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A Country Boys View

Growing up in Crawford during the Depression and World War II

By Gordon Lord, born Oct 31, 1930

The following memoirs were written in the fall of 2003 and in 2004 and then passed on to A-CHS. The total work is 35 pages of text plus many images and is a valued part of the A-CHS archives. After comparing Gordon's work with that of Walter Miner Moraisey (Special Issue #7), I felt that Gordon's is significantly different than Miner's. Although the authors lived within a mile of one another, they wrote of different things. We hope you enjoy what we have selected for this newsletter. jd

America began on the farm. The land is our heritage and the strength of our national character. The following and similar traditions and customs have kept their place not alone in the heart of the farm family, but in the hearts of those of us who having left the farm, we find that the farm will not leave us.

Three Scalawags at their Crawford home circa 1941 with bright sun in their eyes, Gordon, Gloria and Lawrence Lord. George and Ollie Perkins' home and post office is at top right. Harry and Grace Seavey's home is behind the trees on the left.

OUR FAMILY

I guess I am getting to the age where I classify as one of those "old timers", actually shouldn't we be called "short timers"? Like all short timers, my memory is fading faster than I like. Here are some memories I have from when I was a youngster during two of most trying times in our nation's history. They are the 1930s Depression years, and the1940s during World War II.

We lived on the Arm Road in Crawford, 21 miles from Calais, one mile from Route 9. I was the oldest of three children. The two younger children were a brother Lawrence and a sister, Gloria. My father, a transplanted Canadian, came over to Maine during the twenties working in the woods and living in lumber camps. During the springtime he worked the Machias River log drives. He met my

mom, Althea Davis and they fell in love and were married at Machias in 1929, which is the year the banks went broke and the Depression started. It was a harsh life.

Mom told me the following story, which still upsets me whenever I think of it. Mother was working for a local dairy farm as a maid when they decided to get married. She asked in advance, for a couple days off to get married. When the big day came though, she was given only one half-a-day off, even though the wedding was in Machias, some forty-five miles away. Dad's car was an old clunker, which had to back up over Day Hill in Wesley because early cars did not have a fuel pump. When our mother returned to work around five a. m. the next morning, all the dirty dishes were in the sink, beds not made etc. and all the dairy's milk cans and other implements in the dairy were awaiting her return. When she received her weekly pay, she found she had been docked, one half a days pay. In a notebook of her wedding gifts I find that her employers wedding gift was a butter knife. I am only telling this to show how some servants were treated in the past by people who lived even right here, where now we live, work and play.

Not everyone was like that. The Hanscom brothers Fred and Dot (yep, a man) lived on the township 19 Road, a short distance from Route nine and Love Lake road. My mother and other Crawford youngsters, both male and female, were invited to their home, for a party and sleepover at special times. These anxiously awaited events were held with approval of the parents, who knew their children would be safe, while visiting these respected bachelors. Most likely, some children from Wesley also were invited. What a difference a couple of generations make.

I believe it was in 1948 when we moved to Alexander, where today Joey Wallace has his business. Electricity had just come through and Dad with Moms help wired most of our new (to us) home with electricity, even though they had no experience whatever. They also did the plumbing for their first ever bathroom with running water, despite it being foreign to them. Dad also built the large barn, now Joey's workshop, nearly single- handed. It was about this time that Lawrence and I were clearing trees for the new electric light lines going through. We worked from about Rocky brook to a mile or two down Rt. 192.

DAD AND LUMBERING

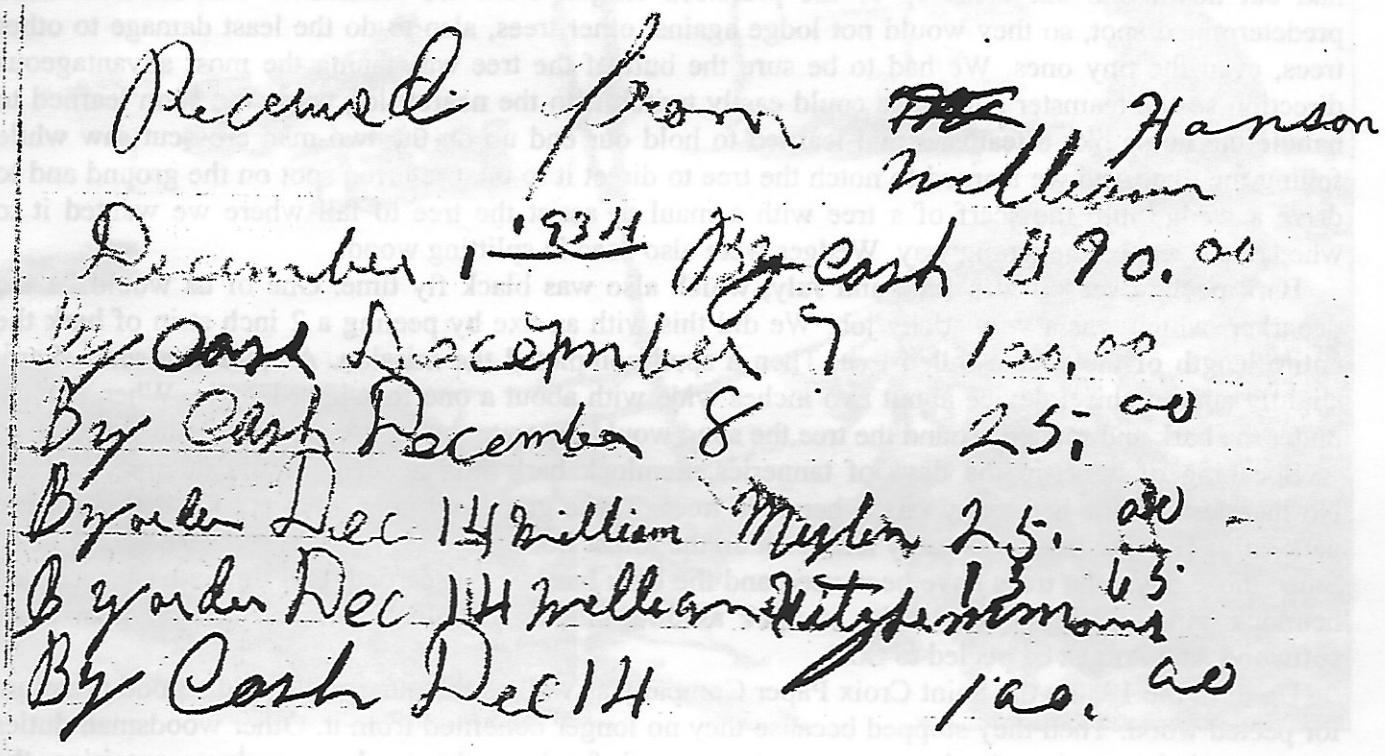
My father was primarily a woodsman, but he also took care of Lydia Davis's, (his mother in law) blueberry ground, on the Arm Road. She was handicapped with arthritic feet and became a widow when my mother the oldest of six children was thirteen years of age. The youngest was still a toddler. Grammy's children were Althea, Beatrice, Lloyd, Velma, Carleton and Vinal. Her only income came from her blueberry ground and wood harvested on her tiny woodlot. She also had her meager social security check upon reaching sixty-five.

Dad was known for his honesty, hard work and eagerness to help others. He was the man to see when your automobile was stuck in the winter snow, or mud during the springtime thaw on the dirt roads. Or your cow that got loose and had to be rounded up. He was a very private person; he kept things to himself. He could recite from memory long poems and stories, but he was too bashful to share these stories with other than family. Although his formal education was only two or three years, he memorized chapters of the Gospel of John from the Bible. He would often recite memorized stories or poems as Lawrence and I sat around a small fire somewhere deep in the woods having lunch after peeling pulpwood, or cutting logs or stove wood. He would do the same at home with my sister Gloria.

A video movie called "Woodsman and River Drivers", produced in 1989 by Northeast Archives and Oral History mentions our father. A movie spokesman, Earl Bonness from Grand Lake Stream in describing cutting operations says, "Joe Lord was the Chopper." In those days a Chopper was the axe man which was considered the toughest job in the crew. During the late 1920s Dad and Earl worked on logging operations, also they worked together on the Machias River log drives.

According to my mother at the time of their marriage Dad walked three to five miles to work each day. My earliest recollection of the location of Dads work was across Crawford Lake. He was cutting

white birch, as an employee of the Diamond Match Lumber Company during the winter for fifty cents per day. The next year, he was cutting four-foot, split, stove wood (cordwood) for a Mr. William Hansen who operated a taxi business on lower North Street in Calais. This was at the so-called McDonough place on the Arm Road in Alexander bordering the Crawford town line owned by Mr. Hanson. After cutting the wood, he would haul it to the highway by real horse power, then load it onto the back of his truck and deliver it to Mr. Hansen's firewood customers in Calais. *[We note here that Joseph D. and Althea Lord purchased the McDonough place and half of lot 84 in 1943 from William F. Hanson. These 240 acres now belong to Gordon's brother Lawrence.]*


Received from ~~Dec~~ William Hanson
December 1 1934 By Cash 190.00
By Cash December 7 100.00
By Cash December 8 25.00
By order Dec 14 William Meyler 25.00
By order Dec 14 William Meyler 13.63
By Cash Dec 14 100.00

In those days pulpwood was cut in four-foot lengths prior to its delivery to the Saint Croix Paper Company' mill at Woodland. Most pulpwood was not debarked, because it only could be peeled when sap was running, June and part of July. Most pulpwood was spruce, real heavy hemlock and some fir. Cordwood, always hardwood, was delivered to customers in three different lengths of the customer's choice. Stove-length was the length to fit each customers stove or stoves. Often the parlor stove needed a larger length log than a cookstove. Sometimes stove-length wood would not be split, as the homeowner to save money would split his own wood, or have a neighborhood kid do the job. Often it was delivered split and ready to burn. Cordwood also was delivered in 4-foot lengths and split, or delivered full length and not split. Prices varied with the quality and length of the wood. If split, the price was the most "dear". (The word "dear" meant expensive in earlier days).

During summer vacation, holidays, and Saturdays Lawrence and I at a young age joined our father in the woods. The first woodsmen's tools we used were the bucksaw and axe. We first learned how to safely use the axe at the chopping block beside the woodpile at home while splitting the wood, after the wood was sawed into stove length size with a bucksaw.

Some years the local farmer/woodsman would get together yearly and help each other saw up their own personal stove wood. One of the neighbors owned a homemade cut-up saw with a large circular blade and powered by an old crank-start Model T Ford automobile engine or whatever was available. There were about six neighbors who joined in to help pass this tree length, hardwood along the line. Starting with the pile of full length wood, through the saw bed on to the fast turning large rotary saw

the log quickly would become about twenty little sticks which were thrown into their own pile to be split and piled later. This small mobile firewood sawmill would move on with its crew to another participant's home, when that sawing job was finished.

With skills learned at the chopping block we were able to help our father in the woods. We also learned a lot when Dad allowed us to use the axe and saw in an alder swamp on our home property. Alders are small and usually unmarketable trees, the largest about three inches in diameter. We loved to cut and pile our very own wood. If we could dig it out of the snow, still in the swamp, it made a good fire while ice-skating. Now back to working with Dad. Using the axe we limbed the trees Dad had cut down and cut them up to the preferred length. Next we learned to fall the trees to a predetermined spot, so they would not lodge against other trees, also to do the least damage to other trees, even the tiny ones. We had to be sure the butt of the tree was facing the most advantageous direction so the teamster and horse could easily twitch it to the nearby log yard. We soon learned to handle the horse like a teamster and learned to hold our end up on the two-man crosscut saw while felling the tree. And we learned to notch the tree to direct it to the preferred spot on the ground and to drive a wedge into the scarf of a tree with a maul to assist the tree to fall where we wanted it to whenever it leaned the wrong way. Wedges were also used in splitting wood.

Bark peeling season was June and July, which also was black fly time. One of us would be the debarker, which was a very sticky job. We did this with an axe by peeling a 2 inch strip of bark the entire length of the usable fallen tree. Then a spud completed the mission. A spud is a semi sharp, slightly curved chisel device about two inches wide with about a one foot-long handle. When pushed under the bark and rotated around the tree the spud would separate the bark from the tree in sheets.

Speaking of bark, in the days of tanneries, hemlock bark was needed for the tanning process. Northeastern Maine had many virgin hemlock trees. These grand old trees were cut for their valuable bark only. The tree itself was sadly left to rot on the forest floor.

Since those days, the trees have been used and the bark has been discarded. Old timers have recorded hemlock bark on virgin trees to be as thick as three inches. Hemlock is much heavier than other softwood, and it must be peeled to float.

Up until the 1950's the Saint Croix Paper Company as well as the other mills paid a good premium for peeled wood. Then they stopped because they no longer benefited from it. Other woodsman duties we learned, harnessing the horse, swamping a trail for him, the truck or perhaps repairing the equipment associated with the hard working horse. The pulp hook, the peavey or cant dog, were indispensable tools of the trade. The peavey and cant dog were also used for rolling logs, skidding them forward, backwards etc. by hand. They were also used around lumber mills. The pulp hook was used for 4-foot pulpwood. It consisted of a wood handle that fitted a clenched fist and a super sharp metal hook. With a left arm under one end of the stick of pulp wood, while sticking the hook into the other end one person could lift the pulpwood stick and move it to the desired location which may be a pile, a truck or perhaps a snowsled.

Loading the truck was another tough job. A short wheel base truck could haul two tiers of four foot wood while a long wheel base truck could handle three tiers. The wood was tiered crosswise and piled about six feet high or ten feet above the ground. The truck driver often loaded and unloaded the truck alone. Wood was thrown up onto the truck; then the driver would jump up onto the 4-foot high by 7-foot wide body and stack it crossways into tiers some10 feet above the ground. Then he'd hop down, and repeat the same performance over and over again. (Usually there was no audience for this performance.) Some of the butt-end pulpwood sticks weighted about 100 pounds. This could go on all day, all week or for months.

Mom claimed our father worked harder and longer days than any man she knew. He did this to make life better for his family then if he would have if he slacked off the same as others. I truly believe he reached his goal.

Joseph Lord during the winter of 1934-35 cutting cordwood while clearing blueberry ground at the McDonough Place on the Arm Road in Alexander. He usually wore a hat instead of a cap while working in the woods to keep snow from going down his neck. He kept his hat tipped in the direction of the wind to keep that ear warm. When the other ear got cold, he simply tipped it to the other side. Note his hands are clenched under his woolen mittens. Wool mittens did not keep hands very warm while handling wood. Wearing leather mittens over them was much more comfortable.

My father also had a few idiosyncrasies. He never would let any of his vehicles go over the manufactures suggested mileage limit for maintenance, or oil and grease jobs. Whenever loading the car for a family trip, or with equipment, he knew exactly the load limit of the vehicle and would not go above it. Often he would weigh everything if there was a possibility the car may be overloaded. He also abided by the load limits of his truck. Whenever the truck had to sit overnight while loaded, he would jack both rear wheels up a bit to relieve some of the pressure. Anytime he thought a vehicle was acting differently, if he couldn't fix it, although a minor problem, off it went to Peterson Brothers Chevrolet garage in Calais.

While going to high school I began listening to the Red Sox baseball games. At that time we had a radio at home and in the car. Dad started getting interested in the Red Sox and soon became big fan. If Dad was listening to a game he heard nothing else. This often disturbed Mom causing her a few times to tell me, "the worst thing you've ever done was to get your father interested in baseball". Of course

she did not literally mean it, because for the first time since their marriage he had an interest in something else besides his family and work.

Dad's woodworking career ended suddenly in the late 60s. He was standing atop a full load of pulpwood, when his pulp hook slipped while he was straightening a mislaid piece and he tumbled to the frozen ground ten feet below. Thank God, he survived but his back was permanently damaged.

There is a very flavor-able product we boys often looked for while somewhere deep in the woods. That item is spruce gum. It can be found on many spruce trees and can be reached from the ground much of the time. My old dictionary calls it, "A resinous substance exuded by various spruce trees. It is hard in nature and is used as a chewing gum" At the opening of the Calais Heritage Center, 2004 there was a display (borrowed from the Pattern Maine Lumberman's Museum) of wooden spruce gum boxes made by woods workers. These were used by the lumbermen to fill with the best gum and presented to their choice female when they exited the woods. This may have been after spending the entire winter in a primitive woodsman's camp. Or possibly it may have been for a much shorter period of time. Spruce gum does have a distinct flavor, and it goes soft quickly, but the price is right.

In 1947 when a major forest fire hit Bar Harbor, we had our own fire to tend to. Smoke from a fire back in the woods of Township 19 was sighted and Bill Cushing began rounding up able bodies, both boys and men, to help fight the fire. We arrived about two miles from the Crawford line where we found a group ready to move into the fire sight. Wardens issued hand pump Indian tanks. We filled the tanks up and headed west toward the smoke. We walked perhaps a quarter of a mile when we came to a huge heath. Now we could see plainly the smoke and prior to getting all the way across the heath, about three quarters of a mile across we saw the fire on the tree tops. Several of us boys were lagging behind, our bodies struggling with the wicked load on our backs. Half way across the thick, soft, hard walking heath we decided to ease our load. When no men were looking, we would squirt some of the water onto the dry heath. I only had about 25 percent of my water left by the time we could feel the heat from the fire.

It was mid afternoon when we got to the fire and found the fire not raging as we expected although it was burning good. There was a brook nearby to refill our hungry tanks and no one was the wiser, about our loss of water. We fought the fire until about 10 PM when we went to a "safe place" to take a nap. After we were asleep, they awakened us and told us to get up quickly and move out because the fire had nearly surrounded us. That done and after another nap on the cold ground, (it was October), we grabbed our tanks and started off toward the fire. At least it would be warm there. When we arrived we found a larger group had arrived and those crews had now surrounded the perimeter of the fire. We were there 6 or 7 days moping up. Good use was made of Calais garage owner Cole Bridges's army surplus 6 by 6 all terrain World War II surplus vehicles. They were great for carrying in fire fighting equipment, meals and transportation for the fire fighters.

Late that fall Dad was hired to cut all the usable trees on the burn site, because if trees are cut soon after a burn, they still are usable. Most of the trees in the area were pine so they were cut into 12, 14 and 16 foot logs for lumber. We built a hovel for the horse to stay in all winter near water and the horse hauled in enough of his own food to last all winter. We walked or snow shoed in all winter no matter the weather. We worked six days because we had to feed the horse daily, on Sundays Dad usually went in early before church to feed and water him, although Lawrence or I gave him a break occasionally.

In the spring of 1948 E A LaBelle and Sons moved their portable sawmill to a location near the burn site from their Pocomoonshine Lake site. John Dudley in the ACHS newsletter says the mill was behind the Del Bouvier place. The major reason for the move was that their supply of logs had already been harvested.

I was hired that spring by Earnest LaBelle to work at the mill. My job was to haul off all the edgings and slabs as they came off the mills large rotary saw, and build a truck road with them. This was an uncommon road. A roadway had already been swamped (cleared) to the mill site from the

Township19 Road, so the mill sections could be skidded in. The distance from the mill site to the highway was about three-quarters of a mile. I loaded all the slabs and edgings as they came off the saw onto a flatbed truck and used the short ones to fill in the low spots in the road and the long ones I laid crossways the road perhaps four or five inches deep and ten to twelve feet wide. This method worked so well loaded lumber trucks hauled over this superhighway many times.

One or two years later E. A. LaBelle and Sons moved their mill to Township 26. There, Dad, Lawrence and I built a tar paper cabin and a hovel for the horse at this mill site. With the exception of my sister Gloria who was boarding in Calais to attend high school, we lived on site that winter cutting logs for the mill. The following spring and summer we three "stuck" (Piled the lumber while separating each layer for drying purposes) lumber for Mr. LaBelle. Although busy most of the time, Lawrence and I, enjoyed running across the flowage filled with logs and rolling them with our feet as we tried to dunk each other. Anyone who has never been on a log floating leisurely in the water has missed a good amount of fun in life.

Our father acquired a used one-and-a-half-ton short-wheel-base-truck in the mid-30s. He always got a Chevy. This truck enabled him to transport the cordwood directly to customer's homes. When this particular job was completed the truck would be used for other things such as hauling blueberries, gravel, lumber, long logs and four-foot pulpwood. The wooden body was handmade by my father, a normal procedure for the time. It had slatted sideboards about six feet tall for hauling stove length cordwood, and blueberries. Simple stakes with a chain between each set of stakes were used for 4-foot firewood, or pulpwood, plus long logs and lumber. When a job came along to haul gravel, he would remove the wood body and replace it with a dump body to haul the gravel, and vice versa. The first dump body was wooden, hand cranked and chain driven. Those body lifts were made locally by Harold Cousins, at his shop in Alexander. These soon faded into oblivion, replaced with metal bodies with hydraulic lifts.

Dad often worked on the town and state roads using his truck to haul gravel. At some point during the late 30s, Dad bought a steel hydraulic dump body with a larger capacity, which meant more yardage, therefore a bigger paycheck. On these jobs a steam shovel was used to load the trucks. This steam shovel required both an operator and a greaser because it needed frequent grease and maintenance. Whenever gravel, dirt or sand was needed on a particular job, and the always busy steam shovel was unavailable, manpower was called upon. Men had to shovel the gravel by hand up and onto the high dump body. Shoveling all day is one of the hardest jobs there is.

Two brothers, Edgar and Jamie Perkins, stand out as always being available when a shoveling job came along. The Perkins brothers could fill a truck body with rarely a break. These hard working men also volunteered to dig the six foot deep graves for the all the bereaved Crawford families, sometimes in mid-winter in four feet of frost with only a crowbar, pickaxe and shovel. Locals knew Jamie for his constant, smooth delivery with his gravel shovel. His arm motion from the gravel to the spot he was throwing it to was always the same, even when there was little or no gravel in his shovel. Although Edgar lived in Alexander this respected man was Crawford's 1st selectman for many years.

When Dad was putting a cement cellar under our home, we went to the Love Lake sandy beach to get the needed sand, of course shoveled by hand. Today that would be a crime, but in those days it was a common occurrence.

In the late 40s, I worked during the summer part time driving Dads truck working on the town and state roads. This made me happy and it worked well for Dad, because he could work in the woods and make more money than driving the truck. The pay for the use of the truck was separate from the driver's pay. In that era the state paid truck drivers 75 cents per hour. I do not remember whether we worked five or six days but I do recall getting a check for $36.00 one week.

I received a visit one summer from Randolph Beaupre from Beaupres Love Lake lumber mill, and he asked if I could drive a truck for them for a few weeks. I was delighted, because that was much

better than peeling pulp. They were fine people and I was happy to have worked for them part of one summer. I was 16 or 17 at the time, my job, driving a lumber truck from Beaupres' Love Lake mill to Percy Mitchell's lumberyard on Garfield Street in Calais a fifty-mile round trip. There was a crew at the mill who loaded one of their two trucks with lumber while I was delivering with the other one. At the mill, I parked one truck and jumped into the other one already loaded. Three-inch diameter rollers were placed on the truck bed before loading the trucks. Lumber was placed on top of the rollers and the load was securely bound with binding chains. When I got to the destination, I simply had to loosen the binders, put the truck in reverse and when reaching the correct speed, I hit the brakes and instantly the load was on the ground ready to be stacked and I was ready to fetch another load.

In those days Wapsconhagan Hill had two large curves and at the top of the hill on one trip when I hit the brakes to slow down, the brake pedal had no pressure and each time I pumped the pedal it banged on the floor. I was getting panicky, but I lucked out and was able to drop down two gears by double clutching. Much of the whole exhaust system was blown apart from the engines tremendous back pressure, while backfiring constantly This barely slowed the truck down enough to keep the front wheels on the ground going over the large dip at the brook at the foot of the hill. This could very well have happened because the truck was heavily loaded with sixteen foot long lumber which made the back of the truck very heavy. With little weight on the front wheels they would have come off the ground creating another very serious situation. I had no choice but to continue on to Gibson's Ford garage in Calais with no brakes and no muffler for repairs, much relieved to be safe once more.

Seventy years ago at least in our area there were no asphalt roads in the outlying country. The roads were rough, narrow and dusty. In a few areas the roads ran over swampland and low areas. Here the corduroy method was used in which five or six-inch diameter logs were cut to the width of the roadway. These logs were laid crosswise on the road, then mud and earth was dumped over them. They were still rough riding, but they worked quite well. Spring time was havoc-time for many travelers. Dirt roads were just that, dirt, not gravel so horse and wagons as well as the new-fangled horseless carriages were continually getting mired in the mud. Since 9-1-1 was not available travelers needed to call on a friendly horse or truck for a pull. Mud could be worse than snow, causing autos often to "bottom out".

The Arm Road, for as long as I remember, from the Crawford line to the old Fred Niles place in Alexander was about two miles. It was usually impassable during mud season. I well remember about dark a stranger on foot came to our house saying he was stuck on that road about a mile away and our neighbors had given him Dad's name to pull him out. Of course Dad never refused. After a hard days work he re-harnessed the horse, walking the mile each way behind the horse, pulled the man out, and of course he would never charge for a "favor". That time at least his kids when we got up the next morning were as happy as could be. Dad had said the man was a salesman and for we three he was selling the perfect product. After we had gone to bed, the man left a case of twenty-four bottles of soda pop. Wow!

During the thirties automobiles were three-speed stick shift. Radiators froze during the winter and boiled over during the hot summer days. Most cars built prior to the 30s had to be started with an arm breaking crank. With no battery manpower to turn over the cranky (no pun) motor, it was done by hand. Arms were broken if the crank handle was held too tightly and the engine backfired as it frequently did. The safe way to hold the crank was to keep your thumb straight out so that if the engine, therefore the crank, suddenly reversed, only the fingers were gripped onto the crank and the crank would instantly be pulled from the hand with no damage.

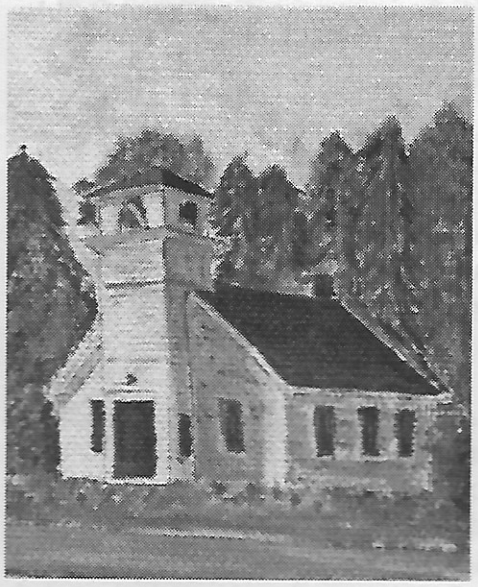
There were many noises in the horseless carriages. The turning wheels kept the stones flying onto or under the car continuously. The backfires sounded like a gunshot. The frequent tire blowouts sounded the same. Many cars were cloth top and were driven with top down if it was not to cold. In those days many men chewed tobacco. If the driver chewed tobacco he had a difficult time getting girls to ride in

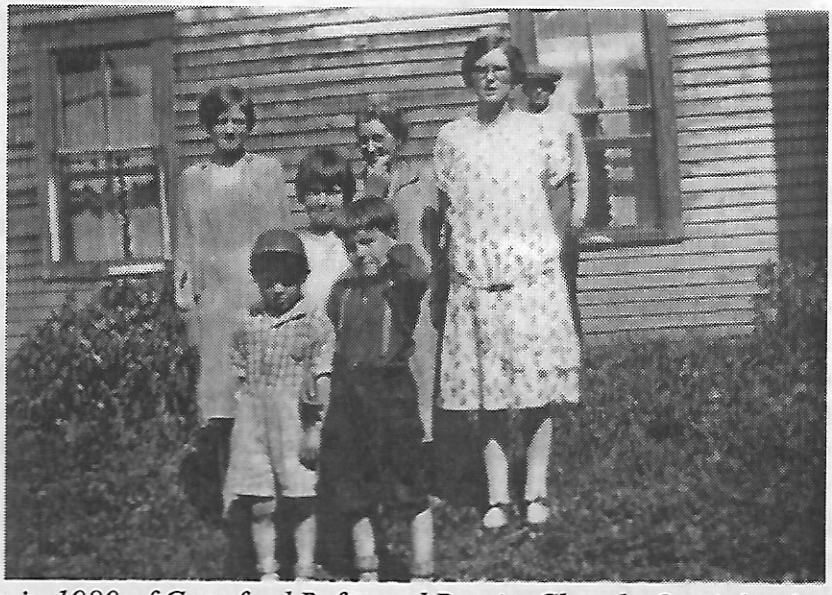
the back seat because they didn't want to get sprayed with the color brown. As kids we loved to ride on the front fender while straddling the headlights, one on each side whenever we got the chance.

During the winter months, roadways were kept passable except after large snowstorms and high snowdrifts. The roads were only sanded on corners and hills. Children loved seeing no sand on the hills as it made for great sledding. I have known friendly plow operators holding back from plowing so the children could have a sliding party. During the fall, snow fences were installed in open areas along roadways to help control drifting snow. Some years when these four-foot fences could not control the drifting snow they had to be raised a couple feet.

Rupert Day the mailman usually got through with the mail, but a few times the snow was so deep that even he wasn't able to get over Henry Hill. Mud season would also prevent his movement in some parts of town. Love Lake Hill was very hard to get over at times because it is the longest and steepest hill in town.

CHURCH





At left, a painting done by Audrey Ketner in 1980 of Crawford Reformed Baptist Church. On right, the Davis family in the summer of 1930. Alone in back by the window is Lloyd; the back row has Beatrice, Lydia (mother to the others here and grandmother of Gordon), and Althea; Velma is in the middle; in front are Vinal and Carleton.

Sunday was our day of rest and it was observed as our Bible tells us it should be. We attended the still standing local Crawford Reformed Baptist Church, each Sunday afternoon after Sunday school. Of course in those day everybody put on their finest attire when attending church. The Minister would preach at the denomination's Calais Church each Sunday morning. (Today, this is the Assembly of God Church near the fire station on North Street). Some of our Sunday school Teachers were Eva Perkins, Mrs. Leah Darling, Alice Moraisey and my mother Althea Lord. The pianist or organist was Alice Moraisey and I believe Nina played later on.

I remember a well respected Reverend Wilson our pastor in late 30s He was a World War 1 veteran. He had been wounded when a bullet passed through one arm and I recall asking him a number of times to let me see it, which he did. At the time he lived in the Elliott Hatt house on the east side of Route 9.

I remember Mom, a dedicated Christian, when I was older asked me to help here start daily family devotions. I recall just shrugging my shoulders and brushing off the subject. It was because of the respect I had for my mother's strong opinion about strong drinks, that I have been a teetotaler all my life. Dad also a dedicated Christian, by nature had a difficult time expressing himself in church during

testimony and prayer time. I remember one minister, seeing uneasiness on Dads face, saying, "That's O K Joe, we understand."

At that time, some of our church's beliefs were no smoking, drinking, card playing, movies or dancing. Although my sister and I boarded in Calais four years attending high school, not once did we attend a movie or a dance, mostly to respect our parents.

The regular church attendees that I recall were Alice and Nina Moraisey, Bessie Cushing, Kay Cushing, Leah Durling, Roland and Eva Perkins with their family Arlene, Fletcher, Ivan, Donnie, Carl and Melva. Also, Herman and Florence LaBelle and children Gail and Ernie having recently moved to our area with the family's lumber mill became hard working and welcome members of our congregation. Blanch Wallace attended during the summer months. And, of course, our family of Joe, Althea, Gordon, Lawrence and Gloria Lord, Grandma Lydia Davis and her children Carleton, Vinal and Muriel.

The ministers were not on salary, but lived on the meager collection of coin and bills from the collection plate which all went to the minister. Church operating expenses were raised by separate donations all coming from the tiny group of dedicated parishioners. The same building still serves the communities need for the gospel, to this day.

SCHOOL

We attended a one-room schoolhouse, located on the Arm Road, near the junction of route 9. After the first day of school in 1935, the teacher Lena Tammaro, (Vince and Tony's sister) visited my parents and suggested that they send me to school, even though I was two months shy of my fifth birthday. The reasoning was that Marice Day, now married to Bud Chaffee in Calais, was in grade one, alone. The next year, if I did not join her, I too would be alone. Apparently they agreed, because Marice led me along for the next twelve years of my life. Again, on a personnel note only to show how quickly times change, my mother was proud, because I was only the second male to graduate from high school from the Town of Crawford, Ivan Jeffrey was the first. For economic reasons the boys went to work on farms, or in the woods as soon as they finished grammar school, if they did. When we went to high school Marice Day, her sister Marilyn and myself all boarded in private houses in Calais, because we lived over twenty miles away. There were no school buses back then, at least that I remember. I boarded with an elderly lady near the High School. I was her only boarder. I was very lonely the first few months and very anxious to get home weekends. My parents found out she boarded scholars from Herman Wallace, who delivered eggs to her weekly.

There were perhaps 14 or 15 attending school most years in Crawford. The Ernest and Gertie Seavey family, with 16 children, including 3 sets of twins provided many of the students. Luckily they lived only a few hundred feet from the school.

For several years during the 1940s when Beaupres lumber mill formally from Eagle Lake Maine, set up operation at Love Lake, they brought their work force with them. Their children, needing education strained the schools facility but it didn't cause any big problem. When the mill closed a number of years later the Beaupre families chose to spend the remaining years of their life in Crawford, however their employees returned to their former homes in Aroostook County, when no more work was available.

Discipline was never a problem. Most of the teachers were strict as they had to be with so many different ages to look after all day. There were no teacher's helpers in those days. There were times when students had a difficult time passing and they may have been 15 or 16 years of age before completing the 8th grade. When I was in school, one teacher Ruth Wilbur, in her twenties, I believe, married Carroll Archer, a student about seventeen. I do not believe she came back the following year. Also of interest, My grandmother, Lydia Matheson, a 1906 graduate of Calais Academy, taught in Crawford the following school year 1906-07. I do know that she was still teaching during the 1909-10 school year. The school board chairman was Edmund Davis and they later became husband and wife.

Teachers needed only a high school education. The following shows the reason. This is a list of some subjects taught at Calais Academy: Latin, Greek, Italian and Spanish. Also anatomy, physiology, chemistry, Botany, geography of the heavens, geology and mineralogy. We find bookkeeping, algebra, geometry, trigonometry and surveying. The last three are navigation, rhetoric and mental philosophy. With those courses it is easily understood why high school graduates were qualified to teach.

I believe the one room school was a good learning environment, especially for the lower grades. When our class was not in session, we remained in our seats doing teacher assignments. When finished we engaged in other activities of choice, like drawing, reading, writing or quietly playing number or geography games, with another student. I was interested in absorbing some of upper grades learning material, but only where my interest lay. Most students did the same.

The most popular item in the school was the blackboard. They were used for teaching the ABCs, penmanship and most subjects. In every class the blackboard was used for instruction. A child often wrote an answer on the board at the teacher's request. The board was also used for messages for an upcoming event, perhaps to praise a certain student etc.

Teachers taught honesty, respect, fairness, patriotism and responsibility. A student could identify the difference between right and wrong. It not, they would no doubt remember it next time.

Teachers were treated with respect perhaps because they were never afraid to use corporal punishment. Bad kids got a few whacks from a wood chalk board pointer, maybe a leather razor strap or a switch, which is a hardwood bush. Each teacher was different. For a minor infraction, one might give a few whacks on outstretched palms of the hands or hand with a ruler. For a major offence, the teacher using a wooden chalkboard pointer, might with varying degrees of power, beat on his backside (pants on) until she or he decided justice was done. Some offenders had to put on a "dunce" hat and sit on a dunce stool facing a corner for as long as the teacher wanted, with no arguing or questioning. For a minor offence, sometimes a student spent time underneath the teacher's desk. If a parent knew you were whipped in school some of the students got it again when they got home. I recall one student, when threatened with the pointer, jumped out the window and ran home. Right Luther? I do not recall

the consequences the next day. If folks today think the teacher's punishment was severe, consider this. In Wilbur Day's book he recalls that when his father thought Wilbur had done wrong, " Wilbur got axe handled". That is tough punishment. Wilbur Day 1864-1924 from Wesley was a well-known poacher and his book tells about his many escapades. It is a very interesting book. The book is available at Northeast Folklore, South Stevens Hall, University of Maine, Orono Me. 04469.

Each child had his or her own individual desk. Each desk had a cut out area at the top to hold pencils and a fountain pen if needed. The desk sloped toward the student and the top right contained a hole for an inkwell. No ball point pens, at least in our neck of the woods. Penmanship was quite a big deal in those days and was actually an individual subject. A little earlier in history penmanship was a form of art.

Teachers did not allow left-handed students. My sister Gloria was left-handed and she was forced to write with her right hand. Our mother always thought it was wrong to switch her hands. Today Gloria still does everything left handed except writing. She vividly remembers the harsh treatment teachers used to correct her natural tendency to write. Anytime they caught her attempting to write left handed, they wrapped on her knuckles very hard with a thick ruler or chalk board pointer which she says was very painful. This was a natural instinct to pick up a pencil with her left hand and it sadly took years to remember at school to never pick up a pencil with her left hand.

Our school served the entire town, from the Townships 19 and 26 town lines to the Alexander town lines, plus those living on the Arm Road and Love Lake Road. Parents or students were responsible for all transportation. Brother Lawrence has seen a sleigh in Bill Cushing's barn that Bills father; George used to transport students from lower Crawford. I have no information whether this was voluntary, occasional or whatever. We were fortunate that we had to walk only one mile each way daily, no matter the weather. Our father called it, "taking the shanks mare". Cousin Muriel has recently reminded me, (which I forgot) that she and the younger ones would follow directly behind me whenever it was windy or in deep snow as I was shielding the wind and breaking a path. Plowing the roads was not a big priority nearly 70 years ago.

During the winter, when snow was on the road, we took our sleds to school. This made for great sledding (we called it sliding) as there were two good-sized hills, and we were able to slide nearly half the way to school. It was a chore however dragging them back uphill after school. Bill Cushing's large field across from the school made for much enjoyment sliding down his big hill whenever the snow was crusted. This crust or frozen snow seems to have lessened over the years. We would ice skate on a pond and brook behind the school. Those were some of our winter lunchtime activities.

Neal Seavey was the school instigator for want of a better word. Back then we really didn't know much about the facts of life and other worldly things. Neal said to me one day, "When you get home ask your mom if you can borrow one of her sanitary napkins." I did not have a clue what they were but was anxious to find out. I rushed through the door and did exactly what I was told to do. She quickly replied something like, "you ask me about something like that again and I'll wash out your mouth with soap". Thanks Neal: I don't recall when I learned why that was a "bad word", if I did at all. Its unbelievable what children know today about life. They know more today at six years old than we did at 16.

The only time I thought we were poor was because of my favorite food at that time, bananas. Verne (Ralph) and Philip McKeown for a period of time had a banana in their lunchbox and I really wanted one. I asked my parents why we couldn't have bananas and one of them said, "We can't afford them".

The teachers that Gloria, Lawrence and I recall, besides Lena Tammaro, are Mrs. McFarland, Ruth Wilber, Susie Leonard, Olive Edgerly, Mrs. Leeman, Marcia Williams and Zela Cousins.

Cousin Muriel tells of a time on the way home from school, she picked up a couple apples beside the road that had fallen from a roadside tree belonging to Lester Seavey their next door neighbors. Upon arriving home her grandmother made her take money from her piggy bank, go back and apologize and

pay for them. They refused to accept money but she lost it anyway in a big mud puddle on the way home. Aunt Velma Vose tells of a very similar story also regarding this same tree. Our family was taught complete honesty at all times. When delivering wood by the cord to a customer, Dad always had us throw some extra sticks onto the truck, "just to be sure".

OTHER SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Another winter noontime sport for the boys, besides snowball fights in the open, was one we called "snowball war". To start, we would all run for the woods, directly behind the school with snowballs, to our favorite spot, then either wait for someone to appear in sight, or else try to sneak up behind someone. The person who was hit by a snowball would be dead and out of the game. This continued until one person was left, who was the winner.

We did not play baseball or softball. We did, however, play "ball." The correct name may be "scrub ball" We used a rubber ball or occasionally a tennis ball and of course a bat, usually a narrow piece of board or an old broom-stick or an axe handle. The game would start as soon as we had found four pieces of scrap wood for bases and home plate. There was one major difference between our game and baseball. In our game, the fielder would have to throw the ball and strike the runner with the ball for an out unless he was on the base. The ball could also be relayed to a teammate, closer to the runner. A fun game. While on the subject of sports, I, as well as most other country boys and girls had never seen or heard of a basketball or football until entering high school.

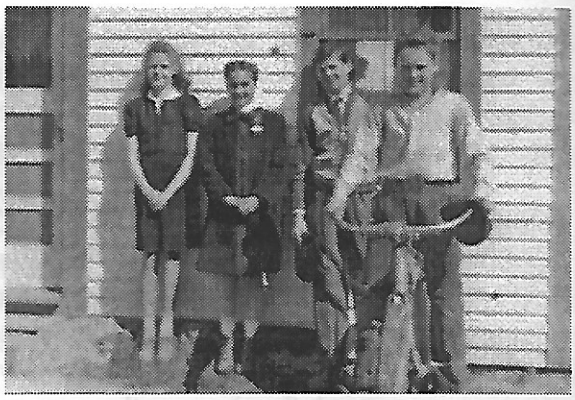
HOOPS

We also played hopscotch, hide and seek, and other games. One of them, more of an activity than a game that boys frequently played and enjoyed, we called "hoops". This may have been a local phenomenon, not something universally played. In those days, many horse carriages were left in farmers or homeowners fields and pastures. These were no longer of any use, awaiting the rust and the rot to invade their bodies. Soon some entrepreneurial lad devised a means to use parts of these once proud carriages. We boys would scrounge around neighbors fields in search of these abandoned wagons, and upon finding one would usually ask the owner if we could have at least one wheel, or if we thought he was an easy hit, we'd ask if we could have all four.

We always used the narrow carriage wheels with about a one-inch-wide iron tire that was about four feet tall. All that we needed from the whole wheel was the "iron tire", which we called the "hoop". (This hoop is the metal part that rolls directly on the roadway). We removed everything from the wheel, including the hub, spokes, either wood or metal, leaving only the hoop or tire. We soon learned that by building a fire we could throw the whole wheel on the fire and soon delightfully retrieve our precious, sooty, hot, blackened, circular piece of precious scrap metal.

Now we needed only our "driving stick." Usually a two inch wide piece of board about fourteen inches long, or a broom or hammer handle etc. of the same length. We would now drive an eight or ten penny nail into the stick about two inches from one end, with the head of the nail protruding about two inches.

Now we are ready to drive. With our stick in the right hand, nail end away, with the left hand we would start rolling the hoop while running behind, we would place the sticks nail on the bottom half of the hoop directly behind it. As we increased our speed we simply pushed on the driving stick which pushed the hoop along as fast or as slow as we ran. To steer left, we pushed the stick hard on the right side and vice versa. To stop, we simply, just move the sticks nail from behind (outside) the hoop to inside and pull back on the nail until it stopped. We could make sharp turns often pretending to be in an automobile and making gear shifting noises etc. or honking with our vocal horns. We played with these hoops at school more than at home. Like learning to ride a bicycle, it took practice. Undoubtedly with our no cost toy, we had as much fun as today kids have on snowmobiles, four-wheelers, etc. Much of the fun was the excitement of making of making our own playthings.



At left, Gordon demonstrates how to roll the hoop in June 2005. On the right, ready for Church and Sunday school – Gloria, Muriel Davis, Gordon and Lawrence on his bicycle. They are standing in front of the newly built shed roof kitchen at their home on the Arm Road. The main house was not painted.

HOME GAMES

At home we played games regularly, both out door and indoor. We played ball quite often in a field near home, actually on our fathers hay field. When it was growing season we were thoughtful and did not play there because it would ruin his crop. Our most popular outside home game was "tin can". It was similar to hide and seek, however, we each needed a broom handle or similar piece of a small tree which abundantly grew all around us and needed a tin can, which would be set on a large block of stove wood. This game also would require neighboring kids to play. Often Thelma Seavey (Hunnewell), Earl Seavey, (Walter) Miner Moraisey and Muriel Davis (Hatfield), even Dad would join in sometimes. One person would unluckily be chosen "it", the least desired position. The person who was "It", would cover his or her eyes and count to 25, while the rest of us scattered to an "outa sight" location. If "It" could see anyone who was hiding, "It" immediately would yell their name(s) and rush back to the can and touch the can or block before the player could get there to knock the can as far away as possible. If 'It', got there first, the player was "out." If the player was able to knock the can off, the player would hide again and would have another life. This was usually played with four, five, or six players and played around buildings. The wise "It" person would hang quite close to the can, protecting it because when any player hit the can all players previously knocked out were back in the game. The first out would be "It", next game.

I received my only bike when a youngster about ten years of age, a blue second hand one that cost $15 from Miner Moraisey. Lawrence got a red one at the same time, $20 from Irving McKeown, and were we happy. We either rode them or tinkered on them, constantly. We were fascinated with being able to take the brake and clutch assemblies apart and put them together again with no parts leftover. The bikes were our pride and joy and we rode them as often as possible. I road my bike the 21 miles from our home to Calais when going to high school a half dozen or so times. I soon found out there are many hills between each town.

Some winters were fun times. We ice skated often. Most of the time we needed to shovel the pond off before starting the fun. Our first skates were attached to our footwear by straps. It was difficult to keep them from loosening up. Like clothes most skates were hand me down or old. I never was able to master the sport. We built big bonfires; often using discarded car or truck tires for fuel and sometimes alders that Lawrence and I had previously cut in our alder swamp. Sometimes we used a sled to sit on around the warm, smoky fire. We also used auto tires as a toy to roll down the road. We used our imagination to find toys.

Much of the time we were sliding down Lydic Hill, the fastest hill around, located between Moraiseys' and Magoons'. It was usually not sanded and it made for great sledding. I remember Lawrence and I one day on our bikes, going lickity split down Lydic Hill, when Lawrence's front tire blew out and came part way off when trying to pass me. I can still see my brother and his bike tumbling end over end down that steep hill. There was no major damage to either, except pride. We played card games, but never with regular cards. Dad often played with us when able, both in and out of doors and he thoroughly enjoyed it. Popular family games were Old Maid, Flinch, Pit etc. More often we played Chinese Checkers, Checkers and our families favorite, Monopoly. Dad loved to play games until his passing in 1988. Mom enjoyed playing, but with the unbelievable amount of home duties delegated to the country mom/wife she usually didn't have enough time. Some of her duties were scrubbing the ever-busy families dirty (and were they dirty?) clothes by hand on a scrub board, berrying, and gardening then canning, sewing clothes, and patching them over and over. Even while resting her body, her hands would be busy knitting those much needed woolen long stockings, mittens, hats and a sweater for protection against the long cold winter looming in the not so distant future.

During the springtime, Lawrence and I sometimes with (Walter) Miner Moraisey would brook fish at McDonough brook and in the Barrows Lake area. We also enjoyed sucker fishing by hand, with no net, or no line, with Truman and Pat (Leland) Day, at Crawford Lake, which was behind their home a couple miles hike each time.

We started hunting at an early age, and continued into adulthood. Although I gave up hunting a number of years ago, I feel pleased that I had the opportunity to hunt with those of my grandchildren who had any interest in it. We were taught safety first when hunting and rightly so. Dad also taught us not to kill anything just for the sake of killing something. I still feel strongly about that today. The only things I remember killing for the sake of killing were porcupines. It was an unnecessary waste! We hunted with our father who loved to hunt and enjoyed letting us tag along. My brother and I each got our first 22-rifle as soon as we could handle one.

The most deer I ever saw over a period of time varied from day to day. One fall in the late 40s we traveled each day to cut logs in township 26. Almost every morning at daybreak we saw, between Love Lake Corner to the foot of Day Hill anywhere from about twelve to into the thirties. We built a camp near the LaBelle mill and our family stayed there for that winter.

2005 IMAGE OF LORD'S ARM ROAD HOME

HOME AND FARM

Of course life was more than just fun, games and school. We lived on a small farm, in both the size of the land as well as the buildings. The house was a small one and one-half story unpainted building with 2 rooms down stairs and 3 small bedrooms upstairs. Our parents had purchased the Darius

Williams property in the mid-30s. Mr. Williams, who had recently passed away, lived about one-quarter mile from my grandmother's home on the Crawford Arm Road. We had been living at my grandmother's home at the time. The property was purchased from Frank Williams who was Darius's son. A time payment financial agreement was made between the two parties. This was our home until 1948 when we moved to Alexander. I believe our family was treated quite fairly on the deal.

Although I do not recall the dates, my father and Frank Williams aligned themselves strongly with the naysayers, most from the church, when some of the town folks wanted to build the first town hall in Crawford. Previously the local schoolhouse had been used. My recollection is that the building was planned to be big enough so it could also be used as a dance hall. The size of the structure for a dance hall was many times larger than needed for a town hall caused the opposition to the project. After a bitter campaign, the building was built as planned. The weekly dances apparently could not compete with the large Saturday night dance crowds at Wesley, so this large building ended up used once or twice a year proving the skeptics were correct. The building, located on the Wesley end of town, burned a number of years ago.

FARM ANIMALS

We always had at least one work horse, as well as a cow, which each year would provide us with a calf. As I recall the barn was big enough for the storage of hay and grain, plus two horses and a cow or vice versa, plus the calf, which was destined not to live the winter because it was raised for veal. Some of it was for our own use and some to be sold or bartered for other products at the store. Sometimes when there was not enough money for current needs the calf would be slaughtered earlier than planned, or it may have been that one of the pigs that would die at a young age and fulfill his destiny.

The cow was a critical component of our living much better than without one. The cow did need a lot of attention. She needed hay to eat, which had to be cut, raked and hauled to the haymow. Dad had to buy grain for her. She had to be fed and watered twice daily and milked twice a day. Her droppings had to be shoveled out often and she visited a neighbor's bull at least once a year. A good cow milked twice daily provided great nutrition for the whole family. There was milk for oatmeal in the morning, for drinking during each meal, for coffee or tea, for cooking, and for the cat and kittens. On occasion while milking the cow, a cat would sit close by looking on, silently licking her mouth. She was checking our aim as we pointed one of the cow's teats toward her mouth, which she would then open to gleefully accept this warm, fresh, pure white liquid. Our aim was not always perfect, so she would have a lot of body cleanup to do afterward but she appeared to enjoy that duty also.

The cow would also provide butter for a family, and we often had enough extra to be sold or traded. Our own butter churn consisted of a wood tub affair. A handle was used to churn the cream, into butter. Milk in those days was pure, just as it came out of the cow. There was no homogenizing or pasteurizing at least with the small farmer. When whole milk is left to set for a short while, the cream comes to the top. This cream, which was skimmed from the top, would be used for table cream, or other things, or dumped into the churn and made into butter. Another byproduct of the cow's milk is buttermilk, which is the milk from the butter churn that failed to solidify into butter. Many people loved the taste of this liquid product, along with buttermilk donuts and biscuits. Still another byproduct is cottage cheese which is made from sour milk.

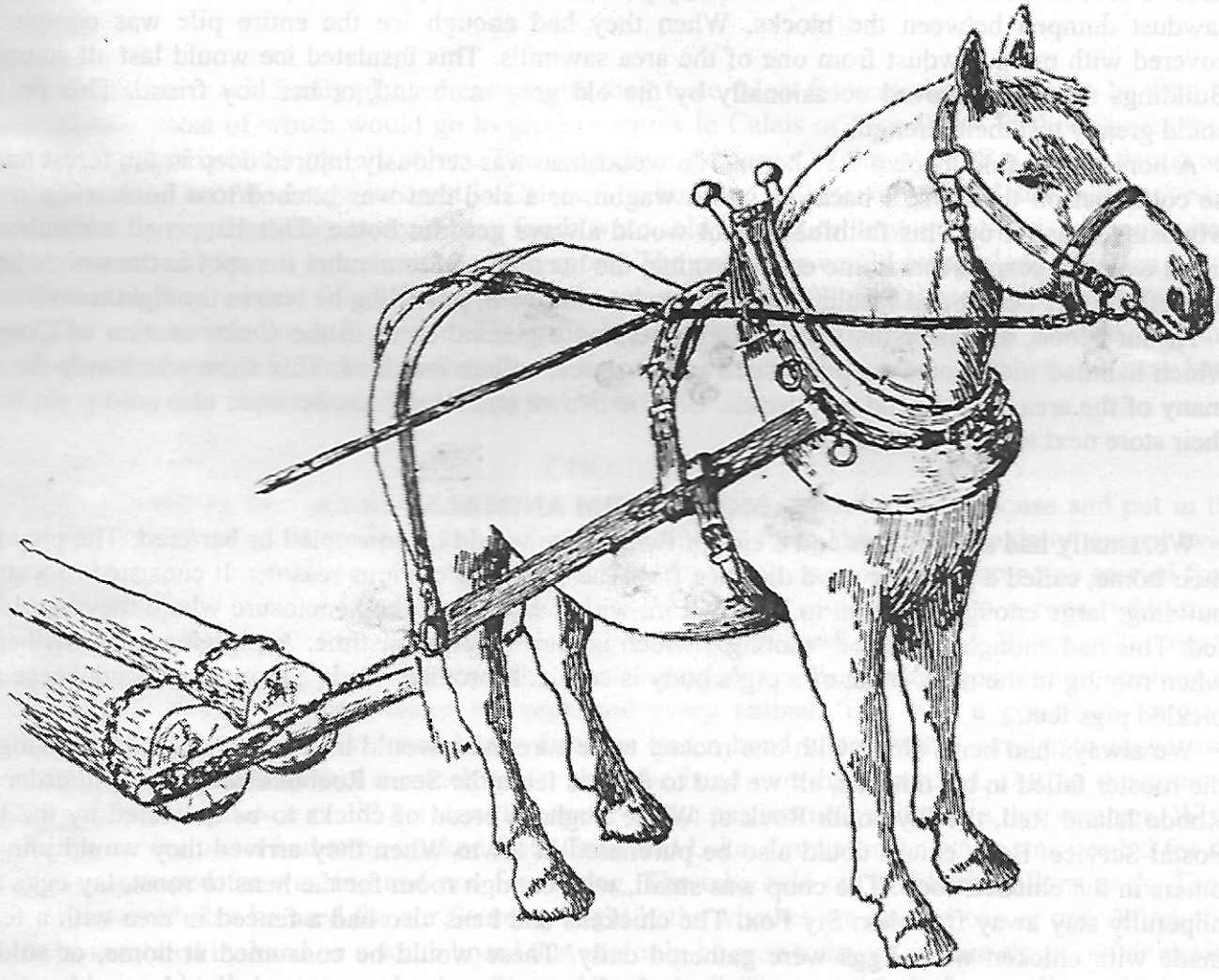
I remember only once taking (or I should say tried to take) our aroused cow up the road to Herman Wallace's pasture to be serviced by his bull. While leading this overly anxious critter along with a rope, just as we entered the roadway, all of a sudden I was burdened with a tremendous load and went instantly to the ground. This normally gentle animal apparently got one of her feet or legs on my shoulder and down I went. For some unknown reason I was not hurt, but someone else, probably Mom took old boss cow on her much-desired mission.

Larger farmers had a machine called a cream separator. This usually was a freestanding unit with a manually turned crank. After the milk was dumped into the separator, a crank was rotated and the

cream came out one outlet and the milk another. I have a picture of the famous De Laval-brand cream separator from the company's ad in an 1899 magazine. This advertised the new 20th century models that sold from $50 to $800, a major investment in those days.

The other product, we loved which was not possible without that gentle cow, was ice cream. As children, we occasionally made homemade ice cream. That also required manually turning a machine. The ice cream machine was very similar to those seen today, except today the Eastern Maine Electric Coop. does the cranking. I vividly remember the great ice cream made during 4-H club meetings at Ernest and Gertie Seavey's home. "Yum, yum".

THE WORK HORSE



WORK HORSE IN YARDING HARNESS
Drawing by Gerard Richard on page 143 of Woodsmen, Horses & Dynamite by Max Hilton

The workhorse was born to work and that is exactly what he or she did. Like its stable mate the cow, the horse was another kind and gentle critter. Also like the cow, horses had their own stalls and when coming in from pasture, they'd go directly to their own stalls. The workhorse had many duties including pulling the plow, harrowing and hoeing. Also for haying, hauling the mowing machine, the hay rake and the hay wagon. The horse needed this hay to keep himself and his other barn friends from going hungry during the long cold winter months, just ahead, when they were assigned to the barn.

The horse was also a necessity for the woodsman. He would twitch (pull) the log to a landing (temporary storage area), and later haul the logs on a sled out of the woods to where the logs would be loaded onto a truck. The truck would transport the wood to its final destination, whether it be firewood to keep someone's home fires burning, or logs to be taken to a sawmill for lumber to build someone's home, or pulpwood for the Woodland Mill (St. Croix Paper Co.) to make the newsprint for the newspapers we read.

The horse was used to tow an automobile out of the mud in the springtime, or out of the snow so deep only a horse could move it. The horse hauled ice from lakes or ponds to an icehouse often used years ago before electricity. Ice was used to keep food cool. The floor of the icehouse often would be three or four feet lower than the ground. Sawdust would be dumped into the hole to cover the bottom about a foot deep. Blocks of ice of about fifty pounds each were piled on top of each other, with more sawdust dumped between the blocks. When they had enough ice the entire pile was completely covered with more sawdust from one of the area sawmills. This insulated ice would last all summer. Buildings also were moved occasionally by the old gray mare and, or her boy friend. This project could greatly test their strength.

A horse could find its own way home. If a woodsman was seriously injured deep in the forest and if he could get on the horse's back, or into a wagon, or a sled that was hitched to a horse even if the woodsman passed out, his faithful servant would always get him home. This happened a number of times over the years. From home each morning, the horse would remember the spot in the woods he or she left the day before and would go directly to it on his own, providing he was in the right mood.

Arthur Flood, and later his son Nelson, operated a general store in the Cedar section of Cooper which handled most horse supplies, such as harnesses, collars and feed. This store was handy for the many of the area farmers and woodsmen. Charlie Brown and later Leon Scribner also sold grain from their store next to the Alexander church.

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MORE FARM ANIMALS

We usually had several pigs and a calf or two. These would be consumed or bartered. The pigs had their home, called a pigpen a good distance from the house for obvious reasons. It consisted of a small building, large enough for them to lie down in, with a wooden fenced enclosure where they would be fed. This had enough space for "rooting", which is their favorite pastime. A pig always seems happy when rooting in the mud. Most of a pig's body is edible. It provides pork, bacon, hogs headcheese and pickled pigs feet.

We always had hens, along with one rooster to be sure there would be new chickens each spring. If the rooster failed in his mission, all we had to do was fetch the Sears Roebuck catalogue and order the Rhode Island Red, the Plymouth Rock or White Leghorn breed of chicks to be delivered by the U S Postal Service. Baby chicks could also be purchased in town. When they arrived they would join the others in the chicken coop. The coop was small, with enough room for the hens to roost, lay eggs and hopefully stay away from Mr. Sly Fox. The chickens and hens also had a fenced in area with a fence made with chicken wire. Eggs were gathered daily. These would be consumed at home, or sold or bartered away. More dependable than any clock, the proud rooster's crow at daybreak would not only awake his wives but his owner and neighbors as well.

Of course, we had house cats to take care of the mice, however Dad trained them not to dare get close to a bird. We also had a dog and the family favorite was a beautiful and wonderful collie named Buddy.

GARDEN

Like all country folk, each family had a nice vegetable garden, which was large enough to supply the family throughout the year. Most families had a cellar for cold storage where veggies, such as potatoes, could last until planting time the following spring. Once the eyes on the potato starting

growing, it was a sign that planting time was close. Other vegetables kept in a cool cellar were those which today are kept in a kitchen refrigerator. We were not lucky enough to have a cellar our first years in Crawford. However there was a small crawl space under the kitchen, just large enough to keep much of mothers canning and in season produce and such cool. After a few years there, Dad decided it was time for the long awaited project, a cellar under the house. With help from Lawrence and I, we went to work, jacking up the house, installing new sills, and shoveling all the dirt by hand. We threw the dirt up an out of the cellar hole, all the while the hole was getting deeper as we shoveled. Once it was out of the cellar, the dirt needed to be shoveled again, this time up and onto the truck body and then to be hauled away. Every bit of cement for this job was mixed by hand in a wheelbarrow. This project took many weeks, because our father still had to work. We lads thought this to be a major operation and it was. We did no work whatever on Sunday except feeding, watering and caring for the animals.

The vegetables each family planted varied with their taste. Most farmers planted extra to be used for barter or sale, most of which would go to grocery stores in Calais or Woodland. In those times there were many neighborhood grocery stores. The only chain grocery was the A and P (Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.) on Washington Street in Calais. The building still stands today. Later they moved to Main Street. In small grocery stores, many foods were sold in bulk or large quantities. A popular item was molasses sold from a barrel with a drain spout. The customer would bring along a gallon jug of whatever size they wanted filled. Sugar and flour came in 50 or 100 pound sacks, as well as smaller ones. The stores were not self-service. The grocer would take the order and fill it himself. I do not recall whether A and P brought with them the self service concept to this area, or whether it may have been one of the four department store chains in Calais at that time.

CHORES

Firewood for both the cook stove and living room stove was carried into the house and put in the wood box in armloads from a pile in the yard, or a small woodshed. This was done daily, except twice daily during cold weather or when Mom planned a lot of canning or cooking. Water was carried from a nearby rock-lined well at a depth of about 25 feet. A bucket was attached to a rope, which was lowered overhand into the well, this would be pulled out again, hand over hand. Water pulled out of the well not only was for drinking, but cooking, washing hands and face, baths, and clothes washing on washday, and enough drinking water for each and every animal. This was a good-sized project, especially during the winter months. Many families had a hand water pump, similar to those used today at camps etc. which was so much easier than the hand over hand method. During the summer months the horse and cow could get drinking water in the pasture unless it was a dry summer. When our well went dry water had to be trucked from Crawford Lake. On washdays water was needed for the washtubs, one used for washing and one for rinsing. The tubs held ten to fifteen gallons each. These same tubs would also be used for our Saturday night baths whether we needed one or not. All clothes had to be scrubbed by hand on a scrub board that can only be seen today in antique shops. After rinsing each piece, it had to be put through a hand turned "wringer." This consisted of two rollers which were turned by a crank and by guiding the material between the rolls, the excess water was removed before hanging clothes on the line. During the winter months there was snow under the clothesline to contend with, as well as the problem of the clothes freezing on the line, besides cold hands and body.

Warm water, supplied from a hot water side tank attached to the wood burning cook-stove, was dipped out with a water dipper or a cooking utensil.

We didn't have an icebox so we had to make do. We used the well for food storage during hot weather. Things like milk or fresh meat would be lowered into this cool space.

Gordon Lord and his 1947 Ford - This automobile was purchased in late 1948 with 7000 plus miles on the odometer for a higher price than it had cost new, Even with the war over, automobile supply still could not meet demand. Returning military personal in many cases had first refusal, and rightly so.

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Thank you, Gordon, for sharing these memories. Many other parts of your work will be shared with our readers via articles in future issues of our A-CHS Newsletter. History becomes meaningful through the words of those who were there. Gordon, your work will increase in value over the years. jd

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