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Summer Summary

Maine loved every one of its more than 200 "Summer Events," but takes special pride in the inspiration it offers to a growing list of nationally-famous artists, musicians, writers and dramatists, who gave concerts and exhibitions, held forums and world-premieres and generally contributed richly to life in the Pine Tree State.

By Emeline K. Paige

Whether it's fishing or fancy-work . . . music or sculpture . . . the stage or a beauty contest—if you like it, you'd have found it in Maine this past Summer.

Lakewood, at Skowhegan, celebrated its golden anniversary, with Clarence Durwent, president of Actors' Equity, on hand to applaud with old friends and famous people. A tall, blonde Millinocket girl with an Irish name earned the title of "Miss Maine." Half a dozen nationally known artists sat around a table at Brunswick and criticized their own work. More people than ever before saw an exhibit by more Maine craftsmen than ever before, who pooled their products at Rockport.

A new play, seen at Ogunquit Playhouse before it went to Broadway, was a sellout for two weeks, a record for the straw-hat-and-barn circuit. The Camden Hospital is richer for a concert given by three internationally acclaimed musicians, who summer in Maine. Lea Luboshutz, violinist, and Pierre Luboschutz and Genia Nemennoff, duo-pianists, playing at Camden, August 29. One of our town libraries acquired by gift a portrait of a former resident, painted by Greenwood. In other words: It was a typical Maine Summer.

... famous and beautiful houses were open to a large and appreciative public—all the way from Kittery to Calais. There may have been some we didn’t hear about, but the success of Open House Days, both as a form of entertainment for visitors, and as a means of raising funds for local charitable and cultural activities, is a matter of record.

... Bowdoin College unrolled its red carpet for Lakewood and Mr. Durwent, and that giant among American playwrights, Owen Davis, and an overflow audience on July 20, at an occasion called "Dramatic Arts Day." Members of the Lakewood company gave two scenes from that week's play: "Harvey."

Getting down to places and people, on July 2 the New England Folk Dance Festival at Southport featured a world-wide radio broadcast, linking Southport, U.S.A., with Southport, England. Guest "caller" was Albert Haynes, former director of Henry Ford's Folk Dance School.

... the Jan Veen Dancers stopped off at Machias on July 13, for a ballet performance between engagements in Boston and in St. John, New Brunswick.

... two new art groups settled in the Mount Desert Island region: Studio Lodge, headed by Charles R. Kinghan, nationally recognized water colorist, was at Lamoine Beach, overlooking Frenchman's Bay; and the Mount Desert Island School of Art had for its director William Dacey,
William J. Ryan, Yale student, putting finishing touches on the "Yes, My Darling Daughter" set for Deer­trees final play of the 1950 season.

whose portrait of Dr. Charles A. Kraus, internationally known chemist, belongs to Brown University.

. . . Mrs. Walter Hartwig's Ogun­quit Playhouse raised the first curtain on Garson Kanin's current Broadway show, "The Live Wire," on July 17, the Michael Todd production attracting not only the author and the producer and the author's distinguished wife, Miss Ruth Gordon, but The Critics. Such was its local and long distance appeal that it ran to ca­pacity audiences for two weeks, in­stead of the summer theater's usual one week.

. . . maybe beauty is no deeper than the suntan, but a lot of it showed in Maine this past Summer. First Ladies were selected in the name of the Potato Blossom, the Lobster, Va­cationland, and, of course, the State of Maine itself. With pulchritude to spare, local communities may well be obliged to add new categories another year—choosing Miss Inland Waterways, Miss Pulp and Paper, Miss Canned Corn (Maine is world-famous for canned corn!), and, as a gesture to guests, Miss Summer Theater.

. . . York Village welcomed at its Town Hall (July 25-28) all those who can admire a genuine antique without looking to see if they dare risk another dollar to make it their own. The show was staged by professional exhibitors and drew wide attention.

. . . organ music at its magnificent best was free for the listening at Portland's City Hall four afternoons a week all Summer, when resident and visiting artists gave concerts on the Nation's first (and still the largest) municipal pipe organ: the Kotz­s chmar Memorial organ, gift to the city of his birth by the late Cyrus H. K. Curtis. Mr. Curtis was born in Portland a hundred years ago—June 16, 1850.

. . . hour-long programs of classical and semi-classical music "on the lawn" made waiting for curtain time at Deertrees Theater (Harrison) a pleasant prelude to invariably top­level dramatic fare. Of special excel­lence were the stage settings de­signed and executed at Deertrees by a young man still busy at Yale after a noteworthy foundation at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Wil­liam J. Ryan. Bill Ryan's a lad to watch.

. . . at the end of July, after suf­fering all the delays a new building can suffer, the Rowantrees Pavilion of Creative Arts opened with results that will bring new laurels to the Blue Hill Peninsula . . . straight from New York's 57th Street, stronghold of Art, these days.

. . . Colby College invited the public to attend the dedication of a highly prized addition to a still-expanding campus, the Walcker Memorial Organ, July 28. Three days later, Kenne­bunk Town Hall opened its doors to an Antiques Fair, the opening de­layed slightly because of previous oc­cupancy by a group of talented young musicians and dancers known as The Arundel Opera Theater in English.

. . . Shakespeare-in-the-open, and theater-in-the-round, were both in­cluded in the season's dramatic of­ferings, and much applauded, the former in the Bok Garden at Camden, the latter at two of the thirteen summer theaters, Bar Harbor and Shapleigh.

. . . the Maine Coast Craftsmen's Exhibition and Sale attracted record­breaking crowds at Rockport the week starting August 7, when work of out­standing quality showed how practical things of beauty can be.
... art museums throughout the State held representative shows during July and August, the list of names reading like a cross-section of Who's Who in American Art. Most notable, perhaps, (and please note the tentative "perhaps") was the August exhibit at the Walker Art Museum (Brunswick), which came most sharply into focus on the 18th, when Russell Cowles, Ernest Fiene, Abraham Rattner, Sidney Simon, and Marguerite and William Zorach sat around a table on the museum terrace, each with a microphone, and criticized their own work! These are only half-a-dozen of the brilliant roster of faculty and visiting artists who make the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture a brush-and-chisel counterpart of what Tanglewood is to music. This occasion was Bowdoin's tribute to the Skowhegan school. The Farnsworth Museum at Rockland held notable exhibits all Summer.

... the Maine Writers' Conference at Ocean Park, the several music schools, and an ever-growing number of art schools, are three reasons why so many people who appear to come to Maine to vacation come, in reality, to work. Maine's reputation as a place where creative talent feels "at home" becomes stronger each year.

... most notable among the music schools, in that it is "the only one of its kind," is the Summer Harp Colony of America. Celebrating its twentieth season this year, Director (and founder) Carlos Salzedo counts among his students every leading harpist now playing in this Country, for teachers and professionals are also "students" at the famous school in Camden.

... somewhere between "art" and "education" is the Audubon Camp on Hog Island in Muscongus Bay. Summer visitors had numerous opportunities this year to see the Audubon Society's outstanding motion picture, in technicolor, "Wild Life Down East," which was shown, with an accompanying lecture, by the camp's director, Carl W. Buchheister, vice president of the National Audubon Society. It's all very well to say that people aren't interested in birds, but

when "Wild Life Down East" was shown at the Kennebunkport Playhouse on August 21, the seating capacity was taxed to the point of folding chairs being placed in the aisles (mindful, however, of the fire regulations!), and a goodly number turned away.

... finally... going back to the afternoon of July 6, art and history met in the town of Alfred where, as Adelbert M. Jakeman of Ocean Park, has said, "the State of Maine was born." Quoting from an account by Mary Carpenter Kelley, we learn that "John Holmes came to Alfred, which was then the North Parish of Sanford, in 1799, and opened a law office in a house which stood on the site of the present Parsons Memorial Library. The next year he went back to Massachusetts and married Miss Sally Brooks, of Scituate, and brought her to Alfred.

"John Holmes seems to be better known for the wrought-iron bows and arrows in the railing about the top of his Southern-style white mansion in Alfred Village than for the important things he accomplished for his state and country. This is rather regrettable, for although such architectural embellishment is unique, and expressed Holmes' friendly relations with the Indians, as he meant it to do, he was a great man; in the opinion of some, the greatest and most distinguished citizen Maine ever had. In fact, perhaps Maine would still be a part of the Commonwealth of
The Parsons Memorial Library at Alfred (left) contains many rare volumes among the 15,000 books here. (Right) Greenwood’s portrait of Sally Brooks Holmes, wife of one of Maine’s first two U. S. Senators, hangs in the library.

Massachusetts, had it not been for Holmes, for he was the leader in the separation, and chairman of the committee that drew up the Constitution of the State of Maine in 1820.

“Now, in that golden year of 1820, when Maine became a state, and John Holmes one of her first two United States Senators, John and Sally went to Washington to live. There John had his portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart, and Sally had hers done by Greenwood. At least hers was painted in 1820 and probably in Washington. The whereabouts of the Stuart portrait is a mystery, but the Greenwood has come home to Alfred. It was given to Parsons Memorial Library in June by Sally’s great grandson, Walter F. Willcox, of Ithaca, New York, Professor Emeritus of Economics at Cornell University.”

The painting was accepted by Miss Marion E. Hewey, president of the Board of Trustees, at a ceremony held in the Library on July 6, 1950. It hangs on the center of the curved balcony railing. Thus the attractive Sally Holmes seems to be looking over the shoulder of the presiding librarian, Miss Florence R. Hewey.

Weekly information bulletins through the Summer were sent out by the Maine Publicity Bureau to nearly 50 cooperating information bureaus in the State and to the members of the Maine State Police.
Miss Maine at Bar Harbor

By Bill Hatch

Jane Harrigan, a statuesque 21-year-old blonde from Millinocket, captured the coveted “Miss Maine” title at the Skowhegan State Fair in August. Prior to her trip to the Miss America Contest in Atlantic City, Jane took several tours around Maine to better acquaint herself with her native state. Outstanding among these was a week end as guest of Rodney C. Johnson, genial manager of the new Hotel Bar Harbor. Miss Maine’s three-day stay at Maine’s newest resort hotel were busy ones, trying to visit all of the scenic places on Mount Desert Island.
Johnson extends a cordial welcome to Miss Harrigan upon her arrival at the Hotel Bar Harbor and escorts her to the suite reserved for the occasion.

Jane's first stop is at the Bar Harbor Information Bureau (below left) where she signs the guest register and is told, modestly, by John Heath, office manager, that she is about to see the most beautiful island in America. Back at the hotel (below right) an unexpected treat for Jane was meeting the eminent authoress, Mary Roberts Rinehart, a summer resident of the Hotel Bar Harbor. Mrs. Rinehart very graciously autographs her latest book, "Episode of the Wandering Knife" and presents it to Miss Maine.
After a visit to the waterfront in the company of the Harbor Master, Otis Keene, Jane takes time out from her sightseeing schedule to don swimming attire and spends the afternoon on the beach in front of the hotel.
The mice at the Jackson Memorial Laboratory have no fears for Miss Maine as Dr. Clarence C. Little, director, above, discovers. Mrs. Little, left, shows Jane around the lab.

Colorful flowers and plants from all over the world fascinate Jane at the beautiful Reef Point Gardens. Here she wanders through this floral fairyland overlooking the deep blue waters of Frenchman's Bay.
Boarding the sightseeing boat of Capt. L. B. Hayes for a cruise on the bay, Jane sees the many summer estates from the water and poses for a picture aboard one of the sailing yachts in the harbor.

Thomas Caruso, manager of the Bar Harbor Airport brings in one of his amphibious planes so Jane can see Mount Desert Island and the Porcupine Islands from the air. She gets a gulls-eye view of the hotel as Caruso comes in low over the municipal pier.
A tour of Acadia National Park is arranged by superintendent Ben Hadley for Jane's last day at Bar Harbor. Upper left, Jane strides along the summit of Mt. Cadillac; center, a visit to Sieur de Monts Spring and upper right, from the Atlantic’s highest peak, Jane looks through the binoculars out over the spectacular panorama of Frenchman’s Bay. In the lower photo Miss Maine pauses along viewful Ocean Drive for a last look out over Otter Cliff and Great Head.

On a radio broadcast from the hotel, over Bangor’s WGUY, Jane said, “I will certainly tell everyone at Atlantic City about the wonderful people and the beauties of Bar Harbor.” Johnston bids Jane farewell as she takes her leave on Northeast Airlines' modern counterpart of the square rigger Champlain sailed into the land of the Cadillacs and the DeGregoires 346 years ago.
The Portland Public Library

With an historic background closely paralleling the development of Portland, its Public Library today faces new problems of expansion in its great field of service to the area's people.

By Elsie Wood

"A blue whale weighs 5,000 pounds at birth and is 20 feet long."

That's the right answer to one question shot at Portland's Public Library recently, but the $64 question still goes begging:

Where is the tallest flagpole in Maine?

Miss Grace Trappan and her staff — especially the Reference Room staff — would be grateful for information on this subject. Not so much because they aim to deck the pole with ribbons and dance around it, come May Day . . . it's the principle of the thing: They prefer to have the answers.

When Portland was town-size and called Falmouth, with a mere 2,000 inhabitants, and those living for the most part in what is now the business district between the Fore River and Back Cove, a group of prominent men — between twenty and thirty of them — set themselves the far from easy task of forming a library. It was far from easy because then — it was 1763 — there was almost no printing done in America. Books were imported from Europe, were costly, and scarce. They were twenty-odd years ahead of the first printing in Maine, which came in 1785, with the first issue of the Falmouth Gazette.

At the end of three years, these hardly-remembered gentlemen had collected a total of ninety-three volumes, all from English presses. The books were circulated among the originators and a few others, until the British burned the town, and the books were lost. Five years later, the urge to read was strong enough to bring the library back, Phoenix-fashion, and it was named the Falmouth Library Association.

Samuel Freeman served as librarian, at a salary of six shillings a quarter. The books were kept in his house, and the Association held quarterly meetings.

"Samuel had many of the same problems a librarian has today," Miss Trappan said recently. "We have two modern advantages: the telephone and the penny postcard. But when borrowers neglected to return books, my harassed predecessor turned to the newspaper with earnest pleas that the overdue books be brought back."

This advertisement appeared in the Falmouth Gazette for December 24, 1785:

"The Library Society in Falmouth, would be obliged to those persons who have possession of any of the following BOOKS, belonging to said Society, to return them to the subscriber, viz.

Leland's View of the Deistical Writers, Vols. 1, 2, 3.
Various Prospects of Mankind, &c.

AUTUMN, 1950
Left: Books are checked in and out at the central desk of the spacious Open Shelf Room. The Art Room (right) looks out onto the gardens and the vine-covered courtyard. Elizabeth Ruma and Florence Green, Portland High School pupils, check reference material here.


SAMUEL FREEMAN,
(Library Keeper)

N.B. Said Freeman would take it kind if those who have borrowed BOOKS of him would return them—particularly, Mrs. Rowe's Letters; Modern Story Teller, 2 vols.; Oxford Magazines for 1770 to 1773; French Exercises corrected; English Physician enlarged; Roseau's Works, Vol. 5; Mason's Self-Knowledge; Martin's Philosophy, Vol. 1.

In those days a borrower paid an admission fee of $15 to join the Falmouth Library Association, and annual dues of from two to three dollars. By 1825 the fee had risen to $25, and the collection to which he had access contained something less than a thousand volumes.

Today the borrower has 141,877 books to choose from (this as of the end of 1949) at NO cost, directly, beyond a fine of two cents a day for keeping his selection past the two weeks (with renewal privileges) established as the usual borrowing period. Municipal taxes amounting to 66 cents per capita per annum—plus the generosity of public-spirited donors—make this possible.

The names of some of those responsible for the beginnings of what is now an outstanding public library are closely woven in this town's past. There were Samuel Deane, second pastor of the First Parish Church, whose diaries are in the Portland Public Library; Elijah Kellogg, pastor of the Second Church, and father of the author of the Elm Island stories; Maine's first printer, Benjamin Titcomb, whose portrait hangs for all to salute in the Open Shelf room; and the man who built the first brick house in this section of the country—Hugh McLellan. The house still stands, on Fort Hill Road in Gorham.

Feeling the need of a reading room, instead of the cramped office where the 1,640 books were kept (when they
weren't at the homes of members), the sponsors considered, and brought forth, in 1827, the Portland Athenaeum. Shares in the new society were bought at a cost of $100 each. This made one a "proprietor." But those who were content to enjoy only the privileges of the reading room might do that for just five dollars a year.

"Hours were different, too, at the Portland Athenaeum," Miss Trappan reminds us. "For instance, in 1839, the rules stated that 'books may be borrowed or returned every Tuesday and Saturday, from two until five o'clock P.M., or until sunset, when the sun sets before five.'"

By 1861 the flourishing society had to look around for still larger quarters, and erected a brick building on Plum Street, to house its ten thousand books!

Things went well until the Fourth of July, 1866, when a careless celebrant tossed a firecracker. Later, John Neal's Account of the Great Conflagration in Portland says, "Its new and very handsome building on Plum Street was utterly destroyed, together with a library of eleven thousand volumes." Several other library groups, including the Society of Natural History, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Girls' High School Library, also were lost.

But instead of leaving Portland without library facilities until other needs were met, this disaster served to strengthen the resolve of the citizens to provide reading matter. By October of that year—three months after most of the books in the city, and, for that matter, most of the city, had been reduced to ashes—plans were in the making for a public library, to replace the several proprietary libraries destroyed. Thus for a second time, Portland's library came back, Phoenix-fashion.

Behind this enterprise were Ether Shepley, United States Senator and chief justice of the Maine Supreme Court; U. S. Senator William Pitt Fessenden, Secretary of the Treasury under Abraham Lincoln; U. S. Senator Israel Washburn, Jr., Maine's governor; Portland's mayor, William Willis; John Neal, and others. Thirteen, in all, made application to the Legislature for an act of incorporation. The Governor signed the Act on January 22, 1867, and one month later it was accepted by the Corporation. Portland had an "Institute and Public Library."

While there were "life members" who paid $50, any citizen of Portland might, for an annual fee of $2, borrow books. Life members were permitted to pay their fee in kind—giving books to the value of fifty dollars, the "value" to be in the opinion of the directors, not the donors. Gifts of books came from former Portland residents, from publishers (such as Ticknor and Fields in Boston, and Harper and Brothers in New York), and from individuals, including Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Capt. George Henry Preble, U.S.N., Charles Eliot Norton and James Russell Lowell.

Choicest of gifts, at that time or since, perhaps, is the complete set of The Eastern Argus, presented to the Library by the Editor, who had saved nothing but this from the Argus office at the time of the fire. The Library's newspaper vault also contains an almost complete set of the Portland Gazette, and of the Portland Advertiser. These three made the foundation for the valuable collection of Portland papers now there for the use of historians and writers, and for the delight and amazement of any who care to look.

As might be supposed, housing became a problem again. In 1881 the City hinted that it needed the space occupied by the library in the City Building. James Phinney Baxter, a member of the Library's Board of Directors, came to the rescue, and in 1887 the cornerstone of the present building was laid, and on February 2, 1889, the handsome doors were opened to the public. Less than a week before, the Directors had approved an act of the Legislature amending the charter to change the name to the Portland Public Library, and to abolish the annual $2 fee. Miss Alice Furbish was the full-time librarian.
Miss Furbish presided over the Library between 1894 and 1925, when her place was taken by Miss Jane L. Burbank. These two women probably did more to guide the interests of Portland citizens than any others in the same years. Miss Burbank, who continued in office until 1941, "re-made" the library, physically. Basement storerooms, with narrow slits of windows, were transformed into today's pleasant Children's Room, the School Department and the Periodical Room. Generous windows facing Congress Street allow passersby to see the Library in action. The attractive display cases inside the entrance are also a Burbank idea.

Children and grownups alike may take their books into the attractive garden behind the main building, enjoying a rare combination of quiet and beauty just a few steps from Portland's busiest street. The Longfellow Garden Club is responsible for this added touch. It is interesting to know that all books purchased for children are bought with funds from the Harry Butler Fund.

The Trustees, a realistic group of men, certainly, denied a petition in 1899 for a branch library for the newly annexed Deering section. "People," they decreed, "only appreciate what they struggle for, and acquisition of books should not be made too easy for them." So, would-be readers in Deering struggled over the hill to Congress Street for their books. The enlightened year of 1912 found the Trustees of the same mind.

It was not until 1940 that a branch of the Portland Public Library was opened—at Woodfords. Other sections of the city are as remote, and, being densely populated, as greatly in need of branches. It is still in the realm of Someday, however, for Munjoy Hill, Rosemont, or Stroudwater to have their own branch libraries. It's no longer because the Trustees believe that books should be struggled for—it's simply a matter of funds.

Although generous Portland people have built up endowment funds, and the City appropriation has been increased, the Portland Public Library's annual income is "far below the minimum which the American Library Association states is necessary in a city the size of Portland, and far below library incomes in other cities of the same size."

Miss Trappan and her staff hope that a record collection may materialize before long, that listening rooms may be provided, that recorded concerts may be possible, and that records may be available for circulation. The hope is the same for films. It seems not to be asking too much that public support should enable this to be a library which keeps pace with the times.

The well-trained staff of 25 played its appointed part in lending 394,639 books last year. These parts include the selection, purchase, cataloging, checking out, checking back, and dusting of these books. Some 200 volumes were borrowed from 13 other libraries, including the libraries of Harvard College, Catholic University of America, the State of Tennessee and the University of Iowa; and 75 volumes were loaned to 18 other libraries, including town, city, school, college, and university libraries.

Lack of space for even the current collection is not the only housekeeping difficulty faced by the Librarian. An elevator, or even a dumbwaiter would be a blessing! As it is, "every book must be carried by hand from floor to floor (four floors) and hundreds of books are called for in the rooms open to the public. And the one level of radiators in the Stack Building is insufficient to heat the three floors of stacks. The temperature here in Winter, ranging anywhere from forty to sixty degrees, is reflected throughout the winter months in the series of colds among staff members."

Paint, and some new floor-covering, are far beyond the present budget, but never far from the mind of the slender, pleasant young woman who is as likely to be around to answer your question or to find your book as she is to be in the Librarian's austere office.

And speaking of questions—from 16 mimeographed pages headed "What
Miss Lysla Abbott, School Librarian, has a responsive audience in the third grade pupils of the Rosa E. True School at the first story hour of the season held in the children’s room of the library.

Portland People Want To Know—these give you a general idea:

- When was capital punishment abolished in Maine?
- What is the formula for whitewash?
- For what does the “S” in Harry S. Truman stand?
- How long does it take a pigeon’s egg to hatch?
- What is a bathing machine?
- Are there rattlesnakes in Maine?
- Is an 1897 copy of “Alice In Wonderland” of value?
- What is a book which shows character of Maine people?
- What is the Florence Nightingale pledge?
- What is the starch content of potatoes?
- What is the address of Mrs. Wendell Willkie?
- Who is the director of admissions at Harvard?
- What is the correct spelling of “Chiang Kai-Shek”?
- How is the word “valance” pronounced?
- How to obtain Talking Books for the Blind?
- How to grease a Pontiac?
- What is the name for a word that is spelled the same backward and forward?
- Hanford, Washington, is near what town?
- Who acted in the original cast of “Loyalties” by John Galsworthy?
- Is Fritz Kreisler an American citizen?
- What does one feed a seagull?
## Recent Maine Books

(Compiled by Campbell's Book Store, Portland)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Carroll, Gladys Hasty</td>
<td>Christmas Without Johnny</td>
<td>Macmillan</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chase, Mary Ellen</td>
<td>Abby Aldrich Rockefeller</td>
<td>Macmillan</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coatsworth, Elizabeth</td>
<td>Night and the Cat</td>
<td>Macmillan</td>
<td>$3.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>A collection of Elizabeth Coatsworth's poems, reissued with illustrations by a Japanese artist.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffin, Robert P. Tristram</td>
<td>Apples By Ocean</td>
<td>Macmillan</td>
<td>$2.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gould, John</td>
<td>The Olde Down East Almanac</td>
<td>Himself</td>
<td>15 cents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacMillan, Miriam (Mrs. Donald)</td>
<td>Etuk, the Eskimo Hunter</td>
<td>Dodd, Mead</td>
<td>$2.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, Ruth</td>
<td>Candleman Bay</td>
<td>Morrow</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>King, W. L.</td>
<td>Melville West Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States, 1888-1910</td>
<td>Macmillan</td>
<td>$5.00</td>
</tr>
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<td>Rich, Louise Dickinson</td>
<td>My Neck of the Woods</td>
<td>Lippincott</td>
<td>$2.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Ben Ames</td>
<td>Owen Glen</td>
<td>Houghton Mifflin</td>
<td>$3.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodman, Charles M.</td>
<td>Quakers Find a Way</td>
<td>Bobbs Merrill</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beston, Henry</td>
<td>White Pine and Blue Water: A Maine Reader</td>
<td>Farrar, Straus</td>
<td>$4.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Published by Falmouth Publishing House, Portland)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanton, William Arthur</td>
<td>The Awakening of India</td>
<td></td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Adopted by the Baptists as &quot;The Study Book on India for 1950-51.&quot; Dr. Stanton tells of his 40 years among the Telugus as a Baptist missionary, India's independence and the steps leading up to it. The portrayal of Gandhi as a spiritual leader, as well as an emancipator, are sensitively sketched.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Laws, Edythe A.

**Clem Clam: $2.00**
The story of the Happy Clam family. Many pages of fascinating color illustrations about the adventures of Clem and his sister, Cassie. These clams really live and are something to behold. Like all children, they get into mischief. They live in an imaginary world in the mudflats.

Smith, Alta L., and
Dunham, Esther J.

**The Maine Calendar: $1.00**
Candid camera shots with humorous sayings under them, appear directly opposite each weekly calendar page. Attractively printed in brown, blue and green inks, with white spiral binding.

Olmsted, Carolyn and Margaret

**Penobscot Bay Treasures: $3.00**
Deer Isle, Vinalhaven, Isle au Haut, Bar Harbor, Eagle Island—these are a few of the place names, illustrated by more than 50 photographs of seacoast and island village life. Dry, direct humor and an insight into character with the sea in the background.

Packard, Aubigne Lermond

**The Town That Went To Sea: $4.50**
In this remarkable saga of a town and a valley is written the lively history of the Georges Valley area and the town of Thomaston. Hub of the seafaring world, it presents a fascinating story with photographs illustrating various vessels.

A recent addition to the Portland Public Library is this Recordak for checking back newspaper copy. Projecting 35mm. film strip onto a screen, many entire editions of newspapers can be scanned from a single film. Here Constantine P. Ferrante inspects this Summer’s State of Maine Edition of the Portland Press Herald-Express with the assistance of Reference Librarian, Miss Eugenia Southard.

More than 100 conventions will be held in Maine this year, with the Maine Publicity Bureau assisting in their promotion in various ways. Maine people going to conventions out-of-state are “Boosting Maine” with Maine Publicity Bureau literature.
For some unexplained reason, Duck Shooting in Maine seems to continue as the least developed of all our hunting sports. The answer may be lack of interest or lack of information but whatever the cause, plenty of hunters both resident and non-resident have been missing a golden opportunity.

Each Fall, when millions of ducks, geese and other waterfowl start their annual southward migration along the Atlantic Flight Line from northern breeding grounds, Maine is the first state in this Country that they reach. Nearly 2,500 miles of rugged coastline made up of bays, peninsulas, beaches and marshlands offer a variety of the very best in feeding and resting places for these birds. This same pattern of coastal terrain and waters in turn offers the hunter countless thousands of truly wonderful natural locations from which to hunt.

With the possible exceptions of the Merrymeeting Bay, Casco Bay and Eastern Washington County regions, little recognition has to date been accorded the tremendous potential in other coastal and fresh-water areas by most hunters and outdoorsmen.

Wildfowling in freshwater ponds, lakes and in rivers, particularly those within a radius of 25 to 30 miles from the coast also seems underrated. Ducks of many species, and especially black ducks, consistently fly from the coast inland daily during southward migrations to enjoy the fresh water and numerous types of aquatic food not found in tidal areas. This daily inland flight usually takes place in late afternoon, just at dusk and frequently after dark. The birds, as a rule, return to saltwater during the first few hours of daylight the following morning.

Of course, the wisest of these ducks drop into fresh water ponds just after dark and leave in the earliest daylight of morning before hunting is lawful — but that usually leaves enough early P. M. arrivals and late A. M. departures among the so-called “foolish” ones to make good shooting in hundreds of our coastal ponds, lakes and rivers. These “foolish,” uneducated and carefree ones make just as good eating at any rate, I'm happy to testify, since they're the ones I'm most often able to hit!

Weather conditions influence waterfowl activity a great deal. Warm, bright, sunny days usually slow down the general southward movement while cold or stormy days keep the birds uneasy and increase activity. Easterly and, in particular, south-easterly, storms help bring about the best shooting in fresh water areas. Both during and immediately after one of these storms ducks and geese alike, weary from bucking strong winds and seeking rest and calm
water, often appear inland in large numbers.

Variety is certainly the word for Maine's waterfowl population. In most plentiful supply are Black Ducks, Wood Ducks, both Green and Blue-winged Teal, Greater Scaup, Lesser Scaup (popularly known as "Bluebills") Ring Necks, American Goldeneyes (Whistlers), Buffleheads, American Eiders, Old Squaws, American Scoters, White-winged Scoters, Surf Scoters, American Mergansers, Red-Breasted Mergansers, Hooded Mergansers, Canada Geese and Brant. Snow Geese, Mallards, Pintails, Barrow's Goldeneyes and Ruddy Ducks show up occasionally. Whistling Swans, Blue Geese, Gadwalls, Woodpigeon (or Baldpate), Redheads, Canvasbacks, King Eiders, Northern Eiders and Harlequin Ducks are seen now and then, but are considered rare. Mallards, fortunately, seem to be increasing in numbers along the Maine coast during the last two or three years.

Federal migratory bird hunting regulations provide for a "split season" on ducks and geese again in Maine this year. All ducks and geese except Snow Geese, Ross Geese, Brant and Swans may be hunted between Oct. 6 to 21 and then again from Nov. 24 to Dec. 9. Daily bag limit on ducks except wood ducks is four, with a possession limit of eight birds at one time. In the case of wood ducks the bag and possession limits are both one. Those species of geese that may be hunted have a bag limit of two per day with a possession limit also of two. In the instance of American and Red-Breasted Mergansers, 25 singly or in the aggregate may be shot, with no possession limit in effect.

Scoters, popularly called "Sea Coots," Eiders and Old Squaws may be hunted in all open waters during the legal "split season" on other waterfowl and otherwise anywhere in open coastal waters beyond outer harbor lines, from Sept. 17 to Dec. 17 this year. Shooting hours on all waterfowl are set by Federal authorities and start at one-half hour before sunrise, ending one hour before sunset each day, except on opening day, which includes the first day of each split season. On these days, shooting may legally begin at 12 o'clock noon. The use of rifles is not permitted in the hunting of any migratory waterfowl. A Federal Duck Stamp (obtainable at all U. S. Post Offices) must be attached to your regular hunting license before hunting migratory waterfowl.

Duck and goose shooting along the Maine Coast actually provides more continuous action and sustained thrills than any other form of hunting with which the writer is acquainted. There is activity in almost all locations and usually plenty of it. Many Maine natives and non-resident hunters alike seemingly have concentrated on Deer, Bear and Upland Bird shooting, which admittedly is of the best, and have given little attention to the possibilities and honest-to-goodness fun in the excellent duck shooting nearby that is just waiting for takers.

Since, as previously mentioned, Maine is the state these birds reach in this Country first on their long Atlantic Flight Line, obviously they arrive in good physical condition and without being seriously depleted in numbers through hunting. Furthermore, they are not as wild and are much more easily attracted to decoys than some frightened skeleton of a duck that has dodged blast after blast of birdshot along half the North Atlantic Coast. These birds are fast, snappy on the rise and will try your skill to the utmost. If you miss, don't worry. They're just like street cars —there'll be another one along in a few minutes! They are excellent eating, too.

Waterfowl in Maine is variety personified when it comes to methods also. A favorite plan in the Merry-meeting Bay area is to disguise a specially-constructed sculling boat with reeds and marsh grass. The hunter reclines in the front section of the boat with gun in readiness as the guide cautiously maneuvers the craft toward the ducks. At the proper instant upon signal from his guide the
hunter rises to a sitting position and takes the birds as they rise from the water. This is essentially a two-man operation and decoys are seldom used. An experienced guide can usually approach to within easy shooting distance of feeding or resting birds before they "jump."

Many hunters prefer to shoot from a stationary disguised boat hidden in tall marsh grasses not far out from the shoreline. When reeds and grasses are not in sufficient abundance to afford good cover, a rough three-sided wooden framework covered with brush is used to camouflage the general outline of boat and hunters. Since this type of cover is usually made in shallow water, frequently these "offshore blinds" are staked or anchored to the bottom and left after a day's hunting to be used again and again. In many states, such a flimsy affair would hardly be adequate cover to deceive flying birds. Fortunately, however, most waterfowl arriving in the Pine Tree State are still naive enough to trust any half-natural looking clump of bushes.

Another method popular with some hunters is to don rubber boots and stalk carefully along the marshland edges of tidal rivers and creeks, particularly during the period from about half-tide down to low water. This may be classed as rugged duty, but it's wing shooting sport of the best. Small salt marshland ponds left temporarily full by a receding tide are also consistently good producers. Drifting down tidal rivers just before sunrise or late in the afternoon rate high on the list for duck shooting. In almost any style of small craft, from a rubber boat to the elaborate and carefully engineered sculling float, it's comparatively simple to drift downstream using only one oar or paddle for steerage and to move within easy shooting distance of many birds. "Singles," "doubles" and often substantial flocks of ducks that jump as you quietly float 'round a bend move fast and the uninitiated will soon find that many a charge of shot rips large holes in the atmosphere some six to ten feet behind these speeding feathered targets!

At least one good dose of "coot shooting" every Fall is practically a must for any confirmed Maine duck hunter. These "sea coots" or Scoters afford worlds of hunting fun over the longest open season allowed on any of the migratory waterfowl in the northern zone. These birds are beyond doubt the most foolish of all with respect to decoying easily. "Shadows" or thin scoter-shaped forms, jig-sawed out of only one thickness of one-inch board will do the trick.

When painted appropriately these "shadows" are nailed in rows to a long strip of board which floats them. Often times these decoys are set up singly (with proper base floating standards) or in twos, threes and sixes. These crude affairs, which would give any black duck the screaming meamies, serve with great effectiveness and are sufficient to stop almost any of the scoter family, even with an undisguised boat painted in the most glaring colors and containing hunters as nearby as 100 feet!

Don't be fooled yourself, though—these birds are tough. Shots have to be squarely "on" and shot sizes No. 4 and often even No. 2 must be used to penetrate their exceptionally heavy coat of feathers. Scoter or "coot" shooting is a special kind of madness and once you are infected you seldom recover, but it's worth it!

When it comes to Eider Duck shooting, Maine's position is not only unique, it's quite enviable. These Eiders, bred in the far north, never travel farther south than the Maine Coast. Consequently, no other Atlantic State can offer the sportsman Eider hunting. They are in plentiful supply and especially in easternmost Maine. The open season on these birds this year extends over a long period from Sept. 17 through Dec. 17. Seven Eiders may be taken daily. Standard favorite among many veteran Maine duck hunters is the permanent blind or "gunning stand." Always located in a selected spot after careful study of prevailing flight and feeding habits, the gunning stand is a modern day carry-over from the system in popular vogue some 20
years ago, when the use of live duck and goose decoys, including trained flyers, was a common and legal practice.

Many of the more successful gunning blinds are on peninsulas jutting from the mainland or an island shore. Sturdy wooden frame construction on all sides and a roof covering only the rear half are customary for protection from the weather during late season days. Chicken wire in a fairly large mesh is attached to the outside and roof. Then, pine, spruce, hemlock or other evergreen boughs are worked into the wire until a natural looking disguise for the entire structure has been effected. Oak branches are excellent in blind building, along with coniferous trees, since their leaves do not drop or blow off for many weeks after being cut. In marsh areas, oak may be used entirely, since it blends well with the brown dead grass surroundings.

Decoys (artificial), whether the hunting location is from a concealed boat deep in the marsh grass, or a permanent blind, should be placed carefully and anchored securely with allowance planned for changes in tide level. Fourteen to twenty are recommended, arranged in the most lifelike pattern that thoughtful study of waterfowl habits will allow. Naturally, design and coloring of decoys should be in line with the plumage of the species being hunted. The nearest group of decoys is usually placed about one hundred feet from the key shooting position in the blind. This gives hunters, both green and experienced, an opportunity to judge with fair accuracy the actual distance of incoming birds from the spot where shots are attempted. Black ducks are probably the most suspicious among the many species frequenting the Maine coast and waterways, but almost always decoy well to an attractive "set." They are one of the very best as a table bird, too.

With the thought in mind that some readers may be disillusioned by the countless humorous and discouraging stories telling about how to cook a duck (including that one about boiling the bird with a brick—and then eating the brick) we'll take a long chance and offer a few simple rules on how to roast a black duck:

After your bird has been properly cleaned and dressed, first place it in a covered container and steam actively for 30 to 40 minutes. Remove and place the duck on its back in a roasting pan. Stuff with sliced apple and two medium quartered onions. Before placing in oven, cover breast and sides with thin strips of salt pork (about one inch wide and three inches long). Pin salt pork on with toothpicks. Bake for 25 to 35 minutes in 450°F oven. Serve immediately. You'll ask for more!

In spite of all this evidence staring us in the face, most Maine hunters will undoubtedly continue as deer-track minded as before. At any rate, the principal ingredients for success in Maine duck shooting are interest in the possibilities, the will to try and a shotgun with plenty of shells. This message must now come to a close. My togs are all laid out... the old shotgun is in the car and... I'm going "COOT SHOOTIN!"

“Hunting In Maine,” a new publication of the Maine Publicity Bureau, written by John C. Page, Jr., is now in distribution. It gives the “what, when, where and how” of the hunting possibilities in Maine, discussing all the various game birds and animals in the Pine Tree State, whose wildlife resources are more extensive and varied than any other State in the Nation. It also contains advertising of the leading hunting resorts in Maine and including many hotels, since good hunting is available in Maine only a short distance from some of our largest cities.

Free Copies of “Hunting In Maine” will be sent upon request to the Maine Publicity Bureau, Gateway Circle, Portland. Specific information on any locality, or any question not covered in the “Hunting In Maine” booklet, also is a free service of the Maine Publicity Bureau.
The Bates Outing Club

A year-long program of outdoor activities provides healthful relaxation and fun for all at one of Maine's leading colleges.

By ROY P. FAIRFIELD

Several types of visitor come to Maine. There are those who are here today and gone tomorrow. Some like it well enough to stay tomorrow. There are others who remain the next day and come every Summer. Finally, there are many who come for four years while they attend one of our four Maine colleges. Ofttimes, the first two or three types become more familiar with Maine's landscape than the latter, particularly if the college student happens to bury himself in his books!

But there are many opportunities for the perceptive student to see what Maine is like, aside from the cursory glances he may take driving along Route One or the other highways leading to Brunswick, Lewiston, Waterville and Orono. I refer to the activities of the several outing clubs affiliated with extra-curricular life at each of the Maine institutions.

Bates claims to have the second oldest outing club in the United States, being out-aged only by Dartmouth's Club, whose constitution was used as a model for our own when we organized in 1920. During the past thirty years, under the guidance of those most vitally interested in cabins and trails, winter sports, and hiking, many generations of Bates students have become acquainted with Maine's mountains, lakes, rivers, and her famous seacoast. Perhaps the full extent of this activity can be appreciated best by observing a typical college year.

FALL

About this time of the season, we begin to plan for two mountain climbs. We must keep several factors in mind. First of all, the mountain must not be too difficult nor too easy, for everybody on the campus belongs to the Club and we want to encourage the freshman novice as well as satisfy the senior who eagerly signs up for every climb.

Secondly, it must not be too far away from Lewiston, lest the cost of transportation preclude maximum participation. Then, too, while avoiding home football games if possible, we want to do our climbing when the foliage is most colorful. Usually we take a trip the first or second week of October and another the first week of November. This gives us a taste of two distinct types of weather, although Winter sometimes overtakes us and forces cancellation of the later trip.

With these qualifications in mind we draw our mental compasses seventy-five miles or so across the map to the west. Tumbledown, near Weld, has been climbed by more Bates students than any other in Maine. With such attractions as the Nutcracker and Lemon Squeezer it is an interesting mountain if not the most arduous.

Sometimes we journey to the westernmost part of the State, into Evans Notch, where Baldface offers a gentle slope up to timber line. Then, while the weary beginner sips hot cocoa by
the fire in the shelter of the lean-to, the more cat-like can scamper up to the old quarry, which will remind them of an industry of yesteryear, and go on up to the sheer ledges of the near-4,000-foot peak. Here, they may obtain a magnificent view of the White Mountains to the West. Directly beneath them, to the South, they may observe the pattern of the fields, which will remind them of what they read about stone walls in Robert Frost's poetry.

Mt. Saddleback is one of Maine's more spectacular mountains. Rising over 4,000 feet, it was long considered the State's second highest mountain until Sugarloaf was more accurately measured. It affords a most excellent view of the Rangeley Lake region and is easily accessible on Route 4, about six miles east of the town of Rangeley. The officers of the Bates Club are particularly interested in running trips to Saddleback, although it is ninety miles from the campus. Since the Appalachian Trail, which extends from Katahdin to Mt. Oglethorpe, Georgia, passes over this mountain, it is a "gentle" reminder that the B.O.C. has a vital interest in that Trail. We maintain the sections running from the top of Saddleback to Andover B Hill Road, about forty-one miles to the west. Some may remember that the Bates Club cooperated with Life Magazine photographers in getting out an article on the Appalachian Trail just before World War II.

Maintaining the four sections of the trail assigned to us by the Appalachian Trail Conference of Washington, D. C., which coordinates all operations throughout the full 2,050 miles, is a distinct activity in itself. A typical trip will involve six or seven hours of preparation, making wooden signs to be placed at key intersections, sharpening axes and bush shears, checking sleeping bags and mountain tents (if it happens to be an overnight), preparing menus for the meals to be eaten on the trail, and packing knapsacks.

Since the trail is two or three hours by car from Lewiston, the students who plan to go on the trip arrive at the home of the faculty adviser at 4:30 in the morning, where an "old-fashioned" New England

Geraldine Moulton of Auburn, Queen of the 1950 Bates Winter Carnival, reigns until her successor is chosen next February.
breakfast of bacon, eggs, pancakes and all the fixin’s is tucked away as fuel for axe-swinging, bush-whacking, and blaze-painting. The student crew-leader then divides the group into teams. Each team normally has a heavy axeman, one to three people to clear away smaller limbs with machetes or bush cutters, and one person to paint the 2" x 6" blazes with specially-prepared titanium oxide paint. These trips are often coeducational, the women doing an exceptionally fine job at the last two operations. By the time the group has covered eight to fifteen miles in one or two days, has perhaps brushed seventeen-thousand black flies away, has possibly worked several hours in the rain, each person knows what it means to take responsibility.

There are many compensating factors, however, such as becoming better acquainted with fellow students and faculty members, eating dinner on a sun-bathed rock ledge with “half the world” at your feet, or discussing world problems beside a dying campfire. The proof of the pudding rests in the fact that those who go once always come back for more!

The Club owns a large log cabin about one mile from the campus. Those who do not wish to participate in the more strenuous Fall activities may want to stroll up to Thorncrag on a Sunday afternoon, alone or otherwise, for cookies and cider. Here they may refresh themselves on pinescented air, too; and, by climbing a half mile or so to a plateau in the rear of the cabin, gain a splendid view of the Androscoggin River Valley to the west and north, or the Sabbattus Region to the east. We also have six eighteen-foot Old Town canoes which may be used by anybody on campus. After motoring nineteen miles, students may explore another twenty miles of lakes and streams in the Gardiner area.

WINTER

Winter sports have been so popularized during the past twenty years it is hardly necessary to say anything about this phase of our calendar. Bates men and women participate in all types both as organized groups and as individuals.

The winter’s climax, however, is reached in the Winter Carnival, which is held immediately after mid-year examinations. The Club begins planning for this three-day event before Thanksgiving and works on the details for nearly three months! Now that so many carnivals are held throughout the State, every schoolboy knows that Carnival includes ski meets, informal hockey games, snow sculpture, an ice show, oceans of hot coffee and cocoa, and most beautiful, of course, the Queen!

During the past two years, we have also transported Carnival participants to Poland Spring and Naples for an entire day of recreation at two of the State’s highly developed ski areas. Those owning cars, of course, can always borrow Outing Club equipment and dash off to Sabattus Mountain, or Pleasant Mountain, for some extra skiing. The club also organizes two Bridgton trips every year.

SPRING

When the snow melts and the ice goes out of the ponds, the Club officers begin to think about Spring activity once more and make plans.
far enough in advance to encourage maximum participation. For some reason or other, canoeing is more popular in the Spring than in the Fall. And the women take greater advantage of the canoes than the men! Overnights are eagerly sought. Six Old Towns with fifteen to eighteen women may be seen on the surface of Cobbosseecontee Stream or Horseshoe Pond almost any week end after the first of May. They camp out and cook their own meals, enjoying all the thrills and chills of roughing it.

Last Spring, the Club organized the first Katahdin trip since the War. Sixteen men and women, with a faculty guide, made the trip in three days. Several saw a moose. Then, there's the ubiquitous skunk! Traveling up the Hunt Trail, slithering along the Knife Edge, and surveying the awe-inspiring cycloramic view are unforgettable experiences. And there is always that inner satisfaction of having triumphed over one of nature's obstacles, one of the highest pleasures of mountain climbing.

It goes almost without saying that the Spring finds us face to face with the necessity of putting our section of the Appalachian Trail into tip-top condition for the summer traveler. The entire forty-one miles must be surveyed to make certain that the wear and tear of the Winter has not obscured any part of it. One blowdown can be hazardous for the novice who might be pushing on to the next lean-to at dusk. If he gets lost making a detour, our negligence might lead to hours or days of misery and anxiety on the part of the Maine Forestry Service and friends as well as himself. Responsibility knows no vacation!

For the final event of the year, the scene shifts to the seacoast. The place is Bailey or Orrs Island, a tiny evergreen-banked cove. It is the Sunday before Memorial Day, this time during final examinations. Here, two or four hundred students and faculty members are introduced to Maine clams steamed in seaweed. Eight bushels are consumed with eight pounds of melted butter. The salt air and relaxed situation sharpens the appetite for the hamburgers, potato salad, tomatoes, hermit cookies, watermelon, and soft drinks which are stacked on the plate as one moves along the shore from the fire pits. After dinner, perhaps the biology majors will roll up their pant legs and go wading for marine specimens. The botanically inclined may go for a stroll after flowers which interest them. Schists, faults, and metamorphosed rock will attract the geology people while the more actively inclined play softball in the grove. The "lovers" just stroll!

So the year spins around and the Club takes advantage of every twist in the season. Financial and time limitations necessitate the curbing of some activities, but those students who are interested in some phase of outdoor life can participate between September and June if they desire. Along with the athletic and intramural sports program of the college, the Outing Club affords an opportunity for physical development to balance the intellectual emphasis of the curriculum. Those who participate wholeheartedly almost inevitably gain social poise, a sense of individual responsibility, and some understanding of the natural setting in which they live during their college career.
Now color blazing across Maine forests is matched by golden pumpkins piled high in the farmyards, boxes of red apples awaiting trucks in orchards, orange zinnias and purple asters in fall gardens. Sweet cider flows from busy presses. One anticipates long evenings before crackling fires, munching McIntoshes and sipping their juice, while remembering highlights of a happy Summer.

Events pass in kaleidoscopic review: Horse shows in lovely settings at Kennebunkport’s Hotel Nonantum, and in Bath at Judge Dunton’s evergreen circled ring, the vibrant colors of firemen’s attire at the North Berwick Muster, charm of old houses and gardens at Castine, Belfast and Camden, evenings at summer theaters, with the Camden Hills “Midsummer Night’s Dream” in the Bok Garden, Shapleigh’s and Bar Harbor’s Theater-in-the-Round, and the attractive new Kennebunkport Playhouse standing out. A gala launching of the fishing boat Challenge at Goudy and Stevens, East Boothbay, on one of Summer’s loveliest days, the memorial program at Montpelier and the charmingly costumed hostesses, an unforgettable trip to Dr. Bill Clough’s Doctors Island resort in Rangeley. This we had read about in Elizabeth Foster’s “Islanders” but only a visit can reveal the beauty of this lovely wooded island with its remarkable terraced gardens, which the Cloughs are restoring to their original state.

A visit to Head Tide (home of the late Edwin Arlington Robinson) and the houses so carefully restored by Southport summer resident, Robert Tolly. Recalled also are Summer Art Exhibits, especially the Monhegan Show at the Farnsworth Museum (see Life Magazine, August 21), the Annual Members’ Show at the Brick Store Museum, Kennebunk, and the summer water color show at Portland’s Sweat Museum. Interesting, too, was a visit to the new Kennebunkport Art Gallery of Virginia Adolph, who is assisted by Peggy Shields, whose unique Finnish Ceramic Shop is worth a visit.

Another high spot was a visit with artist Robert Craig, who for twenty summers has found it pleasant and conducive to fine painting to come to Eastport, where, while the Eastport Art School ran, he had been a Director. A student of George Ennis, and teacher in Indianapolis, Mr. Craig’s work may be seen in Maine at the Marguery Gift Shop, Eastport, or usually at the Rehn Galleries, New York. Speaking of artists, our Edna Buzzell, in the New York office, tells us of the great success of the recent exhibit of the Pemaquid Artists in our New York office windows. Incidentally, Parker Gamage has had two typical Maine paintings accepted for use in White and Wycoff notepaper.
One of the most varied exhibits of the season was that of the Damariscotta Region Chamber of Commerce — what a range of products from precision made gears to dolls, handwrought silver, and hooked rugs. We hope more regions will show what they produce another year. Bridgton also had a notable products exhibit.

Remembered is a visit on a sunny June afternoon to the Nordica Birthplace near Farmington. We do hope that the Nordica Association named for this famed Maine Opera singer will obtain funds for a fireproof building to house the precious things now in vaults — like the cloth-of-gold gown presented by the Czar of Russia, the throne chair, gift of Diamond Jim Brady, and the various opera gowns, papers, pictures and china.

We enjoyed visits to glamorous new Maine hotels — the Rangeley Country Club Hotel and the new Hotel Bar Harbor — both with impressive views. At Rangeley right now from the Hotel, the color reflected in the Lake must be magnificent. Mary Roberts Rinehart chose the new Bar Harbor Hotel for her summer home.

These then are only a few of the high spots leading up to a crisp colorful Autumn when one hopes for more leisure to savor all that is Maine.

This is a good time for a visit to Westport Island, made accessible by a new bridge — a lovely unspoiled wooded island ideal for fall foliage and picnicking. There are innumerable fall foliage tours we would like to share with you: The rolling Aroostook countryside, if you’ve time for a long trip, and everywhere in Maine brilliant color will make every lake a stained glass window.

While wandering Maine on fall trips, keep an eye out for Maine Craftsmen. This is a good time for Christmas shopping, but it will be a joy if combined with the hospitality of these talented people. Christmas cards are available handblocked by the Shevis’ and clever ones, too, by artist Frank Hamabe of Rockport. Don’t miss the handsome driftwood lamps with handblocked shades created by Stell and Shevis in Belmont.

At the Rockport Studio of the Howard Jones you will find gay tiles, unique pottery and fine handwoven place mats all with a Maine theme. Or you might go to Bremen and pick up the unique silver spoon wrought with the State of Maine at the handle tip, by the Fowlers.

Sara Fowler is having a stimulating effect on all her neighbors, and in her attractive “Shop in the Shed” one finds handsome silk neckties hand-made by Samantha Reed, who has for some time been eligible for the Three-Quarter Century Club. Then, too, there are luscious candied mint leaves from another neighbor, and a young fisherman contributes skilfully carved paper knives. Mrs. Fowler’s Cottage Kitchen jams and relishes are in demand too.

John Upton, Bremen, carves chests, dressers and other fine furniture in the tradition of the early master craftsmen.

Leaving there, a visit at Tenafly Weavers would be exciting too, for their looms turn out lovely fabrics for everything from suits to baby blankets and men’s ties. In this same vicinity one also finds the expert cabinet workers George Jones (Damariscotta Mills) and John Upton. Jones’ splendid mahogany reproductions are unique to find in Maine. A pretty fall ride will take you from Rockland to Owl’s Head and South Thomaston, where the lovely little gift shop of Mrs. Worth Kaufman at the “Old Spalding House” has Maine crafts. Especially nice are Mary Northgraves delicious conserves and jams, bearing an Elsa West designed label, “Maine Coast Kitchen.”

Near Portland you will not want to miss the fine pine reproductions and beautifully painted tin of the Bar-chards at their “Shop in the Pines.” These are only a few of the wonderful discoveries you’ll make if you’ll put following the “Handicraft Guide” high on your list of autumn adventuring.

Another fall tour that we want to suggest is the spectacularly beautiful drive to Jackman—the “Switzerland Region of Maine”—past huge Wyman Lake and into the mountains.

AUTUMN, 1950
A WAY FROM MAINE all our societies will be organizing now for a busy year. Do please let us have your news promptly and more often, as well as news of former Maine residents and their careers.

During the Summer we learned by reading the magazine International Altrusan that Barbara Ellen Joy (Bar Harbor and Hazelhurst, Wisconsin) was selected as one of the first five persons to be honored by the American Camping Association. The award was presented at the National A.C.A. convention in St. Louis, Mo.

Some members of the Maine Women's Club of New York returned to Maine for their vacations. Miss Isabel Whittier was at her Brunswick home, Miss Emma Irish was at the Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit, and Miss Florence Pinkham, following a tour of the West and attendance at the New Hampshire Writers' Conference, came to her Casco Bay Island cottage.

One of our summer visitors reported that Fryeburg native, Dr. Robert Nichols, is a successful veterinarian at Skaneateles, New York.

A recent newspaper article in the Boston Herald attracted us with a description of a miniature railroad built by the George Frenchs of Waltham. Interesting was the fact that it is modelled on Mr. French's home town, Sandy Point, Maine.

From John Conrad, the Historian of the Skagit County Pioneer Association in Washington State, comes some interesting information provoked by Mr. Conrad's hearing of our Maine Three-Quarter Century Club. Mr. Conrad, who visited Maine in October, 1949, recalls some contributions by Maine natives to the development of the West. As a boy he lived on the farm of two of the West Coast's wealthiest lumbermen, Cyrus and William Walker, natives of Machias, who arrived in 1853 and 1863. Their interests now own the vast Puget Mill Co., and Walker Building in Seattle, also Pope and Talbot Shipping and Lumber Co., and McCormick Steamship Co. in San Francisco. William Walker's daughter, Mrs. Edgar Ames, left to the University of Washington the endowment for the Walker-Ames lecture courses and also gave their large Seattle home to be used as residence for the University President.

On August 21, Little, Brown and Company published Pearl Frye's new book, "Game for Empires." Mrs. Frye who claims a Maine Yankee-Spanish heritage is the daughter of Alexis Everett Frye, Maine native and Harvard graduate, who organized the school system for Cuba. Mrs. Frye is also a talented artist, and now lives with her husband, Lowell Sanford Rau, and two children in Connecticut.

A visit to one of Maine's most remarkable business women, Mrs. Higgins of the Higgins Lobster Company at Boothbay Harbor, should be an inspiration to anyone aspiring to a future in Maine. Graduating in one of Bryant and Stratton Business College's earliest classes, Mrs. Higgins has successfully conducted her business for sixty-eight years and right at the same spot, we understand. A daughter of Mrs. Higgins, Marion, has a most interesting position as Food Merchandiser for the W. T. Grant Stores and flies all over the United States. A graduate dietitian, Miss Higgins is well qualified for the work.

NEW WELCOME signs appeared over Maine this past season, from Harrison's neat colonial sign to the huge sign boards entering Washington County. More local beautification was practiced this year, too. Bath landscaped its main highway approach nicely and erected hanging baskets of flowers on the Carlton Bridge, and right here we'd like to hand a bouquet to the Jenney Filling Station at Bath for going right along with beautifying their place with hanging baskets too. The little town of Surry had pretty flower boxes ranged along the bridge rails in town.

Visits to boys and girls camps as usual impressed us with the number of young people from other states who will grow up claiming Maine as their second home. Perhaps the most impressive out-of-state list in any spot were the twenty-two states represented in the excellent Camden Hills Theater Group.
Bayberry Candles

Though difficult to make, there's something about the aroma of bayberry candles that means New England and MAINE.

By Doris Barbour Jordan

Pungent bayberry, with roots in rocky soil,
Spreading your incense on the sun-warmed air,
I crush your leaf and breathe the perfume deep...
A heart-song drifts to me down Memory’s stair!

* * *

There are probably many who have purchased genuine bayberry candles and remarked upon the price as compared with ordinary wax candles. My first pair of bayberry candles were a Christmas gift, with a lovely pair of candlesticks. I hoarded them, admired them and refused to burn them... until the donor of the gift asked me why I didn’t use them.

When I said I thought they were far too nice to burn she smiled and said, “Well, that’s what I gave them to you for; you won’t really enjoy them until you do burn them you know.” Of course that was the truth... I wasn’t gaining a thing by keeping them, for the true and delightful bayberry fragrance is released when the flame is extinguished.

The bayberry is a common shrub and may be found in sandy and rocky soil in many sections of the country along almost the entire length of the Atlantic coast. I have seen it growing in rocky pasture land, far from the salt water... but I truly believe the bayberry which grows close to the ocean and has been caressed by the brisk east wind and kissed by salt seaspray is more fragrant and virile than any other.

When I was a small girl growing up in a small Maine coast-town, I well remember roaming the shores with my grandfather, who was a retired sea captain. He would pick a few bayberry leaves, crush them between his fingers and hold them to his nose, to inhale deeply of the pungent fragrance. In the fall, when the berries are clustered thickly on the stems, he would gather quantities of the branches, carefully strip off the leaves when they had shriveled, and combine the bayberry branches with pine and bright red berries that grew in the woods nearby. Winter bouquets of these filled mother’s big jardiniere and the window boxes outside the porch.

I believe the Pilgrims were the first to make bayberry candles, due to a shortage of tallow. An old lady on Cape Cod told me the story of how the early settlers made these candles...
and since then I have never once ques-
tioned the worth of genuine bayberry

It is a long and tedious process. I've often wondered if the little Pil-
grim boys and girls were suitably re-
warded for gathering the bushels of
berries needed for a family supply of
candles. There is a waxy coating on
the gray-green berry and after quan-
tities of them are gathered they are
covered with cold water and brought
to a boil, which continues for an hour
or more over a slow fire. The wax
and bayberry oil will gradually float
to the top of the water. If the ber-
ries have been picked over carefully
there will be very little debris float to
the surface.

However, if there should be, this
must be skimmed off and care taken
to waste none of the precious wax.
If there happens to be a great quan-
tity of leaf and twig soil the liquid
may have to be strained through a
fine strainer or cheesecloth while still
hot. The liquid is then set aside to
become cold, when the wax will form
a solid cake on top of the water. This
is removed to a clean container and
melted down again when ready to dip
the candles.

Modern manufacture of candles
employs candle molds, which is really
the easy way, if there is anything
easy about making bayberry candles.
However, our Colonial ancestors had
to do it the hard way . . . and so will
we if we do not have molds. A long
piece of wood is used to fasten the
wicks in place for dipping and the
bayberry wax is melted down in a
deep, narrow container. Each coat
of wax should be allowed to become
thoroughly hardened on the wick be-
fore re-dipping . . . and this re-dip-
ning and chilling process continues
and continues until the desired thick-
ness of candle is obtained.

You will love the results . . . even
if you do not think it worth the effort
. . . and I am sure will never again
doubt the worth of a real Bayberry
Candle.

The Maine “Hospitality” theme this year is being
spearheaded by the Maine Hotel Association, which is
conducting a contest among its employees for the best
ideas on “improving” Maine Hospitality.

* * *

The Boost Maine Campaign of the Maine Publicity
Bureau is providing more than 2,000 in-state key informa-
tional outlets with promotional kits and ideas on each of
the 12 monthly topics chosen for 1950.

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 DAN KELLY, Editor, Minstrelsy of Maine Department, 37 Stone Street, Augusta, Maine; and should be accompanied by the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of the material if not found available.

(Poetry Day in Maine will be observed Oct. 15, 1950)

Seafarer
By BEATRICE OAKES

Unlike my friend and neighbor, Orrin Price,
A shop or farm held no appeal for me.
While Orrin left the Island only twice
From boyhood I was wedded to the sea.
I lived with the mounting fury of a scud,
Restless if I stayed too long ashore.
I saw strange scenes too rich for Yankee blood,
In the Barbados, Cuba, Singapore,
And had I loved my wife and children less
There would have been no reason to explain
Why I was never able to suppress
That intermittent longing to remain
Far out beyond the sights and sounds of home,
Riding the wings of storm, breathing the foam.

Crimson Tears
By JANE GEROW OLSON

The tears that fall upon the forest floor
Drop gently from each tree that mutely grieves;
They weep because warm hours come no more
And frost lies thick upon the crimson leaves.

Autumn Flower Arrangement
By LOUISE DARCY

ZINNIAS within a yellow vase
Flaunt colors brightly gay,
The flowering harvest gathered in
Upon an autumn day.

Now add a branch of flaming leaves,
A crimson glory here,
And all the room is radiant
With autumn atmosphere.
Monhegan

By John D. Kendig

I boarded the Captain Jamieson —
It was out to Monhegan for me —
Left Port Clyde in the morning
And slipped into the open sea.

The ship's prow cut through the
heaving rolls
That stretched to the edge of the sky,
While the blue of the heavens spread
above
And the sea gulls drifted by.

Then out of the haze in the distance
Rose a long low hill of blue,
That formed a rocky island world —
Monhegan, it was, I knew.

Quite soon we came to the landing
And the people gathered around;
I saw beyond to the village
And the steeply rising ground.

I went up the hill with the others,
Felt the spell of this sea bound land;
Followed the narrow winding streets
Where the quaint little houses stand.

On out to the edge of the village
And beyond, to roam wild and free,
Over highland hills and ledges
And cliffs that drop to the sea.

I followed along the plunging slopes
And below, where the waves seethed in,
I watched the water foaming white
Down there, where the rocks begin.

I explored much more of the island —
Cathedral Woods and the rest,
The village, the shore, and the landing —
But the rocks and sea were best.

A day, a night, and a morning
I roamed Monhegan Land,
Just long enough to be wanting more —
If you've been, you'll understand.

Island Grandmother

By Winifred G. Blanchard

Her house is as grey as the ledges around it;
Its face to the sunrise; its back to the pine;
Her dooryard extending beyond the horizon
Now will be tranquil — now windswept with brine.

A flag with an anchor is hung in the window,
With three stars of navy and one star of gold;
And Grandmother sits all day long at that window
Busily knitting with hands that are old.

Cickety-click, with what swift-flying needles
She knits woolen socks for her sailor lads three;
Grandmother sometimes looks down at her knitting;
Mostly her eyes, though, are watching the sea.

In the long, lonesome years she has lived on the island
There never has been or ever will be a time when she hasn't been watching and waiting —
Waiting for someone to come from the sea.

Old Moose

By Dolores Cairns

A tall, loose-jointed oddity
Left over from pre-history,
He stares across where summer folks
Invade the ancient pines and rocks.
Time was when this was his domain
Beyond dispute. But now in vain
He snorts and stamps and shakes his horns.
A dim fear deep within him warns
These bold intruders mean to stay.
And so at last he makes his way
To further woods, an old king who
Grimly gives way before the new.
Garden Incident
By Adelbert M. Jakeman

We stood, my friend, just you and I,
And saw a poem against the sky.

Above the seaside garden here
And in the silent twilight clear,

There soared a single gull until
Another winged creature still—

One made of wheels and spinning things,
And gears and lights and metal wings—

Came crowding near enough to share
The freedom of the spaceless air.

An instant there they seemed to stay,
Poised in battle's fierce array.

Then suddenly the gull alone
Was left to claim the spot its own.

And we—we lingered on the scene,
And wondered what the sight might mean;

For here a solitary bird,
Without a tear, without a word,

Briefly knew the poignant pain
Of heaven all but split in twain,

Then spread its wings and proudly flew
With hope and courage born anew.

Countryman's Market
By Rosemary Clifford Trott

The countryman's market shows crimson and gold,
And shades of purple and orange unfold,
As he spreads out his wares for the patrons to see, . . .
The fruits of the vine and the fruits of the tree, . . .

The pumpkins rounded with their yellow sheen,
The pink shell beans and the cabbage, sea-green.
Like leaves in the Autumn just after frost touch
Are the pears, the russets, the grapes and such.

Here the schoolboy stands with his book in his hand
While he dreams of the summer on Grandpa's land,
And the maid with the basket appraises the fruit,
And the tall brown lad in the blue checkered suit.

Weathered farm wives with their calloused hands,
And their far-sighted eyes preside at the stands;
How deftly they measure the jewel-bright store
Into waiting containers that ask for more.

Like a brisk fire glowing is this harvest spot
Where the countryman offers to the city his lot
Of cabbage and turnip and carrots and beets,
Of pumpkin and apples for the holiday treats.

Sunset Interlude
By Margaret K. Burgoyne

Sitting beside the farmhouse wall,
Under the heavy arbor'd grapes,
They watched the saffron sunset flame
Darken until the ridge became
A cut-out pattern of fading shapes—
Fountainy elms meet poplars tall,
Apple trees squat there, hunched and small.

Strength of the hills has set its brand
On their faces calm with quietude.
Here they can rest from dogged toil
Of coaxing growth to the stubborn soil—
Enjoy this sunset interlude.
The old man reaches for her hand,
And they smile across their darkened land.

AUTUMN, 1950
THE FIRST NIP of fall is always somewhat of a shock. Thoughts spin backwards to the Fourth of July, which seems only a few days ago, and folks make the annual comment, "Where has the summer gone!"... half question, half exclamation.

In a few mad days people have accomplished the move from summer place to home, children have settled down to another year at school, fall and winter clothes are back in the closet, summer attire is put away. Then everyone breathes a long sigh for a moment... one of regret that summer fun is already gone for another year, but at the same time one of anticipation of the parties and good times ahead during the crisp bright days and holiday evenings of the Autumn and early Winter.

Football games, Halloween and Thanksgiving are standard occasions for good-time get-togethers, as well as all the times when folks gather, just for the fun of it, over glasses of new cider, or steaming cups of coffee, with fresh home-made doughnuts and cakes.

Food is never out of season... and, besides, it's one of our major forms of entertainment. That's why an important part of "converting" for Fall is meal and lunch planning... getting out the old reliables that play a big part in the fun.

Here are some of our "old reliables"... perhaps they'll be of help to you.

**Indian Corn Cake**

1 egg  
2 tbsp. molasses  
1 c. sweet milk  
2 tbsp. butter  
Indian meal

Mix together the egg, milk, molasses and butter. Gradually stir in the meal until the mixture is thick enough to pour. Bake in a covered greased spider about 1/2 hour in a moderate oven.

**Oatmeal Rolls**

2 c. rolled oats  
1 1/2 c. sour milk  
1 c. flour  
1 tsp. soda  
1 egg  
2 tbsp. sugar  
Salt

Soak rolled oats overnight in 1 1/2 c. sour milk. In the morning add the other ingredients, mixed together. Stir well. Bake in a greased muffin pan in a hot oven until light and golden brown.

**Maine Apple Cake**

2 c. flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
3 tsp. baking powder  
3/4 c. sugar  
1/4 c. shortening  
1 egg

Cut shortening into sifted dry ingredients. Add vanilla and milk to the beaten egg and add to dry mixture. Spread batter in a shallow pan and press slices of apple into the top. Sprinkle thickly with cinnamon and sugar. Bake for 25 minutes at 400°F.
Applesauce Cake

- 1/2 c. shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 c. raisins
- 1/2 c. chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugar together and add beaten egg. Add the applesauce and the flour sifted with the other dry ingredients. Add raisins and nuts and bake in a moderate oven until a knife inserted comes out clean.

Spicy Gingerbread

- 2 eggs
- 3/4 c. brown sugar
- 3/4 c. molasses
- 1/2 c. shortening
- 2 1/2 c. flour
- 2 tsp. soda

Beat eggs thoroughly and add brown sugar, molasses and melted shortening. Sift together the flour, soda and spices and combine with other mixture. Add boiling water the last thing, stir well and bake at 350° until a knife inserted comes out clean.

Fruit Cake

- 2 c. butter
- 2 c. brown sugar
- 3/4 c. molasses
- 1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 lb. raisins
- 1 lb. currants
- 1/4 c. coffee or milk

Cream the butter and gradually add the sugar, then the well-beaten eggs. Measure and sift together all but 1/4 cupful of the flour with the cream of tartar, soda, salt and spices. Add to the first mixture alternately with the molasses and milk. Mix the raisins and currants with the remaining flour and stir into the cake mixture. Bake in loaf pans at 275° for three hours.

Oatmeal Cookies

- 2 eggs
- 1 c. sugar
- 2/3 c. shortening
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Beat the eggs, add sugar and melted shortening. Add the oatmeal, then the flour which has been sifted with the soda, cinnamon and salt. Add milk. Let set for at least an hour—better left overnight—and drop by spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

Ginger Snaps

- 1 c. molasses
- 1 tbsp. ginger
- 1/3 c. flour

Boil the molasses, then add butter, ginger and soda. While it is still hot, add flour until dough is stiff enough to roll out. Roll very thin, cut and bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. Try using crescent, star, and other fancy cutters for that holiday look . . . even decorate them with bits of white and colored frostings.

Molasses Doughnuts

- 1 c. shortening
- 1 c. sugar
- 2 c. molasses
- 1 c. milk

Cream the butter and sugar, and add the molasses and scalded milk. Cool until lukewarm, add yeast cake dissolved in warm water, and add the soda and cinnamon sifted with enough flour to make a dough that can be handled. Knead lightly on a floured board, then place in a greased bowl to rise until doubled in bulk. Cut down and knead, roll out 3/4 inch thick and cut into strips 3/4 inch wide and 8 inches long. Cover and let rise again until doubled in bulk. Twist each strip a few times and pinch the ends together. Fry in deep fat.

Hancock County Doughnuts

- 1 tbsp. sour cream
- 2/3 c. thick sour
- 1 c. and 2 tbsp. milk

Mix together the first three ingredients, and dissolve the soda in it. Add to the egg which has been beaten. Add sugar, salt and vanilla. Sift the ginger with enough flour to make a dough that can be handled. Knead slightly and roll out 1/2 inch thick. Cut and fry in deep fat.
Oyster Bisque

1 pint oysters 6 tbsp. flour
6 tbsp. butter 1 tsp. grated onion
4 c. rich milk Salt and pepper

Melt the butter, add the flour, then slowly add the milk which has been heated. As soon as this begins to thicken slightly add the grated onion and seasoning, and keep hot over a low heat. Heat the oysters in their own liquor until the edges begin to curl, then add to the milk mixture. Serve piping hot with croutons or crackers.

Cranberry Duff

1½ c. flour ⅛ c. sugar
½ tsp. salt 2 eggs
1½ tsp. baking powder 2 tbsp. butter
1 c. cranberries

Sift together the dry ingredients and add the milk and beaten eggs. Add the butter melted and the cranberries which have been cut in half. Pour into a greased mold and steam for one hour.

Apple Custard

3 eggs 1 c. strained sour applesauce
1 c. sugar 1/3 c. butter

Mix all ingredients together, and flavor with vanilla or lemon if desired. Bake in small custard cups or pastry shells, garnish with lemon sauce or whipped cream and serve warm.

Lemon Sauce

1⅔ c. boiling water 1 tbsp. butter
⅓ c. sugar Pinch of salt
2 tbsp. flour 1⅔ tbsp. lemon juice
Grated rind of ¼ lemon

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

Baked Indian Pudding

1 qt. milk ¼ c. sugar
1 tsp. salt 2 tbsp. butter
¼ c. molasses ½ c. cornmeal

Scald the milk and stir in the corn meal until smooth. Add the other ingredients and pour into a baking dish. Bake four hours in a slow oven.

Brown Bread Pudding

2/3 c. brown bread ¼ c. nut meats, crumbs
2 c. milk 2 tbsp. chopped
3 eggs ¼ c. sugar

Soak the crumbs in the milk for a short while, then add the other ingredients and mix well all together. Pour into a greased dish in a pan of water and bake at 350° for one hour.

Apple Butterscotch Pie

6 apples 2 tsp. vinegar
1½ c. dark brown sugar 1 c. water
½ c. flour 3 tbsp. butter 1 tsp. vanilla
Pinch of salt

Mix together half of the sugar, the water and vinegar and bring to a boil. Add the apples which have been sliced ¼ inch thick and simmer until they are tender. Remove the apples from the syrup. Mix remaining sugar with the flour and salt and slowly add to the syrup. Cook until it thickens. Remove from the fire and add the butter and vanilla. Let cool while preparing pastry. Place apples in pie shell and pour thickened syrup over them. Top with meringue or whipped cream.

Corn Oysters

2 c. grated sweet corn (or whole 1 egg
½ c. cream or rich 2 eggs, separated
½ c. milk 1 tbsp. butter

Beat the egg well, add the cream and flour and mix until smooth. Add the salt and pepper and corn. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat. Cook until brown. Although originally designed for lunch or supper, Corn Oysters make good "finger fare" at buffet suppers and picnics.

Baked Squash

1½ c. cooked squash Salt and pepper
½ c. cream or rich 2 eggs, separated
milk 1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. flour

Cream together butter and flour, add the milk and cook slowly until thickened. Add to this the finely mashed squash and the yolks of the eggs, beaten well. Add salt and pepper to taste, and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking dish, which has been placed in a pan of water. Bake at 325°F. for about 45 minutes, or until a knife inserted comes out clean.

Molasses Candy

3 c. molasses 6 tbsp. vinegar
⅜ c. sugar 2 tbsp. butter
2 tsp. baking soda

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

Sea Foam Fudge

3 c. brown sugar 1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. water 1 c. nut meats,
2 tsp. vinegar chopped
2 egg whites

Cook together the brown sugar, water and vinegar, stirring only until it begins to boil. Cook until a drop forms a hard ball when dropped into cold water. Re-
move from the fire and pour over the egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Beat thoroughly and add vanilla and chopped nuts. Drop by spoonfuls onto waxed paper to harden.

**Baked Sausage Roll**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sausage meat</th>
<th>1 c. milk</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6 potatoes</td>
<td>2 tbsp. melted butter</td>
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</table>

Flour and salt

Fry the sausage meat until done, then chop fine. Boil potatoes, then mash them, beating together with milk and butter. Add enough salt to season to taste, then enough flour to make a soft dough. Roll out and spread with the chopped sausage meat. Roll up like a jelly roll, brush with melted butter, and bake in a greased pan until golden brown.

**Codfish Casserole**

1 c. salt codfish 10 crackers
2 c. milk 2 eggs
2 tbsp. butter

Soak the fish overnight in cold water. In the morning drain and cook. Flake the fish thoroughly and mix with crumbled crackers, scalded milk and butter. Cool and add well-beaten egg yolk. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold in. Pour into a well-greased baking dish and bake in a pan of water in a moderate oven.

**Crab Timbales**

1 1/2 c. crabmeat 1/2 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. butter 1/2 tsp. paprika
2 tbsp. flour 2 eggs, separated
1 c. milk 1 c. cream, whipped

Make cream sauce as follows: Melt butter and gradually blend in the flour. Stir in milk slowly, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add seasonings and crabmeat and cook for a few minutes. Cool. Fold in beaten egg yolks and whipped cream, then the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into timbale forms or custard cups which have been well greased. Bake in a slow oven for about forty minutes, or until a knife comes out clean.

**Beefsteak Pie**

2 lbs. round steak pieces
3 c. water stalk celery, diced
1/2 c. onions, sliced 1 tbsp. shortening
1/2 c. carrots, sliced 1 tbsp. flour
4 medium potatoes, 1 tbsp. salt, cut in small 1/2 tsp. pepper
Plain pie crust

Cut steak in 1-inch pieces and brown well, together with onions in the shortening. Add flour and blend. Add water, carrots, celery, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer for one hour. Then add potatoes and cook for another 15 minutes. Pour into a casserole and cover with pie crust. Slit top for steam to escape. Bake in a hot oven until crust is lightly browned.

**Finnan Haddie Casserole**

1 to 1 1/2 lb. finnan haddie 1 medium onion, diced
Milk to cover fish 4 tbsp. flour
1 small green pepper, chopped 21/2 c. warm milk
Salt and pepper

Cut fish in three or four pieces, place in saucepan and cover with milk. Simmer over low flame until fish will flake (about one-half hour). While fish is cooking, melt butter in another saucepan, add green pepper and onion and cook until tender. Add flour and stir constantly until smooth. Add salt and pepper and milk and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Place flaked fish in a buttered casserole after removing any bones and skin. Pour sauce over fish and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. Casserole may be topped with bread or cracker crumbs and cheese.

**Curried Fish**

2 lb. fresh cod. 2 c. liquid from halibut or other cooked fish
2 c. liquor from fish 1/4 to 1 tsp. curry powder
4 tbsp. butter 3 drops tabasco sauce
1 tbsp. chopped green pepper 1 small onion, chopped
1/4 c. chopped celery 1 tbsp. flour

Simmer the fish for about ten minutes in a small quantity of water in a covered pan. Drain, saving 2 c. of the liquor. Melt butter, add green pepper, onion and celery and cook for a few moments over a low heat. Add flour a little at a time, stirring constantly. Add fish liquor to which water has been added if necessary to bring it to 2 c. Cook and stir for 3 or 4 minutes, add seasonings, stirring well. Transfer to the top of a double boiler and let steam for about ten minutes, making sure that seasonings are thoroughly blended. Remove skin and bones from fish, arrange on a hot platter, cover with sauce and garnish with parsley.

**Potato Royals**

2 c. hot mashed potatoes 2 tbsp. butter
1/2 tsp. salt 2 eggs

Combine mashed potatoes, butter and salt with beaten egg yolks, blending well. Form into balls, swirls, patties or other shapes (with the aid of a pastry bag, if you wish). Place on a greased cookie sheet and brush with stiffly beaten egg whites. Brown in a hot oven.

**Cheese Puffs**

1 c. grated American cheese 2 eggs, separated
1 c. flour 1/2 c. milk
1 tsp. baking powder 1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. paprika 1/4 tsp. dry mustard


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My Island

By T. Gaillard Thomas

Unmarred by man, my island stands aloof
From argosies in search of Golden Fleece:
With ocean waves for walls and sky for roof,
In solitude at last, I find release.
Hearing but call of snipe, and cry of gull,
Long hours on an ancient rock, I muse;
Or perch upon an old, half-buried hull,
Forgetful of the world I long to lose.
The fragrant, soft pine-needles are my bed,
The gentle swish of surf, my lullaby;
My dreams — of when a thousand years have fled,
How this, my island home, unchanged will lie:
And then, the teasing stars and laughing moon,
Mock with their message — that I die, too soon!
Maine's Autumn Parade

By PEARL LEBARON LIBBY

The maples flaunt their scarlet
All around the town,
While birches, lily-white and gold,
March up the hill and down.

The chestnut trees so stalwart,
That grow beside the wall,
Think rusty-brown, well-flecked with gilt,
Should be the garb in Fall.

The elms shake out their flounces
Of dusty yellow-green;
The pine trees turn away and smile
To see the spruces preen.

Red berries line the roadsides,
The purple grapes hang high—
And all these glowing signs of cheer
Prove gypsy Autumn's nigh!