
**MAINE / MARITIMES FOLKLORE COLLECTION
ACCESSION NA 25**

DEPOSITOR: Lina Bagley

TITLE OF PAPER OR PROJECT:

SUMMARY: Folklore material collected in East Machias in the Fall of 1963.

TYPED OR HANDWRITTEN: Typed

CONTENTS LISTING:**I. Introduction**

-Description of area, inhabitants and history.

II. Stories told by Mr. Bagley (brief information included)

-"Hall's Mills"

Why Hall's Mills is so named.

-"Rocky Lake"

Tale of how the lake got its name from a pair of huge rocks.

-untitled

A man hears his name called but no one is ever there.

-untitled

A man is suspected of putting a peddler down his well.

-"Minto's Morgue"

A man looking for a saw happens upon a corpse.

-"Indian Lake"

How the lake got its name from a young Indian who was drowned there.

-untitled

A boy is visited by a man dressed in black and dies that night.

III. Stories by Fred McGeorge (brief information included)

-untitled

A hunter fools city hunters by shooting a deer over a hill.

IV. Stories by Roy Dennison (brief information included)

-untitled

A shark follows a ship until it is shot with a .22.

-untitled

The form of a biretta is found on a gravestone.

-Informant: William Prescott

How Cross Island got its name.

V. Folksongs

-Informant: Mr. Bagley

“Sure, I’ve got rings on my fingers...”

-Informant: Mr. Bagley

“Aunt Jemima she was old...”

-Informant: Lina Bagley’s grandmother

“When it’s lamp lighting time in the valley...”

VI. Jokes

-A joke among three negro women.

-A joke about two negroes that were hit by two white men in a wagon.

-A joke about a man in town who used big words.

-About a man who thinks he can walk faster than a car.

-Joke about a lazy man.

-About a very buxom girl.

-About the Lord’s Prayer and school.

-About the last run of an old chief.

VII. Legends (persons, places, events)

-Informant: Mr. Iman Bagley

A rhyme about an old dog named Chief.

-Informant: Mr. Iman Bagley, “Make or Break Mill”

A rhyme about men being paid for their work with groceries and not money.

-Informant: Mr. Iman Bagley, “Gatcomb’s #3”

A rhyme about a logging operation in a woods camp.

-Informant: Mr. Iman Bagley, “The Region of Rocky Lake Ridge”

A rhyme about an area that is destroyed by woodsmen.

B6
Lina Bagley

25 001

East Machias is a town located in Washington County with a population of about 1000 people. In early days East Machias was a part of Machias and was referred to as East Falls. In 1826 it was incorporated as a town by itself.

At one time there were nine saw mills working on the East Machias River and six ship building yards. East Machias built more vessels in number than any town along the coast. The Studivant Library is sometimes called the "Millstone Library" because of the two huge millstones built into its front showing the chief industry of the town in those years. The Pope Memorial Bridge was erected at the expense of the Pope family in memory of William Pope who conducted extensive lumbering and ship building industries.

East Machias is not a prosperous area but people, especially the descendants of the old families, hold to the culture and standard behavior of their ancestors. The economic situations prevalent does not permit many appreciable investments.

Industries now are varied including woodcutting, fishing, and the blueberry industry. There is one sawmill still in operation. There is some farming done, but mostly dairy and family type farms.

Educational standards are high. After grade school, children enter Washington Academy, a time honored and accredited academy. Recently a modern gymnasium has been constructed.

The town people as a whole enjoy a close family life and are all English speaking people.

East Machias R.
East Machias
Machias
East Falls

B6
Lina Bagley

25 002

Mr. Bagley is a man 72 years old. He is about the oldest man living in Hall's Mills. He is a quiet, industrious man, always busy around his farm. He has blueberry land, farm land, and a tree farm which he takes care of himself. He likes people and enjoys telling about the people he knew . He has a keen interest in present day politics and is an active member in his lodge. A very avid reader he likes to read historical records about Maine and the people who lived here. If you mention someone around Washington County, he has some information about the person or his parents or grandparents. He uses no particular gestures when relating stories or information. He just tell them for the enjoyment of telling them.

Halls Mills

~~25~~
Lina Bagley

HALL'S MILLS

71617] This village was first named "Connecticut Mills" because a group from Connecticut first came there and started two saw mills. Later, the mills were sold to the family named Hall and the name became changed to Hall's Mills. The mills are now closed but descendants of the Hall family still reside there.

Coll.: East Machias, Maine
Oct. 20, 1963

Inf.: Edgar Bagley, East Machias
C

Connecticut
Hall's Mills
E. Machias

Lina Bagley

25 004

Rocky Lake

This lake was so named because almost at the entrance of the main lake are two large rocks which are completely covered when the water is high. These rocks are very dangerous to boats when people don't watch for them. These two rocks are called "The Brothers". The first one you see is the biggest and appears first when the water starts to lower. A few days later as the water continues to drop, the other one appears. A group of hunters who used to travel the lake noticed the larger of the two and when the other appeared one of the men said, "Well there's his brother." Thus we have "The Brothers."

Coll.: East Machias, Oct. 17, 1963

Inf.: Edgar Bagley, East Machias

C

Rocky Lake
E. Machias

Lina Bagley

25 003

723.7.1] My father-in-law tells of the time his father heard someone call "Joe" outside his bedroom window. He went to the window but saw nobody. The next night at the same time he heard the same voice call. He went to the window again and this time it was his neighbor who wanted him to come to his home because his father was dying and he wanted to see "Joe" before he died.

E 723.6]

D 1812.0.1]

Coll.: East Machias, Oct. 12, 1963

Inf.: Edgar Bagley, East Machias

C

East Machias

Lina Bagley

25✓006

46.1]
2095]
900]

My father-in-law tells this story of the peddler who stayed all night and was never seen again. It seems this peddler called in the town of Whiting "peddling his wares" and dark overtook him. "Jim" Crosby invited him to stay the night with him. Nobody saw the peddler again but the next morning "Jim" filled up his well with rocks. People wouldn't have given it much thought if he hadn't used the peddler's horse to carry the rocks. He always said he has "made a trade" with the peddler for the horse and nothing was ever done about it but folks still talk about " the peddler in "Jim" Crosby's well."

Coll: East Machias, Oct 12, 1963

Inf: Edgar Bagley, East Machias, Maine

C

*Whiting
E. Machias*

Lina Bagley

✓
25 007

Minto's Morgue

One day in the spring "Minto" was going to do a little carpenter work. He needed a saw so he went from his camp, across the lane to the old homestead where he lived before building his camp. It was really just a frame standing against the weather. He went in as bold as "Billy be dammed" and was rummaging around in the old place looking for the saw when his foot hit something. He looked down and there in the corner was a corpse, partly hidden by an old blanket. You can imagine his surprise!. People say he came out of there so fast that he passed three cars on his way to the nearest neighbor.

This story is true. After investigation it was discovered that the dead man had been missing from "down East" and had gone into the old house to find shelter from a storm and had evidently frozen to death. "Minto" says he stays out of that place now.

Coll.: East Machias, Oct. 17, 1963

Inf.; Edgar Bagley, East Machias
C.*E. Machias*

Lina Bagley

25 008

Indian Lake

A1417] This lake was so named because years ago there was an Indian Village on the shore of the lake. One day one of the Indian braves was out on the lake and a storm came up. His canoe overturned and he was drowned. His body was never found and the people would say "Indian in the lake" which was shortened to Indian Lake as it is known today.

Coll.: East Machias, Maine Oct. 17, 1963

Inf.: John Bagley, East Machias

C.

Indian Lake
E. Machias

Lina Bagley

25 009

When my husband was a boy, there was a house near his home on Indian Lake which was old and tumbling down. It set back from the road at the edge of the woods, facing the lake. This is the story connected with the house. The family who lived there had a little boy three or four years of age. The little fellow always played out in back of the house in the trees and along the path that led to the spring. One day his mother called him in from play, and had to call several times before he came. When he did come, she asked why he was so late coming when she called. He told her he met a pretty man down by the spring all dressed in black and all shining with pretty light. The boy said he was a real nice man and he was coming back the next day to play with him again. That night the boy died in his sleep of no apparent sickness. His mother thought he had seen the Lord. As this was their only child the woman was so grief stricken, she could not stay stay there where her child had been so happy so they moved away and the house stood there and years later fell apart. The spring is still there for people to use.

Coll.: East Machias, Oct 1963

Inf.: John Bagley, East Machias

C.

Indian Lake
E. Machias

Lina Bagley

25 010

Fred McGeorge is a local figure about whom many stories have been told. He lives in a remote section (township 14) and owns nearly all the land around, including woodland, blueberry land, gravel holes and the like. He is a person who never looks as though he owns a cent but he could "buy and sell" a good many of the more prosperous men in town.

Many of the stories told about "Freddie" are of his own making and many I think are stories other people have "come up with". He has a very gruff voice which has been "aped" by people who repeat his stories.

Township 14

Lina Bagley

25 011

During the hunting season, Freddie's favorite pastime is fooling the "city hunters".

It seem Freddie ^{McGeorge} had just shot a deer down by the railroad track and gone back to the house for a knife or something. He was just coming back out of the house when a group of hunters came along and seeing Freddie they stopped. "Any deer around here?" they asked. "Oh yes," Freddie told them "there's one right down there under that hill." He lifted his gun and shot. "I think I got him," he said. The hunters just stood there and looked at him. Well they allowed they hadn't seen anything, Freddie must be joshing them. "All right," says Freddie, "we'll go see". And away they went across the field and down under the hill. Sure enough, there was the deer, all warm and bleeding. "There," says Freddie, "What do you think of that?" Well, those poor hunters didn't know what to think. "What kind of a gun have you got?" they wanted to know. "It ain't the gun," Freddie said, "It's the way you shoot. You got to make your bullet drop just at the right time." Well those hunters came right down town and told how this old guy "up country" could shoot deer right over a hill and down the other side.

Freddie told this and chuckled.

p414]

x1122]

x584]

Lina Bagley

25 012

Mr. Roy Dennison is a very interesting man to talk with. He is very interested in the history of the town and at the present time is compiling a book on the history of the town of East Machias dating back to the time of it's seperation from Machias. Most of his information was about this type of material and very interesting. He has always lived here in town and been very active in town affairs.

East Machias
Machias

Lina Bagley

25 013

Sharks following a ship always means death for someone on board the ship.

3147.3.2] Mr. Dennison told me of sailing on a vessel when he was a young man . On one trip a shark appeared and followed them for three days and on that trip a man died. On another trip soon after, he saw a big shark following the boat , back fin up, going along steady with the vessel and he had a gun on board with him this time, a twenty two. He shot the shark and the rest of the trip was smooth sailing, no trouble at all.

He laughed and said he didn't think that really had anything to do with it but he always took his gun and watched ^{for sharks} after that. Everybody felt better when he did.

Coll.: East Machias, Nov.5, 1963

Inf.: Roy K. Dennison, East Machias

C.

East Machias

In the cemetery at North Lubec there is a gravestone of
Father Sullivan on which has appeared the form of a biretta.

1654.3.1] It was first noticed by some workmen there at the cemetery, Since
then many people have noticed it and marveled at it. There doesn't
seem to be any story connected with this only that in itself it
is unique.

North Lubec

Lina Bagley

25 015

[A1617] Cross Island was so named because of the cross marks believed to have been put there by the Indians but later it was discovered that the marks were made by DeMontz.

"Picture Rocks" at Machiasport are further evidences of early settlers.

Col: East Machias, Nov 1963

Inf: William Prescott
C.

Cross Island
Machiasport
E. Machias

B. 6

25 016

FOLKSONGS

Lina Bagley

My father was always singing, whistling or playing the harmonica when I was a child. Since taking this course I have been trying to remember some of the old song he used to sing. I can remember this one. I can't say whether it's a folksong or not.

Sure, I've got rings on my fingers, bells on my toes,
Elephants to ride upon, my little Irish Rose;
So come to your nabob, and next Patrick's Day
Be Mistress Mumbo Jumbo Jijiboo J. O'Shea.

Lina Bagley

25 017

Another song my father used to sing was;

Aunt Jemima she was old, but very kind and clever;
She had a notion of her own that she would marry never,
She said that she would live in peace and none should
be her master;
She made her living, day by day, in selling of a plaster.

Sheepskin and beeswax made this awful plaster;
The more you try to get it off the more it sticks
the faster.

The song went on to tell the things that happened when people used Aunt Jemima's plaster. I don't know whether my father made up the things that happened or not but I know they were real funny to me.

Lina Bagley

I remember my grandmother singing a song that went something **25ke018**
this;

When it's lamp lighting time in the valley
Spinning dreams I go back to my home
I can see that old lamp in the window
It will guide me wherever I roam.
In the lamp-light each night I can see her
As she rocks in her chair to and fro
-----come back to see her
----- I never can go.

As I remember, the boy had done something bad and
could not go home but his mother waited for him.

JOKES

Lina Bagley

25 019

x665] Three negro women were in a maternity home waiting to have their babies. They were each telling what they would like to have. One said she would like to have a boy- she had five girls, so she'd like to have a boy. The other one said she'd like to have just the opposite--she'd like to have a girl, she had three boys. The other one didn't say anything, so one turned to her and said "Mandy, what do you want?" "Well," said Mandy "Ah don't really care longs it's black, Them white ones is so hard to keep clean."

data?

Lina Bagley

25 020

Two white men were riding along the street with nothing to do when they noticed two negro men walking along by the side of the road. "Let's run them down," said one. "Well, it will be something to do," said the other one. So they ran right into them. Bam! One fellow landed out in the field and the other one landed right in the back seat. A policeman came along and the fellows asked him what they should do. "Well," said the officer, "We'll take that fellow over there", pointing to the negro in the field, "We'll take him in for leaving the scene of an accident, and we'll take this one here in for breaking and entering."

(665]

data?

Lina Bagley

25 021

A fellow in our town used to operate a garage. One falling t
this fellow ha~~a~~ was using big words. Oh, they sounded real
good but he never seemed to get them in the right place at
the right time. One day a customer came ~~in~~ with a cylinder
head gasket blown. (the engine lost its compression) The fellow
asked Wess what he thought the trouble was. Well, Wess looked a
at the fellow and said, "I think the head gasket's blown .
YOu can tell by listening to her she's lost her expression."

[1805]

Jul 17

Lina Bagley

25 022

[X] A man from Jonesboro who is a great walker was hiking along one day when a car stopped and was going to give^{him} a lift. He waved them along saying "Don't bother me, I'm in a big hurry." If you see my mother down the road don't stop her either, she's in a bigger hurry than I am."

data?

Jonesboro

Lina Bagley

25 023

We have a fellow in our town who is so lazy he thinks manual labor is a Mexican.

[x600]

[J1805]

July?

Lina Bagley

25 024

We have a girl in our school who is so buxom that when she
fainted one day it took six boys to carry her to the lounge.
Three a breast.

[x700]

just?

Lina Bagley

25 025

The teacher was down on his knees and all the children gathered around him when the Supt. came into the room. "What are you doing here?" asked the Supt. real agitated. "Oh, just having a little crap game," replied the teacher. "Oh well," said the Supt. "That's all right. For a minute I thought you were saying The Lord's Prayer."

[350]

Julu?

Lina Bagley

THE LAST RUN OF OLD CHIEF

25 026

From the vicinity of Princeton
 Leafing over stone and brush
 Flows the old East Machisses Gummie
 In its hurried seaward rush.
 By the shores of Machisses Gummie
 Early settlers set their stake
 Back by glum and tangled jungle
 To the shores of Gardner Lake.
 To the settlement a stranger
 From a country yet unknown
 Settled in a little valley
 For to make himself a home.
 And upon the settlers doorstep
 By a passer might be seen
 Resting in the midday sunshine
 Slick and long and lank and lean,
 Rest a hound of rarest specie
 He the pride of England strain,
 He the fleetest of all deer hounds,
 In the whole of eastern Maine.
 This famous trailer was long and slim
 Slick of body and clean of limb
 With a tapering tail, and a voice severe,
 A peaked nose and twisted ear.
 As large in size as an August fawn
 Wasn't pretty to look upon

*People thought the
 Man came from Scotland
 and settled here*

*Princeton
 Gardner Lake
 Scotland
 England*

LEGENDS

Persons, Places, Events

25 027

He had a light like the like of November sky
 Flashed from those almost human eyes.
 Now when the stifling midday sunshine
 Rest its beams upon the shelf
 From the doorstep rose old Ghieftan,
 Yawned a bit, and stretched himself.
 Then he bristled from his shoulders
 To his long and tapering tail,
 Cast his muzzle to the forest,
 Vent two long and blood chilling wails.
 Like an Indian Warhoop or the challenge of a bear
 It rose up from the sleepy valley
 On the still and frosty air.
 A woodchopper listened that very same day
 To the bay of a hound from a ridge far away.
 He knew by that pitious blood chilling wail
 That it followed the course of the old Squaw Trail.
 Like the buoy sounds from Ganny Ledge
 The cry rang back from the Lowry Ridge,
 And down thru the swamp past the Indian Bog
 And he knew that a buck was ahead of that dog
 So he grasped for his gun where it stood by a pine
 And thrills of excitement encircled his spine.
 And he prayed for some wings to let himself down
 On the Injun Road Crossing ahead of that hound.
 But it was never his luck to be John on the spot
 So on crost the twenty acre lot
 And off to the north the racket growed
 Till it run out of hearing near Bagley's cove

(^{June} this is Mr. Bagley's letter
of the story)

(buoy off Money Island)

E. Machias R.
Jacksonville

(Cove on E. Machias river near
Jacksonville)

B.6 Lina Bagly 28.

His mind cast visions of scenes in the lake
He dreamed of rare done venison steak.
But impossible dreams will do him no good
So he finished his sawing and piled up his wood.
And for home and supper he made his way
It was nearing the close of a perfect day.
Twas a perfect calm, all sound was heard
The occasional twitter of some small bird.
The roar of a freight discharged of its load
And the purr of a truck on the Clubhouse Road.
From over the ridge at a distant spar
The loud exhaust of an old dodge car.
A motor boat caughed as its muzzle dove
In the clear cool water of Indian Cove.
Its ripple followed the sea wall there
And mirrored the top of the margin fair.
A hunter trots passed the Indian bog
All on the trail of the buck and the dog.
And out of the evening calm and still
The bay of the hound from the quarry hill.
And just at the set of November sun,
The sharp report of a hunter's gun.
To hear distinct no ear could fail
That terrifying, pitious wail
Like a butchered swine with its last breath
Give voice to the gores of death.
And thundering echoes westward roll
And again did silence gain control.

(he could vision deer swimming
the lake.) 25 028

- railroad station at
Jacksonville
(Jim Bryant going home
from work.)

Jacksonville

25 029

The pitious sound of that awful moan
Died, and the buck ran on alone.
The forest bowed to the evenings whim
Somber and silent and grave and still.
A full moon rose up slowly and cast long shadows down,
On the soft molds of the margin
Where peacefully sleeps a hound.
On the trail Old Chief was faithful
His duty would not fail
Like a soldier dies fighting
Old Chief died on the trail.
But when his master's comrades
Heard of his fate and woe
In search of his dead body
To the forest they did go.
To search for clues they took their time
Where hunters were seen near Bagley's line.
An hour they searched but all in vain
And shouldered their guns and on again.
The leader armed they went to the strife
With bellied guns and a Bowie knife
Like a vigilante in the days of old
Followed the trail of the bandits gold.
In a week of storm the search went on
Thru swamp land , over ridges, they followed up the logging roads
And over corduroy bridges.
They searched the woods from Chase's Stream (Chase's Mills stream)
To Gardner's rocky shore (Gardner's Lake)
They searched the fields and pasture land

Gardner Lake
Chase Mills Stream

And searched them ore and ore
Oft at night a fox or rabbit
Like a shadow crossed their path
But never once did clues of victory
Come to cool the searchers wrath.
I am at a loss to quote in rhyme
My sympathy so strong
So into your den my hryme and pen
And I'll send forth my song.
I lay my rhyming pen away
Kneel by my bedside and earnestly pray
To meet in my travels someday, the thief
That stole the life of good dog Chief.

Told to me on Dec. 1, 1963 by Mr. Iman Bagley
East Machias, Me

All of Mr. Bagley's experience are all in rhyme. I have collected only a few because he has to recite them all. He has none written down. He has them all in his head. Anything that has happened in his lifetime in which he had a part, he can relate in rhyme. They are true experiences and are an experience to hear. He is not an educated man but his stories remain consistant through the years. He tells these stories for enjoyment but won't tell them unless you are interested. Few people realize his ability.

East Machias

Lina Bagley

25 031

Make or ~~Break~~ Mill

Just below on your right hand
The Bangor Hydro built a dam
Over which the waters fell
A leaping, rushing, roaring hell.
With white caps drifting to and fro
They passed the power house below
To spend their white and foamy loar
On Money Island's rocky shore.
After you cross the foot bridge before you top the hill
There's a pile of old junk sawdust where once stood the Make or Break mill
And many a man was disabled in that sawdust pile under the hill
You could tell them as far as you could see them
The fellows that worked in that mill,
Cause their eyes were dimmed with the sawdust
And their face had a yellowish look
Their back it was bowed from the sacking
And their forefinger crooked like a hook.
Their right shoulder was always the lowest
And their right arm would helplessly swing
From sacking the jug of molasses
Or pork on a rope yarn string.
It was February the second
I boarded this holican crew
To pick up some cash badly needed
My taxes were long overdue.

25 032

It happened one day just at noontime
I thought I would take me a stray
And my footsteps would lead me to the office
To draw a few bucks of my pay.
I turned the knob of a fancy door
That let me into the big main store
Walked into the office and sitting there
With his feet on the desk in a swivel chair
With plenty of time to figger and think
Sat the big highboy that slings the ink.
He cast his feet to the top of the desk
Never so much as rose
Looked at me with those spectacles hanging way down on his nose.
He saw by the look and a bleary eye
Knew I was one of the crew
He lifts his hat and sweetly smiles
Said, "what can I do for you?"
But when I spoke about money
He cast me a sly look of dread
Drummed on the desk with a pencil and scratched on the top of his head.
He figgered a while in that time book and glanced at the oil polished floor
Hummed me a tune and he whistled
And scratched at that bald place some more.
Then he said, "we can't pay any money."
"We have plenty to eat in this store,
And when you can't take it in groceries
We can't give you work any more."
So from hand to mouth each day we lived
We had no show at all.

As Old King Cole God bless his soul

And little Emery Small.

And Hathaway and Manley Gray, MacDonald down the hill

25 033

And then there's R. B. Huntley on the road to Jacksonville.

There's Sid Young on the corner and Gaddis's concern

All grasping for that dollar

That we work so hard to earn.

Then a year back a fellow named Munson

With a buck in his jeans had been caught

And he purchased a small tract of wasteland

They called it the Lawrence lot.

"Now," they said, "we will strip it."

We won't leave a thing there at all

And all the old stubs and cedar

We'll sell to Emery Small."

So when they started a cutting

I followed the hungry mob

They were looking for axemen and stumpers

And so I applied for a job.

They showed me a spot on a fern knoll

Said, "Right here you can put in your time."

There was scrub and alders and cedar

And sometimes a big scrubby pine.

They said, "It's a cord for a dollar

And if you will put it up well

We will pay you each with some groceries

Down there at the store of E. L."

Now my feet are encased in choice leather

I have socks of the finest wool

Jacksonville

25 034

And stowed away down in my cellar
Are chunks of C. W. Bull (*government meat*)
I have cords upon cords of nice lath wood
But long since have laid up my **axe**
Cause I can't get a dime of a dollar
To pay on my overdue tax,

Told by Iman Bagley

Dec. 2, 1963

This is Iman's account of life in East Machias in the early thirties. Many of the places mentioned here are still in operation but most of the people named are now gone.

E. Machias

Lina Bagley

Gatcomb's # 3

25 035

1. Come woodsmen all, within my call
Come and around me throng
And hear the tales that history fails
To chronicle in song,
Of a lumbering expedition I am going to relate
They did a crashing business
And they did it up to date.

2. You need no introduction
Cause you can plainly see
The subject of my theory
Is Gatcomb's number three.
One day while in a barber shop
I chanced to run across
The big chief of this number three
An auger handle boss.
He said, "Can you drive a skid horse?
A real bad horse that kicks?"
I said, "I can drive one kicking horse,
Or two or four or six."
That's how I came to hire
With this company so great
To drive a kicking skid horse
In the fall of twenty-eight.
The month it was November
And Sunday was the day
That on the road to Northfield
I wound my weary way.

Northfield

25 036

At six o'clock that evening
I reached that lumber stand
With an educated skid horse
That was known as Kicking Dan,
I entered in the dingle
Mid the barking of a dog
And turned a wooden handle
Projecting from a log.
A door of shaky hemlock
On belted hinges swung
As from a twenty penny a smoky lantern hung,
From bunks along the lime chinked walls
In wonderment I see
A score of strangley faces
Peering down at me
There was men from downeast country towns
And men from city scum
A bunch of auger handles and holikins and bums,
Some came by the fast express
And some came on a truck
They hired them by telephone
To come and try their luck.
Some came in their overalls
With a knapsack on their back
Some came in woollen knickers
With a mealbag on their back.
Some came in bright red mackinaws
And some come full of booze
And some came in their dressuits

25 037

And little lowcut shoes.

There was men who pushed a pencil

And men who pushed a spade

Of every nationality

And almost every trade.

There was Earn the boss, and Ross and Morse

Old Doggy, Ralph and Bill

Rastus, Tige and Pennie

And a man from Gillen Hill.

There was Gib and Maurice Berry

There ^{was} Jim Morang and Dan

Williger and Dowling

And John and Ferdinand.

Now Ferdinand and Johnny

Together they did work

And John he was a buller

And Ferd he was a shirk.

Still John did seem to be contented

In our peaceful little nook

Till one day he got disgusted

Over back of Springy Brook

Th en he swore he wouldn't stand it

Not for any body's sake

So he packed his Kennebecker

And he sacked it down the lake.

Then Ferdinand got lonesome

Got the fever without fail

So he drew his paper dog chain (*pay chuck*)
And he followed Johnny's trail.
Then there was one who came from Calis
A hammerheaded sub
They said he was a sea cook
Come to cook the grub.
But if he was a sea cook
That's where he should have stayed
Cause I think he missed his calling
Or he hadn't learned his trade.
The chow the fellow wasted
In that tenement of strife
Would have kept a moderate living man
In luxury for life.
His piecrust was a failure
His peasoup an awful mess
He piecened it with buckshot
Which caused us some distress.
Then from Cutler Maine came Beam by name
And monstrous stories told
With big knarled hands from digging clams
He was a fisherman bold.
Then there was three who lived by the sea
In summer packed sardines
In winter freeze were at their ease
And eat of goosegrass greens.
But poverty knocked upon their door
Which caused these men to stray

25 038

Cutler

25 039

From their little homes in Lubec Maine
Near Passamaquoddy Bay.
They owned a peaceful residence there
Near Lubec's busy rush
But were stricken down by poverty
And forced into the brush.
Then Northfield yields the Chambers boys
From prison bars released
And Day come down from Cooper town
The last but not the least.
There was one I most forgot
He was a modern boar
Reside at East Machias
And his name was Georgie Hoar.
The moment that he reached the woods
He threw his hat away
He starts right in a bulling
And he kept it up all day.
The large the tall, the scrubs, the small
Were fell beneath his stroke
He kept the teamsters swearing
And he got the swampers goat.
One day he started bulling
And the chips flew in his craze
And we never saw the the sun again
For almost thirty days.
You go up on the Gore land now
The lumber lies about
Cause there never was a swamper

Lubec
Passamaquoddy Bay
Northfield
Cooper
East Machias

That could ever swamp it out.
One day they fell a giant pine
Upon its mossy floor
It was the largest giant pine
That grew upon the Gore,
To remove it to its landing
It required awful strength
Twas thirty inches on the stump
And twenty feet in length
Then from the town of Tunker
A man named Reynolds came,
They said he was a teamster
A man of brawn and brain
And by the bridles check rein
In confidence he led
A cold black rat tailed filly
With a number four head.
When first he saw that giant pine
He said it was a cinch
But with all the horse talk that he knew
He couldn't start an inch.
He talked horse and he hollered
And the hollikins all swore
That he beat up all the switches
That grew upon the Gore,
Then Bagley arrived upon the scene
With a dog chain in his hand

He sauntered up the skidway
And behind came Kicking Dan.
Now Kicking Dan was big and stout
And old and stiff and slow,
But when he put his old feet down
The lumber had to go.
While Bagley drove the dogle
Dan stood knee deep in mud
And the hoolokans sat round on stumps
To see old Dan get stuck.
But Bagley rose his collar
And carressed him with his hand
For well he knew the power
Neath the hide of Kicking Dan
He didn't lick Dan with a stick
He didn't even holler
He simply chirped to Kicking Dan
And old Dan hit the collar.
So easily it started
He took it on the run
And iceballs was a flying
And darkening the sun
When the log was landed
And rolled up snug and neat
And old Ed Berry scaled it
It scaled four hundred feet.

How wearily the winter went
As such is bound to be
And soon the time for hauling came
At Gatcomb's number three.
The rattle of chain and the bells refrain
Continued day by day
And the creaking of the sled shoe
Where the boulders strewed the way
Through spruce and pine the road did twine
Down hillsides mountains steep
Over rock and stumps and nigger knoles
Thru brooks that flowed knee deep.
Until at last with pains more than brains
They drove the booming stake.
Down where Main River turns it's tide
Out into Hadley's Lake
The snow it left them in the lurch
They did not get them all.
There's lumber left upon those yards
They will never, never haul.
But with us it was unpopular
So now I'll close my rhyme
And bid farewell to number three
Forever and all time.

25 042

Hadley Lake

Told to me by Mr. Iman Bagley on December 2, 1963.

This is his account of a logging operation in a woods camp during the winter of 1928.

Lina Bagley

The Region of Rocky Lake Ridge

25 043

In nature's vast gallery of pictures
Of mountains and lakes and hedge
One picture that sticks in my fancy
Is the region of Rocky Lake Ridge
Looking west from the point of Smith Island
It was a glamorous scene
The artist don't quite get the colors
Those beautiful shades of green
The lake like a bottle at sunset
Was food for the eyes of a saint
With the forest mirrored beneath it
A picture no artist could paint
But the timber that dawned that fair ridge
The axe and the chainsaw had clift
The spruce pine and hemlock are gone
Aught but the brush piles are left
The buzzards all struck in a body
And burrowed a hole in her side
And completely ruined that picture
That nature had painted with pride
Into that region so fair
In the bright month of June came a batch
Of Canadian woodsmen so called
In the name of the Diamond Match

Rocky Lake Ridge

Cookshack and hovel and all
Surely destruction was here
Bulldozers tractors and trucks
Teamsters horses and gear
From the Lund farm dingy and bare
There on the Gor's north line
For three miles over the ridge
They butchered the spruce and the pine
The Pine tree with tassels so green
Was felled and dragged out thru the snow
Loaded aboard of the trucks
For the mills in the village below
The White birch so graceful and tall
In the swath of the reaper was caught
And tops that were teninches thru
Was left on the ground to rot
Hard wood for fuel and spools
Was carted out load after load
Hundreds and hundreds of cords
They truck out the **Diamond Match** road
Gone are those greenery clad swamps
Where the moose and the deer used to roam
Gone are the safety retreats
Where the cat and the bear made their home

The game once so plentiful here
Has gone from this region to stay
And even the owl ceased to hoop
From his perch on a stub far away
Now its truck roads and brush and the snow
Ledges and corduroy bridge
A country of utter despair
This region of Rocky Lake Ridge
Off times in my lonesome despair
I am strongly attempted to go
Away from this smoke ridden shack
And this desolate region of snow

Told by Iman Bagley Dec. 2, 1963 at East Machias, Maine

Mr. Bagley was "snowed in" for five days while tending horses in this area in January 1958. To pass the lonely hours he made this story which expresses his feelings for the beautiful place and the way this company destroyed its beauty by cutting wood in manner which was very distasteful to him.

All of these places mentioned are familiar to the people in this section.

Rocky Lake Ridge
E. Machias