COLLECTING SONGS IN ASHLAND, MAINE

A year and a half ago, my family moved to Ashland, Maine, a small town of about 4,000 inhabitants in northern Aroostook County. Actually, Ashland proper only has a population of approximately 2,000, but the surrounding towns of Sheridan, Portage Lake, Garfield Plantation, Nashville Plantation, Oxbow, and Masardis bring the total to the figure that appears on the census tallies, and henceforth I shall refer to the entire area as Ashland, unless specifically stated.

To be honest, I did not see much to be admired about the community at first. When we moved there it was summer, and even in northern Maine, summer can be a most pleasant time of year. Unfortunately, from my point of view, my introduction to this part of the world had occurred six months before, in December, when we had accompanied my father as he looked the town over, considering a position as Superintendent of Schools. With all respect to its inhabitants, Ashland in the dead of winter is at best a bleak sight. As a result of my initial glimpse of this somber scene, I was very reserved in my opinion of the town during our first few months there, and could not find much about it that appealed to me.

When school started in the fall of 1967, I began to meet people, mainly through my parents, my youngest sister, who entered the seventh grade and made new friends, and my

Ashland
Aroostook Co.
Sheridan
Portage Lake
Garfield Plantation
Nashville Plantation
Oxbow
Masardis

own small project as accompanist for the high school chorus, which helped occupy my time during that fall semester I was away from the University of Maine. I began to learn something about Ashland itself by meeting its citizens. I learned Ashland is basically a farming community, and by this I mean potato farming. There is no other crop produced; everyone depends on potatoes, in one way or another, and the one surefire topic of interest is the progress or plight of last year's, this year's, or next year's harvest. This is not to say there is no industry in Ashland; the lumbering industry, represented by Pinkham's Mill and the Great Northern Paper Company, employs a sizable segment of the labor force. One more important factor in the makeup of the community's general character is this: most of the population is of French origin. This last is a psychological factor, not an economic one, but it must be considered of equal importance with the others. A French community such as Ashland has a different flavor to it than one consisting chiefly of New England Yankees. There is a more hospitable atmosphere, a more open appreciation of robust gaiety, and, conversely, more petty bickering, which makes for entertaining gossip. In other words, emotion lies closer to the surface here than in a carefully controlled "Down-East" village, and this factor makes it much easier to get to know people, to be included among them.

Now that I have given a brief description of Ashland and my feelings toward it, I shall try to relate my success,

Orono
Ashland

or lack of it, in searching out old folk songs in this community. I had two possible areas of song material with which to work: the first, folksong of French-Canadian origin; the second, woods songs, songs found in the lumbering camps of the North Woods. I was convinced when I began this project, and still am, that the economic and social background of Ashland points toward the existence of such songs within the community.

I began by questioning a friend of mine, Cindy Morin, who is from Ashland and who attends this university. Since she is French, I thought she might have heard songs something like what I was looking for. Her answer showed promise; she said her grandfather, who lives in Portage, used to sing songs in French, and she was sure he wouldn't mind singing them for me. We agreed to go visit him during Thanksgiving vacation, which was about two weeks away. Since I could go no further at this point, I settled down to wait for release from school.

The day before Thanksgiving, which was our first full day of vacation, I managed to talk with Madeline and Forrest Ellis, who live on one of the potato farms in the area, thinking that since they had lived here all their lives they might be able to aid me in my search. I also called Larry Hall, the music director in the Ashland school system, who is not originally from Ashland but is well-liked, dynamic, and interested in folk music, at least the modern kind. To my disappointment, none of these people could

Ashland
Portage

recall any songs which might be of interest to me.

I still had my hopes up concerning Cindy's grandfather, but I was to face a setback there also, because of a combination of factors. I called Cindy on Thanksgiving Day, and she said her grandfather had told her he only knew the French texts of Catholic hymns. Still hoping for a find, I asked Cindy to go with me the next day to visit him. She agreed, but that Friday it snowed, making travel risky. As if that weren't enough, I discovered when I got up Friday morning we couldn't have gone anyway, since she couldn't get her family's car and both of ours were taken to Presque Isle for servicing.

I had one last idea: to talk with Marguerite and Rachel Ouellette, other friends of mine, and see if they or their aunt and uncle, with whom they live, could come up with any leads. Again, I struck out. None of them had ever heard any woods songs, French songs, "compleintes", or anything resembling even slightly the material for which I was searching.

I returned from that rather depressing vacation with a feeling of frustration, and a determination to try again over Christmas vacation. To my discredit, however, the Christmas holidays somehow slipped away, and I returned to school having done absolutely nothing, on this project or any other assignment I had so firmly resolved to complete during the two-week break from school. As of this moment, I have only a start, and a rather discouraging one at that.

Presque Isle

Yet I have a belief, hunch, or whatever term should be applied to this feeling of mine, that there are old folksongs somewhere in Ashland, and I intend to keep digging until I find them.

Ashland

471 06

FIELD DIARY

Wednesday,
November 27,
1968.

This afternoon my mother and I went out to visit a friend of hers, Madeline Ellis, nee Skinner, who lives on a farm about two miles out of Ashland on the Old State Road to Presque Isle. The Skinners have been in Ashland all their lives, (her brother Gould lives just up the hill from us in Garfield, which is actually part of Ashland), and Forrest Ellis, Madeline's husband, is one of the Ellis clan, which owns quite a few potato farms in the area. Madeline was making cranberry and orange preserve when we got there, and she was glad to see us of course. She's about fifty years old, full of the devil, always talking and laughing, making jokes. We sat around the kitchen table and talked about the Ladies Aid, a women's group at the Congregational church we attend, and also discussed plans for the spring re-opening of the Thrift Shop. (This is one of the big projects of the Ladies Aid, it was started this fall, people bring in old clothes, dishes, knick-knacks, anything they have kicking around the house they can't use any more, and donate them. Then, if they see something they can use, they grab it for a quarter, fifty cents, a dollar, however we've priced it, and all proceeds go to the Ladies Aid.) Until recently, Madeline was a sales representative for a cosmetics company, so I asked

Ashland
Presque Isle
Garfield

471 07

if she had any lipstick samples left. She brought out a whole bag full, and we spent about twenty minutes looking them over and selecting a few.

Her husband Forrest, who is the epitome of the silent type, was sitting there all the time watching the preserves as they cooked. He has gray-white hair, and the kindest face of anyone I know. As I said, he doesn't talk much, because Madeline does enough talking for the both of them. He had entered into our conversation once or twice, when spoken to. As we were about to leave, I brought up the subject of folksongs, asking them if they knew any old songs, wookds songs, French songs, that they used to sing or had heard people around Ashland sing. They both pondered a minute, then said no, couldn't think of a thing. Madeline teased Forrest by saying I should get him drunk and then get him to sing the song he'd learned when he was younger from some of the construction workers in Presque Isle he used to know, but he said no, it wasn't too appropriate, and besides he'd forgotten most of it. But I just might try to coax it out of him sometime.

With that we left, Madeline giving my mother a jar of preserves, and inviting her and my father out to the house someevening around Christmas.

After supper, I called Larry Hall, the music director in our school system. Larry and his brother Leigh, who is principal of Portage Lake's elementary school, are

Presque Isle
Portage Lake

originally from Houlton. They've been here about six years, and are well-thought-of by everyone in town. I don't know Leigh too well, except that he looks enough like his brother so that they could be twins, but I do know a bit about Larry. He's about twenty-six years old, came to Ashland when he'd had one year of music at the University of New Hampshire, been here ever since. He takes summer courses now at U.N.H., and is getting close to his Bachelor's degree. But his lack of a degree doesn't make one bit of difference to the people of Ashland, all they know or care about is his fantastic ability as a band director. He has practically every kid in school in either the elementary or high school band, including my sister, who plays flute, and every single one of them adores him. He and Leigh just got married last June, Larry to Anne Despres, whose father owns the barber shop, and Leigh to Anne's best friend. Anne graduated from high school in '67, used to be in the band, and was also in Larry's folksinging group. She went to Aroostook State College last year, was in my other sister's class. She still takes courses there now. (When Leigh and Larry married local girls, the whole town was pleased, naturally, since it meant they'd be staying for quite a few years, maybe forever.)

Larry being music director, and also active in folk music, I thought he might be able to give me some leads. He tried to remember if he'd ever heard of anyone who still knew any old songs, but couldn't come up with

Ashland
Durham N.H.
Presque Isle

471 09

anything. But he said he'd keep his ears open and ask around, and if he found anything he'd let me know.

After I'd finished my conversation with Larry, my parents made a couple of suggestions. My mother said I might try talking with Anne Despres' father, who lives in Sheridan, and who, according to her, has a very good voice (he sang at Anne and Larry's wedding). She said he might know some old French songs. Then my father suggested I try George LeBlanc. He graduated from here last June, student leader and class clown, basketball and baseball star, organizer, and generally looked-up-to in the school and the town. George has the build of a football lineman, (too bad Ashland goes out for soccer instead of football), black hair, typically French face, a deep voice, and a great, easy-going personality. He's a lot more mature for his age than a lot of adults, which is why the town fathers listened to him when he participated in the discussion on why Ashland should have a Teen Center. (We haven't got it yet, but every now and then someone mentions the fact that we should. Maybe we'll have one in five or ten years--things move slowly in a small town like Ashland.) George also has a beautiful bass singing voice, which no one knew about until the last Christmas school assembly, when he played Santa Claus and sang. It's untrained, andhe has the fold singer's mannerism of not caring where he takes a breath, but the potential is there. My father mentioned him because he is

Sheridan
Ashland

French, and because he is now apprenticed under his father at Great Northern Paper Company, working in the woods. His family lives in Sheridan, which used to be the center of lumbering operations in the North Woods, and where Great Northern's office is still located.

Thursday,
November 28.

I called Cindy Kerin this afternoon, wished her a happy Thanksgiving, and inquired about her grandfather. Cindy is from Ashland, a junior here at the University, and lives in my dorm. I had talked to her a couple of weeks ago, to see if she knew of someone who knew old French songs. At that time she had remembered her grandfather singing to in French when she was little. When I said I'd like to meet him, she said she'd probably have to go along and act as translator, since her grandfather speaks only French. This was fine with me, because I speak only high school French, plus a few rather colorful Canuck phrases I'd picked up from my friends, but I am completely unable to follow a conversation between two French-Canadians. At this time (before vacation), Cindy and I arranged a tentative date to drive out to Portage Lake sometime during Thanksgiving vacation to see her grandfather.

On the night of Tuesday, November 26, while we were driving home, she said she'd call her grandfather and see if it was all right to bring me out and introduce me. When

Portage Lake
Sheridan
Ashland

I spoke to her this afternoon I found it was perfectly agreeable to him, but he doubted he would have anything I could use, since he only knew the French words to Catholic hymns. I indicated my continued interest, and we decided to try to get to Portage tomorrow afternoon. Cindy said she couldn't get her family's car then, but I said my mother could probably drive us out.

Friday,
November 29.

Today has been a pretty big disappointment. I woke up to find four or five inches of snow on the ground, and the white stuff still coming down hard and fast. Added to that, my sister informed me that my parents had taken both cars to Presque Isle for servicing and adjustments, an appointment I hadn't known about. I called Cindy and told her I guessed the trip was off, because of lack of transportation and the fact that it was such bad driving anyway. I still hope to get out to see him, maybe during Christmas vacation. Situations like this make me realize how inconvenient not having a driver's license can be. And they also renew my intense dislike of Maine winters!

Saturday,
November 30.

My sister and I went visiting friends this afternoon, Marguerite and Rachel Ouellette. They live in Ashland proper, on Station Street, with their aunt and uncle and five

Presque Isle
Ashland

cousins, the Sociers. Rachel graduated last June and is now studying to be a secretary at Northern Maine Vocational and Technical Institute in Presque Isle. Marguerite is a junior here in high school. I met her, and then Rachel, when I accompanied the high school chorus last year. During the course of our visit I asked them, and Aunt Thelma and Uncle Maurice (pronounced "Morris") if they could help me. They held a group think session for a few minutes, but couldn't produce any results. They didn't react even when I asked about "complainte" songs. Inquiring about possibilities in Eagle Lake, where they used to live, got no action either. Mrs. Socier suggested I might try Climena Sylvester, a lady of about seventy-five years, a friend of my mother's through Ladies Aid, who lives just up the street from them, and who is something of an institution in Ashland. She also gave me the name of Mrs. Vincent (Delia) Shaw, a retired schoolteacher who taught in Eagle Lake for twenty or thirty years, and who now lives in Ashland beside the K. of C. Hall, which is almost at the top of Station Street Hill. Mrs. Socier did not say definitely that these women would know some old songs, but she thought they might, simply because of their age. I'm going back to school tomorrow, so I won't have time to see them now, but during Christmas vacation I ought to get a chance to visit them and the other possible sources of information I have.

Station Street Hill
Ashland
Presqueisle
Eagle Lake

Tuesday
January 28
1969

Went to see Mary Skinner this afternoon. She's Gould Skinner's wife, lives just up the hill. She's from New Jersey, but has lived here 27, almost 28 years. Mary is very blunt, like her sister-in-law, Madeline Ellis. They'll both tell you just what's on their minds. Mary and I spent a couple of hours talking about the world situation, gossiping about various local characters, discussing school, and finally got around to my project. About that time Mike, Barbara, and Jeff, three of the kids, got home from school, and the four of them started throwing names at me, mostly elderly citizens of the community, like Ellery Robertson, who lives in Garfield, also some who teach piano, like Annie Coffin, or those who are known to be good singers, such as Florbert Despres, Clayton Turner, and Rene (pronounced Rainy) Chasse. Also people who are or were in bands, like Dana Rafford, Burns McGowan, his sister Helen Michaud. Altogether they gave me quite a list. I'll start whittling away on it, but it'll take me quite a while to get around to seeing everyone.

Wednesday
January 29

Started out after lunch, my mother dropped me at Phyllis Tripp's. Her husband Orville is in charge of Great Northern's office in Sheridan, (he was transferred

New Jersey
Garfield
Sheridan

here about 12 or 13 years ago), and, as I learned from Phyllis, he's also in the woods quite a bit, so I thought he might have heard some woods songs. When I asked Phyllis she said no, she didn't think Orville had heard any when he was in the camps. She suggested perhaps the reason was everything is so mechanized now, no one has time to sing. And camps aren't isolated communities anymore, and radio and TV supply entertainment.

Phyllis did suggest I see Maxime and Helen Beaulieu, who live at the top of Exchange Street, in a yellow house, across from the water tower. She said they played guitar and sang quite a bit. So I decided the Beaulieu family was next on my list.

On the way, stopped at Annie Coffin's, the piano teacher, two houses up from Phyllis. She wasn't home, her husband said she was substitute-teaching. I said I'd come back Saturday.

Walked up the hill, found Helen home. She's a pleasant, friendly woman, about 40. She brought out a stack of lyrics to songs she had heard as much as 20 years ago, mostly Country and Western, such as "Walk On By", "Release Me", "Your Cheatin' Heart", etc. We looked through them, she'd sing a verse or two of each to show me how the tune went. One song was just a fragment, verses 10-19. Title was "Little Blossom". She said she could get the rest of it from her sister-in-law, who knew the complete song.

Helen also mentioned the name of Jerry Carney, who

lives out on the Frenchville Road about 3 miles. He knows a lot of songs, maybe including French songs.

We talked about Maxime and his musical background. Helen said her husband could probably help me more than she could, since he was the musical one, was part of a band, played guitar and could sing. She said he knew "The Wreck of the Old '97", which I might be interested in. So we arranged for me to come back after supper, about 6 o'clock.

When I left the Beaulieu's it was about 2:30 p.m. Walked down the hill to the high school, asked to see Mrs. Belanger, the French teacher. At 3 p.m., when school let out, I found her room and asked her if she knew any French songs common to this area. She said no, she didn't know many people in Ashland yet, she probably could help me more if she were teaching in Fort Kent, her hometown. Then she mentioned Danielle Theriault, a senior in her French 4 class, who she thought might help me. Danielle and her family are originally from Canada, moved to Portage when Danielle was 4 or 5 years old. I said I'd come back tomorrow and try to find Danièlle.

After supper, about 6 p.m., went over to the Beaulieu's again, this time Max was home. He's small, dark complexion, good-looking, with a distinct French accent. We sat around the kitchen table for over an hour while he spoke of the band he was in, with Leo Michaud and Dana Rafford. (Max plays guitar and mandolin, Leo plays banjo, and Dana plays fiddle.) They play for square dances mostly, Country and

Portage
Ashland
Fort Kent

Western type, reels, polkas, waltzes. Max played some tapes he has of the band, songs like "Devil's Dream", "Bonaparte's Retreat".

There was a song on one of the tapes simply labelled "French tune". When he played that one, I asked where he learned it, and he said his father used to play it. The name of it is "The Old Man and the Old Woman". Max said he supposes it came from Canada, but he doesn't know when. It's been handed down in his family for years, and the Beaulieus have been in Ashland as far back as he can remember, since the founding of Ashland, back in the last century.

Max mentioned another song, about a fight between Black Ned and John Morrissey, in Milberry town. Only knew fragments of the lyrics. "Milberry" is supposedly in Maine, could be Milbridge, and this song is about a fight that actually took place, according to Max.

Another instrumental on tape, "St. Anne's Reel", also French. (Back to "The Old Man" instrumental--Max said one night when the band was rehearsing he started to pick it out on his mandolin, and Dana Rafford realized he knew it too, started to play along, so they worked it up and recorded it. I'll talk to Dana and find out how he learned it.)

Helen asked Max about "Wreck of the Old '97", he said title was really "The East-Bound Train". He can play it for me, sing parts of it.

Ashland
Milberry.
Milbridge

Salina O'Clair, Max's sister, came in, with the words to "Little Blossom". She knows the tune too, I'll try to tape her during next vacation.

As we were leaving, Max said he, Dana, and Leo were hoping to get together to practice tomorrow night, if it doesn't snow (if it does, Max works on road crew). He invited me to drop in to listen and talk to the others.

Thursday
January 30

Annie Coffin called this morning, said she didn't think she had anything I could use, but if she thought of anything she'd let me know. My mother said she didn't think Annie was too co-operative anyway. Used to play organ for the Congregational Church, but refuses to now, no-one knows why.

Got up to the high school at noontime, found Mrs. Belanger and Danielle Theriault. Danielle said her family used to live in Blue River, Quebec, about 70 miles north of here. Said they knew a lot of French songs, popular and traditional. I'm going to ride home on the bus with her tomorrow to meet her family.

Next, I walked down to Main Street to see Kit Coffin (she's a cousin, I think, of Annie's). Kit lives in a little white house, almost across from the Ashland Diner. She's white-haired, must be in her seventies at least. We talked for an hour and a half, about everything. When I could steer the conversation around to folksongs, I

Blue River 2nd

found out her father used to be a lumberman here in Ashland, he'd "buy stumpage", as it's called, which means contracting with landowners to cut their timber. Kit said she could remember hearing the woods songs when she was little, but not enough to learn any. Mentioned the Austins; Forrest, who lives two miles toward Masardis, who is a lumberman, and his father Cash, who lives at Cross Lake, near Fort Kent. Forrest is young, Kit didn't think he'd know any songs, but Cash knows a lot of them. If I ever get up there, maybe this summer, I'll try to find him. Kit also mentioned Pete Sawyer, he's a lumberman here in town, in his 50's, might be able to help me.

Called Max Beaulieu, 7 p.m. He said he'd had to call off the rehearsal tonight, because the weather's getting bad and it looks like he'll be on the road crew all night. He asked if I'd heard the song about Aroostook County-- "I'm bound for Aroostook County, where all the potatoes grow." Sounds interesting. I said I'd get round to see them again during spring vacation, and he said he and Helen would write down titles and lyrics of songs as they remembered them. He'll also introduce me to his cousin, who has a good memory for these songs.

Friday
January 31

I was up at the high school at 3 p.m. to meet Danielle. Rode home on the bus with her, out to Portage. The Theriault home faces Portage Lake, 2 or 3 houses in along the road

Aroostook Co. Fort Kent Ashland Masardis Cross Lake

that runs alongside Portage Lake. I met Mrs. Theriault and Danielle's brother and two sisters. There was a bit of a language barrier, since the parents speak mostly French (Mrs. Theriault does speak some English, but hesitantly). The kids chatter away in French too, in the home. But I tried out my high school French, and Danielle translated when we bogged down.

I found out they know a lot of French songs, most of which are in the books they loaned me (see footnote). Danielle said she learned most of them from her aunt, Mrs. Theriault's sister, who lives in Grand'mère, near Quebec City, and who used to teach 5th and 6th grades in Shawinigan Falls. These songs are ones that the children learn in school. Many religious songs, also simple love songs, children's songs. Danielle and her mother sang one for me, "J'engageai Ma Promesse", a religious song. They both have good voices, Mrs. Theriault especially. They sang in tempo for the most part, except at the ends of phrases, no ornamentation.

Cha
Chantons; La Bonne Chanson, pub.; Laprairie, Québec.

A la rose mystique; authorized by Editions de la Procure Générale du Clergé, Paris.

300 Cantiques; Librairie de L'Action Catholique; Québec City, Québec; 1916.

A La Claire Fontaine; Comité de la Survivance française; Québec City, Québec.

France

Fa
Shawinigan
Portage La
Quebec
Laprairie Qu

The word "compleinte" got a reaction. Mrs. Theriault obviously knew what I meant, but said she didn't know any of the songs herself. She said she would write to her sister in Grand'mère, who does know quite a few, and ask her for some information. I asked also about songs concerning knights and princesses, drew a blank there.

Mr. Theriault and his father came in, and we got ready for supper, to which I had been invited almost as soon as I entered the house. Togue, rice, spaghetti, Canadian bread, strawberries and cream, still-warm cake. Mrs. Theriault said she was glad to see I liked French food; it would be impossible not to.

The TV was on for the young ones, and all of a sudden I realized I was listening to Yogi Bear in French, which is a pretty weird feeling. It was coming from Rivière du Loup, Channel 7, which we don't get in Ashland. About quarter past five we had to leave to get Mr. Theriault to work. Danielle, her brother Marcel and sister Linda went too. The minute we were out of the house the kids started talking in English, which called for another adjustment on my part.

Danielle drove me home, and I told her I'd send the books back in a few days, and I'd like to get out to see her family again during my next vacation, hopefully with a tape recorder.

Ashland
Rivière du Loup

471022

471021

Little Blossom

1

Oh dear I'm so tired and
lonesome,
I wonder why Mama don't
come.
She told me to close my
pretty blue eyes,
And before I'd awake she'd
be home.

2

She said she was going
to see Grandma,
Who lives by the river so
bright.
I expect that my Mama
fell in there,
And perhaps she won't be
home tonight.

3

I guess I'm afraid to
stay out here,
Without any fire or light.

471022

But God's lighting his
lamps up in heaven,
I see them all twinkling
and bright.

4

I guess I'll go out and
find Papa,
I suppose he stopped in
at the store.
It's a great big long store
filled with bottles,
And I wish he would go
there no more.

5

Sometimes he's so sick
when he comes home
He stumbles and falls on
the stairs
And once when he came
in the parlor
He kicked at my poor
little chair.

6

And Mama was all pale
and frightened,

She held me up close to
her breast.
She called me her poor
Little Blossom,
And I guess I've forgotten
the rest.

7

But I remember that Papa
was angry,
His face was so red and
so wild.
And I remember he struck
at poor Mama,
And he hurt his poor
little child.

8

But I love him I guess
I'll go find him,
Perhaps he'll come home
with me soon.
And then it won't be
dark and lonely,

Awaiting for Mama to
come.

9

Out into the night went
the baby,
Her little heart beating
with fright.
Till her tired little feet
reached the store porch,
All radiant with music
and light.

10

The little hands pushed
the door open,
Her touch was as light
as her breath.
The little feet entred the
portal,
That leads but to ruin
and death.

11

"Ah Papa" she cried when
she reached him,
Her voice rippled out
sweet and clear.

471025

I thought if I'd come I
would find you,
And now I am glad I
am here.

12

The lights are so pretty
Dear Papa,
And I think that the
music's so sweet.
But I guess it's 'most
supper time Papa,
For Blossom wants some-
thing to eat.

13

A moment the red eyes
gazed wildly,
Down into the face sweet
and fair,
And then as the demon
possessed him,
He grabbed at the back
of a chair.

471026

14

A moment, a second was
over,
The work of his deed was
complete.
And poor little innocent
Blossom,
Lay quivering and crushed
at his feet.

15

Then swift as a light
came his reason,
And showed him the deed
he had done.
With a groan that the
devil might pity,
He knelt at the quivering
form.

16

He pressed the pale face
to his bosom,
And lifted the fair golden
head.

471027

A moment the baby's lips
trembled,
And poor little Blossom
was dead.

17

Then in came the law
so majestic,
And said with his life
he must pay.
That only a fiend or a
madman,
Could murder a child in
that way.

18

But the man that had
sold him the poison,
That had made him a
demon of hell.
Why- he must be loved
and respected,
Because he had license
to sell.

19

He may rob you of friends
and money

471028

Send you to prison and woe.
But as long as he paid
for his license,
The law must protect him
you know.

So

God pity men, women
and children,
Who are crushed by the
evils of rum.
May the passports of joy
be united
Fight hard till deliverance
has come.

End.

471029

Ellery Robinson - (man) Horsebrook Road, almost on other side of Garfield. Retired.
Lizzie Rafford - husband used to be musician.
Georgiana Orcutt Annie Coffin - former piano teacher. Exchange St. 2 houses up.
Kit Coffin - near Esso station.
Mrs. Blake - teaches 5th grade.
Dana Rafford - ~~in~~ on Watt St. Used to have a band.
René Chassée - Exchange St. Sings in church. Lives near Opal Ellis.
Mrs Belanger - French teacher.
Caroline Morris.
Mrs. Rogerson - 8th grade.
Rose Tilly - retired Latin teacher.
Mrs. Gallup.
Boob + Lime (brothers) Snowman - Portage Road.

Senior Citizens.
Singers Clayton Turner - Portage Road. (Son Julian is judge in P.I.) Good voice. Mike is his son too.
Garfield
Florbert Despre's (Anne's father.)

47030

René Chassé —

they + (brother Johnny used to be in a band)

Mrs. Helen Michaud - husband owns IGA
(Margaret's mother)
Burns McGowan (Helen's brother).

Flora Blanchard - near High School.
Annie Coffin's sister.

Mrs. Garrity - Cindy's grandfather. Portage.

Portage