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

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Looking Ahead

by Governor Horace Hildreth

Maine plans for the return of its men and women in the service.

In these days of uncertainty there is considerable risk in attempting to prognosticate, or to gaze into the crystal ball to see what the future may hold for the State of Maine. And yet it is absolutely necessary that we do look ahead and plan for the postwar period.

As these words are written, the Russian armies are hammering at the very gates of smoking Berlin, while General Eisenhower’s Allied Armies are fighting their way through a beaten Germany. Once again we are holding our breath, hoping victory is around the corner, but not allowing optimism to slow down our War Effort.

In the Pacific, General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz are looking toward Tokyo, their ultimate objective. The road to that Imperial City is a long, hard and bloody one and although we know in our hearts victory will ultimately be ours, we dare not and we must not relax our war effort.

While our Nation’s manhood give their all on these distant battlefields of the world, it is well for us on the home front to pause and ask ourselves this all-important question: “Are we doing our best in Maine to be sure that our returning veterans will find a type of economy operating so that there is the greatest opportunity for dignified work for all with adequate wages?”

The Federal Government has planned and still is planning well for the sociological welfare of the veterans, as evidenced by the G. I. Bill of Rights. This bill provides the following benefits: (1) To aid the veteran in getting his old job back or to assist him in securing a new job; (2) A maximum of 52 weeks’ readjustment pay at the rate of $20 a week for those who are unable to find employment; (3) Assist veterans in purchasing a home, entering business or securing a farm by guaranteeing up to $2,000 of the loan granted provided the loan is for $4,000 or more and 50 per cent of loans under $4,000; (4) Broad educational privileges up to four years of college training, including a maximum of $5,600 depending on age at time of entering the service, educational qualifications, etc.; (5) Mustering out pay running from $100 to $300 depending on length of service; (6) To the disabled veterans every conceivable type of assistance, including hospitalization, rehabilitation, financial benefits, etc.

Locally, the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Red Cross and other local welfare organizations have banded together and have in operation at the present moment machinery to assist our Veterans in securing the benefits accruing to them under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

Many times in the past several months the question has been asked: “What is the State of Maine doing for the Veterans?” In view of the work being done on the Federal level and on the Community level as just outlined, the principal job for the State is to encourage an economy within our State which, as I have stated before, will help to create jobs for our service men and women and in the following paragraphs I have attempted briefly to make a few helpful suggestions.

A recent survey, authorized by the 91st Legislature and made by the Maine Development Commission, re-
veals that 343 communities of our State have postwar plans for spending approximately $14,000,000 on local projects and the State, through its various Departments, will spend approximately $10,500,000. Private industry throughout the State is ready to start immediately when labor and materials are available on a tremendous program of building, extension and expansion of its physical structures.

The overall picture in Maine for a prosperous postwar period is, without resorting to over-optimism, decidedly favorable. However, there are some fundamental problems connected with the avalanche of spending, which will inevitably take place in the postwar period, that must be studied carefully and the State should attempt to solve these problems. I will mention only two of them.

As I have just intimated, the end of the war threatens to let loose the greatest concentrated spending program in the history of the United States and the State of Maine. It would be utter folly for State to compete against State and community against community for materials and labor, and both State and community to compete against private industry. Sound business principles dictate that both State and municipal government get the most it can for its tax dollars. The State should help to provide efficient leadership in coordinating State, municipal and private postwar plans. At the State level it is a simple procedure of assembling for consideration by the Legislature such projects as the Executive and Departmental heads think desirable. The Governor and Council could then time the actual launching of the projects on the flood tide of greatest need where most indicated.

At the Municipal level the State service would be promotional and advisory, but attempting to coordinate the launching of projects so State and municipalities would not be bidding against each other in an inflationary era caused by shortage of materials and manpower.

As related to private industry, the State activity should be limited to fact finding and modest promotional service. Private industry is going to depend upon its own management to determine extent and timing of its own postwar work. The State, however, by having up-to-date knowledge of the overall picture of private employment in the State, will better develop its own plans and better inform the municipalities.

I would make clear at this point that all such planning is to insure not only government getting the most for its dollar, but also providing work for veterans at a time when work will be most needed.

Another problem in connection with postwar planning is that of expecting the Federal Treasury to match funds with State and municipalities for construction work. Too many of our projects might be based on such a matching proposition. Already one and one-half billions have been appropriated for the Federal Aid Highway Act and bills are now before Congress which will provide one billion dollars on a Federal, State, municipality matching program in airport construction.

The problem of matching this Federal appropriation puts financial problems on the State of Maine which are difficult indeed and we might well bear in mind the old saying, "All is not gold that glitters."

I have been asked to comment on "New Industries in Maine." Maine is not primarily an industrial state and probably never will be. Yet Maine, with its three great waterways and its lesser streams, unlimited hydro-electric possibilities, its forests of hard wood, its nearness to the markets of Europe, has much to offer the industrialist who is looking for a new location for his plant or for the man who is contemplating a new industry. Some one recently asked a most pertinent question: "Why, with Maine's vast forests of hard wood, are there not more furniture manufacturing and woodworking plants in the State?" This is a good question and a challenge to our energy, vision and ingenuity.

If I have been informed correctly by servicemen returning from overseas, it is apparent that a great num-
ber of our veterans are thinking seriously about taking advantage of the Government's offer to assist them financially in the establishment of a business of their own.

We have about 75,000 men and women from our State in the armed forces. Is it unreasonable to expect that at least one percent of them, or 750, will be interested in going into business? Some will fail, but many will succeed. Here is a real field of new enterprises in our State. Constant efforts should be made to see how best we can help these veterans to establish their new businesses in our State.

IN THE FIELD of Agriculture there are great opportunities for the returning service man. Not only will the government assist these men in purchasing farms, but it will assist them in securing training in the field of Agriculture. Our State Department of Agriculture is second to none and as I pointed out in my inaugural address, "Farming in Maine is steadily progressing from merely a means of livelihood to an up-to-date business operation."

To a young man returning from the wars, there is a real opportunity in Maine in the field of Agriculture if that young man is ambitious and not afraid of hard work. The State Department of Agriculture in cooperation with the State University can render invaluable aid to these veterans choosing the field of Agriculture for their life work.

Turning to Commercial Fishing and the part it will play in the period that lies ahead for Maine, I would again refer to my inaugural address: "Likewise there is need for some form of an extension service for the fishermen of Maine. This service could be similar to the Agriculture Extension Service now operating in this State. Thousands of our citizens earn their living as fishermen and this great source of economic life is a long way from its potential maximum development."

If we are to develop this activity to its maximum we must take every means at our disposal not only to improve the present techniques, through an educational program, but to encourage more men to enter this field of endeavor. And again I am thinking of our returning veterans in relation to this industry. With financial backing from the government, with our Extension courses available to them, why shouldn't we expect that a great many of our more rugged type of veterans will interest themselves in commercial fishing as a profitable business enterprise?

EVEN AS STATE and municipal governments are piling up financial surpluses during these years due to their inability to secure either labor or materials to carry out their normal capital building projects, so it is that millions of people in our country are piling up not only huge financial surpluses, but also considerable enthusiasm and anticipation for the day when Victory comes and restrictions on gas, tires, travel, etc., are removed. It doesn't take a prophet to predict the tremendous boost the recreational business will receive when that day arrives.

Maine is a vacation state, and we certainly have a great deal to offer. If we lay our plans carefully now, we are going to enjoy the greatest recreational business in the entire history of Maine!

This business won't come immediately the war ceases. It will start gradually and increase in direct ratio to the ability of the automobile industry and the tire industry to produce cars and tires the motoring public is looking forward to buying. Here is another Maine industry, which, like the commercial fishing field, is still in its infancy. The possibilities for expansion in this business are tremendous and we should be constantly alert to the strategic position we hold in the Nation as a Vacation State.

The recreation business of a State might well be likened to a hotel business. No matter how splendid the appointments of a hotel may be, how excellent its food, how impressive its setting, unless friendship, cordiality and interest in the guests' welfare are manifested in the attitude of the man-
ager and his staff, it can become a colossal failure. And many hotels have failed due to lack of these niceties.

Our visitors, or, as I like to think of them — our guests — will judge Maine not entirely by its scenic beauty, its good roads, its good fishing and hunting, but also by the courtesy extended to them by their hosts. We are the hosts—our state and local police, filling station attendants, hotel staffs, wayside camp proprietors, the staffs of eating places, guides and all others directly or indirectly connected with this vast business.

I understand that the Maine Publicity Bureau is planning a “courtesy campaign”, stressing how important it is to the continued success of our recreation business that we build up our reputation as a “friendly state”. I strongly urge wholehearted cooperation of our people in supporting this campaign. Friendliness and courtesy are the two least expensive, yet at the same time the most effective mediums of advertising known to man.

And finally, I have been asked to address a message to the Maine men and women serving in the armed forces. I understand this publication, The Pine Cone, will find its way into all corners of the world where you are serving your Country. As the Governor of your State, I am at times nearly overwhelmed with the great responsibility that rests upon my shoulders to so direct the affairs of state that you men and women will find, on your return, the kind of “world” of which you often dream.

I think I know the kind of “world” you want to find when you come home. It is a “world” composed of people who fully appreciate the sacrifices you have made, but you don’t want these people to be over-solicitous of your welfare. In other words, you would like to be left pretty much alone to make your own adjustments and to work out your own destinies. You don’t want a lot of “fuss and feathers.”

A “world” which has had you constantly in mind and which has planned well and wisely so that when you come home, the machinery is set up and ready to operate and produce dignified work for you. I’m confident you are mainly interested in rejoining your loved ones, to find work and to take your place in your community as a citizen of Maine.

The passage from military life into the pleasant pattern of civilian life in your old home town shouldn’t be too rough. It needn’t be, because your country, your own State of Maine, your community and many public and private organizations are ready to give you a hand to assist you to enjoy a productive and happy civilian life.

The State of Maine is your State and I am proud to be your Governor. I pledge not only my personal support, but the support of the State in helping to create that “world” you so strongly desire to find on your return.

Maine is a State of opportunities, notwithstanding the perennial cry of the pessimists who claim that our youth must go elsewhere if they are in search of opportunities. We have many undeveloped resources crying for youth with brains, imagination and a willingness to work. Your State and its many departments are anxious and willing to assist its veterans not only to find work, but to lend assistance in helping you to enter the fields of agriculture, commercial fishing, business and industry.

Wherever you may be and whatever duty you may be performing, let me assure you that we State of Mainers are justly proud of your achievements. No reward can be too great to compensate you for the sacrifices you are making. Our duty on the home front is to stand solidly behind you and see that the weapons with which you destroy our enemies are the best that the brains of this country can produce and that there is an ample supply flowing across the oceans to you. We are looking forward to the great victory which is to be yours and which will hasten your return to America and to the Pine Tree State. In peace, as in war, we shall ever be conscious of the debt of honor we owe you.
The door to success in farming is wide open in Maine.

MAINE has greater farming potentialities than any other State in the Union!

This flat statement was made recently by a leading national agricultural authority.

It is a declaration with which I am in full accord, and in this brief article I intend to give some of the reasons why I believe it to be true.

First of all, I believe that Maine, whose agricultural tradition goes back to the first settlers of the region, stands on the threshold of a tremendous development in the ever-changing farm economy picture.

We are located close to the large Eastern markets.

There is a great diversity of crops and livestock which can be and is being produced successfully in this State.

Our per acre yield, if not at the top, is far above the national average.

Although the potato industry is the most fully developed, there is still much land in the State which can be turned from its present use into the production of potatoes, which is at present a $50,000,000 industry in Maine.

Although we have many excellent dairy and beef herds, we have not yet scratched the surface in the production of livestock. We have excellent summer pasture and winter roughage, we are as free from disease as any section in the Country—far less affected than many areas in the United States—and where the traditional beef sections of the Nation require an average of 10 acres of pasture per animal, we in Maine can provide pasture for feeding two animals per acre!

Owing to favorable climatic conditions and the absence of disease in our poultry flocks, this type of farming has even greater possibilities for expansion.

The production of sheep and hogs, as well as other livestock, can also be greatly increased.

We have fifty modern vegetable processing plants already in operation. With very small areas in the State devoted to vegetables for the “fresh market”, opportunity for expansion in this field is virtually unlimited. The chief canning crops—sweet corn, snap beans and peas—acquire a flavor from Maine soil and climate that can be duplicated nowhere else in the Country as experienced buyers of vegetables have testified. Field corn yields can be brought to a point well above the national average.

And Maine apples have a color on them and zip and zest in them that is found nowhere else on God’s green earth!

These are only a few of the many reasons why the door is wide open on farming opportunities in Maine. Our agricultural experts all agree that there are always available good farmland bargains in Maine and highly productive acreage at reasonable prices. As in all farming operations, careful planning and hard work are the only keys that will unlock the treasure-house that Nature has stored up in Maine agriculture.

It is, however, a healthy and independent life. If one is made to real-
Heavy Producers in the Sandy River Valley • Hilling Up Potatoes in Aroostook
ize all the obstacles and still desires to find peace and abundance on a Maine farm by working for these goals, the chances for success are good. And I know of no other industry where counsel and assistance are so readily given as from the established farmer to an earnest beginner.

The decentralization of industry that has already begun and which will be accelerated after the war finds an ideal situation in Maine. Industrial science has found out at last that people are happier, do a better job and work more efficiently in the small community. And in Maine, where we have a lot of small communities, we find the best workers in the world—honest family folk whose native ingenuity is not only a matter of record, but has contributed so vastly to all phases of the war effort.

There will be a revival of industry in these small communities and with it people will want to live in good homes on part time farms, where they can keep a cow, raise a garden, have a pig or two and get in some good nearby hunting and fishing in season.

A MAJOR FACILITY for this type of peaceful, abundant living will be the frozen food locker plants, of which I predict there will be 150 to 200 in strategic Maine communities in the next few years after the war. An adjunct of these will be the deep-freeze home cabinets for storage of smaller amounts. This development will serve to stabilize farm markets and prices and enable consumers to live more cheaply and abundantly than ever has been possible before.

In building for the future, the Maine Department of Agriculture also continues to press for better rural roads, better schools and extension of electric lines, because Maine people generally realize that the entire State has a vital stake in farm prosperity. Most of the taxpayers realize that unless we take steps to prevent the abandonment of farm property, the time may come when rural towns will have little or no taxable property left to help pay the costs of government.

Surveys show that a substantial percentage of the men in our Armed Forces desire to make farming their life work and whether these men desire to enter commercial farming or part time farming, their chances of success are equally as good. This Department receives many letters of inquiry concerning farms from boys in our Armed Services and we also receive many letters from civilians living in the urban sections who desire to settle on farms.

We give all of these people every consideration and assistance and the Maine Extension Service at Orono has recently published a bulletin, "Choosing and Buying A Maine Farm," which offers invaluable information along these lines.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS of constantly improved farming methods stand behind the success of Maine agriculture and I confidently believe that the same spirit which has enabled Maine farmers to conquer every problem over those years will, in the decades to come, bring us a greater farm prosperity than the State has ever known.

The people of Maine as a whole are solidly behind their farm program. They extend a welcome and an invitation to our servicemen and others to fulfill their lives here, to find the peace and prosperity that has made Maine farm life the envy of the world!

THE MAINE BLUEBERRY industry is supporting a bill before the Legislature seeking the establishment of an experimental farm devoted to research work in this particular field. Blueberry growing is an important industry in at least three Maine counties.
When the ice goes out, the wires hum, calling the spring fishermen to their favorite streams and lakes.

Don't forget, wire me collect!

To the uninitiated just a collection of words, but to the spring fisherman the above words are his passport into a sportsman's paradise. Hundreds, yes, thousands, of fishermen have spoken these words as they said goodbye to their guide or a sporting camp operator after the last of a Summer's fly fishing, or, perhaps, the end of a successful deer hunt.

The hunter knows when the opening day comes around. The angler also knows, in some cases, when the opening day arrives for spring fishing. But most always your open water fisherman depends upon some guide or sporting camp owner to inform him when a certain lake or pond is free of ice and how the fish are biting.

This clearing of our Northern lakes and ponds of Old Man Winter's ice blanket is looked forward to by thousands of anglers. Along about March or the first of April, your guide or camp owner begins to take stock of just how the snow is settling and also as to the head of water running in the various inlets to a certain body of water.

Many people are of the opinion that the ice in our inland waters sinks. This, of course, is entirely incorrect. In most cases, this is what happens:

With the coming of mild days and lots of sunshine, we find that the snow in the woods and along the shores of our lakes and streams begins to melt. With each passing day we find the water in the inlets rising in the day time and, as the sun goes down, we witness a stiffening of the ice and snow. That is, without the warmth of the sun's rays, the melting ceases. As days go by, the sun begins to climb higher in the heavens and we see more and more snow turned to water. This water, flowing into the lake, has a tendency to cause the great sheet of ice to float free from the shores.

A floating sheet of ice is at the mercy of the winds and also at the mercy of our spring storms. It is now that both the rays of the sun and the constant shifting of the ice field wears away the thick sheet of ice until nothing remains but a “rotten”, honeycombed mass just waiting for a good wind to send the weakened field crashing and churning onto the shore. When this wind occurs, your guide or sporting camp owner hurries to the nearest telegraph office and your wire comes through.

To many anglers, the wire means a release from work that has been gripping the fisherman for days and sometimes weeks.

To most people, the going out of the ice means that our salmon, trout and togue ponds are free and ready for the angler. But there is another type of fisherman that hits the trail and that is the brook fisherman. That hardy soul, who fears neither high water nor mud, a man who,

Filling the creel from a Maine brook
through his boyhood days cherished and held the common brook trout as tops and although age may have climbed into the driver’s seat, still holds the whip hand as far as fishing is concerned.

This type of angler is a separate breed from all other disciples of Izaak Walton. You can have your high-priced rods and tackle—your outboard motors and what nots—but just give this fellow a telescope rod, a few feet of line, plenty of hooks and a few sinkers along with a can of angle worms and he is king of all he surveys and a little bit more.

The day may be rainy, the roads almost impassable, but does it phase our brook fisherman? Nary a bit. All he wants is to be left alone on some brook and he asks nothing more from mankind or the Lord.

This brook fishing is becoming a lost art among our angling fraternities. Years ago, before the motor car and the outboard motor, there were as many brook fishermen as lake and pond anglers, but nowadays, due to mechanical means, we find that the majority of our fishermen hit for the lakes and ponds. Your dyed-in-the-wool brook fisherman has the patience of sixteen men. If you doubt it, watch one of his breed as he tries to get the tip of that telescope rod through a maze of alders and small bushes.

Watch him take a minute or more to get that hook and sinker through the maze and with the patience of Job he lets the baited hook enter the pool. And sure enough, he knows what he is doing, for soon a ten-incher comes flopping and squirming through the alders. This getting the hook to where it will do the most good is O. K. early in the Spring, but watch the same fisherman a little later in the month, when a hatch of flies or some other insects pester the life of the angler. Will he quit? Not on your life. It's all the same to the brook fisherman. He takes those pests in his stride.

He will spend an entire day on his favorite brook, fishing this and that hole and cursing the new-fangled fisherman who leaves empty bait cans and beer bottles on the bank of the brook. He will wade through ice cold water to reach a spot from where he can fish a certain hole best. Then he will cross the brook on a slippery log and like as not end up by falling flat on his face in the middle of the pool. The State of Maine has hundreds of fine trout brooks, many of them teeming with small trout, while others, depending upon their size will give the fly fisherman a day well spent.

Perhaps the exact opposite to our brook fisherman would be that fellow with the fourteen-foot salmon rod. That rugged individual gets up bright and early on the opening day of the salmon season, clothes himself in heavy woolens and goes down to the river in a canvas-covered peapod to do battle with the king of all fishes, the mighty Atlantic salmon. His numbers are few, to be sure, but he is with us from year to year, a constant reminder that once our own Penobscot River lured to its shores each year many well-known salmon fishermen. This type of angler has the same patience as the brook fisherman, for he may fish an entire day without as much as a strike, but when that strike does come, he feels well paid for all the empty days.

Something should and is being done to bring back this glorious fish to our Maine rivers. Perhaps the greatest foe of any fish is pollution and some of Maine’s rivers have been sadly neglected in regard to this, the greatest enemy of fish life.

Last, but not least, is the open water angler, who takes his sport with the salmon, trout and togue. His numbers are legion and his ways are various. He may fish from a canoe or he may troll his lures in the depth from a leaky row boat. Whatever the method, whatever the fish, you will find him on the surface of our lakes and ponds from dawn until dusk. Most always he is a true sportsman, giving and taking each and every happening of the day with a grin and a word.

He will curse his luck in one breath and in the very next one give praise to a more successful companion who lands a fine salmon, trout or togue. He will argue as to the various good
points of this or that bait, under cer­

tain conditions, then turn around and

tie on a bait that he has just con­
demned and like as not catch the best

fish of the day.

Your spring fisherman is a great
guy. He will fish until nearly ex­
husted, then go ashore for lunch,
rest a few minutes after eating and
be back on the water again, always
expecting to get that big one around
the next point or in the next cove.
Sometimes he fails, but most often
he comes home a winner. Ask him
what he goes fishing for and most
always he will say, "To catch fish!
What do you think I went for?" But
down deep in his heart, he knows that
catching fish isn’t all there is to a
day in the open.

He knows that in the clear, wine­
like air of spring, he will find that
certain something that the Winter
has denied him. Lifegiving sunshine,
laden with the aroma of the balsams
and with the smell of the good earth
from whence comes life itself. Man
was never meant to be cooped up
behind a desk or behind a lathe, or
in some factory building laden with
the soot and dust of decades, without
a chance to break away for a time
and get out into God’s great out-of­
doors.

Your spring fisherman may thrill
at a lengthy run of a landlocked sal­
mon, or at the great rise as the fish
comes to the end of the line. He may
see for years to come a picture as the
fish breaks through the surface in a
gleaming bar of silver, and as he falls
back into the water the rays of the
spring sun catch the spray in a tiny
rainbow of many colors—a fitting
background for one of the finest of
fish that swim, our landlocked sal­
mon.

Your spring fisherman may hold
his breath in awe as he catches a
glimpse of the square-tailed trout
that is fighting a few feet below the
surface as he gradually and care­
fully leads the great fish within
reach of the landing net. And after
the fish has been netted and fallen
through the bottom of the net into
the bottom of the boat, you sit back
and watch the light slowly fade from
a day that has brought health and
happiness. While across the lake
against a golden spring sky, the lord­
ly spruce rear their crests into the
heavens, cathedral spires of a wilder­
ness.

Worth coming back to, isn’t it,
brother?

Lieut. Gov. Wilbert Snow of Connecticut, Wes­
leyan University professor and poet, was born on
Whitehead Island in Penobscot Bay and grew up
among the fisherfolk there and at nearby Spruce
Head on the mainland. He was a commercial fisher­
man for three years before, at the age of 17, he en­
tered Thomaston High School. He completed a four
year course in two years and matriculated at Bow­
doin College, graduating in 1907. He once said that
two forces in his early life, “a Celtic imagination”
inherited from his mother and “the surging sea
about the cliffs” of his island home had driven him
into poetry as a means of expression. Penobscot
Bay and its residents are the subject of many of his
poems.
The United States now has the greatest Navy in the world. The war in the Pacific is a naval war. It has hardly started, although many islands have been taken and lives and ships have been lost. It is a vast area, out there, with thousands of islands hundreds and thousands of miles apart.

All of this has made a more vivid impression upon me since I returned from a 25,000-mile air trip to the Pacific.

Ten members of the House Naval Affairs Committee including myself were asked to go to the Pacific in December by Chairman Carl Vinson of Georgia. Mr. Vinson is one of the ablest men in Congress and has worked toward one goal for many years—the greatest Navy in the world for the United States. He feels that committee members should visit naval establishments in order to understand requests for authorizations.

Our assignment was to get an overall picture of the Pacific war area in preparation for expected legislation. We called at naval establishments, spent one day aboard a large carrier during battle practice at sea with Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, looked over hospitals, enlisted men's quarters, visited Australian government officials and learned about some of the problems of the Pacific.

Our Fleet Admiral of the Pacific, Chester W. Nimitz, is a great man. His long experience in various bureaus of the Navy, his understanding of his men, his keen sense of humor and ability to relax contribute to his efficiency as a naval commander. Admiral Nimitz knows the Pacific, knows the Japs. All of this—with the love and loyalty of his men—will advance final victory by months and perhaps years.

I have traced the progress of the war from day to day on maps in my office and supposed I knew something about world geography. I have known all along as you have that transportation is the Number One problem, but it is only when being impressed with the vastness of the Pacific and the number of islands and distances between them that one can know the seriousness of transportation. The more the war progresses, the more acute is the shipping. Until the European war is won, transportation in the Pacific cannot be eased.

When there are shipping problems, the Number One morale item—MAIL—is affected. Mail is first in the minds of the service people, whether in training or at the front, in the hospital or on guard duty.

Above: Congresswoman Smith shakes hands with six feet seven Wayne M. Garland, formerly of Bangor, during a visit with Pearl Harbor Navy Yard workers from Maine at Pearl Harbor.

Below: Mrs. Smith chats with one of her former neighbors, Albert Sirois of Skowhegan, at a South Pacific island hospital where Sirois was resting after two years with the Seabees where he saw action at Tinian, Guam and Saipan.
When I asked one young man over there in a hospital what he wanted me to tell his mother when I got to Maine, he replied: "I guess she doesn't care about hearing from me. I haven't heard from her for three months." There was a sadness in his voice which disappeared after I explained to him that his mother had been writing to him twice a week, but probably the letters were on the sea somewhere trying to catch up with him. He had been wounded at Saipan and was in his third hospital.

Many factors contribute to the non-delivery of mail to our men and women in foreign fields. Transfers, illness, progressive treatment in a series of hospitals—all of these changes of address slow down speedy delivery. The immensity of the distribution job itself is breath-taking. I'm told that 62 million pieces were dispatched overseas during the last Christmas period and 90 per cent were delivered by Christmas Day. Truly an amazing effort under most difficult conditions.

There are other complaints besides mail. Failure in the rotation plan for furloughs and lack of fresh foods in the Southwest Pacific are talked about most. I am convinced that both will become more and more of a problem as the shipping situation becomes increasingly acute.

If you will look at your map you will see that almost anywhere in the States we are nearer the European fighting than the people in Pearl Harbor are to the Pacific battle front. Many of the islands, one and two thousand miles apart, are now occupied by our troops and make up what is known as the "back area"—without action—except as casualties are flown through, planes landing for refueling and other emergency stops, all of which is essential towards winning the war.

Many of the islands we visited are not very large, just long enough for an airstrip, a refueling point for ships and for land emplacements. These bases are not only important as links in a chain to our objective—they are still important active fighting fronts! A part of the job of our soldiers stationed at these islands is to root the Japs out of hills and caves. There are still thousands of them left on the islands that we occupy. We hope to starve them out, but that is a long process.

The executive officer on one atoll was a Maine man. He has been there for two years. The only diversion from regular duties at this place is hunting for shells and studying birds. There are 54 atolls, all connected by a road which is only seven miles long. There is plenty of rain—200 inches a year. Maine has about 45 inches. There are coconuts and interesting birds. The only women at this base are those service women who are on their way to the far west area, or on their way back to the States, landing there for an emergency.

At Manus I saw the magnificent job our Army and Navy engineers did when they converted an area of jungle swamp and mud into roads. These men had to fight not only the Japs, the jungle and the heat, but they were constantly exposed to tropical disease. Tents were first pitched on the mouldy, wet and swampy ground. Rain falls daily in such torrents that drainage becomes a major problem. Men sleeping on the ground forget how dry clothes feel. Setting up of a drainage system was one of the first jobs. The remarkably low incidence of disease on this island is proof of how successful this has been. In about four months a steaming jungle of thick undergrowth and tall palm trees was transformed into a well-drained little city where supply ships have been loaded and unloaded and sent on their way to the Philippines with combat forces. The harbor was full of these ships the day I was there.

There are many men from Maine on this island. Many were in the convoy which we saw on its way to Lingayen Bay.

For years to come we will hear about the heroic deeds of our Maine boys at Saipan. My first view of this island was from the air when we cir-
cled around waiting for the B-29's that our C-54 flew in with to land. Looking down, Saipan was like one great airfield of white coral. Actually, it is a beautiful island with a mountainous jungle running through the middle of it. When we landed on the airfield and stepped out of the plane, we saw the B-29's being refueled and made ready for another attack on Tokyo's war plants.

I visited hospitals, officers' quarters and enlisted men's barracks. Everywhere I went our men looked very well. In the islands where there are not any tropical diseases, the health record is excellent.

There is so much to talk about, but much of it must wait until after the war. For instance, the effective work of the submarines, manned by many Maine men, will not be thoroughly known until then. Many of the problems and hardships will not be understood until the war is won. It is only when seeing millions of gallons of oil in storage and in use at the front that one can realize the reasons for rationing here. It is only when thinking that the complements of one carrier or battleship alone is three thousand, a small town, that the enormity of the shipping problem is recognized.

I wish I could get the entire story to everybody. I would like to tell how Pearl Harbor has been built up since 1941 through the patience and perseverance of the natives and the cooperation of our workers going out there for the duration. We met many Navy Yard workers one evening in the Hall of Flags. There were many Maine men and women, working there, a large number of whom responded to the call of the government after the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor.

I would like to tell you how the Marines, the Seabees, the men of the air and the men on the ground—all with their quota of Maine stock—have captured the islands, blasted them to destruction and built them up again. Many of our men must sit on these isolated islands, hundreds of miles from anywhere, to hold them while new islands are taken and then prepare for evacuation of casualties and emergency landings. It is not a happy existence.

I sometimes wonder that the population of Maine does not decrease, especially after the Naval Affairs Committee assignments which take me so far away from home. Everywhere I find Maine people—people who are either born in Maine, whose parents were born in Maine, or those who have summer homes in Maine and have spent vacations there. This applies to both service people and civilians.

On the Pacific tour I found Admiral Melvin Pride, Naval Air, departing for the front. His folks came from Richmond and Norridgewock. He knows Maine.

There was Lieut. Kennedy Crane, of Skowhegan, very important in supplies out there; Chester Clayton, Storekeeper 2/c, also from my home town, keeping the Navy boys happy by feeding them well; Capt. Don Knowlton, USN, formerly of Fairfield and Winthrop, a noted eye and ear specialist in Washington before the war, in the thick of the fighting at Guadalcanal and now back near the front doing his usual excellent job; Wallace Hall, Marine, of North Anson, wounded earlier, now ready to return for further action. There were many boys from Maine in this group.

One day while flying from island to island, I looked down on a large convoy of ships which I was told later included Staff Sergeant Edward Thompson and many other men from home. I just missed them.

I found Maine doctors and nurses living in the heat and wet without conveniences, yet working long hours and relieving wounded men from their suffering.

Perhaps you believe I should have found more cheerful items to write about, but I know you want my honest impressions. We here at home don't know anything about sacrifices. The boys at the front, and the parents and wives of those who will not come home again, are carrying the burden so far.
IN considering the opportunities which the State of Maine offers in the field of aviation, we naturally turn first to recreation, an industry already developed beyond the $100,000,000 mark, and destined to greatly exceed that figure in the postwar era.

Maine's strategic location in the overall military and naval picture has provided the State with many airports, ranging from relatively small two-run-away fields to several that are among the largest in the Country. In addition, the State has numerous small turf flying fields and others are being developed each year.

Add to these the almost unlimited water areas capable of being developed as air harbors or seaplane bases and you have a field for aviation development that is almost unlimited.

If we consider the available airports in relation to their importance in the recreational picture we think of Portland and its proximity to the Casco Bay and inland resort areas; Brunswick and its popular coastal area; Rockland, gateway to the Penobscot Bay region; Bar Harbor and the Mt. Desert section; Waterville and Augusta and their nearness to the Central Maine lakes.

Others of equal importance are at Princeton, in the heart of the famed Washington County fishing and hunting paradise; Greenville, gateway to the trackless North Country that begins at Moosehead Lake; Caribou and Presque Isle in Northern Aroostook County and Millinocket, in the shadow of Mt. Katahdin.

These are modern, hard-surfaced airports capable of accommodating transport planes. With few exceptions they are now available for commercial operations. It can be anticipated that others now operated by the military will be transformed into commercial ports in the postwar period.

With the development of amphibian planes awaiting only the end of the European war, it requires little imagination to visualize the possibilities that Maine offers on its 2,486-mile coastline and its 2,465 lakes.

The almost certain popularity of airparks with sports and recreational attractions for air travelers and vacationists will place Maine in the front row of air development because of its already preponderant favor with vacation-minded people.

How can these ready-made aviation facilities be made available for development? In most cases the airports are owned by the municipalities in which they are located and operating rights may be leased from the towns or cities.

Operators from land or water bases in Maine can be sure of a volume of recreational flying from sight-seers, fishermen, hunters and those who want fast service back to metropolitan points. And they can be certain that thousands of vacationists
will soon be flying their own planes to Maine.

Although it is outside the purpose of this article to predict what the extension of airline travel may offer in Maine, it is no secret that airline operators are already considering the promotion of special vacation flights to many Maine points.

For example, one of our present-day airliners could bring twenty fishermen to Moosehead Lake from New York City in three hours. A large flying boat might bring twice that number. Week-end travel of this kind is bound to be a postwar vacation feature.

Air travel will also be a big factor in developing Maine as a winter sports region. Runways will be plowed on many large lakes and thousands of winter sports enthusiasts will fly to Maine resorts on ski-equipped planes.

Turning from the purely recreational picture to commercial flying, we find that Maine offers a big field in non-scheduled air transportation, both interstate and intrastate. Thousands of Maine people who have been more or less isolated in their own communities will be able to travel by air in the future. Commercial travelers will also make use of fast air travel to reach localities which are now many hours away by present methods of transportation.

The greatest potential opportunity in the aviation field in Maine at present is a chain of seaplane facilities and fishing accommodations on some of the state's otherwise inaccessible lakes.

Many resident and non-resident anglers are waiting for the opportunity to fish some of Maine backwoods trout waters when service is available.

It will take men who combine practical flying experience with business acumen and vision to realize the fullest of Maine's possibilities in the aviation field. But the opportunities are here, ready-made and awaiting promotion.

To give an overall picture of the present status of landing field facilities in Maine, I am appending an up-to-date list of airports and flying fields now in existence:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Runways</th>
<th>Type</th>
<th>Present Use</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
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<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Sod</td>
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</tr>
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<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
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*Army and Navy airports are not available to the flying public but it is anticipated that they will be after the war is won.
Each year, over a period extending from late in April to the middle of June, the coastal streams and brooks of central and eastern Maine are the scene of one of the most amazing and mysterious miracles in the incomprehensible book of Mother Nature.

It is the run of the alewives—millions and millions of them—jamming the streams and brooks and sluiceways from bank to bank as they head for the coastal ponds and lakes to spawn.

Where they come from out of the limitless spaces of the blue sea, no one has ever known, for few, if any, are ever taken where the deep sea fishermen drag their nets. Yet, marking experiments have shown that with unerring instinct, the fish always return to the same stream and lake where they were spawned—and to no other. And if they are unable to return to their native pond and stream, because of dams and other obstructions, the alewife returns to the sea to die. In the nomenclature of the naturalist, the alewife is anadromous.

The alewife is of the herring family, although much larger than the common herring. Average fish weigh from two-fifths to a third of a pound. When coming in from the sea, the schooling fish have silver sides and pronounced blue green backs. In appearance they resemble a small shad and have the same bony structure.

Schooling of the fish off shore as they get ready to make their runs up the coastal streams is watched closely each Spring by the veteran shore fishermen. The first sight of them is as they rile the surface of large patches of water, their shiny scales flashing in the sun, while sea gulls and fish hawks wheel overhead. Then as one of the great birds swoops down, the riling of the water spreads away from that spot, reappearing in a few minutes many yards away.

Sometimes the great schools hang off shore for days, waiting until the spawn inside them is at just the right stage of maturity. Then they make for the streams and the rush is on.

In each town along a coastal stream the next few days are hectic. Every available man and boy is busy dipping out the alewives, either for family use, or for the thousands of barrels that annually are processed by the alewife industry. Thousands of people come from far and near to watch the sight when the word is passed along that “The alewives are running.” Just a few years ago more than 1,000 persons were counted lining the banks of the small stream that passes through the town of Warren, in Knox County, on the first day the alewives began their run.

The method of processing has not changed greatly in the past century. Ten of the fish are strung through the gills on a cedar stick and then put in a salt pickle for three days. After this interval they are removed from the pickle barrel, washed in clear water and hung up to dry on the smokehouse racks. After they are thoroughly dry, a fire is made of small kindling and then smothered with sawdust, which produces the smoke necessary in this method of processing.

During the past several years several fish packers on the Maine coast

Gathering the alewives at Warren and Damariscotta
have canned the alewives under the trade name of river herring. The fish were packed in round cans and cooked or processed with slight seasoning of onion, spice and vinegar. Most of these are retailed for civilian use in this country as a war food. The 1944 pack was about 80,000 cases.

In terms of the annual catch the manpower shortage has been a controlling factor. Recent records show that the annual catch did not approach the number of fish that came into the Maine streams. In most cases the towns sold a specific amount from their river and when that was taken the fishing ceased and the remainder of the run went on to the spawning grounds.

At Dennysville, in Washington County, every sixth netful taken from the river is put into the nearby pond to insure the catch for the following year. In this particular river there have been times when the schooling fish were so thick that it was impossible to dip them with hand nets. It is not unusual for one man to dip 100 barrels of fish from the river in a single day.

ALEWIFE DIPPING is one of the oldest fisheries in Maine, so far as early coastal settlers were concerned. In 1680 it is recorded that the schooling fish were so thick in the coastal streams the inhabitants took them from the water by hand.

In 1782, at the close of the Revolutionary War, the inhabitants of what is now the town of Warren were suffering from a "shortage of provisions." The situation reaching the breaking point in April. Then, providentially, on the last day of the month, the alewives came into the St. Georges River and saved the inhabitants from starvation. The town fathers restricted the fishing and divided the catch evenly among the inhabitants. This custom was adopted generally in Maine towns where the annual run of the fish was a common thing. Each family of a town was permitted to buy a "fish ticket", which entitled them to buy 300 fish at 20 cents per hundred. Many families smoked the fish on shares.

As the original idea of the town control of the fishery was to benefit the local poor, the rights to the annual run were and still are auctioned of to the highest bidder by the town officers. Widows of the town, following the ancient custom, are allotted 400 of the fish as their part of the run.

The importance of the annual run of alewives to some of the towns on the coast is expressed in a jingle composed by one of the early inhabitants. "Thomaston for Beauty, Rockland for Pride; If it had not been for the Alewives, Warren would have died."

During the latter half of the 19th century the catching and smoking of alewives became an established industry from which the town government gained substantial income. The catches were auctioned to dealers, who processed them either by salting or smoking. Many went into the winter cellars of homes within an easy radius of the coast, but the bulk of the crop was shipped in Down-East vessels to the West Indies where they were in great demand by the Negro inhabitants. A sort of soup, made from alewives and bananas, became an important staple in the diet of Puerto Ricans.

From the early days until the present, the catch of the fish has gradually dwindled until today the amount of fish caught is but a fraction of the number landed in the 1890's.

But in the towns that have taken care of their fisheries and sluiceways, the annual run is still a marvel and an important source of sustenance and profit.

MAINE LOBSTERS are shipped almost daily by air to points as far away as the U. S. Pacific Coast.
I. The Goodall-Sanford industries, enriching the life of a State and a Nation.

By Richard A. Hebert

This is a story of the "making of Maine", a romance of the coalescence of Nature's marvelous works with the creative genius and the persevering labor of men.

It is the story of a Maine town and the industry that made it a true community—an "American" community of diverse national roots, whose honest civic pride and industrial enterprise have enriched the life of a State and a Nation.

The broad stream of Maine's history has many fountain heads. First, the inscrutable wisdom of a Creator placed in this "sentinel of the North" the hills and valleys, the lakes and streams, the rugged coast on the North Atlantic. The explorers saw all this and marvelled. Then came the settlers, who cleared the land and carved out of the wilderness with their own hands the civilization that has lost none of the pioneering, none of the daring, none of the respect for man's labors that have entitled Maine to bear on her shield the motto, "Dirigo."

Then came the inventors, the organizers, the builders, merging with the streams of men and women from other hearths, all joining together their minds and hands to fashion the monuments to industry and culture that have spread the name and fame of Maine throughout the world.

In a pleasant valley along the shores of a comparatively small river in the Southwestern Corner of Maine are spread the homes and shops and factories of Sanford-Springvale. It is the largest community in the State still retaining the historic town form of government, with selectmen, annual meeting day, direct vote on appropriations, etc. Sanford was a typical Maine farming community in 1866 when Thomas Goodall selected it as the site for his new woolen mill.

His was a typical American saga. He had arrived in New York from England in 1846 at the age of 23—penniless, for his money had been stolen from him on the long passage over. He obtained his first job at South Hadley, Mass., having been an apprentice to an English woolen manufacturer. Later he launched out for himself at Troy, N. H., where he was the first manufacturer to make blankets shaped to a horse's body. A government contract at the start of the Civil War gave him a big start along the road to success. It was the capital saved from this venture that enabled him to establish a mill for weaving mohair plush fabrics at Sanford in 1867. This was the beginning of what has since been known as the Sanford Mills.

In 1889 the Goodall family, in particular, three sons of Thomas Goodall, formed the Goodall Worsted Company to construct and operate mills for spinning wool and mohair yarn and weaving worsted textiles.

Despite their separate corporate identities these mills were operated substantially as one enterprise, the buildings being located across the street from one another. During the past year a corporation merger was effected, bringing the enterprises into one corporate structure now known as Goodall-Sanford, Inc.

This was brought about through the efforts of Elmer L. Ward, now president and treasurer of the new
corporation. Both he and other officers have been associated with the Goodall-Sanford enterprises for many years. These include William S. Nutter, vice president; F. Everett Nutter, vice president and clerk; Frank M. Sugden, vice president; and Arthur M. Jones, comptroller and assistant treasurer.

It is the expressed intention of these officers and the remaining Board of Directors not only to continue the forward-looking and progressive policies which have made Goodall-Sanford preeminent in its field, but to expand and improve these policies wherever possible in line with the company’s vital position as an integral part of the community.

From the small wooden building established by Thomas Goodall in 1867, the physical plant at Sanford has grown to scores of steel and concrete and brick buildings occupying a site of 50 acres at Sanford alone, with lesser mill buildings at adjoining Springvale. The company also owns or leases subsidiary plants in half a dozen cities of the East and Middle West, most of them used for the making of garments.

Growth of the Goodall-Sanford operations is testimony to the wide-awake policies which have always characterized these enterprises. They have always maintained one of the outstanding research organizations of the entire textile industry, keeping abreast of, and in some cases pioneering in the latest advances in textile manufacture.

Another far-sighted policy has been that of promoting and encouraging employees within the ranks, whose creative genius and business ability have contributed in no small measure to the success of the company.

One of these was William S. Nutter, present vice president of the company, who has been associated with the mills since 1891. In 1906 Mr. Nutter invented the patented “Palm Beach” cloth, which became world famous and is said to be worn wherever in the world the temperature goes above 75 degrees.

Many manufacturers have attempted to imitate this cloth, but the fact that the Palm Beach is still the outstanding summer fabric in the world is testimony that none have ever succeeded.

The “open secret” in the manufacture of Palm Beach cloth lies in the fibers from which it is woven. Angora mohair—wool from the angora goat—has a peculiar characteristic among woolen fibers. When placed under a magnifying glass, angora mohair fibers are seen to be smooth, that is, they have no fuzzy little tentacles along the surface of the fiber as do most wool and other fibers.

In the process of weaving with ordinary fibers, the fuzzy tentacles tend to mat together, closing the air spaces between the fibers. Thus they produce a cloth that is relatively air-tight, serving to retain heat and moisture, no matter how light the weight. By using the smooth fibers of angora mohair, the Palm Beach weaving of Palm Beach cloth does not mat the fibers, thereby providing, as the manufacture claims, a fabric that has 1,600 tiny “open windows” per square inch. This allows for quicker evaporation of bodily heat, which is the process that produces the cooling effect on the human skin.

Independent laboratory tests of 23 fabrics, including Palm Beach, seersuckers, linens, gabardines, synthetics, tropical worsteds and others, have shown that Palm Beach cloth has a rate of evaporation 22 per cent faster than the average of the other fabrics. Another advantage of Palm Beach cloth is that it is washable by soap and water, as well as dry-cleanable.

Prior to 1931, the Goodall company sold its Palm Beach cloth to clothing manufacturers and dealers to be made into suits and other garments. In that year, however, a subsidiary was formed to be the chief manufacturer of apparel from Palm Beach cloth and other fabrics of the company’s line. This step was considered something of an innovation in the industry at the time, but the far-sightedness of Col. William N. Campbell, then president of the company, has since proved justified, for it gave Goodall unified control of its product from raw fibers to finished suits.

It also made possible a nationally advertised uniform price within the
reach of every man's pocketbook. For the 1944 season this was $19.50 for men's "Palm Beach" suits, $24.75 for men's "Sunfrost" suits and $29.75 for men's "Springweave" suits. "Sunfrost" and "Springweave" are patented trade names for new developments in fabric for summer apparel, the former being a blended fabric with the feel and appearance of Cashmere and the latter having a super-resistance to wrinkling. One of the customers' tests for "Springweave" is to tie the sleeve into a hard knot, then untie it and the resultant wrinkles quickly disappear. The "open secret" here is again found to a great extent in the angora mohair characteristics, one of which is that the fiber is two and one-half times as strong as most grades of wool. That, plus years of Goodall research, finally resulted in the "Springweave" fabric.

While the bulk (58 per cent in 1944) of Goodall's products was in finished garments, the diversity of the operations is shown by important percentages in other categories, such as cloths for service and commercial uniforms, neckties, women's suits and dresses, cassock and nun's habit cloth, cloth for shirtings and lounging robes and drapery, upholstery, bedspread and other decorative fabrics for homes, hotels, offices, hospitals and certain transportation uses.

Products of the Sanford Mills Division have a foremost reputation in trade and transportation circles. These include pile upholstery fabrics for automobiles, railroads, and other transportation users, furniture manufacturers, jobbers, distributors, etc. Also produced are woolen cloakings, carpeting, coated fabrics, rubber rolls and processed fibers.

At one time more than 85 per cent of the plush upholstered seats on America's railroads were covered by the products of the Goodall-Sanford mills. And when the automobile, especially the now predominant closed car came in, the Goodall-Sanford company was ready and manufactured enormous quantities of pile fabrics for this market. During the past two years they have developed new types of pile fabrics to meet a change in public taste for smoother finished automobile upholstery fabrics.

During the current war, both divisions have done a substantial amount of direct and indirect war production, including the manufacture of woolens, alpaca pile fabrics, coated fabrics, duck, military and naval uniforms, Army ties, shirting, bunting and other materials.

The foregoing description of products gives some idea of the diversity of operations of Goodall-Sanford, Inc. But, more important, it reflects a steady growth and development through changing times of war and peace, of constant alertness to changes in public tastes, new textile methods and constantly improved products. Starting with the manufacture of horse blankets in the Civil War, the Goodall operations have weathered three subsequent wars and every major and minor economic depression.

As for postwar prospects, no serious reconversion problem is anticipated, because all products manufactured directly or indirectly for war purposes have been manufactured with existing plant and equipment from raw materials similar to those used in its normal business. Also, they are of the same general character as the company's normal products.

One net result of the company's diversity and unhesitancy to adopt progressive policies has been the stability of its labor force and the good will and loyalty evidenced on many occasions by its employees. This labor record is outstanding even for Maine, where the general tone of employer-employee relationships is far smoother and on a more rational basis than perhaps in any other section of the Nation. Exemplary of the community of interest between labor and management is the fact that in all the years of its existence there has never been a serious labor dispute at Goodall-Sanford since the gates were first opened to employees.

In years of service there are scores of employees who have been with the company forty and fifty years and many more count their tenure of employment there at upwards of twenty years.
As an integral and vital part of the community it has helped to build, the Goodall-Sanford industries have an important share in the civic, philanthropic and cultural life of Sanford-Springvale.

In the Central Square of the town stands a bronze statue of the late Thomas Goodall, founder of the industries. The statue was conceived, financed and erected by the employees themselves as a token of their appreciation for what man had wrought in Sanford. When, in 1910, the town voted to erect a municipal building and raised $15,000 for that purpose, George B. Goodall, chairman of the building committee, put up $65,000 of his own money to construct an $80,000 structure—in those days a mighty and imposing project for a town of its size.

When the housing situation became acute in the summer of 1919, the company had 100 modern houses built, which were sold to the employees at less than cost. Today, the percentage of people who own their own homes is higher in Sanford than in any other town or city in the State.

The company some years ago built an outstanding baseball park for this community and for years the Goodall-Sanford team was tops among industrial teams in the state.

In 1928 the Henrietta B. Goodall Memorial Hospital was constructed on Sherburne Heights, a handsome, modern institution of early Georgian architecture. This hospital has for years ranked among the first ten in the Nation on standards of equipment, operation and general excellence.

With community support and the generosity of the Goodall family an airport was laid out in 1930, which has since been expanded and is now being operated by the Navy as one of the finest airports in Maine. In the postwar era, if the Navy does not need it, this airport will be a tremendous asset to all of Southwestern Maine.

Sanford and Springvale, joined together in one town administration, both have outstanding high schools and in the former the town’s dominant industry is recognized by a course of study in textiles, the first to be established in the State.

Sanford today also boasts of one of the most outstanding park and playground developments in New England. There is a Memorial Park of many acres of rolling, wooded land bordering on the Mousam River between Sanford and Springvale; there is a large playground near the center of Sanford directly across from the baseball park and it is fully equipped with the latest in sports courts, wading pool, field house with showers and all necessary paraphernalia; Springvale also has its up-to-date playground; and a new playground is being developed on High Street at the eastern end of the town, which will combine park and playground development. The Memorial Park project is being coordinated with the high school athletic field and recreational program.

All of these projects have been made possible through the active interest of the Goodall family and other individuals connected with the mills and through the medium of their gifts, legacies and endowments.

The Goodall-Sanford group also has been a major factor in the development of the Bauneg Beg Country Club, one of the most attractive in New England, and development of the Town Club, whose attractive quarters are used for meetings of the Rotary, Kiwanis and other community groups. Both these projects have been assisted as instruments of civic improvement and encouragement to civic morale.

One of the outstanding libraries in Maine, the Louis B. Goodall Memorial Library was built in 1937 as a gift to the community by Mrs. Lelia Goodall Thornburg. It is on Main Street near the original Goodall residence.

To list the other myriad ways in which the entire area of Maine centered on Sanford-Springvale has benefited by the existence of the Goodall-Sanford mills would be impossible. The modern town improvements, the creature comforts, the earnings and savings that made possible college educations for so many, the encouragement to the professions, the support for cultural activities, all these and other categories of community life have found their well-
springs in the achievements of the men and women who, over the years, have developed Goodall-Sanford.

From heterogeneous origins—English, French, Canadian, Scotch and Irish—has developed a unified community and a community esprit that stands today as a beacon light in the broad panorama of American life.

To all the men and women of Goodall-Sanford, in high office or at humble task, who have contributed in the past 80 years to the building of this monument of man's humanity to man, the State of Maine gives unstinting praise. And to the men and women of Goodall-Sanford who have gone to war goes the assurance of an industry and a community that their town, their people, wish them a safe and speedy return.

The Wadsworth-Woodman Company in Winthrop is the oldest oil cloth plant in the nation still operating under its original management. Besides oilcloth for essential civilian use, such as table and shelf covering, hospital sheeting, infants' sanitary wear, mattress covers, etc., it recently completed a contract for oil cloth covers used in wrapping airplane motors during shipment overseas. It is one of only three plants in the country producing this essential commodity. Under normal capacity the plant can turn out 15 to 16 miles of 46 or 54 inch oil cloth every day, so that in 10 days the plant could turn out a strip of finished oil cloth reaching from Winthrop to Boston.

A new industry to use pine pulp in the manufacture of fibre board is planned at South Windham. Organization of the new company recently was announced and production is scheduled to be underway during the coming months. The process was brought to this Country from Austria and the originator has been making experiments in the fibre board field in Maine for more than a year. The product is expected to be used in the shoe industry, among other users, and the plant will be the only one in the United States operating under this special patent. The South Windham area has a large supply of pine.
A ROUND the cracker barrel at one of the famous old country stores near here they still tell the story about the man who has since risen to be president of one of our largest Maine corporations, a story which he has told on himself very often.

It seems that in his younger days, when he was first starting out on the road, he was very much pleased with himself and with his job. On his first visit to this particular country store he walked in with all the cockiness in the world and introduced himself presumpously to the typical old Maine Yankee proprietor. In rapid fire order he stated his name, the company he represented, the purpose of his visit, etc., etc.

When he finally finished his spiel, he old Yankee calmly looked at him over his glasses and said:

"How do you do! Have a chair. Have two chairs!"

—C. R. S., Augusta.

IN ITS STORY on the recent fire which destroyed famous old Calais Academy, the Calais Advertiser raked over a bit of ancient history which depicts the rugged perseverance—some call it doggone stubbornness—typical of Maine folk. The account follows:

"In 1856 the Hon. Noel Smith of Calais was Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives and through his efforts a grant for Calais Academy was given by the State. Mr. Smith experienced a great deal of difficulty in securing the grant, but kept hammering away until one day he achieved his objective.

"He started talking at the opening of the session early in the morning. The day wore on and Noel kept talking. Noontime came and other members went out for lunch, but Noel kept on talking, only stopping at intervals to sip from a glass of water. The afternoon came and drew to a close and Noel kept on talking. Adjournment time came and Noel was still talking. Finally a thoroughly beaten-down legislator jumped to his feet and shouted: 'For Heaven's sake give him his old grant. He's the only windmill I ever saw that could run all day on nothing but water!'

"Mr. Smith incidentally went on to higher things, becoming Secretary of the State of Maine and later Secretary of the United States Senate, an office he held at the time President Lincoln was assassinated."

—J. L. M., Calais.

The "Old Lady" nobody wanted has achieved world fame and brought a new dairy record to the State of Maine. She is Gilsland B. Foxy Poetess, a registered Jersey owned by Dr. George L. Meylan of Casco, and named a national and state champion by the American Jersey
Cattle Club. In the 305 days of the record tests, the “Old Lady” produced more butterfat than any Jersey over 12 years of age since the Club began keeping records 76 years ago!

The “Old Lady” was bred by David E. Moulton of Portland and Falmouth and was sold into the herd of Walter F. Nolen at five years of age. When the Nolen herd was dispersed in 1940, many experienced breeders made their selections until the 50 sister-milkers were all gone. Mills C. Aldrich, herdsman for Dr. Meylan, said the cow was too good to go out of production when the war effort was beginning to look for more milk. The herdsman’s appeal brought her to her new home and now to world fame as one of the greatest Jersey cows of all time!

—W. S. R., Portland.

Dick Hallet, whose latest book “Foothold of Earth” is “typically Maine”, tells about the time at the beginning of the war production effort when he went along the Maine coast trying to interest the old-time Maine boat-builders in constructing wooden barges that the Government said it needed fast.

Down Thomaston way he was directed to the home of one of the veteran builders whose small boats made fame when that Maine coastal industry was in its heyday. He found the place, up on a point of land, and knocked on the front door. The only response was a dog barking inside the house. He went around to the kitchen door and knocked there. Still no answer. He headed for the woodshed and knocked there, just as the kitchen door opened.

The gruff old boatbuilder asked him what he wanted. The conversation then went something like this:

“Can you build barges?” Dick asked.
“Maybe.”
“Can you build them [—] (giving the specifications)?”
“I might.”
“Can you build them with Maine spruce?”

“I guess so. How much?”
Dick told him the Government estimated about $100,000 each.
“How many?”
Dick said maybe five or six at that particular yard.

The old builder went back in the kitchen, presumably to do a little quick figuring. Then he returned:
“All right. When do they want to start?”
Dick said he would let him know as soon as he could get the Government agencies to complete the arrangements. They said goodbye.
“Half a million dollars’ worth of business,” smiles Dick, “and he didn’t even invite me into his kitchen!”

—C. S. S., Portland.

MAINE FOLKS FORGIVE, but they don’t forget. In a story announcing the arrival in town of a certain respected gentleman to speak for the formation of a very worthy organization, the Skowhegan Independent Reporter notes:

“Incidentally (Mr. Blank) is no stranger to Skowhegan, since he was chased out of town nearly sixty years ago with his Augusta baseball team. He clearly recalls Ed Heselton, one of the well known proprietors of the Hotel Heselton.”

—J. B., Skowhegan.

AIR AGE NOTE: A small plane equipped with skis landed on snow-covered Gilman Street in Waterville recently and while residents of the vicinity believed the plane had been forced down, it was learned later that it had landed there for the convenience of a passenger.

The plane was piloted by Win Bowen, who has a field at Pittston and with him was Arthur Brann of Silver Street, Waterville.
Brann said the landing was made at the closest spot available to his home and he termed it a “convenient” place.

—Waterville Sentinel.

S. J. Tupper, 98, of Waterville, is the oldest pensioner of the more than
2,500 former employees receiving annuities from the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company. Tupper was a kerosene salesman before he retired prior to World War I.

—C. S. M., Waterville.

This is undoubtedly the worst storm since the one that all but obliterated the standpipe, according to the pictures. But there is no truth in the rumor that the sardine factory owners have sent in an order for 500 pairs of snowshoes for the out-of-town packers.

—Bonar, Lubec Herald.

The Pine Cone will pay $5 for each lead item and $2 for each subsequent item published in Around the Cracker Barrel. The material can be anything of fact, fiction, or phantasy, so long as it conforms to the description of "typically Maine." Contributions must be not longer than 250 words and cannot be acknowledged or returned. Address: Cracker Barrel Editor, State of Maine Publicity Bureau, 3' St. John Street, Portland 4, Maine.

CAPT. C. E. ALLEN of Gardiner, Army Medical Corps, home recently on a 30-day sick leave, walked into the R. P. Hazzard Co. shoe factory at Augusta wearing a pair of Hazzard-made paratroop boots that had seen him through 14 months of duty overseas, including many weeks of muddy, frontline slogging. Purpose of his visit was to compliment the company on the excellence of their product, for the boots showed little evidence of serious wear. He received his boots on Christmas Day in 1942 and wore them almost constantly while in France. Many times, he said, they were caked with mud a half-inch or more thick.

MOUNT KATAHDIN, rising one mile above the Central Maine Forest, is the first spot in the United States to greet the morning sun. On a clear day it is possible to see more land and water from the top of this mountain than from any other known point of land, as there are no other ranges to cut off the view. The greater part of this area has been deeded to the State by former Governor Percival P. Baxter as a State Park in memory of his father.
Because the following article is so descriptive of Maine, where the late Arthur Staples gave full expression to the inspirations of a lifetime, The Pine Cone is proud to reprint his tribute to a great region—New England.

There is a story that, once upon a time, the gods decided to make four perfect days, each different from the others.

So Jove summoned the makers of days from their shy retreats and bade them to their work. And one took the vesture of the morning mists and fashioned a day of the color of the plumage of the gray dove. It walked amid apple-blossoms over carpets of violets; and tiny birds burst into song at its coming. And they called it Spring.

Another took the hour of noon and made of it a Summer day. It was like a beautiful woman, her garments strung with amethyst and topaz. And the fire of her sleepy eyes was full of the passion of the Southland.

Another flung away all of the trappings of the high noon and out of the languorous hours of mid-afternoon, made such opulent loveliness, that the gods had never seen its like before. Of the ochre of the dust, he made the settings of this perfect Autumn Day; rubies, amber and jade were its jewels, in settings of yellow gold.

And then Winter came, riding on Orion and the Pleiades, and made the one perfect day like the cold dead form of all loveliness, a pale princess of the snows. She lay on a royal bed of ermine, her garments sprinkled with diamonds; in her hands, lilies; on her bosom, strings of priceless pearls.

But there was no place where Perfect Days could all abide at once. Not in the South, where Winter could not go, and where Spring could not be born. Not in the North, where Summer dies and Autumn never was. Nowhere in all the Universe, a fitting place! So Jove again assembled all the gods and they created New England as the abiding place for the Four Perfect Days and custodian of the Four Seasons — The Temperate Land, which has and holds in keeping these marvels of the works of the gods, both great and small.

They ask us why we love New England and we say it is because we have spring, summer, autumn and winter. After a winter of blazing beauty and superb glory, come the brown patches through the snow, the budding of trees, the running of the sap; the spectacle of renewing life; and Spring comes through the April shower to the days when the apple blossoms empurple every hillside and the great trout leap to the lure, in every brook, stream and lake.

Soft winds sigh imperceptibly, day and night into June and July when the roses bloom, the bluebird rambles from place to place and that bobolink has his own job to do, singing choruses from every fencepost. Me-thinks there is a brook I know, that meanders through a velvet meadow; a bending elm casts shadow; cows are knee-deep in buttercups; white clouds; a village spire; a caressing air of coolness on my cheek! This is New England summer.
I HAVE DWELT where the tradewinds blow, all day, all night, rattling the palms—lovely indeed it is, perfect peace, if you can have a change after a while. New England guarantees the change, slowly at first, through crimson leaves and amber days; into the gentle coming of the first frosts and snows, so fine and fair that children leap in glee to welcome the first feathery flakes of winter—lovelier than can be described. I have even passed a time on the shores of Huron, where the people of the great Southwest go for summer rest. Lovely indeed! But not our Atlantic Coast, the Ocean itself singing, with “haughty husky lips” the songs of romance and of adventure. In Huron, is none of that appeal of vast distant shores, whence pirate and free-booter sailed; where Cabot touched; which Raleigh held; which Pilgrim settled.

The gods made New England topographically as an abode of the FOUR seasons—none other has them. That is why we love it and why we ask you to come and participate in our regard. Everywhere is something different from what had ever been before—as different as are the four Perfect Days, one from another.

One moment a glimpse of the ocean; next a towering mountain; next a mighty cataract; next a lake miles long, miles wide; next forests with sunlight streaming down among the trees as in cathedral aisles; winding roads over hills, down valleys, breaking suddenly into vistas of streaked mountains of sky-blue lake or peaceful villages. Here amid all these shy retreats there is place for four hundred perfect days—all perfect days in all years, storm or shine, fog or fine, each with its variety and appeal. The gods knew what they were about when they made a casket, such as New England, for her gems of perfect days.

NEW ENGLAND! We love her also for her traditions and her history; for her records of loyalty; the graves on the hillside; the dead by the sea, and nameless graves of heroes in the sea; the graves on every battlefield where the cause of freedom has been fought. On every side it presents a new tale of romance, a field of endless research for scholar and historian. Every hamlet has its traditional hero; every village its unique possession in native-son achievement in statesmanship or letters. Beauty, variety indeed! but also it appeals to the imagination and the intellect.

We love New England because it is unique in the making. Heavy mountain ranges cross it from south to north, out of the Appalachian. Pounding seas intruded on it; cupped deep bays and estuaries until its coast-line is the most wonderful in the world. Down its mountain-sides rush a score of the noblest rivers of the east. Away to the north from its foot-hills, flow, in lazy, meandering fashion, ideal canoeing waters through vast forests, across wondrous purple lakes, blue as amethysts, on down to the sounding seas of the far north, between Maine and Canada. Umbajejus, Umbazooksus, and Alle-gash waters! Beaver flap along; deer and moose stand knee-deep in their mirrored summer flow; wild-birds flutter away at the paddle-stroke. Great, lone hills of solid flint arise round about and snow-capped Katahdin stands sentinel. Lake-side camps are there, silent and remote, save for the cry of the loon or the startled leap of the deer or moose. And everywhere lakes, lakes, lakes. God was good to New England.

The late Arthur Gray Staples’ literary gifts were enhanced by a personal charm that made him beloved throughout the State. A native of Bath and graduate of Bowdoin College, he began his career with the Lewiston Journal and, despite flattering offers from other periodicals, he remained loyal to his first love. In public affairs and education circles he wielded great influence and gained repute throughout New England as one of the most fascinating of after-dinner speakers. Maine owes him a debt for his promotion of progressive measures, proclaiming of the State’s multiple assets and the heritage of good literature and highly descriptive writings he left to Maine posterity in book form.

—Alice Frost Lord
We love New England because it is the home of Thrift, Education, Industry, Agriculture—a balanced ration for a real existence. Fields, pastures, sea, forest, towns and cities, valley and mountain, commingle in a land of boundless energy and restless courage. It pleases the eye to see the college tower against the outline of the factory chimney and see the trig New England home amid the harvest glory. Here pressed early the foot of the adventuresome pioneer and ever onward and inward from the first foothold on the rugged coast rang the woodman's axe to carve a domain from the wilderness. We love New England because she built the school and the meeting-house first, of all her possessions. We love her busy towns and cities; her broad spaces; her roads; her kindly people; her winding highways; her elm-shaded streets. We love her for her fathers and mothers of the stock that built republics.

Elemental and fundamental is this, our love for New England; and this is why we seek to set before the world its unique appeal and offer its treasures freely to all comers. It offers vast entertainment different from any other, in its healthfulness and invigoration, throughout the Four Seasons. Over it sweeps the tang of the sea and the balsam of the pines. Its air is most pure; its perfume sweet. Songs are sung in the pines of New England different from the song of the palm, yet passing beautiful. There is a restless beat of musical waves on the keyboard of its majestic beaches. There is a song of courage where the rollers from off the windward shores break upon its crags. Perfect rest and dreamless sleep are in the retreat of some forest cabin, by some lake where the waves ripple and sing all day, all night just outside your window. There is regained strength in canoe trips down New England streams and the camp by night under the shelter of the tent. Here is the finest mountain range east of the Rockies with Mount Washington supreme in height and one lonesome mountain far to the north, Katahdin, silent in a wilderness.

We love New England because of her perfect days and nights; her variety and charm. Let others sing of winter in the tropics; we bespeak all seasons in New England—today, alert as she is, prepared and waiting for the coming guests, her highways ready, her people eager and waiting. Down the galleries of the past we see the pioneer. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence down all the shores to the quieter waters beyond Cape Cod, this was historic ground. Civilization found here an early and fertile field. And he who comes will find not only the things that minister to health and comfort but also vast treasures of history and tradition wherein, amid perfect days, of the Four Seasons, he may refresh both mind and body, to his lasting benefit and joy.

This is why we love New England.

(Copyright, Lewiston Journal Co.)

Maine lobster fishermen in 1944 sold 14,500,000 pounds of that marine delicacy at an average price of 28 cents a pound. It was the largest haul since 1892. In returns to fishermen, the lobster is the most valuable seafood in Maine and one of the most valuable in New England. Reports of fishermen making $300 to $1,000 in some good weeks were numerous. And officials expect an expanding post-war market.
FOREWORD: Eight years ago William L. Robbins came back, after many years of absence—mostly spent in large cities—to his native Island, to take over the newspaper which has served Deer Isle and other communities of eastern Penobscot Bay for 60 years.

He found the location of the Messenger office greatly to his liking. From its front windows he can look out upon the village "square" and up the hill with its magnificent trees overhanging the street to where the Church-on-the-hill stands on the summit. He can see the ebb and flow at the postoffice as the mail comes and goes—the youth and life surrounding the school buildings; familiar faces and the friendly wave of the hand as neighbors and summer residents go by afoot or in their cars.

From the rear windows he looks out upon the peaceful and soul-satisfying view of the Beautiful Harbor, the friendly white houses nestled in the trees on both sides, and, across the waters of the Bay, the Camden Hills. As he writes:

"The scene here is never twice alike—always changing but always satisfying. Varying conditions of weather and atmosphere; wind and calm; high tide or low; dawn, daylight, dusk and dark; clouds and sunshine—it is always an inspiration to look out of my back windows and it is from here that I see the varied life of sea and shore—the gulls, the eagles, the fish hawks and the little diving ducks, as well as the movement of the boats, the boys and girls swimming around the float—and, when the sun goes down, the glories of the sunsets."

So it was that Bill Robbins began to set down these incidents and impressions in a little editorial column of the Messenger, entitled, appropriately enough, "From My Window." Folks in general apparently liked the same things he did and many said so in letters and by word of mouth. Many suggested that he assemble some of his sketches in book form, which he finally did.

His friend Gluyas Williams, a summer resident of Deer Isle, drew him a cover for the book and a heading for the weekly column, which is reproduced above. Except for the length of the nose it is a good likeness, Bill admits.
Then Frank P. Sibley, the famous Ed Pointer of the Boston Globe, wrote a foreword for a "book he had not read, written by a man he had never seen."

Nor had Sibley ever seen Deer Isle. Yet he could certainly say he knew the author, and through him he had come to know Deer Isle. Week by week, from the day he first discovered the modest off-shore newspaper on his desk, Sibley followed the ever-changing scene at Deer Isle and Northwest Harbor, and he could say, of Bill Robbins:

"He has shown me the bay, iced up or bringing home the flounder fisherman; the roads and the rabbits, the dog and the cat; he has made me acquainted with the sturdy, friendly neighbors and carried me along on the adventures of the wayward old horse who had the run of the place.

"Most of all, he has shown himself, which is what every man who puts pen to paper must do. And the man who can write with enthusiasm of sunrise and breezes, with love of his neighbors and with a keen eye for tiny incidents, is a man to cherish."

Bill Robbins got out his book in 1943, printing it in attractive form on the Messenger Press. That issue is now exhausted. He is trying to find time now to get out a new 1945 edition, containing some of the best-liked sketches that have appeared since 1943.

The Pine Cone likewise first "discovered" Bill Robbins in the columns of the Deer Isle Messenger. Because we believe his writings typify to a superlative degree the simple strength and beauty that characterize the Maine scene and Maine people, we obtained from him permission to reprint several sketches of our own selection from his book.

—R. A. H.

**NICE FOR THE NERVES**

It's a panacea for tired nerves—this early morning scene from my window. Not that my nerves are particularly frazzled, but I have been thinking as I have looked at it for a few minutes before beginning the work of the day how restful it would be to many if they could watch the changing scene with me.

As I first look out the sun has not been up very long. It floods against the green bank on the opposite side of the Harbor, glinting the white trunks of the birches and gleaming from the white houses nestled in the trees. There is scarcely a breath of wind and the water is like a mirror. Presently a faint breeze gently ripples the surface and it is like a piece of moire silk. Off in the distance the hills are soft with blue haze. It is still, for the cars of the shipyard workers have all gone by and never a man-made noise disturbs the silence. Neither is there much motion. Evidently it is too early for the gulls, who are probably commuting from their sleeping ledges out in the Bay. Only a pair of little yellow birds flit about among the apple blossoms in the tree below my window and a pair of fat robins hop about the beach. Oh, yes, there's a crow seeking what he can find in the rockweed on the ledges. The tide is going out and the boat down here on the beach which was floating a few moments ago is now resting on its side on the sand.

It's beginning to get more lively out there and the business of the day is under way. The first gull just floated by my window and they are beginning to appear, spotted on the ledges and floating on the water. A fish hawk is out for his breakfast, swirling around with his sharp eyes searching the water below. He spies something and stops short in his flight, rearing up on his tail as his wings fan the air to stop progress. Then he zigzags down and plunges into the water. Up again with a shake of water from his pinions he rises for another reconnaissance, and his mate joins him to see what's cooking. A flock of a dozen ducks in ragged formation flies south over the mill dam.
As I finish it is still peaceful and beautiful. The scent from the huge bouquet of lilac blossoms which grow beside my building mingles with the salty tang from the Harbor. The sky is cloudless and the sun shines full over all. It is hard to realize that the world is in turmoil, but just as sure as the seasons change and the sun shines to bring warmth and light, the turning cycles of time will bring peace and calm and security to the world again—and soon, I hope.

NOSTALGIA

MADE me just a little homesick to wander around the old home place on Buckminster’s Point the other day. I looked over the cellar hole and foundation stones of the old house where first I saw the light of day and Aunt Edie got one of the severe shocks of her life when she saw the infant and asked my mother if that was the prettiest baby the doctor had. I remembered the fence by the orchard under which I used to crawl on my tummy and swipe the plums. I looked up on the ledge where my grandfather’s little blacksmith shop used to be and which I haunted by the hour, fascinated by the glowing forge, the sparks from the anvil and the ox-to-be-shod hanging in his sling. I wandered over to where the barn used to stand and could again see the cows with their necks in the old wooden stanchions, and up high, the loft where I used to sweat in haying time. Again I looked up the lane to the pasture, (if you can call 150 acres of woods and ledge and field a pasture) where old Shep and I and any boys or girls who were handy used to hunt the cows—clean over the Settlement quarry hill. I wandered down to the shore on the cove side to the ledge where I sailed my boat and the steep rock I used to fish off of and fall in from. Then across to the shore and beaches on the ocean side through mowing fields, now growing up to spruces. Up on that ledge was where I burned my barefoot toe at a clambake. The thorn tree looks just the same as it did fifty years ago.

I wandered around the shore toward the point—over the sandy beach where the more hardy of us occasionally bathed in the cold ocean water—over the big ledges covered with the bleaching shells of clams, sea urchins and mussels, dropped there by the gulls so they could get at the meat. I looked at the great boulder—still big to my adult eyes, but which was enormous when I viewed it as a boy—which I used to scramble up and slide down, to the horror of the seat of my britches. The lobster traps are piled up on the ledge just as they used to be 50 years ago.

Off there is Sheep Island, where Grandfather Buckminster used to turn his sheep out in the spring, bringing them back in the fall, and where I used to go “rozbring” and step into hornets’ nests with my bare feet. Beyond is wide-spreading Merchant’s Island and farther ‘round to the south is the multitude of isles of all sizes, with lofty Isle au Haut in the background.

Back again in the cove I can see the little white peapod as it used to swing at its mooring just off the big ledge. In it I used to play and guide the sailing of the miniature “Volunteer” which Father carved and rigged for me.

But the house and the barn and the blacksmith shop and the bars in the pasture fence are all gone and while the beauty of the spot still remains, now it is back to nature again and only memory peoples it and makes it live—and makes me homesick.

But, thank God for the memories.

GRANDSIR

IN town meeting I was seated immediately back of Roswell Davis. Most 88, he said he was, and this was his 66th town meeting without a miss. About every third person, seems if, who passed him on their way to the ballot box, hailed him affectionately as “Grandsir.” I was intrigued. “How many descendants have you on the Island?” I inquired. “Well,” says he, “I was figur-
ing up the other day and counting my 11 children and children's children, with their husbands and wives—there's 186 of 'em.” I could see after that why he was so interested in town affairs.

A TRIP IN THE TANGO

ONCE in many moons comes an experience that borders on the perfect, and as I look back on that cruise in A. Cressey Morrison’s “Tango” last Monday it seems as if that was one of 'em. I know I thought so at the time—I'm sure of it now. A smooth running boat on a smooth sea, clear vision to see leaping porpoises, spouting whales, slithering seals, passing sails, the seamy cliffs of the ages—old shore lines—pleasant companions with whom you can talk or be silent, eloquently. Whales? Sure! First individuals, then a school of several with three spouting at the same time with roars that came clearly over the half mile or so of distance. Enough of fishing to know that the fish were there—lunch on the lee side of craggy Seal Island. Ashore at quaint Matinicus and again at Vinalhaven. Then the ride home across the Bay with the sun astern sinking in a haze. Something of a burn, a fish or two, good appetite, the sloughing off of petty worries, the urge to sleep the sleep of utter relaxation and the memories of fine friendships and a wonderful host—that's part of what I netted in a single perfect day.

THE TRAVEL INDUSTRY is expected to be Maine's No. One postwar business. A recent survey conducted by the Maine Hotel Association shows what type of vacations people coming to the State prefer. A total of 47.3 per cent of the visitors coming to Maine would spend most of their time in one place, 6.8 per cent would spend most of their available time touring and 45.9 per cent would take a combination of both. Swimming led all other outdoor sports in preference.

IF THERE IS A POSTWAR unemployment problem, Maine, because of its diversified industrial program, will be able to absorb the shock better than the majority of other states, in the opinion of Llewellyn C. Fortier, chairman of the Maine Unemployment Commission.
On Jan. 23, 1895, it was announced that the pine cone had received 11,411 votes for first place in the contest to choose Maine’s floral emblem in the national garland. Goldenrod came second, with 4,014 votes. Appleblossom was third with 3,134; others being mayflower, 318; pond lily, 76; violet, 41; pansy, 24; clover, 20; and scattering votes to 11 others, including corn, rose, sweet pea, columbine, daisy, dandelion, pink, Canada thistle, sunflower, poppy and chrysanthemum, in that order.

Old time Maine woodsmen forecast immediate weather prospects by noting the antics of wildlife. When the deer, foxes, rabbits and other game fail to move around much, it usually means a storm is on the way. Usually these animals will forecast a clearing, too, by coming out before the storm is over. This warning was evident recently at the Waterville Airport where, just before a snowstorm ended, several foxes appeared on the runways. A few days later, even following a good storm, there were no tracks around and another heavy snowstorm came within 24 hours.

—Gene Letourneau, Waterville Sentinel

From the standpoint of snow cover and other natural conditions, the past Winter was the best for winter sports in Maine for many years, but the absence of so many young people in the services and the necessary wartime restrictions which cut down such activities resulted in only limited participation in this form of recreation, winter sports fans report. If conditions are more favorable next Winter, Maine should have a banner winter sports season, they predict.

Photo Credits:


Pasture Scene and Brook Fishing by George F. French for Maine Development Commission.


Alewives, by Wayne Buxton for Maine Development Commission.
tem of the Senate and Chief Justice Fuller presided over the Supreme Court,—almost the whole government of the United States in the hands of men from Maine.

MAINE of the hundred harbors! How many pens have praised her beauty, how many brushes traced her charms! How many hearts in all America delight in the memory of Artemus Ward and Bill Nye and Sarah Orne Jewett, of C. A. Stephens' Old Squire and Kate Douglas Wiggin's Rebecca, of the Maine stories of Elijah Kellogg and radio's Seth Parker, and of many another neighbor 'way down East'!

On a summer night the stars stand out like beacon lights above the silent hills. Trim farms sleep in the moonlight. A trout leaps for a gnat, a deer steps lightly down to the brook, the harsh cry of a loon cuts the darkness. And hosts of America's men and women and boys and girls are drinking deep of the pine-scented air, burying the cares of a weary winter—it's vacation time in MAINE!

If your heart be homesick for the pound of the surf on a rockbound coast, for a clear blue sky above a deep blue sea—if you long for misty mountain tops and rock-sheltered beaches, for the quiet of a campfire beside a peaceful lake—if you would find 'blueberries lying purple on the burnt pine barrens' and raspberries weighing the bushes along a lazy country road—then it's time to be off to MAINE!

PINE TREE STATE, our nation salutes you! Accept our tribute to your industry and your rich tradition—and to the haunting loveliness that lures the traveler back and back again to your open, hospitable door!

As broadcast to the Nation
(Arranged by General Motors Co. in cooperation with Maine Publicity Bureau)
MAINE has been a valiant soldier. Her men battled for their empire against the Indians and the French. They marched with Arnold up the Kennebec to storm Quebec.

MAINE has been a dauntless sailor. Her fishing boats routed British warships in the first naval battle of the Revolution. Maine-built ships and Maine-bred seamen sailed the seven seas long before the days of the Yankee clipper.

MAINE has wrested the bounties of Nature from the sea and from the soil. Her fisheries enrich our tables with herring and lobster, haddock and cod. Her quarries yield granite monoliths for our great cathedrals. Her timber becomes lumber for our houses, paper for our books. Her farms grow America’s richest crop of potatoes.

The rushing waters of a thousand streams speed the looms of textile mills, the whirring wheels of the shoemaker.

Most of all, and best of all, she has been a mother or foster-mother of noble men and women. Here Henry Wadsworth Longfellow walked with Hawthorne on the campus of old Bowdoin. Here Edna St. Vincent Millay puts singing words on paper. Here Lillian Nordica hummed her earliest melodies, and Robert E. Peary and Donald MacMillan mapped Polar expeditions. Here James G. Blaine won his countrymen’s affections as the Plumed Knight; here Hudson and Hiram Maxim worked out their early inventions. Here Robert Hallowell Gardiner opened agriculture’s first school, and Frank Munsey and Cyrus H. K. Curtis dreamed of magazines. At one and the same time, Thomas B. Reed was Speaker of the House of Representatives, William P. Frye was President pro

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)