

A-C-H-S



July-August

EVPM

Alexander-Crawford Historical Society, Washington County, Maine

1993 (Pioneer founded-and as rugged as the people who founded it.) No 31
from over

C A L E N D A R

Tuesday, July 19: A-CHS 3rd annual HOMECOMING begins at 3 p.m. at the Dudleys's cabin on Pocomoonshine Lake for members and their families. Potluck supper at 5 o'clock.

Thursday, August 11: A fantastically beautiful LOON slide show, by internationally recognized Fred (Buz) Knapp of Princeton, will be sponsored by A-CHS as a community service. Program will start at 7 p.m. at the Crawford Church. Admission will be free.

Tuesday, August 16: Professor Edward (Sandy) Ives, from University of Me., Orono, will discuss POACHERS & POACHING at our monthly meeting at Pokey Lake. Members are inviting guests. Program begins at 10 a.m.; a potluck sandwich-salad luncheon will follow.

Saturday, July 30: COME TO OUR BLUEBERRY FESTIVAL, 10 a.m. to four o'clock at the Crawford Church. Co-chairmen, Ellie Sanford (454-2862) and Audrey Ketner (454-7443) request members help in making this an exciting colorful event.

Also on the August calendar is a National Audubon film on the American Bald Eagle which will be shown by Doug Mullen, Moosehorn Nat'l. Wildlife Refuge director. Date to be announced later.



FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATING IN EARLIER DAYS. Above: John McAdam Murchie of Calais, and his grandchildren Lois Amelia Dudley (now Donnelly) and her little brother John Murchie Dudley (our A-CHS treasurer).

Right: A well-attended, well-dressed crowd celebrating the 4th at the old Alexander Methodist Church, situated next to the Grange Hall. (The church is currently being razed by William 'Bo' Yerxa of South Princeton despite the protest of many of the townspeople.)



Written by Donald McLellan of South Princeton, Maine

In the early 1930s Stowell McGreagor Corporation set up a mill in Alexander, north of town landing on Poky Lake, to saw spool bars from four foot white birch wood.

Stowell McGregor owned land between road and Pocomoonshine Lake. The land on east of Alexander road toward Woodland, in the so called Kendell Mountain Region, also between Alexander and Crawford.

This company, coming to do business at the time we were just coming out of the depression, caused a stir in this area like the announcement of Quoddy Dam being built. Only this generated employment for quite a few years. (see editaria note pg).

Woods work is hard work, but interesting and exciting, as I write about the Winter of 1934-35 and happenings in which I was involved.

Robert McLellan, my older brother had a contract to cut and deliver white birch to the mill at Alexander Landing.

He built a camp fourteen feet square of logs, with board floor and poles and tar paper, or so called felt for the 'A' roof. This camp was about a half mile in the woods just south of Blood Cove on Pocomoonshine Lake, so called the other arm on land owned by Eastern Pulp Company. The lake is shaped like a horse-shoe. Units that we call the middle ground, land and bog projecting between the arms of the lake.

This camp faced East, had one window about three feet square and four feet from the floor, and a door at the end. We had double bunks in north and south corners about one and a half feet above each other. Did I say double? Well, six of us stayed there on the average, but nine of us at times slept in those three bunks.

We had a fifty gallon drum made into a heater stove; it stood on end to save room, in the north west corner. The table was down center, and cook stove was in the northeast corner, so we were "snug as a bug in a rug".

We built a novel about the size of the camp for one pair of horses.

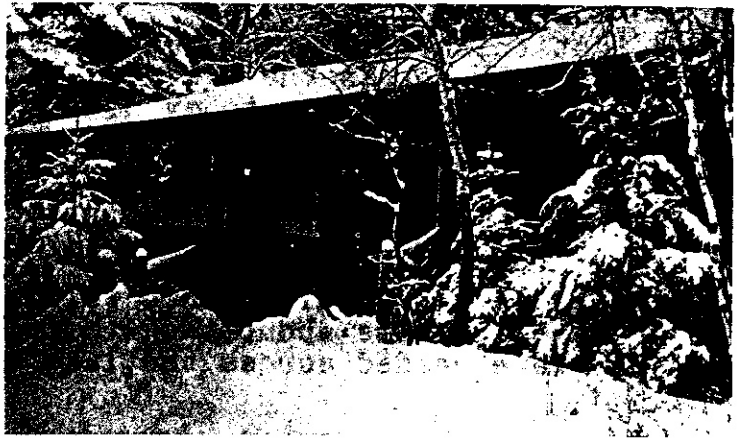
In early fall, men and supplies went up lake in a large inboard boat, powered with a Model T-Ford motor. The last trip, as lake was freezing, the boat was pulled up on shore across the lake from home, and left there for good. When the boat rounded the middle ground and faced up lake, the waves and wind were so strong it dumped water in over the high deck of the boat.

Arthur Harriman fished and shipped pickerel to Boston markets for their living year round. The same night the men went to the camp, Arthur and one of the boys had to go ashore on middle ground, and built a fire and stay all night. They were within sight of their camp just across the east arm of the lake.

My brother Delvin McLellan hired on as cook at \$1.25 per day. A cook's day starts in the morning, meaning any time about three a.m. Del did not have much to do cooking for six to nine men, and washing dishes. He cut camp wood and carried the camp water. In his spare time, or when he was resting, he helped another brother cut twelve cords of four foot fire wood, per week, not much!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

Did you ever try it with an axe and a buck saw? Everybody can guess what an axe looks like, but a buck saw is a blade about 42 inches long with a frame of wood and a rope, and stick for tightening the blade. In those times the power was potato power, brute strength and ignorance.



Between the crowded camp and everyone bitching about something all the time, the cook walked across the lake and home.

Phil Wheelock fell heir to the job, and not because he volunteered, or liked cooking, but because his father, Travilla, said he would cook.

An old photo of the Herbert John Dudley camp built in 1910 on the easterly shore of Pocomoonshine Lake. The cabin is now the year round home of John Murchie Dudley and his wife Jane.

Phil tried but he added a few talents that made the rest want to leave camp. His special was some salt cod fish picked off the skin, and he made cod fish gravy. Everyone was real sick. After this we called Phil "Pick Fish Wheelock". Brother Bob got our other cook back.

The men started stump cutting wood and piling it up till we got the horses across. The lake froze over early that year, good clear ice. We were working truck on the ice before Christmas and driving horses across the lake from home.

We paired up a dapple grey mare of thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds with my father's black mare named Doll. The grey mare was bought and shod at a stable in St. Stephen, N.B. They delivered her up to Mohannas up the St.Croix River above Upper Mills. Then she was led up the railroad to the tressel above Woodland.

The four men took her by the bridle and shoved her backwards out onto the ice. The ice cracked terrible, her shoes scraped the ice and she would not turn around and lead, til half way across, she knew more than the men. That certain stretch of water does not freeze very often.

When we came home weekends, we used to travel on foot around the lake by Poky Mountain and out the West Princeton Road which has always been known through the years as Jerusalem Road.

The lake froze to hold men, we had an express wagon. Three of us would get in the fills and three or four in the wagon, and one behind shoving. We would get to running, when a man was tired the lead man would step out the end of fills and drop in behind. The man behind would drop down front and be the last man in fills. We kept repeating this at a steady change over. We covered the five or six miles we had to travel in a short time.

