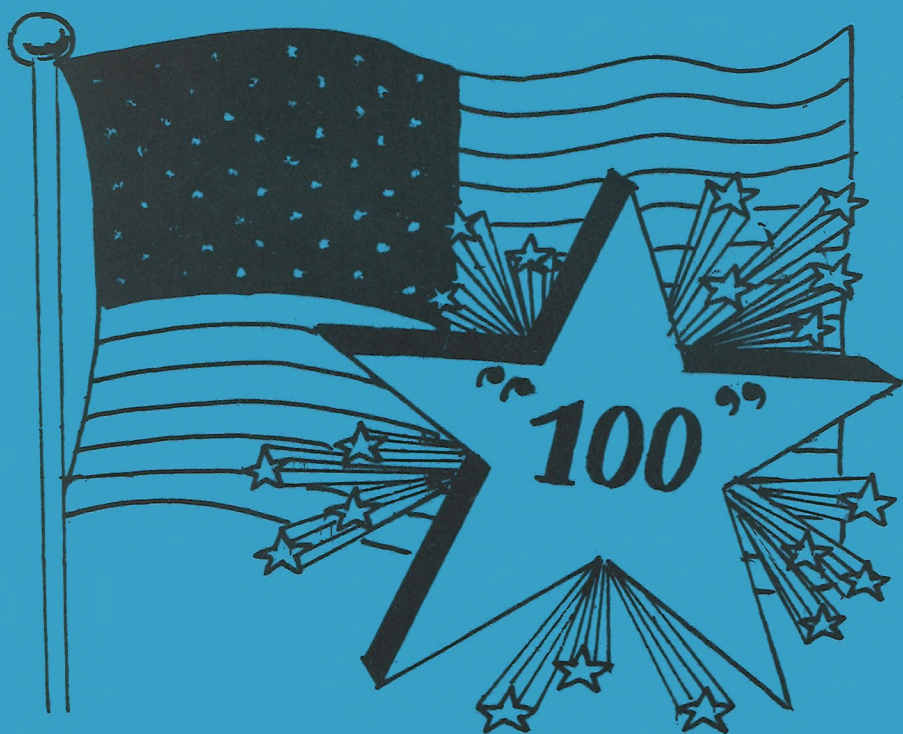


ALLAGASH CENTENNIAL



1886 — 1986

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to thank all the people who have helped me with this booklet. I especially want to thank Mary Beth Jackson, who helped me with gathering the information and pictures. Without her help, this booklet may not have been published.



DEDICATION

Dedicated to my grandchildren, Dean and Brooke Hafford and the rest of their generation.

When you get big and leave this town
Across the world to roam
Please preserve the Allagash
Someday you may come home.



Written by: Faye O. Hafford
Illustrated by: Mary Beth Jackson

WELCOME

To all our guests, friends, and relatives, who are attending the centennial, I bid you welcome. When I was asked to put a booklet together, depicting life in our town, past and present, I was dumbfounded. I had never tried such a project before, and didn't have the slightest idea how to begin. With a lot of good help, I finally got started.

I know I have left out a lot of great material, and may be a bit "off-base" with what I have written, but please forgive me. To put everything into words would take volumes. I hope I have put enough information in the booklet to pique your curiosity, and you can take it from there. Ask anyone here at the centennial, about your favorite topic, and you will get all the information you want. I warn you, though, to watch the eyes of the story-teller. Later in this book, I'll tell you why.

HOME FOR CENTENNIAL

— Faye Hafford —

Home, home, I'm going home tomorrow

Not for tears — not for grief

Not any kind of sorrow.

Home, home, I'm going home tomorrow

Not much money — that's not funny

But if I must, I'll borrow.

We always think we cannot get away

But it's true — cash comes through

If someone in our family passed away.

We manage to get home for such sad things

With tears in eyes — we hear the cries

Of grief, that every type of sorrow brings.

I'm going home regardless of the weather

Meet the folks — tell the jokes

Sing the songs of olden times together.

Home, home, I'd like to stay forever;

Someday I will — that wish I'll fill

And never leave it, never!

ALLAGASH

Many people have written about the history of Allagash, so I will just touch briefly on a few of the highlights.

We know that there were Indians here before the Scotch-Irish settlers got here. The late "Aunt Ev" McBreairty told of seeing them paddling down the St. John River, and of how they stayed with settlers for the winter. Artifacts, burial grounds, and the name "Allagash" are a part of the heritage that the Indians left for us. I have found various translations for the word Allagash, but the favorite one seems to be "cabin by the river". The words of a song written by Ruth O'Leary for our centennial salute to Allagash tells how we feel about our town's name:

"The Allagash will never change
It will always stay the same
No matter what other people say
We'll never change your name."

The next point to consider is why our people came here in the first place. Most of the early settlers were of Scotch-Irish descent and the towns around were settled by French Acadians. The need for pine trees to use in ship-building was the major reason that the early settlers came. The state of Maine, by 1870, had granted, or sold, large tracts of land in Aroostook County. The public lands were bought by lumbermen for only a few cents an acre. Lumber companies and lumberjacks were sent to Northern Maine to cut pine. The pines in Southern Maine had been cut and lumber barons had to find new sources of the valuable lumber.

We are often asked how the lumber companies got control of so much land in Allagash. Lew Dietz, in his book **The Allagash**, tells about David Pingree of Salem, Massachusetts. It seems he was given a chance to buy a large tract of land in Allagash, but he wasn't interested. However Pingree's clerk was interested, so he borrowed money from Pingree and bought the land. The clerk soon over extended himself and went broke, so Pingree acquired the land anyway. He sent lumbermen here, found the pine, and bought more land.

Within 50 years the pines were depleted and birch and hardwood trees were used until replaced by the Arctic spruce. The birch became water-logged and spruce was lashed to the birch to help it float. This was how they discovered that spruce could be used. It made better masts than the pine.

In Lew Dietz's book, he has a quote by Fannie Hardy Eckstrom that should tell us something about what is happening in Allagash today. She was writing

about the pine: "It was wasted in every way, wasted in cutting, wasted in driving, wasted in sawing, wasted in sorting...Most of all it was wasted because no one believed there could ever be an end to it."

When Aunt Lizzie Henderson attended Madawaska Training School, (Lizzie Daigle at that time) she attended a program there and a man from Texas made a speech. Texas seemed at the other side of the world to her then. During the program, a song called "The Pines of Maine" was sung. Since it is such an old song, and our town's history is so tied up with pine trees, I felt the words of the song should be here.

THE PINES OF MAINE

'Neath the waving pines of Maine there stands a homestead
By the fireside sits a mother old and gray
There are teardrops in her eyes and she is sighing
For the loved one who tonight is far away.
Tho' 'tis many years since last I saw the old home
There's a yearning growing stronger day by day
To be back again within that humble cottage
Just to cheer her heart and kiss her tears away.

Refrain:

Maine, dear old pine tree state
How oft my fond heart yearns;
Once again to stroll
Amid the wood and tangled ferns.
In memory I can hear
The songbirds' sweet refrain,
And melodies of "home, sweet home"
Among the pines of Maine.



Oft in dreams there comes to me a happy vision
Of the old home as I left it years ago
Once again I press the lips of her who loved me
Once again I tell love's story soft and low.
But with heart that's filled with anguish I awaken
And I call her, but alas, it is in vain
For the robins now their faithful watch are keeping
O'er her grave beneath the waving pines of Maine.

THE DIAMONDS OF CAMPBELLTON

The genealogies of the Allagash families are being done by someone else, but no booklet on Allagash is complete without mentioning the Diamonds of Campbellton, New Brunswick.

Nearly everyone in Allagash is a descendent of one of the Diamonds. The first women who came to Allagash were:

Lucy Diamond, who married George Moir

Annie Diamond, who married John Gardner

Sarah Diamond, who married John Henderson

Elizabeth Diamond, who married William Mullins

I followed the genealogy chart of the Henderson family, the descendents of Sarah Diamond. The chart was loaned to me by Flo Henderson, and it had been compiled by her grandson, Timothy Hughes (son of Bernard and Eleanor Henderson Hughes). I was amazed to see so many of our town names in just one chart. Names like Henderson, Hughes, McBreairty, Savage, Kelly, Jackson, Pelletier, Hafford, O'Leary, Moir, and Walker. Other very familiar names included Connors, Mills, Oaks, Dow, and Jones. There were many other names on the chart, but these seemed the most familiar. And they are from only one Diamond ancestor!

John Diamond married Elizabeth McCoy and he became our first schoolteacher. The first school was a log camp located on the Henderson homestead.

Our town has remained very small, usually the population is under 500, but we are very proud of our heritage.



John Diamond - 1st teacher

THE TOWN OF ALLAGASH

Allagash Plantation was organized on June 24, 1886 and was named after the Allagash River. The plantation was formerly Townships No. 16 and 17-Ranges 10 and 11. In 1890, there were 200 people living in Allagash. Although the population has remained small, Flo Henderson said that one year there were over 900 people living here. She wasn't sure what year that was but it was during the early years, possibly when the lumber barons were having their heyday.

In 1976, the people voted to make Allagash a town. The business is conducted by three assessors, a town clerk, tax collector, and treasurer. There is a 5-member school board, a constable, and various other officers.

The town has its own volunteer fire department, and a new housing development for the elderly.

MY HOMETOWN

There's a little town away up north
Where people love to go
With just one road to travel on
And people, they drive slow
This little town is Allagash
And we all love it so
If you ever come to visit
You'll want to stay I know.

The water is so clear and good
You can drink from every stream
And the mountains are so beautiful
It is almost like a dream.
As you travel up and down the road
The view that you will see
You know that the Allagash
is the place you want to be.

The Allagash is my hometown
I'll never move away
No matter how the times may change
I know I'm here to stay.

There's no other place I'd rather be
than in this little town
Oh, Allagash, I'm so proud of you
I'll never let you down.

Allagash! OH, Allagash!
You've been here for so long
One hundred years to be exact
We love you – everyone.
Everyone has come to celebrate
Today we honor you
So happy birthday, Allagash!
We love you that is true.
Yes, happy birthday, Allagash!
We love you that is true.

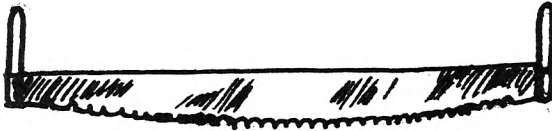
*by Ruth O'Leary



LUMBERING

Although the lumber business, or “woods work”, as we refer to it, is a little shaky at the present time, this industry has been the mainstay of our town of Allagash for over 100 years. Many changes have taken place in the methods of cutting and transporting lumber, but the lumberjack, himself, has remained basically the same.

Bucksaws, crosscut saws, pulphooks, and peavies have been replaced by chainsaws and heavy equipment loaders. Oxen, horses, bobsleds, and log haulers have been replaced by skidders and ten-wheelers. The exciting, but extremely dangerous, river drives fell prey to the heavy duty equipment which made access to the lumber much easier, and transportation of the lumber to market much quicker.



Crosscut Saw

Gone are the days when the shallow waters of the St. John, or Allagash River, caused the rivermen to “hang the drive” because there was not enough water to float the logs.

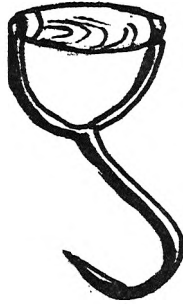
The towboats, filled with supplies were drawn upstream by spirited horses that pulled and tugged along the riverbank as experienced handlers manned the sweeps and kept the lines from being caught on rocks or branches, as the boat inched forward. This was a familiar sight on the rivers in springtime as the seasonal log drive began.

Sharp-pointed bateaux were used by the drivers as they moved about on the water urging the lumber along and “picking the jams” carefully to keep the logs going to their destination.

Today, with the advent of bulldozers, front-end loaders, graders, back-hoes, etc., large trucks and trailers can go directly to the cutting areas and get logs from the roadside where they have been placed by men with skidders.

With the new methods of lumbering that are used today, much more lumber has been cut, but our lands have paid a heavy price for the changes. Our forests have been ravaged by heavy equipment, and our timber supply

has dwindled. We have seen the erosion of our riverbanks due to overcutting. We are watching our families move to other places to get jobs. The trees will grow again, but many of us do not have time to wait for it to happen.



Pulp Hook

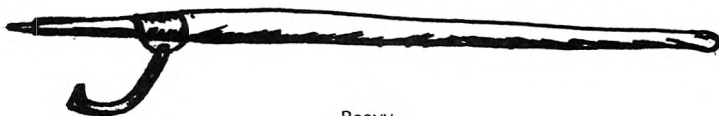


Lumber Camps

THE MOOSETOWNER

In the past 100 years only one thing has remained the same, the Allagash lumberjack, often referred to as “Moosetowner”. From the days when they slept in lice-infested spreads on fir boughs in frigid lumber camps, until today, our men have worked with a dogged determination, unparrelled by any other tradesmen. Getting the lumber to market was their goal, and they always found a way.

Whether it was working on a “landing” of logs, skipping along on logs in a river jam, or running a chainsaw in a snowstorm, a lumberman’s life was always in peril. Even today, a man is not considered a “seasoned lumberjack” unless he has the scars to prove it. The number of stitches it takes to mend a splash made by a chainsaw is comparable to the number of scalps an indian had on his belt, or the number of notches on the gun handle of a gangster.



Peavy

Throughout these one hundred years, one of the things about the lumberjack that hasn’t changed is his sense of humor. A Moosetowner can tell you a story with a grin on his face, and a glint in his eye, that you will believe as “God’s truth” when in your heart, you know it’s an “out-n-out” lie.

I have often felt sorry for the unwary traveler as he approaches the Moosetowner and asks a few questions. The traveler will get his answers eventually, but not until he has been the target for some tongue-in-cheek Allagash humor.

Always a serious worker, the Allagash lumberman knows how to relax. The easiest way is to get together, tell stories, play music, and sing songs. The jew’s harp and harmonica were often used in early days, with the fiddle and mandolin ready for jig and square dances.

One of the favorite old jig dances was “Skin the Caribou” which was often performed by the old Moosetowner, Dennis Pelletier. In time to the music, Dennis would step-dance around the room with a rifle, while one of his cronies would crawl around on all fours pretending to be the caribou. After shooting, and skinning the caribou, the highlight of the act comes when the hunter rips open the stomach and pulls out a bright red bandanna. The crowd

gasps, and the music blares, while the triumphant hunter dances off, dragging the dead caribou behind him.



Dancing the Caribou

The old ballads, such as “Jam on Gerry’s Rock” and “Bogan Brook Line”, were sad and serious tales of life in the lumber camps. Once in a while an old Moosetowner would sing a more daring song, such as “Miss Lucy Went A-bathing” while the other men clapped their hands, trotted their feet, and roared with laughter.

Music, songs, and stories are still an important part of a Moosetowner’s life. Some of the equipment may be a bit more sophisticated, but the music from a fiddle, guitar, and mandolin make up the major part of any program that is presented in Allagash today.

Whether it is a benefit to raise money for some family who has lost their home by fire, or for some person who has been badly injured, or a special fund such as for scholarships, historical society etc., the Allagash musicians are always ready to donate their time and talents to help make the program a success.

They work hard, live hard, and play hard. That’s what makes the Allagash “Moosetowner” unique.

THE TOURIST INDUSTRY

Since the time of Henry David Thoreau's trek into Maine, the Allagash has been known as a place for nature lovers, fishermen and hunters to escape from the pressures of society and enjoy the quiet wilderness for a while. Thoreau started his trip to the headwaters of the Allagash in 1857. He almost made the trip down the Allagash River to the St. John, but decided it was "too settled" so he elected to go down the east branch of the Penobscot, instead.

Thoreau is quoted as saying, "I think that I could spend a year in the woods, fishing and hunting just enough to sustain myself with satisfaction." How many other people have said the same thing in different words?

Since Thoreau's time, thousands of people have been attracted to the Allagash and St. John Rivers. After Churchill Dam was rebuilt in 1968, water could be controlled through Chase Rapids, and that appealed to many canoeists who enjoy white water canoeing.

In the early years, guiding parties on the rivers was a very important occupation for our people, but it certainly wasn't easy.

Since this was before the time of outboard motors, a guide had to become quite proficient with a setting pole. Tom Gardner was bragging about how good he could pole a canoe to an evangelist one day. "I can pole a canoe so fast," he boasted, "that you can look behind me and see pole holes in the water."

Somewhat skeptical of this, the evangelist asked Fred Hafford about it. "It's true," replied Fred. "I know because I was right behind him and used the same holes."

Cooking for their sports, fixing them a good place to sleep, and keeping them as comfortable as possible was all in a day's work for the guide. The worst problem was flies. Thoreau tells how bad the black flies were on his trip. He said they used a "wash" to keep the flies off, but his Indian guides would not use it. Now, a guide like Tom Gardner knew what to do about flies. He said he and his party stayed in a camp and the mosquitoes were bothering the group. Even though the windows had screens and the door was tightly closed, the mosquitoes were still getting in.

Finally they found an open knothole in the side of the camp. Tom broke a razor blade in two, and put one piece in the bottom of the hole, with the blade side up. They weren't bothered by flies the rest of the night. However, the next morning there was a pile of mosquitoes four feet high under the knothole. They came in, cut their heads off and fell to the floor.

Guiding was a little easier after the advent of the outboard motor, but a guide was away from home most of the summer, being with his family only a day, or two, between trips. Some of them stayed all summer in sporting camps on inland lakes and streams.

During the summer, while the guides were away, the wives and children had to take care of things at home. They made huge gardens and canned the vegetables for winter use. Some people had greenhouses, little rooms built into the side of a hill where they stored fresh vegetables. These rooms were sealed to keep the vegetables from freezing. What a treat for them when the rooms were opened early in the spring, after the canned food had been eaten!

Cows and horses had to be taken care of by the family, also. Grain was grown and harvested to feed the animals. Butter was made in various types of churns, and salted away in layers in large crocks, so there would be plenty for hot biscuits and pancakes on cold wintry days.

Blueberries, raspberries, and strawberries grew wild and many hours were spent in the picking and canning of the luscious fruit that would be made into pies, jams, or jellies.

As the year passed and many wilderness areas fell prey to modern towns and cities, the state of Maine decided to preserve what wild lands they had left. This decision changed the life of the Allagash guide. On December 28, 1966, the Allagash Wilderness Waterway was created. It became necessary because so many people were starting to use our waterways in a desperate attempt to get away from the hustle-and-bustle of the more-populated areas.

Wanting to keep our waterway in as close to a wilderness condition as possible, the State of Maine, through the Department of Conservation, now controls the land along the Allagash from Telos Lake to Twin Brooks on the Allagash River.

Generally, tourists to this area start the trip somewhere on the south end of the Waterway, often with no guides at all. Guides are still used with camp groups, and larger parties, but the Allagash guide of the early 1900's is something of the past.

My impression of an Allagash guide was a man, badly in need of a shave, standing in his canoe holding it steady, with a setting pole. He would be wearing a pair of heavy pants with the legs cut off just below the knees, and the pants would be held up by a pair of wide braces over a brightly-colored flannel shirt. He would be wearing faded woolen socks and a pair of low-cut moccasins of bleached-out leather caused by being in the water so much. Such a

person is now seen only in snapshots of days gone by.



Allagash Guide

Today, a guide paddles the river with the current-sometimes using his outboard motor to help his party across the long lakes. It is like something out of the past to see someone pole up the river against the current. It does happen, though. A camp group from Wiscasset, Maine poles up the Allagash River every year. We shake our heads and wonder, "Why are they doing it the hard way?"

Tourists find the St. John River equally as exciting. The St. John is not under state control, but there are campsites along the way and fees are charged to use them. The Big Rapids lures the white water enthusiast, but the natural beauty and great fishing spots are calling cards for everyone.

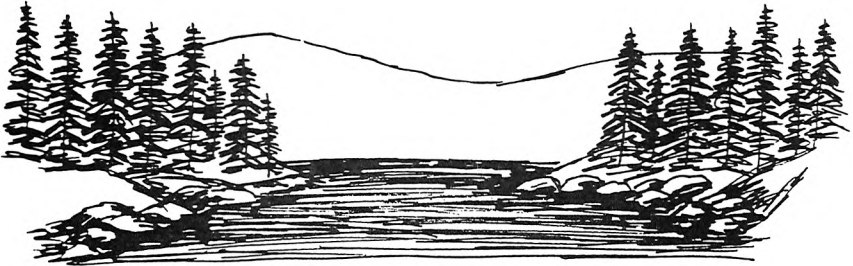
Due to the fact that the St. John does not have a lot of lakes to feed it during dry spells in summer, the river gets quite shallow and almost not canoeable. However, a good rain raises the water level rapidly, and passage is possible again.

DAWN OF CIVILIZATION

by Faye Hafford

Clean, shiny water lapped at his canoe
As he paddled along on his way,
Ducks, poised for flight, as they often do,
Were watching him ride by that day.
A deer at the water's edge raised up its head,

A trout jumped and splashed at his side,
Bright pretty flowers in nature's own bed
Made pleasant his waterway ride.
The sun warmed his body; the breeze kept him cool
He thought, "What a heaven for man!"
When just at that moment, he spied in a pool,
A rusty old tuna fish can.



Jim Gardner & Henry Taylor
Guiding

MICHAUD FARM

During the lumbering heyday, at the turn of the century, many little lumbering communities could be found along the Allagash and St. John Rivers. We often hear the folks in town talking about the Castonguay Settlement, Seven Islands, Nine-Mile, Cunliff Depot, Michaud Farm, and many others. Most of these areas are nearly deserted now, reminiscent of the old ghost towns in California after the gold rush, but the memories still remain. I chose Michaud Farm to describe, not only because so many of our folks have been connected with it, but, also, because I live there seven months out of each year.

Michaud Farm was one of many such farms that were established along the rivers. It was completely self-supporting, much like a commune would be today. The huge house on the Farm was built of fine lumber, finished on the outside with cedar shingles, and sealed on the inside with knotty pine. The furniture was the best that money could buy. Flo Henderson has the original dining room set that was in J.T. Michaud's private dining room at the Farm. Beautifully-designed, and sturdily-built, the furniture was a good example of Michaud's wealth at the time.

There was a store adjacent to the house, where lumberman and nearby families, could buy a few necessities, along with candy and tobacco. This building, and most of the others, were also built of sawed lumber that had to be toted up the river, or by teams of horses on the toteroad.

Other buildings included a "cookshack", men's camp, a blacksmith's shop, a boss's camp, four big barns, a camp for the harnessmaker, a hen house, and a pork house. The pork house, where they salted their pork, was made of logs out in an open field. There was no caulking between the logs so the breeze could blow through the camp and keep the pork cool. Hubert Gardner told about how deer would try to get into the camp, drawn there by their love for salt. He said his Uncle Hube saw some deer get in there, after the door was carelessly left open. They couldn't sneak up on the deer, though, because the animals saw the people through the spaces between the logs and would "skedaddle" out of there.

Large fields of hay and oats were planted to feed the animals in winter. Vegetables were raised and stored in greenhouses. Pigs, chickens, and cows were raised for pork, meat, milk, butter, and eggs.

J.T. Michaud had crews working for him all year around. The men who came to cut lumber in winter also worked on the log drives in the spring. The end of the drive usually called for a celebration and many a lumberman found

himself without funds when the party was over. Since their winter's wages were gone, they had no money to go back home. J.T. Michaud offered them "bed and board" for the summer and they did odd jobs for him in return, until the winter lumbering began again.

Along with haying, reaping, repairing, etc., one of the projects the displaced men had to do was cut wood to keep all the stoves going during the frigid winter. As a result the Michaud Tote Road was cut and cleared. The men cut the trees out in summer, sawed and piled the wood up on the side of the road, and when snow came, the wood was hauled to the Farm on sleds. By the time J.T. Michaud left the Farm, he had an automobile road, carved out of the wilderness, from the Michaud Inn to within a couple of miles of the Farm.

I am sure my description of Michaud Farm is incomplete, as most any Moosetowner will tell you. And they would know, because they have been there, worked there, or heard their folks talk about it. I visited Michaud Farm while the buildings were still standing but it was quite deserted, with only a caretaker present.

After J.T. Michaud left, the Farm was up "for grabs". Hube Gardner could have bought it for \$500.00. I'm not sure why he didn't buy it, but then it was leased to people for a while. Uncle Tom Gardner leased the Farm for a few years, for \$25.00 a year. Others used it for a place to graze horses when they were not in use.

Today only a ranger cabin stands where the old buildings used to be. Old pilings for barns, pieces of iron from the blacksmith shop, and shallow dents in the earth, where buildings stood, are all that is left of a thriving early twentieth-century community. The great fields that produced the waving alfalfa, and golden grain, are now nearly invisible, because they have been turned back to nature. Cranberry bushes still mark the areas where the old places have been abandoned these many years.

As a park receptionist for the Allagash Wilderness Waterway, I live with my husband, Lee who is an Allagash Ranger, in the cabin at Michaud Farm. We are often asked the question, "Why is this place called a farm?" It's a long story!

J.T. MICHAUD

It is very hard to do research on a man like J.T. Michaud, because so little is written about him. This is strange because he was a very colorful figure in the early 1900's and stories about him, by people who knew him, or of him, have been told over and over down through the years. I have to rely on those stories to write this report.

J.T. Michaud was the eldest child of Michael Michaud, who settled the Michaud area after the Civil War. J.T. was born at Michaud Farm. He lost the Michaud Farm when the St. John Lumber Co. went broke, taking J.T. down with it.

J.T.'s main office was in Houlton, and he also had a farm in Ludlow, Maine. Mrs. Christy Caron, a sister of Melie Mullins, worked for Michaud on the farm in Ludlow.

Mrs. Mamie Powell, J.T.'s niece, told me about the man and his family. Mamie's father was a brother to J.T. Mamie's father was the youngest child in a family of nineteen children. She said J.T. had been married 4 times. His first wife died in childbirth. He had 2 children by his second wife, Victoria, of Providence, Rhode Island. She divorced J.T. taking their children, Alexandra, and Arthur, back to Providence with her. However the children came back to visit their father during their vacations, and Mrs. Powell was always invited to spend some time with the offspring at Houlton. One Christmas, Mamie came to Michaud Farm to spend the week with Alexandra. She described it as a "very long trip and very cold." They stayed in the "cookshack" during the visit. The main house was full of people. Mamie enjoyed the visits at the Houlton home much more than the one at the Farm.

Alexandra had a little horse that she rode while at Michaud Farm. Alice Taylor said that Alexandra rode all over the fields on her little horse during her visits with her father.

J.T. often added "s's" to his words when they weren't necessary. He referred to his wives as "my Myrtles", or "my Gabrielles". One story Mamie told me was that J.T. liked pepper very well. His food was always black with pepper. Once, when they had put Alexandra on the train to return to Providence, J.T. said to his wife, "Be sure to put the peppers on, Myrtles". Apparently Alexandra did not share her dad's love for pepper.

I asked Alice Taylor about J.T. Michaud. She remembered him well because her parents worked for J.T. at the Farm, when Alice was sixteen years old. She talked about his children, too. She said J.T. loved his daughter, but was awful

hard on his son, Arthur. She said this was hard to understand because Arthur looked just like his father. From most reports I've read, or heard, about J.T., he was not a very handsome man, so that was no compliment for the boy. I guess that Arthur was just too full of boyish pranks to suit J.T., especially when J.T. would catch him taking candy and cold drinks from the store without permission.

Except when it came to women, I believe J.T. Michaud was quite "close" with his money. The lumbermen were forever wrangling with him to get their pay. He also knew how to make an extra dollar. When Mrs. Taylor's mother worked at Michaud Farm, she churned the cream, in one of those hand-pushed barrel churns, and made delicious dairy butter. At that time you could buy oleo that looked like bricks of lard, but it had a little packet of coloring to mix with it to make it look like butter. By adding a bit of salt, one could have a mixture that resembled butter, but the taste left something to be desired. J.T. would make Alice's mother mix some of the oleo into the good dairy butter. Much against her will, she would mix the two together, and J.T. would take it to Houlton and sell it as the real thing. He sold eggs from Michaud Farm, in Houlton, also.

There were reports that Michaud cleared some of his land by starting fires. He would have oats brought up by the river, and before the oats were landed at Michaud Farm, the smoke would be rising. J.T. would have the oats thrown immediately around the charred stumps.

When the arguments were going on about Chamberlain Dam, the Allagash River was not effected too much. However, when Michaud wanted more water to float his logs, he wanted to blow up the dam. John Ranney, and a Mr. Nash went up to try to do it, and J.T. took some men and went, too. It was reported that "Old One-Eye", as J.T. was known as, went up with a 45 on his hip. He got to the top of the dam with a lighted stick of dynamite, before a guard stopped him. He was a very determined man. Ranney and Nash did dynamite the dam, but not much harm was done, I guess.

There always seemed to be a story to tell about every adventure. It seems that when Nash and Ranney were on their way back from the dam, two Penobscot drivers told them that one of the drivers had drowned in Chase Carry. Nash and Ranney found the body. The man's rosary and identification papers were removed and he was buried in a cedar-split box at the Harvey Farm. Later, relatives dug him up, intending to rebury him in a proper cemetery, but got drunk at Connors and the body was lost when their canoe upset. The body was ultimately recovered and properly buried in Frenchville.

(This story was written up by Dr. Grindle of UMFK.)

At the time when Michaud Farm was at its peak, another great area, the Cunliff Depot, run by William Cunliff, was in operation on the other side of the river, about 3 miles south of Michaud Farm. There were a lot of buildings at the Depot, also, including 2 buildings for the loghaulers and a shingle mill that was built over the brook, where the sawdust could be washed away by the water. (No LURC then, for sure). The first steam loghauler was brought up to Cunliff Depot in January, 1919. It was so heavy, and cumbersome, that it got mired in a mud hole along the way, and it was 4 days before the men could get it out.

Michaud and Cunliff were arch rivals. Cunliff had a good toteroad on his side of the river, but Michaud wouldn't use it. As I mentioned before, he made his own road. They each had their own telephone lines, too.

J.T. Michaud did not have very good luck with his women. Alice Taylor said his first wife was the makings of J.T., but she died. The others got most of his money. As the lumber business declined in the 20's, J.T. Michaud lost his farm. One report stated that if J.T. had known about "squatters rights", he would have been able to keep the Michaud Farm. He had lived on it over 20 years and had a rightful claim to the land. However, as Mrs. Taylor remarked, "Some woman would have taken it from him anyway."



Michaud Farm

THE MOIR FARM

The Moir Farm lies on the eastern side of the Allagash River, about one mile north of Michaud Farm. It was once owned by my great-grandfather, John Moir. John, then later Thomas Moir, took in boarders, and “stabled” their horse as they traveled up and down the Allagash River. They raised their own food, but did not sell to other people. The women at the Moir Farm worked just as hard as the men. They could be seen poling pirogues (log canoes) up the river with supplies, sometimes arriving long after dark.

The house on the Moir Farm was made of hewn lumber, and insulated with birch bark. It was put together with wooden pegs, instead of nails. The house had very few windows in it, and the ceilings were painted a very dark red, giving the interior a rather dim light. The shell of the house is still standing today.

Below the Moir Farm was the O’Leary homestead. My grandfather Daniel O’Leary, settled there near a little brook that was known as O’Leary Brook, a waterway too small to be on the map. My father and his brothers and sister, were all born on this plot of land.

The McKinnons lived across the river from the Moir Farm. Willard Jalbert I told of going to school at the McKinnon farmhouse. He said Addie Crone was the first one to teach the children there.

NOTE: This is possibly the land that the early McKinnons settled on in fabled Mattagash from the book, **The Funeral Makers**, written by Cathie Pelletier that has just been released by Macmillan Publishing Company.

In 1899, the O’Leary land was given over to Thomas Moir in a deed signed by Ann O’Leary, Mary O’Leary, and James Mullins, and the O’Learys moved down the river.

In 1903, Thomas Moir sold about 300 acres to the landowners, and they moved out, also.

There were other owners, but Henry Taylor bought the Moir Farm in 1940, where he remained until his death in 1984. The Farm was bought by the state of Maine when the Allagash Wilderness Waterway was formed, as were the Michaud Farm, Cunliff Depot, and other lands along the Waterway.

Henry, and his wife, Alice, built a set of camps on the bank of the river on the Moir Farm and catered to sportsmen through the summer and fall months. Henry had been a game warden in his early years and often felt that the modern warden had it much too easy. He’d say, “There’s no more fish and game...running around in trucks, can’t run a river...”

Alice and Henry Taylor stayed at Michaud Farm for three years, before they

lived at the Moir Farm. She tells of coming up the river to the Farm in May just after the ice had run. Henry had a little 2.5 horsepower motor, and as they chugged up the river, there were pieces of ice, old trees, and driftwood hitting the canoe on both sides. To make matters worse, they were bringing their new daughter, Rachael, up with them. Rachael had been born only one month before the trip. It was a very cold, and dangerous trip. Life was certainly not easy in the "good old days."

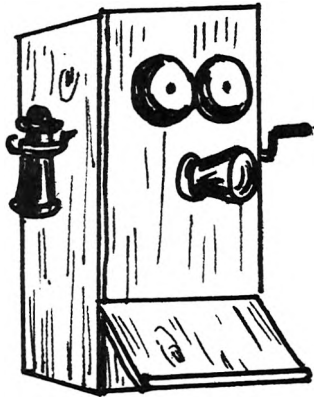


Moirs Farm

COMMUNICATION

The first means of communication in Allagash was usually by “word-of-mouth”. The early settlers were isolated, and if they were in lumber camps, they were completely out of contact, even with their neighbors. People were anxious for visitors, because they wanted to hear what had been happening in the rest of the world. Often the news was very old, but it was always welcome.

When the telephone lines were installed, the world of the Allagash people got a little larger. Mrs. Charlie Henderson, known to most of us as Flo, told me about the early telephones. Flo was the telephone operator in Allagash for over fifty years, working not only for the regular service, but for Forestry, as well. Mr. Mallet installed her first switchboard in her home in 1921. It was a small switchboard that hung on the wall. Later, as more lines were added, a larger set was put in.



People were brought much closer with the advent of the telephone. Not only did they take care of their own business on the phone, but they also developed the habit of listening to everybody else's call, as well. After one woman had her phone for awhile, she said she didn't care so much for it." It rang 2-3 times today, and I didn't go and listen," she said.

J.T. Michaud had his own line put through to Michaud Farm, and others hooked on to his line. He didn't like the idea of other people listening to his phone conversations. Gertie Leslie told that one day J.T. made a call, and he could hear the clicks of receivers along the line. He was angry and yelled,

“Get off the lines, you peoples! Don’t you know the kings of Allagash is speaking?”

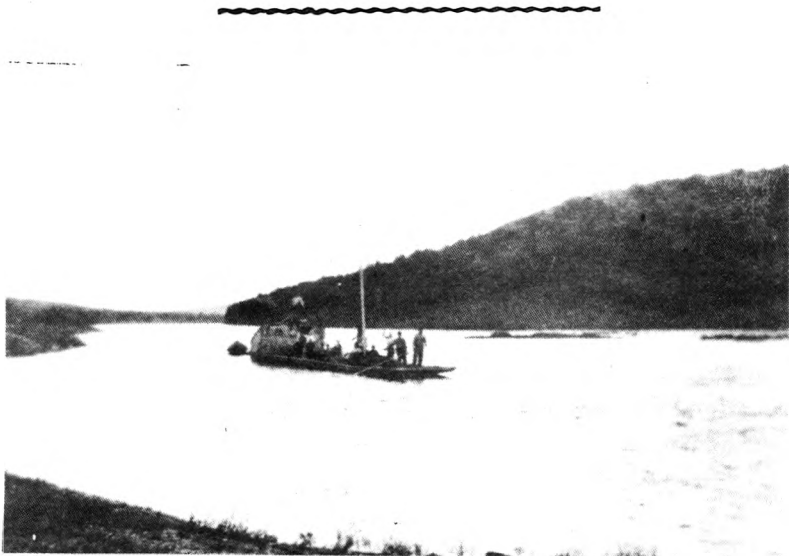
Once a French fellow wanted to make a collect call. He said, “Hello, Central. I want to call Mr. Daigle in Madawaska and charge this call on his other end.”

The telephone was used a lot in life-saving situations, but one time it was not enough. Charlie Ramsey was watchman for the Forest Service on Round Pond Mountain. When Flo couldn’t reach him by phone, she became alarmed. This was reported, and when some men went to investigate, they found that Mr. Ramsey had died. Ramsey Brook, south of Michaud Farm was named for Charlie Ramsey.

The invention of the radio was exciting for the residents of this little community. Blue-grass Roy, Amos-n-Andy, Lum-n-Abner etc. all became household words. Boxing matches described blow-by-blow on the first radios, brought neighbors together to listen, argue, and even throw a few imaginary punches in the most harrowing moments of the match.

Walkie-talkies, CB’s and base radios replaced the telephones in wilderness areas. Messages are relayed more quickly and travel is much safer.

Television has made the whole world seem much smaller to the people in our community, also.



Towboat

EDUCATION

John Diamond was the first school teacher in Allagash, but many have come and gone since his day. Due to poor transportation, little one-room schools were set up in different areas in town from Cross Rock to the Head-of-the-Rapids. One teacher taught all the grades, and the number of students ranged from only a handful in some schools to over fifty in others.

School was in session in the summers for many years due to the severity of the winters, lack of efficient transportation, and the migration of many families to the lumber camps for the winter months.

Mrs. Mary McBreairty taught in many of these one-room schools and completed her final years of teaching in a grade one position in the Allagash Consolidated School. Mary said of her job at the new school, "My only trouble was getting adjusted to teaching only one grade, after teaching all nine grades in one room." Mrs. McBreairty, or Mary Ty, as most of us called her, retired from teaching in 1961. She had taught school for 41½ years and 40 of those years had been in Allagash.



School at Head-of-the-Rapids

Aunt Gladys Gardner also retired in 1961. A newspaper headline said of her retirement: "Allagash Teacher to Retire in June - Served the Area for 48 Years". She taught school for 25 years, but she had been health officer, canning instructor, and post mistress also. She stopped teaching in 1916 when she married and had a family. She and her husband, Tom, had seven children of their own, and then took care of four of her sister's children when their parents died. After her children were grown and her boys were drafted into

military service, Mrs. Gardner resumed her teaching career. She taught in the Lindberg School from 1942 until the new school opened in 1953. She became the kindergarten teacher and remained in that position until she retired.

The first scholarship ever established in Allagash is in Mrs. Gardner's memory. It was created after her death. It is given, each year, to a member of the Allagash senior class who is going on to college.

Mrs. Elizabeth Henderson taught in the one-room schools in Allagash and later in the two-room school that was built across the road from Hamp Jackson's. Aunt Lizzie, as most called her, liked to sing, and the little pupils that she taught were shy about singing with her. Her method of getting the children to forget their inhibitions, was place a lighted candle on her desk. The children would be fascinated by the flame – and while they watched, they sang!

Aunt Lizzie did some substituting at the new consolidated school, and she never liked the idea of having to get children ready so promptly for the bus ride home. Mary McBreairty made the remark in her retirement story that she had a hard time getting used to that 3 p.m. deadline, too.

Another one of our one-room school teachers was Dawn Sylvester Moirs. She married Jonathan Moirs and taught in Allagash for years. She taught in the two-room, school, also, with Aunt Lizzie. Mrs. Moirs taught grades 4-8 in that building. She was an artist and tried to pass her skills on to her students. I was one of her students and I still remember a picture she had us draw, even though it was over 50 years ago. The picture was on the cover of some sports magazine. It depicted a tired old hound dog sitting near a fox hole, while the wily fox peers out at the dog from a tree in back of him. When my picture got placed on the bulletin board in the classroom, I'm not sure if I was proud, or just plain embarrassed.

Mrs. Moirs and Aunt Lizzie used to exchange rooms every Friday afternoon. Aunt Lizzie taught music and Mrs. Moirs taught art to each other's pupils.

In 1953, the new consolidated school was constructed – not without difficulty, I might add. True to the spirit of the Scotch-Irish, some people opposed the location of the new school. However, after much wrangling, and a day in court, decisions were handed down, and the new school was built where it still stands today.

A two-year high school was added and later was expanded to 4 years. We do not know about the future, as far as our high school is concerned. Our school population has dwindled and it worries some of our folks. We hope we can keep our high school open, because the alternatives are not too

good. Our children would have to be bussed to another school and the ride is quite treacherous during winter storms. The days would be long and the pupils would get tired. Another alternative would be for families to move to other towns so their children could go to high school. We hope this does not happen in the future.



Allagash School
G. Gardner, Teacher

MEDICINE

The people of Allagash have always had problems when emergencies arrived, because they were so far from any health services. The early settlers had their own methods of handling medical situations, some of their cures still being used today. Due to poor communication and transportation facilities, the babies were usually born at home, often with only a midwife in attendance. Flo Henderson tells of having her first two boys at home with Mrs. Jim Walker as midwife. When the third baby was due Mrs. Walker said, "This is a different sickness. This one's a girl." Mrs. Walker told Flo later that she had to have a doctor from now on. Apparently the delivery was a serious one.



If a baby was premature, or very tiny, the situation was grave. Aunt Gladys Gardner's twins decided to arrive in a howling blizzard in January. A doctor could not get there and the twins were so tiny that they needed an incubator. The women fixed up two shoeboxes for the babies and kept them warm on the oven door. Both twins survived, but many babies died in infancy due to lack of medical help.

When it was possible for a doctor to get through to Allagash, he had to come from Fort Kent. Often a baby arrived before the doctor did, but the midwives were happy to have the doctor check their work.

Mrs. June Hafford attended a great many births throughout the years. For

many families her presence at the mother's bedside was just as important as the doctor's. One expectant mother was so impatient for her child to be born that she asked Mrs. Hafford if she could do anything to hurry it along.

Mrs. Hafford said, "Well, some people take castor oil and it helps."

The lady hurriedly drank the oil, but it came back up in the sink.

"When will the oil work?" the mother asked as she paced back and forth across the room.

"When the sink starts having pains!" replied Mrs. Hafford.

If travel was possible, sick or injured people were taken 30 miles to a doctor in Fort Kent, or to the hospital in Eagle Lake which was 50 miles away. My sister tells of being taken to Fort Kent in a horse and wagon when they thought she had pneumonia. She was bundled up in blankets and kept warm with hot bricks placed around her. The trip seemed to take forever and they had to stay all night in Fort Kent.

It wasn't easy but the people survived. In later years a hospital was built in Fort Kent — then a community center was established in St. Francis. That was a help, but now we have home nursing programs, school nurses, health programs, and even our own volunteer ambulance service. It is not an ideal situation, especially in emergencies, but it is certainly a great improvement over the past.



NURSE MAMIE POWELL

I can't talk about medical help in Allagash without mentioning Mamie Powell. Mamie came to Allagash as a "state nurse" in 1953. She had been a nurse in Fort Kent, but her duties had been expanded to the surrounding towns. She told me she had been warned that she wouldn't be able to get along with the people of Allagash. She said she found a very friendly group of people, if they like you. If not – heaven forbid.

When Mrs. Powell first came to Allagash she visited homes where little children were nearly choking from whooping cough, and mothers were frantically "tearing their hair" from not knowing what to do to help. Mamie was determined to get an immunization program going. She was successful in her efforts, and whooping cough, diphtheria, and tetanus clinics were set up on a regular basis.

Although Mamie was not required to do so, she made up files of all the families in Allagash and kept them up-to-date until she retired. She listed parents names, the children in the family, and any history that was relevant. She kept a record of their shots and even started the system of sending cards out to remind those who needed booster shots. She still has those files in the attic of her home in Soldier Pond.

While Mamie was a nurse in New York City in the 1930's, there was a terrible polio epidemic one summer. It was called infantile paralysis at the time. Hundreds of kids were hospitalized. Mamie ran iron lungs for 4 years. There was no known treatment then so casts were put on arms and legs and kept there for three months. When the casts came off, the limbs were useless. Then the kids were sent to a camp for therapy, but to no avail. It was a dreadful time and Nurse Mamie Powell never forgot it.

In 1954, we had a polio epidemic in Allagash. In such a small town, 9 cases of polio were reported. No cause was ever found for the outbreak, but the townspeople were terrified. So, in 1955, when Jonas Salk came out with a vaccine for polio, Mrs. Powell, remembering her New York experience, was determined to get everyone immunized. She said, "We took care of the whooping cough, now we go after the polio."

Mamie got her clinics started, and although money was a bit of a problem in some areas, it was not so in Allagash.

"One thing about Allagash", Mamie remarked, "is that anything that is beneficial for the kids, the town never resisted. I had some good volunteer workers there, too."

She got the clinics started for school children, but soon had preschoolers and adults included. There was a little resistance from a religious group, but later when the minister and his family were immunized, the others followed.

A snag in the program came when 11 cases of polio in California were traced back to a laboratory where polio vaccine was made. They stopped the clinics for a while, but after several tests proved it safe, the vaccine was started again.

It was not until Dr. Sabin came out with oral vaccine that Mamie was able to realize her dream. She said she finally had 95 percent of the people immunized against polio. No more cases were reported. Thank you, Nurse Mamie Powell.

Mrs. Powell remained our "state nurse" from 1953-1976, taking only the summer of 1956 to accompany her husband, Floyd "Red" Powell, on a trip to California. She became ill in 1975, and officially resigned in 1976.

One sad note, just after Mrs. Powell's retirement, her beloved husband, "Red" died. Mamie is still living in her family home in Soldier Pond.

NOTE: Mamie Powell's father was a brother to J.T. Michaud, a man who played an important part in the history of Allagash.

HOME REMEDIES

The following are some of the remedies that were used by the early settlers of Allagash that have been given to me by many of the descendents of our first families. Many are still used today. These remedies are not tried and true, so please do not try them without more information.

Toothache: Put whole clove in cavity. Use vanilla on cotton. Call someone for toothache charm.

Headaches: Use cold packs. Poultice of sliced raw potatoes and vinegar. Smell spirits of camphor.

Colds: Mustard plaster made from flour, dry mustard, and water and apply to chest and back. Molasses and ginger mixed for cough. Ginger tea - ½ tsp. ginger, bit of sugar mixed in hot water. Golden oil on sugar. Syrup of sliced onions and sugar. Steeped cheery, or fir, bark. Kerosene and sugar.

Fever: Pork drafts on feet. Flour and alcohol paste on feet. Drink ½ tsp. beaver castor - castor must be soaked in vodka or gin.

Infections: Salt pork on boils. Bread and milk poultice. Creolin and hot water. Crushed dockweed dampened in water.

Bee Stings: Black mud packs.

Upset Stomach: Mixture of soda and cream of tarter.

Burns: Soda and water paste. Tansic acid from cold tea. Cold water or snow. Butter.

Mumps: Swallow 1 tsp. of vinegar - if throat hurts - it's mumps. Men tie tarred rope around neck - to keep mumps from causing sterility.

Earache: Blow warm smoke in ear. Hot iron wrapped in towel on ear.

Nail Punctures: Apply kerosene and salt pork to hole.

Baldness: Vodka with a dash of pepper (don't know if you rub it on or drink it)

Croup: Bore hole in wall over child's head – after he grows by the hole, he'll never have croup again. Drink Kerosene (ugh!)

Cramps: Hot peppermint drink. Dandelion and elderberry wines. 1 ounce of cream with dash of pepper. Catnip tea. Warm cloths to lower abdomen.

Diarrhea: Hot milk with ginger. 1 tsp. cornstarch mixed with water and bit of sugar. 1 tsp. beaver castor.

Snow Blindness: Steep tea leaves and wrap in gauze – apply to eyes – change every 3-4 hours.

Stop Bleeding: Call someone who had power to stop blood. Mrs. Charlie Kelly was one they called often. Cold packs back of neck. Folded paper under upper lip – these last were for nosebleeds, especially.

Speck in Eye: Put flax grain in eye - it will draw speck out.

Boils: Fill hot water bottle with very hot water. Pour out water - put bottle neck over boil-will draw it.

High Blood Pressure: Drink vinegar, honey, and water - keeps pressure down and honey keeps lungs clear.

Sore Eyes: Few drops of canned milk.

Sore Breasts: Rub with golden oil.

Sore mouth: chew on gold root.

Kidney Trouble: Steep gravel weed.

Pin Worms: Steep tansy leaves - Drink for 3 mornings. Stop 1 morning. Drink 3 mornings. Stop 1 morning. Drink 3 mornings. Take castor oil – all of it is supposed to work.

Stop Sweating: Vinegar, cream of tarter and sugar.

Ruptured vein: Slice and cook turnips a little and apply to wound.

Bruise: Fir balsam melted on hot blade of axe-cool a little - will form a cast on wound when healed-cast drops off.

Measels: If rash starts behind ear it's measels. Drink hot drinks – some oldtimers have resorted to steeping nanny droppings and having ill person drink the liquid to bring out the rash.

Diabetes: Steep blueberry roots and drink liquid – keeps sugar count down.

Sore Throat: Steep hornet's nest with water – apply to outside of neck.

Steep horse manure in vinegar and apply to outside of neck.

Chapped Hands: Balm of gilead, tree buds and lard.

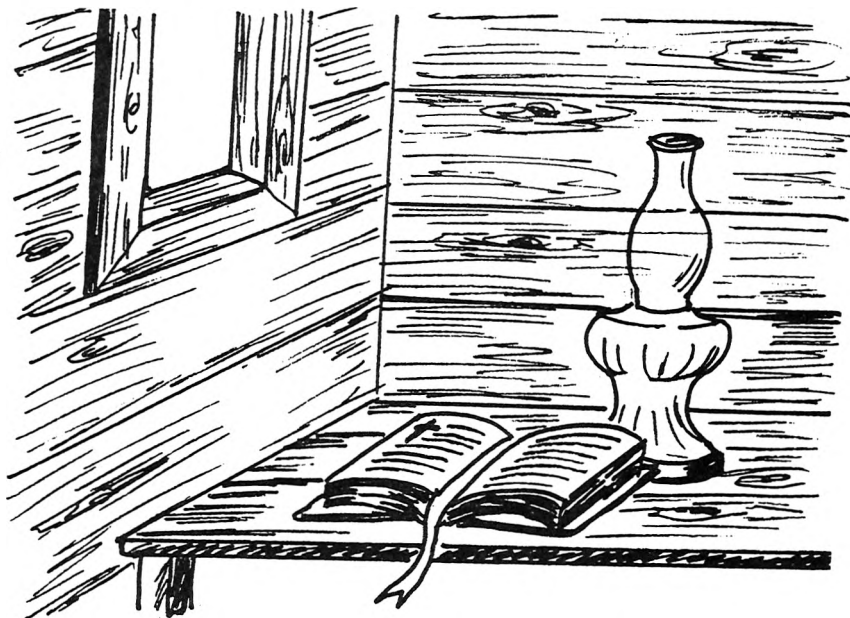


WARS

Our little village of Allagash seemed quite isolated from the rest of the world in the early days. However, during World War I our people realized that we could be affected by events in the “farther ends of the earth”, especially when Lee Gardner, Joe O’Leary, Nazaire Hafford, and Charlie Hafford, were called to duty. There were others, too, I suppose, but I remember when those men finally got a pension for serving in World War I. Uncle Joe O’Leary promptly bought himself a new automobile.

When trouble started in Europe and Asia in the 1930’s, fear gripped the hearts of many as they listened to reports on the radio. By the time war was declared in December of 1941, some of our boys had already been drafted. Many of them saw duty in one place, or the other. Some came back safe and sound, some came back maimed for life, and one did not come back at all – not even for burial. Melford Pelletier, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pelletier, was killed aboard the aircraft carrier, U.S.S. Wasp, and was buried at sea.

Other wars have come and gone – the Korean War, the Vietnam War, and now the “Cold War”. Most of our boys, and some of our girls, have taken their turn at military duties.



This poem was written shortly after the news came that Melford Pelletier had been killed and buried at sea.

TO MELFORD

He was such a happy youngster
In those carefree days gone by,
He didn't know within a year
that he'd be doomed to die
Beneath the sea.

He was loved by all who knew him,
He could silence children's cries,
Now he no longer hears them
For his youthful body lies
Beneath the sea.

Yes, he heard the call to duty
And he gave it quite a try
So that others would not suffer
He was quite content to lie
Beneath the sea.

– Faye O'Leary Hafford –

WEATHER PREDICTIONS

Today if we want to know what the weather will be like for the next few days, we simply turn on the radio or television. We call a weather station on the phone and we get all the information we need. The early settlers of our town did not have these things, so they had to rely on their own way of predicting the weather. They continually watched the sky, the birds, the animals etc., and were quite accurate in telling what the conditions might be. Here are some of their observations:

A red sky in the morning meant a storm was brewing.

A red sky at night signified good weather.

If a sky was completely clear, with absolutely no clouds, it was called a "weather breeder" and a storm was sure to follow.

If cows are lying down in the middle of the day, it was sure to rain.

If hornets' nests were high, it meant a lot of snow that winter.

Sun rays drawing water through clouds meant rain.

Birds oiling their feathers while sitting together on a wire meant rain.

Blue jays had a certain cry that meant rain.

If there was a winter with little snow – lots of deaths.

If potatoes boil dry too quickly – going to rain.

If a person had aches and pains in arms and legs – storm coming.

The thickness of the animals' fur determined the amount of snow they would have that winter.

If smoke from the chimneys curled too close to the ground – rain.

Loons crying at noon – rain.

Amount of nuts squirrels hoarded determined how cold the winter would be.

Owls hooting in winter meant a spell of warm weather.

Foxes barking on the ridge meant a spell of warm weather.

The moon was watched closely for weather signs. The new moon was supposed to tell the type of weather for a month. It depended on whom you were talking to, though. Some people said if it was laying on its back it would hold water, so we have a dry month. Others said it would run over and we would have a wet month.

Fish will really jump just before an electrical storm.

When they killed a pig, they would examine the melt. The number of humps on the melt determined the number of storms that winter.

SUPERSTITIONS

The Scotch-Irish people who settled in Allagash were a superstitious lot. Many of their beliefs and fears have been handed down through the generations and evidence can still be found today. Have you ever seen anyone throw salt over their shoulder? or stop a rocking chair from rocking?

A few of the superstitions may have been picked up from the early Indian tribes, also. Helen Hamlin, in her book, **Pine, Potatoes, and People** tells of one Indian superstition that has a direct bearing on our town. It was believed that whoever drank from the Allagash waters would die with their mocassins on.

Here are some of the superstitions that we still hear today:

It's bad luck to spill salt. Be sure to throw some over your left shoulder to ward off the bad luck.

My grandmother told me never to get up and leave a rocking chair rocking or I would have back luck. It still bothers me today when I see someone else get up and leave a chair rocking. My own children have picked up the habit stopping a chair from rocking.

If you sing before breakfast, you will cry before night.

It's bad luck to walk under a ladder.

It's bad luck to cut your toenails on Sunday.

Don't cut a baby's fingernails before he is a year old because he will become a thief.

If a bird hits the window, someone in your family will die. This one used to bother me until I moved to Michaud Farm. If a family member died every time a bird hit the cabin window, I would have no one left.

If a hearse stops in front of your house, someone in your family will die.

Dream of the dead, hear from the living. As Doug McBreairty once asked, "Who else would you hear from?"

A dreaded fear of the number 13.

If you change places while walking together – be sure to say "Bread and Butter", or you will have a fight.

There are hundreds more, but these will give an idea of the superstitions I was talking about.

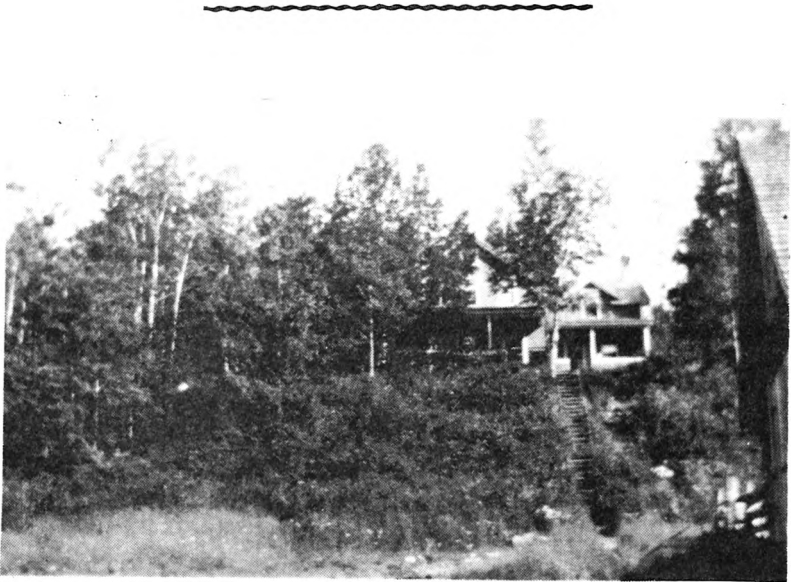
RELIGION

In the early days of the Allagash Plantation, before the churches were built, the people had to rely on itinerant evangelists, or priests, who came to the area, to perform marriages, christenings, etc.

Mr. Lantin, an evangelist from Canada, went to the lumber camps to try to spread the gospel. He was welcome at some camps, but not in others.

Mr. McKeen, another evangelist from Canada, used to come and visit homes. He carried a guitar with him, and accompanied himself as he sang the old hymns and preached to the families along the way. I remember seeing Mr. McKeen, when I was little, and I remember that tears flowed freely down his face as he sang.

Rosie and Tom Mullins joined the Salvation Army, and they held meetings from time-to-time, either at the school or at private homes.



Michaud Inn

ALLAGASH BAPTIST CHURCH

The logs for the Allagash Baptist Church were cut in Allagash and taken to Jones's Mill in St. Francis to be sawed into lumber. The first money for the church was raised from a pie social and dance-something that would be frowned upon today.

The townsfolk started building the church about 1912, but they ran into problems. The wind kept blowing the sand from under the foundation, so a cement cellar was needed. Windows and doors were put in, and in 1915, the church was finished.

Mr. Albert Walsh was the first minister. He came to St. Francis, first, and then he had his "gospel-on-wheels", which he used to travel from place to place. When the church opened in Allagash, he came here to preach.

Our own, Rev. Philip Hughey, married Mr. Walsh's daughter, and they had two children, Philip (We knew him as Calvin.) and Ruth. Later, when they had lost both of their spouses, Rev. Hughey married Margaret (Maggie) McBreairty, and they are still living here, in Allagash today.



THE ALLAGASH PENTACOSTAL CHURCH

The Allagash Pentacostal Church was built on its present lot in 1948, and the old John Gardner home became the personage. Rev. Vaughn Parks was the first minister. One of the ministers, Rev. Tarbox, preached there, and his daughter, Joyce Gardner, lives in Allagash today. She is the widow of Bruce Gardner.

Other ministers and their families included the Bells and the Harris's. Mr. and Mrs. Harris bought a home and lived in Allagash during his retirement.



In 1985, the parishioners of the Allagash Pentacostal Church voted to join the Assemblies of God. There is no regular minister there, at the present time, but pastors from other parishes come each Sunday for worship.

ST. PAUL'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

At one time, the catholic church was supposed to be built on the lot where the cemetery is now. The lumber was there and ready, when Thomas Hughes gave them the land where the church now stands.

In the beginning, the Allagash catholics were served by the priests from the St. Charles parish in St. Francis. Then in 1929, Rev. Roderique Menard started the project to build a church in Allagash. There were donations of rough lumber, free sawing, and free labor from the members of the mission. The church was completed and dedicated by Bishop Murray in the summer of that same year. It was used only in summer, at first.

In 1930, Father Origene Bouchard became priest of both Allagash, and St. Francis. This was during the depression and there was very little money around. Father Bouchard converted the parish hall into a movie theater, bringing a little outside entertainment closer to the people of both communities. Father Bouchard used the money he received to take care of parish expenses, make some repairs, and put some in a savings account. With the money, and help from members of the mission, he had a little stable built near the Allagash church, so he could come and have mass in the wintertime.

In 1933 Father Bouchard gave first communion to 17 persons in Allagash. Later that year, Bishop J. Ed. McCarthy confirmed 18 persons for the first time in Allagash.

In 1936, the cemetery was opened. Father Bouchard continued to improve the church and he was very well-liked by his parishioners and other people, as well. Many people went to him for medical as well as spiritual help. He was greatly missed when he was transferred to Waterville, Maine after nearly 23' years as priest, and mentor in St. Paul's Church in Allagash.



DO YOU REMEMBER:

Maxime Dumont?
Atwood's Bitters?
Golden Oil?
Larkspur Lotion?
Rev. McKeen?
Riding backwards uphill?
Playing jackknife?
Catnip tea?
Riding on a ferryboat?
Hot dog roasts?
Chicken stews?

The Happy Corner?
Ride's on Lull's bus?
The "Nigger Shine"?
Roller skating at the Siding?
Wally's grocery truck?
Having lice?
Celebrating the Fourth for days?
Skating on the river?
Riding on bobsleds?
Riding on a load of new-mown hay?
Walking...Walking...Walking?



Model T Ford



Allagash Ferry

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OTHER INFORMATION

Notes from D. Grindle of UMFK

Interviews with:

Mrs. Mamie Powell
Mrs. Alice Taylor
Mrs. Matilda Gardner
Mrs. Flo Henderson

Excerpts from:

Mrs. Gladys Gardner's retirement story
Mrs. Mary McBreairty's retirement story
Cynthia Harvey's report on old-time remedies

Conversations with:

Hubert Gardner	Beatrice White
Leslie Gardner	Elbert O'Leary
Calvin O'Leary	Nellie Hafford
Lee Hafford	Clara McBreairty

