

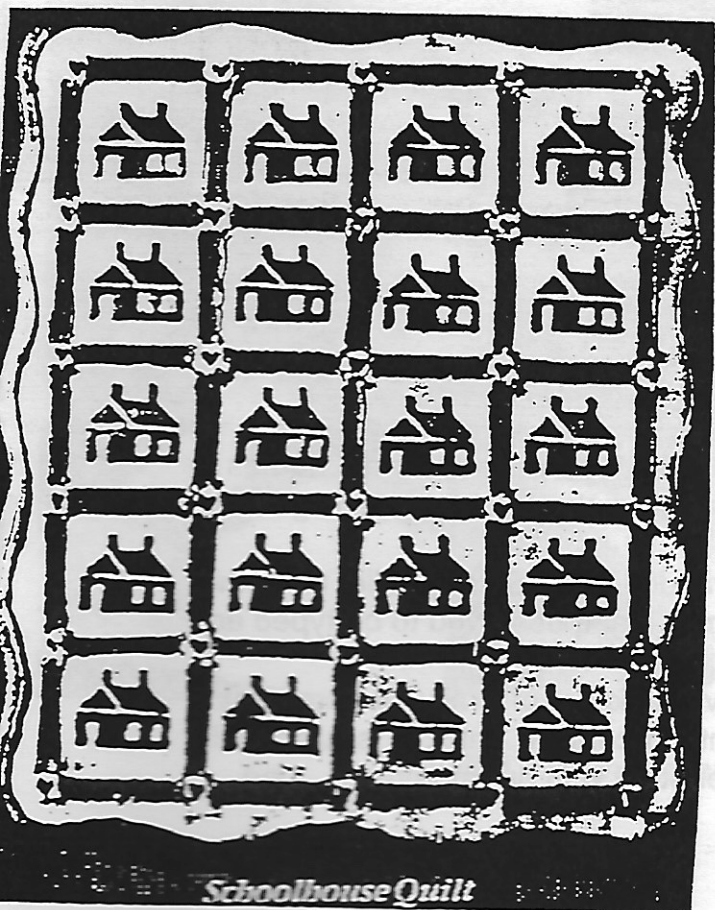
A-CHS Newsletter

SPECIAL ISSUE #3

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Evelyn's



Story

by Evelyn Flood Pottle

PREFACE

This story has not been edited in any way. To do so would alter the Author's thoughts and her way of speaking, which so beautifully shines through.

It has been my pleasure to put this story in book form for a very special person, my Aunt Evelyn.

A Niece,
Shirley

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A - CHS PREFACE

We have added the photographs to EVELYN'S STORY. We also added last names in two paragraphs in the SPECIAL OCCASIONS section and changed the spelling of two names.

Evelyn (Flood) Pottle wrote this for her sons and grandchildren. Shirley Miller and other nieces felt it was such a beautiful piece about the family that it deserved to be typed and made available to the extended family.

We at A-CHS feel that EVELYN'S STORY paints a vivid picture of family life here in rural Washington County during the first half of the twentieth century. Thus, it is historically valuable. We thank Evelyn for permission to share her story with our members. jhd

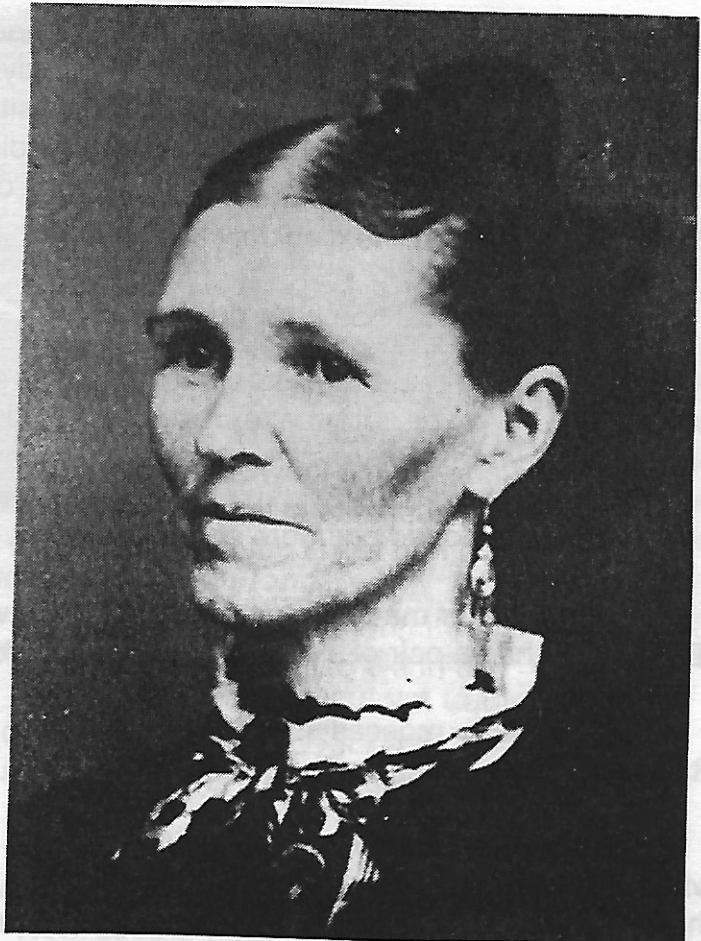
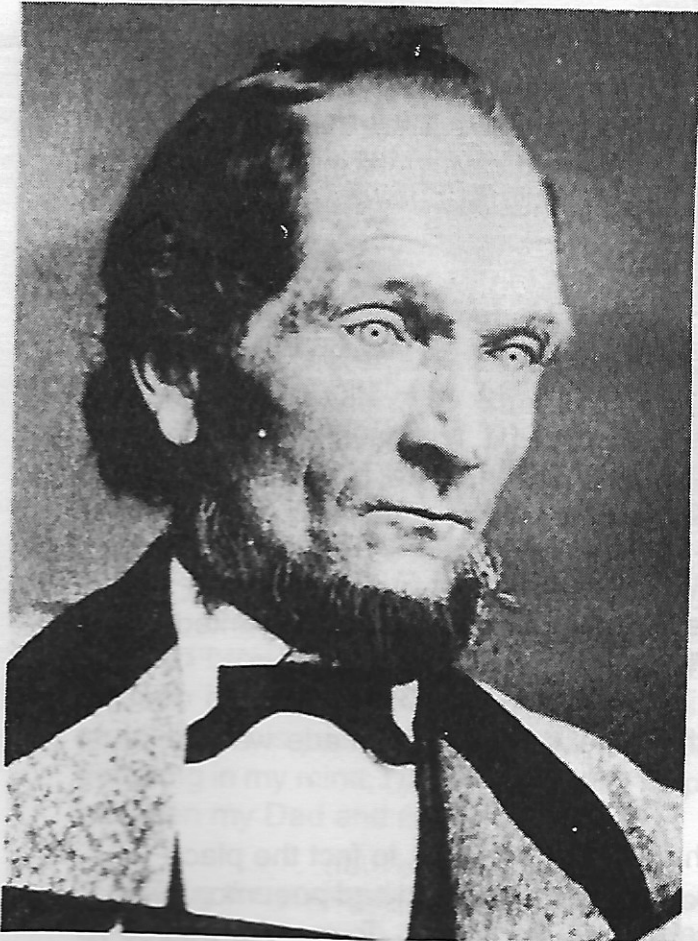
EVELYN'S STORY

IN THE BEGINNING



My great grandfather, Peter Flood, was born August 25, 1778, On June 12 he married Lucy Snow. They were blessed with ten children, one of which was my grandfather, Wesley, who married Mary Jane Burns from St. David, New Brunswick. He died in 1845.

Even though we have no record to prove this, but from my parents it was told there were three young men who came into Eastport by boat, and then travelled on to Alexander before settling down. One was my Great Grandfather who started a store, the other two were a Frost who settled on the flat and a Stephenson who started a saw mill on Pleasant Lake.



Evelyn's Grandparents, Wesley & Mary Flood

We know very little about my great grandparents except for the connection of their children. Levi the youngest, fought in the Civil War. He married Mary Webber from St. Stephen after he returned from the war. He spent much time with my Mother and Father especially, his last days with them. George, an older son died very young at the age of 50. His family were very close to my parents also. Dan's son, Dan, in his late years, also spent a few weeks one summer at the old homestead. I was in my early teens and I was thrilled to talk with him, but being of such an early age I didn't realize *how* precious these recollections were, but if I had only made note of them how much they would add to happy memories! Dan's family had changed their name to Floyd.

My grandfather, Wesley, who I suppose inherited the farm and store from his father had five sons: Willis, Gorham, Lincoln, Frank and Arthur. His wife, Mary, died at an early age (48) with TB which was so common in those early days. She came from a family of high ideals and her home portrayed the same, as the older generation related. Even though I wasn't born when she, nor my grandparents died, I enjoyed listening to the tales so precious to me. One lady said she was so neat you could eat off her kitchen floor (white wide boards). She said she helped pick their hens which was done in their kitchen, but Grammie always scrubbed it with sand and it was white as snow afterwards.

Grandpa was remarried after her death to Angeline Crafts. Even when I was young, I admired that place. The beautiful view of Meddybemps Lake and the heath. My Uncle Arthur lived on the farm at that time. I loved to visit the home to admire the furniture of rich red velour which was so interesting. Then, the dishes and silverware in the dining room seemed to be too good to use, even on special occasions. Uncle Arthur was married to Annie Johnson. He died July 31, 1939.

This historical home burned in 1957.

Grammie Flood had two sisters from St. David's, N.B. who use to visit us for a week or two when I was small. All I can remember is their beautiful satin dresses, trimmed in yards of white lace. To me they were ladies. As mischievous as I could be, I knew better than to be anything but polite to them. I adored them in my offish way, but thinking about it today, how I wish I had found out more about the family.

My Grandfather made shoes (moccasins). It was said that Grammie once remarked, "Every child has a pair of shoes except our children."

Mother made moccasins for small children. I think the last pair she made was for Raymond's son, perhaps, Russell.

In 1908 Mrs. Martha Conick, who lived on the other side of the road, in fact the place where Doris and Raymond lived, came to live with us. She lived alone and had pneumonia three winters in succession, and mother had taken care of her each time. To me she was a good sport for an elderly lady of 90 years. She enjoyed us young folks. I can see George now, pinning a piece of paper on the wall where her shadow was and then tracing her

