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circiter p. 78: note *in upais*.

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004 4/4

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M 809.1
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M 811.04
P86.

- Pound, Louise
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M 820.91
D587

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M 821.04
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M 921.04
H 38.

- Henderson, Thomas F.
- The Ballad in Literature

out.

M 21, 08
H 18

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- Ballads and Ballad Plays.

M 821.08
p 41.

- Percy, Thomas
- Reliques

M 821.09
G95 P.

- Summerville, F. B.
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M 839.8
OL 7

- Olrik, Axel
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M 841.14
L873

- Loomis, R.S.
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W71

M

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C85

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H 849.

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G 377

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821.08

M157 B

Mackenzie

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821
13728

Lang, Andrew
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- Coffin, T. P.
- Traditional texts of geordie in
america
- SFP 13: 161-8 P'49

- Kirkland, E. C.
- Collecting Folksongs from College
Students [words and music of get up
and bar the door, wife wrapped in wether's skin,
Jocko' Hazeldean, Huntingtower
- SFQ, 13: 169-74 D'49.

- Coffin, T. P.
- Problem of Ballad-story variation
and Eugene Hawn's The Proway Sleeper.
- SFP 14: 87-96 Je '50

- Jackson, G.P.
- Frog went accounting and two German
Kindred Songs.
- SF9 13:133-5 p 49

- Lomax, A.
- I got the blues
- Common ground 8 no 4:38-52 '48.

Fain, J.T.
Holly & hy.
SPQ 11:251-5 P'47

- Hamer, D.
- Twa Corbies
- R. Eng. Stud. 23:354-5 0'47.

- Mason, A.L.
- Ten O.E. Ballacks in Middle Tennessee
- S F ϕ 11:119-37. Je '47

- Anderson, G.K.
- Give old Paul a new humming again; w/ text of the ballad.
- MLN 61:251-7 Ap' 46.

- Ewen, P.
- American Song from the negro.
- Common Ground 5 no 2: 76-83 '45

- Barlow, S.L.M.
- One Folk. Music is English
- Free World 11:39-40 Mr '46

- ~~E~~ Ewen D.
- America's Folk Music
- Common Ground 3 no 4:103-9, '43

- ~~Bonnie~~ Bonner, C.
- Sovereignty and the Ambitious hero.
- Am J. Phil 64:209-10. Ap. '43

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the English broadside ballad.
- PMLA 53:148-61 MS. 38.

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- PMLA 50:595-605 Je '35

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Pound, Louise

On the dating of E + S. ~~See~~ Ballads.

PMLA 47:10-16 Mr. '32.

- Cornelius, R.D.

- New Text of an old ballad: King John and
the abbot of Canterbury

- PMLA 46:1025-33 D'31

Hyder, C. K.

Swinburne & the Popular Ballad.

PMLA 49: 295-309 Mr '34

- Millican, C.B.
- Original of the ballad "King Arthur's death" in the Percy folio ms; with Lloyd's text PMLA 46:1020-4 D'31.

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London ~~1937~~
1937

style

meter

style

quod: 129.

"as far as my observation has gone,
primary stresses almost invariably fall at the
beginning of measures and thus correspond
with the normal musical stresses."

Style.

Kittredge: Int. ESPP.

xvi: "... one of the marked tendencies of popular narrative poetry is to alter or eliminate specific names of persons and places in the course of oral tradition."

meter.
style

quond: 12.5.

Ballad stanza is actually a seven
stress couplet when the evidence of the
music is considered.

meter
style:

quondam: 130.

musical & poetic phrase are usually
parallel.

"In other words, the parallelism so
apparent in the texts of ballads finds a counterpart
in the tunes."

style

Ground 8.

"The makers and singers of ~~European~~ popular narrative, throughout Europe, have somehow and at some times worked out a technique of story telling that not only emphasizes action rather than other elements, but prevailingly casts the action in semi-dramatic form."

style

Elwood . P. 87

"generally speaking... the melody of our ballads terminates with each stanza, beginning again with the next stanza. The musical form is lyrical; it is a song. Under such conditions the tendency to focus the story rather sharply on some central point is easy to explain. A sweep and flow of ~~narrative~~ ~~iteration~~ narrative is held in check by the musical iteration."

style.

Grout. 96.

(Greig B): Speaking of Katherine Jaffray (221)

96. "Doubtless, too, the untentious
first stanza pleased the simple folk whose
hearts had been stined and cheered by what had
gone before."

(Grout the apologist.)
400

So Katharine Jaffray was married at morn,
an' she was married at noon;
She was twice married in a day,
Ere she best off her gown.

style

Would 89.

"There is nothing irrelevant, but there
is a good deal unexplained"

(He speaks specifically of planis
Coch (114).

style.

Should go

" Yet everyone remembers the fine dramatic quality of Edward, not a little of which is preserved even in those American versions which have changed the point of the story, in that they do not implicate the mother in the murder."

See Bronson, B. "A footnote to Edward, Edward," SFQ IV: 159-61.

style

Gerould 96.

"Each (stanza), it will be observed,
finds its action one step farther on. The method
is that of progressive scenes..."

style

Kittredge: Int. TS PB.

Popular fallad is a non-personal style. It does not, and should not, fear traces of individual authorship. The story tells itself.

style

Should: 116.

Consequences:

" Since there are tales of action, in which there is little effort to build up characters or settings in detail, we are satisfied with conventionalized descriptions, like yellow hair and bodies 'as white as ~~silk~~^{milk}' or 'nut-brown', with heroines who are 'sewing a silver seam' and heroes who are 'stocking a milk-white steed.'

style

should: 97.

"Not infrequently a startling effect is produced by ellipsis or understatement—something that would be accomplished by the conscious artist through vigorous expression."

style.

Would:

5.

a way of telling a story in terms of
its causal ~~or~~ concluding incident.

style

should 10-11

Three main similarities in all European ballads:

1. compressed, centralized episode is the ordinary narrative unit.
2. dramatic presentation
3. impersonality

style
refrain.

Gould 121-22.

General evidence that there have been
two traditions of ballad-singing

1. leader and group.
2. individual

This may account for the variance in
refrain elements, some ballads having them,
others not, with no real rhyme or reason.

Zerouel: 112

"Both singers and listeners have liked their tales hot and strong, and have never objected to exaggerated statement any more than to violent action."

style.

quodlibet 110

"... the not infrequent trick of repeating in action what has already been said in speech..."

origin

origin

ground 189.

"The little we can discover about the singing habits of the people of northern Europe before and after the Great Migration does not warrant the belief that they composed and chanted anything like our ballads."

Early History

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

xiv: "There is ample evidence for the antiquity of popular ballads in England. Nobody doubts that the Angles and Saxons had them in abundance when they invaded Britain, and the mediæval chroniclers testify to the continuance of the ballad singing habit. Indeed, there is no difficulty in proving beyond a reasonable doubt that there were ballads in plenty from the dawn of English history (not to speak of what lies before this epoch) down to the seventeenth century, when written and printed documents begin to abound."

Where is the evidence?

origin
Early Ballads.

14; Hredje: but. E & P B.

xiii - xiv : Only 11 ballads are pre 17th cent.

1. Judas (23) 13th c.
2. Riddles Wicly Expounded. (1) c. 1445.
3. Robin Hood & the Monk (114)
4. St. Stephen & Herod (22)
5. Robyn & Gaudelyn (115) } slightly later
6. Robin Hood & the Potter (121). c. 1500
7. Crow & Pie (111) c. 1500
8. Battle of Otterburn (161). c. 1550
9. Hunting of the Cheviot (162 A) c. 1550
10. Sir Andrew Barton (167) 17th c.
11. Captain Cor (178). 17th c.

Penny Folio Ms: in a
hand of c. 1650.

Early
History

Kittredge: int. ESPB.

xv We cannot get the age from the
dictat. It will conform to the dictat of the period.

Early History
Age.

1/4 ittedge: 55 P B Int.

xv. "Geographical distribution, then, may give valuable testimony to the antiquity of the ballad."

The Maid and the Palmer (21)

2 ~~Scottish~~ Scotch

Danish broadside 1700 c.

Faroese end 18th c.

Norwegian

Swedish end 18th c.

Finnish

Early Hist.

Hittudge: Int. ESPB.

xvi

Ballad is not necessarily a watered down
romance. ~~The~~ Metric romance may be a
squeezed-up ballad.

Early History
Age.

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

xv: "... for Robin Hood ballads were in circulation a good while before 1377, as the casual mention of them in Piers Plowman proves."

Doesn't necessarily prove existence of ballad.

origin

communal comp.

Kithed~~x~~: Int. ESPB.

re: James Grimm "das volk dichtet."

xix "Here now we have the 'folk' of our discussion, reduced, as it were, to its lowest terms - a ringing, dancing throng subjected as a unit to a mental and emotional stimulus which is not only favorable to the production of poetry, but is almost certain to result in such production."

origin
communal comp.

Hittredge: Int. ESPB

xix "Communal composition ... is a very simple matter and its products are infinitely crude."

Origin
Communal comp.

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

XX "Our task is to discern the connection
between the authorship of the extant English and Scottish
ballads and the conditions of communal composition as
described by the anthropologists."

origin
communal comp. style.

Kittredge: 55 PR3 Int.

xxi: "What is meant is rather that there is abundant evidence for regarding the refrain in general as a characteristic feature of ballad poetry which gradually ceased to be essential.³ The refrain ... is a very ancient survival which brings the whole category of ballads into close relations with the singing, dancing theory."

origin
communal comp. style.

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

xxi: "The testimony of commonplaces is, indeed, to some extent ambiguous. Their occurrence is consistent with several different theories of ballad authorship and ballad growth. Yet they warn us away from our modern prepossession for the solitary writer, and direct our thoughts toward less sophisticated and more communal conditions of authorship."

origin
communal comp.

style.

Kittredge: Int. 75 PPs.

xxii (repetition) "Here again, a composing theory is not necessary to explain the phenomenon but, given the composing theory as an historical fact, we cannot fail to recognize this kind of repetition as a stylistic feature that suits the conditions admirably, and may probably have arisen in the communal period."

minstrels.

origin

Kittredge: Int. SSPB.

xxiii " It is capable of practically formal proof, that for ~~at~~ the last two ~~centuries~~ or three centuries the English and Scottish ballads have not, as a general thing, been sung and transmitted by professional minstrels or their representatives. There is no reason whatever for believing that the state of things between 1300 and 1400 was different, in this regard, from that between 1600 and 1900, - and there are many reasons for believing that it was not different. "

minstrels
origin

Kittredge: Int. ESPB

xxiii-xxiv

Minstrel probably had share in
spreading ballad, but did not write them.
Minstrel ballads are of a different order.

origin

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

xxiv "The extant ballads of England and Scotland represent, in the main, the end of a process of which the beginning may not improbably be discovered in the period of communal composition. They were not themselves composed in this way, but were, in the first instance, the work of individual authors, at least in the great majority of cases. These authors, however, were not professional poets or minstrels, but members of the folk, and their function was in many ~~ways~~ respects different from that which we ascribe to an author today."

origin
communal comp

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

- xxv.
1. Author composes in midst of folk
 2. Draws on large stock of commonplaces.
 3. Indulges in repetitions and refrains.

Thus: das volk dichtet.

xxvii : Even if he composed in solitude he was one w/
folk, and strongly influenced by them.

origin

style

Quoted: 106.

~~Repetition~~ Repetition is rhetorical, not structural to narrative.

"Iteration, both structural and incidental, is so frequently encountered in lyrics of many sorts that only the strongest evidence should persuade one to belief in its basic importance in the formation of a narrative genre."

Origin

Grouped: 190-1

" As a matter of fact, // it is highly improbable that a majority of them (ballads) have an individual history that goes back to the Middle Ages, though we have convincing evidence that the type they represent was known in the thirteenth century "

Origin

Grouped 192

Two problems:

- (1) Why the European ballad exists as a type; single episode, dramatic, impersonal
- (2) the origin of the peculiarities of British ballad.

origins
(form)

Brittain in his book on later Latin poetry claims that the quantitative verse of Rome was an overlay of Greek culture and that beneath this flourished (among the uncultured) a stressed, rhymed form, which came back into prominence after the fall of Rome and even before.

Thus we can perhaps assert that this "ballad" form is a popular form of tremendous antiquity.

Origin

Wm. of Malmesbury;
on. Athelstan (end).
i: 155 Stuffs ed.

origin
(form).

Should. 125.

12th cent. Chronicle of Ely tells of King
Cnut, while passing the monastery, heard the
monks sing and composed a cantilena, of which
the opening:

Merie songen the muneches binnen Ely
Tha Cnut ching reu then by
Howeth cutes noer the land
And here we thes muneches saeng.

Compiled by Thomas not long after 1174; 2nd book seems to be based on
Chronicle begun by Richard of Ely bet. 1108-1131.

Thomas Gale, Historiae Britannicae, Saxonicae, Anglo-Danicae, 1691,
in Historia Eliensis, ii. 27.

oral
tradition

oral
tradition.

Kittredge: Int. 55 p. 13.

xvii: "Taken collectively, these processes of oral tradition amount to a record act of composition, of an inextricably complicated character, in which many persons share (some consciously, others without knowing it) which extends over many generations and much geographical space, and which may be as efficient a cause of the ballad in question as the original creative act of the individual author."

Tradition

K. Hredge: Int. ESPB.

Oral literature. Education no friend of it. Once ballad was property of homogenous folk. As upper classes learned to read, ballad was relegated to lower, illiterate classes.

style.

variation

Quould 103-4.

" ... common though by no means
invariable // habit of bringing the events they
relate close in apparent time to the moment
of telling. "

Motif

motif.

The Boy and the Mantle (29)

1. Le Mantel Mantaillie (13th cent. fabliau)
2. L'angelet
3. 'J'ai du Corn' by Robert Bihney (c. 1150).
4. 'Livre de Caradoc' (in Perceval li Gallois, Petrucci ed. vv. 15, 640 ff.).

Motif

Ch. IV: Mandeville's Travels.

The Daughter of Apocurus.

cf. Kemp Owyne.

Motif

The Adventure of the Sons of Eochaid Mugmedon.

(Cross & Slover: Ancient Irish Tales:

pp 508-513

"Sovereignty of Eriu."

Kemp Owyne.

Motif

Chaucer:

The Wife of Bath's Tale.

J. Hibbard: Med. Rom. in Eng.
Hind Horn.

P. 88-89:

"Traits such as the discoloration of the ring, the beggar disguise, the ironic final // couplet (A-24) seem to link the ballads with Horn Child rather than with King Horn. Hartenstein believed the ballads originated in a North-English folk-saga from which all extant versions were derived, and Kelle, who has made the closest study of the ballads, accepted the theory of a common source for them and Horn Child."

cf. Mac Sweeney, J.J. "Hind Horn," *MLR* ~~xiv~~ xiv 210-11
(1919).

Nelles, W.C., "The Ballad of Hind Horn," *JAF*
xii
42-63
(1909).

minstrels

Minstrels

Kittredge: Int. FSPB.

xxvii

Later and less popular minstrel ballads.

Durham Field (159)

The Rising in the North (175)

Northumberland betrayed by Douglas (176)

The Rose of England (166)

The Earl of Westmarch (177).

minstrels.

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

xvii Minstrel ballads:

1. 'The Boy and the Mantle' (29)
2. King Arthur & King Cornwall (30)
3. The Marriage of Sir Gawain. (31).

all closely related to materials of medieval romantic
fiction. (cp. Sir Cawline (61)).

minstrels

Gerould: 101 F.

Concludes that minstrels did not
follow one path and folk-singers another.
Both followed very similar patterns.

Evidence of gest.

Gerould p 53:

Says Rookhope Ryde (179) is
a minstrel ballad.

Border
Ballads

Wells: Ballad Tree

58 - " With England to the south,
and the wild Highland clans to the
north as enemies, the borderers, though
constantly at war with each other,
were common cause against all
foreigners. Thus there runs through
the all the history, literature, and oral
tradition of the Border a continuous
sombre note of treachery, murder,
cruelty, barbarity - and romantic
loyalty. "

Moder

Wells: Bd Tree.

60. a series of peels set on hills;
forts and towers. By lighting bale-
fires, ~~from~~ thus signalling one to
another, an entire countryside could
be mobilized in no time.

Border Ballads.

Blackhope Aye (179)

Number 53: Differs from others in that it is
the story of the raided rather than the
raider. An excellent musical ballad.

Wittredge: Int. 25 PB.

xvi: "Some ballads are historical, or at least are founded on actual occurrences. In such cases, we have a manifest point of departure from chronological investigation... But two cautionary observations are necessary. Since history repeats itself, the possibility, and even the probability must be entertained that every now and then a ballad which has been in circulation for some time was adapted to the circumstances of a recent occurrence and has come down to us only in such an adaptation. It is also far from improbable that many ballads which appear to have no definite localization or historical antecedents may be founded on fact since one of the marked

Tendencies of popular narrative poetry is to alter or eliminate specific names of persons and places in the course of oral tradition."

Broad sides

Broadside.

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

Broadside ballads.

xxviii " Many traditional ballads were printed in this form, usually in debased versions. Now and then a good old ballad was made over by some hack-writer, and when this was the case, the broadside text, though a pitiful specimen of grub-street versification, may preserve the substance of a lost traditional ballad."

Broadsides.

Hunting of the Cheviot 162 (13)

Run-on stanzas (15-16, 44-25) are
definitely literary. Cannot be very.

collectors

Kittredge: Int. ESPB.

.xxix " David Herd is above suspicion, and he lived at a time when good ballads were abundant and tradition was still pure and vigorous; whatever occurs in his manuscripts may be unhesitatingly accepted as a faithful transcript from the lips of people. "

Folk-lore.

Folk-lore.

Witchcraft is not felt to be something only a certain "cult" could handle, but it is something that anyone could use providing he or she knew the motions.

Folk-love.

gravid 146.

Inanimate objects are sometimes
endowed with human qualities

Hind Horn (12) - ring
Young Allan (245) - boat.
Bonnie Annie (24) - boat.
Brown Robyn's Conferim (57) - boat
Gil Breuter (5a, b).

Folk-lore.

question 145: * The idea that a man or
woman may exist in two quite
different forms.

The great Silkie of Sub Sherry (113)
Clark Colvill (42)

Folk-lore.

Gerould 143-44.

green is a color connected w/
the supernatural beings.

Folk-lore.

Group 142: Fairies are taken as a race
apart from men but not substantially
different from them.

(1) of ordinary size.

exceptions: The Wee Wee Man ^{38 B.}

Queen of Elfon's Province (90).

(see JAF L XX: 155-6.)

Folk-lore - ghosts - supernat.

Group 142: The dead may be removed from
their graves.

5 in Hagley.

Wife of Usher's Hall.

The Two Brothers.

Folklore. (Supernat.) (ghosts).

ground 140'. " In a word, the balladist does not distinguish clearly between body and spirit, or at least is unable to conceive of spirit without the body. A man who is dead, and who returns to familiar scenes, must appear as a dead man reanimated for the time, since death has changed his abode but not his substance."

Folk-lore (supernatural).

quondam 139: A ghost is simply a man or
a woman who is dead. It has often
to announce that it is a ghost.

c F. Sweet Ann's ghost (77A)
Wife of Uri's Well (79).

Folk-lore. (Religion).

should 137 - " It is only fair to say that
no religious observances of any sort
are very much stressed in the Ballads
as a whole. "

Folk-lore:

Peruvel: 135.

"Nothing is more apparent or less disputed about the ballads than the curious way in which they mingle what is far off in time with what is less remote or actually contemporary."

Folk-lore.

Grout: 135- They show us very little about actual customs of higher folk, but do show a great deal about what the common people felt about their masters.

Robin
Hood.

COWBOY
SONGS

Pound: Poetic origins

205:

"In the days of newspapers, ballads or songs of battles or important political events are not in demand, and do not come into existence."

Poem: Origins

205-7 :

Many American songs reflect attitudes and conditions of life more than they tell stories.

Cowboy
Songs

~~Bany~~: Pound: Origins.

P 207 n. Streets of Laredo dates back to 18th c.
Irish ~~street~~ song, The Unfortunate Bachelor.

cF. Bany P. JAF XXIV: 341 ff.

American
Song.

Pound 208: Origins

Little old Sod Shanty: ^(parody) adaptation of an older
song Little old log Cabin in the Lane (Will S. Hayes).

Sod Shanty was printed in many Nebraska
newspapers in 70's & 80's.

Cowboy Songs

Pound: Origins 214-31

Miss Pound answers Jorrap, Kittredge and Hunt ~~of~~, who feel that the conditions prevailing among SW cowboys are similar to those of the medieval ballad-making peasant. The songs that we can call indigenous to this area are totally different from the old ballad. They are loose-structured and more lyrical. The best narratives come from other sources - are imports.

Cowboy
Songs

1870's - 80's were the
heyday of the cowboy.

Cowboy.

Forrest says that between 1870
& 1890 one million mustang ponies
and 12,000,000 head of cattle were
driven up the old ~~San~~ Chuska
Trail.

Cowboy:

Types:

- Roundup song, or we used to rally a sluggish herd
- Lullaby
- Campfire song.

Cowboy

Chisholm Trail from Texas &
Arkansas ranches up to R. R.
shipping points and good grazing
land in Montana & Wyoming.

SEA
CHANTEYS

Sea
Chanty.

Chanty - singing not an
American invention. Sailors have
probably always sung. It was,
however, probably carried to a very
high level in the big boom days
of 1812-1860.

North Atlantic Packet Trade.
Cotton traffic (New York & South).
Whaling Industry.
Clippers
gold-rush

Sea
Chanties.

Shanties had very little to
do with songs of love of the sea.

Sea
Chanty

Most of the Chanties divided
into role (where sailors took the singing)
by Chantyman, and a chorus.

Sea
chanty.

The strong rhythm helped
every man put the "heave" in the
right spot.

Sea Chanty.

Varieties

- Short-drag. (Drunken Sailor)
- Halyard (Haul Away Joe).
- Capstan (Rio Grande).
- Foc'sle (Boston Come-all-ye).

Sea
Chanty.

Many Chantys are negro.

NEGRO
SONGS

Spiritual

OJ: Workaday.

189:

"The spirituals, like all other folk songs, are dynamic. Sometimes in the process of constant change there appear variations which are so unlike the parent songs as to constitute virtually new songs. In this way the old spirituals have been the inspiration for untold numbers of new religious songs."

2/17/49

Ballads & Origins: Earliest we have record of is 13th cent. Its connection with the same is very probable. A highly sophisticated form, the ballad, turned up. A personal lyric of a type. See how much Chaucer uses it to express his strong belief. It is a far cry from the ballad. The term itself (ballad) does not occur in the middle ages. First use of this term is around 1762 (Shawstone). It should be regarded as a song that tells a story. The 17th century household ballads were a written down form of these earlier ballads (Barbara Allen (?)), an artificial product. They are apt to show a more personal element than the genuine article.

Fundamentally narrative. Sung.

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passed down from one generation to another. "There are texts but there is no text. Little lyric element, very objective. Highly concentrated. In later 15th & 16th cent. we get a tendency to string together a number of stories (as in gest of Robin Hood)

Where did the ballad come from? Where did it arise? There ~~is~~ are a number of theories, and the main contest is between communal, early authorships and the single authorship idea. Witteledge holds out for the first. He claims there is tangible evidence that the Angles & Saxons had ballads when they invaded England. Foornis is not so sure that the evidence is so tangible. Another point against is that many of the patterns bear no relation to Germanic ballad patterns.

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There is another school that claims that we have no evidence of real ballads in England before 1400. Still another school would maintain that the minstrels were the authors of these.

There is very little in these ballads that shows a close acquaintance with upper class life. Neither can many of the subjects be attributed to upper class. (e.g. Robyn Hode). Therefore we can't quite call them of upper class origin. The minstrel, who played for low people a great deal, could be called an author but we have another group of ballads known for minstrel ballads and they do not closely correspond to popular ballads. That brings us back to the origin among the common

people. Do we have any early evidence? Yes, 11 or 12th cent. ~~Hilbert~~ Kölbigk priest gives us a stanza in Latin of a ballad he heard his daughter and friends singing while dancing. 4 lines stanza, upain. This is 11th century in Germany. We find that Denmark and England share a number of ballads, so certainly this throws the origin back quite a way.

Hittredge again supports the idea of communal authorship, often connected with the Dance. Hittredge uses arguments of incremental repetition to support case of this authorship. However, most of the earliest ballads do not show this construction. However, this does not negate completely communal composition.

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Ballad of Sir Aldingar: first recording is by Percy's 17th cent. manuscript. William of Malmebury records the incident in his chronicle. He also states that the story is still "sung at the crossroads" (we are not sure of this meaning: peasants gathered at cross-roads, or minstrel?). (In Piers Plowman, "God you save, queen Emma" is probably a refrain of some ballad.)

2/24/42

Chambers takes a dim view of popular ballad origin. Feels that Judas is not a ballad, lacking ballad characteristics. Our next latest ballad "Stephen and Herod" is also religious ~~and~~ in tone. In 14th cent. the Withery turns up, also religious. This does not negate their popular origin however. They are all mangleings & corruptions of biblical story. This would point to popular origin over clerical.

J. N. Gerould: The Ballad of Tradition: Chap VIII: The Origin of the Ballad as a Musical & Poetical form.

It is quite improbable that a majority of the ballads have an individual history extending back to the Middle Ages. Nearly all our extant ballads are the end of a long chain of development.

We are unable to assign definite original dates. However, we have no reason to suspect that their origin is remote. Our records of Dark Ages, & Migration times shows an oral tradition unlike the ballad. We have proof of oral tradition, but not of ballad form. "Canute's" *stanzas* does only show us that the 4 beat couplet was in use in early 12th or late 11th cent. No more.

There is a tendency among primitive folk or civilized folk not yet under influence of schools and traditions of conscious artistry to make up songs concerning all parts of their life. They also seem generally to have bards. We never come on a race without the twin ~~at~~ out of poetry and song. There is, among Amer. Indians, often no conception for poetry without song. Generally, or at least very often we find song, poetry, and dance welded.

We can find analogous sources in Medieval Europe but should not be too quick to draw definite and conclusive analogies.

Kölbigk legend: in 11th cent. early one Xmas morning, a group was dancing in a churchyard and so waked

the priest that he cursed them. as a result they danced for a full year, after which some died, others became vagabonds afflicted w/ St. Vitus' dance. This legend spread all over Europe. A legend of Wilton has it that 1 of the dancers was cured then and sang the song for them. It is a couplet of ballad type, like the beginning of a ballad (and it was, remember, danced to).

European ballads in general possess: ~~three~~

- (1) one compressed episode (2) dramatic presentation of action. (3) impersonality.

When the virgining of a narrative to a melody came about, the ballad as we know it came into being. Possibly 11th or 12th century. The three above named qualities would normally occur if a narrative was sung to a

recurring melody. An episode or a bit of dialogue per each stanza is natural and normal. As far as the dance goes, it certainly played its part but was not necessarily a dominating factor, because the ~~mimed~~ miming & dancing would add to a dramatization.

We cannot suppose the communal authorship of a well narrated poem until the tradition was well established. Probably earliest in Europe was individual work (speaking now of the definite ballad).

We have no reason to believe that ~~any~~ the earlier ballads are necessarily the best. Judas is a good ballad but not transcendently beautiful.

The theory has been put forth of development of

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ballad from canto-fable, gradually lessening spoken part.
The only trouble with this is that it supposes slow development
and we have no examples of this transition, and why would there
be this change?

We know that British & neighboring ballads
share a common metrical theme and an invariable rhythm with
other folk songs. It is safe to say about $\frac{1}{2}$ of extant ballads
have been sung with refrain. There can be no doubt of close
correspondence of verse & melody in development of narrative style.

It is not probable that courtly music, very complicated,
had much effect on folk-music. There was no incentive to this simplification.
Church music, much simpler due to Gregorian tradition may have had
more effect, but remember that two tones (one our major) was

forbidden to church composers because so often used by people for vulgar uses. Probably folk music grew parallel. Probably some church effect, both in courtly and folk.

There can be no doubt that alliterative verse had changed somewhat before end of the O-E. period, but it was more towards breaking old tradition than building a new form. Certain chances do show a ballad-like construction (but they do not go back beyond 11th cent. to our knowledge).

Hymns of St. Guthric (before 1170) were written by an unlearned hermit. Definite 9 beat couplet, and further from alliterative. Sounds like an attempt of a man with an ear for old alliterative verse, trying to write in vernacular something that sounded like a Latin hymn. This could be an

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example of how a new form emerges when ~~acted on~~ by an old form is acted on by church hymns. ⁹² The influence of clericals upon the folk ballad, (not originating it) has been underestimated.

When quantitative meter gave way to accentual in Latin hymns the form seems to follow - / - / - / - / . This is, it seems a parallel movement with the popular: 3 explanations possible (1) hymns changed because there was a popular poetry of such rhythm (2) popular imitated ecclesiastical (3) parallel because of strongly marked rhythms of a not dissimilar music.

Grinstead's conjecture: when old alliterative verse kept the same half-line pattern throughout, and if people began to make secular comp to fit rounded melodies (as S. E. Gochin seems to have done with religious), we seem to get

something not too remote from allit. verse and yet similar to Gaelic hymn. Thus music would be the determining factor, of both structure and narrative type. Regional traditions would help account for same story in different lands in different forms.

Dancing also had a secondary effect, in emphasizing rhythms, and imprinting them in people's minds.

As for the refrain, it is quite possible that there was a double tradition; some with (Kölbigk) and some without (Duchas).

Once we admit the establishment of a traditional pattern, it is quite easy to see minstrels composing them in the tradition for the lower people. They themselves were of the people and probably steeped in the tradition.

Also, too great variations from tradition would have been quashed by the folk. As for the communal authorship, it is possible that two or three got together and worked up a ballad, but the single author acted on by a community and his songs preserved and altered slightly by community seems to be very likely. They were constantly reshaped once in the stream of oral tradition. Thus: (1) an early (at least 12th cent.) development of a traditional art of folk song (2) constant reshaping. But single author.

PMLA: XLII: 428-32: The group authorship of Ballads; Albert W. Tolman

It is both possible & probable that ballads grew up in each of the controverted ways. Tolman generally accepts ~~the~~ single authorship of primitive poetry as the usual source, basing his argument on Louise Pound's researches (*Poetic Origins & the Ballad*). However, we have record of group authorships among Indians and others, and it is perfectly possible that some songs were written this way. Roland Palmer Gray in *Introduction to Songs and Ballads of Maine Lumberjacks* tells of the communal composition of "Jam on Jerry's Rocks. Also remember story of of a Jerry and Joe.

PMLA XXXI-181-89: The English Ballad of Judas Iscariot. Paul Franklin Baum.

13th cent. MS of uncertain origin. The ~~English~~^{story} told may be much older than the ballad. (see *Legenda Aurea*) There is also the Welsh song about Judas selling his master to pay a gambling debt. He then hung himself from an aspen which still trembles in fear of the judgement day.

(Teels stanza 9 may be a misplaced final stanza, a "looking ahead", or just usual medieval extravagant passion)

Both ballads contain (1) tricking out of money (2) selling for 30 pc. (3) quick transition to last supper scene; and other points.

Apocalyptic "Gospel according to 12 apostles" puts Judas' wife at bottom of all. Not a close parallel but

in each case a woman is cause of trouble.

We can find certain Biblical parallels for Judas going out to buy bread. (John 4:8) Judas was treasurer & steward so naturally he would go.

The shifting of blame to a woman, making Judas a mere agent seems to have oriental attitudes and may well point back to apocryphal gospel.

Pilate as a Jew, and as the buyer of Jesus is simple corruption. As an important personage, He would naturally be a knight.

(This article casts very broad conjectures, but they are interesting).

Negro
Spirited.

Johnson: 2nd Book.

12.

Negro took for his material

(1) African rhythms

(2) King James Bible.

Kingman, Davenport, Vt. 1871

GORBEY

Reubert H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-0, S-0
24

In 1915 while working for the GNPCo, I saw a man in camp whose head was completely barren of hair. I asked an older member of the crew who the man was and he replied that his name was Archie Stackhouse and added the unsolicited information that he lost his hair after plucking all the feathers out of a gorbie and releasing it on a cold frosty day to die.

Donald A. McEachern
R.R. #3
Souris P.O.
P.E.I.

ltr. 10/9/58

Pembert H-1
C-24 7K-1, C-0, H-0, P-3, S-0

Had just heard the story in a woods camp on Allagash River where her young son was hunting.. "The owners wife and I were having afternoon tea when she told me the story of the big fine looking man with the beautiful head of hair who had caught a gorbie and plucked its feathers one by one and let it go. This mans haor was light and wavy too, and in three months time he didn't have a hair on his head." Done in cold weather. Womans husband, who had seen man, added details: "man was a lumberman who worked in the kitchen and the man was so ashamed of himself that he wore his cap on his head all day in the kitchen. Charlie said this happened about ~~four~~ five years ago at Ripogenus.. . . "he bird screamed at every feather that was plucked and one week later he ddin't have a hair on his head." Thinks the man's name was Stackshaw or something like that.

Ada MacKinnon
Caribou, Maine

8-24 H-1, K-0, 14
Saw your request in last week's Twin-State News Times (published weekly in Woodsville, N.H.) for information about the fellow who pulled all the feathers off a bird, and he later lost all his hair. I heard this story when I was 15 years old (I am now 59) At the time I was "cookee" for my father, who was the cook. This was on Pine Stream, where the Great Northern Paper was operating. Pine stream is reached from Lily Bay (on Moosehead Lake) From Lily Bay, by truck to Pittston Farm, and we walked from there, a distance of about 15 miles as I remember.

I do not know when or where it happened, as I remember the story from my father, who knew the man well, this man fed the bird ~~thi~~ till the bird became tame and ate from his hand. The bird was a moose bird, (am told that these birds migrate from northern Canada in the fall to Northern Maine) The man was Archie Stackpole, I believe. I later met this man, he was driving a four horse "tote" team (supplying food) to various camps in this region. He was a tall fellow, sturdy, well built, about 55 or so at that time. He did not have a speck of hair on his head, face or arms. (Have since seen other men completely hairless, and they told me the cause of the loss of hair was due to typhoid)

10/14/58

A. L. Bertrand
31 Highland St.
Woodsville, N. H.

[comments upon Ridge runner; then adds[

"His right name was Archie Stackhouse."

A.E. Leach
Surry, Me

ltr 10/10

Pembert.
C-24

Doesn't know that the men avoided Archie, but they
believed the story.

Mrs. Adrian Robinson
Dexter

C. 24

Brownine Schrupf called and said that she had heard the "story about Archie" (I had not given his name) in a sermon by Rev. A.G. Hempstead, who used it as an example of cruelty. He said it was just a legend, of course.

c 24

First heard the A.S. story ~~about~~ in the spring of 1919. Averill elaborated on Archies arrival at Tom Mc eens camp. Got talking to a Arthur Michaud of Kenduskeg, who had known Archie and his brother Charlie. Siad they came from Monticello, whci h surprised WM C who always thought he was a province man. WMC had heard that he had finally been re-uined w/his wife after about 20 years, and she had been living in NB.

Michaud said he had heard the same story about dozens of baldheaded men in the woods.

Walter Creegan

Revised H-1, L-1, N-0, Q-1, S-0
C-24

(Has heard her late husband's father tell the story.
Claims he was there when it happened).

"It was on a very cold day at the lunch ground, as the men were eating lunch that a man by the name of Archie Stackhouse caught the garbey and pulled all (its) feathers out but the wing and tail feathers. Then he threw the bird into the air and said, "Fly to your Jesus."

The next morning he had no hair or eyebrows, was completely bald afterwards. Mr. Lee said the men were horrified at what he did.

Grace Lee
Medway, Maine

C-24 Penitentiary. H-0, K-7, L-1, M-0, O-1, S-0
Achilles.

He had known Achilles 5 tailhouse and had ~~been there~~
known a man who was in camp when the incident took
place. He pulled out feathers and said, "Fly home to Jesus."
Next day he woke up w/o hair.
AS a kind of rough fellow.

Wm. Bygones.

Bambert

C-24

H-2

L-5

C-4

A-0, G-1, S-1

This Archie Stackhouse caught the bird, pulled the feathers all out. It was in Feb, and threw him out into the snow (there are two versions of this one) 1. "Now fly to hell." 2. Go find yourself a new coat." In the morning when he got up his hair lay on the pillow.

Mrs. Lewis k. Miller
Box 146 E
RFD 1, Old Town

ltr. 11/20/58

Powder H-0, K-2, Q-1 15-1
c-154

Incident ~~appeared~~ occurred near your town, I beleieve
in a lumber camp operated by the GNPCo. Heard story in 1924.
The incident occurred in a drunken spree. Some fellow caught a small
bird, picked all its feathers but wing and tail. He then made a
profane statement. Told the bird to fly home to its maker.
Next morning his hair all lay on his pillow

K.R. Slauenwhite
Armdale, NS. ltr 11/17/58

Pembert A-0, K-1, L-0, N-2, Q-6, S-0

C-1

Does not remember man's name-- Big Tom or Big Jack but Big something. Large powerful man, very capable. Beautiful head of hair. Happened around Ripogenus Dam about 1912. Caught the bird, pulled out feathers in spite of pleas of companions. They said he would be sorry. Bird flew a short distance and fell dead. Soon began to lose his hair. "He told my father that God had punished him for what he did to the bird."

Mrs. Jeanette Hunt

330 Water St.

Old town, Me.

ltr. 10/21/58

Pembroke H-1, K-1, L-6, N-2, Q-1, S-1
C-1

First heard story while working at Seboomokk in 1918. As he hearx it, took place in Rangeley area on a cold day in Feb. Bird a gorby or tallow jack, as it was called. The fellow plucked the birds feathers and threw him up in the air "calling on God if he had the pwer he was credited with to grow new feathers on the bird.* Anyway when the cookkee called them out next morning this man's haor all stayed on his pillow.

Raymond J. Whitely~~xy~~
Whiteley

Sugar Loaf P.O.

Victoria County

Cape Breton, N?S.

ltr. 10/18/58

Pendleton H-O.
C-1

While working for PCF one year, 1949, one Mike Samways there claimed he knew the man, who had been a camp boss for GNPCo, now on the bum on Exchange St.

Roy T. McDonald Jr.
The Highlands
Bridgton, Me.
ltr. 10/20/58

8 evolved to H-1

c-1

Heard it when clerking in a woods camp ~~xxx~~ at Abol Stream, 1934-35. It's a yarn about a woods camp boss-- the setting is the lunch ground, around open fire. Bird was the Canada Jay or Gobby.

Robert H. Barbour
23 Washington St.
Brewer, Maine

ltr. 10/19/58

E. Penobscot.

C-1 H-1, G-1

Dec 1923.

Johnny had 'not a day a fact' in Patten area.
He's 45 now. Happened when a child. Father came
out of woods and told him.

Fellow took bird, pulled all feathers out
and said "go to your goal." Next AM. found
all his hair on the pillow.

Chancey Miller: From Patten. Had heard the story so there
too.

~~Some~~ threw out a bunch of Longhairs.
M.A.

Mr. Glenwood Darling.

Reubert H-1 1K-2, 4-7, N-0, 9-1, 5-1
C-24

4.10
P.1
him

Back in 1916 me and 3 more of my friends was in that part of the country on a river drive for the GNPCo. and on our way up there we got lost in the woods and just before dark we came to a camp and this man was caretaker there for the GNPCo. Si we stayed all night with him. And it was there I got his story. He told me with his own mouth that he caught this bird and picked off all its feathers all but his wings and tail and ~~that~~ then let him go out doors. It was in January and awful cold and he said "Go it you bald headed B _____" And the next morning he woke up and all his hair was on his pillow. He didn't have a hair left on his head. This happened up in the woods about fifty miles north of Moosehead Lake. On Russell Stream where we were on the pulpwood drive. The mans name was Archie Stackhouse and the name of the bird is a gobbie . Old lumberjacks call them the woodsmens friend.

John Ayer
Bingham
Box 191
ltr 10/10

8-24 H-1, K-0, 14
Saw your request in last week's Twin-State News Times (published weekly in Woodsville, N.H.) for information about the fellow who pulled all the feathers off a bird, and he later lost all his hair. I heard this story when I was 15 years old (I am now 59) At the time I was "cookee" for my father, who was the cook. This was on Pine Stream, where the Great Northern Paper was operating. Pine stream is reached from Lily Bay (on Moosehead Lake) From Lily Bay, by truck to Pittston Farm, and we walked from there, a distance of about 15 miles as I remember.

I do not know when or where it happened, as I remember the story from my father, who knew the man well, this man fed the bird ~~thi~~ till the bird became tame and ate from his hand. The bird was a moose bird, (am told that these birds migrate from northern Canada in the fall to Northern Maine) The man was Archie Stackpole, I believe. I later met this man, he was driving a four horse "tote" team (supplying food) to various camps in this region. He was a tall fellow, sturdy, well built, about 55 or so at that time. He did not have a speck of hair on his head, face or arms. (Have since seen other men completely hairless, and they told me the cause of the loss of hair was due to typhoid)

10/14/58

A. L. Bertrand
31 Highland St.
Woodsville, N. H.

N.Me.-Tob. H-1, K-1, L-0, N-1, Q-1, S-0

I asked Mr. Snowman if he had ever heard of Archie Stackhouse and he said no, but had I heard about the fellow who caught the moosebird and pulled out all its feathers and threw it back out in the snow. It then flew straight up. Next morning he had lost all his hair.

H.P. Snowman

Say his father had heard this story many years back in 19th century

C-1 H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-1, S-1

I was about ten years old when I first heard this story and I am now sixty-five. The man who told me ~~was~~ Abe Banks of Bailey, Sunbury County, New Brunswick. He was a woodsman and told me to be good to the Moose Bird or Gorbie, as they were sometimes called. He told me that a cruel woodsman up the Allagash had one of these birds and had pulled all its feathers out while it was still alive and the next morning all his hair had fallen out on his pillow.

As to the man's name to whom it happened, I never heard but everyone seemed to believe the story. In the next few years I went to the woods to work and I found that everyone had heard the story and believed it.

I have yet to see an old woodsman who didn't have a lot of respect for these birds. They are very friendly birds in the woods and were always around at Boiling Time (tea) or ~~Lunch~~ Time. And by the way, I never happened to see them in a clearance. ^{AND} They always seemed to be in pairs.

Arthur A. Edwards
BFD 4
Houlton, ME.
Ltr. 10/12/58

Nme-Tab. H-0, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-6, R-0
C-1

(In Fort Fairfield) I was standing looking out ~~thru window~~ on the street, This young man went by the window with a span of horses on a load of lumber or feed. This woman said to me "Do you see that man?" I said yes. She told me that he hadn't a haor on his body, no hair on his head, no eyebrows, no lashes. I asked her why. She told me he caught a little bird one day and oulled all its feathers out and let it go. Shrotly after~~s~~ that all his hair came out.
c. 1906-7.

Mrs. Ethel Sinnett
St. Stephen, NB
Box 1084.

ltr. 10/12

On the - Tab - H-1, K-1, L-1, M-1, N-1, O-1, P-1, Q-1, R-1, S-1
C-1

I arrived in Perth Jct., Victoria Co., NB, about 1912. There was a road foreman nearby, minus eyelashes. I do not care to reveal his name in case of libel. The story told me was that this man while eating with the road gang caught a whiskey jack. . . . This man is reputed to have denuded the bird of its feathers and then cast it away. The next morning on arising from his bed he discovered his hair had fallen out and was on his pillow.

H.C. Fletcher
Church Street
Orono, Ont. Canada

N. Mc. Tob.

H-6, K-2, L-1, X-0, 9-1

Powell River, B.C.
Nov. 25th. 1958.

Mr. Edward D. Ives,
Instructor in English,
University of Maine
Orono, Maine.

Dear Sir:-

I will try and answer that add that I cut out from the Vancouver Province News paper. When I was a small boy we lived on a farm at Ashland Maine Aroostook County. And my father had a hired man by the name of Ace Tracy who was quite a story teller.

And he told about a bunch of men that were cutting wood in the bush and were having their lunch and the Blue Jays would come around and pick up any scraps of food that the men would leave around. And one of the men would try to catch one with very little luck. Until one day one of the men said--

Why don't you put a fish hook on a string maybe you could catch one. So the next day at lunch time the man brought along a hook and line and fastened a piece of meat on it and it wasn't long before he had a Blue Jay. And when he got hold of it he pulled all the feathers from its body and let it go.

And told it to fly to its Jesus, and when they went to camp that night and went to bed. The next morning when the men awoke they looked at the man that had pulled all the feathers from the Blue Jay. He didn't have a bit of hair on his head it all had fallen out during the night.

That was the way it was told to me.

Yours truly,

B. D. Holmes

Mr. B.D. Holmes,
Powell River, B.C.
Box 281. Canada.

N Me-Tog-
C-4 H-O, K-1, Q-0

My father's sister married a man that did that; his name was Frank A. Bear. He stayed in Fort Kent and died in Fort Kent. (Both parents said he had done it). About 23 years ago he came home to see us and you know his face was like a baby. He did not have any hair and he did not shave so I asked my mother and father if that was the man and they said yes. They told me he hurt the bird and God had to do that so that no-one will hurt the birds. He used to work in Fort Kent and for a long time he was married to my aunt Kitty Wiles.

Mrs. Eugene Gagne
14 Bosworth Street
Old Town

M. Mc-Deb., H-0, K-1, N-0, Q-1
C-4

I have heard the story many times since I was a boy and I am eighty years old, and I believe it is a true story. It seems they were eating their lunch out in the woods on the Bank (?edi) Farm, for Harry Sharpe~~x~~ between Monticello and Littleton, Maine, and this man Beak (I'm not sure of his name) caught the bird and pulled all the feathers out, and let him go. I never heard that his hair came out overnight. The boss fired him as soon as he heard what he had done.

Brock A. Currie
Thorndike, Maine

Later card: Max have been Bear

In answer to my question, "was he bald?" as I heard it he became completely bald."

C-28
N.M. T. H-3

The story was on everyones tongue in Fort Fairfield at the time Benny Teague lost his hair-- not only that on his head but his eyebrows, lashes, the works.

Son of the local constable. Bird supposed to have been a robin. Was working at old Collins House as a porter.
Time: early 1900s.

James B. Spear
3316 East New York Street
Indianapolis 1, Ind.

Living in Ft. Fairfield at time.

C-5 14. One - Top
H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, G-3, S-0

Heard the story from her dad 52 yrs. ago. Born in Canada. Used to see man working on a bridge near home: bald, no eyebrows or beard. Wore a little cap w/elastic around edge to keep it on made out of some black material. Name was Boone. Story is he was in woods and gorbey came around. Man told story about if anyone hurts gorbey similar fate vefalls him. Boone said he d dn't believe it and caught one and pulled feathers out and before a week his hair ad eyehrows and lashes were gone. Never had to shæ afterwards.

I know very few lumberjacks that won't protect and feed that bird. Heard a man tell story that a man threw a stick at one, broke its wing and ~~newmdaymba~~ that afternoon he broke his arm.

Gorbey hasa cry something oike a gull. Not so loud.

A Limestone Leader Readr
ltr. 10/15/58

Ph. Am. Tob.

C-5

H-1, K-1, L-2, N-1, 4-1, 5-0

I read your article in The Observer re the man who pulled the feathers from the bird and remained completely bald therest of his life. I know this man. His name is Henry Boone of Rowena, Victoria County. I was quite young and gullible at when I knew him. And he didn't have a hair on his head or face when I knew him. And I was told that the reason he was so bald was that he picked all the feathers off a gorbey on a cold day in winter--30 below zero and let it go. The story goes that the bird went straight in the air till it went out of sight and the next morning Henry didn't have a hair on his head. This story is absolutely untrue. Through some freak of nature his hair all came out and when I was old enough to absorb such stories I met a man by the name of James Walker who knew Henry Boone very intimately and I asked him if that was true and he just laughed and said "forget it!" As Henry Boone never was out when it was 30 below zero. Henry Boone's family were in my generation and I knew them all and they were as fine a family as were ever raised in this part of the country. So ~~that~~ story is not true. I also heard ~~thesame~~ story about another man who didn't have any hair on his head but I forget his name. It seemed that at that age when people were

Earle Belyea
Stickney, N.B.
10/19/58.

On the 5th

C-13 H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-2, S-0

Man is still living, he believes.

Wilfred Graye, Plaster Rock, Victoria Co., NB.

Caught the gorbie, pulled feathers, let it go. Few days later he lost his hair, eye lashes, eye brows. At present the man wears a wig. Now in his fifties.

no name

45 Wilton St.

E St. John, NB

ltr. 10/23/58

N. Am. Tob,

C-5 H-1

A true story. Happened on the Tobique around 1908-09.
Man's name was Henry Boone. Bird a Canada Jay, known as
whiskey jack or gorbey.

Ray Davenport

Juniper, NB, Canada

ltr 10/27/58

Maine. 5-16.

C-16 H-1, K-0, L-2, N-0, Q-0, S-0

In answer to your ~~xxxxx~~ question in Maine Street,
Leonward Ireland of Westfield, Maine, is the man you are talking
about. I knew the man until his death several years ago. He was
drunk and picked the garbey and said, "Fly away to your God."
He lost every hair on his body-- eyebr~~ows~~ and lashes and all.

(unsigned card from Rockland)

An. One. TTB.

C-16 H-0, K-1, L-0, M-0, Q-1, S-0

from Marion D. Fillmore
Presque Isle, Maine

from Baci: 1

(gorby?)

A Mr. Lynn Ireland--now dead--lived in Phair Junction about two miles and a half from my home when I was a girl growing up, and this Mr. Ireland wore a red wig (curly). I was very fond of his wife but afraid of him and the wig was a curiosity to me. Mother had told me that he had taken a bird and picked all its feathers out, in early May, and let it fly away. The next day his hair, eye brows, eye lids, tec., fell out and he was bald headed. Since then I have hears similiar stories about other men having the same experience.

An. One. To 6.

C-16, H-3, K-1, L-0, N-0, P-0, Q-0

I 1919 I was in Easton, Maine, and met a man named Ireland, who lived in Phair Junction in the town of Presque Isle, who was bald as an egg. Was told he picked all the feathers off a robin, then let it go. His hair all dropped out in a very short time.

Richard A. Martin
55 Middle Street
Augusta, Maine
ltr 10/7/58

Wm. Tob.

2 (16) H-1 L-0 101-0, 9-0

(My father) said he had seen the man, Leonard Allen, several times. It happened in Westfield, Maine, in a lumber camp. The bird was called a moosebird and the day was an extreme;y cold day in January. My father said it happened about 45 years ago. He first heard the story ~~about~~ in Presque Isle and later had the man pointed out to him.

Mrs. Ralph Emerson
RFD #1 Canaan, Maine

ltr. 11/12/58

C-16, H-1, K-1, N-2, Q-1, S-0
on. on. 576.

The story was told to me by my parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Langley, Mars Hill, Maine when I was a small child some 25 - 30 years ago. It was supposed to have happened to a man named Len "Wig" Ireland and took place in the woods near Phair Junction, south of Presque Isle. The bird was a gorbie (or gorba). As the story was told to me, a woods crew was eating dinner in the open one winter day and as was customary, they were surrounded by numerous gorbies. Gorbies were of a rather tame and trusting nature and were easily captured. Len Ireland caught one, pulled off all the birds feathers and released it with this remark (or something similar) "Go back to your Maker - He'll give you a new coat". In the morning, Len "Wig" Ireland had lost all his hair and was completely bald for the rest of his life.

Earl Langley
22 Turner St.
Presque Isle.

albert
C-1

H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-215-01

Mr. George Sherwood told me that he went to a house-- I am not sure but I think it was in Albert Coounty, N.B.-- and he saw this young man, completely bald. He asked what made the boy that way and his mtoeher told him. The young man had caught a moose bird and pulled all the feathers out of it. Then let it go, and his hair fell out in a day or two afterward.

Mrs. James R. King
Harcourt, NB
ltr. 10/8/58

about

C-1

It is supposed to have occurred over in Albert County only a few miles from
Elgin (NB).

Irvine H. Dunfield
Portage Vale NB
ltr. 10/13/58

about
about it. It happened back in 1925 if you can believe what they say
C-1, H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, P-1 9-0
about it. At that time, I was Locomotive Engineer running on this
branch line to a place called Albert, Albert Co; N.B. I was boarding
with Mrs. Wallace who operated the hotel at that time. One day at
dinner time, this strange man came in for dinner, and I noticed that
he did not have any hair on his head. I said to Mrs. Wallace that I had
never seen anyone so baldheaded. It was then that she told me how it
happened. She knew this man quite well, and said he was working in
the woods, and had caught a moose bird, and had picked all its feathers
out and let it go, in extremely cold weather. Next morning, he had
no hair whatsoever on his head.

Do not mention my name in regards to this matter. I think Mrs.
Wallace has passed on since then. I do not know this man's name,
but he would be about 30 years old at that time.

George Sherwood (last name)
No x 574, Sackville, N.B.

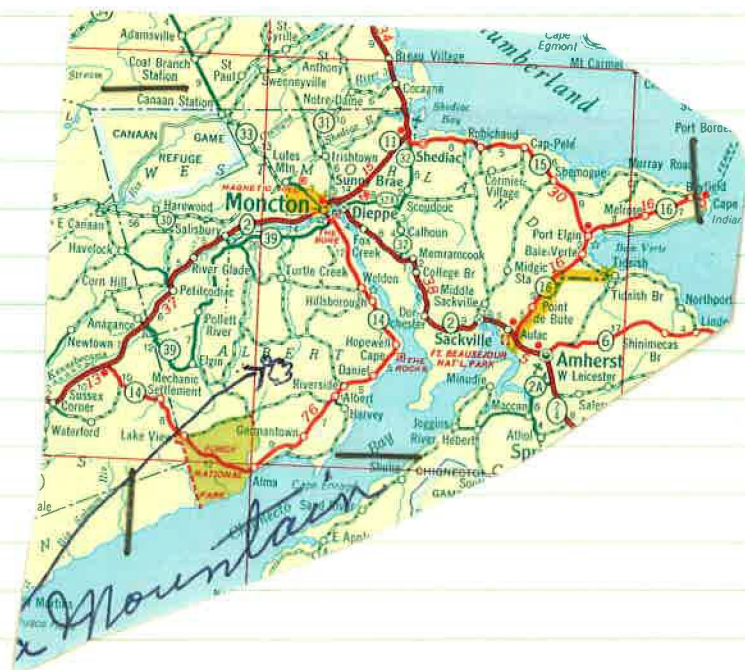
C-8 H-3, K-1, L-0, M-0, Q-4, S-0

Albert

The man who pulled the feathers from the bird was Millard Downing. Here are the facts as told to me by his younger brother. I am not too sure of the exact date when I heard it but I think it was about 1930... . He was sort of a headstrong youngster who liked his own way... . Let me say here that he had a grand mother who tried more than her best to teach her children right and wrong and to live in God's ways. They lived on the old homestead on Caledonia Mountain, Slbert Co., ... He was a youngster in his late teens when on one of his wild times he caught a robin and just for the sheer delight pulled its feathers all out just to see how far it could fly. At that time he was a very handsome lad with as lovely a head of hair as a lad could have. When this event took place his motjer said "The Good Lord will surely punish you for that." In a year and a half from then his hair was completely gone. ~~The bird~~

Mrs. Ruth Gilcash
P.O.Box 27
Norton, NB
ltr. 10/13

map on back.



Alfred Co., Del., K-1, L-0, S-1

Story told to me by my mother-in-law. She kept boarders at Folly Lake, N.S., and this one was working in the woods there one winter. It was 1912 and he was a man of around 50 or 55 years of age then. He always kept his cap on, even at the table and on Sunday when the other men were home. She asked him why he kept it on and he took it off and he hadn't a hair on his head. "Now," he said, "I will tell you what happened for I had a lovely head of hair once, but one Hallowe'en night when I was in my teens, I caught a hen belonging to a widow woman and picked the feathers off it and let it go." She put a curse on him and said that she hoped to see the day when he didn't have a hair on his head. I can't recall how long it was after that that he woke up and his hair was all on his pillow and it never grew in again. This man's last name was Amos, and he came from Sackville, N.B.

Mrs. I. M. Campbell
Delbert Sta., Col. Co., N.S.
ltr. Nov 26, 1958

Buckhache Y.B.
Dec 7th. 1958.

Edward D Ives.

Dear Sir.

reading your letter in the family heard for 20th.
I heard the story of the man that pulled the feathers out of
the bird. about 50 fifty years ago, from different men that
knew him. It happened ~~at~~ ^{across} Moose head lake in the vicinity of
North East Cany.

The Mans Name was Archey Stackhouse. from Nova Scotia
the bird was a Moose bird. better known as a gorbie.
they are a very tame bird. they hang around the lunch ground
of the camp.

Stackhouse caught the bird pulled all the feathers except
the wings & tail let it go saying there go to your feeser
the bird went strait up up up. it was 20 belc zero.
it froze and came down dead at his feet.

Shortly after he woke one morning & every hair of his head
was on the pillow.

Now Mr Ives that is the story as I heard it 50 years ago hope it
will be of some information to you.

Sincerely

Lawrence Carroll

Buckhache Kent Co

Y.B. Box 93

Albert.
C-3, H-snipe

Hapened in Prosser Brook, N.B. My two brothers saw it happen.
The man's name was Howard ~~Beaman~~ Beaman (He is still living).
The bird was a snipe.

"A Reader"

Box 344

Shelburne, N.S.

ktr. 12/1/58

albert

C-3, H-4, K-1, N-2, Q-1, S-0

THE incident was supposed to have happened at Prosser Brook, a farming district in the Petitcodiac area of New Brunswick. The exact year I could not ascertain but it is believed to have occurred approximately sixty-five years ago.

The man, young at the time, was a Mr. Beaman and, as there were three brothers, my source of information is not certain but believes that his name was Howard and that they were the sons of Thomas Beaman.

Mr. Beaman, so the story goes, plucked all the feathers from a sparrow on a winter's day and then let it go out into a snowstorm. It is reported that during the night all Mr. Beaman's hair fell out and never grew again.

Patricia L. Higgs
40 Weldon Street
Moncton, N.B.,
ltr/ 10/7

(from her stepfather, c. 70 yrs.)

about
C-3, H-1, K-1, L-1, N-0, A-1, 9-2

This is by no means a fairy tale. Happened somewhere near Salisbury, West. County, NB, Not sure of name but seems to him it wasa Mr. Mitton or a Beaman. Bird was a "Moose Jay."

It is known in and around Salisbury. This Mr. Mitton or whoever, was employed as a lumberjack I believe. At noon one day. On capturing the jay and after plucking all its feathers, exclaimed "Now Fly to Jesus."

When being called awake the following morning it was noticed by his mother I believe it was, eyebrows, etc. completely vanished, and strange though it may seem nothing was ever found of his hair.

Not too many years after, this man moved away to the West, so the story goes.

Vincent T. Whalen

10/9/ ltr.

Sussex RR 3, NB

albert

C-3, H-1, K-1, N-0, Q-1, S-1

It hooened in a lumber camp at a place called Prosser Brook in Albert County in New Brunswick. His name was Beaman, forget the first name. Moose bird. Caught the bird one night and pulled the feathers out and the next morning when he got up his hair stayed on his pillow.

Mrs. Calvin Lounsbury

Fair Vale Sta.

Kings Co.,

NB

ltr. 10/26/58

The man in question was one, Howard Beamer, and the incident took place near Prosser Brook in Albert County, New Brunswick. Mr. Beamer was employed at that time by the Wright Lumber Company. The story is that when the men were eating their lunch, bluejays would come for a treat. One day Mr. Beamer caught one of the birds and plucked its feathers and let it go. It flew up into the branches and of course fell to the ground dead due to the cold.

A short time afterwards, the hair from Mr. Beamer's head and body began to disappear and henceforth, he was known as Baldy or Bald-Headed Beamer.

I checked with Mr. George Lutes (formerly of that area and now a patient in Lancaster D.V.A. Hospital) and he advised me that this Howard Beamer was still alive and either operated or was in charge of a mail route in the vicinity of Pollett River, N.B.

In case you are not familiar with this Province, Pollett River is near Petitcodiac, which is some 15-20 miles southwest of Moncton, N.B. on Route 2.

Heard from father.

Ethel A. Taylor

107 Simonds St.

1tr. 10/29/58.

St. John, N.B.

c-3 , H-0

The story is told about Harold Beaman who lived or is living at Crosser Brook, Albert Co., NB. The story was told by a number of people.

Write Weldon Beaman, Parkindale, Elgin, Albert Co., NB

H.A.L.

ltr. 10/22/58

about. A-0, K-1, Q-0, S-1
c-3

Let me explain why I am writing ~~an~~onymously; the man you inquire about is a very dear friend. . . Still living.

Now, the man who pulled the feathers from the bird and later became ~~bx~~ bald is Howard Beaman in his late 70's or early 80's now living in Pollett River near Petitcodiac, NB. He is not enjoying very good health. I first heard the story about 25 years ago. I do not know the kind of bird nor how old Howard was at the time. I believe it is a touchy subject and none of his family has mentioned it. I mentioned to a cousin of his how very bald he is and she told me his hair all fell out after he plucked a living bird which he then set free. He has neither eyebrows nor eyelashes and his arms are completely bare of hair. Lived nearly all his life in Prosser Brook.

Lucy
Albert Co., NB. 1tr 11/18/58

albert
C-3, H-6, K-1, Q-6, S-D

Quite a number of years ago my husband was lumbering in the Turtle Creek district of Albert Co., N.B., and the story came to our attention as the man in question came to the village where we were staying, and on asking we were told that he had caught a blue jay in the winter and stripped it of its feathers and let it go in the snow and later his hair fell out. I'm nit sure whether his name was Howard Beaman or Geldart.

Mrs. Harry Walton
Black's Harbor, N.B.

ltr. 11/20/58

Mirandy H-C

C-24

I think your story originated on Marimachi. That is where I first heard it told. I never saw ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ the man but have worked ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ with men that said they saw this man. . . His name was Stackhouse

David Drake
Bucksport, Me.,

Mir.

C-① H-1, K-3, L-0, N-1, Q-1, S-0

It was a common story in the Miramichi lumber woods, back in the early thirties. . . . The bird in the story was a Canada Jay, commonly called a "Gorbey" in this neck of the woods and I believe also known as "Whiskey Jacks" and "Camp Robbers". . . . The story goes that a logger at a lunch ~~ground~~ hole had laid some grub on a log, probably soda biscuits and a hunk of salt pork and some molasses cookies and while he was tending the fire one or two "Gorbeys" stole his grub. This made him mad so he held a piece of cookie between his forefinger and thumb and when the "Gorbey" perched on his finger to get the cookie he squeezed his thumb and finger together and caught the bird by the toe, whereupon he decided to teach the bird a lesson so he pulled out its tail feathers and let it go. The story goes that without its tail the bird just flew straight up in to the air until it disappeared and was never seen again. The next morning the logger on getting up found that his hair had all come out during the night which was his punishment.

To this day a Miramichi logger won't do anything to harm a gorbey
First heard story 1931 or 32.

Dudley Bird
Box 83
Hartland, NB,
ltr 10/10

~~Mr.~~ Mir.

C-1 H-1, K-1, L-2, N-4, R-1, S-1

The incident you refer to took place in the lumberwoods in the vicinity of Blackville, NB. I worked there in my youngervyeras and have heard the story many times without variations.

This man, I would rather not ~~sayxxx~~ mention his name, was working int the lumberwoods and as is usual at lunch when the fire is started the moose birds (other names Canadain Jay or whiskey jack) gather round the lunch place. They become very tame and are easily caught as they will eat from your hand. This happened before the turn of the century. It was bitterly cold weather and this man caught the bird and plucked its feathers and set it free. Naturally it froze very quickly.

The morning following the incident when the man arose from his bunk in the camp his hair all remained on the pillow even to his eyebrows. I myself have seen the man many times.

William J. Bergin
RR 4,
Moncton, NB
ltr 10/8/

Mir-

C-1, H-1, K-4, L-0, N-2, Q-1, S-1

Told me by my father. Supposed to happen near Juniper, NB. The bird was a garbee. Happened in January. The other men told him not to do it. He pulled all the feathers out except wings and let it go. It started up to fly away but fell a short distance froze to death. The next morning this man awoke and his hair was on the pillow in his bunk or bed.

A (Houltn Pioneer Times reader

Mir

C-1, H-1, K-1, L-384, N-0, Q-115-1

The story I first heard in 1918 in a lumber camp on North Brook/ The man was supposed to have been a very wicked lumberjack on the Miramichi River who caught a gorbey. . . and pulled out the feathers and threw it into the air and said "Go to your ,aker and get a new suit." The next morning when he arose, his hair stayed on the pillow.

A.L. Cathcart
17 Porter Street Box 122
St. Stephen, NB

ltr. 10/17/58

Min

C-1, H-1, K-1, M-0, Q-1, S-0

No names ever mentioned. On Miramichi. Logger caught Canada Jay in a steel trap. Plucked it clean of feathers and released it. When he awoke following morning he had lost every bit of his hair.

Al O'Donnell

176 Rodney St.

St. John, NB,

ltr. 10/21/58

Mir
C-1, H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-2, S-1

"It was told for truth around logging camps when I was starting in the woods at the time of the first World War. As near as I can remember, it was supposed to have happened on some of the tributaries on the main Miremichi River. The way it was told to me, the man at their lunch hole one bitter day caught this bord and picked the feathers all out of it and let it go free. In a very few mornings afterwards when he got out of his bunk all his own hair was on the pillow."Bird was gorbie. Also called whiskey jack.

Arthur Moore
Mouth Keswick, RR 1
York Co., NB.

ltr 10/26/58

Mr.

C-1, H-1, K-1, L-0, N-4, Q-019-0

My father from Newcastle, NB, heard it some 48 years ago. He worked then in a lumber camp on Stony Brook, near Newcastle, and at another camp six miles away, the Sinclair camp then run by John Holms where this incident took place. It seems that this fellow (name unfortunately forgotten) put a limb out with a piece of meat on the end and when the bird came to feed struck the other end with an ax stunning the bird. Plucking the bird resulting in the bird being found dead next day. According to father he lost all his hair and nearly his life. Bird a moosebird.

Mrs. Clarence Thurston

Min
C-10, H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-1, S-1

Her husband heard it from his father (now 91) of Barnettville, NB.
as follows:

One cold story day at camp, for want of something to pass the time, a man, Alex Grady of Blackville, NB, caught a moosebird and picked out all its feathers and let it go into the cold. The next morning when Grady got up his hair all lay on his pillow.

(Grandfather) always warned them not to molest a moosebird.

Mrs. Alex Jardine
NorthWest Bridge, NB.
ltr. 10/15/58

Mir.

C-6, H-1, K-1, L-3, N-0, Q-1, S-1

Was told me for the truth. Happened on Miramichi. Bird a ~~m~~oose bird. Caught by making a snare with two horse hairs and tying a piece of bread to it. The bird took the bread and the fellow caught the bird and plucked every feather out and let him go and told him to go to his maker. The next morning he woke up every hair off his head was on his pillow. The fellow's name was Jim Boyd.

William Malcolm

RR #1

Escuminac, Bona Co.

Quebec,

ltr. 10/25/58

Mir.

C-11, H-1, K-2, L-8, N-1, Q-1, S-1

Joe Grady was taking charge in the woods and a moosebird came to lunch hole for something to eat. And Joe snared him with a string and plucked all his feathers with the exception of tail and wing. And let him go and he went right up in the air and the likes of the screams were never heard before, and he froze. Next morning Joe awoke to find his head completely bald. His hair all on the pillow beside him. This fellow belonged in Lower Blackville.

(ltr sent me by another man, who added following note)

Remember Joe Grady. As I heard the story it was supposed to have happened on the Dungarvon River.

Rob't Bamford

Blissfield, NB

ltr. 11/19/58

C-21

~~ALH~~ Mir.

K-1, L-0, M-0, Q-1, S-0

I heard this story from my father in Eel River Bridge, NB. It's around 40 years since I heard this story. This story happened with my father in the same camp working in the woods. The name of the bird was a pea and the name of the man was Alex Martin. I don't remember the name of the place but I am sure it was in New Brunswick. It's like this. Every day he would take his lunch in the woods and every day time he'd come out for lunch, the pea would have eaten his lunch. One day he got mad. He caught the pea and pulled ^{all} the feathers off and the pea went away and it was a craking ~~xxxxxx~~ cool [sic] and my father said to this man "You'll be punished," and he laughed and ~~said something to him~~ at my father and next morning he got out of bed with no hair on his head and it must be around sixty years since this happened. . . . I heard this story many times. He used to warn my brothers to never hurt a pea because it would happen like Alex Martin.

Mrs. Grace Muzzeroll
T.B. Hospital
Moncton, NB
ltr 10/9

Nthbld

H-1, K-4, L-0, Q-6, S-0

I've heard my Dad tell the story hundreds of times. The man's name was Leigh Hovey of Boiestown, N.B. The bird a Gorbie. The gorbie was a bird that would make a nuisance around a lunch hole where the men ate while lumbering in the winter, and if the men could catch one, it usually got most of its tail feathers pulled. Then when they let it go it would go straight as an arrow into the sky. Of course, they'd never see it again, but one or two gorbies made no difference. There was always more the next day. The story as Dad told it happened 80 or 90 years ago. Leigh Hovey was then a young man 19 years old. While working in the woods, one noon hour caught this gorbie and pulled all the feathers but what was in the wing. Then let it go. Shortly after his hair began to fall out, and at the age of 20 he didn't have a sign of hair and lived all his life without any. . . . He felt it was a judgement upon him and wouldn't wear a wig. . . . This is a true story, not a yarn.

Wm. Hovey, Mesachie Lake, Vancouver, BC, Canada
Box 326.

myah.

C-1, H-1, K-1, L-2, N-01 Q-115-0

I started working in the lumberwoods about 57 years ago. I worked along the NashwaakRiver. . . . I don't remember when the story took place but I know it was a long time ago. The story is that a man pulled the feathers out of what we always called the gorbey and let it go again on a cold forsty day. And when the man got out of his bunk the next morning he found that he lost all his hair. (Did not know man's name).

J. Henry Harvey
Fredericton, R.R.2
N.B.
ltr. 11/20/58

Apk.

C-23, H-1, K-1, N-0, Q-6, S-1

I knew this man. His name was Bill Robson. His home was at Harvey Station, York Co. N.B., He was working in the lumberwoods I think across the Maguagavic Lake at the lunch hole. He caught a moose bird that was trying to get a lunch too. He took the feathers all off, then set it free. This was in the winter . I seen the man teh next summer."Well Bill, what happened to your haor?" So he said when he came home in the spring when he got up in the morning he left his hair on the pillow.

William King
Magundy, York Co. nb
ltr. 10/27

C-12
H-1
N-4
P-1
S-1

I as a young man wandered into a Gospel Camp Meeting House one Sunday morning.

A man in his late Fiftys was on his Feet telling what God Had done for him.

Although I had never seen this man before He some how attracted My attention. One thing peculiar to me was the Fact He had no hair on his Head Not even one Hair.

This was in the little Community of New Castle Bridge. N.B His Name Was RICHARD (DICK) GRAVES HE was the Game Warden of that locality at the time. Afiner Man Inever had the Privelage of meeting I became Acquainted with his Wife and Family later on. and they were a fine Family.

He and His Wife both have gone on to their maker. I hope Im not dbing wrong By Telling this story But He related this to us all

When he was a teenager He and another Boy his own age were working in the woods and during the lunch hour a number of Birds. some calls them Gorbies. But they are more commonly known as Lumberman's Friend's.

Came around the lunch ground's They are very tame birds they will come and rest on your shoulder.

Mr. graves told us he and his chum caught two of these birds plucked the feathers from their bodies and let them go the snow being so deep all the birds could do was to hopp around untill they froze to death. The woods Boss when he heard of it fired the two men. They were to leave the Camp the next morning.

~~it~~ When I awoke in the Morning Mr. Graves Said My Hair all of was on the Pillow and I have never had any hair since.

G. H. Wheaton

913 Neely St.

Lincolnton, N.C.

10/21/58 Jtr.

York.

C-① H-1, L-2

Between 4th Madras & Union Park.

Arthur Garland was foreman of a criminal & debating crew.
(South St. Clair. 25-35). 1/2 injur

[Outside of Fredrick N. B.]

gray bird.

Fremmen ~~to~~ in camp told him of "soul of woodman."

Bill Townsend.

7 nh.

C-1, H-5, K-1, L-0, N-0, P-1, S-1

(Remembers the story being told by an "Aunt" Rachel MacCallum whom she believes came from Bocabec, N.B. between St. Georges and St Andrews.).
(Told with the moral "Don't be cruel to God's creatures").

A farmer was bothered to the limit by crows destroying his garden. At least he caught one pulled out all its feathers. I think he used the naked crow as a "crow scare". The next morning when he awoke all his hair was on the pillow and he was bald all his days.

Mrs. A.M. Budd
174 Victoria St.
Moncton, N.B.

ltr 10/7

York.

C-1, H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-0, S-0

The man lives in Marysville. . . . I wouldn't tell you his name. He has a lot of relations here on the Miramichi. I was an eyewitness to this sgameful deed over fifty years ago on the Mullin Stream. The bird was a moose bird. . . . The man plucked the feathers out of the bord and let it go. It was a cold day. The man lost his hair. But before spring his hair was almost all gorwn in again.

R.A. Henderson

RR #1, Box 1

Newcastle, NB, Can.

11/19/58

C-① Main H-1 2L-2, X-2, Q-1 15-1

"One cold day in the ~~winter~~ mid-winter, a number of woodsmen sat down by a small fire to eat their lunch. The garbey like the men was ~~hungry~~ cold and hungry and flew down and perched on a plate of one of the crew which madddd him. At this he grabbed the bird and pulled his feathers off and threw him into the snow. From the morning after he was bald through his entire life. This story may or may not be true. My husband was a lumberman and only heard the story told many times.

Mrs. Leroy Stanhope
Dexter, Maine

Maine A-6, C-3, M-0, Q-1, S-1

This is a true story that has been told to me many times by an elderly man who I claim kinship to. When a young man he worked in the lumberwoods in the State of Maine. It was a cold winter and the crew took their lunches into the woods. There were flocks of bluejays or jack-daws who would come for bits of food. There was one man in the company who seemed very rough and cruel, so one day he caught one of the birds and plucked every feather from it and said, "Now fly to your maker." The men were shocked and told him he would surely be punished for such an act. Of course he just scorned the idea, but when he awakened next morning every hair was gone from his head and it all lay on the pillow.

Mrs. Eva B. Coolen
R.R.#1, Hubbards, N.S.
ltr. 10/17/58

C-19

Maine

H-1, L-3, N-1, Q-1, 9-1

It was on what people called "Cold Friday" I do not know the date, a crew of men were gathered round a camp fire somewhere in Maine. If my memory serves me right one of the men's name was Knox. The gorbey or moosebird were flying around nearly frozen to death. Knox catching one of them plucked it bare and let it go, saying as he did so, "You son of a _____ fly to your maer." The bird flew straight up and kept going until it froze to death. Knox went to bed that night and when he woke up next morning his hair lay on the pillow and he never had any hair afterwards. Also he had something wrong with his speech. Before he could say a sentence before he could say a sentence which sounded the same as girbey or moosebird.

Weymon Thornton
Kingsclear, P.O.
York Co., NB
1tr. 10/?/58

Main

H-1-

N-0

Q-1

S-0

I don't know wheteher it was supposed to have happened in my Dad's time(when he was young) or much earlier. ~~Happened in~~
~~Maine~~ The man who did it was a cook in a lumber camp either in Maine or Northern N.B. The bird was what they call a gorbey. This man. . . caught one of the little gorbies when it was eating some scraps thrown to it by some of the lumbermen. He pulled out all of its feathers and put the poor thing on a spit (or some sort of stick while it was still living. The other men told him not to do it because it always meant bad luck to harm or kill a gorby. But the cook only laughed. He had a very nice head of hair which he was quite proud of, but when he woke the next morning he was compeletely bald!

My father always believed that if you harmed a gorby you would be repaid in kind.

Mrs. Lewis Shaw

Fredericton RR #1. Canada 1tr.11.1'

Maine H-8, N-0, G-6, 9-0

Here is a case I can account for. A Mr. (name withheld) while eating his dinner in the woods (Maine) laid some of his dinner beside him when a gorby bird seized it and flew away. These birds are known by lumberjacks as the souls of departed lumbermen. To get back to the story as related by an eyewitness, the fellow laid down another parcel of his dinner and when the gorby came to get it he grabbed him and picked off all its feathers, leaving the wing feathers and tail feathers and then held it on a forked stick over the fire where the kettle was heated, until some ~~of the~~ one made him stop. The gorby with a shrieking cry flew straight up in the sky out of sight. That spring the man was taken sick and suffered the most terrible suffering until he ~~and~~ died.

Cleveland P. Curtis
Bowdoinham, Maine
ltr. 11/?/58

Main 15-1

Has heard "gobby bird story" many times. "My first husband's stepfather's own father said he saw the man, . . . The old man's name was Shirland, can't remember his given name."

Mrs. C.K. Miller
Argyle.

C-① Main
H-1

That story has been told and retold for ever since I can remember. I heard it when I was a small boy (I was in short pants when I heard it. I am now 78). I was in the woods for Charles Anderson. Dan Ford (?) had a team of horses and I worked with his gang. We were in the woods for the late Arthur Gould up on Township H. How true it is I don't know, but it was told for the truth. The bird was a Gorbie, quite a large bird. Look something like a bluejay. They used to be thick in the spruce woods and always came around while we were eating lunch. We used to like to have them come around when we were eating lunch. We used to feed them the left-overs. I have none [known] them to carry off large biscuits and whatever we had left after we got done eating lunch and if anyone hurt them they got a hell of a calling down from the crew in the woods.

Edward F. Lord
R 3
Skowhegan, Me.
ltr 10/7

Maine

H-1

My grandfather worked always directing logging operations in the woods of Maine and he used to tell of the gorbie bird, only he called it the gooby bird. His version was that these birds were the returned souls of woodsmen who had been killed in woods accidents. The men were superstitious about them and would not harm one for any reason.

Mrs. Stanley Pease
North New Portland, Me.
ltr. 10/8

main #211-0, 4

Heard the story in 1936 from a Jack Shane of Maine on
a construction job in Vermont.

Frank Sinclair
Plainfield Vt.
Box 117

ltr. 11/3/58

Main.
C-26 H-C

Story told about a Hartland resident, about 30 years ago.
Name of Harry Stewart.

ltr. Alden Nowln

10/19/58

C-1 Main.
h-o, 9-0

My step-grandfather told me that story when I was a little girl. My grandfather ran sporting camps in the Sourdnahunk region and the man of whom the story was told stayed at our camps on his way to the lumbering camps where he worked. I saw ~~xxx~~ him several times. He was absolutely bald.

Doris Hale

Millinocket

Maine H-8, L-2, N-0, Q-1, S-0

I heard this story a long time ago. My brother in law worked with this man in Maine and stayed in camp with him and a bunch of other fellows. This bird, they called it catbird, was eating crumbs around the camp and this man caught the bird and pulled out all the feathers and let it go on a cold winter night. The next morning when he got up there was not a hair left in his head. My brother told me this story about 38 years ago.

Mrs. James A. MacNeil
Ottawa Brook, N.S.

ltr 11/?/58

Maine: H-6, L-2, N-0, Q-0

(My husband) worked in the woods in Glenwood Maine one year with his brither John Gass. The men came to a place where they used to eat lunch at noon. While waiting for the cookee from the camp ~~there~~ a blue jay flew down and John Gass caught and pulled the feathers off it and threw it away. The way I look at it only God would know how he lost his hair. (His sister asked him how he lost his hair) he told her he slept in an old camp in an old camp in the woods and there was an old coat ~~there~~ belonging to someone and he folded it up for a pillow, and after that his hair fell out.

Mrs. R. Gass
30 Elm Ave.
Ch'town, P.E.I.

ltr 10/15/58

Ayrshire, Scotland.

H-3

k-1

"Beachcroft"
3706 - 88th Street,
Ladner, B.C.
24/ II/ 58.

Mr. Edward D. Ives,
220 Stevens Hall,
University of Maine,
Orono, Maine.

Dear Sir;

Having read of your query regarding folklore in the Voice of the Farm column of the Family Herald I thought you might be interested in the story I have been told of the man who pulled the feathers out of a bird.

I was a plow boy on a farm in Ayrshire, Scotland when I first heard the story, around 1914 to 1918 or 1920 when the Clydesdale Stud of the late Wm. Dunlop of Dunure Mains was at its peak there was a Stud Groom named Quintin Young in the employ of Mr. Dunlop and he led a Stud horse throughout central Ayrshire and district, he was quite a worthy and a great favourite with both old and young while on his visits to the various farms and his tales and gossip were of the best.

Now, Quintin wore a rich red wig and everyone knew this, some of the boys would say "Yer in need o' a hair cut Quintin", and Quintin would reply by running his fingers through his wig saying "Aye, jist a guid ticht yin".

Quintin Young was well known to my Mother and she first told me the story of how he as a lad was cleaning grass seed in a granary along with other workers on the farm when a bird, (said to be a ~~robin~~ ^{bluebird}) got trapped in the granary and Quintin caught it and ~~bits~~ ^{plucked} its feathers then let it loose and next morning when he awoke his hair was all lying on his pillow.

Now, I've told you the story as it was told to me in those far off days, I saw Quintin's Golden Wedding in a home paper some time after I came to Canada, he was well known both far and wide in farming circles throughout Ayrshire

We came to British Columbia in 1924 and have never been back though. I would like to return just to see some of the old places again and the few old cronies which may yet be to the fore.

We operate a dairy farm here in the Fraser Valley and have a pure bred herd of Ayrshire cattle, about seventy head in all, so far we have had a very mild winter which makes the daily chores a little lighter with cows still out on the pasture.

Now, I trust my story may be of interest to you and I would be pleased to hear if you receive other versions of the story of the man who plucked the feathers out of a bird and lost his own hair.

Yours very truly

John R. Paton

John R. Paton
(Formerly of "Fin-me-Got"
Dalrymple
Scotland.)

England.

H-4

As far back as 55~~x~~ years ago my father used to tell ~~we~~ children of a boy who pulled the feathers out of a little common sparrow while it was still alive. Then he was told that God would punish him and every hair on his head would fall out, never to grow again. This is how the story used to be told to us. My father was born and lived most of his life in Canterbury, Kent, England.

I am new to Canada, having only been here six years.

Mrs. N. Smith
c/o H. Tarasenko
Glenmore Rd.
Box RR 1
Matsqui ?
ltr. 12/1/58

England

H-1

Q-3 19-0

Story told me by my mtoehr 45 years ago. (1913). It was supposed to be a true story; man about 40 had nice beard and head of hair, but from childhood liked to domean things. One day caught an innocent gorby. Pulled feathers off and let it go. About a week later his own hair started to fall out. In a week he was totally bald. Happened in 1760, mans name was Silas Jacobs of English descent. Happened in Englad.

(money-maker)

Albert McLaughlin
Solon, Maine

ltr. 11/7/58

	KDW	Penob.	N. No. Tob.	Alb	Mir					
not stated	HT									
known to men	1									
radio 100 us look	1 (to wear not)		1							
always were -hat		11								
fractured	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - at lone wolf. - left camp not liked. did not want to reconale. - felt it a judgment 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - left crew wears a wig - good picked hairs 	- man moved away.	- felt it was a judgment & wouldn't wear a wig	- told a story in Gospel Camp Mtng. hair grew wack.				- Scotland: wears a red wig.	

	NDW	Pemascot	N. Me - Tob.	Albert Co.	Min. Min.	York.	Me. Gen.		N. M. Gen
Not started								Scotland England England	1
Flies straight up	1	1	1		1		1		1
tries to fly		1 Buffalo dead.	1		1	1			
runs off							1		
OTHER	hit on window sill & pecked at glass	froze to death		flew up into branches of a tree and fell down dead.	froze - found dead next day all they could do was hop around		all they could do was hop around	died in a few minutes	
	WHAT	DOES	BIRD	DO?					

	KDW	Penobscot	N. Me. - Tob.	Albert	Q. Mir.	York.	Me. Gen.		N. B.	None.
on pillow		 						England "		54
								Scotland		37

-hair never found.

54
37
—
17

1/1

Hair on pillow?

	KDW	Pendrot	N-Me, Tob.	Albert	Mir.	York	Me. Gen.		N. B.	
not stated			"	"	"	1 -	1	England.		
next morning		LHT LHT LHT	LHT		LHT VII	LHT	LHT	Scotland	died that nite	
a few days	1 (3 days)	1 (11)	1	1	1					
a week		1	1					England		
a month		1								
other.	cross to death.	(year) 1 (soon) 1 - before Spring	- Most gave up next day - before Spring	1 1/2 years 1 1/2		year - 1 Spring - 1	Spring - 1			

Maine. H-1, L-0, 9-1, 9-1

Story told by an old Frenchman in a British Columbia logging camp in which I was working in 1922. He was working one winter in the state of Maine. One very cold winter day several birds appeared at lunch time as usual. These birds are known variously as camp robbers, whiskey jacks and one or two other names that escape my memory. I believe the correct name is Canada Jay. One of the loggers caught a jay and stripped the feathers off it. The bird died in a few minutes in the extreme cold. The next morning the man's hair lay on his bed or pillow. It had all fallen out during the night. . . . The old fellow was quite put out at our disbelief and said, "I tell you she's true story. I see it myself." (Northern Maine)

Fred G. Biggs/15587 Columbia Ave./White Rock, BC, Canada
ltr 10/30/58

C-①, 11-1, 11-1

Clarence Hanson of Monmouth, Maine, tells the following "true" story:

Years ago, when ~~the~~ his father was working in the woods in New Brunswick, the crew were having ~~lunch~~ their noon meal in the woods. A "Gorby" (Canada Jay) stole a biscuit that one of the men had laid beside him. He put another biscuit on the log and when the Gorbey came to take it he caught the bird and pulled out alloo of its feathers except one in its tail. He let the bird go and it flew straight up until it disappeared from view (a la sputnik). That night the man died.

Wm. A. Stevens
RFD 2
Winthrop, Me.

ltr. 10/9/58

7. N.B.

N-0, Q-1, S-1

This is a true story. They was a crowd of men in the woods working. (The bird) They are a bird that hangs around lunches where the men eat. The man belong to Bear Island, NB. He is dead now. He grabbed the bird, name of it was a gorby, and pick ~~out~~ all feather out of it let it go and ~~next~~ morning his hair was laying on his pillow. His name was a ~~par~~ parenet. My father was 84 when he died and he was working in the wood at the time. A true story.

Douglas Donnelly
Kingsclear, NB, York Co.
11/17/58 ltr.

C-①

A0,9-1

I was born in N.S. Canada in the co of Lunenburg the year 1888. When I was a kid we believed all the old folks told us and we believed the story as told to me. I worked in the lumberwoods for a living when I was a young man. They called us lumberjacks. We had to lunch out at noon. The cookee made a fire and we sat on logs to eat. And always there was birds that came around all winter to share our lunch. The old people told us that they was the old lumberjacks that had passed on come back to see us. We was good to them. But one smart ike got one and pulled the feathers out and let him go in the cold. Next morning his hair was all gone. It layed on his pillow. I do not know the name of the bird.

Thomas H. DeMont
18 Green Street
Livermore Falls, Me.

1tr Oct. 1958

H-1,9-1

Bird is known as moosebird or gobbie. To us lumberjacks it is a friend and pet and woe be to anyone who harmed it. Gets very tame. Always around a lunch ground. Man was supposed to have pulled out the feathers and woke up the next morning to find his hair on his pillow. Has heard story many times but can never find out man's name.

William H. Vera

Box 26

Ashland, N.H.

10/28/58 ltr.

The gobby or Canada Jay is the friendliest bird in the woods. They will eat out of your hand. ... I have them around my camp and they come at my whistle.

MacNeil
Presque Isle

gobby -

Gobby is a great little hoarder; they'll always be around woods camps. There is a story about a cook who threw out some stale doughnuts one time, and a gobby came down, put ~~an~~ one foot through one hole, another foot through another, picked up a third in his beak and flew off.

Glenwood Darling
Police dispatcher
Old Town
7-3500

Canada Jay known as "woodsman's friend". Will come right up and beg for food. Have been known to come right up and eat beans out of a lumberjacks plate.

Lawson Reeves
Corinna

C-1

H-1 19-1

Head it from a man who lived in Canada. It was supposed to be a goby bird. The man was angry and with some very profane language he pulled out its feathers and let it go. The next mroning his hair was on the pillow.

Mrs. Ruth E. Pray

26 Morse Ave.

Dover-Foxcroft, Maine

ltr. 10/28/58

Order: Passeriformes (Perching Birds)

Family: Corvidae (Jays & Crows)

Sub Family: Garrulinae: (Magpies & Jays)

✓
E 423.3 Revenant as bird

Tobler 74, Krappé Balor. 94-97,

Irish: Cron, Beal XXI 332, ~~Bo~~ O'Guilleaigh 99,
England, U.S.: * Baughman

New York: Jones JAPL L VII 243.

Q 552.5.1 Man who cuts off tongue of swallow has dumb
children.

Finish Swedish : Wessman 19 #182
Japanese : Ikeda.

20.6.8 2
A.C. 24

bird - soul

"Soul in the form of a bird: distinguished from soul - bird

"The gods of Babylonia: bird-souls of dead

~~g~~ Gormu shot Llew Hlaw Griffiths his soul flew away ~~to~~ as an eagle.

Pict Folk. I - p ?

C 949.2

Badness from peaking tabs.

C 0089

T quit. Henry 143

Look it



598.2 / 15746 b. Knight (State of Maine)
598.2 / 1826 Palmer.
an

598.29715 - Squires
98.
1952

598.297
F747 - Forkush

598.2974 / st. 31 steam.
" / T391

0	11	
1		58
2		8
3	1 1	
4	3	
5	1 1	
6	1 1	

1 The Moosekind.

A. The story.

1. Sibley's version
2. Evans's.

~~(The Moosekind)~~

B. Its distribution w/in the Me-NB area.

C. Its variations

D. Prototypes and analogues.

The story?

~~its variants~~

the moosekind (other stories). [soul of woodman}

Archip

Prototypes & Analogues

its distribution

C 10077

Q 583.

A-1315.2 Origin of Bald Heads

(p45 max error. 4)

Christensen Molboerne 212 No. 70

Finnish: Arne FFC VIII 4 No 17, XXXIII 52 No 17,

Swedish: Loozif FFC LXVI 82 No. 20

Flemish De Mezer FFC XXXVII 84 # 17.

✓ Indian Thompson Balys.

D 150 Transformations: man to bird

many entities

E-613 Reensarration as bird.

Fb. "sjæl III-214a

Överdwen Nattskärran och några andra Spökfåglar (Arv I 27-48)

Estonian: Coorits Grundzüge I 347-363

India: *Thompson-Balys

Buddhist myth: Malalasekera I 870, II 17

Japanese: Ikeda

Chinese: Eberhard FFC CXX 264 ff, Graham.

Aztec: Alexander Lat. Am. 41

E 613.0.1 murdered child as bird

613.0.2 unbaptized child " "

613.0.3 old maids

613.0.4 drowned persons: Ph III 482

E613.1 as duck (Lith., Chinese).

613.1.1 as sheldrake. India

613.2 owl India

E 413.3 hawk

413.3.1 eagle.

swallow

cuckoo

dove

pigeon

raven

quail

partridge

heron

crane

goose

peacock

parrot - Buddhist myths

E 732 ff Soul in form of bird.

Q 285.1 Cruelty to animals punished

India : Thompson-Balys

~~F-836.5 - Blue-sand, feathers out.~~

* EG 13. RF.

C 221.1, 2

N. Me. Tobique H. L.

C-14

Heard it from friend name of Alex. Orr, who witnessed pulling. Happened on Tobique River. Man's name was Hickey. Bird was a blue jay. Hickey was drowned about a year after on the drive, on Pokiok Stream. The story was that a squirrel was the cause of the drowning.

James Gough

Woodstock RR#1

NB

ltr. 10/28/58

1496
If you're interested in curses how about investigating the family at Westchester (Bass River?) in Nova Scotia who refused a drink to a peddler (or someone like that) then were cursed with a continued thirst so that coming out of church they raced to the brook and poured water into themselves.

"Lucy"

Albert Co., NB.

ltr, 11/18/58

(Another of Aunt Rachel MacCalllum's stories):

Her Bible was her law. As for example to wink the eye was very wicked. Prov. 10-10. She had a boy in school who d lighted in winking. She corrected him many times without results. Then she punished him very severely. The next morning she woke up winking. Bleieve me she never overcame that affliction until the day she passed away.

Mrs. A.M. Budd
174 Victoria Street
Moncton, N B.
ltr. 10/7

c-①

I am 80. The boy caught a bird, took off its feathers. he grew to manhood. Had offspring that were hairless.

Three boys saw a bird nest with three young in. They cut out their tongues. Their offspring had tongues that was fast

H. Kershaw

620 Latimer St.

Nelson, NB

ltr. 10/30/58

Speaking of hunting: "If a bird is just wounded and struggles to get away, immediately the dog touches it the fet^gh^hers come out in bunches. I have seen places in the bush where a bird (partridgeespecially) in getting away from a fox ot other predatory animal has shed quite a lot of its feathers ." Chicken dressers often able to touch a nerve that causes bird to shed.

"When birds nesting as a boy in England over sixty years ago we did not touch the robin's eggs. We refrained ~~from~~ for fear that if we did our fingers would grow crooked, for we religiously believed that"robins and titty-wrens are God Almighty's cocks and hend." The robin acquired this sanctified status by its breast having been colored with the Sacred Blood as it sought to relieve the Victim of teh Holy Cross."

Albert A. Gardiner
44 Edison Avenue
St. Lambert, P?Q.
Canada

ltr. 10/10

had not heard my story.

Averill, Gerald, "Esau and the Gorbie" Field and Stream,
March 1948, pp. 37-39, 118-122.

same as in book

March 1948 Field & Stream

STORY: "ESAU AND THE BORBIE" by Gerald Averill
Field and Stream, March, 1948, 37-39, 118-122.

Exactly what you will find in RIDGE RUNNER

Her mother told it to her. A Canadian
born woman of Scottish descent.

Mrs. May Mogher
E. Holden

Another version I heard from my barber was that the lumber camp worker who stripped the bird was cursed by a fellow worker who said he would shake as many times as he caused the jay to in the middle of the winter. With tongue in cheek, my barber explained that years later he visited t is worker in New Brunswick and found him stricken with the shaking palsy.

Andrew L. Andrews
Houlton Publishing Co
ltr. 10/14

No woodsman will allow harm to come to these strange feathered folk if he can prevent it, because it is whispered ~~xy~~ that moose-birds are the souls of deceased lumberjacks. . . .

It is claimed that some years ago a lu,ber-jack, expressing disbelief of this supersition, caught a moose-bird, plucked out its feathers and let it go again in the forest. The morning after the act this woodsman awakened and was dismayed to find his luxuriant brown locks and flowing beard had vanished by some mysterious means during the night. The man's campmates claimed that this peculiar circumstance was simply punishment for mistreating the sacred moose-bird.

The victim became an outcast ~~because~~ for he could not bear the ridicule of his fellow men. Wherever he went, the tale had gone before him and in travel ing from camp to camp seeking peace for his soul, the poor fellow contracted pneumonia and died.

Stanley Foss Dartlett

"When 'Big Mike' McGuire, Lumberjack At Lion's Mouth, Begged for a Hymn,"

Lewiston Journal: Magazine Section. n.d.

p.1.

from John Dow, locale--Allagash Area

Whiskey-Jacks

"One winter a couple other fellers and I planned on an ice fishing trip up the Allagash. The other two went on ahead and being cold had their liquor about gone before I could meet them. Now when I came along they were right glad to see me, thinking they could help me drink up some of the whiskey that was in my pack (carried in case of frostbite)."

"Now there, where our camp was, there were two little birds--a Gorby and a Blue Jay. They seemed right friendly so I told these boys that the first ones to have a drink would be these two feathered friends. Putting a little whiskey on some bread I threw it to the birds. ~~MMIX~~ Well now, if you want to see something funny--well I tell you, those were two of the happiest birds you ever did see."

"We left there soon after and you know we noticed that those two were getting right friendly."

"Well now, I had to go back up in that country a year later, along towards spring, and do you know what I found? Well, there were the prettiest birds I ever did see. I named them Whiskey Jacks and if you go up there today you can see them for yourself."

Fish
Mac
Merritt collection

joe didn't even know what a garbey was. Nor did he know the story. Evidently garbey not known this far south.

joe tosh

Belives story was invented to keep some foolish person
from harming these birds.

Lawson Reeves
Corinna

"And of course they will relate the ~~like~~ tale of the drunken lumberjack who caught a moose-bird and plucked out his feathers in defiance of tradition. The morning following the plucking, this unheeding man awoke to find every hair of his ~~forewing~~ "crowning glory" gone-- he was completely bald! So they say. And furthermore, this luckless one later caught a cold which developed into pneumonia and resulted in his untimely death, all because he had no hair on his pate to protect him from the chill winter winds."

BEYOND THE SOWDYHUNK, 148

"They will tell you about "citysports" who have ~~xxxx~~
heedlessly shot moose-birds, only to become lost in the
woods or accidentally wounded or stricken with mysterious
maladies soon afterward.

BEYOND THE SOWDYHUNK, 148

"Any northern guide will warn you not to kill a moose
bird, better known as "gobbie," lest you suffer horrible
consequences. According to them moosebirds are the reincarnated
souls of dead lumberjacks and. . . the bird must not be
harmed."

Beyond the Sowdyhunk, 147

SFB tells same story in SILENT SONGS, p.79. as a poem
about mossesbirds and "Jo Henri".

It originated many y ars before I was born and was a
popular descon seat argument.

MacNeil
Preque Isle

Had never heard the legend that the gobby was the soul
of a dead woodsman.

Doris L. Hale

The setting of the story is a woods camp where a crew were waiting out a cold howling blizzard when a Canada Jay flutters up against a window. The camp foreman and bully of the woods opened up the window, caught the bird, and under protest from the crew, plucked the feathers from his breast and threw him back in the storm. This foreman had flowing red hair and a heavy beard but next morning he was bald and beardless and never grew hair again. He ended up as a teamster hauling supplies between camps as no woodsman would work in the same camp ~~again~~ with him.

I read this story.

James Nugent
Bowdoinham, Me.

ltr. 11/?/58

The story has not appeared in TRUE, nor do I recall seeing it elsewhere.

Charles N. Barnard

Mgng Editor

TRUE

ltr. 11/24/58

Story not published in ARGOSY

ltr. 11/14/ Henry Steeger, Editor

Perisoreus canadensis canadensis.

coniferous forests of OX, Frank., Sower, Pisc, Aroo,
Penob, Wash, "probably Northern Hancock"

Pairs in summer, but in winter they flock. Winter flocks roam about
to find food wherever available.

making off with a supply of candles; pecking a hole in a
cake of soap; eating the heart meat from a picked duck; alighting in a canoe
and pecking at a skinned beaver carcass; eating deer meat; removing fat from
traps; eating trapped animals; etc. etc. etc.

377

377-378 To Knight's list of local names for this bird should be added "gobie,"
a New Brunswick name which also is used in a few Maine localities.

Ralph S. Sanger. Maine Birds, Cambridge, Mass. July 1949
(Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard College, Vol. 102)

704.

"If the other jays are clownish, one scarcely knows how to characterize the Canada Jay. It has all the family characteristics in an exaggerated form, but seems to lack the keen appreciation of its own humour that the others possess. Its entire lack of self-consciousness or pose is notable, and it does the most important things with an air of the most matter of fact innocence. . . ."

"Few wild things have as many human friends in the woods as this bird."

P. A. Taverner, Birds of Canada, (Toronto - 1938)

"While studying the habits of ~~these~~ birds in the great coniferous forest of the north, I soon found that I was safe in any new ^{strange} shrubs or swales, whose origin I was otherwise unable to trace, to the Canada Jay."

quote, C. Thompson Seton.

Mantles its loveliness

In form it is like a magnified chickadee, clad in irregularly funnel-like, thick, puffy gray feathers; on its forehead is a white spot, the size of a dime, and its wings and tail are of a much darker gray than the other parts." 352

seton again

Frank M. Chapman, Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America, D. Appleton & Co.
(New York and London, 1924)

328

"Canada Jay, Moose-tid, Whiskey Jack; Whiskey John; Wis-ka-shon;
Hudson Bay Bird; Caribou Bird; Meat Bird; grease Bird; Camp Robber;
Venison Hawk; Gray Jay."

True in the wilds of N & E Ore. True & Unsuspecting. Will enter
a tent and steal anything in sight. "They certainly eat anything a man would
consider edible and much that he would not."

~~Arctic~~ Arctio: rare; Arctioch, very common, Cumberland River;
Franklin - very rare; Hawk, rare (locally common in Union R. dist); Krop - rare;
Oxford, rare; Pewee - common in N. rare around Bangor; Pic: Common;
Smeset; common in N., Wash: common; apri: few.

N. Am. Tob.

C-18' C-6, K-1, L-1, N-0, Q-6, S-0

It really did happen. The nird was a bluejay. In 1926 I was working in Stockholm, Maine. A man that lived there told me he was working in a kumber camp. In the month of Jan. The day was so cold the men were oblige to come back to the camp--too cold to work. Another woodsman went in the hay shed to get hay for his horses and found the bird on the hay. Caught it and took it in the horse stable and picked all its feathers, opened the door and said, "Now fly to your Jesus." The next summer the man that told me, ~~that~~ Mr. Martin, said that he went to see the man pulled the feathers off the bird. He had no hair, not so mmuch as any eyebrows or eyelashes. Mr. Martin asked him if he had been sick. He said no. "You know what I did to that bluejay last winter? I picked fea hers and god picked hairs," The man's surname was Kelley. I dn't know his given name.

Mary A. Bryant

Route #1. Washnurn, Maine
ltr. 11/17/58

Maine:

①

H-0, L-1, Q-1, S-0

(My grandmother says) "it happened between 75 and 80 years ago, as her father was a young man at the time and he would^{edi} be 100 now. (He was "in that woods camp at the time it happened")

He was a very mean man and was always swearing and talking rough. This day he caught the bird, pulled out all of its feathers and threw it back into the air and said, "Fly back to your Jesus." (It was in the middle of the winter). He went to bed that night and when he awoke the next morning he had lost all of his hair and he never had any again.

She says she is quite sure this story is true as her father was a very truthful man and he told it to her.

This happened in the same vicinity as the incident of "Gerrie's Rock." Her father was on that drive too."

Mrs. E. Arthur Smith
Star Route
Hartland, Maine

Yorks.

C-1, H-1, K-1, L-0, N-2, Q-4/5-0

I believe the story to be true, as I heard it from different men in the camps when I was a boy. I believe it happened on the Nashwaak as I never heard it told anyplace else. The bird was a moosebird or gorby. They came around when the kettle was boiled to pick up the crumbs; large pieces they hid in tree tops. They were very tame. This man caught one on a very cold day and picked the feathers all off it. It flew up in the air and ~~came~~ came down frozen stiff. That man lost all of his hair within a year. If I remember right on a hot day in summer he went to the spring for a drink of water and dipped his head in and his hair all came out. People said this was his punishment. He lived in the vicinity of Nashwaak Bridge. If I had heard the man's name I have forgotten it.

Fred Flewelling
Stanley, N.B.
11/18/58

C-① Main: H-1, C-0, N-3, Q-1, S-1

Any now very old woodsman, restaurant worker or ~~bookkeeper~~ barkeeper in Bangor can give you all the information you would require, for the guilty man spent all of his declining ye rs in Bangor.

I myself have seen him there many times invariably being ordered out of restaurants etc. as no one who catered at all to woodsmen would allow him in their places. Unfortunately, as this ~~xxx~~ was 30-40 years ago I cannot remember his name, but have heard the story from men who worked with him that I can remember the gist of it: --

This man was a cook, and, provoked by the whiskey jack's getting into the food, caught it, picked off every feather and threw it out into the snow bank. The jack ran off "hollering" "Oh it's chilly bejesus!" The next morning the cook woke up to find pillow and blankets full of hair and himself minus eyebrows, eyelashes, even hair on arms and legs, and to his death not even fuzz on any portion of his body.

He was a large man, nearly 6 feet, I should say, probably weighing 200 or so pounds, long oval face and pointed head, pale blue eyes and a complexion, though he must have been in his 70's at that time, nearly like a baby's. Grotesque to say the least.

Harry H. Saunders
Box 111, Bucksport, Maine
ltr. 10/9

C-1 H-1, K-2 L-1, N-0, Q-1, S-1

The story was told to my husband in 1901 or 1902 by a man named Richard Hanson (nicknamed Dickie Ponto) from Munquat, a squatter settlement near Perth, NB. (man about 65-70)

Supposed to have happened when he was a boy. Did not witness it; told to him. Does not know name of man. Only that he was a bully and very cruel. It happened up on the Tobique River in Northern N.B. The bird was called a gorby.

An old woodsman wouldn't hurt one, sometimes play tricks on them by tossing out a piece of hot bun toasted over the fire and the first bird that got it got a hot beak and then would drop it and fly up in a tree and scold and it ~~would~~ sounded as if they were saying "Jesus Jesus." . . .

This man thinking he was doing something smart held one and picked all the feathers off but the wing feathers and tail feathers and tossed it into the air and said "Now fly to your Jesus bareassed." The others predictde something drastic would happen to him and the next morning when he lifted ~~his~~ up his head all his hair was left on his heading which might have been his bag of clothes called a turkey, a golded jacket, or a bunch of fir boughs. He left the crew soon after.

Mrs. Fraser C. Hawkins, RFD #1, Monmouth, Maine ltr 10/13

Herby Rice recalled this story as being associated with Archie. When he brought the bird in, it was heard to say, "Cold, oh Jesus cold!"

An. One - Tob.

C-5 H-1, K-5, Q-6 19-0

He did not pull them out; he burned them ~~out~~ off. It was a moosebird or gorbey some call them. It was at the lunch place in the woods about sixty years ago. His name was Henry Boone. He lived on the Tobique, NB. His hair all came out shortly. Never came in again. My husband is 85 and remembers the story well. We know it to be true.

Mrs. Benj. F. Jones
Burt's Corner
York County, N.B.

ltr 11/20/58.

Handley, ~~H-1~~ H-1, K-6
C-1

Garbey thrown into fire. Mdn
booby burned and died from it.

Ramply area.

Gorb, sb. Sc. Dur. Wm. Yks. Also in forms garb Sc. (Jam); gorbie Cum'; gorbin Dur';
gorfin m. Yks' ~~unfledged~~ [gorb.] An unfledged bird
cf. gorp, gorbling

Gorrb, ~~adj~~ adj, sb and v. Sc. Ivel

1. greedy, voracious,

2. sb. a glutton, a greedy person or animal.

1. v. to eat greedily

GOMBAL sb. Sc. also gorkel, gorkel = an unfledged bird.

SOR-BELLY: corpulent, big bellied, fig. a glutton.

Gorbie: Sc. a raven. See corbie.

Gorbir: Sc. Nhb. a newly hatched bird

Gorble^{Sc. m. C.}: To eat ravenously

gorblet: sb. Sc. The down of unfledged birds.

GORMLIN(- sb) Sc. NHB, Dur, Cum, Wm, Yks.

An unfledged bird; fig. anything very young or bare.

NED. GOM = an unfledged bird

GORM = (1) a greedy person, (2) a young bird

K-D-W

C-27

H-7, K-1, L-2, N-0, Q-1, S-1

I have hesitated to write you because the man was my late aunt's husband. He has children living here in Danforth ~~whom know him and~~ and in the Lincoln area. If I tell you his name you will keep it confidential. My mother and my grandmother told me this story.

William "Billy" Stinson was working in the woods, living in a woods camp. He was a mean, hateful man, always doing mean things. On this cold winter night he caught a chickadee and plucked away every feather. All the men chided him for such rottenness. Next morning all his hair was on his pillow, his head completely bald. After this, most men refused to work with him, feeling they had witnessed God's reprisal. . . . As a child I was always deathly afraid of him."D
Died 40-5 yrs. ago.

Mrs. Margaret Laurier
Danforth, Maine.
ltr. 11/6/58

C-①

K-D-W,

First heard the story in a woods camp at Wytovitlock Lake
in 1920. I have heard it many times since.

Lawson Reeves
Corinna

KDW

H-6, K-1, L-596, N-D, Q-1, S-1

①

Hard story first from Pete Ashley, in Searsport. A resident of Kingman.

Mrs. Ashley said she could remember the date, 1908, as the winter her daughter, Pauline, now fifty, was born.

The boarding house camp was run by Andy Thompson, at what they called 'The ~~Gore~~' on Muchlin stream, seven miles above Kingman. It was a very cold night and they had hot fires to warm the camp. Someone opened the door to let in fresh air. A blue jay flew in, likely feeling the warmth. A man in an angry mood seized the bird and pulled out its feathers, tossing it out into the cold, saying:

"Go to hell and get warm. I defy God Almighty to put feathers back on you!" He had a heavy head of hair. In the morning when he got up, he was bald. His hair was all on his pillow.

Don't know man's name

(over)

Cula B. Marks
Searsport, Maine.
Mr. 10/18/58

WEIRD STORY

Replying to a recent query on a story of a bird flying into a lumber camp on a cold winter's night, being stripped of its feathers by a woodsman and then tossed out of doors, Mrs. Lula B. Marks of Searsport gives the following version which she says was told her many years ago by the late Peter Ashe, who was working in a lumber camp near Kingman at the time of the reported episode:

"It was a very cold night. The room was hot and someone opened the door to let in some air. The bird, probably feeling the warmth, flew in the door. A man, angry about some argument, caught the bird and tore off its feathers, tossing it out of the door and saying: 'Now fly to Hades and get warm. I defy God Almighty to put feathers on you.'

"This man had a heavy head of hair. He went to bed and when he got up in the morning, he was entirely bald. His hair was all on his pillow."

NEW JERSEY REQUEST

KDW
C-1

#-10, K-1, L-0, N-1, Q-1, S-1

(seemes to be about 1900 or earlier). Heard 1920 from man 60: Gramp Moody (Winn Moody) lived in Weston near Danforth. Said he was cook in camp where and when it happened. Men were eating way out; he had to carry lunch to them. Among them a heavy burly man w/heavy beard and head of hair. Believes bird was junco, came down to gather crumbs. Man got angry and said if bird bothered him any more he'd cacth it and pull out all its feathers. Bird finally came down and lit on his knee. He caught it and pulled every feather and let it go. Bird flew straight as an arrow up into the heavens, out of sight. "The men were very upset overthis and some could hardly eat their supper and mentioned to the man how could he do such a terrible thing. "e said forget it, it's only a bird."Early next morning everyone was awakened "by a scream from this large lumberman. His beard and hair laid on his pillow.."

Mrs. Bryce York
New Sharon, Me.
ltr. 10/27/58

KDW
C-27 H-6,

The story is true. I have seen him many times. His name was William Srinson. . . The bird was a bluejay I am almost sure. It hap ened in a camp near Kingman. The late Peter Asher was working in the camp at the time .

Mrs. Margaret Mulligan
23 Washington St.
Lincoln, Maine.

ltr.10/18/58

KDW

C-27

H-7, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-1, S-0

I knew him and his family. He now is dead and his wife is married. They never talk about it because they were not proud of what he done. And I know they would not want their names in the paper, if you were to print of it. I suppose it will be all right to tell it to you, as it was told me by his ~~son~~ son. "His father was a woodsman and it happened in Lincoln, Maine. That id where the man lived and worked. Other men worked there but his father ate off by himself and the bird was a chickadee. The men folks made a pet of it, got so they could feed it But this day it went to Bill Stinson. Well, he didn't care for anything like that, it kind of made hi nasty, so he took the poor thing, pulled out all of its feathers and let it go. Didn't give it any more of a thought. Went to bed that night. When he woke up in the morning he didn't have a spear of hair on his head or about his body ever again. That's all there is to it.

Mrs. Sadie Stanhope
P.O. Box 215
Freeport, Maine

ltr. 10/17/58

KDW
C-1

H-1, K-1, L-154, N-0, Q-2, S-0

Heard ot while working in wytopitlock from 70 year old Fred Goodwin in 1920. "Fred told me that when he was a young man working in the woods I believe on the Mac-a-wa--hak stream one day that winter it was too cold to work. One man in the crew went out an caught a gorby, some call them whiskey jack, . . . took it in the camp, pulled out every feather and threw it outdoors and said "Let Jesus Christ grow a new coat on you." In three days that man did not have a hair on his head" did not know man's name.

Enoch J. Peck
Box 115
Bear River, N.S.

ltr 10/31/58

KDW
c-1

H-1, K-1, L-C, N-4, Q-0, S-3

Father from PEI. Came here in 70's and 80s. Bird was a gorbie or moosebird, supposed to be the souls of departed woodsmen. Very tame and never molested. Happened in vicinity off Haynesville, Macawhoc, Witapitlock, or Molunkus, in that sectuon. Another part of the story was that the bird after being plucked lit on the window sill of the camp and pecked at the glass on a day that was too stormy for the men to go out. The men all quit the job so the boss had to fire the man. After that the man couldn't get a job anywhere. As a disguise he took a job as cook hoping the cooks hat would fool the men. Story goes he finally froze to death.

William R. MacDonald
Box 213, Woolwich, Maine
ltr 10/23/58

A.G. He, instead incorporated the story into a talk which he has given before service clubs in Orono, Old Town, Rockland. Used a version of it in a sermon too. Knew a lot about him but did not get to see him in his lifetime. Conducted his funeral. Became administrator of his estate (small) and looked out for his wife until he found employment for her. Two things are true: he did pick the feathers from a bird on the drive, and he had no hair. Archie had a son who lived in Canada, but who was not at all interested in him until he thought he might get something from the estate.

Pak my box with five dozen liquor jugs.

Ives: You were telling me the other day about Archie Stackhouse.

Sibley: Yeah. Ives: Now where did you know him?

Sibley: Well, he used to be wangan man up in the woods~~x~~ there, and he'd watch camp and tote teams; he used to stay up there the year around. Well this is the story they told. Now I don't know whether it's true or not. The only thing I know about it-- he didn't have a spear of hair on his head no more than you in the palm of your hand. Not a bit. And they said he took a--one of these gorbies, these meat birds, you know what them are. Well he took one of them and he picked him, all but his wings. In February. Picked him all off, feathers all off him, all but just his wings, and he said, "Go, you son of a bitch, and get you a new coat." And they said the next morning when he woke up his hair laid right on the pillow, every god damned bit. Now, they any truth in that, I don't know, but I do know ~~that~~ he didn't have any hair.

Ives: Did he ever say anything about it himself? Sibley: No.

"

What sort of a person was he? Sibley: He wasn't a bad old fellow. He was a big man. He was all right-- nice fellow to talk with, 'n everything, but never ^{mention} ~~made~~ anything about it and I never heard anybody mention it to him.

Charles Sibley, Argyle, Maine, 11/30/58

Revised.

C-24

H-1, K-0

Story was common around Chesuncook about 50 years ago, Archie Stackhouse was the man, the bird was a Canada jay (gobbie) supposed to have happened up around Caucomagomac and the hairless Archie knew of the story and explained it as a result of typhoid fever. Archie was a big fellow and strong was supposed to have carried a barrel of salt pork 300 lbs from Ripogemus to the Big Eddy, a distance of three miles. Hexwas a wangan man and pitched bateaux fir the Great Northern and P.L.D. Co.

Leonard Smith
sent me by Paul Clish
10/9

Permit H-0, K-1, N-0, P-1, S-1

C-24

In 1916 when he was working for the GNPCo. in woods work that he was told that a man by the name of Archie Stackhouse was supposed to have been the one to pick the feathers off the bird. The next morning he had no hair, it was left on the pillow.

Mr. E. thought the story was told to new men on the job.

Eliz. Carter
Waterville Morning Sentinel
tr. 10/9/58.
from Frank Ellis
Box 23, Rock Fairfield.

Pemberton
C-24

Hwy, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-1, S-0

The man you refer to was Archie Stackhouse. I knew him well. He was a kind of a lone wolf and never used to come any further down river than Greenville Jct. The story as the old Deacon seat raconteurs used ti tell it was that he pulled all the feathers off a moose bird in the winter and let it go and that night all his hair came out. I know he lost all his hair in a night. As for the rest of the story, I dont know anyone that seen hom pluck the bird. It was supposed to have happened up around North West Carry

Allen Cumming
Elmira, P.E.I.

10/15/58 ltr.

Perobnot H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-1, S-0
C-24

I knew this characetr well as a young man in the Moosehead Lake area. His name was Archie Stackhouse. Was a character around the GNP camps in my early years with the GNPCo. As I remember him he was a big illiterate man fco New Brunswick and didn't have a hair on his head or eyebrivs. As thex story goes it seems that on a bitter cold eveining this gobby flew in an open camp door and Stackhouse pulled its geathers out and released it back outside. Of cpurse the bird froze to death and so the story goes Mr. Stackhouse lost all of his hair that very night. This is the reason why no true lumberjack will harm a gobby.

I knew S as a teamster and totter . I remember during World War I how he is d to buy a paper in Rockwood and have me read the war news to him.

E.J. Leavitt
51 Carroll Street
Old Town, Me.

ltr. 10/17/58

Revised H-1, K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-1, S-0
c-24

The incident was supposed to have happened at Greenville, Maine, and the man to whom it happened was Archie Staekhouse, who was a very unpopular man amongst the woodsmen of Maine, as it was suggested that he was a kind of undercover man for somebody or other, and was endeavouring to get employees in wrong with their bosses.

The story goes, that he was given a room or cabin at a camp, and when he entered the room there was a small "Moose" bird, or "Goony" bird in it, or the window was open and the bird flew in, anyway he plucked all the feathers from the bird, and threw it out in the storm and cold. When he woke up in the morning all his hair had fallen out and he didn't have one body hair left on him.

This man Staekhouse did not have one bit of body or head hair on him, therefore, if the story is true, he would certainly fit the picture. My brother has seen him, and talked to him. He found him to be a person of very poor personality and one who would be capable to doing the mean things they told about him. The men at the camps didn't like him, and would make all kinds of excuses so they wouldn't have to give him accommodation for the night. He often had to sleep in the outdoors.

10/19/59.

Charles E. Braught, P.O. Box 591, Ch'town, P.E.I.

Revised

C-24 H-1, K-1, L-0, M-0, Q-1, S-1

Winter of 1907-08, man named Archie Stackhouse worked for us and wore a close fitting skull cap. Wore it all the time. Years before he had caught one noon hour on a bitter cold day a gorbie or raven. Picked off all its feathers while it was alive and let it go. Next morning when Stackhouse woke up ~~he~~ all the hair on his head stayed on his pillow.. He was about 40 at time.

Ora A. Fleming

52 Fleming St.

Lincoln, Maine

ltr. 10/18/58

Penobscot

C-24, H-1, K-1, L-5, N-0, G-1, S-1

First heard story about 3 months ago. Archie Stackhouse was a woods cook, blacksmith, wood~~x~~ butcher, in fact jack of all trades. Winter of 1906 was cooking at Chaney Pond below Penobscot Lake. A Canadian Jay, moose bird, gorbey, flew in camp window while he was cooking.. Became so enraged at sight of gorbey that he plucked it, threw it back out in cold saying "Get to hell out." Next morning when he aw~~o~~ke and raised his head, his hair all remained on the pillow.. No eyebrows or lashes were left. Left camp shortly after that. Lived at Holeb farm about 35 years ago. Caretaker for GNPCo.

Heard it from man who was with Archie in camp that winter.

Mrs. Edna P. Sands
Jackman Sta. Maine
ltr. 10/24/58

C-29

My father ^{in law} worked in the woods for 6 months with this man.

The name of the man was Archie Stackhouse, who was about fifty when this was told to father, who was about 18. They were working across Moosehead Lake in the woods in a lumber camp at the time. and this is the same location where the episode occurred. Father was curious ~~was~~ to why this man always wore a stocking hat even to bed and some of the men who were older than father told him the story, which they had heard from a reliable source, because they were impressed the fact that it was no falsehood but the exact truth. This man some years before caught this bird called a gorbie and picked every feather from it and let it go. And when he woke in the mroning he was completely bald. This man seemed to be a lone wolf as he didn't have a friend. There was something ~~about~~ him that turned you against him.

Mrs. Lois Martin
Rte 4 Waldoboro, Maine.

11/13/58

Jim Lynch had heard the Archie was bald from having tried to pour a bottle of his wife's depilatory over his head. "You could see the streaks of it running down his face."

Jim Lynch, Grey Rapid, NB

(Re moosebird) Heavy coat of downy feathers to protect them from the cold makes them look larger than they are. It's great sport for a woodsman to throw down a large frozen biscuit many times the birds weight and watch him fly off with it. No woodsman in his right mind would harm one of these friendly birds for legend has it that old lumbermen turn into moosebirds and come back to visit the lunch fires.

Archie Stackhouse came from the provinces to work in the woods of Maine in the early 1900s. He was a large powerful man in his younger days/ 200# and over 6'. Archie was an eccentric man and a colorful character. He drove team at first and later, up in the early 1920's, was employed as a watchman at various camps. Before the many turnpike roads in the woods, heavy supplies such as hay, pork in barrels, flour, sugar, codfish, beans, etc., were hauled into the camps on the snow in early March for the next years operation. A camp watchman was left in summer to look after the supplies.

Clord Houghton. 11/18/58

supplies.

Mr. Tom Clark of Irono was working on the dam between Ambejejus and Millinocket Lake. Occasionally he used to see Archie Stackhouse (pre 1910), who used to bring horses down out of the woods to Millinocket after the winter's work. Sonetimes he used to get a team from him. Rememebers him describing one horse: "Look at her; got breasts like a hied girl!" Had noticed his baldness. Was told by other hands that he had plucked the gorby.

ltr to Field and Stream, p8. June, 1948.

Man's right name was Archie Stackhouse.

"He was a great lumbering hulk of a man. He chewed tobacco and it was always all over his chin. I always thought he was the dirtiest person I ever knew.

The GNPCo sent a man up to stay with him one summer and he was scared stiff of the man and didn't dare stay. Said the man was crazy.

The story was told that the head of the GNPCo paid his funeral exoenses when he died.

Pembroke
c-24

The man's name was Archie Steckhouse. No truth in the story that the other men did not want him around. He got along very well with the rest of the crew.

Doris L. Hale

Penobscot H-0, 1-1, N-0, 9-1, 5-0
C-24

~~My~~ family came to Millinocket, Maine in July 1902 so that I grew up here. Around 1910 or 1912 I first became acquainted with Archie Stackhouse. He was a big man probably 6 foot and weighting around 200. and without any sign of hair. The story was that he had plucked a bird in the dead of winter and let it go and the next morning his hair was gone. I never believed the story, but in those days there were plent that did.

|| Archie drove tote team for the Great Northern. At one time he went through the ice with a team of horses. He got out himself and walked miles to the nearest camp. That was a lot of years ago and I have heard that he died in Bangor.

J. Fred Tingley,
Millinocket.

Revised.

C-24 H-1, K-1, L-1, N-0, Q-6, 7-0

~~my husband and~~ "In 1917 or 1918, somewhere about that time,
my husband and I were at the Grant Farm. He worked for the G.N.P.
Co. as clerk and I worked in the dining room at the Farm.

Often a woodsman named Archie Stackhouse came in to eat,
and always wore his hat in the dining room.

Naturally it seemed strange to me, and I asked why. And the
story was told to me, about as you told it.

That this was the man who plucked the feathers from a bird,
threw it in the air and said "There fly to Jesus." And that soon
all his hair fell out even his eyebrows. I know he was completely
bald.

Mrs. Adrian Robinson
Dexter, RFD #3

(does not want name used)

Pemberton
c-24

H-1

Archie Stackhouse was a big powerful man without a hair on his head anywhere. He heard that it was typhoid took it all off. When he knew him he was a gentle enough guy. He had heard the story about the mossebird many times told about Archie to explain his lack of hair.

Heard he was from New Brunswick. Early in his married life he had become separated from his wife and after that was not exactly right in the head.

Archie was damkeeper for many years up on Caucomgonoc. had a little camp up there.

Resident
C-24 H-2, K-2, L-0, N-0, Q-6, S-0

I have recently been talking to one of the old greybeards around here, and he told me of the incident for which you seek information. It might be coincidence, but that was only last week!

For your information, this is the gist of the story: It seems some ~~lumberja~~ lumber-jacks were eating out in the woods sometimes during the winter, and as is customary, magpies usually congregate around a woods fire. Magpies are by nature lazy and will readily accept food from the hand of man after a while. So, it seems this man had attracted one with bread and the bird upon coming to his open hand was siezed by the person who peeled the feathers of the bird while it was still alive and (having left only the tail and wing feathers on the bird) let it go screaming away. Within a year, the man lost all his hair, even his eyebrows, and thereafter ate and slept with his cap on.

Now that is the story. The person was one named Stackpole, or some similar name. The place was on a small lake ~~near~~ the head of Moosehead lake, and the time was about the Spring

As for the man; Stackpole was about 30 odd years old, weighed about 220 pounds, was about 6 ft. 2 inches and was not squarely built, but more what we call French-bottle shouldered.

You can have it for what she's worth, but the probable cause of the loss of his hair was ~~probably~~ due to some unheard of ointments generally used to get rid of the ever present "seam squirrels" of the old lumber camps.

Claude V. Violette
Lille, Maine

F 10/03-04

Manzley,

Both Roy Lohnes and Miss Anna Thurston reported hearing the story around there (Andover). The man who did it was supposed to have been a very cruel person.

Margery. B-1

Dear Professor:

I spent the Fall of 1922 as a clerk in a lumber-camp of the Augusta Lumber Company near Big Flagstaff Mountain, just above Flagstaff Pond in northern Somerset County.

A large majority of lumber-jacks and woodsmen, are ignorant and very superstitious, and they all know these various stories, and believe them implicitly. The bird is a Moose-bird, or "Garbie." This bird is gray, or slate in color, and nearly as large as the common pigeon, but only found in the north-woods. The bird is always hungry, ^{is} a too tame for it's own good. They are a pest when the crew is eating lunch, in that they grab food from the dinner-pails, and even the hands of the men while they are trying to eat. The story that you inquire about, is supposed to have happened by an exasperated lumber-jack plucking the bird and then releasing it to get rid of it. Anything that you do to a Garbie, happens to you, i.e., another exasperated woodsman kicked at one which was stealing his lunch, and broke it's leg; a day or so after that, the man got his foot caught in the trace-chain of a scoot, and suffer^{ed} a fractured leg; and so on, and so on!!!

Sincerely,



John S. Turner
10 Union St.
Winthrop, Me.

1 + r. 10/17/58

Penobscot
C-22 H-2, K-1, L-0, M-0, Q-4, S-0

I will tell you what happened about 50 years ago in a lumber camp of the GNPCo. on the North Branch Penobscot, Maine. A young man about 20 years old was cookkee. One day in woods after his fire and food were ready he succeeded in cathcing a magpie. He started to pull its feathers out while he was waiting for the men to come. An older man arrived, asked him what he was doing. After he saw the bird with no feahers on and told him it was bad luck for him to do what he did. He done it anyway and let the bird fly away in the cold. It could not live long. He saerted loosing his hair. Lost it all in about a month. His name was George Morin. He died about five years ago w/no hir,

T.W. Donovan
Beaune Co. PQ. ltr XX/17

Penshurst, H.O.

C-7

Archie

"It is supposed to have happened to ~~Moses~~ Moses Comstock, while working on a farm owned by the Great Northern Paper Co, at Haleb, Maine in 1908-10. It makes a good story anyway."

Lawrence Reynolds,
Jackman Station, Maine

MC a large man, over 6' w/ exceptionally large hands and feet. 240 pounds. Heavy drinker. ~~Pleasant~~ pleasant to talk to.

Parrot

C-24

The man you are referring to is Archie Stackhouse. I was a captain on the passenger steamer on Moosehead Lake~~x~~ and had a speaking acquaint ance w/ Mr. Stackhouse.

Stillman W. Sawyer,
Greenville, Maine

ltr. 11/12/58

Revised

C-24 H-1, K-2, L-C, M, Q-1, S-0

Story told me by my father about 25 years ago and was supposed to have happened about 25 years before that. Supposed to have happened in a lumbercamp about 15 miles north of Lincoln. The man was from Lincon and named Stackpole. I think his first name was Alton but I'm not sure. The story goes that they were eating lunch out in the woods where they were cutting and a Canadaian jay or gobby as they are commonly called was so tame that he ate bread from the hands of the men. This man caught the bird and pulled out all its feathers except the wing and tail feathers and let it go and it flew straight up into the sky and out of sight. The next morning when he awoke all his hair on his body had fallen out including his eyebrows and lashes.

Foster J. Gordon
69 Franklin Street

Houlton, Me. ltr. 11/?/58

Pembroke

C-24, H-1

It was a moosebird and it happened in Greenville, Me.
His name was Archie Stackhouse.

James R. Marshman
RR#1 Bass River
Kent Co., NB.

ltr. 11/?/58

Rembert H-O

C-22

I was reading the ~~somerset~~ reporter Oct. 23.
And become interested in your wanting to know about
A certin somebody I know this guy.

His name is Joseph Morin and he lived at
St. George. Baucé. P.Q. he is a cousin of my Mother and
And back at that time which was 1900. he was 35. year old
He was a cook in a lumber camp on the St. John. River
Where this happend. to be exact maybe 1903.

This camp was called the Hericane camp
After this happend he always wore his hat in church he
sat in the back row with his hat on.
even when he ate. I will be going up St. George this -
Summer next. and ill find out more about this Joe. Morin
And will let you know.

Mrs. Basie A. Nadeau
46 Webster St.
Hudson, N.H.
ltr. 10/26/58.

Pembroke

C-24, H-1, K-1, L-1 N-0, 9-1, S-1

Happened head of Moosehead. Archie Stackhouse of Aroostook, Maine. Caught and pulled feathers from a moosebird or gorbey and told it to go bak to Christ. Men were very angry and said such a thing should happen to him. Next morning all his hair and eyebrows and eyelashes were lying on his pillow.

Otto Connors

Bass River, RR 1

Kent Co., NB

ltr 10/24/58

Pennobret

C-24, H-1, K-2, L-0, M-0, S-0

Archie Stackhouse.

all but wings and tail feathers

Lost all his hair.

Bird a gorbie

Arthur Nisbet

Personal
C-24, H-1, K-1, L-1, N-0, Q-0, S-0

There was a Swede who was caretaker of some sportsman's camps near the lumbercamp who told Mr. Grover Morrison the story about Archie Stackhouse. The men ~~were~~ of the lumbercamp were eating their dinner in the woods one day when a so called gobby or meat bird or woodsman's friend flew too near the woodsman's plate and he caught the bird and pulled or plucked its feathers all out. He told the bird to fly to Jesus and get some more.

The man's hair came out, his eyebrows, the hair from his nose and ears also. This happened near Ripogenus Dam or Roach River or Chesuncook Lake.

Myra O. Ireland
22 Mattanawcook St.
Lincoln, Maine
October 17, 1958, ltr.

Perubest
C-24

K-1, L-0, N-0, Q-0, S-0

It was the belief among the lumberjacks that ~~wanamitham~~ they were the old time lumbermen that had returned to earth and no one would ever think of molesting them in any way.

The story is that Archie Stackhouse, who worked for my father (Cornelius Murphy) for years, caught one of thess birds and pulled the feathers out and lost all of his hair.

I have heard the story for over fifty years. The~~x~~ woodsmen all seemed to believe it,

Mrs. John H. Hickey
199 Vaughan St.
Portland, Maine

Mr. 10/17/58

~~Revised~~ (H-1, K-1, L-1, N-0, Q-1, S-0)
C-24

Heard this story first on Ragged Lake in Maine. Burd was a gorbey. Man(s name Stackpole or Stackhouse. "This man was eating and the bird landed near his lunch. He got mad and pulled the feathers off the bird. The next morning when he woke up he was bald.

John Henry Young
218 Convent Street
Summerside, PEI

ltr. 10/17/58

Who?

Stackhouse. ★

Frank A. Hear. ✓

Leonard Ireland

does not say.

Shintake

Moses Comstock

Pearson (Howard) ✓

Farmer.

Alex Martin

Harland Downing. ✓

Alex Goady. ✓

Harry Traynor.

John Gass ✓

William

Henry Brown ✓

Harry Stewart

a cook.

Knox.

Michael (Moby) Graves.

Wilford Gray. ✓

Joseph Morda

✓

Jim Bard. ✓

Bob Robin.

Harry Jacobs (2) ✓

Leonard Allen.

Joe Brady. ✓

Melley.

✓

← George H. H. T.

Personality of characters:

a kind of rough fellow.

a very cruel person.

mean man swearing, talking rough.

Time of year, kind of day etc.

Time: winter.

early May.

what people called "Cold Friday"

day. very cold day

no snow.

day too cold to go out

Exact place:

at lunch ground.
in camp.

Kind of bird?

gopher

Magpie

robin

Sparrow.

Crow

peewee

bluejay

chickadee

catbird

What was bird doing at first?

perched on man's plate.

"stole some of his grub"

Eating his garden (craw).

settling into food

flew in open camp door.

flew in window

men at lunch and had made pet of him. Went to this one man.

pecking in camp window.

Was on hay in horse shed. Misc

Did man try to attract the bird?

Yes

No-

Caught him in steel trap.

caught in a horsehair snare.

Used meat and stick trick (hitting sticks).

What did the man do?

Pulled out all feathers.

~~all but wing and tail feathers.~~

and threw him into snow

~~tail feathers only.~~

threw bird in fire.

~~all except one in its tail.~~

~~... and hang it (crow) up for crow scare.~~

~~all except wing~~

pulled out feathers and put living bird on a spit over fire.

burned feathers off.

said he didn't believe story.

What did the man say?

Fly home to Jesus.

Fly back to your Jesus.

Fly Away to your God.

Does not tell.

Go to your God.

You can go back to your mother.

"Go it you bald headed bastard."

"Now Fly to your Jesus & dress up."

"Go to hell and get warm. I defy god almighty to put feathers back on you."

Fly to Jesus and get some more.

"You son of a — fly to your mother."

Go to your mother and get a new unit.

calls on God, if he had the power redited to him, to grow new feathers on the bird.

Get to hell out.

Let Jesus Christ grow a new coat on you.

Fly to hell.

Get yourself a new coat.

Does bird say anything?

"Cold, oh Jesus Cold." (beforehand)

Screams

"Oh, it's chilly be Jesus"

Screamed w/ every feather.

when it lost fun, bird always sounded like it was saying Jesus Jesus

What does bird do?

Flies straight up.

" " " out at right.

ran off.

Froze very quickly

tries to fly and falls dead.

flies ~~to~~ up w/ sneaking cry.

Attitude of Men at times.

Horried

Moss fired him

crew refused to speak to him.

told him he'd be punished.

Mother told him "God will punish you"

Told him ~~it~~ it was bad luck to have a go-bey.

made him stop.

He laughs at them.

He says "Forget it, it's only a bird!"

When did relubrication occur?

Next morning
Does not say
"later"

a day or two afterward,

in a very short time,
years later

in $1\frac{1}{2}$ years,

within a week,

in Spring

in 3 days.

within a month.

What was rebution?

No hair.

No hair or eyebrows.

Lost every hair on body
had / burned.

died

shaking palsy. (cursed by fellow, shake as often as he caused joy to.)

drowned, a squirrel causing drowning.

Taken sick, terrible suffering until he died.

lost hair at a spring.

where was hair.

In hat

On pillow

doesn't say

on pillow and blankets

never found

How did other men feel about him afterward?

Got along O.K.

a jump.

didn't like him. We would try not to let him sleep in camp.

Subsequent Hist.

Died in Bangor.

Always wore hat afterwards.

Caught cold & died of pneumonia.

used to wear red wig

Takes cook's place!

sent him in Bayn "sitting thru out of restaurants"

moved out west

became an outcast.

~~Sold~~ lost crew.

Couldnt get job anywhere.

Became cook & wear hat.

Froze to death.

Offspring were hairless

Hair grew back in by spring.

"I picked feathers; god picked hairs."

Where?

Maine

Miramichi

Fort Kent.

Westfield, Me. Phair Jct.

Near Patten.

Between Monticello & C. H. Eaton

Rangeley area.

Itolab, GNP Farm

Albert Co. N.B.

Small Lake near head of Mooshead.

Allagash.

Monticello, Me.

Nova Scotia woods

Near Fredericton, N.B.

North of Mooshead.

Salisbury, West Co., N.B.

Argentine
Canterbury

on the Nashwaak.

Perth Jct. N.B.

Miramichi (near Blackville)

N.B. (prob. Mir.)

near Blackville

Tahquamenon

Albert Co. (Caledonia Mt.)

Glenwood, Maine

near Juniper, N.B.

Muchlin Stream above Kingman, Me.

Rowena, Victoria Co., N.B.

Hartland, N.B.

Lincoln, Maine

Haguenau, Macawhuc, etc.

Sgt. John River, Que.
(lived Sgt. George Beauce, Que.)

Albert Co. Prosser Brook, N.B.

Magaguadavic

England.

Westfield, Me.

When did it happen?

75-80 years ago. 70's or 80's

"Before I was born"

40 years ago.

First heard 1919.

" " ~~By~~ 1920 W. Tapitlock Lake.

1908 c.

1908-1910

c. 1930

1908

c. 1900

Authenticity

Knew man who was there.

Father in camp when it happened. ✓

Grandfather's father there when it happened.

Heard it from A-S.

told by younger brother.

There isn't anything true about it. Just a story this old man made up. We all knew him well. He wouldn't pull the feathers out of a dead bird not saying anything about a live one.

"A reader of the Sentinel"

phone 2-8378 (brewer)

" They are not usually favorites with campers or woodsmen,
yet anything for bird life during the long, cold winter is agreeable "

37

Journal of the Me. Ornithological Society.

March 1905

Vol VII - 37

"Notes on Birds of the Lower Dead River"

J. Merton Swain.

John Dow, Presque Isle, Maine

It is believed that if a man who works in the woods passes on he returns as a bird called the Gorby. It is therefore an unwritten law of the woods and lumber camps that a Gorby must never be hurt. If one is ill or wounded, everyone must drop everything and treat the wounded bird until it is well.

From Baci 1

(Merritt Collection)

"To a woodsmen a moosebird is held rather sacred and you never knew one of them to kill one or even throw a rock at one."

Mrs. Adrian Robinson

Dexter

None of the old woodsmen would touch a garbey. Tom Lawlor
cleimed that they were old woodsmen come back.

First day around a lunch ground, you'd see none; second
day, a couple; thrid day, moree; etc.

g.c.adams

113.

Speaks of the superstition possibly being similar to that which Mr. L. M. Turner records of the Labrador sub-species. The Indians there believe that 'if a person sees the eggs in the nest, and especially if he counts them, some great misfortune will befall him.' ~~Some stories~~
~~from Alaska~~ also Alaskan natives refused large bakes to steal the nests. 'The superstition applies only to the eggs.'

Jim
Whitty

{ 4 Joe Scott songs
POB, MC, BD, CR

COPY

William Hanks
63-22
Cardigan
ex.

NAMES FOR CEMETERY WATCHING, etc.

BOLGER, Simon (156,162)

COX, ^{Julius} ~~James~~ [from Morell] (156,162) ✓

DOYLE, James (5)

DOYLE, Sarah O'Hanley (5)

~~NEWELL [from Morell] (158,162)~~

JONES, Bud (191)

LEWIS, Tom (273)

MacDONALD, Hugh Lochlin (254)

✓ McINNIS, Martin (155,161)

✓ McKAY, James (139)

✓ McLEAN, Hugh (155,161)

✓ McLENN, John A. (157,163)

PRATT, Charles E. (169)

✓ REARDON, (157,163)

✓ ROBERTSON, George (189)

✓ RYAN, Peter and two wives (157,163)

SAUNDERS, Frank (157,163)

SINNOTT, Daniel (Morell) (139) John or J.

SOMERS, Dan (258)

✓ SUTHERLAND, Mr. (155,163)

✓ WHITTY, Ellen Doyle (5)

✓ WHITTY, Michael (5)

B. J. Baker, Pres.

Seed John
Miller
"potato bug"

Pocket from Scoville Bros "Joe the Post"

SONGS

Picnic at Groshaut-28
Fogan MacAleer-59
Bear at Grand River-71
P.E.I. Adieu-104
Bay Bridge I- 132
Bay Bridge II- 148
Merchants of the Bay-155
Price War in Kings County-166
Peddler Pratt-170-71
Bolger's Cannon-172
When Johnny Went Plowing for Kieran-179
Bud Jones-190
In the Month of January-200
Potato Bug-216
Callaghan Murder-225
Millman-Tuplin-236-7
~~Maryx Tuplin~~
P.E.I. Murder-238f
Mary Tuplin-239
Neighbor Jim-246
Schoolhouse quakes-247
Dorris Dingwell-249
The Old Cowbell-250
~~"Tea Must be brown"~~ 250

HIMcD

Crazy Gray Mare-257
Bonny Flora Clark-262
"Two Sprting Blades from Narrows Creek"(Armadale, tailor)-267
Hills of Cumberland-269
Barbara ~~Ann~~ (shipwreck)-271 M.
Selina D.
Minnie Creed

Old Stumper.

Tom Lewis

Story of the Sea-275
Was Wilfred not the man-282

Other

Spree at Montague-286
Willard and Johnson-288
Crooked Rib-289
Brave Old Seaman-291
Maggie C.-294
Joe the Posts Cow-

Legislative Library

General:

- 1 W.C. and H.H. Baker, Topographical Map of P.E.I.
(St. John, 1863).
- 2 (47) What was the Scott Act? When passed? Effect?
- 3 (109) Footnote on history of Confederation. Check McKinnon and Warburton
- 4 (140) Is there any possibility that these tenders for the new bridge at St. Peters are still in existence?
D.P.W. annual rep. 1884/1885, Log. Bridge.
- 5 (167) Where can I get information on the price of molasses, sugar, flour, tea, etc. 1890 or thereabouts and 1860 or 70.
- X 6 (5-6) Are there any census records for 1800's? How far back do they go? Where located?
- 7 (273) Check LL for books by Tom Lewis.
- 8 (300ff) When did radio come to P.E.I. What stations could be received from off island? When?
- 9 (323) Was David Laird the "Davy" of the poem written in 1894? Get dates for David Laird *yes.*

Newspapers:

- 10 (93) When was Song of the Rails in The Examiner?
(c. Oct. 25, 1875)
- 11 (273) Check through New Era and Patriot for Tom Lewis' poems.
- 12 (274) Date for GIM's letter to Guardian on Tom Lewis. Late 1950, December, I think.
- 13 (320) Poems on the loss of the Emeline out of Grand River, Jan. 20, 1871. Patriot, New Era, Guardian, Herald
- 14 (321) Look up "The Wandering Jew" poem in Patriot, Sat., January 5, 1878. *Can't find.*
- 15 gen. Gracie Parker, Dec. 18, 1893 earliest. Patriot, New Era, Guardian.
1893 in 1894

Legislative Records:

- 16 (178) What were the borders of the road districts for this area?
- 17 (179) Who were road supervisors for St. Peter's and Morell from say 1875-1895? Political affiliations?
- 18 (140ff) Check elections to Legislative Council from 1873-1895 for Kings County, esp. our district. Make a complete list of names, homes, party, of winners and losers.

and Proceedings:
LC
HA
journals, LC, HA.

- 19 (~~143~~) who was c.p.w.? 1885. John Sinnott, bridge inspector?
- 20 (~~143~~) Check especially the May 1885 elections.
21. (~~146a~~) Did they send a Grit to C'town before 1889?
- 22 (~~150~~) Who was the representative from St. Peters and Farmington at the time of and after the Dec. 13, 1893 election?
- 23 (~~152~~) When did a McCormack from St. Peters go to LC? *Can't locate*
- 24 (~~153~~) When did Simon Bolger go to Legis. What party?
- 25 (~~153~~) When did Dr. Fraser go to LC? How long did he stay?
- 26 (~~280~~) What election district did St. Peters, Morell, Farmington.
- 27 (~~280~~) Election of 1882. Wm. Hooper of Morell, vs. W.W. Sull.

VITAL STATISTICS

Death:

- 28 (~~158~~) Charles E. Pratt, St. Peters.
- 29 (~~275~~) Thomas Lewis, St. Peters. (possibly in 40's)

Marriage:

- 30 (~~5~~) James Doyle, Sarah O'Hanley (pre 1847)
- 31 (~~152~~) A Mrs. Sutherland, married to a Jewel (Morell)
or to a Jewel Cox. (1860-1880+-)
- 32 (~~153~~) Marriage of Peter Ryan to and wife., (1860-80)
- 33 (~~159~~) Patrick Wm. Farrekl to a Moran from DeGros Marsh or Newport area. (1890-97 or therabouts)

WILLS

- 34 (~~5~~) James Doyle, 1860s? *No*
- 35 (~~7~~) Michael Whitty, c.1884? *No*

WILLS (Cont)

- 36 (162) Sutherland, St. Peters. 1850-1880 ~~1880~~
37 (163) Simon Bolger, post 1880

DEEDS

38. (163) When did Peter Ryan sell his place in St. Peters?
To Larkin? post 1860
39 (163) When did John ^{McLaine} McLean sell his farm sown toward
Greenwich and buy a store in St. P's?. Post 1860

EDUCATION

- 40 ~~No!~~ (163) Is there any possibility of class rosters back as far
as LD's schooldays? 1850s, early 60s?
41 (169) Any way to find out when Patrick Farrell taught
school in Farmington? (Pre 1895 because a McInnis teaching
there in 1895).
42 (247) Where was Farmington school? How high did it go?

HIGHWAYS AND BRIDGES:

- 43 (169) What were borders of road districts? 1880's
44 (146) Any possibility that the tenders for the new bridge
at St. P's are still in existence?

POST OFFICE

- 45 (143) Any record of LD as postmaster, around 1880.
46 (143) Would he have had to go to St. P's to get the mail
or Five Houses? How often, etc.

CHURCH:

St. Peters:

- 47 (7) Michael Whitty, LD's father in law, death record, c.1884.
48 (5) James Doyle, Sarah O'Hanley: marriage. Pre 1847.

St. Margaret: Fr. Macleod,

- 49 ~~(5)~~ James Doyle: death record. 1860's?
50 ~~(163)~~ Peter Ryan: two marriages, somewhere betw. 1860-1880.
51 ~~(12)~~ Sutherland: death.

Groshaut: *Father Clare Macdonald*

- 52 ~~(34)~~ When was the church built at Groshaut?
53 ~~(34)~~ When was Father (Edward) Walker there?
54 (34) Information on Father Walker.

OBSERVATION:

St. Peters

- 55 ~~(211)~~ Walk up to old Doyle place. Look around.
56 ~~(175)~~ Check for location of old bridge in St. P's.
57 ~~(182)~~ Other cemeteries in St. P's.
58 ~~(182)~~ Check cemeteries for names, especially MB names,

Other:

- 59 ~~(X)~~ Check desc. of Mt. Stewart-Morell Road. Would it be better to speak of road to Mt. Stewart?
60 ~~(266)~~ What does Graystone ~~Harbor~~ Creek mouth actually look like

Fr. Roach
St. Andrew's

GENERAL QUESTIONS:

- 41 ~~X~~ Is this area of Kings County known as the North Shore, north side, or anything?
- GMu, FrB 42 2-3. Read this to GMu or FrB, and see if it is correct.
- GMu, FrB 43 5. Is there any way of checking wher James Doyle came frp
- FrB 44 5f. Any census records? How far back? Where etc.
- 45 6. Where was the Farmington school in the 50's?
- 44 6. What level wwould Farmington School have gone to?
- 47 7. Was it usual for a man to move in with his wife's people rather than staying on his own family's place?
- 48 10. Know anything about a Father Tom Gorman that LD put through college?
- 49 11. Any idea what became of Gertie Gorman?
- LG, JDG, + 70 26. What do you call this area? Groshaut?
- AC, 71 26. (PG) I have heard that the picnic took place in a field near New Acadia Sta., Bourke's Rd. Not at church. How about that?
- FrB, GMu 72 47. What was the Scott Act? When passed? Effect?
- 73 64. (FM) Have you ever heard of anyone doing courting by a go-between?
- 74 64. (FM) Was it usual to make arrangements with the girl's father?
- 75 64. (FM) Have you ever heard where LD got the FM story?
- JMi, JW 76 80. (BGR) Ask them about thair repeated singings of BGR and how different they are. See what they say.
- 77 82. Is that stretch of road betw. Dingwell's Mills and Dundas known as the "Seven Mile Road?"
78. 82. (BGR) At what time of year did bear chase take place? Thrashers, snow?
- 79 82. (BGR) What route did the bear follow?
- 80 87. Why would he have had John Nicholas as "witness?"
- 81 90. (BGR-JPK) Does phrase "look at the sun" mean anything?

82 93. (PEIAd) There is a lot in this song I don't understand, not being an Islander. What can you tell me about it?

83 161.(MB) Who was "The Martin?"

84 161.(MB) What does it mean to tan green hides by hand?

85 162. Who was this Sutherland who did business at the Bay?

JW 86 163. Who were Heardon and Frank Saunders?

87 163.(MB) Who was Peter Ryan?

JW 88 163.(MB) What does it mean "wanted back the staves?"

89 164.(MB) Who were Morrissey and Scott?

90 165.(MB) Heartz and Son; Truelove; Tomlin?

91 165 (MB) John P. Sullivan.

92 172. Ever hear the little piece about Bolger's cannon?

FrB, GMM 93 167. Where can I get information on prices of molasses, sugar, tea, rum, c. 1860s, 1880s, 1890s?

94 167. How much did people from St. P's and Farmington trade with Souris? Was there competition between St. P's and Souris in this respect?

CP 95 168. Biographical material on Peddler Frett. When did he come to St. Ps. Where did he come here from? Where exactly was his place?

96 181 (JPK) Which Kearon is this song about?

97 182 (JPK) Why is plowing done in the fall? Was November late for fall plowing?

98 184 (JPK) What does it mean that the plow as a "brute".

99 183.(JPK) Once a plow had gone in to the beam, was it a tough job to get it out again?

100 189 (BJ) I had heard that ^{CP}BJ was a protestant in an almost entirely Catholic neighborhood. So?

101 189 (BJ) Who was this Bud Jones?

WmB. 102 192 (What is Wm Banks son name? Age? *George*)

103 199 (MJ) Is DeGros Marsh in Newport or what?

104 204 (MJ) What is a jaunting sleigh?

- 105 204. What does it mean the sleigh was "cutting to the ground?" Esp. since this was a heavy snow?
- 106 205. (MJ) How were roads broken out in snowstorms? Were they broken out along Fortune Road or did people just drive their sleighs over them?
- 167 206. (MJ) With a good horse and a jaunting sleigh how long would it take to travel 12 miles or so?
- JF 108 206. (MJ) Why did they pull down fences and go through the fields?
- 109 212. (PB) Did you ever hear a song about the Potato Bug/?
- FC 116 246. Is Frank Curran "Neighbor Jim's" son? Did JC live right across road from LD?
- FC+ 111 246. Was Joe the Post a noted horse trader? Where did he belong? How would he operate?
- FC 112 246. Get story straight about "Get out of here you Irish brute."
- 113 247. Where was the Farmington school?
* * * * *
- 114 254. Hugh Lauchlan MacDonald.
- 115 266. (BFC) Anything to the idea that people in Narrows Creek, St. Georges, Launching Place were Irish, while where Clark lived across Grand River was Scottish-Gaelic?
- 116 270) Piece about "Minnie Creed", a schoolteacher?
- 117 270. "Selina D."
- JF 118 271 Does JF mean JOHN A. MacDonald the Prime Minister or a local JAMC?
* * * * *
- 119 271. Was there much contact with NFld; w/NS, w/NB.
- ALL! 126 271= Have you ever been to the West End?
(refer also to 199, MJ)
* * *
- 121 273. Tom Lewis. General info.
- JF 122 285. Which Iona Patk Farrel from? One near Orwell, or one near Glanfanning? More about him. Education?
- JF 123 285. Did Patk Farrell make up a lot of songs?
- JF 124 285. Was Iona largely Irish, in a Scots countryside?

- JF+ 125 287. What is the difference between a breakdown and a quadrille?
- JF 126 288. Did your father think of himself as a poet the way HIMcD and LD obviously did? Did others think of him this way?
- 127 289. Dan Somers.
- 128 289. "The Crooked Rib."
- 129 290. Who wrote "The Brave Old Seaman?"
- 130 290. See if you can find a Melvin Deagle from Clearspring. 226-22 Souris (St. Margarets).
- 131 293. Go talk to Victor LaPierre about "The Maggie C."
- WB, VLa 132 293. Identify people in Maggie C.: George Saville, Roy and Elby Howlett, Cornie Morrison, Daniel (?), Young Ward.
- WB 133 293. Where did you hear "John Dillinger?"
- WB, VLa 134 293. What happened? What made it songworthy?
- JM 135 297. When you'd sing this song for people would you have to explain who and what it was about?
- JM 136 297. Did the man you made the song up about have a reputation as being close?
- 137 304. Read over description of a cellidh. Right?
- 138 304. Did you ever know John Andrew McCormick? What kind of a singer was he? Where from, etc.
- 139 305. Where is Black Bush?
- St.P's, Fmgton 140 305. Just where around here would dances be held? Spetic as possible.
- 141 305. Would dances be gotten up on spur of moment?
- 142 307. Distinction between a dance, spree, frolic?
- RB 143 307. Do you say you live in Annandale?
- 144 318. Was Tom Lewis' stuff ever sung?

REFERENCE WORK:

2. A photo reproduction from Meacham of Doyle's Farmington.
- 1+- Maps: Whole Island (outline)
Lots 40,41,42, 54,55,56.
1. Poor farming area? Check in AHC.
- ~~2~~ Check quotation "The land is of second quality and the greater part os far from any shipping place."
24. Complete the footnote.
- ~~36~~ Footnote: "Larry Magee's Wedding," "Finnegans Wake" Lanitans Ball, McSorley's Twins.
42. Footnote: "A Man and His Song." double tune phenomenon.
46. Footnote to Leach, Labrador. Song leading to discussion
109. Footnote on Cofederation sources.
192. Annotation for tune "Derry down."
266. Supply stanza from "Great Molunkus Drive."
289. Footnote: anti-feminist "Crooked Rib" songs.
- ~~29~~ Is that JM song known as "The Tipperary Christening."
308. Record numbers for Cape Breton records?
314. Where does Edith Fowke have "Railroad Boy." Is it "Bonny Laboring Boy?"
321. Shipwreck references.

(E)

W O O D S S O N G S I N T H E N O R T H E A S T

1. BANKS OF THE GASPEREAUX
2. BANKS OF THE LITCKE EAU PLEINE
3. CHASE MARTIN AWAY
4. FARMERS SON AND THE SHANTYBOY
5. GUY REED
6. HARRY DUNN; The Woods of Michigan
7. JACK HAGGERTY
8. GERRY'S ROCK
9. JAMES WHALEN: "Concerning of a noble youth, JW he was called/ Was drowned off Peter McLaren's raft below the upper fall." George Whalen.
10. THE LOST JIMMY WHELAN
11. JIMMY DEERING
12. JIMMY JUDGES: Bonshee River "a little below Dun Coe" drowned when he fell through a jam. Found by fisherman's boy.
13. JOHN LADNER ✓
14. JOHNNY STILES. Wild Mustard River: "We were ~~ramped~~ on the WMR/Just below the old Tamarack Dam/As we rose from our blankets one morning/we saw on the rocks a big jam." JS gets his foot caught.
15. THE LAC SAN PIERRE
16. THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS
17. THE LOGGERS BOAST: "Come all ye sons of freedom."
18. THE LUMBERMAN IN TOWN
19. LUMBERMAN'S ALPHABET
20. MCKINLEY BROOK: (N.B.)
21. YE MAIDENS OF ONTARIO: Simcoe, raftsmen.
22. THE MAINEITE IN PA.
23. MELL WHITTEN
24. PETER EMBERLY
25. PLAIN GOLDEN BAND.

26. THE RED LIGHT SALOON
27. ROCKY BROOK: Samuel Allen. Drowned when examining a roll dam and it gives way.
28. THE SHANTYBOYS
29. THE SHANTYMAN'S LIFE
30. YOUNG FORBEST. "Come all young men from the Nashwaak/
It's of a young man I'm going to talk/ Young Elmer
Forbest was this man's name/ of Christian parents
this young man came" "Up John Sullivan's Hill."
Load gives way, and he is killed: t amster/

~~xxx~~

SONGS MORE LOCAL TO MAINE.

31. THE BURNING OF HENRY K. ROBINSON'S CAMP.
32. CANADAY*I*O
33. THE COLD OLD WINTER TIME
34. THE COOK AND THE TEAMSTER
35. DRINK ROUND BRAVE BOYS
36. DRIVING LOGS ON SCHOODIC
37. FALLING OF THE PINE
38. FAN JONES-- TOM DIXON
39. JOHN FERGUSON'S CREW. "There once was a man/in
Howland did dwell/ His name was JF/ you all know him
well." Operation up in Meadow Brook. Bad food.
40. JOHN ROBERTS
41. JOHN ROSS & KATAHDIN GREEN
42. JOHNNY HOLMES: The Little Barber
43. LAME CHEMA
44. LARRYGANS
45. LEWISTON FALLS
46. MAULING LIVE OAK
47. SANDY DREAM SONG: Edwin a Reed's operation near
Katahdin 1874-75. Camp burned and he led party through
much hardship to the depot camp.

- 48. TOM CRAY
- 49. TOMAH STREAM

"The Little Shingle Mill" Harry Bai'

GENERAL CHECKLIST FOR NORTHEAST SONGS

- 50. Charles Gustavus Anderson
- 51. THE GHOSTLY CREW
- 52. THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND
- 53. Any songs about sealing.
- 54. BEN DEANE
- 55. THE DEATH OF HERBERT RICE: lost off Block Is.
- 56. DEATH OF WILLIAM GILLEY: a two months bride tells how her husband went to sea and was never heard from again.
- 57. FIFTEEN SHIPS ON GEORGES BANKS
- 58. THE BOLD NORTHWESTERN MAN: Some Indians come aboard to sell furs; grab chest of arms and almost capture ship. beaten back. Village attacked to get back stolen goods.
"Twas on the 'Lady Washington' at Cowper where she lay/And by Queen Charlotte's Islands in North America"

59. THE EASTERN LIGHT: Grand Banks fishing. Strict Capt. McLeod drives his men hard until their provisions run out and they head back to Gloucester. "Twas of my sad misfortune in 1873/ I shipped aboard a fisherman right off a drunken spree."
60. BENNY SWIM: The Murder at Baton Ridge.
- 61/ ROOT, HOG, OR DIE: A trip to the Western Bank. "The night we shot in Portland Dock."
62. MEAGHERS CHIKDREN: The Little Lost Babes of Halifax.
63. HOWARD CAREY
64. HENRY K. SAWYER
65. THE MIRAMICHI FIRE
- ✓66. THE MILLMAN*TUPLIN SONG
67. LOSS OF THE ALBION. "The wreck of the A ship, my boys/
Upon the Irish coast/ And all her passengers and crew/
Were most completely lost."
68. THE HORTON'S IN! "Safe from the lions angry paw/
safe from the lapdog's snapping jaw/ Hurrah, Cape Ann
is sure to win/ The H's in! The H's in!"
69. THE MONCTON TRAGEDY: The Sullivan Murder, The Meadow Brook Tragedy, the Dutcher murder (Moncton, 1890's).
70. MURDER OF SARAH VAIL: Munroe Murder, John A. Munroe. (St. John, 1869).
71. JOHNNY DOYLE: "Her earrings busted and fell to the floor."
72. SCHOONER FRED DUNBAR
73. TRIP TO THE GRAND BANKS
74. OLBAN-or THE WHITE CAPTIVE.
75. TITTERY NAN

GENERAL CHECKLIST

76. Songs where a girl dresses up as a man to go to sea to follow her lover etc.
77. INDIA'S BURNING SANDS
78. YOUNG JOHNNY THE MILLER
79. BLACK VELVET BAND
80. VAN DIEMAN'S LAND
81. BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY
82. MATHIRELAND: Girl loves fathers serving man. He threatens to ~~kill him~~ deport him, so she gives him gold and he leaves. She will not wed, so father sees how dear she loved him and tells her to call him back.
83. DANIEL SULLIVAN: kills a man in a passion. Asks to be buried by "side of young O'Brien". Warning "Take no knife in hand."
84. LONELY WATERLOO. Other ballads about Waterloo or Napoleon.
85. GLENCOE: others where lover returns disguised to test sweetheart.
86. MORRISSEY
87. YOUNG JIMMY FOULGER.
88. WILD COLONIAL BOY
89. LADY FRANKLINS LAMENT
90. THE FLYING CLOUD
91. THE LAKE OF COOL FINN.
92. Ballads about ships lost at sea.
93. THE LONESOME SCENES OF WINTER. Boy asks girl to marry and she refuses. Changes mind but he has found another and tells her to do the same.
94. THE CHIPPEWA GIRL
95. THE LAKE OF PONCHRTRAIN

96. THE LITTLE MOHEA
97. YOUNG CHARLOTTE
98. THE MILWAUKEE FIRE
99. THE AVONDALE MINES DISASTER:
100. BRAVE WOLFE
101. GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY
102. MAJOR ANDRE'S CAPTURE: "And everyone wished Andre clear and Arnold in his stead."
103. JIM FISK: "who never went back on the ppor." Speaks of his aid to Chicago fire victims.
104. FULLER AND WARREN
105. HENRY GREEN. Rich Henry threatens suicide if Mary Wyatt (p. or) wont marry him. She does and a week later he poisons her. She dies forgiving him. Condemned
106. MURDERED BY A BROTHER. Takes her out in skiff. Says she's dishinored family. Has drowbed her lover. drowns her.
107. THE BROOKFIELD MURDER. "Joe Buzzell hired and drove young Cook/ to shoot the girl, so it seems to look."
108. PEARL BRYAN
109. THE JEALOUS LOVER
110. TWENTY ONE YEARS.
111. CHARLES GUTEAU
112. Any song about pirates.
113. BOLD MANAN THE PIRATE: Captures FAME out of N.Y., ransacks, murders crew. Cuts head off girl crew was arguing about. Next day attacks man-o-war under Capt Rodney thinking it a merchantman. Is sunk.
114. THE DREADNOUGHT.
115. THE DOM PEDRO
116. DIXIE BROWN, BEN BREEZER, JACK WRACK: "Off to sea once more."

117. THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW
118. Civil War Songs: DYING SOLDIER, LAST FIERCE CHARGE,
DEAR MADAM
119. THE STately SOUTHERNER
120. JAMES BIRD: Fights valiantly w/ Perry on L. Erie.
Later writes parents saying he must die for having
deserted brig Niagara.
121. CONSTITUTION AND THE GERRIERE
122. THE OLD OAK TREE
123. THE MILLER AND THE MAJOR.
124. THE BURNING GRANITE MILL

A LIST OF FINDERS (Adapted from Flethcher Collins list, SFQ)

BARBERA ALLAN

The Lady held his horse while the soldier went to battle
Song w/girl named Polly; Pretty Polly, etc.

LADY GAY

Songs about a person being poisoned.

Get up and bar the door

FATHER GRUMBLE

Frog lived in a pond.

An old man being fooled by his wife.

Lord Thomas and Fiar Eleanor

Other lords: Batemen, Henry, Randal, Banner, etc.

MATTHY GORVE. Little foot page

Bent to his breast and he run (swum)

Tingled at the ring.

DEVIL AND FARMERS WIFE

One morning in may.

CASEY JONES. Old 97. Other r.r. songs.

Six kings daughters I've drwonded here

Home came his horse but never came he.

As the dew blows over the green valley.

How come that blood on your shirt sleeve.

It rained a mist, it rained a mist
It rained all over town.

BANGUM AND THE BOAR

THE HOUSE CARPENTER

There were two crōws sat on a tree.

TOM BOLYNN

Sweet William arose on a merry May morn
And dressed himself in blue.

Go dig my grave both wide and deep~~x~~.

Joseph was an old man.

Lady Margaret

O mō~~o~~ther O mother come riddle my riddle
Come riddle it all as one.

Go saddle me my milk white steed.

Who will shoe your pretty little foot

George Collins rode home on a cold winters night.

HANGMAN HANGMAN

Any songs about Robin Hood.

I'll set my foot in yonder boat/ and sail across the sea.

MARY HAMILTON

Betsey Bell and Mary Greay/ They were two bonny lasses.

George came riding through the town/A taking leave of many/
Fir he was of noble blōd/ and loved by a royal lady.

HENRY MAR TIN

We killed ten thousand of the French/ the rest they ran away.

The Big Sheep THE DARBY RAM

Awake, awake, you drwsy sleeper.

Early, early in the spring.

There was an old man he lived in the west/ dandoo

The Green willow tree

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.

I asked my love to take a walk/ to take a walk with me.

True to my love if my love will be trut to me.

There's herbs in my fathers garden

If I go ten thousand miles.

Green griws the laurel

Once I couretd a fair beauty bright.

I couretd her by day and I courted her by night

George Riley

The red rose and the briar

Molly Bawn. Took her for a swan

They rod till they came to the watersid

Twas just three hours till day.

What is higher than a tree.

Other riddle songs.

Andrew Barton.

Ferry merry dixie dominie.

THE GOLD N VANITY or any of its changes.

There was a wealthy merchant/in London he did dwell.

Old woman all skin and bones.

A pretty fair maid all in a garedn.

The banks of Claudy. Claudy Water

Jack Frazer. Poor Jack has gone a-sailing.

Young Edwin in the lowlands.

O capatin,captain, tell me true/does my sweet Willie sail w/you

Caroline of Edinboro town.

The moon had climbed the highest hill/

Down in Carlisle ~~thare~~ lived a lady.

There was a rich lady from London she came.

As I was a-walking.

Dog and Gun.

The young man who wouldn't hoe corn.

Come all you fair and tender ladies.

I wish I was a little sparrow.

I'll build me a castle on the mountain so high.

Come all you good people, I pray you draw near.

In N Y C (or Jersey City) where I did dwell
A butcher biy I loved him well.

I came to this country in 1849

Monday, boys, I got me a wife.

My parents treated me tenderly, provided for me well.

Toung Johnny Scot-- fell in love with King Henry's daughter

My dearest dear, the time draws near when you and I must part
O love, O love, its yours I'd be, but locks and bolts do hinder
Whistle daughter whistle,

Then she'll be a true lover of mine. Strwaberry Fair.

Who killed Cock Robin.

Kitty alone.

When I was a little boy I lived by myself

Frog went a-courting. Frog in the well.

Billy boy.

Down by the seashore

At the foot of the mountain there lived a

Irish MollyO

She pulled out a silver dagger.

Light o'love

Soldier, soldier won't you marry me.

All down by the silvery tide.

Two little brothers going to school

I've traveled this world over, ten thousand miles or more
But a milk cow with a saddle on I never saw before.

Down along the coast of High Barbaray

William Hall

Eggs and Marrowbone.

The tailor and the bosun's wife.

Old Rosin the Beau

Songs of foxes or fox hunting.

The miller called up his eldest son
The mill to you I'll give.

Jesse James

And the devil took away the little tailor
With the broadcloth under his arm

I walked out one morning in May.

Come in, come in, my own true love,
And stay a while with me.

Pretty Peggy-O

O father, father, build me a boat

Down by the greenwood side

Oh no, I wouldn't have him

Go and leave me if you wish to/ Never let me cross your mind

Katie Morey

I must and I will get married

To the merry broomfield

Billy Grimes

The farmer boy who sold the cow at the fair

The Hampshire Bitch.

Bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue.

My love came to my bedside

Once I had a sweetheart/ a sweetheart brave and true.

I'll not marry at all, at all.

"No home, no home," cried the orphan girl

THE KERRY RECRUIT

Fare you well, Charming Nancy

Bury me beneath the willow/ beneath the weeping willow tree

Meet me by moonlight alone.

A Gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen

Sir Patrick Spens

Beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly

The foggy, foggy dew

On the greenbrier shore

First he kissed her ruby lips/ and then he kissed her chin

Sister, sister make my bed/ My wounds are very sore

Waait do you will your mother, brother, sweetheart

O babes, o Babess, if you were mine? I'd dress you in the silk
so fine

Go pull my shirt from ~~back~~ off my back
And tear it from gore to gore

When young men go courting they dress up so fine

Will the weaver was a chimney sweeper

He sailed east, he sailed west/ until he came to the Turkish shore

Bold Lamkin

A silver vessel to hold her/his heart blood.

There was a youth and a comely youth/ he was a squire's son

DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

O come go back my pretty little miss

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

Don't you crow til its almost day
And your cage shall be of the pureest ivory

Although he had been a twelvemonth dead
He rode on a milkwhite steed.

She took him by the lily white hand
And led him to the table
Here's cakes and wine for you, young man
To eat and drink we're able

The blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green

The pretty little babes in the woods

In Portage town there lived a ~~maiden~~ merchant
He had two sons and a daughter dear

Dicky said to Johnson one cold winters day

Don't place your affections on a green-growing tree

Come all young men and learn of me/,y sad and mournful history

Johnny Doyle

The carrion crow

The squirrel is a pretty thing/ it carries a bushy tail

What are little boys made of

I wish I were on yonder hill/ There I'd sit and cry my fill

Johnny Sands

The Lily of the West

She had a large fortune in silver and gold

On the banks of sweet Dundee

The drummer boy of Waterloo

Old Boney

Rinordine

The Romish Lady

My true love has gone to France

The man who put the sheepskin on his wife's back and beat her

I had a true love but she left me.

We would whip them two to one and do it handy-o

One sister drowns the other.

Rise up, rise up you seven brothers all.

The old beggar man. He looked at the ring it was pale and wan.

If this be a lie I tell to you/ As you believe it to be
You need not build a gallows pole/ but hang me to a tree

I have a talian in my court/ will surely kill lords three
betwixt bis eyebrows are two spans/ and his shoulders are ells3

Before I give you a penny/Pray tell me whether you know
The Bailiff's daughter of Islington/"She's dead sir, long ago."

FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVINGMEN

There fell out a great dispute between Argyle and Airlie

THE RAGGE TAGGLE GYPSIES

SIR JAMES THE ROSS (Rose)

She kills herself by falling on his sword.

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE

Cpatin Ward and the RAINBOW

JOHN WEBBER

I would not marry a rusty dusty coal black smith

Hares in the mountains

The Bonny Earl of Murry

O waly waly

As down through Cupids garden for pleasure I did walk

THE PRENTICE BOY

Sally's Garedn; The willow garden

Wild Ameriky

Adieu to old Erin

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY

THE CROPPY BOY

KITTY OF COLERAINE

THE WEXFORD LASS

The cuckoo is a bonny bird/ she sings as she flies.

THE GOSPORT TRAGEDY

She drew a dagger and tgus did cry
For my dark eyea sailor, A maid I'll live and die.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND

Bonnet (Jacket) so blue

I'm a boatman by trade, Jack Williams by name
By a false deluding girl I was brought to grief and shame

When Jones ale was new

And then they hitched us to the plow to plow Van Diamans Land

THE MANTLE SO GREEN

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

THE CHAMPION OF COURT HILL

The garden where the praties grow

①

W O O D S S I N G I N G

- S-1. Did any song ever serve as a warh~~ing~~ing?
2. Did men ever join in on the choruses?
3. What in your opinion made a good singer? Good singing?
4. Who were singers? Names? How was it done in the camp.
5. Spea~~ak~~king the last part.
6. Was there ever any accompaniment?
7. Were there any instruments in camp?
8. Did the men ever sing hymns?

(C)

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON WOODS WORK

- W1. Were you ever charged for tools?
2. Did you work in all weather? Or were you let off.
Were you paid for days you did not work.
3. What would men do until lights out?
4. What was the usual dress for a woodsman?
5. For a river-driver?
6. General description of interior of lumbercamp.
What made out of. A wall between cooks part and mens part.
The bunk. Grindstone. Lamps. Deacon seat.
7. Where was the dingle.
8. Layout of camp grounds.
9. How did the wangan work.
10. Was business of keeping hogs in camp peculiar to Henrys?
11. Did you work no matter how cold it got.
12. Did men ever fight with the quarterstaffs.
13. Did you ever see oxen used.
14. What were sub-contractors. How does LG mean that
you're apt to lose your pay since there's no lien law
and you can't retain the logs.
15. Did you have to buy axes, handles, etc.
16. Was Poplar tree thought to be bad luck?
17. Ever hear of Moose ^(or, unlucky) ⁽ⁿ⁾ being a fool of dead woodsmen?
18. " " fellow who pulled feathers out of moose's hind?
19. Ike Butler.
20. Kelly the Swede.
21. Silence at meals.



CHECK LIST OF GORMANS SONGS.

F= fragment

T= trace R= report

*****PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

- 1 The Arlington Maid (F)
- 2 "As I was going down to Mrs. Yeo's"
- 3 Bachelor's Hall
- 4 The Baptists (F)
- 5 The Bully of Lot Eleven (Yeo's Election) (F)
- 6 Dame Bruin
- 7 Dymment's Auction (F)
- 8 The Gull Decoy ✓
- 9 Hail Fishermen Assemble (F)
- 10 "Here's to you, Mr. Plestid."
- 11 The Horse's Confession (F)
- 12 "I'm a poor and blighted old maiden" (F)
- 13 "It'd puzzle the devil to make me straight"
- 14 Lots of Pretty Girls at the Head of Grand River (F)
- 15 Luke and his Rambles (F)
16. Michael McElroy (F)
- 17 "That reptil McElroy" (T)
- 18 Michael O'Brien
- 19 Michael Riley (F)
- 20 Monaghan (The First wife, etc,)
- 21 Monaghan's Raffle (T)
- 22 Shan Van Voche
- 23 The Spree at Summer Hill (T)
- 24 "A stranger to the pasture came"
- 25 "There's that Whistling Cody" (F)
- 26 "Tis to the Virgin"

- 27 Yeo's Party (F)
- 28 The Crew at Yeo's Shipyard (R)

*****THE MIRAMICHI

- 29 Barrentown
- 30 Donahue's Spree (Israel Brown) (F)
- 31 "Here's Young Hutch"
- 32 In 1879 (F)
- 33 Mary Mahoney
- 34 Morris Ellsworth
- 35 The Scow on Cowden Shore
- 36 Up on the Devil's Back (R)
- 37 The Winter of Seventy-Three
- 38 Young Billy Cane

*****ELLSWORTH

- 39 Ace William's Foolish Girl (R)
- 40 Bill Watts
- 41 Champion of Moose Hill
- 42 "Davis'"Camp"
- 43 Doctor O'Connell (R)
- 44 Ellsworth News of the Day (R)

- 45 Freeman Archer
- 46 The Great Pond Tramp (R)
- 47 "I thought along with Toby" (T)
- 48 Old Mike Abrams Five Saw Dam (R)
- 49 On Lead Mountain's Lofty Brow (R)
- 50 Myles Everett More (F)
- 51 Pay Day at Hall's Mill
- 52 Roderick MacDonald
- 53 Something New (F)
- 54 The Union River Drivers (F)

Johnny Archer, blacksmith of skill

Bert Haynes, asleep

Charley Sweeney,

Mickey Dalton, P.I.

Flossie Laughlin

Maynard Glidden, cards the old sogs

Jordans

Mose Estey

Hen Folsom

55. "I'm Poor old Fan"

56. "The Fight at Hall's Mill."

*****BREWER

- 55 The A.P.A. (R)
- 56 Boys of the Island
- 57 Carrying Coal in a Basket (R)
- 58 The Cruel Submarine (R)
- 59 Gaynor's Trained Pig (R)

- 60 The Great John Mac and his Polack Brigade (R)
- 41 The Hoboes of Maine
- 42 It's a Wonder (F)
- 43 Nero and the Great John Mac (R)
- 44 Newcombe's Goode (R)
- 45 The Old Pod Auger Days
- 46 Sanitary Jane (R)
- 47 Steelshank (R)
- 48 "Twas won by the banker Davey Brown" (F)
- 49 The Winter of 1905 (F)
- 70 The Workman
- 71 You Can't Leave the Yard til the Whistle Blows. (R)
- 72 Old Mr. Robertson, old Mr. Strang. (R)

*****OTHER

- 73 The Good Old State of Maine
- 74 Tomah Stream
- 75 (An Unfortunate cook whos pies Larry made fun of) (R)
- 76 Grace: MacMillan's Wether
- 77 Grace: Tarts and pies
- 78 Grace: this is rotten, fish and potatotes, Robert Bell
- 79 Eyes Stiek out likes prongs
- 80 Bread and Tea

(B)
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13. Have you heard his songs sung? Where and when? i-5
14. Did he ever write his stuff out as he made it up. (i-2)
15. Did he ever work on Penobscot?
16. Is my description of him on p.15 accurate? iii-15

Wm

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

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18. Check PEI GAZETTE, Jan 8, 1825. List of letters at Bideford shipyard. ii-11
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- ✓ 33. How many children were there? ii-13
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36. brother Charles to Montreal? wot paper there? Editor? ii-13
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- ✓ 41. Where was the Hardscrabble Rd. district? iii-18
42. The Yeos. Father and sons. Get this straightened out iii-23ff.

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- 44. Spelling of Plestid? iii-27
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- ✓47. Who was the subject of BACHERLOS HALL iii-28
- ✓48. What would a young boy ~~in~~ Trout River have done with himself? iii-15

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L O T 7

- ✓49. How was fishing done. Who owned boats. Did men own own outfits. Where was catch cleaned. Lots of gulls.
- ✓50. Did each man keep his own catch or did all work on shares or what. iv-40
- ✓51. Is this calling down of a gull much of a trick iv-40
- ✓52. What was LGs kick against Patrick Riley? iv-41
- ✓53. GULL DECOY. "Highland Journal... Heathen Progress." ix-43
- ✓54. What is the present state of the Rileys? iv-45
- ✓55. Did you know Michael Riley? Good cobbler? iv-46
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- 59. Who was Morris Ellsworth? From Waterford? V-5
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- ✓62. "My husbands digging roots." iii-20
- 63. Waterford: "Beaver Jack." xi-15

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MIRAMICHI

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65. Check BULLETIN OF NAT HIST SOC. OF N.B. for physical description of SW Miramichi. v-1
66. Check old files of Gleaner re. Joe Scott's death, June 22, 1918.
67. Was Barrentown Renous? Why? How about Bryenton? v-20
68. Devil's Back id up the Renous? v-5
69. Just where was Indiantown. Present day Quarryville? What was its importance? v-2
- 70/ Chatham: Is Sawdust Hill still so-called? Where was it? Where was Snowball's mill. v-2
71. Where was Cowden Shore? Was it at the end of the drive? When would the drive get here? Was there a real scow? v-9
72. Was the ANDOVER the name of the shop from PEI to Chatham. What sort of ship? ~~v-16~~ Made run how often? v-16
73. Nelson: Are the Nelson Gormans any kin to PEI? Could Mike be a grandnephew? xi-23ff
74. How did LG come to leave Miramchi and when? Where did he go? V-27
75. Story behind BILLY CAIN. Girl still living? v-16
76. MARY MAHONEY: "Lifts a hair?" v-15
77. SCOW: cremenate? night ramp? rafcanter? cokaninny? fly beer? "clean-by" v-12

[Handwritten scribble]

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84. Was he a dandy? vi-7
85. Did LG live in Cushman's boarding house? Where was it? vi-10
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87. Who was Mary Mahonry's first husband. vi-14
88. More about Freeman Archer.
89. Did the mills stop running on Sundays?
90. Check the dam names. vi-3
91. Could there have been 25 double horse teams working for Halls. vi-4
92. Where was Tinker's Cove? *get a map. Fix it up.* Tinkers Wharf? vi-4
93. Were ships ever lashed 3 abreast going downriver? vi-4
94. Each of the three branches contracted for separately. vi-6
95. Jordan's Bridge the end of the drive? Did Ells Boom Co. take it from there? Any rafting at all? vi-15
96. Was drive in by 4th of July? vi-15
97. Check Partridge Brook story w/Joe Tosh, Geo Goggins. vi-17
98. Tade Bresnahan's thumb. vi-17
99. Roderick MacD's death. Going from what camp to what camp. Found where. When. By whom. vi-18

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113. What was Julia doing in Ellsworth 1896-7. Visiting Collins? viii-1

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115. Go up to Grand Lake Stream area and look around re. Tomah. vii-10
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Edmund: Ben Bean, P. B. Howard Currie,
Jealous Lover, The Bummer, Contented Farmer Song,
My Mare, The Shepherd Song, Lost Song at Seiden.

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GENERAL QUESTIONS ON WOODS WORK

- W1. Were you ever charged for tools?
2. Did you work in all weather? Or were you let off.
Were you paid for days you did not work.
3. What would men do until lights out?
4. What was the usual dress for a woodsman?
5. For a river-driver?
6. General description of interior of lumbercamp.
What made out of. A wall between cooks part and mens part.
The bunk. Grindstone. Lamps. Deacon seat.
7. Where was the dingle.
8. Layout of camp grounds.
9. How did the wangan work.
10. Was business of keeping hogs in camp peculiar to Henrys?
11. Did you work no matter how cold it got.
12. Did men ever fight with the quarterstaves.
13. Did you ever see oxen used.
14. What were sub-contractors. How does LG mean that
you're apt to lose your pay since there's no lien law
and you can't retain the logs.
15. Did you have to buy axes, handles, etc.

W O O D S S I N G I N G

- S-1. Did any song ever serve as a warning?
2. Did men ever join in on the choruses?
3. What in your opinion made a good singer? Good singing?
4. Who were singers? Names? How was it done in the camp.
5. Speaking the last part.
6. Was there ever any accompaniment?
7. Were there any instruments in camp?
- 8.

CHECK LIST OF GORMANS SONGS.

F- fragment T- trace R- report

*****PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

The Arlington Maid (F)

"As I was going down to Mrs. Yeo's"

Bachelor's Hall

The Baptists (F)

The Bully of Lot Eleven (Yeo's Election) (F)

Dame Bruin

Dyment's Auction (F)

The Gull Decoy

Hail Fishermen Assemble (F)

"Here's to you, Mr. Plestid."

The Horse's Confession (F)

"I'm a poor and blighted old maiden" (F)

"It'd puzzle the devil to make me straight"

Lots of Pretty Girls at the Head of Grand River (F)

Luke and his Rambles (F)

Michael McElroy (F)

"That reptil McElroy" (T)

Michael O'Brien

Michael Riley (F)

Monaghan (The First wife, etc.,)

Monaghan's Raffle (T)

Shan Van Voeche

The Spree at Summer Hill (T)

"A stranger to the pasture came"

"There's that Whistling Gody" (F)

"Tis to the Virgin"

Yeo's Party (P)

The Crew at Yeo's Shipyard (R)

*****THE MIRAMICHI

Barrentown

Donahue's Spree (Israel Brown) (P)

"Hawe's Young Hutch"

In 1879 (P)

Mary Mahoney

Morris Ellsworth

The Scow on Cowden Shore

Up on the Devil's Back (R)

The Winter of Seventy-Three

Young Billy Cane

*****ELLSWORTH

Ace William's Foolish Girl (R)

Bill Watts

Champion of Moose Hill

"Davis'"Camp"

Doctor O'Connell (R)

Ellsworth News of the Day (R)

Freeman Archer

The Great Pond Tramp (R)

"I thought along with Toby" (T)

Old Mike Abrams Five "aw Dam (R)

On Lead Mountain's Lofty Brow (R)

Myles Everett More (F)

Pay Day at Hall's Mill

Roderick MacDonald

Something New (F)

The Union River Drivers (F)

Johnny Archer, blacksmith of skill

Bert Haynes, asleep

Charley Sweeney,

Mickey Dalton, P.I.

Flossie Laughlin

Maynard Glidden, cards the old sogs

Jordans

Mose Eatay

Hen Folsom

*****BREWER

The A.P.A. (R)

Boys of the Island

Carrying Coal in a Basket (R)

The Cruel Submarine (R)

Gaynor's Trained Pig (R)

The Great John Mac and his Pelack Brigade (R)

The Hoboes of Maine

It's a Wander (F)

Nero and the Great John Mac (R)

Newcombe's Goode (R)

The Old Pod Auger Days

Sanitary Jane (R)

Steelshank (R)

"Twas won by the banker Davey Brown" (F)

The Winter of 1905 (F)

The Workman

You Can't Leave the Yard til the Whistle Blows.

old Mr. Robertson, old Mr. Strang.

*****OTHER

The Good Old State of Maine

Temah Stream

(An Unfortunate cook whos pies Larry made fun of) (R)

Grace: MacMillan's Wether

Grace: Tarts and pies

Grace: this is rotten, fish and potatotes, Robert Bell

Eyes Stick out likes prongs

Bread and Tea

Stories to look for.

1. Story of the fellow who pulled the feathers out of the goose-bird.
2. "Next cup of coffee in hell."
3. Dongan or whooper.
4. Judgements for boasting or bragging.
5. Warnings, premonitions.
6. Any stories about ghosts.
7. Haunted houses?
8. Bloodstoppers.
9. The Wenchigo.
10. Phantom ships.
11. Local stories about how a place got its name?
12. Stories about

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE
ORONO, MAINE



DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

STEVENS HALL

Dear Sir:

I have been given a grant by the Coe Research Fund here at the University of Maine to collect all the material I can on the life and works of Larry Gorman, the best of all the old lumberwoods poets. Would you be so kind as to print the following letter in your paper:

Dear Sir:

I am interested in finding out as much as I can about Larry Gorman, "the man who made the songs." A native of Prince Edward Island, he was a woodsman, a singer, and a poet of the lumbercamps, first along the Miramichi and later here in the state of Maine. I wonder if any of your readers ever knew him or, at least, have heard about him. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who can tell me anything about him.

While I am primarily interested in Larry Gorman, I am also interested in getting hold of the names and writings of other woodsman-poets and singers. I will welcome information on anyone who worked in the woods and wrote songs and poems about his work and life there.

Oftentimes I have found that people have hesitated to send information because they felt that it was too trivial or unimportant to be of interest me. Let me assure any prospective letter-writers that any and all material may be extremely important, and even a fragment of a poem or song or a half-remembered name may be just what is needed to help put the pieces of the puzzle in place. My appeal is for all the information I can get, and I will be most grateful for anything anyone sends me on Larry Gorman or any other woodsman-poet.

Sincerely yours,

Edward D. Ives
Instructor in English
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I have been given a grant by the Coe Research Fund here at the University of Maine to collect all the material I can on the life and works of Larry Gorman, the best of all the old lumberwoods poets. Would you be so kind as to print the following letter in your paper:

Dear Sir:

I am interested in finding out as much as I can about Larry Gorman, "the man who made the songs." A native of Prince Edward Island, he was a woodsman, a singer, and a poet of the lumbercamps, first along the Miramichi and later here in the state of Maine. I wonder if any of your readers ever knew him or, at least, have heard about him. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who can tell me anything about him.

While I am primarily interested in Larry Gorman, I am also interested in getting hold of the names and writings of other woodsman-poets and singers. I will welcome information on anyone who worked in the woods and wrote songs and poems about his work and life there.

Oftentimes I have found that people have hesitated to send information because they felt that it was too trivial or unimportant to be of interest me. Let me assure any prospective letter-writers that any and all material may be extremely important, and even a fragment of a poem or song or a half-remembered name may be just what is needed to help put the pieces of the puzzle in place. My appeal is for all the information I can get, and I will be most grateful for anything anyone sends me on Larry Gorman or any other woodsman-poet.

Sincerely yours,

Edward D. Ives
Instructor in English
University of Maine
8-A South Apartments
Orono, Maine

↓
date typed in
leave space

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Augusta, Maine

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The Lisbon Falls Enterprise
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AN AID IN THE DISCOVERY OF FOLKSONGS

A LIST OF FINDERS FOR TRADITIONAL BALLADS,
SONGS, AND PLAY-PARTIES IN THE SOUTHEAST

by

Fletcher Collins, Jr.

Contrary to the impression of many intelligent people, the collecting of American folksongs is not altogether like the collecting of butterflies and arrowheads. "How do you find them?" the collector is asked, and his reply is expected to reveal a genius for divination. This assumption would not be worth dispelling if it did not often reveal an impulse, weak or strong, to go and find a batch of old songs from relatives and old-timers in the neighborhood. Unfortunately the impulse is seldom obeyed, for the incipient collector has no idea of how to lead off. If he begins by asking people for "old songs," he may get "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," or a Broadway hit from the 1920's. While the discovery of folksongs in oral tradition is somewhat a matter of knowing where to look, it is much more a matter of knowing what to ask for and how to ask for it. By and large, one gets what one asks for.

As an aid to folk-song collectors, I offer here a fairly comprehensive list of finders for traditional ballads, songs, and play-parties likely to be found in the Southeast. This list was first compiled for my own use in the field. There it proved superior to such other techniques as thumbing through the Sargent-Kittredge edition² of the Child ballads and of Sharp's Appalachian collection,³ asking by titles, relying upon free association in the minds of singer and recorder, humming tunes, or relating the nub of a ballad. The psychology of song-recall has never been completely exposed, but collectors are usually aware that there is a subtle problem involved in stimulating the memory of people who have traditional songs far back in the mind. This list has proved to be a practical solution in providing a psychological method of uncovering and leading into authentic traditional songs.

¹ I choose to ignore the widespread but decreasing assumption, that folk-song in the South is to be found only among mountaineers and negroes.
² Sargent, H. C., and Kittredge, G. L., *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1904, 1932.
³ Sharp, C. J., *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. 2 vols. London: Oxford University Press, 1932.

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for Traditional Ballads, Songs, and Play-Farces. Compiled by Fletcher Collins, Jr. Community Education Workshop, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1941. Mimeographed.

6. City people, if of a community settled by the English or Scotch, are as likely prospects as country people are."

or their descendants.

5. Ballads are often known as "love-songs." A "ballad" is usually considered as a handwritten version of a traditional song. Ballads are often found in the attics and trunks of old people. A favorite Sunday afternoon pastime of young ladies years ago was the writing down, in scrap-book form, of songs known to the writers. Often the tunes are still remembered by the writers.

4. The words of a traditional song are only half of the ballad or love-song, and only a third of the play-party. Be sure to record accurately the music of the song, and also the dance-pattern of the play-party. If you cannot write down the music yourself, cannot trust your memory to be accurate, and have not available a phonographic recording machine, ask the music teacher in your school or community to assist you.

3. There is no harm in showing this list to a singer. You may even leave it with him for a few days, so that he may study it and recall more songs than come immediately to his mind when you ask for songs.

2. The catch-lines as given in this list will not often be identical with the version known to the singer. Always assure the singer that his version is the "right" one, for him and you. There is no "correct" or "standard" version of any traditional song. The freedom of these songs to change, evolve, develop, is their creative element.

1. Welcome any song which the singer offers in response to any of these finders. You may thus hear a fine song which is not in this partial list.

"A few suggestions about the use of this list:

O my love, will you wear red?

My pretty little pink

William come tremble too

We're marching down to old Quebec

which might create confusion through recalling two quite similar lyric songs, early and late, are thrown together with no other principle than the negative one of avoiding the conjunction of two items purpose no arrangement of the items. Child ballads, other ballads, apart from the separate listing of play-party songs, there is on in their communities.

party songs which school teachers are particularly anxious to locate we have hopes. I have also included, in a separate category, the play-which have rarely or never been found in the Southeast but for which seem to me hardly worth collecting. I have included a few items "The Baggage Coach Ahead", and "Little Nell of Narragansett Bay", now in oral circulation; such pieces as "The Little Rosewood Casket", personal crotchets, some of the melodramatic, semi-professional songs petrated by their friends and neighbors. I have also omitted, as a disaster, as well as satires and encomiums upon local persons per-which have only a local habitation; ballads of local murder and but a few of the white spirituals. There are in the list no songs which are chiefly used by negroes, and with regret have omitted all make it cumbersome or heterogeneous. I have excluded all songs Some delimitation in the listing was necessary in order not to amine the published collections from the South.

I have overlooked in my own experience as a collector and in ex-folklorists may wish to supplement the list with similar items which least representative of the shape of the canon in the Southeast. Other Indeed, this list, incomplete as it must be, may be submitted as at past two generations, the nucleus of such a canon has become clear. and closed. Yet, from the collecting which has been done during the that a canon of traditional song in America is or ever will be finite tory; the day is over, I believe, when scholars are willing to assert The list is of course only a sampling of the Southeastern reper-

lectors. list a few suggestions about the use of the list by inexperienced col-songs firmly in mind when the recorder returns. I append to the the list with the ardor of a quiz fan, and are ready with a batch of are usually curious to see how many items they can recognize, attack and within a few days has recalled texts of some length. Singers leisure "studies on", it marks the items which are known to him, merely leaving a copy of the list with a prospective singer, who as traditional repository. In fact, considerable success has been had in students. Use of the list requires no extensive knowledge of the but also with such incipients as public school teachers and colleges The list seems to be useful not only in the hands of a folklorist

One morning, one morning in May
The Devil taking away the farmer's wife
Tingled at the ring
He bent to his breast and he run (or swum)
Matthy Grove. The little foot-page.

Liza Jane

Lord Banner, etc.
Other lords: Lord Lovel, Lord Batesman, Lord Henry, Lord Randal,
Lord Thomas and fair Eleanor (or Ella)

The blue-tailed fly
An old man being fooled by his wife
Frog lived in a pool

Than his wife could do in three.
He said he could do more work in a day
Get up and bar the door

Songs about a person being poisoned

Old Joe Clark

To learn their grammar.
She sent them away to the North country
And she had children three;
There was a lady fair and gay

Any song with a girl named Polly: Pretty Polly, Sinful Polly, etc.
The lady held the horse while the soldier fought the battle

Barbara Allen

BALLADS AND SONGS

interpretation.
possible the consequent pleasures of performance, identification, and extent of many singers' repertoires, and so make more abundantly the list will prove useful as a source of help in uncovering the full not been touched by the tradition. Conversely, it is my hope that prospective singer who does not recognize several of these items has between three and four hundred pieces. I am satisfied that the that can be said is that it has a potential stimulus for the recall of All The size of the list is not possible to determine accurately. The recall of traditional songs is a psychological process, not a rationalization, and the list conforms to this irrationality.

Young Edwin (or Edward) who plows the Lowlands low

The girl who dressed in man's clothes and went to sea (or to the battlefield) to find her lover

Jacky Fraser. Poor Jack has gone a-sailing

The banks of Claudie

A pretty fair maid all in a garden

There was an old woman, akin and bones.

There was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell.

"The Sweet Trinity"
A ship named "The Mary Golden Tree," "The Green Willow Tree," or
Perry, merry, dixie, dominee

Andrew Barton

Riddle songs: What is higher than a tree, what is deeper than the sea?
I gave my love a cherry without any stone.

Twas just three hours till day,
They rode till they came to the water side,

The soldier and the lady

Molly Vaughan (Bond, Bawn) or Polly Vann

The red rose and the green prier

George Riley

I'll be sixteen next Sunday.
How old are you, my pretty little Miss? . . .

I courted her by day and I courted her by night.
Once I courted a fair beauty bright,

Seven long years I served my king
And change the green laurel for the red, white, and blue.
Green grows the laurel (lilac) . . .

Keemo, kimo, dear-o-dime

Down in the valley

And fades away like morning dew.
When cockle shells turn silver bells . . .

If I go ten thousand miles

There's herbs in my father's garden

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies

When you and I must part.
My dearest dear, the time draws near

Young Johnny Scott—fell in love with King Henry's daughter
My parents treated me tenderly, provided for me well

Monday, boys, I got me a wife

Jacob's ladder

Black is the color of my true love's hair

I came to this country in Eighteen-forty-nine

Three farmers went a-hunting, and the first thing they did find

A butcher boy I loved so well.
In New York City (or Jersey City) where I did dwell

Come all you good people, I pray you draw near

I'll build me a castle on the mountain so high

I wish I was a little sparrow

Come all you fair and tender ladies

Once I had plenty of thyme

The young man who wouldn't hoe corn

To see her little Jesus was God's only son.

The very first blessing that Mary had, it was the blessing of one,
There was a little family that lived in Bethany

My daughter Polly lies dreaming of you.

What luck had you, dear Johnny? What luck at sea had you?

Dog and gun . . . I'll be the mistress of your dairy, the milkier of your
cows

As I was a-walking . . .

A beauty she was, called Sally (or Sarah) by name.
There was a rich lady, from London she came;

Groundhog hunting

Down in Carlisle there lived a lady

The moon had climbed the highest hill

Caroline of Edinboro Town

O captain, captain, tell me true. Does my sweet Willie sail with you?

And it's hard times . . .

Is this the promise you made to me?

Captain Kidd

She pulled out a silver dagger

Light o'love

Irish Molly-O

Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine

At the foot of the mountain there lived a . . .

Down by the seashore

Billy Boy

Go tell Aunt Patay (Rhody, Dinah, etc)

When I was a little boy I lived by myself

Kitty alone

Who killed Cock Robin?

Frog went a-courting, he did ride

Prettiest tree you ever did see.

All in the woods there stood a tree.

Best old soul in the world.
Where are you going, my good old man?

Samuel Hall

Then she'll be a true lover of mine

The first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me

The oyster girl and the soldier

My grandmother lived on yonder little green

Fire in the mountains, run, boys, run

Fair Charlotte or Young Charlotte or Fair Charlotte

The higher up the cherry tree

The woman and the three little pigs

What'll we do with the baby-O?

Built his ark on the sandy land.

Some say Noah was a good old man.

Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a sheep

O love, O love, it's yours I'd be, But locks and bolts do hinder

Down by the greenwood side

O Father, build me a boat

And nobody cares for me.

I belong to that jovial crew

Pretty Peggy-O

And stay awhile with me.

Come in, come in, my own true love,

I walked out one morning in May

I'll give to you a paper of pins

John Hardy was a desperate little man

Lord, I wish I was a single girl again

The Scripture doth inform us.

There was a man in ancient times

With the prosclot under his arm.

And the Devil took away the little tailor boy

Lease James

Unto you the mill I'll give.

The miller called up his eldest son . . .

Wild Bill Jones

Songs of fox-hunting

Old Rosin the Beau

The tailor and the possum's wife

Something to make her old man blind.

To see if she could not find

The old woman went to the 'pothecary shop

William Hall

Down along the coast of high Barbary

But I never saw a milch cow with a saddle on before.

I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,

Two little brothers going to school

Other songs of the War Between the States

On to Richmond, early in the morning

All down by the silvery tide

Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?

Hangman, hangman, slack your rope; slack it for awhile
George Collins rode home one cold winter night

And who will glove my hand?
Who will shoe my pretty little feet,

The brown he aint so speedy.
Go saddle me my milk-white steed.

Come ridgle it all as one.
O Mother, O Mother, come ridgle my ridgle,

Lady Margaret

Light down, light down, Love Henry, she said

Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he

Go dig my grave both wide and deep

And dressed himself in blue.
Sweet William rose on a merry May morn

Tom Lynn or Tom Bolynn

There were two crows sat on a tree

Well met, well met, my own true love

The Horse Carpenter

She said she saw Bold Reynard, amongst the geese and ducks.
First that came was a maiden, combing out her locks.

Old Bangum and the wild boar

It rained all over the town.
It rained a mist and it rained a mist,

My son, come tell it to me.
How come that blood all over your shirt?

As the dew blows over the green valley

Home came his horse but never came he

Sweet Betsy from Pike

And you the seventh shall be.
Six kings' daughters I've drowned here,

John Henry

I lost my true lover by counting too slow.
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,

songs

Casey Jones. The Wreck of Number Nine. Old 37. Other railroad

I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me

I asked my love to take a walk. To walk a little ways with me

Down to the meadow for to mow.
This likely youth one day did go

For I am shot and bleeding.
O Brother Green, do come to me,

I'm a poor lonesome stranger (soldier) and a long way from home

My name it is Joe Bowers, I have a brother Ike

The green willow tree

There was an old man, he lived in the West, Dandoo, dandoo.

Early, early in the Spring

Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper

One is one and stands alone, and evermore shall be so.
I will sing you One-O . . .

If you go down to Darby Town, You'll see him the same as I.
The Big Sheep. The Darby Ram.

John of the Hazelgreen

Where have you been, Johnny Randolph, my son?

The rest they ran away.
We killed ten thousand of the French.

The landlubbers (or landsmen) lying down below, below, below.
went she . . .

Three times 'round went our gallant ship, And three times around

To maintain his two brothers and he.
That he should go rob on the salt sea.
. . . Henry Martin, the youngest of the three,

For he was of a noble blood, And loved by a royal lady.
George came riding through the town, A-taking leave of many . . .

Betsy Bell and Mary Gray, they were two bonny lasses

Tonight there'll be but three.
Last night there were four Maries,

As he sailed, as he sailed

Nasomi Wise or Omie Wise

And sail across the sea.
I'll set my foot in the bottom of a boat

Any songs about Robinhood

My mother told me to give him a chair,
O no, I won't have him.

Go and leave me if you wish to,
Never let me cross your mind.

Katie Morey

I must and I will get married

To the merry broomfield

Billy Grimes

The farmer boy who sold the cow at the fair

Bell-bottom trousers and coats of navy blue

My love came to my bed side

Once I had a sweetheart,
A sweetheart brave and true.

The little Mohee

I'll not marry at all, at all,
And I'll not marry at all.

Frankie and Johnny were lovers

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground

"No home, no home," cried the orphan girl

It first gave fire, and then gave smoke,
And then give my shoulder a devil of a jolt.

Rabbit hipped and rabbit hopped,
Rabbit nipped my turnip top.

Fare you well, charming Nancy

Bury me beneath the willow,
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

Meet me by moonlight alone

Sir Patrick Spence

Once in my saddle I used to go dashing

The foggy, foggy dew

On the greenbrier shore

First he kissed her ruby lips
And then he kissed her chin.

Sister, Sister, make my bed,
My wounds are very sore.

The first landlord was dressed in blue

What do you will to your mother (father, sweetheart, etc.)?

O babes, O babes, if you were mine
I'd dress you up in silk so fine.

Go pull my shirt from off my back
And tear it from gore to gore.

Darling Cora (Corey)

When young men go courting
They dress up so fine.

Will the Weaver was a chimney-sweeper

Sally (Georgia) Buck

I was born in old Virginia,
To North Carolina I did go.

There I courted a fair young lady
But her name I did not know.

Bill Stafford in old Arkansas

The Quaker lover

Old woman, old woman, don't you want me to court you?
Speak a little louder, sir, I just begin to hear you.

I love my love with a free good will

Chickens a-crowing on Sourwood Mountain

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me.
Fed my cat under yonders tree.

Abdul Abdul Amir

He sailed East and he sailed West,
Until he came to the Turkish shore.

Bold Lamkin

There was a youth and a comely youth,
And he was a squire's son.

King Henry he came in the time of her need

O come go back, my pretty little Miss

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

Don't you crow till it's almost day,
And your comb shall be of the pure ivory.

Although he had been twelve months dead
He rode a milk-white steed.

Sing tie-roo-rattelling day

She took him by the lily-white hand

And led him to the table.

Here's cakes and wine for you, young man,
To eat and drink we're able.

The blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green

The pretty little babes in the woods

In Portage Town there lived a merchant;

He had two sons and a daughter dear.

Dicky said to Johnson one cold winter's day

Steamboat Bill

She called for a silver basin

To catch her heart's blood in.

When they go to milk, they milk in the gourd

If you want to go a-courting

Down in the lone green valley

Don't place your affections on a green-growing tree

Come all young men and learn of me

My sad and mournful history.

Johnny Doyle (Dile)

The cation crow

The squirrel is a pretty thing.

It carries a bushy tail.

What are little boys made of?

Cripple Creek girls, don't you want to go to town?

Cotton-eyed Joe

I wish I were on yonder hill,

There I'd sit and cry my fill.

Johnny Sands

The lily of the West

She had a large fortune in silver and gold

On the banks of sweet Dundee

The drummer boy of Waterloo

I wish I was single again

Old Boney

The boll weevil song

Lahn

I am a roving gambler, I've gambled all around

Rinordine

John, John, John, the grey goose (or black duck) is gone

But she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

The Romish lady

My true love has gone to France

Frankie she's a good girl

Everybody knows.

I went down to St. James Infirmary

The man who put the sheep's skin on his wife's back and beat her

Springfield Mountain

I had a true love but she left me

A soldier's poor little boy

Ida Red

The shabby gentee

I wouldn't marry an old man

I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid

The Midnight Special

Michael Roy

Bingo

We could whip them two to one and do it handy-O

Little brown jug

Ten thousand miles away

Two sisters: one drowns the other, and the miller fishes her out

PLAY-PARTIES

Loopy Loo. Ugly Mug.

Old Roger (Grimes, Pompey, etc.) is dead and laid in his grave

Jolly is the miller

Coffee grows on a whiteoak tree
I got a girl in Baltimore
Bow Belinda

The noble Duke of York, he had ten thousand men

We are the Roman soldiers

Shoot the buffalo

Here come three dukes a-riding

Captain Jenks of the horse marines

I went to see a friend one day

Miss Jennie Jones

Come, Mr. Landers (Philanders), let us be a-marching

Johnny Brown

A-courting your daughter, so gay and so fair.

Here come three farmers (hogrovers, sailors, etc.), three—we are,

Skip to my Lou

Fly little bluebird

London Bridge

Weevily wheat

Charlie, he's a nice young man

Jump Jim Crow

Green gravel

King William was King George's (David's, James') son

As I was walking down the street

As I walked out one morning in May

Here sits a young lady

Shall I go bound, shall I go free?

Now you're married you must obey

Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows

When I was a young girl

We're marching 'round the levee

Go in and out the windows

Walking on the green grass, Dusty, dusty, dust
Tideo (Tideo, Teddy-o)

Three little girls went skating

Walk and talk together on a long summer day

Shoo fly, don't bother me

Sandy, he belongs to the mill

Run, nigger, run, the patterol will get you

Possum up the simon tree

Polly put the kettle on

Pig in the parlor

Sandy Land

Old Dan Tucker

Lead her up and down the old brass wagon

The ocean is wide and I can't step it

I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry

Went up on the mountain top To give my horn a blow

Had a little fight in Mexico

Kills Macanaky

Round up four in Jutang, Jutang Ju

Mourning the loss of her own true love

She sat down in a sad condition

I've been to the East and I've been to the West

It rains and it hails, it's a cold stormy weather

Mississippi River I'm bound to cross

I wish I was a Granger (a farmer)

The girl I left behind me

Get along home, Cindy

Down the wilderness

Consolation flowing tree

Draw a bucket of water

Can't dance Josie

Buffalo gals

AN AID IN THE DISCOVERY OF FOLKSONGS

A LIST OF FINDERS FOR TRADITIONAL BALLADS,
SONGS, AND PLAY-PARTIES IN THE SOUTHEAST

by

Fletcher Collins, Jr.

Contrary to the impression of many intelligent people, the collecting of American folksongs is not altogether like the collecting of butterflies and arrowheads. "How do you find them?" the collector is asked, and his reply is expected to reveal a genius for divination. This assumption would not be worth dispersing if it did not often reveal an impulse, weak or strong, to go and find a batch of old songs from relatives and old-timers in the neighborhood.¹ Unfortunately the impulse is seldom obeyed, for the incipient collector has no idea of how to lead off. If he begins by asking people for "old songs" he may get "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" or a Broadway hit from the 1920's. While the discovery of folksongs in oral tradition is somewhat a matter of knowing where to look, it is much more a matter of knowing what to ask for and how to ask for it. By and large, one gets what one asks for.

As an aid to folksong collectors, I offer here a fairly comprehensive list of finders for traditional ballads, songs, and play-parties likely to be found in the Southeast. This list was first compiled for my own use in the field. There it proved superior to such other techniques as thumbing through the Sargent-Kittredge edition² of the Child ballads and of Sharp's Appalachian collection,³ asking by titles, relying upon free association in the minds of singer and recorder, humming tunes, or relating the nub of a ballad. The psychology of song-recall has never been completely exposed, but collectors are usually aware that there is a subtle problem involved in stimulating the memory of people who have traditional songs far back in the mind. This list has proved to be a practical solution in providing a psychological method of uncovering and leading into authentic traditional songs.

¹ I choose to ignore the widespread but decreasing assumption, that folksong in the South is to be found only among mountaineers and negroes.

² Sargent, H. C., and Kittredge, G. L., *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1904, 1932.

³ Sharp, C. J., *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. 2 vols. London: Oxford University Press, 1932.

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We're marching down to old Quebec

William come tremble toe

My pretty little pink

O my love, will you wear red?

"A few suggestions about the use of this list:

1. Welcome any song which the singer offers in response to any of these finders. You may thus hear a fine song which is not in this partial list.

2. The catch-lines as given in this list will not often be identical with the version known to the singer. Always assure the singer that his version is the "right" one, for him and you. There is no "correct" or "standard" version of any traditional song. The freedom of these songs to change, evolve, develop, is their creative element.

3. There is no harm in showing this list to a singer. You may even leave it with him for a few days, so that he may study it and recall more songs than come immediately to his mind when you ask for songs.

4. The words of a traditional song are only half of the ballad or love-song, and only a third of the play-party. Be sure to record accurately the music of the song, and also the dance-pattern of the play-party. If you cannot write down the music yourself, cannot trust your memory to be accurate, and have not available a phonographic recording machine, ask the music teacher in your school or community to assist you.

5. Ballads are often known as "love-songs." A "ballet" is usually considered as a handwritten version of a traditional song. Ballets are often found in the attics and trunks of old people. A favorite Sunday afternoon pastime of young ladies years ago was the writing down, in scrap-book form, of songs known to the writers. Often the tunes are still remembered by the writers or their descendants.

6. City people, if of a community settled by the English or Scotch, are as likely prospects as country people are."⁴

⁴ *The Discovery of Cultural Resources in the Community: A List of Finders for Traditional Ballads, Songs, and Play-Parties.* Compiled by Fletcher Collins, Jr. Community Education Workshop, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1941. Mimeographed.

The list seems to be useful not only in the hands of a folklorist but also with such incipients as public school teachers and college students. Use of the list requires no extensive knowledge of the traditional repertory. In fact, considerable success has been had in merely leaving a copy of the list with a prospective singer, who at leisure "studies on" it, marks the items which are known to him, and within a few days has recalled texts of some length. Singers are usually curious to see how many items they can recognize, attack the list with the ardor of a quiz fan, and are ready with a batch of songs firmly in mind when the recorder returns. I append to the list a few suggestions about the use of the list by inexperienced collectors.

The list is of course only a sampling of the Southeastern repertory; the day is over, I believe, when scholars are willing to assert that a canon of traditional song in America is or ever will be finite and closed. Yet, from the collecting which has been done during the past two generations, the nucleus of such a canon has become clear. Indeed, this list, incomplete as it must be, may be submitted as at least representative of the shape of the canon in the Southeast. Other folklorists may wish to supplement the list with similar items which I have overlooked in my own experience as a collector and in examining the published collections from the South.

Some delimitation in the listing was necessary in order not to make it cumbersome or heterogeneous. I have excluded all songs which are chiefly used by negroes, and with regret have omitted all but a few of the white spirituals. There are in the list no songs which have only a local habitation: ballads of local murder and disaster, as well as satires and encomiums upon local persons perpetrated by their friends and neighbors. I have also omitted, as a personal crotchet, some of the melodramatic, semi-professional songs now in oral circulation; such pieces as "The Little Rosewood Casket", "The Baggage Coach Ahead", and "Little Nell of Narragansett Bay" seem to me hardly worth collecting. I have included a few items which have rarely or never been found in the Southeast but for which we have hopes. I have also included, in a separate category, the play-party songs which school teachers are particularly anxious to locate in their communities.

Apart from the separate listing of play-party songs, there is on purpose no arrangement of the items. Child ballads, other ballads, lyric songs, early and late, are thrown together with no other principle than the negative one of avoiding the conjunction of two items which might create confusion through recalling two quite similar

ballads or songs. The recall of traditional songs is a psychological process, not a rationalization, and the list conforms to this irrationality.

The size of the list is not possible to determine accurately. All that can be said is that it has a potential stimulus for the recall of between three and four hundred pieces. I am satisfied that the prospective singer who does not recognize several of these items has not been touched by the tradition. Conversely, it is my hope that the list will prove useful as a source of help in uncovering the full extent of many singers' repertories, and so make more abundantly possible the consequent pleasures of performance, identification, and interpretation.

BALLADS AND SONGS

Barbara Allen

The lady held the horse while the soldier fought the battle

Any song with a girl named Polly: Pretty Polly, Sinful Polly, etc.

There was a lady fair and gay
And she had children three;
She sent them away to the North country
To learn their grammaree.

Old Joe Clark

Songs about a person being poisoned

Get up and bar the door

He said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

Frog lived in a pool

An old man being fooled by his wife

The blue-tailed fly

Lord Thomas and fair Eleanor (or Ella)

Other lords: Lord Lovel, Lord Batesman, Lord Henry, Lord Randal,
Lord Banner, etc.

Liza Jane

Matthy Grove. The little foot-page.

He bent to his breast and he run (or swum)

Tingled at the ring

The Devil taking away the farmer's wife

One morning, one morning in May

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies

There's herbs in my father's garden

If I go ten thousand miles

When cockle shells turn silver bells . . .
And fades away like morning dew.

Down in the valley

Keemo, kimo, dear-o dime

Green grows the laurel (lilacs) . . .
And change the green laurel for the red, white, and blue.

Seven long years I served my king

Once I courted a fair beauty bright,
I courted her by day and I courted her by night.

How old are you, my pretty little Miss? . . .
I'll be sixteen next Sunday.

George Riley

The red rose and the green brier

Molly Vaughan (Bond, Bawn) or Polly Vann

The soldier and the lady

They rode till they came to the water side,
Twas just three hours till day.

Riddle songs: What is higher than a tree, what is deeper than the sea?
I gave my love a cherry without any stone.

Andrew Barton

Perry, merry, dixie, dominee

A ship named "The Mary Golden Tree," "The Green Willow Tree," or
"The Sweet Trinity"

There was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell.

There was an old woman, skin and bones.

A pretty fair maid all in a garden

The banks of Claudie

Jacky Frazer. Poor Jack has gone a-sailing

The girl who dressed in man's clothes and went to sea (or to the
battlefield) to find her lover

Young Edwin (or Edward) who plows the Lowlands low

And it's hard times . . .

O captain, captain, tell me true. Does my sweet Willie sail with you?

Caroline of Edinboro Town

The moon had climbed the highest hill

Down in Carlisle there lived a lady

Groundhog hunting

There was a rich lady, from London she came;
A beauty she was, called Sally (or Sarah) by name.

As I was a-walking . . .

Dog and gun. . . I'll be the mistress of your dairy, the milker of your
cows

What luck had you, dear Johnny? What luck at sea had you?
My daughter Polly lies dreaming of you.

There was a little family that lived in Bethany

The very first blessing that Mary had, it was the blessing of one,
To see her little Jesus was God's only son.

The young man who wouldn't hoe corn

Once I had plenty of thyme

Come all you fair and tender ladies

I wish I was a little sparrow

I'll build me a castle on the mountain so high

Come all you good people, I pray you draw near

In New York City (or Jersey City) where I did dwell
A butcher boy I loved so well.

Three farmers went a-hunting, and the first thing they did find

I came to this country in Eighteen-forty-nine

Black is the color of my true love's hair

Jacob's ladder

Monday, boys, I got me a wife

My parents treated me tenderly, provided for me well

Young Johnny Scott—fell in love with King Henry's daughter

My dearest dear, the time draws near
When you and I must part.

O love, O love, it's yours I'd be, But *locks and bolts* do hinder . . .

Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a sheep

Some say Noah was a good old man,
Built his ark on the sandy land.

What'll we do with the baby-O?

The woman and the three little pigs

The higher up the cherry tree

Fair Charlotte or Young Charlotte or Fair Charlottie

Fire in the mountains, run, boys, run

My grandmother lived on yonder little green

The oyster girl and the soldier

The first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me

Then she'll be a true lover of mine

Samuel Hall

Where are you going, my good old man?
Best old soul in the world.

All in the woods there stood a tree,
Prettiest tree you ever did see.

Frog went a-courting, he did ride

Who killed Cock Robin?

Kitty alone

When I was a little boy I lived by myself

Go tell Aunt Patsy (Rhody, Dinah, etc)

Billy Boy

Down by the seashore

At the foot of the mountain there lived a . . .

Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine

Irish Molly-O

Light o'love

She pulled out a silver dagger

Captain Kidd

Is this the promise you made to me?

Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?

All down by the silvery tide

On to Richmond, early in the morning

Other songs of the War Between the States

Two little brothers going to school

I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,
But I never saw a milch cow with a saddle on before.

Down along the coast of high Barbary

William Hall

The old woman went to the 'pothecary shop
To see if she could not find
Something to make her old man blind.

The tailor and the bosun's wife

Old Rosin the Beau

Songs of fox-hunting

Wild Bill Jones

The miller called up his eldest son . . .
Unto you the mill I'll give.

Jesse James

And the Devil took away the little tailor boy
With the broadcloth under his arm.

There was a man in ancient times
The Scripture doth inform us.

Lord, I wish I was a single girl again

John Hardy was a desperate little man

I'll give to you a paper of pins

I walked out one morning in May

Come in, come in, my own true love,
And stay awhile with me.

Pretty Peggy-O

I belong to that jovial crew,
And nobody cares for me.

O Father, Father, build me a boat

Down by the greenwood side

Casey Jones. The Wreck of Number Nine. Old 97. Other railroad songs.

On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover by courting too slow.

John Henry

Six kings' daughters I've drowned here,
And you the seventh shall be.

Sweet Betsy from Pike

Home came his horse but never came he

As the dew blows over the green valley

How come that blood all over your shirt?
My son, come tell it to me.

It rained a mist and it rained a mist,
It rained all over the town.

Old Bangum and the wild boar

First that came was a maiden, combing out her locks.
She said she saw Bold Reynard, 'mongst the geese and ducks.

The House Carpenter

Well met, well met, my own true love

There were two crows sat on a tree

Tom Lynn or Tom Bolynn

Sweet William rose on a merry May morn
And dressed himself in blue.

Go dig my grave both wide and deep

Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he

Light down, light down, Love Henry, she said

Lady Marg'ret

O Mother, O Mother, come riddle my riddle,
Come riddle it all as one.

Go saddle me my milk-white steed,
The brown he aint so speedy.

Who will shoe my pretty little feet,
And who will glove my hand?

George Collins rode home one cold winter night

Hangman, hangman, slack your rope; slack it for awhile

Any songs about Robinhood

I'll set my foot in the bottom of a boat
And sail across the sea.

Naomi Wise or Omie Wise

As he sailed, as he sailed

Last night there were four Maries,
Tonight there'll be but three.

Betsy Bell and Mary Gray, they were two bonny lasses

George came riding through the town, A-taking leave of many . . .
For he was of a noble blood, And loved by a royal lady.

. . . Henry Martin, the youngest of the three,
That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea.
To maintain his two brothers and he.

Three times 'round went our gallant ship, And three times around
went she . . .

The landlubbers (or landsmen) lying down below, below, below.

We killed ten thousand of the French,
The rest they ran away.

Where have you been, Johnny Randolph, my son?

John of the Hazelgreen

The Big Sheep. The Darby Ram.
If you go down to Darby Town, You'll see him the same as I.

I will sing you One-O . . .
One is one and stands alone, and evermore shall be so.

Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper

Early, early in the Spring

There was an old man, he lived in the West, Dandoo, dandoo.

The green willow tree

My name it is Joe Bowers, I have a brother Ike

I'm a poor lonesome stranger (soldier) and a long way from home

O Brother Green, do come to me,
For I am shot and bleeding.

This likely youth one day did go
Down to the meadow for to mow.

I asked my love to take a walk. To walk a little ways with me

I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me

My mother told me to give him a chair,
O no, I won't have him.

Go and leave me if you wish to,
Never let me cross your mind.

Katie Morey

I must and I will get married

To the merry broomfield

Billy Grimes

The farmer boy who sold the cow at the fair

Bell-bottom trousers and coats of navy blue

My love came to my bed side

Once I had a sweetheart,
A sweetheart brave and true.

The little Mohee

I'll not marry at all, at all,
And I'll not marry at all.

Frankie and Johnny were lovers

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground

"No home, no home," cried the orphan girl

It first gave fire, and then gave smoke,
And then give my shoulder a devil of a jolt.

Rabbit hipped and rabbit hopped,
Rabbit nipped my turnip top.

Fare you well, charming Nancy

Bury me beneath the willow,
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

Meet me by moonlight alone

Sir Patrick Spence

Once in my saddle I used to go dashing

The foggy, foggy dew

On the greenbrier shore

First he kissed her ruby lips
And then he kissed her chin.

Sister, Sister, make my bed,
My wounds are very sore.

The first landlord was dressed in blue

What do you will to your mother (father, sweetheart, etc.)?

O babes, O babes, if you were mine
I'd dress you up in silk so fine.

Go pull my shirt from off my back
And tear it from gore to gore.

Darling Cora (Corey)

When young men go courting
They dress up so fine.

Will the Weaver was a chimney-sweeper

Sally (Georgia) Buck

I was born in old Virginia,
To North Carolina I did go.
There I courted a fair young lady
But her name I did not know.

Bill Stafford in old Arkansaw

The Quaker lover

Old woman, old woman, don't you want me to court you?
Speak a little louder, sir, I just begin to hear you.

I love my love with a free good will

Chickens a-crowing on Sourwood Mountain

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me.
Fed my cat under yonders tree.

Abdul Abulbul Amir

He sailed East and he sailed West,
Until he came to the Turkish shore.

Bold Lamkin

There was a youth and a comely youth,
And he was a squire's son.

King Henry he came in the time of her need

O come go back, my pretty little Miss

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

Don't you crow till it's almost day,
And your comb shall be of the pure ivory.

Although he had been twelve months dead
He rode a milk-white steed.

Sing tie-ro-e-ratteling day

She took him by the lily-white hand
And led him to the table.

Here's cakes and wine for you, young man,
To eat and drink we're able.

The blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green

The pretty little babes in the woods

In Portage Town there lived a merchant;
He had two sons and a daughter dear.

Dicky said to Johnson one cold winter's day

Steamboat Bill

She called for a silver basin
To catch her heart's blood in.

When they go to milk, they milk in the gourd

If you want to go a-courting

Down in the lone green valley

Don't place your affections on a green-growing tree

Come all young men and learn of me
My sad and mournful history.

Johnny Doyle (Dile)

The carrion crow

The squirrel is a pretty thing,
It carries a bushy tail.

What are little boys made of?

Cripple Creek girls, don't you want to go to town?

Cotton-eyed Joe

I wish I were on yonder hill,
There I'd sit and cry my fill.

Johnny Sands

The lily of the West

She had a large fortune in silver and gold

On the banks of sweet Dundee

The drummer boy of Waterloo

I wish I was single again

Old Boney

The boll weevil song

Lulu

I am a roving gambler, I've gambled all around

Rinordine

John, John, John, the grey goose (or black duck) is gone

But she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

The Romish lady

My true love has gone to France

Frankie she's a good girl
Everybody knows.

I went down to St. James Infirmary

The man who put the sheep's skin on his wife's back and beat her

Springfield Mountain

I had a true love but she left me

A soldier's poor little boy

Ida Red

The shabby genteel

I wouldn't marry an old man

I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid

The Midnight Special

Michael Roy

Bingo

We could whip them two to one and do it handy-O

Little brown jug

Ten thousand miles away

Two sisters: one drowns the other, and the miller fishes her out

PLAY-PARTIES

Looby Loo. Ugly Mug.

Old Roger (Grimes, Pompey, etc.) is dead and laid in his grave

Jolly is the miller

Go in and out the windows
 We're marching 'round the levee
 When I was a young girl
 Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows
 Now you're married you must obey
 Shall I go bound, shall I go free?
 Here sits a young lady
 As I walked out one morning in May
 As I was walking down the street
 King William was King George's (David's, James') son
 Green gravel
 Jump Jim Crow
 Charlie, he's a nice young man
 Weevily wheat
 London Bridge
 Fly little bluebird
 Skip to my Lou
 Here come three farmers (hogdrovers, sailors, etc.), three—we are,
 A-courting your daughter, so gay and so fair.
 Johnny Brown
 Come, Mr. Landers (Philanders), let us be a-marching
 Miss Jennie Jones
 I went to see a friend one day
 Captain Jenks of the horse marines
 Here come three dukes a-riding
 Shoot the buffalo
 We are the Roman soldiers
 The noble Duke of York, he had ten thousand men
 Bow Belinda
 I got a girl in Baltimore
 Coffee grows on a whiteoak tree

Buffalo gals
 Can't dance Josie
 Draw a bucket of water
 Consolation flowing tree
 Down the wilderness
 Get along home, Cindy
 The girl I left behind me
 I wish I was a Granger (a farmer)
 Mississippi River I'm bound to cross
 It rains and it hails, it's cold stormy weather
 I've been to the East and I've been to the West
 She sat down in a sad condition
 Mourning the loss of her own true love
 Round up four in Jutang, Jutang Ju
 Killa Macranky
 Had a little fight in Mexico
 Went up on the mountain top To give my horn a blow
 I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry
 The ocean is wide and I can't step it
 Lead her up and down the old brass wagon
 Old Dan Tucker
 Sandy Land
 Pig in the parlor
 Polly put the kettle on
 Possum up the simmon tree
 Run, nigger, run, the patterol will get you
 Sandy, he belongs to the mill
 Shoo fly, don't bother me
 Walk and talk together on a long summer day
 Three little girls went skating
 Tideo (Todeo, Teddy-o)
 Walking on the green grass, Dusty, dusty, dust

LIST OF RECORDINGS OF "FOLKSONGS", sung in Northumberland County, New Brunswick - the so-called "Miramichi area".

1. THE HOME BREW SONG, written by Frank O'Hara of Grey Rapids, while serving a term in jail for selling home brew - about 1926. Tune said to be that of the BANKS OF THE GASPETREUX.
2. THE LUMBERMEN'S ALPHABET
3. FOUR AND TWENTY BRISK YOUNG SEAMEN, or WILLY TAYLOR
4. THE WEXFORD LASS
5. PETER EMBERLEY, the great song of the Miramichi lumber woods, written by John Calhoun of Boiestown, set to an unidentified tune by Abraham Munn (mixo-lydian mode?). A faithful rendering of the original tune, not the jingle to which it is sometimes sung in Nova Scotia.
6. PETER EMBERLEY, another version, words and tune considerably altered by the singer.
7. IF YOU'LL ONLY LET LIQUOR ALONE. A 19th Century "popular" song.
8. MARY MAHONEY, satirical song by Larry Gorman, the Miramichi and Maine woods balladist, circa 1880.
9. THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF AUGUST, or THE GREEN GARDEN FIELDS .
10. THE SHANTYMAN'S ALPHABET, variant of No. 2.
11. BUNCHY RIVER, a poor rendering.
12. THE GULL DECOY, the earliest Larry Gorman song we have (written before 1873)
13. THE EIGHT-POUND BASS, song about fishing up the Miramichi River. Tune, "The Beefsteak that I Ordered Never Came".
14. ROCKY BROOK, or SAMUEL ALLEN, words by John Calhoun, author of PETER EMBERLEY. Poor rendering.
15. JOHN LADNER, singer had a cold, so record does not sound well.
16. THE DUNGARVON WHOOPER, story of the famous Miramichi ghost, written in the 1890's by Michael Whelan, the "poet of the Rencous". Tune resembles "Where the silvery Colorado Sweeps Along".
17. THE BANKS OF THE MIRAMICHI, written by Pat Hurley, of Miramichi. Tune Texas Ranger?
18. THE BLUE BLRD, song about the Chatham, Miramichi, water boat. Written by Martin Sullivan, a "cow-doctor" of Kouchibouguac, circa 1885. Tune resembles "Wearin' of the Green".
19. THE SCOW ON COWDEN SHORE, Larry Gorman's song written in the 1880's. Poor rendering, see No. 27 for a good one.

MIRAMICHI FOLKSONGS - 2

20. YOUNG MILMAN, or THE TUPLIN SONG, story of the murder of Mary Tuplin on Prince Edward Island in the 1880's. Tune, "The Ship's Carpenter". Very poor rendering.
21. THE MIRAMICHI FIRE, story of the Great Fire of 1825, written shortly after the Fire by John Jardine. This is not the "original tune", but one made up by the singer himself. Very good.
22. DOWN AT THE WANGAN, Fragment, probably about 1890.
23. THE JONES BOYS, Lord Beaverbrook's favorite Miramichi song. Fragment
24. ROCKY BROOK (see No. 14) Poor rendering, singer with cold.
25. BUNCHY RIVER (see No. 11) Poor rendering also.
26. WILD COLONIAL BOY, Australian bushranger song, popular in the woods Very good.
27. THE SCOW ON COWDEN SHORE (see No. 23) Excellent.
28. THE MONCTON TRAGEDY, also known as the SULLIVAN MURDER, the MEADOW BROOK TRAGEDY, and the DUTCHER MURDER - a sordid murder near Moncton, N.B. in the 1890's.
29. HOWARD CAREY, written by Joe Scott of Grand Falls, N.B.
30. THE MAID OF TIDE HEAD, a Restigouche song.
31. PEELHEAD, written by William McKay. Satirical song about a lumber operation. Tune, "The Darby Ram".
32. THE EIGHT-POUND BASS (see No. 13). This has piano accompaniment.
33. LESLIE ALLEN, story of a man lost while hunting, written by Michael Whelan. Tune, one of the "Barbara Allen" ones.
34. GROWING OLD TOGETHER, composed words and music by George E. Duplessis of Eek River Bridge, as a tribute to his wife.
35. A STRANGER FAR FROM HOME, traditional song.
36. THE JAM ON GERRY'S ROCK, one of the later versions.
37. THE SHIP'S CARPENTER
38. CHARLEY BELL, written by Patsy Murphy. Poor rendering of an interesting song.
39. HARRY DUNN, or THE WOODS OF MICHIGAN
40. THE DESERTED SOLDIER. American Civil war song?
41. MY MOTHER'S GRAVE, sentimental "popular" song.
42. THE SOLDIER'S LETTER. American Civil war song.
43. THE DYING RANGER. Mexican War?

MIRAMICHI FOLKSONGS - 3

44. FRENCH SONG - Actually a translation of the English popular song, LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY. Translation made by the singer, who heard that I wanted a "French song".
45. FRENCH SONG, Oubliez-moi, Soyez hereux.
46. The Garden Concert.
47. FAREWELL, ADIEU
48. BE HOME EARLY TONIGHT, MY DEAR BOY.
49. THE BOSTON BURGLAR.
50. THE LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN
51. WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE
52. THE BLACK SHEEP, another sentimental song.
53. THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS, ditto
54. THE HOME SWEET HOME SONG, ditt..
55. WE LIVE ON THE MIRAMICHI, by a local composer, circa 1954
56. WE LIVE ON THE MIRAMICHI, another rendering.
57. BARNEY AND KATY, Folksong from Maine.
58. FAIR FANNY MOORE
59. YOUNG JOSEPHINE, or THE ROSY BANKS SO GREEN
60. MICHAEL DIGNAM'S SPREE, typical old-time satirical song. An old tune (see MARY MAHONEY)
61. THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA
62. THE PRIDE OF GLENCOE
63. THE HAPAN HEROES, local tale of a duel.
64. ROCKY BROOK, still another attempt, singer had cold also, so poor rendering. See Nos. 14, 24.
65. WATER CRESSSES, interesting old English ballad.
66. JOHN LADNER (see 15), another rendering.
67. JEREMIAH OF BARTIBOGUE, local song. Tune, Lord Bateman?
68. GUY READE, well known New Brunswick woods song, poor rendering.
69. THE LOST JIMMY WHALEN.
70. THE WEDDING AT KOUCHIBOUGUAC, local satirical song.

MIRAMICHI FOLKSONGS - 4

71. THE WILD MEETEETUX MUSTARD RIVER
72. THAT BIG WILDCAT BACK ON THE PIPE LINE, local satirical song. Interesting.
73. MANTLE SO GREEN
74. THE TWO LITTLE ORPHANS
75. THE DARK-EYED SAILOR
76. THE FARMER'S SON AND THE SHANTY BOY, poor rendering.
77. THE ROSY BANKS OF GREEN, also very poor.
78. THE VACANT CHAIR, American Civil War song.
79. WASHBURN'S GEESE, local song, somewhat ribald, but seems to resemble the mediaeval songs of birds and animals.
80. MANTLE SO GREEN, very fine rendering.
81. WEDDING OF DARBY MOSHAWH
82. THE FIRST YOUNG MAN CAME A-COURTING ME
83. MICMAC SONG
84. THE MIRAMICHI FIRE, Fragment of another version.
85. NORTHERN LIGHTS, Singing for a Dance, no accompaniment.
86. Indian Dance, by Micmac Indian, shouts and rhythmic accompaniment.
87. MICMAC SONG, Song of the two Lovers (see 83)
88. LA ROSE DU ROSIER, French song.
89. FIDDLE TUNES, violin and piano - THE MIRAMICHI FIRE, HIGH LEVEL HORNPIPE, CAPPER FEE, OFF SHE GOES TO MIRAMICHI, NEWCASTLE HILL. These are all local tunes, used for dances in the country.

LIST OF SONGS RECORDED ON TAPE, not to be
included in the Lord Beaverbrook Collection.

THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA. This song commemorates the famous Battle of Alma, 1854, in the Crimean War. Jared MacLean, who sings it, says he learned it from his mother. The Library of Congress Collection, Washington, has a recording of this.

MY OLD TAR PAPER SHACK OUT ON THE PLAIN. This song was made up by Jared MacLean, and he sings it to an old hymn tune, "Lily of the Valley".

THE PRIDE OF GLENCOE. This Scottish song is very popular in Miramichi, and Wilmot "obliges" with it at parties in his neighborhood. He sings it in the true Gaelic style, high and a bit strained, as they sing it at the "Mod" in Cape Breton, and as Wilmot's forbears sang it in the Black River district of Northumberland County. (Sung by Wilmot Macdonald)

NAPAN HEROES. This song is very popular in the Napan, Northumberland County, district. It tells of a four-hour-long duel, fought on the ice about 70 years ago, by one Robert Sweezey and another man, suitors for the hand of a fair Napan lady. I regret to say the ungrateful lady married ~~neither~~ neither of them, but another suitor. She is still living, aged 86, in Napan. Sung by Arthur Macdonald. *W-20 m 1949*

ROCKY BROOK. This is the sad story of Samuel Allen, written by John Calhoun, of Beiestown, author of "Peter Suterley", and is one of the best of our woods ballads. Sung by Stanley Macdonald. (Stanley has a very good voice, but I am afraid this song may be a little hoarse.)

WATER CRESSES. This is an old English ballad, which Wilmot Macdonald heard years ago from an old man called John Wright, "the only man that ever I heard sing it". There is no recording of it in the Library of Congress.

JOHN LADNER. Another song of a man who was killed on the Drives, written by Jimmie McRee of Prince Edward Island, about 1900, sung to an old P.E.I. tune. Sung by Stanley Macdonald.

JEREMIAH OF BARTIBOG. This was written in the 1880's, and I suspect it is by Martin Sullivan, author of the "Blue Bird", the song about the Miramichi waterboat, and of a popular election ballad, in which the ghosts are pictured as coming from Moorfields Graveyard to vote. Martin Sullivan was a "cow doctor" from Kouchibouguac, and wrote many satirical songs of the Miramichi, usually to be sung to such well known tunes as "The Wearing of the Green". This song is sung by Donald Macdonald.

GUY READE. Another tragedy of the woods. The Library of Congress has no recording of this. Sung by Fred McMahon.

THE LOST JIMMY WHALEN. This song is very popular in Maine and New Brunswick, and is said to have the most beautiful air of any song in the Northeast. Especially mentioned by Eckstorn & Smyth. The Library of Congress has a recording of this. Sung by Fred McMahon.

THE WEDDING AT KOUCHIBOUGUAC. Another satirical ballad, full of local allusions - made up by "Bill McKnight and a Jerdan", two disgruntled souls who were not asked to the wedding. It seems the bride was "homely as a hedge fence", so the references to her as "the prioress of Kouchibouguac" are though particularly funny. Sung by Arthur Macdonald.

THE WILD MUSTARD RIVER. I am told this is a local song, and that Douglas made it up. It likely hails from Michigan, and the Library of Congress has a recording of it. Douglas Macdonald sings it, he is perhaps the only man around here who does, and it is considered his song.

THAT BIG WILDCAT BACK ON THE PIPE LINE. Another local song, made up by Jared MacLean.

MANTLE SO GREEN. This is the Waterloo song, "Fain Waterloo", with a refrain about "Nancy, lovely Nancy". It is a very pretty ballad, sung by Stanley Macdonald.

MICMAC GROUP, sung by Mrs. Sarah Ginnish, Mel Ground, Northumberland County.

GOD SAVE THE KING

1918, a song brought home by the Indians from France, after the first World War. A very monotonous song, perhaps based on the sound of the fife?

CHRISTMAS HYMN, a Catholic hymn, used by the Indians as a lullaby.

SONG FOR RAIN AND SNOW AND WIND AND STARS, Mrs. Ginnish said that this was a Micmac song, used to bring rain - I believe, however, that it is the Magnificat in Micmac.

SONG OF TWO LOVERS, words and music said to have been made up by Joe Simonds, an Indian who lives at Red Pine, near here, and makes up many songs. It is the story of two lovers who lived a year in the woods - one evening the girl went out to pick spruce gum, and the young man ran away. When she found she was deserted, the girl sat down beside the forest path and sang a pitiful lament, and the lover finally came back.

Mrs. Ginnish says Joe Simonds sang in the war (World War I) and sang when the soldiers were ready to go into action.

LIST OF RECORDINGS OF "FOLKSONGS", sung in Northwestern
County, New Brunswick - the so-called "Miramichi area".

1. THE HOME BROWN SONG, written by Frank O'Hara of Grey Rapids, while serving a term in jail for selling home brew - about 1926. Tune said to be that of the BANKS OF THE GASTREAU.
2. THE LUMBERMAN'S ALPHABET
3. FOUR AND TWENTY BRICK YOUNG SEAMEN, or WILLY TAYLOR
4. THE WEXFORD LASS
5. PETER EMERLEY, the great song of the Miramichi lumber woods, written by John Calhoun of Golestown, set to an unidentified tune by Abraham Mann (mixo-lydian mode?). A faithful rendering of the original tune, not the jingle to which it is sometimes sung in Nova Scotia.
6. PETER EMERLEY, another version, words and tune considerably altered by the singer.
7. IF YOU'LL ONLY LET LIQUOR ALONE. A 19th century "popular" song.
8. MARY MAHONEY, satirical song by Larry Gorman, the Miramichi and Maine woods balladist, circa 1880.
9. THE NINETEENTH DAY OF AUGUST, or THE GREEN GARDEN FIELDS.
10. THE SHANTYMAN'S ALPHABET, variant of No. 2.
11. BUNCHY RIVER, a poor rendering.
12. THE GULL DECOY, the earliest Larry Gorman song we have (written before 1878)
13. THE EIGHT-POUND BASS, song about fishing up the Miramichi River. Tune, "The Beefeater that I Ordered Never Came".
14. ROCKY BROOK, or SAMUEL ALLEN, words by John Calhoun, author of PETER EMERLEY. Poor rendering.
15. JOHN LADNER, singer had a cold, so record does not sound well.
16. THE DUNGEON WHOOPER, story of the famous Miramichi ghost, written in the 1920's by Michael Whelan, the "poet of the Renana". Tune resembles "Where the silvery Colorado Sweeps Along".
17. THE BANKS OF THE MIRAMICHI, written by Pat Hurley, of Miramichi. Tune Texas Rangers?
18. THE BLUE BIRD, song about the Chatham, Miramichi, water boat. Written by Martin Sullivan, a "cow-doctor" of Hopedale, circa 1885. Tune resembles "Wexin' of the Green".
19. THE SONG ON COWDEN SHORE, Larry Gorman's song written in the 1880's. Poor rendering, see No. 27 for a good one.

43. THE DYING RANGER. Mexican War?

42. THE SOLDIER'S LETTER. American Civil War song.

41. MY MOTHER'S GRAVE, sentimental "popular" song.

40. THE DESERTED SOLDIER. American Civil War song?

39. HARRY DUNE, or THE WOODS OF MICHIGAN

38. CHARLEY BELL, written by Patsy Murphy. Poor rendering of an interesting song.

37. THE SHIP'S CARPENTER

36. THE LAM ON GERRY'S ROCK, one of the later versions.

35. A STRANGER FAR FROM HOME, traditional song.

34. GROWING OLD TOGETHER, composed words and music by George E. Dapless of Eads River Bridge, as a tribute to his wife.

33. LESLIE ALLEN, story of a man lost while hunting, written by Michael Whelan. Tune, one of the "Barbara Allen" ones.

32. THE EIGHT-POUND BASS (see No. 18). This has piano accompaniment.

31. BEEHIVE, written by William McKay. Satirical song about a lumber operation. Tune, "The Dandy Ram".

30. THE MAID OF TIDE HEAD, a Resistancé song.

29. HOWARD CAREY, written by Joe Scott of Grand Falls, N.B.

28. THE MONKTON TRAGEDY, also known as the SULLIVAN MURDER, the MEADOW BROOK TRAGEDY, and the DUTCHER MURDER - a sordid murder near Monkton, N.B. in the 1890's.

27. THE SCOW ON COWDEN SHORE (see No. 23) Excellent.

26. WILD COLONIAL BOY, Australian bushranger song, popular in the woods. Very good.

25. BUNCHY RIVER (see No. 11) Poor rendering also.

24. ROCKY BROOK (see No. 14) Poor rendering, singer with cold.

23. THE JONES BOYS, Lord Beaverbrook's favorite Miramichi song. Fragment

22. DOWN AT THE WAGAM, fragment, probably about 1890.

21. THE MIRAMICHI FIRE, story of the Great Fire of 1825, written shortly after the fire by John Jardine. This is not the "original tune", but one made up by the singer himself. Very good.

20. YOUNG MILLMAN, or THE TUPPIN SONG, story of the murder of Mary Tuppin on Prince Edward Island in the 1880's. Tune, "The Ship's Carpenter". Very poor rendering.

44. FRENCH SONG - Actually a translation of the English popular song, LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY. Translation made by the singer, who heard that I wanted a "French song".
45. FRENCH SONG, Oublier-moi, Souverainement.
46. The Garden Concert.
47. FARSWELL, ADIEU
48. BE HOME EARLY TONIGHT, MY DEAR BOY.
49. THE BOSTON BURGALAR.
50. THE LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN
51. WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE
52. THE BLACK SHEEP, another sentimental song.
53. THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS, ditto
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55. WE LIVE ON THE MIRAMICHI, by a local composer, circa 1954
56. WE LIVE ON THE MIRAMICHI, another rendering.
57. BARRY AND KATY, folksong from Maine.
58. PAIR FANNY MOORE
59. YOUNG JOSEPHINE, or THE ROSE BARKS SO GREEN
60. MICHAEL DIGNAM'S SPREE, typical old-time satirical song. An old time (see MARY MAHONEY)
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78. THE VACANT CHAIR, American Civil War song.
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85. NORTHERN LIGHTS, singing for a dance, no accompaniment.
86. Indian Dance, by Miwac Indian, shouts and rhythmic accompaniment.
87. MICMAC SONG, Song of the two Lovers (see 83)
88. LA ROSE DU ROSIER, French song.
89. RIDDLE TUNES, violin and piano - THE MIRAMICHI FIRE, HIGH LEVEL HORNSHIP, CAPPER FEE, ONE SHE GOES TO MIRAMICHI, NEWCASTLE HILL. These are all local tunes, used for dances in the country.

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THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA. This song commemorates the famous Battle of Alma, 1854, in the Crimean War. Lord Macleay, who sings it, says he learned it from his mother. The Library of Congress Collection, Washington, has a recording of this.

OLD TAR PAPER SHACK OUT ON THE PLAIN. This song was made up by Lord Macleay, and he sings it to an old hymn tune, "Lily of the Valley".

THE BRIDE OF GLENCOE. This Scottish song is very popular in Mirlamichi, and Wilmot "obliges" with it at parties in his neighborhood. He sings it in the true Gaelic style, high and a bit strained, as they sing it at the "Mog" in Cape Breton, and as Wilmot's forebears sang it in the Black River district of Northumberland County. (Sung by Wilmot Macdonald.)

PLAN HEROES. This song is very popular in the Wapan, Northumberland County, district. It tells of a four-hour-long duel, fought on the ice about 70 years ago, by one Robert Sweetey and another man, suitors for the hand of a fair Wapan lady. I regret to say the unfortunate lady married neither of them, but another suitor. She is still living, aged 88, in Wapan. Sung by Arthur Macdonald.

ROCKY BROOK. This is the sad story of Samuel Allen, written by John Galton, of Boiestown, author of "Peter Embery", and is one of the best of our woods ballads. Sung by Stanley Macdonald. (Stanley has a very good voice, but I am afraid this song may be a little hoarse.)

THE CRISSES. This is an old English ballad, which Wilmot Macdonald heard years ago from an old man called John Wright, "the only man that ever I heard sing it". There is no recording of it in the Library of Congress.

THE LADDER. Another song of a man who was killed on the Drives, written by Jimmie Moore of Prince Edward Island, about 1900, sung to an old P.E.I. tune. Sung by Stanley Macdonald.

WHEN OF BARTIBOG. This was written in the 1880's, and I suspect it is by Martin Sullivan, author of the "Rime Bird", the song about the Mirlamichi waterboat, and of a popular election ballad, in which the ghosts are pictured as coming from Moorfields Graveyard to vote. Martin Sullivan was a "cow doctor" from Kownan-bouasse, and wrote many satirical songs of the Mirlamichi, usually to be sung to such well known tunes as "The Weaving of the Green". This song is sung by Donald Macdonald.

Y READE. Another tragedy of the woods. The Library of Congress has no recording of this. Sung by Fred McMahon.

LOST LIMBY WHALEN. This song is very popular in Maine and New Brunswick, and is said to have the most beautiful air of any song in the Northwest. Especially mentioned by Ekaterina Smyth. The Library of Congress has a recording of this. Sung by Fred McMahon.

THE WEDDING AT KONOCHIBOUAGUA. Another satirical ballad, full of local allusions - made up by "Bill Macdonald and a Jordan", two disgruntled souls who were not asked to the wedding. It seems the bride was "homely as a hedge fence", so the references to her as "the princess of Konochibouagua" are through particularly funny. Sung by Arthur Macdonald.

THE WILD MUSTARD RIVER. I am told this is a local song, and that Douglas made it up. It likely tells from Michigan, and the library of Congress has a recording of it. Douglas Macdonald sings it. He is perhaps the only man around here who does, and it is considered his song.

THAT BIG WILDCAT BACK ON THE PIPE LINE. Another local song, made up by Jared MacLean.

WANTIE SO GREEN. This is the Waterloo song, "Rain Waterloo", with a refrain about "Nancy, lovely Nancy". It is a very pretty ballad, sung by Stanley Macdonald.

MIKMAO GROUP, sung by Mrs. Sarah Ginnish, Red Ground, Northwestland County.

GOD SAVE THE KING

1918, a song brought home by the Indians from France, after the first world war. A very monotonous song, perhaps based on the sound of the rifle?

CHRISTMAS HYMN, a Catholic hymn, used by the Indians as a lullaby.

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MIRAMICHI FOLKSONGS - 2

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57. BARNEY AND KATY, Folksong from Maine.
58. PAIR FANNY MOORE
59. YOUNG JOSEPHINE, or THE ROSY BANKS SO GREEN
60. MICHAEL DIGNAM'S SPREE, typical old-time satirical song. An old tune (see MARY MAHONEY)
61. THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA
62. THE PRIDE OF GLENCOE
63. THE MAPAN HEROES, local tale of a duel.
64. ROCKY BROOK, still another attempt, singer had cold also, so poor rendering. See Nos. 14, 24.
65. WATER CRESSES, interesting old English ballad.
66. JOHN LADNER (see 15), another rendering.
67. JEREMIAH OF BARTIBOGUE, local song. Tune, Lord Bateman?
68. GUY READE, well known New Brunswick woods song, poor rendering.
69. THE LOST JIMMY WHALEN.
70. THE WEDDING AT KOUCHIBOUGUAC, local satirical song.

71. THE WILD ~~MUSTARD~~ MUSTARD RIVER
72. THAT BIG WILDCAT BACK ON THE PIPE LINE, local satirical song. Interesting.
73. MANTLE SO GREEN
74. THE TWO LITTLE ORPHANS
75. THE DARK-EYED SAILOR
76. THE FARMER'S SON AND THE SHANTY BOY, poor rendering.
77. THE ROSY BANKS OF GREEN, also very poor.
78. THE VACANT CHAIR, American Civil War song.
79. WASHBURN'S GEESE, local song, somewhat ribald, but seems to resemble the mediaeval songs of birds and animals.
80. MANTLE SO GREEN, very fine rendering.
81. WEDDING OF DARBY McSHAWN
82. THE FIRST YOUNG MAN CAME A-COURTING ME
83. MICMAC SONG
84. THE MIRAMICHI FIRE, Fragment of another version.
85. NORTHERN LIGHTS, Singing for a Dance, no accompaniment.
86. Indian Dance, by Micmac Indian, shouts and rhythmic accompaniment.
87. MICMAC SONG, Song of the two Lovers (see 83)
88. LA ROSE DU ROSIER, French song.
89. FIDDLE TUNES, violin and piano - THE MIRAMICHI FIRE, HIGH LEVEL HORNPIPE, CAPPER FEE, OFF SHE GOES TO MIRAMICHI, NEWCASTLE HILL. These are all local tunes, used for dances in the country.

LIST OF SONGS RECORDED ON TAPE, not to be
included in the Lord Seaverbrook Collection.

THE HEIGHTS OF ALMA. This song commemorates the famous Battle of Alma, 1854, in the Crimean War. Jared MacLean, who sings it, says he learned it from his mother. The Library of Congress Collection, Washington, has a recording of this.

MY OLD TAR PAPER SHACK OUT ON THE PLAIN. This song was made up by Jared MacLean, and he sings it to an old hymn tune, "Lily of the Valley".

THE PRIDE OF GLENGOE. This Scottish song is very popular in Miramichi, and Wilmot "obliges" with it at parties in his neighborhood. He sings it in the true Gaelic style, high and a bit strained, as they sing it at the "Mod" in Cape Breton, and as Wilmot's forbears sang it in the Black River district of Northumberland County. (Sung by Wilmot Macdonald)

HAPAN HEROES. This song is very popular in the Hapan, Northumberland County, district. It tells of a four-hour-long duel, fought on the ice about 70 years ago, by one Robert Sweezey and another man, suitors for the hand of a fair Hapan lady. I regret to say the ungrateful lady married ~~neither~~ neither of them, but another suitor. She ~~is~~ still living, aged 86, in Hapan. Sung by Arthur Macdonald. *was in 1948*

ROCKY BROOK. This is the sad story of Samuel Allen, written by John Calhoun, of Boiestown, author of "Peter Emberley", and is one of the best of our woods ballads. Sung by Stanley Macdonald. (Stanley has a very good voice, but I am afraid this song may be a little hoarse.)

WATER CRESSES. This is an old English ballad, which Wilmot Macdonald heard years ago from an old man called John Wright, "the only man that ever I heard sing it". There is no recording of it in the Library of Congress.

JOHN LADNER. Another song of a man who was killed on the Drives, written by Jimmie McRee of Prince Edward Island, about 1900, sung to an old P.E.I. tune. Sung by Stanley Macdonald.

JEREMIAH OF BARTIBOG. This was written in the 1880's, and I suspect it is by Martin Sullivan, author of the "Blue Bird", the song about the Miramichi waterboat, and of a popular election ballad, in which the ghosts are pictured as coming from Moorfields Graveyard to vote. Martin Sullivan was a "cow doctor" from Kouchibouguac, and wrote many satirical songs of the Miramichi, usually to be sung to such well known tunes as "The Wearing of the Green". This song is sung by Donald Macdonald.

GUY READE. Another tragedy of the woods. The Library of Congress has ~~x~~ no recording of this. Sung by Fred McMahon.

THE LOST JIMMY WHALEN. This song is very popular in Maine and New Brunswick, and is said to have the most beautiful air of any song in the Northeast. Especially mentioned by Eckstorm & Smyth. The Library of Congress has a recording of this. Sung by Fred McMahon.

THE WEDDING AT KOUCHIBOUGUAC. Another satirical ballad, full of local allusions - made up by "Bill McKnight and a Jerdan", two disgruntled souls who were not asked to the wedding. It seems the bride was "homely as a hedge fence", so the references to her as "the primrose of Kouchibouguac" are though particularly funny. Sung by Arthur Macdonald.

THE WILD MUSTARD RIVER. I am told this is a local song, and that Douglas made it up. It likely hails from Michigan, and the Library of Congress has a recording of it. Douglas Macdonald sings it, he is perhaps the only man around here who does, and it is considered his song.

THAT BIG WILDCAT BACK ON THE PIPE LINE. Another local song, made up by Jared MacLean.

MANTLE SO GREEN. This is the Waterloo song, "Fain Waterloo", with a refrain about "Nancy, lovely Nancy". It is a very pretty ballad, sung by Stanley Macdonald.

MICMAC GROUP, sung by Mrs. Sarah Ginnish, Eel Ground, Northumberland County.

GOD SAVE THE KING

1918, a song brought home by the Indians from France, after the first World War. A very monotonous song, perhaps based on the sound of the fife?

CHRISTMAS HYMN, a Catholic hymn, used by the Indians as a lullaby.

SONG FOR RAIN AND SNOW AND WIND AND STARS, Mrs. Ginnish said that this was a Micmac song, used to bring rain - I believe, however, that it is the Magnificat in Micmac.

SONG OF TWO LOVERS, words and music said to have been made up by Joe Simonds, an Indian who lives at Red Pine, near here, and makes up many songs. It is the story of two lovers who lived a year in the woods - one evening the girl went out to pick spruce gum, and the young man ran away. When she found she was deserted, the girl sat down beside the forest path and sang a pitiful lament, and the lover finally came back.

Mrs. Ginnish says Joe Simonds sang in the War (World War I) and sang when the soldiers were ready to go into action.

WOODS SONGS IN THE NORTHEAST

1. BANKS OF THE GASPEREAUX
2. BANKS OF THE LITCKE EAU PLEINE
3. CHASE MARTIN AWAY
4. FARMERS SON AND THE SHANTYBOY
5. GUY REED
6. HARRY DUNN; The Woods of Michigan
7. JACK HAGGERTY
8. GERRY'S ROCK
9. JAMES WHALEN: "Concerning of a noble youth, JW he was called/ Was drowned off Peter McLaren's raft below the upper fall." George Whalen.
10. THE LOST JIMMY WHELAN
11. JIMMY DEERING
12. JIMMY JUDGES: Bonshee River "a little below Dun Coe" drowned when he fell through a jam. Found by fisherman's boy.
13. JOHN LADNER
14. JOHNNY STILES. Wild Mustard River: "We were rumped on the WMR/Just below the old Tamarack Dam/As we rose from our blankets one morning/we saw on the rocks a big jam." JS gets his foot caught.
15. THE LAC SAN PIERRE
16. THE LITTLE BROWN BULLS
17. THE LOGGERS BOAST: "Come all ye sons of freedom."
18. THE LUMBERMAN IN TOWN
19. LUMBERMAN'S ALPHABET
20. MCKINLEY BROOK: (N.B.)
21. YE MAIDENS OF ONTARIO: Simcoe, raftsmen.
22. THE MAINEITE IN PA.
23. MELL WHITTEN
24. PETER EMBERLY
25. PLAIN GOLDEN BAND.

26. THE RED LIGHT SALOON
27. ROCKY BROOK: Samuel Allen. Drowned when examining a roll dam and it gives way.
28. THE SHMNTYBOYS
29. THE SHANTYMAN'S LIFE
30. YOUNG FORBEST. "Come all young men from the Nashwaak/ It's of a young man I'm going to talk/ Young Elmer Forbest was this man's name/ of Christian parents this young man came" "Up John Sullivan's Hill." Load gives way, and he is killed: teamster/

~~31.~~

SONGS MORE LOCAL TO MAINE.

31. THE BURNING OF HENRY K. ROBINSON'S CAMP.
32. CANADAY*I*O
33. THE COLD OLD WINTER TIME
34. THE COOK AND THE TEAMSTER
35. DRINK ROUND BRAVE BOYS
36. DRIVING LOGS ON SCHOODIC
37. FALLING OF THE PINE
38. FAN JONES-- TOM DIXON
39. JOHN FERGUSON'S CREW. "There once was a man/in Howland did dwell/ His name was JF/ you all know him well." Operation up in Meadow Brook. Bad food.
40. JOHN ROBERTS
41. JOHN ROSS & KATAHDIN GREEN
42. JOHNNY HOLMES: The Little Barber
43. LANE CHEMA
44. LARRYGANS
45. LEWISTON FALLS
46. MAULING LIVE OAK
47. SANDY DREAM SONG: Edwin a Reed's operation near Katahdin 1874-75. Camp burned and he led party through much hardship to the depot camp.

- 48. TOM CRAY
- 49. TOMAH STREAM

GENERAL CHECKLIST FOR NORTHEAST SONGS

- 50. Charles Gustavus Anderson
- 51. THE GHOSTLY CREW
- 52. THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND
- 53. Any songs about sealing.
- 54. BEN DEANE
- 55. THE DEATH OF HERBERT RICE: lost off Block Is.
- 56. DEATH OF WILLIAM GILLEY: a two months bride tells how her husband went to sea and was never heard from again.
- 57. FIFTEEN SHIPS ON GEORGES BANKS
- 58. THE BOLD NORTHWESTERN MAN: Some Indians come aboard to sell furs; grab chest of arms and almost capture ship, beaten back. Village attacked to get back stolen goods.
"Twas on the 'Lady Washington' at Cowper where she lay/And by Queen Charlotte's Islands in North America"

59. THE EASTERN LIGHT: Grand Banks fishing. Strict Capt. McLeod drives his men hard until their provisions run out and they head back to Gloucester. "Twas of my sad misfortune in 1873/ I shipped aboard a fisherman right off a drunken spree."
60. BENNY SWIM: The Murder at Baton Ridge.
- 61/ ROOT, HOG, OR DIE: A trip to the Western Bank. "The night we shot in Portland Dock."
62. MEAGHERS CHIKDREN: The Little Lost Babes of Halifax.
63. HOWARD CAREY
64. HENRY K. SAWYER
65. THE MIRAMICHI FIRE
66. THE MILLMAN*TUPLIN SONG
67. LOSS OF THE ALBION. "The wreck of the A ship, my boys/
Upon the Irish coast/ And all her passengers and crew/
Were most completely lost."
68. THE HORTON'S IN! "Safe from the lions angry paw/
safe from the lapdog's snapping jaw/ Hurrah, Cape Ann
is sure to win/ The H's in! The H's in!"
69. THE MONCTON TRAGEDY: The Sullivan Murder, The Meadow Brook Tragedy, the Dutcher murder (Moncton, 1890's.
70. MURDER OF SARAH VAIL: Munroe Murder, John A. Munroe. (St. John, 1868).
71. JOHNNY DOYLE: "Her earrings busted and fell to the floor."
72. SCHOONER FRED DUNBAR
73. TRIP TO THE GRAND BANKS
74. OLBAN-or THE WHITE CAPTIVE.
75. TITTERY NAN

GENERAL CHECKLIST

76. Songs where a girl dresses up as a man to go to sea to follow her lover etc.
77. INDIA'S BURNING SANDS
78. YOUNG JOHNNY THE MILLER
79. BLACK VELVET BAND
80. VAN DIEMAN'S LAND
81. BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY
82. MATHIRE:AND: Girl loves fathers sefving man. He threatens to ~~kill him~~ deport him, so she gives him gold and he leaves. She will not wed, so father sees how dear she loved him and tells her to call him back.
83. DANIEL SULLIVAN: kills a man in a passsion. Asks to be buried by "side of young O'Brien". Warning "Take no knife in hand."
84. LONELY WATERLOO. Other ballads about Waterloo or Napoleon.
85. GLENCOE: others where lover returns disguised to test sweetheart.
86. MORRISSEY
87. YOUNG JIMMY FOULGER.
88. WILD COLONIAL BOY
89. LADY FRANKLINS LAMENT
90. THE FLYING CLOUD
91. THE LAKE OF COOL FINN.
92. Ballads about ships lost at sea.
93. THE LONESOME SCENES OF WONTER. Boy asks girl to marry and she refuses. Changes mind but he has found another and tells her to do the sane.
94. THE CHIPPEWA GIRL
95. THE LAKE OF PONCHRTRAIN

96. THE LITTLE MOHEA
97. YOUNG CHARLOTTE
98. THE MILWAUKEE FIRE
99. THE AVONDALE MINES DISASTER:
100. BERVE WOLFE
101. GREENLAND WHALE FISHERY
102. MAJOR ANDRE'S CAPTURE: "And everyone wished Andre clear and Arnold in his stead."
103. JIM FISK: "who never went back on the poor." Speaks of his aid to Chicago fire victims.
104. FULLER AND WARREN
105. HENRY GREEN. Rich Henry threatens suicide if Mary Wyatt (poor) wont marry him. She does and a week later he poisons her. She dies forgiving him. Condemned
106. MURDERED BY A BROTHER. Takes her out in skiff. Says she's dishonored family. Has drowbed her lover. drowns her.
107. THE BROOKFIELD MURDER. "Joe Buzzell hired and drove young Cook/ to shoot the girl, so it seems to look."
108. PEARL BRYAN
109. THE JEALOUS LOVER
110. TWENTY ONE YEARS.
111. CHARLES GUTEAU
112. Any song about pirates.
113. BOLD MANAN THE PIRATE: Captures FAME out of N.Y., ransacks, murders crew. Cuts head off girl crew was arguing about. Next day attacks man-o-war under Capt Rodney thinking it a merchantman. Is sunk.
114. THE DREADNOUGHT.
115. THE DOM PEDRO
116. DIXIE BROWN, BEN BREEZER, JACK WRACK: "Off to sea once more."

117. THE CUMBERLAND'S CREW
118. Civil War Songs: DYING SOLDIER, LAST FIERCE CHARGE,
DEAR MADAM
119. THE STATELY SOUTHERNER
120. JAMES BIRD: Fights valiantly w/ Perry on L. Erie.
Later writes parents saying he must die for having
deserted brig Niagara.
121. CONSTITUTION AND THE GERRIERE
122. THE OLD OAK TREE
123. THE MILLER AND THE MAJOR.
124. THE BURNING GRANITE MILL

A LIST OF FINDERS (Adapted from Flethcher Collins list, SFQ)

BARBERA ALLAN

The lady held his horse while the soldier went to battle
Song w/girl named Polly, Pretty Polly, etc.

LADY GAY

Songs about a person being poisoned.
Get up and bar the door

FATHER GRUMBLE

Frog lived in a pond.
An old man being fooled by his wife.

Lord Thomas and Fiar Eleanor

Other lords: Batemen, Henry, Randal, Banner, etc.

MATTHY GORVE. Little foot page

Bent to his breast and he run (swum)
Tingled at the ring.

DEVIL AND FARMERS WIFE

One morning in May.

CASEY JONES. Old 97. Other r.r. songs.

Six kings daughters I've drwonded here
Home came his horse but never came he.
As the dew blows over the green valley.
How come that blood on your shirt sleeve.

It rained a mist, it rained a mist
It rained all over town.

BANGUM AND THE BOAR

THE HOUSE CARPENTER

There were two crows sat on a tree.

TOM BOLYNN

Sweet William arose on a merry May morn
And dressed himself in blue.

Go dig my grave both wide and deep.

Joseph was an old man.

Lady Margaret

O mother O mother come riddle my riddle
Come riddle it all as one.

Go saddle me my milk white steed.

Who will shoe your pretty little foot

George Collins rode home on a cold winters night.

HANGMAN HANGMAN

Any songs about Robin Hood.

I'll set my foot in yonder boat/ and sail across the sea.

MARY HAMILTON

Betsy Bell and Mary Greay/ They were two bonny lasses.

George came riding through the town/A taking leave of many/
For he was of noble blood/ and loved by a royal lady.

HENRY MAR TIN

We killed ten thousand of the French/ the rest they ran away.

The Big Sheep THE DARBY RAM

Awake, awake, you drway sleeper.

Early, early in the spring.

There was an old man he lived in the west/ dandoo

The Green willow tree

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.

I asked my love to take a walk/ to take a walk with me.

True to my love if my love will be true to me.

There's herbs in my fathers garden

If I go ten thousand miles.

Green grows the laurel

Once I courted a fair beauty bright.
I courted her by day and I courted her by night

George Riley

The red rose and the briar

Molly Bawn. Took her for a swan

They rode till they came to the waterside
Twas just three hours till day.

What is higher than a tree.

Other riddle songs.

Andrew Barton.

Ferry merry dixie dominie.

THE GOLD N VANITY or any of its changes.

There was a wealthy merchant/in London he did dwell.

Old woman all skin and bones.

A pretty fair maid all in a garden.

The banks of Claudy. Claudy Water

Jack Frazer. Poor Jack has gone a-sailing.

Young Edwin in the lowlands.

O captain, captain, tell me true/does my sweet Willie sail w/you
Caroline of Edinboro town.

The moon had climbed the highest hill/

Down in Carlisle there lived a lady.

There was a rich lady from London she came.

As I was a-walking.

Dog and Gun.

The young man who wouldn't hoe corn.

Come all you fair and tender ladies.

I wish I was a little sparrow.

I'll build me a castle on the mountain so high.

Come all you good people, I pray you draw near.

In N Y C (or Jersey City) where I did dwell
A butcher boy I loved him well.

I came to this country in 1849

Monday, boys, I got me a wife.

My parents treated me tenderly, provided for me well.

Young Johnny Scot-- fell in love with King Henry's daughter

My dearest dear, the time draws near when you and I must part
O love, O love, its yours I'd be, but locks and bolts do hinder

Whistle daughter whistle,

Then she'll be a true lover of mine. Strawberry Fair.

Who killed Cock Robin.

Kitty alone.

When I was a little boy I lived by myself

Frog went a-courting. Frog in the well.

Billy boy.

Down by the seashore

At the foot of the mountain there lived a
Irish MollyO

She pulled out a silver dagger.

Light o'love

Soldier, soldier won't you marry me.

All down by the silvery tide.

Two little brothers going to school

I've traveled this world over, ten thousand miles or more
But a milk cow with a saddle on I never saw before.

Down along the coast of High Barbary

William Hall

Eggs and Marrowbone.

The tailor and the bosuns wife.

Old Rosin the Beau

Songs of foxes or fox hunting.

The miller called up his eldest son
The mill to you I'll give.

Jesse James

And the devil took away the little tailor
With the broadcloth under his arm

I walked out one morning in May.

Come in, come in, my own true love,
And stay a while with me.

Pretty Peggy-O

O father, father, build me a boat

Down by the greenwood side

Oh no, I wouldn't have him

Go and leave me if you wish to/ Never let me cross your mind

Katie Morey

I must and I will get married

To the merry broomfield

Billy Grimes

The farmer boy who sold the cow at the fair

The Hampshire Bitch.

Bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue.

My love came to my bedside

Once I had a sweetheart/ a sweetheart brave and true.

I'll not marry at all, at all.

"No home, no home," cried the orphan girl

THE KERRY RECRUIT

Fare you well, Charming Nabby

Bury me beneath the willow/ beneath the weeping willow tree

Meet me by moonlight alone.

A Gay Spanish maid at the age of sixteen

Sir Patrick Spens

Beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly

The foggy, foggy dew

On the greenbrier shore

First he kissed her ruby lips/ and then he kissed her chin

Sister, sister make my bed/ My wounds are very sore

What do you will your mother, brother, sweetheart

O babes, o Babes, if you were mine? I'd dress you in the silk
so fine

Go pull my shirt from ~~hanks~~ off my back
And tear it from gore to gore

When young men go courting they dress up so fine

Will the weaver was a chimney sweeper

He sailed east, he sailed west/ until he came to the Turkish shore

Bold Lamkin

A silver vessel to hold her/his heart blood.

There was a youth and a comely youth/ he was a squire's son

DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

O come go back my pretty little miss

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

Don't you crow til its almost day
And your cage shall be of the pureest ivory

Although he had been a twelvemonth dead
He rode on a milkwhite steed.

She took him by the lily white hand
And led him to the table
Here's cakes and wine for you, young man
To eat and drink we're able

The blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green

The pretty little babes in the woods

In Portage town there lived a ~~merchant~~ merchant
He had two sons and a daughter dear

Dicky said to Johnson one cold winters day

Don't place your affections on a green-growing tree

Come all young men and learn of me/ y sad and mournful history

Johnny Doyle

The carrion crow

The squirrel is a pretty thing/ it carries a bushy tail

What are little boys made of

I wish I were on yonder hill/ There I'd sit and cry my fill

Johnny Sands

The Lily of the West

She had a large fortune in silver and gold

On the banks of sweet Dundee

The drummer boy of Waterloo

Old Boney

Rinordine

The Romish Lady

My true love has gone to France

The man who put the sheepskin on his wife's back and beat her

I had a true love but she left me.

We would whip them two to one and do it handy-o

One sister drowns the other.

Rise up, rise up you seven brothers all.

The old beggar man. He looked at the ring it was pale and wan.

If this be a lie I tell to you/ As you believe it to be
You need not build a gallows pole/ but hang me to a tree

I have a talian in my court/ will surely kill lords three
betwixt bis eyebrows are two spans/ and his shoulders are ells.

Before I give you a penny/Pray tell me whether you know
The Bailiff's daughter of Islington/"She's dead sir, long ago."

FAMOUS FLOWER OF SERVINGMEN

There fell out a great dispute between Argyle and Airlie

THE RAGGE TAGGLE GYPSIES

SIR JAMES THE ROSS (Rose)

She kills herself by falling on his sword.

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE

Cpatin Ward and the RAINBOW

JOHN WEBBER

I would not marry a rusty dusty coal black smith

Hares in the mountains

The Bonny Earl of Murry

O waly waly

As down through Cupids garden for pleasure I did walk

THE PRENTICE BOY

Sakly's Garedn; The willow garden

Wild Ameriky

Adieu to old Erin

DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY

THE CROPPY BOY

KITTY OF COLERAINE

THE WEXFORD LASS

The cuckoo is a bonny bird/ she sings as she flies.

THE GOSPORT TRAGEDY

She drew a dagger and tgus did cry
For my dark eyed sailor, A maid I'll live and die.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND

Bonnet (Jacket) so blue

I'm a boatman by trade, Jack Williams by name
By a false deluding girl I was brought to grief and shame

When Jones ale was new

And then they hitched us to the plow to plow Van Diamans Land

THE MANTLE SO GREEN

BRENNAN ON THE MOOR

THE CHAMPION OF COURT HILL

The garden where the praties grow

CHECK LIST OF GORMANS SONGS.

F- fragment T- trace R- report

*****PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

The Arlington Maid (F)

"As I was going down to Mrs. Yeo's"

Bachelor's Hall

The Baptists (F)

The Bully of Lot Eleven (Yeo's Election) (F)

Dame Bruin

Dyment's Auction (F)

The Gull Decoy

Hail Fishermen Assemble (F)

"Here's to you, Mr. Flestid."

The Horse's Confession (F)

"I'm a poor and blighted old maiden" (F)

"It'd puzzle the devil to make me straight"

Lots of Pretty Girls at the Head of Grand River (F)

Luke and his Rambles (F)

Michael McElroy (F)

"That reptil McElroy" (T)

Michael O'Brien

Michael Riley (F)

Monaghan (The First wife, etc.,)

Monaghan's Raffle (T)

Shan Van Voche

The Spree at Summer Hill (T)

"A stranger to the pasture came"

"There's that Whistling Cody" (F)

"Tis to the Virgin"

Yeo's Party (F)

The Crew at Yeo's Shipyard (R)

*****THE MIRAMICHI

Barrentown

Donahue's Spree (Israel Brown) (F)

"Hewe's Young Hutch"

In 1879 (F)

Mary Mahoney

Morris Ellsworth

The Scow on Cowden Shore

Up on the Devil's Back (n)

The Winter of Seventy-Three

Young Billy Cane

*****ELLSWORTH

Ace William's Foolish Girl (n)

Bill Watts

Champion of Moose Hill

"Davis'"Camp"

Doctor O'Connell (n)

Ellsworth News of the Day (n)

Freeman Archer

The Great Pond Tramp (R)

"I thought along with Teby" (T)

Old Mike Abrams Five Law Dam (R)

On Lead Mountain's Lofty Brow (R)

Myles Everett More (F)

Pay Day at Hall's Mill

Roderick MacDonald

Something New (F)

The Union River Drivers (F)

Johnny Archer, blacksmith of skill

Bert Haynes, asleep

Charley Sweeney,

Mickey Dalton, P.I.

Flossie Laughlin

Maynard Glidden, cards the old sogs

Jordans

Mose Estey

Hen Folsom

*****BREWER

The A.P.A. (R)

Boys of the Island

Carrying Coal in a Basket (R)

The Cruel Submarine (R)

Gaynor's Trained Pig (R)

The Great John Mac and his Polack Brigade (R)

The Hoboes of Maine

It's a Wonder (F)

Nero and the Great John Mac (R)

Newcombe's Goode (R)

The Old Ped Auger Days

Sanitary Jane (R)

Steelshank (R)

"Twas won by the banker Davey Brown" (F)

The Winter of 1905 (F)

The Workman

You Can't Leave the Yard til the Whistle Blows.

*****OTHER

The Good Old State of Maine

Tomah Stream

(An Unfortunate cook whos pies Larry made fun of) (R)

Grace: MacMillan's Wether

Grace: Tarts and pies

Grace: this is rotten, fish and petatotes, Robert Bell

Eyes Stick out likes prongs

Bread and Tea

March 18, 1975

Mr. Reid A. Hand
80 Elm Street
Bangor, Maine

Dear Mr. Hand:

Mary Beth Argentieri tells me she had a great talk with you yesterday. I am having the photographs you loaned her copied by one of the best and most responsible men in the business. They should be ready to return to you very soon, and when they are we'll bring them back ourselves.

Thank you for your help in our search for information on the popular music scene in Bangor before the War. The only way we can find out about it is to talk with people who were part of it. And you certainly were part of it! Again, thanks.

Sincerely,

Edward D. Ives
Director

Season--Scores of Attractions

More Pay For Postmasters If Bill Is Passed

Would Benefit Fifty-five In Penobscot County Alone

MILLINOCKET, June 7.—Postmaster G. J. Jones of Millinocket, county director of the National Association of Postmasters states that his association is sponsoring a bill which would benefit 55 postmasters in fourth class offices in this county.

If the legislation which is now before Congress, passes during this session it will increase the salary of postmasters who are now in charge of fourth class offices.

The present system of paying fourth class postmasters, according to the stamps cancelled in their offices would be eliminated, and the pay would be based upon the receipts of the office as is in practice in post offices with a higher rating, proponents of the legislation explained.

There are 29,514 postmasters of fourth class offices throughout the United States which are sometimes referred to as the "Corner Grocery Store Post Office."

At the present time there are 4000 of these postmasters who receive less than \$150 per year for their services.

Postmaster G. J. Jones further states the proposed bill is to simplify the method of accounting, and one which the postmasters of this class have urged Congress to favorably consider for the past 50 years.

Fifty-five fourth class postmasters in Penobscot county who would benefit by the legislation are as follows:

Bradford, Bradford Center, Bradley, Burlington, Cardville, Carmel, Carrol, Charleston, Corinna, Costigan, Davidson, Dixmont, East Corinth, East Holden, East Eddington, East Newport, East Winn, Enfield, Etna, Exeter, Garland, Gerry,

Great Works, Grindstone, Hampden, Hermon Pond, Hudson, Kenduskeag, Kingman, Lagrange, Lee, Lincoln Center, Medway, Norcross, North Dixmont, Olamon, Orrington, Passadumkeag, Patten, Perkins, Plymouth, Prentiss, Sponac, Sebastes, Sherman Station, Shin Pond, Silver Mills, South Brewer, Springfield, Stetson, Stillwater, West Enfield, Winn.

Forests for the Future

PORTLAND, Ore., June 7.—One million young trees will be transplanted this spring on burned and logged off land by U. S. foresters from the Wind River Wash. nursery. In recent years, foresters have restocked 22,000 acres in Oregon and 38,000 in Washington.

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Auto Rest Park Opens for Season

Auto Rest Park Is Open For Biggest Summer Season

Eastern Maine Casino, Animals, Sunday Concerts and Variety of Other Features at Amusement Resort Known Throughout Eastern Maine

In 1922, Harry Wise opened a modest gas station and "hot dog" stand in Carmel.

Today, the modern "Auto Rest" is a great amusement park known throughout Eastern Maine—and beyond.

The growth, which continued straight through the black years of the depression, did not merely happen. It is the result of astute management and clever showmanship. The result of studying the public taste, of providing amusement surprising in its scope and variety—but always clean. The result, if one cares to be a bit imaginative, of translating dreams—or what would have seemed dreams in those early opening days—into realities.

The visitor to Auto Rest is first likely to visit the casino, which contains a gift shop, a restaurant, and long counters for light refreshments. If he is a stranger, he is sur-

prised by the size and pretentiousness of it. It is what he expected on the outskirts of some great city; and yet it is none too large on the average summer night.

His surprise isn't lessened as he steps into the grounds. Here, sometimes in the open and sometimes in little buildings, rows of white cages are filled with wild life. There are five black bears—old "trouper" and well behaved as bears go; pea-fowl, the males aflame with gorgeous plumage; swarms of gray monkeys in sharp contrast to a neighboring cage of white cockatoos; racoons and so on. In one corner are Mexican burros. There is a deep grove with tables for those who bring picnic lunches. The children find a merry-go-round—although there is no law against adults riding on it, too—and a playground with slides and swings.

Then there is the grandstand:

with its powerful amplifying system. Many a governor and would-be governor, congressman and would-be congressman, county official and would-be county official has spoken here—for Auto Rest Park has long been a famous background for political rallies in campaign years. Concerts and amateur shows are given Sunday nights on this grandstand. Uncle Seth's Hill-Billies, with "Deacon" Hand as master of ceremonies, are the entertainers just now.

Thousands, literally, fill the grounds on warm summer nights. What becomes of their cars? Go to the rear of the grounds and that question is answered. Here is a space of four acres; and the cars, under a ruling made long ago by the park management, are parked in symmetrical rows—eliminating confusion and difficulty in getting out, however many there may be. It isn't uncommon, in the height of the season, to see 2,500 cars—a show in itself. There are nine attendants to look after them. And there is other parking space at the front of the grounds.

Completing the picture, there are overnight cabins.

Auto Rest Park is one of the bright spots of Eastern Maine. But thousands of Bangor and Eastern Maine people don't need to be told that.

Many Outings

Scores of boys and girls were swarming from a big truck on the day, recently, that a reporter and photographer visited Auto Rest Park. A battery of bright eyes surveyed them.

These were pupils of the Bradley Grammar School on an outing. They had brought their lunches and were spending almost an entire day in what to them was a seventh heaven. They have an outing at the park once every year.

These Bradley children were no exceptions, however. Pupils of many other schools have the same custom. At this season of the year, especially, the park is a picnic ground for little ones.

Machiavelli, who set name now describes a type of politics, told critics that if he taught princes to be truants, he also taught the people to destroy tyrants.

ARE 28 FLAVORS

Twenty-eight flavors of ice cream are served at Auto Rest Park.

There is no way of knowing whether or not this is a record for all Maine, but it seems a pretty good guess that it must be. And there are many nights when all of them, even the lesser known kinds are called for. The average person, out for a good time, is ice cream conscious.

Plain vanilla remains the favorite, as it always has been.

Pea-Fowl Flame In Many Colors

Brilliant Spot on the Grounds of Auto Rest Park

The pea-fowl are Auto Rest Park's aristocrats.

There are a dozen or so of them, and they form in patterns of living beauty. They are vain, very vain; but we forgive them as their colors flash before us.

One big peacock, strutting about his cage on the day of this writer's visit, suggested the thought that he had somehow managed to catch and imprison a large part of the rainbow. His neck light blue; his body brown and green and black, with here and there an interweaving of color not easily described.

Suddenly he uttered a piercing metallic cry. Nature had been kind to him visually rather than vocally. And then he spread one of the greenest tails we ever saw. It seemed to flow from him in shimmering waves, filling the enclosure. Surely, as lovely a picture as could be imagined.

There are five bears, as stated elsewhere, and on this particular day they were on their good behavior. Even if they hadn't been, there was no possibility of an accident, for their cages are protected. These comedians of the woods—who, on rare occasions, can turn tragedians—are accustomed to being admired. Many thousands in the course of a summer, stand before their cages.

Bears are bred in captivity at Auto Rest Park and are sometimes sold. Kay Brothers, whose well-known circus skirts Bangor every summer but for some reason never comes into it, have purchased bears here, as have animal dealers from New York.

Coffee constitutes 86 per cent in value of all the exports of the Central American republic of Salvador.

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a number of years ago to its present owner. See what an institution it has grown to be today.

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Best wishes for continued success!

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Coffee constitutes 98 per cent in value of all the exports of the Central American republic of Salvador

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AND HIS
HILL BILLIES**

AMATEURS

**NEW ZOO
NEW RIDES
NEW GIFTS
NEW FUN**

March 31—(AP)—The East 1 is rooming in today and three in rapidly spread.

approximately 30 other safety through hat- were carried out by Mike trapped Alex of James Cronin, 25, Bangor, Me.

NT-SIZE EN FOOD ARTMENT



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EVENINGS

speed their escape may be floating through the smoke of the club room. There is no more dangerous or while in the world. In all other respects a person may be exemplary. They may bless God even the Father, and yet in this untidy way curse men which are men in his spiritual image.

QUOTES PHILOSOPHER

Alexander Pope says in one of his satires of the fashionable society at the time of Queen Anne of England. "As every word a reputation lives." And this line is a beautiful commentary upon the prevalence of this line of thinking. The word in the mind of the man is not confined to the word in the mouth of the man. It is the word in the mind of the man that is the word in the mouth of the man.

we may say with an old proverb. "Gossip decreases in the name as the library increases."

Peculiarly in our country communities in this era of gossip prevalent, but it is no rare thing even in our most enlightened communities. Now it were unfair to say that this evil is indulged by the majority of people with anything like maliciousness or wilful desire to work harm and mischief. In the majority of cases, it is looked upon as a kind of harmless amusement. Like other kinds of evil speaking, profanity and what often seems to me worse, vulgarity, it becomes habitual, and people indulge in it thoughtlessly, with no intention of working mischief. Tom Hood said: "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart." Even, it must be said in all fairness, people who are exemplary enough in other ways are prone to this insidious and alluring habit. Sometimes, indeed, the good, devout man or woman, who talks of charity to all in the prayer meeting, is a victim of this subtle habit. It seems to them an innocent and harmless diversion; they do not foresee what is often the tragic consequence of it.

LOVES SHINING MARK

Gossip, like Death, leaves a shining mark. And there the worded St. James is not exaggerated. "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. It is an unquenchable fire, full of deadly poison." The uncivilized native of an African jungle lies in wait and hurls a poisoned spear at his victim. We have a more refined and genteel way of working destruction. They say, "Is not that the little envenomed arrow of our modern life? But it is not always the open defamation of character and reputation that works iniquity; it is often the kind that works by insinuation and innuendo. The kind that Hamlet spoke of in his conversation with Horatio:

"By pronouncing of some doubtful passage, as 'Well, well, we know' or 'We could if we would' Or 'If we flat to speak' or 'There be and if they might' Or such ambiguous giving out."

This is the evil of slander, the kind that cannot be attacked—intangible, ambiguous, insinuating calumny, the kind of which Tennyson speaks:

"That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies: That a lie, which is all a lie, may be met with and fought with outright; But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

TRAIL OF THE SERPENT

"Like unto the trail of the serpent is

the trail of the serpent." It is a law of life. We are always amused by these stories of the earlier days when the otherwise good ladies of some neighborhood would get together over their tea-cups and gossip away about the affairs of the neighborhood, and the people of the community who were not present. It is easy to murder character in order to kill time.

RUMOR GOES TO SCANDAL

Sometimes those little neighborhood fires were almost the strongest forces in the community in the making or unmaking of characters, careers and reputations. Little rumors of no great moment in themselves come flooding, light as a Christmas tree, into one of these gatherings, but before these myths rise over the tea-cups are through what incalculable harm they have been done! These little sparks of scandal are blown by this inflated bellows of rumor into a consuming flame of scandal.

If we picture ourselves judges of our fellow-men, we must expect to be judged by them, for as our Saviour said: "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." The only safe principle is that of our master: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." We ought to be fully acquainted with every circumstance and condition before we pass judgment upon one another. We go down to the wharves of a great

City of Bangor ASSESSORS NOTICE

To the inhabitants of the City of Bangor and all persons liable to be taxed therein:

The Assessors of the City of Bangor hereby give notice that they will be in their office in City Hall, April 1st to 15th, 1940, and they require you to bring in, as required by law, a true and perfect list of all the polls and all vehicles, real and personal, of which you must be in possession on the first day of April 1940.

All persons failing or refusing to bring in such lists, hereby forfeit their right to appeal to the County Commissioners or the Supreme Court, for any abatement unless they offer such lists at the time appointed.

WILLIAM J. LARGAY
HARRY B. LEWIS
DANIEL F. KENNEDY, Jr.

Assessors of Bangor, Maine

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tively, to Lord Lothian, British ambassador to the United States. Martin Dies, chairman of a committee investigating un-American activities, Count Rene D'Amboise, French ambassador to the United States, The Arnold, assistant attorney general and the Massachusetts Senator.

The arena was festooned with American flags, red, white, blue bunting, and red banners, white letters bearing such as "Keep America Out of the perils of War," "Vote Communist," and "For a Free United Ireland." The president and his close advisers profess to be very pessimistic about the chances for peace in Europe," said Browder. "For a peace, so called, as would merely to 'switch the war' against the Soviet Union, truly peace is sadly dimmed. But for a peace that which would mean the halting of military operations, the prospects are much brighter.

Already this historical movement which cries for peace, finds a rising demand from the most of all countries.

He said the peace cry had heard from "one British trade union after another, from the foremost intellectuals," and from Austria trade unions.

The new French cabinet, added, "holds power by a one majority, in the Chamber which 72 elected Communists been expelled."

Referring to documents published in Berlin and purporting to show that American officials helped precipitate current warfare, Browder said "It still seems to be that every time the files of diplomatic papers are opened up the world, the cause of peace the gainer, the peoples become stronger in relation to their rulers."

It would have been a great loss to America, for example, if people could have been in possession of the secret correspondence, 1917, of Colonel House and Ambassador Page, which was disclosed only many years after our disastrous adventure in the last World War.

He said the Berlin documents would be judged by "their disclosure of correspondence with the public record of established facts," known trends of policy. In respect the documents confirm, elaborate, without adding anything essentially new, to what had already been established beyond doubt."

THE BANGOR DAILY NEWS, BANGOR, MAINE, MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1940

350 Aged Patients
Escape Fire in
Baltimore Hospital

BALTIMORE, March 31—(AP)—Some 350 aged patients were driven into the street early today by a six-alarm fire sweep-

Meet Fuehrer Chaplin, Duce Oakie



the process of emerging from the throes of one of the best cold-grippe combinations in record (and lady, we got a record—obvious distinction, in this direction we are reminded of what we did last year—gals' appearance in this trying time of eyes and red-nose, is not addressed to fortunate gals who lay in bed... follow doctor's advice on diets and stuff to those slaves in parts of trade. And a few beauty tips you can take to life bearable until you get rid of your sympathy you're don't follow our notions. Just drag on dress, let your hair be, and leave your up in its jars and And everyone will you poor child, you be home and in

we think that this for the morale. add to your look feel of misery by making make-up alto-but, on the other don't overdo it. cheeks are probably and your usual of rouge and lip-would stand out against your skin. don't let the red shine forth like a light. One of the proof summer foundations is grand... tinted liquid powder on your neck and for evening will an excellent base powder. trick is to use one stimulating before you apply make-up... or blend of liquid lip color liquid foundation and blend it over fire face to give it hint of warmth putting on your age the lips well rich tissue cream, then use a non-non-smudging, in-lipstick such as ed for swimming immer. Or better se the liquid lip at "stay put" all we've found a new

to leave off the glamorous touches. No mascara and no eye shadow... just a mere smidge of that wonder-cream (made to conceal blemishes) under the eyes for shadows and puffiness... and eye-brow pencil if you need it.

If the hair gets too straggly and out of hand, try the dry-cleansing method we told you about a few days ago. We tried it ourself this week--and it's wonderful!

While you may not be able to entirely conceal the fact that you have a cold, and you feel like absolutely nothing human... you can, by judicious make-up, look a great deal better than you feel. And, for the sake of your fellow-men who have to look at you, that's something, anyway.

in Many Other Maine Communities

Vladimir Padwa, brilliant concert pianist, was heard in an unusually charming concert Saturday afternoon at Bangor City Hall when he played for the benefit of Finnish Relief at a concert sponsored by the Queen City club, a junior group of the Maine Federation of Women's clubs.

Mr. Padwa was making his second Bangor appearance. He visited Bangor about a year ago as accompanist to Mikha Elman, violinist, at which time he was heard in a group of piano numbers.

An unusual vitality and brilliance of tone quality was noticeable throughout Mr. Padwa's playing—he had wrists of steel, yet relaxed and an endurance that was admired by every pianist in the audience.

In Alkan's "Etude," one of the most difficult of studies of octaves, Mr. Padwa gave a brilliant account of himself, both as to his beautiful technique and an endurance that was remarkable.

The entire program was excellent—the performance of a musician

Clarence C. Stetson of Bangor, Maine, chairman for the Finnish Relief Fund, introduced Mr. Padwa, who is Mr. Stetson's guest during his Maine tour.

Padwa played first the Bach-Petri Concerto and Fugue in C Minor with great authority. "Little Windmills" by Couperin was the second selection and this was played with extreme lightness and speed. Probably his outstanding performance was in the Brahms Sonata in F Sharp Minor, which is less familiar than most of his compositions. An extremely difficult piece, Mr. Padwa's technique was adequate for all of its demands.

His interpretation of the sonata was outstanding and was handled with proper artistic restraint.

His ability to play compositions requiring brilliant technique and endurance, with apparent effortless ease, was marked throughout the entire program.

Three Chopin numbers, "Mazurka," "Waltz" and Ballade No. 3 found the artist displaying the poetic side of his talent in a charming manner.

"Nocturne" by Field, "Spring Night" by Schumann-Liszt, and "Why?" by Schumann were other numbers played by the artist.

Mr. Padwa was generous with encores and played the Liszt "Liebestraum," "Prelude" by Prokofiev, and Chopin's "Prelude," "Prayer During the Storm." The last named is seldom played and was listened to with much interest Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Padwa will give a concert in Calais Tuesday evening at Machias Wednesday evening at Houlton Thursday evening at Presque Isle Friday evening and at Millinocket Saturday evening.

Sunday morning he gave a concert at Waterville before the Sunday morning men's class at which Clarence C. Stetson of Bangor spoke briefly on Finnish Relief.

About 500 attended the local concert, which is considered an excellent audience for an afternoon musicale in Bangor.

Members of the Queen City club acting as ushers were Janice Ames, Dorothy Brady, Evelyn Reid, Barbara Clement, Ruth Carlisle, Barbara Foley, Suzanne Giddings, Allie Lee Jorgensen, Dorothy Murch, Marie Hilton, Norma Quinn, Gloria Redman, Janet Reid, Frances Roberts, Lucy Leavitt and Dorothy Hill.

MSC Students Begin Practice Teaching in High Schools

All of the third year normal students at the Bangor Maine School of Commerce start practice teaching and observation today. This is a state requirement and it gives the students a chance to do actual teaching in commercial subjects in high schools, along with much observation. These students will be out doing this work for a period of six weeks.

The normal students going to Bangor High are: Shirley Drew, Bangor; Lawrence W. Davies, Bangor; James Buck, Mill; Millard Foss, Jonesboro; and Quinton Gray, Prospect.

At Bangor High will be Ardis Woodbury, Northport; Ruth Kellner, Bangor; Beryl Crosby, Bangor; Ellen Daisey, Millinocket; and Mary Tremaine, Bangor.

Esther Gott of Hancock will observe and practice teach at Ellsworth high.

Supplies was the recipient of attractive gifts. A social afternoon was spent and refreshments served, including a beautifully decorated birthday cake.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Johnson and daughters, Mrs. Fred A. Johnson and Mrs. Elmer D. Sweet and their families, including their children, Mrs. Lloyd F. Johnson, Mr. Wendell Johnson, Philip, Clyde Johnson, Phyllis, S. Bromley Sweet, Marion, a great-granddaughter, and Miss Beatrice Gelske, guest for the affair.

Mr. Staples received greetings from his sister, M. Gorman in Frederick, N.

Home Institute GET THE GANG TOGETHER AND SING THESE STIRRING COWBOY SONGS



A FAVORITE—"LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY"

For genuine fun, nothing quite comes up to a good old song-fest of cowboy ditties. So get out your song-books, pick a Western favorite like "Little Old Sod Shanty" and all join in:

"And we would make our fortunes on the prairies of the West, Just as happy as two lovers we'd remain, We'd forget the trial and troubles we endured at first, In the little old sod shanty on my claim."

A cowboy's never quite so happy as when he's miserable! So in "I Ain't Got No Use for the Wimmen" be mournful!

"All through the long night they trailed him, Through mesquite and thick chaparral, And I couldn't help think of that woman, As I saw him pitch and fall."

Got a yen for Texas? "The Yellow Rose of Texas" for you! "I'll pick my banjo gaily, Just like I did of yore, And the Yellow Rose of Texas

She'll be mine forever more." Everybody loves "Bury Me Not," but do you know all the verses? Here's a stirring one:

"O bury me not on the lone prairie, Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me, Fling a handful of roses o'er my grave, With a prayer to Him who my soul will save."

And of course you'll want to sing "Red-Backed Vagabond" and "Giddy Up Little Daisies." These and other great cowboy favorites are given in our 50-page songbook WESTERN HEART THROBS. Has 27 sure-fire hits—cowboy ditties, ballads of the Great Plains—complete with words, music, piano accompaniments, guitar diagrams.

Send 15c in coins for our songbook, WESTERN HEART THROBS, to The Bangor Daily News, Home Institute, 109 West 19th Street, New York, N. Y. Write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, and the NAME of book,

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Field notes Mary Lou (Francis) Paul March 17, 1975

At 1:30 p.m.-- just as I was panicking completely and about to call Greg to see if he'd forgotten-- Greg walked through the door. We decided we'd rather not get directions to the house, finished checking out the recorder and set off. I want to say-- mostly for my own benefit-- that interviewing with Greg reminds me a whole lot of interviewing with Tex Carter, which is a short-hand way of saying I like going out with Greg a whole lot. The same kind of loose yet ~~xxxxxxx~~ extremely competent approach which I find very comforting.

We passed a second-hand store in Old Town and stopped to see if there were any piano stools with backs, for Otto Soper. The old man who ran the place wasn't there. We inquired in the Bakery next door; the girl there told us to try the corner store and another store in the opposite direction. We split up to try both, but he wasn't ~~there~~. Greg went upstairs to see if he was home, but he wasn't. So we went on to the Island.

It was my first time there and I was struck by the-- I don't know-- casualness of it, kind of a ramshackle, half-hearted quality. We broke down and asked directions of two men outside the Indian Affairs building, just before the road forked. We took the lefthand fork and found 55 West Street, Leo Francis' house, not very far along. It's a plain square building covered in that awful brown fake-brick tarpaper. We parked on the street, locked the car and went in.

We entered through the kitchen, in good traditional fashion. There was a nice old cast-iron stove, converted to oil but apparently out of commission/ since there was a hot plate on a small table off to the side. Later on, when Mrs. Paul went to put on some potatoes for her brother, she cooked them on the hot plate.

Mrs. Paul-- I addressed her as 'Miss Francis' and she corrected me-- took us into her bedroom to talk. It was a plainly furnished room. After the first part of the interview, when we were getting in the car to go down to the parish hall, she remarked bitterly that she'd been trying to fix up the house 'only to have them wreck it.' This was true, because there was a pile of rotten wood beside the steps into the house and the walls of her room were covered with new wallboard. There was an ~~iron~~ bedstead, clothes over the head end; a small chest of drawers; next to it an oil burner with an enamel basin of water on top; off in the corner a toilet-cubicle of plywood with a turquoise curtain over the front. Mrs. Paul sat on the bed. I sat in a rocker facing her with the tape recorder on the chest of drawers next to me. Greg was in another rocker off to her left. There were a number of religious pictures and texts on the wall behind me. (The Francises are Catholics.)

When I went to set up the recorder, I noticed that it had a non-standard mike, a square plastic one. One of its two prongs was broken off. I assumed it didn't work, didn't try it and did all the day's recording on the internal mike. Later I talked to Sarah Jane Adamski, who had used the ~~mike~~ recorder just before me. She said that it did work quite well and that one prong had been cut off to make it fit the sony sockets.

As we entered the bedroom, right off, she pointed out to us a picture of her father, Joe, which was hanging on the wall beside the door. She remarked that 'that was where it all started,' and told us that he had gone to the Conservatory [Bangor Conservatory, it later turned out] and that he played just like Rubinooff. [Sandy told us

that this Rubinooff-- Rubinooff and his Magic Violin-- was a nationally famous semi-classical performer. 'The Liberace of the violin, though he played the violin better than Liberace played the piano.' He often played with Eddie Cantor, as Mrs. Paul remarked.] She said the picture was taken when he was a young man just out of conservatory. He is wearing a formal suit and holding his violin ~~under his arm~~ (nice inlay on the tail piece) under his arm. She said he was 6'1", and though the photo was very brown and faded, it seemed he must have been quite a handsome man. He was wearing glasses, and one of her brothers had drawn in eyebrows in dark ink, creating a rather peculiar effect.

We sat down and began recording almost right away. Mrs. Paul seemed really happy to be talking to us, which surprised me a bit since she'd seemed kind of-- I don't know-- kvetchy ~~xxxx~~ when I'd called to set up the interview the previous Tuesday. [She'd remarked then that she didn't feel well, so that may have been it.] She was very much attached to her father, for one thing, and clearly loves the music. After her father's death she became a chronic alcoholic. She's in AA now and feels that to have been a really wasted period in her life-- I think she looks back to those early days as a happy and tranquil time. She remarked a couple of times on how her father had 'protected' her.

A couple of things should be noted about what she told us. First, she feels that alcohol has ruined ~~her~~ memory. She said that she'd lost the ability to read music, and her memory for dates is pretty fuzzy. [Nothing unusual in that] For whatever reason, a lot of what she told us was pretty general. Very little of the working musician's eye for detail-- couldn't name us any tunes they used to play for dances. But as Greg remarked, as ~~ide~~ from the personal associations this isn't really her kind of music-- she's a frustrated semi-classical pianist, wanted to go on to Conservatory and so on. It should be pretty obvious, but I guess I should also point out that this interview seems to have been good for her self-esteem. This came out most clearly, I think, when she was talking about the St. Patrick's Day concert she'd played at the day before-- how she'd been reliable (a concept she emphasized a couple of times), pulled the show together.

Anyway...

This is probably as good a place as any to describe Mrs. Paul: She struck me as being not too tall, which means that she's probably rather short. Very dark, rather handsome. Slightly shorter than shoulder length hair pulled back over her ears and curling a bit at the end. The ting that struck me ~~was~~ that she was quite tastefully dressed-- navy slacks matching bright blue turtle neck and socks, white oxfords like nurses wear. She wore three or four rings, large ornamental ones.

After we'd talked for about an hour and a half, we adjourned to the parish hall of St. Ann's [Catholic] Church, where they had a piano. As we were leaving, Mrs. Paul introduced us to her brother Leo, who had come home while the three of us were talking. [I forgot to mention that a bit earlier a young girl had come into the house, I think with a dog. She came to the door but Mrs. Paul told her to go away because she had visitors. This is all on tape. The phone also rang once, and I turned off the recorder for the duration of the call. After that she took the phone off the hook. These were the only introductions]

Back to Leo: Mrs. Paul stopped to put his supper on the hot plate-- she described it as a 'real Indian dish.' Leo wanted to tell us how he used to lead Indian chants at the annual pageant. but Mrs. Paul hustled us out. She is very down on Leo ("He's always like that,"

she said), probably because he apparently drinks quite a bit. This is when she made the remark about them wrecking the house. She told us that after she came back from the church she was going to her sister's house (also on West Street) to have stuffed peppers for supper. We got in the car, Mrs. Paul in the back seat, and drove down to the church.

The door to the parish house wasn't locked. She thought the priest [Fr. Marcel Robitaille] was teaching down to John Bapst, but she'd told them she was coming down to play. We finally got set up and she began to play. Greg was apprehensive about recording on batteries, but we couldn't find an outlet close enough. And, as I've mentioned, we used the internal mike. I set the speed at 7 1/2, did a battery check and hoped for the best. The recorder was set on a pingpong table in back and slightly to the left of Mrs. Paul. I stood next to the recorder for this portion of the interview, so she had to turn around to look at me. But Greg sat in a chair to her left, so she could turn her head slightly and look right at him. He was especially good during this part of the interview, laughing and getting into the music, occasionally patting out a syncopated accompaniment on his thighs, saying intelligent things about what key she was in-- things like that. I kept an eye on the recorder and was grateful. At one point, the priest poked his head through a door at the other end of the room, behind me, smiled and poked it out again.

Shortly after we ran out of tape-- 40 minutes?-- we packed up, drove Mrs. Paul to her sister's and left the Island. We stopped back at Johnny's Pizza, because Greg said there was an old record of a fiddle tune on the jukebox which he listened to every time he came through old town. We couldn't find the record, though, and Greg said he guessed he was through with Johnny's Pizza. He bought a gooey pastry to eat and we went home to supper.

ADDENDUM I Conversation with Lil Shirley 3/18/75

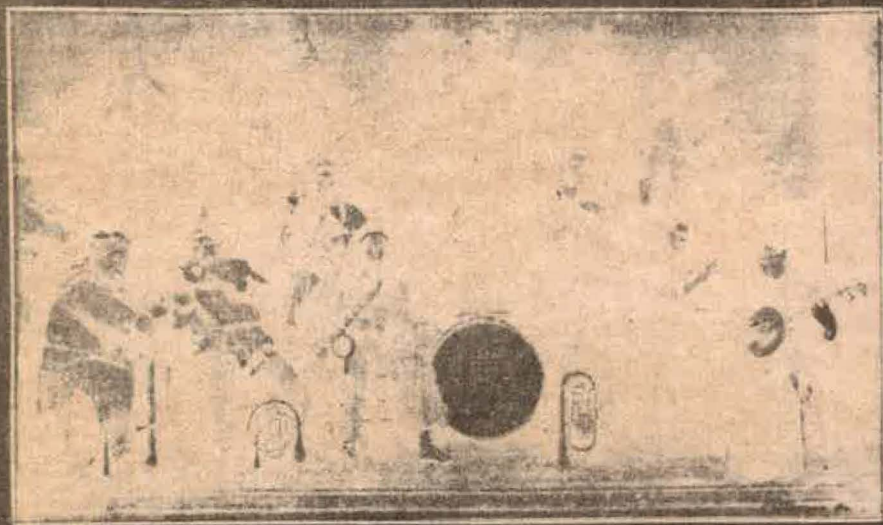
Lil says all the Francises drank-- in fact, all the Indians she knew except Ted Mitchell. Mary's brother Harry, the one who played drums, is a good carpenter. He makes good money every summer but spends the winter drinking and ends up selling his tools to buy drink. I forgot to mention in my notes that I'd asked Mrs. Paul about interviewing Harry while we were driving down to the church. She said it would be OK but that he had a 'funny' wife. She elaborated by saying that she 'liked to work' and that she was a 'busybody.' She said they got along, though.

ADDENDUM II Conversation with Kenneth Nelson 3/19/75

Mr. Nelson says Mrs. Paul's nickname is "LuLu"-- everybody on the Island has one, it doesn't mean anything. Her husband's name is Raymond. They split up years ago, Raymond is now living with another woman on the hill. Mr. Nelson says Mrs. Paul had to give up drinking or die. He confirmed that Leo drank, saying that Leo had sold him something or other (?a watch) to get money to drink with.

NOTE: Mrs. Paul is going back down to Bridgeport, Conn. to live with (I think) a daughter at the beginning of April. We should try to see Harry before then so we can say goodbye to her and get a release signed.

Many Improvements In Life Of The Penobscot Indians



Sitting—Ralph Nelson, Bert Francis, Elmer Athian, Joseph Francis, Patrick Francis. Standing—John Francis, Henry Francis.

OLD TOWN, July 1.—The general aspect of the Indian Reservation is the same as in previous years, excepting that each year finds more or less improvement. Within the past year the church has received improvements as well as the school building and the home for the Sisters. The grounds present the neatest appearance.

We find that in a large number of the homes there is each year a great

tendency to improve their method and ways of living and in quoting one of the tribe he said: "We see how you folks live, we desire to imitate our white friends. As we go out into the world, as some have, we realize more and more, that we can broaden out."

Our public school has graduated several young men of the Reservation, and today there are boys and girls who are either attending the

high school, or some of the lower grades.

As the coming season comes along the various summer resorts are inhabited by many families of the Penobscot Tribe, many going to the coast towns and some to the inland towns. Here they find ready sale for their basket work, which are so anxiously sought by tourists who gather at these places for rest and recreation. Thus the basket work



THE INDIAN VAUDEVILLE PARTY.

Standing—Ralph Nelson, John Francis. Sitting—Belle Devere, Louis Nichols, Helen Polchies.

has become widely known and tourists coming this way each summer are anxious to visit the Reservation and see for themselves how the Indians live, visit the homes where they are always received in a very cordial manner, take a stroll over the island, watch the natives make the baskets who are so much sought by the buyers, young and old alike, as one would wish to see, listen probably to some incident from the older ones of the days when the bow and arrow, as well as the tomahawk, were in use, and then again to turn to some of the younger generation who pride themselves upon the present situation of the tribe. These tourists find the reservation of the Penobscot Tribe an attractive place in various ways.

Sunday, there left the island Ralph Nelson, a brother of Governor Nelson of the island, with his troupe of four, together with the Indian Island Orchestra for a trip of three weeks at the present entertainments which is being held in Philadelphia, which commenced the first of June and will last into December. Here they will be entertained by the Strawbridge & Clothier Department Store, where they will give a large exhibit of all kinds of basket ware, giving demonstrations of the work in basket-making.

Mr. Nelson is a brother of Governor Nelson of the island, and by his Indian name is known as "Nee daniel," considered a full blooded Indian and will be noticed as the one in the left hand side of the orchestra picture as well as the left back one

in the group.

While engaged by this concern in Philadelphia he will give demonstrations of the basket work in his usual Indian costume. He will give entertainments to consist of lectures, taking up the Indian traditions and lore of which he is so well adapted to and familiar with. In addition, he with his troupe will interest with curios, songs, all the old Indian dances of his forefathers. He is expecting after the three weeks at Philadelphia, to go to New York, with his orchestra and troupe, where they will be engaged for some vaudeville work as he is now negotiating with some parties in that state.

Only a few weeks ago he showed at the R. H. Macy department store at 5th and Broad street, where throngs gathered to witness the activities of interest given by him and his friends. The various press notices of papers wherever he has been showed that "Nee daniel" is a capable, well learned member of his tribe. He has business abilities, cheerful, approachable, and a gentleman to meet, wherever he goes.

In coming to Old Town the Indian Reservation should be visited as a place of interest. The Indian ferry is only a few minutes walk up North Main street, where the electric cars turn from Stillwater avenue to Main street. The ferryman at the landing is one of the tribe, Peter Glosson, a real accommodating person, who is always glad to give whatever information he possibly can to those who desire knowledge of the whereabouts of the island.

Store Open All Day Saturday and Saturday Evening

Bathing Suits

That can dip for hours in the saltiest salt water and be sun dried in a few minutes. That a season's use can't fade. That are as easy to swim in as nothing at all, and as smart as a new idea from Paris.

Where Are You Swimming
On The Fourth?

You'll Find The Greatest

Assortments of Everything at Freese's



NEW ENGLAND'S

AIRMAIL SERVICE

COLLECT TOLLS

Authorization for the construction of the bridge was given by the New York and Pennsylvania legislatures.

July 12, 1926

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Unlike other years, when their tour called for appearances in the country's leading theatres, this year's trip consists entirely of bookings in the most elaborate ballrooms of Massachusetts.

During the past three months Chief Young Francis has been besieged with all sorts of flattering offers to leave the reservation but it was not until yesterday that he showed any desire to accept. His refusal was due to the fact, no doubt, that his financial demands have not been met.

The reason why Massachusetts amusement lovers should be willing to pay big prices to see the real Penobscots is easily answered on the pages of American history, which tell us that the early explorers seeking new fields to conquer, found the Indians already in possession of the land. And an analysis of the pages would prove to you that without the Indians there would be no American history. Residents of Plymouth and the rest of the state have rarely seen a specimen of those that first occupied American soil and so it is little wonder that their coming is being looked forward to with such great excitement. There is still greater interest amongst the young folks due to Paul Whiteman's claim that the American Indians were the originators of jazz music.

On their arrival in Boston the party will be cordially received on the State House steps by the Hon. Gov. Fuller and Mayor Nichols. After a hearty welcome by these two notables they will be presented with a key to the city by Mayor Nichols. Then will follow the snapping of pictures by the photographers of the Boston newspapers to be displayed on the pages the next day, telling their readers that the descendants of the first settlers are in their midst once more. In every city in which they are booked to appear a like reception is under way and from present indications Chief Francis and his gang are in for an unprecedented welcome every minute that they are away.

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After the three-week tour is terminated the jazz band will very likely accept an invitation to attend the Sesqui-centennial at Philadelphia for a few days and they will then return to the reservation for the winter season.

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He pointed out that these states offer even more advantageous flight lines than the Boston-Hartford-New York route just established. The cutting of the Boston to Bangor to Bar Harbor train time from eleven hours to two flight hours and another shortening of distances to White and Green mountain centers were promising fields. There is a definite need for a Boston to Albany service which would save a business man a whole day in making a round trip to Chicago. It has been estimated, Mr. Adams stated, "that any man whose time is worth \$25 a day cannot afford NOT

and the 10,000 who entered the conflict, the building will also serve as the permanent national headquarters. The main section is circular with a flat, dome-like roof surrounded by a colonnade forty feet high, which rests upon a sculptured frieze. Another massive frieze surmounts the columns. Two small square wings at either end of the memorial will house the executive and editorial staff. The structure, situated on the rim of Lincoln Park, facing Lake Michigan, is of Indiana limestone.

Spirit of Hawthorne To be Revived in New Chicago Hotel

CHICAGO, July 11 (AP)—The spirit of Nathaniel Hawthorne, American novelist of the period from 1850 to 1860, is to be revived in the new \$175,000 Hawthorne Arms Hotel to be erected here. The interior will contain decorative features, including, in memory of the great novelist. The lobby in particular will recall Hawthorne, with a collection of paintings, bronzes and statues representing his works.

WESTBROOK GIRL IS FATALLY INJURED

SOUTH WESTHAM, Me., July 11 (AP)—Helen Robichaud, 22, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Teuben Robichaud of Westbrook, was fatally injured and six other members of the family were cut and bruised late today when their touring car was ditched and overturned three times on the Westbrook Centre road, about a mile and a half above this village. Helen, whose skull was fractured, died at the Westbrook hospital, about ten minutes after she had arrived there in an ambulance.

FOXCROFT CAMP MEETING AUG. 1-8

The committee have secured Chaplain William J. Hayes of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, for the first Sunday of the camp meeting. Dr. Hayes will speak at 2:30 on "The Problems of the Far East." His experience with the U.S. navy makes him especially able to present this subject in a vivid way. The evening subject will be "Back to Babylon." The

QUICK GLANCE THE LOCAL

Items of General Interest Picked Up Here About the City

Mrs. Nellie M. Colburn, Seboomook, has received a letter from Bangor and will make a visit to relatives and friends in Georgetown Mass.

Mrs. George E. Macdonald, street leaves today for Hamilton of Auburn and into a field, where she caused his wife to be ward against the frost suffering bruises about neck. She was attending Caulfield.

Traffic on the Bar Sunday was very thick standing this not an sign of an accident was out the day and far in State Highway Police. Carson was on duty on between Bangor and Lud and reported that over travelling that stretch Sunday. He found the tions were being follow was not a single arrest day or even warning.

TWILIGHT LE

There will be a meeting of the teams Light League tonight at office of the Dakin Sp Company in Central street. Attendance is requested. Many matters to be discussed. Only one game will be played, that is the one Northern Maine Junior League H. E. Company & Park.

RE-ELECT BANGOR MAN PRESIDENT OF HORSE

WATERVILLE, July 29th annual meeting of the Maine Horsemen's Association of Maine, held here today. Bangor was re-elected president of the association. 68 members of the present, William E. Murphree, national secretary, was the principal speaker and he said that Maine is in more need of commercial purposes than ever. He stated that 2,000 draft horses were produced as compared of last Spring. There tractors purchased there than any season since 1914. part of E. K. Moore, secretary, showed the association to be in the best of shape. There were nine local representatives, the delegate Spring business to be There were several representatives from supply houses. R. B. Sherman of chosen as vice president Moore of Brunswick as treasurer. It was voted next meeting to be held

Miss Casey

57

The Essex Street

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BOSTON, July 5 (AP).—New England, beset by weather and topographical hazards, has accomplished more than any other section of the country in the advancement of aviation in the face of these difficulties. Porter H. Adams declared in the midst of the greatest aviation week Boston has known since the arrival of the world circling flyers, Mr. Adams as chairman of the Boston municipal air board has had a large share in local development while as chairman of the executive committee of the National Aeronautic Association his work is known throughout the country.

He compared aviation here and in the middle West to the farms of the two sections. "The middle West," he said, "is practically one great landing field a thousand miles square. A plane can land anywhere. In New England a pilot must often spend more time in search of a landing place than was needed to complete his flight, except where time and expense have produced special fields. Anyone can grow crops on the fields of Iowa, one must quarry New England land before farming."

He pointed out that these states offer even more advantageous flight lines than the Boston-Hartford-New York route just established. The routing of the Boston to Bangor to Bar Harbor took time from eleven hours to two flight hours and still shortening of distances to White and Green mountain centers were promising fields. There is a definite need for a Boston to Albany service which would save a business man's whole day in making a round trip to Chicago.

"It has been estimated," Mr. Adams stated, "that any man whose time is worth \$5 a day cannot afford NOT

and the 10,000 who entered the conflict, the building will also serve as the permanent national headquarters. The main section is circular with a flat, dome-like roof surrounded by a colonnade forty-four feet high, which rests upon a sculptured frieze. Another massive frieze surmounts the columns. Two small square wings at either end of the memorial will house the executive and editorial staff. The structure, situated on the rim of Lincoln Park, facing Lake Michigan, is of Indiana limestone.

Spirit of Hawthorne To be Revived in New Chicago Hotel

CHICAGO, July 11 (AP).—The spirit of Nathaniel Hawthorne, American novelist of the period from 1844 to 1864, is to be revived in the new \$175,000 Hawthorne Arms Hotel to be erected here.

WESTBROOK GIRL IS FATALLY INJURED

SOUTH WINDHAM, Me., July 11 (AP).—Helen Robichaud, 22, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theobald Robichaud of Westbrook, was fatally injured and six other members of the family were cut and bruised late today when their touring car was ditched and overturned three times on the Windham Centre road, about a mile and a half above this village.

FOXCROFT CAMP MEETING AUG. 1-8

The committee have secured Captain Alvin J. Hayes of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, for the first Sunday of the camp meeting. Dr. Hayes will speak at 2:30 on "The Problems of the Far East." His experience with the U. S. navy makes him especially able to present this subject in a vital way. The evening subject will be "Back to Back." The

QUICK GLANCE THE LOCAL

Items of General Interest Picked Up Here About the City

Mrs. Nellie M. Colbat Seboomook, has recently returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Georgetown Mass.

In turning out to a with another car at Gr Ohio street Sunday afternoon Hamilton of Auburn into a field, where the caused his wife to be ward against the fro suffering bruises about neck. She was attending Caulfield.

Truffle on the Bar Sunday was very thick standing this not an sign of an accident was out the day and far in State Highway Police Carson was on duty on tween Bangor and Lun and reported that over E travelling that stretch Sunday. He found the tions were being follow was not a single arrest day or even warning

TWILIGHT LE

There will be a me managers of the teams Light League tonight at office of the Dakin, So Company in Central-stre attendance is requested. many matters to be th Only one game will be night, that is the Ban Northern Maine Juncti Bangor H. E. Company a

RE-ELECT BANGOR MAN PRESIDENT OF HORSE

WATERVILLE, July 29th annual meeting of shoers and Blacksmiths of Maine, held here today of Bangor was re-elected of the association. 68 members of the present. William E. Mur adolphia, national secretary, was the winner and he said that Maine is in more need of commercial purposes. over. He stated that 2,000 draft horses were Arcostock as compared of last Spring. There tractors purchased there than any season since 1914 port of E. K. Moore, secretary, showed the association to be in the best of years.

There were nine local represented, the delegate Spring business to be There were several re present from supply house R. R. Sherman of C chosen as vice president Moore of Brunswick as treasurer. It was voted next meeting in Bangor

Miss Casey

57

Feb 7, 1946

deceased, John and Mrs. Andrew
M. 21 years, son of Sgt. Paul
vermore, 21 years, son of
same, St. Marie, same, depend-
Ronald A. Cpl.
leford.
27 years, North-
Hillford, 8 months, of Cpl. Chase.
M. 10 months, of S. Sgt.
E. East, Cornith, 21 years, of Sgt. Dupless,
Hill street, Old
G. 20 years, of S. Sgt.
Douglas, Percy, Westbrook,
25 years, Hig-
gins, 198 East Main
L. Bedford, Sgt. Houston,
Houghton street,
21 years, Wat-
T. Sgt. Abbott, Drimmer street,
years, Stoke de-
Grass, Ralph
G. 20 years, of Sgt. Mo-
Hillside street,
M. of Easton;
Y. 1 month, Rosane A. 1
dependents of Sgt.
L. 45 River
years, Chelms-
A. 16 months, of Latimer,
Grove street,
Mabel, 31 years, of T-5
Rumford.
of Edinburgh,
of Capt. Paul
1 street, Port-

taff
the First Post
In June, Al-
Orlando, Fla.
his course was
there for 24
COM
ES
CRUISES
2
ENT

Edward R. Baker has been with the NEWS family for many years. Baker, son of Mrs. Harriet Baker of Manchester, N. H. was resident of Boston high school in 1936 and came to work for The NEWS as a photographer and has been in the newsroom throughout the years. Baker is the son of the late George Baker, who was killed in the famous Texaco story and his remains were released through Baker's efforts. Baker entered the Navy in April 1941 and took his "boot" training at the Sampson Naval Training Center, Simpson, N. Y. He was assigned to a photographic squadron at Norfolk, Va. and from there sent to the Naval School of Photography at the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Pensacola, Fla. His next assignment was the Naval Air Gunners school at Yellow Water, Fla. Navy photographers have to know how to run a gun and so Baker took that course before being assigned to the Naval Air Operational Command at Jacksonville, Fla. He next went to temporary duty with the Naval Aircraft Command at Fort Bliss, Texas, where he worked with the Army. He has had an unusually fine opportunity for training in his own field while in the service and has done a great deal of aerial photography and motion picture work as well as stills while on his tour of duty with the Navy. Baker's members of The NEWS family were in the armed service and already 14 have returned to civilian life and resumed their former positions. Richard Palmer, who was on duty with the Navy, is back in the accounting department, while back on their jobs in the composing room are Harold Wood, William Carson, Frank Woodcock, Asa Blanchard and Edward Constantine. Edward Thomas has returned to his duties in the press room and the perspective department has wel-

National Mediation Board with power to step into most labor disputes and to call strikes or lockouts for 30 days. It would permit wide use of court injunctions in enforcing the cooling-off period or in preventing violence. It would outlaw violence in picketing, ban boycotts and provide for civil suits against either side breaking a contract. Opponents asserted that it would strip labor of its rights and promote industrial discord. They particularly assailed the sections increasing injunctive power of courts and those banning boycotts and violence on picket lines. They said enforcement would turn those provisions to its gain and labor's harm. Case denied these statements and told the House his legislation is a constructive attempt to protect the public interest in disputes between labor and management. He declared the language is carefully drawn to be fair to both sides. Case was supported throughout the debate and voting by a powerful coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats. The opponents predicted the bill would be rejected by the Senate and President Truman House leaders told newsmen privately they doubted if the measure had a chance of clearing the Senate in its present form. The motion to shut off debate was by Rep. Randolph (D-W.Va.), who opposed the bill. His friends said he finally decided the opposition did not have the votes to defeat it and so agreed to halt further argument. He came back Arthur Murray and Kenneth Blanchard, while Royce Chambers has returned to his duties as officer boy. Fred McAlary, a combat infantryman with a fine war record has joined the advertising staff of the paper. This brings a total of 17 veterans of World War Two who are employed at The NEWS now and the remainder of The NEWS family, still in the service, are expected to return from time to time as they are separated from the armed forces.

and imports were reported at the rate of approximately 2,000,000 bags a month. Last year 20,000,000 bags were imported.

Epperson-Cousins
Raymond M. Call, Epperson, of Merced, Cal. and Joanna A. Cousins of Dover, Pa. were married Wednesday afternoon by Dr. Ashley A. Smith at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. J. Cousins, 17 Mountain street. The bride and groom were the attendants. The bride wore a heavy blue tulle dress with white accessories and her corsage was of white roses. Mrs. Cousins wore a black and white dress and a shopping bag of red roses. After a wedding trip Mr. Epperson will return to the West Coast for duty aboard the USS Epperson on duty in the Pacific. He had been in the Navy three and one-half years.

Iowa has a total of 102,000 miles of highways.

BEANO
TONIGHT
MACCABEES HALL.
43 Park St.
7:45 P. M., Every Thurs.

STRAND
OLD TOWN TODAY
OUT OF THE DEPTHS
Jim Bannon, Ross Hunter
Also THE HURRICANE
Dorothy Lamour

ORONO
Strand
TODAY
Double Feature
LIFE WITH BLONDIE
—With—
Arthur Lake, Penny Singleton
BRIGHTON RANGLER
—With—
John Loder, June Duprez

GRAPHIC THEATRES
Now Showing
BELFAST Gladys Sims, Robert Paige
SHADY LADY, Radio City
DENTON Rosalind Russell, Lee Bowman
SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES
DOVER Peggy Ann Garner, Allen Joslin
JUNIOR MISS
ELLSWORTH Clark Gable, Lucille Young
CALL OF THE WILD
MILLINOCKET Opera House
Jimmy Loden, Freddie Bartholomew, Tom Brown, School Days

FRI-SAT
PEKA
THE S
WH
AT
Mr. Chapin himself in a new and thrilling romance of today
Feature
1:30-3:45
5:30-7:15
and 9:15
with **DEBO**

OLYMPIA
THE VERDICT WAS
DEATH FOR SIX
MEMBERS OF THIS MURDER
SELECTED SHORT SUBJECT

2★ BIG RADIO SHOWS ★2
IN PERSON!
Lone Pine Mountaineer
and His Entire Company
—Plus—
Ray Little's Radio COWBOY SHOW
Shows for Price of One
APPEARING
Thur., Feb. 7
Lincoln Auditorium
Sat., Feb. 9
Old Town City Hall
Don't Miss This Big Show
Come early to avoid the rush.
Admission: 55c, tax included

Coming Attractions at
OPERA H
Feb 10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31
NEW BLOU
Feb 10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31
PARK H
Feb 10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31







NO: 345.1

Original Copy Size-orig: 5"x8" Size-copy: 5"x7"

Negative: 30.1

Condition (orig.): fair - bent at corners, "handled".

Source: Mr. Reid Hand
80 Elm Street

Date of accession: Bangor Maine
3/17/75

If copy, where is original? w/ the owner

Matter on back: Reid at Auto Rest Park "The Deacon."

Description: man standing in front of pew like seat built into wooden portion of wall. Map of Maine above wooden seat top, against wall. Man is dressed in top hat, spectacles, false goatee, tattered around neck, tie white vest, tails, scissors tucked into waist, dark pants appearing dirty, old loafers - and holding a knobby, crooked cane. Pair of shoes on wooden floor to his left.

Copies on file: 2

Related NAFOH Accession:

Doesn't have one yet

Interviewers # Argentiari '75.2

NO: 345.2

Original Copy Size-orig: 5"x5" Size-copy: 5"x5 7/8" Negative: 30.2

Condition (orig.): fair, yellowed, corners a bit rough - pretty good
cond.

Source: Mr. Reid Hand
80 Elm Street

Date of accession: ^{Bangor, Maine} March 17, 1975 If copy, where is original? with owner

Matter on back:

==

Description: Man standing in front of 4 musicians (seated). Can't tell what one on far right of Hand is playing, next plays clarinet, next - sax, next - can't tell. In back of them on wall is large sign part of it showing reads H A
- S E E } Other middle letters obscured by musicians and leader (Hand) who is dressed
9 L } in white shirt, dark pants, striped vest, wavy foto, large bow tie, top hat

Copies on file: 2

Related NAFOH Accession:

not numbered yet

Interviewers # Argentine 75.2

NO: 346
30.3

Original Copy Size-orig. 5" x 5" Size-copy 5" x 6 ¹³/₁₆" Negative:

Condition (orig.): yellowed, but good, scotch tape stain on right corner (top)

Source: Mr. Reid Hand
80 Elm St.

Bangor, Maine
Date of accession: March 17, 1975 If copy, where is original? with owner

Matter on back:

2

Description: Scene of dance - couples dressed in hazy costumes. On stage is man in top hat, bow tie, white shirt, vest, black pants holding cane. Three men gathered around microphone. Musicians in background, banner above them on wall, letters undistinguishable. American flag to right of men on stage. balcony in far right (of musicians) corner.

Copies on file: 2

Related NAFOH Accession:

doesn't have one yet

Interviewers # Argentina 75.2

Dear Joe,

Here is the tape that you requested during our conversation 14 Apr. 1988.

Some are not of very good quality, as they recorded at private homes, with voices in the background, and with some early recorders not of the best quality.

Hope they prove to be what you wanted.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Maynard". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large loop at the end.

Maynard L. Jalbert

P.O.Box 1154.

40 Hardison Ave E.

Caribou Me. 04736.



COUNTRY MUSIC FOUNDATION LIBRARY & MEDIA CENTER · COUNTRY MUSIC HALL OF FAME & MUSEUM
700 SIXTEENTH AVENUE SOUTH · NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37203 · 615/256-7008

April 10, 1975

Ms. Mary Beth Argentieri
Department of Anthropology
University of Maine
Stevens Hall, South
Orono, Maine 04473

Dear Ms. Argentieri:

Your letter of January 24, 1975 to Bill Ivey was referred to my office. After checking our files, it appears that your group will need to do considerable research before discovering much information on the Country Music scene in the Bangor area. The CMF Library and Media Center collection is so large that it is difficult to ascertain if it contains anything of use in your research. Of course, we do have files on Hank Snow and Wilf Carter if you think it would be of any use in your project.

I am enclosing some publications that will perhaps give you more of an idea about the scope of this collection. If you can be more specific about the people who were involved in CM in the Bangor area, then perhaps we can be of assistance.

Sincerely,

Danny R. Hatcher
Danny R. Hatcher, Director
Country Music Foundation
Library and Media Center

cd

Enclosures

Interview's tape no. Ives 75.3 NAFOH accession no. _____
Interviewer Edward Ives Address NAFOH
Interviewee Ray and Ann Little Address Back Bay Rd. Milbridge, Me.
Place of interview their home, Milbridge Date April 2, 1975
Other people present Lisa Feldman, Mary Beth Argentieri, Mark Lafond
Equipment used Sony TC-800 B. (using external mike)
Tape: Brand Ampex 291 Size reel 5 ~~1x mil~~ / 1.5 mil Speed 1 7/8
Cassette: Brand _____ C-30/C-60/C-90/C-120
Amount of tape used (Side 1) all (Side 2) all

Brief description of contents: The Littles were very active in the country/western scene here in Maine. They talk about their experiences in Maine, Mass., the Maritimes, and elsewhere in Canada.

The mike is set right on the table in front of them. A good deal of noise of objects being moved on table all through the interview.

Opening announcement.

[Asks that machine be turned off until we decide what we're going to talk about. Noise of mike moving on table]

Both from Massachusetts, he from Fitchburg, she from Chelsea. Had been playing around there since 1932; they met in 1938. Ran a little ranch down there with Suunday shows. Moved to Maine (Lewiston) 1939, Bangor 1940. Were in Bangor 1941-42. Then he went in service. Came back in 1946, left Bangor 1946. Went to Canada; NB, PEI, Nfld. Had traveling shows, radio shows. In Bangor they had six morning shows, five afternoon shows. Had a ~~taxx~~ ranch out in Carmel; many guests. Lone Pine Mountaineer Jimmy and Dick, J.D. Hand [Ham?]. "In those days it was cowboy shows." Lot of dance groups around, but they hardly ever played dances. Mention Reid Hand. They'd decide where to go next by looking at the map.

First thing they'd do was get a radio show, get a name~~xxx~~, then go play personals. Gratis unless sponsored, but they got their advertising out of it. In Bangor, they went to see Ed Guernsey at WLBZ. They put them on an 8 or 7:30 a.m. spot. "Radio Cowboy Show." When the cowboy thing started to go out it was just the ~~8~~ "Ray Little Show." Always traveled five or six in the group. Tried to keep up with popular modern songs. A lot of comedy. Would hire a lot of halls themselves. Did all their own booking, advertising. Once you got it made there was more sponsors than you could handle. Sometimes booked 3, 4, 5 months ahead. Played a lot of town and county fairs. [She goes downstairs to get the scrapbook] .

We're lloking thru
the scrapbook at
this point.

dog barks.

Quit playing last~~xxx~~ year. Called square dances for ten years around here, after they retired on the road.

Did a lot of travel-ng. Alaska. First western band in Nfld, 1948 or 1949, thinks it was six days after Confederation. Says it was a choice of Ireland or Nfld. and she chose Nfld. He'd been in Ireland during war, recalled every night they had shows in the halls there. Lot of vaudeville there. Had Ray Whitley up, who played for Gene Autry. Walt and Ken from Palmyra. Ken Heath is still somewhere in Newport. Walt is in Hillsboro, NH now. Gene Hooper is still around, down in Machias. Lone Pine ~~wx~~ was with them out in Western Canada. Their ranch in Massachusetts was in Shirley, near Ayer. Stage, concessions "Sunday enter-ainment," from say 2 to 10 pm. "M bar C Ranch" is "Musical Cowboys." Tony, Wanita, and Buddy down in Portland area. Came up from Texas to Boston around 1935, Buddy Durham down in Wheeling W.Va. now. Lone Pine with them on Sundays. They'd open ranch inmid May. Auto Rest Park used to have entertainments all Sunday free, but they'd charge. ARP closed them down on Sundays; someboby complained. Then they went to Canada July 1946. Were there for 14 years. Frank Palmer owned the land and got a percentage. They'd have crowdsof 5-700. & When Ken Maynard came they had cars parked ~~xxxx~~ down road for 2 miles. Left Boston with \$27 in pocket. Describes first show in Howland. Started with just 3 of them, then added more.

J.D. Ham came up from North Carolina and he'd do the same sort of thing they were doing. Lone Pine had a group too. Getting into an area, they didn't want to work it out too fast, so they'd get another group to come in often.

Used to have Saturday Night Jamborees, in Calgary, Moncton. ~~Axxx~~ Talent contests a part of this. Curly O'Brien got his start in a talent contest of theirs at Carmel.

Kid and Ada Baker. Maritimes group. Out of Saint John, she thinks. Hank Snow. Moncton was a good place for them.

WLBZ out of Bangor used to cover parts of Nova Scotia too. They made a three week trip over there and bisness was tremendous, putting on 2-3 sdhows a night. Playing in Yarmouth area (NS) and were invited to Moncton. CKCW out of Moncton. Then went to PEI. They'd follow the mail. Played with Don Messer quite a bit. Radio out of PEI also covered Nfld. Describes trip to Nfld. Played eight days in Corner Brook (Holy Week), packed every show. How people used to help them unload train along the way.

Again tells how he'd look at the map, check the power of the radio station, population, towns. Once they got to an area they'd follow the mail. Sold pictures on air. Then go to towns where mail was heavy.

dog yaps.

Grand Falls. Botwood.
Mrs. Beard.

looking at scrapbook
again.

scrapbook again

Al Rawley

Describes trip to O'Leary, PEI. Lone Pine w/them. Went over from Moncton. Were having thei supper and somebody told them there were people waiting. About 100 people at 5:30. Had to put on three shows that night, 1400 people. More detail on the evening.

More on Nfld. How people used to ask them to stand on rear platform of train and wave (even at 2 a.m.). Wenesday matinee, 2 more shows in Grand Falls. Sold maybe \$200 in pictures, he says \$375 worth. Tex Thorne. Talks about him.

Jimmy and Dick were really liked. Did same thing Ray and Ann did. Came to Boston, then moved on. "We figured four years in an area." 4 years in: Winnepeg, Manitoba, Alberta, Maritimes. Jimmy and Dick were tremendous around here. Every time they'd meet you they'd shake your hand (big joke at time). Had their wives with them.

Reid Hand had a schoolhouse near where they were, just before Auto Rest Park.

I ask about Tex Fletcher. Recognize name.

Smilin' Ernie Lindell from Augusta, and the Sunshine Group.

Autograoh books. Used to dell them at the Ranch.

Bradley Kincaid was around Boston for a bit.

Sagebrush Jim, was from Beverly, ~~xxx~~ lived in Augusta. Killed in auto accident. Was in Lewiston when they got there in 1939.

Ranch idea: in New Hampshire there was "The Baron and his Lone Star Texans" broadcasting out of Lawrence, and he used to go to every one of their shows. Started a place at Reed's Ferry [?] NH, just out of Nashua. Had a contest of all western bands one day and his band won 1st prize. Thier band played at that ranch all one summer, also over radio out of Lawrence, Mass. Lots of ~~xxx~~ guest groups at that ranch.

Bud Bailey and his Down-Easters in Portland area.

At same time there as Ken Mackenzie, orginally from NH(?). Ray will be 62 in Sept. Started playing when he was about 17. Palled with a guy whomplayed bajo at they used to play square dances at the time. Tenor banjo.

When he first started to play it used to be hillbilly bands. Played in a vaudeville group to begin with. Costume: overhauls, bandannas. The "this Baron" came in with the more modern cowboy music. Went out on his own. Used to play over WHDH, WEEI. Then met Ann and her cousin and came to Maine.

Slim Clark. Played at ranch for ~~xxx~~ them. Mostly on his own. Was up here before the war. Married a girl who used to be with them. Sister of Buck Mason [sp?].

[Relationship here not clear], and TexAnn came with rodeo, down in Boston.

Ann talks of her own show over WHDH in Boston, with her cousin Helen. Al Rawley was there too; had a good show in Boston. Ray had a ranch out in Shirley, and Helen decided to write and wee if they could

dog barks
delivery man

dog yips

both talking
together, but
we can separate it.

appear there. Booked them for after Memorial Day 1939, and "I've been with him ever since." They traveled with him to Lewiston. She and Helen were "Helen and Ann, the girls from the Rio Grande." You'd pick a western name.

Took about 18 trips across country, but missed the water, etc. When they decided to quit they bought the theater in town here (Milbridge) 19 years ago. Stayed here summers and would go out wset in winter. Since 1962 they've been here full time. Started square dance calling.

Made one LP record for Arc and a number of singles. Also did some recordings from Calgary, for Aragon. When they first went out west in 1950 tapes were just starting. For the "echo bit" they were just experimenting until Les Paul and Mary Ford came out with their stuff. Ann did a dubbing for echo; had to do it in men's room of a Sunday. Automatic flush gave them a lot of trouble!

TV was better than radio. People would get more interested in show. When they did tv shows out of Minot N.D. they had a little chihuahua dog and he'd come right on camera. When he'd hear their theme song ("Highways are Happy Ways"), and he'd come out on stage.

Did no recording before the war. When they were in Moncton they wanted him to go to Montreal and do RCA but they didn't. "That was our big let-down. We should have done it." Too busy.

Dick Curless mentioned.

Has been to Nashville. Didn't play there, but display at Wheeling. Lone ~~Rex~~ Pine was down there. They were asked to stay, but it was too "dog eat dog" a life. Preferred ~~xxx~~ being on their own.

How they scheduled shows. Call a small town, ask for the operator, ask who had charge of the hall. First three months they'd have to do their own booking; then sponsors would catch on: clubs, granges, churches. Split would be 70-30, and the club would take care of hall. They'd send posters, put ad in paper. After program they'd pay off the hall and "book it over." Charge would be about 50 cents.

END OF SIDE ONE

[Jimmy] came with them in 48 in Moncton and stayed until they went to Regina in 58. Left Calgary in 62.

dog yaps

Fiddle, guitar, bass fiddle, acoordion for while, banjo. At last a steel guitar. Everybody doubled. Everybody did something, and more than one thing. Also liked to get young people with them. Something for everyone in atwo hour show. Lots of local people wh'd want to perform/ . "That and songwriters." They'd use them. Most of work they did by ear, but they had a fiddle player who culd read very well. Don Messer could read

dog yips. Phone
rings.

and the two of them traded songs.

Ray Simmons. Charlie Chamberlain. Bootlegging

[Tape off c.15 sec./ on again]

Jerry and Sky, out of Boston. From Topsfield (Maas)
area. Also broadcast WHDH.

Smilin' Bill Waters. From Ohio originally. Tex
Thorne would know him. Did a lot out of Augusta.

two talking together

Texas Curley and his Arrowhead Ranch Boys.
Was Johny Fox (?). Went out to California.
Decide that this is not who it was.

scrapbook again
handbill.

Handbill from theater performance in Belfast.

Costumes. Really a part of the act.

~~Ask~~ Talk about WSM acts they booked into Calgary.

These will be the first winters that they haven't
been committed almost every night.

Talk about playing back and forth between Regina Sask
and Minot ND.

Bob Whitten ran the other theater in town.

~~Ask~~ Jimmy and Tex (Emery) came up here to visit.

Thebfour of them auditioned at WABI-TV (1956?) and
had a program for John Paul. The two boys ~~ask~~ also
played Silver Dollar. Talked them into going to
Winnepeg for winters. Then they'd come back here in
summer.

[They play some tapes for us. I record them through
the mike].

CHANGE SPEED TO 7 1/2 ips

Ann sunging: "If my Daling and His Love Were Not
for ME."

Instrumental number.

Ray on banjo: "Liebestraum"

CHANGE SPEED BACK TO 17/8.

Closing annoucement.

6/1-2/46 BD M pg 4
MISHOU'S PHARMACY
222 Hammond St. Bangor

Mr. Staman told reporters that of course he still is wholeheartedly behind the measure. He would not have offered it otherwise, he said.

NOTICE TO PUBLIC

Effective

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1946

The Aroostook Flyer

Will Be Restored

Between

Bangor and Van Buren

BANGOR and AROOSTOOK RAILROAD COMPANY

NOTICE TO PUBLIC

Effective ... Monday, June 3d, 1946

Normal Bus Service Will Be
Resumed on All Lines

BANGOR and AROOSTOOK RAILROAD CO. HIGHWAY DIVISION

Deacon Hand's Band

DANCE TONITE
BEECH GROVE CASINO
Each Corinth
Adm. 50c to All, Tax Inc.

ROSELAND

BALLROOM
DANCE TONITE
77 CENTRAL ST.
OLD AND NEW DANCES
Adm. 42c, Tax 8c, Total 50c
No Children Under 10 Allowed

DANCE TONIGHT
NEW CHATEAU
"SOUTHERNAIRS"
12-PIECE BAND

JAM SESSION
NAT DIAMOND, his trumpet and 10 men
TONIGHT
at the
AUTO REST PARK

MORE FUN! COME ON OUT!
Dancing 8 to 12 Admission 50c, Plus Tax



"JERRY & SKY"
Talent Contest and Outdoor
Movie From 9:45 to 11 P. M.
FREE PARKING—Continuous
Show From 3 'Til 11

Admission 50c to All (Tax Included)

SUNDAY,
JUNE 2
RAY LITTLE'S
M BAR C RANCH
Route 2 — Carmel, Me.

JERRY & SKY
Direct From WHDH in Boston
In Person With Their 7-People
Radio Show

SMILIN' BILL WATERS
Heard Over WHEB,
Portsmouth, N. H.

TEXAS CURLY
And His ARROWHEAD RANCH
BOYS—Heard over WEDG,
Augusta, Me.

LONE PINE MOUNTAINEER
And His ENTIRE SHOW—Heard
OVER WLBZ

RAY LITTLE'S
Radio Cowboy Show
Heard over WLBZ

Victor

PRESQUE

OPERA

Presque Isle
Sun., Mon., Tu.
Clark Gable
ADVE
Joan Blondell
Wed. One Da
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Wednesday, June 3

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Starring, Rando

Saturday, June 2, 1946

Starring, Rando

ROMANCE OF THE

Starring, Rando

6/8-9/46 B.D.W. p.4

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TALENTED ARTISTS FOR ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL IN THE BANGOR AUDITORIUM

Miss Gertrude Ehrhart, One of Foremost of Younger Sopranos, Carlos Salzedo, Acclaimed as World's Greatest Harpist, and Howard Goding, Pianist of Front Rank, Have Been Announced By Director Adelbert W. Sprague to Be Soloists at One of Finest Concerts in History of Eastern Maine Musical Association—Will Be Held on Friday Evening, May 16, During Annual Convention of Federation of the Music Clubs of Maine.

A trio of superb artists will be the offering for the annual May concert under the direction of the Eastern Maine Musical Association in the Auditorium on Friday evening May 16, according to the announcement made by Director Adelbert W. Sprague. The artists will be Miss Gertrude Ehrhart, one of the foremost of the younger singers of the concert stage, Carlos Salzedo, acclaimed the world's greatest harpist, and Howard Goding, a pianist who is rapidly rising to the front ranks. Conductor Sprague considers this one of the finest offerings for a single concert in the Asso-

ciation's history. Her, for Miss Ehrhart and her singing are one and the same thing. The world of music is Miss Ehrhart's debtor for she gives pleasure by the exquisiteness of her art. To watch and hear her is to discover the mind, imagination and technical range of her musicianship.

In the making of her programs, she includes the classic airs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the master songs of musical literature and the works of today. She courageously acquaints her public with fine compositions other singers have failed to recognize. Miss Ehrhart has built up her rep-

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Carlos Salzedo, Harpist



Gertrude Ehrhart, Soprano

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Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, is blessed with a musical heritage developed entirely in this country. At school, her love for singing became paramount to all other studies and on the advice of the head of the music department, she gave up college to devote her entire time to music, going to New York for her training. She made her debut in Boston four seasons ago, receiving honors from the start through her musicianship, interpretations and voice.

Miss Ehrhart has been soloist with many of our most prominent

world supremacy as a harpist is his profound musical knowledge. There has never been, nor is there today, another harpist capable of understanding and interpreting as does Salzedo the masters of the XVIIIth and XVIIIth centuries, the Beethoven of the XIXth century and the Moderns of our day.

As a harpist, Salzedo's artistry and virtuosity have never been equaled by anyone in any period of history. This explains his many successful tours in the United States and Europe as well as his being engaged like the great virtuosi of other instruments, Kreisler, Casals, Hofmann, etc., as soloist by the leading symphony orchestras, Phil-

adelphia Orchestra, Boston Symphony, Metropolitan Opera Orchestra (New York), New York Symphony, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Syracuse Orchestra, Kansas City Little Symphony, Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Friends of Music (New York)—a distinction enjoyed by no other harpist.

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In musical circles in Europe and in United States, Salzedo is ranked the foremost harpist today.

The high place which Howard Goding holds as a pianist is apparent from the following criticism by the Boston Herald (last November):

"Howard Goding, pianist, played this program last night in Jordan Hall, before an unusually large and well pleased audience. Ecstasy, if

By his masterly analysis noted of their musical Goding was able to re- all is the medium Mozart, Schumann and Satie too, to express their poetic.

In addition to the so will be the customary

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For Miss Ehrhart and her singing are one and the same thing. The world of music is Miss Ehrhart's domain, for she gives pleasure by the exquisiteness of her art. To watch and hear her is to discover the mind, imagination and technical range of her musicianship. In the making of her programs, she includes the classic airs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the master songs of musical literature and the works of today. She courageously acquaints her public with fine compositions other singers have failed to recognize. Miss Ehrhart has built up her reputation

the close of her concerts and would gladly listen longer. Musical organizations and choral societies find Miss Ehrhart an ideal artist for recitals, including a great number of oratorios and works with orchestra. She masters quickly and with ease the preparation of new works, this she accomplishes with keen perception of musical proportions. She possesses the cardinal endorsement of her fellow artists. Carlos Salzedo is nationally and internationally known as the greatest living harpist. What differentiates Salzedo from any other artist and gives him

world supremacy as a harpist is his profound musical knowledge. There has never been nor is there today, another harpist capable of understanding and interpreting as does Salzedo the masters of the XVIIIth and XIXth centuries, the Romantics of the XIXth century and the Moderns of our day. As a harpist, Salzedo's artistry and virtuosity have been equaled by anyone in any period of history. This explains his many successful tours in the United States and Europe as well as his being engaged, like the great virtuosi of other instruments, Kreisler, Casals, Hofmann, etc., as soloist by the leading symphony orchestras: Philadelphia Orchestra, Boston Symphony

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tolerance through the superlative quality of her achievements. Seriousness of purpose, musicianship and musical authority are displayed in the selection of her programs. A pleasing feature of Miss Ehrhart's singing is the feeling of intimacy it conveys to the hearer. She gives the impression of being heartily concerned in the emotions of the music she sings. Her interpretations are convincing for she discloses all of the matter, manner and mood of a song. She imparts to her singing a dramatic force seldom heard. Her hearers always re-

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Field notes. Interview with Irving Hunter. March 12, 1975. Wednesday.

I walked up to the bus stop at the Texaco station on Main^g Street a little after 8:30 a.m. feeling nervous and looking as respectable as possible (back-to-front causal connection between the two). Sandy picked me up a bit after 8:45, as arranged, and we drove to the WLBZ building on Outer Broadway (861 Broadway) via the turnpike. The building was surprisingly tacky-looking-- one of these prefab ~~two~~ ^{low}-slung wood-and-glass late-fifties-ultra-modern places. The paint was peeling and someone had made a label saying "DOES NOT WORK" with a Dymo machine for the doorbell.

We went in the door and up a short flight of steps into a large room containing four or five desks and several people doing various things: receptionist receptioning, secretary checking a commercial spot on a cassette machine, young (?) dj putting together the jacket for an advance promo copy of an album ("Funny Lady," probably by Barbra Streisand). Mr. Hunter came out (I believe) of a room to our right, shook hands ~~MYXXHMMXX~~ and introduced himself. It's hard for me to describe his looks-- rather like the old storekeeper on the Pepperidge Farms commercials, very New England. He was dressed quite nattily, by provincial standards: maroon doubleknit flare pants with two button on a wide waistband; maroon-and-white narrow-striped shirt; marron tie with a ~~large~~ gold curvilinear 'H' as a tie tack; and somewhat incongruously brown wing-toed shoes. He was grey-haired, appeared quite trim and fit and must be in his late~~or~~ middle sixties. formalities

After the ~~preliminaries~~ were over, Mr. Hunter excused himself for a bit, saying that he had to take care of the payroll and distribute the weekly paychecks. Sandy and I sat down on a couch to wait. A short time later Mr. Hunter came back and said that he had something ~~which~~ with which we could occupy our time. He gave us a batch of old logs, from 1931 and 1935. The 1931 samples were in script in pencil, while the 1935s were typed carbons. Sandy and I busied ourselves, reading and taking notes until Mr. Hunter came back.

When he did, he showed us into his office. (We'd been there previously, to hang up our coats.) Once the preliminaries were over, Mr. Hunter got straight down to business. He's the kind of person I really like-- a pro, somebody who's learned his job from the ground up and is articulate enough to explain all of it with great lucidity. He started at WLBZ 45 years ago as a transmitter (???) and is now general manager. Having been an announcer for many years, he was also an excellent speaker-- enunciating clearly and organizing his thoughts well. He apologized for digressing from what he thought we wanted-- our list-- and for forgetting dates. But ~~he~~ was, as Sandy remarked to him at the end of the interview, pretty much the ideal informant.

After about an hour ~~Sandy~~ ^{Spayd} brought the interview to a close. I was so absorbed in what Mr. Hunter had been telling us that I hadn't noticed any edginess on his part. But he remarked to Sandy that he was, after all, a busy man, and while he didn't grudge us the time and enjoyed talking about the old days, he did have a lot of other stuff to do. He told us that he'd be retiring in a month (on the 28th of March, to be exact) and that after that he'd really like to get together with us and go into things in more detail. Sandy and I agreed that we were both looking forward to that a whole lot. One other good thing: Mr. Hunter told us ~~that the station was cleaning out the attic now, and that he was going to take a lot of the old records that nobody else wanted home with him for safe-keeping. He said he'd go over them-- partly to put the m in order and partly to refresh his memory-- before our next interview.~~

JEMF P

Materials toward a study of early country music on radio

I. Nashville. IV, 3 (Sept. 1968) p. 109

I. Dallas. IV, 4 (Dec. 1968) p. 131

I. Fresno. V, 1 (Spring 1969), p. 7

IV. Dallas V, 2 (Summer 1969), p. 61

Interview with Jessie Fraser, Veazie, Me., February 2, 1975.

While she would not say how old she was, she graduated from ~~UN~~ Univ. Of Maine class of 1931. Her family was one of the Main Road families of Veazie, definitely the upper crust.

Perley Reynolds orchestra was the best local orchestra as she recalls. But there was also a Clyde Lougee, who still lives at 54 Plaisted Street, Bangor. Perley Reynolds was Steward at the Tarntine Club, and got to know a lot of people that way.

As for the Chateau, Nice people did not go to dances there. Pretty divy, pretty fast crowd.

Then there was Cobby O'Brien's orch. He had been with Perley Reynolds.

The Country Club is where the college dances were usually held.

Midway Pavilion ~~Whitman~~ (in Orono where Chute's is now) was all right for a girl to go to with a date, but just all right.

Veazie Grange NEOP dances were apt to get rough (I think this may show the village/mainroader split in Veazie myself, EDI).

Norm Lambert is someone we should see too.

She remembers her family got one of the first radio sets in their (or her) set. That was in 1927. "You were in if you had a radio."

They had a victrola earlier than that. She used to love Hawaiian music. Her father preferred "Two Black Crows." You could buy records at Andrews, and at Skinner's (she thinks he had the Victor agency).

When she taught down in Hampden in the 30's, there were nice dances every weekend at the Hampden Grange Hall. Everyone used to go. Piano, fiddle, and she thinks sax.

No vaudeville as a regular thing at that time. Occasionally there'd be a revival type show, as there would be with minstrel shows.

She really couldn't remember a whole lot about what people would listen to or when on the radio. Really.

Interview with Irving Lancaster, 70 (in April next), 305a Highview Terrace, Veazie, Maine. February 2, 1975.

The interview was held in his living room. For many years Bunny was the proprietor of Lancaster's Market in Veazie. He grew up in Veazie, went to Bangor High School, graduated there class of 1924 (close to that).

I asked him where around here there were dances that he used to go to. Grange halls were the great places, he said. Essex Street Grange Hall was one. Veazie had its own, the NEOP (New England Order of Protection); it was the house below where Bronson's used to live. Then there was Ohio Street Grange, another one down in Hampden, and one in Holden. You'd pretty much see the same crowd at all of these, the dancing crowd. The usual pattern was just about 2 fox-trot and one waltz.

He got his first radio 1928-29, something like that, a Crosley. He worked at night then, and he'd keep it right with him and listen all the time when he wasn't busy. The reception was very good around here, he felt. Mostly you'd listen to outside stations, though: WBZ, WTIC (Hartford) KDKA, WGY (Schenectady). Only local station he could recall back then was WLBZ. Used to get Wheeling, W.Va. sometime.

The family had an old Edison cylinder player. Later on he got a Pathe. You could buy records then at Andrews, Skinner's (John's father), and the chain stores (5 & 10) also carried them. Most of the early records he'd buy were what he called ballads (but not what I'd mean by that).

As for dances. It would usually be a 2-3 piece band.

About all the distinction he'd make between the big dance halls and the grange dances was size and location; the pattern of dances would be about the same. (Does this underscore the fact that Bangor and its immediate suburbs were "city", because Lil Shirley talks about contra dances up in Argyle). He does recall going to one real country dance though. When he was working for the OPA during the war, he was up in Perth N.B. for some reason, and that was "a real country dance". "The fiddler only knew one tune, and that was Chicken Reel, and he played it for everything."

Perley Reynolds Orchestra was the best local orchestra.

The Chateau was in the Sears block off the mall. They'd have big dances there at least once a week, bringing in big orchestras from Boston and elsewhere.

Other dance halls: The Cedars Pavilion (Holden), a middling sort of place.

Silver Slipper (Milford): pretty low class

Midway Pavilion (on what is now Harold Chute's land) used to get big crowds.

Villa Vaughn out on Pushaw was a mixed sort of place.

Up at Pea Cove is where there used to be an Indian orchestra, led by Maurice Francis.

February 28, 1975: Bangor, Maine.

This morning I had an appointment with Edward Guernsey, Manager of WLBZ-TV at present, but who for years had been Manager of the Radio Station. We talked in his office; I had already sent him a copy of the list of names we had made up, and he had read it over. We began by talking generally about the history of radio in this area. Much of what he gave me was too quick and too detailed for me to take good notes on it; therefore what follows will be rather scattered. There are at least two printed sources he recommended to me: (1) a printed history, brief but good, which is over at the station now (2) a house organ The Broadcaster or The Maine Broadcaster, which went on for a number of years at about our time (the 30's). It would be best for us to check those carefully, and then come back and ask him more questions.

WABI, as he understood it, was built by Bangor Hydro around 1922 with the idea of cheap communications with Ellsworth, but evidently their broadcast license made it too expensive; they sold it to a man named Ashley Smith. The man to see for early WABI history would be Walter Dickson, who started there as an engineer. He is sure ABI was part-time only up until the late thirties.

WLBZ started in 1926 in Dover-Foxcroft, and his cousin Tom Guernsey (564-2098) was in on it from the beginning and should be able to tell us a good deal about its early days. Station came to Bangor in 1929. ~~Ed~~ Ed Guernsey started with station in 1934.

WGUY was a Guy Gannett station (as was WGAN Portland), which he started up after WWII, he thinks because he thought the Facsimile newspaper business was going to boom. When it didn't, he unloaded it.

We started to go through the list:

WATIE AKINS: not c/w, but a damn good arranger of dance music.

BANGOR HYDRO RANGERS: does not think they were c/w, but the name Ranger came from kitchen range.

PAUL BARROWS: c/w definitely. That's all he could say.

"SHORTY" BOWEN. Quite sure he was c/w.

REID HAND'S MUSICAL RUBES. Thought he recalled this one. "More country than western" as he put it. Tall fellow with a red face, an "old time fiddler type" but when I asked did he play the fiddle he wasn't sure but said "I almost think he did."

LONE PINE MOUNTAINEER: Norm Lambert put him on WLBZ as a single. Later went to Lewiston. Also went to Canada.

SMILIN' ED MCCONNELL was a transcribed program. Not local. Described him as a "kind of a Burl Ives type" but less folksy.

MAINE CENTRAL MELODEERS was a dance band. Norm Lamber played organ with them for some years.

BERNIE MARR was strictly a dance band, and he was out of Bosotn.

SILVER BAR RANGERS: Yes, they were c/w. Short middle-aged man was the leader.

SINGIN' SAM: This was a transcription program. Not local, not c/w.

TEX THORNE: His real name is Horace Dinsmore, and he is now head of Loan Division at Northeast Bank. Has been very interested in square dancing for some years now.

UNCLE EZRA: there was the "National" Uncle Ezra, and then there was a local one. There would be a lot on him in The Broadcaster. He thinks his real name was Gil Snow, and also thinks he called himself "Uncle Hezzie" and had "Uncle Hezzie's Birthday Party" for some years, in which he would do the Uncle Don bit of telling children where their birthday presents were (note: didn't this ~~xxxxxx~~ become Uncle Don and his Country Lads, after it was UNCLE EZRA AND HIS COUNTRY LADS?

UNCLE SETH: Isn't sure that this wasn't who Gil Snow was.

SAMMY VINER: not c/w.

RAY LITTLE was originally from Massacusebts, and he now lives in Machias.

GENE HOOPER: Thinks he is living in machias too. He was on WLBZ. He was in the studio not so long ago and said that Guernsey was the first to put him on the air.

JIMMY AND DICK: Played over WABI for years. They were from Massachusetts, he thinks, but they settled here for some years and worked out of Bangor. From here they went to Canada. Then, he thinks, out west.

DOUG RICH: This is just a name he recalls, and he thinks he was c/w.

TONY AND WANITA: They too were from away, but he does not recall where. They located for a while in Portland and worked out of there, and were around here some too. Rudy Marcoux, who was station manager before EG, could tell us more about them as he had something to do with their coming here. (Now lives in Castine: 326-4211).

He remembers that hillbilly programs (and that was the word he remembered being used, not c/w) were very popular and drew lots of mail. They used to have a Wednesday Night Amateur Hour, which they used to put on almost entirely unrehearsed. Norm Lambert ran that in

the 1930's. A lot of local people were trying to get into the c/w scene at that time, and this was one of the first places they'd try. And from the station's point of view, they were definitely looking for local talent, since there were gaps in network programming that had to be filled. Frequently these were 15 minute and half hour spots at odd times.

Some general comments by edi

It seemed a little odd at the beginning that Guernsey didn't recognize the names of people who had clearly performed on his station, but we should remember that he was the General Manager, which often meant that he wasn't in direct contact with the "talent." We should definitely go back and see him once we know more about the history of WLBZ and even WABI. We'll get more on individual performers and such from others, but Guernsey is still going to be a valuable informant.

Pepple we ought to see:

HORACE DINSMORE: More about that in a moment.

RUDY MARCOUX: Castine. 326-4211. Station Manager WLBZ before EG
Evidently had a lot to do with Tony and Wanita.

AL RAWLEY: Now living in Lampine. I'm not sure how much he'll know, but he's been around this game a long time.

NORMAN GALLANT: WFAU Augusta. Very interested in early or golden days of radio. How much he knows locally is a question, but.

IRVING HUNTER: Present station manager WLBZ radio. Started as an engineer, and was an announcer for many years.

CURLY O'BRIEN: real name Philip Boyce. Can be reached through WENT-TV. Has been around a long time.

NORM LAMBERT

WALTER DICKSON: Started as engineer with WABI. Will know a good deal about its early history.

According to EG, the logs for WLBZ go way back, and are all over at the station. Does not feel that they would contain too much more than we could find in daily papers, but it might be a whole lot easier to handle, and it might tell us more. Worth checking, along with the "handout" history EG says is over at the station.

After I left WLBZ-TV I went downtown and made a call to Horace Dinsmore at the Northeast Bank. At first he thought I was interested in square dancing (which is his present passion), and he felt that someone else he named would be more help, "because I've only been in this since about 1962." Then I told him what we were interested in was (and I used both terms) the country/western or hillbilly scene as it was in Bagor in the thirties. Oh well, he said, he could certainly fill us in on that. We set up a time and it was agreed that I'd come down to his office next Friday, March 7, at 3. Then I asked him if he'd ever heard of Tex Thorne. Silence for a minute. "Yes," he said very quietly, "That's me." Then we both laughed, and I said I thought it was. So we'll see what next Friday brings.

Interview's tape no. Ives 75.1 NAFOH accession no. _____
Interviewer Edward Ives Address NAFOH
Interviewee Horace Dinsmore Address Northeast Bank, Bangor
Place of interview his office Date March 7, 1975
Other people present Mary Beth Argentieri
Equipment used Sony TC 800
Tape: Brand Ampex 291 Size reel 5" ~~xxxxx~~ 1.5 mil Speed 1 7/8
Cassette: Brand _____ C-30/C-60/C-90/C-120
Amount of tape used (Side 1) all (Side 2) _____

Brief description of contents: Mr. Dinsmore had been "Tex Thorne", a country musician of the late 30's in the Bangor area. We were interviewe~~ing~~ him about his part in the music of that time, and about country music in general.

He is looking over our list we had prepared and mailed to him.

Were a lot of western type programs around 1940. Use to work on WABI when they had their studio in Universalist Church (then they went up above Bangor Hydro on State St). Used to have a lot of live music. Fred Carleton was a piano player. Used to be a lot of restaurants etc. down behind where Freese's is today. Live entertainment, orchestras.

Ray and Ann Little now live in Milbridge. Last he knew they got into the square dance field. Some of these people went into square dance field.

Not many carried over from radio to TV.

Most programs ~~ammanakman~~ once a week. Local talent had orchestras, and own radio programs, and put western shows in smaller communities. You'd have programs on radio and "from that would develop the show aspect of it." Present shows in field once or twice a week.

Did not consider himself professional. You were doing it as a hobby. About a two year period is all he did it. Did not go back to it after the war. Ray Little continued as a professional, so did Lone Pine Mountaineer.

Bob Whitten at one time owned yheater in Milbridge. On Saturdays he'd have dances afterwards. Would bring professionals from out of state to perform on Saturdays. Also had a series of halls where he use to show pictures. HD worked with him, so did Lone Pine. He had a group of entertainers. They'd present the movies, and in addition he'd present these shows.

"We used to call it western shows." Instruments and clothing along the western line. Discusses the terms western, hillbilly, country.

Hillbilly music: might have guitar, violin, etc. Modern music include brass instruments. Rock and roll groups using same instruments c/w used but using them in different way. Dress is different.

Reid Hand. Still in the area. Thinks he's still down in Hermon. "Bandannas around their necks, overalls on,".

Distinguishes between group of individuals who put on an entertainment, and an orchestra.

Gene Hooper. Came originally from Harrington. Still performing.

Jimmy and Dick: Very popular around here. Not natives but would come here for a time.

Tony and Wanita: thinks they were from New Hampshire.

HD grew up in Hampden. Asked him how he got interested, whether he listened to it a lot "I suppose so." Played guitar. Performed alone, but also moved with different groups.

This kind of entertainment was popular with middle class people. Rural people. (Very headgy).

Radio stations willing to give you time. A milling company in Chicago, Russell Miller Milling Co. he thinks out of Minneapolis. If there's a talent accepted by listeners, they try to sell it to a company. He himself was sponsored at one time by this milling company. .

First name he performed under was "Wyoming Jack," and then he changed it, he thinks after a comic strip at that time. Didn't use his own name because it wasn't catchy enough.

MaryBeth asks about the "uncle" names. Talks about this a bit. Uncle Ezra (discussing image) would be from a farm, straw hat, goatee, boots with overalls tucked in. Says this is how it was with Uncle Ezra, and when his group came on, he'd be dressed this way as leader of group. Others in group might be dressed in a less spectacular way. Uncle Ezra was a bit before his time. Thinks Reid Hand would know him.

HD is more familiar with individuals than with bands.

phone buzzer

tape off/on again (phone)

Jimmy and Dick came from Middle West, coming into Maine occasionally.

Gene Autry came here 51,52,53.

I ask him if he had favorite performers etc. He says no, not necessarily. Learned his songs from books, song books. We were all singing the same songs. You were singing songs made known by "western people" on a national level and you were making thr same presentation only on a local level.

Says he never cut a record. After WWII he got away from it.

Got out of high school in 1937. Did c/w/ 39-40. Never wanted to go to Nashville. Says he did it for his own entertainment. Hobby. At that time he did not have another job. He was working for Bob Whitten. Whitten acted as a sort of booking agent. HD ran movie machines for him; he booked the halls, HD did some bookkeeping for him. Each weeks he'd get new bookings from Whitten, where he'd show movies and sing.

Speaks of the Chateau ballroom.

He did not grow up in a rural background. Father worked for Eastern Corp. Graduated Bangor HS.

Minstrel Shows Describes them. He himself never worked in a minstrel show. C/w was not part of that scene. Local talent ~~xxxxx~~ entirely. No organized companies came in; that was earlier.

C/w was more to be found in rural areas.

He always sang alone. I asked about just getting together with friends to sing. He tets onto Bangor Male Chorus.

He was describing how he met his wife, who answered a mail request clean from Nova Scotia. She heard him and wrote in for a picture.

END OF INTERVIEW.

tape/off on again.

phone rings.

Interview's tape no. 75.2 NAFOH accession no. _____
Interviewer Sandy Ives/Lisa Feldman Address NAFOH
Interviewee Irving Hunter Address WLBZ-Radiom Bangor
Place of interview 816 Broadway (WLBZ) Date March 12, 1975
Other people present Lisa Feldman
Equipment used SONY TC-800
Tape: Brand Ampex 291 Size reel 5 ~~xxxx~~ 1.5 mil Speed 1 7/8
Cassette: Brand _____ C-30/C-60/C-90/C-120
Amount of tape used (Side 1) all (Side 2) none

Brief description of contents: History of WLBZ radiom in Bangor.
Mr. Hunter had been an engineer and an announcer here in the 1930's.
Mr. Hunter is now manager of the station.

noise from office in
background

(We had sent him our list)

Watie Akins. Norm Lambert was very close to Watie. Akins a very talented arranger. IH started working for WLBZ in 1930. Came up from Boston at request of Tom Guernsey. Prior to 1926 station was WLEE out of Dover-Foxcroft, then moved to Bangor. Had only one operator at first; that is when they asked him to come to Bangor. IH got a phone call from Tom Guernsey, who said he'd gotten his name from WNAC. Asked him to come up. Thought he'd try it. Got on train the next day! Was surprised to find that WLBZ was all the radiom there was at the time, except WABI which was only on Sunday morning for church services. Further details on the station.

Local programming fitted in around network programming. Used very few phonograph records. A lot of local talent available. Many live broadcasts; in blocks of 15" or 30".

Not sure of Bangor Hydro Rangers, Bar L orch.

Talks about pickups, and equipment used to handle remote programs. Three large boxes of equipment.

Began with CBS network, added Yankee Network, the Colonial Network, Mutual.

Network came in over telephone lines. IH talks about the "wonder" of radio, and how TV never quite equalled that wonder

Pickups (local) came in over telephone lines.

Transcriptions: big records. Many came from advertising agencies.

~~Damage to broadcast building~~. First wire recorder used at time of Bar Harbor fire. Station had a remote wagon for field broadcasts. Describes this work.

Delayed broadcasting. Came in when baseball conflicted with soap operas. Bought equipment to make their own transcriptions.

Wednesday Night Amateur Hour. Was very popular. It would be announced and people would come in for an audition. Norm Lambert was the music director for the station. He was "Mr. Music" in Bangor.

Digression on Bangor Auditorium and its wonderful acoustics (i.e. old Bangor Auditorium).

Acts coming to Bangor often wouldn't bring an accompanist. Norm Lambert's skill used to amaze these people. More good word on Norm Lambert

The station would go out looking for good acts, bands, etc. Getting on radio was a great prestige thing ("of radio fame"). As national stations would go from one ballroom to another, so the local stations would do the same thing.

Rose Garden: over New Atlantic Restaurant. Station did pickups from there. Another place on Exchange Street. Describes working on a pickup. IH used to set up equipment and announce too. Also did pickups from Chateau. Again emphasizes the wonder of bringing programs from all over.

Hillbilly was the term! People would go to local dances, and if a group got on radio it was just that much the better for them. Hillbilly music very popular.

Stations in Portland, Bangor, Augusta, and that was it. Broadcast in non-directional pattern. Would cover a very large area. Used to know where they reached by people's responses. People used to write in a whole lot. People coming to town used to visit the studio. Had an observation room where people could watch (at 100 Main, which he describes briefly).

Uncle Hezzie. Gil Snow. Began as Uncle Ezra because of national character of same name. Would get up in complete costume, talked in DownEast twang. Very popular. Did children's programs. Tremendous mail response.

Hillbilly outfits used to come up "it was a sign of spring." Get a spot, and announce playing dates. From here some would go to Canada.

Ray Little. Very good. Played banjo. "Ray Little and Ann, the Girl from the Rio Grande" had a fiddler, another singer. Used to come back season after season. Used to work the smaller towns, people often asked them into their homes.

Can't think of any whp went to great heights from the Amateur hour. "We were always in need of talent." But some people did get known this way.

Says he's retiring this month, and will have more time to work with us. Retiring March 28.

Laments fact that lots of records haven't been kept. Talk about logs and what was required of them. Says he'll take a lot of them home and organize them a little better.

END OF INTERVIEW

Begin page 16.

Page 29 next to bottom begin. ? what does it say.

Begin page 36

Begin 42 last 3 beliefs.

~~R-53~~ Begin R-54

~~B-gin page 87~~

~~Begin 87~~

Begin 101

C
O
P
Y

Nov 8 1954

Dear Sir:

I would like to add one more remedy to your list this one for ulcers in the stomach to 1/2 pint of mineral oil add about 2 table spoon fulls of fuel oil (kerosene) take 2 swallows night and morning for 3 or 4 days then one swallow night and morning for 3 or 4 days more and repeat if they break out again but they will not for several months if ever,

Yours truly

NS Hayden
Gorham, Me.

(From our correspondence files)

Leechcraft

Maine

Breast
wrist

In early days, when New England had its beginning with the advent of the ^Puritans, there were no doctors who had been educated in the deep science of medicine.

To-day people are taught to believe that when one of the family is afflicted with any trouble, from a slight cold to symptoms of a more serious malady, to call a doctor at once.

Years ago everyone especially the elders knew leechcraft. Even to-day there are districts in the outlying sections of New England where the people are more or less obliged to depend upon such remedies as have been handed down from their ancestors.

Such localities were dependent on the local mid-wife who was in attendance at child-births and some of the cases which to-day require expert surgery, were then treated by local men or women who had become capable through experience instead of by education.

Broken bones in arms and legs were set without anesthetics; and some of the very crudest amputations, and abdominal operations were done without it.

For minor ailments, and for common diseases such as those prevalent among children, many familiar plants and herbs were used. As an outcome of such use, the electric physician of to-day emanated. As late as the last forty or fifty years in some of our small country towns and localities, certain well known characters have traveled on foot over the country selling bunched or dried herbs.

Cont.
Leechcraft

The efficacy of these, and their value, is not fallacious, but they are still well known and used by older people. Many of these old remedies have been known to effect cures where doctors have failed, --such things as hot onions and lard on the chest of a pneumonia patient, or a poultic of mustard. All such bitter herbs as thoroughwort and camomile, are good for bilious affections.

The American Indian was not a "made" but a "born" doctor. He had the magic lore of all growing things within the grasp of his brown fingers.

As time goes on, the most precious folklore of our forefathers is likely to grow dim, and more dim until, in a few hundred years, it will be among the forgotten things of earth unless it is in some way preserved to our children, and children's children for all time. Many of our crafts are already a thing of the past, even though some of them such as quilt making, and rug making are still in use, having been rescued from the scrapheap of the long past.

That such crafts as leechcraft, handicraft, and old tales and traditions in song and story may not be lost utterly to posterity,-- we tried here, to gather from all parts of our own state such things of interest and great import as should surely be preserved to all the ages that there are to come.

CONSULTANT

FRANK REED

Maine
1938
ARGYLE

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ For nail injuries, bind wound with poultice of mashed hot potatoes.

✓ For blood poisoning apply beet juice.

CONSULTANT

JOHN E. LAMSON

Maine
1938
ARGYLE

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Three nutmegs strung on a string and put around the neck to cure boils.

Carry a handful of buck shot in each hip pocket, to cure skin infection.

Worms

Tansy tea for children will cure worms. Also Tansy bags around the neck.

Dulse and molasses will cure worms in children.

Castoria will cure worms.

A piece of Beef bone buried until crumbly, then pulverized and mixed with molasses was a very old remedy always used to cure worms in children.

Wormwood is used as a remedy for worms.

Old cure was of ground egg shell and a lock of child's hair cut fine for worms.

Ground pumpkin seeds are good for worms.

Dry purple leaves ground, mix with molasses and a little ginger cure for worms.

3

LEECHCRAFT
Whooping Cough

Lark, onions and molasses for whooping cough

An old remedy for whooping cough was to kill a skunk and put in bed with the patient. It was said to relieve congestion.

Also to take a few drops of skunk oil on the throat and rub some on the chest.

A superstition is that hir of a dog wrapped in meat and fed to the dog cures whoopingcough in a family.

LEECHCRAFT

Weakness

me.
1938.

7

Put pint of best port wine, one ounce of steel filings and one ounce of cinnamon. Place bottle in corner for 24 hours, shake often. Take three teaspoonful a day.

K

CONSULTANT

ATKINSON, ME

E. W. TEWSKSBURY

4

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ To stop a headache a cup was placed on the forehead, and
 ✓ a lighted paper was placed on the cup to heat it.

✓ To draw the head and pus from a boil a bottle was
 filled with hot water, the water turned out and the bot-
 tle placed over the boil, -

✓ A painful but efficient remedy.

✓ A cure for coughs, was to pass a child under the belly
 of a horse three times.

CONSULTANT:

E. M. Bailey

Name
1938

ANDOVER

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ Salt pork rind for warts--steal a piece and bury
 ✓ For itch and ringworms--burn woolen on an axe and the
 oil or moisture thus made--rub on the affected parts.

Maine
1938

5

CONSULTANT:

BALDWIN

Geo. W. Jewel Sr.

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Wear a red cord about the neck to prevent nosebleed.

✓ Wear a camphor bag about the neck to prevent catching cold.

✓ Putting string of beads called Job's Tears around baby's neck to ward off various diseases.

✓ Use a bean to cure a wart, rub wart with bean and then hide the bean.

✓ Make a cross on a wart, then make a ^{3S} ~~cross~~ on a tree with a knife.

✓ Use salt pork on an open wound.

✓ ~~Thoroughwort~~ steeped for syrup for a cough.

✓ Pine spills off young pine to make syrup for a cough. ✓

CONSULTANT:

James Crowley
Tom Glinn
Joseph Assnault

Mannie 6
1938
BANGOR

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LLECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ Cure for cramps--carry a spruce nut in your pocket.
- ✓ Cure for catar^yah--get an alder that grows near a spring, and steep the bark same as tea and snuff it up the nose.
- ✓ If subject to cramps place an open jack-knife under your pillow and you will never have cramps.
- ✓ If a person is affected with rheumatism split a turtle in half and place it on the affected part. By the time the turtle is dead the rheumatic part will have been cured.
- ✓ For croup split a hen and place it on the sick one's feet; by the time the chicken is dead the croup will be cured.
- If bitten by a dog, pull hair from that dog and place it on the wound for quick and sure relief.

CONSULTANT:

James Crowley
Tom Glinn
Frank Robinson.

7
1935
BANGOR

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ If you pick your teeth with a splinter of a tree that was struck by lightning you will never have a ^{to}othache. ✓

✓ Carry horse chestnuts in your pockets to avoid rheumatism.

✓ Rub a wart with beans and throw the beans out so the crows will get them and the wart will disappear.

✓ Rub ringworms with gun powder and lard. ✓

✓ For mumps grease with sweet oil and you will have no pain.

(Tie a tar^{red} rope around the body and they will not go down.

If a person has a tooth extracted never leave it around for a cat or dog to get or, ^{it} is said, the person who lost the tooth will grow a cat or dog tooth in the place where the tooth had been extracted. This was used to keep children from doing it.

CONSULTANT:

Frank Robinson

BANGOR

Maine 1938

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ If a nail has been stepped on fill the wound up with a piece of salt pork to draw out the poison.

✓ Rub the wart with a bean, toss the bean into a well; the wart will disappear soon.

✓ The discarded skin of a snake is used as a cure for earache.

CONSULTANT:

Mr. Daniel Rooney

*Maine
1938*

BANGOR

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(2) ✓ When a person is seriously ill, and a dog howls around the house the person is sure to die.

CONSULTANTS

BAY POINT

Mary Campbell
Mrs. Besse Adams

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓ A piece of ice held on the back of neck will stop nose bleed.

A camphor bag worn around a patients neck will prevent contagious diseases

Cologne sprinkled on clothing, riding on trains, will prevent catching diseases.

✓ A soiled woolen stocking worn around your throat will cure sore throat.

Believed blood sucker would cure headache.

Some
Water worms so-called (blood suckers) are a cure for headache.

CONSULTANT

Bethel

Maine 1938

Mrs. Zenia Dudley

10

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- ✓
(1) Yolks of eggs mixed with soda will remove dandruff.

CONSULTANT:

Mr. Bragg

Maine
1938

BRADFORD

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ Tea made of elder flowers will run a fever down.
✓ Carry a small potato in your pocket to cure rheumatism.

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Lalley

Change
1938
BRADFORD

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(2) If a person while sick, dispairs and has a show of temper it is said they were on the mend.

CONSULTANT:

Clyde Chase

Change
1938
BRADFORD

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Carry three nutmegs in pocket to cure boils.

✓ Butter nut in pocket to cure rheumatism.

CONSULTANT:

Alphonso Young
Earl Taker
Mrs. Ray Hall
Fred Lewis

12
Mannie
1938 ✓
BRADFORD

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Carry tooth of a dead person to cure rheumatism

— ✓ For nail wounds, take one-half cup of hardwood ashes, make paste with water and put on sore, it will heal it when nothing else will.

— ✓ A Mr. Wade can put his finger on a wart and it will fall off in a week.

— ✓ Rub wart with bean, toss bean into well, wart will go away.

— ✓ Pierce wart with hot needle at base, it will fall off in a few days.

— ✓ Make poultice of scraped raw potato, warm and put to side of face to stop tooth ache or ear ache.

Consultant:

William Desley
Frank Perkins

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

Maine
1938
Bradley

13

To stop flow of blood put on a layer of cobwebs and bind over the cut.

To remove wart steal fern, rub wart and either plant it or toss it into a well.

To cure ringworms put a salt pickle on the sore and bind it there.

Bind a nail wound with salt pork.

Uns oil mixed with an extract for earaches

Lungwood (obtained from the north side of maple trees) mixed after it has been steeped and strained with honey as a flavoring for colds.

For skins sores: planting leaves are very good as a quick cure for running or dry sores on body. Bind them over the sore.

For sore throat, the extract of alder bark steeped and used as a gargle.

CONSULTANT

A. NORMAN SPENCER

Maine
1938
BRADLEY

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ If a child has a severe cold, grease the palms of the hands and bottom of the feet with chicken grease or skunk grease.

CONSULTANT:

Frank McDonough
Frank Robinson.

Maine
1937
BREWER 14

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Put a drop or two of nitric acid on warts to cure them. ✓

To drive away a goiter place the hand of a dead person on the throat of the affected person; the goiter will disappear in a short time. ✓

CONSULTANT

LEWIS Tapering

Maine
1937
BRADLEY

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

bag
(1) Carry bag of sulphur around the neck to keep off measles.

Manic
1938
BREWER

CONSULTANT:

1. A. C. Moore
2. John Lamson
3. Miss Alice Farrington
4. Mrs. McKeen.

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ For mumps tie a rope around the body of a male to keep them from working into his testicles.

✓ Rub a case knife across the wart six times, cut the knife in the bark.

✓ Red ~~f~~^{fl}annel around neck will cure sore throat.

✓ Salt pork ^{rind} ~~rhyme~~ around neck will cure sore throat.

✓ Burdock leaves tied on soles of feet and palm of hands bring down fever.

✓ Penny royal, Tansy tea, Sage tea to cure white hair.
Sumac for dye. Blackberry root for digestion. Goldthread very bitter for sore throat. Mullin leaf for sores. Cobwebs stop bleeding.

✓ Turn shoes upside down to prevent cramps in legs at night.

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. A.C. Moore

16
Mamie
1888
BREWER

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(2) If you put a sick person to bed on a pigeon feather mattress, he will recover.

"He lived the life of a lousy calf; he lived all winter and died in the spring."

Maine
1938

17

CONSULTANT

BRUNSWICK

John R. Stanwood
Mrs. Ruby Rancour
James Bangs
John R. Stanwood
Miss. Clara Owen

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) Carry a piece of ^a Alum in pocket to cure piles.
 - ✓ Rubbing a gold ring over sty in the eye will cure it.
 - ✓ Put soda in shoes to cure rheumatism.
 - ✓ Red flannel rag around neck to cure sore throat.
 - ✓ Bee stings to cure rheumatic condition.
- (1) ✓ To cure wart: Cut a ^d Dandelion Blossom in two and rub the white part (that is inside) on wart .
 - ✓ To cure mumps. Tie a piece of string around your throat.
- (1) ✓ Rub wart with piece of potato and bury potato.
 - ✓ This will cure the wart.
- (2) If you live through March, you will live for the remainder of the year.
- (2) If a person seriously ill, lives past midnight, will live for another day.

CONSULTANT:
Harry Mason

CAPE ELIZABETH
SO. PORTLAND

18

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Potato carried in pocket for rheumatism

✓ Sulphur in shoes and in bag around neck or in the pocket for cure of boils, nose bleed and rheumatism.

person of The hair of a dog wrapped in meat and fed to the dog cures a whooping cough

✓ Rub a piece of raw meat over warts throw ^{meat} ~~war~~ away; warts disappear when meat decays

Red flannel for sore throat

✓ Piece of copper wire around waist cure for rheumatism

Maine
1938

CONSULTANT:
Harry Mason

CAPE ELIZABETH
SO PORTLAND

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Wormwood---Tonic

✓ Snakehead---Tonic

✓ Nutmeg around neck for nose bleed

19
Maine

1938

CARMEL

CONSULTANT:

John Proctor

Mrs. Anna Huggles Hunt.

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ Carry a horse chestnut in pocket to cure rheumatism.
✓ Sage leaves made into a tea is good for a cold.

✓ For warts, bind with pork and paint with iodine.

✓ Put weak solution of turpentine on ringworm increasing strength from day to day. Ringworm will be killed this way.

For deafness, take ant's eggs and onion juice, mix and drop into the ear or drop into the ear at night six or seven drops of warm chamber lye.

✓ For tape worm, take one plum stem ^{grind it.} ~~grate~~ drink freely of tea to extract tape worm.

✓ For lame feet, take one pint of urine, one teaspoonful of fine salt and one fig of tobacco, simmer strong and apply it as a wash hot as can be borne every night and when about to begin bathing the feet take one teaspoonful of the tinct of geranium, and in using the wash, if it should cause nausea take one more teaspoonful of the tincture and cease bathing.

MAINE 38

28

Florence Mills, Writer
Mrs. Grace Fullen)
Mrs. Clark Eubar) Consultants.
May 21, 1936

FEC-1

Cary A-200

Be careful of
cure

240

A few of the weather signs and cures which are different from other parts of the county are; A white frost indicates rain within 48 hours. Kettles boiling dray and crickets stopping their noise indicates cold showers. For cold sores on the lips, rub a finger behind the ear and then over the sores to cure them. To bring a child out of an epileptic fit, burn his undersirt and by the time his waist is in ashes, the child will have recovered.

21
Maine, 1938

CONSULTANT

CASCO

MRS. EDWARDS

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

MISCELLANEOUS SUPERSTITIONS

{i) Mineral Spring.

On Me", going west $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the crest of a ridge to "Jerry Pump (Socony) a few yards ahead turn right on dirt road another right turn and farther along on the left is the Edwards homestead. Beyond the house set back from the road ludden by bushes is a spring. This water is believed to dissolve gall stones and is visited by many each summer.

CONSULTANT:

Mamie
1937
CHARLESTON

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

Red yarn worn around child's neck to keep away scarlet fever.

White beads around a baby's neck so they won't have teething pains.

These are known as "Job's Tears."

CONSULTANT

HAWTHORN LIBBY

Mamie
1938
CHARLESTON

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Bind salt pork over a nail hole as a poultice.

✓ Rub wart with bean and throw the bean into a well.

✓ Take wedding ring and turn in on ringworms three times
each day for three days.

✓ To stop bleeding put cobwebs on cut.

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Fleming

Marie
1938
CHESTER

24

RELIEF AND CUSTOMS

EMERGENT

(1) ✓ For sores on leg or arm make a salve of mutton tallow and yellow root and rub on.

✓ Common colds, take horehound tea and molasses.

✓ For catarrah in head--smoke willow leaves.

✓ For boils take Burdock leaves, steeped.

✓ Tea made of elder flowers will run a fever down.

CONSULTANT:

H.A.Soule

Marie
1938
CHALMERTON

RELIEF AND CUSTOMS

EMERGENT

(1) ✓ To cure warts put sulphur on them.

✓ For burns--iodine.

25

Maine
1938

CONSULTANT

CLINTON

JOSEPH MC-MANUS

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(f) ✓ For headache soak brown wrapping paper in vinegar.

✓ To cure rheumatism cut toe nails and dig a hole and
bury them after dark.

26
Maine
1938

CORINNA

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Ella Knowles

SUPERSTITIONS, BELIEFS & PRACTICES

LEECHCRAFT

1. A young girl was taken with a peculiar malady which appeared at infrequent intervals, when she seemed to lapse into a sort of emotional hysteria. Becoming alarmed, her parents consulted their family physician who placed the child under observation. After giving her the usual tests for insanity, epilepsy and kindred mental disturbances, it was noted that the attacks occurred only when she was in the presence of a sick person. During the seizures she would speak of certain medicines that, when tried, relieved the sick person, and often resulted in a cure.

Finding that these attacks apparently did the child no harm she was returned to her home. She afterward became quite noted as a healer and performed remarkable cures with this method.

Maine
1988

27

CONSULTANT

DANVILLE

MRS. REUBEN

Mrs. Sadie Lawrence
FRED GOULDING
CHARLES GODING

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

A cold spoon down the back of the neck is said to be good for nosebleed, likewise a piece of brown parcel paper rolled up and put between the upper teeth and the lip?.

Iodine is good for warts.

Some persons who are endowed with "wart charming" facilities have merely to wet a finger and rub it over a wart to cure it.

Some of the old timers believed that carrying an old gas light carbon around with them relieved rheumatism.

If one cuts his fingernails on Friday he will never have a toothache.

(1) To cure a wart rub a piece of chalk over it and then make a mark under a stove lid. Or boil sweet fern and saturate the wart with the juice.

Carrying a rabbit's foot is said to be good for rheumatism.

A mixture of throughwart, the inside bark of a pine tree,

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CONT. LEECHCRAFT

foxberry leaves and ^goldthread, thoroughly boiled, is
said to be good for indigestion.

Maine

1938

DEXTER

CONSULTANT
Jef White

ANDREW CHAMPIAN
JOHN DYER
JOHN LAMSON
JAMES HASTINGS
Frank McDonough

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ To cure hiccups drink nine swallows of water without breathing.

✓ To cure for boils is to soak bread crumbs until soft, mix with castor oil in a salve form and place on the boil.

Gather poppies from garden and dry them and then place under your pillow to make you sleep.

✓ For sore on a leg or arm make a salve of mutton tallow and yellow root.

✓ For catarrh, smoke mullun leaves.

✓ One teaspoonful of flaxseed in boiling water is very good for a cold.

✓ For sick stomach chew ^f fennel seed.

Take 3 or 4 heaping teaspoonfuls of ground juniper berries to
✓ a cup of boiling water, boil for a minute and take a large mouthful every hour for rheumatism.

✓ Wear a sulphur bag around neck to keep from having measles.

✓ Penny to ^{rub} ~~by~~ a bean supposed to cure a wart.

✓ Red string around the neck to keep away the mumps.

Cont.-LEECHRAFT

(1) ✓ For warts, find a rock with a hollow in it, wash the wart in it after a rain, and the wart will disappear.

✓ A spoonful of kerosene oil will cure a sore throat.

✓ Make a poultice out of oil and turnip very hot for blood poisoning.

✓ For gas on the stomach take a teaspoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of ginger mixed in powder form and take a swallow of the powder and water until gone.

For tired and weak eyes bath in warm tea morning and night.

✓ To cure nail injuries use peroxide. Ringworms Absorbine Jr.

(2) When a child who is ill shows a pulsating motion of the sides of the nose, the child is very ill and may develop a serious ailment.

CONSULTANT:

M.I.Read

Mania
1938
DINFIELD

REMEDY AND CURE

REMEDY

(1) Red flannel saturated in camphor will cure bumble-foot.

✓ Borax mixed with soda will clear dandruff. ✓

Castile soap and tobacco ash is a good disinfectant. ✓

A laudanum drench will relieve colic.

Wood ashes and salt will mend the cracks in a stove.

Ground tobacco stems will keep the lice out of a hen's nest. ✓

Cover

32

Marie
1938

CONSULTANT:

DOVER-FOXCROFT

Dr. W. A. Purington

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

MISCELLANEOUS SUPERSTITION

Many of the older people believed that because the needle of a compass always turned toward the north, that a strong electrical current traveled that way.

Some people always slept with their heads to the north so that this magnetic flow of current would draw their aches and pains out of their bodies.

Maine

1938

33

CONSULTANT:

EAST EDDINGTON

Frank McDonough

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ Carry a horsechestnut in pocket to cure rheumatism.
✓ Sage leaves made into a tea is good for a cold.

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

EAST CORRINTH

Mr. Palmer

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ Carry a small new ^opotato in your ^opacket until it dries up and your rheumatism will have left you.

- ✓ Rub warts with a bean, look at the moon over your left shoulder and plant the bean; the warts will disappear.

1938

34

CONSULTANT:

EDDINGTON

F.W. SIMONDS

SUPERSTITIONS, BELIEFS & PRACTICES

LEECHCRAFT

1. [✓] Put a red flannel on a baby's chest to cure a cold.

Maine

1938

East Eddington

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Myra Ashmore

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) This is a local belief of the people in the village of East Eddington Maine.

If a child is born ^{with} or receives a rupture in early life the people go out and split any hard wood tree while it is standing and pry it apart with another stick from an apple tree then they take the child who is inflicted with the rupture and the mother and father pass the child from one to the other through the opening in the tree several times. One treatment is said to cure the rupture permanently.

1938

35

X
Belief
Custom

On the premises of the late John Talbot in East Machias a large oak was cut down. When it fell augur marks were discovered at some distances from the heart of the tree. The gouged^y out a chip containing a bunch of black hair tinged with red and found the plug and sealing-wax which had once closed the opening. Counting the rings of the tree it was proved that the tree was 170 years old, and that the incision had been made 95 years before. It was eventually learned that there was an old superstition that if a child suffered from asthma it could be cured by standing back to the trunk of a tree; a hole bored in the tree just above the child's head; a lock of the child's hair then pressed into the hole; a plug put in and the wound covered with wax. It was believed that when the child grew up above the place where the hair was put the child would outgrow the asthma.

CONSULTANT

Mrs. James Smith

Maine
1938

36
ELLSWORTH

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

✓ Old time folk used poultices of various kinds as bread, flaxseed etc. to draw out poison from nail wounds, boils etc.

✓ This cure for warts is to wish them away or to lay a silver knife on them, repeat^{*} the wish. Some say cut across in the wart and a cross in a cherry tree, and when the cross in the tree heals the wart will go.

✓ For ringworm: Paste made of bismuth.

Thoroughwort for billiousness.

CONSULTANT

F. W. Turner

*Maine
1938*

ELLSWORTH

37

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

Cures and remedies are many.

✓ Copper worn about the wrist is thought good for rheumatism.

✓ Ginger-tea and penny royal for colds.

Thoro-wart for liver trouble or billiousness.

Also camomile blossoms steeped.

✓ Slippery elm bark for colds and coughs.

✓ Molasses, vinegar, pepper, and butter cooked together for colds.

✓ Mustard plaster - or, hot lard and black pepper, or boiled onions and lard for pneumonia.

✓ Bread poultice for drawing.

CONSULTANT

F. W. Turner

*Maine
1938*

ELLSWORTH

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(2)

Old nurses say that if a person who is very ill picks at the bed clothes it is a sign he will die.

A vision of someone dead, by a sick person, means death of that person.

Maine 38

1938

CONSULTANT

ENFIELD

MRS. CATHERINE MCGINN

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(2) Remove all plants from the sick room or they will live on the life of the person who is ill.

✓ (1) Bore a hole through the center of a nutmeg and wear it around your neck and you will never have rheumatism.

✓ (1) Rub warts with a piece of salt pork and bury it; by the time the pork has decayed, the wart will have disappeared.

Maine

1938

39

CONSULTANT:

EXETER MILLS

Myra Leighton

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) √ Take a piece of salt pork and rub on the warts and then bury the pork and by the time the pork has decayed the warts will have disappeared.

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

EXETER MILLS

Gertrude Crockett

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) √ Carry a horse chestnut in your pocket to cure rheumatism.

CONSULTANT

FRANCEVILLE

Mr. & Mrs. I.M. Martin
Mr. & Mrs. George Belanger
Mr. & Mrs. Damase Michaud
A.D. Martin

Martin
1938

41

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓ (1) Nail injuries will be cured by soaking in weak solution of lye made out of wood ashes and water. Also by dipping injured finger in boiling water several times a day.

✓ Warts are taken off by tying a silk sewing thread around it as tight as possible. It cuts the wart off in 2 or 3 weeks. They may also be cured by rubbing with potato peeling or salt pork.

✓ Ringworms are cured by giving the person strong physic.

Felon
~~Felon~~ are cured by applying a poultice of: one egg, well beaten, one teaspoon turpentine then add enough common salt to make a paste. Spread on cloth and wrap around finger. Make a fresh dressing once or twice a day.

(2) If a person, seriously ill, survives the night, he will live until sunset.

✓ Carry a sick person from one bed to another he won't get well.

(1) Carry a potato in pocket to cure rheumatism.

CONT. LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Carry key from string around neck to stop nosebleed.

✓ When running and having cramps, stop bend and spit under a rock and throw it away and cramps are gone.

✓ Carry a red woolen string around the neck to stop mumps from going down to the testicles.

✓ Rub your throat on a pig's throat to cure mumps.

When you sprain your wrist tie a woolen string around it and that will cure it.

✓ Cures for warts: Rub thwart with a piece of potato peeling or piece of pork. Throw it away and when potato peel or pork is rotten the wart disappears.

✓ A few persons cure warts with magic words and rub them with a piece of butter. In three or four weeks warts are gone.

✓ A baby who has exzema may be cured by bathing the affected parts several times a day, with brook water dipped opposite the current.

✓ Use cow's manure, spread on cloth with a little bit of lard over it, for boil and abscess.

✓ Some people pronounce magic words to stop bleeding or toothache.

Maine

1938

42

CONSULTANT

GARLAND

GEORGIA TITUS

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Juice from a potato to cure poison ivy.

✓ Boil onions and molasses together for coughs.

✓ Soda and molasses for colds.

✓ Hogs lard and sugar to break up croup.

Feed Clark: (1) ✓ Carry a potato in your pocket until dried up and it will
cure rheumatism.

✓ To break up a cold on a child, take the skin of a dry fish,
wrap it around each wrist and a piece across the forehead.

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

GARLAND

Mrs. Gormley

John E. Lamson

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Stuff a cold--starve a fever.

✓ Rheumatism--stewed Tansy

✓ For an ear ache, place a bag of hot salt on the ear.

Maine 43

1938

CONSULTANT

GREENVILLE

JOHN H. BROWN

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ A belt made from the skin of a snake is believed by some old timers to be a cure for rheumatism.

One of the boys in a summer camp at Spencer pond cut his wrist badly with a hatchet.

An old woodsman stopped the flow of blood from the artery by pressing a round pebble into the flesh above the cut, and putting a bandage around it.

The boy was taken to a doctor 48 hours later, the pebble and bandage stopping the blood for that time without stopping the circulation.

Maine

1938

44

CONSULTANT

GREENVILLE

BERT DOODY
(formerly game warden)

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

√ (1) The sap from the fir balsam has been widely used as a remedy for cold, sore throat, and mixed with other distillations of bark and berries, is used as a tonic.

√ A distillation from the bark of the leadwood bush is used as a laxative.

√ Goldthread leaf and hornbeam bark distillations are used as a tonic.

Maine

1938

45

CONSULTANT:

GREENVILLE

Geo. Owens

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ In treating sore eyes, wet tea leaves were used as a poultice.

✓ To relieve asthma, yarrow blossoms were dried and smoked in a pipe.

✓ As a tonic, an infusion of the barks of the hemlock, poplar and red cherry trees were used.

✓ For a bad cut, tobacco was chewed and laid over the cut as a disinfecting and healing agent.

Maine

1938

46

CONSULTANT:

GREENVILLE

Lawrence Sullivan

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓
(1) Pitch taken from a fir tree is often used in the woods to smear over a cut to stop the bleeding.

✓ Infection rarely sets in when this pitch is used for this purpose.

✓ Rubbing a piece of straw over a wart and burning the straw is believed to charm the wart away.

✓ Rubbing a piece of rock salt over a wart, putting the salt on a hot stove, letting it pop, and burying the salt is believed to cure a person of a wart.

CONSULTANT:

HARPSWELL

Elroy Bibber

Maine

1938

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ~~A story that was told to me, by a college girl, who~~
~~now married and got children;~~ Take nine strands of black thread
braid them and put them around the children's necks when it
becomes cold weather to prevent them from getting colds.

✓ Another is take a piece of chalk and make two crosses on a
wart, and then put two crosses on the top of the stove. You then
will get rid of the wart.

✓ If you have a black mole on you ~~some where~~, take a
penny, rub it on the mole, and then throw the penny away.
Whoever finds the penny will then have the mole.

48

Maine
1938

CONSULTANT

HARPSWELL

Elroy Bibber

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

✓ Put a piece of yarn around the neck for croup.

✓ Rub a penny on wart, and then throw it away, the one that finds it will then have the wart.

✓ Tie a tarred rope around waist for rheumatism.

CONSULTANT:

Ansel Skofield

Maine
1938

HARPSWELL

49

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Wearing a nutmeg around the neck to cure boils and nose bleed.

Wearing a sulphur bag to keep away disease.

✓ Rubbing a cent on warts and throwing it away, the one finding it will have the wart. Also cut a cross on the wart, then make a cross on apple tree; when the cross heals up then the wart will go away.

CONSULTANT:

Ansel Skofield

Maine
1938

HARPSWELL

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

✓ Wearing a nutmeg around the neck to cure boils and nose bleed.

Wearing a sulphur bag to keep away diseases.

✓ Rubbing a cent on warts and throwing it away, the one finding it will have the wart.

✓ Also cut a cross on the wart, then make a cross on apple tree; when the cross heals, up then the wart will go away.

Maine 51

1938

CONSULTANT

HOLLIS

MAURICE INGALLS

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Tie a red woolen piece of yarn around the neck you will never have the nose bleed.

✓ Carry a horse chestnut and you will never have rheumatism.

✓ Rub a gold ring on a wart to make it disappear.

✓ To cure a cold sore rub your finger behind your ear and rub on cold sore.

✓ Keep a raising on an ulcerated tooth.

Maine

1938

HOLLIS

51

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Fannie Usher

SUPERSTITIONS, BELIEFS & PRACTICES

LEECHCRAFT

1. If you have a sick animal cut some bark from a walnut tree, steep it to make the animal vomit. Cut the bark down the tree and cut it up for a physic.

Maine
1938

CONSULTANT:

HOLLIS

L.D. SMITH

SUPERSTITIONS, BELIEFS & PRACTICES

LEECHCRAFT

1. ✓ Turn your stockings inside out to prevent cramps.

✓ If a horse gets a nail stuck in his foot, pull the ⁿnail out and grease it, and put it up in a dish cupboard to keep it dark. The horse never will be lame.

✓ An old cure for cancer is to take about a bushel of red clover blossoms in a kettle with a little water, boil down until there is a cup or a cup and half of thick greenish color, this is applied to ^{sore}sore and bandaged.

Maine

1938

52

CONSULTANT:

HOWLAND

S.A. Smart

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

/ For a kink in the back or shoulder, take some meal in a pan and heat hot and put in a pillow case and then lie on it.

/ For a lame back bathe in gasoline.

√ For nose bleed place a spoon back of the neck and a piece of brown paper in the roof of the mouth.

√ Steeped rock brake for cough and asthma. A swallow of kerosene to cure a cold in the throat.

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

HUDSON

Mrs. Blanche Goodwin

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(2) A person inclined to be ugly and hard to get along with is believed to be sick.

me.
1938
53
✓

CONSULTANTS:

KENDUSKEAG

Mr. Bert Whitney

Mrs. Nettie Whitney

CURES AND MAGIC REMEDIES

Peel a ~~raw~~ potato and cut into it, take a slice off each side and place on each temple: When the potato turns black headache will stop.

For a boil, steam a bottle and place over head of boil to draw out the core.

To cure shingles, pin the skin of a black cat around the waist.

CONSULTANT

S. E. PALMETER

01 Maine
1938
KENTS HILL

54

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) Raw-potato in the pocket wards off rheumatism.

Tie a red cloth around the neck to stop nosebleed.

Spearmint tea is good for any and all ailments.

Sage steeped in water and drank as tea for upset stomach.

For sore throat just before retiring remove stocking from foot turn inside-out and tie around the neck.

Cure for love sickness - a good physic

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Julia Thompson

KINGMAN

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

/ To cure erysipelas place a thick poultice of sour milk over the affected part and bind it on with thick layers of clothes. The sour milk must be ice cold.

CONSULTANT:

Percy Lee

*Belief &
Customs*

Maine 38

LEE

55

CURES AND MAGIC REMEDIES

If you have cramps, turn your shoes up side down and the cramps will leave you.

Benjamin Crandlemire cures pains by rubbing his hands over the person. Pain ~~||~~ would stop but would make him sick.

Split a white bean and rub both parts on the wart and put them together and then bury the bean; as fast as the bean decays the wart will go.

Piece of White chalk on wart and mark the inside of the stove cover.

To cure ringworms spit on them the first thing in the morning.

Maine

1938

56

CONSULTANT:

LINCOLN ✓

Lloyd Warren
Mr. & Mrs. David Barker

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

- Barker { (1) ✓ Mustard seeds made into a poultice is good for boils.
✓ Sage leaves made into a tea is fine for a cold.
- Warren { ✓ Skunk's oil for lameness.
✓ Hen's oil for colds.

Maine

1938

L AGRANGE ✓

CONSULTANT:

C.B. Patterson

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ A gnarl from a beech tree carried in the pocket to cure rheumatism.

/Tansy bag around children's neck prevents diseases.

57
Maine

1938

CONSULTANTS:

LINCOLN

B. Lloyd Warren
Mr. and Mrs. David Barker
Leonard Caswell

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Mustard seeds made into a poltice is good for boils.

✓ Sage leaves made into a tea is fine for a cold.

✓ Bind cuts with tobacco.

✓ For miner burn~~s~~, take large potatoe and scrape raw,
Bind the pulp on burn.

✓ For sprains take four or five mullen leaves, heat
in vinegar and rub it on sprain.

5-8
Maine

1938

CONSULTANT

LINCOLN

EDWARD B. WILDER
MRS. ALTHEA E. SCOTT
JOSEPH R. KIMBALL
MRS. HELEN KIMBALL
Mrs. Martha B. Wilder
James LaFountain

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Place a penny in a bowl of vinegar and let it set until the penny turns green; wash the wart in the vinegar to cure it.

✓ When a baby is cutting teeth hang a nutmeg around it's neck to relieve the pain also to enable him to cut his teeth more easily.

✓ If you stick a rusty nail in your foot burn the nail and dip the nail in grease and the foot will heal.

✓ In the case of a nose bleed tie a piece of red yarn around you right wrist and hold your hand over your head and the blood will stop.

(1) ✓ Steal a piece of meat and rub it on the warts; bury it the warts will go away.

✓ Place a piece of salt pork rind over the nail insury and it will draw out the poison.

✓ Years ago the people of Lincoln would relieve the fever of a person sick with typhoid by placing his body in cold water and then wrapping him in linen sheets. They would continue this process until the fever had abated.

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CONSULTANT

Percy Lee

1938
LEE
Cures
✓ 59

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

MISCELLANEOUS SUPERSTITIONS

(1) There was a belief up until 1854 that if tuberculosis was raging in the family to cure this disease, dig up one of the deceased family and cut the heart open, and if they found fresh blood, turn it on their face and bury them again.

This disease would stop.

Maine, 1938 ✓

CONSULTANT:

J. A. Ham

LAKEVILLE

CURES AND MAGIC REMEDIES

Skin a black cat alive and place the skin on the affected part to cure shingles also all rashes.

60

Maine
1938

CONSULTANT

LEWISTON

Madeline T. ~~Crouther~~ Crouther

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

✓ To cure sore throat tie a silk stocking that has been worn about the neck and wear it to bed. Throat will be better the next morning.

✓ Carry a potato for rheumatism, especially true if potato is stolen.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure".

maine
1938

61

CONSULTANT

LEWISTON

Beatrice O'Brien

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ Carry potato in pocket to prevent rheumatism. ✓
- ✓ Sulphur in shoes as cure for rheumatism. ✓
- ✓ Horsechestnut in pocket--cure for rheumatism. ✓
- ✓ A silk stocking previously worn, tie about throat. Cure
✓ for sore throat.
- An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.
- ✓ Put a piece of paper wet in cold water under-the upper lip ✓
✓ to stop a nosebleed.
- ✓ Put grease on a burn to take the heat from it.
- ✓ A tarred string around the neck will prevent the mumps from
going down. ✓

Madeline Crowther
Consultant

W^m
Maine 1938

Lisbon Falls

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

~~WITCHCRAFT~~

62

(1)

• Seventh son of a seventh son able to cure diseased by touch and has healing power. Very clever.

• Seventh daughter of a seventh daughter possess power in prophesying and foretelling futures

Maine
1938

CONSULTANT

LIVERMORE FALLS

MRS. W. H. BOOTHBY

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) Scrape a carrot and mix the scrapings with salt.
Apply the mixture at night, and within five nights the wart will disappear.

Maine

1938

MATTAWAMKEAG

CONSULTANT:

63

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

A tea made of elder flowers will run a fever down.

A small good potato carried in your pocket is good for rheumatism.

Carry a fir tree knot in your pocket to cure cramps.

Carry a raw potato in your pocket for rheumatism.

1938

me.

CONSULTANT

Mrs. H. J. Knight

Manchester

Belief & custom

LEECHCRAFT

For sprains, apply skunk oil.

For nosebleed, place a key on the back of the neck.

Maine 64

1938

CONSULTANT:

MATTAWALKENC

Mrs. Tommie Thomaston

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) Kink in the back or shoulder, take some meal in a ~~pan~~ and heat hot and put in a pillow case and then ~~lay~~ ^{lie} on it.

✓ Lame Back: Bathe in gasolene.

✓ For nose bleeding place a spoon back of the neck, and a piece of brown paper in the roof of mouth.

✓ Steeped rock brake for cough and asthma.

✓ A swallow of kerosene to cure a cold in throat.

Maine 65

1938

CONSULTANT:

MEDWAY

Mrs. Alice Caswell

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓ Bathe warts in soda water to make them go away.

✓ Burn a rag on the steel of an axe and take the sweat that was formed on the axe and bathe ringworms.

✓ ^{Rub} Bind with salt pork to cure warts.

✓ Bind cuts with tobacco.

✓ For minor burns take a large potato and scrape raw; bind the pulp on the burn.

✓ For sprains, take four or five mullen leaves, heat in vinegar and rub on sprain.

CONSULTANT

Mr. Speed

Mame 1938

66
MILFORD

CURES AND MAGIC REMEDIES

For rheumatism take pokeberries, elderberries, sumach berries, and powdered blackberry root, add sugar and water, boil to a syrup and take a teaspoonful three times a day.

Sage leaves made into a tea is fine for a cold.

A tea made of elder flowers will run fever down.

Nutmeg on a string around the neck to stop nose bleeding.

Chestnut leaves scalded and applied to a simple sore is a good cure.

Steeped rockbrake to cure asthma.

Dry purple leaves ground, mix with molasses and a little ginger, cure for worms.

13298
W 13298

67
Maine

1938

CONSULTANT

MILO

A.J. CLAPP

M. L. Durgin

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓
(1) An old Remedy for croup.

✓ Many people in olden times used a remedy for croup that seemed to possess considerable virtue.

✓ Several strands of black silk thread were twisted together and tied around a child's neck so as not to constrict the skin.

This was supposed to prevent the patient from strangling in the night when its parents were sleeping.

✓ Remedy for Congestion of lungs

Onions fried in lard were made into a pack and placed over the patient's lungs while hot, when one onion pack^k cooled off, another hot one was applied until the congestion was relieved.

This treatment is still used by many people and frequently brings good results.

✓
(1) Years ago many people thought it necessary to tie a ~~temp~~
~~cord~~ cord around the neck or body of a person suffering from mumps, to keep the disease from going below the cord, and causing complications.

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CONT. LEECHCRAFT

✓ Warm milk was often turned into a child's ear to stop earache.

If a horse cut its leg with a sharp shoe caulk, and severed an artery, a hair was taken from its tail and knotted around the end of the artery to stop the flow of blood.

An ax blade was often heated to a cherry-red color and used to cauterize a wound and prevent infection

(2)

Cure by Leech

CONSULTANT

AUGUSTUS R. BERRY

MINOT

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

Minot is a land of minerals-- a land of semi-precious gem stones. Among these are found tourmalines. Not only did the older inhabitants enjoy the beauty of these stones, but thought there ^{new} ~~was~~ special properties residing in them--a species of magnetism. They thought the stone attracted lightning.

Sardonyx.

Among Minot gems are (very rarely) found that specie of quartz known as sardonyx. It is prized, not only for its beauty, but by the belief that the stone is a cure for epilepsy.

70

CONSULTANT:

NORRIDGEWOCK

Miss Bessie Crommett

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) [✓] Tie a red string about the neck to cure the nosebleed.
(5) [✓] Gunpowder and lard will cure ringworms.

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

NORRIDGEWOCK

Mrs. Ray Burrill

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) [✓] Steal a bean. Rub the wart with the bean and throw the bean away. The wart will disappear.

71
Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

NORRIDGEWOCK

Mrs. Pearl Fotter

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) Especially in regard to infants, but also in regard to adults, it is widely believed that in the wearing of those long, grey beads made of seedpods and called "Job's Tears" sickness can be averted.

✓ To cure warts, cut a patern^t resembling a star (*) in the wart, then cut a similar design on a tree. In time the wart will disappear from your body and will grow on the tree.

✓ Rub a penny on a wart. Give away the penny. This is called selling a wart. The wart will disappear and the person to whom the penny is given will have a wart grow on him

Maine
1938

CONSULTANT

NORTH WINDHAM

Clara Mason

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

✓ Gold thread will cure cankers.

✓ Cat-o-nine-tails roots scraped and boiled in milk
will stop cholera infantum.

✓ Plantain leaves are good for posion ivy.

✓ Steep sheep manure and give it to children to drive
the measles out. It was called, "sheep dung tea". or *henny plum tea*

✓ Skunks cabbage is good for the croup.

Maine
1938

NORTH WINDHAM

73

CONSULTANTS
Lawrence Smith
Clara Mason
Beatrice Cobb
Lottie Ames
Louine Rich
Stephan Manchester

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ For nail injuries-salt pork.
✓ For nose bleed-cold water on back of neck. Paper tucked under upper lip.
✓ Tie a silk string around a wart and it will slowly cut it off.
✓ Rub a piece of salt pork over a wart and bury it. When the pork decays the wart will go away.
✓ A tar rope worn around the waist will prevent the mumps from going down.
✓ A string around the neck will stop the nose bleed.
✓ Carry a buckeye in pocket to cure rheumatism.
✓ Wear gold beads to prevent cancer.
✓ Carry a horsechestnut in your pocket to cure rheumatism.

Maine
1938

74

CONSULTANT

NO. YARMOUTH

JOHN W. CHADBOURNE

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

If you pound or jam a finger nail:

Bore a small hole through the nail with a sharp pointed knife as soon as possible and let the blood out and it will stop the pain at once, and sometimes save the nail.

✓ To cure warts you must count the warts very carefully.

Be sure of the exact number. Then steal a bean for each wart, rub a bean on each one then throw the beans away in some damp place where they will rot. Be very careful that nobody see you do it, and when the beans rot the warts will disappear.

For Itching Piles' wash in plain cold water for 15 minutes.

W/5123

Maine

1938

75

CONSULTANT:

OLD TOWN

Fred Nichols

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) √ Butter nut in the pocket for rheumatism.
 √ Nutmeg around neck for boils and nose bleeding.
 √ Tie tar rope around waist so mumps won't go down.

 √ Snake skin which is discarded in the spring after used
as cure for ear ache.

 √ Cure for nails: Cracked nails, oil them with olive
oil or cream. Ingrowing toe nails, cut nail in center√ shape
as nail grows it brings corners up.

 √ Cure for warts: Put dry sulphur on wart or iodine .
Salt pork for a nail in the foot. To stop ringworms paint
with iodine.

Maine

1938

76

CONSULTANT

OLD TOWN ROBINS

CHESTER ROBINS

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRART

- (1) ✓ Rub a piece of lemon on foot corn to remove it.
- ✓ Soak foot corn in kerosene to remove it.
- ✓ Let a honey bee sting you ten times and it will cure rheumatism.

CONSULTANT

ORINGTON

ELSIE RYDER

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) ✓ Steel a bean and rub it on the wart then hide the bean and the wart will disappear.

When arising in the morning spit on finger and rub on
✓ wart for nine mornings and wart will disappear.

✓ Wear a small bag of sulphur around your neck to cure meassers.^{lees}

✓ Place a bag of hot salt against your ear to stop earache.

✓ If you have a nail wound in a foot ^{burn} ~~burn~~ the end of it, and place it in greese then throw it away the foot will get well.

✓ Greese mumps with sweet oil and you will have no pain.

✓ Warts may be cured by tying a silk thread around the wart as tight as possible. It cuts the wart off in two or three days.

✓ Boils may be cured by placing a hot cow ^{dung} ~~doing~~ poultice in the Boil it will draw the boil to a head very quickly.

Maine

1938

78

CONSULTANT:

ORONO

Mr. Leville

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) √ Turn your shoes up-side-down when troubled with cramps at night.

√ A nutmeg carried in a pocket or hung around the neck will cure and prevent boils.

Maine ⁷⁹

1938

CORONO

CONSULTANT:

Mr. Leville

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ↓ Bind a piece of salt pork on a nail injury.

↓ Rub a wart with a bean, then toss the bean into a well.

↓ To cure ringworms, ^{*}wash your fingers in the morning with saliva and ^urub around the ringworm. The tract will grow smaller and gradually disappear.

CONSULTANT

Dr. J. P. Bodge

Maine
1938

OTISFIELD

80

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

Years ago among some of the backwoods Yankees it was the custom to bind a raisin on the navel of a new born babe.

Raisins were supposed to have healing powers.

Note: This practice was particularly noticeable among the people of Otisfield, Maine

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Charles Smith

Marianne
1938
OXFORD

81

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓ Sift sulphur in shoes to cure rheumatism.

Take stockings off and cross them on floor will cure cramps.

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Muriel Pottle

Marianne
1938
OXFORD

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

✓ Warts are cured by carrying chestnut on person.

✓ Rub a coin on wart then throw coin away.

✓ Rub a bean on wart and throw bean away.

✓ Corns can be cured by carrying chestnut on person.

82

name
1908

CONSULTANT:

OXFORD

Florence Stinchfield

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

√ Red yarn around neck is a prevention against nose bleeding.

If sp^{ec}ies are put in a bag and tied around a child's neck it will prevent him from catching diseases.

√ If you wear an iron ring hidden in your golden ring keeps off rheumatism.

√ Sticking a jack-knife in head of bed will prevent cramps.

√ Carry a potato in pocket to cure rheumatism.

√ Salt pork takes out poison.

CONSULTANT:

Chas. E. Waterman

83
Maine
1938
OXFORD

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (2) ✓ A family in Oxford, Me., were afflicted with ^{res.} ~~T~~uberculosis. After one member of the family died and others were sick his body was ✓ exhumed and turned over and the course of the disease was stayed.

84

Maine
1938
PARIS

CONSULTANT:

Chandler Rawson

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Honey bee stings are said to be cure for rheumatism. It was so believed in Paris many years because Levi Rawson became mixed up with a swarm of run-a-way bees, and in his efforts to stay their flight was severely stung in several parts of his person. He had been up to, and was at the time, afflicted with rheumatism. After receiving these bee stings he was free from rheumatism, and was never afflicted with it afterwards.

old settlers used to forecast weather by signs common to

this locality a few of which are listed.

When soot shows fire in month of store pipe there will be a storm.

Heaviest snow storms come from the Northeast.

Potatoes boil dry--rain.

Presque Isle was settled over thirty years before a real Doctor came to practice so people had to revert to local method for curing the more common ailment.

A piece of salt pork wrapped in red flannel and bound on sore part relieves sore throat.

Kerosene Oil rubbed on or taken a few drops on sugar is also good for the same ailment.

Turpentine and lard rubbed on chest is good to relieve congestion.

Also parts of mustard, lard and flour mixed and spread on cloth taken applied to chest is recommended.

To cure "ring a round". An axe was heated in the fireplace and a piece of linen (nthis was more common than Cotton then) was burned until an oil came from it.

The oil applied would make the cure.

Tobacco smoke blend up the nostrils would stop the nose bleed.

Goose grease, Skunk oil, and bear oil were all used to relieve soreness of muscles.

To disinfect a cut gees feathers were thrown on embers and the injured part held over the smoke.

Sulphur and Molasses was used as a good blood tonic.

It is said that Len Ireland one time caught a "gorbie" (Moose bird)

Maine 86

1938

CONSULTANT

RICHMOND

MRS. ANNIE MARKS

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ A person having warts steals bean and splits the bean and rubs the inside of the bean on the warts then drops the bean in a well of water that is being drank by people , the wart will disappear.

✓ An eel skin worn part way around the waist will prevent the shingles from meeting.

✓ Horse chestnuts carried in the pocket will help rheumatism.

✓ One of your own stockings yore have taken off at night is tied around your neck it will cure a sore throat.

(1) ✓ Nail injuries may be cured by binding the injury with a slice of fat salt-pork, which will draw out the rust and poison..

✓ Nail injuries may be cured by holding the injured part in the smoke of a burning woolen rag place the rag in a small tub or deep dish ignite the rag just enough so it will burn slowly without ~~blaz~~³ing, then hold the hand or poor over the smoking rag and cover with a large cloth to confine the smoke,

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CONT. LEECHCRAFT

the injured part should be smoked fifteen to twenty minutes.

✓(1) Charm to cure a headache. If the pain be on the right side of the head, make a comb out of the right horn of a ram, and if the head be combed with it, it will take away the pain, but if the pain is on the left side of the head, then make a comb of the left horn of a ram, and if the head be crossed therewith it will stop the pain.

Charm to hinder from the bite of a mad dog. The tooth of a mad dog which has bitten any human being tied in a leather and hung at the shoulder, will preserve the wearer and keep him from being bitten by any mad dog, so long as he wears it, it may be worn next to the skin hidden in the clothing.

CONSULTANT

MRS. CARRIE GAMMON

88
Maine
1938
ROXBURY

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- ✓ (1) There is a covering of fat over the entire bear between skin and meat, sometimes to the depth of two inches. This is tried out for oil. Bear oil is believed to be remarkably good for rheumatism; and, three-quarters of a century ago, was used largely for hair oil. When properly rendered it never becomes solid. Its color is a light red. At one time it was in great demand by barbers in Maine as a hairdressing.

CONSULTANT:

SABATTUS

Madeline Crowther

89

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

Bean around the neck wards off disease.

✓ Sulphur in shoe cures rheumatism.

✓ Plantain leaf will cure warts.

✓ Gold wedding ring rubbed on eye cures sty.

✓ Buckeye carried in pocket good for rheumatism.

✓ A file between a mattress and spring keep rheumatism away. ✓

Steal a bean from the store, bury it and when it sprouts your wart
will disappear.

Rub coin on wart, and toss it away and the person who picks it up
will have the wart. ✓

maine
1938

CONSULTANT:

SABATTUS

Madeline Crowther

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(2)

A sick person will not die until the tide ebbs, when the tide goes

90

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT

SANGERVILLE ,

MRS. H. R. Lewis

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ If a person stepped on a rusty nail and cut his foot,
the nail was greased and hung on a string behind the stove.

If the cut healed by the time the grease dried in to the
✓
nail the foot was thought to be cured.

✓ If, however, the cut was not healed by that time people
thought that the patient would have a bad time with the foot.

✓ Hemlock bark ~~and~~ steeped and the liquor obtained used in the
treatment of sore-feet.

✓ (1) An old custom used by people suffering from rheumatism
was to cut a lock of hair from their heads and to hide it in
a hollow tree, believing that this would bring them relief.

✓ Some people believed that if they cut their fingernails
every Friday they would never suffer from toothache.

✓ A red flannel undershirt was worn by many as a preventive
as well as a curative measure for consumption of the lungs.

✓ A gnerl cut from the bark of a yellow birch or maple tree,

sometimes called a buck eye or orange knot, was carried in the

91

CONT. LEECHCRAFT

pocket as a means to pre[✓]sent cramps.

People often slept with a jack knife under their pillows for the same purpose.

Maine
1938

92

CONSULTANT:

SCARBORO

Mrs. I. Sawyer

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ For burns scrape a raw potato and make a poultice of the scrapings.

✓ For rheumatism carry horsechestnut in coat pocket.

✓ Remedy for sore throat is to tie stocking around ^{throat} through upon retiring.

✓ Salt pork bandaged around neck is used as a remedy for sore throat.

Wet finger and make cross on foot to awaken it.

✓ Sulphur and molasses as a spring tonic in the good old days.

✓ Molasses and ginger for a cough syrup.

✓ Sliced raw beet sprinkled with sugar as a cure for stubborn cough.

✓ Sliced raw onion sprinkled with sugar and set on back of stove to cure cold.

✓ When stung by bee or wasp sticky mud will ease pain.

✓ An old treatment for hiccough is to hold breath and count ten.

✓ To cure ringworm wash an axe, then burn a piece of clean white cloth on it. A sweat appears and this is put onto the ringworm.

Maine
1938

2

93

CONSULTANT:

SCARBORO

Mrs. I. Sawyer

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓ A piece of tarred rope was tied around the body to keep mumps from affecting other glands in the body.

✓ A cobweb was used to stop bleeding from a serious wound.

✓ A piece of ice or bunch of cold keys placed on the back of the neck to stop nosebleed.

✓ Steeped hemlock bark is taken for sore throat.

See page 92 Maine
1938

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CONSULTANT:

SCARBORO

Mrs. I. Sawyer

SUPERSTITIONS, BELIEFS & PRACTICES

LEECHCRAFT

1. ✓ For burns scrape a raw potato and make a poultice of the scrapings.
- ✓ Horse chestnut in coat pocket as cure for rheumatism.
- ✓ Remedy for sore throat is to tie stocking around throat when retiring.
- ✓ Salt pork bandaged around neck is used as a remedy for sore throat.
- ✓ Wet finger and make cross on foot to awaken it.
- ✓ Sulphur and molasses as a spring tonic in the good old days.
- ✓ Molasses and ginger for a cough syrup.
- ✓ Sliced raw beet sprinkled with sugar as a cure for stubborn cough.
- ✓ Sliced raw onion sprinkled with sugar and set on back of stove to cure cold.
- ✓ When stung by bee or wasp sticky mud will ease pain.
- ✓ An old treatment for hiccoughs is to hold breath and count ten..
- ✓ To cure ringworm wash an axe, then burn a piece of clean white cloth on it. A sweat appears and this is put on the ringworm.
- ✓ A piece of tarred rope was tied around the body to keep

CONSULTANT:

SEBAGO LAKE

Solon Brackett

95

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Buying warts and the person buying rubbed by the money paid, over the wart and they disappear.

✓ Cutting notches in a stick for each wart and then throwing
away the stick.

See page 93

Maine
1938

CONSULTANT:

SCARBORO

Mrs. I. Sawyer.

- mumps from affecting other glands in the body.
- ✓ A cobweb was used to stop bleeding from a serious wound.
- ✓ A piece of ice or bunch of cold keys placed on the back of the neck to stop nose bleed.
- ✓ Steeped hemlock bark is taken for sore throat.

CONSULTANT:

Charles H. George
Mrs. Mary Wheeler

Mary
1938
SOUTH PARIS

96

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ To cure warts rub a bean on it and throw bean in a well.

✓ To cure wart rub brimstone on it also rub bean on it
and bury the bean.

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Henry Record

Mary
1938
SOUTH PARIS

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ To carry a horse chestnut in pocket *wards* ~~was~~ off rheumatism.

CONSULTANT:

SPRINGFIELD

Lynden Cole

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Scrape the carbon from an old iron pot and place it on a wound caused by a nail; it will cure the injury.

✓ Turn your shoes upside down at night before retiring and
~~you will never have cramps.~~

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Mary Wheeler

Mame
1938
SOUTH PARIS

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(2) ✓ If a tubercular person climbs the hill in May they will live the year out.

CONSULTANT

Solon Brackett

98
STANDISH

Meine
1938
BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1)

✓ To cure warts: Rub the warts with white beans and throw them out into the street and when some one picks them up the warts will go.

✓ To cure ring worms: Spit on your finger and rub on floor and then on ringworm.

✓ To cure Asthma: In a child cut off some of the hair, fingernails and toe nails put in a paper bag, bore a hole in a tree as high up as the child's head, place the paper bag in hole and put in a plug when the child grows above that the Asthma will leave him or her.

Make a blue mark on the inside of the stove. When the

mark has burned off, the wart will have disappeared.

Carry a horsechestnut in pocket to prevent rheumatism.

Carry a rabbits foot for good luck.

Sulphur bag around neck to keep away contagious diseases.

Red string-for croup.

CONSULTANT

WAYNE, ME.

S. Wells,
W. Richards

99

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) For sprains or bruises use turpentine

For bad cuts use molasses

For earache tie a whole nutmeg around the neck on a red
string.

For sprains-wormwood steeped, wrist bathed in this and bandaged.

Keep a horse chestnut in your pocket to ward off rheumatism.

CONSULTANT

Solon Brackett

STANDISH

*Maine
1938*

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(2)

"Continued picking bed clothes," He will die.

Maine
1988

100

CONSULTANT:
Harry E. Bumpus.

WEBSTER

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

Superstitions About Agates:

About the beaches of Sabatus Lake in Webster are sometimes picked up agates, generally of a white or red or mixed color. There are superstitions about these rocks that have been handed down and are believed by some of the inhabitants of Webster and Lewiston. These stones are said to be efficacious in preventing poison from spiders' and other insects' bites from penetrating the circulation of the blood. An Agate of white color is prized by local athletes from a belief that to have one about their persons is to make them invincible in the sports they indulge in.

Maine
1938

101

CONSULTANT:
Harry E. Bumpus

WEBSTER

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEEC CRAFT

Superstitions about Jasper

Some agates found in the beaches of Lake Umbagog are red,
or interspersed with almost ^{infinitesimal} ~~infinitesimal~~ white spots. There are superstitions about these among the inhabitants, that this stone applied to wounds will stanch the flow of blood.

Maine

1938

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CONSULTANT

WELLS

MRS. GEORGE FORBES
Mrs. Maie Billings

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) A horse chestnut carried in pockets will drive sickness away.

✓ Rubbing a stone on warts and putting stone in a bag and throwing bag away will drive away warts.

✓ A stocking that you have worn during the day will cure a sore throat.

✓(1) Cut a cross with knife on thumb then mark a cross under stove cover and then forget it.

Maine

1938

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CONSULTANT

KIMBALL

Maine, 1938

WELLS

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) Cures and Medicines

- ✓ Rub a bean over a wart and throw it away and it will cure it.
- ✓ Rub a cent over it and throw it away and it will be cured.

Maine
1936

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CONSULTANT:

W. BALDWIN

Mary I. Burnell

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LIFECRAFT

(1) ✓ This cure for nail injuries has been used for the last eighty years or more. If a person should step on a rusty nail running it into the foot, wash with as hot water as can be borne. Then take a slice of salt pork and put it into a sauce pan covered with good cider vinegar in which there has been mixed a tiny pinch of black pepper.

Let this come to a boil then take the pork and bind it over the wound and let stay for at least ten hours.

If the poison is not drawn down from one of these injuries lock jaw is apt to result.

Maine
1938

105

CONSULTANTS

West Baldwin,

PERCY ESTES.

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓
(1) An old Indian cure for warts was to rub a split bean over it and bury the bean, and when the bean has decayed the wart will disappear.

✓ Another cure is to make a wish on one, always touching the wart with your finger as you make the wish, and always made the wish in your mind. If one speaks or tells the wish the spell is broken.

✓ Another cure is to tie a woolen string that has been dipped in turpentine then in melted tallow around the wart and it will soon dry and drop off.

✓ An old Indian cure for whooping cough was to kill a skunk and put in bed with the patient. ✓

They used to do this especially with children in the cradle, ✓
and it was said to relieve the congestion.

Maine
1938

106

CONSULTANT

WEST BALDWIN

Ruby Fowler

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Way to cure nail injuries, if a blow or jam has made the nail one sided, or inclined to grow into the flesh, Just cut a triangular shaped piece from tip of nail. This will grow together and draw the sides from the flesh.

Some of the methods used in ^taking off warts.

Take a milkweed stem, break it in two and use one piece as a brush painting the wart with the milk that seeps out of weed.

Another way is to go to an old cut down and find an old oak stump from which the center has been hallowed out by rain and decay.

In these you will find small wood snails, take them and rub warts, they will soon disappear.

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. F.A.Norton

Maine
1938

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WEST BALDWIN

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) People of Arkansas and Texas first thought of this cure for warts especially very large ones, this was for the person inflicted with the warts was to go to someones house, sneak in, and unbeknown to the house wife steal her dish cloth and with this rub their warts each night before retiring, that is, for five nights in succession.

But if the housewife should find out about the loss of dish cloth the charm is broke. Another way is, if the wart is large enough take silk thread of the old fashioned black three strand variety and tie around wart snug to skin leave this on from nine to twelve days in the meantime the wart will dry and drop off.

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CONSULTANT:

D. E. McHenry

ATLANTIC, NE

1938

RELIEF AND CURE

LEUCO CRAFT

✓ For inflammation a solution of salt and water was made and
cloths wet in this and applied to the affected parts.

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CONSULTANT:

WILLIMANTIC, ME

D. H. McKenney

1938

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

✓
(1) Most of the older remedies were brewed from roots and herbs and used in the manner in which the Indians employed them.

✓ Mayweed was gathered dried and steeped and the liquor obtained used in the treatment of colds.

✓ Foxglove steeped and the infusion used as a heart stimulant.

✓ For the treatment of ivy poisoning a poultice was made of crushed string bean leaves.

✓ For treating deep seated chest cold and coughs, balsam-fir bark was steeped and the infusion used.

✓ For headache, a poultice of horse radish leaves was used.

✓ Blue clay taken from some river banks was widely used for erysipelas, applied moist directly over the skin.

CONSULTANT:

D. H. McKenney

110
WILLIMANTIC, ME

1938

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ For high blood pressure and shortness of breath, parsley and garlic were boiled and the liquid used.

✓ Sap from the buds of the Balm of Gilead tree was made into an ointment for burns, bruises, chapped hands, hives and kindred ailments.

✓ The liquor obtained from boiling rhubarb root was used as a laxative.

✓ The root of the swamp lily was steeped and the infusion highly thought of as a remedy for kidney trouble.

✓ For asthma, the bark of the wild plum tree was steeped and the liquor used.

✓ An infusion drawn from fennel seed was much used as a lotion for eye troubles.

✓ The Indians thought that mud baths were of great value for rheumatism and muscular pains.

Maine
1938

///

CONSULTANT:

WINDHAM

Gardner Black
Louine Rich
Clara Mason

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Salt pork is a very good remedy to cure nail injuries.

✓ Warts can be cured by making a cross on the wart with a knife
and with the same blade cut a cross in a young tree.

✓ Ring worms--whirl a brass thimble around them. It will keep
them from spreading. Gun powder also is good for them. Mix it with
lard for a salve.

Old fashioned itch, apply sulphur and lard mixed for ointment
and take sulphur and molasses inside.

✓ Skunks oil good for rheumatism also pneumonia.

Black oil for lame joints.

✓ Skunks grease for croup and pneumonia.

✓ Snake oil for croup.

Beefsteak for cancer.

✓ Winter green for kidney trouble.

✓ Mouse ears for kidney trouble.

Maine
1938

112

CONSULTANT:

WINDHAM

Gordon E. Black

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Carry a horsechestnut in pocket for rheumatism.

✓ Put a red worsted string and a nutmeg around your
neck for a nosebleed.

Maine 1938

113

CONSULTANT:

WINDHAM

Louine Rich
Al Manchester

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

WITCHCRAFT

(1) They say Flora Perkins inherited a charm for warts from her mother and if she tells it while she lives she'll lose it. She say's she shall give it to her daughter Etta Perkins Johnson before she dies.

It is said that Will Bradish could make a table walk around. Quite a few people have seen the table actually move. It was thought that he could carry on a convention with the dead. He held meetings at Calvin Main's home. This was about 1918.

CONSULTANT:

Mrs. Grace

WINSLOW

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) This remedy has been used amongst the Jewish of this location for generations. /cap

When a baby does not start to walk as soon as she should and she is able to stand up, they place a silver knife or some other similar object between the child's legs and make a general leg direction for each leg several times, and then they let the child stand a few minutes. By repeating this action two or three times, the child will soon try to follow the reflection of the shiny object with its legs and will be walking.

Maine 1938 115

CONSULTANT:

WINSLOW

Mr. Adelaird Hebert

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) This is a religious traditional belief passed down from generation to generation. There are several people who come to ~~the~~ ^{of a certain man} house every week to be cured of some illness such as tooth-ache cramps, earache, warts, etc.

His method is to take some object such as a tooth pick or match and make a circular motion in both directions around the injured place or thing while doing this he says a few religious words to himself which he will not tell anyone. I have seen this performed and heard the party say that it had cured them.

Maine
1938

116

CONSULTANT:

WINSLOW

Mr. Herman Poulin

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(1) ✓ Ring worms and other skin sores can be cured by taking a gold wedding ring that has been blessed by a priest and pass it around the inflicted place.

A salt herring tied around a sprained or swollen ankle will reduce swelling and cure sprained ankle.

✓ A sure cure for the sickness called consumption is to take a small child's urine and drink two fingers every night for nine nights. It does not make any difference if the child is male or female.

✓ To cure the piles you heat a pine board with a large pine knot in it and sit on it as long as you can.

✓ A sure cure for the sore throat is to take a stocking from your left foot and turn it wrong side out and tie it around your throat.

✓ A cure for sore eyes is a water taken from a stream against the current before sun up on Easter Sunday morning. This water will not stagnate or evaporate.

Maine

1938

117

CONSULTANT:

Ida M. Beals

WOOLWICH

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

(1) My mother in the fall of the year would gather herbs, roots and leaves and dry them and make herb-tea for us children when we had colds, fever and were ill.

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

George Chesley

WOODVILLE

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

(2) If there are plants in a room where there is a sick person and the person dies, the plants will die.

1938

Maine

WOOLWICH

118

CONSULTANT:
Geo Hathorn

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) Mother would gather herbs around the marshes, and dry them such as horseradish, tansy, burdock leaves, flag-root.

Maine

1938

CONSULTANT:

WOOLWICH

Mrs. Thomas Hagan Jr.

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEECHCRAFT

- (1) To prevent colds wear a camphor bag around your neck.
Eat raw onions between bread every night.

119

maine
1938

CONSULTANT:

YARMOUTH

Harold Hayden

BELIEF AND CUSTOM

LEECHCRAFT

√ If you rub a potato skin over warts each day and throw the potatoes away the wart will disappear.

√ Bore a hole through a nutmeg and hang it around the neck to keep a child from having croup.

√ Another cure for warts is to rub beans on them and throw them away not letting the person know what was done with them, and the warts will go. If you get stung by a bee go out and get plantain, place them on the sting, wet with saliva and the sting will stop burning. This is an old remedy.

√ A piece of salt pork rubbed on a wart, and then given to a dog to eat. The wart will come out on the end of the dog's tail.

It is said a person who has consumption lives thru the summer, he will go when the leaves fall, and he lives thru the winter, he will go in the first part of spring.

If a person who has tumor or cancer lingers very long it won't be more than a year and if they are very low, they will go before another moon.

Maine
1938

120

CONSULTANT:

YARMOUTH

Harold Hayden

BELIEF AND CUSTOMS

LEITCHCRAFT

(2) If a person who has tumor ~~of~~ cancer lingers very long it won't be more than a year; and if they are very low, they will go before another moon.

Sandy + Bobbie -

Couple things --

1. I left the records - (my state of mind & my typical absentmindedness) so keep 'em around till I get back up to Orono if y' please.
2. These folded up papers are for you, Sandy. I have copies. They're from Scotch Colony. Dr. Pringle - I think I told you about him - is the one that baptized all of us. The Burns Yacht is interesting.

Tell Steve → I'll be in Camden for awhile yet. Am dropping a note to Baldy tomorrow. Am slowly recovering my wits in preparation for the summer & getting m' nose in shape. Love to all + every body
Suore

C Mac Earle

"Burns Night" composed by Louis Paul, Blind Poet

The tie that's given folks to bend,
Brings precious memories to their mind,
Of happy days when hearts were light,
When friends would meet on Burnses night,
The old school house would scarcely hold,
The folks that gathered young and old,
Before Doctor Pringle took the chair,
There'd scarcely be a seat to spare,
And each one came to do his ~~share~~ part,
And with this song the night would start,
The song which all the Scots enjoy,
That Robin was a Rantin' Boy.
Who wrote so many songs and poems,
Brought memories of their Scottish homes.
Like Bonnie Doon, or Briggs of Ayre,
For many of them had been there.
And so the night starts off right strong,
With music, poem and Scottish song.
Like Highland Mary, Duncan Gray,
Rise up and gees our Hogganay.
First Annie Laurie that is sung,
By Willie Low in Scottish tongue.
(The Twa Dogs Luath and Caesar,
Willie Patterson reads to us with pleasure.)
While his brother Andrew plays a bar,
The tune they call the Braes o Mar.
Or else he plays some lively reel,
Puts life for dancing in your heel.
And before his fiddle stops to ring,
Bill Cummins does the Highland Fling.
With loud applause then comes a hush,
John Drumm he sings the Briar Bush.
Next Willie Watt says Tam a Shanter,
Aff frae the toon o ayer a Knight did Canter,
Next one that sings it is J. B.,
A Fish Wife from this side of Dee.
A shilling or twa which is so grand,
Old Andy shakes the devil's hand.
Jim Clark he sings Laird of Cockpen,
Whose wife she was like a tapped hen.
And now the Gotter's Saturday Night,
My father reads with great delight.
The Corn Riggs by Mackie sung,
Which is enjoyed by old and young.
The address to the deil by Uncle Jim,
This is the one that suited him.
Then Little Jock by David Low,
I still can think I hear him now.
And how the young folks do their bit,
Their voices we will not forget.
And there is much I sanna tell,
I dinna think you could yourself.
For such a night of fun and glee,
It was hard to stop to have your tea.
For time and tide how fast it goes,
The time has come when we must close.
We rise and take our neighbour's hand,
Sing Auld Lang Syne that song so grand.
For Burns Nights like all things end,
But that is not the way with friends.
Your friends are always in your mind,
That is the tie given us to bind.
For though your friends are dead and gone,
The memory of them still lives on.
And like the Gotter's Saturday Night,
The man that sought the Lord aright.
For no one ever sought in vain,
We live in hope to meet again.
For someday on that golden shore,
True friends will meet and part no more.

*Robin was a
Rantin' Boy
Bonnie Doon
Briggs of Ayre
Highland Mary
Duncan Gray
Hogganay
Annie Laurie
Briar Bush*

L. MacLean

THE PIONEERS

(This poem was written as a letter to Dr. Pringle
who passed away before he had received it.)

My dear and auld friend, Dr. Pringle,
And a' that sit beside your ingle,
Nae dout yer lugs will start to tingle,
At thought of news.
But after you have read this jingle,
Instead you'll muse.

I see the kirk upon the hill,
And a' who first its pews did fill,
For memory's bright within me still,
Tho hair is hoar,
I can't forget -- no never will.
So hear me more.

In Spring of eighteen seventy-three
The ship Castalia crossed the sea
With men of capability
From Scotia's race;
Sae too their wives and bairnies wee
Cam to the place.

These folks they cam to pioneer,
They'd left their hames and kin so dear,
And a' the country-side did clear,
With hard, hard work.
And after not so many years
They built the kirk.

For here they stayed and tilled the land
With all the strength at their command.
Most things those days were done by hand,
With hard, hard toil.
But they dug in and made a stand,
And won the soil.

The people now with their new rules,
Their tractors and their modern tools,
Nae dout would say that they were fools,
To plow the hills.
But these folks cam from different schools,
Had iron wills.

Such things they just could not afford,
But satisfied with bed and board,
They worked and trusted in the Lord;
He'd make a way.
And from the forks to Bonaccord,
They won the day.

And then in eighteen seventy-four
More settlers came from Scotland's shore,
And these folks settled in Kintore,
Or forest glen.
And after that if there came more,
I dinna ken.

T'was here they stayed and raised their young,
And to each other fast they clung.
And here the auld Scotch songs they sung,
O' Rob the Ranter.
On Bob Burns Night in Scottish tongue,
Said Tam O' Shanter.

These are the men that blazed the trail.
Such men as they could never fail,
Cared not a straw for snaw or hail,
Or blazing sun.
Few now are left to tell the tale,
Of what was done.

And then there came that awful war;
It came the peace of a' to mar,
And in the place it left a scar
In many hames.
They raised a slab and there they are,
Their gallant names.

Around the kirk upon the hill
The folks who first the pews did fill,
They're lying there both cold and still,
But not forgot.
Aye, call me clannish if you will--
A Brother Scot.

And now my good friend, Dr. Pringle,
And a' who sit beside your ingle,
Just ask the folks with whom you mingle
If they recall
That simple Scot who wrote the jingle,
Called Louis Paul.

*Composed by
Louis Paul Blind Post
A Scotch Lad.*

E. M. Pringle

Composed by Andrew Davidson on occasion of birthday
Dr Pringle February 14 th 1949.

We are all here
Like a Valentine,
And smiling so Gay
To cheer Dr Pringle
On his 83 rd birthday.

To be sure
We cannot wish him
As many more,
For like myself,
He is nearing the Shore.

While on Earth,
We journey on,
Amid the gay and lusty ~~stomachs~~
We think of Loved ones gone before,
Their loving smile we see no more.

And when the Day,
To us doth come,
We hope to hear the Joyful Song,
My weary wanderer,
You are home.

85

02

1.70

Max Earle

THE MAN AT THE MANSE

by Louis Paul

Over fifty years have passed away
Since I was but a lad
When first I started to the kirk
With my Mother and ~~my~~ Dad.

But I remember him quite well
And the good things that he said,
I remember when he rose to speak
He would always nod his head.

He was not like the Levite
Nor the Priest that came by chance
They hurried by the wounded man
Just gave a hurried glance.

He preached in homes and Churches
And married all that wed,
He christened all the babies
And **buried all the dead.**

He knew about their troubles
And every lass and loon,
And all the folks both young and old
On the road side up and doon.

No doubt had many chances
Other pulpits he could fill,
But thot his duty was to stay
And so is with them still.

He traveled many weary miles
Thro Winter's frost and snow,
Remember you will miss him
When he is called to go.

Its then you will remember
That you had such a friend,
And now the man is growing old
He is neairing to the end.

And may the Good Lord bless him,
With peace in his last days,
Until he sleeps beside his Ain guid wife
By the Kirk upon the Brae.

Ed MacLellan

THE COLONY FOLKS

1. Nae doot you will be surprised
At what I'm gaen to say,
For I though of all the Colony folks
I kent in my young days.
2. You see I kent them very weel
And kent aboot their hames,
And now the Colony folks thats left
I will just set down their names.
3. There may be some I have forgot
I will tell you in advance
So I'll start with Mr. Pringle,
And the folks aboot the manse.
4. There is Andy, Joe and Geordie
And Clementina living still,
Jack Clark and his wife Mary,
Sadie Smith and brother Bill.
5. Tom Matheson and Ceilia
George and Alex McPhail
Leslie Mavor and Georgia
Still left to tell the tale.
6. Angus and Mary Adam
And Kate the wife of Bill
Angus Stevenson and Sadie
His sisters Ruth and ...
7. Dave Niddrie George and Carrie,
Mulvina, Carrie and Nell,
Uncle George and Katherine,
Elsie Findlator and Bill.
8. Ernest Chapman, Helen and Mary,
Alex and his wife Kate,
Henry, Lizzie and Willie,
I kent them a' first rate.
9. John McConnell, Dave and Annie
George, Kate and James,
Of course there are more McConnells
But I dinna ken their names.
10. George Young and his wife Helen,
John and Brother Bill
George and Alex Sheriff
And Dave Aitken living still.
11. Jack Patterson and Christina,
Barbara, Mary and Jim,
And then there is Johnie Farguhar
You all remember him.
12. George Patterson and Albina
Alex, Frank and Hen
Henry's wife and more MacLellans
Their names I dinna ken.
13. Alex Phillips, Jim and Andy,
Their sisters Minnie and Chriss
Elsie Watt and Sister Agnes
I hope there is none I miss.
14. Jim Christie, Frank and Isabell
And Billie in the West
Jim Barclay and Rebecca
And their brother Les.
15. Jack and Tenie Martin,
As down the line we come,
Alex Cocker and his wife Mary
Sister Agnes and Jean Drum.
16. Bob and Jeanie Robertson
Jack and Elsie Paul
Sister Anna B and Alex
Is just about them all.
17. Of course there are some younger ones
Their names I have not got,
I am a wee bit dottled,
And just a simple Scot.
18. And now I wish you'd tell me,
Just how you like my rhyme,
It would not hurt your pen much
For you to drop a line.
19. Of course I know all Scotties
Are just a wee bit tight,
And a postage stamp costs tupence,
If they were going to write.
20. And now don't be offended
If your name I have forgot
For no matter what you ca' yersel,
I'm still your brother Scott.

Louis Paul,
1951.

*Composed by
The Blind Poet
" Louis Paul
A Scotch Lad "*

MT. HOPE CEMETERY,

TOLD BY ELMER SMITH OF MATTAWANKEG.

IN A WILL THE WIFE WOULD NEVER TAKE HIS MONEY
AS LONG AS HE WAS ON TOP OF THE GROUND, SO HE WAS
BURIED IN A VAULT ON TOP OF THE GROUND. THE WOMEN NEVER
TOOK THE MONEY.

FRANK ALBERT - REMEMBER THE SHOW. CHARLY MERRILL JR. AS THE
MAGICIAN THAT PUT ON THE SHOW IN LEE. HE ALSO REMEMBERED HIM AS
BEING TALL, SLENDER LONG FINGERS AND WEIRD EYES.

FRI: 13 AUG. 1976

INTERVIEW MRS. MERRILL ["THE GREAT DEVONNE"
(NOW CHARLES MERRILL AND CO.)]

IS EMPLOYED BY STEALING FOREST PARK

GREEN WOOD, N.Y. AS A MAGICIAN. DOES 8, 10 MIN. SHOWS A DAY
HE WORKED IN THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY AS A SALESMAN (ART. MANAGER)
HE IS 49 YRS. OLD.

HE DID SOME SHOWS ON TV. IN BANGOR. (IF HE WAS PERSUADED.)

ENTERTAINED IN SCHOOLS AND SUPPLEMENTED HIS INCOME.

HE WORKED AT IT FROM WHEN HE WAS YOUNG. AT THE AGE OF 18 HE PUT
ON A BENEFIT SHOW IN LEE.

MANY OF HIS ACTS WERE ILLUSION ACTS. HE PATENTED THE FLOATING LADY TRICK.
HE GRADUATED FROM LEE ACADEMY IN 1945, WENT TO BEALS COLLEGE.

HE HAD A MAGIC SHOW ON HALLOWEEN. IN TOWN THAT SCARED THE TOWN'S PEOPLE.

HE ALSO STUDIED HYPNOTISM.

WORKS WITH LIVE BIRDS. IN HIS SHOW NOW.

HIS MOTHER SAID HE HAD AN UNUSUAL ABILITY OR ABILITY WITH HIS HANDS EVEN
AS A YOUNG CHILD.

(ALS. PLAYED PIANO VERY WELL) AND COULD SING WHEN HE WAS ABOVE.

CHARLES MERRILL'S, GREAT GRAND FATHER OWNED THE MILL THAT MALLIS OWN
NOW, IN LEE, MAINE.

a day of fun... for everyone!

Sterling Forest invites you to the most unique family recreation and entertainment attraction in the Northeast...

Welcome to the enchanted world of surprisingly different fun and fascination...

Exciting new shows and spectacular gardens, rides, gift shops, and dining for the entire family...



THE 1976 SCHEDULE

Sterling Forest will be open 9:30 a.m. to 7:00 p.m., Saturday, May 1 through the Columbus Day weekend (October 9, 10, 11)...with these exceptions:

1. Box office, shows & rides close at 5:30 p.m. daily.
2. Sterling Forest will be closed the last three Fridays in September; Friday, October 1; and Monday, October 4 through Friday, October 8.

A City Investing Company Activity

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 3
Tuxedo Park, N.Y.

To

Easy to Reach

Located on N.Y. Route 210, just West of the intersection with N.Y. Route 17, in Tuxedo, N.Y.

From Manhattan, Westchester, Lower Connecticut: N.Y. Thwy. Exit 15, Suffern, Rt. 17 No. to Rt. 210.

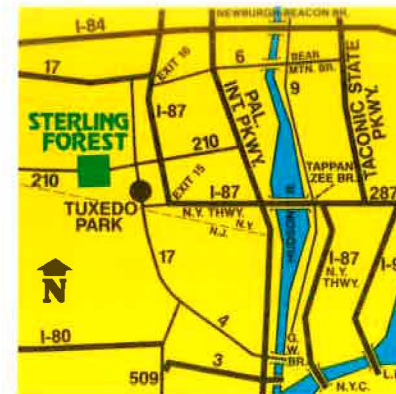
From New Jersey: Rts. I-80, 3, 4, 509, or Garden State Pkwy. to Rt. 17 No. to N.Y. Rt. 210. Or, Palisades Pkwy. No. to N.Y. Thwy. No. Exit 15, Suffern, Rt. 17 No. to Rt. 210.

From Upstate New York: Rt. 17 So., or N.Y. Thwy. So. to Exit 16, Harriman, Rt. 17 So. to Rt. 210.

From Eastern Pennsylvania: Rt. I-80 East to N.J. Rt. 17 No. to N.Y. Rt. 210. Or Rt. I-84 East to N.Y. Rt. 17 So., to Rt. 210.

From Putnam, Dutchess, Upper Conn. & New England: Rt. I-84 West to N.Y. Thwy. So., Exit 16 Harriman, So. Rt. 17 to Rt. 210.

Short Line busses leave daily from the N.Y. Port Authority Terminal in Manhattan.



Surprisingly Different

STERLING FOREST

Tuxedo, New York





EXCITING NEW SHOWS!

All shows are free with your admission and performed several times each day. Exact show times will be posted at each show site.

King Arthur, The Lion



Performing daring feats and comedy on the high wire, created by Arthur Duchek, former Disney star.

Charles Merrill and Company

A fun-filled magic show—fantastic, mystifying illusions for young and old.



Animal Comedy Revue



Erik Adams' Troupe of 3 exciting acts—comedy Chimps, Performing Dogs, and a unique Balancing Demonstration.

Delightful, Playful Dolphins



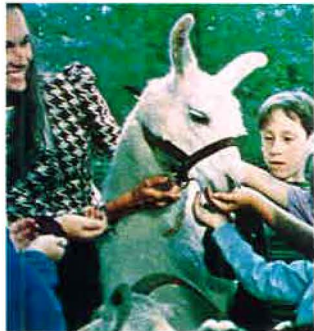
A new dolphin show featuring "Pee Wee" and "Li'l Charlie," performing spectacularly under Charles Riggs' direction.

Tropical Bird Show

Bill Rodgers presents a colorful assortment of tropical birds performing a special Bicentennial Salute.



Walk-In Corral



Visitors' pets are not permitted anywhere in Sterling Forest gardens.

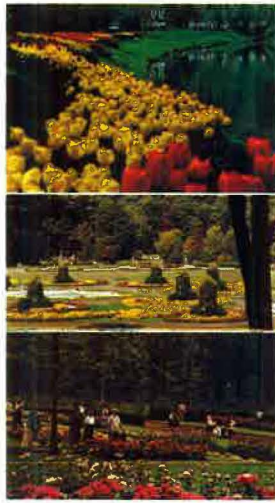
Where kids of all ages walk in to talk with, pet, feed, and photograph tame and friendly animals.

SPECTACULAR, HISTORIC GARDENS!

To the Iroquois and Ramapo Indians, it was "On-chiota"—Land of Rainbows. Washington led his troops here in 1777. Nearby, a giant chain was forged to span the Hudson River and stop the British Fleet.



In 1958, Sterling Forest Corporation created the Gardens, transforming 125 acres of woodland into a floral gem set amid the 22-thousand-acre forest, opening with a show of one million tulips.



Today, a brilliant festival of flowers presents an ever-changing panorama of blossoms, fragrant scents and floral designs, sparkling lakes, statuary, birds, and fountains—a wonderland of nature's beauty—from the first spectacular tulip show of Spring and the richly hued roses of Summer to the kaleidoscopic display of more than 60,000 chrysanthemums and fiery foliage of Autumn.

Flowering Schedule

MAY Tulips, Narcissus (Daffodils, Jonquils), Grape Hyacinths, Scilla, Pansies, Forsythias, Dogwoods, Flowering Cherries, Crabapples, Azaleas, Mt. Laurels, Spirea, Rhododendrons, Mock Oranges, Perennial Garden, Viburnums, Lilacs

JUNE Roses, Lilacs, Annuals, Perennial Garden, Tuberous Begonias, Reiger Begonias, Rhododendrons, Mt. Laurels, Azaleas, Magnolias, Dahlias, Viburnums, Geraniums, Caladiums, Coleus

JULY Roses, Annuals, Tuberous Begonias, Reiger Begonias, Day Lilies, Water Lilies, Cannas, Caladiums, Gladioli, Geraniums, Dahlias, Potentillas, Perennial Garden, Abutilons, Delphiniums, Coleus

AUGUST Annuals, Tuberous Begonias, Reiger Begonias, Roses, Day Lilies, Water Lilies, Caladiums, Geraniums, Dahlias, Cannas, Sweet Pepper Bushes, Crepe Myrtles, Sorbaria, Lantana Trees, Abutilons, Delphiniums, Coleus, Perennial Garden

SEPTEMBER Chrysanthemums, Roses, Begonias, Geraniums, Burning Bush, Cannas, Dahlias, Annuals, Water Lilies, Witch Hazel, Hydrangeas, Golden Chain Trees, Rose of Sharon, Perennial Garden

OCTOBER Chrysanthemums, Roses, Abutilons, Perennial Garden, Autumn Crocus, Witch Hazel; **Foliage:** Burning Bush, Native Trees (Oak, Maple, Hickory, Birch), Crabapple Fruit, Viburnums, Mountain Ash, Pyracantha, Hawthorne

DELIGHTFUL RIDES FOR ALL!

Authentic Antique Carousel



The 68 hand-carved animals and merry calliope music provide a nostalgic journey into the world of yesteryear.

Proud Peacock Train

A picturesque tour with an informative narration of the many varied botanical and historical surroundings.



Goldfish Boat Ride

Take this unique boat train, glide leisurely from Flamingo Lake to Holland Lake...through the gardens...past magnificent Sterling Falls.



Frog Boat Ride

Pedal and steer your own frog playboat. A delightful diversion for everyone.



Apollo Rocket Ride

An exciting space fantasy ride for the little ones, traveling in miniature replicas of the famous Apollo moon ship.



Shetland Pony Rides

Always popular, the Sterling stable of docile ponies provides safe, secure "trail" rides for little rangers and ranch hands.



Peter Rabbit Ride

A storybook "bunny boat" ride through Mr. McGregor's garden of fictional characters sculpted from evergreens.



Nominal charge for rides. Books of ride tickets are available at discount.

Dining & Banquet Facilities

Restaurant, cocktail lounge, cafeteria, Peacock Patio, and garden snack-sites. Banquet Center for parties, receptions, special events for 25 to 350 guests.



Shopping Village

Browse through clusters of shops offering souvenirs, glass, crafts, plants, and a wide selection of gifts.



(Picnicking not permitted. We offer complete food and beverage service at reasonable prices.)



- 1 Upper Parking
- 2 Gift Shop Village
- 3 Sterling Falls
- 4 Banquet Center
- 5 Glass Blower Exhibition
- 6 Potted Plant Tent
- 7 Sterling Tap Room
- 8 Restaurant
- 9 Cafeteria

- 10 Main Entrance
- 11 Achilles Fountain
- 12 Information, First Aid, Stroller Rental
- 13 Box Office
- 14 Raintree of Good Fortune
- 15 Zodiac Garden
- 16 Peacock Train Depot (#1)
- 17 Goldfish Boat Ride
- 18 Carousel

- 19 Apollo Rocket Ride
- 20 Peter Rabbit Ride
- 21 Peacock Train Station (#2)
- 22 Children's Playground
- 23 Rest Room
- 24 Peacock Patio
- 25 Magic Show
- 26 Home Garden of Ideas
- 27 Peacock Train Station (#3)
- 28 Poetry Garden
- 29 Tropical Bird Show
- 30 Peacock Train Station (#4)

- 30 Walk-In Corral
- 31 Shetland Pony Ride
- 32 Snack Bar
- 33 Animal Comedy Revue
- 34 Rest Room
- 35 Dolphin Show
- 36 Gift Shop, Snack Bar
- 37 Bicentennial Floral Display
- 38 Food Vending Service
- 39 Peacock Train Station (#5)

- 39 Sun Dial
- 40 Frog Boat Ride
- 41 Rose Garden
- 42 Bicentennial Floral Emblem
- 43 King Arthur, The Lion Aerial Act
- 44 Grand Tapestry of Flowers
- 45 Terrace Garden (Tulip Library)
- 46 Shuttle (Lower Parking)
- 47 To Lower Parking

- ★ Shows
- Rides

ADMISSIONS

General Admission: Adult \$4.50
Child (3 through 11 years) 2.50
Senior Citizen 4.00

Group Admissions: Group rates apply to groups of 20 or more persons arriving at one time. Reservations are required. Reservation cards will be sent on request.

Group Rates:

Adult \$4.00
Child (3 through 11 years) 2.00
Senior Citizen 3.50

Group Rates with delicious hot and cold buffet luncheon*

Adult \$8.50
Child (3 through 11 years) 5.50
Senior Citizen 7.50

School and Youth Group Rates (3 through 11 years):

(With special lunch, weekdays) \$3.25

For your protection, we require that one adult supervisor (21 or older) accompany every 10 children. If this requirement is not met, we reserve the right to refuse group admission. Adult supervisors pay the same as members of their group.

For further information, please call (914) 251-2162 or write to...

All shows are free with your admission and performed several times each day. Exact show times will be posted at each show site.

King Arthur, The Lion



Performing daring feats and comedy on the high wire, created by Arthur Duchek, former Disney star.

Charles Merrill and Company

A fun-filled magic show—fantastic, mystifying illusions for young and old.



Animal Comedy Revue



Erik Adams' Troupe of 3 exciting acts—comedy Chimps, Performing Dogs, and a unique Balancing Demonstration.

Delightful, Playful Dolphins



A new dolphin show featuring "Pee Wee" and "Li'l Charlie," performing spectacularly under Charles Riggs' direction.

Tropical Bird Show

Bill Rodgers presents a colorful assortment of tropical birds performing a special Bicentennial Salute.



Walk-In Corral



Visitors' pets are not permitted anywhere in Sterling Forest gardens.

Where kids of all ages walk in to talk with, pet, feed, and photograph tame and friendly animals.

GARDENS !

To the Iroquois and Ramapo Indians, it was "On-chiota"—Land of Rain-bows. Washington led his troops here in 1777. Nearby, a giant chain was forged to span the Hudson River and stop the British Fleet.



In 1958, Sterling Forest Corporation created the Gardens, transforming 125 acres of woodland into a floral gem set amid the 22-thousand-acre forest, opening with a show of one million tulips.



Today, a brilliant festival of flowers presents an ever-changing panorama of blossoms, fragrant scents and floral designs, sparkling lakes, statuary, birds, and fountains—a wonderland of nature's beauty—from the first spectacular tulip show of Spring and the richly hued roses of Summer to the kaleidoscopic display of more than 60,000 chrysanthemums and fiery foliage of Autumn.

Flowering Schedule

MAY Tulips, Narcissus (Daffodils, Jonquils), Grape Hyacinths, Scilla, Pansies, Forsythias, Dogwoods, Flowering Cherries, Crabapples, Azaleas, Mt. Laurels, Spirea, Rhododendrons, Mock Oranges, Perennial Garden, Viburnums, Lilacs

JUNE Roses, Lilacs, Annuals, Perennial Garden, Tuberous Begonias, Reiger Begonias, Rhododendrons, Mt. Laurels, Azaleas, Magnolias, Dahlias, Viburnums, Geraniums, Caladiums, Coleus

JULY Roses, Annuals, Tuberous Begonias, Reiger Begonias, Day Lilies, Water Lilies, Cannas, Caladiums, Gladioli, Geraniums, Dahlias, Potentillas, Perennial Garden, Abutilons, Delphiniums, Coleus

AUGUST Annuals, Tuberous Begonias, Reiger Begonias, Roses, Day Lilies, Water Lilies, Caladiums, Geraniums, Dahlias, Cannas, Sweet Pepper Bushes, Crepe Myrtles, Sorbaria, Lantana Trees, Abutilons, Delphiniums, Coleus, Perennial Garden

SEPTEMBER Chrysanthemums, Roses, Begonias, Geraniums, Burning Bush, Cannas, Dahlias, Annuals, Water Lilies, Witch Hazel, Hydrangeas, Golden Chain Trees, Rose of Sharon, Perennial Garden

OCTOBER Chrysanthemums, Roses, Abutilons, Perennial Garden, Autumn Crocus, Witch Hazel; **Foliage:** Burning Bush, Native Trees (Oak, Maple, Hickory, Birch), Crabapple Fruit, Viburnums, Mountain Ash, Pyracantha, Hawthorne

Authentic Antique Carousel



The 68 hand-carved animals and merry caliope music provide a nostalgic journey into the world of yesteryear.

Proud Peacock Train

A picturesque tour with an informative narration of the many varied botanical and historical surroundings.



Goldfish Boat Ride

Take this unique boat train, glide leisurely from Flamingo Lake to Holland Lake...through the gardens...past magnificent Sterling Falls.



Frog Boat Ride

Pedal and steer your own frog playboat. A delightful diversion for everyone.



Apollo Rocket Ride

An exciting space fantasy ride for the little ones, traveling in miniature replicas of the famous Apollo moon ship.



Shetland Pony Rides

Always popular, the Sterling stable of docile ponies provides safe, secure "trail" rides for little rangers and ranch hands.



Peter Rabbit Ride

A storybook "bunny boat" ride through Mr. McGregor's garden of fictional characters sculpted from evergreens.



Nominal charge for rides. Books of ride tickets are available at discount.

Dining & Banquet Facilities

Restaurant, cocktail lounge, cafeteria, Peacock Patio, and garden snack-sites. Banquet Center for parties, receptions, special events for 25 to 350 guests.



Shopping Village

Browse through clusters of shops offering souvenirs, glass, crafts, plants, and a wide selection of gifts.



(Picnicking not permitted. We offer complete food and beverage service at reasonable prices.)



- 19 Apollo Rocket Ride
- 20 Peter Rabbit Ride
- 21 Peacock Train Station (#2)
- 22 Children's Playground
- 23 Rest Room
- 24 Peacock Patio
- 25 Magic Show
- 26 Home Garden of Ideas
- 27 Peacock Train Station (#3)
- 28 Poetry Garden
- 29 Tropical Bird Show
- 30 Walk-In Corral
- 31 Shetland Pony Ride
- 32 Snack Bar
- 33 Animal Comedy Revue
- 34 Rest Room
- 35 Dolphin Show
- 36 Gift Shop, Snack Bar
- 37 Bicentennial Floral Display
- 38 Food Vending Service
- 39 Sun Dial
- 40 Frog Boat Ride
- 41 Rose Garden
- 42 Bicentennial Floral Emblem
- 43 King Arthur, The Lion Aerial Act
- 44 Grand Tapestry of Flowers
- 45 Terrace Garden (Tulip Library)
- 46 Shuttle (Lower Parking)
- 47 To Lower Parking

- 1 Upper Parking
- 2 Gift Shop Village
- 3 Sterling Falls
- 4 Banquet Center
- 5 Glass Blower Exhibition
- 6 Potted Plant Tent
- 7 Sterling Tap Room
- 8 Restaurant
- 9 Cafeteria
- 10 Main Entrance
- 11 Achilles Fountain
- 12 Information, First Aid, Stroller Rental
- 13 Box Office
- 14 Raintree of Good Fortune
- 15 Zodiac Garden
- 16 Peacock Train Depot (#1)
- 17 Goldfish Boat Ride
- 18 Carousel

ADMISSIONS

General Admission: Adult \$4.50
Child (3 through 11 years) 2.50
Senior Citizen 4.00

Group Admissions: Group rates apply to groups of 20 or more persons arriving at one time. Reservations are required. Reservation cards will be sent on request.

Group rates apply May 1st through October 11th, except during July and August, when group reservations will be accepted for Mondays through Fridays only.

Group Rates: Adult \$4.00
Child (3 through 11 years) 2.00
Senior Citizen 3.50

Group Rates with delicious hot and cold buffet luncheon* Adult \$8.50
Child (3 through 11 years) 5.50
Senior Citizen 7.50

*Buffet includes "all you can eat," tax, and tip. Entire group must reserve either with or without luncheon. A \$50 deposit per bus is required with group luncheon reservations.

School and Youth Group Rates (3 through 11 years): (With special lunch, weekdays) \$3.25
For your protection, we require that one adult supervisor (21 or older) accompany every 10 children. If this requirement is not met, we reserve the right to refuse group admission. Adult supervisors pay the same as members of their group.

For further information, please call (914) 351-2163 or write Sterling Forest, P.O. Box 608, Tuxedo, N.Y. 10987. Prices and information subject to change without notice.

- ★ Shows
- Rides

64.D. Cut 695

Ellsworth McDougall
Centerville, N.B.
McDougall 8/21/44

Ives: Mumbling.... ^{I was} ~~I'm~~ talking to Ellsworth ~~McDougall~~ ~~McDougall~~ today from centerville New Brunswick, and ah I asked him while I was asking him about songs, I asked him about George Knox, and he thought he was from the ^{Tobique} ~~Tobique~~. Ah, ^{thought} ~~that~~ he was up from that way. And he told several stories, Oh yes he'd was a man he was able to do wonders he was quite.. quite a character according to him. Now one of the stories that he told me was when he was talking to a ~~man~~ he and another fellow were in the woods together. And I cannot remember the man's name, nor do I believe he told me the man's name. But he said that the fella was working very hard was really bevering at the logs and George Knox said, Oh don't worry about it, don't work so hard, said I could fill these woods with log logs if I wanted to, and ah at the same time nobody ah there was always plenty of logs around. He didn't go into the matter of the fact that the big ~~chopper~~ ^{injun} chopper story too much. Then he ah he said I bet you might be thirsty, I bet you'd like a drink of Brandy. The fella said yeah he would, but where the hell would, they get it here. And so George Knox walked over to a tree and took a crack at the tree with an ax and then he drew Brandy right out of the tree. The one time he also made it thunder and lightning. They went out for a walk and suddenly looked up and it was thundering and lightning.

And there was another time when the guy had , the fella the guy was walking with had a wallet in his pocket, and George said to him, said to him, ah 'h ow much money you got. The guy reached for his wallet, and it wasn't there. Well he only had a few dollars in it but he was kind of worr~~ied~~ about it you know. So the naxt thing that happens, they go ona little further. And they get to wrk and suddenly George says to him, How much is.. so you lost your wallet did you. The guy reaches back there and there's his wallet right there.

~~Sax~~ Also he told the story about the guy had ^{if he} ~~a heavy~~ he had an ax handle, and if anybody touched his ax handle, George would know it right away and he'd break the ax handle out and put in a new one. ^{at one time} ~~and~~ they were working on a yard, and a big log that they were putting on the yard went right ~~onxthe~~ over the back down the other side and some fellas were passing by on a sled, and ah so the yard crew said to these fellas, said look you guys help us tomorrow, git this log back up here and they said they would, Well, anyhow next morning when they got up, George Knox got up early and went out there by himself, and when he, when they all got out there, there was the log up on top of the pile, great big log and George sitting astride it, and ah ^{they said} ~~it says~~ it'd take two or three men to handle that log, but George had obviously done it alone somehow. He was telling me about another man who used to do things like this, a fella by the name of Finn Robinson ROBISON, and one time he was

hauling a load of logs, and the doggone logs got ~~all~~, ~~all~~ he couldn't move 'em , the horses couldn't move 'em, so the guy started taking off logs from the load, and still they couldn't move 'em. Even when they got down to one ~~teir~~. ~~teir~~. And he couldn't do a thing with them , so finanlly they turned around and looked and just when he got down to one teir of logs on that thing he saw a dog sitting on the backend of the sled and he turned to him. An he said, "If you're God. man or Devil, get off. " And he didn't go on to say weather or not he got the load going again but obviously he did. somehow. That's the end of the tape.

C.4

M.S. Churchill
Houlton, Maine

Know George Knox? Sure, I know George Knox. He was a queer fellow. I've seen him plenty of times. It's sixty years since we worked in the woods together and cut logs. If anyone touched his ax he would take out the handle and put in a new one. Awful perticular about that ax handle.

Old Harry Sharpe told me when he was lumbering up on B, George was cutting for three days. Left in the night and no one saw him go. What he had cut scaled 54000 foot.

There was a log hauler in that camp and George wanted to fire it. They wouldn't give him that job. Everyone thought he had left because he didn't get that job on the log hauler. You know something? Every load that went out that winter with that hauler broke down. Must have been George's doin's.

One day George Knox went to David Mason's house. Mrs. Mason was churning in an old plunger churn. George wanted a drink of butter-milk. The old lady wouldn't give him any. Said she wanted it all for the pigs. George didn't ask again, just said, "All right, but you won't get any butter or butter-milk either." And she never did.

C.4

M.S.Churchill

Houlton, Maine

Henry Nason told me that George Knox built himself a camp up on B Stream. A man by the name of Mitchell that George didn't like had a camp right next. That Mitchell finally had to move. He never could get a fire to burn in his stove. Had the best dry wood in the world too, but it didn't make no difference. As long as he stayed there he had trouble. Soons he moved he didn't have no more trouble gettin' a fire to start.

Knox borrowed a muzzle loader from the sheriff in Monticello to shoot a moose. He fired one shot and hit him through the foot, the neck and right back of the forward shoulder. All with one shot. No one could tell how he done it. After a while he told 'em. That there moose had his head around on his side and his hind foot up a-scratchin' his neck when George fired. So---one shot done it. Pretty lucky shot.

One day George was a-comin' along the road and he saw a man settin' out cabbage. Knox told the farmer, "Get any call for telephone poles? There's great demand for 'em. Why don't you save your burnt matches and stick 'em in the ground? You could grow yourself some telegraph poles."

C.4

M.S. Churchill

Houlton, Maine

The farmer did just that. That fall they were thirty foot tall and six inches at the top and twelve inches at bottom. Them matches grew pretty good.

Knox was down on the coast, one year. The herring was pret ty thick. They was catching barrels of 'em. George told them just how much everyone weighed. That sure surprised the men and they asked him how he could tell. He wouldn't tell them, just said it was because the fish had scales on 'em.

Fred Mason was the head clerk in Neale Brothers stall in the market in St. John, N.B. Well, he asked George Knox where was the coldest place. George, he said the coldest place was "Cold Friday" one hundred and thirteen years ago, the 13th of January, gone by. Knox had some relatives in Cumberland Bay in the Queen's County, N.B. They supplied Gagetown with milk.

"Fred Mason", George said, "there want no thermometers down there in them days. But it was awful cold. Why the only way you could put out a light was, take off the chimney and knock off the blaze with a stick. Hundreds of cattle froze to death right in the stables that day, down the St. John. An old-fashioned card match blaze would freeze stiff before I could light me pipe." Must have been a pretty cold day.

F.G.
Folklore
Devil Story

Mrs. Marion G. Foster
Monticello, Maine.

March, 1962.

(23)

These stories were told to me by Ralph Curtis of Monticello, Maine. The stories were told to him by his father who believed them.

George Knox sold his soul to the Devil. He was capable of doing many things which people did not understand. One day he was out yarding logs with four other men. The men were thirsty and wanted something to drink. George took the boiling kettle and his axe. He chopped a place in a maple tree and liquor began to pour out. He caught it in the kettle and the men got drunk. When they got to camp that night the rest of the crew were surprised and could not understand where they got the liquor.

George Knox worked alone a great deal of the time. He chopped logs for one team to haul. When the men got to the yard in the morning a load would be ready, although George stayed at the camp all night, the logs would always be cut and ready.

He would never let anyone touch his axe. Most men were afraid of it. In case anyone did touch it, George threw it away and got another.

One time a crew of loggers had a big log the men could not load so thought they would bring a horse from camp the next morning and get it loaded. George Knox ate his breakfast and left camp before the other men and when they got to the logging yard, George had loaded the log alone.

George Knox's home was in East Blaine, Maine.

Some people believe this

HILDA M. MAHER

George Knox, who is supposed to have been possessed of the devil, had an odd looking knife which he would draw ~~ash~~ slashways across his face which would cause the blood to flow freely. He would then take a handkerchief from his pocket and put it over his face for a few seconds. When he took the handkerchief from his face there would be no blood and no cut.

Told to me by Hberto Tidd.
The story was told to him by some of the townspeople of Hodgdon.

DEVIL STORY

M.2.

George Knox

George Knox was a man who was supposed to have had contact with the devil. He worked in the woods. One night as the crew was finishing work, they found that at the bottom, of a log pile was a very large log which had to be moved. The men didn't want to bother hooking horses to it that late -so- Knox told them to never mind, he would do it. The next morning as the men were coming to work, they heard chains rattling and different noises. When they came to the log pile, they found the huge log on top of the pile, with Knox sitting on top of it, and his hat on the log. No one else was to be seen.

Coll., Monticello, Sept. 12, 1962
Inf., Guy Miller, Monticello
B

Guy Miller is one of Monticello's older residents. He is about eighty years old, and is still very spry. He worked in the woods most of his life. He claims that he worked with this Knox. He said that Knox was a very trick fellow and was always blamed for everything. Knox was an ordinary looking man, but people were a little leery of him. As Mr. Miller was talking to me he stared straight ahead, looked over the rim of his glasses. I don't even think he noticed my taking notes.

The Blaine town records state that George Knox died August 17, 1892, of sonsumption at the age of thirty. The Blaine records of births and deaths were not started until 1892, and George Knox is the first death listed. These are the only recorded facts found thus far. The rest of this information was secured by contacting the elder citizens of the surrounding towns.

Howard Lewis, age 92 on September 12, 1962, was the most valuable informant. He came to Bridgewater from Pittsfield in 1891, just one year before George Knox died.

Howard Lewis said he was acquainted with the whole Knox family. The father's name was Tom, whom Howard remembers as an old man with a long white beard who drove an ox cart. Howard said the Knoxes lived in a log house up on the head of Mars Hill mountain, in East Blaine.

William (Billy) Knox was the oldest, then George, Joe, and Gay. He then gave Frank Knox, but didn't know where he fitted in. There was a girl whose name he didn't recall, and who married and moved downstate near Clinton. Howard has been to her house, but no longer remembers just where it was.

Billy Knox always took charge in the woods and on drives, and Howard worked for him for years. The other boys also worked around the woods.

George Knox never married. Howard says that George was always fooling around with Black Art and that he lived alone in a camp back in the woods.

Clinton
East Blaine
Mars Hill Mt.
Blaine
Bridgewater
Pittsfield

2/12/62

Concerning the tricks wouked by George, they were apparently known by the others also. This collection contains one of Gay Knox's tricks. Del Raymond said Joe Knox knew a lot of them, and he had a book on Black Art.

This was later repeated by Howard Lewis. Mr. Grew, about 55, of Grew's Clothing Store in Mars Hill even went so far as to say it was Joe, not George, who was the trickster.

Dan Bradstreet, 54, of Bridgewater, who lived in Sheridan as a boy with Frank, said Frank could do things, such as, put beans in his eyes and take them out his ears. Dan tried it, but with unhappy results.

Howard Lewis states George's death in this manner:
A guide was coming through the woods and came to a camp which was fourteen feet high to the eaves.

He heard music and went in. The music stopped, because it was just George Knox throwing his voice, amusing himself. The guide didn't know George, and he asked what was going on.

George said the boys were having a party up in the attic. He said to climb the ladder and see. The guide did but nobody was there. He came down and stayed the night.

George was sick, so when the guide came down by Billy Knox's logging camp, he told Billy about the sick man and the music.

"That's my brother, George," Billy said. "He's always up to something."

*Mars Hill
Bridgewater
Sheridan*

11/1/29

280125

Billy took some men, got George, and kept him at the camp until camp broke. George got a little better, but died the next summer at Billy's home in Blaine. He was sick of tuberculosis.

Billy Knox's farm was a half mile from the Sanborn cemetery in Blaine, on the old Aroostook road. Billy had a six-grave lot there, where he buried his first wife and a daughter. The sexton says the lot is full, but he does not know who is in it, for the grave records have been sketchily kept. However, this lot, No. 7 North, is the only recorded lot with Knoxes in it. George may or may not be buried there.

Howard Lewis remembers George as being slim, with black hair, and somewhat above average height.

Steve Crane of Houlton, originally of Littleton, says he saw George Knox many years ago. He described him as a good-natured, tall but not heavy man. Steve got his tales from Billy Knox for whom he had worked.

Del Raymond, age 79, born and brought up in Bridgewater, still lives here. He was well acquainted with Joe Knox, who was his informant on George. He says he had seen George years ago. He pointed out to the writer where the Knoxes used to live in East Blaine. However, he did not know Tom, the father.

Gladys Knox, seventyish, a teacher in the Blaine schools, said she had heard her father tell of his uncle Billy Knox, the woods boss and also tell yarns about George and how he could make a broom dance. She said that the Knoxes came to East Blaine from Knoxford, N. B., a little

*Knoxford NB
East Blaine
Blaine*

*Houlton
Littleton
Bridgewater
Blaine*

With...

11901

280126

hamlet on the border near Centerville, N. B.

Howard Lewis said that after Billy Knox's wife died (February 7, 1912), Billy sold out and moved down country to Unity. He married a young woman and died down there.

Joe and Gay also moved down around their sister's. That is why there aren't many Knoxes in the Blaine cemeteries. .

In the Sanborn cemetery Billy's stone is marked:
Wm. H. Knox, B. Dec. 7, 1856-----. Apparently he was not brought back.

Centerville NB
Unity
Blaine

Mitchell

280127

I went to Houlton to talk to Steve Crane who was born in Littleton and worked in the woods much of his life. He is my father-in-law's father-in-law. He is now 83 years old and well-preserved. He was eager to talk, saying that during bad weather, the days were long and lonesome.

I asked him if he had seen George Knox, and he said, "Yes." He said Knox always followed the woods, that he was a tall man but not stout, good-natured, and full of tricks.

He had seen George at his grandfather's house. Upon being asked, he said he calculated that George was the age of his, Steve's, older brother, who would be ninety-seven if living.

According to Blaine town records, George Knox would have been 100 years old if alive today.

Steve said he heard the most of his tales about George from his brother, William (Billy) Knox who used to take charge on drives.

This one tale Steve told of George Knox in person. Steve's father was doing a little woods work where he used two horses, and he owned three. Steve's job, being a young lad, was to take the third horse in on a week-end and bring out one; this would spell them week and week about.

Some other boys persuaded him to go into another camp where George was working. They were sitting in the cook-shack and George was there.

It was a small operation, so there wasn't any cookee, and the cook had to lug his own wood. George spoke up

*Houlton**Houlton
Littleton
Blaine**Mitchell*

and said that with so many boys around, they ought to carry in some wood. He talked on like this, and the boys went to work. They lugged and lugged, piled up a pile that'd last for two weeks.

Steve said he didn't help. He knew of George and his tricks. After eating, they struck for home, and Steve asked them why they lugged the wood. The boys said they just couldn't help it.

"I'm telling you," Steve said, "that Geirge had strange powers."

Billy Knox told Steve Crane that when George died, he fought awful. He flounced around and waved his arms. Then Steve grinned and said, "I guess probably the Devil was after him. You know everybody claimed that he was possessed."

Mitchell

One cold fall George Knox and a new man were going into a logging camp to work. The new fellow didn't know George and his tricks. There were some wolves around in those days, and the new man was telling what he'd do if any showed up. He'd eat them alive.

Pretty soon a whof started howling; and before you knew it, the woods was full of them. The new fellow got pretty scared. George says, "You climb up this tree, and I'll run up that one."

That guy didn't waste any time, and George took off for the camp. After he got there, somebody said, "Where's the new Man?"

"OH," says George, "Last time I seen him, he was up a tree, picking beechnuts."

They went back looking, and that feller was still up that tree, almost broze to death, and there wan't no wolves. It was just that George!

Source: Steve Crane, 83, Houlton

Houlton

Mitchell

280131

George Knox went away when he was young; and when he came back, his father told him to come out to the barn and see his oxen. He was awful proud of them.

They went to the barn and there was a nice pair. George looked them over and said that they sure were fat. His father said they ought to be; they had been standing around eating hay and grain all winter.

One ox was looking at George's father and he said, "You damned old liar; I've had nothing but straw and water."

It scared the old man so he jumped clear to the end of the barn.

Another time George went to a saloon along the border. There was a bunch of men there and George pulled out a handful of money and throwed it down. It was silver dollars.

After he left, the money changed into pennies.

Source: Steve Crane, 83, Houlton

Houlton

Nitell

George Knox was a good-natured sort of guy. One of his close friends was Gilly Davidson. Gilly's dead now. Gilly said that George got on a box, and Gilly took a rope, tied knots in it and hung George.

When he got through, there was George on the floor. (At this point, I asked how he did this.) Gilly didn't put the rope on him. He just thought he did. That George was possessed.

He had another favorite trick. He put an iron ring on a broom handle. You'd grab the handle on both sides of the ring and swish! George'd take it off! But he really didn't put it on. You just thought he did. He had powers.

Source: Steve Crane, 83, Houlton

Houlton

Mitchell

Once they twitched a big log on the yard so big the men couldn't roll it, and they couldn't get it up with horses. They left it and went away. They heard a crash and went back. The log was on the yard and George was standing there all alone.

I heard these from George's brother, Billy. He always took charge, and I was working for him years ago when we drove "B" Stream above Houlton.

(I quizzed him about George's magic axe, but Steve said that fellow was an Indian, not George Knox."

Source: Steve Crane, 83, Houlton

*B Stream
Houlton*

Mitchell

I went to Monticello to see Ted Boyce, for I had heard that he knew something about George Knox. He did know a few stories. However, he is not an original inhabitant of the town, having come over from Canada, and having lived the first nine years of his life in England.

Boyce said that once George was working with a crew of men clearing a road. They came to a huge rock which they couldn't move. They only had to move it three feet, but they couldn't do that.

George didn't say anything, and they all came to the camp. After supper George slipped out and came back later. Next morning the boss sent down to the hovel and sent three spans of horses out to move the rock; but when they got there, the rock was out of the road.

Knox had moved it, but nobody had seen him do it, and they didn't know how he did it.

Source: Ted Boyce, 78, Monticello. His wife piped up and said she had heard her father tell this yarn. She said her father had worked with George. She also said her father was still living and almost a hundred years old, but he was hard to talk to and not well. Still, she said she'd see what she could get from him. The air in the Boyce home was one of belief. Mrs. Boyce allowed that the old folks were smarter about things like that than they were nowadays.

Monticello

Mitchell

Ted Boyce said when he lived in Frederickton, there was a Knox over there, but it wasn't George. This fellow was possessed and could do anything. He could bore holes in a log and get out whiskey.

They couldn't keep him in jail or keep hand-cuffs on him. Once the sheriff went to a blacksmith who claimed he could make a pair to hold Knox. When he got them fixed, he called Knox over and said he'd heard cuffs couldn't hold him. He asked Knox to turn around and put his hands behind his back. Knox did, and the blacksmith snapped the cuffs on. Quik as a wink, Knox turned around and handed the blacksmith the cuffs. He got out as slick and easy as that.

When Knox wanted to go girling, he'd go to a livery stable and get a horse. It didn't make any difference if the door was locked. When the owner came in the morning, the door would be still locked, but the horse would be sweaty. They couldn't keep Knox out or in.

This same fellow would go to the store and buy things and the money he left would turn to dust in the cash register.

Finally, Knox just disappeared. Nobody knew where he went, but lots of folks figured he'd been taken away by the Devil.

Source: Ted Boyce, 79, Monticello.

*Frederickton
Monticello*

Mitchell

MP

230136

While shopping at Clowater's store in Bridgewater, I fell into conversation with an old man (79) named Del Raymond. I asked him about George Knox.

Yes, he said he knew of him and had worked with his brother, Gay Knox. He promised to take me to East Blaine to the area where George was born. However, he couldn't remember who George's father was. Raymond knew Bill, Frank, Gay, and George Knox.

He said George could make anything up and people would believe him. He added that George was a magician.

Raymond said he'd clerked in the woods for the Great Northern, but he had never seen George Knox nor had he ever seen his name in the pay records. He said he thought George died downriver somewhere and that he lived to about 58 years of age.

Bridgewater
East Blaine

Mitchell

4/20

230137

Once George Knox drove an oxcart load of hay into a barn. The oxen wouldn't stand still, kept backing up to grab hay from the side of the mow.

George didn't have a horse fork and had to pitch it off by hand. Finally he jumped off the cart and said he'd fix those critters. He made as if he put something behind the wheel but really didn't.

But the oxen couldn't back the cart up. He was showing off. There was a stranger there, and George said, "Bet you can't back it up," and he couldn't either, not even when the cart was empty.

Source: Del Raymond, Bridgewater, age 79.

Bridgewater

Mitchell

Once there used to be a saloon run by a fellow called McMullen over where the road crosses the line from Canada into Bridgewater.

Rum was pretty cheap than and George Knox came along. He was jingling some soins in his hand and said he'd take two quarts. He gave McMullen two silver dollars and took his liquor and walked out.

McMullen hollered to him, saying that George had fifty cents change coming, but George said to keep it.

McMullen put the money in the till and the next time he looked there were just two copper bung downs.

Source: Del Raymond

Bridgewater

Mitchell

I rent an apartment over a piano repair shop ran by my landlord who is also a Pentecostal minister. His name is Don Bickford. I heard a piano being played one evening, so I went down. There are usually a few hangers-on around.

This night, Hillman Burlock, the town cop from Mars Hill was there. Don, in the course of the conversation, asked if I had heard any more about Archie Stackhouse.

I said, "Yes," and also mentioned George Knox.

Don had never heard of him. Then Burlock asked where he lived, and I said he is dead.

"Oh," Burlock said. "I've heard my father mention him. He was a funny fellow. Lived all along, I've heard some strange stories. He used to make his own axe handles. He'd let you look at his axe; but if you handled it, He'd break the handle out and put in a new one."

He lowered his voice and said, "I've heard he was possessed by the Devil and had strange powers."

Mars Hill

Mitchell

Janice Bradbury asked her grandfather, George Bradbury, if he had ever heard of George Knox. Sahe said he looked right at her and asked her where she ever heard the name.

She told him that her home-room teacher had asked about him. Nal said, "That man was a jinx to everybody who knew him, and he was possessed by the Devil. I could tell you stories about him that would curl your hair."

Janice's father, Earle Bradbury, one of Brdigewater's businessmen and farmers, said, "If you go to putting those kids' heads full of that stuff, I'll go home. Look at the money we spend every year educating that stuff out of them."

The old man chuckled, but didn't go on. Needless to say, I marked this man for a visitation.

Bridgewater

Mitchell

124
230141

While checking on George Knox, I went to see George (Nal) Bradbury, who has lived in and about Bridgewater since the age of five. He is now 84 years old.

I found him in his barn, milking cows. The conversation continued through chores and on to the front porch of his house. Nal, as he is known in town, is very active and well-known for his humor.

He has done a lot of woods work in the past. He had never seen George Knox, but was certain that for a short portion of his life that George "had been around."

Nal said the Knoxes lived in East Blaine, just where the road swings to Robinson (which, along with East Blaine is really part of the town of Blaine). He had known of Billy and Gay Knox and knew they were George's brothers.

Nal also knows a good many stories and told me some, including some about George Knox. Nal couldn't remember who George's father was.

*Bridgewater
East Blaine
Robinsons
Blaine*

Mitchell

Once a crew of men were hauling off some logs. They got their sleds loaded and a huge spruce log rolled onto the ground, and they couldn't get it back on.

George Knox was chopping in behind, and he came out. He told them to leave the log until the morning, and then he'd put it on. The men started out, and they heard a noise. They went back and that log was right on top.

One man was coming out of the woods when he heard the log hit. He looked and he saw a man's head going down over the brow of the yard. He never had seen the man before or since, and I guess it was the Devil helping him.

When George was working in the woods, there was a snap and a crack everywhere; it sounded like the whole woods was falling down.

Source: George (Nal) Bradbury, 84, Bridgewater.

Bridgewater

Mitchell

126
280143

There used to be a grist mill over toward the border where people took their grain from around Bridgewater.

Once a man took a load of grain over and had it ground. There were a lot of watering troughs along the way, so a man could water his horses. This fellow stops and his horse drinks.

George Knox was in a clump of bushes there; and when the horse pulled his nose out, he looked at the man and said, "I've had enough."

The man took off arunning.

Source: George (Nal) Bradbury, 84, Bridgewater

Bridgewater

Mitchell

George Knox and a man were walking along a road near the border, and there was a ploughed field between them and a place where they sold liquor.

The man said to George, "If we had a dollar, we could go get a bottle."

George said, "Go turn over that rock."

The man did, and, sure enough, there was a dollar.

Now how in the world did George know it was there?

Source: George (Nal) Bradbury, 84, Bridgewater

Bridgewater

The last person I contacted for this report was Howard Lewis, one of Bridgewater's oldest citizens. He is hale and hearty at 92, still travelling around town as he pleases and very interested in everything. He would pass for fifteen years younger than he is.

Lewis said he came to Bridgewater seventy years ago when there was no town at the present spot, only a tannery. He told of the three saloons along the border and how the men would go there payday to drink and celebrate all night.

One saloon, McMullen's, was built half in Canada and half in Maine. Howard said he remembered well when Al Donnelly got murdered around those same saloons.

Once Con Bradstreet and George Knox were walking down from East Blaine toward the border. Blaine was where Knox lived. They got pretty near the line, and they had no money. George said, "Let's get some run."

Con said, "I've got no money, You got some?"

George said, "No."

Con said, "Then how are we going to get anything?"

George told him to go look under a flat rock over in a plowed field. Con did and there were two silver dollars.

George told Con to double his hand up on it and put it in his pocket and Con did. When they got to the saloon, the owner said, "You got money?"

"Yep," Con said and pulled out his hand and it was empty. George grinned and reached in his pocket and pulled out the two dollars. He had it.

Source: Howard Lewis, 92, Bridgewater

*Bridgewater
East Blaine
Blaine*

Y. J. L. 21

George Knox's father, Tom, lived in a log house up at the head of Mars Hill mountain. Once he came home at night with his yoke of oxen and stopped them by the watering hole.

He went up to the house and got a pail to water them. George was hiding around somewhere. When Tom came with the pail, the off ox said, "Water me first cause I'm the dryest."

You know that bugger George could do anything.

Howard Lewis, 92, Bridgewater.

Mars Hill Mt.
Bridgewater

The winter Geroge Knox stayed at Billy's camp, he got a little better and Billy put him to tending yard. The teams twitched in a huge log. George was rolling by hand, and Billy told him he'd bring out ten men to roll the log up.

George just grinned. Billy and the men got within forty yards of the yard, and they heard a lot of noise. Peaveys were clanking, and men were hollering, "Roll on 'er, boys; roll on 'er!" They heard a big thud; and when they got to the yard, the log was on the yard; and George was up on the log, all alone, and whistling.

Source: Howard Lewis, 92, Bridgewater.

Bridgewater

Witchell

George Knox lived up in behind Mars Hill mountain. He knew what time he was going to die, and he told people about it. He said, "I'm going to light this candle and put it in the window. When it burns out, you'll know I'm dead."

They watched; and when it burned down, they went over. There was George, dead.

Source: Garth Friels, 18, Monticello. Garth had been to Mars Hill, and this was told to him by Gordon Hanning, in his 30's a potato inspector of Mars Hill. Garth stopped off at my apartment in Bridgewater to tell me, for he knew I was trying to find where Knox came from.

Mars Hill Mt.
Monticello
Bridgewater

Mitchell

Garth Friels was hitchhiking to school one morning, and an old farmer from Robinson gave him a ride. Garth doesn't know the man's name. As they were talking, Garth mentioned George Knox, and the man said he used to know him.

He said the Knoxes lived on one of the Four Corners roads (in Blaine). He said that's where the boys were brought up. He scoffed at George's having any connection with spirits.

He said that all the Knox boys knew a lot of tricks, such as cards tricks, ventriloquism, sleight of hand, and so forth.

Garth said the old fellow wasn't very agreeable about the subject, so he didn't ask any more questions, and he didn't pry for the man's name.

Source: Garth Friels, 18, Monticello, as told to me the morning he got the ride. Garth has gotten very interested in Knoxlore since I've been prospecting the area. He has been valuable, for his father is quite an old man who spent his life in lumber camps and has a wide circle of old men as cronies, and they talk a lot.

*Robinsons
Blaine
Monticello*

Mitchell

Dad said his uncle and grandfather worked in the woods with George Knox. Here is the story as he told it.

They were all cutting logs one morning, and just before dinner they had a big, heavy log to load. His grandfather and uncle decided to wait until after dinner because they were quite hungry. They went to camp to eat, but George stayed there to eat.

When they came back from dinner, the log was all loaded and George was sitting on top of it whistling.

Dad says he could do anything he wanted to because he was possessed with the Devil. He said that George had been seen sitting on a stump, and his axe was cutting trees all by itself.

He said he didn't know exactly where he lived, but then who does?

Source: Garth Friels, 18, as told to him by his father, William Friels, both of Monticello

Monticello

Mitchell

William Friels' uncle, Charley Friels, used to tell about the time he was working with George Knox. George said, "Charley, you bunk with me tonight, and you'll never want for anything the rest of your life."

Charley wouldn't. Bill asked him why not. Charley got excited, and says, "B'Jesus, I wouldn't dare sleep with him."

Once George Knox was put into jail for some little thing or another. The sheriff left; and when he came back, George was gone. There were some little men dancing in a circle around a fire.

The sheriff went looking for George and found him. The sheriff says, "I got you, George." but George says, "Leave me alone or I'll turn you into a bag of salt for the dogs to use."

The sheriff got scared and left.

Source: Garth Friels, as told to him by his father, William. When William Friels told this last story, his wife didn't like it. She said he's stuff the kids' heads full of nonsense, but William said it was the God's truth.

Mitchell

The man's name was George Knox. He was supposed to have sold his soul to the Devil for 20 years for \$20. He could go to the woods and sit on a stump, and his ax would be cutting; and if you borrowed his ax, when you brought it back, he would change the handle in it.

One time George went to see his brother in the woods. His brother had trout for dinner, and he asked George if he wanted some. George said, "I'd rather have deer steak," and when his brother turned around from getting some more fish, there was deer steak in the frying pan. His brother left.

On another occasion, George was walking along the road, and he met a friend with a new rifle. George said to his friend, "Try me a shot," and he stood up to a tree. The friend thought he would shoot a couple feet to the left and scare George.

Just about the time the shot went off, George jumped to the left and walked up to his friend with the bullet in his teeth.

He could go out to a tree anywhere and draw off some liquor and come back and take a collection for it, and he would have to pay for it when he went to town. Devil always pays his bill.

When he died after twenty years, no-one would go in the room. There was supposed to be fire and brimstone in the room.

SOURCE: Howard McPherson, age 16, of Bridgewater, as told to him by his father, Clarence, and as written down by Howard.

Bridgewater

Mitchell

150
280153

Clarence McPherson says this is how George Knox met the Devil: He went to four corners of a road at midnight. He took a black cat and cut it up, and there he met the Devil and made his bargain.

Mitchell

Kenneth Bully says he never knew George Knox personally, but that Ted Boyce has seen him. Kenneth tells these stories.

He says George Knox's own family wouldn't live with him, and that the men in the camps were afraid of him. He said George lived in Monticello. George would walk right up to a chicken and wring its neck. Chickens wouldn't move out of his way.

When George Knox was out in the woods and wanted steak, he would whistle and deer would come right to him.

Whenever the boys were playing cards and would want money, he would tell them to turn up certain rocks and there would be money. (Told by both Bully and Wilbur Bradbury)

If anybody touched George Knox's axe, he would cut the handle out and put in a new one. He worked in the woods for years and no-one ever saw him work. Nal Bradbury knows all about George. (Results of an interview with him also included.)

George Knox would go into a store and buy groceries. He would give the clerk a ten-dollar bill and then walk out. The clerk would look down and he wouldn't have the money.

Source: Kenneth Bully, in his 60's, owner of a mill in Bridgewater.

Monticello
Bridgewater
Mitchell

Once George Knox and Ed Hoyt of Bridgewater were in Houlton together. They were hungry, but Ed had only fifteen cents and George didn't have any.

They went into a restaurant anyway, and George ordered a big feed for both. They ate, but Ed was pretty nervous.

When they got through, George told Ed to look under his plate, and there was ten dollars. Ed said he had no idea of where it came from.

Source: Ralph Rideout, as told to him by Ed Hoyt, now dead.

*Bridgewater
Houlton*

Mitchell

George Knox knew a lot of tricks. He could throw his voice, put pennies in his ears, and find them somewhere else, and a lot of stuff like that. He would give some store a quarter and they'd think it was fifty cents and give him back more than he gave.

Once George was going to show Bert Tidd how to do these tricks. Bert had to go to the graveyard at night and do things. Then there was something connected with a black cat. Finally George had him repeat certain things over a deck of cards. Then George said for him to look in a mirror and he'd see the Devil. Bert did and said he saw the God-awfulest face he ever saw and guessed it was the Devil.

SOURCE: Ralph Rideout, age 36, Bridgewater. He couldn't be any more specific because he heard it years ago, and Bert is now dead.

Bridgewater

Mitchell

Ralph Rideout's brother-in-law said that George Knox's brother Frank used to tell a lot about George. He said George ran away and joined a circus when he was a young fellow. When he came back, he knew a lot of tricks: cards, throwing his voice, coins, and so forth.

Frank said that when George died, he died awful hard, acted as if flames were wrapping right around him.

Men were nervous about playing cards with George because of the tricks he'd play. You didn't know what you'd see if you looked under the table. Once a man saw a hoof. Another time, a guy saw a hand.

Source: Ralph Rideout

Mitchell

~~25~~
280158

When George Knox was out in the woods working, you could hear the chains rattling for miles, according to Thomas Cook, in his 40's.

Ralph Rideout said he had heard this told, too. Ralph got a lot of his stories from his brother-in-law, who, as a small boy, was taken in (his parents had died) by Frank Knox, George Knox's brother.

Gitchell

36

280159

Once George Knox heard of a fellow who abused his horses, and he decided to teach him a lesson. George hid in the barn and waited for the fellow to do his chores.

The fellow came in with a bucket of water. The horse drank; and when he had all he wanted, he nudged the pail with his nose, as horses will. The pail upset and got the fellow's feet wet. He got mad and went and got another pail of water and threw it on the horse's feet.

"There," he says, "That'll learn you."

The horse replies, "You do that again and I'll bite your God-damn head off."

The man threw the bucket and ran.

Source: Fred Hanning, 59, Monticello.

Monticello

Mitchell

143

280160

George Knox built a camp in the woods on the bank of a stream. The roof had stones piled on it to keep it from blowing away. These stones were so large that a man couldn't lift them, and it was said that the Devil helped George get them up there.

Once a crew George was working with was trying to load a huge log. It got late, so they left it and went to camp.

The next morning they went back to it. When they got handy, they could hear chains rattling; and when they got there, George had it on the sleds and was chaining it on.

Source: Harold Rush, 70, Monticello

Monticello

Mitchell

171
38
280161

Alden Folsom, 23 of Monticello said he has heard his father speak of George Knox. He told that Knox was seven feet tall and very strong.

Once Knox built a woods camp and used a huge log for a ridgepole, and he put the pole up there all alone.

Source: Alden Folsom, 23, Monticello

Monticello

Mitchell

A variant on the tale told about the ridgepole is told by Guy Pryor of Monticello. He said George didn't lift it up into the peak of the camp. Instead, he says he heard that George lodged the tree and built the camp around it.

Guy Pryor also tells this one: A bunch of men were sitting around playing cards, and George Knox was in the group. He asked them, "What would you guys say if I made a turkey gobbler walk into the camp?"

Some of the men laughed and allowed they wouldn't have to worry about that. One fellow said he'd get out as fast as he could.

They played along and pretty soon George snapped his fingers. A noise came at the door and in walked a turkey gobbler.

Source: Guy Pryor, in his 80's, Monticello. It took a little prying to get any yarns out of Guy.

Monticello

Mitchell

146

280163

Once George Knox went out to the barn with a fellow named Harvey. Harvey had a new-born calf in a pen. As Harvey walked over to the pen, the calf looked up and said, "For God's sake, will you give me something to eat?"

Source: Harold Rush, 70, Monticello

Monticello

Mitchell

Ray Yerxa says he has heard the older men say that when you got handy to where George Knox was working, you could hear chains rattling, and it would sound as if twenty men were there. However, when you got there, there would just be George.

Once George hid near a watering hole, and a fellow came along with a double team. He gave one horse a drink; and when the horse lifted his head from the pail, he said, "God, that was good."

The other horse threw his head and said, "Why the Hell didn't you give me a drink first?"

Source: Herman Brewer, as told to him by Ray Yerxa, in his 60's, Bridgewater.

Bridgewater

Mitchell

148
230165

A high school senior, Wayne Upton, 18, of Monticello asked me if anyone had told me about George Knox and his ability to turn paper into money.

I replied in the negative. He went on to say that he had heard an old man tell this in Monticello. He also said the George Knox could tap any tree and get beer or wine from it.

There was no story connected with this, just these two stray bits of information.

Monticello

Mitchell

149

230166

Once George Knox was working in a crew in the woods, and they were getting a wagon up the hill. The horses would haul it ahead and then the men would trig the wheel with a rock to keep the wagon from rolling backward.

After the horses rested, they would go ahead a ways further. When it came George's turn to do the trigging, the driver looked back; and the wagon was trigged with a huge rock that no man could move. Nobody had seen George put it there, but there it was.

Source: Wayne Upton, 18, as told by Ace Harvey, in his 50's, of Monticello.

Monticello

Mitchell

George Knox was a man who had strong double teeth. People say they have seen him snap a 2x4 plank in half with his teeth. One day about 3:00 in the afternoon George was working for Stop and Shop in the potatoe house.

The crew was having a break and the men decided to have a little fun with one of the men in the crew who didn't know George. They told George to walk up to the man, say he was awful hungry, and bite a chunk out of a piece of plank nearby the man.

George did as they told him and scared the man half to death. My grandfather said that he was so scared that he turned as white as a ghost, his hair rose a foot, and he ran out of that house as fast as his legs could carry him.

Source: Hazel Hersey, 15, as told to her by Cyril McLaughlin, both of Monticello.

Monticello

Mitchell

451

236168

George Knox was a man of who they believed was possessed with the Devil. It was believed that he could move trees, rocks, and most anything if no-one was around to watch him.

One time there was a great boulder in the road, but they couldn't seem to move it. George always sat down and didn't do anything when people were around, but he got up and told the men to go home.

After they had gone, he sat on this great boulder, and it moved out of the road.

Source: Hazel Hersey, 16, told to her by Cyril McLaughlin, both of Monticello

Monticello

Mitchell

152

230109

George Knox had to learn the Black Art book. After that he went out in the woods at midnight. A pure black cat came to him and he had to boil it alive. That is how he made contact with the Devil to sell his soul for twenty years for twenty dollars.

Billy Boyce's grandfather was working with him and touched his axe when George was gone. When he came back, he asked, "How come you touched my axe?"

If anyone touched his axe, he took the handle out, threw it away, and put a new one in.

Source: Hazel Hersey, as told by Cyril McLaughlin.

Mitchell

100
47

280170

There was once a fellow named George Knox who was quite a woodsman. People said he had sold his soul to the Devil. He would hook up his horses at 8 o'clock at night and be back in fifteen minutes with a huge load.

If anybody touched his axe, he would buy a new one.

Once ten men were trying to load a log and couldn't. While the men went after horses, this George picked it up and put it on.

Source: Rickey Folsom, 16, Monticello, as told by his grandfather, Perley Stevens, 67, of Houlton.

Monticello
Houlton

Mitchell

Ernest Esty and George Bradbury say George Knox was born and brought up in Blaine. He was a big strong man, and everybody was afraid of him.

Nobody wanted to work with him because something always happened to the person. He was jinxed and possessed by the Devil.

Blaine

Mitchell

155
48
280172

Wilber Bradbury says George Knox came from Canada and that he would look under rocks and find money and that it would multiply.

Once George was in Houlton and didn't have any money. He got a big dinner and then found ten dollars under a plate.

Source: Boyd Bradbury, 15, Bridgewater.

Houlton
Bridgewater

Mitchell

Once George Knox was working on a log raft, and there were seven other peavies out there working with him. That couldn't have been trickery because there wasn't anybody around him.

Source: William Yerxa, Jr. as told to him by his grandfather, Ray Yerxa, 57, while they were having dinner. He said he never saw it, but he heard about it.

Mitchell

Gay Knox like George, was supposed to have been possessed by the Devil. Once Arnold Corey (now deceased) was working with Gay in the woods.

Gay asked Arnold if he would like to hear some knocks on the camp door. Arnold was afraid and said no. Just the same, a while later knocks came on the door, but there was no-one there. It scared Corey almost to death. (Told by his widow, Lily Corey, of Monticello).

Mrs. Corey also said that Gay Knox was able to create illusions. He would be walking along a road with someone and would say, "Look, there's a bear in the road," and sure enough, there would seem to be. Then it would disappear.

Source: Carol Green, 15, Bridgewater

Monticello.
Bridgewater

Mitchell

Claude Dallas was a hot case
twenty or so years ago. There were
rumors that he'd been seen in Maine.
Bill Warner and I collected these notes
and clippings. What to do with
them now?

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Chicago authorities said they had no concrete evidence that Arnold, 48, was the "madman" who planted cyanide in capsules of Extra-Strength Tylenol and killed seven Chicago-area residents. Charged with possessing unregistered firearms, Arnold was released on \$6,000 bond.

Almost as soon as Arnold was released last week, the investigation took another dramatic turn. The break came when the investigation of a \$1 million extortion letter sent to Tylenol's manufacturer led Chicago authorities to a Chicago travel agency—and then to Robert Richardson, the husband of a former employee. Richardson's handwriting allegedly matched that on the extortion letter, and authorities issued a warrant for his arrest. Police in Kansas City recognized Richardson's picture on the TV news as that of James Lewis, a tax accountant charged in 1978 with the murder of an elderly man whose dismembered, partially mummified body was found in an attic. The case had been dismissed when a judge ruled that evidence belonging to Lewis, including textbooks that discussed the use of poisons, had been seized illegally. But Lewis was still being sought in connection with real-estate swindles and phony credit-card purchases.

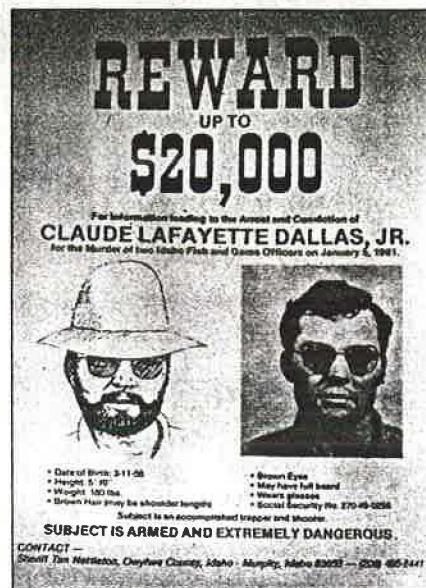
Prints: Police in Amarillo, Texas, reported that Lewis's picture closely resembled a composite sketch of a suspect in a \$100,000 jewel robbery two weeks ago, and the FBI began a nationwide manhunt. In Chicago, authorities stressed that they still had no evidence linking Lewis, alias Richardson, to the actual poisonings. But late last week his fingerprints were flown to the FBI in Washington for comparison with partial prints found on contaminated Tylenol bottles.

Meanwhile, federal Food and Drug Administration officials continued to receive reports of illnesses and deaths possibly related to Tylenol, but none proved to have any link to the Chicago poisonings. Drug manufacturers and federal officials moved ahead with efforts to develop national standards for making all over-the-counter medications tamper-resistant. A drug-industry task force recommended that the standards allow for a variety of protective packages, and FDA commissioner Arthur Hayes Jr. told a House subcommittee that the regulations would be ready by early next month. But Hayes said that it could still be many months before all manufacturers could produce the new forms of packaging, and stressed that even then it will be up to consumers to "look at the medicine they take" to see that seals and wrappers have not been broken. Meanwhile, the FDA quietly began to design a more efficient system for quick reporting of poisoning incidents: under the present system, officials warned, incidents similar to the Tylenol poisonings could go unnoticed for years.

MELINDA BECK with SYLVESTER MONROE in Chicago and JERRY BUCKLEY in Washington



David Denney—Idaho Statesman



Dallas after capture: Dead or alive

A Wild West Trial in Idaho

*Earl just wanted to live free, just the same as you and me,
But the game laws said, "Oh no!" So this free soul had to go.
And his flight was called a crime, although in an earlier time,
He'd have been a mountain man instead of shot down in his prime.*
—"Ballad of Earl Durand," Charlie Brown*

Claude Dallas Jr., 32, had fled the crush of civilization and settled into the rugged, sunbaked corner frontier of Idaho, Nevada and Oregon when he was only 18. He became a crack shot, an expert trapper and a master at wilderness survival. Then, in 1981, he also became one of the most wanted men in the country: he gunned down two Idaho game wardens who had come to his camp to investigate complaints that he was poaching deer and bobcat. Dallas fled into the vast, vacant stretches of southwestern Idaho's sparsely populated Owyhee County and eluded capture for 15 months. But unlike Earl Durand, who died in a shoot-out with police in 1939, Dallas lived to tell his own story—before a jury in Idaho.

Dallas, the son of an Ohio dairy farmer, is accused of getting a quick-draw advantage on the two game wardens, dropping them with pistol shots and then executing them with two shots each to the head from a .22-caliber rifle. The nationwide manhunt for the renegade trapper ended last April when authorities received a tip that he was holed up at a Nevada trailer camp less than 50 miles from where they had first lost track of him. Armed with submachine guns, high-powered rifles and grenade launchers, lawmen arrested Dallas after a volley of bullets left him wounded in the heel. Last month Dallas went on trial in Canyon

County, Idaho, for first-degree murder.

Dallas admits that he killed the wardens, but argues that he acted in self-defense. Much of the defense testimony focused on the character of one of the slain wardens, Bill Pogue, an Idaho conservation officer for 15 years. During the three weeks of trial, Dallas's attorney presented a parade of witnesses who testified that Pogue was overzealous. And Dallas himself claimed that Pogue was determined to take him, dead or alive. "He said, 'You can go easy or you can go hard,'" the defendant recalled. Asked by his lawyer what he thought the warden meant by that, Dallas responded, "Hard is only one way—and that's dead."

Star Witness: The prosecution's star witness was James Stevens, a friend of Dallas's who had arrived at his camp with fresh supplies early on the day of the murders. Stevens testified that the wardens, armed with a misdemeanor warrant, arrived to find venison hanging at Dallas's campsite. Embarrassed for his friend, Stevens turned his back. Moments later, Stevens heard shooting. "I'm sorry I got you into this, buddy," Dallas told him. "You got to help me." Dallas then dumped the body of Conley Elms, 34, into the Owyhee River and hauled the body of Bill Pogue, 50, out of the canyon and hid it in the desert. Stevens reported the killings the next day.

Last week the case went to the jury—and the verdict was uncertain. "People in this part of the country live in their own world and by their own rules," says June McMahon, co-owner of a local newspaper. "Here you have a perfect example of a world of the past colliding with the world of the present one time too many." Dallas's real crime may be that he was born 150 years too late for the Wild West life he wanted.

CONNIE LESLIE with JOHN ACCOLA in Idaho

Steven D. Symms (R-Idaho)
 Slade Gorton (R-Washington State)
 Gary Hart (D-Colorado)
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 George J. Mitchell (D-Maine)
 202/224-2921 & 401/528-5294
 202/224-3424 & 307/265-5550
 202/224-6142 & 208/384-1776
 202/224-2621 & 206/442-5545
 202/224-5852 & 303/635-0001
 202/224-4451 & 212/661-5150
 202/224-5344 & 207/945-6024

Call both numbers and you will be counted twice. Everybody should call JOHN CHAFEE regardless of which state you are from as he is the chairman.

Texas Trappers Take Notice

SENATOR LLOYD BENTSEN (D) isn't on the Sub-Committee but he is on the full committee. He is the only sponsor of S. 2239 who is on the committee. He should receive an avalanche of phone calls at all of his offices from angry but calm and sensible Texans. His phone numbers are:

in WASHINGTON 202/224-5922
 in AUSTIN 512/397-5834
 in DALLAS 214/767-0577
 in HOUSTON 713/226-5496

Call 'em all. A rash of phone calls might turn this guy around.

Michigan's Ray Auw Dies

We were saddened to learn of the untimely death of Ray Auw who succumbed to cancer in mid-May. Ray was a sparkplug in the Southern Michigan Trappers Association and served for several years as fur sales manager until forced to resign by deteriorating health. Michigan trappers have suffered a profound loss. We will miss him.

★ Prize Winning ★ PICTURE

Featured on Front Cover
RANDY VERGIN
 Cumberland, Wis. 54829

Input To Watt

In early April we were pleased and surprised to receive an invitation from Secretary Watt to have lunch with him at high noon on April 13th giving us an opportunity to "express our concerns." The invitation was quickly accepted.

We flew in early and met with AFRI attorney Steve Boynton in his Arlington, Virginia office in the morning. It sure is reassuring to have Steve watching over things on Capitol Hill.

The National Parks problem had not yet surfaced at that time, so most of the time we spent with the Secretary, centered around amendments to the Endangered Species Act and bobcat export. Mr. Watt suggested I repeat our concerns to the Assistant Secretary for

Fish, Wildlife and Parks Ray Arnett. A 2:00 p.m. meeting was arranged which would allow me to catch a 3:45 flight back to Detroit. Pictures were taken as we said our goodbyes. They have not arrived in time for this issue of the VOICE.

We met with Ray Arnett and repeated our concerns about the amendments to the E.S.A., asking Ray to strongly support an amendment to make bobcat export retroactive. This would allow the export of all those 1981-82 cats that are languishing in the freezer at this moment. Five or six years ago the Department of the Interior didn't even know the NTA existed. We have come a long way.

Claude Dallas Captured In Shootout

On April 18th a tip was received by law enforcement officers that Claude Dallas was living in a trailer in Nevada near the Idaho line, only 50 miles from the scene of the January 5, 1981 slaying of Idaho game wardens Bill Pogue and Conley Elms. A formidable force comprised of an FBI SWAT team, FBI agents, and sheriff's officers from both Idaho and Nevada was quickly assembled and descended on Dallas' camp near Paradise Hill, Nevada. Dallas was working on a truck as ground forces and an FBI helicopter converged on the scene.

Dallas jumped into a truck and took off, tearing through a barbed wire fence. According to witnesses the truck sometimes bounced as high as five feet off the ground as Dallas raced across the desert. Shots were exchanged as Dallas succeeded in hitting the helicopter twice. Nine bullet holes were counted in the pickup. Dallas was hit in the heel as he braked to a stop and fled on foot. As officers searched in thick brush this super brave bad guy who had vowed to never be taken alive was heard to shout, "Here I am. Don't shoot." He had a 30-30 carbine in his hands.

Rewards totalling more than \$20,000 have now been called in. The NTA has sent a check for the \$500 we pledged, to the "Pogue & Elms reward fund" in

care of the Idaho Fish & Game Department.

The owner of the trailer has been arrested for harboring a fugitive. Dallas has been returned to Idaho where he has an appointment with a prosecutor hell bent on enforcing Idaho's death penalty.

More Quality Stories Needed

We are always in need of good stories for the VOICE. Stories that just go from one set to another throughout just don't cut it. We want to hear about the things that happen on a trapline, good, bad, humorous, and unusual. Parker Dozhier had a helluva time up in Wyoming a few years ago. He had us laughing until our sides hurt for an hour when he told us about it. I asked him to write it up for the VOICE but he never got to it. Still wish he would.

Don't be too proud to write the bad along with the good. Those who catch 300 coyotes every time they cross a state line just are not telling the truth. The critters have to be there or the best trapper in the world can't catch 'em. And you and I both know the critters are not always there.



Ed Herschler
Governor

Wyoming State
Archives Museums & Historical Department

Barrett Building Cheyenne, Wy. 82002
777-7519

Dear Sandy:

Thanks for the note. I hope your book is coming along I am looking forward to reading it as you might imagine. Sounds kind of rough working on it through the summer though.

Enclosed are some brochures about a get together that will occur later on in the summer in your neck of the woods. This is a pretty good group, all of them are hard core canoe-buffs. Lots of revivalist craftsmen and a few of the genuine article. Maybe one of your friends or students would be interested??

I'm all set to go to IU. That is, if they would only write back and answer some of my questions. I talked with Lynwood Montell today on the phone and he mentioned a rumor that IU has approached Henry Glassie to come back and run the outfit. I certainly hope it is true, since I am very interested in the folklife approach. I also hope he or anyone can improve their quality of correspondence. I can't even find out if they have a fellowship or assistantship or what for me.

I thought long and hard about going to Newfoundland, but then decided if I am going on I want to go to the best school available. Penn was out of the question from the beginning, too much bucks.

I hope to see you at AFS this year in Minneapolis this fall. I probably will be heading up to Duluth/Lake Superior/ Grand Marais in the middle or end of the conference. Do you want to see the inland sea? Think about it, I certainly would love to have you along.

Unfortunately, I haven't received the newsletter or the publication of NE Folklore. Its probably about time I sign up for next year's membership. I hate to be a gadfly, but I would like to see your guys's stuff. Let me know what I need to do, if anything, to clear this matter up.

I hope all is well and I will look forward to seeing you in Minneapolis.

Sincerely,

Tim Cochrane



Ed Herschler
Governor

Wyoming State
Archives Museums & Historical Department

Michael J. Boyle, Ph.D.
Director

Barrett Building Cheyenne, Wy. 82002
777-7519

William H. Barton
Division Director
Historical Research
and Publications
777-7518

April 29, 1982

Dear Sandy:

Perhaps you have seen this recent article on Claude Dallas - the Idaho game warden murderer. If not, it might be of interest to you, especially friends' commentary about the incident on page 59. The full cite is on the back page of the article.

Also, I have been told that Dallas was caught recently in a shoot-out in Winnemucca, Nevada on April 21, 1982. Perhaps a check through a Boise, Idaho paper might reveal something.

I hope the writing is coming along well. I am looking forward to seeing you in Minneapolis next fall.

Sincerely,
Tim Cochrane



THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

BY JEFF LONG

CLAUDE DALLAS ENTERED the high desert of Idaho and Nevada the way many mountain men had — 18 years old and as shy as he was green, holding close to him myths of the raw West. In 1980 he had reached the age of 30, and he was no longer young. His beard had grown full, and after one grueling winter alone in the desert, he kept his brown hair long and tied in a ponytail. He had become a good horseman and a crack shot, and was learning skills that would help him survive on his own deep in the wilderness, the tricks of trapping bobcat and coyote. Later, after it was all over — the allegations of murder, Dallas's disappearance, and the futile manhunt — one friend would lament, "Claude was born 150 years too late."

In December 1980 a group of six friends transported Dallas, two mules, and his traps and gear to a desert plateau overlooking the deep-set South Fork of the Owyhee River in Idaho. Just north of Nevada and east of Oregon, across the river from two collapsing stone houses known as Bull Camp, Dallas erected his white canvas tent. He installed a wood-burning stove, put his mules out to graze, and set his 70-trap line. He meant to winter here, run his line, and be alone.

Sometime around Christmas Eddie Carlin, a trapper and caretaker at the nearby 45 Ranch, showed up in Claude's camp. The two tried to reach an agreement about who should be trapping in the area. Dallas didn't budge; he knew that like most of Owyhee County, this was Bureau of Land Management land, public domain.

A few days later two ex-government trappers from Oregon nested in the same area. Carlin blew the whistle. A year earlier his father had been fined for illegally baiting his traps. Now, on a Sunday afternoon, January 4 of this year, he called one of the men who had caught his father, Idaho Department of Fish and Game warden Bill Pogue, and declared that trappers were poaching and baiting their traps in the area. Although the trapping violations were misdemeanors, the distance from backup assistance put Pogue on the alert.

Bill Pogue has been described as a lawman's lawman, a good, tough officer. There was no nonsense about the man and he was not famous for compromise—to Pogue the law was the law. The area in which the complaint had been lodged was not Pogue's, but his deep affection for the Owyhee region and his respect for the informant made him decide to investigate the violations himself. He telephoned



After the hunt: Dallas (right) with friend George Nielsen.

Michael Elms, the officer in charge of the area, but Elms was sick. Pogue then called a second warden, also indisposed, and finally found a partner in Wilson Conley Elms, Michael Elms's younger brother. Shortly before midnight the two men set out from Boise for the 45 Ranch, four hours away. They slept for two or three hours in the bed of their pickup truck, then at dawn descended a steep dirt road to the ranch. Over breakfast, Carlin described the location of the trappers to the wardens.

Pogue and Elms contacted the two trappers from Oregon, citing them for baiting their traps and trapping out of season. At about noon the lawmen moved on along the west rim of the deep canyon in search of Claude Dallas.

The following version of what happened the afternoon and evening of January 5 is based on investigators' accounts of eyewitness testimony and evidence found at Dallas's camp. These accounts are, at this point, allegations of murder—not conclusive proof of the guilt

of the suspect in the case. The only individuals who can contradict with authority this version of events are eyewitness Jim Stevens and Claude Dallas himself.

APOTATO FARMER from the Winnemucca, Nevada, area and a friend to Claude Dallas, Jim Stevens had driven in to deliver groceries, mail, and supplies on January 5. Before leaving Nevada that morning he had been given the supplies and a pistol by another friend of Claude's, George Nielsen. Driving to the west canyon rim above Bull Camp, Stevens fired the pistol as a signal, ate his lunch, and when his friend still hadn't arrived, began the descent to camp with some of the supplies in his backpack. Partway down he met Dallas. While the trapper hiked up to the rim for supplies, Stevens continued down to where the tent was pitched, doffed his pack, and then strayed upriver to relax and enjoy himself.

When Stevens next saw Dallas, Bill Pogue was with him. Apparently Pogue and Elms had arrived at the rim at about the time Stevens had begun to carry supplies down to the river. Pogue called Stevens back to camp, introduced himself, and unloaded the pistol in Stevens's holster. Presumably, the gun Dallas carried on his hip had been unloaded in like manner.

Whether for baiting traps or for eating, four quarters of deer were hanging in the camp; there were also two bobcat pelts in Dallas's tent. It was two months too late to be shooting deer legally and four days too early to trap bobcat. Standing near the tent, Stevens looked out across the river. He was embarrassed for his friend.

The violations were nonextraditable offenses, misdemeanors usually cited with a ticket. Dallas was no more than four miles from the Nevada border, however, and he indicated that, if ticketed, he would have no part in the machinery of justice. According to Stevens, who was just six feet away, there was no shouting and no flaring tempers.

"You know I'm going to say I got them [the pelts] in Nevada," Dallas said, challenging Pogue.

Pogue said nothing.

"Are you going to arrest me or take me in?" Dallas prodded.

Again Pogue did not comment. Just as Conley Elms emerged from the tent with the pelts in his arms, Stevens started to look back at the trapper and warden. Without a word, Dallas suddenly pulled a gun, a .357 magnum, from what may have been a concealed shoulder holster. Pogue's right hand swept downward. In rapid sequence Dallas fired his gun into Bill Pogue, then Conley Elms. It was probably all over within seconds. There is some evidence that despite the two bullets in his chest Elms may still have been alive, but both game wardens had fallen to the ground. Pogue's gun lay beside him.

Dallas entered his tent, picked up a .22 caliber rifle, and walked back outside. He fired one finishing shot into each man's head, just behind the ear, trapper style. Then he turned to Jim Stevens, who was staring in horror at Pogue, and said, "I'm sorry I got you into this, buddy. You got to help me."

Almost immediately Dallas set to the task of erasing the murders. First he went to catch the mules, which had been hobbled on rock drags. He was only able to catch the smaller mule, however, which soon led to complications. Once Pogue's body had been loaded onto the animal, Dallas donned his backpack and began the steep, hour-long hike up to the rim. At Dallas's direction Stevens, too, started the trek up, carrying his own grocery-filled pack. Well before Stevens reached the top, however, Dallas met him coming back down with the mule, its load deposited above. Rather than continue to the top, Stevens shucked his pack on the trail and returned to the camp with his friend to deal with the second body.

Conley Elms was an enormous man—a little more than six feet tall and weighing between 250 and 290 pounds. Stevens and the mule, which itself weighed no more than 500 pounds, began the second trek to the rim with Elms's body while Dallas burned blood-spattered

Contributing editor Jeff Long's article "Going After Wangdu" appeared in the July/August issue of ROCKY MOUNTAIN MAGAZINE.

evidence in camp, but the mule balked and collapsed under its load barely halfway up the trail.

The two men untied the body, dragging it by ropes to a ledge where they tried but failed to reload it onto the mule. Dallas mentioned the possibility of dismembering the body in order to transport it but agreed when Stevens said he couldn't stand the idea. Instructing his friend to pick up the belt and boots that had been torn from Elms, Dallas dragged the body back down to the river.

Stevens did as he was told and started for the rim once more. Some five hours had passed since the shootings, and the sunlight was nearly gone. Before he reached the top, Stevens was again overtaken by Dallas. Pitch-darkness had swallowed the trail by the time they got to the rim.

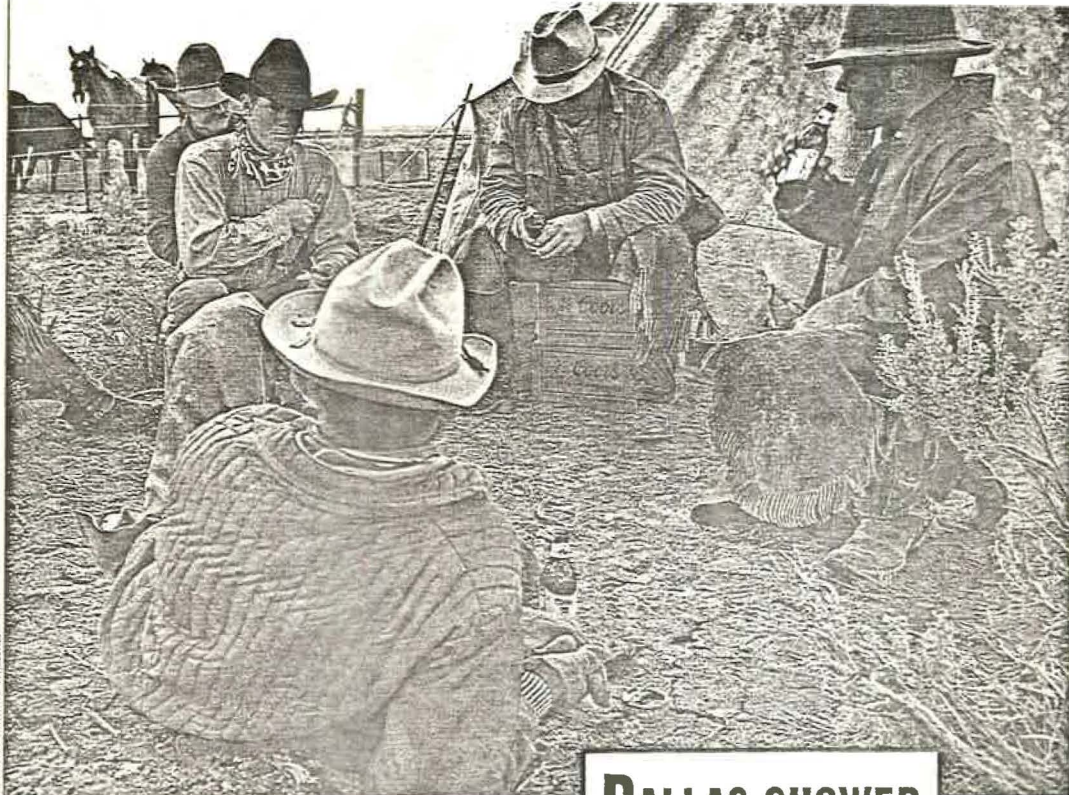
Dallas stuffed Pogue's body into the back of Jim Stevens's Blazer and lodged a trapper's stretch board on top or in front of it. The vehicle was so tightly packed that the rear window wouldn't close. For the next four hours Dallas and Stevens drove 70 miles across the desert on rough dirt roads, heading deep into Nevada.

Close to 11 o'clock that night Dallas and Stevens arrived at Paradise Hill, a dusty conglomerate of one bar and a handful of trailers. The owner of the bar was George Nielsen, who just that morning had provided Stevens with the supplies and pistol he'd taken to the camp on the Owyhee. At the bar Dallas demanded Nielsen's pickup truck, transferred the body to it from the Blazer, and drove off with entrenching tools.

By the time Dallas returned in an empty truck two hours later, Stevens had gone home to his family and farm down the road. Dallas roused the bar owner from bed and, according to Nielsen, asked to be driven to a point nearby on Sand Pass Road. There in the early winter morning, in the Bloody Run Hills, Nielsen watched Claude Dallas disappear with a backpack, sleeping bag, duffle bag, rifle, and a heavy handgun. George Nielsen had been one of the first to meet Dallas when he arrived in Nevada 11 years earlier. Now he was the last to see him go.

THE TOWN OF MURPHY, Idaho (population 50), has one museum, one county courthouse, one restaurant, one gas station, one public telephone, and one parking meter—the latter with a bullet hole through the 50-minute mark. From this desolate scatter of amenities Sheriff Tim Nettleton, age 42, enforces law in Owyhee County, a territory larger than Hawaii, after an older spelling of which the county is named. A tall, rangy man, Nettleton looks, strides, and slings slow western adages the way a desert lawman ought to. In front of the courthouse a \$500 reward poster for cattle rustlers displays ranchers' brands like so many hieroglyphics. A glass showcase at the entrance to Nettleton's office is filled with confiscated drugs and marked with the legend: Help Hang a Hippie Week. Despite his small-town demeanor, Nettleton is savvy about the times. He occasionally patrols his mammoth territory from a Cessna 175, and he has a yard-long bookshelf packed with volumes on Idaho law.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 6, Nettleton received a call from the sheriff's office in Winnemucca, Nevada. A potato farmer named Jim Stevens had come to the office that morning with an incredible story about the double homicide of two game wardens in Owyhee County. An older couple, George and Elizabeth Nielsen, had ap-



Buckaroos around the campfire in 1971 at Nevada's Quarter Circle A Ranch. Claude Dallas is at the right.

peared, too, telling tales of a corpse that had been transported to their bar, then out into the desert. At first Nettleton was inclined to believe it was a wild story. Some of the details were vague. Stevens, for example, was unable to pinpoint the fork of the Owyhee River on which the murders had occurred.

And yet other details were all too real. Guided mainly by his intuition, Nettleton flew over the plateau just opposite and above Bull Camp. Night was falling, and he saw nothing unusual.

Early the next morning, January 7, while the sagebrush was still glazed with frost, a team of investigators descended on Dallas's empty campsite along the river. The mules were running loose, the pelts were gone, and the trapline waited, jaws wide; there was not a soul to be found. Blood that had soaked into the ground in front of the still-erect tent was later typed to match that of Bill Pogue and Conley Elms. That same afternoon Elms's body was spotted by a television news helicopter a quarter-mile downriver from the campsite.

Nearly 80 law officers, including two four-man SWAT teams from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, descended on Owyhee County and northern Nevada to collect evidence and coordinate a massive hunt for Dallas. In a trailer and a converted school bus belonging to the trapper and parked behind Nielsen's bar, investigators found seven rifles, large caches of ammunition, several cartridge loaders, a bulletproof vest, and a gas mask. The vest and mask may or may not be explained by Dallas's occasional comments about the "next" war. Although Dallas has been described as well read by friends, and among his effects were periodicals and books about fishing, hunting, and the West, the reading material displayed in one sheriff's photograph was clearly violent in nature: the books included *Kill or Get Killed*, *No Second Place Winner*, *Firearms Silencers*, and police training manuals.

DALLAS SHOWED UP IN THE WEST TWELVE YEARS AGO, TOTING HIS BEDROLL AND COMMEMORATIVE-EDITION RIFLE.



ON THE NEVADA RANCHES WHERE HE RODE HERD DALLAS EARNED A REPUTATION FOR BEING A HARD-WORKING LONER.

A skilled horseman, Dallas riding the desert for the Quarter Circle A Ranch in 1971.

For a while the sheriff's office received word of five or six Dallas sightings a day, enough to cause one officer to comment during the hunt. "It's a bad time to be wearing a beard." But from the outset all there was to go on was George Nielsen's testimony that Dallas had actually begun his escape at Sand Pass

Road in the Bloody Run Hills. Wherever he had been dropped off, Dallas had gained nearly 30 hours head start on his pursuers in territory he knew intimately.

"I've got to believe it when they say this guy could travel 30 or 40 miles a night," Nettleton declared. "He was tough." When it became obvious within a week that Dallas was probably not in the area, the

manhunt was suspended. Posters offering a \$20,000 reward were later sent to law agencies across the country; reports of Dallas sightings began to pour in from almost every state. None have yet produced the suspect.

Once the manhunt was played out, the search for Bill Pogue's body became paramount. Sonar and ultrasonic devices, scuba divers, tracking dogs, psychics, grappling hooks, bulldozers, helicopters, planes, land vehicles, and nearly 200 people figured in the month-long search. Still the winter desert and mountains yielded nothing.

IN 1972 THE NATIONAL Geographic Society published a book titled *The American Cowboy*. The volume included two photographs of a peach-fuzzed cowhand on the Little Humboldt Ranch in Nevada; it was Claude Dallas. The author, Bart McDowell, observed in the text, "not every buckaroo can be identified here [on the Owyhee Desert]; some give spurious Social Security numbers to protect the privacy of their past." Although he was barely out of his teens, Claude seems already to have been one such mysterious character. As it turned out, he had his reasons for anonymity.

Few people knew, and no one seems to have cared, that the reclusive boy had come from the East. Born in Virginia in 1950, he was reportedly raised in New York State with four brothers, one sister, and two half-sisters. After graduating from high school in 1968 Dallas headed west, possibly thinking he had left all authority behind.

It is said that one day he just showed up on the Alvord Ranch in southeastern Oregon, carrying his bedroll and a commemorative-edition rifle. There Claude got his first taste of cowboy life. With the money he earned in Oregon, the teen-ager purchased two horses and set off somewhat quixotically to explore the withered frontier. Eventually his wanderings led to the Paradise Valley region in northern Nevada, where he led a cowboy's life, worked harvest on potato farms, dug wells, and generally paid dues. During his first year with the Quarter Circle A outfit in Nevada, Dallas hand-filed a pair of spurs and made his own chaps.

"Anybody can go down and be a cowboy," explained Sheriff Nettleton. "Thirty days with this outfit. 30 days with that outfit. Normally you put five outfits under the belt and you've done something. This guy apparently worked for upwards of 20 or 30 of them. He earned a reputation for being a hard-working loner type... clean, neat, and polite."

In 1973 Claude's idyll was shattered. The FBI tracked him down and arrested him for failure to appear for military induction. Dallas blamed the photographs published in *The American Cowboy* for his arrest, although one FBI agent denied the book led the bureau to him. He was extradited to Columbus, Ohio, where his draft board was located. Later he told friends he had spent a month in custody in Columbus and was fined before being released.

"Claude had bad feelings toward the FBI," said Irene Fischer, who first met Dallas in 1970 when she was a cook with the Quarter Circle A outfit and he was a green, shy cowhand. "Claude's father said that the FBI had harassed that family for years," Irene remembered. "They wouldn't let it rest. They hunted him until they caught him. And when the man put him on the bus back to Nevada he told him,

WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

"Claude, I'll get you, even if it's for income tax evasion." Whether the FBI did or did not harass the Dallas family, Claude clearly *felt* harassed.

Back in Nevada, Dallas resumed the hard, plain life from which he'd been yanked. Although he was capable of discoursing on the evils of the Vietnam War and a wide range of other topics, it was the West that most interested him. Fading arts such as braiding rawhide, bottle collecting, and reloading old cartridges appealed to him, and he was fond of the paintings of Charles M. Russell, particularly a lighthearted work entitled *A Bronc to Breakfast*.

Sometime around 1975 Dallas started teaching himself how to trap. In recent years, when pelts began to fetch prices in the hundreds of dollars, numerous ranchers and farmers have taken up trapping, though few have done better than break even. But for Dallas trapping was not just a hobby. He considered it a basic necessity for the life he wanted to live. According to older professionals like Santy Mendieta and Frank Aramburu, Basques who have been trapping for 40 and 60 years, respectively, Dallas was only an amateur trapper. Just the same, they say, he brought in respectable pelts.

MANY LAW OFFICERS between Boise and Winnemucca have expressed concern that Dallas might be lionized by the media. Some angrily deny it, but others allow that Claude Dallas cut quite a figure—at least on the face of things. The man was devoted to a life style celebrated in fiction and film, part cowboy and part trapper. He lived clean and simple. As Sheriff Nettleton observed, "Outside of this one small quirk, he's the kind of guy you could respect." Because of that "one small quirk," what is alleged to have been his role in the murders, Dallas is one of the most wanted men in America.

In March 1976 Dallas was cited and fined for a trapping violation near Eureka, Nevada. It is said that after that incident he added game wardens to his list of aggravations headed by the FBI. He seemed to be more and more in the habit of quietly spurning the law. The traps he set around Bull Camp last January are one example of his civil disobedience. According to the wardens who pulled them, his traps were neither tagged for identification nor gapped for eagle protection, and they were baited. In addition, although Dallas had purchased a nontrespassing trapping license for the state of Idaho, he was at least four days premature in setting out his line.

"I hunt a lot," said Dr. James Calder, a Winnemucca dentist who regularly checked Dallas's teeth. "I've come across Claude out in the desert lots of times. He has camps all over this country. As well as I know him, I always got the cold shoulder when I met him in the desert. Probably why he didn't like you coming around was he always had a deer or something he had shot out of season in his camp. There's no secret about that. He either didn't want you to see what he had shot or he didn't want you to be implicated if he got in trouble for it. I don't know which. I do know Claude believed he had a right to kill animals out of season without regard for game laws."

In the winter of 1978-79, Nevada Department of Wildlife warden Gene Weller confiscated two guns from Dallas as well as traps he believed belonged to the trapper. The peculiar circumstances of that encounter underscore the cat-and-mouse game some hunters and trappers play with game wardens and vice versa. The scenario also places Dallas's alleged statements two years later at Bull Camp in illuminating context.

Late one afternoon, during a routine check of traplines in a canyon of the Bloody Run Hills, Weller came across a number of baited—and therefore illegal—sets. Because of the location of the traps and the lateness of the hour, Weller decided against waiting for the owner of the traps; he instead confiscated them. The warden left his business card and a note stating why the traps had been seized and who to contact. Early the next morning, as Weller was returning to the canyon,

he saw a red jeep moving toward the canyon mouth. He parked his truck in an arroyo and waited until the driver had departed on foot up the canyon, then drove closer and prepared for a rare event—an arrest of a violator caught red-handed.

"I waited all day," Weller said. "I waited and waited. It was in the winter and the canyon was slipperier than all get-out, and I thought, finally, This guy has slipped and broken his leg. By then it was dark. I called for a sheriff's backup and got a couple of deputies."

"The three of us went up. One of the deputies checked the jeep and found a rifle. He told me it was loaded, with an unexpended [therefore illegal] round in the chamber. We went up the canyon."

"Well, I tracked him in the frozen snow, tracked him to the first trap site, and my business card, which I'd hung on a bait wire, was gone. At this point I circled around with a flashlight. There was another set of tracks coming down, but not on the trail. So I tracked these; finally the tracks went up a sidehill and I lost the track. . . . I later found out that he was in fact sitting on the mountain watching me watch for him. He was probably chuckling the whole time. In



Claude Dallas after his 1973 arrest for draft evasion.

retrospect, he could have blown me away at any time that day."

The three officers retreated to their vehicles, confiscated the rifle and a pistol from the jeep, and left. After a few days Dallas appeared at the county courthouse to claim the confiscated guns. He denied that the traps had been his or that the rifle had been loaded. Weller had no evidence that connected Dallas with the traps, and when the deputy who'd opened the rifle was questioned about it, he declined to swear under oath that the round had been a live one. Weller could do nothing but sign the guns over to Dallas. It may have been this incident that Dallas had in mind on January 5, when he allegedly informed Bill Pogue that he would deny the charges if taken to court.

There was another significant postscript to Weller's encounter with Dallas. He remembers, "[Claude] told me, 'You are welcome in my camp.' His camp was very important to him, I found out later. 'But,' he said, 'leave your badge outside.' And I told him, 'Claude, I can't leave my badge outside.' And he said, 'Well, don't come into my camp, then.'"

This sentiment may illustrate Dallas's distaste for authority, but it explains nothing about the greatest mystery of all: if Jim Stevens's eyewitness account is accurate, why did Dallas drive 70 miles out of the wilderness to dispose of Pogue's body? He had failed to haul the corpse of Conley Elms up to the rim and must have known that the body would not disappear in the waist-deep, slow-moving waters of the Owyhee. With his plan for hiding both bodies ruined, why would he then have driven back to civilization to bury Pogue?

Irene Fischer may have come close to explaining the mystery. "There's still this horrible feeling of *why*, what was Claude's idea to

**BY THE AGE OF
30 HE WAS NO
LONGER YOUNG.
HE HAD LEARNED
HOW TO LIVE,
ALONE, DEEP IN
THE WILDERNESS.**

*Portrait of Claude Dallas taken in a bar
in 1971 at Paradise Valley, Nevada.*

bring Pogue's body in here," she said. "He was so angry at Pogue that he was just going to make sure that man was never found."

WE'RE CALLED CONSERVATION officers," says Michael Elms. A stocky, bearded man, Elms knew both murder victims

well—one was his "little brother" and the other "a very, very close friend." Had he not been ill the day before the shootings, Michael Elms would have been at Bull Camp instead of his brother. Jazz plays softly on his living room radio as he talks about his job. The books on his shelves include a copy of *The Whole Earth Catalog* and a multivolume set of *The Classics of Philosophy*.

"We check hunters and fishermen, trespassers, rustlers. We do quite a bit of public speaking. We're on call for helping with different law enforcement agencies and whatever biological work the department wants us to do. Almost all of us have got at least bachelor of science degrees, quite a number have master's, and there's several Ph.D.'s walking around." Idaho conservation officers earn roughly \$1600 per month, and each senior officer is responsible for some 1200 square miles of state, federal, and private land. Their mission is to manage a walking, eating, renewable resource—the state's wildlife. Because of the nature of their responsibilities, conservation officers

must deal with outdoorsmen, most of whom carry guns and a few of whom have no desire to see the law nosing around their campsites.

"We go out and find even fishermen carrying guns and big knives," Elms says. "It's sort of a Wild West syndrome. For example, we have an air force base down the road here [Mountain Home Air Force Base]. As soon as they hit the base some of the men go out and buy a gun, a big knife, and a couple of bandoleers and head out into the hills." One ten-year study conducted by the Wyoming Game and Fish Department showed that a game warden has roughly seven times the chance of being shot at or threatened with a gun as a regular peace officer and almost nine times as great a chance of dying if assaulted. Much of the job's danger stems from the marginal communications between officers and the distances that often separate wardens from one another. And yet the inherent danger does not appear to have caused any paranoia among Idaho's game wardens—even after the Bull Camp shootings. Dale Baird, chief of law enforcement in the Idaho Department of Fish and Game, explains, "Privately and around campfires over the years, we've all said that sometime it's going to happen to one of us—just hope it isn't going to be me. So while [the double murder] was a shock, it wasn't a total surprise. You worry about these things, but you can't worry too much or you wouldn't go."

Conley Elms had struggled for years to obtain his job with Idaho Fish and Game, working at odd jobs and as a part-time biological aide with the department until he was hired as a conservation officer in 1977. He and Michael had grown up on a small ranch near Beaver Marsh, Oregon (population 20 or less), and for four years before his murder Conley and his brother had shared the same occupation with great satisfaction. From all accounts Conley was a man at peace with himself. His main passion was a quiet one—fly fishing. At the time of his death at age 35, he and his wife, Sheryl, were in the final stage of adopting

a baby from India.

Comments from various Idaho Fish and Game officers give the impression that Conley Elms was less likely to have been a party to a conflict with Dallas than Bill Pogue. This is not to say that Pogue was responsible for the alleged confrontation, but Elms was probably less threatening to Dallas.

"Bill Pogue was difficult to get to know," says Jerry Thiessen, big-game manager with Idaho Fish and Game and one of Pogue's closest friends. "It took me six or eight years. . . . Bill and I would go down to Owyhee County and do what buddies do—look for arrowheads, cook a steak. We built a relationship and a rapport with Owyhee County. He was gentle, he was kind."

"But he had an air about himself that represented authority, even without his uniform on. He had little time for idle chitchat with people he didn't know well. I wouldn't say he was brusque, but he was sometimes short with people. . . . Bill believed you shouldn't dillydally around. If you're not going to enforce the law, don't have the law."

Pogue was a lawman, and most people seem to remember him as such. Thiessen says, "When Bill walked up to you, there was no question in your mind that he represented the law." Pogue's stare, especially intense as the result of an accident to his right eye, made his presence keenly felt. "People remembered that he'd looked at them," says Thiessen. "There wasn't any way you were going to forget the man."

Dr. Calder agrees. "Bill was a tough law officer," he says, "but you've got to be tough around here. He was stern with poachers."

WILLIAM ALBERT ALLARD

people ripping off the wild game." But beneath Pogue's icy demeanor was a warm humor. Having spent part of his life in bunkhouses with cowboys and years as a student of the early mountain men, Pogue admired much the same western period and life style that Dallas did. In 1964, when he first arrived in Garden Valley, Idaho, to take a job with Idaho Fish and Game, Pogue moved his family into a log cabin. His love of nature and regard for history surfaced most articulately in his artwork. He was a photographer who favored river otters and hummingbirds as subjects. But it was his sketches and paintings that most vividly revealed the inner man.

Pogue's personal favorite was entitled *Mountain Man*. In this drawing a bright-eyed, bearded character softly touches a single strand of barbed wire, gazing with innocent resignation at the near side of civilization. Inasmuch as Pogue himself accepted civilization and its restricting barbed wire, *Mountain Man* may have been a self-portrait of sorts. It expresses a deeply felt sympathy for the trappers and frontier recluses who fell before the changing times. Except for the resignation in the mountain man's eyes, the drawing could also have been a portrait of Claude Dallas.

In the menagerie of characters Pogue drew, one figure resembles his alleged murderer more closely still. *The Trapper* depicts a fierce, bearded hunter straddling a dead wolf. Trap in one hand, walking stick in the other, the man in this drawing is clearly defiant, not resigned to the viewer's trespass. Drawn a year before the shootings, the work seems to have presaged the persona Pogue and Elms last encountered.

TO SOME IT WOULD seem that Claude Dallas is a man of almost legendary proportions. The stage is certainly set in his favor: his story brings elements of the western myth—wilderness, solitude, and violence—together. There have even been reports that some people applauded the murders. But Santy Mendieta summarizes a more general feeling among locals when he observes, "It's a sad thing. You can't make a hero out of either of them. What brought it about was that the one was going to drag the other into Boise, or wherever, handcuffed and hogtied. And the other man just wasn't going to go—and he didn't. From what I hear and from what I knew of them, they being the two men they were, [they] would have had the same trouble right out here on the street."

In Idaho capital punishment is now administered by lethal injection, and several law officers have expressed angry hope that Claude Dallas will be the first guinea pig for the new technique. The murders have torn holes in the lives of the victims' families and friends; they wait for the day of justice. But the questions raised by the tragedy have also caused deep anguish for Dallas's closest friends.

"These law boys had a chance to use what I call appropriate common sense," explains Cortland Nielsen, brother of George Nielsen. "They didn't have to push Claude. They could have told him in a right way that someone had reported him. People talk bad about him, but Claude wasn't the sort to waste deer meat."

Nielsen remembers Dallas back when he was a teen-ager beginning the horseback circuit of Nevada that led him, 11 years later, to Bull Camp on the Owyhee. He searches for some negative quality in the boy he watched grow into a man, something that might demonstrate that, even at his worst, Dallas was better than most.

"The only thing wrong with him," he says, pausing, "he let his hair grow. But in this book here, the Bible, it says that long hair is a woman's beauty and it's filth on a man. I told him so, too." Nielsen drops into silence and gropes for a different thought. Almost wishfully he suddenly booms, "I'm confident Claude is traveling around the world and getting along fine." He falters. "But then he's got a conscience, too. So finally it'll hit him too much someday. Then he'll figure a way to get lost and that'll be the end. No one will ever see him again." Nielsen stops, disturbed by the idea he has just ex-

pressed. Outside his window enormous winds rip at the topsoil of the solitary ranches perched up and down the valley.

"The only way that he could ever get back, that people will ever see him again, would be if the people [the law] let it be known that... that... but, see... you can't excuse, you can't... it's so tough." At last he concludes, "I just don't know how to call it. I wrote a letter to Norman Vincent Peale to find out right from wrong, what should be done if I ever see Claude, say in Portland or Calcutta next Sunday, other than tell him to pray or turn himself in. I don't know. It's really tough."

Not far down the road from Nielsen lives Dallas's old friend, Irene Fischer. The winter she and Claude worked the Circle A together, Irene and her husband, Walt, gave the lone boy presents and a Christmas meal when all the other hands had departed for the holiday. Now she mourns Claude, almost as if he were a dead younger brother. Her scrapbook contains some of the few photographs in which Dallas ever appeared, and pictures taken for *The American Cowboy* hang in her home.

During the past few months Fischer has sketched an exquisite fantasy of the moment of the alleged murders. Behind Dallas is a hazy rendition of a western saloon. Buildings and skyscrapers, the urban landscape Dallas repudiated, loom even deeper in the background, tucked in some narrow alley of the trapper's psyche. The romanticized periphery is balanced by the event taking place in the work and the realism of the desert floor in the foreground. In the sketch Dallas is shooting a lawman. Such is the nightmare within the dream.



Idaho game wardens Bill Pogue (left) and Conley Elms.

"I'm very sorry for what he done," Fischer says, "sorry because we'll never see him again. I hope he never gets caught for the simple reason I don't think Claude will ever be taken alive. I wouldn't want him to kill anyone else, and I wouldn't want them to kill him. And I wouldn't want him to end up killing himself. He did make a remark to a friend that if he was caught he'd shoot it out, and that if it got down to his last shell he'd shoot himself before he'd be taken."

That sentiment is less painful to her than another, more personal one, though. Despite her anger at the law for its determined pursuit of Claude Dallas, Fischer has had to compose her own answer to a question that haunts her: what would she have done if this friend of 11 years had arrived at her house with the blood of two dead men on him?

"I've laid awake at night and thought about it," she sighs. "Claude was a dear friend, and I've really had to look inside myself. And I honestly believe that I would have been in my right mind... I'm so dead set against..." She halts and would rather not say it. "I couldn't have helped Claude.... His destiny is in the hands of God now."

Osway -
for your information -
no need to return it.
Bill
Note the similarities to
the Bremer case!

LAST DAY OF THE WARDENS

By Jim Zumbo, Editor-at-Large



BILL POGUE



CONLEY ELMS

Idaho conservation officers Bill Pogue and Conley Elms thought they were making another routine arrest. Then a desert trapper cut loose with his revolver.

Editor's Note: This story was obtained from interviews with various law-enforcement officials in Idaho, including state Fish and Game officers, an Idaho Bureau of Investigation agent, and the Owyhee County sheriff. The accounts of the shooting and the events that followed were obtained from the testimony of Jim Stevens, the only witness to the shooting, and others at an Idaho judicial proceeding on February 3, 1981, the purpose of which was to have Bill Pogue declared legally dead. A potato farmer from Winnemucca, Nevada, Stevens has cooperated with enforcement officers, and several polygraph tests indicated he was telling the truth.

It had been a long trip for Idaho conservation officers Bill Pogue and Conley Elms. After a five-hour, 175-mile drive across the rugged desert near the Idaho-Nevada border, the wardens finally parked their pickup at 3 a.m. and crawled into bedrolls.

They slept only a few hours on that morning of January 5, 1981. Both rose at dawn to meet with a rancher who had reported illegal trapping.

Nearby, 30-year-old Claude Lafayette Dallas Jr. was camped along the south fork of the Owyhee River. An experienced woodsman, crack shot, and survival expert, he was said to be running 80 traps in the area, mostly for bobcats. A self-styled mountain man, he reportedly took what he wanted

from the land without regard to game laws. Dallas was not fond of game wardens. A few years earlier, when arrested in Nevada for a game violation, he'd told law-enforcement officers that he'd never again be taken into custody.

As the morning progressed, Pogue and Elms questioned the rancher. He told them he had ridden into Dallas' camp on horseback a few days before and had seen bobcat hides and fresh venison hindquarters. Deer season was long past, and the Idaho bobcat season hadn't opened. Dallas was in a hostile mood, and the rancher sensed his life was in danger, thinking he might be gunned down before he left the camp. The rancher warned the wardens to be extremely careful.

In the meantime, Nevada potato farmer Jim Stevens was making the long overland trip to visit Dallas on that same day. Dallas had worked on his farm. Stevens anticipated spending a few days relaxing and helping with his friend's chores.

The following account is based on Stevens' description of what then took place.

Before heading into the Idaho desert, Stevens stopped at the Paradise Bar in Paradise Hill, a tiny Nevada town north of Winnemucca. He picked up Dallas' mail and supplies from George Nielsen, the bar owner and a close friend of the trapper.

Nielsen lent Stevens a gun and told him to signal Dallas by shooting twice in the air from the top of a hill about three-quarters of a mile from the camp. Upon hearing the shots, Dallas was supposed to hike up the steep trail to help pack supplies to camp.

When Stevens drove to the rim above the camp and fired twice, he heard no answering shots. He decided to walk in with some of the supplies and met Dallas walking up the trail. After they greeted each other, Stevens continued to camp while Dallas went to the vehicle for the rest of the supplies.

Dallas' camp was a white, 10x12-foot wall tent about 50 yards from the river. When Stevens reached it, he put the supplies down and went for a walk along the river. Sometime later, he heard voices from the direction of camp, and someone shouted for him to return to the tent. Officers Pogue and Elms were talking with Dallas.

Apparently the wardens had met the trapper on the trail or at the vehicle. Pogue had unloaded a handgun that Dallas wore on a belt holster.

When Stevens walked into camp, the wardens unloaded the gun he had borrowed from Nielsen and continued their discussion with Dallas about the reported violations. At that point, one of the officers evidently saw a bobcat hide inside the tent.

Conley Elms entered the tent. "Here are the hides," he said as he emerged with a bobcat pelt in each hand.

"Well, am I under arrest then?" Dallas asked.

"Yes," Pogue answered.

Bill Pogue, who had been an Idaho conservation officer for 15 years and before that a police official and game warden in Nevada, was known as a first-class warden, one of Idaho's best. He was outwardly stern, and had

Top: Authorities sent this poster throughout the West. Bottom: Scene of the shooting at Dallas' campsite.

REWARD

UP TO

\$20,000

For information leading to the Arrest and Conviction of
CLAUDE LAFAYETTE DALLAS, JR.
 for the Murder of two Idaho Fish and Game Officers on January 5, 1981.



- Date of Birth: 3-11-50
- Height: 5' 10"
- Weight: 180 lbs.
- Brown Hair (may be shoulder length)



- Brown Eyes
- May have full beard
- Wears glasses
- Social Security No. 270-49-0296

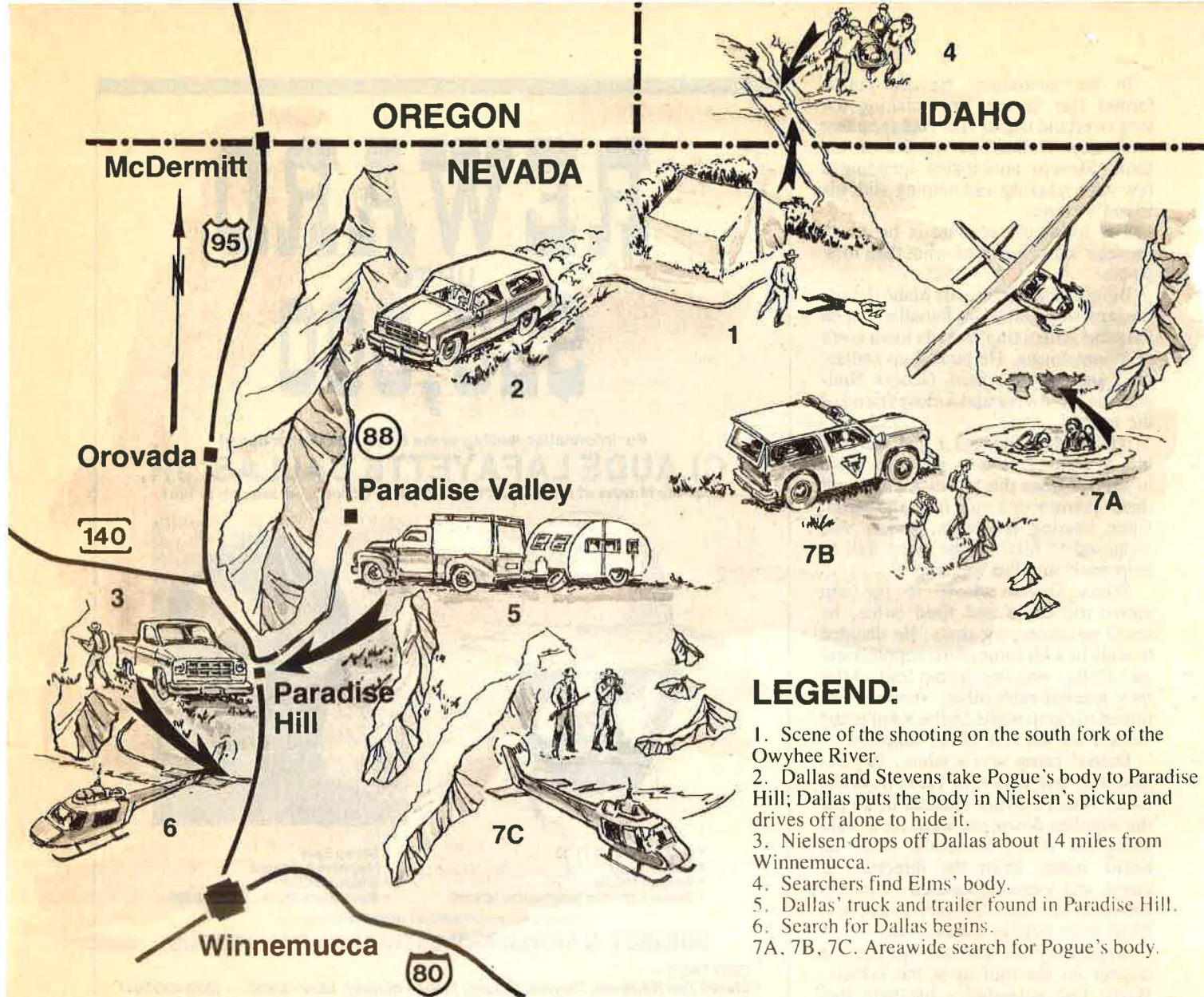
Subject is an accomplished trapper and shooter.

SUBJECT IS ARMED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

CONTACT —

Sheriff Tim Nettleton, Owyhee County, Idaho - Murphy, Idaho 83650 — (208) 495-2441





LEGEND:

1. Scene of the shooting on the south fork of the Owyhee River.
2. Dallas and Stevens take Pogue's body to Paradise Hill; Dallas puts the body in Nielsen's pickup and drives off alone to hide it.
3. Nielsen drops off Dallas about 14 miles from Winnemucca.
4. Searchers find Elms' body.
5. Dallas' truck and trailer found in Paradise Hill.
6. Search for Dallas begins.
- 7A, 7B, 7C. Areawide search for Pogue's body.

earned the nickname, "ice man with the steely eyes." A wary man, he always expected trouble. He watched Dallas intently, ready to draw his .357 Magnum at a moment's notice.

But, despite his training, instincts, and skills, he momentarily took his eyes off the trapper to look at the bobcat hides Elms was holding. Dallas drew a gun.

"Oh no!" Pogue exclaimed, and the next sound was the roar of the gun.

Stevens had been looking away from Dallas, and the blast startled him so badly that he almost jumped into the middle of the shooting. He turned just as Dallas fired a second shot. Pogue fell backward, and there was a cloud of gunsmoke and dust between Dallas and the stricken warden.

Elms had been crouching as he came

out the tent. Dallas spun and shot him twice before the warden could reach his revolver. Pogue was still moving and had managed to get his gun out of the holster, but it fell to the ground. Dallas shot Pogue two more times. Then he went into the tent, came back out with a .22 rifle, and shot each warden once in the temple just as he would dispatch animals in his traps.

Dallas turned to Stevens. "Sorry I got you in this, buddy," he said. "You gotta help me."

Dallas waded across the river to catch two packmules he owned. Unable to catch the bigger mule, he returned with the smaller animal. It weighed little more than 300 pounds. While Dallas was gone, the frightened Stevens had reloaded the gun he'd carried, and he wondered if he'd be the

next to die. Later Dallas took the gun and ordered Stevens to help.

The two men loaded Pogue's body on the mule and packed it up to Steven's four-wheel-drive. The Fish and Game truck stood nearby.

Conley Elms' body weighed about 280 pounds. The pair managed to load it on the mule, but the animal balked partly up the mountain and refused to continue. Dallas unloaded the body, used the mule to drag it back down to the river, and dumped the body in.

He and Stevens then destroyed as much evidence as possible. They poured kerosene on blood spots and the wardens' bloody clothing and burned them.

Then they drove to Paradise Hill with Bill Pogue's body in the back of
(continued on page 67)

the four-wheel-drive. While on the way, they concocted a story to clear Stevens of the incident.

The men pulled up to the Paradise Bar after driving several hours. It was about midnight when they arrived. Dallas knocked on the door of Nielsen's house and told him what had happened. He also said he wanted to use Nielsen's pickup truck to dispose of Pogue's body. Dallas told Stevens to remove his bloody clothing and take a shower. He told Nielsen to burn the clothing.

Dallas filled up the pickup's gasoline tank, moved Pogue's body into the truck, and headed out alone into the night. Stevens went home to Winnemucca, and Nielsen stayed at his home.

When Dallas returned later, he told Nielsen to take him to a drop-off point. Nielsen drove to a road 12 miles north of Winnemucca, turned west onto another road for two miles, and dropped off Dallas in the desert. The trapper had \$100, an olive-drab duffel bag, a backpack, a rifle, and at least one handgun.

Stevens told his wife the false story he had put together with Dallas. His wife thought he was lying and confronted him. The shaken farmer confessed and agreed to go to the authorities with the truth. But before going to the police, he drove to Paradise Hill and told Nielsen he was turning himself in. Nielsen agreed to do the same. Together they told their story to an attorney and a county prosecutor in Winnemucca. No charges were filed against them either in Nevada or Idaho because law enforcement authorities are said to believe that both men acted under coercion and duress. Finally, by the afternoon of January 6, the pieces were fit together.

Since it was almost dark, searchers could do little until morning, but Tim Nettleton, Owyhee County sheriff, had time to fly over the camp area and he saw the Fish and Game truck. By daylight the next morning, about 30 hours after Dallas had last been seen, law-enforcement officers from several agencies had begun their search. The FBI was involved as well, because Dallas had crossed state borders.

Conley Elms' body was found in the river that first morning, about a quarter-mile downstream from the camp. But even though the wardens and police widened their search, they found no trace of Bill Pogue's body or of Claude Dallas.

Officers found the spot where Dallas got out of Nielsen's truck. The footprints led into the desert, then turned and came back toward the road, where the trail disappeared. Nevada's chukar season was still open, and hunters'

tracks were mistaken for Dallas'.

An intensive week-long search failed to turn up Dallas or Pogue's body. Ed Pogue, brother of the dead warden, vowed to continue the search until his brother's body is found and Dallas is captured.

"Bill and I were awful close—as close as brothers can be," Ed Pogue said. "He was my only brother, and you can imagine how I looked up to him. Even after we grew up, we still made it a point to hunt together in Owyhee County."

Bill Pogue had many other admirers too. The 50-year-old senior conservation officer left behind a wife and four children. His family and friends knew him as a thoughtful, deeply sensitive man, despite his reputation as a gruff, stern, wildlife officer. He was an accomplished artist and enjoyed drawing scenes and persons associated with the outdoors. One of his pieces, which depicted a trapper and a wolf, appeared on the cover of *Idaho Wildlife* magazine, official publication of the Idaho Department of Fish and Game.

Conley Elms, 34, loved his job as conservation officer and had worked long and hard for the position. A wildlife graduate of Oregon State University, he never gave up trying to get a job as a conservation officer after moving to Boise with his wife Sheryl. He worked odd jobs at an electrical firm, a trailer factory, and with the Ada County assessor's office. After working part time with the Idaho Department of Fish and Game, his dream came true. He was hired as a full-time officer. To make his dream even better, his brother Michael was a conservation officer in nearby Mountain Home, Idaho.

This case is far from closed. As this issue goes to press, Pogue's body still remains hidden, and Dallas is at large.

Where is Dallas, and how did he escape the dragnet of searchers? No one has the answers. As one authority said, "Dallas could be at all points of the compass." When I asked Owyhee County Sheriff Tim Nettleton where Claude Dallas might be hiding, the tall, lanky officer took a deep drag off his unfiltered cigarette, shifted his weathered cowboy boots on his desk, and blew a thin stream of blue smoke toward the ceiling.

"Gut feeling?" he asked.

"Gut feeling," I answered.

"First of all," he said, "you have to understand he is capable of walking a long way over rough country, some 20 to 40 miles a day. My first guess would be he walked or got a ride to California where he's waiting for spring to break. Then he'll head for Canada where he spent time traveling in the past."

This theory has strong possibilities, since Dallas was in the Northwest Ter-

ritories with his brother recently and remarked he'd like to go back and run traplines.

"Since he learned the fundamentals of Spanish after working with migrant Mexicans on potato farms," continued the sheriff, "he might have headed south. He told some friends he wanted to go down there some day."

"He also might have headed for the swamps of the Southeast. His folks are in South Carolina, and the swamplands would be right for his style of living."

Nettleton showed me a map on the wall of his office. A pin was stuck in Paradise Hill. A string tied to the pin evidently had been stretched and rotated many times by frustrated officers as they tried to find Pogue's body. Because the police knew how many miles Dallas drove in Nielsen's pickup, they had the radius narrowed to 25 to 30 miles from Paradise Hill. Officers filled the gas tank afterward and determined about 85 miles had been covered, including the 25 miles Nielsen drove. That meant Dallas drove about 60 miles round-trip when he disposed of the body.

When Dallas returned to Paradise Hill, he said he hid the body where no one would ever find it. The region is pocked with countless abandoned mines and shafts, and he apparently found a place so perfectly suited that his boast was right. Despite a well-organized, methodical search and the assistance of psychics, Pogue's body is still hidden. Only Claude Dallas knows where it is.

And how about Claude Lafayette Dallas Jr.? What kind of man is he?

Born in Winchester, Virginia, he reportedly showed up in Nevada about 10 years ago, riding a horse and leading two packmules. Acquaintances say he rode west on horseback from the East.

According to Sheriff Nettleton, Dallas was clean and kept a tidy camp. He saw a dentist in Winnemucca regularly and did not smoke or drink. He had the ability to get along with people if he chose to do so. Well-liked in the Nevada farm communities where he worked, he was known to lend money to friends who were down-and-out.

"He wasn't a social recluse, either," the sheriff said. "He appreciated neons and nylons, if you know what I mean."

However, Dallas was considered unpredictable and dangerous by those who knew him.

"You don't dare cross Dallas," a friend told the sheriff.

Why would Dallas kill the game wardens? Evidently he felt they were imposing on his rights in the outdoors. Sheriff Nettleton explained that in Dallas' mind, the officers were trespassing in his domain.

Dallas has been formally charged

with murder. Nettleton showed me three books discovered in Dallas' camp. One of them, *No Second Place Winner*, is about fast draw and firearms. A passage in the book says: "Be first or be dead—there is no second-place winner in a gun fight." Another book, *Kill or be Killed*, is described by its publisher in this way: "a book which belongs in every institution charged with the training of police offi-

cers or soldiers." The third book, *Firearm Silencers*, deals with various silencers used on weapons.

I asked the sheriff if he had any clues to Dallas' whereabouts.

"Not a thing," he said. "We get five or six leads daily, and we've checked every one out, but none were good. I'm afraid we might be in for a long search, maybe a year or more. Dallas will probably hide out in a big,

wild area and he'll be tough to find. I just hope he doesn't gun down someone. I'm afraid that's how we might end up getting on to his trail."

Nettleton ground his cigarette butt into an ashtray, and for the first time his mood turned harsh.

"I want Claude Dallas," he said. "I want him bad."

And so do a lot of other people.



DEER OF THE WEST

continued from page 41

perating. Using binoculars, I'd found a small group of mule deer, including one excellent buck, at the foot of a steep slope. I made a stalk. As I came into easy shooting range I jumped a doe I'd not seen previously.

She flew up the ridge. The other deer joined. I had a wide-open shot at the buck, which looked enormous. My rifle held five cartridges. I slammed away, trying to ground him before he reached the top. At the fifth shot I'd still not cut a hair.

Wildly and four-thumbed, I grabbed for more shells in a box in my hip pocket. All the deer stopped. Broadside, nicely below the crest, the buck stared down at me, presenting an easy shot. As I fought frantically to reload, he strolled casually over the top. I should have had better sense. I've seen mule deer go through this pause-and-look-back routine many times.

As one friend experienced with both muleys and whitetails puts it: "A whitetail runs first and never pauses to wonder what scared it; a mule deer wonders first if there's any use running, then wonders midway if there's any use running far."

That brings up another experience illustrating one more common mule deer trait. During an east-slope foothills hunt in Montana I jumped a good buck, and it ran up and over a ridge, going at what I call spooked gait.

The buck was such an old buster I decided to make a long circle to see if by any chance I could find him again. The way he was going, I guessed he'd be at least half a mile away, possibly over a couple of higher ridges. I made my huge circle. No buck. He'd eluded me. Annoyed at the time and effort I'd wasted, I headed straight back toward where I'd jumped him. As I climbed the ridge over which he'd run, there he was, *lying beside a single juniper bush*. I anchored him right there.

Countless times mule deer operate with an out-of-sight-out-of-mind attitude toward danger. I've killed several spooked bucks by simply walking up a slope over which they'd disappeared running. All they'd done was to crawl behind a few bushes where they uncon-

cernedly went about their business.

Perhaps because so much fine mule-deer range has only moderate cover on the ridgetops, and the fact that it is sloped, causes the animals to select bedding and hiding places that by whitetail standards sometimes seem ridiculous. When I was learning this trait, a guide in Utah drove me one early afternoon along a valley between two high, steep ridges. There were only widely scattered single bushes or clumps on either slope. I kept wondering why he went so slowly and paused

Mule deer as a species are tied irrevocably to the slopes.

so often to glass such barren terrain. Then he said, "There's one."

In a patch of shade barely big enough to cover it lay a buck, its antlers thrusting up out of the shade. I was eager to go after him. The guide said, "We'll drive along and see if there's a better one. He'll stay right there."

Within a couple of miles we spotted four acceptable bucks in similar bed situations, then went back and settled for the first one. The guide explained that even in cool weather, fat mule deer seek shade and breeze. Usually the breeze is a rising thermal, which means as a rule the deer move *up* to bed down. Also, quite opposite from whitetails, which bed where they can't be seen and can see little, mule deer usually want to be able to see out of their beds. He also noted that dozens of hunters never look for mule deer in such "unlikely" places as we had, and thus pass by scads of them.

A Wyoming rancher added to all this a unique bit of lore. Where we hunted, the terrain, with pale rocks and grass, was dotted by clumps of juniper and other low bushes. He pointed out the deep, black shade each clump made. The day was bright and warm, the air, as always in that region, was dry.

"See that shiny round spot over yonder in the shade?" he asked, pointing across a draw to a juniper clump. "It's

a deer's nose. I always look for noses. In this dry altitude, they lick their noses constantly, and that makes them shine. Once you see a nose, glass closely and as your eye adjusts you can see what sort of deer you've found."

Along with curiosity and naiveté, mule deer often exhibit an ostrichlike head-in-the-sand mentality when trying to hide from danger. In western Texas one fall I jumped a 10-pointer that ran full-out up a slope on which grew nothing but a scattering of low yucca, a few Spanish bayonets, and some sotol bunches. All he had to do to elude me was sail over the ridgetop. Instead, at perhaps 300 yards he whirled behind a bayonet, lay down, and put his head flat out on the ground. He wasn't remotely covered.

Another time I shot at a buck feeding on a slope and missed. At the shot and sight of me, the deer bounded away, straight toward the ridgetop, then swung behind a dense clump of shin oak not much larger in diameter than the deer was long. All it had to do was keep going another 30 yards, and it would have been over the top. I got down, rested off one knee, and filled my tag. I stepped off the distance—71 paces.

Granted, it's not always that easy. Nor are they always that unaware. There are times that don't make very dramatic anecdotes. You comb the country days on end, wondering if the deer are extinct. However, 35 years of hunting mule deer over such a vast amount of border-to-border range puts together a lot of pieces. You form a type of hunting style that you know works. In all those years there's not been a single season when I failed to fill a tag, or at least could have filled one.

My two sons, both adult and experienced deer hunters now, chuckle about my special love for mule deer. Needling me, they call them *venado por viejo*—old men's deer because they're easier to hunt than whitetails. Maybe they have a point. Regardless, occasionally I pull that ragged book off my library shelf and look at the Fuertes painting, remembering the dreams of boyhood and that first hunt in Wyoming. Happily, the thrill hasn't diminished one bit.



JUL 29 1981

Man, his outside MC

Idaho suspect in 2 slayings seen in Maine

AUBURN (AP) — A fugitive accused of the gunshot slayings of two Idaho game wardens may have voluntarily revealed his identity during the weekend in an Auburn restaurant, police said today.

A man who stopped for breakfast Saturday at No Place Like Sam's Restaurant on Court Street was described as being similar in appearance to Claude L. Dallas Jr., 31, who was charged with two counts of first-degree murder in the slayings in Owyhee County, Idaho, last Jan. 5.

Police Lt. Steven Mehalcik said the man, who was eating by himself, had left a handwritten message on a napkin in which he claimed to be the person responsible for the killings.

"It said something to the effect that he killed two wardens and his name is the capital of Texas," Mehalcik said.

After a waitress showed the note to police, Lt. Laurier Lalonde recalled reading about the killings in a recent issue of an outdoorsmen's magazine, which ran a picture of Dallas.

Two waitresses who had served the man were quoted by police as saying he resembled the person in the picture. The waitresses described him as well-dressed, very polite and a "rugged outdoor type," about 6 feet tall with blond hair.

Auburn police issued an all-points bulletin informing other police departments about the discovery. They subsequently received an advisory from state police in Augusta saying that Dallas should be regarded as armed and dangerous.

An FBI spokesman in Portland said his agency was looking into the incident, but declined further comment.

Dallas was charged with the slayings of Conley Elms, 34, and William Pogue, 50, both of Boise. The two officers had been sent to remote southwestern Idaho to investigate deer poaching in the Owyhee Mountains.

Elms' body was found floating downstream from Dallas' campsite on the South Fork of the Owyhee River two days after the officers went to the remote area. Pogue's body is yet to be found, but officials have declared him legally dead.

The search for Dallas has been concentrated in the Northwest, and authorities have indicated he may have fled to Canada.

From Bill Warner: 8/28/81

John Bryer:

Heard that a waitress in Lewiston picked up
a rapline and as it was uttered "I'm the man who
shot those 2 game wardens and my last name is
the capital of Texas."

Told Bill Warner.

Bill called up Tony dePaul at BDM and
asked him about it. Said he hadn't heard
anything about it.

She called the authorities of ~~the state~~ the
police came. She gave a description and it fit Pallas.

8/28/81

Bill and I were over in the Dam Yankee and John Buyer came along. Bill called him over and we sat down and talked about history a bit. He said he had read it in the BDN in the last six weeks or so. I thought it happened in Twiston or Pittsboro or someplace down there.

MATTAWANKING Wilowess Park, MATTAWANKING
Sept. 5, 1981 - afternoon

Wm. WARREN talking w/ "Joe" mgr. of the park &
WARDEN DAVE Crocker at mgr's office.

WARREN was in route to study Trout Fisheries & stopped by
to see JOE.

WARREN asked JOE or DAVE if they ever heard about a
fellow who killed two Wardens in Ontario & might be in N.C.

DAVE: "Yea, I heard about this fellow - on an Initial
Report Bulletin with Radio (Warden Radio)
Happened in Waterville (where he said Auburn)
There was the note left on a napkin at a motel.
They got a registration on his car - 'cause they
registered when staying at the motel. It was
a V.W. Micro bus - Blue - w/ Virginia plates.
Registration."

* DAVE notified JOE because they thought Dallas might
stay at a composite like Joe's if he was in the area.

JOE: "I never heard more than what Dave told me."

* Pause in conversation: talked about fish

- 2 -

Dave: "That's not all. They spot him in Bremen later...
A few days after the initial report. Two
Bremen cops were at this rest. at the wee
hours of the morning and this fellow was there. After
the cops were there this fellow starts talking
see and shows the people - or maybe not - well
he had this gun in his pants. They told the
cops and the description fit."

Warren: "You mean the cops were there?"

Dave: "No, they left, see. And the people at the
Rest. contacted the cops after they left..."

Warren: "Do you think that's rumor or what?"

Dave: "Well, no. Not that initial report. That
came from the state police from Okla. But
the second incident - well I think it seems that
on the radio is - No, I'm not sure."

Warren: "What do you think? Do you talk up whether
about it?"

Dave: "Yes, at first. You know we told each other for
personal safety. Not much talk now."

and they don't write
A P B's a rumor!

Warren: Do you think it's Dallas?

Dave: Don't know. Probably a practical joke — But then to show up a Brewer. I believe it's more of a joke than a truth — Not his here — But I don't know.

* Warren goes to Dave's truck — & Dave shows Bill Pts. Bullets. Note: Dallas registered at motel w/ white female!

John Bryson Sept. 5.

Called Judy King, Bruno, Idaho — a week ago.
30 miles from incident

John mentioned the incident.

She said there were wanted posters everywhere in the woods

Q Did you know that guy came to here.

A. "I heard they caught him a Brewer." — She used to live in Me. for a while. She got a job at Husser. Now she is in Greenville

Q. "I never heard that." So I said to send me a clipping of it.
It must have been in the paper

Notice in
Wilson's Soc. News
that where she saw it
studied in Idaho



- CHECK Brewer police — Dave
- SEE if note was written prior to O.C. July.
- GET APB from Dave P. Jr. or St. Cops.

Kate Winn — said "If you want to see a picture of him go to P.O."

- 4 -

Sept. 6th, 1981

Wm. Warner or Kokojo talked up Warden Glen Perkins
Perkins didn't have much to say. But he knew the name
"Lafayette Dallas - killed 2 wardens in Idaho"

Napier found in Southern part of the State - came out of
State Police. Believes it was a prank. Heard heard of
Brown incident.

Sept. 6th,

Francis Cyr - Chesapeake

"Heard that he was up here on 20 mi. road - the road
between Rockwood & Piota Farms. Oh, about a 1 1/2 ^{weeks}
ago. They got word of this guy coming and 2 wardens
were up at the gate w/ shotguns. Heard this from
my neighbor, Leroy Knight, he told me. He works
on the gate - off time, and he was there. Travelled
up a Pinto, later, a split tail (♀) and he is
heavily armed.

He can get by; nobody can catch him. They had
him on Rte. 4 and ~~he~~ he got away. I heard
that one my scanner here. They got his car / reg. - its
3 ltr. & number."

W: "Is it a runner Francis?"

F: I heard it on my scanner. Nope that's the guy who
shot 2 wardens in Idaho; he's in the State of ME.
I'll bet he's in ME. He won't get thru the gate
into Canada unless he changes vehicles.

As Tim McKay of the Northcoast Environmental Center says, "This means that the western tribes may, via the courts, be exercising a powerful role in a wide range of activities which have a detrimental impact on salmon such as logging, road construction, the use of pesticides and mining, to name but a few."

King Mackerel Fishing Scene Getting Uglier off Key West

"I don't think these fish can be wiped out," says roller-rig netter Butch Carter. "I struck a million pounds of kings this year, but I landed only 200,000 pounds. Now where did the rest of them go? They got away."

"Remember passenger pigeons?" says charterboat skipper Barry Evans.

The debate is over kingfish and the hot-spot is Key West, according to a recent article by Rick Telander in *Sports Illustrated*. Sportfishermen have shared the prime fishing grounds for years with commercial hook-and-line boats, and the fish stocks seemed endless. But a recent invasion by up to 50 modern hydraulically-powered "roller rigs" pulling monofilament gill nets and directed by 270-degree side-scan sonars and spotter planes has disrupted the balance. Many think that it may be the end of the line for the fabulous runs of kingfish unless Florida passes laws to restrict the new net technology.

The Florida League of Anglers is backing a proposed new law outlawing kingfish gillnetting in Florida and placing a five-fish limit on sportsmen. It's developing into a real fight, both in the legislature and on the water, where both the gillnetters and the charter skippers are now armed and angry. Keep your eye on this one.

The Sudan Asks for Help, Safari Club International Provides It

"The problem is commercial poaching, particularly in the southern region," reported His Excellency Samuel Abu John Kabashi, Minister of Wildlife Conservation and Tourism in Sudan. "Just after the fall of Idi Amin's government in Uganda, many automatic rifles infiltrated the

landed to the cause.

Sudan is the largest country in Africa and has several extremely remote game management areas. Although wildlife management authorities already have poaching control programs, facilities are limited and the vastness of the country makes intensive patrolling impossible.

Safari Club International has already supplied much-needed field equipment to some of Sudan's anti-poaching units at the request of the Department of Wildlife in Khartoum. Plans had been to continue supplying equipment as requested, but Sudanese officials indicated that a large in-

be legalized, and they won't be easily deterred from their plan.

Standing in their way, but seriously underfinanced, is the Beaverkill Legal Defense Fund, under the auspices of the Beamoc Chapter of Trout Unlimited, P.O. Box 138, Livingston Manor, NY 12758. You should do two things for the river. First, listen to Red Smith, writing in *The New York Times*:

"Little River or Big, the Beaverkill is a holy place, marked by wayside shrines called Foul Rift and Lone Pine, the Deserted Village and Painter's Bend, the Picnic Grounds and Summer House Pool.

been sprayed with colored dyes this year. The dyed feathers will be replaced during this summer's post-nuptial molt.

Any persons observing color-marked brant should note the following: 1.) date, time and place; 2) color and part of body dyed; 3.) number in flock. Well-informed persons also are asked to provide: 4.) age-class (if known) of an individual bird; 5.) age-class composition of flock (if known).

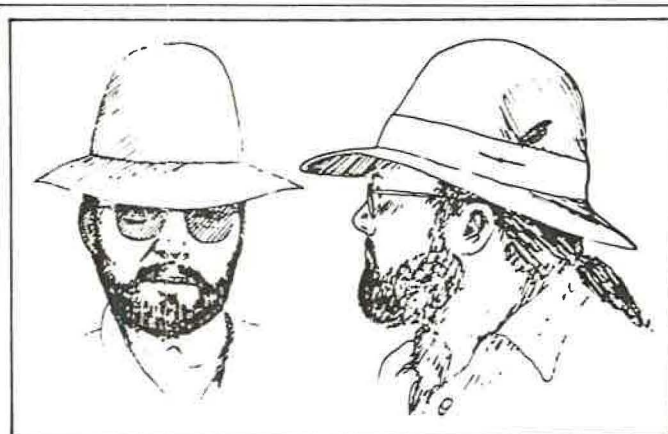
Information should be sent to: Harold W. Knoch, Regional Wildlife Manager, NYS Department of Environmental Conservation—Building 40, SUNY Campus—Stony Brook, NY 11794.

Gray's Sporting Journal
Vol. 6, Issue 2, Spring 1981

Man Wanted for Murder of Two Game Wardens in Idaho

Sheriff Tim Nettleton of Owyhee County, Idaho has issued this "Wanted" poster of Claude Dallas, reportedly a self-styled "survivalist and mountain-man," in connection with the murder of two Idaho Fish and Game law enforcement officers this January in a remote section of south-west Idaho. Anyone with information should contact Sheriff Nettleton at (208) 495-2441.

Sandy -
for your information!
PS: 10



DALLAS, CLAUDE LAFAYETTE, JR.

Date of Birth: 3-11-50
Place of Birth: Winchester, Virginia
5' 10", 180 lbs.
Brown Hair (long, wears ponytail), Brown Eyes.
Full Beard, Wears Glasses.
N.C.I.C. Entry No. W247288563
S.S. No. 270-49-0296
F.B.I. No. 208406 MI
N.C.I.C. F.P.C. 12AA0807041652061308
No known scars or marks.

Wanted for 1st Degree Murder (2 counts)
of two Idaho Fish and Game Enforcement
Officers, January 5, 1981. Warrants
issued Owyhee Co., Murphy, Idaho 83650

Tim Cochrane
1708 1/2 E 20th
Cheyenne, WY 82007



Sandy Ives
Northeast Archives of Folklore & Oral History
South Stevens Hall
University of Maine
Orono, ME 04469



Ed Herschler
Governor

Wyoming State
Archives Museums & Historical Department

Michael J. Boyle, Ph.D.
Director

Barrett Building Cheyenne, Wy. 82002
777-7519

William H. Barton
Division Director
Historical Research
and Publications
777-7518

October 5, 1981

Sandy Ives
Northeast Archives of Folklore and Oral History
South Stevens Hall
University of Maine
Orono, Maine 04469

Dear Sandy:

Enclosed are some materials relating to the game warden/trapper incident I mentioned to you at the oral history conference. The tape is a much more explicit and interesting account than the newspaper articles. Please note that I just copied side 1 and 2 of a three sided tape interview with Mr. Terrill. As the newspaper articles and interview infer the incident has never been resolved in many peoples' minds, especially the towns people of Rawlins, Wyoming. I am looking forward to interviewing some of the people who believe Johann Malten is still alive and in the area.

I enjoyed talking with you at Burlington, as I did in Logan, Utah. I am looking forward to reading your forthcoming book, no matter how long it is in the making. I hope the enclosed materials will add a comparative element to the incident you are studying.

Please say hello to John Meader for me. Hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,

Tim Cochrane

Dear Sandy:

Enclosed is a citation to an article that may be of help to you. Just recently I had the occasion to look through the early issues of American Forests. There is a lot of folklore material contained in the magazine. (Excuse me if you are familiar with it.) But if not, there is an occasional ballad printed up, bear stories, material culture related articles, etc. I've been digging through it to locate articles written and illustrated by a Wyoming Forest Service Ranger who died fighting a forest fire. I'm trying to put together a fairly comprehensive portrait of A.G. Clayton. I've almost got the people at work ready to turn me loose on the project. Clayton had a wonderful sense of social wit and his pen and ink drawings aren't bad either.

Thanks for letting me clean on your ear about the worth of more schooling. I've resolved my dilemma. I'm applying to the American Studies program at the U of Minnesota. I'm not forsaking folk studies but I would like to broaden my base. If I'm accepted I imagine I'll be working with Ellen Stekert a good deal. Folk studies

will be my focus with a good measure of cultural geography, history, and regional studies. I want to continue studying the people of the Minnesota "north shore" and Isle Royale. I feel something is at stake for me there; as well as informant/friends, friends, and home turf.

I finished Joe Scott, thanks.

Normally balladry is not my keenest interest but I read it and enjoyed it. The painstaking labor involved in providing a thorough and cleanly shaped backdrop to Joe Scott's movements was worth it. The "context" made the ballads more lively and allowed them to stand more on their own. You've read reviews elsewhere and enough is enough. But I'm glad I got it.

Not much else to report. Hope all is well your way.

Tim Cochrane



BILL LAKANEN

TO THE muster roll of men who have given their lives in the interest of conservation last autumn were added two names highly esteemed in the Wyoming outdoors community: Deputy Game Wardens William W. Lakanen of Rawlins and Donald S. Simpson of Saratoga. Their loss is felt keenly by all who were associated with them—on and off the job.

On October 31, Game Wardens Lakanen and Simpson entered the lonely Nugget Gulch sector of the rugged Sierra Madre Mountains, 59 miles southwest of Rawlins, on a routine investigation of beaver trapping activities. Three days later, the State and the nation and the officers' many friends were shocked to learn of their deaths, and the apparent suicide of the murderer.

John Malten, 55-year-old mountain recluse and principal suspect in the double slaying, had lived in seclusion in Nugget Gulch for many years. A native of Germany and a soldier in

To Their M Let Us Dedicate O A Tribute

the Kaiser's army 25 years ago, Malten was investigated as an enemy alien by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in 1943. No evidence of activity harmful to the nation was discovered, but Malten was found to have beaver pelts in his possession, illegally, and he was subsequently arrested by Game Wardens Lakanen and Simpson, on the game law violation. Convicted on the game count, he was fined \$100 and sentenced to serve a term in the Carbon county jail.

It was to investigate Malten's activities since his release from jail that the two wardens entered the Sierra Madres, on the last day of October. The road to Nugget Gulch is rough and difficult, and when the officers did not return home that evening, it was supposed they had encountered car trouble and had taken refuge for the night somewhere in the area. When they did not return the following night, a searching party went into the mountains to look for them.

Both were found dead near their pickup truck within a short distance of the Malten cabin; the cabin had been almost completely destroyed by fire, and the truck and the wardens' bodies were scorched by the heat. The truck sat within six feet of the burned cabin. The ignition key was turned on.

The position of the truck and of the

Memory

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tribute

two bodies, together with the nature of the bullet wounds which caused death, lead officers to believe that the murderer opened the cabin door as the truck stopped, almost within arms' reach, and fired point-blank. Bill Lakanen had been shot once, through the head. Don Simpson was shot twice through the stomach and once in the right temple—the latter shot apparently coming from his own .38 caliber pistol.

Conclusive evidence was found that Bill had been killed by one shot from a .22 caliber rifle; two bullets of the same caliber had wounded Don in the stomach. Only one wound was inflicted by a .38 caliber slug. Yet all bullets had been fired from the Simpson pistol, when it was recovered. Because of this, and because it was found that Simpson had fallen some distance from the truck, with the glove removed from his right hand, it is theorized that he shot it out with the murderer, after Bill had been killed, instantly, at the wheel. It is thought that Don fell after being shot twice in the stomach with the .22 and that the murderer then killed him with one shot from his own pistol.

Lakanen's body was found between the cabin and the truck. Evidence indicated it had been removed from the cab of the truck after the shooting. Other signs showed that Simpson had



DON SIMPSON

been dragged some distance from where he'd fallen. Both were left near the truck, and wood had been piled around each, undoubtedly with the plan of burning them, with the cabin. Gasoline had been poured over the truck and bodies, and probably over the cabin before it was set afire.

A wide search for John Malten failed to produce any trace of him, and evidence is almost conclusive that he burned inside the cabin, after the shooting. Possibly, he committed suicide or succumbed to wounds inflicted by Don's gun, before Don went down. Bone fragments recovered from the cabin ashes have been identified as part of a human body, by the F. B. I. laboratories in Washington, D. C. The Malten truck was destroyed by the flames, in a lean-to garage adjoining the cabin, and all guns known to have been in the trapper's possession—including the .22 long rifle used in the killing—likewise were recovered from

the cabin ruins. Screening of the ashes yielded a bunch of keys, a watch, and a belt buckle, all tentatively identified as belonging to the missing recluse.

Close surveillance of the cabin site was still being maintained, by sheriff's officers and by Game and Fish Department representatives, two months after the tragedy. No sign of Malten and no sign of any suspicious human inhabitant in the surrounding mountains had been discovered at time of writing. But F. B. I. investigators and sheriff's officers and colleagues of Bill and Don in the Game and Fish Department are equally firm in the resolve that the search for John Malten will be continued so long as there is even the remotest possibility that he is still living.

Don Simpson was born in Fort Collins, Colorado, on October 9, 1906. He was graduated from Fort Collins High School and attended the Colorado State A. and M. College before coming to Saratoga to live, 10 years ago. He joined the Wyoming Game and Fish Department as deputy game warden in 1940, and served continuously in that capacity until the tragedy which ended his life. He was a member of the Masonic Blue Lodge, the Snowy Range Fish Propagation Association and the Wyoming Game and Fish Department Personnel Association.

Survivors include his widow, Mrs. Mabel Simpson, now of Laramie; his step-mother, Mrs. Arthur Simpson of Fort Collins; and two brothers, Gordon of Seattle and Robert of Omaha.

Bill Lakanen was born July 6, 1901, at Glenrock, and lived the greater por-

tion of his life in that community. He accepted appointment as deputy game warden with the Wyoming Game and Fish Commission on March 1, 1937. He was a member of the Rawlins Lions Club, Izaak Walton League, and the Snowy Range Fish Propagation Association, and was vice president of the Game and Fish Department Personnel Association.

Surviving relatives include Carol Lakanen of Rawlins, his widow; Andrew Lakanen of Glenrock, his father; Hannah Lakanen of Beaverton, Oregon, his mother; Oscar Lakanen of Beaverton and Pfc. Henry H. Lakanen, now of Camp San Luis Obispo, California, his brothers.

As game-law enforcement officers in one of the most heavily fished areas in the nation and an important Wyoming antelope and deer hunting area, Bill Lakanen and Don Simpson had won the respect and admiration of their colleagues in the Game and Fish Department, and the friendship of thousands of sportsmen from this and other states—as was indicated by the many letters and telegrams of condolence and regret which came to Mrs. Lakanen and Mrs. Simpson when details of the tragedy were made known. They will be missed, not only by surviving relatives and friends and their colleagues in law enforcement, but also by the many hunters and fishermen who had received their aid and courteous guidance, in the field.

To Mrs. Lakanen and Mrs. Simpson, whose losses were greatest of all, and to the surviving parents and relatives and the numerous friends of Don and Bill, the Wyoming Game

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Bill and Don

I. W. Dinsmore in the Rawlins Republican-Bulletin

Killed in line of duty. This is the sad story of William Lakanen of Rawlins and Don Simpson of Saratoga. Since the start of World War II we have been hearing much tragic news concerning the boys of our neighbors who are fighting the enemy on foreign soil. We realized that war is a frightful business and that many were to lose their lives.

But the news of Bill's and Don's deaths was shocking in its horror. They were not engaged in war. They were thousands of miles from the recent battlefields. They were in the peaceful and beautiful Wyoming mountain country. They were on a mere routine inspection to ascertain if there had been an infraction of our State's game laws. The man they were to question might resent their investigation but there was no indication on that Wednesday morning that this creature would have murder in his heart. From all the evidence these two fine men never had a chance for their lives. They were given no warning to defend themselves. They died in line of duty.

Their duty was to protect the game and fish of this great State. Game is one of our most important assets. The huge majority of our citizens respect the game laws. They are proud that Wyoming is noted for its game animals and they love all wild life. But there are a few and the culprit that did this terrible deed is one, that would defy the law and kill at will. He proved himself to be not only the enemy of wild life, but the enemy of human life as well. It is hoped that he died in the flames of his own fire.

Our State owes a great debt to these fine wardens and to their bereaved widows. Such positions under the state do not offer great advancement or financial independence. Men accept these positions because they love the outdoor life and the birds and game of field and stream. Their reward can only come from service well performed. Certainly it can be said that Bill and Don gave high service and sacrifice far beyond the call of duty. The communities of Rawlins and Saratoga will miss the smiling face of Bill and his warm friendliness, and the serious and kindly personality of Don.

and Fish Commission and Department personnel extend deepest sympathies and regrets. They are resolved to perform their respective duties more conscientiously in the future, in mem-

ory of the sacrifice made by Don and Bill. They are likewise resolved never to relax their vigilance or their efforts to see justice is done, so long as any doubt of the murderer's fate remains.

THE SARATOGA SUN

Population 1940, 811.

Pioneer Newspaper Of The North Platte Valley

Elevation, 6,785 Feet.

VOL. 58.

SARATOGA, CARBON COUNTY, WYOMING, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1915.

NO. 19.

Ranchmen Vote Favorably on Soil Conservation District

The ranchmen of the Platte valley voted overwhelmingly in favor of the establishment of a soil district here, at the referendum held last Thursday afternoon.

County Agent Nels Dahlquist of Rawlins, who acted as polling superintendent of the referendum, as of instructions he received from the State Soil Conservation Committee, reports the outcome of the voting as follows:

Number voting "for"	156
Acres voted "for"	169,534
Number voting "against"	14
Acres voted "against"	20,601
Total number voting	170
Total acres voted	190,144

Number of owners voting "for"	89
Acres voted "for"	123,736
Number of owners voting "against"	10
Acres voted "against"	16,001
Number of owners voting "for"	67
Acres voted "for"	45,807
Number of owners voting "against"	4
Acres voted "against"	4,000

The votes, as listed above, are the official report of the certification committee, which was made up of Mr. Dahlquist, Wm. Powell and Elton Trowbridge. The committee made the final check of results at both Encampment and Saratoga last Friday evening. Mr. Dahlquist said the polling officers for Saratoga were Mrs. Carl Willford, Wm. Powell and R. M. Baldwin, and those for Encampment were Mrs. Ralph Platt Jr., Al Anderson and Wm. Carey.

Mr. Dahlquist said the big vote cast is a credit to the members of the temporary committee. These men did an excellent job in getting information to the ranchmen of the proposed district. "The large vote substantiates the committee's efforts," he said, "supported by the usual community spirit demonstrated by Carbon county ranchers."

Committee members are Henry Finch, Wm. Sidley, H. P. Flor, Edwin Anderson, Encampment; Morris Powell, Elton Trowbridge, L. E. Walck, Saratoga; A. L. Welton, Pass creek.

"For the information of the ranchers in the district," Mr. Dahlquist said, "the next step in the organization of the district, to be known as the S. & E. Soil Conservation District, consists of a meeting of the State Soil Conservation committee to approve the organization of the district. The temporary committee then will meet to submit recommendations to the State committee as to names of ranchers for consideration of appointment by the State committee for two supervisors for the district. The two supervisors are appointed by the State committee for the purpose of completing the organization. The certificate of organization is then issued by the Secretary of State to the supervisors."

"An election will then be held by the ranchers of the district to select three other supervisors. The two appointed supervisors serve for a term of one year, after that all supervisors are elected for a term of three years each. The district is run by the five supervisors, who must be land owners chosen by the people."

Miss Betty Nuhn, Miss Carol Burke and Lewis Pennock, all students at the University at Laramie, spent last weekend at home.

TWO MILLION FEET LUMBER CUT BY GERMAN PWs

Approximately 2,000,000 feet of timber has been cut by German prisoners of war since they were brought into the Medicine Bow forest area, C. C. Averill, forest supervisor stated this week.

The 200 German prisoners of war that have been stationed at Centennial are being removed from the area, he pointed out. According to the forest supervisor, the prisoners have been working for the Wyoming Timber Co., cutting timber for the sales at Keystone.

The German prisoners at Ryan Park will not be moved back to their home base at Greeley, but will continue to cut timber for R. R. Crow & Co., he said.

Local Young Folks Married in Rawlins

Miss Dorothy Anderson and Nestor Miller, both widely known young folks of Saratoga, were married in Rawlins Wednesday of last week. As the couple has not yet been available for interview, details of the wedding were not learned. Mrs. Miller is a daughter of Mrs. R. R. Bryan of Saratoga. She was born here and attended the local schools. Since she left school, she had been employed at various positions in the Platte valley, and spent the past three seasons employed at the A Bar A ranch on Mullen creek. Mr. Miller son of Mr. and Mrs. Cash Miller of Saratoga, also attended the Saratoga schools, and was just recently discharged from the army after many months service overseas. When discharged he held a rating of Sergeant T-4.

Housing being a serious problem locally, the couple are temporarily making their home in one of the modern cottages at Jay's Service Station. Their future plans have not been announced. The Sun joins with other local friends in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Miller a happy future.

Club Officers Attend U. P. Banquet for Western Governors

John Fraizer, president, and Dr. R. E. Wilson, secretary, of the Saratoga Lions Club, went to Cheyenne Monday afternoon to attend a dinner given by the U. P. Company at the Plains Hotel that evening. The dinner was in honor of the various governors attending the Western States Governor's Conference there. In addition to the governors present, guests were mayors from different Wyoming municipalities, and representatives from various Chambers of Commerce, Lions Clubs, etc. The dinner was attended by the vice-president of the Union Pacific, and Gov. Warren of California was the main speaker.

The conference closed Tuesday evening, with Olympia, Wash., as the site of the meeting next year. The chairmanship of the organization automatically passed from Gov. Lester C. Hunt of Wyoming to Gov. M. C. Wailgren of Washington, with selection of Olympia as the next meeting site.

Urging U. S. action in helping to improve the west, resolutions approved by the conference included:

Appointment by the governors of the 11 western states and the territories of Alaska and Hawaii of representatives to meet and consider a unified program for advertising and tourist promotion.

Urging civilian production board, office of price administration and national housing agency take steps to release materials or transfer facilities to relieve the housing shortage.

Authorizing western states and Alaska to appoint representatives to form a committee to study the "problem" of federal land ownership.

Urging congressional and presidential approval of state and home measures to quiet titles of states to all lands beneath tide-water and navigable waters within their boundaries.

Creating a western states board of surveys and maps to develop a comprehensive mapping program for the western states.

Much To Be Thankful For



Harry Houghton Gives \$15,000 Boost To Local Bond Sales

Saratoga received a huge boost toward its Victory Loan Quota this week when Harry B. Houghton of Oklahoma City, Okla., purchased \$15,000 in Victory bonds, to be credited to the Saratoga quota. Local officials in charge of the bond drive were highly elated when informed of Mr. Houghton's action, as will be his great number of other friends here.

Mr. Houghton, although having his home and business interests in Oklahoma, is an ardent and sincere booster for Saratoga and its people, and for many years has been a summer visitor here to rest, and fish the many local streams. Although he was unable to come here regularly during the war years, he and Mrs. Houghton spent several weeks here the past summer, and are already planning on a visit here again in 1946.

Owing to the Thanksgiving holiday The Sun was unable to get complete figures on Victory bond sales for this week, but it is certain that Mr. Houghton's substantial "lift" will greatly assist the community in making an excellent showing in the drive, if it does not result in a local record for the series of war loans.

More Valley Men Are Released From Service

The following Platte valley service men have recently been discharged from service, according to a release by the county Selective Service office at Rawlins:

Oakley Anderson, EM 1-c, discharged at Shoemaker, Calif., Nov. 12. Oakley had been in service with the Navy since March, 1942, and saw action in the European and African theaters.

Duane E. Dyma, F-O, discharged Nov. 5. Dyma entered service in Sept., 1944, and saw action in the European theater.

Lyle R. Wells, Sgt., discharged at Ft. Leavenworth, Kans., Nov. 10. Wells had been in service since Feb., 1942, and served in the European theater.

Glenn A. Laughlin, SK 3-c, discharged at Shoemaker, Calif., Nov. 15. Served with the Navy in the Asiatic-Pacific theater. Mr. Laughlin is well known here, having for several years practiced his profession at attorney, in the local offices of Attorney Howard Carpenter, also in service.

Erwin Carpenter, CEM, Encampment, discharged at Shoemaker, Calif., Nov. 15. Carpenter served in the Asiatic-Pacific theater with the Navy.

Equalization Board to Meet

The State Board of Equalization will hold its annual meeting on valuations of livestock and other property, with the taxpayers and county officials in the Hearing Room of the State Board of Equalization, Supreme Court and State Library Building, Cheyenne, Wyoming, December 12, it has been announced.

This will be the only valuation meeting held in the State this year, said the announcement, when all interested parties may appear and be heard.

Ryan Park Area is Being Improved for Pleasure of Ski Fans

That the Ryan Park ski course is indeed being subjected to much improvement this year, is indicated by the report of local officials in charge of the work. And although the most of the improvement work is to be confined this year to the so-called "practice" area, these improvements are extensive, and when completed will provide an area in some cases which will no doubt try the skill of many of the better performers.

The improvements include both lengthening and widening of the area, the result of which will be a milder and safer area for the beginners, and on part of the hill, a faster smoother run for those who are beginning to get "the feel" of their skis, and are interested in perfecting their technique. Improvements have also been made on the rope tow, incorporating added safety measures, and allowing the tow to serve the entire new area being added to the course.

Officials say all work being done this year is being financed personally by ski club members themselves, along with the help of a few other local persons interested in the hill. The ski club at the present time is practically "broke", and also has some indebtedness which must be paid. Club members feel that a good season is approaching, and that the club will have no difficulty in clearing up all indebtedness by the end of the season.

In discussing current improvements at the area, officials said the practice hill has been lengthened from 300 feet to about 1500 ft. A large number of additional trees have been removed from the area to avoid congestion of skiers, and the course is being "marked off" to provide suitable slopes for all skiers. One section is being segregated for the use of women and children, and any others who wish to do their "sking" mildly.

Improvements on the tow, especially with an eye to safety measures, include moving the lower terminal of the lift "up-hill", new controls on the motor, and widening of the tow lane. The terminal was moved up a short distance to require skiers to climb slightly to reach the rope. This change was made to avoid congestion and collisions at the bottom, which was the case when skiers were able to arrive at the terminal at high speed on reaching the foot of the run. New controls on the tow motor have resulted in added efficiency, the rope now traveling at a constant rate of speed, whether heavily loaded or running empty.

In former seasons, if the tow was loaded the equipment slowed down, and when several would leave the rope suddenly, the resulting speed-up threw many skiers, especially the beginners. Improvement of the tow lane will now allow skiers to leave the tow at any point they wish, instead of having to go to the top and negotiate the entire hill to the bottom.

These improvements will be welcomed by most people, especially beginners, of which there are many, who are interested and

LOCAL BOY WILL TAKE PRE-INDUCTION EXAM.

The Carbon County Selective Service Board has announced the names of eight men, who will report Tuesday of next week to go to Ft. Logan, Colo., for military pre-induction physical examinations.

The list includes the name of one Saratoga young man, Eugene Walck, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Walck of Jack creek.

would like to indulge the sport, but have been timid about doing so on account of occasional congestion on the hill, and the former length and steep slope of the practice area.

Club officials have announced that a tournament is being planned this season, but that no dates have been decided upon. The dates and other details will be announced later.

AUXILIARY WILL SPONSOR "GIFTS FOR THE YANKS"

The American Legion Auxiliary held a regular meeting Monday night, at the home of Mrs. S. S. Sharp. After the meeting, the Unit announced that the Eddie Cantor program, "Gifts for the Yanks", will again be sponsored locally. Containers will be placed in convenient locations around town to receive gifts, and the Unit is urging the public to give generously, in order that every sick and wounded veteran will be made just a little happier at Christmas time, and will know that they have not been forgotten for having given so much. Last year 126 packages were collected, wrapped and sent to place of distribution.

The Auxiliary also voted to send \$5.00 to each of the Veterans Hospitals at Cheyenne and Sheridan, \$10.00 for "Shopping Day" in Cheyenne, and a donation to the tuberculosis fund.

Following the business meeting, a number of Legion members joined the Auxiliary for lunch, served by the hostesses for the evening, Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Chas. Meeks. The next regular meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Dede Shannon, when a Christmas party will be feature of the meeting.

Typewriter Ribbons for sale at Sun Office.

To Direct State March of Dimes



Governor Lester C. Hunt

Governor Lester C. Hunt has been named Wyoming State Chairman of the 1946 March of Dimes to be conducted January 14-31 by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Basil O'Connor, president of the Foundation, announced.

Founded by the late President Roosevelt in 1928, the National Foundation is a non-profit corporation supported entirely by voluntary contributions from the American people during the annual March of Dimes.

Of the funds raised each year, half is left in the community to pay for medical and surgical care, orthopedic equipment, transportation of patients, hospital treatment, and nursing of infantile paralysis victims, regardless of age, race, creed or color. The other half goes to the National Foundation for research, education, public health, and for emergency aid during epidemics.

In accepting the March of Dimes chairmanship, Governor Hunt said: "In our state alone during the first nine months of this year, 16 cases of infantile paralysis were reported. Fortunately, through the generous contributions of the American people to the March of Dimes, it is possible for the fight against this disease to be continually strengthened and intensified."

Warrant Issued for Johann Malten on Murder Charge

County Attorney Kenneth Briggs early this week filed a criminal complaint in justice court in Rawlins, charging Johann Malten with the murder of Deputy Warden Don Simpson of Saratoga and Wm. Lakanen of Rawlins about November 2.

Investigators believe Malten may have died in his cabin, but nevertheless are continuing an intensive search for him in the event that he is still alive, and fled the scene of his ghastly deed.

Undersheriff John Terrill of Rawlins disclosed this week that the report on the bone fragments found in Malten's burned cabin had been received, and indicate that a piece of bone fragment attached to flesh may be of human origin, probably from the hip. Another larger bone without flesh was identified by FBI experts as a kneecap.

Mr. Terrill said that although the bones are pretty certain to be human, there is no way to know yet whether they are those of Malten.

A bullet taken from Warden Simpson's head was identified by the FBI as 38 caliber. Terrill reported, but a 38 caliber found in the cabin ruins was in such condition that it could not be tested.

Carbon county officers believe it belonged to Simpson and that he may have been shot with his own gun after pulling it to fight, and then being wounded. He also had 22 caliber bullet wounds. Terrill said determination of the ownership of the gun would be attempted through its manufacturer.

Nine Million Fish Planted This Year In Wyoming Waters

The Wyoming Game and Fish Department reports planting of 3,277,761 fish in Wyoming during the past season, from state and federal hatcheries and rearing ponds.

State Fish Warden R. B. Rousseau states that despite food shortages, lack of skilled workers and other handicaps the fish planted this season were larger and weighed more, on the whole, than ever before.

The department's report shows the breakdown of plantings as follows:

From state hatcheries 6,877,991, weighing 11,338 pounds.

From federal hatcheries 2,023,491, weighing 9,931 pounds.

From rearing ponds stocked last season, 106,378, weighing 13,398 pounds.

The hatcheries still have 320,000 fish on hand.

Due to constantly increasing numbers of fishermen, and an even greater anticipated increase as more men are released from the armed forces, the department is making every effort to hold fish propagation at highest possible levels.

The purchase of a large tank truck for planting use has facilitated distribution, and the completion of raceways, now under construction by the department, is expected to increase both the number and size of fish for planting next season.

In listing the number of fish produced at each hatchery, the State report gave the following figures for the State-owned plant at Camp Bluff as follows: Brook trout, 182,155; browns, 42,322; natives, 132,569; rainbows, 114,850. The total number was 441,836, weighing 2,762 pounds. The State operates seven other hatcheries.

The State also supervised the planting of the 915,443 fish distributed this year from the Federal hatchery at Saratoga.

Students attending the University at Laramie who arrived home yesterday to spend Thanksgiving with home folks are Miss Carol Burke, Miss Barbara Covey, Miss Betty Nuhn, Lewis Pennock, Eugene Walck and James Barnett.

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PUBLICATIONS DIVISION"

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PUBLICATIONS DIVISION"

Officers Search . . .

(Continued from Page One)

Officers at the scene of the crime Sunday to attempt to learn the exact place of Simpson's body when he was murdered. The position of the wounds in Simpson's body indicate that he stood at the end of the track and battled it out with the killer. After he had been hit twice, the officers deduced, he attempted to gain the safety of the trees, evidently falling on the way. After studying the pictures taken by Vern Wood, and from clues found, the officers believe the killer followed Simpson and after shooting him the last time, dragged his body back to the truck. The pictures taken clearly show Simpson's jacket pulled up around his shoulders and to the back of his head. The officers report that they found spots of blood about eight or ten feet from the position of Simpson's body.

An indication of the intense heat from the burning cabin, believed started by gasoline when the officers found two 25-gallon gas cans among the ruins of fire, was the fact that the spare tire, carried on a rack on the side of the State truck, was completely burned away from the rack.

Funeral services for Don Simpson, 39, will be held at 2 o'clock this afternoon from the Presbyterian Church in Saratoga. Masonic services with the Rev. J. B. Stevenson of Saratoga will be conducted and burial will be made in the Saratoga cemetery under the direction of Rasmussen Mortuary of Rawlins.

Mr. Simpson was born on Oct. 9, 1906 in Fort Collins, Colo. He spent practically all of his younger life in that city, attending the Fort Collins grade school and was graduated from Fort Collins High School. He also attended Colorado A. & M. College. He had resided in the Saratoga section for the past 10 years and had been a game warden for the past five years.

He was a member of the Masonic Blue Lodge and the Snowy Range Fish Propagation Association.

Survivors include his wife, Mrs. Mabel Simpson of Saratoga; step-mother, Mrs. Arthur Simpson of Fort Collins; two brothers, Gordon Simpson of Seattle and Robert Simpson of Omaha.

Funeral services for William Lahanen, 44, will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow, Wednesday afternoon, from the Presbyterian Church in Rawlins. The Rev. William J. Marshall will conduct the services and burial will be made in the local cemetery under the direction of Rasmussen Mortuary.

Mr. Lahanen was born on July 6, 1901, at Glenrock, Wyo. He spent the greater part of his life in that community. For the past 10 years he had been employed as a game warden for the State Game and Fish Commission and had been in this district for three of four years.

He was a member of the Rawlins Lions Club, Isaac Walton League, and Snowy Range Fish Propagation Association.

Survivors include his wife, Mrs. Carol Lahanen of Rawlins; his father, Andrew Lahanen of Glenrock; mother, Mrs. Hannah Lahanen of Beaverton, Ore.; and two brothers, Oscar Lahanen of Beaverton and Pte. Henry Howard Lahanen of Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Higgins May Reconsider Abandonment of Plants

NEW ORLEANS, La., Nov. 5.—(AP)—Andrew J. Higgins, who put three of his big plants here on the auction block because of labor troubles, indicated tonight that he may reconsider intentions to abandon a \$45,000,000 reconstruction program in New Orleans.

"Somebody is going to continue building Higgins-designed boats, and I hope it's me," said Higgins. "We have a fine collection of men with know-how and I'm not going to let them down."

Higgins said that there is a "distinct possibility" that he may not be leaving the city, but he emphasized that if he remains it will not be under the present organization of Higgins Industries, Inc.

The Higgins board of directors will meet Thursday to vote upon a recommendation from "the boss" to liquidate, according to attorney Charles Fenner.

The AFL Metal Trades Union, whose 3,500 members had been on strike in Higgins plants for several days before they were closed, charged that the ship-builder was attempting to "break

labor's back" in the city. William L. Donnell, joint chairman of the New Orleans postal trades and building trades councils, reiterated that the unions had "known all along" that he wasn't really quitting.

The Higgins move, he said, was "simply a smoke screen to conceal things we want uncovered."

Donnell sent telegrams today to the Louisiana delegation in Washington in which he called on the congressmen to back up the AFL request for a congressional investigation of both union and management activities.

Higgins would not reveal his future plans, saying that he "has no crystal ball."

But Donnell said he believed Higgins' program would revolve around his big plastics plant operated by non-union labor. He expressed the belief that the multi-million dollar program for manufacturing pleasure boats, shallow water tug-cargo vessels and a patented building block, would be carried on there.

Donnell said that, despite Higgins' announcement to the con-

trary, he knew that the ship-builder "even now" was going ahead with plans for enlargement of his plants.

Higgins attorney made the announcement of the liquidation meeting at a hearing of the national labor relations board which is still investigating a CIO request for an election in the close Higgins plant.

He said there was no immediate plans to resume operations and that he did not know whether the company would continue to operate while in liquidation.

"That will be one of the things discussed at the meeting of the board of directors," he said.

The attorney said he did not know what course the liquidation would take, adding that it will depend "on a series of factors which can only be determined after all circumstances have been thoroughly examined."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Clark transacted matters of business in the county seat Thursday from Saratoga.

—SHOP AT HOME—

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT OF ESTATE

All creditors and others interested in the estate of Joseph Hammond, deceased, take notice that the undersigned administrator of said estate, will on or before the 15th day of December, 1945, file in the office of the Clerk of County of Carbon County, Wyoming, his final Account and Petition for Distribution of said estate, where anyone interested may examine such Account and Petition and file objections thereto in writing at any time before the 15th day of December, 1945, and if no objections are filed thereto, he will make Final Settlement of said estate on the 15th day of December, 1945, or as soon thereafter as the matter may be heard.

WE ARE HERE TO SERVE you with liquors
WYOMING PACKAGE
GOODS STORE
415 W. Front—Ph. 142-W

FRIENDS

in Ward No. 1—City of Rawlins

Although I have no opposition for reelection as councilman, Ward No. 1, I will greatly appreciate all who cast their votes in my favor today in the City election.

I am now confined in Memorial Hospital but hope to be out soon.

LEO M. O'SHEA

RITUAL . . .

Through the years our services have taken many forms in accordance with the wishes of our clients.

We recognize the importance and sanctity of all ritual observances—whether of creed or society—and we are familiar with all.

Every service, every ritual is followed closely and the ceremony is carried out serenely and beautifully.

McKELVEY FUNERAL HOME

Cor. 7th and Spruce — Ph. 38-W Day or Night

I WILL APPRECIATE ALL VOTES

cast in my favor for Councilman
Ward No. 2, in the City
Election Today

Resident of Rawlins for the past 12 years.
Property Owner

If elected I will do my utmost to give the city of Rawlins my best efforts and benefit of my ability and judgment, and will try to be fair and square in all those things for the benefit and improvement of the City.

MACK A. MONEYHUN



Your
MEMORIAL
Can
Have
Meaning

If the design of your Memorial is given careful thought and sympathetic handling it will express the deep and true sentiments that cause you to have it erected. You can tell of love and affection and of the character of the one remembered, just as surely as if those things were expressed in words.

Drive over to Greeley and see the largest stock of monuments and markers in the State. Over 250 finished Memorials to choose from.

Ask about our easy payment plan
Open Sundays Write for Catalog

Greeley Monument Works, Inc.

ROLLO R. ROW — GREELEY, COLO.

"GREATEST FORD EVER BUILT" Says Public From Coast to Coast

"How Soon!" and "How Much!" Ask Throngs in Dealer Showrooms

On October 26 the new Fords for 1946 went on display in dealer showrooms the country over. In city after city, town after town, dealers reported that the crowds who came to view these fine new automobiles equalled those who greeted the introduction of the famous Ford Model "A" back in 1927 when showroom attendance passed the 10,000,000 mark.

The opening day throngs were matched by those who came Saturday and later. And their opinion has been unanimous. The words most frequently heard have been "THE GREATEST FORD EVER BUILT." They backed up their acclaim with orders—326,840 on "V-8 Day", October 26—and Saturday, October 27.

This advertisement is published to record

"There's a Ford in Your FORD MOTOR CO

the deep gratification organization at this and to answer, as the two questions

"HOW SOON FORD?" We find "Sooner than you"—Ford. FIRST wave of postwar cars, a nationwide distribution—1,000 week . . . 2,000 days.

"HOW MUCH COST?" We think in Ford's unvarying 40 years of operation quality at the

TO THOSE SEEN THE NEW have them on display to see if you, too, the "GREATEST

Membership Concerts h IF YOURS has see your secretary ADMISSION ship cards only No door.

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PUBLICATIONS DIVISION"

REPUBLICAN - BULLETIN

Three Councilmen
Elected in Rawlins

Volume LVII

RAWLINS, WYOMING, TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1945

Number 216

Officers Making Extensive Search for Suspected Murderer of Game Wardens

Both Deputies Believed Ambushed by Trapper

Every clue is being followed by county officers in an attempt to locate John Malten, 55-year-old mountain trapper, suspected of the cold-blooded murder of two game wardens, William Lakanen and Don Simpson, on Wednesday of last week. The murder was committed at the very side of Malten's cabin in Nugget Gulch, 59 miles southwest of Rawlins.

It is believed that neither of the deputies had a chance as Lakanen drove his auto to within two feet of the cabin.

The officers are of the opinion that the murderer opened the door of his cabin as the warden stopped and opened fire point-blank. Lakanen was shot through the head, the bullet entering at the rear of his left ear. Simpson was shot twice through the stomach and once in his right temple.

Evidence showed that Simpson may have attempted to run and fight it out after Lakanen, who was at the wheel, slumped over dead. Simpson was shot twice through the stomach and it is thought that the murderer, on reaching him and finding him still alive, grabbed Simpson's .33 and shot him through the head. It is thought that both deputies were shot with a high-powered .22 rifle as empty shells have been found. Powder burns on Simpson's head would indicate that the murderer leaned over him to fire the .33 bullet.

Following the shooting the door was undoubtedly opened and Lakanen's body was pulled from the truck. Blocks of wood were placed by his body and his clothing, it is believed, was soaked with gasoline.

Indications also point to the fact that Simpson's body was dragged some yards to the right side of Lakanen's auto. After the bodies of the deputies were placed by the auto, it is thought that the murderer touched a match to his cabin and possibly to Lakanen's body. The head and back of Lakanen were badly burned, his auto partially burned and the trapper's cabin was burned to the ground. Lakanen was left face-down on the ground.

The officers have visited the trapper's cabin several times since the bodies of the wardens were found. Screening of the ashes disclosed a bunch of keys, watch and some \$4 to \$5 in coins. Bones found in the cabin were taken to the chemical laboratory at the University of Wyoming last Saturday by Sheriff Glenn Penland. Inasmuch as the University laboratory is not equipped to determine whether or not the bones are those from a human, the bones have been sent to Washington for analysis. No report had been received here last evening on the bones.

According to R. P. Kramer, special agent in charge of the

Denver FBI office, Malten was investigated by the federal office in 1943. Other residents in the area had reported the erection of an elaborate radio aerial atop Malten's cabin, and since it was known that he was a German alien and had served in the German Army in World War I, the FBI conducted an investigation. No evidence as to contraband and harmful activities to the government was found, however, it was found that Malten had beaver pelts in his possession illegally and was arrested by Lakanen and Simpson and was sentenced to serve six months in the Carbon County Jail and was fined \$100. After his arrest, Malten had reportedly threatened the two wardens.

While waiting for the analysis on the bones found in the debris of the cabin, the local officers are still conducting an extensive search for the trapper. In case he did not kill himself but escaped from that vicinity. A plane, piloted by Roy Rasmussen, covered that area and on Sunday, while the officers were searching the ashes, a speech, covering a radius of about a mile around the cabin, was completed. The local authorities report that from all indications and from lack of any tracks, they believe it almost an impossibility that Malten has escaped but rather that he died in the fire of his cabin.

A test was conducted by the

(Continued on Page Three)

Don't Fail to
VOTE
In City Election
Being Held
TODAY!

300 More Jap Criminals Will Soon Be Arrested

TOKYO, Nov. 5.—(U.P.)—General Douglas MacArthur will order the Japanese government to arrest 300 more war criminals soon, it was reported reliably today.

The Japanese government was ordered to cease diplomatic relations with the representatives of neutral governments now in Japan. The Japanese were instructed to inform foreign diplomats that "existence of diplomatic missions is not deemed consistent with the purposes and character of Allied occupation in Japan and the position of the supreme commander."

Future contacts by foreign diplomats with the Japanese will be made through MacArthur's headquarters, the order said.

MacArthur on Oct. 25 ordered the Japanese government to recall its diplomatic envoys in neutral capitals.

Preparations for the arrest of 300 more Japanese war criminals were made as the legal section of MacArthur's headquarters speeded preparations for war crimes trials tentatively scheduled for this month.

It was learned that the Chinese government has submitted the names of war criminals whom the Chinese want arrested here. The number of arrests asked was not revealed.

The designation of 100 more war criminals would bring the list to 1,000. The legal section said the ultimate total was expected to run into the thousands.

President Warns Against Continued Labor Strife

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—(U.P.)—President Truman today told labor and management that the people have grown tired of industrial strife and that they had better find some way of living peacefully together. He left an implied "or else" warning.

Addressing the opening session of the labor-management conference at a time when the reconversion drive is running into crippling strikes, the president told the 35 union and industry representatives that unless they found solutions to their differences the people "will find them some place else."

The conference also were addressed by Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach, Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace, President William Green of the American Federation of Labor, President Eric Johnston of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, President Ira Mosher of the National Association of Manufacturers, and President Philip Murray of the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

Standing in the ill-lit Labor Department auditorium, with the labor representatives seated in front of him to his right and industry men to his left, Mr. Truman spoke for 13 minutes. He told them:

1. That the time had arrived for both labor and management to handle their own affairs without government intervention—"in the traditional, American, democratic way."

2. That the people had expected some industrial strife during the readjustment from war to peace but not to the extent that now threatens "and I know that the people do not like it."

3. That the nation's worry over industrial relations is reflected in the kind of legislation proposed in Congress and that it was up to labor and management to "stop that worry."

4. That the problems of labor and industry and their solution "cannot be allowed to stop us in our struggle to reconvert from war to peace."

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7. That the problems of labor and industry and their solution "cannot be allowed to stop us in our struggle to reconvert from war to peace."

Robber Takes \$75 From Gift Store

A June man, who threatened Chris Brown, proprietor, robbed the Brown and Labrum Gift Shop last Friday night of from \$75 to \$100. Following the robbery he disappeared and no trace of him has been found to date, according to city officers.

The man walked into the gift shop at about 8:10 and ordered Mr. Brown, who was alone in the store, to give him the money from the cash register. The robber held his hand in his right overcoat pocket, giving the impression that he was holding a gun. As Mr. Brown stepped aside the man went to the cash register, scooped up money that was contained therein and after placing it in his pocket he left the store.

It is presumed that he had a car parked nearby or possibly had an accomplice in a car parked near the store. In all probability he got into the car and left the city immediately after the robbery.

He was described as being about 35 years old and slightly over six feet tall. He was blond and was not wearing a cap or hat. He was wearing a tan overcoat and walked with a stoop. Mr. Brown reported to the officers.

As other cases reported by the city police, the latter part of last week Joe F. Patrick was picked up after he had "passed" out in the street near the postoffice. He was released on a \$25 bond and forfeited the bond when he failed to appear for trial.

Samuel Johnson, colored, was arrested Saturday night on charges of intoxication and disturbing the peace. He was released on a \$25 bond and forfeited same.

Eliseo Martinez was arrested

Witness Says Yamashita Ordered Rape of Manila

MANILA (Tuesday), Nov. 5.—(U.P.)—Vigorous cross examination yesterday to shake the testimony of two Filipino collaborators that Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita personally ordered the "rape of Manila" during last February's Japanese reign of terror.

The American defense counsel for the Japanese war lord charged with responsibility for the so-called rape of Manila prior to the fall of Manila spent most of the session hammering at the testimony of two star prosecution witnesses—Narciso Lapuz, personal secretary to Gen. Artemio Ricarte, a leading Philippine Quisling, and Joaquin Galanz, another collaborator.

Galanz, who is being held in New Bilibid prison as a collaborator, testified that Yamashita told Ricarte "All Filipinos are guerrillas."

The defense assailed every available point and the president of the five-man military commission trying the case, Maj. Gen. R. B. Reynolds, Dunder, Mich., often halted questioning to inquire the line of interrogation in order to speed up proceedings. The trial entered its second week.

There were repeated prosecution objections but Reynolds ordered that it was the desire of the commission that the defense have a "wide latitude" in questioning Lapuz.

Most of the testimony dealt with what Yamashita had told Ricarte, who returned from self-exile on Japanese orders to become their leading Philippine Quisling. Lapuz said Ricarte died in northern Luzon last August.

During cross examination, Lapuz said Ricarte planned to establish a dictatorship in the Philippines with himself as dictator, as soon as the Japanese had crushed all guerrilla opposition.

Lapuz said that Ricarte told him after visiting Yamashita that the latter intended to draw the

In the election being conducted in Rawlins today three councilmen, each to serve for a period of two years, will be elected. The election is on a non-partisan basis and the ballots will not carry any party designation.

All indications point to the fact that the vote will be tight in Wards One and Three due to the fact that there is no contest in either of these wards. In Ward One Leo O'Shea, who is at the present time councilman in that ward, is a candidate for re-election. In Ward Three Vernon R. Salisbury, present councilman, is also a candidate for re-election.

There is a possibility that in Ward Two there will be a good-sized vote due to the fact that there are two candidates running for the position of councilman.

Charge Marines Are Intervening in War

CHENGKING, Nov. 5.—(U.P.)—Chinese Communists charged today that U. S. Marines have intervened openly in China's undeclared civil war and were fighting side by side with the Nationalist Chiang Kai-Shek's Government troops. The charge was made by Communist spokesmen in the Chungking Daily and the Yunnan Daily, which alleged that American troops and planes machine-gunned soldiers and civilians in attacks against Communist positions, and that Americans arrested 13 Communist personnel.

The Communist newspaper New China Daily and the Yunnan Daily alleged that American troops and planes machine-gunned soldiers and civilians in attacks against Communist positions, and that Americans arrested 13 Communist personnel.

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Hungarian Conservative Party Polls Plurality

LONDON, Nov. 5.—(U.P.)—The Moscow radio tonight reported that preliminary results of Sunday's Hungarian general elections, first free elections held in eastern Europe since Germany's defeat, showed that the conservative Small Holders' Party polled 49.7 per cent of the vote in Budapest, a large plurality.

The Social Democrats received 25.3 per cent; the Communists 21 and other parties four.

Earlier, Moscow reported that about 90 per cent of the electorate of 5,990,000 cast ballots.

It was expected that final results would not be known until Wednesday. Hungarian sources here said the indicated heavy

poll would assist the non-Socialist groups, mainly the Small Holders' Party which is agrarian and a small-town group, and also minor anti-leftist groups.

The London News-Chronicle reported from Budapest that Archbishop Josef Mindszenty of Esztergom, Catholic primate of Hungary, had issued a pastoral letter on the eve of the elections denouncing the alleged lawlessness and "tyranny" of the present regime.

The letter made thinly veiled references to alleged banditry of Soviet troops and "the intervention of helpless citizens" by the Communist-controlled police.

Bus Travelers By Greyhound

TULSA, Okla., Nov. 5.—(U.P.)—Thousands of bus travelers were stranded through an eight-state region tonight as more than 900 southwestern Greyhound buses were held by a strike.

W. C. Kates, Oklahoma City division president of the union, said that a telephone check today showed that southwestern Greyhound operations were at a complete standstill since midnight.

The walkout began Sunday afternoon at Kansas City, Tulsa and Oklahoma City. Kates then called a company-wide walkout at midnight in Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Colorado, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and New Mexico.

Striking drivers completed the runs they were making and then parked the buses. Other companies and terminals were swamped as bus travelers sought transportation.

An estimated 1,500 drivers, clerks and other terminal workers

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Open at Lowly

are cordially invited to attend.

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HISTORICAL RESEARCH AND
PUBLICATIONS DIVISION"

Jnaury 16, 1982

Dear Tim:

I have a nasty habit of outsmarting myself. Since I don't have a cassette machine in the office (I will have soon), I brought your cassette of Mr. Terrill to listen to it on my son's, and hasn't he taken it with him where he is tonight, which isn't here. But I've read through all the newspaper material you sent me, and I'll be getting to the tape when Nat comes home. Meanwhile, you can be sure I'll be using the Melten case right along with the Claude Dallas case. Rather remarkable, isn't it, that both of them involve someone shooting two wardens, ~~ammmmmmmmmmm~~ just like the Graves case. And all three involve in some fashion the escape of the murderer. It's almost art shaoing itself to life. No, damnnit, I mean life shaping itself to art. Like Whistler said, when some lady said she'd seen sunsets that looked very much like those he had painted: "Yes, madam," he said, "Nature is creeping up!"

Thanks indeed for all the trouble you took on my part.

The book is coming along. I guess I've got about 400 pages of rough draft now, and still going strong. My department has paid me the compliment of letting me teach only half time this next semester so I can put the rest of the time on the book. And I'm working hard to keep next summer free and clear. If I don't have a manuscript by September 1, it won't be anyone's fault but my own.

American Studies at Minnesota sounds all right to me. You know the scene there better than I do, so there's nothing much I can tell you. We've talked about Ellen and Bill Moore and all that. Enough said.

Bobby joins me in sending best wishes for the coming year. Keep in touch. I'll be interested to see if you come across any other stuff on Melten.

Vaya con Dios

This recording of oral history may be used by anyone interested in its content and may be reproduced or communicated in any form whatever. I grant, by my signature, to the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department and/or the Wyoming State Historical Society the unlimited use of this tape made by me.

September 29, 1981
Date

John Fennell
Signature of Narrator

814 12th Street
Address of Narrator

Tim Cochrane
Signature of Interviewer

Rawlins, Wy 82301
324 - 4535

Mossman, Frank. "Twenty-five Years a Game Warden."
American Forests and Forest Life Part I
(October 1926) and Part II (November 1926).

I skimmed this two part article. It looks like there are alot of anecdotal and personal experience narratives. Mossman, the author, was a game warden in the state of Washington.

De Lorean arraigned in drug case

LOS ANGELES (AP) — John Z. De Lorean, who said two days ago that he had found the cash to save his failing auto company, was arraigned Wednesday on charges of being the moneyman in a \$24 million cocaine deal.

De Lorean, a high-rolling international entrepreneur, was accused of conspiring to possess 220 pounds of cocaine with the intent to distribute it. He did not enter a plea, but his attorney, Bernard Minsky, said he would plead innocent to all charges.

Bail was set at \$5 million after a heated argument in which Assistant U.S. Attorney James Walsh contended De Lorean "views himself as well above the law."

Minsky said De Lorean would post the \$5 million bail.

Walsh, who had sought bail of \$20 million, told U.S. Magistrate Volney Brown he was afraid De Lorean would flee.

"He is a staggering and astronomical bail risk," said Walsh. "If he runs away, and well he may — so the government is \$5 million richer, so what."

A Nov. 1 preliminary hearing was scheduled. De Lorean listened intently as Minsky portrayed him as a selfless entrepreneur concerned only with saving his company.

De Lorean, unshaven and with his hands cuffed behind him, strode briskly through a mob of reporters and photographers outside the courtroom. His wife, international model Christina Ferrare, em-



John De Lorean

braced him when he entered the courtroom and the couple spoke briefly.

When a reporter shouted, "How are you holding out?" De Lorean replied in a clear voice, "Fine — so far."

"The man must have been driven to distraction to try and raise the money in order to re-create his dream."

Ben Wilson

The 57-year-old former General Motors executive was "financier" of the drug operation, according to Richard T. Bretzing, special agent in charge of the Los Angeles FBI office. Bretzing said De Lorean had several pounds of cocaine with him when arrested Tuesday.

Also charged were William Morgan Hetrick, 50, owner of a Mojave, Calif., aircraft service company, and Stephen Lee Arrington, 34, of San Diego, described as a Hetrick associate. The three were accused of conspiring to distribute cocaine and possession of cocaine with intent to distribute.

Trapper found guilty in officers' deaths

CALDWELL, Idaho (AP) — A jury found trapper Claude L. Dallas guilty Wednesday of voluntary manslaughter in the shooting deaths of two Idaho fish and game officers.

Dallas, 32, was charged with first-degree murder in the shooting deaths on Jan. 5, 1981, of officers Bill Pogue, 50, and Conley Elms, 34. He claimed he acted in self defense when he gunned down the two officers at his remote southwestern Idaho camp.

The verdict was returned more than a week after a panel of 10 women and two men started deliberating following a month-long trial. On Tuesday, one original juror was dismissed and an alternate seated.

Dallas, who was captured and brought to trial after months as a fugi-

tive, was acquitted on a charge of resisting an officer, but convicted of destroying or concealing evidence.

The voluntary manslaughter charges carry a maximum sentence of 10 years in prison and a \$2,000 fine on each count.

Jury alternate Joyce Blanksma was recalled Tuesday afternoon and reported to work Wednesday along with the nine other women and two men on the panel. The jury first started deliberations last Wednesday.

Third District Judge Edward Lodge replaced juror Jimmie Hurley of Caldwell with Mrs. Blanksma because the original juror discussed during deliberations information she had heard or read before the trial.

"We all certainly appreciate the terrible imposition we are making on you," Lodge said. He told jurors they virtually would have to start deliberations anew, and "set aside" their five days of work "as if they never occurred."

Lodge ordered the trial of the bearded trapper to resume despite a plea from prosecutors for a mistrial. Defense lawyers, and Dallas himself, urged Lodge to let the remaining 11 jurors decide the case.

Mrs. Hurley said late Tuesday in an interview that another female juror had targeted her for dismissal from the panel since the first day of deliberations last week.

"They felt I had a closed mind," she said. But she said the information she

remembered hearing did not influence her own deliberations in the case.

She said a witness' testimony during the trial jogged her memory about the material she had read or heard about the case. But she said she didn't bring it up until Monday.

Tuesday's events provided one of the most dramatic points in the month-long trial, along with Dallas' testimony nearly two weeks ago when he gave authorities directions to Pogue's windswept gravesite in the northern Nevada desert.

Mrs. Hurley would not disclose what it was she had heard or read.

But defense attorney Bill Mauk said "she believes one witness is lying and the other is not."

NEUTRAL SPORTS © BOOTH'S DISTILLERY, LINCOLN, N.J. 1982

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Chicago authorities said they had no concrete evidence that Arnold, 48, was the "madman" who planted cyanide in capsules of Extra-Strength Tylenol and killed seven Chicago-area residents. Charged with possessing unregistered firearms, Arnold was released on \$6,000 bond.

Almost as soon as Arnold was released last week, the investigation took another dramatic turn. The break came when the investigation of a \$1 million extortion letter sent to Tylenol's manufacturer led Chicago authorities to a Chicago travel agency—and then to Robert Richardson, the husband of a former employee. Richardson's handwriting allegedly matched that on the extortion letter, and authorities issued a warrant for his arrest. Police in Kansas City recognized Richardson's picture on the TV news as that of James Lewis, a tax accountant charged in 1978 with the murder of an elderly man whose lismembered, partially mummified body was found in an attic. The case had been dismissed when a judge ruled that evidence belonging to Lewis, including textbooks that discussed the use of poisons, had been seized illegally. But Lewis was still being sought in connection with real-estate swindles and phony credit-card purchases.

Prints: Police in Amarillo, Texas, reported that Lewis's picture closely resembled a composite sketch of a suspect in a \$100,000 wel robbery two weeks ago, and the FBI began a nationwide manhunt. In Chicago, authorities stressed that they still had no evidence linking Lewis, alias Richardson, to the actual poisonings. But late last week his fingerprints were flown to the FBI in Washington for comparison with partial prints found on contaminated Tylenol bottles.

Meanwhile, federal Food and Drug Administration officials continued to receive reports of illnesses and deaths possibly related to Tylenol, but none proved to have any link to the Chicago poisonings. Drug manufacturers and federal officials moved ahead with efforts to develop national standards for making all over-the-counter medications tamper-resistant. A drug-injury task force recommended that the standards allow for a variety of protective packages, and FDA commissioner Arthur Hays Sulzberger Jr. told a House subcommittee that regulations would be ready by early next month. But Hayes said that it could still be six months before all manufacturers could produce the new forms of packaging, and he stressed that even then it will be up to consumers to "look at the medicine they take" to see that seals and wrappers have not been broken. Meanwhile, the FDA quietly began to design a more efficient system for quick reporting of poisoning incidents: under the present system, officials warned, incidents similar to the Tylenol poisonings could go unnoticed for years.

MELINDA BECK with SYLVESTER MONROE in Chicago and JERRY BUCKLEY in Washington



David Denney—Idaho Statesman

REWARD

UP TO

\$20,000

For information leading to the Arrest and Conviction of

CLAUDE LAFAYETTE DALLAS, JR.

for the Murder of two Idaho Fish and Game Officers on January 5, 1981.

- Date of Birth: 3-11-50
- Height: 5' 10"
- Weight: 180 lbs.
- Brown Hair (may be shoulder length)
- Brown Eyes
- May have full beard
- Wears glasses
- Social Security No. 270-49-0298

Subject is an accomplished trapper and shooter.

SUBJECT IS ARMED AND EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.

CONTACT — Sheriff Tim Nettleton, Owyhee County, Idaho • Murphy, Idaho 83650 — (208) 456-2441

Dallas after capture: Dead or alive

A Wild West Trial in Idaho

*Earl just wanted to live free, just the same as you and me,
But the game laws said, "Oh no!" So
this free soul had to go.
And his flight was called a crime,
although in an earlier time,
He'd have been a mountain man
instead of shot down in his prime.*
—"Ballad of Earl Durand," Charlie Brown*

Claude Dallas Jr., 32, had fled the crush of civilization and settled into the rugged, sunbaked corner frontier of Idaho, Nevada and Oregon when he was only 18. He became a crack shot, an expert trapper and a master at wilderness survival. Then, in 1981, he also became one of the most wanted men in the country: he gunned down two Idaho game wardens who had come to his camp to investigate complaints that he was poaching deer and bobcat. Dallas fled into the vast, vacant stretches of southwestern Idaho's sparsely populated Owyhee County and eluded capture for 15 months. But unlike Earl Durand, who died in a shoot-out with police in 1939, Dallas lived to tell his own story—before a jury in Idaho.

Dallas, the son of an Ohio dairy farmer, is accused of getting a quick-draw advantage on the two game wardens, dropping them with pistol shots and then executing them with two shots each to the head from a .22-caliber rifle. The nationwide manhunt for the renegade trapper ended last April when authorities received a tip that he was holed up at a Nevada trailer camp less than 50 miles from where they had first lost track of him. Armed with submachine guns, high-powered rifles and grenade launchers, lawmen arrested Dallas after a volley of bullets left him wounded in the heel. Last month Dallas went on trial in Canyon

County, Idaho, for first-degree murder.

Dallas admits that he killed the wardens, but argues that he acted in self-defense. Much of the defense testimony focused on the character of one of the slain wardens, Bill Pogue, an Idaho conservation officer for 15 years. During the three weeks of trial, Dallas's attorney presented a parade of witnesses who testified that Pogue was overzealous. And Dallas himself claimed that Pogue was determined to take him, dead or alive. "He said, 'You can go easy or you can go hard,'" the defendant recalled. Asked by his lawyer what he thought the warden meant by that, Dallas responded, "Hard is only one way—and that's dead."

Star Witness: The prosecution's star witness was James Stevens, a friend of Dallas's who had arrived at his camp with fresh supplies early on the day of the murders. Stevens testified that the wardens, armed with a misdemeanor warrant, arrived to find venison hanging at Dallas's campsite. Embarrassed for his friend, Stevens turned his back. Moments later, Stevens heard shooting. "I'm sorry I got you into this, buddy," Dallas told him. "You got to help me." Dallas then dumped the body of Conley Elms, 34, into the Owyhee River and hauled the body of Bill Pogue, 50, out of the canyon and hid it in the desert. Stevens reported the killings the next day.

Last week the case went to the jury—and the verdict was uncertain. "People in this part of the country live in their own world and by their own rules," says June McMahon, co-owner of a local newspaper. "Here you have a perfect example of a world of the past colliding with the world of the present one time too many." Dallas's real crime may be that he was born 150 years too late for the Wild West life he wanted.

*1967 Broadside Records.

CONNIE LESLIE with JOHN ACCOLA in Idaho

Dallas nominated to FBI list

U.P. International

Gov. John Evans on Friday asked the FBI to place Claude Lafayette Dallas Jr., who is wanted in the slayings of two Idaho Fish and Game officers last year, on the agency's 10 Most Wanted List.

Dallas is a suspect in the shooting deaths of conservation officers William Pogue and Wilson Conley Elms on Jan. 5, 1981, in Owyhee County.

In a letter to FBI Director William Webster Evans said interest in the case and the apprehension of Dallas remains high in Idaho.

Evans urged the designation of Dallas as one of the FBI's 10 Most Wanted because such action "would automatically elevate the case and would ensure that even greater efforts are directed toward his capture."



Claude Dallas

The governor said he was confident that Dallas would be caught.

However, FBI officials in Washington, D.C., said they would have to capture one of the fugitives presently listed as the 10 Most Wanted before Dallas could be considered as an addition to the slate.

They said it takes four to six weeks after a fugitive on the Most Wanted List is captured before the nomination for his replacement begins.

The Idaho STATESMAN

Boise, Saturday, March 13, 1982

PAGE 3B

2.18% at NNC

7 Voice of the Trapper Vol. 22. #3, July 1982

Sandy - The Article I gave you last week regarding
~~the~~ Dallas being caught by the F.B.I. came
from the above.

Thanks for Lenny the Book. TBD

mm

The Idaho Statesman
Boise 10/20/82

Juror booted; Dallas 12 gets order to restart

By GARY STRAUSS
The Idaho Statesman

CALDWELL — Third District Judge Edward Lodge ordered the jury deliberating murder charges against Claude Dallas to "start anew" Tuesday after he discharged a woman because of potentially damaging information she may have provided to fellow jurors.

Lodge replaced juror Jimmie Hurley — a 42-year-old freelance writer from Caldwell — with an alternate juror after Owyhee County Prosecutor Clayton Andersen asked the judge to declare a mistrial in the 4-week-old murder case that the jury has been deliberating for six days.

Andersen's motion for a mistrial was prompted by a note sent to Lodge Monday afternoon by jury foreman Milo Moore concerning Hurley's conduct during deliberations.

Lodge rejected Andersen's request but told the remaining nine women and two male jurors to set

aside nearly 40 hours of deliberations and begin again after replacing Hurley with Joyce Blanksma, one of two alternate jurors who heard testimony in the case.

"Start deliberating again from the beginning, setting aside your earlier deliberations as though they never occurred," Lodge said. "I know it's a terrible imposition to ask of you, but I'm sure you realize the importance of this case. This is a terrible thing that has happened, but it's something we could not avoid."

Blanksma and a second alternate, John Rogers, were discharged from the case shortly before jurors began deliberating the murder charges against Dallas last Wednesday.

During a hearing Tuesday morning, Lodge and attorneys avoided asking jurors specific questions about what Hurley had said or done during about 40 hours of deliberations, but there were indications that Hurley had introduced some beliefs or opinions

(See DALLAS, Back Page)

Dismissed juror tells of early removal tries

By JOHN ACCOLA
The Idaho Statesman

The juror who was dismissed Tuesday from the murder trial of Claude Dallas said efforts to remove her began the first day the panel met behind closed doors one week ago.

"I think they have just been looking for some excuse to get me out since then," said Jimmie Hurley, 42, who said at least one of the jurors requested on the first day of deliberations that she be replaced by an alternate juror.

Hurley, who would not identify the jurors or reveal the position she took in the jury room, said several members on the 10-woman, two-man panel tried to oust her "because they didn't agree with me."

"They felt I had a closed mind coming in," said Hurley, a Caldwell publicist and mother of two teen-age daughters.

A former newspaper reporter and editor, Hurley was the first

Jimmie
Hurley



among nearly 50 prospective jurors interviewed by attorneys in the case when jury selection for the trial began Sept. 8.

But on Tuesday — after six days of stalemated deliberations — Hurley was ordered off the jury by Third District Judge Edward Lodge, who said the former panelist had discussed with other jurors something she had heard

(See JUROR, Back Page)

Reason for new juror breaks tradition

MICHAEL ZUZEL
The Idaho Statesman

The use of alternate jurors in long criminal trials is not extraordinary, several Idaho legal experts said Tuesday.

However, the reason a substitute jury member was needed in the first-degree murder trial of Claude Dallas is unusual, they said.

"Their usual function is to replace someone who has taken ill or for some other reason cannot serve," said Sheldon Vincenti, dean of the University of Idaho School of Law.

Third District Judge Edward Lodge on Tuesday dismissed juror Jimmie Hurley during the sixth day of deliberations after there were indications she had introduced some beliefs or opinions she obtained before the trial began.

Owyhee County Prosecutor Clayton Andersen moved that a mistrial be declared, while defense attorneys asked that deliberations continue with a 11-member jury.

In resolving the situation,

Lodge called upon one of the two alternate jurors appointed at the start of the trial, and ordered deliberations to resume.

Lodge, who said earlier that the six-day deliberations were the longest he has presided over in 21 years as a magistrate and district judge, told reporters Tuesday that it was the first time he could recall when he had replaced a juror after deliberations had begun.

None of the other members of the legal profession contacted Tuesday could recall a specific instance when a juror was discharged for a similar reason.

Section 19 of the Idaho Code provides for the appointment of substitute jurors in the case of "protracted" trials.

The Code lists death or illness of jury member, or the death of juror's immediate family, as reasons to call an alternate juror to active duty.

"Usually you decide to have alternate jurors if the case is going to go on for more than a week," said 4th District Judge Gerald Schroeder. "But it's at the judges

discretion — there's no hard or fast rule."

Considering the difficulties in selecting impartial juries, the developments in the Dallas trial are not surprising, Schroeder said.

"It's very difficult to determine these problems in advance," he said. "It requires a lot of work for which there may not always be time."

Schroeder said Lodge probably could have chosen to declare a mistrial, or could have continued deliberations with 11 jurors.

Bill Mauk, defense attorney for Dallas, said his client was willing to continue the case with a reduced jury.

But Vincenti said he was not sure an 11-person jury would have been a legally acceptable alternative.

"The size of a jury is prescribed by the Idaho Constitution," he said. "The defendant can't waive a jury trial in a murder case, so I'm not sure you could go with just an 11-person jury."

Dave Nevin, deputy Ada County public defender, agreed, saying that the 11-member jury "may

not have been an option for the court."

Nevin said he thought the use of an alternate juror in the case was appropriate, and that declaring a mistrial might have proven too costly.

"You have to understand that cost is a legitimate consideration," he said. "There is a tremendous backlog in the (court) system, and trials take a tremendous amount of time and money. I think the judge's decision is understandable. ... It sounds like a good resolution of the problem to me."

The two alternate jurors in the Dallas case sat with the jury throughout the trial and listened to all of the testimony, but were not sequestered with the rest of jury and were discharged at the start of deliberations.

Both Nevin and Schroeder said an alternate juror can remain impartial, even though not sequestered.

"But that might be a good argument to sequester the substitute jurors with the rest of the jury," Nevin said.

Dallas

(Continued from Page 1A)

about Dallas she had either heard or read before the trial began in mid-September.

A gag order imposed by Lodge before the start of the trial has prevented attorneys from discussing the case.

The issue was referred to only as "extraneous information" presented to jurors outside the testimony they heard during the trial.

In an interview with reporters Tuesday evening, Hurley declined to give details about what she had told other jurors.

The remaining jurors told Lodge on Tuesday that what Hurley had told them would not influence or alter their deliberations.

Following Lodge's ruling Tuesday afternoon, Blanksma and the remaining jurors returned to

their deliberation room, and at the judge's orders, elected a new foreman and began reviewing testimony and evidence.

Most of the jurors appeared tired and haggard and one woman was in tears before leaving the courtroom.

The jurors met for two hours before they were sequestered Tuesday night at a Caldwell motel. Lodge said they would begin working on the case again at 9 a.m. today.

Dallas, 32, is charged with the January 1981 slayings of Idaho Fish and Game officers Conley Elms and William Pogue.

Andersen first asked for a mistrial early Tuesday morning and again shortly before noon.

"Because of misconduct by a juror, there is no choice but to re-

solve the situation by mistrial," Andersen said.

Defense co-counsel Bill Mauk rejected Andersen's statements, and said that the trial should continue with 11 jurors.

"It astounds one to think that the prosecutor in this case, who has spent nearly two years accumulating evidence and one month at trial — at considerable expense to Owyhee and Canyon counties — now wants to declare a mistrial and proceed again against Mr. Dallas," Mauk said. "We would stipulate to a mistrial only if the charges were dismissed and no additional charges are filed."

Mauk said it was unlikely that another impartial jury could be impaneled because of the widespread publicity surrounding the case.

Dallas himself told Lodge that he was willing to let the jury continue deliberating with 11 members.

"I would waive the right, your honor, to a 12-member jury," Dallas said. "I would like to continue with an 11-member jury regardless of the outcome."

Lodge said he would have preferred to let the remaining 11 jurors deliberate the case, but said under Idaho law he was unsure whether an 11-member jury could render a valid verdict.

"The problem I have is the Idaho Constitution concerning the waiver of both parties," Lodge said. "It's not a unanimous situation. One district judge has said you can and one said you can't. It's on appeal."

Juror

(Continued from Page 1A)

or read about the case before the trial began.

Although the prosecution called for a mistrial, Lodge replaced Hurley with an alternate juror and ordered the reorganized panel to begin its deliberations all over again.

Hurley — now a public relations official for the Snake River Stampede Rodeo in Nampa — refused to disclose the information she remembered reading or hearing.

However, she said it would not have influenced her reasoning or the opinions of other jurors in reaching a verdict.

Hurley also said there were other jurors who took her position

in the deliberations. But because of her strong views, she said the reorganized jury will probably find it easier to reach a verdict.

"I feel in many trials such as this the verdict is not necessarily the one that should be arrived at," she said. "But it's a matter of who is the strongest wearing down the weakest."

Interviewed Tuesday evening in Meridian where she was attending her daughters' high school volleyball match, Hurley said she did not intentionally mislead the court or jury.

While refusing to discuss specifically about what led to her dismissal, Hurley said the the issue had to do with something she had read or heard in 1981 about the

double homicide, but had later forgotten until the trial was well under way. During the testimony of a witness, however, Hurley said she suddenly recalled what she had forgotten.

"It triggered a memory of something I read ... or about what somebody had told me," Hurley said.

"I didn't want to say anything about it to the others because I didn't want to it to influence them."

Hurley said she kept the information to herself until Monday, the fifth day of the deliberations.

The jurors were concerned about the new information they had learned, Hurley said, and sent

a note about it to the judge asking for his advice.

"I asked if I could send my note to go along with it, and they voted me down," said Hurley.

"I haven't done anything wrong," she added. "... I don't think anyone who has been through something like this can understand what it's like. It's been the most traumatic thing that has happened to me."

"But after that many days of arguing and badgering you're not as sharp or as alert to figure these things out."

Asked if she thought the newly organized jury will be able to reach a fair and impartial verdict, Hurley said, "I have no idea."

Sandy -

Here are some articles for the Dallas Life.

Bill

Dallas convicted in F&G deaths

Jury returns lesser verdict of voluntary manslaughter

By GARY STRAUSS
The Idaho Statesman

CALDWELL — Claude Lafayette Dallas Jr., charged with first-degree murder in the



Claude Dallas

deaths of two Idaho Fish and Game officers, was convicted Wednesday on lesser charges of voluntary manslaughter — a verdict that disappointed both prosecuting and defense attorneys. A 10-woman, two-man 3rd District Court jury reached its verdict against the 32-year-old Virginia native about 12:15 p.m. Wednesday — climaxing a trial that began Sept. 8 and concluded with nearly seven days of jury deliberations.

Verdict shocks, disappoints families of slain officers

By BOB KEEFER
The Idaho Statesman

The families of Conley Elms and William Pogue expressed bitter disappointment Wednesday that 3rd District Court jurors found trapper Claude Dallas Jr. guilty of manslaughter and not first-degree murder in the two game wardens' deaths.

But the convicted killer's father insisted his son could only have been driven to shoot the two officers by great provocation.

"I feel really, really let down," said Carol Elms, sister-in-law of Conley Elms. "This man killed two of the greatest guys. It's just appalling."

Her husband, Michael, a game warden

Also inside:

- Trial highlights — Page 7A
- Dismissal debated — Page 7A
- Idahoans react — Page 1C

Sentencing has been tentatively scheduled for Dec. 1.

Dallas was "not satisfied" with the verdict and may file an appeal, defense attorneys Mike Donnelly and Bill Mauk said.

"He wanted a not-guilty verdict on all counts, but when you are dealing with a law-enforcement official or a police officer in an altercation that ends in a shooting, there is a tendency to give more credit to the prosecution's case," Donnelly told reporters after he and Mauk were greeted by applause from a handful of Dallas supporters at the Canyon County Courthouse.

"My perception of the verdict is that if we (See VERDICT, Page 7A)

like his brother, was working in the field until late Wednesday and could not be reached for comment.

Mrs. Elms said the jury's verdict makes her want to ask her husband to quit his job. "You know, my husband has been threatened so many times," the Mountain Home woman said. "And now these women (10 of the 12 jurors were women) let the man off. It's not enough. It's just not enough."

Neither Elms' nor Pogue's wives could be reached for comment Wednesday.

Pogue's wife, Dee, left her home in Boise shortly after hearing of the verdict on the radio Wednesday afternoon, and will be

(See FAMILY, Page 7A)



Jury foreman Milo Moore heads home after week of deliberations

Final shots prevented acquittal

By JOHN ACCOLA
The Idaho Statesman

Claude Dallas Jr. probably would have been acquitted had he not fired final shots into the heads of William Pogue and Conley Elms, said the foreman of the 12-member jury that found the Nevada trapper guilty of manslaughter Wednesday.

"We just figured Pogue drew his gun and Dallas was a better marksman, that he was put in a position of self-defense," said Milo Moore, the 45-year-old Caldwell shopkeeper who presided over some 45 hours of jury deliberations.

"Dallas was a faster draw. He won out."

However, Moore said, the panel concluded Dallas went beyond an act of self-defense when he ran inside his tent, emerged with a .22-caliber rifle and pumped one more bullet into the head of each game warden.

In reaching their final decision, Moore said the jurors figured Dallas, a crack marksman, had used "excess force" and thus went beyond his claim of justifiable homicide.

During his day of testimony at the four-week trial, Dallas said the two Idaho game officers, armed with a misdemeanor warrant, came to his camp in Owhyee County to arrest him for poaching deer and bobcat. Pogue was "on the fight" and threatened to "carry" him out, Dallas said.

As Elms stood by, Dallas said, Pogue was the first to go for his gun. "Pogue said, 'I'll carry you out' — that's when he went for his gun . . . I just reacted to it."

Whether Pogue actually fired a (See JURORS, Page 7A)

TR IDAHO STATESMAN
10/24/82
BOISE, IDAHO

Sandy,
Could you keep this
index file. Bill

Dallas trial

By RAY SOTERO
The Idaho Statesman

What began 22 months ago as a showdown between two Idaho Fish and Game officers and a trapper camped in the desert ended Wednesday with the manslaughter conviction of Claude Dallas Jr.

Dallas' monthlong trial for the January 1981 slayings of game officers William Pogue and Conley Elms was one of the longest criminal trials in Idaho history and included one of the longest jury deliberations — seven days.

The trial was highlighted by:

● **Dallas' own testimony of the shootings.**

As Dallas told it, the Jan. 5, 1981, shootings occurred in a remote, sagebrush-covered desert canyon where he had been camping for about a month. He admitted to shooting three deer out of season to survive.

When Pogue and Elms came to investigate, Dallas said, Pogue was hostile.

"Pogue seemed like he was primed to fight. He read me the riot act," Dallas told the jury, recalling the first minutes of the ill-fated meeting with the veteran game officers. "I've never been approached like that."

The game officers saw venison hanging outside Dallas' tent and found two bobcat hides in his tent. Dallas demanded a search warrant. An argument ensued over whether Dallas would be issued a citation or be arrested for taking

It's all history now

Dallas trial provided spellbinding drama

game out of season.

Said Dallas: "I thought it was unreasonable for him to cite me, given the conditions I was living under and where I was."

He testified that Pogue said: "You can go easy or you can go hard, Dallas, it doesn't make any difference to me."

"I understood that only one way — that's dead," Dallas testified.

"I told Pogue — 'You're out of your mind — you can't shoot a man over game violations.'"

Dallas testified that Pogue responded by saying: "We'll carry you out."

"That's when he went for his gun. I just reacted to it," Dallas testified. "I went for my gun. We fired. Pogue's gun went off. I spun around — Elms was going for his gun. I fired at him. Pogue was bearing down on me, and I fired again."

"I felt it was justifiable homicide," Dallas said. "Everytime I moved, Pogue's hand was on his gun. I gave them no reason for that. I was treated like I had just robbed a bank."

Dallas said he then emptied his .357-Magnum revolver into both men. He then grabbed a .22-caliber rifle and shot both men in the back of the head.

Dallas' friend, Jim Stevens, was at the site the day of the shooting. Stevens, whose testimony partially corroborated Dallas' testimony, had testified earlier that he ran from the site after the shootings, fearing Dallas would kill him, too. But Dallas told Stevens he'd shoot himself before shooting a friend.

● **Dallas identifying the location of Pogue's body — but not Pogue's gun.**

Dallas admitted burying Pogue's body in a shallow grave in the northern Nevada desert, and under cross-examination, he pinpointed the location of the gravesite. Authorities found Pogue's body later that day.

But they never found Pogue's gun, which Dallas said he buried in another location. He could not recall where.

Dallas also admitted throwing Elms' body into the South Fork of the Owyhee River.

Prosecutors later charged that Po-

gue's gun would have confirmed Dallas' story that he acted in self-defense and that Pogue fired his gun.

● **Conflicting testimony by pathologists.**

Pocatello pathologist Charles Garrison, who performed the autopsy on Elms' body, testified that Elms suffered the first of three bullet wounds in the back.

However, Boise pathologist Frank Roberts, who reviewed Garrison's findings as a defense witness, said Garrison had made a mistake and that he was "97 percent sure" it was an exit wound, not an entrance wound, in Elms' back.

● **Testimony about Pogue's character.**

The reputation of Pogue — an accomplished artist who was fond of drawing pictures of trappers and wildlife — was raised repeatedly by the defense.

Defense testimony painted an aggressive and hostile picture of Pogue. One witness, a Southern Baptist minister, said Pogue had a reputation as a "hard

nosed so-and-so" among northern Nevada residents.

Several defense witnesses testified that Pogue, a longtime Idaho and Nevada fish and game officer and former Winnemucca, Nev., police chief, had been hostile and belligerent toward them in incidents dating back 20 years.

But prosecutors summoned 19 character witnesses to counter that testimony, instead showing Pogue as a strict game warden who was a stickler for enforcing the law.

● **The trial itself.**

Presiding 3rd District Court Judge Edward Lodge said the jury's seven days of deliberations following the trial — estimated to cost \$100,000 — was the longest he had seen in his 21-year career as a magistrate and district court judge.

On Tuesday, the sixth day of deliberations, Lodge dismissed one juror because of potentially damaging information she may have provided to fellow jurors. Avoiding a mistrial, Lodge replaced the juror with an alternate.

The jury returned its verdicts Wednesday after five hours of deliberations.

During brief sessions in court outside of their deliberations, jurors — some in tears — had repeatedly asked Lodge for additional instructions or further legal explanations.

The jury waded through the testimony of more than 80 witnesses and dozens of exhibits.

Verdict

(Continued from Page 1A)

were dealing with other individuals, the verdict would have been 'not guilty on all counts,' Donnelly said.

"There's some pleasure in saving a man's life, but there's no pleasure in knowing that Claude Dallas could spend a long time in jail," Mauk said.

Owyhee County Prosecutor Clayton Andersen also was unhappy. He called the verdicts "a tremendous injustice."

Dallas appeared dejected but said little in court upon hearing the verdict. He later was led by armed guards to his Canyon County Jail cell.

Clayton Andersen



about 16 months after the shootings before he was apprehended by federal authorities near Paradise Hill, Nev., last April.



Jurors---

(Continued from Page 1A)

shot before Dallas gunned him and his partner down remained a question with the jurors, Moore said.

"Nobody knows for sure," Moore said in an interview less than three hours after the jury delivered its verdict.

Another juror, retired Nampa rancher W.H. "Bill" Lewis, said Pogue and Elms seemed to be overstepping their official duties by insisting to take Dallas in for the poaching violations.

"We just thought the wardens were overbearing," said Lewis, an avid hunter and outdoorsman familiar with the state's game laws.

A third juror, Shelda Talich, Nampa, said witnesses called by

years each on the manslaughter charges, and up to 15 years for each of two additional charges of using a firearm during the commission of a crime. He also was found guilty of obstructing or concealing evidence, a misdemeanor that carries a maximum six-month sentence.

The jury acquitted Dallas on a fourth charge of resisting arrest.

Donnelly said he would ask presiding Judge Edward Lodge later this week to release Dallas on bail while awaiting sentencing.

Andersen and deputy Idaho Attorney General Michael Kennedy had contended that Dallas murdered the veteran game wardens in January 1981 at his remote Owyhee County campsite because he did not want to be arrested for game violations.

But Dallas, who took the stand in his own behalf, testified that he shot the men in self-defense after Pogue threatened him and drew his weapon.

Dallas eluded authorities for

head with a .22-caliber rifle. Dallas later dumped Elms' partially clad body in the South Fork of the Owyhee River and hid Pogue's body in a shallow gravesite in the northern Nevada desert where he fled after the shootings. As defined by Idaho law, voluntary manslaughter is "the unlawful killing of a human being, without malice — upon a sudden quarrel or heat of passion."

"I thought it was first-degree murder or I wouldn't have prosecuted Dallas for first-degree murder," Andersen said. "I think he lied on the witness stand."

"The Claude Dallas who was in the courtroom and the Claude Dallas (at the shooting scene) are two different individuals," Andersen said. "I think the jurors believed who they saw and heard on the witness stand. No one will be able to convince me otherwise. This is a verdict the jury will have to live with."

"There isn't anything the state could have done in the case that we could have done better," he said.

Family

(Continued from Page 1A)

gone for the rest of the week, the couple's daughter said.

"She was let down and surprised," said 17-year-old Kathi Pogue, who added her mother did not want to comment on the verdict.

"I'm disappointed," the girl added. "I thought he'd get more. But it's all done with, so there's nothing you can do about it."

Kathi Pogue said she thought Dallas was not convicted of murder because her father could not be at the trial to defend himself against defense contentions that he was an aggressive, overbearing officer.

"There were a lot of people saying my father was an S.O.B.," she said. "They (the jurors) didn't know my dad, so he was just a stranger to them. But they sympathized with Dallas."

The slain officer's son, Steve Pogue, refused to discuss the verdict with The Statesman, accus-

ing the newspaper of "biased reporting" of the trial. "They printed just about every word the defense said, and never anything about what the prosecution was doing," he said.

Pogue, 29, Horseshoe Bend, told United Press International he was "shocked and depressed" about the news. "The evidence was so overwhelming against the man," he said.

Dallas' father, Claude Dallas Sr., heard about the verdict from his son's lawyers Wednesday.

"I'm disappointed," he said from his home in Myrtle Beach, S.C. "I know my son as well as anyone. It took a lot to provoke that boy to do what they said he did."

The father blamed the deaths of the two officers on their "arrogant, hard-nosed approach," compounded by his son's isolation as a wilderness trapper.

"Claude Jr. is not a violent man at all," he said.

By JOHN ACCOLA
The Idaho Statesman

The juror dismissed from the murder trial of Claude Dallas Jr. said there would have been a hung jury had she been allowed to remain throughout the deliberations.

"If they hadn't gotten rid of me, it would have been a hung jury," said Jimmie Hurley, 42, who was dismissed from the panel one day before it found Dallas guilty of manslaughter in the shooting deaths of William Pogue and Conley Elms.

Hurley, a free-lance writer and publicist for the Snake River Stampede in



Statesman photo by Dean Koepfler

Defense attorneys Bill Mauk, left, and Michael Donnelly discuss verdict

Andersen had asked Lodge to declare a mistrial in the case Tuesday after learning that juror Jimmie Hurley had brought "extraneous information" into the deliberations. Hurley later said the information involved something she had heard or read before the trial began.

But Lodge refused to end the trial and after discharging Hurley Tuesday afternoon, ordered the jury to begin deliberations anew with Joyce Blanksma, one of two alternate jurors who heard testimony in the case.

The jury spent only five hours

reviewing the case Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning before reaching its verdict.

Reflecting on his decision to seek a mistrial, Andersen said: "If I was going for a popularity contest, I wouldn't have moved for a mistrial. But I didn't agree with Hurley's removal. I think the court erred."

Andersen said Lodge may have ruled to continue the trial because "it was economically wise to continue."

Owyhee County officials have estimated the trial could cost nearly \$100,000.

Mauk, who had fought against Andersen's bid for a mistrial, said it was Dallas' decision to continue the trial.

"It was his choice, and we believe he made the right choice," he said.

Mauk called Dee Pogue and Cheri Elms — widows of the slain game officers — "innocent victims" of what transpired at Dallas' trapping camp.

"We all hope this closes the book on this unfortunate situation for each of them and that they can now get on with their lives," Mauk said.

Brother fumes over verdict

Ed Pogue plans to sue Dallas

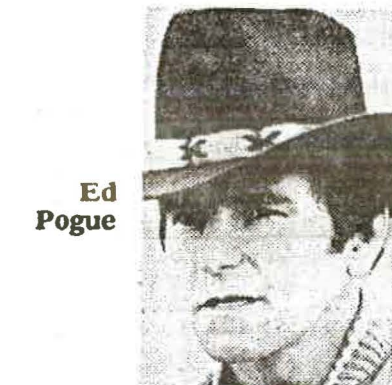
By ELLEN MARKS
U.P. International

The brother of slain Idaho game warden William Pogue says his family plans to file a wrongful death lawsuit against Nevada trapper Claude Dallas, who was found guilty of manslaughter in the shooting deaths of Pogue and another officer.

Ed Pogue, 41, said Wednesday his family has met with an attorney and has agreed to sue the 32-year-old trapper. He said he does not know when the suit will be filed or how much in damages the family will ask because the plans "are in an early stage."

Pogue, a union representative in Bakersfield, Calif., expressed outrage that Dallas was not found guilty of first-degree murder in the shooting of his brother and fellow game warden Conley Elms.

Dallas apparently convinced



Ed Pogue

the jury he did not shoot the officers in cold blood last year when they came to his remote Owyhee County campsite to investigate a report of illegal trapping.

The defendant testified that he killed the officers in self-defense, claiming William Pogue acted with hostility and pulled a gun on him

"It's unbelievable," said Pogue, the slain officer's only brother. "It's a hell of a miscarriage of justice."

The former reserve deputy for the Kern County, Calif., Sheriff's Department said, "Every Fish and Game officer in Idaho and every cop is saying, 'How the hell can this happen?'"

Pogue said he did not consider the case over, but he did not say what other steps he would take.

"If you want justice in this country, you have to do it yourself," Pogue said. "I said he (Dallas) won't be allowed to get away with it, and he won't."

When asked what actions he might take, Pogue said he didn't know.

"Right now, I'm acting more on emotion rather than rationale," Pogue said. "I'm really upset about it."

ruled that Dallas was not guilty of either first- or second-degree murder of either game officer.

Within hours after the new jury had delivered its verdict and been dismissed, jury members rebutted parts of Hurley's story and defended their actions.

"She had her opinions formed before she came up here," said juror W.H. "Bill" Lewis, who confirmed Hurley had played a major part in prolonging the jury's deliberations.

But jury foreman Milo Moore said Hurley was by no means alone in stating her position during the deliberations. "It was

"We weren't at Bull Camp, but certainly character references on both sides played a big part," said Talich, a teacher's aid and mother of four.

Moore said an "awful lot" of the testimony of Jim Stevens, the state's star witness and the only eyewitness to the shootings, was disregarded because Stevens was unable to recall all that had taken place.

Although the 39-year-old Nevada rancher helped Dallas hide the bodies of the two wardens, Stevens testified Dallas never told him why he thought the shooting deaths were justifiable homicide.

"He (Stevens) wouldn't just be thinking about the facts. His mind might have been in other places," said Moore, who added that fatigue and shock obviously contributed to Steven's cloudy memory.

The jurors' attempts to analyze Dallas' motives in shooting each officer in the head after they had already been critically wounded was also complicated by the time factor, said Moore, noting that both Dallas and Stevens testified the shootings took place within a matter of seconds.

"It doesn't take very long to release six shells, six bullets from a pistol," Moore said. "You see, (Dallas) was in fear of his life, and if you are in fear of your life, it's very hard to calm down and rationalize. It's all one thing."

In addition to finding Dallas guilty of two counts of manslaughter in the deaths of Elms and Pogue, the jury also ruled that Dallas was guilty of two counts of using a firearm during a crime and one count of concealing evidence. The jury acquitted Dallas of resisting arrest.

Moore said the jurors weighed each of the five counts Dallas had been charged with separately, and that finding the trapper guilty of using a firearm as well as concealing evidence had little bearing on the manslaughter verdicts.

"He (Dallas) was in a unique set of circumstances," Moore said. "You just had to weigh all the facts. We went over and over on things that stood out, things that didn't look quite right to us."

Jurors debate dismissal

Panelist refused

liberations.

"We all felt we were honest and straightforward. I just couldn't understand why she did not bring it up before."

Although Hurley said the information she had learned would not have influenced her verdict, Moore said other members on the panel were not so sure.

Shiela Talich, another juror, said Lodge had cautioned the jurors before they were sequestered not to introduce any information in their discussions that had not been brought up in court.

"I guess someone standing up for their convictions is a courageous person, but

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(Continued from Page 1A)

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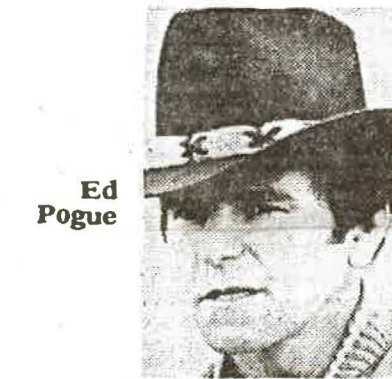
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Jurors debate dismissal

Panelist refused to budge on Elms

By JOHN ACCOLA
The Idaho Statesman

The juror dismissed from the murder trial of Claude Dallas Jr. said there would have been a hung jury had she been allowed to remain throughout the deliberations.

"If they hadn't gotten rid of me, it would have been a hung jury," said Jimmie Hurley, 42, who was dismissed from the panel one day before it found Dallas guilty of manslaughter in the shooting deaths of William Pogue and Conley Elms.

Hurley, a free-lance writer and publicist for the Snake River Stampede in Nampa, was the first of among nearly 50 prospective jurors interviewed by attorneys in the case when jury selection for the trial began Sept. 8.

But after six days of stalemated delib-

erations, Hurley was ordered off the jury Tuesday by 3rd District Judge Edward Lodge when it was revealed that she had discussed with other jurors something she had heard or read outside the courtroom. Although the prosecution called for a mistrial, Hurley was replaced with an alternate.

Hurley and three other jurors interviewed Wednesday declined to say what the information was that led to her dismissal.

"It was nothing to get kicked off for. It was so minor that if I told you, you'd probably laugh," said Hurley, who maintains there had been a concerted effort to oust her from the jury since deliberations began.

"What it was is I came down on Pogue but I wouldn't on Elms," Hurley said after learning the reorganized jury had

ruled that Dallas was not guilty of either first- or second-degree murder of either game officer.

Within hours after the new jury had delivered its verdict and been dismissed, jury members rebutted parts of Hurley's story and defended their actions.

"She had her opinions formed before she came up here," said juror W.H. "Bill" Lewis, who confirmed Hurley had played a major part in prolonging the jury's deliberations.

But jury foreman Milo Moore said Hurley was by no means alone in stating her position during the deliberations. "It was not just her who contributed to our problems in reaching a verdict," he said.

Moore said Hurley kept certain information she had learned outside the courtroom to herself until the fifth day of de-

liberations.

"We all felt we were honest and straightforward. I just couldn't understand why she did not bring it up before."

Although Hurley said the information she had learned would not have influenced her verdict, Moore said other members on the panel were not so sure.

Shielda Talich, another juror, said Lodge had cautioned the jurors before they were sequestered not to introduce any information in their discussions that had not been brought up in court.

"I guess someone standing up for their convictions is a courageous person, but only to a point," Talich said. "Where their convictions are not based on facts it ceases to be courageous and becomes an injustice."

Talich said all the jurors, including Hurley, left as friends.