THE HARD WAY

Jake Emery Bishop

1998

INDEX

FARMING IN MAINE IN THE '40's

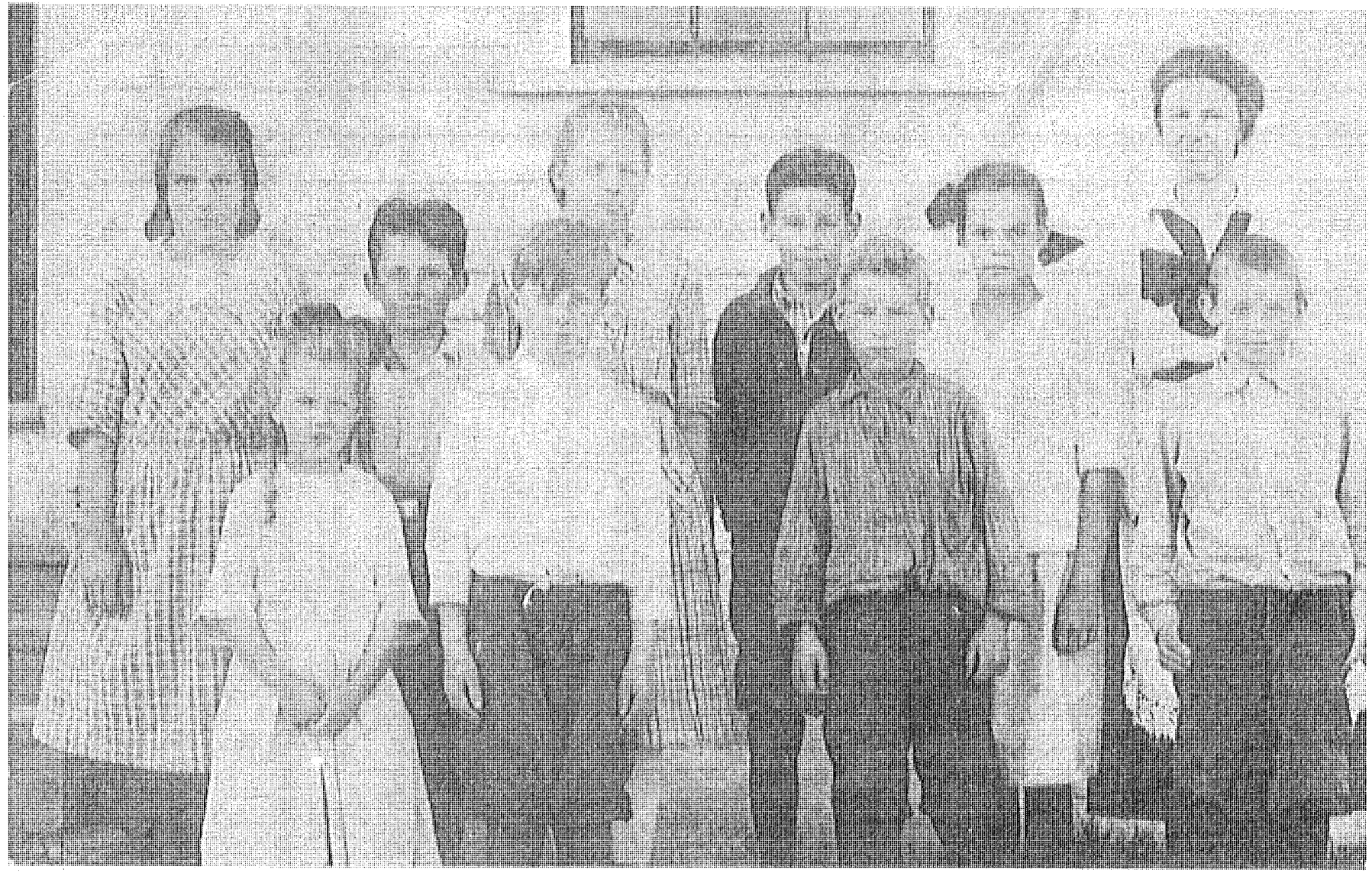
Dad always seemed to do everything the hard way. It's no wonder to me that none of the four kids ended up farmers. It didn't seem unusual at the time because I didn't know any different. But, as I got older, even I could see that people had found a better way.

Maybe it was because Dad was so old fashioned and set in his ways. Maybe it was because he was so conservative and stubborn. It's true, we did live way out in the country on dirt roads with no running water and no electricity. But, even after we got electricity and the roads improved, we still did it the hard way. Dad was a traditionalist! The product of the depression and a Puritan work ethic.

We lived on a Jersey Farm in Bowdoinham, Maine. Dad had been trained in agriculture at the University of Maine in Orono. He had gone there in 1923 out of Richmond High School. Being a great big fellow of 6'3" and 236 pounds, big for those times, he had played football at Maine, becoming an All-State Tackle. This was in the days when the squad was 15 men and they played the likes of Army, Yale and Dartmouth.

He also lettered in Cross Country, threw the hammer and javelin and lettered in track. He was in Lambda Chi Alpha Fraternity and earned his key in Alpha Zeta Nu, the highly acclaimed agriculture honor fraternity.

Dad had met Mother, Doris Bickmore of Stockton Springs, when they were teenagers. She had graduated from Higgins Classical Institute in Charleston, Maine and from Castine Normal School. She had come to teach at the Bishop School in Bowdoinham, probably for some sum like $8 per week, and room and board with



Bishop School, Bowdoinham, Maine
Fall 1921
Mother's First Teaching Job

Ruth Pratt, Hazel Hacket, Myron & Lorraine Heanie, Doris Bickmore
Evelyn Webber, Harold Hacket, Harris Hutchins, Maynard Hinkley

families. Dad always tried to claim that Mother had been his teacher at the Bishop School, but I believe, in actuality, that Dad had taught one winter at the Jellerson School on the Brown's Point Road, at the same time Mother was teaching at the Bishop School. This was after he had graduated from Richmond and before he had enough money to go to Maine.

Dad, Neil Sinclair Bishop, was born in Presque Isle, Maine in Aroostook County on November 10, 1903. Mother had been born on June 6, 1903, so she was five months older than Dad. He always told it as three years, such as; "I'm just past 49 and Becky is going on 51 so that's three years, 49, 50 and 51!"

I asked Dad once, "where did you ever get a name like Sinclair?" He told me that it was not uncommon in those times to pay someone to name a child after them. There had been a man named Sinclair who was an old batch with no children. He gave Grampy Bishop $5 to name Dad after him; a goodly sum in 1903. Dad didn't mind because when he got older, the man gave him a sheep, which must have been the beginning of Dad's agricultural empire!

Dad and Mother were married about 1925 when Dad was at Maine. My sister, Margaret Louise, was born in 1926.

Even though Dad once told me he had gone four years to Maine for $1,000 total, room board and tuition, he had done it all by working his way through. He waited tables in a dining hall for his meals and he cleaned a dorm for his board. But, tuition, books and incidentals required cash or scholarships. Dad and Mother had married, so he took off a year between his Sophomore and Junior year and worked. The record of "where" and doing "what" seems to be lost. The classes of 1927 and 1928 both claimed Dad as a

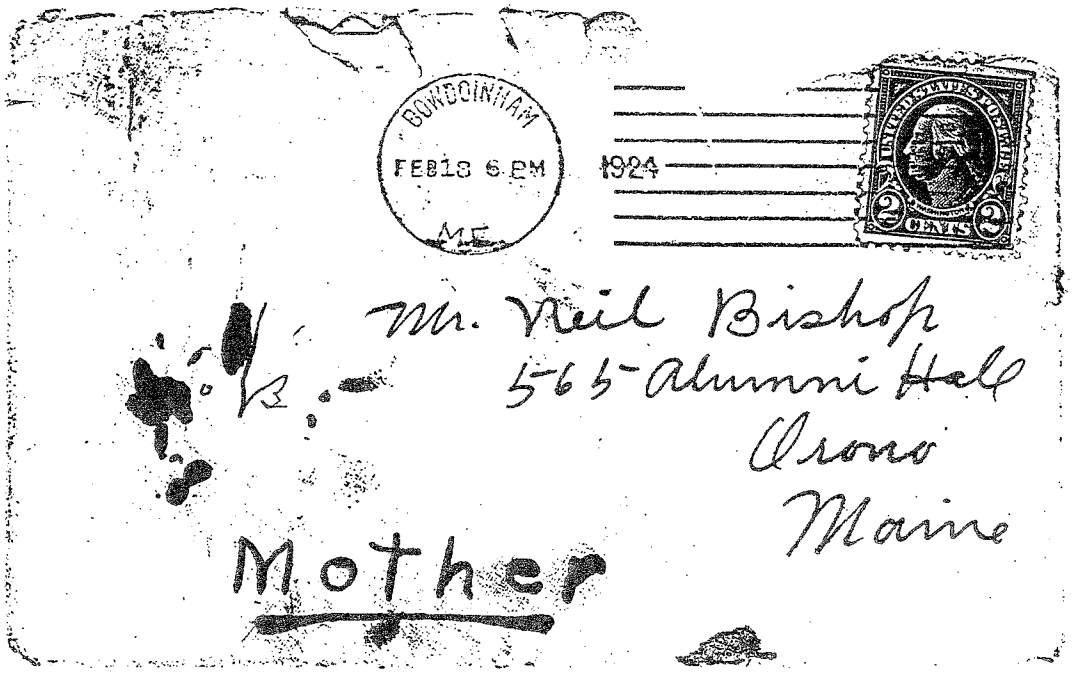
graduate because one was his original class and the other was the class he actually graduated with. By the time Dad graduated they had had brother Paul Lincoln, born in 1928. I suspect that Mother lived a lot of the time back home in Stockton Springs with Grammy and Grampy Bickmore; Emery Dayton and California Morin.

When Dad was at Maine and he and Mother were married, Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees were all the rage. He was Mother's heartthrob so they would go to dances and she'd swoon when he sang through that megaphone. This was when Vallee made the "Maine Stein Song" world famous.

Feb. 17-1924

Dear Neilson

Received my lovely flowers, and cards, and every thing. The paper was frozen where it was wet and the H. chicks were stiff but it never hurt the flowers at all. The little one you sent in the pot is just as handsome as it can be, I take good care that it dont get chilled. I am sending you



Mr. Neil Bishop
565 Alumni Hall
Orono
Maine

P.S.

Mother

some of my birthday cake that Jewell made and brought me she did awfully well, it was a handsome cake. The cards came just as I was setting the table, so I put them at their places, and they were greatly pleased and surprised. I could tell by their face that they were more than pleased that you thought of them. Lida gave me a nice guest towell, Mr. Maxwell a bath towell, Mr. Hall two holders and a glass bon bon dish full of all kinds of candy. May a pair of silk and wool hose with a dollar bill in them. Lemma & Alma a solid leather hand bag (a large one) and a nice card. Lela sent me a pkg of useful articles as usual, 1 doz hair pins, 2 doz. cloth pins a cake of toilet soap, washcloth 1 pkg of napkins, and a large bot of talcum powder, the two kid I gave her a dollar when I was

up there, Jan can Jane, and she walked and spent her money for me. She is coming home Xmas. For ten days vacation. She was the only one in her class that got over 90 so she didn't have to take exams.

I was sorry you didn't take in any of the carnaval. You could draw enough money out of the B- bank to buy you a suit, no need to go like you do. Now I didn't mind how dirty you got your unnim suit, but I thought you were doing dirty

work to make a dollar, so beware and wear it under your track suit, for you will get cold.

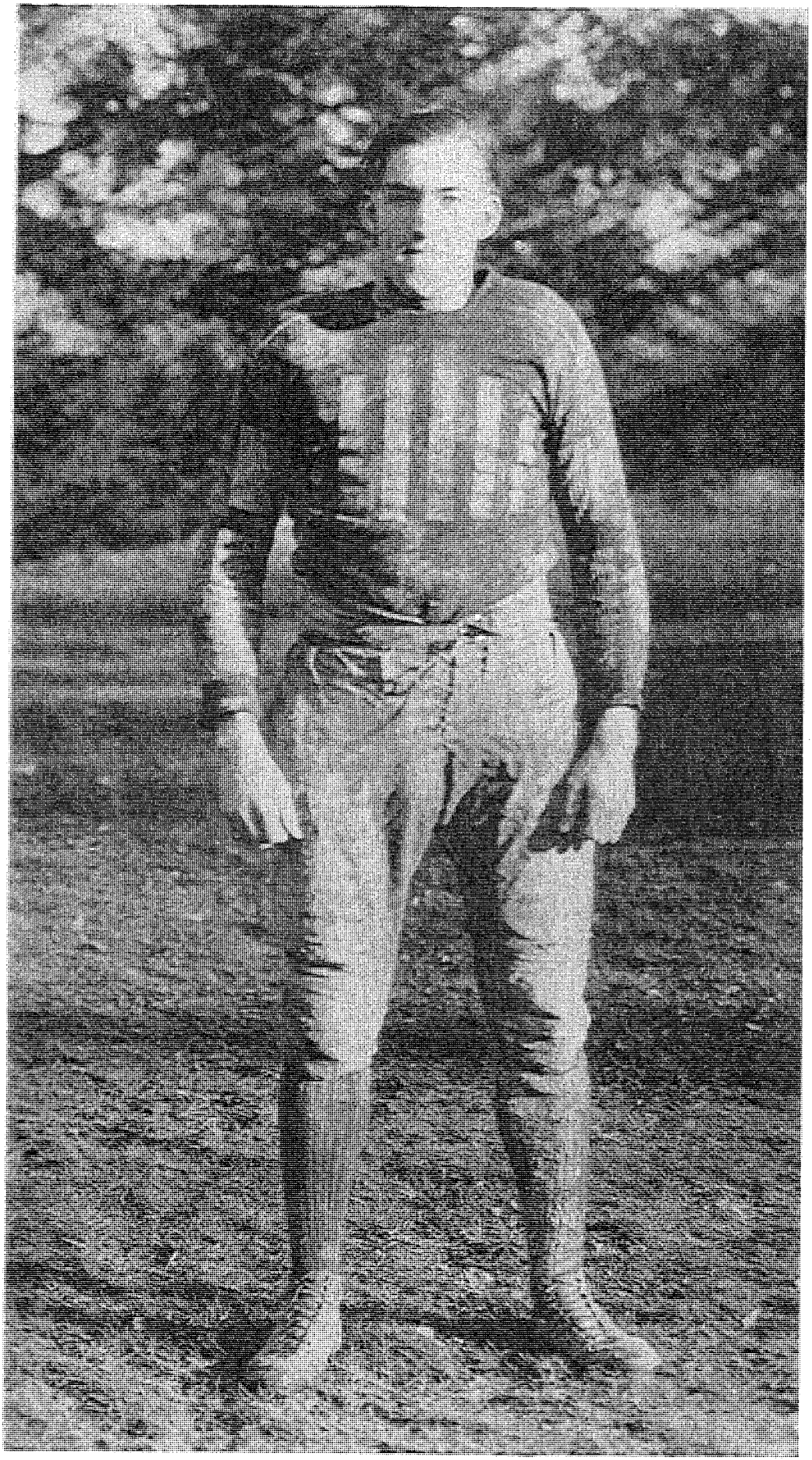
Your Dad is just filling the tank the last chore 9-30. We like our stove. The bull is all right. I guess our new car will be as it always was, too much Law's feed and tobacco. 46 eggs today. Uh, they are comming

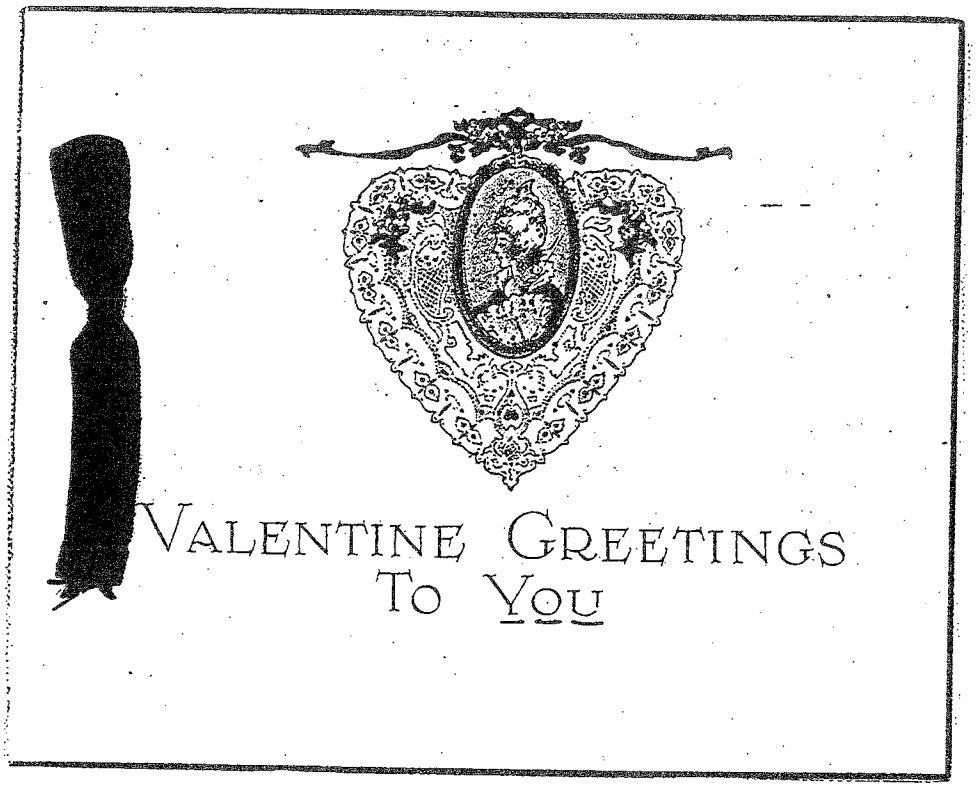
I put in a piece of chicken with your apples. May brought them down for my table so I will pass them along.

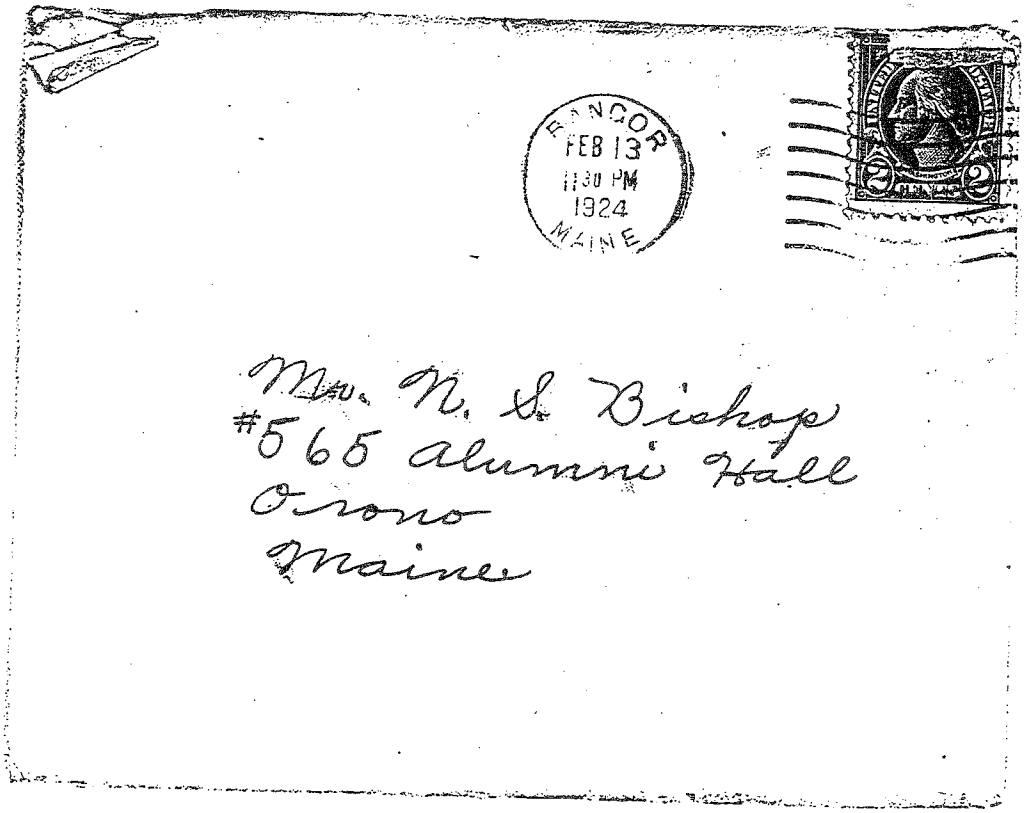
Love and good luck Mother

I got a my hip sore boil on and I'm a cripple

Neil S. Bishop
University of Maine
All State Tackle
Circa 1927



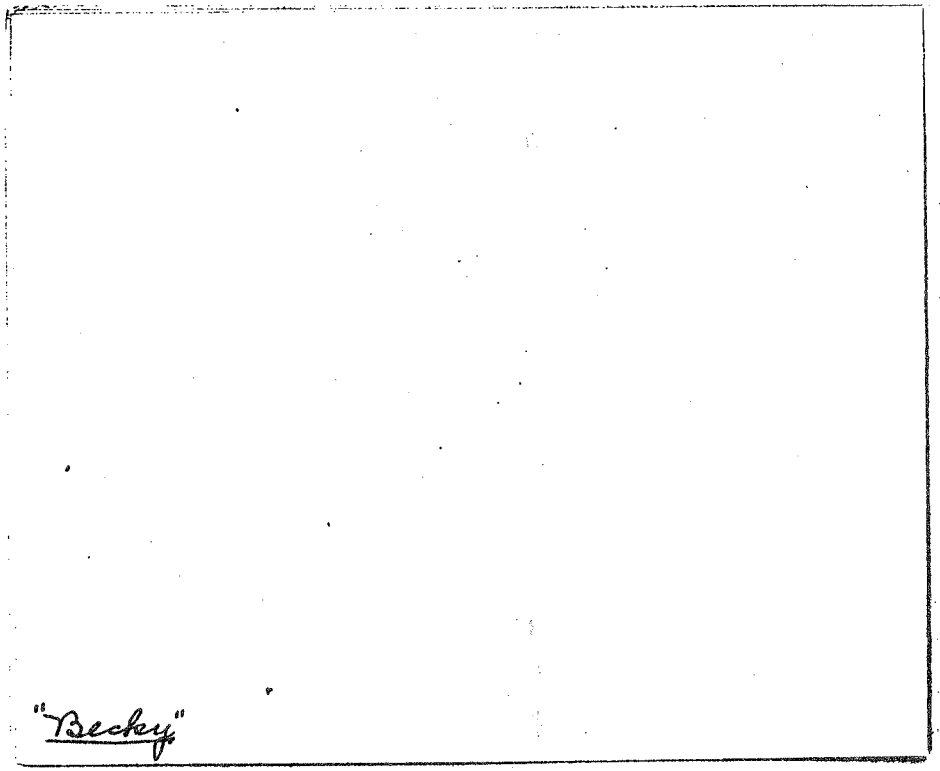

VALENTINE GREETINGS
TO YOU


BANGOR
FEB 13
1130 PM
1924
MAINE
Mrs. N. S. Bishop
#565 Alumni Hall
Orono
Maine

"Burners"

This day was made
for friendliness,
And so I send anew
Within this little
Valentine,
My greetings on to
you!

275



"Becky"

THE EARLY YEARS

Raising Dad must not have been easy, from stores he has told me. He was very independent and adventurous. He told me that he had once had a fight with Grampy over a boat. I don't know how old he was, maybe 12. He had packed up clothes, his rifle, fishing gear and traps and he had gone back into the big woods to live on a stream. With an ax he had brought he built himself a brush lean-to. He had wood and a fire and his bed roll.

He caught fish and trapped or shot wild game and ate berries. He said he had been there a week and was doing just fine when Grampy tramped back into the woods and found him. I suspect Big Grammy was frantic that the little terror had run off. They patched things up and Dad agreed to come home!

Another time, when Dad was eight, a man had come to visit Grampy in a big, new, Paige open touring car. There being practically no cars around in 1911, everyone was pretty impressed and it became the center of a show. While the man and Grampy were out in the barn talking, Dad asked the man "if he could take it for a ride?" Kidding right along the man said, "sure, go to it." Dad did.

Somehow he figured out how to crank that thing and get the spark and the gas set right. He got it started and drove off. I believe he had some companion with him, probably another local hellion.

They drove that thing all the way from the farm in Bowdoinham up the River Road (Route 24) to the Richmond Campground above Richmond Village. A distance of 7 or 8 miles.

Dad was going to drive around the campground, because he didn't really know how to back up or stop it, and head for home. But, he misjudged and wedged it between two trees!

When the man and Grampy realized that Neil and the car were gone, they organized a search party of horses and wagons and they struck out to find them! It was after dark and they were working with lanterns when they came upon them in the Richmond Campground. They pulled the car out with a team and they all headed home. There was no damage to the big, rugged car. Dad never did explain whether he was punished or whether they were so shocked by his escapade that he got off scott-free. But, you can see the little buggar was an independent cuss and a dare-devil from an early age.

There is a picture of Dad in a long dress as a very young child. I think "long" was the style because dresses were long, baby boys and girls both wore them, curtains dragged on the floor and table clothes went to the floor. Grammy told me that Dad had crawled under the kitchen table. He liked it because it was like a tent or a house to play under. But, his dress stuck out from under the tablecloth so Grammy knew he was under there.

The table was set for supper with soup bowls and silverware. All of a sudden Dad gave that tablecloth a yank and glasses and dishes went flying. Grammy explained to me, that's why so many of her every day red dishes were broken or chipped. "It was your father at two."

THE FIRST FARM

After graduation from Maine, Dad was teaching school in New Gloucester, Maine when Roosevelt declared "the Bank Holiday" in 1933. Margie, Paul, and Ron had been born, but not me. They had been "saving up" to buy a farm. Dad rushed over to the bank from school on his lunch hour, but the bank had closed. I believe they lost $1,900, a lot of money in the 1930's. Ever after, Dad disliked Roosevelt because they didn't get back ten cents on the dollar.

Dad had taught first at Pennel Institute in Gray. That is where Ed Webb lived on Colley Hill and that is how he met Margie who was 11 years his junior. Ed went to school to Dad and when Dad moved to New Gloucester to teach, Ed transferred.

When school closed they moved the family back to Bowdoinham and rented the Harward Place and went to farming. Somehow, while living in Gray and New Gloucester, Dad had accumulated 19 head of pure bred Jersey cattle. They once again saved up money and bought the farm at the top of the hill from James C. Dill of Hanover, Maine. Attached are copies of a series of letters written to Dad between March 20, 1932 and August 1932 while still in New Gloucester and when they lived on the Harward Place in Bowdoinham.

The original asking price was $3,500 for the 125 acres, a 12 room house and three big barns. They settled on $3,000. The one page, hand written contract dated April 14, 1932 called for $1,000 cash and a five year mortgage of $400 per year plus 6% interest. The photocopy dated June 1, 1932 and the April 7, 1932 receipt shows the first year payment of $424.

Aerial Photo of Bishop Hill - 1944

Upper Left - Maxwell Place; Top Right - Back side of Bishop Farm, Rollins Farm of Cleora and Harold Rollins
Maxwell Cemetary with Monument between the farms; Lower Center - Home of Dr. Cairnes.

NOTE: Road is a gravel road.

Hanover Mar. 30/32

Dear Wm. Bishop.

I received your letter last eve, and will say, If you want that Farm as it now stands I will sell it to you for $35.00, you to pay 1932 Taxes. or I will give a Bond for Deed dated June 15-32 or as soon as I can settle with the State for $100. I have no claim on the personal property. I am going to Bin down as soon as the snow permits to show the place to a man from Augusta

Yours Truly
J. C. Coie

P. S.

This offer not to be binding on me only until the time I show this letter to the other party.

Coie

Rob't C. Coie
Hanover Me

HANOVER, MAR 31 P.M. 193

Wm. Neal Bishop

New Gloucester

2nd Office

Me

Hanover Ap 5/32

Mr. Isaac Bishop
W. Gilsum

Friend Bishop.
I have an appointment to be in B. Saturday and will meet you first as you have the first chance at the place. Shall be at Sheldons.

Yours Truly
J. Cole

Warren Aug 14-32

Mr. Neal S. Busby

Friend Busby.

Your letter rec'd yesterday and I thank you for the Ins. experience and shall certainly avail my self at some future time. but will say you were mistaken in thinking I felt any way peeved.

Now about the farm I decided this morning to let you have it at your price: although last night I made up my mind I would not sell at this price. and I enclose the agreements of sale to be signed by both parties and leave the amount of binding payment to you. You can fill in and forward to me with the signed agreement. I wish you would pay the last years Taxes. and forward the rest. the amt. to be taken from first payment also the amt. of binding enclosed

Yours Truly

J.C. Dill

duplicate
to be retained

Hanover Me Apr. 14 - 32

This memo of agreement made betw
J. Price of Hanover and Neal S Bishop
of Bowdoinham does certify that I J. Price
this day do sell to said Bishop my farm
in Bowdoinham and agree to deliver a warrantee
Deed at the maturity of my mortgage on said
Farm also the settlement of my claims against
The State under the following ~~cond~~ terms
I agree to sell the Farm at the total
price of $2000, (after settlement) $1000, in cash
balance in 5 annual payments of $400, each amount
notes to be given on 1-2-3-4-5 years time with
Int. with clause allowing notes to be paid at
any previous date. also agreeing to pay all taxes
for year 1932. and agreeing to carry Ins. on
Building to cover face of mortgage. I hereby N.S. Bishop
include $170.25 dollars to make this agreement
binding upon both parties said amount to apply
on first payment.

N. S. Bishop
J. Price

P.S.
The above agreements subject only to Geo. [illegible] [illegible]
his mortgage [illegible] to have all [illegible] above the face
of his mortgage
Price

$400.00 Bowdoinham, Maine, June 1, 1932

For value received we jointly and severally promise to pay to the order of James C. Dill Four Hundred Dollars in one year from date with interest payable annually.

The undersigned reserve the right to pay this note before maturity.

RUMFORD FALLS TRUST COMPANY MAY 29 1933 RUMFORD, MAINE

Bowdoinham Me

Neil L. Bishop

Doris M. Bishop

RUMFORD FALLS TRUST COMPANY
RUMFORD, MAINE

No. 16493

Date Rec'd April 7 1933.

Received from

James C. Dill
Harwich, Mass.

Payer

Neil L. Bishop
Bowdoinham, Maine.

THEIR NO.	THEIR DATE	DUE	PROTEST	INTEREST	B/L	MEMO.	AMOUNT
1	6/1/32	June 1 1933	YES / NO	6%			400.-
Note in Favor of	Jas C. Dill					Interest	24.
Draft Drawn By						Exchange	
Credit on LL # 101						Total due	424 -
						Less Exchange	
Paid by Draft on						Net Amount	

RUMFORD FALLS TRUST COMPANY MAY 29 1933 MAINE

Date Credited Amount Credited

Date Paid Date Returned Date Accepted

Reason for non-payment, if any given, endorsed on back of paper.

Respectfully yours,
LEWIS M. IRISH, Treas.

Received payment, ——— Treasurer

RUMFORD FALLS TRUST COMPANY
RUMFORD, MAINE

The interest on your loan amounts to 96 00 Dollars
Interest on $1600.00 Mortgage
is due at this Bank June 1 1933 June 1 1933
Mortgage Deed

LEWIS M. IRISH, Treasurer

M Neil Bishop
Bowdoinham,
Me

PLEASE BRING THIS NOTICE

6-30 1933

RECEIVED OF M. S. Bishop

Three 50/100 Dollars

Testing Ring

$ 3 50 Morris D Hamlin

MADE IN U.S.A.

With no electricity and no running water, the work was hard on our farm. It was built over on the corner of the River Road, on the Kennebec River towards Richmond, two miles from Grampy's farm.

They still cut ice on the Kennebec in the winter and brought it to the ice house on the farm. In an earlier time, ice from the Kennebec had been shipped all over the world on schooners. It was famous for its clarity and cleanliness and was used by the very rich to cool their drinks.

Our ice house stood in the shade on the north side of the ell to the house. It was dug into the ground, had a dirt floor and double walls filled with sawdust. Packed in real tight with layers of clean sawdust for insulation, ice would last all summer. Margie tells me, one of her chores was to crawl around on the cakes of ice and spread out a layer of sawdust over each layer.

Every day, Dad would take the tongs and I'd go with him to dig out a cake of ice. He'd wash it off with water to get the sawdust off, and carry it over his shoulder with those ice tongs. The cake might be a 22" by 22" square by whatever thickness was on the river. Consequetly, a cake of ice was heavy. A small piece would be "chipped" off with an ice pick for Mother's ice box in the house. The big cake went into the water of the milk tank.

The milk tank was a good sized concrete tank, set deep into the ground near the top of the stone well. It had a hinged wooden cover that could be pulled open with a rope and pulley and an iron counter weight. Milk from the cows was put into 40 quart cans that were submerged in the ice water. The milk was picked up by a man from the dairy several times a week. First in a wagon, later in a truck.

A well cover of planks was built over the top of the well beside the milk tank. A small box platform was built on top of that and an iron hand pump was bolted to the box with its pipe running down into the well water. The pump was sometimes called a pitcher pump, especially if it stood in the kitchen.

One of my chores was to stand and pump the pump. Usually it had to be "primed" by pouring water down the pump as you pumped with the other hand, until the pump started to "lift" a flow of water.

One end of a trough (two boards nailed together to make a 90° angle V) was hung on the pump with wire. The other end ran through a hole in the wall of the well house, and into the cows' trough. The cows' trough, made of wide planks nailed together or cast iron, sat in the barnyard that was fenced from the cow barn to the corners of the well house.

We had about 50-60 head of livestock. Milk cows, heifers, horses and bulls, who never left the stanchions in the barn except when breeding. The cows would come at least twice a day, to and from the pasture, to drink at the trough. Cows can drink a bodacious amount of water, so I'd have to stand there and pump for an hour or more at a time. Of course, water had to be "lugged" to the stock tied in the barn and I've seen a big bull drink ten small pails of water, that I could handle and lug.

In the winter, it was a real problem because our cows were "kept in" and twice a day they had to be let out to drink. This was very treacherous business on ice and snow because cows could slip and fall or step on a teat getting back into the barn. Pumping was very cold work, even bundled up. Water splashes around and freezes so your mittens would become frozen to the pump handle. You could slide your hand right out of the

mitten and put it in your pocket to warm, while the mitten stayed right there. With both mittens frozen on, you'd alternate hands to keep warm. There was a technique to pumping; just enough to keep the flow going and not so hard and fast that water would come out over the top of the pump to freeze on you and the well curb.

The other disaster was if you had a drought in the summer and the well went dry. Then you would have to haul water from a stream, brook or river and not all of them had banks that were accessible for lugging water in pails to milk cans waiting on a wagon.

Another chore was "brushing cows." We all had to do it, but I don't know any that enjoyed it. In the winter their fur got long and thick, even though the tie-up was relatively warm. Staying in though, with long hair and lying down in the stalls, they would develop "dung balls" that had to be "carded out" using a rubber card with metal teeth. Carding and brushing was boring, dirty work. You also ran the risk of getting stepped on by those big hooves.

THE KENNEBEC AT MERRYMEETING BAY

When the Indians settled Maine thousands of years ago, they did so by migrating along the coast and up the rivers. Merrymeeting Bay, above Bath and the mouth of the Kennebec River, must have been a very inviting spot. Teaming with game, ducks, fish and good for the growing of wild rice, I can imagine the tribes gathering together to harvest the bounty for winter. Thus, our English derivative "Merrymeeting Bay."

Our farm sat at the top of a hill where the River Road (Route 24) swung North from East, heading towards Richmond Village. The farm looked out across the Kennebec, two miles wide in its majesty, just above Merrymeeting Bay. Swan's Island, a state game preserve, sat in the center of the river and the South end of the island terminates just at our property. The island runs North all the way to Richmond, a distance of three miles in the river.

The Kennebec, which starts at Moosehead Lake, runs into the North end of Merrymeeting Bay, where it is joined by the Androscoggin River, which runs into the South end and they both flow out the East side into the Gulf of Maine.

When I was young, people came from all over the world to hunt ducks on Merry-meeting Bay. A hunting camp industry flourished around us with "Gibb's Camps" being just above our property.

To the North of us set the granite walled Maxwell Family Cemetary, then the Rollins Farm, Dr. Cairnes, the retired Minister, Gildards, Gene Hills Farm, Merry-meeting Nursery, Ed and Lida Buker, an old bachelor farmer named Meserve, and various other farms on the river, all the way to Richmond. For that matter, all the way to

Augusta, the State Capital, 25 miles north. There were some market garden crops, but a lot of diary farms.

Heading South, you could follow the Pork Point Road past Maxwell's and Prout's Market Garden Farm all the way to the Bay. If you headed ~~East~~ west, you passed through mature woods all the way to Harward's Crossing and the overpass over the Maine Central Railroad that split our property, ~~North~~ East and ~~South~~ west.

The Weeks family lived south of the road right on the Abbagadaset River. Ronny Week's grandmother, Annie, lived on the other side of the road across the Abby on the corner of the Carding Machine Road. The Lancaster School was up the Carding Machine Road, the school where Dad and Len went to school before the Bishop School was built. Eban Lancaster, the oldest man in Bowdoinham lived across the street and had built the school. Ripley's "Believe It or Not" listed him for years as the only man in America who had lived in three centuries. He was born in 1799 and died in 1901. There is a great story about how Eban Lancaster was always buying up land. My Grandfather asked him, "Eban do you want to own all the land in the world?" "No. Just the land that borders me!" Zina and Hazel Maxwell's farm was on this road, the place where Ron and I would go on Saturdays to get haircuts for a quarter.

Uncle Len owned a farm south of the River Road, across from the Carding Machine Road, that ran all the way to Frenchman's Creek, that flowed into the Abby. Still heading ~~East~~ west and down the hill from Annie Weeks, you ran into my Grandfather's Farm that filled both sides of the road with open fields, with deep woods beyond. During my childhood we farmed all three farms mentioned: ours, Len's and Grampy's.

The Bishop School sat on the White Road where it joins the River Road, where it turns South to Bowdoinham Village. West of the White Road were Grampy's woods with the school built on the edge. Up the White Road heading North, lived Frank and Mary Webber and their son Howard. I have always thought of her as Mother's "best friend", even through she was much older. She was where Mother went when she had to have someone to talk to and confide in. She always "felt better" when she came home from Mary's. The lot of rural farm wives, living on dirt roads with no electricity or running water was not an easy one. Yet, they mostly kept quiet and didn't complain. It must have been very stressful to work hard, be a pleasant helpmate and Mother, keeping all your secret longings bottled up inside. Sewing Circles and Thursday Clubs probably kept them going for I recall that suicides and mental illness were very rare in our little world.

Up the River Road lived our dear Aunt Lela and Uncle Eddy LaRochelle and our cousin playmates, Hilda, Neil (named after Dad), Betty and Gail. Lela was much like Grammy Bishop and Eddy was a hard working, gentle soul who died young, leaving Aunt Lela a widow. They did not have it easy, but the children went on to become successful teachers, nurses and other things with fine families of their own.

On the corner lived Uncle Gordan Lamoreau, Grammy Bishop's brother, and Aunt Pearl, with another tribe of older cousins. Over the road lived the Bickfords and the Hansons, south of the Bishop School. Other farms and houses stretched all the way to Bowdoinham. Some with open fields, others set in the edge of deep woods by the road.

For the most part, the road from Bowdoinham to Richmond, a distance of about 10 miles was gravel (mud in the Spring.)

Looking out from our house towards the Southeast and the river, there was a 17.5 acre field. Fall and Spring the Canadian Geese would fly in there by the thousands and literally blacken the field. I can remember Game Wardens coming to the house to "estimate the size of the flock" flying North or South in the flyway. One Warden one time estimated the flock at 10,000.

Dad probably shouldn't have done it, but I remember one time he took out his '03 Springfield, World War I Army Rifle and fired it towards the River. The flock rose up in a body and blackened the sky. You never heard such a din with the beating of the wings and the squaking!

Wardens lived on Swan's Island and one came once a week in his canoe, with a big woven ash backpack that he would fill with bottles of milk, bought from Dad, to bring back home to the Island.

Dad often had grass crops such as Japanese Millet planted in the field by the River, so besides the geese and ducks that came there to feed, there was a moose on Swan's Island named Jerry. He'd swim the River, in spite of the current and undertow in the channel, and feed in our field. We always had to keep a close eye on Jerry because a moose can actually mate with a cow. Dad worried about that because no Jersey could ever deliver the size of a half-moose calf! Jerry ultimately was taken to the Bronx Zoo in New York City to live out his days. Dad didn't miss him, but I did.

THE BISHOP SCHOOL

It was not unusual to go to a one-room school when I was a kid. Maine was littered with 'em. How the Bishop School came to be is kind of an interesting story.

My grandfather Jake Weeks Bishop and his bride Elizabeth Olive Lamoreau Bishop lived in Presque isle. The family had been one of the original settlers of Aroostook County on Grampie's side of the family. Grammie's family had migrated from St. John, N.B. when she was a young girl.

They had prepared for the migration all summer. Great Grampy Lamoreau had already been over to Maine to buy a potato farm. But the actual move had to be delayed until winter when the ice had formed on the St. John River. There were no bridges or ferries at that time so the crossing had to be on the ice. I suspect, although I don't know for a certainty, that Great Grampy had been in Maine all summer, laying up hay and crops for the eventual move.

A big ox cart on runners was loaded with the family's belongings. The next day, the animals would he led along behind with Great Grammy and the children (including my grandmother Elizabeth) loaded atop the cart, not unlike the great migration west aboard Conestoga wagons.

As you might surmise, they were an unworldly but devout farm family with several children. My grandmother may have been six or seven years old and her brother Len may have been ten or eleven.

Before they went to bed the children got down at Mother's knee to say their prayers. Grammy, being filled with much apprehension about the impending journey over an icy river, to a foreign land prayed, "Goodbye God, I'm going to Maine."

RICHMOND COUPLE ARE 60 YEARS WEDDED JUNE 15

1917

MR. AND MRS. JOHN BISHOP

Richmond, Me., June 22.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. John Bishop observed the 60th anniversary of their wedding on June 15th. They entertained many friends and relatives who called to offer congratulations. They were also the recipients of many useful presents, hothouse flowers and a purse of money. John Bishop and Flora Armstrong Bishop were married June 15, 1857, at Presque Isle, Maine, where they lived until about 10 years ago when they moved to Richmond and bought a farm on the county road where they still reside. Nine children were born to them, eight of whom are still living, Frank of Fairbanks, Alaska, William F. of Peshtigo, Wis., Jake W. of Bowdoinham, Lee F. of Oakfield, Me., Maria Kelley of Lowell, Mass., Myrtle Gordon of Bowdoinham, Lela Crowell and Emma Lamoreau of Richmond; Mrs. Ada Keirstead of Presque Isle having died four years ago. They have 29 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

Mr. Bishop is 83 years old and enjoys the best of health, but has been nearly blind for three years. Mrs. Bishop is 78 and has been in poor health for nearly three years, but is about the house every day. Among those from out of town who called were Hazen Keirstead and daughter Phyllis of Presque Isle, Mrs. Kelley and daughter Hazel of Lowell, Mass., and Dr. R. E. Libby of Houlton.

Grampy Bishop's Mother and Father

Dad's Paternal Grandparents

Flora and John Bishop

1918

Death of Mrs. Margaret Lamoreau

Mrs. Margaret Lamoreau, widow of the late Edwin Lamoreau, passed away Friday night, Jan. 17, 1919, after a severe illness of heart trouble and other complications, from which she suffered the last nine months.

Her going takes from her family and friends a loving mother, broad-minded and kind neighbor. Her life was one of true Christian spirit and devotion. She was a member of the Calvinist Baptist Church, and a number of years a W. C. T. U. member. She was strong and true in her temperance views and respected all that was good and commendable. She was born in Greenfield, N. B., August 13, 1849, being 70 years old last August. The family came to Aroostook about 27 years ago. Mr. Lamoreau died in 1916.

Mrs. Lamoreau is survived by the following children: Henry and Elias Lamoreau of Presque Isle; Gordon, of Mapleton; Leonard and Charles of Richmond, Me.; Mrs. Jacob Bishop of Bowdoinham, and Mrs. Clifford Heenie of New Haven, Conn.. Mrs. Heenie visited her mother recently.

The funeral services were held Tuesday from the home of Henry Lamoreau, the son with whom Mrs. Lamoreau made her home. Her pastor Rev. J. B. Ranger officiated. The following quartet sang: Mrs. Loren Craig, Mrs. Benjamin Turner, Rev. Mr. Ranger and F. C. Wheeler. The four sons, Henry, Elias, Leonard and Gordon acted as pall bearers. Interment was in Maysville cemetery There were many beautiful floral offerings.

Grammy Bishop's Mother

SCOTT'S SIDING.

The remains of Edwin Clark who died of tuberculosis at the home of his mother in Richmond, Maine, were brought to Presque Isle, March 6, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. W. Bishop and his uncle, H. L. Lamoreau. Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church, Rev. Clark officiating. Interment was made in Maysville cemetery. Many friends from this, his native place, attended the funeral.

Grammy Bishop's Son

Mr. Edwin Lamoreau, an aged resident of our town, died Feb. 1st. at his residence, Reach Road. He was taken ill Sunday evening and lived until 6 o'clock Monday evening, death resulting from a paralytic stroke. Mr. Lamoreau was born in Centreville, Kings Co., N. B., and about 34 years ago moved to Presque Isle, Me. He is survived by his wife five sons, Henry, Chas, Elias, Leonard, and Gordon, and two daughters, Mrs. J. W. Bishop, of Richmond, Me. and Mrs. Clifford Heenie.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church and was highly respected by all who knew him.

Grammy Bishop's Father

Neil, Jewell, Jacob, Lela, Len

Grammy

CEN BISHOP - REAL ESTATE
Center & Gardiner St.
Richmond, Maine 04357

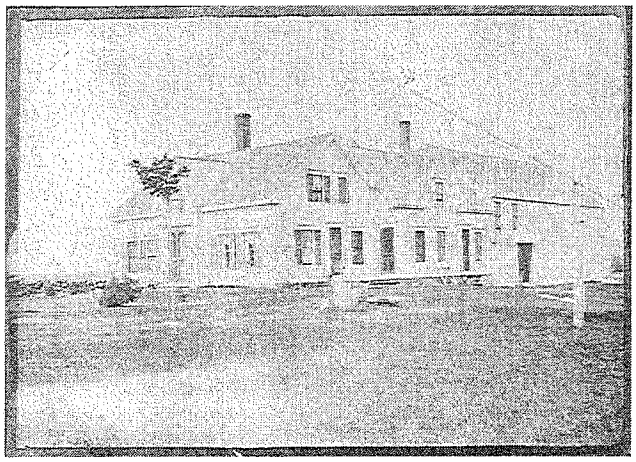
Re: Family History

Elijah Bishop	Warren J. Armstrong
John E. Bishop	Flora Armstrong Bishop
Jake W. Bishop	Jake W. Bishop
Leonard F. Bishop	Leonard F. Bishop

Memo:
Elijah Bishop was my Great Grand Father, My Grand Fathers Dad.
Warren J. Armstrong was my Grand Mothers Father & My Great Grand Father.
Elijah Bishop, and Warren J. Armstrong Both served with the 7th Me. Vol. Inf. Co. I during the Civil War. Died in 1862 and are buried in Washington. DC.

LBB = 12-9-90.
PS: Your Grad, Great, Great, Grand Father's

The house in Presque Isle



Grammy & Grampy Bishop

Unknown

Faith & Lloyd Kelly

Uncle Len, filled with anticipation and a spirit of adventure prayed, "Good, by God, we're going to Maine!" Great Grammy smiled but scolded for getting the emphasis on the wrong syll-able.

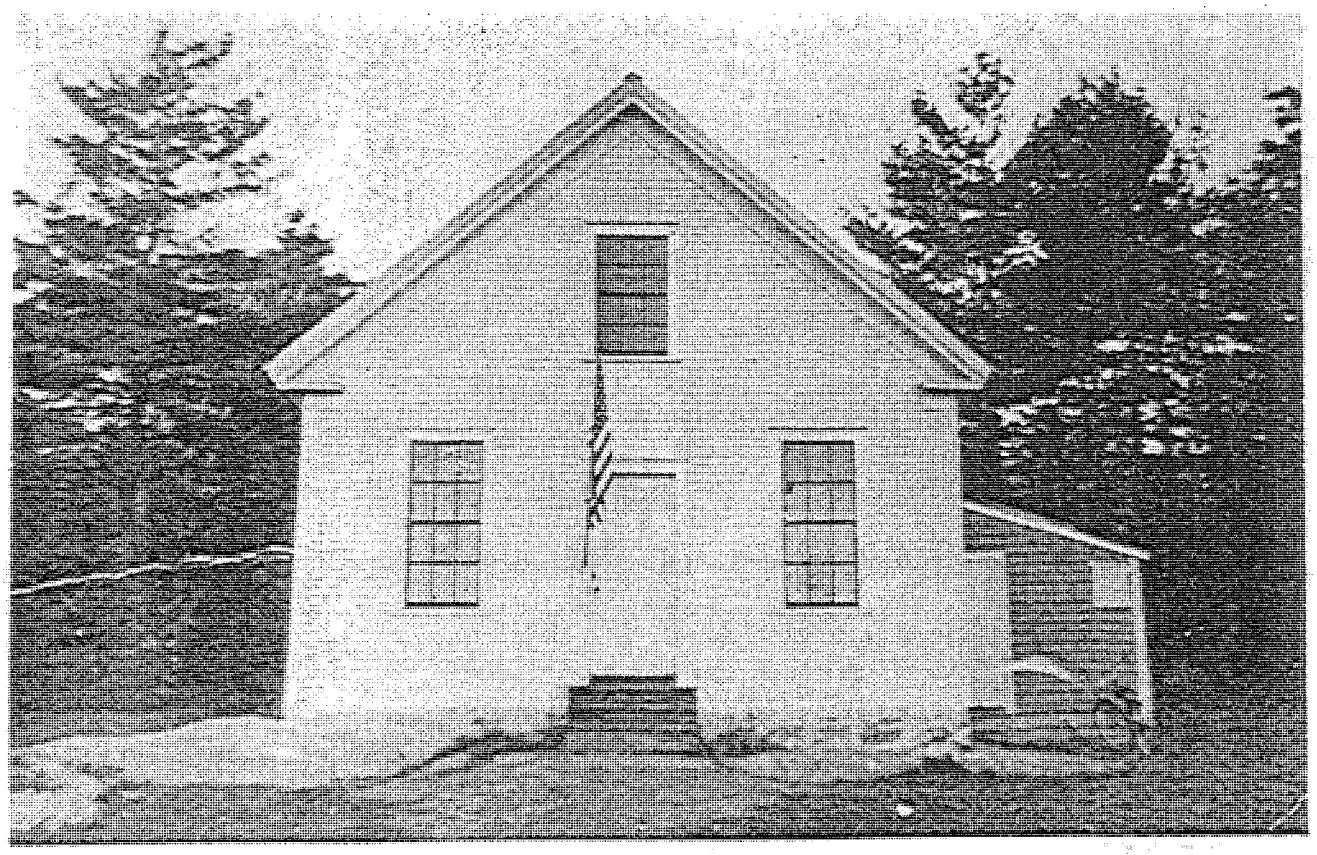
Years later, when Grammy Bishop had married Grampy Jake, they had decided to migrate south to Bowdoinham. By this time there were three boys: Jacob, Leonard and my father Neil Sinclair. It was 1908 and Dad was five.

Times had progressed so much that the trip was made by train! Grampy had hired at least two railroad cars, one for household goods and one for animals. They landed in Richmond and unloaded the goods and furniture into a big wagon. A team of horses pulled the wagon with the animals to be driven down the road ahead in a herd. The trek down Route 24, the River Road along the Kennebec was only about 5.5 miles.

There was a big red Victorian farmhouse with two big barns and a tie-up for the milk cows. Many acres of open, rolling fields ran down towards the west side of the Abbagadaset River. There were also wood lots and a well house. Established shade trees on the lawn included two mulberry trees that formed canopies like tents. When I was a kid we used to love to get in under there and eat mulberries and stain our clothes with the indelible juice, much to the chagrin of my mother.

There was though, no school except the Lancaster School, way over on the Carding Machine Road, the Jellerson School way down towards Brown's Point and the bigger school in Bowdoinham Village, another 3 miles away.

Grampy Bishop gave the money to build the Bishop School at the foot of the White Road and pay the teachers first year salary. The building sat on Bishop farmland and it cost the very handsome sum of $750, teacher's salary included.



BISHOP SCHOOL

The Bishop Schoolhouse was built in 1913 on land given by J. W. Bishop. School opened in the winter term of 1913 with Martha S. Roberts as teacher and 21 pupils. At a special town meeting held August 17, 1955 it was officially voted to close the school and sell it to the highest bidder. It was bought by Harry Hanson of Richmond for $350. on October 1, 1956. It was partially torn down and moved to Richmond.

The main building was about 25' by 40' with a woodshed and outhouses built in a shed on the north side. When you came in the front door there was a boys and girls coatroom on each side. The crock for drinking water was in the boys' coatroom and a paper cup with your name written on the bottom was hung on a nail, lined up on a board along the wall. These replaced tin cups used previously and declared "unhealthy." The cup had to last the week and invariably I had "worn" mine out the first day. Woe to the kid caught drinking out of some other kid's cup or directly from the spigot, as I was want to do! You might get a crack with the big ruler or a trip to the woodshed. That was mild compared to having a note go home to your parents, which would result in a worse trip to the woodshed.

The schoolroom was one big room with windows on the south side and one each side of the chimney on the west end. One warm day when the windows were open a moose walked up and stuck his head in the window, right at sister Margie's desk!

An iron log-burning stove stood on a zinc pad near the northeast comer. The stovepipe ran up and across the length of the room, hung on chains from the ceiling. There was one broken leg on the stove so it stood on a brick on one comer. I am told that before my time, some boy might kick the brick out from under, resulting in the collapse of the stovepipe and an unscheduled "vacation" from school. In my time, 1942-1947, a most spectacular event would be when collected ashes in the pipe made it so heavy it would separate and collapse at a joint, sending soot, smoke and ashes into the room and down over the desks.

This would result in early dismissal and a major cleanup. Or, if not too bad, big boys being enlisted to climb up and put it back together while the whole school cleaned under the direction of the teacher.

I say big boys, because we were all eight grades in one room with one teacher. Kids like my brothers Paul and Ronald and my sister Margaret, might start when they were four years old. Or, you might go at five if you were slow like me, or lazy, resulting in me doing second grade twice.

Eighth grade boys and girls might be really old or big. When I was in second grade there was a "man" in eighth grade, who we all greatly admired.

I believe his father had died and Albert Diamond was the sole support for his mother and brothers and sisters. He'd alternate working a year, cutting pulp and going to school a year. Obviously, he was smart and ambitious. I do believe he was over 20 when he graduated eighth grade, much to the pride of the whole school, the teacher, Lida Buker, and his family.

Mrs. Buker didn't much fancy dealing with unruly boys so she had taken to having Albert take you to the woodshed. I went with him only once for a spanking more like Dad's. My attitude improved after that and I never did go with him again!

Other teachers that I remember are Edith Rowe and Helen Robinson. My mother, who was a teacher, would substitute but I didn't like going to school to mother. Crimped my rebellious style. Mother had taught Bishop School and Dad Jellerson School, before they were married.

The wood floor was "oiled", a practice that probably wouldn't pass muster today with the likes of OSHA. The blackboards were on the north wall behind the teacher. Her desk, though, was not on a raised platform like it was in some one-room schools.

Today we poo-poo one room schools but they did have their advantages. Grades met one after the other all day long. The biggest I ever saw the Bishop School was 25 pupils. Grades might have 2-4 pupils. You learned a lot by "over-hearing" higher grades recite all day.

The Bishop School had one of the first "hot lunch programs" that I ever heard of. The teacher and parents arranged that children could bring hot soup or food in a Mason jar. About mid morning blue roaster pans with water in them would be put on the stovetop. The Mason jars would be brought from the coatrooms, which were very cold, uncovered and set into the water to warm. By lunchtime we had "hot lunch."

Times were hard following the Depression and before and during World War II. Lunch might be a "bread and butter sandwich." Some poor kids might have nothing, or just an apple or crackers. So, mashed potatoes or red flannel hash or hot soup were a big step up for all of us.

Because so many kids had little or nothing the teacher and some parents took "hot lunch" to the next plateau. Each day, one Mother would show up at school at noon with enough hot food for everyone. Nothing fancy maybe mashed potatoes and squash or soup or macaroni and cheese sauce. It was a lot of bother and work but a family's turn only came up about once every three weeks or so. It got to be such a hassle though; we went back to Mason jars.

I remember one Fall a new little boy and girl came to school. They were so poor they wore only a pair of overalls. No shirts, no shoes. When cold weather came the mother showed up one day to say they'd be back in the Spring. Mrs. Buker worked with other parents and they found them shoes and shirts and winter coats and they were able to stay in school all winter. No big deal was made of it.

The school had a ball and bat so we'd play ball across the street in Grampy's field. We played hide and seek and Red Rover and tag. The school sat in the edge of an evergreen wood so one of the favorite pastimes of boys was to build big brush camps, so big several people could fit inside. There was a 15-minute recess morning and afternoon and a half-hour for lunch. There was no big bell in a cupola on the roof so we were called back in by the teacher ringing a big brass hand bell that could be heard a mile.

Everyone walked to and from school most of the time, whether it was a hundred yards or two miles, like it was for us. I was a dilly-dallier so the walk took me a long time. I knew chores waited at the end.

One boy or girl that lived near the school was hired for $2 a week to lug a big bucket of drinking water to school for the crock and to start the fire. I remember Allen Hanson and Verona Hinkley did it in my time. $2 doesn't sound like much now, but it probably came out of the teacher's pocket.

One-room schools may have been small but they were active. We had a black curtain strung on a wire that went clear across the room in front of the teacher's desk. We'd put on Christmas pageants, plays and concerts with individuals and groups singing. It was a very big deal when we got some wood blocks, a tambourine and triangles.

I remember one time my older brother Ronald and I got into big trouble with the teacher Lida Buker, because we got up and sang an impromptu rendition of "Found A Peanut," right down to "going to the other place and liking it better!" She was "surprised at such behavior," which regaled the other students, and got us into trouble at home.

Because Grammy and Grampy had built the school for the town they always felt responsible for it. At Christmas time there would be a present of a comb for boys and a hanky for girls for every pupil in the school, from Grammy Elizabeth Bishop.

My favorite social events though were "Box Socials" and "May Baskets." Girls would make a fancy lunch for two and put it in a box covered with wrapping paper and ribbons. Parents and neighbors would come.

Either the girls lined up behind the black curtain and you "bid on" the toes of their shoes sticking out under the curtain or you actually bid on the box. The girls would fool you up by changing their shoes or keeping their box a secret. It seemed I always ended up with Lillian Thompson, or her with me, poor girl.

You'd bring your hard-earned coins and you'd bid on that box. Mrs. Buker's husband Ed was often the auctioneer. Boxes might go for $0.50 or as much as $2.00. A princely sum for us. The money went into a "School Fund" used to buy things the school otherwise would have gone without. Maybe a softball or construction paper or some books. A good box social might raise $50 or more.

Come May first girls would get together and make a May Basket. We boys might be asked to contribute coins to buy candy and fruit. On a designated day we'd walk miles to bring it to Mrs. Buker's house right after supper.

Someone would plant that basket on her doorstep, knock on the door and we'd all run like the devil. She'd come out all surprised and chase us. When she caught you, she kissed you, a feature I didn't have much use for. When everyone was caught or she'd give up, all out of breath, we'd go in the house, eat the contents of her basket and play games. It would usually be a Friday or a Saturday night so we could sit up late. After, we'd all walk home or Ed Buker would truck us in his pickup.

They don't do May Baskets or Box Socials any more. Replaced by television. A serious loss to society and America.

Some kids never went further than 8th grade. But, most went on to graduate from high school and a fair percentage graduated from college. Farmers, teachers, doctors, lawyers, tradesmen matriculated from one room school houses, much to the credit of their hard working families in particular and the State of Maine in general.

A simpler life in simpler times. But, I shall always look back fondly on our days at the Bishop School.

The Bishop School closed for the last time in June 1955 (the year and month I graduated from Higgins Classical Institute). The Town sold the building at auction for $350. It was partially dismantled and moved to Richmond in 1956 by Harry Hanson, who built it into a house. My Uncle Len Bishop told me several time, he regretted he did not buy it, make it into a museum to the one-room schoolhouse era, and donate it to the Lancaster-Bishop Schools Reunion Committee. Len died in 1997 at 97 years of age and he and Alma Cheney are buried in Bay View Cemetery. I, too, wish Len had bought and saved the Bishop School.

COUNTRY FAIRS

Dad liked cows with horns on and tails long, so he wouldn't "bob" the tails. If they switched you with a tail, it hurt. If one horn got knocked off in a stall or a butting contest with another cow, Dad got upset because the cow didn't look as good when "shown" at Topsham fair. Showing cows at fairs was a very big deal. Farmers and Grangers wanted to be known as having a herd of pure-bred cattle that won ribbons at Agricultural Expositions. The cows would be brushed and curried and loaded up to be hauled to fairs like Topsham. Farmers would "stay over" and sleep in with and milk the cows in the fair barns.

The horns and hooves would be oiled, the switch carded and the person to lead would "practice" with the halter on the cow. Most farmers would show their cows with big, full udders, but Dad would milk ours and with small udders it probably cost him points. I remember being very young, maybe 5, and leading a heifer calf out into the ring in front of all those people and winning a blue ribbon. The calf not me!

We didn't get to go to the "Midway" where all those untrustworthy types hung out. But, in the '40's, Mother would drag us to see the boy in the Iron Lung who had been paralyzed by polio, so we could see what would happen to us if we didn't stop "sneaking off to swim in the river." A very scary lesson, but not bad enough to make us stop swimming. Mother was probably right because in the '40's the Kennebec was pretty polluted. Dad used to say, "the Kennebec is too thin to walk on, too thick to drink." It is good to see it cleaned up again, today.

ELECTRICITY

When Franklin Delano Roosevelt brought the Rural Electrification Act and power to the farms in the early 40's, it was a boon to small farmers. Even though most farms had at least two dug wells, sufficient water and its delivery were a big problem.

My brother-in-law, Edward Colley Webb, of Gray, Maine was a plumber. About the first thing we did when we got electricity was to have Ed install an electric pump and tank in the house cellar, hooked up to the deep well behind the house. Running a line to the barn and putting watering cups into the tie-up for the cows was a major step up in efficiency. Not every animal had a watering cup (for some unknown reason) so you still had to lug water to those animals. But, that was nothing compared to pumping.

Dad asked Mother, "what's the first electrical device that you want?" Without hesitation she said, "a refrigerator." Not lights, not a stove or iron, a refrigerator. The ice box and its overflowed water and emptying the pan and spoiled food, went!

I'll tell you, it was some nice to have a faucet in the kitchen. No pump, no lugging water. It wasn't long before Ed had a coil wrapped around an oil burner in the dining room stove, hooked up to a water tank standing next to the stove, so that Mother could have a "hot water faucet."

For the uninitiated, many cast iron cook stoves, that had burned wood in a firebox, were converted to be able to burn oil (kerosene). With no firebox or grates for ashes, there was space to install two oil burners. An oil burner is simply a cast iron base formed into concentric rings that ranged in size from 4" in diameter, to 6", to 8". Into this base, kerosene could be piped through the wall of the stove coming from a refillable oil tank or directly from a 55 gallon oil drum. The rings had wicks, much like a kerosene

lamp, that wicked the oil up from the base. The circle of wick set on edge so the whole wick could be lit, unlike a lamp where only the end is lit. If you lit the oil soaked wick with a flame on the end of a long metal lighting rod, it would create three circles of flame like a big lamp. Set inside the circles of the iron base, but outside each wick, was a perforated sheet metal cylinder that stood about 10" tall. When the burners got heated up, the sheet metal cylinders would get so hot they could actually glow, cherry red at the base.

If you coil copper tubing around the outside cylinder, connected to a 30 gallon water tank standing vertically on a stand, it creates a heat exchanger that will heat water very hot in the tank.

If a constant supply of cold water is fed into the tank at the bottom, and it circulates through the copper tubing around one burner, the hot water will rise to the top of the tank and can be drawn off the top, piped to a hot water faucet.

Stoves built with oil burners were called kitchen ranges as opposed to cook stoves, leading to the naming of the electric or gas range.

Finally, after we had running water, a toilet was installed in the corner of Mother and Dad's bedroom (there was no place to put a bathroom), although the hired man and others continued to use the outhouse right up until the farm burned in 1947.

THE BOARDERS AND HIRED MEN

I say "others" because Mother always took in "a boarder". Some old retired gentleman who had no place to live. Two boarders I remember were Uncle Fred Neal and old Joe Haley. They paid Mother $7 a week for room, food and laundry. Doesn't sound like much, but it was Mother's mad money. She could use it to buy things she would otherwise have gone without, like knitting wool and crochet thread and presents for people. They probably ate $7 a week, but on the farm we didn't notice.

One time, Mother had made a bowl of homemade cranberry sauce. At supper-time she brought it out and set it down right in front of Joe Haley. He said, "Gosh, I don't know if I can eat all that." It was intended for the whole family, so we kids were having a fit! Dad gave us the evil eye with a wink and we shut up. Joe Haley proceeded to eat the whole bowl, along with the rest of an ample supper. Mother never set a bowl in front of Joe Haley again!

Joe Haley put on a three piece suit every day. For all I know, he might have slept in it, but probably not because he was always neat. In warm weather he'd sit on the kitchen porch with his cane standing under one hand. He could flick that cane out in the blink of an eye and squash a fly with the end! On the farm we were not in want of flies. He'd sit and gaze at the river and kill flies. I don't remember him reading like Uncle Fred did. Fred had been a minister and he owned tons of good books.

Joe Haley was gruff to little kids, but once in a great while he'd give me a peppermint drop. That was a small mound of peppermint flavored sugar filling covered with dark, bitter chocolate. When Mother went shopping she'd have to take 10 cents or a quarter and bring him a pound in a white candy bag. Death to the kid caught sneaking

into Joe Haley's peppermint drops! Uncle Freddy was more gentle and kind and he'd read to me and even let me "borrow" his books if I was careful of them and didn't tear the pages.

There were others. Some were half boarder-half hired man, who might hoe or work for part of their board, like Uncle Tom Olson.

Then, there were pure hired men like Charlie Tarr who worked along side Dad until he went to the Second World War. Or Rozzi, who Dad used to say "couldn't work because it was either too cold or he had too many clothes on to work!"

HOBOS

Times were very tough following the Depression and just prior to and during the Second World War. Lots of men were out of work, so they rode the rails or walked the roads as hobos. They say they had a system for "marking farms." A symbol that said the farmer was mean or you could get a free handout or find work. Dad never hired hobos, but he let Mother feed 'em on the kitchen porch, outside the house. There was a theory, if you were kind and fed them, they wouldn't come back in the night and burn you out. We never got burned out by hobos, so I guess it worked.

There was a popular joke at the time. A hobo came to a kitchen door and begged the housewife for something to eat. He said, "I'm so hungry I could eat grass." She said, "then go around back to the sink spout, the grass is much greener there!" One of the first jokes I ever learned.

CROPPING & CULTIVATING

Besides raising Jersey cows we put in a lot of row crops. Corn, potatoes, squash, beans, beets, carrots, etc. Many acres, down in the big field by the Kennebec River and up on the hill in back of the house, next to the Maxwell Cemetery. Before my time, Dad had cleared the 20 acre field to the west near the Maine Central Railroad Tracks. He used a team of oxen (probably from Grampy Bishop's farm) or a team of horses to pull stumps. He'd go down to that field after the day's work was done and pull stumps by moonlight, 'til he was too tired to work.

Maine soil is glacial till and full of rocks. I can remember my brother Ronald and I still using one horse to pull a stone drag and working all day in that cultivated field to pick rocks, load them on the drag and haul them to the woods at the edge of the field. I may have been 5 or 6, Ron 10 or 11. At such an age, Maine farm boys could handle a team. I was so small, I had to stand on an oak barrel to get the horse collar, hames and harness on.

About 1941 Dad bought a 1937 John Deere tractor from Florien Biette in Brunswick. I think he got a plow, mowing machine, and a disc harrow with the tractor, for $1,000. Later, he bought a side delivery rake and a hay loader. He also "modified" many pieces of machinery so they could be pulled by the tractor, like the spring and spike tooth harrows and the hay wagon. But, he never used the tractor to cultivate. I don't know why except Dad had that penchant for doing things the hard way! Cultivating was done with a horse and a one row cultivator.

We had a big, mouse gray horse named Bucky. I believe Dad also bought him from Biette. Bucky was a wonderful animal. Gentle, strong and filled with a willingness

to work hard for long hours. Dad never found a mate to go with him that was as good. He had had a team of Belgians once, but I seem to remember that they died young. Bucky lived to be 23 or 24 years old, and is buried in Stockton.

Ron or I would ride on Bucky's back to steer him for cultivating, but I do recall that most of the time it was me. Before Ron and I became big enough to ride the horse to cultivate, Margaret was called on to do it. As she grew, she helped Mother more and we boys worked outdoors. There was no saddle. You sat astride a blanket or a grain bag filled with hay that was laid over the top of the harness. Without stirrups the best you could do was brace your feet on the tug.

It doesn't sound like much, but several hours of driving a horse over big fields in the hot sun was hard work. We never seemed to bring anything to drink. Now, I think back to Dad steering that heavy cultivator all day as he walked and stumbled behind. He was the one with the hard work, but sometimes when Dad took me down off that horse, I could hardly walk. By the time I was five, six and seven, I was riding Bucky to cultivate all the time.

You steer a cultivator by pushing harder on one handle than the other. Like riding a Cape Racer. You lean the opposite way from where you want to go. There is a hand lever that opens and closes the cultivator to be wider or narrower, depending on the width between the rows of crops.

Dad always planted his rows too close to the end of the field so there was no room to turn the horse. Besides, at the end there were usually bushes or a fence (later electric) and horses don't like to be driven into barbed wire or a shocking, electric fence. So, at the end of every long row there awaited a challenge. In turning the horse you had to be

careful he didn't step on the next row of crops, although I have to say, Bucky was pretty dexterous with his big hooves and he rarely did.

There was another machine called a "hiller" or wing cultivator. As crops grew, like potatoes, you would wing the dirt to the sides and up around the plants, leaving a lower trench between the rows.

One reason I think Dad liked the horse and one row cultivator was that tractors had to straddle the crops and do two or three rows at a time. As the crops grew, the axle of the tractor wouldn't clear the tops. With a horse and cultivator you could go in between the rows and we would keep cultivating when crops, like corn, got really tall and tasseled out. Then, the driver had a new problem because Bucky liked to steal a bite of crops as he went by or turned. Even though we used a short "check rein, so he couldn't bend down, I'd have to yank the reins and bit to keep him out of the corn.

Dad would holler "gee" or "haw" depending on whether he wanted you to go right or left, because I was steering too close to one row or the other. Sometimes, I'd get so tired I could fall asleep sitting up on the horse, resulting in getting off course. But, I swear, Bucky could have done it all without me, he was so smart. I suspect it was a ploy to keep me out of deviltry.

We also had a three row marker made out of a long log with four short poles sticking down at right angles. There were handles sticking out back and shalves sticking out front, which the horse went between. A whiffle tree hooked to the marker and the trace chains hooked the whiffle tree to the tug of the horses harness so he could pull it.

I'd ride and steer and Dad steered the marker. That first pass was tough because Dad had a thing about "rows being straight," so we'd do it over until we had the first set

of rows to his satisfaction. The next pass, one marker went in the last row mark while the other three marked three new rows. Thus, "a three row marker." It was easier to stay straight once the first set of rows were in.

You would mark the whole field then go back and hook up to a one row "corn planter." Dad had two. An old one that had probably been his father's and a brand new, red one that he had bought. Inside there are changeable cones that let seeds down in a certain order and distance. One for corn or peas, another for longer seeds like beans, another for very small seeds. A "hill" of seeds might be planted with several seeds, then spaced apart or the seeds might go down in order, one right after another. There was a bin for seed and another for fertilizer. It all got drilled in together, the machine covered over just the right amount of dirt. The big rear wheel was concave sheet steel that pressed the row down leaving a smooth track. Dad steered from one side so as not to mess up the planted row with foot prints.

Every good farm had a machine shed (open on one side) or a shop (a closed in barn) where all the different pieces of machinery could be stored. Dad deplored farmers who left their machinery out in the fields.

Every Fall there was a new chore called "oiling the machinery." Most farmers didn't keep machinery painted up, so in the Fall we'd take an old bucket like a lard pail and an old paint brush. Using old crank-case oil that had been "saved", Ron and I would have to oil machinery. That is, paint used oil all over it, except not on the wood parts. The oil kept it from rusting and lubricated the parts so they wouldn't bind.

HAYING

Before we had the tractor, Dad mowed hay with a horse drawn mowing machine. There were small ones with a 4 or 5' cutter bar, to be drawn by one horse and there were big ones to be drawn by a team with a longer 6' or so cutter bar. Each Spring, Dad would check to make sure the "fingers", that ride the cutter bar over the ground by sticking out in front, weren't broken. New ones would be riveted on the bar and the fingers had to be kept somewhat sharpened to a point. The cutting blade or sickle bar that went back and forth to cut the hay had angled blades riveted to it called sections.

Someone, probably a Shaker, had invented an angled stone turned by a crank that could sharpen one side of two sections at a time. I'd turn the handle at a uniform speed and Dad would feed the mower blade to sharpen the sections.

There were other grind stones, big and small, flat and round that also had to be turned to sharpen other tools such as hoes, scythes, axes and pitch forks. These sometimes used a can that dribbled water onto the stone to lubricate the sharpening process so you wouldn't "burn" the blade and take the temper out. Hay is tough and mowers need to be kept sharp, although I knew of farmers that sharpened blades once a season. But, Dad was "fussy" about leaving "clean fields" right to the edges, so he sharpened often.

After hay dries over night, it can be raked. If it is particularly heavy or soggy, it might have to be run over with another machine called a hay tedder. Horse drawn, it kicks the hay up in the air and shakes it out. I've noticed that today hay tedders (although they may not be called that) are drawn by a tractor and swirl the hay in a sideways motion.

After more drying, the hay can be raked into windrows. Before the tractor and the side delivery rake, it was done with a horse drawn dump rake. It was tricky to ride that dump rake, steer the horse, not bounce off and time the kicking of the lever to dump the load of raked hay so it ended up in a straight line in that windrow. Dad was apt to holler "straighten out that windrow" if it got too wavy. If the windrow wasn't too big, you could run the dumprake along the windrow to pile it up into stacks. Even after we went to the side delivery rake and the hay loader, Mother would pull men's trousers up over her dress, put on a hat to keep the sun off, and would drive Bucky around the fields to "rake scatterings." Had to leave those fields clean and not waste precious hay. Mother was very good with horses, whether it was the dump rake, a buggy or a sleigh.

One of the wildest times I every had was the day I raked over a nest of hornets. They swarmed up and stung the horse, who bolted, but I hung on and got the horse stopped. They stung me several times. Dad took me off the rake and brought me down to a stream, where he stripped me naked and covered me with wet mud. When it dried it drew out the stingers.

A team would pull the hay wagon and people pitched on by hand with three tined pitchforks. Dad usually "built the load" big and square and built out over the hay rack. When Ron got bigger he'd do it. I was little, so I got to "tramp down the load" or drive the team from up behind the rein pole.

Once we went to tractor and machinery, the tractor pulled a big power take-off mower with a 7' cutter bar. Dad could "hit the brake" just so and spin the tractor on the corners to make 90° right turns. I noticed some less fussy farmers mowed in circles and "left the corners."

The tractor would also pull the side delivery rake or the hay wagon with a hay loader hooked on behind. You would drive the tractor straddling the windrow, the hay wagon followed straddling the row and the hay loader had tines that picked up the hay, forcing it up into a smooth, inclined metal chute with arms and more tines that pushed the hay up and over into the wagon.

Even though it moved along slowly, it was quite a trick to walk around on a moving load of hay, take away the hay coming up and "build" that square load. Walking on a moving hay wagon was an art I never mastered, although Ron did.

When I was little I'd be assigned to follow along behind the hay loader with my own pitchfork and pick up scatterings that dribbled out the sides of the loader. I'd walk and sing and tell stories to myself out loud, all day long, much to the amusement of the men on the load.

Later, when I got bigger, I'd drive the tractor. Not as easy as it sounds because the tractor had to swing wide on the corners to keep the hay loader on the windrow, way behind. There was no power steering on tractors in those days, so it steered hard and if it hit a rock or a hole it could jerk the wheel one way or the other. You could break a thumb, so Dad always taught us to steer with our thumbs outside the wheel so we wouldn't get hurt.

When the load was finished, you'd unhook the hay loader and leave it and haul the load to the barn. Up in the top of the barn a pulley would be hung from a rafter. The hay rope ran through a series of pulleys to pull up the double tined hay fork. As the barn hay mows filled, the pulley could be moved from place to place under the roof, to redirect the unloaded hay.

Our big barn in Bowdoinham had a hay fork and pulleys mounted to a track that ran the length of the barn. The carriage on the track could be reversed to go to one end or the other. A very fancy improvement.

One man worked the fork on the load. The tines would be driven down into a spot in the load, levers pulled up to set a dog at right angles at the bottom of each tine, that pulled up the hay. The man got out of the way on the load. Mother would drive the old Dodge pick-up truck that pulled the rope to pull up the hay. Usually, the man on the load handled a trip rope or it could be done by a boy on the barn floor.

When the load of hay went up it hit that carriage, locked in and rolled to the end of the barn. Dad would holler "trip it" and someone yanked the trip rope to release the dogs to dump the load. The men and boys in the mow, took away and built the hay mow. If hay was dry, it could be tramped in the mow. If it were the least bit green, you didn't tramp it much. For this reason, we weren't allowed to "jump in the hay," although we all loved to do it.

Hay "heats up as it cures in the mow" and it can get so hot you can have a fire from spontaneous combustion. Many a barn has burned from a hay mow that caught on fire.

Mother would "back the truck out" to pull up the load. Someone, or many, in the barn would holler, "whoa" and Mother would stop the truck. When the load was dumped, someone would holler, "come on back." I'd ride the truck on the fender, between the headlight and the hood with my feet braced on the bumper. When it was time to come on back, I'd jump off and pull the hay rope back so the truck wheels wouldn't run over it. If 1" manila rope got broken it was a real problem. You can't just

"tie it together" because it has to fit through the pulleys. So, you have to find someone who knows how to "splice rope." My brother-in-law, Ed Webb from Gray, Maine, was the best rope splicer we knew. He could make "short" or "long" splices, that after they "wore in," couldn't even be seen in the rope without looking real hard.

Haying was mighty hot work. Dad didn't allow alcohol on the farm, so there was no beer. Water would give you a bellyache, soda was too expensive, so we drank a concoction called "Ginger Beer." It was made from water, sugar, molasses, vinegar, ginger and rolled oats. You could drink a ton of it and it wouldn't hurt you and helped prevent dehydration and heat exhaustion. I liked to eat the rolled oats if they hadn't gotten too mushy. So, you kept the gallon jar or enamel pot well stirred with a wooden spoon, to keep the oats in suspension.

As hot as it got in the fields with men and boys stripped to the waist, Dad wore overalls, a long sleeve denim shirt and a bow tie, every day! Boys would get so tanned Mother would say "you boys are as brown as berries."

After a field was done, Mother would go back one more time to rake the scatterings. We had fenced pastures, but after a field is hayed and a new crop of grass starts to grow, it can be lush. So, Dad might let the cows go on the hay field to feed, but without fences, the cows had to be "watched" to keep them in one place and from wandering off. A cow follows her nose and they can wander pretty far, pretty fast. I had to watch cows quite a lot, but my brother Paul did the most of it because he didn't have to help hay. His chores were weeding, hoeing, watching cows, mowing the lawn, and helping Mother. I'm sure he had many more chores, but that's what I remember.

When the barn was full of hay, up over the tie-up, up over the horse stalls and grain room, and with the scaffolds filled that stuck out from each end of the barn, it was really full. Dad built the mows out over the barn floor so by the time the barn was full to the top, there would hardly be a hole big enough under the cupola to get the hay fork up through.

A barn full of hay is a sweet smelling thing. No other smell in the world is quite like dry, green hay. But, it is also a dangerous thing because hay will burn like tinder. For that reason, Dad might allow a lantern in the tie-up, but he never allowed one on the barn floor, let alone up in the mow.

If you had to "pitch down hay" for night, you got it done early before dark. Because the hay mow, up in the top of that barn is as dark as the inside of a cow's stomach. You could walk off the edge of the mow and fall clear to the barn floor if you weren't careful. We never had anyone fall.

In my day on the farms, in Bowdoinham or Stockton Springs, we never had a baler. Did it the hard way, loose hay by hand. After I had gone off to the Marine Corps Dad bought a used New Holland baler, but I never got to enjoy that modern technology in my day.

It takes about two tons of hay per animal to winter-over in Maine, so with 50 head, we had to have 100 tons or more put up in the barns. A bodacious abundance of hay to be harvested loose using the above described method.

For all the hay and water that goes in the front end, an equal amount of manure (and milk) must come out the back end! Another chore that took a lot of work.

SAWDUST

We used sawdust from a sawmill for bedding. Some used straw or shavings. Most used sawdust. The sawmill was in Topsham, so you had to go get the sawdust. Here again, we didn't have a big truck with a closed in body, so you could just shovel it in and fill it. We brought burlap bags and Dad shoveled the sawdust into a bag held open by a kid. Margie first, then the rest of us in succession. You'd get two short sticks from the mill and roll them inside the top to form a square opening. As Dad shoveled you had to "shake down the bag" to pack in more. There was a kind of rhythm to shoveling and shaking down.

The worst part was to be unlucky enough to get there on a day the sawmill was running. The sawmill pile might be in the cellar of the mill or outside, but either way, the dust from the saw is blown into the pile. You cannot believe how much dust there is in the air to get into your eyes and up your nose. Sawdust has oil in it and splinters. Every once in awhile we'd have to stop and Dad would roll up the corner of a red bandana to clean sawdust out of your eyes.

The bags would be loaded on the pick-up like cord wood, with the folded tops headed in so they would hold each other shut. The bottoms went outboard, so the wind wouldn't blow away the sawdust as you headed home. Depending on how high and wide we loaded, we might have 50 bags on the truck when we tied her down.

Some farmers with those big closed trucks might have a "lift body" so the sawdust could be dumped in the pile at the barn. At the very least, they could shovel it off. We lugged in the bags and dumped them in the sawdust bin, one at a time. Of course, the burlap bags had to be turned inside out, shook out and hung out to dry so they

wouldn't rot out. We could use them over and over for years. It never occurred to me that we were accumulating a never ending supply. Our cow grain, horse oats, and beet pulp didn't come in bulk, it all came in burlap grain bags. The tops were crocheted together with very good cotton string from left to right. If you "found the end" you could unravel that string without cutting it and "save" it.

In the summer the cows went out to pasture all day and all night and were only brought in for milking morning and night. That was when they would get grained and watered. I liked "bringing in the cows." You'd go down in the field and call, "Co' Boss, Co' Boss, Co' Boss." They'd start coming because they new it was time for water and grain. I'd stand on a stone wall and a favorite, black Jersey called Blackie would come along side and let me get on to ride her home bare back. I thought I was a heck of a cowboy!

Cleaning the gutters in the tie-up was only a touch up job in summer and we didn't use near as much sawdust. When cows stay in during the winter, they produce a lot more manure to be shoveled. Barns usually had a manure pit cellar and you could open a hinged trap door behind the gutter to scrape down. But, if the cellar got full, as ours was want to do, you had to shovel the manure out the tie-up windows into piles below.

We had a manure spreader, but we had no front end loader for the tractor, so filling the spreader was a "shoveling on job." We never seemed to get around to spreading all the manure in the barn yard.

Some smart farmers would back the manure spreader under the tie-up floor into the cellar. Then it could be shoveled down into it and hauled off every day.

Modern barns have barn cleaners and conveyor belts that carry it all off to the waiting spreader. But, as I've said, we were pretty poor and we did things the hard way. Cow manure is about 3% nitrogen so it makes good fertilizer. It could be spread on fields to be plowed in, or on hay fields in the Fall. Over the winter it decays in and cows will eat the hay. Cows will not eat grass from a pasture that is freshly manured.

MILKING

Milking, of course, was a big chore. Before we had electricity and running water it had to be done by hand. We learned how to milk at a very early age. Mother "refused to learn" because she knew if she did, Dad would have her doing it!

You sit on a very short, three legged stool on the right side of the cow. If you're smart, you pull the cows tail or switch up between the left hind leg and the left side of the udder. Cows have four teats, horses and goats have two.

Everyone has their own method. Corner to corner, one side, then the other. Whatever sequence is used you "roll the milk down by squeezing the top of the teat near the udder with the thumb and first finger, followed by the second, third and little fingers in rapid sequence. This is done over and over again, usually alternating the motion of the left hand with the right until the cow is dry. If you broke or hurt a thumb you couldn't milk, so Dad made sure people were careful handling the steering wheel of the tractor!

You also made sure your fingernails had been cut short because if you stab a cow's teat or udder, which is very sensitive, she will kick you off that stool into the gutter. Dad didn't worry much about people getting kicked, but he worried about a bucket of milk kicked over and spilled or contaminated from the cow getting her foot in the bucket!

If you slipped your arm through in front of the right hind leg with your fingers in back of the left hind leg , you could get the cow to set her feet with the right leg back. Slightly off balance, they seem to have less tendency to kick and you can better reach the teats. If the cow is feeding while you are milking, they are more contented, kick less and "let the milk down." A good milker can milk a cow dry in a few minutes. Although we

had some big producers like Lassie or Blackie, who would give 60 pounds of milk or more per day, who took longer to milk. That is quite a lot for a Jersey, although big Holstein cattle are known to give over 100 pounds. Dad always said, "they don't give it, you have to take it."

There was great rivalry between farmers of different breeds. Jersey farmers might say "it's a good idea to have a Holstein at the end of the herd to wash out the milk line." (Holsteins give thinner milk with less cream than Jerseys.) Holstein farmers might say, "when Jersey cows calve, you have to lock up the barn cats so they won't eat the calves," implying that Jersey's are very small!

Every barn had lots of barn cats. They keep the field mouse population in check so the mice won't eat the grain. They are to be differentiated from "house cats" because they never went near or into the house and for the most part were quite wild. They would, though, come in to the tie-up for warm milk and we did have them all named.

Cats can be taught to catch a stream of milk in their mouths, right out of mid air. You start by squirting it at them up close. They'll catch and drink it as it comes. As they and you get better at it, they can be further away and I've successfully done it at 10 or 12 feet.

The milk pail is a ten, twelve or fourteen quart bucket, clean galvanized or stainless steel. You hold it squeezed between your knees or between the feet and calves with the front edge tipped down and the bottom edge resting on the stall floor. Milk is warm (body temperature) when it comes out and milking creates quite a lot of pressure, so the milk "foams up" in the bucket. Dad would lay the right side of his face right over on the cow's side when he milked and close his eyes.

The milk could be transferred to a much bigger, covered pail, set aside in a clean place in the tie-up. As that got full, it was lugged to the milk house to be dumped through a big funnel called a "strainer". The strainer had a cotton fiber filter in the bottom that got changed and thrown away each milking. The strainer would just fit into the neck of a 40 quart milk can. When the can was full, a tight, press-on cover would be put on and the can would be lifted into the cold water of the milk tank to cool. Another job following milking was to "wash and scald" the milk pails and strainer and hang them up to dry in the milk house.

On a big farm, the milk truck would come every day to pick up full milk cans and drop off clean empties. Each farmer owned their own cans and they were marked with paint with a name or a number to keep them straight. If the truck couldn't get through because the roads were plugged with snow, we'd have to "bring" the full cans and pick up the empties from wherever the plowed road ended.

We'd hook Bucky up to the pung (a kind of low, farm sleigh with one seat and a box body). The cans would be loaded in, jingle bells put on the horse, a bearskin lap robe went over the passenger laps, and away we'd go. The seat could hold one adult and one or two children at the most. Ron and I would fight over who got to go.

I loved to ride in a sleigh behind a horse. All cuddled up next to Dad. He'd let you drive the horse. Your breath came out in white puffs of steam and a trotting horse could shoot out clouds of white vapor. The smell of the horse, the jingle bell's rhythm. It was Christmas every day.

When you got to the spot where the truck had come, you'd pull your empty cans out of the snow bank and neatly shove your full ones into the same hole in the snow. Sometime that day, the milk truck would get there to reverse the process.

When I was very young, almost all the roads were dirt or gravel roads. In the Spring they were mud. Ditches, culverts and tar roads came later. Therefore, snowplows were not abundant and some towns still used a snow roller if the weather was bad and the snow got deep. A snow roller was a big, long cylinder made out of boards running lengthwise. The cylinder might be 3 or 4' in diameter and 10' long. A team of two or three horses could be hooked up to it and the driver sat up on top.

Horses with big flat hooves can go over snow easier than a person. They also have four feet for balance. The roller coming along behind would roll and pack down the snow making the road good for sleighs and sledding. Many years later when I lived in Boston and they didn't bother to plow the streets, I'd say, "they were using the roll and pack method." A lot of folks, if they had a car, would put it up on blocks in the garage for the winter. Then, they'd use a horse and sleigh.

The milk went to a dairy like "Oakhurst" or "Hancock County Creamery" where it was pasteurized, bottled or made into other products like cream, cheese and ice cream. The milk check came once a month from the dairy and it was an exciting and anticipated event. We got to find out how much was left over to live on after we paid the grain bill!

FEED FOR BOSTON HORSES

Many farmers grew grain like oats, barley, wheat and rye. There were men who did nothing but travel around with big portable threshing machines. They would go from farm to farm threshing grain for farmers for a fee.

I remember one time when I was very little a man came to Big Grampy Bishop's, two miles over the road from our farm, with a great big baler. It didn't run over the fields, it sat stationary in the yard and was run by a gasoline engine. The hay was brought to it, fed in and the machine crushed and squeezed it together into very large, rectangular bales, bound with strong baling wire. Unlike field balers that make 40 pound bales tied with baling twine, the wire bales weighed about 200 pounds. Without conveyor belts they had to be stowed using a block and tackle. Dad decided they were too much work and not worth it, even though the bales stacked neatly and took up less space. We stuck to loose hay haying. But it was an exciting event and people came from miles around to see the machine "work."

Grampy Bishop raised hay for the Boston Police horses. Dad once told me that was how Grampy made a lot of his cash money. Consequently, Grampy had the stationary baler come each year to bale the hay to be shipped to Boston.

I have a very old log book where Grampy would record the weight of each bale. The photocopy of a sample page, attached, shows the weight of each bale, the total for each column and the grand total of 26,365 pounds (just over 13 tons) for the page. At the top it shows the hay went by Pennsylvania Railroad Car Number 505367 on May 3, 1926, to be shipped to Boston.

50 Hay

Car Penn R R 505367

May 3 – 1926

Rec'd Cash 100 / 50 / 100 / 25 = 275

275 00
237 28
$37.72 Bal on [illegible]

51

Hay									
205	190	200	190	185	195	185	200	190	200
175	200	190	195	190	175	180	180	200	200
200	200	190	195	200	180	195	190	210	180
190	205	200	170	195	195	195	200	195	195
185	210	180	200	210	195	185	190	200	205
190	200	205	160	200	170	180	175	205	190
200	200	170	170	200	195	200	195	185	190
175	205	190	180	180	180	200	170	180	190
200	185	195	200	170	180	185	180	205	185
180	180	205	180	180	195	205	180	190	185
190	165	180	200	170	180	180	180	185	215
190	180	185	205	170	175	200	180	185	155
205	180	195	200	165	160	2290	2220	190	2290
200	190	185	180	180	200			2620	
2685	190	185	180	180	180			185	
	2880	2855	2805	2775	2760			2705	

2685
2880
2855
2805
14000
12365
26365

2760
2290
2220
2290
12365

Austin Sarah ✓
Allen Iza D ✓
" Mabel S ✓
Adams Albert P ✓
" Winnifred M ✓

Legal Voters
Town of Bowdoinham
4th

Briery Sybil ✓
" Ada ✓
Bishop Jake W. ✓
" Elizabeth O ✓
Bush Isabel M. ✓
Baker Edward D. ✓
Blair Kate ✓
Batchelder Minnie S. ✓
Batchelder Leon E. ✓
Borjesson [illegible] ✓
" Susan M ✓
" Esther M ✓
Blemn V. Hall ✓
" Mary B. ✓
Brown Leslie J. ✓
" Louis M. ✓
Baker Adoniram
" Minnie E
Bass Chas H
" May E. ✓
Brown Earl E. ✓
" Hazel G ✓
Blair Geo H. ✓
Billings Rosella ✓
" Maud M ✓

Other pages in the book show the price of hay as $12.50 or even $15 per ton. Dad told me that Gramp made about $500 per year shipping hay to Boston. This represented a lot of extra income in 1926.

In the same leather-bound ledger, there is an alphabetical listing of all the "Legal Voters for the Town of Bowdoinham." It must be for the same period of time, 1926. It is hand written by Grampy Bishop. I assume he kept the ledger for the Town at home.

Grampy died in 1940. I wasn't quite four years old. Dad brought me up to Gramps farm house where he was laid out in an oak casket in the parlor with the lid open. When we walked in and I saw him I asked Dad, "why is Grampy asleep in the sewing machine?" It was a loud enough question for all to hear and with that Grammy swooned.

I missed him, because if Mother brought Margie, Paul and Ron up to the Bishop School, we would stop in on the way home and I would sit in Grampy's lap and eat a second breakfast. Toast and grapefruit sections, and to this day, I like 'em both and never eat them without a thought of Grampy Bishop.

HEATING WITH WOOD

Dad always said, "when you heat with wood you get warm three times. Once cutting it, once burning it and once lugging out the ashes!"

Houses were heated with wood or coal. Off the end of the Bowdoinham Farmhouse was a long ell running east and west. In it were the entry way off the porch (a kind of a big overcoat closet), the kitchen, the pantry on the south side, the shed entry way on the north, the shed or summer kitchen, the wood shed on the south and the family outhouse on the north, the hired man outhouse to the west of the woodshed, then a staircase to the shed chamber and the room over the garage. The open staircase stood in Dad's tool shop where he had a long bench, vise, anvil and many hand tools. I liked to play in there and "build" things. I also liked to play over the garage. I'd save empty cereal boxes and cans with labels and we'd set up board counters and shelves and play "store." The last part west of that was the big garage where the car was stored.

Entry ways had double doors to keep the cold out. Going into the house in winter you went through this "kind of air lock," that let you do one door at a time to keep the cold out and the heat in. It was as dark as a pocket inside the entry, making it scary to go through. But, you learned to find your coat in the dark and which hook was yours, to hang it up. There were doors all over that ell. Backdoors, front doors, entry way doors, shed doors that rolled sideways and garage doors that swung.

In the winter, the men went into the wood lots to cut wood. They'd pile it in cord wood stacks, 4' wide, 4' high and 8' long to the cord. When the ground was frozen and well packed with snow they'd twitch it out of the woods on a horse drawn cord wood

sled. Then it would be piled in the yard in long stacks to dry over Spring and Summer. Dad piled wood, bark side up out doors and bark side down in the wood shed.

In the Fall when the haying was done (although we never seemed to finish haying) we'd saw wood. Dad had a sawing machine with a moveable table that would tilt the wood into the saw blade. The blade was on the end of a shaft that ran through bearings to a big, wide pulley. A wide canvas belt ran around the pulley and back to a one-lung putt-putt engine or later to the pulley on the tractor, opposite the fly wheel on the other side. A saw blade is about 30 inches in diameter with big teeth, filed sharp to be set one tooth one way, the next the other.

When it was all anchored down and lined up right, so "the belt wouldn't come off," you'd start the engine, ease the pulley on to start rolling the belt and get it up to speed. A saw blade sings from the sound of the teeth cutting through the air. A kind of pretty sound, but deafening. It was pretty to Mother because it meant she'd have wood.

Sawing wood takes three people. One to lug from the pile to the saw table, usually Ron. One to push the saw table and saw the log, usually Dad or Charlie Tarr, and one to take the stick away from the saw, usually me.

If you set the saw rig up right next to the wood shed, you could heave the wood inside, instead of into a pile that had to be handled again. If the logs were big though, and had to be split, they had to be thrown into a separate pile. Often, the men in the woods would split the log so it didn't have to be split again. Wood splits easier when it is cold and frozen. You hit it just right with the ax and it will pop apart. Really big logs have to be split two or three times and probably will require the use of a wedge and ~~mall~~ maul.

So, those pieces may be easier to split when the log is stove length. Four foot logs can be sawed twice into 16" lengths or three times into 12" stove lengths.

After awhile we all learned to saw. The sawing makes an awful din and your ears ring. Or course, in those days no one knew anything about "ear protection" so it's no wonder we are all half deaf.

When the pile was all sawed, a job that might take several days, we still had to face "tiering wood." Wood in a pile takes up way too much space, so we children would go into the woodshed and tier up the wood from the pile. Like everything else, there is a little rhythm and technique to it. If not done right, the pile could tilt and tip over on you. A small space would be left between each tier to let air circulate, although long sticks from one pile helped brace the next tier. I got to be pretty good at it. To this day you can drive through New England and see tiered piles of wood outdoors that are works of art with ric-racked corners. Most houses don't have wood sheds anymore, so the piles stay outside with blue tarps over the top.

There was a sheep farm down below us on the River Road to Pork Point. The man who owned the farm gave me a lamb that we named Bummy. When he was a very young lamb we used him in "skits" put on at Grange meetings. Very foolishly, when he got bigger, I had taught that sheep to buck. When he got really big he could knock you over, but I just loved him. He got big and wooly and he'd chase me and everyone else in the family.

One day he disappeared. We searched half the town for days. I was so upset I cried & cried. In the Spring I was lugging wood for Mother and I found Bummy, wedged in between the wood pile and stacks of piled newspapers. Sheep aren't too smart and

he'd pushed in there, didn't know enough to back out, the pile fell over on him and he went to his Maker, right there. I was upset all over again! Dad helped me bury him and the man offered to give me another lamb, but I wanted no part of it. Too heart breaking for me.

In the kitchen was a big wood box that I had to keep filled every day. I was lazy about it and hated the task, but Margie would sometimes help me and I'd get it done! I was twelve years old before I knew my name wasn't "get wood."

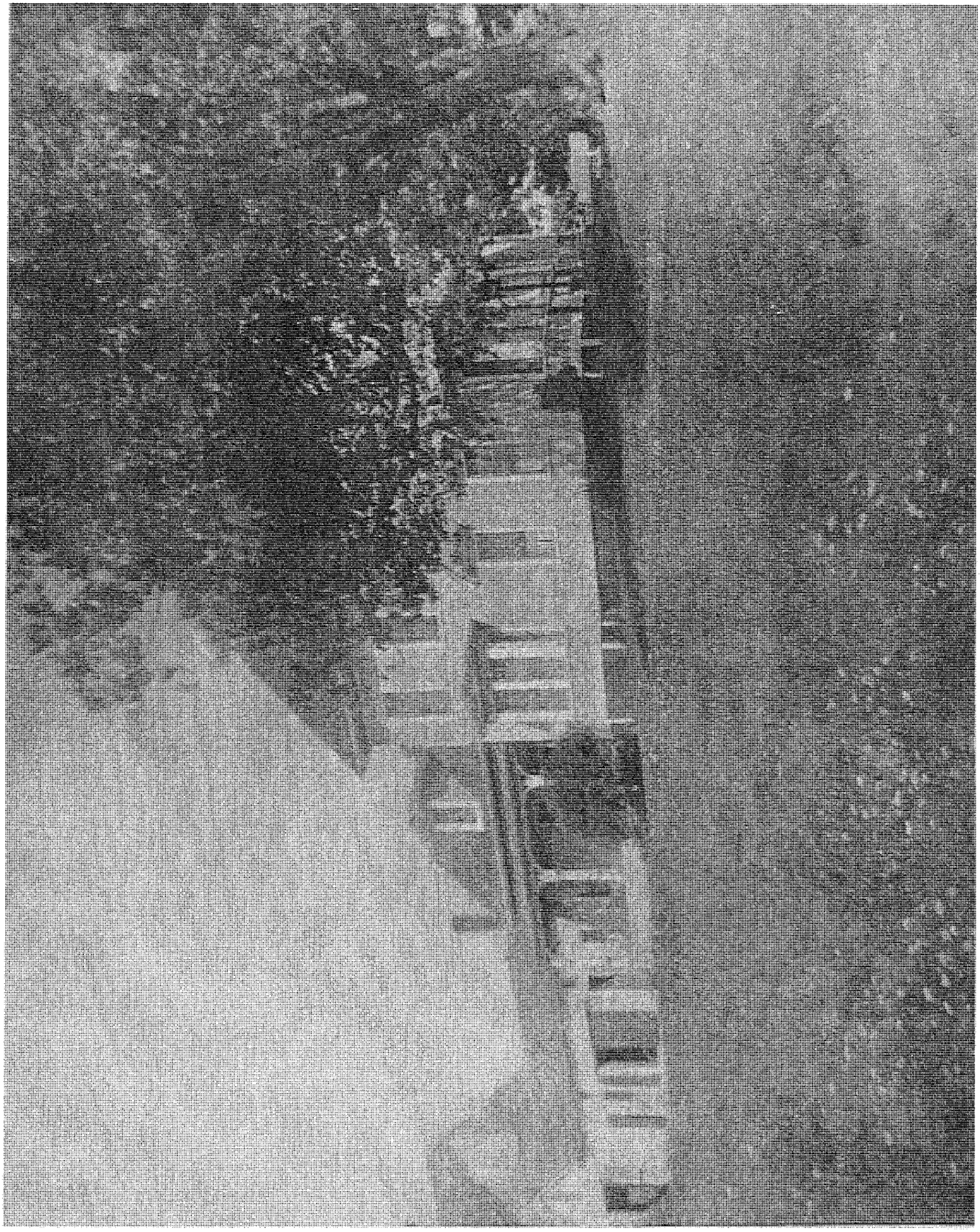
THE FARM HOUSE

The Bowdoinham house was a very nice house. Two stories, a floored attic, 9' ceilings downstairs, 8' ceilings upstairs. There was the kitchen, a big pantry, a dining room, sitting room, parlor, a big bedroom and closet on the first floor for Mother and Dad and a formal front hall and staircase.

Upstairs in the main house there was a front guestroom, Margie's room, Paul's room on the north side, two more bedrooms in the kitchen chamber with dormer windows, the kitchen stairs that came up from near the pantry and a "junk room" full of magazines, books and stuff.

The walls and ceilings were plastered with very fine hair plaster over wood lathes. Brick chimneys ran up through the kitchen, sitting room and parlor, also plastered. We had never gotten around to painting or papering the kitchen chamber rooms where Ron and I slept and the boarder stayed. The rest of the house though was wallpapered.

There were wooden storm windows for all the windows and the house and barns were equipped with lightning rods. On the kitchen ell, there was a wind charger on a tripod on the roof. It was hooked up to glass batteries on the back porch. Dad would yank a rope turning the charger on. The blade would whirl, turning a generator that would charge the lead plates and acid in the glass batteries.



40'S RADIO & ENTERTAINMENT

We had a big Zenith Radio that sat in the sitting room. The power from the glass batteries ran the Zenith Radio which could be turned on to get the news, weather or to hear old time radio programs like "Baby Snooks," "The Great Gildersleeve," "Fibber Magee and Molly," and the "Shadow." My favorite programs were the "Lone Ranger" and the "Green Hornet."

On Sunday night, we'd all listen to "One Man's Family, the Story of the Barber Family" and "Henry Aldrich." Mother liked a soap opera called "Ma Perkins." I remember that Cleora Rollins, who lived up the hill, interrupted her outside chores everyday to come in and sit in her coat, galoshes and bandana and listen to "Stella Dallas." I can still hear Stella saying "Lolly Baby" and Cleora would sit and cry.

Besides the radio, recreation consisted mostly of going to Grange on Saturday night. The Patrons of Husbandry was booming and whole farm families went to Grange.

There would be big Baked Bean Suppers with hot rolls, pickles, and maybe even hot dogs. After supper the grown-ups went to the Grange Hall upstairs. The kids "stayed down" with a grown-up to watch us while the farmers held the Grange Meeting. After, we could all go upstairs.

People would put on skits, play piano, sing or do recitations. Dad had been elected Senator for Sagadahoc County in 1940, so Grange Meetings were the place politicians went to speak and campaign. Mother usually went with him, but if she couldn't she'd send one of us to "keep Dad awake driving home," so he wouldn't put the car off the road.

I remember going with him one time to Richmond Corner Grange. A Democrat Lawyer from Bath was his worthy opponent. Of course, being a city slicker, a Democrat and a lawyer all made him suspect! Not unlike we hold lawyers today!

The man got up and spoke forever. As Dad would say, "he went by several good places to stop!" He was strong on apple pie and Motherhood and against sin, but it was getting later and later.

When it was Dad's turn, he got up slowly, looked at his watch and said, "its getting awfully late. I know you've got chores to do in the mornin'. I just want you to know I don't walk on water but I thank you for coming. Goodnight." He then sat down.

Going home I said, "Dad, you didn't give your speech, your gonna lose!" He said, "I said enough." When the votes were counted in that Town I think Dad won, about 167 to 2.

I remember Dad, Mother, Ron and I did a skit one year, all over the County. It was about Ron and I sneaking off fishing while Dad had to work. It ended with a waving American Flag, Ron and I saluting, while a record player in the wings played Kate Smith's "God Bless America." It brought the house down and we got every vote.

If there weren't skits there would be a dance and everyone would march in two by two to "The Grand March". I learned to dance standing on the tops of people's shoes and then with Mother.

There was one gorgeous young woman, who was married to a young farmer Dad knew. She later ran off with a traveling evangelist who mesmerized her. I used to pray she would come and get me to do the Grand March! My heart would pound, as young as I was. I sure was sorry when she ran off.

The Grand March was like "monkey drill" which we used to do when I went in the service. You'd criss-cross and march between each other, under arches of arms and all sorts of fancy stuff, led by the Marshall.

Mother and Dad went on to become Worthy Matron and Worthy Patron of the same Grange. By the time Dad died at 86, I believe he had been a member for about 70 years.

We, of course, had no television, and to get to Brunswick, thirteen miles away, to a movie, was practically unheard of. The rare exceptions were when Mother took us to see "Bambi" and "Snow White". When the war started, there were war movies and I remember a favorite of Ron's was "30 Seconds Over Tokyo."

There was one movie Dad made Mother take me to see, that is odd but funny. The liquor industry would have failed for want of Dad buying any, but he liked Muscatel Wine made from the Muscat Grape. It's kind of sweet and heavy. A man gave Dad a bottle and he let me taste it. That was a mistake. I liked it.

Dad kept the bottle in the refrigerator. It had a screw cap, so I'd sneak in there and take a sip. I may have been 7 or 8 and a hellion, as boys tend to be. Dad noticed, the contents of the bottle were slowly going down over a long period of time. One day he caught me taking a sip. He was madder than a wet hen.

He had Mother take me to Brunswick to see "The Lost Weekend", a story about an alcoholic, in the hopes it would "cure me!" My movie fare was kind of eclectic! "Bambi" and "The Lost Weekend."

Thanks to Paul though, we made our own entertainment. Paul would write whole movies. Then he would cut silhouettes of people, animals, airplanes, and cars, out of paper.

He'd put a candle or a flashlight in a box, cut a square lens through the side so the light could shine out. Paul would put the box on the landing of the kitchen stairs and the light would shine on the far wall. He'd move the silhouettes in front of the light hole and the pictures would shine on the wall. We'd get popcorn, made in a wire corn popper on the iron wood stove top, and we kids would sit on the stairs. There might be cousins or friends over.

Paul might be generous and do it for "free" or we'd pay a penny. Paul did all the voices; men, women, little kids, animals. He'd do all the sound effects; music, cars, airplanes, gunshots, wind. He'd tell the whole story. If it went on a long time we might have an "Intermission", so we could go back and get more popcorn. I think Mother would even attend sometimes, but I don't ever remember Dad coming.

Dad did bring us all the way to Portland on July 2, 1944 to see the Barnum and Bailey Circus under the canvas big top. He liked the zebras and tried to talk the trainer into selling him a "team of those horses in the crazy pajamas!" The next week, the big tent burned on July 9, 1944 in Hartford, Connecticut, killing many people. Ever after we thought, that fire could have happened in Portland and it could have been us that perished.

Paul was a very smart, creative and sensitive person. Except for Margaret or Ron, who ran a close second, far brighter than me. I say, Paul could have been almost anything. Graduated from Higgins at 16, from Bowdoin College at 20. Played piano,

sang in the Bowdoin Glee Club all over the Country. Was a Fullbright Scholar in Paris, taught school, became a banker in California. Speaks about five languages, is an authority on classical and operatic music. To this day, I greatly admire my brother Paul. He was very good to me, over nine years his junior, as was my wonderful sister Margaret, over ten years my senior. When all else failed, Margie would let me play in her room. We'd play paper dolls and she'd read to me. We were very close and Mother worked so hard, Margie practically raised me. Mother used to say, "Man works from sun to sun....Woman's work is never done." How true.

Paul has always said, "Margie was the better piano player, played a recital in Brunswick." He thinks she is the better singer too, claiming he couldn't make his right hand coordinate with his left to play piano, although you could never prove it by me. I can remember them playing four handed on the piano in the parlor. A Miss Graves came to the house to give them lessons. I never learned to play anything but the radio.

Ronald was always mature for his age and was willing to do "man's work." We all learned to drive a truck or car by the time we were 8 or 9. By the time Ron was 15 he was driving the truck and running the milk route to Richmond Village. He became, by far, the most successful of the four of us, financially.

It may not sound like entertainment, but any diversion was entertainment to us. When we finally got a wall mounted, crank telephone in a long oak box, at first I was scared to death of its ring and wouldn't walk by it. Eventually, I couldn't leave the thing alone. I'd climb up on a chair so I could reach and crank two short rings. That was the grain store in Bowdoinham owned by Elmer Dodge. I'd call him six times a day and ask if "Elmer Grain was there!" Pestered him so much he called Mother with two long rings

(our number) and asked her to try to cut me down to one call a day, although he liked being called Elmer Grain.

If we needed a haircut, Dad might do it himself with the hand clippers. They were kind of dull and pulled, so I would hope he would take me to town for a haircut at Charles McEwens Barber Shop. In the 1940's he had been barbering a long time, having come to town in 1894. When he retired in 1949, he had been a barber for 60 years. His shop still had the old wooden barber chair and a mirrored break-front with shelves for the shaving mugs of various residents.

He was so old, when Dad brought me for the last time, he cut my hair on one side, spun me clear around instead of half way around, and cut the same side a second time! He never did cut the other side, which was quite long because we didn't get haircuts very often.

When Dad picked me up after running an errand, he thought it was very funny and brought me home that way! Mother had a fit and took me to Hazel Maxwell to get the other side done. Ever after that, Ron and I would walk to Hazel Maxwell's house on a Saturday morning and she would cut our hair for $.25 a piece. Her husband Zina owned a greenhouse and that was their real business, but Hazel made a little pocket money by "lowering kids ears" at home on Saturdays. While one got their hair cut, the other got to play with Betty or Lillian Thompson, the State kids that the Maxwell's raised.

FOOD

Living on a rural farm in the 40's, we did not eat the way people eat today. First of all, there was not a fast food restaurant on every corner. To eat out was a very big deal. To eat out usually meant going to a Grange Supper or being invited to someone else's house, usually a relative, for a meal.

Once a year when Dad took me for a "day at the legislature", we would get to eat out. The Chef in the legislative dining room was Johnny McAuley, a black man who was a life-long friend of Dad's. We would usually not eat in the dining room. We went in the kitchen and ate with the Chef, which Dad presented as a great honor. One time when we went to August, Mother was with us and we were all dressed up because we had been invited to a Reception at the Blaine Mansion, the Governor's Residence, to eat with the Governor. It was either Sumner Sewell or Horace Hildreth, both of whom Dad was quite close to. It was the first time I had ever been to a "buffet" and I had to master eating from a plate on my knees without spilling anything on the Blaine Mansion carpets!

I even remember that Dad had taken me to Brunswick to buy my first suit. It was made of course pure wool, navy blue, almost black and it itched like the old harry. It cost $15 and Dad made them "throw in" a white shirt, tie and belt! He tried for the shoes, but that didn't work. They cost $5 extra.

The darn thing itched so and the collar and tie choked me so that I squirmed all day. Every other word from Mother was, "Jake Emery, stop scratching or stop squirming." Couldn't help it.

One of the fondest memories of all time was going with Dad on a day when he had to stay for an evening session of the Senate. We had been in to see Governor Sewell and the Governor had gotten out of his chair and let me sit in it. He was a very formal but pleasant man from Bath, in our county. When I was sitting there he said to me, "now you can go back to school and tell them you were Governor for a minute!" I didn't do it because the mean-kid teasing was bad enough without giving them more ammunition. My whole time at the Bishop School I was invariably called "the Senator's son" instead of my name!

Because Dad had to stay for that evening session, he took me to the Lansey House in Hallowell for dinner. It probably wasn't that elegant, but to me it was. We actually ate in the dining room off white linen and a man waited on us in a tuxedo. I even remember that I ordered "roast pork, applesauce, and buttered baby beats." The applesauce wasn't as good as Mother's. It was yellow. Mother always stewed her applesauce with the skins on and it was pink! She also used more cinnamon and nutmeg, which Dad liked, and that made it better.

I took one look at the round baby beets and I said, "there's no butter on these beets!"

Dad said, "we'll fix that. Waiter! Bring my son some butter for his beets." I almost died, but I was impressed that Dad could summon such service. When we left, he even tipped the man!

Morning was a big meal on the farm. Invariably, there was hot cooked cereal. Oatmeal, Cream of Wheat with raisins, (of course, Dad liked raisins in everything), hot Ralston, Farina or some other such cereal. If it was Ralston, Mother might make a big

batch and after breakfast, pour the leftovers into an enamel pan to congeal. Next morning, she would slice it and fry it in butter in an iron skillet. You would eat it with syrup. It only sounds awful, but to Maniac farmers it was very good and filling.

Bacon was a rare commodity unless we had a slab of it from Grampy Bickmore, but eggs from our hens were plentiful. Of course, there would be coffee and whole milk, maybe juice or fruit, and quite often bisquits or muffins. A hearty-meal to sustain men for a long day out doors.

The noon meal was "dinner", not lunch as we call it today. It too was hearty. The evening meal was "supper" and it too was hearty, but maybe not as big as dinner. On Saturday night it was a big meal and always included company.

When I was a kid, the fish man, the grocery man, the Raleigh man all came to the house once or twice a week. To go food shopping at the A&P or First National in Brunswick, thirteen miles away, was a big trip. It was even a big deal to go to Richmond, five miles away to the IGA or Red and White. More often, we went to Purington's Store in Bowdoinham. Mother might buy finnan-haddy (smoked haddock) from the fish man and she'd bake that in a cream sauce. Very rare today, but a great delicacy in my day.

A roast of beef was not uncommon on farms that butchered cattle like we did. Mother would take leftover beef and put it through the hand cranked food grinder with cooked potatoes and make hash, which was cooked in a covered fry pan. She would do the same with cooked beets and potatoes and make "red flannel hash", which I liked a lot.

Mother always had a big pan of cold boiled potatoes around. With them, she could produce a quick supper of hash or she would just cut them up and fry them in a skillet in bacon fat. We ate a lot of fried potatoes. Dad liked the "crusty" ones.

I don't remember a lot of spaghetti in sauce, but we would have it with butter and we ate a lot of macaroni and cheese. Spam had been invented for the Second World War and we'd eat fried Spam or if I was really lucky, I'd get a thin slice in my bread and butter sandwich to take to school. To this day, I still like Spam, which my daughter refers to as dog food. Nothing wrong with spiced, pressed ham, which is what the name comes from.

Mother made a lot of homemade bread. Several loaves a week, interspersed with yeast rolls, muffins and bisquits. In the 40's people referred to days as "bread day" or "wash day" or "ironing day", because the task took all day, with other chores.

Mother used so much flour Dad would buy her a barrel of it each Fall. There was a special place in the pantry where a door opened up to receive a flour barrel under the counter. The counter lifted up on hinges so you could get into the barrel. I recall a barrel of flour weighed 250 pounds.

Because we ate a lot of bread there was always a supply of stale leftover bread coming along. Mother used that to make "steamed bread" (stale bread steamed in a colander) which we ate with baked beans. I love steamed bread. Ate it at Dad's house right up until 1989. It could also be used to make "milk toast", which we liked. That is simply toasted stale bread with thickened milk sauce made with butter, flour, salt and pepper. We ate a lot of stuffing which Mother made from stale bread, onions and spices like Bell's Seasoning.

There was always chicken; roasted, fried or cold. Fried in a skillet, not batter dipped and deep fried like Colonel Sander's does it. We liked giblets and they'd end up in the stuffing, if there were any left.

Dad butchered a beef critter every Fall. He always let it hang for a time to age before we could start eating on it. In the meantime we would have the heart, tongue and liver, which we loved.

There was little central heat so some rooms would be "closed off" for winter. Maybe the parlor and the front hall. Dad had a table in the front hall and the quarters of beef would be stored on it. It was like a giant meat locker because the hall might be 40°.

A lot of soup got made. Beef stew, corn chowder, fish chowder, vegetable soup. The chowders were made with whole milk and butter so they were filling, rich and hearty. I can see Dad "putting the pepper right to it." Dad liked lots of pepper, even though it was half P's.

Mother made her own mince meat from green tomatoes. I was old before I knew there was mince meat with meat in it. We'd have mince meat pie and even filled cookies with mince meat or ground raisins in them. That is just two sugar cookies with filling in the middle and pressed together at the edge with the tines of a fork before baking.

Our lemon ~~marangue~~ meringue pie was firm and stood up. Not runny like some made with corn starch. Apple pie has to have a layer of raisins in it and Mother usually made it deep dish and upside down so she could put a layer of whipped cream over the top. I was really old before I know, this was the French Huguenot style.

A rare treat was when we might get cream puffs for Easter or your birthday. More often we got ginger bread with raisins, which Dad might call molasses cake.

During the war we ate a lot of rice and raisin pudding with nutmeg and cream, or tapioca pudding (which Ron and I called fish eye pudding). Mother did make Indian Pudding and Suet Pudding, which she served with hard sauce.

There wasn't a lot of ice cream during the war, so we made some awful stuff called "Junket", that was frozen in trays in the refrigerator ice cube compartment and was supposed to resemble ice cream, but it didn't. On occasion, Dad would get out the hand turned "ice cream freezer," rock salt and ice and we'd make "home made ice cream" from real Jersey cream. Some contrast from Junket.

There wasn't a lot of sugar around, so housewives learned to cook with molasses, honey and Karo. Consequently, things like Rhubarb Pie were so tart they'd pucker your mouth for a week. Dad used to tease Mother about making Rhubarb Pie in a long, glass, baking dish, so the stalks would fit in!

In the Spring and Summer we ate lots of "greens", dandelion, beet greens, Swiss Chard, fiddleheads. If it was edible, we ate it. Fiddleheads are the Ostrich Fern that grows in boggy places in the woods. In the Spring we went Fiddleheading to gather them. Taste like a combination of asparagus and mushrooms. I still pick them in my secret beds in the Pioneer Valley.

Mother did a lot of pickling, canning and preserving so vegetables and fruit, mince meat and sauces were plentiful year round. Mother's bread and butter pickles were renowned.

We made butter, jams and jellies so there was plenty to go on school sandwiches. Marshmallow Fluff came on the market, but homogenization to make wonderful peanut butter like Skippy or Jif, was unheard of. When peanut butter came from the store fresh, it was wonderful and Mother couldn't keep us out of the jar. Funny how she could always identify my finger marks in the peanut butter.

But, when it got old and the oil started to separate out, it made good mortar. We'd invert the jar to keep the oil passing back and forth through it, but it didn't help much. The good old days weren't so good in some ways.

People that didn't live on farms ate a new invention for the war called oleo. The American Dairy Industry blocked oleo from being colored yellow, for many years. It came in white, one pound chunks with color packets. I know because the Gildard's up the road used it. June Gildard would mash that color packet into it in a bowl. My best friend, Wayne Gildard and I used to play back and forth and she'd let us stir it up. Wayne could eat it right off the spoon, but it fairly gagged me. Funny, he didn't like our butter, "too strong and salty."

On Saturday, Mother baked a great big crock of homemade baked beans with molasses, mustard and salt pork. Baked beans were a staple in Maine in the 40's and we'd eat them about three or four times a week, warmed up, fried or in bean sandwiches. I never cared for baked beans cold. Mother would make brown bread with raisins, in big empty tin cans like fruit juice cans. I liked brown bread.

Funny thing. I love potatoes any style now, but when I was a kid potatoes gagged me, unless they were mashed and had gravy. So, they'd put anything over mashed potatoes and tell me it was gravy. Mother knew I hated potatoes so she'd let me put them through the ricer. The ricer was a hand press that squashed cooked potatoes through little holes so they came out looking like spaghetti. I'd eat riced potatoes and relish them. But, when they got cold and congealed you'd have to kill me. I can remember sitting at table, all alone, all evening looking at congealed potatoes, because I hadn't "cleaned my plate." The downfall of America. Mother's telling kids, "clean your plate, there are kids

starving in China." Ronny caught it one time because he told Mother, "then mail mine to 'em." He could get away with it because he was so cute and funny. I'd have sat there all night, staring at the mashed potatoes.

There were things I didn't like, believe it or not. Things I learned to eat, much later or haven't tried to this day. Sauerkraut, which Mother made, gizzard and tripe (the honeycomb lining of a cows stomach, dipped in batter and fried).

We were fortunate. Luckier than many around us. It was plain, but we had bounty and we never went to bed hungry.

COMPANY

We looked forward to visitors. A new face, someone to talk and listen to. Mostly, it was relatives like Aunt Jewell, Uncle Roy and Dale who came for Saturday night suppers. Or Aunt Lela (Dad's sister) and Uncle Eddy who came to play "Pitch" or "Cribbage." Our cousins Hilda, Betty, Gail and Sonny (Neil, named after Dad) would come and we children could play. Gail was younger than me, the rest older. Hilda had a guitar and fancied herself quite a singer. She liked to sing "Cowboy Songs" much to our entertainment. She and Margie could harmonize in duets.

You never knew though who would "drop in." Dad and Mother always invited them to stay to supper and it seemed like they always did so. The person might be a farmer or the Governor.

I remember one time Governor Horace Hildreth had been down on Merry-meeting Bay gunning for ducks. He stopped in on the way home and he and his aide stayed for supper.

That day, Mother had made a big ginger bread and had put it in the pantry, under a cloth, to cool. Dad liked everything with lots of raisins in it and Mother made "double batches" so that ginger bread might be 3" thick and 12 by 24".

Sometime during the day, Dad had slipped into the pantry, cut a slice shaped like the "half moon in a backhouse door" right out of the middle of that ginger bread. He had lifted the moon out carefully and covered it back up with that dishtowel.

When supper was over, Mother brought out the coup de grace, that covered ginger bread and a monster bowl of whipped cream. She set it down right in front of Governor Hildreth, whipped off that cloth and there it was, the half moon in the

backhouse door! I thought the Governor was going to bust a gut laughing, along with everyone else except Mother! Finally, it was so comical, she had to laugh too.

I think my favorite visitors were Uncle Len (Dad's brother) and Aunt Alma. Len was a very successful insurance man for the Metropolitan and a real estate dealer. They lived on Angell Street, way down in South Portland, but they'd drive up. Len always had a big car. Len was a funny story teller and he'd mimic people. He could get me laughing so hard my sides would hurt (see picture attached, at 90). Mother, Alma and Lela were all quite close. They enjoyed each other's company.

Others that would come would be the man to shoe the horses. A farrier, although I never heard that term until 40 years later. I loved to sit and watch the "horse shoer" clean hooves, trim the edge and put new shoes on that got nailed through the hoof! I'd keep asking him "why it didn't hurt?" He'd say, "do your toenails hurt!"

A favorite was "The Milk Tester, Norris Hamlin." He'd come in his truck, live with the family and stay several days while he tested every cow for butterfat content. A very important fact to know for farmers with pure bred cattle that showed at fairs. We had one cow, Bishop's Forvics March Lassie who produced 15,000 pounds of milk and 812 pounds of butterfat in a 307 day lactation. She became the Grand Champion that year and held the Purple Ribbon. A picture of Lassie and our farm dog, Amos, is attached on page 91.

Another man who came regularly was the Raliegh man. He sold everything you could think of, door to door. Excellent salves, fly spray, spices. One day he tried to sell Dad a one pound can of pepper.

Leonard L. Bishop
Bowdoinham
July 24, 1991
8/6/1900 to 9/13/1997

Lassie

Amos

Dad said, "Nope, I don't want any of your pepper." The Raliegh man weighed in with, "this is the very best pepper in the world, straight from Madagaskar."

"Nope, your pepper is no good. It is half peas."

The man was livid. He read Dad the ingredients off the label. Dad said, "I bet you a $5 bill against your can of pepper, its half peas." Of course, the man went for that deal.

Dad held up the can, pointed to the label and said, "three P's, three other letters!" as he took the can and went in the house! Mother was as mad as the Raliegh man, 'cause he didn't come back for over a month!

I could sit for hours and listen to grown-ups talk. They were so funny and told such tall tales. A very dear, favorite visitor was my Mother's sister, Myrtle Louise. Weez was an old maid who had never married. She had trained to be a nurse at Maine General Hospital in Portland. For a time after graduating she took care of one of the last Maine sea captains to have sailed wooden schooners around the Horn. His name was Captain Ed Hitchborn and he lived in Stockton Springs. When we went to Little Grammy Bickmore's to visit we always saw Aunt Weez and old Captain Hitchborn. He was a cantankerous old cuss. He had a big car that Weez used to drive him around in. The Captain liked to bet on the horses and he made Weez drive him around to all the Fairs and Races. If that wasn't bad enough, he made her go to the window and place all the bets! Mother and Dad always said "it was what made Weez turn religious." She was very religious and somewhat eccentric, but she was a dear, kind person. I still have the "Hurlbuts Story of the Bible" she gave me over 50 years ago.

After she left Captain Hitchborn, she was one of the first to go on and study Physical Therapy. It was the height of the polio epidemic, long before Salk vaccine, and she spent the rest of her life working with crippled children. First, in Portland at the Children's Hospital, then for a long time in a hospital in Toledo, Ohio. Finally, she moved to Desert Hot Springs, California and worked in a clinic there until she retired and passed on.

She had lived for so long in that desert that she was like an Armadillo. If she came home to Maine for a visit in July or August, she froze and always wore a sweater. Very late in life though, she still gave the best back rubs. Truly, a gentle, reverent soul.

One person who came to spend two or three summers with us was our cousin, Edgar Wells. He really wasn't company. His Mother, Isabelle Simmons Wells, was Mother's cousin and because they had lived their whole life in New York City, everyone thought it would be nice if Edgar could come and spend summers working on the farm.

Edgar was Ronny's age. Brilliant, focused, and a willing worker. He had an even personality and a good sense of humor, so he could take Dad's teasing and the hard work. He was very good to me, even though I was several years his junior.

Even then, I thought Edgar would end up a priest. A prediction he laughed at incredulously, but one that ultimately came true. I am sure that several summers on a very rural farm, doing hard work and learning new skills, served Edgar very well for his whole career. There is something about haying, weeding and shoveling manure that gets your mind down to basics and gives you greater appreciation for the finer things in life!

Sure enough, Edgar went on to graduate from college and Episcopal Seminary. He served as a parish priest in several places in the country. When he became Rector of a

very large church in New York City, I drove Dad all the way to New York to attend the Induction Ceremony, on February 18, 1979.

Now, the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin on 47th Street and 7th Avenue is not a cathedral, but it is a mighty big stone church. After driving many hours from Massachusetts, we, of course, arrived late. Dad always said, "when you go to church, arrive late and sit down front. Otherwise, no one will know you came and you get more votes that way!"

There must have been a thousand people in there. People were standing everywhere as we paraded up front and stood with a group right near the alter. There were singers there from the Metropolitan Opera, a choir, many musicians, bell rings and a bevy of priests, including the Episcopal Bishop of New York.

People were marching up and down lugging bibles, the Shepherd's staff and crosses. Bells were ringing, people were singing and the incense smoke was absolutely billowing towards the belfry!

Finally, Dad says in a pretty large voice, "I think I know what they're doin'."

I said, "what do you mean?"

"All the smoke, I think I know what its for."

People started looking at the country bumpkins from among the crowd of 100 near the alter.

"What is it for Pop?"

"I think they're expectin' frost!?

The crowd faded away and after that we had plenty of room to see!

After the ceremony was over, we were invited to "the home for unwed fathers" which you would probably call the Rectory, for a private party with Edgar. He was so tickled to see his Uncle Neil, "who had come so far just to see him inducted," I think he told the whole crowd.

So, I told him the little story about the events at the alter. I thought Edgar was going to wet his pants. He could appreciate the droll humor from all those summers, farming in Maine.

MOTHER

Margie and Paul got their ways from Mother who was a very talented and loving person. She had graduated from Higgins Classical Institute and Castine Normal School. She taught school, played the piano and sang. When she was 15 she kept house for a lady on Cape Jellison in Stockton Springs. The lady taught her to drive her open Cadillac Touring Car. The only driving law was "keep to the right."

She wasn't a fancy cook, but she was a very good, plain cook. She canned, preserved, froze food, made butter. She always made her own donuts and baked yeast bread. She could sew, darn, knit, crochet, tat, embroider. She was the best speller any of us ever knew, having won a State of Maine Spelling Bee.

At Easter, everyone could have as many eggs as they wanted, cooked any way they wanted. I remember one Easter Mother was at the wood stove frying eggs just as tight as she could go. She had the stove cover off and the spider setting right on the cover hole getting direct heat. She had that fry pan setting a little to one side so she could throw the empty egg shells into the wood fire. She got going so fast we watched her break three eggs right into the fire box while she threw the egg shells into the pan! Charlie Tarr finally asked her if she was gong to waste all those eggs!? Embarrassed, she had a kanniptian fit. She was a caution.

When she was well along in years, she went to California to visit Paul. They borrowed a car and with no map drove all over Southern California Freeways and Los Angeles. Paul told me the first time she drove across the city (Paul doesn't drive), she pulled in the yard and matter-of-factly said, "these Californian's are pretty good drivers."

Doris M. Bishop
Graduation
Higgins Classical Institute
Charleston, Maine
1920

Doris Margeurite Bishop was known as "Becky" a derivation created by Uncle Roy who converted Bicky (from her maiden name Bickmore) to Becky.

Generous, she would "take people places," visit the old and sick, write dozens of letters to folks and "make things" for people. She passed on far too young for everyone, at 67. Margaret inherited many of her qualities.

I always felt Ron was Mother's favorite. I was lazy and a hellion, he was a more disciplined worker and smart. He used to stand in front of a mirror in the dining room and make faces at himself. Mother would laugh and stroke his bare tanned skin and say "just like velvet."

In the cellar there was a big hot air furnace that burned coal. Dad would have a couple of tons of anthacite delivered in the Fall. A coal truck came from Richmond or Brunswick. They'd hook a coal chute to the back of the dump truck that had a small hole, with a gate, through the tailgate. It didn't take any time at all to chute the coal in through a cellar window into the coal bin in the cellar. The hot air fed through pipes to registers in the floor, only on the first floor. It was so cold on the second floor in winter the pea would freeze overnight n the "thunder jug" under the bed!

When I went in the service, I wrote home to Mother and told her, "I just love it. We've got more food to eat than you can believe. They gave me all kinds of clothes and none of 'em are "hand-me-downs" from Ronny. We march and play with the rifles. Run the flag up in the mornin' when they play the bugle. We run it back down at night. But, there's one thing I miss. I miss the pot under my bed."

Smart alleck Mother wrote back and said, "you never could hit it."

Mother
School Picture
Substitute Teacher
Augusta
Circa 1968

There was a wood door, covered rollway to the cellar right next to the back porch. At the corner of the porch was a rain barrel that received water from the gutter on the kitchen/porch roof. Mother would dip the rainwater out and lug buckets in to do the wash.

Other gutters fed to a big brick cistern that Dad had had built in the cellar under the kitchen. I would say it held 1000-1500 gallons of rain water. A supply that could save your life during drought. The electric water pump and tank that Ed Webb installed stood in the cellar.

Part of the cellar was dirt and parts had concrete pads. A lot of vegetables, like carrots, parsnips and beets were stored in sand on the dirt. Things like squash and pumpkins had to be stored dry on concrete. Potatoes were put into wooden barrels that set on concrete. One of the worst jobs I remember is having to sit in the cellar in Springtime and break "sprouts" off old potatoes.

Under the kitchen ell, the cellar stairs came down over the cistern, under the kitchen stairs to the bedrooms. It was in that cellar way that Mother kept a bottle of Dr. True's Elixir. It was really a laxative and quite bitter. If you got too grumpy or mopey or hyper, Mother would say you had "the ippazudic" and that meant you were in for a tablespoon of Dr. True's Elixir. That took care of you cause next day you didn't venture too far from the outhouse. Mother's shelves for canned goods and preserves stood in this part. Usually, chimney's were built on arches that shelves were installed into for canned goods. The crocks full of brine held salted butter, churned by hand in a barrel churn over the summer. The year the farm burned in 1947, Mother had put up 600 quarts of fruits, vegetables and preserves in quart and pint Mason jars. There were 200 pounds of butter

in the crocks. Many barrels of potatoes, a ton of squash, other buried vegetables and coal.

The woodshed was full, the barns held 110 tons of hay. We were better prepared than we had ever been as a family. Ron was at Higgins, Paul was at Bowdoin College, Margie was married, had a son Fred Lincoln and lived in Gray, Maine with Ed, a plumber and Myers Pump dealer. I was at home in fifth grade at the Bishop School, the last at home to help on the farm. It was November 10, Dad's birthday.

By now, through, we had electricity, running water, many appliances and a Surge milking machine. A new creamery had been built adjacent to the big barn. In it was an electric milk cooler that could hold eight 40 quart cans, running water to a sink, and bottle washing, filling and capping machines. For, by now, we had a "milk route" to Richmond, delivering raw milk every day in glass bottles. We were making big "cash money" by our standards.

We did a lot of bartering. "I'll give you a side of beef, you give me three barrels of potatoes." That sort of thing. I remember a year Dad had called us all together to tell us we had had a great year. Besides bartering and growing almost everything we needed, we had earned $1,900 in cash money for the year. I don't remember exactly what year it was, but the Second World War was over and it might have been 1946.

Before we had electricity, we used kerosene lamps and lanterns. They give off a pleasant, romantic glow, but not an awful lot of light. A lot of folks had Aladdin lamps that ran on white gasoline that was pumped up to a gauze mantel under pressure. They gave a ton of light, especially if placed in front of a concave reflector, but we didn't have any.

Once Mother took you up to bed with a lamp and put you in for the night, you were in, because it was dark. To this day I have never seen the stars and shooting stars and the aurora borealis like it was in Bowdoinham, Maine in the 40's, because it was dark and there was no stray light from cities and towns.

We'd lay on our backs on the porch and watch shooting star meteor showers. I was scared to death of thunder and lightning but we'd all sit out on the porch and watch chain lightning shows. I was always afraid it would hit the house or barn. I think that came from Dad's final admonition as he and Mother went somewhere and left me alone on the farm, as young as 8 or 9. "If lightning strikes the barn Jake, make sure you get the cows out." I'd worry until they were home again. We learned to take big responsibility early.

HOUSE CHORES

Mother had indoor chores for me too. The first thing she let me do was stand on a chair that had no back, long since broken off, and take clothes away from the wringer on the old Maytag. No "spin dryers" in those days. Washing machines were a tub, with a gasoline engine. Mother would drag the exhaust pipe out the back door of the summer kitchen and touch that gasoline engine off. She knew more about small engines than my father did. After Roosevelt brought power under the Rural Electrification Act washers had electric motors and could be run right in the house.

On top of the machine was a mangle with rollers that the wet clothes were put through to wring the water out and back into the wash tub. Reaching down by the agitator and fetching clothes out of the tub and feeding them into the wringer was tricky business. That was something taught later when you had more experience. Getting a hand caught in the wringer was no joke, so that was reserved for the experienced. Although there was a popular joke of the times about getting caught in the wringer that was used to describe anyone in deep trouble.

So, Mother stood me on that chair and taught me to take away from the wringer so the clothes could go into the tub of rinse water. The kitchen floor was full of gear, set up just so, so the task was more efficient. Washer, a broken chair with the rinse tub on it beside the washer, maybe another chair with the clothes basket on it, various baskets of sorted, dirty clothes, and my chair. The wringer on the washer could be unlocked to swivel from side to side, so that you could feed from the wash tub, the rinse tub, or what-have-you.

You might say, "Why would anyone have to stand and take away?" Because the clothes stuck to those rollers and if someone wasn't there to grab them and peel them off into the next tub, they'd just keep rolling around and jamb the wringer. Then, I'll tell ya, you had a mess.

Mother used Oxydol and some bleach, but she didn't trust them to be "strong enough" for farm clothes, so she whittled a little lye soap into each wash tub. My grandmother lived 85 miles away in Stockton Springs and she still made lye soap in a kettle, hung from a tripod, over a wood fire in the yard. It was made from saved animal fat, ashes and Lord knows what all. You'd never use it on your skin but it was good on soiled clothes. Little Grammy poured the cooked mixture into pans to cool and when it was done, she'd cut it up with a knife and send us a whole parcel of soap cakes, at least once a year.

In the old days washing didn't just consist of putting clothes in the tub and hanging them out to dry. No-sa. First, they had to be boiled on the wood stove top in an oval, copper kettle. I can remember rounding the corner way down the hill, on the two-mile walk home from the Bishop School, and smelling the stink of "boiling clothes." I don't think there's a nastier smell than boiling clothes! But, it alerted me; I'd be on the chair soon, taking away from the wringer.

We had a teacher at the Bishop School named Lida Buker. Her husband Ed had a small farm where he grew pansies for market. Lida and Ed went one time to a bull auction down at Topsham Fair. They were sitting up in the grandstand with the other folks when Arthur, the auctioneer, led out the first bull.

He said, "This Jersey bull weighs 1200 pounds and can service five cows a day." With that Lida poked Ed in the ribs and says out loud, "You hear that Ed, five cows a day!"

Embarrassed, Ed said, "Cut it out Lida, you're embarrassin' us."

When Arthur led out the Guernsey bull and said it weighed 1400 pounds and could service six cows a day, Lida gave Ed another poke in the ribs with the elbow and said, "Ed, you hear that, six cows a day!"

Ed was getting exasperated and begged Lida to hush up.

When Arthur brought out the big Holstein bull and said, "This bull weighs 2000 pounds and can service seven cows a day," Ed piped right up.

"Arthur, is that seven different cows or is that the same cow seven times?"

"That's seven different cows, of course."

"Did you hear that Lida?"

It was the early '40s, pre-World War II times and stuff was scarce and dear. "Waste not, want not" Mother used to say as she took down and put up the clothes line rope every wash day. Mother was into recycling long before it became "fashionable" and she could make a clothesline last forever. None of that fancy nylon rope, that hadn't been invented yet. It was woven cotton or hemp and Mother preferred hemp because it was stronger and would last. You want to see someone as mad as a wet hen, you wanta see a clothesline break and let clean clothes down into dirt and green grass after spending hours getting 'em clean through the above process.

I couldn't put clothesline up. Not tall enough. Mother had a system and she did it. From that hook on the comer of the house to that apple tree limb, back to that post, back

to the house. Loaded down, clothesline would stretch under the weight of wet clothes, so there had to be a series of forked clothesline poles to prop the line in the middle.

Before we had electricity, we had a main kitchen and a "summer kitchen," in the shed next to the woodshed part and the indoor outhouses. There was a "single outhouse" for the hired men and there was another for the family. It was a "comfy outhouse." That's a two-holer built on a three hole chassis and one little low one for the kids.

Dad wrote to Sears, Roebuck once and said "send me some toilet paper." They sent him a catalog and told him to order it. He wrote back and said, "Now I don't need to."

But I'm getting away from my story here. I'd peel those mashed clothes off and shake 'em out into the rinse tub or basket. When you got real good at it and Mother could see you weren't careless, she'd teach you how to "feed" the wringer.

You can see from this process why washing took all day. None of this, "throw a load in after suppa and it will be done in the mornin'" stuff. I can remember someone complaining to my Big Grammy once about the trials of the wringer washer and wanting an "automatic." Grammy simply said, "We had running water when I was a young bride, you ran down to the brook and got it." End of that discussion. It's all relative.

I'd often be assigned to "watch clothes," which is not unlike watching cows. There's somethin' about clean clothes blowing on a line that attracts cows. Maybe it's the sweet smell, the color, the movement. But you can bet, if there are cows in the vicinity, they'll come to walk through those clean clothes and run'em over their backs! I remember Mother and I rushing out one day to a cow with her head in a shirt with one horn through the short sleeve! You couldn't help but laugh, to hear Mother who wasn't given to cussin',

say "damn" or "Hell's Bells" and chase that thing off. You had to laugh even though it wasn't a pretty sight.

Clothes were hung using old fashioned, two prong clothespins that squeezed down over the clothes and the line. I don't remember that we ever had any of the spring kind. Mother used to say she never had enough of the prong kind, 'cause I was always borrowin 'em to draw people on 'em or squeeze two together at right angles to make an airplane. You had to be careful with that hemp rope or little pieces of hemp would stick into your fingers like splinters.

After the clothes were dry you started another whole process. Take 'em down, fold 'em as you go, and bring 'em in the house. Things to be ironed had to be "sprinkled." That always fascinated me. You'd get the clothes dry so you could wet 'em.

Sprinkled clothes have to "set awhile" so Mother folded and rolled 'em. If she wasn't going to iron them for a day or two, she'd cover them with a cloth or (later when we had a refrigerator) store them in the G.E.

Irons were iron and they lined up on the hot stove lids. They could be two varieties; those with handles or those that took a portable handle that moved from flatiron to flatiron. Because they were iron they weighed about six pounds apiece. Good for building muscles in a housewife's arm.

There was no temperature gauge so you tested'em by licking your fingers and tapping them on the bottom. When the iron went "ssppt" it was hot enough! Like ironing wasn't hot enough work, the ironing board had to be right next to the hot stove so you could fetch another iron and put one back to reheat, as the work went along. To tell the

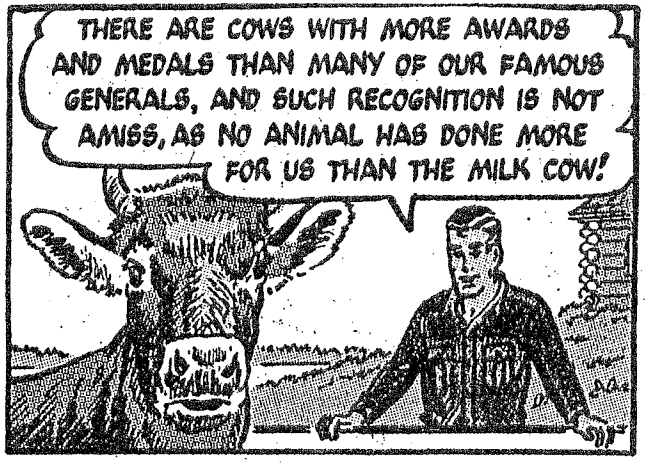
truth, I didn't do much ironing with flatirons. Too heavy. But when we got electricity, I did my fair share.

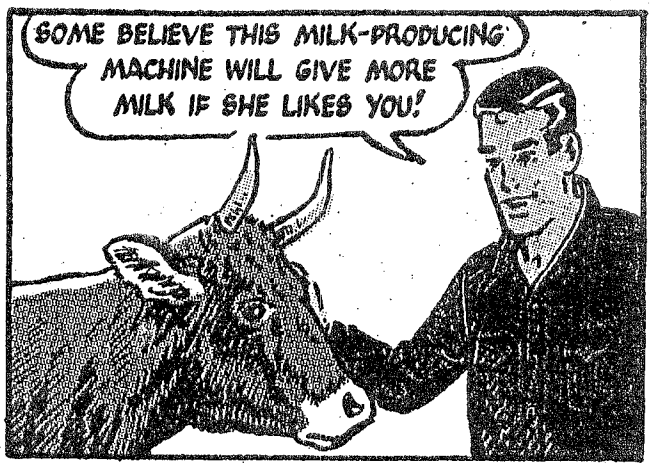
Mother would start you out by standing you on that backless chair and have you do handkerchiefs. I'm not talkin' fancy monogrammed things here. I'm talking hankies Mother "made" as part of her "recycling program." She'd buy a bolt of muslin from Sears or Monkey Ward and use it to make sheets for the bed. When they began to wear out in the middle, she'd cut them up and sew them into pillow cases. When they wore out, she'd hem the "best part" into handkerchiefs. When we'd blown holes in those we'd use 'em for rags. By that time that bolt of muslin was 5-6 years old and getting pretty thin and soft.

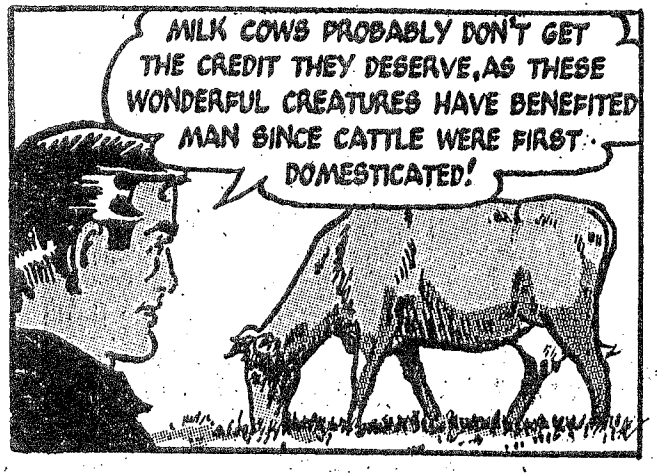
In ironing, you graduated to pillow cases, then bigger stuff like table clothes. The real test came when you tried your first shirt.

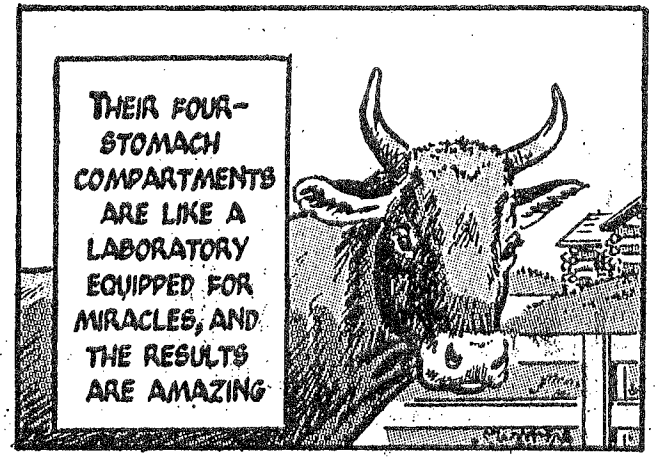
Mother always ironed the whole yoke first. I did the backside of the collar first. When I was a kid, that was tricky because you didn't want to get the point of the iron into the frayed part. You see most shirts had collars that had been "turned." When they wore out, Mother took the collars off and turned them inside out and sewed them back on. Turning cuffs was harder and usually involved reversing.

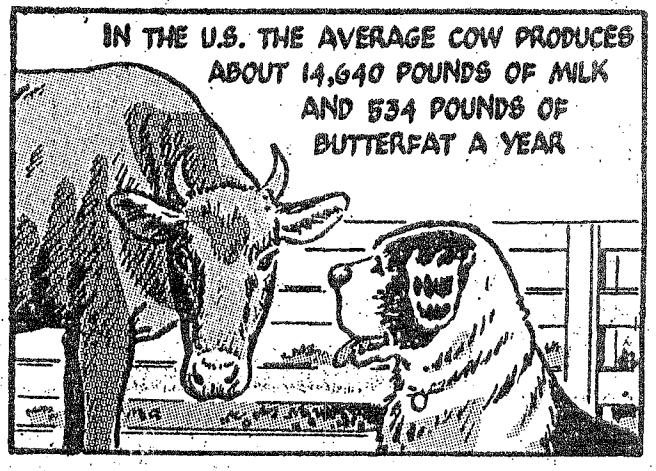
Clothes usually needed some re-sprinkling so you had a soda bottle handy with a metal sprinkling nozzle stuck in the neck. The nozzle had cork around it so it wouldn't leak or come out as you shook it. Dad liked "starch" so Mother would make up a big bowl of liquid Niagara Starch that collar and cuffs got dipped into. It was awful easy to scorch starch so you had to be quick and dexterous. Some things, like wool trousers had to be ironed using a dampened "pressing cloth." Mother taught us how and "You better get those seams straight with no railroad tracks."

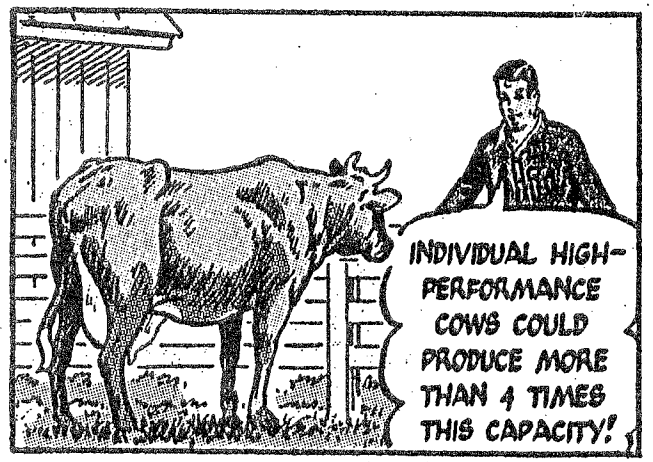


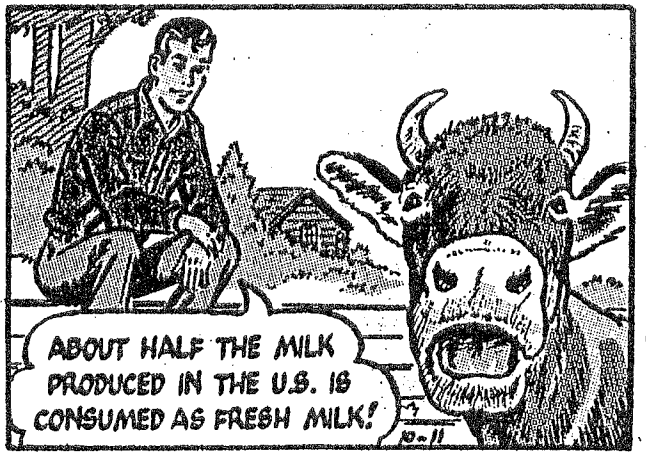












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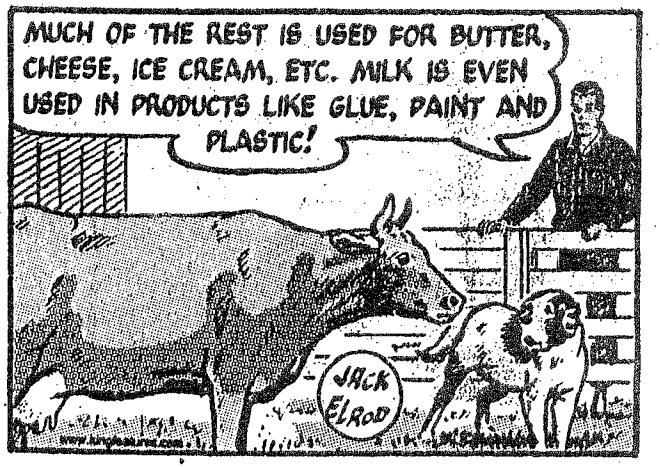


This cabinet originally held the parts of a De Laval Cream Separator, a piece of farm equipment used to process milk. Today, the cabinet may be used to hold spices in a country kitchen. It is worth $575.

Besides a lot of canning, most farmers in Maine made their own butter. From start to finish, it is a rather long process that starts with a cream separator.

We had a DeLaval Cream Separator that was turned by hand. It probably came from Grammy and Grampy Bishop's Farm, after he had died and they gave up farming.

The iron stand supported a big german nickel tub that set on the top. Whole milk went into that tub to be let down through the separator. A handle on the side turned a series of gears in a gear box that turned a vertical spinning cone in the center of the machine. Cream is lighter than milk, so as the milk flowed slowly down through the spinning cone, the lighter cream was flung off by centrifugal force to run out a spout into a bucket. The skim milk would continue to settle to the bottom of the cone where it would run off into a second container.

Since most cows milk is 3.5 to 5.5% butterfat and 95% skim milk, the volume of cream is much smaller. Depending on how tight the cones were adjusted, you could make cream from light to heavy. It doesn't take really heavy cream to make butter.

What to do with all that skim milk? Mother would make quite a bit of cottage cheese and she used some to cook with. We also used it to feed to calves as they were weaned from their mothers. If it sours, it can be fed to pigs and even some to chickens, dribbled on their grain, called mash. We always found a way to use it and not "waste it."

When cream is cold it can be churned. We had a barrel churn that stood on a stand. It is literally a small barrel of strapped oak that has a shaft mounted on each side of the center, that sits in the cradle of the stand. The shaft on one side has a handle attached so the barrel can be turned.

In one end of the barrel there is a small drain plugged by a cork. On the other end of the barrel, the head or cover comes off so that you can get cream in and butter out.

As you turn the barrel slowly, the sloshing of the cream churns it into whipped cream, then into butter. As it turns to butter, liquid is released which is drained off through the corked drain. This product is butter milk, which was used extensively for cooking.

When all the butter milk is gone and the lump of butter begins to fall to each end as it is turned, you can remove the cover to retrieve the butter.

Mother had a very large wooden bowl where she could form the butter and add salt or food coloring. Although, I don't remember her adding much of anything. Butter is naturally pale yellow and we put it down in 20-30 gallon glazed crocks that were filled with rock salt brine, which naturally salted the stored butter.

Mother had butter molds and paddles which were used to form the butter into flat one pound cakes. The bottom of the wooden mold had four flower designs carved into it which left the design on the formed butter. Two right angle sides with a groove for the bottom, were joined to two other sides by brass hooks on the corners.

After the butter was formed, the mold would be inverted on a sheet of butter paper which is oiled, not waxed. The sides could be carefully peeled off and the bottom lifted off leaving a perfectly formed pound of butter. After the wrapping had been folded up around it, it could be put down in the brine for storage.

Attached is a letter written from my Mother to her Father in the summer of 1932, explaining that her brother Ted, who must have been there for a visit "had churned for

Harvard Place
Wed. morn.

Dear Daddy,

Things are going O. K. Here. We went to town Monday P. M. and got the grain from the car. I churned 11 lb. 2 oz. of butter Monday morn. The new scales are great. I made a couple pounds for Dr. Carey, too. We went to Richmond yesterday forenoon. Took in Carey's butter & he paid me for the 4 lbs. seemed glad to get it. Sold Anderson's 6 lb. & 6 doz. eggs. The returns came from the eggs we shipped. They paid 29¢ per doz. & took out 25¢ for commission leaving $4.10. Not so bad, eh? Went to Lela's yesterday P. M. with their grain & got

½ cord of wood.
Lela sold all their
Red pullets yesterday
for $1.15 each. Eddie
was in Bath for
court session.
Nasty this morn.
Everything all thawed
Ted has churned
for me, so I must
tend my butter.
Hope everything is
O. K. with you.
Love from all of us,

Becky

her," and how she had sold butter and eggs and how Dad's sister Lela had sold chickens for $1.15 each!

On a farm, one thing leads to another. Separating milk and cream, feeds other animals and produces new products for cooking, and butter or cheese making. Churning butter is a way to get rid of excess milk, make butter for the family and convert butter to cash money.

IS THERE NO SANTA?

We were so provincial we believed in Santa Claus forever! The crushing truth came crashing home to me one Christmas when things were pretty lean.

In the morning all Ronny and I found were a set of trap door underwear and a flannel shirt for each, and a coat of aluminum paint on an old sled! Santa had written me a letter explaining that it had been a mighty tough year and that next year he would try to do better! I was so old I recognized Dad's handwriting! The realization was worse than the lean Christmas.

As I look back on it now, we had it better than many others. Mother would start right after Thanksgiving, making puddings and fruit cakes that had to cure in the dark in the top of a closet until Christmas. Mother made a lot of things like mittens, hats, baby clothes, tatted hankies and embroidered pillow slips, in which she "pulled threads" in the hem. We appreciated it all more than over-indulged kids do today, who have so much they can't remember who gave it to them!

Mother would bring us to Woolworth's just before Christmas, give us a dollar and let us go to it. With that dollar I could find something for everyone in the family and half the aunts and uncles!

We were more into the "spirit of it," the family, decorating and getting ready. Going to find the right tree, cut it, drag it home from the woods, put it up and decorate it with mostly home-made ornaments kept us occupied for days.

My favorite holiday was, and still is, Thanksgiving. Lots of family that only got together once a year would come to visit. There would be tons of special food and a houseful of entertainers to listen to. I loved it. All that reunion with none of the hustle,

bustle and disappointment of presents or the lack thereof. The weather might still be pretty good. People could travel. A first snow might be covering up the brown demise of summer.

We had a chance at Thanksgiving and Christmas to share with less fortunate. Dad would pack up a box of vegetables, cream, a piece of meat, maybe some cake. Dad would say, "now you take this up to the Widow Douglas and leave it on the doorstep. Don't you let her see you because she wouldn't accept 'charity' for anything." I'm sure the old lady knew, but the system worked.

We had an odd custom at Easter that appears to be unique to our family. In the Spring we would make a sojourn into the woods looking for pussy willows. We'd bring them home and indoors where we could "force them." It was always a race to find pussy willows before Easter.

When they were in full bloom, we'd take a wooden tomato flat, line it with hay and put the picked off pussy willow buds in the "nest."

Overnight, the Easter Bunny would come, eat the pussy willows and lay jelly beans! To this day, jelly beans are Margaret's favorite. I believed in the Easter Bunny longer than I believed in Santa Claus! My bubble may only have been burst when I went to Parris Island.

WHY I LOVE PIGS

At various times we had other animals. One time, Dad bought two or three long buildings, built for pigs. I believe they came up from the Mellon Farm, dragged on skids. Dad had bought them cheap. We used one or two for chickens, but at least one of them had pigs.

They were long and narrow with modified shed roofs. No windows, but Dutch Doors that opened on one side. There was a rail built out from the wall about one foot up from the floor. The rail was there so that mother sows wouldn't lie down and squash a baby pig against the wall.

I loved baby pigs. It fascinated me to see these little pink and white things that are so soft and cute. Pigs don't grow bristles until much later. I liked to slip in the pig pen and watch them sleep and feed, lined up on the sow. I just couldn't resist the temptation to take a baby pig and slip it inside my flannel shirt next to my bare belly. Dad knew I wouldn't leave the piggies alone and he had a sixth sense about when I was in there. He'd holler at me, "Jake. Have you got one of those pigs inside your shirt again?" I just liked to sit in the sun and hold it. But, Dad knew if the sow smells too much human smell on baby pigs, she'd reject them. So when I fessed up, "Ayuh", he'd come take the pig, wash it off and give it back to the sow, hoping she would take it.

To this day, I love baby pigs and every time we go to the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Massachusetts I have to go see the sow and the baby pigs. That, and go to the Maine Building and eat a stuffed Maine baked potato!

The other animals I remember in particular were a herd of Hereford Beef Cows we got from some guy. Dad put them in what was called "The Old Barn" which was the

third and poorest barn setting southwest of the Dairy Barn. In Maine farm buildings are kind of "strung together," corner to corner, or even down to having connecting doors. This was good because you could get from one to another in bad winter weather without much going out of doors. They usually were strung out East to West so they formed a "wind break" that protected the yard. The very bad thing was, if there was a fire, they'd catch fire and go down like dominos.

Herefords are enormous creatures and these had not been "poled" so they had these big horns that stuck right out straight! Herefords are supposed to have weights put on the ends of the horns when they are young so their horns get trained to grow down and around.

Ours had antlers! They are very rugged and if they want to go somewhere, they go. Makes no difference whether it's a stall, pen door or the side of an old barn. They'd get to "rough housing" over feed and they'd walk right through the boards on the side of the barn. Those big horns sticking out each side would mow through anything!

We had fenced pastures, but for Jerseys you only need one strand of electric fence. It doesn't even have to be barbed! But, to those Herefords, our fences were a joke! They have such thick, wooly hair they don't even feel an electric fence. So, if they could get their head under it, they'd walk right through and let that electric fence roll right along their back. Didn't even phase them!

We spent one whole damndable summer chasing Herefords. They are big, but can they run. Dad tried everything. Fencing with old telephone poles and multi strands of barbed wire. Sending us to watch them. It's not like watching cows, they'd chase us off. Dad took a hack saw and sawed those horns off. Didn't slow 'em down!

When they calved they had these great big calves. No cats ate them! A Hereford's teats swell up as big as milk bottles when she freshens. The calves, as big as they were, could hardly catch the tip of the teat in their mouths. When they'd suck, the foam would boil right out the sides of their mouths.

One summer of that foolishness was enough. Dad sold the whole lot and I believe they went to Richmond to the Turtolot Farm on the Beedle Road.

CARS & TOURING

Just before the war Dad had bought a used, 1937 Oldsmobile, four door sedan with a straight eight engine. The hood reached half way to Richmond, it had covered tire wells in each front fender and rubber running boards. It actually had a radio, that didn't pick up much, plush cloth seats and a floor behind the front seat big enough to hold a dance. I don't know what he traded, maybe an old Dodge, but it cost $450.

We also had an old Dodge Pickup Truck. It was a good thing we had these vehicles because during the Second World War, you couldn't get cars, tires or much gasoline. We'd save gas rationing coupons enough to drive to Grammy and Grampy Bickmore's in Stockton Springs, once a year. It was 85 miles each way. A lot of dirt roads and hills.

Dad, of course, stayed home to tend farm, but Ron and I might be allowed to go. Mother would shift the car out of gear at the top of every big hill and let it "coast" down. Otherwise, we went slow to save gas. The trip took all day and we'd stop half way and have a picnic lunch. We prayed all the way we wouldn't get a flat tire because they were tough to change and unavailable new. Tires, if you could find the size, were used. If they got thin, you might be able to find a thing called a "boot" of rubber and cord that went inside the tire and outside the tube.

Headlights on all cars were painted black at the top of the lens. They didn't let out much light so people didn't do much driving at night. They were painted in case of an "air raid" during the war, just as house windows had to be covered at night so light wouldn't escape. If the Air Raid Warden sounded the alarm, came by and saw stray light, he'd drive into the yard, pound on the door and give you the devil. Dad wasn't

impressed by Air Raid Wardens in tin helmets. It probably had something to do with Dad rushing down after Pearl Harbor and trying to enlist. They said, "you're almost 40 years old, have four children and a big farm? Go home Senator and run the farm. You'll be more helpful to the war effort!" Dad was madder than hell and didn't speak much for a week. Him, 6'3", over 200 pounds and a trained graduate of the Reserve Officer Training Corps at the University of Maine. We were glad he stayed home.

Charlie Tarr was in Europe, Ed Webb was in England and "Junior," Len Bishop, Jr. was on a PT Boat in the Pacific. We loved it when they would come home on leave because Junior would bring sailor hats for Ron and me and Ed would bring me chevrons and patches. I spend the whole Second World War playing "war."

We would make toy guns out of wood that had been sawed and whittled into shape. My rifle was patterned after Dad's 03 Springfield and even had a trigger, trigger guard and a shoulder sling. Later on I created a Thompson Sub Machine gun and a German Lugar.

With hats, chevrons and patches, we were able to create quite the uniform, which I wore just about all the time. Ed even brought me a mess kit and a canteen.

Sugar was scarce and a lot of what there was, was used to make candy and cookies to send to our relatives overseas. Margie was always making stuff for Ed and we resented the fact that we only got to "scrape the pot."

The Red Cross had women knitting mittens and sweaters, "in their spare time." They were supposed to pin their name and address inside so whoever got it would know where it came from. One time Mother got a very nice letter from a soldier fighting in

Europe during a cold winter. Dad was jealous and Mother didn't pin her name into any more sweaters!

THE BICKMORES OF STOCKTON

When we got to Stockton we put the car up and used Gramp's horse and buggy if we wanted to go "calling." Grammy and Grampy had a "small farm." One cow, one horse, a couple of pigs, a flock of chickens, an orchard of fruit trees, berry patches and a garden. Somehow they made a living, supported the Congregational Church in Sandy Point, where Emery Dayton was a Deacon, raised three children and put them all through college! Grampy too, had been trained at Castine Normal School and had been a teacher. He was big in the Castine Normal Association that had a summer camp and retreat in Sandy Point. Retired Normal School teachers would "summer there."

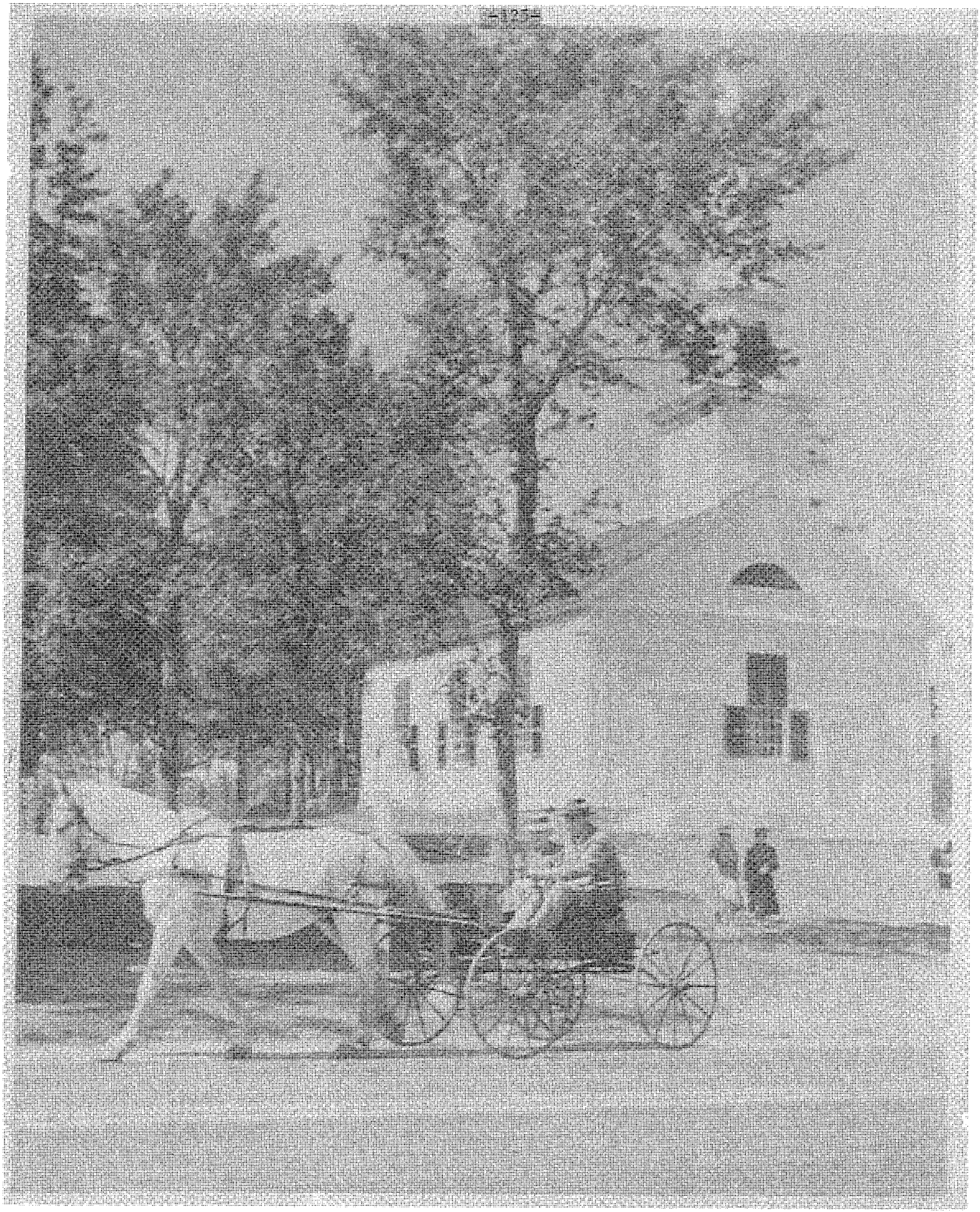
After the farm burned and Grammy and Grampy were both gone, we moved to Stockton to live and farm. Mother spent a summer or two, cooking with Gladys Libby for the survivors summering at the Retreat. It was a neat place. Open studs and rafters in the kitchen, dining hall and rooms, but cozy. Porches all around with wicker furniture and rocking chairs. Simple furniture, books, cards, games and puzzles. No radio, but conversation.

I loved to go up there at noon or at supper time and Mother would "feed me in the kitchen." The smell of their cooking on the breeze, the sun slanting in through the windows, cool spring water to drink.

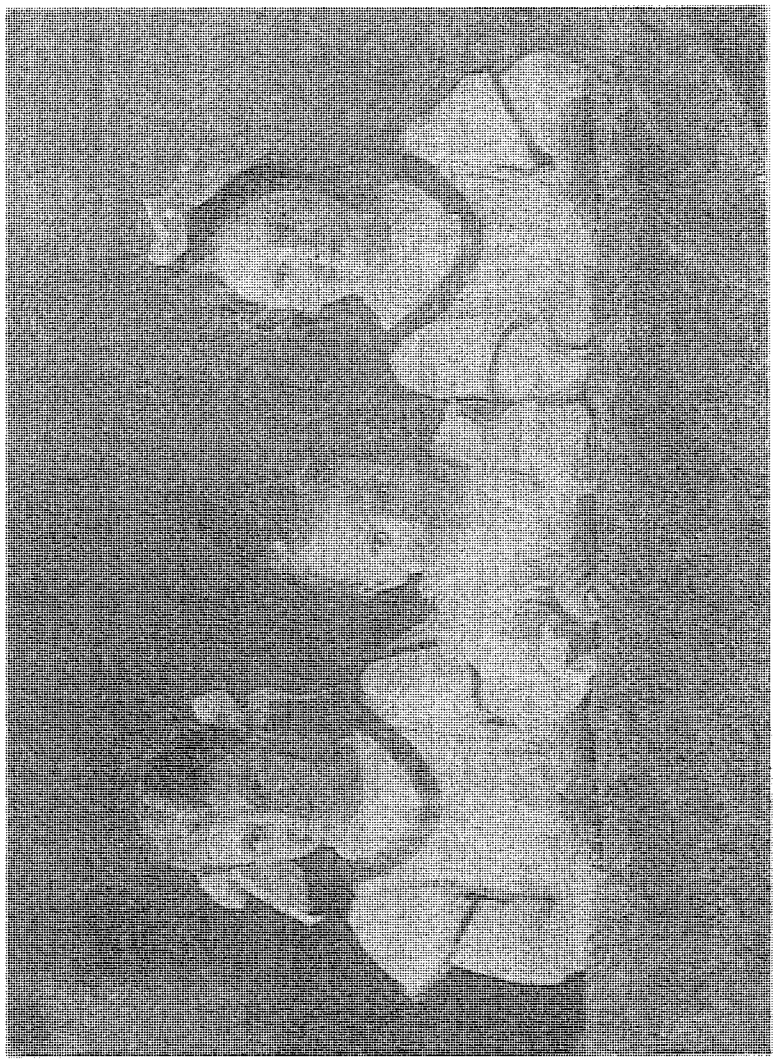
I stayed to work everyday on the farm, alone or with Dad. But at meal time I'd hop my bike and peddle the couple of miles to Sandy Point. It was about 1949-1950 and I was 12 or 13. But, I'm getting ahead of myself.

Emery Dayton and California Morin Bickmore

Mother's Day, 1931



Mother's parents, California and Emery Dayton Bickmore, with "Dobbin" and the Buggy in front of the Sandy Point Congregational Church, about 1939.



Doris
6/6/1903

Theodore
10/16/1907

Louise
5/16/1905

Taken about 1909

Grammy and Grampy Bickmore didn't have electricity. They had an outhouse with a sign over the door that said, "No Trespassing. Pass At Your Own Risk!" I liked that.

Grampy had spent a lifetime with asthma. Several times a day he breathed the smoke of burning sulfur, a cure that probably made him worse. The sulfur smell stayed in the house for years. He slept every night sitting up in a leather covered Morris Chair. There was a button in the oak arm that let the back go down and lifted up a foot rest. I don't know where the three children came from, maybe Monkey Ward like Ron!

Grammy was a tiny little woman of 4'11", thus Little Grammy. She had been named California by her father who went around Cape Horn to the Gold Rush. He went bust, came home and produced a daughter named after the adventure. Friends called her Callie and Margaret's daughter is named after her.

She was a great cook. I always looked forward to Sunday when she'd roast a hen, make that smooth yellow gravy, mashed potatoes, and stuffing. To this day, <u>that</u> is "Sunday Dinner" to me.

Beds in the house were iron or spool beds. I slept on a cornhusk mattress on a rope bed in Uncle Ted's room. It crunched when you rolled. In winter, a feather bed mattress went on top to keep you warm.

When the farm burned in 1947, I went to live with Margie and Ed. Ed was in the Army Air Corps and stationed at Dow Air Base in Bangor. I slept in that same bed. You sunk down in the middle of that feather bed and you had to climb into and out of it like a rubber life raft.

The house in Stockton was full of fascinating things like old clocks, spinning wheels and horsehair couches which you didn't sit on bare legged! The front rooms were full of big pictures of grumpy looking, old folks from the 1800's, in ornate wood and gold frames. I hated to go in there, like there were ghosts, but they fascinated me and I was drawn to them. I had heard all these stories about Aunt Abby Waning who had gone insane after her son, Hardy, had been killed in the Spanish American War in Cuba and never came home. Other relatives had been laid out in the Parlor and buried from there. Scary stores to a little kid of six or seven.

Gramp kept bees and had a smoke house. There were all kinds of shops, chambers, out buildings and antique tools. One day I had Grampy's buggy jacked up and a wheel off it when he came out. He was alarmed to think it might fall over on me but he took the time to show me how to "grease an axle with Snowflake Axle Grease," and we got the wheel back on. I was named Jake Emery after my two grandfathers, Jake Weeks and Emery Dayton. Margie's son, Dayton, is named after Grampy Bickmore too.

When we came to Stockton, we'd bring a burlap bag of corn cobs that had come from dried ears, kept in a corn crib to feed chickens. Grampy used them in the smoke house to smoke hams and bacon. We'd get to take some of the ham and bacon, along with Grammy's homemade lye soap, pickles and other stuff, back home.

Although they now had lamps and lanterns, they still had all the stuff for making candles. There was a tool chest in the shed full of forms and lasts and tools for making shoes. Gramp processed honey from his bees, to sell, so he had all the bee keeping paraphernalia. Wonderful stuff to explore for a kid.

When the week was over, we'd pack up the Olds and head for home. The memories of such a visit could sustain you all winter.

Grampy was killed at 72, crossing Route 1 in 1946. He was on his way to the Sandy Point Church with chickens for a supper. A man from Ohio popped over the hill in a car and hit him. We went over for the funeral and brought Grammy back to live with us in Bowdoinham.

As so many will do, she didn't much want to live without Grampy. She got sick just before Christmas of 1946. Dad said, "hang on Grammy, I'll call the Doctor and have him come." She said, "don't bother, I'm going to be with Grampy," closed her eyes and went to sleep. I was standing right there by the bed with Mother and Dad. I never got over it and Christmas was never the same for Mother again.

THE JOY OF GRANDPARENTS

Having older relatives with you when I was a kid was commonplace. A "Nursing Home" was where Ron and I were born, the only ones not born at home. Where I was born was called the Farley Nursing Home and it was located in Richmond. I was the first baby delivered by a woman doctor named Joss. February 2, 1937 was a blizzard and we almost didn't make it to Richmond on the unplowed roads. I was born at 8:00 p.m.. Ron was born in New Gloucester in 1932 at Benson's Nursing Home. A woman went to a nursing home to give birth and "nurse" the baby. Some different than what nursing homes have come to be today.

Later on, Dr. Joss was murdered and her husband, who was also a doctor, was found guilty of the deed and spent many years in Thomaston State Prison. Dad used to go visit him and Dad claimed, until the day he died, that Joss had not killed his wife. I believe Dad testified for him and finally helped get him paroled. He spent many years as the Prison Doctor and finally returned to Washington, DC where they had come from.

Dad's sister Jewell, Uncle Roy and Cousin Dale later lived in the Joss house in Richmond. It was creepy to me to go there and Dale relished showing me the cellar stairs where she had fallen down, breaking her neck.

Perhaps, having grandmother's around to talk to every day is why I have such recollection for all this family history and experience. It was simply an understanding, you took care of your own.

Grammy Bishop lived to be 96 years old and she spent a few months each year with us, Jake, Len and Aunt Lela. She had cataract surgery when she was very old and

still read and did puzzles. The body went, but the mind was sharp and I am happy to say, she never lived a day in a nursing home.

CROPS FOR MARKET

Dad put in acres of garden crops. Besides what we canned and used, Dad sold a lot of it to big stores around, in Brunswick and Augusta. I can remember going to Brunswick to the A&P or First National with truck loads of sweet corn.

We would plant a kind of cantalope called "musk melons," up on the hill. They were so delicious when ripe. Better than any store-bought cantalope you get today.

All the children spent lots of time in gardens weeding. Pig weed was easy, but witch grass was a curse. It's hard to get out, root and all, so it doesn't grow back.

Dad had us weed going backwards so the row would be neat after we had finished. He always hoed backwards and to the day he died, he'd back out of the garden, raking as he went to leave it neat. It's funny, as much of a trained farmer as he was, he hated to use compost or straw or leave weeds in the field. He had his own ways. He'd harrow manure into a garden, but not compost.

Hired men-boarders, like Uncle Tom Olson, worked in the gardens hoeing and weeding. He lived with us a long time and I remember Dad bringing me to see him at Togus Veteran's Hospital, where he finally died.

Some corn would be allowed to dry in the field to go into the Corn Crib for the chickens. We always kept a big flock of chickens for eggs and meat. At various times we had ducks and geese and even capons.

Beans would be allowed to dry in the field too, inside the pods. Later they would be pulled and brought into the barn floor to be "flailed." A flail is simply a long, smooth pole with a short pole laced to the end with a piece of rawhide.

If you open both barn doors, it creates a strong draft through the barn over the barn floor. A venturi effect. They would put bean stalks and pods on the barn floor and flail them to get the beans out of the pods. You could twirl that flail and it would whack the pods against the barn floor without breaking many beans. The wind would blow the debris and chaff away, out the back door. What was left was the beans which could be swept up and saved. The beans would be next year's seed for planting and dried beans for making baked beans. We raised kidney beans and yellow eyes, which Mother and Dad preferred for baked beans. Of course, Mother made her beans with salt pork, molasses, mustard and brown sugar in a big bean pot, in the wood stove in the kitchen.

Other grain, like barley, oats or rye that had chaff in it could also be winnowed on that barn floor with the breeze. You had a big dish with wooden sides and a screened bottom. Dad would put the dirty grain in the winnower, throw it up in the air and the wind would carry off the chaff. The grain was heavier so it would keep falling back into the winnower. When it was clean Dad dumped it into a bin or bag.

Dad would feed "beat pulp." It was sugar beets that had been shredded like spaghetti into short strings. It is bulky and light so it takes a lot to weigh 100 pounds so beat pulp bags were enormous.

I liked to chew beet pulp, making believe I was chewing tobacco like Grampy Bishop. It swells when wet so a pinch goes a long way. In a cows stomach it swells a lot so it fills them and delivers sugar. I probably learned to spit chewing beet pulp.

Dad served four terms in the Maine State Senate from 1940 to 1948. Each of the sixteen counties had at least one senator in the Upper House. Dad served for Sagadahoc County. After all the work and chores, Dad would drive 25 miles to Augusta to legislature.

POLITICS

He was a whale of a debater so he worked his way up fast. He became Chairman of the Committees on Education, Agriculture, State Schools, and Indian Affairs.

When he went to visit Indian Reservations, like Old Town and Passamaquady, he'd bring souvenirs home to me and Ronny. Maybe a head dress or a paddle. He was made an Honorary Member of the Old Town Indian Tribe.

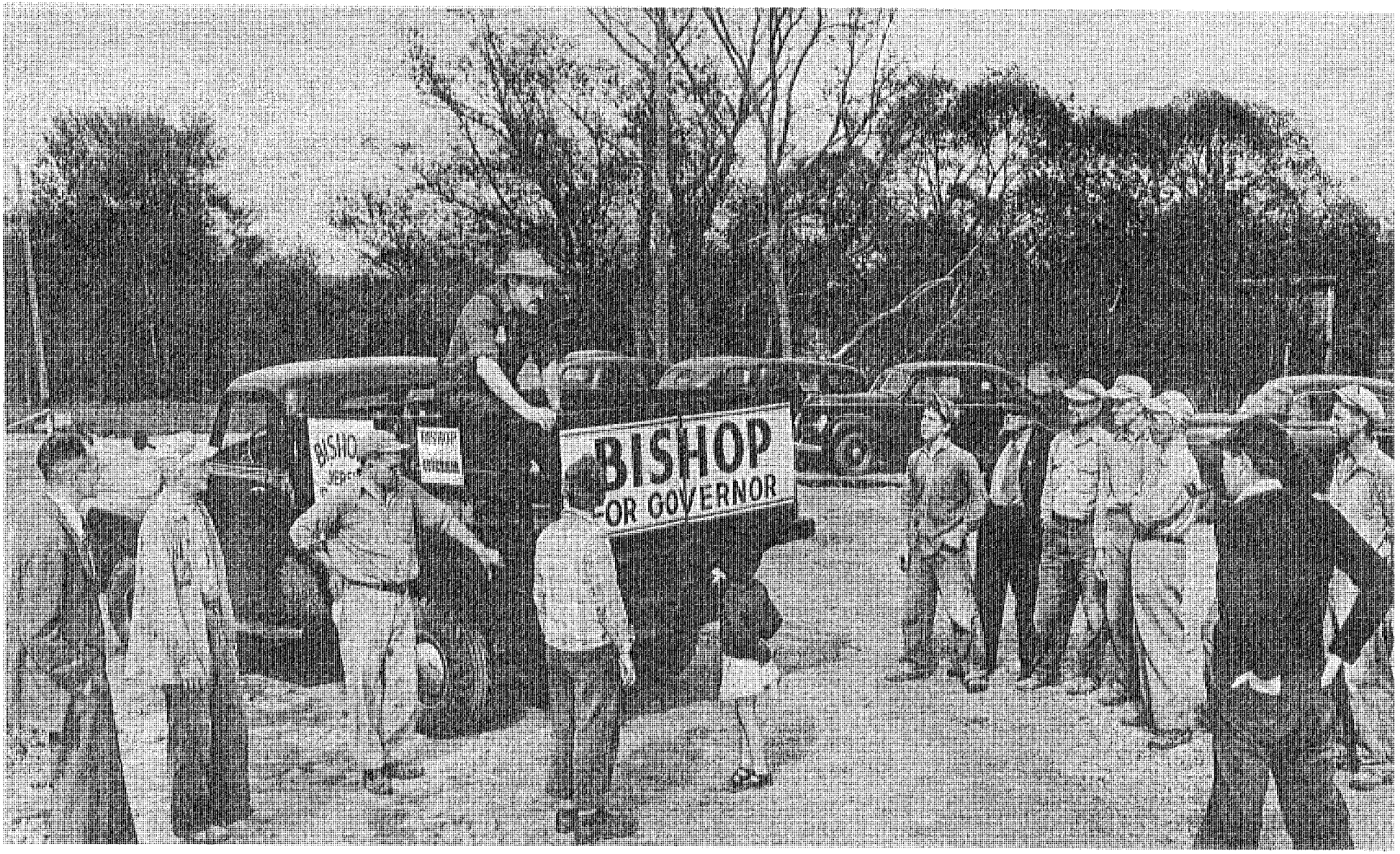
He fought to preserve Indian Tribes and Reservations by getting the law passed that said Indians on Reservations had to be at least one-quarter blood. Fifty years later the Reservations survive, so they can preserve their heritage and culture.

He also visited all the State Mental Hospitals, State Schools like Pownal, for the retarded and Reform Schools. He was always bringing some delinquent or some orphan home to work on the farm for the summer because he thought he could "save them." Invariably, they ran away or had to go back. That tells you something about how hard farm work was. They'd rather be in Reform School!

He fought for teachers and their pay all his life. When he went to the Senate in 1940, the average teacher salary in the State of Maine was $800. Each session he got it raised until it had doubled to $1600 by 1948.

Dad ran for Governor twice, Congress twice and United States Senator once. The furthest he ever got was to win the Republican Nomination for Congress in 1958, only to be defeated by Congressman Frank Coffin in the Fall. He also won the statewide Republican nomination for United States Senate, only to be defeated by Senator Muskie, when Mother passed away in October, just before the 1970 election. Uncle Len used to tell him, "it doesn't cost anything to come in last!"

Neil S. Bishop
Campaign Portrait
1940



Candidate Bishop uses his farm truck for a stump. If he's late he explains he had to tend to his cows.

Portrait of a Candidate, Down-East Style

Neil Bishop of Sagadahoc, Me., running for Governor, pays little mind to the usual fixin's.

By JOHN GOULD

The real reason he wasn't more successful though was because he wouldn't play politics. He wouldn't compromise. He'd get his mind set on something and that was it. Stubborn, conservative, bull-headed.

I remember once when he had observed that State School doctors had been sterilizing people so they wouldn't reproduce more retarded people, he tried to get a bill passed through the legislature to "legitimize" what they were already doing.

On Sunday, Dad said, "the only names mentioned from pulpits in Maine were God Almighty, and Neil S. Bishop taken in vain." On Monday morning, the bill went down to defeat in the Senate 31 to 1.

When the veterans came home from the Second World War, including our Ed Webb, Charlie Tarr and a whole slew of relatives, states were voting veterans bonuses. Maine proposed a $300 bonus, but Dad got it defeated on the silly assumption that "they'd just drink it up." He never really had the veterans' vote after that!

He was against unions, the Equal Rights Amendment and Gun Control. But, he was for prayer in schools, very strong drug enforcement and being tougher on criminals than their victims.

He led the fight in Maine to get the vote for a "straight party ticket" removed from the ballot. He was a life-long Independent Republican who advocated voting the person not the party. He helped Ed Muskie get elected, but years later, when he disagreed with his position on some issues, he tried to unseat him. I believe his inflexible stand on many issues, that was often out of step with the mood of the State or the Country, cost him many votes. But, he was a man of deep principles

I also believe that many of his conservative stands on issues were taken as being "far too negative." He was a big proponent of the free enterprise system, so he thought the State should not be in the liquor store business. Forty years ago I heard him say, "some day we'll be fighting wars over water before we fight them over oil." People thought he was nuts, but the August 23, 1998 Parade Magazine featured an article predicting exactly that, in the not too distant future. He was not an admirer of Martin Luther King, but one of his life-long friends was a black man named Johnny McCauley, who was the Chef in the Senate Dining Room and went on to own his own restaurant on the Augusta-Lewiston road. He was against big federal government long before that became fashionable and was very strong for home rule.

On the other hand, he spent his whole life fighting for the little man, fighting against tax and rate increases, helping widows and helping kids through high school and into college, when they didn't have a prayer of going much of any where. There was one woman named Edith Abbott Carter who had spent many years locked up in Pownell State School. She didn't deserve to be there. Dad found Edith a job in a laundry in Ellsworth and got her released. She later married a widower and raised his motherless children. Dad remained friends with her and wrote to and visited her in Ellsworth her whole life. Of course, she thought he walked on water!

He never made big money. The last year he taught at Cony High School in Augusta in 1971-72, to pay off his political debt, he made $13,800. Yet, he accumulated a lot of property and quite an estate through extremely frugal living. A fact all the children deplored, having wished he had spent more on Mother and himself. He could do no different, for he was the product of humble beginnings, the great depression and bank

holiday, the scant times of World War II and a disastrous fire that burned about everything they owned.

He was filled with spirit and a deadly sense of humor. To the end of his life, he told stories, teased people and poked fun at himself. But, if you needed a hand, he'd give you the shirt off his back.

He was a pretty good farmer, a pretty good politician, but a great teacher and humanitarian. Many of the 3000 kids who went to school to him stayed in touch as long as he was around.

He had met many great men and women in his day starting with Teddy Roosevelt, who Grampy Bishop took him to hear speak when he ran for President. He knew Thomas Dewey, Nelson Rockefeller, Barry Goldwater, Margaret Chase Smith, Percival Baxter and all his contemporaries like Owen Brewster, Summer Sewell, Horace Hildreth, Frederick G. Paine, William Cohen, George Mitchell, Benjamin Bubar, and Maynard Doloff. He sat in the Oval Office with Nixon, a man who he said swore more than anyone he had ever known, and he believed he might be on the White House Tapes!

He and Mother rose to be Grand Worthy Matron and Grand Worthy Patron of the Eastern Star for the State of Maine. He also rose to be Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythius for the State of Maine. He was at various times, or for life, a Granger, Lion, Mason and D.O.A.K.I.

CHUMS

When you live way out in the country, on dirt roads with great distances between houses, you don't have a lot of friends. We had cousins around and about and we would visit back and forth and play. But, except for Gail LaRochelle, who was younger than me, all my cousins were older. Cousin Dale Munroe and I used to play together and Gail and Betty LaRochelle would come over.

Families passed "hand-me-downs" back and forth between children and cousins, as the older ones outgrew their clothes. Being one of the youngest of a long line of offspring, I wore a lot of hand-me-downs. Aunt Jewell once gave Mother a beautiful, salt and pepper, wool tweed suit that had belonged to Dale. But, the pants were nickers and I'd be damned if I'd wear nickers! It hung in the closet for years and every once in awhile Mother or Dad would lead me into the closet to view the remains and shame me as being a "spoiled brat" because I wouldn't wear a "perfectly good suit that you too will soon outgrow."

I liked the jacket and I even tried it on. I wouldn't even try on the pants and they wouldn't let me wear the jacket without the pants, so the issue remained at logger-heads until the suit got passed on again. Nickers! Bobbi Jones the golfer wore nickers, but Jake Bishop never did! Spoiled, stubborn brat. I wonder where I got that trait from?

My best friend was Wayne Gildard who lived about half a mile away up the River Road towards Richmond. It wasn't like he and I had any choices. We were it!

Ronny Weeks lived a mile or more away towards Bowdoinham, but he was Ron's age so he was never my friend. Another mile or two, Royce Goodwin lived up beyond

Wayne's house, but getting together with him was a big deal. He'd have to sleep over, or I would, and I didn't like doing that because Royce sucked his thumb and wet the bed. If I could have slept in a separate bed, it would have been okay but I didn't like waking up under a rainbow! If I had to sleep with him and Mrs. Goodwin asked, "which side do you want to sleep on?" I'd say, "just put me in the shallow end so I won't drown." Royce had a gorgeous older sister named Marilyn, who finally married Dickie Linscott. Marilyn being around was the only thing that enticed me to go to Royce's house.

Wayne Gildard was smaller than me. I admired him because he had naturally curly hair that didn't have to be combed, he was very smart and he could tap dance up a storm! His Father, who I only know as Gilly, could play the fiddle and he'd play and Wayne would tap dance.

Wayne had an older brother named Wendell, who I admired because he was so clever he could build anything. One time he built a whole miniature saw mill out of sticks of wood. The cradle went back and forth and could feed "logs" into a saw blade hand cut from a can cover. The blade turned on a shaft run by a little electric clock motor he had "stepped up in speed" that got its power from old telephone company dry cells. As clever as he was, he was lazy and didn't do well in school. Got into drinking Pickwick Ale (like his Father) and never amounted to anything that I know of.

Way out beyond the Bishop School lived Allen Hanson and the Bickford's, Vern and Winnifred. Winnie was my age and was the only other person in my class. Vern and Wayne were older, but we did cover the three miles, once in awhile, to play.

I have always been "unbalanced" so I never learned to ski or skate. But, after years of trying, I finally learned to ride an old Roadmaster Bicycle. After that, biking to Wayne's or Allen's was easier and faster.

Wayne and I would play "war" and "private detective." If it was bad outside, we liked to play indoors with modeling clay. One of our favorite games was to make a whole critter out of clay. It might be a pig or a beef steer, but we'd make it with all the internal organs; heart, liver, lungs, intestines.

After we got it all made, we'd make believe we were "slaughtering it and dressing it out," as we had seen done on our farm. Mrs. Gildard got a big kick out of us bringing her the heart, tongue and liver to cook and then later the whole critter, dressed out and hung up on a whiffle tree (kitchen match).

If Wayne came to my house, we might play "store" over the garage or our other usual war games. We had a brush camp built in the cedars near Rollin's house and we had one built in cedars near his house. This always provided us with a handy "Headquarters" and if we were lucky enough to have "snuck some saltine crackers" out of either home, we even got to eat out of our mess kit.

Years later, Dad wrote and told me that Wayne had drowned at a beach. He was trying to save a woman that was drowning. Pretty amazing since he didn't know how to swim! Lost 'em both. It is true that Maniacs are not very good swimmers if they were brought up on the coast. The water is too cold for most of 'em to go in.

There is a great old Maine story about locals going up to the Sandy Point beach to watch the "summer complaints" go in swimming.

One lovely young thing from away was out there trashing around in her two piece suit, trying to stay warm. She got so energetic she lost her top.

Well. She got under that water and out of sight, but it was so cold she couldn't stand it. So, she wrapped her arms around herself, as best she could and came ashore and headed down the beach. As she went by us, no one said a word, until she got to that smart aleck Graphy DeRidden and he piped up as she went by, "lady if you're gonna drown those pups, can I have the one with the pink nose?!"

There were never enough kids around to play a ballgame like baseball. We'd play catch. Our favorite way of doing that was to put one kid on each side of the house and throw a soft ball like an old tennis ball or a sponge rubber ball, over the roof. Depending on where it bounced, it could be pretty hard to catch when you didn't know where it was coming from. We had no gloves.

We'd play hide and seek and tag. Lots of places to hide on a farm so we'd set boundaries. Sometimes, time would drag so and we'd get so bored we'd just run around the house until our sides ached and the one that gave up first lost.

Dad had a wonderful big shop full of tools and we'd go in there and "build things". Dad would often buy slabwood for the kitchen stove and one year the load came with all these neat board trimmings in it that might be 1" x 1" x 4' long. I pulled 'em all out, saved them up over the shed chamber and we'd have them to build things. I even had them sized and inventoried. Built a pretty good sized cow barn out of them once.

I had one toy iron John Deere tractor and we'd play "farm". Mow grass on the lawn and bring it in as hay to be stowed away on the scaffolds of that little toy barn. I had made the roof so it would come off.

We'd sometimes make fishing poles and go fishing, but we never caught anything. No hooks, just bent pins and worms.

We'd go looking for spuce gum, berries and wild honey hives. I had a cousin, Bobby Lamoreau, who had found a bee hive once and the honey filled a wash tub. But Wayne and I never found one, although we'd set sugar bait and follow bees for hours. Probably a good thing we never found one or got stung.

We liked to go to grave yards and read the tombstones. The Maxwell Cemetary just above the house made for a very neat fort with granite walls. We must have shot a million Japs and Germans. Sometimes one of us would get killed. Then the other would have to have a funeral and hum taps and fire a volley. We'd get so worked up, we'd get to crying and Wayne would say, "I don't want to play this game anymore."

Playing cowboy and riding cows (if Dad didn't see us) was a favorite game. Summer or winter, we weren't much for indoors.

How things have changed. Way beyond radio, kids are now half brain dead from television. What bothers me most though is that kids think everything gets solved in 30 or 60 minutes because of television. I think we learned the hard way that some things don't get solved after years of trying. Like hunting for honey.

Another example of passing the time was a boulder, up by Dr. Cairne's house. The boulder had a hole in it and we were convinced the boulder was hollow and contained treasure! We "borrowed" sledge hammers and we'd go out there and pound on that thing by the hour. Of course, we never got it open, so the treasure is still there if you want to go get it.

It sounds like we played a lot, but play mostly came after chores were done, like cultivating, weeding, brushing cows and getting wood. Wayne hated it when he'd come to play and Dad would "put him to work" along with me.

Rarely, were there ever three of us to play together. Dad always said, "One boy's a whole boy, two boys is a half a boy and three boys is no boy at all!"

THE FIRE

Mother and Dad had worked about 18 hours a day, seven days a week for almost 20 years and on the night of November 10, 1947, Dad's 44th Birthday, the farm in Bowdoinham went up in smoke.

It was the year of the terrible Maine forest fires. Mount Desert Island and a lot of Arcadia National Park had already burned. But, it wasn't a forest fire that took the farm. There had been a long drought and there was no water. The wind had blown strong all day. A fire started around the chimney in the kitchen, that had recently been inspected by the local Fire Department. Dad and I were in the barn finishing chores and Mother came to the barn and said, "something is wrong, I can hear a roaring noise, you better come in the house." We ran for the house, me with a terrible sinking feeling in my stomach.

Dad laid his hand on the wallpaper and plaster covering the chimney and the whole wall collapsed in flames. If we had had a hose and a few hundred gallons of water, we might have saved it.

We called the Volunteer Fire Department in Bowdoinham, but it took an eternity for the volunteers and the one truck to get there. The water tank on the truck was empty and every Indian Back Pump on the truck was empty. Used up earlier in the day on a brush fire.

Richmond came, Topsham, Brunswick, South Gardner; all too far, too late. They ran various department's hose all the way to the Kennebec, a thousand feet or more. The tide was out. Men waded the mud flats clear to the channel. By the time the relay pumpers in the field and the pumper at the house could get water, the house was gone, the ell, and it was working along the barns in a 60 mile per hour wind. Wind would pick up

whole, flaming boards and carry them way over to the woods and railroad tracks, setting more fires that other crews had to go fight, a half a mile away.

Some furniture got out, some machinery, most cattle, but many died soon after from injuries or the fright of it all. We didn't save a stitch of clothes or any of the hay, fuel or provisions laid up for winter. Winter was coming on and we had no place to go. I've often thought, I could have been a goner that night. Mother and Dad were going to Grange, I'd have been home alone and that chimney ran right up through my bedroom.

I went to live with Margie and Ed in Stockton and to do Fifth Grade. Mother and Dad stayed with Len and Alma in their Richmond apartment. The cattle went into a borrowed barn.

Dad carried the maximum insurance you could carry on farm buildings, not on a water main with hydrants. He also had insurance on all the cattle. The insurance was all with his brother Len, so he had the best you could get. It amounted to nothing. On a set of buildings worth at least $50,000 in 1947, he collected $2,700, that all went for hay and grain that winter.

With one brief stop at the Meylan Farm in Casco, Maine, we moved the farm to Stockton in the Fall of 1949. It was a much smaller farm, 25 acres of fields verses about 125. The herd was down from 50 or 60 to 25 with 6 or 8 milkers versus 25. We were back to hand milking and loose hay farming.

THE '52 RACE

In 1952, Dad ran again for Governor. He had good support and a better chance, but he didn't make it. His main opponent was Burton Cross who had been President of the Senate. Cross ran a dirty campaign as evidenced by the attached flyer, distributed all over the State of Maine. Cross had gotten the printer to center his larger picture and "water the ink" in the pictures of Bishop and Hussey! I believe the "Civic League" was an organization that supported "prohibition" and the Women's Christian Temperence Union (WCTU)."

My contribution was to go to Stockton High as a Freshman, stay home and run the farm. It was a long winter, going to school, trying to study and play basketball and milk six cows night and morning, by hand. Mother went with Dad a lot, but they had Priscilla Arnold come stay with me to cook and help out.

After Dad's defeat in the June 1952 primary, he opposed Cross and James Oliver, the Democratic nominee in the election, running as a Republican Independent. Cross easily won with Dad coming in third. However, Cross proved to be a one term Governor when Ed Muskie unseated him in 1954. In that race, Dad threw his support to Muskie and led the fight to educate Maine voters in how to "split their vote, voting for the person, not the party." Many rock-ribbed Republicans never forgave Dad for "bolting the party" and supporting a Democrat.

In the Summer of 1952, following the primary, Dad suggested Mother take me to Aroostook County on vacation. We went to visit Bishop and Lamoreau relatives and stayed a week. When we came home and rounded the corner of the driveway, I could

(missing a line here)

Civic League Record

Vol. 42 June 1952 No. 1

JUNE 16th PRIMARY

Capsule Critique of Candidates Gubernatorial Race

NEIL BISHOP

BURTON M. CROSS

LEROY F. HUSSEY

Our View of the major contribution to good government growing out of the campaign is Burton M. Cross' drive for clean government in his presentation before the Legislative Research Committee. The revelations that have come out of this investigation, unsavory as they are, will yet lead to a cleaner administration of what is, of its very nature, an unsavory business, the liquor industry. If this drive for clean government continues after January 1, 1952 and does not die out after voting day on June 16, 1952, a real gain can be chalked up for the 1952 Primary.

We are fully in accord with the stand taken by Leroy F. Hussey that it would be wrong for the state to relinquish the control it now exercises through the Liquor Commission, that turning this corruption-breeding product over to the individual communities for private enterprise sale is not the answer. Figures from neighboring states indicate that private retailing of liquor results in more liquor being consumed, where ease of purchase is facilitated by neighborhood sale.

For this reason, we find ourselves directly opposed to the views of Neil S. Bishop on the liquor question. Candidate Bishop is in favor of returning liquor to private sale — the so-called free-enterprise system. We believe that the most effective control is possible only with state operation of the liquor system. In private sale the competition would become so keen for business that sales in violation of the law — such as Sunday sale and sale to minors — would soon become neighborhood problems. That's what has happened in the sale of beer, and no amount of vigilance of enforcement could cope with the problem as effectively as state operation and control. State control was what we were told we were going to get when they legalized liquor. We would like to see these controls tightened, not relaxed.

We are opposed to another measure introduced by Neil Bishop — the legalization of the tavern. Since the advent of the malt liquor tavern which Neil Bishop sold to the legislature as a temperance measure, we have had to oppose attempt after attempt to use the tavern as a practical replica of the old time saloon. The malt liquor feature has been in effect the opening wedge, as subsequent bills (not introduced by Bishop, we hasten to add) have sought to allow the sale of hard liquor in taverns.

Now as to the ability of the candidates to fill the office of governor — it is my view that all of them are well qualified by experience to perform the duties of office with credit to themselves and to the state. In criticism of the campaign of Neil Bishop, it seems to me that he has taken the position too often of carping critic of one of the candidates, directing his fire against Burton Cross rather than acting like a man who was really seeking the governorship himself, aiming to be embarrassing as possible but not emphasizing any program of his own — a campaign technique which has not been fair to Candidate Bishop's own very real gubernatorial abilities. We must credit the other candidate, Burton M. Cross, with being constructive in his program for the State of Maine.

By this time we have naturally formed our own opinion of who is best qualified to lead the State of Maine for the next four years. However, we shall not be so presumptuous in regard to the merits of any one candidate as to say that he is the only right choice.

struggled through milking that first night. Gone soft! Next day Grammy Bishop's brother, 88 year old Uncle Henry dropped by and Dad enlisted him to stay and help milk! They soon had the milking machine hooked up, which I had gone without for a year alone. That Fall I went away to Higgins Classical Institute as a Sophomore. Our farming days were numbered. Mother and Dad were alone now with no family helpers.

When I graduated in 1955, Dad wanted to borrow and scrape up the money to send me to the University of Maine, just as most of them had done. I couldn't do it. They had been through too many defeats and disasters. I took the easy way out and joined the U.S. Marine Corps and went to Parris Island!

Eventually, Dad went to Cony High to teach. But, he and Mother returned to Stockton and Bowdinham every summer to muck with half-baked farming. There was method in Dad's madness. He'd never taught long enough to accumulate a decent teacher's retirement (23 years total). So, he kept on farming, filed his income tax as a farmer and voluntarily paid in to Social Security.

TAKING ON MUSKIE

Dad liked Ed Muskie (see attached letters). It was his Republican support and 37,000 votes that helped him beat Burt Cross for Governor in 1954. Muskie used to come to the house in Stockton and stay over and visit.

For all his help, there was no reward for Dad. As time went by and Muskie moved on to the Senate, they drifted apart. Muskie's stand on foreign imports and Maine jobs became so liberal and linked to national party politics, Dad found himself in greater disagreement.

By 1969-1970, Dad had decided to run for the Republican nomination for United States Senate so that he could tackle Muskie. Dad saw him as a part-time Senator who had lost touch with the needs of Maine. Muskie already had his eye on the Presidency.

Senior citizen or not, media support or not, Dad ran statewide and won the Republican nomination for United States Senate. He defeated a man named Abbot Green from Cherryfield, Maine, who happened to be a long-time friend of Dads.

The race against Muskie was mean, but it was going well. He didn't get a lot of support from the National Republican Party, but he did get to meet with President Nixon and Senator Bob Dole of Kansas came to Maine to campaign for Dad.

Muskie and the Democrats had a ton of money and the support of the liberal media. Every article began with "the 67 year old retired teacher...." An obvious age bias that would not be politically correct today.

In October, Mother had a stroke. This was followed by a massive stroke that left her in a coma for 16 days. Obviously, the campaign came to a complete stop.

April 30, 1980

Dear Big Ed Muskee

My sincere Congratulations! Your appointment by Pres. Jimmy Carter to be the next Sect. Of State is one of the few smart things (politically) that Jimmy has done!! Firstly; because you should and could be a good Sect. Of Sate (maybe you can undo some of the mischief that Henry Kissinger has wrought!) Secondly; because you won't be standing-in-the-wings, at the National Democrat Convention to snatch the Nomination, in case Jimmy & Teddy are deadlocked!!

Although I disagree violently with your votes to pay away "our" Panama Canal; your votes to confirm Bert Lance, Chas Duncan, Pete Bourne, and some of the other "conflict-of-interest" specialists; and your membership on David Rockefellar's Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), I still think (and hope) that as the new Sect. Of State your "potential" Statesmanship will come into full bloom.

Try to forget your own self interests for a while and think and work for the best interests of North America and for the free world. My regards to Jane.

Very cordially yours,

Neil S. Bishop

THE SECRETARY OF STATE

WASHINGTON

May 29, 1980

Dear Neil:

Thank you for your congratulatory message. I appreciate the confidence you expressed in my decision to accept President Carter's nomination to be Secretary of State.

I leave the Senate with genuine regret. It has been my home, my life for more than twenty years. I hope I leave it a better institution.

I am stimulated by the challenge my new assignment offers. The world is in turmoil. The issues are complex. In such a world I believe the United States must be a source of stability and strength.

America remains a land of great opportunity. I harbor no doubt that the great majority of Americans share that view. So if there are risks there are also opportunities. I could not decline the President's request.

I will bring all the skills at my command to bear on our foreign policy. I am grateful to the people of Maine for their unstinting support for so many years, and for the opportunities given me to serve my state and my nation. I will continue to need your support as I face my new responsibilities.

Sincerely,

Edmund S. Muskie

Mr. Neil S. Bishop,
U.S. Route 1,
Stockton Springs, Maine.

"Please call me Dick," the President said to Neil Bishop.

1970

NEIL BISHOP IN THE WHITE HOUSE WITH PRESIDENT NIXON

Mother passed away quietly on October 15. It was obvious to us, she had been waiting patiently for 16 days, to go over onto the hill in Sandy Point. We just couldn't let her go at the too tender age of 67. She had been the center of our universe. A marvelous, even tempered, generous person for whom God had other plans.

She had an enormous funeral in Augusta. The rich and famous, the poor and plain came to say goodby.

After she was gone, Dad tried to pick up the pieces, but his heart just wasn't in it any more. Of course, Muskie beat him, but he polled 124,000 votes, a larger percentage than any candidate who had ever challenged Muskie. Dad honestly felt, it was the beginning of the derailment of the Muskie Presidential train.

Years later, Ron rode home from Washington on a plane with Ed Muskie. He told Ron he respected Dad immensely and Dad had given him the toughest run for his money he had ever faced.

Dad returned to Cony High School to teach for two years in order to pay off all his political debt. When he retired for the last time at 69, he returned to Stockton Springs to live out his years at the old Bickmore Homestead.

Dad always said, "Jake, we have to look out for the widows of this world." Consequently, he had a number of lady friends such as Emma Stinson, who the family liked very much, but he never remarried.

By the time Mother was gone and he retired from teaching, between minimum Social Security and a somewhat less than "full teacher's pension," he had enough to live on. I was there one time when his checks came. He referred to them as "his welfare checks," now being on the public dole! Eventually, through cost of living increases and

inflation, they exceeded the highest pay he had ever made as a teacher! It all makes one wonder about the system over which he would just shake his head.

I wrote my Mother and Father once a week my whole life and theirs, until they were gone. I'd drive from Massachusetts to Maine to visit with Dad whenever I could. I always went for his birthday, November 10th.

He corresponded with lots of people, all over the world, especially at Christmas time. He'd start early so by November, cards would be pouring in. One year I was visiting him on the farm in Stockton in December. He had strung string back and forth from the tops of window and door casings, all over the kitchen. The Christmas cards coming in were hung on the string and were standing on every available surface. That alone, not an easy thing because Dad was a "saver" and everywhere were piles of clutter. Papers, magazines, mail, used plastic bags, aluminum foil, cans and jars!

I said, "Dad you've got a lot of cards, can I look at 'em?"

"Sure, but don't mess up my system."

"What's your system?"

"The friends are hanging on the string. The family is on the piano. The girl friends are on the freezer."

I looked at the upright freezer which stood in the kitchen and there were eleven cards.

"Dad, how do you know what order to stand the cards from the girl friends?"

"Whoever is coming to visit, goes to the back!"

He was a great tease, but people just loved him. Their pictures and stuff were plastered all over the house.

80 AND BEYOND

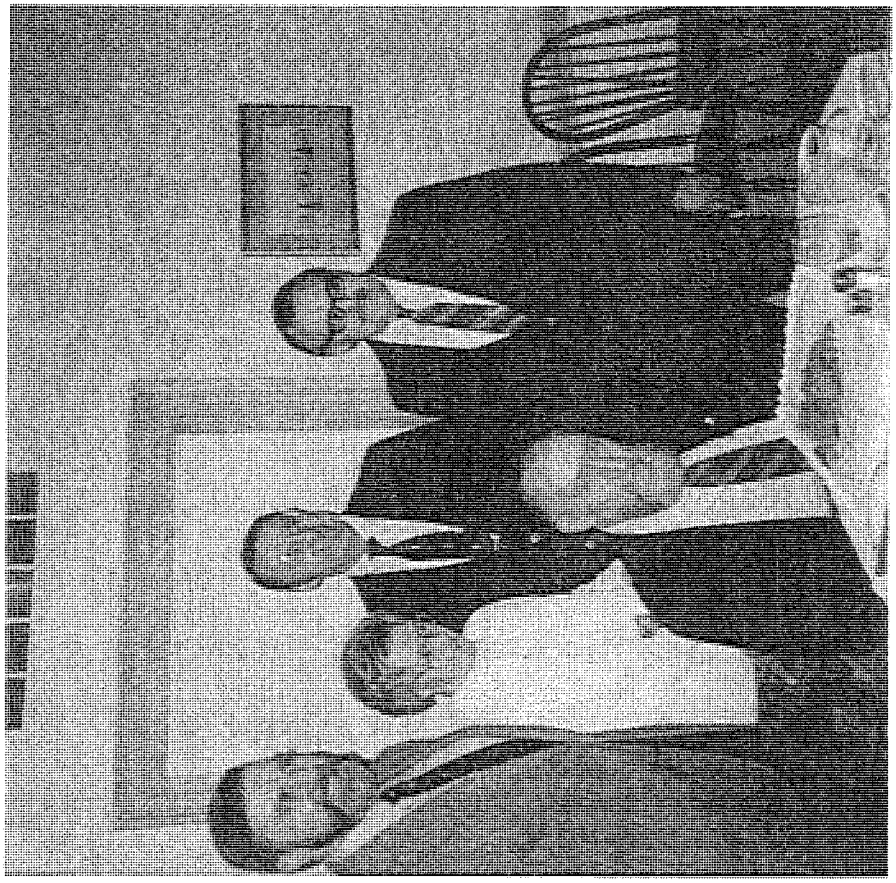
In 1983 we all made an extra effort to visit Dad for his 80th birthday. Paul came from California, Margaret from South Carolina, Ron from Vermont, me from Massachusetts, plus various grandchildren and great grandchildren from here and there. We drove and met in downtown Stockton at a prescribed hour, then we headed up to the house towards Sandy Point.

When we pulled the cars into the yard, fairly late in the day, there was Dad atop a 12' ladder building a carport for winter! When we piled out of those cars like some clown act from a circus, I thought Dad was going to fall off the ladder! It's a wonder we hadn't given the poor old buggar a heart attack, when we stopped to think. We hadn't all been together in one place for 20 years and it had been years since Paul had been East.

We all had brought food and cake. My son, Andrew had brought a tape recorder, which he set up without Dad knowing it. Dad got "stilted" with a microphone, but not knowing he was being recorded, the stories and the conversation just flowed. We laughed and talked and drank and ate for hours.

Dad had said for as long as I could remember, "he was going to live to be 100." He came from a family of long-livers that all went into their 90's and he wanted to top it. I can remember when he turned 50, he said matter-of-factly, "well, its half ova." In 1983 he was 80% of the way home.

Next day, Dad said, "we ought to all go visit Mother," who was up in Sandy Point in the cemetery. So, we all piled into the cars, took Dad and up we went. It was one of those gray, November days, kind of solemn and reverent. When we trecked down the hill



Ronald, Margie, Jake, Paul and Dad

Dad's 80th Birthday, November 10, 1983
Ronald, Cousin Hilda, Paul, Jake, Margie

into the cemetery past generations of Blanchards, Morins, Wanings and Bickmores, we were in for a surprise.

Dad and Mother's plot is right next to Grammy and Grampy Bickmore. That summer, Dad had decided to have his headstone erected so it would match Mother's. When we gathered around and looked down, there it was, carved in granite,

Neil S. Bishop

1903-2003

Everyone just about busted a gut! Some laughed, some ran to get cameras, Margie didn't see any humor in it at all!

She said, "what are we going to do if you don't die in 2003?"

Someone said, "we'll just add, "plus 6!"

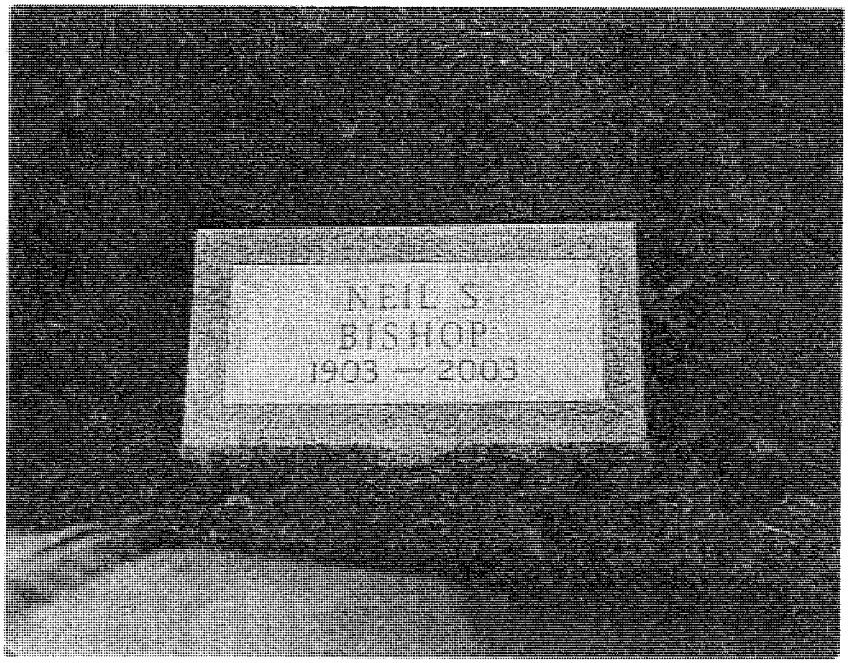
Dad had to pose with it for pictures. He said, "do you want me to lie down beside it?"

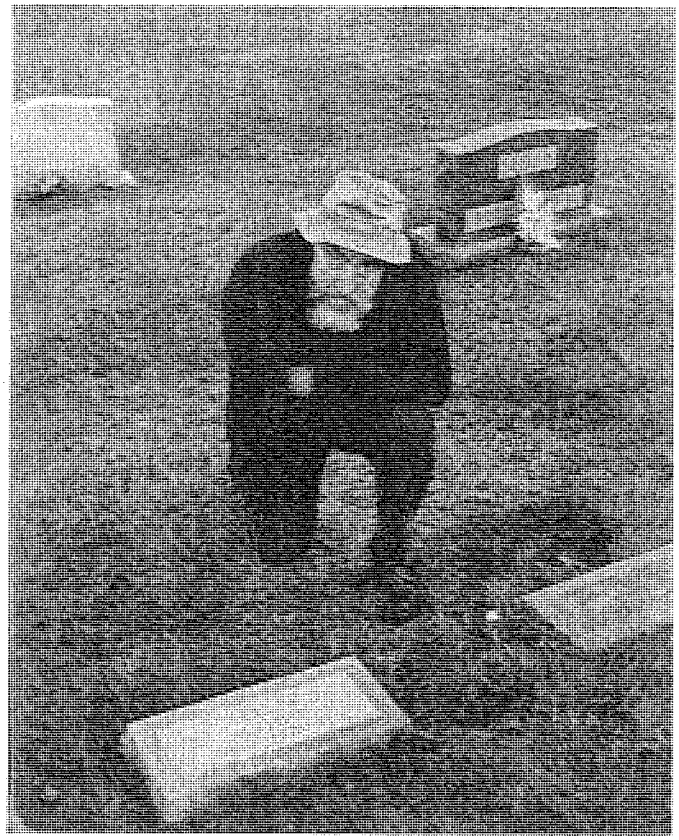
"No, just kneel and try to look dignified!"

He told us, when he had called Rock of Ages in Vermont to order it they had said, "are you sure?" Which in Yankee comes out sho-a.

"Of course I'm sure. A man ought to know his own birth date and when he's goin' to die!" They carved it.

After he went early, at a mere 86, we had it taken up and put into his Stockton flower garden for all to see. Ron's daughter, Rhonda and Jeff Wood, live there now, the caretakers of the stone. They have done a marvelous job restoring the Stockton Homestead to its original grandeur. Rhonda follows the great Bishop tradition, she's a teacher.





November 10, 1983

The stone that replaced simply says:

Neil S. Bishop

1903-1989

Farmer – Teacher – Politician

You will hear people say, "I'm a self made man." Hog wash. I believe there is no such thing.

We are all the product of our forebears who plowed the way for us. We learn so much "by example" and grandparents, parents, aunts and uncles, teachers, friends and neighbors all contribute to the process.

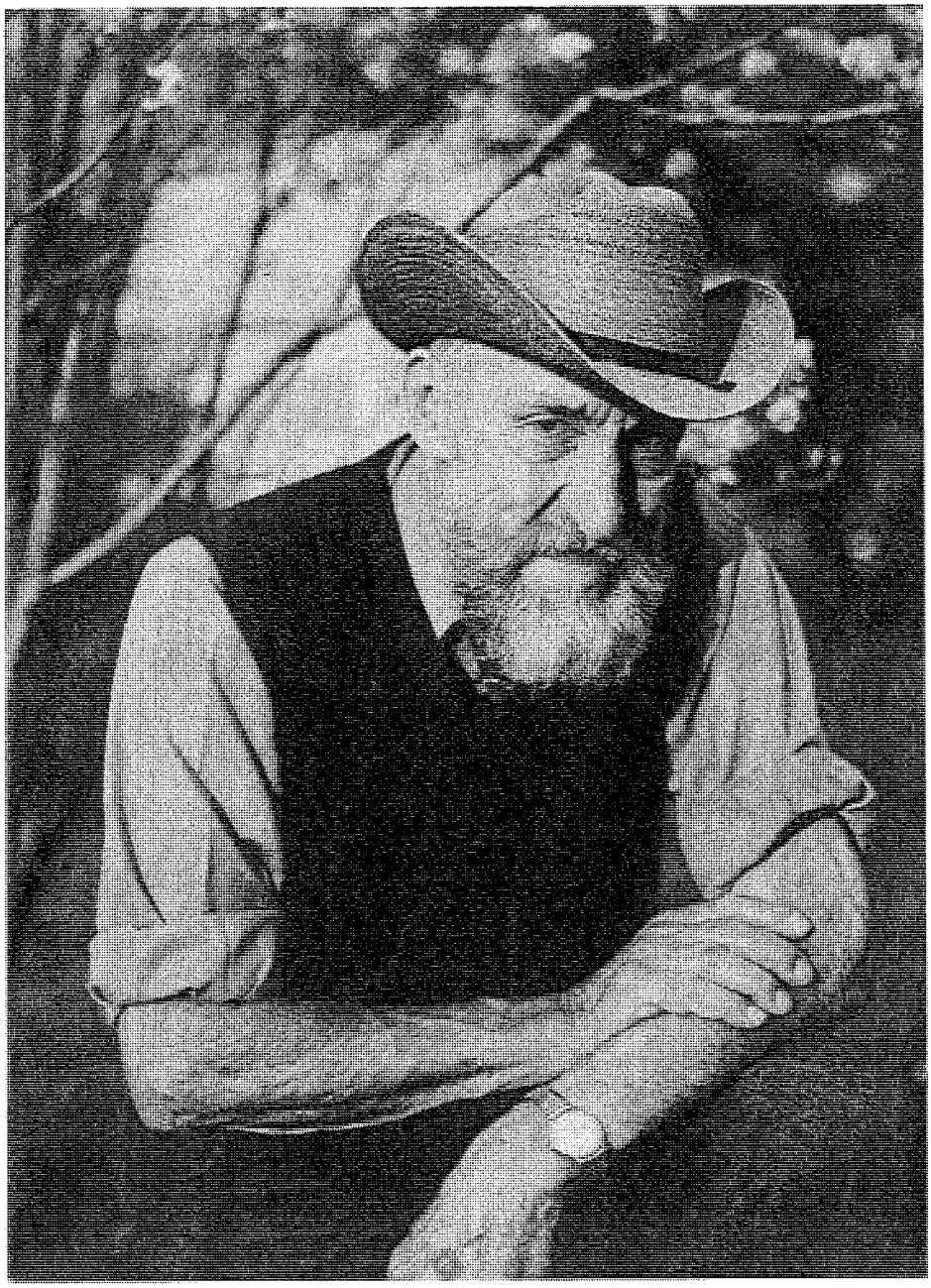
Some of it is imbedded in our genes and, like it or not, traits and mannerisms are inherited. You are your Mother and Father's child.

The old timers in this story are gone, but they live on through their offspring. We, their clones, are their legacy, for better or worse.

Each day I rise with enthusiasm to greet a new sun and day, hoping that by sundown, I might be fortunate enough to leave things just a little better than I found 'em. Good days or bad, I thank those that made it possible for me to be here 'cause every day, this side of the grass, is a pretty good day.

Jake Emery Bishop

November 10, 1998



Dad

Amherst about 1965

Aerial Photo of Bishop Hill - 1944
Upper Left - Maxwell Place; Top Right - Back side of Bishop Farm, Rollins Farm of Cleora and Harold Rollins
Maxwell Cemetary with Monument between the farms; Lower Center - Home of Dr. Cairnes.
NOTE: Road is a gravel road.

Bishop Farm, Rte 24 Bowdoinham, 1947

Epilogue, 4/16/20: The following article appeared in the Summer 2002 Friends of Merrymeeting Bay newsletter. The entire issue contents and all other newsletters can be found on line at www.fomb.org . See following maps. Conservation map-current: 3/2020.

125 ACRES PROTECTED ALONG THE ABBAGADASSETT AND KENNEBEC RIVERS

At the north end of the Pork Point Road in Bowdoinham and including land on both sides of Route 24 is a special piece of land that will now be protected in perpetuity thanks to the owners - Jake and Paul Bishop, FOMB, and The Nature Conservancy, (TNC). We began a dialog with the Bishops last summer that culminated in the sale of the property this June. FOMB was again fortunate to work closely with the Maine Chapter of TNC, which purchased the property and will own it until it is transferred to the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife. As a target parcel within the recent Land for Maine's Future grant received for this area, the Maine Wetlands Protection Coalition also supported the purchase.

This parcel contains an 18 acre field with a view along the Kennebec, then stretches back about 100 acres across Rt. 24 through old field partially replanted in white pine, and across the railroad tracks into older forest going down to the wetlands of the Abbagadassett. The Maxwell Cemetery sits just north along Rt. 24. The former Bishop Farm is contiguous to 340 protected acres to the south of Rt. 24 and about 25 acres to the north, making a total of 490 acres protected, a very significant piece of habitat.

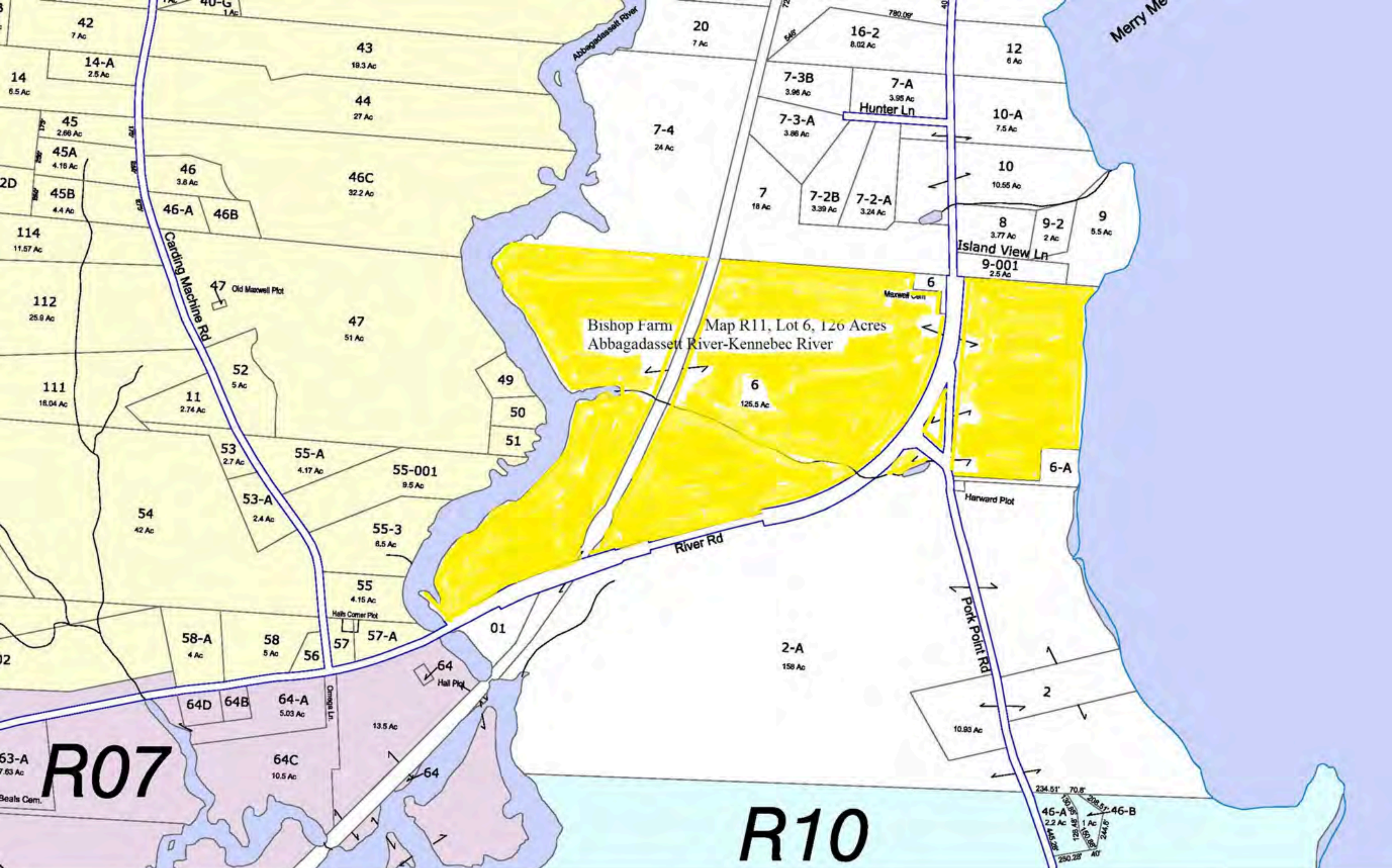
Jake and Paul's father, Neil Bishop, bought the farm in 1932. The Bishops had dairy cows, vegetables, and hay, and their farm products were sold throughout the area. Wardens from Swan Island used to paddle over weekly for fresh milk. A moose nicknamed Jerry used to swim over from the island to feed in the riverside field until one day he was captured and sent off to New York's Bronx Zoo. That lower field was blackened with geese in the spring and fall and once a game warden estimated their number at 10,000.

In 1947 a chimney fire violently sent the farm into flames that could not be extinguished. Following the fire and the loss of their Bowdoinham farm, the family moved briefly to Casco and then resettled in Stockton.

Neil, a man ahead of his time, was a 4-term state senator (1940-1948). He also ran for Governor twice, Congress twice and U.S. Senate once. He was quick to point out that the then filthy Kennebec was, "too thin to walk on, to thick to drink". He also predicted many years ago that wars would be fought over water long before they were fought over oil. Well, he may have got the order of the problems reversed but he was certainly aware of and verbalized the very real water problem when few others probably did.

Ed Friedman.

Note: Bishop historical information from: THE HARD WAY by Jake Emery Bishop, 1998



Bishop Farm Map R11, Lot 6, 126 Acres
Abbagadassett River-Kennebec River
Abbagadassett River
Merry Me
Carding Machine Rd
River Rd
Pork Point Rd
Hunter Ln
Island View Ln
Old Maxwell Plot
Maxwell Cem
Harward Plot
Halls Corner Plot
Hall Plot
Omega Ln
Beals Cem.
6
125.5 Ac
2-A
158 Ac
R07
R10

Friends of Merrymeeting Bay

September 2018

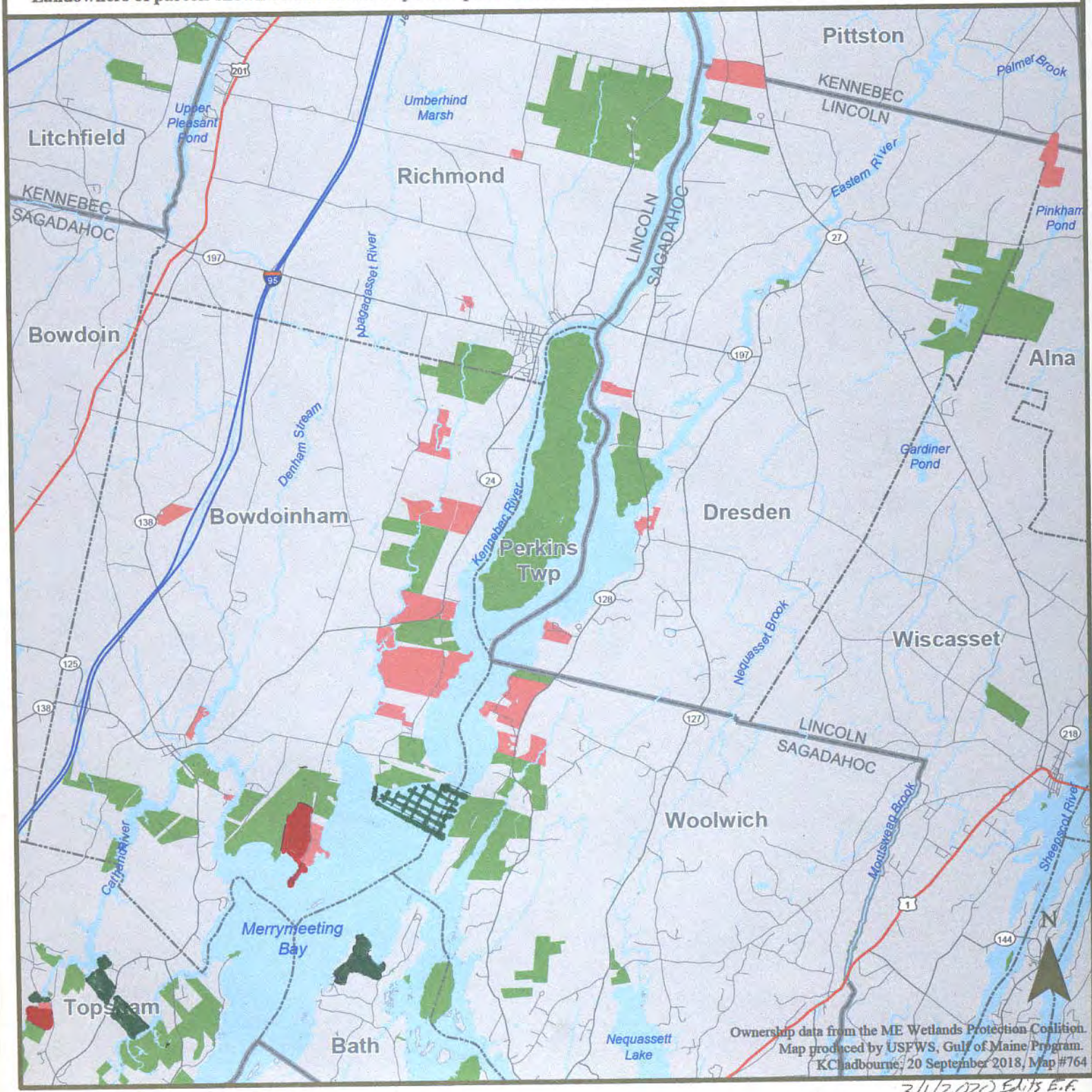
Friends of Merrymeeting Bay's mission is to preserve, protect and improve the unique ecosystems of Merrymeeting Bay. We are a partner in the Maine Wetlands Protection Coalition, a partnership working to protect wildlife habitat in the Merrymeeting Bay and Lower Kennebec River region. Partners in the Coalition include federal, state and municipal agencies and other land trusts.

Protected Lands in Merrymeeting Bay, Maine, including some land currently in the process of being protected.

Red includes land in which Friends of Merrymeeting Bay:
- currently has fee ownership or holds a conservation easement,
- was a lead partner in protecting, or
- is in the process of protecting

Green includes other land that is currently protected by federal, state, municipal or other conservation organizations.

Landowners of parcels shown do not necessarily allow public access. Contact Friends of Merrymeeting Bay for more information.



3/1/2020 Edits E.F.