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Oak Grove

From all parts of the world parents send their daughters to prepare for college or advanced studies at the beautiful “select school” founded by Quakers on the Kennebec. Oak Grove will celebrate its centennial in June.

The spirit of adventure and the enterprise of the Forty-niners permeated our growing country from the Atlantic to the Pacific as men staked their claims and dreamed their dreams. There was a stir of anticipation everywhere but it was not always for material gain. One hundred years ago five scholarly Quakers were finishing a little schoolhouse on a hill above the Kennebec River in a grove of young oaks, in order that their children “might enjoy superior educational advantages amid surroundings where character building should go hand in hand with Latin and Science.”

And so, in the Gold Rush days, Oak Grove opened under able teachers. Almost immediately nieces and nephews of the Founders begged to come, until their spacious old Colonial homes were overflowing and the thrifty Quakers decided that Oak Grove should be a boarding school.

The Principals who guided Oak Grove in those early days were brilliant and able, but other states soon lured them from Maine. Eli and Sybil Jones followed their work at Oak Grove by establishing a Quaker School in Palestine. Richard M. Jones was drawn from Maine to the headmastership of William Penn Charter School, which became nationally-known during his forty years of headmastership. Rufus M. Jones went to Haverford College where he became an international figure, and George L. Jones to
Tennis, soccer, hockey, archery, badminton, swimming, volleyball, skating, skiing, skijoring, or riding, all Oak Grove sports are intramural and there is always a winning team on the hilltop. Riding is included for all, but few glide over the bar as smoothly as Shirley Brown, ’49.

Westtown, the great Quaker School near Philadelphia.

Then, in 1918, came the Owens, young and with a wisp of experience, but with unalterable devotion to Maine and with imagination that had a vision for the hilltop with its long view of the winding Kennebec Valley. There were no radical changes the first few years, but in 1925 it was suddenly announced that Oak Grove would become the first boarding school for girls in Maine, and since then things have been happening rapidly—both the visible and the invisible.

As the legatee of the estate of Joseph E. Briggs and with generous gifts from other friends who believed in advantages for girlhood and in the State of Maine, Oak Grove in 1929 completed the first unit of the impressive fireproof Quadrangle we see today. Some administrators would have put up several buildings with the investment that went into Briggs Hall. There was even some criticism of the crazy angle at which it was built in relation to the original frame build-

Vivacious, gay and finished are the French Plays staged by Dr. Natalie Ramler of Paris whose French students always take honors in college. At right, with lovely classrooms in pastel shades and a charming view of the Kennebec Valley, Dr. Diaz teaches Spanish in the small, intimate groups that are the pattern at Oak Grove.
ing it touched at one corner. But it soon was noted that Robert Owen, determined that there should be sunshine in every room, had oriented it at an angle so that when the Quadrangle was completed it would stand with open arms toward the southwest to embrace the beauty and sunshine of the Kennebec Valley.

The second fireproof unit, a modern recitation unit, was completed in 1939. The Administration Building with its tall tower which will eventually be the exact center of the entire Quadrangle, was completed in 1941 and Senior House was occupied early in 1942. The present plans call for two more units, a wing to balance the Recitation Building and fill the open space where a little wooden passage now connects the buildings, and the third dormitory, at the southern corner, which will be a modified duplicate of the front half of Briggs Hall, but on a lower level of the hillside in the way that old English schools have been built, with a pleasing variety from one unit to another as needs and styles change with succeeding generations.

A significant honor came to Oak Grove last June when the officers of the oldest Chapter of Cum Laude in this Country came from Phillips Exeter Academy to establish a Chapter at Oak Grove. The oldest and proudest schools for boys have long had Chapters, but among the many New England schools for girls, Abbot Academy and Dana Hall were the only two in which Chapters of Cum Laude had been established until Oak Grove became the third.

Oak Grove’s present capacity is one hundred girls. Within the year they have represented states from Maine to Florida, Michigan to New Mexico, and South Carolina to California, besides students from Canada, England, Guatemala, Cuba, Venezuela, Chile, Palestine, Sweden, Hawaii, the Philippines and Shanghai, China. Besides a good balance of teachers from Maine, the present faculty includes distinguished guest teachers from Denmark and England, while the teachers of French and Spanish are each teaching their native tongues and each has her doctorate.

Practically every girl is in residence and the program is a vigorous one from early in the morning until nine-thirty at night (ten on Saturday and nine on Sunday) seven days in the week. Classes end at 5:30, but there is a delightful interlude from 1:50 to 4:45 on Monday through Thursday when teachers and students may absorb all the ultra-violet rays of Maine sunshine in the seasonal sports that are enjoyed with zest each term.

The tempo is rather swift and when the Owens place the College Preparatory diploma of Oak Grove in a girl’s hand, she is ready for college, or for advanced work in a Conservatory or Art School if she has taken the General Academic Course. Again and again Oak Grove girls reach the upper ten per cent for the entire Country, and several have reached the upper two per cent in their College

After a reception in her honor, Mrs. Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, visiting teacher of letter writing, speaks informally to the Seniors gathered around the friendly fireside of the Owens. At right, Hebron Academy boys are guests at a school dance.
Board Examinations. Phi Beta Kappas in college are frequent. Recent graduates have entered all of the major colleges for women, besides more than forty other colleges, since even the girls who stand in the lower half of their class at Oak Grove are welcomed in creditable colleges and do good work when there.

They feel the spirit of adventure of a growing school and are undaunted if they are asked to whip up a Shakespearean play in ten days or put on a program for some club in Vassalboro, Augusta, or Waterville on short notice. They are keen about community service and throughout the War, groups of Oak Grove girls taught Art, Music and Physical Education in the elementary school in North Vassalboro, and went every Saturday to the Sister’s Hospital in Waterville, not to flit around with a little tray and a glass of water, but to do the unromantic tasks of scrubbing floors, cleaning lavatories, and washing windows.

Some parents spend all their savings to send their daughters to Oak Grove, and millionaires who could select any school in the world also knock at the door of this Maine school. Their daughters are among the most democratic and the first to volunteer, if the man who takes care of the horses is ill and the stable needs to be cleaned at 5:30 in the morning.

Things germinate at Oak Grove just as the International Club sprouted one afternoon early last Fall when Mrs. Owen discovered that with a group riding off for twenty-five miles on horseback to the Owen homestead in Clinton, another group going by truck, a group “bussing” to nearby Colby College for a lecture and others invited home for weekends with Maine girls, it just happened that all the girls from other countries were on campus. She immediately invited them to her apartment for an hour of poetry—and some fudge which they were to make. As they sat around in comfortable chairs or on the floor, the conversation turned to International events and within a half hour, plans were under way for the new International Club. It meets on Fridays with some interesting prerequisites for membership (keeping informed on national and international events to give an intellectually interesting turn to table conversation, corresponding with some student in another country whom she had not known before, and making some useful article for a war-torn country where the need seems greatest). Eleven cartons of clothing or food have been sent since then and others will follow to Europe and the Far East. The Club has sponsored one lecture, the officers have attended two international relations meetings at Bowdoin and other ambitious plans are in the making.

The Owens did their globe trotting young and before Oak Grove needed them constantly twelve months in the year. While Robert Owen was finishing the work for his Ed.M. at Harvard, Mrs. Owen had spent a summer studying at the University of Geneva while assisting as an international hostess at the League of Nations. She also had a group of girls through seven European countries the following Summer. Between them the Owens have visited the British Isles, all of Central Europe, the Scandinavian countries to the North Cape, the West Indies, Central America and a little of South America.

An admiring Trustee left a legacy for a trip around the world, but that is postponed until they take their first sabbatical or retire. They think the Oak Grove location is the finest they have ever seen for any school or college in any country and they would rather be at Oak Grove than any place in the world. Thirty-one years in the same school might weary some, but the Owens carry it jauntily.

Once it offended and later it amused them, but now it is so expected that the Owens genially explain when strangers exclaim with surprise, “I had no idea there was a school like this in Maine”, and ask the same question, “How do girls from all over the United States and other countries hear about Oak Grove?”

For twenty years the majority of students in the entering class have come to Oak Grove because they have heard about it from other students, its graduates, or by the admissions officers in the colleges from whom the
parents ask for a school that will prepare for that particular college. Last Spring a California mother wrote that having consulted the Presidents of two colleges and the Director of Admissions who “recommended your school for our daughter as one of the finest in the Country—to concentrate on college preparation. She will enter either Stanford, our own Alma Mater or one of the Claremont Colleges with which my husband is associated as a Trustee. This coming year will probably be her only opportunity to go East to school which is the reason we are applying to you.”

Fame of the school also is spread far and wide as in such typical cases as these:

A New England graduate married to a professor of international politics, who had been living for two years in Brazil, en route to his new position in a New England University stops for a few hours in Lima, Peru, while the plane is being overhauled and meets an Oak Grove classmate she has not seen for a dozen years who is now living there. An Alumna and her husband sing praises of Oak Grove on a long speaking tour from Boston to the Golden Gate on their way back to Alaska where they are doing some immensely interesting work in archeology. A cousin of President Truman talks of Oak Grove in Washington, a cousin of the Roosevelts tells of Oak Grove at her home in Florida and visiting her father’s parents in Belgium. A New York girl arouses interest in Oak Grove when she visits her relatives in Egypt, and a banker in Hong Kong makes application because the President of the National Bank of China is delighted with what his two daughters are gaining at Oak Grove. A girl from Virginia insists that it is warmer and sunnier in the Winter at Oak Grove than it ever is at home, and summer homes in Maine eventually become year round residences due in some measure to the enthusiasm of their daughters for the Maine school on the Kennebec which will celebrate its Centennial in June.

Starting early Friday afternoon on a twenty-five mile jaunt over country lanes, the Rosemere week-enders camp out, take care of their own horses, cook their own meals and have a complete change from boarding school routine.
The Rockland Boat

By Mildred S. Masterman

Reminiscences of the once-popular boat trip across Penobscot Bay to Blue Hill, along one of the most beautiful sections of the Atlantic Coast.

(The incorporated town name is Bluehill; the village itself is Blue Hill, as is also the mountain, Blue Hill; the bay is Blue Hill Bay.)

The first boat to be used on that particular trip was the old steamer “Mt. Desert”. At that time the travel was heavy so a new boat was built and put to use, the “J. T. Morse”. Both boats were the old type side-wheelers. This trip was a “must” by all those who really wanted to see Maine in her summer dress, at least once during the season. For those who had spent the Fall and Winter months in the city, plans were made in advance to finish the yearly trek to summer homes and camps in this more leisurely way. To forget the cares and worries for a day and settle back in a deck chair drinking in the salt, twangy air and rest the eyes on the serenity of Maine’s purple Hills as the boat crept along the coast from one stop to another—that was the life!

Dawn—waiting for the boat on the wharf at Rockland; the hustle and noise of wharf hands loading freight, the whistles blowing and people half awake scurrying around in the midst of the confusion trying to locate their luggage, collect their children and straying dogs and crated cats—the boat “casts off” at 5.30 a.m.

At last, when all was in order we would steam out, and on into the harbor passing the small fishing craft and pleasure boats. Rockland’s harbor is a busy one, as it is the home of “Snow’s Shipyard”, an active stone quarry and numerous private enterprises.

We sail on—to beautiful Camden, noted the world over for its boat-building, craft outfitting and Camden Yacht Club with its famous hospitality. Then on we go, past “Negro Island Light” (Curtis Island, now) which stands guard at the harbor entrance, across Penobscot Bay to Dark Harbor, another of our natural playgrounds.

Dark Harbor boasts some of the Country’s most beautiful vacation estates, ranking with those of Mt. Desert Island. It is here the tennis enthusiasts gather for their most important matches of a season. We touch at Islesboro, which is the home of several noted writers, Islesboro is a little town filled with relics of past dignity. The short trip from Dark Harbor to Islesboro in the early morning of one of Maine’s incomparable summer days is nearly beyond the layman’s descriptive powers.

We glide along the rugged coastline as we near the landing. We stand at the boat rail drawing deeply of the sweetness of the early morning hour—the washed air, the songs of the birds, the never-ending cry of the sea-gulls as they wheel and skim over and around the boat. It’s a painting—a summer-time thing, its colors still in the morning shadows, but live outlines of the landscape show through the heavy foliage. It makes one feel cool and clean and glad to be in Maine.
Finally, we find ourselves at the Castine wharf, Castine, the home of our Maritime Academy, which needs no further introduction also is world known. At last we have reached “Pumpkin Island Light”, which was a famous old landmark at the entrance of lovely “Eggemoggin Reach,” but which has since been discontinued. It is a long, restful sail along Eggemoggin and on a clear day there are very few trips in the entire State of Maine where the scenery is comparable to that of the trip from Rockland along the coast to Bluehill. At one time the boat stopped at all the little villages and towns which could boast a wharf, and which during the summer were busy little cities. Many of the Nation’s wealthy people have discovered how truly lovely Maine is and have built beautiful homes and palatial estates in her hills and along her coast. A lasting tribute to her majestic beauty.

We crossed the choppy little bay to Brooksville. The native residents were busy at their work in the sawmills and stone cutting and had a few summer guests. It is only a matter of minutes from there to Sargentville. The harbor of Sargentville is especially beautiful—a sort of green bowl, surrounded by a narrow strip of beach, and a cluster of homes and farms which make up the village. These are sheltered by hills which stretch beyond a man’s vision.

The stop at that village would be short like the others, and again we glide gracefully away from the wharf out into the silvery blue waters of the bay, down past great hulking “Caterpillar Hill”, which is hidden in a sunrise haze. The view from that particular Hill is well worth the extra trip (by automobile). Usually the summit picnic grounds are well patronized, the vista of the Atlantic and Islands resembles that as seen from Cadillac Mountain.

We sail on, past little Sedgwick, another “memory village” whose wharf has slowly crumbled and washed away by the ravages of time and storms. We do not stop there; Sedgwick was once a thriving seacoast town situated on the “Benjamin River”, an arm of the Atlantic which has forced its way inland, forming a safe harbor for those who settled here many years ago, building staunch homes typical of the Maine coast.

A long, wide main street stretches through the village, forming a horse-shoe and bordered on either side by magnificent elm and chestnut trees which like sentinels, stand watch over the sleepy little town. They shade its lawns in Summer and shield them from the storms that lash in from the ocean in Winter.

From there it is a short run across to “Deer Isle”, that small town and its island sister, Stonington, which gained a bit of fame from its importance in the stonecutting industry. Some will remember Jack Lipton, who each year sailed the “back yard” from England to enter his yacht in the yearly races. Those who won the Lipton Cup were “famous for a day”.

Our next to last stop would be Brooklin. A village which boasts a thriving summer settlement, Haven. The native residents derive a very comfortable living from its fish cannery and clam factory and some still “go down to the sea in ships”. Like a great bosomed mother whose arms reach out protectingly to her offspring, Brooklin “mothers” several small hamlets—West Brooklin, Haven, Naskeag and North Brooklin.

Finally after rounding Naskeag Point we enter Blue Hill Bay. On the left as the boat swings around what is called “The Falls” is the charming brown and tan stucco house which was the home of one of the world’s most beloved violinists, Ethelbert Nevin. It is a big estate and one of the town’s showplaces. As twilight sweeps over us we slowly approach the quiet, historical town of Blue Hill, the birthplace of one of Maine’s best known authors, Mary Ellen Chase, who has given the public the interesting books “Windswept”, “Mary Peters”, “Silas Crockett” and others equally as good.

Bluehill is fast becoming famous for its “Rowantrees” pottery. Started by Adelaide Pearson in a small home, it has expanded over a period of years until it is known the Country over and the articles are shipped to many of the more exclusive shops. Charles Wescott also is doing a lot toward the town’s importance with his wrought iron industry.
The old copper mines are an interesting place to visit. The little village is also "home" to other world famous people, one being Henry Kneisel, the noted violinist who for many years conducted a summer music camp in the shadow of the old landmark, Blue Hill Mountain, which stands as a majestic guard for all time. Across the harbor is a point of land known as East Blue Hill and tiny cabins and beautiful homes play hide-and-seek with each other on the hillside and along the shore.

The whole scene is one of quiet beauty and well-being, with a stillness one can feel as the sea whispers and rustles along the shore, moving endlessly, coming from nowhere, going nowhere. There is a beauty in Maine's restless sea; the boat glides gracefully to her berth at the wharf.

The trip is ended—we are in Blue Hill village.

* * * *

THE FOUR LARGEST weeklies in Aroostook County will jointly publish a monthly magazine supplement beginning in May, to be known as the Aroostook Farm and Home Magazine. The three Oxford County weeklies also will jointly publish an "Oxford County Booster Edition" early in June. Larger Maine dailies also plan various special editions during the coming months, all of them valuable "boosters" for every kind of business in the State of Maine. The Waterville Morning Sentinel still has our vote for all-round leadership in color work and special regional promotions.

* * * *

ANOTHER BIG "summer events" season seems to be shaping up for Maine. Major festivals already planned include Maine Broiler Day (barbecue) at Belfast, July 8 and 9; Gardiner Centennial, July 31-August 6; the Maine Lobster and Seafoods Festival at Rockland, August 5-7; Maine Potato Blossom Festival at Fort Fairfield, August 15; and various pageants, exhibits and State-wide outings.

Add to these the regular racing meets, league baseball, Fourth of July, V-J Day and Labor Day celebrations, old home weeks and other local occasions and it all promises to be a busy Summer. A full schedule of these events will be carried in the Summer PINE CONE.
Along Oxford County Skylines

By STANLEY B. ATTWOOD
City Editor, Lewiston Daily Sun

Be not too critical if you find this article replete with superlatives. There just is no way to describe mountain climbing in Oxford County without pulling out all the stops, opening with a fanfare and continuing with paeans of praise for its mountains, big and little, for its highway approaches, or for its more remote valleys and notches that give access to some of the finest country in Maine.

Once you’ve rambled along Oxford skylines you may be inclined to look down—no pun intended—on majestic Katahdin and some of its neighbors such as The Brothers, The Traveler...
and Doubletop; on the Bigelow Range in the Dead River region; or on some of the higher peaks to the southward such as Abraham, Saddleback, Crocker and Sugarloaf. Maybe you're one of those who feels he must tramp the Presidentials to get all that is desirable in mountain climbing.

Or maybe you're just one of those irreconcilables who prefer to look at their mountains from a distance, to do no climbing except of the armchair variety, getting your thrills by reading High Conquest, your exercise and fresh air by swinging a golf club, and your camp cooking on a neat stone fireplace in the backyard.

If so, you'll want to know: Why do people climb mountains, anyway? And we'll try to answer without attempting to convert you. When the photographer or the geologist or the botanist or the timber cruiser climbs, his purpose is self-evident. The meteorologist is interested in what goes on atop those heights—the forest growth, the soil depth, the amount of snow and ice accumulation in Winter. People even have been known to climb for such prosaic purposes as gathering blueberries or mountain cranberries.

But what about those who sling a 50 to 60 pound pack on their back and go pushing off into mountainous country prepared to exist on oatmeal, bacon and biscuits; to bunk on a bough bed; to challenge the mosquito and the black fly—in short, to desert the fireside for the wilderness or its next door neighbor, the mountain country with well-marked trails?

We've often thought, in the middle of a particularly difficult or tiring ascent, that our principal enjoyment perhaps came in anticipation or in retrospect. We might harbor that opinion (keeping it strictly to ourself) until we reached the summit or came within sight of it. Then every obstacle, every discomfort was forgotten, though memory of the trip is enhanced by recollection of a scramble up a particular steep slope, a drenching in a sudden shower, or some of the minor mishaps bound to occur to even the most experienced.

The Climber has reached the top. If that were his only purpose, let it suffice. Objective accomplished! He is now monarch of all he surveys and, let us say in all sincerity, what he sees is eye-filling:

"x x x x The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; x x x x"

Having spoken of mishaps, let us go back several paragraphs and insert in its proper place the warning: Don't go mountain climbing alone. Preferably, have at least two companions. Be properly clothed and properly fed, but not overfed. Stick to the trails unless you're thoroughly familiar with the territory or are an experienced woodsman. Don't take chances. If caught in a storm above timberline, get into the timber.

To be sure; you're not going up the Matterhorn or Mount Everest. But you can break a leg stepping off a curbstone and you can get lost in that patch of woods you see from the nearest rooftop. A crippling injury, or one merely painful, becomes doubly serious when you're in the middle of nowhere.

A word about equipment: Proper footwear is of the utmost importance. For a short trip, if the going is dry, heavy rubber soles are ideal. For a long trip or one which may involve wet rock, wear ankle-height shoes with stout leather soles studded with hob nails. They won't slip. Get them big enough so you can wear two pair of heavy socks over a pair of silk or silk lisle. If your feet are inclined to blister, rub soap on the tender places before you start. Other clothing is optional, depending on the weather. Don't wear too much while climbing but have enough with you. You may need it on top. Don't wear shorts or pants that bind at the knees.

All you need for equipment on a short trip are a compass, matches, drinking cup or canteen, and possibly a topographical map or guidebook. And learn how to use your compass. Up to mid-August, take along a box or bottle of your favorite fly dope. The less you eat the better, at least until you are thoroughly rested after
Looking across Labrador Pond in Sumner to Black Mountain in Sumner, elevation 2,200 feet. The trail is reached via East Sumner and Sumner. Atop the mountain are great patches of blueberries, a sulphur spring, and a bog with pitcher plants and other typical flora.

Your trip. There’s enough energy in a small package containing a mixture of walnut meats and raisins to take you many a mile. An orange or two will come in handy.

As the climber starts up the Air Line toward Mount Adams (New Hampshire) from the vicinity of the Ravine House he is confronted with a large sign which bears the warning: “Be Sure You Are Well Fed Before Starting This Trip.” Surely, it doesn’t mean you must eat a hearty meal just before starting up. If it does, somebody is giving poor advice.

Mountain climbing means one thing in Maine and something else in Europe. Here you won’t find yourself trying to negotiate difficult overhangs. You won’t be swinging from ropes, belaying across the face of vertical cliffs, or hanging by your fingernails with nothing below you for several hundred feet. In fact, if it’s rock climbing you want, you’ll have to go looking for it.

There’s a small cliff on Square Dock Mountain in Albany township sometimes used as a practice slope by those learning rock climbing. But you can walk to the top along old wood roads and save all the effort and worry attended on the more arduous methods of ascent.

Mountain climbing in Maine and abroad have another difference. The European climber goes along at a very leisurely pace and seldom stops. The American must get to the top. He digs in and goes, rests, goes again. The former method is better but it is difficult for the American in actual practice.

The mountain climber may be sure of one thing—he will leave all else behind. The turmoil of city streets, the unclean air, the thoughts that press from every side as one seeks a living or even a mere existence, all are not only gone but forgotten.

You walk along clean and sweet-smelling woodland roads or trails, over
rocks and ledges that give firm footing. You breathe the perfume of hardwood and the pine and, if you go high enough, of the spruce and fir—the black growth characteristic of most high slopes.

Through the forest of the first easy grades you get glimpses of far off peaks. Climb, and you get ever widening vistas. Reach an exposed ledge and you look down on a carpet of green or the flaming colors of a Maine Autumn; on a stream that is no more than a ribbon of silver in summer sunlight. Look away in any direction and see peak after peak, range after range of hills and mountains swathed in greens, purples and blues.

Go higher and find a panorama studded with the famed lakes and ponds of Maine. All these, you will know when you reach the summit, are worth that extra muscular effort, that extra deep breath and faster heart beat. To stand on the summit of a Maine mountain is worth all you put into the task.

Oxford county alone has 288 named peaks 1,000 or more feet above sea level. Of these, 111 exceed 2,000 feet. And that’s discounting many elevations as yet unnamed. So don’t expect, in an article of this brevity, to be guided on more than a very small percentage of the Oxford mountains which have trails.

We’d like to take you to Goose Eye, that most desirable and most remote peak in this part of the State, considering the short air line distance from such centers as Bethel, Rumford or Upton. Or up the ever-steepening northeast slope of Old Speck in the same range. Or to nearby Sunday River Whitecap or Puzzle, each without trail.

Or how about Black (2,000 feet) in Sumner? The county has three other Black Mountains, in Riley, Sumner and Sweden townships.

Two other fine peaks are Speckled (2,877) in Stoneham and Speckled (2,207) in Peru. Aziscohos in Lincoln Plantation will give you about 2,000 feet of climbing to its 3,215 foot summit along a fine trail.

From Evans Notch there are the two trails up Caribou (2,828 feet) and the trail up East Royce, steep but not too long.

Streaked (1,770) in Hebron is ideal for a starter, whether you attack it from either flank or stage a frontal attack over the ledges.

If that’s too easy for you, why not take a trip along a section of the Appalachian Trail that starts at Mount Katahdin and ends at Mount Oglethorpe, Georgia. We’ll pass up the Grafton Notch-Carlo Col section as too tough for a single day’s journey, but take the same starting point and go the other way, traversing Baldpate (3,820 feet) in Grafton township and coming out 7.2 miles farther to the northeast on the road from Andover to Upton—the East B Hill or Surplus Road, as it’s known in Andover.

We leave the car at the Appalachian Trail sign 0.4 miles above (northwest) the point where the trail on Old Speck intersects the Grafton Notch road and, in two-tenths of a mile, come to the Grafton Notch shelter, a well-designed log lean-to, built by the Civilian Conservation Corps, only a few feet from the foot of a beautiful cascade on an unnamed brook.

There is a short, steep scramble to an old wood road and then a very gradual climb along this woods highway. A spur trail shoots off to the right and emerges on Table Rock, a point several hundred feet above the highway. Here there are spectacular views up and down the notch and across it to the ledges and upper slopes of Old Speck.

Continuing along the main trail, some on wood roads and some on a cutting through black growth, we reach primeval forest, descend to a brook, and then attack the West Peak.

Here the going gets rugged again but, as you enter the scrub growth, you’re getting over the shoulder and onto the peak itself. Ahead of you is a deep, broad saddle. Beyond that is a high, steep wall of stone, the western exposure of the East Peak.

The pitch to the saddle is by way of a steep, curving trail. In the saddle itself the going is as level as a floor. But, to gain the East (or main) Peak, you have to do a little engineering and to watch your step if the rocks are wet or icy. Atop you will find another large level area, barren and boulder
strewn, the trail marked both by paint and rock cairns.

At the right time of year you may spot the white blooms of Diapensia lapponica, an alpine flower that grows in considerable number near the point where the descent to the northeast begins.

The first stages, including a crossing of Little Baldpate, are a mixture of rough going and very comfortable walking. Once you re-enter the timber the sailing is very smooth for a long way. Then a steeper descent and, finally, easy walking on an old wood road beside Frye Brook with its many features including The Flume, The Church, Cataracts and Twin Falls.

A quarter mile before you reach the highway you will pass another lean-to, a duplicate of the one on the west side.

The entire trail is marked with semi-luminous white paint blazes and with mileage markers and other signs. The side trail blazes are in blue. Ordinarily the trail is well cleared and there will be no difficulty following it. But:

Don’t go alone in any weather. It’s wild land, and you have every right to cross it, but be careful of fire. When you get home take a hot bath, have a square meal and a good night’s sleep, and then we’ll take you on another excursion. You’ve seen only a fraction of Oxford county’s attractions.

Credit: Photos by G. Herbert Whitney, Lewiston.
The sales volume of any product is dependent upon the amount and nature of its advertising. Selling the advantages of the State of Maine is no exception and her two promotional agencies, the State of Maine Publicity Bureau and the Maine Development Commission utilize many and devious channels in the creation of new markets for the products of her fields, forests, fisheries, industries and recreation business.

This is part of the 127-foot exhibit depicting Maine's lakes and seashore that helps to stimulate interest in the State at the Sportsman's Shows each Spring.
Above: Artist, Klir Beck designs most of the State Exhibits in his studio at Mt. Vernon. Rainbows and landlocks as big as 'the one that got away' are trucked from Maine hatcheries to stock the artificial pool in Boston.

Right: Maine Guides thrill New Yorkers with wood chopping and canoe-tilting contests.

Below, left: The Maine atmosphere is a popular background for the television cameras. Right: In the heart of the Nation's Capital, the Maine Exhibit was the hit of the show at Washington last season.
Maine's top salesman, Gov. Frederick G. Payne, visits the Boston Sportsman's Show on Maine Day to sing the praises of the Pine Tree State. His day includes visits to other State exhibits, fishing in the Maine pool, posing for news cameras, attending press banquet, appearing on radio and television broadcasts, and shaking hands with Sharkey, the trained seal.

Governors and pretty girls are always good for a news photo. Pictures of the two girls (left) draped pertly over the ship's wheel and of lovely Andren Model, Myna Nickel (right) catching a seven-pound trout were published in several of the Metropolitan newspapers.
Rosie, the trained bear, appears a bit reluctant to accept the invitation of Wardens Brown and Townsend to Come to Maine.

Genial master of ceremonies, Chief Needabeh of Moosehead Lake (cover, Autumn 1948 Pine Cone) is well known at sports shows.

Fifty thousand pieces of literature pointing out the advantages of Maine are given out over the counter by the Publicity Bureau Staff.

Capt. MacMahan of Boothbay and Warden Green of Rockland demonstrate the lobster industry to these eager youngsters at Boston.

Industry and Agriculture go on display at the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield. The Maine products display was viewed by 400,000 persons.

Conventions offer another chance to sell Maine. Postmaster General Donaldson samples a Maine apple at the N. A. L. C. Convention in Miami, Florida.
So You Think You Know Maine!

Here are 25 more questions designed to test your knowledge on the topography of Maine and on its nomenclature, its flora, fauna and its minerals. If you can answer ten, rank yourself “fair”. Fifteen correct answers would be good and anything above that excellent. The correct answers will be found on Page 24.

1—Where are these islands: East Brown Cow, Junk of Pork, Ministerial, Pound of Tea, Sow and Pigs, White Bull?

2—What river has the greatest drainage area in Maine?

3—How many Maine rivers exceed 100 miles in length?

4—What is the name of Greenbush township in Penobscot County?

5—What do these terms mean: Opah, Sea Robin, Snake Blenny, Rusty Dab?

6—Where is Egypt Pond?

7—How high is Mount Bigelow and how does it rank among Maine peaks?

8—What is the smallest Maine township, exclusive of any island?

9—Are any alpine plants found in Maine?

10—What is Maine’s largest township?

11—York was the only county in Maine until Cumberland and Lincoln Counties were set off. When was that?

12—What do these tongue-twisters mean: (a) Nahmahjinskicongomoc? (b) Kweueutonoonkhegan?

13—Bound the city of Augusta.

14—Where is Soldiertown?

15—What township formerly bore these names: Boyds, Milton, Almond?

16—Who decides the correct spelling of Maine place names?

17—What is a chimney?

18—What is the State’s smallest county?

19—What four areas were included in “Our Province of Massachusetts Bay in New England”?

20—What city has the greatest area?

21—When the District of Maine was constituted a State, what other names were proposed for it?

22—Is there more than one Round Pond in Maine?

23—What is considered the most difficult mountain ascent in the East, considering mileage and feet of climb?

24—Did you ever see a “passer domesticus domesticus” in Maine?

25—Does the area of Moosehead Lake exceed 100 square miles?

The “Boost Maine” movement continues to sweep the State, under the leadership of Gov. Frederick G. Payne and the Maine Publicity Bureau. The “first phase” of campaigning county-by-county should be completed by mid-Summer but, in the meantime, the whole idea is daily opening up new horizons in advancing the State of Maine on all fronts. We will be writing about it for many months to come.
Indian Names in Maine Towns

By Ava H. Chadbourne

ALETHOUGH many Indian place names persist in the State of Maine, they remain for the most part upon its natural features such as rivers, streams, lakes, ponds, hills and mountains. Barely a score of them are left among the names of Maine’s 422 towns; one survives, as the name of one of our twenty-one cities and six may be found among the names of our sixteen counties. Small postoffices, however, and local sections retain many of these descriptive and picturesque words.

As far as we know, these words were not borrowed from other places, but grew out of necessity, an effort on the part of the Indian to explain in his own language and to his own people some of the outstanding characteristics of a place. They supplied an every day need and were meant for every day use. Indian words are descriptive or interpretative of localities where the Indian lived, hunted and fished. They furnished necessary information known by one red man to another, sometimes concerning the set of the current of a stream as an aid or deterrent in traveling, sometimes concerning the place as a source of food and the means of obtaining it.

When a village temporary or permanent was established by the Indians upon or near one of these natural features, it most often took the name of the river, lake or mountain and in a similar fashion, the permanent habitation of the white man of that location still continued the use of the Indian name by transference from the Indian town or the natural feature of the landscape.

We are indebted to many of the intelligent Indians themselves, to our woodsmen and explorers as well as to our Indian scholars for many of the interpretations of these words which we use today.

Four and possibly five among the names of the fifty-six towns in Penobscot County are of Indian origin: Kenduskeag, Mattawamkeag, Millinocket and Passadumkeag are clearly from that source.

Orono located on the Penobscot River and incorporated in 1806 bears a name of debatable origin, that of an Indian chief, himself enshrouded in mystery, faithful to the Americans during the Revolution. Even some Indians themselves say that the word is not Indian. The plantation name of this town was Stillwater, it was settled by Jeremiah Colburn and Joshua Ayres about 1774.

Kenduskeag means “the eel place” and is descriptive of the stream which bears it and which flows into the Penobscot River at Bangor. It was here that the Indians were trapping their eels when Champlain visited Maine on his good will tour in 1604. The town of Kenduskeag, twelve miles northwest of Bangor and nearer the source of the stream, is still called by this name transferred from that of the river. The early history of the town is found in those of Levant and Glenburn from each of which a portion of its territory was taken. It was incorporated in 1852.
Mattawamkeag is the site of an old Indian town which took its name from the river on which it is located, the largest eastern branch of the Penobscot where there is a great white gravel bar clearly distinguishable in low water. Hence the word is often translated as “the river with many rocks at its mouth.” When John Gyles was carried captive up this river in 1689 he suffered indignities at the hands of the Indian women living here and when Chadwick and his men made their survey in 1763 they reported that here was a mass house upon which a small bell hung. The town was incorporated in 1860.

Millinocket is the name of a lake and a stream whose waters empty into the West Branch of the Penobscot River. The word means “dotted with many islands,” and is a description of the lake which bears the name. When the town was set off from Indian Township No. 3 in 1901 the name of the nearby body of water was transferred with it. East Millinocket was incorporated in 1907 and from its location in respect to Millinocket was given its present name.

Passadumkeag takes its name from an eastern branch of the Penobscot, the word meaning “above the gravel bar” or “where the river runs over the gravelly bed” that is, the rips or falls occasioned by the gravel bar are in the main river before the stream is reached. The town was incorporated in 1835.

Washington County with its forty-five towns has four whose names may be traced to Indian origin. Three of them however: Machias, East Machias and Machiasport are from the same Indian word, Machias, which was originally applied to the river. The meaning of the word is “bad, little falls.” These three towns bearing kindred names were formerly all parts of the one town, Machias, the first municipal corporation to be established between the rivers Penobscot and St. Croix in the Eastern section of Maine. This organization took place in 1784.

Meddybemps is the second Indian word in Washington County which has been transferred to a town from one of its natural features, this time, a lake in Alexander. It may be translated as “plenty of alewives,” a fish in which the lake abounds.

Two towns at least may be found in Aroostook County which continue the use of the original Indian name. There are fifty towns located in that shire. Madawaska, first settled by the Acadian French in the latter part of the eighteenth century enjoys the Indian name of the river opposite whose mouth one of their earliest settlements was located. Its meaning is variously given as “having its outlet among the reeds” or “land of the porcupine.” The town was incorporated in 1869.

Masardis was settled in 1833 by emigrants from Western Maine, Thomas Goss from Danville, who was followed in 1835 by John Knowles. In 1838-9 several families came from Old Town. The town of Masardis was incorporated at this date. The meaning of the word is as yet unknown, although diligent search has been made.

Somerset County with its twenty-five towns has two which still retain their Indian names: Skowhegan and Norridgewock. The latter is an old Indian town made famous in early Maine history by the Jesuit Father Rasle or Rale, is located on the Kennebec River. The word signifies “smooth water.” Skowhegan was originally a part of the town of Canaan. When it was separated from that town in 1823, it was incorporated under the name of Milburn but the name applied to the falls on the Kennebec at this place was Skowhegan and in 1836 was transferred to the town. The town of Bloomfield now the southern part of Skowhegan was incorporated in 1814 and was so named from the blooming appearance of this section. The original settlement was begun in 1771 by Peter Heywood and Joseph Weston. This town was annexed to Skowhegan in 1861. Skowhegan is an ancient name for here was a noted locality where the Indians watched for and caught salmon. The meaning of the word is “the place of the watch.”

Twenty-three towns make up the municipalities of Cumberland County, two of which, Casco and Sebago, rejoice in names of Indian origin. Casco is a part of a longer Indian word Acoscisco meaning “muddy bay” the
Back Bay of Portland. The town was once a part of Raymond but was incorporated as the town of Casco in 1841. The word Sebago taken from the name of the lake on which the town is located is interpreted as "a great water." The town of Sebago, formerly a part of Baldwin, was settled in 1790 and incorporated in 1826.

The Indian names of Damariscotta and Wiscasset are included among those of the names of the eighteen towns of Lincoln County. The former word is usually translated as "the place of an abundance of fishes" while the latter is most often interpreted as "the outlet." Damariscotta was originally a part of the Pemaquid Patent and was first settled about 1640. It was included in the town of Nobleborough from the incorporation of that town until 1847 when it was set off and incorporated. Wiscasset was settled before King Philip's War and at the breaking out of that conflict the settlers were obliged to flee from their homes. In 1760 it became a part of ancient Pownalborough but in 1802 it was incorporated under its present Indian name.

Among the twenty-six towns of York County, two only, Kennebunk and Kennebunkport, remain which have Indian names. The late Mrs. Eckstorm after weighing the interpretations of the word as given by several individuals defines it as "the long cut bank" denoting the importance of such a shore to the Indians as distinguishing it from other beaches.

Our present day Kennebunkport was first christened Cape Porpus in 1653, where the first permanent settlement was probably made by Richard Vines in 1629. Tradition says that the name of Cape Porpus was given by Captain John Smith in consequence of seeing a shoal of porpoises near the Cape. In 1717 the name was changed to Arundel for the English Earl of Arundel who had been a promoter of some of the early voyages to this country. In 1820 it became Kennebunkport, the port of Kennebunk.

Hancock County has only one town bearing an Indian name among its thirty-three—Penobscot. The town was incorporated in 1787, the first to be organized on the eastern bank of the Penobscot waters. It embraced the celebrated peninsula now Castine. Settlements in the town probably began about 1760. The name is that of the river and bay upon which it is located and is translated as "the rocky part" or "the descending ledge place."

Piscataquis County with its nineteen towns boasts of only one of Indian origin, Sebec, which derives from the same source as Sebago and means "big lake." Sebec was one of the six towns granted to Bowdoin College in 1794. It was settled in 1808 by Ezekiel Chase and incorporated in 1814.

Among Sagadahoc's nine towns, only one, Arrowsic, continues its Indian name. The meaning of the name seems to be doubtful. Mrs. Eckstorm says "the meaning of the word is unknown" while William Hubbard in his Narrative of Indian Wars, written in the seventeenth century, states that "it was named for an Indian who formerly owned it." The island was purchased of the Indians by Major Clarke and Captain Lake in 1654. It was incorporated as a town in 1841.

A study of the twelve towns of Androscoggin County reveals only one name which may possibly be of Indian origin. According to Williamson and Varney the town of Poland is supposed to have taken its name from a noted Indian chief of that region. Other writers suggest that it may have borrowed its name from the European country of that name or was given in honor of one of the Polish patriots who served in our Revolutionary War. The town was formerly called Bakerstown and embraced the present towns of Minot and Auburn which were set off in 1802. The earliest settlers came about 1768-9.

Strange as it may seem, no towns with Indian names are to be found today among the nineteen towns of Franklin County, the twenty-five towns of Kennebec County, the fifteen towns of Knox County, the thirty-five towns of Oxford County or the twenty-five towns of Waldo County.

Some writers would include Old Town as a city with an Indian name, since its location is on the site of the "old town" of our aborigines dating back to the time of the Red Paint Indians, but the name is English, not Indian. Others would construe the name of the town of Dennysville in Washington County as Indian. This
The town incorporated in 1816 was named for Denny’s River, the western boundary of the town. This in turn received its name from the Indian Denny who had his hunting ground in this region. Kidder states that the Indians, John Denny, father, Nicholas and Michel, his sons are listed by Allen as principal chiefs living there in 1784. The original source of the word is however doubtless French since Mons. Nicholas Denys, pioneer and historian, lieutenant governor of Acadia, resided in this country for thirty years previous to its surrender to the English in 1654.

“Maine Quiz” Answers

Answers to the questions on Page 20 of this issue are listed below. They are from “The Length and Breadth of Maine,” privately published and sold at $5 by Stanley B. Attwood, city editor of the Lewiston Daily Sun, Lewiston, Maine.

(Let us know how many you were able to answer—without looking.—Ed.)

1—All these islands are in Casco Bay. The township of Sorrento also includes a Junk of Pork Island.

2—The Penobscot, with 7,760 square miles. The St. John River drains 8,765 square miles but only 4,670 of this are in Maine.

3—Six.

4—Township No. 2 Old Indian Purchase East of the Penobscot River.

5—All are Maine salt water fish.

6—In the townships of Chesterville and Vienna.

7—4,450 feet. It ranks fifth.

8—Cove Point, a wildland township in Piscataquis County. Area 20 acres.

9—Yes, species from at least 18 families.

10—Allagash, area 86,470 acres.

11—June 19, 1760.

12—(a) Haymlock Lake in Townships 7 and 8 Range 11 West of the East Line of the State. (b) Moose River, a 65.5 mile stream that rises in Beattie township and flows into Moosehead Lake.

13—Augusta is bounded, clockwise, by Sidney, Vassalboro, Windsor, Chelsea, Hallowell and Manchester.

14—Two wildland townships are so named. One is Township 2 Range 3 North of Bingham's Kennebec Purchase, the other Township 2 Range 7 West of the East Line of the State.

15—Orneville in Piscataquis County.

16—The United States Board on Geographical Names.

17—A narrow cleft in the face of a cliff or mountain, frequently offering a means of ascent or descent.

18—Sagadahoc, with 164,545 acres, compared to the largest, Aroostook, with 4,209,053 acres.

19—A grant by the charter of William and Mary, it included Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, the Province of Maine and the Territory of Sagadahoc.

20—Ellsworth, area 59,635 acres.

21—Ligonia, Columbia.

22—Yes, 32 Maine ponds bear this name.

23—Old Speck Mountain in Oxford county, via the Appalachian Trail from Grafton Notch.

24—You sure have—it’s the English Sparrow.

25—Yes. Its area is 117.04 square miles.
It has been said that fishermen are a sorry lot. There are those, however, who don't agree with this line of thinking. Cold winds, pelting rains, the baking hot sun or insects by the million seldom seem to reduce the seasonal distemper symptoms of these persecuted individuals. Those that do survive these hardships in a buoyant mood never fail to get the full treatment from "the little woman" and the boys at the office when they return, anyway. Having given this whole problem considerable thought, I am wondering if some solution might be found by forming an organization for fishermen only. Here, all good disciples of Izaak Walton could gather and assist each other in overcoming the handicaps that face all good brothers of the rod and reel. Such a group could be called, for example, "Anglers Anonymous."

Richard Knight of Falmouth, Maine became the first person this season to join Maine's exclusive "One That Didn't Get Away Club." He won membership by taking a 9 lb. Brown Trout at China Lake, following a twenty minute battle. At least a dozen other lucky anglers have since qualified for "The Club" since, on the basis of prize fish from other Maine waters. Trolling streamer flies and sewed-on smelts has accounted for the majority of these record breakers, as well as for a large percentage of all the better early season catches. Later, of course, deep trolling, dry fly fishing and many other methods will be more effective.

May and June always provide some of the best fishing of the year in all corners of The Pine Tree State. Reports from almost every section tell of better than average catches this Spring. Warden Supervisor Lloyd Clark of Milltown describes the fishing several days ago at Grand Lake as "terrific." According to his report, he checked 58 resident fishermen and 32 non-resident fishermen on a recent Sunday. They had a total of 201 fish. Among these were 142 Landlocked Salmon, 52 Togue and one "Square-tail" brook trout.

All fishermen and particularly devotees of Atlantic Salmon fishing will find the story "Salmon Without Frills," by Arthur Grahamme in the April 1949 issue of Outdoor Life, well worth reading. Harry Smith, well known Washington County guide and a good friend of ours is featured in this interesting account of fishing on the Narraguagus near Cherryfield.

After many years during which only an occasional salmon could be taken from its waters, The Narraguagus is coming back. A series of man-made dams, gradually outliving their usefulness have washed out little by little during the last few years until a thirty mile stretch of the river now stands open without barrier. Heavy
Harry Smith of Cherryfield, one of the most widely-known sports fishermen and guides in Eastern Maine, received national attention this Spring with a writeup in one of the leading sporting magazines. Upper left shows him at his fly-tying bench in his Smith's Salmon Lodge on the Narraguagus River, making up a “bear hair”, one of his favorites, from the well-worn bear skin draped over his right knee.

At upper right he is proving with the steel tape that this 23½ pound Atlantic salmon, which he took May 22, 1947, measures 43 inches. The other mounted specimen was taken from the river in front of his lodge on May 10, 1946, and weighed 18 pounds, five ounces. He received a “One That Didn't Get Away Club” certificate in Maine’s unique organization for each fish.

Harry likes to fish Stillwater Pool, below, on the Narraguagus, only a short distance from Cherryfield and it was here that he got the big salmon shown above. The Narraguagus is coming back as an Atlantic Salmon river, now that the old log dams have washed out and on opening day this year 25 “blacks” were taken by fishermen. The “bright” fish will start running up the river again about the middle of May.
Spring floods in 1942 did much to complete cleaning out several of these now useless obstructions between Beddington Dam and Milbridge Bay. Since then, Salmon activity has increased by leaps and bounds... and I might add, fishermen in about the same proportion.

Warden Supervisor Raymond Morse of Ellsworth reports that 25 "Black Salmon" were landed in the Cherryfield area on opening day this Spring. All were released but three. These "Black Salmon" as most readers probably know, are fish that went up river to spawn last Summer. Coming down river now, en route to the sea, they're in a mood to strike hungrily. Bright colored patterns in streamer flies are most effective with these fish at this season and should provide plenty of action.

The new run of Salmon, bright silver colored and fresh from the cold Atlantic will start in late May or early June. Weighing anywhere from eight to nearly thirty pounds, these husky fighters are in prime condition. When they connect with a fly, they really mean it! Many an expert, racing first up and then down river over rough banks, ledges and boulders... after trying for fifteen or twenty minutes to hold back what little line he has left, begins to wonder just who is playing whom. Harry Smith probably knows as much about taking these great silvery fish as anyone in the region and he's watching the comeback of the Narraguagus with a bright gleam in his eye.

Gene Letourneau, ace hunting and fishing writer for the Guy P. Gannett Newspapers has just released his new book entitled "Secrets of Streamer Fly Fishing." This book covers in interesting detail, just about every aspect of Streamer Fly Trolling. Gene is beyond a doubt the top authority in the country on this particular type of fishing. His patient research and careful experiments have taken a major part in the entire development of streamer fly fishing from its very inception.

Well over twenty years of fishing Maine's lakes and streams has convinced me that the proper use of these flies is one of the most effective methods to be found. Having tried several additional pet ideas of Gene's since reading his book, I can certainly subscribe to his tried and tested methods with sincerity.

With his usual note of caution, Gene says: "I have fished too much and too long to attempt to claim that streamer flies will always yield fish. If that were the case, I never would have attempted this work for fear that the piscatorial population would be placed in jeopardy." Notwithstanding Gene's modest comment, I can say with assurance that any fisherman whether novice or expert can learn a lot by devoting some time to this effective and interesting manner of fishing.

Old Amos Mottram wrote a few days ago from West Forks. Full of fire and reportedly in better physical shape than for years (due to many generous helpings of the Widder Boothby's tender fiddlehead greens, no doubt) he was just packing to leave for the Spring fishing at Moosehead. In a lengthy postscript he said: "Guess I never did tell you about the mess I got into over at 'Irv' Hamilton's camps on Seboomook last Summer. You knew that I went in there to do a little guiding and help out with the chores around camp, mostly because 'Irv' is a good friend of mine. "Well... the first night in camp, I took a ten quart milk pail and went out to the shed to milk that old hump-backed cow of Hamilton's. About half way through the milking, I hear the floor squeak... and then someone put two rather heavy hands on my shoulders from behind. Being faced to the left side of old Minerva (the cow), I just grunted and asked how the fishing had been that afternoon. My visitor said not a word but instead applied more pressure to both of my shoulders. Being just a mite irritated, I neglected the left udder long enough to swing around on the milking stool. Peering up I looked face to face into the business end of a gosh awful big black bear!

"Thinking fast, I just nodded and turned back to my milking. His big paws were still on my shoulders and he seemed to be getting uneasy and bearing down heavier by the moment. Continuing to milk with my right
hand, I carefully reached way over to the left and got a good grip on a wide square-edged cleaning shovel that was leaning against the side of the cow stall about four feet away. Deliberately making a few more strokes with old Minerva, I timed my attack just right. Grabbing the heavy shovel by its oak handle I jumped up, spun around and caught that bear full in the face with the flat back of the shovel. He let out a terrible roar and backed away... covering his face with both paws.

"In one fast leap, I dove head first out of the small stable disposal window. My landing was soft but discouraging. Extricating myself with some difficulty, I ran toward the lighted porch and met old 'Irv' coming out with a gasoline lantern. Considerably out of breath and well frayed at the knees and nerves, I tried to tell him what had happened. Looking me up and down with much amusement, he backed away from me and held his nose. Dead serious and still shaken by the experience, I suggested getting the 30-30 over the mantle and going back to settle the score. Irving rolled back on his heels and rocked with laughter!

"‘You cussed old fool,’ he said. ‘That was “Husky,” our pet bear! For over five years now he's been down to the barn every night in the summer for a pan of milk! We raised him from a tiny cub... and he's practically a member of the family.’

"The next afternoon I worked down near the lake cleaning out brush where we were going to build a new landing. Walking around a large bunch of alders, I came face to face with the big bear again. Husky and I stood motionless looking each other over for a long moment. Then, carefully covering his face with his paws, the great shaggy creature turned and ran!

"That wasn't the worst of it though, by any means," Amos added. "It was bad enough, trying to get rid of that ‘Barny odor’ during the next few days... but that fool bear wouldn't let me forget it! During all the rest of that summer, every time I'd come upon that darned critter at all unexpectedly, he'd stop still... cover his face with his big black paws and slowly back away!"

RABBIT HUNTERS and Beagle enthusiasts will be interested to learn that Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven of Bethel is developing an exceptionally fine strain of these small but intelligent hunting dogs. Gene, better known as “Gene Van,” has been importing some of the better blood lines from all over the country. Being an ardent rabbit hunter himself he is particularly interested in producing a line of hunting dogs that will work effectively under all types of difficult conditions encountered from time to time here in Maine. Gene's place is called "School House Kennel.”

BEAR HUNTERS desiring real action can do no better than to contact Alfred Jackson of Stoneham for advice. “Jack” as he is called, is probably as well informed on where bruin “hangs out” and how to go about really getting results as anyone in the State of Maine. This reporter can testify from personal experience. Not many months ago, on a hastily planned excursion with Jackson and Earl Boardman of Mattapoisett, Mass., the party connected with a bear in Oxford County and was back at the starting point with “mission accomplished,” not much over two hours after starting the trip!

FISHERMEN, both resident and non-resident, who plan to give some attention to Atlantic Salmon fishing this year will be happy to learn that the practice of requiring an additional permit to take these fish has been discontinued by the State of Maine.
"Apple Sparkle" A New Maine Industry

Maine has a top-notch fresh apple industry. In fact, Maine has produced quality apples for over a century and Maine apples have always been appreciated because of their superior flavors. It has been recognized, that many current methods for processing apples, produce products that have manufactured flavors rather than the tastes of fresh apples. There is satisfaction among Maine fruit growers because Myron O. Lord, manager of the Maine Fruit Producers, Inc., has secured ranking rights for that organization to use the new processes of "Cold" Concentration. These rights allow this concern to produce "Apple Sparkle", which users find to have the full natural taste of Maine apples.

York, Oxford, Cumberland, Kennebec and Androscoggin counties—with contiguous areas—have both the topography and the climate to grow the finest apples. Many fine mature producing orchards are found in Maine and not only these but many young orchards that are just coming into bearing assure the continuance of the apple industry in Maine. The picturesque apple blossoms in the Spring, the clean healthy growing fruit in the Summer and the well-colored apples harvested each Fall, are proof that Maine fruit growers have the "know-how" that assures Maine remaining a leading producer of quality apples.

Maine has not only outstanding apple growers who operate their orchards as individuals, but a growers' cooperative organization, namely, Maine Fruit Producers, Inc., that is equipped to do many things that it is impossible for the individual grower to do in advancing the processing of Maine apples and merchandising the products produced.

Maine Fruit Producers, Inc., stores the apples of its members in modern refrigerated warehouses, sorts and grades the apples and sells standard and special packs of Maine apples in the eastern markets for the benefit of Maine apple growers. The Maine Apple Committee is the best in its field and through working with the State of Maine Development Commission, its publications, meetings, contests,
“Apples on Parade” and Apple Annie activities keeps the story of the high qualities of Maine apples before consumers.

Fresh quality apples are not available throughout the year and it is regular practice for processors to produce juices, sauce, canned apples, etc., as regular articles of commerce. Up to recently, however, it was not possible to produce any of these products so that the commercial products had the tastes and the natural aromas of fresh Maine apples. Apple juice, specifically, has had limited sales because it does not taste like a fresh quality apple. One of the leading eating apples is the McIntosh and, while this variety grows superbly in Maine, the enticing flavors that are enjoyed when the McIntosh is eaten fresh from the hand are not present in apple products made by usual processes.

"APPLE SPARKLE," the product of the new processes of “Cold” Concentration, is being produced by the Maine Fruit Producers, Inc., and this product does have the full natural flavors of fresh McIntosh apples. "Apple Sparkle" is a liquid concentrate that is used by the food processor, the chef and the homemaker to produce delectable drinks, superior jellies, reinforced apple products that have true natural apple taste and superior frozen products.

When the Maine Publicity Bureau interviewed the inventor of the Noyes processes of “Cold” Concentration by which “Apple Sparkle" is produced it was found that this inventor believes that it is the primary duty of research workers investigating processes concerned with fruits to seek means for keeping the tastes that Nature has produced in the fruits. He stated that he has found that Nature works in accord with the laws of natural science in ways that clearly illustrate that the life processes of apple trees are better producers of flavors and aromas than the chemist. If there is one basic discovery that this inventor has made, he states it as finding out how to retain the tastes that Nature has produced, through the processes of “Cold” Concentration. A summary of the “Cold” Concentration processes includes:

First, it is necessary to slow up inherent chemical changes and/or the results thereof, that are caused by separating apple juice from living apples and this is done by cooling the juice to near its freezing temperature immediately after it is pressed out of the apples.

Second, it is necessary to concentrate the liquid portion, that is, to eliminate the activities of a chemical nature that the presence of the full amount of water in the juice would allow to take place and this is done by extracting heat from the cooled apple juice in amounts sufficient to form enough ice so that the whole mass takes on the aspects of a solid body.

Third, colloidal and/or jellied points (small areas) were found to exist in the mass of solidified material along with various ice formations, substances out of solution, etc. It was necessary to have a means of separating out the material with less water as a concentrated liquid mixture that had the true natural relationships which were produced by Nature, and this is desirably done by controlled additions of heat that are often made while allowing the liquid produced thereby to concurrently work away from the ice crystals and other matter by the force of gravity to locations outside of and separate from the ice, etc.

The several patents that have been issued on this process are quite technical but are found to contain claims for processes that “comprise” certain essentials rather than the usual claims that the process “consists of” specific steps. The claims based on “comprises” are much broader in their applications. In recent years the Letters Patent grants have been subjected to added scrutinies because while patents have to be obtained by individuals they have been quite regularly sold to corporations.

Maine Fruit Producers, Inc., has received added security in building a new Maine industry because it has made a professional service employment agreement with the inventor, who is the owner of the patents. The inventor does not license his patents and, therefore, the direct professional service arrangement with him assures Maine of protection just as long as
Maine Fruit Producers, Inc., make satisfactory progress.

There is an ample market for "Apple Sparkle" for it is liked by all those persons who like apples. In fact, there are not enough McIntosh apples grown in Maine, at present, to produce enough "Apple Sparkle" to put back the flavorings that have been cooked out of the applesauce produced in the United States in a given year and applesauce is only one of many products that can be made more tasty by the addition of a little Maine "Apple Sparkle".

"Apple Sparkle" today is being sold in 16-ounce bottles for making individual drinks; 12-ounce bottles for home use; 26-ounce bottles for hotels, restaurants, etc., and gallons for soda fountains and large users.

"Apple Sparkle" also is used on apple cakes, Brown Betty, in apple pie and to enrich apple sauce. These products are all produced by cooking and the most tasty part of the apple flavor volatilizes off into the air. To replace this and make these products more tasty, the following are suggested:

As the apple cake cools, put a bit of "Apple Sparkle" near the pieces of apple. It makes the taste much more enjoyable.

Brown Betty is enriched by adding a little "Apple Sparkle" to each serving just before taking it to the table.

There are slits in the top crust of apple pies that are placed there to let out steam and these can be so placed that one is in each quarter of a pie. About a tablespoonful of "Apple Sparkle" per pie, added through these holes makes the pie more tasty.

Stir a spoonful of "Apple Sparkle" into sauce at about the rate of a teaspoonful per cup of sauce—after the sauce has cooled to return apple flavors and aromas that have been cooked out. ("Apple Sparkle" cuts down the required sugar.)

"Apple Sparkle" Jelly

12-ounce bottle of "Apple Sparkle"
12-ounce bottle of water
8-ounce bottle of standardized fruit pectin
— (as "Certo" brand)
8-ounce bottle of water, and
8 leveled cups of cane sugar

The following directions are intended to give the needed accuracy and yet make the jellymaking easy. It is pointed out that the amount of water, that is added, is equal in volume to the "Apple Sparkle" and the standardized pectin. The water is added by filling each bottle and this helps get all the ingredients into the jelly mix.

Empty the 12-ounce bottle of "Apple Sparkle" into a four-quart saucepan. Fill
the emptied bottle with water and add this water to the "Apple Sparkle" in the saucepan. Now add the standardized fruit pectin, fill the emptied bottle with water and add that water to the other liquid in the saucepan. Stir the liquid to mix it well and then while stirring and heating add the 8 leveled cups of cane sugar. Continue stirring and heating until the sugar is dissolved and the temperature approaches the boiling temperature of water (190-200 degrees Fahrenheit). Do not boil as you lose flavor. Remove from the fire and allow to stand a few minutes until the scum has risen, skim and pour into clean dry glasses.

(This makes around 12, 8 ounce glasses (six pounds) of "SPARKLE" jelly.)

The above are only a few of the uses that have been found for this new product, "Apple Sparkle," that has the taste of a fresh apple.

THE SHELF LIFE of any fruit product is limited and, therefore, it is advocated that no one keep a tasty product like "Apple Sparkle" many months before using. Frozen products, properly prepared and kept frozen do keep with virtually no change and another branch of the new industry will be frozen "Apple Sparkle". This will not be a product made by using some mediocre concentration process and then adding some of the fresh juice, that has just been pressed, as has been done with some frozen juice concentrates, but the application of the processes of "Cold" Concentration will remove water and have all the liquid with the taste of the fresh fruit. It takes time to introduce a new product

Packaging "Vacationland" brand Cortlands in cellophane containers, only one of the several apple products of Maine Fruit Producers, Inc., at Kezar Falls. A complete display of these apple products, identified with the State of Maine by distinctive brands and labels, was pictured in the Summer, 1947, PINE CONE.
even with the reputation of Maine apple flavors being quite generally known and so the first efforts will be to have people acquainted with “Apple Sparkle”.

It is an asset to Maine that its soil and climate produce apples of such high quality as this is the reason that Maine was selected for this new industry.

A quotation from the book by Noyes on “Frozen Foods” is:

“Country life has its charms and its hardships. Among its charms is the opportunity to select a fruit or vegetable just as it reaches its highest development and enjoy taste thrills that are lost in the best of canning and preserving procedures. Quick freezing can hold Nature’s perfections for our enjoyment at a future date providing specific technics are followed. These technics allow the housewife to serve more enjoyable meals.”

Maine Fruit Producers’ “Apple Sparkle” is the application of new freezing technics in the carrying out of processes of “Cold” Concentration and in “Apple Sparkle” the superb flavors of fresh Maine apples have been locked in for everyone’s enjoyment.

DEERTREES THEATRE at Harrison made famous by the late Enrica Clay Dillon, has been acquired by a New York group and will have a ten-weeks season this Summer with a professional Equity company in residence with Robert H. Harris as managing director. Broadway plays with Broadway stars will highlight the policy.

* * * *

FALMOUTH Publishing House of Portland will come out with a 300-page popular “History of Maine,” from wilderness to Statehood, by Marion Jacques Smith of Bath, about June 1. A dozen other Maine titles by prominent authors are in the offing from Falmouth, leading us to believe that the next few years will see a considerable upsurge in literature about Maine.

* * * *

THE TOWN OF CANAAN, on U. S. Route 2 in Somerset County, is aggressively seeking new residents and business by offering three years’ free taxes on new buildings with a minimum value of $500 and five years free taxes on buildings to any manufacturing concern which buys or builds in Canaan and regularly employs 15 or more persons. This program was voted by the citizens at the recent town meeting. A new school also is being built by the town for occupancy next Fall.
Minstrelsy of Maine

Edited by Sheldon Christian


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

To the Arbutus
By Jocelyn Christie

Arbutus, fairest harbinger of Spring,
How well you hide within the northern wood!
I gaze in awe at such an offering
And marvel at your valiant hardihood.
Débris of winter covers the dull ground,
Near hiding your green leaves and woody stems,
Your subtle fragrance from stalks flower-crowned
With clusters of pink-tinted, bell-shaped gems.

Can he who looks through unbelieving eyes,
Behold this wondrous thing Spring has conceived
And still say, who believes in God, feigns lies?
How else a miracle like this achieved?
I will not question His great plan for men
So long as the Arbutus blooms again.

Gilpatrick’s Cove
By Sybil Melcher

The peace of a blue, windless day Lingers on this little bay.
The water underneath the boat Gurgles with a contented note.
The lazy oars make not a sound, But drip the sunset all around.
Wide circles lap the wooden pier In water that is still and clear.
The tide is low, the shadows dim Of fish and rocks together swim.
Cap’n Stanley’s sloop drifts home at last, Just steerageway to make her fast.
The sea’s not purple, and not blue, It gives a sense of depth, not hue, That leads to the horizon, far Beyond the shadow of a star.
Vistas

By Isabel Roome Mann

Just as the hiker, trudging up a trail,
Selects his path among the stones and rocks;
Now skirts the swamps, where make-shift bridges give
Beneath thick boots; now vaults the log that bars
His pathway—pausing here to cock his head
And listen to the flicker's song, the call
Of chickadees, or glimpse a wary deer
That leaps from man, not noting in his haste
That love for creatures lights the hiker's face—
And so, a clearing reached, at length beholds
A sweeping vast of landscape—mountains and sky,
And, cupped in lowlands, sky-reflecting lakes—
Broad vistas seen by just the hardy few
Who clamber up the rocky summit, high
Above the spongy softness of the marsh:
So he who mounts the uphill trail through life,
Persisting, yet alert to love and song,
Gains broader views of earth, mankind, and God.

To a Lake in Maine

By Jocelyn Christie

Oh lake, with beauty bordered round;
Your hills, your trees, your rocky shore;
Here by your side I sit and dream,
And simple living counts for more.
Life is not now a thing complex,
Involved with plans and filled with schemes;
Rather, a peaceful, lovely place
Where God's own nature reigns supreme.

Country Store

By Dorothy B. Winn

At a fork in the road the General Store,
With its smudgy panes and sagging door,
Looks drab outside, but neat within
Where its bulging counters, as clean as a pin,
Are piled with bread, with herring, and mace,
With rubber boots, and bolts of lace,
With penny candy, with castor oil,
And fertilizers to feed the soil.
Here is the embryonic heart
Of the mammoth "chain," and the pompous mart.

The Bounteous Grace

By Mabel P. Summers

The running of smelt which purport springtime lure,
Give vent to the soul of the Maine epicure;
The grayling and salmon leap high in the air;
The cubs trundle after the great shaggy bear;
And crocus and hyacinths rise to rebirth
When springtime slips wondrously over the earth.
Madawaska released from her ice in the north . . .
Where the log-jams boom out as at last they flow forth;
The winnowing winds curling over the hill;
The splashing of freshets and tumbling rill;
The hemlock and balsam renewing their green,
And fields with new mantles like soft velveteen
Are ever creating the bounteous grace
Which echoes with vibrance in every place.
The Hermit of the Bog

By Adeline Dunton

In the first stir
Of wakening earth
A lowly flower
Comes to birth,
A shell-like leaf
Around it curled,
Like a monk's hood,
Protecting furled.
In bog and swamp
Its spathes appear,
Leading the grand
March of the year.

Ignored in verse,
Unknown to fame,
Christened by fate
An unlovely name,
Yet first of all
The flowery band
To dance in joy
Across the land.

The rising budsheath
In darkening fall,
Meets withered leaf
With no interval,
With winter and death
Prepared to cope,
Brave symbol of
Immortal hope.

Skunk cabbage sounds
Its note of cheer
In marsh and swamp
Again this year.

Maine Son

By Adelbert M. Jakeman

He loves the land his father knew,
Bright with mayflowers, fresh as dew.
Scent of salt spray from the sea,
The pungent pine and bayberry
Perfume the pathway of his days
Beyond Arabia's sweetest ways.

His eyes search for the still unfound;
His feet are proud on ancient ground.

He knows the silence of the trees,
The ocean's depth, the mysteries
Of lonely men who somehow are
A guide more certain than a star.

He questions not the why or how,
And finds his heaven here and now.

Maine Cocktail

By Betty Stahl Parsons

A jigger of fog from the morning's sleep;
A dash of salt from Atlantic's deep;
A flavor straight from the lumber mill;
Topped with a sprig from a pine-crowned hill!

Lessons

By Edith Morrison Fortier

Mum, can I learn geography
From those maps on the maple tree?
N'can I learn geology
From when you're rocking me?
Can I build my balance high
In that cloud 'bank' in the sky?
Can I learn to write 'believes'
From the 'spells' that nature weaves?"
"Son, if you learn your lessons thus
And still do sums without a fuss,
You'll go cultured from your school;
Not an educated fool."

Maine Transplanted

By Pearl LeBaron Libby

He took some acorns from our tree,
And this is what he said to me:
"I hope my oaks will grow as tall
As these beside the old stone wall."

And thus it's pleasant to relate,
That miles away in some far state,
Through summer's sun and winter's snow,
Perchance a bit of Maine will grow.
Spring in Maine brings thoughts and reminiscences of other springs ... of old-time days and doings. As in the lines by Richard Hovey:

"Make me over, Mother April, When the sap begins to stir! When thy flowery hand delivers All the mountain-prisoned rivers, And thy great heart beats and quivers, To revive the days that were."

One of the happiest memories of the farm is the annual harvest of maple sap. "Sugaring off" is hard work, to be sure, but the warmer, lengthening days and the beginning signs of buds and green grass give new lift to the many hands lent to the job. Too, there's always the fun of the "sugaring off" parties to anticipate.

The new crop of maple syrup and maple sugar brings a new demand for maple recipes. To help you make the most of your new syrup supply, here is a collection of old Maine recipes. They grew from the early housewives' desire to present something new to their families ... will serve the same purpose for you.

**Maple Sugar Biscuits**

A simple "new twist" for tasty biscuits ...

2 c. flour  
2½ tsp. baking powder  
Salt  
Sweet Cream  
Maple sugar

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Mix with enough sweet cream to make a soft dough. Roll out ½" thick, spread with melted butter and sprinkle generously with shavings of maple sugar. Roll as you would a jelly roll and cut in 1" slices. Sprinkle tops with more sugar shavings and bake in a hot oven (475° F.) for 12 minutes.

**Maple Gingerbread**

As a practical measure, Maine housewives frequently used syrups for sweetening agents instead of the often hard-to-get white sugar.

1 egg  
2½ c. flour  
1 cup sour cream  
1½ tsp. ginger  
1 c. maple syrup  
Salt  
1 scant tsp. soda  
¾ c. shortening

Beat egg well and add sour cream and maple syrup. Sift together twice the flour, soda, ginger and salt and add to the other ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Add shortening. Bake in a moderate oven (325°-350° F.) for 35 minutes.
Maple Bisque

Three good farm ingredients—rich cream, eggs and maple syrup—combine to make a welcome frozen dessert.

1 pint cream 1 c. thick maple syrup 4 eggs, separated

Beat the egg yolks until very thick and add the syrup. Heat over a very low fire, or in a double boiler, until hot, stirring constantly. Cool this mixture. Beat the egg whites until stiff and the cream to a froth. Stir syrup into cream, fold in egg whites. Pack in ice and salt for six hours, or freeze in a refrigerator tray.

Maple Sugar Pie

Still in the dessert department, here’s another time-tested favorite:

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

Beat the eggs until light and add one cup of the milk, the butter, salt and nutmeg. Dissolve the sugar, shaved fine, in the remaining milk and add. Stir in the flour made to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Fill a baked pie shell and top with halved pecans or walnuts. Chill.

Maple Fritters

A delicious adjunct to any meal . . . one which will earn “rave notices” for you.

3 eggs, well beaten 2 tsp. baking powder 1 tbsp. sweet cream 4 c. flour 2 c. sweet milk Maple syrup ¼ tsp. salt Powdered sugar

Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the combined milk and cream. Slowly add the well-beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Drop by spoonfuls into deep hot fat and fry until well puffed and browned. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve immediately with hot maple syrup.

Corn Fritters

Swimming in maple syrup, they’re especially good with a fish menu.

2 c. whole corn 1 tsp. salt drained ¼ c. flour 2 eggs, separated 1 tsp. baking powder

Beat yolks of eggs and add to the corn. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together and stir into the corn mixture, beating well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry until a golden brown. Drain on brown paper to absorb grease. Serve hot with maple syrup.

Maple Icing

Your favorite white cake or nut cake takes on new charms with a smooth, glossy maple icing.

2 c. maple syrup 2 egg whites ¼ tsp. baking powder

Boil syrup until it will spin a thread. Beat whites of eggs until stiff. Add the syrup slowly, beating constantly. Beat until frosting becomes cold and thick enough to hold its shape, adding the baking powder during the last part of the beating.

Maple Syrup Pudding Sauce

You’ll find this sauce a sure-fire success with your favorite vanilla, tapioca or steamed pudding.

¾ c. maple syrup 2 egg whites ¼ c. water ¼ c. cream 1 tsp. lemon juice

Boil maple syrup and water until it will spin a thread. Pour it slowly into the stiffly beaten egg whites which have been mixed with cream and lemon juice, beating constantly with an egg beater.

Floating Island Pudding

One of Maine’s most popular and traditional custard-like puddings, it calls for a rich sauce like the maple syrup sauce described above.

1 quart milk, scalded ¾ c. sugar 3 egg yolks, well beaten ½ tsp. salt 2 tbsp. cornstarch, dissolved in ½ tbsp. milk

Scald the milk in a double boiler, stir in the egg yolks, cornstarch, sugar and salt. Cook until it thickens. Cool and stir in vanilla. Serve cold with maple syrup sauce.

Maple Syrup is probably most universally popular when poured generously over a golden stack of pancakes or waffles. Breakfast, lunch or supper, it’s one of America’s favorites. Here are some old-fashioned pancake suggestions which will add variety to your menus.

Maine Rye Pancakes

1 c. flour 6 tbsp. molasses 1 c. rye flour 1 c. sour milk 1 egg 1 tsp. soda

Sift the rye and white flour together, beat the egg and mix with the molasses and sour milk in which the soda has been dissolved. Mix in the dry ingredients to form a stiff batter. Drop spoonfuls of the batter into deep hot fat and fry until golden brown. Pancakes may be pan fried by thinning the batter with more milk. Serve with maple syrup.

Buckwheat Cakes

2 c. milk 1 tsp. salt 2 c. boiling water 1 tsp. molasses 1 yeast cake 4 c. buckwheat flour ½ tsp. soda dissolved in 1 c. hot water

Scald the milk and add the boiling water. Cool to moderate temperature and dissolve the yeast cake in mixture. Sift in flour (more than 4 cups if necessary), to make a batter thin enough to pour. Let rise overnight. In the morning add the dissolved soda, molasses and salt. Fry on a not greased griddle. A word of warning . . . this is a recipe strictly in the old-time tradition of size. One-half of it will still make a good meal.
Currant Flap Jacks

1 3/4 c. flour 1/2 tsp. soda
1 egg, well beaten 1 tbsp. melted butter
1 c. sour milk 1 c. currants

Sift the dry ingredients together. Add the sour milk and egg and beat until smooth. Add the melted butter and the currants which have been washed and dried. Bake on a hot greased griddle and serve with butter, powdered sugar and maple syrup.

Crisp Waffles

Here’s everyone’s favorite supper or extra-special Sunday morning breakfast:

2 c. flour 1 tbsp. sugar
3/4 tsp. soda 3 eggs, separated
3/4 tsp. salt 2 c. sweet milk
1/4 c. melted butter

Sift flour before measuring. Sift again, adding baking powder, salt and sugar. Combine milk with well beaten egg yolks and add melted butter. Add dry ingredients, beating until well blended. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake on a hot waffle iron for 4 or 5 minutes.

Waffle Variations

For a special “everybody’s choice” supper, surround your waffle iron with plates of bacon, pecans, chopped ham, corn and coconut, and cook to order on the spot. The last and most important accessory is, of course, a tall pitcher of maple syrup.

BACON WAFFLES. Pour batter on iron in usual manner, then cover with several strips of thin bacon. Bake as usual.

PECAN WAFFLES. Sprinkle a small handful of pecans, halved or chopped, on the iron, pour in batter and bake.

HAM WAFFLES. Pour batter on iron, then sprinkle 2 or 3 tablespoons of chopped boiled or baked ham on the batter and bake.

CORN WAFFLES. Pour batter on iron, sprinkle with 2 or 3 tablespoons of whole kernel corn and bake.

COCOANUT WAFFLES. Pour batter on iron, sprinkle with 1 or 2 tablespoons of shredded coconut and bake.

Maple Sugar on Snow

One of our oldest frozen treats grew out of the old time “sugaring off” parties. A favorite of children and grown-ups alike, it’s a confection rarely enjoyed nowadays, especially among city-dwellers.

Boil the maple syrup until it will form a soft gummi covering when dropped on snow. Gather pure, clean snow and place in a pan. Drop the hot syrup on it in small spoonfuls, covering evenly. Cut in squares and serve with plain doughnuts and coffee.

If you use maple sugar instead of syrup, add a little water to the crushed sugar and cook to a thick syrup.

June L. Maxfield, assistant in the advertising department of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Portland, contributes her fifteenth article in the Pine Cone series on old Maine recipes. Her source is the collection of Maine cooking lore which the company has compiled in its historical files, augmented by family recipes sent to her by readers.

Maine Handicraft products are in demand the year around, according to Elizabeth Winslow of 52 Court Street, Westfield, Mass., who has opened up a small shop in her home, which she calls “The Maine Sale.” It carries Maine products exclusively, such as Rowantrees pottery, hammered copper items, handbags from the Maine Trading Post at Boothbay Harbor, Maine weavings and hand wrought Maine silver jewelry. All success to Miss Winslow and her idea on handling Maine products exclusively, for we believe there are no finer anywhere in the world.
Fryeburg Town Meeting, 1949

By CARLTON R. MILLS

Did you ever? No I never, recollect or bring to mind
Any sort o' winter weather, like the days we've left behind.
Autumn days in January. Warm as June in old December.
Scanty clothes in February. Such a 'spel' I can't remember.
Blizzards rage across the Nation; sunny Cal. to Rio Grande.
Old Man Winter's agitation, mighty hard to understand.
Dixie landers' teeth may chatter; drifts pile high on western plain.
But rain-drops softly pitter-patter; mighty cozy here, in Maine.
Old man Winter's gallivantin', are our Newsie's leading topics.
Here in Maine we dream of plantin', Basked in sunshine from the Tropics.
Spite of Winter's wrong way ramble, right at home, it's warm as May.
As towards the old Town Hall we amble, Sure enough, Town Meeting Day.

Here each townsman has a voice. Equal rights in each discussion.
Free to speak his mind, his choice; without fear of repercussion.
Honest rights to his opinions, with phrases apt, if not artistic.
Protect his home, his own dominion, and our Land, non commumistic.
Free men all, but I'll hazard a guess, And to me it seems a pity.
That he'll humbly murmur: "Yes, yes, yes," to each dictate of Budget Committee.
Former townsman have oft defied, this chosen Bureau, autocratic;
And to their dictates have oft' replied, in a manner most emphatic.
Let us honor this dear departed host, who have gone to a well earned rest.
Their firm convictions, we cherish most, and the courage that they possessed.

But to old Town Meeting; let's hurry back,
Or like old man Winter; we'll be off track.
The moderator has been elected.
'Tis Francis Buzzell, as we expected.
His galloping gavel rates priority,
And is wielded with biceps, and authority.
For clerk, 'My' Kimball is our best bet,
A member of barber shop quartette,
And as town clerk, it seems to me,
He's in one position, where he's not off key.
Selectman. John Weston sought relief,
To devote his time to his baby beef.
We elected John Sargent our old P. M.
(Now don't get P. M. wrong—a-hem.)
John was a former man of letters,
Now unencumbered with any fetters;
Thus John is in, and out, is John,
Here's, "How", and pass the demijohn.
Frank Swan, for treasurer; congratulate Frank,
Has lots of room in his piggy bank.
'Al' Force for school board, a choice that makes sense.
We're glad that 'Dick' Turner pushed him off from the fence.
Road commissioner; our friend H. McKeen steps aside.
Ten years of good service could not turn the tide.
'Mert' Charles is the victor, but 'twill surely seen strange,
To find friend McKeen, safe at home on the range.
Collector of taxes. Our 'Rabb' takes a bow,
While Doris will labor. Oh brother, and how.
Appropriations are next. Budget committee just beams.
They'll steer our boat now, with no leaks in the seams.
It's full speed ahead, and make no mistake,
We're tha jelly fish, flound'ring, awash in the wake.
Each article passed, at the rate one a minute.
No attention is paid to a fellow 'agin' it.
'Gran'pa' Ridlon squelched, with a resounding: "Quiet".
Each semblance of dissent, or miniature riot.
As to Grandfather Ridlon, I wouldn't dare say
That to keep things in order he received any pay.
We raise money for roads, in a manner alarming,
The taxes for which, will take plenty of farming.
We raised money for schools, and for this and for that.
And even more, at the drop of a hat,
With never a thought for the gaunt, hungry look,
That will soon crease and furrow the old pocket book.
'Tis ever thus. Guess we like to play
We are jolly prodigals, for a day.
When meeting's o'er, we'll grind our axes
And grumble forever, about our taxes.
Money for schools, O. K. Perhaps
Our kids won't grow up to be such saps;
But banish the thought; 'twould be a pity
If they climbed aboard with the budget committee.
We raised money for tarring, and each special need,
And for North's fire laddies, to step up their speed.
'Super' Jones' school problems were clearly portrayed;
His answers to questions, were graciously made.
George Roberts was prompt in proposing each motion.
With posture and gesture, explaining each notion;
Oratorial art? He has plenty to spare;
And a word in his favor, this message we'll bring.
Though Mansur helped out, with a word, here and there.
Town meeting's o'er. Our piece we've spoken.
The time? Two hours, a record broken.
Whittled down, and what a pity,
By the all fired speed of the budget committee.
We can't go home without the feed.
The sisters are a friend in need, indeed.
The tempting beans, and custard pie,
I couldn't pass 'em if I'd try.
Such loads of food, we can't be hasty
While grub is round, so 'yummy' tasty.
Town Meeting's o'er. We heave a sigh,
But nineteen fifty's dawning nigh.
Be seein' ya, just one year hence.
Our urge for Meetings is immense.

SPRING, 1949
Boy and Spring

By Louise Darcy

A willow whistle,
A fishing pole;
Marbles in a pocket
Making a hole.

A catcher’s mitt,
A bat and ball;
The door left open
From porch to hall.

Look at a boy
Wherever you are
And you need
No calendar.

(Process plates by Waterville Sentinel Engravers)

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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.
Song of Maine

By Dorothy Boone Kidney

If I had but one song to sing,
My heart would die with reason—
For how could I pick the proper notes—
The loveliest thing, the prettiest season?
A single leaf—that's what I'd choose,
I'd put it in a song—
Its scalloped dress, its graceful dance—
Oh, but not for long!
What of the rain—the splattering rain—
That symphony in tinkles?
Or that cove where wavelets swish
And the sand is old with wrinkles?
The boats, stark-white on a turquoise sea,
With everywhere sea gulls flying;
The crimson maple, the brazen thing—
With all of summer dying!
The satin paleness of the grass
With dewdrops on their edges,
A lilac bush, wild with bloom,
And rugged pines thrust up from ledges,
The slim, wan moon, the jagged stars—
Like frosted bits of sea—
Ice-blue chunks to shine on snow
When winter winds race free,
A flower, like a fragile cup,
Its velvet-blueness glowing—
How could I sing or just one thing
With all of nature showing?
Unity

By Clifford Wesley Collins

The buds and blooms of early Spring
Unfold, again, their blossoming,
And something answers in the heart
To show that humans are a part
Of everything experience knows—
We're somewhat kin to every rose!

We're part of all the eyes may see;
And all the vision's ecstasy
Makes what we see a part of us,
A long-enduring stimulus.

Who will not be a different man
When eyes have seen how Spring began!