MAINE / MARITIMES FOLKLORE COLLECTION
ACCESSION NA 21

DEPOSITOR: JoAnn Bowden
TITLE OF PAPER OR PROJECT:
SUMMARY: Folklore material collected in West Enfield, Enfield, and Penobscot Bay, in the Fall of 1962.
TYPED OF HANDWRITTEN: Typed

CONTENTS LISTING:

I. The Area and Informants
-Each area has a short description followed by a list of informants from that specific area. (Each informant has a short biography).

II.Folklore Stories
-Informant: Evelynne Drusendahl, "The Argamentious Witch"
A witches burial wishes are ignored and her body disapears.

-Informant: Mrs. Jestings, "The Dennysville Witch"
An insane woman haunts a house in Dennysville"

-Informant: Violet L. Graham, "The Haunted House"
A murdered man's leg imprint will not come off a slab of rock.

-Informant: Raymond Bowden, "The Haunted House"
A dead baby's cry is heard in a house in Blue Hill.

-Informant: Mrs. Jestings, "The Haunted Castle"
A crazy family never left their house even when they died.

-Informant: Violet L. Graham, " Silver Slipper Ballroom"
The Devil attends a dance and casts a pall over the people.

-Informant: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe, "The Old Fort House at Pemaquid Beach"
An evil man is carried away by a big black glob.

-Informant: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe, "A Thomaston Story"
A sea captain takes his maid for a mistress and they both drown at sea.

- Informant: Mrs. O. Pelletier, "The Devil at the Dance"
A girl disobeys her mother and goes to a dance where she dances with the devil.

-Informant: Evelynne Drusendahl, "A Ghost Ship"
A ship lost during a storm appears before a storm or squall.

-Informant: Vicki Weatherbee, "Ghostly Horses"
A white horse appears at night to a young girl.

-Informant: Violet Graham, "The Ghostly Hitchhiker"
A young girl on the side of the road disappears in the mist when someone stops to help.

-Informant: Raymond Bowden, "The Black Hand"
A thief writes letter s in the snow and signs them "the black hand".

-Informant: Evelynne Drusendahl, "A ghost Story"
One of Bluebeards wives walks the beach still waiting for his return.

-Informant: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe, "A forewarning"
A dead wife shows herself to her husbands second wife.

-Informant: Annie Anderson, "A forewarning"
A strange woman comes to borrow sheets.

-Informant: Ella Gatcombe, "A Forewarning"
Three raps on the door means a death in the family.

-Informant: Ella Gatcombe, "Johns Island"
A cave on the island is haunted by a white horse.

- Informant: Violet L. Graham, "The Cameron Story"
A boy had been forewarned about his own death.

-Informant: John Gatcombe, "Chickawaukee Lake"
How the lake got its name from an Indian and a chicken.

-Informant: Violet L. Graham, "Passadumkeag"
How the town and stream got their name from Indians and a keg of rum.

-Informant: Violet Graham, "A True Yarn"
A man gets caught in a rock jam.

-Informant: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe, " Hidden Treasure"
A pirate named Dixie Bull buried his treasure on John's Island.

-Informant: Ella Gatcombe, "A True Story"
A divorced wife wears nothing but black clothes.

-Informant: Annie Anderson, "A True Story"
A ship from Denmark got stuck on an iceberg for 38 days.

-Informant: F.C. Gatcombe, "A True Legend"
A tale of a schooner lost at sea for several months.

-Informant: Raymond D. Bowden Jr., "Bumsquirt"
How the name came to be because of the War of 1812 and the British.

-Informant: Sally Jean Ballard, " A Personal Experience"
A little girl's experience with a disappearing pan lid.

-Informant: Raymond D. Bowden Jr., "How to Catch a Bear in the Winter"
Directions on how to get a bear using peas and a hole in the ice.

-Informant: Raymond D. Bowden Jr., "A Rhyme"
Danforth for Wisdom...

-Informant: John O'Donnell, "A Rhyme"
I'm big as a moose...

-Informant: F.C. Gatcombe, "A Woods Tale"
Men on their way to a doctor lose their sick friend.

-Informant: Raymond D. Bowden, "Paul Bunyan"
Tale of Bunyan getting mad at a lumber company.

-Informant: John Gatcombe, "Paul Bunyan"
Tale of Bunyan getting beat up by his boss in Danforth.

-Informant: Mrs. Jestings, "George McGoon"
Several tales of George McGoon.

-Informant: Mrs. Roscoe Kimball, "An Old Saying"
The explanation of the saying, "two lights a-burning and no ship at sea."

-Informant: F.C. Gatcombe, "The Gorbie"
Tales of the gorbie and how it's bad luck to harm one.

-Informant: Raymond D. Bowden Jr., "The Gorbie" (another version)
Tales of the gorbie and how it follows you around stealing food.

-Informant: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe, "Hidden Pirate Treasure"
A brass statue points to where pirate treasure is hidden.

-Informant: Edmund Nadeau, "Mohawk"
How the area received its name from an Indian Chief.

PROPER NAMES

tr. cards 1-6-64 Collection B.2 Indexed by P. CORNELL date: 12,30,63

name	informant	character	other
VIOLET L. GRAHAM WEST. ENFIELD	23, 26, 33, 41, 43, 44		3 (biog.)
DUDLEY, JAMES WEST ENFIELD		3,	
BALLARD, SALLY WEST ENFIELD	51		4 (Biog)
ANDERSON, ANNIE WEST ENFIELD	38, 47		4 (Biog)
MADEAU, EDMUND WEST ENFIELD	63		5 (Biog)
FRANK ANNIS WEST ENFIELD		5	
KIMBALL, MRS. Roscoe S. LINCOLN	59		6 (Biog)
ORVSENDAHL, EVELYNNE KITTERY	21, 31, 36		8 (Biog)
BOWDEN, RAY JR. LIMESTONE	52, 53, 61		10 (Biog)
PELLITIER, Odille LIMESTONE	30		11 (Biog)

PROPER NAMES

tr. cards 1-6-64 Collection B-2 Indexed by P. CORNELL date: 12-30-63

name	informant	character	other
O'DONNELL, JOAN LIMESTONE	54		11 (Biog)
JESTINGS, JOSEPHINE LIMESTONE	22, 25, 58		12 (Biog)
MILLER, MRS. CHRISTINE LIMESTONE			12.
BOWDEN, RAYMOND MACHIASPORT	24, 35, 50, 56		13 (Biog)
GATCOMBE, ELLA BACK COVE	28, 29, 37, 39, 40, 45, 46, 62		15 (Biog)
MC FARLAND, MRS CARRIE BACK COVE			15
COUGHLIN, ANNA BACK COVE			15, 46
GALCOMBE, JOHN LINCOLN	42, 57		17 (Biog)
WEATHERBEE, VICKI ?	32		17 (Biog)
GATCOMBE F. C. BACK COVE	49, 55, 60		18 (Biog)

PROPER NAMES

tr. cards 1-6-64 Collection B-2 Indexed by P. CORNELL dates 12-30-63

name	informant	character	other
STEVENS, REV. STANLEY			
NICHOLS, ?		28	
SNOW, LULU BINE HILL			34
TIBBETTS, LIZZIE			37
THOMPSON, MARTHA			37
GENE TUNNEY			40
Bull, Dixie		45	
BRAUN, LANGDON LINCOLN			53
BUNYAN, Paul		56, 57	
Mc COON, GEORGE		58	

PROPER NAMES

tr. cards 1-6-64 Collection B-2 Indexed by P. CORNELL date: 12-30-63

name	informant	character	other
MORGAN, HENRY		62	

Bowden:

21- Burial: thunderstorm: coffin gets lighter: body disappears. 21 00-

~~22~~

22- Haunted house

23- " " : kind image appears on stove where murder took place.

24- " "

25- " "

26- The Devil at the Dance.

28- Curse carried off at death -

29- Judgment: "Neither God with Devil can . . .

30- The Devil at the dance

31- ghost ship.

33- ghostly lullabies: Haynesville Woods.

36- ghost of Bluebeard's wife.

37- Forerunner: wraith

38- Forerunner:

39- " : 3 raps.

40- " : while horse portends storm.

41- " : squeak of boards.

42- Fake Indian derivation: Chickawaukee

43- " " " : Pamadumbeag.

45- Buried treasure: Dixie Bull.

50- Place name: Bumsquivet.

52- How to catch a bear: "Take a pea."

56- Paul Bunyan.

57- " "

58- George Magoon.

60- Gorby.

61- Gorby

62- Buried treasure

63- Place name: Mohawk.

21 001

West Enfield, Maine

West Enfield is a small town located on the shore of the Penobscot River about fifty miles north of Bangor. There used to be two paper mills in Howland, a twin town across the river, which supplied work for the townspeople. Many people worked in the Millinocket mills and in the woods in that area.

The paper mills moved south about twenty years ago. After many years of hardship on the part of the people who stayed because they owned homes, a tanning factory finally opened in Howland about four years ago. This does not provide enough work so many people travel to Old Town to work in the shoe shops or to Millinocket to work for the Great Northern Paper Company.

The present population is composed of laborers, who often draw unemployment benefits six months of the year, a few small local businessmen and retired people living on pensions. Many of the young people have had to seek employment out of town so they have settled in other areas. The result is a tumble-down, dying town.

The following facts should serve to give a picture of the personality of many of the inhabitants. West Enfield is actually a part of the Town of Enfield, although the centers of the two parts of the town are four or five miles apart. A distinction is always made by the natives.

West Enfield
Bangor
Howland
Millinocket
Enfield

21 002

Natives always stipultate. They come from West Enfield or Enfield.

Each town had a small school with two grades to each classroom. A plan for building one school was voted for but there was such disagreement after the afirmative vote that a bill was put in legislature for division of the town into two towns. This was refused, so after much bitterness a plan for combining the schools has been unwillingly accepted--helped along by the fact that the Enfield School mysteriously burned two years ago. The people in West Enfield were naturally accused of setting the fire!

The language spoken is primarily English although a French settlement has grown up in one area of town during the past ten years. Many of the present fifty-sixty year old group had parents who had immigrated to the New World from Ireland, Scotland, Denmark and parts of Canada--New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island most often.

The area used to be rich in folklore and I know some still exists that I could not collect. A particular example is my Uncle, who is a great story teller among the boys, but was reluctant to tell me any for use in this paper.

West Enfield Canada
Enfield
Ireland
Scotland
Denmark
N.B.
P.E.I.

21 003

Informants from West Enfield

Violet L. Graham has been a resident of West Enfield all her life. Her father was an immigrant from Prince Edward Island where the family had a fox farm. Her mother came from Ireland to Boston, when she was seventeen. She met and married in Boston and returned to Prince Edward Island with her husband. Work was scarce and many P. I. boys left the Island and journeyed to West Enfield where the building of the bridges to Howland furnished work. Her husband moved his family to the area and they settled on a small farm.

Mrs. Graham and her brother were in the first class to graduate from Howland High School, and were the top students in that class. The children of the family have carried on the tradition, and the family is more schorlarly than is usual in that area.

She was the postmistress for sixteen years in West Enfield. Her first husband, who died two years ago, was a woodsman, teller of tall tales, fiddler and champion poacher. For instance, there is the time he and his buddy sat in front of James Dudley's garage and shot a deer across U. S. 2 , when he came to lick at a block of salt they had placed to lure him within shooting range..

West Enfield
P.E.I
Ireland
Boston
Howland

21 004

It was out-of-season and the boys in the back of the garage came rushing out, when they heard the shot but the clever comrads had hid the gun and successfully passed it off as a back-fire from a car. I mention this because some of Mrs. Grahams stories are retellings of his favorites. Unfortunately, she couldn't remember very many. This isn't surprising as the stories were customarily told at camp or when hunting and fishing with the boys.

Sally Ballard

Sally Ballard is twenty-two years old. She is teaching in West Enfield. She has lived there all her life except for the years she attended college. Her story is interesting when she tells it because although it happened many years ago, she is obviously still bothered by the experience and believes that something super-natural took place. Ordinarily, she would dismiss most stories of that kind as simply entertainment.

Annie Anderson

Annie Anderson has lived in West Enfield since she was eight years old. She is in her seventies now. One of her stories is true and is a local legend. The other story pertaining to the forewarning happened in her presence so it is true to her and she believes it was an actual forewarnigg of death.

West Enfield

West Enfield Informants (cont.) 21 005

Edmand Nadeau is nearing seventy years old. He has lived all his life in Howland and West Enfield. He married a West Enfield girl and became quite presperous running the local sawmill. He is retired now and remarried sincehis first wife died.

He has a reputation for being a great story teller among the boys. I was told by some of his colleagues to ask about Frank Annis, but Mr. Nadeau was very relauctant. He told only one story that afternoon, and couldn't remember any others. He promised to write them down, but I have not received any.

The Indian Tale, Mohawk, is true according to him.

Howland
West Enfield

21 006

South Lincoln

South Lincoln is comparable to West Enfield and is located a few miles north of West Enfield. The two areas merge pouplations so I do not feel it is necessary to add any further information in regard to this area.

A South Lincoln Informant

Mrs. Roscoe Kimball is my only informant from South Lincoln. She has lived all of her life within this general area and was a rural school teacher for many years. She is in her late fifties or early sixties.

She is very much interested in Folklore since her father was a story-telling lumberjack. She has many issues of the "Northern", a newspaper printed by the Great Northern Paper Company in the nineteen twenties. She was eager to have me use this material. I copied two excellent tall tales, but have not included them because they are from a printed source. I did include her "old saying" and the explanation of the same because she told it to me and I find it interesting.

She is compiling a book on the folklore of the woods, but seems to be relying mainly on printed sources for her information.

South Lincoln
West Enfield

Jo Ann Bowden

21 007

Kittery, Maine

The Kittery area is located along the coast of Maine and right on the Maine-New Hampshire border. It is fairly close to Mt. Argumenticus, about which there seems to be some Indian legends.

Kittery is a medium sized town, but with a very small shopping district. Most shopping and work are done across the river in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The shipyard is located on an Island in the river between Portsmouth and Kittery. The only entrances are in Kittery, but it bears the name, the Portsmouth Navy Shipyard. Many of the people in Kittery are employed in the yard. The wages are good and the area prosperous.

Kittery is only sixty miles from Boston and the entertainment reflects this. People do not spend time telling the old tales but seek the more sophisticated entertainment of the city.

Pease Air Base is in the near vicinity and accounts for some of the population of Kittery. In our neighborhood there was a girl from Paris, one from Greece and one from Madrid in an area perhaps a mile square. Many of the other residents were there only because of the shipyard and planned to retire back home. The largest part of the population appeared to be transient.

Kittery
Mt. Agamenticus
Portsmouth N.H.
Boston
Paris
Greece
Madrid

21 008

An Informant from Kittery

Evelynne Drusendahl, my only informant from this area, is an exception to the usual population pattern in Kittery. She is a very old lady, not too well and living alone in a small apartment. She is the daughter of Judge Shaw, who is now deceased but was a judge in the Kittery Court for many years. Her mother was a school teacher. Evelynne was the only child or a rather prosperous family but she was very lonely as a child.

Evelynne raised a family of four children. She is very creative, a clever needleworker and is lots of fun to talk to. She knows many old tales and is interested in them. She loves to tell them, but doesn't have any belief in them. To her, they are entertainment.

She has always been sickly and does put much belief in many old folk remedies. She practices medicine one herself continually.

She found it difficult to recall old tales, when asked but did send some to me later. She usually tells them spontaneously when something reminds her of one but doesn't think of them quickly if asked specifically to tell a story. This seemed true of all my older informants.

Kittery

21 009

Limestone, Maine

The Limestone area is new to me since we just moved here in August. It is a small town with Loring Air Base and large potato farms providing work and making the area prosperous.

The base brings in many people, making a large segment of the population from other areas who stay for only short periods. There are many people of French descent, some Indians from Canada, some negroes, many people from other states and a small nucleus of people who have always lived here.

I talked to about ten ladies in the fifty to eighty age group, who had always lived her and got absolutely no folklore. Iwas counting on the eighty year old lady, who is the widow of the town's doctor, for folklore. She just laughed and said, "We don't tell such tales here."

All my informantssfrom this area are relatively new to the area.

Limestone
Canada

21 010

Informants from Limestone

Ray Bowden, Jr. is thirty-four years old. He lived eighteen years in Rockland. He attended A.S.T.C. in Presque Isle two years, then transferred to the University of Maine where he received his Bacheldor and Master Degrees. He has taught in the public schools of Maine and has been Director of Guidance in Lincoln and Kittery. He is currently Guidance Director at Limestone High School.

He likes to fish and hunt. He enjoys telling stories. The ones he contributed to this paper were heard on fishing or hunting trips. The "Bear" story was told him by a friend from Sherman, Maine.

His stories are of the humorous type. He has no belief and little interest in Ghosts, Witches or other supernatural happenings.

He enjoys telling stories. He uses gestures, catchy phrases and other devices to add to the interest of the story.

Rockland
Presque Isle
Lincoln
Kittery
Limestone
Sherman

21 011

Odille Pelletier
(Limestone Area)

Odille Pelletier is nearing sixty years of age. She is of French descent and moved here several years ago from St. Francis. She raised six children and is currently teaching Grade Five at School No. Two, Limestone, Maine.

She had heard many stories in her youth, but could only recall a few. She enjoyed telling the story, but thought it funny rather than frightening.

John O'Donnell

John O'Donnell is Mrs. Pelletier's grandson. He is in my Fourth Grade at School No. Two. He had just heard the rhyme and thought it hilariously funny so told it to me. I decided it was folklore, so I wrote it down. He heard it from an Uncle, who was quoting an old guy who lives in the Allagash.

John is very bright and also creative. He enjoys all aspects of life, including riddles, jokes, rhymes and tales. He has a good memory and tells stories in the classroom well.

St. Francis
Limestone
Allagash

Josephine Jestings
(Limestone Area)

21 012

Mrs. Jestings moved to this area from East Machias sevennyears ago. She is in her middle fifties. Her own father died when she was seven and her mother re-married to the town doctor. She attributes most of her tales to tales he told her or she overheard.

Another lady from that area, Mrs. Christine Miller would verify facts now and then. Mrs. Jestings happened to tell most of them in her presence. She would get very excited and say, "Isn't that right, Christine?" Mrs. Miller could verify the tales but didn't have any to contribute herself.

East Machias
Limestone

21 013

Raymond Bowden
Machiasport, Maine

Ray Bowden was born in Penobscot, where his father ran a country store. When he was still a boy, his father moved to Blue Hill. They settled on a farm. Mr. Bowden lived there until he attended Columbia University. He returned to Blue Hill, married a local girl and spent the next eighteen years in Rockland teaching History. He has taught in Presque Isle and is currently Guidance Director at Machias High School

The tales he contributed were heard as a boy in Blue Hill with one exception. The Paul Bunyan tale he believes he heard when he first visited the Township 40 area, but he can't recall who told it to him.

He tells a story well, drawing it out by adding details and regards them as jokes.

I did not write a separate report on the area Mr. Bowden is from as I didn't actually collect there. He is my Father-in-Law and sent some stories to me. He told one while we were visiting him. Since his stories are actually from Blue Hill and he was my only informant from Machiasport I did not think it necessary to write up the area.

Penobscot
Blue Hill
Rockland
Presque Isle
Machiasport
Machias

21 014

The Pemaquid Beach Area

The Pemaquid area is not familar to me. I spent just the afternoon at Hillcrest Farm visiting with the informants, who are old friends of the family.

Hillcrest Farm is located in Back Cove, which is situated on a point about eight miles from Pemaquid Light. The town looks like any Maine costal town. It is very small, has a church, post office and some cottages belonging to summer people. There is a small group of natives, who live there the year around.

The town is located off the main tourist route, and despite the attraction of Pemaquid Light apparently does not get much of the transient tourist trade. It has no "Tourist Traps". It reminded me of Prospect Harbor.

The people do a little fishing, some work for the owners of the cottages and some travel to other places to work. There are some retired people, who live on pensions. The economy is average.

The informants from Back Cove are all from one family. They possess many more tales than I was able to collect on one short visit. I feel sure the whole area is rich in folklore. In this area, one should add pirate, hidden treasure and ship tales to the list as many of them are of that nature.

Pemaquid
Back Cove
Prospect Harbor

21 015

Ella Gatcombe
(Back Cove, Maine)

Ella Gatcombe, who contributed most of the stories, is in her sixties. She has raised two boys and was the English Teacher at Rockland High School for many years. She grew up at Hillcrest Farm and moved to Rockland after her marriage. They moved back to the Farm two years ago to satisy her mother, Carrie McFarland, who is in her middle eighties but still very alert and well.

Ella was the only child and when she was growing up the house was a typical summer boarding home of that era. The location is so picturesque it was pictured in Life a few years ago.

Ella learned many of her tales from her relatives, particularly from two aunts. Her mother also told her many and some she heard from Anna Coughlin, Principal at Rockland High School many years ago.

Story-telling in the evening was and still is entertainment at the farm. Ella's mother often tells her great-grandchildren the same tales, when they visit now. John, Ella's son, was able to ask her to tell a favorite or add to his mother's telling since she had told them to him when he was a child.

Ella was very interested in my project and is very enthusiastic about folklore. They had much more to contribute but I was not able to make the long trip back for another collecting session.

Rockland
Back Cove

21 016

Ella Gatcombe
(Back Cove, Maine)

Ella is an excellent story-teller. Her eyes sparkle and she adds many details. Parts of the story, such as the description of the "Big glob with green eyes" she was careful to see I got just right.

Back Cove

21 017

John Gatcombe

John Gatcombe, a teacher in Lincoln, is about twenty-eight years old. He was raised in Rockland and Back Cove and heard the old tales when a child. He enjoyed telling a few stories he had heard in recent years but relied on his mother to tell the old family tales.

He tells a story well and enjoys them. He does not believe them.

Vicki Weatherbee

Vicki Weatherbee begged to tell her story. She is nine years old and her great-grandmother had just told it to her. She told it very well with careful attention to detail. I think she will be a good source of folklore in later years because every time she visits she is told more of the old legends.

Lincoln
Rockland
Back Cove

21 018

F. C. Gatcombe

F. C. Gatcombe is in his sixties. He was born in the Old Fort House at Pemaquid. He spent a few years, when first married as a wood supervisor for the Great Northern. He has lived in Rockland and has run the Stonington Ship Yard for many years. He is still in charge of the Ship Yard and drives back and forth to work from Back Cove.

His stories should only be told by him. He has a fantastic vocabulary of old sayings and oaths he uses continually. He has a twang in his voice and the vernacular of a true native of the coast of Maine. He also fills in many details, but talks very rapidly and it is very difficult to get all his quaint phrases in.

Ella kept nudging him and referring to him for affirmation of facts, but we couldn't prod him into very many stories. He has a reputation among his friends as a story-teller. When he did tell a story, he would start very quickly, with no preamble. He gestures a lot when telling stories.

He believed both of his stories. One is a true legend of the sea and the other of the woods. He knows the people involved and referred to them by name. His belief about the Gorbie interested me because it confirmed what my husband had told me my father believed and both men had worked in the woods in Millinocket.

Pemaquid
Rockland
Back Cove
Millinocket

21 019

Evaluation

There seems to be an abundance of Witch, Devil and Ghost tales in Maine. I also found it easy to collect little witticisms; particularly in rhyme. It is difficult to find real Tall Tales, Songs or Fairy Tales. I know there must be more Indian Legends but they don't seem to be easy to find either. Along the coast, the tales swing to ship, pirates and buried treasure.

I particularly enjoyed my collecting session at Back Cove, Maine. The whole family gathered in the kitchen and took turns telling tales over doughnuts and coffee. I was there only about two hours and was reluctant to leave. I feel this area is particularly rich in folklore. The people are cut off from the main stream of life, and although they have T.V., I know in this particular family telling old tales is till considered entertainment.

My experience is that it is difficult to really collect folklore because it becomes an artificial situation. Folklore is generally told around the fire-place in the evening or among the boys on an evening out. I am sure I could have collected some excellent tales from both Mr. Nadeau and Mrs. McFarland but they both tell their tales spontaneously and in a

Back Cove

21 020

particular setting--Uncle Ed at the local garage and Carrie at her home evenings. Since I was unable to dupplicate this situation, I was unable to collect their stories.

I found people reluctant to tell tales when first approached and many complained it was difficult to recall them at the time. Some wrote them to me later. I often told a few tales as primers and that helped. However, they seem to be told most often when something happens to remind the person of the tale. Everything I collected from my husband was that way. I came home from class muttering about "Bear" stories and he bubbled over with his. He had heard it fishing and never told it to me until this reminded him of it. He pointed out the location and recalled the story of Bumsquirt as we drove by on our way home. I think this makes folklore very difficult to collect. It happens as a result of a natural situation and is difficult to force.

I did my note-taking in form of phrases and garbled shorthand leftover from high school. It think it did interfere quite a bit with progress. Tape would be better, particularly if you have a session as I did at Back Cove. I found I had to take down phrases at the time because I couldn't do a good job of recall afterwards. It also interferred with my enjoyment of the story and I resented it. Collecting folklore is an extremely time-consuming project. One story is often the result of several hours work.

Back Cove

21 021

(The Argamenticus Witch)

Over to Agamenticus Mountain there was this old woman, who was believed to be a witch. She asked never to be buried beside an old Indian when she died. The people started to bury her there, in spite of her wishes, When the bearers were carrying her coffin to the grave, a sudden thunderstorm broke and the coffin got lighter. They looked in her coffin and no trace of the body could be found.

Coll.: Kittery, Maine
Oct. 11, 1962

Inf.: Evelynne Drusendahl
5 Lewis Ave.
Kittery, Maine

D

The informant was told this story by an old man who lives on Argamenticus Mountain and is accepted as a self-made preacher for that area. His name is Rev. Stanley Stevens.

Mt. Agamenticus
Kittery

21 022

(The Dennysville Witch)

This house is in Dennysville. It is known as the Lincoln House. There was this insane woman who thought every time she went by she heard someone call or whistle--people go look at it and it's known as a haunted house. Her husband deserted her because he thought she was a witch or haunted herself. She came from the Province. He thought she wasn't insane but she was. How I know, my father doctored her for years.

[B 281]
[H 402]

September 1962
Coll.: Limestone, Maine

Inf.: Mrs. Jestings
Limestone, Maine

A

Dennysville
Limestone

21 023

(The Haunted House)

In the town of Passadumkeag stood the haunted house. It was vacant for years. It was the tavern and overnight stop for the stage that ran from Bangor to points north.

[E 334.2.1]

[E 281]

[1654.3.1.1]

The story goes that one night a traveling salesman was murdered, his body cut up and buried in the cellar. There was a slab in the cellar floor that showed the imprint of a leg when it was turned over and although you rubbed the imprint out, it would still be there if the rock was turned over again.

The land the house stood on is now a successful dairy farm.

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
September 1962

Inf.: Violet L. Graham
Box 1
West Enfield, Maine

D

The informant wrote the following: I was down in the cellar (house was vacant) in 1924-25 and saw the imprint myself. The house was vacant until about 1940.

Passadumkeag
Bangor
Limestone.
West Enfield

21 024

(The Haunted House)

[E 281]

The Haunted House is on the East Blue Hill road about two miles out of town. It is haunted by the [E 402.1.13] cry of a baby who died in the house years before. The house has changed hands many times, and the [E 425.3] cry is still heard at night. Sometimes it is heard when the house is without tenants.

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
September 1962

Inf.: Raymond Bowden
Machiasport, Maine

D

The informant is a native of Blue Hill and has known the story for years, however, he did say it had been written up in a Down East Magazine within the last few years. The author was also a native of Blue Hill whom he knew and who collects and writes up the folklore of that region.

Blue Hill
Limestone
Machiasport

21 025

(The Haunted Castle)

[P150] These people were rich. They came from New York and bought a cottage between Franklin and Sullivan. The father retired and somehow the [E560] money was lost. The mother over-protected the children and they weren't allowed to mingle with others so they were tutored at home. They were scared of everyone. They had lots of cats. I don't know how many.

It went on until you couldn't even walk in the castle. My brother went in and it was awful. They had their caskets there and one died. The [F771, H.2] sister just put her in the casket and left her there. I don't remember how they found the other. She was finally put in a mental institution. The house has been made into a museum now, but it is [F282] still known as the Haunted Castle.

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
September 1962

Inf.: Mrs. Jestings
Limestone, Maine

B

New York
Franklin
Sullivan
Limestone

21 026

(Silver Slipper Ballroom)

[C-303.10.4.0.1] The Silver Slipper Ballroom was a riotous, evil place and was getting worse until the night [C-303.3.1] the Devil entered. Revelry was at its height, when this tall dark stranger appeared and cast a pall over the gathering. Fights broke out, lovers quarrelled, and friends turned against friends.

One lady said, "It's the Devil's work," and the tall stranger said, "That's true. I am the Devil."

The crowd stared at him in amazement till [C-303.4.5.3.1] they looked at his feet--they were cloven!

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
September 1962

Inf.: Violet L. Graham
Box 1
West Enfield, Maine

C

Limestone
West Enfield
Milford
Old Town

The Silver Slipper was located in Milford beside the bridge connecting Old Town and Milford. It was vacant for many years, but was finally converted to a factory within the last five years. It burned down a few years ago during the night. There was much speculation at the time, because a body was discovered in the ruins. There was a question of identity, which

Silver Slipper Ballroom (cont.) 21 027

the police finally felt they had settled.

This was an old woods tale which my Dad had often told. The yarn deserves a little more belief than most because the Silver Slipper looked like that story could have happened there and was vacant for many years.

I've collected it several times, & these are the versions in the archives.

21 028

(The Old Fort House at Pemaquid Beach)

There is a house known as the Old Fort House at Pemaquid Beach that used to be owned by a man named Nichols. He was wealthy but wicked. He died cursing and when he died a big black glob with eyes like globes of fire came into the room. He grabbed up this cursing man and carried him off into the night.

[G-370]

[G-440]

Coll.: Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Me.
October 6, 1962

Inf.: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe
Back Cove,
Maine

B

Pemaquid Beach
Back Cove

21 029

(A Thomaston Story)

A fairly wealthy sea captain lived in Thomaston with his good wife. He became enarmored with a fair and comely maid. He put his wife aside and took the maid as a mistress.

The Minister chided him for doing this--taking this young maid. The captain snarled, "Neither God nor the Devil is going to separate me from this woman."

He took her on an ocean voyage. They were just out of Penobscot Bay when the encountered a bad storm. The ship broke in two pieces, she on one side and he on the other. They both drowned.

[Q241]

Coll.: Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Me.
Oct. 6, 1962

Inf.: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe
Back Cove, Maine

B

Thomaston
Penobscot Bay
Back Cove

21 030

(The Devil at the Dance)

This girl wanted to go dancing and her mother had forbidden her to even talk about it. You know in the olden days that was a terrible thing to do. The girl said she was going anyway so her mother said, "If you go, the Devil will dance with you.

[G 303. 3.1] The girl went to the dance anyway. A nice looking [G-303, 5.1] fellow dressed all in black came up and asked her if she would dance with him. They started dancing and she felt [G-303.10.4.0.1] something pricking her back. She looked and this man's fingernails were long and pointed and it was the Devil. [G-303, H.4] She ran home.

Inf.: Mrs. O. Pelletier

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
September 1962

B

Limestone

21 031

(A Ghost Ship)

Many years ago, a fisherman on one of the islands had a boat built on the mainland. The other folks on the islands said the boat should have been built on the island like theirs to be any good. Anyway the fisherman sailed it towards home on a Christmas Day. The weather was fine and the boat reached the harbor safely but it never made the shore for a snow squall suddenly started and it vanished into the storm. Three times during the next three days the fisherman tried to land only to be driven back again and again until it vanished.

[2 71.1]

[535.3.2]

Now just before a severe storm on a moonlight night or even in the daytime, a little vessel with ragged sails can be seen just visible from the shore.

Coll.: Kittery, Maine
October 11, 1962

Inf.: Evelynne Drusendahl
5 Lewis Ave.
Kittery, Maine

D

Kittery

21 032

(Ghostly Horses.)

Grammie lived by the water. The horses came across the water in the winter. Sometimes they got cut on the ice. One night when they had been telling ghost stories, her father asked Grammie to go out and get some sap to heal the horse's cuts.

Her father gave her a lantern, but she couldn't see very far. When she was getting sap from the tree, something white popped up from the bushes, neighed and galloped away.

=W23.1.3]
=W23.1.3.4

Coll: Hillcrest Farm Back Cove
Oct. 6, 1962

Inf.: Vicki Weatherbee
MacKenzie Ave.
Lincoln, Maine

B

The Grammie mentioned in the above story is nearly ninety years old. She tells the children tales like the one above whenever they visit her. The little girl who is my informant is only nine years old. She is a very practical little girl, but she was eager to tell the story, told it well and with apparent enjoyment. A future folklorist, no doubt.

Back Cove
Lincoln

21 033

(The Ghostly Hitchhiker)

E 332.3.3 A girl flags down truckdrivers in the Haynesville Woods and asks for help. The truckdrivers tell her to get in the truck and they will get help. She would disappear in the mist.

Coll.: West Enfield, Maine
October 5, 1962

Inf.: Violet Graham
Box 1
West Enfield, Maine

B

Haynesville Woods
West Enfield

21 034

(The Black Hand)

The whole story seemed to be a figment of the imagination of one Lulu Snow, who lived on Beach Hill in Blue Hill. She was a plump, florid complexioned matron, probably around fifty years old. She was married, with two daughters and a husband some ten years older.

[F 900]

The tale began when mysterious messages began to be written in the snow and signed:

BLACK HAND

These messages were delivered to her husband and purported to explain certain mysterious happenings in the Snow household. These involved the disappearance of money, clothing and household articles.

Old Bill, the husband, used to come down to Hortons and tell of these Snow writings. He would get all excited and thought it was the work of the Devil. Only when he put his wallet under his daughter's pillow at night did the money did the money cease to disappear.

[D 2095]

Later, letters were sent in the mail to neighbors reminding them of scandals and skeletons in the family closets that had long remained dormant.

Blue Hill

21 035

The Black Hand (cont.)

It is believed that Old Bill died without knowing that his wife was the Black Hand.

I believe the Postal Authorities were called in and the anonymous letters finally stopped to be renewed some years later.

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
September 1962

Inf.: Raymond Bowden
~~Machiasport, Maine~~

Mr. Bowden grew up in Blue Hill and remembers Old Bill coming to the Horton house(Mr. Bowden's wife's home) all excited to tell the story of the lastest happening. Old Bill really believed it was the work of the Devil, but most people suspected trickery when told the tale by Bill.

Limestone
Machiasport
Blue Hill

21 036

(A Ghost Story)

At one time the famous Bluebeard, the pirate, came to the islands with one of his many wives and he left her there promising to return which he never did. She remained there until she died and after her death her ghost can still be seen walking up and down the shores of the island scanning the sea for his return.

[S145]

[E-H10]

Coll.: Kittery, Maine
October 11, 1962

Inf.: Evelynne Drusandahl
5 Lewis Ave.
Kittery, Maine

D

Kittery

21 037

(A Forewarning)

My aunts' sister married a man they didn't like. One day they were walking across the field and they met Adelaide coming. They both saw her, but she disappeared before they could speak. When they reached home, they found she had died.

= 473.6

Her husband was sort of the front man around town and the sisters believed he had been casting his eye around before Adelaide's death. Anyway, his second wife, Euphronia, walked in the parlor one day and saw Adelaide standing there.

Coll.: Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Maine
Oct. 6, 1962

Inf.: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe
Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Maine

B

The aunts were Ella's father's sisters. Their names were Lizzie Tibbetts and Martha Thompson. They believed this story and told it for the truth.

Back Cove

21 038

(A Forewarning)

My father built a house here in town but worked nights in the pulp mill and we stayed alone. One night my mother woke me and said, "I heard someone come in the door and open the bureau drawer in the sitting room." Mother and I lit lamps and looked but the door was locked and no one was around.

=N402.1.5]

The next night the same thing happened and my mother was so frightened that my father stayed home from work the third night. At 2 A.M. my mother shook my father awake and said, "Can't you hear someone at the door?" My father stuck his head out the window and said, "Is anyone there?"

D1812.0.1]

A voice said, "Yes, I'm Mrs. McCann. Harry just passed away and I want to borrow some sheets to make up the bed before the Doctor arrives."

My father went down and opened the door and she walked across to the bureau in the sitting room and got the sheets just as my mother had heard someone do the two preceeding nights.

Coll.: West Enfield, Maine 10/15/62
Inf.: Annie Anderson
West Enfield, Maine

D

West Enfield

21 039

(A Forewarning)

Aunt Lou always drowe Uncle Henry crazy because she was always talking about forewarning, etc. She firmly believed that three raps would always be heard before a death in the family.

This night, Uncle Henry had gone to Order. My aunt was alone. It was a windy night and while she was sitting at the table she hear something go BANG, BANG, BANG. When Uncle Henry came home she was all excited and scared because she felt it was a sign of death. The next morning they received a telegram telling of the dath of this relative who was on a Tanker in Port Arthur, Texas.

Coll.: Black Cove, Maine
October 6, 1962

Inf.: Ella Gatcombe
Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Maine

B

Texas
Back Cove

21 040

(Johns Island)

Johns Island, that'd the island that belongs to Gene Tunney now, is supposed to have a cave at the southern end of the island. Just before a bad storm or a disaster, a white horse appears.

Coll.: Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Maine
Oct. 6, 1962

Inf.: Ella Gatcombe
Back Cove
Maine

B

Johns Island
Back Cove

21 041

(The Cameron Story)

A man named Cameron who had three sons lived in Nicatous Country in a house they were building. The upstairs was unfinished but the lumber--pine boards to finish it--was stacked across the rafters.

The youngest boy woke them up one night and said someone was stealing their lumber because he could hear it squeak as they pulled it down off the rafters, but no one could be found and the lumber was undisturbed.

Shortly thereafter this boy drowned in Nicatous Lake, and the father made his casket from some of the lumber stacked upstairs. As he pulled down the boards, they squeaked coming over the rafters and he realized his son had had a forewarning .

Coll.: West Enfield, Maine
October 1, 1962

Inf.: Violet L. Graham
Box 1
West Enfield, Maine

D

Nicatous Lake
West Enfield

21 042

(Chickawaukee Lake)

Chikawaukee Lake is back of Rockland. There used to be people living on Dodges Mountain beside the lake. The farmers used to trade with the Indians for furs. One farmer gave some live chickens to two Indians in exchange for furs.

The Indians went down the mountain and stopped by the lake to fish. One chicken got loose and walked away so one Indian said to the other, CHICK HE WALKEE. The lake is still known as Chikawaukee Lake.

[7167]

Coll.: Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove
Maine
October 6, 1962

Inf.: John Gatcombe
MacKenzie Ave.
Lincoln, Maine

B

Chickawaukee Lake
Rockland
Dodges Mountain
Back Cove
Lincoln

21 043

Passadumkeag

Two Indians were traveling up the stream that is known as Passadumkeag stream. They had a keg of rum and when one got thirsty he said to the other, PASS THE RUM KEAG. The town and stream are still known as Passadumkeag.

[A1617]

Coll.: West Enfield, Maine
October 1, 1962

Inf.: Violet L. Graham
Box 1
West Enfield, Maine

A

Passadumkeag ~~Stream~~
~~Pas~~ West Enfield

21 044

(A True Yarn)

Around 1900 a man named Gamble went down into this thirty foot rock well to clean it out. Someway there was a cave in but the way the rocks were jammed it left the man about thirteen feet near the bottom of the well that was clear. The townspeople worked with teams, tackle and brains because they had to figure every rock they took out so the rest wouldn't cave in.

[R100]
[W32]
[J1250]

After thirty hours, the man was rescued and someone asked him how he felt.

"Give me a chaw of tobacco," he replied, "and I'll feel fine. That is what I missed the most."

Coll.: West Enfield, Maine
October 1, 1962

Inf.: Violet Graham
Box 1
West Enfield, Maine

D

West Enfield

Jo Ann Bowden

(Hidden Treasure)

21 045

[W511.1.12]

Dixie Bull, the pirate, is supposed to have buried treasure on John's Island. There is a gap in the Island, and during a low-drained tide you can see a big flat rock. It is just under the tide. People have tried, but no one has been able to recover it.

[W550.1]

Coll.: Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Maine
October 6, 1962

Inf.: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe
Back Cove
Maine

B

John's Island
Back Cove

21 046

(A True Story)

There was this man, he lived at Spruce Head, who divorced his wife and married a younger woman. He and his new wife set up housekeeping in the same town. They went to the Grange dances and everytime they went, his ex-wife appeared dressed all in black and just sat. People asked her why she was dressed like that and didn't dance and she would answer, "Why don't you know, I've lost my husband."

410]

She appeared the same way at Church and at any other social functions in town and finally the husband and his new wife couldn't stand it and left town.

Coll.: Back Cove, Me.
October 6, 1962

Inf.: Ella Gatcombe
Back Cove
Maine

B

I am encluding this because I feel it may be one of the true legends. Anna Coughlin, who was for many years Principal at Vinalhaven, told this story to the informant. It was told to her about forty years ago.

Spruce Head
Back Cove
Vinalhaven

21 047

(A True Story)

Before the turn of the century, a woman with three children embarked from Copenhagen, Denmark for the New World. Their ship struck/ice and ran upon an iceberg and they were stranded there for thirty-eight days.

[R 138]

The kids would climb through the port hole and skate on the ice while the men would chip around the ice and worked all the daylight hours trying to get the boat off. Their rations were very short and the woman kept her eight month old daughter, Rose, alive by soaking hardtack in water and feeding her that. They finally landed in Ellis Island, hungry but safe.

Coll.: West Enfield, Maine
October 15, 1962

Inf.: Annie Anderson
West Enfield, Maine

D

Annie Anderson was seven years old and one of the three children on this ship.

Copenhagen, Denmark
Ellis Island
West Enfield

21 048

(A True Legend)

This happened in the Portland Gale, you know that was when they lost the Portland. In Johns Bay there was this three-masted schooner, the H. H. Chamberlain. There was a Pogy factory there, and they were dismantling the plant and moving it to Long Island. The Chamberlain was already loaded with a lot of heavy machinery.

There came this easterly storm. The schooner had only one anchor down and she started to drag. The Captain came in the store and asked for volunteers to go out, and help him put the second anchor down.

[R138]

Four men went out. It was blowing hard but they got off. When they reached the schooner, the men went forward to try to get the anchor. The Captain sneaked below and cut the shackle off the anchor and they put out to sea with bare poles. They couldn't get a rag on her. The only thing that saved them was the heavy machinery. It acted as a ballast. They were gone twenty-one days and finally made it in at Carolina.

Now no nor'easterner ever died in debt to a nor'westerner. They had left Carolina when a nor'westerner struck. They were driven way off course but they finally started home again. This was in 1898. I was one year old. Charles Pulley, he had the only telephone in New Harbor, he got word that the men had made it in Port safe and sound.

John's Bay
Long Island
New Harbor

21 049

They'd been gone several months. Most people had supposed they were dead. They were all heroes when they got home. The town had a big supper for them.

You know what that Captain said to them? "Well, I'm not going to pay you. You're shipwrecked sailors and you have to work your way home." "I'd have drowned the Bastard. It's true though, at that time a shipwrecked sailor did have to work his passage home. One of the men is Fawcett over to Round Pond.

Coll.: Back Cove, Maine
October 6, 1962

Inf.: F.C.Gatcombe
Back Cove, Maine

B

Round Pond
Back Cove

21 050

(Bumsquirt)

There is a section of the coast near Pemaquid Known as Bumsquirt. It refers to the time the British came ashore during the Revolutionary War or the War of 1812. There were no shots fired and the British went back aboard their ships and sailed away. The natives have given it the name of Bumsquirt--nobody hit, nobody hurt and still refer to the place by that name today.

[A1617]

Coll.: Pemaquid, Maine
October 6, 1962

Inf.: Raymond D. Bowden, Jr.
13 Huggard Ave.
Limestone, Maine

C

Pemaquid
Bumsquirt
Limestone

21 051

(A Personal Experience)

I remember when I was a little girl, Mother dropped the cover off the lid of the pan she had on the stove. There was a flash of light, and the pan cover disappeared. We searched all over the kitchen, but we couldn't find it then and we never found it again.

[D2095]

Coll: West Enfield, Maine
October 5, 1962

Inf.: Sally Jean Ballard
Box 1
West Enfield, Maine

B

I encluded this story because of the attitude of the person telling the story. She insists that it is a true experience, and is obviously bothered because there is no logical explanation for the happening. To sum up her reaction--She knows that is true and you try to explain it, she can't and hardly dares think about it.

West Enfield

21 052

(How to Catch a Bear in the Winter)

[X 1221]

First you go find a stream or lake that has some bears around it. You chop a hole in the ice. Now take a can of peas, open it and place the peas around the hole. Go to the edge of the lake or stream and hide in the bushes. When a Black Bear comes to take a pea, you kick him in the ice hole.

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
October 20, 1962

Inf.: Raymond D. Bowden, Jr.
13 Huggard Ave.
Limestone, Maine

B

Limestone

Jo Ann Bowden

(A Rhyme) 21 053

Danforth for Wisdom,
'Pitlock for Pride,
Sprague Mills for sawdust,
And Kingman for hide.

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
Oct. 10, 1962

Inf.: Raymond D. Bowden, Jr.
13 Huggard Ave.
Limestone, Maine

A

This was quoted to the informant by a carpenter, Langdon Braun, of Lincoln, Maine. He is about 55 years old and said it was a rhyme they used to say when he was a young fellow.

Limestone
Lincoln

21 054

A Rhyme

I'm big as a moose
And Quick as a flash
And I was born and raised
In the Hallagash.

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
Oct. 31, 1962

Inf.: John O'Donnell
Leighton Street
Limestone, Maine

A

John is a student in my room. He said his Uncle, about 40 years old who comes from the Allagash, told him the above rhyme. I checked on the pronouciation of Allagash. John said that Hallagash was correct for the rhyme and explained it that the people up there talked differently.

Allagash
Limestone

21 055

(A Woods Tale)

DH58

Once while I was Superintendent of a camp up in the Allagash a man died of pneumonia. The men barreled him up, and at the same time there was a man sick with pneumonia. The men bound the sick man to a sled along with the dead man in the barrel and started through the woods to the nearest town and doctor.

When they drew in at the doctor's, the live man was gone. He had bounced off sometime during the trip in. The doctor said, "Why in hell didn't you lose the dead one?"

The men went back and found the sick man still lying in the woods where he had bounced off the sled. They got him to the doctor in time, and he saved him.

Coll.: Back Cove, Maine
October 6, 1962

Inf.: F. C. Gatcombe
Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Maine

B

Allagash
Back Cove

21 056

(Paul Bunyan)

Paul Bunyan got mad at a lumber company located in Hancock County because they wouldn't hire him. So he dug up all the forest, and left the eskers in Township 40.

Coll.: Machiasport, Maine
Oct. 7, 1962

Inf.: Raymond Bowden

B

The informant had this to say at the end of the story. "This story was told to me about the time the lumber barons were fighting over who owned land, so it sounded plausible to me."

Machiasport

21 057

(Paul Bunyan)

Paul Bunyan was born off Monhegan Island. He went north to work in the woods. After awhile, he reached Danforth and started working in the woods. Paul and his boss had words and his boss beat him up. The only reason he ever went to Minnesota, was because someone from Danforth proved they were stronger than he was.

Coll.: Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove, Maine
October 5, 1962

Inf.: John Gatcombe
MacKenzie Avenue
Lincoln, Maine

C

This story was told to the informant by a fellow from Danforth, during a discussion of the statue Bangor was building of Paul Bunyan.

Monhegan Island
Danforth
Minnesota
Back Cove
Lincoln

21 058

George McGoon

He had big googely eyes and a runney nose and a picked face. He used to come to our house. My father was a Doctor, but he also liked to trade horses and George used to come with him. His hands were filthy. Mother used to hate to see him coming because he was such a liar and so dirty. He wore a little peaked hat. Mother always invited him to dinner because that was the thing to do then, and she always used to make him wash his hands. He always had something to say about water coming out of the wall when he used the running water. He might say he's shot ten bears right in his yard or swum across the lake and back on the coldest day in winter.

[F500]

[W115]

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
Nov. 1, 1962

Inf.: Mrs. Jestings,
Limestone, Maine

B

Limestone

21 059

(An Old Saying)

When I was a little girl, my father used to say, "Two lights a-burning and notship at sea" whenever he would see us with too many lights on or if we left a light burning. (P600)

I never realized what he meant until I was reading the History of Wiscasset. In the book it explained that flocks and herds were brought to the village from England by ship. The flocks were most important because they would eventually furnish tallow for candles. Since candles were the only means of illumination, they had to be very saving with them. The old saying was used whenever anyone was observed being wasteful with them. My father came from that area, and apparently heard this saying in his childhood and repeated it to us.

Coll.: Lincoln, Maine
October 4, 1962

Inf.: Mrs. Roscoe Kimball
South Lincoln
Maine

B

Wiscasset
England
Lincoln
South Lincoln

21 060

(The Gorbie)

The Gorbie, that's the Canadian Jay, you see them in the woods. They'll follow you for miles. They are awful thieves--worse than Sea Gulls. They'll take the food right out of your hands. You don't want to do anything [B 30] to harm them. Leave them alone. It's bad luck, if you hurt one. You know why don't you? Why they're the [E 613] souls or spirit of the departed lumberman. It's bad luck to shoot them.

Coll.: Back Cove, Maine
Oct. 6, 1962

Inf.: F. C. Gatcombe
Hillcrest Farm
Back Cove
Maine

B

Back Cove

21 061

(The Gorbie)

[B30]

[B147,2,2]

[E613]

Your father used to tell me about the Gorbie. It's the Canadian Jay. A grey bird, and they follow you for miles in the woods. They were always around the lumber camps, but your father said it was bad luck to shoot them. He said they were the souls of the dead woodsmen. Not all of them, just the ones that were killed onthe drive or while working in the woods. He wouldn't hurt them either.

Coll.: Limestone, Maine
September 29, 1962

Inf.: Raymond D. Bowden, Jr.
13 Huggard Ave.
Limestone, Maine

A

Limestone

21 062

(Hidden Pirate Treasure)

On the right hand side of the habbor as you look out from the house at Back Cove, there is a large rock known [R1617] as Pirate Rock. There used to be a small brass statue of a man enbedded in the rock with his hand stretched out pointing to the point. It was about a foot tall.

Henry Morgan the pirate and other pirates had come in this area and the local people believe that they [U535] had buried some treasure on the point and left the statue as a marker. Many people looked for the treasure. I was told you must take a silver spoon and must dig [D1177] a circle around you so you can keep the evil spirit from crossing the line and getting you while you dig for the treasure. I've tried it myself and many times [U570] I have awakened at night and heard pirates holler. Bolder men have gone and looked and never find anyone.

One day a man came looking for junk and he knocked down the statue and carried it off. The legs are still in the rock.

Coll.: Hillcrest Farm Back Cove, Me.
October 1962

Inf.: Mrs. Ella Gatcombe
Back Cove
Maine

B

The informant was told the story when she was about nine years old by her Aunt. She admits to being quite impressionable, but did believe it and the rock and legs are there to be shown to anyone who cares to doubt the tale.

Back Cove