

OVIDE & ARTHUR'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE

Terence F. Harper
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This epic but true story was originally told by Ovide's brother, Raymond Vigue in an un-published manuscript penned in 1994. In the adaptation of this story the author has adhered to the narrative as contained in Mr. Vigue's manuscript but has weaved in historical facts and extended information in an effort to enhance the readers understanding of the greater historical events and context.

In 1932 - partly due to the introduction of more efficient production methods and equipment which had steadily increased production output per man hour and lowered production cost per ton¹ the full effects of the deepening depression had yet to be felt by the paper industry or at the very least minimized. For other industries and small businesses 1932 would mark the height of the Great Depression with unemployment rising towards a disastrous national average of over 28%.²

Though the pulp and paper industry was stable, a surplus of labor drove wages down sharply. For instance, in 1926 a crew cutting pulpwood could expect to earn \$3.00 per cord.³ However, by 1932 it had dropped to \$2.00 per cord. It was an indication of the desperation of the times that even with the promise of low subsistence wages and harsh working conditions men traveled deep into the Maine woods to seek work. Tragically many did not find it. For them the long difficult journey to a remote lumber camp was a last ditch, heart breaking effort to feed their family and survive yet another winter.

Since the 1860's the Maine woods had provided seasonal work to a veritable army of laborers. In years past it was a scarcity of men that camp bosses feared. In 1901 Maine's total cut included 750,000,000 ft. of saw logs, and 300,000,000 feet of pulp logs⁴ cut and moved by approximately 15,000 laborers and 6,000 horses.⁵ Men came from all over the northeast – New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Quebec and the farms, towns and cities of Maine. An article in the May 1st issue of the *New York Times* claimed that "River-driving [was] a sport for swells and [served as a] cure-all for invalids" and went on to promote the health benefits of working in the camps. How many doctors, lawyers and "son's of millionaire[s]" or "noblemen in disguise" were beguiled into abandoning a lucrative law practice or cushy royal life to head into the Maine woods is anyone's guess. However, by 1932 there is little doubt that more than a few of those formerly well heeled, now down-on-their-luck professionals and ruined business men were joining the throng of common laborers, farm boys and professional lumbermen desperately seeking work in the camps. In December of 1932, though certainly not "noblemen in disguise," Ovide and his Uncle Arthur would trek to the north woods as well and in so doing, have an excellent adventure.

As with many occurrences in life, Ovid and Arthur's adventure began with a chain of events and was more by happenstance than planning. The saying that life is like a box of chocolates is very appropriate but in Ovide and Arthur's case the chocolates were pretty well melted and the cherry cordials smashed – their options were limited. For Arthur, one gets the sense that a love for the bottle and tossing dice may have smashed his chocolates a long time ago. For Ovide it began on a warm July day in 1932.

A victim of declining ridership and revenue, the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railway ran its last interurban trolley between Lewiston and Waterville on July 31, 1932. The genesis of the line began in 1907 with the forming of the Lewiston, Augusta & Waterville Street Railway which consolidated a number of local lines including the Lewiston, Brunswick & Bath, Auburn & Mechanic Falls, Augusta, Winthrop & Gardiner. In 1910 the network was purchased by the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railway. At its high point the railroad operated over 153 miles of track and had a peak ridership of almost 15,500 during 1917.⁶ On that day, Ovide along with his father and younger brother

¹ United States Department of Labor, Bulletin No. 1347, "Impact of Technological Change and Automation in the Pulp and Paper Industry", October 1962

² Vedder, Richard K, and Gallaway, E. Lowell, "Out of Work, Unemployment and Government in 20th Century America", New York University Press, 1993

³ Lewiston Daily Sun, March 26, 1926

⁴ New York Times, December 7, 1902

⁵ New York Times, November 24, 1901

⁶ *Augusta/Waterville Maine Interurban* retrieved from <http://www.vizettes.com/kt/ne-interurbans/me/2-me-augusta-waterville.htm>

Raymond, found themselves out of work. Working alongside their dad, who had served many years as a Section Foreman, the boys had been part of his track maintenance crew.

Raymond got lucky and found a job at the Lockwood cotton mill as a sweeper and bobbin boy. In an era predating the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938 which mandated a maximum of a 44 hour work week and minimum 25 cent per hour wage, Ray found himself working crushing 66 hour weeks for the princely sum of \$6.00 per week⁷ which figures out to 9 cents per hour. Ovide on the other hand, struggling to find employment, worked odd jobs as a farm hand that summer and fall.



Lac Frontiere Quebec, circa 1926-1933
Terence F. Harper Collection

That December Ovid's Uncle Arthur came to stay for the holiday. During previous winters Arthur had worked as a Chopper in the Allagash region and figured that there would be work available in one of Lacroix's camps. In 1928 alone Lacroix's vast logging operation (The Madawaska Company) had supplied approximately 220,000 cords of pulpwood to Great Northern Paper Company not to mention between 35,000,000 and 40,000,000 board feet of saw logs for his mill – the former St. John Lumber Company in Keegan, Maine. With a number of relatives working for Lacroix and being an experienced hand Arthur no doubt figured that the jobs were theirs for the taking – so with a little bit of persuasion he convinced Ovide that they should head to Lacroix's Churchill Lake depot camp.

In 1932 Churchill Lake was a remote location indeed. The American Reality Road, following in part the Old California Road dating back to 1840,⁸ wound its way a torturous 60 miles from Ashland to Umsaskus Lake. No more than a winter tote road, it was used by the occasional Lombard tractor hauling sleds heaped with supplies destined for some remote American Reality Company camp. Depending upon where the cutting operations were working many stretches of the road wouldn't see a track all winter. By far the easiest way to get to Churchill Lake was through Quebec. A 1926 Madawaska Company advertisement for "150 experienced woodsmen" stated that "The way to Churchill Lake is via Lac Frontier[e] PQ and by tote road into lumber camps a distance of from 40 to 60 miles".⁹ In fact the "tote road", built and maintained by LaCroix's Madawaska Company, was an excellent all weather road which began in LacFrontiere, crossed the St. John River at Nine Mile before arriving at Lacroix's large

depot camp at Clayton Lake and terminating at Churchill Lake. Boasting a school and electric lights the large depot camp at Churchill Lake was the epicenter of Lacroix's Allagash empire. At its peak, close to 100 people lived and worked there during the winter.



Border crossing of Lacroix Road at Lac Frontiere, PQ.
Terence F. Harper Collection

Being somewhat pragmatic, Ovide and Arthur decided to forgo the lonesome and grueling snowshoe trek over the American Reality Road and began the first leg of their adventure at the Maine Central's Oakland station – riding in relative comfort over the rails of the former Somerset Railroad.

⁷ Vigue, Raymond F. Unpublished manuscript, book No.2, p63, Author's Collection

⁸ Bennett, Dean, B., "The Wilderness Beyond Chamberlain Farm", Island Press, 2001, p 79

⁹ Lewiston Daily Sun, Jan. 12, 1926

Becoming the Maine Central's Kineo Branch in 1911, the railroad was no stranger to lumbermen heading into the woods – the old coach floor pock-marked by the passage of many a spiked boot. As Ovide and Arthur rumbled north they passed Bingham and vaulted across the dizzying height of the Gulf Stream Trestle and eased around the curve into Deadwater which had once been a flourishing lumber town with houses, sawmills and a boarding house. Deadwater marked the entrance into the wild north Maine woods surrounding the Mossehead Lake region. Now as Ovide and Arthur passed through, on a cold December day, it was a dying community. Shortly afterwards, in July of 1933, the last regular freight train would depart Deadwater.¹⁰ Shortly thereafter Deadwater was truly dead.

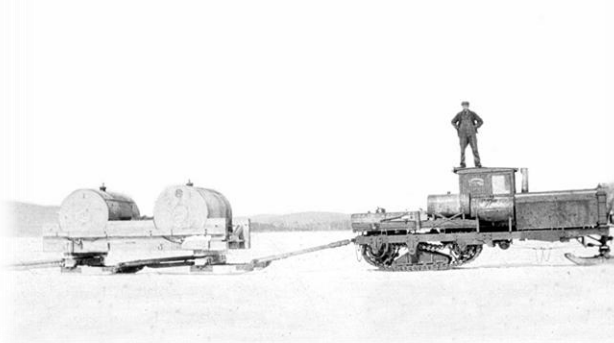
Skirting the picturesque shores of Lake Moxie and Indian Pond, they ended the first leg of their journey at Samoset Junction where they boarded a west bound Canadian Pacific passenger train bound for Lac-Megantic, Quebec. At Lac-Megantic they hustled aboard a waiting Quebec Central train north bound to Lac Frontiere - nestled up close to the American/Canadian border – the veritable gateway to Edouard “King” Lacroix’s empire of spruce.

For Ovid and Arthur this was the easy part of the journey. Lac Frontiere, a once sleepy border town, was alive with activity that winter of 1932-33. With its false front wooden buildings and dirt Main Street, it was more reminiscent of a lawless western town, made popular by dime novels and the movies of the time, than an eastern Quebec lumber town.

Lac Frontiere served as the primary shipping point – the last railhead to Lacroix’s wilderness empire. It was here that vast amounts of equipment, foodstuff and sundry supplies were man handled from railcars to trucks which were soon quickly bouncing and sliding along the Lacroix Road to the big Depot Camps at Clayton Lake and Churchill Lake. Hacked out of the wilderness by Lacroix’s crews, and spanning the St. John River at Nine Mile, the Lacroix Road was the 50 mile tenuous lifeline of thousands of workers laboring in the camps. Night and day a fleet of twelve REO trucks shuttled back and forth carrying the necessities of life. For example, during the winter of 1927-28 over 252, 122 pounds of supplies were shipped through Lac Frontiere including: 27,540 lbs of beans, 6,850 lbs. of peas, 3,763 gallons of misc. food stuff, 66,072 lbs of beef, 10,450 lbs. of oats.¹¹



Lacroix’s fleet of REO trucks at the Clayton Lake Depot camp boarding house
Terence F. Harper Collection



10 ton Lombard tractor hauling tank sleds circa 1928 From Lac Frontiere to Churchill and Tramway
Terence F. Harper Collection

In spite of having to travel west across the Maine/Quebec border than back across again heading east, the Lacroix Road was by far the most expedient way for Ovide and Arthur to get to where they were going. At Lac Frontiere they could catch a ride on a bus operated by Lacroix’s Madawaska Company - shuttling workers and their families back and forth from Churchill Lake and Clayton Lake - a round trip ticket costing \$2.50.¹² Or they may have just sweet talked the driver of one of the companies supply trucks. If they were lucky they got a seat in the cab alongside an ever animated and exuberant French Canadian driver who drove as

¹⁰ Macdougall, Walter, M., “*The Old Somerset Railroad*”, Down East Books, 2000, p 165

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¹² Letter, Edouard Lacroix to Auguste Lessard, August, 14, 1928, Arthor’s Collection

fast as he talked –flat out, his wildly gesticulating hands hardly ever on the wheel. If not they welcomed the opportunity to ride on the back – perched precariously amid boxes, crates and sacks of potatoes. No doubt Ovide and Arthur, wherever they sat, appreciated the fact that the discomfort and fear they felt as they rocketed along the narrow twisty road was far better than walking.

Soon, after leaving the border, the road sharply turned to the left and vaulted across Nine Mile Bridge - a double span Howe truss bridge originally built in 1913 to span the Chaudiere River at St. George, Quebec. In 1927 Lacroix's crew's disassembled it and moved it to span the St. John River. Until it was taken out by an ice jam decades later, it served as a well known landmark and lent its name to Helen Hamlin's iconic book "*Nine Mile Bridge*".



Nine Mile Bridge spanning the St. John River
Terence F. Harper Collection

Passing through Lacroix's large depot camp at Clayton Lake they headed on toward Churchill. Along the way they passed the odd Lombard tractor towing a train of heavy tank sleds carrying oil bound for Tramway for the locomotives to burn doing their summer operation. Or sleds piled high with bales of hay bound for the big barns at Churchill and Clayton. Traveling at a stately 8 miles per hour - with the throttle wide open, the 10 ton tractor's triple exhaust stacks, jutting through the top of the long hood, glowed a dull red - capped by flickering blue and red flames jetting two feet or more into the twilight of evening. The heavy base beat of the exhaust pounding and echoing into the surrounding forest.

After what seemed like a never ending ride the truck swung around the corner and eased past the big boarding house, carefully negotiated a hard left across the narrow plank bridge atop the cribwork dam and finally pulled-up to a stop. They announced their arrival at Churchill by walking into the clerk's office and asking the clerk for a job. You can image their disappointment after traveling all the way from Waterville only to find out that there was no work available.

If it wasn't obvious during the leg of their journey from Lac Frontiere - fewer trucks, fewer people at Clayton Lake, fewer tractors passed on the road, it was obvious now – that winter of 1932-33 marked the last season of cutting operations in the Allagash for Lacroix's Madawaska Company. That season was a mopping-up operation that was dwarfed by previous years cuts. Since 1927 Lacroix had worked the Allagash watershed in both directions – long logs were sent north to his massive former St. John Lumber Company sawmill complex at Keegan on the St. John river near Van Buren. While pulpwood was sent from Eagle Lake, via his remarkable Eagle Lake & West Branch Railroad, to Umbazooksus Lake. Then floated south down the West Branch of the Penobscot to the Great Northern Paper Company in Millinocket.



Madawaska Company Clerk's Office, Churchill Lake Circa 1927-33
Terence F. Harper Collection

In seasons past, Lacroix's crews working the Allagash sent upwards of 45,000,000^{ibid} board feet of logs to Keegan. In 1929 - the peak year, over 163,000 cords of pulpwood were sent south to Great Northern Paper. By comparison, In 1933, less than 5,000 cords¹³ would make the journey. Outside forces dictated the change. In July of 1930¹⁴ the Keegan mill was a pile of smoldering sawdust – having burned to the ground in a spectacular fire and Great Northern Paper had decided that Lacroix's pulpwood was too expensive in light of the dire economics of the day. By October 1933 Lacroix would shutdown his once mighty Allagash operations and focus on the Gaspé Peninsula where he had established an extensive empire. Feeling pity for Ovide and Arthur, Emile Labbe, who knew Arthur from before, suggested that they try Robinson – a jobber working for Great Northern Paper over on Chesuncook Lake. Cranking-up the phone system, Emile soon found out that Robinson could indeed use Ovid and Arthur on a cutting crew.

Today, in this age of cell phones and satellite uplinks it's ironic to think that in Ovide and Arthur's day telephone communication within the remote vastness of the North Maine woods and to regions far beyond was not only available but accepted as common place. In fact calling Boston was simply a matter of picking-up the phone and making the call. It wasn't uncommon to find a wooden phone box nailed to a tree way out on some remote trail. Helen Hamlin related the tale of how one man was flown in and dropped-off on a remote lake. Realizing belatedly it was the wrong lake and desperate to get help he found an abandoned, porcupine ravaged cabin and there on the wall was a phone.¹⁵

Realizing that communication was vital to running an efficient business, Lacroix had setup a phone system from Lac Frontiere, to Clayton Lake to Churchill and Tramway and including numerous outlying camps. Add to this the Maine Forest Service phone lines running between various fire towers and warden cabins and it was indeed an



A typical lumber camp circa 1933
Terence F. Harper Collection

intricate web of steel wire (occasionally taken out by a passing moose) lacing the forest. Today we have to use a satellite phone or drive endlessly around looking for that sweet spot on the top of just the right hill where our cell phones can pick-up a signal. Thanks to Lacroix's backwoods Ma Bell network Ovide and Arthur had the promise of jobs.

With few other options available, Ovide and Arthur started out on the 30 mile snowshoe trek to Robinson's camp at northeast end of Chesuncook. Whether or not they simply trekked south on the frozen

vastness of Churchill Lake and Eagle Lake or if they were lucky enough to catch a ride on a sled train of supplies heading to Tramway or crossed over Mud Pond Carry or followed the railroad tracks of the Eagle Lake & West Branch railroad we simply don't know. Regardless, with the promise of earning \$2.00 per cord they arrived at Robinson's camp in due time.

Cutting and piling pulpwood for \$2.00 per cord is a hard way to make a living, but for many men during the depression years, before unemployment benefits, living wasn't the goal it was surviving. A cord of wood measures four feet deep by four feet high by eight feet long – there is a lot of cutting and chopping and sawing that goes into a cord of wood. A chopping crew typically consisted of three men - two choppers/sawyers and one swamper - who swamped the twitch roads and yards while the choppers worked notching, felling, and limbing. A teamster and horse twitched the tree length logs to the nearest yard alongside the branch road where they were sawn into 4 foot long

¹³ Madawaska Company, Eagle Lake & West Branch Railroad production records 1927-1933, Author's Collection

¹⁴ *Lewiston Evening Journal*, July 21, 1930

¹⁵ Hamlin, Helen, "Nine Mile Bridge, Three years in the Maine woods", W.W. Norton & Company, 1945

bolts – the tool of choice being the one man bucksaw. Along with helping limb, the swamper also helped to stack the bolts into four foot high piles lining the branch road. Each crew worked a strip running parallel to the branch road and extending 450 to 600 feet on both sides. The branch roads ran roughly perpendicular to the main haul road with approximately 900 to 1,200 feet between each branch. Each branch road would have numerous yards with each holding pulpwood from 3 to 5 acres of the cut.¹⁶

A chopping crew, under ideal conditions, could cut and stack approximately 4.8 cords per day and could expect to harvest an average of 4-1/2 cords per acre depending upon the terrain and quality and density of the tree stand. For pulpwood a tree would be considered acceptable if it measured 6” minimum at the stump and topped at 3” maximum. Regardless of the quality of the stand or size of the trees it figures out to 1.6 cords per man or a whopping \$3.20 per day per man. Deep snow and lost days due to weather could dramatically reduce the cut and, correspondingly, the pay. In addition room and board would be deducted as well. In 1926 Lacroix was charging 75cents per day.¹⁷ Purchases such as clothing, toiletries and special food items from the wangan or company store were also deducted. One man, working at Umsaskus Lake in 1928, earned \$15.00 but only took home \$4.90 after settling his bill.¹⁸

Cutting was the most labor intensive part of the operation. For example; reporting for the week ending on November 12, 1927 Ed Lacroix’s Madawaska Company listed two major contractors, eight jobbers and three sub-jobbers with a total of 1,387 choppers/sawyers on the rolls.^{ibid}

Taking weather into account, cutting and yarding usually began in October and wrapped-up at the end of December.¹⁵ The hauling season followed and continued feverishly until the thaw in late March. During that time the horse drawn two sled rigs would methodically work the branch roads. A team, consisting of a teamster and two loaders worked loading and toting the piles of pulpwood either directly to a landing on a convenient stream or lake or to a main haul road. At the main haul road it would be transferred (by hand) to heavy Lombard sleds connected-up into long sled trains and pulled by Lombard tractors to a distant landing. Each sled holding an average of 4-1/2 cords and a train consisting of 5 or more sleds depending on the terrain and condition of the road. (The record being 22 sleds holding 108 cords¹⁹)

Ovide and Arthur came into the season late but Robinson was running late as well. As the snow piled up it was clear by February 25th that Robinson had pushed his luck and the chopping crews as far as they could go. With horses and men floundering around in the chest deep snow, further cutting was fruitless and un-profitable. Robinson decided to close down the cutting camp and move the men out to Patten. Ovide and Arthur were un-employed again.



Eastern Manufacturing’s Trout Brook Farm.
Now a camp site in Baxter State Park

Patten Lumberman’s Museum, Terence F. Harper Collection

¹⁶ Hilton, Max, C. “*Rough Pulpwood Operating in Northwestern Maine 1935-1940*” The Maine Bulletin, Vol. XLV, No. 1, University of Maine Studies, Second series No. 57, August 1942

¹⁷ *Lewiston Daily Sun*, Jan. 12, 1926

¹⁸ Vigue, Raymond F. Unpublished manuscript, book No.2, p65, Author’s Collection

¹⁹ *Lewiston Evening Journal*, May 7, 1935



Great Northern paper Company 10 ton Lombard tractor and Holt crawler breaking open a road.
Terence F. Harper Collection

Robinson had to get his cutting crews out to Patten and move supplies in for the hauling season over 30 miles of tote road to the Eastern Manufacturing Co's Trout Brook Farm (now a campsite in Baxter Sate Park). From the farm, the Eastern maintained a 30 mile plowed road to Patten. Robinson decided that the best way of doing this was with the brute strength of a Lombard tractor. Like many

jobbers, Robinson did not own a fleet of Lombard tractors or even just one of the beasts. They were expensive machines and the economy of scale didn't favor the smaller operators. Robinson did the next best thing – since he was jobbing for great Northern Paper Company he hired a 10 ton Lombard and driver from Great Northern.

With 30 odd men to move and little room on the back platform of the Lombard, the men flipped a coin to see who would get an easy ride to Patten. With the time honored coin toss out of the way, ten optimistically lucky men - including Ovide, huddled tight together on the back platform wrapped in heavy, smelly horse blankets.

Now the Lombard catalog states that you can haul an impressive 5 to 7 tons loaded directly on the Lombard itself. That's all well and good but with the rear platform measuring a scant 5'-8" x 8'-8" you would be hard pressed to fit that much on there. In addition, that huddled mass of humanity shared precious space with a sizable tool box along with several drums of gasoline. No doubt Ovide was probably heckling and ribbing Arthur for having lost out in the coin toss - Ovide feeling a might bit proud that he would get to Patten before him. With a low grinding of gears and a lurch as the driver shifted into gear and let out the clutch they headed towards Trout Brook Farm.

Six hours later it was a less jovial, contrite, numb, deaf and half frozen Ovide who stiffly climbed off the tractor when they finally arrived at the farm. They were soon soaking wet and freezing. As the tractor pushed through the 4 to 5 feet of soft snow it swirled up from the churning tracks – coating the men. Still more fell on the huddled mass of men - mini avalanches cascading down as the tractor brushed aside snow laden limbs and knocked loose by the blast from the open exhaust. About every two hours the driver would stop to grease the sprocket shafts. The outside bearings were easy. Not so the inside bearings on the front shaft which required removing parts of the deck – forcing the frozen men to leave their decidedly uncomfortable perch. Nauseous and light headed from the gasoline fumes seeping out of the drums, with ears ringing from the noise, the men would stagger a ways off to light a cigarette or attempt to stamp life back into their frozen feet. Ovid may have saved himself some walking but he was indeed a little worse for wear upon arrival at the farm. After eating a quick lunch and refueling (a Lombard could burn through about 8 gallons of gasoline in an hour) the driver and his striker headed back to Robinson's. Their day was only half over.

A 10 ton Lombard tractor is a challenge to drive even in the best of conditions. With 5,000 lbs bearing down on the front ski's the steering takes a fair bit of muscle. In deep or wet snow it's even more difficult. The clutch is heavy as well. The noise is deafening – the sharp booming of the un-muffled exhaust, the whine of gears and rattling of the tracks and roller chains can make you feel like your riding in a rock crusher. Most drivers stuffed cotton in their ears to make it more bearable. The only heat in the cab is what radiated through the openings in the wood floor and a ragged hole knocked in the dash panel in the hopes that at least some heat from the engine compartment would provide a modicum of warmth. At 20 below zero that was usually an illusion.



Don Johnson driving his circa 1926 (ex-Ed Lacroix) 10 ton Lombard log hauler
Cheryl Johnson - Terence F. Harper Collection

A Lombard has no suspension. Every bump is transmitted directly to the seat of the driver's pants. However, if it hadn't gone missing, a leather wrapped coil spring and horsehair padded seat helped a bit. Fortunately, unlike a steam Lombard, you have a brake which is operated by a foot pedal and a brake lever. With cast iron shoes clamping tight around a drum affixed to the input shaft to the differential it's surprisingly effective. There are no windshield wipers or defroster. A large metal visor serves to keep the windshield somewhat free of snow while the long hood and high radiator block out a huge swath of real estate containing all kinds of stuff that can do damage to machine and body.

They hadn't been long on the trail back to Robinson's camp when it began to snow. Before long they were engulfed in a classic northern Maine blizzard with blinding swirling snow whipped into frenzy by gale force winds. The road – only broken out a few hours before, simply vanished under drifts. Frequently they had to stop and chop fallen trees and push them out of the way with the Lombard. Other times they had to stop when the driver simply couldn't see or lost the road in a whiteout. After endless hours of forcing their way through they finally arrived at Robinson's late that night.

When the storm ended, a good 48 hours later, Robinson sent out another Lombard to once again break open the narrow tote road to the farm. However, it broke down a scant five miles out of camp – the crew snowshoeing back to camp. Later a 10 ton Holt crawler was sent to drag the broken down Lombard off the road. With that done the continued on to break-out the road to the farm and returned the following day.

Early the next morning Robinson and his crew headed out to Trout Brook Farm. It was a motley procession with the remaining men – including Arthur, and their belongings ingloriously heaped on four tote sleds each pulled by a pair of horses with the remaining 10 horses led along in pairs. By that evening Arthur was finally able to join Ovide at the farm. The following day Robinson had his crew piled on two Eastern Manufacturing trucks bound for Patten where they received their pay minus wangan purchases and room and board. With some coin in their pockets, it was a happy Arthur and Ovide who boarded the Bangor & Aroostook train to Bangor. At Bangor they had layover to catch the next Maine Central train to Waterville and home.

Having just gone through a long dry spell and having worked-up a mighty thirst, Arthur somehow procured a bottle of bootleg liquor when they arrived at Bangor's Union Station. In the classic lumberjack (and Arthur's) tradition he was soon ensconced with "friends" at the old Exchange Hotel – rapidly slipped into blind drunkenness and was flat broke within 24 hours. Raymond, Ovide's brother, related how for the rest of his long life Ovide was loath to pick-up and axe or use a bucksaw. Arthur and Ovide did indeed have an excellent adventure.