(A privately supported, state-wide, non-partisan, non-profit organization for the promotion and development of Maine's agricultural, industrial and recreational resources).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>In This Issue:</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hunting Out of Season</strong></td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Plain Truth About Maine Fishing</strong></td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Colby College and Maine</strong></td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Maine Communities:</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastport and Lubec</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambrosia of the Maples</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Poetry Fellowship of Maine</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Isle of Many Springs</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Learning By Doing</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Famous Maine Recipes</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Around the Cracker Barrel</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recent Maine Books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Homesick for Spring</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lieut. Edna A. Hurd, ANC</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Cover Design and Art Copy by Walter Johnson

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PINE CONE SUBSCRIPTION: $1 A YEAR
(Printed in Maine on Maine-made Paper)
Amateur photographers find Maine a year-round paradise for unusual nature shots.

Usually my Maine vacations have a habit of coming in closed season, so I have to load up with film instead of ammunition, or have a lot of explaining to do to the game wardens. And I've learned a lot more about what goes on in the Maine woods and have come in much closer contact with wild life during the long camera seasons than I would have if I had limited my hunting to November.

Like most beginning nature photographers, I started with birds during the nesting season. It didn't take much observation to discover that one old robin usually stopped a-top of a rose arbor on its way to its nestful of open-mouthed youngsters. So the camera was set upon a tripod with twenty feet of fishline strung from its shutter to me, and then the wait began. In less than fifteen minutes the robin was back, hesitated for an instant just where it was supposed to, and the shutter clicked. This was my first successful wild life picture. The clouds, as you expert photographers will suspect, were "printed in" from another cloud negative when the enlargement was made.

Baby birds are most attractive when they are old enough to leave their nests, but it takes pretty accurate timing to catch them at just the right time, for it is only for a day, perhaps only for a few hours that they are fully feathered, yet still not quite strong enough to take care of themselves.
It requires not only gentleness, but a good dose of patience and dexterity to set a fledgling on a pre-focused twig, wait for a natural pose and then snap the shutter before it clambers, wobbles, falls or flies out of range of the lens. A lucky shot of this type was the baby oriole for it not only made a nice picture, but won a $50 first prize in a photographic contest. Little game is big game to the camera hunter, especially now with colored slides and prints. Nothing could be lovelier than a collection of pictures in color of butterflies on the flowers they like best—or perhaps just fluttering about.

The field of little "game" is unlimited — hummingbirds, chipmunks, insects, salamanders, and even snakes if you’re so inclined. The picture is the challenge rather than the size of the subject which means a good specimen plus a natural pose and the proper background. One advanced nature photographer told me that he would rather snap a really fine shot than get just another second rate picture of a deer.

It certainly does take happy combinations to make good pictures. With small specimens it is sometimes possible to create natural sets—some use an aquarium for this. The frog and the lily is a less confined arrangement — yet the lily came from a pond some ten miles away. But in nature photography these combinations must ring true or they will become corny, fake photography. Actually there is little danger of this for anyone who comes to know and love the outdoors. Almost any artist will insist that in order to create a satisfactory picture there must be not only the thoughtful selection of subject material, but equally as important, the skilful elimination of those disturbing details which would detract from the picture. This often means removing grass or branches from the foreground, and watching camera angles to get the most pleasing background. In taking birds’ nests, whenever it is
possible, tie back branches and twigs rather than cut them away, so that when you leave the birds will again have a natural screen from their enemies.

Out-after-dark photography offers new and exciting experiences to us all, be it from a canoe, an automobile or on foot. What's needed? A dark night, a good spotlight, and a camera with a fast pan film and flash equipment with plenty of flashbulb power. Sad experience has emphasized the need of two or three times as much light for night photography outdoors than the usual indoor exposure. This is because there is no reflection of the light as there would be indoors from ceilings and walls. Frankly I have lost some exciting shots learning this the hard way.

In Maine your spotlight may pick up the shining eyes of a fox, a skunk, a raccoon, a deer, a moose or even a lynx. And always there is the chance of a surprise. Driving along the road between Rangeley and Stratton last September, the car headlights caught three sets of eyes coming out of a garden close to a farm house. We thought that they were house cats, and it wasn't until we were almost on them that we recognized three black-masked bandits, raccoons, two of which hustled for the nearest telephone pole as you can see.

**Winter, like night**, stretches the pleasure time in Maine if you hunt with a camera. Picture opportunities galore with tracks in the snow—delicate patterns of the field mice, straight forward partridge tracks, and the endless meanderings of foxes on the prowl. Game too, from the friendly chickadee, curious moosebirds, scolding red squirrels, perhaps even a snowshoe hare frozen white in his world of winter whiteness.

Feeding Stations bring the birds to you in Winter, — pheasants, partridges, bluejays along with the rarer winter visitors. Housewives often get the most fun out of this back-window photography — with remarkable results too, especially when they take a little time to arrange an attractive and natural background.

If you think that fishermen have a monopoly on the “ones that got away” stories, you should sit in on a couple
of nature photographers hard lucking it! Added to the usual hunting problems we have the additional ones of having to get closer to the game for a shot, failing light, the sun in the wrong place, distracting backgrounds, things in the foreground cutting into the picture, plus that old headache of guessing correct exposure.

The sun dead ahead is as disastrous to the photographer as the wrong wind direction is to a deer hunter. This I discovered early in my camera hunting, for after squeaking up a fox to within a dozen feet of me, I discovered I had to shoot directly into the low setting sun. I knew lens flare would ruin the shot, so I gambled on the fox making two or three steps away from that direct line, but just at that moment he discovered me and was gone like a flash.

In Maine deer and moose are big game. In the summer it is we photographers who get the breaks for the deer are much less wild, and are seen out in the fields and on ponds a lot more often than in November.

Moose are definitely where you find them—unexpectedly at the turn of a highway; in a back pasture, among lily pads; or amazingly enough, in your own back yard. The moosehead close-up, which by the glint in his eye certainly indicates he isn't a mounted specimen, was taken a few years ago a block or two from what is now the South Portland Shipyard. For several days the moose had wandered bewildered through a lot of the fairly settled South Portland area—appearing suddenly in a school yard or in someone's flower garden.

Of the dozens of deer pictures I have taken, most showed they were alert and aware of my presence. So I had head-on views, like everyone else can get. That's why I am including this shot of a nervous old buck which I really caught napping. It was taken on a Sunday in November and I caught him with his flag down!

Perhaps my greatest photographic tragedy was the losing of a picture which was already taken. Fishing a trout stream, I discovered a mink working upstream towards me. Quickly I got my old graflex out of the pack and ready for action, focus-
ing on a sunlit rock which I hoped would be in his path. For a wonder, exactly as planned, the mink wove his way over and around the wet rocks and came to the very place I was focused on. For a fraction of a second he paused and the camera shutter clicked. The mink disappeared into nowhere, but I straightened up elated. Just as I did my feet went out from under me on those wet rocks, and as I fell, holding the camera over head, I heard the shutter click again making a hopeless double exposure and ruining a rare picture.

Summer or winter, day or night, photography can open closed-seasons and add a wealth of enjoyment and memories to your vacation in Maine.

Well known to PINE CONE readers from his articles and pictures on Chinchillas and Chinooks, Owen M. Smith, Portland life insurance agent, has spent many days roaming the Maine countryside with his camera. Keen pursuit of his hobby of photography over the years has resulted in many illustrated magazine articles and one-man exhibits in New York salons.

HEAVY snowfall of the past Winter in Aroostook County, ranging from four to five feet, proved a boon to Maine's deer population, because it enabled them to nibble succulent branches higher than they had been able to reach for several years.

* * *

THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE has established a new department of industrial cooperation to serve as a research clearing house for Maine firms, particularly smaller industries. Envisioned in the program are the establishment of industrial research fellowships for graduate study and arrangement for employment of university staff members in industry Summers.
The Plain Truth About Maine Fishing
By Earle Doucette
Maine Development Commission

Maine’s publicity expert breaks all precedents by presenting plain, unembellished facts on sports fishing in the Pine Tree State.

Before I sat down to write this piece on Maine fishing, I dusted off my choicest superlatives and sharpened them to a keen cutting edge on an old fashioned grindstone I keep in the office for the purpose.

You see my job is to publicize Maine and its various attractions and I would be as lost without a handful of superlatives as a hillbilly band would be without a washboard.

But just as I was about to tell you about our fishing in as glowing terms as the English language allows I had a thought, a rare occurrence in itself.

The thought was this: No publicity man in the history of the world has ever told the plain, unembellished truth about anything whatsoever. The closest anyone ever came to it was when one of my contemporaries in Hollywood said that a movie he was plugging was “just slightly colossal”.

Here, then, was a chance to do something no other publicity man ever has done, namely, to tell the unvarnished truth. I am going to jump at that chance even though from now on I will be a pariah among my kind.

I am going to tell you the truth about Maine fishing.

To do so I am going to employ a device perfected by a gentleman with a voice that sounded like a fog horn filtered through a load of gravel when he spoke over the radio. His name was Al Smith, the distinguished and popular American from the sidewalks of New York.

Although he was thoroughly capable of it, Mr. Smith rarely employed high falutin’ oratory. He merely said “Let’s look at the record” and let it go at that. And so let’s look at the record as it pertains to Maine fishing. And I, too, will let it go at that.

It is a matter of record that Maine has what amounts to a monopoly in the United States on the so-called land-locked salmon which is rated by anglers as one of the very best of the fresh water game fishes. There are several hundred lakes and ponds in the State where this leaping, silvery gamester is “at home” to anglers during the fishing season. By beginning at Sebago Lake in April and finishing at the Fish River Chain of Lakes in Northern Aroostook County in late June, the angler can have several months of as good fishing as anyone could reasonably ask for.

Some anglers take landlocks by casting, but by far the most of them are taken by trolling. You may think that the largest fish are taken on live bait but such is not the case. Fifteen of the twenty largest specimens landed last year were taken with streamer flies. Further, the most “taking” flies were the 9-3, the Green Ghost and The Green King.

Also a matter of record is the fact that year after year Maine waters produce some of the largest brook trout taken on the North American continent. I don’t recall any year in which the very largest trout was taken in Maine but with almost clock-like regularity the State produces the second or third largest. Almost every year a “brookie” weighing over seven pounds will be taken. Six pounders are not at all uncommon.

In general, these big brook trout inhabit the same waters as the landlocks and take much the same lures. There are exceptions to this general rule, of course, but I haven’t room for them here. And anglers say that Maine has some fairly good brown trout fishing too.

From personal experience I cannot say whether Maine small-mouthed bass fishing is better or worse than that found elsewhere for the simple reason that I never have fished for bass anywhere else. However, I have had several nationally famous outdoor writers and fishermen here to fish for them and they have gone on public record by stating quite em-
phatically that Maine bass fishing is the best anywhere, I have failed to see where anyone challenged such statements so I suppose that Maine must be pretty well populated with the bronzebacks.

There are some 300 bass waters in Maine and you will find them mostly in the Eastern, Central and Southern sections of the State. Bass may be taken on flies only from the first to the twentieth of June. For the rest of the season almost anything may be used for bait up to and including oysters on the half shell.

Up until a few years ago the Atlantic salmon, the greatest of all game fish, was all but extinct in the United States and we stood to lose forever one of the most glorious of all living things. Just at that critical period, however, work was started on restoring and restocking some of our potentially good salmon rivers. The results have been most gratifying. I never did hear the final outcome of the thing but in late June one of those rivers, the Narraguagus, had produced more fish than New Brunswick's famous Miramichi. The Dennys river, too, produced very satisfactory fishing leading many to believe that we can well expect a great renascence of Atlantic salmon fishing in Maine.

Both of the rivers mentioned are in Washington County. The first runs right through the town of Cherryfield and the latter through Dennysville. If you want to try this kind of fishing you will find good accommodations in both towns as well as adjacent ones. And the fishing is right at the back door with no traveling to amount to being necessary.

That pretty well takes care of the major fresh water game fishes and brings us to those that are considered very good fish indeed in many other states but in Maine are considered to be minor leaguers — the perch and the Eastern pickerel. No one knows how many million of perch there are in our lakes and ponds but almost everyone agrees that there are far too many. They eat up the food that could be better utilized by the more patrician members of the fish family and in many cases are a general nuisance. But perch fishing is really fun and there is no other fish that has a greater affinity for the frying pan. So if you like perch fishing I think I am safe in saying that you will be pretty well satisfied with what you will find in Maine.

In general, perch are distributed over much the same areas as bass. The plebeian but highly efficient angleworm is very good perch bait although in recent years many have been taking this gamey little fish on a fly. Pickerel are also quite numerous in Maine waters and as this fish is notably careless about what he eats almost any bait will attract him. He too, is found mostly in the eastern, southern and central sections.

Bidding a fond farewell to the purple hills and smiling waters of inland Maine, let's drop down to the coast to see what's cooking in the way of sports fishing.

Tuna fishing is a comparatively new sport in Maine so that, as yet, we don't know its full potentialities. Looking at the record, however, we see that international authorities agree that Maine offers the best tuna fishing not only in North America, the Western Hemisphere but in the entire world. A tuna tournament held at Bailey Island just prior to the war shattered all existing records into smithereens. The big bluefins that dally off the Maine coast in the summertime weigh between 500 and 1,000 pounds and are real tough customers. If you have a hankering to get tied up in a battle to the death with a "hoss mackerel" it would seem that Maine offers you every opportunity.

And of course Maine rivers offer some pretty good striped bass fishing during the summer and it is possible that when surveys can be made it will be found that we have some pretty good surf fishing for this desirable battler of the deep. Too, there is fly fishing for mackerel and pollock as well as handlining for haddock, cod and other species to take up the angler's time.

This isn't the complete story about Maine fishing but it is all we have space for. We've told the truth as far as we have gone, so help us Izaak Walton!
Colby College and Maine

By Julius Seelye Bixler
President, Colby College

A 125-year-young college, with a brand new “dream campus” and buildings, prepares for today’s and tomorrow’s educational challenge.

Maine and Colby College are twins—at any rate, one of the early acts of the first Legislature of this State in 1820 was to grant the right to confer collegiate degrees to the “Maine Literary and Theological Institute” which had been chartered some seven years previously by the General Court of Massachusetts, and which was already functioning in Waterville. Thus, Maine and Colby have been growing up together for a century and a quarter.

To this college, Maine is more than a geographical location, it is a neighborhood of people and institutions of which we are a part. There are many ways in which a college can be a good neighbor, and I should like to mention a few directions in which Colby is exploring methods of utilizing its resources for the benefit of the State.

Here is an example of what I mean. We have a Trustee Committee on Adult Education and it was brought out at their sessions that Maine has fifty-odd hospitals, most of which are small and few of whose superintendents have ever attended a national hospital convention with its stimulation and contact with new methods. Therefore, last fall Colby set up a three-day intensive course for hospital administrators. Five nationally-known authorities on different phases of hospital work volunteered their services as a guest faculty, and about twenty-five men and women, almost all from Maine, attended. They were lavish in expressing appreciation for the course, and it is not too far-fetched to hope that the results will imperceptibly benefit thousands of our citizens in the
form of more efficient hospital service. It may well be continued as an annual affair. Summer courses and institutes meeting other needs in our Maine communities are being planned for the coming years.

Another example concerns an entirely different aspect of Maine. Our department of Art has been devoting considerable attention to opening the eyes of our students, as well as of the general public, to the cultural heritage of our own home state. Two years ago we presented a distinguished exhibition of paintings by famous artists who have been connected with this State by birth or long residence. The collection of loaned pictures ranged from Winslow Homer to John Marin and forcibly illustrated the point that Maine has been a source of considerable artistic inspiration for a century.

Last Fall the department arranged a comprehensive exhibition of Maine architecture from Colonial days to the Civil War. About 300 photographs, diagrams, and architect’s drawings graphically illustrated the development of the different architectural periods and revealed the wealth of beautiful houses, churches, and public buildings which still stand.

The Colby exhibition has been borrowed by other art museums for display and the American Federation of Arts has requested us to let them book it among their travelling exhibitions, which means that people in all parts of the Country may be exposed to some of the charming aspects of the Maine scene. Our Art Department has also held several one-man shows of the work of Maine artists, and is contemplating an exhibition of early Maine handicrafts.

One field of college-state cooperation which needs cultivation is in the field of vocational placement. For some years before the war our Director of Placement, Major Elmer C. Warren, took every opportunity of pointing out to Maine industrial leaders that representatives from big business in other parts of the Country were assiduously combing the Maine colleges for the most promising seniors and offering them attractive positions and training courses in their own industries. There are indications that some concerns in our own State are now realizing that this drain on our best manpower need not be the case and are taking steps to

They are the leaders of tomorrow.
Mary Low Hall is named for Colby's first woman graduate.

provide inviting opportunities for careers in Maine to the graduates of our four colleges.

Any discussion of Colby's services to its own State, however, should not overlook the unheralded, day-by-day contribution which it makes simply by educating Maine boys and girls.

Although much of our steadily increasing enrollment over the last ten years has consisted of students from a wider geographical area, we should not regard with approval any marked diminution in the numbers from Maine.
Our annual State of Maine Scholarship Competition has for years made a college education possible to young people of superior scholastic ability whose financial resources would otherwise have been insufficient. Interestingly enough, we have recently received bequests from two Colby graduates to provide assistance to students from Aroostook and Franklin counties, while a generous citizen and his wife have just set up full tuition scholarships for a student from each of two Oxford County towns each year, as a memorial to their son lost in battle. This college was founded by Maine people to bring advantages of higher learning to the youth of this region, and we do not intend to forget this worthy mission.

The biggest challenge put to Colby College, and more difficult, perhaps, than any State has ever put to any college, was the proposal included in the "Survey of Higher Education in Maine," which was initiated in 1927 by the Maine Development Commission, and conducted by staff members of Columbia University under the sponsorship of the University of Maine. After an exhaustive investigation of the institutions of learning, the surveyors in 1930 published recommendations which commended much and offered constructive criticisms for each college. For Colby, with its ancient campus which has been hemmed in by the industrialization process of the last century, the Survey had the following staggering conclusion:

"If Colby is to continue to offer high quality collegiate work, the limitations which the site and present buildings put upon its program of service must be removed... The recommendation is, then, that Colby College should move to a larger and more desirable site."

For a college whose graduates had largely gone into fields of service not highly remunerated, and which had no large circle of wealthy friends to call upon, such an undertaking would have appeared to any reasonable person as impossible even to attempt. It is to the everlasting credit of President Franklin W. Johnson and the men and women of the Board of Trustees, therefore, that they accepted this official voice of the State of Maine as a command and shortly afterwards voted to move Colby to a new site "if and when feasible."

For fifteen years, the energies of the college administration, plus the volunteer support of an increasing number of newly-found friends, have been devoted to this one goal—not merely to build a satisfactory campus on a location where there was ample room, but to build the best college plant that skilled brains could devise in order to make possible an enhanced program of education. I ask you to remember that not buildings, but the quality of teaching and community life that the buildings would make possible, has been what Colby has been working for all these years.

The long slow achievement of our goal is familiar to most Maine people, so many of whom have told me of their periodic trips to Mayflower Hill to see how the new campus is coming along. The ultimate plan contemplates a $7,000,000 plant which will provide unrivalled educational facilities for a college of 600 men and 400 women, but that may take decades to accomplish. Meanwhile, we are looking forward with joy to next Fall when eight completed buildings will enable us to occupy the new campus in all essential respects, although continuing to utilize certain of the old buildings for a year or two longer.

It has required considerable courage and faith for the Trustees to authorize this step, for not all the money is in hand for the construction program authorized for next Summer. However, we are counting on our old and new Maine friends to continue their giving through the coming months, and we sincerely hope that it will not be necessary to resort to borrowing. Admittedly, this is not conservative financing, but the fact that so many hundreds of returning veterans need and deserve the kind of educational facilities which we can only offer on Mayflower Hill has prompted us to make the move in 1946 at all costs.

As everyone knows who has visited the spot, Mayflower Hill is a sightly location, overlooking Waterville in the valley and with views to the blue mountains and hills in several directions. Here, J. Frederick Larson, an architect who devotes himself ex-
clusively to college and university work and is the official advisory architect for the Association of American Colleges, has laid out a campus which has every building placed in a logical relationship to the others, forming a "functionally-planned" whole. The American Colonial style of architecture was chosen as representative of Colby's historical heritage and as appropriate to the Maine scene. The buildings are not unduly luxurious, but nothing has been spared to make them enduring, adequate in size, and efficiently planned—in short, good educational tools.

To the present administration, our "dream campus" is a challenge to build an educational program on a par with these magnificent buildings. Colby can never become a complacent college in such a stimulating environment. We have set out to achieve here a community of adventurous minds who will find constant excitement in books and the ideas they offer, and will get a tremendous thrill also out of the task of putting ideas to work.

Production goal of the Bates Manufacturing Company's five Maine textile mills in 1946 has been set at 140,000,000 yards, compared with 109,000,000 yards produced in 1945. The mills produce a wide assortment of textile products, ranging from shoe fabrics to bedspreads and casket cloths.

The equipment division of Maine Steel, Inc., at South Windham reports the largest backlog of overhead shovels under contract in its history. The Sargent overhead shovel made by Maine Steel is a combined excavator, bulldozer and tractor for the contracting field as well as snow removal.

Singer James Melton added a 1906 Stanley steamer to his collection during a recent visit to Lewiston and Wayne. Stanley once lived in Lewiston and the first engine used in his cars was built at nearby Mechanic Falls.
Maine Communities:

Eastport and Lubec

By Richard A. Hebert

Maine's easternmost communities, sparked by a rising industrial activity, look forward with solid confidence to a new chapter in their economic and civic histories.

Maine, as the famous poem goes, is "perched on a Nation's edge". And at the very end of the perch, at the easternmost tip of the State, an economic drama is today unfolding which promises to affect the livelihood of thousands of Maine citizens, the prosperity of a region and a major segment of the State's economy.

Eastport, the Nation's most easterly city, and Lubec, America's most easterly town, are the cradle and center of the herring sardine industry in the United States. Nearly a score of factories, both large and small in the area turn out 75 per cent of the State's pack of the nutrient fish.

The two communities are separated from each other by three miles of water—the entrance to Cobscook Bay, around whose landside edge the road distance is 40 miles. Eastport counts a few hundred more people in its population and each is situated on bold rocky masses guarding the Bay entrance, with residential streets and roads sloping down to the main business and industrial sections along the waterfront.

In minor affairs there has always been some business and commercial rivalry between the two communities, yet in many respects Eastport and Lubec are "sister" communities across the narrow stretch of blue water. Yet, like so many sisters, there is enough contrast in extraneous interests of location and circumstance to make their community characteristics different. It all lends excitement to the drama.

The two communities have had their ups and downs as the sardine industry—the major business of the area—has prospered and declined and prospered again. Eastport, for several reasons we shall note, has been buffeted about by economic storms somewhat more severely than Lubec, but now the rebound promises to send it back to a dominant place as the economic center of Passamaquoddy Bay. Lubec, which was the only town in Maine to come through the depression with flying colors economically and with less bonded indebtedness than when the lean years started, again is stretching its economic muscles and preparing for industrial and commercial expansion.

With the promised resumption of regular ferry service this Spring over the three-mile water gap, a closer spirit of cooperation and recognition of identity of interests between the two communities should be given a boost. Any resultant "teamwork" will greatly enhance the already bright prospects of the industries and the communities. Better means of communication will be the key.

Eastport, for a number of years prior to the war boom, had been taking it on the economic chin. An era of good times in the 75-year-old Maine sardine industry came to an end after World War I and between 1920 and 1930 Eastport lost more than 1,000 of population. Present population of the city is listed at 3,444, which is up 100 from the 1940 census.

In the depression years of 1930 to 1934 the sardine industry in Eastport was really hard hit, due to low prices, inevitable changes in the public's tastes, competitive imports from foreign countries such as Norway, and other reasons. In addition, some of the plants burned down and were not immediately replaced, if at all. To cap it all, the largest industry in the town, the American Can Company factory, employing from 200 to 300 persons, was closed when a change was made from the key can to the pry open type, now the standard can in the sardine industry.

Eastport is situated on Moose Island, connected with the mainland by
a bridge, and its five square miles of area make it one of the smallest municipalities in the State. Its population is entirely urban, concentrated at the eastern tip of the island, and the rock and ledge on which it is built virtually preclude such family helps as woodlots or garden plots.

Eastport thus must depend almost entirely on payrolls for economic existence and when the payrolls dwindled low the city experienced economic disaster. Taxes were unpaid, the city went heavily into debt to struggle along with road and school and other municipal expenses and finally, in 1938, Eastport petitioned the State to step in with the Emergency Municipal Finance Control Board.

That is most of the dark side of the picture. State financial control was lifted in 1944 and today the city's bonded debt is down to $30,000, there is a cash surplus of more than $20,000 and $75,000 in bonds have been salted away as a postwar fund. It is planned to keep a cash balance of $20,000 on hand at all times to take care of any contingency.

Within the past few years City Manager Ralph T. Colwell reveals, the city accumulated a surplus of $125,000, mostly from a backlog of unpaid taxes. During the past year, tax collections have amounted to 168 per cent of the commitment. Thus has a Maine community come back in municipal finances in a surprisingly short time.

A low property valuation, coupled with a high tax rate, is the current policy at Eastport. In 1938 the tax rate was $98 per thousand assessed valuation. This was reduced to $85 in 1944, $83 in 1945 and a further cut is anticipated this year. Taxpayers of the city are agreed on continuing this policy, City Manager Colwell declares, and are building up a surplus that will be used to place the city's physical properties back in shape.

Schools, including the excellent Shead Memorial High School, are reported in very good condition and can handle at least 200 more pupils at the present time without difficulty. One of the most talked of projects is a plan for a combined municipal center and gymnasium and plans already are underway to convert the former USO clubhouse into a recreation building.

From the City Manager down, Eastporters are convinced their community's prospects are the brightest in years. Two new industries not connected with the fisheries are ready to move in, according to Colwell, if industrial housing can be found.

As an aid to the housing shortage, the city stands ready to aid veterans in building new homes. If 15 or more veterans will agree to build, the city will provide the land and install all the municipal services, such as water, roads and sewers, free gratis, says Mr. Colwell. Confidence in the city's future is best expressed by the City Manager, who believes Eastport will increase in population by 2,000 persons in the next few years if housing can be built.

Despite a population of only 3,444 men, women and children of all ages, Eastport industries employ 1,000 to 1,100 persons at the present time. This means the factories must draw upon a 40-mile radius in Washington County and the companies operate from one to six buses each daily to obtain workers from as far away as Woodland.

Eastport also is the trading center for the Washington County area around Cobscook and Quoddy Bays and for the Canadian islands, largest of which are Deer Island and Campobello, summer home of the Roosevelt family. It is estimated the trading area has at least a 15,000 population, which is greatly increased in the summer. Some 40 stores and establishments of all types make up the Eastport commercial facilities.

Next to the sardine and fisheries industry, Eastport and Lubec, but especially the former, received their greatest counter-depression shot in the arm from the unfinished Quoddy Tidal Power project. An estimated $7,000,000 was expended on the project before it was given up, but one of the benefits remaining to the area is sprawling Quoddy Village, a complete model community capable of housing more than 3,500 persons.

After the tidal power project was abandoned, Quoddy Village was used as a giant laboratory by the National Youth Administration and, during the recent war, as a Sea Bee training base. During its latter use it had a peak enrollment of 3,500 Sea Bees and
these, many of whom had families, caused a large, but temporary population increase in the Quoddy area. The Sea Bee program is currently being wound up and less than 200 are now stationed there. It is estimated that the Sea Bee program resulted in more than $3,000,000 increase in Quoddy Village facilities, such as new tanks, pumps, roads and buildings.

Eastporters are currently urging the State to acquire Quoddy Village from the Federal Government and use it as a vocational training school for veterans. They say that 3,000 veterans and their families can move immediately into a model village without any additional buildings needed. The village is complete with recreational facilities, halls, parks, central heating system, and one drill hall of 600 by 100 feet is said to be the largest structure of its kind in the State of Maine.

But what of the industries by which the people of Eastport and Lubec and the surrounding area make their livelihood? We have noted that 75 per cent of Maine sardine production comes from the Quoddy area. The Sea Bee program is currently being wound up and less than 200 are now stationed there. It is estimated that the Sea Bee program resulted in more than $3,000,000 increase in Quoddy Village facilities, such as new tanks, pumps, roads and buildings.

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But what of the industries by which the people of Eastport and Lubec and the surrounding area make their livelihood? We have noted that 75 per cent of Maine sardine production comes from the Quoddy area. The annual Maine pack is constantly on the increase and the packers are looking ahead with confidence to the years ahead. For the past four years the total Maine pack has been in cases of sardines: 1942, 2,674,391; 1943, 2,270,450; 1944, 3,065,516; 1945, 3,500,000 (estimated).

The money value of these packs can be estimated at an approximation of $6 a case for all four years. For its part in the war food production effort an average of 50 per cent of production was turned over to the government under "set aside" orders and used by the Army, Navy, Red Cross, lend-lease and other government agencies. Appropriate recognition was given to each plant for its part in the war effort.

The Riviera Canning Company is a newcomer to the Eastport-Lubec sardine business and its $500,000 plant is one of the most modern in the Nation. It packs sardines in all styles, sea herring in oval cans, antepasto in glass, smoked oysters and anchovy paste. The antepasto item was an experiment in off-season packing and at one time fresh produce was flown in to be combined with the fish product to make the antepasto.

R. J. Peacock Canning Company, major veteran of the sardine industry, has its No. 2 plant at Eastport for flat can sardines and the Machiasport Canning Company also packs sardines exclusively. The Holmes Packing Company, in addition to sardines, packs large herring and baby pollock in their own oil in round cans. B. H. Wilson Fisheries packs sardines and makes a specialty of cut and cured herring, an item for which they are famous. George H. Lyons and Son, besides sardines, puts up a special kippered herring item, smoked and split and canned. Lyons also has a reduction plant, making fertilizer and poultry and animal feed concentrates.

J. W. Beardsley and Sons has a large pack of codfish cakes and also puts up dried herring and boneless herring. The Harris Cove Packing Company (its plant has recently burned but it plans to rebuild) puts up boneless herring and herring specialties of many types. It also has the largest and most modern outdoor lobster pound in the world, using an outboard motor dragger to gather in lobsters for large shipments. They plan a tri-weekly plane shipment of lobsters to New York and Mid-West markets.

The Mearl Corporation, set up to extract pearl essence from fish scales, achieved fame during the war by producing a foam product used in large quantities by the Navy in firefighting. It is now making a food concentrate from fish waste, which is combined with a dairy by-product by the Borden Company to make a high protein, low cost, concentrated food which is shipped to Europe and other foreign countries.

Another pearl essence company is the Argenta Products Company, which further has a shop for making costume jewelry. This company, together with the Paispearl Corporation, whose trade-marked pearls are well known in the jewelry trade, was started by a European refugee who also has an interest in a plant at Perry making novelties and decorations from Maine pine cones, moss and other items of nature.

The pearl essence business, a comparatively recent by-product of Maine fisheries, has been highly successful.
and one day this month (March) fish scales were bringing 66 cents a pound, worth more than the fish itself.

Also in Eastport is the Maine Food Processors Company, formerly the Globe Canning Company and a division of Summers Fertilizer Company. They make fertilizer and fish meal. J. W. Raye and Co. manufactures mustard both for the sardine plants and for the household. It is a widely-known product throughout Eastern Maine.

In Lubec are two plants of the R. J. Peacock Canning Company, the Seaboard Packing Company, North Lubec Manufacturing and Canning Company, Booth Fisheries Sardine Company, Columbian Packing Company, Sherman Denbow Company, Kelley Company, John Durgin Company and a group of smaller concerns, all of whom either pack sardines, or put up salt, dried and pickled fish.

The largest plant in Lubec is that of the American Can Company, which supplies cans to all the sardine and fish packing plants from Portland to Eastport.

In addition, both communities have a number of wholesale fish dealers, one of whom, Frank Neal, recently arranged a 5,000-pound shipment of lobsters by plane to the West Coast. The industry also supports a flourishing salt, oil and supply business, with 95 per cent of the salt used now an American product, where formerly it was almost wholly Turks Island and Canadian salt. Another unusual aspect of the industry is that 80 per cent of the sardine herring come from Canadian waters of Quoddy Bay and the Bay of Fundy. The fishermen, mostly Canadians, pay no duty on the fish, but must report in and out of customs. Eastport, because of its customs office, thus has more of an international atmosphere than does Lubec.

Air transportation probably will be one of the important keys to the development of the broad reaches of Washington County in the years ahead and for this Eastport is well-equipped with a hard-surface airport, seaplane base and flying school. One of the area's noted citizens, Frank Bradish, recently soloed at the age of 70, to set the pace for coming developments. Air freight service will be a development to watch.

Besides the soon-to-be ferry service between Eastport, Lubec and Campobello, Eastport has a tri-weekly steamer service to Grand Manan, St. Andrews and St. John and a daily mail boat to Campobello and Deer Island. The Maine Central Railroad has an excellent two-train-a-day freight service to Eastport, while from March to October, many special freight trains are required to haul out the products of the area for shipment around the world. Mainline buses of the Maine Central connect at Whiting for Lubec and at Perry for Eastport.

The Eastport Sentinel is rated as the oldest newspaper in Maine, having been in continuous publication since 1818 under its original name. For the past 97 years it has been in the ownership of only two families. Roscoe C. Emery, present publisher, bought it back into his family in 1914. He has served one term as Mayor of Eastport and two as a State Senator. The Lubec Herald also is an historic paper and under a new publisher, H. C. Aldrich, equipment has been improved to better serve the town.

As a direct indication of the "new era" prosperity that is being felt by the two communities, the Eastport Saving Bank has just passed its second million dollars in total deposits. It reached the $1,000,000 mark in December, 1942. Similar deposit increases have been noted by the second Eastport bank, a branch of the Merrill Trust Company of Bangor, and the Lubec bank, a branch of the Bar Harbor Trust Company.

For scenic beauty, both Lubec and Eastport are situated where the eye can encompass vast expanses of blue water and islands in Quoddy Bay and from the hilltops are magnificent views of New Brunswick and, across the giant Bay of Fundy, the distant shores of Nova Scotia.

The U. S. Weather Bureau officially rates the summer climate as the finest in the Nation and winter temperatures the same as Boston. Mosquitoes, black flies and hay fever are non-existent there and places of interest, historic spots and scenic variety are numerous.

From every community outlook, leaders and officials of both Eastport and Lubec are looking forward to a "new era", a new and brighter chapter in the unfolding stories of these two easternmost Maine communities.
Ambrosia of the Maples

By Harry A. Packard

Maine's Maple Sugar season, now in full swing, may give a record yield—yet the demand seems to be unlimited.

Warm, sunshiny March days, the returning sun getting higher and higher with an unmistakable promise that warm weather is in the offing and comes again that glad season—the season o' makin' maple syrup and sugar on Maine hillsides!

Perhaps it is some small boy digging in the bark of a sugar maple tree, his experiment spurred by the spring feeling in his own youthful body warmed by the sunshine, who discovers that sap is running; or he may have been prompted by the action of the nimble squirrels who, too, in many instances, develop a taste for the sweet sticky sap which will come from the maple when the rough, knarled bark is disturbed and broken.
The maple syrup season is in this and many other ways romantic. It is at its best on days which have crisp, frosty mornings, extreme daytime sunshine and warmth and an absence of any but a warm south wind. The old-time harvest of this unique crop was usually done by the farmer and his family with now and then some neighbors called in to add fun to certain aspects of what otherwise might have been a prosaic and humdrum job.

The season comes on quickly just like a change of weather. One March day is rough and blustery then the wind abates as quickly as it came and warmer air currents hasten in to warm what had seemed like an almost cheerless world.

Just as quickly as that! One day cold and with no hint of the weather change, yet the sun-browned Dad of the Maine hillside senses it in his weather-wise mind, then comes that unmistakable late-winter morning preceding the day when it is time to hurry to the sugar woods.

Usually the snow is still deep in the woods—especially so if this happens to be a good sugar season—and there are nigh a hundred things to be done all in a few hours if one is to save every drop of the sap. A single day lost in the sugar season is gone for all time and could result in the loss of many gallons of maple syrup. With apples, if they do not ripen early in the season, they will still take advantage of later good fall weather and even fishing can wait another day but the maple syrup season—short at the most—is like the water which escapes past the mill; there can be no grinding from that power which has passed, apparently, forever.

The buckets must be removed from their storage place, the metal or wooden spiles obtained and roads broken to and through the sugar orchard. The farmer must not tap too early—although he often does because of a mistake in his prophecy of weather—since it often happens that if trees are tapped too early and then a cold spell comes on the trees will cease to give up their token of sap even when favorable weather comes back. Some times retapping will help that sort of a situation.

The snow in the sugar orchard naturally varies in its depth from one season to another. Many orchardmen maintain that there should be a good snow coverage—the deeper the better, they say—and they never complain if the snow is three or four feet—and even six feet—deep. Other experienced makers of maple sugar say that the snow coverage has nothing to do with the flow of sap. The snow does, however, have something to do with the ease by which the sap produced in remote sections of the orchard can be transported to the boiling house.

In the old days oxen were used almost entirely in hauling sap to the boiling kettles and when three or four great wooden barrels were strapped to the ox sled a good road covered with snow was essential to the patient bovines. Today many of the Maine sugar orchards are "piped" from the sections where the trees grow the thickest and the sap runs through a myriad of galvanized pipes direct to the sap house. And probably in the future evil-smelling oil-burning tractors will be common—they are already being used!—to move the great barrels of sap and take away much of the romance of sugar making days.

The importance of the maple-sugar making industry is often underestimated in this State. Since pre-Civil war days it has afforded thousands of Maine orchard owners with some ready cash in what often is a dry financial season among them. Many farmers more than pay their taxes with the stipend from the rock maple trees and in these war days of sugar rationing the crop has been of great value to the farmers' larder.
Of course Maine has many orchards which go beyond the matter of raising money for town taxes — commercial orchards which have been set up with thousands of dollars invested and which produce a huge income.

It is a continuous fight to maintain a maple sugar orchard. Of course none but rock maple trees can be used; the swamp maple and the white maple taking a poor second place even for firewood. Many of the rock maples are of almost unbelievable age; they are not even tapped until they have passed the score and voting age and many of the old patriarchs of the forest have been producing sap for nearly a century. Various kinds of leaf-eating insects prey on these old maples and in war time the demand and subsequent high prices for rock maple wood causes many a farmer to shut his eyes and hew down the valuable old trees.

One would expect that with so many Maine sugar maples cut down for firewood during the past four years that the 1946 sugar crop will be a failure, but, given a good spring season it is probable that the crop this year will be greater than ever. More orchards will be brought into production because of the scarcity of other sweets and with the gas and oil burning machines—much as the writer deplores their presence in the sugar orchard—it will be possible for farmers and orchard men to go further from their boiling houses and tap trees which before were considered too far away to tap profitably.

One must not suppose that he can just grab a bit and bit stock, wade through the deep snow to a knarled old rock maple tree and having bored through the thick bark and into the sap wood of the tree make good maple syrup. He must even know which side of the tree should be tapped, although that is simple enough, but the converting many gallons of the white sap into the 11 pounds per gallon which the State says must constitute a gallon of legal maple syrup is something else. Men who know syrup and like syrup best on their griddle cakes—a polished name for the flap jacks which Grandma made in the dimly lighted old farmhouse kitchen—say they can tell which farmer made the syrup by its taste alone!

To get back again to the statement of its being a romantic business there was—and this is not a plug for an upstate farmer — Claude Cushman who bought a new fangled evaporator which converts the cold sap into finished syrup within considerably less than two hours. He seemed to have knack about making a simon pure product which is second to none of his neighbors. A few years ago a picture syndicate made some shots of his hillside orchard in Woodstock and these were subsequently published in Pacific Coast papers. A wealthy man in San Francisco sent Cushman a check which nearly took his breath away together with instructions to send a sample gallon by express and hold the rest subject to his order.

And to this, Cushman, having lots of grey matter, simply picked a can at random from his 100-gallon stock, having first culled out all the cans which did not measure up to his own ideas of what maple syrup should be, and sent it on to the California customer. Orders came back to cash the whole check and draw on him for whatever more he felt he wanted but Cushman refused to take more than the going price for his syrup.

"No bonus," he said though he got it in a way which he could not refuse at the next Christmas time.

Last year the man got but a single gallon and the wires and mails were burned up with letters exchanged between the farmer and the West Coast man. It was a terrible year for Maine maple sugar orchards. Some farmers and orchardmen had really no more than one good day's run and although Cushman did make nearly half a crop he would not ship because it was not up to what he had set for his standard.

This 1946 season for making maple sugar looks promising—although at first last season looked as if it might make a dent in the sugar market—and with good weather it should be a record crop. It will not, however,—no matter how big it may be—come anywhere near supplying the demand. Men in the Sugar Makers Association say that this is one crop which can never be overdone. The supply of Maine-made maple sugar and syrup (and its mostly syrup) can never catch up with the demand!
Robert P. Tristram Coffin has said that his best definition of a poet is "a man with two good eyes and a residence in the State of Maine."

When one comes to consider the great poets, the real giants among all American poets, who have come from Maine, one feels inclined to agree to this. Longfellow, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, not to mention Coffin himself who is as much an outgrowth of Maine as a spruce tree, reveal throughout their work the part Maine has had in storing their memories with beautiful images. They write of Tintagel and Camelot, but somehow there is still a hint of Maine in their lines:

"And always the white gulls, flying, flying, flying . . ."

After listing the weather, the scenery, and the "togetherness of things" as factors in the making of poets here in Maine, Dr. Coffin adds as the final ingredient the loneliness which breeds independence of spirit, and hence makes men poets. But this loneliness can be a barren thing. It can make the poet and then unmake him, for independence often becomes sterile and narrow when the loneliness is too great. Perhaps the true genius can mature in complete intellectual isolation, but even he,—as in the case of Edwin Arlington Robinson whose aloneness was intensified by his deafness—even he makes haste to go where there are others who share his creative passion.

Has not the loneliness of the artist, the misunderstanding of his nature and needs by ordinary people, always been the chief condemnation of provincial Main Streets throughout America? Poetry and all the arts might become a much more vital part of the lives of people everywhere if those who are the creators could find, without journeying to some distant Greenwich Village or MacDowell Colony, understanding and stimulation right where they live.

So Maine is twice-blessed as a maker of poets in having, besides the physical loneliness of her widely scattered communities, a heartening intellectual comradeship to offer all poets, whether they live on some isolated salt-water farm or in a lumber camp on the Canadian border. From Kittery to Fort Kent, and from Gouldsboro to Eastport, the Poetry Fellowship reaches out with encouragement and critical help to every man and woman who writes poetry.

This is a particularly good time to tell the story of the Poetry Fellowship because this year marks its tenth anniversary. It was founded in 1936 when the members of the Dover-Foxcroft and the Waterville poetry clubs met together to establish a state-wide organization. Ida M. Folsom was chosen the first president. She, with Elsia Holway Burleigh, first vice-president, and Anna Shaw Buck, corresponding secretary, and the willing help of all the charter members, worked tirelessly to get the new society firmly started on its way.

From this small group, utterly devoted to the cause of poetry, grew up a Fellowship now numbering eighty-five members, which has devised many means of helping its poets to produce their best work. "Our chief want in life," asks Emerson, "is it not someone who will make us do what we can? We are easily great with the loved and honored associate. We come out of our eggshell existence." This chief want is what the Poetry Fellowship of Maine exists to satisfy. It is that which makes it one of Maine's most interesting and culturally valuable organizations.

The Fellowship meetings are held in various parts of the state: in Waterville in September, Portland in February, and Lewiston or Brunswick in June—with a summer get-together at the annual Writer's Conference at Ocean Park. A project in various types of poetry is a part of each
meeting, and members who cannot attend may still compete in these projects. Copies of winning poems are sent to members after each meeting, together with a mimeographed letter-report of the business, the remarks of lecturers and judges, and news of general interest to poets. These lengthy letters are one of the strongest bonds uniting Fellowship members and holding them to continued effort in their own work.

Of particular value to the isolated poet is the Round Robin study plan. Most members belong to one of these study groups, each made up of from six to ten members. The unsigned original poems are sent around the group for criticism and suggestions. When a poem returns to its owner it will have the comments of six or more poets written upon it. The give and take here is often sharp, occasionally humorous, but always carefully made and to the point. Critical faculties as well as inspirational are aroused and stirred in these groups, and the members prove once and for all that their aim is better poetry and not mutual admiration. Mrs. Marion Waldron of Pittsfield has charge of all these Round Robins and manages to keep them flying successfully—no small job.

Another point of contact among members is the radio forum sponsored by the Fellowship at 11:15 A.M. on the second Sunday of each month from Station WRDO (Augusta). Mrs. Jessie Wheeler Freeman, executive secretary of the society, conducts these broadcasts, assisted by Dan Kelly, announcer and Fellowship poet. It is hoped that this radio reading and discussion of poems may also help to interest the Maine public in the poetry its "own folks" are producing.

There have been only three presidents of the Poetry Fellowship. Ida M. Folsom, the first president, was followed in 1939 by Mrs. Jessie Wheeler Freeman, whose leadership was so successful and whose personality so dear to the growing Fellowship that she was not permitted to resign until 1945. She then became executive secretary and Richard O. Bickford of Dexter was chosen president.

Important in the organization of the Fellowship is the Board of Review, made up of three of the most competent writers in the society, which passes upon the work of all applicants for membership and is responsible for maintaining standards of excellence. Applicants whose work is not quite up to the required standard are invited to become affiliate or student members. Any poet interested in joining the Poetry Fellowship of Maine should write to Mrs. Freeman at 206 Brunswick Avenue, Gardiner.

An article such as this really calls for the prose of facts, but Fellowship members may feel that the deep and dear delights of belonging have hardly been touched upon. They will look back upon such un-prosy experiences as strolling the moonlit sands at Ocean Park, deep in excited discussion of technique or poetic values, or upon letters from distant Fellowship poets—letters which have begun some of their most cherished friendships. They will feel that too much of the poetry of this thing has been left out.

All that is very best about the Poetry Fellowship of Maine, both in the kind of comradeship it offers and in the fine quality of poetry it stimulates, is summed up in this poem written after an evening visit with Fellowship friends.

BREAD AND BUTTER LETTER

By Carolyn McCully

If those who know a bitter brotherhood
Could share the good companionship we hold,
And know the satisfying taste of speech
Both kind and bold.

The armor of their lives would be too small,
For bigger men would walk where they now walk—
So full of heart I found you: mountain wise
Beyond your talk.

Thus armed, disarmed, and melted with your strength,
I could not sleep, and loved the wakeful night;
Finding the outmost reaches of the dark
Sky-warm and light.
The Isle of Many Springs

By Eric P. Kelly

Dartmouth's noted professor of journalism, now on leave of absence, sketches life on Casco Bay's largest island, Chebeague. He is the author of "The Trumpeter of Krakow" and many other works.

Sprawled northeast and southwest in Casco Bay, six or seven miles from the mainland, an hour and a half by winter boat ride from Portland lies the island of Great Chebeague which the Indians are said to have called the Island of Many Springs. (The Algonquin CHE signifies BIG—so the old legend that the island was designated as "She-big island" may not be far wrong.)

As one of the mythical 365 islands that dot the bay, it is the largest or next to the largest of the whole group with its five slanting miles in extent and three miles across in places, that cross-distance once having been marked by a stone wall erected in the days when men had more time on their hands than at present and the whole island was owned by two men.

Today one can trace this old wall from Rose's point on the shore to the lower road and thence into the woods where at times it disappears in overgrown underbrush to emerge near the present church. A few scattering stones mark its progress to the waters of the inner bay where now there is but a filled-in cellar where once the first house on the island stood.

The island has been inhabited from earliest times, so far ago that no man can reckon it. When the farmer's plough or the street builder's spade turns up an Indian artifact—a well polished hatchet-head, a spear point, a clam-knife or a long bone needle, it brings home the fact that America had a civilization that existed before French or Anglo times, and along with these smaller artifacts are some larger curiosities cut out of black rock that suggests volcanic origin, an old anvil, curious figures, and especially the carved face on the rock top to be found on the estate of the Mc Calls. Burial places also existed at many points.

With the coming of the white man, perhaps before the Plymouth Colony was under way, when fishermen from English and even French ports spent SPRING, 1946
sporadic seasons of trapping and fishing on these islands, a more tangible tradition began to take shape.

It was on the land of Arthur Bell, adjoining Johnson's Cove that the earliest inhabitants speak of an old summer Indian encampment. The clam-shell piles yield finds in artifacts, but, more interesting to the biologist, the bones of many animals that once inhabited the island forests, hare, deer, a wild-cat or two, and bones of such birds as the Great Auk which has now passed from the sight of men.

On this same land stood an encampment during the American Revolution where a company of Paul Revere's ill-fated expedition against Louisburg pitched temporary tents. No oyster shells have been discovered here as at Freeport, but along this shore, and indeed at many other points along the shore, are the old, vine-grown cellars where once lived farmers or dispensers of provisions to visiting ships, not excluding rum and other "necessities."

Above Chandler's Cove just inside Deer Point there was once a small settlement. Nothing remains of it now save a few cellars and an old cemetery. Chandler's Cove which went winging over newspaper wires when the late President Roosevelt anchored his yacht there has become a most convenient harbor for Casco Bay boats, since it lies outside the area which is too much threatened by ice in the winter months, and practically all the island shipping centers there.

In earlier days, and not so long ago either, it was possible to have a view of ocean or bay from almost any point on the island, for tilled fields were necessary for fodder for horses and cows. Today there are only four horses on the island and possibly the same number of cows, and nature has quickly filled in the old fields with poplars, birch, and thick underbrush amidst the pines and firs of the land.

It is amazing to go from Portland to Chebeague, an hour or an hour and a half by boat and find one's self in such a different world. The city, with its drive, with its more or less regimented society, disappears. Chebeague, although inhabited in Summer by a large summer colony, is not distinctly a summer resort town, despite its golf-links, its small hotel and boarding houses, its boats for rent and its fishing parties—these things are but sidelines in the life of the town, and it does not seem as if anything can change the setup.

Chebeague is a country in itself, inhabited by nearly four hundred people maintaining itself largely by the oldest industry in America, that of fishing. (In Summer the population is about 1,500.) And like the old fishing towns where men were their own masters, recognizing nothing superior save wind and sky and sea, the old independence and the old sense of individuality have always prevailed. One can not call upon a "boss" when one's fishing-boat motor goes bad off Half Way Rock in a storm, or when tide and wind sweep down upon moorings. Even in Biblical times fishermen were chosen to carry the torch of the new Christianity, and their independent and hardy spirit may have had much to do with its spread.

Maine Islands are something of a problem in the political field. They are usually attached to mainland towns. It is curious sometimes how few people on the mainland, even those living near the sea, have a full understanding of the people who dwell out in the bay. In the matter of schools, roads, medical attention, and social benefits, the islands are quite keen to have their share in the prosperity of the country, but the islands seldom breed lawyers who can take their case to court, or politicians who can put in the right word at the right time.

Chebeague has a school problem on its hands, the lack of a doctor, no lights for its streets, no water in its school buildings. Chebeague is as much a part of a town on the mainland as is, say Charlestown a part of Boston, and while Charlestown may not pay as high taxes as the business part of Boston, still it receives its proportionate share of city income. Chebeague once had a doctor, Dr. Hale, whose life on the islands was something of a Saga, so much so that at the time of his death the New York Times devoted almost two columns to his activities. And the town pays a subsidy for a doctor, too, but there is no doctor—however many
Maine towns are in the same predicament. It seems to have been a great piece of foolishness that abolished two of New England’s oldest medical schools some years ago,—Dartmouth and Bowdoin. However Dartmouth still gives two years of medicine and the rumor has it that the University of Maine may put in a medical course. New England needs country doctors very badly.

But for those people who come to Chebeague the island has a special charm in that visitors find themselves a part, not of a summer colony, but a part of a community that is the same the year around. Summer visitors to Maine have always been interested in Maine towns, and indeed Chebeague is a debtor to many summer people who have taken an interest in the island.

The Ballard family is one example which has always interested itself in Chebeague, and to make cooperation more possible between summer people who often stay on Chebeague from May to October, there has been formed the new Chebeague Council to tackle some of the major problems which are of benefit to all.

That the life of the island is attractive is evident in the fact of the former summer residents who come to the island to make their permanent homes. In the past year, no less than six such families have settled on the island. Two of the heads of these families were professors in New England Colleges, one the officer of a department in the Boston school system, and three are prominent business men from Boston, Bridgeport and New York. To live among people who still retain their individuality in a world becoming more and more regimented is perhaps the answer.

Around the edge of the island dwell families that have occupied these same places for years. In an older designation the young people divided the island dwellers into four classes according to geographical location, the Cannibals (derivation unknown) the Pebble-Grinders (also unknown), the Tee-Hees (perhaps an ancient Indian tribe) and the Stingy Hillers (a name

Tides and storms undermine the centers of island industry—the fish and lobster houses.
Food production planning and layout loft.

which has outlived its usefulness). Then there are clans, grouped by families but scattered everywhere.

First of all, I think that the residents will give first place in point of numbers to the Hamiltons. It used to be said that if you threw a rock into the air on Chebeague it would come down on a Hamilton or a Doughty. The Hamilton family tree is a wonderful and complicated thing but its roots go way back to the island’s beginnings. Then the Doughtys, whose name is variously Doty and even Doten in the genealogies, and that of course is Mayflower. Besides this you have the Curits, the Bowens, the Rickers, and many others.

Our life on the island is democratic and sturdy, quite obvious from the island's history and the strenuous occupation of its people. Yet we have a good church and a very active pastor, good teachers, some social clubs, the Mayflower Club and the PTA among them. Our local PTA has been a pronounced success in its first year under the leadership of Mrs. Warren Hamilton and while we haven’t got a good central school yet, we have at least got some sand for the pupils of the West End school to play in.

We have farms too, such as Robert Tristram Coffin describes — “farms where the corn hangs over the tide”— farms like those of Ed Jenks and George Higgins and Howard Curit. Our west end might be an old England fishing village with its wharves and boats, and our three stores, Leonard’s, Kom-Losy’s and Bert Mansfields are the gathering places of everybody. We do miss Henry Bowen’s presence in the store he ran for so long, and regret his retirement, but we find Martha a very amiable and efficient storekeeper.

Some old things have passed away, like the Rose farm on Rose’s point. When we lowered old Robert Rose into his last resting place in the cemetery, John Small spoke up and said: “Well, that’s the end—six feet. Six feet is all you get. It doesn’t make any difference if you’re great or small, rich or poor, six feet is all you get.” Ed Jenks who stood beside me said: “Yes, that’s democracy.” And indeed he was right.

Maine fishermen broke all records for dollar value income during 1945, according to the annual fish landings report issued by the Sea and Shore Fisheries Department. From all species of fish Maine fishermen grossed $12,106,699 for an increase of $3,238,887 over the 1944 total. This value jump was due not only to price increases, but also to a 25 million pound increase in landings for a 1945 total of 199,292,942 pounds.
Learning by Doing

By CLARENCE DAY

The amazing wartime record of Maine’s 15,000
4-H Club members, with several national “firsts”
points up one of the State’s greatest assets.

Draught figures sometimes tell colorful stories. This is quite true of
figures on the activities of 4-H
clubs in Maine during the recent
World War. Maine had 5,769 4-H
club members in 1941 who completed
6,302 work projects. Since then
about 15,000 members have completed
about 17,000 work projects each year.

Club work offered a splendid op­
portunity for the young people of
rural Maine to have a real place in
the war effort, and they responded
with enthusiasm. One of the require­
ments of 4-H club work is that mem­
bers shall keep an account of the costs
and receipts in their project work.

These accounts show that since Pearl
Harbor Maine’s 4-H club members
have produced or canned food valued
at $2,539,657. Most of this product
was used in the families of the club
members themselves. Thus an equal
amount of food produced by com­
mercial farmers was released to the
regular channels of trade.

Club production included such items
as 1,237,495 pounds of snap beans,
4,749 bushels of dry beans, 841,442
pounds and 203,748 dozens of sweet
corn, and 527,584 bushels of potatoes.

Club members raised 1,113 acres of
gardens, and have raised or cared for
335 beef animals, 7,718 dairy animals,
and 322,904 hens and chicks. They
also canned 409,962 pints of food,
chiefly products of the home garden.

While they were doing their club
work, most of these young people were
also helping with the regular work on
the home farms. Many of them were
taking, as well as they could, the
places of older brothers or hired men
gone to war. They were also learning
good methods of farming and
home making—how to do by doing.

Maine’s 15,000 4-H clubsters had
many other war activities besides the
production of food. They collected
vast quantities of waste paper, tin
 cans, scrap iron, and old rubber.
They gathered, and still gather, waste
fats and turn them in to the local
butcher. Many clubs and club mem­
bers are members of the Red Cross,
and have collected clothing for Euro­
pean relief and made contributions to
war chests.

Club members have sold or pur­
chased war and victory bonds valued
at more than a million dollars. Carolyn
Harmon of Perham, club member
and student in the Caribou High
School, sold bonds valued at $121,300.
As a reward she received a free trip
to Washington, D. C., the gift of a
local organization.

The Sea Breeze Club of Jonesport
went far afield. A son of the local
leader was with the army in the
Philippines. He wrote home that the
Filipino girls where he was stationed
would like to do sewing. They had
a sewing machine but no needles, no
thread, and very little material. So
the Sea Breeze girls scoured the town
for sewing-machine need­les and
thread, made up a box of bright
colored ribbons for good measure, and
sent them to the girls on the other
side of the world.

Fifteen 4-H boys and girls showed
baby beef animals of their own rais­
ing at the Northern Maine Fair at
Presque Isle last fall. The animals
were sold at auction after the exhibit
was over. The highest price of 58½
cents a pound was paid for the 995­
pound baby beef grown by Willard
Doyen of Mapleton, which brought
$707. Total weight of the fifteen ani­
mals was 12,726 pounds and they
brought $5,757 to their youthful own­
ers. One baby beef was the property
of the Merry Workers’ 4-H Club of
Caribou, Mrs. Earle Blackstone, lead­
er. The club donated the proceeds
from its sale to the Caribou High
School for a frozen foods locker.

All this has been emergency war
work, or regular club work adapted
to war needs. But 4-H clubs have
been active in Maine ever since 1913
when F. H. B. Heald organized the
first successful club in Scarboro in
co-operation with the Agricultural Extension Service, University of Maine. Mr. Heald had just retired as club leader, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in the United States in point of continuous service.

Club work is a part of the educational program of the United States Department of Agriculture. There are now more than a million club members in the United States, and the club idea has spread to Canada and several other foreign countries. Objectives are to teach agriculture and home economics to rural boys and girls and to train them for citizenship. Actual production of food, except for the war years, has been a means to an end rather than the end itself.

Each organized 4-H club has a local leader who supervises the work of the members. Clubs have officers, hold regular meetings, practice parliamentary procedure, and have a definite program of work. Each member enrolls to carry one or more club projects. Standard projects in Maine are canning, cooking and housekeeping, room improvement, sewing, poultry keeping, and gardens, beans, corn, potatoes, pigs, dairy animals, and chick raising.

Club members range in age between 10 and 21 years. Their prime objective is educational and they learn to do by doing. For example— the 4-H club boy learns how to raise pigs by raising pigs, and how to grow potatoes by growing potatoes. The 4-H girl learns how to cook by cooking and how to keep house by keeping house. Under the guidance of their parents and club leaders, of course.

Club members are divided into three groups according to age. Those between ten and high school age are Juniors, those of high school age are Seniors, and those beyond high school age are Young Farmers. Club projects increase in size as the club member grows older. For example, juniors in the canning project are required to can 25 pints of fruits and vegetables; seniors are required to can 50 pints; and young farmers are required to can 100 pints of fruits, vegetables, meats, and fish. Many canning members do more than the minimum requirements. Some girls have done all the canning for their mothers and have even canned for the neighbors and for sale. The same holds with other projects.

Each member is required to keep an account, to make a report at the end of the year, and to exhibit some of his product at local, county, and state contests, if requested to do so. Because of the age grouping the younger members do not compete with older ones.

The official name is “Boys’ and Girls’ Clubs in Agriculture and Home Economics.” Long and clumsy, you say. So say we. The shorter name “4-H Club” is derived from the club pledge and the club emblem. The pledge, repeated at each meeting when the club also pledges allegiance to the flag and the country for which it stands, is:

“I pledge my head to clearer thinking, my heart to greater loyalty, my hands to larger service, and my health to better living for my club, my community, and my country.” The emblem is a four-leaf clover with a capital “H” on each leaf. The “H’s” stand for the same four-fold development of head, health, heart and hand as the club pledge.
The Perkins Valley 4-H Club of Woodstock, highest ranking club in Maine in 1942, 1943, 1944. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Appleby were club leaders.

The local leaders are the backbone of 4-H club work and without them the whole program would collapse. They are public-spirited men and women who are interested in the welfare of the boys and girls in their communities. They give their services freely and often times devote long hours toward making the work of their clubs a success.

Club work in Maine is one of the activities of the Extension Service, College of Agriculture, University of Maine, in cooperation with the United States Department of Agriculture. Kenneth C. Lovejoy is state 4-H club leader, and Sylvia Poor is assistant club leader. From their headquarters at Orono they supervise club work throughout the state. The Extension Service also has fourteen county club agents who serve the sixteen counties in Maine. These are the only regular paid workers.

Club work has always had the active support of many individuals and organizations. Banks, Service Clubs, Granges, Farm Bureaus, and Chambers of Commerce are among those that have given prizes to club members or made county and state meetings possible. For example: The Maine Farm Bureau Federation gives an award to the highest scoring club in the state each year. During the four war years the winning clubs were the Perkins Valley Club, of South Woodstock for the years 1942, 1943, and 1944, and the Yankee Club, of Daigle, in 1945.

During the earlier war years through the interest of former Governor Sewall, and the Executive Council, money was provided from the State Emergency Fund to engage special workers who assisted in supervising the greatly increased number of club members. The increased enrollment was secured largely through the schools with the cooperation of State Commissioner of Education Gilson and teachers and school authorities.
Guilford grammar school pupils sign up for 4-H “Food for Victory” projects. L. to r., Anita LaBree, Irene Andrews, John Littlefield, Clarence McEwen.

The rapid increase in club membership which resulted made it possible for the Extension Service to secure local leaders who could devote sufficient time to conduct a regularly organized club with a complete program of educational work. However, more than a thousand busy men and women volunteered each year during the war to act as victory guides for 4-H’ers right in their own neighborhoods. The victory guides saw that the members started their projects, carried them through, and made the necessary reports at the end of the year. Local leaders and victory guides alike deserve our highest praise.

There is one record of which Maine club people are very proud. For more than a decade now Maine has led the United States in the percentage of club members who complete their club project work. That is, more of the club members who start their projects actually finish them than in any other state. Maine is still living up to her state motto, “Dirigo,” I direct.
Every year about this time most of us have decided that Spring can be very far behind Winter, Shakespeare to the contrary. The sun seems to have got himself stuck at a little less than half-way up in his climb between the winter and summer solstices, and the piles of snow look just as big as they ever did.

Nevertheless, folks go around talking about the spring planting, this year's vacation, or putting some calk and paint on the fishing boat, depending on their occupations and where they live. Everything's going in high gear except the weather.

Then, with its customary lack of formality, Spring bounces in. Outdoor activity, confined mostly to shovelling snow up to now, takes up again as if it hadn't slackened off last Fall. Hilltops show new green; ice cracks out of lakes and rivers; water runs to the four points of the compass as the snow melts... Spring has come to Maine.

An old-time spring occupation in our northeast state was maple sugar-ing. In early farming days maple syrup and sugar often took the place of precious white sugar as a sweetening agent. History usually manages to repeat itself in one way or another, and the pressure of wartime shortages has restored the maple products in large part to their former places on the pantry shelf.

We include in this issue a few of the more popular maple sugar and syrup recipes with the hope that you will find them helpful as well as appetizing.

Maple Sugar Biscuits

These are royalty in the biscuit family though, according to the rooters for the old-fashioned sour milk variety, somewhat of young upstarts in their line. Versatile, they're a treat at the ordinary meal, or much in keeping at an elaborate spread.

2 c. flour Salt
2 1/2 tsp. baking powder Sweet cream

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Mix with enough sweet cream to make a soft dough. Roll out 1/2" thick. Spread with melted butter or margarine (if desired) and sprinkle with shavings of maple sugar. Roll as you would a jelly roll and cut in slices. Bake in a greased pan which has also been sprinkled with the sugar for about 20 minutes. Try adding nutmeats, too—especially walnut or pecan halves... good, and then some!

Corn Chowder

When both meat and fish were on the temporarily hard-to-get lists, Maine housewives devised ways of using native vegetables to produce dishes both savory and satisfying. And they're still doing it—often substituting a stew or chowder for a heartier main dish.

2" square of salt pork chopped or canned
1 medium onion whole kernel corn
3 potatoes 1 c. water
1 qt. milk

Dice salt pork fine and fry with the onion chopped until pork is crisp and brown and onions have begun to brown. Dice the potatoes, add the water and cook until tender, adding
the corn during the last five minutes of cooking. Add the milk and heat. Season to taste. A piece of butter may be added, but old-timers hold that it spoils the true salt pork flavor.

Cake Pudding

Not double talk, but the what-to-do with a few left-over slices of cake.

1 c. milk 1 tsp. cloves
2 tbsp. butter ¼ c. nuts, chopped
1 tbsp. molasses 1 c. raisings
1 tsp. cinnamon 1 tsp. soda

Mix together these ingredients and add to them enough dried cake broken in small bits to make a thick mixture. Steam in mold for two hours. Serve with a sharp lemon sauce, whipped cream or ice cream. Put it on the table hot or cold, to your own preference, but we'll take it hot—the old-fashioned way.

Lemon Sauce

c. boiling water Salt
¾ c. sugar 1½ tbsp. lemon juice
2 tbsp. flour Grated rind of ¼
1 tbsp. butter lemon

Mix together the sugar, flour and salt and add boiling water. Stir and cook until thickened. Add butter, lemon juice and rind. Serve hot.

Maple Gingerbread

A typical Maine adaptation of the plain gingerbread recipe, this country favorite has graced generations of dinner tables. Maple syrup to the fore again!

1 egg 1½ tsp. ginger
1 c. sour cream Salt
1 c. maple syrup ¼ c. shortening,
2 scant tps. soda melted
2½ c. flour

Beat egg well and add sour cream and maple syrup. Sift together twice the flour, soda, ginger and salt and add to the other ingredients, mixing thoroughly, then add the shortening. Bake at 325° to 350° for 35 minutes.

Ham Apple Pie

Home-cured ham and Maine orchard apples combine to make a rare treat among meat pies. Results are guaranteed ... it’s bound to please!

1/4” slices of ham 2 tbsp. brown sugar
Juice of ½ lemon 4 apples

Make alternate layers of the sliced apples and ham, sprinkling each layer of apples with a little sugar and finishing with apples on top. Sprinkle the top with lemon juice. Bake covered in a hot oven until apples begin to cook, then uncover to finish baking.

Maple Sugar Pie

Our hearty-eating forbears demanded pie in quantities as a necessary adjunct to meals ... often taxing the housewife's ingenuity, already limited in scope of materials. Imagination won and out of the off-season for fresh fruits and berries came this new pie filling.

1 c. maple sugar ¼ tsp. nutmeg
e 1 tbsp. flour 1¼ c. milk
2 tbsp. butter 2 eggs
½ tsp. salt

Beat the eggs until light and add one cup of the milk, the butter, salt and nutmeg. Dissolve the maple sugar, shaved very fine, in the remaining milk and add. Stir in the flour made to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Fill pie shell and bake. Delicious as is, better with candied fruit — or nut-topped meringue.

June L. Maxfield, assistant in the advertising department of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, completes a year with THE PINE CONE in the fourth of a series of articles featuring selections from the company's extensive file of famous old Maine recipes.
Charles E. Hicks of Los Angeles sends the following interesting item on the Pasadena Maine Association:

"Mr. W. E. Miller of the Pasadena Maine Association passed me your letter of inquiry regarding news from our Pasadena group. While I live in Los Angeles, I travel to Pasadena the first Thursday of each month to eat Maine baked beans with the Maine folks. Have done it for 19 years and the eight years before that I lived in Pasadena.

"I am enclosing a copy of the Pasadena Maine song written by a member of the Association, the late Dr. Odell T. Fellows.

"In April we are observing the 41st anniversary of the founding of the Pasadena Maine Association—and all those years without a break! They tried to serve other kinds of dinners, but none was satisfactory except the old fashioned baked beans, baked all day by a Maine lady. She also makes the brown bread.

"At the beginning of each meeting we sing the Maine song. Then we call the roll by counties. We observe all the holidays, take care of our sick, have a Christmas tree with gifts for everyone, and during the four summer months have picnics in one of the public parks the first Saturday afternoon of each month.

"We publish a little 'Flyer' each month (copies of which are enclosed). We would appreciate little squibs of Maine facts to insert in this 'Flyer' from time to time . . .

(Many thanks to Mr. Hicks and greetings to State of Mainers in Pasadena. We wish space permitted us to publish the California Maine Song and excerpts from the excellent monthly bulletins. We note that the membership goal this year is 100 and the loyal Pine Tree Staters in California have some grand get-togethers. To the 41st anniversary meeting in April will go a supply of Maine literature and copies of THE PINE CONE. Can other State of Maine Societies boast a longer record of continuous activity? We'd like to know!)

Massachusetts:

The Massachusetts Maine Daughters observed past presidents' night at the Hotel Vendome, Boston, on Feb. 14. Mrs. H. Forrest Kimball presided and Mrs. Chester A. Merrifield was chairman of the day. Guests of honor included Mrs. Horace A. Hildreth, wife of the Governor of Maine, Miss Marion E. Martin and Rep. Margaret Chase Smith.

New York:

The Maine Society of New York, organized in 1903, meets periodically "to cherish interest in the State of Maine; to promote good fellowship; to foster social intercourse; and to advance the welfare of members of the Society and of Maine people generally". Headquarters are at Concourse No. 7, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. They publish an excellent little booklet each year on
club activities. The Maine Women's Club of New York also is an active organization keeping alive interest in the old home state. We hope to have more news of these two groups in the next issue.

Washington:
The State of Maine Society in Washington received national publicity with its Maine Lobster Dinner at the Department of Interior in February. While the Society is one of the smallest State organizations in the Capital, it is rated as one of the most active. Only 400-odd guests could be accommodated at the dinner, but there were more than 2,000 requests for tickets. Maine lobsters and other food products were shipped to the event by Maine producers. Even the water, plastic dishes and decorations came from Maine. The State of Maine, the Maine Development Commission, the Maine Sea and Shore Fisheries Department, the Maine Delegation in Congress, the Department of Interior and the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service, the Washington and American Hotel Associations and two members of the Maine Hotel Association cooperated in staging the affair, which caused considerable comment in the Capital.

* * *

St. Petersburg:
The Maine State Society has its headquarters in the Tourist Center Building, 4th St. & 3rd Ave. S., and numerous social events and get-togethers of Maine people were held during the Winter season.

* * *

Two-Bagger
Maine scored twice in the March 9 issue of the Saturday Evening Post. The front cover was a dramatic color painting of Port Clyde Alvin Chadwick and his grandson pulling lobster traps by the old fashioned dory and hand hauling method. Artist Mead Schaeffer spent a portion of last Summer at Port Clyde getting photos from which he made his painting. As the Post tells it:

"A couple of visitors from Maine dropped into Artist Mead Schaeffer's home in Arlington, Vt. Schaeffer told them he hoped to get up their way soon, on a search for material. He was going to paint a lobster fishing picture, as lobster fishing is done in families where father teaches the skill to son. The visitors listened to a long description of just what Schaeffer wanted, and should have been impressed with an artist's willingness to search the whole seaboard for precisely the right spot. But all they said was: 'Port Clyde'. Mead went to Port Clyde and found exactly what he wanted."

The second hit in the same issue of the Post was a lengthy selection of portions of "Yankee Storekeeper", by Ralph E. Gould of Madison and Anson. The editors thought so much of the new book they printed three times the length of the average Post article—and warned readers it would take about an hour to read it all, because they were sure once the reader started, he would not want to stop until he finished the article. Book trade journals uniformly are predicting that "Yankee Storekeeper" will be a best seller. The latest Maine author is an uncle of John Gould of "Farmer Takes A Wife" fame.

Here's an excerpt from one trade journal:

"The Gould shop-counter odyssey, going back to the bed-rock and tough fibre of America, is part of an all-Gould literary renaissance, centered in Maine. It is strictly homespun and a yard wide, allowing for natural shrinkage, of course.

"Mr. Gould claims he has retired. All he does in retirement, it has since leaked out, is to operate several timber and firewood lots, three or four orchards and a ham-smoking business at Madison, Maine."

* * *

Maine's Upside-Down Hill
In Maine there is an upside-down hill that seems to contradict the law of gravity.

This one is just outside the little town of Wilton, on Route 2. It was discovered just a few years ago and has caused more arguments than contemporary politics.

Going out of town one comes to what appears to be a decided down grade that twists around a sweeping curve; yet motorists going down hill find that they have to step on the accelerator, or else they come to an ignominious stop.
If they proceed to the foot of the spooky hill and shut off the motor, they immediately begin to coast back­wards—up hill. Starting up from scratch, the car will attain a speed of about 15 miles an hour until it reaches the steepest part of the hill, where it will stop and stick as if anchored.

Even surveyors, who have squinted through their instruments, have not been in complete accord. Some have claimed that there isn’t any grade at all, while others say what looks like downhill is really uphill.

Nina F. Rice, Richmond

Mr. Spinney got a quick response to a statement he made in the annual school report, just off the press. “We can thank God, Dr. Webb and Mrs. Higgins”, he states, “that the diseases of childhood have not become academic.” A lady promptly called Mr. Spinney up and said she thought it was pretty decent of him to put Dr. Webb and Mrs. Higgins in the same category with God.

From Ramblings, in the Brunswick Record.

Elsie Crane is full out on Rat Extermination. At their Bog Lake camp last week Elsie started a fire in the cook stove. A moment later the commotion in that firebox was a plain heller. Elsie grabbed a stove hooker and lifted the lid, when whingo! the daddy of all rats scattered embers all over the place as he catapulted from the inferno. Elsie’s articulator hit high C. Don grabbed a sled stake and killed what is probably the biggest singed rodent ever to invade the Bog Lake Deestrict. Our wire rat traps have everything but an oven attachment and Machias is a good place to trade.

From Hill’s Hardware ad in the Machias Valley News-Observer.

Ed Leach of Dark Harbor is responsible for the story about the milkman who drove a scrawny horse. “Where did you get that old skate?” a bystander asked him one day. The milkman, who was a local wag, replied: “I got the frame from Sears-Roebuck and put the skin on myself.” The same milkman was approached by a woman who scolded him for delivering sour milk to her. “I can tell you what the matter is,” said the dealer, “your iceman has been selling you hot ice.” And they say that the woman gave the iceman an awful call down.

From The Black Cat in the Rockland Courier-Gazette

When a person makes the statement “Maine has nothing to offer,” he either has not lived in Maine, or, if he lived there for a period of time he has taken it for granted. But if that person were to travel throughout the country, I doubt if he could find any spot or any state that could compare with Maine especially with scenery. Then he begins to realize what Maine does have to offer, and he learns to appreciate Maine for all its natural beauty.

I know how true this is because I have traveled a great deal in the past three years, and I have as yet to see any place to compare with Maine.

Right now I am in the Palm Beach, Florida, where there is no beautiful scenery to speak of. A few years ago this section was just a barren waste of land, what few trees, foliage growth there are here are “artificial”, that is, they were transplanted. There are no beautiful lakes, rivers, hills, mountains or forests down here. I also miss walking down Main Street and being greeted by everyone. I know, of course, this is a tourist’s country, but so is Damariscotta; and I can honestly say that the people who come to Damariscotta to spend their summers are treated with more hospitality than those who come to Palm Beach to spend their winters.

As I have said, I miss my hometown and all that it stands for very much. I am looking forward to that day when I shall be in Damariscotta once more. This all leads to one point: “There’s no place like home,” and especially when it is Damariscotta, Maine!

Harriette L. Hall, in the Lincoln County News
A state forest products laboratory to determine new uses for waste from wood turning mills is being urged by a research committee of the Legislature. Experts believe it would enable the mills to double or treble output from the amount of lumber now being used, if waste could be fashioned into new products instead of being burned for power.

Photo Credits:

Cover: "It's a salmon!" By the old mill at Edes Falls, Crooked River, Naples. Taken by John A. Marshall, Portland.

Maple Sugar scenes: Harry A. Packard, Norway.

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Recent and Forthcoming Maine Books
(1945-46)

(Compiled by Charles E. Campbell, Campbell’s Book Store, 604 Congress Street, Portland 3, Maine)

“Conversations With An Unrepentant Liberal”, by Julius S. Bixler. Yale. $2. (To be published in May).

“Poems for a Son With Wings”, by Robert P. T. Coffin. Macmillan. $2.75.


“Yankee Storekeeper”, by R. E. Gould. McGraw. $2.50 (To be published April 2).

“Maine Charm String”, by Elinor Graham. Macmillan. $2.50. (To be published in May).


“Nine Mile Bridge”, by Helen Hamlin. W. W. Norton & Co. $2.75.

“Dud Dean and Other Tales”, by Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr. Coward-McCann. $3. (Previously published by the author and out of print. To be republished March 22).

“Storm Tide”, by Elizabeth Ogilvie. T. Y. Crowell Co. $2.75.


“Land of Enchantment”, by Dan Stiles. Sugar Ball Press. $2.75.
Homesick For Spring

By Lieut Edna A. Hurd, A. N. C.

I wanted, oh, more than anything
To be back there in Maine this Spring;
Back there where the world is clean and sane
And the earth is sweet from an April rain;
Where apple trees are a pink-white haze
In the sunlight slanting through country days;
Where the poplar leaves are silvery new
And the tall pines sing as they aways do;
Where the good black earth is warm with sun
And there's deep, deep peace when the day is done.

Forgive me, Lord, that I'm homesick for Maine . . .

Some will never know Spring again.

(Written during 33 months overseas as an Army nurse)