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

1948 AUTUMN 1948

In This Issue:

Page
THE STATE OF MAINE ........ Robert P. Tristram Coffin 3
"HAD A WONDERFUL TIME" ......... William A. Hatch 9
TOWN MANAGERS IN MAINE ..... Charles E. Dawson 15
DOORWAYS AND BEYOND:
   THE NORDICA HOMESTEAD .. Mabel Gould Demers 19
OUTDOORS IN MAINE ............ John C. Page, Jr. 22
MEET THE "DUCHESS" ............ William A. Hatch 26
"A WOMAN'S WORK" ............ Theresa I. Maxfield 28
GOVERNORS OF MAINE, 1900-1948 .. Reginald E. Carles 34
MINSTRELSY OF MAINE .... Edited by Sheldon Christian 38
AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL .... Elizabeth A. Mason 40
FAMOUS MAINE RECIPES .......... June L. Maxfield 43
MAINE RECIPE ................ Pearl LeBaron Libby
   Inside Back Cover
A MAINE HILL IN AUTUMN .... Ruby G. Searway
   Back Cover

THE PINE CONE AUTUMN, 1948 VOL. 4, NO. 3

Published Quarterly by
THE STATE OF MAINE PUBLICITY BUREAU
PORTLAND  .  KITTERY  .  BANGOR  .  NEW YORK
Main Office: 3 St. John St., Portland, 4 Maine

GUY P. BUTLER RICHARD A. HEBERT
Executive Manager Editorial Manager

PINE CONE SUBSCRIPTION: $1 A YEAR
(Printed in Maine on Maine-made Paper)
THE STATE OF MAINE

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Bowdoin’s Pulitzer Prize winner, poet and author of more than 25 books here presents a classic defense of his native State in reply to Arnold Toynbee’s blithe dismissal of the Pine Tree State. This essay first appeared in the American Mercury and is reprinted with the kind permissions of the publishers and author. It tops our list of profiles on Maine.

The State of Maine has a rugged face towards the Atlantic. It has high cheek bones, shaggy eyebrows and a prominent chin, being all mountains, woods and deep bays. On the map it looks gaunt. But gauntness is a good old American habit in faces. Rugged faces look good outdoors and in the weather. Maine looks very good in the weather and light. It has a lot of both. And the state of Maine gets the sun on its face first of all these United States.

My state wakes up first and wakes all America up. It is the rooster that calls us Americans to the favorite American sport, hard work. Maine people do a lot of hard work. But you seldom hear about it. It is so natural, so taken for granted, so much like play.

Dirigo. “I lead.” But Maine’s motto is modestly confined to geography. It does not claim leadership in economics, culture, crime or anything else. Moderation is almost our only unbroken state law. Our best people are moderates—“mod’rits,” as they say it, saving their breath for the oars and the buck saw. They have aspired to lead the nation in nothing save staying American according to the older rural and village patterns, and preceding the United States, or Vermont, in going Republican in Presidential elections.

Older than Massachusetts in its first settlement, deeply New England in its virtues and vices, houses, barns, thrift, and sharp-cornered individualism, Maine figures less than any of the other New England states in national publicity and in the history textbooks. It is the state of litotes, understatement, reticences, and mistrust of bandwagons, loud-speakers, and campaigns for establishing righteousness by acts of legislature. Most of our adages are ones calculated to caution people, to take the wind out of big sails—our own included—and to look at a horse at both ends. We have been slower than other states at buying gold bricks, subscribing to new deals, or improving our neighbors’ morals. We have had quite enough to do keeping our own morals shipshape and up to scratch.

No wonder the British historian Toynbee sets us down as not having done so much as Massachusetts towards our national culture. We are a “museum piece—a relic of seventeenth-century New England inhabited by woodmen and watermen and hunters . . . Maine today is at once one of the longest-settled regions of the least urbanized and sophisticated.” Arnold Toynbee blames it all on the weather. It has been too much for us.

How is this contrast between Maine and Massachusetts to be explained? It would appear that the hardness of the New England environment, which stands at its optimum in Massachusetts, is accentuated in Maine to a degree at which it brings in diminishing returns of human response.

To look at us, or to hear us talk, you might think Toynbee is right. Lord knows our climate and soil are hard enough and cold enough to keep anybody busy just barely keeping alive. Maine cows run thin; they have hard work getting enough to eat between junipers and ledges. Our farmers live, mostly, on one-horse farms, where a tractor would break its back.
Yet Toynbee, like so many historians, Americans among them, who count noses and statistics and state papers, is wrong. Historians who stick to acts of assembly, wars, state and institutional archives often do miss the intangibles that mean more to culture than any programs of civic enlargement.

It is true that Maine has never got much into the history books. We did not run true to the Puritan ecclesiastical pattern from our beginnings. So, when all history was church history, we got left out in the cold. The first New England church was an Anglican one, at the Kennebec's mouth, established in 1608. We had some good early settlers, but they weren't always of the right politics. Some of our first families did not leave calling-cards, they were no better than they should be—often not even that!—they left their European home towns without leaving a forwarding address. They came over here for good reasons, but not the churchly ones. Hence historians overlook the fact that the model for all later American commonwealths founded on the principles of religious toleration and minority rights was Sir Ferdinando Gorges' colonial experiment in Maine. It was too free for Puritan Massachusetts, and so it died a sudden death when King Charles was beheaded. The first graveyard with Roman Catholics and Protestants buried side by side is on an island in Maine.

II

Most of our Maine history is marginal. There are no good records kept of it, no archives of deeds and charters. It supplements Massachusetts or America at large. A good deal of our civic strength has been used up in minding our own business and letting other people alone. Yet when the nation needed our aid, it was usually there. In the French and Indian wars, Maine men cracked the Gibraltar of the western hemisphere at Louisburg. But Maine history was Massachusetts history then. In the Revolution, Maine furnished as many men in proportion to its population as Massachusetts. In proportion to its population Maine was the most maritime of all the states when American history, between 1815 and 1880, was being written on the seas of the globe. In the Civil War, Maine led all the Union states in per capita attendance on that fight for survival. It was hardest hit of all northern states. One in every five males in Portland was in uniform. Whole towns disappeared. The President of Bowdoin College took the college en masse to war. In the last two global wars, Maine men fought in as high a proportion as any state on land, on sea, in the air. But we were so small we had no regiments or divisions with our Pine Tree emblem.

Maine's population, not much larger now than in 1860, is about that of Cleveland, Ohio. The statistics are always bound to be against us, therefore. At any moment, we seem to be small potatoes and few in a hill. But we do raise potatoes. And it is partly our fault that our achievements escape Mr. Toynbee. We have never gone in for historical monuments or for societies for the preservation or publicizing of antiquities or civic righteousnesses. We have been more interested in making the present chimney draw, digging today's mess of clams, or giving our children a good education than in advertising our ancestors. We have trusted in monuments too little and in little boys and girls too much to bulk large historically.

But we have got along pretty well without getting into the history books. History books have a way of going out of date and gathering dust; and men who work hard and mind their own business, make their own boats and lobster traps, have a way of outlasting the statistics and contributing to the national life even if unmentioned in the newspapers.

A lot of Maine history is in forms Mr. Toynbee and other historians have no yardstick to measure. For instance, Maine's history is in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Oregon and Washington. Maine helped many states to get on their feet and make a good start. Every third or so of the pioneer families in those states hailed from Maine. Maine lumbermen, farmers, humorists (we have had to breed them or die!), dairymen, boat-builders, engineers and men of gadgets have been, for 150 years, the standard for all America.
Other states feathered their nests out of Maine's cold little nest.

The chief history of Maine is an elegy. Our leading export has been, save for the century of wooden ships, our smartest children. So the railroads across the continent, the shipyards of California, the farms of Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and even Texas, and the mines of the Rockies are good Maine history. Except when we enlarged the front dooryards to our farms and gave our boys Java and the Horn and China to play with, we did not have enough work to keep our most ambitious children at home. So Maine became a seed-bed for the United States at large.

I am constantly amazed, as I go reading my poems over our country, to discover that a good part of my audiences, in whatever state I read, have ancestors in Maine. Maine might be called a state of good ancestors. It is a way of assuring oneself of forebears who believed in hard, independent American work to pick them up in Maine. Many Americans do. It is a pity such facts cannot get into tables of statistics for Mr. Toynbee to read!

What we have in Maine is the sort of thing that can get into literature and art, though. It has always been so in art. Leave the bright light and lace-like evergreens and rocks of Maine out of American art, and you will leave a big hole. Most American artists, from Winslow Homer on, have come down east to see men and skies and waves and cliffs at their cleanest and handsomest best.

We have been a bit slower in making our mark on literature. Of course, we produced the creator of the Rollo books and Kellogg of the score of boyhood classics a century ago. And Longfellow was Maine, and Hawthorne, at least part time. Sarah Orne Jewett was the first of our modern American realists. Frost and Wilder have sense enough to have ancestors in Maine. One of the two greatest American poets of the century, Edwin Arlington Robinson, hailed from "Tilbury Town," Gardiner on the Kennebec. And, of course, Edna St. Vincent Millay, best woman poet this side of Sappho, is a Maine girl, hailing from Rockland. *Renaissance,* wake-up poem of the twentieth century, blossomed out on Penobscot Bay. Today, too, there are Mary Ellen Chase, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Kenneth Roberts, Wilbert Snow, and a host of other poets and novelists putting Maine on the literary map. Too bad Mr. Toynbee's historical tables cannot take into account such lights that can make a state sparkle in the eyes of a whole world. But, as I said before, history cannot measure light.

The secret of these writers is the strength in the modern theme of local color. If you get down to bedrock in one state, you get down to bedrock in all states and all nations. The realism of today's prose and poetry is a realism of fundamental humanity. Maine is a fine hunting ground for humanity because the older and more enduring designs in human nature are still here, in this piscatorial and agricultural land: humor, folk speech, stories, proverbs, and occupational techniques of work by hand and heart that spell something close to wisdom itself and add up to civilization.

Here I go, breaking the one unbreakable Maine law of understatement. But a poet of Maine has to because his people will not. He has to be the lyrical outlet of their silent and natural lyricism. For years I have laid myself open to being called a rhapsodist of Maine. I cannot help being such, being a poet.

The thing of it is, Maine had always been so naturally a lyric poem, in hard weather and times especially, despite Mr. Toynbee, that we did not have to produce writers and poets. Our people were naturally such, going about their varied and exciting work so akin to play, being themselves without books of rules. Only lately have we begun to write our life down for outsiders' enjoyment.

III

THOREAU, a Massachusetts man, did not find us, as Toynbee does, unsophisticated. "The deeper you penetrate into the woods, the more intelligent and, in one sense, less countrified do you find the inhabitants." But Thoreau was a philosopher and did not pay his taxes.

Naturally we have our sins and our share of skeletons in the closet. If they do not bulk so large as the crookednesses in some states, maybe it is our size that saves us. Even our sins do not make the front page.

AUTUMN, 1948
Let's see: we fathered Neal Dow, father of prohibition. But many sincere people count him as a saint and not a sinner. Once, very briefly, the Klan reared its ugly hooded head, but that is down now. We are said to be snobbish and standoffish to summer people. We had reason to be when they patronized us or looked down their noses at us and called us “natives.” Today we are different, and they are, too. They want to belong and be neighbors, and, though we are cautious and slow at making friends, we make them for keeps. Our million summer people now are our friends.

Other deeper sins we have. We have allowed our “white coal”—Maine has limitless water-power—to get into the hands of monopolists at times. Worse still, we have let the mills at all our waterfalls poison our rivers with chemicals and kill out all our famous salmon and shad. That pollution still goes on and makes a desert of some of the best rivers of America. We have slaughtered our forests, left the slash, and let forest fires burn up our soil and the substance of children to come. Here is our blackest sin. Unintelligence and greed are as common in Maine as elsewhere. I think what the lumber interests and pulp interests have done to the forest which was Maine deserves to rank as a capital crime. Some counties are deserts now. Our firs along our coast are being butchered for the comics. As I write this, a dozen forest fires are eating up our soil and our future around me. We could have made Maine another Norway if we had farmed our forests intelligently. We may do it even yet. For in spite of our greed and shortsightedness, new balsams and pines keep coming up. Maine evergreens are hard to kill. We have always been able to raise a new crop.

Oh, we have had crops Mr. Toynbee or somebody in the field of economics could have measured. At any given time, in proportion to our population—always remembering the size of Cleveland—we have turned out a powerful lot of things.

First it was ships. We covered the globe with them. Maine sails whitened the Mediterranean and South Pacific. Maine babies got themselves born off Good Hope and cut their teeth off the peaks of Java. Every Maine one-horse farmer had vast sailing vessels working for him. That was a time, our golden hundred years Mr. Toynbee should have found statistics on somewhere, when a small Maine coast town like our own bred 200 seacaptains, and some of its families built, and sailed, in three generations, over 70 ships apiece. That was a time when Maine citizens had great friendships in Liverpool, Batavia, Valparaiso, Rio and Bremen; when all the oceans were crowded with peaceful traders of all nations and we were much closer to the One World Wendell Willkie dreamed of than we are now. Maine bulked large then in global history and international commonwealths of sail. Maine barns had Chinese temples for their cupolas, and our ships of oak and pine were the world’s standard.

Then we had lumber. The Kennebec and Penobscot overran with logs; our trees traveled to the earth’s ends. Maine produced Paul Bunyan and sent him off singing to log off Wisconsin, Michigan and Washington state. After logs, it was ice. Kennebec ice cooled India and the Argentine. The icehouses along the river were like cathedrals and shook with the music of strong men working with cant-dogs and ice-picks, storing diamonds of Maine Winters to keep the earth fresh and cool.

Our Kennebec salmon once were standard. So were, and are still, our herring, cod, lobsters. Our lobsters go now by airplane to all the country. We make a lot of Yankee notions still, gadgets of wood and metal. At Bath, we built destroyers at the rate of two or so a month for the United States Navy. Whatever Yankee ingenuity demands, be it clothespins, shoes or skis or canoes, we still turn them out.

We raise a lot of potatoes. Aroostook, one county the size of most New England states, raises fifteen per cent (up to 80,000,000 bushels) of the world’s potatoes. But we raise a varied crop, too—smaller potatoes, cows, hens, apples, homemade reach-boats and dories and lobster traps, which make us our living and the living for over a million summer residents, on our small farms along our 2500 miles of coast and among our forests and lakes.
The most thriving industry at the moment is the summer tourists. These we tan and send home, from children's camps and beaches and hotels, to the rest of the United States, rejoicing. And we provide a lot of Americans with camping and fishing and hunting, old American pioneer occupations, in season. Thousands of Maine deer go out of the state each fall on automobiles.

IV

But these are all crops that, like our wooden ships of the past, can evaporate and disappear. We have much more lasting harvests then all such. We have never measured our best things by the barrel, the bushel or the pound. There are our intangibles that only philosophy and art and poetry can preserve and perpetuate, that do not go out of existence ever, that add up to what Maine really is.

Call the roll:

First, Maine is not so much a state as a state of weather and scenery. We have a seacoast like a continuous Rio de Janeiro. Our mountains and woods come down to the sea and crowd out on the islands and ocean. Our farms are fog-horns and lighthouses and silver hordes of smelts and herring and thundering horse-fish, as well as barns and plows and freckled-faced boys. Our winds blow out of the Book of Revelation. We go bent to suit the gales. Days we have like glass in a Sandwich plate. Northern Lights and blazing stars light us in the cold half of the year. Our ten thousand islands are citadels of loveliness and loneliness and teach us the art of making our own way in life. Our wiry children are cousins of the bob-cat and deer. We have as much sunshine in winter as summer; we are greener in our snow months than in our leaf months, thanks to our evergreens. Weather and beauty can add up to a culture faster than battles and charters. Toynbee ought to be told this. These are our jewels.

Next, Maine is not so much a state as a state of mind. It is the live-and-let-live philosophy of living with your neighbor without trying too hard to improve him. For the group coercions of modern mass-society—be it fascism or Communism—Maine has a hate that amounts to an obsession. It shows in our politics, in our unwillingness to join crusades. It appears in Maine people's way of looking at things squarely and taking time to make up their mind; it appears in charity, which is the art of not being better than your neighbor. Maine caution can be the beginning of wisdom. It can flower in integrity. I know lobstermen who look more like Marcus Aurelius and Abraham Lincoln than most of our politicians do. Odd—or natural, rather!—that one should look for statesmanly faces among boat-builders and farmers.

Maine is still a state of thrift. Men and women still believe in saving up against storms and old age. It is not reprehensible here for men to take care for their own futures and not expect the state to do it. Hard work is still so respected that most of our working people, including myself, refuse to abide by an eight-hour day. The best work, like the best poems, is an overtime affair, done when other people sleep, in low-ebb hours, by starlight, by lantern-light.

It is the Maine people, after all, that mean what Maine means most. The people haven't amassed great wealth or cut wide swaths in politics; but they have learned how to get along on small but hardy apples, little berries, small boats, the shellfish and lobsters they wrest from the sea. They have rocky acres, a few cows, two months free of frost, blows you can hitch a horse to, rough waters, wild and hungry and lonely stretches of forest and sea; yet they make both ends meet, get along with their own minds, and grow into men who look well in oil paintings and bronze.

These people are the most all-round Americans we have left. They are farmers or fishermen or small-town working men; yet they send sons and daughters to college and into the professions. They are hunters, too, have libraries, keep posted on history and politics. They have refrigerators and electric stoves and radios, but they do a lot of work by hand. Work keeps them well. They are often surprising combinations of carpenters, paperhangers, painters, and plumbers, as well as clam-diggers. They make their own dories and reach-boats.
at home still, as their fathers made their schooners and brigs. They build them in the barn in winter; the boats grow bigger as the cows eat down the haymows; the women steam the ribs, and sons and daughters hold against their father as he drives home the bolts. And glory be!—these boat-builders sail their own boats, keep their own hours, are their own bosses, take no man's orders but their own. They are cranky independents who employ themselves, trust nobody's judgment but their own, believe in hard work, and thinking and education too. They speak in proverbs, they tell stories, and find time to whittle boats for little boys. Every so often a lobsterman fathers a daughter who paints or sings, or a son who draws pictures well, or at least a lawyer, a doctor, or a railroad president in one batch of children. They are not put out by airs or wealth. They judge a man by what he does and not what he has. They believe in the uncommon common men who have built up our country westward, state by state, and made America the model for democracies everywhere and the hope of the future.

Democracy is a word of dubious meaning nowadays. But Maine citizens are about what we used to mean by the word. They are people who follow many trades along lakes and bays like Norwegian fjords, men of wide reading and solid thinking, as well as artisans and hewers of wood.

The state of Maine is a state of making one's living off the country still, in the pioneer pattern of resourcefulness, piecing out the corn and beans with venison and fish. It is a state, mostly farms and villages or small towns, flourishing on old American resourcefulness which metropolitan summer people come far to see and admire. It is like seeing Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin still alive, running boats and fishing.

Maine is a state, I claim, of being American.

There are more people in the graveyards than in the neat white houses and big barns and little boats. But maybe it is a good thing to have one's resourceful ancestors keeping an eye on a man from a marble monument on a hill. We don't get ahead much in population, but we hold our own. In humor and laughter as in numbers.

"Say," said the summer visitor, "doesn't your town ever grow any bigger?"

"Well, would you believe it, marm, every time another boy is born around here, another young man leaves for Boston."

We still raise fair potatoes where our grandfathers raised theirs, build our lobster boats in the coves where our great-grandfathers built the ships that circled the world. We still go on begetting children who grow up and remain themselves and refuse to become the automatons the high-paid uplifters and the eye-servants of the state want men to be. We still make out with what little we have and stick to our own ideas of the Good.

It is a good state to act as usher of the sun each morning to other states, a fine rooster to wake up America to work.

Maine is a good state to have to look at when the world is in the sorry state of becoming enslaved to the state as it is just now.

Perhaps Arnold Toynbee ought to come down east and see us some Summer.
"Had A Wonderful Time"

(Wish You Were There)

PINE CONE Staff Photographer WILLIAM A. HATCH makes a camera record of some of Maine's noteworthy events of the past Summer.

MAINE COMMUNITIES vied with one another this past Summer season for the entertainment of the million visitors who came to Maine. Historical commemorations, parades, water pageants, festivals glorifying the lobster and potato, fishing derbies, yacht racing, craft shows, art exhibits, summer theaters, dog, horse, and cattle shows, open house days for the showing of historic churches and houses and dozens of other events made the 1948 season one of the fullest in the State's history for the interest and entertainment of visitors and residents alike.

AN IDEA proposed by the East Boothbay Chamber of Commerce and carried out by the community gave the State a valuable and worthwhile addition to the summer schedule in the second annual Fisherman's Fair, where 10,000 people filled up on lobster and clams and viewed the Maine seacoast industries on parade.
COMMUNITY CELEBRATIONS commemorating the founding of their townships were observed in many sections of the state. Damariscotta's Centennial (above, left) gave thousands of persons three festive days as the entire region turned out in colonial costume. One hundred years as an incorporated township were celebrated at Milbridge (right) in Washington County in two full days of historical pageantry.

Below, left: South Portland featured a giant parade and mardi gras at her 50th anniversary along with concerts in the newly organized War Memorial Music Shell. Right: One of Maine's most famous halls of learning, Limington Academy, proudly proclaimed 100 years of service to the community along with the sesqui-centennial of the Town of Limington.
ARTS AND CRAFTS fashioned by the precise handiwork of Maine people are an important factor in the character of our State. Among the many displays of this nature this Summer were, left, Franklin County’s newly organized Kingfield Craftsmen’s Club exhibit at Kingfield and, right, Maine Coast Craftsmen’s exhibit in the picturesque boat barn at Rockport. (Story in Summer PINE CONE.)

OPEN HOUSE DAYS are events where Maine charm and flavor is at its best. The Head Tide Church, right, overlooking the historic Sheepscot Region is one of the most beautiful and picturesque in Maine. Below, left, many fine old houses and spacious gardens were on exhibit at Camden’s Open House and Garden Day. Right, Wiscasset’s grand old colonial houses are opened annually for an event which attracts thousands each season.
ACTIVITIES about the State are many and varied. Above: The Penobscot Indian Tribe in Old Town revived their pageant this year with all its prewar color (see front cover). Tribal dances, Indian craftwork and costumes again are an annual event on the summer calendar. Above left: Three tons of lobster were eaten at Maine State Lobster Festival at Rockland. Left: Lakewood was seeing double when it was host to the annual Maine Twins Party. Below, left: A record number of boats entered the Maine State Tuna Tournament at Boothbay Harbor. Right: A dramatized pageant of their historic seaport town's early days is a yearly event enacted by the citizens of Castine.
Above: Maine is proud of its ever-increasing membership in the renowned Three-Quarter Century Club. This year's outing was held at the beautiful Hyde Memorial Home in Bath. Above, right: Aroostook's Potato Blossom Festival was held at Van Buren. Right: Maine writers gather for their annual conference at Ocean Park, Old Orchard Beach.

Below, left: The annual Water Festival at Rangeley and the newly-added Doll Carriage Parade bring many visitors to this scenic inland lakes section. Below, right: Fishing derbies are ever popular with the sportsman. Two happy anglers on Maine's largest lake, Moosehead, are bringing in a few entries.
Top left: Bean-hole beans, a Maine specialty, graced the festive board for those attending Sumner's Centennial. Top right: The New England Music Camp's shell at Lake Messalonskee, Oakland, drew music lovers to Sunday afternoon concerts. Center, left: Summer playhouses, traditionally Maine, are distributed throughout the State. First night at the Bar Harbor Playhouse was always a special event. Center, right: Yacht racing by the famous Northeast Harbor Fleet was typical of such activity along the entire Maine coast. Left: A lobster bake on the rocks was standard fare at Maine coastal resorts, especially at Rock Gardens Inn, Sebasco.
Town Managers In Maine

By Charles E. Dawson

Maine has more town and city managers than any other State in the Union. A Maine newspaperman here tells why and how this form of municipal administration has succeeded so well in the Pine Tree State and why it is a promising new vocation.

The State of Maine, hardy stronghold of the pure democracy of town meeting government, is going modern this year with all the shrewd economy its Yankee village conscience can muster.

Today, Maine is the Nation's foremost state in number of town managers employed. Her 83 managers, in communities ranging up from 200 isolated farmers to several thousands of suburbanites, total up far ahead of Michigan's 64, or the 61 in Texas. And the next states in line are way behind. Virginia has 50, Florida 46 and California 45 town managers.

This year, farm and fishing folk in six more Maine towns are voting on adoption of town manager government, or have committees giving serious study to the system. And though some observers grumble that the "bloodless, soulless efficiency" of manager government counts the death knell of that democratic spirit so dear to the New England villager's civic heart, Alan McClennen, secretary of the New England Council's community development committee, terms Maine's example "the coming thing in other New England states."

To prepare for an even greater number of Maine's 493 organized towns, cities and plantations in the ranks of town management, the University of Maine is pushing development of its public management and administration curriculum, with its combination of governmental and engineering courses. Prof. Edward F. Dow, head of the university's department of history and government, says that "so far as we know, there is no program in the Country which has this combination."

At the same time, the university's Manager Training Institute, held yearly on the campus in the summer months, is a unique operation which has only lately been adopted in other states, notably Florida. In a word, the State is well on its way toward a self-sufficient supply of trained professional town managers acquainted with local problems.

In its trek from early battles with big city corruption to the rural isolation of Maine backlands, manager government has undergone some unique changes and new techniques to adapt itself to the local scene. And so well has the adaptation been made that not one Maine town, in the three decades since Auburn first voted the plan in 1918, has gone back to selectman government. The wedding of town meeting democracy and town manager efficiency appears indissoluble—and fruitful.

The system has been so successful mainly because it hit the Maine villager where his fancy and necessity lie—in the realm of economy. He found that town management brings to civic affairs the same frugal economy hard times has taught him to follow in his personal affairs.

Harrie D. Eckler, manager of Brewer (pop. 6,510) explains that "the growth of the manager plan in Maine is not due to any spectacular
achievement on the part of the managers, but rather to a steady, methodical rebuilding of the local government organization into a well-coordinated, smoothly operating unit producing the results desired and seeing to it that the taxpayer gets a dollar's worth of value for each dollar of tax he pays."

Eckler's own town is an example of bustling civic economy. In 1931, when the manager charter went into effect, the bonded debt stood at $224,000 and the tax rate was .0416. At the end of 1942, the bonded debt stood at $193,000, even though there had been added in 1938 and 1939 $79,000 of new bonds for a new city hall and a new auditorium. And the ever-crucial tax rate was only up to .052.

It was this businesslike economy that has been so sorely lacking in other days. "My experience indicates that the greatest fault to be found with the old form of government in the smaller towns and cities," Eckler explains, "is that the administration changes more or less from year to year, and being only parttime officers, they never get familiar with the ever-changing requirements of local government but attempt to continue to operate under the same conditions that have endured for years, failing utterly to recognize the fact that this is a world of change, and that local government must change with it or be left hopelessly adrift."

As more and more towns stopped drifting and applied for manager charters, the State Legislature in 1939 passed an Enabling Act, which permitted towns to adopt the system by a simple vote at the annual town meeting. The result has been that since 1940, 64 communities have hired town managers.

That spurt, aided by the Enabling Act, has been prompted too, during the war and postwar years, by the mounting complexity of government administration, even of the simplest local nature, and by rising costs and an even more acute awareness of townspeople of the need for economy and efficiency. At the same time, a measure of prosperity returned to Maine. War industries goaded business initiative, the great Aroostook County potato empire experienced a boom similar to the Kansas wheat boom, and mill towns were bustling as looms hummed faster than ever. All the activity turned leading citizens, who ordinarily devoted off hours to local affairs, away from civic interests. And, as a Portland lawyer who is legal counsel to some 300 Maine towns puts it, "when leading men of a town are too busy to attend to the affairs of government, a town manager becomes morally necessary."

How does a town go about hiring a manager?

Under the Maine Enabling Act, citizens at their annual March town meeting may vote by simple majority —always the rule—to adopt manager government. The selectmen they elect, usually five or seven in number, scout the public administration schools—and other towns—for a manager, whom they themselves are empowered to employ.

Some smaller towns get together and hire a manager to administer to both. Castle Hill (pop. 697) and Mapleton (pop. 1,354) in the rich prairieland of Aroostook County have done this, as have two other pairs of smaller Maine towns.

The manager, once hired, becomes a professional, non-political "boss" of most civic affairs. He sees that the town laws and ordinances are obeyed, buys everything the town needs, puts into effect the measures the board of selectmen and the town meeting adopt, and takes over the jobs of town treasurer, road commissioner, tax collector and overseer of the poor. (In some towns, the manager carries even more of the burden of civic affairs, as in Castle Hill, where in addition to the regular duties, he is constable, school committee man and a justice of the peace.)

The arguments in favor of town management are substantial. The system's advocates claim that:

1. Town manager government creates a single administrative head, who is an expert in his profession.
2. Management of town affairs is on a relatively permanent basis and beyond partisan politics.
3. Managers, divorced from the need of local political party support, can move from town to town. As a result, any town can call on experienced help from outside its own boundaries.
Camden, one of the prettiest towns in Maine, was the first small community in the State to adopt the town manager plan. In 20 years the town debt was wiped out and a growing surplus established. This aerial view shows the colorful harbor, with Mt. Megunticook beyond.

4. And even though a manager wields plenty of power, the town council or board of selectmen can control the situation, prevent abuses, and fire the manager if worse comes to worst. Finally, the people’s feelings are always felt forcibly in the forum of town meeting, where they retain local democracy against all encroachments.

Against this argument, opponents claim that manager government puts local government in the hands of strangers who don’t know local problems and personalities, while at the same time adoption of the system kills political life and lends such efficiency to the town’s government that citizens become indifferent and off their guard.

Manager Eckler of Brewer, however, points out that townsfolk generally are content with manager government if they are thoroughly convinced before adopting it that the system offers them what they need.

“In too many instances,” he says, “this change in form of government is rushed into without the proper study, and with a good deal of misunderstanding resulting. The town manager form of government is not a cure-all. No manager is a miracle man. He cannot pull rabbits out of hats, and make two dollars appear where there was only one before.”

In most Maine towns where manager government has been adopted, though, townspeople practically purr with content when the subject is broached.

That is the impression, for instance, in Camden, a pretty coastal
town of some 3,000 souls which was the first town in Maine to adopt the manager plan in 1925. (Two cities, Auburn and Portland, had previously hired managers in 1918 and 1923.) John W. E. Felton, chairman of the Camden board of selectmen, recalls that the change from selectmen government was affected because "our bonded debt seemed to be a perpetual millstone." At the same time, he says, public works were temporarily and ill conceived, and the tax rate was steadily rising.

One town manager spelled out the basic problem of most towns this way:

"The tax rate has been kept low but a debt has been created that will prove to be a millstone around the neck of the next generation."

Percy R. Keller, Camden's town manager, cited figures to prove how town management has dealt with the economy problem there. In 1925, when the system was adopted, the bonded debt was $92,135. But by 1944, the debt was entirely wiped out and town assets rose from zero over the 20-year period to $15,750. At the same time, the tax rate rose only from $40 to $44 and annual expenses from around $128,000 to $153,000.

Mrs. Betty Foxwell, secretary of the Camden Chamber of Commerce, sums up: "By having a town manager, our town is also efficiently directed." Through the board of five selectmen, the finance committee and the annual town meeting, she says, "we have both efficiency and democracy ideally combined."

In Guilford, a small Piscataquis County town on the edge of Maine's North Woods, Manager Ernest C. Marriner, Jr., typifies the small town manager. The town pays him $2,500 a year, plus $100 auto allowance, and gets in return a man with an MS in public administration from Syracuse University who handles almost every town business from taxes to operating the town road scraper.

Marriner, and others like him across the state, are building a new and unique local governmental pattern cut to Maine's style. Bernal B. Allen, city manager of Auburn, first municipality in Maine to adopt the system, feels that this new way of running small towns "offers a considerable saving through purchasing, coordination of departmental activities and proper, non-political, honest and experienced planning."

The average Maine farmer, perhaps, wouldn't put it quite that succinctly as he stops at his boundary fence to talk with a neighbor. But in towns across the State, more and more farmers, fishermen and small businessmen are finding their traditional desire for efficiency and economy in the town manager plan.

And if they stopped to think, they might remember an old and battered proverb: "As Maine goes, so goes the nation."

In any event, Maine is leading the way toward a new, functional solution of the problems of small, local government. What better place for Yankee pride in achievement?

* * * *

SALE OF STOCK in the new Bar Harbor hotel has been a complete success, with plans, specifications and bids due to be completed on or before Nov. 1. Several requests for reservations for the 1949 season already have been received. Bar Harbor residents have pledged $149,500 worth of stock and summer residents have thus far pledged $82,100. Efforts are now being made for a complete sale of the stock to hold the mortgage to as small a figure as possible.
Fourth in a series on Maine homes is the Nordica birthplace at Farmington, where memorabilia of the operatic star's life and triumphs are displayed. It is visited by thousands of persons each Summer.

Cultured Farmington lies in the Sandy River Valley, where purple hills form a deep fringe for the sky, and lofty pines reverberate with the songs of the seasons. North of the village, on the road to Rangeley Lakes there stands well back from the highway, a modest Cape Cod farmhouse. The long drive leads up to meticulously kept Norton Woods,—birthplace of world-famed Lillian Nordica,—Giovanni's "lily of the North." The drive is bordered by rock maples, terminating with poplars, which stand remembering.

There are fan-lights on either side of the unpretentious doorway for this comfortable home housed simple and unpretentious Puritan folk,—descendants of "Campmeeting" John Allen, the "fighting parson."

The Norton family came from Martha's Vineyard at an early date and was represented by Ephraim who cleared the forest and erected a house for himself and his family. (The earliest Norton recorded came from England in the "Hopewell" and settled in Ipswich in 1635). Ephraim may have been a descendant of the Ipswich Nortons. A grandson of his, Edwin by name, erected the present house, married Amanda Allen, and became the father of six Norton girls. Lillian, the youngest, was born in 1859.

The house is marked by its snow-white simplicity. A small shed is attached to it but the barn stands upon a higher piece of ground, detached and alone.

The entire family—father, mother, and children—reveled in music. Lillian delighted in the mysteries of nature. She roamed over the hillside, and frequently sat for hours trying to reproduce bird calls. By the tap of a stick on the side of a drinking glass, she brought forth musical sounds to the accompaniment of falling water. When she was six years of age, the family removed to Boston that Wilhelmina, who showed marked musical talent, might have the advantage of higher training. Lillian's voice was termed "thin and weak" and did not compare with her sister's for beauty and tone; therefore, little attention was paid to her musical attempts.

An expansive career was contemplated for Wilhelmina but her studies were interrupted by death which occurred while she was completing an engagement in Farmington. Lillian, then sixteen years of age, entered the New England Conservatory of Music, upon recommendation, in Wilhelmina's place. Her voice developed rapidly and her high C attracted immediate attention. She was especially adapted to operatic roles and, when graduated, was sent to Italy for further training under the famous San Giovanni. She made her debut in La Traviata at Brescia, April, 1879. She was then twenty years of age. Regarding this, her mother wrote:

"Lilly has also signed another agreement to sing the principal part in the opera 'Traviata' by Verdi, in the city of Brescia, on the Gulf of Venice . . . You will never know the hours of almost painful practice of scales; hours of digging out the language . . . until sleep asserts its supremacy . . . in order to master the masters."

Nordica was the first singer to be heard in the new Trocadero in Paris.
In 1880, she appeared in fifteen performances of Faust, playing the role of Marguerite. It has been said of her rendition: “She sang the Jewel Song, happily; the Spring Song, sentimentally; the Church Scene with an agony of remorse and despair.”

Nordica was the first American woman to sing at the Bayreuth Festival and was selected by Madam Wagner, wife of the composer, to sing the role of Elsa in Lohengrin. She studied for the role under the tutelage of Madam Wagner. Her rendition of any part was flawless for her indomitable will to succeed asserted itself and she never recognized defeat. In six weeks’ time, she mastered between ten and twelve difficult roles in the suffocating heat of Milan in order to appear as planned in St. Petersburg.

Nordica did not commit readily, yet mastered the least detail of the most difficult language and had a repertoire of more than forty operas. She practiced words singly and in pairs, often three thousand times each, or until she secured personal satisfaction. Her audiences were amazed to hear her sing Wagner without accent and in tune.

She began singing these roles in 1893 when the so-called “golden age” of German opera was at its height. Someone has said: “Success, if it reaches its goal, rides on the back of discipline.” This was particularly true of Lillian Nordica for she was a stern self-disciplinarian.

Her first American appearance, after her debut, was in 1883 when she sang the role of Marguerite in Faust at the Academy of Music in New York City. She soon returned to London where she was victorious, and success followed each appearance. She returned to America when the Boston Opera House was formally opened and sang La Gioconda with assurance, feeling, and tremendous power. She once said of her achievement: “Plenty have natural voices equal to mine; plenty have talent equal to mine, but I have worked.”

Lillian Nordica was the star of the first Maine Music Festival which was held in Bangor in 1897. She sang
again at the Maine Music Festival held in Portland in 1912, at which time the audience rose to do her honor. After repeated encores, the program was concluded with “Home, Sweet Home.” This was her last appearance in Maine for the steamer carrying her on a concert tour was wrecked in the Gulf of Papua, she contracted pneumonia and died the following spring at Batavia on the Island of Java.

With the removal of the Norton family to Boston, the Farmington property changed hands but, in 1909, when Lillian had achieved success, it was bought by the Norton sisters and presented to her by them. At that time it became known as Norton Woods. Until the death of Mme. Nordica five years later, it was occupied by them for a portion of each year. After her death, however, it was closed and presented broken window panes, sagging doors and rotting sills,—a tattered picture of what had once been a gay canvas. In 1928, the Nordica Memorial Association was formed by interested townsfolk and the house, brought to its present livable condition, became the nucleus of Nordica memorabilia.

Ribbons from her triumphal bouquets adorn the narrow registration hall and San Giovanni’s nom de théatre, (Giglia Nordica, Lily of the North), lettered in gold on crimson satin, is indicative of the love and admiration which the teacher held for his pupil. San Giovanni watched her progress with the keenest interest and satisfaction.

There are low ceilings, chintz-like papers, spattered pumpkin pine floors, and a late eighteenth century atmosphere. Three rooms have been set apart for Nordiciana and these present an accurate picture of her achievement, plus post-Civil War living. There is the spool bed upon which Lillian was born, small rocking and high chairs, and here and there mute testimonials of a child’s fancy.

An autographed picture of Ernestine Schumann-Heink hangs above the bed. In a far corner, an ancient talking machine reproduces the voice hushed for more than thirty years.

The sitting room contains the family coat of arms, period furniture and an interesting painting of the artist at the age of twenty-two. Another painting, much too large for the house, hangs at the Farmington State Teachers’ College, while still another may be seen at the State capitol building in Augusta. There is a heavily carved Italian chair, the gift of Diamond Jim Brady; an Italian score of Les Huguenots, and the framed letter from the diva’s mother, descriptive of her success, to the brother in Farmington.

There is a teakwood console, the gift of the Chinese Emperor, interesting vases, jewelry, family portraits, daguerreotypes, ferrotypes, specimens of glassware, (including Bohemian thumb print glasses in green, ruby and blue,) and thin English and German china. The latter includes Minturn, Royal Doulton, Dresden, and the beautiful American Lenox. The specimens of glass and china have been taken from carefully packed sets for which there is no room. Many priceless articles remain unpacked for the same reason.

The door to the right of the entrance hall presents an unforgettable picture, for through this may be seen the elaborate stage gowns of the prima donna. Tiaras, bracelets, necklaces,—breath-taking in their beauty,—dazzle the eye. Her gowns, unequalled by any prima donna, are displayed on life-like figures. These include costumes worn in such roles as: Lohengrin’s Elsa, Tannhäuser’s Elisabeth, Parsifal’s Kundry, Siegfried’s Brünnhilde. There is Aida’s gay gown and the flowing blue mystery of Marguerite. Nordica sewed beautifully and designed and made many of her stage gowns. Her passion for pearls almost excluded the wearing of rubies and diamonds. The gowns are rotated; therefore, it is impossible to state what gowns will be on display at a certain time.

The birthplace of Lillian Norton is quiet and unassuming. The tourist would not give the farmhouse pause were it not for the modestly lettered sign which indicates that a great and noble woman passed that way!
CLEAR FROSTY mornings . . . foliage in riotous color . . . golden warmth at mid-day . . . pine ridges silhouetted in purple against a fall sunset. The chatter of squirrels in the beechwoods . . . a flash of white as the big buck disappears behind a knoll . . . the crunch of the hunters’ tread in the stillness at daybreak. All these are part of the Maine we know in Autumn.

Man’s urge to prowl in fields and woods is certainly an honest human inheritance. Interest in the wilderness ways of wild birds and creatures has invited exploration since time immemorial. Hardly a person who has passed the age of childhood can look back upon his experiences without finding at least one or two thrilling wildlife discoveries that command a prominent position in early memory. The first sight of downy young robins in a grass-lined nest . . . pollywogs sprouting legs in the pasture pool or perhaps a little brown bat, hanging upside down in the dark corner of grandfather’s haymow.

If you are one of those privileged to have some every-day contact with these sights and sounds of wildlife just off the beaten path, a never-ending true story told with more tragedy, comedy and dramatic feeling than any stage or screen can portray, is unfolding before your eyes. If you’ve never seen it, stop a while and get back to reality. You won’t be sorry.

MAINE IN Autumn means many things. No place within the realm of my recollection offers greater wealth of opportunity for outdoor action. Whether you prefer to hunt birds or game with gun or camera, camp, hike, go mountain climbing, fishing or just plain wander in the wilderness . . . no state could offer more. Probably deer hunting is at the top of the list for the greatest number of people.

Hunting Maine’s big “white-tails” is a sport in which experience, skill, and “stick-to-it-iveness” play a very large part. Oftentimes just plain “bull” luck will net some rank greenhorn handsome results within an hour, while his partner, an experienced woodsman, may tramp the forest for days without firing a shot.

ONE OF THE roughest initiations of a novice I ever heard of, occurred on a hunting party at Quaker Ridge in Casco the last day of the hunting season two years ago. A young hunter who shall be nameless but will hereinafter be referred to as “Bud” accompanied Wilbur Hoyt of Casco, Maynard Marsh of Gorham and your reporter on this Nov. 30th hunt.

Deer signs were plentiful. About 11:30 a.m. Maynard and I left Bud and Wilbur on the southern end of the ridge near the outskirts of a farm. These two set out to work in a northernly direction along the top and upper edges of the “humpback” toward an
old road which crossed the elevation at right angles about a mile and a
evenly take up appropriate hunting
sites where this road crossed the
ridge.

Bud carried a 30-06 Springfield and
a full box of 20 cartridges. All the
way to Casco he had impressed us
with tales of the tremendous shocking
power of the 30-06. He wanted to
place his shot, he explained, so that
he wouldn't spoil too much meat... that
guns like this one were commonly used
elephant hunting in Africa, etc. etc. His running commentary was
received with courteous reservation.

Maynard and I remained on our re-
spective stands without seeing more
than a few red squirrels until 2 p.m.
We waited around for a while. There
was no sign of Bud. Feeling that he
surely couldn't get lost following that
pronounced humpback ridge... I de-
cided to hunt for a while in an area
further on beyond our "standing road"
until he put in an appearance. May-
nard elected to stay on a good "run"
not far from the car while Wilbur
went along with me.

Fresh deer signs were much in evi-
dence and time passed rapidly. About
four o'clock I heard the horn on my
car blowing frantically. I started for
the car. I'll never forget the sight
that greeted my eyes on the road just
below the automobile. Bud had ar-

 His eyes were as large as the lens
in a two cell flashlight... and twice
as bright. His hat was gone and his
shirttail out. Both knees were through
his hunting pants and showing red
welts in the bare flesh. Wild hair
hung down over his face, which was
gray with mud. His speech was inco-
herent. As he ran down the hill to-
ward me he started yelling: "He was
... I saw ... back of a horse ... I
want you ... couldn't ... got lost!
Get your hurry!!! Right over there!
he yelled ... pointing straight up in-
to the air.

Quite a few minutes and at least
four cups of black coffee from the big
thermos helped to calm him down. We
tried to find out what had actually
happened and little by little patched
the story together. After leaving
Wilbur, Bud had worked his way
slowly along the side hill for fifteen
or twenty minutes. Frequently he
stopped to rest and listen. During one
of these pauses, a stick snapped in
the woodland stillness some yards
ahead. He was tenser than two
G-strings on a jig fiddle. He waited.
Out from a clump of jack-pines about
80 yards away walked two does fol-
lowed by a magnificent buck!

Bud took careful aim at the big
buck. That highly touted 30-06
barked. The does disappeared but the
buck, apparently rattled and not
knowing exactly from which direction
the shot came, started straight for
Bud! At a distance of about 35 yards
as the deer approached quartering, he
jacked in another cartridge and fired
again. The buck went down!

After getting a grip on himself
(for this was the first deer he had
ever shot) Bud walked over to within
25 or 30 feet of the sprawling animal
and sat down on a log. My warning
about keeping a safe distance from
the slashing hoofs of a wounded deer
filtered through his mind. Having re-
gained some measure of his self-con-
rol by this time, he lit a cigarette
and sat smoking on the fallen timber.
About half way through the smoke,
the buck started to kick and struggle
although still on the ground. Bud
considered a head shot to end the
thing for sure but decided against it
on the theory that the skull and ant-
lers might be smashed up at close
range. They sure were going to look
swell over the camp fireplace... about
ten points... and well formed. He
took a couple of close range shots at
the chest area instead... and then
finished his cigarette.

Arousing from the log, he loosened
his hunting knife and approached the
fallen buck. When at a distance of
three or four paces, the deer lifted its
head and looked at him. Bud's heart
stopped beating. Dashing back to the
fallen tree... he grabbed his rifle.
By this time the buck was on his feet
and 10 yards away. Bud shot. The
deer faltered. Bud fired again. The
deer picked up speed. This was unbelievable! Bud fumbled in a fresh clip of shells and ran to get nearer. That beautiful head for the camp wall was gaining distance and fast. To make a sad story short, Bud kept running after the deer and firing. The animal would occasionally falter just enough for him to gain back a little lost ground. Things went along like this until he had but two cartridges left out of a fresh box of twenty that morning. Finally the buck got out of sight in some small pines.

At this point, Bud decided that he needed help and started, he supposed, in much haste toward the old cross road where we were to meet. Within the next half-mile he found himself hemmed in on all sides by swamp. This certainly was not according to plans! Crashing through the underbrush toward what looked like a higher piece of land, he saw a gray-brown form move slightly just ahead. He stopped. Thirty yards away a large fat doe stepped into the open. He raised the rifle and pulling the trigger strained until his right fore-finger nearly broke. The safety lock was on. Hastily releasing it he glanced up but the doe had gone. Cursing himself in disgust, he snapped the safety back on. Looking up again, he nearly fainted when another doe ... slightly smaller than the first ... stepped out into plain view. Slamming the gun to his shoulder he fired. The bullet went wild. Standing there for a moment to get a better grip on himself he suddenly realized that he had only one cartridge left ... and that he was LOST!

Choosing the largest pine in sight, Bud headed in that direction and wisely climbed to the very top in an attempt to get his bearings. At a distance that he judged to be nearly two miles he could just make out a set of white farm buildings on a hill. Another mile of swamp, slough and briars brought him to higher ground where he could actually see the buildings ahead from ground level. Jumping a pasture fence a short distance further on, he started making a "bee line" for the farm house. Two-thirds of the way across the field he heard a peculiar thumping sound and looked up to see the farmer's bull closing the distance between them at an alarming rate of speed!

Bud considered his rifle but then the price of beef flashed across his mind. He made the barbed wire fence and rolled under it, minus a substantial part of one trouser leg, just twenty feet ahead of Ferdinand! Not until that moment did it occur to him that he was wearing a scarlet red hunting shirt.

Arriving at the farm house more than a little out of breath, Bud inquired how to get back to his starting point. Much to his dismay, no one at the house could seem to figure out where he had come from. Finally, the farmer's son loaded him onto the handle bars of a bicycle and rode him two miles down the lane to a cross-roads store. Further consultation here with incoming customers and those around the cracker barrel still provided no clue as to how Bud might find his way back to where he started hunting.

Half an hour later, an up and coming lad of high school age drove up to the store in his father's car. Following some discussion he allowed that he knew of the old road where we were to be waiting for Bud. When the horn on my car had started blowing so wildly, the missing member of our party had just arrived on the old cross-road through the courtesy of the high school boy in his father's car ... plus two dollars.

Darkness was approaching when we had gotten a complete story out of Bud. Nevertheless, we hurried over to the spot where he thought he had last seen the big buck. Careful searching revealed no trace of the deer. Night closed in and we were forced to abandon the hunt. This was the last day of the open season. We called the local Game Warden and made arrangements to search the area without firearms the next day. That night, Nov. 30th, about three inches of soft snow fell, covering all traces of the woodland struggle. In spite of this handicap, we spent four hours the next morning in careful examination of the whole area. Not a trace was ever found of Bud's big buck.
Some hot spots for fall fly fishing are: The mouth of Bemis Stream on Mooselumeguntic, Kennebago River, Cupsuptic River, Kennebago Lake, King & Bartlett Lake and Tim Pond. Further north most ponds in the Jackman Region such as Pierce, Attean, Heald, Holeb, Parlin and many others show extra pay dirt at this time of year. The Northeast Carry and Seboomook sections of Moosehead are always a good bet for sizable trout during late September. Square Lake thorofare in Aroostook County and Grand Lake Stream thorofare in Washington County hardly ever fail to produce top-notch action with fish running well up in size. General law in Maine closes all lakes and ponds to fishing after Sept. 30. However, a special regulation permits fly fishing only with a limit of one fish per day in certain areas of the Rangeley Region.

Al Eastman of Bath is working on a product which he believes will allow hunters, camera enthusiasts and nature lovers to approach wild animals much closer than ever before. Eastman's preparation is reported to "knock out" the normal human odor and to actually attract wild creatures instead of causing fear. His trade name for the preparation will be "Close Up."

Inland Fish & Game Wardens Camp at Dead River was pillaged by a bear last week. Bruin went off with the framework of a window including some glass, around his neck as a souvenir of his nocturnal wanderings. All hunters north of Rangeley please be alerted for an extra special shot at a bear in picture frame setting.

Did you know that there is a Maine statute regulating the hunting of the Capercailzie . . . and do you know what one is?

Correction: Jack Codding, proprietor of Black Bear Camps at Stratton writes to advise that the picture of a 17½-lb. togue (with Bobbie Roberts of Greenville alongside) in the Spring issue of PINE CONE is definitely not the champ of recent years in the Inland Fishing Division. Jack says that on June 25, 1947, he took one from Spring Lake in Flagstaff weighing an even twenty pounds. Codding, by the way, is an exceptionally successful fisherman, hunter and guide, whose parties incidentally account for some of the finest specimens of both fish and game coming out of this Northwestern Region of Maine each year.

A still later report from Warden Frank Phillips of Rangeley tells the story of a 21½-lb. togue being taken from Varnum Pond in Franklin County by Austin Hodgkins of Temple. This fish was 41-inches long. Hodgkins played it for over forty minutes before bringing the net into action. As far as we know at press time this fish is really the largest in the inland waters division to be taken in recent years. Can anyone who has fished Maine lakes and streams since 1940 top this one?

Of real interest to hunters is the 1947 Deer Kill Map, compiled by W. Earle Bradbury, Deputy Commissioner of Inland Fisheries & Game a short time ago. Earle points out that comparison between this map and others of recent years tends to show how Maine's deer are gradually moving south into the more closely populated areas of the State. Authorities say that this migration is due to the white tails' interest in the more readily available food supply adjacent to farming communities. Washington, Penobscot and Hancock Counties respectively, lead in the number of deer tagged during the 1947 open season. Standish in Cumberland County reported the highest number for any one town. Impressive total for an extremely short season was 30,349. Inland Fish & Game Commissioner George J. Stobie says that in spite of more intensive hunting the last few years, deer in Maine are increasing steadily. He estimates that a 1948 kill of 45,000 would not be heavy enough to seriously deplete Maine's deer population.
Meet The “Duchess”

By William A. Hatch
PINE CONE Staff Photographer

Pet Deer are not uncommon in Maine, especially nowadays when the State is producing one of the largest deer crops on record, but this is what I walked into during a casual call at Deer Farm Camps, Kingfield, late in August.

Game Warden Earland Winters found the youngster, half-starved and deserted by its mother, trapped in a pile of brush in his patrol area. Mrs. Winters cared for the baby until it was well enough to romp the woods again and now it is both a camp guest and pet. It runs in the woods at will, but never too far away to answer Mrs. Winters’ call.

Clanging of the mealtime bell brings the fawn pawing at the kitchen door to remind Mrs. Winters it is time for a pan of warm milk, as above.

At six months, the “Duchess,” as Mrs. Winters has nicknamed her pet, has graduated from the nursing bottle to a saucepan. New guests arriving at the camp are sometimes startled to find the “Duchess” sleeping in the sun on the porch, waiting for mealtime.
Above: “Duchess” tries to make friends with Smokey’s new kittens, but the mother cat is wary of such familiarity and spits her disapproval. This hostile reception confuses “Duchess” for the moment, so she bounds off in search of new conquests.

Below: The dining room at mealtime has an especial attraction for “Duchess” and occasionally Mrs. Winters gives in to the pleas of the guests and allows the fawn inside. Here Mrs. Hugh Van Zelm of Scarsdale, N. Y., finds a new thrill from a visit to Maine by giving “Duchess” a tidbit from the table, while her husband and Mrs. Putnam Cady of Fonda, N. Y., enjoy the diversion.
"A Woman's Work . . ."

By Theresa I. Maxfield

Portland's Woman's Literary Union, with 1,200 members, is the largest and most active women's club in Maine and perhaps New England. Here is the fascinating story of its origin and growth and the enthusiastic interests of its members.

In November of next year the Woman's Literary Union of Portland will celebrate its sixtieth anniversary. The first organization of its kind in the world, as far as is known; that is, the first federation of several clubs to form a larger unit, the Union has been a pioneer among social and civic groups in Maine and in the Nation during its more than half-century of operation.

Its history is an interesting one, especially since the WLU story is, in many phases, the story of the development of the club movement in general.

Women's clubs—the congregation of groups of women in a common purpose—had their earliest beginnings during Civil War days, when groups met to work for the soldiers. The discontinuance of these activities when the war ended was deeply felt, and the desire for social gatherings, centered about a common interest, resulted in a wave of women's clubs which extended throughout the country.

In this activity Maine women were pioneers. Several clubs were formed in Portland in the early 'eighties; many more groups met informally. Shakespeare's plays—reading and discussion—were the most popular themes for meetings.

A course of lectures on this subject, conducted by the Reverend Asa Dalton, D. D., of St. Stephens' Church played an important role in the early threads of organization which led to the ultimate development of the Woman's Literary Union.

Dr. Dalton concluded his first series of lectures in his church. This was not a completely successful venture financially, as opening and heating the church consumed any profits. Consequently, as the second season approached, and the demand still existed, he sought the aid of Mrs. Eunice Frye, one of Portland's civic leaders. Because attendance at these lectures certified the bond of a common interest among members of the group, Mrs. Frye, who was already active in one of the city's leading established clubs, recognized the opportunity for a unified effort to promote the activity. In a flash of inspiration Mrs. Frye added, "Wouldn't it be delightful if all the club women of the city could come together for some general exercises?"

From this thought the federation which grew into the Woman's Literary Union was evolved. The idea met with widespread approval, and at a meeting of representatives of the sixteen women's clubs then existing in Portland, held in May, 1889, the proposal of federation was presented for consideration. At a second meeting in November of that year, the formation of the Ladies' Literary Union Club of Portland took place. The membership, which included ten clubs and twenty-one ladies not associated with any of the clubs, totalled 113, and was headed by Mrs. Susan E. Bragdon, its first president. The object of the federation was "to bring together the women of Portland for intellectual advancement and educational progress."

The following year the name was changed to the Woman's Literary Union. The name placed no limitations upon the club's activities, for, in addition to the excellent classical pro-
grams, study classes were formed in handcraft, nature study, French, dramatics, civics, parliamentary law and home economics.

Besides the class activity, a working interest was maintained in civic affairs, such as good roads, child labor, schoolroom decoration, baby hygiene and welfare, road-side beautification, and, in later years, city planning. There were usually only three Union meetings during each winter, while the bulk of the activity was carried on during the more frequent meetings of the individual clubs.

In March, 1908, a special meeting of the Union was called for the purpose of reorganization. The outcome of the meeting was the establishment of five departments of study—literature and arts, sociology, education, forestry and crafts and industries. At periodic meetings members of each department presented papers in line with their studies.

The first great concentration of effort of all Union members was brought about by Red Cross work during the first World War—sewing, knitting, bandage rolling, etc. Needless to add, the Union club house was, during the years of World War II, the scene of history repeating itself in patriotic endeavor.

During the first quarter century of its development, the Union’s greatest problem was a meeting place. Because of the rapid growth in membership, the club repeatedly outgrew the halls in which it convened. In spite of a growing fund to realize the dream of a club house of its own, the club was not financially equipped to purchase its dream. Realization did come early, however, for, in January, 1916, Mr. George C. Frye, husband of Eunice Frye, conveyed to the club the house and property at 76 and 78 Spring Street. To this generous gift
Mr. Frye added the promise of ten thousand dollars in cash, with the proviso that the club increase its own fund of eight or nine thousand dollars to fifteen thousand dollars. That goal was quickly accomplished through the contributions of public spirited citizens who, like Mr. Frye, had become deeply interested in the growth of the club.

In June of that same year Mrs. Frye, who succeeded Mrs. Bragdon as the Union's second president and who subsequently became known as the "mother of the Union," turned the first spade of earth for the construction of an auditorium which would bear the name of "Frye Hall" in honor of the two major benefactors of the organization. This building, adjacent to the Frye home, houses an auditorium whose seating capacity approaches a thousand, and a banquet hall which seats three hundred. Both of these halls have been a valuable source of income to the club, as they have been, and are today, in great demand by other organizations and groups for concerts, dances and entertainments. In addition to these extracurricular activities, the halls are in weekly use by the club.

The club house itself is an excellent example of Victorian living. Constructed in Colonial design of red brick, it was built between 1820 and 1826 by Isaac Ilsley, a prosperous Portland citizen, for his daughter upon her marriage. In the early 1920's Mr. Frye purchased the home.

The Union spent many years restoring the original decoration of the house. The wallpapers are reproductions of old designs, and were presented to the club by the manufacturers. The present furnishings of the house have been gifts, representative pieces from the era of the 'eighties, from members and friends of the club. A quaint mahogany-and-plush sofa in the front parlor fills the dual role of original and later gift. Built for the first owner, Isaac Ilsley's daughter, it passed through a series of other ownerships, to return to its place as a gift of its last owner.

Furnishings and decorations too numerous to list make every wall, every corner of each room a point of interest. Pictures, mirrors, paintings, furniture combine to frame a rare setting for the activities of the modern Union.

Building upon the plan laid down by Mrs. Bragdon, Mrs. Frye and the early members, later committees and members have expanded the "departmentalized" program from its early schedule one meeting each year of each group to the present schedule by which class rooms are in use five days a week. There are classes in French, parliamentary law, bridge—contract and duplicate tournament, choral singing, stencilling, painting and decorating and rug hooking. Each new season brings new demands for classes—art, literature, languages, public speaking and self expression—as the only requirement for the formation of a class is the concurrence of fifteen members.

Oldest among Union study groups is the University Extension Class, for it is the outgrowth of Dr. Dalton's lecture course, the activity which brought the original federation of clubs together. The lecture series has been an annual feature since the Union was organized, and in later years, through the cooperation of Maine colleges, became the Extension Course. In the past credits toward college degrees were given to members upon the successful completion of the course.

Ranking next in age are the French and parliamentary law groups, originating in 1918 and 1919, respectively. Membership in the parliamentary law class, a popular program during its many years, numbers nearly a hundred; that of the French class only slightly less.

The contract class and duplicate tournament meet bi-weekly and enjoy a large enrollment. In addition to their educational and entertainment values, they have been notably successful as fund-raising instruments for many courses.

The Choral Group is one of the Union's most glamorous classes. At weekly meetings its members are directed in the techniques of choral singing, rehearse many numbers for their own enjoyment and perfect their two major projects of the year, a program of Christmas music for the holiday season, and a spring program which variously assumes the form of a concert, operetta or musical comedy.
Choral group activities of the WLU have always been one of the organization's outstanding projects. Taking part in this year's musical comedy were, left to right, Mrs. Roy G. Johnson, Mrs. Alfred Erickson, Mrs. Walter M. Tapley, Jr., Mrs. Linwood S. Cross, Mrs. Edwin G. Pierce, Mrs. T. Sanford Pitcher and Mrs. Richard H. Bruns.

Also, the group is frequently called upon to make radio appearances in conjunction with programs devoted to woman's club activity in Maine.

Newest among the active classes are the handcraft groups — stencilling, painting and decorating and rug hooking. They are the outgrowth of a recent two-year series of programs on hobbies and interests which presented a variety of subjects at monthly meetings. The handcraft classes turn out examples of their arts which rank with the best and which draw a large and appreciative attendance at their annual exhibits. While the hooking, stencilling and decorating arts were well started on their way toward the general revival which is now taking place, the Union's classes have been largely responsible for the widespread activity in the Portland area, and for the speed with which interest has broadened.

In addition to the organized class activity, the Union's schedule includes some fifty special programs each year. These programs cover a wide range of interests — music, literature, art, science, drama (from the monologue to the full-scale), travel, politics, international affairs, sociology and social problems.

Tangible evidence of this scope of interests is a partial list of speakers who have appeared at Union meetings in recent years: Dorothy Fuldheim, Cleveland radio commentator; Phyllis Bottome, English writer; Mme. Suzanne Silvercrus, sculptor; Nicholas Slonimsky, pianist; Will Durant, philosopher; Elinor Graham, Maine writer; Mrs. Mark W. Clark, wife of World War II Fifth Army commander; Mrs. Raymond Clapper, whose war correspondent husband lost his life in a Pacific plane crash; Bertita Harding, author-traveller; Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, noted Chinese author; Robert P. T. Coffin, Maine poet and professor; authors Lloyd C. Douglas, Ben Ames Williams and Clifton Fadiman; commentators Hector Bolitho, Bruce Thomas and Jay Allen; Gerald Wendt, scientist and editor of Science Illustrated; Maurice Fishbein, New York educator; Edward Weeks, editor of The Atlantic Monthly; the Siberian Singers; monologuist Beth Carev; Dorothy Adlow, art critic of The Christian Science Monitor; journalist Vanya Oakes; and Harrison Lakin.

AUTUMN, 1948
who is the dean, one might say, of WLU lecturers, as his series of monthly lectures on international relations dates from 1935.

In the course of its lecture season, the club annually presents a community lecture for the people of Portland. Many of the nation's leaders in the field of lectureship have appeared on the Frye Hall stage as the Union's gift to the city.

Supplementary to its local activity, the WLU is also an active member of the Maine Federation of Women's Clubs, and as such has frequently been host to the Federation's annual meetings. This role in the Federation is a logical one, for Mrs. Frye was instrumental in establishing the state federation and was active in its work for many years.

_IN STRUCTURE the organization is a miniature government. Administration and policymaking are in the hands of the twenty members of the Board of Directors. Working in conjunction with the Board is the Executive Committee which is made up of the officers—president, first and second vice presidents, corresponding and recording secretaries, treasurer and auditor.

The president is a member, ex officio, of each of the standing committees—finance, house, investment, legislature, membership, program, university extension, publicity, rules and regulations, scholarship, social activities and tea—and of the special committees—friendship, hospitality and nominating.

Each of the study classes is headed by a class leader. The leaders are in turn responsible to the first vice president, who also serves as Director of Classes.

_Today the Woman's Literary Union numbers 1000 active members, the limit imposed by its by-laws, plus 200 non-resident and student members, and holds a lengthy waiting list of prospective members. More than one hundred and twenty-five of its members each year are engaged in executive, directive and committee work, operating and maintaining the club house, serving at luncheons and teas, compiling programs, regulating finances and investments and completing the innumerable duties involved in operating a club activity of this magnitude. In addition, the club employs a full-time executive secretary who also acts as rental agent for the Frye Hall property._

_The Union is a formal corporation. Its chief costs of operation are those of maintenance, heating and ownership expenses of the house and Frye Hall. These costs are offset chiefly by rental fees, interest on investments and membership fees. Here it is interesting to note that, despite the rapidly increasing costs of recent years, the Union has not raised its annual dues from the five dollars set in 1920!_ Reciprocal relations are maintained with women's clubs in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Paul, Grand Rapids and London, England. Exchange privileges of these clubs are available to all Union members, and are similarly offered by the Union upon the presentation of its card of introduction.

_The Woman's Literary Union is unquestionably fulfilling its first object; namely, to provide a place for social gatherings centered about common interests. Besides this fulfillment, it offers to its members countless opportunities for study, social and mental enlightenment and the development of progressive thinking. Moreover, in the words of Ella M. Bangs, Maine historian-novelist, "self-culture is not its prime objective. We seek knowledge that we may give it again, and while we strive to stimulate the intellectual life of our members, we at the same time work to promote the spirit of cooperation in the community, to give uplifting helpfulness to all who come within the influence of our club."

_So the work continues, the work begun by Mrs. Frye and her supporters, the work forwarded by present members, the work to be done by future members. In the words of the adage, "it is never done," but will continue as long as there are members to carry it on._

_The most fitting conclusion, it seems, to this story of Maine's largest woman's club is the quotation of its creed, the collect that is used by all federated Maine clubs . . . a symposium of thoughts of far-reaching effect and application: _"Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed._
Present officers of the Woman's Literary Union are, left to right, Mrs. Arthur E. Kimball, auditor; Mrs. Ella K. Crocker, treasurer; Mrs. Royal Boston, recording secretary; Mrs. Sara C. Wright, first vice president; Mrs. S. Arthur Paul, second vice president; and Mrs. Carroll S. Chaplin, president. Mrs. Walter M. Bachelder is corresponding secretary.

“Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.
“May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face—without self-pity and without prejudice.
“May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.
“Let us take time for all things; make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.
“Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.
“Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences, that in the big things of life we are as one.
“And may we strive to touch and to know the great common human heart of us all, and, oh, Lord God, let us forget not to be kind!”
Governors of Maine, 1900-1948

By Reginald E. Carles

Here for the first time are the condensed biographies of Maine’s last sixteen Governors. Our young author has promised to prepare similar sketches for the 1820-1900 period for subsequent issues.

Llewellyn Powers was in his second term of office as the 38th Governor of Maine in 1900. He was born in 1838 in an old log cabin, quite similar in structure to the one in which Abraham Lincoln lived as a boy. His birthplace was at Pittsfield and he was the eldest member of a family of ten children. His mother was a country school teacher. The early childhood of Llewellyn Powers was spent doing the customary chores around the family farm and going to the rural district school. He worked his way through Pittsfield Academy, Albany Law School and Colby College. He entered politics and became a state senator, and was Speaker of the House in 1895. He was elected Governor in 1896 and re-elected in 1898. Governor Powers was chief executive during the Spanish-American War. In April of 1901 he was elected to Congress from the Fourth Congressional District to complete the term of Charles Boutelle of Bangor. He was re-elected to the 58th, 59th, and 60th Congresses. Llewellyn Powers was a Republican, resided in Houlton and died July 28th, 1908.

John Fremont Hill was the 39th Governor of Maine. He was born in Eliot, Oct. 29, 1855. He received his education at South Berwick Academy and the Putnam School at Newbury, Mass. He also attended the Maine Medical School for a year, but later decided to adopt a business career. He was a partner in the publishing firm of Vickery & Hill of Augusta. He was elected Governor in 1900 and re-elected in 1902. John F. Hill was a Republican.

William Titcomb Cobb was the 40th Governor of Maine. He was born in Rockland July 23, 1857. He attended Bowdoin College and was a classmate of Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole. He later went to Europe and studied in the Universities of Leipsic and Berlin. Upon his return to America he attended Harvard Law School for a year. He was always interested in politics and was elected Governor in 1904 and re-elected in 1906. He was best known as chief executive for his resolute stand on the Sturgis Law of that day, which called for strict enforcement of prohibitory laws. He was asked by popular demand to run for U. S. Senator but declined. He was greatly honored throughout his lifetime by Bowdoin College. President Hoover appointed him state chairman of the Citizens Reconstruction Organization to help release funds that were being hoarded at that time by private citizens. He was a leading business executive. William T. Cobb was a Republican, resided at Rockland and died July 24, 1937.

Bert M. Fernald was the 41st Governor of Maine. He was born in West Poland April 3, 1858. He attended Hebron Academy and Boston Business School. He was elected Governor in 1908. Fernald was well known as “a good speaker, a good farmer, a good corn packer and a good campaigner.” In 1916 he was elected to Congress to fill the unexpired term of Sen. Edwin C. Burleigh and was re-elected in 1918. He was one of the most popular Governors and U. S. Senators the state ever had. Bert M. Fernald re-entered business after his political career, was a strong Republican and resided in Poland. He died August 24, 1926.

Frederick W. Plaisted was the 42nd Governor of Maine. He was born in Bangor July 26, 1865. He was the son
of Harris M. Plaisted, former Governor of Maine. He graduated from St. Johnsbury Academy in 1884 and began newspaper work as the editor of the "North Star" at Presque Isle. He took over the management of his father's newspaper the "New Age," a Democratic weekly in 1898. He was mayor of Augusta in 1906, 1907 and 1908. He was elected Governor in 1910, at a time when the salary of the State's chief executive was $3,000 annually. Frederick W. Plaisted was a Democrat, resided in Augusta and died on March 5th, 1943.

William T. Haines was the 43rd Governor of Maine. He was born in Levant August 7, 1854. He graduated from the Maine State College in '76, and also graduated from Albany Law School in '78. He was known as a good farmer, lumber operator and lawyer. His life long ambition was to be nominated by the people to the Governorship. He was elected Governor in 1912. When he retired from politics he became a prominent business executive and held directorship in several of the state's water companies. William Tecumseh Haines was a Republican, resided in Waterville and died June 4, 1919.

Oakley Chester Curtis was the 44th Governor of Maine. He was born in Portland March 29, 1866, and attended the public schools there. He joined the firm of Randall & McAllister as a manual laborer and worked his way up to general manager and president in 1895. He was mayor of Portland from 1910 to 1913. He was elected Governor in 1914. Governor Curtis was made an honorary member of the Passamaquoddy Indians on Christmas Day, 1916, for legislative favors to that tribe. He was president of the Casco Mercantile Trust Co., and director of the United States Trust Company and the Union Safe Deposit & Trust Co. Oakley C. Curtis was a Democrat, resided in Portland and died February 23, 1924.

Carl Elias Milliken was the 45th Governor of Maine. He was born in Pittsfield on July 13th, 1877. He graduated from Bates College in 1897, and took a post-graduate course at Harvard. He was a leading figure in state and national church circles. Milliken was the first to encourage the motion picture industry to use the beautiful scenery of Maine for outdoor picture background. He was elected Governor in 1916 and reelected in 1918. Governor Milliken served as chief executive during World War I. He was once announced as a possible Vice Presidential candidate. He was appointed Collector of The Port of Portland by President Calvin Coolidge. Milliken once resided at Island Falls, but is currently an executive member of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, with offices in New York and Los Angeles.

During Governor Milliken's second term he officiated at the state celebration of the Maine Centennial in 1920. He also was chief executive when the state accepted the Blaine Mansion in 1919 from Mrs. Harriet Blaine Beale, who gave it in memory of her son Lt. Walker Blaine who died in France. It was the former home of James G. Blaine who was defeated for the presidency by Grover Cleveland.

Frederic Hale Parkhurst was the 46th Governor of Maine. He was born at Unity Nov. 5, 1864. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1887. Parkhurst became interested in politics and was president of the Maine Senate. He was once asked by a friend why he wanted to become Governor, his answer being, "I want only to serve." He was elected Governor in 1920. He died Jan. 30, 1921, the third Governor to die while in office since 1820. He resided in Bangor and was a Republican.

Percival Proctor Baxter was the 47th Governor of Maine. He was born in Portland, Nov. 22, 1876. He graduated from Harvard Law School in 1901. His father was James P. Baxter, an extensive property owner who left this real estate to his son to manage. Baxter was greatly interested in politics and was president of the Maine Senate at the time of Gov. Parkhurst's death, thereby succeeding him and becoming Governor. He was the first bachelor Governor since Henry B. Cleaves of Portland in 1892-94. He was elected Governor for a full term in 1922.
During Governor Baxter’s administration he was well known for his love of animals, having had Irish Setter dogs all his life. On June 1, 1923, one of his dogs, “Garry,” died and Governor Baxter ordered the Stars and Stripes lowered at the State House in honor of his canine pal. This unusual tribute to a member of the animal kingdom was given wide coverage by state and national newspapers, and caused considerable controversy. In 1925 a memorial tablet was erected to Gov. Baxter’s dog “Garry” in the State Museum and hangs there today.

Percival P. Baxter is well known as a humanitarian and philanthropist here in Maine, and is a prominent figure in many humane societies, including the New England anti-vivisectionists. He has donated land to the City of Portland and established a beautiful park and boulevard, and is currently directing the enlargement of his biggest project, the Baxter State Park, which is comprised of over 135,000 acres of land. Baxter has left it his wish that this attractive park remain in its natural wildlife state. Upon his death Baxter has left provisions in his will to leave his home on Mackworth Island in Casco Bay to the State to be used as a home or hospital for children. Percival P. Baxter is a Republican and has traveled extensively the world over, but has always remained close to the hearts of the Maine people to whom he is endearred.

Ralph Owen Brewster was the 48th Governor of Maine. He was born at Dexter Feb. 22, 1888. He received his education at Bowdoin College and Harvard Law School. He entered politics and was elected Governor in 1924 and reelected in 1926. He was elected to the 75th and 76th Congress as a Representative from Maine. He was elected U. S. Senator in 1940 and reelected in 1946. Senator Owen Brewster was mentioned as a possible Vice Presidential candidate in 1946 and 1948. He is a Republican.

William Tudor Gardiner was the 49th Governor of Maine. He was born at Newton, July 12, 1892. He was graduated from Groton in 1910 and Harvard in 1914. He was elected Governor in 1928 and reelected in 1930. He loved to sail along the Maine coast, and was the first Governor to promote the state as a national “Vacationland.” Under Governor Gardiner the State Government was reorganized and a new administrative “code” adopted.

During World War II Gardiner was a directing officer with the 8th A.A.F., Intelligence Corps. He was one of the Allied officers who played a prominent role in the capitulation of Italy. He has been decorated five times for his splendid war record. William Tudor Gardiner holds membership in the Republican Party and is currently in business in Boston, Mass., holding directorship in several corporations, including the Incorporated Investors, U. S. Smelting and Northeast Airlines.

Louis J. Brann was the 50th Governor of Maine. He was born at Madison July 8, 1876. He was graduated from the University of Maine in 1898 and became a lawyer. He was Mayor of Lewiston for five terms and was elected Governor in 1932 (swept into office with the Roosevelt landslide) and reelected in 1934. He was given the title of the “greatest publicist in Maine’s history.” He was the first Democratic Governor of Maine to be reelected since the Civil War. Governor Brann was an immaculate dresser and ardent baseball fan. He was a popular “man of the people.” He died on Feb. 3, 1948.

Lewis Orin Barrows was the 51st Governor of Maine. He was born in Newport June 8, 1893. He was graduated from Hebron Academy in 1912 and the University of Maine in 1916. He worked in his father’s drug store and became a page boy in the State House at the age of 14. He was a student of “political philosophy,” and was elected Governor in 1936 and reelected in 1938. He is a Republican and is currently an executive officer of the United Mutual Insurance Company and the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company of Boston, Mass.

Sumner Sewall was the 52nd Governor of Maine. He was born at Bath. He attended the Westminster School of Simsbury, Mass., Harvard University and Yale. He was a World War I hero and a comrade of Eddie Ricken-
backer, famed air ace of that war. He was elected Governor in 1940 and reelected in 1942. Governor Sewall served through World War II as the State chief executive. He was a strong proponent of National Defense and introduced legislative bills to enlarge Maine's airport facilities. Immediately after retiring from the Blaine Mansion he became active director of the United Airlines. After the War he was appointed Civilian Military Governor of the American Zone of Occupation in Germany (1946-1947) assistant to Lt. Gen. Lucius D. Clay. He is a Republican and a business executive.

Horace A. Hildreth is the present and 53rd Governor of Maine. He was born in Gardiner in 1903. He is a graduate of Bowdoin College and Harvard Law School. He became a lawyer and entered politics, rising up through the legislative ranks. He was president of the Maine Senate in 1943, and was elected Governor in 1944 and reelected in 1946. Horace A. Hildreth has received the title of "a sincere leader and progressive Governor." He is an ardent sportsman. He was elected chairman of the National Governor's Council in 1948. Governor Hildreth is a Republican.

Thus we complete the Biographical Sketches of sixteen consecutive Governors of Maine from 1900 to 1948.

Bates Fabrics, Inc., a sales subsidiary of Bates Manufacturing Company has become the first Maine firm to sponsor a weekly television program (NBC's east coast television network). It is also the first important American textile manufacturer to take such a step. The show is called "Girl About Town," Wednesdays, 8-8:20 p. m. It will display Bates home furnishings, bedspreads, draperies, piece goods and finished products, all of them made in Bates mills at Lewiston, Augusta and Saco.

* * * *

Maine industrial products went on display for the first time as a group in the State of Maine Building at the Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 19-26. Plans for an even larger industrial exhibit next year are even now being made by the Maine Publicity Bureau.
From Out My Kitchen Window

By Ruth Power Barstow

Torches against the grey-blue sky,
The sumac seed-pods glow;
A shaggy bird’s nest cradled there
Is blanketed with snow.

The white birch stands with simple grace
While to her tresses cling
Precious stones in diadem
The gift of Winter’s King.

A yellow birch in crystal gown
Spreads wide her spangled train
As, bending low, she curtsies
To Winter Wind’s refrain.

Now sunlight trails her golden scarf
With gesture warm and free;
Prismatic colors sparkle
From every bush and tree.

Each tiny branch and seeded flower
Left standing in the snow,
Becomes a shining fairy wand
Tipped with a jewel’s glow.

From out my kitchen window
I gaze upon this scene;
And, lulled by magic beauty,
I turn away, serene.

To Sit Upon a Wall

By Edwin D. Merry

Today I’d love to sit upon a wall,
Where apple blossoms drift and fall.
The place I know looks out to sea
O’er fish-house roofs;
An old grey wharf juts out below,
Where lobster pots sulk row on row—
All shimmering in the mid-day heat.
Far below me lies the fleet
Of fishing boats—weathered, dozing,
Scale-smear’d things.
In dories where the nets are piled,
Hot hornets whine and sing
Above the devil’s apron strings.

I would not toss my tawsled hair
To loose the white drift settled there,
Nor turn my head, nor break the spell
Of this fine rapture ’neath the tree.
I would go on and hold Spring’s hand;
I’d romp with her across the land—
We’d kneel together, knee-to-knee,
And drink deep draughts of ecstasy.

Today I’d sit upon a wall
Where apple blossoms loose and fall.
The place I know looks out to sea,
Where ships can float and cease to be.
A man needs such an afternoon
With gulls, and ferns, and dead grass smoke
And drift of voices up a slope.
Red Light on Katahdin

By Manfred A. Carter

The mountain lost in shadow
Cling to sunset and desire,
When red light on Katahdin
Turns gray stone to sudden fire.

Tall trees are dark and dreaming,
But the peaks are still awake,
Though mist has rung its curfew
Through the twilight on the lake;

And, early in the morning,
The first rays will be there—
To kiss a crest that’s dreaming
Of the glory of the air... 

Maine Woodshed

By Mary Lincoln Orr

Below the ell, it drops a step or two:
The woodshed with its tantalizing charm...
Its clutter from the past, and tools quite new,
Add mild enchantment to the seaside farm.

Old horsewhips, saddles, clam-hoes peg the wall;
A chest of drawers is brimmed with screws and nails;
Ship models: broken; and a horn to call
Out “dinner,” hang near fishing gear and sails.

A clump of paper birches grows beside
The clamshell path that scatters from the door,
And curlews flying on the rising tide,
Chase swallows to the eaves, as they explore.

A cosmos vagabond that went astray
Inclines its velvet petals toward the man
Who, peacefully, sits whittling life away...
No buzzing wasp annoys this artisan.

The Juniper

By Mary Billings

I give you the juniper! Dweller on granite ledges!
Not the model of neatness used for suburban hedges,
But the straggling, wind-whipped, evergreen
Bush with ragged edges.

Juniper takes on a rusty bronze
As the year wears through,
Challenges winter with clustered berries
Of mountain-blue—
Berries as sweet as sun-warmed clover,
Beaded with balsam dew.

Here’s to juniper—authentic rustic—
Bush with ragged edges—
Signature of the northeast wind,
Scrawled on pasture ledges.

None But the Lonely Heart

By Jean Crosse Hansen

This is the path we took
With the sea gulls crying
Along the lonely beach
And the gold light dying;

But two can never be sad
As one, who, in sorrow,
Walks a sea-worn path alone,
Dreading tomorrow.
Soon Autumn's colors will riot across Maine hillsides, making Summer's departure less hard to bear, for this is the season of the year when Maine is at its best—crisp mornings, warm noons, when one basks happily on uncrowded beaches, or joins the happy holidaying families at fall fairs from Acton to Machias. It is a time for savoring the rare quality which is Maine, just as one savor the mellowing cider from our abundant orchards. One finds Autumn here has the same heady quality. Just the ride from Bethel to Waterford for the World's Fair is an experience never to be forgotten—rich colors of woods against clear blue skies.

It is pleasant to explore our State Parks, and enjoy fall picnics. Mt. Blue Park at Weld is incomparably lovely with color, and one can pick up some extras for the picnic at the unique "Farmer's Wife" snack shop run by hospitable Mrs. Lee. Color will flame too, in St. George Park in Liberty. After a good hike around St. George, Mrs. Adams of the Adams House can give you a country dinner, ample, satisfying and something that you have dreamed of, without hope of experiencing.

This is also a time for wandering country roads and more remote scenic spots, such as Route 175 in Brooksville, where from the top of Caterpillar Hill one can gaze at all the beauty of Penobscot Bay, rimmed with the flaming color of Autumn. It is an opportunity for leisurely visiting in Maine—long evenings before the fire in Maine hunting lodges. Lodges cozy and restful like O'Kum run by the hospitable Greenlaws at East Musquash Lake, or any one of the many dotting our lake shores from Rangeley to Grand Lake Stream, where one finds it hard to choose, due to the excellence of locations and the warm hospitality of camp operators. There will be horse shows, and dog shows, as well as fairs, and free of the haste we felt in summer, we shall enjoy each event.

With Fall's arrival we think of all the activities our communities will be engaged in now and through the coming months, and we wonder if there is any more civic-minded town in Maine than Pittsfield. Its residents will assure you that when anything comes up for the good of the town, they all pitch in and work together. Is it not this fact that accounts for its prosperity and progressiveness? At Maine Central Institute students under the expert guidance of Howard Niblock, headmaster, are really being fitted for life through a well-planned practical curriculum. MCI's students who have gone on to college are noted for being outstanding, and now the school looks forward to becoming a Junior College.

One of the finest things we have ever seen done by any elementary school teacher is the comprehensive "Pittsfield — Its History, Resources
and Government" prepared this past year by Lawrence Grindle's eighth grade under his guidance. It was brought to our attention by Roy Sinclair whose daughter, Nancy, helped in the preparation. We would welcome such a book on every community, and what better way of starting one's children out with an awareness of Maine's resources and inculcating civic pride?

We haven't heard of any juvenile problems in Pittsfield and we think we know why. Seldom anywhere will one find parents giving more time to such organizations as Girl and Boy Scouts. Just last season, Joseph Cianchette, local contractor, donated the complete renovation of the Girl Scout room in the Public Library, and it is a model headquarters now, for which the girls showed their appreciation by presenting Mr. Cianchette with a plaque. On the edge of town we find too, Peltoma, an attractive housing development built by Mr. Cianchette, where fine new families are being attracted to live in Pittsfield, finding this a town, not only offering good housing, but a civic atmosphere conducive to wholesome family life.

The excellent Lancey House is in the center of town, and another tribute to Mr. Cianchette's progressiveness. Its modern attractive appointments and rooms make it a popular spot indeed with both business people and tourists. We are happy to find too, that Mr. C. makes sure his coffee shop guests take away a souvenir of Pittsfield in the form of an attractive place mat drawn by Rev. Hinckley and depicting the town's key spots and historical points. On it one notes the new Manson Park, Pittsfield's center of recreation. The Mary Ann Lancey Manson Park was made possible through the will of John William Manson, who died in 1941, leaving $275,000 requesting that part of the sum provide an annual income for a park. The energetic Park Commission, composed of Miss Florence Buxton, Kilbon Merrill, Harry Anderson, Sadie McRillis and Roy Sinclair, this Summer could point to flood-lighted baseball diamonds, children's playground, and picnic grove. A feature which impresses us about this park is that one going through Pittsfield on Maine Central trains will not look out at the usual depressing lots, but instead this beautiful park, which certainly is a fine way to attract people to the Maine way of life.

Pittsfield has had its share of famous people: Carl Milliken, Governor of Maine during World War I, and now with the Motion Picture Reviewers Board. Llewellyn Powers, also one of Maine's finest Governors, 1897-1901 and later Congressman. The grand old pastor, William Stimson, who left his pastorate on leave of absence to raise $10,000 for MCI, and who in his old age subscribed his last $100 to help pay the debt of the school, and Hugh Pendexter, historical novelist who died in 1940, was born in Pittsfield. Too, there was Colonel Morrill, Congressional Medal of Honor holder, who began the Civil War as a pirate. Returning to Pittsfield, he took up horse racing and built the first track here and at Dexter. Following his death, friends organized the active Colonel Morrill Club, and perhaps that is why leading citizen J. Cianchette, has done so much for Maine racing with the complete renovation of Bangor and Gorham tracks, and the award of the Colonel Morrill Cup as a racing trophy. Do you agree that Pittsfield is a town for its residents and Maine to be proud of now?

We wish more people would take the trouble to write us about their achievements, or those of fellow Maine natives. Even so we manage to keep learning news. Incidentally, we were happy to hear that Dr. Robert Moore, whom we mentioned in an earlier issue was back for his usual summer visit and took in the Maine Writers' Conference. A United Press report recently announced that Major Annie Gardner of 75 Fifth St., So. Portland, had been named Commander of the first battalion of reactivated, Regular Women's Army Corps at Camp Lee, Va. A former Aroostook Normal teacher, Major Gardner has been six years in the WAC, with extensive overseas service. Edward McMenemy, Portland High and Bowdoin alumnus, is now Director of Personnel for ECA in Paris, serving directly under Averill Harriman.

Out in St. Louis, Mo., U. of M. Alumna Dr. Betty Carlin is pathology affiliate at Barnes Hospital where Dr. Carlin interns. Dr. Betty C. is a
Washburn native. Bath native and Bowdoin alumnus, Lawrence J. Hart, has for twenty-five years guided the Gloucester, Mass., Chamber of Commerce, very successfully as its manager. Howard Palmer, Sumner native, who has been with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford R. R. since 1907 retired as president, recently. His brother Raymond is Vice President and General Manager of the N. E. Transportation Company.

Sumner has many representatives through other States—Linwood Bonney is vocational guidance director in Fairfield, Conn., Charles Varney is superintendent of schools in Stoneham, Mass., and Richard Palmer, Jr., is utility engineer for Shell Oil at Wood River, Illinois, Clarence Dyer is a research chemist for Brown Instrument of Philadelphia, and Vernon Bradeen is flight instructor at Maheu Airport, while Richard Thomas, claim adjuster for Liberty Mutual, handles their biggest territory in Minneapolis.

Ward Cleaves of Addison, who as a Colonel, supervised the Food Service Branch of ASF in the U. S. and later in the Pacific, is now president of his own company, Cleaves Food Service Corporation, with offices at 2141 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. and operating restaurants in Jersey City, Quantico, and Silver Spring, Md. Helen Beasley Ochs, formerly of Old Town, is headmistress of the Mohawk Day Camps and Home School, Inc., at White Plains, N. Y.

From teaching duties at Ridgewood, N. J., High School, comes Winterport native Marion C. Eaton each Summer to conduct her sailing school, “The Northport Navy,” where successful preliminary training was given many boys who served during the war. For this Miss Eaton, who holds the first pilot’s license ever issued in Bangor (1932), received naval commendation. The school was born in 1943 following sailing experience with Capt. Irving Johnson on the “Yankee” and Capt. Swift on his schooner cruises out of Camden. Several newspapers as well as the recent August Yachting magazine have written of Miss Eaton’s unique school for boys and girls.

Harvest time is when one can view the results of the Maine farmers’ long hours of toil, and realize what a great resource our agricultural lands are—lands which must be wisely used so that not only high grade products are raised, but the soil kept from depletion. We think that the excellent dairy farms in Hancock County, such as those in Bluehill, and the Black Angus being raised for beef in Eastbrook, are fine examples of what progressive farmers can do in Maine today; and down at Lubec, Sherwood Prout, formerly of Cape Elizabeth, can show one extensive lands from which have been shipped many truck loads of greens these past months. Visits to canning factories in Liberty, Jonesboro, Fryeburg and many other Maine communities will make one realize the extent to which Maine grown corn, and beans and peas and blueberries, reach the shelves of the Nation’s markets. We think a trip around Western York County and Oxford County during apple harvesting is a wonderful experience.

A pleasant spot for visiting on a fall day is the Chinook Kennels of Perry Greene on Route I near Waldoboro. The Greenes have entertained visitors from nearly all the States and several foreign countries since they opened their kennels—admission free—the past Summer. Chinook News, a small newspaper now published by the Greenes, keeps dog owners all a part of a large happy Chinook-owner family.

We wish more people in the Nation realized the colorful scene which Maine presents in Autumn, for to us it is the finest time of year. Each turn in the road from sea to mountains brings such unexpected glory of color, that it is no wonder few artists have attempted to capture “Maine in Autumn” on canvas.

If you like Round the Cracker Barrel, please let us know—just a note or a card with a bit of news also will be appreciated, and now is the time for all our State of Maine Societies to instruct secretaries to keep us posted on current activities.
A U T U M N 1 9 4 8

Famous Maine Recipes
By JUNE L. MAXFIELD

A U T U M N  I S  h o l i d a y - t i m e . . . t h e i n - f o r m a l ,  i n d i v i d u a l  h o l i d a y  o f  W o r l d  S e r i e s  l i s t e n i n g ,  a  f o o t b a l l  g a m e  o r  a  c o u n t r y  e x c r u s i o n  a n d  p i c - n i c ,  a s  w e l l  a s  t h e  c a l e n d a r e d  e v e n t s  o n  H a l l o w e ' e n ,  A r m i s t i c e  D a y  a n d  T h a n k s g i v i n g .  W h a t e v e r  t h e  d a y  o r  o c c a s i o n ,  f u n  f o r  t h e  f a m i l y  a n d  f r i e n d s  i s  t h e  c u e ,  a n d  N u m b e r  O n e  o n  y o u r  h i t  p a r a d e  i s  t h e  b a s k e t ,  t r a y  o r  t a b l e  o f  g o o d  s t u f f  t o  e a t .  "I m p r o v e d  w i t h  a g e "  i s  t h e  k e y n o t e  o f  o u r  o l d  M a i n e  r e c i p e s . . .  i m p r o v e d  t o  t o d a y ' s  s t a n d a r d s  o f  t i m e - a n d  t e m p e r a t u r e - c o n t r o l l e d  o v e n s . . .  i m p r o v e d  i n  o u r  e s t i m a t i o n ,  a s  i t  s e e m s  t h a t  t h e  o l d  f a v o r i t e s  t a s t e  b e t t e r  e v e r y  t i m e  w e  h a v e  t h e m .  M y  a u t u m n  c h o i c e s  a r e  p o t - p o u r r i  . . .  t h e  o c c e s s i o n a l  i d e a s  f o r  t h e  "w h a t - w o u l d  -  b e  -  d i f f e r e n t  f o r  l u n ch  - t h i s  - e v e n i n g  "  a n d  "w h a t  - w o u l d  -  a d d  -  i n t e r e s t  - t o  - s u p p e r "  p r o b l e m s .

O l d  F a s h i o n e d  S p i d e r  C o r n  C a k e

S i m p l i c i t y  a n d  h e a r t i n e s s  w e r e  t h e  p o w e r s  b e h i n d  t h e  p o p u l a r i t y  o f  "J o h n n y  C a k e"  i n  t h e  e a r l y  d a y s ,  a n d ,  a s  f o r  m e ,  t h e  i d e a  i s  s t i l l  g o o d  o n e !  M y  f a v o r i t e s  a r e  t h e  e a s y - t o - m a k e ,  e s p e c i a l l y  w h e n  t h e  r e s u l t  m a t c h e s  t h i s .  E v e r  h a v e  i t  w i t h  S a t u r d a y  n i g h t  b e a n s ?  W i t h  a  g r e e n  s a l a d  o n  t h e  s i d e ,  i t ' s  t h e  b e s t  c o m b i n a t i o n  y e t !

1 1/4 c. corn meal 1 tsp. salt
1/2 c. flour 1/4 c. sugar
2 eggs, well beaten 1 1/2 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. soda 1 c. sweet milk
2 c. sour milk
Sift the corn meal, flour, sugar and salt together. Beat the eggs and add to the sour milk in which the soda has been dissolved. Mix thoroughly. Melt the butter in an iron skillet which has been thoroughly heated. Pour in the batter. Pour the cup of sweet milk over the batter. Bake in a moderate oven for 50 to 60 minutes.

M t .  D e s e r t  B r o w n  B r e a d

T h e n ,  t o o ,  t h e r e  a r e  t h e  p e o p l e  t o  w h o m  b e a n s  j u s t  a r e n ' t  b e a n s  w i t h o u t  b r o w n  b r e a d .  T h e r e  w e r e  m a n y  a m o n g  o u r  f o r e b a r e s ,  a s  t h e  c o o k b o o k s  s h o w .  O n e  o f  t h e  b o o k s  y i e l d s  t h i s  r e c i p e  f r o m  M t .  D e s e r t  I s l a n d ,  s c e n e  o f  o n e  o f  M a i n e ' s  e a r l i e s t  c o l o n i e s — a  F r e n c h  s e t t l e m e n t  o f  1 6 1 2 .  I t ' s  a l m o s t  "g e n e r o s u s  t o  a  f a u l t , "  t o o .  H a l f  o f  t h e  r e c i p e  w i l l  s t i l l  d o  w e l l  b y  y o u r  f o l k s .

2 c. corn meal 2 c. sweet milk
3 c. flour 1 c. sour milk
1 tsp. soda 1/3 c. molasses
1 tsp. salt
Mix together the dry ingredients and add the milk and molasses. Stir well and pour into well-greased molds, filling them about two-thirds full. Steam for three hours.

P o t a t o  a n d  C o r n  L o a f

F r o m  t h e  c o u n t y  o f  A r o o s t o o k ,  h i s t o r i c  s c e n e  o f  t h e  A r o o s t o o k  W a r ,  1 8 3 8  b o r d e r  d i s p u t e  o v e r  t h e  n o r t h e r n  M a i n e  b o u n d a r y ,  c o m e s  t h i s  r e c i p e .  F i t t i n g  i t  i s ,  t o o ,  t h a t  i t  s h o u l d  b e  p o t a t o  r e c i p e .  N o  v i s i t o r  t o  M a i n e  c a n  b o a s t  t h a t  h e  h a s  r e a l l y  s e e n  o u r  S t a t e  u n l e s s  h e  h a s  h a d  t h e  o p p o r t u n i t y  t o  v i e w  t h e  h u n d r e d s  o f  a c r e s  o f  p o t a t o  f i e l d s ,  e s p e c i a l l y  a t  b l o s s o m - t i m e !

4 c. mashed potato 2 eggs
4 tbsp. butter Salt and pepper
1 tbsp. grated onion
2 c. ground cooked corn
To the mashed potatoes add the butter, salt and pepper and onion and beat thoroughly. Add the corn (either canned or fresh may be used). Last add the well-beaten eggs. Place in a very generously greased loaf tin and bake in a moderate oven until set and browned.

C o r n - T o m a t o  C a s s e r o l e

T h e  o l d  c o o k b o o k  c a l l s  t h i s  o n e  a  "p u d d i n g , "  a s  i t  d o e s  a n y t h i n g  b a k e d  i n  c a s s e r o l e  s t y l e .  O n e  "p u d d i n g "  p e r  m e a l  i s  e n o u g h ,  I  t h i n k ,  a n d  t h a t  a t
the end... besides the terminology is less confusing!

For the best in flavor, fresh garden vegetables should be used. As the season for corn is short, however, the canned is a good second best, especially the whole kernel style. With potato chips and cold cuts of meat, it's an easy main dish.

1 1/2 c. corn 2 tbsp. chopped onion
6 tomatoes, sliced 1 c. soft bread crumbs
3/4 c. butter 4 slices bacon

Place one-third of the corn in the bottom of a baking dish, and on it lay two of the tomatoes, sliced, a little onion and one slice of the bacon, chopped fine. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and bits of butter and use one-third of the crumbs. Repeat these layers until all the ingredients are used. Dot the top with butter. Sprinkle with grated cheese, if desired. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Scalloped Corned Beef and Cabbage

Corning beef was one of the simplest methods in the old days of preserving the meat which could not be eaten before it spoiled. Hence corned beef was a frequent meat course and became part of the inseparable corned beef and cabbage combination. Given a new twist in a casserole with tomato juice seasoning, it will be more popular than ever on your dinner table.

2 c. corned beef 1 tbsp. butter
2 c. cooked cabbage 1 tbsp. flour
1/2 tsp. onion juice 1 c. tomato juice

The beef and cabbage may either be chopped fine, or left in pieces about the size of a walnut, according to your preference. Mix these together. Melt the butter, add the flour and tomato juice and stir until thickened. Add onion juice and a pinch of pepper and mix with the corned beef. Pour into a greased baking dish and cover with cracker crumbs or crumbled potato chips. Bake covered for fifteen minutes, cover and finish baking.

Thanksgiving Fruit Pudding

The Thanksgiving holiday doesn't match the old tradition without a steamed fruit pudding for dessert. And there’s no plum pudding like the home-made, either!

1/2 c. chopped suet 1/2 c. nut meats, broken
1/2 c. figs, chopped 3 drops peppermint oil
1/4 c. dates, chopped 2 tsp. baking powder
1 c. brown sugar 1 tsp. salt
1/2 c. raisins 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 c. currants 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/4 c. finely chopped 1/4 tsp. cloves

Beat eggs, add sugar and cream together. Add suet and milk. Mix one-half of the flour with the fruits and nuts. Sift the balance of flour with the spices, salt and baking powder and add to the egg mixture. Add fruit and mix well. Pour into a well-buttered mold, until mold is two-thirds full. Cover. Place mold in a kettle filled with enough boiling water to half cover the mold. Cover kettle tightly and steam for 3 hours, adding water as necessary to keep up steam. Serve with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce

1 c. powdered sugar 1/4 c. wine
1/3 c. butter Nutmeg
Cream the butter and add the sugar slowly, heating all the time. Add wine drop by drop and beat well. Before serving sprinkle top with grated nutmeg.

Special Holiday Stuffing

In a state where apples are as plentiful as potatoes, they share top spot in the cooking department. Their versatility is the reason for their popularity, and you'll find them, in one form or another, in many favorite autumn and holiday dishes.

1 large loaf (1 1/2 lb.) 2 tsp. sage
white bread 1/2 c. chopped celery
1 pt. fresh oysters 1 c. chopped apple
1/2 c. shortening 1 small onion
1 tbsp. salt minced
1 tbsp. pepper 1 c. giblet stock

Crumble or cut bread into small cubes. Dampen slightly by sprinkling with water. Melt shortening (preferably butter) in a large skillet and lightly brown bread cubes. Season thoroughly with salt, pepper and sage. Add celery, apple (including peeling) and onion, mixing well. Add oysters, which have been cut in small pieces. Moisten well with the cup of stock or liquor in which giblets have been cooked; or with a cup of water if giblet stock is not available. This is sufficient quantity to stuff one 10-pound fowl. Do not press in too tightly.

Minted Apple Salad

Here's one tailor-made for the salad lover, and especially festive for a holiday table.

Core and peel small sweet apples—ones that have fairly thin, transparent skins are the best—and simmer until transparent, but not soft, in the following syrup:

2 c. water 2 drops peppermint
2 c. sugar oil
3/8 tsp. green food

Simmer above ingredients together until syrupy before placing apples in it. When apples are transparent and a delicate green, carefully remove from syrup and cool. Before serving, fill centers with either shredded cream cheese or cottage cheese. Top with a swirl of mayonnaise and a sprig of watercress or parsley.
Cranberry and Apple Pie
Here's a way to kill two birds with one stone! ... a combination of traditional Thanksgiving cranberries and the old standby, apple, that's bound to be a hit.

1 pie shell and extra pastry strips 1 c. sugar
1 1/2 c. cranberries 1/2 c. water
1 1/2 c. dried cooking apples

Prepare a pie shell and bake in a hot oven (475° F.) for five minutes to brown but to bake only partly. Cook cranberries and apples in water until tender. Add sugar, mix, and pour into pie shell. Cover with half-inch strips of pie dough in lattice design. Bake in hot oven (475° F.) for ten minutes. Reduce heat to moderate oven (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes.

Sour Cream Spice Cookies
The small fry in your family will love these . . . if you can keep a big enough supply for them away from the grown-ups!

1/3 c. butter 1/3 c. thick sour cream
2 eggs, well beaten 1 tsp. soda
2 c. brown sugar 1 tsp. cinnamon
2/3 c. flour 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
3/4 c. water 1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the beaten eggs and mix well. Add the vanilla. Dissolve the soda in the sour cream and add alternately with the dry ingredients. Mix well. Drop by spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about twelve minutes.

Pear Marmalade
Autumn is "pickling time" . . . the time to lay up the stock of preserves to carry us through the winter months. Leading the list of pickles and preserves are the "extra specials" . . . the prize recipes for jams, jellies and preserves that are brought out to grace the holiday table. Of such is this one.

8 lb. ripe pears 2 lemons
3 oranges 6 lb. sugar

Wash, core and cut the pears fine. Wash and remove seeds and ends from the oranges and lemons. Grind them, skins and all. Combine all the fruit in a preserving kettle, add the sugar and cook until clear. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal.

Spiced Currants
The old-time companion piece to cranberry jelly at Thanksgiving is, like many old favorites, staging a popularity comeback that makes it a strong rival of all latter-day choices.

5 lb. ripe currants 2 tbsp. cinnamon
4 lb. sugar 3 tsp. allspice
2 c. vinegar 3 tsp. cloves

Wash and stem the currants and cook with the sugar and vinegar over a low flame for an hour. Add the spices and continue cooking for 30 minutes. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal.

June L. Maxfield, assistant in the advertising department of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, begins her fourth year as a contributor to the Pine Cone. Her source is the collection of old Maine recipes which the company has compiled in its historical file, augmented by old family recipes sent to her by readers.
Photo Credits:

Front Cover: Chief Needabeh, full-blooded Penobscot Indian born at the Old Town Reservation, as he appeared at the Indian Pageant held there this Summer. Probably the most widely-known of all American Indians, he has been master of ceremonies at innumerable Sportsmen's Shows and similar events. He has a hunting and fishing lodge at Moosehead Lake and is seen by millions of people on each Winter's show tour. Ansco color transparency by William A. Hatch. Process plates by Waterville Sentinel Engravers.

Back Cover: West Pond, from Route 160, Limerick-East Parsonsfield.


If you are not already a regular subscriber to THE PINE CONE—and would like to receive future editions—here's a handy subscription form for your convenience:

(clip and mail)

THE PINE CONE
STATE OF MAINE PUBLICITY BUREAU
3 ST. JOHN STREET,
PORTLAND 4, MAINE

Please send me THE PINE CONE. I enclose $1.00 for one year's subscription.

Name .................................................................

St. Address ........................................................

City or Town ....................................................

State ..............................................................

(Please make check or money order payable to State of Maine Publicity Bureau)

Gift Subscriptions

THE PINE CONE is an ideal gift at any time of year for a friend or relative who is far away from the pine-scented "Maine Land." An attractive PINE CONE gift subscription card notifies the recipient of your interesting gift. You may attach here names of persons to whom you wish THE PINE CONE sent with your compliments.
Maine Recipe

By PEARL LEBARON LIBBY

TAKE a sturdy pine tree,
Tall, and emerald green,
Blend with rocky coastline,
And an ocean's sheen;

Top this with some sunlight,
In a turquoise sky;
Add, for decoration,
Seagulls flying high;

Sprinkle lakes and rivers,
With a generous hand,
Then with friendly mountains,
Dot the pleasant land;

Last, put in for flavor,
Kindly hearts and true—
This is Maine's own recipe,
Good the whole year through!
A Maine Hill in Autumn

By Ruby G. Searway

I've watched the hill across the way
In all its seasonal array;
The misty purples of the Spring
Before I heard a white throat sing,
Or buds burst green against the blue
Each silhouette, each changing hue
I know and love; but of them all
The gypsy beauty of the Fall
I choose as mine; for Autumn's dress
Of gay, defiant loveliness
Is like a page from long ago:
Bright taffetas, knights bowing low;
A pageantry of color bright
Before the Winter's shroud of white
Drifts from the Northland, white and still,
And dims the glory of my hill.