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Maine Auction

By Elizabeth Mason

If you ever get the "fever", you're apt to find "antique-ing" one of the most fascinating of all hobbies.

Ever been to a Maine auction? It's the summer visitors' drama, the collector's sport, the dealer's gamble and very often the owner's personal tragedy.

Attending auctions is one of the spectacular phases of the sport, hobby, serious occupation or consciously-induced fever known as "antiqueing". It can mean all things to all persons. Whether you go to an auction with the definite idea of picking up some particular item, or just to have a look-see, or just to brazenly peer into other people's business and emotions, the occasion is rare when you won't come away at least with the satisfaction of having been close to the elemental roots of life.

Auctions are as old in the human race as trade and commerce and almost as old as barter, which often is a delightful accompaniment of auctions. In Maine, you can expect almost anything to happen at an auction and it usually does, even to the experienced auctioneer himself, who every so often proves to his own consternation and the delight of his audience that he is made of the same basic stuff as the rest of us.

Recently, at a Brunswick household auction, one item had the auctioneer momentarily stumped. It was a glass eye. Just an item in the miscellany, neither blue nor brown in color, not necessarily of any use to anyone, just a glass eye. Not feeling that the eye would be regarded as a piece de resistance in itself, he decided to group it with an old-fashioned mirror and several other furnishings. The woman who purchased the lot, really wanted the mirror. Then she traded her surplus booty on the side with a second-hand dealer from Auburn, who really wanted the furnishings. Some day we'll have to do a little sleuthing to try to catch up with the trail of the glass eye.

I know that many PINE CONE readers have been to Maine auctions and I have attended scores myself, because they are one of the things that fascinate me. One especially stays in mind, although I won't say it can be called "typical". This is why I remember it so well:

The auction was held at the old home of a family well-known for three generations in a Maine coastal town. The eight-room house, with a big attic and shed, was full with the accumulations of several life-times. The old barn, too, was full of ox yokes, hayracks, tools and gadgets, to say nothing of Nellie, Bert's old horse that had followed him around like a shadow and nibbled lump sugar out of his pocket.

Nellie, like the chairs in the house, had reached the antique stage, but here she was still going on after Bert's death. You couldn't help but feel sorry for her and want to know that she got into good hands— and that was true of the things they were bringing out of the house and piling up in front of the barn. Everything around that place had meant a lot to its owners, you could tell. Some of it was shabby, but with a sort of dignity given by good use.

Lucy, Bert's wife, had died several years before, but Bert, up to his death, had been hale and hearty and would still be there enjoying his place but for the pneumonia that caught him down and bested him just about the time a telegram came saying that Bert's only son had been killed in the war.

It was a sunny day as the people came streaming up the driveway under the old elms. The auctioneer, Al, had hired a couple to set out a lunch for the crowd and quite a lot had brought their own picnic baskets, just for the outing. Some of the summer people had their chauffeurs bustling about setting up camp stools for them.
I went over to where Al was checking the list with his clerk. Al is pretty well known in auctioneering in that section and, although he has been at it nearly thirty years, his voice has not been dimmed for the exercise. I asked him how things were going this Summer and he said it was big business, all right—had an auction every day the past week.

Having a lot of antique dealers and collectors prowling around the countryside doesn't always leave the best stuff for auctions, he commented, and sometimes you have to put together the estates of several people to make a decent show and proper bait. He observed that the crowds are quite fussy now and keep asking for more antiques, and what are you going to do if the attics ever get all cleaned out? Then these last few years, the shortages have been such that the folks have used a lot of their grand-folks' clothes, cooking utensils and such, because they couldn't get new ones.

Well, Al rambled on, it's a wonderful time to clean up on odds and ends and even what seems like junk to some. Folks sort of glory in fixing up old feed buckets into lamps and even grow ivy in mustard cups and such. He said auctions aren't as good for visiting among local folks as in the old days. Folks run around to the movies and play a lot and don't seem so social with their neighbors.

And so Al rambled on and on, mentioning about people collecting everything from butter molds to buttons, how it was like a fever with some, how an auctioneer must always be honest if he is to stay in business, how benefit auctions are always helping people out, even foreign relief, and all the while he was checking his lists with his clerk, Henry.

Al had to get on with his work, so I wandered around among the people, listening to the talk and thinking I might pick up a few handy things and maybe a souvenir or two to remember Bert's family by.

I saw a big stack of what looked like cloth and a number of the people "oh-ing and ah-ing" over it, so I went there first. Just as I thought, it was some of Bert's great aunt's hand-woven tablecloths and coverlets and in as perfect condition as you'd hope to find. Sheets with crocheted-edged pillow slips and such, all of which were bound to go high, considering present shortages. Everybody wanted it—the summer folks, the antique dealers and those of us who remembered the folks who made them.

A nice little lady was bending over a bushel basket full of stuff and whispering to her husband, "Oh, Jack, be sure to bid up to at least $25 on this. It looks like junk and maybe no one will notice these coin silver spoons. They match ours and are worth at least $2 apiece now. There are two dozen of them and they are in with all this plated stuff hidden under that awful premium glassware."

Wandering over to the furniture, I found a great hubbub. "Genuine Chippendale -- you just couldn't find it, my dear, even in a museum -- and it may go for a song."

I recalled that highboy well, for when I was a little one and used to get restless while father talked politics with Bert's father, his mother used to open the bottom drawer and take out the prettiest seashells I have ever seen. When the eager buyers turned away I pulled that drawer out and sure enough there were the shells. I wished I had the money to buy that highboy, but knowing Al I figured he would get what it was worth and it wouldn't go cheap, as the lady thought.

It was getting about time for things to begin and I decided to view it all from the barnyard fence, where I could pat Nellie and slip her a few lumps of sugar. She gave me a nuzzle of pleasure and seemed glad to have me shove close enough to push off a sharp featured individual who was looking her over and wondering if at thirty she was worth anything to him.
Burly, red-faced, rubbing his hands, Al climbed up on a big box in front of the stable door and his clerk rattled the cash box behind him. After signalizing the opening of events with a number of lusty shakes of a big cow bell, Al gave out with his spiel and as near as I can remember it, this is about how it went:

“Come on, folks the fun’s on. God give us a fine sunshiny day to all git together here and pick ourselves out some of the finest bargains and choicest articles you’ve seen at any auction this Summer. It’s a pleasure to see your bright and shinin’ faces—uh, what’s that lady?—you say mine shines too much? Well, if it does, it’s a credit to this fine, God-given air and sunshine Maine has that don’t ever git to you folks down in New York City—and it haint due to liquor neither.

“Naow, folks, let’s get down to business. Henry, my boy, hand me that lovely, little rocking chair, with the genuine needlepoint. Here we go, ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered? Hah, from the gentleman in the brown hat two dollars—Sir, you insult the fine woman whose toilworn hands worked these glorious colors. Now again, a reasonable offer, my friend. What? Four dollars from the lady in slacks!”

(Then in a whisper to Henry that could be heard all over the place, “She wears those slacks pretty nifty.”)

“What am I offered . . . four dollars—four-forty—make it the half—the half it is—five dollars—what, cuttin’ my prices—I don’t hear that five-thirty-five—the half do I hear—ah, six dollars from the feller with the cocker spaniel pup—Ladies and gentlemen, I implore you, don’t let this chair go to the dogs—no, wait a minute, I hear seven dollars—the half—eight dollars it is—wal, fair warnin’, I give you—going once for eight—going twice for eight—come on, any more? Going, going, Gone! Sold for eight dollars right down there to the lady in the slacks, and may I say you will be an ornament to that little chair, even in slacks.” (Aside to Henry, for the benefit of all, “More’n likely the lady who made that needlepoint wore pantalettes.”)

“Now folks, let’s have a little sport. Here we have a basket full of odds and ends. Who will take a chance on hidden treasure? I am offered fifty cents. Lady, have you bought a bushel basket, nice and tight woven like this one lately?—Wal, that basket alone is worth two dollars. Startin’ at the two dollars make it the half—the half it is—three dollars—the half again”—and Al carried the bidding right along up to $15.50, just by kidding the crowd into the spirit of a treasure hunt. The little lady who wanted it for the spoons got it and went off crowing.

THOSE FOLKS FROM there on rose like hungry trout to a good fly as Al kidded and hounded them into bidding what he thought an article was worth. The Chippendale highboy went to one of the ladies with a chauffeur and for the highest price of the auction. The chauffeur, with the help of the men, carried it off to the station wagon and looked as if he could bless out highboys to kingdom come—you just felt sorry the highboy had to go that way.

Here and there, little battle groups, as I call them, were getting together to corner items for one of their number. Children ran in and out through the crowd and several of the little girls were made happy when their mammas bought them some old dolls and doll clothes.

I had been wondering why one of Bert’s neighbors hadn’t already taken Nellie before the auction, but it seems all they thought of was how old she was and how little work she could do. I heard quite a few of the men arguing as to what she was worth, but they figured her worth in how she could work and not what she had meant to Bert’s family.

After a while Al called the crowd down for jabbering too much among themselves and decided a ten-minute intermission would do them no harm. I followed him over to his truck and asked him how he thought it was going. “Real good,” he said! “There’ll be a mighty nice sum for Bert’s grandson time sundown comes.” Then he told me that the place had been sold at private sale to some summer people and for a nice price, too. He said they were folks who had known
Bert and who liked the house and the folks in the village and figured some Maine air in their lungs might so to speak stretch their years out like it had most Maine folks.

And so it went through the day, as Al loosened up on his tie and gave the crowd his all when he was wound up and offering something he knew there was a big demand for. All the emotions were there, depending on what and how much every person was willing to let themselves in for. There was the imperious lady who nearly threw a fit when she didn’t get the sandwich glass she wanted, and then later knuckled to the antique dealer who got it and paid him $10 more than he had paid for the set. And I felt sorry for Bill Brooks, who wanted Bert’s plow more than any-thing else (he used to have it every Spring, anyway). But Bill couldn’t afford to bid up as high as young Higgins.

You might as well know the truth. For $35 I took Nellie home and she has our nice pasture all to herself. She and Shep are old friends, anyway. Far as I could see, about the only keepsake that little son of Bert, Jr. would ever see would be his dad’s bronze star.

If you ever go to a Maine auction, don’t forget I warned you it’s something like a fever and when Summer rolls around, where there’s an auction, that’s where you’re apt to be. If you don’t believe me come and see the truck I’ve got packed away in my barn, just because I couldn’t resist bidding at auctions.

Joseph W. Larrabee of West Bath, who has been accorded the title of Maine’s Clambake King, has put on his feasts of seaweed-baked lobsters, clams, corn and hot-dogs for thousands of Maine residents and visitors in the past 20 years. Not only does he put on his bakes at his New Meadows River home and other coastal points, but, by trucking the ingredients, seaweed, and cover canvas to inland points, he staged big bakes this summer at Belgrade Lakes, Island Falls, Livermore Falls, Bangor and other places. By partially filling barrels with heated rocks and then putting in the various layers and seaweed, all tightly covered, he also can “make the bake” while en route to his destination, the bake arriving steaming hot and ready to serve. Larrabee estimates he has served 5,000 persons this summer.
The University of Maine

By Dr. Arthur A. Hauck
President, University of Maine

With 4,000 students to be enrolled this Fall at Orono and Brunswick, Maine's State University is ready with a broad curriculum to care for the advanced educational needs of larger numbers of young people in a modern world.

The University of Maine, anxious to do its part in providing an opportunity for veterans to obtain a college education, and mindful of its obligation to recent high school graduates, is arranging to double its highest pre-war enrollment this fall. This means that 4,000 students will be enrolled, 3,200 at the main campus, Orono, and 800 at a unit organized at the Naval Air Station, Brunswick. Approximately three thousand of this total are veterans, including former students whose educational careers were interrupted by the war. There will be 700 women students at the Orono Campus.

Before World War II, the largest enrollment at the University was 2100 students, during the academic year, 1940-1941. This was the peak of a steady growth from the fall of 1868 when the first class of 12 freshmen registered to study with the faculty of two members. These first students were all men, but women were admitted four years later, in 1872.

The curriculum, as well as the student body, has changed since those days. Now a wide variety of degrees are granted in the Colleges of Agriculture, Arts and Sciences, and Technology, and in the School of Education.

The enrollment of regular students declined heavily after the United States entered World War II, as the
Students discuss studies, or perhaps war experiences, on the steps of Oak Hall. Former Staff Sgt. and Mrs. Vaughn R. Sturtevant have been assigned a home in one of the dormitories converted from war housing formerly at South Portland.

civilian men, and some women too, left for the services. The army, however, stationed an Army Specialized Training Program unit at the University, and the faculty, somewhat depleted by enlistments and leaves for scientific war research, was kept busy with this new responsibility.

As the war drew to a close the men started returning to the campus from military service. It was soon evident that large numbers of veterans were eager to secure a college education through the G. I. Bill of Rights. At the same time the applications from the recent high school graduates were also more numerous than usual. To meet the needs of both groups the University was confronted with a serious problem of rapid expansion.

Temporary buildings made available through the Federal Public Housing Authority have helped meet housing needs. These buildings, formerly used by ship-yard workers in South Portland, were taken apart in sections, trucked over the highways to Orono, and reassembled on the campus. At the south end of the campus, 23 apartment buildings accommodate 196 married couples with their families. At the north end of the campus, several rows of the single-story type of building are housing single men. Other plans for housing students this fall at Orono include accommodations (800) in 32 trailers, 11 family cottages, and eight university apartments. 154 veterans are living in barracks at Dow Field in Bangor.

All of the above units are, of course, in addition to the regular accommodations available at the University in permanent dormitories and fraternity houses. By these additions the University doubled housing facilities for students who will attend classes at the Orono Campus.

Adjustments have also had to be made for the use of facilities for instruction. In order to use classrooms, lecture halls and laboratories to the
fullest extent, a ten class-hour daily schedule has been arranged, with the possibility of holding some classes at night. But even all these measures would not take care of the needs of Maine young people for advanced education. Some months ago it was clear that the increased facilities at Orono would be inadequate; “waiting lists” were growing longer by the addition of hundreds of names. A committee appointed by the Governor recommended that the University undertake the organization of an “annex” freshman year off campus.

The only possibility of doing this was to find some location with facilities already adequate. When the Navy announced that its air base at Brunswick would be inactivated, negotiations were undertaken which resulted in permission for the University to use the base for educational purposes. This gives 800 more freshmen veterans the opportunity to start their courses in Agriculture, Arts and Sciences, and Technology. It is hoped to bring these men to the Orono Campus in the fall of 1947.

The facilities at Brunswick provide comfortable quarters for living, and adequate space for classrooms and laboratories. A chapel, an auditorium for concerts and dramatics, and facilities for recreation and athletics are available for student use. The creation of the new “annex” was accomplished through the active cooperation of many individuals, groups and agencies, including the Trustees of the University, the Governor and the Governor’s Council, the Maine Legislature, the U. S. Navy, and the Veterans Administration.

Closely allied to the establishing of the Brunswick “annex” is the construction of new permanent dormitories on the campus at Orono. The recent special session of the Legislature provided one million dollars for three dormitories and authorized the University to borrow another million dollars to complete the work. Sites

Navy Veteran Malcolm H. Miner and Mrs. Miner with their three-year-old twin daughters and a visitor in front of their trailer home on the University of Maine Campus. Miner is a senior, majoring in psychology and education.
for the buildings have been selected and work on construction is expected to be underway before the snow flies. We hope to be able to house students in these new dormitories in the fall of 1947.

Maine Alumni have had a large part in the development of the University. They contributed generously to the library now nearing completion. The construction of the Memorial Gymnasium and Field House which, as the name implies, is a memorial to the University men who fought and died in the first World War, was an alumni project. They now hope to provide a Union Building which will memorialize the 170 students and alumni who lost their lives in World War II, and to honor the 4,135 students and alumni who served in the armed forces.

In addition to teaching, the University must meet constantly increasing demands for services in other fields. The College of Agriculture, the Agricultural Experiment Station and the Agricultural Extension Service are busy helping to solve the problems of the potato and blueberry growers, the dairymen and poultrymen, other farmers and homemakers. Various industries are turning to the new Department of Industrial Cooperation for aid in solving their special problems.

The University can succeed in its broad and varied tasks only through the loyal service of those who teach its students and administer its programs. The members of its Board of Trustees give unstintingly of their time and energy to the affairs of the University. The present membership of the Board is made up as follows: Edward E. Chase, Portland, President of the Board; Mrs. Maybelle H. Brown, Waterville; Harry V. Gilson, Augusta; A. K. Gardner, Orono; Raymond W. Davis, Guilford; William S. Nutter, Sanford; Harold M. Pierce, Bangor; George S. Williams, Augusta; and Frank W. Hussey, Presque Isle.

While colleges and universities are doing their utmost to provide educational opportunities for veterans it is well to remind ourselves that those who have served their country in war have proved themselves worthy. They are serious of purpose and conscientious and persevering. What we do for them is not only for their advancement but a sound investment for the future of our country.

The problem of getting along with "in-laws" is a perennial one, as old as the institution of marriage and as new as the latest wedding. Years ago, in the days of the corn broom, a young girl married and went some distance away to live with her husband's family. When she returned home she was plied with questions. Was she treated kindly? Were they good to her? "Good to me," was the reply, "why, they will sweep all around me and never even ask me to move!"—A. L. P. in Rockland Courier-Gazette.
Hunting Can Be Fun

By Perry V. Greene

Your state of mind, plus observation of a few commonsense rules, is the key to enjoyment of a woodland trip, according to one of Maine's best known guides.

Just as in going fishing, there are two ways to go hunting and it all depends on your mental preparation. You can go at it for the sole purpose of killing and acquiring, or you can go at it for the sport, the companionship of others and the restoration of human morale that comes only by communing with the wonders of Nature.

From just a plain, commonsense view and aside from the fact that the first mental attitude is actually degrading, the second state of mind will ensure the greatest satisfaction from your hunting trip, regardless of whether you bag any game, such as deer, bear, coons, rabbits or game birds as we have here in Maine.

I have spent a lifetime, more or less, in the woodlands of the great Pine Tree State and Canada, and for me the wonder and excitement of woods life, the scenic beauty of sky and mountain and lakes and rivers has never palled. I have fished and hunted and guided with a cross-section of the human race as few others have been privileged to do. And I can spot at first glance those who will enjoy their excursion with Nature and those whose act of killing game only for the sake of bagging something will leave them with only a dry, bitter taste, both in their mouth and their soul. These latter people are, of course, the last in the world to admit that this is really all they get out of hunting, but it sticks out all over them.

So, if you plan to go hunting in Maine this Fall, I would advise that you approach the idea from the standpoint of recuperating your mental and physical being by getting far, far away from the turmoils and headlines. Then, if you bag a deer or bear, or knock down some partridge, pheasants or duck, your thrill of achievement will be doubled. You won't be cheating yourself as do so many others whose only object is to bring back a dead carcass.

While I love the woods and wilderness, anyway, as did Thoreau and so many others, the great forest stretches of Maine are my special haunt. The beauty of the Maine woods in Autumn is something you can never forget. The red, scarlet, brown and green of the hardwoods, pine and spruce make a living landscape that only Nature herself can produce. Through much of the Fall and Indian Summer you will want to enjoy the restful quietness of a wooded slope in the afternoon sun, watching the small wild life, seeing how busy the squirrels are putting away their Winter food. Observe the height at which they hang their spruce buds and it will be an indication of how deep the snow will be in the coming Winter. Other similar nature signs have been handed down to us from the Indians and our ancestors and as you learn about more of these, you will look for them more and more in the woods, adding greatly to the interest and enjoyment of your trip.

If you keep your ears alert you will hear the grandest music in creation—the singing of a brook, the sighing of the winds in spruce and pine, the chatter of chipmunks, the call of the Canadian blue jay and other forest songbirds, all combining into a magnificent symphony such as you can hear only in the North Woods.

Or, especially if the first good snow of late Autumn has fallen and the air is still as you pause on a woodland trail, you will "hear" the great hush that makes you feel that you and you alone are the sole mortal being in the universe. I think that is when I feel drawn closest to the Great Spirit that has given all these things to man.

If you decide to come to Maine for hunting for the first time, don't think you will be the only "newcomer" or "greenhorn". The vast majority of...
Maine residents themselves, even those who have gone hunting before, do not know the “ins and outs” of all parts of our great State. Many hunt in the same regions year after year and for their own particular reasons have no conception whatever of some of the other great hunting sections of Maine where the grandeur of mountains, lakes and forests can never be adequately described in word or picture.

For all those who do not have their “favorite” place and for those who like a change of scenery and hunting possibilities, the Maine Publicity Bureau in Portland, Bangor and New York is the official agency for information on Maine hunting camps and accommodations. Give them an idea on what you have in mind and they can almost always give you a choice within the range of your desires. All hunting camps and resorts are State-inspected and licensed and you will find that they vie with one another in satisfying appetites whetted by crisp air and exercise. Those which are poorly kept and not solicitous of their guests’ comfort and enjoyment are soon found out and don’t last many seasons.

Clothing and equipment is the next item of preparation and common sense should be the guiding rule here, also. Good wool clothing that fits, not too tight and not too loose, is essential. It must “feel good” if it is to be satisfactory. Breeches should not bind your legs, nor the coat sleeves cramp. Free action of all muscles is most important. Good, substantial footgear that you can walk freely in is imperative. If there is the slightest binding while walking, or even such an apparently insignificant thing as a lump or fold in your socks, it can be highly serious even when camp is only one mile away. Movement of foot and sock within the hunting boot should be just right, neither too much nor too little.

You can’t shoot anything without a rifle or shotgun and if you haven’t one of these, depend a lot on the advice of a reliable gun dealer. The important thing for a novice is to practice the handling and firing of a new weapon, so that you will have the “feel” of it before you go into the woods. At the moment you are about to shoot game, success will depend greatly on your automatic muscular reflexes, which you will have acquired to some degree if you have practiced handling your gun. “Buck fever” and tenseness, which all experience in some measure, even after years of hunting, can be reduced to a minimum if the free and easy handling and firing of your gun has been developed.

Every hunter also should carry a good compass and here again you should have practiced with it to the point where you have absolute confidence in it. As a conclusive test in the woods, set it down level on a stump, away from your rifle or axe. Where the needle points is North and don’t allow yourself to think otherwise.

A supply of matches in a waterproof container and a sheathed woods axe with at least a two-foot handle, preferably hung from a special harness in back between the shoulder blades so that it will be absolutely no bother while walking, and a hunting knife hung on a sheath from your belt in the rear of the hip, also should be carried. Your guide will advise you on whether or not to take the axe along.

In deer hunting season it is imperative that not an article of clothing that is apt to show be white. Red, scarlet, or even green and black are the usual colors of such clothing. Never carry a white handkerchief, but red, or blue or black. Just as in driving a car on the highway, you will be safest to always assume that the other fellow may be a fool. There will always be those who will shoot at anything that shows white (the color of a deer’s tail, or “flag”) and many hunters have been shot by these trigger-happy fools. For your own part, make up your mind that you won’t shoot at anything you’re not sure of and then practice it!

I have deliberately slanted these ideas for the “beginner” in hunting, but they are basic for all hunters. The man who claims he knows all about the woods and can’t learn any more is the one who gets into trouble the quickest.
Wherever possible, the hunter should obtain a competent, sensible guide, and rely on his advice. Most Maine resorts can supply such guides and the more competent the resort manager, the more he is apt to have satisfactory guides on call. If the weather forecasts are favorable, you may want to arrange a camping or canoe trip as part of your hunting vacation. Your guide or camp operator is at your service for this and will advise you on the weather outlook and the best places to go.

They, in turn, and the hunter, too, should feel free at all times to consult with the State Fish and Game Warden for the district as to hunting possibilities and other information on the subject. Aside from checking on violations, which is only a small percentage of their work, their job is to assist and protect the hunter and help make your hunting vacation as enjoyable as possible. They know their districts from A to Z and are at your service in their line of work. We State of Mainers believe our Fish and Game Warden service is the finest anywhere.

One of the pleasantest phases of a hunting vacation is lounging around a fireplace or campfire with the aroma of a Maine woods supper still drifting lazily about after a "heap o' vittles" have been stowed away in the place the Creator meant they should be. That is when the boys get to "shooting the breeze" and tell of that day's or another well-remembered day's luck, with always a "whopper" or two to enliven the proceedings.

One story I still get a kick out of telling happened some years ago when a party of four of us got into camp on a Wednesday night. We hunted all day Thursday, but it was dry and noisy and we did not see a thing. When we awoke Friday morning it was raining and snowing. I looked out the camp door and declared:

"Well, this is just the kind of day that I usually kill a couple of bucks."

I had no sooner said that when I realized I had stuck my neck out and the kidding began. Fortunately I had a new, all-wool suit, so I knew I could at least keep myself dry.

So, after a hearty breakfast, I started out. After travelling a couple of miles through alders and scattered trees, and kicking myself for letting my big mouth get me in all this, I saw something move in a clump of maples. Making sure it was a deer, I pulled up the old popgun, took a quick aim and touched her off. Just then a deer skyrocketed into the air, and automatically I let go with another shot. I went over and there lay a beautiful buck.

But the tracks and signs showed that a doe and the buck were standing together and when I shot the buck the doe jumped and I wounded her, thinking it was the same animal. I dressed off the buck and started to track the doe. If you have ever followed a wounded deer, you know that they always choose the worst possible places for a man to travel.

I had followed her for some distance when I came to a clump of three trees which had blown over. I decided to climb over them. Just as I got on top, I slipped, my gun went one way, I the other, and one foot broke through the brush pile. I felt something move under my boot and, take it from me, I got out of there in a hurry. I had just gotten hold of my gun when out came an old she-bear. I fired and hit her in the breast and down she went.

After all this I decided to go back and get the boys to give me a hand. And—this is the payoff—not more than ten rods beyond the bear we found the doe, which had finally given up the struggle.

So you see, good hunting is sometimes just as much good luck as it is good management. But good sense and being prepared for whatever may happen is the secret of enjoying a "heap o' livin' " when you go into the woods.

Perry Greene of Warren is also world's champion wood chopper and the world's only breeder of Chinook dogs (PINE CONE, Winter, 1945-46).
Maine Communities:

Rockland

By Richard A. Hebert

A million-dollar commercial fishing project and civic reorganization starts an historic Maine seaport into a new century of industrial, commercial and residential expansion to brighten the outlook for the entire Penobscot Bay area.

When a community starts along the comeback trail, the first faint stirrings of its rejuvenation are seldom noticed. Only in the vision of its leaders, who have quietly rolled up their sleeves and carefully laid the foundations for a new community structure, are the broad outlines of the new civic edifice visible.

Then the framework goes up and suddenly all citizens can see, in their mind's eye, much the same vision of a new and greater community as the leaders among them have seen. From being just a "gleam in the eye" of a few men, the new spirit sweeps through the community like new life in springtime. Instead of "talking poor-mouth", as the coastal Maine vernacular has it, everyone suddenly becomes a booster. Everyone feels like rolling up his sleeves and going to work. Everyone is willing to put in his share of the effort that will make his community a better place in which to live.

That is my impression of the transformation I have seen taking place in Rockland during the past twelve months. From a community which seemed to be drifting listlessly, apparently exhausted after the hectic economic and civic exertions of World War II, Rockland now approaches the second century of its civic history in an atmosphere of confidence and promise. It is building for the future on a whole new set of economic and community foundation stones.

Protected from the open Atlantic by a broad promontory of granite and pine known as Owl's Head, the City of Rockland lies just inside the southwestern entrance to mighty Penobscot Bay, largest indentation in the center of the Maine coastline. At the northern end of its extensive, C-shaped, deep water harbor a long granite breakwater gives protection from the sweep of storms from the north and east. In the rear of the city, to the north and west, loom the Knox County hills, serving an appreciable role in breaking the edge of severe weather sweeps from that quadrant.

Historically, Rockland is a seaport city, the base of an extensive fishing industry, the commercial center of a large trading market area, and, more recently, the seat for much diversified industry.

In the past, Rockland became known as "The Lime City" because of its manufacture and shipment of lime. Immense deposits of limerock underly most of Rockland and neighboring Thomaston and Rockport and while Rockland still manufactures lime, but almost entirely for agricultural purposes, the adjacent town of Thomaston to the west and south is the site of the largest cement plant in the East, the Lawrence Portland Cement Company.

Today Rockland contains no less than a score of large and small industries, ranging from shipbuilding to clothing. But its principal industrial activity is and will continue to be the servicing and processing of the products of the sea. For the brightest star in Rockland's economic prospectus today is the definitely committed $1,000,000 construction and expansion program of General Seafoods Corporation, which will make Rockland the base of that organization's North Atlantic fishing operations and the third largest fishing
Aerial view of a section of Rockland's busy waterfront. In center foreground is the Coast Guard Base; to the right of it is the O'Hara plant for fish processing and freezing, with two draggers tied up in front. At left center is the former Underwood plant, now used as a processing and freezing station of the General Seafoods Corporation. At the extreme left is the community waterfront park, Yacht Club and public landing.

For a city of only some 9,000 persons, albeit drawing on a market population area of 50,000 this, and accompanying industrial and economic developments and prospects, means "big" business.

In its civic planning, Rockland was "ready" recently when the big economic news broke and the deal was ratified and blueprinted. For months her leading citizens had been meeting in study groups and jointly, poring over every major phase of municipal government and, by analysis and mutual agreement, drawing up the broad outlines of a community structure.

Thus, altogether, large groups of Rockland citizens participated in the framing of a charter and ordinances which, after approval by the voters, went into effect the first of the year. In the opinion of the new City Manager, Frederick D. Farnsworth, Rockland has the finest set of community laws in New England today, close to public management ideals.

Backbone of this municipal planning, in the finest traditions of American democracy, are the advisory boards of citizens which advise and make recommendations to the City Council. Key among these groups is the Planning Commission, which is charting Rockland's development along zoning, industrial and commercial expansion lines. An advisory Board of Appeals gives hearing to citizens who have been refused building permits. To the Board of Assessment Review, unique in Rockland, any taxpayer may take his tax complaint as to an informal jury of his fellow citizens, who will study and give opinion on the merits or lack of merit of the complaint. A Personnel Advisory Board, working through the City Manager has been instrumental in installing the merit system for municipal employees and participation in the State Pension and Retirement
System will start Nov. 1. The functioning of this board will ensure a constantly better quality of civil servant for Rockland and will keep community personnel in pace with the growth and development of the community.

The Recreation Advisory Board is charting the development of facilities and activities in its field and the Library Advisory Board is actively functioning in that important area of community cultural development. Rockland also has substituted one official, the Director of Welfare, for the old Board of Overseers of the Poor.

All these advisory groups form a connecting link between the city government itself and the citizens as a whole and have been designed to function in those areas of interest most important in Rockland at the present time. They bring directly into participation with the city government the thoughts and intelligence of representative citizens and community leaders. All reports indicate they are functioning splendidly and rapidly overcoming the fatal lack of interest which so often becomes the creeping paralysis of democracy.

One measure of the new concept of civic government in Rockland is the rigorous formula laid down for the passing of a new ordinance by the City Council. The new ordinance must run a rigid gamut of public hearings and publication at stated intervals and after the final public hearing and action by the Council a non-cancellable period of twenty days must elapse before the ordinance becomes law. Within that time, the people can petition for a referendum, which must be granted. In the opinion of Rockland's leaders, this may be leaning over backwards, but—it's democracy!

City Manager Farnsworth, a veteran in Maine municipal affairs, found a heavy debt load in Rockland when he took up his duties; a debt load which he frankly admits greatly limits the possibilities for immediate large-scale improvements in the community. The first fiscal policy of the new government, therefore, is to reduce the $300,000 debt and this will be done by paying off the first 10 per cent beginning next year. An adequate amortization plan has been worked out from there on.

He found other important problems, such as extensive debilitation of physical plant, both as to city property in general and the schools in particular. One solution for the latter problem will be to petition the next Maine Legislature for the establishment of a Rockland School District, which will be a separate fiscal entity, and therefore not subject to the constitutional debt limitations which the city, as such, faces today.

One definite present school plan will eliminate two old buildings by combining both in a new structure, while long range plans call for a better high school in a new location with complete sports facilities and field equipment. The school plans hinge greatly upon the acceptance by the voters of the School District setup, presuming the Legislature votes permissive action.

Rockland expects an allocation of $71,000 from the Federal Public Roads Fund, which, with matching State Government funds, will greatly improve urban routes. One such major project will be in the western section of the city and will take U.S. Route One back of the business district, instead of down congested Main Street as at present. This may be built next year. The City Government also is working out a five-year program to tar all the city's streets and State-aid construction funds are expected to help in this. Further development of recreational facilities also is high on the list of civic projects, including the development of a city park.

Further development of the public waterfront area, which now includes a fine public landing reopened after four war years, also is on the docket. A small, but modern building now houses the Community Yacht Club and is at least a start in the developing of facilities to attract small craft and yachts from the nearby islands in Penobscot Bay.

Mr. Farnsworth takes note of the new spirit which is abroad in Rockland with the observation that Rockland citizens want service and achievements from their government and are willing to pay for it if they
get it. He is confident that the city is on the verge of much new growth and predicts the addition of another thousand of permanent population during the next year.

**New Construction**, as in all other Maine communities, is spotty at the present time, due to lack of materials, and most of it is for veterans' housing. A new, three-story combination memorial and commercial building is, however, being built on Main Street, but a new creamery plant and the greater part of the $1,000,000 General Seafoods Corporation plant and development awaits release of materials.

The latter company has, however, already begun operations by establishing a fish processing plant and taking over the Snow Shipyards, third largest on the Maine coast, for building and repairing its own fleet. With four sardine and fish packing plants, including a large unit of F. J. O'Hara & Sons, Rockland is the leading fishing and lobster shipping port in Maine. Several plants manufacture food and chemical stabilizers from seaweed and kelp and are pioneering in new chemicals from sea products, while fish processing plants are expanding to take care of all fish waste, so that none is dumped into the sea.

Under City Manager Farnsworth and the City Planning Commission, a comprehensive zoning map has been drawn up, delimiting industrial and commercial areas, in which there is plenty of room for expansion, and a residential area which can be extended toward the western side of the city in some of the most attractively located and wooded areas.

**One of the Leaders** whose vision is bringing Rockland back to the forefront of Maine communities is Edward C. Moran, Jr., chairman of the City Council and former U. S. Representative and member of the U. S. Maritime Commission. After helping U. S. Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach reorganize that department as his special assistant, Mr. Moran returned to Rockland to devote his energies to his private business and to the rebirth of his home city.

How well he and associated non-partisan citizens built during the past year is becoming evident now in the progress and promise of their

*Left: Tidying up after unloading one of the Rockland draggers. Right: Part of a production line at the General Seafoods processing and freezing plant.*
community. In Mr. Moran's opinion, Rockland, which has so many natural advantages, should now be selective in its choice of new industries and should invite only those concerns which will stand on their own feet, not ask tax preferments, pay adequate wages and generally conform to accepted standards in sound employee relations.

He conceives that the community's share in encouraging the inception of new industries is to foster such community conditions, as in housing and health, as will be conducive to the location of a desirable labor supply in the community. Such factors, he believes, will prove beneficial both to workers and management and will serve the overall community well-being. As a specific example, he is a strong proponent of community assistance in modern housing developments, whether in encouraging group financial action or in providing municipal services for housing developments.

In other words, along with other Rockland citizens, he wants to make his community an ideal place in which to live, work and play. Along all these lines, Rockland business leaders expect that all types of construction, but especially homes, will see the greatest activity once materials become available. The situation in Rockland naturally greatly affects adjacent and nearby towns, such as Owl's Head, South Thomaston, St. George, Cushing, Friendship, Thomaston, Warren, Rockport and Camden, many of whose citizens work in or have their businesses in Rockland.

For all these places and also from the island communities in Penobscot Bay, Rockland is the nearest large trading center and its commercial leaders have made their plans to expand their businesses. The Maine Central Railroad runs five trains a day in and out of Rockland and regular boat schedules are maintained to the island and other coastal points.

Most spectacular transportation development is in aviation and newly-formed companies are now using the big Rockland Naval Air Base at Ash Point for charter freight and passenger flights to points along the East Coast and into the Canadian Maritime Provinces. Five-thousand-pound shipments of lobsters and other fish products out of Rockland are a regular line of business. Another flying service also has been established at the former Rockland Municipal Airport.

With all this new spirit of optimism in the Rockland area, its civic and service clubs also are feeling the rejuvenation and making their contribution to general community morale. The Rockland Chamber of Commerce, whose president, Fred C. Gatcombe, is generally credited with being the leader most responsible for the advent of General Seafoods into the community, is becoming increasingly active in the community's economic life. Mr. Gatcombe, former general manager of Snow's Shipyards, was retained as general manager for the General Seafoods Shipyards Division.

The Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions Club have all increased their memberships. The women's cultural and civic clubs also are important community organizations of many years' standing and include the Rubenstein Club (music), the Shakespeare Society, the Women's Educational Club, largest in town, the Methhebesec Club, the League of Women Voters and the Junior Women's Club. Nine churches in the community serve its religious needs.

No report on Rockland would be complete without mention of the city's famed newspaper, the Rockland Courier-Gazette. Chronicler of events in the Rockland and Penobscot Bay regions, the Courier-Gazette recently published a comprehensive centennial edition that drew Nationwide attention for its value as source material in depicting the progress of a community over a century.

Edited today by Frank A. Winslow, who began as cub reporter with the paper back in the Gay Nineties, it still retains the flavor and style imparted to it by the late famed W. O. Fuller, who edited this and predecessor Rockland newspapers for 65 years until his death in 1941 at the age of 86. Single-line top heads, with a two-or three-line bank, which often continue the sentence begun...
Winter scene of General Seafoods Shipyard Division, at the southern end of Rockland Harbor. Formerly Snow's Shipyard and third largest on the Maine coast, it will build and repair fishing vessels for General Seafoods, be the base of its North Atlantic fishing fleet. The old Maine Central pier at the right will be replaced under a million-dollar project for a giant General Seafoods Fish Pier with every available facility for fishermen.

in the top head, are still used by the paper today as they were in newspapers of a century ago. The Courier-Gazette is the only newspaper in Maine which still uses this headline style, the others having gone modern and even streamlined. But the pithiness and oftentimes pungency of the Courier-Gazette headlines are a more accurate indication of the strength and character of the copy found in the body type as Frank Winslow “lays it on the line,” in his news stories, his editorials and his widely-known “Black Cat” column.

Associated with him in the management of the newspaper are Mrs. Kathleen S. Fuller, widow of the late editor, as associate editor, and John M. Richardson, business manager and author of “Steamboat Lore of the Penobscot.” Both Mr. Winslow and Mr. Richardson pride themselves on the fact that they have had adjoining desks in the same small office for 25 years and their relationship is just as pleasant today as when they first became associated.

ROCKLAND originally was a part of adjacent Thomaston, which was first known as a trading post in 1630, and was set off and incorporated July 28, 1848, under the name of East Thomaston. Its name was changed to Rockland in 1850 and a city government organized in 1854. It broke with the mayoralty form of government last December and, as noted above, now has a City Council-Manager form.

As it nears the 100th anniversary of its incorporation there seems little doubt but that its present leaders will be able to start it off on its second century well advanced in a new pattern of civic and economic life that will bring it once again into the limelight as a leader among all Maine communities.
Free Spirit, right, moves up on outside to nose out Major K in a 2:09 box pace.

PINE CONE GOES TO A FAIR

BEGINNING IN MID-SUMMER, and extending into Autumn, Maine enjoys a succession of fairs in its sixteen counties, the larger and more extensive exhibitions being called State Fairs.

They provide entertainment and thrills for residents and visitors alike and this year have been as successful and popular as any season in their history.

The Skowhegan State Fair, holding forth for its 127th season, was no exception. As many as 30,000 persons crowded the fair grounds in the Somerset County shire town of 7,000 on a single day of this year’s fair.

For a pictorial record of some of the highlights of this fair, PINE CONE called on the cooperation of the Waterville Morning Sentinel, which gave the fair extensive daily news and photo coverage.

Typical ingredients of a Maine fair call for horse racing, horse and cattle pulling contests, judging of livestock, farm products, preserves and handiwork, a gala midway, with everything from merry-go-rounds to stunting and fireworks.

On this and the following pages are some of the “shots” which seemed to express the action and color of the fair as we saw it.
Every emotion is registered in this "railbird" and grandstand closeup as the horses cross the wire to end a thrilling race.

Theresa Banford, Skowhegan, feeds one of the small deer in the State Fish and Game Department's elaborate woodland exhibit.
Three young fairgoers, above, thrill to one of the whirl rides.

Below, Russell Savage, Skowhegan, gives a raccoon its first taste of ice cream, while Betsy Ann Carpenter pauses beside the waterwheel at the flower show.
Horse-pulling contests are one of the traditional institutions of a Maine fair. David Luce of Farmington holds one of his prize sheep, a registered Oxford Downs.
Professional stunt men thrill the crowds with exhibitions of motorcycle leaps and automobile crashes.
July 1 in this year of 1946 marked a most important step forward in the history and progress of the State of Maine.

On that date steam railroad locomotives, which, for 85 years, had hauled all the scheduled passenger and freight trains in and out of the Pine Tree State, bowed to progress as the Maine Central Railroad presented (with pardonable pride) the first of a fleet of big, new 4000-horsepower Diesel-electric passenger train locomotives.

Marking the start of what, as new equipment on order is delivered, will be a continuing improvement and complete modernization of Maine's principal railroad system, the first of the new Diesel-electric locomotives was quickly followed by others. Within a week from the time the first Diesel-electric locomotive ever to haul a train in regular service east of Portland took a special train of girl and boy campers from Portland to Lewiston and Waterville, all through passenger runs between Boston, Portland and Bangor were being made behind the sleek, silent and smokeless maroon and grey Diesel-electric engines.

The bringing to Maine of modern railroad motive power, and the fact that the road has on order (with long-delayed-by-strikes delivery now promised for early 1947) a fleet of modern, stainless-steel deluxe passenger coaches and restaurant-lounge cars, is not, by any means, the only contribution of Maine Central and the Portland Terminal Company to the progress and the future prosperity of the State of Maine.

Maine Central and the Portland Terminal Company have, for many years past, maintained an Industrial Development Department, principal duties of which are to seek new industries and to help them locate advantageously within Maine. Activities of this department were redoubled some four years ago with a view to assisting State and local community organizations such as Chambers of Commerce and similar civic bodies in attracting post-war industries to locate in the state. Efforts of this railroad department have, as is attested by scores of state and local officials, been responsible in no small measure for many new industries already located within Maine, as well as many others which currently are evincing an active interest in locating here.

It was an official of the Maine Central Railroad who, during the war, created much controversial discussion (much of it critical of his statements) when he told a group of recreational leaders gathered in another state to discuss plans for the extension of Northern New England's vacation industry, that the sights of the Yankee states seemed to be pointed at a large but not the section's principal target for insurance of post-war prosperity.

"Industry" this railroad official said, in substance, "should be our principal concern—not recreation or agriculture. While our recreational and our agricultural industries are important to Northern New England" he went on to tell the somewhat startled recreational leaders, "our principal concern should be, and our hope of future year-round future prosperity in Northern New England lies in industry. We are primarily an industrial region and in industry lies our only insurance of year-round, post-war prosperity."

Maine men, particularly those associated with the Development Commission and with the Publicity Bureau were quick to start pushing the
drive for industrial development, even as they continued to further extend the state's recreational and agricultural facilities.

MODERNITY—in all its phases—is a primary asset in the efforts of any state, or group of states, when seeking to attract new industry into an area. Maine Central and the Portland Terminal Company have long been aware of this fact and even as the war was at its height a committee of Maine Central officials, together with a group of Boston and Maine Railroad officials were conducting an extensive and thorough study of New England's post-war needs. Naturally this committee had as its major concern the future of railroad transportation in the territory the two roads serve.

The war proved, beyond all doubt, that the railroads of this country are, and will continue to be for many years to come, the principal means of transportation of both freight and passengers. Almost the first question a prospective locator of industry in Northern New England asks is "What kind of transportation have you got up there—how are your railroads and their equipment?"

Maine Central and the Portland Terminal Company have made sure that any Maine man can answer—and truthfully—that the state's principal railroad systems are providing excellent service today, as they did throughout the war, while continuing to further improve and to modernize their plants. While no large number of war-industries were located within the territory it serves in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, the Maine Central handled a considerable amount of war-time traffic. This traffic consisted both of the actual implements of war and of raw materials and manufactured goods which were used in the drive to victory.

Even during the war Maine Central kept improving its plant. The road's condition today is the best in its history and a progressively-continuing further improvement program
is already in progress. The Diesel-electric passenger locomotives, each costing $350,000, are but the first step in this further progress. It may be interesting to note, in passing, that these huge 4,000 horsepower engines are 142' 2½" in length, weigh 640,500 pounds and carry 2400 gallons of fuel oil and 560 gallons of lubricating oil. Included in their equipment is a heating boiler and they carry 3200 gallons of water to provide steam to heat passenger coaches when necessary. Perhaps one of the most important features of this new railroad motive power is the entire elimination of smoke and soot, together with the providing of a smoother and faster ride.

While the principal concern of an industrialist when a site for a new plant is considered is freight service for the carriage of raw materials and manufactured goods, the speed with which visiting buyers, etc., can get to and from a plant is also of some concern and these new Diesel-electric engines will, with the advent of the new Maine Central passenger coaches, result in a speeding up of passenger train service in and out of Maine. The elapsed time between Boston and Portland will be cut to about an hour and 45 minutes and the elapsed time between Boston and Bangor to about 5 hours.

Maine Central and the Portland Terminal Company maintain a traffic office in New York City, as well as at some of the other principal cities of the country. Many of the inquiries for possible new plant sites which have come to the railroad have come through these offices and also from an advertisement which is carried in the public timetables of the road. A majority of the inquiries are for existing manufacturing plants, large and small, although many inquiries are for locations to construct new plants.

Northern New England is, as almost everyone knows, under some handicap in the competition for post-war industries in that the region does not have any large number of the "ready-made" factories of defunct war industries which the national government sprinkled liberally over other parts of the country.

Once an inquiry is received the Maine Central's Industrial Development Department immediately seeks the aid of other Maine interests to aid in securing it, in order that the most complete and most favorable picture as to labor, labor costs, power rates, transportation, freight rates and other factors may be presented to the prospect. In some cases as long as three years has been spent by the railroad's Industrial Development Department in pursuing a prospect with aid, in the meantime, from other Maine organizations.

The railroad has, in several cases already constructed main side tracks to assist in attracting new industries into the State. For instance, Industries, Inc., of Portland has acquired more than 1,000,000 feet of land located between Anderson street and Marginal Way for an industrial site. In order to assist in this development the Portland Terminal Company removed its track from Marginal Way adjoining the project and built a main branch track of about 2,500 feet through the site, out of which private spur tracks will be constructed to serve industries locating there.

Utilities Distributors, Inc., has acquired the property at Thompson's Point in Portland, formerly owned by the Portland Terminal Company. It proposes to develop the 24 acres there for industrial purposes and to assist the Portland Terminal Company in installing new tracks and relocating other tracks on the property.

In South Portland, Portland Terminal Company has made surveys and plans for installing a main branch track to serve an industrial site which is being developed in the Rigby area. With the assistance of the Maine Central's Industrial Department a large container company, with factories throughout the United States, is in process of purchasing 30 acres of land in Westbrook and will commence the construction of a factory having a total floor area of about 100,000 square feet and will employ 200 people at the start.

In the Bangor area the Bangor Real Estate Development Company's development of 250 acres of land on Hammond street has been actively assisted by the Maine Central organization. A main branch track of some
Transport of pulpwood to feed Maine paper mills is a major industrial activity of the Maine Railroads.

2,200 feet has been installed there and spurs have been and will be constructed to serve warehouses located there.

Among the other new industries for Maine in which the railroad's organization has been helpful in locating in the state are a wood flour mill at Mattocks; a plastic factory at Richmond; a paper mill at Webster; a woolen mill at Orono; a prefabricated house plant at Mattawamkeag; a wood turning mill at East Wilton and various other smaller new industries at other points.

Maine has, and will continue to benefit, also, from the national magazine advertising campaign of the Boston and Maine Railroad. More than 20 popular and trade magazines with circulations of millions all over the country have been used by the Boston and Maine Railroad in a campaign—started 3 years ago—seeking to attract new industries to Northern New England.

Inquiries which come to the Boston and Maine Railroad as the result of this advertising on which the railroad has spent over $200,000 are checked with the Maine Central's Industrial Development Department in order that the most advantageous sites in Maine, served by either railroad, may be presented to the prospective new industry.

Maine may be sure that if any efforts fail in the drive to secure new industries for the state, and to keep the ones which we already have, it will not be because of lack of adequate railroad facilities or for lack of active and persistent solicitation by the Maine Central Railroad, the Portland Terminal Company and the Boston and Maine Railroad.
Lighthouse Keeper’s Wife  
By LOUISE DARCY

She cannot run across the street to chat
Or play at bridge on leisure afternoons;
She cannot run downtown to buy a hat,
But she can sit and look across the dunes

Upon the island, watching wheeling gulls
That dip their wings in watery lace of foam,
Hearing a steady beat that never lulls:
The ocean breaking on the shores of home.

Here is a world complete from sea and sky,
The lighthouse gleaming white in blazing sun
Or looming dimly as bright colors die
And stars prick through the darkness one by one.

She cannot leave to see a movie show
When household tasks are done at evening’s close
And flashing signal warns each vessel how
To keep away from rocks as shipping goes.

But she can walk where moon and wind and stars
Are company for joy or vanquished pain,
Seeing above the water radiant Mars,
Knowing that this is where she would remain.

I Wonder, God
By FORD L. LIPFOLD

I wonder, God, if I might take
Just one small bit of this blue lake
To keep in memory?

And would it be too much, to spare
That bit of sunset glowing there
Behind the willow tree?

And could I add the purple hill
On which the song-birds meet to fill
The air with harmony?

I’ll take good care of everything . . .
Lakes and hills and birds that sing . . .
Thank you, for Memory.

Economy
By MARION LEE

When two have tongues,
Yet both are still,
It need not bode
The least ill-will.

Of him, of her,
You may infer
Each is a true
New Englander.

You may believe
That thrift can reach
Even the treasury
Of speech.

From The Winged Word, copyright 1944
by Sheldon Christian.
Nostalgia

*By Burt Trafton, Jr.*

I long for the state of the birch and the pine.
The aster, the bellflower, the creeping woodbine.
Where the trout dances sprightly in each woodland brook,
A temptation to bare feet and birch stick and hook.
Where the apples are tangy and the honey is sweet
'Cause the bees steal their nectar from the flowers at your feet.
There the robin's more chipper when he calls for the rain
So he won't have to search for his earthworms in vain.
And the bushes are loaded with berries, come fall,
And we pick the sweet fruit from our seats on the wall
While the sea flirts with the corn-field down by the beach
Till the corn's yellow tresses bend over, in reach.
There the plow, fall or springtime, turns over the sod
So the scents from the earth bring you nearer to God.

Why! A house has a hearthstone that is welcome to all,
And the pantry and board are heaped high when you call.
And the sunsets are peaceful when the long day is done,
And the elms are more beauteous since the warmth of the sun.
The men are, at once, both stern and kind,
And they turn over problems while they work, in their minds.
There the long tales are spun near the shiny black stoves
By tired Yankee farmers who have lain down their hoes—
Till all are remembered—until no one is dead
Though there's six feet a-top him and a stone at his head.
And so, when a North Wind greets my ship in the mist
I'm embraced and caressed and a thousand times blessed.
And I'm grateful for its efforts to soothe out my pain—
But it leaves me more homesick for my home—State of Maine.

The Ghost Horses of Casco Bay

*By Jean Milne Gower*

Herds of pallid horses
Coming endlessly,
Noses pointing shoreward,
Manes streaming in the sea;
Fillies, slender muzzled,
Old mares, heavy with foal,
Struggling ever stolidly
To reach their rocky goal;
Come the arch-necked stallions,
Each with his wide-flung mane;
They strike the cliffs with silvery hooves,
And never are seen again.

Ashore, the landsman ponders
The working of Destiny,
As he views the spent white horses,
Homing so wearily.

At night, he hears them galloping
Along the hidden beach—
Off to some unknown meadowland
Which only they can reach.

Maine

*By Sarah N. McCullagh*

This is the goal the eager artist sets
Above all other lands to lead to fame.
Although he travels continents to claim
The challenge of the Moslem minarets,
The atmosphere of Maine will stir regrets
That pigments are unknown within Art's name
To make one canvas worthy of a frame
For colors in a scene no one forgets.

There are no sights which to our kindred blood
Compare to fir trees pointing to Maine sky
Above the rugged coast where white gulls fly
With hungry cries where salt tides ebb and flood.
Stay with this grandeur man has not designed;
Know, if you go, your heart must stay behind!
Death Of A Wild Mallard

By ROBERT AVRETT

The flock first circled warily and high,
Beneath a somber, drizzling, dull-gray sky,
And to the man crouched in the blind below
Their progress seemed deliberate and slow.
Again they swung up-wind and back once more
To scan the painted lures close to the shore,
Until the green-necked leader, satisfied,
Plunged downward in the final wing-set glide.
The hidden gun spoke hungrily, to smite
With sudden stillness majesty in flight.
Yet in the hunter's swift, exultant pride
He strangely knew more than a duck had died,
As down he looked, with half-regretful eyes,
Upon the shattered beauty of his prize.

From The Winged Word, copyright 1944 by Sheldon Christian.

Yankee Mariner

By BEATRICE HUSSEY OAKES

At Twenty, he had been around "the Horn"
Perhaps a half a dozen times or more. Later, when the Trufant sons were born,
Harpwell saw less of him than before.
His children met him once or twice a year
To be reproached for something he termed "sin."

They stood lined up before him, pale with fear
Of the straight mouth and the unyielding chin,
And thus was centered their abundant love.
Not on this man who called the sea his home,
But on their mother, gentle as a dove,
Content to let their ruthless father roam
Strange lands in search of coffee, tea and spices,
Where Yankee virtues outweighed foreign vices.

Sea Shell

By ISRAEL NEWMAN

What obscure virtuoso
Inhabited these coils, lived
In his trumpet, turned
Its silence into a music
Which echoes to posterity?

Maine Enchantment

By H. BURFEE LARSEN

Maine—a jewel set in golden sunlight—
Edges a sapphire sea. Its hills, that rise
From purple mists, are filled with sighs
That tumble through the trees to surprise
The crystal streams in their downward flight;
Tall cliffs upon the shore epitomize
The greatness of God's love, and eulogize
This land all bathed with rose and amber light.

Jade pines, like virgin prayers, dedicate
This land to those whose hearts beat with the soil
And reap the harvest. Through their loyal eyes
We find ourselves, and proudly contemplate
Eternal grandeur. Let no hand despoil
This granite world, with steel-cut alibis.
VI. H. C. Baxter & Bro. of Brunswick, one of Maine's foremost canning companies, with a background of 58 years of highly successful "finest quality" production, embarks on a complete new program, potato processing, with full confidence in the benefits possible to its employees, farmers, housewives and the State as a whole. First in Maine with continuous Federal-State inspection service, first and biggest potato dehydrator in the East, the ideas of its founders still keep the concern at the top in the industry.

The "making of Maine" began with ideas in the minds of men. The ideas that were by nature honest and useful to people generally were the ones which formed the basis for Maine's leading economic institutions as we know them today. Furthermore, such basic ideas generated a stream of new ideas to meet constantly changing conditions and these, too, prospered and expanded as they pointed toward the goal of service to others.

Thus, it is an axiom in business and industry that the "policy", or basic ideas, of a business enterprise will largely determine its continued and permanent success. Many Maine enterprises have thus been continually successful over the years because their managements have "kept the faith" of their founders and set their sights on the goals defined by the original idea producers. They organized business enterprises, established markets for their products, created jobs and opportunities for their fellow citizens and contributed greatly to the overall economic prosperity and security of their State.

H. C. Baxter & Bro. (a partnership) of Brunswick is an unusually good example of such an enterprise. From a small beginning in 1888 it has now become one of the leading canners in the Country, with plants in the choice garden areas of Maine and shipping its products throughout the United States and to many foreign countries. Its annual pack has grown from a few thousand in 1888 to more than a million cans a day at the height of the packing season.

Two basic policies were established by Hartley C. Baxter (1857-1939) when he established the firm. The first was that no product should be put out under the Baxter name that was not of the finest quality possible to produce. The second, to ensure the achievement of the first, was that the growing and packing of Baxter products should be under the direct personal supervision of one or more members of the firm at all times. Thus, during the canning season, the members of the firm leave their offices and spend their entire time at the various Baxter plants, keeping constant watch on the quality and processing.

The practice of these two fundamental principles has given the Baxter organization several well-known ingredients of any business success formula—new ideas, new products, new methods. These, added to the expert knowledge of food processing gained from years of experience, constant scientific inspection, superior
selected raw materials, attention to details and ability to adapt to new consumer demands have combined to make "Baxter's Finest" products the leaders in their fields.

The name "Baxter" had already been identified with the packing industry of Maine for many years when, in 1888, Hartley C. Baxter left Davis-Baxter & Co. in Portland to establish his own firm in Brunswick. The oldest of six brothers, he had learned from his father, James Phinney Baxter, the complex business of preserving corn, apples, lobster and other foods in tin cans.

The soundness of his "ahead of the times" ideas, which led him to go into business for himself, was demonstrated by a successful first year in business for himself and in 1889 he was joined by his brother, James Phinney Baxter, Jr., (1867-1939) and the firm became H. C. Baxter & Bro., the name it still bears.

Expansion of the business under the supervision of the two brothers was rapid and within two years plants for the canning of corn, succotash and apples had been established in Corninna, Fryeburg and St. Albans, Me., as well as at Brunswick. As a sideline they also later opened several lobster canneries in Nova Scotia.

In 1895, a third brother, Rupert H. Baxter, joined the firm after graduation from Bowdoin College. His sagacious and aggressive selling policies assisted in establishing the reputation of the Baxter products from coast to coast. Mr. Baxter, a widely recognized financier, continues to handle the financial end of the business.

New plants were added and the production capacity expanded to more than a million cans a day during the canning season. Factories are now operated at Hartland, Corninna, Fryeburg, North Fryeburg, Maine, and Essex Junction, Vermont.

John L. Baxter, the only son of Hartley Baxter, was taken into the firm in 1920, after U. S. Army service in the First World War. Not content to specialize in one or two products, such as corn, succotash and apples (the lobster canneries in Nova Scotia had been sold, owing to changing market conditions), John Baxter sought out other Maine foods that could be canned profitably. In 1923 a small acreage of peas was canned at Fryeburg under his personal supervision. The superior quality and
natural flavor of this new pack brought immediate success and additional facilities were required.

John L. Baxter now heads Production, with his son John L. Baxter, Jr. (recently out of the Army) as his Assistant.

In 1923 Bruce H. M. White, and in 1926, F. Webster Browne, both graduates of Bowdoin College, became Partners. Mr. White, after several years' experience in Production and Selling, has recently assumed direction of all the statistical work, cost-finding, factory records, office management, etc.

Mr. Browne for several years built up and developed to a high degree of efficiency the present Field Service which is so important and helpful to the growers in bringing to the factories raw material at its best. He now is in charge of the Sales and Advertising and is responsible for the policy which will make available to consumers throughout the country more Baxter products under the BAXTER'S FINEST label.

In 1925 another cannery adjoining the corn factory at Hartland was constructed and peas were packed here as well as at Fryeburg. The Hartland plant has since grown steadily in size and has for the past 15 years been the largest vegetable canning factory in New England. New products were added to the "Baxter's Finest" line each year, such as Cut Golden Wax Beans, Green Stringless Beans, Fresh Shell Beans, and Fresh Soldier Beans, Beets, Carrots, and Vacuum-pack Whole Kernel Corn.

Other Baxter products include the famous Baxter's Finest Brick Oven Baked Beans prepared and actually baked for at least 10 hours in huge brick ovens, the old fashioned "Down East" way. A large new plant in Portland will soon be in operation which will help take care of the tremendous demand for Baxter's Finest Brick Oven Baked Beans. A companion product is Baxter's Finest delicious "home style" Brown Bread.

In 1942 H. C. Baxter & Bro. became one of the first twenty concerns in the Nation to adopt the continuous grading and inspection plan of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, thus enabling it to place the official government "U. S. Grade A" shield on its labels.

Before any packer is able to take advantage of this service, his factory buildings and equipment must be officially approved and the most sanitary conditions maintained at all times throughout the plant. Belts and picking tables must be spotless and screening is required at certain points in the factory. Grading and inspection is carried on by Federal and State inspectors who are at the plant during the entire packing season. From the time the raw stock enters the plant until the cans finally emerge from the cooling tank, it is under the watchful eyes of the Federal and State inspectors.

Inspection does not end here, however, for representative samples are withdrawn from the warehouses and graded by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture inspectors according to government standards and U. S. Department of Agriculture grade sheets are issued for the entire pack. Although Federal-State continuous inspection and grading is expensive, the Baxter company holds it is one more step forward in the policy of "quality first."

Even before the official continuous inspection and grading system was adopted, the Baxter firm had developed rigorous methods of its own. Sterilization of all products was and is carefully watched by trained operators and checked by inspectors. All machinery and the interior of the canning rooms are cleaned daily and sterilized with live steam. A private testing laboratory is maintained at each factory, where samples are incubated daily, cut at regular intervals and records kept showing the vacuum in each can, condition of contents and other pertinent information.

In order to constantly keep abreast of new developments in the canning business, H. C. Baxter & Bro. are members of the National Canners' Association and other similar organizations maintaining research departments for the scientific investigation of any and all matters which affect the canning business.

Another principle in the success of the Baxter business is that it goes back to the source of its products. In
order to guarantee the quality and freshness of the products bearing the Baxter label, they personally supervise production through every phase, including soil testing, planting, growing and harvesting. In the Fall, field supervisors interview the growers, advising as to the preparation of land for the crops of the following year, lime and special fertilizers needed and the checking of individual problems. During the Winter, Baxter’s special strain of seeds are carefully prepared, graded and tested. Contracts for acreage are booked for the coming year.

Early in the Spring Baxter’s seeds are given to Baxter’s farmers and, when necessary, fertilizers of the proper type are supplied to farmers on credit. Only the finest of seed is used. The Maine Canners’ Association, of which the Baxter firm is a leading member, maintains a fellowship at the University of Maine to carry on research in the development and breeding of hybrid seed corn.

Baxter’s field supervisors constantly watch the growing crops for insect infestations or damage from other causes and, as the canning season approaches, they visit every field, ordering the crops to be harvested at the proper time for the maintenance of the highest quality. If insects threaten destruction of a growing crop, Baxter takes measures of prevention, such as the driving of power dusting machines through one field after another, sometimes working all night.

The Frosted Foods Sales Corporation, after surveying the entire country, chose the Baxter territory in Central Maine as one of the best for their purposes. In the Baxter plant at Corinna a complete Bird’s Eye freezing plant was installed ten years ago and corn, peas, blueberries, string beans and other items grown by the
Baxter organization are processed there by the patented Bird's Eye quick freezing method. These quick-frozen products of farms in Exeter, Corinth, Dover and other towns over an area of many miles are shipped in extra cold refrigerator cars to distributing points all over the eastern United States.

The expansion of the Hartland and Corinna operations brought into focus a management problem which the Baxter firm had tried in various ways to solve since its inception. The season at these plants lasted only about three months, July, August, and September. During this period it employed more than 600 workers at these plants, but around the first of October, the company had to lay off most of them until the next July.

All sound industrial management recognizes that a skilled, efficient working staff is one of the principal ingredients of a successful industrial operation. Moreover, reasonable humane considerations and recognition of the modern need for economic security further impelled the Baxter firm to seek out means of lengthening the employment season for its workers. They experimented with various new products to keep its workers employed year round, one of which was potato starch, normally produced from October to May.

Along came World War II. Dehydrated potatoes were sorely needed by the Armed Forces and for Lend Lease. Baxter had had some experience with potatoes through the starch plant and became the first processor in the East to respond to the Government's appeal for the production of dehydrated potatoes. A new plant was built around the starch plant at Hartland, parts of the existing plant were converted and newly-designed machinery procured, all between June 1 and Nov. 30, 1942, when the plant began to operate. This work was all done by Baxter's own staff. Even the lumber was supplied by the Corinna superintendent, who also operates a saw mill. Baxter financed the whole job without Government help.

Within a month the plant was operating on a 24-hour, seven-day-week basis, with three complete shifts and a relief shift, so that each employee worked only six days out of the seven. The Baxter firm holds that the record of its people in this operation was one of the brightest wartime production efforts anywhere in the United States. Small town and farmer people, men and women, they worked as much on account of patriotism and pride as they did for their pay check. Many of them had to drive long distances from their farms to the plant in all sorts of weather, but only impassable roads or serious illness could keep them from their jobs.

The plant was twice recommended for the Army and Navy E, but because it could not, by the seasonal nature of its work, operate more than seven months in any one year, regulations prevented the award. The first Agriculture A was offered, but it was decided to accept no award less than the top one.

Many citations and certificates of merit were received from the Army and from the Quartermaster Corps. For efficiency and quality of production Hartland had the best record in the East and as fine as any in the Country. It was the pioneer plant and the one which visitors from other manufacturers and delegates from allied countries placed first on the list to see. From December, 1942, to May, 1945, the plant produced 6,870,880 pounds of dehydrated potatoes, 98.75 per cent of which complied with the rigid Army specifications. During this period 56,560,216 pounds of raw potatoes, 1,257 carloads, were dehydrated.

On August 20, 1945, an Army contract for production of 3,000,000 pounds of dehydrated potatoes was cancelled. Much planning for civilian production and sales had already been done in anticipation of the end of the Army's need. Many postwar products had been considered, but it was decided to specialize on food from potatoes.

The Baxter firm felt that both its staff and operating personnel were second to none in knowledge of potatoes. A large supply of that vegetable would always be readily available in Maine, the largest potato producing state in the Nation, and it seemed to the Baxter firm that potato...
toes prepared in various ways would be a product which would find ready favor with American housewives. Moreover, potatoes are the most versatile of all vegetables—they can be prepared in more and better ways than any other—but they have never been furnished to the housewife in convenient form. By canning, dehydrating, frying and, at Corinna, quick freezing, Baxter determined to supply potatoes which didn't have to be peeled, wouldn't spoil in storage, could be readily prepared in a variety of ways and, above all, would be of the highest quality.

In its handling of potatoes, Baxter soon found that the biggest problem was the waste in peeling potatoes with abrasive peelers. O. P. Pierson, supervisor of the dehydrating operation, invented a method and apparatus which has been dubbed "steam contour peeling." It consists of exposing the vegetables to steam under pressure for a short length of time and then removing the loosened skins by means of a controlled water spray or blast.

Not only did this method increase production and lower costs, but it prevented loss of the valuable nutrients lying close to the skin and which are lost in ordinary peeling. The apparatus, perfected and patented by Pierson and Walter S. Boynton, General Superintendent, handles potatoes of any size, shape and eye depth and has given excellent results also on peeling test lots of beets, carrots and sweet potatoes.

Scarcity of cans, of fats for frying, or new machinery and various other obstacles delayed the Baxter reversion somewhat, but by last November the old crew was at work again, three shifts, 24 hours a day, but only five and six-day weeks alternately. The crew preferred a 44-hour week.
to the wartime 48, since the urgent need of production had ended.

One of the first runs was canned whole peeled potatoes, which run 12 to 15 potatoes to a No. 2 can. At the request of the Maine Development Commission and its marketing counsel, Sturges Dorrance, several thousand cases of “Cut-Tatoes” were run for a trial distribution of this latest and most convenient way to use Maine potatoes. These “Cut-Tatoes” were cut into three shapes, diced, sliced and french fry shapes and packed in a light brine in No. 2 cans. Baxter is the first canner in the State to be licensed to use the State registered trademark “Cut-Tatoes” and these, too, will go out under a “Baxter’s Finest” label.

The Baxter firm still has faith in dehydrated potatoes. They know the product is good, but they also know it may be difficult to convince the housewife, to teach her how to prepare them and then to get her in the habit of using them. A substantial tonnage has been produced for civilian consumer distribution and they are now on the market in attractive consumer packages. Marjorie Mills is enthusiastic about them. She promotes all of Baxter’s potato products on her radio program and currently is telling her listeners about the old faithful dehydrated product.

Since last November Baxter has been developing usage of dehydrated potatoes with other food manufacturers, such as corned beef hash, chowder and dry-mix packers, and in institutions, hotels and restaurants throughout New England. Last June the first consumer test sales were launched in retail outlets throughout New England. The eight-ounce packages of “Baxter’s Finest” State of Maine Dehydrated Potatoes carry complete rehydration directions, recipes for mashed, hashed brown and scalloped, and contain enough potatoes for 12 servings.

Baxter also has rather ambitious plans for the production of quick-frozen potatoes, french fried and in other forms. Production of these has passed the experimental stage, but will not actually get started at Corinth until this October or November.

Baxter believes that its postwar potato processing program will provide much-needed employment for its employees, that its products will make housekeeping easier and that they will be so good and convenient that they will considerably increase the amount of potatoes which will be consumed.

By STRICT ADHERENCE to the fundamental policies established by the founders, Hartley C. Baxter, James P. Baxter, Jr., and Rupert H. Baxter, the firm has demonstrated over the years an elasticity of operation which has enabled it to meet the challenge of changing times and conditions. It has also shown that the “younger generation” of Partners is alert to the demands and the tempo of modern times and is prepared to meet the tastes and requirements of the housewives and families who appreciate the finest in canned foods.

Even in hectic days such as these, the Baxter firm faces the future with a well-established long range program and is embarking on a complete new field of food processing, prepared potatoes, in the very state in which the potato is king vegetable. The benefits to Maine—to employees, farmers, housewives and to the Baxter firm itself—can be confidently foreseen from the company’s past record of achievement in the economic pattern which has constituted the “making of Maine.”

MAINE’S 1946 POTATO crop of 71,000,000 bushels, second largest on record, will be marketed this year in handy consumer packages and grade-labelled from one to five stars, ranging from a “Thrif-pak” of 10 pounds U. S. No. One standard to the five-starred, scrubbed Super Spuds in 10-pound mesh bags. The familiar red and blue band trademark of State of Maine potatoes will also carry the red stars, designating the size and quality of the potato.
AUTUMN SEEMS far in the distance during the warm, wonderful days of late summer. Faint harbingers of the approaching season appear in the devil's paintbrush, black-eyed susans, goldenrod, wild asters and anemones which carpet the fields.

One morning we are roused from our comfortable summer lethargy by a new snap in the air... unthinkingly reach for a warmer jacket... and discover that a stray red leaf has appeared on our favorite maple tree.

Sometimes it takes a look at the calendar to convince ourselves that Jack Frost is really on his way. But fall activities follow naturally, and we're up to our ears in them before we know it. Popcorn ears are hung on the rafters; squash and pumpkin make yellow-orange mountains in the corner; pickling and canning smells fill the air; fireplaces are cleaned out in readiness for chill evenings; the apple barrel threatens to burst under its mounded fullness... Autumn has come to Maine.

Cookbooks are dusted off again for menus to satisfy appetites made hearty by long hikes in the open, football games, trips northward to enjoy our mountain color, and all the appetite-edging activities we Maine folks love.

From our collection we've selected these fall favorites, hoping that, if not new to you, they will echo your choices, and perhaps with new twists.

Raised Molasses Doughnuts

With autumn in the air, it would be impossible to omit a doughnut recipe—with an eye to those crisp cider-and-doughnut evenings when the happiest spot is the hearth of a crackling fireplace. Though our grandmothers had to make their own sponge yeast for raised doughnuts and bread—and this old recipe for molasses doughnuts originally called for its quota of "sponge"—the modern yeast cake saves much time and energy with no loss of flavor or quality.

1 c. shortening 4 tbsp. luke warm water
1 c. sugar 1 tsp. soda
1 c. molasses 1 tsp. cinnamon
2 c. scalded milk 1 yeast cake
1 c. sugar Water
1 tsp. cinnamon
2 c. scalded milk
1 tsp. soda
1 yeast cake

Cream butter and sugar, add molasses and scalded milk. Cool until lukewarm and add yeast cake dissolved in lukewarm water, add the cinnamon and soda sifted with enough flour to make a dough that can be handled. Knead slightly on a floured board, then place in a greased bowl to rise until doubled in bulk. Cut down and knead. Roll out ¼" thick and cut into strips 8" by ½". Cover and let rise again until doubled in bulk. Twist each strip a few times and pinch ends together. Fry in deep fat. Serve plain or lightly sugared.

Hillside Blueberry Pudding

From Washington County, the largest blueberry-producing section in the country, comes this pudding recipe. When the season arrives, whole families turn to the back-breaking task of berry-picking, both for the packing industries and for their own use. Consequently, our best blueberry recipes come from this easternmost tip of our state, for recipes are as geographical as the soil in which the crops are raised.

2/3 c. milk 3 tbsp. butter
2 tsp. baking powder ½ tsp. salt

Add sifted flour, baking powder and salt to the milk, then add the butter melted. Roll ¼" thick and spread with a layer of blueberries, either fresh or well-drained canned ones. Roll as you would a jelly roll, pinch ends together and bake in a loaf pan for 35 minutes.

Recommendation number one: it requires no sugar! Even our great-grandmothers were plagued by short-
ages at times, to our great benefit now.

However, if there's a sweet tooth in your family, we'd suggest one of these as a topping:

**Honey Meringue Pudding Sauce**

2 egg whites 2 c. honey

Combine honey and egg whites and beat vigorously until a light fluffy sauce is formed. Served chilled.

**Maple Syrup Pudding Sauce**

3% c. maple syrup % c. cream 1 tsp. lemon juice

2 egg whites

Boil maple syrup and water until it will form a thread. Pour slowly into stiffly beaten egg whites mixed with cream and lemon juice, beating constantly.

But, if your sugar bucket will allow it, there's nothing better than this tangy lemon sauce, excellent as well for any baked or steamed pudding:

1% c. boiling % tsp. powdered 1 c. corn meal sugar 1 tsp. salt

% c. sugar % tsp. lemon 1 c. molasses

2 tbsp. flour juice Grated rind of lemon

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

Nor have we forgotten sweetened cream, plain or whipped as a garnish. It has its own place in everyone's list of favorites!

**Potted Chicken**

Sunday was an important day among our early settlers, for they took their day of rest seriously. There is room for reasonable doubt, though, that the housewife was favored with any degree of Sabbath relaxation. Her job was cut out for her in the preparation of the week's most important dinner. We find domestic fowl a commonplace among Sunday dinner mainstays, and chicken recipes are many and varied. We suspect that many "chickens" were hens who no longer laid regularly, but we shall forbear any rude reference to the age of our favorite.

1 chicken 2 tbsp. flour to Salt and pepper each pound of meat

Cut up the bird as for frying. Mix together flour, salt and pepper, and roll meat in it. Pack closely in a bean pot or casserole and cover with boiling water. Bake 3% hours.

**Corn Meal Mush with Pork**

Simplicity and economy—the trade marks of all early culinary art—are shown to no better advantage than in corn meal recipes. Heritage of our precedent Indian population, the golden grain . . . the same "gold" which the Spaniard Coronado found in our southwest when questing for riches . . . has done yeoman service in the kitchen—in bread, muffins, cakes, puddings, pancakes and old-fashioned mush. Let's not maltreat the latter, as do many. Great things have been done with it. For instance:

1 lb. lean pork % tsp. powdered 1 c. corn meal sugar 1 tsp. salt

Hot water

Cook the pork in water until tender. Pour off the broth and cool. Remove fat and add water to make 4 cups. Stir in the meal and cook until very thick. Add meat, which has been chopped, and seasonings. Pour into tins to harden. Slice and fry. Serve with maple syrup, honey, or molasses. Best fry in bacon fat for the maximum of flavor, or, better still, in the fat from tried-out salt pork.

**Molasses Crumb Pie**

With the radio dinning the praises of "Shoo Fly Pie" and "Apple Pan Dowdy", we decided to do a little research on the subject. To our surprise . . . and pleasure . . . we discovered that pie of the "Shoo Fly" variety, though acclaimed as a dish of Pennsylvania origin, is a twin to old-time Molasses Crumb Pie. Call it "Shoo Fly" or "Molasses Crumb", the proof is in the eating, if, indeed, any is needed.

**Pastry**

% c. flour % tsp. salt

% c. brown sugar % tbsp. butter

% c. nutmeg % tbsp. baking soda

% c. ginger % tbsp. hot water 1% c. molasses

% tsp. cinnamon % tsp. cinamon

1 egg yolk, well beaten

Line a 9" pie plate with pastry. Set in refrigerator to chill. Meanwhile, mix together all dry ingredients. Then, with back of a spoon, rub butter into dry ingredients to form crumbs. Dissolve soda in hot water. Combine liquid ingredients. Sprinkle a layer of crumbs in pie plate. Spoon in enough of the liquid ingredients to form a layer, repeating layers of crumbs in liquid, ending with crumbs on top. Bake at 450° F. for 10 minutes, reduce heat to 350° F. and bake for 20 minutes.

**Apple Pandowdy**

The other half of the noted pair, and, as Maine Apple Pandowdy speaks for itself, it's enough said!
3 lb. apples  1 c. molasses
2 tbsp. melted   1 c. water
butter      ½ c. white sugar
¾ c. brown sugar  ½ tsp. cinnamon
¼ tsp. salt      ¼ tsp. nutmeg

Line casserole with pie crust. Mix sugar, spices, and salt and sprinkle over apples which have been cored and sliced ¼" thick. Fill casserole with apples, add combined molasses, butter and water. Cover with pie crust, slashed to allow steam to escape, press edges together, and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for 45 minutes. Serve warm garnished with lemon sauce, cream, or ice cream.

Kennebunk Pickle

The harvest brought pickling in old farm times, and for days and weeks the warm spicy smell of relishes in the making hung in the air. Folks who've been around the kitchen in those times agree there's no fragrance like it, and the housewife's biggest problem isn't her work... rather the self-appointed "samplers" who offer their expert opinion at the drop of a hat, and do little other than consume at least a jar of the tasty stuff in the process!

Pickling on the old grand scale is growing to be a lost art in more urban areas, where commercially canned products are readily available. But there's a pleasure of accomplishment in the home made, and the flavor of your own kitchen that makes the job well worth while.

These two are our favorites... we hope you'll find them yours.

2 lb. green tomatoes  1 bunch celery
2 lb. red tomatoes   6 tbsp. salt
1 small head         1 qt. white vinegar
cabbage              3 c. brown sugar
2 sweet red peppers  1 ¾" stick cinnamon
2 green peppers      1 tsp. whole cloves
¾ quart onions       1 tsp. dry mustard

Chop vegetables very fine. Add the salt and let stand over night. Drain. Add vinegar and brown sugar. Combine cinnamon, cloves and mustard and tie in a small cheesecloth sack. Boil everything together for about 30 minutes. Remove cheesecloth sack. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

Aunt Myrtie's Harvest Relish

My family's contribution to our collection of Maine old-timers... from Dexter, "The Heart of Maine", and headquarters of some first-rate cooks, among them the contributor of this relish formula, who is one of the very best cooks I know. (I'm not prejudiced, even though she is my aunt!)

1 qt. ripe tomatoes  3 c. vinegar
1 qt. ripe cucumbers 3 c. sugar
1 pt. onions       1 sweet pepper
1½ tbsp. flour    ½ tsp. cayenne
1 tsp. turmeric  

Boil until thick. Seal hot.

Bible Cake

Our forefathers were stern people, possessing a deep religious sense which guided their activities. We find its influence evident even in their cookery, as the following proves. It's a family-size batch of cake and then some, but makes for interesting reading at least. So bring your biblical knowledge to the fore, and see if you can decipher the formula minus our translation!

4½ c. — 1 Kings, 4:22
1 c. — Judges, 5:25, 1st clause
1 c. — 1 Samuel, 14:19
1 c. — Judges, 4:19, 1st clause
2 tsp. — Nahum, 2:12
2 tsp. — Amos, 8:5
1 tsp. — Jeremiah, 17:11

Combine as you would any cake recipe.

The translation:

4½ c. flour          2 tsp. honey
1 c. butter          6 eggs
2 c. sugar           ½ c. milk
2 c. raisins         2 tsp. leaven
2 c. figs           Season to taste—

spice

June L. Maxfield, assistant in the advertising department of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, Maine, has compiled her sixth in a series of articles on Famous Maine Recipes from the extensive file which the company has collected.
The Tourist Information Office at Bridgton was again visited this summer by a woman looking for her husband. Five years ago she received a postcard from him from Bridgton, saying: "Having wonderful time. Wish you were here." She has been looking for him ever since and visits the Information Office every summer in her search.

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Maine Calendar of Events

Sept. 15—Dec. 15, 1946

Sept. 16-21: Franklin County Fair, Farmington.
Sept. 22: Maine Pharmaceutical Association 79th convention, Poland Spring.
Sept. 23-25: Maine Universalist Convention, Bangor.
Sept. 23-28: Cumberland Fair, Cumberland.
Sept. 25-26: Andover Fair, Andover.
            Monmouth Fair, Monmouth.
Sept. 26-28: New England Conference of State Federations of
             Women's Clubs, Poland Spring.
Sept. 27-28: North Waterford Fair, North Waterford.
            York County Fair, Acton.
            New England Osteopathic Association Convention, Portland.
Sept. 27-29: American Legion Fall Frolics, Peaks Island.
Sept. 28-29: Dutton Airshow, Augusta State Airport.
            CAP-AAF Air Show, Houlton Air Base.
Sept. 28: Readfield Grange Fair.
Sept. 30-Oct. 4: Fryeburg Fair, Fryeburg.
Oct. 1: Maine Blueberry Growers annual field day, Jonesboro.
Oct. 2-4: National Association of State Foresters convention, Kesan Lake.
Oct. 6: Kennebec Valley Fox and Coon Hunters Club field trials, Fairfield.
Oct. 7-10: Topsham Fair, Topsham.
Oct. 10: Maine Real Estate Association annual meeting, Poland Spring.
            Associated Industries of Maine annual meeting, Augusta.
Oct. 21-26: Gorham Fair, Gorham.
Oct. 28-Nov. 2: Fall race meeting, South Paris.
Oct. 29-Nov. 2: Cumberland Racing Meeting, Cumberland.
Oct. 30: State Merchants Association annual meeting, Augusta.
Nov. 7-8: Maine Hotel Association annual meeting, Portland.
Nov. 11: Armistice Day. Local observances.
Nov. 28: Thanksgiving Day.
A Trip Through Maine

By Walter L. Colburn

We journeyed to Vienna, to Paris and to Wales,
To Norway and to Denmark, by auto and by rails.
To Egypt and to Smyrna, to China and Peru,
To Sweden and to Poland—explored them through and through.
We travelled on to Naples, to Lisbon and to Rome,
To Dresden and to Athens, and there felt quite at home.
We stopped awhile at Belfast, at Calais and at York,
At Argyle and at Limerick to hear the natives talk.
We hied away to Milo, Palermo and Madrid,
To Corea and Gilead, by big green forests hid.
To Corinth and to Bristol, to Stockholm and to Leeds,
To Carthage and to Cornish, all famed for noble deeds.
Then back by way of Mexico, in sunshine and in rain,
And throughout this entire journey—never left the State of Maine!