

Allagash As We Knew It

Project of the Faye O'Leary Hafford Library

Allagash, Maine

A sequel to *You Can Go Home Again*



Written by Family and Friends

Compiled by Faye O'Leary Hafford and Sarah Jackson

COVER

By Bryan Jandreau

(Top to Bottom - Left to Right)

Bus Car – Allagash Transportation to Fort Kent

Allagash Store owned by Lawrence “Lull” Pelletier

Chester McBreairty – Store Sign

Covered Bridge – Little Black River

George Kelly & Rosaire Godbout building Kelly & Sons Barn

Allagash River Bridge

Kelly’s Grocery Store - 1955

Lester Walker’s Truck

Photos provided for this project with permission

TITLE PAGE

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Formatted by Bryan and Randi Jandreau

SPRING 2007

IN MEMORIUM
“PRECIOUS MEMORY”

We are dedicating this book to the Memory of Delores McBreairty O’Leary, whose time on earth was cut way too short by the dreaded disease of cancer. She will be remembered by her beautiful smile, love of life, dedication to family, and will to helping others in need. I could go on forever but I believe her Precious Memories project tells it all.



Delores came to me one night and said she had something to run by me to see if it made sense or was she just dreaming. She outlined her Precious Memories project. She wanted to bring children with terminal illnesses to Allagash for a 3-day weekend of fun and games.

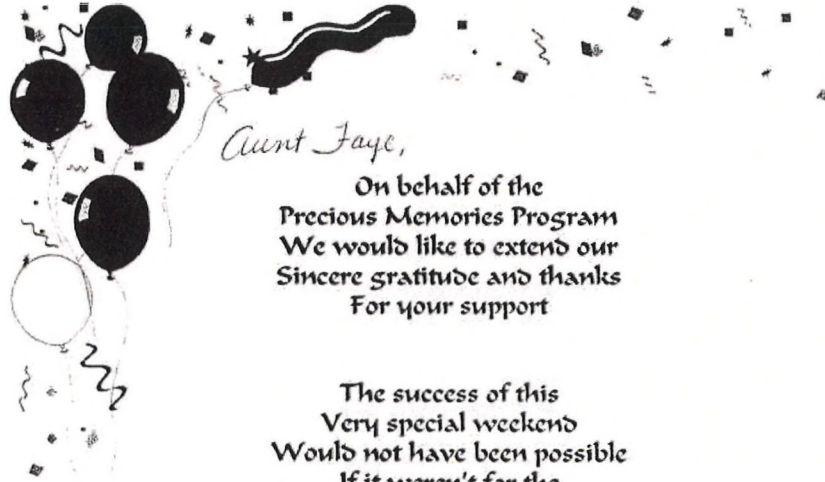
She said we didn’t have a lot of money to send them anywhere like the “Make A Wish Foundation” but we did have time and a great place for them to get together and enjoy the outdoors and rivers in Allagash.

I joined her immediately and by the time we had the first weekend, the whole town was in her corner. It was unforgettable and at the end of the weekend, trees were planted on the lawn at the Municipal Building in honor of the little ill children.

The second year Delores and all of her helpers tried it again. Everything was going well; when she got word her own brother had cancer. She had to share her time with him and her group. The Precious Memories’ program lasted a year or so, after that, but the friendships and comradery that developed in those years were not forgotten. Some of the little trees are growing well, while others could not withstand the winter season.

It doesn’t seem fair, but Delores discovered she, too, had cancer. As time went on, she put up a good fight but lost her battle with cancer last year. She is one precious memory we will never forget.

Faye O’Leary Hafford



Aunt Faye,

On behalf of the
Precious Memories Program
We would like to extend our
Sincere gratitude and thanks
For your support

The success of this
Very special weekend
Would not have been possible
If it weren't for the
Generosity of many people such as yourself.

With Sincere Thanks,

Delores O'Leary
Delores O'Leary
Precious Memories Founder

*Thank you for the many
things you did to help
and for believing in
this week-end.*



INTRODUCTION

We call this book a sequel to the last one “You Can Go Home Again”. It is just another collection of memories and stories about living in Allagash as we knew it, many years ago.

I approached my readers with the following challenge. I said, “You know our town is changing. For over a hundred years it was known as a unique little Scots-Irish town completely surrounded by those of French decent. Today, we have many new residents and others who have bought land and hope to retire here some day. Some of them are descendents of the old families but the majority of the new land owners are different. Eventually, our town will be run by folks who have moved here because they love the area but are not necessarily descendents of the early settlers.”

With that in mind, I asked my writers to think about their children, grandchildren, great grandchildren etc, and write about things they would love their descendents to know about “Allagash As We Knew It”. As usual, the folks didn’t let me down.

Here are their stories. Written with the very serious intent of letting our descendents know what life was like in Allagash so many years ago. They are written with the candor and wit of true Moosetowners and friends. As you read them, you will laugh; you will cry; but most of all you will remember. Enjoy!
Faye O’Leary Hafford

JUDY BOYER LISBON, NEW YORK VISITOR TO ALLAGASH



I have always been drawn to the North. I can’t explain it, but it is a strong draw. I was born in Maine, raised in New Hampshire and now live in New York.

I’m fascinated by the North West territories and the famous Ice Roads, Alaska, and the Dalton Highway, Maine and the Allagash. I finally got the chance to visit the Allagash in the summer of 2003. I did my homework before going. I called a lot of people and places and collected a lot of maps. I also read a few books about the area.

The highlight of my research however was connecting with Faye. When it comes to getting some history and feel for the area as well as knowing where to go, Faye was so helpful. I have read (and loved) all of her books that have been available to me.

My “Maine” desire in visiting the Allagash was to meet the people that call this place home. The rivers, forests and lakes were beautiful, but it was my visits with the local people that made it so special. I was able to visit 11 of the North Woods checkpoints and spend some time with the people at each. I loved trading stories and learning about the area. I don’t believe I did one touristy thing (except buy a North Maine woods sweatshirt). I really enjoyed eating at the local restaurants in Dickey and Allagash and had a great time chatting at Rhonda’s. I stayed at the motel on 161 and was warmly received. I traveled many miles on the logging roads. Perhaps it is my pioneer spirit that makes me love the remoteness, the tranquility, the clean air and the lack of pretense of the North Woods.

The people are so real, grounded and straightforward. I think we could all benefit from stepping off the fast track and taking some time to enjoy what little is left of the simple life. Whatever the reasons are for my strong desire to go north, it was a trip that will be in my heart forever.

SANDRA BUZZELL
ALLAGASH, MAINE
GUEST OF KIM HAFFORD

I am finally back here living in Allagash. Spring is here and pretty soon I will be outside more than I am inside. I really love living here in Allagash. Most of the time, it is quiet, and that’s good. There is really a lot of stuff to do here in Allagash, if you sit down and think about it for awhile. You could take a walk, go to the library (which is really quite fun) ride a bike, if you have one, and a lot of other things.

Before I ever got here, I never even knew the town of Allagash existed, but when I first came to live here, I was like, “Wow! This looks like a nice place to live.”

I have known the town of Allagash for about five years. I am 17 now and soon I will be 18 years old... Our cat, Mimi, is cute. She knows where I am at all times. I don’t know how she does it but she does.

The weather down here in Allagash is almost always nice in the spring and summer. Oh, and I will never forget this town because it is peaceful. Mostly everybody knows their way around and I think that everybody loves living in Allagash.

JIM CONNORS
WHERE THE SAINT JOHN WENDS ITS WAY

The following poem was written, and often sang, by Jim Connors of Saint Francis, Maine. Jim had more love for the Allagash and the people who settled here than any other person I know. Jim was the son of David and Mary O’Leary Connors. Aunt Mary, my Dad’s only sister, was born at the Moirs' Farm on the Allagash River about a mile above the falls, so Jim had a right to feel the way he did about the place. Jim was a great storyteller and most of us have heard him sing his favorite songs and tell his tales so often about the place he loved so much. Jim used to tell me that we should have an Irish Jubilee to celebrate the lives of the sturdy Irish, Scotch, and English folks who worked their way up from Canada to settle in this little corner of the earth that many of us think of as heaven.

Jim is gone now and many of his stories have gone with him. However, one of my favorite songs that Jim wrote himself, “Where the Saint John Wends Its Way”, was given to me by Carol Connors just as we were working on this book. Here are the words to that song.

Where the Saint John Wends Its Way

Well, I know that its fun to travel
And take in the wonderful sights,
Of our country with its endless plains
And its cities, with their lights.
And just like all Americans
I love the U.S.A.
But give me a spot in Northern Maine
Where the Saint John Wends Its Way.
I know a person’s birthplace
Is the spot that he loves best
It may be a spot in the Sunny South
Or a part of our Golden West;
Or again, it could be in the Frozen North
Where the Eskimo children play,
But give me a spot in Northern Maine
Where the Saint John Wends Its Way.
I visited New York City
And looked at the Washington Bridge
And in our own state, Mount Katahdin

Where I stood at the top of the ridge.
These wonderful sights were thrilling
But still, at the close of the day
I couldn't help long for Northern Maine
Where the Saint John Wends Its Way.

LUCINDA GARDNER CRAWFORD
BANGOR, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF LEE & PEARL MCBREAIRTY GARDNER

WINTERS IN THE VALLEY

Growing up in the upper Saint John Valley was the best years of my early childhood and was so different from the way my own children have grown up.

One of the best things about living in the country was during the winter months spent skiing, skating on the brook or sliding on the big hill behind the house. The outdoors was usually a glorious winter wonderland with frosty evergreens lining the edge of the fields or diamonds glistening in the early morning sunlight across snow-custed fields. When the temperatures would reach zero and below, the mountaintops were covered with a white coating of velvety frost. Those mountains in winter were continually changing colors from brown to purple to blue with cloud shadows playing across the mountain range making for a picturesque view.

Between the mountains lie the Allagash and the Saint John Rivers. The rivers wind low through the valley meeting at the foot of Gardner Island. Here across from the island on the river bank my family made their home. The main house was built on the island and when the road was run up on the mainland the house was taken down and brought across the river.

My father grew up here in the valley and he once said, "Everything I could ever want is right here." Most winters my father was away working in the woods leaving my Uncle Hubert to the many duties at home. There was much livestock, cows, hens, and sometimes pigs to be cared for, providing milk, butter and eggs for our large growing family. Also there were barns and sheds that sat in a semi-circle behind our big two and a half story ten-room house. Supplies were kept in these outer buildings for the near-by lumber camps.



In winter time my sister and I could go with my uncle to carry supplies to the camps. His two-runner sled with its high sideboards would be piled high with barrels of flour, buckets of lard, molasses, lemon and the many staples needed to feed the lumbermen throughout the winter. On such excursions with my uncle my Mother would bundle us up in heavy snowsuits and my uncle would bring us up on the seat of the sled beside him covering our laps with old buffalo hides for extra warmth. Slapping the reins of his team of horses, Dan and George, we would soon be gliding easily along over the frozen tote roads leaving shiny smooth imprints from the sled runners behind. A new dusting of snow was best and easiest for the horses and sled. As we rode along the bells on the harnesses rang out gaily against the mountainsides echoing throughout the valley.

Arriving at the camps was always great fun as the cooks, hearing the sound of the bells, would come running out to meet us. They wore long white aprons that went almost down to the ankles. They were greatly pleased when the supplies came in. While the sled was being unloaded we would wait inside eating warm biscuits loaded with butter and strong coffee. My uncle was always ready for a cup of strong black coffee. Uncle "Hube" as we lovingly called him made our first years in the valley very happy years, for which both my parents were grateful, I'm sure.

On our return home the evenings were usually spent either listening to the farm radio or our uncle would gather us all on the sofa and tell us nursery rhymes or sometimes scary ghost stories for which he had a special knack, always adding appropriate noises to make them a little more scary. The radio carried stories my older brothers enjoyed, the Lone Ranger being their favorite. Then there was always the news. During the war years (WW II) my Mother would listen to Gabriel Heater as his voice bellowed out over the airwaves sending a chill up your spine. He told of Hitler's movements throughout Europe. Our oldest brother was somewhere in France or Germany, where, we never knew for sure, and Mother worried continually. Occasionally neighbors would come by in the evenings and there would be more talk of the war; these were unhappy times.

With all this, there was Christmas. Christmas was the very, very, best part of winter. Mother would decorate the parlor ceiling with long strands of twisted green and red paper, then she would hang a large red paper bell in the center of the room. For us children the decorations and the tree was the highlight of the season. On Christmas Eve my Father would bring in a tall straight freshly-cut fur tree. Mother would hang long streams of glittering tinsel on every branch of the tree and she would put little glass birds of red, blue, and yellow perching on the outer tips of the branches. There were never many gifts those war years, a sled and perhaps a new pair of skates or skis.

My own children's growing years were so different from what mine had been here in the valley. Having grown up in the city, they sometimes express how dull my life must have been here. I can only smile and regret that they missed so many of the real joys of what childhood was like for me.

JOHN DOW
CORNVILLE, MAINE
SON OF HAROLD AND ANNIE CONNORS DOW

OUR TURKEYS IN ALLAGASH

In 1945, my Dad brought home a pair of domestic turkeys. They were the same color as the wild ones that we hunt now in Southern Maine.



Dad's warden job had taken him to Nine Mile that summer to work at a warden camp there. At Nine Mile he was joined by other wardens who had come in from Fort Kent by car. They, as a group, went to Lac Frontier and while there visited a turkey farm. Dad bought a pair of turkeys just before leaving for home. He had a wooden box to convey them in with chicken wire covering the top.

He loaded the turkeys into the canoe and started for home. He had only started down the river a little way when the gobbler poked his head out through the wire and rode that way all the way home, down the Saint John, then up the Allagash to the canoe landing on Ross Flat!

We were sure surprised when we got home from school and found those strange looking birds in a pen across the Inn Road from the house. The gobbler would gobble every time he heard a noise.

The pair nested and raised a brood every year. They were allowed to roam free after the first winter and hid their nests. It was fun trying to find them. Of course, they were targets for fox too, and we found the remains of a hen that became a victim one summer.

The old tom was ugly and would chase us children and Dad, but Mum could walk right up to it and pick him up. He would fold down his feathers and allow this!

The turkeys even went potato digging with the family in 1948. We were picking potatoes for a Kenneth Hunter in Mars Hill that fall. The turkeys were right at home

at the old farmhouse where we stayed during the harvest. There was a nice hardwood grove in the back and the turkeys spent their days searching for acorns and beechnuts there; then roosted in the limbs at night.

Other members joining the family that year were Albert Gibson, Earl Kelly, Ervin and Belva O'Leary and Francis Savage.

My sister Joan could play the guitar and Earl Kelly was great with his fiddle. Perhaps no one realizes now that Albert could play the guitar too. I recall the good times that we had on rainy days listening to the music and playing Hearts. We were never bored like the young children of today.

Our Mother cooked for the crew. She had a tough job now that I think back. She never complained and always had a delicious meal prepared. She must have worked 16 hours a day baking bread, desserts and the main meals. When the season ended the turkeys were rounded up and brought back to Allagash. Mum had a natural way with animals and played a big part in the round up.

When the family moved to Southern Maine in the spring of 1949 Dad and Mum gave the turkeys to Uncle Jim and Aunt Ellie Morrison who live in Saint Francis.

MY NEW BIKE



During W.W. II there were no metal toys to be had. All of the metal was needed for the war effort. After the war there began to appear in local stores nice metal toys again!

Uncle Lull had a pair of new bikes for sale in his store; they were Columbia's, boys and a girls, a matched pair. They were two-toned blue and white, heavy weights with balloon tires!

The way that he had them parked on the porch of the store that day was an attention getter.

Uncle Lull was the most generous person that I ever knew. If he had anything you needed, he would try to accommodate you. Using Dad's expression to demonstrate generosity, "He would give you the shirt off his back!"

After admiring that boy's bike for over a week, and breaking the handle in Dad's axe, then if that wasn't bad enough, I broke the blade in his bucksaw! Billy Gardener and I were cutting pulp out on the Bog Road to earn money.

Well, I had to see Uncle Lull; he would help me! Some one said that I caught him in a good mood. When I left the store that morning I was riding that brand new bike and tied to the handle bars was a new axe and a new iron framed busksaw!!

When I reached home Mum had to know all about it, of course. I told her that Lull had fixed me up with a credit slip from his cheese box where everyone's slips were kept. When I had cut enough pulp he would have a truck come and get it and take what I owed him off my slip. Billy Gardner and I had already cut ½ cord of spruce and fir. Lull was paying \$12.00 a cord roadside.

In the course of that summer I paid for my bike and tools before potato digging! Billy and I must have been the youngest pulp wood subcontractors in the United States! He being nine at the time and me going on eleven!

This could only have happened in Allagash, Maine in 1946. Now when you see one of those tractor-trailer trucks on the road with W.T. Gardner & Sons written on the side you'll realize how far William Thomas Gardner has come since we cut pulp for Uncle Lull on the Bog Road!

DR. LINDA PELLETIER DRAKE
RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA
DAUGHTER OF LOUIS SR. AND ETHEL O'LEARY PELLETIER

Potato digging was a big event. Mom and Dad didn't go digging until I was 11 years old. That year Aunt Bertha asked me if I would like to go with her and pick at Raymond Moirs' Farm. I did and had just picked a few days when Daddy decided we were going to work for Thurber Holt that fall in Fort Fairfield. We had stayed in his house that summer while they had cleaned up the pulpwood that was strewn along the shore when the boom broke in the Aroostook River from a big rain.

Tonight I was thinking about "Teener" as Grampie always called her. We were getting ready for Grampie and Grammie's 50th wedding anniversary party. It was just dusk and Albertine and I were playing around in the kitchen with the little red plastic baskets and white paper doilies they had for the cookies. I put the plastic basket on my head. Albertine grabbed Grammie's shawl and threw it over her shoulders. Out the back kitchen door we went and down over the hill and up the bank by the bridge.

Grammie and Grampie were sitting on the porch looking towards Evelyn's and did not see us going. We walked up by with that "gitup" on. They watched us go by. We could hear Grampie talking to Grammie, wondering who it was. (He had to know everyone who went by.) On our trip back down by he came right out in the yard.

“Excuse me, Mam,” he said. “Are you ladies lost? We just looked ahead and kept on going. “Why don’t you come in and have a cup of tea with me and Mum?”

Albertine and I started laughing. “Hell, little girls,” he said. “You had me worried for. I thought it was two women lost.”

NOTE: (You can tell by that story, the folks in Allagash had a great sense of humor and just loved playing jokes on one another. Here’s another story from Linda.)

It was in the spring of the year and you know how folks up there always threw junk in the river when the water was high. There was a piece of an old roof down near the shore and the ice was taking it. Grampie was probably down there pushing it into the water.

We were talking about throwing our names with a note into the river to see if someone would find it. Grampie threw a bottle into the river with his name and address in it. It went out with the ice.

Mama and Nora were cutting seed potatoes in Limestone. When they heard about this, they wrote Grampie a letter and mailed it down there as though it was this old rich woman from Canada and she wanted to see Grampie. Her husband was dead and all she had was a dog.

They wrote a couple of letters and he was showing them to everyone. Of course, he had not told Grammie about throwing the bottle in the river. She didn’t know until the letters arrived. Grammie was so jealous, with good reason, and she got so angry that she went into the summer kitchen where Grampie had been building new cupboards. She took a hammer and knocked them all down.

Grampie told Mom and Nora about “the awful scrape” he was in. He said, “Hell, the old woman wrote me a letter and she wants to come right up here and see me some Sunday”. She had someone to drive her car and they had written that she had a lot of money.

When word got back to Mom and Nora that Grammie was on the warpath, they figured it was time to tell her the truth that they were just fooling with Grampie. They figured that Grammie would join them with the joke. Instead she thought they were lying to her for Grampie. It took awhile to get that one straightened out.

NOTE: These stories were parts of letters from Linda Drake.

ETHEL FALCONE
FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS
DAUGHTER OF RANSFORD AND EVA McBREAIRTY



I often think of my childhood in Allagash, Maine and wish that my children could have experienced the same. We not only had parents, Ransford and Eva Hughes McBreairty, to love and guide us, we also had an extended family of grandparents, aunts, uncles and, of course, our church.

We spent the long, hot summer days that seemed to last forever swimming in the Little Black River, or in the Saint John. My cousin Mona and I were always playing together, either in the lumber piles from my father's mill, or up on "Grampy's Hill." There we had our special tree which had boughs growing downward, toward the ground. We would crawl under the

boughs—it was always cool in there—hoping to find fairies that we were convinced lived there. In the evenings we all gathered at Dad's sawdust pile to play in the new sawdust, freshly sawed from the day's lumber. Or we'd gather on our grandparents' lawn to play games of Red Rover, Leap Frog or Simon Says. Sundays were special days when we would walk to church with our mother. After the service, we would all end up at Grandmother Hughes' for the usual boiled dinner. After dinner, the women would gather at the table to talk and the men would lounge on the grass outside, under the popular tree. Sundays were always quiet; the lumber mills did not run on that day. Sometimes Dad would take us up the Little Black for a picnic and corn roast on the bank of the river. Or we would go up to Walker Brook for a picnic. And, of course, there was Bible Camp that we were privileged to attend for two weeks each summer. Bible classes were in the mornings. Afternoons we spent swimming in the Saint John River where the float was. Or we would have sports in the afternoons, usually baseball for the boys. Evenings were for church, and campfires with singing songs. There was always a missionary to tell us about his experiences in foreign lands.

Halloween was always a fun time when we would put on our masks and try to scare our neighbors by rapping on their windows. Of course, they always had a hard time guessing who we were. But Christmas was a magical time. We would creep down the stairs to find what Santa had left us. The Christmas tree was always so beautiful even though there were no lights on it. We rarely got toys during the year, but on

Christmas a beautiful doll would be under the tree for us girls, with a set of dishes. Or the doll would come with a doll carriage. The boys would find a sled, a truck, or a new set of guns for playing cowboy. Santa always seemed to know just what we wanted. Of course, he was always hiding just outside the windows checking on us to make sure we were being extra good!

Winters were very cold, but very beautiful. This was school time. Each section of Allagash had its own one-room schoolhouse. The one I attended, the Longfellow School, was just across the brook from home. At one time, school was held in the summers due to families going to the woods for winter. What I remember most about winter are the cold, crisp mornings with bright sunshine. Everyone had wood heat and on those mornings the smoke would rise straight up against the beautiful blue sky. You could hear the crunch of the snow so sharp as you walked on its surface. I can still hear my Uncle Elbridge whistling as he went about his morning chores on those winter mornings. In the evenings, it was skating time. In Grampy Tom McBreairty's field was a pond and we would all gather there to skate. It was a beautiful time with the moon so bright it seemed like day with the northern lights playing on the cold northern sky. On the days we were not in school, we would go sledding on Grampy's hill or just have fun digging tunnels in the snow.

Spring was a wonderful time when everything came back to life. What I remember most about spring, other than the excitement of the ice running and the water dripping off the huge icicles hanging on the eaves, was the walks in the woods on a warm sunny day. You could smell the sap running and hear the sounds of birds chirping their happy songs. Summer, winter, spring, or fall, we were never bored; we were always too busy finding fun things to do.

Of course, there were chores to be done, too. My mother raised six children in Allagash, (her last child, Alan, was born in Caribou) had a huge garden and cooked for the men at Dad's mill for as long as he had it. In the winter's, Dad went "to the woods" with a crew of men to cut the huge spruce trees which he sawed into lumber each summer in his mill. This left Mom alone with us children for the winter. We carried all our water, which was heated on a wood stove. Wood had to be brought from the mill to keep the fires going all summer for cooking, washing and to heat irons for ironing. Everything had to be ironed. We picked raspberries, blueberries and cranberries for our mother to can along with the vegetables from her garden. Everything was home-cooked and what I remember most was the home-baked bread and the hot rolls. They were so delicious right out of the oven, with melted butter and a jam that Mom had made. Yes, there was hard work, but we always managed to have a carefree and happy childhood.

Our home burned in February of 1954. Dad, his father and others did all they could to save the house. But it was no use. We lost almost everything in that fire. Mom said she thought our home could be saved until she saw Grampy, Dad's father, with an axe, smashing the French doors between the hall and living room. She knew then the house was gone. She said Dad leaned against a car and cried. We left Allagash that spring and moved to Caribou, but we never forgot where we came from; nor did we forget our relatives back in Allagash.

I left Caribou for good in 1960, but each time I came back to visit Mom and Dad in Caribou, I had to make the trip to Allagash to visit my grandparents, Thomas and Eunice Kelly McBreairty. My mother's father, William Hughes, had passed away in 1954, her mother Alice, was living in Connecticut. My father fulfilled his dream and returned to Allagash in the 1980's. I now go back "home" at least once a year to visit him. Allagash is our roots and will always be considered "home."

IONA FLIPPIN
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA
DAUGHTER OF CHARLIE AND FLO HENDERSON

Faye, there are so many changes and I'm sure they have all been told.

Potato harvest was one thing that I think about; how families moved to towns where they could work in the potato fields. Schools were closed for about 3 or 4 weeks.

In the winter how men would go in the woods and stay all week cutting logs. Then in the spring how there was always a log drive down to a saw mill or where ever.

We had bus service to Fort Kent twice a day, and until we had a high school (only a two-year) we had to go to Fort Kent to get our first two years of high school.

I'm sure these things have all been written about.

Good luck, Iona

GARY GARDNER
EAGLE LAKE, MAINE
SON OF WILBUR AND EVA MULLINS GARDNER

READ TO THE TUNE OF, THAT MULE, OLD RIVERS, AND ME

I know what Faye had in mind and I sure appreciated what was penned in the first book. However, we all realize you can never go home again. It's not geographical for if it were we'd only have to plan a trip. I've done that numerous times with the results being a wave of nostalgia hitting me in the soul as I crested the hill at Casey Brook heading east on 161. It's an emotional episode having been brought on by a flood of memories from the past, both good and bad.

No it's not geographical but occipital, meaning it is stored somewhere in the memory and makes us much of what we are today. Garth Brooks had it right in singing life is like a river with the challenge of keeping between the shores and avoiding the rocks. As disappointing as it can be at times, the journey is always away from the past. Robert Frost would say, "Two roads diverged in a yellow wood and having taken the one the second would become a haunting memory because both are impossible to experience. Choices have to be made."

They are memories and I'm glad to have them. Let me just share a brief selection taken from the archives of so long ago before my hard drive malfunctions and I lose all stored information. These are only meant to trigger others that to a Moosetowner ignites a firestorm of past experience.

Gram in kindergarten (We disagreed on the value of an education)
Jeff coloring between the lines (I thought he was the smartest man in the world)
Cathy passing through S.A.D. # 10 faster than a Maine summer
Gene pulling me out of the frozen Allagash and even worse places in later years
Lois under the threatening tirade of a history teacher (now she's a teacher)
Those home made sleds of Carney's
Playing war on the knoll
Telling ghost stories in the empty Michaud farmhouse
Endless summers at the float
My uncle throwing a hammer at the horse (I don't know what the horse did)
The first snow
The state trooper picking up Freddie (I know what he did)
Wayne smoking in the library
A diving rock just off Pelky Point
Stanley who always had a plan
Families heading to potato harvest

Gardner Island overnights
Poker
The outhouse
Johnnie working on car engines
Greg explaining to us (the unlearned and inexperienced) the process of acquiring a date
The school building that claimed thirteen years of my life
The bridge that claimed three of my teeth
April showers
Evelyn's homemade French fries
Cribbage
Trucks loaded with pulp
Lull's store and the old men telling stories
Heading home
Mickey throwing rocks
The Allagash Falls
Playing king of the mountain at recess
Milk and cookies on Tom's porch
Halloween nights
Special education with Mr. King in his office
Burning stuff in the road (there wasn't anything else to do)
Diving off cross rock
Philosophy 101 according to Jeff Pelletier (I still thought he was the smartest man in the world)
Basketball games
Chester's store
Mike's Volvo
Hitch hiking to Saint Francis (calling Mickey to steal a car and bring us home)
Spring fishing off the point
Car tires burning on the ice in the bog
Bob's compassion on someone young and stupid
Mrs. McBreairty, Mr. Ouellette, Mrs. Ouellette, Mrs. Hafford, Mrs. McBreairty, Mr. King, Mrs. Saunders, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Springer, Mr. Plasted, Mr. Martin, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Dunham, Mr. Malenburg, Mrs. Burk, Mr. and Mrs. Chasse, Mr. Longly

BROOKE HAFFORD
BAR HARBOR, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF MICHAEL AND VICKI McBREAIRTY HAFFORD

Yesterday I was watching a Red Sox game with my boyfriend. We watched the pitcher as he rubbed the ball, looked over his shoulder...rubbed the ball, looked over

his shoulder (this went on and on) before he threw out the pitch. I was reminded of myself, about ten years old, playing “baseball” with my grandfather, Lee, in his backyard. He had wadded up a piece of tinfoil for a ball and I had a plastic bat. I was the batter standing near a rock for home plate, and he stood on the mound. I’d wait and wait, while he rubbed the ball, looked over his shoulder, pretend to chew snuff and spit. I’d laugh and I’d yell, “Come on. Grandfather!” but he would continue to take his time. There was just the two of us out there, no runners on base for him to look after, but he performed these rituals because that’s what they did on TV. It made me laugh again just to think about it.

So I got to thinking about my grandparents. When I usually picture Lee Hafford, for some reason its summer and he’s flipping burgers on the grill. Maybe at a 4th of July celebration at the school or something like that. He always acted silly to make me laugh-his “dandy little girl.” This winter I got into his old Ford pickup truck I used to ride around in with him—my father now uses it to plow our driveway. The interior smelled like what could best be described as smoke from a wood stove, the sweet smell of wet leaves and earth, and tobacco. It’s just how his flannel jacket would smell during hunting season. I remember this from giving him a hug before all the men would go out into the woods for the entire day.

My father’s mother, Lee’s wife, was one of the most positive role models a young woman could have. Education was #1 with Grandma Faye, and because of her I liked reading and writing before I was even in school. She didn’t make me learn, she made me want to learn, and she encouraged every ambition I had. Just one example was when I came home from middle school and told her that I wanted to be a fashion designer, and we immediately put together a portfolio(I think she still has it.) of my ideas. But even more important were the lessons she taught me indirectly, when she didn’t even realize she was ‘educating” me. She’s a strong woman, a solid rock, and I am so happy that I am still able to have a relationship with her in my adult life.

Many of my very early childhood memories involve my grandmother, Phyllis McBreairty, on my mother’s side. I had a little beaten path between our house and hers. My fondest memories are of her and I singing Christian hymns in her living room while she played the guitar. At least one time we played at the Allagash School for a talent show. I was just so young when she passed, so unfortunately I don’t have really vivid memories of her personality, our conversations. I just know that she was always so kind to me, and always had a treat for me when I came to visit. The memories are like photographs-she and I watching “Sesame Street” (When I asked, she told me Big Bird was her favorite because she loved birds), she and I reading children’s Bible stories, she out in her flower beds while I climbed the willow tree. I’ll always remember how strong her faith was, and how I admired it even then. I admire it even more now.

Her husband, Papa Elmer, wasn't around much at that time, so he wasn't a huge presence like my other grandparents. I do remember how he called me "Hafford Brook" when he saw me, like a stream that flows somewhere along the river up there. I don't remember him actually saying it, but now I realize how much he loved me, and my brother, too. All of us. I learned later in life that he was a hard-working, intelligent business man, and I feel like if I'd know him now he'd have a lot to teach me.

From these four people came my parents, my aunts, uncles, cousins, my brother –me. They gave us all the pieces that make up who we are: our roots, our values-faith, love, kindness, a strong work ethic, a love for the outdoors, a sense of humor, a sense of self. And all of us who came after them spend a lot of time and energy (consciously and subconsciously) in looking out for each other. I never realized it when I was a child but now I see how rare this is- I am truly grateful.

So the memories will come at unexpected times-like during those Red Sox games. But each one is mine-a treasured piece of my wonderful Allagash childhood with my family.

ELMER HAFFORD
ALLAGASH, MAINE
SON OF JAMES AND NELLIE HAFFORD HAFFORD

Elmer told me how he and his brother, Lee, played outdoors all the time. They used to listen to hear the "garloes" or little bells that horses had on their harness. As the horses shook their heads, the little bells would echo down through the valley.

When the brothers heard the bells, they would take off on the run and try to get to Wiggins Brook before they met the horses. They would jump on the sled with the teamster and ride with him all the way up to the Alf Wiles' place. (Vernon Pelletier lives there now.) Then they would jump off and walk back home.

Another story Elmer told me about was how he and Kenneth Hafford used to come from Cross Rock up to Lull's store in the wintertime. They would walk a ways and then jump on



their sleds at the top of the hill at Wesley Brook. They would slide over the hill and coast until they got to the bottom of Casey Brook hill. From there, they would coast to Nigger Brook (now called Pelletier Brook).

They would toss their sleds over the snow bank at the side of the road and walk the rest of the way to Lull's Store. After their visit, they would walk back, pick up their sleds and ride them when they could, or coast part of the way. Then they walked the rest of the way till they got home.

WE GET FIRED

One year, Glen and Bert Hughes, Donald McBreairty and I were working for the Victory Company at Aegan Brook. Tom Pelletier was the big boss and Leonard Pelletier was our woods boss. Francis McBreairty had a canoe there so one day the four of us decided to take his canoe to cross the river. Then we walked up the road to Ephraim Hafford's and from there we went to the Happy Corner in Saint Francis.

We started back at 12:00 that night. We had a hard time to get down over the hill to the river. Glen fell down and we couldn't find him. Then Donald fell, too. After awhile we got to the river and the canoe was gone! We whooped and hollered for someone to come and get us. Baby Michaud had come over to Donat Michaud's place and he had taken the canoe and left it. Baby and my father, Jim, were doing the cooking at the camp. Somebody had to come and get us. We went to the men's camp and sassed about someone taking the canoe.

The next day, Leonard told the 3 other fellows to go get their ax and saws and bring them to the office. He told me to do it, too. Then I saw Bert and Donald sitting on the bank. I asked them why they were sitting there and they said they were fired. Leonard didn't tell me I was fired. They told me, yes, I was fired, too, and they were waiting for their checks.

Well, we decided to go to Nick Cunliffe's Camp across the river from Colin Jackson's. We asked for a job and they hired us. We had torn our pants in the woods, so we took the canoe and motored down home to get some other pants and to tell them where we were going.

In the meantime, Billy Pelletier walked down to Cunliff's Camp from Victory and Bill told Nick the story. We got our pants and went back to Cunliff's Camp to have dinner and go to work. The boss said, no, he didn't want us. He said, "You got fired from your job. I don't want you."

We took the canoe to Francis. I went home. Leonard told Jim, my father, to tell me to go back to work.

I didn't go. I went to Caribou and got a job at the Birdseye Plant.
(As told to Faye Hafford)

FAYE O'LEARY HAFFORD
ALLAGASH, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF LEE AND CLARA MILLS O'LEARY

I REMEMBER:

Visiting Michaud Farm when the buildings were still there and exploring the beautiful old house. That would have made a great place for the ranger to live in and he could tell all the old Michaud Farm stories to canoeists as they checked out from their trip down the Allagash Wilderness Waterway.

I remember Dennis Pelletier dancing and acting out "Skin the Caribou" It was the highlight of every party we had in the neighborhood.

I remember crossing both the Allagash and Saint John Rivers on the ferry boats. And I also remember crossing the Little Black River by going through a covered bridge. It was one of the few covered bridges that were still standing at the time.

I remember the huge canoe parties coming round the bend near our house on the Allagash River. How happy the canoeists were to see us watching from the bank of the river!

I remember the huge gardens we had during the depression and how Aunt Gladys went from house to house with two large canners to help folks prepare food for winter. This was a government project and she was given the canners to keep. We used them for many years after the project was terminated.

I remember Mr. McKeen, the evangelist, coming to our house every so often. He had known my mother and he talked of her often. This would make Aunt Gladys cry. My mom was her sister and had passed away.

I remember seeing the big boats being towed up the river by a team of horses.

I remember seeing the loghauler plowing the road by our house as it went on its way to Michaud Farm.

I remember attending a little one-room school heated by wood and water brought in by pails with a communal ladle to drink from by all the pupils.

I remember skiing and sliding on “Bumpy Knoll” near our house, usually on one ski because we couldn’t afford skis for all of us.

I remember sliding over the hill on a piece of cardboard, ripping our clothing on the bushes that were sticking out of the snow as we flew past, or when the cardboard slipped out from under us.

I remember Bub Dow laughing and singing “I’ve Got Spurs That Jingle, Jangle, Jingle” as he watched a pair of boots catch on fire during one of our hotdog roasts only to discover later that they were his own.

I remember playing cards, usually Charlemagne, Rummy, or Sixty-three. In the winter there was very little traveling. We had to walk from place to place and games were played around the kitchen table. Often chicken stews were made and fudge was also part of the treats we had as we tried our best to whip our opponents in every game we played.

I remember having to travel to school on sleds pulled by a horse when it was too cold, or blustery, for us to walk. We had blankets to cover us and hot bricks wrapped in towels for our feet if it was extremely cold.

I remember the times when we got together just to have fun and play music. So many of our folks had musical talent and we loved to dance. Usually a party like this ended with a chicken stew. If we didn’t have a chicken some of the more fearless friends would go and find one in the neighborhood. I remember June Hafford always had some nice fat hens and often found one missing in the morning.

I remember watching the ladies carding, rolling and spinning wool into yarn. Then they knitted the yarn into socks, mittens and even union-suits for the men who worked out in the cold all winter.

I remember the log drives and how the men were invited up to our house to eat their lunches when it was raining.

I remember the root cellars which were dug out of the side of a hill. They were used to store food for later in the year when other foods were used up. The double doors were sealed and only open when it was near spring and the canned goods were gone. Usually potatoes, carrots, turnips and apples were stored in the root cellars in bulk

form and they were as fresh as can be when the cellars were opened in the early spring months.

I remember my brother Bert singing “Bread and Gravy”. We always had to coax him to sing but he would do it after awhile just to get us to stop bothering him, I think.

I remember my brother, Cal, singing to the top of his voice as he walked home from the neighbors late at night. We used to tell him it was because he wanted to scare the bears away. He never would admit that.

I remember the boys in the family playing a game in wintertime. They would run out in the snow in their bare feet and see which one could stay there the longest. One night Uncle Ralph Mills and Eldon were out there and Uncle Ralph was hopping up and down trying to outdo Eldon. He was being fooled because Eldon wasn't moving his feet at all. It was discovered that he had on a long pair of woolen socks so he was okay.

I remember having to take cod liver oil tablets at school. It was a project started by the government. They were trying to keep us healthy.

I remember helping Aunt Gladys to churn the cream into butter. We had a little round wooden churn with a handle on one side and we took turns turning the handle till the butter was formed. Another churn I saw her use was an earthen barrel with a wood cover. There was a hole in the cover when the handle went down through. The paddles were on the bottom of the handle and as we pulled that handle up and down the butter formed in the churn.

MICHAEL LEE HAFFORD
ALLAGASH, MAINE
SON OF LEE AND FAYE O'LEARY HAFFORD

My family moved from Allagash when I was about seven years old. They left looking for better jobs, I guess the same reason most people left the area and is still the reason young people leave it today. Also, like most, my parents never stopped talking about home and no matter where we lived, home was always the Allagash.

My own memories of living in Allagash as a little kid are all good and probably the reason I never stopped wanting to move back. One of my earliest memories is the time I spent in my playground at home. In those days many homes were banked with sawdust to help keep them warm. There was a little wooden frame built around our house and it was filled with sawdust. That was my playground. I had empty pop

bottles that I'd fill with sawdust and drag around the house making little roads. Dale and Greg O'Leary lived next door and we spent a lot of time together playing in the river or out back on the "knoll" as cowboys and Indians. No one had many store-bought toys but I don't remember missing them. We always came up with whatever we needed.

I remember one time, Dale, Greg and I found an old abandoned boat on the shore. It leaked everywhere but we jumped in with a couple of poles and six or seven bailing cans and headed out. I bailed with both hands while Dale and Greg poled us down the river. We made it about six miles down to CrossRock before the old boat sunk. Dale was the only one who could swim at the time so Greg and I stayed in the boat until Dale could stand on the bottom with his head out of water. Greg and I soon found out the hard way that Dale was quite a bit taller than us. We lost the boat but had a great ride. Our parents weren't as happy as we were when they found out where we had been. It wasn't unusual for kids to play in the river or in the woods all day long, back then. I doubt that kids anywhere else enjoyed that amount of freedom.

I spent a lot of time with my grandfather, Jim, then ,too. We went fishing all summer and hunting all fall. I think my father worried more about my getting in trouble with Jim than with other kids. My grandfather didn't pay much attention to legal limits on fish or any other game. It's funny, he wouldn't do anything else wrong but didn't see anything wrong with taking anything from the woods that he intended to cook and feed to the family. I could write about my grandfather for hours; we were very close and he is a big part of why I enjoyed my early life in the Allagash so much.



My family (Lee, Faye and Randi) lived all over the State of Maine but anytime I wasn't in school I was at my grandparents in Allagash. I never got the place out of my blood. When I got out of the Army I married a girl from Allagash (Vicki) and we decided to move home and try to make a living there. I knew it wouldn't be easy but I also knew it would be a great place to raise our own children. I got very lucky finding work and with help from my in-laws and my own family, Vicki and I were able to make a living and raise our own two children in Allagash. They've since grown up and left town looking for work - some things never change. I've talked to Dean and Brooke many times about it though and I know they are both very happy to have been brought up in Allagash too. They now have their own great childhood memories.

Now, I'm semi - retired and doubt that I'll ever leave Allagash again. It does hurt to see the population of our town decrease year after year. I know there are many people out there that would love to come back and many young people here that hate to leave but feel they have to in order to find work. A few young people have found a way to stay here but most of us know that our children and future grand children are going to live somewhere else. The upside is that there will always be a place in Allagash that they can come and bring their families to.

Childhood memories are still waiting to be made here.



During the glory years when the Allagash Lady Bobcats were showing the rest of the state how to play basketball, we had some pretty proud fans who followed their lead to most of the games that were played.

Perhaps their greatest fan of all was Michael Hafford, their happy, singing bus driver, who truly enjoyed the many trips he took with the Lady Bobcats. As a matter of fact, as they traveled to and fro, Mike made up songs about the team and would sing them as they went their merry way.

Since it was so many years ago, Mike couldn't remember all the verses but we are including some of them in this book to spark your memories of the grand old days when basketball was "King" at Allagash High School.

BANGOR! BANGOR! BANGOR!

We'll beat the East. We'll beat the West
Cause the Allagash Bobcats are the best
In Bangor! Bangor! Bangor!

Bonnie Kelly is small and thin
But she can throw the ball from half court
And put it in
In Bangor! Bangor! Bangor!

Darlene will play like she's out of her mind
And she'll beat the other team about three times
In Bangor! Bangor! Bangor!

Kadi jumps center but not too high
Just high enough to keep her eye
On George....
In Bangor! Bangor! Bangor!

Star is good. She's the cream of the crop.
There's nobody better with a little hook shot
In Bangor! Bangor! Bangor!

Coach Marquis is going to have his hardest time
Handing out trophies from the center line
In Bangor! Bangor! Bangor!

We'll beat the East. We'll beat the West
The Allagash bobcats are really the best
In Bangor! Bangor! Bangor!

HERE'S ANOTHER LITTLE DITTY

LADY BOBCATS

Have you ever seen a lady? A Lady Bobcat playing ball?
Have you ever seen the likes of Kadi? She stands around six feet tall.

And then there's one called the Happy Hooker
She's known quite well by all
She's got a sister, you'd never miss her
She's the cute one...shooting tall.

If you've ever seen a lady, a lady Bobcat playing ball
You'd know why they set me crazy
And why I love them all.

If I should die while at a game
I have one request, that's all
To live to hear the buzzer
And see my ladies win it all!

GO LADIES!!! GO BOBCATS! GO BOBCATS ALL!!

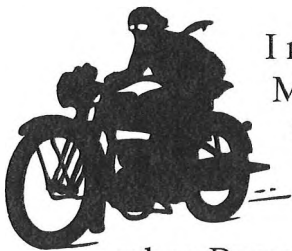
-Songs written by Michael Hafford-

ALLAGASH AS WE KNEW IT
FAYE O'LEARY HAMM
NORTH FORT MYERS, FLORIDA
DAUGHTER OF ELBERT AND GLADYS PELLETIER O'LEARY

What comes to mind are the words of a song sung by Dean Martin, "I love those dear hearts and gentle people, who live in my home town." In my life time, I have lived in many towns and states but when asked, "Where are you from? Or Where is home?" Allagash always comes to mind.

Childhood memories always include canoe trips and camping out along the Allagash River. I can still hear the steady hum of the motor on the canoe as Dad dodged the rocks on our trip up the river. Mom was always in the bow of the canoe with a good book. My brother, Lee, and I always had a soft quilt and pillows in the middle of the canoe so if we needed a nap, it was ready. We always saw deer and occasionally a moose. The fish were so plentiful that you could always count on fish for your evening meal. A lot of the camping memories are of Big Brook. The smell of the fresh cut boughs that our bed was made on, fishing off the rocks at the shore, the smell of the food cooking, the cold water from the brook where we kept food and drinks cold.

Mom always made us a birthday cake. On one of our canoe trips, over a Fourth of July weekend, she brought Lee's birthday cake along. The next morning we got up and the squirrels had eaten most of his cake.



I remember my first year of school in the two-room schoolhouse with Mrs. Henderson as our teacher. Motorcycles were very rare back then. One nice spring day we heard a motorcycle coming up the road. Many students stood up to look at it through the window. Mrs. Henderson was trying to bring order back to the classroom when Bernard Pelletier ran outside. Mrs. Henderson ran after him and caught the heel of her shoe in a crack on the steps and broke it off. There were a few red knuckles before that day was over. I remember the warmth of the woodstove that heated our room of the school and also how cold the outhouse was. How exciting it was when we moved into the new consolidated school.

Most everyone made gardens and canned the vegetables. The smell of pickles being made always takes me back to those days of growing up. Our house would smell of pickling spices for several weeks when the vegetables were being harvested. Not many today make their own pickles but there are still some of the "dear hearts" in Allagash that do. My sister, Mary, is one of them.

How hard everyone worked for their existence. In addition to the vegetables, meat was also canned. Berries were picked for pies, jams and jellies. My mother made most of our clothes in those early years. She would knit our socks, hats and mittens. She made all of our bread and the donut and cookie jars were always ready for anyone who stopped by.

Dad owned a sawmill for several years. The smell of fresh cut wood still brings a smile to my face and fond memories of my father. No one left his mill yard without the lumber they needed whether or not they had the money to pay for it.

Entertainment was what you made it. Sliding, skating, skiing, making fudge, playing cards and games, reading, fishing, and just good old conversation. Meal times were a social time with the family at a sit-down meal. Weekends we always had relatives over for meals or we were visiting some of them.

There was always a feeling of being safe. Children could walk to neighbors, even at night, by themselves and parents never had to worry about them. No one had to lock their doors. That took some getting used to when we moved away. Everyone locked doors and no one just dropped by to be neighborly.

Everything did not always go as Moosetowners wanted but most adapted to the changes. It was a hard battle to keep the Dickey-Lincoln project from happening but by sticking together and never giving up, it was defeated. What a victory for our little town! We weren't as lucky when it came to making the Allagash River a wilderness waterway. That was the beginning of big changes for our town. The local river men could no longer clear the channel or build a fire where they wanted along the river. They couldn't get permission from the landowners and build a cabin to stay in. I remember this being very difficult for the people who had grown up with the freedom of the river. Another big change for the local people was when the big landowners put up gates and started charging a fee to travel over their land to get to the river and inland lakes. Even through these tumultuous times, the people banded together.

I could probably write a book on my memories but that is not what this is about. Allagash is a special place because of its beauty. That beauty is not just the beauty of the rivers and tree-covered hills but it is the beauty of the people that made the town. Anyone who stopped by felt welcome. If there was an illness, the whole town helped the family. If there was a house being built or a barn raised, the work got done and then there was a party. You didn't need an invitation; everyone in town knew they were welcome. If someone got married, the town furnished the food, not just the family. (I understand that still goes on today.) Of course, everyone in town knew everyone's business but isn't that what family is all about?

My family left Allagash for several years to make a living. My parents couldn't wait to get back home. My brothers and sister moved back as soon as they could. They might leave for awhile but all ended up back home. My career didn't allow me to move back but my mind and spirit will always call Allagash home.

"I love those dear hearts and gentle people that live in my home town!"

AARON JACKSON
ALLAGASH, MAINE
SON OF AARON AND ESTHER MULLINS JACKSON

The following information was taken from a news article by Dean Rhodes. The title of the article was "Les Diables still Rove the Allagash Wilds' He was writing about the folklore in the Allagash which included beliefs in spirits and demons many, many years ago.

One of the stories was about a man "on a New Year's Drunken spree" who gave his children to the devil. The children's hands stuck to the walls and they had to call a priest to get rid of the devil. Killer or "monster" dogs called Diable De Savages, displayed knife-long teeth and terrified the countryside.

These stories may have all started when Father Lejeune who went on a moose hunt with twenty Algonquins in 1636 along the upper waters of the Saint John River and in the area of the Allagash River. They said the priest had experiences with an Indian who was possessed by the devil and was a lot of trouble.

Reverend Clifford Bell of the Allagash Pentecostal Church said he was familiar with the removal of demon power. He didn't cite any special cases but he said it was possible that prayer may have helped rid someone of demons which no one knew the person possessed. Mr. Bell said that demons are spirits without bodies and must have human bodies to work in.

While talking to Aaron Jackson, a 93-year-old manufacturer of canoes, poles and snowshoes, Mr. Jackson said, "No, I don't believe there is any devil. Angels, yeah, because I seen one. I don't think it was a devil flying. I was down there that night", he said. "I started home and it was just the same as wings over my head. I thought it was a bird. I looked up and it was a person. I'd say three, or four, feet long, naked and flying. It went right over my head. I seen it plain with my own eyes.

It never scared me a bit. That was her death angel. (not sure who “her” is referring to) “You can be the devil yourself”, claimed Jackson, "or worse". You can turn as bad as you like. When a person turns bad, everybody says that man is possessed by the devil. Devils don't go around murdering anybody. Some will change. Some won't. Some will get worse, wicked, wicked, regular pirates. A lot of it is caused by drunkards. The child will be the same as the drunken man. Oh! Oh! Oh!”

“You can put a wish on anyone and it'll happen” Jackson said finally. “A fellow stole a broach off a fellow just above here. He put a wish on whoever stole it, that he would lose ten pounds the value of that broach. The frame of the thief's bicycle broke in two pieces. Right off, too. They just fell apart,”

NOTE: There are a lot of these stories that can be written because our early ancestors were very superstitious. That alone would make an interesting book.

ESTHER MULLINS JACKSON
ALLAGASH, MAINE
REPORT FROM A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

The Allagash people were known for their hardiness, strength and willingness to help those in need. They suffered hardships but never gave up in despair. This story about “Aunt Esther”, (as we all called her) is only one of many that have been told about these early ancestors as they carved the way for the rest of us to enjoy “Allagash as We Knew It.” The title of the news article was, “Grand Old Lady of Allagash Recalls Early Pioneer Days.”

In the article published by the Saint John Valley Times in May 1951, Aunt Esther was celebrating her 97th birthday. She was born in Allagash in 1854. Her father was William Mullins, an immigrant from Ireland. When he was 14, he was kidnapped and taken as a slave to work on a cargo ship running from Ireland to Nova Scotia. He escaped from the ship in Halifax, Nova Scotia where a hotel manager hid him under a large fish barrel for eight days.

From Halifax, he went to Restigouche and on to Allagash with the Gardners and Diamonds. Later he married one of the Diamond girls and they had 12 children. Two boys and ten girls.

Aunt Esther married Aaron Jackson who died in 1928. They had three boys-Aaron, Ben and Ralph. She told a story about being home alone with a little boy when two bears “taller than any man” appeared in the clearing by the cabin. They upset several barrels of flour while looking for food. Being afraid they might come in the cabin,

Aunt Esther loaded a gun, fired and killed one of the bears. She wounded the other one but it wandered off into the woods.

Aunt Esther always wanted to help someone in need. Once she poled a canoe to Fort Kent, and back, up the Allagash River during a storm, to get medicine for her sister, Mrs. Ed Gardner, Sr. who lived on Bolton Point. (That is where the municipal cemetery is today.)

Aunt Esther told about the great ice jam of 1891. (Note: That is exactly 100 years before our big jam in 1991). She was living on the shore of the Saint John River, fifteen miles from the Allagash Plantation. The men were all in the woods when the jam started to let go. She ran to her home to get a few personal belongings. Fortunately she grabbed a fence just in time to avoid being swept down the river with her house as it was torn from its foundation by the swiftly flowing ice cakes.

Because of the high water, and ice, they had to live in the woods for one week with only the sky for a roof. As the waters receded, they picked their way toward the Settlement, which was five miles down the river.

When they had gone three miles, they came to the Big Rapids and, to their amazement; they saw the roof of their house on the shore where the ice had pushed it. They found that all of their dishes had floated to the roof of the house and had caught in the beams.

Settlers said they could hear cries of terrified animals making a plea for help as barns and sheds from the Castonguay Settlement, 30 miles up from the Allagash Plantation, were swept down the raging river.

When the Yankee officers came to Allagash on horseback to take the men to the Civil War, Aunt Esther recalled that men hid in the woods and no one could be found. The officers returned alone.

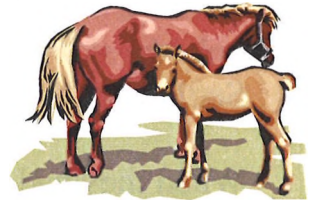
Aunt Esther operated a boarding house at the Head-of-the-Rapids for 40 years. She was well known for her generosity, giving to the poor and going to any extreme to help a sick person.

MY ALLAGASH MEMORIES
SARAH JACKSON
DAUGHTER OF PERCY AND DORIS McBREAIRTY JACKSON

Allagash always was and always will be home to me; this place called home has a special place in my heart.

Memories of carefree days are something that cannot be taken away no matter how many trials and tribulations we suffer in life.

I can remember my aunts putting on a show for my grandparents on the riverboat that was in the Saint John River up to the Head of the Big Rapids. I remember setting on my grandmother's (Melissa Jackson) lap. We had to wade out a little bit to get to the boat. I also remember my grandfather (Aaron Jackson) cutting hay across the river & he would put me on top of the wagon of hay & I'd ride across the river, across the flat, up the hill and into the barn. The horses' names were Rip and Doll.



There was a sawdust pile on the bank of the Saint John River not far from the house. I remember watching the men cut ice from the river and bury it in the sawdust so we had ice when we needed it.

One winter Owen and I stayed with papa and grammy at the Head of the Big Rapids. There was a black cast iron pot bellied stove in the living room. Every evening papa would set us in front of the stove and slice potatoes and salt pork real thin and cook them on the outside of the stove. The stove would be covered with potatoes and pork. When they were cooked nice and brown he's put them in a dish and load them with butter that would melt. We had buttery hands and faces but we went to bed happy and with a full tummy.

Grammy Jackson had a rocking chair in her window in the living room with a small square table with a nice white tablecloth on it and a radio on the table. She put my little rocking chair next to hers and we'd rock while she knit or crocheted. If I remember correctly, my little rocking chair was given to me by my Uncle Hughes McBreairty. He also sent me clothes from Japan while I was living with my grandparents Aaron and Melissa Jackson.

One outfit was a pair of pajamas and one was a red wool skirt with a nice white blouse.

While living with my grandparents (Jackson's) my Uncle Hughes would come to visit me when he was home on furlough from the service. One time he came and I went and hid behind the couch. Grammy said after he left, "You little scalawag, I

hope he doesn't think I put you up to that." It must have been the first time he came and I was not familiar with him. But, I still, to this day, remember that day.

When we lived on what is now known as the Frank Mack Road, in the house my grandfather McBreairty built, we would get in the canoe every Sunday and go up to the Head of the Big Rapids to our grandparents for the day. Even though I was afraid to ride in the canoe I couldn't wait to get there. After Dad got his car we would all pile in it and go up there in it. We'd stick our arms out the windows and grab tree branches along the road.

My grandfather, William McBreairty, was the most gentle person I know. I remember one morning setting at the breakfast table with my cousins, Clem and Doreen, eating oatmeal. I heard the back door open and turned to look. Papa was coming in the door. I turned to finish my breakfast and suddenly everything went black. Papa had bought us each a hat and he had pulled mine down over my head and face.

In the spring my cousin, Doreen McBreairty Baylock, and I couldn't wait to get outside on the grass to play file. We played for hours at a time. All the kids in the neighborhood got together and played baseball, Red Rover, Simon Says, etc.

Doreen and I decided one day that we'd cut a cord of pulp. We started in front of her house, next door to my house, but wound up in a fight. My brother, Warren, had come to help us. I took my share and went over in front of my house to finish. Warren stayed to help Doreen. We finished cutting our pulp and Guy Kelly bought it, if I remember right. She got her tooth taken care of and I gave my money to Mom to buy milk for the baby.

We had open fields and clean rivers to play in. We were not allowed to go to the river by ourselves. Sometimes in the summer Mom's sister, Jean, would come up and take us to the river swimming. One evening she came up to go fishing down over the bank from Papa's barn that was in back of our house. She said we could go with her. Owen, Warren, Clem, Doreen, myself and a few others went with her. When we got there and were going down over the bank she said "Now I want you all to be quiet." I thought I'd be a good little girl and stay out of her way. Half way down the bank was a huge rock. I decided I'd set there and prop my feet up on the rock. Jean had just cast out and the rock took off rolling down the hill and splashed into the water just a few feet from her. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. She pulled her line in and needless to say, her fishing was done. She made us all go home and she left. So much for being a good kid that evening.

There are so many more wonderful memories that I could go on indefinitely. A lot of people have already written about the wonderful smell of home baking in our homes and the homes of our grandparents. These are memories that we all have because that was our way of life. A life that can never be repeated; not even with our children and grandchildren because life has changed so much over the years. Only the children who grew up here together can relate to and understand the feelings, smells, and good ole days.

THE STAR-HERALD
HOULTON PIONEER TIMES
ARROOSTOOK REPUBLICAN

and these fine businesses present

Salute To Seniors

By Andrew Dyer
Staff Writer

The woods have played an integral role in Percy Jackson's 83 years, from his early days growing up in Allagash to his years in the logging industry to his frequent ATV rides with his beloved dog Foxy today.

Jackson was born on August 11, 1924 in St. Francis to Aaron and Melissa Thibodeau Jackson.

"I was brought up in Allagash. When I was just a little baby my parents moved from St. Francis to what they called the head of the rapids," said Jackson.

Fortunately for Jackson although he was brought up in a fairly remote location he had no lack of playmates. Jackson was the seventh son of eight boys, who were born in a row. Jackson's parents also had six daughters. One boy died before Jackson was born, giving him a total of 12 siblings to spend his formative years with.

"We just did our own thing. We were just out there in the boondocks. In the winter time the road was never plowed when I was a kid. We used to have to use horses and sleds. We had to make our own fun, whatever we could make up to play with. We made our own toys," said Jackson.



boat that was peaked at both ends with two men in it who were experts. They'd wait for us in case something happened, because we didn't have lifejackets then. That was their job and they were good at it," said Jackson.

At the age of 18 Jackson married Doris McBreairty of Allagash, who he'd met when he was out on the town.

After three months of wedded bliss Jackson was sent for military training in the Army Air Force, which was combined at the time.

During his armed service career Jackson was in the military police, field artillery and transportation and he saw action in France and Germany.

Jackson spent 1942-1945 dealing with the war and all of the traumatic experiences that came with it.

Up until the sixth grade when his school was closed Jackson walked a mile and a half down a path through the woods with his siblings to and from the log cabin school-house each day.

After the sixth grade he and his siblings were transported to a school in Dickey.

"It was a car full," said Jackson.

As a teenager Jackson joined the family logging business, cutting trees and running them down river in the spring.

"My father was a lumberjack and every fall he'd get a contract to cut so much lumber. So we'd move the family into the woods every winter. My father would hire 10 or 12 men and my mother was the cook," said Jackson.

During the spring log runs Jackson would run along the riverbank with the other men to fix jams.

"It was dangerous, but I was young and full of pep. I didn't have the cork shoes designed to stick to the logs, but there was a

"War is war," said Jackson.

Each year he would receive a 15-day furlough to visit his family, each visit resulting in the birth of another child.

Altogether Jackson and his wife had 14 children: Sarah, Gloria, Deborah, Delores, Eileen, Kim, Alma, Helston and Thurston, twins, Dana, Warren, deceased, Owen deceased, Theora and Geneva, who are both now deceased.

Today Jackson keeps busy by gardening and quilting. He also likes to pick fiddleheads in the springtime, which his daughter Alma sells for him.

"I have a four-wheeler and I do a lot of riding," said Jackson. Jackson doesn't have to ride alone as his little dog Foxy rides with him in the box on back, and is always excited to get out on the trails.

Often when Jackson goes out to his ATV Foxy beats him to it and is already sitting on the drivers seat ready to get going.

RANDI JANDREAU
FORT KENT, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF LEE AND FAYE O'LEARY HAFFORD

ALLAGASH AS I REMEMBER IT

I was nearly six years old when we moved away from Allagash and I have few memories from living there but most of my memories come from weekends we spent going back to visit.

I do remember thinking we lived in a big house but it must have been because I was little at the time. When I was older and went back to visit Judy and Curtis Hafford, the people who bought our house eventually, I remember being shocked at how small it was. The tiny stairway leading up to the bedrooms painted white with black rough step covers in the middle of the step was so much smaller than I had remembered. The cast iron kitchen sink with a hand pump at one end was so high to me when we lived there. I can see myself trying to look over the edge of the sink as a teenager; it was below my waist. I remember thinking how it must have hurt my mother's back to do dishes at that sink when we lived there. There was a square framed hole in the wall between the living room and kitchen to help heat the little house and I remember sitting there as a child, up against the side of it with my legs pulled up to my body so my feet could rest on the bottom frame.



Belle and Lull Pelletier lived next door while we lived in Allagash and they owned a store just up the road next to the Allagash River. There are many memories of going next door and playing with Puss, Mary, and Boze. Boze had a train set that Mike and I loved to watch go round and round on the tracks. The knoll behind the house was a great place to play. There were many trails to run around on playing Cowboy and Indians. We used to slide there in the winter, too, on toboggans, cardboard, and flying saucers. The older kids in the neighborhood watched over us as we slid up and down that hill.

In the summer after Uncle Cal and Aunt Ruth O'Leary bought Lull's house we played on the front lawn with Dale, Greg, and Beatrice. One game I think about every now and then was jackknife. It involved a heavy jackknife and we would all take turns of holding the sharp tip of the knife on different parts of our body and flip it so it would stick into the ground. From the top of our heads, nose, chin, shoulder, elbow, thumb and on and on we would play it for hours. One step was to lay it in

your hand with the blade toward you and then flip it into the air so the blade would come down and stick in the ground. Another was sticking the blade in the ground and then you would slap it with your hand and the knife would flip over and over until the blade would catch in the ground and stop. I think of it today and I cannot believe our parents allowed us to play this game. I don't remember anyone ever getting hurt or cut with the knife but someone must have at some time.

On weekends when we went back to visit, Mike and I would stay at Uncle Cal's with their kids. One of my favorite memories was cooking sliced potatoes on top of the wood stove with lots of butter. Dale, being the oldest, was the cook and those potatoes were delicious. I have tried them since in a cast iron frying pan, or on a griddle, but they have never been as good again as they were on a wood stove.

At some time, Aunt Ruth and Mum started giving us cod liver oil. They were oil encased in a soft rubbery casing. They were okay unless you accidentally punctured the casing. Ooooh, I still remember that taste. They also gave us sweet and sour pills that were white and pink-speckled that came in a small brown envelope like a miniature manila envelope. I'm not sure why we took these pills but I remember it happening for a long time.

Beatrice and I used to go and swim in the river alone after we got to be ten years old, or so. It wasn't dead water under the bridge. There was a pretty swift current. There were a couple big rocks spaced apart and we would swim from shore to one rock, rest awhile and then swim to the next rock and then continue to the opposite shore by Tom Pelletier's flat. We had a lot of fun in that little town and for the most part felt very safe from any kind of harm. I do remember being frightened though on my most dreaded holiday of the year...Halloween. Something must have frightened me at a very young age. I don't remember what but as a child living in Allagash, I remember always being afraid on Halloween and I would run up that tiny staircase every time someone knocked on the door and yelled "Trick or Treat". I never enjoyed the holiday and still don't to this day. It is my niece's favorite holiday and I am happy she loves it so much. I guess I didn't influence her in the fear of it growing up. I'm glad about that, too.

Memories of running free without a care in the world for us, or our parents, makes me believe it must have been very peaceful there. Parents today have to worry so much about what can happen to their children. It is terrible. Allagash still holds a lot of that peacefulness today but some of it is disappearing there, too.

We have all moved on in our lives now but when we do get together for reunions, weddings and funerals, we always begin with 'remember when' and the memories come alive again if only for a few hours. It is nice to run into our friends every now

and then and remember what life used to be like in Allagash when we were growing up. We walked everywhere and we knew everyone and we were not afraid anywhere in the entire town. It was great and every now and then I think wouldn't it be nice for life to return to the safe, happy life I remember from my childhood. It has been fun writing this and I could go on for pages and I am sure others feel the same about their stories...but as in the cliché, "all good things must come to an end"...so be it!

EDITH KELLEY
ALLAGASH, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF TOM AND EUNICE McBREAIRTY

RANCIE'S STORY

Often family men would go to the head of the river to work for the winter. Their first return trip home would be with the log drive. Mr. Nizaire Pelletier left a young wife at home the first year he went to the head of the river to work. When he arrived back home, as a driver of logs in the spring, he rushed to greet his wife, only to find that she had died in childbirth and had been buried exactly a month before his return.

In the early history of Allagash, log drivers that were drowned on a log drive would be buried in a flour or pork barrel. A marker would be left at the gravesite.



In a tape recording I did with my brother, Ransford McBreairty, he relates an experience he had when a young man on a drive on the Allagash River. "Chase Carry is a terrible place. It seems all down hill. Holy Curse, it was strong water! There was an island, you see, and some logs came down in behind and jammed. Another feller and I went to take a cedar off when the jam left. The other feller jumped on a rock. There was only room for one feller on the rock. I had a peavey and picked into one log while standing on another one. When going down behind that island, it was quite a ways down by that island, Harley Kelly tried every way to get me to jump off the log and come ashore. There was a sweeper.... He thought I could get to shore on the sweeper. I stayed on the log though, till I came out from behind the island – then, Holy, she was a sad looking scrape when I came out from behind that. Where some of the logs struck the bank when coming around the island there was a big white birch. They uprooted it and some logs rolled right over the top of that. The top of the tree stuck out into the water and the two logs I

was on ran right into that and stopped me. The log I had the peavey picked into pulled out and the pick of my peavey let go, and I went right on my back into the cold water. No one with a bateau would go down through. I was pulled under and I would give a push up for air, all the time conscious of the logs. After a while I got hold of a log. It was hard to hold onto a log – all a man could do to hold on. You see, when it went over a large swell it was bound to throw me over it and if the other way it would pull me right under. I hit an eddy and there I lost the log and made the shore. I had a heavy red coat, but that was the last I seen of it. What made it so bad – we went up on a drive and all the lumber was into Churchill Lake. Mostly all cedar. In the fall of the year they sluiced it into a brook and it laid there all winter. Say, when they heisted the gates that morning that

lumber didn't go anywhere. There was a real mountain of lumber there. It was a discouraging sight.

Drivers that witnessed the experience felt sure that they would not find him alive.

(Kelley, Edith, Early Settlement of Allagash, Allagash, Maine: 2004)
(Used with permission of Edith Kelley.)

MANDA JACKSON KELLY
FORT KENT, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF CLAYTON AND MARY O'LEARY JACKSON



Allagash is my home. I grew up there and lived there most of my life. It is where I feel like myself, like I belong. My family not only lives there, but I grew up there also. My husband and best friends did too. Some of the greatest people I have ever known came from Allagash. I do not live there now, but I go home every week. It is still my home no matter where I live. I plan to move back someday. Allagash is not a town with a large population, even though it has a great deal of land. However, it has so much heart. It is a beautiful place. I think the beauty of the town is the small population. More people would reside there if there were more job opportunities. Unfortunately, there are no possibilities and people have to move away.

I have so many wonderful memories of home. The first thing I think of is family and friends. There is no possible way to recollect all of the memories. There have been sad times, but so many more happy times. The friends

that I grew up with are just like my family. They are such a big part of who I am. I could not have asked for better friends in the world. That is what makes Allagash so unique. The town is in your blood. The people of Allagash are strong and resilient. They have survived through it all. They are also there for anyone in need, being very generous in trying times. Everyone knows everyone; it's a small town. It was a wonderful place to grow up. I am very thankful that I lived there. I am also thankful that I went to grammar school there. I learned a great deal. There were some really good teachers. There are less children around today and there is not much for them to do. It makes me sad to think of the future of our town. It seems like Allagash is becoming smaller and smaller all the time.

Anyone who grew up in Allagash will tell you that it is home for them no matter where they live. You feel such a connection with the place. Sometimes you can absolutely hate the place, but you just cannot part with it. I have heard many times people make fun of Allagash and its people, but I could not be prouder of where I came from. I hope the town lives forever. I hope to see my children experience the magic it holds, too. The land itself is magical. I've spent so much time on the river and camping. It is so much fun. However, the great thing about the town isn't just the land; it is the spirit. No explanation can be given. Allagash is in my soul. It has made me the person I am today. No matter where I am, it is a part of me. It is one tie that will not be broken. I will love Allagash until I die.

WADE KELLY
ALLAGASH, MAINE
SON OF TYLER AND LEITHA JANDREAU KELLY

Thoughts and memories of Wade Kelly on a hunting expedition in the Allagash – written and composed by Carie O'Leary as told to her by the author. These are his thoughts, words, and memories of his hometown, Allagash, Maine, and the significance of "Leaving something behind."



THE BLIZZARD

I'm not sure how I got here; I guess that I don't know
I went hunting white tail deer in the late November snow.
I came upon a cart path where wagon wheels once tread
I could almost hear and see them but can't remember what they said.
I felt just like a traveler lost in another time
Perhaps even another world I thought I'd lost my mind.
The path disappeared to nothing just a cedar swamp so tall
I wondered 'bout my existence and the reason for it all.

I felt a part of history on that old tote road
I could see the horses struggle to carry their heavy load.
Then I looked and I saw a wagon wheel in a tree
And I could see their shadows and wondered if they could see me.
And I began to wonder but it didn't make much sense
And I found it hard just breathing with feelings so intense,
Because within my lifetime I thought I'd never find
The struggle for existence in another place in time.
Then the sky turned milky white – a blizzard fierce and wild.
I sat down under a tree and recalled back as a child
When I used to turn my sled over and burrow just below,
I was a great survivor in the blinding ice and snow.
I watched the trail before me suddenly disappear,
But all I saw was beauty my heart it held no fear.
It had erased my memory as if I too were never there
And just like that old cart path I too would disappear.
For nature's an eraser bits and pieces that it leaves
Just like that old wagon wheel half hidden in the trees.
It's left for those who find it who ever takes the time
To wonder thru the forest with a blizzard as a blind.
To walk among our ancestors with their blood in our veins
To see and hear and touch them and to wonder if we're sane.
So if you're ever in the forest look for things to touch and feel,
Look for signs that they were living that's how you'll know their real.
And so I captured the blizzard for others to feel and see
But all they saw was blizzard for they were not like me.
Perhaps 100 years from now on that very road
Another weary traveler will set down his heavy load
And he too will read the tell-tale signs of those who've gone before
And he'll wonder just like I did, and its beauty he'd adore,
And then they'll come a blizzard so fierce and wild and free,
It will erase that he was here and he'll be just like me.
So if you're ever in the forest keeping thoughts of that in mind
Leave something of importance, something that they can find,
Something that says that you were here, you're part of history,
Something that they can touch and feel before you're a memory
And you'll walk among the shadows and they'll wonder why you're here.
And then they'll be a blizzard and you'll just disappear.

BERNARD McBREAIRTY
CHEYENE, WYOMING
SON OF LLOYD AND LILLIAN McBREAIRTY McBREAIRTY

THE ALLAGASH AS I KNEW IT

The houses were all within a mile of each other. There was Charlie Jackson's house at the Head of The Field. That's what we called that area just North West of Uncle Jessie McBreairty's place. Then came Uncle Romeo's house, (where you either stayed inside or you stayed outside. Uncle Romeo did not put up with the slamming of the door from kids) a stone's throw from Jessie's place. Then came Papa and Grammie Mac's home. This house was where everyone came all day long to say hi or just to visit for no reason at all. The next house down the road was Uncle Donald's. His house sat on a hill just before the brook crossed the road. Down the road, just past the landing, (Which was where Uncle Norman hauled, peeled and cut logs and/or pulp wood) was Uncle Percy Jackson's house. Then came our house, Lloyd and Lillian McBreairty's. This was life as I knew it and the world revolved around these families as if they were the only one's living.

At papa and Grammie's home, we ate home made bread, cookies and hauled water from the water barrel across the road. We worked in the garden, collected eggs from the hen house and were generally a pain in the neck to all the grown ups. These were the days when you were seen and not heard. I remember papa would twist our ears and make us walk on tip toe into the house when we had done something wrong. (He had told Mom that her kids were the worst kids he had ever seen). Papa would make us get a switch, as other parents did back home, and bring it to him so he could give us the dreaded switching of our lives. I remember being put on my knees in the corner. Papa would make us stay off of our heels and if we rested back, "SWITCH" across the feet. It was always best to mess up late in the day, because you stayed there ALL DAY LONG in the corner!!



I remember how Grammie was always knitting socks, long johns or mittens for all of us. Seemed like she was either knitting, cooking, feeding everyone, gardening, or way down in the field below the house calling for the "Old Milk Cow". The sound and smell of wet mittens, socks on the register in the center of the room was something I always remembered. No matter how wet, or how much snow was on your clothes, they could be dried in no time. Boots all lined up at the end of the day, ready for the next morning. I also remember how Grammie used to listen to other people's phone calls. There were certain rings for certain people, and with it being a party line, it was easy to eavesdrop on one another. There were no

secrets between those who had a phone. Grammie's ring was something like, two long rings and three short, or something similar to that. A lot of folks came to this house just to use the phone, only one of a few that existed back then in the Allagash.

The old fishing hole was almost straight back behind papa's. We all fished in the same area, along that part of The Saint John River. Sinclair Island was between there and the Old Saw Mill, just North of Lenny Kelly's place. The water ran swiftly on the other side of the island and we were not allowed to go over there for any reason. Of course we went to see what all the fuss was about, never did figure it out, looked the same to us! The old fishing hole was where I caught my first Large Fish!! A trout, 10 inches long. I don't remember exactly how old I was, but I remember running and screaming all the way back to the house with that fish still on the line and pole in my hand. Mine was the biggest one caught that day.

We ran up and down the road in our bare feet. Dirt and rocks never seemed to matter. Our feet was like leather back then. We wore shoes to church on Easter Sunday and to school during the winter. We just didn't wear them in the summer; we had shoes, just didn't wear 'em. The little hill that was just adjacent to Percy's house was the place we used to roll down inside of truck tires. We would get inside, with help from who ever was with us. (Usually me, cookie, Owen and Warren) We would roll down the hill towards the landing and sometimes go past the road (on the right) that led to papa Bill's house. Papa Bill (William) was my dad's father, and they had their home on the river bank almost straight behind our house and Percy Jackson's. In the winter, we used to slide down that hill toward the landing on the best sled ever, The Speedaway!! We played Red Rover and Tag and seemed to be happy as could be with what we had.

Our house, as I recall was small, but seemed big when you're a kid. It had two rooms on the first floor. When you came in, you were in the living room, a stairway went up to the second floor to the left of the room. Upstairs we all slept in the same area. By that I mean, there was no walls. The entire upstairs was open. We slept two or more to a bed, a couple at the head and a couple at the foot. On cold winter days, the nails through the roof would have frost on them and this made us hunker down under the heavy home made blankets, waiting on who ever was supposed to get up and make a fire in the old cook stove. Reminds me of the time Cookie and Owen were sent by Uncle Percy to make a fire in the furnace. They were having a hard time getting the fire started. They had all the ingredients, dry wood, hard wood, and fuel (Kerosene) to get it going. It just wouldn't catch. So.....A Mason Jar of the fuel was thrown into the cinders and burning embers. KABOOM!!!!!! They had fire!!! However, the register upstairs in the living room blew out of the floor from the initial blast!! Funny now, but not then. Seems to me they never got to make a fire

again! Anyhow, the other room in our house consisted of kitchen and, as Mom called it, a Dingle, for food storage.

A large table on the left side of the kitchen was where we had those wonderful meals that Mom would make. We were all considered poor by today's standards but those breakfasts of oat meal, pancakes, eggs etc; were the best. I remember bread and molasses when things got thin, and Mom would make pancakes, butter them and she would roll them in wax paper and we would take them to school for lunch. A mason jar of powdered milk would sometime accompany the pancakes if it could be spared. Seems to me it was Mr. Henderson who drove the bus and picked us up. He would go by our place and turn around at Uncle Jessie's/Uncle Romeo's and stop for us on the way back. We would be waiting across the road from our house where Uncle Elmer bulldozed a parking place for Dad's truck.

I recall when we got electricity. Seemed to me, that it was Dad, and a handful of men from back home who dug the holes for the poles. They had to use a little explosive to get a hole across from Uncle Percy's house because of the ledge along that side of the road. In the field between our house and Uncle Richard's, the electric wiring was left on large spools. It was to be used for the rest of the way up to Charlie Jackson's. Cookie, Me, Owen and Warren Jackson decided to unroll all of this wire through out the field, which we did! As Bill Cosby once said....The beating will now begin!! I'm sure the beatings were sufficient for the crime, but we survived that one, too. Reminds me of when Mom used to tie Cookie and me to the stair rail in the house when she went down to Uncle Richards or to visit Aunt Doris next door. Were we really as bad as papa said??

One day Dad and Uncle Percy came out of their houses and looked to the sky. There was a sound familiar to them but not so much to us. I recall Dad and Percy wondering if it was the Japanese coming through Canada to attack the U. S. again. It was obvious that they were both very concerned, and maybe a bit scared, too. There were four or five planes flying in from up toward Papa's and heading down toward Guy Kelly's. We all ran with Dad and Percy, families in tow toward that direction. It appeared that they were landing. As it turned out, they did land. They had seen Uncle Elmer's landing strip and plane in the field next to Guy's. Once they had landed, it was determined that they were not Japanese, but had been dusting the woods in Canada, and had lost their direction home. They were running out of fuel and just happened to come out where they did. It all ended safely and once they re-fueled (with help from everyone), they were off, back home to Canada. Other than my other thoughts and comments to Faye, this is the Allagash as I knew it.....Sometimes I wish I had never left. It's always great to go home and remember.

HORSESHOE GAME

Janie, the girls and I had come home for the Centennial. We were at the school, along with everyone else, waiting on the moose meat to be cooked and served up. We had met many of the relatives and, while just hanging around, I ran into Dickey Williams. I had met and known him from New Milford, CN years before. As we talked about old times and things past, we decided to pitch some horseshoes. The pit was adjacent to the house across the road from Lull's. Dickey mentioned that a tournament was to take place up home next to where Aunt Mary's house was. There were a couple of brothers (I think they were brothers) who owned a canoe sales and also sold other items for travel on the river and camping equipment. There were a couple of shoe pits set up and so Dickey and I entered the contest. We pitched shoes most of the day and were in serious contention to win the trophy! We had beaten everyone who dared to challenge us. At last we were in first place with one match to go. Along came two moosetowners. They were our last competition. The trophy was ours, BECAUSE they were both as drunk as could be. It was hard for us to hold back our joy at their presence. In a matter of what seemed like just a couple of throws from the moosetowners. WE WERE BEATEN!!! We had LOST!!

No trophy, no good game comments. Everything was over, done, finished, complete. Our trophy departed with the two drunk guys. Serious disappointment!! I don't think I saw Dickey again after that, but I did see the trophy at somebody's house that evening. It was on the fridge, and I almost took it, but my wife said to let it go. So.....that's all I have to say about that!! Just one more wonderful memory from back home.

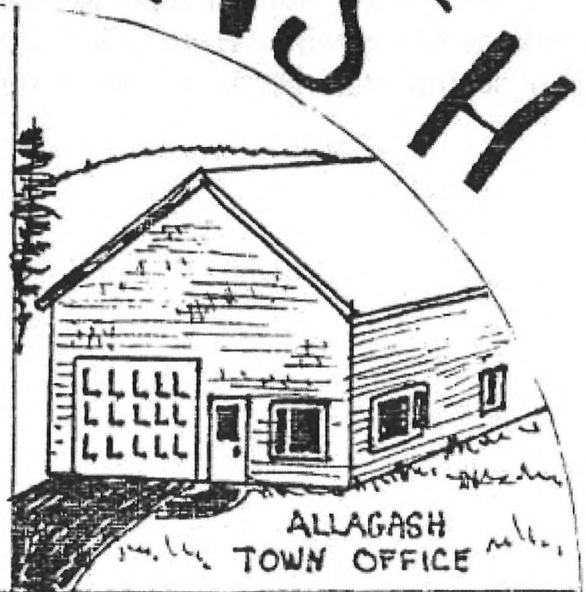
ANOTHER STORY

I was looking at an email my sister (Darlene) sent to me and it reminded me of one I got from my brother, Jeffery. Jeff had told me of some emails between you and him about life back home in Dickey and the Allagash.

He said you would like to know why we love going back after all these years! I try to go back every three or four years and it depends on the finances as well, but the real reason is.....I can smell my childhood!!! Remember the smell of dust when a truckload of pulp went by, the smell of strawberries that we were required to pick each summer. The smell of that old fishing hole down behind Papa's house on the Saint John River. How the barn and chicken house smelled, even when we didn't think anyone knew we were in there. The hay in the loft as we played hide and seek. The smell of smoke and oil from chainsaws as they roared aloud while the uncle's and fathers were hard at work, making at least a dollar a day from Uncle Willie Walker. Of course, there was always the kitchens, while Grammie or Mom were

cooking. So many memories come back each time and no matter how long I stay away I can still see myself as a child living up there and loving it. They say.....You can always go home, but you can never go back! I go back each time I'm there, I can't seem to, and don't want to, get those memories out of my head. I will always be a Moosetowner, Stump-jumper or whatever label is put on me, because it's HOME, no matter what. Have a nice day, and I hope this hasn't been too boring for you, or sentimental! Ha, I can smell it now, I'm a kid again!

ALLAGASH



CENTENNIAL

1886 to 1986

JULY 3, 1986 EVENTS

- 9:A.M. Opening Ceremonies: National Anthem sung by Dina Doody
- 9:30A.M. Guest Speaker—Rep. John Martin
- 10.00A.M. Ronald McDonald
- 1:00P.M. Charlemange Tournament
- 1:00.P.M. Movie, "From Stump to Ship"
- 2:00 P.M Meal at Aroostook Bible camp , from 2-6PM
- 2:30 P.M. MOVIE: "From Stump to Ship"
- 4:00 P.M. MOVIE: "From Stump to Ship"

ALL DAY EVENTS: Craft Bazaar at Allagash School. From 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

ALL WEEK EVENTS: Special Speakers at Allagash Pentecostal Church

JULY 4, 1986 EVENTS

Friday

- 10;00 A.M. Parade starts.
- 11:00 A.M. Meal will be served at Allagash School.
- 1:00 P.M. Canoe Race from Twin Brooks to Allagash Bridge.
- 2:30 P.M. Log Rolling Contest
- 4:30P.M. Greased Pole Contest
- 9:00 P.M. Entertainment by the DYNAMICS

ALL DAY EVENTS Craft Bazaar at Allagash School

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SATURDAY

- 10:00a.m. Road race begins
- 12:00 Noon--- Historical Society meal begins
- 4:30P.M. to 7:30 P.M. Melford J. Pelletier Memorial at Allagash School
- 6:30 P.M. Softball Tournament Playoff
- 8:30 P.M. Presentation of Trophies
- 9:00P.M. Entertainment by Local Talent

END OF CELEBRATION/??

HELEN McBREAIRTY
GLENDALE, ARIZONA
DAUGHTER OF GUY AND TRESSA HUGHES KELLY
1965

“NATURE’S WONDERLAND”

As a poet once said, “So I want to be residing...Where it never will be strange...To observe the moods of weather...with the seasons always change...”

Come along now with me to a very small country town on the northern edge of “Maine”. A town called “Allagash” where we shall observe the beauty and splendor of the changing of the seasons.

As we begin our walk, we hear the echo of the wild geese call as they welcome, “Fall”. We watch as Mother Nature drifts from tree to tree, painting the leaves. Some firey red, others bright yellow and still others sun-burst orange, dressing them in her finest autumn colors. Now we hear the rustle of the rainbow leaves as they fall from the swaying branches, covering the forest floor with a soft carpet. Listen! The cold north wind is whispering through the TREES. Our warning that “Old Man Winter” is just around the corner.

We start making preparations for Jack Frost but it seems, before we know it, the snow flakes are slowly starting to drift down through the cool, crisp air and softly falling all around us. In no time it seems to cover the whole valley with billows of shimmering white satin. Our winter is a succession of these storms leaving glowing robes of snow all about us.

The cool, crisp winter night is suddenly bathed in moonlight, as the golden moon appears over the snow-peaked mountains. The reflection of the moon on the crusted snow looks like millions of diamonds sparkling in the bright sunlight. Yes, it is indeed one of the many beauties of nature; one which we are always glad to bid adieu for a warmer scene.

The sky is now coming alive with bright sunlight and happy singing of the birds as they return from the Deep South. They perch on our window sills announcing that spring is arriving at long last.

The forest animals are peeking out of their various winter abodes. The spring showers are erasing the last traces of snow from the hillsides, opening the first buds of spring and bringing to our gardens, beautiful flowers.

Throw back your head and breathe that fresh, country air which only spring showers can bring. Everything smells so green and growing as the earth opens up its eyes to summer. The full bloom of summer is all around us. The smell of the wild raspberries, blueberries and strawberries. The threshing and counting of the hazelnuts are all part of the school vacation sounds. Sounds like the crack of the bat and the ball as the games get under way. The rhythm of the ping pong paddles and balls and the cling-clang of the good old horseshoe game

Ah, yes, the long lazy “Summer Daze”. Now it is time for that afternoon swim at the “float”, in the refreshing, but sometimes swift, waters of the Saint John River-waters which are cruised yearly by various Boy Scout troops. Also, for the sports-minded, you can fish the same water for delicious trout in the early evenings, always keeping in mind the we must fight off the mosquitoes. Can’t think of a better way to end a very nice summer day, than a hot dog roast on the shore, everyone gathering around the fire, roasting hotdogs and singing old songs. Wondering about the singing in the distance? That is the young people gathered around the camp fire at the “Aroostook Bible Camp” singing choruses as they end a full day of fun and Christian fellowship.

The evenings are, once again, starting to feel like fall. Come now, hurry! Let us take the quiet walk where an occasional animal may scurry across our path. As we walk in the path of the sunset, we can feel the beauty and serenity of nature wash over us, taking away all of our cares and worries, at least for the moment. We can feel the presence of the Creator very near as we reach out and touch his handiwork Yes, we lift up our hearts in gratitude for places like this where burdens seem to slip away and we seem to be walking hand-in-hand with the Creator. A place of peace, of beauty, and a very special place to many of us in this “so-called wilderness” known as ALLAGASH.

NOTE: Did you notice this was written 42 years ago? Helen was in Arizona with Thomas while he was in the Air Force. She said, “I was so lonesome, I was sick.” It seems to have been written for this project. Thank you, Helen. for sharing a very personal part of your life with us.

HOPE McBREAIRTY
ALLAGASH, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF ELBRIDGE AND MAGGIE McBREAIRTY McBREAIRTY

CHILDHOOD DAYS

The river was, and is, such a part of Allagash. Living on the north side of the Saint John River, we were always going across the river. When the ferryboat was in the

river for crossing, the ferryman ended his day at 9pm. I recall coming to the ferry with my Father, Elbridge. Why I was on the south side, I don't remember. Dad and I came down to the shore. The water was too high for the ferryboat to be in the river, so we crossed by bateau. Charlie McBreairty was one ferryman. He and Dad loaded in hay and oats as much as was safe. Dad told me where to sit. Charlie handed Dad an ax and said; "Now Elbridge, you be ready to cut the rope and let us go when I tell you."



The river had logs and floating cakes of ice running in it. The logs would be some that came down in high water – not from a river drive. Everything was okay, and we had a safe landing. Often times when the ice filled in and a road went across it, in the spring, you had to walk on logs where the ice was poor.

Our mail came across the river to Uncle Joe Kelly's, so you'd go across the river, go up to Aunt Anne's on the porch and there was a cupboard where the mail was put for everyone that lives above Aunt Anne's and everyone on this side of the river. So you really knew who was getting a letter from whom.

We crossed the river to go to church. The river was also used to baptize people.

Waiting for the ferryboat, people got to visit with their neighbors. We'd skip rocks and try to out-do one another on how far one rock skipped.

When Grammy Eunice McBreairty had the sheep sheared, she'd gather all us kids together down at the mouth of the Little Black River to help wash the fleece. This was always a fun day.

We were not to go to the river without an older person with us. One day Phoebe McBreairty and I went down to the river. There was a raft brought in to shore and left. We went playing on the raft. Phoebe's leg slipped in between the logs. We worked and worked to try to get her leg out. We weren't to be at the river. Phoebe's leg began to swell. What to do? Don't go for help. We would be in big trouble. I walked down the shore and found a stick long enough and strong enough for a good pry. Phoebe got out.

In the spring, when the drive of logs went down the river, a Wagan Boat would tie up at the mouth of the Little Black River.

I remember putting my name and address in a bottle and letting it go. Sometime later, I don't recall what town the letter came from, but along the Saint John River, a driver picked up my bottle and replied.

God really blessed the people here in Allagash. Our people worked in dangerous conditions.

When going to high school, we had to cross the river. We met Lull Pelletier's bus at 5 A.M. on top of the Ferry Hill. In time, I went to live with my Aunt Edith and Uncle Arthur in Fort Kent. I came up on weekends on Lull's bus. One Friday night, the bus driver, Lewis Pelletier, said on the way up, "The ice has run and jammed in the Saint John River." He said he heard folks were crossing on the jam. That sometimes happened. I got out on the Ferry Hill and decided I'd go back to Uncle Willie and Aunt Mary's. After getting there, no one was home. I thought, "Well, I can cross on that jam." I put on Uncle Willie's overshoes and found a flashlight and headed for the river. I was coming right along, and I heard someone whooping "Go back. Go back." I saw a lantern swinging in Mina's hand. Add and Mina McBreairty lived right across from the ferry. I kept on and came to quite an incline where I could look over to the other side. There went the river flowing by. I went back to Aunt Mary's, and in the morning at the breakfast table, my Uncle Robbie says, "You know I almost thought I'd get home last night. I followed a man's track quite a ways on the jam." I said, "That was me."

In the year 1991, the ice jam destroyed my home.

I love the river and have spent many a day fishing and picking fiddleheads along its banks. The river just keeps flowing. The river brought our forefathers here, flowed on to the next generation, to the next and the next-always touching lives. It's like breathing. Without it life would not be the same.

I remember being a cookee for my mother one winter. My job was to carry water and wash dishes. When the dishes got done, they were put back on the table, the plate turned upside down with a dipper beside it. Forks and knives stood in a can on the table. Part of my job as a Cookee was to wash the men's lunch boxes. This was a wooden box they would tie up with a leather string. A rope went through the box so the men could put it on their back. I didn't like being a Cookee. I don't recall that I did this job very long.

One winter I stayed with my grandparents Eunice and Thomas McBreairty Sr. at camp. My Aunt Belva was there. I'd help her in the men's camp and see that the wood fires were kept going. Sometimes Grammy would send me to get molasses in

the dingle. You took a wooden plug out of the barrel, got your container full and put the plug back. The molasses ran mighty slow in the cold.

One day Grampy was coming out to the settlement. I wanted to go home. Gram and Gramp talked about how cold it was, but decided I could come. Gram heated pieces of tamarack in the oven, wrapped them and put them around me down in the spreads. I remember icicles on the horses and the vapor from their nostrils and, when we hit the open field in the settlement, how strong the wind blew. Among the trees, we hadn't felt the bitter cold.

In later years, we enjoyed staying at Irving's camps at the Boat Landing on the Little Black River when we went fishing.

Before the Saint John River Bridge was here, the road went up the bank by Aunt Eva's house and Grammy's, then on up to the Little Black. Our house was at one time where my Grandson Jeremy's is today. So leaving Gram's and going to our house, you walked along an old road by the cow pasture that had a wire fence. One early morning while the dew was still heavy, I walked with my father along the road, and every square was filled in that fence with a cobweb – so beautiful – each square a different design.

Our school was near the Little Black River. I remember going along the bank of the river and seeing swallows going in and out of the holes along the bank. I don't recall that any one of us thought of what would happen to the swallows. We must have thought they'd die, because we'd pack the hole with sand, have someone pick flowers and put in front of the hole.

In the spring, we'd walk home on the crust. We'd put a hole down through the crust, stick a sap fly down the hole, cover it with snow and then take from the lunchbox the cocoa bottle, pour cocoa on top and then have a prayer and on we'd go.

I remember how we'd play in the field after the hay was cut. We'd play hide and seek amongst the haystacks. We loved to get in the barn and jump on the hay. We had to hide up on the high mow.

Phoebe reminded me, the other day, of us going to Grampy's barn to play. We'd go up over the bay wall, cross to the mow and jump in the hay. There was a pile of lumber on one mow and along side of it was a canoe without any canvas on it. We decided that looked pretty good to put across the lumber and teeter on. We each got on our end, and crack! The canoe broke in two. We carefully put it down and placed it back together. It fit very well. Later I heard Grampy talking about his canoe

getting broke. Phoebe has decided that enough years have gone by for us to tell this story.

There was a day we went to play in the barn that Leola McBreairty was with us. Leola was climbing up the hay, and her leg got caught on a nail as she was drawing her leg up. We couldn't get her loose. We had to go get Grammy. On the hill beyond the pasture, Charlie McBreairty and Jasper Kelly were cutting wood. This had to be before chainsaws because Grammy whooped, and when the men came down, Charlie took a chisel and cut the wood out of the bay wall. Wood, nail, and Leola went to the doctor. This bay was about 3 to 4 feet high. I guess they put grain in it.

One winter Grampy was hauling wood down the mountain with horses and sled. He'd let all us kids put our hand sleds on his sled and take the sleds up the mountain. What fun we had.

When Grampy would go to town, he always wore dress pants and, in the wintertime, an overcoat. I'd watch for him to come from town, and he'd always say, "Try this pocket." I'd find nuts. The other pocket had peppermints.

My father and mother had gone to the woods for the winter. One nice bright day, I said to Phoebe, "Let's go to Daddy's camp." We had gone through a rainstorm and now the bushes were all ice. We headed up the Little Black. Maynard McBreairty and Guy Kelly, Jr. walked along with us awhile. They would climb trees and pick spruce gum. They left us and we walked on. We'd eat the ice off the bushes, sparkling in the sunlight. Phoebe says that we got to a fork in the road, and I was sure I knew the way. We took the wrong road. After awhile we turned back and took the other road. When we got to the camp, Daddy had a lantern sitting on a block of wood. I don't remember, but it must have been with horse and sled that Daddy brought us back to the settlement with. I was staying with Grammy to go to school. After Christmas school closed until spring when families came out from the lumber camps for the summer.

In looking back, this is a wonderful place. Perfect? No. We had great parents and grandparents. They taught us to set our sights on things above, not on things of this earth.

JEFFERY McBREAIRTY
NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT
SON OF LLOYD AND LILLIAN McBREAIRTY McBREAIRTY

Hi Faye,

When I was a young boy of about 7 years old in Allagash, and it was our first year in what we called the new school house where the town hall and library are located today, I was waiting anxiously for my father (Lloyd McBreairty) and my uncle (Roy McBreairty) to come because they were going in the woods down toward Saint Francis where you take the road to Pelletier Lakes to retrieve some lumber equipment.

My teacher, Gladys Gardner was aware of the events of the day and my bother (Bernard McBreairty) and I were going with them.

When they arrived, we all got into the truck and off we went. I didn't know where their lumber-cutting location was but I was happy just to be with them. After a short period of time, we were where they had to leave the truck and go into the woods by foot and they told us both to stay in the truck until they returned.

Being young, after what seemed like a long time, we became restless and off we went into the woods after them and all we had to follow was the trail they were leaving in the snow. We looked and looked for them but we couldn't find them and we called out to them but they didn't answer.

As we walked along the trail, we came to some equipment that they had used and left in that spot to be picked up on the way back out of the woods.

Among this equipment was our grandfather Frank McBreairty's old rifle. We got to playing around with it and I found some bullets in the packs that they had left there and loaded the rifle up and we were going to shoot at birds if we saw any.



After a while, there was a blue jay came and landed on a tree branch not far away. As I started to load a bullet into the rifle chamber, it got jammed and no matter what we tried, we could not get it freed up or get the bullet out and then I got scared. I knew that if we couldn't get it out and our dad or Uncle Roy saw it, they would know what had happened and we would get a good beating. No matter how hard we tried, we couldn't get it out and the first thing you know, they were coming and we could see them and I said, "Boy we are in for it now."

Uncle Roy noticed it right away and he removed the bullet and the other 5 that we had stuck into the rifle. Our father tanned my hide real good because I said I was the one that did it all and that I didn't mean to.

The walk back to the truck was very quiet for my brother and I and when we got back home where it was nice and warm, our father sat us both down and explained to the both of us what may, or may not, have happened if we were able to make the rifle fire.

He said we could have possibly hurt one another or if we fired into the woods, we could have hit one of them with the bullets and hurt them or maybe even have killed one of them and that we had to understand that the rifle was not a toy and that we could not touch one until we were old enough to understand and be able to use one responsibly. To this day, I have never forgotten that day and even though it may not seem like much; it was.

The lessons we learned from everyone in Allagash were ones that were shown in love in many instances but sometimes we were talked to and made to understand in earnest, the seriousness of some of the things we did and what all the out comes could have been and how it could have affected everyone and especially us if we had hurt someone.

It didn't matter if it was our father, our grandfather, or one of our uncles, they always took the time to make sure that we were taught the right way to do things and most importantly to respect everything and everyone because one day it may come back to haunt us if we did not pay attention.

That is why I will always say that I was blessed to have been born in Allagash, Maine and no matter where I am on this earth, Allagash will always be home for me.

Love always,
Jeffrey

ROBERT McBREAIRTY
SAINT FRANCIS, MAINE
SON OF ROBERT "ROBBIE" AND MARY HUGHES McBREAIRTY

This information came from an interview with Faye Hafford on May 2, 2007:

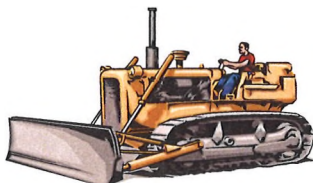
Bob was an entrepreneur when he was only 7 years old. He used to make a lot of Kool-Aid and sell it to the workers who were building the bridge over the Little Black River. He used up all of his mother's sugar so she stopped him.

He worked for Chester McBreairty in his filling station when he was in high school. "There would be nobody I would think more of than Hope and Chester McBreairty", Bob said. "They really used me good." Then, during the summers, he worked with his Dad in Elmer McBreairty's mill. He was sixteen years old and he cleared the edger, loaded the truck and threw the slabs over the hill. Clarence O'Leary worked on the edger and Robbie, Bob's Dad was the sawyer.

"My father worked in the mill all his life," said Bob. "He got \$15.00 a day and I got \$10.00. That meant that Dad earned \$75.00 a week and he had 10 children to take care of so he had nothing to spare. I earned \$50.00 a week and I gave Dad \$45.00 every week to help take care of the family. I had only \$5.00 for myself. I really didn't need any more. It only cost \$ 1.20 for two people to go to a show in those days. I didn't have a car. So I helped Dad. My father worked in the woods in the winter and he got \$100.00 a week which was a lot in those days. That was the first time I ever worked with my father."

"Then I went to Viet Nam. When I came home in 1967, John Sinclair gave Dad a permit for the rest of his life on a certain piece of ground. He was the first man to give a permit to someone in Allagash. They were always given to Canadians. In those days your word was as good as gold."

Next, Robbie got a permit from the International Paper Company. Bob said they were used very good by that company. Then the IP sold out to J. D. Irving They worked for Irving for over 30 years. Today Bob has his own independent company and his three sons work with him. Bob said they were all good workers. Last year they cut over 80,000 cords of wood, Bob's Uncle Rancie told of one time his 7-man crew cutting 400,000 ft. one year. That is about 800 cords. Times have certainly changed in the lumber industry.



We talked about how difficult it would be for a young man, just out of school, to try to start out in the business today. He wouldn't be able to afford to buy the standard equipment to start

with. Big expensive machines such as processors, fellerbunchers, etc. cost thousands of dollars. Bob said his dad, Robbie, worked right up until he was 75 years old. His last job was operating a bulldozer making roads. He lived to be 89 years old.

Now for some stories: Bob tells of his Uncle Rob McBreairty getting killed.

"He was trying to go up the Saint John River in a canoe. He was taking a man up there to do some cruising or something. He was supposed to be back that afternoon but when he didn't show up, they went looking for him. They found him at Bull's Bar on the Saint John River. It had been raining and he was struck by lightning. The lightning had hit him on the head, went down through his body, and out the soles of his feet. His mother kept his boots in the closet for a long time. There were holes in the bottoms where the lightning went through to the body of the canoe.

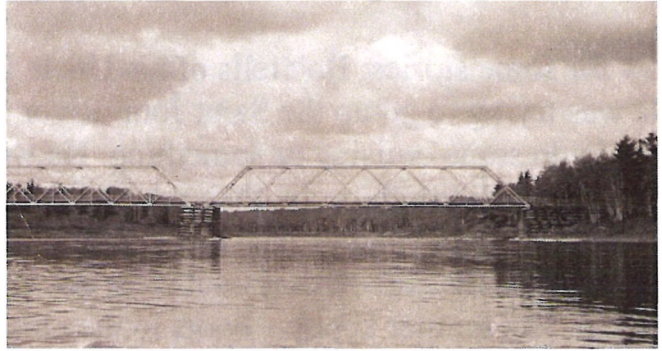
He had been carrying a 38 revolver and years later, Arnold Caron's father found it in the river. I have that gun now and I plan to give it to the Historical Society when the new building is finished.

"He also had a Waltham gold watch on his wrist. That was passed down from generation to generation. Thomas McBreairty had it and since he had no boys, he gave the watch to my son, Robbie, so now it is owned by another Rob McBreairty. That Rob McBreairty died 93 years ago, two years before my father was born. We've got a big, big picture of him and we'd like to give that to the society, too."

"When Dad was 17 years old, he and his brother-in-law, Elbridge McBreairty went up to Churchill Lake one summer, to cut a tote road, five miles long. They used a log-hauler and had to corduroy the road in several places. Actually, they went up in July and came back at Christmas. He said they came in an airplane. There was a plane that flew in there on skis and landed at Churchill. It was a 2-passenger plane and there was four of them in it. The two brothers, Jasper and Guy Kelly, were working there, too. As they were going over Michaud Farm, the plane began to miss, and skip, and skip. The airplane made a lot of noise. They got clear to the Castonguay place before he got to a valley where he could turn around and come back. Guy leaned up against the pilot and asked him something. There was so much noise the others couldn't hear. When they asked Guy what the pilot said, Guy said, 'he said, Jump!'

The plane had a cracked manifold and they came back and had it fixed and finally pulled in there. My gosh, that plane was so over-loaded! It didn't have much power. In March, there was a log-hauler road all the way to 9-Mile from Churchill. It started raining and it rained and rained. Dad said they couldn't haul off the yards any more so they were done for the winter. Some men walked to 9-Mile into Canada to catch a train home. Dad had to stay an extra day to mark some of the poles for the scaler. The next morning he put his knapsack on his shoulders and started to walk from

Churchill to 9-Mile. Now that's got to be a long walk. Uncle George Kelly was getting ready to leave with a horse and sled. Dad said, "Uncle George, can I have a ride?" Uncle George said no he couldn't. He was loaded. "Well, Uncle George, I only have a knapsack." Uncle George still said no because he was loaded.



So Daddy put his knapsack on and just went around the curve when he saw Edmund Emery there. He had an old car and it was stuck in the mud. The water had crossed the road there and it was awful muddy. Edmund said, "Robbie, if you help me get out of this hole, I'll give you a ride out." Dad said he almost pushed the car out by himself. But, anyway, he got the ride to 9-Mile. There he met up with old Joe Kelly and Tylor McBairy. They decided they would walk home. Coming down the old telephone line there was a tow path all along the Saint John River. They started following that line. They had no snowshoes. Dad said there were times that the three of them would fall, face-down, in the snow. It was just beyond belief.

The first day they walked all the way to 7-Islands and, of course, in those days there were people all along the river everywhere. So they stayed at 7-Islands that night and dried out their clothes. They took off again the next morning, down the tow paths and they reached the mouth of Big Black. Old George Ouellette was staying there in a fire warden's camp so they stayed with him. The next morning he put them in a canoe and took them across Big Black. They couldn't wade it. Every brook they came to was just foaming high. Dad was the tallest so he would take a pole and wade the brook and if he got across, the others would. When they got on the other side of a brook, they would sit and take off their boots, and wring the water out of their socks. Sometimes the water would come way up under their arms. Then they would go again.

They got home the third day, the 19th day of March and the ice ran in the Saint John River that very day. You can't imagine what they went through. Dad said that two weeks after he got home, every toenail fell off his feet. He froze his feet and his feet bothered him the rest of his life.

Dad said he turned 18 years old at the camp. He told about someone coming into the camp before Valentine's Day with a bunch of cards. He said he didn't know Mama much then. He had never gone out with her but the men were all buying cards to send home so he bought one and sent it to my mother. Would you believe my mother kept that card all these years and we still have it up home.

Here's another story and Dave Jackson had movies of this. It wouldn't be heard tell of today. My father and Uncle Rancie were running rafts down the Saint John River. They'd bring the rafts to the Harley Place and tie them up. They were poles and they paid Dad and Uncle Rancie 10 cents a pole to take those poles down the Big Rapids and to Saint Francis when the water was foaming high. There was no such thing as a life jacket at that time. Dad would tell me how they had to set the raft, just the opposite of what most people would think—to get through the Big Rapids and not hit the shore.

At 10 cents a pole, sometimes they had as many as 100 poles in the raft that would be \$10.00 for the day, \$5.00 a piece. That was big money for then. They would go up to the Head-of-the-Rapids and Dad's canoe stayed up there. They would motor up to the head of Harley's place, now known as the Bishop Place, and they would tie the canoe to the raft. When they got to the Head-of-the-Rapids, one of the Jackson boys would come out and get their canoe and take it ashore so when they went back through the Big Rapids they would have their canoe with them. They would go on down to Saint Francis with that raft. They would catch a ride back up to where they would go to the Head-of-the-Rapids. They would have a canoe to go back to the Bishop Place to get their next raft. That was quite exciting! The last raft they brought down was a raft of pine. Of course, pine does not float as easy as cedar poles. When they came over Sheep Pasteur Rock, Uncle Rancie was in the front of the raft and Dad was in the back, each had a sweep, you know, to steer the raft. Dad said the raft went clear down under water, right out of sight. They were standing in water up to their knees. That scared Uncle Rancie so bad, they never ran a raft again.

Dad told me that Steve Bishop brought a raft down, him and someone else, and they didn't know how to set the raft so that when they came to the Big Rapids, there's a big, big turn there, they hit the shore and the guy in front jumped off the boat. Steve Bishop was in the back and the raft broke all to pieces. Steve hung on to two poles all the way down the Big Rapids. Someone was there to pull him up but he had broke a bunch of ribs and he almost died. Like I'll say it again—no life jackets, or anything, just hanging on a pole.

Dad told me that George Kelly, Dora's father, was just about the smartest man on his feet that he had ever seen. He'd take one log, push it off the shore with his pole and go across the river in that high water on that log.

I told Bob that Arthur Kelly told me the same thing about Robbie, Bob's father. Bob had a good explanation for that. His father told him that when they were young he spent more time with Albert McBreairty than he did with his own brothers. He said he only got two beatings in his life from his father and it was because he and Albert never come home from the sawmill. But anyway, Robbie and Albert took a cable and

tied it between two big elm trees by Aunt Ev's and they had that right tight. Like fiddle strings. They practiced till they got so they could walk that cable. When they got so they could walk across with no problems, they got bored so they slackened the cable. Then they practiced going across that cable. They got bored with that so they would go half way, take their hats off, pass them under the cable and put them back on before going the other half way across.

Albert and Dad were together all the time so that's why, when they went on the drive, they were just like a cat on the logs. Dad never really ever told me anything about himself, other than that, but he always told me the best man around was George Kelly.

Then you know, today the environmentalists would shoot you but he and Albert spent one summer straightening out Pocwoc . They'd go where they wanted to straighten the stream and they would dig down as far as they could and set dynamite. They would blast really big holes. The next spring, when the water was high, the stream would come down, cut across where they wanted it.

One Memorial week-end, we put in at Moody Bridge and we took 3 days to come down the Saint John River, me and my father. That was a trip I'll never forget. Dad would show me every fishing hole and every place along the river where everybody lived. When we came to Bucket Brook, he told me when Aunt Mary was about 13 years old; she came there with Grammy and Grampy. Aunt Mary and Grammy cooked for the crew in the woods. He had a story for every stream. He told me about the big ice jam at the Castonguay Place. Just before the Castonguay Place there was the Young Place. Later it was called the Bishop Place. There was a big jam there and the Young's woke up in the night and found there was water in their house downstairs. They had a canoe there so Mr. Young started putting his family out the upstairs window into the canoe They were going to the woods to get away from the water. Just as he got them all in the canoe, they heard a big splash. He reached down and pulled his youngest child out of the water. A little baby had fallen into the river. Mr. Young said," Family, we are all going back into the house. The upstairs is dry. If we go to the woods the baby will die. We are all going to live or we are all going to die together. They went back into the house and, of course, they lived. The barn and all the animals and stuff were gone but the house stayed.

Years later, I was telling that story in the barbershop in Fort Kent and there was a man there, a Bouchard, and he said that story was true. The little baby grew up and married a Bouchard and lived to be 100 years old.

My dad told me at the Castonguay Settlement there was a field a mile long. They had taken an old car up there so the old man could travel down that field. Would you

believe, Bob found that old car. There is no motor in it but he's going to fix it up. He also found a one-row digger they used to haul with horses to dig potatoes. Bob is going back with his Geiger counter to see what else he might find.

BOB'S PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

Bob owns a camp at Long Rapids on the Saint John River. They are buying a camp from Andrew Jackson and Bob also has a lease from Irving where he plans to build another camp. He plans to sell gas there for snowmobilers. He is going to buy a Ski-doo and a used Tucker to keep the trail open to St. Pamphile. This could bring a tremendous amount of people to the area.

Bob said the restaurant in Dickey should not be closed. We can bring enough people here in winter as we do in summer and we need a restaurant.

His sons want him to do it. He can plow the road to his camp so you can travel to it with a pick-up or a Ski-doo. Bob said "We really want to build a ferry boat this spring. As a matter of fact, I've got a load of logs right now to saw out. Helen is going to try to get permits and stuff for it and that will bring people to see it."

WOODY MCBREAIRTY NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA SON OF ELMER & PHYLLIS KELLY MCBREAIRTY

There are so many things that come to my mind when I think of Allagash. For me, there's really a lifetime's worth of memories wrapped up in the few short years I lived there, most of which we have all talked about through time, but some special things took a little memory jogging. Those are the best memories to me. Like my Uncle Hosea Kelly's little "Hideaway" camp—like houses in the woods by the river in a calm and serene environment, the kind of which I sometimes wish I had now, but are only too hard to come by in most other places.

I remember how Harley and Lizzie Kelly lived up at the "Head-of-the-Rapids" and I always wondered what it would be like to live up so far in the woods. I still think of that to this day although I only saw their place a couple of times. Maybe it is because I subconsciously wish I now lived in such a place, surrounded by so many of God's natural gifts.

I went to Fox Brook fishing with my father and Walter Henderson with his son, Chad, a couple of times. I remember how intelligent I thought Chad was. He always had some analysis of the scientific side of nature and I always listened with great

interest. I loved the rain in that environment. I remember one time, during a downpour, we sat under a canvas as we held it over our heads and watched the rain and listened to it pound on the canvas top. What a great experience!

So many people have talked about picking potatoes and it's a small wonder since that was so much a part of our lives. It was actually torture but we had no choice and it provided us with money to buy our clothes for the coming winter and some school supplies. But I never thought it was worth all the aches and pains and sore parts that we had to live with for weeks after.

Still don't. I was always trying to get some relief by moving the "section stick" to give someone else part of mine which often got me in trouble especially with my cousin, Mona Kelly. She would swear and throw potatoes at me. So I always tried not to get my section near hers, since she wouldn't allow me to cheat.



One fall I went with Mary Ellis' crew. That was the fall Hilda Kelly got me to smoking. She used to say, "Let's go hide and smoke." I don't know why we ever thought we were hiding because wherever we hid we were surrounded by billowing clouds of smoke. I also went with John Walker's crew one year. I have good memories of John, Ellen and their family. John was always very kind to me. In fact, it was he who actually taught me how to drive my father's truck. I always liked talking to Donna because she had such a good sense of humor. She would start giggling at hello. I also remember how hard Joan McBreairty and Sandra Henderson would laugh. I would do everything I could to keep them going, sometimes at the risk of getting thrown out of a classroom.

We used to help Uncle Hamp Jackson bring in the hay. I remember riding on Uncle Hamp's horse-drawn "hay wagon". It looked "home-made" and I'm pretty sure it was. It always had at least one wobbly wheel. How I wish I had a picture of that today. There was usually a trail of horse manure behind the wagon. Uncle Hamp was such a kind gentleman, always smiling and always chatting with the kids who climbed on board for the ride. Kathy McBreairty, her nephew Freddie and I climbed on one of Uncle Tom's horses one time in the pasture behind the barn. That was our first, and last, horse ride and it was a short one because the horse took off like a bolt of lightning and we all fell off in a pile. Lucky we weren't trampled

I used to steal Daddy's tractor at the mill and drive it up and down "Guy's Runway"; that was the spot where Daddy and Guy used to land their airplane. I remember one time a chain broke on one of the back tires and I kept speeding along,, mud flying behind me and this big chain thrashing around and around past my head. Lucky I wasn't killed. I used to steal whatever vehicle had a key in it, including my mother'

car until she finally started removing the key. I don't know what took her so long to do so. I would, sometimes late at night, have somebody help me push the car out of the driveway on to the road so no one could hear me starting it in the yard. I remember my mother once saying to me in a more, or less, sarcastic way, "I wonder what is happening to the gas in the car. Looks like somebody is siphoning it out." I never did have a Maine driver's license. I took the test once and failed. Guess my experience driving all those stolen vehicles didn't count.

One fall I bought a new 22 rifle from Kenneth Nelson's taxidermy shop in Caribou (or New Sweden) and I really thought I had myself a powerful weapon. That fall, Lester Walker and I went hunting out back in the woods. Me with my 22 and I remember Ellen Walker wrapped us both a piece of cheese in tin foil so we would have something to eat in case we got lost. We never got lost but there was no deer that day, or any other day for that matter. I did shoot some partridges a few times but I felt guilty killing those helpless little birds and soon gave that up, too. I don't know what happened to my 22 but somebody somewhere must have it.

I remember one time I started a grassfire down by Uncle Tom's well. It didn't take long for it to spread "like wild fire" and I'll never forget the panic of such an awful experience. They called the fire truck and I remember Bud Gibson came with someone else and they were trying to get the hose run over the hill to the river to pump water. In the meantime, everybody was carrying water to try to "save" Herman's house. Well, his house survived but his "pony wheels" didn't. which had been sitting behind his house. They were burned to a crisp. I was embarrassed to go to school the next day and I remember Clara McBreairty watching me get off the bus with a glare in her eye and saying, "Here he is. The fire bug." I recall Jean Herman telling me that I would be going to jail and for a long time I kept a watchful eye for a Barney Fife type deputy to come and take me away in his squad car. We used to burn grass around and about often but there were no other such mishaps.

We used to break little hollow reeds and light them in the grassfire and smoke them. We thought we were really smoking although we would choke and get watery eyes. Speaking of Uncle Tom's well, I will never forget how Leanna Hughes used to haul water in a big tub on a sled from that well to her house in the snow and freezing weather. She would have to chop a hole in the frozen well and dip out the water. Sometimes I would see her and offer to help. I would pull the sled and she would push and I remember the water sloshing out and she would tell me we had to slow down because we were losing too much water. Then we would struggle to carry the tub into the house by its side handles. That memory has remained in my mind through the years. I guess it was another example how difficult times there sometimes were.

I bought Linwood Flora's bicycle for 7 dollars. It was yellow and white; I think he had painted it himself. It was the only bicycle I ever had. I remember paying his Grandmother Mary for it. She was one of my all-time favorite people during those years in Allagash. She loaned me Linwood's suit for my 8th grade graduation since I didn't have one. And she, of course, was always my favorite grade school teacher. I used to try to buy her something every Christmas even if I had to buy it at Guy's store. That's where I bought her a scarf one year; with the map of Maine on it. I'm sure she was thrilled beyond measure to get such a glamorous gift. That would be a good example of "It's the thought that counts." Because it was really important to me to buy her a gift of some kind. Of course, I bought her other gifts throughout the years, better ones than the scarf, I hope. I recall when I was in her class, an animated Smoky the Bear was being taken around to schools by the Forestry department as part of a "Prevent Forest Fires"

Campaign. I was very sick with the flu that day but didn't want to go home and miss seeing Smoky the Bear. Mary told me she didn't think they would make it "away up here" today anyway and that, being sick, I really should go home. So home I went, and needless to say, Smoky the Bear did come that day. That was one of the greatest disappointments of my young grade school days but I soon got over it. When she and Gladys Gardner retired from teaching, I was writing the local news for the "Saint John Valley Times". We did an entire page on each of them and the history of their many years of teaching experiences. As I recall the newspaper article said, "As told to Woody McBreairty".

PHOEBE McBREAIRTY MORRISON
ST. FRANCIS, MAINE

DAUGHTER OF ADDISON AND MINA KELLY McBREAIRTY



I attended a small, one-room school located between the Little Black and Saint John River bridges. We didn't have gym classes. We got our exercise carrying in wood for the big heater stove at the back of the room and water from the spring. We played games outside—Leap Frog, Farmer in the Dell, Rattle Snake and Tag. One day we were playing tag and the flagpole was our base. We were all running towards the flagpole when I fell.

Merle Walker fell on me. My arm hurt so bad!! So, Mary, my teacher, told me to go to Grammie's. I walked down to the house. My arm just hung by my side.

As soon as Grammie saw me she asked me what happened. When I told her, she got a piece of corrugated cardboard and had me lay my arm on the kitchen table. She

wrapped it around my arm and tied a string around it, real tight. Some time later, a doctor came to the school to check the children. He asked me who set my arm and I was afraid to tell him. I kind of mumbled that it was Grammie. He said that she did a good job. That made me feel better.

More Trouble

Dad worked for Uncle Joe Kelly cutting lumber and we moved to a camp at Johnson Brook for the winter months. I was lonesome at times. Vaughn was at the deaf school in Portland. We had one of those crank phones. Ike and Ella Gardner had a phone so Ruby and I talked quite often. Mary, my teacher, sent my homework to me by Uncle Joe. Guess I did okay because I kept my grades up. Mom cut a piece of sheathing paper and wrote "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD" on it and I would sew it with colored thread.

Mom cooked for the men and packed their lunches to take in the woods. She would have me go outside and listen for the horse bells so she would have their supper warm.

My tonsils hurt real bad and were swollen so Dad whittled a cedar stick and put a gauze on it with iodine and painted my tonsils with it. When we moved back home, they took me to Eagle Lake hospital to have them taken out.

One fall, we were getting ready to move to the camp when I took a bad pain in my side. It hurt me to stoop. I remember Lanson coming in. He said he was sure it was my appendix. Sure enough, they had to take me to Eagle Lake hospital and I was operated on to take it out. It was time to move to the camp but they told me I couldn't go over those rough roads, so they left me at Grammie's. Lanson stopped by and I was still crying. He told Grammie to get some blankets and pillows. He was going to take me to the camp and I wouldn't feel the rough road. Mom was surprised when that red truck drove in with me. He carried me inside the camp. What a happy little girl!

ETHEL PELLETIER
ALLAGASH, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF DAN AND AUGUSTA McKINNON O'LEARY
MY FIRST TRIP TO ALLAGASH



My parents, Augusta McKinnon and Daniel O'Leary, were first cousins, born on each side of the Allagash Falls. But they had each moved to Saint John early in their lives and had married down there. And Saint John is where they raised their eleven children. The first time I ever came to Allagash was one Sunday, and it must have been in 1933 or 1934. My brother, Irvine, was working down river in the potato fields and Edgar Hathaway was working down there, too. Irvine had to go up to Allagash and get Edgar to give him a ride back to Caribou. So some of us girls decided to take our first trip up to Allagash just for a Sunday ride. There was me, and my sister Edith, and Eunice Gardner, who was Jack Gardner's daughter. Eunice was also from Saint John.

The Hathaways lived in a little camp across from where Bee and Bert Hafford used to live. So that first trip was during the potato harvest and I remember thinking that Allagash was an awful lonely place. It was on a Sunday, too, not just the harvest, and it seemed there was no one around at all. Edgar got in the front seat with Irvine and we girls sat in the back. All we could talk about on the ride back to Saint John was how isolated the town seemed to be.

Then, in 1935, when I graduated from high school in Saint Francis, some of us girls came up to Allagash for a hotdog roast. This was on our last day of school. I remember that we stopped at Cross Rock because Nina Sinclair was with us and the Sinclair's had a camp out on the bank. Nina used to come up to Cross Rock when her father was planting potatoes in the fields there. "There's a spring down over the bank where we can get water," Nina told us. So we stopped at the camp and spring and we built a fire to have our hotdog roast.

I remember seeing an old weather-beaten house sitting there on the bank of the river. It had a peaked roof on it, going right up straight. There was a little, dim kerosene light in the window. Nina told us that an old man was staying there in the house, all alone. Irene Thibodeau, Nina and I took a pail and a lantern, and we went down to the spring to get some water. I'll tell you how we went. We went right in a tunnel of alders---high alders, too, and they had this little old tote path right through the alders. It was so cute, beaten right to the ground. We had to use a lantern so we wouldn't trip.

We filled up the pail and brought it back for our roast. And then we took a walk up the road, a bunch of us girls. We went up to Sam Hafford's and a big dog came out and started barking at us. This was Sam who was married to Eunice Moir, and she was a daughter of the old man in the window. I found out later his name was Alec Moir. I remember Nellie and Ephraim were living there too at that time. Nellie was also Alec's daughter.

When the dog came out and started barking, we girls all ran back down the road. And there was that old house with the dim light, a house so far up in the woods, it seemed to us. We were all saying, "What a place for people to come and live!" This was the most deserted, loneliest place on earth, or so we thought.



We all talked about it for days after. If someone had said, "Ethel, you're going to live there someday," I'd have never believed it.

We all went our separate ways. Irene Thibodeau was my best friend but after we married, I never saw her again for fifty-two years. She was always my best friend, and still is. I came up to Allagash not long after that roast to help my friend Annie Dow, who was expecting twins. I intended to stay for two weeks and yet I stayed for six years with Annie. After Lou and I married, and after the first four children were born, he came down and bought the house and land from the old man I'd seen in the window that day of our school picnic. That was the autumn of 1946. Vernon was a month old. The next summer, Elaine was born in the old Moir house with the peaked roof. Later, after we built the new house, Cathie was born in that one.

Nowadays, if I travel somewhere on a little trip, I can't wait to get home here, on the riverbank. But I often think back to that day of the hot dog roast. It's funny, isn't it, how life is so unexpected? You never know what the future holds.

From a taped conversation with Ethel Tressa O'Leary Pelletier, May 3, 1989

GLADYS PELLETIER O'LEARY
ALLAGASH, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF NIZAIRE AND MARY LOUISE HAFFORD PELLETIER

I was born and brought up in the Allagash. I married a wonderful man and expected to live there the rest of my life. Hard times and circumstances led us away for close to fifteen years. But it was always in the back of our minds...to come home. I am now 85 years old and can say that I have lived most of my life, at home in Allagash.

I am the daughter of Nizaire and Mary Louise (Thibodeau) Pelletier, and I am the last of our family of 8 to be alive. My parents were both hardworking people. Dad was a lumberjack, Maine guide and river man. He and his brothers were well known for their skill on the water, using paddles and poles to maneuver where they wanted to go since there were no motors at that time. "Bon Homme" or "good man" as Dad was called, was one of the strongest men around. He was a large man, not so exceptional in height, but in the breadth of his shoulders, arms and hands, and his upper body strength. People would talk of dad's feats of strength with awe.

My mother was very hardworking. A large garden was planted every year that she canned and preserved for the cold, winter months. When I was young, we went to Fort Kent twice a year, in the spring and in the fall for supplies we could not grow ourselves, like molasses, flour and sugar. These goods came in barrels. Our other foods, like fruits and vegetables, had to be "put up" during the summer and early fall, or we didn't have anything to eat during the winter. Vegetables were either canned, or preserved in a root cellar. We also had an ice house with ice blocks chopped out of the river that would last far into the warm months of the year. Milk, butter and cream were stored in the icehouse, along with the ice being used to cool summer drinks.

Besides having a garden, we had cattle, pigs, chickens, horses and sheep. The sheep were sheared and the wool was made into yarn. Mom had her own special dyes she would make to color the wool with. We had cows and pigs and chickens that had to be tended and taken care of. We also made our own soap. We had wood stoves to cook with and to heat our homes and water on. Our water had to be brought in from the well but we were some of the lucky ones because our well was right next to our house in an attached shed.

Evenings were a time for knitting socks, mittens and underwear, sewing and making quilts and rugs. Weekends were a time for relaxing and enjoyment. We played cards, had taffy pulls, and there was always someone around who would pick up a fiddle or guitar and play and sing a few tunes. In the winter, we always had a skating rink down under the hill. Someone would keep it clean of snow and watered down so the

ice was always smooth and glossy. We would have a bonfire and everyone from the neighborhood would gather on the ice to skate.

Sunday was a time for worship. We would walk to church about a mile from our home. I guess my fondest memory was coming home from school to a warm, clean house, a good supper, fresh baked bread or hot biscuits, and plenty of pies and cakes. Of course, the teapot was always on the back of the stove for anyone who dropped in.

Elbert and I were married the last day of the year in 1940. We had 4 children who were born here. Our home was always open to one and all. Many a time, a knock would come in the middle of the night with someone holding a chicken for a stew. I saw us often getting up out of bed, making a large chicken stew and biscuits for a few friends or relatives who were just out having a good time. Lee Hafford said there was always enough stew at Bert and Glad's house because when I saw more people coming I would just add more water to the pot.

Times were hard in the 50's so we had to leave for awhile. We moved to Limestone where Elbert got a job as a grader operator. Bob and his family and his sister, Faye, followed us there. Later in we moved to Brunswick and Freeport where we built a house but in the back of our minds we were always waiting for the day we could return to Allagash. We suffered homesickness and



longed to come home until finally we sold our place and moved back. It was the late 60's when we returned to Allagash. Elbert loved to fish and hunt. He knew all the good fish holes and enjoyed people. Then we got the opportunity to work for the International Paper company as caretakers. Elbert was the guide and I cooked and cleaned for their lodge they had built at 4th Lake Musquacook. We worked there during the summer and fall and wintered at our home in Allagash.

We were married 60 years when he left us at age 83. There wasn't a day that went by that we regretted returning home. We were close by for our family and friends to visit, help, and sometimes disagree with. Our oldest, Faye married Gene Hamm, a boy from Michigan. He was in the navy and was transferred to different places. After spending 20 years in the service they moved to Southern Maine where Faye worked in a managerial position for a prominent insurance company. They now winter in Florida and travel in their motor home during the summer.

Our oldest son, Lee, worked in the woods most of his life as a heavy equipment operator. He lived away for a few years, and then moved back to Allagash to raise his

six children. He is now retired and lives with his grandson in Allagash. John, our second son, married Delores McBreairty, daughter of Francis and Ida McBreairty. After doing a tour of duty in Viet Nam, he came back to make a home for their two daughters. He also worked in the woods and was owner of Allagash Sporting Camps. Delores passed away recently after a courageous battle against cancer and is dearly missed. The youngest, Mary, married Clayton Jackson, son of Romeo and Jennie Jackson. They built a cabin on the banks of the Saint John River and raised three children. Mary taught school in Allagash and after the school closed is now teaching Art in Fort Kent.

I feel very fortunate to have so many of my children and grandchildren nearby. They have been very good too and I am thankful for them especially since Elbert passed away. I also feel fortunate to have had such a loving and caring family whether they live near, or not. They never forget to call me and keep me in their thoughts and prayers as I do them. I have been blessed with 14 grandchildren, 16 great-grandchildren, and one more is on the way. Our lifetime was spent where we enjoyed the loyalty, friendship and closeness of people who lived here that we could not find anywhere else. We loved living here because it's home. To quote Faye Hafford, "I am proud to be a Moosetowner."

LOUIS PELLETIER, SR.
ALLAGASH, MAINE
SON OF THOMAS AND EDITH THIBODEAU PELLETIER

ALLAGASH BOATS

I often think back to the days when the ferryboats were here, before the bridges. Seeing the bateau that John Connors just built reminds me of all the boats I've seen my father build. Three boats stand out in my memory.

This was back in the mid-1930's. One boat looked like a big ferryboat, about fifty feet long and about eighteen feet wide. The St. Francis Lumber Company, which was down at Cottage Siding in St. Francis, asked Papa to built it. They put a big machine on it to use it as a pile driver. They used it to drive down logs down into the riverbed so they would hold the booms. When Papa finished building the boat, he let me take it to St. Francis by myself. I was about sixteen years old. The water was quite high since it was in the spring of the year. But I had no problems at all on the way down. Papa had called down to St. Francis and told them I was on my way, so they had a big motorboat and motor waiting. When they saw me coming, they came out with that motorboat and pulled me ashore. I think Tobin was the man in the

motorboat. Wallace Madison owned the St. Francis Lumber Company at that time, and Wallace drove me back to Allagash.

Another time was when Papa built two ferryboats that were to go down to Pelletier Island in St. John. The boats were about forty-five feet long and maybe sixteen feet wide. They were about ten feet shorter than what my father used as a ferry across the Allagash. One boat was bought by Denis Pelletier and the other by Capon Daigle. When they were ready, Uncle Dan and I took one of them, and Papa took the other. Pelletier lived in a house just below where Earl O'Leary lived before he died, on the right hand side of the road. And Daigle lived down below him a ways on the left. They owned the island there and they each needed their own ferry to get out to it. They were farming that island, planting potatoes on it. And I think hay, too. So they needed to cross their trucks, or tractors and horses. So when Papa was done building the ferryboats, we brought them down to St. John. Denis Pelletier drove us back home.

I was thinking the other day how we'll never see boats like that again on the rivers here. That was a way of life that's come and gone.

MABLE JACKSON PELLETIER
ALLAGASH, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF LOUIS AND MARY ANNE MULLINS JACKSON

When I was four years old, I went to school at the Head of the Rapids. It was a little one-room school with eight grades in it. I was too young to go, but Mary McBreairty was the teacher and she let me go every day. I remember, towards the end of the school year, when it got warm we could go to school in our bare feet. I maybe didn't have any shoes anyway.

I was in the third grade when we moved down to the settlement, which was one year after the new school opened. Lumbert Henderson came up with the new bus and took us all down to see the new school.



I remember early one spring we had an awful rain and windstorm. Everything froze. My Mother was so afraid of the wind and our house was so high. My father took us

across the road to the little school and there we stayed all night. It was a much lower building than our house. The next morning Mary, the teacher, brought us some hot chocolate and hot biscuits for breakfast. She lived next door to the school.

In the summer when we had thunder and lightening, my Mother would make us get down under the table and away from the cast iron stove and windows.

I remember I had long hair and my grandmother, Melissa Jackson, would love to comb my hair and make braids. My hair would be snarled and she would pull my hair. Of course, we didn't have a hairbrush. I would often hide when I'd see her coming.

My grandmother, Melie Mullins, was the best seamstress. She could make anything without a pattern. My sister, Linda, reminds me of her. She made my oldest daughter, Janelle, the most beautiful red-watch wool jacket and ski pants. She lined the jacket and pants with a tan flannel material. The suit fit her so well. I'm ever so sorry that I gave it away.

She used to make quilts all the time for everyone. My sister, Jean, and I used to go and help her tack them, but we would never get one. It was the same with slippers that she knit. She never gave us any because we knew how to make them. She was a dear grandmother and she was so goodhearted. I know when we were young if it wouldn't have been for her, a lot of times we would have gone hungry and without clothes.

SUNSHINE PELLETIER
DAUGHTER OF PHIL McBREAIRTY AND LORRAINE CYR PELLETIER
GRANDDAUGHTER OF
LEOS AND JEAN PELLETIER AND ROBERT AND MARY McBREAIRTY

My name is Sunshine Pelletier and both of my parents are from the Allagash. I'm related to the largest Irish (McBreairty) and French (Pelletier) families in the Allagash. They are 'The Allagash'. Growing up in a French family has always been a lot of French speaking, split French speaking and loud talking fun.



My mother, Lorraine Cyr (Pelletier), daughter of Leas and Jean Pelletier, has a wonderful history since the beginning of the logging days. My great grandfather, Thomas Pelletier (famous for the ferry boat and the log drive) and my great uncle, Louis

Pelletier, took on the tradition of the lumber industry. My Papa, Leas, always worked in the woods his whole life; whether with draft horses or heavy equipment; it was all he knew.

I first met my father, Phil McBreairty, in 1989 for the first time at his wake. I was sixteen years old and had my step dad, Eddie Cyr, of Caribou drive me 'up home' to meet him; but it happened to be the day he took his life. Since that day, I've been blessed to have met and loved the other half of me. My grandparents are Mary and Robert McBreairty. They are the greatest people I know. I learned that I had this whole other family full of so much love and acceptance.

The stories my grandpa Mac would tell me of working in the middle of the woods in Ashland on a saw mill in the coldest of temperatures and to drive two hundred miles back home to his family of ten children. It's so funny how both sides of the families are so different—yet so much alike. I am so proud to be related to the hardest working people I know.

When I visit 'The Allagash' to see my friends and family, it's a filled day that is always revolved around three square meals a day. It's like going back in time where values mean something and people always coming together to help someone in need. To me, 'The Allagash' is my 'Up Home'. Thank you to my whole family!

BEVERLY RAYMOND
WALLAGRASS, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF HENRY AND LIZZIE HUGHES MCBREAIRTY

It seemed we were very content living in Allagash. It was a simple life for us kids but a very hard life for many. We always made our own fun. We didn't have much but we didn't seem to mind. I remember a sled we got for Christmas one year. It was for Judy and me to share. She put her tongue on the metal and it stuck there. It sounds funny but it was awful at the time.

Judy and I used to walk to Uncle Elmer's mill with Daddy. We used to pick up bottles on the side of the road and Daddy would take us to Guy's store with them to get penny candy.

We had a nice house but no bathroom or running water. I used to hate that outhouse. Judy and I used to carry water from Uncle Elmer's well. Mom had hardwood floors in the living room and dining room. She was very proud of that. The house was

where Woody has his little trailer now. We used to sit on the bank and watch the log drives come down the river.

I remember when Uncle Glen (Mama's brother) lost his leg in an accident in the woods. He used to say his toes were itchy. Poor man!!! It must have driven him crazy for awhile.

We had a phonograph that had to be wound up and I remember I used to love to rock in that old rocking chair and listen to Hank Williams.

We used to watch for the Northern Lights and I swear we heard music. They were beautiful. At night we used to listen to Wheeling, West Virginia on the radio. We could only get it at night



I remember the first TV we had, a floor model, and it was blond in color so we called it the blond TV. We couldn't see much on it, only an outline and lots of snow, but we could hear it and used our imagination. We loved to watch it. Leona bought it for us. I remember the snow banks in winter, almost up to the wires at times. We used to make tunnels and Mama was always afraid they would cave in on us.

When we got the electricity, we had one light in the kitchen, one in the dining room and one in the living room. That was nice—having electricity.

Then our dad died at the age of 45 and we moved to Fort Kent. Everything changed. But for the most part we had been happy and content living in Allagash. I still like to go up and ride through town and reminisce. I visit the cemetery where a lot of the family rest in peace.

We were in Connecticut for ten years and Cape Cod, Massachusetts for 30 years. Now we are back home. It is so nice to be back; we're not in Allagash but we are back home. Our oldest son, Roger Paul, would someday like to live up this way but our youngest son, Randy, likes to be near the city. (He lives in Brockton, Mass.) but he enjoys coming for visits.

Out of Mom and Dad's nine children (6 girls and 3 boys) only four of us girls are left. Eldina is in Fort Kent. Leona is in Lake Charles, LA. Kathy is in Limestone and me here in Wallagass. We go to visit the kids and find it so hectic and the traffic is awful. Even though we miss the kids very much, it's nice to get back home.

DEBORAH ROBINSON
GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY
DAUGHTER OF PERCY AND DORIS McBreairty JACKSON

REMEMBER WHEN

You know it is strange the things that we can remember from our childhood. I was young when we moved from Allagash, but I still remember a few things. I remember the road that we lived on, where the house was located, and our neighbors which were Lloyd and Lilly McBreairty. I remember all the kids, especially Cookie and Barney. There is one incident that still sticks in my mind. I was probably four years old when early one morning I was in the front yard, at the house, sitting on the step as Uncle Norman and Cookie went by with two horses pulling a wagon. They were going up in the woods, just below the house, to cut wood. Cookie yelled down from atop the wagon for me to let his mom know that he was going up in the woods with Uncle Norman. Being the forgetful little kid that I was I didn't remember to tell anyone. It was later in the evening, after supper, when the sheriff or state police or some law enforcement official, I can't remember which one, was at the house. I saw that everyone was crying and upset, but I didn't know why. After I found out the reason why everyone was upset, that is when I realized I forgot to tell Lilly where Cookie went.

As children we do some silly things that would scare us to death if one of our kids were to do it. We never had hospitals or medical care; it was always the old fashioned cures that would still work today if we applied them. I remember sitting on the tire that held the mailbox – it fell forward giving me a big cut on the top of my head. If I remember correctly, Mom put kerosene on the cut to clean it out and help it heal. Also, I remember the mustard plaster, saltwater gargle, being given a teaspoon of cod liver oil with sugar, for whatever reason I can not remember, but I would say it was for whatever ailed us. These cures, among other things, would work just as well or better than a visit to the doctor. I also remember Mom giving us a spoonful of "Father John's" which I thought tasted pretty good. I still remember the brown bottle that it was in – I could still recognize that bottle if I saw it today.

Norman would park his truck by the end of the house while working in the woods, so one day I decided to go exploring in the truck. I got up in the front seat looking at everything inside. As I was looking I opened the glove box where I found a small box of chocolates. I started eating them, then thought that I should not eat them because I may get in trouble if Norman came looking for them. I remember the box was white with blue lettering and I could read well enough to read what it said on the box – it said "X lax".

I remember many times going down to the meadow behind the house where we played. One incident that comes to mind quite often is the time Owen came home with a big bird with long legs. He wanted to keep it but had no place to put it so he put it in the outhouse. We called it a “shit poke”. I had no idea what kind of a bird it was, but no one could go to the outhouse because Owen had his long legged bird in there. I can not remember how long he kept it there, and if he let it go, or if it got away on its own, but it did not like being in there because of the noise it made.

Down the hill behind the house Mom and Dad would raise a garden; they had a pig and a cow back there as well. The cow, her name was Cherry, would get out from time to time and someone would need to go round her up and of course the older kids had that chore. There was one time when Sarah had to go round her up – she had to go across the road and up the hill to bring her back home. Sarah was pushing Cherry down the hill behind the house when she (Cherry) stopped to eat out of a box of potato peelings – Sarah gave her a push on the ole backside with her hand and her finger when straight up the cows behind. This is the same cow that got loose from her tether and went across the bogan where she fell off a little cliff. I remember hearing this awful sounding wailing. Come to find out when the cow fell she got caught on a tree and was hanging by the neck from her tether, the poor thing. I don’t remember how she got loose. We all reminisce about those good old times when we get together and laugh.

The ferry is always a remembrance for me when we go back for a visit. I was so afraid of crossing the river on the ferry that I would actually hide until we got to the other side – I would get right down on the floor of the car and stay there until we crossed. Everyone else would get out and enjoy the trip across especially if it was a nice day. When we go back for a visit I make it a point to go to the place where the ferry would go back and forth. I enjoy just sitting on the rocks and enjoy the sites of what used to be. I take my children and grandchildren there every time we visit. They try skipping rocks across the water and pick special ones to take home with them.

I remember going to school, but I don’t remember much about being there. It was the school down by Lull’s Store. I remember that Dad made me, Gloria, and Chic, a coat to wear to school. I remember it being a long gray coat with a round collar and three black buttons down the front. I remember the teacher, I think her name was Mrs. McBreairty, helping me button it up and bragging about how pretty it was – I felt proud. Every time I hear the song that Dolly Parton sings “A Coat of Many Colors” it makes me think of my gray coat that Dad made for me.

You know in the Allagash, at the end of the world, 50 some years ago we were in no danger of anyone hurting us, but we were afraid of someone that I remember as

Uncle Frank. All of us kids were at home by ourselves when Frank came walking up the road. I remember crawling under the bed when Owen and Warren got Dad's 22 rifle and stuck it out the upstairs window. Just in case he came near the house the two of them were going to shoot at him but just knock his hat off to scare him away. Good thing the rifle was not loaded.

Living in the Allagash I am sure there are plenty of wild animals. As a child, at my age, everything seemed huge. I remember going outside one morning looking at the side of the house with Dad – from what he guessed it looked like a bear had clawed the front of the house up to under the roof line. There were big long claw marks down the corner of the house and I remember being really scared thinking that had to be a big bear.

We would do baskets for May Day. Mom would make fudge and cookies for us to put in them then take them over to Lloyd and Lilly's and hang it on their front door and holler "May Day". We made the baskets from colored paper strips then wove the strips in and out to form a basket. At Christmas time we would make popcorn balls using molasses to hold them together – they were pretty sticky, but good. Mom would buy the main staples, sugar, flour, salt, and the like from a traveling truck that came up to the house. I think it was Gerald's, but I remember him coming by the house in his truck, opening up the back doors and getting what Mom needed for the week. Something else I remember is when they put electricity up to the end of the road. I would stand on the couch, looking out the window, watching them place a pole just outside the further corner of the house.

On really nice summer days when we were outside I would daydream looking down the road and wonder what was out there, what was beyond where I was. I have seen what is beyond Allagash – so many changes. Some of these changes are wonderful but the heart always goes back to the days of so many memories. I now live in Kentucky and I work at Johnson Controls as a Human Resource Specialist. I have four children, three sons, Craig, Scott, and Tim and a daughter, Kerri. I also have four grandchildren – Jessica, Taylor, Cameron, and Amelia. I take my family back to Allagash as frequently as time allows and they enjoy listening to my reminiscing because it is part of their heritage. I enjoy going home again.

KATRINA MCBREAIRTY VAUGHN
GORDON, GEORGIA
DAUGHTER OF PERRY AND GERALDINE O'LEARY MCBREAIRTY

Allagash, I've wondered since my childhood how the town got its name...just never asked the right person, I guess. It may be the end of the road but the road can be the start of an exciting life that always leads back "home". Thinking of home, what memories came rushing through my mind. First of all, I'm so thankful for my wonderful Christian parents, Perry and Geraldine (O'Leary) McBreairty. They worked hard and sacrificed to bring up the five of us, Ken, Irma, George, Margie and myself. I'm thankful for my grandparents, Joseph O'Leary and Thomas and Eunice McBreairty, aunts, uncles, and many cousins to grow up with.

It was always great to get off the school bus and run to the kitchen where Mom would be there to greet us. The house smelled of fresh baked goods. She was a wonderful cook and gave the three of us girls the love for cooking. Dad, like many of the other Allagash men, worked hard in the woods, but would find time to take the boys fishing and sometimes the girls, too. It was fun in the wintertime to go sledding or skating with Dad and Mom. Some mornings we would hurry and get ready before the school bus came so we could go out sliding over the hill. One such morning I got on a sled and, not quite near the bottom of the hill, the runners went through the crust which abruptly stopped the sled. Somehow my tongue got stuck on the metal of the sled and I couldn't move or hardly cry out. After lying there for some time, Mom saw me and waded through the snow to my rescue. The "rescue" was not pleasant; I didn't think I would ever want to eat again. Dad set the example of a Godly father by leading our family each night in what he called "family altar". He and Mom would read scriptures and as we were able to read, we would take turns. We all prayed. It was a good way to close the day



Summer was filled with outside play. My cousins, Connie and Mavis, were my playmates. I'm sure children today would think we led very dull lives without all the electronic devices they have today. We lived through a period when there was not even any electricity to use them!!! We played in the Little Black and Saint John Rivers and, to this day, I still can't swim, but somehow we survived. One day, Bobby McBreairty and I were fishing at the mouth of the Little Black. He was putting a worm on my hook and I was holding his rod when I caught a large fish. He brought it in and went running up the hill to show off his catch with me at his heels calling, "I caught it. I caught it."

We had a rooster that always chased us. One day, Mom said, “Go and get Bobby to come with his 22 and kill it. Bobby came and somehow got it and threw it over the bank of the Little Black and shot it. Later in the day, some of us kids were playing in the yard and, to our amazement, here comes the rooster. We ran to tell Mom and she laughed and said, “Go get Bobby to come here and kill this thing again.”

We had some funny experiences and some not so funny. One summer day, George was playing outside in only a pair of shorts. I remember my mother say, “Oh, no, look at George.” He was coming across the yard gleaming from head to toe, painted with black, gloss paint. As my mother sat him on the side of the sink and patiently tried to get the paint off, she asked why he did it. He replied. “I wanted to be this color.” Then there was the day Ken and Phil set the field on fire, to find the arrow they shot, and nearly burned the neighborhood. One day, Irma went for her afternoon nap in Mom and Dad’s bedroom and found a pair of scissors. She cut off her ponytail at the rubber band next to her head, fringed the top sheet hem all the way across and cut the front out of her boots. It was good growing up in a family with the humor of the Irish. So many stories can be told of things that happened that a book should be written just about Allagash humor.

The older I get, the more I appreciate my heritage. We had a path between our house and Grammpie and Grammie McBreairty’s; it went past a row of cranberry bushes. When those berries got ripe, we all helped to pick them. To keep things “interesting”, we’d squirt each other with the soft ones. I’m sure the juice stained our clothes and made more work for Mom. She sure made great cranberry sauce which we loved on pancakes. I’ve never tasted anything like it since. Grammie would always have time for us no matter how many trips we made each day. She would memorize chapters of the Bible and, testimony time at church; she would stand and recite long portions. I remember one Sunday night at church; the pastor asked if anyone had a request for a hymn to be sung. Ransford Kelly, Grammie’s brother, stood and asked if we could sing, “When the Roll Is Called up Yonder”. He went on to say that there were times when the men would be coming down the river on the drive and they would be singing that song and it would echo off the mountains. I’ve never forgotten that. It had left such an impression on my young mind.

One particular story, I’ve found humorous, was about Grampie McBreairty. A family member got them a phone. Back then it was a “party” line. One day, Uncle Lennie stopped by and told them that when he picked up his phone, he could hear them talking in their house; that the phone must be off the cradle. They checked and the phone was fine. A few days later, Uncle Lennie stopped by again and related the same thing again. Grampie checked the phone and decided he would not live with a “contraption” in his house that he had to whisper. Someone notified the phone company and when they finally got to Grampie’s, they found the “problem”.

I remember standing' one night' at our living room door and waiting for dad to bring Mom home from Aunt Ev's. She had gone there to a baby shower that Hope had for her when she was expecting Margie. It was exciting when they got home and she let me help her pack all the new baby things in a large dresser drawer where she was keeping items for the new arrival. Then later on, one night, I stood at the same door crying as I watched "Aunt Ev's" house burn down.

In the eighth grade, our home burned. How I missed it! We were at school and was told, that day, to get off the bus at Uncle Joe's which was almost directly across the river from our home. Although old enough to know better, some nights I would look across the river from my front, upstairs bedroom and hope that miraculously there would be a light come on at our house. Many years later, while Dad was visiting us in Tennessee, I told him I would love to have a dollhouse built as a replica of our old home. Several months went by, after his return to Maine, UPS was at the door with a large crate. To my delight, inside was a miniature of our old home. It was made with love and crafted with specific details of our home. What a gift!

The road from Allagash led us to Hartford, Connecticut when I was 16, on to college in South Carolina, and work in San Francisco, where I met my husband, Winston. We've lived in Maine, Massachusetts, Tennessee, and now Georgia, but no matter how far I travel, the road that took me from Allagash can always lead me back "home" and I look forward to it. It's been good to show our three children where mom grew up and someday I hope to take our grandchildren there.

The hardest part of going "home" is the family and friends who are no longer there. We lost our vibrant Mom when she was just 45 aunts and uncles, grandparents, and, just 6 years ago, our Dad; but it is great to be able to look back and remember all the joys of growing up in Allagash. I wouldn't trade those memories for anything.

CLAUDINE "DEAN" WALKER
SAINT FRANCIS, MAINE
WIFE OF EDGAR WALKER

Edgar Walker was raised in the Castonguay Settlement. His father was Ernest and his mother was Eunice Castonguay Walker. They had 12 children but lost 3 as babies. The other children were Pete, Nellie, Mary, Leo, Betty, Rene, Morris and Patsy. In the year 2007, only Morris, Leo, and Patsy are left in the family. Lee and Nellie Mullins and Annie and Dedime Jandreau lived in the Castonguay Settlement, too, at that time.

Edgar went to school in Allagash and completed the 6th grade. Then at the age of 13, he went to work in the woods. The family all worked together making big gardens, cutting hay to feed the animals (cows, pigs, and chickens). They salted their pig meat, salted their fiddleheads and they would can their beef. They canned all their vegetables in jars. They also stored fresh cabbage, carrots, and potatoes in a root cellar.

They left the Castonguay place and lived near Little Black. Next they moved to Cross Rock. They bought the house I'm living in now in the year of 1939.

Edgar was drafted into the army in 1941 and was discharged in 1945. We had a double wedding with Marcel and Kathleen (Thibodeau) Ouellette. We got married on Nov. 11, 1948 and raised 4 children. (Harold, Janice, Cheryl and Michael). I got the Moosetowner I wanted. Then Mike married a Moosetowner, too, Amy McBreairty, Jerry and Lonna's daughter. They have 3 boys.

We all went to the Allagash Catholic Church. I joined the Allagash Historical Society. I made homemade donuts for them and I cooked donuts for the town meetings. I also got ducked under water in the Allagash River to become an honorary Moosetowner. I also went to the arts and crafts shows in the gym every fall.

Sincerely,
A Frenchman and part Moosetowner



Note: Eunice and Ernest told us about the big flood they had but I don't remember the date. They had lost all their animals, (cows, pigs, chickens). They told about seeing chickens floating down the river on top of the barn roof. There were cows and pigs floating down the river.

Become an HONORARY MOOSETOWNER

At a Dipping in the Allagash River

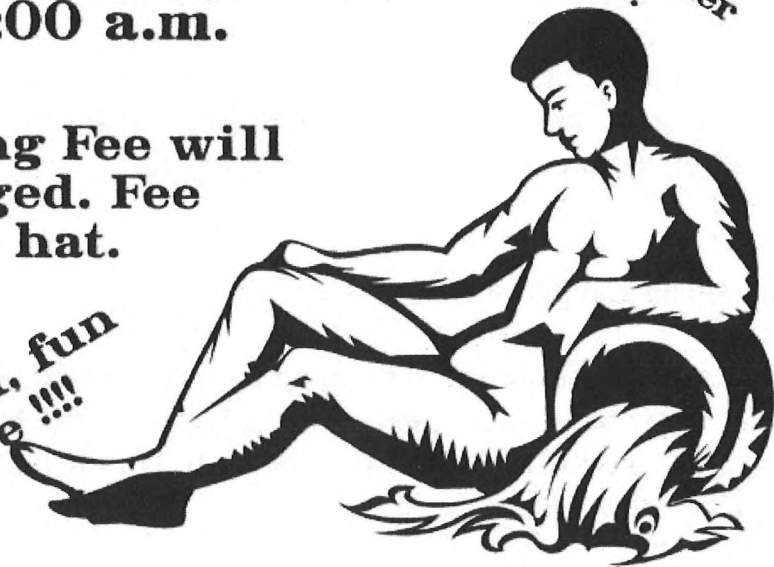
**Where: Evelyn's Flat (By the
Allagash Bridge)**

**When: Saturday, July 18,
1998 , 11:00 a.m.**

**A Dipping Fee will
be charged. Fee
includes hat.**

**Snacks, food, fun
and more !!!!**

**Get an
Honorary
Moosetowner
hat !**



**Sponsored by the Allagash
Historical Society**

Food provided by Veterans Memorial Committee

GENEVA McBREAIRTY WALKER
ALLAGASH, MAINE
DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM AND SARAH HUGHES McBREAIRTY



If someone was to ask me to name a true Moosetowner, my first thought would be Geneva Walker. We know her as “Jean”. Jean has always been a true supporter of Allagash. She has lived here all her life and loved every minute of it.

I got to know Jean after I came back from Brunswick. She was driving bus for the school children and she went everywhere with them. This was during the time when our teams were playing basketball. I hope to have a story in this book about that glorious time when everybody was excited over our teams but I am not sure at this moment if the story will be done.

Jean attended the games and was one of their greatest fans. I was on the bus one time, and we older women got into the game because we said we were cheerleaders. I can still hear Jean laugh over that one. Well, we did cheer our hearts out when the game began.

Jean retired from the school bus driver’s job and lately, she has not been feeling too great. I wondered if she still liked to tell stories and when Sarah said she might have a story to tell, I called her. She told me her memory was not that good but she might think of something.

Here are some of the stories Jean told me:

“One day, Jennie Jackson and I went to Fort Kent. Actually, it was December 24th. I stopped and went into the Hallmark store. While in there I heard a loud bang. Peter Nadeau said, “Oh, my! Someone hit that car out there. “

I didn’t bother to look, or anything. When I started to go out, Jennie was coming in. She said, “Jean, I think I’m hurt.” She wouldn’t go the doctor so we came home. Then I realized my car was damaged for the amount of \$4,000.

This story took place on Christmas in 1953. Frankie and Lester went to Uncle Hamp Jackson’s and someone had a bottle of gin there. They never quit drinking till they were all pretty well-loaded.

Frankie and Lester came home. Frankie couldn't stand up. He fell down on the floor and when he got up; our Christmas tree was on his back. You can be sure I was upset about that.

While I was visiting Lillian in Connecticut, we played cards a lot. So one day we were playing Black Queen. I was beating her real bad. (If I know Jean, she was teasing her a lot, too.) Lillian got upset and when it was her turn to play, she just brushed the cards all across the table and said, "Let's play Yathzee, now."

Mary Ellis and Gladys Simon were going up to Ross Lake to visit Lionel and Esther Caron. While going up on a road that wasn't traveled much, Gladys needed to use the bathroom. She told Mary to stop because she had to use the bathroom. Mary stopped and then she told her that someone could come and Gladys said, "No." So she stood up and bent over to use the bathroom. Mary had big mirrors on the sides of her pick-up. When Gladys got done she stood up and looked in the mirror. There were two men in another pick-up watching her.

Mary Ellis said she was sitting in her living room watching TV and she broke wind. She was living in the Elderly Housing and she thought, "All I need is for Ella to come in."

Sure enough, the door opened and in came Ella. She said, "Mary, are you burning matches in here?"

Mary said, "No".

Ella said it smells like sulphur in here."

As you can see Jean loves a good joke. She has a hearty laugh which can be heard everywhere when she listens to them. Get well, Jean!

Susan brought me the stories and I typed them out for Jean.
Faye O'Leary Hafford

MYRTLE ANN McBREAIRTY WILLIAMS
NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT
DAUGHTER OF NORMAN AND DORA KELLY McBREAIRTY

I realize now that even though we were miles away from the "big civilized world" we had a great life and I would not go back and trade it for anything. We might not have

been rich with money but we came away with something that most people don't have – close family ties and a friendship with a whole town that will last a life time.

Some of the happiest times that comes to mind, is our Thanksgiving and Christmas Dinner gatherings.

We would gather at our Aunt Annie and Uncle Glen's house for dinner. I always remember the great times we would have. Through, the years as each family grew, there were finally 7 kids there and then the 5 of us, so we would have a great time waiting for that "dinner". There was always 2 oven's cooking and the aroma that filled the old house was such a welcoming smell. Aunt Annie had a large chest freezer and I remember going in and looking at all of the desserts that were filling the top of it. (As a kid that was the important part of the meal – dessert.)

Well, the sad part is that we all grew up and each had our own families and those gatherings went by the wayside into the past. Now, thinking back I wish we would have kept in mind what those gatherings meant to each of us and kept them going. Through the years we lost loved ones – our father went first – unfortunately – when most of us were very young but we were fortunate enough to have the rest of our close – knit family for quite a few more years. We had Papa until January 1997 and then Uncle Glen until just after Christmas 2005. I think it was at that time that I began to realize that we didn't have a lot of years left with Mama and Aunt Annie and for all we knew, any of the rest of us, so I began to work on getting everyone together back at Aunt Annie's house for a great Thanksgiving dinner.

As it turned out we were only able to get Glenda and her husband, Sonny, and their son, Jessie, and his friend, Jessica and Brian O'Leary, from Aunt Annie's family, but hopefully the next time there can be more of them.

We were able to get all of us and our families together. There was myself with my husband, Richard – daughter, Michele, with her husband, Bruce and son Trevor – daughter Stephanie and her friend, Michael Hammer. Norma and husband Leo and their son Kelly. (Kelly's daughter Bethany was not able to be there – lives in Alabama.) Clayton and his wife, Collie, and daughter, Shilo, with her friend, Michael, and son, Benjamin, and Collie's grandson, Chace. Marsha with her daughter Angie, along with her family – Scott and 2 kids, Sara and Andrew (AJ) and Marsha's 2 sons, Darby and Sean. Tyler with his 2 sons Ty and Kole (Tyler's wife Kim was not there).

I remember for quite a few years Emily and Darcy always had dinner with us so it was great to have her son – Linwood, and his wife, Julie with us on this special day. (We think of them as our family anyway). (Julie, thanks for the great rolls)

What a Thanksgiving it was with a twist of time – it was us grown “girls” that were cooking the dinner instead of Mama and Aunt Annie and didn’t we have fun. (Of course we didn’t have all the “homemade” desserts but we did ok.)

Another great part of this gathering were the other people that came to have dinner with us. Hope, Nola, and Darrell McBreairty were there and then others that just stopped in to visit. Marvin O’Leary was there and he always helps to make a day better. Can’t wait until we can do the same thing over again.

Coming from Allagash I think of the whole town as “family” and I think it would be fantastic if one of these years (very soon) before we are all too old and lose more of the older generation, we have an “Allagash” Thanksgiving at the town gym with as many families that can come together as possible.

What do you think!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Sounds great to me.

GOOD MORNING FAYE; (ANOTHER STORY)

Thinking back on my childhood, I now realize how precious the few years we had with our father were. I remember him as a kind and loving person. When he was building the “shed” that’s on the back of our house it was in the warm weather, and I was young and loved playing with my dolls and carriage. He would be out there hammering away while I would be pushing my carriage around him in all directions but not a scolding word did I hear from him.

A also remember the summer that our family and Uncle Lester and Aunt Jean’s went to the Castonguay place to stay for a few weeks while Daddy and Uncle Lester worked on a road. We had a great time – Frankie Walker was up there with us and God bless him – how he survived all of us, I don’t know. Wesley and I wanted to go fishing so I took Daddy’s fishing rod and wouldn’t you know – I broke the end off of it. Brought it back and left it on the front porch like nothing happened and to this day I don’t recall being yelled at or punished for breaking it. I guess he must have just fixed it himself.

I also remember coming home from ice skating out at Uncle Vin’s bogan with feet so cold and painful that I couldn’t hardly stand it. He sat me down and took my feet and wrapped them in a towel until he could get some warm water to wash them until they felt better. Another time I had a terrible ear ache. He had me sit down and got a wash basin of boiling water and put it on the floor. Then he told me to try putting my

feet in the water but of course only the soles could touch because it was so hot but it was not long after they did, I heard a “pop” and fluid started draining out of my ear and the ache was gone. I don’t remember having an “earache” after that.

He was not a church going man but he did believe and made sure that us kids went. I used to try and get out of going to Sunday School every once in awhile but he would not let me. I remember this one morning in the winter I told him that I could not find my shoes so I would not be able to go to Sunday School. Well, he was quick to inform me that if I did not find my shoes I would be walking up the road in my bare feet. My shoes appeared very quickly because I knew that he meant it. He was a kind and gentle loving man but when you were “naughty” he would punish you. I do remember getting the “hand across the behind” at times when needed and I don’t think any worse for wear because of it.

These are a few things that I remember about my father from when I was young and he was still with us. Even though it has been many years since his passing, he is certainly not forgotten.

RICHARD “DICKIE” WILLIAMS
NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT
HUSBAND OF MYRTLE ANN McBREAIRTY WILLIAMS

‘Twas the night before Christmas 1969...So up to North Country the coursers they flew.

“Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;”

Well, that’s not quite true...Myrtle Ann McBreairty was stirring, not only that, she had her future husband stirring also.

Our story begins weeks before Christmas Eve. Myrtle is Christmas shopping for her Mom, her brothers and sisters, grandfather, aunt and uncle and her cousins... Finally Santa’s sleigh (in this case a 1968 Camero) is full... Now it’s Christmas Eve and the “Sleigh” needs to fly!!!

Our departure from New Milford, CN. is uneventful; we have a full tank of gas, money in our pockets for food and dreams of Christmas with “our” family in our minds. We make it through Connecticut...no problems....through Massachusetts...so far so good. Finally the Kittery Bridge. We’re in Maine. We look at each other and

smile... The miles roll by, the highway is deserted, and it's Christmas Eve and everyone is busy wrapping presents.

We get through Portland, then Augusta and Bangor. We're gaining and our smiles are getting bigger.

Northern Maine... The gas tank is getting low. We start looking for a station but its 1969 and there are not many... The few we do find are closed (it's probably around 2 AM now and sugar plums are dancing in most peoples minds...Gas is in ours)...

Sign ahead...Houlton!!! Surely there will be a station open there!!
Closed...Closed...Darn...

Another sign..."State Police"... Great! We pull in... We talk to the officer on duty... "Hummm open gas station at this hour? I don't think so. But wait... Let me make a call"... He calls a "local" and the gentleman lives above the store/station and agrees to open up for us... (We think he must be one of Santa's elves to do this for us, but it turns out he is just a typical northern Mainer with a heart of gold)

FULL TANK... Full speed ahead.... Merry Christmas to all...

Blaine, Mars Hill... It's getting colder. Myrtle turns the blower up a notch, grabs a coat from the back seat, puts it over her legs... Colder still. The car is acting funny. I have to give it more gas to keep it going... Hummmm. Main Street, Caribou, we pull over. No heat coming out of the vents. I climb out and pop the hood, I feel the radiator... Cold. I remove the radiator cap and stick my finger in... Cold... I take off the air cleaner and the carburetor is a block of ice... What next? It's 3:30 AM... I put a floor mat in front of the radiator and we sit in Caribou for awhile and the engine begins to heat up, the carburetor thaws out... Looking good again... Heat coming from the vents... Life is good...



Next stop Allagash, Maine... Pedal to the metal... We're off, but not for long... The car starts acting up again, I pull over and idle and it thaws. The wind is howling outside, snow is blowing, visibility stinks. I begin to wonder what the obituary is going to say...

Myrtle McBreairy and dumb Connecticut guy freeze to death on Caribou Road. Time to get going again... It's not long before the car starts acting up but the sign

says “Fort Kent”...Almost there... I have the car floored and we’re only going 35 miles per hour.

Saint John... Were down to 30 but still moving... Gas gauge is dropping like a stone... Saint Francis... So close... Car is staying around 30, if only the gas holds out... “Welcome to Allagash” We’re gonna live!!!!

Over the river and past the store to Mama’s house we go..... We made it!! We pull into the drive, stick the nose of the car into a snow bank and shut it off... The gas gauge says “E” but we’re “home”...

I meet Dora for the first time... She’s a wonderful lady.... I loved her instantly... We talked for a bit then Peewee showed me where I would be sleeping. It looked great, I’m exhausted. We sleep for a few hours. Then it’s time to celebrate Christmas with my new family. Everyone is excited and the laughter and smiles are in abundance... I love it. I’m so glad I’m part of it.

Was it worth the ride to be there??? You bet... To this day it is my most “unforgettable” Christmas. Not because of the ride, but because of the joy I felt observing the love that young girl from northern Maine had for her family and them for her.

Her eyes – how they twinkled! Her dimples how merry! Her cheeks were like roses, Her nose like a cherry! And that is what made it such a memorable Christmas in 1969...

REMEMBER

The following poem was submitted by Woody McBreairty. The author is unknown. It seems to sum up everything this book is all about.

The years begin to go so fast
Each one more quickly than the last
It’s time to gather up the past.....
And remember.

To see in mem’ries evergreen
The life I’ve lived
The years I’ve seen
The good, the bad,

The might have been
And remember.

Oh, there were times, I can't deny
Life knew the way to make me cry....
For all the times I've said good-bye
I remember.

But now I've seen the season through
I feel such thankfulness...I do
For all the reasons I have to...
Remember.

I've taken all life had to give
I've learned to pity... and forgive
Discovered life is here to live...
And remember.

I've shared in pleasure and in pain...
Till nothing now can break the chain...
Whatever storms may yet remain
I'll weather.

When life first started, who could say
That I would come this long, long way,
It seems like only yesterday
But I remember.

I had the stage, I sang my song,
I have survived and grew up strong
I've lived an age that I will long
Remember

Like children's toys and souvenirs
Our time gets used and disappears
Among the shadows of the years
But we remember.

The days grow shorter, one by one
And though my summertime is done...
I'll see you always with the sun
Above you.

And when at last I've lived my day...
With one more breath I will convey
A curtain line to end the play
As we meet once more and say
"REMEMBER".

CONCLUSION

We do not plan on doing a third book like this one but that doesn't mean you can't do something to preserve other memories that we haven't captured in the first two volumes. Keep a journal—news clippings—flyers, etc. so that future generations will be aware of the life we lived and the changes that have taken place from time to time.

Maybe it isn't too late to do something here in town that could bring some changes, bring some of our people "home" and rebuild a good, solid community that will last forever. The potential is here, always has been, to create an atmosphere that would lure people here as tourists and give jobs to those who come back to stay. It would take a brilliant idea but it is possible.

In any event, don't forget to document your old memories and record the new happenings as life goes on each day. Who knows? Maybe one day, some other kook, like myself, will ask you to tell them more about "Allagash As We Knew It". I am sure you will have great stories to tell them, also.

Faye O'Leary Hafford

APOLOGIES

We would like to apologize to the following people for mistakes we made in our book, "You Can Go Home Again".

To Chace Jackson for misspelling your name. (It's not Chase.)

To Alma Kelly Oline—she is the daughter of Leonard and Doris Hughes Kelly (not McBreairty)

We are very sorry for the mistakes.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank everyone who agreed that we needed another book to gather our memories for future generations. Everyone was so willing to do it and I especially want to thank those who wrote an essay for the first book, "We Can Go Home Again" and were willing to write another for this one. This will be as much a part of our history as any documented paper. You lived those moments and told them in your own words for every body to read and enjoy.

I am sure there is much more to write about in the past and will be plenty to write about in the future. Don't let it stop here. Try to document our lives in some form so that it will go on record where someone, who is doing a report, essay, documentary etc., will be able to find the true material that they need about Allagash.

At the present time we are placing news items about Allagash in scrapbooks and they will be stored in the library and be available for those seeking knowledge of our little town. I will have Sarah Jackson to thank for helping me with that project.

Allen Jackson has placed all of my obituaries, many of them having been clipped out of the papers by my mother-in-law, Nellie Hafford, into plastic sleeves and into a notebook for safe-keeping. That has been placed on the shelf in the library, also. Thank you, Allen. That book will also be available to those seeking genealogical facts of our people from Allagash.

The proceeds of this book will go to the Faye O'Leary Hafford Library after the expenses are paid. There are still some copies of the book, "You Can Go Home Again" for sale at the library, if you want both volumes.

THE
FAYE O'LEARY HAFFORD LIBRARY

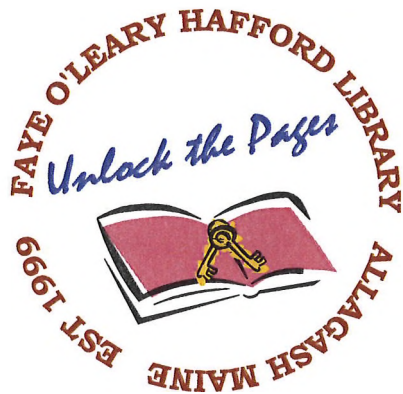
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Allagash, Maine 04774

On behalf of the Library, I would like to thank everyone who has supported us over the years. Your visitation and use of the library is the biggest contribution, but it can't go without saying...thanks to the many folks who have provided financial and volunteer support.

If you would like to donate to the Library, you can do so by mailing your contribution to the above address. We have also enclosed a contribution form in this book for your convenience.

With your help we can continue to live up to our Library Logo:



Sincerely,
Bryan Jandreau
Library Secretary

WEBSITE: <http://www.aroostook.me.us/allagash/library.html>

EMAIL: allagashlibrary@sjv.net

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Where the Heck is Wheelock, Maine?

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Reading, Riting and Retirement

You Can Go Home Again
(Written by Friends of the library)



