AUTUMN, 1951

The Pine Cone
A Panorama of Maine
In This Issue:

To Thee, Kents Hill .............. Vivian F. Russell 3
Report On An Historic Preparatory School

Around The Cracker Barrel ... Elizabeth A. Mason 9
Seasonal Notes On The Maine Scene

Millinocket: 50th Anniversary .. William A. Hatch 12
Pictorial Brief On A Paper-Built Town

Outdoors In Maine .............. John C. Page, Jr. 15
What, Where and How of Maine Hunting

Minstrelsy of Maine ............ Edited by Dan Kelly 21
Poetic Inspiration of the Season

All In A Lifetime .............. Edwin A. Moore 24
Nostalgic Notes of By-Gone Autumns

Indian Summer .......... N. Kay Dell Inside Back Cover

Autumn ...................... Don Boek Back Cover

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

Guy P. Butler
Executive Manager

Richard A. Hébert
Editorial Manager

Pine Cone Subscription: $1 A Year
(Printed in Maine on Maine-made Paper)
To Thee, Kents Hill

By Vivian F. Russell

Loved by its alumni and friends, Kents Hill has a 128-year-old charm and treasures many memories.

On top of old Kents Hill, about 14 miles from Augusta, stands one of the oldest preparatory schools in the country, referred to now-a-days simply as the Kents Hill school. When the bell pealed from the white tower of the class building in September, 1951, it called boys and girls from far and near to the 128th year of school life on its campus.

The sound carries farther than one would imagine, for, while a third of the ninety dormitory students came from within the borders of Maine, another third came from Massachusetts, and the remainder from more distant parts—some from the Pacific coast, some from beyond the boundaries of the U. S. Generations of graduates whose lives have been moulded on the Hill have carried its name and its influence far, far away.

Only about 150 students from the 8th grade through high school and the post-graduate year are registered at the school at a time, but the smallness of its enrollment increases the greatness of its power and its charm. In a world where size is too often the criterion of worth, it is well to be reminded that quality is the truer measure. In classes that average about fifteen students, neither the needs nor the talents of the individual student are overlooked. Moreover, campus living makes available that extra faculty guidance which marks the difference between failure and success, between routine and superior achievement.

Students at Kents Hill are stimulated to compete, not only with others, but with their own record by methods that are not common to many schools. Besides the grading system that measures scholastic achievement, several others are employed. One is the scholastic effort honor roll which...
evaluates the student's effort, attitude, daily preparation, and conduct. Another is the improvement honor roll for which all are eligible who have bettered their own previous scholastic record. Besides these, reports are made on the student's extracurricular contribution and dormitory living.

Thus, periodically, the administration, parents, and students themselves find out "what the score is." Since there is surely some phase of school life in which the student can excel and improve, he is encouraged by success to meet further challenges. The value of purposeful training and effective study habits is attested to by the success of the graduates who have prepared at Kents Hill for college, for business, nursing, and many other occupations and professions. When every dormitory window shines upon the evening dark, it gives notice to all who pass that within, some youngster is preparing for a greater future than he could otherwise know. More immediate prizes are awarded at graduation to students who have made outstanding scholastic records. Election to the Cum Laude Society is the highest award to be attained. Proud are the seniors entitled to wear its yellow ribbon.

It has been widely quoted that the best university is a good teacher on one end of a log and a good student on the other. While constant effort is made to improve the excellent facilities of the school, the importance of acquiring good teachers has not been overlooked at Kents Hill. The faculty is chosen for its scholastic accomplishment and extra curricular skills and, in addition, qualities of personality and interest which make the daily companionship of young people enjoyable to them.

Besides his class work, each teacher has charge of some extra curricular activity. Ricker Hall has been recently renovated to provide, besides the attractive library, rooms designed for the use of the Craft Club and the Outing Club, a music studio, and a theater, which in addition to student dramatics and musical productions, is used for Saturday night movies, concerts, lectures, dances, teas, and receptions. A large student choir sings at the village church attended by the school.

Every student is out for sports every week-day. One of the school songs truly says, "Kents Hill life has zip and zing." Much of the sparkle that characterizes the K. H. student is derived from the hours of enlivening exercise and competition on the playing fields of the back campus. Ample facilities for all sports are provided, including the cinder track, football field, baseball diamond, tennis courts, ice hockey rink, and field hockey and softball field. Archery and badminton also are enjoyed, and the spacious gym is used for basketball. Two sides of the Hill furnish thrilling down grades and jumps for the ski enthusiasts.

Cheers ring on the fall-sharpened air when the helmeted elevens thud onto the field. As in many another season, the tall tower and trees look down, on the old battles re-fought by new contestants. When the stirring contest is over and the notes of Alma Mater float from the music system in the tower of Bearce Hall, jubilant players, if they have won, rush to proclaim victory to all the land by ringing the bell until it turns over. Everyone is happy, even the bell-ringer who must turn it back again before ringing in a new day.

Anyone who considers football a rough and rugged sport hasn’t seen the girls pelting up and down the hockey field, whacking sticks, the ball, and, sometimes, each other. It is exhilarating to witness the display of stamina by the young ladies. No calculated charms are practiced here, but grace is abundant in the poise and dash of the lithe figures. The self-forgetful abandon with which they play the game is an inspiration to see. Kents Hillers do not acquire the values of team sports alone. Each student elects individual sports as well, which develop skills that will contribute to his enjoyment and health when his school days are over. Each sports' season culminates in a
banquet when the players come forward for their varied awards and the coaches' "Well done."

STUDIES and organized sports are basic interests in school life, but many others furnish colorful recollections of the Hill. Some are moments of suspense: the delicious and apprehensive suspense of arriving at school the first time and meeting one's roommate; the knee-shaking and blank-minded suspense just before the stage curtain rises to expose one's talents to the assembled throng of best friends and severest critics; the worried, hopeful suspense of waiting for the mark on a crucial exam, or for the office door to open with an invitation to enter therein.

Many a memory is derived from unscheduled moments of pleasure and relaxation. Some of these are heralded by the wild cheers that greet the announcement of a free day to spend outdoors. The wily student wonders on each especially fine day of Autumn, Winter, and Spring whether this is that pluperfect day which the headmaster will declare a surprise holiday. Except in Winter, this includes a carefree trek through field and wood to the Outing Club cabin on the shore of Lovejoy Pond where camp fires are blazing and the chow line rapidly lengthening.

Many of the pleasures of life on the Hill are the gift of its country setting; swimming at Lovejoy Pond, skating on Torsey's clear blue ice, the breathtaking view from the ski hill—especially for those who approach its incline with the wariness of the novice—heaping the spicy leaves of autumn to jump and wrestle in, snow ball skirmishes, spring con-
certs by returning choristers in the trees, the glimpse of Mt. Washington's profile against the sunset viewed from the picnic ground, lunches and suppers around the fireplace there, sugaring-off parties by courtesy of the campus maples, and a host of other characteristic features of the changing seasons.

In the course of the years, a school acquires typical customs and traditions. Too scrupulously followed as an end in themselves, they result eventually in boredom. Those which truly enrich the student's experience retain their charm for a long, long time. At Kents Hill, old customs are preserved that meet with enthusiastic response, while new features are added to a constantly evolving school program. Nothing is more traditional than the observance of Christmas, and both its jolly and its solemn connotations are treasured by the young.

At Kents Hill, December late afternoons take on a special beauty when carols are played on the tower music system, slowing the footsteps of students returning from sports across the snowy campus under the winter sunset. Voices are hushed and hearts stirred in response to the "song in the air." The theater provides a stately setting for the Christmas Ball at which the guests dance in the glow of a dozen Christmas trees. Evergreen boughs and candles decorate the village church for the Christmas Vesper Service presented by the school.

The choir, in its maroon vestments, sings the loved traditional music, joined at times by the congregation, and a student reads the Christmas story, completing one of the most impressive services of the year. Just before vacation the choir goes about the village, singing carols under windows in the time-honored way. Refreshments furnished by appreciative citizens and a chance to warm up are enthusiastically received by the hardy singers. The festive spirit prevails in the dorm with a fragrant, brightly bedecked tree and seasonal decorations galore.

Other typical events that have met with student approval are a Sadie Hawkins dance in the Fall. What ingenuity is displayed by the girls in designing the strange corsages with which they adorn their chosen escorts! The humorous costumes of all add to the jollity of the evening. A country fair provides further entertainment for the occasion.

One of the greatest highlights of the year is the Winter Carnival which tops off the week of mid-year exams. Basketball on Friday night, and the ski meet and hockey game on Saturday place the emphasis on winter sports. The gym is the site of the Snow Ball Saturday evening, with the greatest interest centered in the crowning of the Carnival King and Queen whose identity has been kept secret.

As one of the earliest schools to offer equal educational opportunities to girls (in 1831), Kents Hill has had long experience with coeducation. Every year confirms the belief that
Fall sport for the Outing Club means clearing the trail above Torsey Pond.

this system has unique advantages in preparing boys and girls for normal social living as adults. Working, playing, planning, thinking together, sharing their enthusiasms in a constructive environment, they mature with a mutual understanding that cannot be experienced in a school exclusively for boys or for girls.

The ability to study effectively is one of the greatest gains most graduates attribute to their course at Kents Hill. The student who lacks skill in using the tools of learning or who needs remedial work in basic subjects finds his individual wants supplied. The records made at college by average students have been heartening evidence of the success of the Kents Hill method. Every phase of the school life is under the supervision and guidance of the headmaster, William Warren Dunn, who concerns himself with the development of every student in scholarship and character. The genial friendliness and kindly hospitality of Headmaster and Mrs. Dunn have made their home the center of campus social life. Students, teachers, alumni, and all who are interested in the school in any way find a welcome at their door.

Every graduating student has a right to feel proud of the school he leaves, the life that he has shared there, the friends he has made, the
Happy Birthday to you! It happens to everybody, with Headmaster and Mrs. William Warren Dunn doing the honors in their home.

Guidance he has received, the membership that will be his in the great family of Kents Hill alumni. When at Commencement the senior hears the Alma Mater sung for the last time, he reaches a full realization of all that his school has meant and will mean to him. Past and future meet as the senior marches out to face the impact of history with the words of that song engraved in his memory:

The fathers came and viewed this land,
These hills and valleys fair:
Its lakes, like precious gems,
adorn
The landscape rich and rare:

Kents Hill, Kents Hill, the beautiful,
Long may this vision stay,
Of hills and dales and fertile fields
To cheer us on our way.
Kents Hill, Kents Hill, the masterful
To all who come and go,
Implant thy spirit in our hearts
For conquests here below:
To thee, Kents Hill, we will be true,
Enchanted by thy lure,
Make good thy confidence in us
While fellowships endure.
—William Wood, '92
No where does nature flaunt her colors as vividly as in Maine, when Autumn comes to the land.

We begin our Cracker Barrel comments within view of Baxter State Park. Rich red leafy branches here and there foretell the glory of this wooded region. Spruce-clad Katahdin will rise, peak-wreathed with fluffy clouds, from a sea of color broken only by the blue waters of northern lakes. So it will be all the way to the ocean—some of our loveliest foliage appears among coastal evergreens. If you can take a long autumn trip, you will want to travel all the way to Aroostook, perhaps following Route 11 through the State from East Lebanon to Fort Kent, thence along Route One to the coast, with side pilgrimages, to the many coastal peninsulas. Leisurely jaunting down side roads you will glimpse unexpected autumn beauty.

SUMMER’s activities have left pleasant memories worth noting. Millinocket’s Fiftieth Anniversary celebration brought such an influx of former residents that one was convinced of a warm neighborly atmosphere among its people. Seldom have we seen such pride in a town, or events in which residents participated so gaily. It was a colorful celebration showing excellent community spirit.

Despite growing up within a few miles of beautiful Paris Hill we had not visited Hannibal Hamlin’s birthplace or many of the other interesting homes shown on Open House Days. The hostesses were so gracious one felt a very welcome guest. A visit to the Hamlin Library (open all year)—the only one in Maine once a jail (1822-1895) was interesting as many paintings and articles of historical interest are there.

Speaking of Open Houses reminds one, too, of the exceptionally pleasant visit to Tate House, Stroudwater, where the warm hospitality of the guiding hostesses made everyone feel at home. This is the only house of this period open to the public.

Children’s Day at Rangeley is a wonderful event and Doc Grant who plans it deserves real praise. We cannot, of course, take time to mention every event, but never have we seen so much fine community activity.

Fairs highlight the fall season, and the World’s Fair at Waterford keeps many of the real agricultural features, now missing from some fairs. Fryeburg does, too, and Topsham.

The Jaycees at Oldtown opened hunting season with a real hunters breakfast for all visitors to the region.

Now non-hunters can find plenty to
do during the Fall. A trip on the "Gov. Brann" to Islesboro for a picnic and a visit to the small Islesboro Museum (where the ferry docks) would be enjoyable. Mr. Gilley genially welcomes Museum visitors and tells of the history of this lovely island. Household furnishings, dolls, paintings are among the antiques on display. Especially interesting are portraits of Islesboro people by the late artist resident, Charles Dana Gibson.

While in this vicinity do drop by Cedarholm Cabins near Lincolnville and ask owners Mr. and Mrs. Ted Oleson for a peep at the unique charming coffee room where breakfasts are served guests. Beautiful Danish and Swedish copper decorates the walls, and all doors are colorfully painted by Mrs. Oleson's sister to resemble country houses in Denmark.

Many gift shops are open year round and an unusual small one is run by the Tubbs sisters at Norway. Unusual certainly in that the Misses Tubbs did all carpentry and painting themselves in a very clever way. You will find some Maine crafts, too, among the well chosen gifts.

The Bridgton Products Exhibit in August helped us meet some more interesting Maine residents. One, L. F. Van Zelm, creator of the Vangnomes (comic strip in Christian Science Monitor) adopted Maine in 1937 and lives at Harrison. His pixyish woodland folk are translated from his sketches into amusing ceramics to use as ornaments and in flower arrangements. Here, too, we met Charles Morris, Jr., attorney partner of Robert Shaw in the Highland Weavers. Mr. Morris became interested in weaving while stationed with the Army in a small Italian town where for generations the inhabitants had earned their living by weaving. Mr. Morris studied the art from Naples to Milan for nearly two years. Mr. Shaw similarly became fascinated with handwoven fabrics while in France. When both men returned home they chanced to discuss these interests, and promptly purchased a loom in December, 1949. Study has led to the production of woolen and worsted fabrics, particularly Scottish Tartans. Do visit both the Van Zelms and the Highland Weavers (Bridgton)!

Some cool Autumn night after a long day's trip, for an easy supper at home, try a new Maine product—delicious Italian Tomato Sauce with meat balls from the House of Costa (Peaks Island). This is a brand new frozen food product made from a closely guarded secret recipe belonging to the family of the famous chef, Giovanni Cossano.

For fall and winter driving you might like some of the wonderful hand sewn gloves made by Mrs. A. Boynton Glidden, Newcastle. They have leather or deerskin palms and crocheted wool backs. Mine have given excellent service for two years.

We have not mentioned before the nicely handcarved oxen, carts and animals made by Wendell Hall, Nobleboro, who also expertly canes chairs.

Many readers tell us of the pleasure they have had visiting Maine places and people we have suggested. Christmas cards which are different are hard to find, especially those with a Maine "flavor." So we are pleased to announce our discovery of the lovely cards designed by the William Farrells of Monhegan. Particularly nice is one with a Maine bunchberry design, and one of a boat, although all are distinctly Maine. We learned about these from Miss Elizabeth Winslow of the Maine Sale Gift Shop, Westfield, Mass. Miss Winslow, who is Red Cross Home Service Director finds time to run an attractive shop in her home. Everything is from Maine. Her interest stems from childhood vacations here, and ancestors who were Maine people, devoted to the Pine Tree State. Maine craftsmen are finding the shop a real boon to sales.

We of the Cracker Barrel wrote the foregoing comments in the shadow of Katahdin, and as we finished our writing a week later, we had done exactly what we suggested you do, travelled down to the coast. The sun
had peeped out from the fog, and a decision to eat lunch in the open led us to a beautiful spot atop the granite ledges crowning Eastport.

The islands looked like so many porcupines sleeping, and fishing boats traveled the bay. Everywhere completely circling us were the blue waters of Passamaquoddy Bay. Charming Margery Giou of Quoddy Drug directed us to this lofty elevation. Never had we fully appreciated Eastport’s beauty before. It is possible to imagine the ground covered in Autumn reds and golds surrounding one enthroned upon a massive boulder, surveying an emerald and gold kingdom. You can see we really believe you have not seen autumn's full glory until you have seen it in Maine!

As winter approaches, civic groups busily plan new projects. Perhaps the youngest group we’ve heard of is at Rumford Center and Rumford Point. Intent on repairing the Old Town House these teen-agers have put on plays for some time hoping to raise enough money.

One is always pleased to hear of the success of Maine people. Early in the Summer Mrs. Lester Stearns of Searsmont, won fame with two songs heard on the radio program “Songs for Sale.” Demand for charming Mrs. Stearn’s talents has cost the Pine Tree State the loss of a very nice couple, for Mr. and Mrs. Stearns are now living in New York, and the last we heard, she was to work at ABC!

Recently we learned that Calais native, Charles F. Gillis (2944 Second St. S. W., Washington, D. C.) a graduate of Farmington Teachers College, (Press Herald Correspondent for Calais at one time) has been promoted to Colonel in the Air Force Intelligence Branch.

Rumford native Albert L. Shea is now general superintendent of Campbell Soup at Camden, New Jersey. The Sheas live at Salem, N. J. Apparently it pays to be “in the soup.”

Since 1937, James Lindley Palmer, a Waterboro son, has risen steadily in the firm of Marshall Field and Co., Chicago. For the past few years he has been President of this large nationally known department store.

Roxbury, Maine, is a small community but Dr. John R. Reed, a native, and successful professor, has been given leave from his work in botany at the University of Wyoming and is Consultant Ecologist at the Astrida Agricultural Experiment Station (Under ECA) Belgian Congo!

A former Portland Utilities Distributors Educational Director, (1937-1947) Earle A. Clifford of Winthrop (Bates College Alumnus) is now Editor of the LP-Gas Magazine.

We are always pleased when a Maine native chooses to return to Maine—so we welcome home Don Tavenner (Augusta) in his new role of Alumni Secretary at the University of Maine. He has been Assistant Director of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Headquarters, New York.

It is always a joy to meet our readers, and the final paragraphs of the “Cracker Barrel” column were written after a pleasant visit before the blazing fireplace of the Judge Arthur Stones, (Boston) long time summer residents at Kezar Lake. To our delight we found the whole family from Sybil Stone, now of New Orleans, to Mason H. Stone of Boston, regular readers of the Pine Cone, and the “Cracker Barrel.”

Now once again we appeal to all State of Maine Societies to keep the mails full of their activities. St. Peters burg, Providence and Boston, a special plea to you for news this year!
Millinocket: 50th Anniversary

By William A. Hatch

Pine Cone Staff Photographer

The Town of Millinocket was incorporated in 1901—a raw, new community in the heart of the Maine woods. Paper and power were the goals of its first citizens, brought together under the aegis of the Great Northern Paper Company. Fifty years of steady development have made it today a prosperous community of some 6,000 persons. The town's Fiftieth Anniversary celebration was held the past Summer, symbolizing the old and the new, while many optimistic glances were cast toward the future. Here are a few pictorial highlights of the Millinocket celebration.

Below, one of the many floats presented in several parades held during the celebration. At right is the new Municipal Building dedicated during the celebration.
Above, sample copies of American and foreign newspapers which use Great Northern newsprint from the forests of Maine. Included are some of the world’s greatest newspapers.

Below, symbolic of Millinocket’s greatest product, this section of the biggest pile of pulpwood in the world creeps toward the main entrance to the Great Northern office building.
Patrolman Lloyd Rideout, a member of the Millinocket police force 20 years, talks over the old days with Bert Haines, one of the original guardians of the peace, a resident since before the town was incorporated.

Stearns High School, built in 1922-23, with additions in 1926 and 1940 symbolizes the saga of a modern American town. Financial participation of the Great Northern Paper Company has made possible this and many other municipal developments.
Maine is proud of its outstanding hunting record established last season. Perhaps you've seen the figures. If you haven't...

A 403-pound, 10-point buck, shot by a Meriden, Conn., man at Edmunds, Maine, rates as the heaviest white-tailed deer taken in the Nation in 1950—surpassing even, the previous year's national record white-tail, a 358-pound buck also taken in Maine.

Still unbeaten from the standpoint of greatest antler spread in North America, is the beautiful head bagged by E. M. Stuart of Waban, Mass., during the 1949 season. Stuart topped a British Columbia record by downing a buck with a right antler spread of 31 inches and a left antler spread of 30 inches, against 30 3/4 and 27 1/2 respectively for the Canadian deer—taken by the way, back in the year 1905.

In 1941, Maine's entire deer kill totalled only slightly over 19,000. In 1950, in spite of increased hunting pressure over the intervening years, more than 39,000 deer were tagged—and the herd is still growing!

For the second year, Maine continued its “BIGGEST BUCKS IN MAIN CLUB” and kept official records of all outstanding bucks shot. (One deer of either sex per hunter may be shot during each annual open season.) Among nearly 40 hunters who bagged bucks weighing over 300 pounds was a Sinclair, Maine woman. Her deer checked in officially at 322 pounds. Some 663 hunters gained membership in “The Club” in 1950. An estimated 225 more qualified this past year but were “repeaters,” in other words had already gained membership by shooting a buck of 200 pounds or over the previous year. The total combined live weight of the 663 big bucks shot by new members came to the staggering weight of 162,913 pounds!

Maine Hunting Has Variety

Variety is the word for Maine hunting! With 17,000,000 acres in forest lands alone and a total area nearly as large as the other five New England states combined, Maine's game population is unsurpassed. Whether you want to match wits with a crafty old Black Bear, thrill to the ringing cry of hounds announcing "coon treed" under a frosty autumn moon, or snap into action at the sound of rising wings in the meadow pasture...it's all here.

Some 2,500 miles of coastline provide feeding and resting places for Ducks, Geese and Brant as they start their annual southward migration from northern marshes. Woodcock, Ruffed Grouse (Partridge) and Pheasants are common in upland fields and brushlands. The hardy hunter who wants to try his luck at
Bobcat hunting can have adventures galore. The Fox hunter cannot find a more favorable section to match his skill against "Reynard," the master tactician of hide and seek. Rabbit hunters and beagle fanciers are in for a real treat when they tangle with Maine's long-legged Snowshoe Rabbits. These nimble tricksters provide top-notch sport and the best of eating over a long season.

Whether you're a bird hunter, a big or small game hunter, a professional or an amateur, Maine holds the answer to your hunting question. In these days of fast-disappearing wildlife resources, for a real old fashioned hunting trip, put your bets on the Pine Tree State this Fall!

Moose

At this writing, Moose are protected in the State of Maine. The reader, however, who encounters one while in the woods will never forget the experience. Standing from six to seven feet at the shoulder and with antler spreads often exceeding 80 inches, the big bulls present a magnificent spectacle. This largest member of the deer family is increasing in numbers in Maine under State protection. Contrary to the reports of some startled observers, veteran guides say these huge animals will seldom make a hostile move toward a human being. They are interested only in self-preservation, unless wounded, and when startled will seldom come toward a hunter, except if confused as to his actual location. Here's a chance to hunt the biggest game animal on the North American Continent, but not with a gun... use your camera!

White-Tail Deer

Deer hunting in Maine rates easily as the top activity for the outdoorsman who loves a gun. According to experts, Maine Deer are outstanding specimens of their kind in the world—and last season's record helps to prove that point. From Oct. 21 in the Northern counties (Nov. 1 in the Southern), until the season closes on Dec. 1, there's action everywhere.

Opinion is divided as to which part of the open season it's best to plan your trip. Some say that the early days are better, because the deer aren't so wild—they haven't been hunted, frightened or shot at and so are easier to approach. On the other hand, many veteran hunters refuse even to try their skill until the last ten days or two weeks of the shooting period. They claim that since foliage is thinner toward mid- and late-November, easier, cleaner and longer shots are the rule, with the ever-present possibility of snow for tracking.

Generally speaking, with a small party of hunters, still hunting is the best procedure on dry ground. Most Maine woods areas are too large for practical use of the "driving" system as used in many states. However, some sections in the southern part of the State are adaptable to this method of hunting. Beech ridges, old apple orchards and locations on a hillside where the "black growth" meets the hardwood are key spots to the experienced hunter. Always walk into the wind, as softly as possible, avoiding dry sticks that may snap. Stop frequently to watch and listen.

The best time to hunt in any part of the open season is from daylight in the morning until 10 A.M. and from about 3 P.M. until dusk. Always study the ground for fresh tracks, droppings and areas where the Deer have been "working" for food. Under beech trees, especially, Deer will often paw the leaves up in little piles while searching for beechnuts.

Old burned-over areas and year-old timber cuttings furnish likely spots also. In early Fall, Deer are often found nibbling small tender shoots and wild raspberry bushes in these open sections. Sit down on a log or a stump frequently and slowly but carefully study the landscape around you. Nature has endowed the White-Tail Deer, as well as most other animals, with an almost perfect camouflage of natural coloring. You may nearly trip over a Deer if you are a careful stalker—but be sure it's a DEER and not a MAN BEFORE YOU SHOOT!
Hunting with snow on the ground is a rather different proposition. Nearly any hunter, whether inexperienced or tempered by years of reading woods lore signs, can determine with a little study and common sense whether a Deer track in the snow is very old, 24-hours-old, fairly recent or fresh. Much of your success depends upon your appraisal of the track and of the manner in which the deer was walking.

Tracks four to six hours old that show a Deer walking leisurely toward a thicket on a knoll are worth ten times as much to the seasoned hunter as a very fresh set patterned in bounds of many feet apart and left by a frightened Deer intent upon leaving that part of the country. A zigzagging trail indicates a Deer that is either feeding or looking for a place to “bed down,” or both. In soft snow without a crust, it’s often possible to walk almost up to a resting Deer under these conditions. Due respect must always be given the wind direction, however.

Unhurried fresh tracks in soft snow going straightaway or on a feeding course are best worked by attempting a cut-in ahead of the Deer about 75 to 100 yards to either the left or the right, depending upon wind direction. Frequently a hunter can surprise a White-Tail in this fashion since Deer have the habit of watching their back trail carefully and often trusting to scent in the wind as a guard against possible dangers ahead and aside.

The use of both rifles and shotguns is permissible in Maine for Deer hunting. Rifles are by far the more popular and much more practical, except in a few instances where thick brush and close shots are the rule. Maine guides swear by the .30-30 rifle and the .32 Special Winchester. Other favorites are the .300 Savage, .303, .30-06, .35 Remington and the old .38-55. Frankly, any hard-hitting, easily-handled high power rifle from a .25 bore up will do the trick if it has sufficient shocking power. Personally, I prefer the .30-06, .300 Savage and .32 Winchester Special in that order. In any event... make sure it’s a DEER and not a MAN before you shoot!

Deer hunting, boiled down, is careful planning, patience, perseverance and often a large degree of luck. One thing you can be sure of: No amount of the above-mentioned qualities or conditions will put venison on your table unless you expose yourself to Deer hunting in a section where White-Tails are plentiful. A hunting trip in Maine will assure you of that, so—get that shootin' eye in trim this Fall and come to the Pine Tree State. The rest is up to you!

Black Bear

Maine’s Black Bears are crafty, shy and much more difficult than Deer to stalk. In weight they run from cub-size to nearly 500 pounds. When frightened they rip through the woods at terrific speed and present the poorest of targets. Last year one hunter declared that a fast-moving Black Bear looked more like a rolling black barrel than anything else.

Late in the Fall, mid-October to the last of November, is probably the best time for still-hunting these dark-furred marauders. During this period of the year they are busy building up surplus fat in anticipation of their long winter hibernation. They’re also moving around a lot in search of suitable winter quarters.

Black Bears as well as Deer are fond of beechnuts. Abandoned farm areas where half-frozen apples still cling to remote trees during the late fall months also make excellent spots to watch for Bruin. Deserted lumber camps and old timber cuttings, where rotting logs and stumps abound with grubs and other insects, rank high among the favorite feeding grounds of the Black Bear. Still another favorite spot of many successful Bear hunters is the garbage dump of an active lumber camp or sporting lodge. Once a Bear has started “working” around a dump, unless shot at or otherwise unduly frightened he’ll return day after day to paw it over again looking for fresh scraps. Usually he’ll return at nearly the same time each day along in the late afternoon or early evening.

AUTUMN, 1951
Recently, the practice of locating feeding Bears in timber cuttings and burned over areas by use of binoculars from fire lookout positions and other points of vantage has gained in popularity. Once spotted, the Bear is stalked from the downwind side much as Rocky Mountain Goats are hunted in the West. Bruin also may be hunted with dogs in Maine, except during the deer-hunting season. Unfortunately, many good Bear dogs frequently will switch or "jump" trail and chase Deer. Any dog guilty of chasing Deer in Maine may be shot. It is therefore practical to hunt Bears only with specially-trained dogs that can be relied upon never to break trail, and then only during certain seasons.

Maine’s Black Bears are not protected and may be taken during any time of the year. In fact, the State of Maine pays a $15 bounty for each one killed in or adjoining organized territory except in Franklin County. Favorite rifles among Maine bear hunters are the traditional .30-30, the .35 Remington, the .300 Savage, .32 Winchester Special and .30-06. Of course, any big game rifle of your choice will probably do the job, but you’ve got to be “fast on the draw” to hit old Bruin unless you are lucky enough to catch him sitting still. Plentiful, but far more difficult to bag than a big buck, Maine’s Black Bears make excellent trophies. You, too, can have a bearskin rug in front of your fireplace—but the thrill of your hunt in the deep woods of Maine will continue as a more cherished memory for a lifetime.

Upland Bird Shooting

Maine’s Ruffed Grouse or “Partridge” as they are popularly called, offer the best shooting for this species to be found in the Country. An old Maine guide’s description (Amos Mottram) of these magnificent birds seems to come nearer than most others in filling the bill. “King-sized quail,” he calls them ... “but much smarter!”

Hunting these birds, found both deep in the Maine woods and in farming and pasture land is the keenest of sport. Typical covers are beech groves, orchard areas and alder or birch thickets near agricultural sections. In more remote parts of the State, prowling carefully along old logging roads and trails is one of the most productive methods.

Naturally, use of a good bird dog is preferable, but many hunters shoot their limit (four birds per day) by “walking them up” as we Down-Easters say, after choosing likely looking covers. Selection of a shotgun and size of shot to be used are pretty much up to the preference of the hunter in this instance. Anything from a .410 to a 12-gauge shotgun is usable and Nos. 6 to 8 chilled shot are local favorites. And by the way, if you have a weak heart, take a moderate dose of sedative before setting out on your first Partridge hunt. These “Brown Bombers” rise suddenly, sometimes from almost under your feet with a thundering roar of wings, then dart cleverly through the thickest of underbrush at top speed! This king of Maine game birds is a wary and talented customer. In fact, other forms of wing shooting may seem tame, once you’ve matched wits with a Maine “Partridge.”

Pheasant

In most instances, Maine Pheasants will be found in farming sections and pasture lands much the same as many of our Ruffed Grouse. They are, however, largely confined to the southern and coastal counties of Maine. This is due to the fact that heavy snows and severe sub-zero temperatures in the northernmost inland parts of the State often reduce their numbers during the winter season.

Many thousands of these meaty game birds are reared and released annually by Maine’s Department of Inland Fisheries and Game. These birds are smart, fast on the wing and know all the tricks of hide and seek. A good bird dog is, of course, advisable, but here again, the average hunter, if reasonably conscientious, can “walk up” his day’s limit without much trouble.

Woodcock

Once again, it is with real pride that we can say that no state in the
Nation offers better Woodcock Hunting than Maine! The Pine Tree State is one of the best natural breeding grounds of these much sought-after game birds, in the entire Country. Every Fall as their southward migration begins, countless additional thousands of Woodcock that have summered and bred in the Maritime Provinces spend many days in Maine as they move along. Fortunately for Maine this movement usually coincides with our bird hunting season.

Any hunter who has witnessed the "jack-in-the-box" tactics and speeding zig-zag flight of a rising Woodcock knows what a match of skill and precision these sparkling performers can offer the most experienced wing-shot. A good bird dog is almost a necessity in successful Woodcock shooting since these clever little "Timber Doodles" will often "freeze" and fail to flush for a walking man. If you think you are a good wing shot, try Maine's Woodcock this fall. If you're just a beginner, at least try Maine, the spot where your chances are the best!

**Duck Shooting**

With a rugged coastline nearly 2,500 miles in length, made up of bays, peninsulas, beaches and marshlands, Maine has duck shooting to thrill the experts. Part of the secret of this success story lies in the fact that when millions of Ducks, Geese, Brant and other waterfowl start their annual southward migration from northern breeding grounds, in following the Atlantic flight line, Maine is the first State in this Country that they reach. Fortunately, at that stage they're not gun shy, not reduced in numbers and are easily attracted to decoys. Beyond doubt this makes for the best real, honest-to-goodness waterfowl shooting on the North Atlantic Coast. What's more, they're in excellent physical condition, having traveled only a short distance and they're far better table birds than some harried skeleton of a creature that has dodged birdshot and traveled without sufficient food along several hundred miles of coastline, desperately trying to avoid would-be hunters who blaze away at any bird five and one-half gunshots beyond reasonable killing distance.

Black Ducks, Wood Ducks, both Green and Blue-Winged Teal, Scaup, Ring Necks, Goldeneyes, Buffleheads, Eiders, Old Squaws, Canada Geese, Scoters, Brant and many kinds of Mergansers make up Maine's principal fall waterfowl population. Mallards, Pintails, Ruddy Ducks and Snow Geese are also present but are not quite as plentiful as the other species mentioned.

A blind of pine, spruce, fir or other evergreen, supported by a wooden framework upon which chicken wire of about two-inch mesh has been fashioned, makes an excellent cover. This type of gunning stand is especially effective on rocky points and ledges where heavy forest prevails as the natural background. A partial roof covering with an open area near the front plus a "step-up" footing plank to give adequate gun-play room above the "camouflage level" when things are "popping" is always desirable. Added comfort for the hunters may be gained on windy or cold days by securing an old canvas or tarpaulin (brown, green or gray) inside the blind on the windy side as well as above and toward the rear in the event of rain or snow.

For a low marsh area or a spot where brown foliage prevails, marsh grass and oak bows with leaves attached should be worked into the chickenwire on the framework as a camouflage. In this writer's experience, oak is about the best of all branches to employ in the building of a duck blind. Used in conjunction with coniferous branches, it's ideal due to the fact that the leaves will not blow or drop off for many weeks after being cut and secured in the blind.

Decoys (artificial) should be placed carefully and arranged to float and bob in the water in a lifelike manner with the nearest group approximately 100 feet from the key shooting position in the blind. This is an important point and gives hunters, both green and experienced, an opportunity to judge with fair accuracy the actual distance of incoming birds...
from the point of shots attempted. Fourteen to 20 decoys are recommended and should be placed in the most natural looking arrangement that imagination will allow. In salt water, allowance for changes in the tide level should be made. The use of a duck call is occasionally effective but, as a rule, is unnecessary in Maine waterfowl shooting.

Another popular method of wildfowling is to disguise a specially constructed “sculling boat” and with your guide cautiously maneuvering the craft, move up to a flock of ducks or geese. The hunter lies in a reclining position with gun ready and at the opportune moment rises to a sitting position and takes the birds as they rise.

Canada Goose and Brant hunting have a particular thrill all their own. Geese are well distributed along the entire coast but Brant are most plentiful late in the season and in easternmost Maine. Both Canada Goose and Brant hunting require special “know-how” and a day-to-day knowledge of their current feeding habits and activities. Although these birds are in good supply, the services of a local informant or good guide will usually do more to fill your game bag than reams of advice in advance.

Although Federal regulations on migratory birds divide the regular duck hunting period into two “split seasons,” Scoters or Sea Coots may be shot at any time between September 28 and December 31 this year. Legally taken only beyond outside harbor limits, seven of these birds is the lawful daily bag. Right at this point it also seems opportune to mention that Maine has the only Eider Duck shooting on the Atlantic Coast! These Eiders, bred in the Far North, never travel south of the Maine coastline and afford the very best in sport over a long season coinciding with that on Scoters. The daily limit on Eiders is also seven birds.

In summary, it can be said with confidence that Duck and Goose shooting along the Maine coast provides more continuous action than any other wing-shooting sport with which the writer is acquainted. For loads of fun, thrills by the score and plump, tasty birds for the table, don’t miss Maine’s duck shooting season this Fall!

Your Maine Guide

To get the most out of your Maine hunting trip, the services of a guide are recommended. Your Maine Guide knows the woods, knows where game can be found and where to place you for the chance of the best shot. It is his business to learn where birds and animals are and what they are feeding on at the time of your arrival. He can guide up to three people at one time. He may be depended upon to keep you from getting lost, help you drag out your Deer, dress your game and cook your meals. His fee is moderate, his working hours are long and your comfort and success are his goal. He can whip up a four-course meal in hardly no time, deep in the Maine woods, or take your canoe safely through “white water” that might otherwise cost a life. Maine law prohibits non-residents from building fires in the woods of Maine, except under the supervision of a registered Maine Guide. This includes camp stoves, canned heat or any other type of open flame unless confined to a stove in a permanent building. Your Maine Guide can be trusted to give you his best. Have confidence in him and enjoy a safe, well-planned and more successful hunting trip in Maine this year.
Minstrelsy of Maine

Edited by Dan Kelly

Editor of As Maine Writes: An Anthology of the Poetry Fellowship of Maine, and Reed: A Magazine of Maine Poetry.

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 Kelley, Editor, Minstrelsy of Maine Department, 48 Water Street, Hallowell, Maine; and should be accompanied by the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of the material if not found available.

Marginalia

A letter writer inquires, “How do you start a poetry work group?”

To answer the question, let me describe several Maine groups already organized and functioning. Groups like the Poetry Fellowship of Maine, the Maine Writers’ Conference and the Auger of central Maine. There are other active groups, I know, in the Waterville, Portland and Biddeford-Saco areas, but I am not as well acquainted with their work as I am with the first three organizations. These three groups represent, by the way, three distinct and different approaches to the poetry workshop idea.

The Maine Writers’ Conference is held once a year and combines two days of intensive seminar work, addresses by leading literary figures and social meetings. The amount of ground covered, the work accomplished and the ideas that are packed into these two days is a recommendation to the Conference officers and founders. Naturally, there are weaknesses. If Rome wasn’t built in a day how could Hamlet, or its equal, be written in two? However, despite the necessary condensation the Annual Maine Writers’ Conference which is held during August at Ocean Park, Maine, is a most worthwhile project combining not only poetic but all forms of writing instruction and inspiration.

The Poetry Fellowship of Maine is a larger and more frequently active type of organization. Any Maine resident or part-time resident may apply for membership on the basis of full, part, or affiliate participation. A few of its regular projects include: three meetings each year, planned poetry projects and contests, corresponding round robins and an annual publication, “Reed.” The poet, beginner or accomplished craftsman, will find much of interest and value in the Poetry Fellowship of Maine.

The Auger of central Maine (Auger being a contraction of Augusta-Gardiner) is a smaller, less organized group and yet it probably answers the question posed at the beginning of this column more completely than any other type of organization. Its flexibility, perhaps, is its secret. The Auger meets once a month in rotation at the members’ homes. To meet
too often or too seldom dulls the interest. If possible, it is best to form a group on a similar mental level for best results.

The Auger does not, nor should any other similar group, indulge in pat-on-the-back socials. Each Auger is a hammer and tongs affair; the velvet glove always conceals a steel claw. The Auger holds no elections, abides by no by-laws, abuses parliamentary procedure, and works like mad. Poetic subjects are usually proposed (and often ignored) for the following meeting. Each poet usually brings one or more poems (typewritten carbon copies) to each meeting. This method is practical in a small group that varies from six to ten members. The poems are passed around, perused, and then read aloud by the authors in a clockwise rotation determined by the host.

After the reading of each poem suggestions, criticisms and infrequent begrudged compliments are introduced. The argument is often quite forceful; never personal, rarely destructive, but invariably cogent, constructive and frequently helpful. The authors, as authors will, usually stick to their guns and defend their work with vigor, vehemence and occasional brilliance.

Auger discussion runs the gamut of technique and inspiration; from the Chinese to Ogden Nash. Each poet fills his own mental pockets in a Yankee trade with his fellows. In bargaining with ideas no one ever loses. An Auger session (the word workshop is never used, I suppose, because it's an accepted fact and not a mere posturing) last approximately two hours plus. A half-hour is used early in the evening to discuss future plans and et ceteras. The conclusion of the evening is devoted to eating. Poets profess to the dining habits of canaries and possess the appetites of ditchdiggers.

This, then, is the Auger. Its spirit is the desire and interest of the individual poet to write and write well. This, then, is one way to form a poetry or writers' work group. It works if you work. Try it.

POETRY

The flash of humming-
Bird's golden wing; the
warm, sweet
Smell of fresh-baked bread.

Dan Kelly
Book End
Hallowell

Lilac Time

Lilac hour, lilac day,
Purple blossoming in May,
Garden lilac, lilac wild,
Lilac gathered by each child,
Lavender of palest shade,
Deepest purple sweetly made
Of clustered fragrance, spikes of bloom
Scenting every springtime room,
Amethyst and violet hour
When the lilac bushes flower.

LOUISE DARCY

Tap Roots

Daily he dreams of far horizons,
And of flashing foreign eyes,
Of salty sea winds blowing,
And camel trains beneath desert skies.

But the pasture needs Spring ploughing,
Or the roof is bent with snow,
Yet his heart beats high in knowing
That tomorrow he may go . . .

KATHERINE GORMAN

THE PINE CONE
Seaport Town

I like a Yankee seaport town;
Wind in the rigging, spray at the bow,
It makes my heart beat faster
To think some tall four-master
Once rode upon the tide.

I like a Yankee seaport town;
Talk of the sailors, fog from the sea;
The dooryards seem much trimmer,
The wide sky seems to shimmer
Up where the grey gulls ride.

I like a Yankee seaport town;
Tall harbor women, pale blue-eyed,
Whose glances are serener,
Whose wild rose skins are cleaner,
Here by the waterside.

I like a Yankee seaport town;
Wind in the rigging, spray at the bow,
It makes my heart beat faster
To think some tall four-master
Once rode upon the tide.

ROSEMARY CLIFFORD TROTT

Wildings

Crossing the field, we skirted
The miser's burying-ground,
Noting the blueberry bounty
Near Hulda's grave and Aaron's;
And Will, his face averted,
With irony profound
Remarked, "In Hancock County
Best berries grow on barrens . . ."

HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

Sky Cars

Honking
their horns
and shifting
their gears
the geese
fly over
Gardiner.

CATHARINE CATES

Memory Is A Window

See that old apple tree that stands outside
The window on the stairway landing there,
And flings its petals in on every breeze
To fall along the stairs? She loved their scent;
She'd never sweep them up while they were fresh,
But let them lie, and say that spring had moved
Indoors to us. Once I came in the hall
And she was there, just coming down the steps.
At sunset time it was, with all the light
Behind her like a wall of gold. The wind
Tossed in a sudden drift like rose-tinged snow,
And some caught in her hair and dress. That's how
I see her in my mind so many times—
Light all about her and those petals blowing
To settle on her shoulders and her hair.
So, every spring, along about this time,
I leave the window wide so they'll come in:
She'd like it so.
What did you say you'd need of?
A draw-knife? I can lend you one.
I guess
You're new here on the Hill? Well, come again.

DOLORES CAIRNS

It All Depends On Your Point Of View

"ICE IS NICE" is quite enough
For full discussion of the stuff—
Unless one falls, in case of which
One's point of view is apt to switch
Quite suddenly
And thuddin'ly!

GEORGE SMITH
A forlorn sight at this time of year was the huge old family garden, which had done its generous share in providing the folks with green stuff for the Summer and early Fall and contributed to the winter's supply of material "put down" to supplement the heavier foodstuffs.

Nobody knew just how many years the garden had been in that same plot. But long, long ago, one of the sires plowed up that corner of field, not far from the back side of the house, declaring, so it's said, that it seemed "the most fittin' place," and it had remained under cultivation each year since. Originally rich soil by nature, it had been fertilized season after season, kept totally free of weeds, and it rewarded the husbandmen of each generation with lush growth of the choicer things of the vegetable kingdom. Close enough to the stone wall by the cross road, it afforded at the height of the season, a pleasant sight for the passer-by, who often stopped to pass along a few words of praise.

But each year, as October appeared with its trailing garments of scarlet and gold, and the spot had been divested of its "sass," there came that feeling of a sort of mild melancholia as one stood at the garden's edge and surveyed the tattered remnants of the suppliers of courses to many a feast, past, present and future. Nobody could help that feeling, no matter how much it had been experienced before. It was to be expected as regularly as the cough that denned up with Auntie's thoracic region each Fall and lasted until it was dislodged by that tired feeling in the Spring. It was always known as Aunt Callie's own. It had a pitch in tone quite unlike any other in the neighborhood, and if it had skipped her any season, she would have felt that her health was failing.

The Beanpoles, with their scraggly vines, are still standing, and here and there are a few pods overlooked in garnering the seed for next year's planting. Soon the poles, which are of first quality, have already served for two or three years, and are good for at least one more, will be taken in and stood in a corner of the long-shed or the barn. They always took pride in their selection of these important adjuncts to the garden; no ordinary, knotty sort, selected at random from the small growth in the upland woodlot were good enough for those menfolks. They liked 'em "Straight as H" and mighty smooth. There were at least four dozen in the collection, and it had taken much painstaking search for them and much elbow grease to bring them to a state of perfection—such as it is possible for beanpoles to attain.

The rays of the setting October sun, accompanied by a chill in the air and predictions of a possible sharp frost on the heights before morning, fell aslant of the tangled cucumber patch and glistening at the farther corner were three or four big "seed" cukes apparently left because of some defect. All the other ripe ones, with their golden brown coats, had been harvested for the making of some of the nicest sweet pickles known to civilized man. We who have eaten of them, know whereof we speak. Over there at the right are heaps of scattered rutabaga tops, snipped as the turnips were pulled, shaken and tossed into a bushel basket for toting to the vegetable bin in the cellar.

And there are the tomato vines, once magnificent as tomatoes go and laden with scarlet fruit, drooping or lying flat in a tangled mass. Probe
the sector with a stick, and you would find possibly just a few tiny green tomatoes, that never got far, or the remains of two or three ripe ones hastily overlooked.

A feller might remember how he screeched when one of those hideous horned green tomato worms dropped on his hand as he was pulling some stray weeds. There was an old saying that the bite of one of these creatures was poison, but that worm never got a chance to prove it. Carrot tops and other things were also lying about, but in one favored spot not all of the vegetables had been taken from the ground. These were parsnips, which would be allowed to remain until Spring, when they would be especially flavorful for stewing and frying. And how many codgers remember sneaking into such a patch when the frost had left and digging a parsnip or two to eat raw! They tasted mighty good in those days. And who ever turned up his nose at stewed parsnips?

So, here we have this picture, just before the clean-up of the debris had begun, with the eventual bonfire to consume it, together with a lot of small apple limbs and other brush. Here, actually was death—death of all that come from many days of hard labor; death of vine and bush that bore nourishment vouchsafed man by Mother Nature. Seedtime, cultivation, with its days of watchfulness against insect pests, and the harvest had passed. Now, just these dead things to look upon. No wonder one felt a bit melancholy. One hated to see everything go this way, yet it had to be, just as surely as wintry winds ere long would be blowing down from those western hills and folks, their home banked round about with evergreen branches, would be sitting comfortably before their kitchen or middle room fires. And yet with the melancholia there always crept in that thought that a few months hence, it would be seedtime again, with its busy hours, and all the round of happiness would be repeated. Death in life, as it were.

* * *

Since 1946, 207 new industries have located in Maine, with total new jobs created of 4,700 and new annual payrolls of nearly $11,000,000. New industry activities of the Maine Development Commission and the Maine Development Credit Corporation also give promise of constant additions to the list.

* * *

Demand for Maine potatoes once again has brought prosperity to Aroostook County and is paying off on the biggest gamble ever taken by Maine growers. The law of supply and demand has created firmer markets than ever obtained under the now-repealed Federal potato subsidy.

AUTUMN, 1951
Photo Credits:


Kents Hill photos by Arthur James and Arthur Griffin.

Millinocket photos by William A. Hatch.

* * *

Definite proof that the Maine vacation season is lengthening out has come this year with reports that September-October business generally throughout the State has been the best on record. The entire vacation season, beginning in May, is rated as ten per cent or more better than the previous record year in 1950.

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

(clip and mail)

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

Please send me THE PINE CONE. I enclose $1.00 for one year’s subscription.
Name ............................................................................................................................
St. Address ..................................................................................................................
City or Town ..............................................................................................................
State ..............................................................................................................................
(Please make check or money order payable to State of Maine Publicity Bureau)

Gift Subscriptions

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

More is here than meets the eye;
The cold, grey compass of the sky
Divided by a purple line
So indistinct to bare define
Where Heaven's low and earth is high.

There is more than meets the ear;
The wild goose calling that we hear
Echoes from the marsh and dune
To circle round the pale, still moon,
And earth is far while Heaven's near.

More is here than meets the mind;
The golden landscape that we find
Is peopled with the ghosts of men
Who stalked these paths some past day when
Other ghosts dwelt here . . . before our kind.
AUTUMN

By Don Boek

A wild goose wedge against the sky
Tells of Autumn hurrying by.

A solitary falling leaf,
A thousand leaves' embodied grief.

A hundred hills touched by the same
Sly arsonist burst into flame.

And Croesus-like frost-fingered cold
Mints the garden crops to gold.

Fleeting as the wild goose high
Autumn touches earth and sky.