

THE CLOSING YEAR

By HENRY RAND EDWARDS

Again, far away to the ever-summer latitude,
The brightness and the bloom with the summer birds have fled;
And from Hope back to Memory another year hath sped.
So dance we tonight the harvest dance of gratitude
For all that is left to us above the silent dead.

Dance we tonight for the viol rings cheerfully,
Hope holds the New Year, and smiling cheers us on,—
But chide not the footsteps that thread the mazes fearfully,
And blame not the joyless heart that turns back tearfully,
Tearfully to years and to friends that are gone.

Faded lie the forest leaves on the frozen meadow-land;
Sombre are the shadows o'er the once smiling vale.
Low beat the muffled drums. Wild dirges wail.
For weird dim forms from out the mystic shadowland
Move to our measure and at our feast regale.

Yet dance we tonight in our tremulous security,
Humble in our joyousness, hopeful when we weep.
For only the tender heart can taste its joy in purity;
And tearful eyes see clearer, in the lowering obscurity,
The stars that shine eternal while the fragile flowerets sleep.

Low let the drum beat. Trill the music tenderly;
Silent as the heart-throb be our tuneful tread;
For sorrow hangs above our joy upon a brittle thread,
And the fabric of our happiness is fashioned out so slenderly,
The heart that holds the most of love has ever most to dread.

Yet dance we tonight. And the sweeter for its rarity
The light upon our lives that our unity will shed.
Then dance we in kindly love that knoweth no disparity,
Welcoming the New Year in Faith, Hope and Charity,
Peace with the living, and tears for the dead.

*The above poem was written for and read in a Grange meeting by
the author.*

STANZAS

Written after having been about five weeks at sea.

Morn greets me; but not through the glass
Of the old diamond window it plays,
But down through the skylight it sends
Its timid and trembling rays.

I breathe the fresh air now, 'tis true,
But not in green mead, lovely sight;
Above and below all is blue,
And our ship hurries on in her flight.

No cottage with smoke gently rising.
(The sight, oh how welcome 'twould be);
Hill or valley, with streamlet meand'ring,
Nor forest trees waving, I see.

I tread 'neath a clear, open sky.
But not among lambkins and sheep;
Nor following the plow now am I;
Although I am plowing the deep.

Night comes, but I'm not at the hearth,
With brothers and sisters surrounded.
With chat unreserved, and mirth,
And humor, were cherished unbounded.

But over our gallant ship's side,
I'm leaning, and viewing the foam
Of remorseless Atlantic's dark wave,
Three thousand miles distant from home.

Alas! and as night, sable night,
O'er the wave draws her dark curtain forth,
I retire in sadness to dream
Of my friends and the land of my birth!

Yet still there's a ray that is beaming,
That pierces the gloom of my breast;
From Hope's lovely star it is gleaming,
And it brightly shines out from the West.

Shine on, lovely star of my hope,
May'st thou on my path never set;
With all obstacles then I can cope,
And see freedom and happiness yet.

Atlantic, May, 1845.

FRANCIS YELLAND.

CONGRATULATIONS

It's something wonderful, something fine.
An achievement few possess,—
This Golden Anniversary of thine;
A half century of happiness.

Every year is a happy year;
You meet all troubles minus fear;
Your smiles never permit a tear;
And every day is filled with cheer.

Together you've traveled many a mile
On the rocky road of life;
All obstacles melt before your smile.
You've conquered all your strife.

In these gloomy times, you're like bright rays.
Your wonderful marriage merits our praise;
You've enriched the world with your friendly ways,
Continually proving that kindness pays.

Many friendships you've built along the way
Of your search for happiness.
They'll gather to greet you this anniversary day,—
Living symbols of your success.

Many the thoughts that warm your day,
Of good times past, whose mem'ries stay.
Your hearts are young though your heads are gray,
Because of those mem'ries that won't fade away.

Your happiness is there for all to see.
Your marriage will an inspiration be,
To all youngsters, such as me,
Who'll soon set sail upon that sea.

Many wonderful years you've left behind,
Filled both with rain and sun;
Because of your love, the years were kind;
And,—the best is yet to come.

Written by Robert Jacque Weatherbee, (19), for the golden wedding anniversary of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Kneeland, May 1, 1949.

TO MY BROKEN PIPE

By HENRY R. EDWARDS

All cold on the window-sill, crushed by the sashes
Remains my old pipe, in its ruins alone;
Its fire is extinguished—peace be to its ashes—
Its beauty has faded, its fragrance has flown.
No more shall it solace the lone sorrow-hearted,
No more the convivial band shall it cheer;
But as one that was faithful till glory departed,
I mourn thee, my pipe, with a lay and a tear.

For, borne to my senses, remotely and faintly,
Like dream of a love in the dim years ago,
Or echo of melody, soothing and saintly,
Thy sadly-sweet incense is lingering on;
And remorsefully now as I see thee thus lying,
I think how unheeded our joys while they last:
That ever the bliss of the present denying
We long for the future and sigh for the past.

But thus I must leave thee, all empty and hollow,
To prize thee the more that thy value has fled.
And the dark road of destiny I, too, must follow,
To be of thy number, the cold and the dead.
And oh, that my life be thus blest in its leaving,
That roses may bloom in my sepulchre's mould,
That virtues survive me, in memory weaving,
A garland of love when my ashes are cold.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE

I'll join again the youthful throng,
To dance the hour away;
But few there are who know us long,
The old friends, where are they?
The merry friends we used to know,
Who danced here 40 years ago?

In fancy I can see each face:
Pearl, Edna, Eva, Gertie, Grace.
Now 'Lisha with his cheerful grin,
Tunes up his trusty violin.
A partner each, at last we've found;
"Now right and left! Eight hands around!"

The music has a subtle charm,
Beauty and youth entrance;
When Gertie takes my offered arm,
We glide into the dance,
And feelings that I thought had fled
Arise like spectres from the dead.

Old friends, Ard, Hal, each nod, nearby;
Stand smiling, Mae and Kate,
As sweetly as when hopes were high
And life was roseate.
Oh dead romance, illusion sweet,
That went with youth's light tripping feet.

Ah me! How time and fervor slip!
The blood of youth's full veins,
That thrilled when dainty fingertip
Met mine to rapture's strains,
Now flows with cool and even beat,
As sluggish as my lagged feet.

The dance ebbs slowly to an end,
It dies out soft and low;
Like dead leaves driven by the wind.
The phantom dancers go;
The vision fades, the faces flee;
And a loneliness comes over me.

Ah well! Age too has its reward;
Dear heart, thy faith and truth,
The loyal love and sorrow shared
I would not yield to youth!
The brilliant rays of morning sun
By golden sunset is outdone.

A. M. FOLSOM

These lines were written in memory of the old "Shindigs" in Trans Alpine 40 years ago, by BERTIE FOLSOM, one of the baseball boys.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

By FRANCIS YELLAND

The beauteous on Nettie's cheek
Had turned to lily white.
The stars within her azure eyes
Had lost their radiant light.
She suffered, but did not repine;
No tear-drops filled her eyes.
Who could but know that Angels were
Then beckoning from the skies.

'Rock me to sleep' she softly said,
While laboring hard for breath;
Alas! she knew not it would be
Her long last sleep of death.
Full well her weeping parents knew,
(Who heard with rending pain)
That when their little darling slept,
She ne'er would wake again.

As if in haste to join the host,
That beckoned from the skies;
'Rock me to sleep' in feeble tones
Full often would arise.
They rocked her till the sun went down,
Behind the purple hill.
And while the watchers wept around,
Her spirit lingered still.

When closing were the shades of night,
This little favorite dove
Unfurled her wings and took her flight,
To brighter realms above;
Yes, like a little fragile bark,
Into safe harbor driven,
Sweet little Nettie fell asleep,
And woke again in Heaven.

Lincoln, Maine, April 15, 1864.

In memory of Nettie, daughter of Stephen and Joan Delano.

FORSAKEN

HENRY R. EDWARDS

Not a word in praise of him, even under breath;
Grief must hide its tears, even after many years;
He did a daring deed, but he died a felon's death,
'Mid a Nation's anathemas and jeers.
I seek not to mitigate his heritage of hate,—
War has its immunities, defeat makes the crime;
But readily and steadily he marched to his fate,
And he stepped to the music every time.

Valor has a vicious name upon the losing side.
He knew the bitter cost, and boldly played, and lost.
And he sought no support but his self-sustaining pride,
That no humiliation could exhaust.
No friendliness found room in that fateful hour of gloom;
Sympathy must silent be. Pity must be dumb,
And wearily and drearily he marched to his doom,
But he stepped to the throbbing of the drum.

Mournfully the music wailed with sobbing tenderness,
And perchance to him it said what the players never played,
As a voice from beyond human sorrow or distress
Consoling him to suffer undismayed.
But Caution bids me pause ere I seem to plead his cause;
Sorrow may not sigh for him with even baited breath,
But beautiful and dutiful a something in him was,
As he marched with the music to his death.

It became the duty of the author's brother, Frederick A. Edwards, who with his military band was for a time stationed at City Point (headquarters) to play a dirge at the execution of a Confederate Captain, who, in his effort to escape had killed a guard.

Upon his return home, Mr. Edwards, in giving an account of the event made this statement in regard to the condemned man. "He was very pale, no doubt a good deal affected, but he stepped to the music."

These words furnished the inspiration for the above poem, which was afterwards set to music by Mr. Edwards in collaboration with the author; but it was never published.

HONOR ESSAY

By GEORGE EVERETT EDWARDS

MAINE, the nation's sunrise portal, situated in the northeastern corner of our land, has always been known for the rugged contour of its coast, the grandeur of its mountains, the splendor of its lakes and streams and for its miles of forest land.

As a summer resort, it has been for years the haven and retreat of vacationists; and recently with the introduction of *winter sports* Maine has become a playground for each season of the year, the delight of all those who visit it.

However, perhaps because of the natural beauties and physical features of the "Pine Tree State", we may have overlooked the fact that, of all the states of the union, Maine has added her share of outstanding men and women.

For instance, in the field of practical arts we are well represented by such men as Sir Hiram Maxim, famous as the inventor of the automatic cannon, which shoots 600 shots per minute, and is known by his name.

The logging industry of this state was greatly benefited by the Lombard Log Hauler, invented by two brothers of this vicinity.

Then it is only natural that a country as rugged as Maine should produce such a hardy Arctic explorer as Donald B. MacMillan.

Our state has had many men in important public offices, such as Hannibal Hamlin, who was Vice President with Lincoln.

All in all, the brilliancy of the work of Thomas B. Reed, author of Reed's Parliamentary Law, has been excelled by only one or two of the other public men of the Pine Tree State; and when we think of Maine's record this is indeed high praise. Mr. Reed was likewise Speaker of the House.

Even though James G. Blaine was not born in Maine, he can truly be called a Maine man. Mr. Blaine was Secretary of State twice and he then ran for the Presidency in 1884, but was defeated by Mr. Cleveland.

In a more or less related field we find General Neal Dow who agitated and secured the passage of the statute prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in Maine.

And then there was Dorothea Dix who was one of the greatest prison reformers.

In the field of fine arts we have a few sculptors; for among the works of art in the Sweet Museum at Portland is the "Pearl Diver", one of the best pieces of that art ever produced by an American. It gives us pride to recall that the author of these chiseled lines was Paul Akers. It was this statue, by the way, that inspired Hawthorne to write "The Marble Fawn".

Another world famous sculptor is Franklin Simmonds, whose numerous works also stand in the Sweet Museum.

The sketches and paintings of Maine by Wallace Nutting have been familiar to almost everyone.

As far as music is concerned, we have produced Lillian Norton, better known as Madame Nordica, the prima donna, whose cultivated musical talent has pleased many audiences here and abroad. She took leading parts in 40 operas and in all the standard oratorios. As well as Lillian Nordica, we have Annie Louise Cary, a very talented singer.

The author of "God's World", Edna St. Vincent Millay, is one of America's best modern lyrical poets. It was she who wrote the opera, "The King's Henchman".

Along with Miss Millay is Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose high seriousness, extraordinary powers of condensation, tenderness of understanding, brilliant analysis and vivid description, makes his poetry appreciated and widely read. For these reasons, Mr. Robinson is among the best of our contemporary poets.

Maine's sons and daughters have also written much fiction and Lincoln Colcord's "Sea Tales" have found wide circulation.

Mary Ellen Chase, whose "Goodly Heritage" and whose informal essays have made her one of the best known and best loved of contemporary authors, was not only Maine born but uses Maine as a background for the greatest part of her writings.

Thus we see in Maine the spirit of ambition always runs high. Whether it emanates from the clear and invigorating breath of the hills, from the romantic reaches of the restless sea, or from the unseen heart of creation. It is found there in profusion. Many of its votaries win the laurel wreath and slip through the postern to further conquests.

For those who do are ever blessed,
Nor greater need can find,
Than that their names live with the best,
In hearts of all mankind.

The above Honor Essay was written for and delivered in the graduating exercises of the University of Maine, Class of 1933, by the Author.

TRANS ALPINE REUNION

THE first meeting of the Trans Alpine Reunion was held in Edwards Grove on Upper Cold Stream Lake, below the Narrows, on Sept. 3, 1922. The morning was spent in renewing old acquaintances and preparing the picnic dinners.

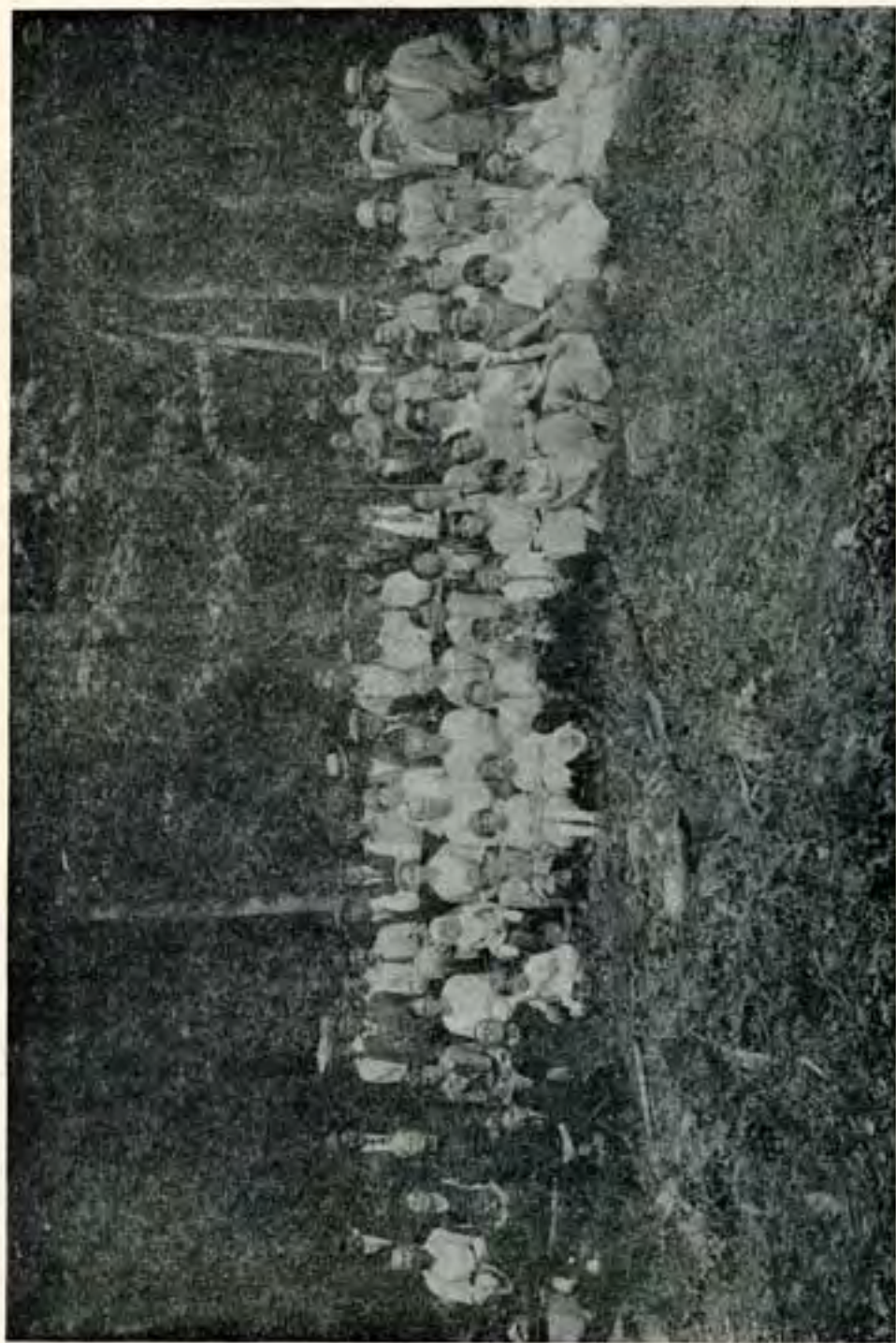
After dinner a program was presented, consisting of chorus singing, speeches and readings.

Following is a list of those who were present at this first meeting, and it will be noted that many of them are no longer with us. Mr. and Mrs. Evan Bruce, Ruth Hanson, Homer Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Melburn Bruce, Clyde Bruce, Mrs. Rhuaina Bruce, Mrs. Jennie Barker, Mrs. Nellie Bradbury, Isabel Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. Asa G. Clay, Asa G. Clay, Jr., Margaret Clay, Coleen Clay, Kathryn Clay, Mrs. Laura Wells, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Clay, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cutler, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Crouse, Dorothy Church, Walter Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Edwards, George Everett Edwards, Ard Edwards, Eva E. Edwards, Kate Edwards, May Bailey, Ruth Furrough, Clara Goodwin, Mrs. Mary Gorman, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hersey, Alford Jipson, Lottie Jipson, Lewis Jipson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Lancaster, Mrs. Sarah Libby, Mrs. Hittie McKeen, Mrs. Daisy Kneeland, Beulah Kneeland, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Libby, Andrew Fogg, Mrs. Hattie Fogg, Gladys Neal, Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell Phinney, Viola, Lillian, Marion and Merle Phinney, Linwood Neal, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Thompson, Lida and Vernard Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Kneeland, Mr. and Mrs. I. F. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Varnum Warren, Villa Lewis, Sylvia Farnsworth, Edna Runnells, Mrs. Hanford Wilson, Natalie Kneeland, Mrs. H. L. Pinkham, Frederick Pinkham, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Holmes, Richard and Carleton Holmes, Carleton Lancaster, Raymond Lowe, Harold Lowe, Ralph Ripley, Mrs. Matilda Libby, Vernon and Roland Littlefield, Lisle Littlefield, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Littlefield, Bernice, Lloyd, Velma, Donald and Eva Littlefield, Ida Gray, Mrs. Maggie Cotta, Mabel and Harvey Cotta, Clare Cotta, and Ira Lowe. There were 108 present.

The second meeting of the Reunion was held at the same place on Sept. 11, 1923, with 109 present. Beans baked in the ground and coffee were served to all present. Following dinner a business meeting was held and a permanent organization was formed, to be known as the Trans Alpine Reunion Association. L. C. Libby was elected President, Kate M. Edwards, Secretary, and Lisle Littlefield, Treasurer. The following program committee was also appointed to prepare a program for the next meeting. May Bailey, Margaret Clay and Ethel Fredland were appointed. They voted to meet in the schoolhouse if it should be rainy. They also voted to meet on the 2nd Sunday in August.

In a few years the site of Edwards Landing was cleared up by Ard Edwards and the Club House built to give the Reunion a permanent home.

Much credit for the success of the Reunion is due to A. B. Jenkins and his musical friends from Woodland and to Geo. McLean, and other talent from Millinocket.



TRANS ALPINE REUNION

This was the third Reunion, and it was taken at Edwards' Cove, below the Narrows,
on August 9, 1924.

Following is the program presented from the porch of the Club House, on 13 August, 1939.

- Singing of Hymns Chorus
Accompanied by Mrs. Geo. E. Garnett of Woodland
- Address of Welcome Ard Edwards
- Response Tristram W. Coburn, Methuen, Mass.
- Reading of Greetings from Mrs. McPheters, Mrs. Daisy Kneeland
- Solo—Bells of the Light House Mrs. McKenney, Woodland, Me.
- Reading Albert Jenkins, Woodland
- Singing by Chorus
- Solo—"Where the Ebb Tide Flows" Mrs. McKenney
- Reading—"Caleb's Courtship and What Came of It" .. Mrs. Chas. Cox
- Tap Dance Leah Mary Albert
- Reading Janice Cummings
- Singing by Chorus
- Reading Albert Jenkins
- Tap Dance Roberta Albert
- Solo Howard McKenney
- Reading Merle Phinney
- Singing by Chorus