

Bayside Historical Preservation Society Oral History Project

Peg Bragg Lovejoy & Janet Collett Pattee

July 16, 1997

Interviewed by Gina Cressey

Transcribed by Eleanor Lagner

GC: Janet and Peg have known each other for all of their lives. Janet, we'll start with you. Would you tell me when you were born and how your family came to Bayside.

JP: I was born on January 15, 1919, and my family..... if you want to go into basics, my grandfather was the first one who came here, and I know he built the first cottage...there's three little cottages, and then two friends had the other two...his was built in about 1847, as nearly as we can figure out. So naturally everybody loved Northport as it was always called in those days, and so it was just a continuation of my grandfather - I think he was about 27 or something like that when he came, and then my father came when he was three months old, and I came at six months, and that's the way it's gone on; and my daughter came at six months, and then my granddaughters came when one was nine months and one was two months. Now there is a little great-grandson coming and he will be almost two-he will be almost 22 months. There's just been a tradition in the family that this was always the place to go in the summer, and in the earlier days we all came and spent the entire summer. We were coming from Brewer, down-river from Bangor. (No one will know where Brewer is unless they come from Maine.)

GC: And the initial cottage that you were telling me about, that was built by your grandfather; let's talk about where that cottage is located.

JP: Well, it's located now right beside the inn, at the corner of Broadway and Main.

GC: And where you're currently living....

JP: Where I'm currently living...we've only been there since 1939...they've given it a name now... 4 Bay street, but it's right on the bay, it's the old Blaisdell cottage,; and, it's just over from where you see the wharf, it's just over...the big white cottage adjacent to Bay View Park.

GC: It's a lovely place. OK, Peg, why don't you do the same thing for us if you will, tell us when you were born and how your family found Northport.

PL: Well, I was born January 25, 1919, and my grandparents came here first, and had the cottage built right where we are now, and we were the second cottage down at that point; one has now been removed. Grandfather, they must have tented first, didn't they? Janet, do you remember?

JP: I don't know. They were not Methodists.

PL: No, they (Colletts) weren't. But mine were (Methodists). So I'm not sure whether they tented or not. I never found that out...never was interested enough before they departed, of course, and grandfather was one of the men that decided they needed running water, and started the water company with four other men, and he also was treasurer of the hotel when the hotel came along. Grandfather died at a fairly early age, and grandmother came for a while, and my father was the only living child at that point, so he acquired the cottage, and when I came along, and my sister was thirteen years older than I, so she was here before and knew part of the scene before we did, but she has passed away and I've been coming, and my son, well, he was about eight months old when he first came; my daughter was six months old when she first came, and they absolutely both loved it here, and my daughter was one who didn't want a blade of grass changed, so she'd be a little surprised these days if she were around. But still loved it. It was more roots, I think, than Bangor.

JP: What about your grandfather Mongovin (?)

PL: Grandfather Mongovin just came and visited. He lost his wife. You must remember grandmother.

JP: But I thought that was their cottage...the cottage on the corner...

PL: No, the cottage on the corner belonged to a man by the name of Swan, and when he passed away my father bought the cottage and used it because my sister had two children, and then with other relatives that might pop in like aunts and uncles, you needed a little more room, so father bought that, and when Helen had her children they stayed over there, right on the corner, right next to us.

JP: I have a piece of it in one of the pictures.

PL: And that's gone. My father had it torn down, and it sort of amused me because I don't think I even looked at my father's face; but I had gone away to college that first year, and they came and picked me up in Massachusetts and brought me home, and we came here. And he approached from the south coming in, so that I came to the corner and looked up and saw our cottage. He had had the cottage torn down, had it all landscaped, the flag was flying, and the cottage (it had had old red paint boards) was changed to what it is now, the brown shingles, and I looked up and said, "Oh, you painted the cottage!". I never saw my father's expression; he probably was just undone to think I didn't see all of it. But I've enjoyed it since.

GC: It's a wonderful cottage. Do you think we've described clearly enough exactly where it is?

PL: Well, it's right on the corner of Park Row and Broadway. The next cottage going out... a carpenter lived there, and his son. His son helped him work, and they tore the cottage down and they made a garage out of the cottage, which is in back of our present cottage. Mr. Beech, and his son Kenneth. And that's right where Janet and I used to tent.

We used to take the tent out back, and my father would leave the back door unlocked so we could come in if need be.

GC: How old would you have been when you did that?

JP: Probably 7,8,9,10.

PL: She always had the up-hill...

JP: Ah! Ah! Ah! You mean the down-hill. So when it rained, I got wet. I remember that. (I can't tell the voices apart here, so I don't know who had the uphill and who was downhill! Could you clarify this for me? Ellie Lagner)

JP: I think we should go back and give a couple of little examples, too, when we first came. She had her sister thirteen years older, and my brothers were thirteen and sixteen, and after (?????) and all of a sudden I guess, both (mothers) of whom were good friends, found out that they were "in the family way," as people said in those days, so they hid, mother I know, hid under this voluminous cloak that she bought in Scotland, (it was a little thin wool, but it was pure wool,) all that summer, and neither one knew that the other one was going to have a baby, and we were born ten days apart in January! Imagine?

GC: And that was because it was just something you didn't talk about in those days.

JP: I suppose they just felt it wasn't quite lady-like. Or that they had relations with their husbands at that age!

GC: But the next summer the truth was out for all Bayside to see.

JP: All, like Bobby Webster. She saw us when we were babies, and so on and so forth, and all our different friends and our brothers. I could never imagine my father and mother being chaperones over at Bowdoin for house parties at the fraternity house, but it was unbelievable, and of course, they used to take me along too when they visited, so I still have a dear little coffee set that they thought would please little children. (?) I guess.

GC: Having just looked at those pictures I can agree that you were both pretty kids.

JP: And devilish, too.

GC: Now give me some examples of devilishness. It's fun to hear about.

JP: Well, we always liked to climb Cobe's water tower.

PL: That came to mind. Except I only went up about this high. It wasn't as high as I was probably.

JP: I loved to go right to the top, except in latter years, and this is when ...how many years ago was that...that was about almost 30 years ago now, I guess...

GC: You were climbing Cobe's water tower 30 years ago!?

JP: Well, I'll tell you why. Because we smelled smoke and Al Keith was here, and he was married to Susie Malm then, so they started out and asked "Where can we see it?" so I said, "Well, let's get up to the water tower." My sister-in-law was here, she was a great skier and everything, and she said later, "Before I knew it I had Janet's sneakers on and there I was right at the top of the tower!" But she discovered where the fire was and they could rush over and put it out.

GC: So it was a skill that you learned at early age, and came in useful later.

JP: Sensible enough to have somebody else do the climbing when you are a little bit older.

PL: Well, I wouldn't do the climbing, but it was a wonderful place to go and tell ghost stories.

JP: Oh, sure.

PL: We'd go up there at night and sit on the front lawn, and one time...I don't know how old we were.... but it was one of the last times we snuck up there in the day time, and we heard a car coming behind us and we rolled down over this hill, and I remember looking up in time to see Mr. Cobe driving by with a smirk on his face. So I think he knew we were around.

JC: Tell me the names of some of your fellow climbers. Who were some of the other kids that you hung out with?

JP: Oh, goodness. For years everybody sort of all got together. They weren't necessarily close friends. Actually, it was very interesting. But even the ones from Bangor I don't think we ever saw them socially in the winter, did we?

PL: No. There weren't too many, when you look and see the children around now. There weren't too many teenagers. I think our group...there were maybe sixteen that were grouped together all the time, you know, doing good things.

JP: And they were different years, too. Some there might be four or five years when there were that many, and then there'd be times when our mothers...one particular time was that when we went to Captain Ridgeway's, and our mothers thought it was just too much. That was a girls' camp, and they decided to send us away for the whole summer because there were a lot of devilish things going on in that park and down on the wharf, and they didn't want their two daughters...

PL: I can't remember any of the "devilish things". I must have washed my mind out, I think.

JP: You know, the ones that used to be down on the tennis courts, and down on the wharf. I don't know, but they seemed to think that was just not a very good place for us. We were very innocent in those days.

PL: There were the Malms...that is, Suzie Malm and Johnnie Malm (a large section undecipherable follows) there's his two sisters and they're still coming...they're behind us in the old park down there where the auditorium was.

GC: And what are their names now?

JP: Well, Amy Wentworth, she's here (Amy Spollett)..I didn't even recognize her until you came up to me a few years ago. Well, they all sort of appeared down...we never knew where their cottages were, particularly, did we?

PL: Not all of them.

JP: Now, who was the sweet girl with the great big brown eyes? Her mother had, we always called it, "sleeping sisters (sickness?)", and she was up in the red and...cottage is...Dottie Davis.

PL: Kimball?

JP: Yes. Her mother, we used to feel very badly for her. She used to sit and fall sound asleep.

PL: Kimmy was our age.

JP: And don't forget Avy.

PL: Avy Kern was older, and he could tell the best ghost stories you ever heard in your life. And he was very, very nice...

JP: Awfully nice, and very proud of his cousin Jerome, Jerome Kern. He was probably the only Jewish family down here, (PL: two actually) and his sister Sophie, and his mother and father.

PL: No, there was another family that lived next door to us. The grandmother was orthodox, and they cooked, and cooked, and cooked. My mother enjoyed the cooking very much. I almost had the feeling that they cooked too much food on purpose. They were always coming over. "Well, we cooked too much of this, and would you like it?"

JC: Like a friendly gesture.

PL: It was a friendly gesture. They were very nice people, and they were from Bangor.

JP: Our mothers, growing up too, I don't think year after year seemed to have a very easy life, and a lot of the others did too. Mother would give her winter help up, because she loved to be down and be free, but she had Bill Paige's mother, Ruth, work for her every day, and they had the Sperry cottage. They took boarders in but they also had meals, and they used to have high chairs for us. That was the cottage right behind Blair's, the Rosenblums, so they had meals there. We must have been pretty much regulars, ...the high chairs. Anyway, the White Rock, where Jane and Errol are, they also had boarders up there, but also had meals. These were two women from Orlando, Florida, and the Sperrys were from Orlando, Florida. Oh yes, Jack McCascall (?) and his wife, they're up (in the cottage on) Griffin and George;

GC: Great cottage! across from where Henry VanFleet was.

JP: and she used to cook...had wonderful brown bread, hot rolls, and bean-hole beans, done in the ground, so I know they'd send me up to get baked beans for Saturday night.

PL: She had to go that far...all I had to do was go out my back door, and the next cottage up, she had baked beans (Mrs. Beech), hot rolls.

GC: When you say they had them, you mean they sold them?

PL: All cooked and sold. And there was a woman over in the next park, and she made wonderful pies! There were quite a few cooks around.

JP: Really amazing. So I don't think our mothers had to do all that much, and then Kate Wilder always had her little place. She had a tea room with dinners and teas and lunches, I guess that sort of thing. So, there were a lot of places like that. And then of course there was the Boston boat. That was terrific. Then Dolly Crapon, who was Sawyer...

GC: Who owns the cottage right across Bayview park.

JP: Her father, for instance, was just one of a number. Then Bill Roberts I think was the same way. Luella Roberts had the cottage in between that burned. They'd get on the boat. Dolly's father I think was a lawyer...they'd get on the boat about 6, or 5 o'clock in Boston. Once on board, had a wonderful meal, comfortable staterooms, had a good night's sleep, wasn't too rough, and then came down and landed here at the wharf at six o'clock in the morning, and we used to go down at six o'clock...there was a mulberry tree down there. and we used to eat mulberries and wait for the boat to land. And it came in again at six o'clock at night, so everybody went down, had a great time.

And the same way with the post office. That was over in Dickey's store for quite a while (?) up from Blair's...

GC: Where the Metcalfs live now used to be the post office.

PL: The post office was just a side...

JP: But that was a great place to go and get the mail, and a few extra groceries. And then the Woolseys (?) right next to Blair's, that was a store for years...

PL: And then the Hastings, which was up on the next road. When people came here they didn't have any way to get to Belfast, so they could sell here very easily.

JP: And then there were several inns. Remember the Waquoit (on Cobe Road, behind Robinson's, ed.) I just vaguely remember where it was and when Lord was in Exeter... they also seemed to have summer jobs, and he drove Dickey's truck, and delivered ice and groceries and stuff, and I so used to tease to go with him and ride--great excitement! So that was up from Dr. Caswell's...it was Mortimer's before that... who owned that? The house across from the place where they make boats down here on the south shore.

GC: The house across from that is the one now owned by Julia Pardo, that's been for sale for a while. Now, across the street from your house, right in Ruggles Park where the basketball courts are now, what was there when you were growing up?

PL: Tennis courts.

GC: Were you a tennis player?

PL: I don't think I was really quite old enough to be interested.

JP: Well, we played.

PL: I didn't play down there. Not seriously.

JP: We played up at the golf club. They were always playing. Who were those two fellows? I think he still lives... One was Syrians.

PL: Dibbs, Nick Dibbs...he just sold his cottage last year. He was young then. They were in that house right there. They rented (???that cottage) which Judi's daughter Cindy (Bravo. Ed.) owns now (just bought).

GC: How about activities on the water? Was either one of you a sailor?

PL: We learned to row! We had a very good teacher. There was a man who lived up behind us in the little cottage that Mr. Reilly is in, and he was in charge... sold...rented boats...

JP: Mr. Decrow's, weren't they? He came from Belfast.

PL: Yes, but they were also in that cottage. He was quite large.

JP: He had lobster traps, too.

PL: He liked to have Janet and I row him out to his boat, and quite a privilege, and it was quite a job because he'd sit in the stern and I always was looking to see how high the water was coming stern in the flat-bottom boat, so we learned how to row quickly at a young age.

JP: Well, we weren't very old, because I fell off the wharf when I was about four or five, so I know there was no holding me back... I swam off the wharf then, but we all learned (to swim) down on the flat rock right off the end of Park Row. I guess with this row boat, you see. Then Mother made a sail, because she thought it would be great to be able to sail, so we'd row like mad, remember way down to where they're building now way past Kelly's Cove, almost down to Temple Heights - a nice little sandy beach in there that nobody uses from the road. We'd row like mad against the wind (we'd see which way the wind was coming from) and then, with the sail out, we'd sail back before the wind and use the oar as a rudder, and so on. Got along very well, didn't we.

PL: Yes, we did. Another thing we used to do...up by Little River they used to have the fish nets out, the traps and we'd go up, fish, get flounder. We could always go by in front of the wharf and get flounder, perch, harbor pollock, sculpins which were very ugly looking things and not good for anything, didn't want any of them.

JP: Do you remember Jeff who used to come in the fisherman's (????) We'd make fish chowder and things like that, and we'd get a peck of clams would be 50 cents. I remember when they went up to 75; I don't know when that was, and he had his boat, you see. He'd be out digging and fishing, and then stop by on his way up to Belfast - he was on the other side of the bridge in Belfast, this little old shack. And I've forgotten his last name, but anyway. So he was another source of food.

PL: And we dug clams in those days.

JP: Oh, yes, 50 cents a peck! Imagine!

GC: So that's a difference between then and now, is that you could dig clams and be sure of 50 cents.

JP: We'd go over the island, too. (????) The Blaisdells first had the "Ellie"; now this "Ellie" was named for their daughter who married the Bryant's jewelry family in Bangor. Anyway, Ellie was a Blaisdell, you see, so they had this little long, narrow power launch with lots of windows in it, and then the bow. When they decided to sell the cottage and move off, they sold the boat to this Captain Gooden (Goodwin?) and that's why people don't know the origin of that, but I still have some of the flags upstairs that belonged to the yacht club some time. The big thing was to rent that boat, and take your friends and go over to Marshall's Cove and have a picnic, dig clams, do all sorts of things, and then, we always thought it'd be so great, so we'd go around the island, and some times it was so

rough, and I always wanted to be out on the bow. People have great memories of those picnics and fun times. One of those pictures on the glass slides shows the Ellie in front of our cottage (the Blaisdell cottage). And then of course another big excitement in the earlier days...I couldn't help thinking when we were all sitting in those dear, old seats up there that weren't all that comfortable at the Community Hall; you see, we had nine-reel movies, and there was a spiritualist minister who lived with a woman near our old cottage, who lived in the cottage next to it that belongs to the Porters, and he used to play the piano, so in these nine-reel movies there might be one of Richard Dixon, a cowboy movie, racing with his horse and just ready to fall over the cliff, and they'd have to stop and get another reel out. And then little Freddie Conners (?) little store sold popcorn and candies and all sorts of things, and that little store is the one that Lora Kennedy bought and moved over and that was Freddie's Lincoln's cottage (at the top of Bayview Park). (The Leonards before that.)

GC: So movies were an evening diversion. Can you think of any other things..

PL: Oh, the golf club always had a dance, Saturday nights. Of course, those were great. And we had our hall up here busy a great deal of the time, probably in the 40's, and we'd all get together and have some kind...usually a "Way Back Ball", and you'd get a great crowd coming for that. You just found some old, old, old clothes and you dressed up, and I got my husband into a sheet and made him Julius Caesar with things on his head. This was when Elizabeth Taylor was playing that movie, and she had a big picture on the front page of Life magazine, so I was Cleopatra, and I just went by that and made up my face and everything, and had a long gown that was very light and airy, and (blew?) in a long scarf, and I had my hair done and the whole works, and then I had a jointed snake, and that was right in the appropriate place. And a good friend of ours, Thelma Bennett was here, and she had two cute little boys, and they were about five high, and they were so cute, and in that they would be dressed in sheets which were marked with a design on it, and a place where their head came through, and their arms came through, and they walked behind with one of the bamboo rakes, and we tied the ferns on that, and they (waved them) up and down. Thelma was in it also, as a handmaiden, and we took all prizes. (JP: I don't wonder!) Every one of us had a prize. They had to go buy more. But there was always something. Another time my husband and I and another two couples got together and we had a "Red Dog Saloon", and that was a Western party. We were always thinking up something to do. And always had the water sports day down here, and I have pictures somewhere here, snapshots that were taken...one of them, a gentleman was in a business where he could get crepe paper, and we made these flags out of crepe paper, and we hung them all around the park, from the wharf up one side from one telephone pole to the other and up and down Park Row...of course we couldn't do the waterfront very well...it was too long... but it was all decorated, and Governor Hildreth was here at the time, and his family, down at Saturday Cove, and he had been given a baby elephant from Pakistan, I think, and so, here we are, a picture in the park, and here's the elephant...drew lots of raves. And that was a really big deal, because I notice that all of us that worked were quite well-dressed ushering people around, and really, we gave out medals for different events in the water business, and it was quite busy. So we kept things going, and we kept the young people doing things, and every year there was one thing

that the children all got together and made something up- all these little skits they put together and put on at the Community Hall, and it was really lots of fun. They were so good, and they enjoyed it so much, and I hated to see that disappear because they enjoyed doing it, and there was always someone around who was willing to work with them and get it done.

GC: Sounds like a good tradition!

JP: You see, in those days very few people ever rented. Their families came generation after generation and they all knew each other and it made such a difference in that way.

PL: As you can hear Janet talking and telling about these families, you knew all these families, you knew their children, you knew them when the children grew up, and they had their children, so it was an extended family.

GC: Tell me what other famous people that you can think of that ever came to Bayside.

PL: We had quite a musical group.

JP: I'm sure Dr. Stevens; he had the New England Conservatory of Music, and he was at the white cottage, you know where Linda has bought the next one up, the little red cottage beside the stream that goes into Kelly's Cove.

PL: And then we had a singer up on the north shore, didn't we. But the Conservatory of Music brought a lot of people in that were in music one way or another.

GC: One topic I wanted to get back to, Janet, when you mentioned the big fire up there that your family went to, is fires in general. Seems like there must have been some terrible ones that you two remember.

JP: Four went in the fall of '37, on the corner where that little, kind of an ugly blue one (cottage) is, Sea Street.. (GC: Bette Wilson's street, the next street up) on the corner, Sea Street and George, so the one on George, which was called the "New York" cottage, that was Marge (?) cottage (I've forgotten her maiden name), her mother's cottage, and then Marge built that little teeny one on her mother's property...that one there and the next one to it which the Libby's owned and then the next one that was in behind, where the Deans built there little cottage up here. That was the next one up, going down the street from Blair's.

GC: You two do not remember the inn when it burned.

JP: Magdalena does. You see, there were four...I think I have pictures of four different inns, the Waverly House, and about three other ones, I think, and the last one my brother was home from Bowdoin, it was spring vacation or something, and he was in our old cottage with mother, I guess she was just down helping our house cleaner do something, and had a little time to come over here, so they had the hose out, and all of a sudden I

guess they were doing something in the inn, you know, the hotel, and there saw flames, and somebody shouted "fire!" and we had the hose which saved... it was both towers went, and there were two pictures on those glass slides, some with the tower, some without, so that was after that fire, but, as Magdalena said, they all cleared out, it must have been this summer, or she wouldn't have been here that early; that must have been another fire, because this one they avoided...just the towers went.

But then there's the Roberts' cottage (GC: that's on Bay View Park) right up from the Crapon cottage where the (?) are, that cottage...Penney was a baby, I think it was 1941 or 42, anyway, I was upstairs feeding her, she was very hard to feed, and all of sudden looked out of the window about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and these flames were shooting up above the Crapon cottage, and I left her on the bed and went down to my father, and said, "Quick, quick, there's a fire!" Mother had a heart condition and so I was always afraid of getting her nervous. So, of course, she had to hear about it anyway, but all we had for a fire department was that little tiny thing...have you seen that? Do they still have it?

PL: I think so. It's up at the fire department. It was in our garage for quite a few years.

JP: Anyway, it was a wonderful antique, but men had to pull it, you see, and it just had a little bit of water in it, so it was the lowest tide possible, and Belfast fire department were called and came down, but even they couldn't pump far enough up; meanwhile Dad and my husband had raced over, and Mrs. Crapon, (Nel Doran???), she was in the cottage (Dolly was in Boston) so Dad got up in the upstairs bedroom window and sprayed the hose; you could see that there was nothing they could do in that cottage. Two o'clock in the afternoon, what they did, they had a kerosene heater, and they were heating water for a bath, and it exploded! So...Mrs. Roberts. So, anyway, Dad at least saved the Crapon cottage...burned his eyebrows off. That's how they came in so white afterwards. So that was another fire.

PL: I remember well the one up by Joanne Short's house, the one this side, you know, where the new cottage is there now, right up at the corner of the top of Griffin and Bluff. I had gone to bed...it was early in the spring, and we'd had a nice, big shower, and we had gone to bed, and all of a sudden I heard this noise, of course, it was very quite...nobody around... we were early birds, and all of a sudden I heard this noise, and I said to my husband, "I hear glass breaking!" and he jumped out of bed and said, "That's a fire!" and we went up, and it was just too late, you couldn't save that. The Shorts were very lucky...they didn't lose theirs. It did singe their cottage; it's a very scary thing; it's one of the things that I am really very strong about, even though I smoke, my husband smokes, there was a lot in my house, but there was never a cigarette upstairs, everything's emptied, with a lid on it. My daughter...it was her third summer here, and we stayed late into the fall, and I had an electric heater that come from my father's store, and that was fine and dandy, and we'd always been using it right along; I'd come down in the morning and turn that on; I'd set a fire in the fireplace and a fire in the woodstove in the kitchen; then go and get my daughter and bring her down, and there'd be a little of the chill taken off in October, and I went down, did all this, went back up and started to dress her, and I

heard a "Pop". That was all, just this "Pop", and I didn't know, and started to the stairs, and I looked and the heater had done something or other, anyway, it was sparking. So I ran down, grabbed a rug first thing, and threw it over the fire. I don't know why I didn't grab my kid, but I couldn't do both, but I thought maybe I could get it out, and I pulled the plug on the thing and threw the rug on the fire that was, and saw that that was, I thought, all right, and ran back and got her and came back down and pulled the plug...the switch in the house, and then I went back in and looked. Mr. Dykstra, father Dykstra, was still alive, and I went down to his house; they were still here...stayed late...and I said, "Would you come up and just check everything for me. I'm so scared!" So it's terrifying, and I can tell you that the paint on the table next to that had already started to go, and if I hadn't heard the "pop", I probably would have had a lot of trouble!

(Here the taped switched, and the reverse side doesn't seem to follow after the above discussion.)

JP: Well, I really am amazed, because I have looked at all the old pictures that I have, and I can't seem to make out anything, and I looked back at this the other night and I said, ...

GC: Where did Ed say he thought this road went?

PL: Right in front of the present yacht club, and then right along the shore in front of those cottages, and it came out I guess, I don't know...by that time I'm thinking "he must be wrong".

GC: Now, your husband did not grow up here.

PL: No, no, I introduced him to the place. We had a place over in Harborside, Cape Rosier, but that was a place to have company; if you didn't have company, it was deadly.

GC: Why was that?

PL: Well, my grandmother, after grandfather died, she was a strong Methodist, and the minister in Bangor had a place in Cape Rosier, in Harborside. She decided that she was going to have one, so she had a cottage built over there. A very fun cottage, except that there was no running water when we were using it- just a little trickle out of the pipe- just cold water, period, but no real facilities of any kind. Ed would say people could never say you just dropped in, because you came off the roadway, and his driveway and this farmhouse...you go into the barn and then you take a left like this and go around the barn and then you go down across a field, and you come to a group of trees, and you go into the trees. Beyond that is the cottage.

JP: You know, we were there one session, and he taught me how to play poker...It was pretty boring.

PL...and I decided that was the time to come back to Northport.

(The next comments were about the pictures, meaningless without the pictures in front of you.)

JP: That's the south shore. I think that little one there is Magdalena's...Do you remember there was one between Magdalena's and what's-his-names? They bought it and tore it down to have a little room.

PL: We spoke of one time about the one between Blue Water and the next one.

JP: Those are in the glass slides.

GC: It's fun for me when I look at these pictures to see how clothing has changed. When you were little, you could wear bloomers, and you never were old enough to wear long dresses?

PL: No, but I'll tell you one thing that we had, and I never heard of another person having it, was a rubber bathing suit.

GC: How could you get it on?

JP: They really gave you a terrific figure! Like a girdle. There was a two-piece pink one, and I remember so well, there was a turquoise, an aqua blue.

PL: Mine disappeared.

JP: Oh, did it? They were textured- so good-looking. I don't remember what happened to mine.

PL: I have a sneaking suspicion...but I was always a little leery - I was afraid I might start a run!

JP: That's a picture of the wharf. It looks like the same time as we had ours taken in the trees. There's the little mulberry tree down there.

GC: It looks like there were more mature trees in the park then than there are now. I would think people would have grumbled that they blocked their view.

PL: These are February 18, 1934 that those were taken.

GC: A very snowy day.

JP: Now that's another thing...ice. We used to tease our parents to come down for the weekend. We loved to come in February...get Mr. Beech to shovel the paths.

GC: How did you stay warm?

JP: That was another interesting thing. Our original cottage- you know, one of these- that was like it- but I guess they added more verandas or something- there's a band concert in the park.

GC: Oh, very well attended.

JP: See, this is the Waverly House, where the inn is now. And then there was another one...there was a rowing canoe. Those were all in the early days.

PL: The racing committee.

GC: It's a little super-structure on top of the wharf.

JP: We had a dandy little wharf in those days

GC: a flag right on top of it.

PL: Here's a cottage on the corner. That shows underneath was just gravel, and dirt, and your porch was up on the second floor.

GC: Indeed. Nice gingerbread trim.

JP: Now a little bit of the tennis courts. Walter Mahoney- he was before I did, but he called himself a trustee, and he was the harbor master of the big wharf, and then, oh, about October, he'd steal something or what have you so he could go down to Thomaston and keep warm all winter. I must of had an awful lot of pictures taken of Rebecca Dewey. There she is again, with a balloon!

PL: Someone over here at one time had Walter taking care of their place for them, and they had firewood that they brought in in the fall, and they came home the following spring and there wasn't any firewood, and they knew it was Walter, because Walter was nasty-neat, and he'd swept the place right out. Quite a character!

JP: There is the "Castine", and there's my father there. The "Castine" is a boat that reached the wharf about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Steamer. The "Castine" and the "Goldenrod". They'd go over to Castine, then up to Belfast and down to Northport, I don't know if that's as far as they went.

PL: I think that was it.

JP: There's Flood's store, and these two cute little ones are just before you get down to the wharf.

GC: What happened to them?

PL: One was a fire. People from Old Town. This picture- long before our day. Oh yes, look at the mob... (comments by all: paddlewheel; "City of Bangor" a huge boat..hundreds of people..Seven steamboats at the wharf.) Did I tell you I found one about that size that had been enlarged. Ed brought it home from some shop, and then when I got looking it over, I looked and there was a picture of my mother standing on the shore...the seat back from the wharf...and my father and his mother standing at the ticket counter.

GC: When you talk about the big boats that are bringing people in from Boston, did those of you who lived up here ever take the big boats to visit Boston over night?

JP: Not very often. Maybe once in a while. I know I went once as a big treat once. Not an annual event.

PL: We enjoyed seeing the Boston boat come because of the big waves.

JP: They were always unloading and then loading some on.

GC: Did they bring food or goods, or just passengers?

JP: They brought food for the stores, and then lots of passengers. I know one morning at 6 o'clock we weren't down there watching, but I heard this commotion, and in the ditch by our old cottage, all of a sudden there was a saddle horse because of the Wings (Horace Hildreth married a Wing) were bringing a saddle horse, and, of course, he was nervous or something happened, and fell, and landed upside down in our ditch. I remember there were all nasturtiums and sort of a stone wall there. Anyway, they had to get big straps and heaven knows what-all to try to get that poor horse, and it was just really something!

PL: Then back in the other days, my sister and her husband-to-be were sitting on our front porch in the hammock, and all of a sudden (it was dark and everybody had gone to bed) they heard this little bit of noise, a motor coming, pulled into the wharf. A car pulled down there; they unloaded, and loaded the car and took off. The two of them (sister and boyfriend) were down in the hammock hoping they weren't found looking. But that was in the old rum-running days.

GC: What was Bayside like during World War II?

JP: Oh, my goodness. Everybody was a German!

PL: There was a very nice couple. I can't remember who they were, but they lived up the hill from us somewhere and they'd come down...they were an older couple (probably not as old as I thought!) and they'd come down and they'd always have glasses, and they'd sit on the bench down by what is now the basketball court, and they would look things over, and everyone was sure (and they did have an accent) that they were spies! But we had to black out our windows.

JP: You see, I was not here.

PL: That's right. You were in Canada.

JP: I came down, but only probably for (...????)

PL: ...and they had to black out the windows, and then they had different people around that would check to see that there was no light showing. My husband's father was down in Lincolnville at one time, going to take the ferry, and this plane went over, and dropped something. Big splash! They were sure that it was a submarine and there had been one that came in...

JP: Yes, what about Red October?

GC: That was filmed right out here. The movie.

JP: It was, and that was where they felt it had come in.

PL: In Maine, in particular, the people are curious. They know their neighbors, or in this period they did, and if they saw a stranger they wanted to know, "Well, who is this?" and this happened in Hancock, Maine. I wasn't there. I didn't know anything about this, but what I heard, and what was in the paper, they had seen these strangers and they wondered what they were. They had these knit hats on, each one of them not really in a uniform, but it looked as though they were doing something or other together, and they checked up on them, and they found that they had come in as...

GC: and these were Germans, who'd come on a submarine?

PL: Yes. And the same thing had happened over near Penobscot. We were going over to Harborside at one time and we went down a hill and came up and turned, and as we turned, our lights hit this some sort of a little shack out in the back of a little farm, and these 2 (3) men (stood), backs like this, against the wall as though they were hiding, and there was a nice cove right on the other side that went right down to the ocean, so you never knew what was going on.

GC: About the depression. You were young then. But do you have any memories of that being a difficult time here, or fewer people able to come.

JP: No, I guess we were protected. Our father was comfortably off (????- words not understood) I don't remember that we were more cautious. It was almost a generation before us. You see, my cousin Ted went through the depression and for his family it was very hard. We were fortunate enough to have...

GC (checking questions) coverage. You spur each other's memories.

JP: It helps when we were both here, especially growing up. We were close enough so we'd come down those weekends and I think that was almost as happy a time as the summer time.

PL: That's right.

GC: And how did you get back and forth?

JP: By automobile, but we took turns. We'd ride with each other in this Franklin (we had Packards and Franklins) and...

PL: those jump seats!

JP: One would take a turn one time, and one the next, and I'd ride with her family and she'd ride with mine. She lived in Bangor and I lived in Brewer, and I remember coming across a letter...her name was really Margaret Bragg, you see, and I was Janet Collett; now she's Peg and I'm usually Jan to most of my friends, so anyway, I'd say, "Dear Margaret, (I came across this in the attic the other day). How are you today? I am fine. How does it feel to be only eight when I am nine?" I could write this for only 2 or 3 days until the 25th of January!

PL: I was most amused at the young lady who bought the cottage up at the top, and she came down to my house last summer and introduced herself and she said, "I found this letter in one of the bureau drawers," and it was a letter written to me by Nick Dibbs. I don't know why it was up there. He did speak of the farm up by the golf course, and he used to stay there when his family wasn't here. He'd rent there.

GC: Now, when you would come in the winter time, you didn't have any water, did you?

JP: We just had lots of pails of water. We'd fill the bathtub up and a big wash basin.

PL: That's what I had a bath in as a kid...a tub in the kitchen.

JP: I know, but not in the winter! And we learned to flush the toilets by having a pail right beside it- do it in a hurry, and it would flush nicely. Mr. Beech had the fires going. We had a lovely little stove, one of those nice little iron wood stoves in the kitchen, so that would warm the bedrooms up above. After our original cottage, my father...he was very clever...decided that he'd cut the cottage right in two, and move it over about 12 feet on either side, and then we'd have a larger cottage. So then we had a lovely stone fireplace. Man in Belfast, Mr. ???, built the fireplace, and then he had laid hardwood floors, so that kept it nice and cozy. It was lovely on weekends. Then as I was growing up, I had house parties down there, and we'd go skating up on the reservoir, and then, the big thing, walk to Belfast to the movies. I don't know why. It seems to me there were all sorts of things to do. There might be eight or ten of us, and usually our scout mistress Lowell Parker's wife's sister- they'd come down, she and her husband...

PL: Now my father had the men in the shop take plywood and made partitions that he could put up and just cut out the upstairs. There was one door, and you opened that door at night. And my mother had those nice, all-wool blankets, but just fine, like a sheet. One of them is twice the length- double- nice and cozy. And it was wonderful to get into your flannel pajamas, and get in there; you'd shiver about ten minutes, but it was just like walking into an icebox when you opened that door. Cozy downstairs, but...

GC: But you really knew you were having an adventure in the winter.

JP: And they (parents) were very good sports, and they were older then. At least, not that old, but we thought they were.

GC: So look around my kitchen while we're sitting here, and tell me what are some of the key differences between this kitchen and the ones you remember from your childhood.

PL: Well, the refrigerator is bigger.

JP: We had an ice box out on the back porch, and they delivered milk. I remember right up to the time when I met Ted- we weren't engaged then, but he used to come down every weekend- a labor of love- I remember saying to Ted, "You'll love this because it's not pasteurized. It's raw milk." He was horrified! "How could you do such a thing?" And I said, "Well, it's Mr. Herrick. His cows are nice and clean, and the milk's delicious." ...As soon as pasteurized came out, he (Herrick?) was out because we would not buy any more, so he was not happy.

PL: Then we had a woman that came around in her horse and wagon, and she had vegetables and blueberries, and she had the cutest little grandson with dark, curly hair, and he always rode with her...

JP: Are you sure that was her grandson?

PL: I didn't think it was hers.

JP: Well, I'll tell you. He had curly hair, and she was giving him a bottle. He was about three or four years old, and mother made the remark (mother was never too tactful, sometimes) and she said, "How long are you going to continue giving him a bottle at his age?" I think he was about five then, about 4 or 5...a bottle of milk. She said, "Until he's twenty-one if he wishes," and with that she galloped the horse off, and she never stopped again. She wouldn't come, she was so annoyed with us. I always remember that so well. She had wonderful blueberries.

PL: Oh, I think we used to order extra ones for your place. They tried selling blueberries, raspberries, and strawberries for a while in the 40's and 50's. It didn't last very long, though, and now everybody goes to Belfast. Back then, when we came down, we stayed here. We didn't go "tootin'" off somewhere. Bangor? From here to Bangor you were talking about that trip. My heaven. You had to plan on two or three flat tires...early days.

JP: And then, where was it? Before you got in to Frankfort Marsh (?). Where my father used to coast that long distance. Prospect. Daddy used to speed up, and then coast, to save gas, and when we got to the end we'd push and push. Anyway, when we got up to the top of that hill coming down from Bangor...I don't know if you've had that experience, but there was a farmer, had a big barn and it was a dirt road, and that road was always terribly wet and muddy, and he had a team of horses, very fortunately right near by, so he could come down and offer to pull people out for ten dollars, or whatever it was. So this went on every weekend. Before we got to Northport it was quite a ride! And then my younger brother - I don't know how old he was - but old enough to know better. He said, "Well, I made it in 37 minutes (from Bangor)! We just couldn't imagine it! He had quite a few escapades.