

IN THE MAINE WOODS 1916



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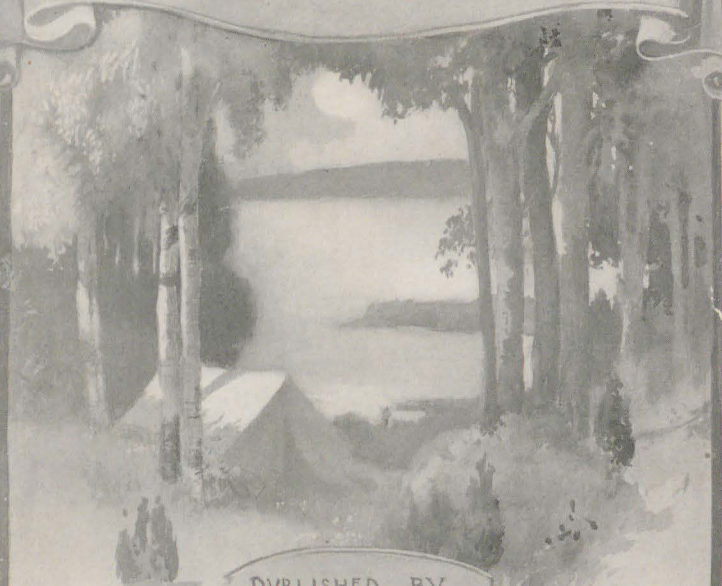
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ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

EZRA H. FITCH, President

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IN THE
MAINE WOODS



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THE
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RAILROAD
BANGOR - MAINE
GEORGE M. HOUGHTON
PASSENGER
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MANAGER

"In The Maine Woods"

Written and arranged by Wilfrid A. Hennessy

Extracts from this book are allowed provided full credit is given the
Bangor & Aroostook R. R.

A copy of this book will be sent to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps
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CONTENTS

VACATION DAYS IN THE MAINE WOODS.....	7
AU LARGE! BY ELIZABETH F. HANLY, THOMASTON, ME.....	11
THE FAMOUS CANOEING WATERS OF THE AROOSTOOK COUNTRY	17
THE POPULAR WEST BRANCH TRIP.....	23
THE CRUISE DOWN THE EAST BRANCH.....	25
CANOEING DOWN THE ST. JOHN.....	28
SOME SHORTER CANOE VOYAGES.....	29
THE STORY OF A CANOE TRIP DOWN THE ST. JOHN, BY PROF.	
WARREN K. MOOREHEAD, ANDOVER, MASS.....	31
WHERE THE FISHERMAN FINDS THE CHOICEST SPORT.....	39
UP THE WEST BRANCH TO SOURDNAHUNK BY REV. ORVILLE	
A. PETTY, NEW HAVEN.....	45
OVER NIGHT AT SLAUGHTER POND, BY ARTHUR B. TYLER,	
PRINCETON, N. J.....	51
WITH DAMON ON MACHIAS RIVER WATERS BY WILLIAM SIMP-	
SON, NEW YORK.....	55
NATURE WORSHIP (VERSE) BY LOUISE BRISCOE, POTTSVILLE	
PA.....	63
THE SPELL OF KATAHDIN, BY ANNA MILDRED THAYER,	
YONKERS, N. Y.....	65
THE MAJESTY OF MOOSEHEAD.....	71
THE QUICK AND EASY ROUTE TO THE RESTIGOUCHE.....	77
THE JOYS OF CAMPING.....	81
THE VAST AROOSTOOK GAMESLANDS.....	83
THE MAINE GAME LAWS IN BRIEF.....	89
THE LURE OF MAINE (VERSE) BY WALTER J. CREAMER, JR.,	
BANGOR.....	92
THE GREAT AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES OF AROOSTOOK.....	95
THE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF AROOSTOOK.....	98
INFORMATION FOR THE TRAVELER TO AROOSTOOK.....	101
WHERE TO GET HUNTERS' LICENSES.....	108
SHIPMENT OF BIG GAME, SEASON OF 1915.....	110
STORIES OF MAINE WOODS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.....	111

GENERAL INDEX

A	Page	M	Page
Abaconetic Bog.....	28-32	Machias River.....	57
Abol Stream.....	67	Masardis.....	84
Allagash River.....	7, 14, 22, 23, 28, 29, 37	Metapedia.....	78
Allagash Lake.....	22	Millinocket.....	98
Ambajesus Lake.....	25	Milo.....	99
Ambajackamegus Falls.....	23	Mooshead Lake.....	7, 32, 39, 68, 71, 85
Ashland.....	84, 85		
B		N	
Baker Lake.....	33	Nepisquit.....	43
Bathurst.....	43	New York.....	42, 77
Bay Chaleur.....	77, 80	Norcross.....	9, 39, 45, 84
Boston.....	42, 77	Northeast Carry.....	19, 23, 31, 74
Bowlin Falls.....	26, 27	Northwest Carry.....	28, 74
		North Twin Lake.....	24
C		O	
Campbellton.....	77, 80	Onawa.....	31
Caribou Lake.....	25		
Cascapedia.....	78	P	
Caucomgomoc Lake.....	22, 29	Patten.....	84
Chamberlain Lake.....	22, 23, 29	Passamagomoc Lake.....	24
Chesuncook Lake.....	7, 14, 20, 23, 29	Pemadumcook Lake.....	24
Churchill Lake.....	22	Penobscot River.....	20
Cuxabaxis Lake.....	25	Pine Ponds.....	29
		Pittston Farm.....	32
D		Pockwockamus.....	24
Debsconeag Lake.....	24, 25	Portage Lake.....	31, 39, 84
		Potato Crop Figures.....	96
E		Presque Isle.....	97, 99
Eagle Lake (Fish River).....	9, 31, 39, 84		
East Branch Penobscot.....	7, 22, 23	R	
		Restigouche River.....	77
F		Ripogenus.....	23
Fishing Flies.....	41	Roach Pond.....	73
Fish River.....	31		
Fort Fairfield.....	42	S	
Fort Kent.....	23, 31, 37	Schoodie Lake.....	39
Fredericton.....	29	Sebec Lake.....	31, 39
		Sebois Lake.....	39
G		Seboomook.....	15, 74, 75
Game Laws.....	89	Slaughter Pond.....	51
Game Record.....	110	Sourdnahunk.....	14, 26, 46
Grand Falls (St. John).....	29, 77	Squa Pan.....	84
Grand Falls (East Branch).....	26	Square Lake (Fish River).....	31, 39
Greenville.....	72, 75, 84	St. Francis.....	23, 28, 29
Grindstone.....	27	St. Froid Lake.....	9, 31, 39
Guilford.....	99	St. John.....	29
		St. John River.....	23, 32, 35, 37, 77
H		St. Leonard's.....	77, 99
Houlton.....	99		
		T	
I		Telos Lake.....	26
International Railway.....	77	Telosmis Lake.....	26
		Tobique.....	42, 79
J			
Jo Mary Lake.....	25	U	
		Umbazooksus Lake.....	14, 20
K		Upsalquitch River.....	78
Katahdin Mt.....	7, 9, 20, 23, 46, 53, 65, 67, 68, 69, 85	Umsaskis Lake.....	22
Katahdin Iron Works.....	31, 39		
Kennebec River.....	20	V	
Kidney Pond.....	51	Van Buren.....	29, 77, 80, 99
Kineo.....	72, 74		
Kokad-Jo.....	73	W	
		Webster Lake.....	26
L		West Branch Penobscot.....	20, 45
Lobster Lake.....	20, 29	Wissataquoik Stream.....	27
Licenses, Hunters'.....	108		

INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS

CAMPS:	Page		Page
Ashland, McNally Bros.....	120	Katahdin, Iron Works, Lyn Moore.....	123
Ashland, Leon O. Orcutt.....	127	Katahdin Iron Works, Chas. J. Henderson.....	114
Benedicta, B. A. Gantnier.....	140	Katahdin Iron Works, E. A. Sherburne.....	129
Brownville, F. S. & Stanley Drake.....	114	Kokad-Jo, L. P. Chadwick.....	138
Great Pond, James A. Colburn.....	141	Kokad-Jo, W. I. Hamilton.....	131
Great Pond, Guy P. Patterson.....	139	Kokad-Jo, Fred N. Webster.....	114
Guerette, C. H. Fraser.....	135	Ludlow, J. P. Yerra.....	133
Indian Pond, I. O. Hunt.....	122	Mackcamp, R. R. Walker.....	139
Island Falls, W. W. Sewall.....	138	Mooshead Lake, T. B. Snow.....	128
Jackman, Ruel E. Holden.....	139	Mooshead Lake, A. J. Wilson.....	128



Aroostook Abounds In Attractive Camp Locations Like This One—Photo by B. L. Call, Dexter, Me.



Poling Down a Shallow Stream—Photo by Palmer H. Langdon



'Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth, and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lispings birds and trickling rills. What a place to live, what a place to die and be buried in. There certainly men would live forever, and laugh at death and the grave.'

MORE than half a century back, Thoreau, famous naturalist and one of the earliest panegyrist of the Maine woods, thus wrote his impressions of the great Aroostook country which is now world-famous as the mecca for fishermen, hunters and the thousands of men and women who turn to the forest area for rest and relaxation when the vacation time arrives. When Thoreau made his excursions into the Maine woods, first to climb Katahdin, again to visit Moosehead and Chesuncook lakes and a third time to revel in the delights of a canoe trip in Allagash and East Branch waters, it meant primitive methods of traveling, undergoing difficulties and putting up with inconveniences which are unknown to present



At Debsconeag Carry on the Way "Down River"

day devotees of the Maine woods. The woods and lakes and mountains retain all the pristine charms that enthused Thoreau and the other early-comers and to enjoy them modern transportation ideas have relegated to other days the discomforts and delays that were inevitable.

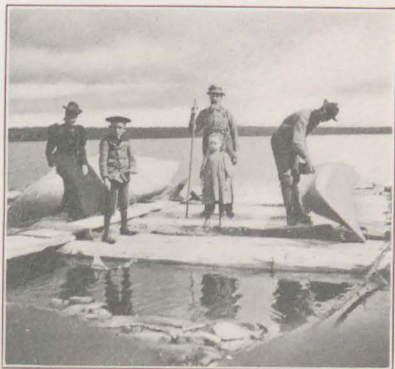
The Maine woods hold out allurements at all seasons and although the abundance of fish and game are strong attractions for the angler and hunter, yearly grows the number of men and women who turn to "the nation's playground" as the choicest vacation section whether it be spring, summer, fall or winter. For the vast majority the main thing is the life in the woods and once experienced it means that a magic spell has been cast which will have a regular response to the summons



Happy Days at Square Lake Camps.—Photo by J. P. Yerxa

"To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight on our faces
For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go."
And happy is the man or woman to whom "the call" comes for it means an annual rejuvenation under the influence of the balsam-laden breezes of the great Aroostook forest.

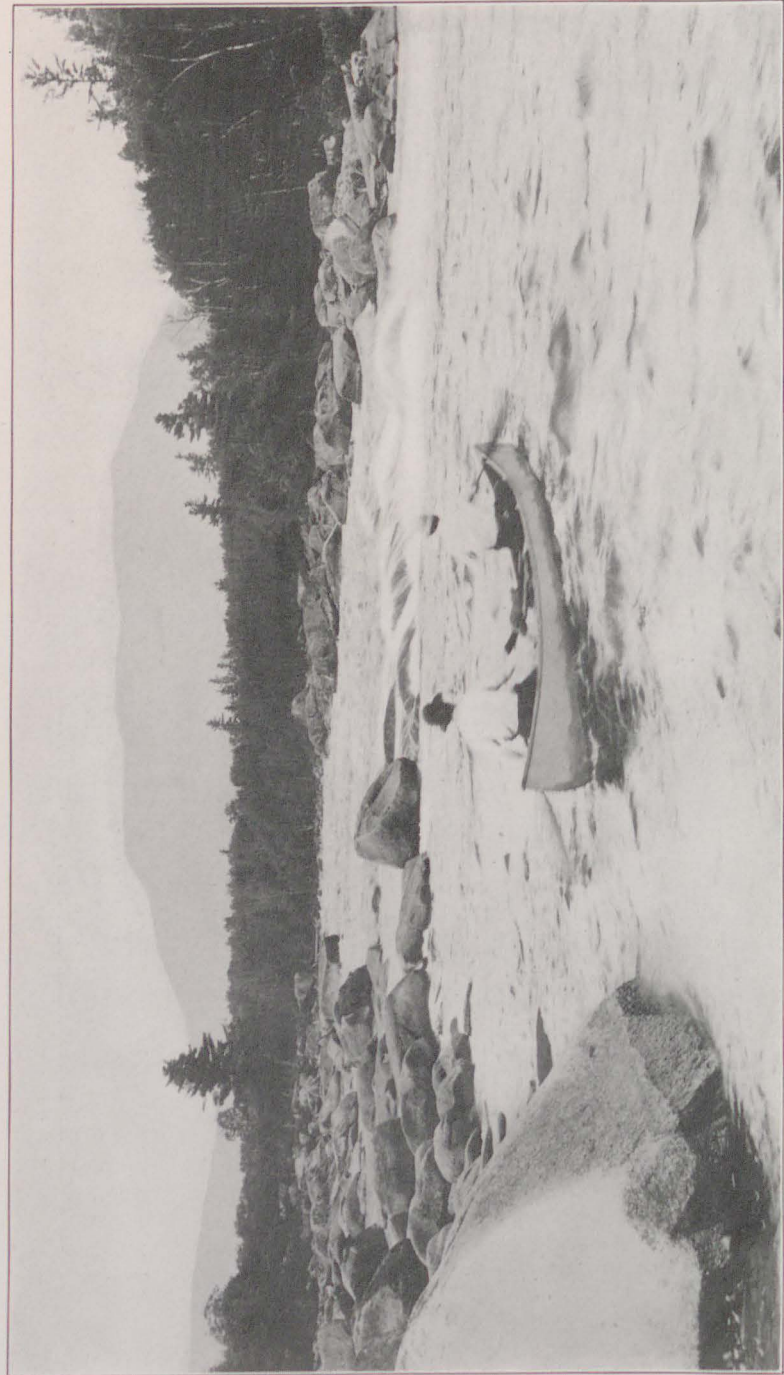
Transportation facilities and the system followed by the management of sporting camps and hotels have kept in advance of the rapid growth in popularity of the Maine woods. The Bangor & Aroostook railroad, "the sportsmen's route," keeps up to the minute in equipment and all the other details that are essential to the comfort and convenience of its patrons. The sporting camps and hotels are equally abreast with the times and whether arrangements are desired for hunting or fishing trips, canoe cruises or just a quiet, idling vacation, satisfaction is a surety, yes, and more than satisfaction, for an outing in the Aroostook country whether on Moosehead, or at the lakes in the Norcross country under Katahdin's shadow, or in the neighborhood of the magnificent waters like St. Froid and Eagle lakes in the north-Aroostook territory, is sure to be a red-letter occasion. This publication does not presume to attempt to catalogue all the woods resorts. It is intended, rather, as a guidebook which will show in a general way the attractions of the Aroostook country and simplify preparations for new-comers to the land so rich in scenic wonders and teeming with unending delights.



Three Generations at Aroostook River
Headwaters



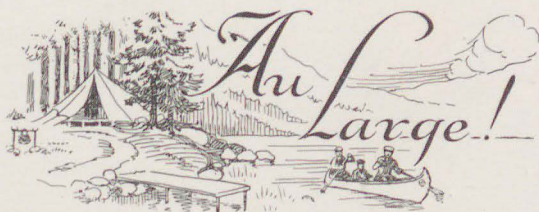
On the Road in to Camp



Canoeing on The Penobscot's West Branch with Katahdin in the Distance—Photo by B. L. Call, Dexter, Me.



Reflections on the West Branch—Photo by F. C. Moore



BY ELIZABETH F. HANLY, THOMASTON, ME.

AU LARGE! Envoyez au large! is the cry of the Canadian voyageurs as they thrust their paddles against the shore and push out on the broad lake for a journey through the wilderness. 'Au Large' is what the man in the bow shouts to the man in the stern when the birch canoe is running down the rapids and the water grows too broken and the rocks too thick along the river-bank."

"Au Large!" is the cry that rings in our ears when along our river of life the water grows too broken and the rocks are thick. To every man, there comes at some period of his life, an hour more or less prolonged, when he sees his dreams dissolve and his idols fall. Then he sees his soul, a baffled, beaten thing groping amid defeat and pain. The man who was yesterday his friend reveals himself today, a mere weakling, a schemer, the slave of some

ignoble passion. And God, in this terrible hour, seems uncaring and very far away. In such an hour of disillusion and defeat, there is need, in truth, that we turn our faces to the "great, simple, unashamed, wilderness" and repeat from our hearts "Au Large!"

The "call of the wild," the "go-fever," the "wanderlust" is as old as man. Man's body is of the soil, the surge of the sea-tide is in his blood. Does not the literature of every age repeat it, down from the songs of the Vikings? Each in his own tongue, for hundreds of years, they have called to us laughing,

"O wisdom in the winter,
But folly in the spring-time,
Remembering the ragged days,
When the full heart overflowed.

Wisdom in the winter,
But now for empty pockets,
Hunger, dust and sunburn,
The Road! The Road! The Road!"



A Guide and His Catch at Moose River.
Photo by Walter Scott

Do you remember your first camping-trip? Perhaps it was only down the river ten miles from home? Perhaps the nearest approach to game was a stray partridge or squirrel that you cooked, or half-cooked, over the fire in the rocks. Perhaps the mosquitoes plagued you terribly and, of course, the tent leaked, and in the middle of the night the boughs of your bed stuck into you—but look back to that time! Do you remember tramping through wet woods to the country store? Weren't the men in that store the most genial, the most generous men you had ever known? Do you remember that day your provisions gave out and the nearest farmer gave you all the strawberries the four of you could eat? And when you came home, after two weeks, scarred and brown and ragged, didn't you believe that this

was the best world possible and the best friends in the world, were the fellows that camped with you?

Do we change so much in ten or twenty or thirty years? No, indeed! A Marble axe, a rubber blanket, "a couch of new-pulled hemlock and the starlight on our faces" is all we need today to restore that old-time, childish faith. Stewart Edward White found this out long ago, and has tried, how successfully we know, to interpret it for us. This author compresses into his pages all the utter spirit of woods-wandering, the breathless struggle through underbrush and swamp, back-breaking, pitiless; the reward of some hilltop vista or camp-fire vision, the chance meeting with some congenial soul, trapper, half-breed, or "silent,



Aroostook Lakes Are Ideal for Canoeing

smoky, Indian." One and all, be they honest men, they are his friends. He has caught for us that magic moment when the spell of the wilderness grows strong beyond all breaking. He knows that man is but a child grown tall and he pictures that child left to rummage in the dusky, fragrant, attic of a Hudson Bay Company supply store. "Here are snowshoes of a dozen patterns, moccasins, the smoke-tanned shoes of silence, belts of beadwork, even a costume of buckskin complete. All these the fortunate child would find, were he to take the rainy day privilege of this, the most wonderful attic in the world. And then—after he had



An Indian Guide on a Moosehead
Lake Steamer

can take "the Allagash Trip!" How many another dates all his experience in woods life from that summer when he took "the Allagash Trip." Many of us who never have seen, never will see them in reality, perhaps, yet thrill to the guttural cadences of Chesuncook and Umbazooksus and Sourdnahunk. Alien hearts, also, have responded to its lure for does not Van Dyke say? "Let those who will chant in heroic verse of Amazon and Mississippi and Niagara, but my prose shall flow, or straggle along, in praise of Swiftwater and Moose River and Allagash. My sacrificial flame shall be kindled with birchbark along the wooded stillwaters of the

puzzled over the snowshoe patterns and had tried on the buckskin costume, he could flatten his little nose against the dim square of light and look out over the glistening yellow backs of a dozen birchbark canoes to the distant, rain-blurred hills whence all these things had come. Do you wonder that in after years, that child hits the Long Trail? Do you still wonder at finding these strange, formidable, taciturn, tender-hearted, men dwelling lonely in "the Silent Places?"

If a man were interested to test the presence of that woods spirit among the dwellers in New England cities, he need pronounce but one word—and that word "Allagash." How many a plodding college professor looks forward with yearning until he



One of Haskell & Brown's Camps at
Northwest Pond

Penobscot and my altar of remembrance shall rise upon the rocks beside the Falls of Seboomook."

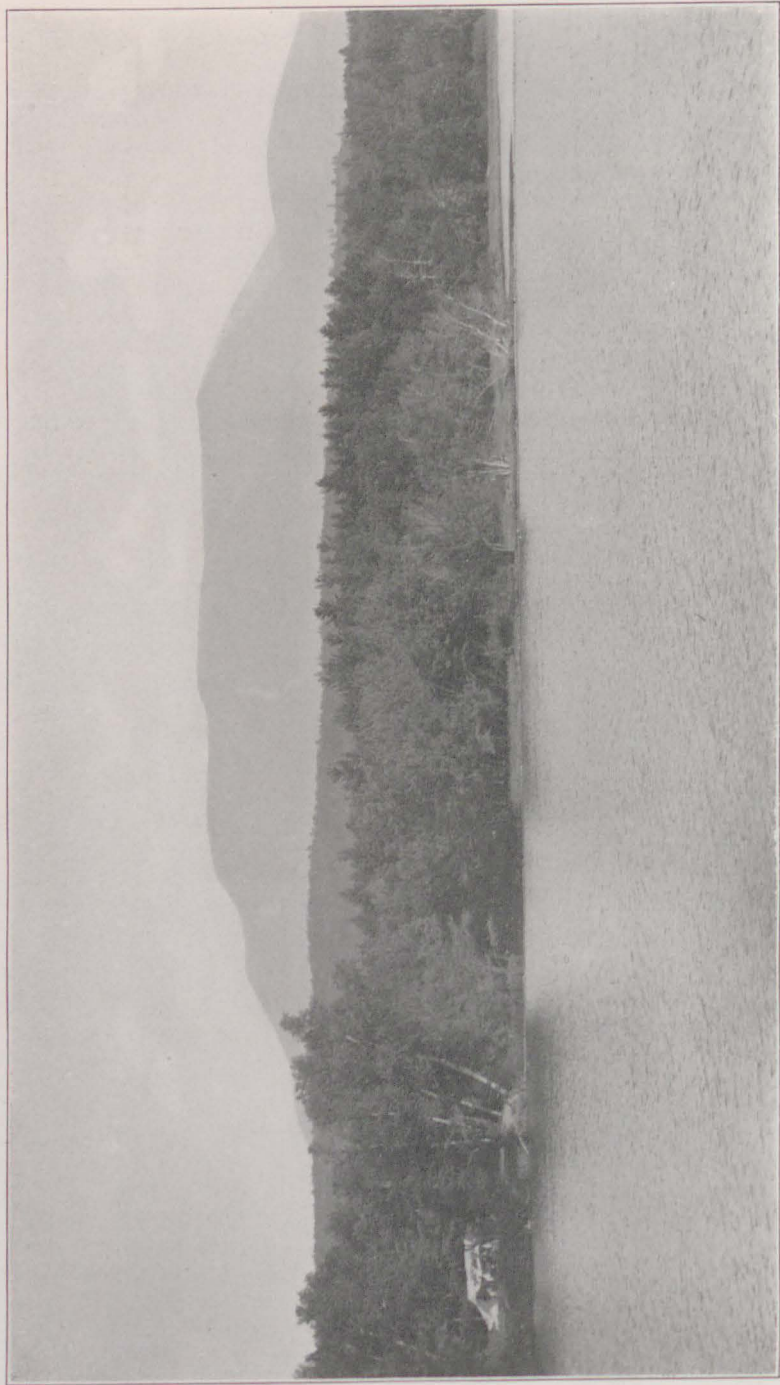
Why? Why should a man forsake the comforts to which he clings three hundred days in the year to build an altar in the wilderness? What is this unassailable secret of the woods? It is the secret of faith. A fortnight, a month or two or three in the wilderness will make a new man of you. It means an end to this torture of self-analysis, it means an end to this carping criticism of your fellowman, it means a return—a return to the belief that men, after all, are clean and honorable and strong. It means, ultimately, a return in the spirit to Him, who all unknowingly ye went out into the wilderness to see.

For the spirit endures. Every hazy autumn day calls it to the surface. During the winter months it persists only as a memory till the lengthening afterglow of February sends the heart back to old wood-altars and then soon, with the April winds,

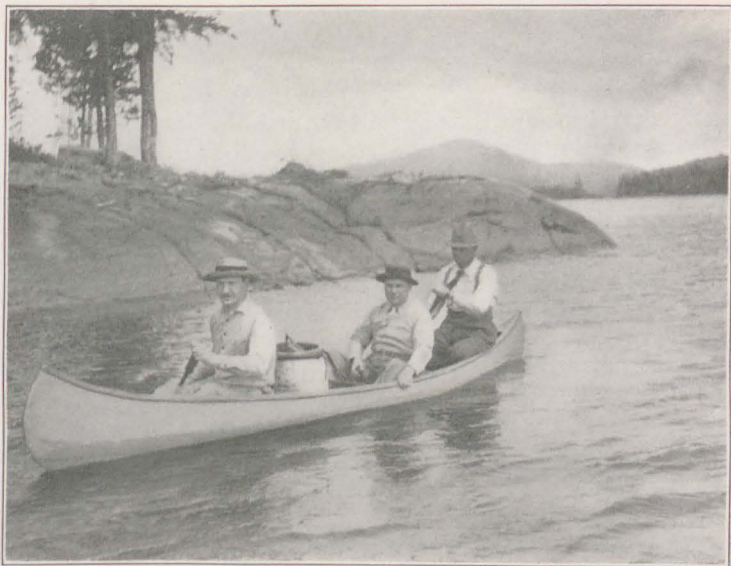
"Soon, ah, soon, that splendid impulse,
Nomad longing, vagrant whim,
When a man's false angels vanish,
And the truth comes back to him!"

Such an hour "of nomad longing" came to the once-prosaic man of business, when he said, "You honestly believe that your dreams of the wilderness have been put away with your old clothes. But some morning, after an easterly storm, the wind comes sparkling and you feel a tug at your heart-strings. As you walk the pavement to your office the brick buildings become a misty frame for the picture of a tote-road through the spruce-forest. Above the underbrush on one side you can see the tearing, whirling, river and on the other side the gray flank of the mountain still dripping from yesterday's storm. Above the tumult of the river you catch the morning song of a hermit thrush. Your step unconsciously lengthens into the easy stride of the trail. You lift your head to catch the first pungent whiff from the campfire. Your grip upon your green bag changes as your fingers feel for the customary balance of an axe. And your soul goes singing off into the woods!"





A Nearer View of Mt. Katahdin as it Appears from the West Branch—Photo by B. L. Call, Dexter, Me.



One Guide is Enough for the West Branch Trip

The Famous Canoeing Waters of the Aroostook Country

SECOND only to its vast forest area is Aroostook's marvellous network of waterways—lakes and rivers and the swift-running and oftentimes torrentuous streams which are the delight of the venturesome voyager who looks to "quick water" for the fullest enjoyment of his favorite recreation. Canoeing—not the idling about on a summer's afternoon but a trip varying in duration from days to weeks and even months—is the sport supreme for thousands of men and women who have been initiated to the use of the primitive yet ever popular craft by cruising through the wooded waters of this pre-eminent vacation country. Aroostook's canoe voyages are celebrated far and wide. Wherever you find the lover of the open-air, there you'll find an enthusiast over the Aroostook cruises either because he has experienced the unending pleasures of one of these excursions or, like many others, is looking forward to the day when he can start on the itinerary which he has

so often followed in his mind and on his maps of the woods. And canoeing is by no means confined to men. On the contrary, during the summer months, canoe after canoe leaves Northeast Carry bearing guides and women passengers. Girls, whether of school or college age, are counted among the most ardent admirers of this form of woods enjoyment and it is a common occurrence for men and their wives and their families to select in preference to all other forms of vacation, a canoe trip over one of the many courses from which a choice may be made.



Loading Up at Northeast Carry—Photo by F. C. Moore

There are trips requiring varying lengths of time but each of which offers proportionate returns in enjoyment and the beneficial results to mind and body. The preparations are so well planned by guides, outfitting stores, woods-camps and hotels that the party planning a trip need do little else but communicate its wishes and then attend to its personal equipment. All the details of arranging for canoes, camping-out essentials, provisions and the dozen and one other requirements will be properly planned and in readiness at the stated time for embarkation. For us who have to consider the expense of the vacation it is consoling to know that there are "trips to fit all pocket-books" and the matter of outlay can be approximated with exactness after correspondence with the different centers which specialize in outfitting and arrangements for canoe expeditions.

Most famous of the canoe trips in the Aroostook country is the 200-mile cruise down the Allagash. The mere mention of the name Allagash evokes enthusiasm among canoeists and small wonder when it is remembered that this is one of the most celebrated inland cruises on the continent. A name equally renowned is Northeast Carry, the starting point for the Allagash and other canoe trips. Northeast Carry is one of the two arms which constitute the head of Moosehead lake. It is forty miles, by steamboat, from Greenville Junction, one of the terminal points of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, and on the Moosehead lake side of the

"carry" is the Winnegarnock House, an historic resort, with its outlying individual cabins and the large store which supplies outfits for canoe, camping, fishing and hunting parties.



Where the Fishing's Good



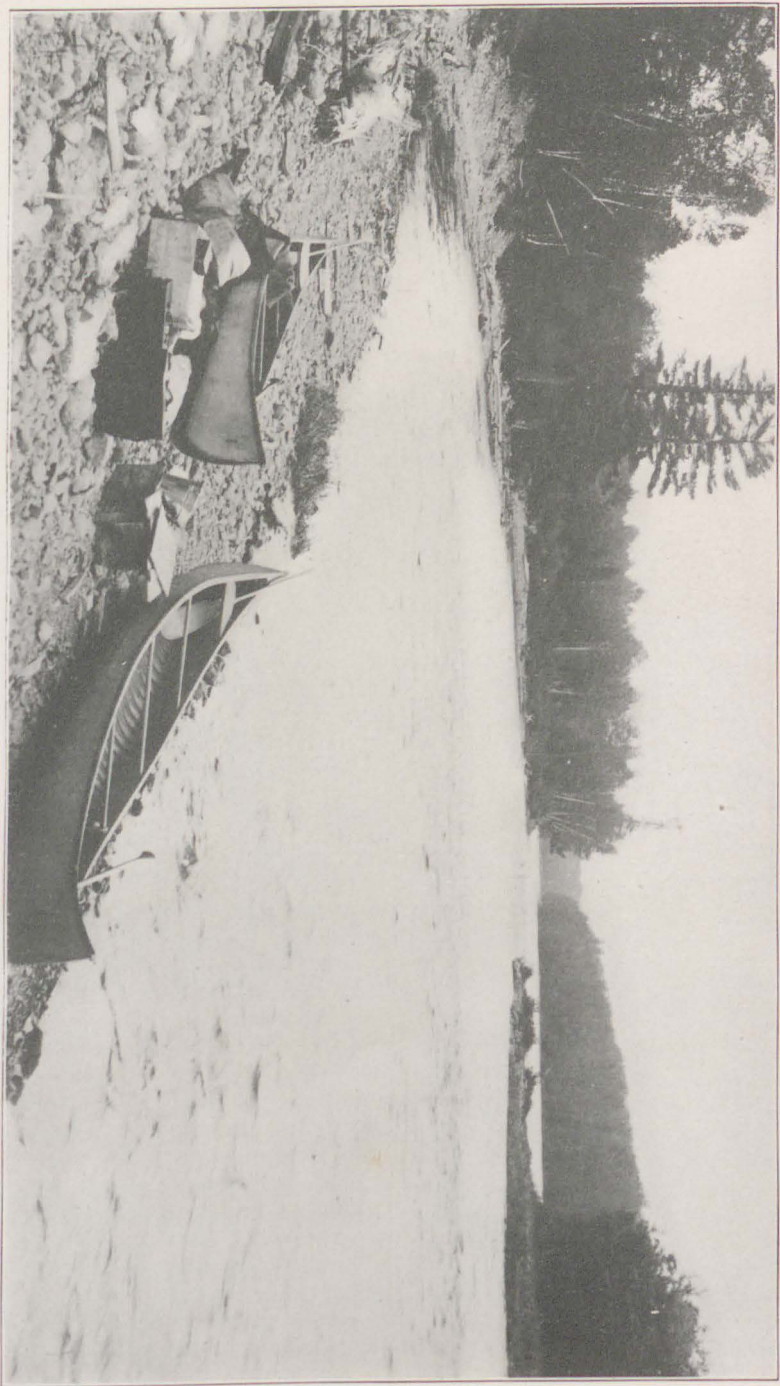
All Ready and Waiting for His Sportsman on The Sourdnhunk—Photo by William Simpson

This important establishment, hotel and store, is under the management of Mr. T. B. Snow—"Tom" Snow as he is known to hundreds of sportsmen and canoeists—and immediately upon arrival there his geniality and cordial welcome make the visitor feel that he is in no ordinary surroundings. Besides being widely known for its canoeing parties, The Winnegarnock has attractions of its own which yearly allure visitors. Canoes and supplies are carted across the "carry," a distance of several miles, this strip of land being the barrier between the waters of the great Kennebec and Penobscot rivers. On the other side of the "carry" is the West Branch of the Penobscot and into this river go the canoes for the Allagash and other trips.



Two West Branch Voyagers

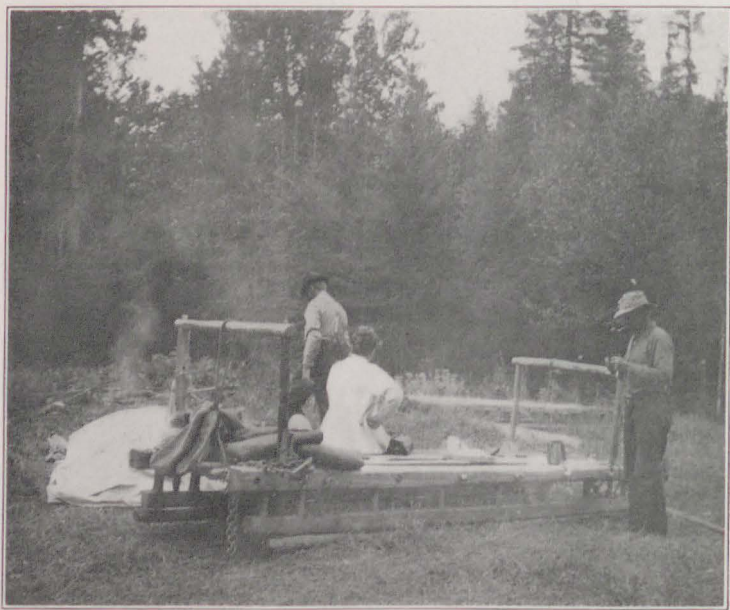
When the supplies are securely packed, the guide gives the "all aboard" and off glides the canoe down the West Branch. Four miles and Lobster stream is reached and if there is time a side-trip into Lobster lake will more than make up for the digression from the main course. The Half-Way House is ten miles from the "carry" and then the canoe passes through Moosehorn, Ragmuff and Pine streams, another ten-mile stretch, which brings up at Chesuncook lake. This is an imposing basin, eighteen miles long and three miles at its widest point, and to the new-comer is memorable because of the fine view which it gives of Mt. Katahdin in the distance. From Chesuncook there are two routes. That more frequently used is through Umbazooksus stream for nine miles to Umbazooksus lake. A mile's paddle and Mud Pond



Another Familiar View to Canoeists Who Have Made This West Branch Trip—Photo by B. L. Call, Dexter, Me.

Carry is reached and here the canoe comes out for a jaunt, overland, of two miles to Mud pond. Three miles over Mud pond and Chamberlain lake is reached.

The other and less traveled course is by the way of Caucomgomoc stream and lake, over Round Pond Carry, into Allagash lake and thence by Allagash stream into Chamberlain. If there is a low pitch of water this route will mean some hard work with pole as well as paddle. One of the compensations for taking this route is the opportunity it gives for seeing the Caves of Allagash which quite come up to the idea of the caves of story books and



Lunch on Tom Henderson's Express, Allagash Lake Carry—Photo by F. C. Moore

fairly tales. On Chamberlain lake a point of interest is the dam which separates the waters of the East Branch of the Penobscot from the Allagash.

It is a ten-mile paddle to cover Chamberlain lake and then there is another ten-mile stretch down stream to Eagle lake and it is two more miles through the thoroughfare to Churchill lake. After five miles on Churchill the canoe is at Chase Carry and from this point it is eight miles down the Allagash to Umsaskis lake and then a half dozen more miles end at Depot lake. It is only a mile over Depot to Round pond, a good camping place, and three miles

on the pond brings the canoe into the Allagash for a straight dash of seventeen miles to Allagash falls, delightful from the scenic viewpoint but necessitating a carry of half a mile.

After the canoe is taken around Allagash falls and put into the river again it is an uninterrupted stretch of thirteen miles to St. Francis, the point of confluence of the Allagash with the St. John river. The Bangor & Aroostook train, city-ward, may be taken here or the canoe can be sent down the St. John to Fort Kent, fifteen miles farther on.

THE POPULAR WEST BRANCH TRIP.

Although considerably shorter than the Allagash, St. John and East Branch trips, undoubtedly the West Branch cruise is unsurpassed for fame and popularity. And, too, it is justly renowned for the magnificent scenic treasures which it opens up to the canoeist who covers the delightful route from Northeast Carry to Norcross. Perhaps nowhere in all Maine is finer scenery found than the gorgeous views in which figure Ripogenus and Mt. Katahdin. Northeast Carry is the setting out point for the West Branch trip and from the carry to Chesuncook the course is the same as for the Allagash voyage. When Chesuncook is reached, a southerly direction is taken. There are steamers on the lake if one prefers quicker travel than is possible in a paddle of fifteen miles.

This distance covered and Chesuncook dam is reached which means a carry to take the canoe into Ripogenus lake. It is four miles to the foot of the lake and here there is another carry around Ripogenus gorge, long famed as an Aroostook scenic wonder. The canoes are transported by teams and the trail runs along the top of the gorge commanding a fine view of the rushing and roaring torrent. At the end of the carry the canoe is put into the Big Eddy, and the quick water here calls for skilled navigating. The canoe goes through Upper Ambajackamegus falls but at the lower falls the canoe comes out for another carry. The



What's the Weight?—Photo by Mary H. Oak



Fishermen at Echo Island Camps, Salmon Stream Lake—Photo by B. A. Gantnier

Horserace is the appropriate name given the succession of pitches which are frequently so rough that passengers take to the path which runs along the stream while the guide puts the craft through the current. After two and a half miles Sourdnehunk deadwater is reached. Below the dam, where Sourdnehunk stream comes down from the north, there is another carry. Abol falls is four miles down the river and hereabouts Abol-

jackamegus and Aboljackamegassic streams flow into the West Branch. At the falls there is a short carry and then there is a clear straightaway for three miles to Pockwockamus falls. Again the canoes are taken out for a carry to Pockwockamus deadwater. From here there is a good course to Debsconeag falls where the river takes a drop of thirty feet. After the Debsconeag carry the canoe comes out only once again, at Passamagomac falls, and from here there are no interruptions to good canoeing into Ambajejus lake. At Ambajejus, steamboats may be taken for the trip through Pemadumcook into North Twin lake to Norcross.

Naturally, traversing the section that it does, the West Branch trip offers frequent opportunities for side trips for camping-out, fishing and for viewing fine scenery. Reached from Chesuncook



A Typical Maine Camp Fire—Photo by Palmer H. Langdon

are famous fishing waters like Caribou, Cuxabaxis and Caucomgomoc lakes, the Hurd ponds, Rainbow lake, First, Second and Third Debsconeag lakes. From the last named you can cross to the head of Pemadumcook and continue on through Jo Mary stream to Jo Mary lake, waters that are familiar names among fishermen. Millnockett lake, another of the "famous" class, is reached from Ambajejus and, greatest, perhaps, of all opportunities is that of climbing Katahdin which can be reached by a good trail from Abol. As an all-round sportsman's section—whether for canoeing, camping, fishing or hunting—there is no region more inviting than this West Branch territory.



Picturesque Little Lyford Pond

THE CRUISE DOWN THE EAST BRANCH

The canoe trip down the Penobscot's East branch, a distance of 120 miles from Northeast Carry to the terminus at Grindstone, is particularly attractive for the man or woman who wishes a closer contact with Nature—a rather more decided breaking into the "open"—than is afforded by the cruise down the West branch. Less traveled than the West Branch course it is becoming more popular each season. From Northeast Carry to Chesuncook it is the same route as for the Allagash and West Branch trips but Chesuncook reached, the course takes a northerly turn from the head of Chesuncook, through Umbazooksus stream for a run of nine miles to Umbazooksus lake. From the lake the route leads to Mud Pond carry and thence into Mud pond which is the

first dip into the waters of the East Branch. It is three miles over Mud pond to Chamberlain lake and a paddle of five miles over Chamberlain brings the canoe to the thoroughfare leading to Telosmis. After Telosmis is traversed comes Telos lake. Here camp is generally made because of the favorable surroundings and often a side trip is taken into Sourdnahunk. A canal connects Telos with Webster lake and if there is a good pitch of water this will afford a passage to the canoe. From Webster lake to Grand Falls the water is generally sufficiently rough to make necessary taking out the canoe for a mile overland by tote-team.

When the canoe is into the water again there is good going to Second lake, four miles long, and for another four-mile stretch over



Morning Ablutions at Nature's Basin

Grand lake. From Grand lake there is a five-mile run of rough water which means vigorous paddling to Stairs falls but after the falls are passed there is a smooth run to Haskell Rock pitch where there is another carry. The Grand Falls of the East Branch are composed of the series of pitches which are encountered in the next four miles. Pond pitch comes first, then Grand pitch, the third is the Hulling Machine pitch and last is Bowlin falls. With favorable conditions as to wind and water, the canoe is navigable through the swift water between the pitches but each of the pitches, except Bowlin, means a carry. At certain seasons and under rather extraordinary conditions it may be necessary to carry around Bowlin but as a rule it can be gone through without mishap.



Another Good One

With Bowlin in the background, there is a stretch of good canoeing for a distance of fifteen miles which brings the canoe to the point of junction of the Wissataquoik and the East Branch. The Wissataquoik offers a pleasant side trip up its sixteen miles of length and the Sebois, which comes into the East branch just about the Wissataquoik's place of confluence, also has allurements for the sportsman.

Resuming the main trip—from the mouth of the Wissataquoik it is only a dozen miles to Grindstone. This stretch is not without zest-giving features for there are the Whetstone, Burntland and Grindstone falls to be encountered. Under favorable conditions the canoe can get through without a carry but unless the pitch of water is ex-

ceptional it is more than likely that Whetstone will be unnavigable even if the other two are.



Tenting Is Popular in Aroostook



This Catch Was Made at Shinn Pond.
Photo by Fred A. Willits

The hotel at Grindstone gives an opportunity for changing clothes and getting into "city trim" before taking the Bangor & Aroostook train for home.

CANOEING DOWN THE ST. JOHN

For the man wishing to experience the pleasure of real "roughing it," the canoe trip down the St. John river, a cruise of 230 miles through a section of practically unbroken forest, will give him his desire in full measure. Unlike the other trips, there are few "way stations" and it means taking along provisions for the entire trip. An unusually interesting account of the St. John river trip is given by Prof. W. K. Moorehead, the distinguished archaeologist, in another chapter of this book. Northwest Carry, at the head of Moosehead lake, is the starting point for the St. John trip and when the canoe is put into

the Penobscot's west branch it is headed in opposite direction to that taken for the Allagash, West Branch and East Branch voyages. From the point of embarkation it is smooth passing until Gulliver's Falls are reached and these may be gone through with careful poling and then there is a smooth stretch for four miles after which quick water is met which means the application of pole and paddle. At the junction of the north and south branches of the Penobscot is situated the Pittston Farm, one of the supply stations of the Great Northern Paper Co. and after this is left behind few signs of civilization are met until St. Francis, 230 miles away on the New Brunswick border line, is reached.

The twenty miles from Pittston Farm is swift water and when the river is at a low pitch there is likely to be some wading through bogs and shallows and at Abaconetic bog the canoe comes out for a carry of two miles to Sweeney brook. When the canoe goes into the brook it has left Penobscot and is now in the St. John waters. Baker lake is reached after a paddle of four miles and from the

lake the route leads to the St. John's south branch and down this stream for fourteen miles brings the canoe to the St. John, itself. Now it is a straight course for eighty-five miles, the only interruptions being, in case of low water, an occasional carry and in other places, wading through shallows now and then.

Although the terminus of the trip is usually St. Francis or Fort Kent, the trip can be prolonged down the St. John, past Van Buren, to Grand Falls and after a carry around the falls, still on to Fredericton, New Brunswick's capital and thence to St. John, the maritime metropolis. From St. Francis to Grand Falls, both banks of the river are dotted with picturesque settlements, peopled, for the most part, by French-speaking descendants of the Acadians.



Fish Tales at Moose River
Photo by Walter Scott

SOME SHORTER CANOE VOYAGES

These trips described in the foregoing pages by no means comprise Aroostook's entire offering for the canoeist. There are dozens of other trips, shorter, it is true, but not lacking in beauties of scenery and chances for the fisherman. In fact these lesser-known trips oftentimes open up fishing grounds of the first class for the simple reason that they are not so much frequented.

An example of these shorter trips is the Pine Ponds route which starts from Northeast Carry, down the West Branch, to Pine stream, a distance of twenty-seven miles. Another delightful excursion is from Northeast Carry, down the West Branch to Lobster stream, then four miles up this entrancing thoroughfare to Lobster Lake, considered by many to be the most beautiful of all Aroostook waters.

The Allagash trip offers a side excursion through Chamberlain lake to Allagash stream and lake and then, after a carry of three miles, into Round Pond. There is a deadwater of four miles before Caucomgomoc lake is entered and from the lake the passage leads down stream into Chesuncook. From here the West Branch



Getting the Canoe Over One of The "Pitches" on the West Branch—Photo by B. L. Call, Dexter, Me.

route is followed back to Northeast Carry. Sebec lake, Onawa, the waters around Katahdin Iron Works and Norcross all have canoeing attractions.

Recent years have brought wide fame to the lakes and streams in what is known as North-Aroostook. Eagle lake, for instance, offers a trip through the thoroughfare into Square lake and then through another thoroughfare back into Eagle. Both these lakes are magnificent basins. Long lake, reached from Van Buren, is paddled for eight miles which brings up at a thoroughfare leading into Mud pond and then there is another connecting stream to Cross lake. Four miles' paddle and the canoe reaches Square lake. Another four-mile stretch over Square lake and down a thoroughfare brings up at Eagle lake. Eagle lake station is six



A Stretch of Quick Water

miles down the lake. These northern lakes are unexcelled for fine fishing. Another pleasant run is from Eagle lake into Fish river and thence down to Fort Kent and also from Eagle lake can be reached those two favorites with sportsmen, St. Froid and Portage lakes.

THE STORY OF A CANOE TRIP DOWN THE ST. JOHN

BY PROF. WARREN K. MOOREHEAD, ANDOVER, MASS.

In all that has been said and written about the State of Maine there has been insufficient appreciation of the trip down the St. John River. There is no canoe trip equal to it in this country, so far as my observation extends. It has been my pleasure to voyage by canoe, bateau and power boat on the lakes,

rivers and along the seashore of Maine for more than three thousand miles. The St. John easily ranks first, and if the lumbermen and railroad companies do not ruin it, this river will continue in its matchless natural charm for generations.

Early in June, 1914, eleven of us in six, twenty foot White canoes left Moosehead Lake and started for Pittston Farms. Here we entered the real wilderness and for over four hundred miles, to Meductic a little above Fredericton, we moved steadily down the magnificent river. I regret that space does not permit an adequate description or more than a few of our interesting photographs. We took upward of a hundred views in the wilderness.



Near Baker Lake, St John River Trip—Photo by W. K. Moorehead

Leaving Pittston Farms the canoes were forced up the swift current of the North Branch of the West Branch. The water was very low at the time of our journey and about a half a mile from Pittston we began to pole. Within another half mile poling was impossible and we had to walk and drag the canoes. A hundred and nineteen pound canoe loaded with two hundred pounds of supplies is easily forced through ordinary water, but when the stream begins to be narrow and shallow and filled with sharp rocks, it requires both hard work and skillful handling to avoid injuring the craft. One man at the bow, another holds the stern to keep each canoe clear of the rocks so far as possible. Yet when Baker Lake was reached, all the paint had been rubbed off and the canvas was thin in places. After twenty-five miles of hard work the source of the great Penobscot is reached. We come to the Abaconetic Bog and find further voyage by water absolutely impossible. A twenty foot canoe fills the little channel and there is

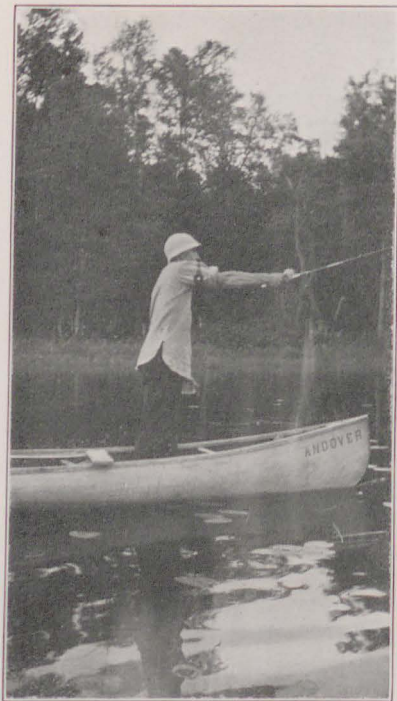
scarcely water enough to wet her amidships. It required two days of hard labor to reach the Carry. By run here it is five miles over hills to St. John pond.

At the Carry lived two French Canadians, one of whom I called "the pirate," because he was clad in a red shirt, blue overalls and his face was adorned by large and fierce mustaches. He and his friend lived in a little camp, with no visible means of support in sight. The deer were so thick it was impossible to raise garden stuff, so the men said. This is true, although I am quite aware that some readers will smile. How the two Frenchmen managed to live I shall leave to the imagination of the game wardens who



Lowering the Canoe with Rope over Low Falls—Photo by W. K. Moorehead

may observe this article. The Frenchmen told us it would require some time to get a large outfit like ours over the hills to St. John pond. But Baptiste owned a horse and he and his friend constructed some kind of a drag and thus helped us over. Our own guide and college boys helped the Frenchmen and after two more days' labor we were able to establish camp on the shores of St. John pond. A few pictures accompanying this article illustrate our experiences. The country between St. John pond and Baker Lake is about the wildest and contains the most game of any region I ever beheld. The deer trails are cut into the banks two or three feet in depth, and remind one of sheep trails in New Mexico. The cook, Jim Rideout, and Sam Parks, who had charge of our transportation, saw twenty-two deer between six o'clock and nine o'clock in the morning and then quit counting. The deer were very tame and it was easy to paddle a canoe near them. There is not much hunting between Baker Lake and St. John pond as the region is difficult of access.



Casting for Bass—Photo by W. K. Moorehead

After resting at the pond, we dragged the canoes down the stream to Baker Lake about twenty-two miles, and experienced difficulties because of rocks and low water. It required two days to get our heavy outfit through. At Baker Lake we found evidences of ancient Indian encampments in the way of stone knives and arrow heads. Baker Lake seems to be a rendezvous for deer. They congregated in great number and came down around our tents at night stamping and whistling. My young son was greatly disturbed by one of them which stood some thirty feet from the tent. About midnight he aroused me and said, "Papa, what is that?" I told him it was nothing but a deer and to drive it away. Scarcely awake, he raised the edge of the tent and stuck out his head, crying, "Beat it!" At this unusual command, the particu-

lar deer and others near by, dashed through the river and fled into the woods.

Fortunately water is so low in the fall that the sportsmen cannot visit Baker Lake in numbers. Therefore, the region remains a haven for great numbers of game.

Below Baker Lake we stopped at an abandoned lumber camp, built up a big fire and told stories. The man second from the left in the picture, Eli Badger, an interesting French Canadian told experiences which were enjoyed by our party. Eli was bitter against doctors. He had once guided two M. D.'s and they talked over their patients frankly, and exposed certain medical secrets, whereupon Eli lost faith in the medical profession and declared that he would doctor himself hereafter.

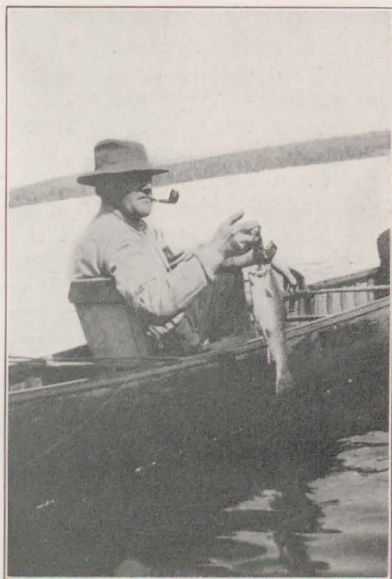
On leaving Baker Lake we were able to ride in the canoes part of the way to Turner Brook. Below Turner Brook another stream came in and it was not necessary to wade and drag. After two or three days more we came to the northwest branch of the St. John. This carries more water than the South Branch and it

is probably the true St. John River. Here we found more Indian stone relics, and caught some trout. From now on, the water is swift and clear of rocks and the journey to Seven Islands was a pleasure.

All along this upper St. John, the primitive forest extends in a solid mass back from the river, silent and impressive. In case of a great forest fire, such as raged northern Maine sixty years ago, any human being on the upper St. John could not hope to escape.

At Seven Islands the river is wide and shallow. There is a very comfortable hotel surrounded by green fields and in a pleasing situation. Here we were served an excellent dinner. After twenty days of camp fare it certainly tasted very good. The Long

Island rapids below Seven Islands are bad but we ran them safely. The Big Black rapids are worse but we also passed through without serious accident. But we nearly had trouble.



Who Wouldn't Smile at Such A Catch



Half an Hour for Lunch

The forward canoes ran through quickly and lay in an eddy at the foot, watching a college boy, who was alone in the last canoe, handle his craft. It certainly was exciting. He swung broad side on in the worst place, and lost his set-pole. But he seized the paddle, worked hard and escaped the rocks, although he took in considerable water.

The secret in running strange rapids is this, that one must look two hundred feet ahead and not merely pick the first good-looking channel, but make sure that the canoe will not run into danger further on.

A man naturally steers his canoe through the easiest places. But such places frequently lead one into rocks and across currents further on. The rock that is two or three inches below the surface



His Prize Successfully Netted—Photo by W. K. Moorehead

is the dangerous rock. These can be detected, if one becomes familiar with the surface of quick water and observes the difference between the "breaks" or crests made by rocks at different depths. It is an art—that of running a loaded canoe in rough water. The "breaks" are an open book to the canoe man. Most of the canoe accidents are caused by ignorance, or love of adventure, or "taking chances." In all of our journeys we have never upset a canoe. Once, in a bateau, we ran on a rock in the middle of the Penobscot near Mattawamkeag. The stream was full of logs, but we managed to work our craft to shore safely.

After passing through the Big Black Rapids, we came to the mouth of the Chimmaticook, where a few more specimens were discovered. The Little Black Rapids, just northwest of the Big

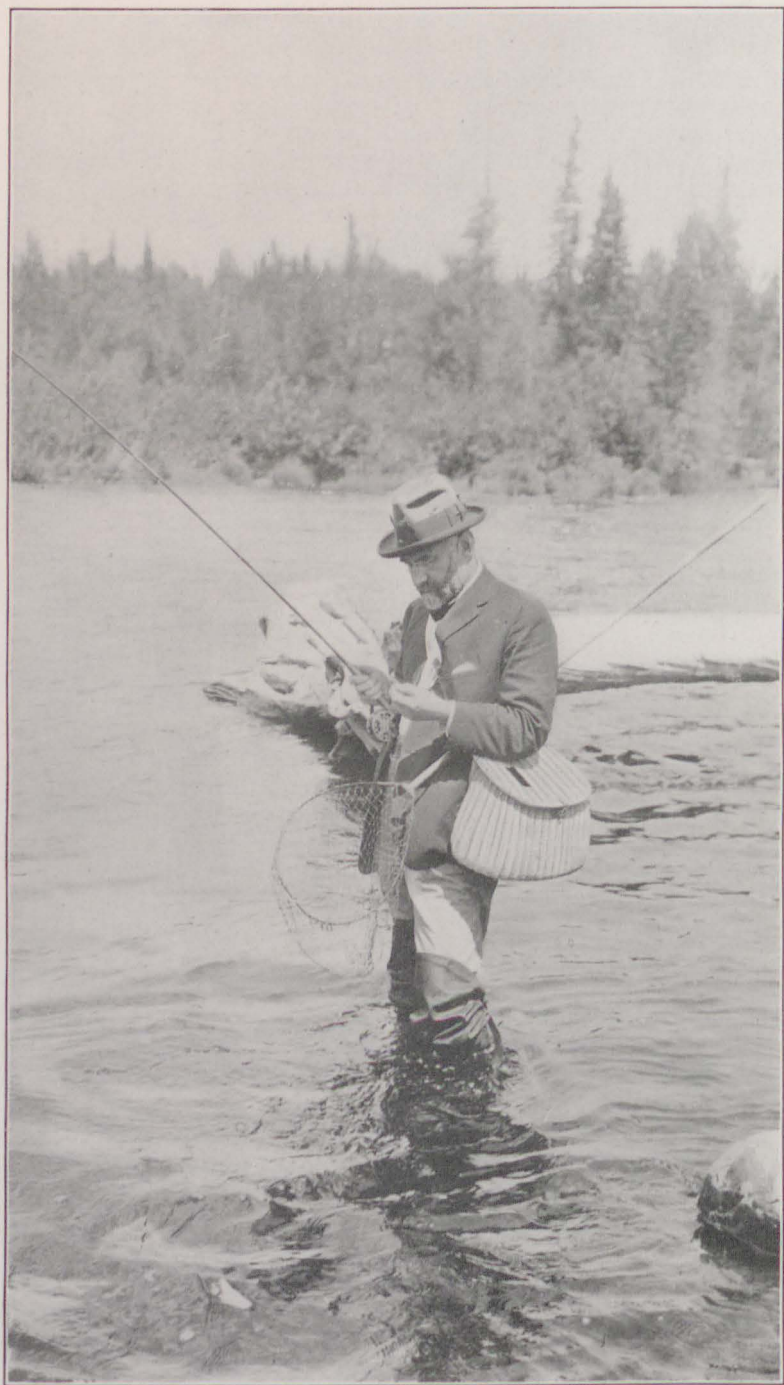
Black River are quite bad, but we ran them safely. A Frenchman living near acted as guide. I advise all canoe parties on the St. John to use guides who know the channels of both Big and Little Black Rapids. We camped at the mouth of the Big Black for nearly a week, and did considerable exploring in the region. Here, as elsewhere, we met some Maine college students, who served as fire wardens and patrolled the North Woods. These young men render efficient service.

From the mouth of the Black River, on to Fort Kent is a rapid run through swift water. From thence on to Meductic, the river valley is well settled, and one may be said to be out of the woods.

There is no comparison between the Allagash trip and the St. John. St. John is not only twice as long, but interesting and primitive. Although the first forty miles, as has been seen, are rather difficult, they are well worth the trouble, and I certainly recommend to the readers of "IN THE MAINE WOODS" a month's outing in the St. John waters.



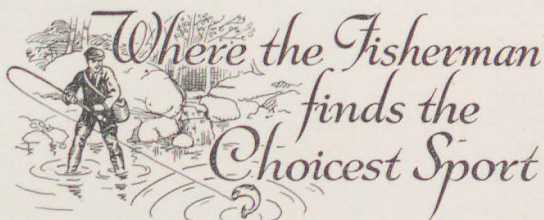
Prof. Moorehead and His Party in Camp on the St. John



Changing the Flies



An Hour's Catch At Spencer Mt. Pond, Katahdin Iron Works



FOR the members of that great brotherhood which, with reverence and affection, looks upon good, old Isaak Walton as its patron saint, the closest approach to an earthly paradise is the Aroostook country with its hundreds of lakes and streams all of which offer the rarest kind of sport for the angler. To enumerate even the better known waters would mean printing a catalogue which would exceed the allotted space in this publication. First, of course, would come Moosehead, Schoodic, Sebec, Sebois, the lakes of the Katahdin Iron Works region, the great basins in from Norcross, the lakes of more recent fame like Portage, Eagle, Square and St. Froid and these would be followed by almost an endless list of waters, great and small. Whichever territory is selected by the fisherman coming to Aroostook ample rewards await him and, unlike most sections, good fishing can be found here because of the comparative coolness of the water during the warm weather months when the sport is poor in other localities. In the northern waters, particularly, even in mid-summer there is no appreciable change in angling conditions.



Good Catches at Big Houston Pond.
Photo by Lyn P. Moore

The royal salmon, king of fish the world over, is the premier prize of Aroostook waters and then there are trout, togue, black bass, perch, pickerel and muscallonge. Aroostook is widely celebrated for its trout and the humbler denizens, white perch, pickerel and black bass offer sport hardly less exhilarating and skill-calling than the aristocratic salmon and trout. Aroostook's fishing season opens with the departure of the ice from lakes and ponds. Fly-fishing continues at its best until summer weather and in not a few localities even the warmest days find the waters sufficiently cool to make good sport. Waning summer finds fine fly-fishing generally. The

multitude of fishing waters makes Aroostook particularly popular and means that if fishing is not up to the mark in one place it is only a short jaunt to neighboring lakes or streams where a change in luck will be found.

As in the case of hunting, not a few sportsmen go on their fishing trips without guides but for the new-comer a guide is a big help. Not only does he know the waters but his skill in camp making and his accomplishments as a chef, to say nothing of the information which he will impart on fishermen's lore, makes him a valuable adjunct to any party. Half the fun of a fishing trip is to partake of the freshly caught trout cooked over a camp-fire and served with the accessories which make a wood's feed far more delectable than the city feast.

For the experienced angler, suggestions are superfluous. Theories as to tackle and its use and the choice of fishing grounds are almost as many as there are individual fishermen. As in the case of hunting, for the tyro, the ideal method of receiving instruction is from a good guide or from a fisherman friend. The novice, visiting Aroostook for his first fishing trip, will find the following suggestions of value.

The choice of tackle depends upon the kind of fishing that is to be done and what the condition of the water is. For fly fishing, fifty yards of good oil silk on a six-foot leader of best salmon gut is used while for bait, a plain snelled hook or gut hook will fill the

bill. For trolling the No. 5 braided silk line, 200 yards long, with a short leader connected with a spoon hook will be satisfactory. Generally speaking hooks from sizes six to twelve will do good work. Your rod depends upon your individual taste. Some of the popular varieties of flies are Silver Doctor, Parmachenee, Silver Hackle, Montreal, Professor, Alder, Red Hackle, Jungle Cock and Cowdung.

The catalogues offered in the advertising section of this publication are of interest to sportsmen and contain much in the way of information. Fishermen in New York wishing direct information regarding the Aroostook country, can consult Mr. Powhatan



A Fine Catch at Square Lake Camps—Photo by J. P. Yerxa

Robinson of the New York Sporting Goods Co., who is familiar with this section and who is glad to give the benefit of his knowledge to inquirers.

Some pithy suggestions: In fishing streams, fish from below and in pools from above. When you throw out an anchor keep on the side away from the sun so the shadow will not fall over the pool. If the fish are slow in rising, bait your hook with a grasshopper, a piece of pork or a worm or maybe letting your flies sink three or four feet will have the desired effect. Strike your fish quickly when fly fishing but when bait fishing a quick stroke may lose the prize. A minnow on a hook, snelled with a hook gimp, should be used for trout and togue. For pickerel the old red and silver spoon with three hooks still does good work. Trout tackle may be used for perch and black bass. Long casts are not regarded as good practice. Don't jerk your fish out suddenly but tire him out.

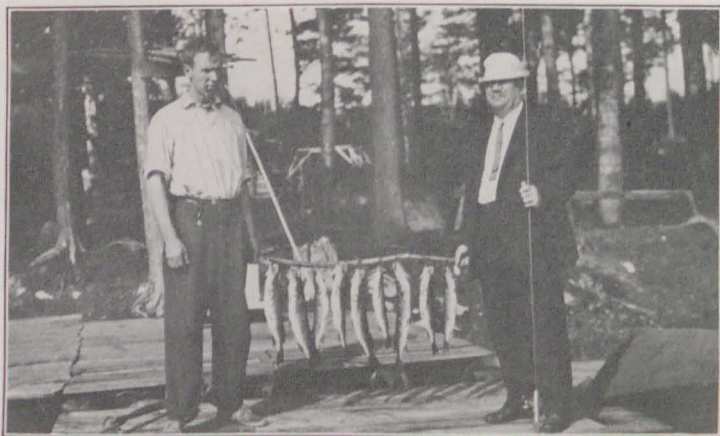


This Salmon Was Caught near Soldier Pond

Don't be a game-hog. Catch only the amount of fish that you or your friends can use. Also influence others to keep out of the game-hog class.

FISHING ON THE TOBIQUE

Information regarding the direct route to the Restigouche country, the famous New Brunswick fish and game country, is given in another chapter. The Tobique Salmon Club, whose preserves are among the most famous on the continent, is most quickly and comfortably reached by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad and this is the route generally used. Leaving Boston or New York on the night train, the sportsman bound for the Tobique preserves arrives at Fort Fairfield, reached by the Bangor & Aroostook, the next morning. From Fort Fairfield to Perth, N. B., and thence to The Forks of the Tobique is a pleasant automobile trip, and the sixty odd miles are covered in season to permit fishing the same afternoon. The old route, by the way of McAdam Junction, is longer and much less convenient.



Pickerel from Cooper Brook, Near the Antler's Camp—Photo by G. W. Sherman

From Five Finger station, on the International Railway, an eighteen-mile road has been constructed which lands the sportsman within fourteen miles of Nictau lake, celebrated as a fine fishing basin, and also shortens the distance to Nepisquit and Bathurst waters, all of which are well known among sportsmen for their fine trout and salmon.



A Good Catch

The Tobique Salmon Club is visited yearly by fishermen and hunters from all over the United States and Canada. Its superintendent, Mr. Thomas F. Allen, has been in charge of the club for 25 years and numbers among his personal friends many distinguished men who have taken advantage of the exceptional opportunities offered by the club. Mr. Allen may be communicated with at Andover, N. B., and he will be glad to give information to persons interested in a vacation in the Tobique country.

The Tobique country besides being famous for fishing abounds in big game and some of the finest moose and deer on the continent are brought out from this section. Mr. Allen is always ready to correspond with parties seeking information about hunting in the New Brunswick section.



The Kind They Get at Seboomook



On the Sourdnahunk Trail—Photo by William Simpson



How's This for a Fine String—Photo by C. A. Anderson



BY REV. ORVILLE A. PETTY, NEW HAVEN

NOTHING succeeds like *excess*; if you want the finest fishing go forty miles from Norcross. Several Yale men had summed it up in some such words, words then strange, now strangely true. I learned that these same busy men had caught up with themselves by a few weeks on Lake Sourdnahunk every summer since the century began. I looked into my checkbook, then at the map, and finally over a time-table. I persuaded Teddy to go along.

Within a fortnight we had stepped off the train and into the woods at Norcross. We "bought the boat" from Fred Fowler, and at 7 a. m. our "chartered ship" steamed away toward the north-west. About nine o'clock the two surviving passengers were put ashore at the "head of the lake." One lonely Indian greeted us, he was to be our guide. We pushed our canoe into the whirling waters of the West Branch. Already we had left twelve immortal miles behind!

At every turn of the river the scenery exceeds itself. The river, like the mountains whence it came and the sea whither it goes, is never quite the same. On the West Branch, we find the "quick" and the "dead," now it loiters listlessly in placid sheen, anon it rushes wildly in a restless surge of spray. The paddles flashing in the sun startle two deer which leap into the gloom; a great blue heron evades us in dangling flight and a big bald eagle looks down from a lone tree far above in security and pride. The silent woods come closer and become interminable! The "carrys" serve to straighten our legs and the running logs add a welcome hazard now and then. So! we are at Pitmans before mid-day. Teddy



Caught in a Couple of Hours

has quickened our stroke by Irish lilts as he reclined against the middle thwart. We rested awhile, ate two dinners apiece and paddled on.

At the mouth of the Sourdnahunk Stream we leave our canoe and plunge into the forest. The trail now lurks in mountain solitudes, and the stream purls by our path in matchless lullaby. The aeolian music, swept from its evergreen harp by the evening wind, becomes a vesper song of peace, while the mountains blue and gray, yet clear-cut and sublime strengthen the heart.

We tarried at York's Camp over night. The sweet, high notes of the white-throated sparrow and the splash of the trout "breaking" on Daisy pond wove a soothing prelude to our dreams. We slept in fearless peace for Katahdin,—giant sentinel, silent and strong, was standing by.

When morning broke we felt as good as new. We followed the "tote" road toward the north. At York's some take the buckboard for "the lake." We chose the tonic of a twelve mile hike. The romance and mystery of the elusive scents and sounds of the forest lured us far from yesterday. The audible haste of the hurrying stream spoke of highlands further on. The pungent, pine-laden air was rich in power.

We reached the lake when the sun was high, and what a wonderful scene crept into our souls,—four sparkling miles of limpid beauty framed by mountains, hills and evergreens which "shoulder the sky." We lowered a canoe into the shining home stretch of

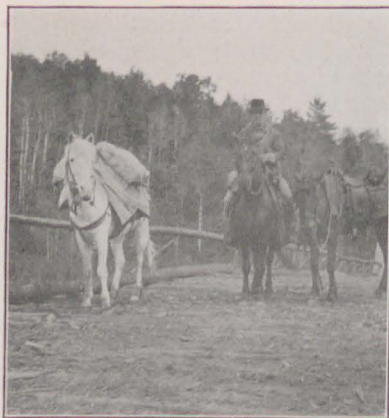


A Snapshot at Daisey's Camps in the Hunting Season

our way and rested our feet. Two miles soon drifted behind us and Charley Daisey said "Welcome" in tones that even a tenderfoot could not misunderstand.

Dinner was ready in half an hour and after that we looked ourselves over in a log-cabin all our own. "What day is this?" said Teddy with a start. "Friday? Impossible! Why we left New Haven only day before yesterday in the afternoon!" Less than two days to reach "forty miles from nowhere and"—is the fishing fine? O ye rods and reels and fairy flies!

It was after supper when we started out and Teddy had never cast a fly before, yet he landed two half-pound ones just as the sun went down. Within two weeks he had learned to catch trout like a wizard—two with one cast on three successive days and three of these weighed over a pound apiece; all in August! In the meantime he had seen his first moose and first bear and had fallen in without upsetting the canoe.



On the Way to Bowlan Camps

Bob McDougal, Joe Orsin, Joe Dennis, Barry McClelland and other well-known guides were there and fishermen from everywhere. The new-comers asked "Where is a good place for trout?" "Anywhere!" was the usual but bewildering reply,—Lake Sourdnahunk is about four miles long and two miles wide and our camp was the only one on the lake. Then there were Little Sourdnahunk, Thistle and other lakes and ponds nearby where two-pound trout are commonplace,—except on off days.

Dinner in the open on "Little Sourdy" is a memory for kings. Years ago, birches, cedars, hemlocks and their friends colonized the water's edge and still abide; branchlets and wavelets play together in the sun. In two sheltered coves deer wade and drink without alarm. Wild fowl lead their broods around the rim. The great trout rise slowly and warily as our Parmachenee or some more brilliant fly flutters and skips far from our canoes. Suddenly



Just Thinking It Over

Joe's supper call draws all together among the pines. Broiled trout—two of the largest were enough for the crowd, baked potatoes, hot biscuit, with cream for our coffee and three kinds of wild berries for dessert!

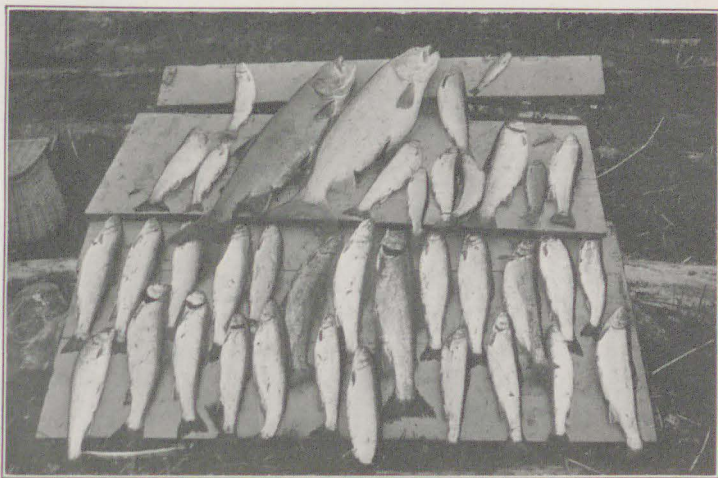
Night came down and the moon hung like a tiara of pearls above Katahdin's brow.

"Double-Top" which two of us had climbed only yesterday lifted its almost perfect cone against the stars! Tomorrow we must leave this sportsman's dreamland—all-come-true. "Charley" said Teddy as he counted over

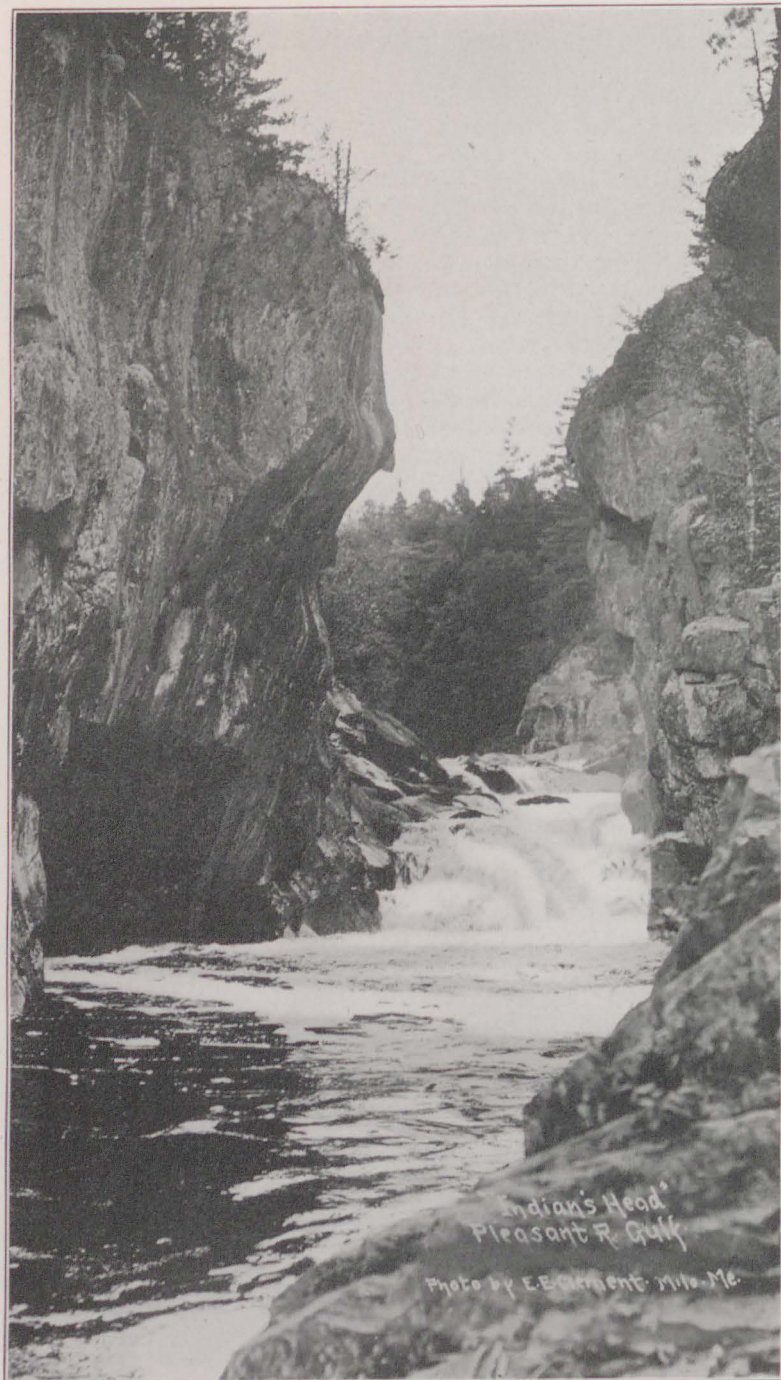
again twenty-one big trout on the cooling board in the lodge, "business calls and I must leave you for awhile, but A— and both our sons and daughters are coming back with me next year."



Just in Time for Supper



Togue and Trout Caught at Big Houston Pond—Photo by Lyn P. Moore



Indian's Head
Pleasant R. Gulf.

Photo by E. E. Clement, Milo, Me.

One of the Picturesque Scenes on Pleasant River, Katahdin Iron Works.
Photo by E. E. Clement, Milo, Me.



The Cabin At Slaughter Pond—Photo by Arthur B. Tyler

Over Night at Slaughter Pond

BY ARTHUR B. TYLER, PRINCETON, N. J.

IN the early part of August, after we had been at Hunt's Camps on Kidney Pond for a few days and had tried our luck at enticing the trout of Rocky, Little Rocky, Beaver, Jackson and other neighboring ponds, Larry and I still yearned for other worlds to conquer. The most attractive one in view was far-famed Slaughter Pond, lying some four miles northwest of camp, and reached by trail from Little Rocky. Here we decided to go, and hither we went one pleasant afternoon, we consisting of Larry and I, our guide Dan Hale, and Dr. W. A short walk brought us to the shores of Rocky, where we borrowed two of Hunt's canoes and paddled the length of the pond.

Landing here, we pulled the canoes up and turned them over. Then we hit the trail for Slaughter, a rather misleading one in places so that we temporarily lost our way once or twice. Dan took care that we soon found it again and we reached the lower end of the lake about 4.30 in the afternoon. Hunt has some canoes over here, two of which we slid into the water and paddled towards the upper end of the pond.

"Look there!" exclaimed Dan softly, and following the line of his extended paddle we made out a deer standing knee deep in the water some distance off. It evidently sensed our presence, for after a slow, disdainful stare in our direction it turned and made off slowly into the woods. Slaughter Pond is a wonderfully beautiful body of water, lying as it does in a place of solitude with nothing but the cries of nature to disturb the silence. On the right, mountains rise up almost directly from the shore, so it seems, and the shores are fringed all round with thick woods. Up towards the northern end, a portion of the pond is split by a high wooded promontory, on which there is a substantial log cabin. We headed for this point, where we had planned to camp for the night.



A Sourdnhunk Stream—Photo by Arthur B. Tyler

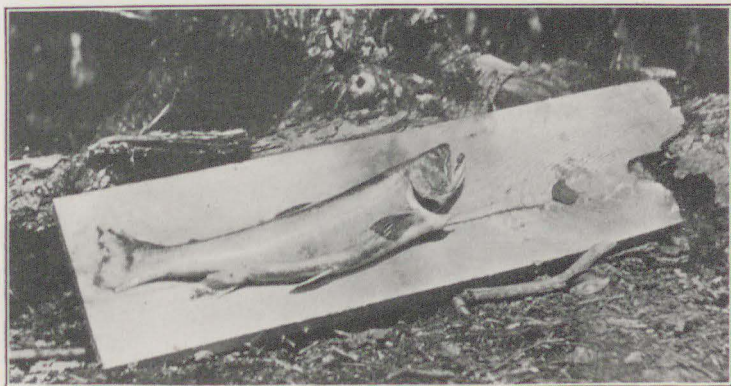
In the cabin we found two bunks, the bedding of which we were delighted to discover uninhabited, a wood stove, table, lamp and other comforts of home. This cabin faces down the pond and affords a splendid view, particularly fine towards sun-down when dusk begins to creep over all.

Desiring to get all of the best fishing we ate supper, while the sun was still up, did what little work there was to be done around camp and then looked over our flies for the real fun of the day. Dan paddled Larry, while the Doctor, an old timer at the game, wielded the paddle in our canoe. The sun was just preparing to set, and as it slowly sank and we pushed out from shore, the only sound to be heard was the occasional leap of a trout. We started casting almost immediately and for the next hour or so I was treated to the time of my life. I had heard a great deal about the fishing at Slaughter and had been inclined to take all I heard with

a grain of salt, but now I was experiencing the real thing, and you can't get away from reality. The trout were not large, few weighing over half a pound, but oh the abundance of them! At times they were jumping on all sides of the canoe, and scarcely a cast, bungling tho it may have been in my excitement, failed to draw, one, two or three rises. At some little distance off the purr of Larry's reel could be heard, but I was too busy tending to my own business to pay much attention to his. Never shall I forget that evening; we stopped casting only when it was too dark to see the end of our rods, and returned to camp with entire satisfaction and joy written all over us. I forget the exact number of fish, but I could boast of the fact that I was some sixteen ahead of Larry, yet most of the victory belongs to Doc. who proved an adept at locating the most pregnant spots.

On retiring for the night, Larry and I slept together, or perhaps it would be more truthful to say that we shared the same bunk; for I know, Larry may have slept, but it is hardly possible that a fellow who proved himself, with my unwritten assistance, such an able kicker, could have had the heart to really sleep through my sufferings. Anyway, we survived the night in some way or other and arose the next morning about seven. After breakfast we started back for Kidney, but looked in at Polly Pond first, scarcely a stone's throw from Slaughter. We felt particularly interested in this little body for the reason that Larry's father gave it its name, a couple of decades ago, in honor of his sister. Just for good luck, we landed a dozen trout before reluctantly quitting placid Polly.

No mishap or incident worthy of mention marked our return to Hunt's where we arrived in good time for dinner. Other trips we had during our stay there, including that to the top of Katahdin, but there is nothing more pleasing to me than the recollection of that over-night stay at Slaughter Pond, a veritable Paradise if there ever was one.



A Nice One A' La Plank



An Inviting Cabin on Mt. Katahdin, Built by Fire Warden A. Frank Sewell. It is Located Two-Thirds up "The Slide"—Photo by B. L. Call, Dexter, Me.



Katahdin from Daisey Pond—Photo by William Simpson



BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, NEW YORK

THE first of all American games is making money. It is an all absorbing game and we knock each other about playing at it oftener than we do when playing football or polo and often those that indulge in the game rarely know why. If you ask a great money maker what he is to do with the money he rarely knows. Just as at baseball you get more runs and you win the game. To get more money than other people is the game. I have heard of some genial old multimillionaires who had been very successful at the game having a hard time of it, they even have found it necessary to have armed guards patrol their residences to insure their property and personal safety and I believe there is as much safety in a canvas tent as there is within the marble walls of a palace.

I beg of you to indulge me in referring to one melancholy thought which momentarily passes through my mind—that is, the wealth that is often amassed or accumulated in many weary days and sleepless nights is often squandered away in joyless and sometimes vicious prodigality and some of the monuments that pride has erected to perpetuate a name have been wantonly squandered in what is sometimes termed high life.

A great many people look forward to the summer season as the time when for a brief space the cares and anxieties of business are laid aside and life is given over to a period of enjoyment, pleasure and holiday making. The month of June always claimed to be a delightful season. The blushing bride chooses it oftener than any other month for the honey-mooning. The spirit of the enthusiastic angler rises with the elevating influence of the month. His trained, keen eye can take in at a glance the activity of nature caused by the influence of the balmy sunshine. The forests and mountains of our northern country seem glad to return to their normal condition. By choice we have spent a large part of our summer for many years in Aroostook County, Maine, fishing and hunting and living the simple life in the fragrant air of the Maine woods.

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea;
The forest is my loyal friend,
Like God it useth me;

Or on the mountain side sublime,
Or down the oaken glade,
Oh what have I to do with Time?
For this the day was made.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

I have lived by the sea and amongst the mountains but I am not going to say which is best—the one you prefer is the best for you. This difference there surely is. In the mountains you may have a log cabin or you can build one from suitable material near at hand, you can gather balsam boughs for your bed or cut timber to keep your fire burning, you can have a certain territorial security, you can be familiar with the trees and their outlines in the horizon, the rocks and rapids of the stream are familiar landmarks and memory the greatest faculty of the human mind will imprint lasting pictures of your outings—that has a secret power to bring you back to the pleasant land of old times in the Maine woods. But the sea is feline. It will lick your feet, its huge waves will purr very pleasantly for you but it will smash your bones, wipe the foam from its frothy jaws as though nothing had ever happened, as it did in the Titanic disaster. The mountains clothed with their green forests and streams give their visiting guests fruits and flowers; if you are hungry you will be well fed with luscious game and succulent fish and delicious water. The sea has a fascinating, treacherous disposition, it will mock your thirst and will let you die for want of water to drink, it drowns out time and belongs to eternity, it is entirely too big and too uncertain for intimacy with humanity.

This is Doctor Henry Van Dyke's suggestion to the lovers of outdoor life:

"Then come my friend, forget your foes and leave your fears behind
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful, quiet mind;
For be your fortune great or small, you take what God will give,
And all the day your heart will say, 'Tis luck enough to live.'"

Damon and I felt the need of a vacation and had discussed the matter pro and con. We had several prospects in view but were not always of precisely one opinion as to the various attractions as they were presented. The matter of business sometimes upset our prospective plans. Damon's last suggestion was adopted, it was a compromise, and the unanimous decision was a happy one and was that we should spend our vacation on the headwaters of the Machias River in Maine, where we would have a combination of forest, mountain, lakes, ponds and river. The Machias River waters consist of Little South Branch, Greenlaw and Sam Hayden brooks, Center and Spectacle ponds, Big Machias lake, McGowan, Pratt, Billings, Caribou, Horse-shoe and McNally ponds, Twenty Mile, Fourteen Mile, Indian, Farrar, Rowe, Conners and Lucky brooks and Rowe lake. There are two lines of sporting camps on the Machias waters, each with a main or home camp with outlying camps at different points of interest. These camps are quite modern, are comfortably furnished and are well stocked with provisions and even luxuries. Canoes are tucked away in the bushes at the landings on the various portages and the general arrangements insure to the angler a delightful



A Camp on the Aroostook River Headwaters—Photo by William Simpson

time and one can spend a while here, a sort of camping de luxe where there is always sufficient fish and plenty of game.

The true delight of our holiday began when we put on the vesture of the woods and took our seats in the canoes. The confusion and uproar of the world is left behind and we begin the simple amiable life for another season and our thoughts are now of tents and camps and their beds of balsam boughs and the camp fires that burn under the blue skies with the twinkling stars for illumination; what the camp lacks in elegant luxury it makes up in freedom.

A good deal of the pleasure and much of the comfort of camping depends on your guide. Mine for many years has been always, with one exception, the most fortunate. He was one of those extraordinary geniuses in his line, who learned his calling by the force of nature without assistance or education. His polite manner suggested a French Canadian, his expediency and ingenuity a Yankee and his name is a household word on the Emerald Isle and to me he was an excellent guide and never failing friend. This we can always be sure of anywhere, that virtue, good manners and common sense like gold and precious stones have their intrinsic value; sometimes, if they are not polished they are liable to pass unseen but one with these attributes is near perfection of human nature and we can be certain that merit will make its way anywhere and particularly in the woods.

For real friendly companionship there is nothing outside of the animal world that can be compared with a river: Sir John Lubbock the English Naturalist wrote, "But as much as we may admire the majestic grandeur of a mighty river, either in its eager rush or its calmer moments, there is something which fascinates even more in the free life, the young energy, the sparkling transparence, and merry music of smaller streams."

Fly fishing is not only the most sportsmanlike, but it is the most delightful way of fishing for game fish. Trout, salmon, ouananiche, bass or other game fish—the fish leaps at and takes your fly as if it was a matter of pure delight to him and although he is securely hooked, I feel sure he does not suffer pain, as many times, I have had a fish break and carry off the fly at one cast only to rise at the remaining flies and again get hooked, played and brought



A Woods Leanto—Photo by William Simpson

to the net. Surely it is artistic, regal sport to lure a fish with a tuft of feathers tied on a hook. I was fishing with a five ounce split bamboo rod and three flies tied on Number 6 hooks. The fish were rising ahead of our canoe and I dropped the flies nicely on the surface of the water. They dropped with the velocity of a fat grasshopper and I snatched the hook out of the mouth of a rising fish but presently I found a fish that knew less of the nicety of fly fishing than his brethren who seized the fly firmly before I could switch it away and instantly I found I was attached to a fish with the strength of a porpoise and the agility of a salmon.



Camping Near Aroostook Fishing Waters

He played on the surface like a whirlwind and sulked at the bottom like a rock and went to the deepest spring hole and sulked with ominous delay. My heart sunk within me like a snowflake in a river when he rushed to the surface and flung himself clear out of the water, and I thought I had surely lost him forever. But with a vicious shake from snout to tail he rolled back into the water with a defiant splash of his tail and a few minutes later I brought him within reach of the landing net—he measured $17\frac{1}{4}$ inches and weighed $3\frac{1}{4}$ pounds.

This is the season of the year that brings all the birds on a level with one another and tames the pride of the loftiest highflier. It is their busy season, the season of nest building when the forest trees first begin to show their buds, the wild strawberry, the



A Woods Violet—Photo by William Simpson

miles to bring home some twig or other material that is abundant in the nearby trees.

I have frequently been something of a castle-in-the-air-builder and have often found my liveliest and sweetest pleasures in spring from the innocent illusions which fancy has put into commonplace realities. As I get older, however, I find it more difficult to deceive myself in this innocent, delightful manner and sometimes I have found more pleasure in the anticipation than there was in the realization.

Our camp was on the edge of a pond in a dense plantation of balsam pine and yellow birch and it was pleasant to be awakened at the break of day when the voices of the birds began to break the silence of the night, when the rosy blush of the morning began to lift its mantle in the east before the sun began to rise through the golden and purple cloud, to shed his blithesome rays on the tree tops. Then the partridge summons her brood to sally forth in search of the balsam buds and juicy berries. Nature seems to hold a never ending festival in which the trees and their inhabitants, the sunbeams and the shadows join in disclosing "nature's embroidery" of delicate wild flowers growing up through a carpet of green moss.

As the season advanced the water became warmer and the fish did not rise as frequently or so actively. We tried at the spring holes early in the morning or in the evening. At twilight one evening when fishing in a favorite place I hooked what I hoped to be a record breaker. The conclusion was not reached so much by his activity as by his strength. After playing him for a while I managed to get him close up to the surface near the canoe several

feathery ferns, the prickly raspberry bushes and all the herbage of the sheltered woodlands put forth their leaves. At this season there is a general bustle among the feathered tribes an incessant chirping and fluttering about. They have lost their natural shyness, have become fearless, are more familiar and their activity is occupied in searching for building materials. Like many other castle builders these airy architects seem to prefer materials with which to build to come from a distance; though there may be plenty close by yet they fly off for

times so we could see his sides glisten in the clear water but in a fatal moment he dashed under the canoe, parted the leader and got away. Damon exclaimed "Oh, what a pity, he looked like a five pounder:" but do you know I really believe that our spectacles of regret often magnify as I have heard so often of "the big one that got away."

Our Sundays were days of leisure in weeks of idleness and we took very little physical exercise. We brought into the woods with us a bundle of books that gave much pleasure. The selection was of the sort that adorn the mind and improve the fancy. The books by Thoreau were delightful. They are among the most sincere and genuine woodland books. He was a very close observer and wrote with great care and his literary quality is excellent. I particularly enjoyed the "Maine Woods" and like good wine it tastes best where it is made. Of all the privileges we enjoy in our time there is none that can be obtained so easily or than we get more pleasure from than books. The debt we owe to books is great and the cost is trifling. They are old friends that are always alive and never even go to sleep for a moment or do they ever conceal anything. If you are ignorant they never jest or laugh at you, if you are in misery they will bring happiness and teach you wisdom—they are our best friends. They can be admitted to our society or dismissed at will without giving offense. Some tell of the events of past ages and others reveal the secrets of nature. Some teach how to live and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away the blues and exhilarate the spirits and in return for their services they only ask a little time which they are quite likely to improve. Any one who likes a book need never be in want of a faithful friend, a cheerful companion or a good counsellor. Southey in one of his spells of melancholy wrote:

"My days among the dead are passed,
Around me I behold,
Where e'er these casual eyes are cast
The mighty minds of old.
My never failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day."

There is only one nuisance that I know of in the wilderness camp life and that is only experienced in places that are much sheltered from the breeze. I refer to the insects. There are four breeds of these. The worst of all is the black fly or gnat that infest the well watered forests of the north from New York to Labrador. Fortunately they are short lived. They come and go in about six weeks and are troublesome only during sunshine but during his natural life no part of your skin is safe from his depredations. The next variety of terror is the mosquito, but I don't really need to introduce him because you have likely found

him at home. But if you have not he will surely find you and he is a shylock and takes his pound of flesh and rarely fails to take the blood with it. But with all his faults he is an honorable sort of brigand. He carries his weapon openly and needs no license for concealed weapons and before he makes an attack he usually gives warning. The next variety is an ill bred villain. He was called by the Indians "bite-em-no-see-em" and he seems to know that his size gives him some advantage for these invisible atoms of animal misery will attack you during twilight and make it hot for you while he persecutes you. But unlike the black fly or the mosquito he departs without leaving any of his trade marks after him. Of course you can defend yourself against these pests by using "fly dope" mixed with pennyroyal or a veil and gloves.

Burned timberlands along the streams and low places are the worst for flies but even there, nature gives the most beautiful illustration of the law of compensation in the fact that on these burnt over places you almost always find groves of young balsams, delicious wild raspberries and any quantity of luscious blueberries and is it not a fact that some of the lives that have given the greatest and sweetest value to the world are those who have had to contend with infirmity, deformity or misfortune, Nature's compensation.

It is doubtful which is the more delightful, to go for a holiday which has been fully earned or to return home from one that has been thoroughly enjoyed—refreshed and invigorated with a fresh store of pleasant memories to relate to family and friends at our own fireside.



An Inviting Cabin Midst the Trees



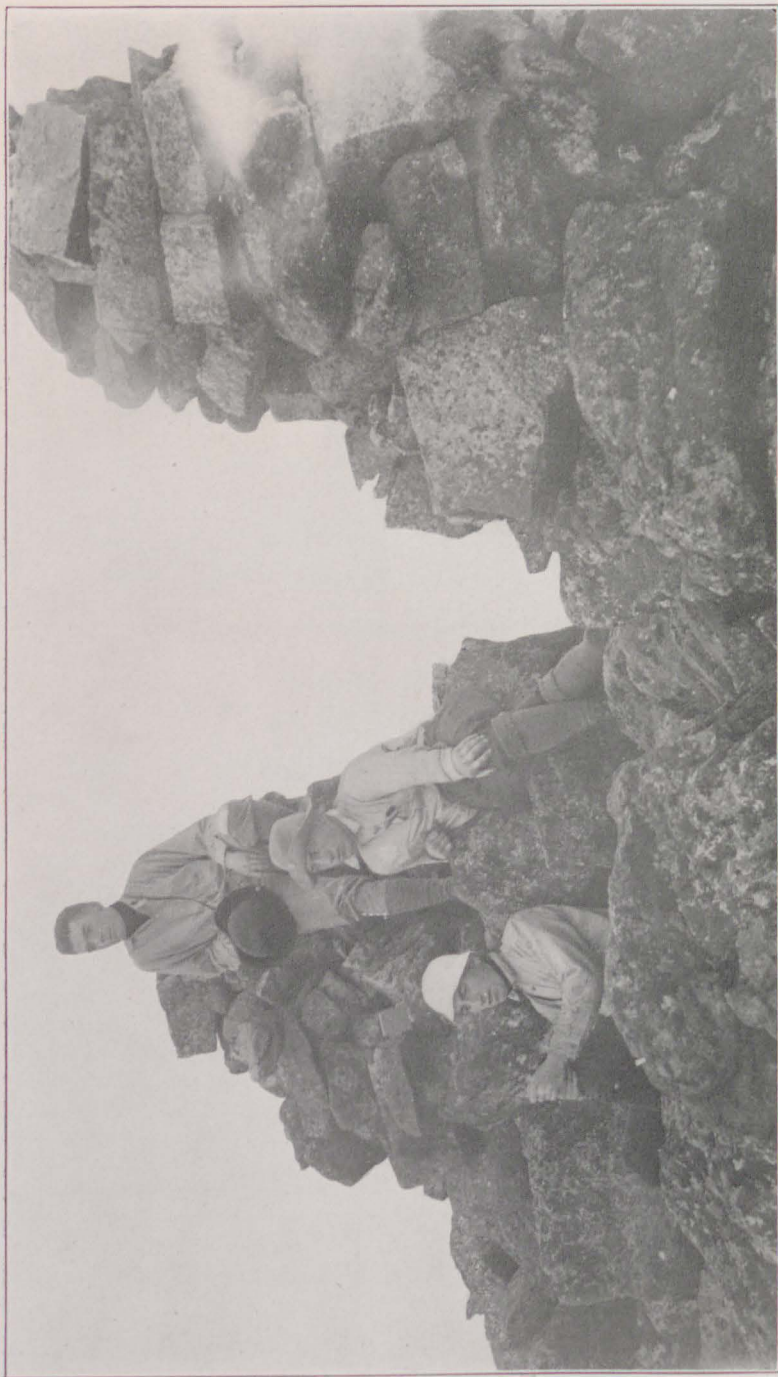
When Shadows Grow Long and The Sap Begins to Run

NATURE WORSHIP

BY LOUISE BRISCOE, POTTSVILLE, PA.

Above the mountain's topmost line,
 Clean cut against the sky
 Stretch the gaunt limbs of a long-dead pine,
 A crucifix on high.

And when, with lifting leaves outspread,
 The trees about it nod,
 Then Nature worships, with bowed head,
 Before the throne of God.



On the Summit of Mt. Katahdin—Photo by B. L. Call, Dexter, Me.



On the Hike to Katahdin's Top



The Spell of Katahdin

BY ANNA MILDRED THAYER, YONKERS, N. Y.

DO you know Katahdin, that lonely, giant peak of northern Maine? If you know the Maine woods at all and do not know the mountain, then you have missed half of the wonder of that great wilderness, for nowhere else do you feel so perfectly the spirit of Maine as you do on the summit of Katahdin, and in no other way do you fall so completely under the spell of that which, for want of a better name, we call "woods-fever" as you do in climbing up its steep and rugged slopes.

The four counties that comprise northern Maine—Somerset, Penobscot, Aroostook and Piscataquis—all offer to the nature-lover and to the sportsman, joys almost past belief; each has its peculiar charm, but most wonderful and most fascinating of all is Piscataquis. It is a wild country of deer and bear, of birds and fish, threaded by many streams, and by that great artery, the West Branch of the Penobscot, down which may be taken one of the most beautiful canoe-trips in the country. Countless lakes and ponds lie waiting for rod or paddle, ponds abounding in trout and togue and bass; and clothing all this great tract, stands the



Katahdin Snow-Capped in September
Photo by A. M. Thayer

with blueberry bushes, and fragrant with the abundant fruit that gives to the hillsides a faint blueish tint; and near the brooks and streams the red raspberries hang their heavy heads, ready to fall at a touch into your outstretched hand.

One could go on and on, and yet be unable to enumerate all the allurements of that marvellous country, for the list is indeed endless; yet most fascinating and most beautiful of all is that part known as the "Katahdin region" and within a ten-mile radius of the mountain is found some of the finest fishing and hunting in the state. And the peculiar charm is the mountain itself; go where you will on lake or stream or hillside, Katahdin is the compelling feature of the landscape. It stands alone, a giant peak, towering high above the surrounding country, grand and awe-inspiring in its isolation. Its summit clear-cut against the soft, blue sky of early summer, or veiled in rolling, gray mists, or shining silvery and mysterious in the moonlight, or gleaming white in an early mantle of September snow, it is always calling, calling, and it cannot be ignored or forgotten. Paddle down the rushing waters of the West Branch, from Ripogenus Lake

whispering forest, stretching unbroken for many miles,—a dense growth of pine and spruce and cedar, of white-birch and maple, of moose-wood and alder; its floor covered with an exquisite carpet of creeping vines and deep, velvety mosses, of ferns and pale woods-flowers, and everywhere, even in its most sombre depths, the cheery scarlet clusters of the bunch-berry. Here and there are sunny upland slopes literally crowded



This Bear Was Shot near Birch Point
Lodge, Patten

to Ambajejus, and always it is to Katahdin that your eyes must turn; whether shooting through the thrilling stretches of the Horserace rapids, or gliding silently across the placid Sourdnhunk Deadwater, or slipping swiftly along the narrow stretches above Abol, still the mountain dominates all.

The longer you see it, the more insistent becomes its appeal until at last you can resist it no longer, and climb it you must. Perhaps you pitch your tents at the mouth of Sourdnhunk Stream, or opposite Abol brook, and await favorable weather, for many are the storms that rage around the mountain-top, often when the lower world is in full sunshine. Does the grim giant veil his head



A Midsummer Picnic Outing

in leaden clouds, and is the forest tortured with whirling storms of rain and wind? Wait patiently perhaps a day or two, perhaps a week,—Katahdin will come clear again.

At last one morning you awaken to a fair, sunshiny day, and there stands the mountain, the stern beauty of its outline clearly defined against the pale blue of the morning sky. How sweet and fresh the woods are after the rain, and the brown tote-road soft and springy under your moccasined foot. Every breath is a joy on such a day as this, and the miles drop swiftly behind you. Soon you turn off into a narrow trail, and glide in perfect silence over the damp, brown leaves, on and on, the path twisting and

turning, and crossing now and then a clear, amber brook, murmuring and singing as it rushes swiftly along its rocky bed. The way grows steeper, rougher, narrower, and huge granite boulders thrust themselves across the path. Suddenly the trees drop away, and you emerge upon the bare masses of seamed and broken granite that form the summit of the mountain. Climbing, leaping, sliding, clinging close to the great rocks, you go up what seems an almost perpendicular ridge, with a sheer drop to left and right, and an ever-widening view spreading out below you. After a long, hard climb, the table-land is reached and crossed, and a final scramble



The Popular Big Houston Camps, Katahdin Iron Works—Photo by Lyn P. Moore

over more jagged, granite ridges brings you to the stone monuments that mark the very summit of the mountain.

What a wonderful experience to gaze off from that great height! All the world seems to lie far below you, and it stretches away north, south, east and west, hills and valleys, to the faint blue of the far-distant mountains that surge upward to meet the sky. Down from the mountain-side flows the green, billowing forest, spreading ever farther and farther, and framing in its soft embrace countless scores of lakes and ponds. They lie scattered as far as the eye can see, from distant Moosehead in the west, to the tiny pools that nestle close at Katahdin's very feet, each one a placid mirror, reflecting the blue sky, and the slowly drifting clouds. A veritable ribbon of silver marks the course of the West Branch, winding its graceful way downward to the lakes. Which-

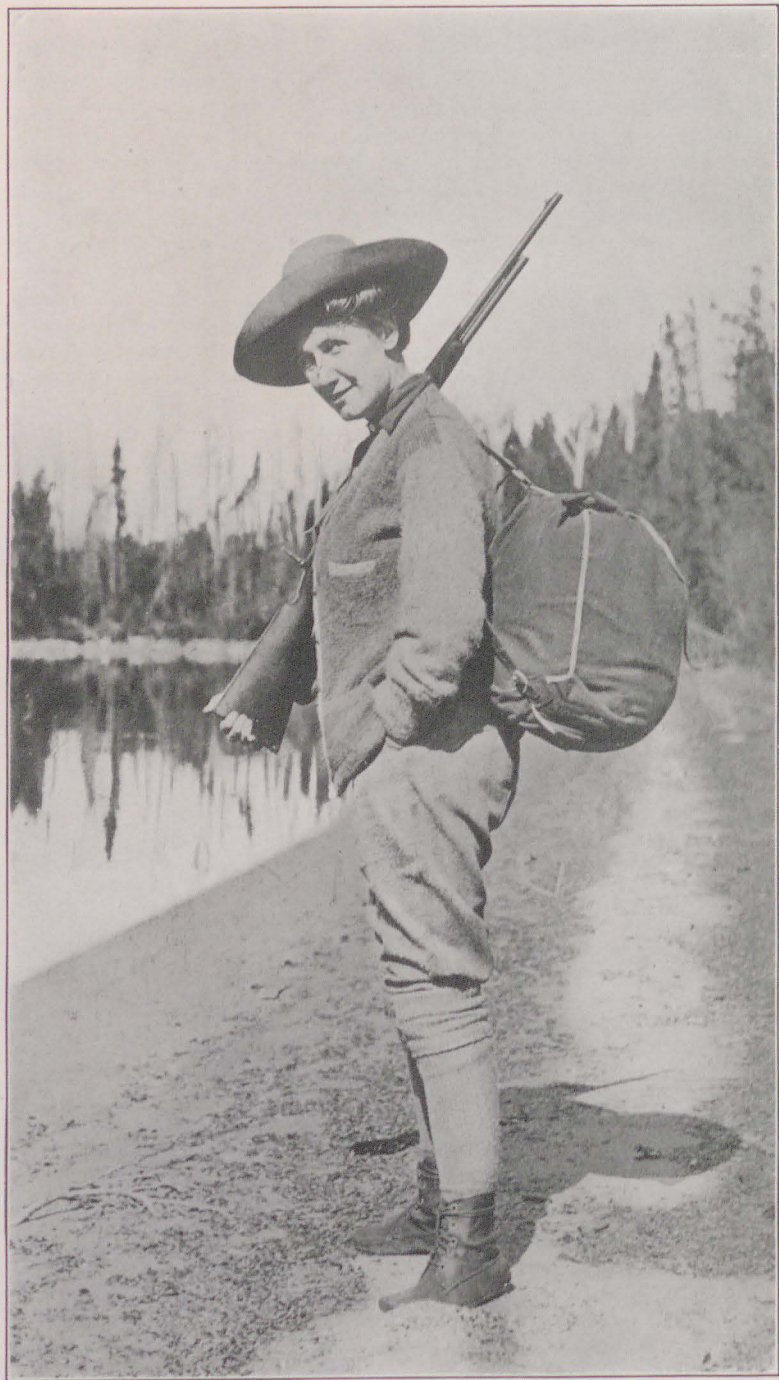
ever way you turn fresh beauties greet you; the sunshine warms you as you sit gazing spellbound, and the keen, mountain breeze fills your lungs, and thrills you with the very joy of living. All burdens seem to fall away, leaving you glad and strong and uplifted, and inexpressibly calmed by the great peace, and the brooding silence that reigns forever on that majestic mountaintop. If we could always keep our mountain-moods how much easier life would be.

It is very hard to turn downward, and go back to your own corner of the world, there to take up once more your own particular task; but if you do not return to the plains of every-day living with renewed strength for the struggle against mean and petty things, and inspired to make at least a small corner of the world a better, happier place to live in, then the message of the mountain has not reached you, and poor indeed is the soul which cannot be touched by the magic spell of Katahdin!

But if it has touched, and thrilled you, you will be the richer for it all your life; and even if you never again return, some up-lifting mark must be left upon you who has loved Katahdin enough to struggle upward and stand upon its topmost peak, and there to absorb with eye, and heart and soul, some of the majesty and beauty of that glorious mountain that typifies the nobility, and the sturdy strength of Maine and its people!



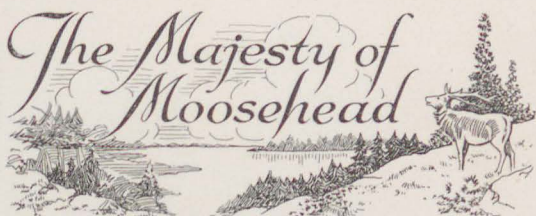
On the South Peak of Mt. Katahdin—Photo by Myrtie F. Smart



A Fair Aroostook Nimrod



A Sextet of Big Ones



MOOSEHEAD lake, the great inland sea which is one of the chief scenic boasts of New England, has long been a mecca for fisherman and vacationist. Away back in the days when the stage-coach was the conveyance by which the early devotees visited Moosehead, began the chorus of praise of Moosehead's grandeur and beauty which increases in volume each year. Many are the famous pens that have written verse and prose in tribute of Moosehead and in spite of changes which have taken place since the days of the early enthusiasts—the transition in transportation from stage-coach to Pullman cars, the upbuilding of towns and industries in erstwhile forest and the creation of magnificent resorts—Moosehead has lost none of the charm which won her admirers in the days gone by. Surrounded by the heavily wooded mountains which of themselves evoke panegyric, Moosehead's impress is of awe and wonderment and praise of Nature's lavishness.

Reputed to be the largest of all lakes wholly within the border of the United States, Moosehead is 40 miles long and 20 miles wide

at the broadest point. But figures fail to give one an idea of its size and only after making the trip from Greenville to Northeast Carry and consulting the map showing the great inlets like Lily and Spencer bays does one realize the magnitude and appreciate the aptness of the title, "inland sea." The shores of Moosehead are touched at two points by railroads. The Bangor & Aroostook railroad, the pioneer Moosehead lake line, has its terminus at Greenville Junction while the Maine Central railroad reaches the lake at Rockwood, directly across the lake from the Mount Kinco House. From Greenville Junction and Rockwood there is regular steamboat service to all the other points on the Moosehead by the substantial craft of the Coburn Steamboat Co.



Moosehead's Newest Hotel, Squaw Mt. Inn

Unless one traverses the lake from Greenville Junction to its other extremity, Northeast Carry, only an inadequate idea is gained. Less than a mile from the Bangor & Aroostook terminal, on the shore of the lake and beneath the maternal shelter of Squaw mountain, is the new Squaw Mountain Inn, a modern establishment, complete in every detail, which was opened in the summer of 1915. Although its beginning was comparatively unheralded, its superior attractions have not remained hidden and the successful first season and the many friends made then, augur brightly for the future of the hotel. The Squaw Mountain Inn is a particularly advantageous resort for fishing on Moosehead and nearby streams. Passing up the lake, the next resort is Capen's on Deer Island, one of the earliest of Moosehead's hotels and one which constantly adds to its hosts of loyal followers.

At the head of Lily Bay, of uncommon importance at present on account of the big operations under way as the result of the building of the gigantic dam at Ripogenus, is the Lily Bay House and seven miles from here, over an automobile highway, is Kokad-jo and the Kokad-jo Inn. The two ponds, famous for fishing, and the fact that the Kokad-jo country is distinguished because of its wealth of game, make this section extremely popular.

Kokad-jo formerly known as "Roche River" received its name from Father La Roche, a Jesuit priest and a companion of Marquette and La Salle. While they journeyed west he came directly from the St. Lawrence river to the east. Of his journey through trackless forests, encounters with savage wild beasts, and still more savage red men there is scant record.

Three months after leaving Marquette and La Salle at the mouth of the St. Lawrence river, on a bright October morning, he came upon the shore of Lake Kokad-jo (Roche Pond) lying like a jewel among the clustering hills in all the beauty of their autumnal foliage, arched over by a cloudless blue sky. Planting a cross on the high hill, opposite where the Kokad-jo Inn now stands, he performed Mass and took possession of the beautiful surrounding country in the name of the king of France. The Indians came in large numbers, drawn by the unusual sight, and the dress of the priest, and his white skin.

Father La Roche spent the latter part of his life in good works among the Indians of this region who gave him the utmost respect and confidence. During an epidemic that took a large number of their tribe and as a result of his labors at this time, the Great Spirit, about whose love he had taught, called him to his reward and his worn out body was laid to rest on the shores of beautiful Kokad-jo (La Roche Pond) which he had loved so well.



How's This for Partridge Shooting?
Photo by Fred A. Willits



Two Young Moosehead Anglers

Leaving Lily Bay and continuing up the lake to a distance of 20 miles from Greenville Junction is Mt. Kineo, a solid mass of flint which rises sheer from the lake.

The description of Moosehead and of the grandeur of Kineo and its surroundings as they exist today differs little from the earlier accounts of the nature-devotees like Thor-eau and James Russell Lowell. At Kineo's base today is the largest and finest inland-water hotel in the nation. The Mount Kineo House, the successor of a primitive resort of a half-century ago, and its marvellously complete accompaniments which go to make the resort complete, vies with Moosehead's natural beauties in calling forth redundancy of

praise. Here, in practically pristine surroundings, are the magnificent hotel buildings, cottages, club-house and stores, baseball grounds, tennis courts, golf course and bridle paths, in fact nothing is lacking for the comfort and entertainment of the thousands of guests who yearly pilgrimage to Kineo. But Kineo doesn't lack for attractions for the hunter, fisherman and canoeist and each finds the best of sport if he seeks his pleasure at this great resort.

The Mount Kineo House is under the management of the Rickers, who before coming to Moosehead, were world-famous because of the Poland Spring House and the seashore resort, The Sam-O-Set, at Rockland. Mr. C. A. Judkins, resident manager of the Mount Kineo House, contributes in no small measure to the pleasure of his guests by his courtesy, tact and attention to their wishes.

Between Kineo and its two topmost extremities, Northwest and Northeast Carries, Moosehead's shores are dotted by numerous private and public sporting camps. At Northwest Carry is the Seboomook House, beautifully situated to command a splendid view down the lake and to the fringing mountains and beyond the forest area stretching away to the Canadian border. This resort is presided over by the veteran Moosehead pioneer, M. P. Colbath, whose genialty and warmth of greeting seem to be enhanced with each succeeding season. Surrounding Seboomook is a

country teeming in game and watered by streams and lakes which, if one tires of Moosehead's yield, are accessible to the sportsman. From Seboomook is the fine roadway to the Penobscot's west branch where the start is made for the St. John river canoe trip and other voyages into the forest depths.

Northeast Carry ranks among the important Moosehead resorts and also enjoys wide fame as the setting out point for many canoe cruises. As in the case of Seboomook there are numerous outlying localities, nearby and easily reached, which are rich in fish and game.

And the sail down the lake from Northeast Carry to Greenville Junction gives an aspect so different from the uptrip that to miss the complete round-trip sail of 80 miles is to lose much of Moosehead's grandeur.



Two Young Bucks, Tender and Juicy for the Table—Photo by William Simpson



Who'd Like a Deer Baby?



There's Comfort in Camps like These in Midwinter



RESTIGOUCHE is a name that conjures up delightful memories for the fishermen and hunters who have followed their favorite sport in this famous region which, although across the Maine border in New Brunswick is, in reality, a continuation of the Aroostook country. The St. John river is the dividing line between Maine and Canada but now the Bangor & Aroostook railroad has, by means of the international railway bridge between Van Buren and St. Leonards, on the opposite shore, through connection with the International Railway which traverses this New Brunswick territory. Reaching the Restigouche country, in the old days, meant a long and tedious journey which only the most enthusiastic sportsmen cared to undertake. Now, however, one can leave New York or Boston by a night train, arrive in Van Buren the next forenoon and after dinner at Van Buren's fine hotel, The Hammond, continue on in the afternoon, reaching Campbellton, at the head of the Bay Chaleur, in the evening. The distance from St. Leonards to Campbellton, the terminus, is 112 miles. In case one wishes to spend the night at Van Buren and improve the opportunity for visiting Grand Falls, well named "the Niagara of

the east" and distant only 12 miles from Van Buren, the start to the Restigouche may be made in the morning by the accommodation train which arrives at Campbellton in the afternoon. New-comers will find a surprise in the excellent hotels in both Van Buren and Campbellton.

When the International Railway train leaves St. Leonard's, it begins a journey through pioneer country. Except for the occasional settlements which have sprung up as the result of lumbering operations, it is a wild and primitive region. The sportsman can leave the train at almost any point and be at the gateway of a hunting country. Sporting camps like those in the Maine woods aren't found in this country which has been opened by the railway so recently and it means making your camp where-



Everyone Fishes at Penobscot and Catches Fish Too—Photo by F. B. Hubbard

ever you choose. It is unnecessary to leave the railway for any distance, which means that the sportsman nearer the St. Leonard's end of the line, can go to St. Leonard's or Van Buren on the up-train in the forenoon, have several hours for making purchases or other business, and be back to camp by the afternoon express before nightfall. If the camp is nearer Campbellton, he can go there by the afternoon express, spend the night, and be back in the open early the following forenoon.

Although the region takes its name from the Restigouche river, this is, by no means, the only famous fishing water. Equally renowned for fine catches of magnificent fish are the Metapedia, the Cascapedia and the Upsalquitch, names all famed in the angling fraternity. The Upsalquitch, the fishing rights on which are controlled by Mr. Thomas Malcolm of Campbellton, the pro-

jector of the International Railway, has special renown because of its fine salmon. Mr. Malcolm is always glad to make satisfactory arrangements with parties wishing to fish the Upsalquitch.

That picturesquely named settlement, Five Fingers Station, so-called because of its being the point where five streams come into confluence to empty into the Restigouche, is a setting out point for another celebrated New Brunswick fishing spot—the Tobique river. The Tobique has enjoyed many years of popularity with New York and Boston sportsmen by whom the Tobique Salmon Club was formed. The club, presided over by Mr. Thomas F. Allen, is a favorite resort.



Admiring His Dad's Trophies

Only the best known fishing waters have been spoken of. There are many other streams teeming with trout and, too, it should not be forgotten that this section is also a fine hunting ground for moose and deer. To give an idea of the rugged scenery that is a feature of a trip over the International Railway, Grog brook, called a brook although a good sized river, is followed by the railway for eighteen miles, first on one side and then on the other. Along this stretch there are sixteen bridges and a half dozen detours made necessary by the cataracts, whirlpools and rapids.

The entrance to Campbellton by the railway is exceedingly picturesque. Mountains and high hills, heavily wooded, form a gateway through which the railway passes and guardian over all is Sugar Loaf Mountain, an imposing and shapely eminence. Campbellton, at the head of the Bay Chaleur, is finely located and the heights of Quebec, across the bay, making an imposing outlook.

There are pleasant trips from Campbellton to points on Bay Chaleur which are popular since the inauguration of the easy-route via the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad by the way of Van Buren and this section of New Brunswick is becoming better liked.



A Burden Cheerfully Carried



Getting The Game Ready For Shipment Home

THE JOYS OF CAMPING

Meals of freshly caught fish, crisped to a golden brown; green corn and potatoes roasted in the embers, and hot corn bread, such as a canoe trip like this richly affords, can't be had at Delmonico's or Sherry's nor would they taste one-half so well there.

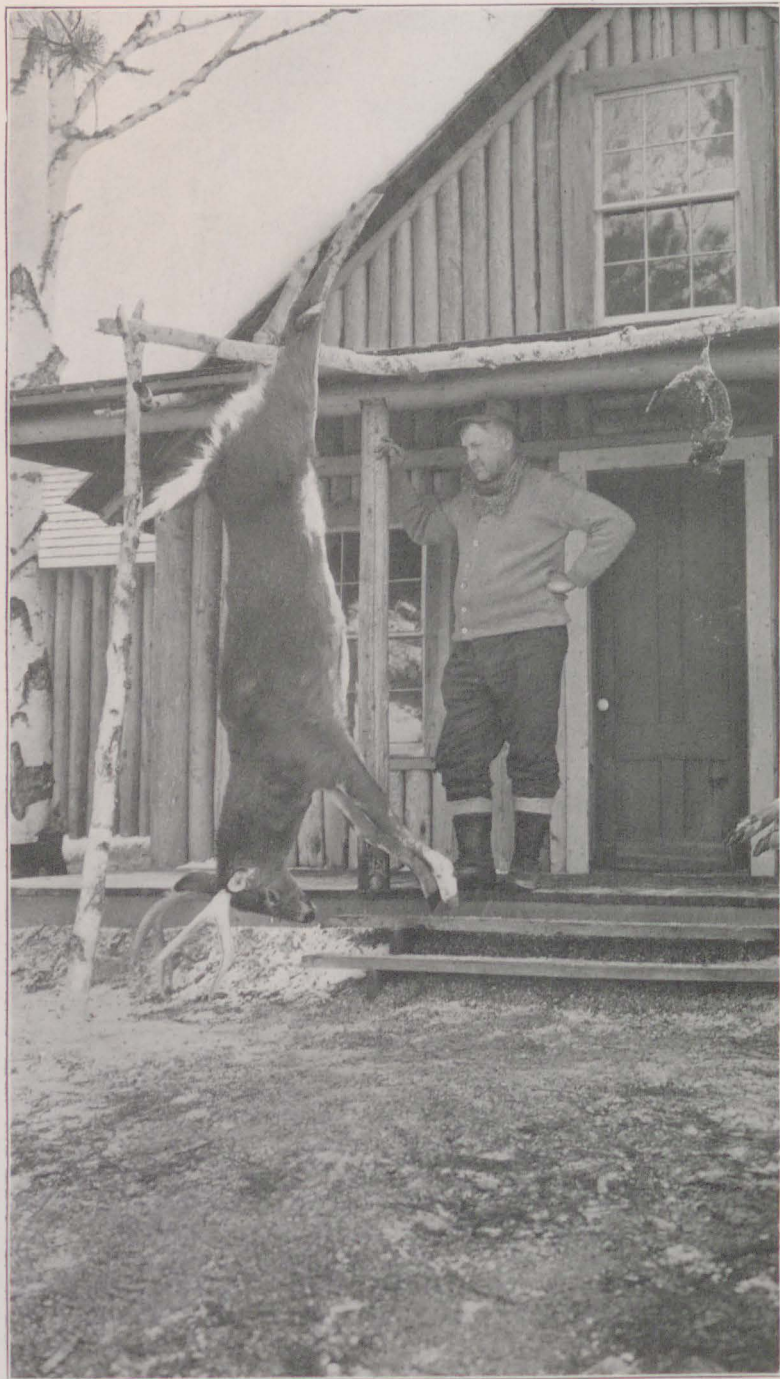
The ladies of the party go a-berrying and by their wiles secure a pail of foaming milk from the cow of a friendly farmer. Ripe strawberries, the dew still on them and sweeter far than any cultivated variety; a fish so fresh that he has barely ceased to wriggle as he is popped into the frying pan; hot flap-jacks and steaming coffee with real cream—does it tempt you?

These are some of the joys of canoe cruising. Of course, there are troubles, too—a rainy day, an upset, a tent blown down—but what are they save obstacles to make our enjoyment the sweeter?

The hardships of a camping trip are few; the pleasures many. The traveler soon learns that nowhere is nature so lavish with good things as in the wild woods, where one might live for weeks on the natural food supply alone. Here man finds wood for his fire, meat for his table, fruit for desserts, and rocks and trees for shelter. By making use of these together with the luxuries provided from his pack, one can live like a king. A week of such living is altogether too short. The heavy pack grows lighter as the muscles become accustomed to the load, and the journey's end is reached only too soon.



An Eagle Lake Catch



A Big Buck Like This Is The Best of Trophies



Starting Out With Their Game



Fall—and the forest places
 Harbor the leaping deer.
 Think of those wooded spaces,
 Think of the campfire's cheer!
 The sound, sweet sleep, the lisp
 Of the leaves in the wind, the crisp
 And cleanly smell of the pines;
 Then the thrill of the chase—to find
 The track of a buck; the signs
 Of his light-foot path, and to read
 His ways; and to pit your mind
 Against the sight and the scent
 And the wariness and speed
 Of the wild free thing you stalk!
 Then the shot—and the proud content
 Of bringing your prize to camp;
 And, after the sturdy tramp,
 Supper and smoke and—talk.
 Ah, that is living indeed!
 Why do you wait and doubt?
 Hunter—come out! Come out!

WHERE Berton Braley, the author of these lines, got his inspiration it doesn't matter but every Aroostook devotee will agree that they can be applied to no place more aptly than to the Maine woods. Aroostook is a year-round resort. It makes a separate and distinct appeal in each season and it is to the hunter that the call is strongest with autumn's advent. The vast expanse of



Early Snow Means Good Hunting

Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. that from almost any station on the railroad entrance can be had to a section that will yield rewards to the hunter.

The records of the season's game shipments, printed elsewhere in this book, are interesting and to the person unacquainted with Aroostook are a source of surprise. In reading this table it should be remembered that it is far from a complete record of game killed and to approach a more accurate standard, account should be taken of the number of deer consumed in camps by sportsmen, woodsmen and guides. Another point to be remembered is that certain stations are shipping points for a more or less wide stretch of territory. Greenville, for instance, sends down game

forest area—a glance at the map will emphasize its breadth of boundaries—is an ideal retreat for game both big and small and that the conditions must be ideal for propagation is evident from the fact that regardless of the season's game figures there seems to be no less a supply the following year. The Moosehead lake country, the region around Norcross, the great section reached by the way of Patten—all these have national fame among hunters. Recent years, while detracting not a whit from the records of these older localities, have brought into prominence Ashland, Squa Pan, Masardis, Portage, Eagle Lake and other stations on the newer divisions of the

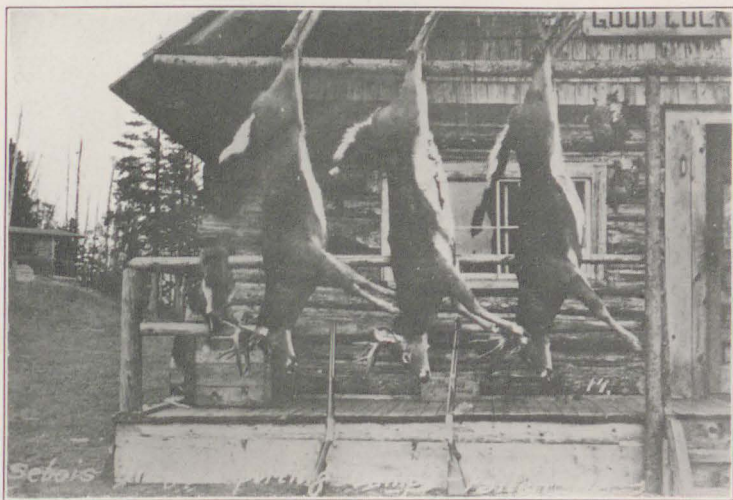
As a matter of fact it is quite true



A West-Branch Bird

from points on Moosehead lake; Norcross is another important shipment station for the West Branch waters and the Mt. Katahdin locality and Ashland represents a country of wide extent.

Deer are so plentiful in the Aroostook country that few hunters of experience fail to bring down their full allowance, two deer to the individual hunter. Canoeing and camping-out parties in the woods during the summer months, always have reports of the multiplicity of deer. They are seen most frequently along the shores of lakes or while wading in streams, for during the warm weather they seek the water not only for the refreshment secured by bathing and drinking but also to rid themselves of the flies



Big Game Shot at Seboois Bridge Camps

which are annoying equally to man and beast. With the coming of the cool weather of autumn the deer retire from their water-side haunts to the inland swamps and ridges where there is ample feed from the trees and undergrowth and after the first snow they go into their "yards" for the winter. For the sportsman who prefers bird-shooting to tracking the deer, there are partridges, woodcock, black duck, geese and quail and what more could a gunner wish for?

The number of bears in the Aroostook country makes possible a sport which calls forth enthusiastic praise for those who look upon Bruin, proverbially crafty and elusive, as a prize worthy of the skill required to bring him down.

The opening of the game season in October sees many sportsmen on the ground for an early effort but the majority of hunters, particularly those experienced in the chase, wait until later in the season when leaves are fallen and the underbrush is made less noisy by the fall rains. Not a few delay their visit to the gameland until after the early snows and then, perhaps, conditions are ideal. By far the greater number of hunters secure the services of a good guide and the expense brings a much greater return than the outlay as any sportsman will testify. Not only does the guide know the trails but he is familiar with the haunts and habits of the



There Still Are Bobcats in Aroostook—Photo by William Simpson

denizens of the forest and his expertness at camp-making and providing meals will mean a successful over-night excursion which would not be undertaken by the average sportsman.

For the hunting trip an elaborate outfit is not necessary. Woolen clothes are preferred because of their warmth and for the reason that they do not make so much noise when in contact with brush and undergrowth as smoother material.

An old suit, a couple of flannel shirts, warm underwear, extra stockings, a sweater, a visored cap or a broad hat, moccasins or "lumbermen's rubbers" and an extra pair of house moccasins for camp use and so far as wearables go you are ready for the woods without much expense.

All hunters will have a good sized knife and a matchbox. It is wise to have a map of the locality in which you are to hunt, and

in case you go astray, a compass. Accidents aren't common but to guard against an emergency a couple of bandages, and your favorite antidotes for minor disturbances will not be amiss.

As to choice of gun or rifle, it's like advising on the matter of fishing tackle. Ideas vary with the individual. For the man who is going hunting for the first time, catalogues of manufacturers of firearms advertising in this book will give a lot of information and suggestions from old-time hunters and guides will be valuable.

Don't take any chances. The function of a shotgun is to scatter shot, but be very careful where you scatter it.



A Fine Display of Aroostook Deer

Don't blaze away in haste and don't get excited. Many a shooter has filled his favorite dog full of lead because he was over anxious.

Don't point a gun at any person in jest. It is always the gun that "we didn't know was loaded" that goes off and does the damage. The only time to point a gun is when you intend to kill.

Don't take every rustle of a bush or bough to be a sure indication of game. Remember sometimes an inquisitive person has a penchant for being in strange places.

Don't carry a loaded gun through the street or on cars, trains, automobiles, or any other kind of vehicle, or leave it around farm houses to have some child playfully blow a head off.

Don't get excited and shoot without making sure that your object is game.

Don't drag a gun under a fence with the muzzle pointed toward you.

Don't climb over fences with your gun or lean it against a tree until you get over. Put it through the fence and on the ground business end before.

Don't hunt with any one that you know to be careless. Carelessness with three and a quarter drams of powder behind and one and one-eighth ounce of shot is inviting "sure death."

Don't use a cheap gun, as it is apt to explode when a heavy charge is used.

Don't borrow a dog or gun or loan either.

Don't rest on the muzzle of your gun.

Don't violate the game laws. It is not only criminal but sometimes very costly.

Don't "hog" all the game, leave a little behind for the next fellow.

Don't rest the muzzle of your gun on the ground. A gun muzzle clogged with dirt or mud is a dangerous proposition.



Bringing Out Game from Hall's Camps



A Prize from Umbazooksus Lake



FAMILIARITY with the fish and game regulations of the country in which he is fishing or hunting is, of course, an important part of the equipment of every sportsman and ignorance of these laws may mean serious trouble. The revised fish and game laws in full are published in pamphlet form and may be had by applying to the Fish and Game Commission, Augusta, Maine. Herewith is printed in abridged form some of the most important sections of the laws:

Moose and Caribou protected.

Deer, open season in Aroostook, Penobscot, Washington, Hancock, Piscataquis, Somerset, Franklin and Oxford Counties, October 1st to December 15th, both days inclusive; limit in these counties, two deer to a person in one season.

All hunting prohibited on Kineo Point, Moosehead Lake; in certain territory in town of Eden (Bar Harbor) and on Prout's Neck, Cumberland County. Beaver, no open season except when declared by Commissioners, upon complaint of timberland owners of actual damage done to their property.

Muskrat, open season, November 1st to April 30th inclusive.

Bears, Bobcats, Loupcervier, Canada Lynx, or Weasels, no closed season. Open season on all other fur bearing animals, November 1st to the last day of February, both days inclusive.

Rabbits, open season, October, November, December, January, February and March.

Gray Squirrels, open season, October. Perpetual closed season, however, in all public and private parks and within the limits of the compact or built up portion of any city or village.

Bobcats, Canada Lynx and Loupcervier, \$4 bounty on each of these animals killed in Maine.



Lucky Sportsmen with Two Fine Young Bucks

All Sunday Hunting Prohibited. Sunday is closed season on all wild birds and wild animals. Penalty for unprotected birds and animals, not less than \$10 nor more than \$40 and costs for each offense, for protected birds and animals, the same penalty for hunting during other closed season.

Note—This law took effect April, 1915. All night hunting prohibited. It is closed season on wild birds from sunset to sunrise of the following morning; and on wild animals from one hour after sunset until one hour before sunrise of the following morning.

The penalty for hunting unprotected birds and animals at night is the same as during other closed season.

Partridge and Woodcock, in Oxford, Franklin, Somerset, Penobscot, Piscataquis, Aroostook, Washington and Hancock Counties, open season, September 15th to November 14, inclusive; in Androscoggin, Cumberland, York, Kennebec, Waldo, Knox, Lincoln and Sagadahoc Counties, October 1st to November 30th inclusive.

Ducks, Brant and Geese, open season, September 1st to December 15th, inc.

Black-breasted and Golden Plover, Jacksnipe (or Wilson Snipe) and Greater and Lesser Yellowlegs, open season August 15th to November 30th.

Rails, Coots and Gallinules, open season Aug. 15th to Nov. 30th.

Perpetual Closed season on Hungarian Partridges, Capercailzie, Black Game, all species of Pheasant (except Ruffed Grouse or Partridge) Curlew, Wood Duck, and all shore birds (except Black-breasted and Golden Plover, Wilson or Jacksnipe, Woodcock and Greater and Lesser Yellowlegs) and on all other wild birds (except crows, hawks, owls, English Sparrows, mudhens, king-fishers, loons and blue-herons, which may be killed at any time.)

Daily limit on Game Birds: No person can kill, have in possession or transport in any one day more than 5 partridge, 10 woodcock, 10 ducks, 10 snipe and 5 plover. Game birds cannot be sold or purchased at any time.

Motor boats cannot be used for hunting sea birds, ducks, waterfowl in any inland waters.

Unlawful to use silencers on firearms.



There's Good Winter Sport Here

THE LURE OF MAINE

BY WALTER J. CREAMER, JR., BANGOR

When the fair month of September
Half has slipped away at last,
It is then that I remember
Former pleasures that have passed;
And remembrance of those pleasures,
Like some rediscovered treasures,
Quickly makes my heart beat fast.

Backward all my thoughts are turning
To the youthful State of Maine;
I can see the camp-fire burning,
With its glowing coals again;
I can see its smoke unfurling,
And with many a mystic curling
Winding upward, oh so plain.

I can smell the perfumed morning
Fragrant, sweet with crystal dew,
When all nature seems a-yawning,
As if loath to rise anew;
I can see the red Apollo,
Beaming bright on hill and hollow,
Chasing all the mist from view.

I can see the noontime lazy,
When the birds have hushed their throats,
And the heavens dull and hazy,
Where a wisp of cloud now floats:
Heavy hangs the air, and leaden;
All one's senses seem to deaden;
Stilled are all the woodland notes.

Then long afternoon approaches,
Wakens all the birds from sleep;
And their burst of song encroaches
On the silent forest deep;
I can hear the squirrel's chatter
With its sharp staccato clatter,
As he finishes his leap.

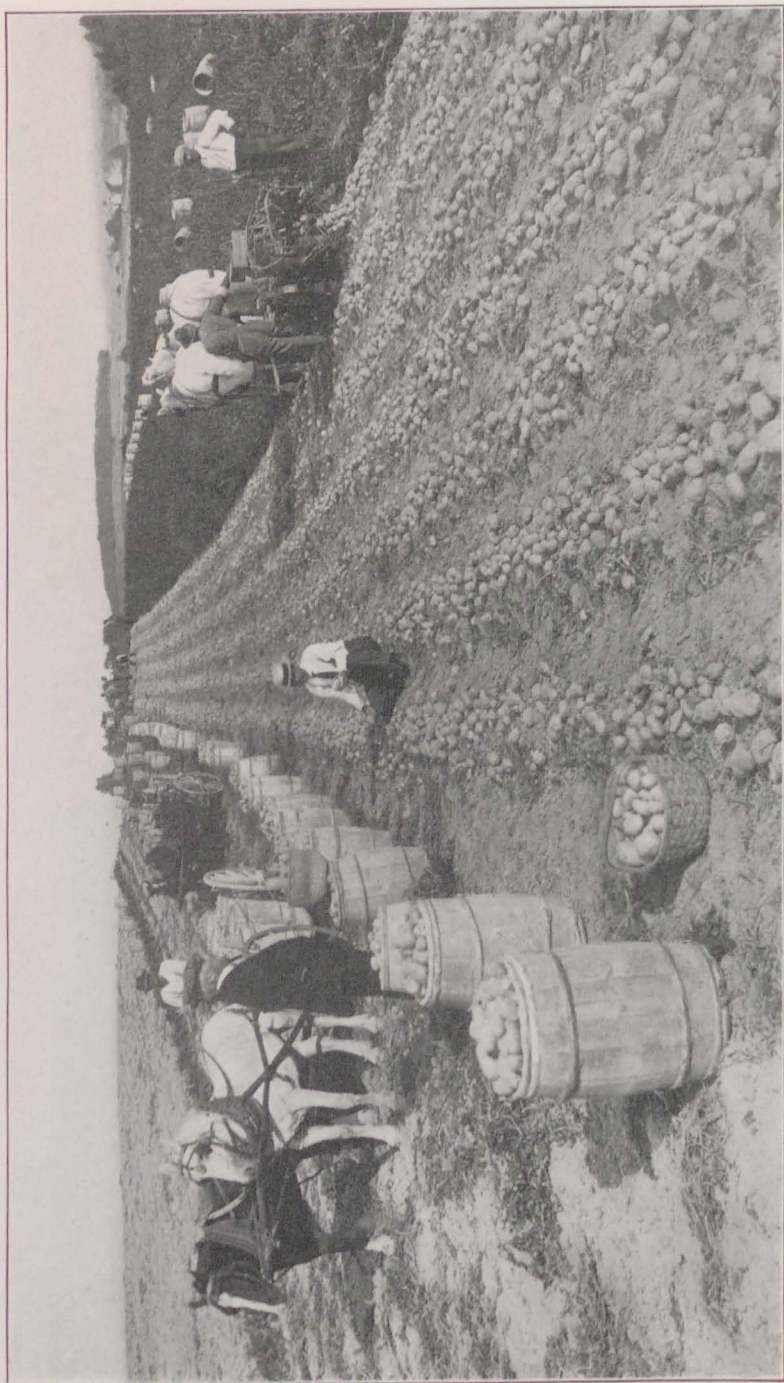
Day wanes slowly, weary, tired,
 Its lengthy course at last unrolled;
And the western sky is fired
 With an orb of flaming gold;
Now the copper sun is banished,
But its glow not yet quite vanished
 Crowns the purple mountains bold.

I can sense the night descending
 On the woodland and the lakes,
With its dusky shadows blending
 Tallest pines and smallest brakes;
This is when the loon so weary
Voices his halloo so dreary,
 And the owl to his day wakes.

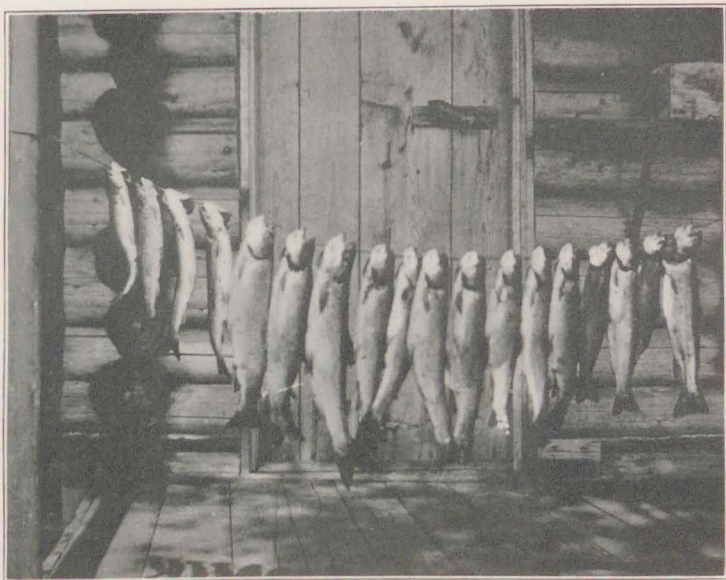
All unasked this vision rises,
 Clings within my tired brain,
And with cunning art devises
 An insistent, brief refrain:
"Come, oh come, forsake your duties,
And enjoy fair Nature's beauties;
 Come to Maine, oh come to Maine!"



An Unusual Partridge Snapshot



Harvesting Time On An Aroostook Potato Farm



This String Was Caught near Birch Point Lodge, Patten



FAMOUS as is Aroostook as a fish and game country and vacation land, equally celebrated is a section of this territory as one of the greatest potato growing regions of the nation. Potato is king in the northeasterly stretch from Houlton to Van Buren and practically all the towns thereabouts are centers for the vast and fertile farms which send out millions of bushels of tubers each season. Indeed, it is because of this great potato activity that many of these towns have their being and it was only after the record breaking crops of the pioneer farms that the influx of settlers came to make the prosperous communities which are another characteristic of Aroostook. Unlike many sections, there have been no sensational methods used in the exploitation of Aroostook farming resources. Its fame is due to the gradual knowledge of the conditions existing in Aroostook, the fertility

of the soil and its adaptability to potato growing. The fact that the settlements there are not remote from the larger cities has been the strong influence, next to the possibilities of the soil, in the upbuilding of Aroostook towns.

Probably in no farming section are there more outward indications of prosperity than in Aroostook. The tumbled-down farm buildings which are seen in other places are a rare sight in Aroostook. In this land of potatoes, expert farming, up-to-date buildings and equipment and all the paraphernalia for the modern agricultural methods have much to do with the standards of efficiency.

Another emphatic indication of prosperity is the number of sons and daughters of Aroostook who go from the high-schools to colleges and institutions of learning. Not a few of these follow courses in scientific agriculture and return to the farms to continue the work of their fathers and to apply the methods acquired as a result of the technical training which they have received.

A potent factor in the agricultural development of Aroostook has been the co-operation which has been given by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, in fact had it not been for the railroad no such advance would have been possible. The railroad attracted desirable settlers, like the prosperous colony of Swedes, to this section of Maine. The railroad continues to be alert and enterprising in its interest in Aroostook's agriculture in bringing about the quickest despatch of the crops to the markets and by aiding in other ways to help in the preparing and disposing of crops.

An estimate of the number of acres devoted to potato growing in Aroostook is upwards of 90,000. The average farm runs from 125 to 200 acres although some of the larger have several times that acreage. The ordinary yield per acre is about 225 bushels.

This table, showing the crop for a period of years, is of interest:

1894.....	1,496,929	1905.....	7,725,372
1895.....	1,586,267	1906.....	12,329,001
1896.....	2,371,487	1907.....	6,006,845
1897.....	1,271,175	1908.....	11,796,506
1898.....	2,567,808	1909.....	8,362,842
1899.....	2,894,672	1910.....	11,587,632
1900.....	3,043,879	1911.....	13,088,998
1901.....	4,471,183	1912.....	12,045,135
1902.....	3,112,460	1913.....	17,688,000
1903.....	5,341,735	1914.....	17,000,000
1904.....	6,694,071	1915.....	15,000,000

Naturally the phenomenal potato product in Aroostook has caused this crop to overshadow all other agricultural activities. However, it should not be overlooked that Aroostook also produces large crops of hay and grain. The country is particularly well adapted to this purpose; for wheat growing it is unexcelled, the average yield per acre, under ordinary conditions of soil and

cultivation, being about 35 bushels. The high percentage of nutritious elements and the freedom from weeds make the hay crop large and of supreme quality. Because of the wide expanse of smooth fields the work of harvesting is done at a minimum cost which makes hay a highly profitable crop. The abundance of hay and grain will eventually make Aroostook an important stock raising section, although at the present time this branch of husbandry has been rather neglected because of the paramount interest in potatoes.

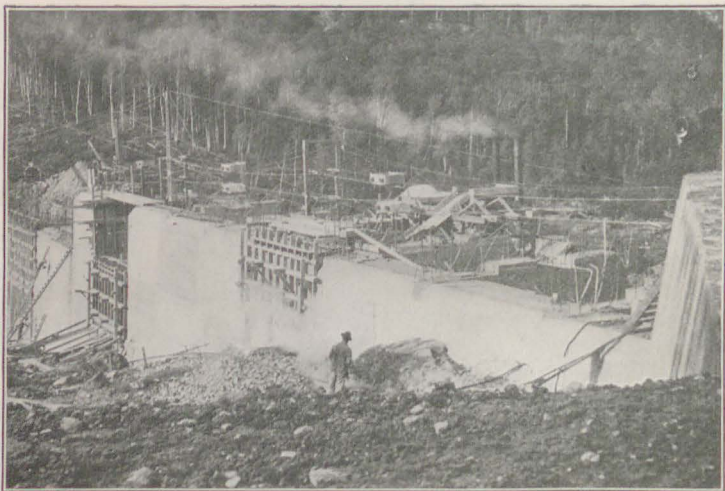
Information regarding potato-growing or other agricultural matters in Aroostook may be had by addressing G. F. Snow, Industrial Agent, Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, Presque Isle, Maine. There are numerous localities offering unusually good opportunities for farmers who wish to secure property on terms that will be attractive. Aroostook promises a big future as an agricultural section.



The Deer Knows It's Closed-Time



Packard's Main Camp, Sebec Lake, Me.



Ripogenus Dam in Process of Construction

The Industrial Development of Aroostook

UPON considering the tremendous number of water basins and the swift flowing streams which abound in potential possibilities and when brought to a realization of the vast expanse of timber wealth it is not to be wondered at that Aroostook has advanced along industrial lines with a rapidity almost equal to that of its agricultural progress. Added to the extensive natural advantages are the superior transportation facilities, the ideal living conditions for workmen and employees and the comparatively close proximity to larger cities and to educational institutions.

Although its industrial history is of recent origin Aroostook can point to some gigantic undertakings which have been brought to successful conclusions. Noteworthy among these is the monster pulp and paper plant at Millinocket which was one of the earliest of Aroostook's manufacturing plants and around which has been built up a typical Maine town of energy and enterprise.

At the present time there is in course of construction at Ripogenus Gorge, long famed as a scenic wonder, a tremendous dam which is to be used for water storage in connection with lumbering

and pulp and paper operations and which ultimately may be transformed into a tremendous generator of electrical current. The building of this dam in the heart of the wilderness is a fine example of the resourcefulness of modern business and of the admirable system and foresight which characterizes masters of industry.

As would be expected, Aroostook has some model plants for the manufacture of lumber. Noteworthy among these is the great mill of the St. John Lumber Company at Van Buren, probably the largest of its kind in New England, the new mill erected by Allan E. Hammond and the plant of the Van Buren Lumber Company at Van Buren. On the Fort Kent division of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad are the lumber manufacturing plants of the Ashland Manufacturing Company, the Eagle Lake Manufacturing Company, the Portage Lumber Company and the Fort Kent Mill Company. At Stockholm is the mill of the Standard Veneer Company; at St. Francis is the Jones Lumber Company and at Davidson is the Summit Lumber Company plant for the manufacture of clothespins.

Other large Aroostook plants are the mill of the American Thread Company at Milo and the Guilford Manufacturing Co., at Guilford. The list of industries includes also the woolen mills at Sangerville, Guilford and Houlton. At Caribou and Presque Isle and other potato centers are starch mills of various capacities.

Now that the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad has direct connection by means of the bridge between Van Buren and St. Leonard, N. B., with the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk-Pacific and Intercolonial Railways the shipping facilities are unexcelled while the Bangor & Aroostook's deep water terminal on Penobscot bay offers advantages for water shipments to domestic and foreign ports. The Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, through its industrial agent G. F. Snow, Presque Isle, Maine, is glad to furnish information regarding locations and water powers, and inquiries addressed to Mr. Snow will receive prompt attention.



Just In From a Tramp



The Officers of Bangor Council 158, United Commercial Travelers
This Energetic Organization Is a Strong Booster of Aroostook and Its Promising Future



Where The Fishing's Good

Information for the Traveler to Aroostook



THIS chapter contains important information in regard to reaching special points accessible by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad and also tells of the parlor, sleeping and dining car service on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad.



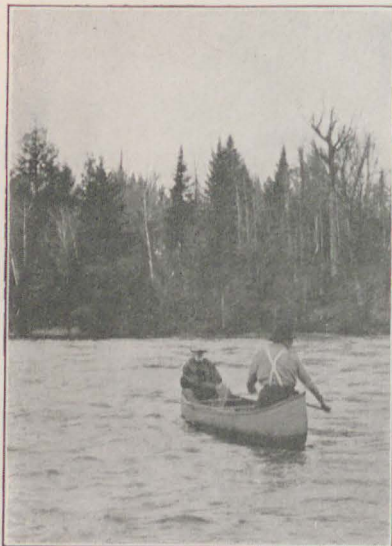
What Does It Weigh?

PULLMAN PARLOR CAR SERVICE

Parlor Car is run during the summer time schedule on train No. 7, Bangor to Caribou, and makes close connection at Northern Maine Jct. with train from Boston. Returning parlor car is attached to train No. 2 and connects at Northern Maine Jct. with train for Boston.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR SERVICE

Buffet Sleeping Car is run the entire year between Boston and Caribou.



Coming Down The West Branch

Train to which this car is attached leaves Boston in the evening and arrives Caribou the following morning. Returning, leaves Caribou late in the afternoon and arrives at Boston the following morning.

Sleeping Car between Boston and Greenville is run from about the first of May to the middle of November. This car leaves Boston in the evening and arrives at Greenville the following morning, connecting with steamer on Moosehead Lake for all points on the lake. Returning, leaves Greenville in the late afternoon after arrival of steamer, and arrives in Boston early the following morning.

Space in all northbound sleeping cars mentioned above should be obtained from R. D. Jones, C. T. A., Boston & Maine R. R., corner Washington and Court Streets, Boston, Mass., or from J. M. French, Ticket Agent, North Station, Boston, Mass. Passengers desiring space to be taken at Portland, Me., should apply to ticket agent, Union Station, Portland.

Space in all southbound cars may be secured through any agent of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, or the office of the Passenger Traffic Manager, Bangor, Me.

DINING CAR SERVICE

From the first of May until the middle of November, dining car is attached to the train No. 3 and runs through to the Millinocket, thus giving passengers going to Moosehead Lake points, ample time to obtain their breakfast between Northern Maine Jet. and Derby. Dining car is attached to train No. 2 at Millinocket and runs to Bangor. Dining car also leaves Bangor on train No. 7 and runs through to Derby and returns on train No. 4, thus giving passengers



Getting Away Again After Lunch Ashore

from all points north, as well as from the Moosehead Lake section, and passengers in the Greenville Sleeping Car, an opportunity to get supper before arrival at Northern Maine Jct.

HOW TO REACH SPECIAL TERRITORY

For the benefit of passengers who are going to points not reached directly by through car service, the following information is given:

Ashland Branch—Passengers can take train leaving Boston at 8.00 A. M., and make close connections at Northern Maine Jct. with train that connects at Oakfield with the Electric Motor Car, which runs through to Ashland, or passengers can take the evening train Greenville Sleeping Car, and step from sleeping car to coach at Derby, and at Ashland Junction, change for the branch train which runs through to Fort Kent and St. Francis.

Another very satisfactory way to reach the entire Ashland Branch territory, is to take the Caribou Sleeping Car, which is attached to train leaving Boston at 7.30 P. M. go through to Oakfield, stopping over there at the new and modern hotel, The Inn, for breakfast, and take a later train which makes direct connections

at Ashland Junction for all points on the Ashland Branch.

POINTS ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Mackamp, Long Pond, Jackman, Attean, Holeb, Lowelltown and Megantic. The most convenient way to reach the above points is to take the evening train Greenville Sleeping Car, and arrive Greenville the following morning and take



A Pair of Fine Bucks



The Mail Has Come

a Canadian Pacific Ry. train for the above stations. The morning train can also be taken from Boston, and arrive Greenville in the early evening, where you will remain until about midnight.

Onawa may be reached very conveniently by taking the evening train Greenville Sleeping Car, leaving it at Derby, by stepping into coach on the same train, arriving at Brownville twenty minutes later, where connections are made for Katahdin Iron Works train, which connects at Brownville Jct. with Canadian Pacific Ry. train and arrives at Onawa at 10.50 A. M. Passengers taking the morning train from Boston should stop over night at Brownville and take the train mentioned above the following morning.



A Sample of The Strings They Catch at Daisey's, Sourdnahunk Lake

The return arrangements from the above territory are equally satisfactory, and every detail will be found by consulting our latest time tables.

THE RESTIGOUCHE, METAPEDIA AND BAY CHALEUR COUNTRY IN NEW BRUNSWICK

By the building of the International Railway from the head of navigation on Bay Chaleur to the St. John River Valley at St. Leonard, and the International Railway and Highway Bridges over the St. John River from Van Buren, it has opened up the "Short Line" from New York and Boston to this wonderful sportsman's paradise.

Passengers can leave Boston, North Station, at 8.00 A. M., daily, except Sunday, and connect at Northern Maine Jct. with train arriving Van Buren 9.55 P. M., with parlor cars Boston to North-

ern Maine Jct., and Northern Maine Jct. to Caribou, or passengers can take train leaving Boston at 7.30 P. M. in through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car to Caribou and arrive Van Buren 11.05 A. M. the next day. In either case it will be necessary for passengers to stop over night at the new and modern hotel, The Hammond at Van Buren, for a night's rest, which will come as a surprise to people who are not looking for first class accommodations. After a refreshing night's rest, passengers can take automobile or carriage, and in fifteen minutes cross the International Bridge to St. Leonard, the terminal of the International Ry. The train leaves St. Leonard at 7.20 A. M. arrives Kedg-



Still Another String of Aroostook Prizes

wick 11.12 A. M. and Campbellton at 3.20 P. M., stopping at all intermediate stations. Returning a continuous trip may be made in the event that a stop is not desired at Van Buren.

The train of the International Ry. arrives at St. Leonard at 3.10 P. M., and the Bangor & Aroostook train leaves Van Buren at 4.05 P. M., giving ample time to drive from St. Leonard to Van Buren. At Caribou, a Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car is attached which runs through to Boston arriving at 7.15 A. M. If a day train is desired, passengers can take train leaving Van Buren at 7.05 A. M. and arrive Boston 9.10 P. M.

The International Railway Bridge, between Van Buren and St. Leonard, is only used for freight traffic at present, but it is expected that arrangements will be made so that under the summer schedule close connections will be made and through Pullman sleeping cars will be run between Boston and Campbellton.

THE TOBIQUE RIVER REGION

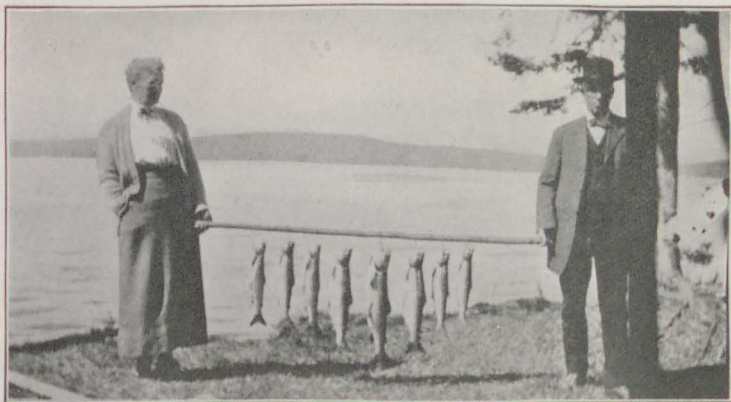
The most convenient train to take for this region is the one leaving Boston at 7.30 P. M., on which the Caribou Sleeping Car is attached, changing at Phair for Fort Fairfield, and is reached at 9.40 A. M. From Fort Fairfield, automobiles take you to Andover, Perth and the headwaters of the Tobique.

The time mentioned in the preceding information is that in effect during the season of 1915, and will undoubtedly be the same in 1916, but the latest time tables should be consulted, as it is possible that changes have been made.

Time tables, giving complete information may be obtained at principal ticket offices and will also be mailed upon application to the Passenger Traffic Manager, Bangor, Maine.

B. & A. ELECTRIC MOTOR CAR SERVICE AN UNIQUE EQUIPMENT

Two electric motor cars propelled by electricity are run on the Northern Division of the road, one Fort Kent to Squa Pan and return, via Van Buren, each day, 218 miles, and one is run Ashland to Houlton and return, 120 miles. These cars represent the acme of perfection in motor car service, and indicate the policy of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad to take advantage of the most modern and perfect character of equipment at all times.



Proof of Their Angling Skill

Summer Tourist Fares from Boston and New York and Miscellaneous Points

To	From	New York	Boston	Portland	Bangor	No. Me. Jct.
Searsport		24.22	13.72	8.40	2.10	1.80
Stockton		24.02	13.52	8.20	1.85	1.60
Winterport		23.02	12.52	7.20	.90	.60
South Sebec		24.62	14.12	8.80	2.85	2.55
Dover & Foxcroft		24.62	14.12	8.80	2.90	2.70
Guilford		24.62	14.12	8.80	3.40	3.20
Abbott Village		24.62	14.12	8.80	3.55	3.35
Monson Jct		24.62	14.12	8.80	3.75	3.55
Monson		25.32	14.82	9.50	4.45	
Blanchard		24.62	14.12	8.80	4.20	4.00
Shirley		25.02	14.52	9.20	4.65	4.45
Greenville		25.72	15.22	9.90	5.00	4.80
Lily Bay		26.97	16.47	11.15	6.25	
Deer Island		26.62	16.12	10.80	6.00	
Mt. Kineo House		26.62	16.12	10.80	6.25	
North West Carry		27.47	16.97	11.65	7.50	
North East Carry		27.47	16.97	11.65	7.50	
Moosehead		25.72	15.22	10.15	5.70	
Jackman		26.97	16.47	11.15	7.10	
Holeb		27.67	17.17	11.85	7.70	
Lake Megantic		29.17	18.67	13.35	9.20	
Lowelltown		28.22	17.72	12.40	8.25	
Brownville		25.02	14.52	9.20	2.90	2.60
Brownville Jct		25.17	14.67	9.35	3.05	2.75
Onawa		26.12	15.62	10.30	4.15	
Iron Works		25.72	15.22	9.90	3.60	3.30
Rand Cove		25.29	14.79	9.45	3.15	2.85
Medford		24.52	14.02	8.70	2.40	2.10
Schoodic		25.62	15.12	9.80	3.50	3.20
West Seboois		26.17	15.67	10.35	4.05	3.75
Norcross		26.62	16.12	10.80	4.50	4.20
Millinocket		26.92	16.42	11.10	4.80	4.50
East Millinocket		27.52	17.02	11.70	5.40	5.10
Grindstone		27.52	17.02	11.70	5.40	5.10
Stacyville		28.17	17.67	12.35	6.05	5.75
Sherman		28.42	17.92	12.60	6.30	6.00
Patten		28.87	18.37	13.05	6.75	6.45
Island Falls		29.02	18.52	13.20	6.90	6.60
Oakfield		29.62	19.12	13.80	7.50	7.20
Smyrna Mills		29.62	19.12	13.80	7.50	7.20
Howe Brook		30.57	20.07	14.75	8.45	8.15
Masardis		31.57	21.07	15.75	9.45	9.15
Ashland		32.17	21.67	16.35	10.05	9.75
Portage		32.92	22.42	17.10	10.80	10.50
Winterville		33.92	23.42	18.10	11.80	11.50
Eagle Lake		34.32	23.82	18.50	12.20	11.90
Fort Kent via Ashland		35.32	24.82	19.50	13.20	12.90
Ft. Kent Village via Ashland		35.47	24.97	19.65	13.35	13.05
St Francis via Ashland		36.17	25.67	20.35	14.05	13.75
Ludlow		29.97	19.47	14.15	7.85	7.55
New Limerick		30.20	19.70	14.40	8.10	7.80
Houlton		30.20	19.70	14.50	8.20	8.20
Littleton		30.80	20.30	15.10	8.80	8.80
Monticello		31.05	20.55	15.35	9.05	9.05
Bridgewater		31.70	21.20	16.00	9.70	9.70
Robinson		31.85	21.35	16.15	9.85	9.85
Mars Hill		32.10	21.60	16.40	10.10	10.10
Easton		32.70	22.20	17.00	10.70	10.70
Fort Fairfield		32.70	22.20	17.00	10.70	10.70
Presque Isle		32.70	22.20	17.00	10.70	10.70
Mapleton		32.70	22.20	17.00	10.70	10.70
Perham		33.50	23.00	17.80	11.50	11.50
Washburn		33.20	22.70	17.50	11.20	11.20
Caribou		32.70	22.20	17.00	10.70	10.70
Limestone		33.70	23.20	18.00	11.70	11.70
New Sweden		33.30	22.80	17.60	11.30	11.30
Jemtland		33.55	23.05	17.85	11.55	11.55
Stockholm		33.75	23.25	18.05	11.75	11.75
Van Buren		34.15	23.65	18.45	12.15	12.15
Grand Isle		35.15	24.65	19.45	12.90	12.90
Madawaska via Van Buren		35.35	24.85	19.60	13.30	
Frenchville via Van Buren		35.85	25.35	20.10	13.65	

†Limited to continuous passage in each direction. Unlimited rates permitting stopover en route will be furnished on application.

Tickets will be on sale May 1st to November 30th, good for return passage until December 15th of year sold. Tickets reading via steamer lines will be good only during season of service. Fares shown from New York are via direct rail lines and Boston; the rates via Sound Lines are \$2.50 less than quoted above.

The fares shown are copied from tariffs issued and filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by initial roads.

Fares from New York apply via Boston only, and do not include transfer through Boston.



The Cooks Get Busy



FOR the convenience of readers of *In The Maine Woods* herewith is printed a list of agents in the B. & A. territory and elsewhere for the sale of Maine hunting licenses:

AROOSTOOK COUNTY

F. W. AUSTIN, Fort Kent Mills
 F. W. MALLET, Fort Kent
 R. C. BROWN, Winterville, Quimby
 J. E. TARBELL, Smyrna Mills
 W. J. DONAHUE, Sherman
 H. R. PIPES, Presque Isle
 H. E. COFFIN, Portage
 H. GANTNIER, Benedicta
 LIBBY BROS., Ox Bow

F. G. WEBSTER, Ashland
 WILL M. JUNKINS, Masardis
 J. H. RUTH, Linneus
 ELMER E. CHURCHILL, Houlton
 D. L. CUMMINGS, Houlton
 F. B. STAPLES, Wypitlock
 E. P. KNIGHT, Maewahoc
 GEO. H. DONHAM, Island Falls
 JOHN A. TENNEY, Rockabema

PENOBSCOT COUNTY

S. L. CROSBY, Co. Bangor
 PENOBSCOT EXCHANGE, Bangor
 D. L. ARMSTRONG, Patten
 J. F. ROBBINS, Grindstone

E. F. FOWLER, Patten
 H. P. GARDNER, Patten
 G. E. LAWRENCE, West Sebois
 M. M. TRACY, Stacyville

PISCATAQUIS COUNTY

C. A. JUDKINS, Kineo	C. E. HERRICK, Brownville
F. C. N. PARKE, Greenville, Jet.	JOHN SCALES, Guilford
R. W. KITTREDGE, Greenville Jet.	W. T. POLLARD, Foxcroft
B. M. PACKARD, Sebec Lake	MRS. L. A. GREEN, K. Iron Works
H. E. CAPENS, Capens	ROY M. HESCOCK, Monson
H. A. SCRIBNER, Schoodic	W. I. HAMILTON, Kokad-jo
T. B. SNOW, North East Carry	

SOMERSET COUNTY

H. P. MCKENNEY, Jackman	P. M. TRIPP, Jackman
HOLDEN BROS., Jackman	J. E. WILSON, Holeb
FRED HENDERSON, Jackman	COLIN McRITCHIE, Holeb
E. A. HENDERSON, Jackman	M. P. COLBATH, Seboomook

NON RESIDENTS

POWHATAN ROBINSON, Care New York Sporting Goods Co., 15-17 Warren St., New York
L. DANA CHAPMAN, 374 Washington St., Boston
WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston
IVER JOHNSON SPORTING GOODS Co., 155 Washington St., Boston

WHEN passing through a wooded country for the first time if you intend returning the same way or practically the same way, blaze the trees by snipping the bark at the height of your own head every few hundred yards. This will give you your direction when returning. Or, to prevent getting into the circle habit, break off branches of the bushes or low-hung limbs of the trees you pass. But if you do get lost keep cool, do not run around, but give signals of distress. Start a fire if your match case is with you, as it always should be whether you smoke or not. But if you have no matches take a dry handkerchief or cotton lining of your coat, scrape out a very fine lint as much as you can.

Get some fine fiber from the inner portion of bark or tall dry twigs or grass. By using the crystal of your watch, compass or spectacles a sunglass can be made that will ignite the lint (if the sun is shining,) that can be blown into a fire. Pile damp wood on your fire and a dense smoke will arise far above the tree tops and quickly attract attention. Two fires should be built, one removed a few yards from the other. This constitutes a well-known signal of distress among woodsmen. If it is in the night-time select a high hill or ridge on which but little lumber is growing so that the blaze may be seen from a long distance.

SHIPMENT OF BIG GAME

Season of 1915

SHIPPED FROM	OCTOBER			NOVEMBER			DECEMBER			TOTAL		
	DEER	MOOSE	BEAR	DEER	MOOSE	BEAR	DEER	MOOSE	BEAR	DEER	MOOSE	BEAR
So. Lagrange.....	4			2			3			9		
Lagrange.....	1						2			3		
Brownville.....				18			10			28		
West Seboois.....	4			16		2	10			30		3
Norcross.....	13		1	17		1	31		2	61		4
Millinocket.....	1			15			20			36		
Grindstone.....	15		2	19		2	34			68		4
Stacyville.....	2			36		3	10			48		3
Sherman.....	14		2	36		1	17			67		3
Island Falls.....	9			26			6			41		
Oakfield.....	5			23			13			41		
Monticello.....	1			3			3		1	7		1
Blanchard.....	7			29			2			38		
Shirley.....	10			74			13		2	97		2
Greenville.....	144		1	366			194			704		1
Iron Works.....	5			32		2	18			55		2
Patten.....	59		11	241		2	121			421		13
Smyrna Mills.....	2			2			3			7		
Howe Brook.....	17			48			31			96		
Griswold.....	7			24			14			45		
Masardis.....	117			126			44			287		
Ashland.....	15			49			21			85		
Portage.....	20		1	57			4			81		1
Winterville.....	4			17			25			46		
Other Stations.....	54		4	82			59			195		4
Total.....	530	*	23	1358	*	13	708	*	5	2596	*	41
Total Shipped 1895.....	669	53		501	21		411	38		1581	112	
" " 1896.....	1029	79		718	19		498	35		2245	133	
" " 1897.....	1246	55		1023	37		671	47		2940	139	
" " 1898.....	1348	71		1347	77		682	54		3377	202	
" " 1899.....	1433	80		1960	63		363	23		3756	166	
" " 1900.....	1298	83		1516	63		565	64		3379	210	
" " 1901.....	1331	99		1905	97		646	64		3882	259	
" " 1902.....	1469	68		2192	110		834	66		4495	224	
" " 1903.....	1350	79		1758	106		678	47		3786	232	
" " 1904.....	1088	62		1813	101		657	59		3558	222	
" " 1905.....	1538	81	15	2187	87	15	909	39	8	4634	207	38
" " 1906.....	838	65	9	1678	90	3	861	43	5	3377	198	17
" " 1907.....	678	56	14	1559	92	17	916	107	28	3153	255	59
" " 1908.....	1111	44	6	1992	48	5	412	17		3515	119	11
" " 1909.....	683	43	13	1652	62	17	931	70	14	3266	175	44
" " 1910.....	1225	56	2	2216	68	2	1165	89	9	4606	193	13
" " 1911.....	622	38	12	1572	35	10	831	115	20	3025	188	42
" " 1912.....	543	15	18	1689	25	13	861	57	35	3093	97	66
" " 1913.....	376		5	1452	26	4	805	32	1	2633	58	10
" " 1914.....	364		10	1614	25	27	569	29	8	2547	54	45

The game shown as shipped in December includes that killed in open season, and shipped by special permit after the season closed, or left with a taxidermist to be mounted.

The above statement, compiled from records kept by station agents, comprises only game shipped by visiting sportsmen from points on the line of this Company, and does not include that killed by native hunters, nor the large quantity consumed in camps.

*Closed time on Moose until November 1st, 1919.



Aroostook Offers Good Bird Shooting



SPORTSMEN and devotees of the woods will find interesting reading in earlier issues of *IN THE MAINE WOODS*. Copies of the 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915 editions are available and may be had upon payment of fifteen cents postage for each book upon application to the Passenger Traffic Department, Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, Bangor, Maine.

In the edition of 1912 were these articles of special interest:

In the Whitecap Region by William Hickox.

Down the Penobscot—Up Katahdin by Palmer H. Langdon.

The Story of a Moose Hunt by Harry G. Sheldon.

The book for 1913 contained, among other features, the following articles:

Long Pond Days by Edward L. Freeland.

The Romance of Aroostook.

The Lure of the Big Woods by Dr. L. A. Sexton.

Mountain Climbing in Maine.

Among the contributions for the edition of 1914 were:

A Short Story of a Lengthy Canoe Trip by Arthur B. Tyler.

The Blind Trout of Kidney Pond by Frederic Bulkeley Hyde

How the Camp Was Named—The Story of Wapiti.

When the Brown Leaves Rustle by O. W. Smith.

Taking the Deer's Picture by A. W. Borst.

Special stories in the 1915 issue were:

The Trip of Two Canoe Adventurers by Louis B. Puffer.

Down and Around the Allagash by Palmer H. Langdon.

An Outing in The Katahdin Country by Ralph Whittier.

Rejuvenated by The Maine Woods by Frederic Bulkeley Hyde.

Pack and Saddle in the Maine Woods by George Bayley Fox.



The Antlers Camps on Jo Mary Lake

Offer Unusual Attractions for the Vacationist, Fisherman and Hunter. Beside home waters there are Famous Henderson and Leavitt Ponds. Table supplied with our own Vegetables, Eggs and Poultry. Write for our booklet.

LEON E. POTTER, Jo Mary Lake, Norcross, Me.

Dining Car Service

From early in May, for the early fishermen, until late in November, for the hunters, superior dining car service is maintained on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, affording accommodations for passengers to and from Moosehead Lake and North Aroostook Points.



Bowlan Camps Are Unique

All the attractions of the woods resort AND IN ADDITION horse-back riding, mountain climbing over the new trail up Traveler Mountain, 2900 feet. Saddle and pack horse trips to all parts of the country.

Canoeing, fine trout fishing on lakes and brooks, deer, bear and bird hunting in one of the best game centers in the Aroostook county. Main dining and lounging camps and individual sleeping cabins.

Bowlan Camp Summer Attractions make this resort a particular favorite with persons seeking rest and recreation in ideal "woods" surroundings. There is no finer spot in all Maine for your warm-weather vacation.

Make your arrangements to come and get the Big Trout as soon as the ice goes out.

You'll be interested in our Illustrated Booklet which tells the whole story and contains our list of references

Charles E. McDonald

Sherman, Maine



ONE OF OUR INDIVIDUAL CAMPS

Special rates for parties and extended visits

F. S. & STANLEY E. DRAKE, Brownville, Me.

YOU ARE INVITED TO
Ebeeme Lake Camps
 ——— FOR ———
Fishing and Hunting

Good Fishing throughout the Summer, Trout, Bass, Pickerel and Large White Perch. Nearby Brooks and Ponds. The best Deer, Partridge and Duck Hunting.

Our own farm furnishes produce for our table which is first-class in every detail. The purest spring water.

Canoeing, Tramping, Mountain Climbing and Tennis for those not coming for Fishing or Hunting. Comfortable Home Camps and Outlying Cabins.

Chairback Mountain
 ——— **Camps** ———

A Camp without "frills," yet a Camp without a superior for a thoroughly good time.

Terms \$2 per day; \$12 per week.
 Special Rates for Families
 and Parties

SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR



CHAS. J. HENDERSON, Katahdin Iron Works, Me.

THE WEBSTER CAMPS ON BIG LYFORD POND (Reached Via Moosehead Lake)
 You will find Excellent Fly Fishing for Trout all the season, and Good Hunting Region for Deer, Bear and Partridge. Cosy separate cabins for each party. Fresh Eggs, Butter, Milk, Cream and Vegetables from our own garden. For rates and further particulars write for booklet. Address **FRED N. WEBSTER, KOKAD-JO, MAINE**



You'll Find The Genuine Woods Life on Sourdnamunk Lake

Famous Camp Phoenix

OFFERS

The best hunting and fishing opportunities in the Aroostook country. Comfortable cabins, outlying camps, guides, canoes and numerous nearby waters to give variety.

For the vacationist the surroundings are unsurpassed for resting and recuperation. Splendid canoeing, mountain climbing and woods tramps.

There Is Good Fly-Fishing Throughout The Summer On Sourdnamunk

Our guests pronounce our table as being unusually good and our SPRING WATER as being an attraction in itself.

Write for information in detail and also for our list of references from people who regard Camp Phoenix as a resort par excellence.

CHARLES DAISEY

Norcross, Maine

CAPEN'S — MOOSEHEAD LAKE



This is a Modern Hostelry on Maine's Most Beautiful Lake

Excellent Table—Private Camps for Parties—Fine Hunting, Fishing, Canoeing, Boating and Tennis—Daily mail and long distance telephone

Rates \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day, \$14 to \$21 per week. Write for our booklet

CAPEN'S, MOOSEHEAD LAKE, MAINE

1857

59 Years

1916

We have been located here—Supplying

Lumbermen and Sportsmen

With everything needed for camp

Why buy in the City, articles not suited for this section of the country, when you can obtain right on the spot just what you need and at less than City prices. If you want a reliable guide engaged, send to us. Our Camping List with Map on reverse side mailed to you for the asking.

Quotation from one of our many satisfied customers: "I am not going into the woods this year by the way of Greenville, but would like very much to buy our provisions from your firm, as I have done for four different summers, for I am always sure of getting the best there is."

D. T. SANDERS & SON CO.,

GREENVILLE,
Moosehead Lake, Maine

**LARGEST GENERAL
STORE IN MAINE**

SPORTSMEN

Here you will find everything in the line of **Clothing**, Mackinaw Frocks, Sweaters, Shoes, Rubber Goods, Moccasins, etc. Nice Fishing Tackle, Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition. A fine line of Moccasin Slippers for ladies' wear.

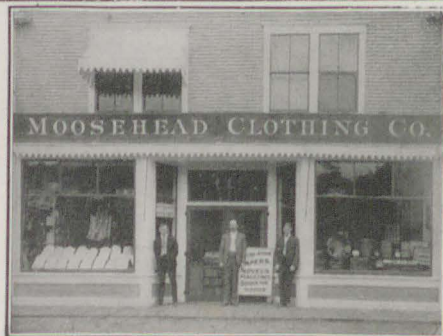
Daily Papers, Books and Magazines.
Call and see us.

MOOSEHEAD CLOTHING CO.

MILLARD METCALF, Mgr.

Greenville Jct., Maine

Opp. B. & A. R. R. Station Moosehead Lake
30 years experience in supplying
the needs of sportsmen



Please Mention B. & A. Guide in Writing Advertisers



Squaw Mountain Inn

ON MOOSEHEAD LAKE

OPENS FOR THE SEASON MAY 10, 1916

A High-class Family Inn, on the West shore of Moosehead Lake, within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the Bangor & Aroostook and Canadian Pacific stations at Greenville Junction, Maine.

Equipped with modern furnishings throughout; steam heat; electric lights; hardwood floors; baths; spring water piped into house and used exclusively. Accessible by automobiles over a good road. Garage.

It is our intention to provide a little better entertainment than one would expect to find

Adjacent to the Inn is a ten-room, fully furnished Log Bungalow, containing spacious living room; stone fireplace; eight bedrooms and sleeping porch; hardwood floors; electric lights and bath; especially desirable for families or parties; also Individual Camps with private bath room.

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Trout, Salmon, Togue, Etc.

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Greenville Junction, Maine



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Patten House

Under its new management

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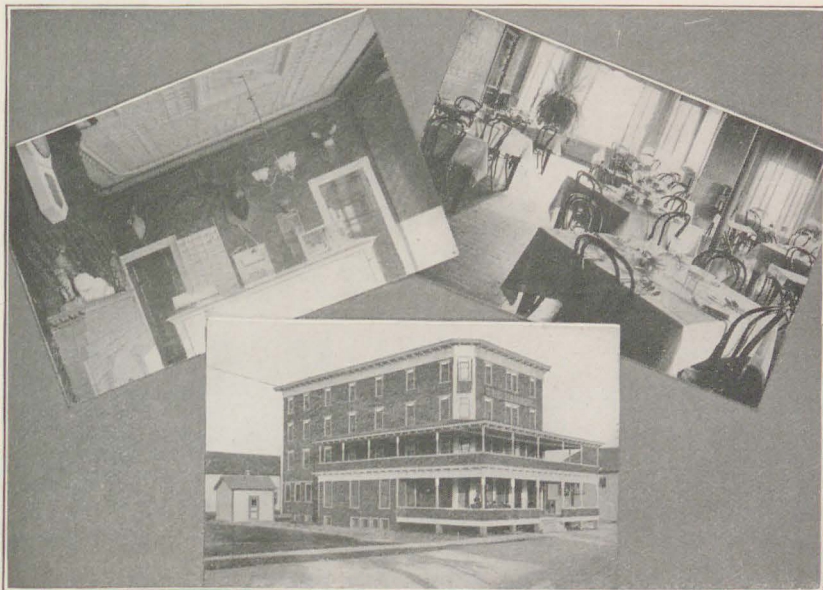
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Van Buren's justly Famous Hostelry, HOTEL HAMMOND is one of the best hotels in Maine. Its Appointment and Cuisine would do justice to a Metropolis. There are Hunting and Fishing chances near Van Buren and only 12 miles away are the Grand Falls of the St. John

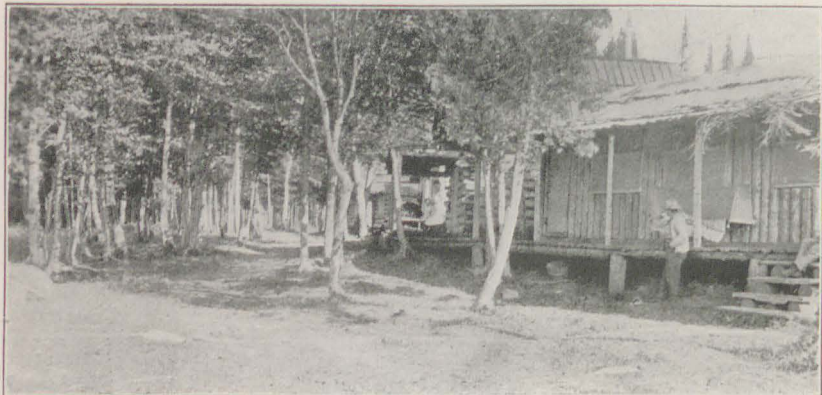
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We meet all our parties

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On Lower Shinn Pond, twelve miles from Patten. In the heart of the Maine Woods, but easily reached by Auto to the lower end of lake, thence by motor boat three miles to camp. Log cabins are comfortably furnished and heated by open fires for the comfort of our guests. All cabins have covered porches and overlook the lake with Mt. Chase in the distance. Our outlying camps at Jerry Pond are famous for deer, moose, bear and partridge hunting. Our table is furnished with fresh vegetables from our own garden, also plenty of fresh milk and eggs. Purest of Spring Water.

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Whether for Deer, Moose, Bear or Birds in Camp Fairview locality cannot be beaten. The outlying camps are always popular.

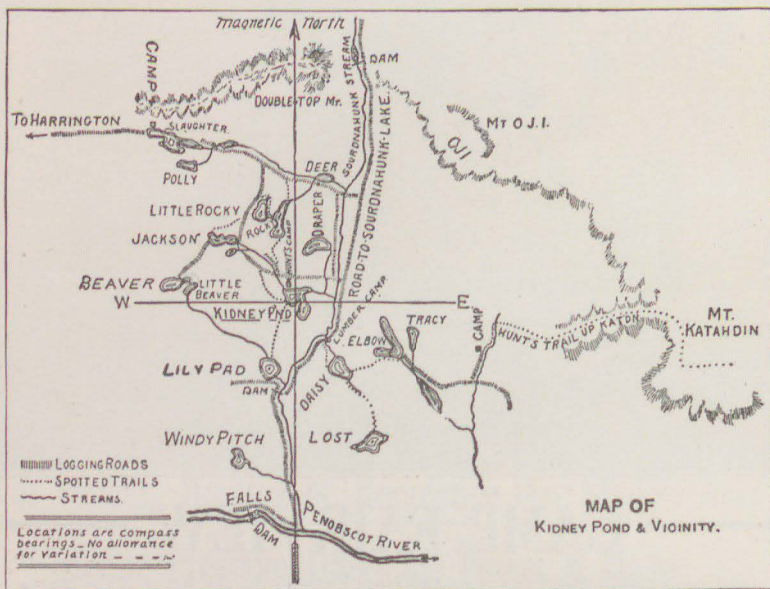
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Big Houston Camps,

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Makes a specialty of entertaining families. Individual camps with fireplaces and running water. Special rates for parties. The table is supplied from our own farm. The Best Spring Fishing in Maine. Salmon Pool Directly in Front of the Hotel. Good salmon and bass fishing throughout the summer.

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LOCCATED on the shore of Moosehead Lake and within a short distance from the Bangor & Aroostook and Canadian Pacific Ry. Stations. Carriage Meets Trains.

Special Attention Given to Summer Tourists Sportsmen and Fishermen. Do Your "Out-fitting" at Greenville and Enjoy a Day or Two at this Inviting Hostelry. Good Fishing in Moosehead Lake, also at Squaw Pond and Wilson Ponds. Wilson Pond can be reached with team. Good Livery connected with Hotel.

Garage Connected.

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A FISHING PLACE FOR REAL SPORTSMEN

14 Cabins and Cottages, 10 with Bathrooms. Hot and Cold Spring Water. Central Dining Room.

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On Sebec Lake in May, June and September is positively good and the Fly Fishing for Black Bass is claimed by many to equal Maine's most Famous Bass Lakes. There are a number of nearby Ponds and Streams where the Trout Fishing is always good.



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on Lake Millmagassett and Ox Bow, Me. For Sportsmen and Summer Tourists who love Trout Fishing and Deer and Partridge Shooting and Long Canoe Trips there is no better place in Maine. Good Spring Beds, Pure Spring Water running into each camp. The table is supplied with everything the appetite calls for. Address

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Best of Trout and Togue Fishing. Deer, Bear and Partridge Hunting.

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They are Situated on Big Fish Lake, reached from Portage Station and are in the heart of a section renowned for fish and game. Comfortable Camps and Careful Guides. My booklet gives particulars, and references from visiting sportsmen confirm my statements.

For Late Still Hunting, I use my camps on Greenlow Stream. They are thirteen miles from Ashland and are reached by team. The Greenlow country is mountainous, covered by hardwood growth, which is open and easy to travel in, and offers excellent Deer, Bear and Partridge Hunting.

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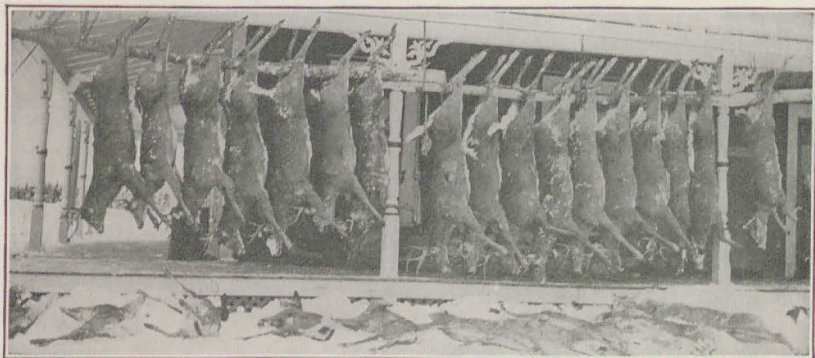
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It is the camp life for those in search of rest and health.

Campers' supplies of every description in the store near the Hotel, canoes and tents to sell or let. Guides who are skillful canoemen and cooks, may be hired by the day or trip.

Sporting Camps connected with the Hotel, situated on the shore of the Lake, make this an ideal summer resort, where fishing and hunting are unexcelled. Write for details, booklet, rates, etc.



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Moosehead, Maine, 11 miles from Greenville by C. P. R'y or by steamer

Here's Fishing, Hunting and Health in Plenty!

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Are in the Heart of a Great Fish and Game Country
Splendid Mountain Scenery

Our camps are famous for the excellence of equipment and for the exceptional service accorded our guests. "We are advertised by our pleased patrons"
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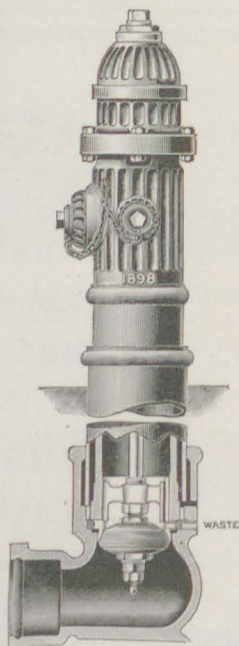
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Connected with the hotel are clean, cosy log cabins. Fresh vegetables from our farm, berries from the fields and woods, fresh milk and cream and pure spring water make our table distinctive.

Hay fever leaves one like magic after breathing the clear air.

No Tubercular Patients taken at the Hotel.

Rates: \$2.50 per day; \$15 to \$25 by the week.

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References:—G. B. Raymond, Ogden Place, Morristown, N. J.; E. G. Chamberlain, 97 Warren Street, New York; Dr. Charles M. Whitney, 386 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston

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**12 Cabins with Open Fires. Maine's
Largest Square-tailed Trout and
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can be made to the country where Fishing and Hunting is
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Passengers taking the morning train from Boston, and destined to
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This Hotel as the "Inn" was built by the Bangor & Aroostook
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OPEN THE ENTIRE YEAR

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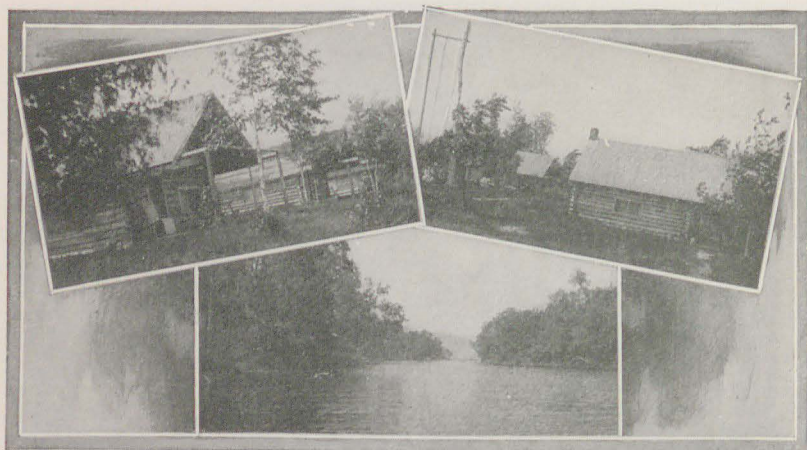
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Rates \$2.00 per day and upwards.

Special rates for families for the season.

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Hook Point Camp

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The best of brook, stream, river and lake fishing. The famous Salmon river runs right by the camps where salmon has been taken weighing twelve pounds. The best of Deer, Bear and Smaller Game. Comfortable lodging including a good table. Address Somerset Co. R. R. WALKER Mackamp, Maine

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Located on Great Pond, Sixteen Hundred feet above sea level, in a beautiful evergreen forest. Excellent Trout, Togue, Salmon, Pickerel and Brook Trout Fishing. Abundance of Moose, Deer, Bear, Partridge and Small Game. Beautiful Canoe Trips to 25 Lakes, Ponds and Streams. Camps have Ice, Pure Spring Water and Open Fires. Special Rates to Summer Boarders. Camps open Summer and Winter. For rates, particulars, descriptive circular and map of surrounding country, write to

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The Niagara of New Brunswick

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THE GRAND FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN

You haven't seen "America First" until you have visited this scenic splendor.

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makes a specialty of catering to parties of tourists. Grand Falls is an attractive town 12 miles from Van Buren. It is a delightful drive or auto trip.

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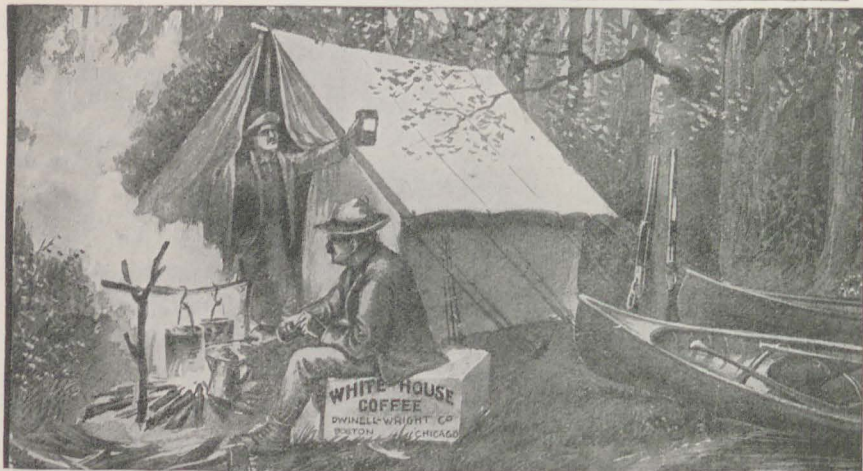
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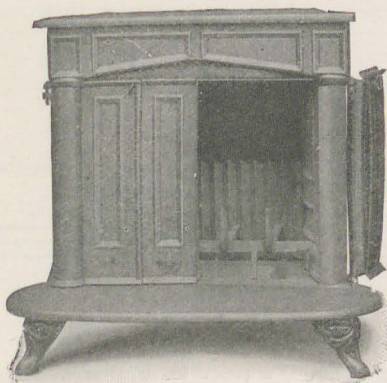
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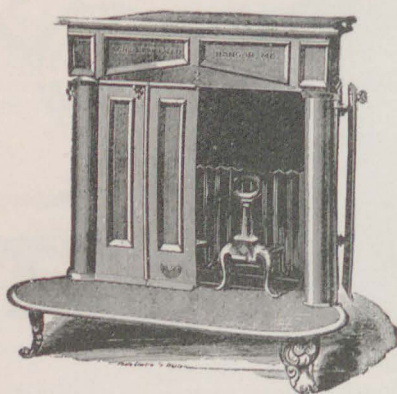
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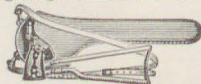


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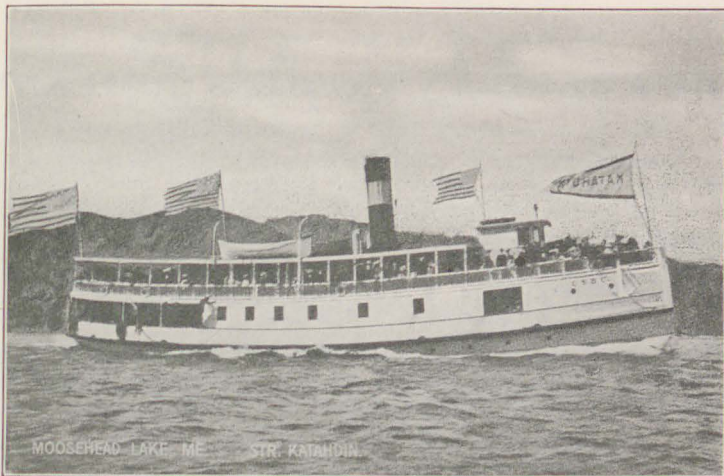
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