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1947-48 WINTER 1947-48

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Come Back To Mount Desert

A veteran photographer reports only a small section, most of it seldom seen by visitors, was affected by last October's "big burn." Here are names of many beauty spots on Mount Desert you may never have seen, but surely won't want to miss.

By W. H. Ballard

Of course the famous explorer, Champlain, was among the first to take notice of Mount Desert Island's outstanding feature, its great hills, and because they appeared to him to be bare rock, he gave the Island its name in 1604,—"The Island of the Desert Mountains."

In the three hundred and forty-four years that followed, during which nations vied with each other for ownership of this unusual range of sea born hills, at one time dividing it between England and France, the forests in the low valleys crept seed after struggling seed outward to the rock shores and upward on the mountainsides until they achieved the state of scenic perfection which was discovered by the first summer visitors to arrive on the Island by boat from Rockland.

No more beautiful combination of surf-beaten, ripple-cressed rocky shores, with cliffs rising out of the sea beyond sheltered harbors and evergreen-crowned headlands, and with a hinterland of eighteen rugged hills rising as high as 1500 feet above the sea, cradling twenty-six lakes and ponds in their valleys, could be found within any other one hundred square mile area, completely surrounded by the ocean.

Last October, fire struck at these forests, burning out of control to reach a climax in leveling some outlying sections of the famous town of Bar Harbor. What is left of Mount Desert Island's world renowned beauty? ALMOST THE WHOLE OF IT!...

As a photographer of this Island for fifteen years, the writer has looked over his subject from every angle. No one feels more than I the loss of a single spot of scenic beauty.

Yet, I can agree with many others that at least 90 percent of the scenic spots which amounted to anything at all are still here without change. The fire which swept through such a large acreage and did such tremendous damage, was for a large part confined within generally un-visited parts of the woodlands. This article, it should be noted, is concerned only with the natural attractions of the Island. Where scenic spots were damaged, the area was concentrated and such sections may, in large measure, be avoided by visitors in preference to other parts of the Island, some being well-known and others being yet to be "discovered" by the larger proportions of our visitors.

Of the well-known, it can be said that the seaward side of the entire Ocean Drive presents the same spectacle of rugged shore as ever, although the fire cut through some forest swaths on the landward side of the road. The Cadillac Mountain Road is similar in this respect, for fire remained almost entirely on one side
Bar Harbor Main Street, showing the business center of the town totally unaffected by the October fires—although everyone agrees it was a close call.

and the Western slopes of the mountain are untouched. The great new Hunter Beach Drive, and the Sea Cliffs Drive were out of the burn. One may travel the trails of Pemetic Mountain, the west slope of Cadillac Mountain, all over Day Mountain, The Triad, Penobscot, Parkman, Norumbega Mountain, Asticou Hill, and Sargent Mountain, with the exception of its northeastern slope, without encountering scars.

Jordan Pond, Bubble and Long Ponds, Upper and Lower Hadlock Ponds, Northeast Harbor, Seal Harbor and Somes Sound, with its famous Sargent Drive, all on the eastern side of the Island, were all unaffected and out of the areas reached by fires. Concentrated in all the above places are a very great percentage of the best scenic spots on eastern Mount Desert Island.

Not so well-known to the casual visitor, but due to become so, are the mountains and lakes, the harbors and other attractions of the vast western half of Mount Desert Island, much of which is contained in the Acadia National Park lands and easily accessible by good roads and trails.

The attractive little village of Somesville provides a gateway to this area, which was first to have summer visitors, church, hotel, telegraph, steamboat service and automobiles, and still retains all of its natural charm and quiet.

The hills of Mount Desert are seen at their best from Southwest Harbor; the only lighthouse on the Island may be visited at Bass Harbor; real down-east fishing and boat-building villages are there for the looking; the Northeast Harbor Fleet races its sailing craft close by the Manset and Seawall shores, and boats will take visitors to outlying islands or the fishing grounds. Seawall faces the Atlantic and is perfect for picnicking as well...
The famous summer resort of Northeast Harbor is partly shown in this view across Somes Sound from Flying Hill. Islands in the distance are the Cranberry Isles. On the point in the lower right foreground is the site of the early French Jesuit colony of Mount Desert Island.

As for camping. The National Park Service maintains a campground there.

Great Pond, Echo Lake, Somes Pond, Seal Cove Pond and others can be visited; there are numerous coves along the shore and roads lead to several points on Somes Sound where, at one spot, there was a French settlement over three hundred years ago.

Many contend that the view from Beech Cliffs rivals that from Cadillac Mountain, though on a smaller scale, and certainly the scene of Echo Lake below the cliffs is one to be remembered. A road leads almost to the summit, which is then reached by an easy path.

As for trails, nothing is lacking. Hikers will find a network of trails leading to all points: Flying Mountain; St. Sauveur Mountain, with its Eagle Cliff's plunging down to Valley Cove; Acadia Mountain, with two summits; Beech Hill and its Beech Cliffs, with Beech Mountain above it; Western Mountain, consisting of two peaks, Bernard and Mansell at an elevation of 1071 feet. The trails on Western Mountain are exceptionally interesting, and steep-sided Bernard can be surmounted in an hour.

With all of this to consider, it is easy to understand why we who know Mount Desert Island best can truly say that at least 90 percent of its scenic attractions are here for all to visit.

(Ed. Note: After the fire emergency had passed last Fall, we made a survey trip to Bar Harbor and Mount Desert and found the situation exactly as presented above by Mr. Ballard, who is familiar with nearly
every foot of the 100-square mile island.

Bar Harbor had Christmas lights strung on the main streets and the only fire evidence was around the western edge of the town. All agreed that only a miraculous shift in the wind kept the damage from being much worse. Yet, unless one went looking specifically for fire scenes, they are scarcely evident along the main roads.

Rehabilitation of 203 resident families has been going on all Winter under the direction of the American Red Cross and was completed a few weeks ago.

While the acreage percentage figures on the area affected is somewhat misleading, we would say that the average visitor would estimate hardly five per cent of the total area bears the scars of fire.

A big cleanup job remains, mostly in the realm of the National Park Service, but this has been progressing all Winter. As Benjamin F. Hadley, park superintendent, told us: "Some of the plumage is gone, but the body is still here, with all its scenic beauty. From the top of Cadillac Mountain a few smudge spots show, but the glorious panorama is unchanged. Another Spring or two and much of the grass and plumage will return."

Bar Harbor and Mount Desert will see thousands of visitors again this year. In some places the grass will be greener for having been burned over and, if you look for it, you will see the fire scars, still something to see, even if tragic.

Just to give an idea of how the early fire reports were exaggerated: The Town of Bar Harbor prints a folder which includes 16 photos representing typical scenic spots on Mount Desert. Not one of these pictures will have to be changed as a result of the fire."

A World Affairs Forum is being held weekly this Winter at Boothbay Harbor, drawing an average attendance of 50 or more. Outstanding speakers each week give a lecture on some phase of world affairs and there is plenty of time for discussion, which, needless to say, is often lively. Oliver Garceau, Oxford graduate who is in Maine doing research work for the Carnegie Foundation, originated the forum, with the assistance of local leaders like J. A. "Tunk" Stevens, Jr., Mrs. Oliver Maxwell and "Doc" Rockwell.

Canned tuna fish, hitherto a virtual monopoly of California and prewar Japanese canners, became the latest promising Maine product this Winter when tests at the Bath Canning Company and Riviera Packing Company at Eastport were highly successful. Riviera, with some 65 tons of tuna in deep freeze storage, already has started a heavy pack. Canned tuna is expected to be an ideal winter pack for Maine fish canning plants, as the big fish, caught in the summer, can be frozen and later canned during slack periods.
A Living Monument

The inspiring story of the Good Will Homes and Schools at Hinckley, and of the remarkable founder, Rev. Dr. George W. Hinckley, whose faith in God is expressed in providing a home for underprivileged children.

By Eleanor Dutton Martin

If you doubt that God answers prayer, then walk with me for a while and I will tell you a story as beautiful, as interesting as any ever written.

Up the Kennebec Valley, nine miles north of Waterville at a point eight miles south of Skowhegan where, shadowing the banks of the Kennebec River, winding its quiet way to the sea, may be found that very unusual place which bears the name of Good Will Homes and Schools.

Standing silently for a few moments, on the Arnold Highway, and looking toward the west, we shall see a well-kept campus; trees and shrubs that have been planted with an eye for the symmetrical and artistic; gravel walks, drives and flower beds.

About twelve rods back from the macadam highway stand two Colonial structures of brick; the Administration Building (Prescott Memorial), and Averill High School. These will be noticed particularly because of their purity of type.

Then, too, there is the boys' grammar school; the Bates Museum, full of treasures from many parts of the globe; the Hall of Dendrology with its interesting specimens of wood, and a Carnegie Library containing about fifteen thousand volumes.

Strolling casually about, we note eleven cottages each of which makes homes for fifteen boys and their matron. Back of these and some distance away, are the farm buildings: the dairy, horse barns, chicken houses, sawmills, etc., and homes for the farmers, gardeners and carpenters.

Entering a circling drive, we find at a bend in the road and close to a cherished rock garden, a small white house called the Shell House. Within are shells from many parts of the country. Somewhat farther along is the Rock House, containing splendid specimens from many New England quarries.

On the boys' end of the grounds there are several trails through the woods: Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Colby, Bates, The Continental and Good Will.

At the entrance to Dartmouth Trail are two marble tablets; one giving its name, the other the date of its formal opening. Its logical beginning is, however, the Ernest Thompson Seton Fireplace, built in remembrance of the noted author, artist and naturalist soon after his visit to Good Will.

Near the fireplace is a boulder with its copper plate, bearing the name and date of one of the great men of our country, the late ex-president Theodore Roosevelt. This tablet was given by a former Good Will boy in honor of a "Conservator of our National Forests." The boulder which bears the tablet, is upheld by a stone selected by Mrs. Roosevelt on the Roosevelt estate at Oyster Bay.

Back of Page Terrace is Bowdoin Circle, and that is the beginning of
Bowdoin Trail. Within the circle of red pine trees, one sees a semi-circle of stone masonry, bearing twelve bronze tablets, each "reciting the praise of some tree, and each a memorial to some friend of Good Will."

Following the winding trail through the woods, beneath pines and hemlocks, one finally reaches "Naturalists Corner," past "Sunrise Entrance" to the Continental Trail, the "Sunrise Fireplace," the Tenterden Tablets, the latter erected in memory of Samuel Hinckley of Tenterden, England, father of the Hinckleys in this country.

From here one goes to the Murray Monument, built in honor of "Adirondack" Murray in recognition of his service to humanity as the "Father of the Outdoor movement." One marker rests upon a stone taken from his birthplace; another upon a stone brought from Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, which he made famous; the third found place upon a stone from the shores of Lake Champlain where Mr. Murray spent five busy years writing.

Close to the "Sunrise Fireplace" is the entrance to the Continental Trail. Stones were sent from east of Mississippi to be worked into "Sunrise Entrance," and from the west of "Father of Waters" for "Sunset Entrance." The bronze tablets indicate a love of Nature, of beautiful prose and poetry.

Many of these tablets bear quotations from the writings of famous people: Bryant, Kilmer, Thoreau, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Sharp, Van Dyke and many, many others. It is unusual to find such exquisitely lovely thoughts deep in the heart of the woods, or along the winding trails. God's "trees, birds, flowers and even quadrupeds" have not been forgotten. And the Bird Station at "Sunset Entrance," with its sanctuary and markers, its vine-covered pergola and nests, is not easily forgotten.

Colby Trail begins at the western border of Good Will golf course. Walking rapidly, one soon comes to the junction of Colby and Good Will Trails. It was here that the first log cabin was built by the students, out of trees which they had felled. The first of many to be built for work or play in the beautiful woodlands of Good Will.
Colby Trail was opened formally by Dr. Arthur S. Roberts, loved president of Colby College. It is along this trail that one comes upon Audubon Rapids, and then edges Marten Stream to Lovejoy Spring. The trail is one of historical interest, but has no part in this story.

The Bates Trail is entered near Ryerson Library on the northern portion of Good Will, on the girls premises to be exact. It winds toward the west, over a sandy hill and along a plain which is often beautiful with the lovely pink of rhodora blossoms each year. It passes “Three Pine Cabin,” extends through a dense growth of birch and maple, and ends at Kendall Annex.

And so to Good Will Trail, just west of the National Highway, Route 201 and known as the “Arnold Trail,” and named for Benedict Arnold, that one-time patriot. Stepping from the trail at Marten stream, one ascends a slight incline to reach the Soldiers’ and Sailors’ Memorial Arch, built in loving remembrance of one hundred and eighty boys who served in World War I. Their names may be found on the bronze tablets under the arch, while overhead is a marble which holds thirteen bronze stars, one for each lad who gave his life for his country.

This trail, too, has an historical interest but does not particularly concern this story.

It is but a few steps from the arch across the lovely little bridge, spanning Marten Stream, which divides the boys’ farm from the girls’. And topping the hill toward the north, Ryerson Library stands just off the highway, and the Gould Grammar School is conveniently near as are the five homes built for the girls.

“Willow-Wood,” the famous Starbird House, shelters the founder of this famous school.

Facing the east and looking across the Kennebec River, are splendid pine groves; one is given over to the girls during the summer for their outings, and the other to the boys.

The students may spend happy carefree days, sleeping in their small “cottages,” eating in another and playing under the direction of an experienced teacher. Boating and fishing and long hikes may fill their days to make strong bodies and contented minds.

There are other cottages in those “Cathedral Pines,” and back on the hill stands “Ellis Acres,” the “writing-home” of Good Will’s own “Gee Double You,” the latter being the pen name of Dr. George W. Hinckley. But Dr. Hinckley might inform you that he has and will continue to “write all over the place.” He is editor of the Good Will Record, a monthly magazine devoted to the “doings” of the school and its friends. He has also written many, many books and articles for various newspapers. He is an unusually gifted writer of both prose and poetry.

Looking from the east to the north, to the west and to the south, one is reminded of Beatrice Hussey’s lovely line in her poem, “Hills in Winter,” “Here is more beauty than the heart can hold.” And one finds throat and heart filled with emotion, realizing the greatness of the young lad, grown to manhood, who through his love of humanity and faith in the promises of his Creator, made possible this haven for many less fortunate than himself.

The story of Good Will Homes and Schools should be known the world over, for there never has been, nor ever will be another like it. “Its inception was in the heart of a boy” because he knew the true story of another small boy too hungry for his own safety, who stole left-overs from a workman’s dinner pail since he could find no other way to appease that hunger; and because of that fact was “sent to the State Reform School until he should be twenty-one years of age.”

This unhappy lad was a schoolmate of the young George Hinckley, and in his book, “The Good Will Idea,” Dr. Hinckley writes, “I did not believe that the lad was, at heart, any more dishonest than myself, but he was a victim of neglect and hunger. My heart was hurt. I began to think. Why had not someone taken an interest in that boy before he had put his hand in that dinner pail, instead of waiting until a petty theft had been committed and then demanding his punishment?”

“I began to dream . . . boys do sometimes; I began to dream that
sometime I would become a man, and if I ever became a man I would build a house ... I would build houses ... and when I heard of a boy imperilled and in need as that boy had been, I would extend a helping hand until he could take care of himself.”

The years slipped by and though he had become a clergyman with a family, he had not forgotten what he hoped to do. But to develop such a work meant friends and money. He says, “I was dollarless and my acquaintances were few and among them there were none of wealth.”

But to him the need was great and he felt that his own life work would not be accomplished until he had made possible such a place as Good Will, a place where “worthy boys in need or in moral peril” could find shelter.

In an hour of discouragement, he picked up that ancient book, the Bible. Turning its leaves slowly, he came to the psalms of David and in the thirty-seventh he read: “Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.”

IT WAS A wonderful thought, a promise, and suddenly he knew what he was going to do. He would deliberately make a test of God’s promise.

In one of his articles he wrote: “Then and there I decided to commit my way unto the Lord, and trust Him to ‘bring to pass’ that thing which was in my heart.”

“I resolved to take into my home, to live among my own children, the neediest derelict of a boy I had ever seen in the state. Toward the support of this boy I decided to devote one-tenth of my salary, which was the maximum that I personally was able to give. And realizing that this tenth could not possibly clothe, feed, shelter and educate a boy for one year, I told myself:

I will say nothing of what I am doing; I will ask no person in this world for a single penny, but if I receive
anything over my salary from any source...cash or anything which might be converted into cash...I will regard it as given for the support of the boy.

At the end of the year, if I have adequately supported the boy and have a nucleus of one hundred dollars left over, I will accept it as a sign from God that I shall go on to fulfill my dream of a home for many needy boys."

And so he found the boy and the means came to take care of him: "From the most unexpected sources, a thousand sources."

At that time Dr. Hinckley's work was with the American Sunday School Union. It was his duty to go into the remote parts of the state to organize Sunday Schools, and it was the poor people of villages, crossroads and lumber camps who helped provide for the boy, and to begin the work for Good Will through their small gifts of money, foods and knitted hose, mittens and mufflers.

He began with a farm of a few acres, one cow and fifty dollars, all of which had been given to him...and three small boys. His first definite decision was this: "Nothing in the name or conduct of my proposed home would suggest charity, orphanhood or destitution, and to the fullest extent possible it would be a home in fact."

So Good Will became a place for deserving, dependent boys and girls between the ages of nine and fourteen, with the privilege of High School Courses if desired. Mr. Moses Giddings, an early president of the Good Will Home Association, once said, "The education of the mind, the training of the hand, and the culture of the heart...these if rightly used, will form a foundation on which character may be built that will assure success, usefulness and happiness."

These facts the founder of this school knew well in his own mind and heart. Nowhere is the spirit of Good Will so fully symbolized as in the Roundel, a mural decoration in the Administration Building (Prescott Memorial), painted by Mr. Charles D. Hubbard.

It symbolizes Forestry, Agriculture, Mechanical Arts, Organized Athletics, Architecture and Building, Science and Literature, and carries in its double circle these words, "Home, Education, Discipline, Industry, Recreation, Religion."

The Good Will Totem is a mounted beaver, with the slogan based on the animal's habits, viz: "He works when he works; he plays when he plays; he is strong on individual effort, yet he labors for community good."

The Good Will Emblem represents its four important interests...the physical, social, intellectual and religious. Its flag has a white field, carrying its emblem in orange and black.

Understanding that his boys and girls should be familiar with the beautiful and artistic in art, as well as fed with the products from the farm, gardens and dairy, for physical and mental growth, Dr. Hinckley's longing for the former gradually became a fact.

There are fine life-size oil portraits by George Rufus Boynton, Campbell Phillips, Robert Reed, Charles D. Hubbard and others. There are, also, a number of landscapes by well known artists.

In the Museum may be found a group of "Wild Life Exhibits," a series of colored transparencies of wild flowers as they grow at Good Will, and of course all the other specimens usually found in such a place.

In the Averill High School Building is a small but valuable collection of Chinese Antiques.

Mural paintings hang in the Shell House, in the Hall of Dendrology, in the Granite House, and for stage use there are three sets of scenery in Prescott Hall.

It is interesting to know that all of these, as well as memorials, markers, bridges, roads and stonewalls were gifts to Good Will and not, in any instance, bought with money given for sustaining or educational purposes.

Tradition is a loved word here, and there are many, many interesting customs which one might write about. The opening Campfire of the school season; the Girl Reserves' beautiful candlelight service at the chapel; the Murray Tablet exercises, the Thanksgiving, the Christmas (with a tree in every cottage), the Commencement, the Senior Spring and many more.
Moody Memorial Chapel. Good Will is non-denominational and people of all creeds have been its donors.

There are bronze tablets in the High School Building for each graduating class, and Good Will songs for every occasion. There are two fine pipe organs, one in Prescott Hall, the other in the Chapel where a vested choir is under the capable direction of the Music Master. There are several pianos and a student orchestra.

One could only understand through living here, by being a member of the community, what these “homes and schools” mean to a student while in residence and, too, when finished and “out on his own.”

Good Will is not in any sense a reformatory, an orphan asylum, nor is it a boarding school. It is a “home” first, last and always; prayed for, built for underprivileged children, minus parent or parents or guardians, unable financially to provide for themselves either a suitable place to lay their young heads or gain an education.

It is a place where there is a lot of fresh air, fun and even dogs for playfellows. The dogs and cats are well taken care of, too.

One does not need a calendar here; the seasons may easily be determined by the games being played at the moment. It may be the competitive “snow figure” or the big bell in the tower calling the lads to the “swimming hole” that tells the story. It may be Spring with its proverbial marbles or early Summer for “ball,” soft or hard. It may be tennis, golf, snowshoeing, skating and skiing.

In any event life is worth living to the whistling boy and dreaming girl striding along the trails or over the fields... the high road to discovery.

In a discussion with Dr. Hinckley, I asked what he considered the central idea here; he looked at me for a long moment and then a beautiful smile broke over his face.

“Religion,” he replied quietly, “and then home; religion, flanked on either side by home and education.” And remembering what the 37th psalm of David means to him, I realized my question was out of order.
The church and not its denomination concerned him. Good Will has always been undenominational and will continue to be. And people of all creeds have been its donors.

Its students are living a healthy life. They attend Sunday School and Church services regularly. In their home life they have regular hours for eating plain, body-building foods; of sleeping, of arising and certain hours for play and entertainment. Of course the study hour is important.

And they are learning the art of taking care of themselves through the advice of the resident matron or nurse.

They are learning, too, different types of work: that of houseboys and housemaids; the care of the different buildings, inside and out; the campus, the golf course and tennis courts.

The boys are taught to be farmers, gardeners and carpenters; the girls can food stuffs and make many of their own clothes, and when they have finished at Good Will Schools they know many ways in which to earn a living for sturdy, self-respecting young people.

Since its beginning Good Will has sent between two and three thousand boys and girls into the world to do their own work, and the “few acres” has expanded to over two thousand. Its “few old buildings” have become over forty fine structures.

Good Will Home Association was founded in 1889, and it has a Board of Directors who have charge of its property and business. Its “program is on an all-year basis. Each boy and girl is allowed one month of vacation either at Good Will or elsewhere during July or August.”

“The work of the Association is made possible in part by cash contributions of benevolent friends, in part by income from endowment funds, and in part by such payments as may be made for individual boys and girls. It has no state aid. In no case does the maintenance paid in support of boy or girl approach the actual cost of maintenance.”

It is the type of work of which one may be very proud. At least each individual worker is trying to do his or her best for the ultimate welfare of those entrusted to his care, and many fine boys and girls have already made their mark in the world.

And these young people, who come back again and again because they feel Good Will to be home, realize that it is a materialized dream of one who loved humanity better than he loved himself . . . Good Will, a living monument to a great man.

INDUSTRIAL PAYROLLS in Lewiston-Auburn, “the industrial heart of Maine,” reached an all-time record high of $27,957,889 in 1947. Total number of workers employed in Lewiston also was at an all-time high. These statistics are just two more indications of the way Maine is growing as an industrial state, as well as expanding in agriculture, commercial fisheries and recreation business.
SNOW comes early and stays late in the Rangeley Region. From November until long into April King Winter plays host to the many parties taking advantage of the crisp, dry air and the snow covered mountains that make up this "Wonder Winterland."

The PINE CONE dons its parka and ski boots to attend one of the early winter weekend parties at this popular ski resort. There is skiing aplenty and fun galore as we join the Penguin Ski Club of Portland at the warm comfortable lodge and enjoy a sample of renowned Rangeley Hospitality at Back O' The Moon Ski Lodge.
A Skier's Lot
Is A Happy One

THE CARES of the work-a-day world have no place in the day's activities. Life centers around the spacious lodge nestled in the snow-covered basin of the Rangeley Valley and overlooking the famous chain of lakes 2,000 feet above sea level.

Above: Pat Bove is a bit reluctant about leaving her nice warm bed at such an early hour, but Patty Cook, already in her red flannel and ski boots is ready for breakfast and the ski slopes.

Right: The Penguins require two things at the table —good food and plenty of it. Rachel Andrew and Ralph Dutton say Rangeley has an abundance of both.

Below: What goes down, also comes up, thanks to the Tow. Dotty Polly loves it.
Above, left: Dotty and Rachel, like all good skiers, take their waxing seriously. The hard red wax is best for the soft powder surface. Right: The Christy, or speed turn, a thing of beauty when executed by an expert skier such as Doug Burt, is the ultimate ambition of all skiers.

Below: The rolling hills present a never-to-be-forgotten panorama. Patty Cook and Neil Starr pause before the downhill run to gaze longingly at the vast white caps of Saddleback, across the lake.
THE PENGUINS represent one of the oldest and most active winter sports groups in the state. Many of these young business people from Portland have recently returned from the service with a new and finer appreciation of their native Pine Tree State.

Right: Ralph is an ardent believer in the value of a snow bath as an aid to beauty and to the appetite, so—with Doug's willing help—gives Jeanne Woodward a good-natured dunking.

Below: After a hot shower and change to slacks, the crowd spends the evening reading, playing bridge and dancing in front of the fireplace.
When Day Is Done....

Tired and happy after their round of activities, the Penguins bask in the enchantment of the open fire with a feeling of contentment such as life in the open can bring—each with a silent promise to return to Rangeley soon.
Maine Communities:

Rumford

The business center of Northeastern Oxford County is humming today with a multi-million dollar industrial expansion, drawing in new families, new ideas and a progressive civic spirit. On the edge of a recreational wonderland, it looks forward to a new era of economic prosperity and peaceful, healthful living.

By Richard A. Hebert

Rumford could be a case history for scholars on the alert for new frontiers in American life.

Here, in the heart of the Western Maine hills, is a mere stripling of a town, compared to the rest of Maine’s 350-year historical background. Yet, today, it has safely crossed its adolescent stage and emerges throbbing with the vitality of young manhood.

Only fifty-eight years ago, Rumford was a peaceful agricultural village, though it lay stretched out along the bank of the mightiest gorge of the Androscoggin River. The Ellis and Swift Rivers came down from the hills to join the overflow from the Rangeley system at Hanover and Mexico and the three reached their climax in mighty Pennacook Falls, where the combined rivers plunged 180 feet in three-quarters of a mile to form what has been described as the most magnificent cataract east of Niagara.

The “Island”—where the business center is now located—was hardly more than a mud patch in 1890 when Hugh J. Chisholm and Waldo Pettin-gill “looked in wild surmise” at this tremendous display of power and at the tree-covered hills rising to the skyline in every direction. Water, electric power and forests—the three words spelled out PAPER; and it has been said that modern civilization depends on paper.

The dam and power plant were built and the first paper mill was in operation by mid-1893. Eight months later the railroad, now the Maine Central, had been pushed ahead to Rumford Falls and one hundred tons of freight were passing back and forth daily. Today this railroad branch originates the heaviest daily tonnage on the Maine Central System.

Paper bags, newsprint and sulphite pulp were the products of the first mills, but in 1901 the Oxford Paper Company started up production with only two small machines. Today Oxford is one of the largest producers of book and coated papers in the Country and it is certainly the largest integrated mill making these papers exclusively.

To Rumford and to Mexico, across the Swift River, and to neighboring towns, flocked the mill labor to keep the machines running and expanding. French-Canadian, Scottish, Irish, Lithuanian and Italian mostly, they became a part of the great “melting pot” process which makes America unique in the annals of mankind. Rumford’s boosters declare that the amalgamation process is still noticeable, giving the community the atmosphere of a “little metropolis.”

Unlike so many older Maine communities, it takes only a few months to be accepted as a permanent resident. Such is the present pace, in fact, that after a year or two, anyone may consider himself, and be so re-
Rumford’s business center and part of the Oxford Paper Company are on an “island” in the Androscoggin formed by a canal whose gates are in the center of the picture.

garded by others, as virtually an old timer. Rumford is similar to many Aroostook Communities in this respect, although many other Maine communities impart the same feeling in recent years.

After forty years of steady expansion and humming industry, the depression of the Thirties hit Rumford hard. Population in the area fell off and commercial business volume shrivelled in tune with the contracted operations and payrolls of the giant Oxford mills. During the early years of the war, although the demands for paper had increased, the armed forces took a high proportion of the young men and women in the community, until the town’s population had shrunk to an estimated 8,000 level.

From the mid-war period on, however, population has increased, until it is estimated now at close to 12,000.

But that is only the beginning, in the opinion of J. Merton Wyman, town manager. He confidently predicts an increase of another 3,000 persons in the next five years.

This optimism, shared by most other civic and business leaders, seems based on fairly solid grounds. First and foremost is a $10,000,000 program of expansion and modernization at Oxford Paper, a program actually started in 1946 and now halfway to completion, scheduled for 1950. This centers around new buildings and new machines for “machine coated” papers, a development of recent years; and a new sulphite mill, which will utilize the tremendous quantities of hard woods in the area for making bleached sulphate pulp. The present sulphite mill also will be greatly improved, along with greatly increased pulp storage and blending facilities.

Power production also is being stepped up, with a new high pressure steam boiler and a turbo-generator being added to the mills’ present hydroelectric and steam power systems.

In announcing its expansion program, the company itself put it this way:

“The completion of this current program will keep Oxford Paper Company abreast of its competition and protect the security of its em-
The new high pressure steam power plant, part of the $10,000,000 expansion program at Oxford.

employees and the Town of Rumford." Oxford employs more than 3,000 workers.

The Rumford Light Company has started conversion from 40-cycle to 60-cycle power, the former cycle current having been in effect since 1905.

The changeover means that all motors in use by the 5,000 customers of the Rumford Light Company must be converted or replaced. The work, made slow by the shortage of 60-cycle motors for home electric appliances, is expected to be well under way during the coming year.

The New England Telephone and Telegraph Company also is putting in a $1,000,000 plant expansion in the area, including a new overhead cable between Rumford and Lewiston, completed last year.

Forty houses of a new 100-home development already have been constructed and the remainder may be completed during the coming year. They sell at an average of $7,900 and the type of construction and layout makes it one of the best housing developments going on today in the State of Maine. The Oxford Paper Company donated the land and the Town, Village Corporation and Water District agreed to install more than $100,000 in sewers, roads and similar facilities, accounting for the comparatively low price of the finished home on today's market. The Cumberland Construction Company, builder of war housing projects at South Portland, Presque Isle, Houlton and other Maine places is handling the project.

ADD THESE and other minor expansion and development programs in process in the area and one may see why employment is at a peak in the Rumford area. It is generally acknowledged that "anyone who is willing to work, can find a job in Rumford today."

At the Oxford mills alone, between 500 and 600 tons of paper are being produced each day, and production is expected to increase month by month during the next two years. The weekly payroll at Oxford is just under $200,000 each week, or a total of nearly $10,000,000 a year.

Incident with Oxford's expansion is the increase in the number of engineers, research men and similar technicians needed for the program, all of whom tend to raise the economic, cultural and social level of the
area. Their influence on the civic consciousness of the community already is being felt.

Company-community relations, always an important factor in Rumford, are, by and large, among the best in the entire Pine Tree State. A present salutary step is an opinion survey being made of the entire community by the nationally-known Opinion Research Corporation. Oxford is the first industrial firm in Maine to make such a survey and it is regarded as the prelude to a forward-looking public relations program.

Most Rumford leaders believe that the "vision" and frontier exploring which marked the founding of Oxford Paper Company more than half a century ago is just as strong today in the new generation of management. Hugh J. Chisholm, the present president of Oxford, is carrying on the heritage of his late father.

In the Rumford environs several other industries, also based on wood, loom large in the economic picture. The BFD Division in neighboring Peru of the Diamond Match Company employs some 600 workers and is one of the world’s largest producers of matches and toothpicks. Expansion to flatware also is being planned.

At Dixfield, the Stowell-MacGregor Corporation employs nearly 250 workers in making spools, dowels and variety turnings. Numerous sawmills and smaller wood working mills in the area lend credence to Rumford’s claim to being the “heart of the woodworking industry in New England.”

With such an industrial and commercial resurgence taking place in the past two years, a spirit of optimism among business and civic leaders is unavoidable. The Chamber of Commerce estimates that some 50 new businesses have been started in the area in the past two years, with less than half a dozen failing to make a go of it.

RUMFORD’S STRATEGIC location in Maine also is regarded as a more than favorable augury. In addition to its industrial standing, it is the last major business center on the threshold of the great hills and lakes area of Northwestern Maine. Like fingers extending from the palm of an open hand, four hard-surfaced highway routes reach from Rumford into the heart of the extensive Rangeley Lakes and Blue Mountains area. All these finger routes extend off U. S. Route Two, which runs through Rumford from Farmington to Bethel.

On the west, branching off Route Two at Newry, is the continuation of State Route 26 to Upton, Lake Umbagog and Errol, N. H., in the Northern White Mountains. Next east is State Route Five, branching off Route Two at Rumford Point and Rumford Center, carrying through Andover to South Arm, on Lower Richardson Lake. State Route 17 from Rumford and Mexico, passes through Frye, Roxbury, Byron and Houghton to Oquossoc, in the heart of the Rangeley Region, where Rangeley Lake runs into Mooselookmeguntic Lake. And at the forefinger, Route 142 branches off Route Two at Dixfield, going through Carthage to Webb Lake, Weld and the Mt. Blue State Park Area.

Such an immense natural playground of lakes, ponds, hills, trout streams and scenic beauty at its front door, rates Rumford nearly ideal for the “Maine way of life.” While the “finger” roads all lead into areas long famous for sports and mountain scenery, the “Rumford-Oquossoc” road has in recent years become an important factor in Rumford’s business life. Paralleling and crossing the tumultuous Swift River to beyond Houghton, it has been termed one of the most scenic roads in Maine.

Besides its constant use by the resident population, increasing numbers of tourists are using it each year to reach the Rangeley area. As one nears Oquossoc over the “Height of Land,” or, as the residents say, “Up over the mountain,” one of the greatest panoramic views in Maine is unfolded, with Mooselookmeguntic and other lakes and the mountains clear to the Canadian border in view. Even Rumford and Rangeley Region residents, who have been over the road innumerable times, still admit that every time they see the panorama, “it takes the breath away.”

The “Rumford-Oquossoc” road is black top to just beyond Houghton, more than half way, and "good gravel" the remaining 15 or so miles. The black top is extended a little more
Look to the left at this business center intersection in Rumford and you will see the Hotel Harris, one of the best hotels in Maine. Look to the right and you see, across the canal, this winter pulp pile scene, one of the most extensive in the State.

Each year and everybody says it is a foregone conclusion that “it won't be long” before it is completely macadamized. Extension to Houghton was begun as an ERA project and the opposition it first encountered from the Route Four (Farmington to Rangeley Village) interests has waned considerably.

Rumford believes that in a few years, with the completion of the black surfacing, it will become the principal gateway to the Rangeley Region, as, indeed, it is nearly so now.

All these geographical and highway factors further mean that Rumford, which is the normal trading area for some 25,000 residents, is greatly affected by the seasonal business increase brought by vacationers and sportsmen. During the summer months especially, the population of the area, more than doubles. Resorts, summer hotels, boys’ and girls’ camps and vacationers generally, all add to the total volume of business flowing through Rumford’s commercial and service establishments.

In tune with the current trend toward making Maine a “four-season” state, the Rumford area has long been noted for its excellent snow cover and winter sports terrain. Andover has a ski tow, a winter carnival and is noted for snow conditions often superior to those found in the Eastern Slopes (N. H.) area. Rangeley, with the deepest annual snowfall in Western Maine (100 inches plus), now has a thousand-foot tow and is blossoming out as one of Maine’s best winter sports centers. The skiing at Rangeley lasts from November until late in April. Local interests at Weld are striving to obtain development of the Mt. Blue State Park area, which affords similar excellent snow cover and terrain.

Rumford itself sponsors one of the biggest winter carnivals in Maine and the slalom course and new steel jump slide on Scott’s Hill is the scene of regional ski contests. A Rumford young man, Wendall Broomhall, is on the United States Ski Team this year at the Olympics in Switzerland. Two community and one club skating rink further attest to the enthusiasm for Winter sports in Rumford.

Interest in sports continues the year round, however, at all age levels of the school system. The various Stephens High School teams, of course, top community enthusiasm. With trout streams and hunting grounds only a few miles from the business center of the town, it is no novelty to find commerce nearly at a standstill on some warm Spring or Fall day. At such periods “nearly everyone’s gone fishin’”—or hunting—as the season may be.

It is no secret that this nearness to the “great outdoors” has helped
make Rumford an attractive community to both old timers and new residents alike. San Downing and Steve Greene, for example, were “sold” on locating a new electrical contracting business in Rumford two years ago after they had made a weekend trip to Oquossoc to wire a summer home for a friend. They came back again and again on weekends to make that trip “up over the mountain,” looked the situation over, and chose Rumford to be the base of their postwar plans.

Today their business is booming, their payroll has grown to seven, and they see no limit to what the future has in store for the area. They wonder why they had never come to Rumford sooner, even though both young men have seen most of the United States. They would go on for hours, if they had the time, to tell you they never knew what it was to live until they located in Rumford, to breathe the clean, crisp air, to be able to go fishing and hunting and swimming only a few minutes’ drive away, etc., etc.

But most impressive of all, San and Steve will tell you of the hospitality and friendliness of the people of the whole area, of a kind that they didn’t even know existed: of the opportunities for business, to be of service. They are of a type of new citizen and booster that is locating in Rumford today.

Or take Tom Grace, who runs a modern general store at Rumford Center. Tom first came to Rumford from Massachusetts in 1939 as manager of a chain department store. He found Rumford a “good, healthy place to bring up a family.” He found it a place where “everybody helps everybody else.” He found a hospitality he never before believed could exist.

Before very long Tom was elected president of the Chamber of Commerce. He became president of the Rotary Club. He is a past exalted ruler of the local lodge of Elks. He went to the top in “nearly everything,” including the Northeastern Oxford Fish and Game Association. Just to make sure he wouldn’t have to leave Rumford, by transfer or otherwise, Tom left his company and set up in business for himself at Rumford Center, a business which has been growing from the very first day he bought it.

Tom likes fishing and hunting and he finds plenty of both in the neighborhood.

“Plenty of fish, plenty of deer and this Winter I’ve had plenty of fun rabbit hunting” is the way he puts it. “This life seems to have a fascination for us (he has three growing boys) and we only go to the city once in a while for a short vacation. And I could name you a dozen other men like me, who came to Rumford, liked it and have opened up new businesses here.”

Town Manager Wyman is likewise enthusiastic.

“Stay here three or four years and the place grows on you,” he declared. “You feel that you never want to leave it.”

Mr. Wyman has a camp in the Andover region and last Fall, when his boy came up from Boston, they went to the camp one morning to go
These houses sell for $7,900. Forty of a projected 100 in this development have been completed.

hunting. Within half an hour each had a deer.
As an added proof of the way Rumford attracts and holds residents, he declared that an unusually large percentage of young men had come back from the service and were staying. New businesses are springing up nearly every day, was the way he put it.

Rumford's municipal finances are generally considered to be in excellent shape. The past six years have seen $153,000 cut from the town's bonded indebtedness, with the total now outstanding at $184,000, well below the statutory debt limitation. A town council of five members governs, along with the town manager.
The fire department is rated as one of the best in the state for a town of Rumford's size, with an aerial ladder, several pumpers and hose vehicles. A steady program of road rebuilding and surfacing is carried on and the snow removal operations this Winter are rated far ahead of some other Maine cities.
While the school plant would generally be considered good by most municipalities, an alert citizenry, led by the League of Women Voters, is demanding improvements. At this year's town meeting, the citizens overrode the recommendations of the Budget Committee and voted through a $40,000 school renovation program. Other additional appropriations voted beyond the committee's recommendations brought the added total to $80,000 higher. This will mean an increase in the tax rate, but the majority apparently believes that the town's prospects justify the outlay.
An interesting side feature to the school program is that while Rumford has some 1,500 pupils in its public schools, there are also 707 pupils in two elementary parochial schools.
Other civic needs in the minds of residents are for playgrounds and parks, improvements at the athletic field and a gymnasium. More attention will probably be given to these items in the next few years.

Rumford has an airport and is served by three bus lines, besides being on the Maine Central System. One of its three hotels, the Harris, is one of the best in Maine.

Another measure of its prosperity is the total deposits in the Rumford Falls Trust Company and the Rumford National Bank, aggregating more than $12,000,000, which is a 50 per cent increase since 1939.

Eight churches serve the religious needs of the community, representing Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, Episcopal, Roman Catholic and Universalist denominations, besides a Jewish synagogue.

Rumford people also are known as great "joiners." Out of curiosity at one time, the local newspaper editor, Everett Martin, counted 156 different organizations in the news within a few weeks.

With the Chamber of Commerce being revitalized, other large organizations in town include the Eagles, with 1,000 members, the Elks, various important Masonic groups, an active Knights of Columbus Council, the Grange, Lions and Rotary Clubs, BPW Club and the Searchlight Club, a literary group. The League of Women Voters, mentioned above, is gaining rapidly.

A good high school band, a Community Orchestra in the process of reorganization, and a public library also planning expansion are other cultural assets. The Superior Court for Oxford County divides its time between Rumford and South Paris. The Rumford Courtroom is distinctive for a mural by the late famous Harry Cochrane of Monmouth, depicting Moses receiving the Ten Commandments.

The Rumford Falls Times, which serves the entire Northern Oxford Area, is rated as one of the best weekly papers in Maine. Its publisher, Douglas Fosdick, is a former Maine Associated Press man, and his progressive editorial policy is not only in tune with the spirit of the region, but has drawn the attention of many Maine leaders. He is one of Rumford's foremost boosters, and past president of the Chamber of Commerce and the Maine Press Association. The Times is one of the seven ABC weeklies in the State of Maine.

One Rumford institution in which the citizenry takes more than ordinary pride is the Rumford Community Hospital, rated Class A by the ACPS. With 75 beds and modern facilities, it serves the entire population of Northern Oxford County.

But one of the hospital's chief assets is its Women's Auxiliary, composed of women from Rumford, Mexico, Dixfield, Bethel and surrounding towns. To help pay the hospital's operating deficit and to purchase needed equipment, the Women's Auxiliary once a year mobilizes the entire countryside to put on a mammoth one-day country fair.

This is held on the first Thursday in November in the Rumford Armory, largest assembly hall in the area. Last year it attracted 10,000 persons and netted more than $14,000 for the Auxiliary's Hospital Fund. It is by far the largest single community event of the entire year, enlisting the aid of all organizations, and, to no small measure, "the company" itself, which donates manpower, trucks, etc., for the cause.

A complete lack of inhibition when it comes to promoting the fair is shown by the auxiliary. Besides going over the area with a fine-tooth comb for every available and saleable article that can be put up for prizes at the fair, the women last year circulated the governors of all 48 states for gifts. What amazed the hard-headed husbands of the auxiliary members was that 25 of the 48 governors responded.

In addition to oranges from Florida, grapefruit packs from Texas, maple sugar from Vermont, pecans from Oregon and a score of other distinctive state gifts which were raffled off, the women gathered as prizes an automobile, refrigerator, a complete bathroom set, all manner of appliances and so on, down to antiques and hobby collections and handicraft articles.

This year the women intend to spread their wings even farther and, besides the 48 state governors, to take in a list of leading manufacturers in
Maine, New England and the Nation in their search for donations to the hospital Country Fair.
As one of the auxiliary leaders asked: “What have we to lose? It only costs a three-cent stamp!” The idea isn’t as far-fetched as it sounds. Besides, that gleam in the eyes of the Women’s Auxiliary is a $500,000 hospital wing that is needed to keep pace with the growth of the area.

There is an increasing conviction around Rumford these days that anything is possible. Not long ago two G. I. brothers, new to the area, bought a farm outside town and within a short time were well on their way to building up a prosperous and going concern. Then a fire cleaned them out.

One of the present sparkplugs of the Hospital Auxiliary, who herself had come to Rumford only a few months before, started calling on the merchants and business men in Rumford. In a short time, with everyone pitching in, a fund had been raised large enough to start the brothers rebuilding and reestablishing their business.

“That’s the way people are around Rumford,” said this estimable lady. “When something like that happens, all you need is someone to start the ball rolling and everybody is willing to help out. I think Rumford is going places.”
Minstrelsy of Maine

Edited by Sheldon Christian


Poems, to be eligible for consideration for this Department, should be about Maine or of particular interest to lovers of Maine. While at least minimum standards of craftsmanship will be required, selections will be made on the basis of reader interest, rather than critical perfection. Only previously unpublished poems should be submitted. All submissions should be sent directly to Sheldon Christian, Editor, Minstrelsy of Maine Department, 10 Mason Street, Brunswick, Maine; and should be accompanied by the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of the material if not found available.

Northern Lights

By Edith Morrison Fortier

The constellations shivered
As the sky of Earth was quivered
By the weird, ethereal flare of Northern Lights

The light of stars was paled,
'Twas as though they looked and quailed
At the awesome, unreal sight of Northern Lights.

The angels must have played
In the heavenly arcade
And the tones of music swelled to such a height,

That the overtone vibrations
Turned to visual coruscations,
And the overtones were seen as Northern Lights.

Then the vibrant tonal sweetness
Needed color for completeness
So they added green and flame to Northern Lights.

Now the living liquid shimmer
Made all earthly things grow dimmer,
And we sought the face of God in Northern Lights.

Winterlude

By Parke Grindell

All living things surrender to the frost;
The icebound lake reports a driving thunder
That rolls along the hills and then is lost.
The pines and spruces bend down under
Their heavy load of snow, of lacquered ice,
That gleams like glass when captured by the sun.

A breeze makes branches click like rattled dice;
The snow has drifted high the rabbit's run.
And long since buried are the old stone walls
(Where oftentimes I've watched the weasel slink).
The cattle stamp and puff in bedded stalls;
One has to break the ice that they may drink.

The countryside, as far as one can see,
Is unadulterated poetry.
Country Snowfall

By Edna S. Earle

Deep in the low lands, slight on the high hills,
Quick to hide sheep paths and tumbled stone wall,
Drifting and sifting hard by the barn sills,
Soft, fulgent flakes pack as they fall.

Nights when the branches covered with star dust,
Or where the lunar light spreads its soft glow,
Or swaying cat-tails or grass in an ice crust—
There glisten diamonds left by the snow.

Country snow lovelier than that in the city
Lies placid on meadows, and stretches off white
To cover the roof-tops and hills.
What a pity All lives can't reflect it, this peace of the night.

Maine Church

By Adelbert M. Jakeman

Let this be symbol of a faith Beyond the transient things of earth, For here commingle elements Of loveliness and deathless worth.

The spire communes with midnight stars, The noonday sun and wind and rain; Its ancient frame is bulwark strong Against a world's persistent pain.

Within is quiet peace for all The needful people of the town, Where each alone may search his soul And know that God is looking down.

And never far are tall Maine pines That breathe eternal melody, And scent of salt spray on the shore Where seagulls cry complainingly.

So heaven is not distant now, And cares no longer interfere; For sweeter than a hymn or prayer, A benediction lingers near.

Back of Town

By Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr.

I am the one to wake at night And travel narrow roads that run Between the hills and cease to be In silver moonlight vagrancy, That only wild things know by sight And need not wait the rising sun.

So many roads to empty farms The wind has sown to birch and pine; That yield to creeping ambuscades Of silence where the wild deer raids The apples on the broken arms Of Russet trees that are a sign.

Forgotten roads that lead a man Where spruces shout, “Next year we'll stand Across the trail and challenge you, And after that you'll not get through!” As if the forest had a plan To hide the shame of fallow land.

Pirate Hawk

By Jean Milne Gower

Spirit of outlawry, Embodiment of piracy, A marsh hawk, cruising, ever cruising, Are you some reincarnation of a pirate Or of a smuggler? Amidst the bold brash beauty of your feathering Is there, perhaps, a skull and cross-bone sign? Watching the shadow of your seeking flight Above the moor along the blue sea's edge, My eyes grow dim. I'm thinking of my little feathered friends Who breakfasted and supped with me on crumbs All summer long and who have pecked upon my screen When I have been forgetful. There seem but few, these days, of little pecking beaks— And still you cruise and cruise.
Hen - Folk

By Dolores Cairns

They scoop for baths a dusty hollow
Where they can fluff and scratch and wallow,

And lie and gossip in the sun—
This is, for hens, the height of fun!

They saunter idly here and there;
One croons and trills a quavering air,

Or stands and turns up at the sky
What seems a speculative eye,

Uttering, for the public good,
Some cryptic weather platitude!

Deliberately they lean to drink,
And tilt their heads, and stare and blink,

And shake their beaks, and then run fast
To catch some bug that’s flying past.

As twilight falls, they push and flock
Before their house, to stand and talk,

Craning and peering, as if in doubt
Whether to enter or stay out.

At last, convinced that shelter’s best,
By twos and threes they go to rest.

*From The Wingèd Word, copyright 1947 by Sheldon Christian.

Family Burial Ground

By Beatrice Hussey Oakes

Sometimes with a sudden yearning
She finds her eyes and heart returning

To this, the place that she loves best
Where markers bear the words, “At Rest.”

Comfort is the thing she craves,
And here among familiar graves

Life and death go hand in hand.
They earned their living from the land

And now they lie in fields they tilled,
Their mortal voices ever stilled.

Covered Bridge

By Muriel Doe Thurneysen

A heap of rubbish and a pair of bars
Across the road block the remembered way
To the old covered bridge, unsafe today
For heavy trucks and careless speeding cars.

No doubt its gray dilapidation mars
The modern splendor steel and stone display
A few rods downstream. Still it seems to stay
As much a part of things as trees and stars.

Stray shafts of sunlight fall through widening cracks
Where boards have warped . . . here lies the Past asleep;
The bolts that held the arch are turned to rust;
No buggy wheels spin by, no great hayracks
Go rumbling through, but splintered floor-planks keep
Their traffic record in the ancient dust.

*From The Wingèd Word, copyright 1947 by Sheldon Christian.

Seagulls

By Louise Darcy

Between two elements,
Water and air,
You soar with outspread wings,
Forever there.

Beneath the azure sky
You spiral now;
Above the cobalt waves
You plummet low.

Ever you wheel between
The cloud, the foam,
Two realms of blue and white
Fused into home.
Winter came early, so we've been sitting 'round the Cracker Barrel, toasting our feet on the Round Oak Stove, and picking up the news several weeks now.

Out in Pasadena homesick Maine folks may have a baked bean supper (4th Wednesday monthly at 6:30 p.m.) for $.60 or $.70 and hob-nob with lots of other Maine people in the Pasadena Maine Society held at 922 E. Mendocino, Altadena. Mrs. Verne Kelsey (Pres.) 395 E. Orange Grove, or Mrs. Cora Dudley (Sec.) 1166 No. Michigan will tell you more.

In Washington, Providence and New York more Maine people gather too. Erlin Fogg (1020-19th St. N.W.) will tell you when the D. C. meeting is held. That Pine Tree State Club in Providence is lively and this year Mrs. Linwood Gardner (49 Hanover St.) and Miss Sally Hilton (30 Wichford) are Pres. and Sec.

Mrs. Ralph G. Stone (2205 Foster Ave., Brooklyn) writes that:

"From the North and South, East and West, we invite all Mainites to be our guests.", referring to the monthly meetings of the "N. Y. Maine Women" held the first Saturday of each month at the Hotel Astor (2:30 p.m.). President this year is Beulah E. Wittee, Brooklyn, and Corresponding Secretary, Isabel Whittier, New York City. This group has met since March 14, 1903 (Can any other Maine Club boast a better record?) when organized by Mrs. Frank S. Tolman and Mrs. Jeremiah S. Ferguson (both deceased).

"Maine Daughters in Mass." are a mighty active group. Mrs. Chester Merrifield, 175 Main St., Waltham, is Chairman of the Scholarship Fund for Maine's rural boys and girls about which we hope to learn more.

Many Maine G. I.'s are good Ambassadors for Maine while attending schools all over the U. S. Such a G. I. couple are Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Barley (Bethel), at the University of Wyoming (Laramie). Ex-Wave Becky B. (Pine Cone contributor Spring '47) a graduate student in history was just initiated as a Thorn Rune (American College Quill Club) member on basis of her creative writing. Army G. I. Bruce B. is an honor student Freshman.

Speaking of veterans, on Dec. 2 at Goff's Falls, N. H., New Hampshire's only surviving Civil War Veteran James Lurvey, native of Palmyra, Me., celebrated his 100th birthday.

Maine folks in St. Petersburg celebrated Christmas with a party chair-maned by Mrs. Taylor of Ellsworth.

How our "Natives" do travel! New commercial attache at Karachi, Pakistan, is Wiscasset's James Ross, husband of the Daniel Sortwell's daughter, Elizabeth.

In Washington many Maine people are employed, among them Mrs. Harriett Stevens Gray (Inter-State and
Foreign Commerce Senate Sub-Committee on Aviation) and her brother Robert who is with the Congressional Aviation Policy Board. Their home in Maine is Spring St., Augusta.

We've been doing research on what field some of our Maine people choose to follow while living away from Maine, and find so many making notable contributions we think a special paper devoted to such news called for, but here goes with just a few items we've picked up—Dr. Kenneth Farnsworth (Dark Harbor) Lincoln, Mass., a U. of M. and Harvard graduate—also American College of Surgeons—has been visiting surgeon at Boston City Hospital for 25 years, and consultant in Gynecology and Obstetrics at many hospitals. Kennebunk native, Dr. Elfred Leech, Bowdoin and Johns Hopkins is Assistant Director of Homer Folks Tuberculosis Hospital, Oneonta, N. Y., while new Supt. of Mountainside Hospital, Newark, N. J., is Dr. Herbert Wortman (Howe Brook native and Colby Alumnus).

Do you wonder where all our Maine teachers go? Here's an idea: Principal of Percy Bugbee Practice School (Oneonta State College, N. Y.), is Dr. Willis P. Porter (Houlton). This is one of 5 top teacher training schools in U. S. In Providence Palmyra born Leland Goodrich, Ph.D., is Political Science Prof. at Brown University. He has served as Executive Secretary of the World Peace Foundation and is a member of Maine Central Institute's (Pittsfield) Board. Another Maine man also teaching Political Science is Norman Palmer (Hinckley), a Colby graduate, who is at the Wharton School, Phila., Pa.

In N. Y. State serving many years on the Board of Directors of the Rural Church Institute and doing outstanding work in rural sociology is Miss Evelyn R. Hodgson (Wiscasset), Assistant Prof. of Education at Oneonta State Teachers College.

A Machias man, and Rhodes Scholar Dr. John Powers is surgeon on the Mary Imogene Bassett Hospital Staff, Cooperstown, N. Y. One recalls that Dr. Powers father was many years head of Machias Normal.

Doctors, Teachers, well what of our legal men? Well, there's a Madison-born man and U. of M. Alumnus, Mayland Morse as senior member of the law firm, Morse and Grant, Concord, N. H. He is the Chairman of the N. H. Public Service Commission and very active in the Concord C. of C.

Engineers, Insurance men, Industrialists—we have them all! Everett Libby, former Rockport School Board member, has been with Hartford Accident and Indemnity Co. for 17 years and is Safety Engineer. The Libbys live in Manchester, N. H., and Elizabeth L. (a former Maine school marm) is Pres. of the Y. W. C. A. Board there.

Waterville's Karl R. Kennison has the distinction of being the first Chief Engineer for the newly created Construction Division of the Metropolitan Mass. District Commission.

When you ate your Christmas cranberry sauce did you realize that the initiative of Marcus Urann (native of Sullivan), Hanson, Mass., helped assure the cranberry supply—he's Pres. of the National Cranberry Association as well as Director of the Federal Land Bank of Springfield, Mass. (see Sat. Eve. Post Jan. 3.)

And out in So. California one hears that Vassalboro's Thomas J. Reynolds heads the So. California Gas Co.'s Legal Department.

Maine people report the news elsewhere too—for Waterville is represented by John Roderick, AP's correspondent in Peking, China.

The Pine Tree State produces men and women for many distinguished roles for may we remind you that currently a Steuben boy, Kent Smith, has been playing with K. Cornell in Anthony and Cleopatra on Broadway.

We wish we had space to recount the long and distinguished military career of General Kenneth Lord of Rockland, who retired on Oct. 1, 1946 after 35 years of active service, he was at that time Commanding General of the Eastern Defense Command. General and Mrs. Lord (Helen Cooper, Rockland) have two sons, Lt. Col. Kenneth Lord, Jr., and Attorney Herbert Lord, New York City. General Lord has just completed an industrial survey of the Caribbean littoral.

One of the U. S.'s most distinguished zoologists, explorer, and lecturer and yes, even erstwhile
breeder of silver foxes is Robert Thomas Moore, who claims as home Borestone Mt., Monson, but winters at Flintridge, Pasadena, Calif. He has made many zoological trips to Ecuador, and has done outstanding Ornithological Studies—he's a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society in London, and his many achievements occupy several inches of Who's Who space.


WHEN WE SEE how versatile our residents and non-residents are from all over Maine, we are duly impressed, but not too surprised at the astounding list of dignitaries Mrs. Virginia Farwell names as one time residents of her town Unity. Small towns seem to give a good impetus towards success, if the following is an indication! Nelson Dingley lived all his boyhood in Unity becoming Governor in 1877. Another Governor, Fred Parkhurst, as an infant took up residence in Unity. Nathan Farwell went to the U. S. Senate in 1864. George Chase born 1844 in Unity became Bates College's President (1894-1919).

A founder of Bangor's First Bank was Nathan Ayer, born in Unity, 1817. One of the first boys' camps in the Country was Camp Winnecook started by Herbert Rand of Unity in 1902. Oilcloth manufacturer Reuben Brackett, who lived near Quaker Hill Church, was the first man in the U. S. to apply rubber to fabric—not only that but his son Walter became America's greatest painter of fish—his cod hangs in Mass. House of Rep-resentatives (maybe Unity's Kanokulus Fish and Game Club should claim it).

One mast of the Constitution was cut on the C. E. Fowler farm, and hauled by 16 oxen to Sebasticook Lake (It must be confessed that one pair hauled the rum!). One of the first men to explore certain sections of Yellowstone National Park was Charles Cook of Unity, and in Billings, Montana resides Frank Clark who was Unity born and who has extensive mining interests; and in Roberts, Montana, resides Elisha Clark, his equally successful brother, now ninety. Frank Clark is helping to restore the Quaker Hill Church in Unity. Then, Mary Baker Eddy spent a winter in Unity.

SITTING HERE by the cracker barrel munching MacIntoshes, we recall how long Farwell’s General Store in Thorndike has been open. Oscar Farwell started it in 1876 and the sons, Bill and Dick, subsequently joined the firm—operating it today. Now the store carries a more complete line of merchandise than most first class country stores, to say nothing of the furnishing of a good place to settle town affairs close to the stove these wintry days.

In the early days the Farwells bought cowhides, dried apples, sheep pelts and produce. Orders for 150 kegs of nails were not uncommon, and before haying they always ordered 25 barrels of common crackers to supply each local farmer with a barrel. We think you’d enjoy some day a visit to a good old time store like Farwell’s.

Hope you enjoy the way we assimilate the news enough to help keep us posted — we’ll be waiting at the Cracker Barrel.
Made In Maine

The third in a pictorial series on Maine industries by Staff Photographer William A. Hatch again indicates the amazing diversity of Pine Tree State Products. These are from the extensive photo file being assembled by the Maine Publicity Bureau to acquaint both Maine people and customer prospects with the firms and articles produced in Maine.

Below: Every fisherman will start thinking of Spring, with its trout brooks and open lake fishing while watching these trout flies being finished at the Percy Tackle Company, Portland. Started as a hobby, this firm now produces hundreds of thousands of flies, leaders, spinners and lures every year.
Above: This Maine pine log is starting on its useful career at the Pine Tree Products Company at Belfast, which turns out large quantities of barrels, boxes, pallets and similar products.

Below: Wooden bowls of all sizes, some with hand painted designs, are the postwar industrial contributions of two former G. I.'s, who have started the Downey and Thompson salad bowl factory at Kittery.
Above: Maine's important metals industry is here represented by the Record Foundry and Machine Company, of Livermore Falls. Here workers are pouring a casting for an 18-inch gate valve ordered from Holland. This company ships valves and other industrial items all over the world.

Below: Paint brush handles and shaving soap mugs for two of America's largest cosmetic firms are only a few of the hardwood turned and shaped products of the Brewer Manufacturing Company of Old Town.
Above: Old Town Canoe Company's 18-foot Guide Model begins to take shape as Maine cedar ribs are carefully bent over the form which has been used for this model for the past 20 years. Old Town continues the "know-how" of one of the oldest industries in the State of Maine, an industry which antedates the advent of the white man in the Pine Tree State.

Below: Desk tops are one of the wood product specialties of Nelson Page & Son, Inc., of Mechanic Falls. Boxes and flat wood novelties and other furniture are other items in their production line.
WHENEVER I BEGIN to draw material together for an article in this group, no matter what the time of year, my first thought invariably is, “Hm . . . this should be easy. Bet it’s everyone’s favorite season, just as it is mine!” Now, after ten consecutive seasons of thinking this same thought, I’ve virtually concluded that most people, me included, think along the same lines about four times each year. We look forward to the good weather, good times and seasonal sports of each coming season, to discover we’d forgotten that Winter brings slippery sidewalks as well as good ski snow; that with Spring comes mud on the golf green; that hay fever goes on summer picnics and sniffly noses come home from autumn football games.

Then here we are again, stubbing our toes over another season of holidays, wondering how happen they came around so soon this year, and planning to make this the most festive year ever; for there’s no denying that the winter holidays have a special charm of their own. Forgotten is the skidding mercury in the warmth of hearthside glow and friendship’s cheer.

It’s the party season, and even with the traditional family gatherings of Christmas and the New Year past, there’s much to look forward to through the months of St. Valentine, Abe Lincoln, George Washington and St. Patrick.

Party fare is the business of the day, hence our subject this time. Maybe I can share your holiday merrymaking by offering a helpful idea or two . . . hope so!

Baked Apples with Cranberries

An old-time dessert, dressed up with a holiday flair, becomes the main attraction for a late evening dessert or midnight lunch. With this year’s bumper crop of fine apples, it’s well worth while to make the most of them. The following directions will prepare six good-sized baking apples . . . can easily be altered to fit the size of your party.

Wash and core the apples and place in a baking dish. Fill centers with prepared cranberry sauce, pouring remaining sauce around the sides of the apples. A generous $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups of sauce should be used. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of sugar over each apple (brown sugar is extra delicious!) and bake in a moderate oven ($350^\circ F$) about 40 minutes, or until the apples are soft. Baste frequently with the cranberry sauce.

To make the cranberry sauce, pick over and wash 4 cups of cranberries. Combine 2 cups of sugar with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water, bring to a boil and cook for 10 minutes. Add berries and cook until they stop popping. Skim top, pour into a bowl and set aside to cool.
While we’re on the subject of cranberries, let’s give them their full share of the limelight here. One of the oldest kinds of pie in Maine, this one has long been a favorite during the holiday season. From the good authority whence came the recipe into my hands comes the assertion that the molasses is the making of it.

1 qt. chopped cranberries
2 1/2 cups sugar
1 tbsp. molasses
1 heaping tbsp. corn starch

Dissolve corn starch in a little cold water and add boiling water to make 1/2 cup in all. Combine with other ingredients, including 1/2 tsp. salt. Fill pie shells made from a rich dough and bake in a moderate oven. This recipe makes enough filling for three pies.

Cranberry Pie

Fruit Polls

An extra-special kind of biscuit can turn your holiday supper into the talk of the town . . . and we’ll bet on these to do the trick every time! We’ll leave the choice of filling up to you . . . or, if you have my difficulty in deciding, you can always follow my course of making half of each.

For the biscuit dough!

2 cups flour
5 tsp. baking powder
3 tbsp. shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together. Work in the shortening with finger tips or pastry blender. Add milk (sufficient for a soft dough). Place on a floured board and roll as thin as possible (not over 1/2 inch thick).

Now for the choice:

(1) Brush with the melted butter and spread with any desired sweetened fruit (preserved cherries, strawberries, pineapple, raspberries, peaches, apples, etc.) Roll up like a jelly roll and cut into pieces about three inches long. Pinch ends together so that fruit juice will be retained. Bake in a hot oven (425°F) about fifteen minutes. Rolls should be turned once or twice so that they will brown evenly.

(2) Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with chopped maraschino cherries, citron, bits of preserved ginger, raisins, chopped dates and chopped nuts. Roll up like jelly roll and cut into pieces 1 1/2 to 2 inches long. Stand up on cut edge, brush tops with butter and sprinkle with brown sugar or cinnamon and sugar. Follow same instructions for baking, except for turning.

Fruit Rolls

Popovers

Here’s the supper attraction that speaks for itself . . . always makes a hit with family and friends.

1 cup flour
1 tsp. melted butter
1 cup milk
2 eggs, well beaten
1/2 tsp. salt

Sift flour and salt together and gradually stir in milk, mixing well. Add the well-beaten eggs and melted butter and beat hard for two minutes with a rotary egg-beater. Pour into buttered custard cups or iron popover pans that have been thoroughly heated. Start baking in a hot oven (500°F) until the popovers puff, then reduce the heat to moderate temperature (350°F) and brown. It requires about 30 minutes to bake popovers.

Oatmeal Macaroons

Many cereal grains—especially oatmeal—still maintain the high place in the recipe file which they held in early days. Though their popularity before depended upon the availability of cereals for cooking purposes, many old recipes have survived because they are appealing as well as nourishing.

1 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 cup rolled oats
1/2 tsp. salt
1 egg white
1/4 cup grated coconut

Add salt to egg white and beat until stiff, then gradually add the sugar, beating constantly. Fold in the rolled oats, coconut and vanilla, mixing well. Drop from the tip of a teaspoon onto a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for twelve minutes.

Maple Bisque

Dolly Madison, history tells us, was the first person to serve ice cream in this country. However, it’s easy to see that some ingenious New Englisher devised this way of using his own maple syrup to different—and delicious—advantage.

1 pint cream
1 cup thick maple syrup
4 eggs, separated

Beat the egg yolks until very thick and add the syrup. Heat over a very low fire, or in a double boiler, only until hot, stirring constantly. Cool this mixture. Beat the egg whites stiff and the cream to a froth. To these add the syrup. Freeze in refrigerator trays.
Molasses Candy

In the days of our forefathers no holiday was complete without a taffy pull. To my thinking, it’s a lost art that should be recovered—and the sooner the better. To be sure, ready-made candy is easy, good, and in plentiful supply, but you don’t want to discount the fun that can be had in pulling a batch of molasses candy!

3 cups molasses 6 tbsp. vanilla
½ cup sugar ¾ tsp. baking
2 tbsp. butter soda

Cook together the molasses, sugar and vinegar until a drop of the mixture forms a hard ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire and add the butter and soda. Pour onto buttered platters and pull as soon as it is cool enough.

Lemon Apple Pie

When lemons appeared on the American cooking scene they made their way quickly to the dessert department, for there is a certain something about the tingling tartness of a lemon dessert that is particularly satisfying after a hearty meal. At first these desserts compromised with the old familiar ways, as is shown here, but later days found them firmly established in their own right.

2 lemons, juice 1½ tbsp. flour
and grated rind 2 tsp. butter
1 large tart apple 2 eggs
2 cups sugar

Peel and core the apple and chop very fine. Add to this the strained juice and grated rind of the lemons and the flour and butter. Add the sugar, separate the eggs, beating the yolks until very thick and folding in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Add to the other ingredients. Bake in one crust.

Bishop’s Bread

One more proof that the old and tested in culinary art holds a firm place in today’s kitchen . . . an old-timer, dressed up, to be sure, with the almonds and raisins, but still retaining its basic goodness. You’ll find it a favorite, too, especially with afternoon tea or coffee on a brisk winter day.

4 eggs, separated 1 cup almonds, blanched and chopped (or other nuts)
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup raisins

Beat yolks of eggs until light and lemon-colored; then add sugar and cream well. Add the vanilla. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the egg mixture. Add the nuts and raisins. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into an oblong buttered pan and bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for 20 minutes. While the cake is still hot, cut into squares and cover with powdered sugar.

Crabmeat Patties

For that “something extra” when you have guests . . . a recipe to whip up in a hurry and still taste as though you had a full-time maid in the kitchen . . . we’ll count on this one to be the hit of the party.

Crabmeat 1 egg
Bread crumbs Cream or milk
Butter

Soak breadcrumbs (used in about equal quantity to crabmeat) in cream or milk, making a thick mixture of it. Add the beaten egg, butter and crab meat, flaked. Canned crabmeat may be used if fresh is not in season. Form into cakes and fry in butter until brown.

The feature that makes this a four-star special . . . it can be made in advance of serving time, set aside in the refrigerator, and served when ready.

Lobster Stew

No party menu for a sit-down supper is complete without steaming bowls of a savory soup or stew. And everybody’s favorite is mine, too, I’ll bet. ’Nuff said!

2 lbs. lobster 1 cup cream
Butter Salt and pepper
3 cups milk

Boil the lobster and remove the meat. Cut into small pieces and fry in butter until it is lightly browned. Scald the milk, add the lobster and cook slowly for five minutes. Add the cream and bring up to the boiling point. Season with salt and pepper. To make the most of its flavor, let it set for a few hours, reheat, and serve.

June L. Maxfield, assistant in the advertising department of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, contributes her tenth in this series on Famous Maine Recipes compiled from the extensive file of old Maine recipes which the company has collected.
THE MAINE SCENE

LATEST MAINE “house organ” is “The Wedgie,” published for employees of the Wilner Wood Products Company of Norway (Pine Cone, Winter 1945-46). Breathing confidence in Maine industrial prospects, “The Wedgie” notes that in January the company used more than 1,000,000 feet of lumber and had a plant payroll of more than $100,000. The Wilner firm is now one of the Nation’s largest producers of wedgies and wood heels.

LATEST ESTIMATE of the total being spent in Maine for industrial expansion is $42,500,000, largest amount for any New England State. This does not include planned expenditures for railroads, highways, power, stores, residences, public institutions, etc.

THE C. F. HATHAWAY Company in Waterville (famous quality men’s shirts) plans to expand its output by one-third in the next six months and add up to 200 new workers. It now employs 550. Another Maine company expanding.

MISS DORIS WRIGHT, city clerk of Eastport the past five years, has just been appointed City Manager, becoming the first woman city manager in New England and possibly the first in the United States. Maine now has 90 city or town managers, the highest proportion for any state in the Nation.

ODDEST NATURE note in Maine this Winter was the insomnia of Maine bears, many of which, for the first time in the knowledge of game wardens, were prowling around in the deep snow in the woods in mid-winter. Word of the phenomenon started a nation-wide controversy between zoologists and outdoors experts.

A STANDARD sailing Maine Camp Boat, has been designed by William H. Millett, naval architect of Damariscotta, in cooperation with the Boys’ and Girls’ Camp Owners’ Association. Twenty of these will be built this year.
Photo Credits:


Rangeley, Made In Maine, Rumford, Bar Harbor and Back Cover: by William A. Hatch, Staff Photographer.


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White Magic

By Albert Ralph Korn

Now Winter waves a magic wand
We walk enchanted ground;
Ice glazes every brook and pond,
Each bush is crystal-crowned.

Meadows are alabaster-white,
Transfigured by the snow
That fell so softly in the night
On worlds we hardly know.

Pale sunlight cannot hope to break
The spell so strangely cast.
A diamond caught in every flake!
A treasure, bright and vast!

Far as the dazzled eye can see,
And miles and miles beyond,
This white, miraculous conjury
Of Winter’s magic wand!
Maine Snowstorm

By Inez Farrington

The valleys gleam like frosted cake
The hills like an ice cream cone,
The dark pine trees seem to settle down,
With a whisper and little moan.
The chick-a-dees peek from beneath the boughs,
Chattering at their play.
For this is their own and native land,
And the world looks good today.

Down by the brook there are tiny tracks,
Where a rabbit ventured out,
Frightened perhaps by some far off sound,
Or the blue-jays playful shout.
Boys and girls hunt forgotten sleds,
The hills echo back their glee,
For this is their own and native land,
And things are as they should be.

Diamonds twinkle on each little bush,
Today they can hold their own,
With the stately maple who nods at them
Like a queen on an emerald throne.
A new, pure beauty hides yesterday's scars,
Jewels sparkle in alley and lane.
For this is our own and native land,
Things are just as they should be in Maine.

(Reprinted from Norway Advertiser-Democrat)