improvement." The Writers' Conference is represen-
tative of the ever-broadening develop-
ment of the offerings of the com-
munity since its inception 65 years or
so ago. Prospectuses covering the
entire summer or circulars descrip-
tive of the conference alone may be
secured by addressing the Assembly
Superintendent, "Sea Haven," Ocean
Park.
Education in Democracy

By Harry V. Gilson
State Commissioner of Education

An outline of Maine's program in preparing its children to become worthwhile citizens in world society.

Maine recognizes that today's school children are tomorrow's citizens and is bending every effort to prepare them to assume their adult responsibilities, equipped with sound judgment and adequate preparation for life.

Aware that educational aims are rapidly changing, residents of Maine are alert to their duties to the younger generation and seek, through a judicious mixture of established learning practices and the proven modern theories, to offer their children of school age every opportunity to become worthwhile citizens in a democracy.

Gone are the days when public school education was slanted toward the favored few, a select group of young men and women who planned to study for the ministry, law, medicine, teaching or the other highly specialized professions. As life has become more complicated and our country has definitely committed itself to a global economy, it has become evident that every man and woman must be prepared to take his intelligent place in world society.

Education in democracy, in the science of living peacefully and productively with one's neighbors, has supplanted the older pattern. No longer is knowledge of the classics the sole mark of an educated man. In addition, he must now be familiar with the sciences, international affairs and the other subjects that fit him for life in an atomic age, where distances are negligible and time moves at a pace our ancestors would have considered fantastic. No longer is a laborer able to take his place in society untrained. Today he must be a specialist in one line, trained and equipped in his school years and ready to take his place in industry in competition with other specialists.

With intelligent acceptance of these changes, Maine folk are preparing logically and carefully to offer the necessary types of education to their children.

Realizing that advances in educational offerings mean adaptation of physical plants and that the one-room rural school can scarcely be equipped to offer the varied programs necessary under the new conception of learning, Maine town meetings this Spring featured discussion and appropriation of funds for improvement of existing school facilities and construction of new buildings. Where actual changes were not definitely prescribed, committees were named to study the school needs and report back to their fellow townsmen.

The Little Red Schoolhouse has a nostalgic appeal for the self-made man, but he is willing to admit in many cases he succeeded despite, rather than because of, his early education. Acknowledging the limitations of instruction in the one room ungraded school, many towns voted to close these neighborhood schools and transport their elementary pupils to a modern graded school building, centrally located. While concentration of all the children of a town under a single roof allows for larger classes and one grade to each teacher, the schools remain comparatively small with each grade a compact workable unit.

While some towns voted to construct new high school buildings, the attitude in many sections of the state was one of waiting until such time as legislation may permit small towns, unable to support suitable high schools independently, to join together in the ownership and management of one school for several neighboring towns. Such schools, they feel, will include enough students to justify the establishment of various courses of study suitable to the individual needs, so that country boys and girls will be
Maine teachers are versed in the latest methods, assuring all children the benefits of modern education.

offered the same advantages their more fortunate city cousins have enjoyed for many years.

**In line with** these forward looking steps by the towns, the State Department of Education is supporting a program designed to improve teaching practices throughout the State. Under department sponsorship, several groups of teachers have been meeting in Augusta during the Winter to work on a series of booklets prepared to help the interested teacher to improve her understanding of the children in her care and develop progressive classroom procedures. These booklets, which deal with the beginning child and the elementary group, will be prepared and written by teachers recognized in Maine as authorities in their fields and will be available to anyone caring to check her educational practices against those used by more experienced teachers.

Maine is fortunate in its teacher training institutions, where young men and women are given broad general education and at the same time are prepared to handle school problems peculiar to the State. Two teachers colleges and three normal schools educate teachers for the elementary school field, while the University of Maine, Bowdoin, Bates and Colby College offer courses in preparation for secondary school teaching. Home economics training may be had at Nasson College, Farmington State Teachers College and the University of Maine, while Gorham State Teachers College offers a degree in industrial arts.

**While watching** the interests of its younger generation, Maine isn’t forgetting its debt to the veterans, that large group of young men and women whose education was interrupted in answer to the call for war. Colleges, training schools and junior colleges are extending their classroom facilities and are availing themselves of all possible dwellings in an effort
to accommodate all Maine youth seeking higher education. Recently a State Vocational School has been inaugurated by order of Governor Horace Hildreth and his Executive Council. Plans for the school's establishment in Augusta are underway, and it is expected that by Fall a part of the veterans who seek specialized trades instruction may get it there. Although great strides have been made in the educational facilities in the State, Maine people will not rest comfortably secure in their accomplishments. They will plan ceaselessly for further improvements, for they know that good schools are never static, and that constant advance is necessary if their sons and daughters are to face the world with a background that has prepared them for successful living among their contemporaries.

In one of the most unusual gestures in the history of Maine higher education, President-emeritus Franklin W. Johnson of Colby College has donated his total salary during a 12-year tenure as Colby's president—$96,000—toward the building fund which is establishing a new Colby "dream" campus on Waterville's Mayflower Hill (PINE CONE, Spring, 1946). Dr. Johnson started the new project in 1930 and has seen it through depression, war and inflation. The college will need an additional $1,000,000 this Summer to complete the buildings which will allow it to carry on most of its operations next Fall.
BIG SQUAW MOUNTAIN CLIMB

BY DOUGLAS F. McCARTHY

A trip to one of Moosehead's majestic mountains lingers in the memory of a Maine visitor's family.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, when planning a vacation, I was seeking a place new to me in New England, preferably in the mountains, where you could relax at will, rest in comfort, and avoid dolling up for dinner and other social activities. I had made a few business trips through New England, but knew Maine only from the Kittery line to Portland, had often heard of the big Maine woods, and always had a desire to go and see what they were really like.

A friend who had been to the Moosehead and Katahdin regions, suggested that I spend my vacation at a camp in that country, and said I would enjoy two weeks I would never forget. He was correct. He told me about the beautiful scenic trip driving to Moosehead Lake, the mountains and ponds, the good fishing, etc. That did it. But as Mrs. Mac liked the salt water resorts, and yours truly liked the mountains, this called for a family conference. I was so well sold on Maine that apparently I did a good selling job, because we finally decided to make the trip to Moosehead Lake.

Reservations were made at Webster's Camps and eventually we arrived in Greenville on Moosehead Lake after a two day trip from Providence, Rhode Island. The roads in those days were not the excellent roads you drive on in Maine these days. We left our car in a garage, transferred the baggage to a truck and were driven by Mr. Webster twenty miles up the Ripogenus Dam road to Kokadjo. There we transferred the baggage again to a motor boat and went across Kokadjo Lake. Once more we transferred the baggage to a buckboard, and tied it securely for the three mile ride over a bumpy tote road to Webster Camps on Big Lyford Pond. We never forgot that ride, and were now really in the big woods.

Here it was that we met our old friend George Buckingham, better known as "Bucky" who had been a guide for nearly fifty years, and who knew his Maine. He told us about the famous Allagash trip, and many others, and suggested we take one of these trips some year to really see and get the spirit of the Maine woods. We were much interested in the stories Bucky told us about his trips, and hoped we might some day make a trip as he suggested.

Greenville folks we met that year, Mrs. Florence Wood, Harry Sanders, Lawrence Hall, and others were so nice to us, that we have been friends over the years. You feel as though you are welcome in Greenville, and you are. Our first vacation there was so thoroughly enjoyable, that we have returned annually, bringing other friends with us who were in turn impressed with the hospitality, and its beauty as a vacation spot.

Here we are back at good old Moosehead Lake again, the thirteenth trip for my daughter Patricia, who has made it each year since her first birthday, and the eighteenth consecutive trip for me. It hardly seems a year since we left this grand country, to return home to talk over the events of our vacation, and formulate plans for a return trip. Like printer's ink to a veteran newspaperman, and sawdust to a circus performer, this Moosehead region does something to you. Like a magnet, it seems to attract and hold you. It fascinates you so that you want to stay longer, and unable to do that, you look forward eagerly to an early return. You cannot see it all during one vacation, because there are numerous side trips, and countless interesting spots to see among those majestic mountains that surround Moosehead Lake.

And speaking of mountains, it is good to see old Squaw again, which brings back memories of our climb to SUMMER, 1946
her summit last summer. Consequently, Pat and I talked about that trip, and the fun we had on our first attempt to reach successfully the pinnacle of Big Squaw. We talked so long on the subject that we made an important decision. You guessed it. We decided to do it again, and this time we would have two willing rookies, because Florence and Mary thought it would be fun if Pat and I would be their amateur guides. Tim wanted to go also, but was too young for that trip, and was contented to wait for the story about it, upon our return.

Accordingly, we set our plans, and waited for a clear day. At last we got it, and leaving Wood's Camps in Greenville in the morning, stopped at Sanders Store for a few supplies, then drove to the fish hatchery on the Rockwood road, where we parked our car off the tote road nearby. We were well equipped with lunches, camera, and binoculars, and agreed not to touch the lunches until we reached our objective—the fire tower at the summit—where they tasted better than a banquet. The camera was used continuously on the way up and down, which gave us an excellent photo record of the trip, including of course, a close-up shot of the group at the fire tower, as proof that we reached the summit of Big Squaw. Incidentally, this region is a photographer’s paradise.

Armed with stout poles and plenty of enthusiasm, we started up the tote road at an easy clip, saving our energy for the steep spots we knew were ahead. Taking it gradually we made good progress, and rested frequently to admire the trout brooks and other attractions, as we were not out to break any records—or anything else. We watched the trail for signs of game, and spotted footprints in the mud, which definitely were not deer, bear, moose, or rabbit. They were very small prints and kept us guessing. When we met a party returning from the summit, the mystery was solved. They proved to be the footprints of nothing more vicious than a cute little Boston terrier! We later saw a rabbit or two scamper into the brush, but as for bear or moose—no luck.

We stopped at the half-way house, where the fire warden and family lived for the summer, for a refreshing drink of home made root beer, and a breathing spell, before completing the last half of our climb, which proved to be just as thrilling as last year. Low scattered clouds were moving rapidly toward Old Squaw, and we hurried to reach our goal before they closed in to spoil the view, after our hard work. Luck stayed with us however. We reached the top, and climbing up into the fire tower at the warden's invitation, enjoyed a quick view of the beautiful panoramic scenery below just before the clouds closed in.

After enjoying our lunch on the rocks alongside the fire tower, we started our descent and were half-way down when the clouds started to clear away, and the sun appeared again. We figured it would be a good idea to hit the Rockwood road before the sun got too far down in the west, and darkness might overtake us on the mountain. It seemed good to get in the gas-buggy and drive back to camp, where after a good hot meal, we gathered around the fireplace and related the events of the trip, with Tim and Mother attentive listeners.

Florence and Mary agreed with us that the trip was all we said it would be, and the Moosehead region offered all we promised. After spending that vacation there with us, they realized that our enthusiasm and love of the Maine Woods was something you had to really experience. We asked them if they would like to go to Maine again with us. What do you suppose their answer was? You're right.

The recent submarine earthquake and tidal wave in the Pacific Ocean caused the famous Moon Tide Spring on Mount Zircon, near Rumford, to overflow, according to several observers. The flow from this famous spring is said to be influenced by the moon's phases, increasing from a normal 42 to 60 gallons a minute at the full of the moon.
Maine for the Artist

The Pine Tree State, with its wealth of inspiration for all forms of artistic expression, has had a major share in developing the trend toward regionalism in American Art.

A LEADING MAINE artist and instructor recently admitted privately that in Maine "every second person seems to want to be an artist".

His observation is borne out by the large numbers of residents and visitors who have taken to art, either as a hobby, or as a serious study. Art schools flourish in Maine the year round, but reach their apex of activity in summer time, when more than a score of art schools and many more private classes are conducted by leading instructors.

The grandeur of the Maine coast, the vastness of the northern forests, the splendor of the hills and lakes, and the activities of the people, especially in the rural areas, are well-springs of inspiration expressed realistically, emotionally or intellectually, or in any combination thereof.

In the field of painting a rich record delineating the inspiration of the State of Maine is found in many Maine art galleries in the works of such artists as Winslow Homer, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, Alexander Bower, Andrew Wyeth, Charles Hovey Pepper, Waldo Peirce, Edward Hopper, Jeremiah Hardy, Fitz Hugh Lane, Eastman Johnson and many another of major or minor fame.

As one noted professor of art recently declared, "Some of the best artistic work in America has been and is still being done under the inspiration of this distinctive region."
Poets' Corner

The First Pine Tree

I think when God made the first Pine Tree
He bade it grow on the shores of a sea.
And there, as it dream'd long years away,
It heard the Waves on the sands at play,
And the songs they've sung since the world begun
It learned and treasured them—every one.

When Sea Winds from out the ocean blew
The Pine re-echoed those songs it knew;
And the Winds flew on—all over the earth,
Wherever other Pines had birth.

And on green harp-needles they softly played
That same sweet music the first Pine made.
The Pines and Sea Waves are fond lovers yet,
Down through the ages they do not forget.
On mountain, in valley, where'er they may be,
Pine Trees still are singing their songs of the sea.

Hortense Gardner G. Gates

Katahdin

Katahdin rears its mighty crown
Above its forest throne,
Its massive peaks are boulder strewn
And calm almost unknown.

Eternal strife of wind and rain
Of hail and sleet and snow
Roar up and down its canyons vast
From morn to sunset's glow.

With rugged face of granite gray
Cleft deep with vein and seam
It overlooks its vast domain
Of forest, lake and stream.

Its shoulders draped in vaporous clouds
None doubts its right to reign
In mighty majesty it stands,
A monarch over Maine.

W. W. Woodward

Old Glass Paperweight

The crystal with the snow is mine to keep.
It weighs upon my heart while it lies there
And duplicates in symbol what I share,
But it evades me if I look too deep.
A village rests within my steady hand,
Where stubborn hills loom adamant and brown
Beneath a sky that curves above the town,
Built firmly on realities of sand.

Embracing self, this brittle hemisphere
Totals the world, to it, alone revealed,
Where knowledge lies within, preserved and sealed.
And we, outside, may read the meaning clear—
That screen of blinding sleet has been devised
By one who knew the answer I surmised.

Sarah N. McCullagh
Our State

A field of nodding daisies,
A path through meadows green;
A deer with head uplifted
Standing by a stream.

Tall and stately pine trees
Whispering soft and low;
Babbling brooks in Summer,
And rabbit tracks in snow.

A potato field in blossom,
A robin on the wing;
And violets on a hillside,
Frogs croaking in the Spring.

A lake reflecting heaven,
Wild roses by the sea;
A mountain's stately silhouette,
Gray squirrels in a tree.

Apple blossoms' subtle smell
A garden peeping thro;
A gloomy swamp with fireflies,
Cows grazing in the lea.

Search the wild world over—
It will only be in vain,
To find a spot more beautiful
Than this—our State of Maine.

Bertha Mae Dorr

Remembrance

The blaze of Italian sunlight
Slants through the streets of Rome,
But the sun that glints on the Tiber
Blesses the hills of home.

The stars in their numberless splendor
Crowd the Italian sky,
But the stars at home on a winter night
Are friendly—and not so high.

The moonlight over the city
Silvers each tower and dome,
But the moonlight that gilds St. Peter's
Is caught in the elms at home.

The wind that comes from the mountains
Is sullen with swirling rain—
But the wind of my remembrance
Sings through the pines of Maine.

Capt. Edna A. Hurd, ANC

One of Maine's leading business organizations uses Maine lobsters as a promotional device, sending them to advertising executives as far west as St. Louis.

* * * *

Charter airplane service to all of Maine's famous lake and fishing areas will be available this Summer. Flying services have been established at all of Maine's major airports and many small, privately-operated fields have been getting ready for the new business.
V. The Bates Manufacturing Company, now comprising five large Maine textile mills, becomes the Pine Tree State's largest industrial organization and integrates the operation of companies long noted for their contributions to the economy and welfare of the State of Maine. Here is the interesting story behind a typically Maine enterprise and a glimpse of the vision its present leaders hold for its role in the greater future of their State.

By Richard A. Hebert

Organizing and building are not lost arts in the State of Maine. With us today, as in the dreams of the Pine Tree State's pioneers and settlers, are the men of vision and bold planning, men who can take the legacy of previous achievements and build an edifice of economic betterment for the enrichment of thousands of their fellow men.

Such is the story of the Bates Manufacturing Company—an organization new in its present form, yet wise and experienced in the accomplishments of its five manufacturing divisions and rich in the promise it holds for the future of the State of Maine.

Consisting of five Maine mills, all established nearly a century ago, and a subsidiary sales organization, the Bates Manufacturing Company has set a production goal of 140,000,000 yards of cloth this year—every inch of which will be woven in the State of Maine.

The mills, now called divisions, are Edwards at Augusta, York at Saco and Bates, Hill and Androscoggin at Lewiston. Employment presently totals around 8,000 persons and in Lewiston alone employee income amounts to 32 per cent of the payrolls of the entire city. Products range from shoe linings to fine dress fabrics and bedspreads.

In a period of American industrial development which has seen a shift in the textile industry from New England to the South and West, the retention and expansion of textile mills in Maine stands today as a tribute to the faith and inspiration of Maine industrial leaders. Far from the hard-to-down popular conception of such industrial builders and organizers as grasping colossi, their record of service to the economic welfare of the Pine Tree State is written in the jobs and opportunities they have created for thousands of Maine citizens over the years.

Such a monument today is the Bates Manufacturing Company. Under the aegis of such men as the late

Herman D. Ruhm, Jr.
President of Bates

Walter S. Wyman of Augusta, these five Maine textile mills were acquired by the New England Public Service Company at a time when the then owners had about decided to give up the fight and liquidate. The severe cotton mill depression of the late 1920s and early 1930s was more than even the bravest of men could survive.

But Walter Wyman and his associates refused to see a major segment of his State's and a region's economy go down the drain. Rather than see the textile mills and other industrial enterprises dismantled and the machinery and equipment shipped to other regions or junked, they not only held the mills, but raised additional funds to permit them to weather the economic storms.

Translated into such human terms as jobs, opportunities, community benefits and cultural progress for thousands of Maine residents, the grandeur of their contribution to the economic welfare of the Pine Tree State is little short of staggering.

Still later, when a Federal law required power companies to sell their industrial holdings, these men of faith and vision in Maine and New England were not daunted. Sale and reorganization of the five textile mills into one integrated company was consummated last Dec. 15, placing the new Bates Manufacturing Company in a position of stability and leadership in the Maine textile industry. The importance of this achievement on the economic welfare of some 8,000 workers in three large Maine communities can only be partially appreciated.

Able exponents of this concept of public service through industry are such present leaders of the organization as Robert Braun of Portland, Chairman of the Board, and Herman D. Ruhm, Jr., president of the company, and the Board of Directors. Indicative of the strength and diversity of achievements of members of the Board, it includes: William S. Newell, president of the Bath Iron Works, shipbuilders; John E. Hyde, vice president of the S. D. Warren Company of Westbrook, paper manufacturers; Raymond Rubicam, one of the founders of Young & Rubicam, leading advertising agency; Thomas Gorham, treasurer of Bates; Albert T. Armitage, president of Coffin & Burr, Inc., investment bankers, Boston and New York; and Herman W. Wenzell, vice president of the First of Boston Corporation, investment bankers, Boston and New York.

BEFORE BECOMING part of a coordinated organization in 1945, each of the five mills in their own right had earned a reputation for excellence in the textile field.

The Edwards plant at Augusta, oldest in the organization, produces quarter-linings for a substantial part of the country's shoe production. Napped interlinings for women's and children's coats and ski suits, duvetyn for men's work shirts, casket and jewelry box linings are made in great quantities and soon Edwards will be entering the spun rayon field and weaving Aralac for coat linings as well. During the war the mill turned out 22 million yards of herringbone twill for Army use, as well as more than 10 million yards of cloth for rifle patches. Other wartime products included sandbag sheeting, tent cloth and linings for both Army and Navy shoes. Edwards operates 1,500 looms under the capable direction of veteran textile man William J. Lang.
The York Division at Saco has been producing grey goods for more than a century. Specializing in the fine goods field, York also produces broadcloths, lawns and poplins for women's and children's dress goods, underwear, men's shirts and sportswear. Some of the newest raincoats being placed on the market, designed by New York's foremost designers, are made of York poplin.

During the war York produced wind-resistant cloth for Army windbreakers, Navy summer uniform cloth and airplane wing fabric. Arthur Tousignant, long associated with New England Industries, is plant manager of the York Division, whose 1,858 looms are working three shifts to turn out cloth for postwar American demands. A fine cafeteria, air conditioning and tubular lighting are aids to efficiency and workers' ease.

The remaining three divisions of the company—Bates, Hill and Androscoggin—are located in Lewiston on the side of a canal of the Androscoggin River, which supplies power for the operation of the mills.

BATES, with its 2,800 employees, is the "home" of the organization. For many years the name Bates has meant bedspreads—spreads for hospital use, jacquard spreads for homes and hotels and the famous George Washington's Choice spread. Today, production on these spreads is at an all-time high and, in addition, the Bates Division is turning out combed percale sheets and pillow cases, tablecloths and draperies, rayon twills for women's dress goods and linings for suits and coats.

With over a million feet of floor space, this mill is under the direction of John Collins as plant manager and has an excellent war record behind it. Virtually every Army and Navy hospital in the world was and is equipped with Bates bedspreads. Every ship in the Fleet has Bates bedspreads and for the ground forces the mill produced Army duck for a variety of uses.

The Bates Division was organized in 1850 by Benjamin E. Bates, a Boston financier, who was attracted to Lewiston by the excellent possibilities in the water power at the site. Not only did Bates found the mill, but he gave $100,000 towards the beginning of a seminary in Lewiston, which later became Bates College. The first New England college to become co-educational, Bates has followed a program of liberal arts leadership which ranks it high in the list of American colleges. (See PINE CONE, Winter, 1945-46.)

Benjamin Bates also was one of the co-founders of the City of Lewiston, which is today regarded as "The Industrial Heart of Maine." Within a radius of 50 miles of the city lives more than half the population of the Pine Tree State.

Next door to the Bates Division is the Hill Division. With its 1,278 looms, the Hill unit specializes primarily in the fine goods field, making such items as combed broadcloths, poplins and carded twills for women's dress goods and underwear, men's shirts, shorts and pajamas, rainwear and women's girdles. During the war this mill produced Navy summer uniform cloth, water repellent oxford sleeping bag cloth and Army duck. Hill Division, as well as the others, takes the cotton directly from the bale, processes it and sends it to the finishers. Harold King puts his years of experience in the textile industry to
work directing the division as plant manager.

The fifth mill in the Bates company is the Androscoggin Division, under the management of Deane Quinton plant manager. Androscoggin, built at the end of the canal, is shaded by lofty trees and with its green lawns is one of the finest examples of the Industrial Age in New England. In operation, however, Androscoggin is ahead of the times. Working solely with rayons, this mill turns out acetate twills, satins and serges for women's dress goods, blouses and underwear, lining for suits and coats, shower curtains, bedspreads, draperies and blanket linings. During the war this mill produced nylon parachute cloth and linings for Army overcoats and uniforms.

Chandler Robbins, Jr., is the Company Director of Research and New Products. Mr. Robbins recently was cited by the War Department for his work in developing new fabrics for military uses during the war period.

Connected to the Androscoggin Division as a physical plant is the Bates Research Laboratory. Within the last three years the Laboratory has been greatly enlarged, much new equipment has been added and it is now established in entirely new quarters. Today it ranks among the best in the entire textile industry and is a most important adjunct of the company.

Here routine tests of Bates materials are made. Many of the Bates products go to the customer bearing the label: “Bates Laboratory Tested”.

The Laboratory staff also does much original research work with most gratifying results. Experiments in synthetics have brought significant improvements in newer and better fabrics, one of which, a poplin-Aralac combination, will be marketed next Fall and Winter for men's and women's outer wear.

As the result of an outstanding record as general sales manager and president of Bates Fabrics, Inc., marketing subsidiary of the Bates organization, Herman D. Ruhm, Jr., was elected president of the new company.

Mr. Ruhm recently epitomized the goals of the new organization in a letter to employees of all five mills. Its concluding paragraphs were:

“We are all on the same team. We are all in the same family—the Bates family. Let us strive to show the world that a Maine textile enterprise can lead the field in every department of the game.

“We have a great future, a great opportunity. Let's go!”

In a recent address before the Augusta Kiwanis Club, he declared: “We are united in a great effort to create the happiest and most successful textile enterprise anywhere, and in the accomplishment thereof to reflect credit on our communities, our State and our industry.”

In the same address he declared the company's basic policy is “to be a good citizen in the State and in the communities where its plants are located.”

“To be a ‘good citizen’, he continued, “it (the company) must create a happy place in which to work, with good working conditions, good tools, good running work, a system of remuneration which rewards a dollar’s worth of effort with a dollar, and the opportunity for our employees to earn as many dollars as their individual skill and effort merit.”

Although the Bates Manufacturing Company as such is less than a year old, its net dollar sales for 1946 have been computed at approximately $40,000,000. The increase in weekly payroll averages for the five companies since 1941 and now as part of Bates, has been from $20.49 to $35.06, a gain of 71 per cent during the period for employees of the five mills. Seventeen per cent of the 2,257 stockholders are Maine people and 58 per cent are New Englanders.

The new company also is following a policy of constantly expanding attention to the needs of employees. Besides physical plant improvements, the “teamwork” spirit of the new organization is being registered in a new magazine for all employees and leisure time and hobby group activities are being fostered. Recognition for meritorious work, length of service (many employees have been with the mills fifty years or more) and similar achievements are being given increased emphasis.
Onesime Thibodeau of the York Division, with the company 56 years, typifies the workers responsible for Bates quality.

Sports activities are high on the list for development with bowling, baseball and softball already established. The company recently purchased Cloutier Field, near the canal, from the City of Lewiston and will make of it a company athletic field, with baseball diamond, hockey rink, horseshoe area, etc. An athletic director allocates schedules and will coach and supervise the children of employees playing on the field.

In its national sales program, the marketing and advertising subsidiary, Bates Fabrics, Inc., located at 80 Worth Street, New York City, utilizes the services of the Nation's top designers and outstanding sales specialists. Modeling of Bates fabrics is a sideline with top Hollywood stars and consumer and fashion research goes right into leading American colleges and universities. As one result, the Bates fabric label is being used voluntarily by leading designers and retail outlets in national magazines and metropolitan newspapers.

All such activities are clearly and strikingly depicted in the Bates magazine, impressing on all employees the relationship between their individual job, of whatever variety, and the operations of the company as a whole.

You'll be hearing and seeing more and more about Bates fabrics in the coming months and years. In nearly every good shoe you buy and in many fine fabrics you wear you'll know you have a product of Maine. Friends of
Maine everywhere will be hearing more and more about the Bates company as it performs its role as a "good citizen." Its contributions to the economic welfare of the State of Maine and to the livelihood of its 8,000-member "team" bid fair to constantly increase. Its research will place the miracles of the test-tube at the disposal of a Nation's well-being.

Bates is a living monument to Maine men and women of faith and vision. In its building and perfection it will have the best efforts of the entire Bates "family" and the best wishes and support of all to whom the Maine tradition of pioneering, enterprise and steadfastness is a material "way of life."

A new industry for the manufacture of "Insulcrete", a patented insulation material, is now underway in Kennebunk. Consisting of 99.5 per cent cement, the new material contains millions of air cells. Light in weight, it is waterproof, damp proof, vermin proof and is easily sawed to dimension. Addition of sand in the formula will make a block with structural strength sufficient for building construction purposes, thus serving a dual purpose. First use of the material will be in refrigerators, coolers and other industrial and household insulation purposes, which now use hard-to-get cork.

Maine State Police have embarked enthusiastically on a program of greater service to Maine visitors. Equipped with State-wide information data, they are ready to assist motorists at all times to enjoy their visit to Maine.
NOW THAT SUMMER is upon us, Maine’s seafoods are back in their spotlight again. Though never neglected at any season, vacation time finds lobsters, shrimps, crabmeat, mussels, and our many varieties of fish at the top of the preference list, sought by visitors and homefolks alike.

Reasons are many. A seafood meal provides a maximum of pleasure with a minimum of effort; each member of the shellfish family is equally attractive served many different ways... baked or broiled, chilled in salad or cocktail, served in stew or casserole; tempting freshness as, at any one of the thousands of coast-line establishments, you see your choice retrieved from its saltwater berth.

Those of us—and it’s most of us—who will be host to out-of-state vacationists this year will take justifiable pride in showing off our seafood menus. For that reason we’ll here devote our summer edition of recipes to our crustacean favorites. And it’s edited with simplicity in mind... the cooks will want some time for fun out of these vacations, too!

**Baked Maine Lobster**

Though many believe that lobsters are best when boiled (just boil 'em and eat 'em), we'll cast a vote for them with some “fixin’s” added. For instance:

In advance prepare dressing as follows:

Roll or grind 16 common (old-fashioned round) crackers into fine crumbs, seasoning with salt and pepper. Mix crumbs with 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine and 1/4 cup whole milk, then moisten to proper consistency with cooking sherry. Stir in 1 to 2 pounds of crabmeat, adding a dash of Worcestershire Sauce. Makes enough for 4 2-lb. lobsters, stuffed as full as possible.

Parboil lobsters for 5 minutes, preferably in sea water, otherwise in fresh water to which common salt has been added. Split lobsters through stomach from mouth to tail and remove stomachs and back veins, leaving all fat, tomalley, and “juice.” Pack stuffing into body cavity, cover with melted butter or margarine, and sprinkle liberally with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in hot oven for twenty minutes and serve immediately. Serves 4.

**Crab-Macaroni Salad**

This salad bowl gets our nod of approval for one of those special days when there's a lot going on, leaving very little time for kitchen work, for it can be prepared well in advance of meal time and stored in the refrigerator.

1 8-oz. pkg. elbow or shell macaroni
3 hard-cooked eggs
2-2 1/2 c. fresh crabmeat
1/2 c. shredded cabbage
1 cup grated carrots
1 c. diced cucumber
1 small jar pimento, cut in thin strips

Boil the macaroni rapidly, drain well and chill. Combine the crabmeat, thoroughly flaked, with the macaroni, cabbage, carrots, cucumber, celery,
onion, green pepper, pimento, and sliced eggs. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Mix with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing. Garnish with wedges of tomato and sliced radishes. Chill at least one-half hour. Serves six.

Scallop Broth

Here's a sure-fire favorite for a rainy-day luncheon or dinner. (We do have one or two summer drizzles, even if we hate to admit it!) Something new and different in the collection of ever-popular stews and chowders:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1 pint scallops, cut fine</th>
<th>1 tsp. salt</th>
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<tr>
<td>1 tbsp. lemon juice</td>
<td>1/16 tsp. nutmeg</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 c. cold water</td>
<td>1/4 c. heavy cream, 4 c. milk, scalded whipped</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 tbsp. butter or 1/16 tsp. salt margarine</td>
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Place the finely cut scallops in a bowl and sprinkle with lemon juice. Let them stand for 15 minutes. Turn into a saucepan with water and slowly bring them to the boiling point over a low flame. Add scalded milk, butter or margarine, and seasonings, keeping broth below the boiling point.

Serve in heated cups with a puff of salted whipped cream on each. Serves 4.

Shrimp Cocktail

The ideal appetizer for any meal, seafood or otherwise. There's nothing more we can add . . . a tasty Shrimp Cocktail speaks for itself!

Cocktail Sauce

<table>
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<th>3/4 c. tomato ketchup</th>
<th>1 tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2-4 tbsp. fresh grated horseradish</td>
<td>2 tbsp. lemon juice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>or 1/4 c. prepared horseradish</td>
<td>1/4 tsp. salt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 drops Tabasco Sauce</td>
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Combine ingredients for sauce. Serve in small cocktail glasses.

Put 1 tbsp. sauce in bottom of each glass. Add three chilled shrimp, another tbsp. of sauce, then fill the glass to the brim with shrimp and cover with remainder of sauce. Serve garnished with lemon wedges and parsley.

Potato Noodles

We've not deserted our purpose . . . that of bringing you our choice of seafood recipes . . . but how about a change from the customary potato chips or shoe-string potatoes demanded by lobster, shrimp or crabmeat salads, or by the baked lobster? We'll go along with this one, even if it does take a few minutes more than the ready-prepared variety . . . it will pay big dividends in praise and enjoyment!

2 c. mashed potatoes 1 egg, separated
1 c. stale bread crumbs Salt and pepper

Brown bread crumbs in oven and fry in 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine. Mix potato and crumbs, adding salt and pepper. Add beaten yolk of egg and mix, then fold in stiffly beaten egg white and stir until light. Form into small balls (about the size of marbles) and fry in deep fat (385°) until brown.

Sandwich Department

Picnics, a snack to accompany your afternoon iced tea, evening refreshments . . . sandwiches are the old standby in popularity, especially when prepared and served with ingenuity—the "something different" idea. We hope you'll find some new ideas in our offerings . . . we did!

Use these fillings in husky, man-sized sandwiches, dainty tea offerings, in appetizers, hors d'oeuvres and canapes, spread on either crackers or bread . . . they're completely versatile.

1. Crabment Delight

Season 1/2 cup thick white sauce lightly with salt and pepper. Mix with 1 cup flaked crabmeat. Pile on rounds of toast, sprinkle with grated cheese, and broil until the cheese melts. Also may be served uncooked, with or without cheese. Mushroom soup (canned) is a delicious substitute for the white sauce, and is often more convenient.

2. Lobster and Crab

Finely chopped lobster meat (cooked) or flaked crabmeat mixed with any kind of salad dressing and seasoned with salt and pepper is always a lunchtime hit. For extra sparkle, add a mere dash of Worcestershire or Tabasco Sauce, vinegar, or lemon juice to the dressing before combining with the meat. If there are left-overs of both lobster and crabmeat in your refrigerator, use them both in the filling as a means of stretching them to meal-size proportions.
3. Shrimp Special
Combine chopped cooked shrimp, diced celery, sliced hard-boiled eggs, and blend with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing, seasoning with salt and pepper, spread and serve with lettuce.

4. Sardine Spirals
Don't discount the lowly sardine! It's delicious in either of these two ways!
Drain oil from 2 cans of sardines. Mash and mix with 4 tsp. lemon juice and 3/4 tsp. prepared horseradish, more or less to taste. Spread on thin slices of bread, roll up and secure with a toothpick. Brush with melted butter or margarine, sprinkle with grated cheese and toast lightly. Serve immediately.

5. Sardine Appetizers
1/4 c. mashed sardines 1/4 tsp. onion juice
1/4 tsp. lemon juice 2 tbsp. minced stuffed olives
2 tbsp. mayonnaise 1 hard-cooked egg
Few drops Worcestershire Sauce
Mix ingredients in order given, blending well.
Spread on bread with lettuce for sandwich, or serve on rounds, triangles, or fingers of bread or toast, or on crackers for appetizers, garnishing with parsley or slices of stuffed olives.

French Fried Mussels
The less familiar mussel is none the less enjoyable than its other hard-shelled cousins. But, should they be difficult to obtain, this process will fit scallops or clams equally well.
10 or 12 saltines Salt, pepper, and
1 tbsp. butter or flour
margarine 1 egg
1 lb. sea mussels. Fat for deep frying
opened and cleaned

Put saltines in oven with a small piece of butter or margarine on each and toast to a light brown. When cool, roll them finely, then sift. Wash mussels, dry well. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll in flour, dip in egg beaten lightly with 1 tbsp. water, then in sifted cracker crumbs. Fry in deep fat, heated to 375° F. Drain on soft paper. Serves 6.

Note: If a few mussels are fried at a time, fat 1 inch deep is sufficient. Mussels may be sprinkled with lemon juice after washing to point up their flavor.

June L. Maxfield, assistant in the advertising department of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, Maine, begins the second year of the "Famous Maine Recipes" department of this magazine with the fifth in the series of articles derived from the extensive collection of Maine recipes which the company possesses.

Paging Willie
After a half-century of vacation at Maine resorts, the great Philadelphia lawyer, George Wharton Pepper, has a choice collection of stories. He says the natives seldom give direct answers. They don't like to commit themselves on any proposition.
"Who lives on that farm?" Mr. Pepper asked an old chap to whom he was giving a lift.
"Willie Richardson," he replied. Then as if startled by his own definiteness, he added, "Leastwise I think his name's Willie. He's always been called that since he was a little boy."

The Curtis Courier.

Curious Sign
Some fifty years ago Saco and Biddeford residents were presented with a curious and uncanny sight when some fifteen or twenty coffins and caskets floated down the river during a flood. Nobody seemed to know where they came from or to whom they belonged. They may have been the stock in trade of a fellow along the line of the Mountain Division of the Maine Central. We recall a sign at Steep Falls which read something like this: "Candy, Cigarettes, Tobacco and Coffins For Sale".

The Bridgton News
At the request of many PINE CONE readers, the following annotated list of outstanding Maine books of the past five years has been compiled by the Portland Public Library for this magazine. They are on sale at leading Maine bookstores:


Carroll, Mrs. Gladys Hasty: "Dunnybrook." 1943. Macmillan. $2.75. Chronicle of a Maine village, founded before the days of the Revolution.

Chase, Mary Ellen: "Windswept." 1941. Macmillan. $2.75. "Windswept, a house on the Maine coast, on a high promontory overlooking the sea, is the real core of the story. The Marstons built the house in the early 1880's and thereafter made it the cherished center of their lives. A chronicle of the family from the building of the house to 1939."

Coatsworth, Elizabeth: "Country Neighborhood." 1944. Macmillan. $2.50. Picture of Maine country folks written by one who has lived among them.


Foster, Elizabeth: "The Islanders." 1946. Houghton. $3.00. Biography of a family and its love for their summer home on an island in the Rangeley Lake.

Fuller, Leah Ramsdell: "Way, Way Down East." 1946. Luce. $2.00. A delightful story for children (fourth to seventh grades) describing the simple pleasures and quaint customs of a tiny village in the vicinity of the Quoddy Lighthouse.


Graham, Elinor: "Maine Charm String." 1946. Macmillan. $2.00. "A delightful account of the adventures of a button collector and her Maine neighbors." Started when author plowed up a Revolutionary War button on her farm at Freeport.


Hallett, Richard Matthews: "Foothold of Earth." 1944. Doubleday. $2.50. Story of a seacoast town in Maine torn by feuds which date back many years. Underlying theme is a young man's need for security in a world at war.

Hamlin, Helen: "Nine Mile Bridge." 1945. Norton. $2.75. Life in the northern woods of Maine could hardly be portrayed with more sympathy and sheer enjoyment of "backwoods" living.

MacDougall, A. R.: "Dud Dean and Other Tales." 1946. Coward. $3.00. Famous fishing yarns written by a minister in Bingham, Maine, and illustrated by Milton Wieler.


Ogilvie, Elizabeth: "Storm Tide." 1945. Crowell. $2.75. "The self-reliant ways and philosophy of the Maine fishermen and their families are described with warmth and understanding.

Rich, Louise (Dickinson): "We Took To The Woods." 1942. Lippincott. $1.49. Witty picture of life in the Rangeley Lake district of Maine, far from any neighbors, or modern improvements, where the author, her husband and children live Summer and Winter.

Richmond, Bernice: "Winter Harbor." 1943. Holt. $2.50. A delightful and enthusiastic picture of the experiences of the Richmonds when they purchase an island off the coast of Maine and restore its lighthouse.

Shea, Margaret: "The Gals They Left Behind." 1944. Washburn. $2.00. In form of letters to their husbands overseas, two girls tell of their experiences on a Maine farm. In spite of their troubles, it is a merry tale and a heartening one.


Williams, Ben Ames: "Strange Woman." 1941. Houghton. $1.49. Laid in the early days of Bangor, the characters reflect the rough living of that period—lumbering with all the flavor of its early days brings wealth to the Hagars. Jenny dominates the book with her careless living and cruel nature.

More Maine Speech

"Who says it has been a tough winter?" asks Henrietta H. Ames of Matinicus, adding the amazing news, "Friday, March 8, we picked enough cranberries for a bowl of sauce and for a cranberry pudding for our Sunday dinner; and in Marion's field there's plenty more."

Also from the same lady: Yes, we say going "down" to the Rock; "up" to Monhegan; "over" to Vinalhaven; "into" Port Clyde; and "off" to Rockland. When we just go to the mainland in general, we often say going to the "earth". When we start visiting Mars, what shall we say—"going up", or will it just be "turning in"? Matinicus is "out" surely, but many are fond of calling it "going home".

Rockland Courier-Gazette
Maine had 4,000 less cows on its farms in 1945 than in 1944 and milk production declined 9,000,000 pounds. However, production of milk per cow increased from 5,150 pounds to 5,280 pounds in the same period. Maine’s milk production is larger than the average for the United States.

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Maine Calendar of Events

June 15—Sept. 15, 1946

June 14-16: Boy Scout Camporee, Topsham.
June 23: Kanokolus Club Bass Fishing Derby, Unity Pond, Unity.
June 24-29: Racing, Cumberland.
July 1-6: Racing, Gorham.
July 4-7: Rangeley Lakes Water Carnival, Rangeley.
July 8-27: Grand Circuit racing, Old Orchard Beach.
July 22-27: Aroostook County Potato Blossom Festival.
July 29-August 3: Northern Maine State Fair, Presque Isle, Racing also at Damariscotta.
July 28: State Open Championship skeet shoot, Fairfield.
August: Three-Quarter Century Club. Date and place to be announced.
August 5-10: Bangor State Fair, Bangor.
August 11-18: Skowhegan State Fair, Skowhegan.
August 11-24: Maine Music Camp, Farmington.
August 14: Open House Day, Wiscasset.
August 14-17: Maine Open Amateur Golf Championship. Portland C. C., Falmouth Foreside.
August 19-24: North Knox County Fair, Union.
August 18: Maine 40 and 8 Field Day and Barbecue, Rangeley.
August 24: Portland Yacht Club-Monhegan Island Yacht Race.
August 24-25: John H. Hyde Memorial Golf Tournament, Bath Country Club, Bath.
August 27-Sept. 2: South Kennebec County Fair, Windsor.
August 31-Sept. 1: Rangeley Combination Golf Tournament, Rangeley Lakes Hotel, Rangeley.
Sept. 2-7: Hancock County Fair, Bluehill.
Sept. 5-6: Maine Open Golf Championship, Bath C. C., Bath.
Sept. 9-14: Oxford County Fair, South Paris.
Maine

*By Lester Melcher Hart*

You're just a rugged, homespun State,
   Perched on the nation's edge:
A stretch of woods, of fields and lakes,
   Of ocean-pounded ledge.

But rugged deeds and rugged men
   You've nurtured for your own:
Much good the world has harvested
   From broadcast seeds you've sown.

And so, we love you, rugged State,
   We love your smiling skies;
We love you for your deep-piled snows,
   Your jagged coast we prize.

We love you for the lofty seat
   You've reared 'neath Heaven's dome;
But most of all, we love you, Maine,
   Because you're Maine—and Home!

(Reprinted by request)